

Welcome to The Movement
Episode One
"If Six Was Nine"

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1 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

In the empty lot sits one lone SUV.

A CIGARETTE is thumped out of the passenger side window as TWO MEN become visible.

MAN #1 (O.S)
We've been watching them for almost
a year and feel now is the time to
neutralize them.

TITLE: JUNE 13, 2008...

CUT TO:

2 INT. SUV - NIGHT

The CLOCK on the DASHBOARD reads: 4:29 AM.

Man #1 passes a FOLDER to Man #2.

MAN #2
These assholes? Seriously?

MAN #1
Don't let what you have seen in the
media fool you. They are not what
they appear to be.

He opens the folder which displays several PHOTOGRAPHS of
twenty-something men and women.

The first picture is that of a heavy-set young man (white)
wearing SHADES and a SKULL CAP: GANGSTER CHRIS.

FADE TO:

3 INT. HOTEL HALLWAY/HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Gangster Chris meticulously creeps down the hallway en route
to the last room on the floor. Both of his hands are filled,
one with his CELL PHONE, the other with his HANDGUN.

GANGSTER CHRIS
(re: phone)
I'm here. I'm bout to surprise this
bitch ass nigga and take care of
this. Shouldn't take long. I'll be
done before the blunt's out.

Gangster Chris approaches room 233 and KNOCKS on the door.

(CONTINUED)

MAN #2 (V.O)

I can't believe you have wasted
twelve months on these losers.
Aren't they entertainers or some
shit?

The door opens slightly with the CHAIN LOCK still secured.

BITCH ASS NIGGA

Who the hell are you and what do
you want?

GANGSTER CHRIS

Housekeeping, motherfucker!

Gangster Chris forcefully KICKS the door open.

MAN #1 (V.O)

They are much more than that I
assure you.

The bitch ass nigga attempts to run for a PISTOL that is on
his bed, but Gangster Chris SHOOTS him in the leg.

BITCH ASS NIGGA

Fuck! You're crazy, man!

GANGSTER CHRIS

I've been called worse. Where is my
goddamn money?

BITCH ASS NIGGA

I don't know what you're talking
about. What money?

GANGSTER CHRIS

Wrong answer.

Gangster Chris SHOOTS him in the other leg.

BITCH ASS NIGGA

HELP! HELP!

GANGSTER CHRIS

Shut up, you little pussy. Just
flesh wounds. I'm gonna give you
one last chance to fess up or the
next bullet is going right between
your nuts.

BITCH ASS NIGGA

Okay, okay. There's a briefcase
under the bed with ten grand in it.
Take it.

GANGSTER CHRIS

Now, did you really need to
sacrifice your mobility for that?
This could have gone a lot
smoother.

Gangster Chris reaches under the bed and retrieves the
briefcase.

BITCH ASS NIGGA

You don't know who you're fucking
with, man. You're going to regret
this.

GANGSTER CHRIS

I doubt it. Besides, who the fuck
are you going to tell?

BITCH ASS NIGGA

Oh, when word gets back to---

GANGSTER CHRIS

Wrong answer.

Gangster Chris SHOTS him in the face.

FADE TO:

4 INT. SUV - NIGHT

Man #2 flips to the next page. It is a photo of a couple. A
muscular young man (black) and an attractive, brunette woman
(white). ANTHONY CRIME and L.C.

MAN #2

Oh yeah, I recognize them. Love
birds, right?

MAN #1

I'm not exactly sure, but they
played a couple on one of their
little TV shows or skits or
whatever the fuck.

CUT TO:

5 INT. L.C'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Anthony and L.C. are in the middle of a heated exchange.

L.C

What do you mean? Oh course I care.
I always have.

ANTHONY

Well, it's hard to tell sometimes.
It doesn't matter, anyway.

L.C

Yes it does matter, Crim! This is
crazy. You are going to get
yourself killed.

ANTHONY

There is no turning back now. I
gotta do what I gotta do.

L.C

Save that macho bullshit for Jay or
one of the guys. I know you are
scared.

ANTHONY

So what? We all have to answer for
what has happened. Even me. I can't
allow whatever it is we have to get
in the way of what's important.

L.C

Oh, is that so? I guess "whatever"
we have isn't important. That's
great.

ANTHONY

Don't pull this shit. We've been
going back and forth with this
dysfunctional relationship for
years now and nothing positive has
come from it. Now is not the time.

L.C

I saw something positive but okay.
Do what you want.

Anthony loads a CLIP into his GUN and walks towards the
door.

(CONTINUED)

ANTHONY

I wish things would have turned out differently.

L.C

They still can. I know things have been complicated to say the least but I don't want to lose you. Not like this.

ANTHONY

Everything will be fine, toots.

Anthony walks up to L.C and hugs her passionately.

L.C

(sobbing)

No they wont.

CUT TO:

6 INT. SUV - NIGHT

Next photo. Two BROTHERS (white). One dressed very preppy; JASON RICH. The other dressed more thuggish; JAY PIMP. They are accompanied by a grungy-looking medium sized young man (black): MARCUS O'NEIL.

MAN #1

You may also be familiar with these three.

MAN #2

Of course. "As Seen on TV". My kids love their show. They do all the pranks and Jackass stuff. This shit just keeps getting crazier.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Jay Pimp and Marcus stand outside the store waiting for Jason. Jay has just finished up a phone call.

MARCUS

Who was that?

JAY PIMP

Gangster.

(CONTINUED)

MARCUS
What's that fat fuck talking about?

JAY PIMP
He got the money.

MARCUS
He kill anybody?

JAY PIMP
Now, nigga, what kind of goddamn question is that? Of course he did. I don't give a shit how he got the duckets, as long as he got them. We're running out of time.

MARCUS
That's true. Speaking of. What the fuck is taking your loser ass brother so long?

Jason exits the store with a look of concern on his face.

JASON
Hey, bitches, we gotta go! Like right fucking now!

JAY PIMP
What's up?

JASON
I'll explain later. We need to move.

MARCUS
Where's my forty, nigga?

The trio begin to head to their vehicle but are cut off when a windowless VAN screeches to a halt in front of them. The guys seemed to know what this is about.

JAY PIMP
Oh, shit! Fuck, fuck, fuck!

They turn around and begin to flee in the opposite direction.

ASSAULT RIFLES and HANDGUNS peek out from the van and begin to let off ROUNDS at the three.

SCREAMS can be heard as SHELL CASINGS smack against the concrete.

FADE TO:

8

EXT.FIELD PARTY-NIGHT

TITLE: One Year Earlier...

There is a sea of PEOPLE surrounding a BONFIRE. As the shot travels about the scene, a SIGN at the entrance of the field is rested upon.

MAN #1 (V.O)

We haven't tracked them all down,
but trust me, we will. We have put
a lot of work into crumbling their
little underground organization.

It reads: "Welcome 2 The Movement".

LOUD MUSIC ECHOES through the field as PICK UP TRUCKS and
FOUR-WHEELERS TEAR through the dirt to park near the fire.

INTERCUT:

A PICK UP TRUCK drives by hauling FOUR BEER KEGS.

A GROUP of friends lean against a classic Oldsmobile
SMOKING and DRINKING BEER.

A GUY and GIRL passionately make next to the fire.

Another PICK UP arrives with two or three drunken TEENAGERS
JUMPING about the bed and SCREAMING.

Soon, a BLACK HONDA ACCORD enters the scene followed by TWO
MOTORCYCLES driven by MEN with a GIRL on the back of each
one. The vehicles come to a stop in front of the BONFIRE.

The DRIVER'S SIDE DOOR of the Honda OPENS. Out steps Jay
Pimp(arrogant; brash) He exits the car and lights a
cigarette as he waits on his passengers to follow suit.

From the PASSENGER SIDE exits a petite, young lady dressed
in a short MINI SKIRT and SLEAVELESS T-SHIRT. PEACH(white,
sassy; mysterious).

An intoxicated BOY runs up to Jay Pimp.

BOY

Jay fucking Pimp! What is up, man?

JAY PIMP

Who are you?

(CONTINUED)

BOY

Kyle. Don't tell me you don't remember me, dude. I'm Steve Pound's cousin. I smoked out with you back in eleventh grade.

JAY PIMP

No, I don't believe I know you at all, nigga. Fuck off.

Jay Pimp SHOVES the boy out of his way and continues smoking his cigarette.

The BACK PASSENGER DOORS open and from the DRIVER'S SIDE exits Anthony (serious; deliberate) who places a BLUNT to his lips and LIGHTS it.

After a heavy drag, he PASSES the blunt to Jay Pimp.

The BACK PASSENGER'S SIDE DOOR OPENS and out Jason Rich, better known as "God's Gift"(self-centered yet reserved). He twists off the cap to a fifth of WHISKEY and CHUGS it.

ANTHONY

Jay, why you clowning these fools already?

PEACH

Because he's an asshole.

JAY PIMP

That's right. And because fuck 'em.

ANTHONY

Good point.

TWO YOUNG MEN walk up holding BIKER HELMETS. The first is an Italian, GABE CAPONE (laid back ;collected). He PUFFS on the last of his cigarette before TOSSING it to the ground.

The second person, wearing very BAGGY SHORTS and a BLACK T-SHIRT with the words "ARMY of ELITE" boldly printed on it is MARCUS(energetic; noticeably drunk) He approaches Jason and SNATCHES his WHISKEY.

JASON

Hey, bitch!

MARCUS

Shut up, you wino.

Marcus takes a HUGE SWIG of the liquor and hands it back to Jason.

(CONTINUED)

ANTHONY

About time to get this shit started right, don't you say?

JAY PIMP

Yeah, bring on the drugs and bitches.

PEACH

Jay!

JAY PIMP

Whatever. You know what I mean.

JASON

(Mocking Jay)

Yeah, Jay, get in line, boy.

JAY PIMP

Eat my ass. Why don't you go out there and holler at some whores, loser?

ANTHONY

Chill out, goddamn it. We got business to handle. Where are the rolls?

GABE

On the way, I've been told.

MARCUS

You guys are junk-heads, you know that?

JAY PIMP

Man, shut up. This shit is for profit.

ANTHONY

Well, it's already eleven-thirty and there are plenty of narcotic-consuming, hormone-raging little freaks around here looking to geek out.

PEACH

I just talked to her. She should be here in a few minutes.

JAY PIMP

Bitch had better be.

(CONTINUED)

JASON

It ain't like you're going to do
shit.

JAY PIMP

More than you, boy. Now, get your
game face on because we got to
entertain the marks.

Jay Pimp and the rest of the group walk closer to the fire.

DRUNKEN GUY

The mother fucking Movement! You
guys are bad ass!

ANTHONY

We know.

JAY PIMP

This shit is so funny. These drunk
bastards treat us like we're
special. You fight a few niggas on
TV and all of a sudden you're
famous.

ANTHONY

Little do they know that we are
just as fuck up as they are. You
gotta be cool about that shit,
though.

JASON

Right here is the definition of
cool, fellows.

JAY PIMP

Doubt that. Definition of lame is
more like it.

A PHONE RINGS. Peach removes her CELL PHONE.

PEACH

Hey, it's her.

Peach ANSWERS the phone.

ANTHONY

For real?

JAY PIMP

Nigga, why you care?

ANTHONY

I don't. I'm just trying to see what the progress on the merchandise is.

MARCUS

Whatever, dude.

Marcus and Jason LAUGH to themselves.

ANTHONY

Real fucking funny. Stop believing everything you hear, bitches.

PEACH

She is pulling up now. Supposedly it is worth the wait.

ANTHONY

The only thing ever worth the wait is pussy and God.

JASON

And apparently ecstasy.

ANTHONY

Apparently.

Jay Pimp taps Anthony on the shoulder to get his attention.

JAY PIMP

Hey, fool, is that not that Paula bitch you used to talk to?

Jay Pimp POINTS to an attractive GIRL of ASIAN DECENT.

ANTHONY

Well, I'll be damned. It is.

JAY PIMP

Go see what's up with her.

MARCUS

Yeah, Anthony, aren't you supposed to be the player?

ANTHONY

I have been accused of such. That chick is fucking nuts, though.

JASON

I heard.

(CONTINUED)

JAY PIMP
Goddamn right that bitch is loony
as shit. Wouldn't stop me from
putting the old spit shine to her,
though.

Peach NUDGES Jay Pimp in the side and gives him an angry
look.

Jay Pimp LAUGHS.

ANTHONY
Hell, it didn't stop me. I just
don't know, man. She's pretty damn
fine but I think that bitch might
be psychotic, for real.

JASON
Sometimes you have to risk it,
dude. Price you pay for
satisfaction.

JAY PIMP
About time you made some sense,
drunkard.

ANTHONY
Fuck it. It's a long shot, but I
could potentially talk my way into
a dick-suck, so wish me luck.

PEACH
You guys are horrible.

GABE
You just now figuring that out?

PEACH
No.

Anthony begins to walk away but first PATS KNUCKLES with his
friends.

JAY PIMP
Best wishes, my nig.

JASON
God be with you, young Anthony.

MARCUS
You're going to get your dick
bitten off, dude.

They all LAUGH.

ANTHONY

Fuck you all very much too.

Anthony FLIPS them off.

PEACH

Aren't you going to stay and wait for the "merchandise"?

MARCUS

Aren't you going to wait for the courier, "Antonio"?

ANTHONY

Yeah, I'll only be a minute and suck my balls, Marc. That shit isn't funny.

MARCUS

Bullshit.

Anthony walks off in the direction of the aforementioned young lady. Jay Pimp approaches Marcus.

JAY PIMP

Man, why do you always fuck with him like that?

MARCUS

No reason. If there were one it would probably be the alcohol.

JAY PIMP

So, you think that shit is true?

MARCUS

Who knows?

JAY PIMP

I mean, it's possible, I guess. That nigga sure gets bothered by that shit, though.

MARCUS

Who cares?

Peach walks over to Jay Pimp and Marcus.

PEACH

She's here.

(CONTINUED)

JAY PIMP
Whopty-fucking-doo. Introduce
money before you introduce these
bitches to me.

MARCUS
Classic.

JAY PIMP
You liked that shit, didn't you?
It's all in the way you deliver the
lingo to these hoes. If I don't
teach them, who will?

Peach SLAPS Jay Pimp in the back of his head.

JAY PIMP (cont'd)
Bitch!

As Jay Pimp STANDS to confront Peach, a YOUNG LADY dressed
in tight BLUE JEANS and even tighter CUT OFF T-SHIRT walks
up.

L.C (seductive and somewhat naïve) lights a FILTERED CIGAR
as she is about to greet her friends. Before embracing
anyone, L.C removes a ZIP-LOCK BAG full of MULTI-COLORED
PILLS.

L.C
Evening, bitches.

PEACH
What's up, girl?

Peach and L.C HUG.

MARCUS
I see you still like to smoke those
Blacks.

L.C
Yeah, Black and Milds are bad ass.

MARCUS
Oh, I didn't even notice that
cigar. Never mind.

L.C
Stop drinking, Marc.

JAY PIMP
Enough of the cheap talk, whores.
How many we got?

(CONTINUED)

L.C

Who are you calling a whore,
asshole?

JAY PIMP

Which ever whore that responded.

L.C

You're a fucking loser.

JAY PIMP

Suck a dick.

L.C

Grow one.

JAY PIMP

Suck two dicks.

L.C

So, how are you doing, Jay?

JAY PIMP

I'm good. You?

L.C

I'm alright. Anyway, I got us six
hundred for tonight.

PEACH

Jesus Christ.

JAY PIMP

That's what I'm talking about.

Out of nowhere, Jason RUNS up and GRABS L.C's BREASTS. L.C
PUNCHES Jason in the shoulder.

JASON

Yeah, that'll be two dollars.

L.C

Goddamn it! I should have never
made that stupid fucking bet.

JASON

That you should not have. You are
playing with a pro, lady.

L.C LAUGHS and gives Jason a HUG then reaches into her PURSE
and gives him TWO DOLLARS. Suddenly, Anthony RUNS up to the
group but does not notice L.C.

(CONTINUED)

ANTHONY

Oh damn, man. You won't believe this shit. So, off the bat that crazy bitch is down with the chewing, right. Three minutes, tops. Four at the most it takes and I'm leaning on the tree burying the bone in this broad's throat.

Anthony ZIPS his pants.

ANTHONY

Next thing I know I'm ready to shoot the fireworks, you know and like a fucking ghost, her goddamn brand new fiancé walks up on her as she's about to take the face paint. I, being the opportunistic nigga that I am, tap her on the shoulder and point him out right as the solution is hitting the contacts. I've never seen a sadder look on a grown ass man in my life. Oh, that just made my day.

Anthony DOUBLES OVER LAUGHING until her notices L.C.

L.C

Nice story.

ANTHONY

Wow, didn't even see you there. Guess my mind was elsewhere.

L.C

I'm sure.

ANTHONY

So...how you doing?

L.C

Apparently not as good as you.

ANTHONY

Oh yeah, that was uh, something.

JAY PIMP

Bravo on that story, though, man.

JASON

The Lord giveth.

(CONTINUED)

MARCUS

This is just too funny. I'm going to go look for white girls.

Marcus walks off. Anthony GRABS L.C's BREASTS.

L.C

Shit!

ANTHONY

Pay up.

L.C HANDS Anthony TWO DOLLARS.

CUT TO:

9

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Anthony SLAMS a STACK of DOLLAR BILLS onto the table and reclines on the couch. The rest of the group is LAUGHING and conversing about the main room

JASON

We got money, bitches!

ANTHONY

That is right. Look at this shit, guys. It's going to be a beautiful summer, ladies and gents.

L.C leans over the couch and wraps her arms around Anthony's shoulders.

L.C

You can say that again.

MARCUS

Here we go...

ANTHONY

Shut the fuck up and drink, nigga.

L.C and Anthony LAUGH.

JAY PIMP

You bastards rolling balls?

JASON

What do you think? I thought you were supposed to be preparing a blunt, boy.

Jay Pimp removes a BLUNT from his ear.

(CONTINUED)

JAY PIMP
Don't question this, fool.

ANTHONY
Fire that shit up, my dude.

JAY PIMP
No problem, my Negro brethren.

Jay Pimp LIGHTS the blunt. He immediately starts COUGHING.

L.C
You okay there, Pimp?

JAY PIMP
(coughing)
Yeah, I'm straight.

ANTHONY
Hey, anybody seen Gabe?

MARCUS
I think he hooked up with some slut
at the party and you can guess the
rest.

JASON
Oh well, he can take care of
himself. Pass the herb.

Jay Pimp PASSES the blunt to Anthony.

JASON (cont'd)
What the fuck?

JAY PIMP
You know the deal. Black folk hit
the weed first then you crackers.

ANTHONY
Those are the rules.

JASON
You ain't even black.

JAY PIMP
Nigga, please.

Peach walks into the room from the bathroom.

PEACH
We smoking?

JAY PIMP

Why you got to ask stupid questions
all the time?

PEACH

Stop talking to me like I'm an
idiot. I was just wondering.

JAY PIMP

Stop acting like a fucking dumb
cunt and I won't treat you like
one.

PEACH

I hate you.

JAY PIMP

You don't hate me enough to stop
sucking this dick.

PEACH

Go to hell.

L.C

Enough of you two. How much did we
make?

Anthony THUMBS through the CASH for a minute.

ANTHONY

We are sitting on about twelve g's.

JASON

That is the business, friends.

JAY PIMP

No shit. First thing is first. We
are going to have to lay down some
ground rules pertaining to our new
money-making venture.

JASON

Who put your weak ass in charge?

JAY PIMP

I ain't in charge. I'm just the
mother fucker that's speaking on it
at this particular moment. I'm
getting about sick of your lip,
too.

(CONTINUED)

JASON

Do something about it then, bitch.

L.C

Both of you, chill out.

JAY PIMP

Whatever. Anyway, the point I was making is that we have to have some structure to this shit or else we might as well burn this money right now.

ANTHONY

Doubt that.

JAY PIMP

You know what I'm saying.

ANTHONY

I got you.

MARCUS

Fuck that. Let's blow it all on liquor and prostitutes and cocaine.

JASON

Now, that's what's up.

ANTHONY

You can do whatever you want with your cut, but me, I got plans. Big ones.

L.C

Oh really? Like what?

ANTHONY

You can wait and see just like everybody else.

JAY PIMP

Don't be asking no pimp about the affairs of his account. What the shit is it to you, anyway?

L.C

I was just making conversation, ass. Lighten up.

ANTHONY

Yeah, it's cool. As long as I'm making my cheese, I don't give a damn what you ask me.

(CONTINUED)

MARCUS

Well, since you're making money, I got something I want to ask that's been bugging me.

Marcus SNICKERS and WINKS at Jason.

ANTHONY

No.

MARCUS

What?

ANTHONY

No, nigga.

MARCUS

I haven't even ask you anything yet.

ANTHONY

I know what you are going to ask and I'm telling you "no".

MARCUS

No to the question that you supernaturally know I'm going to ask or no to the request of me asking you the question.

ANTHONY

No, you can't ask me a question. As a matter of fact, stop your little weak ass, backwards jokes, too.

MARCUS

Man, you are tripping. I don't know what you're talking about at all.

ANTHONY

Bullshit. I'm not stupid. I know what you are getting at and the shit is irrelevant.

MARCUS

What's irrelevant?

ANTHONY

Kiss my ass.

Anthony LIGHTS a cigarette and leaves the room.

(CONTINUED)

L.C

You guys are real douche bags.

MARCUS

I was just fucking with him. I was going to ask him about his big plans with his money.

L.C

Yeah right.

MARCUS

I mean, what else would I have been hinting at?

L.C

I don't know.

MARCUS

Really? You sure you don't?

L.C

Positive.

Jay Pimp takes a DRAG from the blunt and passes it to Jason.

JAY PIMP

Is this soap opera shit over with? Can we please get back to business?

L.C

What about Anthony?

JAY PIMP

Personal problems, it seems. He knows where we be.

JASON

Sounds straight to me. Now, let's get to the part where I get my money.

JAY PIMP

Be patient and enjoy those designer drugs in your system. Like I was saying, though, we have to be real careful with the way we conduct ourselves with this merchandise. This ain't no nickel bag of weed we fucking with now. This is big boy shit. We play our cards right and this time next year we are guaranteed to be sitting real fat.

(CONTINUED)

MARCUS

Or in jail.

JAY PIMP

Man, kill that nay saying. We don't need any negativity ruining this vibe. I'm rolling, high, and a little drunk. I don't need you bring me and the rest of my cohorts down at such a time.

MARCUS

You ain't no top dog around here.

JAY PIMP

Just let me wrap this up so I can go fuck, will you?

MARCUS

All right.

JAY PIMP

Look, we got about six heads moving this shit and if we stay low-key and put something to the side, we will see a damn good profit. But if we screw this up, we are definitely getting fucked in the ass. And not in the good way that our female members enjoy.

The guys LAUGH.

PEACH

Keep dreaming.

L.C

Yeah, don't even look this way with that shit.

JASON

You know you like that old backstage entry.

L.C

I've never tried it. How do you like it?

JASON

Be quiet.

(CONTINUED)

L.C

Is that the best you got?

JASON

No. Well, I can't think of anything right now, but I'll get you.

MARCUS

Lame!

JAY PIMP

Enough about this fudge packer already.

Anthony returns to the room.

PEACH

Where you been?

ANTHONY

Smoking a square.

MARCUS

Probably whacking off.

L.C

Poor thing. Are the rolls hitting too hard?

The group LAUGHS.

ANTHONY

You know what, fuck you all.

The DOOR SWINGS OPEN and in strolls Gabe.

MARCUS

About goddamn time. How was she?

GABE

Words, they are not good enough.

PEACH

Wow, must have been something special.

GABE

You could say that.

JAY PIMP

That's what I'm talking about. Take a cue from Old Gabe over here. Enough of this serious shit, let's

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JAY PIMP (cont'd)
take advantage of these narcotics
and go get laid.

PEACH
I second that.

L.C
You whore.

PEACH
Shit, I got to get mine. You better
do the same.

L.C
Wish I was as fortunate.

GABE
Well, I was just stopping by to
re-up on rubbers. Talk about a
freak. She got friends on the way,
too.

MARCUS
I'm already there, dude. Hope I'm
not stepping on toes, but I don't
give a fuck. Shotgun.

JASON
Count me in, niggas.

L.C
What? Don't you think Janet would
be a little upset?

JASON
She's not going to find out so it
doesn't matter. Unless you're going
to suck me off, mind your business.

L.C
I guess you should be going then,
huh?

Jay Pimp and Peach start to CREEP to the bedroom.

JAY PIMP
You know where I'm going. Do what
you got to do because it's
intercourse time for this pair.

(CONTINUED)

PEACH

Peace.

Jay Pimp and Peach exit into the room. Marcus, Gabe, and Jason collect their belongings and head towards the door.

ANTHONY

Hold up, bitches. How dare you exclude me.

MARCUS

Man, you look a little flushed. I think you should chill here.

ANTHONY

I'm fine. What the fuck are you talking about?

MARCUS

(whispering)

Are you stupid? Trust me, dude, you should stay here.

Anthony looks back at L.C sitting on the couch looking bored.

ANTHONY

You guys don't give up, do you?

MARCUS

Nope. Bye.

Marcus SLAMS the door after they exit and leave Anthony. Anthony slowly turns around and walks back to the couch and sits down.

L.C

So, what happened to you going to the orgy?

ANTHONY

Uh, no condoms.

L.C

Really?

ANTHONY

Well, all I have is Lifestyles and those shits always end up breaking on me. I only got them for emergencies.

(CONTINUED)

L.C
Oh, okay. That's interesting.

ANTHONY
Just you and I now it seems.

L.C
It seems.

ANTHONY
This is kind of awkward.

L.C
Why so? I feel fine.

L.C SHIFTS closer to Anthony on the couch.

ANTHONY
I was just thinking...

L.C
What? What were you thinking?

ANTHONY
Well, this specific time has been pretty much designated for people to be having sex and then everybody just split and left us. Not to mention I'm heavily influenced by this ecstasy right now.

L.C
You could have left with the rest of them. I probably would have just went home or something.

ANTHONY
Like I said---

L.C
You could've bought more condoms.

ANTHONY
Yeah, you're right.

L.C
I can always tell when you're bullshitting. Haven't you figured that out?

ANTHONY
Yeah, a long time ago.

(CONTINUED)

L.C
You want to be here with me, don't
you?

ANTHONY
What if I do?

L.C
You're so indifferent.

ANTHONY
No, I know what I want.

L.C
That makes two of us.

Anthony sits up from his reclined position and grabs his
cigarettes. He removes TWO and LIGHTS them. He hands one to
L.C.

CUT TO:

10 EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Jay Pimp and Marcus are exiting the station and walking
towards Jay Pimp's CAR. They reach the car and get in.

CUT TO:

11 INT. CAR - DAY

Jay Pimp starts the car and DRIVES OFF.

JAY PIMP
So, how were those freaks last
night?

MARCUS
I don't remember.

JAY PIMP
How can you not remember? It was
just like five hours ago.

MARCUS
I'm aware.

JAY PIMP
You drink too fucking much, dude.

(CONTINUED)

MARCUS

You smoke like all day everyday and pop pills. You got no room to talk.

JAY PIMP

Bitch, I been indulging in marijuana for fucking ages. When is the last time you heard about somebody overdosing on weed, huh? Unlike me, you are about a high ball away from alcohol poisoning at all times.

MARCUS

You can O.D from pills, dumb ass.

JAY PIMP

I am known to consume prescriptions from time to time, but I ain't no junkie. I got my shit in order.

MARCUS

As do I.

JAY PIMP

You can't even recall if you fucked whores last night. Your shit is definitely not in order.

MARCUS

I remember some of it.

JAY PIMP

Man, all I asked was if you hit. I don't need play-by-play details. Who do I look like, Oprah?

MARCUS

I know that I used up all the rubbers Gabe handed out.

JAY PIMP

That doesn't mean shit. You could have given them to some other nigga.

MARCUS

This conversation is pointless. Ask somebody else that was there.

JAY PIMP

What, you fucking in front of a crowd now?

(CONTINUED)

MARCUS
No...I don't know.

JAY PIMP
Dude, you're pitiful.

MARCUS
Fuck you.

CUT TO:

12 INT. MALL - DAY

L.C and Peach are walking amongst the moderately crowded shopping center both holding large clothing bags.

PEACH
Are you going to talk about it?

L.C
Am I going to talk about what?

PEACH
You know.

L.C
I don't know what you're talking about.

PEACH
What happened last night?

L.C
Nothing happened last night. I was high.

PEACH
Cut the shit. It's me.

L.C
I'm telling you, nothing happened.

PEACH
You're a lying slut.

L.C
After last night, I doubt I'm a bigger one than you. The walls at the house are thin, you know.

(CONTINUED)

PEACH

Yeah, and that works both ways. How could you hear anything over your own noise, anyway?

L.C

What? You're crazy.

L.C and Peach start LAUGHING.

CUT TO:

13 INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Jason and Anthony are sitting on the couch watching TELEVISION. There are blank, groggy looks on the faces of both. Anthony PICKS UP a BLUNT and LIGHTS it.

ANTHONY

How about them bitches?

JASON

Grand as always, amigo.

ANTHONY

Did you get a rusty trombone?

JASON

No, but I did get the twins suckled upon.

Anthony COUGHS then PASSES the blunt to Jason.

ANTHONY

Nice. You didn't get your ass eaten, did you?

JASON

Hell fucking no! And it's the most goddamned shit, too. Man, I had smoothly transitioned from calmly getting the blowjob into the ass-to-face position. Like, straight up stink-face, you know? But just as she's about to go to lunch, what do you fucking know? Marc comes up and starts tonguing the bitch's ass and she forgets all about me. So, I just put the old weasel back down the hole and sprayed down the wishing well.

(CONTINUED)

ANTHONY

All's well that ends well.

JASON

Touché. What about you? You bury the hatchet, dude?

ANTHONY

Close but no cigar, I'm afraid.

JASON

No titty play?

ANTHONY

A little.

JASON

You have some boob intercourse?

ANTHONY

Did you say "boob", nigga?

JASON

Sho' 'nuff.

Jason and Anthony start CHOKING from LAUGHTER.

ANTHONY

But no, I barely got off first base, sir.

JASON

Sucks for you, man.

ANTHONY

Yeah, I fucking know it.

FADE TO:

14 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

The parking lot appears to be empty except for a single red SPORTS CAR parked in the center. After a few moments, a familiar black Honda pulls up next to the sports car.

The tinted driver's side WINDOW ROLLS down to reveal Gabe sitting in the Honda. The driver's side window of the sports car ROLLS down to show a MAN wearing SUNGLASSES. In the passenger seat is an attractive YOUNG LADY.

(CONTINUED)

GABE

Hope you were satisfied with the last batch.

MAN

It wasn't bad.

Gabe smoothly HANDS the man a brown PAPER BAG in exchange for CASH

GABE

Nice doing business with you, as always.

MAN

Likewise, uh, what's your handle again?

GABE

Call me Gabe.

MAN

Gabe, you can call me Mr. Rogers and this little lady to my right is Ashlee.

GABE

Hey, how you doing, ma'am?

MR. ROGERS

(chuckling)

Ma'am? Look, she's my little sister. I'm trying to keep her out of trouble and all that shit, so she has been hanging around me.

GABE

Oh, okay. Good deal I guess. Can't be too careful, huh?

MR. ROGERS

That you can not be, my friend. Well, anyway, thanks for the shit and I'll see you around, dude.

Ashlee NUDGES Mr. Rogers.

MR. ROGERS (cont'd)

Oh, and if you want to, man, you can stop by the pad sometime and have a few beers or something.

(CONTINUED)

GABE

Sounds like a fucking plan, dude.
I'm not doing shit tonight.

MR. ROGERS

Give me a call and come on through.
I got some real potent greenery as
well.

GABE

That's what I'm talking about. I'll
see you later.

MR. ROGERS

Take care, man.

Mr. Rogers starts the engine and ROLLS the window up but not
before Ashlee is seen SMILING flirtatiously at Gabe.

CUT TO:

15 INT.APARTMENT-DAY

TITLE: June 10, 2008

Jay Pimp, Jason, Anthony and Gabe are all sitting on the
couch obviously distraught. Jay Pimp stands up and begins
PACING about the room.

Jason leans over the table in front of the couch and hangs
his head.

Gabe grabs a bottle of VODKA and POURS himself a glass. He
swallows it down in one gulp.

Anthony lights a cigarette and takes a long, deep DRAG. The
shot focuses on a TELEPHONE on the table.

The telephone RINGS. Jason answers it and switches it to
SPEAKERPHONE.

JASON

Hello?

MAN #1 (O.S)

Hello, guys. I'm sorry to bother
you yet again, but I have some news
that might be beneficial to you.

JAY PIMP

And what the fuck might that be?

(CONTINUED)

MAN #1 (O.S)

Watch your tone, son. You're already a dead man walking. I know everything. I know where you live. I know where your loved ones live. You owe me a great deal of money and if I don't get it soon, I will kill you all. Goodbye. Oh and you guys have great taste in women.

Man #1 HANGS UP.

Jay Pimp grabs a LAMP and furiously THROWS it against the wall. The lamp SHATTERS into pieces.

JAY PIMP

Goddamn it! We're fucked!

JASON

Where are we going to get that money?

JAY PIMP

If I fucking knew the answer to that everything would be just dandy, wouldn't it?

JASON

Don't get smart with me. This isn't my damn fault!

JAY PIMP

Shut the fuck up and let me think!

JASON

You should've done that before all this bullshit started.

ANTHONY

Hey, we are all in the same damn boat and pointing fingers isn't going to help this situation.

GABE

This is so messed up.

JASON

Anybody talked to the girls?

GABE

I tried to call Ashlee, but she isn't answering and neither is Peach.

(CONTINUED)

Jay Pimp PUNCHES the wall.

ANTHONY

I haven't heard from any of them.

Anthony nervously PUFFS on his cigarette.

JAY PIMP

This is bad. Real fucking bad.

ANTHONY

I know, man. We got to make it better, though.

JASON

That's going to be really hard.

ANTHONY

I know this is a very pessimistic way to look at things, but I don't think we are going to be alive tomorrow.

GABE

I don't either.

JAY PIMP

I don't think I care anymore.

Anthony pulls out a PICTURE.

ANTHONY

Me either.

Jason DIALS a number. On his phone, the DISPLAY NAME reads: JANET. There is no answer. Jason THROWS the PHONE to the floor and buries his face in his palms.

Jay Pimp sits down next to Jason and puts his arm around Jason's shoulder to comfort him.

JAY PIMP

We gotta get in contact with Chris and Bobby. It's the only way.

FADE TO:

16 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

TITLE: Ten Months Earlier...

LOAD MUSIC BLARES as the group of friends known as The Movement enjoys a jovial get-together complete with STROBE LIGHTS, a variety of LIQUORS, a BEER KEG positioned in the middle of the room, and an assortment of acquaintances and guests.

Jay Pimp steps into the main room from the kitchen, LIQUOR BOTTLES in each hand. He is wearing big 1980's SUNGLASSES, a JERI CURL WIG, a GIANT CLOCK CHAIN and a T-SHIRT that reads: "Rick James Banged My Mom".

JAY PIMP

This is a celebration, bitches;
party up, party up!

Jay Pimp POURS the liquor on PEACH and L.C.

PEACH

God, Jay!

L.C

Shit!

JAY PIMP

Stop whining and lick each other
dry.

L.C

You wish. Go to hell.

JAY PIMP

I'm trying, but I need some help.
Come and sin with me, sluts.

L.C

I'd rather not.

PEACH

Maybe later.

JAY PIMP

Maybe? What the hell you mean,
"Maybe"?

Peach SLAPS Jay Pimp with a PILLOW and playfully RUNS off into a bedroom. Jay Pimp CHASES after her.

The DOOR BURSTS OPEN and in walk Marcus and Anthony holding more BOTTLES of ALCOHOL.

(CONTINUED)

MARCUS

That's right, the Coloreds have arrived. The party can now officially begin.

ANTHONY

Yeah, show us your goddamn approval.

Anthony and Marcus make their ways into the house, greeting people as they do so.

CUT TO:

17 INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Anthony and Marcus set down the bottles on the table.

L.C walks in.

L.C

What's up, guys?

MARCUS

Oh, hey, L-Sizzle.

L.C offers Marcus a HUG but Marcus CUPS his hands in an attempt to grab L.C's breasts.

L.C SWATS Marcus' hands away and HUGS him.

MARCUS (cont'd)

Damn it, I need those two bucks.

L.C

Sorry, better luck next time.

Anthony grabs the bottles and places them in the REFRIGERATOR.

L.C (cont'd)

Hi, Anthony.

ANTHONY

Hey.

MARCUS

You two want some alone time?

ANTHONY

Nope.

Anthony exits the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

MARCUS
What's his deal?

L.C
I don't know.

CUT TO:

18 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jason is sitting at the dining table STIRRING a drink. He picks up a deck of PLAYING CARDS and signals to a group nearby.

JASON
Step up, fuck tards. Let me make clowns of you, and take your money and promiscuous lady friends.

SOME GUY steps up to the table.

GUY
Who the fuck is you?

Jason stands up.

JASON
Who the fuck is I, sir? I am the mother fucking Gift. As in literally, I probably fucked your biological mother. The same womb you were birthed from, brother man, I penetrated with my Christ-like penis. That's who I am, pal, now, who the fuck are you?

GUY
I'm going to beat your ass, bitch!

JASON
More than likely not.

The Guy SWINGS at Jason but Jason DUCKS and PUNCHES him in the STOMACH. As the Guy is doubled over on the ground, Jason POURS a DRINK and sets it on the ground next to the Guy.

JASON (cont'd)
You might need this.

Jason notices the GIRL that was accompanying the Guy.

(CONTINUED)

JASON (cont'd)
Hey, Little Mama, you want to get
to know a real man?

GIRL
What? You just punched my
boyfriend.

JASON
Well, if he wasn't such a fucking
nut sack he wouldn't have gotten
his ass beaten, now would he have?

GIRL
I guess not.

JASON
You know not.

GIRL
Huh?

JASON
Sorry, I'm belligerent. Let's go
make out before I start busting
these niggas' heads.

GIRL
What about---

JASON
Fuck him, he has a stomach ache.

GIRL
Okay, maybe for a minute.

JASON
That's what I'm talking about. Get
ready to be anointed by the oils of
God.

GIRL
You are pretty full of yourself,
aren't you?

JASON
Yeah, and the sooner we hit the
room the sooner you can be full of
myself, too.

The girl LAUGHS.

CUT TO:

19 EXT. APARTMENT BALCONY - NIGHT

Gabe is standing against the BALCONY RAIL staring off into space. A WOMAN'S SILHOUETTE steps into the shot behind Gabe. It is Ashlee, Mr. Rogers' little sister.

ASHLEE

Hey, there, handsome.

Gabe takes a DRAG from his cigarette then FLICKS it away. He turns around and walks up to Ashlee.

GABE

Glad you could make it.

ASHLEE

So am I.

Ashlee and Gabe KISS.

GABE

So, is your brother still mad at me?

ASHLEY

A little I think. Can you blame him, though?

GABE

No, I guess I would be pissed, too, if I walked in on my sister with a mouth full of Italian Salomi.

Ashlee bursts out LAUGHING.

GABE (cont'd)

You should have told him that my dick fell asleep and you were assisting me in resuscitating it.

ASHLEE

I don't think he shares your sense of humor, I'm afraid.

GABE

Eh, too each his own.

Anthony walks out to the balcony SIPPING from a BABY'S BOTTLE.

ANTHONY

Hey, have y'all tried this lean? Shit is potent.

(CONTINUED)

ASHLEE

I can tell. You look fucked up.

ANTHONY

Believe me, I am.

GABE

Where you get that?

ANTHONY

It's the house beverage. You need to go hit up the punch bowl. It ain't red Kool-Aid, that's for goddamn sure.

GABE

Thanks for the head's up, bro.

Gabe and Ashlee head back inside. Anthony sits down on a nearby chair. L.C comes outside drinking a beer.

L.C

Hey, what's up?

ANTHONY

Not shit. You?

L.C

Same, I guess.

L.C and Anthony share an awkward moment of silence.

L.C (cont'd)

So, why are you being so quiet?

ANTHONY

I don't know. I don't have anything to say.

L.C

Yeah, I'm sure.

ANTHONY

You should be.

L.C

Why do you have to be such an asshole?

ANTHONY

I don't believe I am an asshole. What makes you think this way?

(CONTINUED)

L.C
You just are.

ANTHONY
Great rebuttal there, toots.

L.C
Shut up.

ANTHONY
What do you want?

L.C
I want you to stop being a dick to me.

ANTHONY
What are you talking about? I didn't say shit to you.

L.C
Yeah, you ignore me and make me feel like shit.

ANTHONY
What the fuck do you want me to say to you? Trust me, I don't have anything I need to discuss with you.

L.C
For some reason, I doubt that.

ANTHONY
Well, that's too bad.

L.C
You know what? Fuck you. Why don't you just grow up?

L.C STORMS back inside the apartment. Anthony SIGHS then starts CHUCKLING lightly.

FADE TO:

20

INT. GYM - DAY

TITLE: Six months ago...

Jay Pimp and Marcus are lifting weights.

(CONTINUED)

JAY PIMP
It's all over, dude.

MARCUS
What's up?

JAY PIMP
You keep your black lips shut about
this or I'll kick your ass.

MARCUS
Nigga...you can trust me.

JAY PIMP
Man, Peach thinks she's fucking
pregnant.

MARCUS
Goddamn, son.

JAY PIMP
I know, fool. Guess one man can
only be so lucky.

MARCUS
Do you know for sure, yet?

JAY PIMP
No. We're going to the doctor after
the TV tapings tomorrow.

MARCUS
Knock on wood.

JAY PIMP
Fuck that. Find me a goddamn oak to
knock on. I am not ready to me dad,
nigga. I can't bring a kid into
this fucking lifestyle.

MARCUS
What's wrong with our lifestyles?

JAY PIMP
Come on, dude. We party everyday,
get wasted on the reg, got nude
bitches afoot damn near daily.
Shit, I ain't even twenty-five yet.

MARCUS
You better pray. Can't just rely on
condoms, I guess.

JAY PIMP
(chuckles)
Condoms? Nigga, please.

MARCUS
Oh, yeah.

JAY PIMP
Butt naked love got me in this
situation, sir. Don't act like you
don't know.

CUT TO:

21 EXT. ANTHONY'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY

Anthony and Gangster Chris sit on the porch drinking beers
and smoking.

ANTHONY
So, what are they trying to put you
away for this time, honky?

GANGSTER CHRIS
That would be armed robbery,
assault and possession again.

ANTHONY
Damn. How long you been on the lam?

GANGSTER CHRIS
Six months and running, fucker. I'm
like Project Pat. I ain't going
back to jail.

ANTHONY
I hear that. Anyway, where the
bitches at?

GANGSTER CHRIS
Shit, with this pimping on deck,
I'd say available at all times. You
trying to fuck something?

ANTHONY
What kind of question is that? Oh
course I am.

GANGSTER CHRIS
Thought you were all in love and
shit. What's up with old Titties
McGee? L.C?

(CONTINUED)

ANTHONY

Don't even start.

GANGSTER CHRIS

What? I hope you ain't thinking about playing that old dumb routine with me. The first night I met you at Gabe's party, you two motherfuckers were practically fucking each other in the shower.

ANTHONY

Almost forget about that.

GANGSTER CHRIS

You ain't almost forgot shit. So what's the happs? She got tired of your ass and found some new dick?

ANTHONY

I don't know. I haven't talked to her in a while.

GANGSTER CHRIS

You need to be more like your boy here and say screw that love crap and just fuck random bitches. Less complicated.

ANTHONY

That's what I'm trying to do but you keep bringing up the past. Besides, one day you're gonna meet your match and turn into the old romantic.

GANGSTER CHRIS

Un-motherfucking-likely, nigga. I'll be damned if any of these hoes ever break me. But, hell, I always been romantic. Bitches been calling me Vanilla Bobby Womack since the preteen years, goddamn it.

ANTHONY

Shut up and calls some girls or something.

CUT TO:

22 INT. L.C'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Ashlee, Peach and L.C sit around the room listening to music and watching television.

ASHLEE

Don't worry, Peech, we will help you through this. I know it's going to be tough.

PEACH

Thanks, guys. I'm so nervous.

L.C

I bet.

PEACH

Enough about me, bitches. What's up with your boys, huh?

ASHLEE

Well, things are going great with me and Gabe. We are taking things kind of slow, but I think it's going to work out. My brother doesn't want to kill him anymore, so that's a plus.

L.C

That's a relief.

ASHLEE

And what about you?

L.C

Nothing special. I've been dating a few guys. They are okay. I went out with James from my gym the other night.

PEACH

He's cute. How did it go?

L.C

Pretty good.

PEACH

You get laid?

L.C

No.

(CONTINUED)

PEACH

Loser.

L.C

Shut up. That's all you think about.

PEACH

Don't hate on me because I get it all the time and you have to deal with your pent up sexual frustration.

L.C

I am not frustrated. I'm just a little picky.

ASHLEE

Girl, stop kidding yourself. We know why you're waiting. And for whom.

L.C

Is that so?

PEACH

Your Crimmy.

Ashlee and Peach start laughing.

L.C

Be quiet. You don't know what you're talking about. We are just friends. How many times do I have to explain it?

ASHLEE

How stupid do you think everyone is? We know what's going on. We always have. I don't get why you two don't stop playing games and just be together.

L.C

It's complicated.

PEACH

You like him. He likes you. He's got a penis. You have holes to put it in. Not complicated at all.

(CONTINUED)

L.C
You're such a whore.

PEACH
Proud of it, bitch.

L.C
That's why you're pregnant.

PEACH
Might be preggo. Get it right,
hooker.

FADE TO:

23 EXT. CLUB - NIGHT

TITLE: June 13, 2008

Gabe exits the club with a Middle Eastern young man. This is BOBBY (wild; unpredictable). Both are somewhat intoxicated.

Gabe receives a TEXT MESSAGE on his cell phone. It is from Jay Pimp. The time on his phone reads: 4:37 AM.

GABE
Sweet. Apparently, Chris got the money.

BOBBY
Fuck yeah. Now you can stop worrying and we can get back to partying and degrading sluts.

GABE
And drinking. Don't forget that.

BOBBY
How could I? Dude, I know you're concerned about your girl and all, but relax. It's going to be all good.

GABE
I hope so, man.

Suddenly, an ALUMINUM BASEBALL BAT is CRACKED against the back of Gabe's head.

BOBBY
What the fuck?!

(CONTINUED)

It is too dark to make out the identity of the ATTACKERS, but there are TWO of them. The second one pulls out a KNIFE and STABS Bobby in the stomach.

As Gabe and Bobby lie helplessly on the ground, the attackers flee into the night.

CUT TO:

24 INT. L.C'S HOUSE - NIGHT

L.C is still pleading with Anthony not to leave.

ANTHONY

Lock the doors after I leave.

L.C

Please just stay here with me.

ANTHONY

I can't. If they find me here, they will kill us both. I can't take that chance.

L.C

So you're just going to go out there and die?

ANTHONY

If that's what it comes down to, I guess. Just lock the goddamn doors and stay put.

L.C

Fuck you! Go ahead. I suppose this is it, then. This is how it ends. How we end.

ANTHONY

Don't think like that. You don't need to be getting so upset.

L.C

I can't help it. What do you expect? I love you.

ANTHONY

What?

Before either Anthony or L.C know what's going on, the front door is KICKED open.

(CONTINUED)

ANTHONY (cont'd)

RUN!

The scene FADES TO BLACK as GUNSHOTS RING OUT.

JAY PIMP (V.O)

We play our cards right and this
time next year we are guaranteed to
be sitting real fat...

TO BE CONTINUES. (END)