

Goodbye Tomorrow: The Hard Goodbye

(1st Draft)

Written By

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FADE IN:

INT. THEEM'S & HAYMANOT'S HOUSE – NIGHT

From above we see a THEEM, an intellectual-hoodlum in his late twenties, lying in the bed staring at the ceiling.

Moonlight fills half the bedroom. We see the untamed hair of HAYMANOT whose head on Theem's chest. With one arm and leg draped around him. She's in deep sleep.

Theem's fingers sweep her bang from covering her eyes. He stares as if memorizing her features.

THEEM'S V.O.

Beautiful. Relaxing...

(beat)

You like how life is supposed to be...

Nobody, gonna rob us of that.

Theem's eyes roll over Haymanot and almost look directly at the camera. We pull back to see.

Theem's CELL PHONE on the nightstand.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SOUTHSIDE ALLEY, CHICAGO –NIGHT

TITLE:

It's Late October and hovering anywhere between 68 degrees in the day to 50 at night. It is Light jacket weather.

From above we see A BLACK SEDAN coasts down a residential alleyway, as The Vibration's "Love Up In Them There Hills" over radio. It pulls into a parking space behind an apartment building. THEEM steps out of vehicle with his keys in hand and walks up the stairs toward us. This is his apartment building.

INT. THEEM'S APARTMENT

Lights are off as Theem enters his sparsely furnished apartment. Metallic objects CLANK together as he stumbles over a set of boxes. Theem turns on the light switch. He hasn't lived here long.

INT. BATHROOM SHOWER – NIGHT

Theem is in the shower.

ANGLE – MEDICINE CABINET

CLOSE SHOT – PRESCRIPTION LABEL

We see PRAXIL typed on the label with Theem's full name on it.

INT. LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

ANGLE -- MINI BAR

THREE ICE CUBES fall into the glass. The Cognac bottle lifts out of frame and the whiskey glass starts fill halfway with Cognac.

Theem's cell phone alert vibrates once BUZZING against the glass bar top.

CLOSE SHOT -- CELL PHONE - 2 missed calls.

INT. THEEM'S BEDROOM -NIGHT

Theem takes a couple of sips of his cognac and sets the glass on the nightstand. A gangster movie plays on T.V. Just as he starts to relax his peace is broken when his cellphone VIBRATES violently on the night stand.

Theem looks at the phone. As we focus in on Theem we hear increasing "pink noise" as if Theem is intensely thinking whether or not to pick up the phone.

THEEM'S VOICE

Sometimes it's best to just stay your
course, that's when you invite
trouble

After a beat the phone rings again and Theem sits up and snatching up his phone off the nightstand.

THEEM

Yeah! Who this?

CROSSFADE TO:

TITLE: A FRIEND OF OURS

EXT. SKATE RINK PARKING LOT – KANSAS CITY - NIGHT

From the center backseat view we see the back CUTTY & CODY'S heads Cutty in the driver's seat of his BLUE CUTLASS SEDAN and Cody, a countrified good- old- boy with B-Boy tendencies from Hammond, Indiana, in the passenger side waiting to make a drug buy.

CODY

What the hell dog? Thought you told this fool to meet us up here at nine-thirty.

CUTTY

Man welcome to drug dealing. He on the way, relax Codeine! Smoke a square or something.

Cutty rolls down the driver side window and looks off out into the distance. Cody was a bit antsy, but now looks jaded by Cutty's authoritarian comments. He's tired of being the sidekick, and butt of Cutty's constant wisecracks.

CUTTY

It's 9:47 man. It's been like ten minutes - you got shit to do?

Cody seems a bit disconnected from the conversation but still listening.

CODY

I'm trying to get this shit, and get on what we be on, bro.

Cody lips move as if he's mumbling to himself.

CUTTY

This mark.

We see Cody's gaze lifts to watch a group of young girls walking past the car. He leans partially outside of the car and WHISTLES as they pass. Cody slides back in the window and sinks into the seat.

CODY

Yea, slims is everywhere tonight man. We need to fall off up in there –

CONTINUED:

CODY(Cont'd)

get some bitches. I could go for a couple of PBR's right now.

CUTTY

Man joe, can't you get your mind off getting throwed for a minute. I mean I was in the middle of making a point Motherfucker!

CODY

I'm on it.

CUTTY

Like some niggas are natural followers, ya know. That's you. But niggas like me gotta lead by example. That's how I can come down here and J-down with anybody who everybody, and maneuver harder than cats born and raised out here -is ya crazy!

While he is not looking Cody gives Cutty an envious look, but when Cutty turns and looks at him, Cody gives some dap to Cutty and smiles.

Cutty pulls cigarette out his pack and holds it with the edge of his lips while he pats himself looking for a lighter.

CODY

(Duplicitous)

Already! I got you, brother.

We see CODY lifting open his jacket to shows the butt of a sawed-off shotgun. Cutty spots it and, but seeing Cody's expression of smug confidence quickly scolds him.

CUTTY

(Unnerved)

Damn man -you don't need that shit. Me and "The Suavey" go back like Cadillac seats. Put that muthafucka up man.

Cody is listening but really watching the cigarette dance on the edge of Cutty's lips while talking.

CONTINUED:

CODY

Relax. We gotta have something just in case, like you say this “is” drug dealing.

CUTTY

Man you trippin’ cuff that.

Cutty peers into his driver side mirror shaking his head at Cody’s paranoia Cody rest the gun on floor under his seat.

All of a sudden a loud grumbling fart is heard. Cutty expression turns into a mixed look of repulsed horror for duration of the sound. Cody sits bobbing his head to the music on the radio pretending to be oblivious to his passage of gas.

CUTTY

C’mon man –damn!

CODY

(Laughing)

Ah, fuck.

(Fanning the air)

My bad

CUTTY

What the fuck you been eating road-kill again? Smell like garlic and wolf ass, damn.

CODY

Ah Damn, I gotta shit brother.

CUTTY

Ya think, damn! Ok, my eyes burning, it’s like mace, seriously my eyes are burning.

CODY

I’ll be right back.

Cody & Cutty exit the vehicle at the same time. Cody trots off toward the skate rink walking as to not shit his own pants. Cutty leans on his fender gaging, pulling out a pack of cigarettes. He puts one in his mouth and begins patting his pockets for a lighter just as a RED PICKUP pulls into the rink parking lot alongside Cutty.

CONTINUED:

We see driver's side door of the RED PICKUP TRUCK open to reveal SOMEONE wearing Khaki pants and Shell-toe Adidas as the legs and shoes emerge from underneath the dash onto the step-up railing.

We follow the feet of the person as they walk a short distance to the rear, and over to the passenger side door of the BLUE SEDAN.

We rise up to see the slicked-back dark-haired man with tattoos on his arms leans on the fender next to Cutty.

EXT. CUTTY'S SEDAN

FLACO

Yea, what up fool... Where ya boy, white chocolate? (Looking around)

CUTTY

Dude got the diarrhea shits -hit the bathroom up. Ate some bad squirrel meat for lunch.

FLACO instinctively gives CUTTY a suspicious look then let's his eyes pan the surroundings.

FLACO

(Hurriedly)

Ordele! Tell'em hit me up and mention you.

CUTTY

Fa sho!

Cutty and Flaco walk back over to Flaco's truck.

FLACO

You'n peep the truck last time did you?

CUTTY

Na, I ain't know who you was at first.

INT. RED PICKUP TRUCK -NIGHT

ANGLE – Flaco & Cutty

CONTINUED:

FLACO

And you know I had to throw some
beat in this bitch.

Flaco turns up the volume on the audio system. The SUB-BASS becomes deafening and all the mirrors VIBRATE riotously from the bass, then he decreases the volume.

CUTTY

Yeah I see. Beating down the block
is a martial art wit' you.

Looking Cutty in the eyes, Flaco's mood is serious.

FLACO

You know I'm from the old
school.

CUTTY

Yeah, you and me both.

Flaco reaches in his pocket and pulls a small jar and tosses it to Cutty.

FLACO

Check it out.

FLACO slides CUTTY a tiny jar with a piece of the marijuana inside. CUTTY holds it up to examine it.

CUTTY

It's yellowish looking,

FLACO

Yea, this that shit. This my new strain I
made bro. Took a while to get it just right.

Cutty tries to hand back the small container of weed back to Flaco.

FLACO

Na, keep it. I call it "Beyoncé".

Cutty smells the container.

CONTINUED:

CUTTY

Mmmm, smell kinda sexy!

FLACO

A vintage year bro, you got the bread?

Cutty slips a Ziploc bag of money to Flaco. Flaco nods and reaches back and grabs a DUFFLE BAG from the cab seat and gives it to Cutty.

We see Cutty as he exits the vehicle slipping bulky duffle bag's strap over his shoulder. Flaco calls Cutty back to the driver's side window and warns Cutty.

FLACO (Cont'd)

Check it out homes... if it's not all here...

CUTTY

C'mon man, stop it. Matter of fact, I'ma slide by the shop next week, I want that same system you got; and some candy paint, rims, all that shit!

FLACO

You funny! Already bro.

We see Cody as he kneels between two other parked cars with the sawed-off shotgun.

Flaco and Cutty are all smiles until off camera, a shotgun COCKS which surprises both Cutty and Flaco.

We see a SHOTGUN BARREL rest against Cutty's temple.

CODY (O.C)

(Angered)

Don't fucking move!

CUTTY

Whoa, "C" what the fuck?

FLACO

(Starting the truck)

Shit!

CONTINUED:

CODY
(On edge)
Freeze motherfucker, or I open both
ya'll fucking heads!

Bewildered, Cutty and Flaco comply.

CUTTY
What you on, man?

CODY
Divest motherfucker! The money
and the Bud!

CUTTY
What? It's like that?

Cody snatches the zip lock bag of money from Flaco hastily stuffing it in his waistband.

CODY
Stupid spic!

We see Flaco with hands on his chest. Cody clutches the shotgun with both hands turning to Cutty.

CUTTY
That's how it is? You gonna do this
to me? Bitch ass nigga!

Cody swings the butt of the sawed off striking Cutty in the face. Cutty's head hits against the red pickup hard. He's down for the count.

CUTTY'S P.O.V -- We see blurred vision of Cody.

CODY
My nigger!

CUTTY
Argh! Argh!

CODY
See, should've brought a strap
brother.

CONTINUED:

Cody is harum-scarum, as he tries to pick up the duffle bag and sling the strap over his shoulder.

Flaco sees his chance and opens truck door quickly. Cody is struck in the face as he bent down to grab the duffle bag. Cody falls back onto a car parallel to Flaco's truck. Within milliseconds Flaco grabs the shotgun barrel and is trying to choke Cody with it.

FLACO
(Vociferously)
First time huh esse`?

We see Cody & Flaco's skirmish. The camera pulls back to see Cutty is struggling to regain his bearing.

ANGLE – CUTTY

Cutty thrusts himself upright. His vision clears just in time to notice a security car heading towards them.

ANGLE – SECURITY CAR

The security car's siren WAILS. They have been spotted.

While Cody's attention is on Flaco, Cutty kicks Cody's leg making him stumble backward onto an adjacent car.

Flaco is struggling hard to disarm Cody while Cutty is dodging the business end of the shotgun. The Ziploc bag of money falls from Cody's waistline.

FOCUS ON – ZIPLOC BAG OF MONEY

FLACO
Bitch as motherfucker!

Flaco knocks the barrel up away, striking Cody's already broken nose. Cody cries out in pain.

CODY
(Yelling)
Arrgh. Fucking spick!

FLACO
Arrgh...Fuck - You!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cody, in a burst of brute force, flips Flaco over. Cody is trying his best to choke him with the shotgun barrel.

A bloody faced Cutty is trying to shake off his daze. We see a security car SCREECH to a halt near them.

CLOSE SHOT – ZIPLOC BAG OF MONEY

CUTTY

Damn,

Cutty's vision clears up enough to see the Ziploc bag on the ground and seizes it. He rolls over and finds himself on top of the duffle bag and slips the strap over his shoulder.

Flaco is fighting for his life, but notices Cutty out the corner of his eye running off with the bag.

CODY

Son of bitch!

FLACO

Arrgh, get the fuck off!

A stumbling and shaken Cutty crouches when he spots the security guard and quickly retreats to his car.

SECURITY GUARD

(O. C)

Freeze, drop the gun now! Both of you!

INT. CUTTY'S CAR – NIGHT

At the same time Cutty hops in and slams his car door we hear the Security Officer engage Cody.

Several handgun SHOTS are heard followed by a final shotgun BLAST. Cutty continues to his BLUE CUTLASS while staying low.

CUT TO:

INT. CUTTY'S CAR – MOVING - NIGHT

Two Police car sirens WAIL as they whip pass Cutty going the opposite way on the interstate. They are in route to the Skating rink. Cutty quickly

checks rearview, but also sees his injuries.

CUTTY

Yeah, get to it,
(Looks back at the road)
Man swear to god-
(Quickly checks the mirror)
Damn!
(Looks back at the road)

Cutty pulls a lone cigarette from his jacket pocket and places it on the edge of his lips.

CUTTY

(Cont'd)

Looking like a chocolate moon pie in
the face. Man, I'll swear fore King
Jesus!
(lights the cigarette & drags)
-get at his ass!

He glances over at the black duffle bag in the passenger seat and cracks a bloody smile.

EXT. SKATE RINK -SAME

MONTAGE:

A 2nd Security guard exits his patrol car and takes aim at Flaco and Cody. Flaco releases the shotgun and throws himself backward against a parked car. Cody swings the gun around and aims in the officers' direction. Cutty driving on the highway. Cody slumped by the wheels of a vehicle dead. Flaco getting placed in handcuffs. Cutty in his bedroom hurriedly packing his clothes up in a garbage bag. Flaco being interrogated by detectives. Cutty entering a highway on-ramp headed North.

CROSSFADE TO:

TITLE: A NICE PLACE TO VISIT

ESTB. FLYING J TRUCK STOP - DAWN

BLUE SEDAN pulls up next to a gas pump.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EXT. FLYING J TRUCK STOP – DAWN

Cutty pumps gas while calling THEEM in Chicago. The dial tone RINGS several times.

INT, THEEM’S BEDROOM - NIGHT

THEEM sips the drink and sets it on the nightstand. The Twilight Zone’s “A Nice Place to Visit” plays on T.V while he lays on the bed but, his peace is broken when the cellphone lights up and VIBRATES violently on the nightstand. He stares at the phone and waits. We hear increasing “pink noise” as Theem debates in his mind to pick up the phone.

THE CELL PHONE – Seems to vibrate louder.

He waits for the third ring and he grabs the phone.

THEEM
(Irritated)

Yeah!

CUTTY
(Filtered)

Yo, what’s cracking family?

THEEM
Who this?

CUTTY
(Filtered)
This Cutty, ya cousin!

THEEM turns on his lamplight on the nightstand.

THEEM
Cutty? Man do you know what time it is?

EXT. FLYING J TRUCK STOP - NIGHT

CUTTY
Yeah, nighttime.

THEEM
(Filtered / Moody)
What now man?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUTTY

Hey man I need a favor. I'm on the highway headed your way.

THEEM

(Filtered)

Humph, uh-okay?

CUTTY

I should be home in a couple hours and Im'a need your help with something –for real!

THEEM

(Filtered)

Fuck you got a dead body? Nigga I ain't messing with you and your shenanigans. You on all types of fuckery.

CUTTY

Huh? Nigga ain't no-body on no fuckery man I almost got killed tonight because some shit hit the fan and fly my way. I can't talk about it on the phone cause O'bama and'em might be on the phone too.

THEME

(Filtered)

Cutty. Goodnight.

CUTTY

I'm serious, I to bail with all the loot. I'm headed to the land now.

INT. THEEM'S BEDROOM -SAME

THEEM sits on the edge of his bed annoyed and confused, just about to hang up the phone when.

THEEM

Loot? Wait, what hell happened?

CUTTY

(Cont'd / Filtered)

Oh, now you want to be concerned.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THEEM

(Tired)

Man, drive safe, but fuck off. For
real G-don't call me -leave me alone.

CUTTY

Hey, hey!

THEEM

(Mentally Tiered)

Yeah?

CUTTY

(Filtered)

You got to work this weekend?

THEEM

I don't know.

EXT. FLYING J TRUCK STOP - NIGHT

CUTTY

Umm ok, well I'll be in the city in
minute.

THEEM

(Tired)

Out.

CUTTY

Already cuz.

INT. CLAYTON COUNTY JAIL - DAWN

ANGLE ON – T.V

Focus on CCTV showing Flaco sitting in the interrogation room at a table
as a detective enters the room.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM – DAWN

A slightly roughed up Flaco sits at the table arms crossed emotionless as
SHERIFF #1 takes a seat adjacent from him.

CONTINUED:

SHERIFF

Okay, Mr. Aguizar, we got your statement, so you're free to go but, Uh, one more thing ...

(Shows Flaco a form)

this is your correct address right?

Flaco looks at the report on the table.

FLACO

(Contemptuous)

Yeah, sure.

Flaco's chair GRINDS the floor as he attempts to stand & walk out. The DETECTIVE hands Flaco a copy of the police report.

SHERIFF

(Subversively)

Look at you. Your whole life been a dog-shit minefield. I'm tired of seeing your greasy face coming in MY lockup. You're like a roach, - time you almost get killed I was liable do a cartwheel in the dayroom. You! My friend, are scum. Plain and simple!

FLACO

(Interrupts)

That keeps you with a job don't it?

SHERIFF

If those mall cops didn't show up when they did that would've been the end of a great life, wouldn't it.

For a split second Flaco takes the comment to heart. Detective #1 sit's a spent shotgun casing in a plastic bag on the table.

FLACO

Hey, it's like I said, I don't bang or nothing. I work for a living.

SHERIFF

Hey. Good luck with that. Bye the way...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Sherriff gives Flaco a focused stare and cracks a subversive smile.

SHERIFF (Cont'd)

If someone's out to get you ya know,
better let us handle it. I know you
want to be a tough guy and all that
but...

Flaco starts shaking his head and rises from the table with the copy of the report & starts for the door. The DETECIVE rises and partially blocks his path.

SHERIFF (Cont'd)

Of course if you go on the offensive.
I will come see about you.

EXT. DELUTH COUNTY JAIL -DAY

We follow FLACO as he exits the building. He walks past a pissed off ANTHONY GARRETT whose smoking a cigarette while he's standing like a razor sharp sentinel in front of the building. He eyeballs Flaco who passes him unaware and gets into a WHITE ASTRO VAN with CHOLO. The van starts and drives out of frame.

INT. CHOLO'S CAR – MOVING - DAY

ANGLE -- CHOLO and FLACO

Flaco is on his cell phone.

FLACO

I want that fool smoked. That's what
it's all about now

(Pause a long beat)

If he'll do it just to do it, then cool.

CHOLO raising an eyebrow looks over at FLACO who snaps the phone closed.

CHOLO

That's bullshit! If I would of rolled
out with you-

CONTINUED:

FLACO

What, you would've blasted those
fools.

CHOLO

(in Spanish)

Si, por supuesto!

CHOLO locks eyes with FLACO for a moment.

CHOLO (Cont'd)

¿Estar vivo es ser consciente, usted
sabe Por qué no hizo usted aquel
trato en el rancho?

FLACO

(Shaking his head)

I know bro.

(Pounds his fist on the Dashboard
twice.)
Fuck!

The Van is quiet for a beat while Cholo and Flaco contemplate the
setback.

CHOLO

La rata última! But this can be fixed

FLACO

I gotta tell my fuckin cousins.

CHOLO

Psycho ciudadanos. ¿De este modo,
nosotros trabajando para la mafia
ahora?

FLACO

Que?

CHOLO

Obtenemos el crédito de ellos. Todo
para esto que ellos preocupan es el
dinero. Si no puedo traerles el
dinero. Debo ofrecerles la sangre de
Cutty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Flaco stares off out the window obviously thinking of the other night.

EXT. CUTTY'S APRTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

BLACK TRUCK pulls up in front of the rental office we see Cody's cousin, BAL (33) whose image is reminiscent of Billy the Kid, is flipping down the sun visor for a folded piece of paper & pen.

He exits the vehicle, puts a wad of chewing tobacco in his mouth and walks towards the open door of the office he tips his hat and speaks to the OLD LADY at the desk.

He takes the paper, unfolds it, and gives it to the old lady and shows his Deputy badge. Bal is a bounty hunter.

INT. CUTTY'S APARTMENT- DAY

We see Ball enter Cutty's apartment with his badge around his neck and gun out. The apartment appears to be ransacked & disorderly. We see - items are on the floor, clothes on the sofa.

OLD LADY

You're the second detective to come by here.

BAL

Really, well I don't know about that. I'm a Fugitive Recovery Agent ma'am.

(Looking at papers on a table)

This boy jumped bail.

(lets papers fall to the floor)

You remember what they look like?

OLD LADY

He were Mexican!

BAL

(Mockingly)

Mexican.

(beat)

Well, ain't nothing to be had here, I thank you much for your cooperation ma'am. If anything funny occurs 'round here just give us a holler hear?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLD LADY

I sure will cause I'm an old woman, I
can't take all this shit and carrying-
on.

Ball laughs a little under his breath at the old lady's ramblings. The
apartment is the same as when Cutty left it. Before he follows the old lady
out of the apartment, Ball spits tobacco juice on the carpet.

EXT. FLACO'S HOUSE – INDIANA - DAY

CLOSE: FLACO'S cell phone RINGS.

We see FLACO'S wife give her young daughter CIEALLA the phone and
from the pick-nick table runs over to FLACO.

FLACO

Ciella, go help your mom?

Flaco raising the phone to his ear.

FLACO

Speak!

ASESINO DE ACERA

(In Spanish)

Have you prayed for protection
today?

FLACO

Que?

ASESINO DE ACERA

(In Spanish)

Do you know who this is?

Flaco takes a nervous deep breath.

FLACO

No.

ASESINO DE ACERA

(In Spanish)

Asesino de Acera!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ASESINO DE ACERA

(Cont'd)

Listen carefully young boy. I have a message for you from your cousins. Respect is everything in this world. You have nothing but shame right now. You will not dishonor our family. So, you will go and find who has stolen from your family, and kill him, otherwise you are weak and are of no use to your family. If you cannot do this, you will see my face. Then you will say prayers to St. Anthony. But no one will find you.

EXT. CUTTY'S APARTMENT COMPLEX- DAY

Bal has one foot on the front bumper of his BLACK TRUCK while he's talking to GARRETT on the phone while Flaco is talking to the gangland hit-man ASESINO DE ACERA.

BAL

(Speaking in code)

I don't think we got time to waste for the birthday party for our cousin.

Ball opens up a folded slip of paper with THEEM's and Granny's addresses. He is displeased.

BAL (Cont'd)

Yea, the party was re-scheduled. But everything is still on.

Ball SPITS tobacco juice on the rug.

BAL (Cont'd)

I got two possible locations we can look into.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE RANCH – BACKPORCH –DAY

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE SHOT: FLACO

FLACO

(In Spanish)

Yes Sir, but how am I to find him in Chicago.

EXT. CUTTY'S APARTMENT COMPLEX- DAY

BAL

Yea, the apartment was in female's name. It came back as his foster parent. Seems our nigger was a ward of the state. He also got sibling he was raised with, I'll check his place too. Make it one big party.

EXT. THE RANCH – BACKPORCH –DAY

Flaco is venting on the phone in Spanish.

FLACO

(In Spanish)

I'm going to bar-b-que that son of a bitch.

EXT. CUTTY'S APARTMENT COMPLEX- DAY

BAL

Don't worry about that. Hell it wouldn't be a party if we didn't. Hell, I love when family come together!

EXT. THE RANCH – BACKPORCH –DAY

FLACO

(In Spanish)

Sí señor. I will take care of everything.

EXT. CUTTY'S APARTMENT COMPLEX -DAY

Ball snaps the phone closed & spits, shaking his head annoyed.

INT. GARRETT'S BAIL BONDS -DAY

Cody's older brother Anthony Garrett a former cop turned bail bondsman, hangs up the phone. Slowly a scowl forms over his face.

EXT. CUTTY'S APARTMENT COMPLEX -DAY

Ball enters his truck and as he starts the engine is singing "Hard Time Killing Floor Blues" to himself.

BALL

You know that people are driftin' -from door'
to door', But they can't find no heaven -don't
care where they go. Um, hm-hm Um-uh-hmm.

CROSSFADE TO:

TITLE: THE CATALYST

EXT. GRANNY'S HOUSE – MORNING

The CHROME WHEELS and a cars fender pull into a halt in front of the camera.

ANGLE – Cutty Hops out of the BLUE SEDAN.

We Focus in on the house behind Cutty as he jogs up the stairs of the front porch. We see him RING the doorbell. No answer. Confused, he pulls out his keys, and after fumbling for the right key he opens the door.

INT. THEEM'S BEDROOM – MORNING

We see THEEM lying in bed on his back. THEEM's phone is RINGING. We see Cutty's phone number. THEEM sits up in his bed and looks over to the phone.

EXT. TRUMBULL AVE. – LATER

THEEM steps out of his car, while walking over to his grandmother's house starts to smile as he sees CUTTY sitting on the steps on the front porch looking lost. Cutty grins when he catches sight of THEEM.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUTTY
(Shouting)
Themistocles!

THEEM
(Approaching Cutty)
Man, don't call me that. What's up with you
-sounding like a escaped fugitive on the
phone?

CUTTY
Na Joe.

Immediately after Cutty speaks Theem says.

THEEM
Yea Joe. How much devastation you
going to leave in your wake this
time?

CUTTY
(Shaking hands)
Man,

THEEM
Good to see you tho.

CUTTY
Same here cuzzo, glad to be back. -The fuck
happened around here though?

THEEM
What, the block?

WIDE SHOT-- Left to right pan of the neighborhood.

THEEM
This is what happens when the older people
with strong core values and good jobs leave
your neighborhood, and the people with
them rap video mentalities move in and take
their place.

THEEM starts pointing at abandoned buildings.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THEEM (CONT'D)

Everybody trying to be a boss off dope economics, this is the result.

CUTTY fleetingly takes in THEEM's words and shakes his head a bit at the impact to the neighborhood.

THEEM

When I was in Afghanistan, Everybody was walking around with guns, but it was kinda fucking peaceful. Then we go a few miles away and make friends with some motherfuckers with three football-fields worth of heroin growing. They inner citys got more dope fiends than ours, Now why you think that is? This is why.

CUTTY

Hey cuz, Dope is a part of America's economy, it's a fact, gotta get yours man.

THEEM

(Serious)

I' ll rather work for mine .

CUTTY

(Joking)

Get yo big, ha... Where granny?

THEEM

She moved in with Auntie Jae, not too far from here. I stay over here sometimes so niggas won't break-in.

CUTTY

Yeah, all the old heads done left.

THEEM

Well she can't stay by herself no more. You need to go see her.

CUTTY

Yea I am, but first, I got something to show you. I'ma pull up in the back, open the garage for me.

THEEM

Bet.

INT. GRANNY'S GARAGE – DAY

CUTTY's BLUE SEDAN backs into the garage as THEEM guides him in the wet looking paint job on the Blue Sedan.

THEEM

Alright, Hold up!
(Pointing at Cutty's car)
When you get this one?

CUTTY

Shit, this the same one,

THEEM

Awe, you just got it painted!

Cutty POPS the trunk.

CAR TRUNK P.O.V

We see Cutty & THEEM as Cutty reaches into the trunk fumbling with the duffle bag as the jars CLANK together.

CUTTY

That's my candy -called Blue Blood, with
diamond flake.

THEEM

Highly decent,

CUTTY

Yea, I see you keeping the whip up too.

THEEM

I guess it run in the family.

Cutty snickers a bit as he rises up from out the trunk of car with the bag in hand, and SLAM'S the trunk closed. All goes black.

CUT TO:

INT. GRANNY'S KITHCEN – DAY

The camera pans down to CUTTY snickering as he is sitting all ten MASON JARS of a Beyoncé marijuana on the table, as THEEM leaning against the countertop looks on slightly intrigued, yet puzzled by Cutty's excitement.

CONTINUED:

THEEM

(Picking up jar)

Dam. I never seen no white weed before.

CUTTY

I have! This was an Albino plant.

THEEM

You grew that?

THEEM

Na, this medical grower dude I know grew it. He got a basement full of this shit.

THEEM steps over to the table for a closer look. He then grabs one of the mason jars and holds it up viewing the contents.

THEEM

Damn Joe! This shit stank through the jars.

CUTTY

Yeah, I call “Beyoncé” everybody I know who smell it sneeze, but-

Cutty takes the jar from Theem, resting it on the table.

CUTTY (Cont'd)

It's, finna have you coughing in a minute.

Cutty picks up the duffle bag and notices it still has some weight to it.

THEEM

Fuck they grow this shit at?

CUTTY

Shit, not around here

(Looking through the duffle bag)

Ohhhh!

A smiling Cutty looks over to Theem.

THEME

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUTTY

Is this what I think it is?
(feeling inside the bag).
Wait a minute.

CUT TO:

EXT. FLACO'S HOUSE – DAY

Cutty pulls a small plastic wrapped pack of what appears to be cocaine.

CUTTY (Cont'd)

Oh shit, it's going down!

THEEM

Why I get the feeling none of this shit yours.

CUTTY

Not this, my connect just threw me the bag!
A' well, to late I'm outta state, let's
celebrate -baaaaby!

THEEM

What is it Coke, Dope?

CUTTY

I don't know, all I know is –it's ON.
(Jamaican voice)
I and I Celebrate now, come!

FADE TO:

INT. GRANNY'S LIVING ROOM - NOON

A SERIES OF SHOTS – SMOKE SESSION

- (A) Several jars of "Beyoncé" and the cocaine on the kitchen table.
- (B) Low angle shot of Cutty rolling a blunt.
- (C) Cutty lights the spliff.
- (D) Theem taking a drag from the blunt.
- (E) Cutty in the middle of the sofa blowing smoke straight up in the air.

ANGLE -- Clock

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We see Cutty nodding off on the couch with an unlit, half of a blunt in his mouth. THEEM is nodding off and sliding out of his chair. THEEM slips out hitting the floor.

THEEM

Shit!

Cutty jumps to his feet.

CUTTY

Flaco!

THEEM trying to gathers his bearing and stands up.

THEEM

What?

CUTTY

What?

THEEM

What's Flaco?

CUTTY

Huh? Oh, nothing.

THEEM

What time is it? I got to get up out of here.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRANNY'S PORCH – SECONDS LATER

Theme and Cutty exit the front door.

CUTTY

Man, I was hoping we'd pop this shit off.

THEEM

Man, I'm about to go see a man about a dog.
I'll slide back over here later.

THEEM whips out his car keys from his shorts.

CONTINUED:

CUTTY

Alright, Hey. I'm going to grab some bags or lil' jars for this shit. That store on Cermak still sell'em?

THEEM

That's your thang fool.

CUTTY

It could be your thang too, like old times, before you went on your war adventure.

INT. THEEM'S CAR – EVE

We see THEEM driving on the expressway. THEEM's car pulls up in front in front of an apartment building and he stares into his thoughts for a beat. He seems irresolute about his next move. He exits the car.

INT. SHAMARA'S APT HALLWAY

We see Theem walking up the stairs. He notices a large box of his items in front of Shamara's door. Pissed off, he rifles through the contents for a second and notices something missing. He pops up and immediately knocks on the door.

INT. SHAMARA'S APT - EVE

Shamara standing in workout attire on the other side of the door, adjusts her bang draping across her forehead, then opens the door. Candles are burning and soft neo-soul music is playing.

SHAMARA

Hey stranger?

Shamara tries to hug THEEM but he moves past her.

THEEM

Where is it at?

Shamara sucks her teeth, and steps directly in front of Theem.

SHAMARA

That's all you got to say?

CONTINUED:

THEEM

Where my tags at, girl?

THEEM spots SOMETHING and moves past her to pick up a pair of DOG TAGS from the coffee table.

THEEM

Bet!

Shamara grabs his arm, and pulls him down close on the sofa. THEEM in a show of reluctance gazes briefly at the ceiling whilst sighing.

SHAMARA

Wait, Can we talk? I thought...

THEEM

Ain't nothing to say that don't go without saying.

Shamara disregards THEEM's comment still clutching THEEM by the arm. She steps in front of him again.

SHAMARA

Here you go, don't try to turn it on me. And where, you been laying your head at for two weeks?

The sounds of Shamara's words seem to distort into muted tones as she continues to vent. Theme is thinking to himself.

THEEM (V.O)

You can't force it. It's either you feel it, or you don't. It's second nature.

We see Shamara's legs and thighs as she brings them up tucking them underneath her.

CLOSE SHOT: SHAMARA'S CLEVAGE

CLOSE SHOT: SHAMARA'S EYES

THEEM takes in the vision of Shamara's athletic body. She lights up a cigarette but notices THEEM's EYES trace over her curves and smiles.

CONTINUED:

THEEM'S (V.O)

Even in argument, it should feel exciting, like instinct. But when there is no chemistry, no connectivity...

SHAMARA

(Alluringly)

Look, we both have made some mistakes in this relationship, but you of all people know me. And if I can forgive your mistakes, you should be able to forgive mine.

THEEM is silent for a beat.

THEEM

Are we finished?

SHAMARA

No, WE are not, so don't be out there acting like...

THEEM

(Satirical)

You?

SHAMARA

(Offended)

No, Like you.

THEEM

Oh, like you.

SHAMARA

See disrespect. Where's that knowledge, wisdom, and understanding brotha at.

THEEM

Na sista, like the song say, it's your thang, sock it to whoever you want to!

THEEM and Shamara trade an idiosyncratic look. Shamara sits up on the couch and looking THEEM right in the eyes.

CONTINUED:

SHAMARA

Hey, you want to push me away, Fine! How you rotate.

Motioning her hands in a planetary orbit

SHAMARA (Cont'd)

Is the way you rotate! F.Y.I, Ain't no-body playing you.

THEEM looks at her and shakes his head as he walks out the door. SOFT JAZZ is still playing. Shamara left sitting on the sofa feeling insulted and disappointed at Theem.

ANGLE – SHAMARA on the sofa.

EXT. CONER STORE – DAY

We pull in as Cutty emerges from the corner store entrance investigating the contents of a brown paper bag.

A car Engine is herd off camera. The camera swings around to reveal the front end of a car pull into frame.

A YOUNG WOMAN is driving. DOTT exits the passenger side.

DOTT

What the fuck? I know that's not who I think it is?

Dott SLAMS car door behind her.

Cutty cuffs the bag, and looks over to see his ex-girlfriend approaching in a somewhat casual dress, that isn't quite appropriate for work. Her make-up was vibrant yet simple. Her perfectly glossed lips seem wet as they gleam in the sun.

CUTTY

Ohhh, what's good, girl

Dott and Cutty embrace, Dott is not as happy to see Cutty .

ANGLE – DOTT

CONTINUED:

ANGLE – CUTTY

CUTTY

Damn, looking kinda corporate. Check you out, you done changed up the game huh?

DOTT

Yeah, a little. I had to get serious with my life. I see you changed, slightly.

Dott frowns a bit then gropes Cutty's beard in disgust.

CUTTY

Yeah you see me.

Dott SLAPS fire out of Cutty.

DOTT

That's for just leaving out the blue.

Cutty grabs Dott's arms as she goes to swing again, and gives her a shake.

CUTTY

Man joe, Fuck wrong with you?

Looking into Dott's eyes Cutty sees some emotions behind her gaze. His intensity subsides a bit.

DOTT

(Pulling away)

You!

CUTTY

What?

DOTTY

You reckless as fuck! What, You forgot your little 86 move. I mean really! What type of man does that?

Cutty immediately jerks Dott toward him and plants a deep kiss into Dott's shiny moist lips. She is shocked at first, then relaxes. Cutty and Dott share a fleeting smirk. Dott's scowl returns almost immediately.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUTTY

I'm sorry, but you know I had to get gone...

(Pulling Dot's shirt)

And what's all this?

Cutty tugs on Dott's Blazer.

DOTTY

Clothes –don't touch me!

CUTTY

Nah, why you all -you a Jehovah 's

Witness?

Dott locks in stance and raising an eyebrow looks Cutty up & down as if implying something else he hasn't thought of. Cutty looks dot eye-to-eye.

CUTTY

You dating a deacon?

Dott scoffs and becomes unsettled & slightly embarrassed quickly looks around for anyone within earshot who overheard Cutty.

DOTTY

I'll date whoever I want! Fa yo information,

I just came from my cousin church.

CUTTY

Who?

DOTT

Mook.

CUT TO:

CUTTY'S IMAGINATION:

INT. MOOK'S CHURCH – DAY.

The sanctuary doors open to reveal a jubilant church congregation in the midst of an electrifying service. The church band looks like a college marching band. The choir's rejoicing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Some congregation are on their feet shouting in support of deacon feeling the spirit., other deacons and members of the congregation are moaning while the lead Deacon gives devotion in old bluesman fashion.

Mook's church looks a mix of African and a traditional Baptist church. This church has African an Afrocentric vibe. We move down the aisle past the raucous of the congregation and in close on the deacons kneeling at the Alter in the middle of devotion prayer.

DEACONS VOICES
NOW LORD!

ANGLE – DEACON ALBERT FARLEY

DEACON ALBERT FARLEY VOICE
*Ohhhhh, have mercy, have mercy
dear lord. Some people was sick this
morning -Couldn't get out the bed
right now lord. Ohhhhhh, look down
on and help us heavenly father -My
rock in a weary land. You my
shepherd, ha –and I shall not want.
He leadeth me, ha -beside the still
water, ha –and settle my soul, ha.
Ohh lord ,ha. We gone need you.*

DEACONS
NOW LORD!

We move in on Mook stoically sits in the head seat at the pool-pit. Calm in the midst of such energy, he only nods his head slightly. We don't know if his head is nodding in agreement with his deacon's words or the music from the band.

ANGLE – MOOK seated at the pool-pit.

BACK TO SCENE:

EXT. CORNER STORE – DAY.

CUTTY
That nigga getting that church
money? How come I didn't think of
that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOTTY

You ain't change at all, move out my way.

Cutty grabs Dott's arm as she tries to pass by him. Cutty is pulling dot back towards him, holding her tight from behind now. We see Dott smile a bit as Cutty makes a fuss over her, then regain her mean expression once again.

CUTTY

I'm just playing, wait, wait, wait, look, I need your help. I need to get up with Mook.

DOTTY

Ah, you on some bull, let me go!

CUTTY

On some real shit, I had to get low and could get you involved. But I came back, for you! But I'm working on something big, I need your help on this.

Dott rolling her eyes softly giggles, as if she has matured beyond that. Cutty is still holding her by the arm.

CUTTY (Cont'd)

Reality! Look, I fucked up, but I'm trying to fix it. And I need you, I always needed you.

Dott in her un-submissive stance is shaking her head implying she knows what type of moves Cutty makes.

DOTTY

(Uncertain)

Don't be looking like that, that face don't work –fuck off!

Feeling resentment from their recent past, she keeps walking, Cutty grabs her arm.

DOTT (Cont'd)

No, it's been almost four months. You think people supposed to have sympathy for you, or something?

CUTTY

I made the moves I had to make

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUTTY (Cont'd)

so my mistakes didn't come back on
someone I love. But I'm back now,
and I'm going to take care of you,
the way you supposed to be. I'm
working on something big...

DOTTY

Awe, here it comes, get ready for
The Lie? Wait for it.

CUTTY

Ain't no damn lie, I love you! I'm
going to give you all you lost and
more! But you the key to everything
right now.

DOTTY

(Joking)

He lies again. Curtis Walker -ladies
and gentleman.

Dot goes to walk away but we see Cutty pull her close to him, hugging her
from behind, starts kissing the right-side her neck. Dott tries to maintain
her poker face.

DOTTY

You must think I'm crazy.

CUTTY

I fucked us up, I know. I don't expect you
even care about me at all.

DOTTY

Good!

CUTTY

But I'm asking for this one chance to
make things right. Then I will fuck
off, you won't ever have to worry
about ever seeing my face again. But
at least help me, so I can pay you
back.

DOTTY

I want the money you owe me for the rent,
my furniture, my cat!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUTTY

Done!

DOTTY

And you taking me to “Agaci” too

CUTTY

Done! Anything you want!

DOTTY

Not Carson’s. either! Norstrom, Sacks,
(Talking with her hands)
Wat-er Tow-er boo!

CUTTY

Anything, say yes, please...come on
Dott,
(Charmingly)
I love you...

Dott quickly turns around & punches Cutty in the chess twice, and softer more restrained SLAP across the face

DOTTY

Whateva! You give me my fucking money,
got me out here cussing you out –like a
street chick.

She holds up one finger and gives Cutty a look as in saying “Don’t fuck me over”. Cutty starts to softly sing Roberta Flack “Back Together Again” while snapping his fingers.

CUTTY

You -and me - back together again.

Cutty smiles and pulls Dotty in close to hug and kiss her cheek.

DOTTY

(Amicable)

Ugh, shut up, stop!

Dotty trying to not drop her guard wipes her cheek off with her sleeve. She snatches her arm away from Cutty’s grasp, b-lines to the store entrance.

EXT. DAVE'S HOT DOGS - DAY

We see Theem exit the store with a brown paper bag as KAKIE (36), walks up to him holding a pit bull pup.

We see KAKIE and Theem politic briefly. Kakie gives Theem some money and seems to be short and offers Theem the puppy. Theem reluctantly accepts.

INT. GRANNY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Cutty is at the kitchen table filling the tiny jars with the potent weed and smoking a cigarette.

A SERIES OF SHOTS -

- (A) Dotty turns on the radio.
- (B) Cutty at the kitchen table filling tiny jars. Dotty walks into frame with just her shorts removed.
- (C) Bal's truck on the expressway passing Chicago landmarks.
- (D) Theem at an art store buying large picture frame.
- (E) Shamara greeting her new boyfriend at her door.
- (F) Cutty rubbing Dott's ass.
- (G) Theme feeding his hotdog to the puppy.
- (H) Bal frustrated by his phone's navigation app.
- (I) Dotty and Cutty climax.
- (J) Theem walks into a Dollar Store.

INT. DOLLAR STORE – SAME.

Theme approaches the check- out counter as the cashier finishes with the last customer and starts organizing her workspace.

THEEM

Excuse me, what aisle would the pet food be in?

HAYMANOT

(Sarcasticly)

That would be isle 8

(Points towards the aisle)

By that big sign there that says pet supplies.

Haymanot continues straightening up her work area. Theem looks of in the direction she just pointed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THEEM

Ah, didn't see that.

HAYMANOT

(Inattentively)

Umm hmm.

THEEM

Because you're beautiful smile was
such a distraction, and I wanted to
hear your voice.

A big smile spreads across Haymanot's face, as she lifts her head and looks at Theem.

INT. THEME'S CAR - EVE

THEEM rides with the little dog in his lap who sits up to stick it's head out the window and sniff the cool air. Theem double taps his horn to a friend as he cruises by.

His text ALERT sounds off. Theme, checking the phone, shakes his head a bit.

THEEM

(Sigh)

Silly-ass girl.

(To the Dog)

Ain't that right, little dog. Yeah, we gotta
think of name for you man.

INT. GRANNY'S HOUSE – EVE

THEEM enters the home holding the puppy. Closing and locking the door behind him. The T.V is on in the living room.

As THEEM passes the couch he pauses, we see Dott is passed out half-naked on her stomach.

He continues into the kitchen where Cutty is on the phone still seated at the table with weed ready for sale and already counting some money. Cutty motions for the dog and THEEM passes the pup.

CUTTY

Joe, you see I'm a sufferer too! ...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THEEM motions towards the living room, uncomprehending why the hell is Dott is doing half-naked in living room? Cutty nods anticipating the inquiry, but continues to closes the deal.

CUTTY

It's albino marijuana, I want niggas
in the street calling it Beyoncé.

CUTTY

Ain't nobody new to this man...

CUTTY

Yeah, alright give me 10 minutes,
peace.

THEEM

Dott?

CUTTY

(Smiling)

Yeah, we, reconciled our differences.

THEEM

Look. I'm about to bounce so, don't
destroy granny crib man.

CUTTY

Fam everything low key,

THEEM

Yeah, of that I'm sure, gimmie my
dog!

EXT. TRUMBULL AVE. – EVE.

We pull around to the driving side and the camera rises to THEEM
Whipping STEERING WHEEL.

HEADLIGHTS FLARE--

TIRES SCREECH and--

THE BLACK SEDAN is a beast seems to pounce forward out of the
parking space and down the avenue.

CUTTY's BLUE SEDAN follows. We see taillights brighten as the cars
stop at the stop sign then round the corners each going their separate way.

ESTAB. MOTEL – SUNSET

Bal's truck pulls into the parking area.

INT. MOTEL ROOM – SAME

We see the door fly open. Bal stand with his bags peering into the room for a beat, then enters and closes the door with his foot.

He tosses his bags onto the bed, sits in a chair at a desk, and whips out his phone.

BAL

Goddam navigation!

(Taps the screen)

Smartphone my ass. Fucking rap music shit on the radio, not one damn country.

(Stands up and stretches)

Thank god for satellite radio.

Bal whips around in the chair to the bed and turns on the T.V. an episode of "Have Gun Will Travel" is closing.

He opens his duffle bag as he sings aloud with the THEEM song.

BALL

Have gun, will travel reads the card of a man. A knight without armor in a savage land.

ANGLE – PISTOL and AMMO in duffle bag.

BAL (Cont'd)

His fast for hire he's the calling wind, a soldier of fortune is the man called, Paladin. Paladin, Paladin. Where do you roam.

SERIES OF CLOSE SHOTS --

BAL'S hands loading a CUSTOM 1911 .45

BAL'S hands loading a 9MM

BAL'S hands attaching a SILENCER to the 9MM

We see Bal in the middle of practicing with a TACTICAL KNIFE.

EXT. MOOK'S FRONT PORCH - EVE

Cutty steps into frame and rings the doorbell.

DISSOLVE TO:

FLASH FORWARD

ESTAB. ABANDONED BUILDING – DAY

We focus in on the basement window. The lights are on and indistinct shouts are heard.

INT. BUILDING BASEMENT

Low Angle, Mid-Shot of Mook sitting on a milk crate, backlit by the sunlight pouring from the window. He seems to be evangelizing.

MOOK

(In tongues)

O-Shabba-o-sup-ta-haba.

(Taking off his jacket)

My power, and beginning of my strength.

Listen.

(To Melevin)

Didn't I tell you the other day? -Did ya think he was sleeping on the job ?

(To Goon)

I got a message for ya. You may be too hurt to s'ee it. You might be reading it through teary eyes.

TWO SHOT—Melevin and Mook.

The camera pans to reveal Mook and a sweaty MELEVIN in a blood stained tank-top, breathing heavy, all looking at the camera.

We pull back to reveal a CAPTIVE GOON beaten, bloody and chained to a drainage pipe in the middle of the room. Next to him is clearly a DEAD GOON. Mook's eyes are cold as he kneels down on one knee and is rubbing the Goon's head unconsciously smearing the Goon's own thick blood over the Goon's face.

MOOK

I'm trying to tell ya – You're gonna live through faith – yeah!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOOK

*– you might not of believed it, but we
got testimony's – testimony's that
"The Just" has lived? - Yes The Just
been livin' – Through the blood...*

*Mook holds a knife in one hand and wipes the preparation from his brow
with his handkerchief with the other.*

MOOK (CONT'D)

Lived through great sorrow.

Goon cries out as Mook slices into his face .

MOOK (Cont'd)

*Lived through the storm! They lived
through water. -When boarders of
the priest garment touch the river
Jord'n.*

ANGLE-- BASEMENT

*Blood flows thick from the Goon's wounds. Mook jumps to his feet and
instantly starts removing his tracksuit top exposing his t-shirt with sweat
on the chest and underarms.*

MOOK (Cont'd)

*They lived through the flood – if you
don't believe me ask brother Noah.
When the fountains of the deep broke
loose. And the rain began to fall. The
"Just" was livin' – Yes, They lived
through the fire, and we got
testimony of such.*

*Mook removes a white handkerchief from his pocket and blots the
perspiration from his shiny for-head before cuffing it in his hand as if he
was truly a reverend in church:*

MOOK (cont'd)

*Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego.
They sang through the fire. I know
he's Aaa'ble!*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GOON

(In Spanish)

Fuck you bitch. You can't kill me. I am protected by the saints and the angle of death. Ha, so go and fuck your mother!

CLOSE SHOT – Melevin hands Mook the knife.

MOOK

(Solemn)

Must I preach this thang tonight?

Mook turns his back while shaking his head. Captive Goon is disturbed by Mook and Melevin and is clearly fearful. He puts on a brave face. Mook moves over to the table, coming down from off the emotional high of his preaching. He is muttering to himself.

MOOK

(In Spanish)

I'm a'live, forevermore.

Captive Goon is PANTING. Melevin is also sweaty and breathing heavy overlooking his blood spattered shirt.

TWO SHOT – MELEVIN & THEEM

Theme is blood soaked as he sits in the dim corner. His emotionless eyes gaze at the goon in disgust.

CLOSE-UP -- MELVEN'S GOLD TEETH.

MELEVIN

We necklace him, yes?

Hearing this the Goon begins to scream out.

GOON

Help! Help me!

Melevin takes a few bike tires and throws them around the Goon's neck. Mook taps his foot in 2/4 time. There's a hymn playing in his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTUNED:

We start to here "Hezekiah - You got to die". Melevin takes a gas can and pours a gallon of petrol over the Goon and his unconscious friend.

ANGLE -- MELEVIN

MELEVIN

Oh yes, yes -yes!

ANGLE – GOON as a torrent gas is nearly drowning him

The Mood is serious as Mook and Theme exit the basement.

GOON

Please. God –no!

MOOK

Oh that I have wings like a dove;
then would I fly away and rest. My
soul would hasten it's escape.

A doorbell's CHIMES.

DISSOLVE TO PRESENT:

ANGLE -- MOOK'S HOUSE

The doorbell CHIMES again.

EXT. MOOK'S FRONT PORCH - EVE

Cutty impatiently waiting beat then presses the bell again. The door swings open wildly to a slim but physically fit MELEVIN standing as if concealing a weapon.

CUTTY'S P.O.V -- Melevin's sandals.

We pan up from Melevin's neck-chain to his face w/ trademark head leaning to the side and his frustrated glare.

CUTTY

Come on man- Get yo, Moses sandal
wearing ass outta here. How you a
villain wearing sandals?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MELEVIN

Fuck you! Nike swoosh line -who
cut your 'air -wha' you come for?

Melevin quickly stepping just past the doorway's threshold overlooks the street for anything suspicious then quickly pulls Cutty into the house.

INT. MOOK'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

MOOK

(O.C)

Who the hell you letting up in here?

MELEVIN

Your brother in-law.

Melevin leads Cutty into the kitchen where MOOK

INT. MOOK'S KITCHEN – EVE.

A KNIFE slices through raw chicken legs.

OTS SHOT -- Cutty's enters the kitchen.

We see Mook at the kitchen table showing his youngest son how to prep food to grill.

CUTTY

What up family?

Mook looks up.

MOOK

Man, who the fuck is you letting in
my house man,

MOOK (Cont'd)

Ahh, this mark here man! What you want?
Back in with da the church, brother Cutty?

Mook regards Cutty's motives as suspect.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cutty enters as Mook continues showing his son how to butcher a duck. Mook's son is sitting at the table. His legs swing back and forth in the air impatient waiting his turn to cut one of the ducks.

Several whole ducks lay a tray. Mook grabs one, picks up his knife and starts to cut into. His son watches on intently.

MOOK

What I tell ya bout' sitting still son.

The little boy kneels in the chair to get a closer look.

MOOK (Cont'd)

You ready to do the next one boy?

His son nods "Yes".

MOOK

You ain't ready.

MONTAGE:

The Little boy's EYES.

Knife cutting duck into quarters.

.
Mook's hand shaking season salt over the meat.

BACK TO SCENE:

Mook puts a basting brush in a aluminum baking pan with the seasoned duck meat and hands his son the tray of the have just butchered.

MOOK (Cont'd)

Here, use ya muscles. Take this to yo' mamma and tell her I said to let you baste the meat. You smell the seasoning?

His son nods affirmative.

MOOK

It's gone be good too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTUNED:

INT. MOOK'S DEN

Mook's den is the open basement of the house which doubles as an office space and his man-cave.

MOOK

Turn you on to my people?

Melevin laughs out loud from the side of the room. He smirks and shakes his head a bit. Mook looks for Melevin to co-sign and scolds Cutty.

MOOK (Cont'd)

You see this dude? My people wouldn't fuck with you on nothing. You ain't got no credentials...Niggas like you a liability?

CUTTY

I'm just trying to get it cracking. I mean at least let me rent one of your stores.

MOOK

Im'a tell you what. How many pillows you got.

CUTTY

A couple left.

MOOK

What that shit smoking like.

CUTTY

I got some right here.

Cutty tries to hand Mook a mason jar of the weed. Mook raises his hands like he is too pure to touch the jar.

MOOK

Salmonella bruh.

Melevin takes the jar from Cutty and holds it up examining the contents.

MELEVIN

Wha't fuck is dis, What'd you do to dis, bleach?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOOK

What happened to that shit.

CUTTY

This the rarest weed you ever gonna see on the planet. Strictly while supplies last.

MELEVIN

Exactly the streets want Kush, or Diesel, Purple –exactly, nothing else.

Melevin opens and sticks his nose in the jar and takes a couple of deep connoisseur whiffs.

MELEVIN

Mm. O.K. Smell tropical.

MOOK

(puzzled)

Smell like lemons.

MELEVIN

OK.

CUTTY

See. You smell it from over there. You not gone find this anywhere. The weed plant this came from not supposed to exist.

MOOK

Roll dat up joe.

Mook tosses Melevin a pack of cigars. Melevin moves to the card table to roll up some blunts, Cutty slides his chair up a bit.

MOOK

I ain't vouching for you with my people. If this that shit? I'll do is let you hold down tha square joint.

Cutty seems instantly intrigued but maintains his poker face.

CUTTY

How much is rent?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A glass of Scotch on the rocks sits on the table before Mook. He takes a quick sip to ponder. Swirling the glass in hand.

ANGLE—MOOK'S DEN

Melevin sits adjacent to the two closely gazing at a piece of bud.

MOOK (Cont'd)

Three pounds for 3 weeks. After that
I want fifteen hun'ed a week in tithes
and offering.

CUTTY

To your church?

TIGHT SHOT: Lighter flame lights a blunt.

MOOK

Ha, ff that's what you want to call it,
three P's upfront!

CUTTY

Ain't got three.

Mook's demeanor is growing more impatient, SLAMMING the glass of scotch down on the lamp table next to his plush recliner.

MOOK

Then what we talking about then?

CUTTY

I can give you two P's for sure.

MOOK

Well that's the deal then. Bring them
slabs tomorrow man, it better be the
exact same thang joe -ain't playing!

CUTTY

Cool, You gone let the land know
cause I don't want to have bust
nobody head out here.

Mook and Melevin pause and look to Cutty with uncomprehending expressions. Melevin snickers to himself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE – MELEVIN

MELEVIN

Where tha Zulu's you run with?

ANGLE -- MOOK

MOOK

As long as ya'll don't violate on my yard
ya'll good, but if you wasting my time.

ANGLE -- CUTTY

CUTTY

No bullshit, it's on er'thang I love!

Melvin exhales fully, sucks his teeth trying to trace the flavor of the weed. He lifts the blunt to his lips again and takes a deep drag and pauses before exhaling fully. The smoke billows from his nostrils as if he was exhaling his own spiritual power.

Mook and Cutty's conversation seems to filter out as Melevin completely drifts into a zone staring into his own thoughts for a beat or two, then snaps back to reality.

MELEVIN

Consider this down payment. Bring
the rest.

MOOK

That's that shit?

Smoke swirling in the air. Melvin gives the slightest of nods in confirmation as thick smoke billows from his nostrils before he takes another drag.

We see Mook relax back in the chair he's sitting as he gazes across the room.

FADE TO:

ANGLE – EXPRESS WAY time lapse of traffic.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ESTB. THEEM'S APARTMENT BUILDING – NIGHT

INT. THEEM'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

We see Theem enter doing his usual ritual.

MONTAGE:

Sets his car keys on the coffee table.

Kicks off his shoes.

Turns on the T.V to a film noir movie playing.

Two ice cubes fall into a cognac glass.

EXT. TRUMBULL AVE. NIGHT.

Cutty's car pulls up in front of granny's house. His car gleams in the streetlight. Cutty steps out of his car and walks up the stairs to the ambient sounds of the West Side of the town fill the air.

FADE TO:

INT. FLACO'S HOME - NIGHT

We see Flaco exit his home walking to his truck as we pull back and eventually through the windshield to the interior of a car. This is a trick shot.

Simultaneously the car door SLAMS rocking the small car a bit from the force. Someone has exited the vehicle.

Flaco's truck alarm CHIRPS and the doors unlock. We see Sergeant Garrett gingerly come into frame and from behind holding a gun equipped with a silencer. Just as Flaco grabs the truck door handle.

Sergeant Garrett raises a handgun and FIRES twice into flaco's head. Flaco drops where he stood like a sack of bricks. Garrett trots back to the car.

CROSSFADE TO:

TITLE -- WHEELING AND DEALING

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE -- CITY DUSK TO DAWN TIME LAPSE

EXT. LOOSE SQUARE BLOCK – DAY

Melevin's mini-van pulls up and parks in the middle of the block. Melevin exits the van w/ his customary frown like the sun is in his eyes. Cutty is leaning against his car talking to his worker from the south-side
DIAMOND JEMZ.

CUTTY

Why you always looking pissed off.

Melevin shakes his head annoyed knowing Cutty is trying to start joking again.

CUTTY (Cont'd)

I mean pissed, to the fullness. You be looking like you need to shit real bad.

Irritated Melevin lifts his shirt showing the gun on his waist pointing it at Jemz's head.

MELEVIN

(Irate)

Hey, I don't play foolishness, any, you see. I can take, but you a'redy give me...you see.

Cutty leans against the hood of the car, and Jemz jumps a few feet to the side away from Cutty.

JEMZ

Damn! What you Somalian?

MELEVIN

I exactly hijack! But I come here, to make money -exactly. What can I do? -Bring the P's man. Come.

Cutty and Melevin walk over to his car. Cutty hits a button on the remote and the back window rolls down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUTTY

I'm about money too.

MELEVIN

Yeah, you? Which money? The kind you need guns to get a' money?

CUTTY

Na, but I got thumpers.

In a rare brake in barring, Melevin starts laughing and has to almost stop in his tracks. Cutty leans against his car.

MELEVIN

My little brotha. Must understand. You get a' soft money. You see?

Melevin re-conceals his weapon.

MELEVIN (Cont'd)

Guns to keep a'money. They never give me.

(Points at Jemz)

You'll never give me.

Stupefied, Cutty motions towards his car replying.

CUTTY

Backseat.

Melevin shaking his head and retrieves a large bag from the backseat of Cutty's car.

MELEVIN

Amateurs!

Melevin gives Cutty a most unusual head nod before jumping in the van and driving away. As the van speeds off Cutty shouts

CUTTY

Consonants on ya words man, please. You can tell he ain't a legal immigrant.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cutty looks on as the van turns the corner. Jemz walks into frame
LAUGHING hysterically.

JEMZ

Man, That nigga talk like he taking a
shit.-On every word.

CUTTY

Yeah, and we on!

MONTAGE --

Little jars of Beyoncé changing hands.

Jemz soliciting potential sales as people walk by

CUSTOMERS in cars buying Beyoncé.

Cutty selling small jars of weed and cigarettes

Jemz finally making a sale by the safe-house while Cutty argues with
Dotty in the background

Money changing hands

Cutty and Jemz count money and smoking a blunt with a new female
worker.

Jemz monitors the female worker MAYAN making sales

Latino customers buying weed from A WORKER.

ESTB. LAKEFRONT PARKING LOT – EVE.

Cutty's car is parked overlooking the lakeshore. The Soul Searcher's,
"Ashley's Roach-clip" plays on the break-beat over the radio.

INT. CUTTY'S CAR – EVE.

The flakes in the gleaming blue paintjob twinkle as we rise from the hood
of the car to see Cutty sitting in the driver's seat with MAYAN upfront
and Jemz in the back. Cutty turns the radio down to clearly hear Mayan
boasting, before taking a sip off his half-pint of cognac. Mayan is clearly
tipsy and rambling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAYAN

That shit was wild, on my mama. Lakeshore dudes are like that sometimes, but out-west dudes, ya'll hood as hell.

CUTTY

She'itt.

MAYAN

Yes. I was gone cut his ass if Jemz didn't up on him!

CUTTY

On who?

EXT. LOOSE CIGARETTE BLOCK – DAY (REMEMBERED)

ANGLE – A BLACK JEEP cruising down the street

Three Latino men cruise down the street.

They see Cutty as he exits his car walking to the safe house.

ANGLE – BLACK JEEP

They cruise up near Mayan and stop. The man riding in back steps out going in the direction of Mayan.

FREEZE FRAME -- The frame freezes. Focus is on Mayan and Goon #1.

BACK TO SCENE:

MAYAN

Some Latino dude started like he was trying to talk to me. Then started asking me a bunch of stupid-ass questions about the weed, "Who block is this?", so I walked off and he tried to get in my face.

Jemz interjects with a bit more concern than warranted.

JEMZ

(Jealous)

How come you didn't come get me?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEMZ (Cont;d)

Fuck you be on girl? Your pretty ass!
Ain't no telling what them niggas
was on.

Mayan simply continues rambling disregarding Jemz's comment.

MAYAN

(Bemused)

They thought 'cause I got a pussy 'tween my
legs Im'a punk out, ha. They got the wrong
one.

CUTTY

You know you talk too much when you
tipsy..

Cutty takes the drink from Mayan's hand. She is surprised, but casually adores him. She decides not to snap at Cutty.

MAYAN

(Pouting)

I can't help it. When the last time
you been out?

JEMZ

Why pretty bitches always be trying
to have fights? What we need to do
is get a kiddie pool full off coco
butter, call up some of your cute
friends, and let'em hoes get down on
the floor...

Mayan rolls her eyes at Jemz's rudeness, and somewhat seductively glances at Cutty.

MAYAN

(To Cutty)

We should have a lil party or
something, if ya'll old as men can
hang, or in your case Jem -get it up.

JEMZ

Ha, ha, -My dick work fine

MAYAN

Then pull out. I'll pull my out too, ha. We
can see who bigger.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mayan is laughing hysterically

JEMZ

I'm going pull my dick out in front
everybody huh?

MAYAN

Cutty ain't going look. C'mon!

CUTTY

Yo chill. Ya'll under the silly drunk act.

INT. SERGEANT GARRETT'S HOME - EVE.

Sergeant Garrett has a bag of Cody's belonging from the evidence locker.

He connects the phone to his computer and is viewing a slideshow of the picture files. Garrett's wife is in the next room on the phone whispering about Garrett's depression-like state over the death of Cody.

ANGLE – Sergeant Garrett in funeral attire.

GARRETT'S WIFE

(Off Camera)

I'm scared. I don't know what I can do.

We see Sgt Garrett viewing a photo of Cody dressed hip hop, glance at it then keeps searching through the photos. He continues and comes across an old photo of him and Cody.

GARRETT'S WIFE

I know, but he blames himself.

Garrett's eyes come to rest on a photo of Cutty and Cody by Cutty's car.

CLOSE SHOT – Garrett's eyes.

CLOSE SHOT – Photo on computer screen.

INT. GARRETT'S BAIL BONDS - LATER

ANGLE -- Garrett's office

We move in tight as Garrett is dressed in his bondsman attire.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His badge gleams on his chest. From his dress Garrett takes his job seriously. Sitting on the edge of his desk he speaks with Chicago Police about Cutty's record.

SGT. GARRETT

Those were all his priors? Good, Ok.

The phone's cord is knotted a tangled.

Garrett pauses as the voice over the phone continues. Garrett takes notes, holding the phone with his shoulder.

SGT. GARRETT

(Lying)

He was picked up a little while ago for D.U.I. and Resisting. We're trying to get in contact family about his bond situation.

The muted voice continues for a beat and in a military manner Garrett replies.

SGT. GARRETT

Yes Ma'am. I'd appreciate it -thank you.

ESTB. MOTEL ROOM – EVE.

Beer cans litter the night stand, a small mirror with a line of cocaine a half of a straw rest next to it. The camera pans across the bed where two people are under the covers completely. A woman is heard giggling in arousal.

An old John Wayne movie is on T.V.

Bal's phone alerts with an incoming call. The phone rings a few more times until. The covers are thrown to the side exposing a beautiful & naked young blonde PROSTITUTE lying with Bal in the bed. Bal quickly sits up and grabs his phone.

Bal

(Drudgingly)

Yeah?

Bal motions for the girl to stay quiet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The prostitute grabs a pack of cigarettes from the table on the other side of the bed, lights a cigarette then gets up and walks past the camera to the restroom.

BAL
No I'm alone, go ahead.

We see Bal lean to observe the prostitute's ass through the doorway as she bends over to obviously take a snort of cocaine, then stand upright to primp her hair in the bathroom mirror.

BAL
(Smiling)
Um, perfect.

Bal snatches up a piece of paper and pen to take a note.

BAL
It's a confirmed address... good.

The prostitute climbs back into bed blowing smoke in the air as she relaxes.

BAL (cont'd)
I'll take care of it... you know once
I'm paid, I always see a job through
to the end.

INT. SAFE HOUSE – Dining Room.

Dark shadows fill them with red light from the lamps illuminating the walls and pouring over the few people in the room casting them in silhouettes with red highlights. 90's soul music BLARES from the radio.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

We see two couples grinding on each other in the middle of the living-room reminiscent of an old juke joint. A couple of workers are sprawled out on the living sofa drunk or high. Jemz trying to get action for the night from a female who is clearly not that interested.

EXT. SAFE HOUSE BACK PORCH – EVE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cutty sitting on the back porch stairs with his drink in one hand and a blunt in the other, alone with his thoughts.

He's whirling the cup making the liquor swirl. A bit spills out.

An unrecognizable figure surges from the doorway of the kitchen onto the back porch. The calm is broken by the cynosure of Mayan as she staggers out onto the back-porch.

Mayan is a bit over dressed for the occasion, she is dressed for a night at the club.

MAYAN

(Tippy)

There you are... What's up, why you out here, you scared of me?

CUTTY

Na, girl I'm just chilling.

MAYAN

(loosing balance)

Whoa!

Cutty looks up at Mayan's outfit as she attempts to sit next to him without her mini-skirt riding up to far, or spilling her drink, using Cutty's shoulder for support.

MAYAN

(Sitting down hard)

Oh my god. Look at you, trying to see up my panties?

Mayan leans in closer.

MAYAN (Cont'd)

Jokes on you.

(whispering)

I don't wear them, bet you didn't know about that?

CUTTY

You've been holding that little secret back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cutty rubs Myan's thigh, then Mayan quickly takes Cutty's hand and slides it between her thighs.

MAYAN

You got some hard for my soft?

Mayan gasps softly from Cutty's touch.

MAYAN

Make it feel good.

Cutty takes his same hand touches Mayan's lips. The smell of her own femininity excites her and she licks his finger. Mayan swings a leg over and around Cutty's head and guides his head down towards her pelvis. Mayan begins to swoon as Cutty performs fellatio.

MAYAN

(Purring)

Yes.

EXT. AUNT JAE'S HOME – EVE

Bal dressed like a U.S Marshall, complete with cop-style dark aviator sunglasses, knocks on the door then waits a long beat.

AUNT JAE

Yes?

BAL

U.S Marshall Ma'am. Just want to talk to you about your nephew Curtis Walker.

The door cracks open and AUNT JAE, (60's) a well-kept, well-spoken woman pokes her head out.

AUNT JAE

You have I.D?

Bal smirks, then reaches in his shirt pocket and displays an I.D card. It's fake, but Aunt Jae wouldn't know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAL

Sorry to bother you Ma'am, I'm Agent Reese. When was the last time you seen Curtis?

AUNT JAE

It's been about a year and a half. He doesn't live here, is he in trouble?

BAL

Oh, yes Ma'am. I would say trouble following him. Do you know of any associates he would try to contact? Any places he'd frequent. It's very important we find him first.

AUNT JAE

Oh, lord Jesus!

Aunt Jae pauses to think.

EXT. LOOSE CIGARETTE BLOCK – EVE

THEEM stepping out of his car walks up to the safe-house.

DOTT

(off camera)

THEEM!

THEEM

(turning around)

Hey Dot, what's up.

DOTT

Nothing -you seen ya cousin he ain't answering his phone?

THEEM

Yeah, he said he was over here.

DOTT

Really, sound like a party and didn't nobody tell me!

THEEM

Yo, I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOTT

Huh, we'll see.

INT. SAFE HOUSE – CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

A worker opens the door and THEEM casually steps in shaking hands with familiar friends.

THEEM

What up player.

WORKER #1

My dude.

THEEM

Where my cuz.

Dot pushes her way in behind THEEM.

DOT

Yeah where that fool at?

WORKER #1

He somewhere.

INT. SAFE HOUSE – DRINK TABLE - SAME

Several bottles of alcohol face THEEM while he is pouring a drink.

HAYMANOT, (22) a young woman with an edgy style, sporting a new-school bushy Mohawk, approaches THEEM's blind side.

HAYMANOT

Hi. Stranger.

THEEM

Hey.

HAYMANOT

Could you hook me up too.

THEEM

What you drinking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAYMANOT
What's in your hand?

THEEM
(pouring)
Okay.

HAYMANOT
So, was that you're girl you here with?

THEEM
Me, na that's my cousin Cutty girl.

HAYMANOT
I know Cutty, he'd holla at anything with pussy and pulse. And that's your play cousin from what I understand. But, no I was just wondering cause, you never used my number player. Care to explain?

THEEM raises an eyebrow.

THEEM
I thought you worked in the dollar store, you a cop too, cause you got inquires, where general questions?

HAYMANOT
Ha, oh, so that must mean ya'll both birds of a feather.

THEEM
Na, we like day and night. We used to be dawn and dusk.

Haymanot lock eyes with and takes a small sip of her drink.

At the same time we see Dott is meandering around the house looking for Cutty and see the back porch door open and almost disregards it, but curiously decides to investigate it.

We see Dott walking towards us partially emerging from the shadows of the doorway. Light casts half a shadow on face and obviously a grimace forms due to something she is seeing.

BACK TO SCENE:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAYMANOT

Yeah, my girl Mayan done already told me the low-down about you.

THEEM

The low down? Nobody here know me like that. What she say?

HAYMANOT

That you something better...and that if she wanted you she could have you.

Haymanot sips her drink.

THEEM

Wow! Na, I'm just anti ignorant plus I like women that are like, like you actually. Ya know. You seem like something, "better".

SUDDENLY a commotion starts out of the blue. We can't see who is involved, but clearly its two women cursing and screaming. The dance floor parts like the red sea and we finally see –

MAYAN and DOTT --

Both locked in a death grip, clawing at one another and pulling each other's hair with one hand, punching wildly with their free hands.

MAYAN

Bitch I'ma kill you.

DOTT

Bitch, you like that. Huh? Let me go bitch.

Cutty and THEEM jump to break up the quarrel and after a beat manage to pull the women apart.

MAYAN

You dead bitch! You think I don't know how to do this bitch?

DOTT

Every time, I'll fuck you up, ole ratchet-ass hoe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUTTY

(to Dott)

Chill, chill girl.

DOTT

Chill? You up in here with this ugg-mugg trick. Man, you ain't got nothing to say to me.

Mayan, Haymanot and a couple of educated looking women are on the other side of the room trying to make sense of the confrontation.

MAYAN

Na, it's cool. She just mad 'cause her man ain't hers no mo', ole fake-booshie ass!

PARTY GIRL #1

Ooh she pulled out some of your hair.

MAYAN

What, my hair?

PARTY GIRL #2

That's the expensive hair too girl!

Mayan runs her finger through her hair and true enough a tuft of her comes right off her head with no effort at all.

CLOSE SHOT -- MAYAN'S EYES GROW TWO TIMES AS LARGE

She looks at the hair in her hands, then darts across the room like a bullet over to Dott and Cutty.

MAYAN

Bitch!

Mayan turns Dot around by the shoulder and throws a punch.

DOTT expertly evades the blow.

MAYAN'S FIST lands with a FOPP Cutty square in the face, snapping his head back.

Almost instantaneously every spectator in the party says "Oooh" and –

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dott pounces on Mayan griping her hair then SLAPS her.

THE CROWD, in concert shots “Oooh

ANGLE – WORKER #1 & 2

WORKER #1

This like a thriller in Manila jack!

WORKER #2

I'm just waiting for a titty to pop out!

Mayan and Dotty are like two evenly matched pit-bulls in a dogfight, dragging each other to the floor. Cutty, Theem, and Jemz step in and after a beat or two manage to untangle the two women.

EXT. LOOSE SQUARE HOUSE - NIGHT

The metal halide street lights shine their peach colored light in the cool of the night. Steam from the manholes ascends into the air.

Dott is leaving the safe-house walking down the street cursing Cutty out as he hurries to catch up to her.

Dott continues her pace undaunted not even turning around.

CUTTY

Baye wait!

DOTT

I am so done with you. I can't believe you got me up here beaten your buzzard hoe's ass. You always on bullshit, I knew you ain't changed!

CUTTY

We was just talking.

DOTT

All hugged up?

Behind Cutty and Dott We see a couple of neighborhood guys are on the front porch of the safe-house, possibly discussing the fight that broke out. THEEM, Mayan, and Haymanot exit the two flat building and step down to the sidewalk..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAYAN
(to THEEM)

He said he wasn't even with nobody like that.

THEEM not having any real comment just slightly shakes his head, however they are all within an earshot of of Cutty and Dott's argument.

THREE SHOT – Focus is on MAYAN

BACK TO SCENE:

CUTTY

She just happened to give me hug when you came out there.

Dott stops and looks Cutty eye to eye.

DOTT
(Steely)

Oh really, what she giving you a hug for Cutty?

CUTTY
(Dismissive)

Man you tripping,
(MORE)

CUTTY (Cont'd)
(Breaking eye contact)

That shit ain't nothing.

DOTT
(Pissed)

Yeah, then what's that fucking cologne on you, A' de Vagina? I don't have time for ignorant shit anymore, and you are ignorant shit, on two legs.

CUTTY

Dott!

DOTT

What!

CUTTY

I love you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOTT

You dead to me, It's over,
(Pointing to the safe-house)
go over there.

CUTTY

What, girl hold up.

DOTT

Fuck off!

Dott walks off out of frame. Cutty follows her trying to get her back in his favor.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOOSE CIGARETTE HOUSE- SAME

Mayan & Haymanot are standing in front of the loose-cigarette house looking up the street observing Cutty chase down Dotty. Mayan overhearing the argument is upset that Cutty is chasing after and consoling Dott and not her.

MAYAN

(Jealous)

Where he going?

We see down the block that Dott and Cutty are getting into Cutty's car to drive away.

MAYAN

Awe, I know he ain't.

HAYMANOT

(Confused)

They leaving?

Them steps into frame standing by Haymanot. He is trying to keep a neutral disposition.

We pull in and focus on Mayan as all three are looking at Cutty open the door for Dotty to get in his car. Before Dott enters, she looks down the street directly at Myan, and flashes her a "I won bitch!" look.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cutty's car starts and pulls off. Mayan turns to Theem and Haymanot on the verge of tears.

MAYAN
(To THEEM)

Your cousin bogus as hell, his bitch just tried to sucker me. He just stood there, wow!

THEEM
You did hit him in the mouth.

HAYMANOT
Now I don't feel as bad about it.
(To Mayan)
Wow, now we gotta hit El, or something.

MAYAN
Yeah. I mean I know that's your boy and all but, he ooh, he bogus -it's getting cold out here, damn!

THEEM
(To Haymanot)
Where ya'll stay at.

HAYMANOT
She stay by stadium, I stay in Hyde Park.

INT. THEEM'S CAR – NIGHT

THEEM's car commands the expressway. The engine BURBLE & GROWELS hungrily.

Silky highlights from the moon & streetlight reflections cascade over the car as it passes the Museum of Science and Industry.

EXT. HAYMANOT'S APARTMENT BUILDING – NIGHT

FISH EYE ANGLE -- HAYMANOT

Haymanot is pulling out her phone and dials a number. We hear a voicemail pickup.

Haymanot RINGS A BUZZER repeatedly, waits a long beat. Flustered, she trots back to THEEM's car and hops in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INT. THEEM'S CAR – NIGHT

HAYMANOT

(Irritated)

Oh my god, my roommate is not answering the door. I don't want to ask you to drive back to Mayan's place.

THEEM

I take it she ain't cut you no key yet?

HAYMANOT

This is just a temporary arrangement anyway.

INT. THEEM'S APARTMENT – LIVING ROOM

THEEM

(O.C)

I'm right here.

HAYMANOT

(O.C)

Four -C?

Light from the hallway slices the darkness of the living room as the door opens. THEEM and Haymanot's silhouettes enter the apartment.

THEEM

Yup -my favorite number.

HAYMANOT

My favorite number is four too.

THEEM flicks the lights on and Haymanot is somewhat surprised.

HAYMANOT

Nice place. Who decorated?

THEEM

It's all me. Make yo-self at home.

THEEM goes through his ritual placing his keys, wallet on a tray by his bar, and pouring a double shot of cognac on the rocks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Haymanot seems to be scanning the room, analyzing and deducing what she can from every object. She spots a painting on the wall out the corner of her eye and is drawn to it.

HAYMANOT
Hapshetsut?

CLOSE SHOT – PAINTING OF QUEEN HAPSHETSUT.

THEEM
Yeah. What you know about that?

HAYMANOT
(Lying)
I majored in Anthropology, that's my
second favorite queen.

THEEM
Yeah, who the first?

HAYMANOT
Haymanot.

THEEM
(Smiling)
Me too.

Absorbing the compliment, Haymont smiles, but rolls her eyes.

HAYMANOT
You like the finer things in life then?

THEEM
Always, I also love the classics,
(moving close /
looking in her eyes)
Stylish, classy, inspirational things in
life.

HAYMANOT
I see you got taste.

THEEM
Well, I only want the best.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUDDENLY THEEM's puppy darts into the front room and straight to Haymanot.

THEEM

Hey, dog.

HAYMANOT

Oh, he so cute!

(Kneels to pet dog)

What's his name, is it a boy?

THEEM

Yeah it's a boy...he seems to like you, say to-hell with me huh?

HAYMANOT

What's his name?

THEEM

Un nuh no? Lately I been calling him "Dam Dog" Every time he pittlin'`round!

Haymanot laughs a bit, still playing with the puppy.

HAYMANOT

Nooo, I'ma call him "Smokey". That's cool?

THEEM

Better than "Damn Dog".

JUMP CUT TO:

We see Haymanot kicks off her shoes. She sits on the sofa, posturing in the same manner as Queen Hatshepsut is in the painting on the wall behind her. She seems enchanting and powerful.

ANGLE – HAYMANOT

Her wrist and ankle bracelets gleam in the lamp light. THEEM is put in trance by her for a beat. Magnetized, he walks over to the sofa and sits at her feet.

Haymanot rests her feet in THEEM's lap. He cradles and rubs them gently. Haymanot is charmed and relaxes a bit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAYMANOT

Theem, I meant to ask you what's
your real name?

THEEM

It's THEEM. But it's short for
Themistocles. He was a Greek
politician. It means "Glory of Law".

ANGLE -- HAYMANOT

We see a wide grin draws across Hyamanot's freckled face.

THEEM

And what your name mean?

HAYMANOT

It's Hebrew, it means "Complete faith".

INT. THEEM'S BEDROOM

We see Haymanot lowering herself down sitting on the side of THEEMs
bed and bounces gently a couple of times checking the mattress firmness.

INT. BATHROOM - SAME

The room is like a sauna as steam clouds the room obscuring any object
inside. The glass on the shower door is completely fogged up and no
distinct features of THEEM are recognized.

ANGLE – THEEM'S WALLET

THEEM's wallet rests on the sink. From the half- misted medicine cabinet
mirror we see the door to the bathroom ajar, then ease open clearing out
some of the steam and we see Haymanot walk in undressed with her hair
wild and wooly.

HAYMANOT

(Timidly)

THEEM.

THEEM

(Surprised)

Yeah?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Haymanot slides the shower door back. A huge cloud of steam escapes and exposes THEEM's nude wet frame. Haymanot flinchingly steps into the hot shower.

Her mane lies down as water begins to saturate it. They gently kiss almost involuntarily. THEEM turns her around embracing her from behind under the falling stream of water, cupping her breasts, and kissing her neck.

Haymanot seems to sink into the euphoria of THEEM's touch while the water rains over her skin. Abruptly the passion stops. THEEM embraces her as if they were reunited soul-mates.

THEEM (V.O)

This is instinct. I remember now. This is how it's supposed to feel.

CLOSE SHOT – HAYMANOT

Haymanot feels the vibe too.

TWO SHOT -- HAYMANOT & THEEM

Haymont faces THEEM and they begin to kiss again, this time more intently.

INT. THEEM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Moonlight from the window silhouettes THEEM and Haymanot lying entangled with each other and the black bed sheets. THEEMs bedroom is typical with few objects in it besides his queen-sized bed it's just his T.V stand Dresser and nightstand. Framed hip hop posters hang on the walls.

We see Haymont head on THEEM's chest as they lay in bed after sex. Haymanot's hair almost covers her face. THEEM's fingers sweep the hair aside revealing her closed eyes. This is the opening scene.

INT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS

EGGS fall into a frying pan and start to cook.

THEEM trying to add pepper to the eggs from over Haymanot's shoulder, and she blocks the move and nudges him out the way.

HAYMANOT

No, gone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THEEM

You should put a little-

HAYMANOT

Get out MY kitchen.

MONTAGE --

THEEM & Haymanot walk joyful through the doors of the cinemas after seeing a movie.

THEEM & Haymanot are getting for work sharing the bathroom mirror.

THEEM walks through the front door from work surprising Haymanot with flowers.

Haymanot changes the bed linen to a more vibrant set.

BATHROOM SINK -- Haymanot's hair curler "on" light blinking

THEEM helping Haymanot unpack her suitcase.

He pulls out her vibrator. Haymanot mouth drops, she immediately tries to snatch it away.

HAYMANOT

Uh-unn boy!

THEEM

So this why that thang was so heavy!

ANGLE -- MEDICINE CABINET -- Female hygiene products.

THEEM and Haymanot eating dinner together at home.

INT. THEEM'S BEDROOM – DAY

Haymanot is organizing her clothes in the closet and sees THEEM's old Army footlocker. She opens it and finds all his memorabilia.

HAYMANOT (V.O)

What's your long term goal?

THEEM (V.O)

I want to make independent films.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INT. THEEM'S APARTMENT – LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

THEEM rubbing Haymanot's feet while watching The Twilight Zone "A nice Place to Visit". Haymanot has something on her mind.

THEEM (Cont'd)
What about you?

HAYMANOT
I want to be a good wife and mother. I've been through a lot in my life... don't judge me by it. Please, don't hold it against me.

THEEM
The past is a dream? I take you as you are.

Haymanot adjusts her position on the sofa. She is insecure.

HAYMANOT
I was, I thought, I was in love once... then it turned, demonic. Abuse, slavery, pimping.
(Whimpering)
I had to escape it, but I'm so fearful, because it's still out there.

CUT TO:

HAYMANOT'S MEMORY:

EXT. RED LIGHT DISTRICT AVE. – DAY

We see CANDY MAN walking in slow motion, gliding effortlessly with each stride, down the bustling avenue. He is a true pimp.

*HAYMANOT(cont'd)
Walking evil...demons called men.*

BACK TO SCENE:

Haymanot gazes loving into THEEM's eyes. Tears begin to roll down her face.

HAYMANOT (cont'd)
(Palliatively)
But you, I saw you, and you were tropical.
Warm. The sun... My worth is the earth and
I wanna make moons, with you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Haymanot lays across THEEMs lap hugging his waist.

FADE TO BLACK:

TITLE -- NO LOOSE ENDS

INT. THEEM'S APARTMENT – LIVING ROOM - DAY

CLOSE SHOT – T.V.

THEEM passes the camera hold a tall, freshly poured glass of Orange juice turning on the T.V. in one motion. We move in on the T.V screen.

REPORTER

And in local news two people were found dead at the scene of a shooting on the West-side, one other victim is in serious condition. It all happened here in the 1800 block of Trumbull Avenue...

We hear glass break and clanging off camera.

HAYMANOT

(off camera)

Baye? What's wrong?

REPORTER

CPD spokesperson stated the incident occurred sometime around eleven p.m. Authorities are not confirming any details at this time due to the ongoing investigation...

EXT. GRANNY'S HOUSE – DAY

CLOSE SHOT -- THEEM looks Crushed.

From across the street we close in tight on Cutty's BLUE SEDAN shot full of holes, some larger than others. Blood can be seen on the shattered windshield and driver's seat.

INT. COOK COUNTY HOSPITAL - DAY

ANGLE -- Dott is in the hospital sedated.

CLOSE SHOT -- The EKG machine BEEPS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOOK'S VOICE

Doctors had to induce coma. She can still die. They say if she make it, she may not able to do shit for herself no mo' -may never be the same.

INT. MOOK'S DEN – DAY

A fifth of CINCO BLANCOS rests on the desk top.

We see Theem, Melevin and Mook holding full glasses.

MOOK (Cont'd)

We've been praying all morning.
Just staying prayed up. Any, word on Cutty yet?

Theem is gritting his teeth to keep from breaking down.

THEEM

Shit is fucked up, man.

MOOK

Na, shit way beyond mere fucked up
Brother Theem. Before she went
under my sister said the sounded like
vatos.

MELEVIN

Eh, I find these guys exactly, before police. I
would shoot. Any time I would just shoot.

Melevin lights his cigarette.

CUT TO:

MELEVIN'S MEMORY:

EXT. NORTH AVE. - NIGHT

Melevin near the loose square block watching Goon #1 exit the black jeep to harass Mayan.

JUMP CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Melevin Following the black jeep in his van when it leaves the block.

Goon #1 leaving a bar. He obviously had one too many. Melevin exits the bar and follows Goon #1 as he stumbles his way into.

EXT. ALLEYWAY – NIGHT

A SERIES OF JUMP CUTS:

*Goon #1 starts to urinate alongside a dumpster behind a night club.
Melevin runs up and throws Goon #1 into “The Cobra Clutch”, dragging him to the ground in the process.*

BACK TO SCENE:

ANGLE – MELEVIN

Melevin blows cigarette smoke out.

MELEVIN (cont'd)

That second guy was harder. For his dog, I
make the raw meat and powder, the rat
powder.

(Patting hands together)

And make him like that. What can I do?

CUT TO:

MELEVIN'S MEMORY--

INT. GOON'S HOUSE - BEDROOM – NIGHT

Melevin stands holding a knife to a WOMAN. Goon #2 on the opposite side of the bed is compliant but in readiness to attack Melevin.

MELEVIN VOICE (cont'd)

*Then I get in the home, when they'r sleep.
I grab the woman. I put knife here.*

BACK TO SCENE:

Melevin lifts his finger to his neck.

MELEVIN (cont'd)

I draw blood –you see, as example.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MELEVIN (Cont'd)
I throw the handcuff to him – I say.
I'll finish up now!
(Throws up hands)
What can I do? He'll never come, so
he struggle. I had to, break him.

CUT TO:

MELEVIN'S MOMORY --

INT. GOON'S BATHROOM

A SEIRES OF JUMP CUTS:

Melevin is kicking Goon #2 as he is on the floor. Melevin drags Goon #2 into the bathtub of extremely hot water to scald Goon #2. Melevin holds him in place by the legs.

MELEVIN'S VOICE
On to the, the hot shower until him
pass out.

BACK TO SCENE:

THEEM
How you know it's them?

MOOK
The streets!

MOOK (cont'd)
Nigga you can't do nothing in these streets
without somebody knowing it.

THEEM
I knew Cutty stole that shit man.

MOOK
I know! But he was cool by me.

MELEVIN
I hear the Beyoncé` was from some
cartel people. They the only ones
who try to track him for this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOOK

I don't give a fuck, brother! They fucked up when they fuck with my baby sister.

MELEVIN

Now we show them about killing, exactly.

THEEM

I need a throw away.

Mook waits a beat then rises from his office chair and leaves the room. Moments later he returns with a small briefcase and hands it to Theem who checks the contents.

THEEMS P.O.V -- BLACK .40 CAL in briefcase.

DISOLVE TO:

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Haymanot is walking through the store and is about to turn down an aisle. She stops suddenly and is frozen with fear for a beat. She quickly ducks back around the end-cap and peeks her head around to observe.

HAYMANOT'S P.O.V --

We see at the opposite end of the aisle a light skinned CANDY MAN(40) is scolding a YOUNG WOMAN Haymanot's age. He grabs her arm jerks her violently towards him. He is very controlling and abusive.

SUDDENLY we hear.

STOCK BOY (O.C)

Can I help you?

Spooked, Haymanot knocks some products off the shelf. STOCK BOY looks puzzled by her reaction as he picks up the items.

Candy Man's head snaps to the direction of Haymanot. He has a piercing gaze.

CANDY MAN'S P.O.V --

Haymanot hurriedly walks out of view.

INT. CHECKOUT LINE – SAME

Haymanot is placing items on the checkout counter.

SMASH CUT TO:

Haymanot is paying for her items. She is anxious.

CHECKOUT GIRL
Ok, will that be credit or debit.

HAYMANOT P.O.V –

We focus in on Candy Man a few lanes over looking right at Haymanot. It's almost like he is suppressing his urge to confront her.

Haymanot quickly BREAKS EYE CONTACT. She swipes her card.

HAYMANOT
(Angst)
Link.

She waits a beat.

CHECKOUT GIRL
You all clear, have good day.

HAYMANOT
Thank you.

Haymanot looks back to the lane where Candy stood.

HAYMANOT P.O.V –

Candy Man is gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. GROCERY STORE – DAY

Jiffy CAB DRIVER helps Haymanot load the last of her bags into the car and enters the cab. Candy Man enters frame approaching Haymanot's blind side.

CONTINUED:

CANDY MAN
(Devious)
What's up Queen?

HAYMANOT freezes in fear for a second.

CANDY MAN (Cont'd)
(Mendaciously)
Where you been? Huh? You scared
of your daddy?

Haymanot tries to get in the cab. Candy Man grabs Haymanot's arm and jerks her towards him. Haymanot screams out in terror.

HAYMANOT
No! Help me! Help somebody!

Nearby SECURITY GUARD #2 hears her cries and rushes over to respond.

SECURITY GUARD
Hey! We got a problem over here,
huh man? We gotta problem?

TWO SHOT – SECURITY GUARD & CANDY MAN

Behind them we see Haymanot slide into the backseat of the cab, she motions for the driver to leave. That cab pulls off.

CANDY MAN
Na. No problem, just talking to my old lady,
man you know how it is.

Candy Man raises his hands in the air submissively.

He quickly HITS the security guard with a right hook.

The security guard drops like a ton of bricks.

Candy looks on malevolently as the cab pulls out of the parking lot. His facial expression turns into vindictiveness.

EXT. THEEM'S APARTMENT BUILDING – DAY

We see Haymanot taking her grocery bags from the Jiffy Cab's back seat and walk to the front door of THEEM's apartment building.

She jostles with her bags and her keys, but catches a break from a tenant who exits the entrance. She catches the door before it closes and enters. SOMEONE does the same after she walks in.

INT. HALLWAY

Haymanot climbs the last stair and sets the bags down by the front door. She is trying to remember which key is which. Candy Man ominously creeps up the stairs behind her.

ANGLE – HAYMANOT

Candy Man grabs Haymanot covering her mouth. Haymanot lets out a muffled scream in terror.

CANDY MAN
Shut up for kill ya bitch! What's a
matter baby, you scared of your
Daddy?

Candy Man tries absconding with her but she resists.

HAYMANOT
Fuck off me!

Haymanot is struggling and fighting back.

CANDY MAN
You thought you were just walk off
into the sunset bitch. Huh?

Candy Man whips her around and punches Haymanot in the stomach. Haymanot doubles over and curls into a fetal position clutching her abdomen.

Candy Man sits across Haymanot's torso and flicks out a needle with brown liquid in it. It's Heroin.

CANDY MAN
Look bitch. I got your favorite.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Candy grabs a fistful of Haymanot's hair, and takes the cap off the needle with his teeth. He squirts a little liquid out of the needle.

CANDY MAN

Yeah there you go, slip into it bitch?
Sweet bitch.

HAYMANOT

No, God!

Candy Man stabs her in the thigh with needle. Haymanot screams.

CLOSE SHOT -- HEROIN NEEDLE

The brown liquid flows down past the milliliters from 1.7 until 0. Almost instantly Haymanot relaxes.

COSE SHOT – Haymanot's EYES.

We see a tear roll down the side of her face. Candy quickly rips off her leggings, unzips his pants and mounts Haymanot. Candy sighs in relief as he penetrates Haymanot.

HAYMANOT'S P.O.V – CANDY MAN

We see a slightly blurred Candy Man in missionary position over Haymanot humping wildly and quickly climax. Finally Candy climbs off of her, and fixing up his pants, walks down the hallway stairs. Haymanot struggles to her feet. She puts the key into the door and staggers into the apartment while sobbing.

INT. THEEMS APARTMENT – DAY

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

A sobbing Haymanot locks the front door. She knocks over objects as she staggers to the bedroom. She locks the bedroom door. Crawls in to bed. She curls into a fetal position and starts crying even harder. Haymanot's sobbing softens. She nods off. Haymanot is doped up.

ESTB. ABANDONED BUILDING – DAY

Melevin's van headlight and fender comes to a stop partially into frame.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING BASEMENT

Melevin, Mook followed by THEEM walk down the steps to the basement.

THREE SHOT – MELEVIN, MOOK, THEEM

Mook has a bible in hand. Melevin permanent frown is sharper than ever. THEEM is burn with anger. All three stand looking towards something off camera, something wretched.

MELEVIN

Him there, they make Dott and Cutty
like that.

THEEM pulls out the gun he just got and steps in front of Goon #2.

JUMP CUT TO:

THEEM pistol whips GOON #2. We hear muffled groans and many sharp WHACKS.

INT. GRANNY'S HOUSE – VARIOUS - EVE

CLOSE SHOT – THEEM'S HANDS

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

Theem vigorously washing the semi-dried blood from his hands in the bathroom sink. Pink water runs down the drain. He looks blankly himself in the mirror. Theme's clean hands.

EXT. GRANNY'S HOUSE – VARIOUS - EVE

THEEM is unnerved in the backyard using the water-hose to wash blood off the pistol.

CUT TO:

INT. THEEM'S APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY – LATER

Haymanot has come down a bit. Most of her groceries have spilled onto the floor.

CONTINUED:

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

Haymanot somewhat regaining her senses. Haymanot searching around for her keys. She unlocks THEEM's apartment door. Haymanot trying to gathering her grocery bags, Haymanot staggers back into the apartment with the groceries.

INT. THEEM'S APARTMENT – EVE

We see Haymanot, back against the front door, eyes closed as she slides down the front door to the floor. She lets her bags fall to her feet.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING – EVE

We see orange light against the hard features of Melevin, who sits in his vehicle, watching with uncharacteristic wonders as orange flames breach the basement windows of the abandoned structure. Something about this moment reminds him of his past.

FLASHBACK –

A MOB OF STUDENTS crowded around A MAN with a tire around his neck being beaten and doused with petrol.

BACK TO SCENE:

CLOSE SHOT – BROKEN GLASS

THEEM seems detached as he stares at the glittering shards of car window glass in the street near the curb. It's like the glass is Cutty's grave marker.

INT. THEEM'S APARTMENT – LATER

It's eerily quiet. We see Haymanot sitting on the couch in the dark idle, in deep contemplation as she clutches a butcher's knife. We hear keys JINGLE and the front door UNLOCKS.

THEEM (O.C)
(Startled)

Whoa! God, you scared me. I got your message, what's up? What you sitting in the dark for, baye?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Theme flicks on the light and we see the tracks of Haymanot's tears on her face.

THEEM

Baye, what happened?

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Haymanot and THEEM try to eat some take-out dinner, but the mood is somber. Too much is on both of their minds right now. THEEM's eyes are down on his plate yet, sits fork in hand obviously daydreaming. He is so lost in his daydream that he starts tapping his fork on the table. Haymanot reaches across the table and grabs his hand to stop him.

HAYMANOT

I, I'm late.

Haymanot forces a smile. We see Theem and Haymanot holding hands at the dinner table.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

CLOSE SHOT – ALARM CLOCK - 1:42 A.M

From above we see a THEEM lying in the bed with Haymanot.

FADE TO BLACK:

Suddenly Smokey YELPS.

CLOSE SHOT – THEEM'S EYES

THEEMs eye's open quickly.

INT. THEEM'S APARTMENT – CONTINUIOUS - NIGHT

THEEM's moves through the shadowy apartment cautiously. He stops as he hears the floor boards CREEK in another part of the apartment.

INT. BEDROOM – SAME

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Haymanot still sleep rolls over to THEEM's side of the bed.

INTERCUT:

THEEM treads with stealth down the hallway to the living room.

Several SILENCED GUNSHOTS pump out. A Lamp SHATTERS.

A BULLET punches through the bedroom wall and pierces the pillow on Haymanot's side of the bed.

THEEM returns fire, we hear seven GUNSHOTS.

Haymanot awakens alarmed and rolls out of bed hitting the floor.

A dark figure steals across the living room and out the front door. Light from the outer hallway illuminates part of the room.

THEEM moves tactically to the door and checks the hallway.

OUTER HALLWAY - SAME

THEEM has to tactically clear the hallway. We see drops of blood on ground and a long, thick streak of blood against the wall all the way down the staircase, about shoulder high. THE INTRUDER was seriously wounded in the exchange.

INT. LIVING ROOM

THEEM quickly closes and locks his door. We follow him as he trots back to bedroom.

THEEM
(Furtive)
Baye...baye!

INT. BEDROOM

He flicks on the lights. The bed is empty. We see a large bullet hole in the wall near the bed. Down pillow feathers are everywhere.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THEEM
(Panic)

Baye!

HAYMANOT
(Timidly)

THEEM.

Haymanot sneaks out from under the bed terrified.

HAYMANOT (cont'd)
(Hysterical)

What the hell happened?

THEEM
(Shaken)

I don't know, somebody, tried to break in.
You okay?

HAYMANOT
(Shaken)

Yeah.
(seeing the hole in the
wall)
Oh my god, this is crazy!

Haymanot scanning the room for her phone.

HAYMANOT
(Panicking)

I can't live like this. We got to call
the police.

Theem holds Haymanot close to calm her.

THEEM
Okay, okay, Imma take care of it, I
got it all under control.

HAYMANOT
You kill'em?

THEEM
Not yet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAYMANOT

(Sobbing)

I hope you killed him. I hope he's
dead. I can't live like this no more.

HAYMANOTS P.O.V --

THEEM's hand gripping a pistol

THEEM sets the pistol on the night stand and hugs Haymanot tightly.
Haymanot starts to cry.

Haymanot and THEEM can't sleep. Contemplating what just happened,
They hold each other in bed.

As they embrace we hear a car accident and truck horn BLARRING over
the sound of old school country music.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET INTERSECTION – NIGHT

Bal's truck has crashed into the side of a parked car around the corner. He
is bloody and slumped over the steering wheel with the airbag ejected and
soaked in his blood. Bal is dead from a shot in the dark.

DISSOLVE TO:

INSERT TITLE: 1 Week later.

INT. BREAKFAST SHOP – DAY

Sgt. Garrett is getting his usual coffee and breakfast sandwich.

ESTB. GARRETT'S BAILBONDS – DAY

INT. GARRETT'S BAIL BONDS - SAME

We see Garrett at his desk eating breakfast. The CCTV monitor shows a
car pulling into his parking spot next to the office, and SOMEONE exits.

The door-chimes jingle.

CONTINUED:

GARRETT'S P.O.V -- ASESINO DE ACERA enters the office.

SGT. GARRETT
How can I help today?

ASESINO
You are Sgt. Garrett, no?

SGT. GARRETT
I ain't going to tell ya no different,
now what county was ya loved one
locked up in?

Asesino sits in the client chair in front of Garrett.

ASESINO
My employer sent me here to discuss
your business with the family.

SGT. GARRETT
Well that's a short conversation ain't
it? -He likes business the way it is, I
want more, simple. My services are
no longer cheap. Letting your
peoples run is a conflicting thing to
me, see. It's blasphemy really. I need
to feel, mmm secure, that's the word.

ASESINO
Was that all?

SGT. GARRETT
I suspect so.

ASESINO
And, what about the boy?

SGT. GARRETT
I took care of everything. Nothing
can back on me or your people.

ASESINO
That's good, that works out, my
employer's, will be pleased.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ASESINO
(Mockingly / Serious)
However, we still have a problem.

There is a brief silence between them. The tension is in the air. Garrett has a calm and controlled disposition. We see in slow motion.

Asesino De Acera reaches into a duffle bag, and is coming up with a sawed-off shotgun with a silencer still in the duffle bag.

Garrett, quickly standing to draw his custom .45p.

Garrett firing from the hip.

A silenced shotgun BLAST makes the front of the duffle bag explode open. Cut's Garrett down. He's dead.

Asesino De Acera does an about face, stumbles a short distance, crumples to his knees, then sprawls out on the sidewalk. The Sidewalk ASESINO DE ACERA is dead.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESIDENTAIL AVENUE – SAME

Haymanot is dressed in her usual eccentric retro style walks down a residential street hurriedly. The lawns were well kept during the summer, the street is clean. This is a nice neighborhood.

We see Haymanot walk up to a nice home and ring the doorbell.

The door opens up to Candy Man, His face turns to stone at the site of Haymanot. He grabs her by the jacket pulling her extremely close.

ANGLE – CANDY MAN

Candy Man grins.

ANGLE – HAYMANOT

Tears are rolling down her face, but she looks calm.

CANDY MAN
Sweet thang?
(pause)
Shit, look at you... my prodigal bitch.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CANDY (Cont'd)

How long a slime-ball hoe like you thought you could make it on ya own without a real nigga like me? You fucked with my business, but that's all forgiven. C'mon in here.

Candy Man tries to pull Haymanot past the threshold. Haymanot pulls back. He becomes livid.

CANDY MAN

Bitch! You wanna play with me, - bitch come like I tell you.

He lunges and tries and grabs Haymanot by the neck.

Haymanot's expression of terror melts away, almost like she has found her inner strength. Now she's stoic.

Candy Man looks somewhat nonplus by Haymanot's expression shift. Her eyes seem to look right through him.

CLOSE ANGLE – HAYMANOT

THEEM quickly slides into frame breaking Candy's grasp and brushing Haymanot aside, and at the same time shoves THE GUN in Candy Man's face.

CLOSE SHOT – GUN BARRELL

CLOSE SHOT – CANDY'S EYES

CLOSE SHOT – MUZZLE FLASH.

A GUNSHOT is heard as we –

CUT TO:

A black screen with white letters: THE HARD GOODBYE

FADE IN:

INT. GRANNY'S HOUSE – DAY

Cutty and Jemz are drone-like while counting money at the dining room table amidst the last couple of pounds of "Beyoncé" bagged into ounces.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jemz picks up several stacks and wraps a rubber band around a stack of cash.

Jemz is counting up another five thousand. Cutty carefully packing a book bag with a few jars of weed.

JEMZ

One, two, three, four, that's five.

CUTTY

I'll be back.

JEMZ

Yup.

EXT. GRANNY'S HOUSE – DAY

Cutty exits the front door and casually trots down the steps to his car.

ANGLE -- DOTT

Dott happens to be walking up the street at the same time. Cutty sees Dot and stops in his tracks as she enters frame. There is a bit of tension between them.

DOT

I wanted to give you a chance to explain yourself.

CUTTY

All I want is you Dot... You know, I don't need nothing else, besides a good gig, You everything to me.

Dot SUCKS her teeth.

DOT

(Dubious)

Drop me off at work?

Dot cracks a fleeting grin and Cutty can't help but to smile back. Cutty pulls Dot close and hugs her tight. Dot is slow to hug back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUTTY
You my everything girl.

We hear an engine rev loudly, then tires screeching to a halt as Cutty and Dot step over to the car.

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

Dot in the passenger seat, Cutty throws the book bag in trunk,

The WHITE VAN pulls into frame. The side door quickly opens. Two Latino men, with black bandanas over their faces bandit style, hold semi-automatic guns.

Cutty dives across the trunk for cover on the side of the car as a barrage of GUNFIRE rips.

Bullets sandblast the immaculate metallic blue paint with each perforation.

CUT TO:

INT. GRANNY'S HOUSE - SAME

Jemz jumps to attention. He runs and grabs an M1 Garand from under the sofa. GUNFIRE outside continues.

JUMP CUT TO:

Jemz lifts up the window, aims and fires.

OTS SHOT – Jemz shooting at the white van.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRANNY'S HOUSE – SAME

Cutty returns fire from cover holding back the killers, but remembers Dot.

CUTTY
Dot!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cutty opens the passenger door and pulls Dot out onto the curb. She is hit.

Cutty's CAR TIRES Deflate from the onslaught of flack ricocheting.

A BULLET hits Cutty in the neck knocking him over. Cutty is writhing in agony

One of the attackers jumps out of the van to close in for the kill.

RACK FOCUS IN ON – Jemz aiming.

GOON #3 leaps outside the van. We see his chest implodes as one of Jemz's shots find their mark center mass and Goon #3 is knocked backward off his feet into the street.

Jemz unloads on the men.

We see the other attackers, jump in The WHITE VAN as it speeds off down the street, and blows through the intersection. Jemz final shots PLINK off the attacker's van.

CUT TO:

INT. GRANNY'S HOUSE – SAME

Jemz drops the carbine and pause a beat to think of his next move. He starts grabbing money from the table stuffing his pockets as fast as he can. His seems to being in the middle of a panic attack as he scrambles back to the window.

JEMZ'S P.O.V -- CUTTY

Cutty lay in a pool of blood next to Dot who starts to move. We hear police sirens BLARING in the distance.

CONTINUED:

JEMZ
(Aggrieved)
Dam G!

We see Jemz bolt back towards the table grabbing a few more stacks of loose cash, then he takes off towards the backdoor of the house and dash out.

FADE TO CREDITS:

THE END