

FADE IN:

EXT. STAPLEDON GARDENS - EARLY MORNING

A sunny and quiet day. Quaint blue duplex with a few cars (including a '98 blue Honda) parked in front.

INT. DUPLEX - SAME - BEDROOM

A father, **MARCUS JOHNSON (35, Afro-Bahamian, thick beard, dreadlocks)** irons a tan uniform pants -- the iron creases the waist's corners -- then the pant's legs -- Marcus' HAND pours more WATER into the IRON --

MARCUS (V.O.)

I packed an apple and an orange today, just in case you wanted to share a fruit with one of your friends. It's better they beg you for food that's actually healthy for them instead of all that other junk. I know... I know what you're going to ask.

Marcus stops the ironing and looks to the side, a smile on his face.

MARCUS

What about the chocolate chip cookies, right?

(a beat)

Listen, those cookies are junk and you can't only have them for lunch.

Marcus starts to iron again, soon docking the iron and holding up the perfectly pressed pants.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

What kind of father would I be if I only gave you cookies, huh? But I'll sneak one in their for you anyhow.

EXT. '98 BLUE HONDA - SAME - STAPLEDON GARDENS

Marcus closes the passenger's door of his car --

Walking around to the other side while looking at his watch:

FATHER

Shit, we're late.

EXT. SCHOOL YARD - MORNING

Marcus smiles, watching as LIVELY SCHOOL CHILDREN, all wearing tan-colored uniform, move toward their respective classes --

MALE TEACHER (O.C.)

Mr. Johnson?

Marcus turns around as a MALE TEACHER (28) approaches.

MALE TEACHER (CONT'D)

It's so good to see you again, Sir.

(a beat)

How's everything going?

MARCUS

It's been good, actually. I'm just running a little late for work --

The Teacher watches as Marcus looks left and then right before crossing the empty street.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - AFTERNOON - UNFINISHED HOUSE

A group of CONSTRUCTION WORKERS busy themselves on a building site: an unfinished, concrete house --

Marcus uses a metal SAW to CUT through a marked piece of PLYWOOD -- Another GUY butters cement on a cinder block --

Marcus sits on an block of CONCRETE while wiping the SWEAT off his BROW. The same worker walks over and hands Marcus a WATER BOTTLE. Opening the bottle:

MARCUS

Thanks. I really appreciate that.

WORKER

Anytime, man. Just don't work yourself too hard, alright.

Marcus nods his head.

MARCUS

Yeah.

Marcus watches as the Worker walks off. He then takes a sip of water.

EXT. SCHOOL YARD - LATE AFTERNOON

SCHOOL KIDS spill into the parking lot. Marcus looks up yonder, his eyes searching for someone. He watches as a WOMAN embraces her SON. Marcus smiles --

MALE TEACHER (O.S.)
You're back again, huh?

Marcus turns around to face the Male Teacher (from earlier).

MARCUS
Yeah.
(a beat)
You enjoy your day, Mr. Lombard.

The Teacher looks suspiciously at Marcus, who walks over to his car, soon opening the door on the driver' side.

MALE TEACHER
Okay.

EXT. WEST BAY STREET - SAME

Marcus' Honda zooms along the road, which is a few feet from the beach.

INT. '98 BLUE HONDA - SAME

Marcus steers the car on a clear street.

MARCUS
I'm so proud you. Proud that you're making those good grades. It's not easy for people your age to focus and do all that work... Especially with all that Tik Tok stuff... Your work is just as hard as my work, you know?
(a beat)
Let's say I treat you to the beach this weekend.... Just to show you how proud I am of you.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - MORNING

CLOSE ON Marcus' face. FRAME WIDENS to reveal him sitting on a white leather couch.

Marcus watches as **DR. LANGSTON (60)**, his therapist, SCRIBBLES on a note pad.