



RAPTURE CITY
PILOT: DEATHDASH

Bernard Mersier

FADE IN:

EXT. RAPTURE CITY - NIGHT

A **chaotic symphony** of sirens, gunfire, and screams. The city is a warzone: **burning cars, looted stores, and gangs clashing in the streets**. The camera **swoops** through the madness, capturing the raw, unfiltered anarchy.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(Deep, gravelly, like the city
itself is speaking)

There are no rules here. No law. No religion. Everybody is an enemy. The only thing that matters here is survival. Be warned. You are about to enter...

The camera **zooms in** on a **bloodstained sign**: "Welcome to Rapture City" The letters are **peeling, bullet-riddled, and splattered with fresh blood**.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK:

TITLE CARD: DEATHDASH

INT. DAJUAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room speaks luxury, but the opulence feels hollow. A flat-screen TV plays a basketball game on mute.

On the glass table: two glasses of cognac, a bottle of Hennessy, rolled blunts, and an ashtray overflowing with ashes.

On the sofa sits DAJUAN (24), lean and tattooed, with eyes sharp as blades, taking a drag from his blunt.

Beside him is, PORK CHOP (24), built like a tank, dark-skinned, cracking his knuckles, with eyes glued to the game.

PORK CHOP

Man, these niggas is trash. I don't see 'em making it through the season.

DAJUAN

I feel that. Niggas don't do it for the love no more. It's all about the money.

PORK CHOP

What's wrong with that? You gotta chase the bag, my nigga.

DAJUAN

(Takes a pull)

If you're chasing it just to say you got paper, and a bunch of fake ass niggas hanging around you, then no, it's not wrong.

PORK CHOP

All I'm saying is niggas need to get that bag, no matter what it takes.

DAJUAN

You sound like one of them niggas that'll ride with anybody as long as it's poppin', but when shit hits the fan, you'll fold up.

Pork chop takes a sip, followed by sucking his teeth.

PORK CHOP

Fuck outta here with that shit.

DAJUAN

(Takes a pull)

I'm just saying.

PORK CHOP

Any fuckin' way. You heard anything about them niggas trying to get some get back?

DAJUAN

Only the "give me some attention" shit they post on the internet.

PORK CHOP

You don't take that shit seriously?

DAJUAN

I ain't worried about that shit. If them niggas ain't did shit now, why should I worry about what they post?

PORK CHOP

Just because niggas talk loud, it doesn't mean they ain't about that life.

DAJUAN

Well, I always keep my strap on me,
and I'm always solo. If them niggas
want it, they can get at me at anytime
and any place.

PORK CHOP

That's real nigga shit.

DAJUAN

Goddamn right. Nobody told that nigga
to be a simp ass nigga and get caught
up fuckin' around with a bitch that's
cool with us. So, the nigga got laced
with that Apache, and his ass clocked
out. Simple.

PORK CHOP

I hear that. Speaking of bitches. You
know one of them niggas girls work up
at the pizza joint?

DAJUAN

(Takes a pull)

And?

PORK CHOP

Just throwing it out there. The bitch
is strapped. I was thinking about
tagging her ass.

Dajuan turns and looks at him confused.

DAJUAN

We were just talking about how that
weak ass nigga got took out the game,
and look at yo ass.

PORK CHOP

I ain't no simp ass nigga, so I ain't
worried about it. I'm gon' just tag
the bitch one time, and I'm done.

DAJUAN

You my nigga and everything, but...

(Takes a pull)

You sound real fuckin' stupid right
now.

PORK CHOP

(Takes a sip)

What the fuck do you mean, I sound stupid?

DAJUAN

Bro. Bitches don't give a fuck about giving up that pussy to any nigga that pursue 'em.

PORK CHOP

That ain't shit new. Bitches been that way.

DAJUAN

Not like these bitches today. True, they fuck for money, just like bitches back in the day. But the difference between them bitches and these new bitches is these bitches fuck niggas for money and exposure. Not to mention, they love setting niggas up.

Pork chop takes a sip, and nods his head in agreement.

PORK CHOP

Facts. I was sleeping on myself for a minute. But, you know that bitch I'm talking about is cold. You can't help but think about hitting that.

DAJUAN

She looks like every other bitch out there. And you niggas wonder why these hoes are out here acting up. Thirsty ass niggas like you, and them other niggas make it easy for 'em.

PORK CHOP

(Takes a sip, laughs)

Fuck you.

The doorbell is heard.

DAJUAN

(Laughs)

Niggas hate hearing the truth.

Pork chop takes his final sip, places the glass down and prepares to pour another one.

PORK CHOP
Is that some hoes?

Dajuan takes one last pull, and then places the blunt out before standing up.

DAJUAN
Still on that thirsty shit. No, nigga,
it's food.

Dajuan laughs as he makes his way towards the door, opening it.

A delivery man is standing there holding two pizza boxes.

Dajuan takes the pizzas.

DAJUAN (CONT'D)
Good looking.

DELIVERY MAN
You have a good one.

Dajuan closes the door, and then makes his way toward the dining room.

DAJUAN
Get y'all asses down here so you can
eat!

Pork chop gets up with his glass in hand, and follows behind Dajuan.

The two step into the dining room, and he places the pizzas down on the table.

PORK CHOP
Hell yeah. What's on 'em?

DAJUAN
This nigga done went from thirsty to
hungry. Back yo ass up.

Dajuan's sons DEVIN and DILLON, (6), brown-skinned, slender builds, baby dreadlocks, enter the room.

PORK CHOP
My lil niggas. What's going on?

They both give him a play.

DEVIN
What's up, uncle P?

DILLON
Hey, uncle P.

PORK CHOP
Y'all holding it down like real G's
are supposed to, right?

DILLON
Fa sho.

DEVIN
You know it.

Focusing back on the table, as if they're starving, they both
grab a box, and quickly open them.

DAJUAN
Y'all niggas don't smash all that
shit. Leave some for me and your
uncle.

DEVIN
We won't.

DILLON
Good looking, dad.

DAJUAN
Right.

Dajuan and Pork chop leave the room as the two begin eating.

DAJUAN (CONT'D)
Since you keep talking about some
hoes, I might as well call a few over.

PORK CHOP
That's what I'm talking about, my
nigga. After the boys eat and go to
bed, we can crack some bitches open.

Walking back into the living room, Dajuan picks up one of the
blunts and lighter.

Placing the blunt in his mouth, he lights it and takes a hard
pull, holding the smoke in.

DAJUAN

(Exhales, laughs)

This nigga acting like he never had a piece of pussy.

PORK CHOP

(Laughs)

We know I get mad pussy, so fuck what you saying.

A ding goes off.

Dajuan pulls his phone from his pocket, and he sees a text message.

He opens the message that says...

INSERT PHONE SCREEN

Payback is a bitch, hoe ass nigga.

While he stares at the message confused, two loud thuds are heard.

He quickly rushes back into the dining room, with Pork chop behind him.

They see his sons on the floor having seizures, foaming at the mouth.

They rush over to the boys, and kneel down, panicking.

DAJUAN

What the fuck?! What the fuck?!

PORK CHOP

What the fuck is wrong with them?

Dajuan quickly dials 911.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Nine, one, one, what is your emergency?

DAJUAN

I need a fuckin' ambulance, now! My sons are having fuckin' seizures, and I need y'all to hurry up and get here!

While Pork chop continues trying to gain the boy's consciousness, Dajuan stands up, and focuses his attention on

the pizza boxes.

INSERT PIZZA BOX

What looks like parmesan is actually crushed up fentanyl sprinkled around the pizza.

Filled with rage, he knocks the pizzas to the floor, releasing a scream filled with pain.

Pork chop looks back at him, concerned.

PORK CHOP

What?!

DAJUAN

Them hoe ass niggas!

PORK CHOP

What?! What about 'em?!

DAJUAN

Look at that shit!

Pork chop looks at one of the slices of pizza and sees the fentanyl.

PORK CHOP

Them niggas-

DAJUAN

I'm killing every last one of them
bitch ass niggas. Hold tight, y'all!
Hold tight! Don't leave your daddy
like...

His phone begins ringing.

Snatching the phone up, he answers without looking.

DAJUAN (CONT'D)

I don't-

KAYLEN (V.O.)

You fucked with the wrong nigga.

DAJUAN

You bitch ass niggas targeted my
seeds?! All of you motherfuckers are
dying tonight, on God!

Pork chop stands up.

KAYLEN (V.O.)

You put your sons lives in danger,
bitch nigga.

DAJUAN

Nigga-

Automatic gunfire rips through the dining room, Dajuan and Pork chop.

Their bodies drop to the floor.

The sound of glass being crushed underneath boots is heard.

Pork chop is on the floor moaning in pain, when a person opens fire on him, ending his life.

Dajuan is lying on the floor with blood coming from the holes in his chest and mouth, gasping for air.

Two people wearing all black, with hoods over their heads and black bandannas covering their faces, holding smoking Tech nines, approach Dajuan and stop.

Hate fills their eyes.

One of them lowers their bandanna, revealing KAYLEN, (24), brown-skinned.

KAYLEN

Your bitch ass sons are about to die
the same way y'all laced my nigga Lil
b with that bullshit.

Dajuan coughs up blood, trying to get some words out.

Kaylen aims the gun at Dajuan's face and opens fire, ending his life.

He spits on him, and then places the bandanna back over his face.

The two leave the same way they entered as the screen fades to black.

BLACK SCREEN:

"Your beef is everybody you love beef."

~Bernard Mersier~

END CREDITS: