

Reciprocity
written
by Byron Griffin

ACT ONE

Black Screen

Polaroid shots of four different black boys from the mid to late 70's float across the screen.

Whodini's "Friends" plays over sequence of polaroids.

More Polaroids of the four youngster growing up,

Then the Polaroids change into Kodak's 35mm, late 80's

The four boys play basketball a lot, different days

The boys pose in front of Projects brick wall

The last Kodak shows the four boys in cap and gown
"Graduation, 1995"

FADE IN:

A pair of sneakers sprint through a crowded sidewalk, side stepping and dashing through pedestrians.

The crosswalk signal is flashing a yellow caution hand. The legs dash in front of the waiting cars just in time.

The runner looks down to check his wrist watch.

7:52

BOOM! He crashes into an middle aged black woman.

MIKE SMITH bends down into frame to pick up the woman. He is 21-22 yrs old, well built and irresistibly handsome.

MIKE

Are you okay? I'm so sorry.

The woman manages a smile

WOMAN

I'm fine sugar. I got a lot of cushion back there.

Her beautiful daughter runs to her aid, livid towards Mike.

NUBIAN GODDESS

Idiot, watch where you going. I should...

WOMAN

Oh, stop all that. I aint hurt none. Takes more than a bump to hurt this old bird.

Mike picks her up. Makes eye contact with the angry daughter.

MIKE

I'm sincerely sorry about this.

(beat)

You two could be twins.

He offers his hand to the daughter

MIKE (CONT'D)

I'm Mike.

Mama blushes

WOMAN

I was only 18 when I had Monica.

Monica tries to resist his charm.

NUBIAN GODDESS

You running like the police behind
you.

MIKE

(feigns a laugh)

Nah, nothing like that.

He pecks Mama on the cheek and resumes his sprint.

EXT. STATE PAROLE OFFICE — MOMENTS LATER

Cops drag a parolee out in handcuffs.

PAROLEE

These cuffs too damn tight!

Cops thrusts him into the back of cruiser.

INT. STATE PAROLE OFFICE — CONTINUOUS

Mike dashes into building soaked with sweat.

INT. THIRD FLOOR — MOMENTS LATER

Mike exits the elevator, scans left then right. He scurries
to the right.

At Receptionist Desk

MIKE

I'm here to see my P.O.

RECEPTIONIST

(eyes glued on the
computer)

Wow, I would've never guessed.

MIKE

(annoyed)

Look, I'm late already.

She finally looks up from screen.

RECEPTIONIST

Name?

MIKE

Uh, I forgot.

RECEPTIONIST

Do you know your name?

SMITTY (O.S.)

Michael James Smith, aka, LATE.

RECEPTIONIST

This one belong to you Smitty?

SMITTY

He's late on his first day. Jaime
how long do you give Smith?

JAIME

Forty-five days tops.

Smitty pulls out a \$50

SMITTY

I'll take that action. But you have
to spot me at least one dirty urine
too.

Mike already hates them.

INT. KITCHEN -- PAUL'S HOUSE

SONYA washes dishes, 2 yr Paulina eats the last of her
breakfast.

PAUL, 21, 5'11'' darker complexion, handsome

PAULINA

Morning Daddy.

Paul kisses her.

SONYA

Where's mine Daddy?

Paul begrudges a peck on cheek. Sonya decides to ignore it.

SONYA (CONT'D)

What's your plan for the day?

PAUL

(still mad)

Why?

Sonya sets his plate in front of him.

SONYA
Cuz I thought maybe
(beat)
never mind.

PAUL
I got a study session after class.

SONYA
With who?

INT. BEDROOM -- LATER

A sweaty Paul falls back onto the pillow exhausted. APRIL rolls onto his chest.

APRIL
You're my guilty pleasure. I gave up chocolate for you.

PAUL
She knows.

APRIL
You're graduating in the spring. You might as well tell her. You want me to?

PAUL
You don't make decisions for me.

APRIL
You know how many offers I rejected, good ones I might add.

PAUL
What the hell thats supposed to mean?

APRIL
You know exactly what it means.
(beat)
I still have thirty more minutes.

PAUL
I don't.

INT. SMITTY'S OFFICE — CONTINUOUS

SMITTY
You leave in handcuffs when you think you're smarter than me.

MIKE
I'm not smarter than you.

SMITTY
I'm from the South Side too, you can't play me.

Mike doesn't know what to say.

SMITTY (CONT'D)

What's your story? And don't tell me what I already know.

MIKE

I graduated highschool. A few nights later me and my friends...

(beat)

these dudes fingered me for something I didn't do. I got five with a three, while they got off with probation.

SMITTY

Sad story.

(passes papers)

You need thirty completed applications a month until you land a gig. This aint baseball, you get only two strikes with me. You got one left. One dirty urine, I let you live. Anything else...

(he pulls handcuffs from his desk drawer)

Mike gathers the paperwork before rising,

SMITTY (CONT'D)

Remember two things, One, I'm smarter than you, and two

(beat)

Criminals always get caught.

EXT. TEMP AGENCY — LATER

Two street team members for the hip hop duo Block Boys plaster promotion posters to the transit shelters.

MEMBER ONE

Dude, shit's crooked.

MEMBER TWO

Shut up, you cockeyed.

MEMBER ONE

Man, fix that shit. I ain't getting cussed out for you.

Member Two takes a step back to get a better look at....

BUTTER AND STEEL, of the Block Boys, pose with wads of cash, sitting inside a convertible with video vixens smiling in the backseat.

MEMBER TWO

Gives them more flavor.

MEMBER ONE

Remember that you when you taste the
flavor of Butter's Tims in your ass.

INT. TEMP AGENCY — CONTINUOUS

MIKE

S'cuse me, what do I put here?

Receptionist looks at application.

RECEPTIONIST

You don't know your social security
number?

MIKE

(embarrassed)

Oh, that's right. Thanks.

Receptionist glares as he walks back to the rectangular table.

Mike looks back, she offers a fake smile.

20 Minutes Later

RECEPTIONIST

Are you almost finish, we are closing
in ten minutes.

MIKE

Uh, almost.

JOB APPICATION, QUESTION #9

Have you ever been convicted of a felony or have you been
incarcerated within the past ten years?

Mike feels the receptionist over his shoulders. She checks
her watch.

BACK ON QUESTION #9

Mike slowly checks yes before handing over his application.

Receptionist snatches it.

RECEPTIONIST

Thanks. We'll call you if we have
something.

EXT. TEMP AGENCY — MOMENTS LATER

Mike's veins bulge down his forehead, his fists are balled
shut.

The Block Boys seem to stare at Mike, teasing him with their
success.

Mike sees

Posters of Butter and Mouse plastered everywhere. Mike attacks the posters one at time.

Pedestrains scurry clear out Mike's way, as he throws shreds into the air.

EXT. MAPLE GARDEN HOUSING PROJECTS -- LATER

Mike notices a tricked out blue Honda Accord is following him.

He strides faster. The engine revs and screeches along side Mike.

TONE

Damn, nigga. Why you running.

MIKE

Why yall aint come through last night.

TONE

Business. But hey we got you a gift.

DRE

Yeah, playboy, hop in.

MIKE

I got to handle something, maybe later.

The tinted back window rolls down. LOLLI, pokes her head out.

LOLLI

I'm lonely back here.

MIKE

I'm on parole.

TONE

Having a good time aint illegal. Lolli go get him.

Lolli struts all her curves.

INT. CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

DRE

Show him why they call you Lolli.

Lolli's rolls her tongue like ocean waves.

TONE

Welcome home my nig.

DRE
I'm gettin this on camera.

Dre pulls out a mini camcorder.

TONE
How many times I got to tell about
that dumb ass camera. You gonna get
us knocked.

DRE
You gonna thank me when we old.

The blue Honda Accord cruises down the street.

INT. CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Dre holds the camcorder with one hand, passes Tone the blunt
with the other hand.

Tone tries to snatch the camcorder from Dre, but Dre fans
him away.

DRE
Ah, you mad, why you mad, too slow
son.

Tone tries again, but Dre slips away.

EXT. STREET -- CONTINUOUS

The car swerves.

INT. COP CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Two white cops sip coffee and eat donuts.

COP1
What do we have here.

COP2
I aint done my lunch.

COP1
We can get some fresh ones afterwards.

COP2
Great idea partner.

The police cruiser pursues with the flashing lights.

INT. CAR -- CONTINUOUS

TONE
I told you bout that damn camera!

DRE
You can't drive.

TONE

The cops behind us stupid.

Dre looks through the camcorder.

MIKE

What?

TONE

Everybody be cool, light a cigarette!

The blue Honda Accord pulls to the side of the road.

MIKE

I told yall I'm on parole.

DRE

I'm on probation.

The cops hold the weapons at their side.

COP1

License and registration.

TONE

Is there a problem officer.

COP2

We ask, you answer butt face.

Tone reaches for the glove box.

COP1

Slowly, very slowly.

COP2

Everybody else put your hands across
your chest.

(to Lolli)

You working?

LOLLI

Hell naw.

COP2

How old are you?

LOLLI

Almost sixteen.

Mike eyes pop!

COP2

Everybody out the car.

EXT. CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Mike clenches his teeth.

Cop 1 heads back to the cruiser to check for warrants.

A white pickup truck barrels into the back of the squad car.

DRE

Drunk Pete!

Tone and Dre slaps high fives.

COP1

I be damned.

(into his radio)

Dispatch, we are 10-38 and got a 10-50. Send first responders. Over.

The cops run to pull Drunk Pete from the truck.

Mike bolts.

BACK AT THE PROJECTS

Mike jogs, looking over his shoulder.

BOOM! He is tackled by a cop.

MIKE

I aint do nothing!

OFFICER

(out of breath)

Hands, behind, your back!

EXT. BRIDAL SHOPPE — CONTINUOUS

Sonya dials Paul's number as she enters.

INT. PAUL'S SIDECHICK'S PLACE — CONTINUOUS

Paul's checks his ID before he rejects the call.

BACK TO MIKE

Now back on his feet, Mike rubs his wrists.

OFFICER

Bad timing, right?

Mike nods.

INT. APT. — DUSK

MS.BROWN, bounces an adorable toddler on her knee. MIKEY, a two year old, is having a ball.

EXT. APT. — DUSK — CONTINUOUS

SAMMY, 13 walks up.

MIKE

Sammy? You grew up on me. Got peach fuzz and everything.

Sammy blushes.

SAMMY

I heard you were out.

MIKE

Got out last night.

SAMMY

You got all those muscles in prison?

MIKE

Little dudes don't make it inside.

SAMMY

They said prison made a man out you.

MIKE

Who said that?

SAMMY

I don't know, everybody I guess.

Mike puts his hand on Sammy's shoulder.

MIKE

Sammy, going to prison don't make you a man. Staying out does. Got it?

SAMMY

Got it.

MIKE

How's your mom doing?

SAMMY

Bad. Real bad. She can't shake it.

Mike understands.

MIKE

Keep your head up. I'm out, later.

INT. APT. — DUSK — MOMENTS LATER

Mike steps through the door.

MS.BROWN

(to Mikey)

There's your Daddy! Say hi Daddy!

MIKE

Daddy?

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT CLUB — NIGHT

Upscale spot for ballers and the working class trying to keep up.

Inside the VIP room, MOUSE and BUTTER celebrate a toast with their manager, IRV

IRV

(reads)

The industry hasn't seen such a tight tandem since the legendary Run DMC tag team. Block Boys' sophomore album, Night Shift is sure to be a chart topper. End quote.

Mouse and Butter surrounded by groupies, raise their glasses with Irv.

IRV (CONT'D)

... to the hottest group in the game, and to a even hotter, PLATINUM, record breaking album.

BUTTER

Let's not get ahead of ourselves.

Mouse climbs onto a chair. He raises a champagne bottle in the air and does his best Nino Brown impression from "New Jack City"

MOUSE

The world is mine!

BUTTER

So I'm Gmoney?. Hell Naw!

Butter high fives a male groupie.

A groupie chick whispers to Butter, he grins before leading her behind a black velet curtain.

EXT. FRONT STEPS PROJECTS — CONTINUOUS

MIKE

Why?

TONYA

I did't want to bring my baby around a bunch of muruders and rapists.

MIKE

That's what you think of me?

TONYA

I thought you might want to be a
part of your son's life.

Mike's eyes follow the hips of two bad chicks.

TONYA (CONT'D)

Forget it.

Tonya storms back inside.

INT. TAXI CAB — MORNING

The red numbers on the meter

2.70, 2.75, 2.78, 2.80, etc.

Mike chews his fingernails from the backseat. The Pakistani
cabbie eyes him through the rearview mirror.

OUTSIDE THE CAB

Empty warehouses in the old meat packing district.

The cab stops at a four way.

BACK SEAT

Mike trips out the cab. The cabbie hops out with a stainless
steel .357 raised, chases Mike around the cab.

MIKE

Let's make a deal!

CABBIE

Pay me now! I shoot you.

MIKE

I'll pay you when I get back.

Cabbie reverses direction.

CABBIE

No. I want money now.

Mike looks for a way out. He stops on the other side of cab.

MIKE

(fast talkin)

Look, this guy owes me money. Give
me ten minutes. I'll give you 100
bucks to take me back uptown.

Cabbie considers the offer.

MIKE (CONT'D)

The cops!

Cabbie doesn't believe him.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Look.

Cabbie turns and it is a cop. He hides his gun. Cabbie turns back around to find Mike running into..

ABANDONED BUILDING

Surveillance monitors captures Mike and the Cabbie. Mike soon disappears from view as the Cabbie accepts defeat.

The cab jerks into gear and rolls out of view.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE — MOMENTS LATER

Mike climbs the stair well up to third floor.

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE -- MORNING

Paul notices a magazine partially covered under some clothes while he brushes his teeth. He grabs the magazine.

INSERT

Front Cover of Ebony Magazine, "How to get him to propose"

Paul slams the magazine into the wicker waste basket.

INT. KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER

SONYA washes dishes, 2 yr Paulina eats her breakfast.

PAULINA

Morning Daddy.

Paul kisses her.

SONYA

Where's mine Daddy?

Paul begrudges a peck. Sonya decides to ignore it.

SONYA (CONT'D)

What's your plan for the day?

PAUL

(still mad)

Why?

Sonya sets breakfast in front of him.

SONYA

Cuz I thought maybe

(beat)

never mind.

PAUL

I got a meeting after class.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE — MOMENTS LATER

A sawed off pump shot gun pushes into Mike's face. Mike throws his hands above his head.

DUCK (O.S.)

Get in.

Mike eases around the shot gun into this make shift office.

Mike notices surveillance equipment, police scanners and a cache of weapons. He sees the street corner he just ran from on one of the monitors.

The duck slams the door. Mike spins around.

DUCK (CONT'D)

(gun still drawn)

You bring that shit down here again

(pumps the shotgun)

Got it?

MIKE

(hoarse)

Got it.

DUCK

Good. Now what the hell you want.

MIKE

A favor. Ace said he was good for it.

DUCK

Old Ace. He still the chess master?

MIKE

(relaxes)

Reigning king.

DUCK

I almost beat him. What you need?

Mikes pulls out the same promo poster he ripped from the street poles.

Duck looks at the poster.

DUCK (CONT'D)

Gone?

MIKE

(emphatic)

No, no. Well not exactly. More like five to ten.

DUCK

You want them to go down. For what?
Arson,

Mike wags his head no.

DUCK (CONT'D)

Dope?

Again Mike wags no.

DUCK (CONT'D)

Robbery?

MIKE

That'll work.

DUCK

You'll know when it's done.

Mike turns to leave.

DUCK (CONT'D)

Hey. We never met. You were never
here.

(he points to the
shotgun)

Mike exits.

INT. BEDROOM -- LATER

Paul falls back onto the pillow exhausted. APRIL rolls onto
his chest.

APRIL

I gave up chocolate for you.

PAUL

She knows.

APRIL

You're graduating in the spring.
You might as well tell her. You want
me to?

PAUL

You don't make decisions for me.

APRIL

You know how many offers I had, good
ones I might add.

PAUL

What the hell that's supposed to mean?

APRIL

I don't want to fight.

(beat)

We still have thirty minutes.

INT. ROSA'S PIZZERIA -- LATER

Paul and Mike share a pie.

MIKE

You dissed me for some ass, just admit it.

PAUL

Like that time you left us at the movies.

Mike is overcome with nostalgia.

MIKE

Tina Jackson. Man, that was a good night. Where she at now?

PAUL

Three kids, four baby daddies.

MIKE

Damn.

PAUL

How many head boards you done broke since you been home?

MIKE

Not a damn one.

Paul chuckles too hard.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Shit aint funny.

PAUL

What was your line in highschool
(thinks)

Oh yeah, "Lets go to your crib and practice 12 play"

MIKE

Worked for you, didn't it.

PAUL

I can't front. It was clutch.

MIKE

I owe everything I know to Uncle Richie, God rest his soul.

PAUL

Mike this aint high school no more.
Chicks want that paper, and they
don't care how.

INT. BEDROOM -- MORNING

Mike finishes his pushups.

INT. BATHROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Mike brushes his teeth.

INT. BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Mike kneels at his bedside.

MIKE

God, give me grace to accept with
serenity the things that cannot be
changed, Courage to change the things
which should be changed, and the
Wisdom to distinguish the one from
the other. Livng one day at a time,
enjoying one moment at a
time, acccepting hardships as a pathway
to peace, taking as Jesus did, this
sinful world as it is, not as I would
have it, trusting that YOU will make
all things right, if I surrender to
your will, so that I may be reasonably
happy in this life, and supremely
happy with you forever in the next.
Amen.

EXT. DOWNTOWN -- AFTERNOON

Score: Outkast feat. Goodie Mob, "Git up Get out"

Mike strides with hope.

INT. MARTIN DYE CO. -- MOMENTS LATER

Mike enters receptionist area.

MIKE

Good morning, I wanted to ask if you
were hiring.

RECEPTIONIST

(kind)

I'm sorry, we just reached capacity.
But our hiring needs change all the
time, you should check back with us.

MIKE

Thank you.

INT. STEEL FABRICATORS INC.

Mike asks the receptionists, she shakes her head no.

"Git up Git Out" continues

MONTAGE

A)Mike exits a Poultry Plant

B)Mike exits a Bakery

C)Mike enters Car Wash

D)Mike exits Car Wash

END MONTAGE

"Git up Git Out" fades out.

INT. BOTTLING PLANT -- CONTINUOUS

Mike enters receptionist area.

RECEPTIONIST

May I help you?

MIKE

I was hoping to apply for a job.

RECEPTIONIST

Sure, here's a clip board, and pen.
Complete these forms and return them
when you're done.

MIKE

Thank you.

ANGLE ON JOB APPLICATION

ECU "Have you ever been convicted of felony?"

Beads of sweat form above Mike's upper lip. He flashes a weak smiles at the receptionist.

ANGLE ON ANALOG WALL CLOCK

11:00 a.m.

Mike writes.

ANGLE ON ANALOG WALL CLOCK

11:55

The receptionist walks over.

RECEPTIONIST

Lunch time is near. Will you be finished soon?

MIKE

Yes, almost done.

ANGLE ON JOB APPLICATION

"Have you ever been convicted of a felony?"

A yellow No.2 pencil checks "yes".

EXT. MAPLE GARDEN HOUSING PROJECTS -- NIGHT

Mike sips a beer among his friends.

TONE

They barely hire college grads, you think they gonna give a felon a shot?

DRE

My uncle did fifthteen and he's a defense lawyer now.

TONE

That was the eighties, stupid.

DRE

So.

TONE

You dont know shit, do you? They stop letting convicts get degrees on tax payer's doe asswipe.

DRE

(lies)

I knew that.

MIKE

Now they let a nigga make just enough to buy deordant and noodles.

TONE

You got a mouth to feed now. Just say the word my nig.

INT. PRIVATE NIGHT CLUB -- NIGHT

Mouse and Butter's album release party is standing room only.

Mouse and Butter stands on the balcony above the crowd.

Butter takes the mic from the DJ.

BUTTER
 (to the crowd)
 Yall having a good time.

The crowd roars.

BUTTER (CONT'D)
 I said, are yall having a GOOD time?

The crowd roars louder.

BUTTER (CONT'D)
 That's what's up.

Mouse grabs the mic

MOUSE
 Yall feeling our new shit?

Mouse extends the mic to the crowd. More cheers.

MOUSE (CONT'D)
 Hey, we wouldn't be here if it wasn't
 for our fans. Yall been with us since
 the skating rink days. We got a little
 something to show our appreciation
 too.

Irv moves through the crowd passing out copies of their new
 cd.

MOUSE (CONT'D)
 And that's not all.

Mouse reaches down for a large black duffle bag.

MOUSE (CONT'D)
 Yall leaving here tonight with your
 pockets right.

Mouse and Butter dumps dollar bills over the balcony. The
 crowd erupts into a frenzy as green bills float down from
 the balcony.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON -- DAY

A prison guard escorts a new inmate down the corridor.

INT. CELL -- CONTINUOUS

Mike reads, Makevelli the Prince.

The guard stops at his cell.

GUARD
 Smith, you got a new cellie.

Mike looks up from his book.

MIKE

Mikey?

CUT TO:

INT. MIKE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Mike springs up on the bed.

MIKE

Shit.

EXT. SHILOH BAPTIST CHURCH SUNDAY SERVICE -- DAY

Sun rays reflect off the freshly waxed cars in the parking lot.

Three black male teens skip Sunday service to shoot dice in the corner of the parking lot.

INSERT Church Bulletin in front of church

Sunday's Message "Forgiveness is not for the guilty"

INT. SHILOH BAPTIST CHURCH SUNDAY SERVICE -- CONTINUOUS

A nine year black kids keeps dosing off.

He gets a church pinch from his mom, embarassed a little cutie saw it.

P.O.V. MIKE'S -- CONTINUOUS

a smorgasboard of sexy women

Mike's mom wacks his shoulder

PASTOR JONES

We've been taught to forgive others
since we were knee high.

Pastor Jones indicates knee high with his hand.

PASTOR JONES (CONT'D)

We know that God instructs us to,
forgive and you will be forgiven.

The congregation bounces "Amens" off each other.

PASTOR JONES (CONT'D)

But the most important, hidden
treasure if you will, in forgiveness

Pastor Jones wipes his mouth with a red face cloth.

PASTOR JONES (CONT'D)
 Forgiveness aint for the guilty!

Mike peeps to attention.

PASTOR JONES (CONT'D)
 Not at all. Forgiveness free us from
 the bondage of bitterness and allows
 us to move forward.

Mike looks at his mom, "Does she know?"

PASTOR JONES (CONT'D)
 Church, if you don't forgive, you
 will forever be a prisoner of
 bitterness, stuck at a crossroads.

More Amens fly around the church.

EXT. HOUSE -- DAY

Mike rings the doorbell. French tip finger nails reaches out
 and snatches him inside.

INT. HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

A Puerto Rican prison guard, NADIA, wears only her uniform
 top and stilleto.

NADIA
 (sexy accent)
 Is this what you wanted Papi?

MIKE
 Exactly.

Mike takes a look around.

MIKE (CONT'D)
 Nice.

Nadia back pedals to the bar counter top. She hoist herself
 onto the bar.

Nadia spreads her legs. Pats her vagina.

NADIA
 She misses you.

Mike spreads her thighs. Nadia feels his stiffness.

MIKE
 And he misses her.

They kiss.

Nadia pulls back, trying to catch her breath.

NADIA
I got some good news.

MIKE
better than this?

NADIA
Take me upstairs.

Mike picks Nadia up off the bar, her legs wrap around his waist.

MIKE
Point.

CUT TO:

INT. MIKE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Old art sketches clutters Mike's bed. Mike shuffles through old polaroids from the lates 80's.

INSERT

A) Mike tags a wall with graffiti

B) Mike and friends pose in front of graffiti wall at skating rink.

C) Mike tags his first rail car.

Mike smiles at the memories, feeling inspired.

Mikes grabs his old sketch pad, flips through unfinished pieces.

Mike finds a clean sheet, starts to sketch.

CUT TO:

INT. MIKEY'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Tonya puts Mikey into bed. Flicks the night light on.

INT. MIKE'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Mike, down to his boxer shorts and wife-beater tank top, compares his sketch to the picture of him and Mikey.

He erases some lines, and carefully shades the gray pencil onto the the page.

Outside Mike's bedroom window, gun fire continues, followed by muffled voices, and finally tires screech.

He stares at the picture of he and Mikey.

INT. STRIP CLUB -- DAY

Inside, the darkness wipes away the daylight.

Mike's head swivel 360 degrees.

PAUL

Has it been that long Mike? I bought
a VIP on my 18th birthday.

A dancer approaches with Paul's drink before he ordered it.

DANCER

White Russian, no ice. Who's the
cutie?

Mike eyes light up like Christmas.

MIKE

Mike, pleased to meet you,
(waits for her name)

DANCER

Mya. You drinking?

MIKE

Yeah. Uh, what else you have besides
beer.

Mya doesn't know how to respond.

MYA

I can make you whatever you want.

MIKE

I'll just take one of those

MYA

White russian. Be right back.

Mya exits.

PAUL

(teases)
Smooth, real smooth.

MIKE

Only drink I know is hooch.

The fellas laugh. Mya returns with the drink.

MYA

You didn't mention it, so I got you
ice on the side.

MIKE

Oh, its cool. thanks.

MYA

Just holla when you ready.

PAUL

Thanks Mya.

Paul slides her a tip, Mike drops his head a little shamed.

Mike watches her hips as she walks away.

PAUL (CONT'D)

No call backs yet?

Mike tastes the drink.

MIKE

This is good. Nothing yet.

Mike takes another sip, notices

INSERT promo poster

Mouse and Butter, surrounded by vixens, gripping bundles of cash.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Are you kidding?

Paul spins around to see it.

PAUL

Your boys big time now.

MIKE

Ass clowns.

PAUL

The public buys an image, never questions whats real.

Mike throws back the last swallow.

MIKE

Butter never smelled pussy before I got him some, and Mouse, whatever.

Beat

MIKE (CONT'D)

You still cool with them

Paul is offended

MIKE (CONT'D)

My bad.

A few white russians later.

MIKE (CONT'D)
I am a convicted felon. No work
history. I can't even vote.

Mya approaches.

MYA
We good here?

Paul nods, Mike's feeling real good.

MIKE
I could be better though.

Mya smiles.

MIKE (CONT'D)
I lost my mojo. And these clowns
some straight outta compton gansters
now?

PAUL
That's what they selling.

MIKE
Faggots couldn't do one day, not one
day inside.

Strippers claw to get inside VIP

P.O.V. MIKE AND PAUL -- CONTINUOUS

Strippers trip over each other to be added to the entourage
surrounding Mouse and Butter.

D.J (O.S.)
Special shout out to those Block
Boys, who just arrived. Mouse and
Butter, I see ya shining baby.

The DJ plays Mouse and Butter's new song. On stage, a stripper
gyrates to the bass line.

PAUL
Ready?

MIKE
Fuck them, I aint leaving. Clown ass
niggas.

REVERSE ANGLE VIP SECTION

Mouse and Butter survey the club, shaking hands of their fans.

Butter spots Mike and Paul. Butter pulls Mouse away from a stripper. Butter whispers to Mouse. Mouse now spots Mike and Paul.

Mouse whispers in the waitress' ear. She exits.

MIKE (CONT'D)

On second thought, less roll before
I violate parole.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Oh, shit, I rhyme better than them. I
should sell it to them. Shit, they
already owe me for that last cd.
Lying, ass niggas.

The waitress shows up at thier table with a bottle.

WAITRESS

Compliments of the Block Boyz.

The waitress points over to the VIP section, where Mouse and Butter raise thier glasses.

MIKE

Take it back. Tell them if they wanna
send something, send me a royalty
check.

Reverse Angle

The waitress delivers Mike's message.

Mouse motions for Butter to follow him.

ANGLE ON MIKE

Mike is in attack mode.

PAUL

Be cool Mike, they aint worth it.
You cool?

MIKE

As a fan.

Mouse and Butter approach with the bottle of champagne.

MOUSE

Long time fellas.

Paul nods, Mike stares passed them.

MOUSE (CONT'D)

(to Mike)

Hey, I know you're on parole, but
I'm sure your P.O. won't mind a little
champagne.

MIKE

What you know about my parole?

BUTTER

Damn, Mike, you swole ass hell,
finally got that model look you always
wanted.

MOUSE

Look we all adults here. Let's say
we bury the past with a toast.

Mouse fills glasses with champagne. He sets a glass down in
front of Mike.

MIKE

Got all these people fooled.
(off their look)
Your fans know you pissed the bed
until you was 12.

Mouse looks around to be sure no one is close enough to hear.

MIKE (CONT'D)

And you Butter, big player now. I
had to beg fat Keisha to let you
hit, and you couldn't even find the
hole.

A crowd of fans join, unaware of the boiling conversation.
Mike takes advantage of the opportunity.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Your fans know you stole my identity?

Fans begin to whisper.

MIKE (CONT'D)

That's right. You are frauds, wannabe
gansters.

Mouse thinks quickly,

MOUSE

Cristal for everybody! My man here
just came home. We celebrating!

The club erupts with cheers. Waitresses brings bottles out
for everyone.

Mouse, winks as he toasts to Mike and walks back to the VIP
section.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. YELLOW CAB — MORNING

The red numbers on the meter clicks 21.75,

22.00

22.10, etc.

The far east driver glares at his passenger through the mirror.

In the backseat Mike looks right back at him.

Mike rubs his sweaty palms on his thighs

CABBIE
(thick accent)
Nothing down here, friend.

The yellow cab turns right. A row of abandoned warehouses.
The MEAT PACKING DISTRICT.

MIKE
(pointing)
See my boss right there.

Mike slips trying to jump out.

The cabbie hops out with a BIG GUN he can barely handle.

CABBIE
Pay my money punk bitch.

MIKE
Wait, wait a minute.

Mike looks for a weapon, a bottle, a pipe, but nothing is around.

The cabbie starts after him, Mike jogs around the cab.

CABBIE
Money! NOW!

MIKE
I got money. Lots of it. But you
have to wait til I get back.

CABBIE
You think I'm
(beat)

MIKE
Stupid?

CABBIE
Yes. Stupid.

Cabbie reverses the angle.

MIKE
I'll pay you double.

Cabbie considers the deal.

CABBIE
Liar! I shoot you.

Meanwhile inside one on the dilapidated warehouses.

State of the art surveillance equipment catches the scene down on the street with Mike and the cabbie.

A cache of weapons hang organized by size.

A pair of boots hang over the edge of the table watching...

BACK TO STREET

Mike is out of breath and the Cabbie's arm is shaking under the weight of the pistol.

Mike looks behind the Cabbie and smiles.

CABBIE (CONT'D)
Why you smile punk bitch.

MIKE
Cuz the cops bout to get yo ass,
Baboo.

CABBIE
Bullshit.

Mike waves his arms to draw attention. The cabbie slowly turns to see

Nothing

Mike darts off for the warehouse. The cabbie struggles to aim.

Mike reaches the door but not before a wild bullet breaks off a piece of brick just over his head.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE — CONTINUOUS

Mike collapses against the wall.

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE — CONTINUOUS

CABBIE
Punk bitch!

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE CRUISER — MORNING

A white hand grabs the radio.

COP1
 Dispatch, this is L5, I am 21 on a
 stolen vehicle, over.

DISPATCH (V.O.)
 L5, approach possible perp.

Police cruiser flashes red and whites.

The car up ahead pulls to the side.

Cop unsnaps his holster and puts his hand over his firearm
 as he approaches the vehicle.

OFFICER
 License, registration

Paul sticks his paper work out the window.

OFFICER (CONT'D)
 Mr. West, this vehicle is reported
 stolen, not even an hour ago.

PAUL
 Shit!

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE — MOMENTS LATER

Mike passes room 319, stops at room 320

The door swings open and out pops a sawed off shotgun his
 face.

Mike throws his hands up.

The gunman checks down the hall, but sees nothing.

DUCK
 Get in.

INT. OFFICE — CONTINUOUS

Mike sees the surveillance gear and all the weapons.

Behind him, the duck pumps the sawed off.

DUCK
 You got three seconds before they be
 scooping your brains into a bag.

MIKE
 Silas sent me. Said he was good for
 a favor.

DUCK
 Chess or checkers

MIKE

Chess, the yard master 10 years.

Duck relaxes, lowers gun.

DUCK

I almost beat him. What you need.

Mike pulls a folded up poster bill from his back pocket.

INT. AUTO BODY SHOP -- DAY

Mike welds a paint gun.

HECTOR, the shop owner, inspects his work.

HECTOR

You used to tag trains back in the day, huh?

MIKE

(nostalgic)

Nothing like a fresh white rail car.

Hector circles the car, inspecting.

HECTOR

Not bad, not bad at all. You keep my cousin happy, you got a job.

Mike nods.

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Wu Tang Clan posters, Michael Jordan, etc. exactly how he left it. He picks up the cordless phone, then drops it back down.

Paul's Mom pokes her head inside

MOM

(concerned)

How long you staying?

PAUL

Hard to say.

MOM

Don't forget your responsibilities.

INT. TONYA'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Mike kisses Mikey goodnight, tip-toe out of the room.

Mike gawks at Tonya's panty line as she picks up Mikey's toys.

MIKE

We should do this for real.

TONYA

What you think, all this is play
play.

MIKE

I mean us together.

(beat)

As a family.

Off her look.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Tonya people can change, I changed.

TONYA

Who you trying to convince?

MIKE

I'm here, aint I?

Beat

TONYA

First time you don't answer my call,
disappear, or if I even hear you
creeping...

MIKE

Won't happen.

TONYA

I'm serious. This aint highschool.

MIKE

I know that.

Mike pulls Tonya in for a long kiss.

INT. STATE PAROLE OFFICE

MR. THOMAS

Glad to see you adjusting.

MIKE

Thanks

MR. THOMAS

Stay focused. Life can throw you a
curve ball and shit goes south quick.
That's when most of my parolees lose
it.

INT. ROSA'S PIZZERIA -- LATER

PAUL

You been committed for a hot second,
and you giving me advice?

MIKE

You don't leave a housewife for a
hoe?

PAUL

Don't give me Uncle Ronny's pimp
playbook. This aint highschool.
Besides, she aint no ho.

MIKE

Oh no,

Mike answers his cell phone.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Hey baby. Just having a slice with
Paul. I will, miss you too, see you
in a few.

PAUL

Aww, isn't that cute, Mikey's in
love.

Mike flicks a peperoni at him.

MIKE

I'm serious Paul. You know what the
worst days in prison were?

Paul waits

MIKE (CONT'D)

Visiting day. Strip away a man's
money, fancy clothes, cars, and even
his freedom, the one thing, the only
thing he has left is family.

INT. TONYA'S HOUSE -- EVENING

MIKE

Let's pray. Our father who art in
heaven, hallowed be thy name, thy
kingdom come thy will be done, on
earth as it is in heaven, give us
this day our daily bread, forgive us
our debts,

Tonya sneaks a peak at Lil Mikey. Mikey eyes squeezed closed.

MIKE (CONT'D)

As we forgive our debtors, lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, in the name of the son, Amen. You say grace next time.

Mikey grins and nods his head.

INT. AUTO BODY SHOP -- DAY

Hip hop music blast through the radio speakers. Mike concentrates as he paints a truck.

Nadia, sneaks up from behind and grabs Mike's crotch.

MIKE

Whoa! Shit!

Mike throws the paint gun onto the work bench.

MIKE (CONT'D)

(pissed)

Look what you did. Now I gotta start over.

NADIA

I miss you papi. Why you haven't called me.

Nadia continues to grope Mike, but he smacks her hand.

MIKE

Hey, you wanna get caught.

NADIA

Don't worry papi, I know the boss.

She tries to unzip his pants. Mike slips away.

MIKE

Nadia, babe, not here.

NADIA

You want me to wear a mask.

She tries on a painter's mask.

Mike thinks quick.

MIKE

Paint is toxic, you dont want this to get in places it shouldn't.

Nadia pinches his nipple.

NADIA

Just a kiss.

Nadia drops to her knees but Mike lifts her back up.

MIKE

I tell you what. Why don't you go make dinner. Yeah, some arroz con gandules. You know how I love your rice.

Nadia likes that.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I'll finish up work and swing by around 5.

Nadia puts her finger in his mouth.

NADIA

And dessert will be hot and juicy!

Mike slyly escorts Nadia out.

MIKE

I can't wait.

INT. SUPERMARKET -- CONTINUOUS

Tonya dials.

INT. AUTO BODY SHOP -- CONTINUOUS

MIKE

Hey sweetheart.

INTERCUT BODY SHOP/SUPERMARKET

TONYA

Can't decide on dinner. Any suggestions.

Mike thinks quick.

MIKE

Don't cook!

TONYA

We gotta eat.

MIKE

I want to take you out.

TONYA

But its only Tuesday.

MIKE

I haven't been to the movies since I got out. We can take Mikey by my mom's.

TONYA

Okay. What time?

MIKE

Eight.

TONYA

I can't be out that late on a work night.

MIKE

You sound like an old maid. We only twenty two. Won't hurt you to hang one night.

Beat

Mike looks to heaven as if praying she gets on board.

TONYA

Well, I guess. Okay.

Mike celebrates the small victory.

INT. AUTO BODY SHOP -- CONTINUOUS

Mike leans back onto wet paint.

MIKE

Damn!

CUT TO:

INT. NADIA'S HOUSE -- LATER

Mike strips out of his jeans as Nadia returns from the kitchen.

MIKE

You got me ready for it ma-mi.

Nadia kisses him.

NADIA

The gandules ain't done yet papi.

Mike unbuttons his shirt.

MIKE

Good, cuz I want my desert first.

Nadia pulls away.

NADIA

I want to feed you first, then I
will eat YOU up.

MIKE

You got me fired up at the shop, I
need it now.

Mike tries to unfasten her pants. Nadia lets him. Mike's
fingers rubs the right spot, Nadia moans.

NADIA

No, no, no papi. Please I really
want to cook for you.

Nadia dashes into kitchen. Mike checks his phone.

5:15

INT. DINING ROOM -- LATER

Mike wolfs down his food like a wild beast.

NADIA

Papi slow down. You gonna need some
pepto you keep eating like that.

MIKE

It's just so good. You did your thing,
I have to reward you. Let's go
upstairs.

NADIA

I got a surprise for you.

Nadia exits again. Mike pouts, nervously checks his phone.

6:45

Mike chews on his fingernails. Nadia enters with a Spanish
Pastry

NADIA (CONT'D)

I remember how you loved when they
served these on Fridays, but mine
are way better papi.

Mike feigns excitement.

MIKE

Oh yeah

Mike takes a bite, then smears some on Nadia lips. Nadia
lets him lick it off.

Mike smears another piece on her neck, Nadia smiles.

Mike sucks the sweetness off her neck and hits the Jackpot!

INT. BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Mike and Nadia ravage each other.

NADIA

(pants)

Wait, wait..

Nadia darts off into master bath.

MIKE

(desperate)

What now.

NADIA (O.S.)

I got another surprise for you.

Mike scowls at the clock radio.

7:10

Mike screams into a pillow.

Nadia stands in the doorway wearing her old catholic uniform.

NADIA (CONT'D)

I've been a bad girl papi?

INT. TONYA'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Tonya stands at the sink, fixing her hair in the mirror. She stops to answer her phone.

TONYA

Hello. Yeah, we will drop him off.

(beat)

Mike should be coming soon.

INT. NADIA'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Mike blows his load.

NADIA

Whew! I can't wait for round two.

Off Mike's face.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Mike's speeds down the road shirtless.

He struggles to get his shirt on and call Tonya at the same time.

A dog runs in front of the car. Mike slams on the brakes. The dog stops and stares before galloping away.

MIKE

Shit!

Tonya is on the phone.

TONYA (O.S.)

Mike?

Mike pulls it together. Manages to get his shirt back on.

TONYA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Mike?

Mike grabs the phone off the floor.

MIKE

Hey, I'm okay. A dog just ran out.

(beat)

You ready? Okay be there in a sec.

INT. TONYA'S HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Mike runs up the steps two at a time.

TONYA

We're late!

MIKE

Two minutes!

INT. ROSA'S PIZZERIA -- AFTERNOON

Paul swallows a bite,

PAUL

What you gonna do?

MIKE

It's good money, honest money.

PAUL

She pimpin you.

Mike knows Paul is right.

MIKE

Can't quit.

Paul erupts laughing.

MIKE (CONT'D)

(mad)

You think going back to prison is funny?

PAUL

I never thought I would live to see the day Mike Sims runs from pussy.

Mike's cell phone rings. He holds up a finger to Paul, the universal man code, "It's my girl".

MIKE
 Hey beautiful. On lunch break at
 Rosa's.
 (to Paul)
 Tonya says hello.

PAUL
 (to phone)
 'Sup Tonya.

MIKE
 Tonight? You sure you ready for that?

Mike gives a look to Paul like "Damn"

MIKE (CONT'D)
 7:30, okay.
 (beat)
 Love you too.

Mike bites a slice.

PAUL
 What's up?

Mike wipes his mouth.

MIKE
 Meeting the parents tonight.

PAUL
 It's all or nothing now homie.

MIKE
 You aint lying.

Mike gawks at two beautiful girls just entering the pizzeria.
 Off Paul's look,

MIKE (CONT'D)
 What?

They bust out laughing.

INT. STATE PAROLE OFFICE -- DAY

MR. THOMAS
 I lost money on you. But that's a
 good thing. I might release you early
 keep this up.

MIKE
 I ain't trying to mess things up.

EXT. STATE PAROLE OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Mike sees PAPI CHULO, a puerto rican ex-con, Mike spins on his heels to go back inside but...

PAPI

Punto, didn't I tell you I would see you.

Mike and Papi face off. They are nose to nose, circling.

INT. STATE PAROLE OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS (PRISON BEEF)

A cop sees the trouble brewing outside.

The cops opens the glass doors.

UNIFORM

Take that shit back to the "barrio".

Mike swallows, beads of sweat on his upper lip.

Papi whispers to Mike in Spanish.

PAPI

(spanish)

I'm going to stick you and watch you bleed like a sweet virgin.

Papi kisses Mike on the neck. Mike choves him in the chest.

UNIFORM

I said take it elsewhere, before I put the bracelets on you.

INT. AUTO BODY SHOP -- LATER

Loud music blares.

Inside the back seat of a customer's car, Mike makes out with Nadia.

Nadia gets tickled by Mike's vibrating cell phone.

Mike struggles to pull the phone from his pocket. He motions with his finger to Nadia for silence.

MIKE

Hello.

TONYA

How's work?

Mike motions for Nadia to remain quiet. She pops him in the arm, starts to whine.

NADIA

I want..

Mike quickly gags her. She struggles to get free but Mike overpowers her.

MIKE
(to Tonya)
Busy today babe. Can't take lunch.

TONYA
I miss you.

MIKE
miss you too. How about pizza tonight.

TONYA
aint you tired on pizza.

MIKE
I love pizza. See you tonight.

Nadia bites his hand.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Shit! What'd do that for?

NADIA
just because she's your P.O.'s niece,
I do not care. My time is my time.
Tu comprendes?

Mike's boss walks into the paint shop. Mike and Nadia duck out of sight.

The boss inspects the car's paint. He walks around the car, Mike and Nadia duck lower.

The tinted windows are too dark for him to see them.

The boss exits the shop, Mike is relieved.

MIKE
This the last time.

Nadia smacks him on the arm.

EXT. PRIVATE NIGHT CLUB -- NIGHT

A red gas can sits on the ground.

A drunk groupie staggers out from the side entrance.

GROUPIE
(slurred)
You seen Mouse?

HIRED GUN
Nah, baby, but I would love to see
your cat.

He lights a cigarette as the groupie wobbles back inside.
 He leans into the open car trunk.

HIRED GUN (CONT'D)
 What's that? You cold?

He threatens to drop the cigarette onto...
 Mouse and Butter duck taped, and wet with gasoline.
 They plead muffled cries through the gray duct tape.
 The hired gun menacingly hovers the cigarette over them.
 Mouse and Butter eyes dilate with dread.

INT. SONYA'S -- NIGHT (WHERE IS DADDY)
 Sonya reads Paulina a bedtime story.

PAULINA
 Mommy.

SONYA
 Yes.

PAULINA
 Is daddy coming home?

Sonya tears.

SONYA
 Let me finish baby.

PAULINA
 I like Daddy stories.

Sonya manages to smile.

SONYA
 I know you do.

She kisses Paulina good night.

EXT. SONYA'S -- CONTINUOUS

Paul tosses a beer bottle out the window and drives away.

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE -- LATER

Hired Gun pulls Mouse and Butter from the trunk, gets them
 to their feet. Butter pisses his pants.

HIRED GUN
 (re piss)
 Damn, I thought you were a gangsta.

He laughs at his humor, then aims the pistol at them.

HIRED GUN (CONT'D)
Let's go ladies.

He kicks Mouse in the butt.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Mouse and Butter are tied to a steel beam, mouths still duct taped.

HIRED GUN
(examines thier promo
flyer)
You Butter?

Mouse shakes his head no.

HIRED GUN (CONT'D)
Piss pot here?

Butter attempts to be brave. Hired Gun puts a knife to his neck. Butter nods his head rapidly.

HIRED GUN (CONT'D)
Answer me when I talk, aint you been
taught better.

Hired Gun removes the magazine from his gun.

HIRED GUN (CONT'D)
Naw, you kids today don't know
nothing. Think you do, but dont know
your ass from a whole in the ground.

He lights another cigarette.

HIRED GUN (CONT'D)
You can call me Duck. Please to meet
you.

Duck tightens their restraints. Mouse and Butter wince.

DUCK
Nice and comfy.

Duck turns on his surveillance cameras. The perimeter is clear.

DUCK (CONT'D)
I guess you boys wondering what you
doing here?

He waits for an answer.

Mouse and Butter nod.

DUCK (CONT'D)
 Got a job to do. I heard you two
 were the best in town, so I need
 your expertise.

He grabs a copy of their new rap CD and reads song titles.

DUCK (CONT'D)
 Block Huggers. Infared Beams. Betta
 Chedda.

Duck pops the CD into the disc player. He skips to track
 three, Infared Beams.

He listens to their thug lyrics.

DUCK (CONT'D)
 Bullshit!

He ejects the disc and frisbee it at Mouse. The disc hits
 MOuse across the bridge of his nos.

DUCK (CONT'D)
 Bullseye!

Duck chortles.

DUCK (CONT'D)
 Fucking studio gansters.
 (He throws a roll of
 tape at them.)

He spits on the floor.

DUCK (CONT'D)
 I tell you what, "Tom n Jerry". I'm
 gonna give you a chance to earn some
 street cred. Make your next cd go
 PLATINUM!

INT. PRISON -- DAY

An inmate lies back on his bunk reading Makevelli the Prince.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS

An new inmate carries his prison issued necessities rolled
 inside a blue thin mattress, as he follows the guard.

EXT. PRISON CELL -- MOMENTS LATER

GUARD
 Smith, got a new cellie for you.

Mike lowers the book, and sees

MIKE

Mikey?

CUT TO:

INT. MIKE'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Mike springs up from the bed.

He checks the digital CLOCK

3:20am

Mike throws the sheets off, wipes the sleep from his eyes.

EXT. MAPLE GARDEN HOUSING PROJECTS -- CONTINUOUS

Prostitutes, and crack addicts are dedicated to their missions under the dim street lights.

PLOW! PLOW! PLOW! is heard nearby.

A crack addict stops to check himself for bullet holes.

INT. MIKE'S BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Mike sketches at a fervorous pace. He is in the artist "zone".

INSERT

Mike's drawing: A father with his family on his shoulders/back

EXT. CITY TRAFFIC -- MORNING

Mike turns left onto Newburn Ave.

A tan sedan behind Mike turns onto Newburn Ave.

INT. TAN SEDAN -- CONTINUOUS

Mike makes a right and gets caught at a red light.

A pair of strong black hands turn the steering wheel hard right and accelerates.

INT. MIKE'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Mike see the tan sedan in his side view pulling fast.

A police cruiser pulls up along side Mike in the left turn lane.

On the right side, a black man with a serious attitude pulls along side Mike.

Mike takes a look at serious black man, but doesn't recognize him. But something aint right.

The cop drives off.

INT. TAN SEDAN -- CONTINUOUS

SERIOUS
 (to Mike)
 Follow me.

MIKE
 For what?

SERIOUS brandishes a police issued glock.

SERIOUS
 I'm not asking.

INT. MIKE'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

The tan sedan turns left into Quick Plus Car Wash.

Mike notices the tag plates are not government issued. Who the hell is this dude?

The tan sedan pulls into a bay at the car wash. Serious points Mike to the adjacent bay.

EXT. CAR WASH -- CONTINUOUS

Serious pops five quarters into the machine, and grabs the spray gun to wash the car.

Mike does the same.

Serious and Mike spray the cars, their backs to each other.

SERIOUS
 You need to pay Silas a visit.

Mike turns to face Serious,

SERIOUS (CONT'D)
 (barks)
 Wash the fucking car!

Mike obeys.

MIKE
 Is he okay?

SERIOUS
 Go see him.

EXT. RAHWAY STATE PRISON -- DAY

Shiny Silver barbed wire wraps around this huge prison compound.

Prisoners hang out in the yard, lift weights, etc.

INT. RAHWAY STATE PRISON -- CONTINUOUS

Mike sits at the visitor's booth.

SILAS, 58 yr old black, serving a life sentence, enters on the other side of the glass.

Silas takes a seat and grabs the phone.

Mike grabs the phone.

Silas finally cracks a smile.

SILAS
How's the painting going?

MIKE
(blushes, Silas knows
everything)
Not bad

Silas inspects Mike's frame.

SILAS
Your morning workouts?

MIKE
Every morning.

SILAS
Mind, Spirit, and Body. Don't forget.
(beat)
Still having those dreams?

A serious moment.

MIKE
Not as much.

SILAS
Yeah, I seen many come back home
(return to prison)
behind revenge.

Mike realizes that Silas knows.

SILAS (CONT'D)
But your "buddies"
(prison code for
enemies/traitors)
wont make it home.

Mike pans left to right to be sure no one is eavesdropping.

SILAS (CONT'D)
Nah, they won't be here. They get
to see the sunrise.
(code for murder)

Mike's face is sullen.

SILAS (CONT'D)
Who had last move?

MIKE
I took your Rook.

SILAS
You did. Maybe we will finish.

Mike and Silas lock eyes.

INT. ROSA'S PIZZERIA -- DAY

PAUL
Why you aint tell me.

MIKE
I'm telling you now.

PAUL
They're dead?

MIKE
I don't know.
(disgusted)
I fucked up.
(slaps the table)
Damn it!

People are staring now.

PAUL
Did you know it was a hit.

MIKE
(sotto voce)
I said armed robbery. That's it!

PAUL
You gotta go to the police.

MIKE
Hell no. That's out.

PAUL
I'll go.

MIKE
You can't! They won't stop until
they know everything. Who, what, how
and where.

PAUL
We can't let them die.

INT. TONYA'S HOUSE — LATER

Tonya and her girlfriend share a bottle of wine.

TONYA

I don't know why I believed him.

GIRLFRIEND

Cuz he fine ass hell. What? Don't give me that look.

TONYA

Tia, its more than that. I want my son to have his father.

GIRLFRIEND

You can always track his cell phone.

TONYA

I aint going through all that.

(beat)

How?

INT. LOCAL LIBRARY-- CLOSING TIME

Tourists snap last minute pictures of the diamond exhibit before exiting.

Armed security detail politely usher stragglers to the door.

DUCK (V.O.)

Once the building is clear, security perform two more sweeps of the building.

Two security professionals check the last doors.

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

The guards hide out to sleep after they finish.

PAN THE LIBRARY

The security team is bunkered down for the night.

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

(impassioned)

Forty five point fifty two carats just sitting their waiting for us.

INT. LOCAL LIBRARY — LATER

Behind bullet proof security glass, sits the HOPE DIAMOND NECKLASS.

We pan thru different rooms, ARMED SECURITY IS SLEEP UNDER NEWSPAPERS.

INT. LOCAL LIBRARY -- EVEN LATER

Inside the Security Booth, POV of security camera #48

The CLEANING CONTRACTORS arrive in a white van. The driver sticks an arm outside the window to scan his security badge

The gate opens, the white van rolls inside the bay.

SECURITY ONE

Gus is here.

SECURITY TWO

I should've wore my good suit.

SECURITY ONE

(annoyed)

It's your turn.

SECURITY TWO

They know what to do.

SECURITY ONE

I'm not filing another false report.

SECURITY TWO

Then I guess you're going down there.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

DUCK

A crew of five. Our fairy gansters
over there will come into play

Mouse and Butter sleep with their heads supporting each other
not unlike two school boys.

Pull back to reveal

MR. THOMAS

(dubious)

You got faith in them?

DUCK

They don't have a choice.

Duck hands Mr. Thomas a picture of Mouse and Butter mothers.

MR. THOMAS

And when the job is done?

DUCK

Has it been that long?

MR. THOMAS

Exactly the reason why I got out and
went to school.

DUCK

I like what I do, hell, I love what
I do!

MR. THOMAS

As long as you can sleep at night.

INT. TONYA'S HOUSE -- MORNING

Mike enters kitchen with Lil Mikey on his back.

LIL MIKEY

Daddy gave me a piggyback ride mommy.

Tonya tries to hide her anger

TONYA

I see baby.

Mike senses the tension.

MIKE

(to Mikey)

Know what champ? I forgot to brush
your teeth. Why don't you double
back.

LIL MIKEY

you didn't brush yours?

MIKE

You're right. I'll be right behind
you.

Lil Mikey runs off.

MIKE (CONT'D)

It's not what you think?

TONYA

You actually have time to know guess
my thoughts. What do I think?

MIKE

(lowers his voice)

I'm not messing around.

TONYA

Momma always say the guilty speaks.

MIKE

Not this time. I just got something
to handle.

TONYA

Until two in the morning? I'm not
dumb, this aint highschool.

MIKE

Why everybody treating like I'm stupid. I know this aint highschool. If it was I wouldn't be a felon, struggling to feed my family.

TONYA

Oh, so now we a burden?

MIKE

No baby. I love my family.
(beat)
Tonya, listen I'm not creepin

TONYA

Then you must be headed back to prison?

MIKE

Why would you wish that on me?

INT. CAR -- DAY

Maple Garden Projects

LIL SAMMY

Your boy got knocked, you ain't heard.

MIKE

Who?

LIL SAMMY

Fucking with Dre, cops got them on tape.

MIKE

Why you talk like that?

LIL SAMMY

Huh?

MIKE

You ain't gotta be like these other knuckle heads out here.

LIL SAMMY

My bad. They lookin at bout 5 to ten.

MIKE

That's why you shouldn't be out here.

LIL SAMMY

Aint seen you around much.

MIKE

(proud)

Got a little shorty now. Gotta get right so he will be right.

Beat

MIKE (CONT'D)

You been in school?

LIL SAMMY

Some days.

Mike pulls a box from the backseat.

MIKE

These for you
(pulls the box back)
On one condition?

LIL SAMMY

I'll go to school.

MIKE

Everyday. I'm gonna check!

LIL SAMMY

word is bond, son.

Mike laughs at Lil Sammy, obvious wise beyond his years.

Lil Sammy opens the box.

LIL SAMMY (CONT'D)

(overjoyed)

JORDANS! You got me Jay's?

Lil Sammy inspects his first pair of Michael Air Jordan's.

MIKE

Don't let me down.

INT. NADIA'S BEDROOM -- AFTERNOON

Mike sits on the edge on the bed, Nadia exits the master bath in her Vickie's.

NADIA

Bought this for you.

She notices Mike is fully clothed.

NADIA (CONT'D)

Papi?

MIKE

I can't do this .

Nadia tries to take off his shirt.

MIKE (CONT'D)
I can't Nadia.

NADIA
Let mami help you.

Nadia drops between his legs but he pulls her back to her feet.

MIKE
I'm serious Nadia.

NADIA
Did she burn you or something.

MIKE
What? No!

Nadia enrages.

NADIA
Oh, now you in love or something.

Nadia pokes Mike's forehead back.

NADIA (CONT'D)
You mine as long as I say.
(softly)
Don't I make you feel good?

Nadia kisses his neck, then his lips, but Mike remains stiff.

NADIA (CONT'D)
You dissing me for her? Estas loco?

MIKE
I got a family now.

NADIA
Where was this ***familia*** when you was
locked down! I was there for you.
You forget who you work for?

Mike tucks his shirt tail.

MIKE
It's like that?

NADIA
I'm sure your PO won't like to hear
that you got fired.

MIKE
I'll get another job.

Nadia gets in his face.

NADIA

Estupido, you're an ex-con. A felon.
Nobody's gonna hire you.

Mike tries to side step her. But she rips the tail of his shirt.

NADIA (CONT'D)

Get back here.

Mike pushes Nadia, she falls back onto the bed.

MIKE

Crazy bitch!

NADIA

I got your bitch.

Nadia picks up the phone.

NADIA (CONT'D)

You just assaulted an officer of the law, maricon!

MIKE

Go ahead, I'm sure your seargant would like to know what I was doing here in the first place.

Mike stops at the door.

MIKE (CONT'D)

You did get me that job, didn't you.

Nadia throws a lamp but Mike slams the door just in time for the lamp to smash behind him.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

We are back where Mike first met Duck, the hired duck, but the place is sterile.

MIKE

Damn, aint shit here.

PAUL

I found this.

INSERT PEN: State Dept. of Parole.

MIKE

What's this doing here?

EXT. PRIVATE NIGHT CLUB -- LATER

Mike and Paul park.

INT. PRIVATE NIGHT CLUB -- MOMENTS LATER

Mike and Paul push through the crowd, strobelites bounce off them.

They find an empty table.

Mike and Paul survey the crowd, no sign of Mouse or Butter.

MYA
(flirts with Mike)
Glad you made it back. White russians.

PAUL
Make it a double.

MIKE
Have a drink with me Mya. Washington
apple.

A dancer solicts Mike for a dance.

DANCER
10 dollar specials for lap dances.

MIKE
Maybe later.

She kisses his cheek.

DANCER
I'm gonna hold you to it cutie.

Mya delivers the drinks. They all toast.

PAUL
Mya, VIP empty tonight.

POV, Empty VIP section

MYA
Still early.

MIKE
Seen Mouse and Butter?

MYA
I haven't seen them all week. Strange.
A few of the groupies here though.

EXT. STREET -- LATER

Mike and Paul drive through:

A)Maple Gardens Projects

B)Another Housing Project

C)Alley way

But no signs of Mouse and Butter

EXT. STREET CORNER -- LATER

Mike and Paul ride up on the corner boys.

PAUL
What's up fellas?

DUDE
I'll be damn, the school boy slummin
tonight?

The corner boys laugh.

PAUL
That's cute. It's kinda dead out
here.

DUDE
That's how we like it, good for
business.

He flashes a wad of bills.

MIKE
Thought the Block Boys was having
something?

DUDE
Shit got cancelled last minute. I
had some freaks lined up and
everything too.

PAUL
They say why?

DUDE
What I look like, B.E.T?

PAUL
Yall be safe out here.

INT. CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Mike and Paul keeps combing the streets.

PAUL
Ain't looking good.

MIKE
I got an idea.

EXT. STREET -- MOMENTS LATER "LITTLE PUERTO RICO HOOD"

Spanish gang graffiti is tagged all over the buildings.

Two Puerto Rican prostitutes in high heels bicker.

INT. CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Mike and Paul pull into a late night Spanish bodega.

VIEJO VERDE
 Bienvenida, quieres chicas?

Paul and Mike can't understand him

VIEJO VERDE (CONT'D)
 Chicas? You know,

The old man humps the air.

MIKE
 We good papi.

VIEJO VERDE
 Good price for you, clean girls.

PAUL
 Let me get two pastililleos con carne

MIKE
 Me too.

VIEJO VERDE
 Cuatro?

Mike and Paul nod.

PAUL
 Si, cuatro.

MIKE
 Papi up here selling butt.

PAUL
 The oldest commodity on earth.

EXT. BODEGA — MOMENTS LATER

PAUL
 (in between bites)
 What you think they doing?

MIKE
 You know Butter gonna play hard, so
 they proably done smacked him up
 already.
 (laughing)
 Your boy, Mouse? Nigga done pissed
 his pants three times already?

PAUL
Remember when he peed on himself at
six flaggs?

MIKE
Right on the scream machine. Lady
below him was mad as hell!

Beat

PAUL
You convinced us to get on the water
ride with our clothes on.

Mike nods.

A carload of Papi Chulos pulls into the bodega super charged
on coke and pills.

Mike quickly recognizes the front passenger.

MIKE
Shit.

Off Mike's Look,

PAUL
You know him.

MIKE
Wish I didn't.

INT. CAR — CONTINUOUS

Papi Chulo scowls at Mike.

EXT. BODEGA — CONTINUOUS

Mike and Paul pretend not to notice them.

MIKE
You know how you anti-guns?

PAUL
They not?

MIKE
Far from it.

Two prostitutes from earlier enter store as Mike and Paul
empty the trash.

PAPI
Vendejo, that my trash can.

The gang of Puerto Ricans face Mike and Paul.

MIKE

Aint got time right now.

PAPI

Yo ass is mine, I told you.

Mike scans for a weapon.

PAUL

Look, let's work something..

BAM! Paul sets it off with a hook to Papi's jaw.

Mike slugs #2, then he and Paul put their backs together.

Wild blows fly, bodies tossed against the car.

The prostitutes exit the store, then the dirty old man.

VIEJO VERDE

(pants unfastened)

I call police, they ben aqui.

Sirens are heard not to far away.

THUG#2

Hey, later for them. Let's go.

Beat

THUG#3

I ain't going to jail tonight, let's
get the hell outta here.

Finally the thugs retreat to the car.

PAPI

This ain't over, puto.

Mike and Paul watch them roll out.

VIEJO VERDE

You want some ladies?

The prostitutes smile.

INT. TONYA'S HOUSE — LATER

Mike finds Tonya still up.

MIKE

What you still doing up?

TONYA

What happened to your face?

She springs up for a closer look.

MIKE

It's nothing.

TONYA

You got a cut, might need stitches.

MIKE

I'm good.

Mike plops down, Tonya whisks off and returns with first aid kit.

TONYA

Mike, I want to know what's going on.

Mike winces as she dabs the gash with peroxide.

TONYA (CONT'D)

Is this over a girl.

Tonya presses the gash even harder.

MIKE

Ouch! No. No this is not about some stupid girl.

Mike grabs the cotton ball from her.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Why everybody think I'm still 17 cuz I went to prison? Like I don't realize what's life all about or something.

TONYA

You don't tell me anything.

MIKE

I love that little boy and I love what we going on. I am not trying to lose that. I just have to right some wrongs.

Tonya takes the cotton ball back from, gingerly rubs the gash.

TONYA

You promise.

MIKE

I swear.

They embrace.

INT. STATE PAROLE OFFICE — MORNING

SMITTY

You know I can lock you up right now?

Mike drops his head.

SMITTY (CONT'D)

Why you getting involved with Vasquez?

MIKE

I don't want nothing to do with him.

The phone rings.

SMITTY

Officer Smith speaking.
(he looks at Mike)
Uh, yeah, a quick sec.

Mike looks away as if not listening

SMITTY (CONT'D)

Well yeah. You sure? Alright I gotta go.

SMITTY (CONT'D)

Look. I'm giving you some freedom.
Visits reduced to every sixty days.

Mike smiles.

SMITTY (CONT'D)

Don't fuck it up.

EXT. SONYA'S — DAY

Paul walks Paulina inside.

SONYA

So how are things going.

MIKE

Not bad but not as good as it could be.

SONYA

That night, when it happened, Paul had just missed yall.

MIKE

I'm glad he did. You guys have a beautiful family.

SONYA

Wish he could see that.

Paul exits the house.

MIKE

Don't worry, it will work out. It always does.

PAUL

I'll try to stop by tonight, if it's okay.

SONYA

Don't hurt yourself.

Paul laughs her off.

PAUL

Let's roll.

MIKE

Catch you later Sonya.

INT. CAR — LATER

MIKE

I was wrong to get you involved.

PAUL

What?

MIKE

You don't need to lose your family behind my mistakes.

PAUL

I'm not gonna lose my family.

MIKE

You sure about that.

PAUL

Look, our issues have nothing to do with you. As far as this, I ain't leaving you hanging this.

Mike smiles.

EXT. ELKS LODGE — EVENING

A seedy watering hole, illegal gambling house for old folks.

INT. ELKS LODGE — CONTINUOUS

Mike and Paul sip beers at the bar. A staggering woman approaches.

WOMAN

Buy me a drink handsome.

Paul covers his nose.

BARTENDER

Vern, go bother someone else.

Vern shoots her the evil eye but obeys.

VERN

Player hater!

BARTENDER

You boys looking for someone?

MIKE

You know where we could find a good card game?

BARTENDER

You boys look a bit young. Besides, games are for members only.

MIKE

My uncle Ronnie said I should stop.

She lights up.

BARTENDER

Ronnie Smith was your uncle?

MIKE

Kinda my dad.

BARTENDER

Yeah, I do see Ronnie in you.

(beat)

Last stall in the men's room, just flush.

INT. BATHROOM — CONTINUOUS

Mike flushes the handle, and the wall opens to a back room filled with cigarette smoke and gamblers.

Mike and Paul ease by dice throwers and card shufflers.

OLD MAN

Lil Ronnie?

MIKE

Yeah?

OLD MAN

Come on in the back, come on!

BACK OFFICE

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

Take a seat fellas. Boy, let me tell you, me and Ronnie go back to 67. We seen some thangs him and me.

MIKE

He always said I should stop by when I got grown.

OLD MAN

Hell, half this place belong to Ronnie. What can I do ya for?

Mike's uneasy.

MIKE

We might have a little trouble.

The old man opens a closet full of weapons.

OLD MAN

Little trouble or big trouble?

MIKE

That's a lot of heat.

Old man pulls a .38 from a small box.

OLD MAN

Ronnie's first piece, yours now.

MIKE

Thanks.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE — CONTINUOUS

Butter takes another fist to his bloody face. His right eye is closing.

Butter spits blood onto Duck's shoe.

DUCK

You gonna licked that off.

Duck grabs Butter by the neck.

BUTTER

You're the fake gangster.
(spits again)
Beating a man while he tied up.

DUCK

That is european of me isn't.

Duck slices Butter restraints with military knife.

DUCK (CONT'D)

Take a shot, punk.

Butter looks to Mouse for confirmation before charging at Duck.

Duck tosses Butter in a metal shelf, it topples down onto him.

DUCK (CONT'D)
Feeling better?

BUTTER
Fuck you.

DUCK
No thanks. That's for you too ladies.

Butter charges again and gets tossed into the table. The military knife falls within Mouse's reach.

Mouse and Butter exchange looks.

BUTTER
Come on bitch. You ain't shit.

Duck punches and stomps on Butter.

Mouse quickly cuts his restraints while Duck is distracted.

MOUSE
Let him go!

Duck spins to see Mouse shaking with the knife in his hand.

DUCK
Aw, aren't you sweet. I'm gonna love this.

Mouse panicks and throws the knife at the Duck and takes off for the exit.

DUCK (CONT'D)
(laughing)
Your girlfriend just left you!

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE — CONTINUOUS

Smitty, Mike's parole officer opens the door, literally catching Mouse in his arms.

Mouse fights to wiggle free.

MOUSE
Let me go! Get off!

Smitty gags his mouth and drags Mouse back inside.

Smitty shoves Mouse futher inside and locks the steel door.

SMITTY

Glad tyo see you have things under control.

DUCK

I do. We were just having a little recreation.

SMITTY

This aint a game! If I didn't show up, he would be flagging down the police by now.

DUCK

Aint no police coming out here.

SMITTY

Why can't you keep it business.

DUCK

I ain't no parolee. I do things my own way.

SMITTY

The wrong way.

DUCK

You wanna babysit, be my guest.

Duck exits.

SMITTY

Where you going.
(no answer)
Come back here.

Duck flips him the bird.

INT. AUTO BODY SHOP — DAY

Mike is painting a car, hip hop vibrates off the walls.

Nadia creeps up from behind.

Nadia lowers the volume.

MIKE

(removes mask)
What are you doing.

NADIA

You look so sexy working.

MIKE

I'm not your papi.

NADIA

I didn't tell my cousin.

MIKE

You want me to thank you.

Nadia tries to get closer.

NADIA

Don't be like that Papi. Mami miss you.

Nadia tries to sneak a kiss, but Mike dodges her.

MIKE

Look, I got work to do.

EXT. AUTO BODY SHOP — CONTINUOUS

Tonya parks.

INT. AUTO BODY SHOP — CONTINUOUS

Mike back peddles as Nadia unbuttons her shirt.

MIKE

Nadia, I'm not playing.

NADIA

You playing hard to get and I like it Papi.

EXT. AUTO BODY SHOP — CONTINUOUS

Tonya walks across the parking carrying (Bojangles, Wendy's)

INT. AUTO BODY SHOP — MAIN LOBBY — CONTINUOUS

Tonya waits for Hector to finish on the phone and she notices

INSERT EMPLOYEE OF THE MONTH PHOTO: MIKE IS ALL SMILES

Tonya smiles.

Hector ends the phone call.

HECTOR

I'm sorry for the wait. How can I help you Miss?

Tonya points to the pic of Mike.

TONYA

Is Mike available. He's been so busy, I thought I'd bring some lunch.

HECTOR

Mike is the best painter I got. But don't tell him I said that. I'm Hector.

TONYA

I'm Tonya, nice to meet you. And don't worry, I won't tell say anything.

HECTOR

Mike's bay is the last one on the left.

(pointing)

Just go back out, and walk past my black truck and keep straight.

TONYA

Thanks, good meeting you.

INT. MIKE'S BAY — CONTINUOUS

Nadia is shirtless, and has Mike pinned against the work bench.

NADIA

I feel something hard down there. You say no but he says si.

MIKE

I am....

Nadia grabs Mike by the head and kisses him.

Tonya walks in

TONYA

Go to hell with a jug of gas!

Tonya throws the food at them and retreats. Nadia smiles.

Mike pushes Nadia off.

MIKE

Tonya wait!

EXT. AUTO BODY SHOP — MOMENTS LATER

Mike catches Tonya.

MIKE

Bae, that was nothing.

TONYA

Nothing! Glad I didn't come any later then.

MIKE

That's not what I meant. Look, she was coming on to me. I swear.

TONYA

It's never you, is it? So you got random girls coming to your job?

MIKE

Tonya.

(deep sigh)

I am not playing you. I swear. I..

TONYA

Save your breath. I must be the biggest fool on the planet. Can't believe I thought you would actually change. Be a man at least for your son. You don't give a damn about him. You damn sure don't give a damn about me.

Tonya reaches for the car door, Mike tries to stop her, but Tonya snatches away from him.

TONYA (CONT'D)

Stay the hell away from me and my son.

Tonya speed out of the drive way.

INT. CAR — MOMENTS LATER

Tonya pulls into a nearby strip mall and sobs. She wipes her eyes and grabs

PREGNANCY TEST, DIAGNOSIS, 3 WEEKS

EXT. AUTO BODY SHOP — MAIN LOBBY — CONTINUOUS

Hector exits with Nadia close behind.

HECTOR

Papi, pack up your stuff.

Nadia waves "bye bye"

MIKE

SHIT!

INT. NIGHT CLUB — LATER

Mike is three drinks down, calls for another round.

Mya arrives with another drink.

MYA

Bad day?

MIKE

Nah, bad week.

(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)
(re drink)
Thanks.

MYA
Maybe I can help you have a better
weekend.

Mike is all smiles as Mya leaves.

EXT. LOCAL LIBRARY — LATER

White janitorial van pulls up to the electronic card reader.
Driver swipes the smart card, the van rolls through the gate.

INT. VAN — CONTINUOUS

Mouse and Butter along with three other men are dressed in
coveralls.

DUCK
Alright, it's go time. No fuck ups.

The three men nod yes.

DUCK (CONT'D)
(to Mouse and Butter)
I got shooters at your moms. Any
funny business and thanksgiving will
never be the same.

Mouse and Butter nod in agreement.

INT. LOCAL LIBRARY — MOMENTS LATER

Duck and the cleaning crew gets swiped with the security
wand.

Security checks their supplies and then grants access to the
libray.

DUCK
Guys had a quiet day?

SECURITY ONE
Yeah, and hopefully a even quieter
night.

The "cleaning crew" disperse throughout the library.

Duck continues walking with Security pass an EMPTY DISPLAY
CASE.

Duck back peddles.

DUCK
Looks like you guys got robbed.

SECURITY ONE

They took it for cleaning and inspection. Should be back by Monday morning.

Duck hides disappointment.

DUCK

I better check on my guys.

INT. CAR — LATER

Mike and Mya make out.

MYA

Mike, I don't want you to get the wrong idea.

MIKE

I understand.

MYA

What I mean is, I don't care what you think of me. I am a grown woman and make decisions based on what I want, not what a man wants.

MIKE

I respect that.

Beat

MYA

Are we going inside?

MIKE

Uh, normally I would love to.

MYA

I have protection.

MIKE

You really do know what you want.

MYA

Told you, I'm a grown ass woman.

MIKE

Look Mya, you're beautiful, sexy as hell. But I just can't.

MYA

Wow, didn't expect that.

(she kisses his cheek)

Respect.

INT. MIKE'S — MOMENTS LATER

Mike's mom is reading the Bible, infomercials in the background.

MIKE

You still up?

MOM

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

MIKE

I Corinthians 13:11.

MOM

You memorized it.

MIKE

You ended every letter with that scripture.

MOM

Did it soak in?

MIKE

It did.

MOM

Then why did Tonya sit here crying for over an hour?

MIKE

It's complicated.

MOM

Buy the truth and sell it not.

MIKE

Sorry, don't know that one.

MOM

Proverbs 23:23. Good night son.

She kisses him goodnight.

MOM (CONT'D)

Wine is a mocker...

MIKE

Strong drink is raging. Love you mom.

Mike some left overs from the fridge and then heads into

INT. MIKE'S BEDROOM — MOMENTS LATER

Mike grabs a pic of him and Lil Mikey.

He grabs his sketch pad, an old pic of Mike, Paul, Mouse Butter from highschool falls onto the bed.

Mike grabs the pic and smiles.

Mike then reaches under his bed and thumbs through more pics.

Mike shuffles through pics, pausing briefly at the pics from the opening scene.

INT. STATE PAROLE OFFICE — MORNING

Receptionist checks her social media profiles.

SMITTY

Smith called?

RECEPTIONIST

Nope.

SMITTY

Betcha a Cnote he don't show.

RECEPTIONIST

You still owe me a hundred dollars.

SMITTY

And as long as I owe you, you won't be broke.

INT. PRISON GYM, VISITING DAY — DAY

Mike plays chess with Silas

SILAS

You still move too fast. I thought you learned.

MIKE

You doing alright.

SILAS

I'm doing time youngblood. Check

Mike shakes his head.

MIKE

I gotta find a new job.

SILAS

You got bigger fish to fry. If you care about those pigeons.

MIKE
How bad is it?

EXT. TONYA'S HOUSE — DAY

Mike knocks and knocks

MIKE
Tonya can we talk, please.

Inside Tonya keeps Lil Mikey quiet.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Tonya open the door. I want to see
my son. I know he wants to see me.

A police cruiser rolls by the house. Mike shields his face.

The cruiser keeps going.

MIKE (CONT'D)
I love you,
(beat)
I love both of you.

Bright yellow sunrise over the city. Down below, shop keepers
open their storefronts.

A few bums shuffle down the sidewalk.

A traffic signal turns red. An armored truck jerks to a stop.

Inside the back of the armored truck, a guard welds a shot
gun.

The 4.5 carat Hope Diamond sits inside the case.

EXT. ARMORED TRUCK — CONTINUOUS

A bum walks in front of the armored truck. Stops suddenly.

BUM
(shakes his cup)
Give me some damn money!

Inside the truck, the driver waves the bum off.

DRIVER
Get the hell out the street.

From outside

BUM
You got money in there!

The traffic light turns green. The driver lays on the horn.

INT. ARMORED TRUCK — CONTINUOUS

DRIVER
Move your ass!
(to his partner)
Stay alert!

The guard in the back pumps the shotgun.

Back to the driver

DRIVER (CONT'D)
Get your dumb ass out the way.

The bum waits for a beat before flipping the bird and moving on.

Finally the truck makes a left.

INT. ARMORED TRUCK — CONTINUOUS

DRIVER
We're clear.

EXT. STREET — CONTINUOUS

The armored truck passes a black 77 GTO.

INT. BLACK 77 GTO — CONTINUOUS

Smitty is circling the sports team that he betted with.

He grabs a walkie talkie.

SMITTY
The eagle has landed, eagle has
landed.

INT. VAN — CONTINUOUS

The duck holds the walkie talkie to his, receives Smitty's transmission.

He looks in the back where Mouse and Butter are at gunpoint.

DUCK
Time to become real gangsters ladies!

EXT. LOCAL LIBRARY — CONTINUOUS

The armored truck rolls to a slow halt.

INT. LOCAL LIBRARY — CONTINUOUS

The armed security take position and ready their weapons.

INT. ARMORED TRUCK — MOMENTS LATER

Driver radio to dispatch

DRIVER

Dispatch, we're on location, ready
to deliver package.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Roger unit 30. Confirm when package
is secured.

The driver exits the truck.

EXT. ARMORED TRUCK — CONTINUOUS

The driver arrives at the back door. His partner gives a
thumbs up through the square window.

SLOW MOTION

The driver opens the back. He beckons for the armed security
inside the library.

INT. LIBRARY — CONTINUOUS

The guards acknowledges the signal and exit the double glass
doors.

INT. VAN — CONTINUOUS

Duck and his two accomplices pull Disney characters over
their faces. Mouse and Butter faces remain exposed.

The van's side door slides open and Mouse and Butter are
shoved outside. The accomplices follow behind.

Duck hops out the front with his pistol drawn.

EXT. ARMORED TRUCK — CONTINUOUS

The Hope Diamond is surrounded by security.

Duck and crew come up hard and fast.

INT. LOCAL LIBRARY — CONTINUOUS

A guard sees the robbers, pushes the RED BUTTON, and comes
out firing.

TAP! TAP! He drops a bad guy.

Duck pops two guards, only 3 good guys remain.

SECURITY ONE

You won't get far, cops are enroute.

He gets popped by one of his own.

SECURITY TWO

I hate pessimists.
 (re: the last good
 guy)
 What are you?

The last good guy throws up his hands.

DUCK

Ladies grab our pension fund.

Mouse and Butter quickly grab the wheeled cart. Smitty pulls up in the Black GTO.

Smitty hops out and pops open the trunk. Mouse and Butter wheel the diamond to the back of the GTO.

SIRENS ARE GETTING CLOSER.

INT. CAR — CONTINUOUS

Mike and Paul arrive just in time.

MIKE

It's going down!

EXT. ARMORED TRUCK — CONTINUOUS

SMITTY

We gotta go!

Smitty gives Duck a look.

Duck pops the double agent security guard.

DUCK

(re Mouse and Butter)
 It's been fun ladies.

He aims.

MIKE

Smitty?

SMITTY

What are you doing here?

Cops turn onto the street.

SMITTY (CONT'D)

Take'em.

Duck pushes Mouse and Butter into the back of GTO.

Mike and Paul chase after them with two police cruisers now on their tail.

The police cruisers close in on Mike and Paul but suddenly a cement truck t-bones the first cruiser, and the second cruiser crushes like an accordion into the trunk of the first cruiser.

INT. CEMENT TRUCK — MOMENTS LATER

It's Silas' friend, from the car wash.

BACK TO CAR CHASE

The Black GTO accelerates, putting distance between Smitty and Mike.

INT. TONYA'S HOUSE — MOMENTS LATER

A Breaking News Report on t.v.

NEWS REPORTER

This just in, the Hope Diamond on display here at the Musuem has just been stole. The diamond is valued at 100 million, more on the black market. Police now have I.D. several suspects,

FOUR MUGS SHOTS FLASH ON TV, MIKE, MOUSE, BUTTER AND DUCK

NEWS REPORTER (CONT'D)

The Hope Diamond is 4.5 carats, second largest in the world. The suspects remain at large. We'll keep you posted.

TONYA

Oh my god!

Mikey runs to her side.

MIKEY

What's wrong mommy.

Tonya hugs Mikey tightly.

EXT. STREET — EVENING

Mike and Paul look for the Black GTO.

PAUL

Police are everywhere, they hiding somewhere, somewhere close.

MIKE

Smitty is dirty. He locking niggas up and he's dirty as hell.

PAUL

Hope it aint too late.

MIKE
Let's check that.

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE — MOMENTS LATER

Mike and Paul creep in stealth tightly against the gray metal walls.

They can hear Smitty and Duck arguing inside the warehouse.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE — CONTINUOUS

Mouse and Butter are wrapped together with gray duct tape.

SMITTY
You got us jammed up! I told you,
stay professional. You can't even do
that. Now look at us!

Duck jumps in Smitty face.

DUCK
I don't take orders. Not from you,
from nobody!

There is a standoff.

Then Duck notices Paul and Mike's silhouette in the window.

DUCK (CONT'D)
You lucky we have the same father. I
swear.
(beat)
I need a sandwich, you?

Smitty follows Duck's signal toward the window.

SMITTY
I could use a bite.

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE — MOMENTS LATER

The street lamps now glow overhead. Mike and Paul crouch low.

MIKE
We have to make a move soon.

PAUL
They got guns.

MIKE
Shit!

PAUL
What?

MIKE

Wait here.

BACK AT THE CAR.

Mike reaches into the glove box for his .38.

Mike trots back to Paul, but he's gone.

MIKE (CONT'D)

(softly)

Paul? Paul?

Mike looks into the window.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE — CONTINUOUS

Paul is duct taped with Mouse and Butter.

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE — MOMENTS LATER

Mike is struck from behind.

INT. POLICE STATION — LATER

Ms. Smith and Tonya plead with a desk jockey.

MS.SMITH

My son aint involved! Believe you
me, he's not.

DESK SERGEANT

Miss, have a seat on the bench. I
not gonna tell you again!

A detective approaches desk.

DETECTIVE

What's going on.

DESK SERGEANT

One of the perps' mothers.

MS.SMITH

My son aint nobody's perp!

DETECTIVE

What's the name?

DESK SERGEANT

Smith. Micheal Smith.

The detective greets Ms. Smith and Tonya.

DETECTIVE

Ms. Smith, I'm detective Reyes. Do
you know where your son is now?

TONYA

I do.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE — LATER

Mike is duct taped with his friends. Smitty gives him small taps to the face to wake him.

SMITTY

Wake up Smith.

SMITTY (CONT'D)

What did I tell you? You - are- not-smarter- than me. Didn't I tell you that?

MIKE

I thought you were about helping brothers start over.

SMITTY

He's my brother, half. You ain't learn nothing in prison? The whole world is made of crooks. This country was founded by crooks. Grow up kid.

MIKE

So you just gonna kill us.

SMITTY

Well wasn't part of the plan. But hey, you were headed back to prison anyway.

MIKE

I was working. Got a son. I don't need this!

Duck listens to police scanner.

DUCK

Hey, cops.

Smitty walks over closer to the police scanner.

SMITTY

It's just a coincidence.

DUCK

Coincidence my ass. Take a look around college boy. What else is out here! We got to snuff these marks and get outta dodge.

Meanwhile, Mike works on one last piece of tape before he is free.

SMITTY

You consider we may need some leverage.

DUCK

Leverage? Cops don't care about these cry babies, they want that diamond, and that's non negotiable.

Duck grabs the sawed off shotgun. Smitty steps in front of him.

SMITTY

Think first. They're no good to us dead.

DUCK

Get out of the way.

(beat)

I won't say it again.

SMITTY

I thought you don't follow orders?

DUCK

I don't.

SMITTY

Leave no witnesses is an order.

Duck pushes Smitty to the side, just as Mike fires his .38, striking Duck in the left shoulder.

The shot stings Duck but incites him too. Duck pumps the shot gun.

DUCK

You son of a bitch!

Mike fires before Duck can get a shot off.

The second shot drops him.

Smitty jumps through the air to grab a pistol from the work table.

The pistol slides onto the floor and as Smitty bear crawls to retrieve, Mike fires a warning shot .

MIKE

Keep moving, and I'll bust a cap in yo ass.

Smitty stretches his arms out to compliance.

Mike hurries to untie Paul,

Paul untapes Mouse

Before Mike can untape Butter, Duck struggles to aim the shot gun

BUTTER

Gun!

Mike spins around and fires two shots into Duck.

Duck expires.

Smitty runs to his brothers aid.

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE — MOMENTS LATER

Police cruisers corral around the warehouse

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE — CONTINUOUS

Red and blue lights bounce off the walls.

MIKE

Who's the convict now?

Smitty glares at Mike.

SUPERIMPOSE: ONE MONTH LATER

EXT. BACKYARD WEDDING — DAY

Family and friends rise as "Here comes the bride" begins.

The crowd smiles as she walks toward....

Mike and his 3 best men, Paul, Mouse and Butter

Mike removes Tonya's veil.

MINISTER

We are gathered here today to unite
Michael Smith and Tonya Ross in holy
matrimony.

Paul winks at his fiance Sonya, her engagement ring sparkles.

MINISTER (CONT'D)

The rings.

Mouse hands the ring to Butter, Butter has to poke Paul to get his attention.

The crowd laughs.

MINISTER (CONT'D)

Repeat after me. With this ring I
thee wed....

Yada, Yada....

MINISTER (CONT'D)

You may kiss your bride.

The crowd erupts with cheer as the newlyweds kiss.

THE RECEPTION

Paul feeds Sonya some wedding cake.

BUTTER

Get ya boy, please.

Mike clears his throat to get Paul's attention.

SONYA

I think your boys need you.

PAUL

I'd rather stay over here.

SONYA

Just don't get arrested.

PAUL

What now?

MOUSE

Are you allowed to come out and play?

The fellas laugh.

PAUL

I know you ain't talking. You couldn't leave your front porch back in the day.

More laughs...

MIKE

Fellas seriously though. Is this real. I mean, I'm married!

PAUL

With children.

MOUSE

Yeah, you the black Al Bundy.

MIKE

Aw, hell naw!

They all laugh.

MIKE (CONT'D)

A toast. To the Wolf Pack.

The fellas clink glasses and howl like wolves

FELLAS
Wolf Pack for life!

FADE OUT: