

MARTI
Give up the 411.

LYRIC
We went to the bayou-

MARTI
The bayou?

LYRIC
Mmhmm.

MARTI
Whatever. Well umm- what yall did
at the bayou?

LYRIC
We walked, and we talked...and he
washed my feet.

MARTI
What? Girl? I'd just love for a
nigga to wash these feet.

LYRIC
Yes girl, I know.
(a beat)
Then he laid me down. Then he
rubbed my head so gently.

MARTI
Lyric, you were making love. Come
live with me and be my love and we
will soon in pleasures prove.
Golden sands and crystal brooks.
Silken lines and silver hooks. Go
on girl. John Don, 1572-1631.

LYRIC
Marti, you know what?

MARTI
What?

LYRIC
There can be someone out there that
can give you the same thing.

MARTI
This girl? Please. A man that is
better than Lanzo? I don't think
so.