

INT. KEISHA AND RODDY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT (NEAR FUTURE)

A glint of soft blue moonlight falls across rumpled sheets, crookedly draping KEISHA BEAUVAIS, 30, and RODDY WHITMAN, 29, who are wrapped around each other on the bed. Sweaty and exhausted. His eyes are closed, a small smile from under a neatly trimmed beard. She strokes his chest and looks up at the ceiling. A beat.

Keisha sighs. Roddy leans over and kisses her forehead.

RODDY

You good?

KEISHA

Mmm. Very.

(beat)

You believe me?

Roddy chuckles and kisses her again. She kisses him back. Slides on top of him. They become lost in each other. Until-

BUZZ. Keisha's PHONE VIBRATES from her jeans, discarded in a heap on the floor. She looks back at it for a moment- Roddy gently turns her head back to his. They kiss again.

The PHONE BUZZES again. AGAIN. Keisha hesitates.

RODDY

Uh-uh. I want you all to my-

BAM-BAM-BAM! A KNOCK at the front DOOR. Distant and muffled. Keisha and Roddy sit up. More KNOCKS. BAM-BAM-BAM!

RODDY

Who the hell-

INT. KEISHA AND RODDY'S APARTMENT - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

It opens, revealing MARGO COLVIN, 52, on the stoop.

KEISHA (O.S.)

Margo?

Margo marches right into the-

LIVING ROOM

Lights off, but a glow from the street lamp pours through a single window. A lumpy couch takes up most of the floor.

Margo shrugs off her light trench coat. Her sandy hair is pulled back in a simple pony tail. Keisha, in a cotton bathrobe, shuts the door. Roddy stands next to her, arms crossed, in PJ bottoms.

KEISHA  
It's after midnight...

MARGO  
I came as soon as I could.

RODDY  
I'm sorry... what's going on?

Margo turns to him and offers her hand.

MARGO  
Roddy Whitman? We haven't been met-  
Margo Colvin, DCDiggs.com.

KEISHA  
This is the reporter.

RODDY  
Hi...

Margo pulls out her tablet and turns to Keisha.

MARGO  
I found something important- about  
our mutual friend.

KEISHA  
He knows. I told him.

Margo glances back at Roddy. Sizes him up.

MARGO  
All right.