

Jordan, CALVIN, RICK, and TYRELL are lounging in the suite, the TV on low, beers open, chips everywhere. The energy is wild but comfortable. They're mid-laugh.

CALVIN

Man, y'all remember when Rick cried at your engagement dinner like somebody shot his puppy?

RICK

Those onion-crust green beans were emotional, bro.

TYRELL

Nah, that was the whiskey talking. He was hugging the waiter.

JORDAN

Y'all stupid.

Suddenly, a knock at the door. RICK jumps up.

RICK

Ayyy, it's showtime!

He opens the door. Two beautiful women in revealing outfits step in.

RICK

Fellas... meet your entertainment.
This is Passion... and that's Thunder.

Everyone cheers like they just won a championship. The ladies smirk.

THUNDER

Alright... who's the unlucky one
giving up his freedom?

All fingers point to JORDAN.

PASSION

Aww, he's cute. Bet you make a fine
husband... tomorrow.

She walks toward him, pulls a small leather whip from her bag.

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JORDAN

Whoa. Is that regulation size?

TYRELL

It's happening!

CUT TO: