

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

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FEVER- SEASON 1 EPISODE 1- SUNNY MOROCCO

FADE TO:

EXT. MOROCCAN VILLA.

CAMERA PANS DOWN TO A GROUP OF MEN, SOME WHITE, SOME HISPANIC.

DRUG DEALER 1:  
Nice flight?

BUYER 1:  
Yeah, lovely actually, good food,  
smooth ride.

DRUG DEALER 1:  
Good to hear, need a drink?

BUYER ONE NODS, THEN THE TWO BEGIN TO WALK TO THE INTERIOR OF THE MOROCCAN VILLA.

INT. MOROCCAN VILLA.

DRUG DEALER 1:  
This is the next thing in  
narcotics, sir. A true masterpiece,  
they say it's something that came  
from the heavens.

BUYER 1:  
Yes, yes. Uh, where is it exactly  
then?

DRUG DEALER 1:  
Settle down, some of my workers are  
packing it now, take a sit, have a  
beer.

BUYER ONE SITS DOWN ON A LEATHER COUCH THAT IS IN THE LIVING ROOM OF THE VILLA.

BUYER 1:  
You've got a nice house, my  
friend, I bet it cost quite the  
buck?

DRUG DEALER ONE LAUGHS, THEN WALKING TO THE LIVING ROOM COUCHES WITH SOME BEERS.

DRUG DEALER 1:  
Yeah, I guess it did cost quite the  
buck. I hope to buy a bigger one  
with the new Moroccan Fever as I  
like to call it.

BUYER 1:  
Why the fever?

DRUG DEALER 1:  
It sounds good, I guess.

WE GET A LOOK OF DRUG DEALER'S SMIRKING FACE AS HE LOOKS AWAY FROM BUYER 1, HE THEN SIPES FROM HIS BEER.

BUYER 1:  
Tell me more about the drug. What does it look like? What does it feel like?

DRUG DEALER 1:  
Well, if I told you that. That'd ruin the surprise of it. Everyone likes a good surprise.

DRUG DEALER GRINS WIDELY.

THEN WE GET A SHOT OF BUYER AND HIS MORE UNSETTLED FACE.

DRUG DEALER 1: (CONT'D)  
Anyways, it's about time we got the drug, eh? Julian, get the boys.

JULIAN, A BODY GUARD WALKS DOWN TO THE BASEMENT, WE FOLLOW HIM ON HIS JOURNEY, SEEING ALL THE WORKERS AND MACHINES THAT ARE CREATING THE DRUG.

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CUT TO:

INT. DRUG MAKING BASEMENT

JULIAN:  
Come on, get upstairs, we need it now.

CUT TO:

INT. MOROCCAN VILLA.

BUYER AND DRUG DEALER SIT ON THE COUCHES IN SILENCE, JULIAN AND TWO WORKERS COME UP WITH A BOTTLE OF LIQUID.

DRUG DEALER 1:  
You see, it works like this.

WE SEE THE DRUG DEALER GIVING ACTIONS ON HOW TO USE THE DRUG AS HE SPEAKS.

DRUG DEALER 1: (CONT'D)  
You grab a squirter as we call them. You place how much liquid you want into the squirter, then place the squirter up your nose and press on it, squirting the liquid right up there!

BUYER SMILES, THEN TAKING THE BOTTLE OF LIQUID, THEN JULIAN HANDS HIM A SQUIRTER.

DRUG DEALER 1: (CONT'D)  
Go on, take a hit...

CUT TO:

INT. MOROCCAN VILLA.

WE GET A SHOT OF JUST BUYER, HE PLACES HIS SQUIRTER UP HIS NOSE, THEN TAKING A HIT OF IT, SQUIRTING IT.

BUYER FLINCHES, THEN CLOSES HIS EYES AND LAYS BACK.

HE SLOWLY LETS OUT A "GAAAH" SOUND, THE CAMERA SLOWLY ZOOMS IN ON HIS FACE.

FADE TO:

INTRO CREDITS.

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CUT TO:

INT. A DELI IN NEW YORK

ONE OF THE MAIN PROTAGONISTS, A YOUNG BLACK HAired WHITE MAN NAMED MILES WHO IS A MEMBER OF THE LAPELLI FAMILY, A CRIMINAL MAFIA.

MILES TAKES A SEAT, THEN LOOKING AROUND.

WE FOCUS ON ANOTHER MAN ENTERING, A STOCKY WHITE MAN WITH A BALD HEAD NAMED MARIO WHO IS ALSO A MEMBER OF THE LAPELLI FAMILY.

MARIO TAKES A SEAT INFRONT OF MILES, THEY SIT ON A TABLE FOR TWO TOGETHER.

MILES  
Hello.

MARIO  
Hey.

MILES LICKS HIS LIPS, THEN MARIO LEANS BACK IN HIS CHAIR.

MARIO (CONT'D)  
So, Miles. How do you do? Doing good?

MILES  
I guess you could say it's been a long couple of days. Nothing too heavy though.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK ALLEYWAY

WE GET A SHOT UNDER A MAN WHOSE NOSE IS BLEEDING HEAVILY, MILES IS GRABBING HIS HEAD, LAYING ONTOP OF HIM WITH A CLENCHED FIST RAISED IN THE AIR.

MILES

Come on, you motherfucker, are you gonna give it over, HUH!?

BEATEN UP MAN

N-no... Ugh.

THE ANGLE CHANGES TO A VIEW OF ONE OF THE MAFIA MEMBERS WHO STANDS WATCHING MILES. AN OVER THE SHOULDER VIEW.

MILES PUNCHES THE MAN IN THE SIDE OF THE HEAD, THEN RAISING HIS HEAD UP AGAIN, LETTING MORE BLOOD DRIP FROM HIS NOSE.

MILES

Now you dick, motherfuck, son of a BITCH! Are you going to give me this money or am I going to have to chop your balls off?

BEATEN UP MAN

Y-you wouldn't do it.

MILES

Oh, I wouldn't? Gimme the knife.

ONE OF THE MAFIA MEMBERS HANDS MILES A POCKET KNIFE THAT IS ALREADY BEEN POPPED UP. MILES TAKES THE KNIFE.

MILES THEN TRIES TO TURN THE MAN ON HIS FRONT, SUCCEEDING THEN, WE SEE HIM HOLD THE KNIFE IN THE AIR, READY TO PLUNGE.

MILES PLUNGES THE KNIFE DOWN, NEAR CONTACTING

CUT TO:

INT. A DELI IN NEW YORK

MARIO

Huh, I guess you could say the same for me.

CUT TO:

A QUICK 5 SECOND MONTAGE OF MARIO KILLING AND ROBBING.

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MARIO

YEAH, SO. You know why we're here.

MILES

The drug. It's all the buzz right now.

MARIO

Huh, well, the big man wants us to get a grip on it, us two, it's our job to find the right people who sell it at the right price, you know?

MILES

I feel. But, where the hell are we gonna find a drug that's just landed on the fucking scene?

MARIO

If it's landed on the scene, someone must of bought it by now.

MILES

Yeah, but who?

MARIO

Did you forget the whole fucking reason we're sat here right now?

MILES

Alright, come on. Give me a link then. Tell me who we need to see.

MARIO

You know what? We're eating first, get me a ham, balony and cheese sub, white bread, salt and pepper. HOT. Thank you, fuckface!

CUT TO:

THE FOLLOWING TAKES PLACE AT NIGHT.

INT. DIRTY NEW YORK GHETTO APARTMENT BLOCK.

MARIO AND MILES WALK DOWN A LONG HALLWAY, THEY ARE BOTH DRESSED IN COATS AND LOOK AROUND THE AREA ONCE IN A WHILE.

MILES

Fucking hate these places, full to the brim with junkies and gang bangers. Gah...

MARIO

Will you shut your fucking mouth before you get us shot?

SWITCH TO A VIEW FROM A SECURITY CAMERA.

MILES KNOCKS ON AN APARTMENT DOOR, HE WAITS FOR A WHLE UNTIL A BLACK MAN DRESSED IN MOSTLY BLACK CLOTHING OPENS THE DOOR.

THE BLACK MAN IS CALLED PIERCE, THE LEADER OF THE LOCAL GANG IN THAT APARTMENT BLOCK.

PIERCE  
You the guys that are talking about  
the drug?

MARIO  
That's right.

PIERCE  
Room 317.

MARIO NODS AND THEN THE TWO WALK AWAY.

PIERCE SHUTS THE DOOR, THE CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM.

WE FOLLOW PIERCE INTO THE LIVING ROOM OF THE APARTMENT WHERE OTHER BLACK GANG MEMBERS ARE SITTING AROUND WITH HIP HOP MUSIC ON THE RADIO.

PIERCE PICKS UP A BOTTLE OF WHISKEY, TAKING A SIP OF IT THEN PUTTING IT DOWN.

PIERCE (CONT'D)  
Turn the radio off.

THE RADIO IS TURNED OFF BY A GANG MEMBER.

PIERCE (CONT'D)  
Aight, listen up now. Got some guys  
looking for the drugs and we're  
selling it. I don't want ANYONE  
getting high off that shit, it  
makes you all spaced out. I want  
full concentration.

A SMALL, COCKY AND SMART WITTED MEMBER SPEAKS UP. HE IS CALLED LAMAR.

LAMAR  
I like it though, it's like,  
smooth, you know?

PIERCE  
Shut your mouth, Lamar.

ANOTHER MEMBER, WHO IS QUITE CHUBBY SPEAKS, HE IS CALLED TYRONE.

TYRONE  
Yeah, Lamar, bitch ass.

LAMAR  
Nigga, you asking for a punch?



PIERCE  
Both of yall are gonna get a punch  
if you don't shut up right now.

A SHOT SHOWS US THE TWO LOOKING AT EACHOTHER.

PIERCE (CONT'D)  
Alright, get geared up, get the  
drugs, get the guns, get  
everything. Don't fuck up.

ALL THE MEN WALK OUT, GETTING READY AND SUCH ON THE WAY.

WE TRANSITION  
FROM WHEN ONE OF  
THE MEN WALK  
PAST TO MARIO  
AND MILES  
WALKING ALONG  
THE HALLWAY.

INT. DIRTY NEW YORK GHETTO APARTMENT BLOCK.

MARIO AND MILES ARRIVE AT DOOR 317.

MILES KNOCKS ON THE DOOR.

CUT TO:

ONE OF THE HARDENED GANG MEMBERS CALLED LIAM, HE IS LOADING  
HIS GUN. HE IS ALSO WEARING A WHITE VEST.

THE DOOR IS KNOCKED ON, HE DROPS THE GUN ONTO HIS DRESSER AND  
WE FOLLOW HIS WALK TO THE DOOR.

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LIAM OPENS THE DOOR, REVEALING MARIO AND MILES, WE WATCH THIS  
SCENE WITH AN OVER THE SHOULDER CAMERA ANGLE FROM LIAM'S  
SHOULDER.

MILES  
You the drug guy?

LIAM  
Who sen you?

MILES  
Black guy, black clothes.

MARIO  
Uh, Pierce.

LIAM NODS, THEN TURNING AROUND AND GRABBING HIS WALKIE TALKIE  
FROM HIS DRESSER AND SPEAKING INTO IT.

LIAM  
Ayo, Pierce, it's Liam. You sent  
two guys up here for the fever?

CUT TO:

EXT. COLD NEW YORK GHETTO COURTYARD.

PIERCE IS WALKING, WE GET A CLOSE UP SHOT OF HIM TALKING INTO  
HIS WALKIE.

PIERCE  
Yeah, two crackers, one of 'em's  
stocky and shit?

CUT TO:

INT. LIAM'S APARTMENT.

LIAM  
For real.

LIAM PUTS HIS WALKIE DOWN, THEN FLICKING HIS CHIN UP AT  
MARIO AND MILES, MOTIONING THEM OVER.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLD NEW YORK GHETTO COURTYARD.

PIERCE, LAMAR AND TYRONE SIT ON A SMALL BLEACHER THAT IS NEXT  
TO A BASKETBALL COURT.

LAMAR  
We got buyers today.

THE CAMERA PANS AROUND, SHOWING PEOPLE HUSTLING DRUGS AND  
SOME PEOPLE BUYING FROM THE GANG MEMBERS WHO ARE HUSTLING.

PIERCE  
Hell yeah. Thats how the hustlas  
do, cuz.

THE CAMERA FOCUSES BACK ON THE THREE ON THE BLEACHER.

TYRONE  
For real. Making paper out here....

IT IS SILENT FOR A MOMENT UNTIL TYRONE SPEAKS UP AGAIN.

TYRONE (CONT'D)  
How do you think the Moroccan Fever  
will do once we got it all ready?

PIERCE  
I'm going to ask them Latelli guys  
later. See what they think of it.

LAMAR  
Heard it's addictive. Good for  
selling.

TYRONE  
It's weird. I mean, you don't sniff  
it or inject it or smoke it. You  
fucking squirt it.

THE THREE LAUGH A LITTLE UNTIL PIERCE SPEAKS AGAIN.

PIERCE  
Hey, the fuck is that nigga?

THE CAMERA SHOWS A GUY TAKING PICTURES OF THE AREA.

PIERCE (CONT'D)  
Lets check it. Shit.

WE FOLLOW THE THREE, IMPULSING MUSIC PLAYS AS THEY WALK.

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THE THREE ARRIVE AND PIERCE SMACKS THE CAMERA OUT OF THE  
YOUNG BLACK MAN'S HANDS AND ONTO THE FLOOR.

PIERCE (CONT'D)  
The fuck are you doing?

THE YOUNG MAN TRIES TO SPEAK BUT HE CANNOT, JUST PAUSING AND  
STUTTERING.

PIERCE (CONT'D)  
Huh? What up now?

LAMAR  
You been snooping? Taking pictures?

LAMAR GRABS HIS WAISTLINE, GRABBING AN OBJECT WHICH WE CANNOT  
SEE.

YOUNG CAMERA TEEN  
I-I.

TYRONE  
You fucked up, young-blood.

YOUNG CAMERA TEEN  
It's for my school, I swear, homie!  
Look.

THE YOUNG MAN REACHES HIS HAND IN HIS SADDLEBAG.

THE THREE BECOME ALARMED AND PULL THEIR GUNS ON HIM.

PIERCE

WOAH!

THE YOUNG MAN PULLS OUT A TEXTBOOK, LOOKING EXTREMELY WORRIED FROM THE GUNS.

THE THREE LOWER THEIR GUNS, THE YOUNG MAN OPENS THE BOOK, SHOWING IT THEM.

PIERCE EXAMINES THE BOOK, THEN NODDING ONCE TO THE YOUNG MAN WITH THE CAMERA.

YOUNG CAMERA TEEN

See? You broke my camera now.

PIERCE

Them photos ain't being used.

PIERCE STANDS ON THE CAMERA, THEN TUCKING HIS GUN BACK INTO HIS WAISTBAND.

PIERCE (CONT'D)

Get the fuck out of here, kid.

THE MAN BEGINS TO WALK OFF.

PIERCE (CONT'D)

(SHOUTING) EY! WAIT UP!

THE YOUNG MAN TURNS AROUND.

PIERCE (CONT'D)

Come here.

THE YOUNG TEEN MAN WALKS TO PIERCE.

YOUNG CAMERA TEEN

What up?

PIERCE

Want to live another 5 minutes?

YOUNG CAMERA TEEN

Huh?

PIERCE IS GIVEN A BROWN BAG FROM TYRONE.

PIERCE

Sell this. Make sure you're discreet about it, we'll be watching, try anything and blam, your brain is the new painting for the concrete, feel me.

THE YOUNG MAN GULPS, THEN TAKING THE BAG UNEASILY.

PIERCE (CONT'D)  
What's your name?

YOUNG CAMERA TEEN  
Marcus.

PIERCE NODS, THEN TURNING AND WALKING AWAY WITH THE OTHER TWO.

CUT TO:

INT. LIAM'S APARTMENT.

BLACK SCREEN.

LIAM  
(O.S) We got it from some idiot who  
couldn't handle it, says it's  
coming from Morocco.

THE BLACK SCREEN SLOWLY TURNS LIGHTER AS IT IS REVEALED THE CAMERA IS IN A CUPBOARD. THE CUPBOARD DOOR PROVIDES NATURAL LIGHT AS MARIO OPENS IT.

WE SHOW A SHOT OF MARIO GRABBING COFFEE AND OTHER INGREDIENTS AS LIAM AND MILES TALK OFF SCREEN.

MILES  
(O.S)Morocco? This is the new meth  
then.

LIAM  
(O.S)Hell yeah. Addictive stuff.

MILES  
(O.S)How would you know?

LIAM LAUGHS SLIGHTLY, THEN YOU HEAR HIM TAKING A BREATH, WE STILL SEE MARIO ASSEMBLING HIS COFFEE.

LIAM  
Well, I guess I've tried it before.

WE GET A SHOT OF LIAM, FROM MILES' PERSPECTIVE, HE WEARS CHEAP CLOTHING, HIS SEEMS TO BE MOVING CONTANTLY, NOT BEING ABLE TO SIT STILL.

THE NEXT SHOT IS OF MILES GRINNING SLIGHTLY, THEN TAKING A DEEP BREATH.

MILES  
Personal opinion... I don't think  
you guys can handle this stuff.

LIAM

Oh yeah? That's tough since you take orders from Marlon Brando, right?

MILES

Oh, so we're making them jokes now? There's a difference between the godfather and the real mafia. They tend to cut the more brutal torture moments out of the movies, you know?

MARIO

Will you both shut your stubborn fucking mouths? Incase your goldfish brains forgot, we have shit to do. Prices, please, my friend.

MARIO IS WALKING WITH HIS COFFEE AS HE SPEAKS, THEN HE SITS DOWN ONTO A SINGULAR CHAIR, NEXT TO MILES' SINGULAR CHAIR, THEY FACE LIAM WHO IS SAT ON A SOFA.

LIAM

Well then... We're offering three hundred and ninety a gram.

MARIO

Three hundre-.

MILES

We'll buy the fucking lot.

MILES SLAMS A BIG WAD OF CASH ONTO THE COFFEE TABLE INFRONT OF HIM, THE CAMERA FOLLOWS THE CASH DOWN AND AS IT SLAMS WE CUT OFF.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLD NEW YORK GHETTO COURTYARD.

PIERCE SITS ALONE ON THE BLEACHER, LOOKING ONTO THE HUSTLERS ON THE COURTYARD. HE SMOKES A CIGARETTE.

UNKNOWN VOICE.

(V.O) Come on, Pierce, sell it nigga, sell it now, come on.

PIERCE IS LOOKING INTO SPACE, DRAGGING ON HIS CIGARETTE.

MARCUS WALKS UP TO HIM, SNAPPING HIM OUT OF HIS DAY DREAM.

MARCUS SHOVES THE BROWN BAG HE WAS HANDED INTO PIERCE'S CHEST LIGHTLY.

MARCUS

Sold it.

MARCUS BEGINS TO WALK OFF.

PIERCE HOLDS THE BAG, SMIRKING, CIGARETTE IN MOUTH, LOOKING AT MARCUS.

PIERCE

Bullshit.

PIERCE TAKES THE CIGARETTE FROM HIS MOUTH AS MARCUS SLOWLY TURNS AROUND.

MARCUS

Check the bag.

WE SEE PIERCE OPEN THE BAG, LOOKING INTO IT. THEN LOOKING UP AND SMIRKING AT MARCUS.

A SHOW SHOWS US MARCUS SMIRKING BACK.

PIERCE

That was too fast, kid.

MARCUS

I'm good.

PIERCE

Well, why do you bother studying then?

MARCUS

I don't study now that my camera's broken.

PIERCE

Have this then.

MARCUS SHAKES HIS HEAD.

MARCUS

I'll have the money by tomorrow, trust me.

PIERCE CHUCKLES SLIGHTLY.

PIERCE

Whatever. Keep safe.

PIERCE TURNS AROUND, SHAKING HIS HEAD.

MARCUS

Wait!

PIERCE TURNS AROUND.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Can I make a profit from this?

PIERCE

From what?

MARCUS

This. Hustling, like do I get a share?

PIERCE

No, that money goes to other things. Why?

MARCUS

A'ight.

PIERCE

Unless you're good, you can make money from it, like, you sell so much that we think you deserve the cash...

MARCUS

How do you think I'd do?

PIERCE

You'd do just fine.

PIERCE SMIRKS.

MARCUS IS THEN SEEN SMIRKING.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE OF THE NEW YORK GHETTO APARTMENTS.

MARIO AND MILES COME OUT OF THE APARTMENT BLOCKS.

MARIO

The fucking fuck were you thinking?

MILES

We can make shit loads of profit through this. Stick with me.

MARIO

I don't give a fuck if that drug grows your dick by 5 inches, it ain't worth three hundred and ninety fucking dollars A GRAM!

MILES

The boss told us to get it, we got it, everyone's happy.



MARIO

When he finds out the price he won't be, that's a guarantee, Miles.

MILES

Don't worry. Chill out. Have a beer.

MARIO

If this fucks up, it's not just your ass on the line, it's both of ours. MY ASS.

MILES

If it's your ass, can't be that big of a loss, right? Unless they increase the price by the pound. Then shit, your ass would be priceless.

MARIO

Blow me, Miles.

MILES

Got to find your cock first, Mario.

MARIO

I'll find your fucking brain in a second, put a hole right through your thick skull and pull it out with my fucking hands.

MILES

Your hands? How do you fit them things in holes?

MARIO

Enough with the wise talk.

THE TWO WALK TO THEIR CAR.

MILES UNLOCKS THE DOOR.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLD NEW YORK GHETTO COURTYARD.

TYRONE LOOKS AROUND THE STREETS AROUND THE GHETTO, HE EYES THE AREA UNEASILY.

HE TAKES HIS WALKIE TALKIE FROM INSIDE OF HIS LARGE DARK BLUE PUFFER JACKET.

HE SPEAKS INTO IT.

TYRONE  
Something's going on, man. I feel  
it.

CUT TO:

EXT. PIERCE ON A BLEACHER ON THE OTHERSIDE OF THE COURTS.  
HE SPEAKS INTO THE WALKIE TALKIE.

PIERCE  
Chill out, Ty', everything is fine.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLD NEW YORK GHETTO COURTYARD.  
TYRONE SPEAKS INTO THE WALKIE.

TYRONE  
I don't know, man, something ain't  
right. Saw some shit in the bushes  
moving.

CUT TO:

EXT. PIERCE ON A BLEACHER ON THE OTHERSIDE OF THE COURTS.  
PIERCE TALKS INTO THE WALKIE.

PIERCE  
Keep an eye out niggas.

PIERCE DRAGS ONCE ON HIS CIGARETTE THEN FLICKS IT ON THE  
FLOOR AND HOPPING OFF THE BLEACHER HE WAS SAT ON.

HE WALKS ACROSS THE COURTS, WE SEE HIM GRIPS HIS WAISTBAND.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARIO AND MILES IN THE PARKING LOT, OUTSIDE THEIR CAR.

MILES  
Well, what are we waiting here for?

MARIO  
Why're you asking me? How do I  
know?

MILES  
Well, shit, chill out.

MARIO

It's abit weird here, I can feel something eerie about it.

MILES

Chill. You're more paranoid than that junkie fuck upstairs.

MARIO

He was paranoid.

MILES

Fucking idiot was twitching, shaking and moving like crazy.

MILES SIGHS.

MILES (CONT'D)

That's why I tend to stay away from drugs.

MARIO

How's Vinny doing?

MILES

What? Drugs made you think of him?

MARIO

Well... Yeah. Considering he's on them twenty four fucking seven.

MILES

I'd normally tell you to not go there but shit, you're right. He's fine, but he's on all sorts of shit again I think.

MARIO

You going to let him on the moroccan stuff?

MILES

He's getting it himself.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLD NEW YORK GHETTO COURTYARD.

PIERCE STANDS AROUND A GROUP OF BLACK GANG MEMBERS, MARCUS IS ONE OF GROUP'S AFFILIATES.

PIERCE

Listen up, something's been moving around in the bushes, not saying it's Marveil but shit, keep on your toes.

A SHOT SHOWS MARCUS' CONFUSED FACE.

THE GROUP BREAKS OUT INTO THEIR ORIGINAL HUSTLING POSITIONS.

WE FOLLOW PIERCE, HE STOPS AND LOOKS AROUND.

MARCUS APPROACHES HIM.

MARCUS

Marveil?

PIERCE

Marveil thirteen. They're a hispanic set, got some beef going, keep cool, you'll be fine.

MARCUS

A'ight, we're gonna be cool with everyone and guns and stuff, right?

PIERCE STAYS MOTIONLESS FOR A SECOND, THEN NODS UNEASILY.

PIERCE, SLOWLY TAKES OUT HIS GLOCK, KEEPING IT LOW AND HARDLY VISIBLE.

HE MOTIONS HIS HEAD TO THE GUN, POINTING IT OUT TO MARCUS.

MARCUS SMILES SLIGHTLY.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARIO AND MILES IN THE PARKING LOT, OUTSIDE THEIR CAR.

MARIO

Fuck this, I need to find the toilets, I'm going to piss my pants.

MILES

What? And some gang bangers are gonna know?

MARIO

It's worth a try.

MILES

Piss in the bush...

MARIO WALKS OFF TO THE COURTS, IGNORING MILES.

MILES SIGHS, THEN CHASING AFTER MARIO, SLOW JOGGING.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLD NEW YORK GHETTO COURTYARD.

MARIO AND MILES WALK ALONG THE COURTS.

THEY WALK TO PIERCE, THEN MARIO TALKS.

MARIO  
Shit, we met you before, right?

PIERCE  
Yeah, and?

MARIO  
I need to piss...

MARIO AND PIERCE LOOK AT EACHOTHER.

PIERCE NODS, WIDENING HIS EYES AS IF TO SAY "AND?" THEN HE SPEAKS.

PIERCE  
And?...

MARIO  
Where are the fucking toilets?

CUT TO:

EXT. TYRONE STANDING AROUND NEAR THE COURTS.

TYRONE RUBS HIS HANDS, KEEP WARM, THEN SPOTTING LAMAR.

LAMAR WAVES TO TYRONE, SMIRKING.

WE SEE A HISPANIC MALE POP FROM THE BUSHES WIELDING A GUN BEHIND LAMAR.

THE SCENE GOES TO SLOW MOTION. TYRONE QUICKLY DRAWS HIS GUN.

TYRONE  
(SLOWED DOWN) GET DOWN!

LAMAR LOOKS AROUND, AS HE DOES A SHOT GOES OFF.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLD NEW YORK GHETTO COURTYARD.

PIERCE DRAWS HIS GUN IN SLOW MOTION.

WE  
PAUSE.....

THE SCENE BURSTS INTO REAL TIME, GUNSHOTS ERUPT, THE SCENE TURNS INTO A FRENZY.

MARIO FALLS TO THE FLOOR, DUCKING.

SHOTS OF TYRONE, PIERCE AND OTHERS SHOOTING OCCURS.

LAMAR RUNS QUICKLY, GUNSHOTS AROUND HIM.

PIERCE  
(SHOUTING) COME ON MOTHERFUCKERS!

TYRONE  
(SHOUTING) FUCK MARVEIL, FUCKIN'...  
HUSTLERS!

THE GUNSHOTS GO ON.

MILES RUNS BEHIND A TRASHCAN, HE FIRES SHOTS RANDOMLY FROM OVER THE TOP.

MILES THEN LOADS A NEW CLIP INTO HIS GUN, BREATHING HEAVILY.

PIERCE RUNS TO THE BLEACHER, AS HE IS ABOUT TO TAKE COVER A BULLET FLIES INTO HIS LEG.

HE FALLS TO THE FLOOR, GRASPING HIS THIGH.

PIERCE  
MOTHERFUCKER!

TYRONE RUNS, SHOOTING AROUND HIM AS HE APPROACHES PIERCE.

WE THEN SEE MILES, HE IS LINING UP A SHOT, CAREFULLY AIMING.

A BULLET HITS THE TRASHCAN HE IS BEHIND, SENDING HIM OUT OF CONCENTRATION.

MILES  
Shit.

TYRONE SHOOTS AROUND HIM, THEN GRABBING PIERCE BY THE SHOULDERS AND HELPING HIM UP TO THE BLEACHER.

WE SEE A BULLET HIT A BLACK GANG MEMBER IN THE SHOULDER, HE FALLS TO THE COURTYARD FLOOR.

MILES KEEPS A STEADY HOLD OF HIS GUN, THEN QUICKLY POPPING SHOTS RUNNING TO MARIO WHO IS STILL LAY ON THE FLOOR.

HIM AND MARIO BEGIN TO FLEE TO THE BLEACHER, BOTH OF THEM SHOOTING THEIR GUNS AS THEY RUN.

WE FOCUS ON LAMAR, HE IS CROUCHED BEHIND A FENCE, GRIPPING HIS GUN.

A HISPANIC MALE ALSO WIELDING A GUN TRIPS OVER HIM.

THE MALE TURNS TO HIS BACK, GRIPPING HIS GUN AND FIRING SHOTS THAT GO OVER LAMAR'S HEAD.

LAMAR SHOUTS LOUDLY, CLOSING HIS EYES AS HE FIRES SHOTS INTO THE MALE'S HEAD.

LAMAR  
 AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHH!

WE FOCUS ON LAMAR'S FACE, BLOOD SPLATTER COVERS IT. HE KEEPS HIS EYES CLOSED STILL AFTER HE KILLS THE MALE.

THE GUNSHOTS STOP, WE PAN ACROSS THE COURTYARD, COMPLETE SILENCE.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL BAR ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF NEW JERSEY.

WE PAN ACROSS MEN IN THE BAR, DRINKING BEER, PLAYING POOL AND HANGING AROUND.

WE FOCUS ON A BLACK HAired YOUNG MAN WITH A STUBBLE BEARD. THIS IS COLT, OUR PROTAGONIST OF THE BIKER GANG, HE SITS AT THE BAR, HOLDING A PINT OF BEER. HE LOOKS AROUND, EYEING PEOPLE.

COLT  
 (V.O) Dear god damn diary, I sit here again. In this shitty bar in New Jersey, I just hope I don't get a drunk cunt who thinks he wants to mess around. Not in the mood. I wait around, no chores, no jobs, the bar's dead, well, our bar not this one. Chris is sorting something out though. Well, that's what he tells us.

COLT WALKS TO THE DOOR OF THE BAR, HE FOLLOW HIM, SEEING HIS PATCH ON HIS LEATHER VEST, IT READS "PROSPECT" ON A BOTTOM ROCKER, THAT IS ALL.

COLT (CONT'D)  
 (v.o) It's funny. No confessions from the Hunters but it was just a while ago they were rumoured to have some bad blood with the brothers. Fuck this, I don't trust them.

COLT WALKS OUTSIDE, HE TAKES A CIGARETTE FROM HIS POCKET AND PLACES IT IN HIS MOUTH, THEN TAKING HIS LIGHTER AND LIGHTING HIS CIGARETTE.

COLT (CONT'D)  
 (V.O) It's all messed up right now. But, I guess that's how it is in this day and age. I guess it's the life of a young biker...  
 (MORE)

COLT (CONT'D)  
Or the life of an idiot who can't  
find his way.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLT ON HIS HARLEY, DRIVING THROUGH NEW JERSEY.

COLT DRIVES ALONG, HIS HELMET ON AND HIS CIGARETTE IN HIS MOUTH.

COLT  
(V.O) I'm just blabbering now,  
better put the pen down. But, to  
end on a good note. I'm getting a  
dash of respect. Just a dash.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE OF THE BROTHERS OF CHAOS CLUBHOUSE

COLT PULLS UP ON HIS HARLEY DAVIDSON SOFTAIL, HE PARKS NEXT TO THE OTHER BIKES, WHICH ARE IN A ROW.

COLT STEPS OFF HIS BIKE, HE TAKES OFF HIS HELMET AND SETS IT ON HIS HANDLES.

COLT WALKS TO THE BAR.

CUT TO:

INT. BROTHERS OF CHAOS CLUBHOUSE

COLT SMIRKS AS HE WALKS INSIDE. THE PLACE IS AFFILIATED WITH THE MOTORCYCLE "BROTHERS OF CHAOS" AND MOTORCYCLES IN GENERAL.

THE SGT AT ARMS, A WHITE AMERICAN MAN WITH A GOATEE AND A SMALL MOHAWK GREET'S COLT. HIS NAME IS ROSS.

ROSS  
Well, if it ain't Colt himself.

SOME OTHER MEMBERS ALSO GREET HIM, SUCH AS DAVEY, A STOCKY MAN WITH LONG HAIR AND A STUBBLE.

DAVEY  
Working the bar, prospect?

COLT SIGHS THEN NODDING HIS HEAD.

COLT  
Getting cutomers tonight?

DAVEY  
Not many but I need a beer anyway.



DAVEY LAUGHS WHILST COLT SHAKES HIS HEAD.

WE GET A SHOT OF THE PRESIDENT KALEB, A BALD WHITE MAN WITH A CURLY SLICK HAIR CUT AND HIS LEAVER JACKET WITH HIS CUT ON. KALEB SEEMS DEEP IN THOUGHT.

WE THEN CUT TO A SHOT OF THE BIKERS AT THE BAR.

ROSS

What the fuck have you been up to?

COLT

Same old, same old. Any news on the club?

KALEB

Fuck all.

KALEB SPEAKS UP, HE THEN STANDS FROM HIS SEAT AND WALKS TO THE OTHERS.

KALEB (CONT'D)

Ain't nothing. Why didn't them idiots hit the clubhouse? That's what I want to know.

ROSS

Who are we pointing fingers at here? Hunters? Horsemen?

KALEB

It's anyone at this stage. We can't confirm anything.

DAVEY

Hell. We can't guess anything, it's too early in, but if we work at it.

KALEB

Nah, we'll work it out. But we need some income, the new drug is on the streets. Moroccan Fever.

COLT

The fuck is that?

KALEB

What is it? The new meth, the most addictive piece of shit anyone's ever seen. And to sell it, you'd have to be beyond despicable.

KALEB AND THE OTHERS SMIRK.

KALEB (CONT'D)

It seems like the whole of New York is despicable then since everyone and their mothers are trying to get this. It's got everything.

ROSS

No trying it. Alright?

DAVEY CHUCKLES.

DAVEY

Tell that to Pete.

A DRUNK MAN BARGES INTO THE CLUBHOUSE, HE WEARS A FULL BROTHERS OF CHAOS PATCH, HE STUMBLES AROUND DRUNKILY. THIS IS PETE, THE VICE PRESIDENT, HE HAS A BLACK BUZZCUT AND A GOATEE.

PETE

The fuck are you guys doing here?

ROSS

Speak of the drunk cunt.

PETE

Huh?

THE FOUR AT THE BAR LAUGH, PETE MAKES HIS WAY OVER TO THEM.

PETE LEANS ON DAVEY AS SUPPORT, THE OTHERS SMIRK AS THEY SEE HIM DRUNK.

COLT

You just had a few?

PETE

Shut your fucking m-mouth prospect, I haven't drank that much.

KALEB

For fuck sake, Pete I need you sober tonight.

PETE

Use my texts. You know?

KALEB

Oh, fuck off.

PETE FLIPS KALEB OFF, THEN STUMBLES TO THE BAR TOP.

PETE

Get me a bud, prospect?

KALEB

You're not having shit, come on, over here.

KALEB WALKS TO PETE, THEN GRABBING HIM FIRMLY BY THE SHOULDER AND WALKING AWAY.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH MEETING ROOM

DOOR SLAMS OPEN.

KALEB DRAGS PETE AND THROWS HIM ON THE LONG TABLE IN THE ROOM.

KALEB HOLDS PETE BY THE NECK, STANDING OVER HIM PREDOMINANTLY.

KALEB

You gonna calm it tonight?

PETE SMIRKS. THEN SPEAKING LAZILY AND SLURRING HIS WORDS.

PETE

Sure, sure, just give me time.

KALEB

Don't fuck around right now, man, I mean it.

PETE

What? Why? What're you going to do to me?

KALEB PUNCHES PETE IN THE FACE, GRUNTING AS HE DOES.

KALEB SENDS ANOTHER PUNCH, PETE LOOKS UNHAPPY AS BLOODS SLOWLY CREEPS FROM HIS MOUTH.

KALEB

Don't be like that, Pete!

PETE

Like what, huh? Like a normal guy, eh!? I have a duty, right? Vice prez, that's it, well it ain't shit, I do what I want.

KALEB

You want that patch taken off of you?

PETE

You wouldn't do it... Not to your little brother, huh?

KALEB

Don't tempt me more.

PETE BEGINS TO LAUGH, ANNOYING KALEB MORE.

KALEB PUNCHES PETE AGAIN, GRUNTING AS HE DOES.

KALEB (CONT'D)  
You're not welcome tonight.

KALEB LIFTS PETE TO HIS FEET, THEN STORMING OUT THE DOOR.

CUT TO:

INT. BROTHERS OF CHAOS CLUBHOUSE

KALEB DRAGS PETE ACROSS THE BAR, THE OTHERS WATCH CLOSELY.

KALEB KICKS THE DOOR OPEN AND TOSSES PETE OUTSIDE.

HE THEN WALKS OVER TO THE THREE AT THE BAR, PANTING. HE LOOKS AT THEM AND THEN STARTS TO SPEAK.

KALEB  
That's one cunt out of here.

THE OTHERS SMIRK.

KALEB (CONT'D)  
Come on, get me a shot.

COLT  
W-which?

KALEB  
Any, come on.

CUT TO:

EXT. DIRTY NEW YORK GHETTO APARTMENT BLOCK.

THE CAMERA PANS ACROSS THE BASKETBALL COURT, ONE BLACK MAN LAYS DEAD, THE AREA IS MISTY AND SMOKEY.

WE GET A SHOT OF LAMAR AS HE SITS AGAINST A FENCE, THE DEAD BODY OF THE HISPANIC MALE HE SHOT LAYING NEXT TO HIM IN A POOL OF BLOOD.

THEN WE GET A SHOT OF PIERCE LAYING ON THE BLEACHER, HOLDING HIS LEG AS TYRONE LAYS NEXT TO HIM.

THE CAMERA PANS SLOWLY ACROSS A DUSTY, TIRED MARIO AS HE BREATHES HEAVILY.

WE GET A SHOT OF MILES, HE BEGINS TO RISE FROM THE FLOOR, COUGHING ONCE.

MILES  
(Shouting) CLEAR!?

TYRONE  
(O.S) (SHOUTING) CLEAR!

MILES WALKS ACROSS THE COURT, OTHER MEN ARISING AROUND HIM.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLEACHER WITH TYRONE AND PIERCE

TYRONE, BEGINS TO HOLD PIERCE'S LEG, TRYING TO HELP THE WOUND.

TYRONE  
Fuck. This can't be bad, right?

PIERCE  
Ain't too deep, guh..

TYRONE  
Come on, man, come on.

PIERCE  
Watch out, some o' them might sneak around.

MILES ENTERS THE SCENE, RUBBING HIS HEAD.

MILES  
What the fuck was that, huh?

TYRONE  
I don' know, man, shit.

MILES  
What the fuck do you mean, you don't know?

PIERCE  
We don't know, fucking hell.

MILES  
Awh, fuck this, you're messing around, I ain't liking it.

TYRONE  
Come back, shit, fuck you then!

MILES STORMS OFF TO MARIO, THEN GRABBING HIM BY HIS ARM AND LIFTING HIM UP.

MARIO STUMBLES TO HIS FEET.

MARIO  
The, the hell?

MILES  
Come on, we're out, fuck this.

MARIO AND MILES STUMBLE ACROSS THE COURTS, SCENES OF DESTRUCTION SURROUND THE GHETTO AREA.

CUT TO:

INT. MILES' CAR

MARIO AND MILES TAKE A SEAT IN THE CAR, THEY BREATHE LOUDLY. THEY BOTH LOOK AT EACH OTHER.

MARIO  
Sure about this?

MILES  
Why wouldn't I be?

MARIO  
We're going to be coming back here.  
He'll want us to get this deal done, no matter the beefs they hold.

MILES SIGHS, THEN STARTING THE ENGINE.

MILES  
Fuck it.

THE ENGINE REVS.

WE GET A SHOT OF THE CAR REVERSING, THEN THE TWO DRIVING AWAY.

CUT TO:

INT. PIERCE'S APARTMENT

PIERCE LAYS ON HIS COUCH, TYRONE AND LAMAR ACCOMPANY HIM.

THEY SIT IN SILENCE, A LOOK OF AWE ON THEIR FACES.

PIERCE SPEAKS UP.

PIERCE  
What now?

THE OTHER TWO STAY SILENT FOR A SECOND.

LAMAR  
We attack, right?

TYRONE  
You crazy?

LAMAR  
It's what we need to do.

TYRONE

What? Get killed again? No, we rebuild, get bigger weapons, sling the drugs, that's all we need.

LAMAR

They wasted a soldier. You know that.

TYRONE

And? We'll send him off well and that's how we'll deal with it for now.

LAMAR

I want 'em dead, nigga, I'm ready now, cuz, lock, pop and drop.

PIERCE

Shut the hell up, both of you... Tyrone is right. We ain't attacking yet, I want to rebuild, get bigger and better, then we end this bullshit.

TYRONE

Word.

LAMAR NODS HIS HEAD IN AGREEMENT.

LAMAR

I guess so.

PIERCE

We plan, we build, we attack, that's how it goes. Get everyone inside, are the courts clean?

PIERCE PRESSES HIS WALKIE, THEN SPEAKING INTO IT.

PIERCE (CONT'D)

Are the courts clean?

GANG MEMBER

(ON WALKIE) (O.S) Yeah, it's just getting done.

PIERCE

Hurry up, get everyone inside, y'all know the drill.

GANG MEMBER

(ON WALKIE) A'ight.

WE GET A SLOWLY ZOOMING SHOT ON PIERCE UNTIL WE STOP AND CUT TO.

CUT TO:

EXT. MONTAGE OF NEW YORK IN THE MORNING

THE MONTAGE OF NEW YORK IN MANY DIFFERENT PLACES ROLLS, WE SEE THE MORNING WITH BUSY PEOPLE, EMPTY ALLEYS AND OTHER RANDOM SHOTS.

.....  
.....

CUT TO:

INT. EMPTY RESTUARANT, THE HQ OF THE LAPELLI FAMILY.

MILES AND MARIO WALK ALONG THROUGH THE RESTUARANT

MARIO

Sure we're not going to get a bullet in the head for this?

MILES

Well, I'm hoping not to.

MARIO

Hmm, you're so smart sometimes, kid.

MILES

Too smart to be your son, Mario.

MARIO LAUGHS.

CUT TO:

INT. BACKROOM OF THE RESTUARANT

WE OPEN UP ON THE DON OF THE LAPELLI FAMILY, BRUNO, A 60 YEAR OLD MAN WITH FADED BLACK HAIR AND A MAROON-ISH SUIT. HE CLENCHES HIS FIST, BAWLING AS WE OPEN ON THE SCENE.

BRUNO

(SHOUTING) YOU DIDN'T TAKE THE DEAL!?

MILES

(O.S) I mean, yeah, we can't be getting in new warfare, right?

BRUNO

Tell me this, Miles. DID I FUCKING TELL YOU TO BACK OUT!?

MILES

No.



BRUNO

Fuck no. So, you are going to get that deal done, I want the fever drug in this building by tomorrow. Hear me?

MILES

Yes, boss.

MARIO

Yes, boss.

MILES LEANS OVER THE DESK THAT DIVIDES BRUNO BETWEEN MILES AND MARIO. MILES KISSES BRUNO'S HAND AND THEN MARIO DOES THE SAME AFTERWARDS.

CUT TO:

INT. MILES' CAR

MILES AND MARIO SIT IN SILENCE, THE MORNING STILL DULL AND MURKY.

THEY STILL SIT IN SILENCE.

MILES

I got to see Vinny.

FADE TO:

INT. BROTHERS OF CHAOS CLUBHOUSE

THE CAMERA PANS ACROSS THE CLUBHOUSE, IT IS FILLED WITH SLEEPING PEOPLE, GENERAL MESS AND OTHER MISC. ITEMS.

WE FOCUS UPON COLT WHO SLEEPS ON THE POOL TABLE.

HE SNORTS LOUDLY, THEN WAKING UP AND LOOKING AROUND.

COLT

(V.O) Dear diary, it's another day. The time is flying by, my time at the brothers is one of drugs, sex, drink and you guessed it... Chaos. Can I get a woman right now? Can I?

COLT ARISES FROM THE POOL TABLE AND BEGINS TO WALK AROUND.

COLT (CONT'D)  
(V.O) Probably not, a higher  
ranking member's probably claimed.  
I got one last night though.

CUT TO:

INT. BROTHERS OF CHAOS CLUBHOUSE TOILETS

COLT SITS ON THE TOILET AND A GIRL KNEELS BEFORE HIM, GIVING  
HIM FELLATIO, WE LOOK ON THE SCENE FOR A WHILE UNTIL WE CUT  
AWAY.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE OF THE BROTHERS OF CHAOS CLUBHOUSE

IT IS STILL MORNING, COLT SMOKES A CIGARETTE, SITTING ON HIS  
HARLEY.

COLT  
(V.O) Yeah, good on me, right?  
Well, no, I feel guilty about it. I  
always have felt guilty since  
Felicia. Why?

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY

COLT SPEEDS ON HIS BIKE, HIS HELMET ON, HE GETS THROUGH  
TRAFFIC EASILY SINCE IT IS EARLY IN THE MORNING.

COLT  
(V.O) Maybe it's love, maybe it's  
just a phase, maybe it's the fact  
that my dick's been wet so many  
times, it becomes numb. Blabber,  
blabber, that's all I know now.

CUT TO:

INT. COLT'S HOUSE

COLT HOLDS A BOX OF CHOCOLATES, HE WALKS THROUGH HIS HOUSE,  
THE CAMERA TRACKS HIM.

HE WALKS INTO THE LIVING ROOM, HIS MOTHER AND FATHER, BOTH  
AROUND 60 YEARS OLD SIT ON THE SOFA. HIS FATHER IS A 60 YEAR  
OLD, GREY HAIR WITH A BEER GUT, HIS MOTHER IS A SKINNY 60  
YEAR OLD WOMAN, WITH GREY HAIR ALSO.

COLT  
Hey, Mum, hey, Dad.

COLT'S MUM AND DAD NOD TO HIM, SMILING.

COLT'S DAD  
What have you got us now?

COLT  
Ah, well, only your favourites.

COLT'S DAD  
Cocoa collection?

COLT SMILES, THEN HANDING HIM THE BOX OF CHOCOLATES.

COLT'S MUM  
Have you had breakfast?

COLT  
I'll get some soon.

COLT'S MUM  
No, no, no. I'll make some, it's all ok.

COLT  
Mum, it's fine.

COLT'S MUM  
No. Sit.

COLT  
Mum, it's fine.

COLT'S MUM  
Sit. Now.

Colt nods, then sitting down on the sofa.

COLT  
Ok, ok.

CUT TO:

INT. COLT'S HOUSE

COLT EATS AN OMLETTE, HIS MOTHER AND FATHER STILL SAT ON THE SOFA NEXT TO HIM.

COLT'S DAD  
You're still in that motorcycle club, I see.

COLT  
Yeah, I guess so.

COLT'S DAD  
Prospect? Is that like an apprentice type thing?

COLT

I guess so.

COLT'S DAD

I guess so? Is that it?

COLT

It's like, I help around the bar but I don't have my patch yet.

COLT'S DAD

Help around the bar?

COLT

Yeah and the club, clean it and all that, sort all the little jobs.

COLT'S DAD

So... You're the bitch then?

COLT'S MUM

HEY!

COLT'S DAD CHUCKLES.

COLT

Shut up, I'm not a bitch. I'm a helper, I have to do a lot of stuff to get my patch.

COLT'S DAD

What? You have to do some backdoor stuff too?

COLT'S MUM

Enough now!

COLT'S DAD LAUGHS AGAIN.

COLT

Are you really being like this? I'm meant to do the bar work, watch, when I come down here, in riches, with a hundred and one bikers rallying behind me, man.

COLT'S DAD

Oh yeah, I can see them hundreds of bikers coming right now. Can you see 'em, honey?

COLT'S DAD LAUGHS.

COLT

Dad, don't bug me.

COLT'S DAD

What? Going to get your army of tricycle riders on me?

COLT

Alright, fuck this. Fuck you, I'm going.

COLT'S DAD

Hey! Come on, son.

COLT

No, I don't need this... Enjoy your chocolates you sick fuck.

COLT STORMS OUT THE HOUSE, SIGHING TO HIMSELF.

COLT'S MUM

Now look what you've done.

COLT'S DAD

I knew he'd bitch out. Pfft, brothers of chaos.

WE FOCUS IN ON COLT'S DAD'S FACE, THEN CUT OFF.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE MILES' APARTMENT.

MILES HOLDS THE DOOR OF HIS CAR OPEN, TALKING TO MARIO.

MILES

Alright, hold up, I'll be two seconds.

MARIO NODS, THEN MILES CLOSES THE DOOR.

CUT TO:

INT. VINNY'S APARTMENT.

MILES OPENS THE DOOR, WALKING INTO VINNY'S APARTMENT.

MILES SEES VINNY, WALKING TO HIM SLOWLY.

MILES

It's Miles, Vinny.

VINNY

What do you want?

MILES

What the fuck is that meant to mean? I'm your brother.

VINNY

Hmm.

MILES

You're about to shoot again, right? And I walk in and it's all fucking laddy da? Sorry if I interrupted your suicide session.

VINNY

Suicide session? That's one way to say it. I call it... My pleasure session, my ME time.

MILES

Vin, don't do this, man.

VINNY

What? Is it killing you inside? Yeah, alright, I'll stop so you won't die.

MILES

Oh, so that's one less problem for you?

VINNY

It's almost like we're reading a script, we know exactly what we're going to say.

MILES

Yeah, because it's the same effed up situation all the time.

VINNY

Maybe you should stop visiting if it's so messed up.

MILES

Yeah, sure, I'll let you overdose and die.

MILES SLOWLY MAKES HIS WAY TO VINNY, SITTING NEXT TO HIM ON THE FLOOR NEAR THE TV.

WE FOCUS ON THE TV AND HOW IT IS SHOWING CHILDREN'S CARTOONS.

MILES (CONT'D)

Children's cartoons? You're getting high, making the stupid things seem funny, trying to go back to when you were six.

VINNY

That's the way of life.

MILES SIGHS.

MILES

Clean up.

VINNY

Got that new drug for me?

MILES

No fucking chance.

VINNY

Come on. Don't be like that to your little brother.

MILES

Vin, clean up, please, for once. Shower. Dress up, do something.

VINNY

Because it's my life, Miles, how about that?

VINNY TURNS TO MILES, HIS VOCAL TONE LOWERING AND BECOMING MORE AGGRESSIVE. HE SHOWS HIS SLIGHTLY SPOTTY, DULL FACE WITH HIS ALMOND BUZZCUT.

MILES

Don't speak like that.

VINNY

Don't speak to ME like that. Trying to make decisions for me, trying to control me. Contol this, dickhead.

VINNY FLIPS MILES OFF, THEN STANDING UP.

MILES

Oh, fuck you. Get yourself sorted, you idiot. What happens when you're in a grave with a needle in your arm?

VINNY

And who would care? Atleast I died happy... Unlike you, right? How are you going to die? A bullet in the lung? I know what you're doing with the Latellis... We all know.

MILES

Well, my job doesn't involve looking like I just got shit on, that stuff you take, it doesn't make you look better incase you got confused.

VINNY

Why did you come around then? To check on me?

MILES

Why else?

VINNY

Because you're obsessed with control. That's why.

MILES

Maybe I am, or maybe it's because I care about you.

VINNY

Care? The only thing you care about is wine and pussy.

MILES

You make me sound so majestic.

VINNY

If I only was big brother Miles. So amazing and handsome.

MILES

I'm leaving.

VINNY

You'll be missed, I'm sure of it.

MILES STANDS UP, WALKING TO THE DOOR, HE OPENS IT. BEFORE HE WALKS OUT, HE SPEAKS.

MILES

Don't be dead when I come back.

VINNY AND MILES LOOK AT EACHOTHER THEN CUT.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE OF THE NEW YORK GHETTO APARTMENTS.

THE GANGBANGERS SURROUND THE AREA, PIERCE SITS ON THE BLEACHER, HE EXAMINES THE AREA.

MARCUS SITS NEXT TO PIERCE, RUBBING HIS FACE.

PIERCE

You're still around?

MARCUS

You're making me money.

PIERCE

Money, for the risk of blood, a bit of a stupid trade.

MARCUS

Blood ain't nothing, right?



PIERCE  
Ain't nothing until you die.

MARCUS  
Wise words.

PIERCE  
From a wise nigga.

PIERCE STANDS UP SLOWLY, MARCUS STANDING WITH HIM.

PIERCE (CONT'D)  
Go get more money, I need space to think.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE OF THE NEW YORK GHETTO APARTMENTS.

ON THE OTHERSIDE OF THE COURTS, LAMAR AND TYRONE WALK TOGETHER.

TYRONE  
Did you kill anybody?

LAMAR  
Did you?

TYRONE  
What do you think? Of course I didn't, I just... Shot.

LAMAR  
I did.

TYRONE  
Shit, you did?

LAMAR  
It wasn't what I was expecting. I looked him in the eyes, he missed me from point blank range. I was lucky, then I just opened fire, I didn't stop pulling the trigger. I just... My finger was locked, man.

TYRONE  
Don't be like that, I mean, it happens.

LAMAR  
It happens? It doesn't, I'm fine with selling crack, selling coke, that new stuff but when you have to kill a man.

TYRONE

Don't let anyone else hear you speak like that, homie. That makes you sound weak, don't do it.

LAMAR

Maybe I am weak, what then?

TYRONE

Then you die out there, cuz'. But you ain't weak, if you were weak you wouldn't of pulled the trigger.

LAMAR NODS SLOWLY.

TYRONE (CONT'D)

Lighten up, come on, I'll buy you some food.

LAMAR

Alright then, whatever you say.

TYRONE

What you having?

THE CAMERA SLOWLY COMES BACK, SHOWING THE TWO AS THEY WALK AWAY.

LAMAR

Medium fries...

THE AUDIO AND VIDEO FADES OUT.

FADE TO:

INT. LIAM'S APARTMENT.

LIAM SITS ON HIS SOFA, LOOKING AT THE "SQUIRTER" FOR THE MOROCCAN FEVER DRUG.

HE LOOKS TO THE CEILING AND THEN LICKS HIS LIPS.

LIAM RAISES THE SQUIRTER TO HIS NOSE, HE BREATHES HEAVILY AS HE SITS IN SILENCE.

LIAM SIGHS, THEN NODDING.

ONCE.

TWICE.

THREE TIMES.

HE SHOOTS THE SQUIRTER, FLINCHING AS HE DOES.

LIAM

GAH!

LIAM BOUNCES BACK ON HIS COUCH, SHAKING HIS HEAD LEFT TO RIGHT QUICKLY.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
Whew. Fuck me, damn, I- I, GAH!

LIAM TWITCHES AND SNIFFS, RUBBING HIS NOSE AND THEN SLOUCHING INTO THE COUCH.

LIAM SMIRKS, PANTING.

CUT TO:

INT. MILES' CAR

MARIO AND MILES SIT IN THE CAR.

MARIO  
How was he?

MILES  
Not good. He was high, angry and he looked like shit.

MARIO  
Christ, I'm sorry about that.

MILES  
It's ok. I need to sort him out though, it's just beyond fucking help now.

MARIO  
Beyond help? It's never beyond help. Hold in there. Your brother will be fine, trust me, I'll help you sort him out.

MILES  
No, no. I don't want you getting worked up over it, alright? He'll come around.

MARIO  
He'll come around? He ain't ever going to come around, you can't do it by yourself, you're getting my help whether you like it or you don't like it.

MILES  
I'm sure Vinny won't like anything we do.

MARIO  
Hmm, does he like being called Vinny or Vincenzo?

MILES

Oh god, he hates Vincenzo.

MARIO

Well, there it is, Vincenzo is his name then.

MILES

What? You think that if you piss him off he'll listen to you?

MARIO

Nah, I just like pissing him off.

BOTH OF THE MEN LAUGH.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE OF THE NEW YORK GHETTO APARTMENTS.

PIERCE WALKS ON THE COURTS WITH A LIMP.

HE APPROACHES A GROUP OF GANG BANGERS.

PIERCE

How's business?

GANG MEMBER

It's good, we're selling a lot of that new stuff.

PIERCE

Good, keep it coming.

PIERCE GRABS HIS WALKIE, TALKING INTO IT.

PIERCE (CONT'D)

Lamar.

WE CUT BETWEEN EACH CHARACTER WHEN THEY TALK.

LAMAR ANSWERS THE WALKIE, HE STANDS IN A PIZZERIA.

LAMAR

Yeah?

PIERCE

You got the contact numbers on M-F?

LAMAR

Yeah, why? Need me to ring them?

PIERCE

Yeah, we need some new income, see what they say, if they try to mess up around, cut it, we'll make it ourselves.

LAMAR  
How the fuck do we make it?

PIERCE  
We'll find out... Just get in  
contact.

PIERCE CLIPS HIS WALKIE ONTO HIS WAISTBAND, THEN LIMPING  
AWAY.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT OF THE APARTMENT BLOCKS.

MILES PULLS THE CAR UP, PARKING IT AND THEN GETTING OUT OF  
THE CAR WITH MARIO.

THE TWO WALK ALONG THE PATH, THEY NOD TO PIERCE AND THE  
OTHERS, THEN WALK INTO THE APARTMENT BLOCKS.

CUT TO:

INT. DIRTY NEW YORK GHETTO APARTMENT BLOCK.

MARIO AND MILES WALK DOWN THE HALLWAYS AGAIN.

MILES  
Lets hope he's not high.

MARIO  
That's right, god knows what goes  
through his head when he's on that  
stuff.

MILES  
Messed up stuff. Messed up stuff  
goes through his head.

MARIO  
It's the type of stuff that'd make  
a man fuck his mother when they're  
on it.

MILES  
That's one comparison.

MARIO  
My mind is as messed as this guy's.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE DOOR OF LIAM'S APARTMENT, IN THE HALLWAY.

MARIO KNOCKS ON THE DOOR, SMILING, HE LOOKS TO MILES ONCE.

THE TWO WATCH IN SILENCE, NOTHING HAPPENS SO MARIO KNOCKS AGAIN.

MARIO  
Anyone in?

LIAM  
(O.S) Open...

MARIO OPENS THE DOOR, REVEALING LIAM AIMING HIS GUN AT HIM AND MILES.

MILES  
WOAH, SHIT!

LIAM  
(Shouting) I TOLD YOU NOT TO COME  
HERE HORATIO! I TOLD YO' ASS.

MILES  
WHAT THE FUCK!?

WE FOCUS IN ON LIAM'S HANDS AS IT SLOWLY BEGINS TO TIGHTEN ON THE TRIGGER.

CUT TO BLACK.