

HIP-HOP ARTIST #2 (cont'd)
 You feel like ice-cream? Yeah,
 let's go get us some ice-cream,
 come on Harry!

Harry hesitates.

HIP-HOP ARTIST #1
 It's your job, son. We're paying.

Harry considers this, then turns the car around.

INT. HARRY'S CAR -- NIGHT

The Hip-Hop Artists lean out the window at the drive-thru,
 talking to the ATTENDANT.

ATTENDANT
 Wendy's finished for the night.

HIP-HOP ARTIST #2
 She go home? She go out? Where she
 go? Our boy here's gotta see her,
 it's life and death.

ATTENDANT
 There's a cafe a few of the girls
 here go after their shift.

The Hip-Hop Artists slap Harry on the shoulder, laughing.

HIP-HOP ARTIST #1
 Let's ride, Harry, come on boy!

HARRY
 I don't even know what to say!

HIP-HOP ARTIST #2
 Leave that to us.

EXT./INT. CAFE/HARRY'S CAR -- NIGHT

Harry and the Hip-Hop Artists watch from the car as people
 come out of a cafe. Wendy emerges, and Harry hides his face.

HARRY
 This isn't going to work.

HIP-HOP ARTIST #1
 Harry, Harry, Harry. This is love.
 This is important, son.

Harry hesitates. The Hip-Hop Artists lean out of the car.