

BANGER' Z

"Inspired by some true events"

By

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"Don't pick up a flag disrespecting the ones who'll die for the set, knowing you won't."

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BLACK SCREEN:

BLOOD #1 (V.O.)

Blast that muthafuckin' crab, Blood!

Loud gunshots, screams of people in fear, and squealing tires follow behind the deep voice just heard.

What should've been a normal peaceful sunny day quickly turned violent.

FADE IN:

EXT. KETTERING HIGH SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

Students are fleeing in fear from the shootout that took place.

Cars are speeding off. Squad cars are rolling up with sirens blaring. It's complete chaos.

SUPERIMPOSE: DETROIT, MI 1997

ANGLE ON--

CRYSTAL on her knees bawling, surrounded by a group of students. Her screams leave haunting chills as the tears flow down her smooth dark skin.

Something other than the shootout caused pain in her life she'll never recover from.

CLOSE UP - CHRIS FACE

He's lying on his back with his strawberry-blond hair radiating from the sun with no regrets shown on his face.

Seeming at peace he closes his eyes, and tears roll down his light brown skin over the beauty mole on his left cheek.

The ruckus continues.

SLOWLY FADE TO BLACK.

BLACK SCREEN:

CHRIS (V.O.)

Living in Detroit...these streets tell stories only a selected few would understand.

EXT. DETROIT - EVERYWHERE - DAY INTO NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: 4 WEEKS EARLIER

The sun assists the illusion of this being a peaceful beautiful city. Somewhere you would love to settle and start a family with no worries about crime or your life being in danger.

But as day turns night, cars flood the streets with loud music. Various random acts of violence are seen, and now you see what the city is after dark, and come to the realization why Detroit is labeled "The murder mitten".

CHRIS (V.O.)

We all know red represents "Bloods" and blue represents "Crips". But just because you know this, it doesn't mean pick up a flag and start claiming shit. You need to know lit, the colors your allies and enemies wear and a whole bunch of other shit. But...that's not what this story is about. This is a story about family, but you can relate to it from a gang point of view. Because if you don't have love and loyalty at home...how can you join a set?

We come up on an empty street. Now we see the headlights from a car approaching.

ANGLE ON--

The headlights belong to a royal blue old-school Monte Carlo with black tinted windows, twenty-four inch tires and chrome spokes cruising down "Schoolcraft", Blood territory.

Blood graffiti covers the buildings, abandon houses and street signs. If you're a "Crip" you shouldn't be on this side of town. "East side rip rider" a "Crip song is heard coming from inside the car.

EXT. /INT. CLIP'S CAR - {MOVING} - CONTINUOUS

The car is smoked out.

With a Newport hanging from his mouth...CLIP grips the steering wheel tight as if it's the throat of someone he has beef with.

The royal blue Dickies he's wearing stand out because of his dark skin. Hate oozes from his bloodshot eyes looking around the area.

Chris is leaned back in the passenger seat with his eyes closed. If he's not sleep, he's on the way. Ashes from the blunt they were smoking reside on his T-shirt. Growing madder by the second continuing cruising down the shitty area, Clip takes a pull from his cigarette and the ashes fall on his pants, but that's the last thing on his mind.

CLIP

I can't Believe my nigga gone.

Chris sits up annoyed, turning his attention to Clip wondering what has him tight.

CHRIS

What?

Rolling the window down, Clip thumps the cigarette out, rolling the window back up turning the music down.

CLIP

Light that shit up.

Reaching in the ashtray, Chris grabs the half smoked blunt next to the cigarettes.

Placing the blunt in his mouth lighting it, he takes a hard pull exhaling a thick cloud, inhaling it up his nose.

CLIP (CONT'D)

A few days ago...my cuz got killed in front of his moms.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRE'S MOTHER HOUSE - NIGHT {THREE DAYS AGO}

A white Cadillac pulls up in front of the house with rotted stairs, plastic chairs on the porch and gravel covering the front lawn instead of grass.

This isn't much, but its home, considering she lives on East Van dyke which most consider the ghetto. Faint gunfire can be heard.

The music we get a brief moment of hearing comes to a stop when the engine goes off.

The driver door opens, and out comes DRE.

His wife beater is on the young side clinching tight to his massive chest. Looking around the hood as if he owns it, we see a blunt behind his right ear.

Rubbing his hand across his bald-head, he takes the blunt from his ear placing it in his mouth lighting it.

Taking a nice pull holding the smoke in, he nods his head satisfied with the quality of the weed exhaling the smoke.

Enjoying the blunt taking a seat on the hood of his car with no worries, he pulls his phone out beginning to text.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BRANDON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

FOUR SHOT - THREE BLOODS AND BRANDON

Shit talking circulates through the smoked out car.

Everybody is draped from head to toe in red.

Sitting behind the passenger seat looking like he just got jumped into a set with bruises tattooing his high yellow skin drinking "Seagram's" from the bottle is BRANDON.

Passing the bottle to the left, he picks up the Mack ten resting on his lap slamming the clip in aggressive staring at Dre anxious to kill him, because Dre is the one who beat his ass.

Mack ten locked and loaded placing it down on his lap, he pulls out a bright red bandanna wrapping it around his face bandit style.

BRANDON

Get ready to ride up on that nigga, blood.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. DRE'S MOTHER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Mellowed out on another level thinking about what to smash to calm the munchies, Dre puts the blunt out placing it in his pocket.

Taking his keys out, Dre makes his way to the porch.

Approaching the steps, he hears a car speeding his way, but he ignores it because that's typical activity in the city.

The sound of someone slamming down hard on the brakes draws his full attention turning around, but it's too little to late.

Brandon is hanging out the back window of the black Honda with red rims aiming the Mack ten directly at Dre opening fire.

The bullets ring out through the night ripping through Dre's body spinning him around, turning his once white wife beater red from the blood, dropping to the ground dead.

DRE'S MOTHER comes rushing out the house in her robe seeing Brandon, listening to them talking shit.

Looking down at the ground, what she hoped wasn't true brings the tears to her eyes dropping down holding Dre, as his blood stains her robe.

God himself wouldn't be able to ease the pain of losing her only child.

DRE'S MOTHER

Lord, wake my baby up! It's not his time,
Lord, please wake him up!

BRANDON

Crab ass niggas die young, bitch!

The car speeds off.

Dre's mother cries of woe are still heard.

COME BACK TO:

INT. CLIP'S CAR - {MOVING} - NIGHT

Understanding why Clip is in the state he's in, but unable to say anything to help the situation, Chris takes a calm pull from his cigarette shaking his head.

CHRIS

That's fucked up. How long you been
Crippin'?

CLIP

Since day one.

CHRIS

No, seriously. How long?

CLIP

I Ceen Crippin' from day one, nigga.
Anything else you wanna know, you gotta Ce
down! You wanna Ce down, cuz?

Chris takes a calm pull from his cigarette, shaking his
head no.

CHRIS

I'm straight.

CLIP

Why?

CHRIS

Because if I was a blood or a Crip, I'll
still---

CLIP

You mean slob?

CHRIS

I'd just be another statistic.

CLIP

You gotta die one day, cuz. If the streets
or hoes don't kill you, cancer will.

Disregarding his own words, Clip takes a cigarette from the
ashtray placing it in his mouth lighting it with a smile.

CHRIS

When I die it'll be from old age.

CLIP

Whatever, nigga.

Chris looks out the window noticing the "Schoolcraft" street sign they just passed, wondering why they're still on the West Side.

CHRIS

Why are we on the West?

Clip takes a pull with a wicked smile as his eyes move slow across the area making sure he doesn't miss what he's looking for.

CLIP

One of my lil C's that live round here got word Cack to me, the nigga who pulled that hoe shit Ce hanging around here.

Chris heart drops. His eyes are wide and his high is blown, staring at Clip hoping what he said was a joke.

CHRIS

What the fuck? Let me out if you on some bullshit.

Laughing low under his breath, Clip is tickled knowing Chris is scared about what could go down.

CLIP

Chill out, cuz.

Chris has no idea his complaining won't change what's about to go down.

Tuning Chris out, coming up on a liquor store tagged with Blood graffiti resting on the corner of a street filled with mainly abandon or burnt down houses, Clip spots Brandon car in the parking lot.

CHRIS

Man, don't have me caught up in no...

Clip slams down on the breaks, pulling over across the street from the store.

Reaching under his seat, Clip grabs a chrome Desert eagle placing it on his lap, before pulling out a royal blue bandanna wrapping it around his face.

Chris stares at him with a look saying "You can't be serious right now?"

CHRIS

..But you not killing this nigga, right?

CLIP

When I get out, slide over in the driver seat.

Wanting no parts of what Clip has planned, Chris stares at him shaking his head.

CHRIS

Clip, man...

Clip turns looking at Chris like he's ready to beat his ass.

CLIP

Shut the fuck up, cuz. Get in the driver seat when I get out, and wait till get Cack.

Clip gets out placing the gun under his shirt, making his way across the street to the store.

Chris slides over in the driver seat watching him, wishing he would've stayed his ass at home.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE STORE - CONTINUOUS

Bootleg shirts and hats are hanging up in the front behind the bulletproof window. Cheap old candy is on the counter, and the aisles are filled with chips and condiments. Towards the back is where the coolers are.

Yup...this is definitely a one-stop-shop store, damn near having everything you need.

Brandon is standing at the counter flamed up bullshitting with the STORE OWNER, and then he notices the expression on his face saying "You better look quick, because you're about to get fucked up."

Turning in the nick of time avoiding the punch that was about to connect with his jaw, Brandon throws a punch of his own and the fight breaks out.

They're going at it blow for blow, and then Brandon hits Clip with a good hard right staggering him back allowing him to dash for the door.

Brandon flies out the store hauling ass to his car, and here comes Clip Desert eagle in hand firing, hitting Brandon in the back dropping him before he can reach the car.

Staying on his ass, Clip runs over kicking him in the face, watching him roll around in pain.

Possibly suffering a broke nose and a bullet wound, it's safe to say Brandon is fucked.

The best thing Brandon can do in this situation is laugh, because he knows it's over.

BRANDON

Fuck you, crab!

BANG! One gun shot to the head splatters Brandon brains all over the pavement, followed with four more to the chest making sure the job is done.

CLOSE UP - CHRIS FACE

There is a possibility Chris pissed on his self how shook he looks watching Clip running back to the car.

Before Clip can get in good closing the door, Chris is pulling off down the street.

No experience behind the wheel, but Chris is doing a damn good job fleeing from the scene with his eyes wide petrified seeing someone actually get murdered in front of him, and the killer is beside him.

CHRIS

What the fuck is wrong with you?!

Not paying attention to what Chris said, Clip takes the bandanna off, and there's some blood coming from his lip and nose, but he doesn't care, reaching for a cigarette in the ashtray.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Say something, nigga!

Clip lights his cigarette taking a pull, exhaling leaning his seat back.

CLIP

Hit the crib.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLIP'S MOTHER HOUSE - NIGHT

We're back on the East Side in front of Clip's mother two-family-flat with rose bushes around the house.

This is a fairly nice quiet neighborhood, but it's still the East Side, so you can't let your guard down.

The Monte Carlo pulls up coming to a stop.

Chris is sitting registering the fact he knew his friend was crazy, but he didn't know it was this bad.

CHRIS

What the fuck is wrong with you?

Clip laughs taking the keys from the ignition, before getting out making his way to the house opening the gate walking up the walkway.

With no other option but to roll with the punches, Chris gets out heading to the house thinking about the murder, knowing he could possibly go down with Clip if he gets caught.

Luckily for Clip his mother owns the house allowing him to live in the downstairs part, because it's a mess.

It looks like non-stop house parties go on from the empty beer bottles on and surrounding the table.

Bags of weed and Swishers are on the table, and a video game on pause can be seen on the television resting inside

the entertainment system.

Clip is staring at the bloodstains on his shirt pissed off because he has to throw it away.

Chris walks in moving a pile of clothes on the floor from a chair taking a seat.

CLIP

This nigga Flood on my shit.

Disgusted, but quickly getting over the fact he has to throw the shirt away, he turns his attention to Chris.

CLIP (CONT'D)

Cuz, you want a cold one?

Questioning Clip about his actions would be pointless, so Chris just stares at him letting his eyes explain how he's feeling.

CHRIS

..Yeah.

Clip laughs walking to the kitchen, taking his shirt off tossing it to the side.

We can hear the refrigerator open, and bottles clanking.

Chris sits back with his eyes closed going through anxiety thinking about what would happen if he ends up involved in the murder.

Clip comes back holding two cold forty ounce bottles of "ST IDES" kicking Chris foot.

Opening his eyes annoyed, he snatches the beer from his hand.

Clip laughs opening his beer walking to the couch taking a seat, picking up the blunt from the ashtray on the couch.

CLIP

Loosen the fuck up, cuz.

Chris stares with a twisted face of confusion.

CHRIS

Loosen up? You just killed a nigga.

CLIP

Why you tripping about it?

(Swig)

Let me call my nigga up.

Clip pulls out a flip phone dialing up Mike, placing the phone to his ear.

Lighting up the blunt taking a pull, Mike answers on the other end.

Mike has a cool collected voice, but it sounds like Clip caught him while he was smoking.

MIKE (V.O.)

What up, cuz?

CLIP

What's cracking, nigga?

MIKE (V.O)

That five, all day.

CLIP

I caught one of them slobs slippin' tonight.

MIKE (V.O.)

Was he crying and shit?

CLIP

(Swig)

Celieve it or not, the hoe ass nigga was trying to Ce hard.

MIKE (V.O.)

Word? Were you solo?

CLIP

Nah, me and Chris was out smoking and I said fuck it, let me go find these niggas.

MIKE (V.O.)

Chris?

CLIP

(Takes a pull)

Yup.

MIKE (V.O.)

I know he was acting a fool.

CLIP

Nigga, yes.

Chris is irritated taking a deep swig from the bottle ready to call it a night.

CHRIS

Clip, come the fuck on!

MIKE (V.O.)

(Laughs)

That nigga must still be in shock.

CLIP

He some shit. Let me get this nigga to the crib.

MIKE (V.O.)

Come over after you drop him off.

CLIP

No doubt. C's up, cuz.

Hanging up grabbing the white T-shirt next to him, Clip stands up taking a swig, throwing the shirt over his shoulder.

CLIP

Let's go, before you have a heart attack
or some shit.

The joke goes right past Chris, not amused Clip isn't
taking the situation serious.

CHRIS

(Swig)

Fuck you.

Clip laughs walking out the house taking a pull from the
blunt.

Taking one last good gulp from the beer, Chris stands up
walking to the door turning the lights off, walking out.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHRIS MOTHER HOUSE - NIGHT

Chris block is quiet. All of the houses on the block have
their porch lights on. As grimy as the East side is, there
are some neighborhoods that's wholesome.

The Monte Carlo is sitting in front of Chris mother brick
house with red and white awnings over the windows. The
front yard could use a cut, but at least she has grass.

Chris mother's black Grand Am is resting in the driveway in
need of a car wash.

Chris is blanked out. It doesn't matter he made it home
safe he's still dwelling on the shooting because the image
is hard to get out his head.

Clip is shaking his arm with a blunt hanging from his mouth
aggravated Chris hasn't got over what happened.

CLIP

You good?

CHRIS

Fuck no. But I guess you good, sitting
here like you don't give a fuck.

Taking a hard pull, Clip snatches the blunt from his mouth

looking at Chris blowing the smoke in his face.

CLIP

I don't give a fuck! Them bitch ass mutts
didn't give a fuck about my nigga!

Chris turns looking at him.

CHRIS

Killing niggas is how you solve shit?

CLIP

Soon as you get yo head out them books and
look at society, you'll see shit clearer.

Chris gets out closing the door behind him walking over to
the driver door giving Clip a play.

CHRIS

What you about get into?

CLIP

Hit cuz house for a few drinks, smoke and
pass out.

CHRIS

I'll see you in school.

CLIP

Holla.

Chris steps back watching Clip drive off down the block,
turning at the corner.

Sighing deep, he turns making his way up the driveway.

NEIGHBOR NEXT DOOR (O.S.)

What up, C?

Chris looks over next door.

CHRIS

What up doe?

He gets to the side door pulling his keys out placing the

key in the door opening it, walking in.

It's not that many, but the few dishes in the sink could be washed and placed in the rack on the sink.

The refrigerator has a religious calendar on it, and various magnets, but it matches perfect with the black microwave and stove.

The wooden table with three chairs around it has some old open mail resting on it, more than likely paid on bills.

CHRIS MOTHER has that face letting you know she don't play games, standing by the microwave tapping her foot waiting on her food to get done.

Chris comes up from the basement into the kitchen walking to the refrigerator opening the door bypassing the Kool-aid and pop grabbing a bottle of water, closing the door.

Looking over at his mother seeing something has her panties in a bunch, he opens his water taking a sip, before making his conversation short and simple.

CHRIS

What up, ma?

CHRIS MOTHER

Shit. Mad as hell about these shitty hours.

CHRIS

Where Tasha at?

CHRIS MOTHER

In her room, running up the goddamn phone bill.

CHRIS

Okay.

She looks over at him and she can tell something is wrong, because his face looks flushed.

CHRIS MOTHER

Anything you care to share?

Playing it off as if he's tired, he takes another sip shaking his head no.

CHRIS

I'm good.

CHRIS MOTHER

Yeah, okay. You better be careful out there.

He laughs walking out the kitchen.

Leaving the kitchen, he comes into the tranquil living room where the stairs leading up to his room is located.

Pictures of him and his sister Tasha are on the walls surrounding the mini mirrors formed together making squares and triangles.

A long brown sofa is up against the wall, and to the side of it is a coffee table with a plant on it.

To the right is where the floor model old-school television is sitting with a VCR on top, and angled in the corners to watch television comfortably are two love seats, and another sofa up against the window.

Walking upstairs, to the right is his mother's closed bedroom door and the bathroom.

Almost directly in front of him is his closed bedroom door, and at the end of the small hall is his sister Tasha's closed bedroom door.

Approaching the door we can hear something playing on television on low.

Grabbing the knob opening the door, his face gets screwed up from what he sees.

CHRIS

What the fuck did you do?

CHRIS POV

The question was asked because her room was once all-white with boy posters on the wall...basically a room for a fifteen-year-old girl. But now...it's painted all-red.

TASHA is laid across the bed in some shorts and a shirt talking on the cordless house phone.

Because she's high yellow with natural long hair, she thinks she's the shit.

Rolling her eyes placing the phone down, she gets up from the bed walking towards him placing her hands on her hips.

TASHA

You are not daddy.

CHRIS

What did you do?

TASHA

What? I asked mama could she have the room painted red.

Feeling she doesn't have to explain herself, she tries pushing him out the door, but it fails.

CHRIS

Why?

TASHA

Because red is my favorite color.

CHRIS

Don't get fucked up.

Her sassy ass smacks her lips rolling her eyes.

TASHA

Boy, get on.

He turns his back and she tries closing the door, but he turns back around pushing the door open.

Bothered with him not letting her return to her phone conversation, she sighs deep groaning.

CHRIS

Who you on the phone with?

TASHA

That's none of your business. But if you must know, I'm talking to Tony.

CHRIS

Tony, who?

TASHA

Tony Jones.

CHRIS

The nigga I got class with?

TASHA

What's your point?

CHRIS

End that shit now, because the nigga older than you, and he's a blood.

TASHA

And I'm supposed to listen to you, because?

CHRIS

Don't do it and find out.

TASHA

Oh, my God, whatever, Chris.

He walks away.

Gathering her thoughts as if she was in a big argument, she walks back to the bed sitting down taking a deep breath before picking up the phone placing it to her ear.

TASHA

Hello?

TONY (V.O.)

Is Chris a crab?

TASHA

Who gives a fuck what he is? That's not why we're on the phone.

TONY (V.O.)

(Laughs)

You got that don't give a fuck attitude.

TASHA

Anyway. What are you doing?

TONY (V.O.)

Shit, watching the news.

TASHA

(Laughs)

You actually watch the news?

TONY (V.O.)

I keep up with...oh shit! Hurry up and turn to channel two!

She grabs her remote turning to the news.

On the screen, police have the store where Brandon was killed yellow taped off.

REPORTER #1 stands ready to report.

REPORTER #1

(Into the camera)

I'm reporting live from Schoolcraft, where the store you see behind me, seventeen-year-old Brandon Link was found gunned down in the parking lot. There was no witness to what the police are calling a gang related shooting, but the store owner had this to say.

The screen goes to the Store owner standing by a squad car shivering, doing his best to not make eye contact in the camera in fear of who could be watching the news.

STORE OWNER

This neighborhood is crazy. These kids out here are vicious. They tore up my whole store fighting, before they took it outside. Next thing I know, I heard the shots.

The camera goes back to Reporter #1 looking into the camera.

REPORTER #1

The owner of the store is being taken in for more questioning.

She turns the television off.

TONY (V.O.)

(Sobbing)

That shit happened a few blocks from here.

TASHA

Baby, let me call you back.

His sobs are the only thing coming from his end.

She hangs up sitting there for a moment.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The tiles are mint green, not a very good color. A white bath towel is on the toilet, and Chris toothpaste and toothbrush are sitting on the sink for when he's finished with his bath.

Chris is in the tub with a towel over his face leaning back against the tub relaxing.

Tasha storms in, and he quickly sits up taking the towel off.

TASHA

Chris?!

CHRIS

What?! What's going on?

TASHA

You know that boy, Brandon Link?

CHRIS

What about him?

TASHA

Somebody killed him tonight.

Chris wipes the water from his face, leaning back against the tub.

CHRIS

Well?

TASHA

Tony is pissed.

The expression on his face shows he doesn't care.

CHRIS

That's nice.

She folds her arms across her chest with wonderment in her eyes.

TASHA

I wonder who did it.

CHRIS

Why?

From wonderment to instant attitude, she drops her arms staring at him.

TASHA

Why are you acting like you don't give a fuck?

Chris closes his eyes, placing the towel over his face.

CHRIS

I don't.

She walks out, slamming the door behind her.

Taking the towel from his face, Chris knows he played it cool, but hearing about the story he witnessed personally is haunting him.

CUT TO:

INT. CLIP'S CAR - {MOVING} - NIGHT

Still out on the hunt, Clip and Mike are cruising around on Puritan looking for some more Bloods they can catch slipping.

Clip has a blunt hanging from his mouth, nodding his head to the music playing low.

MIKE, light brown skin, low fade wearing a blue flannel shirt and jeans is sitting in the passenger seat taking a sip from his "MILLER GENUINE DRAFT" forty-ounce.

CLIP

(Takes a pull)

You think it's some more of them niggas out here slippin'?

MIKE

Slobs stay slippin', cuz.

CLIP

I want the ones involved with killing our nigga.

Mike takes a swig from his beer, shrugging his shoulders.

MIKE

A slob is a slob, cuz. They all deserve to die.

Clip nods in agreement, taking a pull from the blunt.

CLIP

True.

Mike drinks the last of the forty looking at the suds in the bottle.

MIKE

Hit up a store.

Resting on the corner of Puritan there's a liquor store. The streetlight is going dim, but we can see the gang tags. Standing around the store are BLOOD #2, BLOOD #3 and BLOOD #4, all seventeen years-old wearing various red outfits. Clip comes down the street staring the group down taking a pull from the blunt.

They stare the car down.

BLOOD #2

What the fuck is wrong that nigga?

BLOOD #4

Don't sweat that shit. Niggas know how we get down on "P.A.".

BLOOD #3

Soft ass niggas, blood.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CLIP'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

They're parked in front of an abandon house with the engine still running.

Clip takes a hard pull from the blunt, before passing it to Mike.

CLIP

Cuz, you see those slobs?

MIKE

Let's get them niggas.

CLIP

Oh, we are.

Mike gets ready to pull out his bandanna, and Clip stops him.

MIKE

What's up?

CLIP

Just hold tight.

Clip laughs, reaching under the seat grabbing the Desert eagle.

CLIP (CONT'D)

Give me three minutes.

Clip gets out the car.

Mike looks confused, taking another hit from the blunt.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. THE CORNER - CONTINUOUS

The three are still laughing and talking.

Blood #3 sees Clip making his way towards them, and he gets everybody attention pointing at Clip.

Clip walks around them trying to go in the store, and Blood #3 places his hand on his shoulder making him stop.

BLOOD #3

Ain't you that nigga that was just mean muggin'?

Blood #2 steps to the left of Clip, and Blood #4 steps to the right.

Clip puts his hands up as if he's scared, taking a step back so he can see when Mike gets out the car.

CLIP

Shit, no disrespect, blood. I'm new around here, and I was checking out the hood.

Blood #2 cracks his knuckles staring at him, waiting for somebody to swing.

BLOOD #4

Get yo weak ass from round here, blood.

CLIP

(To Blood# 4)

Blood, all I want---

BLOOD #3

What's yo set blood?

BLOOD #2

Fuck this nigga! Fire on his ass!

CLIP

5.19.3.

BLOOD #3

5.19.3.? What's that?

CLIP'S POV

Mike is making his way down to the store.

CLIP

You don't know yo numbers, blood?

Blood #2 swings on Clip hitting him on the jaw making his head turn, stepping back.

Blood #3 and Blood #4 laugh, while Blood #3 holds Blood #2 back.

BLOOD #2

Bitch ass nigga, do something!

Holding his jaw not because of the pain, but from knowing what's about to happen, Clip looks at them smiling.

CLIP

Goddamn, Blood. 5.19.3 means---

MIKE (O.S.)

East side Crip fa life, bitch!

They all turn around, and Clip ducks to the ground as Mike opens fire with his "Glock .40".

Blood #4 catches one in the stomach, and the other two take off running.

Clip gets to his feet pulling out the Desert eagle chasing after them shooting.

Blood #3 falls dead from getting hit, and Blood #2 hits a tight corner taking off.

Clip stops running turning around, heading back to the store.

Mike is standing over Blood #4 looking down at him spitting up blood, moaning, holding his stomach.

Clip makes his way back to the two, looking down at Blood #4.

CLIP

Fake ass slob.

Clip lets off a round hitting Blood #4 in the head.

Clip and Mike take off down the street heading back to the car.

INT. HOMEROOM - MORNING

The room is filled with gossip from the female students, and random freestyles from other students huddled up in the corner.

Sitting at the back of the class is FOUR boys in all-red, and TONY. He's dark skin with a small Afro wearing a red Detroit shirt and jeans.

Chris comes into the class taking a seat up front placing his books down, turning to the left where Brandon would be sitting.

The bell rings, and in walks TEACHER #1 with a briefcase taking a seat behind his desk.

The students who were standing take a seat.

PRINCIPAL (V.O.)

(Over the intercom)

Good morning. As you all know, we lost one of our students last night. Young people, we have to put an end to this senseless violence. Learn to work with one another, instead of always against each other. Right now, I would like to have a moment of silence.

Anguish is in Tony eyes sucking his teeth, feeling the pain of losing his friend.

PRINCIPAL (CONT'D) (V.O.)

Thank you. Carry on with your day, but keep in mind instead of violence, bond with each other making a positive impact.

The class is silent.

Chris looks over at Brandon's desk with his eyes thinking back on the murder, hearing the shots fired in his head, trying his best to block out the image.

TEACHER #1

Okay class. Today I want you to give me your view on gang violence.

Chris raises his hand.

TEACHER #1 (CONT'D)

Mr. Frye.

CHRIS

They out here killing each other over colors, and don't know why. They think it's cool until they end up dead.

TEACHER #1

You make a point.

Tony raises his hand.

TEACHER #1 (CONT'D)

Mr. Jones.

TONY

It's a fine line between reppin' ya set,
and somebody set trippin'. Gangs are
nothing compared to the other things
killing people out here.

TEACHER #1

That's true. As we speak, at least ten
people or more have died from something
non-gang related. Do you care to explain
to the class what set trippin' means?

TONY

Set trippin' is when you look for trouble
in your enemy hood. Or if you see somebody
wearing the opposite color, you get to
beating on they ass, not knowing or caring
if they rep a set.

TEACHER #1

Do you think either of those reasons could
be the reason why Brandon was killed?

TONY

I can't speak on that. I just know my
nigga dead.

Chris turns looking at Tony.

CHRIS

You just gave that whole speech, but you
can't answer a question?

The classroom does a little chant trying to instigate a
fight.

Tony and the four boys stand up.

TONY

What was that, blood?

Chris stands up looking at him.

CHRIS

Why can't you answer the question? You gave out that much info, why stop?

The classroom gets louder.

Teacher #1 stands up.

TEACHER #1

That's enough.

TONY

Nah, fuck that! You know something about my nigga getting killed, blood?!

CHRIS

Fuck that weak ass gang shit, and you!

The classroom is going wild.

Tony rushes towards Chris, and Teacher #1 quickly rushes over standing between the two.

The classroom boos, simmering down. Tony and Chris are staring each other down.

TEACHER #1

This is exactly what the message was talking about! Senseless acts of violence! Exactly, what you two are displaying!

TONY

It's Bool.

Tony walks out the room.

Chris watches him walk out the room, before taking his seat.

The four boys who stood up with Tony take their seats.

Teacher #1 goes back behind his desk taking a seat, looking over the room fuming.

TEACHER #1

Looking at everybody in here today, I see

why the world views you as ignorant bastards. In the real world, nobody gives a damn if you can fight, claim a set or ANY of that bullshit! All day up and down these halls, I hear y'all talking about you ain't scared of shit. But I bet if you were placed in a tight situation, the real bitch would come out.

(Sighs)

...Do what y'all do best, and sit here looking dumb. You want respect, but y'all to stupid to respect yourselves.

He stands up walking over to the window shaking his head disappointed.

All the students look at each other letting his words digest.

INT. HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Chris is walking down the crowded hallway heading for the bathroom, not paying attention that Tony is following behind him wrapping a red bandanna around his fist, watching Chris go in the bathroom.

The walls are covered with different gang graffiti, and only one mirror isn't shattered. Trash and tissue is on the floor. Yup...we see the students don't give a shit about the bathroom.

Chris walks over to one of the urinals placing his books on the sink.

Tony walks in standing against the stall door staring at Chris.

TONY

What up, blood?

Chris looks back sighing.

Finishing pissing, he turns around fixing his pants.

CHRIS

What up?

Tony turns his head to the side doing the blood call "SUWOOP".

FIVE boys with red bandannas around their faces come in surrounding Chris.

Tony steps between them walking up in Chris face.

TONY

Speak up, Crab.

Chris looks around at the boys, and then he pushes Tony, followed with a hard right knocking him into the bathroom stall.

He tries rushing in finishing the job, but two of the boys grab him, pulling him back.

One boy holds Chris with his arms behind his back, and they take turns hitting him in the face and stomach.

The boy lets his arms go, letting him fall to the floor balling up, and they begin stomping him.

They stop stomping him, and one boy grabs his arms, and another grabs his legs throwing him into the mirror shattering it.

Tony gets up from the stall shaking his head with some blood coming from his mouth, walking over to Chris looking down at him.

Chris has blood coming from his nose and mouth breathing heavy trying to catch his breath, but with Tony kicking him hard in the stomach doesn't make it any better.

TONY

Tell yo crab friends they dead, bitch.

Tony and the boys walk out the bathroom laughing.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Standing in the empty hallway by the lunchroom door laughing and talking is Mike wearing a DETROIT LIONS JERSEY with the hat to match and jeans.

And Clip is wearing a blue wife beater and jeans, with his

bandanna around his head.

The two continue laughing until Mike turns to the side, and his face drops.

MIKE

Goddamn, cuz! What the fuck happened to you?

Chris face is swollen with a busted lip, a few cuts...yeah, he got his ass beat.

CHRIS

I got jumped. What the fuck you think happened?

MIKE

Who jumped you?

CHRIS

Tony and his niggas.

MIKE

Slob Tony?

CHRIS

Yup.

Clip snatches the door open rushing in.

The lunchroom is split in two parts, the light and dark half.

The light half has a large picture window so the sun can shine in, and the dark half is where students stand in line for their lunches, and the room is all brick.

Clip runs through the light half making his way to the dark, and Mike and Chris are right behind him.

Seeing Tony sitting with a group of bloods doesn't stop Clip from running up on him, socking him in his jaw.

The boys with Tony start swinging on Clip, but Clip refuses to go down easy fighting back.

Luckily for him, more Crips are in the lunchroom joining in

on the fight, causing a brawl.

Chris and Mike are maneuvering through the madness, taking and giving hits.

Tony and Clip are going at it, both refusing to go down from the punches the other is landing.

Staff and extra security try breaking up the brawl, and end up getting involved.

Police officers come rushing in guns drawn, and some of the students start clearing out while others keep going at it.

Security manages to get hold of Tony and Clip, and they're still trying to swing on each other.

CLIP

Fuck a slob, cuz!

TONY

Fuck you, flu ass nigga!

Chris makes his way out the room as the ruckus continues.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Chris is running down the hall, stopping at a classroom window knocking on the door.

TEACHER #2 opens the door looking at him concerned.

TEACHER #2

Are you okay, Chris? How can I help you?

CHRIS

Can I talk to my sister?

TEACHER #2

Just a second.

She closes the door.

He bends over trying to catch his breath.

Tasha comes out the room covering her mouth looking at his

battered face.

TASHA

What happened to you?

CHRIS

Don't worry about that. Just stay away from Tony.

TASHA

Is that what happened to your face?

She tries to touch him, and he moves her hand.

CHRIS

No.

TASHA

(Sassy)

Then why should I stay away from him?

He grabs her by the arms pressing her against the wall.

CHRIS

Will you stop acting like a bitch, and do this for me?

She smacks her lips, rolling her eyes.

TASHA

(Sighs)

I can do that.

CHRIS

Thank you.

She goes back in the room.

Chris stands smiling, before walking off.

CUT TO:

INT. ENGLISH CLASS - AFTERNOON

In front of the classroom on a cart is a twenty-four inch old-school television with a VCR on top of it. On the screen there's an educational movie on pause.

The students are sitting at their desk silent waiting for TEACHER #3 to start the movie.

Teacher #3 is sitting behind her desk reading a book, and you can tell from the aggravated look on her face she's ready to go home.

Chris is sitting at the back of the class drawing his name on his notebook.

Just as the bell rings, in walks Crystal.

All the boys watch her head towards the back sitting down next to Chris with envy in their eyes.

Looking over at him with an attitude, she moves her desk a little closer.

Teacher #3 gets up walking over to the wall turning the lights off, and then presses play on the VCR starting the movie.

CRYSTAL

(Whispering)

Why didn't you call me last night?

He stays focused on his drawing.

CHRIS

(Whispering)

I had a long night.

She pushes his face.

CRYSTAL

That's how your face got fucked up?

CHRIS

Actually, this shit happened today.

Concern comes across her face, but she tries to remain as if she has an attitude.

CRYSTAL

You were in that big ass fight in the
lunchroom?

CHRIS

This nigga jumped me in the bathroom over
a comment I made in class.

CRYSTAL

What did you say?

CHRIS

Fuck him and his weak ass gang.

Outraged he would say something foolish like that, she
stands up looking down at him shoving his head.

CRYSTAL

Are you fucking crazy?!

Teacher #3 looks up from her book, and the entire class
focuses on them.

Crystal stands embarrassed, while Chris keeps his eyes
focused on his drawing trying not to laugh.

TEACHER #3

Something you care to share?

CRYSTAL

No, ma'am. Sorry for the interruption.

Everyone goes back to watching the movie, and Crystal takes
her seat clearing her throat.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Do you have to watch your back?

CHRIS

Nope.

Not believing his words, she places her hand under his chin
making him turn and look into her concerned eyes.

CRYSTAL

Are you sure?

Staring into her eyes, he gives a smile melting her heart taking away some of the fear she has.

CHRIS

I'm more worried you'll kill me if I don't call you.

Blushing feeling loved, she gives him a kiss.

CRYSTAL

You better be.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - AFTERNOON

Students are coming out the building talking about the lunchroom fight, lighting up Black & Mild's and cigarettes.

Chris and Tasha come walking out.

TASHA

So you're Crippin', huh?

CHRIS

What I tell you about that shit earlier?
I'm not in...

Clip walks up with a knot under his eye and a busted lip with a blue bandanna around his neck, and FOUR more Crips behind him.

He extends his hand for a play, and the two give each other love.

Tasha stands to the side with her arms folded across her chest smiling, thinking she has some dirt she can tell their mother.

CLIP

What's up, cuz? What you about to get into?

CHRIS

Home.

CLIP

(Laughs)

About to graduate, and still gotta check
in. Oh, Cefore I go. Don't worry about
that shit in the lunchroom.

Lifting his shirt for a quick glance, Chris stares at the
handles on the Glock 40's he has tucked.

CHRIS

Good looking.

CLIP

Holla.

They give each other another play, and then Clip and the
boys with him walk off.

Chris looks at Tasha smiling at him, anxious to get home
and tell what she thinks she knows.

TASHA

But you not Crippin', right?

CHRIS

Right.

TASHA

Uh huh.

CHRIS

Whatever.

They walk up to the crowded bus stop, and we can hear talk
about the lunchroom fight.

A red Intrepid creeps down to the bus stop coming to a
stop.

The back window comes down and out comes an AK-47 being
held by Tony.

Bypassing the knots and busted lip, the students scream dropping to the ground seeing the look of murder in his eyes.

Fearing for his sister life, Chris jumps directly in front of Tasha.

Clip and the boys with him stop walking turning around seeing what's going on, pulling their guns out running back to the bus stop.

TONY

This shit ain't over, bitch! I'm killing you, and yo crab friends! That's on the "B"!

Just as the car pulls off, Clip and his crew come running up letting off shots.

The students stay on the ground. Police officers hop in their cars turning on the sirens.

Clip and his crew take off down a side street.

Sirens are blaring and students are screaming.

Chris stands terrified, while Tasha looks at him slyly smiling loving the fact she's finally seen her brother scared of something.

INT. KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Chris mother is sitting at the table eating a sub from Tubby's at peace, looking over a supermarket sales paper.

Chris and Tasha come into the kitchen.

Tasha rushes over eager to tell what happened at school.

TASHA

Ma, guess what? Your little angel was in school starting fights.

Chris looks over at Tasha stunned she's telling a lie with a straight face.

CHRIS

What?

Taking one more bite from her sub wiping her mouth, you can tell she's pissed her moment of peace was disturbed.

CHRIS MOTHER

Chris?

CHRIS

It didn't go down like that.

Turning to face him, her mouth drops open, standing up giving him a hug.

CHRIS MOTHER

What happened?

CHRIS

Dude took the comment I made about the shooting wrong, and he jumped me in the bathroom.

Tasha leans up against the counter with her arms folded across her chest disappointed the outcome she thought was going to happen didn't.

TASHA

Are you really about to believe this?

Chris mother turns looking at Tasha disappointed, unable to understand why she would want to get her brother in trouble.

CHRIS MOTHER

Why do you feel you have to lie on your brother?

TASHA

Huh?

Already over speaking with Tasha, she focuses her attention back on Chris.

CHRIS MOTHER

Did you tell the principal?

CHRIS

That would've made it worse.

TASHA

Ma, I'm going over Tiffany's house.

CHRIS MOTHER

Get ya lying ass on.

Tasha stands crushed her mother would say that to her.

TASHA

Why you clowning me, ma?

CHRIS MOTHER

Tasha, you can go!

TASHA

I'll be glad when you start treating me
like you do him!

She storms out the kitchen, and the front door is heard
opened then slammed.

CHRIS

She gets it honest from dad. He had some
funny ways, too.

CHRIS MOTHER

Regardless if she gets it from him or
whatever, that's no excuse.

CHRIS

Just stop letting her childish ways get to
you. I'm about to go do some homework, and
then I'm heading over Terrence house.

From angry to concerned, she looks her only son in the eyes
making sure he'll be okay.

CHRIS MOTHER

You sure that thing at school is over?

CHRIS

Yup. Get some rest. You'll have a stroke
with all this worrying.

CHRIS MOTHER

(Laughs)

Boy, get outta here.

Suspecting Tasha is lying about going over Tiffany's house,
he goes upstairs into her room walking over to the dresser
picking up her phone book looking for Tiffany's number.
When he finds the number, he picks the phone up dialing
waiting for her to pick up.

TIFFANY (V.O.)

Hello?

CHRIS

Is my sister coming over there?

TIFFANY (V.O.)

Who dis?

CHRIS

Chris.

TIFFANY

Fine ass Chris? Tasha's brother? Are you
still with that girl?

CHRIS

Yeah. Is my sister coming?

TIFFANY (V.O.)

When can I get some P.T. with you?

CHRIS

Tiffany!

TIFFANY (V.O.)

Don't be yelling and shit. I'm going

somewhere else, so no.

CHRIS

Thank you.

Hanging up pissed off knowing he was right about what he was thinking, he hits his fist on the dresser.

INT. THE TRAP - NIGHT

Weed smoke is in the air and some rap music is playing faintly.

The sound of other bloods talking shit can be heard in the background.

Tony and Tasha are sitting on the sofa getting wasted, drinking out of big red cups.

On the table in front of them is a bottle of Hennessy and some rolled up blunts.

Tony picks up a blunt sparking it taking a nice pull, turning looking at Tasha with a sly grin.

TASHA

What was that shit you pulled at the bus stop all about?

TONY

I had to show yo brother it's real out here. He lucky it was people out there or I woulda killed his crab ass.

TASHA

Tell me why he came running to my class, telling me to stay away from you?

He takes a pull and then coughs, because it threw him off guard with the question she asked.

TONY

What?

TASHA

Nigga, you heard me.

TONY

I don't know why he told you that shit.
You know I won't hurt you.

TASHA

Uh huh. Anyway. You know I been trying to
get down for the longest.

TONY

You not ready for that.

TASHA

Don't tell me what I'm not ready for.

TONY

What would you be willing to do?

TASHA

Anything but fuck the crew. I ain't a hoe.

TONY

We ain't even fuck, so I wouldn't mention
that shit.

TASHA

Well...what do I gotta do?

Debating on what she's asking, he takes a pull, followed by
a sip from his cup.

TONY

I'll get back to you. Right now, let's
just get fucked up.

She smiles leaning over giving him a kiss.

They continue drinking and smoking.

Tasha has no idea the path she's about to go down, but she
doesn't care, because in her mind it's all a game.

Tony on the other hand stares at her passing the blunt,
knowing he has her wrapped around his finger, and this is
the key to getting back at Chris.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLIP'S MOTHER HOUSE - NIGHT

Smoking a cigarette with his thoughts racing, Chris stands waiting for Clip to come to the door thinking he probably can't hear the doorbell from the loud music playing inside.

Clip opens the door with a smile smoking a blunt, holding a can of beer.

CLIP

What's crackin', cuz?

Clip passes the blunt, and Chris takes a hard pull coughing up his lungs.

CHRIS

Where you get this from?

Chris takes the beer from Clip's hand taking a sip.

CLIP

One of my cuzzo's copped it.

CHRIS

This some good shit.

He passes the blunt back, and Clip takes a pull.

CLIP

I know. Come on in.

They walk in the house.

The room is filled with Crips drinking, smoking and stacking out gang signs.

Chris and Clip stand to the side.

CLIP

What's the problem, cuz?

CHRIS

My sister hooked up with that nigga from the fight.

CLIP

I told you I got it covered.

CHRIS

That's my sister we're talking about.

CLIP

If that nigga do something to yo sister,
I'll kill his whole fucking family.

The words don't impress Chris one bit.

CLIP (CONT'D)

Follow me real quick.

Clip walks off towards the kitchen and Chris follows.

Forty-ounce bottles of "St Ides, Old English and Miller genuine drafts" are on the counter and table.

Clip makes his way to the basement door opening it walking down, and Chris is right behind him.

The only things in the basement are a washer and dryer, some dirty clothes on the floor and a weight bench with two hundred pounds on the bar.

They come down the steps and Clip walks over to a door stopping, taking a hit from the blunt.

CHRIS

Now what?

CLIP

Open the door.

Opening the door looking in, he becomes baffled by what he sees.

CHRIS

What the fuck is going on down here?

The room is painted all-blue with a light hanging from the ceiling.

Laid across the bed with a blue bandanna wrapped around her

eyes wearing a lace blue bra and panty set is TIFFANY, fifteen-years-old, brown skin with the body of an adult.

CLIP

She gettin' ran.

CHRIS

Y'all niggas getting ready to run a fifteen-year-old girl?

CLIP

How you know she's fifteen?

CHRIS

She's my sister friend.

Hearing Chris voice, she sits up excited licking her lips, turned on by the thought of him fucking her.

TIFFANY

Is that Chris? I didn't know he was getting in on this. Come on, let's get started.

She takes her bra off, and then slides her hand in her panties.

CLIP

Fifteen or not, she know what she doing with that pussy. You getting down?

CHRIS

I'm tight.

CLIP

You sure?

CHRIS

Y'all have fun with this.

CLIP

Tell them other niggas to come down.

Chris takes the blunt making his way back upstairs, and Clip goes into the room.

CUT TO:

INT. TASHA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Chris is sitting on the bed holding a teddy bear he gave Tasha when she little to remind her he'll always be there for her.

The front door can be heard opened and closed, followed by drunken footsteps making their way upstairs.

Tasha opens the door staggering in closing the door behind her, leaning up against the door trying to keep her balance.

Chris looks at her smiling.

CHRIS

Baby girl.

Tasha is so drunk she looks over at him, and then grabs at her head thinking he's yelling.

TASHA

Why are you yelling?

Placing the bear down laughing, he walks over to her.

CHRIS

What did you do over Tiffany's house?

She rubs her temples looking like she's ready to hurl.

TASHA

We were studying...and then she pulled out some liquor she stole from her brother.

CHRIS

Is that right? When I called her, she told me something different before you even got to her. So, where were you at?

She wants to say something, but she falls to her knees bracing to hurl.

TASHA

Hold up! I don't have to explain shit to you!

CHRIS

Yo hot ass was out with that nigga, wasn't you?

TASHA

Maybe I was! Ain't shit you or mama can do about it, so get out!

CHRIS MOTHER (O.S.)

What the fuck are you two arguing about?

Neither of them wants problems with their mother, so they stare at each other with evil glances.

CHRIS

(Whispering)

You wanna tell her what's up or should I?

TASHA

(Whispering)

Fuck you.

CHRIS

I thought so.

(To his mother)

Nothing! We in here politicking!

CHRIS MOTHER (O.S.)

Keep that shit down!

They're silent for a moment.

CHRIS

I'll tell you one last time. Stay away from that nigga for your own safety.

TASHA

Just...

She takes a deep breath, and then vomits all over the floor.

Chris watches her vomiting disgusted.

CHRIS

Look at you.

She falls over breathing heavy.

TASHA

Get out, Chris.

CHRIS

Shut up.

He grabs a towel cleaning her up a little before picking her up, carrying her to the bed.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Stay away from that nigga.

Tasha is half woke, tossing around trying to get comfortable.

TASHA

Chris---

CHRIS

You heard me.

Just as she gets comfortable, he leans down giving her a kiss on the cheek.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I love you.

She's fast asleep.

He looks at her smiling, before walking out the room.

EXT. THE STRIP - NIGHT

The strip is packed with cars as it should be considering the weather is nice and good vibes are flowing on this Saturday night.

CHRIS (V.O.)

We love having fun like any other state. So, on a nice night like this, you can catch everybody on the strip. Drinks, weed, pussy...anything you got in mind you can find on the strip.

People are standing beside their cars drinking and smoking, talking to people walking down the crowded strip or trying to gain the attention of cars driving pass.

A group of people are off to the side grilling and drinking.

With all the fun going on, we turn our attention to the white Neon coming down the strip.

EXT. /INT. MIKE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Mike is driving with a blunt hanging from his mouth, and Clip is in the passenger seat smoking a blunt.

Chris is sitting in the back drinking a forty ounce.

CLIP

You good back there, cuz?

CHRIS

I'm straight.

MIKE

Clip was telling me how you turned into a little bitch when he killed that slob.

CLIP

Hell yea.

(Mocking Chris)

Don't kill that nigga with me in the car.

Mike and Clip break out laughing.

Chris takes a swig from his beer giving them the finger.

CHRIS

Fuck you niggas.

MIKE

(Takes a pull)

It's some bad bitches out here.

CLIP

Hell yeah! Look at these bitches over here!

CLIP'S POV

There's a crowd of people surrounding a high yellow sexy thick girl dancing naked on top of a car.

Another girl that's just as sexy gets on top of the car on her back, signaling for the other girl to sit on her face.

CLIP

We need to round up some bitches like that.

Chris laughs, and then guzzles some of his beer looking out the window. He becomes confused, slowly lowering the bottle.

CHRIS POV

Tony is standing by a red Navigator with a bunch of other bloods drinking and smoking.

What has Chris confused is Tasha getting out on the passenger side wearing all-red holding a red cup.

CHRIS

What the fuck?

CLIP

What's up, cuz?

CHRIS

Mike, pull this bitch over.

MIKE

What's up?

CHRIS

Just pull this bitch over!

They park a few cars down from where Tony is at.

Chris gets out beer still in hand closing the door.

Clip and Mike reach under their seats grabbing Nine Millimeters checking the clips.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. THE STRIP - CONTINUOUS

Taking swigs from his beer, Chris makes his way down to Tony.

The guys with Tony get ready to swing, but Tony stops them, stepping in Chris face blowing smoke.

TONY

What's up, schoolboy?

CHRIS

Fuck you.

(To Tasha)

Tasha, what the fuck did I tell you?

Mike and Clip make it down to Chris.

TASHA

You're not my daddy, so you can bounce with the bullshit. Go, before you and your friends give me the flu or some shit.

Clip gets ready to reach for his gun, but Chris stops him, grabbing Tasha by the arm.

CHRIS

This ain't the time for that shit.

She snatches away.

TASHA

Get the fuck on, Chris!

Chris nods his head okay, tilting his beer up drinking.

Tony looks at him taking another pull blowing the smoke in his face, savoring the fact he has more control over Tasha than Chris does.

TONY

You heard...

Chris hits Tony upside the head with the bottle shattering it, making him fall to the ground.

Two of the guys with Tony hit Chris in the face at the same time, dropping him.

Clip and Mike swing on them causing the fight to break out.

Cars and people stop watching the fight as bandannas of all colors start flooding the area.

The fight grows bigger spilling out into the street.

Chris is on the ground trying to regain his focus shaking his head, and he sees Tony trying to get to his feet.

He quickly stands up kicking him in the head.

Just as he gets ready to stomp him, Tasha hits him upside the head.

TASHA

Get the fuck off my man, nigga!

Chris backhands her into the truck, and she hits it hard sliding down.

CHRIS

You silly ass, bitch! You putting this nigga off the streets over your own flesh and blood?!

Gunshots start going off.

Over by the water we see Clip and Mike shooting, along with other people.

Screams and gunfire ring out through the night.

Chris heads for the car.

The red and blue lights of police cars are coming down the strip.

POLICE

(Over the megaphone)

This is the police! Leave now or you will
be arrested! I repeat! Leave now or you
will be arrested!

CHRIS

Clip, Mike, let's go!

Clip and Mike start making their way to the car.

In the midst of running back to the car, Mike gets shot in the back.

Chris and Clip come back tending to him.

Chris picks him up placing one of his arms around his shoulder carrying him back to the car.

Clip grabs his gun.

When they get to the car, Chris opens the back door placing Mike in, and then he gets in himself.

Clip gets in the driver seat closing the door looking around for the keys.

Chris goes in Mike's pocket grabbing the keys handing them to Clip.

Clip starts the car up driving up on the curb so they can get away.

Chris is sitting in the back holding Mike as he spits up blood.

MIKE

Did--did we---

CHRIS

Don't talk.

CLIP

Hold tight, cuz! I'll get you to the hospital!

Another car rolls up beside them.

The DRIVER sees Clip driving, pulling out a Nine Millimeter taking aim.

DRIVER

Crab ass motherfuckers!

The Driver shoots at the car, and the side window shatters.

Chris ducks his head for cover.

Clip picks up his gun returning fire.

A few bullets hit the car, and the Driver swerves off.

Gunshots, sirens and squealing tires are heard.

SLOWLY FADE TO BLACK:

BLACK SCREEN:

CHRIS (V.O.)

My grandmother would always tell me if I have a heavy burden on my shoulders turn to the Lord for help. I did that. I guess he didn't hear my cries, because hell was waiting for me at home.

INT. KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Chris comes into the kitchen walking over to the refrigerator opening it, grabbing a bottle of water.

His mother sits at the table smoking a cigarette, annoyed by what's on her mind.

CHRIS MOTHER

Come here for a second, Chris.

He takes a seat drinking his water.

CHRIS

What's up, ma? Why you looking like that?

CHRIS MOTHER

I know you and your sister don't see eye
to eye on shit, and that's cool. But it's
not cool for you to put your hands on her.

Chris takes a sip from his water and almost spills it,
looking at his mother confused.

CHRIS

What? Wait a minute. She---

CHRIS MOTHER

Chris please, I saw it on the news, and
Tasha told me everything. Why did you do
it?

CHRIS

I saw her out there with this group of
guys that's in a gang, and I tried to
bring her home.

CHRIS MOTHER

You know I don't play favorites between
you two. Which one of you is lying?

CHRIS

You can't be serious?

CHRIS MOTHER

You can leave now, Chris.

CHRIS

Will you---

CHRIS MOTHER

Leave Chris, before I get pissed.

He gets up making his way out the kitchen heading upstairs
to Tasha's room walking in closing the door behind him.

Tasha sits up with a black eye that's starting to fade
away.

TASHA

What's up, bro?

CHRIS

Why you tell mama I beat yo ass for no reason? You know I only hit you, because you hit me.

TASHA

I know. It just feels good seeing mama mad at her lil angel.

CHRIS

That's what this shit is about?

TASHA

Hell yeah.

CHRIS

This gang shit is getting outta control. Because of that shit, one of my friends won't be able to walk.

TASHA

You're actually in here crying over a cracked shell crab?

CHRIS

What the fuck is wrong with you? What if that was yo ass that got killed or couldn't walk again?

She gets up walking over to him.

TASHA

Oh, well. Out there, you either ride or get rode on.

CHRIS

Those streets ain't a goddamn game! It's no room for fucking pretenders!

TASHA

I bet I last longer than you, Mr. Crip.

CHRIS

I'm not a fucking Crip! I'm your goddamn brother! The nigga who'll actually die for yo dumbass! Will any of them niggas die for you?!

He walks out the room.

INT. HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Everybody is running down the hall as if it's a fire in the building.

Chris is standing by his locker watching the students run by confused what the big fuss is about.

Crystal comes running up to him winded.

CRYSTAL

Baby, we gotta go.

CHRIS

What's up?

CRYSTAL

Tasha's fighting.

They take off running.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BACK HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

There's a big crowd cheering surrounding Tasha and Tiffany.

They're going at it like two grown men in the streets holding nothing back trying to seriously hurt each other.

Crystal and Chris are making their way through the crowd.

CHRIS

Tasha, stop this shit!

Words of disrespect are yelled out, "Crab, Slob, Flu, Mutt"

etc.

The people watching the fight go from focusing on the girls to each other.

Chris manages to get through the madness separating the girls, but the other people fighting continue.

Tiffany blends in with the people fighting.

CHRIS

What the fuck is wrong with you?! Bring yo
ass on!

Tasha snatches away, shoving him.

TASHA

Get the fuck on, Chris! Don't...

A loud crack echoes through the hall, and Tasha falls into Chris arms unconscious.

Tiffany stands looking down at Tasha smiling, holding the lock she clocked her upside the head with.

The crowd starts clearing out because police officers and security come running up, leaving Chris on the floor holding Tasha.

INT. SCHOOL INFIRMARY - AFTERNOON

Chris is sitting beside Tasha's bed.

She slowly wakes up looking at Chris with pain in her eyes.

TASHA

What happened?

CHRIS

She knocked you the fuck out, is what happened.

TASHA

Oh, yeah. Yo punk ass is the reason why I'm in here.

CHRIS

Ain't she yo girl? What were y'all fighting about?

TASHA

She was, until I found out she was riding with the other team.

CHRIS

Do you know how fucking stupid you sound? You're not a real blood.

TASHA

And you're not a real Crip. So, stop acting like you are.

CHRIS

What the fuck is going on in your mind? Next time, the shit can be worse than this.

She gets out the bed making her way to the door.

TASHA

If that's the case, you'll die before me.

CHRIS

It was some more bloods there. Why didn't they help you?

TASHA

It was Crips there, too. Who jumps in on a one on one girl fight?

CHRIS

I'm the one who'll die for yo ass.

She opens the door, and then turns back looking at him.

TASHA

I'll be glad when you do. Hopefully after that I can live my fucking life.

CHRIS

You'll regret those words.

TASHA

I highly doubt that.

She walks out the room.

Chris sits shaking his head.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Chris mother is sitting on the sofa chain smoking.

Chris walks in.

Taking her last pull, she puts the cigarette out.

CHRIS MOTHER

You heard about what happened with your sister?

CHRIS

I tried to break it up.

CHRIS MOTHER

She's suspended for three days. They said it was over some gang bullshit.

CHRIS

I tried to stop it, ma.

CHRIS MOTHER

I don't know what the fuck is wrong with your sister.

CHRIS

She's wild. But, she's not in a gang.

CHRIS MOTHER

(Sighs)

I hope you're right. I'll be damn if I lose either of my babies to some gang bullshit.

Chris makes his way upstairs to Tasha's room walking in closing the door behind him.

CHRIS

You see what this shit is doing to mama?

TASHA

What are you talking about?

CHRIS

Don't give me that shit! Now, one way or the other, you'll realize these streets ain't a game.

TASHA

Is that right?

CHRIS

You can talk ignorant all you want. If it takes my life, you'll see what's up.

TASHA

I didn't know you cared so much.

CHRIS

No matter if it takes my life. ...You'll realize.

He walks out, slamming the door behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. CRYSTAL'S ROOM - NIGHT

We can hear some music coming from the radio on low.

Crystal has a basic room with her queen size bed.

From looking at all the pictures of her and Chris on her mirror and in frames on her dresser, there's no doubt she loves him with all her heart.

Chris and Crystal are sitting on the floor eating Chinese food listening to the radio.

Crystal has on a wife beater and shorts, revealing how sexy

her body really is.

Chris sits annoyed with a lot on his mind playing in his food.

Crystal stops eating looking at him, grabbing his hand.

CRYSTAL

What's wrong?

CHRIS

(Sighs)

Tasha.

CRYSTAL

Baby, you know she's young. She's just doing dumb shit.

CHRIS

That shit is fucking with my moms. What happened on the strip is fucking with me.

(Sighs)

...It's all bullshit.

CRYSTAL

You can't be miserable because of the dumb shit your sister is doing.

CHRIS

Come on now. You know how I feel about my sister.

She caresses his face.

CRYSTAL

How can you be strong getting her back on track if you're acting like this?

Shrugging up his shoulders, he sighs lowering his head.

CHRIS

Apparently, I can't be strong or there for

anybody. If I could, this shit wouldn't be so far outta control.

CRYSTAL

When did all this start?

CHRIS

I don't wanna talk about it.

He gets up taking a seat on the bed, putting his head down.

CRYSTAL

Keeping it inside won't solve the problem. What happened to the strong man I know and love?

CHRIS

(Scoffs)

His ass is dead.

She shakes her head standing up, walking over to the closet door opening it, pulling out a big teddy bear.

Around the neck of the bear is a sterling silver chain, with a "C" charm.

She walks over to him holding the bear out.

CRYSTAL

The man I know and love gave me this.

He looks up smiling.

CHRIS

I won this for you at the fair, five years ago. You still keep it clean?

CRYSTAL

Duh. Look at what the bear is wearing.

Chris grabs the chain, rubbing his thumb across the "C".

CHRIS

I gave this to you the day that nigga

broke your heart.

CRYSTAL

What did you tell me when you gave it to me?

CHRIS

You'll never be alone or get your heart broke again.

CRYSTAL

At that moment...I fell in love with you.

CHRIS

That was a crazy ass day. What does this have to do with Tasha?

CRYSTAL

Because you were a skinny twig, but that didn't stop you from beating his ass for what he did to me. You have the heart and ability to conquer any goal in front of you.

Chris laughs under his breath trying not to smile.

CHRIS

You think you know me?

She gives him a kiss.

CRYSTAL

You know I do. That's why you love me.

She gives him the bear, and then walks over to the radio.

Chris sits smiling.

She turns from the radio to a CD pressing play and "VIRGIN" by Chico Debarge plays.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

I'll tell you another special day.

CHRIS

What day is that?

CRYSTAL

The first time I had sex.

Chris sits silent, blushing.

CRYSTAL

Why did you wanna take my virginity to
this song?

Chris places the bear down walking over to her holding her
waist.

CHRIS

The meaning says it all. He wants to
satisfy the woman he loves the way she
feels will pleasure her best.

CRYSTAL

So, since I was a virgin. You wanted my
first time to be the best experience to my
standards?

CHRIS

Not just that. I didn't want you feeling
pain.

She gives him a kiss.

CRYSTAL

I appreciate that. You looked at me as
more than pussy.

CHRIS

Why are you recapping this?

CRYSTAL

Because I'm about to pleasure my man the
way he feels is best.

She grabs the back of his head giving him a kiss.

The two are kissing and caressing each other, making their way to the bed.

They let each other go staring, before she takes his shirt off, tossing it to the side.

She trails her tongue from his chest, all the way up to his neck, and then his chin, finally up to his lips kissing him, gently pushing him back on the bed.

He takes his shoes off, while she unbuckles his belt, sliding his pants off.

She climbs on top kissing him, while he massages her back.

He lifts her shirt over her head, tossing it to the side.

She continues kissing on his chest, working her way down to his stomach, finally between his legs.

She's down there for a few minutes taking her shorts off, while satisfying her man, putting a smile on his face.

She comes back up looking at him smiling, straddling down beginning to ride.

Her movement is slow, as they moan.

He holds her tight flipping her over, getting on top.

She's scratching his back as he goes deeper, and their moans grow louder, as his movement gets faster.

Their bodies shake, and his movement starts slowing down.

He lies down on top of her playing in her hair, while she massages his back.

CRYSTAL

I love you.

CHRIS

I love you, too.

INT. THE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Chris is sitting in a chair next to Mike's bed.

Mike is sitting up in the bed drinking some water, watching a program on television.

CHRIS

What's up with you?

MIKE

I'm still alive. That's good for me.

CHRIS

That's what's up. At least you ain't in here all depressed and shit.

MIKE

Hell no.

CHRIS

Cool.

MIKE

I heard yo sister got into it with a fellow cuz.

Chris shrugs up his shoulders not surprised he heard about the fight.

CHRIS

She got into a little scuffle.

MIKE

You know if she keeps wearing that color she's a target?

CHRIS

Leave my sister alone, because she ain't claiming shit.

MIKE

Can you honestly tell me why she got into that fight?

CHRIS

I truthfully don't know. I thought they were cool.

MIKE

Cuz. If she's in it or false flaggin', she'll get killed. When you represent a set cuz, the rules are simple. Kill the enemy, no matter who it may be. And retaliation is a must.

CHRIS

I don't give a fuck about none of that.

MIKE

Why?

CHRIS

Because I won't let my sister get killed over some bullshit.

MIKE

You still don't understand. You got the school smarts, and no street smarts.

Chris stands up stretching, before making his way to the door.

CHRIS

I'm outta here.

MIKE

I'm telling you. Yo sister dead if she's a slob.

INT. STAIRWELL - AFTERNOON

Chris is walking up the crowded stairwell opening the door and CRAB KILLER, dark brown skin tone comes running up behind him, placing a hand on his shoulder making him stop.

CRAB KILLER

You know we ran a train on yo sister?

Chris turns around grabbing him, slamming him up against the lockers, kneeling him one time in the stomach making him release a deep moan folding over.

Everyone stops cheering the fight on.

CHRIS

You slob bitch! If you put a finger on my
sister, I'll fuckin' kill you!

Chris slams his head against the lockers a few times,
before kneeing him again.

Just as Chris gets ready to swing, TEACHER #4 on the
muscular side comes over grabbing his arm.

TEACHER #4

What the hell is going on?!

He continues holding Chris by the arm, grabbing Crab Killer
arm, escorting them down to the principal office.

Everyone goes about their business.

Teacher #4 escorts the two down the stairs, making their
way into the principal's office.

You would think the office would be crowded, but it's
empty.

The secretary is hard at work on the computer behind the
counter.

The three come in.

The PRINCIPAL comes out looking stunned.

PRINCIPAL

What's the problem here?

TEACHER #4

I caught these two fighting outside my
class.

PRINCIPAL

(To Crab killer)

You can't stay out of trouble, can you?

CRAB KILLER

Just give me my slip, so I can get the

fuck on.

PRINCIPAL

How about I expel you, and get it out the way? Chris, I can't believe I'm seeing you here for this.

CHRIS

I was beating his ass, because he said he fucked my sister.

PRINCIPAL

What did you say?

CHRIS

I said I was beating his ass, because he said he fucked my sister.

Crab killer looks at Chris laughing.

CRAB KILLER

Looks like schoolboy got some heart.

Chris looks at him, and immediately swings around Teacher #4, hitting him in the mouth.

Teacher #4 holds Crab killer back, as the Principal calls for security.

Security comes in grabbing Crab Killer.

CRAB KILLER

Crab ass nigga!

CHRIS

(Laughs)

Slobs keep on slippin', cuz.

Security drags Crab Killer out.

Chris continues laughing.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Chris walks in the house, and there stands his mother with

her arms folded across her chest.

CHRIS MOTHER

Do you care to explain?

CHRIS

This ain't the time, ma.

CHRIS MOTHER

This ain't the time? It is the fucking time! Explain yourself, boy!

CHRIS

The dude said he had sex with your daughter.

She calmly walks over to him, and slaps him across the face.

CHRIS MOTHER

You fighting over a fucking rumor?! Are you stupid or what?!

CHRIS

The dude that said it is in a gang.

CHRIS MOTHER

She's not in a gang or having sex! Why are you ruining your life?!

CHRIS

If it takes for me to ruin my life, then so be it.

CHRIS MOTHER

Boy, you done lost your mind! What are you trying to prove?!

CHRIS

That I'll die for my sister, before some bullshit kills her.

He makes his way upstairs to Tasha's door opening it

looking confused because she's not there.

He comes back downstairs looking at his mother confused.

CHRIS

Where is Tasha?

CHRIS MOTHER

She's at the center doing her group project.

CHRIS

Goddamn it, ma!

He makes his way out the house.

INT. YASMINE HOUSE - NIGHT

The room is setup perfect for a baby boy. Clip is placing his six month old son Darius down in the crib, giving him a kiss on the forehead.

He walks over to the door looking back at him one more time, before turning the light off.

Clip comes into the exquisite living room, where YASMINE, thirty-two, light brown skin tone, sits on the couch drinking tea.

Clip walks over to the couch taking a seat.

YASMINE

Have you decided?

CLIP

Decided on what?

YASMINE

This Crip shit or whatever you wanna call it.

CLIP

I told you, I'm a rida fa life. I can't change that.

YASMINE

So, if you get killed, I'm supposed to tell your son, your daddy was a rida for life and he couldn't change?! That's the dumbest shit I ever heard!

CLIP

Baby, you don't---

YASMINE

Don't you realize with you claiming that shit, your son is, too?! You can be out there with him one day, and bullets don't have fucking names! I'll be damn if I lose my son because you can't grow the fuck up!

CLIP

Baby---

YASMINE

Don't give me that baby shit, either. It's getting old. You have a beautiful son, and a woman who'll ride for you. But you wanna be on bullshit.

CLIP

What are you saying?

YASMINE

You need to make some serious changes with your life.

He stands up making his way to the door stopping, turning around looking at her.

CLIP

I'll come back tomorrow, and we can sit and talk about it.

YASMINE

Will you be alive to come back tomorrow?

CLIP

Don't I always come back?

He walks out.

She sits wiping a tear from her eye, taking a sip from her tea.

EXT. SCHAFFER STREET - NIGHT

The Intrepid sits in front of the spot in the quiet neighborhood. If you didn't know any better you would think the spot is an average house a nice family lives in.

Somebody is sitting in the driver seat smoking a blunt listening to some music on low.

Tony and Crab Killer are standing on the porch smoking and drinking.

Crab killer seems like he has an attitude, taking a pull from his blunt.

Tasha comes out the house carrying a black duffel bag making her way to the car, and now we see why Crab killer has an attitude, staring at her getting in the back seat.

CRAB KILLER

Why you got this lil bitch ridin' with us?
She ain't giving up the pussy, so she
shouldn't be ridin'.

TONY

She wanna prove her loyalty. This will let
me know. Shit, she probably know the hood
where her crab brother and his friends be
Bickin' it at.

CRAB KILLER

That's some Brazy shit, blood. I wouldn't
put my trust in this bitch.

Tony shrugs up his shoulders smiling, taking a pull.

TONY

It's not about trust. It's about killing
these hoe ass crabs.

CRAB KILLER

You think she'll give up where her brother
at?

TONY

That bitch would give up her mother to get
down with us. Let's roll, blood.

The two laugh walking down from the porch heading to the
car.

EXT. CLIP'S MOTHER HOUSE - NIGHT

Chris is sitting on the porch smoking a cigarette.

Clip walks up taking a seat next to him.

CHRIS

Sup? Where you been?

CLIP

(Sighs)

Over Yasmine house hearing her talk shit.

CHRIS

Same old shit with her, huh?

CLIP

Hell yeah. What's up with you?

Chris flicks his cigarette, sighing.

CHRIS

I need to kill ya boy.

CLIP

What happened?

CHRIS

Nothing happened. But the only way I can
get her ass back together is if I kill
him.

CLIP

(Sighs)

I was just arguing with her ass about this same shit.

CHRIS

Man, are you helping me or what? If not, I can do the shit myself.

CLIP

Hold tight.

Clip gets up going in the house.

Chris pulls out another cigarette, placing it in his mouth lighting it.

Clip comes back out taking a seat, handing Chris a Nine Millimeter with a blue bandanna wrapped around it.

CLIP

Let's roll.

CHRIS

What about you? Where yo heat at?

Clip lifts his shirt revealing two Glock forties.

CLIP

I'm always strapped, cuz.

They get up from the porch, making their way down the street.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. EAST SIDE - CONTINUOUS

The Intrepid is slowly driving down the dark streets of the East side. Random gunfire can be heard.

The car is smoked out. We hear "Piru love" playing.

Crab Killer is sitting in the passenger seat with a blunt hanging from his mouth, and a Tech nine on his lap.

Tony and Tasha are sitting in the back.

Tony has a blunt hanging from his mouth, loading an Uzi.

Tasha is barely woke, holding two Nine Millimeters.

TONY

(Exhales)

Shoot anything wearing Flu. Fuck these crabs, blood.

CRAB KILLER

That's what the fuck I'm talking bout, blood.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. EAST SIDE - CONTINUOUS

Clip and Chris are walking down the street with their bandannas around their head.

CHRIS

What was the convo with the baby mama about?

CLIP

Dropping my flag.

CHRIS

I'll be amazed if you do.

CLIP

(Sighs)

I don't know. I love the set to the fullest. In the same breath, my little man means the world to me.

CHRIS

Well?

CLIP

I can't call it, cuz. I told her we can

talk tomorrow.

They cross the street, and majority of the houses are abandon. The streetlights are dimming in and out, barely able to see.

CHRIS

I guess you better get out before some fucked up shit happens.

CLIP

(Laughs)

Ain't that a bitch? We getting ready to kill some slobs and you say some shit like that.

CHRIS

(Laughs)

You could've said no, nigga.

CLIP

I would Ce fake as hell if I did.

Clip stops walking, which makes Chris stop, turning to look at him.

CLIP

Cuz, on some real shit. If something was to happen to me...I want you to have all my stuff.

CHRIS

I thought Crips don't die, they multiply?

CLIP

They don't. I'm just saying in general.

CHRIS

I can respect that.

They continue walking.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. INSIDE THE INTREPID - CONTINUOUS

As they drive down the street, Crab Killer sees Clip and Chris, but doesn't know it's them.

CRAB KILLER

Peep them crabs Blippin' back there,
blood.

TONY

Turn the lights off, and turn around.

Chris and Clip see the car drive by, but don't pay it attention, continuing to walk and laugh, but the laughter comes to a stop when they hear the car turning around.

They turn around looking at the car sitting on the corner.

CHRIS

Is that what niggas do around here?

CLIP

Hell no. Unless---

CRAB KILLER

Crab, bitches!

CLIP

Ce out, nigga! Ce out!

They take off running making their way to an abandoned house.

The car is right on they ass, as Crab killer starts shooting.

The car pulls up in front of the house.

We can hear a police siren whaling faintly in search of where the gunshots are coming from.

Chris lets off a few shots from a window, while Clip stands in the door letting off shots.

Tony, Tasha and Crab Killer are sitting on the doors letting off shots.

Crab Killer catches one in the head, falling to the ground dead.

Clip is still in the door shooting as his body starts getting filled with holes, but he keeps firing until he catches one in the head, falling back on the floor dead.

The car takes off down the street.

Chris is on the floor fanning the dust away.

CHRIS

Clip?! Clip, where you at nigga?!

He moves across the floor, and his vision clears up getting closer to Clip's dead body.

Clip is lying in blood with his brains leaking out.

Guilt pulsates through Chris body, devastated he got his best friend killed holding him in his arms.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(Sobbing)

Not my nigga. Not like this.

The police siren we heard is drawing closer.

Chris gets up grabbing his gun taking his bandanna off, walking over to a hole in the floor dropping them.

Walking back over to Clip with tears pouring down his face, the red and blue lights from the squad car can be seen.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. EAST SIDE - CONTINUOUS

The police officers get out guns drawn, looking at Crab Killer lying in blood with his brains spilling out.

Chris comes walking out the house with no expression on his face.

POLICE OFFICER

Freeze!

Chris walks over to the squad car opening the back door getting in, closing the door behind him.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Chris sits twiddling his thumbs, looking at the different gang graffiti on the walls.

The OFFICER stands to the side smoking a cigarette.

OFFICER

(Exhales)

How are you, son?

CHRIS

I'm not your fucking son.

OFFICER

(Laughs)

What was that?

CHRIS

I said I'm not your fucking son.

OFFICER

(Laughs)

You know what? I'm not about to stoop to your level.

CHRIS

You couldn't understand my level.

The Officer blows smoke in Chris face, taking a seat in a chair next to him.

OFFICER

That's why all I want is answers.

CHRIS

Let's get it over with.

OFFICER

We ran your name through the system. It appears you don't have a record.

CHRIS

I could've told you that.

OFFICER

What were you doing out with a gang member?

CHRIS

What?

OFFICER

You heard what the fuck I said! Don't try to play fucking stupid with me, kid!

CHRIS

I don't know about that gang shit. My fucking best friend is dead, so do something about that.

OFFICER

What's that shit you kid's say? I guess he got caught slipping.

Chris stands up in rage with his fist balled.

The Officer pulls his gun out, placing it in Chris face.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

Don't end up next to your friend. Sit yo ass down in that chair, and be easy.

Chris sits down folding his arms over each other, placing them on the table.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHRIS MOTHER HOUSE - NIGHT

Chris mother opens the door, and her mouth drops open when she sees Chris clothes stained with blood, and the Officer standing behind him.

CHRIS MOTHER

Chris baby, what happened?

She pulls him in, giving him a hug.

OFFICER

Ma'am, we had him down at the station tonight. He was a witness to a murder.

CHRIS MOTHER

What murder?

OFFICER

Some unknown assailants did a drive by shooting on him and his friend.

CHRIS MOTHER

Chris, are you okay?

CHRIS

I'm going to my room.

He walks off.

OFFICER

Go easy on him, ma'am. He saw his best friend murdered tonight, so he's still in shock.

CHRIS MOTHER

Yes. Thank you, sir.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. TASHA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chris walks in, and Tasha sits up looking at him stunned.

TASHA

What happened to you?

He displays the blood on his clothes.

CHRIS

This is what happens when you're in a fucking gang. You get nothing but dead fucking homies.

TASHA

Who died?

CHRIS

Some slobs did a drive by on me and Clip.

TASHA

Hold up. Don't come in here---

CHRIS

You dizzy slob, bitch. You're involved in something you have no idea about.

TASHA

You know what?

She gets out the bed walking over to him.

CHRIS MOTHER (O.S.)

Chris, can you come here?

CHRIS

Despite we're enemies...I'm still protecting you, because you're my sister.

TASHA

Bloods don't need help from crabs.

No emotion is in either of their eyes as he walks out the room coming down the stairs in the living room, where his mother sits smoking a cigarette.

CHRIS MOTHER

Are you okay?

CHRIS

My best friend died in my arms tonight.
Would you be okay?

CHRIS MOTHER

Chris, I'm sorry about your friend. But
thank God you're alive.

CHRIS

Thank God? Why would I do that? Where was he at tonight?

CHRIS MOTHER

Chris, I don't know what to tell you. Why would someone want you or your friend dead?

CHRIS

I don't wanna talk about it.

CHRIS MOTHER

Chris---

CHRIS

Good night, ma. Today wasn't my day.

He walks off.

She takes a pull from her cigarette shaking her head, crying.

EXT. CLIP'S MOTHER HOUSE - MORNING

Chris and his mother walk up to the porch, where CLIP'S MOTHER sits wiping tears from her eyes.

CHRIS

I'm sorry, Ms. Williams.

CLIP'S MOTHER

(Sobbing)

My baby is in the arms of the Lord. I know he's in a better place.

CHRIS

...I'll go get that stuff out the way.

CLIP'S MOTHER

Go right ahead.

CHRIS

Do you know when you'll have the funeral ready?

CLIP'S MOTHER

It'll be ready for Sunday. I already made the arrangements.

CHRIS

I'll be sure to be there.

(To his mother)

Ma, can you talk with her for a minute while I get the stuff?

CHRIS MOTHER

Not a problem.

Chris walks up the stairs going inside the house.

The room still looks a mess as Chris looks around shaking his head taking a deep breath, before going into Clip's room.

Clip's room is painted blue with various Crip graffiti on the walls.

There's clothes scattered all over the floor, along with papers, empty beer cans and bottles.

Chris picks up a box resting in the corner, and starts filling it with papers filled with Crip lit, CD's etc.

He lifts the mattress, and there's bricks of marijuana, sacks of crack rocks, two blue platted Nine Millimeters, and a sawed off shotgun with dried caked up blood around the barrel.

Smirking nodding his head, he lets the mattress down, and then walks over to the closet opening it.

Hanging on the door is a royal blue hood with the words EACT CIDE on the front spelled in calligraphy letters and on the back it says Rip Rida.

A tear wants to fall from his eye, staring at the hood remembering his best friend.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CLIP'S MOTHER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Chris comes out carrying boxes, making his way to the car.

His mother and Clip's mother continue talking.

He places the boxes in the car, and then comes back to the porch.

CLIP'S MOTHER

(To Chris)

I'll see you Sunday.

CHRIS

Yes, ma'am.

CHRIS MOTHER

Once again, my heart goes out to you.

CLIP'S MOTHER

I really appreciate that, from the bottom
of my heart.

Chris and his mother walk to the car getting in.

She starts the car, turning looking at him.

CHRIS MOTHER

What did he leave you?

CHRIS

Some clothes, CD's.

CHRIS MOTHER

Chris, you're my only son. Don't think
about doing no stupid shit.

CHRIS

Ma, I'm not doing anything.

She pulls off.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRIS ROOM - NIGHT

The room is basic. There's a black entertainment system setup against the wall with a television and stereo resting inside, along with a video game system and some games.

"MO MURDA" By Bone is playing, as Chris poses in the mirror up against the wall in his boxers holding the two Nine Millimeters with a blue bandanna wrapped around his face.

CHRIS

What's up, cuz? You wanna fuck with me?

He walks over to the bed taking a seat placing the guns down picking up the shotgun opening it, taking the blue shell cases out.

He stares at them in a trance for a few seconds, before wiping them off, placing them back in.

Grabbing the blunt and lighter off the bed he walks over to the window opening it before lighting the blunt taking a hard pull, exhaling a thick cloud, sucking it back in.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Don't worry cuz, I'll get them niggas.
That's on the "C".

EXT. RIVER WALK - NIGHT

The lights from Canada look beautiful reflecting off the still waters. Couples are holding hands by the rail, and we can hear faint talking.

Chris and Crystal come walking up holding hands. Crystal seems happy with her evening, but you can look at Chris and tell the death of Clip is still bothering him.

Chris is wearing all-blue with the hat to match, and Crystal is wearing a fitted black shirt and jeans.

CRYSTAL

Loco's still got the best nachos in the
"D".

CHRIS

(Dry)

Yeah.

CRYSTAL

What's up?

CHRIS

It doesn't matter.

CRYSTAL

If I didn't love you, no it wouldn't matter. But since I do, you need to talk to me. It's about Terrence, isn't it?

He lets her hand go walking over to the rail, looking down into the water.

She comes behind him placing her hands on his shoulders rubbing him.

CHRIS

(Sighs)

He's dead because of me. Mike is in a wheelchair because of me. This gang shit is taking over my life, causing me pain in every way possible.

CRYSTAL

You have to stop beating yourself up. These things happen---

Chris turns around upset.

CHRIS

All of this shit is happening because of me. How would you feel if you saw your sister out with a bunch of niggas and when you try to take her home, your friend ends up paralyzed? How would you feel if you wanted to kill the nigga ya sister keeps fucking with and in the end, you get your best friend killed? You're telling me to

stop beating myself up? You don't know
shit about beating yourself up, until you
feel what I feel!

CRYSTAL

I'm trying to feel your fucking pain! I'm
trying to fucking be there for you, but
you won't let me! That's what love is all
about! Through the good times and bad,
we're supposed to---

CALVIN (O.S.)

Crystal?

She turns around and there stands CALVIN, dark brown skin
tone, smiling wearing all-red with the hat to match.

Chris leans up against the rail with a look of hate.

CRYSTAL

Calvin? What are you doing down here?

CALVIN

I was down here chilling, and I saw you.

CRYSTAL

You think after all these years and what
you did, you can just---

CHRIS

Excuse the fuck outta me. I swore we came
down here together.

CRYSTAL

I know we came down here together.

CALVIN

(Laughs)

Why you still dealing with this soft ass
nigga?

Chris gets off the rail making his way towards them, and
Crystal stands between them.

CRYSTAL

You need to respect my man.

(To Chris)

You keep your cool.

CALVIN

Respect the nigga for what? He's still the bitch he was back then.

Chris tries swinging around Crystal.

CHRIS

What's up, cuz?

CRYSTAL

(To Chris)

Calm down! I need you to leave, Calvin.

CALVIN

(Scoffs)

You dumb bitch. I'm glad I fucked you over, because you're...

Chris moves Crystal to the side hitting Calvin in the mouth making him step back, but he keeps hitting him, until he falls to the ground.

Once he's on the ground, Chris pulls one of the Nine Millimeters out, and starts pistol-whipping him.

Crystal tries pulling Chris off, but he elbows her good enough to make her stumble back, tripping over her feet.

Chris continues pistol-whipping him.

CHRIS

You fucked her friend, and then tried to fuck her, but she's a dumb bitch?!

Chris aims the gun at his face ready to pull the trigger.

Crystal grabs his arm just as he squeezes the trigger, missing Calvin's head.

The few people out there take off running.

Chris gets up shoving her.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

What the fuck is wrong with you?! The
nigga just called you a dumb bitch!

He kicks Calvin across the face.

Calvin releases a deep moan, rolling around on the ground
with blood covering his face.

CRYSTAL

What the fuck has gotten into you?! Who do
you think you are?!

CHRIS

I'm not a bitch ass nigga, that's about to
be with a girl protecting the nigga who
disrespected her!

CRYSTAL

I'm not protecting anybody, Chris. I'm
just---

CHRIS

I'm just not fuckin' with you no more!
Fuck you, and this bitch ass nigga! You
two Ce fuckin' happy together!

Chris starts walking off.

CRYSTAL

Chris, it ain't like that!

CHRIS

Fuck you!

CRYSTAL

Fuck yo baby I'm carrying, too?!

CHRIS

If it's really mine! It might Ce that

bitch ass nigga Cack there! Have a nice fuckin' life!

Chris continues walking.

Crystal stands crying.

INT. ABANDON HOUSE - NIGHT

Chris is standing in the spot where Clip died, holding a paper bag with two beers in it.

He takes a seat taking one out, pouring it off to the side.

CHRIS

There you go my nigga.

He takes the other beer from the bag opening it, guzzling down as much as he can.

Pulling a blunt from his pocket, he places it in his mouth lighting it taking a hard hit.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Shit ain't right without you here, cuz.
It's cool doe. I'm getting them niggas for you.

He takes a few pulls and then puts the blunt out placing it back in his pocket, picking the beer up guzzling some more.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I gotta go. Just know you're always here with me. I'll holla Cack my nigga.

He gets up dusting off, taking sips walking out the house.

INT. MIKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Blue bandanna's are on the dressers and the headboard of the bed. Video games are stacked up against the side of the television.

Mike's room is fairly clean, but he makes sure when you come in you know he's Crippin'.

Some rap music is playing.

Mike is in a wheelchair sitting at the table.

Chris is sitting on the other side of the table smoking a blunt.

On the table, there's a half bottle of 1800, some rolled blunts, a cup in front of Chris and Mike, and Chris blue hat resting by the ashtray.

Chris passes the blunt.

CHRIS

That's fucked up what happened to Clip.

MIKE

I know cuz. I can't Celieve the shit myself. One minute we were drinking and smoking...now he gone.

CHRIS

(Sighs)

...It's my fault.

MIKE

Why you say that?

CHRIS

If I didn't wanna go kill that slob, he would still Ce alive.

MIKE

Shit happens for a reason, cuz. Maybe it was his time to go.

CHRIS

Fuck that. It should've been me.

MIKE

Don't say that. He wouldn't look at it that way.

CHRIS

Check this out.

He stands up pulling the two Nine Millimeters from under

his shirt, placing them on the table.

Mike looks at him confused, taking a hit from the blunt.

MIKE

Why are you carrying his shit around?

CHRIS

He left me all his shit.

MIKE

Chris...you do know, you're not a Crip?

CHRIS

I might as well Ce one. That shit can't ride, cuz.

MIKE

I understand that. Do you know what you're saying right now? I do this shit for real, and look where I'm at.

CHRIS

Fuck that! Retaliation is a must, cuz!

MIKE

I know that shit, cuz. You on some---

CHRIS

Mike, you ain't feeling me. If you were, we wouldn't Ce having this conversation.

Chris downs the rest of his cup, and then places the guns back under his shirt.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You'll Ce at the funeral, right?

MIKE

Yeah, I'll Ce there.

CHRIS

I'm out, Cuddin'. I'll holla at you

Sunday.

Chris walks out the room.

Mike looks on shaking his head taking a sip from his cup, before hitting the blunt again.

EXT. EAST LAFAYETTE - NIGHT

The bus is pulling off.

Chris stands waiting to cross the street.

As he gets closer to his street, he slows his pace seeing YOUNG BLOOD #1 AND YOUNG BLOOD #2, ages sixteen in all-red with red bandannas around their heads standing in front of the closed laundry shop, smoking and talking loud.

Chris feels it in his bones it's about to be trouble.

Young Blood #1 notices Chris, and taps Young Blood #2 on the shoulder.

Young Blood #2 turns looking at him.

YOUNG BLOOD #2

You in the wrong hood wearing that flu
shit, blood!

CHRIS

It ain't that type of night. Just get the
fuck outta my way and Ce easy.

YOUNG BLOOD #2

Fuck you, crab ass nigga!

Chris calmly places his hands under his shirt, placing his fingers on the handles of the guns.

The two run at Chris, and Chris pulls the guns out.

They pause, turning around running the other way, and Chris opens fire.

Young Blood #2 catches a couple in the back, and he hits the ground dead.

Young Blood #1 catches one in the back, falling to the ground.

Young Blood #1 is trying to crawl away, and Chris runs up kicking him over, aiming the guns at him.

YOUNG BLOOD #1

(Begging)

Come on dog, don't do this shit!

CHRIS

Bitch ass nigga, talk shit, now!

YOUNG BLOOD #1

Dog, please! I ain't even a real Blood! I was just out here with my nigga!

Anger etches Chris face, having flashbacks of the drive by.

FLASH CUT:

INT. ABANDON HOUSE - NIGHT

Chris is holding Clip in his arms.

COME BACK TO:

EXT. EAST LAFAYETTE - NIGHT

CHRIS

Fuck that! Y'all ain't show mercy on me and my nigga!

YOUNG BLOOD #1

Man...

Chris shoots him four times in the face.

Some lights start coming on in houses.

Chris takes off running down the street till he gets to the alley, taking that all the way home.

When he gets to his house, he hops the gate, and then goes into the garage turning the lights on.

He walks over to a pile of wood resting in the corner, moving some of the wood out the way, placing the guns on top.

Placing the wood back on top of the guns, he walks to the switch turning the lights off, making his way out the garage closing it.

Coming to the front of the house trying to catch his breath, he notices the Intrepid used in the drive by resting in front of the house.

He scratches his head confused, making his way to the side door quietly opening it.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

The basement is furnished like a living room.

There's a shelf filled with pictures of Chris and Tasha, along with their trophies.

Some R & B music plays fairly loud.

Tony is on top of Tasha in nothing but his boxers kissing on her, while she moans in pleasure.

Chris creeps down the stairs pausing, staring at the two confused.

CHRIS

What the fuck?!

They both look up stunned.

Tony tries to get up, but Chris is already on him, hitting him upside the head, making him fall down on Tasha.

Chris grabs him by the shoulders, slinging him to the floor.

He kicks him a few times in the face, before getting down on his knees choking him.

Tasha gets up in her red bra and panties trying to pull Chris off, but he elbows her, making her step back.

CHRIS

You nasty bitch!

Tony is gasping for air, as the veins start bulging in his head.

Tasha grabs one of the trophies with a marble base hitting Chris over the head, and he falls over to the side unconscious.

Tony gets up grabbing at his throat, hacking and coughing.

Tasha stands holding the trophy with a lost expression.

Tony kicks Chris across the face.

TONY

Bitch ass nigga.

CHRIS MOTHER (O.S.)

What the fuck is going on down there?!

TASHA

Oh, shit. Baby, you gotta go.

Tony quickly gathers his stuff running up the stairs, making his way out the side door.

Tasha puts the trophy down, putting her robe on.

Chris mother comes downstairs wearing her night gown half sleep, looking around.

CHRIS MOTHER

What the...

She covers her mouth looking at Chris on the floor.

TASHA

Ma, I can...

She slaps Tasha hard across the face, damn near turning her skin red how hard the slap was.

CHRIS MOTHER

You better get the fuck outta my face and call an ambulance! Go, now!

Tasha takes off running.

His mother gets down on her knees holding him.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Chris is lying on the bed with his head bandaged.

Tasha is sitting by his bedside.

He opens his eyes seeing Tasha, and he gets upset.

CHRIS

What are you doing here?

TASHA

I can't check on my brother?

CHRIS

Since when am I yo brother?

TASHA

On some real shit, I've been looking at everything that went down. All the people who died or got fucked up. I realized this shit has to stop.

CHRIS

I'm supposed to believe that? It's because of yo ass I'm in here.

TASHA

I know. I fucked up and there's nothing I can do about that. Right now...I just want my brother.

CHRIS

Are you serious?

She leans over giving him a kiss on the forehead before laying her head on his chest, wrapping her arms around him.

TASHA

I love you, Chris. From here on out, that gang shit is done.

Tears roll down his face, wrapping his arms around her.

CHRIS

I love you, too.

INT. CHRIS ROOM - MORNING

Chris is posing in the mirror wearing an all-white suit, with a white bandanna wrapped around his head.

He walks over to the bed where his black trench coat is resting. On top off it is the sawed off shotgun.

He picks the gun up, placing it in the sleeve of the coat.

CHRIS (V.O.)

I did a lot of thinking the past few days.
I finally got through to my sister, and
all that gang bullshit is over. The only
thing left to do is go see my nigga.

He places the coat over his arm, making sure he's holding on tight to the sleeve with the gun, making his way downstairs.

He walks pass his mother sitting on the couch watching him walk out the door.

He walks over to Crystal'z black Taurus in the driveway getting in.

Crystal is wearing something casual.

CRYSTAL

How are you?

CHRIS

I'm okay.

CRYSTAL

Can we talk about the Riverwalk?

CHRIS

That's the last thing on my mind. I just
wanna get this shit out the way. Whatever
happened that day, will stay in that day.

She sighs, pulling out the driveway.

Chris pulls a CD from his coat placing it in the radio, and a song starts playing. "Everything gonna be alright"

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CHURCH PARKING LOT - MORNING

The church looks rather old, but it's still holding up strong, as they pull into the parking lot.

They get out making their way into the church, along with other people walking in.

Inside, everything is brand new from the floor to the ceiling.

The choir is singing while the music plays.

Everybody is crying, trying to comfort the person next to them.

Clip's mother is sitting in the front row bawling.

All the gang affiliates have a section to themselves. The colors range from blue, black, white, purple and some brown.

Clip's casket is covered with white and blue roses, and pictures of him from when he was a baby, up to the present.

Yasmine is sitting in the back holding Darius.

Chris walks over to her taking a seat, giving her a kiss on the cheek.

Crystal keeps walking to the front taking a seat.

CHRIS

How are you?

YASMINE

(Sobbing)

I'll be okay. I asked him would he be alive, and his last words were "Don't I always come back?" Look where I'm at now.

CHRIS

Yeah.

YASMINE

What can you do? Thanks for coming to talk to me, Chris. I needed that.

CHRIS

No problem.

He gets up making his way to the casket.

Inside the casket, Clip is wearing a black suit with blue pinstripes, with a blue bandanna wrapped around his head.

Clip looks like he's finally at peace with tons of other bandannas laid across his body.

Chris stands there for a few minutes before walking over to Mike sitting in his wheelchair outside the pew, taking a seat placing the coat down gently.

CHRIS

What up, cuz? I see you made it.

MIKE

(Sobbing)

I made it, cuz. I can't believe that's my nigga up there.

CHRIS

I got something to give you when we leave.

MIKE

What's that?

CHRIS

I'll show you when we leave.

The choir and music comes to a stop, as the PREACHER comes to the pulpit.

PREACHER

Good morning ladies and gentlemen. We're here today in mourning, because these cruel streets said this young man had to die. Why are you young people killing each

other over things that mean nothing in the Lord's eyes? Why does a parent have to mourn because their child couldn't dress in what made them feel comfortable? Young people, we need to put an end to this foolishness! The Lord protects fools and babies, and as I look around the room I see both, because you're killing each other over colors! You're all the same in the Lord's eyes! The only difference is appearance, and that holds no value, because in the end, the Lord doesn't look at your appearance! He looks at your inner soul, young people!

THE ROOM

Amen!

The choir hits a quick note.

PREACHER (CONT'D)

You young people out here think because you got a gun in your hand you can't be touched! That gun is nothing more than an extension of how much of a coward you really are! You wanna prove to somebody you're big and bad?! Pick up a book and learn something, so you can be somebody in life! Or pick up a bible and learn something about your maker before it's too late, and you have to face him not knowing what's going on! That's what makes you big and bad! When you can say I have the Lord on my side, and he's watching over me with his strong arm of protection!

The doors come open, and everyone turns seeing Tony tossing a blue bandanna on fire into the aisle.

TONY

Fuck that crab, and every other crab in here!

He runs out and half the church gets up chasing after him.

Chris grabs his coat making his way outside.

The church is in shambles.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. THE CHURCH PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

It's a carnage bowl of madness, similar to the fight on THE STRIP, but worse.

Tony is hiding behind one of the cars, pulling out a Nine Millimeter.

Chris comes out and sees him.

He takes the sawed off from his sleeve, making his way over to him.

Just as Tony gets ready to stand up, Chris puts the barrel of the gun to the back of his head.

CHRIS

What's up, cuz?!

Tony turns his head looking into the barrel of the gun, which is the last thing he sees before the gun goes off, blowing his head off, splattering blood, brains and skull fragments everywhere.

More gunshots start going off, and people are catching bullets falling to the ground.

Police sirens are heard drawing near.

Chris runs jumping into one of the Crips cars getting ready to pull off.

He looks back one last time, and he sees Tasha staring dead at him.

The car takes off.

The gunshots are still heard as police cars pull up.

INT. BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

Chris is looking in the mirror wearing a royal blue wife beater and jeans.

Some music can be heard playing in the background.

CRIP (O.S.)

Come outta there and get fucked up, cuz!

CHRIS

Here I come!

He smiles nodding his head yes, before walking out the bathroom.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRIS ROOM - NIGHT

Tasha is sitting on the bed holding the same bear Chris was holding when she came home drunk.

Chris comes into the room carrying a garbage bag with his clothes in it.

CHRIS

What do you want?

TASHA

I guess it's finally over.

CHRIS

I guess so. What do you want?

TASHA

Nothing. I'm actually happy.

CHRIS

What's the catch?

She holds up the bear smiling, and then places it on his pillow, standing up walking over to him.

TASHA

Just like the bear...you're always there for me.

CHRIS

I'm amazed to hear you say that.

TASHA

Well, people change, and I'm glad you did it.

He places the bag down, and they give each other a hug.

She gives him a kiss on the cheek.

TASHA (CONT'D)

Good night. I love you, and I'll talk to you tomorrow.

She walks out the room.

Chris walks over to the bed taking a seat smiling.

CHRIS

...It all worked out in the end.

He lies down on the bed grabbing the bear, and then closes his eyes for sleep.

INT. CHRIS MOTHER'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

Chris is standing over his mother wearing the hood he took from Clip's house, watching her sleep.

After killing Tony and his best friend getting laid to rest, Chris knows his life will no longer be the same, and if he lives from what he's done, he hopes his mother will be able to forgive him.

He gives her a kiss on the forehead before walking out the room, walking downstairs heading to the basement door, walking out the side door.

He walks to the garage opening it, walking over to the wood pile getting the guns sliding the old clips out, placing new ones in.

After covering the old clips under the wood, he places the guns under his hood making his way out the garage.

INT. THE HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Chris comes in through the back door, just as the bell rings.

The hallway fills with loud students as he makes his way

through the crowd heading towards the library.

There's a bunch of students in line to see if they're graduating.

Some walk away excited, while others walk away in shame.

He gets to the paper smiling, seeing he's graduating with flying colors and honors.

Walking out the library, he bumps into Tasha wearing a red wife beater and a red bandanna skirt.

He gives her a tight hug and kiss on the cheek, before letting her go.

CHRIS

I'm graduating!

TASHA

That's nice.

CHRIS

Hell yeah! I can't wait to put on that cap and gown.

TASHA

Well, you need to worry about something else right now.

CHRIS

What are you talking about, now?

TASHA

I'm talking about when I was bangin'.

CHRIS

(Sighs)

Tasha, I swore we said that shit was said and done?

TASHA

It's done. I just wanted to tell you how I got in.

CHRIS

How?

TASHA

On the night your friend died.

Chris stares at her in deep thought, wondering why she mentioned the night Clip was killed.

CHRIS

...Yeah.

TASHA

I was one of the people blastin' at you
crab ass niggas.

CHRIS

What?!

TASHA

That's right. And yo bitch ass next,
blood!

She spits on him, and then takes off running.

He stands confused for a split second, before pulling the
guns from under his hood.

Students drop to the floor screaming as he chases after
her.

He runs pass Crystal, and she looks at him confused, before
chasing after him.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. THE SCHOOLYARD - AFTERNOON

The schoolyard is filled with students.

Throughout all of them, there are FOUR guys including BLOOD
#1 wearing all-black with red bandannas around their faces,
with their hands under their shirts.

Tasha comes running out the school, and Chris is not far
behind taking aim.

The guys pull various guns from under their shirts.
Students drop to the ground screaming.

CHRIS

You slob bitch!

BLOOD #1

Blast that muthafuckin' crab, blood!

Chris and the guys open fire.

Students are getting hit as the screams and bullets ring out in the air.

FADE OUT:

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - MINUTES AFTER

Here's what we didn't see in the beginning. Tasha is lying face down in blood, along with one of the guys shooting and a couple of students.

Chris is lying on his back guns still in hand, with bullet holes in his stomach and chest, spitting up blood.

His vision is blurry staring at the students surrounding him.

CHRIS (V.O.)

I told you this story was about family, but you can relate to it from a gang point of view? Man, mama is gonna be pissed. Her little girl is dead, and it was her son who killed her. Why is everybody looking sad? I'm not leaving. I have to make it to graduation, because I know that bitch will be off the hook. Bloods, Crips. I wonder will there ever be peace between the two?

His vision slowly fades to black.

CHRIS (CONT'D) (V.O.)

It's fucked up...because throughout all this, all I wanted to do is protect my sister. I guess I did in a way, but I didn't. Close my eyes. ...It's time for me to say goodbye.

FADE OUT:

What you need to know about gangs

"Gangs are more than what society claims them as, although there are gangs that prove society right. The colors worn show the family they represent. In the same breath, you have people wearing colors trying to strike fear into others, and nine times outta ten they not gang affiliated. The sad part about gangs you can say is true. Let's say you dropped your flag, but you killed someone from the opposite set or you were around when a murder went down. If you get caught slipping, you'll get shot at on sight. So bottom line, once you're in, you stay in until your dying day. Gangs can be the most powerful force on the planet, but as long as they see each other as colors there will never be peace. So if you plan on picking up a flag to represent, you better be prepared to live by the set, and die by the set. Think about it. You never know when you might have to kill or get killed by someone that's actually family outside the set."

Bernard Mersier

This is dedicated to every set. War or peace?

END CREDITS