

SHARPTOP

Dominic Matich
WGA Registration Number: 1249708

FADE IN:

EXT. DETROIT MICHIGAN, NEIGHBORHOOD, 2007 - MORNING

Grey storm clouds in the heavens. On the ground a stop sign riddled with bullets sways in a heavy breeze.

SHARPTOP (V.O.)

Life is as fragile as an eggshell,
wether we like it or not. Designed
by the Gods to break so that we
could be reborn. So we could
rebuild.

The wind picks up. THRASHES the stop sign.

SHARPTOP (V.O.)

It's like our parents told us, no
one said life is easy. But they
could have elaborated the fact that
it can be a real shit storm when
you fuck with the wrong people.
Maybe mine did but I was just to
stupid to listen.

A mighty gust nearly rips the stop sign out of the ground. A streak of silent lightning sprawls across the clouds.

INT. LOZETA HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Filthy room. Rap music BLARES. Clothes piled up. The only items neatly stacked are the gold chain necklaces and three clear bowls filled to the brim with marijuana.

JAY WESTFALL (25) a muscular African American drug dealer, not to be fucked with, lounges in an old patched up bean bag chair.

Barks into the cell phone pinched between his chin and shoulder. Waves a gun in one hand, handles a pair of car keys in the other.

JAY

It's mine now son!

Hangs up. Tosses the keys into a glass bowl that contains a collection of car keys. Tucks the gun away, under the bean bag chair.

Instantly his eyes are drawn to the doorway because...

A YOUNG MAN (18) Caucasian, on one knee, AIMS A SHOTGUN at his skull.

This is SHARPTOP, intense, repressor of his own inner light, he'll do anything to prove he's crazy.

A tense concentrated STARE DOWN erupts.

JAY (CONT'D)

I got 99 problems and a... *bitch*
like you, ain't one.

SHARPTOP SHOOTS! The radio explodes inches from Jay's head!

SHARPTOP

I got 5 more shots... and a *blank*
ain't one.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

A TEENAGE BOY (16) Mexican, sneaks out of his room, metal bat in hand, and tip toes towards the commotion. This is JESUS LOZETA.

His eyes are locked on Sharptop's foot which hangs out of Jay's door, ten feet away.

INT. JAY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sharptop points to a safe in a closet. Jay rises...

SHARPTOP

Crawl to it.

Jay crawls over to a closet. Opens the door. Drags out a metal safe. Punches in the numbers.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jesus is almost to the room. Raises the metal bat for that one perfect swing he needs...

INT. JAY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sharptop stands up. Searches the safe; fishes out a kilo of cocaine, seven thousand dollars in cash, a DVD, and two pistols. Places them in a bag.

Jay sits back down on the bean bag chair. His hand gravitates towards the floor.

Sharptop steps backwards to the door. The shotgun barrel aimed, ready to spit fire into Jay's body if he becomes brave.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jesus has Sharptop's head lined up...

INT. JAY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A hundred dollar bill drifts to the floor out of Sharptop's bag... Sharptop and Jay watch it float to the ground.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jesus closes his eyes. SWINGS THE BAT...

INT. JAY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

JUST AS Sharptop BENDS DOWN to get the money!

CRASH! The bat SMASHES a lamp. Sharptop JABS the butt of the shotgun into the Jesus's gut. He drops. Sharptop brings the barrel to his face. Pauses for a second. Hesitates.

SHARPTOP

Get the fuck outta here!

Jesus runs to his room. Shuts the door. Sharptop turns...

JAY PULLS THE PISTOL! Sharptop's HEART POUNDS. He's FUCKED...

SHARPTOP (V.O.)

Welcome to Detroit Michigan.

CUT TO:

EXT. DETROIT MICHIGAN - MORNING

A series of images from the landscape of a broken city.

MONTAGE

EXT. LOZETA HOUSE - DAWN

A MAN'S BURNED BODY, still on fire, twitches for the last time. Roaring fire engulfs the house behind him.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - MORNING

Abandoned and dirty. No swings. Just the foundations that once held them up.

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - MORNING

A white shoe covered in bloodstains sags in a gutter outside.

EXT. DETROIT NEIGHBORHOOD - MORNING

A stop sign riddled with bullet holes. Every other house burnt down or falling over. Destroyed structures scattered across the land.

This is a place where a war is waged daily by ruthless thugs and desperate civilians.

END MONTAGE

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, OUTSIDE GIRL'S BATHROOM - MORNING

1 year ago...

Tucked away, past the cafeteria, down a wide stairwell, hides a girl's bathroom. Rarely visited. As private as it gets in a school with thousands of people.

Sharptop stands outside the door.

SHARPTOP (V.O.)
Here I am, waiting for this
beauty...

INSERT CUT: IVONNE MARQUEZ(16) a stunning Mexican beauty, born to be a mother, strong enough to rule a country, when she loves you she'll kill for you, but betray her and you're worm food.

SHARPTOP (V.O.)
That's right, I hit that everyday.

Two GIRLS (18) walk out of the bathroom.

GIRL # 1
(to Sharptop)
There's no one in there now.

SHARPTOP
Thanks.

He sets foot inside.

INT. GIRL'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cracks the door open. Tunes in to the girl talk.

GIRL # 1 (O.S.)
They are so cute together.

GIRL # 2 (O.S.)
She sits next to me in math.

GIRL # 1 (O.S.)
Yeah. She's cool as hell. She told me that every day he learns a new phrase in Spanish, practices it in class, then says it to her at the end of school.

GIRL # 2 (O.S.)
Oh my God! Heart throb much!

GIRL # 1 (O.S.)
I'd try to fuck him if I didn't know her.

GIRL # 2
Slut.

Sharptop smirks. Checks his watch. After a few minutes FOOTSTEPS come down the stairs. He peaks out with enthusiasm until...

He realizes it's PRINCIPAL SMITH (40)! Sharptop sneaks back in to the bathroom.

KNOCK! KNOCK!

Sharptop shoots back from the door.

PRINCIPAL SMITH
Isaac! Get out right now.

Principal Smith shoves the door open with an extended arm. Sharptop scurries behind it. Principal Smith remains outside.

PRINCIPAL SMITH (CONT'D)
If there are any young ladies in here, please come out now!

Pauses. Studies the situation. Sharptop stays glued to the wall behind the door, inches from Principal Smith.

PRINCIPAL SMITH (CONT'D)
 Isaac, you're not in trouble, for
 once. Although I do find it
 troubling that every student in
 this school knows you and Ms.
 Marquez are in here at this time.
 (beat)
 Listen, this is about the letter
 you wrote to Ivonne's parents.

Sharptop is shocked. Holds back his words.

PRINCIPAL SMITH (CONT'D)
 It took real courage to do that,
 but there's something you need to
 know.

A familiar voice penetrates. A WOMAN'S (52) voice. A thick
 Mexican accent.

WOMAN (O.S.)
 Isaac we read the note.

SHARPTOP
 Mrs. Marquez?

Sharptop steps out from behind the door. Stays in the
 bathroom. Principal Smith motions for him to come out.

Outside the bathroom are Ivonne's parents, MR. MARQUEZ (55)
 and MRS. MARQUEZ (52).

Mrs. Marquez storms in. Tosses the note in his face. Spits at
 his feet.

MRS. MARQUEZ
 This is... no true! Liar!

SHARPTOP
 I had to tell you, she wouldn't!

Behind them Ivonne appears, completely repulsed to see her
 parents.

IVONNE
 Mama?

PRINCIPAL SMITH
 Ivonne, please come here. I was
 hoping to do this in my office.

She blows by Principal Smith, into the bathroom and into her
 mother's face.

Ivonne and her parents speak in SPANISH, SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH:

IVONNE

God no! Why did you do this to me!
He'll never speak to me again!

MR. MARQUEZ

Is this true? Did you encourage
this?

MRS. MARQUEZ

What did I do wrong as a mother,
God help me!

Mrs. Marquez SMACKS Ivonne across the face. Principal Smith steps in to separate them. Mr. Marquez jostles Principal Smith. SHOUTS at him in ENGLISH.

MR. MARQUEZ

Get your hands off my wife!

A struggle ensues. Principal Smith and Mr. Marquez get physical, WHIPPING one another by their shirts.

PRINCIPAL SMITH

You will not strike that child in
my presence, do you understand?

The struggle becomes more violent. Mrs. Marquez rips Principal Smith's shirt as she tries to help her husband.

Ivonne is embarrassed. She breaks through the bodies, reaches Sharptop. Flush red face. Soaked with tears.

IVONNE

I don't know why they're here.

Puts a note in his hand.

IVONNE (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry baby. It- I lied. It
never happened.

SHARPTOP

Are you fucking kidding me!
(whispers in anger)
You have no idea what I had to do
to get those guns.

When Ivonne grasps the severity of Sharptop's look of confusion and betrayal, her breath and courage vanish. She sobs uncontrollably.

IVONNE

Please don't hate me! Please...
don't hate me!

She SPRINTS AWAY! Her father grips her up. Sharptop snaps into action. PUNCHES him! Lays him out.

Ivonne flees. Mrs. Marquez goes to her husband on the ground. Principal Smith tries to keep Sharptop there.

Sharptop pulls a knife. Now shit just got real - everyone freezes.

PRINCIPAL SMITH

Isaac.

SHARPTOP

Move!

Principal Smith moves. Sharptop RUNS!

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MORNING

Ivonne races down an empty hallway. Passes classrooms full of STUDENTS. Can't stop crying.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - MORNING

Sharptop dashes to the nearest exit and...

INT. STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

BLASTS through the door. RUSHES up two flights of stairs!

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, UNUSED CLASSROOM - MORNING

Dark. Sunlight attempts to break through the window shades. Chairs, desks, and a teacher's desk are all pinned and piled up against the door as a barricade.

Sharptop and Ivonne are on their knees. She rocks back and forth while crying and apologizing. He holds her head still with two hands, makes sure their noses are pressed against one another.

Various NOISES interrupt the moment; POLICE SIREN outside, Principal Smith and others HITTING THE DOOR to get it open. Chaos...

PRINCIPAL SMITH (O.S.)
Don't you hurt that girl Isaac! Do
you hear me? Don't hurt her!

But the opposite is true in the room. Sharptop calms her down, she doesn't rock back and forth as furiously. They make a oath to each other.

IVONNE
I promise on my life, I will never
hurt you again. I promise. I'm so
sorry.

BANG! BANG! The door BREAKS HALFWAY OPEN! Ivonne looks at the door.

SHARPTOP
Eyes on me baby...

She focuses.

SHARPTOP (CONT'D)
I promise *you*, on *my* life... I will
never hurt you, and I will always
protect you.

IVONNE
I'm so sorry...

Buries her head into his chest. He playfully motions at the door, smirks.

SHARPTOP
We'll talk about it when I get
home.

Ivonne finally laughs. Something that comforts the them both.

IN SLOW MOTION the DOOR BURSTS OPEN! Principal Smith, TWO COPS (30s) and other staff charge in!

SHARPTOP (V.O.)
Three months of a girl you cherish
lying about getting raped by her
sister's boyfriend, will make you
not trust a bitch. So there was
always a part of me that never
trusted her. But she was my
soulmate. I was never leaving
without her.

(MORE)

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

Later in life, she told me that she wanted to 'get me back' for cheating on her during the first month of our relationship. Ha! How could I not marry her?

EXT. SHARPTOP'S HOUSE - MORNING

1 year later...

This beautiful, picture perfect house stands in the suburbs just outside of Detroit. Big front and back yard, large trees, flowers, bushes, and swing set.

INT. SHARPTOP'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - MORNING

Two eggs crack open into a frying pan. SIZZLE. Sharptop, with his plain black backwards baseball cap on, adds salt and pepper.

ANN MATICKA (49) a warrior woman in a mother's skin, walks downstairs. Enters the kitchen dressed in a blue pant suit. Smells the breakfast...

Scans the kitchen for Sharptop but he's gone. Eggs are on a plate. The garage door shuts in the distance...

She jogs to the door, opens it and sees Sharptop drive off in his GREEN FORD ESCORT.

Ann sits down at the table, the momentum of her soul stripped away. She glares at the eggs, back at the door and never eats.

EXT. HOUSE, DETROIT NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Brick house. Paint tattered. Old wood porch. A yard, front and back, with more mud in it than patches of grass.

Sharptop and DESHAWN WHITE (17) an African American weight lifter thug, who follows in his father's footsteps of crime, talk outside Deshawn's house.

They each put a crisp one hundred dollar bill in a glass jar.

SHARPTOP

It's on! I bet he does the fake combination the first time.

Deshawn shrugs.

DESHAWN

Man, fuck that. The second he sees the shotgun, he gives up the code.

Sharptop cracks a smile.

The front door of the house opens and T.J. (17) tall, African American, been in jail for a history of beating up women walks out. He holds a M1 GARAND rifle, from World War 2, wrapped in a bed sheet.

T.J. approaches. Passes Sharptop the rifle. They survey the neighborhood.

SHARPTOP

You got a square?

T.J. fishes out a bent Newport cigarette from his coat. Gives it to Sharptop.

Sharptop loads a huge bullet into the rifle. Cocks it. Then...

BANG! SHOOTS into the sky and falls backwards in the mud. Deshawn and T.J. laugh as they look to see if anyone saw.

MR. WHITE (50s) hard working, old school father, cane in hand, BURSTS OUT the front door!

MR. WHITE

Who the fuck is shootin' out here, in the middle of the motherfuckin' day?

DESHAWN

It ain't shit daddy.

Sharptop struggles to get up from the mud. His face and clothes are soaked.

SHARPTOP

Sorry Mr. White. It was me.

MR. WHITE

Get the fuck out of the yard with all that bullshit! You're crazy white ass out here shootin' guns. These black folk around here ain't gonna know what to think!

Mr. White goes back in. Mumbles to himself.

They jog to Sharptop's car. He pops the hood. Hands Deshawn two glass jars filled with thick white jelly.

SHARPTOP

Remember, use only one jar for the tires. If you use more... I don't know what will happen. This is same shit they used in Vietnam.

Sharptop throws the rifle in. Police sirens WAIL in the distance. He drives off.

Deshawn and T.J. study the jars.

EXT. DETROIT NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

A west side block in Detroit. A breeding ground for crime and despair. Crack heads roam the streets like stray cats.

FOUR TEENAGERS thunder down the street. Ski masks on but not pulled all the way down. Their faces are still visible. SMALL BAGS are hooked to their belts.

They grasp LOADED SHOTGUNS. COCK them. Ready to kill.

It's Sharptop, Deshawn and T.J. and A YOUNG MAN who marches beside them.

This is DECOY (17) a less than intimidating, skinny, ex crack-head. Stopped just in time to cure himself of the addiction. He replaced it with a more deadly addiction, crime.

He splits away from the group. As they head to the end of the street he sprints back to the entrance. Then, into some bushes.

EXT. LOZETA HOUSE - NIGHT

The group edges up a driveway with two cars parked in it. Rap music EMANATES from the upstairs rooms. Sharptop peers through a dirty window and sees...

MARY LOZETA (44) a Spanish American overweight woman sitting on a lazy boy recliner. Watches TV. Next to her is...

GAM GAM (69) an African American grandmother, also in a lazy boy, asleep.

Sharptop holds a thumbs up. The crew moves. Pull down the ski masks.

T.J. opens the gate. They reach the back door. Sharptop slips his hands into white surgical gloves. They BREAK in.

INT. LOZETA HOUSE, KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

The Rap MUSIC is much LOUDER in the house. They CRUISE into the living room.

INT. LOZETA HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A gigantic glass aquarium containing two ILLEGAL SNAKES is next to the door on a table.

Mary struggles to get out of the chair when she sees them.

MARY

Who are you assholes? What the fuck
you think you're doin' in my house?
Get outta' here!

Waddles to them, unafraid.

DESHAWN

Sit the fuck down bitch!

MARY

Who the fuck you callin' bitch,
little boy?

Deshawn looks confused because she won't stop. He raises the shotgun.

DESHAWN

Sit the fuck down!

Sharptop glides past the incident UNFAZED and up a stair case. WIDE STEPS. Climbs three steps with each stride going towards the MUSIC, a predator locked on his prey.

Mary PUSHES the SNAKE TANK with all her might into Deshawn. It knocks him over. He loses the shotgun.

Glass breaks. Snakes cover his body. He freezes in terror.

T.J. grabs the shotgun. Punches Mary in the face. She drops hard. He JAMS the shotgun in her face.

T.J. kicks the snakes off Deshawn, then points the shotgun at Gam Gam. Mary's eyes lock on.

T.J.

You say another word, *she* dies. Get
it?

Blood leaks down Mary's lips as she scowls. Out of breath.

MARY

Yes.

Deshawn snatches a necklace off Mary's neck. T.J. pulls out rope from his bag.

CUT TO:

INT. LOZETA HOUSE, JAY'S ROOM - NIGHT

We are back to the first scene of the movie... QUICK SHOTS REMIND US...

-Jay lounges in an old patched up bean bag chair...

-Tosses keys into bowl...

-Sharptop in the doorway with shotgun...

-Sharptop shoots...

-Takes contents of the safe, and puts the DVD in his pocket...

-Jesus trying to hit him with the bat...

-Jay pulls a pistol then...

CUT TO:

INT. JAY'S ROOM - PRESENT

CLICK. CLICK. The GUN JAMS!

T.J. and Deshawn race in. Drag Jay away from the safe. Beat his ass. Stomp his face with their boots!

Sharptop GRABS JAY'S PISTOL. Slides the magazine out. It's FULLY LOADED. Rolls the gun in his hand in shock.

Cocks it. A ROUND POPS OUT of the chamber. His mouth drops. THE SAFETY IS OFF. IT NEVER JAMMED but miraculously NEVER SHOT.

INT. LOZETA HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mary and Gam Gam are tied up on the floor.

INT. JAY'S ROOM - NIGHT

The crew CRUSHES Jay's legs with hammers! Bones stick out of his skin and pants.

Jay sobs. Begs for them to stop with a HIGH PITCHED DEATH SCREAM!

CUT TO:

EXT. DETROIT NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

100 yards down the street, a COP CAR passes the entrance.

The car comes to an abrupt stop. A WALL OF TIRES stacked up in the road block the way.

EXT. DETROIT HOUSE, FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

Decoy finishes a hamburger. He is hidden in overgrown bushes a few houses behind the wall of tires. He peers. Points Sharptop's World War 2 rifle towards the cop car.

EXT. DETROIT NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

DEPUTY RYAN LARSEN (30s) African American, steps out of the car. Approaches the barricade with his pistol drawn.

The car's headlights shine on the tires. As he walks up his shadow grows. He looks behind the tires and sees nothing.

BANG! BANG!

BULLETS ZIP OVER Deputy Larsen's head! HIT the windshield of the car! Larsen SPRINTS back to the car.

The police cruiser whips into reverse.

Deputy Larsen's partner, DEPUTY ALEXANDER (20s) African American, slams his foot on the gas pedal!

SCREECH! The cruiser TAKES OFF like a ROCKET TOWARDS THE TIRES! Easily PUNCHES THROUGH the wall and then...

CRASHES hood first into a ditch in the pavement, constructed by Sharptop, hidden behind the tires.

INT. COP CAR - CONTINUOUS

BULLETS BREAK through the windshield!

DEPUTY LARSEN
Back, back!

EXT. DETROIT NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

The car won't reverse! It's back tires are a foot off the ground, spinning in mid air!

INT. LOZETA HOUSE, JAY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sharptop hears the gunshots. Signals that it's time to leave.

EXT. DETROIT NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Gunshots stop. Deputy Larsen cautiously opens the door. Crouches down and out.

DEPUTY LARSEN
(whisper)
Climb over to this side now!

Deputy Alexander moves quickly after calling for help on the radio.

BANG! BANG!

CRACKS IN THE AIR! GUNSHOTS rain down on them again! The driver's side door being pelted... POP! POP!

Deputy Alexander FIRES BACK towards the sound of shots, then...

SHOTS RING OUT MUCH CLOSER and on the other side of the neighborhood. Both Deputies crawl towards the ditch in the road and cover themselves with tires.

BANG! BANG!

The sounds of SHOTS are EVERYWHERE! Deputy Larsen lays face first on the ground, praying, when he notices something very odd...

CUT TO:

INT. LOZETA HOUSE, STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Sharptop jogs down the stairs. Pulls out a cell phone. A cheap track phone. The kind terrorist use then throw away.

CUT TO:

EXT. DETROIT NEIGHBORHOOD, DITCH IN STREET - NIGHT

Deputy Larsen sees ROCKS next to the cop car.

CRACK... A rock hits the car, not a bullet. As he pushes tires off, he jerks his hand away.

White jelly material is inside the hollow parts of the tire, attached to a CHIP WITH TWO EXPOSED WIRES.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOZETA HOUSE, PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Sharptop PUSHES SEND!

EXT. DETROIT NEIGHBORHOOD, DITCH IN STREET - CONTINUOUS

DEPUTY LARSEN

Napalm!!

The WIRES SPARK! NAPALM IGNITES! The tires, cop car and deputies are overcome BY A WAVE OF FIRE!

EXT. LOZETA HOUSE, DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

T.J. and Deshawn each get into the two cars in the driveway.

In SLOW MOTION Sharptop watches the flames with horror. Frozen. He shuffles towards it like a moth drawn to the flames.

Still in SLOW MOTION Deshawn runs up to him. Drags him back to the car. Sharptop's eyes never look away from the carnage.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Deshawn constantly checks through the back window for cops. Sharptop unzips a suit case in the trunk. Loads cash into it.

Grabs an empty jar that has napalm residue in it. Another jar, intentionally hidden under a blanket, catches his attention.

He glances at Deshawn. Leaves the second jar where it is.

Moves up and holds out the empty jar in front of Deshawn.

SHARPTOP

Where's the other jar?

DESHAWN

Back at my crib- you load the money?

SHARPTOP

Yeah- how much napalm did you use?

DESHAWN

I don't know. What does it matter? Those Five - 0 would have been on us right now if I didn't use more.

Sharptop sits back. Reflects. He and Deshawn exchange a nervous gaze in the rear view mirror.

INT. LOZETA HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mary and Gam Gam eyes are open wide. They jerk around. Try to scream for help through their gags. Mary squirms as the snakes on the ground flick their tongues and inch closer to her face.

Something's wrong. Her eye's widen. She rolls around in pain. STOPS STRUGGLING. Eyes and body twitches, as SHE DIES from a HEART ATTACK.

EXT. CHOP SHOP - NIGHT

Deshawn deals with OLD SIMON (70) a man who has never known any other skill other than making cars disappear.

Old Simon gives Deshawn cash. Deshawn gives Old Simon the keys to Jay's cars.

EXT. DETROIT NEIGHBORHOOD, POLICE AMBUSH SITE - NIGHT

Cops load the burnt tires into a police van for evidence.

DETECTIVE BRUCE ADDISON (40s) a Caucasian with a high sense of morals and dignity, stalks the crime scene from a distance, then moves in.

THREE CRACK HEADS, various ages, African American MEN; all in shirts and pants that haven't been washed or been off their bodies in months, are handcuffed, and have been placed ass first on the sidewalk.

Addison squats down.

ADDISON

You know, when I have fourth of July cook outs, I can always tell when my neighbor starts cooking his sausages and burgers before I do. I don't know why I care- I always do though. You know how I know he's cooking?

The YOUNGEST CRACK HEAD looks up.

YOUNG CRACK HEAD

The smell?

ADDISON

That's right. You know what else I smell on that same day?

A TOW TRUCK LIFTS the burnt cop car out of the ditch.

The young crack head shakes his head.

ADDISON (CONT'D)

I smell the same things you guys reek of right now. Black powder. So tell me why you were throwing fireworks at these gentlemen-
(points to the cops)
And where's the rifle?

YOUNG CRACK HEAD

We didn't shoot no rifle, or hurt anyone.

ADDISON

No?

Points at the cop car with bullet holes in it.

YOUNG CRACK HEAD

He paid us to throw the fireworks. One of his guys, they shot the gun. We were supposed to keep the cops distracted, that's all.

ADDISON

Who? Who paid you?

An OLDER CRACK HEAD stares down the young crack head.

YOUNG CRACK HEAD

No one.

Addison moves over to the older crack head.

OLDER CRACK HEAD
I ain't saying shit.

ADDISON
That's right, fuck me.
(beat)
That boy- looks a lot like you.
Who's the scumbag here, huh? You
brought your son into this life of
crack- sleeping in dumpsters,
stealing.

The older crack head SPRINGS UP to attack Addison. Addison trips him. The crack head falls face first. Addison puts his knee into his back...

ADDISON (CONT'D)
Two cops are dead! You're son's
life... destroyed! If you don't
talk now, at this moment- here.

The young crack head speaks up.

YOUNG CRACK HEAD
A white boy! A teenager!

Addison gets off and kneels face to face with the young crack head. Scans his eyes for the truth.

EXT. LOZETA HOUSE - NIGHT

An ambulance leaves carrying Mary Lozeta's corpse. Cop's come in and out of the house.

Addison moves quick and precise up to the house. No time for chat, he gives orders to a YOUNG DETECTIVE (20s)

ADDISON
Run the alias Sharptop. The junkie
said that's the name he's known
by... This is the last thing this
city needs.

YOUNG DETECTIVE
Someone looking to make a name for
himself?

ADDISON
Someone who's *not*. He paid extra to
keep them quite, and- they think he
can find out they talked. How can
he do that?

YOUNG DETECTIVE
Big time player?

ADDISON
The name would have come up. He's trying to stay hidden. Someone like that can be dangerous. Or, could be different than the rest.

INT. LOZETA HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Addison strides in. Notices Jesus on a couch staring at all of the cops. Overflowing with hatred.

ADDISON
I'm detective Addison, I-

JESUS
Do you know how much I hate you?

ADDISON
Excuse me?

JESUS
I've had a hundred cops introduce themselves to me in the past hour but still, my mother's dead, my half brother's legs are crushed. So... what good are you people?

ADDISON
I'm trying to piece this together for you. So we can find who did this.

JESUS
I've already given a statement, can't you read?

ADDISON
I'm here to help you.

JESUS
Start by getting me a lawyer.

ADDISON
You're not in any trouble, son. Why do you want to talk to a lawyer?

JESUS
I'm gonna sue the city. You motherfuckers let her die. You didn't show up for 20 minutes.
(MORE)

JESUS (CONT'D)

My father always warned me to never talk to cops.

ADDISON

Is your father here? Does he know what happened tonight?

JESUS

My father's a piece of shit who left us. Looked a lot like you in fact.

ADDISON

Who's us?

JESUS

Me and my sister.

ADDISON

And where's she at?

JESUS

Who knows.

ADDISON

What's her name?

JESUS

Madelina Lozeta.

Jesus plays like he's traumatized to stop the questions, mocking the system and Addison.

JESUS (CONT'D)

(obvious mocking)

Oh please... I'm in shock. It's too much pressure. I can't remember. I need a therapist.

Addison hands him a card.

ADDISON

Give me a call when you want to talk.

Jesus SNATCHES the card. RIPS IT UP.

Addison backs away. Places another card on the table.

INT. IVONNE'S HOUSE, IVONNE'S ROOM - MORNING

Ivonne opens a shoe box labeled "Year 1,2,3." Pictures of her and Sharptop are inside. A BROKEN BLACK HEEL is at the bottom.

She focuses on the heel. Picks it up. Scans it.

Scratches some dried blood off of it with her finger nail. Her eyes fill with tears of joy and a smile stretches across her face.

INT. SHARPTOP'S HOUSE, SHARPTOP'S ROOM - MORNING

Sharptop plays the DVD he found in Jay's safe.

On the TV SCREEN an image of Jay's room appears. The camera is laid down on a dresser, it stays steady for the rest of the video.

Jesus Lozeta reluctantly lays down on the bed. Jay approaches him. Slides down his pants.

We see Sharptop's face go from curious to disgusted in a matter of seconds.

SCREAMS ERUPT from the hallway just outside his room! Sharptop stops the DVD. Stares at his door like this is a familiar routine.

Beat.

Again, SCREAMS in the hallway. He rises up. Heads to the door.

INT. SHARPTOP'S HOUSE, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sharptop edges to the door where the screams are coming from. KNOCKS.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Agh! Help! Help!

SHARPTOP

(frustrated)

Mike, what's going on?

MIKE(O.S.)

Come in here! I need help!

Sharptop's head sinks down. Mutters to himself. Hesitates when he reaches for the door knob.

Opens the door. It stops halfway. It's blocked by...

INT. MIKE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

An old toy chest from the 80's full of clothes.

SHARPTOP
Open the fucking door.

Sharptop pushes hard. Almost breaks the door. Gets it open.

MIKE MATICKA (28) is sprawled out on a mattress. The mattress is on the ground with no bed frame. He's in nothing but thin boxers, his skin has a yellow tint to it, medical machines are in the room.

Sharptop gazes in horror as he sees MIKE COVERED IN SHIT. On his body, smeared across the floor, and mattress. Everywhere.

MIKE
Help me get to the bathroom! Isaac,
please.

Sharptop looks away disgusted.

SHARPTOP
Fuck, can't you just get up?

MIKE
No! Help me get up!

Sharptop approaches Mike. The stink increases the CLOSER he gets. He cringes.

Mike reaches out. Sharptop pulls him by the arm, reluctant to get near the mess.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Ow, ow! Pick me up!

SHARPTOP
Just get up!

MIKE
I can't! Pick me up!

Sharptop bends down. Wraps one arm underneath Mike's legs. The other underneath his back. Picks up his frail brother. Carries him to the bathroom just outside the room.

INT. SHARPTOP'S HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS BATHROOM - MORNING

Water rushes out of the sink. Sharptop is alone in a different bathroom. Scrubs his arms with soap. Can't get the shit off fast enough.

Strips off his clothes. Gazes at his naked reflection in the water splashed mirror.

INT. SHARPTOP'S HOUSE, GARAGE - MORNING

Still naked, he watches his clothes burn in a pile. Smoke billows up. He has no emotion. Cold.

EXT. SHARPTOP'S HOUSE - MORNING

Sharptop is dressed as he opens the mail box. Sifts through the letters. He focuses on one addressed to the "Maticka Family". It says "Florida Cancer Clinic."

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - MORNING

Sharptop alone in a waiting room. Talks to Ann on his cell. Hunched over.

ANN (O.S.)

He can't move that well Isaac.

SHARPTOP

Two fuckin' years of this.

ANN

Do you have a cure? If you do, I'd like to know and so would millions of others.

SHARPTOP

I can't keep doing this.

ANN

I know it's not easy but this is a what life is. You look out for family no matter what.

SHARPTOP

I gotta go.

ANN (O.S.)

Stay calm, he does it all the time.

SHARPTOP
Well it's fucking embarrassing to
me!

A NURSE opens the door.

NURSE
Isaac Maticka.

Sharptop stands up.

NURSE (CONT'D)
The doctor is ready for you now.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MORNING

Mr. Marquez speeds down the highway in a suit and tie. Sips coffee. Rolls the window down, lets the crisp air hit him so he can stay awake.

Sharptop follows him. Stays three car lengths behind Mr. Marquez.

INT. FORD FACTORY, PARKING GARAGE - MORNING

Mr. Marquez pulls in. Sharptop follows in stealth.

EXT. FORD FACTORY - MORNING

Historic. Produces American made cars. The main artery of Michigan. The Ford Plant is a behemoth of steel.

On the lawn a REPORTER (30s) holds her hair down in the wind as she gives the morning news.

REPORTER
The Vice President will be here
shortly, making this the eighth
visit in two years. Experts
speculate fears about the economy
will be the number one issue
discussed with management.

INT. FORD FACTORY, ELEVATOR - MORNING

Mr. Marquez rushes in and his assistant JESSICA (30s) follows. The doors close. An ARM jams through just in time. The doors open.

Sharptop jumps in. A Detroit Tigers hat covers his face as he looks down. The doors close. Sharptop pushes the emergency stop button, reveals himself.

MR. MARQUEZ
What in God's name are you doing?

The elevator alarm RINGS.

SHARPTOP
I just need a second.

Mr. Marquez tries to pull the red button back. It pops but the alarm still RINGS!

MR. MARQUEZ
They're gonna think you're a terrorist or something!

SHARPTOP
Sir I- What? This place has some insane security then. Just let me-

They both YELL at the same time trying to get the point across...

MR. MARQUEZ
(same time)
The Vice President is here!

SHARPTOP
(same time)
I want to marry Ivonne!

The information registers in Sharptop's and Mr. Marquez's brains at the same time.

SHARPTOP (CONT'D)
What!

Mr. Marquez is furious. Lifts his fist.

A MALE VOICE interrupts through the speaker...

VOICE (O.S.)
Everybody raise your arms up!

They comply. Mr. Marquez points at the camera staring at them so Sharptop can see.

He gets it. Hangs his head low.

SHARPTOP
God. I can't do anything right.

Gazes at Mr. Marquez who notices he's genuinely sorry.

VOICE (O.S.)

Keep your hands up. A secret service agent will be there momentarily.

SHARPTOP

I would never ask her unless I got your blessing. Not only because she wouldn't say yes without it, but because I want to do it the right way.

Mr. Marquez shakes his head no.

MR. MARQUEZ

You are eighteen years old.

SHARPTOP

Mr. Marquez, she's done things for me that no other girl would do.

Mr. Marquez's eyes BLAZE WITH FURY. His assistant Jessica rapidly shakes her head at Sharptop like 'fuck no'!

SHARPTOP (CONT'D)

No! Not like that! I swear! I meant...

(beat)

What other girl as beautiful as her, with her whole life ahead of her, would stay with a guy that has kidney disease. She could be with anyone, but she never even looks at other guys. I mean... that doesn't happen. I would expect it to at least once. We're all human, we can't help but look... but she doesn't.

(to himself)

Wow.

Sharptop has a moment of clarity. Awkward silence fills the elevator. Jessica coughs to break it.

MR. MARQUEZ

Ivonne's mother and I were married behind a barn, at midnight, when we were fifteen. In the village in Mexico we were born in, social status mattered. My deepest regret is that we had to run away, and her father died shortly after.

(MORE)

MR. MARQUEZ (CONT'D)
I didn't like the man but I
respected him. I should have got
his blessing.

SHARPTOP
So is that a yes?

MR. MARQUEZ
No. All I've seen is you in
trouble. Look at this situation
right now! But...

Sharptop and Jessica collectively hold their breath...

MR. MARQUEZ (CONT'D)
I've also seen you sacrifice
yourself for my daughter. If you
can become a man, with a full time
job, who stays out of trouble
within a year... then you have my
blessing.

Jessica smiles. Sharptop hugs Mr. Marquez.

VOICE (O.S.)
Hands up!

Their hands shoot into the air.

SHARPTOP
(to Mr. Marquez)
Please don't tell her about this.

MR. MARQUEZ
I won't.
(whispers)
Don't worry about this. I'll tell
them you are a guest of mine who's
mentally retarded.

Sharptop looks at him shocked.

INT. SHARPTOP'S CAR - DAY

Sharptop and Ivonne argue as they drive down the highway.

IVONNE
I already know what the surprise
is.

SHARPTOP
No you don't, just let me give it
to you!

IVONNE
 You can pull over and you can give
 me something else.

Rubs his leg and his dick.

SHARPTOP
 You stole my line! I was just
 thinking that and I was gonna say
 it.

He rubs her leg and plays with her pussy. Then, rubs her leg,
 and holds her hand.

SHARPTOP (CONT'D)
 But for real. You're doing great
 with this day care business. I
 could never start a business and
 run it- so I...

As he PULLS A CHECK OUT of his pocket Ivonne instantly pushes
 it back in and says...

IVONNE
 You can spoil me all you want, but
 stay out of my business. I can do
 it.
 (beat)
 But... spoil me all you want.
 (grins)

SHARPTOP
 Okay. You think you're a tough
 girl. I'm pulling over and
 reminding you why you love to
 scream my name.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Sharptop pulls over under a bridge on the highway.

INT. SHARPTOP'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

IVONNE
 (smirking)
 Here?

Ivonne UNBUTTONS her pants. Aroused by the risk of sex in
 public. Cars speed by every second.

Sharptop stops her after he sees a blue mini van on the side
 of the road behind them. It's doors open. Hood up.

SHARPTOP

Hold on.

He looks in the mirror at the van. Ivonne sinks down. TAKES OFF HER PANTS.

IVONNE

This is awesome.

Sharptop glances over at his sexy girlfriend. Stops her.

SHARPTOP

Just relax for a second, Jesus, you're worse than I am. I have to check this out.

IVCNNE

Check what out?

SHARPTOP

The van back there.

IVCNNE

They can watch.

SHARPTOP

I know, but no one's in it. Just wait a minute.

She give him the sexiest look a woman can give a man. Slightly opens her legs.

SHARPTOP (CONT'D)

Christ!

He jerks out of the car. Adjusts his pants as his hard on sticks out like a sore thumb. He...

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Walks to the van. He waves at Ivonne to get out, she does.

IVONNE

What?

SHARPTOP

Honey, you gotta see this. Come over here quick. They're hurt!

Ivonne jogs over.

IVONNE

What's wrong-

As she gets to the door, she sees the inside of the van is full of RED ROSES. No bouquets, but FIVE HUNDRED single roses stacked on top of each other.

She punches him in the chest. Then covers her mouth with her hand as tears of joy well up in her eyes.

She leaps into his arms and kisses him.

IVONNE (CONT'D)

How?

SHARPTOP

It's my buddies van. He let me borrow it for the day. I followed him. It took like eight trips for all the flowers.

IVONNE

For what?

SHARPTOP

Because I love you.

They smile, alive with each other.

SHARPTOP (CONT'D)

Come on. You might have figured out the check, but I have one or two more things.

She wipes away a tear.

IVONNE

You're crazy.

SHARPTOP

But first...

Scans the area. She already knows what he's gonna say. They both run to the car. Recline the seats back. Pants are thrown off.

EXT. SKY, AIR BALLOON BASKET - AFTERNOON

A baby blue air balloon sails over the city.

INT. AIR BALLOON BASKET - CONTINUOUS

Sharptop holds Ivonne as she leans her head into his chest. They stare out into a vast view of the world that's peaceful, beautiful and majestic. They escape reality for a while.

Ivonne kisses his neck. He gently pulls away. Takes a knee and proposes with a diamond ring.

SHARPTOP

I got your dad's blessing... sort of.

IVONNE

No you didn't.

SHARPTOP

All I have to do is stay out of trouble.

She pulls him up. Smiles. Nods in approval. They kiss as the red sun sets behind them. Nods them and their world, no one or nothing else matters.

INT. SHARPTOP'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Sharptop and Deshawn cruise down the highway. They toss their cell phones out the window.

DESHAWN

You're serious?

SHARPTOP

Yeah. I love her man.

DESHAWN

What are you gonna do for money?

SHARPTOP

I got some saved. I can get a job, I just actually have to show up.

Deshawn reluctantly holds out his fist. They pound their fists together.

DESHAWN

Go for it brother. I'm happy for you. Just make sure you stay out of the life, don't come back in.

SHARPTOP

I won't. After this deal, it's over. They're ready for us right?

DESHAWN

Yeah. Let's clam bake this bitch.
(rapping in a looney
voice)
Me and ST, smoking that tree.
(MORE)

DESHAWN (CONT'D)
 Flipping them bitches, hittin'
 licks in the D.

Sharptop laughs. Lights a bowl packed with weed. Takes a puff. Rolls up his window. Deshawn does the same.

The two are careful not to be seen as they smoke two bowls. BLASTING rap music. Rhyming with each other. Enjoying themselves.

Deshawn counts three thousand dollars.

DESHAWN (CONT'D)
 I had to double check it ha, ha!

They laugh, high as hell.

EXT. DETROIT NEIGHBORHOOD - DUSK

Streetlights are on. Sunlight is almost gone.

Sharptop pulls along side a curb. Down the street there is a STOP SIGN RIDDLED WITH BULLETS.

INT. SHARPTOP'S CAR - DUSK

Deshawn counts the wad of money again.

Sharptop turns the car off. Keeps the keys in the ignition. He recognizes the street.

DESHAWN
 Remember this spot?

SHARPTOP
 How could I forget.

INSERT CUT: A 10 year old boy, Caucasian, standing underneath the STOP SIGN crying.

The following scene takes place in one second...

BULLETS BURST the window! GUNSHOTS follow instantly. FIVE MORE CRACKS, FIVE MORE BULLETS, within TWO SECONDS! Everything comes to a halt. Sharptop and Deshawn JUMP, ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE BUT CAN'T! They move to avoid the bullets but it happens in a flash!

This continues normally...

TWO KILLERS dressed in all black, with SKI MASKS on, reload on each side of the car.

DESHAWN

Go!! Go!!

Sharptop TURNS THE KEY in the ignition. Rips the car into drive. SLAMS THE GAS PEDAL DOWN!

The car screams through the night like a hurling beast whipping around every corner.

EXT. DETROIT NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

The killers RUN to a parked WHITE FORD TRUCK.

An African American (21) THUG, behind the wheel, starts the truck. The killers leap in...

The white truck SPEEDS down the road. Follows Sharptop.

INT. SHARPTOP'S CAR - NIGHT

DESHAWN

Aghhhh!!

Deshawn's BODY THRASHES!

SMOKE RISES UP from his leg and hip. BLOOD SQUIRTS out of Deshawn's body every time he moves. It SPLATTERS against the window.

SHARPTOP

I'm hit! I'm fucking hit!

Sharptop wraps his arm around his gut. Checks for blood. Lifts up his arm. It's drenched with thick, dripping blood.

Deshawn and Sharptop are in so much pain all they can do is SCREAM.

BEHIND THEM the white truck's HEADLIGHTS GROW BRIGHTER as it gets closer. Sharptop speeds up, gains some distance between them.

DESHAWN

They're coming! Go faster!

INT. WHITE TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Both killers HANG out from the back windows. They SHOOT indiscriminately.

INT. SHARPTOP'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

BULLETS SLAM into the car. GLASS SHATTERS. A BULLET DESTROYS the face of the radio ONLY INCHES FROM THEM!

SHARPTOP
Shit! Put your head down!

Deshawn sinks deeper into the seat. Sharptop ducks...

EXT. DETROIT NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

Sharptop makes some good evasive moves. Turns three corners. Gains more space between him and the truck.

EXT. DETROIT NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

Sharptop and Deshawn see an ELDERLY WOMAN collecting mail. The car comes to a screeching halt.

They SHOUT at her through the shot out windows...

SHARPTOP
Call the police! We're shot!

DESHAWN
Help us!

The woman reaches for her cell phone. BULLETS PUNCH THROUGH HER TORSO! Then the killers SHOOT AGAIN, making sure she's dead.

SHARPTOP
Fuck!!

Sharptop NAILS the gas pedal. The white truck turns the corner, JUMPS THE CURB, onto the woman's lawn, only feet from Sharptop's car...

RUNS OVER the woman!

INT. SHARPTOP'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The main street is visible.

Sharptop looks down at a terrifying vision. His feet and pants are in a swamp of blood. Only seconds left now before he loses all consciousness.

A RED CAR BACKS OUT OF THE DRIVEWAY of a house just before the main street and...

EXT. DETROIT NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

Sharptop MISSES IT by inches!

INT. WHITE TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

The killers notice they only have a second before collision with the red car. STRAP in their seat belts. The thug driver has no time as he controls the wheel...

THE WHITE TRUCK SMASHES INTO THE RED CAR!

Everything goes quiet. The madness comes to a halt. Then...

EXT. DETROIT NEIGHBORHOOD, OUTSIDE TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

A MAN (40s) FALLS out of the damaged red car. He limps. Coughs up blood, in SHOCK. Crawls towards his house.

INT. WHITE TRUCK - NIGHT

THE TRUCK IS TOTALED. The driver opens his eyes. His body covered in blood. Air bag DEPLOYED. His legs broken.

The killers in the back unstrap their seat belts. THEY LIMP OUT OF THE CAR. One SPITS BLOOD.

DRIVER

My legs! You guys gotta help me.

The killer sitting behind him reaches for the driver's seat belt...

WRAPS IT TIGHTLY around the thug's neck. STRANGLES HIM. Both killers EXIT the vehicle.

One takes off his mask. IT'S JESUS LOZETA, but who's with him?

INT. SHARPTOP'S CAR - NIGHT

SHARPTOP

How far's the nearest hospital?

Deshawn can't cover all his wounds. There are FOUR GAPING HOLES in his leg, hip, and hand.

DESHAWN

Fifteen minutes!

Sharptop pushes hard on his own gut to stop the heavy flow of blood. Fear on his face.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

A sign reads "One Way". No cars are visible. No life. No help.

Sharptop PANICS, frightened to death. Stares at his arm. Gazes up to the sky. One last hope. A prayer to a GOD he never used to believe in.

Sharptop's left ear perks up like he HEARS an answer from above...

EXT. MAIN ROAD - NIGHT

He TURNS the wheel HARD. Drives down the one way street going the wrong way.

The car speeds down the road. Swerves to avoid hitting cars going the right way.

DESHAWN LOOKS BAD. Doesn't move. Slumped in the seat. Chin buried in his chest.

Sharptop heads for salvation... RED AND BLUE POLICE LIGHTS dance in the distance. A COP who just pulled someone over is outside his car.

Sharptop sticks his head out of the window. YELLS at the cop!

SHARPTOP

We're shot! Please help us!

HONKS the car horn again and again. STOPS THE CAR...

EXT. DETROIT STREET - CONTINUOUS

OFFICER JERRY DANIELS (30) a ten year veteran, draws his nine millimeter pistol.

OFFICER DANIELS

Get out of the car! Out now!

SHARPTOP

No! We are shot!

Officer Daniels approaches the car with extreme caution. Holsters his gun.

OFFICER DANIELS
Alright hold on guys. I'm getting
you help.

Pulls close the radio attached to his uniform.

OFFICER DANIELS (CONT'D)
This is officer Daniels, I have a
311 requesting an ambulance at the
corner of Seven Mile and Van Dyke.
I have two males, one white one
black, with multiple gun shot
wounds.

The WOMAN on the radio confirms the location.

SHARPTOP
Is it coming?

OFFICER DANIELS
It's coming sir. What's your name?

INT. SHARPTOP'S CAR - NIGHT

Sharptop glances at Deshawn to see if he can hear. Deshawn
fades. Barely conscious.

OFFICER DANIELS
What's your name?

SHARPTOP
Isaac... Isaac Maticka.

OFFICER DANIELS
Do you have I.D. on you?

SHARPTOP
A wallet right there. In the door
handle.

His hands are very weak from blood loss. Can't pick it up.
Officer Daniels reaches in.

OFFICER DANIELS
You don't have any needles or
weapons in here I'm gonna poke
myself with right?

Impatient anger fills Sharptop's face.

SHARPTOP
No!

Officer Daniels looks through Sharptop's wallet. Peers at Sharptop. Points towards Deshawn.

OFFICER DANIELS
Who is this guy? He's your friend?

Sharptop takes in some breaths. It's harder to talk.

SHARPTOP
Yes.

OFFICER DANIELS
What's his name?

SHARPTOP
D.

OFFICER DANIELS
His full name?

SHARPTOP
I don't know!

OFFICER DANIELS
You're driving around with him and
you don't know his last name?

Sharptop is in disbelief at the bullshit questions.

SHARPTOP
No! I don't know his fucking last
name!

Three more COPS cars arrive. They block the area while SHERIFF TAYLOR (55) an African American no nonsense man with an assortment of police medals on his shirt, approaches.

Deshawn struggles to breathe. Skin transformed from dark brown to pale white.

DESHAWN
Water.. I need water.

SHERIFF TAYLOR
What's the situation, Officer
Daniels?

Officer Daniels explains.

SHARPTOP
When is the ambulance coming? We're
fucking dying here!

SHERIFF TAYLOR
Relax sir. I've been shot three
different times on duty. If you're
talking your gonna live.

SHARPTOP
This is my first fucking rodeo
okay!

Officer Daniels hands Sheriff Taylor Sharptop's wallet.
Sheriff Taylor reads it. Face scrunches up in anger.

SHERIFF TAYLOR
You're from Troy? What the hell
are you doing out here son?

SHARPTOP
I was dropping him off at his mom's
house.

SHERIFF TAYLOR
Don't you lie to us, we'll call off
the ambulance.

SHARPTOP
I'm not lying! Get us a fucking
ambulance!

Shakes his head. Rubs his eyes. Dizziness overcomes him. His
head drops back into the head rest.

Red lights shimmer in the distance. They get closer. THE
AMBULANCE pulls up.

Sharptop summons strength. Grabs Deshawn shoulder. Shakes
him.

SHARPTOP (CONT'D)
It's here. The fucking ambulance is
here. I didn't tell them shit.
We'll be fine...

Deshawn doesn't respond. Chest moves slow. Barely rises up.
Falls.

SHARPTOP (CONT'D)
Hey! Yo! Deshawn!
(beat)
Fuck. DESHAWN!

PARAMEDICS rush to Sharptop. They carefully open the door.

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Sharptop strapped down on a gurney. Three paramedics work on him.

GLEN DIXON (28) Caucasian, an athletic National Guard paramedic asks Sharptop...

GLEN
What's your name buddy?

SHARPTOP
Isaac.

Grinds his teeth in pain.

GLEN
Isaac, I'm Glen. We're gonna get you to the hospital in a second. You're gonna be fine.

Another paramedic cuts Sharptop's clothes off. Pant legs up to the waist. Bottom of the shirt up to the neck.

Sharptop shivers, naked.

SHARPTOP
Fuckin' cold.

GLEN
Where else are you hit?

Sharptop glares down. Inspects two holes in his stomach. One on his right side. One on his left towards the hip. Deep, gross wounds. Blood leaks out of them. Drenches his abdomen.

SHARPTOP
It burns like a motherfucker.

GLEN
I know. Where else are you hit Isaac?

SHARPTOP
I think in the back of my right leg.

Glen moves Sharptop's leg.

GLEN
Okay, good news buddy. No major artery hit but there's definitely an entry wound.

SHARPTOP
I need something for the pain!

GLEN
We can't give you any yet. We don't know if you're internally bleeding.

SHARPTOP
Fuck!

GLEN
We're almost there. You'll get pain meds when you get in there. Just hold on. I was a paramedic in Iraq. You're gonna survive brother, alright?

Glen holds Sharptop's hand. Sharptop squeezes Glen's hand.

SHARPTOP
Alright.

Glen wraps white sheets over Sharptop's body.

EXT. DETROIT NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

The CRIME SCENE is littered with police. Glass from Sharptop's car window is scattered across the pavement where they were shot. Yellow tape closes off a section of the street.

Officer Daniels arrives on scene from the main street. Detective Addison, already on scene, approaches him.

ADDISON
Did they make it?

OFFICER DANIELS
They're both on the way to the hospital. One might not.

ADDISON
Did they say anything about what happened?

PEOPLE peek out of their windows in their homes but no one comes out to talk.

OFFICER DANIELS
No. No witnesses either. My guess is they are too scared to say anything.

ADDISON

Their just used to it. It doesn't matter anymore. What's one more shooting as long as they don't get hit.

(beat)

This street is a black sea, that swallows people's souls.

Addison shines his flashlight down the road. The light hits the STOP SIGN RIDDLED WITH BULLET HOLES. He adjusts his position, scans an area away from the other cops with keen instincts locked onto something.

Leans down. Shines his flash light on the ground and reveals a bullet casing.

OFFICER DANIELS

How do you find these things so fast?

ADDISON

I have an advantage.

OFFICER DANIELS

What's that sir?

Addison stares at the stop sign riddled with bullets.

ADDISON

I've been on this street too many times.

INT. ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Double doors burst open. A gurney RUSHES past the WORKERS. Past an operating room. We push into the operating room...

INT. OPERATING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SHARPTOP SUFFERS. DOCTORS and NURSES huddle over him. Work on his damaged body.

He attempts to move. Restraints hold him down. Tubes are jammed into his arms. Machines hooked up to his body.

DOCTOR

Stay still son.

SHARPTOP

What is that?

A NURSE rushes over a catheter to the doctor.

DOCTOR
A catheter.

SHARPTOP
Please don't put that in my dick,
please!

DOCTOR
We have too.

The nurse pushes the catheter tube into Sharptop's penis. The doctor cuts down his belly button with a scalpel.

They get the gas mask ready but BEFORE they get it on...

LOUD SCREECHING! The heart monitor displays A FLAT LINE...

From Sharptop's POV the staff jump into action. Their voices become drawn out, and eventually he's unable to hear them, but still sees their mouths moving.

Everything goes silent...

Sharptop's eyes become wider and wider. SOMETHING is in his SIGHT, JUST ABOVE HIM. He Smiles. Reaches for it. Asks it...

SHARPTOP (V.O.)
Are you real?

BLACKNESS.

INT. SHARPTOP'S HOUSE, ANN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ann is tucked under the blankets asleep. The room is silent. She wakes up from a nightmare...

Gathers herself. Realizes she's out of the nightmare. Turns on the light.

Tosses the blankets off. Sits up in a large queen size bed that used to hold two people. Glances at the empty space.

Sharptop's brother, Mike's, MOANS echo in the hallway outside her door. They turn into suffering SOBBING.

Ann's head sags. Picks it back up. Gets out of bed.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

She walks down the hall still trying to wake up. KNOCKS on the door. Speaks soft.

ANN
Are you okay? Do you need anything?

INT. MIKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ann pats a cold wet wash cloth on Mike's head. He falls asleep. Pain in her eyes.

INT. ANN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lays in her bed. Eyes stay open. Listens for anymore disturbances.

RING, RING. The phone rings. Ann grabs it quickly.

ANN
Hello?

Jerks up.

ANN (CONT'D)
What happened to him? Oh my God!
Where's the hospital?

INT. ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Sharptop opens his eyes. A NURSE named BETTY (41) is too close for comfort. Almost nose to nose. She peers to see if he's conscious.

Sharptop becomes TERRIFIED as he tries to speak, but can't because he's hooked up to a ventilator. The machine BREATHES for him. He PANICS. YANKS the tube jammed into his throat to pull it out.

Betty holds him down. Two other NURSES attempt to contain him as he struggles to break free.

BETTY
Easy, easy. Please Mr. Maticka,
it's okay. You're in St. Luke
Hospital. Please relax.

A nurse injects a sedative into an IV in his arm. He fights back with force. Knocks a nurse to the ground.

BETTY (CONT'D)
 (looks out in the hallway)
 We need help in here now!

Two more NURSES run in. Press down on Sharptop's body. Hold down his arms.

The sedative takes affect. Sharptop's body goes limp.

INT. ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Rain SMACKS against the window. Sharptop wakes up to the sound. The ventilator is gone. The restraints are too. He's weak.

PASTOR REED
 Rough night?

PASTOR REED (46) an Italian fireplug. An unconventional pastor, looking for redemption anywhere he can find it, stands in the door way. His hands stuffed into his leather coat.

After examining him with his eyes, Sharptop grips the metal bars along the side of his bed and raises himself up.

SHARPTOP
 Yeah. Pretty fucked up. Who are you?

Reed slowly advances in. Speaks with a Brooklyn accent...

PASTOR REED
 My name is Pastor Reed. I volunteer here.

Sharptop continues to scan him.

SHARPTOP
 Well there's no need for you in here.

PASTOR REED
 Are you so certain?

Reed drags a chair over to the bed. Sits.

SHARPTOP
 Shitty job you have. A man of God in a city of killers.

PASTOR REED
 A lot of work.

SHARPTOP
 So what do you do? Lurk around here
 looking for an opportunity to
 preach to someone like me?

PASTOR REED
 Someone like you?

Sharptop mockingly says...

SHARPTOP
 A lost soul.

PASTOR REED
 Is that what you think you are?

SHARPTOP
 I think that's what you think.

PASTOR REED
 No. I'm here to tell you that your
 friend passed away tonight.

The news hits Sharptop hard.

SHARPTOP
 It's all crumbling down.

PASTOR REED
 Would you like me to say a prayer
 for him, with you?

The word "prayer" enrages Sharptop.

SHARPTOP
 A prayer! No. But if you want a
 confession, I'll give you one right
 now.
 (beat)
 I'm going to kill... those
 motherfuckers who shot us tonight.

Reed leans back, agitated.

PASTOR REED
 Was it worth it kid?

SHARPTOP
 The name's Sharptop.

Reed becomes angry because of the teenager's stupidity.

PASTOR REED
 What?

SHARPTOP
Sharptop, that's what my boys call
me. And yes- it was worth it.

PASTOR REED
Sharprock?

SHARPTOP
Sharptop!

Reed is unimpressed.

PASTOR REED
Oh. Pretty stupid.

Sharptop is shocked.

SHARPTOP
What! What kind of priest are you
again? You come in here, fucking
with me after I just got shot and
lost my friend? Don't come in here
with that bullshit. You don't know
anything about me! You don't know
the shit I've seen!

PASTOR REED
I know you're an eighteen year old
kid instead of a young man. I know
you had two 375 caliber bullets rip
through your body! But you're alive
and you're already talking about
putting yourself into it again! You
should be dead, or paralyzed, but
here you are- chatting with me.

SHARPTOP
Get the fuck out of here right now!

Reed stands up. Moves the chair back to it's original spot.

PASTOR REED
I did my job. I'm sorry about your
friend kid, I really am. But you
survived. If I were you, laying in
that bed, shot to shit. I would
look at this as a way out of
whatever your involved with. We all
get another chance. Don't waste
yours.

He leaves his card on the table. Walks out.

Sharptop pushes a button which releases morphine into his IV and passes out.

INT. ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL - 3:30 A.M.

Sharptop wakes up. Ann is in a chair beside the bed. She leans towards him.

A tiny, clear pill bottle catches Sharptop's eyes. The bottle is in front of him on a portable table. The mangled lead bullet from his leg is inside.

He picks it up. Inspects it. RATTLES it around.

ANN

They asked if you wanted it. I told them you like to hang on to stuff for memories, so yeah, sure.

(beat)

They said you died but they were able to bring you back.

Ivonne slowly approaches from outside the hallway. She's crying. Pulls up a chair to the bed.

IVONNE

What the fuck were you doing?

Sharptop gets angry.

SHARPTOP

(to Ann)

What is she doing here?

Sits up. Tries to look tough.

Ann doesn't say anything. Sharptop looks at Ivonne and says...

SHARPTOP (CONT'D)

Florida.

She shakes her head in disapproval.

IVONNE

Oh baby...

INT. ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL, HALLWAY - EARLY MORNING

Ann watches Sharptop as he sleeps. Ambles away.

INT. ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL, WAITING ROOM - EARLY MORNING

She enters. Sits next to Ivonne. They are the only two there.

ANN
What's Florida?

Ivonne holds back her tears.

IVONNE
I'm can't tell you.

ANN
Look where we're at! You think now
is the time to keep secrets?

IVONNE
A Cancer Treatment clinic. He found
out about it last year when we went
down there. Now, he's been saving
so we could go live down there. I'm
sorry I didn't say anything.

Beat.

ANN
That's a nice ring.

Ivonne's eyes tear up. Ann PULLS HER IN for a HUG.

INT. POLICE PSYCHOLOGIST OFFICE - DAY

DR. EDDIE MANNING (40s) Caucasian, sips his coffee behind a
desk. Detective Addison is the patient today.

ADDISON
So- been fishing lately.

MANNING
Bruce. Can we please continue?

INSERT CUT: The STOP SIGN RIDDLED WITH BULLETS.

ADDISON
There's nothing to say. I like
black coffee in the morning, women
who like Bruce Springsteen, and I
hate the smell of dead people that
lingers when I walk into each and
every situation- morning, noon or
night.

INSERT CUT: Sharptop and his crew in ski masks pulling Addison out of his car during a car jacking.

MANNING

How's your son?

INSERT CUT: As they take Addison, he points at his frightened 10 year old son in the back seat. Pleads for them to let him take the boy.

ADDISON

He's doing much better, since we moved.

MANNING

Does he still see his doctor?

ADDISON

Yes. He still has problems standing at the corners of streets. Mostly in the morning when waiting for the school bus- I just drive him now.

INSERT CUT: Sharptop knocks down Addison. They drive away with the kid in the car. They leave the boy at the end of the street, standing underneath the STOP SIGN RIDDLED WITH BULLETS. Addison runs up to the crying boy- embraces him in his arms.

INT. SHARPTOP HOUSE, GARAGE - MORNING

4 days later.

Sharptop paces like a tiger in a cage. Talks on the phone.

T.J. (O.S.)

Are you ready for this?

SHARPTOP

Yeah.

T.J. (O.S.)

It was Jay's half brother. His name is Jesus. He's only 16. Mexican or something.

SHARPTOP

There was two shooters.

T.J. (O.S.)

Jesus is the name we heard.

SHARPTOP
 Alright. I'll take care of him.
 I'll lay low for a while. See you
 guys in a few months.

T.J.
 And what are we supposed to do? Can
 we come where you're at?

SHARPTOP
 No.

T.J.
 I see how it is.

SHARPTOP
 Shut up. The cops are looking at me
 and Deshawn's family now. Everyone
 lays low.

T.J.
 Well us niggers gotta make some
 moves for ourselves. We can't hide.

T.J. HANGS UP.

INT. SHARPTOP'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - MORNING

He staggers back in. Opens a prescription pill bottle. The
 label says "VICODIN". Spills a bunch of pills on the kitchen
 table. Frantically eats three of them.

Drops into a chair. Holds his stomach in pain, almost in
 tears.

INT. SHARPTOP'S ROOM - MORNING

He turns on the DVD. Jesus's face is clear as day. Sharptop
 pauses it. Puts his hand to the screen and blocks the images
 of forced sex. Snaps a picture with his cell phone of Jesus's
 face.

Sharptop calls T.J. back.

SHARPTOP
 Hey. Never mind what I said.

EXT. CONVENTION HALL - DAY

A banner outside the front door says "Mexican Town Annual
 Lunch."

INT. CONVENTION HALL - DAY

The big space is filled with SPANISH AMERICANS of all ages gathering for the monthly event. Tables filled with food and drinks.

A BAND plays Mexican music on stage. It's decorated with balloons, streamers, the works.

Ivonne catches a glimpse of a baby blue air balloon being prepared outside. The same one Sharptop proposed in. She can't take her eyes off of it.

She turns away, almost out of breath. Presses on her chest. Tries to catch her breath while she stands over a table of food and drinks.

Takes a deep breath in, moves towards a door that leads downstairs.

MELISSA (18) Mexican, fire red hair and a happy personality, comes out of no where and pulls her away. Hands her a drink.

Ivonne drinks it fast, then takes Melissa's and drinks it faster.

MELISSA

Hey!

Ivonne laughs LOUD.

IVONNE

It's a party!

MELISSA

Are you...

IVONNE

Can you get me another drink?
Thanks!

Hands Melissa two empty cups.

MELISSA

I wanted you to meet my friend, but
if you're not up for it-

IVONNE

Am I up for it? Do babies shit
their pants?

(shocks Melissa)

Why wouldn't I be up for it?
Everything is fine!

Melissa takes Ivonne across the room. Waves at LENA (18) a Mexican girl who looks like a model, long BLACK hair, but has a quiet sadness to her.

MELISSA

Lena, this is Ivonne. Call her Eve.

LENA

Hi Eve.

Ivonne smiles. Plays along.

IVONNE

Hi. I like that bracelet.

Lena has on a red bracelet that matches her red dress.

LENA

Thank you. My favorite color. I like your shoes.

Ivonne's smile turns to a stern face.

IVONNE

My boyfriend gave me these. Don't say you like them if you don't.

Lena looks at Melissa for help.

IVONNE (CONT'D)

Hey! I'm fucking serious bitch!

Ivonne SLAPS a drink out of Lena's hand. Melissa tries to pull her away. Everyone stops and looks.

IVONNE (CONT'D)

(addressing the room)

Turn the music back on!

(tears swell)

Turn it on!!

Ivonne breaks down and sobs uncontrollably. Melissa drags her away, to the downstairs hall...

INT. CONVENTION HALL, DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

They sit down at a bench and Ivonne cries into her shoulder.

INT. CONVENTION HALL, DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - LATER

Bulletin boards filled with pictures of all the years past stretch down the hall, almost endless.

Ivonne glances, alone, at the memories. Searches for her own.
Lena comes downstairs.

IVONNE
I'm so sorry, I-

Lena points at the pictures.

LENA
I can't believe how far back they
go.

Ivonne scans one of the first boards. Points out a picture of
her younger self from the 90s.

IVONNE
This is the year when we first
came.
(beat)
Oh my God-

LENA
What?

IVONNE
Apparently this was before my
sister taught me how to tweeze my
eyebrows. Look at those things!

They share a laugh.

LENA
My momma taught me. How many
sisters do you have?

IVONNE
Two older, and one annoying younger
brother.

LENA
I have a little brother too. Well-
he's not that little anymore.

IVONNE
Mine too. I used to be able to beat
him up. Now, he's bigger than me.

LENA
It's crazy how that happens. I wish
he was still little, maybe then he
wouldn't always be in so much
trouble.

Melissa comes down.

MELISSA
Come on bitches! Let's go mingle.
There's always hot guys here Lena.

She playfully pokes at Ivonne. They walk up the stairs, Ivonne behind Lena and Melissa who have locked arms.

MELISSA (CONT'D)
Not for Eve, as you know.
(laughs)

LENA
What's your boyfriend like?

MELISSA
He's pretty hot, for a white boy.

IVONNE
His name is Isaac.

MELISSA
He's actually a great guy.

IVONNE
My soul mate.

MELISSA
She'll never leave him, and she shouldn't. He fucking saved her life.

LENA
Really? How?

Ivonne looks uncomfortable and pissed that Melissa said that. Melissa glances back at Ivonne.

MELISSA
Sorry, it slipped.

INT. LOZETA HOUSE - DAY

Jesus opens the door for Jay who is in a wheelchair. He has a cast on each leg. Jesus pushes Jay into the house.

JAY
Look at me.

Jesus bends down, seems afraid of Jay.

JAY (CONT'D)
We don't rest till we find them.

JESUS
I know.

JAY
Then go fucking find them.

Jesus stares back at him with hatred in his eyes.

INT. SHARPTOP'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

MONTAGE.

Images of Sharptop broken. Weak. Recovering while LEONARD COHEN'S HALLELUJAH plays.

A nasty afternoon sky. Grey, blue and blackness in the clouds. The house is dark for this time of day. Stagnant.

INT. SHARPTOP'S HOUSE, SHARPTOP'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

MONTAGE continues. The song plays on...

Sharptop lays stiff on his bed. Stares at the wall. Grimaces in pain. Holds his stomach.

Two thick puffy WHITE bandages are stretched and pressed against his entire stomach. Sticks out of his shirt. His eyes show there's no sleep for the wicked.

He jerks up at the SOUND of a CAR outside. Grimaces even worse. Checks outside the window. It's nothing.

INT. SHARPTOP'S HOUSE - MIDNIGHT

MONTAGE continues. The song plays on.

A house full of shadows and darkness. Light flickers from a large TV in the downstairs room.

Sharptop is stretched across a couch. Covered in blankets in the dark. Black and white World War 2 footage is on.

Scenes of terror. Invasion. Death. Followed by the sounds of EXPLOSIONS and GUNSHOTS.

EXT. SHARPTOP HOUSE, GARAGE - NIGHT

MONTAGE continues. The song plays on...

Sharptop turns on the light. Opens the garage door. Climbs up some wood shelves. It's very hard for him.

Items that haven't been touched in ages are stacked on the shelves. He reaches the highest shelf with the oldest items.

Moves his dad's old stuff; golf bags, tools, fishing poles, a few bow and arrows, hunting gear, and then reaches the item he was looking for. Struggles to get it out.

Grips a black handle that is attached to a MACHETE encased in a blue covering.

Sharptop drops down. UNSHEATHES THE MACHETE. Ogles it with bad intention. It's rusty but it will do.

EXT. SHARPTOP'S HOUSE, OUTSIDE - NIGHT

MONTAGE continues. The song plays is ending...

He cleans off some rust on the machete. Puts in back in it's blue cover. Staggeres to his car with a limp. Opens the trunk. Throws the machete in. Closes it.

A noise in the neighborhood stops him in his tracks. Sharptop scans the neighborhood in fear.

Montage ends.

IVONNE (O.S.)

Babe!

Sharptop jumps! Ivonne comes out of no where dressed in a long and baggy brown trench coat.

SHARPTOP

Holy shit! You scared the fuck
outta me. What are you doing here?

IVONNE

I missed you. I called your phone
but it just kept ringing.

She wraps her arms around him. Whispers seductively in his ear...

IVONNE (CONT'D)
 And I'm not wearing anything
 underneath this coat, except for
 the black leather boots you like.

SHARPTOP
 Wait a minute. What if a cop pulled
 you over?

IVONNE
 I would have gotten out of a
 ticket.
 (teases him)
 And he would have gotten a show.

SHARPTOP
 Oh you little bitch.
 (kisses her)
 Sneak around the back. Just incase
 my mom comes down. I know she heard
 me come out here.

IVONNE
 Okay.

She licks her lips at him. He GRUNTS in a sexual tone.

INT. SHARPTOP'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sharptop out of breath on the couch. Drapes a blanket over
 himself.

Ann appears in the kitchen.

ANN
 Was that you outside? What were you
 doing?

SHARPTOP
 I just felt claustrophobic. I
 needed some air.

The GUNSHOTS and violence on the TV disturb Ann.

ANN
 Why don't you watch something less
 violent? Doesn't this bother you?

SHARPTOP
 It's the only way I can sleep.

ANN

I thought you said you haven't slept.

SHARPTOP

Only here and there. If I close my eyes and it's silent, I hear gunshots and it makes it impossible to sleep. Watching this calms me down.

(beat)

Some sort of sick lullaby I guess.

ANN

Alright, well let me know if you need anything.

SHARPTOP

I won't, I'll be fine. Thank you though.

ANN

Alright. We get your car back tomorrow.

SHARPTOP

Okay. Sounds good.

ANN

Good night.

SHARPTOP

Good night.

Ann inches away. Pauses. Listens. Heads upstairs.

Sharptop waits for a minute. Opens the door. Ivonne steps in. He immediately wraps her in his arms and kisses her passionately.

She straddles him on the couch. Takes the coat off showing she wasn't lying, there's nothing underneath.

He slips his hands between her legs. Ivonne closes her eyes. In moments, like a rehearsed routine, they are both naked and making love, their reflections in the window.

INT. SHARPTOP'S ROOM - NIGHT

Two fans, on HIGH, equals a LOUD HUM that covers up their VOICES as they try to be quiet. They lie naked, bodies intertwined, in love.

Ivonne's head on Sharptop's chest. Leg wrapped around his body. A blanket covers their feet and knees.

The TV lights up the room. Ivonne plays with Sharptop's necklace. The bullet he was shot with attached to a chain.

IVONNE

I was so scared.

SHARPTOP

I know. I'm sorry.

IVONNE

I'm still tougher than you.

SHARPTOP

In your dreams baby girl. Don't make me show you again.

Cups her tit. Rubs her leg.

IVONNE

Oh, you'll have to... in about... an hour.

On the TV TWO CHILDREN, a BOY (6) and a GIRL (6), sail down a hilly road on bikes. Sharptop gives a quick cast.

SHARPTOP

We're gonna have a daughter.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. DETROIT, ALLEY - NIGHT

HENRY (16) an African American drug dealer distributes baggies of crack to a couple of crack heads, a MAN and WOMAN, both in their (50s).

The woman hands Henry only half the money. He pulls back the bag of crack.

WOMAN

I'll suck your dick- please.

Henry PUSHES her down. Removes two crack rocks from the bag, leaves one. Drops the bag on the ground. The woman scurries like a hungry animal who's found something to eat.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. SHARPTOP'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ivonne looks up.

IVONNE
How do you know?

SHARPTOP
I saw her. When I died.

IVONNE
Really?

SHARPTOP
Yeah. On the operating table. She
looked just like you, so beautiful.
But I could see myself in her too
somehow.

IVONNE
Did she say anything?

SHARPTOP
Stay alive.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. DETROIT, ALLEY - NIGHT

Henry splits home through the alley behind some restaurants.
Raps lyrics from a rap song to himself.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. SHARPTOP'S ROOM - NIGHT

IVONNE
You better. I want to raise a
daughter with you.

SHARPTOP
You will baby.

IVONNE
I wanna hear what you wrote for me.

She smiles and kisses his chest, then his cheek.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

As Henry continues home a bulky metal VENT PLUNGES DOWN from the roof of the tallest restaurant. Tumbles, tearing through ELECTRICAL WIRES on the building.

It CRUSHES HENRY! Traps him underneath. His eyes bulge in fear, his life flashing before his eyes.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. SHARPTOP'S ROOM - NIGHT

SHARPTOP
(whispers)
You are my guiding light. Providing
life...

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Henry's head and arms move lethargically, his brain struggles to catch up and he's still unaware what is going on.

A COUGH shoots BLOOD out of his mouth.

We still hear Sharptop's poem to Ivonne.

SHARPTOP (V.O.)
Lighting my life like a lightning
strike lights up the night.

An ELECTRIC LINE momentarily DISCHARGES a million sparks. It lights up the alley with a burst of violent light.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. SHARPTOP'S ROOM - NIGHT

SHARPTOP
In this instance, I'm convinced,
that my princess, is my glimpse at
heaven, forever this sinner's
interest.

IVONNE
I love you so much.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Jesus SLITHERS out of the shadows and to Henry.

HENRY
Jesus! Help me yo! Help me!

Jesus doesn't speak. Kneels. Fishes through Henry's backpack.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. SHARPTOP'S ROOM - NIGHT

IVONNE
Oh hey, I forgot to tell you. After I got home from the convention hall I got a call from that investor lady from Florida. She said she'll help me open a day care down there.

SHARPTOP
(teasing)
Oh, so you are following through with that?

IVONNE
Hey, don't be surprised. You're the lazy ass in the relationship.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

HENRY
Please! It hurts so bad! Call an ambulance!

Jesus finds a pencil. Kneels down to Henry...

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. SHARPTOP'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ivonne touches a puffy white bandage pad stretched across Sharptop's stomach.

IVONNE
Does it still hurt?

SHARPTOP
Just itches like a motherfucker.

IVONNE
Are you gonna stop fuckin' around?
You almost died, Isaac. You
shouldn't be alive.
(beat)
Your poor mom. You put her through
so much shit.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

JESUS
Your brother just bought some dope.
Who'd he get it from?

HENRY
(crying)
I don't know! Please help me!

Jesus elevates Henry's bloody hand...

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. SHARPTOP'S ROOM - NIGHT

SHARPTOP
It got out of control. I just want
to leave with you, but now, with
all this...

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Jesus BAYONET THRUSTS the pencil through Henry's hand!

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. SHARPTOP'S ROOM - NIGHT

IVONNE
All what? There's nothing holding
us back now.

SHARPTOP

What kind of man would I be if I
just let the people who shot me get
away with it. How would you ever
feel protected with me?

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

JESUS

Who. Did. He. Buy. It. From?

HENRY

T.J.! The older one, from the east
side... Please get this off me!

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. SHARPTOP'S ROOM - NIGHT

IVONNE

Don't try to involve me in your
idiotic thought process. You know
it's all about what you want.

(beat)

Baby, look at me- please...

Sharptop gazes at her with comfort.

IVONNE (CONT'D)

You almost fucking died.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Jesus droops over Henry... WRAPS SHOELACES around Henry's
throat!

HENRY

No! Stop it! Please! No!

Jesus TIGHTENS. Henry tries to push Jesus off of him to no
avail. Jesus STRANGLES Henry then a gurgling sound-- and all
goes quiet.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. SHARPTOP'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ivonne knocks on Sharptop's head.

IVONNE

Hello? How much more evidence do you need? I don't want to marry a killer.

SHARPTOP

You know you already are, no matter what.

IVONNE

And you know, *that* was different.

They both become quiet. Sharptop attempts to break the silence and change the subject.

SHARPTOP

It's almost been an hour now.

Kisses her. Moves in position for sex. She pushes him off.

IVONNE

Hey! I'm fucking serious! Listen to me.

He stops. Attempts to slide off her when she...

Clasps his body tightly in her arms. Half on her, half on the bed he's held close to her heart, literally.

SHARPTOP

Honey... I can't be in two places at once.

Shimmies his leg. She doesn't listen.

IVONNE

You stopped smiling. Your cute dimples left. Now you're just scary.

SHARPTOP

Can I move babe?

The bear hug continues. She smiles as he struggles. Then, he gives up. His head pressed against her breasts.

IVONNE

I'm gonna strangle you.

SHARPTOP

This is actually *not* a bad way to die.

CLOSE UP: He kisses her breasts.

IVONNE

I *said*... you stopped-

SHARPTOP

I heard you.

He turns his head. His ear pressed against her breast plate. The sound of her heart THUMPING in his ears.

Closes his eyes. Drifts into vulnerability.

SHARPTOP (CONT'D)

I'm afraid I'll die like my dad. I hate my brother because what he's become. It's not his fault. Every time I look at him, I see myself in a few years. And in a few years he'll be dead in the ground, and I'll be nothing but skin and bones.

Ivonne releases him but he stays right where he is. She kisses his hand, then arm. Then runs her finger through his hair. Massages his head.

IVONNE

You're not going to die from kidney disease! But you'll never make it to our daughter's first birthday if you keep living as a criminal.

His eyelids raise. Ivonne continues to comfort him.

IVONNE (CONT'D)

You're a bad ass and that's sexy, and I like when you're rough with me. I *love* it. But not in every day life. Not when you're always angry. I love having a strong man who takes care of me and loves me. But I don't want this.

Sharptop lifts his head. They share a kiss for five seconds. They share each others air, as if they need to in order to exist on earth.

SHARPTOP

It's over. I'll change, for you and Maria.

He snuggles back into her chest. Closes his eyes.

IVONNE

You know me so well. That's the name I was thinking.

She kisses the top of his head. Minutes pass by in silence. Sharptop breathes deeper as he falls asleep.

Ivonne smiles, day dreams about their future daughter and continues stroking his hair until she falls asleep as well.

EXT. POLICE IMPOUND - MORNING

Abandon cars. Old rusty cars. Brand new cars, so expensive they require the equivalent of a monthly house payment. All of them are trapped in this junk yard.

Ann beholds her son, amazed he's still among the living.

His car; deep, sunken bullet holes, four windows blasted out and black blood stains on the side of the doors..

Ann peaks in. Covers her mouth. Looks away devastated.

Sharptop looks in. The car seats and interior are COVERED IN BLACK DRIED BLOOD. It's everywhere. There can't be this much blood in a human body!

SHARPTOP

Why is it all wet?

ANN

They didn't put a tarp on it and it rained last night.

SHARPTOP

How am I supposed to get it home?

ANN

Take my van. I'll drive the car. Get me a blanket from the back of my van.

Sharptop goes to retrieve the blanket.

Ann is mortified. Barely keeps her composure, but pulls it off. Now we know where Sharptop gets it.

INT. SHARPTOP'S HOUSE, GARAGE - MORNING

Ann and Sharptop have towels, two bottles of glass and carpet cleaners.

ANN

Like I said, you don't have to do this. I can do it.

SHARPTOP

It's fine mom, it's no big deal.

Sharptop gets in the driver's seat. Ann in the back. They squirt and scrub.

The harder Sharptop rubs the blood in, the more blood splatters around. Some speckles hit his face. He stops. Starts up again...

Looks at the passenger side. It's all black. Looks down. Sees the same thing...

SCRUBS HARDER. Can't help but stare at more blood. Scrubs even harder...

Ann notices the increased pace.

SHARPTOP HAS A PANIC ATTACK. Gulps in the air in short breaths.

ANN

Isaac, are you okay?

He drops the rag.

SHARPTOP

I can't do this right now. I gotta go to the bathroom.

Leaves quickly.

INT. SHARPTOP'S ROOM - DAY

Sharptop calls T.J..

T.J. (O.S.)

Yo, ST, what's good?

SHARPTOP

I'm back around.

T.J. (O.S.)
See, I knew all you needed was some
tough love.

SHARPTOP
I know what the kid looks like.

T.J.
Let's do it.

Sharptop tries to speak but can't. He coughs. Then pauses.

T.J. (CONT'D)
Yo?

Sharptop hangs up the phone. Erratic short breaths. Here we go again, another panic attack!

INT. SHARPTOP'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sharptop sits on the bed, CLICKS a pen in his hand. Constant clicking. Feet shake nervously.

The phone rings. Sharptop looks at the caller ID. T.J.. Phone rings again.

He holds his stomach. Grimaces. Picks up the phone.

EXT. LOZETA HOUSE - DAY

Sharptop drives by. Jesus stands outside, talking to his friend, NICK PRIMO (16). Sharptop parks the car a block down the road.

Pulls the pistol out of the glove compartment. SWALLOWS MORE PILLS. Studies Jesus in his rear view mirror. REACHES for the handle of the door when...

A BLACK UNDERCOVER POLICE CAR pulls into the driveway. Sharptop stops. Observes Jesus throw up his arms in frustration.

Detective Addison and another DETECTIVE step out. Approach Jesus.

Nick Primo slaps hands with Jesus and leaves...

INT. SHARPTOP'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Sharptop follows him with his eyes in the rear view mirror. Puts the gun away. Drives off.

EXT. LOZETA HOUSE - DAY

Addison's car pulls away. Jesus wanders around the yard. Sees a stray cat. Chases and throws rocks at it.

His phone rings...

JESUS

Yo!

NICK (O.S.)

Hey, you gotta come by the spot. I found some crazy shit.

JESUS

What?

NICK (O.S.)

Just come by, quick.

He hangs up the phone...

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

T.J. presses the END button on the phone that's pressed up AGAINST NICK'S EAR. Nick is TIED UP, on his knees, BEATEN BADLY, and very bloody.

Around his neck is a noose. T.J. holds the other end of the rope which HANGS over a pipe on the ceiling, like a PULLEY SYSTEM.

NICK

(frightened)

There, I did it. Are you gonna let me go?

T.J. hovers over him. Shakes his head no...

Tugs as hard as he can on the rope. Lifts Nick up off the ground - HANGS HIM TO DEATH. Kicks and twitches.

T.J. calls Sharptop.

T.J.

(into phone)

Do it for Deshawn.

INT. ABANDON HOUSE, UPSTAIRS ROOM - DAY

Sharptop HANGS UP the phone. Slips a WHITE HALLOWEEN MASK over his face. Hides behind a door...

INT. ABANDON HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Dirty old couches. Rotten floor boards. Sun light seeps through spaces between the windows that aren't boarded up.

Jesus walks in. DUST KICKS up when the door opens.

Somehow NICK PRIMO'S VOICE ECHOES THROUGH THE EMPTY HOUSE.

NICK (O.S.)
Yo! I'm up here!

Jesus JOGS up a wooden stair case.

INT. ABANDON HOUSE, UPSTAIRS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sharptop crouches. Jesus reaches the top. Sharptop looks at himself in the reflection of the blade. Wait a minute...
FUCK! A panic attack starts to creep up!

Sharptop RIPS his mask off...

JESUS (O.S.)
You got a girl up there? She better be tied up. I don't want any scratches on my shit!

INT. ABANDON HOUSE, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jesus looks down a poorly lit hallway with three doors; one on the left, one on the right, then the main one at the end. Both doors next to him are closed. The door at the end of the hallway is slightly open.

JESUS
Did you hear me?

INT. ABANDON HOUSE, UPSTAIRS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sharptop breathes into his arm. Flustered and terrified he holds up a tape recorder. Presses play. A recording of Nick plays...

NICK (O.S.)
Yo, I'm up here!

INT. ABANDON HOUSE, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jesus passes the doors on his left and right.

INT. ABANDON HOUSE, UPSTAIRS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Behind the left door Sharptop can't stop the panic attack. He pulls the mask down breathing heavy and...

INT. ABANDON HOUSE, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jesus hears it. His expression changes from a smirk to a frown filled with suspicion. YELLS LOUDER.

JESUS

Hey! Nick!

He STOPS... NO RESPONSE. He takes one step backwards...

SHARPTOP BUSTS OUT FROM THE ROOM! SLAMS JESUS against the wall!

JESUS (CONT'D)

GET THE FUCK OFF ME!

Sharptop raises his arm to stab Jesus but FREEZES. Jesus PUNCHES HIM! Then...

Sharptop STABS him in the chest just above his heart. Jesus's FACE CRINGES in pain... WAILS IN PAIN!

Their EYES MEET through Sharptop's mask...

Jesus PUNCHES Sharptop again! SPITS BLOOD into SHARPTOP'S MOUTH AND EYES through the mask. Sharptop LOSES HIS GRIP!

Jesus KNEES Sharptop in his GUT where his bullet wounds are! Sharptop DROPS...

Jesus tries to run away. Sharptop STABS HIM IN THE ANKLE. Jesus JUMPS DOWN the STAIRS!

Sharptop moans in the mask. Takes it off. Wipes the blood away from his face. Spits it out of his mouth! ATTEMPTS TO GET UP... COLLAPSES in pain. HOLDS HIS GUT. STRUGGLES to crawl into the room he just came from.

INT. ABANDON HOUSE, UPSTAIRS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pulls himself up using a rope that goes out the window and is tied to a busted up DRESSER. He hangs on with both hands. Climbs down the rope, out of the house, falls on to three rusted trash cans.

EXT. ABANDON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jesus RUNS into the street. Falls on his hands and knees. Blood leaks out of his chest.

JESUS
HELP!!

His strength leaves him. Collapses in the street. No sign of Sharptop.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Sharptop pumps gas. Holds his belly, it aches again. Hints of dried blood on his face and clothes.

Watches cars pull in and out. Studies people, suspicious of their actions. As car doors SLAM open and shut, sweat trickles down his face.

A car pulls by the pump right in front of his car. He breathes faster. Grips the gas pump handle tighter.

A MAN (40s) in the car gets out. Sharptop viciously stares. It's an awkward moment when their eyes meet.

The man breaks the stare. Sharptop looks towards the ground. Breathes even heavier.

A MALE CUSTOMER (40s) from another pump approaches his car while heading for the entrance of the gas station.

Sharptop shuffles to the trunk. Wildly looks around the gas station. HEART PUMPS LOUDER AND LOUDER as the customer gets closer and closer.

Sharptop gazes over his shoulder. The customer is only inches away.

Sharptop UNSHEATHES THE MACHETE in the trunk. Whips the it out like a maniac. SCREAMS at the man!

SHARPTOP
Get the fuck back!

The man falls to the ground in shock. Crawls away.

MAN
Please don't hurt me!

The CUSTOMERS duck down, some jump in their cars for safety.

Sharptop brandishes the weapon for all to see. Sweat pours down his blush red face.

Begins to lose his strength. Leans on the car for support. Catches his breath. Notices the error he made.

Pulls the gas pump out. Puts two twenty dollar bills on the gas pump. Throws the machete in the car. Drives away.

INT. SHARPTOP'S CAR - AFTERNOON

He pulls over to the side of the road. Controls his breathing. Looks up. Sees a billboard that reads "IS SOMEONE CONTROLLING YOU. SPEAK UP. CALL 1800-555-1212. STOP SEXUAL ABUSE NOW."

Short breaths. Eyes roll back. Feints...

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. SHARPTOP'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Sharptop is slanted over the passenger seat. Comes to. Looks around astounded he feinted. Checks to see if the billboard was real, it was.

He scratches down the number on the first scrap of paper he can find. Tears a piece off of the car manual in the glove compartment.

EXT. SHARPTOP'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Ivonne's car is in the driveway as he pulls up. Scrambles to find a coat in the back seat. Got it! Covers his shirt.

Looks in the rear view mirror at himself. Licks his fingers, rubs his face. That doesn't work.

Uses ice from a cup of coke he bought at a fast food place to wipe away the final traces of blood.

INT. SHARPTOP'S HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS - AFTERNOON

Ann teaches Ivonne how to make a family recipe of cookies. Both of them have a bowl, mix ingredients.

Sharptop comes in.

ANN

Hi honey.

SHARPTOP

Hey.

Ivonne flicks the spatula at him sending partially stirred eggs all over him. She pauses, slowly turns to Ann with her mouth wide open.

Ann squints. Cracks a smile.

ANN

He deserved it.

SHARPTOP

What! If I would have done that I-

Ann hugs Ivonne, proud of her fiery future daughter in-law.

ANN

Well she's not you.

INT. SHARPTOP'S HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

Sharptop pisses. STOPS IN THE MIDDLE. The toilet is full of piss mixed with BLOOD.

INT. SHARPTOP'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

They all eat together, smiling at the dinner table.

EXT. SHARPTOP'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Ann gets in her van and leaves.

INT. SHARPTOP'S HOUSE, SHOWER - AFTERNOON

Sharptop steps in the shower.

INT. SHARPTOP'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

Sharptop walks in. Ivonne is watching the DVD, horrified and confused.

IVONNE

Issac?

SHARPTOP

I got that from a house that I robbed. It was in this guys safe.
(MORE)

SHARPTOP (CONT'D)

The kid on there is the one who shot me.

IVONNE

Then why do you still have this? Why are you watching it?

SHARPTOP

I didn't know what it was. I put it on and saw it. I swear to God that's why it's in there.

IVONNE

I believe you.

She sits down on the bed. He sits next to her.

SHARPTOP

I think I have to show this to someone.

IVONNE

You mean the cops?

SHARPTOP

Yeah, or social services, or whatever. I want to... but I can't.

IVONNE

What the fuck do you mean you can't? Someone needs to know about this!

Sharptop stands up. Paces...

SHARPTOP

Don't forget who this is, this fucker shot me! I can't believe I'm even thinking about helping him!

Ivonne stands up too. Attempts to sooth his anger.

IVONNE

But you are, and that makes you a good person. That's why you were saved.

SHARPTOP

But they'll ask me how I got it. What am I supposed to say? Oh I got it in a robbery, you know the one, where we busted Jay Lozeta's legs in pieces. They'll lock me up. And there's other things-

STOPS himself.

IVONNE

What?

Sharptop pauses. Ivonne transforms from nurturing to ferocious. Gets in his face.

IVONNE (CONT'D)

Isaac? Where were you today?

Sharptop doesn't say anything.

IVONNE (CONT'D)

You fuck! You went after that kid after you saw this? You're a monster!

SHARPTOP

I'm not a monster. I feel like shit. It was a huge mistake. I figured I could put him out of his misery, okay! He's better off dead than living a life like this!

IVONNE

What!? Oh I get it, so we could just walk away?

SHARPTOP

Yeah! You're Goddamn right! I've done everything to fucking make sure we get married and have a family! I'm not going to fuck that all up because I wanted to be noble, make a retarded choice! I'm not doing it! I earned you! I earned my fucking future!

Ivonne STORMS OUT...

INT. SHARPTOP'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

He CHASES HER through the house...

SHARPTOP

Ivonne, get back here!

EXT. SHARPTOP'S HOUSE - DAY

He catches her just as she leaves.

SHARPTOP

Stop!

He grabs her arm. She spins around. SLAPS the shit out of him.

IVONNE

Don't call me! And don't you fucking show up at my house! I swear to God I'll shoot you myself!

SHARPTOP

Come on. What are you talking about?

IVONNE

I mean we're done! You won't stop killing yourself. You go ahead and do it, but don't expect me to watch!

SHARPTOP

I can't call the-

IVONNE

You fucking idiot! I don't want you to call the cops. I want you to stop hurting people and yourself you selfish fuck! What happens when you die! I die! That's what happens!

(beat)

Well no! I'm erasing you from my life!

She tries to leave. He grabs her again. She HITS him a few more times until he lets go. Moves out to the street by her car.

Sharptop COUGHS UP BLOOD. Holds his stomach. Takes one knee but gets right back up. Ivonne sees it and her RUNS TO HIM.

She wipes the blood from his mouth. Her eyes SWELL UP WITH TEARS. He looks at her with a great longing, begging her for help with his eyes.

IVONNE (CONT'D)

Look at you. Look what you've done...

Ivonne shakes her head no. Gets up. Slowly walks away while she still faces him.

Turns, goes to her car. YELLS at him...

IVONNE (CONT'D)
I'm serious! Don't call!

SHARPTOP
I will, no matter what you say!

IVONNE
Oh yeah?

She pulls out her phone. Throws it against the pavement. It cracks. She picks it up, does it again until it splinters into a thousand pieces.

She drives away.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Sharptop's car pulls up to a very old church. A one story small brick building with two very large white doors at the entrance. A white wooden peaked roof with a large white crucifix on it.

Next to the church is a brick building the same size, it's Pastor Reed's living quarters.

Sharptop strolls up the door.

INT. REED'S CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Benches hug all the room in the tight little space. Even though it's not much, it has some beautiful spots.

An old but polished organ. Purple cloths cover an alter and a unique golden cross with Jesus on it.

Sharptop doesn't see anyone. He Leaves.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

The sound of someone RAKING LEAVES catches Sharptop's attention.

EXT. REED'S HOUSE - DAY

Sharptop walks behind the little house next to the church. When he gets in the back he sees Pastor Reed with big sunglasses raking a yard full of orange and red leaves.

SHARPTOP
Excuse me. Pastor Reed.

PASTOR REED

Yeah?

SHARPTOP

Hi I'm-

PASTOR REED

I remember. Sharprock, right?

SHARPTOP

You can just call me Isaac.

PASTOR REED

At least you've learned that lesson. Why are you here?

SHARPTOP

I had your card and I've been meaning to stop by, but I never found the time.

PASTOR REED

Or you didn't want to come down this deep in Detroit again. You know, because you're afraid.

SHARPTOP

Maybe people are afraid of me.

PASTOR REED

A little prick like you?

Sharptop leaves. Pastor Reed sees Sharptop is worried about something.

PASTOR REED (CONT'D)

Hey Startstop!

Sharptop keeps walking. Coughs up blood, wipes it away with a towel that has more blood on it than clean cloth. Reed sees it.

PASTOR REED (CONT'D)

Can you help me take these bags out to the street?

Reed holds up two garbage bags full of leaves. Two others are on the ground.

Sharptop pauses. Turns around. Examines the situation. Looks back at his car, then back at Reed.

SHARPTOP

Sure. Why not.

PASTOR REED

Thank you.

Sharptop scoops up the bags. They head toward the street.

PASTOR REED (CONT'D)

You know why you're helping me?

SHARPTOP

Yeah. I must have died inside and been replaced by a fag with a pussy.

PASTOR REED

No. It's because you've always been a good person.

SHARPTOP

I've met you once.

PASTOR REED

I've seen countless little dicks who saw their friend get shot. Most have a look of sadness, some rotten bastards don't care- but you... You had a look of guilt. You care about people. I was shot myself when I was your age. I couldn't sleep for weeks after.

SHARPTOP

You? You're a pastor.

PASTOR REED

A man isn't anything other than the things he does. Right now, and until death, I spread the Word.

They reach the street. Place the bags into the containers.

SHARPTOP

So what did you do? About the sleep thing?

Reed smirks. Shrugs.

PASTOR REED

Just kept closing my eyes.

INT. REED'S HOUSE - DAY

Clean, well kept house with a kitchen and a dining room table next to four recliners in front of a large TV. A few bedrooms are tucked away in the back.

Sharptop sits. Admires the four shotguns in the house. One by the door. One by the TV. Two in the kitchen.

Reed grabs a bottle of Jack Daniels and two glasses. Pours a hefty amount in each.

PASTOR REED

I'm assuming what you have to tell me is going to require me to take a drink anyway.

Reed hands Sharptop a drink. Sits down.

SHARPTOP

I don't know how much I can say. You can't tell the cops right? Cause you're a priest or whatever.

PASTOR REED

See. Told you I'd need a drink.

SHARPTOP

I'm serious.

PASTOR REED

Your secrets are safe with me, but before you say anything, there's just one thing I need to know.

SHARPTOP

What's that?

PASTOR REED

Where the hell did the God awful name Sharptop come from?

Sharptop laughs.

SHARPTOP

My grandpa worked for Jimmy Hoffa. Hoffa gave him a hat. One of those badass gangster hats from the 40s. My grandpa handed it down to me when I was younger.

PASTOR REED

A Fedora.

SHARPTOP

What?

PASTOR REED

That's what it's called, a Fedora.

SHARPTOP

Yeah, that. Anyway when I first came to Detroit I started wearing that hat. People said it was a sharp hat, a sharp top.

PASTOR REED

So what is it you do?

SHARPTOP

Carjacking and robberies. You have to be an animal to survive with the people I'm around. But something happened this last time. It changed everything.

PASTOR REED

What was it?

SHARPTOP

I broke into this guy's house. I found a DVD in his safe. His brother shot me a few days later. Today... I just tried to kill him. He's in the hospital now. But I watched the DVD finally, and it's a sex tape, actually it's him being raped by the brother we stole it from. Now I have no idea what to do. I feel like I made a huge mistake and like I'm obligated almost to help the kid out. But it's too late.

Reed SIGHS LOUDLY. Pours another drink. Guzzles it down. Pours another. Guzzles it down.

Sharptop waits with anticipation for the answer. Drinks.

PASTOR REED

Send the DVD to the cops. It's what you have to do, if nothing else. Trust me. You don't want to live with this forever.

Reed stands up. Lifts up his shirt. His skin is full of scars from BULLET HOLES and KNIFE WOUNDS all over his stomach, chest, and back.

PASTOR REED (CONT'D)
I was a hit man when I was younger.
For the mob.

SHARPTOP
Are you in witness protection?

PASTOR REED
What do you think?

SHARPTOP
How did you get out of the life?

PASTOR REED
Like you kid. I died. They just
thought I stayed dead. I figured
I'm going to hell anyway for all
the shit I've done, so I might as
well spend the rest of my life
serving God. I spent enough time as
his enemy.

Beat.

SHARPTOP
I know what you mean. I have a spot
reserved in hell, but it's for a
good reason. I helped my future
wife out of a jam. Thanks to her I
see a future, a life without all
this shit. I saved Heaven that
night... She's my Heaven.

PASTOR REED
Then that's what you need to
follow. Go live a life with her.

INT. ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL - DAY

Detective Addison enters the room. Jesus is in the bed.

ADDISON
Jesus. Do you know the name Isaac
Maticka?

INT. MELISSA'S JEEP - AFTERNOON

Melissa drives. Ivonne sits in the passenger seat sulking
over Sharptop.

MELISSA

Let's go to the bar! Start early tonight.

IVONNE

Yeah right, you'll be blacked out by ten o'clock!

MELISSA

Earlier than that if I can help it! Have you ever been to a strip club?

IVONNE

No.

MELISSA

We're going!

IVONNE

What!

MELISSA

I have to go there anyway, to pick up Lena. She doesn't get off until nine, so we'll have plenty of time to drink.

IVONNE

Is she a bartender?

Melissa smirks.

CUT TO:

INT. STRIP CLUB - DUSK

One of the better strip clubs in Detroit. Larger and more cleanly than most.

Lena dances on stage in the dark club. Her body is a main attraction to many men. Her tits are perfect and her ass is tight with a G string riding up her crack. Glitter sparkles off her brown exotic skin.

Ivonne and Melissa are at the bar drinking and watching.

IVONNE

I can't believe she does this.

MELISSA

She's full of surprises. That's why I love her.

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Lena is at the bar with a drunk Ivonne and Melissa. They drink shot after shot.

EXT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

They all stagger to Melissa's Jeep.

INT. MELISSA'S JEEP - NIGHT

As they drive Ivonne is half asleep in the back with Lena.

IVONNE

Fuck!

MELISSA

What?

IVONNE

I lost my phone.

LENA

I go in tomorrow morning. Phones are lost there all the time. I'll look for it.

IVONNE

Okay, thanks. It's a red iPhone. It has the Mexican flag on it. Oh wait...

(too drunk to remember at first)

I smashed it today, never mind.

MELISSA

You're a crazy bitch!

IVONNE

(talking to Lena)

Where are we dropping you off?

LENA

Friend's house.

Lena's happiness fades away.

LENA (CONT'D)

I can't go home. I haven't been there in a while and I just found out things are getting a lot worse.

(MORE)

LENA (CONT'D)

Sometimes I think God is torturing me. My family- it's just an awful situation.

IVONNE

Come stay with me.

Melissa looks in the rear view mirror.

MELISSA

Or me!

LENA

No. Thank you though.

IVONNE

Are you sure?

LENA

I said no!

Ivonne is shocked at how angry Lena got.

Melissa glares in the rear view mirror again. Lena locks eyes with her. Looks away, afraid.

LENA (CONT'D)

(to Ivonne)

I'm sorry. I just not used to having such nice friends. I move around so much I never know anyone long enough to trust. Shit, I've never even had a good boyfriend like you. How did you get one?

Ivonne looks out the window. The word "boyfriend" sparks some emotion as shes drunk.

IVONNE

Before I was fourteen I was an honor role student.

(sniff)

A good girl.

(sniff)

Then I started drinking. Hanging around shitty people. One night I went to this party. This guy took me in the back of the house and started to rape me. Suddenly out of no where Isaac pulled him off. Beat his ass. He picked me up like he was carrying a baby and drove me home. He even picked up the broken heel from my black shoe.

(MORE)

IVONNE (CONT'D)

Since that day I've seen him every day of my life...

(sobs)

I miss him so much and he's such a dumb ass!

Melissa laughs.

INT. HOUSE - MORNING

The front room looks like there was a party the night before; empty beer bottles, wine bottles, wine glasses, and a collection of cigarette butts in two ash trays. A fold up bed is pulled out of a couch. Sheets and pillows hang off the bed.

CLICK. The front door slowly unlocks. Opens...

MADELINA LOZETA (18) stands at the entrance. We CAN'T SEE her face or make out that many features. Her hair is tucked away under a backwards Detroit baseball cap. Black leather boots, black trench coat and a very attractive body.

In her hand is a BOX, a PRESENT, wrapped in wrapping paper. On the box is a heart shaped card that says "HAPPY ANNIVERSARY BABY!"

She steps in. Her heels hit the wood floor. She drops the present. It falls and hits the ground. She moves to the bed. Pulls off the sheets.

A PINK DILDO is on the bed along with a pair of PINK PANTIES and a PINK BRA on the floor. She kicks the bra. Lifts up the panties and smells them. Throws them down and SPITS on them.

EXT. HOUSE - MORNING

Two cars are parked in the driveway.

We still can't see what she looks like. She holds a HUNTING KNIFE by her side while she stands by the cars. RAPIDLY TAPS the knife along her thigh.

EXT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Madelina's BLUE TRUCK pulls away.

EXT. HOUSE - MORNING

PENNY MORGAN (18) a beautiful stripper, opens her door with just a small tank top on and a tiny pair of shorts. She is stunned by what she sees.

PENNY
What the fuck?

LEXY PARKER (18) blonde, also a beautiful stripper, dressed only in a towel, hugs her from behind while giggling.

LEXY
Where's Mr. Pink?

Lexy looks up. Gets a shock.

LEXY (CONT'D)
Holy shit.

BLACK OIL drenches both cars, inside and out. All the tires have been slashed. The inside seats are RIPPED TO SHREDS.

Penny runs out to her car. Opens the door. Pulls her hands away because they are now soaked in oil.

The present is on the front seat untouched by oil. The words "WHORES DIE" are written on the present in RED NAIL POLISH.

She opens the present. Inside there is a BROWN TEDDY BEAR. WHITE STUFFING bulges out of the EYES, MOUTH and the THROAT where they have been cut into.

The PINK DILDO IS STUFFED INTO THE MOUTH. Pops out the back of the head. The throat is slashed. The words "I LOVE YOU" are written in red nail polish on the bears stomach.

INT. SHARPTOP'S HOUSE - SHARPTOP'S ROOM - DAY

Sharptop writes a letter. Puts the DVD into a case. Stuffs the letter and DVD into a tan envelope. Writes the Detroit Police Station's address on it with no return address.

Pulls down three suitcases from his closet. Packs all of his clothes and important items into them. The last item the brochure he got in the mail for the cancer clinic in Florida.

His phone rings. He picks it up immediately.

SHARPTOP
Hello?

ADDISON
Is this Isaac Maticka?

SHARPTOP
No.

ADDISON
My name is Detective Addison, with the Detroit Police Department. I'm trying to reach him.

SHARPTOP
Sorry about that, I'm him. I have been getting prank calls lately. I thought this was one.

ADDISON
I assure you it's not.

SHARPTOP
What can I do for you, sir?

ADDISON
Do you have time to come down to the station today? We have some developments in your shooting case.

SHARPTOP
No problem. How's five o'clock sound?

He shuts the suit cases.

Texts Ivonne "WE HAVE TO LEAVE TONIGHT, PLEASE ANSWER!"

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Addison sits behind his desk. Sharptop in front of him. Addison opens a file.

ADDISON
So far we don't have any ID on the shooters but we do have this.

Shows Sharptop a piece of paper.

ADDISON (CONT'D)
A witness statement just came in. It confirms that there were two shooters like you said. It also confirms they killed their driver. Why do you think they'd do that?

SHARPTOP
I couldn't tell you.

ADDISON
The driver's name was Darren Wilkons. Have you ever heard that name? Or met him?

SHARPTOP
No, I haven't.

ADDISON
How about the name Jesus Lozeta? Heard that one?

SHARPTOP
Sure.

ADDISON
Really? How do you know him?

SHARPTOP
I don't know him. I've just heard the name. It's easy to remember hearing about someone actually named Jesus.

ADDISON
Did you hear that he was just recently stabbed, almost killed, next to his house?

SHARPTOP
No. I haven't talked to anyone down in Detroit since I got shot. The thing I heard about him was just a sick rumor a few months ago.

ADDISON
Rumors?

SHARPTOP
I heard about him being raped by his own brother.

ADDISON
His brother? Where did you hear this?

SHARPTOP
I overheard some kid at a party talking about it. Couldn't tell you his name, I only saw him the one time. And I didn't know him.

ADDISON

But you remembered the story?

SHARPTOP

Hard to forget some sick shit like that, right?

ADDISON

I suppose it would be. I hear so many terrible things here, I guess you just get numb to it after a while.

SHARPTOP

You should probably have someone check that out. Maybe that's how he got stabbed.

ADDISON

Why? By his brother?

Sharptop gets a little flustered.

SHARPTOP

No, I don't know. I'm just saying.

Addison stares at him with suspicion.

SHARPTOP (CONT'D)

I mean if it's even true.

ADDISON

He's being released from the hospital today and I talked to him yesterday. He never mentioned it to me.

SHARPTOP

Did you ask?

ADDISON

Why are you so interested in it? Do you know something I don't?

SHARPTOP

No, not at all. I just think it's a fucked up story, and now that you telling me he was stabbed it got me thinking.

ADDISON

Well I need you to think about something else.

Pulls out another file.

ADDISON (CONT'D)

I asked you here today for two reasons... To update you on your case.

SHARPTOP

You could have done that on the phone.

ADDISON

And- we have a witness at Jesus Lozeta's stabbing that says a car with a description matching yours was at the scene of the crime. If I remember correctly, you were shot not to far from the area.

SHARPTOP

This is Detroit. There's a lot of Ford cars.

ADDISON

But not that many with bullet holes in them.

SHARPTOP

You must not get out much.

ADDISON

I get out too much.

(beat)

Look, Isaac. If you know anything about this, or have something you need to tell me, now is the time.

SHARPTOP

Detective, I'm still recovering from *my* injuries. I truly don't know anything about what your talking about.

Beat.

Addison leans back

ADDISON

Okay. Well, I'll let you know when the DNA results come in from the car that chased you down. Hopefully we'll find a match in the system and catch who did this to you.

SHARPTOP
Thank you. Can I go now?

ADDISON
Sure. Have a good day.

SHARPTOP
Yeah, you too.

Sharptop leaves. Addison picks up the land line phone in the office.

ADDISON
Hey Paul. Will you do me a favor
and get me the records of the phone
calls from the Lozeta house?
(beat)
Also for Isaac Maticka. M-a-t-i-c-k-
a.
(beat)
Then for Jesus Lozeta. His names in
the Westfall file. He was in Saint
Lukes Hospital for the past few
days. Will you call over there and
pull the phone record for his room.
Thanks.

INT. SHARPTOP'S HOUSE, MIKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mike rolls on his mattress. Stressed out, in pain, and fragile. He reaches for the air tubes attached to an OXYGEN TANK next to the bed.

His weak fingers only glance the clear tubes. The tubes FALL to the ground.

Mike becomes overwhelmed. His eyes fill with tears of frustration.

MIKE
Mom! Mom, I need help!

He hears the door downstairs OPEN and CLOSE.

MIKE (CONT'D)
(louder)
Mom!

Footsteps CREEP up the stairs.

The DOOR OPENS. Mikes face has a look of confusion on it.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Who are you?

EXT. SHARPTOP'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ann pulls the van into the driveway. She unloads grocery bags out of the car. Makes three trips...

INT. SHARPTOP'S HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Places them on the table.

When she's finished she walks up stairs. A bottle of VAPOR RUB in her hand.

ANN
Mike, I got the rub for your chest.

KNOCKS on his door three times. Enters.

INT. MIKE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A blank stare of disbelief.

BLOOD COVERS THE FLOOR. SPLATTERED across the walls and ceiling. Stuffing from the mattress that has been ripped open, scattered across the floor.

MIKE'S CORPSE is disfigured. STABBED FORTY FIVE TIMES.

EXT. DETROIT NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

T.J. and Decoy are in a parked car.

INT. DECOY'S CAR - NIGHT

A red Honda pulls up to a house a few feet away. A WOMAN (30s) steps out.

EXT. DETROIT NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

They burst out of the car, but they're too loud. The woman notices them immediately.

T.J.
Give us the car now bitch!

She's faster and more precise than they are as she pulls out a GUN and a BADGE.

WOMAN
Detroit police! Throw the guns
down!

Suddenly TWO COP CARS come out of no where... IT'S A SET UP!

T.J. runs away just in the nick of time! Unfortunately for Decoy...

He freaks out! SHOOTS THE WOMAN COP! Jumps in the car!

COPS SURROUND THE CAR.

COPS
Hands up now!

Decoy drops his gun. Puts his hands on the steering wheel.

The cops RIP him out of the car, onto the ground, and cuff him.

INT. SHARPTOP'S CAR - NIGHT

Sharptop drives home, only a few miles away from his house. Stops at a red light.

Dials Ivonne's number on his phone. It goes straight to voicemail. He starts writing her a text. "Where are you?"

BEEP! The car behind him blows his horn because he's sitting at a green light.

SHARPTOP
Alright, sorry!

He drives. Sends the text. No response.

SHARPTOP (CONT'D)
What the fuck!

He picks up the phone again. Texts. Sends it. Picks up the phone. Calls three more times. SCREAMS AT THE PHONE!

SHARPTOP (CONT'D)
Ivonne!

Reaches in his glove compartment. Fishes out the pill bottle. There's only three left. Empties the bottle into his hand.

Looks up... A CAR IS ABOUT TO COLLIDE WITH HIS!

He SWERVES out of the way! The pills fall on the passenger seat. Last one goes on the floor.

SHARPTOP (CONT'D)

No! Fuck!

He desperately reaches for the pill on the floor. Puts the pill in his mouth and swallows. Comes up and...

VIOLENTLY DODGES an AMBULANCE with it's lights and siren on. The ambulance CRASHES INTO A LIGHT POLE!

His car jumps the curb. Lands in the back of someone's house just off the road.

SHARPTOP (CONT'D)

Oh my god.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Sharptop gets out. Runs to the ambulance. Ann drives up to the scene.

Sharptop looks shocked. Ann gets out.

SHARPTOP

Mom? What are you doing here?

(beat)

Who's in the ambulance?

INT. POLICE STATION, INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Decoy's hands and feet are chained to the floor on to a metal table.

Addison sits in front of him.

ADDISON

The names, that's what I want.

DECOY

I've given you everything else.

ADDISON

You've given me bullshit. I wanna know the names.

DECOY

I'll never be able to go back on the streets.

ADDISON

What do you think will happen to you now? You killed that cop. You're going away for at least twenty years.

DECOY

I want the deal we talked about.

ADDISON

I'll get you what I can if you give me the names.

DECOY

Deshawn White. T.J. and... Sharptop.

ADDISON

What does that mean? I don't want his street name. Who is he?

DECOY

He's a white boy. No one knows his real name.

ADDISON

Bullshit.

DECOY

I swear to God, man.

ADDISON

Where does he live?

DECOY

I don't know. No one has ever been to his crib. He drives to Deshawn's and meets us.

ADDISON

What does he look like? Blonde? Tattoos, scars? What?

DECOY

He probably has some scars on his stomach. He just got shot, like a week ago.

Addison freezes. Eyes open wide with revelations...

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Addison fishes through his desk. Finds a picture of Sharptop.

His phone rings. Answers.

ADDISON
Addison speaking.

PAUL (O.S.)
Hey it's Paul. Get ready for this one. The lab techs at the hospital said that Jesus Lozeta's blood tests revealed he has aids. Probably got it from the half brother, he had it too.

ADDISON
Alright, thanks Paul.

INT. POLICE STATION, INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Addison shows a picture of Sharptop to Decoy.

DECOY
That's him.

ADDISON
Did Jesus Lozeta shoot him?

DECOY
That's what T.J. said.

INT. BEAUMONT HOSPITAL, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sharptop's stands outside Ann's room. Inside we see she is asleep. His phone buzzes. He answers it.

ADDISON
Isaac.

SHARPTOP
What do you want? I can't talk right now.

ADDISON
I really need you to come in right now.

SHARPTOP
I can't. My phone is dying. I gotta go.

ADDISON
Listen to me! You have to get to a doctor's office as soon as you can.

SHARPTOP
I'm in the hospital right now. My
brother was just murdered.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

The room is barely lit by the tiny lamp on Addison's desk. He
sinks as he hears the news.

SHARPTOP (O.S.)
Why do I need to go to the doctors?

ADDISON
It can wait until tomorrow.

SHARPTOP (O.S.)
No! Tell me now.

ADDISON
I know about you and Jesus, and...
if you were the one who stabbed him-
I know he spit blood into your
mouth.

(beat)
And... he has aids.

SHARPTOP (O.S.)
Aids!

ADDISON
Yes. If you and the rest of your
crew, Deshawn, T.J. and Decoy are
the ones that pulled the robbery at
the Lozeta house... then you were
all exposed to aids. Both Jay and
Jesus have it. If any of them got
blood in their mouth or eyes...
you've been fucked since then.

SHARPTOP
None of us made out alive then.

Hangs up.

INT. BEAUMONT HOSPITAL, WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Sharptop has a blank stare on his face as he approaches the
counter. Talks to a NURSE.

SHARPTOP
Do you have a pen and two sheets of
paper?

NURSE

Sure.

She grabs two blank sheets from the copier.

He sits down. Writes. Cries.

INT. BEAUMONT HOSPITAL, ANN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sharptop places a sheet of paper full of writing on the table next to her bed. The back faces up, it says "Mom." He leans in. Kisses her on the head. Leaves...

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Sharptop's car is parked in an empty parking lot.

INT. SHARPTOP'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

He lights the Florida brochure on fire with a lighter. Tosses the flaming piece of literature out of the window. Drives off.

EXT. IVONNE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sharptop pulls up to the mailbox. Places a letter in the mailbox. Stares at the house.

Notices a light on in Ivonne's room. Drives off.

INT. IVONNE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She hears the car. Looks out the window. Sees red lights from the brakes of the car turning out of her neighborhood.

EXT. T.J.'S HOUSE - MIDNIGHT

A screened in porch made of rotting wood with four stairs leading up to it. A roof over head with an enormous hole in it and broken shingles stand out as an eye sore. An overgrown lawn and dirty windows plague the house's appearance.

T.J.'s 2000 LINCOLN pulls into the cracked driveway.

TRINITY (20s) a girl who has fucked everyone in the neighborhood and dresses like it, steps out with T.J..

T.J.

Get your ass up in that house.

Slaps her ass. She loves it.

TRINITY

Yes daddy.

As soon as both of their feet touch the first step of the porch, JESUS JUMPS OUT from behind the bushes. POINTS A PISTOL at the two.

JESUS

Get your hands up! You too, bitch!

Shoves a pistol in her face. Steps back. Points it at T.J..

Trinity's gold bracelets CLANK together on her wrist as she shakes in fear.

T.J.

Fifty bucks in my pocket. Take it!

JESUS

This ain't about your money
motherfucker.

Jesus points the gun towards the porch. BARKS ORDERS...

JESUS (CONT'D)

Get up the stairs!

Trinity cries and pleads.

TRINITY

Let me leave, let me leave please.

JESUS

You ain't goin' anywhere but up
those stairs.

Pushes her up the stairs savagely. She falls. Skins her knee.

Gazes at Jesus like a wounded child. He pulls her up and shoves her onto the porch.

EXT. PORCH - CONTINUOUS

T.J.

What the fuck is this?

JAY'S VOICE EMERGES from a dark corner of the porch. Tucked away and hidden in the dark. Rolls out in a wheel chair.

JAY

This is between you and me.

Shifts a BLACK BLANKET off of his lap. Reveals a MOSSBERG 500 SHOTGUN that holds seven shells.

T.J. opens his mouth to speak...

BANG!

Jay BLASTS a round into T.J. and Trinity. T.J. is TOSSED back and his body THUDS when it hits the wood floor.

Trinity is thrown back. She hugs the railing on the stairs. Her skin is shredded from the pellets in the buckshot. Blood and pieces of flesh dangle off the left side of her body. All over. The left side of her face, shoulder, arm, and hip.

She SHRIEKS FROM THE PAIN!

Jay lays the shotgun in his lap. Tries to wheel over to the bodies. Struggles to accurately move the chair. Makes it over to them.

TRINITY

Please God! Please don't kill me. I
have his baby inside me!

Jay targets her with the shotgun.

JAY

You ain't got shit NOW!

BANG!

The word "NOW" ECHOES in Trinity's ears as the last sound she ever hears. As she dies, the ECHO repeats and eventually fades...

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

Now... Now... Now...

CLOSE UP: Trinity's face in TWO FREEZE SHOTS, like a picture. THE FIRST SHOT-- Trinity SCREAMING at the exact second the gun goes off. An eerie WHITE FLASH from the blast surrounds the freeze shot. Mouth and eyes OPEN wide. Tears and blood on her face...

THE SECOND SHOT-- her bloody face the moment after. The moment she dies; Eyes CLOSED TIGHT, SCRUNCED UP FACE, mouth CLOSED...

Jay unloads five more shots into the bodies. Turns them into ripped and mangled corpses.

POV from Eric and Trinity's souls as they hover directly over their shredded bodies... We stare at the bodies as we slowly ascend up (into the afterlife). Continue to stare as we go up and through the hole in the roof... Then over the house... Into blackness.

EXT. T.J.'S HOUSE, STREET - NIGHT

Jesus helps Jay down the stairs. Puts him in the front seat of a WHITE VAN. Places the wheel chair in the back. Drives.

EXT. PASTOR REED'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sharptop stands at the front door, in the rain, tells Pastor Reed everything. Reed takes in the information.

PASTOR REED

I don't know what to say.

SHARPTOP

There's nothing to say. I came here tonight to ask you for something.

PASTOR REED

I can't help you if it's illegal.

SHARPTOP

Pray for me.

Beat.

PASTOR REED

Sure.

SHARPTOP

Remember I told you I don't care that I'm going to hell, because I saved Heaven. I mean that.

(beat)

I met Ivonne at a party. Some cock sucker was raping her. I pulled him off, beat his ass and shoved a knife into his throat, then drove her home. That was the only time I ever killed anyone until this year. Right then, I knew I had reserved a spot in hell, but I wouldn't take it back.

(beat)

Everything else in my life, I'd redo, try to make right.

(MORE)

SHARPTOP (CONT'D)

But that one moment... I would do
it again every time.

They both become quiet. Reed puts his hand on Sharptop's
shoulder.

PASTOR REED

So would I brother.

They shake hands.

SHARPTOP

Thank you for being there for me
when I needed you. You're a good
man Pastor Reed. Say by some chance
I meet God, I'll make sure I throw
in the good word for you.

PASTOR REED

I hope you make it there. Ask God
for forgiveness in your last
moments. Trust me.

EXT. LOZETA HOUSE - NIGHT

Sharptop's car pulls up.

INT. SHARPTOP'S CAR - NIGHT

He loads a shotgun with shells. Checks his silver pistol for
bullets. Leaves the shotgun...

EXT. LOZETA HOUSE - NIGHT

He STORMS OUT of the car. Jogs up to the house...

Waits just outside the door. Listens for noise...

Sharptop gently touches the door handle. Squeezes and turns.

INT. LOZETA HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

An empty house. The TV and lights are on but nobody's
downstairs.

EXT. LOZETA HOUSE - NIGHT

After Sharptop sneaks in, a FIGURE dressed in black, with a RED SKI MASK ON, splashes gasoline out of a RED GAS CONTAINER all over the side of the house. RUNS around the house drenching every brick and piece of wood.

RUNS to Sharptop's car. Pulls out the shotgun. DRENCHES the car in gasoline...

INT. LOZETA HOUSE, JAY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sharptop enters. Sees the bed from the DVD.

SHARPTOP
Sick fuck.

EXT. LOZETA HOUSE - NIGHT

The figure in black holds a glass beer bottle with gasoline filled in it, and a rag sticking out of it.

LIGHTS THE RAG. Throws the bottle! It hit's the front door. The HOUSE GOES UP IN FLAMES!

INT. LOZETA HOUSE, JAY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sharptop SMELLS SMOKE. Runs downstairs...

INT. LOZETA HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

BLACK SMOKE fills the house.

Sharptop looks out the window. Sees his CAR ON FIRE. He also sees the white VAN.

BANG! BANG!

Shotgun blasts rip through the burning front door!

EXT. LOZETA HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jesus and Jay are right outside the door on the lawn. They almost nailed Sharptop! They SHOOT FOUR MORE TIMES!

INT. LOZETA HOUSE - NIGHT

Sharptop points the pistol out the window. He can't get to close because of the flames. SHOOTS THREE TIMES!

He can barely see the results. Jesus is gone but Jay is still there, slumped over, SHOT.

Sharptop heads for the back door. Hears a FAMILIAR VOICE coming from the basement...

IVONNE (O.S.)
Isaac! Isaac!

Stops dead in his tracks. How can this be her?

SHARPTOP
Ivonne?

Tries to open the basement door. It's locked. He can hear her muffled voice.

IVONNE (O.S.)
Isaac!

SHARPTOP
No, no, no! I'M COMING!

SLAMS his shoulder into the door. DOES IT AGAIN. It doesn't break!

He KICKS it as hard as he can. THAT WORKS. The door opens!

INT. LOZETA HOUSE, BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Just as he comes down, across the basement, two wood doors close as SOMEONE LEAVES. Sharptop doesn't see it. He TURNS ON THE LIGHT.

SHARPTOP
Ivonne! Where are you baby?

A WOMAN is tied to a pole in the far corner. A bag over her head. A POOL OF BLOOD around her legs.

He sees the body...

SHARPTOP (CONT'D)
Oh God no!

Slides next to the body. Unties her hands. Takes the bag off of her head.

LENA'S dead eyes STARE INTO HIS... Her face is bloody. Her throat SLASHED OPEN...

EXT. LOZETA HOUSE, FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Jay's head is sunken into his chest. A bullet hole in his stomach.

His body bounces as the wheel chair is pushed towards the house. The flames ORANGE LIGHT GLOWS off his face as he gets closer.

Lifts his head as he wakes up...

JAY

Hey...

He's feet away from the flame engulfed entrance of the house. Jesus is behind him. Jay panics!

JAY (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

JESUS

Burn in hell motherfucker!

Jesus PUSHES THE WHEELCHAIR INTO THE FLAMES! Jay SCREAMS as he burns! Jesus smiles.

BANG...

Jay SHOOTS Jesus with his shotgun's last shot. Jesus falls back. Blood LEAKS out of his chest and stomach.

He crawls away from the house to the side walk. He can't reach the van.

The figure in black approaches Jesus. Pulls off her mask. IT'S MELISSA!! Her real name is MADELINA LOZETA. Cradles Jesus in her arms.

MADELINA

We got both of them.

She holds up a cell phone. Plays a RECORDING OF IVONNE'S VOICE CALLING SHARPTOP.

MADELINA (CONT'D)

The asshole fell for it. I got a souvenir from his house. I used his own machete to slice up his brother.

JESUS

Show me.

MADELINA

No. It's over there, in my truck. I don't want to leave you.

JESUS

I'm dying, let me see it.

MADELINA

Okay. Hold on, just one second.

She RUNS.

INT. LOZETA HOUSE, BASEMENT - NIGHT

Sharptop SHOOTS the lock on the two wooden doors that lead out of the basement into the back yard. They finally open after a few shots.

Walks around to the front. Sees Jesus as he lays on the ground. Approaches him. Stands over him.

Jesus looks up.

SHARPTOP

I tried to help you.

Jay's burning body BURSTS OUT THE WINDOW! Scares Sharptop.

Jay burns on the ground, not moving anymore... This is the scene we saw in the beginning montage- the burning man.

Sharptop turns, about to speak to Jesus when...

THUD!

His face freezes in pain. Madelina SMASHES the machete into Sharptop's spine! Right where the neck stops and the back begins.

His legs give out. His body collapses. On the ground parallel to Jesus, their eyes meet; locked in a deadly staring contest, only in this stare off the stakes aren't who will blink or look away first, but who dies first... their final battle.

Madelina YANKS the machete out of his back.

Aims the shotgun from Sharptop's car. Drops to both knees...

PRESSES the barrel INTO THE MACHETE WOUND ON SHARPTOP'S BACK...

SHOOTS!

The ROUND EXPLODES through his body; pushes flesh, bone, and pieces of organs out of his stomach.

MADELINA
(talking to Jesus)
There you go sweetie.

Jesus doesn't answer. His dead face has a smile that stretches across from ear to ear. He just stares at Sharptop's face. Neither he or Sharptop ever looked away or blinked.

Madelina squats down next to Jesus's body. Shakes him. No response.

A tear runs down her face. She kisses his forehead. Makes one last promise to her brother...

MADELINA (CONT'D)
I'll get the girl. I promise.

She gets into her blue truck. Drives off. The house BURNS in her rear view mirror.

COPS arrive at the scene.

EXT. LOZETA HOUSE - NIGHT

The house is burnt down. Almost no structure left.

Detective Addison's car arrives. He gets out. Watches the dying flames as they are sprayed with water from firefighter's hoses.

INT. BEAUMONT HOSPITAL, ANN'S ROOM - MORNING

Ann wakes up from a nightmare. Looks around the room. Finds the letter.

She cries as soon as she sees the words "Mom" on the front. Knows in her heart that he's gone.

Opens it. It reads...

SHARPTOP (V.O.)
Mom, I'm sorry you're going to have to read this.
(MORE)

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

I found out the kid who shot me gave me aids. It's useless for me to stay on earth and wait to die. I'm going to find him and kill him, and hopefully get shot by the cops in the process. The safe in my closet has \$24,000 in it. The code is 2287, take it and buy the horse farm you always wanted. You were the best mom I could ask for, sorry I was such a pain in the ass. None of this is your fault. Dad, Mike and I- I guess this was just our destiny. Don't be sad. I'm very sorry.

Detective Addison KNOCKS on the door. Ann looks up.

EXT. FLORIDA FREEWAY - DAY

Ivonne speeds down the freeway in a RED CHRYSLER CONVERTIBLE with the top down. Her hair dances in the wind. Black sun glasses on.

IVONNE (V.O.)

After a month I couldn't take living in Michigan anymore. I followed through on our plan to go to Florida. Isaac left me a love letter with ten thousand dollars in it. He told me to move on. Ha! That's funny. How can you forget about someone you loved so much? Even though it was never official... how could I not stay married to him? He had no idea that he'd live on forever.

She rubs her pregnant stomach.

INT. FLORIDA HOME - DAY

Ivonne is SIX MONTHS PREGNANT. Waters plants on a beautiful sunny day.

IVONNE (V.O.)

I see Ann almost every other week. She has a horse farm in Georgia. My family moved down here to help me with the pregnancy. I just wish Isaac was here.

The door bell rings. She puts down the water bottle.

IVONNE

Coming!

Opens the door...

Madelina smiles. She has blonde hair now.

Ivonne lights up with excitement.

IVONNE (CONT'D)

Melissa, oh my God! I can't believe
you came.

MADELINA

I wouldn't miss it for the world.

Ivonne grips a pistol behind her back.

IVONNE

Please come in.

BLACKNESS.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

THE END