

Love Maybe?

Written by

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FADE IN:

**EXT. ROAD- NIGHT**

A fleet of various cars sweep across the highway partially lit by the glinty reflection of the moon.

We CLOSE on a BLUE FORD whipping along the highway. It suddenly SCREECHES. Veering against the curb. The car engine is killed.

**INT. BLUE FORD**

In the driver's seat, CHUKS MADUKA (35), breathing frantically. Bloodshot Eyes. Beside him, ROSE WILLIAMS (28). Heart racing. Eyes widened. Shoots Chuks a cold glare.

ROSE  
You could have killed us both. What were you thinking, Chuks?

CHUKS  
You talk a lot about killing when you are the one after my life.

ROSE  
Me...Your life? Wait...what are you driving at here, Chuks?

CHUKS  
The dinner we just had... I kept thinking of how you reacted to the waitress complimenting my suit.

ROSE  
Waiittt...is that what you are still on about?

He takes this response in. She pulls out a cigarette from her fancy bag. Flicks a lighter. The cigarette stub is reddened. She takes a drag. Puffs out a handful amount of smoke.

Chuks shakes his head.

CHUKS  
Really? In the car?  
(beat)  
Do you even like feel..feel like you are overprotective of me? I don't even know if that's the word sef.

ROSE

Me wading off women from ripping off my man?... That's my love language.

CHUKS

Love language? Attacking the waitress? For complimenting my suit.

ROSE

I saw it in her eyes. She had ulterior motives.

CHUKS

How about my colleague at work that brought food the other day. The one you threw away?

ROSE

Sweetie...What if it was poisoned or something? I had to do what I had to do. You should be thankful.

CHUKS

It's tiring. You love me. I love you. I love what's going on with us. Fine. But always attacking people. Things. That's not it.

She offers him the cigarette. He takes one look at it. Reluctant. He snatches it from her and takes a long drag.

ROSE

Really? In the car?

They both share a wild laughter. Rose stares directly into his eyes. A BURNING DESIRE--

ROSE (cont'd)

(in a rather  
seductive tone)

It won't happen again baby.

She draws closer to him. Her index finger shutting his lips. She pounces on him. Directly in his view. Reclined on his lap. Her eyes transfixed on him. Still with that tone--

ROSE (cont'd)

You almost killed your little baby.

She buries his lips into his. A french kiss ensues. They both giggle.

CUT TO BLACK.