

REPRESENT

By

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Some true events

BLACK SCREEN:

Gunshots and squealing tires are heard.

FADE IN:

EXT. THE SCHOOL YARD - AFTERNOON

Students are fleeing from the shootout that took place.

CRYSTAL, (17) light brown with shoulder length black hair, and a tasty body, is on her knees bawling, surrounded by students trying to comfort her.

CHRIS, (17) strawberry blond hair. He's lying on his back smiling. A tear falls from his left eye, trailing over his brown skin across his beauty mole, slowly closing his eyes.

The screams continue, as the screen fades to black.

There's a black screen for a moment.

CHRIS (O.S.)
Where I'm from. You either trying
to graduate. Or you're banging.

Weeks earlier

EXT. DETROIT, MICHIGAN - MORNING

Various areas of the city are showing

CHRIS CONT'D (O.S. V.O.)
If you plan on claiming a set. The
main colors are blue, representing
the Crips. And red represents the
Bloods. Now, just because those are
the main colors. You still need to
know the colors your allies and
enemies wear. I don't get involved
with that shit. My main goal is
finishing school, and keeping a
close eye on my sister.

Day turns night.

The lights from the casinos and streetlights brighten the city.

A royal blue Monte Carlo with tinted blue windows, and a mural of Detroit on the trunk comes cruising down the street.

INT. CLIP'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Chris is sitting in the passenger seat appearing sleep.

CLIP, (17) dark skin tall and lean, is dressed in a royal blue Dickie's outfit.

He grips the steering wheel tight, taking pulls from the cigarette hanging from his mouth.

CLIP

(Angry)

I can't Believe my nigga gone!

Chris sits up looking at him.

CHRIS

What's up with you?

Clip takes a pull from his cigarette, rolling the window down, flicking it out.

CLIP

Light that shit up, and I'll tell
you.

Chris takes the piece of blunt from the ashtray, placing it in his mouth lighting it.

He exhales a thick cloud, quickly inhaling it back in.

Clip rolls the window up.

CLIP CONT'D

My lil cuz was at the mall with
some of the crew.

INT. THE MALL - AFTERNOON

DRE, (17) brown skin with a bald head and husky build, comes walking out of the shoe store with CUZ 1, CUZ 2 and CUZ 3.

DRE

(Turns to Cuz 1)

What we doing after this, cuz?

CUZ 1

I was thinking about going over
this bitch house.

(CONTINUED)

DRE
(Smiles)
She got some friends?

CUZ 1
You know hoes flock together, cuz.

Coming from the other end of the mall is BRANDON, (17) high yellow, tall and lanky, with French braids.

He's walking with three other boys.

Cuz three notices them, stepping over to Dre, tapping him on the shoulder.

CUZ THREE
(Pointing at the group)
Ain't that them slobs we got into
it with on the mile?

Dre looks at them.

Dre drops his bags running up to Brandon, hitting him dead square in the mouth.

He falls to the floor holding his bleeding mouth.

The other boys with Brandon swing on Dre, but they don't drop him.

Cuz 1, 2 and 3 run up hitting Brandon's friends, and the brawl breaks out.

More people from both sets join in, making the brawl bigger.

Dre has Brandon against the wall, hitting him with face to stomach combination's.

The police arrive with their guns out, clearing the scene.

Dre has some blood trickling from his nose, waving his blue bandanna, stacking out gang signs.

DRE
(Proud)
I smashed yo slob ass, cuz!

Two of Brandon's friends pick him up. Blood is pouring from his nose and mouth, trying to standing on his own, but he's dazed.

INT. CLIP'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Chris takes a pull from his cigarette, looking at Clip not impressed.

CHRIS
That's it?

CLIP
Hell no. After that shit jumped
off.

EXT. DRE'S MOTHER HOUSE - NIGHT

The block looks rough with streetlights barely working, flickering on and off.

A white Cadillac pulls up in front of the brick house, blasting loud rap music.

Resting on the opposite end of the block is a black Intrepid, with red rims and red bandannas wrapped around the spokes.

Inside the car, Brandon and the boys who were with him are smoking blunts, drinking gin out the bottle.

Brandon sits behind the driver with a blunt hanging from his busted lip, loading a Tech Nine.

BRANDON
Get ready to ride up on that nigga,
blood.

He passes the blunt, and then wraps a red bandanna around his face.

Dre is standing by his car, placing a cigarette in his mouth lighting it.

DRE
I'll treat myself to some pussy
tonight.

He makes his way to the house.

Dre gets to the front door pulling his keys out.

Just as he places the key in the door, he hears the tires squealing.

The Intrepid comes flying down the street. Brandon is aiming the Tech Nine out the window.

(CONTINUED)

BRANDON
What's up, blood?!

Dre turns around reaching under his shirt for his Nine millimeter.

Brandon opens fire, as the car comes to a stop.

Dre shakes from the bullets, falling dead on the porch.

DRE'S MOTHER, (34) comes running out the house in her robe.

She looks down seeing Dre's dead body.

She screams dropping to her knees, picking him up in her arms.

Brandon and the other boys continue talking trash.

DRE'S MOTHER
(Hysterical)
Lord, wake my baby up! It's not his
time Lord, wake him up!

BRANDON
Crab ass niggas die young, bitch!

The car takes off.

Dre's mother screams are still heard.

INT. CLIP'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Chris is taking a pull from his cigarette, shaking his head.

CHRIS
That's fucked up.

CLIP
It's cool. My nigga in the sky with
the other rip ridas, we lost on
these fake ass streets.

CHRIS
I guess. How long you been
Crippling?

CLIP
Since day one, cuz.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS
(Laughs)
Seriously, how long?

CLIP
(Angry)
Since day one, nigga! Anything else
you wanna know, you gotta Ce down!
You wanna Ce down cuz?!

CHRIS
I'm straight.

CLIP
Why?

CHRIS
Because if I was a Crip or Blood.
I---

CLIP
You mean slob?

CHRIS
I'll just be another statistic.

CLIP
You gotta die one-day cuz. The way
I look at shit. If the streets
don't kill you.
(Places a cigarette in his
mouth)
Cancer will.

CHRIS
When I die, it'll be from old age.

CLIP
(Scoffs)
Whatever, nigga.

CHRIS
(Curious)
Why are we on the West side?

CLIP
One of the niggas Ce hanging around
here.

CHRIS
Hold up. I know you ain't trying to
kill this nigga with me in the car?

(CONTINUED)

CLIP

Nah, cuz.

Clip is looking around the area, and a smile comes across his face.

CHRIS

(Serious)

Don't go doing no---

Clip slams down on the breaks, pulling over by a car lot, across the street from a rundown looking store, where the Intrepid is resting.

He turns the engine off.

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

CHRIS

And you not killing this nigga, right?

CLIP

Wait in the driver seat.

CHRIS

(worried)

Clip man---

CLIP

Get yo ass in the driver seat, and wait till I get Cack.

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

INT. THE STORE - NIGHT

Brandon is grabbing some beers from the cooler.

Behind the bulletproof glass is the STORE OWNER, (38) watching Brandon make his way to the counter.

Clip comes in seeing Brandon, rushing over hitting him in the mouth.

The Store Owner stands behind the glass watching the two fight, tearing up his store.

Brandon manages to grab one of the beers from the counter, hitting Clip upside the head, making him drop down.

(CONTINUED)

Brandon runs out the store.

Clip regains his focus, chasing after Brandon.

Brandon is running to his car, and Clip pulls the desert eagle out shooting him in the back, making him fall to the ground.

The Store Owner is ducking low, looking out the door window.

Clip runs over kicking him, before grabbing him by the shoulder, flipping him over.

Brandon is moaning in pain, with blood coming from his mouth.

CLIP

(Angry)

What's up with that hoe shit, you
and yo mutts pulled, cuz?!

BRANDON

(Laughs)

Fuck that crab! And fuck---

Clip shoots him in the head, and four more times in the chest, before running back to the car. Before he can get in his seat good, closing the door, Chris is pulling off.

Chris is petrified flying down the street.

CHRIS

(Scared)

What the fuck is wrong with you?!

Clip places a cigarette in his mouth.

CHRIS CONT'D

I got class with that nigga, dog!

CLIP

(Laughs)

Not no more.

(Lights his cigarette)

EXT. CLIP'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The two family flat brick house with blue stairs, and another house are the only ones fairly kept up with on the block, with one working streetlight.

The Monte Carlo pulls up in front of the two family flat, coming to a stop.

(CONTINUED)

Chris sits stunned, while Clip takes the keys from the ignition.

CHRIS

What the fuck is wrong with you?

Clip laughs, getting out the car.

Chris shakes his head getting out, following Clip in the downstairs house.

Clip turns the lights on, revealing the messy living room.

Chris walks over to the love seat, moving the pile of clothes on the floor taking a seat.

Clip takes his shirt off, looking at it disgusted.

CLIP

This nigga Flood on my shit.

Chris shakes his head, placing his hands over his face.

CLIP CONT'D

You want a drink, cuz?

Chris pulls his hands down.

CHRIS

Do you know what you just did?

CLIP

(Laughs)

I killed a slob. You want the drink or what?

CHRIS

Yeah.

Clip laughs walking off.

Chris sits back in the chair with his eyes closed.

Clip comes back kicking Chris foot, extending a forty ounce to him.

Chris snatches the beer, leaning back in the chair.

Clip laughs opening his beer, walking over to the couch.

CLIP

Loosen the fuck up, cuz.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Loosen up? You just killed a nigga.

CLIP

Why you tripping over that shit?

(Takes a swig)

Let me call my nigga up.

Clip pulls his cellphone out.

MIKE (O.S.)

What's up, cuz?

CLIP

What's cracking, my nigga?

MIKE (O.S.)

You know it's that five all day.

CLIP

You know them slobs that got down on Dre?

MIKE (O.S.)

What about em?

CLIP

I caught one slipping tonight.

MIKE (O.S.)

Was he crying and shit?

CLIP

(takes a swig)

Believe it or not, the bitch ass nigga was trying to Ce hard.

MIKE (O.S.)

Why didn't you come get me?

CLIP

I was already riding with Chris.

MIKE (O.S.)

(Confused)

Chris?

CLIP

(takes a swig)

Yup.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE (O.S.)

Look at that shit. I know he was acting a fool.

CLIP

Nigga, yes. Talking about, don't kill that nigga with me in the car.

The two laugh.

Chris sits upset, drinking his beer.

CHRIS

Clip, come the fuck on!

MIKE (O.S.)

That nigga must still be in shock.

CLIP

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

MIKE (O.S.)

Come over after you drop him off.

CLIP

No doubt. C's up, cuz.

He hangs up grabbing a white T - Shirt from off the couch, placing it over his shoulder.

CLIP CONT'D

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

CHRIS

(Takes a swig)

Fuck you.

Clip laughs, making his way out the house.

Chris stands up making his way to the door turning the lights off, walking out.

EXT. CHRIS MOTHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Chris neighborhood looks fairly decent.

The Monte Carlo sits in front of Chris mother's brick house, with a red and white awning.

Chris sits stunned, while Clip shakes his arm.

(CONTINUED)

CLIP

You good?!

CHRIS

You still don't give a fuck about what happened?

CLIP

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

CHRIS

(turns looking at him)

I don't understand it. What if that shit happened to your son?

CLIP

My son don't have shit to do with this! As soon as you get yo head out them books, and take a look at society, you'll see shit clearer.

Chris gets out, closing the door behind him.

He turns around sticking his hand back in the car to give Clip a play.

CHRIS

I'm about to take a bath, and go to bed.

CLIP

I'm hitting cuz house for a few drinks. Smoke and pass out.

CHRIS

You coming to school tomorrow?

CLIP

I'll Ce there.

CHRIS

I'll holla at ya.

CLIP

No doubt.

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

Chris makes his way up the driveway, where his mother's aqua blue Caravan is resting.

(CONTINUED)

NEIGHBOR NEXT DOOR (O.S.)

"What's up, "C"?"

CHRIS

What up doe?

He gets to the side door pulling his keys out placing them in the door opening it, walking in.

He makes his way into the kitchen, where his mother sits at the table smoking a cigarette, drinking tea.

CHRIS MOTHER, (38).

Chris goes to the refrigerator grabbing a bottle of water. Closing the door, he walks over to his mother giving her a kiss on the cheek.

CHRIS

What's up, ma?

CHRIS MOTHER

Shit. Wishing it was my turn to hit the lottery.

CHRIS

Where Tasha at?

CHRIS MOTHER

In her room. Probably on the phone, running her goddamn mouth.

CHRIS

Okay.

CHRIS MOTHER

(Looks at him)

What's on ya mind.

CHRIS

(Smiles)

I'm good.

CHRIS MOTHER

(Takes a pull)

Yeah, okay. You better be careful out there.

He walks out the kitchen, making his way down the hallway, with pictures of him and his sister along the wall.

He gets to Tasha's room opening the door, and his mouth drops open.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS
(baffled)
What the fuck did you do?

Her room is bright red.

TASHA, (15) light brown skin tone with long hair.

She's laid across the bed talking on the phone.

She rolls her eyes placing the phone down, getting up walking over to him, placing her hands on her hips.

TASHA
Who do you think you are, trying to play daddy?

CHRIS
That wasn't the question. What did you do to this room?

TASHA
What? I had it painted red.

She tries pushing him out, but he stops her.

CHRIS
Why?

TASHA
Because red is my favorite color.

CHRIS
Don't let me find out, this is over some gang shit.

TASHA
Boy, get on.

CHRIS
You heard what I said.

He turns his back to walk away, and she tries closing the door, but he turns back around.

She sighs, rolling her eyes.

CHRIS
(curious)
Who you on the phone with?

TASHA

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

CHRIS

Tony? The same nigga I got class with?

TASHA

What's your point?

CHRIS

Ain't that nigga a blood?

TASHA

Your point?

CHRIS

My point is, you about to stop talking to that nigga.

TASHA

Oh my God. Whatever, Chris.

He walks away.

She rolls her eyes sighing, closing the door, walking back to the bed picking up the phone.

TASHA

Hello?

TONY (O.S.)

That was Chris?

TASHA

Yeah. Trying to play daddy.

TONY (O.S.)

What's wrong with him? He a crab?

TASHA

I don't know what he is. I'm on the phone with you.

TONY (O.S.)

(Laughs)

You got that don't give a fuck attitude.

(CONTINUED)

TASHA
What are you doing?

TONY (O.S.)
Shit. Watching the news.

TASHA
(Laughs)
You actually watch the news?

TONY (O.S.)
I keep up with what's going on in
the hood. ...Oh shit! Hurry up and
turn to channel two!

She grabs her remote, turning to the news.

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

The REPORTER (27) female Caucasian stands ready to speak.

REPORTER
(Into the camera)
Reporting live from the West side,
where the store you see behind me
was the scene of a gruesome murder.
Seventeen-year-old Brandon Link was
found murdered, with multiple
gunshot wounds. Witnesses had this
to say.

The camera turns to the Store Owner looking nervous.

STORE OWNER
(Into the camera, nervous)
This neighborhood is crazy. They
tore up my store. They took the
fight outside. Next thing I know, I
heard shots fired.

The camera turns back to the reporter.

REPORTER
(Into the camera)
Police are ruling the shooting
gang-related, taking the
store-owner in for more
questioning. I'm reporting live
from the West side. Channel two
news.

She turns the television off.

TONY (O.S.)
(Sobbing)
That shit happened a few blocks
from here. I was just with that
nigga, earlier.

TASHA
Baby, let me call you back.

TONY (O.S.)
I don't believe this shit.

She hangs up sitting there for a moment, before leaving her
room.

Chris lies in the tub with a towel over his face.

Tasha comes bursting into the room, and he sits up,
snatching the towel from his face.

TASHA
Chris?!

CHRIS
(Worried)
What?! What's going on?

TASHA
You know that boy, Brandon Link?

CHRIS
What about him?

TASHA
Somebody killed him tonight.

Chris lies back down in the tub, wiping the water from his
face.

CHRIS
Well?

TASHA
Tony is pissed.

CHRIS
That's nice. What do you want me to
do about it?

TASHA
I wanna know who did it.

CHRIS

Why?

TASHA

Why you gotta act like you don't
give a fuck?

CHRIS

Because I don't.

She walks out, slamming the door behind her.

INT. CLIP'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Clip is driving with a blunt hanging from his mouth.

MIKE, (17) brown skin, sits in the passenger seat drinking a
beer.

CLIP

(Takes a pull)

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

MIKE

You know slobs stay slipping, cuz.

CLIP

I want the ones involved with
killing our nigga.

MIKE

(Takes a swig)

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

Clip

(Takes a pull)

True.

MIKE

Hit up a store.

There's a store resting on the corner of the street. Clip
drives pass seeing three boys African-American, ages
sixteen, dressed in all red, lingering around the store.

He turns the corner.

CLIP

You see them niggas Cack there,
cuz?

(CONTINUED)

MIKE
Let's get them niggas.

CLIP
Oh, we getting em.

Clip parks further down the street.

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

MIKE
What's up?

CLIP
We getting them niggas. Just hold tight.

MIKE
What's up?

Clip laughs, placing the Desert eagle under his shirt.

CLIP
Just give me three minutes.

Clip gets out the car.

Mike looks confused, taking another sip from his beer.

The three boys are laughing and talking, as Clip makes his way up to them.

Clip gets ready to walk between them, and BLOOD ONE places a hand on his chest.

BLOOD ONE
What's up, blood?

CLIP
No disrespect, blood. All I want is something to drink.

BLOOD TWO
I never seen you in this hood, blood. Get yo weak ass on.

CLIP
Blood. All I want---

BLOOD ONE
(Gets in Clip's face)
What's yo set, blood?

(CONTINUED)

Mike gets out the car, making his way to the store, staying hidden in the shadows.

CLIP

5.19.3.

BLOOD ONE

5.19.3.? What's that?

Clip looks out the corner of his eye, seeing Mike standing by the side of the store.

CLIP

(Confused)

You don't know yo numbers, blood?

Blood one grabs Clip by the collar ready to hit him.

BLOOD ONE

Nigga---

CLIP

5.19.3 means---

MIKE

East side Crip fa life, bitch!

They all turn around, and Clip ducks to the ground, as Mike opens fire.

Blood one catches one in the stomach, while the other two take off running.

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

One of them falls dead from getting struck by the bullets, and the other one gets away.

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

Mike is standing over Blood one.

Clip makes his way back to the two, pausing looking down at Blood one.

CLIP

Fake ass slob.

Clip lets off a round, hitting Blood one in the head.

Clip and Mike run back to the car getting in, pulling off.

INT. THE KITCHEN - MORNING

Chris comes into the kitchen.

His mother is sitting at the table smoking a cigarette, watching television.

REPORTER 2

Good morning. The time is 6:30.
Following up with last night's
shooting. Police are asking if you
see a royal blue Monte Carlo with a
design on the trunk, to notify them
immediately.

She turns the television off.

CHRIS MOTHER

That's a goddamn shame. Kids out
there killing each other over a
color.

CHRIS

I agree. I have to get something
from my room.

CHRIS MOTHER

Go get ya shit together.

Chris walks out the kitchen, making his way down the hall to his mother's room walking in.

He walks over to the dresser, picking up the phone calling Clip.

CLIP (O.S.)

(Half woke)

Hello?

CHRIS

(Whispering)

Get yo ass up, and get rid of the
ride.

CLIP (O.S.)

Chris? You still tripping off last
night?

CHRIS

(Whispering)

The boys looking for the ride. Get
yo ass up, and get rid of the ride.

(CONTINUED)

CLIP (O.S.)
You on some real shit?

CHRIS
(Whispering)
Nah. I'm on some fake shit. Yeah.

CLIP (O.S.)
Good looking, cuz. I'll get on it.

He hangs up, turning around to see Tasha standing there with her arms folded across her chest.

TASHA
Who were you talking to?

CHRIS
Why don't you stay in a child's
place, and outta grown shit?

He walks pass her.

TASHA
I think you know who killed that
boy.

He turns around grabbing her by the shoulders, pressing her against the wall.

CHRIS
Do I look like I'm in a gang?

She snatches his arms down, pushing him back.

TASHA
You don't have to look like it, to
claim it.

She walks off.

He stands shaking his head, sighing softly.

EXT. THE SCHOOL YARD - MORNING

The two floor school rests on the corner, right by the freeway exit.

There's students standing around talking, while others are going into the school.

A few fights are about to start, but security and police officers on the scene quickly break it up.

(CONTINUED)

The Caravan pulls up in front of the school.

Chris is sitting in the back seat, and Tasha is in the passenger seat.

CHRIS MOTHER

Straight home from school. After that, you can do whatever.

TASHA

I'm going over Tiffany's house when I get out.

She turns looking at Tasha with a cold glance.

CHRIS MOTHER

Get yo ass out this van, before I hurt you.

Tasha rolls her eyes getting out the van, closing the door behind her.

Chris leans over the seat giving her a kiss.

CHRIS

Thanks for the ride.

CHRIS MOTHER

Don't worry about it. Go in there and get them grades.

He gets out the van standing there for a moment, before making his way to the doors, walking through the metal detectors.

Loud students are walking pass or standing up against the lockers.

Chris heads to his locker opening it, taking a few books out.

Closing the locker, he walks into the classroom by his locker.

There's students sitting at their desk doing work, listening to headphones.

Other students are huddled up in the corner free-styling, or standing around lost.

TONY, (17) dark brown skin tone is sitting in the back of the class.

Chris takes a seat up front, placing his books down.

(CONTINUED)

He turns to the side looking where Brandon would be sitting, and he sighs, shakes his head.

The bell rings.

TEACHER ONE (34) walks in taking a seat behind his desk.

The students who were standing take a seat.

PRINCIPAL (O.S.)

(Over the intercom)

Good morning. As you all know. We lost one of our students last night. Young people, we have to put an end to this senseless violence. Learn to work with one another, instead of always against each other. I want you to think about that, as you carry on through the day. I don't wanna hear about losing another life to senseless violence. Thank you, and carry on with your day.

The class is silent.

TEACHER ONE

He makes a good point. Our topic today will be gang violence, and how it affects the people around you. Feel free to answer how you please.

Chris raises his hand.

TEACHER ONE CONT'D

Mr. Fry?

CHRIS

To me it's pointless. Why kill somebody, because they're not wearing the same color as you?

TEACHER ONE

You make a point.

Tony raises his hand.

TEACHER ONE CONT'D

Mr. Brick?

TONY

It's not always the color that gets you killed.

TEACHER ONE

That's interesting. What makes you think there's more to it?

TONY

I just know my nigga dead for no reason.

CHRIS

The nigga dead, because of what he was claiming.

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

Tony stands up, along with three more boys.

TONY

What was that, blood?

Chris turns around looking at them.

CHRIS

He was claiming whatever he claimed, and his ass got caught slipping.

The classroom gets louder, as Tony makes his way towards Chris.

Chris stands up.

Teacher one gets up from behind the desk, making his way towards the two.

Tony and Chris stare each other down.

CHRIS CONT'D

What's up, nigga?!

The classroom is going wild.

Tony gets ready to swing, and Teacher one jumps in between them.

The classroom boo's, simmering down.

TEACHER ONE

(angry)

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

(CONTINUED)

The two continue staring each other down.

TONY
It's Bool.

Tony walks out the room.

Chris continues standing, watching him walk out.

INT. THE HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Chris walks down the crowded hallway, making his way to the bathroom, unaware Tony is following behind him.

The bathroom is filthy, covered with different gang graffiti on the walls.

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

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

TONY
What's up, blood?

Chris looks back sighing.

Finishing using the bathroom, he turns around fixing his pants, making his way to Tony.

CHRIS
What's up?

Tony walks to the door doing the Blood call "Suwoop".

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

Tony walks up in Chris face.

TONY
I'll ask you one time. What do you know about my nigga getting killed?

Chris looks around at the boys, and then looks at Tony, cracking a sly grin.

CHRIS
I can tell you this.

(CONTINUED)

TONY

What?

CHRIS

You wide open.

Chris pushes Tony, followed with a right, left, right, ending it with a kick to the stomach, making him fall back into the stall.

Chris tries to rush in finishing the job, but two of the boys grab him, pulling him back.

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

The boy lets his arms go, letting him fall to the floor balling up, as they kick him.

One of the boys grabs his arms, and another grabs his legs, throwing him into the mirror, shattering it.

Tony gets up from the stall shaking his head, with some blood coming from his mouth.

He walks over to Chris looking down at him.

Chris is breathing heavy with blood on his face.

Tony kicks him hard in the stomach, making him release a deep moan.

TONY

Tell yo crab ass friends they dead,
bitch.

Tony and the boys walk out the bathroom laughing, leaving Chris on the floor, breathing heavy in pain.

INT. THE HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Mike and Clip are standing by the lunchroom door, laughing and talking.

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

MIKE

Goddamn, cuz! What the fuck
happened to you?

Chris is standing in front of them wearing the cuts and bruises he sustained from getting jumped.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS
I got jumped. What the fuck do you
think happened?

MIKE
By who?

CHRIS
Tony and his crew.

MIKE
Slob Tony?

CHRIS
Yup.

MIKE
What the fuck?

Clip snatches the door open walking in, and Mike and Chris follow.

Students are sitting at their tables eating and talking, or standing in line waiting to get their lunch.

Clip looks around the room seeing Tony and the boys who jumped Chris, sitting at a table.

He rushes over to Tony hitting him in the mouth, and the other boys with him swing on Clip.

Other students join in on the fight, and a brawl breaks out.

Chris is maneuvering through the madness, taking and giving hits.

Tony and Clip are going at it.

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

Some of the students start fleeing the scene, when police officers come in.

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

CLIP
(Angry)
Slob ass nigga!

TONY

(Angry)

Fuck you, flu ass nigga! I got something for you!

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

Chris comes running up the stairs, stopping at a classroom winded, knocking on the door.

TEACHER TWO, (34) female opens the door.

TEACHER TWO

(Looks at him concerned)

Are you okay Chris? How can I help you?

CHRIS

(Winded)

Can I talk to my sister?

TEACHER TWO

Just a minute.

She closes the door.

Chris leans up against the wall trying to catch his breath.

Tasha comes out the room, covering her mouth when she sees him.

TASHA

What happened to you?

CHRIS

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

TASHA

Is that what happened to your face?

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

CHRIS

No.

TASHA

(Sassy)

Stay away from him, because you said so?

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

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS
(Aggravated)
Will you stop acting like a bitch,
and do this for me?

TASHA
(sighs)
I can do that.

CHRIS
Thank you.
(Gives her a kiss on the
cheek)
Get ya ass back in class.

She goes back in the room.

Chris stands smiling, before walking off.

INT. THE SCIENCE ROOM - AFTERNOON

TEACHER THREE, (41) sits behind her desk reading a book.

An educational movie is on pause.

Chris sits in the back drawing a picture on his notebook.

Just as the bell rings, in walks Crystal carrying her
backpack.

Everyone watches her make her way to the back taking a seat
next to Chris, moving her desk closer.

Teacher three presses play on the remote, starting the
movie.

CRYSTAL
(Whispering)
Why didn't you call me last night?

CHRIS
(Whispering)
I got to the crib, and went
straight to sleep.

CRYSTAL
(Pushes his face, whispering)
I guess that's why your face all
fucked up?

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS
(Whispering)
Actually, this shit happened today.

CRYSTAL
(Whispering)
You were in that big ass fight in
the lunchroom?

CHRIS
(Whispering)
I made a comment in class. The
nigga took it the wrong way, and I
got jumped.

She stands up looking down at him.

CRYSTAL
(Upset)
Are you fucking crazy?!

The class turns around looking at them.

Teacher three looks up from her book.

TEACHER THREE
Something you care to share?

CRYSTAL
No, ma'am. Sorry for the
interruption.

Everyone goes back to what they were doing.

She takes her seat.

CRYSTAL CONT'D
(Whispering)
Do you have to watch your back?

CHRIS
(Whispering)
Nope.

CRYSTAL
(Whispering)
Are you sure?

CHRIS
(Smiles looking at her,
whispering)
Trust me. The only person I'm
worried about killing me is yo ass,
if I don't call you.

(CONTINUED)

CRYSTAL
(Gives him a kiss, whispering)
You got that right.

EXT. THE SCHOOL YARD - AFTERNOON

Students are coming out the building.

You can hear talk about the lunchroom fight, as some of the students pull out cigarettes or blacks lighting them.

Chris and Tasha come walking out the building.

TASHA
I heard about the lunchroom fight.
I didn't know you claimed Crip.

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

Clip walks up to him with a blue bandanna around his neck,
with four more Crips behind him.

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

CLIP
What's up, cuz? You rolling with me
to the crib?

CHRIS
I gotta head home.

Clip pulls out a cigarette, placing it in his mouth lighting
it.

CLIP
(Laughs)
You still gotta check in? Oh,
Cefore I go. Don't worry about that
shit in the lunchroom.

He lifts his shirt, showing the handle of a Nine Millimeter.

CHRIS
Good looking.

CLIP
I'm out. I'll get at you later.

They give each other another play.

(CONTINUED)

Clip and the boys with him walk off.

Tasha stands smiling.

TASHA

You not claiming Crip, huh? What was all that?

CHRIS

That's the way he talks. I can't do shit about that.

TASHA

Sure.

CHRIS

I'm not in nobody's gang.

The two make their way across the street to the bus stop, where a bunch of students are waiting for the bus.

A red Honda sits at the corner, slowly moving down to the bus stop.

The car comes to a stop, and the back window comes down.

Out comes a AK-47, being held by Tony.

Everyone screams dropping to the ground.

Chris jumps in front of Tasha.

Clip stops, turning back to look at the bus stop.

He sees what's going on, pulling the nine-millimeter out.

TONY

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

The car takes off down the street, and Clip starts letting off shots.

Everyone continues screaming.

The police get in their cars turning the sirens on.

Clip takes off down a side street.

Chris looks on in fear.

INT. THE KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Chris mother sits at the table eating a T.V. Dinner, watching a program on television.

Chris and Tasha come into the room.

Tasha runs over to her smiling.

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

CHRIS
(Stun)
What?

CHRIS MOTHER
(Eats a fork full)
Is this true, Chris?

CHRIS
It didn't go down that way.

She looks up at him dropping her fork, standing up giving him a hug.

CHRIS MOTHER
(Worried)
What happened?

CHRIS
We were in class talking about gangs. I commented, and dude took it the wrong way.

CHRIS MOTHER
What the fuck is going on at that school?

Tasha leans up against the counter with her arms folded across her chest.

TASHA
(Shocked)
Are you really about to believe this?

CHRIS MOTHER
(Turns looking at her)
Why are you always trying to lie on your brother? One of these days, your lies will catch up with you?

(CONTINUED)

TASHA

Huh?

CHRIS MOTHER

Did you tell the principal what happened?

CHRIS

That would've made it worse. I left it alone.

TASHA

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

CHRIS MOTHER

Get ya lying ass on.

TASHA

What do I have to lie about?

CHRIS MOTHER

Tasha, you can go!

TASHA

(upset)

You always take his side! It's like I don't even exist in this house!

She storms out the kitchen, making her way to the front door opening it, slamming it behind her.

CHRIS

Don't let it get to you. You know she still thinks she's the baby, and wants things to go her way.

CHRIS MOTHER

She needs to realize, she's not a baby anymore.

CHRIS

Like I said. Don't let it bother you. I'm about to go do some homework, then I'm going over Terrance house.

CHRIS MOTHER

You sure that thing at school is over?

CHRIS

Yup. You go get some rest. You know you can have a stroke with all this worrying?

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS MOTHER

(Laughs)

Boy, get outta here.

He walks out the kitchen making his way to Tasha's room, walking in closing the door behind him.

He walks over to her dresser grabbing her phone book flipping through it, picking up the phone dialing.

TIFFANY (O.S.)

Hello?

CHRIS

Is my sister coming over there?

TIFFANY (O.S.)

Who dis?

CHRIS

Chris. Is my sister coming over there?

TIFFANY (O.S.)

Fine ass Chris? Tasha's brother?

CHRIS

I guess. Is my sister coming over?

TIFFANY (O.S.)

Are you still with that girl?

CHRIS

Yeah. Is my sister coming?

TIFFANY (O.S.)

You know you need to leave her and get with me?

CHRIS

Tiffany!

TIFFANY (O.S.)

Goddamn. You don't have to yell. I'm going somewhere else, so no.

CHRIS

Thank you.

He hangs the phone up, hitting his fist on the dresser.

EXT. CLIP'S MOTHER'S HOUSE -NIGHT

Loud music can be heard coming from inside the house.

Chris stands smoking a cigarette, ringing the doorbell.

Clip answers the door in a wife beater and jeans, smoking a blunt holding a beer.

CLIP
(Exhales)
What's cracking, cuz?

Clip passes Chris the blunt.

He takes a hit, instantly coughing.

CHRIS
(Coughing)
Where you get this from?

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

CLIP
One of my cuzzo's copped it.

CHRIS
This some good shit.

CLIP
I know. Come on in.

The two walk in the house.

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

Chris and Clip stand to the side.

CLIP
What's the problem, cuz?

CHRIS
My sister hooked up with that nigga
from the fight.

CLIP
I told you, I got it covered.

CHRIS
That's my sister we're talking
about. You telling me you got it
covered, means what?

(CONTINUED)

CLIP

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

Chris stares at him.

CLIP CONT'D

You need to get ya mind off that. I
know what you need.

Clip walks to the basement door opening it, walking down the
stairs.

Chris follows.

The basement is fairly clean, with a washer and dryer,
weight bench and a door off to the side.

Clip walks over to the door.

CHRIS

Now what?

CLIP

(Takes a pull)
Open the door.

Chris opens the door, and his mouth drops open.

CHRIS

What the fuck is going on down
here?

The room is lit by a blue light.

TIFFANY, (15) brown skin, medium length hair, with a nice
body, lies on the bed.

A blue bandanna is wrapped around her eyes, dressed in a
laced blue bra and panty set.

CLIP

We Ceeing her in.

CHRIS

(Confused)
Y'all niggas about to jump a
fifteen-year-old girl?

CLIP

Nah. We about to run her.
(Takes a pull)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CLIP (cont'd)
How do you know she's fifteen?

CHRIS
She's my sister friend.

TIFFANY
(Sits up)
Is that Chris I hear? I didn't know
he was getting in on this. Come on,
let's get started.

She takes her bra off, before putting her hand in her
panties.

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

CHRIS
I'm tight.

CLIP
You sure?

CHRIS
I'll hit the crib, and wait for her
ass to get home.

CLIP
Tell them other niggas to come on
down.

Chris takes the blunt, before making his way back upstairs.

Clip goes into the room.

INT. THE TRAP HOUSE - NIGHT

The room is furnished fairly nice.

Tony and Tasha are sitting on the sofa smoking.

TASHA
What was the fight in the
lunchroom, and that shit you pulled
at the bus stop about?

TONY
Yo brother was talking shit. I had
to show him it's real out here.

(CONTINUED)

TASHA
(Smiles, kissing his cheek)
I'm glad you did. Somebody had to
get his ass together.

TONY
(Takes a pull)
Fa sho.

TASHA
You know I been trying to get down
for the longest.

TONY
If you Blipping out here, that's
all she wrote.

TASHA
Like I said. I've been trying to
get down for the longest.

TONY
I'll keep it in mind. Let's get
fucked up and enjoy the night.

They pick up their cups downing them.

INT. TASHA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Chris sits on the bed holding a teddy bear he gave Tasha
when she was little.

The front door can be heard opening and closed.

Drunken footsteps make their way down the hall.

Tasha opens the door staggering in, closing the door behind
her.

She's leaning up against the door, trying to keep her
balance.

Chris looks at her smiling.

CHRIS
Hey, baby girl?

TASHA
(Drunk)
Why are you yelling?

Chris places the bear down laughing, making his way over to
her.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

You blasted right now, so it sounds like I'm yelling. What did you do over Tiffany's house?

TASHA

(Holding her head in pain)
We were studying, and I guess I had one too many.

CHRIS

Is that right? Why did I see her somewhere else?

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

TASHA

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

CHRIS

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

TASHA

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

CHRIS MOTHER (O.S.)

(Angry)
What the fuck are you two doing in there?!

CHRIS

(Whispering)
You wanna tell her what's up, or should I?

TASHA

(whispering)
Fuck you.

CHRIS

I thought so.
(To his mother)
Nothing! We in here politicking!

CHRIS MOTHER (O.S.)

Keep that shit down, because I have work in the morning!

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

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

TASHA

Just---

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

CHRIS

(disgusted)

Look at you.

She falls over.

TASHA

(Breathing heavy)

Get out, Chris.

CHRIS

Shut up.

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

He undresses her down to her bra and panties, and then places her under the covers, tucking her in.

CHRIS CONT'D

Stay away from that nigga.

TASHA

(Half woke)

Yeah---

CHRIS

Yeah my ass. You heard me.

(Kisses her cheek)

I love you.

She's fast asleep.

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

EXT. BELLE ISLE - THE STRIP - NIGHT

Some cars are parked along the sides, or still driving down the strip.

People are standing against their cars drinking and smoking, or walking along the strip trying to talk to people walking by.

(CONTINUED)

A white Grand Am slowly cruises down the strip.
Mike is driving with a blunt hanging from his mouth.
Clip sits in the passenger seat smoking a blunt.
Chris is in the back drinking a forty ounce.

CLIP
Old girl was getting down last
night, cuz.

CHRIS
That's nice.

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

CLIP
Hell yea.
(Mocking Chris)
Don't kill that nigga with me in
the car. For real Clip. Don't go
doing that hoe shit.

Mike and Clip break out laughing.

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

CHRIS
Fuck you niggas.

MIKE
(takes a pull)
It's some bad bitches out here.

CLIP
(Pointing out the window)
Hell yeah! Look at these bitches
over here!

There's a crowd of people surrounding a high yellow girl
with a bad body, dancing naked on top of a car.

People are throwing money at her.

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

CLIP

We need to round up some bitches
like that.

Chris laughs, taking a sip from his beer.

He removes the bottle from his lips confused.

Standing by a red Expedition is Tony and a few more guys
drinking and smoking.

Tasha gets out the passenger side holding a cup.

CHRIS

What the fuck?

CLIP

What's up, cuz?

CHRIS

Mike, pull this bitch over.

MIKE

(Confused)

What's up?

CHRIS

(Angry)

Just pull this bitch over!

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

Chris gets out beer still in hand, closing the door.

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

Chris is taking swigs from his beer, making his way down to
Tony.

The guys with Tony get ready to swing, but Tony stops them.

Tony blows smoke in Chris face.

TONY

What's up, schoolboy?

CHRIS

Fuck you.

(To Tasha)

Tasha, what are you doing out here
with this nigga, after what I told
you?

(CONTINUED)

Mike and Clip make it down to Chris.

TASHA

(Cocky)

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

Clip reaches under his beater, and Chris stops him.

Chris grabs her arm.

CHRIS

This ain't the time for that shit.

Tasha snatches her arm away.

TASHA

Get the fuck on, Chris!

Chris tilts his beer up, drinking.

TONY

You heard---

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

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

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

Cars and people are stopping watching the fight, as
bandannas of all colors are seen.

The fight grows bigger, spilling out into the street.

Chris is on the ground trying to regain his focus, shaking
his head.

He looks over seeing Tony trying to get to his feet.

He quickly stands up, kicking him in the head.

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

TASHA

(Angry)

Get the fuck off my man, nigga!

(CONTINUED)

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

CHRIS

(Angry)

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

Gunshots start going off.

Clip and Mike are letting off shots, as well as other people.

Screams and gunfire ring out through the night.

Chris heads for the car.

The police come on the scene.

POLICE

(over the megaphone)

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

CHRIS

Clip, Mike, let's go!

Clip and Mike start making their way to the car.

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

Chris and Clip come back tending to him.

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

Clip grabs his gun.

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

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

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

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

Chris sits in the back holding Mike, as he spits up blood.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE
(In pain)
Did...did we---

CHRIS
Don't talk.

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

Another car rolls up beside them.

The DRIVER, (24) African-American sees Clip driving, pulling out a Nine Millimeter taking aim.

DRIVER
Crab ass motherfuckers!

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

Chris ducks his head for cover.

Clip picks up his gun returning fire.

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

Gunshots, sirens and squealing tires are heard, as the screen slowly fades to black.

INT. THE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

There's complete silence in the lobby.

Everybody is looking at Chris and Clip, not paying attention to what's playing on the television.

Chris is leaning up against the wall.

Clip paces back and forth, punching his fist into his palm in frustration.

The DOCTOR, (39) Caucasian comes out.

Clip walks over to him with a look saying, you better think twice before you say what you have to say.

CLIP
What's the word?

(CONTINUED)

DOCTOR
As you know, he's lost a lot of
blood, and suffered a severe---

CLIP
(Impatient)
Spit it out, cuz.

DOCTOR
He won't be able to walk again. I'm
sorry.

The doctor tries walking away, and Clip grabs him, pressing
him up against the wall.

Security makes their way towards Clip.

CLIP
(angry)
Fuck sorry! Take yo ass Cack there,
and hook cuz up!

Chris pulls Clip off, and security backs off.

The doctor stands fixing his clothes.

DOCTOR
Look at the bright side. At least
he's still alive.

The Doctor walks off.

Chris continues holding Clip back.

CHRIS
Calm down. Let's go back there and
check on him.

Clip calms down, and they make their way down the hallway,
heading to Mike's room walking in.

Mike is hooked up to some machines appearing sleep.

Chris walks to the front of the bed looking at him.

Clip stands by the side.

CLIP
(Sad)
Crips don't die, we multiply.

MIKE
(Faintly)
...Crips don't Ce crying either.

CLIP
(Shocked)
Cuz, you woke?

MIKE
I'm trying to Ce. They got me
filled with these drugs and shit.

CLIP
It don't matter. You're alive my
nigga.

MIKE
I know when I get out, we putting
in work on some slobs.

Chris puts his head down in shame.

Clip walks over to the window.

MIKE CONT'D
What's with the sad face shit?

CLIP
You won't Ce able to walk again,
cuz.

MIKE
What?

CHRIS
It's my fault. If I---

CLIP
(Angry)
Slob bitches. I---

MIKE
Y'all niggas chill. I'm still here.

CLIP
That ain't good enough for me.

Clip walks out the room.

BLACK SCREEN:

CHRIS (O.S.)
I prayed in church for shit to get
better. Unfortunately, there was
still hell at home.

INT. THE KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

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

His mother sits at the table smoking a cigarette, watching a program on television.

CHRIS MOTHER

Come here for a second, Chris.

He takes a seat drinking his water.

CHRIS

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

CHRIS MOTHER

I know you and your sister don't see eye to eye on shit, and that's cool. What's not cool, is you putting your hands on her.

CHRIS

(confused)

What? Wait a minute. She---

CHRIS MOTHER

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

CHRIS

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

CHRIS MOTHER

(Takes a pull)

You know I don't play favorites between you two. So, who's lying?

CHRIS

You can't be serious?

CHRIS MOTHER

You can leave now, Chris.

CHRIS

Will you---

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS MOTHER

Leave Chris, before I get pissed.

He gets up making his way out the kitchen to Tasha's room.

He walks in closing the door behind him.

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

TASHA

(Smiling)

What's up, bro?

CHRIS

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

TASHA

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

CHRIS

That's what this shit is about?

TASHA

Hell yeah.

CHRIS

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

TASHA

And one of Tony's boys died. But you in here, crying over a cracked shell crab.

CHRIS

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

She gets up walking over to him.

TASHA

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

CHRIS

(Angry)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS (cont'd)
Those streets ain't a goddamn game!
It ain't no room for fucking
pretenders!

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

CHRIS
(Angry)
I'm not a fucking Crip! I'm your
goddamn brother! The nigga who'll
actually die for yo dumb-ass! Will
any of them niggas die for you?!

He walks out the room.

INT. THE HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Chris is standing at his locker putting his books away,
noticing everybody running pass him.

Crystal comes running up to him.

CRYSTAL
(Winded)
Baby, we gotta go.

He closes his locker.

CHRIS
(Concerned)
What's up?

CRYSTAL
Tasha's fighting.

They take off running.

INT. THE BACK HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

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

Crystal and Chris are making their way through the crowd.

CHRIS
(Upset)
Tasha, stop this shit!

(CONTINUED)

TIFFANY

(Angry)

I was never yo friend bitch! I used
you to get closer to yo brother!

Crystal grabs Chris by the arm.

CRYSTAL

(Angry)

What the fuck is that bitch talking
about?!

Chris snatches his arm away.

CHRIS

(Angry)

I don't have time for that shit!

Chris gets through the crowd, jumping between the two.

The crowd boos.

Chris holds Tasha back.

Tiffany grabs a lock from someone in the crowd, and then
blends in with them, circling around, getting behind Tasha.

CHRIS

(Angry)

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

Tasha snatches away, shoving him.

TASHA

(Angry)

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

Tiffany cracks Tasha upside the head, making her fall into
Chris arms unconscious.

The crowd starts clearing out, as security comes.

Chris is on the floor holding Tasha.

INT. THE SCHOOL INFIRMARY - AFTERNOON

Chris sits beside Tasha bed.

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

(CONTINUED)

TASHA

(Dazed)

What happened?

CHRIS

She knocked you the fuck out, is what happened.

TASHA

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

CHRIS

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

TASHA

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

CHRIS

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

TASHA

And you're not a real Crip. Stop acting like you are.

CHRIS

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

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

TASHA

If that's the case. You'll die before I do.

CHRIS

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

TASHA

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

CHRIS

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

TASHA

(Opens the door)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TASHA (cont'd)
I'll be glad when you do.
Hopefully, after that, I can live
my fucking life.

CHRIS
You'll regret those words.

TASHA
I highly doubt that.

She walks out the room.

Chris sits shaking his head.

INT. THE HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Chris and Crystal are walking down the empty hallway holding hands.

CRYSTAL
What was that bitch talking about?

CHRIS
I have no idea. Why? You think I
fucked her?

CRYSTAL
Did you?

CHRIS
This is what happened. She was at
Clip's house and got ran. I got the
fuck on.

CRYSTAL
And I'm supposed to believe that?

CHRIS
Frankly, I don't give a fuck if you
do or don't.

Tiffany comes walking down the hall with a busted lip,
walking up to Chris.

TIFFANY
What's up Chris baby? Give me some
of that Crip love.

Crystal steps between the two.

(CONTINUED)

CRYSTAL
(Confused)
What the fuck is the bitch talking
about, now?

Chris moves Crystal to the side.

CHRIS
Calm down. Tiffany, you know
goddamn well I'm not a Crip.

TIFFANY
You don't have to lie in front of
your girl.
(Smacks her ass)
You know you got some of this ass
that night.

CHRIS
You might have heard me there. But,
I left.

TIFFANY
You need to stop lying, cuz.

CRYSTAL
(Aggravated)
Bitch! Didn't he say he didn't fuck
yo lil nasty ass?!

TIFFANY
(Cocky)
Hold the fuck up! Do you know who I
am, and who I run with?!

Crystal grabs Tiffany by the collar, slinging her up against
the lockers.

Chris grabs her arm, and she lets her go, turning around
pushing him.

CRYSTAL
(Aggravated)
What the fuck?! You protecting your
girlfriend?!

CHRIS
What the fuck are you on?

Chris and Crystal are busy arguing, not paying attention
Tiffany is ready to sneak Crystal.

GREGORY, (17) comes rushing up grabbing Tiffany.

(CONTINUED)

GREGORY

Whoa, whoa, whoa. What's going on?

Chris and Crystal look at him.

CHRIS

Will you tell her I didn't get down with y'all that night?

GREGORY

You could've.

CHRIS

Thank you.

TIFFANY

(Disappointed)

Wait a minute. Chris wasn't in the room that night?

CRYSTAL

(Disgusted)

Nasty hoe! You fucked all those niggas, and still didn't get the dick you wanted! And you was about to get that ass tapped again, like earlier!

GREGORY

Who was she fighting with?

CHRIS

She got into it with my sister, over some gang shit.

GREGORY

Yo sister a slob? You know she getting dealt with?

Chris steps in his face.

CHRIS

Y'all ain't jumping my sister. I know that.

GREGORY

Whatever cuz, I'm letting you know. Come on girl, let's go.

He walks off with Tiffany.

(CONTINUED)

CRYSTAL
(Pointing her finger)
That's right! Take that nasty ass
hoe with you!

CHRIS
(Annoyed)
Will you calm the fuck down,
goddamn? The truth came out.

CRYSTAL
You're right. I should've believed
you.

CHRIS
Next time I tell you something, you
should believe me. What do I have
to lie about?

CRYSTAL
(Gives him a kiss)
You're right.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Chris mother sits on the sofa chain smoking.

Chris walks in.

CHRIS MOTHER
(Puts her cigarette out)
You heard about what happened with
your sister?

CHRIS
I tried to break it up.

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

CHRIS
I tried to stop it, ma.

CHRIS MOTHER
I know. Your sister is just so
goddamn hard headed.

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

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS MOTHER

(Sighs)

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

Chris makes his way to Tasha's room.

He walks in closing the door behind him, and then walks over
to the bed looking down at her.

CHRIS

You see what this gang shit is
doing to mama?

TASHA

What are you talking about?

CHRIS

(Angry)

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

TASHA

(Sassy)

Is that right?

CHRIS

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

TASHA

I didn't know you cared so much.

CHRIS

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

He walks out, slamming the door behind him.

INT. CRYSTAL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Chris and Crystal sit on the floor eating Chinese food.

Chris has a disgusted look on his face, playing with his
food.

Crystal stops eating looking at him, grabbing his hand.

(CONTINUED)

CRYSTAL
What's wrong?

CHRIS
(Sighs)
The shit with Tasha.

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

CHRIS
The shit starting to fuck with my
moms. The shit on the strip.
(Sighs, shaking his head)
...It's all bullshit.

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

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

CRYSTAL
(Caresses his face)
I know. But how can you be strong
to get her back on track, if you're
acting like this?

CHRIS
(Sighs)
Apparently, I can't be strong or
there for anybody. If I could, this
shit wouldn't be so far outta
control.

CRYSTAL
When did all this start?

CHRIS
I don't wanna talk about it.

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

CRYSTAL
Keeping it to yourself won't solve
the problem, when I'm here for you.
What happened to the strong man I
know and love?

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS
(Scoffs)
He's Dead.

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

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

She walks over to him, holding the bear out.

CRYSTAL
The man I know and love gave me
this.

He looks up smiling.

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

CRYSTAL
Duh. Look at what the bear is
wearing.

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

CHRIS
I gave this to you the day that
nigga broke your heart.

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

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

CRYSTAL
From that day, I fell in love with
you.

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

CRYSTAL
Because if you could be strong for
me then. Mind you, you were skinny
as a twig back then. But that

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CRYSTAL (cont'd)
didn't stop you from beating that
boy ass, for what he did. You have
the heart and ability to conquer
any goal in front of you.

CHRIS
(Smiles, laughing)
You think you know me?

CRYSTAL
(Gives him a kiss)
You know I do. That's why you love
me.

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

Chris sits smiling.

She turns the radio on, and a slow song plays.

CRYSTAL CONT'D
I'll tell you another special day.

CHRIS
What day is that?

CRYSTAL
The first time I had sex.

Chris sits silent, blushing.

CRYSTAL
(Seductive smile)
Why did you wanna take my virginity
to this song?

Chris places the bear down walking over to her, grabbing her
by the waist.

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

CRYSTAL
Since I was a virgin. You wanted my
first time to be the best
experience to my standards?

CHRIS

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

CRYSTAL

(Gives him a kiss)

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

CHRIS

Why are you recapping this?

CRYSTAL

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

CHRIS

Oh---

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

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

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

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

He takes his shoes off, while she unbuckles his belt,
sliding his pants off, tossing them to the side.

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

He lifts her shirt over her head, tossing it to the side.
She continues kissing on his chest, working her way down to
his stomach, finally between his legs. His facial expression
of joy, explains the pleasure.

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

Her movement is slow, as they moan.

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

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

Their bodies shake, and his movement starts slowing down.

(CONTINUED)

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

CRYSTAL
(Satisfied)
I love you.

CHRIS
(Satisfied)
I love you, too.

INT. THE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Chris is sitting in a chair next to Mike's bed. Mike is sitting up in the bed drinking some water, watching a program on television.

CHRIS
What's up with you?

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

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

MIKE
Hell no.

CHRIS
Cool.

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

CHRIS
(Shrugs)
She got into a little scuffle.

MIKE
(Serious)
You know if she keeps wearing that color, she's a target?

CHRIS
(Serious)
I'll tell you, just like I told old boy. Leave me sister alone, because she ain't claiming shit.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

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

CHRIS

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

MIKE

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

CHRIS

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

MIKE

Why?

CHRIS

Because my sister won't die over some petty ass shit.

MIKE

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

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

CHRIS

I'm outta here.

MIKE

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

INT. THE HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Chris is walking down the empty hallway preparing to walk in the bathroom, when STACEY, (17) brown skin petite, comes running out bumping into him.

STACEY

My fault.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS
It's cool. Ain't yo name Stacey?

STACEY
How do you know my name?

CHRIS
You got class with my boy,
Terrance.

STACEY
You mean, Clip?

CHRIS
Yeah.

STACEY
That nigga ain't shit. I gotta go.
I'll holla at ya.

CHRIS
You were in the boys bathroom,
because?

STACEY
(Nervous)
This nigga took my I.D, and ran up
in there. I gotta go. Holla.

She takes off running.

Chris shrugs his shoulders ready to go in the bathroom, when MOE, (17) dark brown skin husky build and curls, comes walking out zipping up his pants.

CHRIS
What's up, my nigga?

They give each other a play.

MOE
Shit. Chilling, chilling.

CHRIS
That's what's up. What was up with
old girl in there?

MOE
She was in there skulling me up.

CHRIS
Word?

(CONTINUED)

MOE

You don't know? She only comes to school to give niggas that good brain damage. That innocent school girl shit is a front. She's the biggest hoe in here.

CHRIS

(Laughs)

And on that note. Let me get my ass up in here.

MOE

Alright, Chris baby. Be smooth.

Moe walks off.

Chris laughs walking in the bathroom.

INT. THE STAIRWELL - AFTERNOON

Chris is walking up the crowded stairwell, opening the door.

CRAB KILLER, (17) dark brown skin tone, comes running up behind him, placing a hand on his shoulder making him stop.

CRAB KILLER

What would you say if I told you we ran a train on yo sister, and now she down with us?

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

Everyone stops, cheering the fight on.

CHRIS

(Angry)

You slob bitch! If you even think about putting a finger on my sister, I'll fucking kill you! You understand me?!

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

Just as Chris gets ready to swing, TEACHER FOUR, (38) African-American, muscular, comes over grabbing his arm.

(CONTINUED)

TEACHER FOUR

What the hell is going on?!

He continues holding Chris by the arm.

He grabs Crab Killer arm, escorting them down to the principal office.

Everyone goes about their business.

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

The three walk into the room.

The PRINCIPAL, (43) African-American on the chubby side, comes out with a stunned look.

PRINCIPAL

What's the problem here?

TEACHER FOUR

I caught these two fighting outside my class.

PRINCIPAL

(To Crab killer)

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

CRAB KILLER

Just give me my slip, so I can get the fuck on.

PRINCIPAL

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

CHRIS

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

PRINCIPAL

(Shocked)

What did you say?

CHRIS

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

(CONTINUED)

CRAB KILLER
(Looks at Chris laughing)
Looks like schoolboy got some
heart.

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

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

Security comes in, grabbing Crab Killer.

CRAB KILLER
Crab ass nigga!

CHRIS
(Laughs)
Slobs keep on slipping, cuz.

Security drags Crab Killer out.

Chris continues laughing.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Chris walks in the house, and there stands his mother with her arms folded across her chest.

CHRIS MOTHER
Do you care to explain?

CHRIS
This ain't the time, ma.

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

CHRIS
The dude said he had sex with your
daughter.

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

CHRIS MOTHER
(Angry)
You fighting over a fucking rumor?!
Are you stupid or what?!

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

The dude that said it is in a gang.

CHRIS MOTHER

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

CHRIS

(Angry)

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

CHRIS MOTHER

(Angry)

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

CHRIS

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

He makes his way to Tasha's door opening it looking
confused, because she's not there.

He comes back into the living room, looking at his mother
confused.

CHRIS

Where is Tasha?

CHRIS MOTHER

She had to go to school for a
project she's involved in.

CHRIS

Goddamn it, ma!

He makes his way out the house.

INT. YASMINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Clip places Darius, (six months) down in the crib, giving
him a kiss on the forehead.

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

The living room is exquisite.

YASMINE, (33) light brown skin tone, with long hair, and the
same body type as Crystal, sits on the couch drinking some
tea.

(CONTINUED)

Clip walks over to the couch taking a seat.

YASMINE
Have you decided?

CLIP
What are you talking about?

YASMINE
This "so-called" gang bullshit.

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

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

CLIP
Baby, you don't---

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

CLIP
Baby---

YASMINE
Don't give me that baby shit
either, because it's getting old.
You have a beautiful son, and a
woman who'll be there and do
anything for you. But, you wanna be
on bullshit.

CLIP
What are you saying?

YASMINE
You need to make some serious
changes with your life, and fast.

(CONTINUED)

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

CLIP

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

YASMINE

(Doubtful)

Will you be alive to come back tomorrow?

CLIP

Don't I always come back when I say I will?

He walks out.

She sits drinking her tea, wiping a tear falling from her eye.

INT. THE TRAP HOUSE - NIGHT

Tony and Tasha are sitting on the couch drinking and smoking.

Crab Killer and a few more bloods are standing around talking, stacking out gang signs, drinking and smoking as some music plays.

TONY

You know yo brother a crab?

TASHA

You don't have to worry about him.

TONY

I'm not. You still wanna be down?

She takes a sip from her cup, standing up.

TASHA

(Offended)

Hold up! Y'all ain't about to run no busto's on me!

TONY

(Laughs)

Hell no. You wanna be down or what?

She looks at him leery, before taking a seat, taking another sip from her cup.

(CONTINUED)

TASHA

Well, yeah.

TONY

Bool. Crab Killer, holla at me real quick.

The two walk off.

CRAB KILLER

Nigga is you Brazy? We need to run her ass.

TONY

That would be Bool and all, but I'm on some other shit.

CRAB KILLER

What?

TONY

Gather up all the heat we got. We crab hunting tonight.

CRAB KILLER

(Smiles)

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

EXT. CLIP'S MOTHER'S HOUSE -NIGHT

Chris is sitting on the porch smoking a cigarette.

Clip walks up on the porch taking a seat next to him.

CHRIS

What up nigga? Where you been?

CLIP

(sighs)

Coming from over Yasmine house, hearing her bitch.

CHRIS

The script never changes with her, huh?

CLIP

Hell no. What's up?

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS
(Flicks his cigarette)
I need to kill ya boy.

CLIP
What's up? What happened?

CHRIS
Nothing happened. I'm tired of her hanging around him, and the only way to solve the problem, is for me to kill him.

CLIP
(Sighs)
I was just arguing with her ass about this same shit.

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

CLIP
Hold tight.

Clip gets up going in the house.

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

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

CLIP
Let's roll.

CHRIS
What about you? Where yo heat at?

Clip lifts his shirt, revealing two Glock forties.

CLIP
I'm always strapped, cuz.

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

EXT. THE EAST SIDE - NIGHT

The bright red Honda is slowly driving down the dark streets of the East side.

Random gunfire can be heard.

The car is smoked out.

Crab Killer sits in the passenger seat with a blunt hanging from his mouth, loading a Mack Ten.

Tony and Tasha are sitting in the back.

Tony has a blunt hanging from his mouth, loading a Tech Nine.

Tasha is barely woke, holding two Nine Millimeters.

TONY

(Exhales)

We blasting every crab we see,
blood.

CRAB KILLER

(Takes a pull)

That's what the fuck I'm talking
bout, blood. Fuck these flu ass
niggas.

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

The neighborhood is fairly decent, but there's majority abandon houses.

CHRIS

Where we going?

CLIP

Over my cuz house.

CHRIS

Okay. What was the convo with the
baby mama about?

CLIP

She want me to drop my flag.

CHRIS

I'll be amazed if you do.

(CONTINUED)

CLIP

(Sighs)

I don't know, cuz. I love the set to the fullest. And I have a little man who means the world to me.

CHRIS

Well?

CLIP

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

They cross the street.

CHRIS

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

CLIP

(Laughs)

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

CHRIS

(Laughs)

You could've said no, nigga.

CLIP

I would Ce fake as hell if I did. You'd probably already Ce dead now.

CHRIS

(Laughs)

Fuck you.

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

CLIP

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

CHRIS

I thought Crips don't die, they multiply?

CLIP

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

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS
If that's how you feel. I can
respect that.

They continue walking.

Down the street, the lights from the Honda can be seen
coming slowly down the street.

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

CRAB KILLER
(Points at them)
Look at them crabs Blipping right
there, blood.

TONY
Turn the lights off, and speed
pass.

They all cock the hammers back on their guns.

Chris looks at the car speeding, confused.

They stop walking when they hear the squealing of the tires.

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

CHRIS
(Confused)
Is that what niggas do around here?

CLIP
Hell no. Unless---

CRAB KILLER
Crab bitches!

CLIP
Ce out, nigga! Ce out!

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

The car takes off, and Crab Killer starts letting off shots.

The car pulls up in front of the house.

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

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

(CONTINUED)

You can see the bullets hitting the car.

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

Clip is still in the door shooting, as his body starts getting filled with holes.

He keeps firing, until he catches one in the head, falling back on the floor dead.

The car takes off down the street.

Chris fans the dust away with blurred vision from the blood leaking into his eye, from the cut above his eye.

CHRIS
(Worried)
Clip?! Clip, where you at nigga?!

He moves across the floor.

His vision clears up, getting closer to Clip's dead body.

His face drops, looking at Clip lying in blood, with his brains leaking out.

He picks him up, rocking back and forth.

CHRIS CONT'D
(Sobbing)
Not my nigga. Not like this.

Police sirens can be heard wailing in the distance.

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

He walks back over to Clip, with tears pouring down his face.

The police cars come up to a stop.

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

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

POLICE OFFICERS
Freeze!

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

INT. THE INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Chris sits twiddling his thumbs, looking at the different gang graffiti on the walls. The OFFICER, (44) African-American stands to the side, smoking a cigarette.

OFFICER
(Exhales)
How are you, son?

CHRIS
(Annoyed)
I'm not your fucking son.

OFFICER
(Laughs)
What was that?

CHRIS
I said, I'm not your fucking son.
Can you hear?

OFFICER
(Laughs)
You know what? I'm not about to
stoop to your level.

CHRIS
You couldn't understand my level.

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

OFFICER
That's why all I want is answers.

CHRIS
Let's get it over with.

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

CHRIS
I could've told you that.

OFFICER
What were you doing out with a gang
member?

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

What?

OFFICER

(Upset)

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

CHRIS

I don't know about that gang shit.
All I know, is my fucking best
friend is dead.

OFFICER

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

Chris stands up in rage with his fist balled.

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

OFFICER

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

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

EXT. CHRIS MOTHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

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

CHRIS MOTHER

(Worried)

Chris baby, what happened?

She pulls him in, giving him a hug.

OFFICER

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

CHRIS MOTHER

(Worried)

What murder?

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER

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

CHRIS MOTHER

Chris, are you okay?

CHRIS

I'm going to my room.

He walks off.

OFFICER

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

CHRIS MOTHER

Yes. Thank you, sir.

Chris walks in Tasha's room.

She sits up looking at him stunned.

TASHA

What happened to you?

CHRIS

(Displays the blood on his clothes)

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

TASHA

Who died?

CHRIS

Some slobs did a drive by on me and Clip.

TASHA

(Offended)

Hold up. Don't go---

CHRIS

(Angry)

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

(CONTINUED)

TASHA
You know what?

She gets out the bed walking over to him.

CHRIS MOTHER (O.S.)
Chris, can you come here?

CHRIS
Despite we're enemies. I'm still
protecting you.

TASHA
Don't do it. Because if you trip on
me and my homies, I'll kill you.

CHRIS
Good. Then maybe we both can get
some goddamn rest.

He walks out the room making his way to the kitchen, where
his mother sits smoking a cigarette.

CHRIS MOTHER
Are you okay?

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

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

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

CHRIS MOTHER
Chris, I don't know what to tell
you. Why would someone wanna kill
you or your friend?

CHRIS
I don't wanna talk about it.

CHRIS MOTHER
Chris---

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

He walks off.

(CONTINUED)

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

EXT. CLIP'S MOTHER'S HOUSE -MORNING

Chris and his mother walk up to the porch, where CLIP'S MOTHER, (38) sits wiping tears from her eyes.

CHRIS
I'm sorry, Ms. Williams.

CLIP'S MOTHER
(Sobbing)
My baby is in the hands of the Lord. I know he's in a better place.

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

CLIP'S MOTHER
Go right ahead.

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

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

CHRIS
I'll be sure to be there.
(To his mother)
Ma, can you talk with her for a minute, while I get the stuff?

CHRIS MOTHER
Not a problem.

Chris walks up the stairs, making his way into the house.

The room still looks a mess from when the party was going on.

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

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

(CONTINUED)

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

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

He lifts the mattress, and there's bricks of marijuana.

Sacks of crack rocks.

Two blue platted Nine Millimeters, and a sawed off shotgun, with dried caked up blood around the barrel.

He places the drugs and guns in a separate box, before walking over to the closet, opening it.

Hanging on the door is a royal blue hood with the words in calligraphy letters "EaCt Cide" on the front, and on the back it says "Rip Rida". Chris folds the hood placing it on top of the guns and drugs, before placing some more items inside, closing it.

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

His mother and Clip's mother continue talking.

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

CLIP'S MOTHER

(To Chris)

I'll see you Sunday.

CHRIS

Yes, ma'am.

CHRIS MOTHER

Once again. My heart goes out to you.

CLIP'S MOTHER

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

Chris and his mother walk to the van getting in.

She starts the van, turning to look at him.

CHRIS MOTHER

What did he leave you?

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Some clothes, CD's. The usual.

CHRIS MOTHER

Chris, you're my only son. Don't do no dumb shit.

CHRIS

Ma, I'm not doing anything.

She pulls off.

INT. CHRIS ROOM - NIGHT

There's music playing, as Chris poses in the mirror with the two Nine Millimeters, dressed in his boxers, with a blue bandanna wrapped around his face.

CHRIS

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

He walks over to the bed taking a seat placing the guns down, picking up the shotgun.

He opens it, taking the blue shell cases out.

He wipes them off, placing them back in.

Grabbing the blunt and lighter off the bed, he walks over to the window taking a seat.

He opens the window before lighting it, taking a hard pull, exhaling a thick cloud, sucking it back in.

CHRIS CONT'D

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

EXT. THE RIVER WALK - NIGHT

The River walk is partially crowded.

Couples are either standing by the rail looking at the water, or holding hands walking.

Chris and Crystal are walking holding hands.

Chris is dressed in all-blue with the hat to match.

Crystal is dressed in a fitted black shirt and jeans.

(CONTINUED)

CRYSTAL
They still got the best nachos in
the "D".

CHRIS
(Dry)
Yeah.

CRYSTAL
(Concerned)
What's up?

CHRIS
It doesn't matter.

CRYSTAL
It does matter. You think I love
you for no reason?

CHRIS
I know you love me for a reason.

CRYSTAL
Okay then. If you know I love you
for a reason. You should know you
can talk to me about anything. It's
about Terrance?

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

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

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

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

Chris turns around upset.

CHRIS
(Angry)
All of this shit is happening
because of me! How would you feel
if you saw your sister out with a
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS (cont'd)
 bunch of niggas, and when you try
 to take her home, your friend ends
 up paralyzed?! How would you feel
 if you wanted to kill the nigga ya
 sister keeps fucking with, and in
 the end, you get your best friend
 killed?! You're telling me to stop
 beating myself up?! You don't know
 shit about beating yourself up,
 until you feel what I feel!

The people look at them shaking their heads, walking by.

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

CALVIN (O.S.)
 Crystal?

She turns around to see Calvin, (17) dark brown skin tone,
 smiling at her dressed in all-red with the hat to match.

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

CRYSTAL
 Calvin? What are you doing down
 here?

CALVIN
 I was down here chilling, and I saw
 you over here.

CRYSTAL
 You think after all these years,
 and what you did to me. You---

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

CRYSTAL
 I know we---

CALVIN
 (Laughs)
 Why you still dealing with this
 soft ass nigga?

(CONTINUED)

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

CRYSTAL
You need to respect my man.
(To Chris)
You keep your cool.

CALVIN
(Points at Chris)
Respect the nigga for what? He's
still the bitch he was back then.

Chris tries swinging around Crystal.

CHRIS
What's up, cuz?

CRYSTAL
(To Chris)
Calm down!
(To Calvin)
I need you to leave, Calvin.

CALVIN
(Scoffs)
You dumb bitch. That's why---

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

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

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

Chris continues pistol-whipping him.

CHRIS
This is what I should've done to yo
bitch ass! You fucked her friend,
then tried to fuck her, and now,
she's a dumb bitch?!

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

Crystal grabs his arm, just as he squeezes the trigger.

Chris gets up shoving Crystal, with a look of rage in his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS CONT'D

(In rage)

What the fuck is wrong with you?!
Why are you saving the life of the
motherfucker who fucked your best
friend, while he was with you?! The
nigga just called you a dumb bitch,
and you still wanna save his
worthless ass?!

He kicks Calvin across the face.

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

CRYSTAL

(Shocked)

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

CHRIS

(In rage)

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

CRYSTAL

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

CHRIS

(In rage)

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

Chris starts to walk off.

CRYSTAL

Chris, it ain't like that!

CHRIS

Fuck you!

CRYSTAL

Fuck yo baby I'm carrying, too?!

CHRIS

If it's really mine! It might Ce
that bitch ass nigga Cack there!
Have a nice fucking life!

(CONTINUED)

Chris continues walking off.

Crystal stands crying.

INT. THE ABANDON HOUSE - NIGHT - SAME NIGHT

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

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

CHRIS

There you go my nigga. Nice and cold, just the way you like em.

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

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

CHRIS CONT'D

Damn man. Shit don't feel right without you here.

(Takes a pull)

It's cool doe. I'm getting them niggas for you.

He puts the blunt out, placing it back in his pocket.

He picks the beer up guzzling some more.

CHRIS CONT'D

I gotta go. Just know you're always here with me, and them niggas good as dead. I'll holla Cack my nigga.

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

INT. MIKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

The room is fairly clean. A program plays on the television on mute. Some rap music is faintly heard.

Mike is in a wheelchair, sitting at the table.

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

Chris passes the blunt.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

That's fucked up what happened to Clip.

MIKE

(Takes a pull)

I know, cuz. I can't believe the shit myself. One minute we were drinking and smoking. ...Now the nigga gone.

CHRIS

(Sighs)

I know man. ...It's my fucking fault.

MIKE

(Takes a pull)

Why you say that?

CHRIS

If I didn't wanna go kill that slob. He would still be alive.

MIKE

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

CHRIS

(Takes a sip)

Fuck that. It should've been me.

MIKE

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

CHRIS

Check this out.

He stands up pulling the two Nine Millimeters from under his shirt, placing them on the table.

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

MIKE

Why do you have his shit?

CHRIS

He left me all his shit.

MIKE

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

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

I might as well Ce one. Somebody gotta get them niggas, for this weak ass shit they pulled.

MIKE

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

CHRIS

(Angry)

Fuck that! Retaliation is a must, cuz!

MIKE

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

CHRIS

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

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

CHRIS CONT'D

You'll Ce at the funeral, right?

MIKE

Yeah, I'll Ce there. Do you know what you're getting yourself into?

CHRIS

I told you what's up. I'm out Cuddin. I'll holla at you Sunday.

Chris walks out the room.

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

EXT. EAST 7 MILE - NIGHT

The area is lit up by the lights from the gas station, stores and restaurants.

The bus is pulling off.

Chris stands waiting to cross the street.

As he gets closer to his street, he slows his pace.

(CONTINUED)

He sees YOUNG BLOOD THREE AND YOUNG BLOOD FOUR, ages sixteen, in all-red, with red bandannas around their heads standing by the closed tire shop, drinking, smoking and talking loud.

Young Blood three notices Chris, and taps Young Blood four on the shoulder.

Young Blood four turns looking at him.

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

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

Young Blood three throws the beer, and it lands shattering at Chris feet.

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

YOUNG BLOOD THREE
Fuck you, crab ass nigga!

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

They pause, turning around running the other way, and Chris opens fire. Young Blood four catches a couple in the back, making him fall face first to the ground dead.

Young Blood three catches two in the back, and one in the leg, making him fall to the ground.

Young Blood three is trying to crawl away.

Chris runs over to him flipping him over, aiming the guns at him.

YOUNG BLOOD THREE
(Begging)
Come on dog! Don't do this shit!

CHRIS
(Angry)
Bitch ass nigga! Talk shit, now!

YOUNG BLOOD THREE
(Begging)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG BLOOD THREE (cont'd)
Dog, please! I ain't even a real
Blood! I was out here with my
nigga!

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

CHRIS
(In rage)
Fuck that! Y'all ain't show mercy
on me and my nigga!

YOUNG BLOOD THREE
Man---

Chris shoots him four times in the face.

Some lights start coming on in houses.

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

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

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

He puts the wood back on top, and then he walks to the switch turning the lights off, making his way out the garage closing it.

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

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

The basement is furnished like a living room.

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

Some R & B music plays fairly loud.

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS
What the fuck?!

They both look up stunned.

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

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

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

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

CHRIS
You nasty bitch!

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

Tasha grabs one of the trophies with a marble base hitting Chris over the head, making him fall over unconscious.

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

Tasha stands holding the trophy with a lost expression.

TONY
(Gives her a kiss)
Thanks baby.
(Kicks Chris)
Bitch ass nigga.

CHRIS MOTHER (O.S.)
What the fuck is going on down there?!

TASHA
Oh shit. Baby, you gotta go.

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

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

CHRIS MOTHER
What the hell is---

She covers her mouth looking at Chris on the floor.

(CONTINUED)

TASHA

Ma, I---

CHRIS MOTHER

(slaps her across the face)
What the fuck happened down here?!
You know what? You better get the
fuck outta my face, and go call an
ambulance! Go, now!

Tasha takes off running.

His mother gets down on her knees holding him.

INT. THE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Chris is lying on the bed with his head bandaged.

Tasha is sitting by his bedside.

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

CHRIS

What are you doing here?

TASHA

I can't check on my brother?

CHRIS

Since when am I yo brother?

TASHA

On real shit, Chris. I've been
looking at all the shit that went
down. All the people who died, or
got fucked up through this. I
realize, this shit has to stop.

CHRIS

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

TASHA

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

CHRIS

Are you serious?

She leans over giving him a kiss on the forehead, and then
lays her head on his chest, wrapping her arms around him.

(CONTINUED)

TASHA

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

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

CHRIS

I love you, too.

INT. CHRIS ROOM - MORNING

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

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

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

CHRIS (V.O.)

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

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

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

He walks over to Crystal's black Taurus getting in.

Crystal is dressed in something casual.

CRYSTAL

How are you?

CHRIS

I'm okay.

CRYSTAL

About last time.

CHRIS

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

She sighs, pulling out the driveway.

(CONTINUED)

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

EXT. THE CHURCH PARKING LOT - MORNING

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

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

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

The choir is singing, while the music plays.

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

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

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

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

Yasmine is sitting in the back holding Darius.

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

CHRIS

How are you?

YASMINE

(Sobbing)

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

CHRIS

(Sad)

Yeah.

YASMINE

What can you do? Thanks for coming to talk to me, Chris. I needed that.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

No problem.

He gets up making his way to the casket.

Inside the casket, Clip is dressed in a black suit with blue pinstripes, with a blue bandanna wrapped around his head.

There's a ton of other bandannas laid on his body. He has a peaceful look.

Chris stands there for a few minutes, before walking over to Mike taking a seat, placing the coat down gently on the pew.

CHRIS

What up, cuz? I see you made it.

MIKE

(Sobbing)

I made it, cuz. I can't believe that's my nigga up there.

CHRIS

I got something to give you when we leave.

MIKE

What's that?

CHRIS

I'll show you when we leave.

The choir and music come to a stop, as the PREACHER, (39) comes to the pulpit.

PREACHER

Good morning ladies and gentlemen. We're here today in mourning, because these cruel streets said this young man had to die. Why are you young people killing each other over things that mean nothing in the Lord's eyes? Why does a parent have to mourn, because their child couldn't dress in what made them feel comfortable? Young people, we need to put an end to this foolishness! The Lord protects fools and babies! And as I look through the room, I see a bunch of both, because you're killing each other over colors! You're all the same in the Lord's eyes! The only

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PREACHER (cont'd)
difference is appearance, and that
holds no value! Because in the end,
the Lord doesn't look at your
appearance! He looks at your inner
soul young people!

THE ROOM
Amen!

The choir hits a quick note.

PREACHER CONT'D
You young people out here think
because you got a gun in your hand,
you can't be touched! That gun is
nothing more than an extension of
how much of a coward you really
are! You wanna prove to somebody
you're big and bad?! Pick up a book
and learn something, so you can be
somebody in life! Or pick up a
bible and learn something about
your maker before it's too late,
and you have to face him, not
knowing what's going on! That's
what makes you big and bad! When
you can say I have the Lord on my
side, and he's watching over me
with his strong arm of protection!

The doors come open, and everyone turns seeing Tony tossing
a blue bandanna on fire into the aisle.

TONY
Fuck that crab, and every other
crab in here!

He runs out, and half the church gets up chasing after him.

Chris grabs his coat, making his way outside.

The church is in shambles.

It's a carnage bowl of madness, similar to the fight on
Belle Isle, but worse.

Tony is hiding behind one of the cars, pulling out a Nine
Millimeter.

Chris comes out and sees him.

He takes the sawed off from his sleeve, making his way over
to him.

(CONTINUED)

Just as Tony gets ready to stand up, Chris puts the barrel of the gun to the back of his head.

CHRIS
(In rage)
What's up, cuz?!

Tony turns around looking into the barrel of the gun, which is the last thing he sees before the gun goes off, blowing his head off, splattering blood, brains and skull fragments everywhere.

More gunshots start going off, and people are catching bullets falling to the ground.

Police sirens are heard drawing near.

Chris runs jumping into one of the Crips cars getting ready to pull off.

He looks back one last time, and he sees Tasha standing over Tony's dead body, staring dead at him.

The car takes off, and gunshots are still heard, as police cars pull up.

INT. THE CRIPS BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

Chris is standing looking in the mirror, dressed in a royal blue wife beater and jeans.

Some music can be heard playing in the background.

CRIP (O.S.)
Come on outta there, cuz, and get
fucked up!

CHRIS
Here I come!

He smiles nodding his head yes, before walking out the bathroom.

INT. CHRIS ROOM - NIGHT

Tasha is sitting on the bed holding the same bear Chris was holding, when she came home drunk.

Chris comes into the room carrying a garbage bag with his clothes in it.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

What do you want?

TASHA

I guess it's finally over.

CHRIS

I guess so. What do you want me to do about it?

TASHA

I'm actually glad you did what you did.

CHRIS

You are? What's the catch?

She places the bear down, walking over to him.

TASHA

No catch. I fully see you care for my safety.

CHRIS

I'm amazed to hear you say that.

TASHA

Well, people change, and I'm glad you did it.

He places the bag down, and they give each other a hug.

She gives him a kiss on the cheek.

TASHA CONT'D

Good night. I love you, and I'll talk to you tomorrow.

She walks out the room.

Chris walks over to the bed, taking a seat smiling.

CHRIS

...It all worked out in the end.

He lies down on the bed closing his eyes for sleep.

INT. CHRIS MOTHER'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

Chris is standing over his mother dressed in the hood he took from Clip's house.

He gives her a kiss on the forehead, before walking out the room, making his way to the side door walking out.

He walks to the garage opening it, walking over to the wood pile getting the guns.

He slides the old clips out, placing new ones in.

He puts the old clips under the wood, and then places the guns under his hood, making his way out the garage.

INT. THE HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Chris comes in through the back door, just as the bell rings.

The hallway fills with loud students.

He makes his way through the crowd, heading towards the library.

There's a bunch of students in line to see if they're graduating.

Some walk away excited, while others walk away in shame.

He gets to the paper smiling, seeing he's graduating with flying colors and honors.

Walking out the library, he bumps into Tasha, dressed in a red wife beater and a red bandanna skirt.

He gives her a tight hug and kiss on the cheek, before letting her go.

CHRIS
I graduated baby!

TASHA
That's nice.

CHRIS
Hell yeah! I'm finally done!

TASHA
You're done with that. You got one more thing to settle.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

What are you talking about, now?

TASHA

I'm talking about, when I was representing.

CHRIS

(Sighs)

Tasha, I swore we said that shit was said and done?

TASHA

It's done. I just wanted to tell you how I got in.

CHRIS

How?

TASHA

The night your friend was killed?

CHRIS

...Yeah.

TASHA

I was one of the people blasting at you crab ass niggas!

CHRIS

(Stun)

What?!

TASHA

That's right! And yo bitch ass next, blood!

She spits on him, and then takes off running.

He stands confused for a split second, before pulling the guns from under his hood.

Students drop to the floor screaming, as he chases after her.

He runs pass Crystal, and she looks at him confused, before chasing after him.

The school yard is filled with students.

Throughout all of them, there's four guys dressed in all-black with red bandannas around their faces, and hands under their shirts.

(CONTINUED)

Tasha comes running out the school, and Chris is not far behind, taking aim.

The four guys pull various guns from under their shirts.

Students drop to the ground screaming.

CHRIS
You slob bitch!

Chris opens fire, and the four guys open fire.

Students are getting hit, as the screams and bullets ring out in the air.

FADE OUT:

EXT. THE SCHOOL YARD - AFTERNOON

Tasha is lying face down in blood, along with one of the guys shooting, and a couple of students.

Chris is lying on his back guns still in hand, with bullet holes in his stomach and chest, spitting up blood.

His vision is blurry, staring at the students surrounding him.

CHRIS (V.O.)
Funny how we said this gang shit was over, and the outcome was this. Mama is gonna be pissed. Her little girl is dead, and it was her own son who killed her. Why is everybody looking sad? I'm not leaving. I have to make it to graduation, because I know that bitch will be off the hook. Bloods, Crips. I wonder will there ever be peace between the two?

His vision slowly fades to black.

CHRIS CONT'D (V.O.)
It's fucked up, because throughout all this, all I wanted to do was keep my little sister safe. I guess I did in a way, but I didn't. Close my eyes. ...It's time for me to say goodbye.

FADE OUT:

(CONTINUED)

What you need to know about gangs

"Gangs are more than what society makes them out to be. Although, there are gangs proving society right. The colors worn show the family they represent. In the same breath, you have people wearing colors trying to strike fear into people. The sad part about gangs you can say is true. Let's say you dropped your flag, but you killed someone from the opposite set, or you were around when a murder went down. If the other set catches you slipping, they shooting at you on sight. When you really look at it. Anything with more than two to four people in it is a gang. And if they're doing some good, rest assure there's some bad hidden behind it, because nothing on this earth is perfect. Gangs can be the most powerful force on the planet. But as long as they see each other as just a color, there will never be peace. If you plan on picking up a flag to represent something. You better be prepared to live by the set, and die by the set. Think about it. You never know when you might have to kill or get killed by someone that's actually family outside the set."

Bernard Mersier

This is dedicated to every set. Is it going to be war or peace?