

DO FOR LOVE

Written by

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EXT. HIGHLANDER COIN-OP LAUNDRY - EARLY MORNING

It's a rainy Tuesday the neighborhood laundry mat has two people in it washing clothes, standing inside the doorway and outside is a young voluptuously built black woman with a tight fitting skirt on in a low cut blouse. Her ass is propped up against the door, she has on fishnet stockings with heels on smoking a cigarette. Inside is a young average height, athletic build black man, he's dark skinned, he has a bald fade, from the side we see he also has a neat mustache and goatee. Very clean cut appearance He's wearing an old Nike sweat suit with some black beat up Nike Cortez to match, you can tell this is his "doing laundry today wardrobe". His name is CASH DARBY, he's in front of the "bill changer" trying to straighten out a five dollar bill to put into the machine.

CUT TO:

INT. LAUNDRY - BILL CHANGER - EARLY MORNING

We see a close up of Cash's hands as he struggles to get the wrinkles out of the bill. Each time he tries to put it in the machine, it spits it back out. He does this about three different times.

CASH
(talking to the machine)
Come on.

The young woman finishes her cigarette flicking the butt into the lot. Letting the door close behind her as she walks back inside, she reaches into her pocket to pull out a small bottle of Hennessy taking another early morning swig. On the TV in the back of the laundry mat, Tupac's "So Many Tears" video starts playing. As soon as that first bass line drops, Cash immediately raises his hand and bobs his head to the beat coming from the speakers above him mounted on the wall.

CASH (CONT'D)
Pac was tha shit period. He was the personification of a "rap god" during a timeless era in Hip Hop that will never be matched in this life time. I mean the guy is still revered to this day. Shit that he talked about in the 90's is still going on tomorrow let alone today. His body of work he created in just a short amount of time is mind-boggling.

(MORE)

CASH (CONT'D)

He laid the blueprint for every rapper that's out today, it's sad how this generation don't even respect what he's done for them.

After two more tries Cash finally gets the machine to take the "cash". As the coins fall into the tray, he turns around to look at the video.

CASH (CONT'D)

I mean think about it, Pac wasn't here that long but what he was able to accomplish in the last ten years of his life is genius. From dropping outta school living on the streets, hustling up a gig with Digital(Underground), becoming a back up dancer, landing a record deal based solely on a little white girl hearing one of her father's new artist's demo tapes, lands a starring role in a rap movie classic, blows the fuck up, then for the next 2-3 years becomes one of the most iconic artist of all time, all the while causing controversy, gets wrongfully convicted of a bogus rape charge, set up to be robbed, shot five times, goes to jail for nearly a year while signing with the biggest West coast label at that time, gets out, starts the biggest rap beef in Hip Hop history(and for the record Biggie didn't have nothing to do with what went down at Quad Studios), records a double cd(first rapper to do it) which goes 6x platinum, only ta get killed cuz he didn't know the rules of gangbanging. I know everyone wants to say that lyrically Pac wasn't that good. Or he wasn't a great story teller and I get all of that but no one compares to the passion Tupac had for the culture overall. I ain't gone even lie and it might sound like I'm "dickriding" but growing up I wanted to be like him cuz of his inspiration. I could relate to everything he stood for, even if it was a contradiction sometime...Pac loved more than he hated.

Cash turns to the girl as she looks at him pleading his case.

CASH (CONT'D)
Do you agree?

The girl walks over to the dryers.

GIRL #1
He was cool I guess.

CASH
Cool?

GIRL #1
(shrugging her shoulders)
Tupac was a little before my time,
I'm more of a Lil Wayne fan.

Cash walks over to the machine where his clothes are, but he's still looking up at the TV also shaking his head to the girl's response.

CASH
I think you just told me your age,
but I guess we can agree to
disagree. You live around here?

GIRL #1
I don't live any where.

CASH
You from Long Beach?

She doesn't say anything, she appears to ignore him while she unloads her clothes from the dryer and into a laundry cart.

CASH (CONT'D)
How about you and me roll out to
Griffith Park tonight?

GIRL #1
What's at Griffith Park?

CASH
You know where the observatory is.
Once a month they have a star
party, people meet up to use the
telescopes they have out in the
park.

GIRL #1
You wanna take me to a party in the
park and look at stars?

CASH

Why not? I got an extra pair of
binoculars if you wanna use um.
There not as big as mine but they
work good.

She just looks at him.

GIRL #1

That's ok. I'm cool.

The girl then pushes the cart of clothes over to the folding table, again she reaches in her pocket and pulls out the liquor bottle. Panning out we then see Cash grabbing his laundry bag and dumping his clothes on the floor in front of one of the washing machines.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK OBSERVATORY - DUSK

The sun is just beginning to set behind the southern slope on Mount Hollywood where the park is located. Amongst the many families and couples who are using most of the telescopes, We see Cash by himself again lying on his back in the grass, he's holding his cell phone up pointing at the sky trying to identify and count the constellations that he might recognize.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - DUSK

A Chevy Impala pulls into the parking lot.

INT. BACKSEAT OF CHEVY - DUSK

A beautiful milk chocolate toned black woman is sitting in the back seat of an Uber driver, she has semi full lips lightly lip glossed. Wearing only eye liner and a little bit of eye shadow to help accentuate her almond shaped eyes. From the looks of it she's small in stature about 5'3 in height but appears to have a track athlete's build, with medium length natural hair coming from underneath a baseball cap with the letter "Q" on it. Her hands are neatly manicured with french tips at the end of each nail. She's wearing a gold woman's watch on her Wright wrist and two small white gold loop earrings in her ears.

She has dark blue jeans on, Nike running jacket a black T-shirt underneath with some all black trimmed in blue Nike Air Fusions on. Her name is QUOVADIS DUPREE, the Uber driver is dropping her off.

QUOVADIS

I gave you a five star rating and here's ten dollars.

DRIVER

Thanks and thank you.

She hands him the money, then she gathers her things.

QUOVADIS

Hey you think you might be around in this area later tonight?

DRIVER

How late we talking?

QUOVADIS

I don't know. What time does the park close?

DRIVER

Ten o'clock.

QUOVADIS

Is that too late?

DRIVER

Nah, I don't live far from here. First date?

QUOVADIS

More of a blind date.

Quovadis exits the car.

DRIVER

At least you starting off good.

QUOVADIS

What a ya mean?

DRIVER

You know what they say? Love is blind.

He then drives off. After standing there a minute she looks at the stairs that leads up to the park were the observatory is located. We follow Quovadis as she makes her way up the stairs.

Once at the top she walks around looking at the different people who have come out to take in the atmosphere, now that the sun has set beyond the California horizon. Kids run around playing, parents socialize with each other. Teenagers and young adult couples hug on each other, some holding hands and some exchanging kisses. Elderly people also stand with each other in small groups. Quovadis slowly keeps walking through the crowd of people as she makes her way over to the grassy area, she sees Cash. He's using a small pair of binoculars aimed towards the sky, she then goes over to where he's at and kneels down beside him.

QUOVADIS

Nice night huh?

Cash quickly pulls down his binoculars to see who's talking to him. Looking surprised while also thinking to himself how pretty Quovadis is.

CASH

Uhh...yeah. Are you looking for somebody?

QUOVADIS

No but you don't see too many black men lying on they back with binoculars looking up at the sky. Whatchu doing Wright now is about as rare as a lunar eclipse.

Cash laughs.

QUOVADIS (CONT'D)

(she points her finger at the sky)

You can see the Orion Nebula good tonight, usually with the heavy cloud cover this time of year it's kind of hard to make out.

Cash looks over at where she's pointing.

CASH

Not a lotta people know that constellation, your good. How long you been a stargazer?

QUOVADIS

All my life. Ever since I can remember I been looking up at them thangs. Kinda just taught myself about the constellations though, wanted to know the meaning behind them.

(MORE)

QUOVADIS (CONT'D)

My grandmother used to tell me that we all are made of stardust.

CASH

(now sitting up)

She was Wright, we are. Every material found in the universe is found in every living creature on this planet.

QUOVADIS

In Vegas they seem closer, almost as if you can pluck them out the sky.

Now staring, Cash smiles.

CASH

That's cuz of the higher elevation. Only time they look closer out here is when you rolling thru the desert. You from Vegas?

QUOVADIS

Yep. Henderson.

Both stand up each holding out there hands to properly introduce themselves.

CASH

I'm Cash.

QUOVADIS

Nice to meet you Cash, I'm Quovadis.

Gently shaking hands, they both to walk together over towards the benches.

CASH

Quovadis. That's a pretty name, where does it come from?

QUOVADIS

I think my Mom saw the movie when she was a kid and she liked the story. Just so happens the day I was born it was playing on the television at the hospital, she took it as a sign. She wanted me to have a name that stood out something original.

(MORE)

QUOVADIS (CONT'D)

I used to hate it when I was younger but as I got older I learned to appreciate it more. In latin I think it means "where are you going?".

CASH

Where are you going?

QUOVADIS

Ask me that later.

They both smile.

QUOVADIS (CONT'D)

And you...where you from?

CASH

Born and raised in Compton, but I stay in Long Beach.

QUOVADIS

Tha LBC huh?

CASH

Yeah hop, skip and a bridge.

QUOVADIS

(In her Snoop Dogg voice)
Long Beach and Compton together now
you know you in trouble.

Cash laughs again.

CASH

You funny.

QUOVADIS

Is that your real name?

CASH

Yep, my pops thought if he named me "cash" then I would never be broke. How Compton is that?

QUOVADIS

I like it, I've never met anyone with that name.

Over the next hour Quovadis and Cash are getting to know each other. In a brief montage of scenes we see mixed emotions cycle between them as they talk about everything under the moon, eventually making their way down to an empty parking lot where we see Cash's car is parked in the back.

QUOVADIS (CONT'D)

Nice. Sixty-nine Chevy Nova L-eighty eight four twenty-seven, stocked, original custom paint, I'm assuming it's a V8? You don't seem like the V12 type.

Cash stops in his tracks looking at her with his mouth slightly open, Quovadis keeps walking though getting closer to the car but not touching it. With her two bags hanging from her shoulder arms crossed as she slowly makes her way around to the back of the car, describing in detail everything about it. Then she makes her way over to the driver's side slightly bending over to look inside at the interior. Cash is not only surprised by her knowledge but now he sees that her body (like his car) is even more impressive.

QUOVADIS (CONT'D)

Bucket seats with the shifter in the floor? Whoa! Original interior too, now that's gangster for real.

Cash keeps looking as she's bending over.

CASH

You hungry?

Quovadis looks back at Cash to quickly bat her eyes at him smiling even bigger.

CASH (CONT'D)

Here catch.

Cash tosses his keys to her. Quovadis hits the button on the alarm to unlock the doors, quickly she opens the door then throws her things in the back. Immediately we see her lean over to open the door for Cash then he hops in. Quovadis adjusts her seat then the rear view mirror, she puts the keys in the ignition and starts the car. We can hear the motor rev as she slightly mashes the pedal. Cash turns on the radio as we hear Tupac's "Playa Cardz Right" blasting out of his 6x9's. Pulling out the parking lot, we then follow them until they hit the freeway.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. NORM'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Cash and Quovadis are in a booth seated near the back of the restaurant talking and laughing.

QUOVADIS

No way.

CASH

Yes way.

QUOVADIS

I'm telling you the dopest kicks ever made are the Junior Seau's. The all black ones with the tiny blue swoosh on the strap. Oh my God there's not a fit back in 95 you couldn't put on that them shoes didn't go with.

Quovadis looks at him as she takes a bite of her mushroom and swiss hamburger.

CASH

The Deion's killed um.

Cash shakes his head as he cuts a piece of his grilled salmon with a fork.

QUOVADIS

Them Diamond Turfs were low key knock offs of the Seau's if you ask me.

CASH

You gotta be kidding? The Deion's don't look nothing like the Seaus, plus if I remember correctly didn't they come out before them? Matter of fact they came out after the Bo Jack's.

Quovadis kinds of chuckles.

QUOVADIS

Ok all time best J's

CASH

Now that's tough because you can't just like one style, how bout I give you my top five?

Cash scoops up some more of his rice pilaf and shoves into his mouth.

QUOVADIS

Let me here um.

CASH

Tha deuces, tha treys, tha sixes, nines and tens. Tha tens are my all time favorites though. When they came out with tha patten leather toe that year, he changed the shoe game with those. Hell you could wear them with a tuxedo that's how dope them shoes are.

QUOVADIS

I didn't like the nines.

Quovadis eats a couple of her fries while still holding her burger.

CASH

Why not?

QUOVADIS

I don't know I just wasn't feeling um, them stripes threw me off.

CASH

Alright your turn.

QUOVADIS

Ok lemee see, I like tha twos, tha threes, fours, fives, and tha twelves. My time favorites gotta be the fives all black. Thee flyest J's ever... no question.

CASH

Honorable mention on my list, I liked the fluorescent tongue.

Cash looks at her for about ten seconds as she eats a couple more fries, then he looks out the window. You can tell he's still can't believe he's sitting here with this beautiful woman talking about shoes.

CASH (CONT'D)

So if you were reincarnated and had to come back as any animal, what would it be?

QUOVADIS

I'd come back as black panther, there beautiful. It's just something regal about them, ya know what I mean?

(MORE)

QUOVADIS (CONT'D)

I'd climb up into a big tree and just sleep all day, then at night I would wait for a goat or a gazelle or something to walk by then pounce on it.

She looks at him a then laughs.

QUOVADIS (CONT'D)

Whataboutyou?

CASH

A dolphin. There smart and they have no natural enemies. I always thought it must be cool to swim around all day and never have to worry about getn into it with a Killer Whale.

QUOVADIS

I bet you an Earth sign? When is your birthday?

CASH

May 3rd. I'm a Taurus

QUOVADIS

I knew it.

She takes a sip of her Seven Up.

CASH

What are you? No let me guess...uhhh a Cancer?

QUOVADIS

Oh shit! How'd you know that?

Cash shrugs his shoulders while taking a sip of his water.

CASH

I don't know, that was tha first sign that came ta my mind.

QUOVADIS

Get outta here, are you for real?

CASH

(grinning)
Yeah.

QUOVADIS

That's crazy and my birthday is July 3rd.

CASH

Water sign. July 3rd... May 3rd,
what are the odds of two people
meeting each other for the first
time both being born on the 3rd day
of the month? I guess the stars are
aligned tonight huh?

Cash finishes his meal.

QUOVADIS

The number 3 is a magic number.

CASH

That's wussup.

QUOVADIS

You got any pet peeves?

CASH

People who drive at night and don't
cut they lights on! Ughhhhhhhhhh! I
hate that shit. I mean how do you
do you not know when your driving
at night that you don't got your
lights on?!

Quovadis eats a couple of more fries then she pushes her
plate away.

QUOVADIS

Last book you read?

CASH

Sweetness: The autobiography of
Walter Payton. Great read.

QUOVADIS

Turn offs.

CASH

Ignorance, racism. They probably
pretty much tha same, shit
starters, the status quo, drunks
and hairy forearms.

Quovadis looks closely at her forearms.

CASH (CONT'D)

(laughing)

Yours are cool.

QUOVADIS

Turn ons.

CASH
 Confidence, intelligence, real
 conversation, almond shaped eyes, a
 woman who can appreciate a dope
 pair of Nikes.

They laugh. Cash then motions to the waitress.

CASH (CONT'D)
 Where you going Quovadis?

QUOVADIS
 I don't know Cash, where you want
 to take me?

Cash looks at his watch.

CASH
 (smiling)
 It's about time we go see some
 dragons and horses.

CUT TO:

INT. LONG BEACH AQUARIUM - NIGHT

Cash has brought Quovadis to his place of work, it's dark so
 he leads her to one of the exhibits.

CASH
 Ok don't move, I gotta go turn on
 the lights.

Cash rushes to the wall on the opposite side of the building
 where the lights are. When the lights come on we see Quovadis
 standing in front of a large fish tank. In it are sea dragons
 and sea horses.

QUOVADIS
 (turning around to face
 the fish tank)
 Oh wow!

CASH
 I have a contract doing the
 janitorial service here at night.
 The building director is cool, so I
 can come and go when I want.

QUOVADIS
 Cool beans.

Quovadis just stares at Cash as he goes over the history of the aquarium for the next hour. They walk together side by side to each exhibit, at some point she can't contain herself anymore. She grabs him by the hoodie and gently pulls his face down to hers. Cash has been wanting to do the same thing of course, so naturally the kiss is smooth on both parts.

CUT TO:

INT. CASH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cash and Quovadis lay next to each other completely naked, they've been making love for over an hour. Cash is knocked out, he's slightly snoring with his arm draped around her. We see that Quovadis is wide awake and she's staring up at the ceiling fan in deep thought.

QUOVADIS
(talking under her breath)
Fuck are you doing Quovadis?

She looks over at Cash while taking a deep sigh, then she slowly slides from underneath his arm. Reaching down around the bed she starts gathering her things, with each article of clothing she puts them on trying to stay as quiet as possible. Four minutes later she's fully dressed and got both of her bags over her left shoulder. She stands over him looking down at him, then she heads to the door.

CUT TO:

INT. BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT

Quovadis leaves Cash's apartment walking down a long hallway towards the lobby area of the building. Not able to contain her emotions she sits down in one of the chairs, now crying even harder. After a couple of seconds she wipes away her tears then leaves the building, crossing the street she walks over to the bus stop to sit again.

EXT. BUS STOP - NIGHT

After a few minutes, making his way across the street is Cash. He's wearing a dark blue Pro Club hoodie with matching sweats, white Nike socks and black Nike slippers. Quovadis is sitting up leaning against the inside of the bus stop with tears rolling down her face.

CASH
Quovadis?

She wipes away her tears quickly turning her face away from him so he doesn't see them.

QUOVADIS

Go home Cash please.

Cash sits down next to her.

CASH

What did I do?

QUOVADIS

You didn't do anything.

CASH

So that's it? You was just gone leave without saying nothing? I should of known this was an act.

QUOVADIS

What?!

CASH

You ain't from no Vegas, I bet yo ass from Inglewatts huh? You really had a nigga fooled, here I am thinking this female is actually cool, like she might be the "one" to kick it with for real. I shoulda known it was a fucking lie.

QUOVADIS

Is that what you think?

Cash is getting heated now, he stands up while keeping his hands in his hoodie pocket.

CASH

Man and ta think I was straight digging you too, just like a fuckin sucker. It's cool though, have them niggas come thru here if you want too and fuck with my car! I'm a light they ass up you watch! Damn what was I thinking?

Cash starts walking back to his building, Quovadis stands up also.

QUOVADIS

Hold up! You think I came here so I could set you up?

CASH

It must be, I wake up and you out.
Don't trip though, I know wussup.

Quovadis runs over to stop Cash, both of them are now standing in the middle of the street as the street lights brightly shine down on them.

QUOVADIS

Wait a minute the reason why I left wasn't to have someone come here to steal your car. I left cuz I got scared.

CASH

Scared of what?

QUOVADIS

Losing you.

CASH

I don't understand, I ain't going no where.

QUOVADIS

Look this morning when you went to do your laundry, there was a girl there Wright? You were trying to get at her.

CASH

Yeah.

QUOVADIS

I know her, I mean I don't know her but we work together. I was ear hustling when she was talking about you to another girl. She was saying some fucked up things about you.

CASH

Ok

QUOVADIS

She was talking about how you musta been broke because you wanted to take her to Griffith Park.

CASH

What do you mean you work with her?

QUOVADIS

Wait a minute just listen, since I haven't been here that long I wanted to go out with someone who I thought would be safe. You don't come across many guys out here who talk about taking a girl to an observatory, in fact I ain't never heard of that shit ever. All these niggaz wanna do is take you to a movie then maybe to TGIFriday's. After that they expect you to suck they dick when you get in the car, while they drive around looking for the nearest Motel 6. That's not me, I don't get down like that. My spirit told me to go meet this guy, if he sounds different then maybe he might just be different. I wanted to know for myself and at the end of the night if there's a connection then come clean. If he kicks you to the curb so be it. But I need you to know, none of this was an act. This whole night has been special. I like everything about you, I'm feeling something that I've never felt before.

CASH

So what are you saying?

QUOVADIS

I work at the Barbary Coast, I'm a Stripper.

CASH

It's more than just stripping going on at the Barbary.

QUOVADIS

(looking Cash in his eyes)

I know but I'm not like them other women and I haven't been doing what they be doin, I'm a one man woman, if I'm with you then I'm with you that's it. Tonight what we did was real and I don't want anyone else.

Cash takes a half a step back to kinda soak in what he just heard.

CASH

Hold up so watchu saying?

QUOVADIS

I'm saying I know we just met a couple of hours and I know you think I can't mean what I'm about to say but I think love you.

Cash just stands there with his arms tucked into the hands pocket of his hoodie.

CASH

Waitamminute, this is crazy. Now if I say fuck it and I tell you I feel the same special in my heart as you do, then you shake then I'm a die. I've never been good at much of anything Quovadis and love is at the top of the list for me. Shit I don't even think I know what it is anymore! Growing up I was too busy trying to survive out here, I never had anything let alone anyone.

QUOVADIS

Was tonight really special for you?

CASH

I don't think I've ever never felt more connected with any other woman in my life, everything about you is beautiful. For the first time since forever I don't feel empty when your around, time stood still the minute I saw you smile...here look at my watch!

Cash pulls his hand out of his pocket to show Quovadis the time! We see it reads 6:36 pm.

Quovadis puts both her hands in his hoodie pocket along with his hands.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPTON COURTHOUSE - DAY

Quovadis is riding piggyback as Cash carries her down the courthouse steps, both are grinning from ear to ear. When they get to the bottom to where the sidewalk is, he gently puts her down, then they kiss each other very passionately. Holding hands we see both of them are now wearing wedding rings.

CUT TO:

INT. POLY APARTMENTS - DAY

Cash and Quovadis are at the local neighborhood tattoo artist's one bedroom apartment, he does his work from home as opposed to having a parlor. Cash is sitting in the chair, Quovadis is in front of the full length mirror. We see the tattoo is on her chest above the left breast area. It's a heart that's been designed like a lock, in it is a key with Cash's name on it.

QUOVADIS

This is some good work, the lines are really clean looking.

CASH

Quovadis did you have a pimp?

QUOVADIS

No but this guy running the place thinks his a pimp. A couple of a girls were giving him money but them the ones who stay drunk and coked up all day everyday.

CASH

Does he hit on um.

QUOVADIS

Yeah I've seen him slap around a couple of the girls but there's a youngster up there named Star who he really abuses. Any chance he gets he be keeping her locked in his office doing God awful things. I really felt bad for her because she's such a pretty girl.

CASH

How old is she?

Quovadis has finished looking at her tattoo, she goes over and sits in the other chair next to Cash.

QUOVADIS

Star gotta be no more than about fifteen or sixteen maybe.

CASH

What's his name?

QUOVADIS

K.J.

CUT TO:

INT. SNOOTY FOX MOTEL ROOM - DAY

The sounds of South Central comes in through a cracked open window. A Mexican couple next door argue loudly at each other in Spanish, car horns blow as they whiz down Western headed towards King Blvd., and sirens can also be heard in the distance. In one of the rooms a now dingy white cheap looking paint covers the walls. Faded patches in a burgundy colored carpet can be seen all throughout the floor, the furniture, table, chairs and bed don't match because it looks like each piece was picked up from three different Goodwill stores.

Sitting at the table is KENNY JACKSON (known as K.J.) and RONAN WOLF, both black men. Sitting down Kenny looks like he's about 6'1, caramel complexion with a full beard and a bald head. Thick bushy eye brows are above two blood shot red eyes. Both ear lobes carry half a carat diamonds in them, gold watch on his left arm and a gold bracelet on the right. he's not fat but he's not fit either. He's got on a gray Kaki suit with some black boots on. Ronan sits about 5'9, thin build and maybe a shade in a half darker. No facial hair but he has a head full of hair that looks like it hasn't been combed in about six months. He's wearing dark brown skinny jeans with a yellow tight fitting "Ed Hardy" shirt on and a peanut butter pair of Old Navy low tops. His only jewelry is a thin gold chain hanging from his neck. With them are two large suitcases filled with major bags of cocaine. Kenny also has an ounce of weed sitting in front of him with a pack of Swisher Sweets cigars, he's rolling blunts talking to Ronan.

K.J

Wait a minute so you mean ta tell
me you ain't never fucked a bitch
in the ass?

RONAN

Hell no!

K.J

Get tha fuck outta here RO.

RONAN

I'm serious, I don't do that shit.

Kenny carefully picks up a pile of weed between his fingers that he's just broken down on the table.

He puts it in a split already split open Swisher Sweet cigar, licks the top half and carefully folds it over.

K.J.

Never?

RONAN

Not never ever.

K.J.

Man you don't know whatchu missing, that shit is bomb. Bitches love it.

RONAN

Hey to each they own, me personally I like tha way pussy feels too much ta wanna stick my dick in a bitch's dook shoot.

Coming through the motel door is an older black man by the name of PLAYBOY MIKE. He's dressed in a very neatly creased dark gray suit. He stands about 6'4 and light skinned. He has a medium mustache and that's it. He's wearing shades with diamond studs around the frame and he's rocking a Jim Hill afro only his hair is sandy brown. Playboy Mike is carrying two large boxes of pizza in one hand and a tall bottle of J.B. Scotch in the other. He walks over to the other table in the room to set the items down.

K.J.

Hey Playboy, this nigga Ronan claims he don't be fucking bitches in tha ass.

Playboy Mike takes off his suit jacket and puts it on the back of one of the chairs. (We also see his double holster with two guns) Then he opens a box of pizza and grabs a slice.

PLAYBOY MIKE

What's up Ro? You don't like to do "anal exploration"?

RONAN

Uh uh. Just tha thought of it makes me sick.

K.J. lights the blunt and takes a long pull off it. Playboy Mike is eaten a slice of pizza looking for a glass to pour his scotch in.

K.J.

That's some bullshit Ro, nowadays a bitch'll let you fuck her in the ass before she let you hit the puss.

After taking another toke he hands the blunt over to Ronan.

RONAN

And why is that?

K.J.

Cuz bithes don't wanna be known as haven a loose pussy, but they love to fuck just as much as niggas do. So to save on the miles they'll take it in the ass, that way the va jj stays tight. Ya feel me?

Ronan takes a toke from the blunt. Playboy Mike has found a glass and pours a drink.

RONAN

Getthafuckouttahere K.J.

PLAYBOY MIKE

Well I don't know what you young mutherfuckers be doing these days but speaking for myself. I'm a bonafide freak, when I fuck a bitch I'm sticking my dick in every orafice on her body. I'm talking bout the pussy, the asshole, the mouth, her ear...hell I'm trying to stick my dick up her nostrils! Know what I'm sayin?

Ronan starts laughing, he then goes over to the bed to sit in front of the T.V. to watch the Laker game. Also on the bed is a pound of weed, a couple of large ziploc bags filled with ecstasy pills and a Glock 17 with the extended clip.(33 Rounds)

RONAN

You stupid Playboy.

K.J.

That's what I'm talkin bout Mike These hoes ain't loyal.

PLAYBOY MIKE

You can say whatchu want to man, things you might not be doin now don't mean you won't be doin that shit when you get older. Especially when it come to sex. Let me guess you bout twenty seven twenty eight Wright?

RONAN

Twenty eight.

PLAYBOY MIKE

Ok at that age you basically haven't really experienced sexuality as a whole. At this moment in your life, you just happy about the abundance of it. Sex is like the ocean and you just barely getting yo feet wet. Wait til you get with an older bitch, that's when school really starts nigga.

Ronan hits the blunt and passes it to Playboy Mike.

RONAN

A cougar?

Playboy Mike hits the blunt while also taking a sip of scotch. We can see a small cloud of weed smoke exits his mouth when he talks.

PLAYBOY MIKE

Bingo. I went from amateur fucking to professional fucking after my first piece of seasoned twat. Miss Gloria Newsome she stayed diagonal from me in some apartments across the street. She musta been about fifty, built like she was thirty and sucked dick like she was twenty! Ummmph ummph ummph! She licked my ass so good one day til it made me teary eyed godammint!

Ronan grabs two slices of pizza then sits back on the corner of the bed so he can still pay attention to the game.

K.J.

(laughing)

Look all I'm saying is you only live once. Yo throw me that glock.

Ronan lays back on the bed to reach for the gun, he then pops back up and tosses it to K.J.

K.J. (CONT'D)

Now lets just say we at the after hours one night Wright? We at tha pool table doin our regular, smokin, drankin and shit. Then this older lookalike version of Rihanna walks up to you and whispers in your ear that she wants you to meet her in the bathroom so she can suck your dick.

K.J. has the gun pointing up as he starts to rub slowly. Playboy Mike is at the sink washing the grease from the pizza off his hands, he's not paying attention. K.J. then reaches behind his back to pull out his own 9mm.

K.J. (CONT'D)

And this is a younger lookalike version of Niki Minaj and she wants you to come over to her house so you can do anything you want with her. Now which one you gone choose?

Ronan doesn't even look over at K.J. he just points to the glock.

RONAN

I'm fucking with tha dick sucker.

Suddenly K.J. squeezes the trigger and lets off about six rounds into the side of Ronan's body. Playboy Mike quickly tries to pull his gun from the holster but it's too late. K.J. has already let off with the other 9mm, one of the rounds hits Playboy Mike in the side of the neck. Blood shoots out everywhere, he grabs the wound screaming in pain.

PLAYBOY MIKE

You dirty mutherfucker!

Smiling K.J. shoots him again. Both men are dead. K.J. picks the blunt up off the kitchen counter and continues smoking. He walks over to the window to see if anyone is outside, he then reaches in is back pocket and pulls out his cell phone.

K.J.

Yo its a done deal.

K.J. sits down at the table looking at what he's just done as he casually keeps smoking his blunt.

CUT TO:

INT. CASH'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Quovadis sits on the couch watching T.V. "The Family Feud" with Steve Harvey is on. Cash is sitting between her legs, he's looking at the screen but you can tell his thoughts are elsewhere. Suddenly he gets up quickly and goes to the bathroom.

QUOVADIS

Hey what's wrong?

CASH

Nothing.

Already Quovadis can tell that "nothing" means "something".

CUT TO:

INT. CASH'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Cash goes over to the toilet unbuttons his pants then pulls them down and takes a seat he's gotta take a shit, during this time is when he thinks. Off standing in the corner of the bathroom the we see an out of focused image of a young black man with a bald head. He's got no shirt on, baggy blue jeans sagging just enough to see the top of his boxers and he's wearing a blue bandana tied around his head. Close ups of his chest show some familiar tattoos. "50 Niggaz", (with a AK-47), Nefertiti , 2 Die 4 "THUG LIFE" and 2Pac.

PAC

So you gone just let that shit ride
huh?

Cash has heard this voice before.

CASH

Let whatride?

PAC

That nigga out there is a
"predator", recruiting little girls
and beating on um. You know that
shit is fucked up. How can you live
with yourself knowing what he's out
there doing? Niggas like that
deserve ta die.

CASH

So what am I supposed to do?

PAC

Handle it. You know what needs to be done, don't let something you could of dealt with now, interfere with your future. Trust me I know.

CASH

But I don't have nothing to do with that, Quovadis knows I'll protect her no matter what.

Pac lights a blunt.

PAC

This just ain't about her, this is about you knowing that little girl is in a fucked up situation. What? You wanna wait til she dead on the news found in a alley behind a dumpster somewhere? All along knowing you could of stopped it.

PAC (CONT'D)

That's somebody's daughter nigga! What if that was your daughter?

CASH

Look there's lots of girls out there in them streets and yes knowing this shit is fucking with me but you can't expect me ta just go over there and "handle it"?

PAC

(real calmly)
Why not?

PAC (CONT'D)

That nigga bleed just like you do. Who's gone give a fuck about what happens to him?

CASH

I can't believe your telling me this.

PAC

This ain't nothing new, you've heard my songs a million time over, what's it say?

PAC (CONT'D)

I wonder why we take from our women, why we rape our women, do we hate our women? I think it's time that we kill for our women. Time to heal our women, be real to our women.

Pac then disappears. Cash stays on the toilet for a minute finishing his dump and thinking about the verse Pac just said from his song "Keep Your Head Up". After he unrolls some toilet paper Cash wipes his ass clean a couple of times real good, gets off the toilet fixing his pants. Flushes then heads over to the sink to wash his hands. He then goes to his room and gets dressed, after a few minutes we see him back in the living room with Quovadis.

CASH

Hey I'll be back in a little while.

QUOVADIS

Where you going?

CASH

I gotta go handle some business.

Quovadis looks at him concerned.

QUOVADIS

What does that mean?

He turns and walks to the door.

CASH

I'll be back.

Cash leaves. Quovadis is left on the couch sitting there looking at the TV. Or more like the TV watching her.

CUT TO:

EXT. CASH'S APARTMENTS/UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - DUSK

The gate to the underground parking is closed, for a few seconds there's silence. Then we hear the familiar car alarm chirp then the doors unlock, after that the door is heard opening then it closes. About three seconds later we hear Cash's car ignition turn over. Five seconds after that we see the gate starts to open, Cash is pulling up to the driveway entrance to leave out of the underground parking garage, as the gate opens he slowly drives up the incline out on to the street.

Pulling out to the street Cash drives to the corner, as gets ready to turn he looks in his side mirror just before he hitting the corner. Quovadis has quickly put on some clothes and is now running to the car, when she reaches the passenger door she bangs on the window.

QUOVADIS
Open the door!

Cash looks at her.

QUOVADIS (CONT'D)
Open the door Cash!

He unlocks the door so she can get in.

QUOVADIS (CONT'D)
Your business is my business now.

Quovadis looks straight ahead. Cash doesn't say a word he just punches it as he turns the corner.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BARBARY COAST - NIGHT

Cash and Quovadis are now sitting in the back of the parking lot at the strip club of the Barbary Coast located on Rosecrans and Western. It's a medium sized one story building. The lot is more than half way full of cars tonight some cats are dressed in work uniforms as they hop out their rides, others are the neighborhood gangsters who frequent the spot up here tonight to handcuff on they women who collect pay checks from the establishment.

CUT TO:

INT. CASH'S CAR - NIGHT

Cash and Quovadis don't say anything to each other, it's obvious on the way there everything has already been said. Cash reaches under his seat to pull out his 9mm. Still not saying anything they both get out the car and head to the club.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Quovadis is able to convince security that Cash is her brother from Vegas and she's there to talk to K.J.

about getting the rest of her things. They then proceed to let them both in.

INT. K.J.'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Located in the back of the club is K.J.'s office, in it is K.J., Star, and one of his boys with a "security" shirt on. K.J. is in full "pimp" mode, Star has done something to upset him and he's currently beating her ass. Like Quovadis said Star is young and she's Wright, her light skinned face is covered with old and new bruises, small cuts surround her worn out looking hazel eyes. She has a medium build with long legs but a combination of a hard life, alcohol, drugs and abuse you can see the toll its taken on her body already. She's dressed in a over sized white T-shirt that has a full body pic of Rhianna on the front(one of them knockoffs you see them guys selling on the corner on Crenshaw) some hot orange spandex pants that fit tightly on her lower frame and six inch clear hooker heels. Old foundation and mascara can also be seen too and she's missing more than enough fake nails on each hand. K.J. has got her by the back of her neck he's all up in her face.

K.J.

Why do you make me do this to you
Star?

STAR

I don't know daddy.

K.J.

You enjoy this don't you? You want
me to beat yo ass every day huh?

STAR

No daddy.

K.J.

Then why don't you listen?

STAR

I don't know daddy.

K.J.

I know why Star, it's because your
hard headed and you don't listen.
Your young, dumb and filled with
cum.

He smacks her in the face.

STAR

Please daddy I promise I'll do better.

He smacks her again

K.J.

No you won't, cuz you too stupid to do better.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

In the club we see that Cash and Quovadis have made it in and it's crowded enough. On stage two girls are dancing doing a double routine, men are standing just beyond the stage throwing money at them. Blaring from the speakers of course you hear Tupac's "Run Tha Streetz". As the both of them make there way thru the club Quovadis stops to talk to one of the girls as she's doing a private dance over in the VIP area. Cash stands off to the side scanning his surroundings. After a couple of minutes she makes her way back over to him.

QUOVADIS

So I asked around and one of the girls told me that Star is here tonight. I know she isn't allowed to dance when it's this crowded, he usually keeps her posted up with him in his office during the moneymaking hours.

CASH

Where's tha office at?

QUOVADIS

At the end of the hallway to the left.

CASH

Ok go ahead, if you not out in fifteen I'm coming ta get you. Go.

Quovadis moves her way thru the crowd to get to the dressing room in the back, its filled wall to wall with women most of them half naked. She goes over to her locker to gather the rest of her things.

BACK TO:

INT. K.J.'S OFFICE

We now see K.J. is standing over Star as she is laying crumbled at his feet. You can tell this kind of beating goes on all the time.

STAR

Please daddy, I'll do better.

She grabs the bottom of his leg.

K.J.

I'm tired of trying to teach you tha "game" Star, pretty soon you ain't gone be worth my time. It shouldn't have to take this long to make you understand that you do what I tell you to do and not what you want.

He kicks her off his leg, then walks over to sit in his chair behind the desk. As he settles in he opens the desk drawer and pulls out a pre-rolled blunt. Star is left sitting in the middle of the floor.

STAR

Daddy please give me another chance, I'll do anything.

K.J.

I know you will Star. Now crawl your ass around here and suck on this dick.

Star gets on all fours then she slowly crawls over to where K.J. is sitting. He lights his blunt as she positions herself on her knees in between his legs. Underneath the desk we see the two suitcases K.J. robbed from the drug deal the day before. As Star starts to unbuckle K.J.'s pants she can't help but to notice them.

K.J. (CONT'D)

(laughing)

If your young ass didn't give such bomb ass head, I woulda been kicked you to tha curb.

While he waits for her to undo his pants he opens another drawer to pull out a small glass and a bottle of pineapple Ciroc.

K.J. (CONT'D)
 (talking to his boy)
 Hey go get me some ice and take
 your time she gone be a minute.

Security leaves the office not even noticing Quovadis as they pass each other in the hallway. While he's leaving, she's coming to get Star. As soon as the coast is clear she slides into K.J.'s office.

QUOVADIS
 K.J. where's Star at?

K.J.
 Bitch you better get outta my
 office.

QUOVADIS
 I'm not leaving til you tell me
 where Star is.

Quovadis doesn't see Star is kneeling down behind the desk, because of that K.J. grabs her by the hair real tight.

K.J.
 Oh yeah. Whatchu want with her?

QUOVADIS
 I'm taking her with me. What you
 doing to her ain't Wright K.J.

K.J.
 Man get tha fuck outta here bitch,
 you ain't taking nobody from
 nowhere! In fact you can ask her
 for yourself if she wanna go with
 you!

K.J. yanks Star by the top of her head and brings her face up to top of the desk. We see he's still holding a head full of hair.

K.J. (CONT'D)
 Tell her Star, you don't wanna
 leave me do you?

Quovadis gasp at what K.J. is doing to Star, she can't believe it.

QUOVADIS
 Let her go!

We then see Quovadis has pulled out a little .25 automatic pistol and points it at him.

K.J.
 (laughing)
 Ha! Now that's some funny shit
 Wright there. What's that a little
 deuce five huh? That Wright there
 let's me know how much this little
 bitch means to you.

K.J. hasn't even put his blunt down during this whole confrontation and he still hasn't let go of Star's head. He shakes it while flicking ashes in her face. You can tell he's trying to make Quovadis even more upset.

K.J. (CONT'D)
 Bitch this is my bitch! She do what
 I say! Don't you Star? You see
 that? How she gone come rescue you
 with that bullshit ass gun? Tell
 her Star you don't wanna go no
 where! Do you?

QUOVADIS
 She's a kid you sick fuck!
 I'm not saying it again K.J. let
 her go!

They both stare at each other for a about 8 seconds, then K.J. puts his blunt down on the desk. All of sudden he lets go of Star's hair and hits her in the face really hard. Star then falls over to the floor. Quovadis gets off a shot but K.J. dodges to the side and she misses. In one big motion he pushes from the desk to clear some space, then like a crazed ass gorilla he hops on the desk then leaps at Quovadis. She shoots again but it just grazes him on the arm. Now he's landed on top of her forcing her to the floor, also knocking the gun out of her hand. Quovadis tries to swing and kick him off of her but she's no match.

K.J.
 Yeah that's it bitch! I knew it was
 gone take some time for you to see
 how things work around this here!
 I'm the judge and the jury around
 this mutherfucking camp!

As she keeps struggling K.J. puts all his weight on her legs, then he grabs her arms tightly to forcefully put them by her sides. Quovadis is in serious trouble now, this wasn't how it was supposed to go down.

QUOVADIS
 You coward ass bitch, get tha fuck
 off of me!

K.J.

Oh no Quovadis you brought this
shit on yourself, I was gone
introduce you to the game the
gentle pimp way but you bring your
fine ass up in here like you got
balls swinging between your legs!
Well I'ma see just how big them
balls are!

QUOVADIS

(screaming as loud as she
can) CASH!!!

BACK TO:

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

Cash is still standing in the same spot that he's been standing at all night but he suddenly turns to look over where he thinks he just heard Quovadis scream his name. Also at that moment some of security has gotten into it with some men who were touching on the girls wrong and now there putting them out the club. Not taking any chances Cash starts slowly moving thru the crowd to get back there where Quovadis is being attacked, he steadily moves faster as he gets closer to the back. He makes the left when he gets to the end of the hall, as he gets closer to the office he hears Quovadis scream again, with no hesitation he kicks the door open. We see Quovadis is still fighting with K.J. Cash comes thru the door and puts the Nike boot to his face to get him off of her! Cash then helps Quovadis to her feet.

CASH

Are you hurt?

QUOVADIS

No I'm good.

K.J. is holding his head trying to shake the cobwebs out from Cash's kick to his face as he gets to his feet.

K.J.

Well looky here, it seems you've
went and found you some outside
help huh Quovadis? You better be
one bad mutherfucker if you think
I'ma let you fuck with my stable.

K.J. rushes Cash, they then square off. Cash is nice with his hands though so K.J. is having a hard time trying to get off on him. As the men are fighting in the limited amount of space, Quovadis tries to stay out of the way.

Eventually she circles over by the desk behind where Star is huddled underneath. The men keep up the intense fighting, Quovadis kneels down next to her.

QUOVADIS

Star I came to get you outta here,
we need to go now! Where's your
stuff?

Star grabs one of the suitcases and hands it to her. Both women know that their best bet is to stay behind the desk until they can make a break towards the back door of the office. K.J. is now making it a fight after he hits Cash over the head with the Ciroc bottle. You can tell Cash is hurt, blood gets in his left eye making his vision blurry. K.J. sees Cash is struggling so he takes advantage.

K.J.

One good boot to the chest deserves
another!

He then kicks Cash in the chest real hard. Cash flies back and hits the wall even harder. The force from the kick knocks the wind out of him. He's gasping for air as Quovadis and Star have made their way to the other side of the room, but after seeing what just happened to Cash she can't help but to stop. K.J. is so caught up in the fight he's not even paying attention to them now.

K.J. (CONT'D)

Oh I know that shit hurt! Nigga you
think you can come flying in here
and save these hoes? Nigga I'm from
Watts! My ghetto pass would get
revoked if I allowed this to
happen! You better check my resume!
I'm that nigga to fear!

He goes over to Cash and starts wailing on him with lefts and rights. Cash is reeling trying to protect himself, he ducks under one of the punches grabbing K.J. by his shirt collar he then head butts him between the mouth and nose. The impact causes blood to splatter on both of them. This is no longer just a fight, these men want to kill each other now.

CASH

And I'm from Compton so we
practically neighbors nigga, I
ain't never heard shit about you
out here in these streets? You
think cuz you beat up on young
girls and keep them doped up that
makes you a "pimp"? Nah that makes
you a "soul leech"!

Cash starts working him.

CASH (CONT'D)
 Niggas like you kill our
 communities, preying on the youth's
 innocence for that all mighty
 dollar. Justifying your means
 because you think that's what a
 "ghetto star" is supposed to do.

K.J.'s fucked off now he tries to kick Cash again but he catches his foot this time, he sweeps the other leg so that his head hits the floor hard!. Cash hits him in the face again and again and again. K.J. is beat now.

CASH (CONT'D)
 Nigga you ain't no "man".

Quovadis goes over to Cash

QUOVADIS
 Hey...lets go.

Cash grabs Quovadis' gun from the corner of the room. She collects her clothes that were thrown around during the fight, Star still kind of high is standing by the back door waiting for them holding the suitcase with both hands.

K.J.
 (laying on the floor
 bloody)
 Ha! I hope you don't think this is
 over nigga! Like ya'll just gone
 walk off into the sunset and live
 happily ever after! Shit this is
 only the beginning!! I don't care
 if I gotta roll thru Compton every
 day ta find yo punk ass! From
 Greenleaf to Alondra nigga! Ha Ha
 wooooo! This shit ain't over! Hub
 City not nare near big enough for
 me to not find yo bitch ass! Huh?
 Whatchu say nigga we neighbors!?
 I'm coming for yo ass mutherfucker!
 You and that bitch too! I'm a find
 ya'll ass and I'm a sauté the both
 of you! Watch nigga I'm coming!

As all three of them are walking out the back door Cash stops, holding his arm Quovadis looks at him. He gives her "her" gun then pulls away her.

K.J. (CONT'D)

You shoulda killed me! Ha ha ha
woooooooo! You shoulda killed me
nigga!

QUOVADIS

Cash.

Cash turns around, from the small of his back underneath his shirt he pulls out his 9mm. He walks back over to K.J. standing over him.

CASH

It ain't too late.

He lets off three shots to K.J.'s chest and one to the head. Not wanting to look Quovadis and Star have already left out of the back door and into the parking lot. All three get in Cash's car then high tail it outta there.

CUT TO:

INT. CASH'S CAR - NIGHT

Cash is behind the wheel, Quovadis is in the passenger seat and Star is barely sitting up laying across the suitcase. For about 30 seconds it's complete silence, all you can hear is the car engine.

QUOVADIS

Star! Wake up, where you stay at?

Star doesn't say anything.

QUOVADIS (CONT'D)

Star get up!

Quovadis reaches back to shake Star so she wakes up, Cash doesn't even look he's just focused on the road.

STAR

(slowly getting up)
Damn ok Quo I'm up shit!

QUOVADIS

Where you stay at, we're taking you home.

STAR

Lakewood off Artesia.

QUOVADIS
Is that where your Mom's
stay at?

STAR
Yeah.

QUOVADIS
You know anything is better than
being back there.

STAR
No it's not.

QUOVADIS
Yes it is Star, you just gotta be
around people who love you, and you
have to get clean.

Star just looks at her, realizing what she's stolen from K.J. She quietly unzips the suitcase as Quovadis keeps up the "hope" speech.

QUOVADIS (CONT'D)
Your to young ta say just "fuck it"
Star, it's more to life than being
fucked up all the time drinking and
smoking all day.

Star's mouth flies open when she discovers the contents, she's just hit the "junky jackpot". The suitcase is filled with kilo bags of cocaine. Looking at Quovadis making sure she's not paying attention to her she grabs three of the bags, closes it and zips it back up. Then she stuffs one of the bags down her hot orange spandex pants, the other two she stuffs in a big shoulder purse she has some extra clothes in.

QUOVADIS (CONT'D)
Are you listening to what I'm
saying Star? You can't keep living
like this, you gone be dead before
you even see eighteen. Is that what
you want?

Star now acts like she's listening as she's looking out the window the whole time Quovadis has been talking. Getting off the freeway Cash is approaching Star's neighborhood he rounds the corner to turn onto Lakewood Blvd we see a hamburger stand.

STAR
Hey pull into the hamburger stand,
I need to get out. I think I'm
gonna puke.

Cash looks at Quovadis, she nods her head. He pulls into the parking lot and stops the car.

QUOVADIS

What's going on?

STAR

I don't know, I just started feeling sick. I ain't trying to fuck this car up, gimme a couple minutes I'll be back.

Quovadis gets out to let the seat up, as she steps out from the back Star is looking into her eyes.

STAR (CONT'D)

Thanks for coming to get me Quo, you and your dude didn't have to do that. He seems like a good guy, I know you wouldn't be with him if he wasn't solid. You all married and shit now! Damn that's crazy as hell! I see it in your face girl, he must be tha one! He kinda cute too! Do he got a brother?

Star grabs her hand looking at her wedding ring, Quovadis smiles.

STAR (CONT'D)

(she reaches in her purse
pulls out a Newport and
lights it)

You know I never told you but you put me in the mind of my older sister Stacy. Yeah...like you be looking out for me, she the same way. If anybody did anything to me she would fight um, it didn't matter if they were a girl or boy, young or old, black, mexican, hell I seen her get down with this big ass Samoan bitch one time! Didn't matter..... she's dead though now. This guy from our old neighborhood where we grew up from before my Mom moved out here. He used to smoke sherm and killed her, he was crushing on her tough cuz she kinda favored Stacy Dash old girl from Clueless, he just had ta have her ya know? But she would never go out with him.

(MORE)

STAR (CONT'D)

So he waited for her after a football game one night, she was walking thru the park by herself on her way home, he grabbed her then raped her. Stacy fought though, he wound up breaking her neck cuz he was choking her out so hard. For those couple of years she protected me... but that one night nobody was there to protect her.

Quovadis is looking at her horrified. Cash is listening to every word as he's looking out his window.

STAR (CONT'D)

I've come to terms early with this life not everybody gets a chance to experience "love" Quo. Whether it's from family, your friends or a special someone you might meet. I've seen too much fucked up shit to have it balance out now. In a nut shell I ain't shit and ain't no amount of "hope" gonna ease my pain. The only time I feel numb to it is when I'm high. The stars were aligned pretty fucked up the minute I was conceived and I'm cool with that. I don't see no happy ending for me. You know why? Cuz ain't no "prince charming" coming to save a "lost soul".

Star takes another drag from her cigarette then puts it out on the ground. She gives Quovadis a strong hug turns and slowly walks towards the back of the hamburger stand where the rest rooms are located. For a few seconds Quovadis and Cash are looking at her, then Quovadis notices the suitcase still in the back seat.

QUOVADIS

Star! Whatabout your stuff!?

STAR

(still walking away she
throws her hand up never
even looking back)

You keep it!

Quovadis and Cash watch as Star disappears around the building.

After a few seconds Quovadis gets in the back seat while Cash looks on she unzips the suitcase and flips open the top, both of there expressions alone says it all. In the background we hear Tupac's "Lost Souls"

CUT TO:

EXT. HAMBURGER STAND'S PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The camera slowly pans out as Cash and Quovadis sit in the car.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DARBY'S BARBERSHOP - DAWN

We see now that Cash's car is once again in another parking lot. Inside the car Cash is knocked out behind the wheel, covered with a jacket Quovadis is curled up next to him sleeping also. There camped out in front of "Darby's Haircuts and Designs Barbershop", this is JAMES DARBY'S place of business. Soon we see a older black man rolls up on his Harley Davidson parking next to Cash. JAMES DARBY is in his mid to late 50's, he stands about 6'0 feet even and is the same complexion as Cash. His haircut and facial hair is shaped together all evenly with his beard along with his side burns that are also connected appear to be salt and pepper in color. He's wearing jeans and a slightly faded a jeans jacket that has the "Outlaws" biker gang on the back. Underneath he has on a plain white T-shirt. One earring in his left ear and he's wearing turquoise and silver rings on three of his eight fingers. A wallet chain hangs down by the side of his hip on one of his belt loops. Just underneath his slightly large belly a "Harley Davidson" belt buckle can be seen and he's wearing dark brown motorcycle boots. As he's taking his helmet off he looks inside of the car. He walks over to the driver's side looks in again and knocks on the glass.

JAMES

I ain't got no money Cash.

Cash wakes up to look and see who was knocking on the window, Quovadis wakes up as soon she feels him move. James walks over to the front windows to take the security locks off. Cash and Quovadis get out of the car.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I'm still paying back the IRS after that audit they did in 09. So if you here to borrow some money you might as well go back to sleep.

CASH

I didn't come here to borrow no money.

James goes to the door and unlocks it. Quovadis puts on the jacket she was using to cover up with as she stands there looking at how much Cash and James look alike.

CASH (CONT'D)

Came over cuz I wanted you to meet my wife.

James looks at her kind of surprised, then he looks at Cash. He pulls his hand out of his hoodie pocket to show off his wedding ring. When James looks at Quovadis she's got a half smile then she shows off her ring too. James' eyes dart back and forth looking at the both of them, then he quickly goes into the shop cutting on the lights as he enters. Quovadis looks at Cash, he walks in as she follows behind.

CUT TO:

INT. DARBY'S BARBERSHOP - DAWN

James takes his jacket off, then he gets situated as he tries to process the news flash he's just heard from Cash. After about a minute of "uncomfortable silence" he claps his hands and smiles then he holds his hand out to shake her hand.

JAMES

Ok then I'm James Darby.

QUOVADIS

Hi James, I'm Quovadis Darby.

Cash sits in one of the barber chairs now.

JAMES

Wow...Quovadis Darby, now that has a nice ring to it.

QUOVADIS

Yeah I upgraded from Dupree to Darby.

CASH

You had breakfast?

JAMES

Uhhh no I haven't.

CASH

Hey babe you think you can go get us some breakfast?

QUOVADIS

Sure thing.

CASH

James whatchu eating I'm buying. You still like them breakfast sandwiches from Louise's? Turkey bacon Wright? With colby jack cheese?

James goes over to his work station to start prepping his clippers for the day's work.

JAMES

Yeah that'll work.

Cash digs in his pocket and pulls out a bunch of crumpled bills, he looks thru them and hands thirty dollars to Quovadis.

CASH

Get him that breakfast sandwich with the turkey bacon, make sure they put colby jack on it. And you can get me a breakfast meal with pancakes and hash browns. I want my eggs over easy and bring some orange juice. James you want some juice?

JAMES

Apple.

CASH

Ok then get him a Martinelli's apple juice. Your probably gonna have to stop by 7-11 to find the juice. And whatever you want Mrs. Darby.

He smiles and gives her a kiss.

QUOVADIS

Be back in a bit Mr. Darby.

Quovadis walks out the door then skips to the car. Cash looks on as she pulls out of the lot.

CASH

Damn she's fine. I'm mean she's even finer inside. I'm telling you James, the Universe literally dropped her off from a shooting star to me. I've never felt like this about anybody in my life.

James is in the mirror looking at his son behind him standing at the door.

CASH (CONT'D)

We just met not even seventy-two hours ago but it feels like we've been knowing each other for seventy-two years. All I want to do is hold her near to me.

James turns around now.

JAMES

Cash what are you talking about! Sit the fuck down damnit. I haven't seen you in three years. For God sakes if you aren't like your mother thru and thru. Your just like her. She was the same way, always on this spontaneous living type shit.

Cash goes to take a seat on the customer's waiting couch.

JAMES (CONT'D)

You show up here at the crack of dawn for me to meet your wife who you've only known for three days? Who does that? I'm a need you to hold up a minute. Jeepers. Now when did you get married?

Cash just looks at him and takes a deep breath.

CASH

James I need your help.

BACK TO:

EXT. DARBY'S BARBERSHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Cash and James have gone outside, James is smoking on a blunt but he's also holding both of his hands on the side of his ears. Cash has been explaining to him what's transpired over the last seventy two hours.

JAMES

Don't tell me shit else Cash!

He can't believe what Cash has just told him about what's transpired over the last three days.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I don't believe this. What do you want me to do? How the fuck am I supposed to help you with this?

Cash looks at him dumbfounded.

CASH

What?

JAMES

You came here expecting me to just give you all the answers, I mean what tha fuck are you thinking about man?

CASH

I know you can get in contact with cousin Cleo. Ain't he still a sheriff out in Carson? Maybe he can find out something, I just need to know who knows what.

JAMES

Why would I do that Cash huh?

CASH

Cuz I need to know how much shit I'm in ok?

JAMES

Oh you waist high in some shit! And it's steady rising. These niggaz out here are gone kill you and that girl once they find out what you did!

CASH

I didn't come here so you can give me street education 101 James!

(MORE)

CASH (CONT'D)

Make some calls for me, this being the barber shop word on the street travels here first, shit I didn't think that nigga was gone act a fool like that. He was on some other shit I'm telling you.

James is looking at Cash with major concern now, he knows that both He and Quovadis are in real danger.

JAMES

The Barbary Coast you said?

CASH

Yeah

JAMES

It's still early, my first appointment doesn't come in until nine. You guys can hang out here for a couple of hours while I make some calls. I'll call Cleo too, I'm sure he can tell me if he know's anything.

CASH

Ok

After an hour and a half we see Quovadis and Cash are still posted out in the parking lot. The business day is starting, we see more barbers have arrived. Some even know Cash so they greet him as they enter the shop. James comes out the shop, he's on his cell after a few minutes he motions over to Cash. Cash then goes over to where he's at.

JAMES

(hanging up his phone)
I just got off the phone with Cleo, do you know a cat named Percy Flowers?

CASH

Nah.

JAMES

Well your boy K.J. was on some real scurby type shit.

CASH

I know, he had that look in his eye.

JAMES

It looks like he robbed Percy on a dope deal that went down in LA about a week ago. He killed two of Percy's runners at the Snooty Fox down on Western. The police didn't have any real leads not until K.J. came up dead last night. It seems he had a hundred thousand dollar hit on his head, so he's been laying low trying to sell off what he stole. It was only a matter of time before Percy got to him and since word on the street that Percy had a hit on K.J. the Po Poe pretty much assuming somebody out here collected. If anything you did Percy a favor what ever he gets out of this now is a plus for him, he probably figures the rest is charged to tha game.

CASH

A hundred thousand? Are you serious?

JAMES

Hmmmm. Cash if your not apart of that lifestyle then them niggas ain't gonna be looking for you. Why would they? This piece of shit you got rid of was just another skid mark in the drawers of the drug game. It's time to stop fucking around, if your gonnna commit your heart to this girl then do it she's your wife now. This ain't high school! These fucking streets will eat you alive, both a ya'll! It's to much in this world to see, there's more to life than Compton and Watts...go see it with her and go live it together!

Cash just looks at him, then he pulls out his cell.

CASH

Here I'm texting you my homie Nate's address out in Vegas, I'll call you when we get there in a couple of days. I'm a go get my car tuned up, I need to get the oil changed also.

(MORE)

CASH (CONT'D)

Then I'ma stop by the crib to grab
some things before we hit tha
highway.

JAMES

Alright then.

Cash motions to Quovadis to come over.

CASH

We gotta roll, give James a hug he
doesn't get many.

JAMES

Cash says you guys are heading to
Vegas for your honeymoon? Win some
big money and have a good time. It
was nice meeting you Quovadis
Darby.

QUOVADIS

It was nice meeting you Poppa
Darby, when we get back home I'ma
make you a big pan of chicken
enchiladas.

JAMES

That's wussup he musta told you
I'ma sucker for enchiladas.

Quovadis gives James a strong hug and a kiss on the cheek,
they head over to the car and get in. Cash starts the car and
revs the engine as he backs up fast spinning the wheels. He
lets down the window and looks over at James.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Yeah you need a tune up.

CASH

I'll getatcha later Pops.

JAMES

(he whispers)
Poppa Darby.

James nods his head, As the couple pulls out the driveway we
can hear Tupac's "Me and My Girlfriend" coming from Cash's
car.

CUT TO:

INT. HARD TIME STUDIOS - DAY

NATE DONOVAN is sitting in the lobby with his headphones on, he's waiting to go inside to spit a hot sixteen for a local c producer named KING OF SPADE. Nate is "hot summer asphalt" very dark skinned black, he's about 5'10, toned and solid. You can tell he hits the weights semi reguarly. Because his grade of hair is curly he's able to wear a mini afro with short side burns and a goatee. He's wearing a new white Streetwise T-shirt on the front it has the LA city skyline with the words "REP LOS" in big letters under it. He has on chocolate and grey State Nevins back pack, black baggy Levi's jeans and some all white brand new Nike Flyknit tennis shoes. One standard gold chain, two small diamond earrings in both ears, a black G-Shock watch on his left arm. Nate is neat all the way down to his shoestrings. He's only been knowing SPADE for about six months so today after finally convincing him he's got skills he gets his opportunity. Nate has his eyes closed trying to think of some hot word play to come up with. Soon a brother comes out to the lobby to get him.

BROTHER #1

Yo man you up!

Nate doesn't move because he doesn't hear anything but the beats coming from his earphones.

BROTHER #1 (CONT'D)

Yo nigga!

He goes over to Nate and kicks his "kicks".

Nate quickly opens his eyes to see who just kicked his brand new shoes!

NATE

Damn nigga don't be kicking my shoes!

He looks down to see if he fucked them up.

BROTHER #1

Spade said ta come inside.

NATE

Is he ready?

BROTHER #1

Yeah before he changes his mind.

Nate follows him into the studio session. We see four girls, two are sharing a love seat, two other brothers are off in the corner sitting with the other two girls. Spade is behind the boards with his feet propped up talking on his cell.

NATE

Sup Spade?

Spade puts his finger up signaling to Nate to hold on.

SPADE

(talking on the phone)

Ok so you mean to tell me I could
of found a better deal for the same
price...same price? That doesn't do
me any good now...good now? I can't
keep spending all this money on
bullshit ass product...bullshit ass
product! No no no no! I'll call you
back...call you back!

Spade hangs up the phone. Just from his brief conversation
you can tell there's something different about King of Spade.

SPADE (CONT'D)

Sup with you Nate Donovan...Nate
Donovan? Now check this out
nigga...out nigga. Just cuz I got
you up here at the studio...at the
studio, don't mean I'ma get you a
deal...get you a deal. You feel me
dog...feel me dog? This just a try
out...try out, you just a walk-on
trying to make the team...trying to
make the team. You gotta make the
cut first nigga before you become a
player of the Hard Time
roster...before you a player of the
Hard Time Roster. Niggas round here
would pay ta be in your shoes
today...in your shoes today. Please
take full advantage of this
opportunity because I don't have
the patience or the time to be
fucking around...patience or time
to be fucking around. Got it...got
it? Good...good. Get in tha
booth...tha booth. You ready...you
ready?

NATE

Yeah I'm ready.

SPADE

Lets go...let's go!

Nate walks over to the recording booth, gets in and puts the
headphones on.

We see Spade turn some of the knobs on the mixer board, soon a booming beat can be heard all throughout the studio. Spade bobs his head to the beat then he points to Nate to start his verse. Nate is feeling the beat with no problem, he rides the beat effortlessly, rhyming is second nature to Nate...the brother has talent. Everyone there is reacting and listening to his dope flow, Spade continues to slightly bob his head but not appearing to be as excited as everyone else is. After about another minute Spade stops the beat then motions Nate to step out of the booth.

NATE

What I do?

SPADE

Naw that shit was fire...that shit was fire. You tight as fuck dog...you tight as fuck. I'm a fuck wit you in a real way...wit you in a real way.

NATE

I got more shit if you want me to change it up.

SPADE

Nah that's cool, I gotta tend to some more business though...tend to some more business though. Hit me up tomorrow so we can talk about your roster position...talk about your roster position.

NATE

Ok that's cool.

Spade goes over to one of the girls to talk to her, leaving Nate just standing by himself over at the mixing board. Soon he realizes that his company isn't wanted so leaves, when he gets out into the lobby he puts his headphones back in his ears. As he gets ready to leave Nate pulls out his phone to check the last text message he's just received.

CUT TO:

EXT. NATE'S CELL PHONE - DAY

CASH

Wussup man, I'm heading your way and I'm bringing my wife. We celebrating our honeymoon thru the weekend, I should be pulling up to your spot sometime tomorrow. Peace.

Nate crack's a smile as he leaves the building.

BACK TO:

EXT. DARBY'S BARBERSHOP - DAWN

It's the next morning now and we see that Mr. Darby is once again pulling up to the shop on his motorcycle. He proceeds to do his routine opening up the shop. As his back is turned to unlock the windows we see two SUV's now pull up. One Cadillac Escalade and the other a Range Rover. In the first car we see two black men get out both are built like linebackers fairly young looking, one is wearing a black "LA" Dodgers cap. They're tattooed with gang signs and numbers on their fore arms and back arms. They have on baggy jeans and sweat shirts with the sleeves pulled up to show off their neighborhoods. Out of the other car from the driver side steps out another black man a little smaller but still fit. He's pretty much wearing the similar gangbanger fit and colors. From the passenger side a Mexican gets out he's taller than all three of the other black men, but he too is tattooed with numbers and your standard gang affiliation art work but you can only see it on his hands and neck. It's obvious this morning that these gentlemen have night arrived early to get haircuts. Lastly a average sized black man exits from the back seat of the Escalade. He's dressed neatly, he has on dark blue baggy jeans slightly sagging with a heavy crease, a fresh pair of Nike Cortez's on and he's wearing a very clean light blue polo shirt. This is TRISTAN LONDON. It's like his style is on some throwback nineties era type shit. As the other men stand in place by the cars, Tristan goes around them and makes a beeline towards James.

TRISTAN

Excuse me Mr. Darby.

JAMES

Uhh we're not open til nine my man and I'm booked til after eleven so if...

TRISTAN

Man cut all that bullshit nigga, we ain't here for no mutherfucking haircut! Unlock tha door so we can have this conversation inside!

James looks at him. Tristan then lifts up his sweat shirt to show James his Glock .380. James unlocks the door to go inside, Tristan follows and the four other men go in also.

BACK TO:

INT. DARBY'S BARBERSHOP - MORNING

All of them enter the shop, Tristan instructs James to sit in the middle barber chair. On each side of him each one of Tristan's "thugs" sit in the chairs. The Mexican brother stands behind him over his left shoulder and the last brother is posted over by the door. Tristan stands directly in front of James.

TRISTAN

Mr. Darby, I'm a call you Mr. Darby cuz I'm from tha South...ATL ta be exact and how I was raised you treat the elderly with the utmost respect. Shit I was practically raised by my grandmomma and the first thing I learned was to always "respect" your elders. So you see this is kinda hard for me.

James' eyes are looking around at all of them.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Now because of the way I was brought up, this interrogation that we're bout to engage in should be done swiftly, accordingly and in a respectful manner so that I don't have to compromise any of my traditional values that my beautiful grandmother was able to instill upon me in my younger days...cool? Cool. Mr. Darby my name is Tristan London. Now my second baby's momma's uncle's half brother is Percy Flowers. Are you familiar with Mr. Flowers Mr. Darby?

JAMES

Yes. I've heard of him but only by way of the streets.

TRISTAN

Ok ok. This being a barber shop I'm sure a lot of 411 frequently makes it's way up in here.

JAMES

Yeah you know niggas can't help but ta talk up in here. But listen I don't have anything to do with none of that.

Tristan folds his arms and looks intensely at James now.

TRISTAN

Anything like what Mr. Darby?

James realizes what he's just said, he's shown his hand way to soon.

JAMES

You know tha streets be talking that's all I'm saying.

TRISTAN

True true, well as I was saying Mr. Flowers and I have been doing business together for quite some time and he trusts me to make the correct business moves when it comes to product placement. Now when my product is expected to arrive at a certain time in a certain place and it doesn't that causes a delay in my market. So much of a delay that I have to get out in the field to investigate why my product hasn't been delivered. Are you following me Mr. Darby?

James nods his head. Now we see Tristan goes and grabs a chair to sit in front of James.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

So my investigation has brought me here to you Mr. Darby on the account of your son Cash and his stripper bitch girl friend Quovadis. I know you know what happended so I'm gonna spare you so not to be redundant with the story but in all fairness your son fucked up big time.

Tristan reaches in his back pocket and pulls out a DVD case with a DVD in it. He then goes over to the T.V. where it also has a DVD player hooked up to it. He puts the DVD in and grabs the remote. All of them watches what unfolds in K.J.'s office that night. It even shows when all three of them leave from out the back and get into Cash's car.

JAMES

Where'd you get that?

TRISTAN

Dumb ass cops didn't know about the secret camera K.J. had in his office, he rigged it like it didn't work. I was then able to get your son's license plate number off his car, shot it to a little female I know who works at the DMV out in Hawthorne so it wasn't hard to get an address but apparently Cash had his car registered to the address here.

JAMES

I haven't seen Cash man.

Tristan looks at the Mexican. Suddenly he socks Mr. Darby in the side of his ear really hard, so hard he falls out the chair. He grabs by the back of his jacket and sits him back up, blood is coming out his ear.

JAMES (CONT'D)

God damnit! Fuck! you busted my ear drum! Fuck!

TRISTAN

Mr. Darby where is your son at? Please lets not make this any harder than it has to be. Earlier you indicated that you "didn't have anything to do with that", those were the exact words you used sir. Now I'm a ask you again, where's Cash?

JAMES

Look I haven't seen Cash in over a year, he showed up here yesterday morning around the same time. He said he and that girl got married. Then asked if he could borrow some money for their honeymoon.

TRISTAN

He didn't tell you where they were going?

JAMES

(holding his ear as blood is coming out)

No, he didn't say anything. Cash has always been a pretty private person, I learned a long time ago to stay outta his business... shit!

TRISTAN

How much money did you give um?

JAMES

Five hundred dollars.

TRISTAN

And he didn't tell you where he was going?

JAMES

No!

Now Tristan looks at the other two men sitting in the other chairs. They both get up to grab James' arms, he struggles until the guy who has his right wrist begins to bend it backwards until it breaks. James screams in pain. Then the Mexican pulls out a knife, him and the other gangster struggle to put his left arm on top of arm rest with his palm hand facing down. James continues to scream from his wrist being broken but the men aren't finished yet. The Mexican positions James' other hand, then he takes the knife and stabs it through til it sticks in the arm rest. James screams even louder now.

TRISTAN

How does it feel Mr. Darby? I told my boys if you didn't cooperate then just like my business is suffering then your business will have to suffer also. Now that your hands are fucked up, you won't be cutting anybody's hair for awhile now.

The gangsters let him go then they calmly sit back in there chairs, the Mexican removes the knife from his hand then wipes the blood off onto James' jacket, he then slumps over in agony.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Now these injuries you've sustained are only minor compared to how bad they can really get within the next ten to fifteen minutes from now. And once I unleash these 'dogs' then it ain't no coming back Mr. Darby. So... for the last time I know your son told you where they were going. I'm a need you to tell me something.

For a few minutes James continues to sit slumped over with his left wrist tucked underneath him and his right hand hanging down on the side of the chair as blood pours out from the wound, forming a small pool of blood on the floor. All the men are just looking at him. James knows that no matter what he tells them "death is around the corner". Slowly he sits up straight to face Tristan so he can look him in the eyes.

JAMES

(turning to his left)

Hey my man, I got a pre rolled Kush blunt all ready ta smoke in that drawer over there at my station. Son if you don't mind could he get that for me? I just need something to blow right now so I can collect my thoughts. You know how that Indica weed is good for pain

Tristan nods his head over towards the area, Gangster #1 goes over to James' station to grab the blunt. He come's back and hands it to him. James takes it with his stabbed hand trying not to get any blood on it, then he immediately puts it to his lips. All of them are looking at him patiently, James digs into his pocket grimacing as he fumbles around feeling for his lighter. Taking too long Gangster #2 on the right pulls out a lighter as he lights the blunt for James. He takes a deep pull holds it for a minute then lets out a big cloud of smoke.

JAMES (CONT'D)

(coughing)

Preciateit man. Damn that this shit is good.

Grimacing from the pain that's been inflicted on him, he then leans back and looks at Tristan again in his eyes.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Earlier you talked about how your grandmother raised you to "respect your elders" right? I'm assuming you must of been hella young when you got with her huh? Bout two or three maybe? Running thru the projects with your boys doing dumb shit when you got older. I bet you was tha first outside and tha last one to have to go in tha house because this old lady was raising you. Am I right? Your Mom was your sister huh?

(MORE)

JAMES (CONT'D)

Didn't find that shit out til you was at your Granny's bedside the day she died right? Ha. Family secrets, every black family in America has some sort of "family secrets" son. It's the nature of the beast when your ancestors have been enslaved, raped, beaten and tortured for generations after generations. This continuous cycle of abuse has caused plenty of black family misery young man. You not the only one. All black people have family that they don't fuck with for some god forsaken reason. Whether you got an uncle who's a pedophile, a cousin who was molested by there aunt, a sister who was raped by her mother's then boyfriend and in your case a mother who was a hoe, I want you to know it's not your fault.

Tristan can't believe what James just said to him.

TRISTAN

Nigga what did you just say?

All the men look at him in amazement while James takes another toke from his blunt.

JAMES

You heard me it's not your fault that your mother was a hoe early in her life. She turned tricks for profit got knocked up when she was young and dropped you off at your Granny's house so she could continue hoeing. And shame on your Nana for not putting a stop to her extra curricular activities she's doin out there in them streets. She was to old to instill them good ole "southern values" you never gain in your life. You see we as a people we had no choice but to come from the South, we all came from the south just some migrated north while others came to the west. Most of us stayed in tha "Dirty South" huh? Ain't that what you call tha ATL nigga?

(MORE)

JAMES (CONT'D)

My people come from Virginia so I understand about "southern values and principles" so miss me with that bullshit about respecting the elderly. Nigga I'm sure you've killed people of all ages, from 3 to 75 you ain't foolin me. So I guess today is tha day I meet my maker little nigga, cuz I'd rather take a hot one to tha dome before I tell you where my son is!

Tristan stands up and pulls out his gun.

TRISTAN

You one brave mutherfucker Mr. Darby.

James takes one last deep pull from the blunt then blows the smoke into Tristan's face as he gives him the middle finger with his bloody hand.

JAMES

Eat a dick young punk.

Tristan shoots him in the head one time as we see a stream of blood shoots out the side.

TRISTAN

You believe that shit? That nigga there! Ya'll roll out to Lakewood and find that girl who left with this clown's son and that other bitch, I'm a go holler at ole girl at the DMV again and see if she can get another address for this asshole's son.

Tristan goes to the rest room at the back of the shop. One of the gangsters who was sitting in the chair is already searching James' pockets while the other one is over at his work station going thru his things. Gangster #1 finds James' cell phone on the inside of his jacket pocket. Looking at his last text messages he see's the address Cash sent to his father.

GANGSTER #1

Yo Tristan I think I got something.

CUT TO:

INT. NATE'S APARTMENT - DAY

We see Nate sitting on the couch in front of a 42' inch flat screen playing "Call of Duty". He's got a head set on with a Playstation controller in his hand, next to him sitting in the far corner of the couch is his roommate UTTAM who's picking his toes with a fork. In front of them on the table we see a big bag of Doritos, open box of Hostess Ding Dongs, half a bottle of Fanta strawberry soda, some Red Vines and a pile of green ass weed. A huge bong sits on the floor also, this is a typical bachelor's apartment. The walls are decorated with everything from movie references, half naked women, star athletes and cars. Over in the corner of the living room on top of a big speaker Nate's Amazon Echo is playing UGK's "Riding Dirty".

NATE

You niggas on here are garbage!
 Look at that! Everytime you go that
 way I wind up merking yo ass! Ha
 Ha! Oh what you don't think I just
 saw where you came from
 Blackalpine702? I know whatchu
 trying to do nigga, yo ass ain't
 fooling me! Booya boy! Stay outta
 my way shit! Move your ass!

UTTAM

Those fuckers can't play, they just
 keep letting you kill them off.
 Seems like they would be trying to
 circle around as opposed to coming
 at you straight ahead, don't they
 know that shit ain't working?

NATE

I know huh, I just keep picking um
 off one by one.

After grabbing some chips, Nate turns around to see what Uttam is doing after catching him in his peripheral.

NATE (CONT'D)

Uttam what tha fuck!

UTTAM

Gotta clean my toes man, the ladies
 love a man with clean feet. Can't
 be having no toe jam, like this one
 on the way over she got a thang for
 mens feet.

NATE

But dude you can't be using forks
and shit to clean yo feet! That
shit is disgusting! Come on man!

Uttam brushes of the toe jam from the couch, suddenly he jumps up and stands on the side of the table so we can see his profile. Uttam is short with a small frame but he's muscular. He's wearing like a old school tight fitting muscle shirt with a picture of Prince on it, then he's got on these neon green swim trunks. As he stands there looking at Nate continue to play the game, from the camera angle we see that Uttam is not your stereotypical Asian, just because he has a small frame he's packing a third leg.

UTTAM

I'm just saying bro, what if she
wants to suck on my toes later huh?
It'll be embarrassing if she starts
licking the bottom of my feet and I
got mega foot crud built up between
the corners of my cuticles.

He then starts doing blurpees, Nate looks over at Uttam and his package bouncing up and down every time he pops up.

NATE

Uttam she's not coming here to just
suck on your toes with that
knockwurst you got in them
nuthuggers you rockin. I'm
convinced that you've got the
mandingo gene running thru your
veins.

UTTAM

It's more to me than what's in my
pants my man. I'm fucking they
mines with my intellect and deep
thinking. Connecting to them
mentally. The physical attraction
only can last for so long before I
get bored with a woman. I'm looking
beyond the superficial plain so we
can become one with the universe
man.

Nate looks at him with the corner of his mouth curled up as Uttam keeps doing his blurpees.

NATE

Whatever nigga, pack tha bong.

Uttam stops with his exercises, grabs the bong and packs it with some of the weed on the table. Nate hands him the lighter then he fires it up, we can see the weed smoke build up in the tube of the bong as Uttam pulls from the top. After releasing the valve he inhales all of the smoke as he hands it over to Nate who's looking at him.

NATE (CONT'D)

(kinda talking under his
breath)

Why don't yo ass never cough?
Fucking unbelievable how this nigga
be taking them big ass hits and he
don't never cough. How is that?

Nate lights up and does the same thing only after his hit he gags, spits a little from trying to hold the smoke in his chest until he starts coughing. We see Nate is laid out on the couch with his eyes closed and Uttam is also on his back laying on the floor next to the table.

UTTAM

Man I love them Strawberry Cookies.

NATE

Yeah they the shit.

After about 30 seconds of silence.

UTTAM

The pupils of the oriental-fire
bellied toad are triangular.

Nate doesn't say anything.

UTTAM (CONT'D)

California sea lions can hunt
continuously for up to 30 hours.

UTTAM (CONT'D)

Beavers are second only to humans
in their ability to manipulate and
change their environments.

Nate now pops up to look at his roommate who's staring up at the ceiling.

NATE

Here we go with the animal facts.

UTTAM

Elephants can recognize themselves-
something very few animals are
known to do.

Nate grabs the bong again to take another hit.

NATE

Ok no more cookies for Uttam he's high.

Nate adds some more weed to the bong and takes another hit. He grabs the controller so he can resume playing the game.

UTTAM

Ostriches can run faster than horses.

Nate turns to look at Uttam now.

NATE

Really?

UTTAM

Ummmmmmhmmm and the males can roar like lions.

Off in the background we hear the doorbell rings.

NATE

Get tha door Uttam.

Uttam gets up to open the door, standing there we see Cash and Quovadis.

CASH

Sup is Nate Donovan here?

Uttam looks at them for a minute.

UTTAM

The bat is the only mammal that can fly.

Cash and Quovadis look at Uttam confused, then Cash looks at the numbers on the building again.

UTTAM (CONT'D)

A tarantula spider can survive more than two years without any food.

Uttam turns and leaves while leaving the door wide open. For a couple more minutes Cash and Quovadis stand there looking at each other until Nate comes to the door.

NATE

Wussup Cash! Yo you gotta excuse my roommate he high as hell right now.

They give each other the familiar hood greeting, a pound and half a hug.

CASH

Whatitdo man, how you been?

NATE

Same ole same ole you know. Still trying to be heard. Yo this your girl huh?

CASH

Nate Donovan I'd like you to meet my wife Quovadis

QUOVADIS

Hi nice to meet you, Cash told me ya'll go way back he said you guys been down since junior high.

NATE

Get the fuck outta here man, when we were younger this nigga used to say he'd never get married, look what tha fuck you done done!

CASH

Yo come on lets go get something to eat, then we gotta roll back to the hotel.

NATE

Where we headed?

CASH

Cancun Resort.

NATE

Yo Uttam be back later I'm rolling out with Cash and Quo to the Cancun Resort by the strip.

We hear Uttam yell back from the kitchen another animal fact as Nate shuts the door. All of them hop in the car and roll out.

BACK TO:

INT. CASH'S CAR - DAY

Cash is driving while Nate rides shotgun and Quovadis sits behind Cash in the back seat with her arm draped around him.

CASH

What's up with that deal?

NATE

I'm still sitting on the bench man, I'm fucking with this cat out here name King of Spades. I went up to the studio the other day to spit for him.

CASH

How'd it go?

NATE

Ehhhh, I don't know really. You know how it is these days with niggas. I know I got flow but don't nobody wanna tell you that cuz the game is so salty. Plus everybody else trying to get on. Know what I mean? Shit for every one of me there's a hundred other niggas within a square mile radius trying to do the same shit. Tha rap game is so crowded now a nigga be lucky if he can get on a mixtape.

CASH

I feel you man.

NATE

Thank God for the weed game though, now that it's legal I'm able to stay a float, cuz a nigga like me would be straight homeless if that wasn't poppin. One time don't even fuck with me now that I got my card, they can't even give me a ticket.

CASH

That's wussup.

QUOVADIS

Nate can I get a freestyle from you? While it's still free!

Without any hesitation Nate starts rhyming, Quovadis smiles. Nate flows all the way until they pull up to the Cancun Resort hotel. Cash gives some money to Quovadis to go pay for the honeymoon suite. Cash and Nate walk around to the trunk of the car. Nate is looking at Cash with straight envy.

NATE

Nigga you in love huh?

CASH

Hell yeah man. I know this might sound cliché but God sent me an angel no doubt.

Cash opens the trunk so they can grab the bags.

NATE

I can see it in your eyes dude, I been knowing you for some years and I ain't never seen this side of you.

CASH

I can see clearly now my G. She gives me purpose, I ain't never met a woman like this in my life. Used to be getting up in the morning didn't mean nothing, now I wake up early just to see her smile first.

He closes the trunk.

CUT TO:

INT. CANCUN RESORT HONEYMOON SUITE - DAY

All three enter the room. Quovadis skips over to the bed then falls face first into it. Cash drops the bags on the floor then he puts the suitcase over on the table. On the counter in the kitchen is a bottle of complimentary champagne chilling on ice. Cash grabs it and two glasses from the cabinet. He then joins Quovadis over on the bed. Nate has headed to the bath room, we hear him still rhyming while he washes up before taking a piss. Quovadis grabs the remote and cuts on the T.V.

CASH

Yo I didn't come out here just for my honeymoon man. I came out here to do some business and I need your help.

Nate finishes and comes from the bath room.

NATE

Wathchu need?

Cash nods over to the suitcase on the table.

CASH

A hood referral and a major plug.

Nate goes over to the suitcase to open it up.

NATE

Oh shit.

CASH

(laughing)

Oh shit.

NATE

What tha fuck Cash, where'd you get this?

CASH

Accidental come up.

Quovadis looks over at Nate. Cash pours two glasses of champagne handing one of them to Quovadis.

NATE

Accidental come up? Fuck is that supposed to mean?

CASH

Look I'll give you the details about that at another time, what I need to know is can you help me get rid of it?

NATE

This is a gang a dope!

CASH

I know that Nate, that's why I need your help. We not just here only on our honeymoon dude, we need for you to help us set up a deal.

NATE

Cash I got plenty of weed plugs I can turn you on to if that's what you had, that ain't no problem. But I don't know nobody out here fucking with that white like that. Especially weight like this! Nigga this some cartel type shit man.

CASH

Look weed cocaine it's all the same.

(MORE)

CASH (CONT'D)

In the drug game everybody knows somebody who knows somebody else. I just need for you to find out who that somebody else is so we can make it happen.

NATE

Why don't we just set up shop somewhere and get rid of it on our own? I know a spot out in...

CASH

No. That would take too long, fuck that nickle and dime bullshit. This is a one time deal man. Me and baby got us a plan, we gone shoot to Atlanta and buy us a house with the money we make from this deal. Whatever's left take that and start another cleaning business, then we can start a family. Now that's about a million dollars worth of cocaine, I'm willing to get rid of it for half price and I know you know somebody who knows somebody else.

NATE

Cash this is Vegas this ain't Hollywood nigga, the mob still runs this shit out here ok. Old Italian mutherfuckers who still calling shots around this bitch, whatever major weight that's being moved out here is done by them and I don't be up in the casinos like that ta be fucking with them.

CASH

Come on Nate I know wussup.

NATE

Yeah well niggas wind up either doing time or taking dirt naps if you step on the wrong toes.

CASH

Look it's always that one dude nobody's checking for cuz he's got his on lane that he drives in. For real who's that nigga who's under the radar?

Nate stands there looking at the suitcase full of coke.

NATE

Alright, that cat I told you about earlier King of Spade? Well I'm not fucking with him just on some rap shit. He and this other cat named Joe Cool run this label called Hard Times, they local ballers. Spade does all the production and finds the talent. He also recruits deals if they worth fucking with. Joe Cool runs the business, cuts the checks and word on tha streets he'll fuck with you if you worth fucking with. Regionally they doin pretty well, they gotta couple of cats on they roster with some flow but it's really a front for they dope hustle. These niggas slang everything from fake Fendi to cough syrup. Joe is smart to not bring any attention to the label because he handles all transactions like it's a record deal. but they really just a front. If he's gone fuck with you on some weed, then it's a rap deal, if he gone fuck with you on some lean then it's a mixtape type deal, ya feal what I'm saying? If he gone fuck with you on some bootleg shit then it's a r&b deal. Different fronts for different kinds of deals. So for whatever product he dealing with he acts like he got certain talent for every kind of deal. He's got different deals for different types of music he puts on his label. He even got heavy metal and country. That's why he's independent, he's like Master P. when he first started "No Limit", only he don't give a fuck about no national distribution he knows if he stays off the radar then one time won't have any reason to fuck with him.

CASH

So are you cool with Spade?

NATE

We alright I guess. Cat is weird though, I think he be fucking with every drug under tha sun.

(MORE)

NATE (CONT'D)

That nigga be so fucked up all tha time he gotta say everything twice. Every time I fuck wit him he"s either off that lean, popping mollies, snorting blow and whatever else he can get his hands on. Nigga makes some cold beats but he get way fucked up.

CASH

(taking a gulp of champagne)
You bullshiting.

NATE

Uh uh.

CASH

You think he'll fuck with us?

NATE

I can tell him what's up but he ain't gone let you come to the studio, this gone have to be done at a neutral site he stay paranoid. The more people around the better.

CASH

(hitting Quovadis on the ass)
Where at?

Quovadis is watching T.V. then a commercial advertisement for Las Vegas Premiere a paint ball park hits the screen.

QUOVADIS

Ohhhh let's go shoot!

Nate looks at them both and crosses his arms.

NATE

Paintball?

Cash smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAS VEGAS PREMIER PAINTBALL - NIGHT

Waiting in long line full of people we see Cash, Quovadis, Nate and Spade all of the are waiting patiently to enter the paint ball park. Cash is standing next to Spade with his arms crossed as Spade is double talking each question he's asking.

SPADE

Nate says you guys go back since before high school...guys go back since before high school.

CASH

Junior high actually, he's one of my closet partners. We been down since we were banging beats out on the lunch table.

SPADE

Junior high huh...junior high?

Cash looks at him strangely.

CASH

Yeah.

SPADE

He told me you got some major weight on deck you wanna get rid of...major weight on deck you wanna get rid of.

CASH

Yep. Sure do.

SPADE

So where you get it from....so where you get it from?

CASH

Back seat of my Nova nigga, what does it matter?

SPADE

How is it you got all this product but no one else to sell it to? But no one else to sell it to? For half price...half price?

Spade looks over at Nate while pointing at Cash. Nate looks back at him and shrugs his shoulders.

All of them have paid now as they have made past the ticket counter, The park attendants give them a brief group orientation on the rules and regulations at the park, there then lead to the equipment area where each of them receive their own guns, helmet, goggles and body protection. Cash and Spade stand off from to the side apart from the rest of the group to finish negotiating.

CASH

Do I call you "the king of spade"
or just "king of spade"?

SPADE

Spade is cool...Spade is cool.

CASH

Look here's the gist of it, a homie from high school is LAPD now, he and some other cops raid this Mexican bar near downtown. Routine raid becomes a shoot out, come to find out these cats have major connections to a cartel outta Ruiz Mexico. After all the smoke clears they find everything from meth to ectasy pills. The essays was moving major product for the Mexican mafia.

Both men finish putting on the necessary gear to participate in the game as everyone forms two lines for each team, we see that they are last opposite of each other.

CASH (CONT'D)

My boy has a ex wife and four kids and this bitch has been hitting him hard with the child support. Now on a police salary at the end of the day he's not making ends meet. So he grabbed what he could at the time, stashed it in a abandoned car. He went back later and grabbed it. Brought it to me so I could get rid of it for him cuz he knows I got his back. Now I'm here in Vegas trying to cut a deal for him.

SPADE

So you got it from a dirty cop then...from a dirty cop then?

CASH

My boy ain't no dirty cop man, this
ain't something he be doing all the
time. This is a one time
opportunity he couldn't pass up on.
He ain't no dirty cop.

As each group is listening to the last of the directions. A
horn sounds then both teams take off in every direction of
the park. All of them seem to be new to this but Spade does
have a clue on what to do.

SPADE

Oh shit...oh shit!

Cash takes off behind a building now ready ta go to war.

CASH

This is what I'm talking about
baby!

People begin scatter, some in groups of twos and others in
groups of threes all looking for an enemy to blast on,
including Cash, Spade, Quovadis. Poor Spade is running aronnd
the park like a chicken with his head cut off doing the best
he can to not get shot.

CASH (CONT'D)

Oh hell yeah! Let's get it!

QUOVADIS

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

NATE

Oh yeah! Fuck yeah! This is dope!

Spade is just screaming sounding very much like a little
girl.

CASH

Spade where you at baby?!

Cash is now starting to get the hang of it as he's picking
off other players from the opposite team. Meanwhile Quovadis
is also holding their own, they are getting there fare share
of kills also.

NATE

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh wow!

QUOVADIS

I loooooooooove it!

CASH

Ohhhhh this was a good idea! Great
idea babe, great idea!

CUT TO:

INT. PARK REST ROOMS - NIGHT

Outside the rest rooms we see Cash, Quovadis and Nate standing up against wall. There waiting for Spade to come out. When he exits his whole body is lit up with paint stains.

CASH

You must think I'm a hook huh
Spade?

Cash walks up to Spade as he's coming out looking at how he's covered from head to toe with splattered different colored paint.

SPADE

What?

CASH

A hook, a phoney, a nigga who be
bullshitn, a buster brown.

SPADE

Look my partner and I only deal
with people we know...only deal
with people we know. We don't fuck
with out of town cats we ain't
never heard of...with out of town
cats we ain't never heard of. Just
cuz that nigga over there vouches
for you don't mean we gone just let
you comesit at the table...don't
mean we gone let you come sit at
the table.

CASH

Then why are you here then?

Spade looks at confused.

CASH (CONT'D)

Nigga you know a deal like this
happens only once in a "coke life
time", this shit is too meaty to
pass on Spade and you know it. I'm
talking bout friends with benefits
type shit huh?

(MORE)

CASH (CONT'D)

Call your boy so we can make it happen, I ain't got all day. I gotta life I'm trying to get started on homie, if ya'll with the business then I need ta know now. I can't be having my wife out here fucking around in this desert heat all day, she's got delicate skin.

Spade looks over at Quovadis and Nate, then he gives the once over at Cash.

CASH (CONT'D)

You mutherfuckers think I'm a just wait around while you juggle your balls? You got me fucked up player. Either call or fold cuz my time is limited.

SPADE

Five hundred thou...five hundred thou?

CASH

(mocking Spade and holding up four fingers plus a thumb)

Five hundred thou...five hundred thou.

Spade pulls out his cell phone to call Joe Cool.

SPADE

Sup Joe.

CUT TO:

INT. LILY'S MASSAGE PARLOR - NIGHT

Joe Cool is a moca brown skinned brother weighing about 350 pounds. He kinda puts you in the mind of Rick Ross without a full beard. Only he has a full stubble beard instead. He looks like he's about 6'5. Tonight he's at his favorite massage parlor as he lies on his stomach naked with a white towel covering his ass, he's surrounded by three small petite Asian woman. One is massaging his temples on the sides of his head, the other is massaging his back and the last one is massaging his feet. You can tell Joe is a regular here. On a small table up in between the first two ladies is an ash tray with a blunt slowly burning. Next to that is a short whiskey glass half full of Jameson's and half full of ice.

JOE COOL
 (eyes closed)
 I'm a need you to apply some more
 pressure to my lower back area miss
 lady.

Then his cell phone rings, he reaches over to answer it. Not even opening his eyes to see who it is he just presses the button.

JOE COOL (CONT'D)
 Wussup

INTERCUT between Hotel Restrooms and Lily's Massage Parlor

SPADE
 Sup Joe...uhhh you busy? You busy?

JOE COOL
 I'm always busy Spade, something
 you should consider doing a lot
 more in your life. What do you
 want?

SPADE
 Ok. Ok. I told you about some new
 talent you might want to consider
 for the label. Might wanna consider
 for the label.

JOE COOL
 Why tha fuck do you insist on
 bringing on new talent when my
 roster is full? Huh?

SPADE
 I know that Joe. I know that Joe.
 But this cat got hella flow. Got
 hella flow. He also got some people
 on his team with some bomb ass
 material. With some bomb ass
 material Joe. They got some shit
 you need to take a look at. Some
 shit you need to take a look at.

JOE COOL
 What we talkin bout Spade?

SPADE
 I'm talking about a major move for
 the label man. Talking about a
 major move for the label. These
 cats can help us Joe. I think they
 can help us Joe.

JOE COOL

Your little pep talk ain't moving me Spade, I don't know this nigga, all risk ain't worth the reward. Where you know um from?

SPADE

They outta LA. Outta LA. Nate's been posted out here in Vegas for a couple of years, but we've been doing business for some months now. But we've being doing business for some months. His people here on vacation brought some material for somebody like you should check out. Brought some material for somebody like you should check out. They asking half price for a distribution deal. Half price for a deal.

JOE COOL

Half price? And you vouching for them? Is that what you telling me Spade? Cuz this is on you if some bullshit go down.

Quickly Cash snatches the phone from Spade.

CASH

Joe...wussup man this your boy Cash, straight outta Compton. Whatitdo bruh? Look I've been telling your man here how I've got some major production material I know your label could use. Me and Nate have been working together since junior high making good music ya know. That head bobbing shit, straight west coast coca if you get what I mean! I like to call it Colombia Salsa sprinkled with some Cali seasoning.

JOE COOL

Colombia Salsa huh? Well Cash why you wanna fuck with my market out here? There's plenty of other labels in Cali. I only fuck with the locals, we are a small market ran label we don't look to do no major deals outside of region.

(MORE)

JOE COOL (CONT'D)

It's a whole different playing field out there in Cali, that material you got might night be what we beneficial for us out here.

CASH

And I respect that Joe but I think if a deal like this is made with your label it will open the doors for more regional retail. And it will give your fan base an option to a new type of sound that's pure and uncut. The material I got will only add to your diverse roster only to make it stronger overall. A market that Hard Times Records will be introducing to multiple other regions. I guarantee you Joe this is a once in a life time deal you really can't afford to pass up. The material we got will have you sitting pretty for at least the next two to three years tops. By that time you'll have this region on lock by yourself all sold up. Joe by no means am I out here to waste your time and I know your a vet to this game but I also know that you recognize good business opportunity. Spade has told me that you have exceptional business taste while also being well respected here. I wouldn't be reaching out to you for any other reason but to do business at a fair reasonable cost.

We see Joe thinking about what Cash just said.

JOE COOL

Aaaaight Cash put Spade on the phone.

Cash hands Spade back his phone.

SPADE

Yeah. Yeah.

JOE COOL

Spade I'm holding you responsible for any fuck ups from this moment on...understand?

SPADE

Yeah. Yeah.

JOE COOL

Bring um to the showcase on
Saturday around four o'clock.

SPADE

Ok. Ok. Saturday then. Saturday.

Quovadis slowly walks up behind Cash hugging him around the waste. Nate strolls up also. All of them are looking at Spade to hear what he has to say.

SPADE (CONT'D)

Ok this wussup. This wussup. He said he wants to meet up with you guys on Saturday. He wants to meet up on Saturday. At four o'clock. Four o'clock We having a showcase across the street from the office in the parking lot. Showcase across the street from the office in the parking lot.

Cash and Quovadis start kissing each other.

NATE

Yo I need ta be on that stage come Saturday.

SPADE

I'll put you on, so you can do your thing we need ta see how you do with a big crowd watching. I'll put you on we need ta see how you do with a big crowd watching. Joe also wants a sample bag. Joe also wants a sample bag.

Cash and Nate quickly look at each other after Spades last little added statement.

CASH

No problem, I can do that.

BACK TO:

INT. NATE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Uttam is in front of the T.V. dancing while eating a bowl of cereal. On the T.V. screen we see a heavy set white woman with big titties and a tight fitting dress on. She's grooving along with Uttam. In the background we hear the doorbell ring.

UTTAM

Hold on baby.

Uttam is still grooving over to the door while still eating his bowl of cereal. When he answers the door, we see the Mexican from standing there.

MEXICAN

Wussup homie, is Nate around?

UTTAM

(still eating)

Nah my man he left earlier with his folks.

MEXICAN

He went with Cash and Quovadis huh?

UTTAM

Yeah I think so, who are you?

MEXICAN

I'm they cousin, you know where they went? We supposed to all hook up and kick it for the weekend but they left out so fast we didn't get a chance to talk before they bonned out.

UTTAM

Nah my man but I'll let him know you came by looking for them.

MEXICAN

Did they say if they was gone be back here later?

UTTAM

Proolly not my man, Nate in that rap game so ain't no tellin where he gone be at later. I'm just sayin.

MEXICAN

But this where he lay his head at right?

UTTAM

Oh yeah, shit it's his name on the lease.

MEXICAN

Aaaaaight then little homie, I'ma come thru later maybe I can catch up with them then.

Uttam turns the bowl up to finish drinking his cereal milk.

UTTAM

(burps)

Fasho my man, if he gives me a call
or something I'll let him know.

Uttam closes the door. The Mexican turns to head for the car,
right when he gets to the car door, Uttam opens the house
door.

UTTAM (CONT'D)

Hey my man I just remembered they
at the Cancun Resort.

MEXICAN

Cancun Resort? You sure?

UTTAM

Yep, Nate said that when he was
leaving.

MEXICAN

I'm a get with you later.

CUT TO:

EXT. CANCUN RESORT - DAY

After the meeting with Spade, Cash has dropped Nate off over
to a female's house. We then see Cash and Quovadis pull up
to the hotel and casino. Quovadis gets out the car, as she
closes the door she then leans in to talk to her husband.

QUOVADIS

Honey you did your thang with them
negotiations for Saturday, Spade
didn't know what to do after you
snatched the phone from him. You
think Mr. Cool gone show us love
when we get there?

CASH

It's hard ta say with these Vegas
cats. I trust my boy of course but
that Spade dude is a borderline
crackhead and if this Joe Cool is
on the same page then we outta
there, I ain't letting nobody get
the upper hand on us, I'm a stay
true to my instincts and intuition.

(MORE)

CASH (CONT'D)

Nate and I have been in tha
trenches too many times growing up,
ta let niggas try to get tha upper
hand on us.

Quovadis puts half of her body thru the window to give Cash a wet sloppy one. Afterwards she pushes back out the window, takes two steps back from the car and then turns her back to Cash but she's keeping eye contact while doing this seductively.

Quovadis then slowly crouches down with her hands on her knees to accentuate her hips and ass at him. Cash is giving her a wryly smile.

QUOVADIS

Now that that's out the way I think it's time for you to start your husbandly duties love. This desert heat got a girl extra hot, so I'm a need you to get back here ASAP so you can put the fire out! Correct me if I'm wrong but I did hear you say something about starting a family, to make that happen it's gonna take a lot of dedication and most of all practice!

CASH

Practice makes perfect!

Quovadis then gives him three twerks of her ass, then she spins and stands up quick to face him.

QUOVADIS

You God damn right!

Cash pulls out of the hotel, we follow Quovadis as she enters the big lobby area and goes over to the elevators. All during her conversation with Cash outside in front of the hotel The Mexican has been posted by the slot machines paying full attention to the both of them all this time. As Quovadis gets on the elevator she's joined by three couples now it's a little crowded and she's bunched in the corner. We see her push the button to her floor. Then some one pushes the button for two other floors as the doors start to close The Mexican suddenly appears, he stops the doors from closing with his big hand and squeezes in to make room. All the while he's looking at Quovadis. The doors close then the elevator starts moving up stopping at each floor to let each of the couples out til finally it's just Quovadis and the Mexican.

MEXICAN

Hello.

QUOVADIS

Hi.

MEXICAN

Don't I know you?

Quovadis just looks at him because she doesn't understand what he's saying. They both are looking at the numbers as the elevator approaches her floor.

MEXICAN (CONT'D)

Yes your name is Quovadis, your
here on your honeymoon correct?

Quovadis looks at him when he says her name.

QUOVADIS

How do you know my name?

Smiling the Mexican flips the "stop" switch on the elevator.

Suddenly he hits her in the face, just hard enough she almost falls.

MEXICAN

Did you and your boyfriend think
you were gonna steal from us and
not be found?

He then smacks her with his left hand to bring her back up to a standing position. Quovadis swings and hits him in the shoulder but it doesn't phase him.

MEXICAN (CONT'D)

Your boyfriend is gonna have a hard
time recognizing you if you don't
tell me where our coke is.

The Mexican grabs Quovadis by her neck lifting her off the floor. As Quovadis struggles to breathe she takes her hands and rakes them across his face digging her nails into his eyes as hard as she can. This only makes him madder, he then punches her in the stomach knocking out whatever ounce of air she has left in her body. He lets her body fall to the floor as she desperately tries to catch her breath. He stands over her talking shit in Spanish.

MEXICAN (CONT'D)

Oh you think that hurt huh? This
only the beginning you little
chocolate bitch.

He flips the stop button back up so the elevator starts to move again. Quovadis is still trying to catch her breath. Once again he yanks her up by her hair pushes her up against the wall getting in her face. He then starts eyeing her up and down rubbing on her ass.

MEXICAN (CONT'D)

Man you definitely one fine
mutherfucker, I bet you got some
sweet pussy, don't you? I think
when we get up in here I'ma have to
sample them goods, yeah this gone
be fun.

As the elevator stops all we see are the doors from a far away side angle, then we hear a hard punch that's given to the side of her head. Half of her unconscious body slides down the elevator wall and out into the hallway. The Mexican is looking down the hall to make sure no one is coming. He then grabs her bag looking for the room key card. Because he's so big and strong he picks up Quovadis with one hand while holding her bag with the other. He walks down the hall til he finds the room, opens it then tosses Quovadis in like a sack of potatoes shutting the door behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. CASH'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Cash is leaving In and Out burgers after ordering some food, playing on the radio we can hear Tupac's "Until the End of Time" as he pulls up to the light something off to the left catches his eye. At a news stand he notices a hip hop magazine with a picture of Pac on the cover. Cash hits the corner to park in front of the stand. Sitting on a stool reading the news paper is a black ELDERLY GENTLEMAN. Cash gets out the car and makes a beeline to the magazine, he smiles as he discovers that the whole magazine is dedicated to Tupac. Excitedly he looks through the pages at the pictures, some he's seen before and then some he hasn't. The elderly gentleman takes a peak from behind his newspaper to look at Cash.

ELDERLY GENT

Ya gotta buy it if you gone stand
there and read it son.

Cash quickly digs in his pocket to give the man his money for the magazine.

CASH

When did this come out?

ELDERLY GENT
They delivered it this morning.

CASH
(handing the money over)
Wow! Some of these pics I ain't
never even seen before.

ELDERLY GENT
Yep. You seem to be a big time Pac
fan young man.

CASH
Hell who ain't?

ELDERLY GENT
Yeah me too.

The old man reaches down by the side of his stool where we
see a stack of his own personal books. He then pulls out the
same magazine Cash is holding in his hand.

ELDERLY GENT (CONT'D)
Had ta get me a copy also!

They both start laughing.

BACK TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - AFTERNOON

The Mexican is standing over Quovadis with a glass of water
slowly pouring it in her face so she'll wake up. Quovadis
starts to open her eyes as the trickle of water hits her
forehead, we also see bruises have started forming on her
face.

MEXICAN
Wake up sleepy head, wake up.

He then kicks her in the side.

QUOVADIS
I don't know what the fuck your
saying and I don't know where you
know me from or why your here!

MEXICAN
Your not stupid! You also know why
I'm here! The drugs! Where is our
coke Quovadis!

QUOVADIS

Why do you keep saying "coke"? are you thirsty or something?

The Mexican throws the glass down.

MEXICAN

You wanna keep playing this game huh? Ok then, you wanna do it like this ok then.

He picks her up off the floor and the beating continues.

EXT. NEWS STAND - AFTERNOON

Cash and the Elderly Gentleman continue their conversation.

CASH

Waitaminute so you mean ta tell me you were friends with Tupac's mom...Afeni?

ELDERLY GENT

Yes indeed. I'm an original "Black Panther" we worked together a long time ago out in Oakland early seventies. In fact she introduced me to my first wife back then.

CASH

No shit?

ELDERLY GENT

No shit. Everything that boy learned about the struggle was from his mother. "Dear Mama" is my favorite, you can here the love in every verse he says on that song. Pac was a soldier because his mother was a soldier too. I learned a lot from Afeni back then.

BACK TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Quovadis' face looks like she's been in a UFC fight now, both eyes are swollen, her mouth is bleeding and her overall face looks distorted. She also keeps going in and out of conscious from the multiple shots to the head.

As she lays in the middle of the floor she knows if this keeps up she might be dead by the time Cash shows up. The Mexican continues tearing up the room looking for the drugs.

QUOVADIS

What are you doing here? If your looking for money I don't have any. I blew it all playing blackjack at the Luxor. Only thing I got are a couple of gift cards left.

The Mexican looks in the closet then he turns his attention back to Quovadis. He punches her in the back of the head, then he grabs her by the hair again so she's looking at him.

MEXICAN

Why are you playing with me huh!? I know you know why I'm here. Stop acting stupid with me! Where's the coke!

BACK TO:

EXT. NEWS STAND - AFTERNOON

Cash is still talking with the elderly gentleman.

ELDERLY GENT

The 70's was tough during that time, the police were killing us like every other day, then dealing with COINTELL PRO racism was at an all time high. Shit the Panthers saved many lives and the communities. Afeni Shakur had a major part in helping fight against the powers that be.

CASH

Pac talked about it all the time how she taught him growing up to fight what you believe in, come hell or high water.

ELDERLY GENT

That's the truth, I was fortunate and blessed to have known her.

Cash looks over at his car, on the passenger side we see Pac is sitting there looking back at him. He then taps his wrist like it's time to go. Cash looks at his watch. We see the time is still on 6:36 pm.

CASH

Oh snap, I forgot about my wife.
Man it's been a pleasure talking to
you my man. I gotta get outta here.

ELDERLY GENT

Ok then you take it easy young man.
It was nice talking to you too.

Cash hurries up, gets in his car and drives off.

BACK TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - AFTERNOON

The room is in complete disarray. Quovadis still barely conscious is laying on her back she's trying to keep her eyes open as blood from a head wound is making it tough. This is bad, she knows that once this guy finds the cocaine he's going to rape and kill her. The Mexican is sitting on the bed looking over her.

MEXICAN

You know I love what I do. I mean I really get a kick outta inflicting pain. It's a gift from God if you ask me or maybe it's the Devil? I don't know. Anyway you look at it that's fucked up but it's the truth. I really can't imagine doing anything else. Ya know what I mean? I knew it was my calling early on in life as a kid I would go around the neighborhood catching strays doing fucked up shit to them. It didn't matter if they were cats or dogs, I would do all kinds of sick shit. Chop off their tails, hang um from trees, drown um in the river, set um on fire it didn't matter. I had a gift for pain and suffering, ya know at thirteen I started doing hits for the Mexican Mafia? My first kill was this guy who snitched to the police. We caught this gringo slipping early one morning, he had just dropped his kids off to school, he never knew what hit him.

The Mexican gets down on one knee next to Quovadis so he can whisper in her ear, she still doesn't understand a word he's saying.

MEXICAN (CONT'D)

(laughing)

We tortured him for four days in this old abandoned building, til finally he couldn't take it no more. He begged for me to kill him, so I slit his throat. Since then I've been doing this shit for over three decades. I know if there is a "hell" I'm flying first class to that mutherfucker!

He looks under the bed and notices the suitcase.

MEXICAN (CONT'D)

What's that?

He quickly gets up to leap to the other side of the bed. Quovadis knows this is her last chance to fight for her life. In her bag is her gun she needs to get to while the Mexican is preoccupied now.

She rolls over to scan the room for the bag, which she sees over by the closet.

The Mexican flips the bed over to get to the suitcase.

MEXICAN (CONT'D)

Is this where it was? Under the bed? This shit been here all this time?

He crouches down again and unzips the case. Now checking the drugs he's not paying attention to Quovadis as she's made it over to the closet reaching her bag, the fight in her is renewed she knows that this is her last shot at least until Cash gets there.

MEXICAN (CONT'D)

Who puts a suitcase full of cocaine underneath the bed? It looks like most of it is all here, more than I expected. Oh well, it's time for the fun to start.

He checks the bags then he zips the suitcase back up. Sitting it off to the side as he stands up looking over at Quovadis. Walking over to her he's taking off his jacket, he then removes his gun from his holster and tosses it on the overturned mattress. Quovadis is struggling to get to her feet, when she does we see her get into a fighting stance.

MEXICAN (CONT'D)

(laughing)

Come on Quovadis what are you trying to prove? Stop making this so difficult.

QUOVADIS

Bring it you piece of shit. You gone have to kill me today.

She musters up the energy to rush at him. Yelling she starts swinging, the Mexican blocks her punches.

MEXICAN

Ha ha, your funny!

He ducks from the punches then lands one of his own to her rib cage. Quovadis folds to her knees. She holds on to his belt as she's kneeling before him the Mexican is laughing even harder.

MEXICAN (CONT'D)

Here let me make this easier for you!

He pushes Quovadis off of his pants then he starts to undo them, he's about to rape her. Quovadis is lying on her back as he continues to keep rambling she reaches in her pocket to pull out her gun. Before he can even notice she shoots him squarely in his knee cap!

MEXICAN (CONT'D)

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

Not knowing what just hit him the Mexican grabs his blown out knee and falls back on to the flipped mattress. As he tries to grab for his gun Quovadis shoots him again in his other knee!

MEXICAN (CONT'D)

Ahhhhhhhhhh! You fucking Bitch!

Now buying some time, Quovadis gets to her feet quickly stepping over him as he's screaming in pain holding both of what's left of his blown out kneecaps. She grabs his gun now flips open the cylinder to see how many bullets there is. Standing over him she starts talking to him in Spanish!

QUOVADIS

Look at me you sick fuck.

Then she shoots him in his hip. The Mexican screams even louder, blinking his eyes as he tries to make eye contact.

QUOVADIS (CONT'D)

Make sure when you get to hell,
tell the Devil I said "hello".

Quovadis unloads the rest of the gun into the Mexican's face and chest until nothing but the click of the empty gun is heard. With gun drawn we see Cash enter the room. Quickly surveying everything he rushes over to her.

CASH

Quo! We gotta go!

Cash can't believe what just took place in such a short amount of time. Quovadis is trembling with fear now as the reality of it all starts to sink in, she collapses into Cash's arms.

QUOVADIS

How'd I do?

Cash smiles and plants a strong kiss on her beat up face. He gathers some of her things fast as he can. Then he cuts on the T.V. turning the volume up real loud, luckily there's a action movie playing with gun shots and explosions now coming from the speaker. Cash grabs the suitcase, battered and bruised Quovadis puts on a hoodie. He helps her out the room putting the "do not disturb" sign on the door knob as he closes it. Carrying the suitcase in his left hand with his other arm around her waist, she has her bags over her shoulder. They head to the emergency stairwell at the end of the hall as they go out the door we see it slowly close behind them.

CUT TO:

EXT. TWO LANE HIGHWAY - EVENING

Spade is mashing down the highway in his 87 Chevy Monte Carlo Luxury Sport in the car with him is his baby mama RHONDA, in the back seat are their two little girls Nadia and Chloe. Spade and Rhonda are having a heated conversation but Rhonda is doing most of the talking.

CUT TO:

INT. SPADE'S CAR - EVENING

RHONDA

That's what you say all the time
Spade! I'm a do this, I got that,
I'm handle it. Ohhhhh I get so
sicka that shit!

He just looks at her.

SPADE

Whatchu sick of huh? Whatchu sick of? I'm out here doing the best I can with what I got. The best I can with what I got.

RHONDA

No your not! That's a lie!

As they continue to go back and forth, the youngest of the two Nadia has spotted something on the floor sticking out of Spades' gym bag. Thinking it's maybe a bag of candy her father hasn't given her yet, she reaches down to pull out the sample bag of cocaine given to him from Cash.

CHLOE

Put that back Nadia.

Spade and Rhonda keep arguing not even paying attention to what's going on in the back seat. Up ahead we see the highway patrol has set up a checkpoint. Cars are being redirected off to the side and searched if any suspicious activity is detected.

SPADE

Oh fuck. Oh fuck!

RHONDA

What is it?

SPADE

Nothing. Nothing.
Checkpoint...damnit checkpoint!

As he's getting closer to the checkpoint they finally notice the mild commotion going on in the back seat between the sisters. Now looking in the rear view mirror Spade also notices Nadia has got a tight grip on the bag of "candy".

SPADE (CONT'D)

Uhhhhh Rhonda I'ma need you to get that from Nadia. Need you to get that from Nadia.

Rhonda looks in the back seat to see what Spade is talking about.

RHONDA

What is that? Is that what I think it is Spade!

He just looks at her again, trying to slow the car down as they are quickly coming to the checkpoint.

SPADE

Could you hurry the fuck up please!
Hurry the fuck up please!

Now the struggle just got really real because little Nadia has turned it into a game of "keep away" between her Mom and her sister. Both are struggling to get the bag from her and she's steady laughing at them.

RHONDA

Nadia stop playing baby and give
mommy the bag please!

NADIA

Nooooo! This is my candy! Daddy got
it for me!

Now the car is about five feet away from the checkpoint and one of the patrolmen is looking in Spades' car as they get closer. We see all kinds of commotion going on. Rhonda's body is half way in the back seat, Spade is even reaching his arm back there to help.

RHONDA

Give it here little girl!

When she finally does get her hands on the bag a wrestling match then ensues. Nadia is determined not to let go of the bag. Chloe is even trying to pry her little sister's strong ass hands off the bag, this goes on until the moment they reach the patrol officer.

CHLOE

Let go of it Nadia!

RHONDA

Give it to me Nadia!

SPADE

Let it go!

With one final tug the bag rips apart! Cocaine flies every where and a cloud of cocaine dust fills all of the inside of the car! Spade can't believe it. The PATROL OFFICER can't believe it either as the car comes to a stop right in front of him.

PATROL OFFICER

License and registration please?

The next scene is Spade sitting in the back of a squad car while Rhonda is off being questioned by the other patrolmen. We also see two other patrolmen are tearing up his Chevy searching for more drugs. After Spade surveys the scene he drops his head in the back of the squad car looking up at the roof.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - EVENING

Spade is now down at the police station getting interrogated, because he was caught with pure uncut cocaine two narcotics detectives are brought in to handle the case. In a montage of scenes Spade is being questioned non stop about everything. In some shots he's acting tough refusing to talk, other scenes he's looking scared, at one point we see him with his head on the table then one of the detectives slams his hand hard next to the side of Spades' head. This questioning goes on for hours til finally Spade can't take it no more he knows his only option is to cut a deal and wear a wire so that he doesn't do the hard time the detectives have been threatening him with.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED CASINO PARKING STRUCTURE - NIGHT

After stopping at a CVS, Cash has been driving around for almost an hour. He then comes across one of the old abandoned casinos just outside the city, the car is at the top of the parking structure overlooking the Vegas strip. It's a clear beautiful night similar to the night when they both first met. The passenger door is open, Cash has come up with a ghetto medical kit. Peroxide, alcohol, ice pack, and bandages to treat Quovadis' facial wounds. As she sits between his legs, looking on his phone for medical advice on Web MD.

QUOVADIS

(looking up)

Didn't I tell you the stars seem
closer out here?

CASH

Uhh huh.

QUOVADIS

(reaching for the stars)

Like you can grab them out the sky.

CASH

Here lean back some.

Quovadis complies with his wishes as Cash begins to treat her injuries to her face.

QUOVADIS

Cash I'm sorry for getting you into this. This wasn't supposed to happen. If I would of known things were gonna turn out like this I wouldn't of never showed up the other night.

CASH

Don't think like that, it is what it is. I should of gotten back sooner if anything, I'm never gonna leave you alone again...I promise. This is ain't your fault. What's going on right now right here is bigger than us, like each one of them stars up there. Not until the moment we met have I ever felt more alive. You've given me something to live for Quo, there's no place in the universe I'd rather be than to be here with you, I can't imagine my world without you.

QUOVADIS

What do we do now though?

CASH

Shit we stick to the plan, I know they after us but they don't know where we'll be come Saturday. We gotta meet up with Joe Cool so we can get rid of this stuff then we outta here.

QUOVADIS

What if they catch us before then?

CASH

I'm not gonna let that happen.

Cash continues to put peroxide on Quovadis' cuts.

QUOVADIS

Have you talked to your father?

CASH

I tried calling him earlier but it went straight to voice mail.

Quovadis suddenly grabs her bag to find her cell phone.

QUOVADIS

I need ta call Star, make sure
she's okay.

Quovadis dials the number but it's not Star who answers the phone it's her mother, from the expression on her face tells it all. She drops her head listening to the voice on the other line. Cash already knows it's bad news.

QUOVADIS (CONT'D)

That was Star's mother, she said
they found Star's body in a alley
over by the house last night.

Looking up at the stars Quovadis grabs the ice pack from Cash as a tear forms in her swollen eye then rolls down her face.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

TITLE CARD: SATURDAY

INT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

It's Saturday morning we see Spade is standing in front of a chair with his arms up amongst a group of detectives and police officers. One of the detectives is grilling him on how to act once the drug deal goes down. Another detective is hooking up the wire mic to the inside of his sweat shirt. Sitting at a table across the room another detective is on Facebook looking at the "Hard Time" records profile.

DETECTIVE #3

So you and Joe Cool own Hard Time
huh? How many acts you got on the
label?

SPADE

Only a couple. Only a couple.

DETECTIVE #3

From these pics it looks like you
guys gotta a pretty deep roster.
Everything from Hip Hop to Heavy
Metal.

DETECTIVE #1

How's that feel?

SPADE

Like I got a cinder block hanging
out with my ball sack. A cinder
block hanging out with my ball
sack.

DETECTIVE #2

Why do you say everything twice?

SPADE

I wanna be heard by both ears. I
wanna be heard by both ears.

All three of the detectives just looks at him as he takes a
seat in the chair.

DETECTIVE #1

Now look it's important that we get
your partner on record committing
this crime. If we get him then you
don't do no jail time. This shit
means nothing if we don't get what
we need to arrest him.

DETECTIVE #2

Do you wanna see your little girls
at home or do you want your baby
mama ta bring them up to prison ta
visit ya twice talking ass? It's on
you.

DETECTIVE #3

That's gotta be some type of speech
deformity or something.

SPADE

What if something happens man? What
if something happens? Joe's gonna
have them niggas up in there with
some major heat. Them niggas up in
there with some major heat.

DETECTIVE #2

You don't worry about that, were
not gonna be far from your
location. If it does get hectic
when the deal goes down, we'll blow
through there like a Nevada dust
storm.

DETECTIVE #1

We're trained for any situation that might present itself, your focus is to get Joe making the deal. All we want is proof that this guy has been dealing drugs for quite some time, this is an opportunity we can't afford for you to fuck up.

DETECTIVE #2

Now can you handle this? Or should we just go ahead and book your ass reservations at Las Vegas County Jail?

Spade looks straight ahead into the camera with a sick expression on his face.

CUT TO:

INT. DESERT HILLS MOTEL - DAY

In the room are five gangsters from LA we recognize four of them who were at James' barbershop last week, they've made the trip after getting word of what happened to the Mexican. With them they've brought an artillery of guns and ammo. Shotguns, pistols, semi autos and a gang of bullets for each, this is what we see as the camera is panning the room. Two of them are sitting on the bed cleaning their pistols talking to each other about what there going to do when they find Cash and Quovadis. The other two are smiling and laughing as they share a blunt in the corner of the room sitting at the table. The last gangster is posted in front of the T.V. Watching a flick as he's loading a shot gun. These guys have come to town to do some killing. In the background we here Tupac's "Untouchable".

BACK TO:

INT. NATE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Collectively we see sitting in the living room Nate, Cash, and Quovadis. In the background coming from Uttam's room we hear a girl moaning and screaming as the headboard is knocking up against the wall. Cash is staring straight ahead with a determined look on his face. Although Quovadis' face is healing we can see that some of the injuries are still there, she's on her phone looking at old pictures of her and Star. Nate is sitting off on the edge of the couch rolling a blunt watching the game.

NATE

Ya know I'm convinced that nigga
was black in another lifetime, he
be bringing more hoes up in here
than I do.

Nate turns on some music to drown out the noises coming from
Uttam's bedroom. Because these kids grew up in the golden era
of Hip Hop he put's on some of the best music of that time.
Everything from Outkast to Wu-Tang Clan to Scarface.

NATE (CONT'D)

I wish I owned a time machine dude,
I miss the 90's. We didn't give a
fuck about nothing!

Nate passes the blunt over to Cash.

CASH

I still remember riding our bikes
to the Long Beach Mall to grab that
"Death Certificate" tape by Cube,
cuz it was sold out at the Fashion
Center.

NATE

Hell yeah, niggas was on that
bootleg shit but we had ta have the
real deal. Hey remember when we got
into it with them niggas from
Raymond on the train about us
listening to DJ Quik?

CASH

(nodding his head as he
blows smoke in the air)
Yep, they thought we was from
Treetop, damn we was hella young
back then.

NATE

That shit was hilarious when Bunchy
socked that one dude in the eye as
they was getting off the train.

As they both are laughing Quovadis just looks at them and
smiles.

CASH

Nigga whatabout that time we heard
Trina was coming up to the radio
station!

NATE

She just had ta show up that day
when we was at home sick with tha
chicken pox!

CASH

We was still trying ta get up there
ta see her fine ass! We would of
made it if your uncle didn't catch
us.

Cash and Nate continue reminiscing as they pass the blunt
back and forth to each other. Quovadis looks on as they
travel back in time to when they where younger. At some point
we see each of them excitedly include her in their childhood
memories from back in the day, she also tells them about some
of her memories growing up in the 90's. All of them are
dancing, laughing and talking about everything from music to
fashion. After about an hour Cash notices the time.

CASH (CONT'D)

It's like three o'clock we need ta
get up outta here.

QUOVADIS

I'm a use the bathroom real quick.

Quovadis heads down the hall to the bathroom.

CASH

Whatchu think security gone be like
when we get there?

NATE

It should be cool, with it being
Saturday don't no rent a cops be up
there cuz the office is closed on
the weekends. I heard Joe has two
body guards that roll with him
every where.

CASH

Do Spade be strapped?

NATE

He can't he's on probation, so he
don't wanna be takin no chances if
he get caught by tha ones.

Cash gives Nate the extra gun he got from the Mexican.

CASH

Here you might need this just in
case.

Nate takes it and tucks it in his waist band.

NATE

Where you get this?

CASH

From that cat who was laying low for us at the hotel, I grabbed it when we left. I figured he wasn't gone be using it no more.

We see Quovadis exit the bathroom then goes over to gather her things from the couch.

Nate bams on Uttam's door.

NATE

Hey when you finish beating up on tha pussy make sure you clean tha kitchen, it's on you this week.

We then see all three of them go out the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT OF APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

As Cash pulls from in front of the apartments we see Quovadis sitting behind him fixing her face with makeup and Nate is riding shotgun again. We follow the car as it gets to the corner then turns out on to the main drag. For about a minute we watch as cars go by, then we see that familiar Range Rover that went to pay Cash's father a visit come from the main street an on to the block. It pulls up to the front of the complex where we then see the same five gangsters who were in the hotel room get out the truck. Guns drawn they all casually walk up to the door, one of them turns the door knob to see if it's open, to his surprise it's unlocked.

BACK TO:

NATE'S APARTMENT

The men check around the apartment, after hearing the woman coming from Uttam's room all of them bust in. Uttam is knee deep in pussy, he has a white girl locked in the missionary position humping like a jackrabbit. The men stand there for a minute to take in the show. The women opens her eyes to notice the men holding guns, she then proceeds to tap Uttam on his shoulder to make him aware that they have an audience watching.

UTTAM

Uhhhh hey guys...wussup?

The men don't say anything they just look at the both of them.

UTTAM (CONT'D)

You know what I bet you guys are looking for Nate, Cash and Quovadis huh?

Only one of them nods his head.

UTTAM (CONT'D)

Ok uhhh if I'm not mistaken they were heading out to Hard Times, I think they had some kind of show up there today.

GANGSTER #1

What's Hard Times?

CUT TO:

EXT. HARD TIMES OFFICE/PARKING LOT - DAY

At the Hard Time Offices is a large parking lot full of people gathered, the record label is having a local talent showcase featuring some of the acts that are signed. Music is pounding out of four large speakers that are set up on both sides of a large stage. A DJ spins records while the MC talks on the mic introducing the next act as the crowd enjoys the show. Blending in with the people we see Cash, Quovadis and Nate they are making there way over to Spade who's been waiting for them to arrive.

CASH

Wussup.

SPADE

Sup. Wussup.

CASH

This is a nice little function you got going on.

SPADE

Yeah we do it at least twice a year to help recruit new talent. We do it at least twice a year to help recruit new talent.

QUOVADIS

Is it always packed liked this?

SPADE

Pretty much. Pretty much. The hood
always comes out to show love when
we do this. Comes out to show love.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE VAN - DAY

Parked down the street from the event we see a police
surveillance van, inside are the detectives listening to
Spade's conversation.

BACK TO:

EXT. HARD TIMES PARKING LOT - DAY

Spade looks down at the suitcase Cash is carrying.

SPADE

Come on let's head on over to the
office Joe is waiting for you. Come
on let's head on over to the
office.

NATE

Cash you don't need me in there I'm
a hang out here, see if I can get
on the mic, maybe move the crowd.

Cash looks at Nate with a understanding nod, then him and
Quovadis follow Spade over to the office building. As they
enter the plush lobby area we see a reception desk with no
one sitting there, a collection of gold records adorning the
walls, large statues, framed posters of current artist who
are on the label and high end art decor every where. Over off
in the corner sits a marble bar with bottles of liquor on the
shelves behind it. Two armed body guards stand in front of
Joe's office door, one is Black one is Asian and both are
holding semi - automatic weapons. Spade walks over to them so
he can be frisked, Cash on the other hand shows his gun in
his waist before they even get a chance to touch him.

CASH

As you guys can see I've already
come prepared.

BODYGUARD #1

Spade what's up with this? My man you can't be up in here with that so I'm a need you to give it up.

Spade just shrugs his shoulders he doesn't want anyone suspecting anything.

BODYGUARD #2

This is a meeting? Wussup whatcha boy here?

CASH

It is a meeting but I've got to much at stake for me to be without protection. I only came here to talk business but if some other shit is going ta pop off, you best believe I'm not going out friendly my nig.

After the back and forth banter both of the body guards draw down on Cash, he then pulls his shit out too!

BODYGUARD #2

Check this out bro, either you give up yo shit or we take it the hard way!

CASH

(pointing his gun at both of them)

Look I didn't come this far ta have a "niggas in tha lobby standoff" pointing guns and shit at each other. I came here to talk with Joe not his punk ass security! Y'all don't got nothing to do with the conversation me and him need to have, he knows why I'm here. It ain't my fault you didn't get tha memo!

BACK TO:

INT. POLICE VAN - DAY

The detectives are now eating lunch still listening to the surveillance over the headphones.

DETECTIVE #1

Niggas in tha lobby standoff? Now that's funny.

DETECTIVE #2

(eating pasta)

This Cash fella don't be playing do he?

Do you blame um? This shit could easily go bad for them. Joe knew what he was doing, it's a perfect setup for a deal like this to be made today. Loud music with a lot of people around.

DETECTIVE #2 (CONT'D)

You think they gone shoot um?

DETECTIVE #1

(taking a bite of his burrito)

Yep.

BACK TO:

INT - OFFICE LOBBY - DAY

The confrontation continues to escalate as Cash refuses to give up his gun. The body guards yell for him to put the gun down and hand it over. Quovadis and Spade are looking on nervously hoping that a bullet shower doesn't start.

BODYGUARD #2

We don't know you dude, our job is to protect Joe, we don't allow cats up in here strapped for the occasion. Now you got five seconds to hand yo shit over or you gone find out if heaven's really got a ghetto.

Both of them cock they semi-autos. Cash takes the safety off of his gun and cocks it. Spade slowly starts to move towards the door, Quovadis is eyeing lobby furniture to duck behind while she has her hand on her pistol in her purse.

Suddenly Joe's office door swings open, he's on his cell phone casually he looks at his body guards pointing there guns at Cash, finishing his conversation he continues walking in between all of them heading over to the bar to make a drink. Joe is just like his name indicates during the standoff. Still talking on the phone he grabs a couple of glasses, fills them with ice.

JOE COOL

(looking at everyone of them)

(MORE)

JOE COOL (CONT'D)

Ok I got something I need to handle, I'll getachu later.

Joe hangs up the phone, reaches for a very expensive bottle of Cognac from off the top shelf.

JOE COOL (CONT'D)

Looks like this situation calls for a drink?

BODYGUARD #2

Joe this fucker has a serious hair up his ass.

CASH

That's Mr. Fucker to you "Training Day".

JOE COOL

Whoa! Whoa whoa! Wait a minute. I'm a need every one to calm tha fuck down damnit. Now everybody uncock they shit and put your weapons down. Ya'll not bouta ta be shooting up my lobby.

Joe pours four glasses of the good shit. All the men uncock their weapons and slowly stop pointing at each other.

JOE COOL (CONT'D)

Go stand over there.

Joe walks over to Cash to hand him his drink.

JOE COOL (CONT'D)

Take a sip of this Cash, have a seat.

Cash takes the glass, then he goes to sit on one of the couches in the seating area. Quovadis quickly comes to grab her glass from Joe so she can go sit next to Cash.

JOE COOL (CONT'D)

Miss Lady I hope all this testosterone around isn't making you too nervous.

Joe holds it tightly so that she can't take it just yet, he looks at the bruises on her face but he doesn't say anything. Joe then loosens his grip so she can take her drink.

JOE COOL (CONT'D)
Spade make sure that door is
locked, we don't need any
interruptions.

Spade locks the door then joins everyone.

JOE COOL (CONT'D)
Aren't we missing somebody else?

SPADE
Nate decided to chill out there.
Nate gone chill out there.

Cash takes a sip from his glass.

CASH
Tesseron Extra Legende

JOE COOL
You like it?

CASH
It's smooth.

JOE COOL
Not a lot a people recognize the
taste. You know your shit Cash.

CASH
I wouldn't say that, I was looking
at the bottle when you were fixing
um. I read somewhere Scarface keeps
a personal bottle on him at every
show he rocks, this my first time
ever having it.

SPADE
Face mob! Face Mob!

Joe Cool looks at Spade confused.

JOE COOL
Fucking five hundred dollars that
shit cost me. Can you believe that?
It's funny how you can stick a
price tag on certain shit to make
it seem like it's more valuable
than another brand because of how
it's made, when in reality it's
just cognac. I mean what's the
difference between a five hundred
dollar buzz and a twenty-seven
dollar buzz?

(MORE)

JOE COOL (CONT'D)

I feel tha same way when I drink
enough of any kind of liquor ya
know what I mean?

Spade bust into a huge laugh, they all look at him like it
wasn't that funny. Spade then gulps down the rest of his
drink to calm his nerves.

JOE COOL (CONT'D)

My point is I don't put value in
material shit anymore, I've learned
that if I'm driving a Ford or a
Benz it's just a car, if I'm living
in a studio or a five bedroom it's
just a house, if I'm wearing Gucci
or Stacy Adams they only shoes,
it's all the same because what a
person thinks about the brand gives
it value. It's popularity to them
is what sells, there's no
difference in what material goes
into it at the end of the day.
Quality is overrated if you think
about it, in these third world
countries a nigga could care less
about the quality of something, as
long as it does the job I've
learned to appreciate that way of
thinking when I started this
company. The only thing that's
valuable for real is time, you can
never get a refund on that. That
shit is priceless.

Cash and Quovadis both takes sips from there glasses.

JOE COOL (CONT'D)

So with that being said, lets not
waste anymore time. You said you
had some material you wanted me to
check out, lets see it.

Cash puts his glass down on the table then sits the suitcase
there. Quovadis takes a another sip from her drink looking
intensely at Joe Cool. He unzips it then flips the top open
to reveal the last of the remaining drugs.

CASH

As you can see I brought a lot of
material you can use at least seven
hundred worth but I'll let it go
for five.

BACK TO:

INT. POLICE VAN - DAY

DETECTIVE #2
Bingo! It's going down now!

BACK TO:

INT. INT - HARD TIMES OFFICE LOBBY

Joe Cool is surveying the bags to make sure the dope is real, he takes a pen from his shirt pocket and pops a small hole in one of the bags then he lifts it to his nose snorting it straight out the bag. Spade stares at him with smoker's eyes.

JOE COOL
(pinching his nose)
That's grade A shit, you must got a major connect for some material like this. Why you trying ta get it off so cheap?

CASH
Peace of mind and a future don't cost that much. I'm just trying ta get me and my wife in position to build a better life.

Joe Cool sits back swirling his cognac in his glass, he wants to trust what Cash is selling to him but he still apprehensive about this whole set up.

JOE COOL
Come on Cash let's go in my office ta hash out the rest of the details.

Cash grabs his drink then follows Joe into his office while tucking his gun back in his waist. Like the lobby Joe's office is nice with lots of quality items every where. We see a couple more gold records hanging on the walls. A nice glass desk with a black leather chair sits towards the back, on the wall behind him we see "HARD TIMES RECORDS". Joe Cool sits in his chair while Cash takes a seat in one of the chairs in front of the desk.

JOE COOL (CONT'D)
I'm a tell you man as sweet as this deal might seem, them be tha ones ta come back and fuck shit off later on.

CASH

I know what you saying but deals like this also come once every blue moon. I'm not trying ta get over on you Joe and I know you don't know me from nowhere. But I think it would benefit both of us if we can make this happen sooner than later.

BACK TO:

INT. POLICE VAN - DAY

DETECTIVE #1

Fuck we can't hear shit they saying now.

BACK TO:

INT. JOE COOL'S OFFICE - DAY

JOE COOL

I still need ta know where you got it from Cash.

Cash downs the rest of his cognac and puts the empty glass on Joe's desk.

CASH

Cat I grew up with is a cop, he and his partner got into a shoot out with some vatos near downtown LA. After the dust cleared he found their stash spot and took some items from um. One being that suitcase full of cocaine out there in your lobby area, e asked me ta get rid of it for him because we go way back.

JOE COOL

And he trust you?

CASH

Yeah.

JOE COOL

Why is that?

CASH

Cuz he knows I wouldn't snitch on him if anything went wrong.

JOE COOL

So I take it you've done this before?

CASH

(sly grinning)

Nah this been off tha dome man. I've been straight freestyling ever since I got on tha freeway headed here. Just like my nigga trying ta get a deal, I came out here to get a deal also. This ain't my hustle, I do floors at the Aquarium out in Long Beach, I ain't never done this shit before in my life, but I do know this, real recognize real...right?

Joe just looks at him. Then he busts out laughing.

BACK TO:

INT. - OFFICE LOBBY - DAY

Spade is over at the bar making another drink. Quovadis still sits nervously in the waiting area, the two body guards haven't moved. Soon we hear both men laughing loudly together coming from the office.

BACK TO:

INT. JOE COOL'S OFFICE - DAY

JOE COOL

Freestyling. Incredible! You got some balls nigga! Fucking hella ass balls!

Joe reaches under his desk and pulls out a large black duffle bag and hands it to Cash.

JOE COOL (CONT'D)

Wow. I think I've heard it all now. I need a another drink, come on.

Both men head out the door back into the lobby. Quovadis is looking at Cash then she notices he's carrying the duffle bag. Spade is still over at the bar making another drink. The bodyguards are still posted on both sides of the office door.

Joe has his arm around Cash still laughing about what just transpired in his office.

JOE COOL (CONT'D)

Hella balls man. I like you Cash, maybe if your future plans don't work out come fuck wit me, I'm always looking for cool people ta help me out around here.

CASH

That's ok Joe, I've got other plans to tend too. Preciate the offer though.

Cash looks over at Quovadis, he slides the duffle bag over to her then winks his eye. She stops it with her foot then blows him a kiss.

CASH (CONT'D)

Now that we good I need ta use your rest room.

JOE COOL

It's in the back

Cash walks to the back were the rest rooms are located.

Joe Cool goes over to the suitcase, closes it and zips it up. Quovadis has unzipped the duffle bag filled with nothing but new crisp hundred dollar bills.

JOE COOL (CONT'D)

You want another drink?

QUOVADIS

Sure.

She hands him her glass. Joe takes the suitcase with him over to the bar where Spade is now the bartender.

JOE COOL

(sitting the suitcase on top of the bar)

Here put that some where safe, we'll take care of it later after the show is over.

BACK TO:

EXT - POLICE VAN - DAY

The detectives are exiting the van, they've decided to raid the office now instead of waiting any longer there not taking any chances. The drug evidence from the deal and the cash should be enough to arrest everyone involved. The group of them jog down the street headed to the office.

CUT TO:

INT. HARD TIMES OFFICE/REST ROOM - DAY

Cash quickly rushes into the rest room closing the door behind him he leans back against it breathing a huge sigh of relief, he thinks about what he's just pulled off. Cash removes the gun out of his waist ban and sits it on the counter turning to face the mirror he collects his thoughts for a moment. He cuts on the water to wash his face, putting his face in the sink he splashes it all around his head. Standing next to the sink now is familiar silhouette of Tupac. We see just half of his body as he grabs the gun from off the counter as Cash continues to wash his face.

TUPAC

Look at this nigga here! That was
some gutsy ass shit you just pulled
off out there. Man! Cash
Mutherfucking Darby!

Cash looks into the mirror and smiles. Tupac is now standing behind him pointing the gun at the wall opposite of them.

CASH

I was scared ass fuck out there in
the lobby.

TUPAC

Hell you coulda fooled me. All I
saw was a N.W.A., I loved it! You
pretty much at tha finish line
after you leave outta here.

Cash just looks at him and smiles again.

TUPAC (CONT'D)

You alright, we coulda kicked it
tough back in tha day. You tha last
of a dying breed man, cats like you
ain't around no more.

Pac walks back over to the sink and sits the gun down, then he touches Cash on his shoulder.

TUPAC (CONT'D)
Stay up Cash.

The door swings open as he leaves the rest room. Cash looks in the mirror at himself.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARD TIME OFFICE - DAY

The police have made there way to the front of the office door using a mini tactical ram they crash the door open entering the building with guns drawn.

Caught off guard Joe Cool, Spade and Quovadis immediately put there hands in the air.

DETECTIVE #3
Alright don't nobody move!

DETECTIVE #2
Everyone down on the ground now!

The police are pointing there guns at the body guards but they don't lower there guns.

BODYGUARD #1
Fuck you! We ain't gotta do shit!
You think just cuz you come up in
here waving yo shit around we gotta
do what tha fuck you say! Eat a
dick!

DETECTIVE #2
Lower your God damn weapons!

BODYGUARD #2
Like he just said "fuck ya'll"!

Both of the body guards uncock they weapons and continue to point they shit back at the cops. They know that the cops are at a disadvantage because of the semis their holding. None of these gun holders are going to budge.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK OF HARD TIMES OFFICE/PARKING LOT - DAY

Pulling into the back of the parking lot we see the gangsters from LA arriving now. The five men hop out their cars with guns in tow, this situation has now become deadly serious!

All the men rush towards the rear entrance door, one of them shoots the lock off and kicks it in. Guns drawn they storm into the lobby area adding to the standoff currently going on. Neither the police nor the bodyguards can believe what is going on now.

DETECTIVE #2

Jesus Christ! Who tha fuck are you!?

GANGSTER #1

Nevermind that! Where's Cash at?

BODYGUARD #1

Get in line mutherfuckers!

DETECTIVE #1

Now wait a minute! Everybody needs to calm down! This is an official police matter, I'm need everyone to put their weapons down this instant!

GANGSTER #2

I ain't going back to no pen mutherfucker! Come on man lets get outta here!

GANGSTER #3

Shut tha fuck up dude! They can't do shit!

BODYGUARD #2

You cops need to back tha fuck up outta here!

For about a minute all groups of men continue pointing guns and screaming back and forth to each other! Quovadis is lying on her stomach looking down the hall were Cash disappeared to. Still standing by the bar with his arms raised, Joe Cool keeps his eyes on another standoff going on in his lobby once again.

JOE COOL

(whispering to himself)

I can't believe tha shit that's going on right now.

Meanwhile crouched behind the bar Spade has grabbed the suitcase and is on all fours. Like a little rat whose got a piece of cheese he is pushing the case in front of him hoping nobody notices as he tries to head for tha door.

Of course from the angle the gangsters are standing one of them can't help but to see him.

GANGSTER #1

Hey mutherfucker! Hey! Where tha fuck you think you going with that?

Now everyone's attention is on Spade crawling on the floor on all fours.

JOE COOL

Fuck are you doing?!

Spade gets up and stands behind tha suitcase. All the while everyone holding guns is still pointing at each other.

SPADE

(talking to the detectives)

Uhhh detectives I'ma go ahead get outta here, I think with surveillance tapes we should be good. I'ma go ahead get outta here, I think with tapes we should be good huh.

JOE COOL

(looking at Spade)

We?! Tapes! Waaaita minute I know you didn't...

DETECTIVE #3

(still pointing his gun at the bodyguards and gangsters)

Spade just stay where you at!

JOE COOL

You good for nothing bitch! You did this to me! Fuckin punk ass hoe! You set this up! After all tha shit we been through together, yo snitch ass sell me out! I can't believe this shit! Nigga we been down since day one and this how you do me! I sacrificed everything to make sure you and your family stay fed! And this is how you do me! Me?! Mutherfucker!!

Spade looks at Joe Cool like a little boy who just got caught by his father.

JOE COOL (CONT'D)

This how tha fuck you do me! You
fucking coward bitch! I'ma kill
you!

Joe grabs a glass off the bar and hurls it at Spade! The glass hits him in the forehead then bounces off breaking as it hits the floor. This causes a trigger happy chain reaction as one of the police officers shoots Joe Cool in the chest. Now reacting to their boss being shot both bodyguards start firing they semis at the police and the detectives! Joining in on the fun the gangsters shoot Spade as he tries to make it out with the suitcase. The detectives follow suit by shooting at the gangsters, now it's an all out warfare going down in the lobby!

After hearing all the gunplay Cash comes running down the hall from the rest room, his only concern is Quovadis.

Quovadis is curled up next to the couch with her head covered, bullets flying everywhere. As the place is getting shot up more and more we see debris starting to fly around from the bullets ripping apart everything in it's path. Because the bodyguards and gangsters have the heavy artillery their doing the most damage to the police.

Cash dives down on the floor to take cover behind a chair he then shoots Gangster #2 in the back. Gangster #3 unloads towards the area where Cash is. Quovadis then pulls out her gun and from a crouched position she shoots Gangster #3.

Bodyguard #2 has run out of bullets as he takes out the empty mag he's hit in the top of his shoulder blade by Detective #1. The shot knocks him backward into an open area. Detective #1 finishes him off by unloading the rest of the clip into him. Bodyguard #1 then shoots about ten rounds in the side of Detective #1

Cash crawls on his belly over to Quovadis

CASH

Hey!

QUOVADIS

Hey!

They kiss.

QUOVADIS (CONT'D)

Hellava honeymoon huh?

Cash looks around the couch to see who's left in the gun battle.

CASH

We gotta get outta here!

Quovadis grabs the duffle bag.

QUOVADIS

I'm ready when you are!

As they wait for a break from the gunfire we see the last three gangsters are shooting it out with the last two detectives. The last bodyguard is pinned behind the bar basically shooting at both the cops and the gangsters.

GANGSTER #1

You bitch ass police ain't making it outta here!

DETECTIVE #3

Oh yeah! Well your chances don't look to good either!

With his gun fully loaded now the last bodyguard comes out blazing with his semi auto! He just sprays it at everything and everyone. Bullets are now flying every where in the lobby the bodyguard is determined to kill who's ever left.

BODYGUARD #1

I'm a send all you mutherfuckers ta hell!

As he comes out spraying he hits one of the gangsters, the other two dive for cover behind some remaining furniture. Detective #2 gets off a shot that hits him near the groin area causing him to spin wildly, bullets ricochet off a large marble statue. As Cash looks on he fails to duck in time and one of the bullets catches him above the eye! Cash is hurt he falls backwards next to Quovadis.

QUOVADIS

Cash!!!

Cash doesn't move as we see blood streaming from the wound.

QUOVADIS (CONT'D)

Please Cash don't do this to me!

Gangster #2 finishes off Bodyguard #1

QUOVADIS (CONT'D)

(now starting to cry)

God no!!! Please baby get up! Don't you die Cash Darby!

Cash is not breathing as she frantically tries to wipe blood coming from the wound above his eye and forehead. Quovadis can't believe this is happening, she pulls him close to her chest while pounding on his hoping he opens his eyes.

CUT TO:

QUOVADIS' MIND

We see a montage of quick images leading up to this moment.

BACK TO:

INT. HARD TIME LOBBY - DAY

The gun battle is now down to four, Gangster #2 is kneeling behind another large statue. Gangster #1 was able to make it back behind the bar but in doing so he caught a bullet to the inside of his thigh so blood is pouring out. Detectives' #1 and #2 have taken cover behind the receptionist desk near the front of the entrance, each one of them posted on each side.

GANGSTER #1

Hey bitch we ain't forgot about
you, after we smoke these bitch ass
police you next!

Gangster #2 starts laughing, then the both of them start shooting at the area where the two detectives are holed up. Both of them cover there heads as the desk is being turned into swiss cheese as pieces of wood flies everywhere.

DETECTIVE #3

(changing out his ammo)
This is my last clip.

DETECTIVE #2

I'm almost out too.

DETECTIVE #3

Fuckboy behind tha bar is hurt
pretty bad, he took one in the
thigh. All we need ta do is care of
him then tha other one is a piece a
cake. I need you to draw one of
them out.

DETECTIVE #2

Yeah I got um.

DETECTIVE #3

Ok as soon they reload make your
move over that way.

DETECTIVE #2

Alright.

Quovadis is stuck now crying over Cash's body, she's oblivious to what's going on around her. Gangster #1 keeps shooting until his bullets have run out, he then ducks down behind the bar to reload. At that instant Detective #2 jumps from behind what's left of the bullet riddled desk, running as fast as possible towards the bar. Gangster #2 watches him from behind the statue. Having already reloaded he begins unloading the clip off in his direction, Detective #2 crouches while running trying to stay low as the bullets tear into the wall just over his head. Detective #3 stands up to return fire at Gangster #2. As Detective #2 just about makes it to over where the bar is but he catches three shots along the side of his body from Gangster #2. Gangster #1 struggles to get to his feet but manages to unload some more shells into the him the closer he gets. Detective #3 moves to the angle needed to get a clean shot now at Gangster #2, he hits him five times all to his upper body. As the bullets tear into him they knock him off his feet and onto a shot up piece of furniture. Detective #3 now turns his attention to Gangster #1 still behind the bar, both men focus on each other and continue to shoot. Zigging when he should of zagged, Detective #3 is hit on the Wright side of the chest, the impact knocks him to the floor.

GANGSTER #1

Boom! Yo ass zigged when you
shoulda zagged mutherfucker!

Detective #3 is lying on his back looking up at the ceiling trying to catch a breath.

Gangster #1 comes from behind the bar limping over to Detective #3 not even wasting any time he shoots him two more times in the chest. Standing there he overlooks the carnage, picks up the suitcase and limps over to the couch that Quovadis is sitting behind cradling Cash's body in her arms.

GANGSTER #1 (CONT'D)

Say bitch you ready ta join that
nigga in hell?

Quovadis isn't even paying him any attention she doesn't hear anything, she gently strokes the top of Cash's head.

He raises his gun to shoot her in the head, suddenly we hear a gun shot from the back of lobby near the rear hallway.

A bullet strikes Gangster #1 on the side of his head near the top of his ear!

It's Nate Donovan and he's walking up blasting!

Gangster #1 grabs his ear then swings his gun towards Nate to return fire but he misses. Nate hits him three times, first in the pelvis spinning him around, then in the center of his back causing blood to shoot out his mouth. The last shot nails him at the base of head nearly taking it off. Gangster #1 falls to the floor with all the rest of the dead bodies. Nate then hurries over to Quovadis sitting his gun down he kneels down next to his friend.

NATE

Quovadis we need ta go!

QUOVADIS

I can't Nate...I just can't. I can't leave him here like this...I can't.

Nate takes off his shirt ripping it in half, tears a piece off wrapping it around Cash's head and positions his arms against his sides. Nate is going to try CPR.

NATE

How long he been out?

QUOVADIS

I don't know.

NATE

Ok look when I say "breathe" I want you to breathe in his mouth as hard as you can! Don't forget to pinch his nose.

Quovadis bends over Cash's mouth. Nate has one hand clinched over the other pushing down on Cash's chest counting.

CASH

One two three four... breathe!

Quovadis blows into Cash's mouth and they repeat this for about sixty seconds, both try frantically to revive him. Another minute passes but Cash still doesn't respond. Quovadis continues to cry as she keeps breathing into his mouth, Nate gives a few more pumps. Now standing behind them far off in the distance Tupac is walking back behind the bar, he grabs the cognac bottle from earlier.

TUPAC

(fixing a drink)

Cash come on man it ain't time yet,
you got to much living to do.
Quovadis needs you and you need
her, it wouldn't be Wright you
leaving this soon.

Quovadis and Nate have tried there best, it's time for them
leave. In the background you can faintly hear the familiar
police sirens getting closer. Nate grabs the duffle bag as
Quovadis continues crying kneeling beside Cash.

NATE

(wiping tears from his
eyes)

We gotta go Quo.

Quo kisses Cash on the lips softly one last time then lays
her head on his chest.

TUPAC

Get up Cash.

Quovadis grabs the gun and her bag as her eyes never leave
Cash, she exhaustively rises to her feet wiping more tears
from her face. Nate looks at his friend again then turns to
leave, slowly Quovadis begins to follow him.

Pac takes another swig from his drink.

TUPAC (CONT'D)

CASH!!!

Cash suddenly takes a huge deep breath like he just came from
underwater! He's alive!

Quovadis stops to turn around because she could of sworn she
heard Pac's voice say Cash's name! Walking back to the lobby
she sees Cash feeling for the shirt wrapped on his head.

QUOVADIS

Cash!!! Nate!!!!!! He's alive!!!

Quovadis dashes back to where Cash is, stumbling almost
crashing into him as she grabs him hugging him ever so tight.

QUOVADIS (CONT'D)

Cash Oh Cash! Thank you God!
Baaaaaby!!! Don't you ever do that
shit again, do you here me?!

Cash is looking around trying to get his bearings. Quovadis
keeps kissing him everywhere on his face.

CASH

Do what?

Nate runs over to help Cash up to his feet.

NATE

No time to talk about it now, nigga
do you hear that? We gotta go!

The sirens continue to get closer, the time to leave is now. Quovadis puts her arm around Cash's waist and throws his arm around her neck, Nate does the same thing as they regather their stuff while moving fast to get out the back. Cash turns to look over to the bar as they all start down the hallway, looking back at him his "spiritual guide" leans on the bar holding his drink. Pac raises his glass to him, Cash nods his head and smiles. We then see all three walk down the dark hallway. We then hear Tupac's "Keep Your Head Up" starts playing.

FADE OUT.

THE END

