

Many in the room begin to CLAP. Cicero raises his hands with joy. But Amay marks: Earl looks displeased. His eyes shift from Amay to Cicero and back.

AMAY (CONT'D)  
Now Uncle Earl, I only called Cicero because we know how you feel about Turner Carrol and your dream project. You guys paid basically scraps for it back in the day. How many years ago was it? And, ever since, done nothing with it. What do you say, Unc? Inclusion?

Earl is impassive, inscrutable. He takes his time lighting a cigar. Takes a long puff.

EARL  
Now, we all got skin in the game when it comes to Turner Carrol and we'd like to see some return on that investment I agree. And no hard feelings trying to blindside me the day my son is finally out of the joint--

A CHORUS of well-meaning protests erupts from the other tables.

EARL (CONT'D)  
But we have plans for that building. Plans that got put on hold when Eric went away. And because of other things you know--

CICERO  
Plans!? A boarding school in the middle of the hood? Not to mention we would still be spending money. Let's actually make some. Come on Earl. You sold us that moonshine years ago. Times have changed. It's time to move on. New investments.

EARL  
I don't hear nobody bitchin' but you!

Earl GLARES at the other men in the room. Their demeanor agrees with Cicero but they fear Earl

CICERO  
Earl you have to reason. Amay's family will turn it to affordable housing for everybody. You saying we don't need that in the hood?

EARL ROMAN  
Amay, no disrespect, but what happens when the Maggadinos get the building? And all the jobs turning it into -- what EVER? Neph, this here is the EAST-side. I'm sure it's some empty buildings in North Buffalo that got y'all name on it.

Amay LAUGHS.

AMAY  
Uncle Earl. Gentlemen. I'm not here to put the screws to anybody especially with millions ready to go. Just wanted to share it with everyone who should have a say. This ain't chicken feed. You all talk and decide. And, Uncle Earl, you know I love you and your family but, Don't cut your nose off to spite your face. It's the best offer you will get.

Amay shares a knowing glance with Cicero.

End

AMAY (CONT'D)  
Let me know.  
(departing)  
Gentlemen.

~~Amay and his men exit. Earl tries to keep it buried, but he is FUMING.~~

CICERO  
~~Look, Earl. All the rest of us are onboard. What's that building ever gotten us, anyway? Except a rash of overdoses? And now what? A dead pastor near by? For what? Some pie in the sky boarding school that ain't never gonna' happen? The folks don't want it!~~

~~Earl scans the crowd. He's on his own. And he doesn't give a shit.~~