

William "Money" Sides

INT. RESTAURANT BAR - NIGHT

Mitchell is having drinks with Natalie. They're kissing, laughing and amusing each other flirtatiously. Reggio comes over to Mitchell.

REGGIO

He's here boss.

Mitchell nods at him indicating to bring the guy over.

MITCHELL

Sweetie why don't you order another drink and I'll be back in a minute.

NATALIE

Okay baby.

He leans in and kisses her as she smiles. It's clear she adores him. WILLIAM walks up with Reggio behind him. Another black man, LLOYD, William's bodyguard, stands farther behind Reggio waiting. WILLIAM MONEY aka MONEY, is the black version of Mitchell only he doesn't know how to cook as well. He dresses like a pimp, decked out with jewelry blinging.

MONEY

Mitchell, how's it going man?

They shake and hug as if brothers.

MITCHELL

Hey, can't complain.

William takes a look over at Natalie.

MONEY

Yeah, I see.

MITCHELL

(smiling)

Come on, let's talk.

They walk over to another...

TABLE

And have a seat. Money takes off his hat.

MITCHELL (cont)

So, what can I do for Mr. Money?

MONEY

Need some more of that sweet magic.
Just like the last batch. Man that
shit was tasty.

MITCHELL

No problem. How much?

MONEY

10 mil.

MITCHELL

I don't know man, locally, that
could bring some unnecessary heat...

MONEY

Hey, hey, hey, don't worry about it
bro, you talking to Money. I'll take
care of that. Only 10% locally, the
rest out state. You just make that
magic baby.

Mitchell smiles as he considers the deal.

MITCHELL

Same deal as before. You pick it
up...

MONEY

My man.

He gets up and shakes his hand, bro style and leaves. After
a second, Reggio comes over.

INT. MITCHELL'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mitchell walks into a dark living room heading towards the
liquor tray. As he does the LIGHTS COME ON. Sitting on the

sofa is William Money, Lloyd and two other men, BODYGUARD'S #1 & #2 are standing nearby. Mitchell turns to see who's in the room with him.

MITCHELL

You broke into my house...

MONEY

Where's my candy?

Mitchell calmly finishes pouring his drink and turns around to face Money and the others.

MONEY (cont)

You took the money so by the simple theory of business you now owe me something - my magic. Where is it?

MITCHELL

You know that's a question I've been trying to ask myself...Where's my product?

MONEY

So hand it over along with my money and I'll be on my way.

Mitchell walks a little closer to him and smiles.

MITCHELL

Well, now wait a minute...by simple theory, per your words, that wouldn't be doing business now would it?

MONEY

Oh, now see, that time has passed ever since you decided to steal from me mother fucker!

He snaps his fingers and Lloyd pulls out a gun. Mitchell continues to remain calm almost as if he knows no harm is going to come to him. He walks around the sofa to the opposite end of where Money is sitting.

MITCHELL

Steal from you?
(beat)

The money store is closed. There
is no store.

Money stands up pissed. He pulls his gun. The other two
Bodyguards pull theirs as well.

MONEY

I ain't asking you mother fucker.

MITCHELL

Yeah, I can see that.