

TEASER

INT./ESTB. VERCAST CALL CENTER

INT. LEVEL THREE AREA

BLACK BARBIE and BUBBLES, 21, full figured body, average face, are standing a couple rows away looking at STEVE and his coworkers laughing and joking. Black Barbie has a scowl on her face, especially when she notices TASHA making her way over.

Bubbles shakes her head as she tries to calm her friend down.

BUBBLES

I don't see it. I mean, it doesn't make sense.

BLACK BARBIE

I'm telling you Sam, something is up. I mean why would she say that they didn't talk much that night, and Steve said otherwise.

BUBBLES

It might be a misunderstanding. I mean not much to her might be a lot to him. You don't know.

BLACK BARBIE

It has to be something. I just feel like something is going on. No female is that close to another guy, and not want anything.

Bubbles shakes her head in disagreement once again, as they continue to check out Steve and Tasha.

BUBBLES

Look at her. She's the exact opposite of you.

BLACK BARBIE

Exact opposite? What are you talking about?

BUBBLES

I mean, you're glamorous with fashion sense, you wear heels, have your hair, nails, and toes done. You have makeup, and you're dark skinned.

Black Barbie nods as Bubbles turns her attention to Tasha.

BUBBLES (CONT'D)

Tasha, on the other hand, is cute, but not glamorous. She always has a pony tail, wearing Walmart clothes, flats, and no makeup what so ever. Her clothes are a bit more loose, and she's also light skinned. If Steve is into you, there's no possible way he can be into her.

BLACK BARBIE

True, I am the better choice here, but she has to have something that catches his attention.

BUBBLES

Why don't you just ask him about it?

See what he says.

Black Barbie shakes her head in disagreement as she turns her attention to Bubbles.

BLACK BARBIE

I can't. I told Steve I would calm down a bit. Without any proof, I can't say a damn thing. That's why I need you to do something for me.

BUBBLES

Me? Do what?

BLACK BARBIE

I need you to take that figure of yours and work it out.

BUBBLES

On Steve?

BLACK BARBIE

No, he's too smart for that. One of the friends. See if you can get some inside info for me.

BUBBLES

I don't know, won't they see that coming?

BLACK BARBIE

Not if you work it right. The problem
is we need to find a easy mark,
someone who is a complete sucker.

Black Barbie and Bubbles first look at PETE, next MATT, next JEFFREY, next TERRANCE, and lastly MALCOLM. Both women watch Malcolm as he begins acting wildly causing the rest of the group to laugh.

A smile grows on both Bubbles and Black Barbie's face.

BUBBLES

I'm on it. I'm about to do a walk
through, let me know what you see.

Black Barbie nods as Bubbles makes her way toward the level three group. As soon as she hits the corner, she immediately catches the attention of Malcolm.

MALCOLM
(LOUDLY)

Bubbles!

All the attention goes towards Bubbles as she makes her way over to Steve.

BUBBLES

Hey Steve. Tonya wanted to know if
everything was still on for tonight?

STEVE

As far as I know. Why is she making a
messenger out of you?

BUBBLES

Oh, well she is being held up with a
customer downstairs. She told me to
run up real quick and check on it.

Steve nods as Bubbles walks off towards the bathroom. Malcolm's eyes never leave her until she hits the bathroom.

MALCOLM

Damn she has some nice calves!

Steve and Matt look at each other confused as several rows over, Black Barbie sneaks into the same bathroom Bubbles went in. Bubbles is in the mirror checking herself out when Black Barbie approaches her.

BUBBLES

Well?

BLACK BARBIE

Oh hell yeah girl! You're in there.

Bubbles nods her head with approval as she continues to fix her hair.

END OF TEASER

ACT 1

INT./ESTB. VERCAST CALL CENTER - MORNING

INT. LEVEL THREE AREA

Malcolm is typing on his computer when Matt and Steve approach him.

STEVE

Say man, what was that?

MALCOLM

What?

MATT

Don't act like you wasn't trippin'!
What was all that she has nice calves
shit?

MALCOLM

I said she had nice calves. So?

MATT

Dude, that shit ain't normal!

MALCOLM

Here we go! Everyone singling me out
like I'm the only one with fetishes
here!

MATT

I ain't saying that, but calves? Come
on fool!

MALCOLM

You know, get out of here! Yall not gonna pin this strangeness thing on me.

Before he can continue, Terrance walks over with a fast food bag in his hand.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Young buck. What attracts you to females?

TERRANCE

What? You know that's some strange shit to ask somebody as soon as they walk in.

MATT

Nah, he just asking cause this sorry fool here made a comment on Bubble's calves and shit. He said that shit is normal.

TERRANCE

Calves? Why not just say legs, I mean that's more normal than calves.

MATT

I'm saying! This fool is just trippin'!

MALCOLM

Hold up! Terrance, answer the question.

(MORE)

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

There has to be something that attracts you to women that may be a little abnormal.

TERRANCE

I mean, don't get me wrong, I like a chick with some nice shoulders, but that ain't the only thing---

MALCOLM

Shoulders? Yall think I'm trippin?

Steve and Matt both begin laughing as Tasha makes her way over to listen to the discussion.

MATT

Say Tee, shoulders is some strange shit. I mean, do you like broad shoulder, or what the fuck?

TERRANCE

Nah, it ain't like that. I just like them firm, and smooth, you know.

TASHA

Kind of like mine?

Terrance checks out Tasha's shoulders and nods his head with approval.

TERRANCE

See I can work with that.

MALCOLM

Anyway, you're strange, moving on.
What about you Mr. I'm greater than
everyone else? Care to share with the
group?

MATT

Hell nah I aint afraid! Check it out,
I like a honey with some nice lips.

MALCOLM

God bless it! Lips? Dude, you're the
one with issues here.

MATT

Ain't nothing wrong with lips,
especially the pouty ones. Like
Angelina, ya dig.

MALCOLM

No we do not dig! Always criticizing,
and you're no better!

MATT

Man whatever! All I know is more guys
are attracted to lips then calves!

Malcolm and Matt continue to go back and forth until Tasha
decides to question Steve.

TASHA

So Steve, what is your fetish?

Everyone is silent as they await an answer from Steve.

STEVE

Why is my name getting into this? This discussion has nothing to do with me.

TERRANCE

Shit, it didn't have nothing to do with me! I'm just walking over trying to eat my breakfast, and I walk into twenty questions and shit.

MALCOLM

Yeah, we all answered the question, so fess up and tell us what gets you going, other than Tasha that is.

Tasha shoots Malcolm a middle finger as Steve hesitates for a moment.

STEVE

Fine, whatever. I have a foot a fetish, yall happy now?

Tasha is stunned while the others in the group all laugh.

MATT

Are you serious? Man that's crazy.

MALCOLM

I ain't gonna lie, dude you are off the chain with that one.

STEVE

Yeah, laugh it up, but I bet any of you that's more common than the crazy shit yall into!

TERRANCE

I don't know. It may be more common,
but it's still strange as hell.

MALCOLM

I'm sayin'! You would have been better
off saying you like crapin' on chicks!

MATT

Shittin' on chicks? Dude you went too
far on that one.

MALCOLM

Don't act like you ain't never tried
that before. It's warm and cushy,
and...

Everyone looks at Malcolm strangely as he becomes silent. He
then starts laughing nervously.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
(LAUGHING)

I'm just messin' with yall man! Dude
if you can see yall faces! I mean,
yall were like wow!

MATT

Don't front fool. We ain't buying
that.

Malcolm slowly goes into his cubicle as everyone shakes their
head.

MATT (CONT'D)

You know what's a trip, that all this time we've been checkin' out the honeys, and we say they're fine and shit, but every last one of us was looking at something different.

TERRANCE

That's how it is, you know. I mean everyone has their thing.

Steve nods and is about to turn to his computer when Tasha stops him.

TASHA
(SMILING)

I never knew you had a foot fetish.

STEVE

You think I tell you everything?

TASHA

I thought you did. So you holding out on me I see.

STEVE

Look, it's not a big deal. I mean, who goes around advertising they have a foot fetish. Be real now.

TASHA

I am being real. I mean we've know each other for a couple of years, and all the time we've been hanging out, this never came up once.

Steve shrugs as he starts typing on his computer. Tasha smiles as she moves in a little closer.

TASHA (CONT'D)

So how bad are you with that?

STEVE

What do you mean?

TASHA

I mean does a chick's feet drive you wild, or---

STEVE

Look, I'm not talking about this now!
Damn!

TASHA

Oh my god! You must be really bad!

STEVE

Don't you have work to do?

TASHA

Yes I do. My job from now and to the end of the night is to get you to admit that you're into it bad!

STEVE

It's not that bad damn!

TASHA

Prove it.

Steve turns around from his computer and faces Tasha.

STEVE

Are you serious?

TASHA

Yep. I bet you that I can drive you crazy tonight where you'll admit that you're into it bad.

STEVE

You know what, you're insane.

TASHA

And you're afraid. Never thought you'd back down from a bet.

Steve thinks for a moment before finally agreeing to the bet.

STEVE

Fine. The terms?

TASHA

If I win, you have to kiss my feet passionately in front of everyone at Wing Point. Gives you a little pleasure and pain all at the same time.

STEVE

Alright. If I win, you're gonna have to do a strip tease in front of everyone at Wing Point. All the way down to your bra and panties.

Tasha is silent as Steve smiles.

STEVE (CONT'D)

What's the matter?

TASHA

Don't you think that's a bit much?

STEVE

Shouldn't be nothing if you're certain you're gonna win. We'll rent one of the party booths, and let you do your thing in front of everyone.

TASHA

See I was just trying to humiliate you a little bit! You're going too far, as usual.

STEVE

You don't like my terms, back down.

Tasha is silent for a moment before eventually nodding her head in agreement.

TASHA

You're on!

Tasha and Steve shake hands to seal the deal.

TASHA (CONT'D)

Alright, I'll see you tonight.

STEVE

Cool, I... Wait, I can't do tonight. I'm with Barbie tonight for dinner.

TASHA

I'll wait. So go to dinner, have your jungle love, and then meet me at my crib.

STEVE

Girl I may be all night.

TASHA

Not from what she told me.

Tasha has a devious smile on her face as Steve smiles as well.

STEVE

You're wrong for that one.

TASHA

I know. I'm sorry. So, when you kiss my feet in front of everyone, should I bring whip cream to make it more enjoyable?

STEVE

Nah, I'm good. Just make sure that you don't have any holes in your drawers when you're dancing. Wouldn't want it to become a porn dance or anything.

TASHA

Boy you stupid!

Steve nods his head as Tasha makes her way back to her desk.

Hours later, Malcolm is typing a few items on his computer, when something catches his eye. He writes down some info on his notepad, and quickly makes his way over to MS. ETTA's desk.

Ms. Etta rolls her eyes as she takes off her headset.

MS. ETTA

What?

MALCOLM

Hey, could you check this account
number for me?

Ms. Etta takes the paper and looks at it. She adjusts her
glasses trying to read the paper.

MS. ETTA

What is this shit?

MALCOLM

This is an account where you closed
the ticket I was working on.

MS. ETTA

So?

MALCOLM

So I was on the phone with the
customer and fixed the problem.

MS. ETTA

I called the customer, and they didn't
pick up the line on a third attempt.

MALCOLM

They didn't pick up the line cause I
was on the phone with them!

Ms. Etta gives Malcolm an intimidating look, which causes him
to back off a bit.

MS. ETTA

Boy, get your narrow Muslim ass away
from me before you find my boot lodged
in your throat!

Malcolm slowly backs down as he cautiously goes back into his cubicle. He logs into his computer once again and begins typing.

MALCOLM
(TO HIMSELF)

Old bag. Don't know what the hell
she's doing. Closing tickets she ain't
got no business closing---

BUBBLES
(O.S.)

Hey, are you busy?

Malcolm is stunned to see Bubbles standing outside his cubicle with a big smile on her face.

MALCOLM
Bubb... I mean, hey you. No, I'm not
busy, what you need?

BUBBLES
I need help on a account. I think I
made a boo boo.

MALCOLM
Well, let's see if we can kiss it and
make it better.

Bubbles smiles as she leans in closely to check out Malcolm's computer screen. Terrance turns around and notices Bubbles bending over into Malcolm's cubicle.

Her short skirt is riding up, which causes him to tap Steve's cubicle to get his attention. Steve pokes his head out and immediately notices Bubbles.

STEVE
(WHISPERING)

What the hell is she doing here?

TERRANCE
(WHISPERING)

Entertaining me for the moment. Don't
know what she's doing with Malcolm.

STEVE
(WHISPERING)

I may be wrong here, but I don't think
she's wearing any underwear.

Steve throws a pen at Pete's cubicle to get his attention.
Pete pokes his head out of his cubicle, and notices Bubbles
as well. All the guys are silent as they admire her back
side.

Jeffrey walks over reading a few papers heading towards
Malcolm's cubicle.

JEFFREY
(HEAVY AFRICAN ACCENT)

Hey Malcolm, I came across this
account you had last, and I was
wondering why---
(LOOKING AT BUBBLES)

Oh my god!

Bubbles jumps up and straightens her dress out. The guys all
shoot Jeffrey an evil look as he backs away with a smile on
his face.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)
(HEAVY AFRICAN ACCENT)

I'm sorry, I'll come back later.

Malcolm stands up and begins walking Bubbles down the aisle.

MALCOLM

I'm so sorry that my coworker there is
a little immature. I hope he didn't
embarrass you.

BUBBLES

No, I'm cool.

MALCOLM

Well, I hope I was able to fix your problem for you.

BUBBLES

Oh yeah, you really fixed me. Tell you what, can I buy you lunch later, just to say thanks?

MALCOLM

Oh, no, that won't be necessary! I don't mind helping out a lovely woman such as yourself.

BUBBLES

(GRABBING MALCOLM'S HAND)

I must insist.

Malcolm gasps as he becomes a little nervous.

MALCOLM

Um, sure. What did you have in mind?

BUBBLES

I don't know. Something nice and spicy. Something to get the juices flowing, you know.

MALCOLM

(NERVOUSLY)

Yeah. I got you. Damn is it getting hot in here?

Bubbles smiles as she walks away leaving Malcolm alone in the aisle. Malcolm walks back with the crew all waiting for him.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

What?

STEVE

Don't give us the what speech? What's up with you and Bubbles?

MALCOLM

Huh? Aw, nothing, she just trippin' that's all.

STEVE

Trippin' my ass! She was all up on you! Not a bad catch. She may have a Mike Tyson face, but she damn sure has a Robin Givens body.

MALCOLM

That girl don't look that bad.

MATT

Oh shit! He gettin' defensive, must be serious!

STEVE

You see huh? Factor in the fact that it was you trippin' on her face in the first place!

MALCOLM

You know what, why don't all yall get off my tip and get some work done!

MATT

Look at him, a regular Templeton and
shit now!

The group continues to joke with Malcolm who eventually
ignores them and heads to his cubicle.

END OF ACT 1

ACT 2

INT./ESTB. VERCAST CALL CENTER - EVENING

INT. BREAK ROOM

Malcolm is sitting at a table alone checking out his cell phone, when Bubbles arrives with a couple of restaurant bags in her hand. She takes a seat across from Malcolm, who puts his phone away and checks out the food.

BUBBLES

Hey, they were out of ranch dressing.
I got you Italian, I hope you don't
mind.

MALCOLM

Nah, that's cool.

BUBBLES

So, how do you enjoy level three? Is
it hard?

MALCOLM

Not at all. Don't tell anyone, but
it's the easiest job in the building.
We have to know a lot, but it's cool.

Bubbles smiles as she samples some of her food.

BUBBLES

Wow, this chicken is so good. You want
a bite?

MALCOLM

Nah, I'm good.

BUBBLES

I think I have to insist.

MALCOLM

Man! You're an insistent thing aren't
you?

Bubbles nods her head as she cuts a piece of chicken and feeds it to Malcolm with her fork. Malcolm smiles as he eats the chicken.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Yeah. That chicken is off the hook.

BUBBLES

Glad you like it. Anyway, I was asking about level three cause I wanted to know what I need to do to get over there.

MALCOLM

You have to know your stuff that's all. Once you get the technical part down, it's all good.

BUBBLES

I'm pretty good at troubleshooting. I would love to come over there because you and your crew are so close.

MALCOLM

Yeah we gotta be! Our grape ape supervisor is hardly there for help, so we got to lean on each other.

BUBBLES

Well, that's cool, but I'm talking about friendships, and how you all are there for each other.

MALCOLM

We all have our homies, you know. I mean, me and Matt been cool since highschool, so we always do our thing.

Bubbles smiles as Malcolm takes a sip of his drink.

BUBBLES

So, you and Matt are cool. What about everyone else? Are yall paired or something?

MALCOLM

I wouldn't say paired, but we have our little sub groups if you will. Like Kelly and Jeffrey, but Kelly normally hangs with Ms. Etta and Tasha too, so it depends.

BUBBLES

Really? I thought Tasha was Steve's home girl?

MALCOLM

Don't get me started about those two. They real tight. I could tell you a million stories about them.

A devious smile enters Bubbles face as she takes a sip of her drink.

BUBBLES

Million stories huh? By all means, do
tell.

Malcolm is surprised when Bubbles starts rubbing her leg on his under the table.

MALCOLM

Um... Did I mention... That I'm
married?

BUBBLES

Okay. Well, a married guy can't have a
little fun?

MALCOLM

Fun yes, but you're looking like you
want to have more than a little fun.

BUBBLES

What's happens at Vercast and the
surrounding areas isn't nobody's
business but ours.

Malcolm reacts nervously as Bubbles continues to rub her leg on his.

MALCOLM

Well, you might be onto something
here.

BUBBLES

Maybe. So, what's up with ya girl
Tasha and Steve?

Malcolm smiles as Bubbles takes a sip of her drink.

END OF ACT 2

ACT 3

INT./ESTB. TASHA'S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

INT. LIVING ROOM

Tasha is wearing a robe and slippers watching tv on her couch when there is a knock at her door. She quickly rushes over to the door and checks the peep hole. She opens the door to let Steve in.

Steve is surprised to see her dressed the way she is.

STEVE

Damn! We're not doing anything freaky
are we?

TASHA

Shut up! I just felt it would help me
out to win my bet if I dressed in
something a little more appealing.

STEVE

Yeah, I bet. So what's the rules here?
I don't want to be all night.

TASHA

Simple. Once you say it's too much, I
win.

STEVE

Fine, how long do we have?

Tasha looks at the time on her cable box.

TASHA

I can break you by two.

STEVE

Two? Come on girl, I'm trying to get some sleep tonight! One fifteen, tops.

TASHA

Okay, fine, but you're going to make me pull out the big guns.

Tasha drops her robe to reveal sexy lingerie. Steve gasps as she walks up to him and pushes him on the couch.

STEVE

I... I ask again. We're not going to do anything we're not supposed to, right?

Tasha smiles as she mounts him slowly. She moves in closely to whisper something in his ear.

TASHA
(WHISPERING)

No. Not unless you want to.

Steve gulps as Tasha jumps off of him and lies on the far side off the couch. She takes off her shoes and begins rubbing her feet across Steve's midsection. After a few moments, Steve stops her.

TASHA (CONT'D)

What, you're done already?

STEVE

No, I'm just curious. Who painted these nails?

TASHA

Me, why?

STEVE

This is the best you can do? This is pathetic. Where's the polish?

TASHA

They don't look that---

STEVE

Nail polish please!

Tasha jumps up and makes her way to her bedroom. After several moments, she returns with nail polish in her hands.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Sit!

Tasha is stunned with Steve's aggressiveness, but takes a seat as he commands. She gives Steve the nail polish. Steve begins painting Tasha's toe nails as she sits quietly.

About an half hour later, Steve puts the finishing touches on her nails, and nods his head.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Now that's a thing of beauty if I say so myself.

Tasha looks at her feet and is impressed with the work.

TASHA

Shit Steve! It's a sad day when you can paint my toe nails better than me!

Steve smiles as he leans back on the couch.

STEVE

Yeah. It is sad. It's also sad that we have about thirty minutes to the dead line, and you have to wait for your feet to dry to tempt me!

Tasha looks at the clock and confirms the time. She shoots Steve a dirty look as Steve laughs at her.

TASHA

You bastard! You planned this the whole time!

STEVE

I did.

TASHA

That's not fair! I want a do over!

STEVE

Sorry. A deal's a deal. Wouldn't have helped you much anyway cause I got with Barbie tonight. Worked out my sexual frustrations with her real good just in case you didn't fall for that. That number you're wearing, it's nice. I think the rest of the group would love to see you strip in that!

Tasha quickly begins fanning her feet as Steve grabs the remote and begins watching tv.

With about fifteen minutes left before the dead line, Steve is dozing off when he's suddenly awoken by Tasha, who is rubbing her feet on his mid section once again.

TASHA

Hey sleepy head. Polish is dry, and I still have fifteen minutes.

STEVE

It's over Tash. Give it up.

TASHA

I still have time, so come and feel
it!

Tasha continues to try and tempt Steve by rubbing one foot on his midsection, and one foot on his face.

With two minutes left in the dead line Steve is still holding strong. He looks at Tasha and notices she's becoming a little discouraged. He rolls his eyes as he stops Tasha's advances.

STEVE

Alright, alright. I can't take it!
Okay, damn!

A big smile enters Tasha's face as she jumps up.

TASHA

Yes! Yes! I knew it, I knew it!

STEVE

Damn girl, calm down. You gonna wake
the neighbors.

TASHA

Ha, I know you want me now! Just say
it! Come on!

STEVE

Yeah, right. Anyway, I'll talk to you
tomorrow.

Steve gets up and is about to walk out when Tasha stops him.

TASHA

So, you know I'm bringing my camera
tomorrow to the Point to document the
whole thing right?

STEVE

I wouldn't expect nothing less from
you.

TASHA

Aw, you're not going to be a sore
loser on me are you?

STEVE

Nope. I'm too tired to be a sore
loser. I'll holla at you tomorrow.

Steve makes his way out of Tasha's front door as Tasha looks
on with disappointment.

END OF ACT 3

ACT 4

INT./ESTB. WING POINT - NIGHT (NEXT DAY)

INT. PRIVATE BOOTH

Steve and Tasha are gathered in a private booth with the whole group conversing and drinking with each other. Tasha smiles as she gets Steve's attention. She stands up to address the group as Steve lowers his head in embarrassment.

TASHA

Hey, let me get everyone's attention
real quick! Come on, just for a second
please!

Everyone quiets down as Tasha continues.

TASHA (CONT'D)

Okay, well me and Steve here had one
of our legendary bets, and I'm glad to
inform you that I am the victor once
again!

Everyone starts laughing as Steve shakes his head in embarrassment.

JEFFREY
(HEAVY AFRICAN ACCENT)

What's the matter with you? You always
lose! Why do you keep betting?

Steve remains silent as Tasha continues on.

TASHA

Well, I'm not going to get into
specifics of this bet!

Everyone begins booing as Tasha tries to regain their favor.

TASHA (CONT'D)

But... But, I do have a special
showing for you all tonight! As it's
time for Steve to pay up.

Tasha takes her camera out of her purse and hands it to Kelly who is sitting across from her.

TASHA (CONT'D)

So, without further ado, I give you
your coworker and good friend Steve...
(KICKING HER FEET ON THE
TABLE)

And give you the kissing of the feet
humiliation!

Everyone begins laughing as Steve shakes his head in shame. They all begin to chant kiss repeatedly as Tasha awaits Steve.

STEVE

Alright, alright! Damn!

Tasha watches as Steve removes her shoe from her foot. He quickly kisses her foot. He's met with boos as Tasha stops him.

TASHA

Hold on! No, the bet was a passionate
kiss, not a peck. Passion requires
tongue.

Steve sighs as he once again goes in and passionately kisses her foot, much to the delight of the group. Tasha stops him once more as she addresses the group.

TASHA (CONT'D)

Wait! Hold up. I believe the bet was
feet not foot! Come on, one more!

Everyone starts chanting other foot, as Steve sighs once more. He takes off Tasha's other shoe and kisses it once again, much to the satisfaction of the workers, and Tasha.

After the deed is done everyone begins laughing and making fun of Steve, who lowers his head in embarrassment once more. Tasha hugs Steve as she grabs a beer and offers it to him.

About an hour later the group has split up around the bar mingling with each other. Tasha walks over to Steve with two beers in her hand as she takes a seat.

TASHA (CONT'D)

Hey. I thought you might need another one after the scoring you took tonight.

STEVE

If you really wanted to help, you should have given me something stronger, to make sure my mouth is disinfected.

Tasha pokes Steve in the ribs playfully as Steve laughs.

TASHA

Very funny. Look, I wanted... Look thanks for that.

STEVE

For what? You won the bet.

TASHA

Did I?

Steve smiles as he takes a sip of his beer.

STEVE

What are you implying?

TASHA

I'm implying that you gave in just so
I wouldn't make an ass out of myself.

STEVE

Is that so?

TASHA

I know you did.

STEVE

Let me ask you something, if, and I'm
not admitting I did, but if I did,
would you really want me to tell you?
I mean let's face it; your ego is too
proud for that.

TASHA

Shut up! I don't have an ego!

STEVE

Girl please, you're ego is out of
control. I told you a fetish doesn't
work that way, but you were so sure.

TASHA

So you're admitting that you took a
dive?

Steve smiles as he hesitates before answering her.

STEVE

Nope. You got that shorty.

Tasha smiles as she kisses Steve on the cheek.

TASHA

You are such a liar.

Steve still doesn't respond as Terrance, Matt, and Malcolm all make their way over.

MALCOLM

Damn! What's going on here? Catch you two off guard did we?

TASHA

No you didn't. There isn't anything going on.

MALCOLM
(SARCASTICALLY)

Let's see, you got the dude sucking on your toes, and there's nothing going on. I'd believe that, sure!

Tasha smiles as she walks off leaving Steve alone with the guys.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

My man, Mr. Foot! What's up?

Steve shakes his head as he takes another sip of his beer.

Over on the far end of the bar, Tasha takes a seat next to Kelly. She has a big smile on her face which Kelly questions.

KELLY

What are you so chipper about?

TASHA

I'm going for it.

KELLY

Excuse me?

TASHA

I'm about to break a promise. I'm going for him.

KELLY

So, you're gonna take on Barbie, or whatever yall call her?

TASHA

Yep. Steve is remarkable, and I can't take it anymore. I got to have him!

KELLY

I don't know. I'd rethink that.

Tasha is stunned as she questions Kelly.

TASHA

Are you serious? I mean you were the one telling me I should, and now you're saying no. What the hell?

KELLY

I thought he was sweet too, but that was until the whole foot fetish thing came out.

TASHA

Well, I admit, it's a little kinky, but it's not---

KELLY

No you're not getting me here. When you told me that he painted your toenails, I was like damn, that's a good guy. Now, after finding out that's what he's into, it doesn't hold as much weight.

Tasha shakes her head in denial.

TASHA

Nah, I'm not going to let you trip on that, cause that bet we had, he let me win so I wouldn't humiliate myself in front of yall.

KELLY

Or, he saw a way to endure his fetish a little more. Humiliation to him, yes, but there had to be some small amount from pleasure from it.

Tasha laughs as Kelly takes a few sips of her beer.

TASHA

You realize what you're saying? You're saying he's just into me for my feet. That's just retarded.

KELLY

I'm not saying just for your feet, but he's getting something out of it.

(MORE)

KELLY (CONT'D)

Think about it, Barbie probably doesn't listen to him, she probably doesn't go for the foot fetish thing, and she probably doesn't like hanging out as much, which are all things that you and him do. It may not be what you think, that's all I'm saying.

TASHA

I don't know Kel, I mean I really think he's about more than that.

KELLY

I know, that's because you're thinking with your heart, and not your head.

Tasha shakes her head in denial as Kelly laughs at her.

TASHA

What?

KELLY

It's all or nothing with you, isn't it?

TASHA

You're not there when we hang out. You don't see the other stuff, non foot related. I mean, when I was having issues with my dad, he was there. He blew off Barbie and took a lot of heat for it, and all for me.

KELLY

Alright. You know I got your back
either way, but you said it yourself
that you didn't want to ruin the
friendship, and you know if this goes
bad, you'll never get it back.

Tasha nods her head with understanding as Jeffrey makes his way over to them.

JEFFREY
(STRONG AFRICAN ACCENT)

Excuse me ladies, but Kelly, would you
please join me in a dance or two?

KELLY

I'd love to.

Kelly smiles as Jeffrey leads her on to the dance floor.
Tasha takes a few sips of her beer as she looks towards
Steve, who is clowning around with the other guys.

She admires him for a few moments as a look of concern fills
her eyes.

TASHA
(TO HERSELF)

Shit.

Tasha remains silent as she continues to drink her beer
alone.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END