

"SCARY POPPINS"

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FADE IN:

EXT. MIAMI COASTLINE ROAD -- DAY

A red, convertible Porsche 911 Turbo with vanity plates that read, "DIAMOND", pulls up to a red light. DIAMOND HUGHES, handsome, impeccably dressed in a designer suit, listens to Prince's "Little Red Corvette" on his stereo and does accompanying percussion on his steering wheel.

DIAMOND

(singing)

LITTLE RED POR-SCHE... BABY YOU'RE
MUCH TOO FAST, YES YOU ARE...

Beside him, someone pulls up in an Acura Integra that's souped up, street-racing style (with the tinted windows, spoilers, pressure gauges, nitrous canisters, etc.). The passenger window of the Integra slides down, revealing the driver -- an unresistibly beautiful half-black, half-Asian honey in dark sunglasses and a bikini top (don't forget, this is Miami we're talking about). She peers at Diamond over the top of her sunglasses. He smiles. She smiles back. Then she guns her engine and indicates the empty road ahead of them. Diamond looks ahead, and gets her meaning.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

You obviously don't know who you're--

The light turns green and she floors it. Diamond immediately takes off after her.

What follows is an adrenaline-pumping thrill ride, cooler than anything in "The Fast and the Furious" or whatever other copy-cat movies have come out since then. The two cars snake along the coastline at blazing speeds. Weaving in and out of lanes, cutting each other off, nudging each other into oncoming traffic until the last second, etc. There's much pride at stake here. Diamond's Porsche overtakes the Integra around a hairpin curve (superior German handling due to the narrower wheelbase). He smiles in apparent victory, until the honey engages her nitrous boosters and blows past him.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

Son of a--

He floors it. We see his rear spoiler raise up to stabilize his vehicle (those darn Germans) and he overtakes her on a turn. He turns his head to smile at her as he passes. He's so fixated on her that he doesn't see the fallen rocks in his lane. He turns around just in time to jerk the steering wheel and slam on his brakes. The other driver veers to the side as Diamond skids past the rocks and spins out of control towards the ocean cliff.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)
Ahhh! I'm gonna crash! There goes
my open-casket funeral...

After what seems like forever, he comes screeching to a halt, right at the cliff's edge. Hyperventilating, he frantically pats himself down and gathers his wits about him. He looks at the car's wheels teetering on the edge of the cliff.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)
Talk about a close call. I almost
lost that race.

He looks over and sees the other car off to the side of the road. He gets out.

EXT. COASTLINE ROAD -- CONTINUOUS

Diamond approaches the other car and looks in.

DIAMOND
You okay?

She rubs her knee.

INTEGRA HONEY
Yeah, but I may have hurt my knee.

DIAMOND
We better get you somewhere and have
that looked at.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DIAMOND'S CONDO -- LATER

Diamond is sitting on the bed, buttoning up his shirt. We see the Integra Honey getting dressed in the b.g.

DIAMOND
(re: knee)
Looked okay to me.

His condo is Miami Art Deco, with colorful, glass-blown art and geometrically shaped furniture. There doesn't appear to be a speck of dust in the whole place. His cell phone rings.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hello?... Jeff!...
(damn)
I know, I know, I'm late. I'll be
right there.

He hangs up and turns to the Integra Honey.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)
Listen, I gotta go. You can let
yourself out.

EXT. WAREHOUSE -- MIAMI DOCKS -- LATER

JEFF, white, thirtyish and neurotic, stands by the warehouse
door. Diamond approaches.

DIAMOND
Hey, Jeff. Sorry I'm late.

JEFF
Now we're late. Nice team spirit.

They enter.

INT. WAREHOUSE STAIRS -- CONTINUOUS

Diamond and Jeff ascend a flight of stairs.

DIAMOND
Don't be like that. Something came
up with my car.

JEFF
Of course, it's never your fault.

DIAMOND
What's that supposed to mean?

JEFF
When have you ever admitted you were
wrong?

DIAMOND
I'm sure I have, but I don't keep
score like you do.

JEFF
Last January--

DIAMOND
Hey, she came on to me. Besides,
how was I supposed to know who she
was? I could see if you looked like
her, but you look more like your
father...

Jeff rolls his eyes as they reach the top of the stairs and
exit the stairway.

INT. MR. SIMMS OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

It's a factory-loft style office above the warehouse. The
entire back wall is one huge window.

A large floor-to-ceiling section of the window is open and there is a golf tee in front of it. Behind a mahogany desk sits LENNY SIMMS, sixtyish, wearing a floral print shirt, white shorts and reading the Wall Street Journal. He puts it down as Diamond and Jeff enter.

DIAMOND

Mr. Simms, you wanted to see us?

MR. SIMMS

Ah, yes. Come in. Have a seat.

They look around, but there're no chairs. So they stand in front of his desk. Simms leans back in his chair and starts to pontificate -- more to the ceiling than to them.

MR. SIMMS (CONT'D)

Boys, you can't run a successful business today without paying attention to the leading economic indicators. The PPI, the CPI, interest rates, etc. They all predict future revenue. However, the indicator I'm most concerned about in this current economic environment is consumer confidence. Namely, our consumers are too confident we won't bust their heads if they don't pay up. That's why I called you two in.

Diamond smiles and nods.

DIAMOND

So, you need us to implement some "incentives" to increase consumer spending?

MR. SIMMS

Exactly.

JEFF

(panicking)

Why, that'll require lowering rates, cutting taxes and decreasing the deficit. We'll have to obtain years of schooling and training, not to mention an appointment to the Federal Reserve Board.

Diamond shoots Jeff a look. Jeff realizes.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Oh...

(chuckles)

I get it.

DIAMOND
We'll get right on it.

MR. SIMMS
Good. You're my number one team and
I'm counting on you.

DIAMOND
Our record speaks for itself.
He indicates a side wall. A sign reads, "Enforcers of the
Month". Underneath it are police mug shots of various
"employees". The past six spots belong to Diamond and Jeff.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIAMI SUBURB -- EARLY MORNING

It's a peaceful Suburban landscape. As the sun rises, the
new day comes forth like a warm, orange wave slowly devouring
the grays and charcoals of the night. The houses, arranged
in perfectly manicured rows of new construction and lush
landscaping, sit quietly like an assembly line of machines
waiting to output their various products of American life.
We single out one of these life-factories and push through a
window into:

INT. WATSON BEDROOM -- DAY

Emily (white, fortyish) sleeps, nestled beside her husband,
Bob (white, fortyish). They both let out contented sighs.
Nothing could be more peaceful.

We ZIP PAN out of their bedroom, down the hall, down the
stairs and into the kitchen where Esmerelda (Latina,
thirtyish) is trying to get ALEXIS (4) to eat her breakfast.
She waves the spoon in front of Alexis, who has her arms
folded and mouth sealed shut as she sits in a highchair.

ESMERELDA
The choo-choo is looking for the
tunnel...

No dice. Esmerelda sighs and gives up. She puts the spoon
back on the plate and turns around to walk away. When she
does, a blob of food smacks her on the back of the head.
She spins around.

ANGLE ON ESMERELDA

ESMERELDA (CONT'D)
That is not what we do with our food,
young lady.

Suddenly the entire plate flies into her face.

CUT TO:

INT. WATSON BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Emily and Bob snuggle and smile.

INT. WATSON HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Brad (18), about six-foot-seven, struggles with his sister, Claire (15), over a sweatshirt.

BRAD

It's mine, give it here.

CLAIRE

It's not yours! I bought it last week.

Esmerelda comes up the stairs with a laundry basket full of clothes. As she approaches them, Claire snatches the sweatshirt from Brad. It smacks Esmerelda in the face, and sends her slaloming down the stairs on her behind, clothes flying everywhere. Brad, angry, grabs a glass of juice and throws it onto the sweatshirt in Claire's hand.

BRAD

Fine, it's yours.

Claire, enraged, hawks a glob of phlegm from the back of her throat and launches it onto Brad's shirt.

Esmerelda is at the bottom of the stairs, regathering herself. Claire comes storming down, followed by a shirtless Brad. Claire slings the sweatshirt into the now-empty laundry basket.

CLAIRE

Clean this.

Brad adds his shirt.

BRAD

And this. And stop mixing our clothes together.

INT. WATSON BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The alarm goes off. Bob hits the "snooze".

INT. WATSON KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Alexis is still in her high chair, with a capsized bowl of strained mush in front of her. Esmerelda walks in, sorely, and places the laundry basket on the counter. BILLY (8), sneaks behind her. Alexis giggles. He puts his finger to his mouth for her to be quiet. He then lights a cherry bomb and tapes it to Esmerelda's butt with a pat. She quickly turns around as he runs off.

ESMERELDA
Why you little--

We hear a **ding** as a timer goes off.

ESMERELDA (CONT'D)
(calling)
Brad! Claire! Come get your
breakfast.

She bends over and opens the oven to retrieve a pan of biscuits. We zoom in on the cherry-bomb wick burning down just as she turns her butt towards the open oven.

CUT TO:

INT. WATSON BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Bob and Emily wake up, stretch and yawn.

BOB
Rise and shine, honey.

EMILY
Hey there. What a peaceful morning.

Suddenly, we hear a small **explosion** offscreen.

CUT TO:

EXT. WATSON HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Bob and Emily stand on the steps with their kids. They all watch as the paramedics push Esmerelda into the ambulance.

BOB
They say it's only surface wounds.

EMILY
Poor thing. She could barely speak.

BOB
But she made some powerful gestures.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIAMI STREET -- LATER

We see Diamond's car speeding down streets, making sharp turns and flying over bumps.

INT. DIAMOND'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Diamond drives as Jeff sits in the passenger seat. We hear the tires **screeching** in the b.g.

DIAMOND

You seem more uptight than usual.
Everything alright?

JEFF

Everything's cool.

DIAMOND

Seriously, man, if something's
bothering you, let a brother know.

JEFF

Thanks.

(a beat)

The doctor told me I only have--

DIAMOND

(checks his watch)

Damn, we gotta hurry.

Diamond stops the car and pulls over.

EXT. DIAMOND'S PORSCHE -- CONTINUOUS

They get out and go to the trunk. They open it up to reveal
a man, MR. FONG, tied, gagged and unnaturally squeezed into
the tight space. He's disheveled and sobbing.

DIAMOND

How're we doing, Mr. Fong? Did you
enjoy our Jennifer Lopez special?
Or as we like to call it -- the "junk
in the trunk" ride.

Diamond pulls the gag from his mouth.

MR. FONG

I'll pay! I'll pay!

Diamond and Jeff exchange a smile.

DIAMOND

One down.

EXT. SCRAP YARD -- NIGHT

Close up of a man's face. He's frantically screaming.

MAN

Not the Christmas party! Please,
anything but the Christmas party.

ANGLE ON DIAMOND AND JEFF.

DIAMOND

You know, it wouldn't be Christmas
without nuts roasting on an open
fire.

Pull back to reveal the man is hanging from a mechanical
lift. He's stripped down to a pair of METAL BRIEFS and is
hovering over a blow-torch flame. Diamond motions for him
to be lowered so the flame touches the metal.

MAN

(screams)

Okay! Okay! I'll pay!

DIAMOND

(to Jeff)

You know, it really is the happiest
time of the year.

INT. MEAT LOCKER -- NIGHT

Diamond and Jeff are surrounded by huge sides of beef hanging
from sharp metal hooks.

DIAMOND

Eleven customers down. One more to
go.

We pull back to reveal another "customer", MR. HUTCHINS,
Tied up to a chair and blindfolded.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

(to Jeff)

You ready?

Jeff touches an empty meat hook hanging from above.

JEFF

I don't know, man. This one seems
kind of rough.

DIAMOND

It's never failed. Trust me.

Diamond removes the blindfold. The man looks around in
terror.

MR. HUTCHINS

Oh no. Not showgirls. Please God,
not showgirls!

He shuts his eyes. Diamond forces them open with his hand.
Jeff shakes his head and pulls on the hook, sliding a TV
cart over. He then takes a copy of the movie, "Showgirls"
and puts it in the VCR.

The movie starts, followed by the bloodcurdling screams of Mr. Hutchins. As Diamond and Jeff turn their heads, not bearing to watch, we:

CUT TO:

INT. DIAMOND'S CAR -- LATER

Diamond drives as Jeff sits in the passenger seat, looking at a briefcase full of money.

DIAMOND

Five hundred thousand. We're gonna get another picture on the wall.

JEFF

This time, I think I'll use the one from when I got busted for grand larceny.

DIAMOND

Yeah, you were thinner then.

He pulls to a stop.

JEFF

I'll hold on to it until tomorrow.

DIAMOND

Cool. We'll turn it in at nine sharp.

Jeff gets out.

JEFF

Stay black.

DIAMOND

(smiles)

You too.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIAMI CONDO -- MORNING

Diamond's car pulls up in front of a Beachfront condo. He gets out and goes to the front door. He's surprised to find the door slightly open. He enters.

DIAMOND

Jeff, you ready? Simms is waiting.

It's an upscale condo, but not as neatly decorated as his own. In fact, things appear to be in disarray. He walks to another door and cracks it open.

DIAMOND'S P.O.V.

The door slowly opens to reveal Jeff tied up in a chair with three armed men standing around him.

ANGLE ON DIAMOND

He looks horrified as we hear a **gunshot** O.S. Diamond screams.

BACK TO SCENE

The men turn towards Diamond. Outnumbered, he immediately runs out.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIAMI CONDO -- CONTINUOUS

Diamond comes running out and jumps into his car.

INT. DIAMOND'S CAR

Before he can start the ignition, he finds himself surrounded by hooded thugs armed with automatic weapons. He freezes in his tracks. Diamond looks around and frantically starts to unbuckle his pants.

EXT. MIAMI CONDO -- CONTINUOUS

The three men he saw inside walk up and join the others. From a distance, one of the men, ARTURO TRINIDAD, calls out to Diamond.

ARTURO

Mr. Hughes, you've saved us a trip.
Maybe you can tell us where to find
the rest of the money your partner
owes us.

A beat. No response.

ARTURO (CONT'D)

Please don't make this any more
difficult than necessary.

We hear the other men cock their guns. Suddenly, Diamond's arms appear out of the driver-side window, holding all of his clothes. He drops them in a pile onto the street.

DIAMOND

Okay, look, I'm unarmed. Don't shoot
a brother.

He then steps out of the car, leaving the door open. His pile of clothes are at his feet. He's wearing only a pair of white bikini briefs with red hearts on them. He holds his hands up.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

Trinidad, don't know anything about Jeff's debts. We never talked money, religion or O.J.

ARTURO

His debt was a half million, but he only gave us two-hundred-fifty thousand. As you just witnessed, we don't accept half payments. We're assuming the rest of the money is in your possession.

DIAMOND

Okay, just let me put my pants back on.

He slowly bends down to pick up his clothes. Suddenly, he yanks up the manhole cover that was hidden by his clothes and slides behind it.

ARTURO

Get him!

Shots are fired, but they ricochet off of the manhole cover in front of him and the open car door behind him. Diamond grabs his clothes and drops down into the manhole. The thugs quickly converge on top of him, firing down below.

CUT TO:

INT. SEWER -- CONTINUOUS

It's pitch black. The only thing visible is a rapidly moving, glow-in-the-dark pair of bikini briefs with red hearts. Diamond runs by, holding his ears as sparks and bullets fly in from the open manhole behind him. He turns a corner and goes down a dark passageway.

EXT. STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Arturo approaches and peers into the sewer. No Diamond in sight.

ARTURO

He can't get far. We'll find him.

CUT TO:

INT. SEWER -- CONTINUOUS

Diamond stops running to catch his breath. He finds his pants and pulls a lighter out of the pocket. He lights it and we see he's at a four way intersection of tunnels.

DIAMOND

Great. Which way to go?

He quickly puts on his clothes. A huge rat scurries by and goes down one of the tunnels.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)
That tunnel must go to the hood. So
I want to go this way.

He runs down the opposite tunnel.

CUT TO:

INT. DRAINAGE PIPE -- LATER

Diamond runs to a drainage pipe that empties into the harbor. He climbs out and looks around, seeing the warehouse he was in earlier with Jeff. He looks up at Mr. Simms' office window.

DIAMOND
Finally, I'm safe.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE -- MIAMI DOCKS -- MOMENTS LATER

Close on Simms' window. Diamond comes crashing through and plummets one story into a huge pile of boxes below. He immediately gets up and runs into an open doorway across the alley. People fire at him from the window above.

INT. MR. SIMMS OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Simms is with other members of the syndicate.

MR. SIMMS
That son of a bitch! Nobody steals
from me and gets away with it.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOCKS -- LATER

Diamond pokes his head from around some oil drums to make sure the coast is clear.

DIAMOND
Damn. Now what?

He looks and sees another drain pipe heading into the sewer. Knowing what he has to do, he sighs and enters it.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET -- LATER

Diamond pops up from behind some hedges. He looks across the street to a small house with a light on in the front window.

DIAMOND

Good, she's home.

He checks to make sure the coast is clear and darts across the street to the front door. He rings the bell.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

As always, the black man's only help
is the black woman.

Diamond smiles as the door opens. From his P.O.V. we see a beautiful, but angry, black woman.

BLACK WOMAN

Diamond Hughes, kiss my black--

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT DOOR

Diamond's P.O.V.: A beautiful white woman.

WHITE WOMAN

White--

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT DOOR

Diamond's P.O.V.: A beautiful Asian woman.

ASIAN WOMAN

Korean--

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT DOOR

Diamond's P.O.V.: A beautiful Native American woman.

NATIVE AMERICAN WOMAN

Eskimo--

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT DOOR -- CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON DIAMOND'S FACE

ALL (O.S.)

--ASS!

The door slams in his face and we,

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET -- MORNING

It's the next morning. Diamond, exhausted from being up all night, waits behind a parked car. He watches a house across the street. There is a sign on the door that says "Rosa's Domestic Services". ROSA, an attractive Latina woman, pulls up in the driveway, gets out and goes to unlock the front door.

DIAMOND

I can't believe I'm resorting to this.

He puts on black gloves and a black ski mask. He then takes a deep breath and sneaks across the street.

INT. WATSON HOUSE -- DAY

Emily is on the phone.

EMILY

(into phone)

All I'm saying is that the nannies you've sent lately have been lacking in fortitude. Considering the money we pay for your services, that's unacceptable.

CUT TO:

INT. ROSA'S DOMESTIC SERVICES -- CONTINUOUS

Rosa talks to Emily.

ROSA

(into phone)

Your situation has peculiar... challenges.

We intercut between her and Emily.

EMILY

How hard can it be to take care of four children?

ROSA

(under her breath)

You sure wouldn't know.

EMILY

What?

ROSA

I said I'm sorry you haven't been satisfied with my services.

EMILY

Listen, we did our research. We know you're expensive because you're the best in town. We just really need one of your A-list workers. And we need one fast.

Rosa looks at a tidal chart for the Miami coastal area.

ROSA

I'm expecting some "A-List" workers to become available later today. I'll call you back... You're welcome.

She hangs up, puts her head in her hands and sighs.

ROSA (CONT'D)

Who am I kidding? No one deserves that assignment.

Suddenly a gloved hand appears behind her head, with the fingers pointed like a gun.

DIAMOND

(deep voice)

Okay lady, give me all your money.

Rosa turns around and sees a disheveled man wearing a ski mask, gloves and a suit coat turned inside-out. She screams and faints. Diamond then quickly pulls her over to a couch. He takes off the mask and gloves and shoves them in his pockets. He then straightens out his hair and turns his suit coat right-side-out. He gently shakes her.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

Rosa, Rosa, wake up.

She comes to, startled.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

Relax. It's me, Diamond. I was walking by and I heard you scream. So I busted in and there was this big, scary guy standing over you. I jumped him and beat him until he ran away. But he may have taken some money, if you discover some missing. Are you okay?

ROSA

Yeah, I must've fainted again. Phew, that was scary.

(MORE)

ROSA (CONT'D)
Before now, I thought you were the
last person I wanted to see...
(realizes)
Hey, wait a minute.

She reaches into his pockets and pulls out the mask and gloves.

ROSA (CONT'D)
I knew I'd heard that crap before.

She starts hitting him with the items.

ROSA (CONT'D)
That's the same stunt you tried to
pull on our honeymoon when you'd
been gone for two days!

DIAMOND
Damn, I knew I'd used that one
somewhere.

She keeps hitting him.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)
Okay, okay, I'm sorry. Look, you
know I wouldn't be here if I didn't
really need your help. Please, Rosa,
I'm in trouble.

This sinks in a bit. She still has a weak spot for him.

ROSA
What kind of trouble?

DIAMOND
I was in the wrong place at the wrong
time and now the syndicate is after
me, along with some other guys... I
just need a safe place to hide until
I straighten this mess out.

ROSA
I don't know...

DIAMOND
Has I.N.S. been informed that your
"employee pool" is a raft in the
Atlantic?

ROSA
You wouldn't.

DIAMOND
I told you I was desperate.

Rosa sees the Watson's folder -- light bulb. She smiles.

ROSA

I may have just the thing for you.
They wouldn't think to look for you
at a house way out in the burbs.
Say, a cushy house that needs someone
to take care of it.

DIAMOND

Me be a housekeeper? I wouldn't
know what to do.

ROSA

Look, all these rich families need
is someone to walk the dog and warm
up their coffee in the morning.
Even you can handle that. It'll
give you some money and a place to
stay until this blows over.

She picks up the folder.

ROSA (CONT'D)

Here's a perfect, low-maintenance
family. The Watsons.

She hands him some forged identification documents.

ROSA (CONT'D)

I can give you a whole new identity
so no one can track you there.

He realizes he has no other options right now. He takes the
folder.

DIAMOND

Rosa, thank you.
(reads I.D.)
"Antonio Padilla".

ROSA

Don't worry, I'll give them all the
information they need.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIAMI SUBURB - MORNING

Diamond, with nothing but the slightly tattered clothes on
his back, approaches and rings the bell. It opens and he's
greeted by Emily.

EMILY

Hello there! You must be Antonio.

DIAMOND

Hola!

EMILY

Come in, Rosa told us all about you.

He follows her in.

INT. WATSON HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

EMILY

This is our humble abode.

Diamond looks around as Emily leads him through the foyer. Everything is very nice and very rich. Bob enters.

BOB

Hey there, Antonio. I'm Bob, Emily's much younger sugar daddy.

Emily playfully smacks him on the arm as they both laugh. Diamond is a little uncomfortable, not wanting to say anything to blow his cover. There's an uncomfortable beat where the three of them stand there, blinking at each other.

DIAMOND

You two have a beautiful home.

BOB

Thank you. Say, where's your accent? Rosa said you grew up in Cuba.

DIAMOND

Actually, it goes in and out, depending on who I'm with. Catch me around my people back home and boy, it's like an old Zoro movie.

They all laugh.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

Ariba!

EMILY

We were fascinated when Rosa told us about your background.

BOB

Yeah. What was it like being Castro's housekeeper for all those years?

He's caught off guard. He fakes a cough while he gathers his thoughts.

DIAMOND

Well... Um, that Castro, he was a blast. He looks all tough on TV, but that's just his political persona. He's really a big ol' teddy bear. In fact, that was my nickname for him -- "Big Ol'". I'd say, "Big ol', come get these bad kids before I whup 'em like capitalist pigs!" Then we'd laugh and laugh.

BOB

Kids? But Castro's son is thirty-five.

DIAMOND

Uh... yeah.

(then)

I'm talking about the kids nobody knows about.

He winks. Bob and Emily look at each other, digging the juicy gossip.

EMILY

Gotcha.

BOB

Secret's safe with us.

Diamond starts to feel like this is going to be a breeze.

DIAMOND

So, where's my room?

EMILY

It's the guest suite at the end of the hall, but you can use the bathroom in the master while we're away.

DIAMOND

You're going somewhere?

BOB

(to Emily)

Did we forget to mention that to Rosa?

EMILY

I guess in all the rush-rush-hurry-hurry, we did.

(to Diamond)

You see, for a year we'd been planning a much-needed, non-refundable getaway. And then, all of a sudden, our last housekeeper--

BOB
Had some unforeseen circumstances
come up. Permanently.

EMILY
Right. So we desperately needed
someone to watch over things.

DIAMOND
When do you leave?

EMILY
In a few days. Then the house is
all yours.

A huge smile involuntarily spreads across Diamond's face.
He tries to control it.

BOB
Usually we wouldn't leave things in
the hands of someone we weren't
familiar with. But your references
were impeccable and Rosa spoke so
highly of you that we felt a few
days would be plenty of time to see
if it was a fit.

DIAMOND
Oh, I think things will fit nicely.

EMILY
Great. Let's show you around.

Bob and Emily walk offscreen. Diamond stays back a beat.

MUSIC CUE: An angelic chorus starts to **sing**.

Diamond beams and takes in his new domain. Suddenly:

MUSIC CUE: Record **scratch**.

A door comes flying open. Claire stomps out, followed by
Brad in hot pursuit.

CLAIRE
I don't want to hear it! Stay out
of my clothes, you moron!

BRAD
Then stop dressing like a dude, you
dyke.

They storm right past Diamond and into the next room. We
then hear a faint yell from the opposite direction that
steadily grows until little Billy comes racing past him,
followed by a swarm of bees. Billy's scream fades in a
Doppler effect as he exits offscreen.

We hear a voice from the stairs above:

ALEXIS (O.S.)
I'm not hungry anymore.

Diamond looks up just as a glob of vegetables splats him on the face. Bob and Emily reappear.

EMILY
That's right, you haven't met our children yet.

DIAMOND
Does Rosa know you have kids?

EMILY
Of course.

DIAMOND
(to himself)
Very funny, Rosa.

He wipes his face and follows them into the next room.

INT. WATSON FAMILY ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

The kids are lined up.

EMILY
Antonio, this is Brad, our oldest.

DIAMOND
Hi.

Brad, holding his basketball, just stares him down.

EMILY
And Claire.

CLAIRE
¡Viva la revolución!

Diamond looks confused.

EMILY
Oh, Rosa also told us about your time as a child soldier in Cuba's revolutionary army.

BOB
(whispers; re Claire)
She's into that.

EMILY
Then there's Billy.

Billy gives a sinister smile that creeps Diamond out.

EMILY (CONT'D)

And finally, Alexis, our youngest.

Alexis steps forward and holds her arms out for Diamond to pick her up. He's a little surprised, but reaches and pulls her into his arms.

DIAMOND

Hi Alexis.

ALEXIS

I love you, Antonio.

DIAMOND

My, aren't you sweet and trusting.

BOB

(stern)

Give him back his wallet.

DIAMOND

What?

Alexis, chagrined, hands Diamond the wallet she pilfered from his suit coat. Diamond is shocked.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

How'd she...? I didn't feel...

BOB

The psychiatrist says it's just a phase.

DIAMOND

She has a shrink?

Bob and Emily laugh.

BOB

No, of course not.

(then)

We took her to Billy's.

DIAMOND

Ohhhh-kay.

EMILY

Since we're all here, let's go over the ground rules.

Groans and sighs from the kids. Emily addresses them.

EMILY (CONT'D)

You are to listen to whatever Antonio says. Give him the same respect you give us.

CLAIRE
Are we through, yet?

BOB
(to Diamond)
She's going through her rebellious-
teen phase.

EMILY
Antonio will have each of your
schedules and we'll call from time
to time to check on you.

BRAD
I'm old enough to take care myself.

BOB
(to Diamond)
Assertion-of-manhood phase. But
he's not the brightest light in the
house, if you know what I mean.

EMILY
Just think how much fun these next
couple of weeks will be. It'll be
like an adventure.

BILLY
Yea, adventure!

BOB
(to Diamond)
Destructive phase.

EMILY
Okay, off you go. We'll finish going
over things with Antonio.

The kids exit.

BOB
Don't worry, any problems and we'll
hop on the next flight back.

DIAMOND
Oh, there won't be any problems.

Emily pulls out a multi-page list.

EMILY
These are some more guidelines for
while we're gone.

DIAMOND

(reading)

No smoking... eat only in kitchen...
curfew... limited allowance...

(then)

You guys are pretty strict on them.

BOB

These rules are for you.

DIAMOND

I guess you didn't notice the grown-
ass man phase I was going through.

Emily flips to another list.

EMILY

Here's a list of your duties.
Preparation of breakfast and school
lunches in the mornings, and dinner
every night. You should do a thorough
cleaning regularly that includes all
windows and bathrooms and laundry
every three days. Scent-free
detergent for Billy and Alexis because
of their allergies, PETA-approved
detergent for Claire because of the
blind lab rabbits, and Brad does his
own clothes -- open his gym bag and
you'll see why. You'll need to
transport Billy to school. He has
soccer on Wednesdays and Saturdays,
Claire has judo three times a week
and Brad has basketball everyday
after school. If his teammates come
over, lock the liquor cabinet... and
my underwear drawer. You have to
sign Brad's homework every night
because of his academic probation --
and careful, he'll try to pass his
lunch menu off as his completed
Spanish assignment. Alexis needs to
work on her vocabulary, so make sure
she uses her big-people words. But
make sure Billy doesn't use his, if
you know what I mean. Any questions
so far?

DIAMOND

One of them was named Claire?

EMILY

(not missing a beat)

The gardener comes on Wednesdays,
the flower guy on Thursdays, pest
control on Mondays, water delivery

(MORE)

EMILY (CONT'D)

on Tuesdays and Thursdays, security patrol at irregular intervals and garbage on Fridays.

(flips to last page)

There's more, but it doesn't apply until the weekend. Oh, and our friend, Bobby, will be checking in on you periodically.

(then)

It's great finding someone with your experience. By the time we leave, you'll have this down pat.

ANGLE ON DIAMOND

He stares at her, totally overwhelmed.

CUT TO:

EXT. WATSON HOUSE -- A FEW DAYS LATER

Bob and Emily are leaving for vacation.

ANGLE ON DIAMOND.

He has the exact same overwhelmed expression on his face. They pull off. He shakes his head and snaps out of it. With a determined look, he heads into the house.

INT. WATSON FAMILY ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The kids are there watching TV. Diamond walks in front of it, turns it off and menacingly faces the kids.

DIAMOND

Okay, listen up. From here on out I'm Mommy, Daddy and God to you. You'll do what I say, when I say it. That way, your parents will return to the same number of kids they left. Got it?

They stare blankly at him. Brad walks up to Diamond and pokes him in the chest.

BRAD

Nobody's in charge of me, but me. Just stay out of my way.

Diamond looks down to where Brad is poking him.

DIAMOND

You just won yourself a trip to a Christmas Party, maybe even to Sunday school.

BRAD
(confused)
Whatever, dude. I'm outta here.

DIAMOND
(rolling up his sleeve)
That's it, I'm gonna-- wait. You're leaving?
(realizes)
You won't be around here for me to worry about?

BRAD
I'll be back when I get back.

DIAMOND
Cool.

CLAIRE
I'm hanging with friends all day.

DIAMOND
See ya.

The two of them exit. Diamond turns to Billy and Alexis.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)
What do y'all do?

The two of them shrug.

BILLY
Whatever you do.

ALEXIS
Saturday is grocery day.

Diamond looks at the "To Do" list up on the fridge. It says "Groceries" in big letters.

DIAMOND
I guess I gotta eat.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBURBAN GROCERY STORE -- LATER

It's a mega-grocery store with endless aisles and countless items. Diamond, wearing sweats and disguised in a cap and sunglasses, is pushing a grocery cart down the aisle while talking on a cell phone. Billy walks beside the cart and Alexis is in the child seat. Billy picks up a jumbo bag of cookies and places it among the assorted sweets and cereals already in the cart. Billy then places a huge pack of assorted candy bars into the cart.

BILLY

Mom let's us eat this for breakfast.

DIAMOND

(ignoring him)

Uh-huh, whatever.

(then; into phone)

Hey, Tony, it's me... I don't know what you heard, but I need your help... What do you mean I'm already dead?... Hello? Hello?

Diamond dials another number. Billy puts a head of lettuce into the cart.

BILLY

And something for Claire...

DIAMOND

(into phone)

Hey, Cliff. Listen man, I'm trying to figure out what went down with Jeff... Simms came by looking for me?... A reward for my dick in a jar, huh?... What? Man I don't care how much you could use the money, I'm not-- Hello?

(then; to himself)

I gotta watch my back. Be super vigilant...

He looks around suspiciously. Billy runs up with a few more bags of cookies and puts them in the cart. Diamond goes over the inventory of groceries.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

(reading boxes)

Instant... Quick... E-Z... To-Go... Mini... Powdered...

(then)

Okay, that's enough.

ALEXIS

I have to go to the bathroom now.

DIAMOND

Go on, just hurry back.

ALEXIS

I can't go by myself. You have to go with me.

DIAMOND

What? Aw naw, I can't do that. Look, it's simple. You just go in there, go to a toilet and do what y'all do.

ALEXIS
(starts to cry)
I can't go by myself.

DIAMOND
Shhh. Shhh.
(looking around)
Come on, before you mess everything
up.

He takes her hand and leads her off.

INT. MEGA MALL RESTROOMS -- MOMENTS LATER

Diamond and Alexis walk up. He starts to take her into the women's corridor. A woman exits and gives him a disapproving look. He then starts to take her into the men's side. But he gets a funny look from a man leaving the restroom, so he stops. He's confused. Alexis is hopping up and down.

ALEXIS
I gotta go!

DIAMOND
One second.

They cross off.

INT. MEN'S RESTROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Diamond enters, alone, carrying a very large shopping bag. He nods to the other men as he nonchalantly makes his way to the last sink. When no one is looking. He opens the adjacent stall, places the shopping bag inside and closes the door. He goes back to washing his hands.

ALEXIS (O.S.)
Make sure I'm doing it right.

Diamond rolls his eyes. He then opens the door and peeps in.

DIAMOND
Yeah, that's-- no, don't put that
there. The other way, the other
way. There you go.

He pulls his head back out, and we:

INT. WATSON KITCHEN -- LATER

Diamond is preparing a full-course breakfast. Eggs, bacon, toast, pancakes and juice. Billy and Alexis come down and take seats at the breakfast bar. Brad enters, holding his basketball, followed by Claire, wearing her usual sweatshirt and fatigues. Diamond places the items on a plate -- it's all for himself. He sits down and eats.

The kids look at each other.

BRAD
Hello? What about ours?

DIAMOND
(mouth full)
What, you want me to fix it?

They nod their heads, "Yes". Diamond, perturbed, pulls out four large bowls and sloppily fills them with cereal. He then goes back to his breakfast. Billy and Alexis happily eat, enjoying their sugar rush.

BRAD
You call this breakfast? Where's the bread? The fruit?

DIAMOND
You want fruit? Here.

He puts some orange Now-N-Laters into Brad's bowl of cereal.

BRAD
Forget it. I'll just eat a power bar at school.

He exits. Billy and Alexis start fighting over the last of the cereal.

BILLY
Give it to me!

Billy snatches the box from Alexis. Diamond points at her and laughs.

ALEXIS
No fair, he's bigger!

BILLY
That's life.

Diamond snatches the cereal from Billy and eats it himself.

DIAMOND
Sure is.

CLAIRE
I hope you bought some soy milk. I can't eat anything that involved harming an animal.

DIAMOND
Getting milked doesn't hurt the cows. They like it. It's like foreplay.

CLAIRE
I never thought about it like that.

She sits down to eat.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Antonio.
(no response)
Antonio.
(still, nothing)
Antonio!

DIAMOND
Oh yeah, that's me. What's up?

CLAIRE
I was telling some of the people in
the group about you.

DIAMOND
(paranoid)
What group? Who'd you tell about
me? I'll kill a man!

CLAIRE
It's just some kids from the
neighborhood who share my anti-
establishment philosophies.

BILLY
They're freaks.

CLAIRE
Shut up you little pyromaniac.
Anyway, I was giving them your
history. How you grew up a poor
Cuban refugee eating from garbage
cans, and that you saw your parents
killed and joined the revolutionary
army as a child -- you know, the
cool stuff. They'd really like you
come to one of our meetings.

DIAMOND
Uh, sure. Anytime.

CLAIRE
You're gonna love the group. We're
ready to join the struggle -- as
soon as Chesterton recovers from his
browlift and Susie's done with the
cotillion.

She gets up and exits, leaving Billy and Alexis.

DIAMOND
You two hurry up. I have things to--

His attention is drawn to a shadowy silhouette outside the kitchen window that appears to be holding a machine gun.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

Someone must've followed me...

Diamond picks up a rolling pin and holds his finger to his lips, telling Alexis and Billy to keep silent.

CUT TO:

EXT. WATSON HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Diamond edges to a corner. He then jumps off camera.

DIAMOND (O.S.)

Take that! And that! And that!

We hear a loud whirring noise.

DIAMOND (O.S.) (CONT'D)

What the hell?

CUT TO:

EXT. WATSON HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Diamond is helping the gardener up off the ground. His gas-powered leaf blower whirs at his side, bashed in by the rolling pin.

GARDENER

Dios mio. Lo siento! Lo siento!

DIAMOND

Dude, you can't be sneaking around like that.

He heads back inside, then:

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

And make sure you get those leaves by the pool.

GARDENER

Si! Andale!

The gardener scampers off. Diamond hears someone calling.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Hello, excuse me.

Diamond turns towards the fence to see ROBERTA, thirtyish and extremely attractive. She looks like she's getting ready for a run. Diamond is mesmerized. He smiles and approaches.

DIAMOND

Please tell me you're the neighborhood welcome committee.

ROBERTA

(whatever)

My name's Roberta. I live next door.
I assume you're the new nanny.

DIAMOND

Indeed I am.

(extends his hand)

Di-- Antonio. Nice to meet you,
Roberta. Would you like to come
inside for something before your
run? Juice? Power bar? Massage?

ROBERTA

I think Billy's been terrorizing my
dog, Sullivan, again.

DIAMOND

(blowing it off)

You know how immature high-schoolers
are.

ROBERTA

Billy's eight. Brad's in high school.
(concerned)
How long have you been a nanny?

DIAMOND

(ogling her)

Right.

(then)

You sure you don't want to come
inside?

ROBERTA

Just tell Billy to cut it out.

She jogs off. Diamond watches her leave, admiringly.

DIAMOND

Boy, I bet I could sit a cup on that.

He's distracted by a horn **blowing** in the front. He goes
back inside.

INT. WATSON KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Billy and Alexis are there, waiting.

DIAMOND

Who's that out front?

BILLY
It's Saturday, so Mrs. Clarkson's
here to pick us up for our play date.

DIAMOND
You go on dates with a Mrs. Clarkson?
What kinda freaky shit is that?

They giggle at his inappropriateness.

BILLY
She's Tommy's mom. We go over their
house to play.

DIAMOND
Oh, okay. Tell a brother something.

ALEXIS
You have to do my hair, brother.

Diamond rolls his eyes.

EXT. WATSON HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

LILLIAN CLARKSON, a repressed, stay-at-home type, is arranging
kids in her Mercedes wayback.

LILLIAN
Honey, put mommy's happy medicine
back in her purse.

Diamond brings Billy and Alexis to her.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)
Hi, you must be Antonio. I'm Lillian.
Don't worry, I'll have them back by
four.

DIAMOND
Keep them as long--

LILLIAN
Four.
(then; re: Alexis)
What'd you do to her hair?

We see that Alexis' hair is oily and in a ball.

DIAMOND
I couldn't find any Murray's or Ultra
Sheen, so I made do.

Lillian frowns at the sight. She then catches a whiff of
Billy.

LILLIAN
When was his last bath?

DIAMOND
He doesn't always smell like that?

LILLIAN
(deadpan)
How long have you been a nanny and
do the Watsons know?

DIAMOND
(worried)
Yes, they know everything and they
trust me very much.
(then)
In fact, I think I'll spend some
quality time with my little darlings
today. Alone.

He takes them inside. Lillian watches curiously. Diamond
shoos her away.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)
Go on. Bye now. Buh-bye.

INT. MINIVAN -- LATER

Diamond, dressed in Bob Watson's hand-me-downs, drives the
Watson minivan. Billy and Alexis are in the rear, watching
a video on the on-board T.V. He pulls to a stop.

DIAMOND
We'll just be a minute. Now, this
ain't no suburbia, these are the
gritty streets. So follow my lead.

EXT. INNER-CITY STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Diamond gets out of the minivan. We see the plates say
"TAXIMOM". He puts on a hat and sunglasses, and opens the
door. He pulls out a stroller and unfolds it. He then puts
Alexis into it and takes her and Billy with him. They pass
other street people.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)
(to Alexis)
Don't look them in the eye.

Billy stops to stare at some bums, Diamond snatches him away.

BILLY
(to bums)
Bye bye.

DIAMOND
Boy, what's wrong with you? Don't
you know they were about to eat you?

Diamond discreetly walks up to a sleeping derelict.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

Psst. Little Jimmy, wake up.

Little Jimmy squints up at Diamond.

LITTLE JIMMY

Diamond! I was hoping-- I mean, I thought you were gone for good.

DIAMOND

Well I'm not.

LITTLE JIMMY

(re: kids)

Who are they?

DIAMOND

My cover. Watch out for the little one, she's packing heat. Now shut up and listen. I need you to tell me why Trinidad was after Jeff.

LITTLE JIMMY

How should I know?

Diamond grabs him by the collar and shakes him.

DIAMOND

The same way you always know everything! Because you're a filthy snitch.

(then)

Now tell me what you know.

LITTLE JIMMY

I already told you, I don't know nothing.

Diamond grabs him and slams him against a wall.

DIAMOND

That's it. I'm about to give you a--

He looks down and sees Billy and Alexis watching him.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

Give you a... a...

(he sighs)

A gold watch.

LITTLE JIMMY

(panics)

Oh no, not a gold watch. Anything but a gold--

(realizes)

A gold watch?

Diamond takes off his expensive Rolex and hands it to him.
Little Jimmy can't believe his eyes.

DIAMOND

Now, is there anything you can tell me?

LITTLE JIMMY

Well, I guess I might have heard that Jeff got in over his head in some gambling debt. But that's all.

DIAMOND

You know, those are real diamonds on the faceplate.

LITTLE JIMMY

He owed Trinidad five hundred thousand.

DIAMOND

(to himself)

That must be why he wanted to keep the money we collected.

(then; to Jimmy)

I heard Trinidad say Jeff gave him a quarter mil. Where's the rest?

Jimmy just shrugs.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

I paid two grand for that watch.

LITTLE JIMMY

They say he took it with him to Mt. Zion.

DIAMOND

What's that?

LITTLE JIMMY

I don't know. It could mean heaven. Was Jeff Jewish?

DIAMOND

I don't think so. There was this time I saw him naked in the locker-- Nevermind. Thanks.

He exits with Billy and Alexis.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN PARK -- LATER

A typical day in the park. Kids run around, being cheered or admonished by adults watching over them.

Diamond is walking with Alexis and Billy.

DIAMOND

Now if Mrs. Clarkson or anybody asks
y'all what we did, only say I took
you to the park. Okay?

They nod. Diamond looks around at the different groups of
children and adults.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

So, what do you do here?

ALEXIS

(mimicking Diamond)

Stick with us. This ain't no gritty
streets.

A group of women stand next to kids on the swing set. They
look condescendingly at Diamond.

DIAMOND

What?

(to Billy and Alexis)

Are they trying to punk me? I know
a punkin' when I see one.

(then; to women)

You got something to say?

Billy tugs on Diamond's sleeve.

BILLY

Those are the nannies from Bal
Harbour. They're mean to the other
nannies because the mommies and
daddies they work for play sports.

DIAMOND

Bitches.

(then; excited)

Ooh, you think one of them knows
Alonzo Mourning?

They walk past another group of women who all smile and coyly
wave at Diamond.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

What's that about?

BILLY

Single mommies.

DIAMOND

Say no more.

(points c.s.)

And what about them over there?

BILLY
Those are kids who live with two
mommies.

DIAMOND
Lesbians? Very nice.

BILLY
Or two daddies.

DIAMOND
Watch your mouth.

They continue walking as we:

CUT TO:

EXT. WATSON HOUSE -- MORNING

Diamond finishes a cigarette and sneaks back into the house.

INT. WATSON HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

He sneaks down the hall, not wanting to alert any of the kids.

It's a corridor lined with doors. All is quiet. He eases forward, down the hall and looks into an open door to see:

Claire's room. It looks like the center for the next revolution. Plastered along the walls are pictures of various activists and militants. The furniture is adorned with bumper stickers demanding the liberation of various individuals with multi-syllabic names. The open closet is filled with an assortment of clothes, all baggy and earth-toned. Claire stands in the mirror. To Diamond's surprise, she has her hair down and is wearing a very feminine dress. She seems to be searching for a comfortable pose. From here, he moves past:

Brad's room. An athletic hall of fame. The walls are covered with ribbons and plaques, while the shelves look like they belong in a trophy shop. Lying down, and almost extending past the end of the bed, Brad is studying a basketball playbook, making notes and changes to the plays. Diamond continues on past:

Billy's room. It's disheveled, with a racecar bed in the center. Billy is in the corner, putting something out with a mini fire extinguisher. Sprawled across his floor are assorted explosive compounds and fire-breathing apparatuses. Diamond tip-toes by his door, across the hall and passes:

Alexis' room. A nightlight illuminates the copy of *Goldilocks and the Three Bears* lying open on her bedside table. But the bed is empty and there is no Alexis to be found. Suddenly, she appears right behind Diamond, startling him.

DIAMOND

Girl, don't sneak around like that.
You don't know me. I'm likely to
put my foot in your chest.

She stares at him, blankly. He karate chops the air, trying to scare her.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

Ah-ha!

Unfazed, she holds up a DVD entitled "Fubby Wubbies Picnic".

ALEXIS

Fubby Wubbies.

DIAMOND

(sighs; takes DVD)
Gimme that. You can watch it later.
Back to bed.

He ushers her into her room and heads into:

INT. DIAMOND'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Diamond enters. We see that unlike the rest of the house, his room is meticulously clean. He's put a cork board on the wall. Above the board is a card labeled "PLAN". Pinned to the board is a lone index card labeled "#1". Written on the card is: "Buy cork board and blank cards." Diamond takes a blank index card and writes "Jeff hid money in Mt. Zion", labels it "#2" and pins it to the board.

DIAMOND

Now I'm getting somewhere.

His attention is drawn to a shadowy silhouette outside of his window. It appears to be holding a rifle.

CUT TO:

EXT. WATSON HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Diamond hides behind the trash cans. He leaps off camera. We hear a series of blows and a loud thud.

EXT. WATSON HOUSE -- AROUND THE CORNER -- CONTINUOUS

Diamond has his foot on the throat of the pest control technician. He holds the nozzle of the spray canister in the technician's mouth as if it were a rifle.

DIAMOND

Sorry, dude. Thought you were
somebody else.

He helps him up. The technician points to the spray.

TECHNICIAN
¡Llamas 9-1-1! ¡Esta es muy
peligroso!

DIAMOND
Yeah, and make sure you get the ants
by the pool.

INT. WATSON KITCHEN -- EVENING

Billy and Alexis are making bowls of cereal. The kitchen is a mess. Billy asks for more. When Diamond opens the cabinet, the buzzing of flies is heard. Brad enters. Diamond puts a power bar in the microwave.

DIAMOND
Dinner in ten seconds.

BRAD
I already ate. I have a semi-final
game tonight. Not that anybody around
here cares.

The power bar explodes in the microwave. Diamond inspects it.

DIAMOND
Oops, left the aluminum wrapper on.
Brad rolls his eyes and exits. The phone rings. Diamond answers it.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hello?... Yes, I'm the nanny...
Another play date tomorrow? Okay...
My turn? No, no one told me... What
nanny alliance meeting?... Hello?

He turns to Billy and Alexis.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)
You and your crew are dating over
here tomorrow.

Claire enters. Diamond notices that she has changed back into her normal baggy fatigues and has her hair pulled back.

CLAIRE
Antonio, great news! The group is
coming over to meet you.

DIAMOND
What? I really don't have time--

SFX: **Doorbell**

CLAIRE

They're here, come on.

She pulls Diamond along.

INT. WATSON FAMILY ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Diamond stands in front of a small group of teens, including SUSIE, CHESTERTON AND BLAKE. Unlike Claire, they are all dressed normally. Diamond drinks a bottle of soda.

CLAIRE

In preparation for our first rally to protest the state's treatment of political prisoners and the sea manatees, I thought we could benefit from a guest who's familiar with fighting the system. I give you, Antonio.

The kids clap as Claire gives the floor to Diamond. There's an awkward beat of silence as he stands there having no idea what to say.

DIAMOND

Uh... fight the power?

The kids erupt in applause. He starts to get it now.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

Yeah, fight the power. Power to the people!

Huzzahs. Some kids get to their feet and pump their fists. Diamond's getting a kick out of this.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

It's time to do the right thing! Liberty doesn't need no' better blues, cuz she's gotta have it! Who cares about missing your school daze, when the whole country's being bamboozled!

They all start high-fiving each other, etc.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

Now let me see your arsenal!

CLAIRE

We have placards and sticks to make signs with.

They pull out the items.

DIAMOND
What do you think this is, some kinda
tickle fight? Where're your rocks?
Your bottles filled with gas?

BLAKE
We believe in peaceful demonstrations.

DIAMOND
Peaceful demonstrations are like
speed limit signs -- nobody pays
attention to them. You have to scare
people if you want results.

SUSIE
Really?

DIAMOND
Let me prove it to you.
(to Chesterton)
Let me have your car.

CHESTERTON
Are you kidding? It's a Jag.

DIAMOND
(to other kids)
See? Nothing. But--

He breaks his bottle of soda on the table and lunges at
Chesterton, pinning him against the wall.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)
Give me your car you little pussy,
or I'll gut you like a fish!

Chesterton whips out his keys.

CHESTERTON
(trembling)
Here. Please don't kill--

Diamond nonchalantly turns to the other kids, as if giving a
Powerpoint demonstration.

DIAMOND
See? Just like that.
(then; to Chesterton)
You gotta go to the bathroom now,
don't you? It's okay, go on.

Chesterton scurries off. The other kids nod in agreement.

CLAIRE
So what should we do with our signs?

DIAMOND
Are they flammable?

BLAKE
Yes.

DIAMOND
Question answered.

CLAIRE
This is great. I knew we'd benefit
from your years of gritty, brutal
guerrilla resistance.

DIAMOND
For sure. Now if you'll excuse me,
Dr. Phil is on Oprah.

He exits as the kids excitedly make their plans.

INT. WATSON HOUSE -- NEXT DAY

The front door opens. Diamond enters and holds the door for
ten kids Billy and Alexis' age. He's visibly worn. They
file into the living room. Diamond closes the door and heads
up the stairs to his room.

DIAMOND
(to himself)
I gotta get this little kid smell
off of me.

He stops, feeling like he's missing something. He turns to
the living room and sees all ten kids staring at him
expectantly.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)
What? Go get your play date on.

ALEXIS
You have to do stuff with us.

The kids all ad-lib "Yeah", "What are we gonna play?", "I'm
hungry.", etc. Diamond sighs and walks back down the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. WATSON FAMILY ROOM -- LATER

Close on Diamond sitting in a chair. He has a miserable
look on his face. Pull back to reveal: He's surrounded by
rambunctious children. A silly-string wig is being sprayed
onto his head; he's the guest of honor at a tea party going
on at his feet; with his right hand, he's giving a sock-puppet
show; and with his left hand he's thumb-wrestling two kids
at a time. Another kid, TOMMY, walks up to him. Tommy has
green snot peeking out his nostrils. Diamond reacts.

TOMMY
(hacking cough)
I don't feel good.

DIAMOND
Boy, go some where and wipe your
nose. Nobody wants to see--

Tommy starts to wipe his nose on Diamond's outstretched shirt-sleeve. Diamond can't move because of the other kids.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)
Please... don't.

Too late, Tommy leaves a snot trail down Diamond's arm. Diamond is livid, but there's nothing he can do about it. He's a broken man. Tommy pulls out a bottle of medicine.

TOMMY
Mommy said for me to take this.

Diamond looks at it.

DIAMOND
"Amonidol A.D."?
(reads label)
Loosens phlegm, dissolves mucus...
causes drowsiness?

He smiles and gives a sly look to the camera. Then:

DIAMOND (CONT'D)
Okay kids, gather around! It's
medicine time.

Moans from the kids.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)
Now, don't be like that. Tommy's
contagious with... Tropical Booger
Cooties.

The kids ad-lib "Really?", "Gross", "Ha ha!".

DIAMOND (CONT'D)
And we need to take precautionary
measures. You don't want to start
bleeding out the eyes and stuff, now
do you?

They all ad-lib, "No!".

DIAMOND (CONT'D)
So line up...

The kids all get in line, and we:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WATSON FAMILY ROOM -- LATER

Diamond surveys the room. It's full of children who obviously fell asleep in the middle of whatever they were doing (running, jumping, etc.) He smiles -- peace at last. Then, he feels a tug at his sleeve. He looks down and sees Billy.

DIAMOND
Why aren't you sleep?

BILLY
I can't. My tooth is shaggy.

Billy shows Diamond a loose tooth that's ready to be pulled.

DIAMOND
Let's get that out so you can get to sleep too.

He opens Billy's mouth and starts to put his fingers in.

BILLY
(screams)

DIAMOND
(covers his mouth)
Shhh! What're you yelling for? I didn't even touch it.

BILLY
It's gonna hurt.

DIAMOND
Calm down. Lemme get some pliers.

Billy screams again. Diamond covers his mouth.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)
Look man, just don't think about it.

BILLY
About what?

DIAMOND
About how much it's gonna hurt.

Billy screams again, but this time Diamond anticipates it and covers his mouth in time. Diamond thinks.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)
Let me try what Big Granny did when
we were kids.

CUT TO:

INT. WATSON HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Diamond is on his knees, talking very gently to Billy. We see a piece of thread with one end tied to Billy's tooth and the other end tied to a doorknob beside him. Billy keeps eyeing the doorknob suspiciously, but Diamond distracts him.

DIAMOND
And then the little bunny rabbit ate
all the carrots. And you know what?
He looked just like that little bunny
over there.

Diamond points O.S. Billy excitedly turns to the direction Diamond is pointing.

ANGLE ON THE WALL DIAMOND POINTS AT

BILLY (O.S.)
Where is he?

DIAMOND (O.S.)
See him? He's right over--

Suddenly, we hear the door slam.

BACK TO DIAMOND. Billy holds his mouth and looks at the tooth dangling from the thread in Diamond's hand.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)
See, now that wasn't so bad.

Billy inspects his mouth with his tongue.

BILLY
(starts to cry)
That was the wrong one.

DIAMOND
Shhhh, shhhh, don't cry. Did you
know the tooth fairy gives you money
for each tooth?

Billy immediately stops crying and gives Diamond a look of, "For real?" Diamond nods "Yes". Billy thinks for a beat.

BILLY
Show me the rabbit again.

INT. WATSON FAMILY ROOM -- LATER

Diamond is pooped, and sleeping on the couch.

DIAMOND
(in his sleep)
Please children, don't sing another
song...

Billy enters holding a clipboard. He nudges Diamond.

BILLY
The UPS guy can't give me my package
without an adult signature.

Diamond, still half-asleep, opens one eye.

DIAMOND
(reads form)
Acme Explosives. Okay, there you
go.

He signs it and Billy excitedly runs off. Diamond drifts
back asleep. A beat later, Brad enters with a paper.

BRAD
You need to sign my homework.

Diamond again opens one eye.

DIAMOND
(reads)
Enchillada, taco, burrito... Looks
good to me.

He's signs it in his sleep. Brad smiles and walks off.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)
(in his sleep)
I don't care who the Power Puff girls
are, I'm not wearing a dress...

EXT. WATSON HOUSE -- MORNING

Billy, wearing a helmet, elbow pads, knee pads and shin
guards, is learning to roller blade. Diamond reluctantly
holds him up while he tries to balance himself.

BILLY
(nervous)
Don't let me fall!

DIAMOND
Stop being a sissy. You're using
enough protection to sleep with a
girl from a hip-hop video.

BILLY

What?

Diamond notices Roberta approaching from next door. He immediately straightens himself up, causing Billy to fall down out of frame. He scrambles to help Billy up as Roberta approaches.

DIAMOND

What brings you by this fine morning?

She angrily holds up a plastic toy soldier.

ROBERTA

I found this sticking out of Sullivan's butt. I thought you were going to make Billy stop.

BILLY

I didn't do any--

Diamond lets him fall again (out of frame) to shut him up. He helps him back up.

DIAMOND

(to Billy)

Be careful.

(then; to Roberta)

I reprimanded the boy. Maybe you should give me some further ideas, say over dinner?

ROBERTA

Maybe he needs more attention from you.

BILLY

That's the army man I let you--

Diamond lets him fall out of frame again. This time he leaves him down there.

DIAMOND

(to Billy)

It's okay, falling down is how you learn.

(then; to Roberta)

That's a good idea. If me and you spent some time together, with him, he'd get to know you and start liking you. Then he'd probably leave your dog alone. So, whattaya say about dinner?

She's suddenly more receptive to Diamond.

ROBERTA
That might not be a bad idea.

DIAMOND
(excited)
Fantastic. Make it sevenish. It'll
be worth your while.

ROBERTA
I'm looking forward to it. Since we
met the other day, I've been wanting
to...
(suggestive)
See you in action.

She smiles and walks away. Diamond beams and turns to go
inside. He trips over Billy and tumbles out of frame.

BILLY (O.S.)
Have we learned anything yet?

INT. WATSON HOUSE -- LATER

The phone rings and Diamond goes to answer it.

DIAMOND
Hello?...

A worried look appears on his face.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)
Mrs. Watson! How's the vacation?

CUT TO:

INT. TROPICAL RESORT -- CONTINUOUS

Emily talks to Diamond. Bob is still beside her.

EMILY
Everything's great. Just wanted to
check on you and the kids.

We intercut between them and Diamond.

DIAMOND
(over-selling it)
Oh, all is extremely well and good
here, too. Yep, joy all around.

EMILY
Are they there?

A door flies open. Brad runs by with a letter in his hand.
He's being chased by Claire. Diamond covers the receiver.

CLAIRE
Give it back, you retard!

BRAD
(reading letter;
mocking)
Dearest Todd--

They run into the backyard. We can see them out the window behind Diamond. He uncovers the receiver.

DIAMOND
Billy and Alexis are here.

He calls them over to the phone. Outside the window, we see Claire grab Brad, and flip him with a judo move. He falls to the ground, out of frame. Alexis grabs the phone.

ALEXIS
(into phone)
Hey Mommy!... Guess what, Jimmy the
Bum potties on the sidewalk!

Diamond takes the phone and hands it to Billy.

DIAMOND
Why don't we let your brother talk?

BILLY
(into phone)
Hey Mommy... You know what? I'm a
lesbian... Because I like women.

Diamond takes the phone from him.

DIAMOND
(into phone)
Don't mind that, they were watching
FOX earlier. It won't happen again.

EMILY
Oh, okay. Well, tell Brad and Claire
we love them and miss them very much.

DIAMOND
Will do. Bye now.

EMILY
Wait, Bob wants to speak with you.

Diamond rolls his eyes. In the background, we see Claire pull a trash can over, climb on top it, and -- pro wrestler style -- drop down out of frame and onto Brad.

BOB
Hey, Antonio. Has Bobby checked in
on you guys yet?

DIAMOND

Bobby? Nope, haven't seen him.

BOB

It's a she -- our next door neighbor,
Roberta. We call her Bobby for short.

Diamond's eyes widen.

DIAMOND

Oh, her! Yeah, she, um... Comes by
to check on us all the time.

BOB

Things must be going well then.
Because if anything was wrong, she'd
have told us immediately.

(laughs)

And you'd be in jail, since she's a
social worker.

Diamond reacts. Claire plasters Brad's face against the
window behind Diamond.

DIAMOND

Don't you two worry, everything's
under control here. Keep enjoying
your time together.

BOB

Will do. Bye, now.

Bob hangs up.

BACK TO DIAMOND AT THE HOUSE.

DIAMOND

(to himself)

So that's what Roberta meant by
"seeing me in action". She wants to
check me out so she can report back
to them. Okay, no sweat. No need
to panic. Once she gets here and
sees that everything's alright, she'll
get off my case.

He then turns around and sees the pig sty state of the house --
stains, spills, clothes everywhere, boxes of cereal piled
up, dirty dishes all over, etc.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

Ahhhhhh!!!!

BEGIN MONTAGE

Diamond stuffing filthy clothes into the washing machine,
followed by a large amount of detergent and lysol.

Diamond fills the dishwasher, but still has a counter full of dirty dishes. CUT TO: Diamond putting the remaining dishes in the washing machine along with the clothes, and adding dish washing detergent to it.

Diamond frantically mops the floors. Reveal that instead of using a mop bucket, he's using the overflowing soap and water coming from the laundry room and dish washer.

Diamond, holding a sponge, looks over into the tub and recoils at the sight. He then gets a spade and tries scooping out the caked-on gook.

Diamond uses an electric sander to remove the remnants of the exploded food in the microwave.

END MONTAGE

INT. WATSON HOUSE -- LATER

Diamond takes a step back to admire his work. The house looks remarkably different. Almost as good as when he first arrived. He puts on a huge smile and starts whistling as he puts the cleaning supplies away. The phone rings and he answers it, still smiling.

DIAMOND

(into phone; cheerful)
Hello? Hi, Mrs. Bernardi, I was just sitting here thinking about how all my worries have disappeared. Is Alexis having fun at the birthday party?

(overly cheerful)
A hundred-and-two fever? A gallon of vomit? I'll be right there.

He hangs up. Still smiling, he gathers his things to go get Alexis. The phone rings again.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

Hello?

CUT TO:

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Billy, entirely covered in blue dye and with his hair smoldering, is on the phone.

BILLY

(into phone)
What does permanent expulsion mean?

CUT TO:

INT. WATSON HOUSE -- LATER

DIAMOND
(still smiling)
What happened?

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION -- CONTINUOUS

Claire is on a phone in a holding cell.

CLAIRE
(into phone; angry)
Thanks to you, my group got scared
and stood me up for the rally and I
got arrested.

CUT TO:

INT. WATSON HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Diamond refuses to stop smiling.

DIAMOND
(into phone)
Be there in a jiff.

Diamond finally gets off the phone and continues to gather his things. He still has the smile plastered on his face.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Don't cry. Don't cry.

He exits.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- EXAMINATION ROOM -- LATER

Alexis sits on the examination table, crying and holding her stomach. Diamond tries to comfort her, to no avail.

DIAMOND
I'm so sorry Alexis. But think,
when you get home you can eat another
big, giant bowl of ice cream for
dinner. How about that?

The doctor enters, reading her chart.

DOCTOR
Good news, she's going to be fine.
(then)
These test results indicate that
she's solely been eating sweets for
the past week.

DIAMOND
I know all that. I need you to tell
me how she got sick.

DOCTOR
You must be new at this.

DIAMOND
(realizing)
Doc, I can explain.

DOCTOR
I think I see what's going on here.
Somehow you got this job...

Diamond prepares for the worst.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
...without knowing how negligent the
Watsons can be when it comes to
nutrition. Believe me, I've warned
them about that for years.

DIAMOND
Well, they still haven't learned.

Diamond breathes a sigh of relief and we:

CUT TO:

INT. WATSON HOUSE -- LATER

Diamond rushes in, carrying Alexis and followed by Claire,
who is wearing a house-arrest bracelet on her arm and Billy,
who is still covered head-to-toe in blue dye. There is very
loud music blaring from inside the house. Diamond looks at
the time -- six thirty.

DIAMOND
(to himself)
Roberta will be here soon.
(calling)
Brad, get in here!
(then)
Claire, get some turpentine and see
if you can clean your brother up.

CLAIRE
Do it yourself.

She stomps off.

DIAMOND
Hey, where're you going?

CLAIRE
(pointing to bracelet)
No more than fifty yards, thanks to
you.

She exits.

DIAMOND
Don't you walk away from-- Don't
walk--
(calling)
Go on, walk! That's right, I'm
telling you to walk away.

We hear a door slam, followed by more blaring music.

DIAMOND
(calling)
Brad! I said get in here!

BILLY
You'll never get them out.

DIAMOND
We'll see about that.

EXT. WATSON HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Diamond walks behind the house to the circuit breaker. He
opens the panel.

INT. WATSON HOUSE -- FAMILY ROOM --CONTINUOUS

Suddenly, the lights and power go out. Everything whirs
down.

BRAD
What the hell?!

CLAIRE
Hey, that's not funny!

They come storming down the stairs to the family room.
Diamond enters, with a flashlight. Billy then enters. He
glows bright blue in the dark.

DIAMOND
Now listen. Roberta from next door
is coming in half an hour to check
on things. I need you all cleaned
up and presentable for a family
dinner.

CLAIRE
Screw you.

BRAD

Dude, this sounds like your problem,
not mine.

BILLY

(excited)

I can see my farts!

DIAMOND

In case you haven't realized, we're
in this mess together. If Roberta
comes here and sees Billy glowing,
Claire in a house-arrest bracelet
and Alexis eating like a humming
bird, she's gonna call your parents
and they'll be on the next flight
home. And I'm guessing you guys
don't want that any more than I do.

The kids consider this.

CLAIRE

Not good enough. You gotta sweeten
the pot.

DIAMOND

What? I oughtta sweeten my foot in
your--

(catches himself)

Okay, okay. I see what's going on.
You guys are in the power seat right
now. Man, I tell ya, people in the
burbs aren't so different after all.
Tell you what, hide your bracelet,
and then get Billy and Alexis cleaned
up and I'll fix your little situation
with the police.

BILLY

What about me?

DIAMOND

I'll get you back into school so
your folks won't flip out.

ALEXIS

And me?

DIAMOND

What?

(sigh)

After tonight, you won't have to eat
big-people food.

(then; to Brad)

And before you say it, I'll do your
homework for you.

BRAD

Cool. All I wanted was five dollars.

DIAMOND

Do we have a deal?

They all look at each other.

ALL

Deal.

INT. WATSON DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

The kids sit at the table. Brad has on a tie that's too formal for his shirt. Claire wears sweat pants to cover her house-arrest bracelet. Billy has been made up Michael-Jackson-style to hide his blue pigmentation. Alexis has a bowl of green peas in front of her. Diamond is dressed in his designer togs. The table is set for a formal dinner.

CLAIRE

This food looks good.

DIAMOND

It was on Mrs. Reynolds' doorstep.
She must've been throwing it away.

CLAIRE

That's her Meals on Wheels delivery!

Sfx: doorbell rings.

DIAMOND

That's Roberta. Remember, just act natural so she'll think everything's okay. If she asks any tough questions, follow my lead.

He crosses off to the door. Brad inspects the tableware.

BRAD

I didn't even know we had this stuff.

CLAIRE

I think it's Mom and Dad's wedding China.

BRAD

They had a wedding?

Diamond enters with Roberta. She looks around nosily, looking for anything that seems wrong.

DIAMOND

Kids, you all know Roberta.

The kids smile, afraid to say the wrong thing.

ROBERTA
Are you all okay? Has Antonio been
treating you well?

They speak in nervous unison.

ALL
Yes.

A beat. Diamond clears his throat. Brad remembers something.

BRAD
(quickly)
We've never felt safer and more
comfortable in our own home than we
have with Antonio.

He smiles at Diamond, who gives him a "thumbs up".

ROBERTA
Billy, are you okay? You look like
you might be sick.

The kids nervously look at each other.

BRAD
He um...

CLAIRE
Yeah, he...

DIAMOND
(stays cool)
He's just a little tan from being
out on the soccer field all weekend.

Diamond gives the kids a look of, "See?" The kids relax.

ROBERTA
But it's been raining lately.

DIAMOND
(panics)
He's dying, okay!

BILLY
What?

DIAMOND
I know it's a helluva way to find
out son, but she asked.

ROBERTA
You poor thing.

DIAMOND

Don't worry, doctors say he could
have as many as seventy years left.

(off her look)

Or three.

(then; quickly)

Let's eat, shall we?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WATSON DINING ROOM -- LATER

They're finishing up dinner. Roberta is visibly more relaxed
and actually seems to be enjoying herself.

ROBERTA

I must say, this has been very nice.

Diamond gives Claire a signal.

CLAIRE

Just another typical, wholesome night
with Antonio.

DIAMOND

Kids, why don't you clear the dishes
and go get started on your homework?

They stare at him blankly. This wasn't part of the deal.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

The quicker you do that, the quicker
I can get started on those things we
talked about earlier.

They reluctantly do as he asked. Roberta watches.

ROBERTA

You obviously know what you're doing.
Which is good, because I'd hate to
have to tell Bob and Emily that they
need a new nanny. It would ruin
their wonderful vacation.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH -- CONTINUOUS

Bob and Emily Watson sit next to each other under a beach
umbrella. They both stare ahead blankly, bored out of their
minds.

CUT TO:



INT. WATSON DINING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

ROBERTA

So tell me, what did you do before becoming a nanny?

DIAMOND

Before I was a nanny? I was a... insurance salesman.

ROBERTA

Really? Like life insurance?

DIAMOND

No, mainly business clients.

We cut to a shot of Diamond, in a business suit, talking to Simms. Diamond nods affirmatively to Simms and leaves.

DIAMOND (V.O.) (CONT'D)

My firm had established a name for itself in certain "territories".

We cut to him approaching a small electronics store and entering.

DIAMOND (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I was in charge of making the business owners aware of potential risks...

We see Diamond talking to a very scared store owner. Diamond shows him various x-rays, and uses a red pen to indicate the fractures in many of the bones.

DIAMOND (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And educating them on how to insure against those risks...

He places an empty briefcase in front of the store owner.

DIAMOND (V.O.) (CONT'D)

People usually found a coverage package suitable to their needs...

The store owner quickly fills the briefcase with cash.

Back to Diamond and Roberta.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

What about you? How does a social worker afford a house in this neighborhood?

ROBERTA

The house was left to me by... a relative who's no longer here.

DIAMOND

Like a rich uncle or something?

ROBERTA

A relative by marriage.

We cut to a shot of Roberta, a few years younger and wearing a wedding band. She places a bag of groceries on the counter next to a wedding picture of her and a beaming groom. Suddenly she hears a noise. She enters another room, where she finds the groom from the picture in bed with another woman.

DIAMOND (V.O.)

You two must've been very close.

We cut to a shot of her husband standing in the front yard. He's naked except for a bed pillow and his clothes are being thrown down onto him from an upstairs window.

ROBERTA (V.O.)

We were, but the trick is to find a way to let the grief out, so you can move on.

Back to Diamond and Roberta.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)

Because you never know what life still has in store for you.

(raises her wine glass)

Well, here's to new beginnings.

She downs the rest of her wine.

ROBERTA

This is a delicious cab. Where'd you get it?

DIAMOND

The kitchen. Let me get another bottle.

ROBERTA

No, please, you've done so much already. I can at least do that.

She gets up and moves towards the kitchen. Her first steps are a bit wobbly.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)

Whoa, I guess I liked it more than I thought.

(then)

You know, in the past when I'd have this much wine I'd usually end up in somebody else's bed the next morning.

We see a huge smile come across Diamond's face.

ANGLE ON ROBERTA

She looks for the bottle with her back to Diamond.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)

Ah, here it is.

She pours two glasses. She takes a sip from hers and turns back around to find Diamond stripped down to his bikini briefs, holding two wine glasses in one hand and a single rose in his mouth. She immediately does a spit take.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)

That's it, I'm out. I should've known you'd try something like this.

DIAMOND

Come on, you can drop the cold front. I know you've been feeling me, wanting to do a "Little Sumtin' Sumtin'". A little "Creepin'" to "Get Yo' Freak On". A little "Bump-N-Grind" "On the D.L." A little "Bootylicious". Some thong tha-tha-tha thong.

ROBERTA

No I haven't. And you need to watch less BET.

Diamond realizes she's serious. He puts his clothes back on.

DIAMOND

Wow. You're the first black lesbian I've ever met.

ROBERTA

For your information, I've recently become a Christian and I don't practice pre-marital sex anymore. But even if I did, there's no way I'd even consider being with someone as egotistical and self-centered as you.

DIAMOND

What? You don't know me.

ROBERTA

I don't? Let's see.

(rattles it off)

You think you're God's gift to women.

(MORE)

ROBERTA (CONT'D)

But out of all the ones you've been with, only one lasted more than a week. And it scared you to death to let somebody get that close, so you sabotaged it by cheating. Now, you treat women like land to be conquered, because if you keep your heart out of it you'll never feel that vulnerable and out of control again.

Diamond is cut to the quick... but he recovers.

DIAMOND

But what's my middle name?

ROBERTA

You're so full of yourself, it probably never occurred to you until now that you weren't going to sleep with me.

DIAMOND

You're not gone yet, and there're two sofas between here and the door.

Disgusted, she starts to walk out.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

And an ottoman.

ROBERTA

You know what the saddest thing is? I can also tell that you'd actually be a quality brother if you ever bothered to care about someone besides yourself.

And she's out, leaving Diamond to reflect on her words.

INT. DIAMOND'S ROOM -- LATER

Diamond, upset, paces in his room.

DIAMOND

Please, what does she know? Trying to tell me who I am -- I know who I am. She needs to be worried about who she is... Calling me selfish, that's the same bull Jeff used to say.

Now that Jeff's gone, it resonates a bit more. But he moves past it.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

She ain't even all that--

He looks out the window.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)
 (excited)
 Oooh, she's undressing in front of
 the window!
 (then)
 Damn. Closed the blinds. I didn't
 want her, anyway. The last church
 girl I went out with stole my stereo.

He stops in his tracks. A (metaphorical) light bulb goes
 off.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)
 Church! That's it!

He turns to the cork board and takes down the one that reads,
 "Jeff hid money in Mt. Zion".

DIAMOND (CONT'D)
 Jeff's building is around the corner
 from a Mt. Zion Baptist church.
 Eureka! He must've hid the money
 there.
 (catches himself)
 What the hell... "Eureka"? I've
 been in the burbs too long.

Suddenly, he hears a noise outside. He puts the card down
 and goes to investigate.

EXT. WATSON HOUSE -- BACKYARD -- CONTINUOUS

Diamond walks up on somebody by the window. He startles
 him.

DIAMOND
 Oh, don't be scared. So, who are
 you, the gutter-cleaner, the sprinkler
 guy, the grass washer?

He looks down and notices a black sack next to the window.
 He realizes it's a burglar. The guy tries to get away, but
 Diamond immediately jumps him and beats him much worse than
 the others. As he's on top of the burglar, pounding him:

DIAMOND (CONT'D)
 How dare you violate these people's
 home! They don't work hard everyday
 so you can come here and take their--

He looks through the bag.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)
 Say, where'd you find these diamonds?
 (MORE)

DIAMOND (CONT'D)
Nevermind. It's wrong I tell you!
There are children here, for God's
sake. Now get!

He lets the burglar get up and scamper away. Diamond stands there for a beat, holding the sack. He looks at the stuff in his hand and then at the direction the burglar ran off to.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)
(to himself)
I just risked my life to protect
somebody else's kids and somebody
else's stuff.

He smiles -- It feels kinda good. Damn good. As he heads back inside, he looks over towards Roberta's house.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)
Hmph, shows what you know.

He enters the house.

CUT TO:

INT. WATSON HOUSE -- HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Diamond is returning to his room. He's stopped by Alexis.

ALEXIS
Antonio. I can't sleep. Can you
tuck me in?

DIAMOND
(proud)
Can I? Antonio can do anything.

INT. ALEXIS' BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

ANGLE ON DIAMOND

He's standing over Alexis' bed. He beams, proud of himself.

DIAMOND
There, all tucked in.

Pull back to reveal: Alexis laying flat on her back with her arms to her side. She's tucked so tightly into bed that the sheets look like Saran Wrap around her.

ALEXIS
(muffled)
Thank you.

DIAMOND

Here, let me get the covers from
around your mouth.

He loosens her up a bit.

ALEXIS

Will you read me a story?

DIAMOND

A story... a story, let's see.

(sees story book)

Do you know "Goldilocks and the Three
Bears"?

ALEXIS

Yeah, it says you shouldn't eat big-
people food.

DIAMOND

What? No it doesn't.

ALEXIS

Uh-huh, the bears wanted to eat her
because she ate their big-people
food.

DIAMOND

Ohhh, so that's what you think. Did
your mommy and daddy tell you that?

ALEXIS

They don't read to me. Maria did.
She was a lady Antonio.

DIAMOND

Lemme guess, Maria didn't speak
English too well, did she?

ALEXIS

Not as good as me.

DIAMOND

I see. Then you probably haven't
heard how the story really ended.
Forget that "Goldilocks runs away"
crap, cuz see, big-people food makes
you strong. What really happened
was that Papa bear snatched Goldie
by her dred locks and said, "Bitch,
that porridge you wasted cost three-
seventy five. What do we look like,
the Rockefellers?"

Alexis giggles, as Diamond continues.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ALEXIS' BEDROOM -- LATER

Diamond is standing by Alexis' bed, heavily into the story.

DIAMOND

So Goldie jumped up, Matrix-style,
and kicked little Baby Bear's snout
all up in his cranium. So while
Baby Bear was laying on the ground,
all like--

He twitches violently, imitating Baby Bear.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

Papa Bear comes over and is like,
"Goldie, I am your father!" And
Goldie touches her blonde hair and
realizes it's in locks cuz it's really
bear fur and that all this time she's
just been passing for white, and
she's all like, "Nooooooooo!"

He looks down and sees Alexis sound asleep. He tip-toes out.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL CLASSROOM -- LATER

Diamond sits with Billy in front of Billy's teacher, Mrs. Brookes. She is a reserved, proper woman, thirtyish, with her hair pulled tightly into a bun and wearing black framed glasses.

MRS. BROOKES

If this were an isolated incident,
then maybe we'd consider being
lenient. But as Billy's records
show--

She pulls out a very thick manilla folder.

MRS. BROOKES (CONT'D)

--this is the latest in a long history
of his destructive acts. A history
which includes, mind you, the
destruction of his previous folder.

DIAMOND

Come on, he's not a bad kid. You
know how boys are, they like to get
into stuff, break stuff, blow stuff
up. It's prepares them for manhood,
when they can get paid to do those
things.

She removes her glasses and looks straight at Diamond.

MRS. BROOKES

Mr. Padilla, we are in the business of educating tomorrow's leaders, not encouraging tomorrow's scofflaws.

(pointed)

It is not our fault if he lacks the proper role models at home.

Diamond takes umbrage. She dismissively starts to clean off her glasses. She pulls out a handkerchief and opens her mouth to breathe on the lenses. Diamond notices something and smiles.

DIAMOND

You know, you're right. I should be a better role model. Thank you for your time.

They exit.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL -- CONTINUOUS

Diamond gets Billy into the minivan.

BILLY

My mom and dad are gonna kill me.

DIAMOND

Don't worry. We'll pay Mrs. Brookes a visit a little later tonight.

They get into the car and drive off.

EXT. NIGHTY NITES EXOTIC DANCERS -- NIGHT

Diamond brings Billy to a rear entrance. He checks to make sure no one's looking and knocks on the door. A large, intimidating bouncer opens it. He recognizes Diamond.

BOUNCER

Playa! Where've you been?

DIAMOND

Busy. Say, I need a favor...

INT. NIGHTY NITES EXOTIC DANCERS -- MOMENTS LATER

The Bouncer leads Diamond and Billy (with Diamond's hand covering his eyes) down a hall to a dressing room. He taps on the door.

BOUNCER

Nikki, you have visitors.

VOICE (C.S.)

Let them in.

Diamond gives the bouncer a pound and they enter.

INT. DRESSING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

An exotic dancer, dressed in a cotton candy outfit, turns around. It's Billy's teacher.

DIAMOND

Why if it isn't Sticky Nikki.

BILLY

Mrs. Brookes! Why do you look like candy?

She freaks.

MRS. BROOKES

How'd you find... who told you...

DIAMOND

I didn't recognize you earlier until you took off your glasses... and breathed out of your mouth.

MRS. BROOKES

(suddenly all business)

Okay, what's it gonna take to keep you quiet?

DIAMOND

Let Billy back into school and "misplace" his records.

She hesitates a beat, but finally relents.

MRS. BROOKES

Deal. Now leave.

Diamond gets up to leave.

DIAMOND

And in case you forget.

He shows her a video tape.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

I have a copy of "American Booty" starring a certain teacher. I'd hate for Billy to need something for Show-and-Tell one day.

MRS. BROOKES

Don't worry, I won't forget.

DIAMOND

Good.

(MORE)

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

(then)
Would you mind signing this? After
all, I am a fan.

MRS. BROOKES

Out!

They leave.

INT. NIGHTY NITES EXOTIC DANCERS -- CONTINUOUS

Diamond kneels down to talk to Billy, face-to-face.

DIAMOND

Now Billy, I did this to help you.
But the things you see around this
place are bad.

BILLY

Then why does Mrs. Brookes work here?

DIAMOND

(searches)
See, sometimes women need extra
money... and well, they can always
find men willing to pay them a whole
lotta extra money to watch them
undress.

BILLY

Ugggh!

DIAMOND

Tell me about it. But some men seem
to like that stuff.

A group of dancers return to their dressing rooms.

DANCER #1

(to Diamond)
Hey there, haven't seen you in a
while.

DANCER #2

Yeah, big spender. We've missed
you.

DIAMOND

(to Billy)
Let's finish this conversation in
the car.

He hurriedly gets Billy out of there.

EXT. COURTHOUSE -- NIGHT

The Watson minivan, driven by Diamond, pulls into the parking lot. Claire is in the passenger seat.

INT. MINIVAN -- NIGHT

DIAMOND

Go on in, I have to check on a couple of things first.

CLAIRE

I hope you know what you're doing.

DIAMOND

Trust me.

She hesitantly gets out and enters the courthouse.

INT. COURTROOM -- LATER

Claire stands in front of a woman judge. A bailiff announces the case.

BAILLIF

Your Honor, we have The People vs. Claire Watson. The charge is trespassing and destruction of public property.

JUDGE

Are you represented by counsel?

Claire looks around for Diamond, but he's nowhere to be found.

CLAIRE

No, ma'am. I guess not.

JUDGE

What do you have to say for yourself?

CLAIRE

Is Your Honor familiar with the plight of the sea manatee?

JUDGE

No. I am, however, familiar with the logjam of cases in this court and the shortage of time to devote to matters such as these. In light of your lack of a defense, I have no choice but to find you guilty.

She raises her gavel, but before she can strike it, a voice yells.

DIAMOND (O.S.)

I object!

All heads turn to the back of the courtroom to see Diamond, disguised in one of Mr. Watson's suits with small pillows stuffed in the stomach and rear, a wig and thick, coke-bottle lensed glasses. He walks to the front. Claire puts her head in her hands.

JUDGE

And who are you?

DIAMOND

I am Les Nubian, Esquire, G.Q. I'm
Miss Watson's counsel.

CLAIRE

No he isn't!
(to Diamond)
What are you doing?

The judge bangs her gavel.

JUDGE

Order!
(then)
Miss Watson waived her right to
counsel.

DIAMOND

(addressing the room)
Your Honor, ladies and gentlemen of
the court, assorted criminals and
derelicts. I ask you, if it truly
is a right, how can it be waived?

Murmurs from the crowd. The judge again bangs her gavel.

JUDGE

You better not be wasting this court's
time, or I'll find both of you in
contempt.

He pulls out a piece of paper.

DIAMOND

If it pleases Your Honor, I have
with me exhibit 'A'.

The judge reluctantly motions for him to bring it forward.

JUDGE

What is this?

DIAMOND

It is a copy of the defendant's report card. As you can see, Your Honor, she is a straight 'A' student.

JUDGE

Mmm-hmm. And?

DIAMOND

The kind of student who is destined for a great college. Maybe even one as great as Harvard, which is, I believe, Your Honor's alma mater.

This road stirs the judge's interest a bit.

JUDGE

Where are you going with this?

DIAMOND

Just that with the increasing competition for an Ivy league education, one doesn't need a minor, insignificant mistake blurring an otherwise perfect record.

JUDGE

I wouldn't call breaking the law insignificant.

DIAMOND

I'm sure Your Honor remembers a time when she was more under the influence of her teenage hormones than her superior intellect. A time when say, she'd do stupid things because of her insecurity around boys or what-not.

(for Claire's benefit)

Boys named Todd, for instance.

(then; to judge)

And I'm also sure Your Honor remembers how insensitive and nonreciprocating teenage boys can be. And I'm also also sure Your Honor revels in the fact that she has risen to a level of success that allows her to use the men who were once those cocky teenage boys to fix her plumbing.

A slight smile from the judge.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

Do you want to deny this young woman, who we've established is so similar to a young Your Honor, that future

(MORE)

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

joy? Do we want this on her permanent record, causing her to settle for a state school?

The judge gasps in horror, then catches herself.

JUDGE

You've made your case, Mr. Nubian. This court finds the defendant not guilty.

She bangs her gavel.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Next case.

The bailiff brings up the next defendant. Diamond turns to Claire, who is very impressed.

INT. MINIVAN -- NIGHT

Diamond drives, still in costume, and Claire sits beside him. They both stare straight ahead. A beat. Claire turns and looks at Diamond. She can't help but laugh. He looks at her, and starts laughing too. Then:

CLAIRE

How'd you know about Todd?

DIAMOND

The letters that never get sent, you trying on dresses that you never wear... I figured it out.

CLAIRE

(embarrassed)

You saw me trying on a dress?

DIAMOND

Yeah.

CLAIRE

How dare you spy on me like that! That's it, I'm putting a lock on my--

DIAMOND

You looked pretty.

CLAIRE

Really?

She smiles to herself.

EXT. WATSON HOUSE -- DAY

Diamond approaches Brad, who's picked up his basketball and started taking shots at the goal attached to the garage. He's in no mood for conversation.

DIAMOND

Hey, Brad, what's up?

BRAD

Did you finish my paper?

DIAMOND

Not yet, that's what I wanted to talk to you about.

BRAD

Dude! If I don't pass that class, I can't play in the finals in front of the pro scouts. And if I don't get drafted this year I'm screwed.

DIAMOND

What screwed? I've seen your game, you can play in college easily. Why the rush?

BRAD

First of all, I don't have to tell you anything. Second of all, I'm too dumb to go to college. And... and...

DIAMOND

Third.

BRAD

And thirdly, I can't wait to get out of here, to go someplace where people don't always remind me of how stupid I am, that I'm "not the brightest light in the house". So I'm gonna go pro.

Diamond reflects on this as Brad takes a shot, when he goes for the rebound, Diamond takes the ball from him.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Give me the ball.

DIAMOND

Why don't you take it from me?

Brad reaches for the ball and Diamond shoots a big Kareem-style hook shot. It goes flying over the garage, missing the goal by a mile.

BRAD

Huh, I figured you could play.

DIAMOND

Oh yeah? And why's that?

BRAD

Because you're... well, you know, most...

DIAMOND

Looks can be deceiving.

BRAD

Sorry, I didn't mean to--

DIAMOND

It's cool, man. Most folks expect me to be good at basketball because I'm black. Just like they expect you to be good because you're tall.

BRAD

(proud)

But I am good at basketball.

DIAMOND

True. And that's all people think you're good at. But even worse, that's all you think you're good at.

BRAD

(defensive)

How do you know?

DIAMOND

I had a friend who was like you. When he was your age, he was good at a lot of things. He could've succeeded at whatever he put his mind to. But when it came down to it, he didn't have time for the hard stuff. He wanted everything the fast and easy way. His family tried to warn him, but he wasn't hearing it. So he dissed them and got caught up with some other folks who thought like him. But life wasn't always fast and easy. And when shit inevitably hit the fan, he found out he didn't have anybody he could turn to cuz he'd dissed the only people who really cared.

Brad considers this.

BRAD

Was he afraid of trying something
hard and failing?

DIAMOND

Afraid? Oh no, this isn't the kind
of dude to be scared... This dude is
tough... This dude...

(unsure)

Afraid? You think?

Brad shrugs.

BRAD

He's your friend.

DIAMOND

(realizes)

I guess he was afraid. Just a little,
though. He ain't no punk.

Diamond lets this sink in a bit. The basketball comes rolling
back. Diamond picks it up.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

You know, I bet writing that essay
isn't as hard as learning all your
team's basketball plays.

(then; offering ball)

Your shot.

BRAD

No thanks. I have some stuff I need
to do.

He walks back into the house. Diamond smiles to himself.
He then does a no-look hook shot that swishes the net
perfectly.

DIAMOND

I still got it.

He walks off.

INT. WATSON KITCHEN -- EVENING

The kids come down and are surprised to find a homemade dinner
set out for them.

DIAMOND

Voilà!

He awaits the applause. Only Alexis responds.

ALEXIS

Big-people food, yummy!

CLAIRE
Is Roberta coming over again?

DIAMOND
No, it's just us.

CLAIRE
Then why can't we eat in our rooms
like we always do?

DIAMOND
Because we're eating in here.

BILLY
Why?

DIAMOND
Because this is what families do.

BRAD
We never do.

DIAMOND
(frustrated)
Big Granny always made us do it so
it must be good for something.

BILLY
Why?

DIAMOND
Because I said so, dammit!
(screams)
Why won't you let me love you?!

The kids look at each other, quizzically. Diamond turns
around to compose himself.

SFX: **Jackhammers, chainsaws,** etc.

He turns back around to find them all gone, having devoured
the food like tornadoes. A couple of the plates are still
spinning.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)
(tearing up)
I slave over a hot stove for hours,
and what thanks do I get? Nothing.
Not even a "How was your day?".

INT. WATSON HALLWAY -- EARLY MORNING

Diamond, dressed in a suit is sneaking out. Suddenly, all
the kid's bedroom doors open at once and they each stick
their heads out. Nice try.

BRAD
Where're you going?

DIAMOND
Nowhere.

BILLY
Can we come?

DIAMOND
If you must know, I'm going to church.

CLAIRE
Cool! We've never been to church
before.

ALEXIS
Yea! We're going to church!

They're all excited. Diamond rolls his eyes.

DIAMOND
(sigh)
Hurry up and get dressed.

They simultaneously close their doors.

EXT. WATSON HOUSE -- MORNING

Diamond and the kids, dressed for church, enter the minivan.

EXT. ROBERTA'S DRIVEWAY -- SAME TIME

Roberta, also dressed, is exiting her house. She sees Diamond and the Watson kids leaving.

ALEXIS (O.S.)
(singing)
We're going to church! We're going
to church!

ROBERTA
What the--?

EXT. MT. ZION BAPTIST CHURCH -- MORNING

It's a very modest building that appears to be in need of restoration. A sign above the door reads, "Mt. Zion Baptist Church. Pastor Charles Stanley." Diamond and the kids enter.

INT. CHURCH -- CONTINUOUS

It's a small sanctuary with two sections of pews facing a small pulpit. Behind the pulpit stands the pastor, CHARLES STANLEY, a gentle man in his sixties. The room is half full with a mostly mixed congregation of about fifty people. The atmosphere is somber, almost depressed.

Diamond enters with the kids and tries to sit in the back, but the usher leads them to the front row. All eyes are on them as they uncomfortably take their seats.

CLAIRE
(sotto; to Diamond)
What do we do in church?

DIAMOND
(shrugs)
I haven't been since I was a kid.

PASTOR STANLEY
Let's open the floor to some testimonies of how good God has been to you.

An elderly woman stands up.

ELDERLY WOMAN
I'd like to thank God for waking me up this morning.

In spite of the simplistic statement, the congregation gives supportive "Amens" and "Wells". Diamond gets an idea.

DIAMOND
(to himself)
I'll find out where the money is.

He stands up.

PASTOR STANLEY
Yes, brother. What's your testimony?

DIAMOND
God sent me today to get someone to confess how God has recently blessed them with great riches! Hallelujah, praise God, Jericho and amen!

The congregation looks at him blankly, not falling for it. Diamond is stuck.

PASTOR STANLEY
(to congregation)
Bear with him people, he's a visitor.
(then; to Diamond)
Son, testify about what God has done for you.

DIAMOND
Well, um...
(guessing)
He woke me up this morning?

"Amens" and "Praise Gods" from the congregation. Diamond happens to look at the kids, who think this is the coolest thing. Diamond takes it a little more seriously.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

And He's um, blessed me with a place
to stay and protected me from Simms,
I mean, Satan.

The crowd gives him more energy. He gives it back.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

(a la Southern preacher)

After all, He is a goood God! He's
been better to me than I've been to
myself.

"Amens" all around, now. He decides to go for it.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

(cupping his ear)

What's that, Lord? You're not
finished being good? You say you
want to bless me with a new briefcase?
But Lord, I can't afford a new
briefcase.

A woman stands up.

WOMAN

I'll give you mine!

The congregation shouts in thanksgiving.

DIAMOND

What's that, Lord? You want me to
have my own? You say have everyone
look around... maybe check under
their seats or beneath floorboards?
Okay Lord, I'll trust you.

The people all start looking around. Suddenly, someone from
the back yells.

MAN (O.S.)

Here it is, I found it!

The congregation claps and cheers as the man brings it forward
to Diamond. Diamond takes it. The kids are amazed.

DIAMOND

Thank you, my brother.

He quickly looks inside. It's the missing money, arranged
in bundles. He closes it tight and takes his seat, nervous
someone will notice.

PASTOR STANLEY
Well, the Lord does work in mysterious ways.

Pastor Stanley opens the bulletin.

PASTOR STANLEY (CONT'D)
Now for the announcements. I'm sorry to say that after expenses, we actually lost money on our fish fry.

Mutters of disappointment from the congregation.

PASTOR STANLEY (CONT'D)
Which means we're still waiting for the miracle that will keep our doors open. And on that note, today's sermon comes from the book of Luke...

As pastor Stanley starts his sermon, Diamond turns to the kids.

DIAMOND
Let's go.

BRAD
But it's not over.

BILLY
Yeah, I want to hear the end of his story.

DIAMOND
The guy in the robe comes back. Now come on.

They start to leave.

CLAIRE
I feel bad. They're gonna lose their church.

BRAD
If God can give you a briefcase, why can't He help them?

Diamond struggles for a beat. He then sees the collection plate being passed.

DIAMOND
(can't believe he's doing this)
You're right.

He walks to the usher holding the plate. He quickly reaches into the briefcase, grabs one of the bundles of bills and puts it in the plate.

He then grabs the kids and hauls ass out of there.

EXT. CHURCH -- CONTINUOUS

The door opens and we hear an entirely different service -- it sounds like the jubilant praise of hundreds of people, a mass choir and six-piece band, etc.

BILLY

Wow, what'd you give them?

DIAMOND

One helluva fish fry.

INT. DIAMOND'S ROOM -- LATER THAT DAY

Diamond is on his cell phone.

DIAMOND

(into phone)

Don't worry about where I am. Just tell Simms I'll be there tonight with the money.

INT. WATSON HOUSE -- SAME TIME

Brad eagerly enters the house, holding a paper.

BRAD

Antonio! Guess what?

He looks, but no Diamond. He goes upstairs.

INT. DIAMOND'S ROOM

Brad knocks on the door.

BRAD (O.S.)

Antonio? I got a 'B' on my paper!

Brad opens the door to check inside. He sees it's empty and is about to leave, when he sees a pack of cigarettes on the bed.

BRAD (CONT'D)

He said he didn't smoke.

His curiosity piqued, he goes to Diamond's closet. He sees the briefcase. He opens it, revealing the money.

INT. NIGHT CLUB -- NIGHT

The place is packed. There's techno music blasting throughout. Diamond sits at a booth with the briefcase in his lap. He pulls out his cell phone to make a call. Because he's holding the briefcase, the phone drops to the floor. He reaches down for it, but can't reach it.

He accidentally kicks it with his foot. He tries to bend down under the table, but can't because of the briefcase in his lap. He starts to sit the briefcase on the table but thinks better of it. He grabs it by the handle and goes under the table to get his phone. While he's down there, Simms enters with two others who we saw in the scene where Diamond escaped: SINGLETON, a large, bruiser type with a tattooed bald head and TABITHA, a sexy vixen. They approach the booth where Diamond is. They speak over the music.

MR. SIMMS

Is this where he's supposed to be?

SINGLETON

Yeah. This is the spot.

They sit in the booth.

ANGLE ON DIAMOND

He's in an awkward position, literally and figuratively, and doesn't know what to do.

TABITHA

So where is he?

MR. SIMMS

Relax. Diamond's always late.

SINGLETON

She's just excited because she hasn't whacked anybody in a long time.

Diamond's eyes widen.

MR. SIMMS

Hey, we're not whacking anybody.

Diamond breathes a sigh of relief.

MR. SIMMS (CONT'D)

We get the money and tell him all is forgiven.

Diamond smiles. He starts to come from under the table.

MR. SIMMS (CONT'D)

Then we give Trinidad the pleasure of whacking him. I missed his birthday, so I owe him.

They laugh. When they do, Diamond sees their guns beneath their jackets. Diamond panics. He has to figure a way out of there. He gets an idea. He dials a number on his cell phone. Someone answers.

WOMAN (V.O.)

Hello?

DIAMOND

(desperate)

Praise Allah!

WOMAN (V.O.)

(screams)

Then, we hear offscreen:

WOMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

There's a bomb in the building!

The crowd panics. Everyone, including Simms, Singleton and Tabitha rush out. Diamond waits under the table, humming the Star Spangled Banner, until the coast is clear.

INT. WATSON HOUSE -- LATER

Diamond, distressed, enters to find Brad fighting with Billy over the remote.

BILLY

Give it to me, I wanna watch cartoons!

BRAD

Too bad, I'm watching MTV cribs.

The remote falls to the floor, Brad and Billy dive for it. Diamond, furious, rushes over and takes it from them.

DIAMOND

What's the matter with you two?
Don't you realize that you're on the
same team?

He holds up the remote.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

Real family doesn't turn on each
other over a misunderstanding. You're
not supposed to go after each other,
you're supposed to go to the mat for
each other.

He grabs them both.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

Don't you see? Money shouldn't ruin
all that!

He storms off. A beat.

BRAD

You heard him. MTV cribs.

They both settle in and watch MTV.

INT. BILLY'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Diamond knocks and enters. Billy is playing with his chemistry set. He straightens up when he sees Diamond.

BILLY

Don't worry. I'm making this to blow up stuff around here, not at school.

DIAMOND

I need you to help me pull a prank on some people I used to know. It's a huge job, but I have all the money we need.

BILLY

(wicked smile)

I knew this day would come.

EXT. MIAMI STREET -- DAY

A typical street, adorned with restaurants and shops. However, there seem to be a high number of shady characters around.

ANGLE ON RESTAURANT

Simms and other syndicate members hold a meeting.

ANGLE ON CAFE

Across the street, Trinidad sits outdoors with some of his associates.

Suddenly, a red Porsche pulls up and stops in the middle of the area. The convertible top retracts, revealing Diamond dressed to the nines. He honks the horn loudly, drawing attention to himself.

ANGLE ON SIMMS AND CREW

They look towards the commotion.

ANGLE ON TRINIDAD AND CREW

Their attention is drawn also.

Diamond stands up in the car.

DIAMOND

(yelling)

Everybody look! It's me, Diamond Hughes.

(MORE)

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

The one who owes money to Lenny Simms
and Arturo Trinidad.

(then)

Hey Simms! Hey Trinidad!

He pulls down his pants and moons everyone.

DIAMOND

Kiss my black ass!

He immediately sits back down and lowers the convertible roof. As he does, Simms motions for his men to get him. Trinidad does the same. But before they can get up, as soon as the convertible roof closes, the car explodes in a fireball. People scream and run for cover. Then, from a store window above the street, a piano falls on top of the car. Again, everyone jumps back. A beat later, a pigeon lands on the piano and the piano explodes. As people scramble around, not sure of what happened, we:

ANGLE ON UNDERNEATH THE FLAMING CAR

We see a manhole cover being slid back into place.

INT. WATSON KITCHEN -- EVENING

Diamond stands by the stove. Claire, Billy and Alexis enter.

CLAIRE

Not another family dinner.

DIAMOND

Yes, but we're doing it different
this time.

He indicates a bunch of groceries and ingredients on the counter.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

You're all gonna prepare it together.
That way you'll appreciate it.

He picks up a cook book and turns around.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

I thought we'd start with something
easy, like pot roast. First--

He's smacked in the back of the head with some flour. He turns around, angry.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

Okay. We can do this the easy way,
or the hard way.

The kids stand there. Claire snickers.

CLAIRE

The hard way.

She throws a handful of flour in Diamond's face. Instead of getting mad, he grabs some and throws it back, but hits Billy instead. A flour fight ensues. They all laugh and scream and throw flour everywhere. After a few beats, they stop. The kitchen is a mess.

DIAMOND

(re: kitchen)

Uh-oh.

Brad enters. He looks at all of them covered in flour.

BRAD

(laughing)

You guys look ridiculous.

They're all ashamed, until Billy tugs on Diamond's sleeve and indicates the refrigerator. On it is a Chore Chart. Written on it is "Today's Kitchen Duty: Brad". Now Diamond, Claire, Billy and Alexis point to Brad and start laughing. They exit, leaving him to clean up the mess.

INT. WATSON HOUSE -- DAY

Diamond is waiting by the front door with Brad, Claire and Alexis.

CLAIRE

Why do we have to go to Billy's stupid soccer game?

DIAMOND

Because you're a family and you love each other.

BRAD

No one comes to my games.

Diamond smacks him on the back of the head.

BRAD (CONT'D)

What was that for?

DIAMOND

To show you that love hurts sometimes.

(then; calling)

Billy, come on!

BILLY (O.S.)

I don't want to. I look ridiculous.

DIAMOND

No you don't, now come on.

Billy enters. His once white soccer uniform is now bright pink.

BILLY
Good job, Antonio.

DIAMOND
Oh, stop whining. My lucky red boxers
got messed up, too.

They exit.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD -- LATER

Billy's team is playing on the field. Diamond and another soccer mom stand behind a concessions table. Diamond is really into the game.

DIAMOND
No, no your goal is the other way!
Pass it to number ten! Number ten!
Why are those two hugging each other?

SOCCER MOM
They're just kids. This is how they
play.

DIAMOND
There'll be time to play after the
game.

SFX: A whistle blows.

REFEREE (O.S.)
Time out, white!

DIAMOND
Hold down the fort, I'll be back.

He crosses over to Billy's team's bench. The boys are gathering around COACH JOHNSON. A scrawny, Don Knotts type.

COACH JOHNSON
Okay Dragons, don't worry about the
score. Remember, what happens when
you have fun?

The boys answer in unison.

ALL
You always win!

Diamond rolls his eyes. He taps Coach Johnson's shoulder.

DIAMOND
Hey Coach, I think they're towing
your Vespa.

COACH JOHNSON

What? They'll dent my top case!

He runs off. Diamond pulls the kids into a tight huddle.

DIAMOND

Okay guys, it's now or never.

He points to them, one by one.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

You, big kid. You can't kick worth a crap, but you can block for Billy and throw a little elbow, if you know what I mean.

The big kid nods and winks. Diamond points to TIMMY.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

You, Chinese boy.

TIMMY

Korean, sir.

DIAMOND

Same difference. Billy will pass it to you, and you'll use those fast little legs of yours to get down field.

(pointing)

Then shoot it over to him.

TIMMY

That's a "she".

DIAMOND

On the same team with boys?

(to himself)

Damn democrats.

(then)

Anyway, I like how you kick, so you put it in the goal. If someone tries to block it, Billy will put him on his ass.

The kids giggle.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

Any questions?

Another kid, Mikey, raises his hand.

MIKEY

Can you make our uniforms pink like you did Billy's?

The other kids ad-lib "Yeah", "That'd be cool", etc.

DIAMOND

If you win this game, you can be the
Pink Dragons.

They all cheer and run back onto the field. Diamond watches
them. After a few beats, we hear:

REFEREE

Goal!

Diamond and the other parents jump and cheer. We see that
Roberta is also in the stands, watching the neighborhood
game. Diamond then looks back out on the field and:

DIAMOND

Stop hugging each other!

EXT. SUBURBAN PARK -- DAY

Diamond sits at a table, facing a few women, including Lillian
Clarkson and CHELSEA GRAY. They all wear birthday hats.
Little kids run around as Diamond addresses them.

DIAMOND

Lillian, you come to me on the day
of a birthday party and make such a
request?

LILLIAN

I wouldn't ask, unless I really needed
it.

DIAMOND

Very well. I will talk to your Tommy,
get him to eat his broccoli.

She breathes a sigh of relief. He turns to another woman.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

I will also handle the trip to the
movies for you, Chelsea.

CHELSEA

How can I ever repay you?

DIAMOND

Maybe one day, I'll come to you for
a favor.

(to Lillian)

Maybe for your burnt-sugar cake
recipe.

(to Chelsea)

Or for your carpool services...

The women graciously get up, and step away backwards.

CHELSEA

Thank you, Antonio. Thank you.

INT. MALL CINEPLEX LOBBY -- DAY

Diamond, with Alexis and seven other four and five year-olds in tow, enters the front door.

Pull back to reveal: Roberta exiting another mall store. She watches Diamond and the kids curiously.

INT. THEATER -- LATER

The kids are engrossed in the movie. Something happens on screen and the entire theater erupts in laughter except Diamond.

DIAMOND

(to the screen)

What kind of sense does that make?
A talking shoe can't marry a princess,
I don't care what King Fubby Wubby
says. And why is that cricket wearing
gloves?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THEATER -- LATER

It's the end of the movie. The audience is in a hush. We hear on the screen:

FUBBY WUBBY VOICE (O.S.)

And I love you most of all, Grubby
Wubby.

ANGLE ON DIAMOND

He checks and makes sure no one is looking before he takes out a napkin and wipes away a tear.

INT. MR. SIMMS OFFICE -- DAY

Simms sits behind his desk. Singleton enters carrying a flower arrangement.

SINGLETON

These just came for you, from
Trinidad.

Simms takes them and reads the card.

MR. SIMMS

(reading)

I'm glad to see that Hughes is
"pushing up daisies".

(MORE)

MR. SIMMS (CONT'D)

I owe you one.

(then; to Singleton)

What? Get Trinidad on the phone.

Singleton does. He hands the phone to Simms.

MR. SIMMS (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Arty, Lenny. I assumed you guys
took care of Diamond.

We intercut with.

INT. TRINIDAD'S OFFICE -- SAME TIME

There's a basket of cookies on his desk.

ARTURO

I know. I just got the cookies you
sent.

MR. SIMMS

(realizes)

You don't think--

ARTURO

(realizes)

Could he still be--

MR. SIMMS

Dammit!

ARTURO

Dammit!

INT. MR. SIMMS OFFICE -- LATER

Singleton and Tabitha stand before Simms.

MR. SIMMS

Find him and find him now!

SINGLETON

But we looked everywhere last time.

MR. SIMMS

Well look again. He had to have
slipped up, left a clue somewhere.
Do anything and everything you have
to. I want him dead!

INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM -- EVENING

It's a high school dance. Diamond, in a suit and corsage,
is one of the chaperones. He walks around with a small
flashlight. Claire and some other girls stand in a group on
one side of the dance floor, while the boys stand on the
other. Claire has her hair down, is tastefully made up and
is wearing the dress Diamond saw her in earlier.

She has transformed from a Tom-boy in fatigues to a very pretty and feminine young lady. Diamond pulls her aside.

DIAMOND

Hey, how do you guys expect me to use my "watch the hands" penlight if nobody's dancing together?

CLAIRE

The boys are too busy being cool.

ANGLE ON THE BOYS

We just hear nervous laughter.

Back to Diamond and Claire.

DIAMOND

Let's see what we can do.

He walks over to the DJ and whispers something to him. Suddenly, Eighties break-dance music starts playing. Diamond goes to the middle of the floor.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

Heeeeey! Party over here.

He starts doing various dances from back in his day. Pop-locking, the wave, the wop, etc. The other kids start to gather around, laughing.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

Come on, if I can get out here I know you guys can.

The music changes and Diamond moves closer to the Nineties with his dances. As he calls out dance moves, more and more of the kids start to imitate.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

The Roger Rabbit! Whacha know about that?

He takes his jacket off. The kids are into it now.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

The Reebok! The Running Man! The Wild Wild West!

Suddenly, he grabs his back in pain.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

Oww! My back!

The kids think it's a dance and copy his writhing, yelling "Ow, my back!" He eases over to a chair and sits down while the kids start enjoying themselves. Claire approaches him.

CLAIRE

That was pretty cool. For an old man.

DIAMOND

Yeah, thanks.

(then)

Say, is Todd here?

CLAIRE

(embarrassed)

That's him over there.

She indicates a shy-looking boy standing alone in a corner.

DIAMOND

The nerdy kid?

CLAIRE

That's what the other girls say.
They all like Darren instead.

She points to a much cooler kid who could be in N-SYNC or The Backstreet Boys. He's surrounded by a group of adoring girls. From his demeanor, he obviously knows how highly he's regarded.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I think he likes Christine because she's a slut.

DIAMOND

Ah, the memories. I becha he's gonna get a lot of--
(realizes)

You know, you may have the right idea after all. Sooner or later, those girls are gonna realize Darren's the kind of guy who'll cheat on them, lie to them and not know a good woman when he finally gets one. I'd rather see you with someone like Todd.

CLAIRE

Really?

DIAMOND

Yeah, but it's not gonna happen if you stand here talking to me all night.

She smiles. Then she takes a deep breath and walks over to Todd. Diamond watches as they start a conversation. He then notices something offscreen in the opposite direction.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)
Hey, watch the hands! And the feet!
(then)
Oh, sorry Principal Jester, Mrs.
Simmons. Carry on.

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

Singleton and Tabitha approach Little Jimmy, who's lying on a heating vent.

SINGLETON
Rise and shine!

He gives Jimmy a quick kick. Jimmy bolts upright.

LITTLE JIMMY
Hey, what gives? I told you last time, I don't know nothin'.

TABITHA
Don't make this hard, Jimmy. How much will it be? One hundred? Two hundred?

Jimmy thinks a beat. He pulls out the watch Diamond gave him and looks at it. Not enough.

LITTLE JIMMY
Sorry guys.

The watch catches Singleton's eye.

SINGLETON
What else do you want?

Jimmy's a little intrigued.

LITTLE JIMMY
There is something I haven't had in a very long time.
(suggestively; to Tabitha)
If you know what I mean.

Tabitha reacts in disgust. Singleton turns to her.

SINGLETON
Remember, Simms said do "anything and everything" we have to do.

TABITHA
(swallows hard)
Where?

LITTLE JIMMY
Right here.

Jimmy grabs her by the wrist.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

ANGLE ON A BOOM BOX ON THE SIDEWALK.

MUSIC CUE: CLASSICAL MUSIC

Pull back to reveal Little Jimmy and Tabitha dancing a classical waltz. Little Jimmy is pretty good.

LITTLE JIMMY

You'd never guess how hard it is to find a suitable dancing partner out here.

He dips her.

TABITHA

You think this is bad, you should see our work parties.

INT. WATSON HOUSE -- DAY

Diamond answers the phone.

DIAMOND

(into phone)

Hello?

MAN (V.O.)

Hello, Mr. Watson, I'm calling from the D.M.V. Did you need a copy of that report sent to your house also?

DIAMOND

What report?

MAN (V.O.)

You do own a Ninety-eight Chrysler minivan, license plate T-A-X-I-M-O-M, correct?

DIAMOND

It's registered to the family who lives here. Why?

MAN (V.O.)

Says here that a request for your D.M.V. records was made and that they were sent to an address in the Miami harbor.

DIAMOND
 (to himself)
 Simms!
 (then)
 What exactly is in these records?

MAN (V.O.)
 Normal stuff. Vehicle description,
 address...

Diamond's eyes widen with terror.

INT. WATSON HOUSE -- NIGHT

The house is quiet. We see a shadowy figure sneaking through the dark. He turns on a lamp and we realize it's Diamond. He has a suitcase beside him and is obviously leaving. He pulls out a piece of paper and starts writing.

DIAMOND (V.O.)
 (writing)
 Dear kids...

He thinks for a beat.

DIAMOND (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 (writing)
 I'm sorry for leaving, but it's for
 your own safety. I haven't been
 honest about who I am...

He is surprised by Brad, who is standing right behind him. Brad looks down at the suitcase.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)
 Brad! I... I um... was leaving... a
 letter for you guys. I was trying
 to explain that--

BRAD
 Stop. I know what's going on.

DIAMOND
 You do?

BRAD
 Yeah, the smoking and pacing around,
 the mysterious people Billy and Alexis
 have met like "Little Jimmy", the
 conversations about "your family"
 and all that money...

DIAMOND
 Man, I'm so sorry... I never meant
 to hurt you guys.

BRAD

Why are you apologizing? I think it's great, what you're doing.

DIAMOND

You what?

BRAD

Yeah, trying to get enough money to bring the rest of your family out of Cuba is really admirable. Now I see the reason behind all this talk about us acting like a family and being there for each other. It was because you miss what you had in your own family.

Diamond thinks for a beat, and decides to go with it.

DIAMOND

So, you had it all figured out. Do the others know?

BRAD

No. But let me break it to them.

DIAMOND

You sure?

BRAD

Yeah, so I can be like you, be the one to look out for my family like you're doing for yours. I even did some research like you suggested. I may like University of Miami's basketball program after all. They have good academics, too.

Diamond smiles.

BRAD (CONT'D)

You'll be back, right?

He hesitates, but then puts his hand on Brad's shoulder.

DIAMOND

Sure. But if something happens to me and I don't make it back, it's good to know that your brother and sisters are already in good hands.

They shake and Diamond leaves.

INT. WATSON HOUSE -- EVENING

Bob and Emily enter through the front door, returning home.

BOB
Hey everybody!

EMILY
We're home!

No response. They look at each other, concerned. They walk into the house.

ANGLE ON THEIR SHOCKED FACES.

We pull back to reveal that the kids are seated in the dining room and are in the middle of a family dinner.

CLAIRE
Mom, Dad, you're back!

The kids all run to hug their parents.

BOB
You guys are eating dinner together?

EMILY
Are we in the right house?

BILLY
We eat together now because of Antonio. And Big Granny.

Bob and Emily are impressed.

BOB
Wow, that's wonderful. Where is Antonio?

The kids look at each other, uncomfortably.

BRAD
He's gone.

BOB
Gone? Where and for how long?

BRAD
He left a few days ago. For good.

CLAIRE
He's kinda gone back to his family.

EMILY
And he left you here alone?!

BRAD
Before you get angry--

BOB
More angry.

BRAD

Why don't you take a look around and see how things are.

INT. MR. SIMMS OFFICE -- EVENING

Diamond is tied up in a chair, with numerous guns drawn on him by Simms and other syndicate members.

DIAMOND

Come on guys, let's just talk about the money.

MR. SIMMS

Yes, let's "talk".

INT. WATSON HOUSE -- EVENING

Bob and Emily stand in the upstairs hallway with the kids around them.

BOB

You mean to tell me you've kept the house up all by yourselves?

CLAIRE

Antonio taught us how.

EMILY

And you've been eating three meals a day?

ALEXIS

With vegetables.

BOB

And keeping up with your homework.

Brad holds up his essay. It has a red 'B' circled on it.

BRAD

Do we have a frame for this?

Bob and Emily look at each other.

EMILY

He's a miracle worker.

BOB

We've got to get him back.

EMILY

I'll get Rosa.

INT. WATSON FAMILY ROOM -- EVENING

Bob and Emily are talking to Rosa.

ROSA
(incredulous)
He told you about his "family"
problems.

EMILY
He told Brad.

BOB
I wish he'd told us. We would've
been willing to help him out.

EMILY
Do you know where we can find him?

Sfx: doorbell. Bob crosses to open it.

ROSA
I know the spot at the docks they
used to meet at.

She writes the location down on a slip of paper and hands it
to her.

ROSA (CONT'D)
Here.
(then)
And you're sure you know what you're
getting into?

EMILY
He did in weeks what we couldn't do
in years. We'll do anything to get
him back.

Bob opens the door to Roberta.

ROBERTA
Hi, Bob. I was wondering... is
Antonio around? I was hoping he'd
come by, but I haven't talked to him
since dinner the other night.

Rosa hears this and raises an eyebrow. She gets up and goes
to the door. Emily follows.

ROSA
Excuse me, did I hear you say you
were looking for Antonio?

ROBERTA
Yes. Who are you?

ROSA
An old friend.
(MORE)

ROSA (CONT'D)
(to Bob and Emily;
for Roberta's benefit)
Somewhere else you may want to check
for him is with one of the dozens of
lonely women he's played.

BOB
Oh, okay.
(to Emily)
Honey, maybe we should get this down
too.

Emily pulls out a pen and the slip of paper Rosa gave her.

ROBERTA
(defensive)
Are you an "old friend"? Or were
you one of the "played"?

ROSA
Well I wasn't a hoochie, which is
obviously what he goes for now.

EMILY
(oblivious)
Hold on. That's H-O-O-C--

ROBERTA
Oh, no you didn't.

ROSA
(neck waving)
Oh yes I did.

BOB
(over Emily's shoulder)
I think it's "I-E" not "E-E".

Roberta and Rosa get in each other's face. Emily stops
writing and she and Bob step between them.

BOB (CONT'D)
Whoa, whoa ladies.

ROSA
(to Roberta)
Coming in here with your Prada shades,
Gucci shoes, Fendi belt, CK suit and
DKNY perfume thinking you're better
than everybody.

BOB
(amazed)
How did you notice all--

ROSA

He only wanted you because he can't handle a real woman.

ROBERTA

That's funny coming from somebody with fake hair, eyes and nails.

EMILY

Really? Wow, I'm standing right here and I can't--

(catches herself;
then)

Okay, stop this right now. You should both be ashamed of yourselves. Instead of focusing on who's a sheltered bougie princess that will always be hurt because she's too needy, and who's a ghetto-fabulous bitch that would drive any man away, shouldn't we be focusing on what's really important -- finding Antonio so he can start on dinner and put our vacation clothes in the wash?

(re: paper; to Bob)

Come on honey, we'll look here. I'll get the kids.

As they leave Rosa and Roberta staring each other down, we:

INT. MR. SIMMS OFFICE -- EVENING

Diamond is being roughed up by some of the "family". Simms stops them.

MR. SIMMS

Come on boys, let's go somewhere else to finish him. I just got these floors buffed.

They gather him up.

EXT. WAREHOUSE -- MIAMI DOCKS -- CONTINUOUS

The Watson minivan pulls up outside of the syndicate headquarters. We watch them from an anonymous P.O.V.

VOICE (O.S.)

Who's that?

VOICE #2 (O.S.)

Don't know. Just wait for the signal.

They get out and walk towards Simms' office.

BOB

This is the address Rosa gave us.

EMILY

Poor things, they must hide out here
when they sneak in off the boats.

ALEXIS

Stick with us, Mommy. This ain't no
suburbia.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. SIMMS OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

They are walking Diamond out with his hands tied behind him.
Simms has a gun to his back. Suddenly the Watson clan walks
in through the open door.

EMILY

Knock, knock. Anybody home?

Simms and the rest of the gang are caught off guard. Diamond
is shocked. The Watsons can't tell that he's tied up and
don't see the gun in his back.

DIAMOND

What in the world are you doing here?

The kids all ad-lib, "Hey Antonio!", "We missed you", etc.
Alexis runs to him and hugs his leg. We see Simms nudge the
gun into Diamond's back warning him to be careful.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

(nervous laugh)

Alexis, run back to your mommy, okay?

She does.

EMILY

Rosa told us you'd be here with your
family. Is this them?

DIAMOND

Uh, yeah. You can say that. Maybe
you should--

ALEXIS

But some of them are whi--

EMILY

Don't be rude, honey. That's not
bad in some cultures like it is in
ours.

BOB

Nice to meet you all. I'm Bob.
This is Emily. And this is Brad,
Claire, Billy and Alexis.

The kids wave. The syndicate members, unsure of what's going on, give confused, weak "Hi ya doin's" and "Hey's".

MR. SIMMS

What's this, Diamond, some kinda joke? Is this a game to you?

EMILY

Diamond? You didn't tell us that was your nickname. How cute. Anyway, we want you to come back and work for us.

MR. SIMMS

(to Diamond)
Did she say "work for her"?

BOB

Yeah, he's worked for us the past couple of weeks. We know you guys are having some money troubles and we want to offer to help. That is, if it'll allow us to keep Antonio, I mean, Diamond.

(to Emily)
You're right, that is kinda cute.

DIAMOND

People please, turn around and--

MR. SIMMS

Wait, I see what's going on here.

(to Diamond)
You ran off and aligned yourself with another family for protection, didn't you? Shrewd. Real shrewd.

(to Watsons)
I'm nothing if not a businessman. Maybe we can work something out.

(points to Alexis and Billy)
What's with the moppets?

ALEXIS

We're packing heat.

The syndicate members react. They're a little more cautious.

MR. SIMMS

Midgets, huh? Smart.
(to Bob)
So, what's your angle?

BOB

Excuse me?

MR. SIMMS

What, am I talking Chinese?

Diamond realizes Simms thinks the Watsons are a crime family. He thinks for a beat and suddenly gets on board.

DIAMOND

He's asking how you guys operate.

(to Brad)

You know, what's your game?

BRAD

Mine is basketball.

MR. SIMMS

You make basketball books, huh?
Traditional. Old school. Makes a
lotta sense. While the rest of us
are out here fighting over new
avenues, you rake it in with the
slow-but-steady.

DIAMOND

They've done well this year, too.
Best in the state.

MR. SIMMS

Whacha bringing in per night?

BRAD

My average is twenty-two. Highest
on the team.

The syndicate members react.

MR. SIMMS

Twenty-two G's a night? Damn.

(to Singleton)

Make a note. Get back into the sports
bookings.

(then; to Watsons)

With numbers like that, why'd need
Diamond?

EMILY

You know, the normal stuff. Laundry,
general maintenance.

MR. SIMMS

(to Diamond)

So you cleaned up the money and poured
it back into legit investments?

Diamond smiles and nods.

MR. SIMMS (CONT'D)

Brilliant.

DIAMOND

And Claire, tell him about your girl,
Christine.

CLAIRE

She's a skank.

MR. SIMMS

The oldest profession. Always good.
(then)

Okay, let's deal. What's on the
table?

DIAMOND

Hold on.

(to Bob)

It's your turn to ask them questions.

BOB

It is?

MR. SIMMS

(to Bob)

No need for sarcasm. My apologies.
I see you adhere to the old protocol
of information exchange. Nice.

(points to syndicate)

These kids don't know nothing about
that. It's just about the money to
them. You're lucky to have found
some who love the work. But I
digress. To answer your question,
my operation is simple. I use local
businesses to fence hi-tech
electronics that I receive from
offshore pirating operations. But,
following the model of modern
conglomerates, I'm vertically
integrated. I offer those same local
business protection, for additional
fees.

EMILY

Huh?

MR. SIMMS

Okay, now you've broken protocol and
asked me too many questions. Boys.

The others pull out their guns on the Watsons. Bob and Emily
huddle their kids to them.

MR. SIMMS (CONT'D)

Check 'em for wires.

The Watsons all stand frozen in shock, like a family portrait
where the flash caught them off guard.

As the syndicate members approach the Wastsons, Diamond yells into his shirt.

DIAMOND

Now! Now! Now!

Suddenly, the doors and windows come crashing down as a swat team of cops converges on the room.

MR. SIMMS

It was a set up!

Simms and his men try to escape, but they're surrounded.

SWAT TEAM MEMBER #1

Freeze! Drop your weapons and don't move.

They hold their hands up. The Watsons, frightened, do the same. They start to cuff the syndicate members. They start to cuff the Watsons too, but Diamond stops them.

DIAMOND

Not them, they're cool.

A police detective walks up to Diamond and unfastens his shirt, revealing a recording device and tiny microphone.

DETECTIVE

Good work, Hughes. That was genius, the way you tricked Simms into confessing. We got just what we needed.

EMILY

Wait a minute! This isn't a real family?

DETECTIVE

They're members of a crime family. One that we've been trying to take down for a while.

BOB

(to Diamond)

But that would make you--

DIAMOND

(ashamed)

A criminal.

EMILY

You've been lying to us all this time?

BOB

We trusted you with our children.
And you exposed them to God knows
what kind of danger.

DIAMOND

I just needed a place to hide until--

CLAIRE

Is that all we were? A place to
hide?

BILLY

I thought you loved us.

BRAD

It was all lies?

CLAIRE

Everything?

An officer comes over.

SWAT TEAM MEMBER #2

I'm sorry, but I'm going to need you
folks to clear the area.

DIAMOND

Kids, I know it's confusing, but you
gotta believe me. Yes, at first you
were just a place to hide, and I'm
sorry for deceiving you. But you
helped me see that my reason for
being with you was more than that.
It was for me to be in a real family
again. One I wish I still had.

BRAD

Really?

CLAIRE

You mean it?

EMILY

Kids, we can't trust anything he
says now. He's lied too much already.

BOB

Your Mom's right. Come on, let's
go.

They turn to leave. Diamond doesn't know what to say. He
hangs his head as the detective comes over to him.

DETECTIVE

You can come with--

Suddenly, Diamond's eyes widen as he sees Simms extends his cuffed hands and grab another detective's gun. He turns and aims in their direction.

MR. SIMMS

You son of a bitch!

He's jumped by a couple of cops. As they struggle, the gun is pointed towards the children. Diamond, still cuffed, instinctively lunges in front of the kids just as the gun accidentally goes off. He falls hard to the ground, having been struck. The cops subdue Simms. Everyone crowds over Diamond to see if he's hurt. There's a bullet hole in his suit. The kids immediately wrap themselves around him.

DETECTIVE

Call an ambulance!

The kids start crying.

CLAIRE

Say you're okay.

BRAD

Please be okay.

The detective pulls them away.

DETECTIVE

Diamond, can you hear me?

DIAMOND

Yeah... I think... I'm okay.

The detective reaches into Diamond's suit coat to feel the wound. He feels something hard and removes it. It's a square, silver-plated object with a large, black dent in the back of it. The Detective turns it over, revealing that it's a frame with a picture of the Watson kids in it.

DETECTIVE

This must've stopped the bullet.

Everyone breathes a huge sigh of relief.

DIAMOND

I forgot that was there. I'd taken it when I left.

The kids squeeze him as tight as they can. Bob and Emily watch on for a beat.

BOB

Somebody get those cuffs off of him.

A cop takes them off. Bob and Emily help Diamond up.

EMILY

Thank you.

BOB

Maybe we were a little hasty before.
Why don't we take some time to, um...
kinda sort everything out.

DETECTIVE

Okay folks, he has to come with us.

The kids hug Diamond one last time.

DIAMOND

You guys take care of yourselves.

They're led away by one of the officers.

DETECTIVE

You did well today.

DIAMOND

Thanks. And this is just the
beginning. From this day on, nothing
but the up and up for me.

DETECTIVE

Is any of that quarter-million you
told us about left?

DIAMOND

No.

DETECTIVE

I'll put it in my report.

The detective steps off.

DIAMOND

Starting tomorrow, nothing but the
up and up for me.

DISSOLVE TO:

CU of Diamond. He's hatching a plan.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

Okay, this is the big score.

(points)

You take the big guy.

(points to someone)

else)

And then you sneak up from behind
and make the grab.

We pull back to reveal:

EXT. SOCCER FIELD -- CONTINUOUS

Diamond is surrounded by eight-yr.-olds wearing pink soccer uniforms. He wears a shirt that says, "COACH". We hear the ref's whistle blow, and after a beat:

REFEREE (O.S.)

Goal!

Diamond and the rest of the fans all cheer. The whistle blows marking the end of the game and the team runs back over, jubilant. Their families come to the bench. Bob, Emily, Brad, Claire and Alexis all rush over to congratulate Billy.

EMILY

Great game, Billy.

BOB

Nice call on that last play, Coach Hughes.

DIAMOND

Thanks. And thanks again for recommending me for this job.

BOB

Hey, you have to serve your community service somewhere.

DIAMOND

Still, no hard feelings?

Bob and Emily gather their kids.

EMILY

With these character witnesses on your side, how could we?

BRAD

Can Diamond come over for dinner?

CLAIRE

Yeah, that'd be great.

BOB

(to Brad)

If you and I finish your SAT prep in time.

EMILY

(to Claire)

And if you and Todd come back early from the movies. We eat promptly at six.

BRAD
Okay.

CLAIRE
Okay.

DIAMOND
Sounds good to me.

He then looks over in the stands and notices Roberta is there.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)
Would you excuse me for a moment?

They say, "goodbye" and he walks over to Roberta.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)
There you are. I didn't think you'd show up.

ROBERTA
I got your message.

DIAMOND
I just wanted you to see how things were working out.

(then)
Thanks for your testimony. I think that's why the judge showed leniency.

ROBERTA
I'm just glad to see you're doing well.

DIAMOND
Why don't we go out for drinks later, to catch up?

ROBERTA
I don't think that'd be a good idea.
Diamond's dejected. The team runs back over, chanting "Ice Cream!"

ROBERTA (CONT'D)
But I do like ice cream.

He smiles.

DIAMOND
(to team)
Do you boys mind if Miss Roberta joins us?

Off of the boys' "ooohhhhs" and giggles, and Diamond and Roberta's smile, we:

FADE OUT:

THE END

