

HER FATHERS' BLESSINGS

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. MARTIN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

A few family photos are displayed on the dresser. As we slowly PAN by them:

-- A boy (8), girl (10), and parents, looking like a happy family.

MARTIN (V.O.)

That's me with my sister Candace and our parents. Even though Candace and I fought most of the time, we were still very close.

-- The same boy (13), acne and braces.

MARTIN (V.O.)

Unfortunately, the dreaded teen years set in, along with pizza face and metal mouth. Aren't I just adorable? You don't need to answer that.

-- The boy (18) in cap and gown.

MARTIN (V.O.)

My high school graduation. Time and Proactiv heal all wounds. What a stud, right?

ON THE BED

MARTIN WALKER (25), nice-looking, a good heart with a reckless demeanor, sleeps on his side in satin sheets.

MARTIN (V.O.)

That's me, Martin Walker. I'm not gay, just so you know. The satin sheets might make that questionable. When a guy meets the right girl, there's very little he won't do for her. The satin sheets were an offering to the love of my life.

KATRINA COLLINS (24), a beautiful, fun lady wearing a short negligee and looking stunning in it, slides into bed with the grace of a veteran ballerina.

MARTIN (V.O.)

And that's Katrina. I know what you're thinking.

(MORE)

MARTIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 How did a guy like me get a girl  
 like that. I'll never tell.

Katrina nibbles Martin's ear.

MARTIN (V.O.)  
 That's because I'm not sure how it  
 happened myself. Just lucky, I  
 guess.

Martin stirs.

MARTIN (V.O.)  
 I would do almost anything for this  
 woman. Little did I know my love  
 and devotion for her would soon be  
 tested in a very unexpected way.

Martin rolls over to his back. His eyes flutter open, a smile  
 coming to his face when he sees Katrina.

MARTIN  
 Mmmm. That's better than any alarm.

Katrina straddles Martin.

KATRINA  
 And you don't have to buy me  
 batteries.

MARTIN  
 Well...

Smiling, Katrina kisses him long and hard. Martin takes her  
 into his arms. He rolls over with her and slides on the  
 slippery sheets. The two fall off, out of sight with a THUD.

INT. MORGAN PUBLISHING - MAIN OFFICE - DAY

A receptionist's desk stands before a closed door with the  
 words "Senior Vice President Anne Morgan" written across the  
 fogged glass. SALLY, the receptionist, is busy working on her  
 computer.

A few other desks are around the large room with mostly  
 FEMALE EMPLOYEES. A couple of halls contain more office  
 doors.

BARRY HUGHES (25), cheap suit, his ego far bigger than his  
 IQ, thinks he's hotter than he is, leaves a hall.

He spots FEMALE WORKER at her desk and stops to straighten  
 his tie.

Barry approaches Female Worker, sits on the edge of her desk. Female Worker looks up, a smirk coming to her face.

BARRY

Hello, gorgeous. I'm starting a modeling agency out of my apartment. How would you like to be my first client?

FEMALE WORKER

How would you like to sing soprano in your church choir?

Female Worker gets up with a folder and walks off.

BARRY

Ha! I don't go to church!

Undeterred, Barry goes to the next desk, where FEMALE WORKER #2 works.

BARRY

Can I have that raincheck you promised this weekend?

FEMALE WORKER #2

It's still raining.

Martin enters the office, also in a suit. A band-aid partially covers a fresh cut to his temple.

Barry goes to him. He immediately notices the cut and reaches out to touch it.

BARRY

What happened to your head?

Martin flinches.

MARTIN

Me and Katrina, we were, you know, and things got a little crazy.

Martin walks down the nearest...

HALL

... and to the open door of an office, a very small office. No writing on the door. Martin enters, Barry on his heels.

MARTIN'S OFFICE

An older computer on the desk, an ancient chair.

BARRY

Details?

Martin sits down in his chair. It CLICKS loudly, jolts him. Martin pulls up a publishing file on the screen.

MARTIN

Bed, Katrina, satin sheets, floor.  
Got it?

Barry, amused smile, sits on the edge of the desk.

BARRY

Ah, you sly dog, you.

Barry elbows Martin a little too hard. Martin falls back to the floor, the broken chair back landing next to him.

Barry bounces up, hand extended to Martin.

BARRY

Let me help you there, pal.

Shaken, Martin waves him off as he gets to his feet.

BARRY

You really are insecure about your manhood.

MARTIN

Just because I know the field  
doesn't mean I want to play on it.

Barry chuckles, punches Martin in the arm. Martin recoils.

BARRY

Funny guy.

As Barry heads to the door:

BARRY

How about a drink later?

Martin tries to put his chair back together.

MARTIN

Can't. Going to dinner with  
Katrina.

BARRY

I'll take a raincheck.

Barry leaves, the door standing open.

Martin puts the back of his chair in place. It barely holds. A cell phone RINGS. Martin pulls his phone out of his pocket and checks the display. A smile comes to his face.

MARTIN  
(into phone)  
Hi, beautiful.

INT. INSURANCE OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Katrina sits at a desk in a large office with several WORKERS. She holds a cell phone to her ear as she swivels in her chair.

KATRINA  
(into phone)  
Hey, sexy. How's the head?

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

Martin lightly touches the cut.

MARTIN  
It's good.

KATRINA  
Agnes has a friend that started a new club. Tonight's the grand opening. She really wants us to come.

Martin sits down.

MARTIN  
Do we have to? I was really looking forward to dinner.

KATRINA  
Me, too but she IS my cousin.

MARTIN  
What kind of club?

KATRINA  
She says it has a stage, and dancers.

MARTIN  
(grins)  
That doesn't sound too bad.