

Dealers

Written By  
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■FADE IN:

INT. AL & ENGGY HOUSE, BASEMENT

Smoke fills the room. Through the haze in this large basement, two couches can be made out on either side of the room. On one couch sits ENGLEBERT AKA ENGGY, African American 25, he takes a few drags on a blunt while engaging in a video game and talking into a headset. He then leans forward and over a small table to pass to ALPHA QUAN AKA AL 26, who leans in from the other couch to grab it from him. Al takes a drag as Enggy places his attention back on the video game. He is playing Black Ops

ENGGY

Fuck! Where'd that come from.

Al watches while smoking. He looks at his watch.

AL

Where this nigga at? Been two hours already.

Enggy still focused on the game.

ENGGY

I told him to flank left, why niggas can't listen?

Enggy looks over to Al for validation. Al takes a drag and leans in to pass it back to Enggy.

AL

Whatever. I wanna know where this nigga Ty at. Should not be taking this long.

Enggy takes the blunt.

ENGGY

That's what I'm saying.

Al just gives him a look. There's a knock on the window. Al turns toward the knock.

EXT. AL & ENGGY HOUSE, SIDE

Kneeling down and knocking on the window is CRACKHEAD LEROY. He knocks twice, waits then he knocks again.

CRACKHEAD LEROY

Hey, I know ya'll niggas in there.  
I see the TV light.

INT. AL & ENGGY HOUSE, BASEMENT

Al looks over at Enggy.

ENGGY

Your turn.

Al gets up and heads toward the window. He pushes aside the curtain. Crackhead Leroy is pressed against the window.

AL

We ain't got nothing right now.  
Come back in an hour.

He closes the curtain with Crackhead Leroy still face planted in the window. He walks back over to the couch and sits.

AL (CONT'D)

We should never be dry like this.  
He gonna go see Rass now, watch.

ENGGY

Who Crackhead Leroy? Nah he can't  
cop from Rass. He banned from that  
side.

AL

What happened?

ENGGY

I had heard he passed some phony  
twenties. We good he ain't buying  
no where else.

AL

Maybe you right about him but we  
still losing money. He the fourth  
custy so far. Nigga Ty just need  
to get here already.

ENGGY

You know Rass pushing that Diamond  
Rock now too.

AL

When he start moving for Superior?

ENGGY

Like yesterday. Heard he got it  
wholesale too. I don't know how he  
worked that out though. He  
packaging his shit in Superior's  
bags too.

AL  
Damn! We need a better connect.  
The shit we get be cut the fuck  
up. By the time we cut it up,  
might as well be baby powder.

ENGGY  
I hear niggas in BK cutting they  
shit with viagra.

AL  
Viagra?

ENGGY  
Yup. Heads be OD'ing with hard  
dicks and what not. Bitches be all  
stiff and shit.

They laugh.

AL  
You a fool. I'm a roll another  
one. Pass me a dutch.

Enggy looks around.

ENGGY  
Ain't no more.

AL  
Damn, I don't feel like trooping.

Enggy just shrugs his shoulders.

ENGGY  
I'm high.

Al takes a moment then gets up to leave.

AL  
I'll be right back. You want  
something.

ENGGY  
Nah I'm good.

Al exits. Enggy unpauses the game.

ENGGY (CONT'D)  
Flank mother fucker flank.

EXT. AL & ENGGY HOUSE, FRONT

Al closes the door behind him. As he makes his way down the  
path from his front door he spots TYRONE, African American

26, coming down the block. He stops at the end of the path and waits for Tyrone to walk up.

TYRONE  
What's good?

AL  
Where you been?

TYRONE  
Getting these.

Tyrone pulls out a handful of bags with a diamond logo on it.

AL  
Where you get those?

TYRONE  
Found a connect.

AL  
I don't know.

TYRONE  
What you don't know?

AL  
What's gonna happen when Superior finds out we selling under his brand?

TYRONE  
Thought of that. Rass selling his shit around here now. It'll seem like Rass made those sales. You trying to eat or what?

AL  
Yeah, I'm trying to eat.

Al still looks unconvinced.

TYRONE  
Where you going?

AL  
Corner to get a dutch. You need something?

TYRONE  
Nah I'm good. I'm a head inside. Nigga Eng awake?

AL  
Yeah, he playing Black Ops.

TYRONE  
What he know about that? I-ight in  
a minute.

Tyrone heads toward the door and enters. Al turns and walks down the block toward the store.

EXT. STREET

Al walks down the block in a contemplative mode, lost to the ongoings around him. His focus is broken when he hears his name called from a short distance away

DRUNKEN FRED (O.S.)  
Al! Al! Alpha Quan McNeil I know  
you hear me.

Al stops in his tracks. He reluctantly acknowledges Drunken Fred who then waves him over. He shakes his head as he makes his way to Fred.

AL  
What's up Fred? What you want?

DRUNKEN FRED  
Why I always gotta be asking for  
something. I done fought in wars,  
been all over the world, and seen  
shit make a grown man cry and you  
gonna ask me something like that.

AL  
What you want Fred?

DRUNKEN FRED  
Lemma get a dollar for a Colt 45.

AL  
See, always asking for shit.

Al begins to reach in his pocket for a dollar.

DRUNKEN FRED  
Where you going, corner store?  
Tell you what grab one for me. You  
can keep the change.

Al just looks at him.

AL  
Yeah alright.

Al turns and walks away.

DRUNKEN FRED

Colt 45 young man. That tall can  
now ya hear.

Al turns back toward Drunken Fred.

AL

Yeah I hear you.  
(to himself)  
Drunk mother fucker.

As he turns back around he is startled by JULIUS, African American 17, the budding young dealer on the block.

JULIUS

What up AL, what's good?

AL

Damn why you gotta be jumping  
outta nowhere on a nigga like  
that. All in my face. If I ain't  
know you.

JULIUS

Whatever. I need some weight.  
What's really good?

AL

I ain't fucking with you, you know  
this.

JULIUS

Why not. I can move them units.  
Every week.

AL

I don't care. I don't fuck with  
young niggas period. Ya'll do dumb  
shit, get in trouble then start  
talking.

JULIUS

I'm saying, why you think you  
can't trust me?

AL

I'm saying I ain't trying to find  
out. Forget it.

Al pushes past Julius. Julius watches him walk away.

JULIUS

That's fucked up Al. For real.

INT. BODEGA

Al enters the bodega. Inside talking to one of the workers is and OLDER MAN holding a pill bottle as he talks about its contents.

OLDER MAN

....Oh if that's how you're feeling. These hear changed my life. Doctor calls 'em "wonder pills."

Al stops by the chips rack and listens in further.

OLDER MAN (CONT'D)

My energy levels were so low I was having trouble getting out a bed in the mornings. With these, one pill and I can go all day and night. Reminds me of my coke and clubs days.

The Older Man chuckles. Al watches intently, now perked up after hearing the drugs description.

OLDER MAN (CONT'D)

Well you should ask your doctor. Here I can't pronounce what they called.

He hand the pill bottle to the worker who looks it over and nods after reading the name. He hands it back the Older Man as he prepares to leave. Al watches the Older Man place the pills into his jacket pocket. Al realizes he should make his move. He walks toward the counter.

AL

Lemme get two cigars.

OLDER MAN

I remember them days too.

Al half smiles at the man while paying for and grabbing his cigars. The Older Man heads for the door. Al abruptly cuts him off bumping into him.

AL

My bad.



OLDER MAN

That's alright young man. I can  
guess where your head is.

The Older Man chuckles. Al half smiles. Al holds the door  
for the Older Man.

OLDER MAN (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Al half smiles.

EXT. BODEGA

The Older Man turns left and walks off. Al exits behind him,  
watching him walk away. He reaches into his pocket and pulls  
out the pill bottle. He smiles big to himself, turns to the  
right and leaves.

EXT. STREET

Al walks along spotting Drunken Fred, remembering that he  
was suppose to get him a beer. Drunken Fred looks at Al  
approaching with a big smile and licking his lips.

DRUNKEN FRED

Where's my Colt 45, tall can.

AL

Sorry Fred, I ain't have no  
change.

DRUNKEN FRED

Ah you full of shit.

Al walks off.

DRUNKEN FRED (CONT'D)

The lord punish the wicked, you  
cheap bastard.

Al keeps walking ignoring Drunken Fred.

INT. AL & ENGGY HOUSE, BASEMENT

Al enters back into the basement. On a small table between  
the two couches sits a medium size bag full of white powder  
and a handful of small baggies with the diamond logos on  
them. Enggy sits on the couch still playing Blak Ops. Tyrone  
is not there.

AL

Where's Ty?

ENGGY

Went to get more baggies.

AL

He always managing to bounce when it comes time to cook.

ENGGY

He's smart. Don't like smelling like crack. Me I don't mind.

AL

How come this ain't a brick?

ENGGY

Ty said the wrap had a tear so he bagged it.

AL

Alright. So you done with your morning programming? Can we get to work now.

Enggy picks up the remote, turns off the television, removes his headset and places the controller on the table.

ENGGY

Them niggas flunked flank anyway?

AL

What? Nevermind.

Al pulls the pill bottle from his pocket and displays it for Enggy.

ENGGY

What's that?

AL

Wonder pills.

ENGGY

Wonder pills?

AL

Wonder pills.

ENGGY

Why they wonder pills?

AL

I don't know, but the old man at the bodega said that's what his doctor called em. He said was like being coked up. Figure we cut our

(MORE)

AL (CONT'D)  
shit with this it'll be like coke  
being cut with coke.

ENGGY  
(nodding)  
Can't argue with that logic. Let's  
go.

The two head upstairs to cook up their crack.

INT. KITCHEN - CRACK COOKING MONTAGE

Stove turned on

Pills being crushed

Drugs being mixed

Drugs being cooked on stove

INT. AL & ENGGY HOUSE, BASEMENT

AL & Enggy sit on the same couch in front of the table. On  
the table sits a medium size solid crack cocaine rock. They  
look at it in awe.

ENGGY  
Wonder Crack! We gonna kill em.

AL  
Word.

They fist bump one another, happy with their product.

AL (CONT'D)  
Alright let's start breaking this  
shit up.

Just as they start to get to work there's a knock on the  
window. The knock startles Al and he accidentally cuts his  
finger with the razor blade.

AL (CONT'D)  
Ow, fuck!

Enggy gets up to answer the window.

ENGGY  
You alright?

AL  
Yeah. Small cut.

Enggy gets to the window and pushes aside the curtain.

Pressed in the window is Crackhead Leroy. Enggy turns back to Al.

ENGGY

See, a loyal crackhead. Can't beat that.

Al just shakes his head while sucking on his finger. Enggy turns back to Crackhead Leroy.

ENGGY (CONT'D)

What you wanted?

CRACKHEAD LEROY

Two but lemme use y'all bathroom, man I gotta shit.

ENGGY

Hell no!

CRACKHEAD LEROY

C'mon man. I gotta shit bad. I'm a shit on yo lawn man.

Enggy turns back to Al looking for what to do.

AL

That's a nasty mother fucker.

Enggy turns back.

ENGGY

Back door.

A moment later Crackhead Fred comes down the stairs. Enggy points toward the bathroom.

ENGGY (CONT'D)

Spray something when you done.

CRACKHEAD LEROY

Okay. Ugh!

Crackhead Leroy lets out a loud mushy sounding fart.

CRACKHEAD LEROY (CONT'D)

My bad.

ENGGY

Nasty mother fucker.

Enggy waves his hands in front of his face. He then heads to the couch to finish breaking up the crack.

AL  
Told you.

ENGGY  
Whatever. Wonder crack?

AL  
Wonder crack.

INT. AL & ENGGY HOUSE, BASEMENT - LATER

A little while later they still sit there cutting up the crack. Al looks toward the bathroom.

AL  
Where is this crackhead. Leroy,  
c'mon man!

The sound of the toilet flushing is heard.

AL (CONT'D)  
Finally.

Leroy exits the bathroom still fixing his pants.

CRACKHEAD LEROY  
Good looking.

ENGGY  
You spray?

CRACKHEAD LEROY  
Y'all outta spray.

ENGGY  
Damn!

AL  
What you wanted?

CRACKHEAD LEROY  
Lemme get two.

Leroy reaches into his pocket and pulls out some money. Al takes two bags off the table and hands it to Leroy in exchange for the money.

ENGGY  
This that new shit. Wonder crack.

CRACKHEAD LEROY  
Wonder crack?. Shit then I ain't  
trying to wonder no longer.

Leroy reaches into his other pocket and pulls out a small crack pipe.

ENGGY

Whoa! What are you doing?

Leroy stops from loading his crack pipe.

CRACKHEAD LEROY

Smoking?

ENGGY

You can't do that here.

CRACKHEAD LEROY

(looking confused)

This a crack house.

AL

It's all good. Let's get that first hand customer opinion. Go head, just smoke in the bathroom.

CRACKHEAD LEROY

No problem.

Leroy heads toward the bathroom. Enggy nudges Al.

ENGGY

Why you let this nigga smoke up in here?

AL

We need to find out if our wonder crack is a wonder like that. I don't feel like tracking crackheads down to ask em. Especially when there's one right here. Let the bathroom smell like crack instead of that nigga too.

ENGGY

Can't argue with that logic.

Crackhead Fred emerges from the bathroom with a big smile on his face.

ENGGY (CONT'D)

I-igh, i-ight. That's a good sign.

AL

So what you think?

Crackhead Leroy's eyes rolls back into his head and he drops to the floor. Al & Enggy pause a moment.

AL & ENGGY  
Wonder crack!

They rejoice, giving high five one another and shouting. Enggy points at Crackhead Leroy on the floor.

ENGGY  
That's that shit right there!  
Word. Wonder crack.

Al shares in the excitement then looks closer at Crackhead Leroy.

AL  
Yo hold up.

Al gets up and heads over to Crackhead Leroy. He checks his pulse and feels none. He turns back to Enggy who is smiling away.

AL (CONT'D)  
This nigga dead man.

Enggy stops smiling.

ENGGY  
Damn, wonder crack.

Al stands up frustrated. He looks over at the crack.

AL  
Damn! Fuck we gonna do with this shit now.

ENGGY  
What you mean?

AL  
We can't sell that shit.

ENGGY  
Why not?

Al looks down at the dead crackhead then back at Enggy. Enggy stares blankly.

AL  
You can't kill off ya customers.  
They don't come back that way.

ENGGY

Oh ok. Can't argue with.....

AL

Fuck we gonna do?

ENGGY

Let's burn it.

Al looks at Enggy with a funny expression.

AL

And inhale that shit.

ENGGY

Ok. Maybe not. So?

AL

I don't know. I gotta think about it.

ENGGY

I-ight While you thinking, I'm a get a brew, you good?

AL

Yeah.

Enggy heads up the stairs to grab a beer. Al turns in the direction of the stairs. His back toward the dead crackhead. He rubs his chin in thought. The cut on his finger begins to bleed a little. He sucks the blood out and looks upon the cut intently.

Unnoticed behind him Crackhead Leroy starts to twitch. First a leg, then a hand. His nostrils flare and finally his eyes open as he reanimates looking zombie-like. He sits up and looks at Al. Al still stands with his back toward him inspecting his cut. Crackhead Leroy stands and wobbles his way toward Al, unnoticed.

Enggy makes his way back down the stairs, beer in hand, just as Crackhead Leroy is about to grab Al from behind.

ENGGY

Yo.....!

Al turns around just as Crackhead Leroy grabs a hold of his neck and tries to bite him. He fights him off but finds it difficult. First Enggy tries to pry off Crackhead Leroy, after failing he smashes the beer bottle over Crackhead Leroy's head. He drops to the ground releasing his grasp on Al.



AL  
Good looks.

ENGGY  
What the fuck was that?

AL  
I don't know.

They bend down to look closer.

ENGGY  
You think he's still dead?

AL  
I don't know.

As they lean in closer Crackhead Leroy comes to and lunges for Al grabbing his shirt attempting to bring him in to bite him. Enggy looks over at the corner of the room and spots a bat. He heads over and grabs it. He comes back and smashes Crackhead Leroy in the head. Crackhead Leroy releases his grip and falls back to the ground. Enggy looks at Al who nods for him to hit him again. So he does, multiple times, splattering blood everywhere. Al finally stops Enggy.

AL (CONT'D)  
Alright I think he's dead now,  
again.

Enggy stops to catch his breath.

ENGGY  
Suppose to been dead. What the  
fuck?

AL  
I don't know.

ENGGY  
Now I'm tired.

AL  
Need to stop smoking.

ENGGY  
For real.

Enggy lays on the couch. Al sits on the opposite couch.

ENGGY (CONT'D)  
For real though, what the fuck  
happened?

AL  
I don't know. That nigga was dead,  
then came back. I ain't never seen  
no shit like that.

Al shoots Enggy a look.

AL (CONT'D)  
You think the crack did it?

ENGGY  
Maybe it's the wonder in the  
wonder crack.

Al looks over at Crackhead Leroy's body.

AL  
What are we gonna do with this  
nigga?

ENGGY  
Chop em up?

AL  
Too much work.

ENGGY  
Dump?

AL  
Yup.

EXT. AL & ENGGY HOUSE, SIDE

The trunk to their car is open and Al & Enggy are carrying  
Crackhead Leroy's body down the driveway to toss it in.

ENGGY  
I thought he took a shit. Why is  
such a skinny ass mother fucker so  
damn heavy.

AL  
Talk less, lift more.

They heave his body into the open trunk and take a moment to  
catch their breath.

AL (CONT'D)  
We gonna have to figure out a  
better way when we get there.

ENGGY  
Definitely.

From behind the car emerges CRACKHEAD RITA. She's come to buy some crack but is nosey and peeks into the trunk.

CRACKHEAD RITA  
What the hell is y'all doing?

She starles both of them as they turn toward her.

AL  
Fuck Rita! What you want?

CRACKHEAD RITA  
I want two but what's up with Leroy. He don't look so good.

ENGGY  
He fell. We taking him to the hospital.

CRACKHEAD RITA  
In the trunk?

ENGGY  
Ain't enough room in the backseat.

CRACKHEAD RITA  
Oh. What happened?

AL  
He slipped on some water. Hit his head.

She looks over at the bat lying up against the wall.

CRACKHEAD RITA  
Oh, hit that wall a few times too by the look of em.

Al & Enggy look each other.

AL  
How many you wanted?

EXT. AL & ENGGY HOUSE, SIDE - LATER

Enggy sits on a closed trunk while Al leans up against the wall smoking a blunt. He passes it to Enggy.

ENGGY  
It's taking this bitch a long time. Maybe it's not the crack.

AL  
I don't know.

Al walks over to Crackhead Rita's body laying on the ground near them. He kneels beside her and checks for a pulse.

AL (CONT'D)  
Nah, she's still alive.

ENGGY  
Damn!

Al stands up looking over the body.

ENGGY (CONT'D)  
Now what do we do?

AL  
Maybe we should just kill her.

ENGGY  
Why?

AL  
What if she turns after we leave?  
Maybe it takes longer with her.

Enggy hops off the car and walks over toward the body.

ENGGY  
Or maybe she's just a regular crackhead and we got that shit right now. Wonder crack back in effect.

Enggy does a little dance to celebrate.

AL  
Gotta be sure.

Al grabs the bat. Enggy turns to stop him.

ENGGY  
Wait!

AL  
What for?

ENGGY  
I know she a crackhead and all but she ain't did nothing. Leroy was at least trying to eat you. I'm just saying. It ain't right.

Al lowers the bat.

ENGGY (CONT'D)  
We're dealers, not murderers.

Al nods his head in agreement. Suddenly Crackhead Rita reanimates and grabs a hold of Enggy's leg. They both are startled.

ENGGY (CONT'D)  
Oh shit!

Crackhead Rita tries to bite Enggy's leg. He looks at Al.

ENGGY (CONT'D)  
Murder this bitch.

Al gets into a good position and strikes Crackhead Rita in the head. She releases her grip as he strikes her a few more times. He stops striking once she stops moving. They catch their breath and look at one another.

AL  
Guess we got our answer.

ENGGY  
Guess so.

AL  
Let's get this bitch in the trunk.

ENGGY  
Yeah.

INT. AL & ENGGY CAR

Enggy drives while Al contemplates things staring out of the window.

AL  
It would be like the end of the world.

ENGGY  
Something right out of the movies.

AL  
We gotta figure out a way to get rid of it.

ENGGY  
What if we bury it?

AL  
That could work. Somewhere they ain't gonna dig up.

ENGGY

A place good enough to hide a body. The park?

AL

Nah they dig it up every few years. Plus we don't want no kids finding it.

ENGGY

True. The backyard?

AL

I don't know but we gotta do something.

ENGGY

I wonder why the wonder crack turns heads into zombies.

AL

I don't know that either.

ENGGY

Bet it got something to do with the radio frequencies in the air.

Al looks over at Enggy with a strange expression.

AL

What?

ENGGY

I seen where radio waves be affecting people's brain when they tuned in.

AL

Tuned in?

ENGGY

Yeah drugs, like crack and shit be tuning heads brainwaves. They change they brain waves and shit. Making em pick up radio waves in the air, fucking they brain up. Maybe the wonder crack be tuning heads into a frequency that makes em zombies.

AL

A frequency that makes crackheads, zombies.

ENGGY  
I'm just saying that shit is possible.

Al just looks back out the window shaking his head.

ENGGY (CONT'D)  
We could bury it at the beach. In a sand dune.

AL  
That's not a bad idea. I-ight after we dump these two we head back grab the crack and head out to Orchard Beach.

ENGGY  
Cool. While we out there let's get some shrimp.

AL  
That's a plan. Pull in over there.

EXT. CAR, DUMP

Enggy pulls into a dump area and along side a large pile of trash.

INT. AL & ENGGY CAR

Al looks at the large trash pile.

AL  
Right here's a good spot.

Enggy cuts off the car.

ENGGY  
Let's go.

They both exit the car.

EXT. DUMP

The bodies of Crackhead Leroy and Crackhead Rita lay side by side on a trash pile. Al & Enggy stand over them.

ENGGY  
Should we say something?

AL  
Why?

ENGGY  
That's what they do right?

AL  
I guess so.

They bow their heads.

ENGGY  
I'm real sorry they turned into  
crackhead zombies and we had to  
kill them.

Al looks over at Enggy.

AL  
That's what you had to say?

Enggy just shrugs his shoulders. Al walks off. Enggy pulls out his cell phone and starts to take a pic. Al turns back and catches him taking the picture.

AL (CONT'D)  
Fuck you doing?

ENGGY  
When am I ever gonna see a real  
life zombie again. I wanna get a  
pic.

Enggy finishes taking the picture and walks over to Al holding the phone for him to see.

ENGGY (CONT'D)  
Look hot with this filter too.

AL  
You right it kinda do.

INT. AL & ENGGY CAR

They sit in silence as they ride along. Al breaks the silence.

AL  
We gonna have to find a way to  
make that money up too. That's  
eight stacks gone.

ENGGY  
Better we lose eight stacks then  
the zombie apocalypse, right?



AL  
Yeah but now that we ain't worried  
about that, we need eight stacks.

ENGGY  
No doubt. Radio?

AL  
Cool.

Enggy turns on the radio. The guys bop in unison to the beat  
as they drive along.

EXT. AL & ENGGY HOUSE, FRONT

The car pulls into the driveway. Al notices that the front  
screen door is open.

AL  
You leave the screen door open?

ENGGY  
Nah.

Al hops out of the car and quick steps toward the door.  
Enggy is not far behind.

Once at the door he sees that the screen door is open but  
the front is closed. His expression changes to relief.

ENGGY (CONT'D)  
We good?

AL  
Yeah, wind probably blew the  
screen open.

Al opens the door and they both enter with Enggy closing the  
door behind him.

INT. AL & ENGGY HOUSE, BASEMENT

They enter the basement down the stairs, Al leading the way.  
They have a laugh between each other as they enter.

AL  
...That's crazy.

Al looks over at the table where the drugs are and they are  
not there just the handful of loose bags they had started to  
break up but the large uncut rock is gone. He stops in his  
tracks.

AL (CONT'D)  
What the fuck?

Enggy springs forward to see what Al is referring to.

ENGGY  
Oh shit! Where the fuck are the  
drugs?

They start to pace around the room frantically.

AL  
Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit.

ENGGY  
Fuck, fuck, fuck.

Al stops a moment and turns toward Enggy.

AL  
Fuck we gonna do?

ENGGY  
Shit if I know.

AL  
Damn, we're fucked.

ENGGY  
Whole world is fucked.

They look at one another in panic. They hear the front door close and footsteps emanating from upstairs.

TYRONE (O.S.)  
Yo yo, niggas need to move the  
whip.

Tyrone walks down the stairs into the basement. They look at him with the panic in their face. He stops and looks at them weird.

TYRONE  
Fucks up with ya'll?

AL  
You know where the crack is?

TYRONE  
Yeah, I got it.

Al & Enggy look at each other with a sigh of relief.

ENGGY

Good. We thought we got robbed.

TYRONE

Robbed? Nah we good.

AL

So where's it at.

Tyrone reaches into his inside jacket pocket. He pulls out a large stack of cash and throws it on the table.

TYRONE

Boo-yaaaaa!

Al & Enggy look at the money.

ENGGY

Fuck is that?

TYRONE

Twenty stacks.

AL

Where's the drugs.

TYRONE

I sold them. Fast too when I them  
it was that diamond rock. Told  
ya'll.

Al & Enggy look at each other in panic again.

ENGGY

Fuck!

Al walks up on Tyrone.

AL

Who'd you sell to?

TYRONE

Fuck do it matter?

AL

(frustrated)

Who the fuck you sell to Ty?

TYRONE

Alright fuck. A few people.

AL

Who?

EXT. KEVIN'S HOUSE

KEVIN, Black & Spanish Mix (27), sits on his porch. A crackhead walks up on him and hands him some money.

TYRONE (V.O.)  
Kevin is one. I sold him a decent amount.

Kevin looks around before exchanging the money for the crack.

EXT. PROJECTS

A NYC project building with a few crackheads sprinkling the entrance. The main door swings open and CASH, African American (29), the project dealer. He is followed closely by two large men that are his bodyguards.

TYRONE (V.O.)  
I sold a decent amount to Cash too.

INT. AL & ENGGY HOUSE, BASEMENT

The three stand talking in the basement.

ENGGY  
Damn, Cash? He won't give it up easy.

AL  
Who else?

EXT. RANDOM HOUSE

A car pulls up and a crackhead approaches the drivers side. Seated in the driver's seat is DREAD, Jamaican (27), the delivery dealer.

TYRONE (V.O.)  
Dread copped a nice amount off me.

INT. AL & ENGGY HOUSE, BASEMENT

Tyrone pauses a moment and holds his neck.

AL  
Is that all?

TYRONE  
Not exactly.

AL  
Who else?

EXT. STREET

RASS, Jamaican (32) stands on the corner with two goons standing beside him. A crackhead approaches him with some money. Rass counts the money as his goons starts to hand over the crack. Rass stops him as the money is short. Rass starts to beef with the crackhead. He gestures for two more dollars. The crackhead pulls his pockets inside out. Rass looking fed up pulls out his gun and shoots the crackhead in the chest, then rolls his body into the street and he services another customer.

TYRONE (V.O.)  
Rass.

INT. AL & ENGGY HOUSE, BASEMENT

Al and Enggy both take a seat.

ENGGY  
Damn as if trying to get it back  
from Cash wasn't hard enough.

TYRONE  
Get what back?

AL  
The crack.

TYRONE  
Why would we want it back?

ENGGY  
It turns heads into zombies.

TYRONE  
What?

AL  
It's true. We had to kill  
Crackhead Leroy and Crackhead Rita  
when they tried to eat us.

TYRONE  
C'mon give me break. Ya'll niggas  
full of shit.

AL  
Nah no joke. Enggy got pictures.

Enggy walks toward Tyrone searching his phone for the pics.  
He hands it to Tyrone.

ENGGY  
See for yourself.

TYRONE (CRINGING)  
Damn they look fucked up. This  
filter is hot though. I gotta use  
that one.

Tyrone hands the phone back to Enggy.

TYRONE  
That's really fucked up.

AL  
I know.

TYRONE  
They was loyal custys.

ENGGY  
That's what I said.

TYRONE  
So what do we do?

AL  
We gotta get all of the crack  
back.

TYRONE  
How we gonna do that?

AL  
I don't know but if we don't its  
the end of the world as we know  
it.

There's an awkward pause.

TYRONE  
That sucks.

ENGGY  
Word.

TYRONE  
I sold a few loose bags too. Just  
to some local heads though.

AL  
Alright, let's start there. We  
kill them off then go after the  
weight.

ENGGY  
Alright, let's go.

INT. WORKSPACE, GEARING UP MONTAGE

Guys gather up different things as weapons. A bat, a crowbar  
and a wrench.

EXT. AL & ENGGY HOUSE, FRONT

The guys exit the house and pause just in front.

AL  
Alright so here's the plan. Let's  
take out the crackheads Ty sold to  
no matter what. We know they gonna  
turn at some point. A few shots to  
the dome. Cool and quiet. Alright?

TYRONE  
No doubt cool and quiet.

ENGGY  
Word. Let's go.

The guys make their way down the block looking for signs of  
the crackheads.

TYRONE  
So why our crack turning heads  
into zombies anyway.

ENGGY  
It's wonder crack.

TYRONE  
Fuck is wonder crack.

AL  
We cut it with some wonder pills I  
lifted from this old dude at the  
corner store.

Tyrone stops walking and makes a face.

TYRONE  
That's gotta be the why, right?.

They start walking again.

AL  
I think so.

ENGGY  
Yo, over there.

Enggy points over to some bushes where a body lay on the ground nearby barely concealed.

AL  
Here we go.

They rush over to the bush.

They stand over the body.

TYRONE  
Yup. Sold to him.

Al & Enggy look at Ty.

TYRONE (CONT'D)  
What?

AL  
No what, this one's on you.

TYRONE  
Oh, no doubt.

Tyrone walks around the body, gets into a swinging position and starts swinging. He grunts loudly as he swings. He looks as if he's enjoying it.

ENGGY  
So much for cool and quiet.

He stops after a good amount of swings.

TYRONE  
Ok. Next.

Al & Enggy just look at Tyrone astonished.

ENGGY  
You i-ight?

TYRONE  
Yeah I'm good.

Al shakes his head and walks off.

AL  
Come on let's go.



Tyrone and Enggy follow. Enggy just looks at Tyrone as they leave.

TYRONE

What?

ENGGY

Nothing.

EXT. STREET 2

The guys walk along still searching for zombie crackheads.

TYRONE

What if we can't stop this? You think it'll be like in the movies.

ENGGY

Proolly not. They never show what would really happen in the hood.

TYRONE

True.

AL

The hood is what would get hit first if we don't get back all that crack. All our friends, family everybody.

TYRONE

We can't let that happen.

ENGGY

Definitely.

AL

I think I see one.

Al sneaks over to where a body lay with ninja-like stealth. Tyrone & Enggy lag behind, watching but still following. He creeps up on the body. He raises the bat, then lowers it. Tyrone and Enggy approach quickly with confusion.

TYRONE

What's the matter?

AL

Ain't no zombie. It's Drunken Fred.

Lying on the ground passed out is Drunken Fred.

ENGGY  
Damn good catch.

TYRONE  
For real. Al was about smash this nigga.

AL  
I should smash him. He wished this shit on us cause I ain't buy him a beer.

ENGGY  
Drunken Fred always wishing shit on people that don't buy his beer.

TYRONE  
Yup. Fool must have wished me dead like eight times already.

AL  
Still....

ENGGY  
Leave em alone. We ain't murderers.

TYRONE  
We zombie killers.

They hear a woman screaming. Enggy and Tyrone turn in that direction.

TYRONE (CONT'D)  
You hear that?

ENGGY  
Yup. C'mon Al.

Tyrone and Enggy run off. Al looks at Drunken Fred a moment, turns and walks off. He comes back and kicks him in the leg, then runs after his friends.

EXT. STREET 3

A Young Black Girl fights off a crackhead. Enggy is first to arrive. He pulls the zombie off of the girl. Tyrone right behind him grabs the zombie attempting to drag it away. Enggy stops to see if the girl is alright. Tyrone struggles.

TYRONE  
Yo, help! Yo help nigga!

Enggy continues to talk to the girl but Al comes up from behind to help. Together Al and Tyrone drag the crackhead

behind some hedges and to the floor but with great effort. Tyrone stands over the zombie and starts hammering it in the head, killing it. Al and Tyrone take a breathe.

AL  
Where the fuck is Enggy?

Tyrone catching his breath nods his head toward the other side of the hedges. Al stands up to see Enggy still talking to the girl.

AL (CONT'D)  
This nigga.  
(yelling)  
Yo!

Enggy turns and then ends his conversation. The girl walks off as Enggy walks toward his friends.

ENGGY  
Everything good?

TYRONE  
What the fuck, you ain't hear me?

ENGGY  
I'm saying, I think we can run a train on that bitch.

Tyrone looks at Al and shakes his head.

AL  
Now ain't the time Eng. C'mon.

Al walks off followed by Tyrone but not before tossing Enggy a look.

ENGGY  
You know y'all wanna run a train on her. Ya'll just fronting.

EXT. STREET 4

The guys walk along still hunting.

AL  
So how many heads you sell to?

TYRONE  
Three.

ENGGY  
So one left.

AL  
You remember who?

TYRONE  
Yeah, that real funny looking one.  
Got the eye all off to the right.

AL  
Yeah. I know the one you talking  
about. Alright he should be easy  
to spot.

TYRONE  
You know we only a couple blocks  
from Kev's crib. We could head  
that way. Maybe we spot him on the  
way.

AL  
That's a good idea.

As they walk along Tyrone spots his GRANDMOTHER walking  
toward them. She wears a great big black church hat.

TYRONE  
Fuck! Yo hold this. I got a lot of  
blood on me?

He passes the wrench to Al.

AL  
What?

Al looks down the block and spots Tyrone's Grandmother.

AL (CONT'D)  
Damn!

Al taps Enggy's arm. Al and Enggy quickly toss their blood  
soaked weapons underneath a nearby car. They inspect one  
another for blood and try to act normal. Tyrone's  
grandmother walks up on them.

TYRONE  
What's up Nana. Where you coming  
from?

Tyrone leans in and kisses his grandmother on the cheek.

GRANDMOTHER  
Sister Gladys' house. Are weekly  
reading boy you know that.

TYRONE  
Right, my bad Nana.

GRANDMOTHER  
Your friends have no manners?

AL & ENGGY  
Hello Mrs. Collins.

GRANDMOTHER  
I know your parents taught y'all  
better than that.

AL & ENGGY  
Sorry Mrs. Collins.

She looks the boys over.

GRANDMOTHER  
Why are y'all covered in red  
paint?

They look at each other.

AL  
Paintball!

TYRONE  
Yeah Nana we was playing paintball  
with some other friends.

ENGGY  
We lost.

TYRONE  
Yeah, we lost. We was heading to  
get some.....um.

Tyrone looks back at his friends for help.

ENGGY  
Weed!

Tyrone looks at Enggy with a perplexed expression and slowly  
turns back to his grandmother. She gives him a funny look.

GRANDMOTHER  
Hmm! Y'all boys better not be out  
here causing no trouble.

AL, ENGGY & TYRONE  
No, no not at all.

She turns at points at Tyrone.

GRANDMOTHER  
Or getting in to any.

TYRONE  
C'mon Nana.

GRANDMOTHER  
The lord punishes the wicked  
child.

TYRONE  
(rolling his eyes)  
Yes Nana.

She slaps him in the head. Al and Enggy wince.

GRANDMOTHER  
Don't be fresh.

TYRONE  
Yes Nana.

GRANDMOTHER  
You boys remember to do the lords  
work. It's the only work that  
matters. I'll see you at home  
Tyrone. The Reverend Shepard will  
be coming by this evening. You  
know what that means.

TYRONE  
Yes Nana.

She walks off. They watch her leave and wait until she is  
out of ear shot.

ENGGY  
What's it mean?

TYRONE  
Fuck ya'll.

Tyrone heads toward the car and kneels down to get the  
weapons as Al and Enggy are heard making fun of Tyrone. Once  
under the car Tyrone spots the legs on the UGLY CRACKHEAD  
they were looking for in the first place. He grabs the  
closet weapon, that being the bat, and comes out from  
underneath the car.

TYRONE (CONT'D)  
There he is.

Tyrone points across the street. Al and Enggy look across  
the street. Ugly Crackhead creeps and stumbles along across

the street. Tyrone hands the bat over to Enggy. Enggy takes the bat.

He crosses the street and slowly approaches the crackhead. The crackhead slowly creeps past another car.

Enggy, now in the middle of the street, sprints toward the hood of the car and with one leap jumps atop the hood then springs toward the walking crackhead with the bat held tightly in a striking position above his head. He lets out a big warrior cry and comes down striking upon the head of the crackhead.

Al and Enggy look watch Enggy take out the zombie.

AL

Damn.

TYRONE

Impressive.

Enggy stops wacking on the zombie. He looks over to his friends and gives a thumbs up. He then motions to move on. He heads in the direction they were headed but from across the street. Al and Tyrone head in that direction as well.

TYRONE (CONT'D)

This killing zombie shit kinda fun.

EXT. KEVIN'S HOUSE

The guys walk up on Kevin's house. Tyrone walks ahead leading the way.

TYRONE

Let me talk to Kev.

AL

Why you gotta talk him?

TYRONE

Cause I'm the one that sold to him.

AL

Nigga I ain't trying to steal your custy. You serious?

They walk up on the door. Tyrone rings the doorbell.

TYRONE

I got this.

A voice from behind the door.

KEVIN (O.S.)  
Who it be?

TYRONE  
Yo Kev, it's Ty. Just wanna holla  
at you a minute.

The door swings open. Standing there is Kevin. He looks at everybody with a curious look.

KEVIN  
We having a party?

TYRONE  
You remeber my people, Alpha Quan  
and Enggy. They my partners.

Kevin looks them over.

KEVIN  
So what you want?

TYRONE  
Can we talk inside?

Kevin makes an expression.

TYRONE (CONT'D)  
No funny style for real. Just  
business.

KEVIN  
Alright.

INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE, LIVINGROOM

Kevin turns, walking further into the house. Tyrone enters with Al and Enggy on his heels.

KEVIN  
Lock the door behind you.

ENGGY  
No doubt.

Enggy last to enter closes and locks the door behind him.

Tyrone takes a seat on the couch. He gestures for everyone to sit as well. Everyone grabs an available seat.

KEVIN (O.S.)  
So I thought we was good on  
business for the day. You got  
(MORE)



KEVIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
something else you trying to sell  
me?

TYRONE  
Nah, I was hoping I could buy back  
the weight I sold you.

KEVIN  
Why you wanna buy it back?

TYRONE  
That's hard to explain.

ENGGY  
It's turns heads into zombies.  
Tyrone looks disappointedly at Enggy.

TYRONE  
What he means is.....

KEVIN  
Is that what the fuck happened?  
They all look surprised at Kevin's response.

AL  
What do you mean?

INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE, BATHROOM (FLASHBACK)  
Kevin sits on the toilet reading O Magazine, straining.

KEVIN (O.S.)  
I was sending the browns to the  
super bowl.

INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE, LIVINGROOM  
The guys sit around listening to Kevin.

ENGGY  
What?

Kevin turns toward Enggy.

KEVIN  
I was taking a shit mother fucker.

ENGGY  
Oh no doubt.

KEVIN  
Like I was saying...

INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE, BATHROOM (FLASHBACK)

Kevin sits on the toilet reading O Magazine, straining.

KEVIN (O.S.)  
...I was taking a shit. Reading  
some porn. I look down and see  
some blood in my shit. I start  
calling for my moms. When I hear  
my dog cry real loud.

Kevin looks down in the toilet.

KEVIN  
Ma! Hey Ma!  
(after hearing dog cry)  
Ma! What's the matter with  
Maximus?

Kevin starts to clean himself

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
So I clean myself quick and come  
out into the hall.

INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY (FLASHBACK)

Kevin exits out of the bathroom door, looking around for the source of the cries.

KEVIN (O.S.)  
I look over and Ma-dukes chewing  
on this nigga Maximus.

At the end of the hall KEVIN'S MOTHER is knelt down biting into the dog.

KEVIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I'm like "Ma fuck is you doing to  
my dog!"

INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE, LIVINGROOM

The guys sit around listening to Kevin tell his story. They all wear engrossed expressions.

KEVIN  
I loved that fucking dog. Just had  
that nigga legs fixed too. Spent  
like three stacks on him. Shit is  
fucked up.

Kevin gets caught up in his thoughts about the dog.

AL

What happened next?

INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY (FLASHBACK)

Kevin's Mother drops the dog and rises as she walks toward Kevin.

KEVIN (O.S.)

She looks up at me and starts coming at me. At first I just stood there but she had this look in her eyes I ain't never seen. So I jetted downstairs. Now my moms always had a hard time on them steps so.

Kevin backs away from his approaching mother. She has a crazy look in her eye. He runs down the nearby staircase.

INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE, LIVINGROOM

The guys sit around listening to Kevin tell his story. They all wear engrossed expressions, especially Enggy.

ENGGY

So what happened?

Kevin turns his attention toward Enggy.

KEVIN

What you think mother fucker? She fell and broke her neck.

AL

For real?

KEVIN

Yup, check it.

Kevin gets up and walks off. Al looks over at Tyrone who shrugs his shoulders. They get up and follow.

INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE, BOTTOM OF STAIRS

Kevin's Mother's body lay twisted up at the bottom of the stairs. The guys stand over the body.

KEVIN

See.

ENGGY

Crazy.

AL

You sure she's dead?

KEVIN

Yeah. I waved some crack in front  
her nose. She ain't move.

AL

Good test.

TYRONE

You just gonna leave her there?

KEVIN

Man I hurt my arm playing ball the  
other day.

Kevin rubs his shoulder.

TYRONE

Oh.

KEVIN

I called my cousin anyway. He  
gonna come through. We gonna chop  
her up then burn her up in the  
furnace. If y'all wanna help me  
get her in the basement that'll be  
cool.

INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE, BASEMENT DOOR

The door swings open. The guys carry Kevin's mother's body  
awaiting instructions.

AL

You want us to walk her down?

KEVIN

Nah just toss her down. We move  
her later.

TYRONE

Really?

KEVIN

What's she gonna say? But if ya'll  
wanna do the extra work that's on  
you.

The guys think it over for a split second, then toss the body down the stairs. It tumbles down to bottom. The door shuts.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Good looks.

AL

So about the crack?

KEVIN

Yeah y'all can get that back. End up killing off my whole family and shit.

Kevin heads toward the living room and everyone follows.

INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE, LIVINGROOM

They enter the living room. Kevin lifts up a cushion on the couch and pulls out the drugs. He hands it to Al.

KEVIN

Just gimme back what I paid and we good.

AL

No problem. Pay the man.

Al glances to Tyrone to pay Kevin. Tyrone reluctantly removes the money from his pocket and counts off what is owed to Kevin. Kevin takes the money and puts it in his pocket.

KEVIN

Pleasure doing business with ya'll.

Al hands the drugs to Enggy who places it into a backpack and throws it on his back. Kevin makes way toward the front door and opens it.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Thanks for coming.

Tyrone leads as they exit.

EXT. KEVIN'S HOUSE

Tyrone, Al and Enggy exit Kevin's house. Kevin closes the door the moment Enggy is through the doorway.

ENGGY

Damn!

AL

So that's one down. Three more to go.

The guys walk away from the house.

EXT. PROJECT BUILDING

The guys enter into the housing complex. Enggy looks around as they enter.

ENGGY

Shorty we almost ran that train on live in one of these buildings. I think that one over there.

AL

Now ain't the time Eng. We gonna have to be real delicate with this nigga Cash.

Up ahead is a slow moving crackhead approaching them as they make their way toward the main door of Cash's building. Tyrone spots it first and approaches.

TYRONE

I got this. Watch how I take this one out.

Tyrone swaps out his wrench for Al's bat. He approaches the slow moving crackhead. He strikes the crackhead in the leg. The crackhead tumbles to the ground. Tyrone stands above it preparing to strike.

CRACKHEAD

Ow! Why you hit me? That's my good leg. This shit hurt.

Tyrone quickly lowers the bat just as Al and Enggy reach his position.

TYRONE

Oh shit, my bad.

Tyrone steps away from the crackhead who lay on the ground holding his leg moaning in pain.

ENGGY

Damn Ty.

TYRONE

I ain't know. Nigga walking like a zombie.

AL  
C'mon we got business to take care  
of.

They walk away leaving the crackhead on the ground holding  
his leg.

CRACKHEAD  
Fuck ya'll niggas.

INT. CASH'S BUILDING, LOBBY

The guys enter the building heading straight for the  
elevator. Al presses the elevator call button.

AL  
Ty, how well you know Cash?

TYRONE  
Known him a minute but wouldn't  
say well. He a strange dude. He  
touchy.

ENGGY  
This elevator taking forever.

A pretty female resident exits from the nearby stairwell.  
She looks the guys over noticing what they carry and the  
blood on their clothes. Enggy smiles at her. She looks away  
in disgust. He stops smiling and looks himself over.

AL  
Elevator probably ain't working.  
We walking.

Al heads toward the stairwell. Followed by the other two.

INT. CASH'S BUILDING, STAIRWELL

They enter the stairwell and start walking up the flights of  
stairs.

AL  
What floor he on?

TYRONE  
Fifth.

ENGGY  
Damn.

A few flights up and the smell of crack grows stronger. It  
goes noticed by Al and Tyrone.

AL  
You smell that?

TYRONE  
Yup.

Al puts his finger to his lips and they slowly creep up the stairs stopping at the landing. Al peeks his head around the corner to see what's ahead. On the next landing is the badly bloodied body of a drug dealer. Al comes fully from around the bend.

AL  
Damn!

He skips up the steps for a closer view, followed by Tyrone and Enggy. Al bends down for a closer look.

AL (CONT'D)  
I knew this kid.

ENGGY  
That's fucked up.

The stairwell door to this floor swings open and out emerges a crackhead zombie headed straight toward Al. Al jumps back hitting his head on the wall and knocking himself out. He falls into Tyrone arms.

TYRONE  
Back! Go back!

Enggy turns around when the door to that landing swings open and another crackhead zombie exits heading right for Enggy.

ENGGY  
Fuck!

Tyrone looks over his shoulder and sees the other zombie. He looks back at the approaching zombie then at the knocked out Al.

TYRONE  
Wake up!

The zombies have them pinned between landings. The door on Enggy's landing opens again and a RESIDENT stands in the doorway holding the door open bearing witness the ensuing situation.

RESIDENT  
What the...!

The zombie nearest turns around toward the Resident. Enggy kicks the zombie in the back toward the Resident. The



Resident lets out a scream and the door closes behind them as they fall into the hallway. The zombie on the top landing reaches the edge and falls his way down.

Enggy quickly moves out of the way after kicking the second zombie, giving Ty just enough time to get out of the way of the first zombie as it falls, breaking its neck. In the hallway the resident still screams, then abruptly stops. Enggy grabs the crobar from the floor and enters the hallway. Tyrone shakes Al in an attempt to wake him.

INT. CASH'S BUILDING, ZOMBIE HALLWAY

Enggy enters the hall and stands above the feeding zombie.

ENGGY

Hey!

The zombie turns around. Enggy strikes it in the head, repeatedly. He stops swinging catching his breath. He pulls out his cell phone and snaps a quick pic. Once satisfied he returns to the stairwell and his friends.

INT. CASH'S BUILDING, STAIRWELL

Enggy returns into the stairwell to Tyrone leaning over Al still trying to wake him.

ENGGY

He alright?

TYRONE

He breathing but he ain't waking up.

Enggy leans in and slaps Al hard.

ENGGY

Wake up!

Al snaps back to life.

AL

What the fuck?

Al rubs his cheeks.

ENGGY

Good. Let's go.

Tyrone helps Al to his feet.

AL  
Fuck happened?

TYRONE  
Nothing sleeping beauty.

The three walk up the stairs. Tyrone stops at the body of the dealer to check him for more drugs. He pulls out a few bags with crack in them.

TYRONE (CONT'D)  
Can't forget these.

They continue up the stairs.

INT. CASH'S BUILDING, CASH'S FRONT DOOR

The three stand in front of Cash's door. Al stands toward the back holding his head. Tyrone knocks a special knock. A booming voice from behind the door answers.

BODY GUARD #1 (O.S.)  
Who there?

TYRONE  
It's Ty. I'm here to see Cash.

The door opens slowly and standing in the doorway is a large BODY GUARD. He looks the guys over taking notice of the blood and of the weapons.

BODY GUARD #1  
Wait.

He closes the door.

ENGGY  
He ain't gonna see us.

TYRONE  
Shut up. I got this.

A moment passes and the door opens up again. The BodyGuard stands in the doorway then steps aside to let them in. Tyrone enters first followed by Enggy, then Al.

INT. CASH'S APARTMENT, FRONT DOOR

The guys enter and the BodyGuard closes and locks the door behind them. They stand in line awaiting instructions.

BODY GUARD #1  
Ya'll gonna have to leave that  
shit here.

The guys hand their weapons over to the body guard who places them on the ground near the door. He then walks over to Tyrone.

BODY GUARD #1 (CONT'D)

Lift ya arms.

TYRONE

C'mon. I'm good.

BODY GUARD #1

Lift ya mother fucking arms.

Tyrone lifts his arms and the BodyGuard pats him down. He moves on down the line to Enggy and finally to Al. He points in the direction he wants them to go, the living room.

BODY GUARD #1 (CONT'D)

Go ahead.

They walk toward the living room.

INT. CASH'S APARTMENT, LIVINGROOM

Just through the archway is the living room. They enter Tyrone first but then they line up in front of the couch with the BodyGuard behind them. On the couch sits CASH while to his left on a small armchair sits a PRETTY GIRL, holding a drink while crack and a crack pipe sit on the table in front of her. To his right is another BODYGUARD seated in another armchair counting money. He looks up and notices the guys enter. He taps Cash to get his attention. Cash looks up at the three of them standing in front of him. He sits back.

CASH

Ya'll niggas look like shit. Hope the other mother fuckers look worse. Fuck ya'll want.

TYRONE

I wanted to talk to you about the crack I sold you.

CASH

What about it?

TYRONE

I want to buy it back from you.

CASH

(laughing)

Is you new? You must not understand how this game works. Why would I sell back my drugs?

TYRONE

It's a bad batch.

CASH

I ain't had no problems with dem loose samples you gave me. And if I did who gives a fuck. Crack kills.

AL

It's worse than that.

CASH

(to Al)

Shut the fuck up nigga. I ain't talking to you. I'm talking to this clown ass nigga right here.

(to Tyrone)

So why the fuck am I gonna sell you back my drugs.

Tyrone stands quiet.

CASH (CONT'D)

Ain't think so. Get these niggas out of here.

The bodyguard in the rear puts his hand on Enggy's shoulder in a gesture to escort them out.

BODY GUARD #1

Let's go.

AL

Wait! Look, that batch he sold you turns heads into zombies.

CASH

What?

Cash laughs promptly followed by his goon guards.

CASH (CONT'D)

My bad this nigga here the clown. You here this nigga. Crack turning heads in zombies. I bet next you gonna tell me got something to do with they brainwaves and shit?

Enggy taps Al.

ENGGY

See.

TYRONE

Look it don't matter if you believe us or not but we gotta get that crack back.

CASH

You ain't gotta do shit, mother fucker. Who you think you is? This my house.

AL

We're sorry, look we'll pay you more than you paid for it. We just need it back.

CASH

Tell you what, since ya'll niggas gave me a good laugh I'll sell it back to you.

The guys smile in relief.

TYRONE

Thank you.

CASH

Thirty grand.

AL

What?

TYRONE

You only paid eight.

CASH

So mother fucker. You ain't never heard of markup?

AL

We ain't got that kinda cash, Cash.

CASH

Then you ain't got them drugs. Get the the fuck outta here.

TYRONE

Hold up.

Tyrone reaches into his pocket and pulls out a wad of cash.

TYRONE (CONT'D)

Look here's fifteen thousand. I  
can get you the rest tonight. We  
just need that crack.

Tyrone puts the money on the table. AL looks at Tyrone  
bewildered. The pretty girl in the armchair reaches for the  
money. Cash slaps her hand.

CASH

Bitch! Fuck you doing?

She rolls her eyes, picks up the crack pipe instead and  
takes a drag. Cash picks it up and looks it over.

CASH (CONT'D)

Pretty sure I said thirty, but  
tell you what come back with the  
rest and we'll talk.

AL

We need the crack now though.

Cash stands up.

CASH

I don't give a fuck what you need.  
In fact since you ain't  
appreciating my generosity I ain't  
selling you shit.

Tyrone glances over at Al. Cash leans down and picks up the  
money

CASH (CONT'D)

And this, this is mine too.

ENGGY

What!

Body Guard #1 pulls his gun and points it at the guys as  
does Body Guard #2.

CASH

What is right mother fucker. I'm  
Cash Money nigga. Take these clown  
ass niggas to the roof, shoot em  
and toss em over.

AL

Ain't gotta be like this man.

CASH

Don't give a fuck bout what it  
gotta be like. This is what it is.

(MORE)

CASH (CONT'D)

Ya'll nigga never should've come here with that bullshit. Get em the fuck outta here.

The BodyGuards gesture with their guns for the guys to head toward the front door. Enggy shaking his head looking at Al.

ENGGY

Fuck we gonna do.

AL

I don't know.

TYRONE

Nigga never knows.

AL

Fuck you. This shit is your fault.

TYRONE

My fault! What! Wonder pill mother fucker.

They argue as they are escorted to the door. Just as they pass beneath the archway a fed up Al turns and takes a swing at Tyrone.

AL

Fuck you nigga!

Tyrone dodges the swing, however Al accidentally knocks the gun out of Guard #2 hands and back into the living room. He turns to retrieve his weapon. Body Guard #1 lowers his weapon in an attempt to break up the scuffle. Enggy sees his opportunity and lunges for the guards gun. They tussle while standing. Al and Tyrone stop fighting. Al grabs the bat. The gun goes off. Enggy drops to the floor. Just as the Guard turns he is hit in the head with the bat. His gun hits the ground.

Guard #2 hears the shot and moves faster to retrieve his weapon. Cash stands up.

Tyrone grabs the fallen gun and points at Guard #2 who has just picked up his gun and pointed it at Al.

TYRONE

Al!

Al turns to see Guard #2's gun pointed at him. He dives out of the way just as he pulls the trigger. Tyrone fires his gun, shooting the guard through the neck and hitting Cash in the shoulder. Tyrone points the gun at Cash to finish the job but is tripped up by the not quite dead yet Guard #1 who

grabs his leg tripping him to the floor and causing him to drop his gun. Al comes from his diving spot and smashes the guard in the head, killing him and forcing his grip to release.

TYRONE (CONT'D)

Good looks.

They both look up to see Cash standing with his gun pointed at them. Tyrone gets up off the ground.

CASH

Ya'll some niggas boy. Had me fooled thinking yall just some dumb niggas. You think you gonna come here and take over my operation. Try and scare me with that zombie bullshit. Fuck you think I am. I'm Cash mother fucking Money nigga. That shit don't work here.

Al and Tyrone just look at each with a perplexed look.

CASH (CONT'D)

No such thing as mother fucking zombies.

He raises the gun and pulls back the hammer preparing to fire.

CASH (CONT'D)

Ya'll niggas failed. I'm keeping my shit.

Before Cash can pull the trigger the Pretty Girl who has now zombified bites his gun wielding arm.

CASH (CONT'D)

Ahhh! Bitch!

He turns to defend himself and she bites his neck taking him to the ground. Al watches in disgust. Tyrone watches in delight.

TYRONE

No such things as zombies huh?  
Fuck you think that is eating yo  
face mother fucker.

The zombie girl finishes and looks up at Al and Tyrone.



TYRONE (CONT'D)

Damn she was pretty too.

Al with bat in hand approaches her and strikes her in the head very hard splitting her head open and killing her instantly.

AL

Home run.

TYRONE

Nice shot.

From behind them Enggy moans.

ENGGY

Ugh.

Tyrone turns around and moves a few fallen items to reveal Enggy on his back holding his stomach. Al comes over and they both assist him to his feet.

TYRONE

You alright?

ENGGY

I don't know. Think I was shot.

He lifts his shirt. Al takes a closer look.

AL

It's just a graze. You'll be alright.

Enggy puts his shirt down.

ENGGY

Hurts like a bitch though.

TYRONE

Stop crying.

ENGGY

Fuck you. You ain't the one shot.

TYRONE

Nigga you ain't the one shot.

ENGGY

Fuck you.

AL

C'mon we need to find those drugs.

They each search a different part of the room. Tyrone walks

over to the table first. He takes the money and whatever drugs sit on the table. Al heads to the back closet. While Enggy searches the couch.

AL (CONT'D)  
How much did you sell him?

TYRONE  
Ten grams.

AL  
How much you got there?

TYRONE  
Maybe one.

ENGGY  
How can we tell the difference?  
This nigga may have crack all over  
this house.

AL  
Good question.

TYRONE  
Our shit kinda got a red tint to  
it.

AL  
How you know that?

TYRONE  
I noticed it what I was breaking  
it down.

ENGGY  
Found it!

Al and Tyrone step over to where Enggy is reaching under the couch. He pulls out a small duffle bag. He opens it to reveal the crack.

AL  
Nice. Alright pack it up and let's  
go. Two more to go.

Enggy stands up and places the duffle bag on the couch. Al tosses him the backpack. He places the crack in the backpack and puts it on his back. He looks up and spots a young boy standing in the doorway.

ENGGY  
Look.

Enggy nods toward the doorway. Al and Tyrone turn and see the little boy.

AL  
C'mon let's get out of here.

They walk past the little boy as they exit. Enggy rubs his head.

ENGGY  
Crack is wack.

The little boy just stands there with a solemn expression.

INT. AL & ENGGY HOUSE, BASEMENT

Al, Enggy and Tyrone enter the basement looking worn and moving slowly. Al and Tyrone sit on one couch while Enggy sits on the other. He drops the backpack next to the couch and lies down.

AL  
You calling Dread?

TYRONE  
Yeah, I'll call him now.

Tyrone reaches into his pocket, pulls out his cell phone then dials Dread.

ENGGY  
We still got Rass to deal with.

AL  
I know.

TYRONE  
(on phone)  
Dread what up it's Ty. You think you can come through? How long? Cool good looks.

Tyrone hangs up his phone.

TYRONE (CONT'D)  
Said he'd be here bout fifteen minutes.

AL  
Alright I'm gonna go clean up. I feel nasty then a mud.

Al gets up and heads upstairs. Enggy closes his eyes.

ENGGY

I'm a close my eyes a min. Wake me  
up when this nigga Dread get here.

TYRONE

Yup.

Enggy closes his eyes. Tyrone watches Enggy close his eyes. He reaches into his inside pocket and pulls out the money. He places it on the table. He looks up at Enggy again, who now snores and has fallen fast asleep. Tyrone pulls his phone out and begins to send a text message. It reads: Imma need them bags back. Tyrone places the phone next to him and leans his head back. The text message alert rings. He quickly pickup his phone for the response. It reads: Only got a couple left.

TYRONE (CONT'D)

Fuck!

Tyrone replies: Get em back and meet me at my crib in 15 mins.

He angrily tosses the phone next to him. The alert comes almost immediately. He picks up the phone. It reads: What? He replies: 15mins.

Al comes down the stairs seeing a frustrated Tyrone. Tyrone doesn't see Al.

TYRONE (CONT'D)

Just do it!

AL

Just do what?

Tyrone looks up at Al.

TYRONE

Nothing.

AL

Who you talking to?

TYRONE

This dumb bitch from Brooklyn.

Al makes a face.

AL

Problems huh?

TYRONE

Yeah.

Tyrone stands.

TYRONE (CONT'D)

Imma be right back. I gotta grab something from my crib.

AL

Dread gonna be here any minute.

TYRONE

He never comes when he say. Fifteen minutes be like an hour to that nigga.

AL

True but just in case how much he give you?

TYRONE

A stack.

Tyrone's phone rings. He takes it from his pocket and looks at it.

TYRONE (CONT'D)

Dread.

AL

That's what's up. So hold up we all roll to your crib.

TYRONE

(disappointed)

Alright. Let me go talk to Dread.

AL

Nah I got this.

Al reaches down and counts off some money placing it in his pocket.

AL (CONT'D)

I'll be right back.

Al heads up the stairs. Tyrone waits for Al to leave the room and begins texting.

EXT. AL & ENGGY HOUSE, FRONT

Parked in front of Al and Enggy's house sits Dread. Al emerges from the house headed straight for Dread's car. He gets in.

INT. DREAD'S CAR

Al closes the door behind him.

AL  
What up Dread?

DREAD  
Brethren. What you wanted?

AL  
You bought some crack off of Ty earlier?

DREAD  
Ya mon.

AL  
Let me buy that back from you.

DREAD  
Me can't sell you back.

AL  
How come?

DREAD  
Me sell dem already.

AL  
Damn! Here.

Al hands Dread some money.

DREAD  
What you wanted?

AL  
Give me an ounce.

Dread reaches into the backseat and pulls out a tied up plastic bag. He unties it and searches through it.

AL (CONT'D)  
You believe in the zombie apocalypse?

DREAD  
Me believe the dead can come back.  
Me seen it with me own eyes.

AL  
Word!

DREAD

Ya mon. Back in Kingston, a mon in me hood die. A Voodoo priest come. Him say some words and pour some Voodoo juice into him mouth and him come back. Him eyes black as death. Here.

Dread hands Al an ounce of weed in a baggy.

AL

Good looks. I hate to ask but who you sell that crack to.

DREAD

Why ya wanna know dat. Ya want fa steal me customers?

AL

Nah...just a bad batch. It's kills heads.

DREAD

Ya give me deadly crack!

AL

We ain't know. My bad.

DREAD

Ya know me sell everything me get to one customer.

AL

Who?

DREAD

The old lady wit da big hat live pon the corner.

Al eyes widen in surprise.

DREAD (CONT'D)

Me forget her name.

AL

Collins. Mrs. Collins.

DREAD

Ya mon.

AL

Mrs. Collins, Tyrone's grandmother.

DREAD  
Ya mon? She buy every Sunday.

Al just sits in disbelief. He then opens the car door.

AL  
Alright Dread.

DREAD  
Alright brethren.

Al exits the car and closes the door.

EXT. AL & ENGGY HOUSE, FRONT

Dread pulls off. Al turns toward the house and slowly makes his way inside, closing the door behind him.

INT. AL & ENGGY HOUSE, BASEMENT

Al slowly comes down the stairs. Tyrone and Enggy sit watching television. Enggy turns toward Al

ENGGY  
We good?

Al shakes his head.

TYRONE  
What happened?

AL  
He sold them.

ENGGY  
Damn! You know who?

Al nods his head.

TYRONE  
Alright so let's go get it or kill em if they zombies already.

ENGGY  
Word. Who he sell to?

AL  
Just one person.

ENGGY  
Everything?

Al nods his head.



TYRONE  
That makes shit easy.

AL  
Not exactly.

TYRONE  
Why?

Al looks away.

TYRONE (CONT'D)  
Nigga what the fuck! Who already?

Al looks right at Tyrone.

AL  
Ya grandmother.

TYRONE  
What!

ENGGY  
Oh shit!

AL  
Dread said he serves her every  
Sunday.

TYRONE  
Nigga that shit ain't funny.

AL  
I'm not trying to be.

TYRONE  
So you telling me my grandmother's  
a crackhead.

Al nods his head.

TYRONE (CONT'D)  
And now she might be a zombie  
crackhead.

Al nods his head.

ENGGY  
Damn, the reverend too.

TYRONE  
So what the fuck we suppose to do?

Al just looks at Tyrone. Tyrone stands angrily.

TYRONE (CONT'D)  
Nah, fuck that. That's not  
happening.

ENGGY  
Fuck else can we do Ty?

TYRONE  
I'm not killing my nana.

AL  
What choice we got?

TYRONE  
Fuck! This some bullshit.

Tyrone sits back down putting his head in his hands. Al looks over at Enggy who shrugs his shoulders. Tyrone rocks in place for a moment then starts to nod his head.

TYRONE (CONT'D)  
Alright.

AL  
Alright what?

Tyrone sits upright.

TYRONE  
Let's do this.

AL  
You sure you ready?

Tyrone stands up.

TYRONE  
Fuck it.

AL  
Alright, let's go then.

They gather their things and exit the basement.

EXT. TYRONE'S HOUSE

They guys pull up in the car and stop in front of Tyrone's house.

AL  
We should pull into the driveway.  
Nah fuck it we do it after.

Al turns to the back seat where Tyrone sits.

AL (CONT'D)

You good.

TYRONE

Yeah I'm good.

Al Turns back around.

AL

C'mon.

They exit the car.

INT. GOON'S CAR OUTSIDE TYRONE'S HOUSE.

From inside their car a pair of goon witness the guys pulling up in front of Tyrone's. GOON #1 taps GOON #2 who is looking down at his phone.

GOON #2

Yo. Bet this the dude right here.

Goon #1 looks up from his phone.

GOON #1

Let's see if goes in. If he do, we follow.

He looks back down at his phone.

GOON #1 (CONT'D)

I don't understand how to get this filter shit working.

The guys exit their car and head toward the house.

GOON #2

There they go.

Goon #1 looks back up. He puts his phone into his inside pocket.

GOON #1

C'mon.

He opens his door and exits followed by Goon #2.

EXT. TYRONE'S HOUSE, FRONT DOOR

The guys approach the front door with Tyrone leading the way. He stops at the front door and looks for his keys, finding them in his inside coat pocket. He puts the key into the lock and slowly turns it. He looks back at Al and Enggy.

TYRONE

I got this.

They nod in understanding. Tyrone opens the front door.

INT. TYRONE'S HOUSE, FRONT DOOR AREA

They enter the house. Tyrone closes the door behind them.

AL

Where you think she at?

TYRONE

Upstairs probably. In her room.

ENGGY

With the Reverend?

Tyrone shoots a look at Enggy.

ENGGY (CONT'D)

Yeah they praying alright.

TYRONE

Fuck you. That's my nana nigga.

AL

Both of yall chill. Anybody else home.

TYRONE

My lil cousin, maybe.

AL

Alright so let's not bring lil man into this if we ain't got to. Upstairs?

Tyrone nods. Al motions for Tyrone to lead the way up the stairs. He turns and walks up a couple of steps then stops.

TYRONE

Y'all hear that?

Tyrone leans over the banister and peers into the next room. A flickering light from what could be a television is visible.

AL

What?

TYRONE

Sounds like the TV in the den.

Tyrone walks back down the stairs and toward the den, followed by Al and Enggy.

INT. TYRONE HOUSE, DEN

They enter the den. Tyrone's face drops. Al and Enggy both look mortified.

AL

Fuck.

ENGGY

My god.

TYRONE

Why?

On the couch in front of the television sits Tyrone's grandmother and the reverend both already zombies eating the remaining flesh of a small boy.

Tyrone looks as though he may cry. He paces in a small area while watching his grandmother devour what's left of his cousin.

TYRONE (CONT'D)

No, no, no. This some shit. This some shit for real.

AL

You want me to do this?

ENGGY

Word. We got you.

Tyrone stops pacing. His expression slowly changes from sadness to anger.

AL

Ty? C'mon Eng.

Al motions for Enggy to follow as he walks toward the couch. Tyrone sticks his arm out blocking their path.

TYRONE

No. I got this.

Al looks back at Enggy who can only shrug his shoulders. Tyrone looks back at his friends and nods. He turns back and walks toward couch.

EXT. TYRONE'S HOUSE, SIDE

The two goons walk along side the house toward the den window.

GOON #1  
Why the fuck we ain't just kicking  
in the door?

GOON #2  
Wanna check these niggas out  
first. Boss ain't had no intel on  
them. Let's see what we dealing  
with.

They walk along side the house stopping at the den window.  
Goon #2 puts his hand up for the other goon to stop.

GOON #2 (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
There's someone in this room.

Goon #1 nods. Goon #2 slowly peeks into the window. Inside he observes Al & Enggy standing near the doorway. He looks over to see an angry Tyrone slowly approach the nearby couch. He watches what he believes is the grandmother and Reverend eating a meal. Tyrone walks over to his grandmother. Goon #2 wears a perplexed expression. Tyrone raises his crobar and comes across hard on his grandmother's head. Goon #2 jumps back from the window.

GOON #2 (CONT'D)  
Holy shit! These niggas....

GOON #1  
What?

Goon #1 looks confused. He takes his partners place by the window and peeks inside. He peers in to see Al and Enggy standing near the doorway. He looks over just as Tyrone smashes the reverend in the head. Goon #1 eyes widen. He too jumps back from the window.

GOON #1 (CONT'D)  
Yo, that nigga just Derek Jetered  
a priest. These niggas is crazy.

GOON #2  
I know. Dude split open his moms  
first. Who kill they moms while  
she eating? That's just fucked up.

GOON #1  
Can't respect a nigga that kill a  
priest. We mad religious in my  
(MORE)

GOON #1 (CONT'D)  
family. My moms be at church every  
Sunday.

GOON #2  
We gonna need to get the big guns  
on this one.

GOON #1  
For sho.

EXT. GOON'S CAR, TRUNK

The trunk hood opens. Both goons stand in front of it. Goon  
#2 reaches in first.

GOON #1  
Fuck you doing?

GOON #2  
Fuck you mean fuck I'm doing?

GOON #1  
Nigga you know that's my shit  
right there. Put that mother  
fucker down.

Goon #2 drops whatever was in his hand and stands back up.

GOON #2  
Why you always gotta be the one to  
take it?

Goon #1 reaches in and pulls out an AK47.

GOON #1  
Cuz I killed the nigga to get it.  
Grab yo shit and c'mon.

Goon #1 walks off. Goon #2 looks into the trunk unhappily.  
He reaches in and pulls out a mac 10. He looks at in  
begrudgingly. He closes the trunk.

INT. TYRONE HOUSE, DEN

Al and Enggy stand by the doorway watching Tyrone beat his  
grandmother.

ENGGY  
Would this be considered the  
Lord's work?

Al gives Enggy a look.

They just continue to watch. Tyrone takes a final swing

splattering blood all over the wall. He catches his breath. Al motions to Enggy.

AL  
C'mon.

They walk over to Tyrone.

Al grabs Tyrone's shoulder.

AL (CONT'D)  
You good?

Tyrone turns around.

TYRONE  
Yeah I'm good.

ENGGY  
You sure fam? I mean niggas understand.

TYRONE  
Nah I'm good, for real.

AL  
C'mon then. We need to see if she got any left in her room.

Al turns, walking toward the door. Enggy follows. Tyrone turns back and remains looking at the bodies of grandmother and reverend. Enggy comes back to get Tyrone.

ENGGY  
C'mon fam.

Tyrone turns and walks off. Enggy watches Tyrone leave. He quickly pulls out his phone and snaps and picture before following.

INT. TYRONE'S HOUSE, FRONT DOOR AREA

Al leads the way as he heads for the stairs. Just as Al hits the staircase the front door comes flying open. Goon #1 and Goon #2 bust their way into the house by kicking in the door with guns drawn ready to fire.

All three are startled by the invasion.

GOON #1  
Don't move mother fuckers.

They stand motionless.



INT. TYRONE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN

Al, Enggy and Tyrone are escorted into the kitchen at gun point. The goons follow with itchy trigger fingers. They all arrive into the kitchen.

GOON #1  
Alright down on ya knees, hands  
behind ya heads. Let's go!

They all get down on their knees and place their hands behind their heads.

AL  
What's this about?

Goon #2 hits Al in the face.

GOON #2  
Shut the fuck up!

GOON #1  
Tape these niggas up.

Goon #2 looks doe eyed at Goon #1.

GOON #1 (CONT'D)  
(sighing)  
You ain't bring the tape did you.  
Why everytime.....

As the goons discuss their issue the guys whisper to one another.

ENGGY  
(whispering to Al)  
You alright?

Al holds his face.

AL  
(whispering)  
Yeah I'll be i-ight. Fuck are  
these dudes Ty?

TYRONE  
(whispering)  
Don't know. Maybe Rass's people.

ENGGY  
(whispering)  
Why would Rass send niggas after  
us?

AL  
 (whispering)  
 Maybe we too late. Maybe he know  
 about the wonder crack. Maybe he  
 gonna take us out because of it.

There's an awkward moment of silence between them.

TYRONE  
 Nah, I ain't goin out like that.

AL  
 Fuck you gonna do?

TYRONE  
 I don't know.

ENGGY  
 Word. Niggas got Ak's and Mac  
 10's. Fuck you gonna do.

TYRONE  
 I said I don't know. But that  
 little nigga bout to go get tape.  
 I'm a take my chances then.

AL  
 Don't do it man. It's suicide.

ENGGY  
 Word Ty, don't do it.

The goons finish their disagreement.

GOON #1  
 Just get the fucking tape.

Goon #2 walks away, he turns back.

GOON #2  
 You said the glove or the trunk?

GOON #1  
 The trunk mother fucker the trunk.

Goon #2 resume his way to the car. Goon #1 turns his  
 attention back to the guys. They stop their whispering and  
 focus on him as well.

GOON #1 (CONT'D)  
 Which one of ya'll niggas is  
 Tyrone?

Nobody says a thing.

GOON #1 (CONT'D)  
Oh ok, niggas wanna be on some  
silent shit.

Goon #1 points his gun at Al head.

GOON #1 (CONT'D)  
You don't look like a Tyrone. So  
I'm a put one in your brain at the  
sound of three and if one of you  
two Tyrone looking mother fuckers  
don't come forward, this nigga  
here gonna be all over the wall.  
One.....

Al looks at his friends.

GOON #1 (CONT'D)  
Two.....

Eggie looks at Tyrone.

GOON #1 (CONT'D)  
Thr.....

TYRONE  
I-ight, i-ght I'm Tyrone. I'm  
Tyrone.

Goon #1 pulls his gun away from Al's head. He turns his  
attention over to Tyrone.

GOON #1  
You a stand up dude. My boss wants  
me to give you a message.

TYRONE  
What?

Goon #1 hits Tyrone in the face with the butt of his AK47.  
Tyrone falls to the floor. Goon #1 leans over him.

GOON #1  
The next time you decide to steal  
from Superior, will be the last  
time you steal anything.  
Understand.

Al looks strangely at Tyrone. Tyrone sits up and rubs his  
face. Goon #1 motions to hit him again.

GOON #1 (CONT'D)  
I said understood mother fucker.

TYRONE

Yeah I understand.

GOON #1

Good. Now when my man come back we gonna tie ya'll niggas up until the boss get here and decide what to do with y'all.

Goon #1 reaches into his pocket and pulls out his cell phone. He places a call.

GOON #1 (CONT'D)

Yeah this Byron. We got 'em. Yeah. Cool.

He places his phone back into his pocket.

GOON #1 (CONT'D)

Ya'll niggas sit tight. My boss be here soon.

(looking back toward the door)

Fuck this dumb nigga at with the tape.

EXT. GOON'S CAR, TRUNK

Goon #2 is fumbling through the trunk in search of the tape.

GOON #2

A nigga awlays be on that shit. Fuck that nigga. I killed just as many niggas. Why I can't hold the AK. Out here fetching tape and shit. Shit ain't even in the fucking trunk.

He searches some more. He finally finds an almost entirely used up roll of tape.

GOON #2 (CONT'D)

Damn, that nigga gonna have a problem with this too.

INT. TYRONE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN

Goon #1 continues to look over his shoulder for his friend. Tyrone looks around the kitchen for a weapon of some sort. He spots kitchen knife on a nearby table slightly concealed by a used paper towel. He looks at Al and motions his head toward the knife. Al looks over, spots the knife and mouths, "No." Tyrone does not reply. He slowly reaches for the knife. He gets a firm grip. He slowly rises to his feet still unnoticed by Goon #1. He glares hard at the goon. He

let's out a great big grunt and lunges fast for the goon. The goon turns around startled by Tyrone's grunt and him fast approaching. Tyrone moves quick with the knife in hand waist side. A small puddle of his own blood goes unnoticed. He steps into the blood slipping. The elbow of his knife welding arm collides with a countertop trusting the knife into his head, killing him instantly. His grip releases and he falls to the floor with the knife still in his head. Every one looks stunned.

AL

Ty!

ENGGY & GOON #1

Oh shit.

Goon #1 regains himself first and points his AK47 at Al and Enggy.

GOON #1

Don't move a muscle you crazy ass mother fuckers. Ya'll niggas is crazy for real.

Goon #2 is heard entering the house. He enters the kitchen. He notices everyone's expression. He then spots Tyrone on the floor with a knife in his head.

GOON #2

Damn Byron, fuck you kill em for?

GOON #2 (CONT'D)

I ain't kill him. Nigga committed suicide and shit. Stabbed himself in the head using the counter. I ain't never seen no shit like that.

GOON #2 (CONT'D)

You find out which one is the nigga we looking for?

Goon #1 looks down at Tyrone.

GOON #2 (CONT'D)

Damn Cap ain't gonna be happy.

GOON #1

Ain't my fault. These niggas seen it, right.

Goon #1 points his gun at Al and Enggy.

AL  
Yeah we seen it. He ain't do  
nothing.

GOON #1  
See.

GOON #2  
What you want me to do with this?

He holds up the tape.

GOON #1  
That's all the tape we got?

Goon #2 rolls his eyes.

GOON #1 (CONT'D)  
Tape these niggas up before they  
do something crazy too. Put y'all  
hands behind y'all backs.

They place their hands behind their backs as Goon #2 tapes  
their wrists together. He runs out of tape on Enggy.

GOON #2  
Just enough. Glad ya man killed  
himself. I ain't have enough tape  
anyway.

ENGGY  
Fuck you.

Goon #2 smiles then punches Enggy in the face. He hurts hand  
a little in the process.

GOON #2  
Ow, hard headed nigga.

Goon #2 walks back over to his partner.

GOON #2 (CONT'D)  
Cap on his way?

GOON #1  
Yeah. I'm a take a piss. You got  
these niggas?

GOON #2  
Yeah I got em.

Goon #1 places his gun on the table and begins to walk away.  
Then the doorbell rings. The goons look at one another.

GOON #2 (CONT'D)

Cap?

GOON #1

Nah, he'd call.

Goon #1 grabs his gun and heads for the door. Goon #2 keep watch of Al and Enggy.

EXT. TYRONE'S HOUSE, FRONT DOOR

Julius stands at the front door impatiently ringing the bell. He looks down at his phone.

JULIUS

Fuck this nigga at? This more then fifteen minutes.

The door swings open.

JULIUS (CONT'D)

Finally.

He looks up and realizes it's not Tyrone. His expression changes. A pair of arms snatches him inside the house. The door slams shut.

INT. TYRONE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN

Goon #1 escorts Julius into the kitchen at gunpoint. Al and Enggy are surprised to see him.

ENGGY

Julius?

AL

Julius fuck you doing here?

GOON #1

So ya'll know this lil nigga. Get on ya knees over there and put ya hands behind ya back.

He shoves Julius in the direction of Al and Enggy with his gun barrel. Julius stumbles over and gets on his knees. Goon #1 looks over to Goon #2.

GOON #1 (CONT'D)

Tape this nigga up.

GOON #2

We ain't got no more tape.

GOON #1  
You fucking kidding me?

GOON #2  
Nah.

Goon #1 frustratedly removes his belt and tosses it over to Goon #2.

GOON #1  
Tie that nigga up.

Goon #2 places his gun on the table and walks to Julius tying his wrists with the belt. Goon #1 now must constantly adjust his pants.

AL  
Fuck is you doing here Julius?

JULIUS  
Ty told me to come through.

Julius looks over and sees Tyrone dead on the floor.

JULIUS (CONT'D)  
Oh shit, fuck happen to him?

ENGGY  
Fell on a knife.

JULIUS  
Damn, that's just fucked up.

AL  
Why he ask you to meet him here?

JULIUS  
I don't know.

Al gives Julius a funny look. When finished Goon #2 returns to his weapon and takes position watching over them.

JULIUS (CONT'D)  
Who these dudes?

ENGGY  
They work for Superior. They was after Tyrone.

Goon #1 cell phone rings. He answers it.

GOON #1  
Ok.



He puts his phone back into his pocket.

GOON #1 (CONT'D)  
Go open the door for Cap.

Goon #2 heads toward the front door to open it.

GOON #1 (CONT'D)  
I-ight ya'll crazy niggas. My boss  
here so this party bout to end  
soon.

Goon #1 turns his head and in enters PASCAL AKA CAP, Latino  
30 their immediate boss and captain in the Superior  
organization.

GOON #1 (CONT'D)  
What's up Cap? Here they go.

Cap walks further into the room. Goon #1 adjust his pants.  
Cap looks over at him.

CAP  
Why don't you get a fucking belt?

Goon #1 glances over at Goon #2.

GOON #1  
You right Cap. I'll get one when  
we finish here.

Cap walks over to Tyrone.

CAP  
What happened here?

GOON #1  
He committed suicide.

Cap bends down to closer inspect the knife in Tyrone's head.

CAP  
Suicide?

GOON #1  
Yeah he banged his arm into the  
counter and killed himself.

CAP  
(to Goon #2)  
You see this?

GOON #2  
Nah, I was getting tape.

CAP  
Getting tape?

GOON #2  
Yeah to tape them up.

Cap rises to his feet and walks back toward his workers.

CAP  
So nobody saw this but you?

GOON #1  
They seen it.

Goon #1 points toward Al, Enggy and Julius.

GOON #1 (CONT'D)  
Except the lil nigga. He just got here.

CAP  
Just got here? Must be a party.

Cap walks over to the guys.

CAP (CONT'D)  
Which of these boys is Tyrone?

The goons stay quiet. Cap turns back toward them.

CAP (CONT'D)  
Lemme guess, him?

He points over to Tyrone's body.

GOON #1  
Yeah.

He disappointedly looks at his soldiers. They avoid eye contact.

CAP  
Doesn't matter. We took care of the real problem already.

Cap walks back toward the goons. He pulls a cigarette out from his coat, then a lighter. He lights his cigarette.

GOON #1  
So what are we doing with these niggas?

Cap takes a drag from his cigarette.

CAP

The van is outside. We'll take em down to the warehouse. Have a lil fun.

Cap puts on a broad smile.

GOON #2

It's been a minute.

GOON #1

For real. Got these new toys I ain't even use yet.

CAP

You'll get your chance tonight.

The guys over hear Cap talking.

JULIUS

Fuck, this nigga gonna kill us.

AL

There's no way to get away.

JULIUS

I think I can get out of this belt. He ain't tie me good.

AL

And do what?

Julius just gives Al a look. Cap motions for the Goons to get the guys.

The goons walk over to the guys with guns pointed.

GOON #1

Let's go mother fuckers.

JULIUS

I ain't even do nothing. Fuck you taking me for.

GOON #2

Shouldn't've rang that bell.

Goon #2 grabs Julius by the arm and brings him to his feet. Al and Enggy rise to their feet as well. Goon #2 motions for them to walk. As they leave Al and Enggy look back at the body of Tyrone.

EXT. TYRONE'S HOUSE

Cap is first to exit the house smoking his cigarette

followed by Al, Enggy, Julius and finally the two Goons, who walk with guns pointed at the fellas. In front of the house sits a black van.

JULIUS  
We gotta do something?

AL  
Shut up!

Cap gets to the van first and opens the side door to let in the fellas. From his side a crackhead approaches. He turns toward the crackhead.

CAP  
Fuck outta here fiend, we ain't serving.

The crackhead doesn't listen or stop.

CAP (CONT'D)  
I said we ain't serving.....Oh shit.

The crackhead zombie lunges for Cap grabbing him by the neck and biting into his arm. He lets out a loud scream.

AL  
Oh shit look.

Enggy and Julius look up to see the zombie eating Cap. Goon #1 sees it happening also.

GOON #1  
Cap!

He motions for Goon #2 to follow. Just as Goon #2 begins to walk he is grabbed from behind by another crackhead zombie and bitten in the neck and brought to the ground. He too lets out a loud scream. Goon #1 turns back to see his partner being eaten.

GOON #1 (CONT'D)  
Damn!

He turns back and is face to face with yet another crackhead zombie. He freezes. The zombie jumps all over his face, taking him to the ground and eating his face. Al and Enggy back away from the scene toward the house, their wrists still taped.

AL  
We gotta get out of this tape.

ENGGY

How?

Al turns his back toward Enggy.

AL

Turn ya back to me and I'll tear  
your tape, then you set me free.

ENGGY

Ok.

Al attempts to tear the tape from Enggy's wrists but to no  
avail.

AL

It ain't working. I can't do it.

JULIUS

Y'all need some help.

They both turn to see a freed Julius standing before them.

ENGGY

Hell yeah.

AL

C'mon get us loose.

Julius tears the tape from Al's wrist first then from Enggy.

AL (CONT'D)

Eng, go grab the bat and shit,  
hurry up.

Enggy takes off back into the house to collect their  
weapons. Al and Julius watch the feeding frenzy on the front  
lawn.

JULIUS

This some nasty shit. Fuck are  
they?

AL

Zombie crackheads. I just don't  
understand how they got that way.  
We didn't sell to them.

JULIUS

I did.

AL

Where'd you get the crack from?

JULIUS

Ty.

AL

I knew it.

Enggy returns with the bat and the crobar. He hands the bat to Al.

AL (CONT'D)

Let's do this.

Al approaches the zombie eating Goon #1. He doesn't waste any time before hitting the zombie flush in the head. Enggy approaches the zombie eating Goon #2. Enggy pokes him with his crobar getting his attention. The zombie stands as Enggy takes a step back. He winds up and swings right for the zombies head nearly taking it off. They look at one another and then at the zombie eating Cap. They slowly approach it. They stand before it watching it eat away at Cap.

ENGGY

This shit really is nasty.

From behind comes Julius.

JULIUS

Can I kill one?

Al looks at Enggy who merely shrugs his shoulders. Enggy hands the crobar to Julius. Julius hands Al his phone. Al places it in his pocket. Julius swallows deep and approaches the zombie. The zombie turns and lunges at Julius scaring him. He instinctively swings the crowbar hitting the zombie in the head. The zombie loses balance and hits the van falling partly in and partly out. Julius rushes to the door and slams it on the zombies head a few times splattering blood everywhere but effectively killing it.

ENGGY

The kid ain't bad at this.

Al just makes a face.

AL

Whatever.

ENGGY

So what now?

AL

Rass.

ENGGY  
What about Julius?

JULIUS  
What about me?

AL  
Nothing. You got anymore bags  
left?

Julius reaches into his pocket and pulls out a couple more bags.

JULIUS  
Here.

He hands them to Al.

ENGGY  
Where'd he get that from?

AL  
Ty!

ENGGY  
So Ty....

AL  
Yup.

ENGGY  
Damn! Can't trust niggas no more.

AL  
You sure that's it?

JULIUS  
Yeah that's it.

Al stuffs the bag into his pocket.

AL  
C'mon let's go.

All motions for Enggy to follow as he heads toward the car. Enggy follows as does Julius. Al turns around when he spots Julius.

AL (CONT'D)  
Where you think you going?

JULIUS  
With y'all.

AL  
I don't think so.

JULIUS  
Why not?

Al ignores Julius and continues toward the car. Julius looks to Enggy for help. Enggy shrugs his shoulders and follows Al.

JULIUS (CONT'D)  
That's fucked up Al. For real.

Al and Enggy get into the car and pulls off. Julius watches them leave.

INT. AL & ENGGY CAR

Enggy drives while Al sits in the passenger seat. Al wears a determined look.

ENGGY  
Why you ain't want Julius to come with us?

AL  
Can't trust him.

ENGGY  
Why not?

AL  
Same reason we can't trust Ty, not that it matters no more. Damn!

ENGGY  
What?

AL  
We should've taken they guns. Rass is gonna be a problem. And I have a feeling ain't the last we seen of Superior's people either.

ENGGY  
Damn.  
(pauses)  
I know where we can get some guns.

AL  
Where?

Enggy just gives Al a look.



EXT. DRUNKEN FRED'S HOUSE, CAR INTERIOR

The pull up in front of Drunken Fred's house. Al just looks at Enggy.

AL  
You serious? Drunken Fred?

ENGGY  
Drunken Fred. Let's go.

Enggy exits the car. Al hesitates before exiting car.

EXT. DRUNKEN FRED'S HOUSE, SIDE ENTRANCE

They walk around the side of the house toward the side door.

AL  
How you know this nigga got what we need?

ENGGY  
I been in his crib before. He like an army buff. Got all kinds of shit.

Enggy rings the doorbell.

AL  
When you been here before?

ENGGY  
Bought him a beer, he invited me over.

DRUNKEN FRED (O.S.)  
Yeah who that?

ENGGY  
It's Enggy, Fred.

The door opens. Drunken Fred stands in the doorway holding a cane.

DRUNKEN FRED  
What you wanted?

ENGGY  
Can we come in?

Drunken Fred turns a waves them in as he hobbles ahead with is cane.

INT. DRUNKEN FRED'S HOUSE, LIVINGROOM

They enter his home. Al closes the door behind them.

ENGGY

What happen to your leg?

DRUNKEN FRED

I don't know. Woke up and my knee was fucked up. I must've fell.

AL

That happens when you drunk all the time.

DRUNKEN FRED

Ain't nobody ask you. I ain't forget you promised me a beer and ain't deliver. I ain't forget.

AL

Promise? I ain't promise you shit. Fuck this. I'm out.

DRUNKEN FRED

Go on then.

Al turns to leave. Enggy puts his hand on his shoulder to stop him.

ENGGY

Wait! Look Fred I need some help.

DRUNKEN FRED

I'll help you but I ain't helping that cheap, lying bastard.

AL

Fuck you call me.

DRUNKEN FRED

You heard me, ya cheap bastard.

AL

Eng why the fuck we here asking this drunk mother fucker for help. This nigga was passed out on the sidewalk not too long ago. And we gonna get help from him? C'mon.

Enggy puts his hand up to stop Al.

ENGGY

Fred I need a gun and whatever you  
can give us. We taking down Rass.

Drunken Fred's eyes light up.

DRUNKEN FRED

Follow me.

Drunken Fred hobbles into the next room. Enggy turns to Al  
and motions for him to follow. Reluctantly he follows.

INT. DRUNKEN FRED'S HOUSE, ARMORY

The door opens and the light switches on. Inside the room is  
full of weapons and war memorabilia mostly very old. Drunken  
Fred leads the way into the room, followed by Enggy then Al.

DRUNKEN FRED

This is it.

AL

This is what.

DRUNKEN FRED

The armory.

AL

Armory?

Al picks up an old replica musket.

AL (CONT'D)

Who we fighting, the British. This  
a joke or something.

DRUNKEN FRED

Ain't no joke boy. This here real  
history.

AL

We don't need no history lesson,  
we need guns.

ENGGY

Yeah we need something we can take  
Rass down with. What you got?

DRUNKEN FRED

Let me see.

Drunken fred reaches into a closet and pulls out an old but  
nice looking 45mm handgun.

AL  
Now thats what I'm talking about.  
You got another one?

Drunken Fred reaches back into the closet, this time removing a small snub nose revolver.

AL (CONT'D)  
Where the 45 at?

DRUNKEN FRED  
That's what I got.

Enggy looks over some grenade looking devices hanging on the wall.

ENGGY  
What's this?

DRUNKEN FRED  
Flash grenade. Blinds your enemies  
with a bright light.

ENGGY  
Does it work?

DRUNKEN FRED  
It should.

Enggy takes the grenade from the wall and places it in his bag.

AL  
How about ammo?

Drunken Fred uses his cane to point to a nearby draw. Al opens the draw to find the ammo they need. He takes in and places it into Enggy's bag.

AL (CONT'D)  
I think we good. Good looks Fred.  
I got you on the next brew.

ENGGY  
Word thanks Fred.

DRUNKEN FRED  
Just let that boy know I helped  
you take him out. Hate that nigga.

AL  
Why?

DRUNKEN FRED

Killed a good friend of mine over  
some change. He's a cold hearted  
bastard. You kill em and you kill  
em good.

AL

That's the plan.

ENGGY

Thanks again Fred. We'll show  
ourselves out.

Al and Enggy exit.

EXT. DRUNKEN FRED'S HOUSE, SIDE ENTRANCE

Al and Enggy emerge from the side entrance.

ENGGY

See what I tell you.

AL

Yeah you was right. Drunken Fred  
came thru. Let's hope it's enough.

They enter into the car and drive off.

EXT. RASS'S PLACE

Al and Enggy sit in the car looking over Rass's house. It's  
eerily quiet. The place bullets into their guns as they  
observe.

AL

It's quiet.

ENGGY

What that mean?

AL

I don't know.

ENGGY

We gonna have to come at this  
Modern Warfare style.

AL

What?

ENGGY

Modern Warfare the video game.

AL  
Yeah I know what you talkin bout  
but what you mean.

ENGGY  
I-ight. You come from the left  
side of the house I'll come from  
the right. We flank em.

Al rolls his eyes.

ENGGY (CONT'D)  
Anybody you come across take em  
out with the bat so it's quiet.  
Once we clear the flank we enter  
in standard formation.

Al looks at Enggy in awe.

AL  
You play way too many video games.

Enggy just rolls his eyes.

ENGGY  
Whatever. Let's go.

Enggy exits the car. Al follows soon thereafter.

Enggy makes his way to one side of the house undetected. Al makes his way to the other side, also undetected. Enggy attempts to look inside via a nearby window but they are blacked out.

Al ducks behind a bush when he hears something. He peers from the side of the bush to see what caused the noise. A cat rushes past him startling him. He fires at the cat. The cat yelps. He shakes his head and puts the gun in his pants and just holds the bat.

Enggy on the other side on the house hears the shot.

ENGGY (CONT'D)  
Damn!

Enggy quick steps his way around toward the front where Al quickly approaches from the other side.

ENGGY (CONT'D)  
You ok?

AL  
Yeah, a cat.

ENGGY

A cat?

AL

Yeah I shot a cat.

ENGGY

Fuck you shoot a cat for? And why nobody came to see about that shot?

AL

Good question. C'mon.

Al heads toward the front door with Enggy right behind him. He places his hand on the doorknob and turns.

AL (CONT'D)

It's unlocked.

He looks at Enggy who nods his head. Slowly Al opens the unlocked door.

INT. RASS'S PLACE, FRONT DOOR AREA

Al and Enggy slowly enter into the house gently closing the door behind them. The house is quiet. They creep along toward the next room.

INT. RASS'S PLACE, LIVINGROOM

Al and Enggy enter the living room and wear stunned expressions. The room is littered with bodies. There are bodies on the floor and on the couch. All slumped over with bullet holes in them.

AL

Holy shit!

ENGGY

Damn!

They fully enter the room and look around.

ENGGY (CONT'D)

What the fuck happened here?

Al leans into one of the bodies full of bullet holes.

AL

Looks like someone tried to rob them.

ENGGY

Looks like someone was successful.

AL

Yeah true.

Al looks up and spots Rass seated, dead in an armchair.

AL (CONT'D)

Look.

Enggy looks in the direction Al is looking.

ENGGY

Damn!

They walk over to Rass' body. They look him over.

ENGGY (CONT'D)

Barely recognize him.

AL

Fuck we gonna do now?

They stand in silence looking at the body of Rass. A sound is heard emanating from a nearby coat closet. Al puts his fingers to his lips. Enggy nods. With guns drawn, they slowly approach the closet. Al places his hand on the knob giving Enggy a nod. Enggy returns the nod. Al turns the doorknob and quickly opens the door. Standing there is ISABELLA, 22 Rass' girlfriend. She lets out a scream that startles both AL and Enggy. Al peeks into the closet to see Isabella.

ENGGY

C'mon out of there.

Isabella slowly exits the closet. She wear a short tight fitting skirt and tube top.

ISABELLA

Please don't kill me.

AL

Kill you? Why would we kill you?

ISABELLA

You don't work with the men that were here earlier?

ENGGY

No.



AL

What men?

ISABELLA

The ones that killed everybody.

AL

What happened?

ISABELLA

We were just hanging out, smoking, drinking then all of a sudden some men barged in and started shooting.

AL

How'd you end up in the closet?

ISABELLA

I was going to get my cigarettes from my coat. The door slammed shut on me and I just stayed in here.

AL

So you ain't actually see anything?

ISABELLA

No, but I heard someone talking to Rass.

AL

What did he say?

ISABELLA

Something about inception of a super ship or something.

ENGGY

What?

AL

Interception of Superior's shipment. What else?

ISABELLA

I don't know?

ENGGY

What did Rass say?

ISABELLA

Said it wasn't him.

AL  
Did he say who it was?

ISABELLA  
I don't know I wasn't listening  
like that. I was scared and in a  
closet.

On the couch one of the bullet filled bodies begins to  
twitch.

AL  
So you ain't hear nothing else?

ISABELLA  
No, no wait. One guy said to the  
other, "take everything."

ENGGY  
Damn!

AL  
So now Superior has our drugs.

The body on the couch rises right behind Isabella. It  
startles everyone. The zombie lunges for Isabella but she is  
pulled away and to the back by Enggy. Al with bat in hand  
steps in front of the zombie. He turns back toward Enggy and  
Isabella.

AL (CONT'D)  
Stand back.

Enggy and Isabelle take a few steps back with Isabella just  
in front of the doorway.

Al gets in striking position.

AL (CONT'D)  
C'mon

The zombie takes a step forward and Al swings right for its  
head splitting it open. The zombie drops to the floor.

ENGGY  
Nice.

AL  
Thank you.

Another zombie emerges from the doorway behind Isabella  
biting her on the neck. She lets out a loud scream. Enggy  
and Al turn toward her. Enggy frees her from the zombies

grasp, placing her over the arm of the couch face down. He turns back to assist his friend.

AL (CONT'D)

Push him!

Enggy pushes the zombie back far enough for Al to get a good swing. He hits the zombie in the head. The zombie hits the floor. Al follows up with a few more hits to the head. He stops and looks up at Enggy.

AL (CONT'D)

How is she?

Enggy walks over to her admiring her ass as her checks her pulse. He feels no pulse.

ENGGY

I think she's dead.

AL

Damn! C'mon at least she told us what we needed to know.

Al starts to walk away.

ENGGY

Yo hold up!

Al turns back.

AL

What?

Enggy motions with his eyes for Al to look down at his hand which is slowly inching the dead Isabella's skirt up revealing her ass.

AL (CONT'D)

No!

ENGGY

Why not?

AL

That's nasty.

ENGGY

She still warm. She ain't gonna mind.

AL

No, I'm not running no train on a dead chick. Let's go.

ENGGY

Look we been fighting zombies trying to eat us, drug dealers wanting to kill us and now we bout to face to toughest dealer of them all. Real talk we may not come out of this alive. Before I die I'm trying to run a train with my homie. What's really good?

Al thinks a moment.

AL

Can't argue with that logic.

Enggy smiles and puts down his gun.

ENGGY

I-ight me first.

AL

Whatever just hurry up.

EXT. RASS'S PLACE

Al and Enggy exit Rass' place. Enggy still fixing up his clothes as they get into the car.

AL

I knew you couldn't do it.

ENGGY

Yeah i-ight. You was right. Bad idea. Let's go.

They get into the car and pull off.

INT. AL & ENGGY CAR

They drive along with serious expressions.

AL

You ready for this.

ENGGY

Ready as I can be.

EXT. SUPERIOR'S CLUB/HQ

They pull up across the street in the shadows watching the front door. Two guards stand in front of the club. One smokes a cigarette while the other talks on the phone.

INT. AL & ENGGY CAR

They sit watching from across the street.

ENGGY

How we gonna get past them two?

AL

I don't know.

Across the street a third guard emerges from within the club. He motions for the other two to follow. They all enter inside.

AL (CONT'D)

Now's our chance.

Al and Enggy quickly exit the car and stealthily cross the street guns drawn, each taking a side of the entrance. Al peeks inside through a window. He sees the three guards enter into a back room. He motions for Enggy to check the front door. Enggy creeps over to the door and attempts to open it but the door is locked. Enggy notices the window nearest him is slightly opened. He tucks his gun into his waist in the back and uses the crowbar to pry open the window. Al watches inside for anyone. He spots someone entering the room.

AL (CONT'D)

Pssst!

Enggy looks up, spots the guard then ducks. The guard walks into the room grabs a chair and returns to the back room. Al peeks his head up. He motions for Enggy to continue.

INT. SUPERIOR'S CLUB

Enggy finally prys the window open and is first to slowly crawl inside. The crobar make a ding and Enggy then pauses but it goes unheard. Once inside Enggy motions for Al to follow. Enggy stands guard by the window, gun at the ready, as Al slowly enter through the window. Once Al is inside they slowly creep toward the back room.

The door to the back room has a small window in it. They creep up to either side of the door. Al slowly leans in to see what is going on inside.

Inside the back room Al sees a group of soldiers and

SUPERIOR standing behind a desk. Sitting on the desk is a small duffle bag. He appears to be giving a speech to his troops. Al returns to the side of the door.

AL  
(whispering)  
Superior is in there.

ENGGY  
(whispering)  
That all?

AL  
(whispering)  
No. Like 10 soldiers too.

ENGGY  
(whispering)  
Damn! What do we do.

Al thinks a moment.

AL  
(whispering)  
You still got that flash grenade.

Enggy smiles. He takes his bag from his back and pulls out the flash grenade. Al smiles. He motions that he will push the door open and for Enggy to toss the grenade when he does then at that moment they go in shooting. Enggy nods.

AL (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
On three. One....Two....Three!

Al quickly opens the door startling the closet guard. Enggy pulls the pin on three and throws the grenade just as Al who is not watching closes the door. The closing door hits the grenade back into the room with Al and Enggy.

AL (CONT'D)  
Fuck!

The flash grenade goes off blinding Al and Enggy.

INT. SUPERIOR'S CLUB, BACKROOM

Everyone in the room is startled by the flash.

SUPERIOR  
Go check that out.

Two guards head for the door. The remaining guards grabs their weapons and surround Superior.

INT. SUPERIOR'S CLUB

Al and Enggy rubs their eyes.

ENGGY  
Ugh, I can't see.

AL  
Me either.

The two guards stands directly behind them. They look at one another. They grab their guns then one guard grabs Al the grabs Enggy. They are dragged into the back room.

INT. SUPERIOR'S CLUB, BACKROOM

The guards surrounding Superior begin to disperse from in front of him as the two guards bring in Al and Enggy. The guards forcefully seat them in front of Superior and place their guns on the table. Al's vision returns first. He looks around.

AL  
Oh shit!

SUPERIOR  
Oh shit is right. Who the fuck are you cats?

AL  
Nobody.

SUPERIOR  
Nobody?

Enggy's vision come back.

SUPERIOR (CONT'D)  
So two nobody's break into my club and blind themselves with a flash grenade, huh? So what were you two nobody's looking for?

ENGGY  
Crack.

SUPERIOR  
Crack? Then you came to the wrong place. I don't deal in crack. That's for y'all street fools. I'm a cocaine dealer. I deal in  
(MORE)

SUPERIOR (CONT'D)  
quality merchandise. Now why the  
fuck you really here?

Superior motions for his soldiers to hit Al and Enggy. They both get a nice shot to the face, but remain quiet. Al bleeds from his lips.

SUPERIOR (CONT'D)  
Alright ya'll don't feel like  
talking. That's ok. Me either.  
Shoot these niggas.

AL  
Wait! He wasn't lying we came here  
looking for some crack. Crack we  
sold to Rass that we think you  
have.

SUPERIOR  
This a lot to go through for some  
crack. What makes this crack so  
special?

AL  
It....

SUPERIOR  
Speak.

AL  
It turns heads into zombies.

The guards start laughing. Superior just smiles.

SUPERIOR  
Stop fucking laughing.  
Everyone stops laughing.

SUPERIOR (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry to tell you that I  
didn't take any crack from Rass.

AL  
What! That can't be.

SUPERIOR  
See for yourself.

Superior empties the contents of the duffle bag on the desk. Inside are two keys of cocaine.



SUPERIOR (CONT'D)

This is what I took from Rass. One key of his and one key he stole from me. In fact there's still another one out there.

ENGGY

Tyrone.

Al gives Enggy a funny look.

SUPERIOR

So you know said Tyrone do you. I'm sorry to be the one to tell you but he's dead. Apparent suicide. However three of my people ended up dead too.

Superior leans in close to AL.

SUPERIOR (CONT'D)

You wouldn't know anything about that would you?

AL

No.

SUPERIOR

I didn't think so, but for your sake I hope you do know the answer to my next question.

AL

What's that?

SUPERIOR

Where's my other key?

AL

What other key?

SUPERIOR

Two days ago a very special shipment was making its way from Mexico. A very special shipment. A new grade of cocaine not yet on the market. I was being sent two keys to test it out. Somewhere between the airport and here they disappeared along with a container of pre-printed bags with a special ink. Now these bags began appearing in your neighborhood a day later. After further research and some coercion, come to find

(MORE)

SUPERIOR (CONT'D)

out it was your friend Tyrone that ripped me off. One key he sold to Rass which I have right here the other, well that's where you need to think real hard about what you say next. Where's my other key?

AL

We really don't know.

SUPERIOR

Not the right answer. Take em.

ENGGY

Wait look.

Enggy reaches into his pocket and pulls out some crack in the baggies Superior was talking about.

ENGGY (CONT'D)

There is no coke. We cooked it up. We mixed it with some pills we lifted and Tyrone sold off most of it.

SUPERIOR

So you don't have my product?

AL

We have some but there's some missing and we're not sure where it is. We thought you had it.

SUPERIOR

Why would you think I have it?

ENGGY

Ty told us he sold some weight to Rass.

SUPERIOR

He did.

AL

We thought he meant the crack.

SUPERIOR

So where's the crack now?

AL

Some is in his bag. The rest...

SUPERIOR

Well.

AL

Only place it could be is back at Tyrone's house. If he never sold it to Rass he must have hid it there.

SUPERIOR

(to his soldiers)

You three go down to where we found Cap. Check that house top to bottom. Let me know everything you find.

SUPERIOR GUARD

Yes boss.

Three soldiers leave with a few remaining. Superior takes a seat at the table.

SUPERIOR

I hope they find what I'm looking for.

Superior leans back in his chair.

SUPERIOR (CONT'D)

So tell me more about this crackhead zombies. How long before the come back to life?

AL

It's different with each one. Sometimes quick, sometimes it takes a min.

SUPERIOR

What was it that you mixed with my cocaine?

AL

Wonder pills.

SUPERIOR

Wonder pills? Never heard of them. Where'd you get them.

AL

I lifted them from this old man at the bodega this morning.

SUPERIOR  
Do you have any more?

AL  
No, we used what we had.

Superior just sits in thought.

ENGGY  
Why are you asking all these questions?

Superior smiles.

SUPERIOR  
The body is made up of chemicals. How these chemicals interact and their effects is what I do for a living. You idiots may have stumbled upon something and I intend on finding out what exactly. Where's the pill bottle?

AL  
In the garbage. At home.

SUPERIOR  
Let's take a trip.

He smiles at them. He then motions for a guard to escort them. He stands up.

SUPERIOR (CONT'D)  
You three stay here. Let me know what Phil and Sean find.

Enggy looks at Al then at the guns on the table. The guard grabs Al by the arm and motions for Enggy to rise. Enggy gets up slowly. The annoyed guard reaches for him. Enggy lunges for the table grabbing the red tinted cocaine, unable to reach a gun. The guard lunges for Enggy but Al pushes him. He loses his balance and falls to the floor just in front of the remaining guards. The three guards that were to remain come toward Enggy. He throws the cocaine at them placing a tear in it first. It flies open blinding them with cocaine dust and then landing upon the guard on the floor.

Al reaches for the revolver but has it knocked away by Superior. Who then punches him in the face sending him over the table landing on the floor behind the table.

Enggy reaches and grabs the 45 from the table. He points it at Superior who then stops in his tracks.

ENGGY

Freeze.

Enggy walks around Superior so that his back is no longer facing the guards who begin to walk to Superior's aid. Enggy looks over the table still pointing the gun at Superior.

ENGGY (CONT'D)

Al! Al, you ok?

SUPERIOR

I think you need to be more concerned with whether or not you'll be ok.

Two guards pull guns and point them at Enggy. The guards look funny. Their eyes are red. One is having trouble holding his arm up. Superior notices this. He looks at his men.

SUPERIOR (CONT'D)

Fuck is wrong with ya'll

One by one they all drop to the floor. Superior looks concerned. While Superior is distracted at the events unfolding, Enggy runs behind the table to Al's side. He sits Al up.

AL

What happened?

ENGGY

C'mon I think we need to go.

He brings Al to his feet. Al looks over at Superior who looks at his men.

AL

What happened?

ENGGY

I don't think it was the wonder after all.

AL

Huh?

Superior turns back to Al and Enggy.

SUPERIOR

Fuck you think you going?

All of his men reanimate behind him and rise slowly to their feet. Superior turns around. His eyes widen.

SUPERIOR (CONT'D)

What that....

He backs away from the now zombie guards. Al looks at Enggy.

AL

Should we help him?

ENGGY

I guess so. We do need a new connect.

Al nods in agreement. They grab the bat and crowbar nearby. Superior backs away far enough that he is side by side with Al and Enggy. Enggy hands Superior the gun.

ENGGY (CONT'D)

Here. Aim for their head.

Al and Enggy rush in and start the slaughter. They take out the legs of the first two guards tripping up the third. The fourth guard gets past them and heads for Superior.

Enggy smashes the head of the guard nearest him on the floor. Al gets tripped up by the guard on the floor and falls. Enggy hits the guard on the floor but is almost bitten by the guards. Al successfully kicks that guard before getting back to his feet.

Superior stands with his back to the wall and a zombie guard quickly approaching him. He raises the gun and pulls the trigger. Nothing happens.

SUPERIOR

Fuck!

The zombie gets close enough to bite him but Superior hits it in the head with the butt of the gun knocking him away but not killing it. He turns to then fight off the other zombie the was kicked by Al.

Enggy and Al see Superior about to get bitten and they go to help. Al hits the zombie in the legs and Enggy takes out the zombie the is reemerging behind Superior. Enggy smashes that zombie in the head as Superior makes his way behind them. Superior notices a gun on the floor. He picks it up.

Enggy and Al both kill their zombies. Once finish they look at one another.

AL

You good?

ENGGY

Yeah, you?

AL

Yeah.

Superior stands behind them with gun pointed.

SUPERIOR

Don't get all sentimental yet.  
This ain't quite finished.

Al and Enggy turn around to see Superior pointing his gun at them.

ENGGY

But we just saved you.

SUPERIOR

And I thank you but in the end  
business is business. And you two  
know too much of my business.

He raises his gun to fire. A gun goes off. Al and Enggy check to see which one is shot. They look at Superior. He slowly falls to the ground with a bullet shot to the head. Al and Enggy look over at the open door. Julius stands in the doorway his AK47 pointed in Superior's direction. Enggy smiles and taps Al.

JULIUS

Ya'll good?

ENGGY

Man Julius I ain't never been so  
happy to see you.

AL

Julius how did you find us?

JULIUS

You got my phone remember.

Al reaches into his pocket and pulls out Julius' phone.

AL

True.

He hands it back to Julius.

AL (CONT'D)

Thank you. You saved our lives.

JULIUS

No prob.

ENGGY

You think they found the crack?

AL

By now yeah I'm sure.

ENGGY

So this ain't really over.

AL

Guess not.

JULIUS

What crack?

AL

Whatever crack Ty was stealing  
from us.

Julius puts down the AK47 and removes his backpack. His  
opens it up and pulls out a baggy containing a solid piece  
of red tinted crack.

JULIUS

You mean this crack?

Al snatches it from Julius' hand.

AL

Where'd you get this?

JULIUS

Tyrone's stash spot. After you  
guys left I went and found  
everything. Look, there was cash,  
coke, and that.

He opens the bag so they can see its contents.

AL

And you brought it all back to us,  
why?

JULIUS

I want you to trust me.

Enggy smiles at Al. Al slowly smiles at Julius.

AL

Yeah you've earned it.



Julius hands the bag to Al.

ENGGY  
Now let's get the fuck outta here.

JULIUS  
Definitely.

They turn and head toward the exit.

JULIUS (CONT'D)  
Y'all hungry? My treat, well Ty's  
treat.

AL  
Sounds like a plan.

ENGGY  
I could still go for some shrimp.

They leave the back room. Off in the corner emerges a small mouse. It creeps along toward the bodies. It crosses over the powder that still remains on the floor. It gags, it dies. It moves.

FADE OUT