

"CLOSURE"

In darkness, we listen to a phone conversation as though we were on a third line

MAN'S VOICE 1 (V.O.)

Hello?

MAN'S VOICE 2 (V.O.)

Hey. It's me. I wake you?

MAN'S VOICE 1 (V.O.)

Na, you aight. What's good?

MAN'S VOICE 2 (V.O.)

We found him.

Pause.

MAN'S VOICE 1 (V.O.)

Where?

MAN'S VOICE 2 (V.O.)

How soon can you come home?

FADE IN ON:

INT. HIGH-RISE APARTMENT -- NIGHT

A dark bedroom overlooks the Eiffel Tower. Our gaze fixed through a wall of floor to ceiling windows.

Float across the dark, palatial room, to a king-sized bed. An attractive, half-naked French woman sleeps with her head against a man's chest. Pull up to the man lying wide awake in bed, deeply lost in his thoughts.

As he stares off pensively, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HIGH-RISE APARTMENT -- EARLY MORNING (NEXT DAY)

A state-of-the-art workout room with a squat rack, bench press and a wall of windows offering a stunning view of Paris.

There's a TV going on somewhere...

REPORTER VOICE (V.O.)

(in French)

With round one of the Pro A quarterfinals set to tip off later this evening, Paris-Levallois will be without their star import Corey Chambers, due to personal reasons.

The SOUND of a man breathing hard takes us over to 6'6", 230-pound, COREY CHAMBERS (27, a mulatto thing about him) running shirtless on a treadmill. He looks like a piece of chiseled art, running with *BEATS* headphones on as he watches his highlight reel play across France's version of *ESPN*.

INT. SHOWER -- HOUR LATER

Corey stands in the shower, letting the water run over him. There seems to be a lot on his mind.

INT. KITCHEN -- A LITTLE LATER

The attractive, Frenchwoman sits in the breakfast nook, sipping on coffee as she looks out the window.

She turns as Corey rolls a suitcase into the kitchen. She looks at him, smiles and rises from her chair.

Corey watches the tall woman come to him. She moves like a French model simply because that's what she is. One of the most famous in all of Paris, in fact.

The woman rubs her smooth hand along Corey's shaved cheek, looks him in the eyes and sweetly says:

FRENCH WOMAN
(with French accent)
Finally you'll have closure.

As she presses her soft lips against his, we DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CABIN, AIRPLANE -- LATER AFTERNOON

Corey sits in first class looking out the cabin window. As economy passengers board, they can't help but snap pictures at Corey as he is a very recognizable figure in France.

STEWARDESS
(with French accent)
Bonne Après-midi, Mr. Chambers.

Corey looks over at a beautiful French STEWARDESS (20s) standing in the aisle with a glass of wine and a pillow.

STEWARDESS (CONT'D)
I have your wine.

She hands Corey his wine.

STEWARDESS (CONT'D)
And a pillow for you.

She hands Corey a fluffy pillow.

COREY

Thank you.

The stewardess nods, smiles and walks off. Corey takes a sip of his wine. Feels eyes upon him and looks over at a gorgeous French business woman sitting across the aisle, staring at him suggestively.

INT. LAX -- LATE NIGHT (16 HOURS LATER)

Corey sits with his head down in an empty, subdued terminal. A sleepy announcement sounds over the PA. Corey raises his head and happens to see the French business woman exiting the restroom.

She spots Corey, pauses and looks at him covetously as a man who appears to be her husband secretly sidles up behind her.

FADE TO:

INT. RESTROOM, ALEXANDRIA INTERNATIONAL -- LOUISIANA -- DAY

From behind we see Corey at a urinal, relieving himself, towering over the other men doing the same.

A man flushes his urinal and walks off. Seconds later, a college-aged KID, black, walks up to the vacant urinal and looks at Corey, does a double take, seems to recognize him.

COLLEGE KID

Hey, aren't you Corey Chambers?

Corey looks over at the kid, silently nods. The kid smiles.

COLLEGE KID (CONT'D)

Knew it was you! Know how I knew?
You used to be my pops favorite
player. For real. Said if I ever
wanted to play college ball, to
model my game after yours. Shoulda
listened to him. Seriously man,
I'd shake your hand, but...
(hints to his crotch)
...they kinda tied up.

Corey smiles at the remark.

COLLEGE KID (CONT'D)

So, you back now? Heard you were
playing ball overseas in Europe or
somewhere...

COREY

Yeah. Just visiting.

The kid nods, wants to say more. Corey flushes the urinal, zips up his fly and walks off...

EXT. ALEXANDRIA INTERNATIONAL -- MOMENTS LATER

Automatic doors open with Corey rolling his luggage out to the sidewalk. He looks both ways at passengers climbing into idling cars. Two women look Corey up and down as they pass by. A car horn beeps. Corey looks ahead and sees an old 89 tan Cadillac. The driver reaches over and opens the passenger door.

INT. CADILLAC -- MOVING -- MOMENTS LATER

A man who looks a lot like Corey, only younger and chubbier, drives. This is Corey's little brother, LUCAS (21).

Lucas looks over at Corey, sitting in the passenger seat, staring through his thoughts out the window.

EXT. ABC LIQUOR MART -- A LITTLE LATER

The Cadillac pulls up to a seedy convenience store, shady activity happening outside. Lucas puts the car in park, cuts the engine and turns to Corey.

LUCAS

When's the last time you had a
forty?

Corey looks at Lucas and scoffs as he's outgrown the old habits of the South.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

I'll take that as it's been a
while.

Lucas smiles, opens the door and exits the car. Corey looks ahead at some men loitering in front of the store. The eyes on one of the men grow wide as he recognizes Corey and signals his boys to have a look.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOUSE -- NIGHT

A full moon's out. The night is still. We are deep in the woods. Corey and Lucas drink forties on the porch of an old wood frame house.

LUCAS

Bout a week ago, I get a collect
call asking if I'd like to accept
the charges.

(MORE)

LUCAS (CONT'D)

I accept and this lady gets on the phone, talkin' bout how she ain't got much time left, seeing as she on death row. I ask her who she is but she wouldn't say. Just said that she know where he is. I'm like, you know where who is? She says, your pops. I know where your pops is.

Corey takes another slow swig of the forty.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

I'm like, my pops? How you know my pops? Who is this? Still she wouldn't say. And I swear to God, from that moment on, it was like I was talking to you know who. Old lady knew everything about his ass. Bitch even knew about me.

COREY

She knew about you?

Lucas nods, takes another swallow of his forty.

COREY (CONT'D)

How?

LUCAS

Supposedly, she did time with ma. Did four years in a cell together. You spend enough time with someone and secrets bound to get out, ya know?

Corey takes this in silently.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

I was 50/50. She knew so much shit but still I had make sure I wasn't being played, na mean?

Corey nods.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

So I sent someone to check. To see if what she was sayin' was true.

Corey looks at Lucas, waits for it. Lucas nods, says:

LUCAS (CONT'D)

It was. It was him. Seen him with my own eyes.

Off the blown look in Corey's eyes, we...

FADE TO:

INT. CADILLAC -- MOVING -- NEXT MORNING

Lucas drives. Corey looks out the passenger window as the...

EXT. RURAL LOUISIANA -- CONTINUOUS

... Cadillac rolls down a long, bumpy dirt road into Louisiana's dense backcountry.

EXT. FOREST EDGE -- MOMENTS LATER

Doors close as Corey and Lucas exit the vehicle to the SOUND of buzzing cicadas. Both brothers take a moment to take it all in. Lucas then looks to Corey and says:

LUCAS
C'mon. This way.

Corey follows Lucas through high grass into the woods.

EXT. FOREST -- LITTLE LATER

Corey follows Lucas deep into the forest. Twigs snap and leaves crackle under their feet. The deeper they go the dark their environment becomes.

In time, Corey and Lucas arrive at a clearing faintly lit by tiny rays of light penetrating the forest canopy. Two Cajun black men who look like they haven't showered in decades stand by a hole with shovels.

Lucas and the men exchange looks. Seems this viewing was prepared in advance for Corey.

Lucas walks up to the edge of the hole and looks down inside it. A moment and he turns back to Corey, motions him over.

The men look at Corey and watch as his large body slowly approaches the hole.

From the POV of the hole, looking up, we see Corey come to the edge and look down at us when suddenly, we CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN, WOOD FRAME HOUSE -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK 15 YEARS)

A WOMAN (30s) in an apron stands in a rundown kitchen with her back to us. She spins around and faces us with a large plate of food in her hands. With a fraudulent smile and tired eyes, the light skinned black woman brings the plate over to a big greasy looking black man sitting at the table.

She sets the plate down on the table before him.

LIGHT SKINNED WOMAN

Happy father's day. Now make sure you chew this time. You remember what happened the last time, don't you? Damn near choked to death.

The man grins and digs in. The woman stands nearby as he eats like a ravenous beast.

LIGHT SKINNED WOMAN (CONT'D)

How's it taste?

With a mouthful of food, the man mutters something unintelligible, but nods his head excitedly. The woman smiles another deceptive smile as she moves behind the man, and wraps one arm around his shoulders...

LIGHT SKINNED WOMAN (CONT'D)

It's not too salty, is it?

The man shakes his head no.

LIGHT SKINNED WOMAN (CONT'D)

Good. That's what I like to hear.

As the woman's facial expression grows dark, we see her free hand pull a sharp knife out of her apron. In one swift motion, she brings the knife across the man's neck. CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN -- SAME NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

TIGHT ON the woman breathing hard with blood spray on her austere face. Follow her gaze down to the man, her husband, lying on his back in his own pool of blood. The deep split in his neck too grotesque to look at.

EXT. BACK OF THE WOOD FRAME HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Dark. Quiet. Crickets chirping in the night.

Suddenly, the small light over the back door goes BLACK. The door then opens and the woman exits, dragging out her husband wrapped in plastic.

INT. CAR -- MOVING -- MOMENTS LATER

The woman drives down a dirt road with both hands on the wheel and a fed up look eyes. PUSH INTO these eyes and...

INT. WOOD FRAME HOUSE -- LATE AFTERNOON (FLASHBACK 21 YEARS)

... emerge in a bedroom. The SOUND of heavy sex brings us to the sweaty man mounted behind an unknown woman. He's so involved in his extramarital exploits that he fails to notice his wife, watching from the shadows.

EXT. WOOD FRAME HOUSE -- DAY (FLASH AHEAD A YEAR LATER)

The light skinned woman sits on a rocking chair on the porch, breast feeding a 1-year old child that is not hers. Lucas.

INT. LIVING ROOM, WOOD HOUSE -- LATE NIGHT (MONTHS LATER)

Corey, 7 at this time, sits with his biological mother, the light skinned woman as she rocks Lucas (18 months) to sleep.

The SOUND of heavy feet walking up the front porch is heard.

LIGHT SKINNED WOMAN (COREY'S MOM)
(to Corey)
Go to your room.

Corey looks at his fed up mom, rises to his feet and walks off. We stay with Corey as we hear the front door open.

COREY'S MOM (O.S.)
(to Corey's father)
And where the hell were you?

The nasty event between Corey's mother and father plays out in a blur behind Corey as he walks toward us, down the hall.

EXT. DEEP BACKCOUNTRY WOODS -- (THE NIGHT OF THE KILLING)

It's dark. Moonlight glows on the Cadillac parked between several trees. Drift with the sound of a shovel penetrating earth, to Corey's plastic wrapped father on the ground. A little ways over, Corey's mother digs a deep hole. The top of her head is all we see.

EXT. DEEP BACKCOUNTRY WOODS -- PRESENT DAY

From the POV of the hole, looking up, we see Corey looking down at us, at his decayed father, looking like a mummy wrapped in what remains of the plastic.

CUT TO BLACK.