

EnVz Studios: Unconditional

By

Colton Duke

Story by: Jamall McMillan & Tina Christine

The Book of Hosea

©2020 EnVz Studios  
Film & Television Division of  
MS Visual Enterprises LLC

[envzproductions@gmail.com](mailto:envzproductions@gmail.com)

TJ:  
It's probably outta style now but if  
you still want that Missy Elliot track  
suit I gotchu.

RUE:  
You can probably get that thing on  
Ebay for ten bucks now.

TJ:  
So.  
(he shakes his AmEx)  
Shopping spree?

RUE:  
You were serious?

TJ:  
Come on girl. Why would I be playin'?

RUE:  
I didn't care about all that. You  
don't owe me anything TJ.

TJ:  
Well I want to. I'm not gonna be able  
to forget it.  
(smirks)  
Buy ya hubby something too.

RUE:  
(grins)  
Alright.

They take off again.

TJ:  
(bumps her)  
Told ya I'd take care of you when I  
blow.

She starts laughing and bumps him back. They look like a  
happy little couple strolling down the sidewalk.

25 INT. JOSIAH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

25

Rue is conked out on the couch. The front door is heard  
opening and closing. Keys hit the bowl. She stirs. Josiah  
enters shortly. She awakes and begins to sit up. He kisses  
the top of her head as he passes through.

JOSIAH:  
Evening sleepyhead.

RUE:  
Hey.

JOSIAH:  
You have fun today?

He exits.

RUE:  
(yelling)  
Yeah. You missed out. There's a crap  
ton of food in there for you.

She pops up and looks to see if her husband is coming. All clear. She scurries to a chair in the corner, climbs in it, reaches over, pulls out a sleeping bag box, sets it in the middle of the floor, then hops back on the couch.

He soon returns with a plate of food, nearly tripping over the box.

JOSIAH:  
(mouthful)  
Ya'll went to what you call? It's as  
amazing as, ah. What the crap... Hold  
up.

He set his plate on the coffee table then picks up the box. He sits in the chair and stares at it for a second.

JOSIAH:  
What's this?

RUE:  
(cheesing hard)  
It's yours. For the trip.

JOSIAH:  
Where'd it come from?

RUE:  
TJ got it for you.

JOSIAH:  
Why?

RUE:  
He just wanted to get you something. I

figured you needed a newer better one anyway.

JOSIAH:  
He got me food. That's cool with me.

RUE:  
Well, he kinda felt guilty too.

JOSIAH:  
(opening box)  
For what?

Rue points behind him. He stretches up to look behind the chair.

JOSIAH:  
Good lord woman!  
(turns back around)  
You can't accept all that. We can't use him like this.

RUE:  
I tried to argue with him but you just gotta know him. Ain't gonna win with that one.

JOSIAH:  
It don't feel right.

RUE:  
I promise you it is all good. I mean he can afford it.

By now he has the box open and the contents out.

JOSIAH:  
(admiring)  
I need to thank him then. You still gotta give me his number so I can.

RUE:  
Why don't you eat and I'll put it in your phone.

JOSIAH:  
It's plugged up in there. Do it after.

He lays the sleeping bag out on the floor and grins in awe. He then grabs his plate and starts chowing down.

RUE:

I'm sure you don't want to think about other food right now but I also felt guilty today. And feel like I owe you.

JOSIAH:

(mouthful)

For what?

RUE:

We still haven't been able to go out ourselves. And I got two nights off this week. Do you wanna go on a date?

JOSIAH:

You're asking me out? Oo I don't know, I'm kinda nervous.

RUE:

I'll take care of you.

JOSIAH:

Then yes.

They both just stare at each other, smiling in bliss.

26 INT. SIT DOWN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

26

Rue sits alone in a booth at one of those wannabe fancy, chain restaurants. Her head down, nose in her phone, scrolling through Instagram looking at travel pics. Josiah comes strolling up and sits.

She locks her phone and sets it on the table.

JOSIAH:

Food not here yet?

His wife shakes her head.

JOSIAH:

Shoulda asked for more rolls why I was gone.

RUE:

Haven't seen our waiter.

JOSIAH:

Kid needs to pick it up. I hate to sound like this but I don't feel obligated to tip you much if you lazy.

He nearly loses it all right before reaching the door.

37 INT. JOSIAH'S APARTMENT/FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

37

Josiah stumbles in and yells...

JOSIAH:  
IIIIII'm hooooome!

...as he makes a beeline for the stairs.

LIVING ROOM - SAME

Rue rapidly bobs back and forth on the couch, biting a nail and starrng at the floor.

Josiah can be heard trotting down the stairs. She stops dead still when he enters.

He bee bops right up to her and plants a big one on her cheek, then plants himself in the chair.

She turns her head to him and manages to eke out a smirk before putting her head down.

He can see that she is off. He scoots to the edge of the chair.

JOSIAH:  
What's up? You alright? Hey. Rues?

She keeps her head down. Her eyes search all along the floor. She says nothing for a solid thirty seconds. Her husband continues to try and get her attention. Finally...

RUE:  
I gotta go.

She gets up, wandering.

JOSIAH:  
You got work?

She stops. Looks at him, eyes beginning to water.

RUE:  
I'm leaving.

JOSIAH:  
To where?

She glances away, takes a breath, looks back.

RUE:

Here. You.

He squints confused. She gulps, shuts her eyes.

RUE:

I'm leaving you Josiah.

He stands.

JOSIAH:

I don't... Rue?

He approaches her. She does not move, her eyes still shut. He begins to put his hand on her arm.

JOSIAH:

What happened? What's going on-

She jerks away when she feels his touch and starts slowly backing up.

RUE:

Don't. Just don't.

His mind begins to race. He has no clue of his next move.

JOSIAH:

What... Just talk to me.

RUE:

I cheated on you!

He freezes, starring her down in shock. She freezes.

RUE:

With Travis.

Tears begin to stream down her face. She looks to the floor. He looks away, searches the room, searches his mind, starts to speak but does not, swallows hard, breaths heavy, eyes water as they find their way back to his wife.

JOSIAH:

What?

She looks back to him.

RUE:  
I can't stay here with you.

She turns away from him and grabs a suitcase from beside the other side of the couch.

He is stubbed even more by the luggage.

JOSIAH:  
Rue, why are you... Just wait.  
(she does with back turned)  
We can talk this out.

She rolls her eyes, more tears. She takes off for the-

FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

He is right on her heels.

JOSIAH:  
We have... What is going on Rue. Rue!  
We have to at least try to talk  
through...

Her hand is on the door, turning.

JOSIAH:  
It's okay Rue. It doesn't matter.

She cannot take it. She swings the door open and walks out.

JOSIAH:  
We can-

He stands in cement, dumbfounded, as he watches her leave.

38 INT. YOUTH CENTER/JOSIAH'S OFFICE - DAY

38

Josiah sits at his desk, starring at papers. Deep dark circles surround his eyes. He breathes slow and heavy. He seems to have done the bare minimum of grooming to be at work. His shirt looks like it came straight out the laundry hamper. His face is dry and beard untrimmed. He has no clue that Jesse has entered.

JESSE:  
Mr. J?

No response. He knocks on the door. Josiah snaps to attention like he remembered where he was.