

ONE NIGHT STAND

Written by

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SCHOOL BELL RINGS. HIGH SCHOOL. CHANGE OF CLASS.

INT. PEACHTREE CITY HIGH TEACHERS' LOUNGE - DAY

MARCIE FITZPATRICK, red head mid-40s, sits at a round table with another blond teacher in the empty teachers' lounge. Her brown bag lunch consists of green pepper slices, several slices of lunchmeat, a cheesestick, and apple slices.

Marcie pops an apple slice topped with a piece of cheese in her mouth and chews thoughtfully.

MARCIE

I thought I could make a difference, you know. All the movies show a white teacher stepping into an inner city school and changing kids for the better.

The blond teacher nods in sympathizing agreement.

NIA WEAVER, early 30s, African American enters the room, carrying a bottle of water, and walks over to the microwave nearest the wall. She opens it and takes out the food. She closes the lid labeled NIA on it.

NIA

Ms. Fitzgerald, are you on this again?

Nia walks over to the other microwave, opens the door, and removes the food. She puts the lid labeled CAMERON on it. Then Nia turns towards Marcie.

Marcie shoots Nia an exasperated look.

MARCIE

Another fight in the halls this morning. That's three this week and it's only Tuesday. Why can't they be more like you? I've never even seen you do the angry black woman thing.

NIA

I was these kids. I grew up in a single mom household with a deadbeat dad. We had welfare, food stamps--

MARCIE

And now you have it all-- two degrees, a nice house, a fine husband, a good job, just one kid, not five or six of them. You're a contributing member to society.

Marcie lowers her voice.

MARCIE (CONT'D)

I have a pregnant 9th grader. What can she contribute?

Nia puts both containers back into her lunch bag and picks up her water.

NIA

Marcie, these kids will be exactly what we show them they can be. Now I have some work to finish grading.

INT. PEACHTREE CITY HIGH HALLWAY - DAY

CAMERON WEAVER, early 30s, African American male, wearing business attire, walks by the teachers' lounge. Nia joins him, reaches into the lunch bag, pulls out one of the dishes and hands it to him.

NIA

You forgot your lunch again.

CAMERON

Thanks but I could have stepped out and gotten something to eat.

NIA

Why step out when you have what you need at home?

Cameron and Nia walk down the hall.

NIA (CONT'D)

I was thinking we should make sure Kendra has all black teachers next year.

CAMERON (O.S.)

Why?

NIA

No reason. I just think it would be good for her development and self-esteem.

CAMERON

She's in a good school and doing well.

Nia looks stops and looks at Cameron.

NIA

There aren't any black teachers in her "good school"? She needs to have strong black female role models.

Cameron kisses Nia on the forehead.

CAMERON

She has you. Did you get me a drink?

NIA

I forgot. Here. Have mine.

Nia hands Cameron her water bottle.

INT. WEAVER BEDROOM - DAY

Nia lies in bed, under the covers. She has her cellphone in hand. Her thumb moves rhythmically on the screen as she scrolls through the phone. She pauses then holds the phone up, pointing it towards the open door of the en suite bathroom.

NIA

Awww. Carolyn just posted pics of her new baby. Look.

Cameron, wearing dark slacks and an undershirt, peeks his head through the doorway. He has a toothbrush in his mouth. He raises an eyebrow.

NIA (CONT'D)

Carolyn. From work. Ms. Grady.

Cameron nods and ducks his head back into the bathroom. The sound of running water can be heard. Cameron gargles.

Nia turns the phone back towards herself and stares at the screen.

NIA (CONT'D)

When are we going to have another one?

Cameron spits the water into the sink with a loud splash. He emerges from the bathroom wiping at his face with a hand towel.

CAMERON

We tried for another and got
Kendra. We agreed she's enough.

Cameron walks over to Nia's side of the bed and leans down.

Nia tilts her face towards Cameron, her eyes not leaving the phone. She slightly puckers her lips. Cameron hesitates then kisses her forehead.

Nia looks up with confusion. Cameron straightens then walks towards the closet. He opens the door and steps inside.

Nia watches Cameron as he takes the shirt off a hanger.

NIA

Where's your wedding ring?

Cameron places the hanger back on the bar. He takes the tie off the shirt and puts it on the closet door knob. Then he puts on the shirt. He steps out of the closet, buttoning the shirt from the bottom up.

CAMERON

It doesn't fit me anymore.

Nia looks back down at her phone.

NIA

You should have it resized.

Cameron buttons the cuffs on the shirt sleeves. Then he takes the tie off the door knob and slips the tie over his head.

CAMERON

And you should get dressed. It
doesn't look good for the assistant
principal's wife to arrive late all
the time.

Nia puts down the phone.

NIA

I knew you were going to say that
so...

Nia swings her legs over the side of the bed and stands up, revealing herself to be dressed in the traditional teacher garb of a long skirt and colorful top. Nia lifts her arms in a voila motion. She smiles at Cameron.

NIA (CONT'D)
Satisfied, Mr. Weaver? Or should I
say Coach Weaver?

Nia walks towards Cameron. She stops before him and
straightens his tie. Then she tugs on the tie a bit and tilts
her face up towards Cameron again.

Cameron removes his tie from Nia's grasp.

CAMERON
When are you going to grow up?

Then he stretches towards the dresser and grabs his keys. He
pockets them.

NIA
Never! Cam, you know you love my
sense of humor.

Nia smiles and wraps her arms around Cameron's waist. Cameron
grabs her arms and removes them from his waist.

CAMERON
How many times do I have to ask you
to stop calling me that? I'm a
grown ass man.

NIA
Cam...eron, what's wrong? What did
I do?

CAMERON
I gotta go.

INT. PEACHTREE CITY HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Nia stands in front of a class packed with students.

AVERY CHATHAM, a black male teen with a high top fade, has
his head on the desk, sleeping. Two more students scroll
mindlessly through their cellphones.

NIA
Avery!

Avery's head shoots up. The class LAUGHS.

NIA (CONT'D)
Class, listen up. Your homework
over the Fall Break-