

MY BEST BULLY

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INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY

MONTRELL, 32, in business casual attire, stirs eggs in a frying pan. His CELL RINGS on the kitchen table. He turns the stove off, then walks towards the kitchen table. He puts the cell to his ear.

MONTRELL
Hey. Morning Jaye.

JAYE (V.O.)
Yo Trell, I heard what happened
yesterday man.

Montrell walks to the coffee maker. He puts the "cell" on speaker and places it next to packets of cream, sugar, milk and a bottle of tequila on the kitchen counter.

The cup of coffee sits under the nozzle. Montrell pours two packets of sugar and cream into the cup, then picks up a straw. He stirs the coffee.

MONTRELL
Word travels fast around here huh?

Montrell pours one shot of tequila into his coffee.

JAYE (V.O.)
I know this is a tough time for you
with Nicole but, you got to be
careful bro. Don't play into her
games.

He stares at the cup then pours two more shots.

MONTRELL
Well then, it's a good thing I have
you as my assistant coach. Are you
still mutual friends with her on
facebook?

Montrell sips the coffee. A DOOR KNOCK startles him. He puts the cup down.

JAYE (V.O.)
Yes sir. I'm your eyes and ears.
Every general needs a spy.

MONTRELL
Hey, I gotta go. Someone is at the
door.

JAYE (V.O.)
Call me whenever bro. Peace.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Montrell walks to the front door then slightly opens it, he peaks through the opening. CAMERON, 30, nerdy middle aged black man, clipboard and pen in hand, stands in the hallway.

MONTRELL

Can I help you?

CAMERON

Yes, I'm your newly appointed Child Services officer. I'm here to evaluate your premises and run a few standard procedures.

MONTRELL

Come on in.

Montrell opens the door. Cameron's eyes go big. Montrell sees this.

MONTRELL (CONT'D)

Is there something wrong?

Cameron gulps. He clears his throat, then walks past Montrell.

CAMERON

You're off to a bad start.

Montrell closes the door while staring at Cameron.

MONTRELL

You guys show up on short notice huh? But I guess that's the point.

Montrell rushes past Cameron to the kitchen.

MONTRELL (CONT'D)

Would you like something to drink?

He hides the view of the Tequila with his body and puts it away.

MONTRELL (CONT'D)

Coffee, water or something?

CAMERON

I'm fine thanks.

Cameron observes a trashcan near the living room. He notices a picture of Montrell with his ex-wife. He picks it up.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Wow, she's still beautiful.

Montrell, cup of coffee in hand, approaches Cameron.

MONTRELL
So, have we met before? You look familiar.

Cameron hides the photo into the paperwork on his clipboard. Montrell drinks his coffee.

CAMERON
You really don't remember do you?

Montrell shakes his head.

MONTRELL
I got nothing.

CAMERON
Little Creek High School. You locked a student in the janitor's room during spirit week.

Montrell steps back then looks sideways at Cameron.

MONTRELL
Lil Urkle? Awe man. It is you!

Montrell smiles. He taps Cameron's shoulder.

MONTRELL (CONT'D)
How are things with you? It's been what 15 years since graduation?

Cameron stares back with a blank face.

CAMERON
I'm doing fine unlike some people.

Cameron walks towards the kitchen.

Montrell stops smiling. He follows Cameron.

MONTRELL
Hey man. What's your deal?

Cameron opens the fridge door to find a pizza box, Chinese takeout, milk, and a wrapped sub. He then takes notes.

CAMERON
My name is Cameron.

MONTRELL

Hey look. As a professional, I'm sure you can separate the past from the present. Right?

Cameron closes the fridge door. He continues to take notes on his clipboard.

CAMERON

Well Montrell, unfortunately life doesn't work that way.

MONTRELL

Excuse me?

CAMERON

I'm going to have to report back with a failed inspection.

MONTRELL

A failed inspection? For what! You didn't even see the kid's room?

CAMERON

I've seen enough at this point.

Cameron turns toward the front door. Montrell blocks him. He raises his hands.

MONTRELL

C'mon Cam.

CAMERON

It's Cameron to you.

MONTRELL

Cameron, I'm sure we can work this out somehow.

CAMERON

You used to threaten me everyday and roast me in front of everyone. You made my life a living hell.

Montrell shrugs.

MONTRELL

Why I call that building character and look at you now. What doesn't kill you makes you stronger right?

Montrell lightly punches Cameron's arm.

CAMERON

Yeah I think we're done here.

Cameron walks to the front door. Montrell watches him.

MONTRELL

Go ahead. I'll just ask for someone else. Once they know our history, they'll know you're biased.

Cameron turns back, then steps in front of Montrell.

CAMERON

Be my guest. Go ahead and tell your sob story of being controlling and abusive.

Montrell slightly clenches his fist.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

It was nice catching up on lost times.

Cameron smirks then pats Montrell's shoulder.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

See you around buddy.

Cameron heads to the front door. Montrell grabs Cameron's shoulder. Cameron turns around. He swipes Montrell's hand away.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

You think I'm still scared of you?

MONTRELL

Wait. What if you bullied me?

Cameron raises an eyebrow. He walks to the front door.

MONTRELL (CONT'D)

My court hearing is in two weeks. For two weeks you can make my life a living hell.

Cameron's hands are on the door knob. He stops opening the door.

MONTRELL (CONT'D)

If I don't retaliate, you'll cooperate with me in my case.

Cameron peeks back to Montrell.

CAMERON

And how do you know if I'll keep my word?

MONTRELL

I don't.

Cameron walks back to Montrell.

CAMERON

Are you really serious about this?

Montrell puts his hand out for a handshake.

Cameron looks at the hand gesture and then into the eyes of Montrell. He spits at Montrell's hands, but it lands on his own shoe. They both look down then at each other.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Two weeks.

Cameron exits and slams the door.

Montrell sinks into his couch. He looks at a picture of his kids on his cell.

MONTRELL

Shit.