

The door swings open Cory, stares into the angry eyes of TYRA looking back at him. She's dressed very comfortably (hardly dressed), with attitude in each movement she turns inviting Cory in.

TYRA

Come on!

INT. TYRA HOUSE - DAY.

CORY follows a couple of steps behind TYRA completely paying no attention to how she is dress, they make their way to her bedroom. Passing through the slightly junking child like mess any parent would have.

TYRA

I told yo ass be over here 3 hours ago! I bet you if I was one of them random bitches you would have been over here first thing in the morning.

CORY

Ain't nobody trying to do all this with you.

TYRA

Do what Cory? I would not have thing to say if you learn to keep your word!

CORY

Yeah okay, and you just dressed like this for what?

TYRA

Because it's my house! If I want to be comfortable in my house so I will be!

INT. TYRA BEDROOM - DAY.

JASON sits in bed watching TV on a tablet eating sneaks. He jumps for joy at the sight of TYRA and CORY coming through the door rushing for his father.

JASON

Daddy!

Cory picks up Jason hugging him tightly.

CORY
What's up little man? What you in
here watching.

Jason shows Cory the tablet, a generic action hero kid show.

CORY (CONT'D)
Oh okay I'm gone have to go buy you
the toy. You want the toy?

JASON
Yes!

CORY
I got you go get ready. We gone go
to the toy store.

Jason jumps down.

JASON
Can I see your phone?

CORY
When we get in the car you can go
get ready.

Jason runs out of the room.

Tyra leans back in the bed seductively looking up at Cory, he
returns the mesmerized look to her.

CORY (CONT'D)
What you expecting company or
something?

TYRA
No. I'm about to go out.

CORY
Go out dressed like that?

TYRA
You got a whole bitch at the crib
don't worry about how I'm dressed.

Cory takes a seat on the bed next to Tyra, she slides over to
avoid their legs from touching. A gesture she's well aware
will make him take notice.

CORY
You heard what I said. Don't get
fucked up.

Tyra phones dings she reaches to the back of the bed to grab it.

TYRA

Boy don't play with me you don't
run shit over here.

She lays back in the bed at the headboard texting on her PHONE smiling and biting her lip.

TYRA (CONT'D)

Y'all need to hurry up and go.

CORY

Who is that?

TYRA

Don't worry about it.

CORY

Whatever, I'm glad someone can make
yo ass happy.

TYRA

Yup, you and me both.

Cory stares at Tyra, then pushes himself to his feet off the bed.

CORY

Whatever man bye.

Tyra quickly jumps to her feet, and rushes over in Cory's face.

TYRA

Don't be acting all jealous now!
You got you a whole new situation,
been had that for the last few
years. You want your cake and to
eat it too.

CORY

What good is cake if you can't eat
it.

Tyra chuckles, her phone dings again from the bed. Both of them look over at the phone with the same idea in mind they both jump into the bed after the phone playfully wrestling over it.

TYRA

Cory quit playing!