

# Enigma of LOVE

**A Screenplay  
By  
Divine G**



Enigma of Love

written by

John "Divine G" Whitfield

Divine G Entertainment  
347-355-9083  
divinegentertainment@gmail.com

1

FADE IN:

1

A cream colored Lexus cruises down a dark deserted Bronx street.

2

INT. LEXUS - NIGHT

2

DANIELLE LEWIS sits in the passenger seat, watching the ghettoized Tenement buildings slide across her vision. Her flawless maple syrup colored skin complexion, sleek brown bedroom eyes, and long shoulder length hair take on a special glow and are in sync with her mood.

DANIELLE

It's a surprise.

JAMIL NEVEZ momentarily takes his eyes off the road, glancing over at Danielle. His golden brown skin, strong baby face features, hard brown eyes, and that contagious smile makes him look like a cross between the ultimate choir boy and an urban ruffian.

JAMIL

I see you gettin' ready to take me on one of them rides again.

DANIELLE

(softly)

Believe me, this ain't a head game. I just wanna check out a few things before I jump to conclusions.

JAMIL

Well, maybe you should've waited til you had all the facts. I hate being left--

Jamil sees two men walking down the street up ahead. One man is wearing a black coat while the other has on a green coat. Jamil takes his foot off the gas pedal, and slows down the Lexus to an inconspicuous crawl.

DANIELLE

What's wrong, Jamil?

Danielle follows Jamil's stare that is locked on the two approaching men.

JAMIL

It's nothin', Boo.

Through the heavily tinted window, Jamil scrutinizes the two men as he cruises pass them.

Danielle nervously begins to turn the gold ring on her pinkie finger.

Jamil kills the headlights and makes a U turn. He doubled parks the Lexus as he observes the two men turn down an alleyway.

JAMIL (CONT'D)  
I'll be right back, Danielle.  
(gets out of the car)

3 EXT. BRONX STREET - NIGHT

3

Jamil walks very fast towards the alleyway. His black leather ankle length jacket flaps in the earlier March breeze.

When Jamil turns into the alleyway, he quietly kneels behind a bunch of garbage cans. The wretched odors cause him to sigh in disgust. With squinted eyes, Jamil pulls his 9mm from the back waist of his pants, reaches in his jacket pocket for the silencer, and rapidly screwed it onto the 16 shot automatic.

Peering around the trash cans, Jamil sees a third man approaching the other two men. The newcomer stops in front of the two, talking.

Jamil rises and rapidly eases towards the trio with his automatic aimed. Just as the three men frantically scrambles for cover, Jamil's trigger finger comes to life.

Silent flames roar from the 9mm. The man in the black coat convulses when a bullet strike him in the lower back. He falls to the ground as two bullets strikes the green coat man in the chest when he turns around to see what is going on. He too falls hard to the pavement.

Jamil's eyes gets wide when the newcomer pulls a gun.

The two ear-shattering 44 magnum explosions vibrates everything in its circumference as Jamil frantically seeks refuge behind a huge garbage dumpster.

4 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

4

DEBRA HOLMES is hurled out of bed and rushes to her window. She sees a double parked Lexus and Danielle in the passenger seat. The car window is rolled down and Danielle is smoking a cigarette.

5 EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

5

Jamil peers around the dumpster and sees the newcomer running deeper into the alley. He takes aim and carefully squeezes off two shots.

The newcomer flinches from the impact of the bullets, then trips and falls. Jamil runs towards the newcomer.

As Jamil moves rapidly down the alley, he sees the newcomer crawling for his gun. Jamil increases his speed and fires two shots to the man's head.

Suddenly, Jamil hears a scurrying noise in back of him. He turns and sees the black coat man stumbling away.

Jamil runs over to the green coat man's motionless body and plants two bullets in his head. Jamil looks up and sees black coat stumble into a crowd of garbage cans.

Jamil bolts after him. With the 9mm aimed, Jamil squeezes off a shot.

It misses. Black coat makes it pass the entrance of the alleyway.

Jamil fires another shot. The impact of the bullet spins black coat around as he crumbles to the ground. He is just beyond the curb and starts crawling desperately into the middle of the street.

Jamil's speed increases. He kicks black coat square in his ass, catapulting him into a two foot slide on his stomach and his chin.

6 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT 6

Debra sees a man crawling into the middle of the street.

DEBRA  
(mumbles)  
Joe!

Debra's about to panic. Then, right on JOE's heels, she sees Jamil hover over him with a gun in his hand.

7 EXT. BRONX STREET - NIGHT 7

With his foot, Jamil flips Joe over onto his back. Staring down at Joe with a warped smile, Jamil slowly raises his 9mm.

JOE  
Jamil, please man. He came at me  
first, I ain't have a choice, man--

The two bullets rip into Joe's skull, causing his whole body to jerk and flinch with tremendous force.

8 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT 8

Debra watches in terror as Jamil turns and quickly walks towards the Lexus.

9 EXT. BRONX STREET - NIGHT 9

Jamil sighs with anger when he sees Danielle looking at him. Unscrewing the silencer, he scans the surrounding buildings. He sees nothing out of the norm.

Jamil stuffs the silencer in his pocket and tucks the automatic in the front waist of his pants.



15 INT. JAMIL'S MANSION - DAY 15

Jamil swirls from the deep sleep and slams the palm of his hand on the buzzing alarm clock. He lays there for a moment, then rolls out of bed and stumbles to the bathroom.

16 LATER 16

Jamil wolfs down a protein drink.

Jamil exits his six million dollar mansion. He enters his sky blue Mercedes-Benz E360 and pulls the car onto the road.

17 INSIDE THE BENZ 17

Jamil spies his rear-view mirror. He notices a green car behind him containing a white and a black man. After making several unintended turns, Jamil discovers he is being followed. He stops at a traffic-light on White Plains Road.

When the light turns green, Jamil speeds off. He sees the car turns right, but continues looking through the rear view mirror. Jamil makes a stop at a red light, his eyes still locked on mirrors.

18 OUTSIDE THE BENZ 18

Suddenly, four unmarked cars comes to a screeching stop in front of him. Three similar cars stop in back of him. All fourteen detectives, springs out of their vehicles with weapons pointed.

DETECTIVES

(screaming)

Put your hands up!--NOW!--Get 'em up!

Jamil put his hands up in the air.

The Mercedes' door is snatched open, and a heavysset white detective reaches over, slams the gear in park, snatches Jamil from the car, and forces him to lay face down on the pavement.

FAT DETECTIVE

You have the right to remain silent. . .

As the cuffs are slapped on his wrist, and his rights read, Jamil smirks up his face.

FAT DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

. . .You're under arrest for murder. . .

Jamil's expression changes completely as he is snatched to his feet and shoved inside the green car. The car pulls off.

19 INT. PARADISE LOUNGE - NIGHT

19

Danielle sits staring at her make-up laden image in the mirror. The thunderous bass coming from the club dance floor makes her shabby, small dressing room tremble and shiver. With the exception of a gee-string and a tiny bra that covers only her nipples, Danielle is naked.

Danielle reaches over and sparks up a cigarette. In between drags on the cancer stick, she rotates the ring on her pinky finger.

Danielle sighs angrily as the cloud of smoke swirls from her mouth.

There is a sudden knock on the door.

DANIELLE

Come in!

The bouncer, BIG PETE, opens the door, and sticks his high yellow fat face inside the room.

BIG PETE

It's time, baby girl.

DANIELLE

I'm on my way.

Danielle snuffs out her cigarette as she rises to her feet. She doesn't hear the door close and turns.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)

I said I'm comin', Pete.

Pete smiles broadly, enjoying the view. He closes the door.

Danielle checks herself in the mirror and prances out of her dressing room. The song, Slam it and Jam it, is booming through the speakers.

Danielle waits near the dance floor entrance. She sees the house is almost full, with the exception of four tables.

The music is slowly turned down. When the music is just above a mellow level, DJ Freaky Frukwan speaks into the microphone.

DJ FRUKWAN

Come on! Let's show my girl Sweet  
Cheeks some love my brothers!

There is a huge round of applause accompanied with whistles of pleasure and delight.

DJ FRUKWAN (CONT'D)

Our next dancer needs no  
introduction.



DJ FRUKWAN (CONT'D)

With the biggest butt in the Bronx,  
and the sweetest smile you ever did  
see, please welcome, and show some  
heavy love for the one and only  
Danielle, AKA Midnight Flower!

Danielle struts seductively towards the two foot platform.  
Her song, Swing Those Things, lights up the club. There are  
hoots and hollers of joy and happiness as she mounts the  
stage and goes into her routine.

20 LATER

20

With sweat oozing from her pores and her gee-string and bra  
strap littered with bills of all denominations, Danielle  
rhythmically prances off the stage, across the dance floor,  
and down the corridor to her dressing room.

21 INSIDE DRESSING ROOM

21

Danielle opens the door and is surprised when she sees  
BRENDA, AKA Sweet Cheeks, in her dressing room. She is a  
light skinned, petite sister, with real reddish brown hair,  
shapely hips and thighs, a tiny waist and aqua green eyes.

DANIELLE

What's wrong, Brenda?

BRENDA

You know that cat who got all them  
spots in Bronx River Projects  
locked down? His name is BJ? He  
works for Jamil?

DANIELLE

Yeah, yeah, I know him.

BRENDA

He told me Jamil got arrested for a  
triple homicide the other day.  
That's why he ain't been around  
here.

Danielle sits down and stares at her image in the mirror.

DANIELLE

I gotta go see him. He should be on  
Rikers Island, right?

BRENDA

Danielle, I know you ain't gonna  
start runnin' this nigga down, now  
that he's on lockdown?

DANIELLE

(screws up her face)  
I ain't flippin' on Jamil 'cause of  
this. I'm gonna go see him tomorrow  
morning.

BRENDA

And how you plan on doing that? We gotta do that Wall Street job tomorrow.

DANIELLE

Shit! Yeah, you right.

BRENDA

And don't forget the day after tomorrow we got that gig at Jason's mansion. He wants us there before noon so we can rehearse.

DANIELLE

(grits her teeth)

You gotta do that one without me.

BRENDA

Naw, Danielle, you know we roll as a team, girl. Jamil can wait until the weekend. Business before bullshit is the rule in this--

DANIELLE

What the hell are you talkin' about!? Keepin' it real is all about the business. I'll do the Wall Street gig tomorrow, but the Jason gig is dead.

22 INT. TRAIN - DAY 22

Danielle and Brenda sit next to each other, talking.

23 INT. RIKERS ISLAND VISITING ROOM - DAY 23

Jamil enters dressed in a gray jumpsuit. The huge sliding gate closes behind him. His eyes scan the area with smooth precision. The visiting area is filled primarily with women and children.

When Jamil's eyes land on BRUTE and CLEAVON, Jamil approaches them.

They both stand up when they saw Jamil.

Jamil gives them both some dap (striking their clenched fists together) and they all sit down.

JAMIL

(to Cleavon)

Nigga, you brushed your teeth today? I ain't in the mood to be smellin' no shit.

BRUTE  
(chuckles)  
That's why I like you, Ja. You  
crazy as hell, man.

JAMIL  
I smell enough foul ass odor in  
this place, I don't need you comin'  
in here fuckin' up my breathin'  
air.

CLEAVON  
Damn, son! You don't take shit  
serious, do you? These crackers are  
about fry your black ass as sure as  
the white man is the devil.

JAMIL  
They need to fry that shit on top  
of your head. Maybe a little  
heat'll straighten out that silly  
ass Wally way back hairline of  
yours.

Brute laughs harder. Cleavon is seething with anger.

CLEAVON  
You ain't gonna be laughin' when  
you hear what's up with that fine  
bitch of yours.

JAMIL  
What? You jealous, motherfucker? I  
get the fine ones while you get  
them old busted ass crack smokin',  
dog dick suckin', crusty ankle  
havin' ass bitches.

Brute explodes with laughter. Cleavon laughs as well.

CLEAVON  
You know I ain't never trusted them  
fine bitches. They ain't nothing  
but trifling motherfuckers, out to  
suck a nigga's pockets bone dry.  
Give me an ugly broad any day.

JAMIL  
Nigga, like you got a choice in the  
matter. Ain't no fine bitch in  
their right mind gonna want your  
twisted ass. ... So, what did  
Kilroy find out?

CLEAVON  
Kilroy found out the snitch is your  
girl Danielle.

Jamil puts his head down. His eyes get misty and he struggles  
to keep from showing his pain.

24 FLASHBACK - JAMIL'S DISCUSSION WITH KILROY 24

Jamil paces while Kilroy talks.

KILROY

How could you blaze them with her  
there and not kill her too?  
Sometimes I can't believe we flesh  
and blood.

(sighs in disgust)

She's even more dangerous to you  
because of all that shit in her  
closet, fool!

25 BACK TO PRESENT DAY 25

CLEAVON

(smiles)

Sorry, Jamil, but she's gotta go.

BRUTE

Kilroy's sending some hitters out  
tonight. He wanted us to let you  
know what's going on.

JAMIL

Tell Kilroy to keep his eyes and  
ears open even after we do this  
run. There could be other  
witnesses.

Brute and Cleavon both nod their heads.

JAMIL (CONT'D)

Check it out, Brute. You know that  
hitter named Hair-trigger ...  
Tykim? He just came home from up  
north. He's from Brooklyn.

BRUTE

Oh, yeah! Yeah, I know him.

CLEAVON

I know him too. I heard he's  
runnin' around blazin' drug  
dealers.

JAMIL

I want him to do this hit. Tell  
Kilroy this is gonna be a two men  
run. He can hire one of his own  
hitters and Tykim is gonna be my  
hired hitter.

BRUTE

Kilroy's handlin' this. He's making  
plans as we speak.

CLEAVON

Yeah, Ja. He got Hector and Lunatic on standby, waiting for the green light.

JAMIL

You tell Kilroy I'm gonna have some input in this shit, case closed. Tykim is top grade material. Big dog status. He'll organize the hit professionally. Even if the police got her under watch, it'll go down correctly.

CLEAVON

It's gonna cost a lot to hire this motherfucker. And how we know he's gonna take the job?

JAMIL

I'm offering him 150 gees. Half up-front, the other half upon completion. Imagine a hood hitter turnin' down that kind of money?

26 INT. QUEENS CLUB - DAY

26

TYKIM "HAIR-TRIGGER" HALL sits at the poker table staring at the cards in his hands. Tykim's light brown skin, and matching brown eyes are as deeply focused as his concentration. His neatly groomed goatee and his head full of corn-row braids makes him look like a classical brother from the hood.

A rap tune plays in the background; it is loud enough to be heard clearly, but low enough not to require the four men to shout over the music.

TYKIM

Come on Smithy, throw a damn card out, man.

PRIMO

This nigga's procrastinating. He ain't got shit. Throw that fucked up hand in. Come on, bow down gracefully, Smithy.

SMITHY

(looks up smiling)  
Patience and contemplation is the mark of a true winner.  
(tosses a card on the table)

CHARMAINE, a brown skinned woman with big sensuous eyes and finger waves in her hair, sticks her head in the room and shouts from the threshold of the door. She is chewing gun with nasty girl vigor.