

(Name of Project)

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ADDITIONAL DAVE/TREE SCENE FOR MOTEL

EXT. WEEKLY RATE MOTEL - NIGHT

Dave comes to his door with take-out food bags. He opens the door and enters. *

INT. WEEKLY RATE MOTEL - DAVE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Tree is sitting on his bed, pillows perched behind him, with his shoes off, eating some leftover Chinese food with chopsticks. The TV is on with the sound of some n.d. TALKSHOW. They are both startled when Dave enters.

TREE

What the hell, man? You scared me.

DAVE

Tree!? How'd you get in here?

TREE

I told the manager I was your probation officer. He let me right in.

DAVE

You what!?

TREE

Whatchew got in the bag? This Chinese food is nasty.
(indicating refrigerator)
You need to clean out that little fridge.

DAVE

Get the off my damn bed! What are you doing here?

TREE

(trying to cover)
You know, I was just in the neighborhood, thought I would check on my homeboy. Make sure everything was cool up in here.
(points to TV)
I got Oprah on the TV.

DAVE

Vanessa tossed your ass out, didn't she?

TREE

(offended)

What? Please, don't even try to go there --

(breaking into tears)

Okay, yes. She kicked me to curb. She told me to stop apologizing all the time. She said I'm too weak. She told me I'm too in touch with my feminine side. I remind her of her girlfriends.

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DAVE

I agree with her.

(noticing his bare feet)

Get your shoes back on.

*
*
*

TREE

I thought maybe I could kick it with you for awhile. You know. We could encourage each other in our mutual pain of being tossed out. Share expenses. This ain't exactly the Ritz, but I guess I could make do.

Dave sweeps Tree's legs off the bed.

DAVE

What?! Get your own damn motel room.

TREE

Please.

DAVE

Out!

Collects his shoes.

TREE

Fine.

He goes to the door, looks back, points to his food bags.

*

TREE (CONT'D)

You gonna eat all that?

*

DAVE

OUT!

Tree leaves, wounded. Dave shakes his head.