KENYATTA: What's that?

DAMON: Couple months ago - we had this other place. Nina had a bunch a shit. Piles of crap. Books. Pictures. Mementos and whatnot. Used to keep a box of memories of childhood junk. Cards and shit from ex-boyfriends. I told her to throw it out like a hundred times but she wouldn't. Pictures of her and her Mama. You name it. But 5-0 was on us heavy - after this fool we used to work for. Raided our spot. Ransacked all our shit. Had to blow that scene for awhile. Went back up in there and niggas had cleaned us out. Threw out the pics. Stole our CDs and shit. Hardly had nothin' left. That's why this place is so... bleak. Moved over here with nothin'. It's empty. Dead as her Mama is now.

And all the memories she coulda had to laugh and cry over... it's gone. Wiped out.

KENYATTA: I didn't realize...

DAMON: So... if she got these letters like you say. These letters her Mama left her. Last piece of somethin' to hold onto... my Nina ain't throwin' them out. She's a sentimental bitch sometimes. Don't show it, but she is.

KENYATTA: You think they're here?

DAMON: Makes sense. Don't it?

KENYATTA: And you would be willing to talk to her... for me...

DAMON: Well that depends.

KENYATTA: Of course it depends. What are the terms?

DAMON: How bad you want these letters? You want 'em badder than Nina? Cuz Nina is pretty damn bad.

KENYATTA: I want them.

DAMON: How bad?

KENYATTA: Depends on if you have them. If you can retrieve them, there might be something to talk about.

DAMON: Only thing talks is money.

KENYATTA: If there're no letters, there's no conversation.

DAMON: And if there are letters?

KENYATTA: I'll leave you my number. You'll call to let me know. And we can talk. If you're willing.

DAMON: I might be.

KENYATTA removes a pen and a slip of paper from his shirt pocket and jots down his info.

DAMON: This what you came to talk to Nina about?

KENYATTA: She wasn't much up for talking with me.

DAMON: So you came back up a second time? For what - to get kicked out again? (Pause.) Unless you came to get answers from me... and this visit had nothin' to do with Nina at all...

KENYATTA looks at DAMON stoically. He hands DAMON his info.

DAMON: (In realization.) Mutha fff... ... (Beat.) You played me.

KENYATTA: You won't mention this visit to her, right?

DAMON: I look that amateur to you? You might know the game... but I know some shit too. Trust.

KENYATTA: I'm counting on that.

KENYATTA heads to the door.

KENYATTA: Pleasure talking with you.

DAMON: Likewise...

KENYATTA leaves.

DAMON waits a beat. Looks at the empty space in the apartment. Pause.

Then suddenly, he bursts over to the book case and tears into a feverish search. Opening books. Tossing them. Flipping pillows. Reckless.

Suddenly he stops. Sees a loose board in the floor. Lifts it and finds a locked box. Is this it?

He tries to pry it open with his hands. No such luck.


Finally DAMON grabs his coat... and the box... and hurries out.

The mess in the apartment is left behind... Waiting...