

Jordan's eyes stay fixed on the door down the hall. His body is coiled, ready to charge. Calvin dangles the gun in his hand like a toy.

CALVIN

Bruh, let's just go in there, cap this fool, and get your woman. Easy. Boom. Done.

SIMONE

Shut up, Calvin! This ain't no video game.

RICK

Yeah, man. Put that toy away before you shoot your damn foot.

TYRELL

For real. Ain't nobody tryna spend the night in county behind your dumb ass.

SIMONE

Jordan, please. Don't let him bait you into this. You go knockin' on that door? Kara will never trust you again.

JORDAN

She's in there... with him.

SIMONE

Then let me handle it. I'll call her. Right now. On my phone.

Jordan hesitates.

RICK

She's right, bruh. Just breathe.

TYRELL

Yeah. Don't play into Malik's hands.

Calvin shakes his head.

CALVIN

Man, y'all sound weak. Jordan, you really gonna go out like a bitch? That's your fiancå. You gon' let  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALVIN (CONT'D)  
another man hold her hostage while we  
sittin' around singin' kumbaya?

Jordan stares at him, torn.

SIMONE  
Don't listen to him. I swear to you,  
Jordan, Kara didn't go there to betray  
you. She went there to free herself.  
Let me call her. Please.

Jordan exhales hard. Simone tug him back toward the suite.

RICK  
Ignore Calvin, man. Dude think he in a  
John Wick sequel.

TYRELL  
Yeah, you dont need this type of  
drama.

Calvin groans dramatically as they all shuffle back inside.