

EXT. BROOKLYN, NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT - PRESENT DAY

Manhattans skyline can be seen in the distance.

A subway rumbles past overhead.

JUNKIES and BEGGARS loiter the streets.

Police sirens wail.

EXT. HOSPITAL E.R. - NIGHT

Doors slide open. ANDRE, 30's, steps out. Baggy shorts, white-tee, and a baseball cap.

He looks mal nourished, skinny, pale.

Two PARAMEDICS with a loaded stretcher rush past him.

He tears off his hospital wrist band, picks up a cigarette butt off the ground and lights it.

A sign posted on the wall behind him reads: No Smoking.

EXT. GOD BLESS DELI - NIGHT

Filthy, trash lined sidewalk. People smoking, getting high. Some are already frozen in existence.

A CRAZED MAN is being tasered by two cops, STEELY OFFICER, sleeve tattoos, crew cut, and DONUT OFFICER, on the heavier side, one who bites more than he can chew.

STEELY OFFICER
Stay the fuck down!

Donut Officer tases him again.

The crazed man just won't quit, he tries to regain control of his body and stand up but the electric shock prevents him from doing so.

Others are indifferent, not paying much mind to what's happening.

Dre makes his way through the crowd and enters the deli.

INT. GOD BLESS DELI - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Dre waltzes pass the snacks, chips, and drinks, arriving at the counter.

HUSSEIN, 50's, a short, bearded, arabic man who speaks with a heavy accent greets him.

HUSSEIN

Andre!

DRE

(imitating Arabic)
Mahalakala Salah Malah!

HUSSEIN

You tryin' to fuck my business?

DRE

Yo H! How long you known me for?

HUSSEIN

My name is not H! When you here,
there's always trouble. You see
what's going on outside?!

DRE

Don't worry about it, they can't do
nothing. This shit is legal!

HUSSEIN

Don't fuck with my business!

Dre looks over behind Hussein and sees hundreds of colorful packets hanging on the wall.

DRE

Just gimme a bag and I'll be outta
here.

HUSSEIN

Give me money, you already owe me
fucking money.

A big SCARY DUDE, 30's, in a jumpsuit approaches the counter.

SCARY DUDE

Yo. Let me get fifteen of the
scooby snax, ten of the twenty-
twenty, and twenty of the smack.
Tropical.

Dre looks over at the big scary dude in awe.

DRE

God damn! Where the party at
homie?!

SCARY DUDE
(threatening)
There ain't no party, homie.

Hussein gives Scary Dude his stuff.

DRE
All right, well shit, break me one
off, it's hard out here.

Scary Dude looks Dre up and down, sees his dirty sneakers and
ripped shirt.

SCARY DUDE
Suck my dick.

Scary Dude strolls out of the deli.

DRE
What kind of people you serving
over here, H?!

HUSSEIN
The kind that pay.

Dre takes out a few crumbles up dollars from his sock and
slams it on the counter.

DRE
We in business.

HUSSEIN
(counting the singles)
What the fuck is this?!

DRE
Man, quit playin', just gimme the
shit.

HUSSEIN
Your credit ran out.

Hussein takes the bills and slams down a colorful packet on
the counter called SMACK.

Dre takes it, it has a stoned green frog with blood shot red
eyes on it.

DRE
You ain't got anymore of that
Joker?

HUSSEIN
No.

DRE
A.K.?

HUSSEIN
No.

DRE
Caution?!

HUSSEIN
No more. Sold out. This is the new
shit.

Dre opens the bag and smells it.

DRE
Lemme get one more.

HUSSEIN
Get the fuck out! The police here
everyday.

DRE
Come on H, ain't my fault.

HUSSEIN
Somebody came in here looking for
you. Go get me my money.

DRE
Lookin' for me? What he look like?

HUSSEIN
Like you. A troublemaker.

DRE
Puerto-Rican guy?

HUSSEIN
No. White boy, shaved head.

DRE
Next time somebody come in here
lookin' for me, tell 'em I said...

Dre waltzes right out with a middle finger in the air.

DRE (CONT'D)
(imitating Arabic)
Mahalakala Sala Mala!

EXT. GOD BLESS DELI - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Dre rolls up a smack blunt lickity quick and lights it up.
He inhales deeply and smiles with pleasure.

INT. SUGAR DADDY'S PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Disco ball, arm chairs, mirrored walls.
Hip-Hop music bumps through the speakers.
A sexy black girl, STRAWBERRY, 20's, swings her hair back.
She rides Dre like a cowgirl.

STRAWBERRY
Oh yeah baby.

Dry humping championship.

STRAWBERRY (CONT'D)
You want to fuck me?

She turns around and shoves his face in between her breasts.

STRAWBERRY (CONT'D)
You like my tits?

Dre is in a trance, he's stoned out of his mind.
He attempts to pull down her underwear.

STRAWBERRY (CONT'D)
(moving his hand away)
You want me baby?

He grabs her breasts tight.

DRE
I wanna eat you up girl. Your tits,
your ass, your everythang.

She shoves her ass in his face.

Over the intercom a man's voice interrupts

SPEAKER
Strawberry. You're up.

She gets up off him, fixes her bra and panties.

DRE
Where you goin?

STRAWBERRY
(hand out)
Time's up.

He looks her up and down like a hungry animal.

STRAWBERRY (CONT'D)
You high or something? That's
sixty.

He digs into his pocket and hands her a candy wrapper.

STRAWBERRY (CONT'D)
Are you fucking with me?

She throws it back at him.

STRAWBERRY (CONT'D)
(yelling)
House!

She exits the room.

Dre notices his reflection, he stares.

A large black man, HOUSE the bouncer, 38, thunders in along
with Strawberry.

STRAWBERRY (CONT'D)
(showing House the wrapper)
This mothafucka tried to pay me
with a fucking skittles wrapper.

HOUSE
I got this.

House takes Dre by his shirt and lifts him off his feet.

DRE
Yo, chill! I'm cool, we cool.

HOUSE
Oh, we far from cool my dude.

EXT. SUGAR DADDY'S - NIGHT

Dre is thrown out of the club by House.

HOUSE
You done fucked up, Dre. You not
welcome here no more.

Dre stumbles on his feet.

DRE
Go fuck yourself.

HOUSE
I wont have to B, lotta wonderful
ladies here, now you on the other
hand might have to.

Dre almost trips over the sidewalk as he struts down the
street.

DRE
Yeah, I just might have to.

He notices a half smoked cigarette on the sidewalk picks it
up and lights it.

HOUSE
(shaking head)
Bum ass nigga.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Dre sits hunched over on a stoop, smoking the last bit of his
smack joint.

A large Hispanic man, JESUS, 38, with a blunt in his mouth
and gold Jesus chain around his neck sits a few feet away
from him.

JESUS
I can't even sit next to you dawg.

DRE
What I do now?

JESUS
That shit smells like straight up
burning rubber.

DRE
(slurring speech)
I get high, that's all I care
about.

JESUS

You keep smoking that you gonna
fucking die. Can't you smoke weed
like normal people?

DRE

Fuck weed.

JESUS

No, fuck you. I've been smoking
weed for almost twenty years my
nigga, I feel great, I look great--
You been smoking that shit for
what, two, almost three years now?
You can't keep a job, you look like
shit, you smell like shit...

Dre sniffs himself.

DRE

Smells like that good shit to me.

JESUS

There's people dyin out there from
this shit.

DRE

I'm still swingin'!

Dre swings his arm and loses balance.

JESUS

You spoke to Kiki?

DRE

Fuck Kiki. Fuck all them hoes, I'm
better without 'em.

JESUS

Nobody gonna show you love 'till
you love yourself homie.

DRE

OK, yeah you right. You always
fucking right.

Dre gets up, swaying, Jesus grabs him so he doesn't fall.

JESUS

Peace be with you dawg.

Dre knocks his hand away.

DRE
Peace never been with me.

Dre stumbles away, leaving Jesus shaking his head.

DRE (CONT'D)
...And I ain't never gon' be with
her.

EXT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

Dre is leaned against a set of stairs, has his head tilted back.

A head goes up and down on his crotch.

He puts his hand on the Woman's hair and accidently pulls it off.

DRE
What the...?

He looks down and sees it was a Man giving him a blowjob.

DRE (CONT'D)
Oh shit.

Dre knocks the Man away and pulls up his pants.

MAN
(wiping mouth)
It's OK baby, I'm just as good, if
not better.

Dre vomits.

MAN (CONT'D)
You fucking ass hole!

Dre stumbles away.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - NIGHT

Dre looks through a window and notices people having dinner and drinks. A busy and hip restaurant.

He sees his own reflection. Crooked. Alone.

He smokes some more.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - NIGHT

Dre looks left, and right, making sure no one sees him.

He opens a trash dumpster and rummages through it, sniffing things here and there.

Among the pounds of junk he finds a few things he can eat, some left overs in a plastic bag.

INT. DRE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Dre stumbles inside with his food and hears a loud female voice coming from inside one of the apartments.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

I can't live like this anymore
Mike! I've had it! How long has it
been already?! Half a year?! Six
months?! If you don't do something
I will, 'cause apparently you ain't
worth a damn shit.

He continues to walk towards his apartment when he notices a girl, ISABELLA 7, sitting on the stairs, covering her face.

DRE

Isabella?!

She looks up.

ISABELLA

Dad?

DRE

The hell you doing here?

ISABELLA

I ran away.

DRE

Well you better run back.

Dre opens his door and tries to enter but Isabella follows him.

ISABELLA

I wanna stay with you.

DRE

That ain't gonna happen.

She holds on to him, trying to stop him.

ISABELLA
Please, I can't stay there anymore.

DRE
Too fucking bad.

He shoves her off and closes the door on her, she presses up against it.

ISABELLA
Dad!

DRE (O.S.)
So next time you get hit by your
mother who you gonna tell them hit
you?!

ISABELLA
I'm sorry dad, I'm sorry!

DRE (O.S.)
Bull shit, you ain't sorry.

ISABELLA
Please, I won't ever do it again. I
promise!

INT. DRE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Crummy, small apartment. Clothes scattered about, sink full of dirty dishes.

Dre sits down on a chair and begins rolling up.

DRE
You can't stay with me.

He hears Isabella crying.

DRE (CONT'D)
Go back to your mothers!

Isabella continues to cry.

After a few puffs of his smack Dre gets up and opens the door.

DRE (CONT'D)
What you crying for?

Isabella hugs him tight.

She looks up at him with watery eyes.

DRE (CONT'D)
I can't fucking do this.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Dre sits across from Isabella at the kitchen table.

He smokes.

She stares at him.

He notices the bruise around her eye.

DRE
You know they'll arrest me again if
they find you here?

ISABELLA
I told the police it wasn't you!

DRE
When it was already too late.

ISABELLA
I said I'm sorry for lying!

DRE
Sorry?! Are you sorry I had to
spend eighteen fucking months in
Rikers?! I don't fucking think so.

Isabella starts crying again.

DRE (CONT'D)
If you wanna stay with me you gotta
make me a promise.

Isabella nods her head.

DRE (CONT'D)
Always speak the truth, and always
speak your mind. No matter how hard
it is.

She nods again.

DRE (CONT'D)
I don't hear you.

ISABELLA
I promise.

DRE
Liars are worse than killers.

Isabella wipes her tears away.

DRE (CONT'D)
Nothin' to cry about.

ISABELLA
Mom smokes too.

DRE
Don't you have school tomorrow?

ISABELLA
Tomorrow is Sunday.

DRE
Well go watch some TV then.

ISABELLA
I'm hungry.

Isabella gets up and checks the fridge.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)
Your fridge is empty!

She checks the freezer.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)
A frozen chicken?!

DRE
Get used to it.

ISABELLA
What are we gonna eat?

Isabella looks into Dre's plastic bag he rummaged in the dumpster.

She opens it and gags from the terrible smell.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)
Ew! You were gonna eat this?!

EXT. VINNIE'S PIZZERIA - NIGHT

Vinnie, 40's, Italian-American, quick with a joke and will light up your smoke kind of guy, stands outside his pizzeria smoking a cigarette wearing a sauce smeared apron.

Dre stands next to him watching Isabella eat a slice inside.

DRE
Give me a chance, Vinnie.

VINNIE
I gave you a chance Dre. I can
smell that junk all the way from
Delancey.

DRE
I got her with me now, what am I
gonna do?

VINNIE
You're a danger to my customers
Dre, I'm sorry.

DRE
Just give me a few days a week.

VINNIE
Do yourself a favor pal, get some
help. I mean look at yourself, how
am I supposed to have you working
here?

DRE
Let me bum a smoke at least.

VINNIE
Get the fuck outta here.

DRE
Thanks for looking out for her.

VINNIE
She's staying with you now?

DRE
Yeah.

Vinnie shakes his head, flicks his cigarette and walks
inside, Dre follows.

INT. PIZZERIA - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

One of Vinnie's workers loads a fresh pie into a pizza box.

VINNIE
It's a shame. You make better sauce
than some Italians I know. Damn
shame.

Vinnie grabs it and hands it to Dre, Isabella's eyes widen.

ISABELLA
We got a whole pizza?!

VINNIE
That's right.

DRE
You don't gotta--

VINNIE
--I don't. But if I don't, who else
will, ey?

DRE
Thanks Vin, I appreciate you.

VINNIE
Listen, you know why I fired you.
And it was all personal.
(to Isabella)
Don't let this guy eat the whole
thing, I've seen him do it!

Isabella giggles, slurping on some soda.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - NIGHT

Isabella skips along with the pizza box while Dre rolls
himself up another smack.

ISABELLA
How do you know Vinnie?

DRE
Be careful!

ISABELLA
Careful of what?

DRE
Careful of that pizza!

ISABELLA
You made pizza?

DRE
Hell yeah I made pizza. And pretty
damn good at it.

ISABELLA
Why don't you work there anymore?

Dre takes a few deep pulls of his smack.

DRE
That's between me and Vinnie.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dre and Isabella sit at the table.

She stretches the cheese to maximum fun while he enjoys every saucy bite.

A pure rush of pleasure and happiness for both.

DRE
Thank you.

ISABELLA
For what?

DRE
For this.

A few loud knocks on the door are heard.

Dre doesn't budge, mouth full of pizza.

More knocking.

DRE (CONT'D)
Who is it?!

VOICE (O.S.)
It's me, Mike, I gotta talk to you,
come on open the door.

DRE
Come back later!

More knocking.

Dre furious now, gets up.

He opens the door and sees MIKE, 50's, unkempt, stained wife-beater, shorts, standing there with a long face.

DRE (CONT'D)
What do you want?!

MIKE
Andre, listen, I really need the
money.

DRE
It ain't the first, is it?

MIKE
You haven't paid rent in six months.

DRE
Six months?! I gave you--

MIKE
No. You didn't. Come on, don't bullshit me, I know you know.

DRE
I ain't know shit. Six fucking months?! Has it been that long?

MIKE
Do I really have to tell you this? Every month I remind you. You say, You'll pay me don't worry about it.

DRE
I just don't got the money right now, Mike.

MIKE
You're gonna have to come up with something, I, we, can't wait any longer--

Mike's WIFE yells from inside the apartment.

WIFE (O.S.)
If you're not gonna pay the fucking rent, then get the fuck off my property!

MIKE
She's a little upset.

WIFE (O.S.)
You think I'm some idiot? You think I'm stupid?! I'll cut your fucking kidneys out and sell them If I have to, I'll get my money.

MIKE
You don't want to make her angry, trust me.

DRE
What's the monthly rent?

MIKE
You're kidding right?

DRE
Do I look like I'm kidding?

MIKE
What the hell happened to you?

DRE
Watchu mean what happened to me?

MIKE
I barely see you around anymore,
and when I do, it's, you're, you
look horrible, I mean don't you
have a daughter?

Dre turns away.

MIKE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, Dre.

A moment of silence.

MIKE (CONT'D)
It's seven hundred a month...

DRE
Seven hundred?!

MIKE
We had to raise the rent last
month...

DRE
I had no heat all winter!--

MIKE
...times six months, that's--

Mike's Wife, DOLORES, 50's, storms out.

Her resonating raspy voice is accompanied by her short, pudgy
self, also wearing a wife-beater, she swings the door open.

DOLORES
That's forty-two hundred dollars!

MIKE
Dolores, please.

DOLORES
Don't test me, Mike.

She slams the door.

DOLORES (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'll get my money.

DRE
She's crazy! I ain't got that much--

MIKE
She's not... crazy.

DRE
Where am I supposed to get that
kind of money.

Dolores swings the door open and walks right up to Dre's face.

DOLORES
When you go to sleep tonight I want
you to think real hard. 'Cause the
next time you wake up you might be
under a crack bridge in Gowanus.
(to Mike)
You're a disgrace.

She storms back into her apartment.

DRE
Mike--

MIKE
If you bring me half at least, I'll
be able to help you. I'm sorry Dre.

Mike heads back inside.

INT. DRE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Dre steps back inside and sees Isabella standing there.

ISABELLA
Four thousand and two hundred
dollars?!

Dre takes a seat at the kitchen table.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)
How are we gonna pay that?!

Dre empties out his smack bag and starts rolling up another.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

Are we gonna have to move out?

DRE

We're not going anywhere. This is our house.

ISABELLA

But where are we gonna find four thousand and two hundred dollars?!

DRE

I don't know.

ISABELLA

Maybe you can get your job back at the pizzeria?

DRE

You shouldn't have came.

ISABELLA

Why not?

DRE

You should've stayed with your mother.

ISABELLA

I hate mom.

A loud banging on the door is heard.

VOICE (O.S.)

Isabella!

DRE

(whispering)

Shit. Go hide quick.

Isabella runs away.

VOICE (O.S.)

I know you're in there. Open this fucking door Andre!

DRE

She ain't coming back to you, Kiki. Go the fuck back home.

KIKI (O.S.)

You must be mothafuckin jokin'.

She bangs on the door.

DRE
She's scared of you.

KIKI (O.S.)
You should be too bitch! Open this
fucking door.

DRE
You can forget it. I ain't opening
shit.

KIKI (O.S.)
Isabella?! Come on baby, come to
mama. I'll buy you those shoes you
really wanted, come on baby.

DRE
Nice fucking try.

KIKI (O.S.)
You want me to fucking call the
cops again?!

DRE
Go ahead and call the cops! She'll
tell them everything. Nothing but
the truth this time.

The door is knocked with force from the outside.

Dre presses up against it, absorbing the shock.

DRE (CONT'D)
Are you fucking crazy?!

KIKI
Open this fucking door!

Another heavy pound on the door and it breaks through.

KIKI, 30's, white trash, runny make up and a cigarette in her
hand enters along with...

GABRIEL, 30's, the scary dude from the deli, Kiki's
boyfriend.

DRE
What the fuck?!

GABRIEL
You gotta be fucking kiddin' me?!

GABRIEL (CONT'D)
 You're that bitch from the
 deli.

DRE
 You're that bitch from the
 deli.

KIKI
 Ya'll know each other?!

GABRIEL
 I don't know this mothafucka.

DRE
 Yeah I know this mothafucka.

Gabriel picks Dre up by his shirt and pounds him against the wall.

Kiki looks around.

KIKI
 Isabella?!
 (to Gabriel)
 Hold him.

Kiki heads to the other room looking for her.

KIKI (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Come on baby, stop playing. I got
 some ice cream waiting for you at
 home, your favorite chocolate chip
 flavor, come on baby.

Gabriel still has a tight grip on Dre.

GABRIEL
 I should'a knocked you the fuck out
 when I saw you.

DRE
 Fuck you.

Kiki storms back in.

KIKI
 Where the fuck is she?

DRE
 She ain't here.

KIKI
 I'mma ask you one more time. Where
 the fuck is my daughter?

DRE
 You ain't gonna do shit.

Gabriel knocks one right in Dre's mouth, sending him to the floor.

KIKI
My only regret in life is ever
fucking you.

DRE
There you go, we finally have
something in common.

KIKI
You're a fucking junkie. A fucking
bum. And a fucking criminal.

DRE
I know I am but what are you?

KIKI
You'll never be a father.

DRE
I'll be a better one than mine was
ever to me.

KIKI
Watch what happens. I told you not
to fuck with me

Dre gets back up on his feet.

KIKI (CONT'D)
(to Gabriel)
Come on, lets leave this piece of
shit.

Kiki and Gabriel make their way out of the building.

DRE
(whispering)
Isabella?

Dre looks in the closet, under the bed, can't find her.

He looks through the window and sees her hiding on the fire
escape.

He opens the window and she hops back into her arms.

DRE (CONT'D)
Good hiding spot.

ISABELLA
Thanks dad.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The living room is a ash filled mess with clothes and garbage scattered about.

Dre is passed out on the floor, Isabella lays on the couch watching the TV.

A female REPORTER speaks:

REPORTER

What local residents are calling, the walking dead, a bad batch of synthetic marijuana known as K2, spice, and sometimes more kid friendly names like Scooby Snacks has been sending people to the hospital in record numbers. With packets ranging from just a few dollars and up, it is by far the cheapest and deadliest way to get high. Firefighters, cops and paramedics responded and found thirty-three semi-conscious people in several locations there and in nearby areas. "It was a horrible scene," A witness said. "They were laid out twitching on the floor. Some of them were motionless. This is nothing you'd want your kids to see."

Isabella looks at Dre who's snoring like a bear then changes the channel.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The TV is still on. A black and white movie plays.

Isabella wakes up and sees Dre still snoring.

She looks at the clock, it's 11:30.

ISABELLA

Dad! Get up!

Dre moans and pushes her away.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

I wanna go out!

Dre still snores.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

Dad?!

Dre turns around.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

How much can you sleep?

Dre doesn't move an inch.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

I'm hungry... Dad?

Dre opens one eye.

DRE

OK, OK, I'm up. Shit.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET, BLOCK PARTY - DAY

Loud salsa music, sizzlin' BBQ and beers.

Isabella sits on a step eating a hotdog while Dre rolls up a smack, meanwhile his HOMIES, young neighborhood troublemakers, pass around some weed.

A BUM sleeps on the ground nearby.

HOMIE#3

Oh Karen, Karen! You're Karen, and she's Karen. Oh baby!

Homie#3 imitates having sex with a woman while everyone else laughs except Dre and Isabella.

HOMIE#3 (CONT'D)

This one was a freak tho, she was on top of me, riding me like a bull nigga, as soon as she gets off I go, all over myself, bro this bitch goes...

Homie#3 imitates wiping with hand.

HOMIE#3 (CONT'D)

...On my chest... and then...

Homie#3 imitates licking his own hand.

HOMIE#1

Damn!

HOMIE#2

Damn!

HOMIE#4
She a nasty bitch!

HOMIE#3
Nigga, turns out she was an ex-cop.
You know I can't be seeing too much
of her after that.

Homie#1 reads the bag of Dre's smack bag.

HOMIE#1
Bro this shit literally says not
for human consumption.

DRE
You want some?

Homie passes it back to him.

HOMIE #1
Hell no. Last time I smoked that
shit I thought I was gonna have a
heart attack.

HOMIE#4
My nigga I tried that shit once, I
still don't fucking feel right.

HOMIE #3
Yo my girl was like when is this
shit gonna end? You know what I'm
sayin'? That shit was not cool.

HOMIE#1
Here smoke some of this, this the
real shit.

Homie passes Dre a blunt of weed.

HOMIE#2
Nah don't pass it to him, he don't
smoke weed.

DRE
Yeah fuck weed. That shit don't do
nothing to me anyway.

HOMIE#1
You know you lost mad weight right?

DRE
I been walking a lot.

HOMIE#1

I don't know man, you don't look too good.

Homie#3 notices the bum standing up.

HOMIE#3

Oh look, look! He's waking up! Watch, I bet you five bucks he's gonna take a piss over there and go right back to sleep.

Everyone watches as the bum crosses the street, takes a piss in broad daylight by a phone booth.

HOMIE#3 (CONT'D)

I told you, watch, watch.

The homies all watch, including Dre and Isabella.

The bum finishes, does a nice big loud stretch, and comes back to lay down.

HOMIE#3 (CONT'D)

(laughing his ass off)
Where's my fucking money?!

The homies all brush him off.

DRE

(to Isabella)
Come on lets go.

HOMIE#1

Yo some guy was looking for you by the way.

DRE

Who was looking for me?

HOMIE#1

I don't know he said he was your cousin.

DRE

My cousin?! I ain't got no fucking cousins.

HOMIE#2

Yeah mothafucka was white, I knew he was lying.

DRE
Whoever lookin' for me tell them I
moved to Alaska.

HOMIE#1
Alaska? Nigga you know there ain't
no Puerto Ricans in Alaska.

EXT. GOD BLESS DELI - NIGHT

Isabella waits outside for Dre to grab another bag of smack.

She witnesses a NAKED MAN being arrested by two police
officers.

Dre steps out.

ISABELLA
Look, dad! That man is naked!

DRE
Yep.

ISABELLA
(amused)
Why was he naked?!

Dre lights up a smack joint.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Isabella watches TV. Dre is in the kitchen.

ISABELLA
There's never anything good on!
Commercial after commercial and
more commercials. How many
commercials can they put on?!

She turns it off and heads for the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Isabella sees Dre is sitting sleeping. His eyes are closed
and he has a cigarette in his hand that is burning his
finger.

ISABELLA
Dad!! Your finger is burning!

She smacks the cigarette away and stomps on it.

DRE
Huh?! What you did?!

He sees his cigarette on the floor.

DRE (CONT'D)
Don't be smacking no shit around
here. Where you think you is?!

ISABELLA
I'm bored.

DRE
Read a book.

Dre dozes back off from his high.

ISABELLA
I don't wanna read a book. I wanna
go to the park.

She pushes him and he falls off the chair.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)
Dad!?

Dre is unresponsive.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)
Get up!

Isabella takes him by the arms and attempts to drag him but
she can't.

He's too heavy.

She sits down next to him.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)
Wake up...

She rests her head on his arm.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Isabella wakes up on the floor next to Dre.

She looks at the clock and sees 8:00 am.

She pushes and shoves him.

ISABELLA
I'm gonna be late for school!

Dre groans and moans back to life.

DRE
I'm up, I'm up.

ISABELLA
You still have your eyes closed!

She pushes and shoves him.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - DAY

Isabella paces down the street with her backpack.

Dre empties out his bag of smack and rolls one quick.

ISABELLA
Can we get some candy?

DRE
Candy?! It's too early for candy.

Dre lights up his smack.

ISABELLA
It's eight o'clock and you're
already smoking!

DRE
Oh yeah, smart ass? How about you
grab some breakfast at school.

ISABELLA
I don't like school.

DRE
Well tough shit. You'll start
liking it.

ISABELLA
This girl, Maggie, she tried to
look up my skirt. And they all
laugh at me and say that I look
like a boy.

DRE
Don't ever let anyone touch you
down there, you hear me?

Isabella nods.

EXT. PUBLIC SCHOOL - DAY

Dre and Isabella approach the front gates. Other kids are making their way in.

Isabella gives Dre a hug.

ISABELLA

You stink.

DRE

Get your ass in there.

Isabella walks into the building.

Her teacher, JANET, 40's, notices Dre and approaches him.

JANET

Hello, are you Isabella's father?

DRE

Yes, I am.

JANET

I'm her teacher, Janet. I don't believe we've ever met.

DRE

Nice to meet you, I'm Dre.

JANET

We've been trying to get a hold of Isabella's mother-- is there a better way to reach her?

DRE

I'm taking care of Isabella now.

JANET

Mr. Morales, Isabella is failing most of her classes. She's in danger of being suspended.

Dre bends over and grabs his stomach, a sharp pain makes him yell.

DRE

Fuck!

JANET

Are you OK?

DRE

No, I'm not fucking OK.

Janet watches as Dre limps away.

INT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT - DAY

Dre stands outside of a door labeled 1F.

He rings, bell doesn't work.

He knocks hard.

A dog starts barking its head off, a WOMAN yells in Spanish.

VOICE(O.S.)

I got it ma! Why you always gotta
be up in my business?!

The door swings open and a large beast of a man, MOO MOO, 35, stands tall with a big smile on his face and dark sunglasses. He speaks with a soft tone.

He kicks his small white barking pooch out of the way.

MOO

Get back in there you little bitch!
(to Dre)
My nigga!

Moo gives Dre a pound.

MOO (CONT'D)

Get yo ass up in here!

INT. MOO MOO'S BEDROOM - DAY

A hot mess. Unkempt bed, food scraps, dirty dishes, empty cans of energy drinks.

Moo himself flops on his Lazy Boy chair and pops the side door open under his ass, revealing a large cooler with more energy drinks.

MOO

You want one?

DRE

You got a fucking cooler in your
chair?

He throws on to Dre and pops one open himself.

MOO

Bro how dope is this shit?!

Moo chugs the drink and crushes the can with his hands.

DRE
How much that shit cost you?

MOO
You don't wanna fuckin know. I
spent my life savings on this
bitch.

Dre takes out his smack and starts rolling one up.

DRE
Listen Moo, you know I hate asking
for shit, but I figure if anyone
knows something, its you.

Moo's phone makes a sound and he swipes his fat finger on his
cellphone, he's ecstatic.

MOO
Oh my fucking, you gotta be kidding
me?!

DRE
What is it?!

MOO MOO
Oh shit! A fucking Dragonite!? How
did you get here little man?!

Moo swipes on his phone.

DRE
What the fuck is a Dragonite?!

Moo swipes again.

MOO
What?! You haven't played Pokemon?

DRE
Poke what? Nigga I ain't got time
for games, I'm tryin' to tell you
something.

Moo swipes again.

MOO
Nigga you know how rare it is to
find a Dragonite in this area?!
Mother fucker! He got away. I just
wasted two ultra balls. Lemme see
your phone.

Dre shows Moo his phone.

MOO (CONT'D)
What the fuck is this shit?!

DRE
It's my phone.

MOO
No wonder you can't play Pokemon,
this shit might as well be a hot
steamy piece of crap.

DRE
That shit is meant to call and
text, that's it.

Dre lights up his smack and inhales deeply.

MOO
Oh no you don't. You ain't smoking
that in here.

DRE
Why not?

MOO
You know how much shit I got from
my moms last time you blazed that
shit in here?

Dre puts it out with a lick of his finger.

DRE
Listen Moo, I really need some
paper.

MOO
A job? You ain't gonna get a job
lookin' like that?! My shit is all
fresh.

Dre looks at his shoes, they're torn up, dirty just like the
rest of his clothes.

DRE
I can't remember the last time I
felt fresh.

MOO
Yeah 'cause you smokin' that shit.

DRE
You gonna help or not?

MOO
Listen to me, I'm working on
something. Something big.

Moo reveals a grand smile.

DRE
Can I get in on it?

Moo nods.

MOO
You already in nigga. We all in.

DRE
What the fuck you talkin' about?

Moo turns his laptop to face Dre. A bunch of numbers and
computer code.

DRE (CONT'D)
I can't read that shit.

MOO
See it?

DRE
That shit might as well be Chinese,
Moo. I'm talkin' serious here. You
haven't heard of anything?

MOO
I know you like this shit. I can't
tell you everything yet. But trust
me, you'll know when it goes down.

Dre coughs up a storm.

MOO (CONT'D)
Don't be spreadin' no germs around
here, I just got over the flu.

DRE
So you can't help.

MOO
Gimme a couple of days, I'll see
what I can do. Get yourself a
piece.

DRE
You can't set me up with anything
legit?

MOO

Bitch all my shit is legit. It's
just in case. You never know.

Moo has a smile on his face that isn't comforting to Dre.

EXT. SCHOOL YARD - DAY

Isabella plays hop scotch when a basket ball comes crashing
on her from the other direction, knocking her down.

A bunch of girls start laughing and giggling.

A boy, EDDIE, 7, comes running after it.

EDDIE

You want to play ball with us?

ISABELLA

No!

Eddie grabs the ball.

One of the laughing girls, MAGGIE, 8, responds.

MAGGIE

Why not? You should play with them
since you look like a boy anyway!

Isabella gets up, runs up to Maggie and pushes her.

Maggie falls to the floor, starts crying.

ISABELLA

I'm not a boy!

MAGGIE

You're crazy!

ISABELLA

I'm a girl! And I'll kick your ass!

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

A bleak waiting room. Plastic chairs, basket of magazines, a
poster of a happy worker delivering a package to a satisfied
customer.

Dre fills out a job application, he fidgets with his pen.

Application asks: "Have you ever been convicted of a felony?"

Dre checks the yes box and looks to his neighbors answer.

A CLERK, 30's, a black woman with perfectly made hair and glossy lipsticks calls out the next name.

CLERK
Andre Morales?!

Dre gets up with application in hand and walks over.

CLERK (CONT'D)
Application and ID please.

Dre hands her the papers.

DRE
How long you been working here
mammi, you too good lookin' for
this job, girl.

CLERK
You've been convicted of a felony?

DRE
It was a misunderstanding, a long
time ago.

CLERK
A misunderstanding?

Dre reads her name tag, it reads: Shallizé

DRE
Listen, Shalleeze...

CLERK
It's Shallizé.

DRE
I really need this job, It ain't
just me--

CLERK
--We'll have to do a full
background check, which we need a
twenty-five dollar fee, payable by
check or money order.

DRE
Twenty-five?! I'm telling you I got
a felony. What more you want to
know!?

CLERK

It's standard procedure.

Dre checks his pockets. Empty.

DRE

Can't you take it out of the first paycheck?

CLERK

No, you can come back when you have the money.

DRE

I don't have that much time. Fuck your standard procedure, I need a fucking job.

CLERK

Excuse me? Don't raise your voice at me, Mr. Morales. Please step aside so I can take the next applicant.

DRE

Fuck that! I ain't steppin' anywhere, I want to talk to your supervisor.

Dre has a burst of coughs.

CLERK

Maybe you should see a doctor, not an employment agency.

DRE

I ain't gonna eat tonight, you hear me? Call security!

CLERK

There is no security on duty, you will be waiting all day.

DRE

You tell me then, what am I supposed to do? How am I gonna feed my daughter tonight?!

CLERK

I can't answer that.

DRE

Yeah I know you can't. Fuck this shit.

Dre crumbles up his application and chucks it across the room.

INT. GREAT WALL, CHINESE RESTAURANT - DAY

A typical NYC Chinese spot. Aqua green counter tops, faded pictures of their dishes are above the register.

Two COOKS are in the back, flipping noodles in their wok bowls, speaking loud in Chinese.

A large framed picture of the Great Wall hangs on the wall.

Dre walks up to the register and suddenly a Chinese CASHIER, a woman in her 30's, speaking with a heavy Chinese accent, pops up right in front of him.

DRE
God damn! Pingo le yaa!? You tryin'
to give me a heart attack?!

CASHIER
What you want?!

DRE
Ya'll need any delivery guys?

CASHIER
Delivery? OK, what's yo address?

DRE
My address? Nah, you not
understanding, I can be the
delivery guy.

CASHIER
You want delivery or not?!

DRE
No I don't want no fucking
delivery, listen to what I'm
sayin'. I need a job, jay oh bee,
otherwise I cant order shit.

A young boy comes in with a bike helmet and picks up a bunch of bags.

CASHIER
Oh! You wanna work here? No, no,
sorry, why I need you? I have son
for delivery.

The boy shows his tired face to Dre.

She slaps her sons helmet as he heads off with the bags.

CASHIER (CONT'D)
You want to order or not?!

The Cashier yells something in Chinese to the cooks and they all start laughing as they flip noodles over a fiery wok.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

It's mostly empty aside from a few stragglers scattered around the benches.

Dre looks around, he sees the statue of Jesus Christ nailed to the cross.

DRE
Jesus?!

An OLD WOMAN turns to him with a crazy look on her face.

DRE (CONT'D)
Yo J! Where you at?!

JESUS (O.S.)
In here.

Dre turns his attention to the confessional booth.

INT. CONFESSIONAL - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A tight, moody confessional booth. Dre leans against the mesh window giving him a glimpse into the other room.

DRE
I'm in trouble J.

JESUS
Can I tell you how great God is?

DRE
Don't give me that bull shit right now, I'm about to get kicked out of the crib, and I got Izzy back.

JESUS
Isabella?!

DRE
I got two bucks to my name.

JESUS
You lost your damn mind?!

DRE
I need your help J.

JESUS
If you already know the problem
pappa, why not solve it?

DRE
If I knew the problem I wouldn't be
here.

JESUS
I can smell the problem cogno.

DRE
I can't be having her on the
street, what if something happens
to her?

JESUS
If you want me to help you, you
must help yourself first.

DRE
I love her you know, she's a part
of me.

JESUS
You gonna have to make a choice.

DRE
I can't let anything happen to her.

JESUS
Trust in God and yourself.

DRE
How am I gonna get this money?

JESUS
There's always work to be done in
the church, perhaps I can--.

DRE
I doubt you'll pay me four grand in
the next couple of days.

JESUS
Stay here.

Jesus leaves the confessional booth.

Dre waits a few beats until Jesus comes back in.

He slides open the meshed window and hands Dre a pill tube.

DRE
What's this?

JESUS
I know you know someone.

Dre reads the pill bottle.

DRE
A thousand fucking milligrams?!

JESUS
Keep it down cogno!

DRE
I get caught with this you know
what they'll do to me?

JESUS
Don't get caught.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - DAY

Dre walks at a brisk pace.

He checks his bag of smack, turns it upside down, nothing.

DRE
Fuck!

A bit paranoid, he glances left, right, and behind him.

INT. BLO'S APARTMENT - DAY

A full grown python reveals itself, hissing, sticking its tongue out.

Dark and moody, shades drawn.

BLO, 30's, a short Latino guy with sleeve tattoos grabs a rabbit by its ears and releases it in the pythons cage.

The rabbit is scared, it stiffens up.

The python gives a big yawn, then slithers back into its make-shift cave.

BLO
Something's wrong with Ramses.

DRE
I hate snakes. I don't know how you
keep that thing around. Yo Blo,
check it, take the whole thing for
five bills. I don't give a fuck. I
just need this money.

BLO
How can you hate something you
don't even understand?

DRE
What's there to understand? It's a
fucking snake.

BLO
Ramses has personality.

DRE
That mothafucka would kill you if
he had the chance.

BLO
Ain't people the same way?

Blo takes a seat and pops the pill case open.

BLO (CONT'D)
Where you got this?

DRE
From the lord himself.

BLO
This shit is no joke.

DRE
Take it or leave it. I think you
should take it.

Blo counts four hundred.

BLO
All I got is four.

DRE
You fuckin' with me?

BLO

Nah. I just bought that flat screen
tho, watchu think? Shit is lit
right?

Dre glances over at the large flat screen TV on the wall.

DRE

Yo I might need a piece too, I'll
come back for that later.

BLO

I got that too.

Blo takes out a glock pistol and slams it on the coffee
table.

BLO (CONT'D)

Three bills.

Dre coughs up a little blood on his palm.

BLO (CONT'D)

Damn nigga, what the fuck? Is that
blood?

Dre grabs his money and makes his way out.

DRE

Have my money next time!

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

Isabella runs up to Dre, he picks her up, groans from pain,
then has to put her down.

ISABELLA

You OK?

Dre grabs his stomach.

DRE

I'm fine baby. Lets go.

EXT. GOD BLESS DELI - DAY

Isabella pulls Dre by the hand.

ISABELLA

Dad! Don't!

DRE
Just one bag...

ISABELLA
That's what you said last time,
just one more bag!

DRE
You gettin' on my nerves now.

ISABELLA
You're getting on my nerves!

DRE
If you don't let go...

ISABELLA
What are you gonna do? Hit me?

Dre gives her a look that can kill, Isabella lets go of his arm.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)
Fine! Go ahead. Why do I even try?!

DRE
I just gotta get it. OK? I can't,
be without it.

ISABELLA
Just try.

Dre glances down at Isabella, then heads into the Deli.

INT. GOD BLESS DELI - DAY

Dre slaps a few bills on the counter and notices all the bags behind Hussein are gone.

DRE
Where's all the smoke?!

HUSSEIN
(with hand out)
More.

DRE
Watchu mean more?

HUSSEIN
Price goin' up. Too crazy now.

Dre counts his cash, he doesn't have much of it.

He looks back at Isabella who's outside staring at him.

DRE
(slaps another bill on the
counter)
Fuck. Just gimme the fuckin' bag.

Hussein takes a black plastic bag out and gives Dre a bag of smack.

DRE (CONT'D)
Listen you need any extra help
around here?

HUSSEIN
What kind of help?

DRE
I need a job. Anything. I'll make
sandwiches, halal whatever you need
me to do.

Hussein looks to two older ARABIC MEN sitting on a stool and speaks to them in Arabic.

They look Dre up and down and yell back in their native tongue.

HUSSEIN
No, we don't need anybody.

Dre looks at the old men on their stools in displeasure.

DRE
Mahalakala Sala Mala!

EXT. GOD BLESS DELI - DAY

Police arrest some more junkies hanging out in front of the bodega.

Isabella waits for Dre, watching what's going on.

Dre exits and grabs her hand.

ISABELLA
Dad, why are the police arresting
everybody? They're not doing
anything.

DRE
'Cause that's the easiest thing to
do.

ISABELLA
They need help?

DRE
What do you think?

ISABELLA
I guess...

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - DAY

Dre lights up a smack joint, Isabella walks ahead of him.

DRE
Hold up a second!

Dre notices a black BMW cruising slowly next to him.

The cars window rolls down.

VOICE (O.S.)
Andre!

Dre doesn't look back.

He picks up his pace.

ISABELLA
Oh now you're walking fast?

DRE
Come on, hurry up!

VOICE (O.S.)
Andre!

DRE
Run.

ISABELLA
Who is that?

DRE
Run!

They sprint down the block and make a right turn.

The BMW follows but is halted by oncoming traffic at the turn.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Dre empties out another bag of smack and rolls it lickity quick.

The radio is blasting hip-hop while Isabella is doing her homework.

ISABELLA

Why was that car following us?

DRE

The only thing you should be worrying about is your homework. Don't let me hear that bullshit from your teacher again.

Dre's phone vibrates, he picks up.

DRE (CONT'D)

Hello?

VOICE

(over phone)

Hello, am I speaking with Andre Morales?

DRE

Yeah, who this?

Dre heads into the living room, away from Isabella and the music.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dre walks in, phone in ear.

VOICE

My name is Maria Lopez, I'm with child services.

DRE

Child services?! The fuck?--

MARIA

We recently got an anonymous call informing us you could be a danger to your daughter. I have a detective on the line here, he'd like a word with you.

DRE

Anonymous! That dumb bitch. Don't worry Maria, I know who it is. She ain't anonymous.

DETECTIVE JOZWIAK

This is Detective Jozwiak. Mr. Morales I'm gonna need you to come by the precinct. We'd like to have a word with you.

DRE

A word about what?

DETECTIVE JOZWIAK

I can't discuss this over the phone.

DRE

I ain't got nothing to talk about.

DETECTIVE JOZWIAK

Don't make us come for you.

DRE

This is bull shit you realize that right? She's playing you all.

DETECTIVE JOZWIAK

Is that a yes or a no?

Dre hangs up the phone.

Isabella walks in.

ISABELLA

Who was that?!

DRE

Your mother's doing. Now she's telling them I'm danger to you or some shit.

ISABELLA

...But you're not.

Dre takes a deep drag of his smack.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Cold, bare interview room. A metal table and a couple of chairs.

Dre waits by the desk, he fidgets with his fingers.

DETECTIVE JOZWIAK, 50's, walks in along with a younger
DETECTIVE DOHERTY, 30's, both in suit and tie.

DETECTIVE JOZWIAK
Andre, thank you for coming.

DRE
You don't gotta thank me. Lets just
clear this bull shit up once and
for all.

Jozwiak takes a seat across from Dre, while Doherty posts
himself leaning against the wall.

DETECTIVE JOZWIAK
(looking through paperwork)
We've received a call from...

DRE
Kimberly Fiasco.

DETECTIVE JOZWIAK
You already know?

DRE
Of course I know. You can ask my
daughter, I've never laid a hand on
her.

DETECTIVE JOZWIAK
You've been accused of sexually
molesting your daughter, Andre.

DRE
Sexually molesting my daughter?

Dre laughs.

DRE (CONT'D)
Sexually molesting my daughter?!
Wow, she went low.

DETECTIVE DOHERTY
We're gonna have a word with your
daughter, Isabella, as well, if you
don't mind.

DRE
You seen the bruises she had on her
face? Guess who's doing that was?!

DETECTIVE JOZWIAK
I see you've done some time at
Rikers...

DRE
I never in my life, ever laid a
hand on my girl.

DETECTIVE DOHERTY
That's not what the papers say.

DRE
I would rather take my own life.

DETECTIVE DOHERTY
Well, If you're telling the truth,
then you have nothing to worry
about.

Jozwiak smiles at Andre who doesn't smile back.

DRE
I got plenty of shit to worry
about. Give me a fucking cigarette.

DETECTIVE JOZWIAK
We don't smoke.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Dre waits on a chair by himself, when Isabella comes out of
the interview room.

ISABELLA
Hey dad!

DRE
What you tell them?!

ISABELLA
I told them the truth. I didn't
lie.

Detective Jozwiak comes out.

DRE
We finished here?

DETECTIVE JOZWIAK
Almost. Just a few more procedural
things.

DRE
What procedural things?

DETECTIVE JOZWIAK
You'll have to bring her to a
gynecologist. Routine check.

Jozwiak hands Dre a business card.

DRE
For what?!

DETECTIVE JOZWIAK
Standard procedure for these types
of cases.

DRE
There is no case! She don't gotta
go see no doctor.

DETECTIVE JOZWIAK
Rest assured Mr. Morales, you're in
no trouble. You got a wonderful
daughter there. Take care of her.
And yourself.

Jozwiak leaves.

ISABELLA
Why do I have to see a doctor? I'm
not sick.

Dre doesn't respond.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)
Why?! I don't want to see a doctor!

INT. GREAT WALL RESTAURANT - DAY

Dre lets his face drop onto the table, as if he was on
heroin.

Isabella gets worried, then mad.

ISABELLA
Dad! Dad?!

She pushes and shoves him but no response.

The Cashier comes over.

CASHIER

He don't look too good. He can't stay here.

ISABELLA

He's fine. He's just tired!
(to Dre)
Dad! Come on!

Dre lifts his head back up.

DRE

I'm up!?! I'm hungry.

He grabs Isabella's chicken wings and eats it like an animal.

ISABELLA

You're unbelievable!

She storms out of the restaurant.

INT. DRE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Dre hands some money to Mike.

Mike counts it.

MIKE

This isn't gonna work.

DRE

I'll get you the rest. You have my word.

Mike slams the door on his face.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dre looks through his bags of smack but they're all empty.

DRE

(shouting)
Fuck!

He paces around the house while Isabella watches TV.

He looks through pockets, drawers, anywhere he can.

He finds a few crumbs on the carpet floor in the living room and between the couch pillows.

ISABELLA

Dad what are you doing?

Dre continues to find small crumbs of smack here and there, collecting it in his palm.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

Dad?! Stop it!

DRE

Watchu want girl?! I gotta smoke something.

ISABELLA

You're always smoking, can't you stop?!

DRE

Don't worry about what I be doing.

ISABELLA

You're embarrassing me!

Dre doesn't respond, he takes it in.

Dre heads into the kitchen, he's found enough to roll in a joint and smoke.

He puts it in the paper and goes to roll it.

Isabella comes up and slaps it out of his hand.

DRE

Are you fucking crazy?!

ISABELLA

I hate you when you smoke!

Isabella runs away and locks herself in the bathroom.

Dre sits there with the spilled smack on the floor.

He picks it all up and puts it back in the paper.

He rolls it up and flicks his lighter.

INT. DOCTORS OFFICE - DAY

Dre and Isabella enter the office.

A RECEPTIONIST greets them.

RECEPTIONIST
Can I help you?

DRE
We have an appointment for Isabella
Morales.

RECEPTIONIST
Sign in here and take a seat. We'll
call for her.

Dre grabs a seat.

Isabella grabs a magazine and flips through it.

ISABELLA
Dad?

DRE
Yeah?

ISABELLA
If you could be anybody in the
world who would you be?

DRE
Not me.

ISABELLA
Really?

DRE
Don't be askin' me dumb questions.

ISABELLA
There are only dumb answers...

Dre turns to her.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)
Would you be Superman?

DRE
I can't do heights.

ISABELLA
Batman?

DRE
I can't do bats and caves either.

ISABELLA
George Washington?

DRE
Why the hell would I wanna be that
slave owning cracker?

Isabella has a confused look on her face.

ISABELLA
He owned slaves?

A nurse steps out into the room.

NURSE
Isabella Morales?

DRE
(to Isabella)
Go.

ISABELLA
Do I have to?

DRE
You'll be fine, go.

NURSE
Hello Isabella, don't worry, you're
in good hands...

Dre watches as Isabella is taken to another room.

He waits for some time, staring at the clock, fidgeting with
his hands, not being able to sit still.

Dre checks the clock it reads 11:58 am.

Nurse and Isabella step out.

NURSE (CONT'D)
There you go, she's all good to go.

Dre sees Isabella is upset, shes been crying, her eyes are
red.

DRE
You OK?

ISABELLA
I thought you said I should never
let anyone touch me down there!

Isabella runs out of the office.

DRE
Isabella!

The Nurse gives Dre a confused look.

Dre darts after her.

EXT. DRE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Isabella runs up to their building and sits on the step.

Dre is out of breath, catching up.

DRE
It's gonna be OK.

ISABELLA
No, it's not!

DRE
Those were doctors, they did what
they had to do.

ISABELLA
I hate mom!

DRE
(catching his breath)
Isabella, come on...

ISABELLA
I don't feel sorry for her! I hope
she dies.

Dre grabs her by the shoulders.

DRE
Listen to me. Listen to me real
good. You hear me?!

ISABELLA
I hear you!

DRE
What you are inside, your heart,
and your mind... no one can change
that. Not me, not your mother, not
the police. No one. No matter how
hard they try.

ISABELLA
I hate her...

DRE
I know baby... I know.

Dre hugs her tight.

The black BMW from before pulls up. A MAN shouts from inside.

MAN

Andre!

Dre looks over and sees the Man then looks away.

MAN (CONT'D)

I know you see me. I see you!

ISABELLA

That's the same car that was following us...

MAN

You gonna pretend like you don't hear me?

Dre doesn't look over.

DRE

(to Isabella)

Go inside, go.

MAN

Come over here.

Dre looks again.

DRE

Slava? Is that you?!

Dre walks over to the car.

DRE (CONT'D)

I didn't recognize you, you lost some weight?

There are two men seated inside, SLAVA, 30's, gold watch, clean cut and well dressed, along with PASHA, 30's, sports pants, shaved head and tattoo's.

SLAVA

You trying to avoid me buddy?

DRE

What you doing all the way out here?

SLAVA

We were just passing by.

DRE
All the way from Brighton?

SLAVA
I didn't know you had a daughter.

Dre looks over at Isabella who's still standing there.

DRE
It ain't any of your business.

SLAVA
She looks like you.

DRE
Listen Slava...

SLAVA
You haven't called, I thought maybe you forgot about me, or left town. But then I thought, how could Andy just leave us all behind? He would never do that. Am I right?

DRE
You know I wouldn't forget about you. I just been going thru some shit.

SLAVA
We all go through shit. But we cannot forget those who matter.
(beat)
With time passing, I'm beginning to doubt I'll ever see my money.

DRE
Don't doubt. I'm working on it.

SLAVA
You guys look hungry, we're going to get some food. Why don't you two come with us?

DRE
I really appreciate that, but no thanks.

SLAVA
I really think you should come.

Slava shows Dre a gun.

SLAVA (CONT'D)
 We're friends right? It's gonna be
 fun. I promise.

INT. RUSSIAN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Slava tears the skin off a boiled cow head with his bare hands.

SLAVA
 We are carnivores, Andy.

Slava flips the head and digs in with his large knife.

SLAVA (CONT'D)
 You see most people just throw the
 head away, but no, there is lots of
 meat there if you know how to get
 to it.

Dre and Isabella stare at their plates of meat, not hungry.

Slava watches with intent.

SLAVA (CONT'D)
 Mama!

Slava's MAMA, 50's, enters with more food. She's outspoken and full of love.

Mama's dialogue in Russian.

MAMA
 Yes, sweetheart, here's some Moscow
 salad I'm also bringing, it's very
 fresh.

SLAVA
 You made this yourself?

Slava sniffs the salad.

MAMA
 Of course not, from the bazaar,
 they have everything, very tasty!

SLAVA
 Do we have any more vodka?

MAMA
 Of course we have, we have
 everything.

Mama heads back into kitchen.

Slava dumps a bunch of meat on Pasha's and their plates and takes a seat.

SLAVA
(to Dre)
I hope it's cooked to your liking.

Dre and Isabella still don't eat.

SLAVA (CONT'D)
Ah, perfection.

Slava and Pasha chew the meet, enjoying it.

SLAVA (CONT'D)
(to Dre)
You must be starving.

DRE
I ain't hungry.

Isabella shakes her head in horror.

SLAVA
It's very delicious.

Slava grabs another fleshy, chunk with skin and chews on it.

Isabella looks at Dre then back at Slava in horror.

SLAVA (CONT'D)
It's not good to waste food.

Isabella takes her fork and stabs the piece of meat.

She lifts it and brings it to her mouth.

SLAVA (CONT'D)
There you go.

Dre stops her.

DRE
I know you didn't bring us out here
just to feed us.

SLAVA
You're right. I didn't. But how can
a man do anything on an empty
stomach?

Mama brings in the bottle of vodka and more food.

MAMA

Here, vodka, and some bread too
sonny, eat please eat for good
health.

SLAVA

Thanks Ma.

MAMA

Of course sonny, for you,
everything.

Slava grabs a bottle of vodka and pours shots.

DRE

Not for me.

Slava pours one anyway.

SLAVA

You know my father used to say,
never trust anyone who doesn't
drink.

DRE

You know what my father used to
say? Never trust the Russians.

Dre moves the shot of vodka away from him.

Slava and Pasha have a laugh.

Slava raises his shot glass along with Pasha.

SLAVA

To family. To friends. To wonderful
acquaintances. Because without
them, who are we really? Just a
piece of meat, like this. Am I
right?

Slava gives the skinless cows head a rub.

PASHA

(raising glass)
Salut.

SLAVA

(raising his)
Salut.

MAMA

(raising hers)
Na Zdarovye.

They clink shot glasses and throw them back like champs.

SLAVA

Are we so not trust worthy? You see
this man right here?

Slava puts his arm around Pasha who has a mouth full of
bread.

SLAVA (CONT'D)

This is Pasha. Pasha would die for
me...

Pasha smiles, revealing food in his mouth.

SLAVA (CONT'D)

As I, would die for him. Am I
right?

PASHA

(chewing)
One hundred percent.

SLAVA

Oh, I almost forgot, I have
something for you. I know how much
you like it.

Slava pulls out a bag of smack and passes it to Dre.

SLAVA (CONT'D)

Someone left it in the car. You
know I don't smoke that shit.

Dre's eyes widen. Isabella looks at the smack then back at
Dre with concern.

SLAVA (CONT'D)

Consider it a gift.

Dre eyes the bag.

SLAVA (CONT'D)

You know I never asked you to
borrow any money from me.

DRE

I know.

SLAVA

You came to me yourself.

DRE

I'll get you the money.

ISABELLA

Why are you asking my dad for money?! We have no money, we can't even pay our rent!

DRE

Isabella, enough!

ISABELLA

Leave my dad alone!

SLAVA

(sees Dre's plate is still untouched)

You know, It's really not good to waste food.

EXT. BROOKLYN ALLEY - NIGHT

The BMW's headlights light the street.

Dre is being held by Pasha, he's bloody and beaten.

Isabella has tears in her eyes as she watches helpless.

Slava wipes his bloody hands with a handkerchief.

SLAVA

I'm afraid we can't trust your father anymore.

Slava kneels down to her.

SLAVA (CONT'D)

I have a daughter too, you know... She's twelve.

Slava wipes her tears away.

SLAVA (CONT'D)

You are so young, so smart, and so stupid at the same time.

Isabella spits in his face.

Slava wipes it off and stands up.

SLAVA (CONT'D)

You are the only reason he's still alive.

Pasha lands a heavy fist in Dre's stomach.

Dre groans, spits some blood, takes the hit.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - NIGHT

The black BMW screeches to a halt.

Dre is thrown out onto the sidewalk.

Isabella jumps out after him.

She kneels down and holds him.

ISABELLA

Dad...

The BMW pulls off, engine blaring.

Isabella holds Dre tight.

INT. DRE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Dre turns on the light and sees his bloody reflection in the mirror.

ISABELLA

Sit down!

Dre takes a seat on the toilet.

Isabella takes a towel and begins to clean his face.

Dre groans, everything hurts.

He looks at her, taking her in.

Isabella rubs blood away from his eye.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Dre sits at the kitchen table, head down.

Isabella sits at the opposite side staring at him.

ISABELLA

How much do we owe them?

DRE

A lot.

ISABELLA
How much is a lot?

DRE
It doesn't matter...

ISABELLA
Yes it does?!

Dre doesn't respond.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)
Hello?!

DRE
What you want me to say?!

ISABELLA
He's gonna kill us if we don't pay
him!

DRE
He ain't gonna touch you don't you
worry about that.

ISABELLA
I worry about you, you idiot!

Dre looks at her.

DRE
Three.

ISABELLA
Thousand?!

Dre puts his head back down.

Isabella frustrated, gets up and leaves the room.

Dre goes through his pocket and takes out the bag of smack
Slava gave him.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Isabella watches a cartoon movie playing on TV.

Dre can't sleep, he twists and turns.

He gets up and heads for the kitchen.

ISABELLA
Where are you going?

DRE
Takin a shower, you gotta know
everything?

Isabella continues to watch cartoons.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Dre turns the shower on and sits on the toilet.
He takes out the bag of smack and rolls it up.
He flicks his lighter.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Isabella wakes up to the TV still playing.

REPORTER
In other news, local authorities
are finally pulling the plug on
synthetic marijuana in hopes of
detering the damage and chaos the
city has been engulfed in...

She looks around but doesn't see Dre.

ISABELLA
Dad?

REPORTER
Mayor Michael Bellini was quoted as
saying... "It's been a long battle,
but the good people of New York
City have been tough"... Stores
will no longer be able to sell the
highly toxic substance, but they
fear it will not stop people from
getting their hands on some
anyway...

Isabella checks in the kitchen, no sign.

She notices water seeping out from under the bathroom door.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Isabella opens the door and sees the bathroom has flooded and
Dre lays in the tub with a towel on his face.

ISABELLA

Dad?! What are you doing?!

She shakes him but he doesn't move.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

Dad?!

She notices the empty bag of smack on the floor.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Dre is being rolled into an emergency room.

He's still unconscious.

Isabella hangs on to the stretcher, glancing at him.

He's brought into a room and the doors close in on Isabella.

A NURSE comforts her.

NURSE

He'll be OK sweetheart, I promise.

Isabella looks through the glass and sees a Nurse inject Dre's heart.

His body trembles with shock.

INT. SCHOOL - DAY

Isabella stares out the window.

She doesn't pay much mind to what's going on in class.

JANET

One of our most important founding fathers, George Washington, played a key role in our independence from the British, and still to this day is highly recognized and praised for what he's accomplished...

Janet looks towards Isabella and approaches her.

She snatches the first piece of paper off Isabella's desk and sees a drawing.

JANET (CONT'D)

What is this?

ISABELLA

It's a picture.

Janet looks and sees a house, a dog, and stick figures of a little girl and a man next to her smoking a cigarette.

JANET

Let me see your homework.

Isabella smiles and nods. She hands her a piece of paper.

Janet looks over it.

JANET (CONT'D)

Who helped you?

ISABELLA

I did it by myself.

Janet a bit surprised.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

George Washington was a slave owning cracker.

The whole class turns to her in surprise.

JANET

Excuse me?

ISABELLA

George Washington was a slave owning--.

JANET

I heard what you said. Get up young lady.

ISABELLA

(getting up)
But I didn't--

JANET

(pointing to the door)
I said now, Isabella Morales.

Isabella leaves and slams the door behind her.

The other kids look at Janet in shock.

JANET (CONT'D)

Yes, George Washington had slaves. But he was also the first to free them when no one else would.

INT. PRINCIPALS OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Isabella sits across from PRINCIPAL PENNY, 40's, not your average principal. She's attractive, and stern.

PENNY

Isabella Morales. How many more times am I going to have to speak to you this semester?

Isabella shrugs her shoulders.

Penny looks at the drawing Isabella has done.

PENNY (CONT'D)

Is this what you do in class?

ISABELLA

My dad is in the hospital...

PENNY

I'm sorry to hear that.

Penny looks up at her for the first time.

PENNY (CONT'D)

You've been doing your homework and not getting into fights I hear.

Isabella nods her head.

PENNY (CONT'D)

Doesn't it feel good?

Isabella nods.

PENNY (CONT'D)

The reason why I called you here was because your mother decided to stop by.

Isabella wide eyed, jolts up out of her chair.

ISABELLA

My mom?!

PENNY

Yes. She's here.

Isabella shakes her head.

PENNY (CONT'D)

It's OK. Don't be scared. She's accompanied by two officers.

Kiki is brought in with two SECURITY GUARDS.

KIKI
Isabella! My baby!

Isabella takes a few steps back, not going into her mothers arms.

KIKI (CONT'D)
I missed you so much! I love you baby!

Isabella takes further steps back.

KIKI (CONT'D)
What's the matter baby? Come on, come over here, give me a hug.

ISABELLA
No!

KIKI
(enraged)
You ungrateful little shit!

Kiki enrages but the guards hold her tight.

PENNY
(To Kiki)
I thought you might have something important to say to your daughter before these officers take you away.

KIKI
(to Isabella)
Happy birthday.

ISABELLA
(to Kiki)
I feel sorry for you.

Kiki doesn't know how to respond, the guards take her away.

Isabella hugs Penny.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)
I wanna see my dad.

PENNY
I know. You will.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Isabella opens the door and sees Dre laying there in bed.

He opens his eyes and sees her.

DRE

Isabella...

She runs up to him and holds him tight.

ISABELLA

Don't ever do that again.

She hits him.

DRE

Ow! OK, shit. Why you do that for?

ISABELLA

I thought you were dead!

DRE

I know... So did I.

A NURSE, 30's, attractive, speaks with a slight European accent walks in.

She checks his IV and pulse.

NURSE

Mr. Morales... How are you feeling?

Dre looks at her face and realizes how beautiful she is.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Do you realize how lucky you are?
If it wasn't for your wonderful
daughter here, you might not have
made it.

Dre is still in a trance.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Mr. Morales?

DRE

Call me Dre.

NURSE

You're very lucky.

DRE

I know.

Dre feels a sudden pain and cringes.

NURSE
Your immune system is very weak.

Dre groans.

NURSE (CONT'D)
Where do you feel the pain Mr.
Morales? Here?

She touches his head.

He shakes his head no.

NURSE (CONT'D)
Here?

She touches his chest.

Dre shakes his head again.

She touches his belly.

DRE
Lower...

She touches his--

Dre smiles.

NURSE
(retracting hand)
The good news is you won't die.

DRE
You are so beautiful, you know
that?

Isabella smiles as she looks over at the Nurse.

NURSE
Whatever you're doing to yourself,
you should really think about
stopping. You might not be so lucky
next time.

DRE
What's your name?

NURSE
Anjelika.

ISABELLA

You have a pretty name!

NURSE ANJELIKA

Thank you sweetie.

DRE

Like an angel. That's come down
from heaven.

NURSE ANJELIKA

I wish it was that cool, I got off
the L train.

DRE

You got plans tonight Anjelika?

NURSE ANJELIKA

Yes, work.

She fixes his pillow and raises his headrest.

ISABELLA

Don't worry, he's divorced.

DRE

Thanks, Isabella.

ISABELLA

I'm just telling the truth.

NURSE ANJELIKA

It was nice meeting you Dre.

DRE

You too...

NURSE ANJELIKA

Get some rest. You're almost out of
here.

Nurse Anjelika leaves.

ISABELLA

Maybe she has a boyfriend.

DRE

Maybe you should be quiet
sometimes.

ISABELLA

I thought you said I should always
speak my mind?

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Dre tears off his wristband as he strolls alongside Isabella.

ISABELLA
Mom was arrested.

DRE
How do you know?

ISABELLA
She came to my school. And the police arrested her.

DRE
What did she say to you?

ISABELLA
Nothing.

DRE
She said nothing? I doubt that.

ISABELLA
She said happy birthday. But I didn't believe her...

Dre stops in his tracks. He looks her in the eyes and lifts her up.

DRE
You know I love you more than anything in this world right?

Isabella nods.

DRE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I'm sorry for being such an ass hole sometimes...

ISABELLA
It's OK dad. You forgot my birthday last year too...

EXT. DRE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Isabella and Dre approach the building and see a couple of boxes on the sidewalk and a TV.

ISABELLA
That's our TV!

Dre looks and realizes it's all his stuff.

DRE
What the fuck?!

INT. DRE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Dre bangs on Mike's door.

DRE
Mike!

Mike opens it.

DRE (CONT'D)
Why is all my shit outside?!

MIKE
There's nothing more I could do.

DRE
I thought we had a deal, I told you
you'll get your money.

MIKE
You gave me what, four hundred
minus some change? She called a few
Mexicans and used that money to get
your shit out.

DRE
What the fuck?!

Dre tries to open his door but his key doesn't work.

MIKE
She changed the locks too.

DRE
I hope you sleep fucking well
tonight.

MIKE
She'll let you back in when you
bring the rest of it.

DRE
You can't fucking do this to me,
please, I'm begging you, Mike,
please don't do this.

MIKE
I'm sorry. No hard feelings...

Mike closes the door.

Dre presses his head against his door and bangs on it with his head.

EXT. DRE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Dre walks out and sees Isabella sitting on one of the boxes.

ISABELLA
So can we go inside now?

DRE
No we can't.

ISABELLA
What do you mean we can't?!

Dre takes a seat on one of the boxes and falls through.

Isabella finds it funny as Dre attempts to crawl out.

She sees a cigarette butt on the floor, picks it up and hands it to him.

DRE
Why you picking shit up off the floor?

ISABELLA
I saw you do it.

Dre snatches the cigarette butt.

DRE
If I jump off a bridge you gonna follow me too?

ISABELLA
I'm hungry...

Dre lights the butt up.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - DAY

Dre paces down the street along with TV in hand, while Isabella tries to catch up holding a stack of clothes.

ISABELLA
But what about the Russians?!

DRE
What about 'em?!

ISABELLA
Where are we going?!

DRE
You ask me something one more time
and I'm leaving you here!

INT. CHURCH - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Isabella looks around in wonder, Dre drops the TV on the floor.

DRE
Isabella, this is Jesus.

JESUS
Hello Isabella. It's nice to
finally meet you.

Isabella hides behind Dre.

DRE
Don't be shy, Jesus is cool. We
went to school together when we
were just a little older than you.

JESUS
I see skies of blue...

DRE
Listen J, I...

JESUS
Clouds of white...

DRE
You got uh, can you--

Jesus glances over at the TV Dre dragged in.

JESUS
All you gotta do is ask papa.

DRE
I hate to, you know...

JESUS
Come on, follow me.

Dre and Isabella follow Jesus into a back room.

INT. CHURCH ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A small room with a bed and a cross hanging on the wall.

A bible sits on a bed side table.

A window looks out into a garden.

JESUS

You can stay here for the time
being.

DRE

I don't know how to thank you.

Isabella sits on the bed.

JESUS

No need. I got something for you.

Jesus motions to go outside.

DRE

(to Isabella)

What are you waiting for? Do your
homework.

Dre closes the door.

INT. CHURCH - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Jesus hands another pill tube to Dre.

DRE

J, I owe you my life.

JESUS

You don't owe me shit. This is the
last of it so handle your business.

Dre gives Jesus a brotherly hug.

INT. BLO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Dre sits on Blo's couch, fidgeting with his hands.

Blo is sitting opposite him, smoking a blunt and pouring out
the pills.

BLO

Why you all shaking and shit? You
nervous or something?

DRE
I'm good. I haven't had my smoke.

Dre feels something slither by his leg, he looks down and sees Ramses slide right by him.

DRE (CONT'D)
(jumping up)
What the fuck?!

BLO
Yo chill! Get your feet off my couch!

DRE
Why is he out of the cage?!

BLO
'Cause that's my baby, I let him chill. You never seen a fucking snake before?

DRE
Not in my fucking living room, God damn!

Blo takes one pill, crushes it, and puts the powder onto a piece of tin foil.

BLO
You know what your problem is?

DRE
I don't need you to tell me.

BLO
You been smoking the wrong shit.

Blo hands Dre a straw and the foil.

BLO (CONT'D)
Hit this bitch.

Dre looks at the powder, the straw, the foil.

He thinks about it.

BLO (CONT'D)
You gonna feel beautiful.

DRE
I'm good homie, you got the money?

Blo throws a few bills on the table.

BLO

You know when I offer my homie something, and he don't take it, that's almost like disrespectin' me and shit.

DRE

No disrespect Blo, I just not into that.

BLO

Sounds like what a bitch would say.

DRE

Nah, it ain't like that.

BLO

The only bitch I want sitting on my couch...

Blo lights up and inhales the smoke.

BLO (CONT'D)

...is the one I'm about to fuck.

Dre gets up with his money.

DRE

Your snake cool?

BLO

Nah nigga. My snake ain't cool.

Dre leaves, slamming the door behind him.

Ramses bites Blo's leg.

BLO (CONT'D)

Ow! You bitch!

Blo kicks the snake as it slithers away.

Blo looks at his calf muscle, it's bleeding.

BLO (CONT'D)

Fuck.

INT. TOY STORE - DAY

Dre stares at a wall full of dolls.

Dre turns to his right and sees Nurse Anjelika grabbing a doll.

DRE

Hey!

NURSE ANJELIKA

Oh hey!

DRE

What are you doing...

NURSE ANJELIKA (CONT'D)

What are you doing...

DRE

Here...

NURSE ANJELIKA

Just picking up a gift...

DRE

Me too.

NURSE ANJELIKA

How's she doing?

DRE

It's her birthday. Was, her birthday yesterday

NURSE ANJELIKA

Better late than never.

DRE

And you? You have a daughter too?

NURSE ANJELIKA

Oh God no, I'm not married. It's for a coworkers daughter...

DRE

Cool, well, which one were you gonna pick? I can't decide.

NURSE ANJELIKA

I think this one.

She chooses a doll.

He stares at her in wonder.

DRE

I like the way you make me feel.

NURSE ANJELIKA

(blushing)

It was definitely all the pain killers...

DRE

Let me take you out, we'll grab a milk shake, eat some pizza.

NURSE ANJELIKA

You're not the drinking type?

DRE

I don't know. What does my blood look like?

NURSE ANJELIKA

You're definitely no stranger to it.

DRE

So is that a yes?

NURSE ANJELIKA

I don't date my patients Andre...

DRE

Who says I'm a patient? We met at a toy store, right?

NURSE ANJELIKA

Happy birthday to your daughter.

Anjelika gives a kiss on Dre's cheek and leaves with her doll.

DRE

(big smile)

Happy birthday to yours... coworkers... shit.

Dre takes the same doll Anjelika took.

EXT. GOD BLESS DELI - DAY

Dre walks by the corner bodega sees nothing but police officers hanging outside.

Dre stops and looks inside, officers are arresting Hussein and the other two Arab men working at the deli.

Hussein is heard yelling and complaining.

One officer empties a black plastic bag and out go hundreds of packets of scooby snax, smack, etc.

INT. CHURCH ROOM - DAY

Isabella sits at the desk doing her homework.

Dre lays in bed with his head bandaged up.

He wakes up shivering.

DRE
I'm... so... cold...

ISABELLA
It's hot dad...

Dre wraps himself in a blanket, shivering.

Hours later...

ISABELLA (CONT'D)
Dad?

Dre groans.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)
What's an adverb?

DRE
A what!?

ISABELLA
An adverb?

DRE
That's why you woke me?!

ISABELLA
Come on, you don't know what an
adverb is either?

DRE
Isabella should blank do her
homework.

ISABELLA
Never?

DRE
Smart ass.

INT. CHURCH ROOM - DAY

Isabella watches as Dre sweats in his blankets, twisting and turning.

Dre hits the walls around him in frustration.

He curses and curses with pain.

Jesus enters and sits next to Dre, placing his hand on him.

JESUS

Everything's gonna be all right
pappa...
(looking at Isabella)
Come here.

Isabella hesitantly approaches, Jesus grabs her hand and places it on Dre.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Jesus is holding a mass, addressing his fellow church go-ers.

JESUS

...Even in our darkest hours,
whether it is in our life, or in
our mind, light will shine through
and prevail. But only if you let
it. There is no greater power than
love. The love for water, the love
for food, the love for waking up in
the morning in the middle of
winter, the love for working long
hours even when you are tired, the
love for another person even when
that person might not love you
back, when they tell you, you have
only a few months to live, love
will beat that...

EXT. SCHOOL YARD - DAY

Dre waits for Isabella by the entrance.

She comes out running to him.

DRE

Hey baby!

ISABELLA

Hey dad!

He picks her up and lifts her into his arms.

DRE

You're getting heavy.

ISABELLA
Shut up, no I'm not!

DRE
(throws her up and catches
her)
I didn't mean fat, I said heavy...

Janet approaches.

JANET
Mr. Morales.

Dre puts her down.

DRE
Hey Janet, listen don't even tell
me anything right now OK?
(to Isabella)
Let's go.

JANET
I just wanted to say thank you.

DRE
For what?!

JANET
Isabella has been doing much
better.

Dre a bit surprised.

JANET (CONT'D)
If she continues like this she
might actually have a chance at
passing the fourth grade.

Dre is a bit taken back.

DRE
You hear that?

Isabella nods with a big smile.

JANET
Good job Isabella.

DRE
Thank you. I appreciate everything
you've done for her.

JANET

(to Dre)

You don't have to thank me, thank yourself.

Dre takes Isabella's hand and they continue to walk.

INT. GREAT WALL CHINESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Isabella and Dre nibble on some chicken wings in silence.

ISABELLA

You know, you don't look sick anymore. I like the way you look now.

Dre chews.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

What are you thinking about?

DRE

Nothing.

ISABELLA

It's impossible to think about nothing.

Dre doesn't respond.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

We can ask the bank for money! Maybe they will give us some if we tell them what happened?

Dre laughs and grabs a chicken wing.

DRE

You should be minding your own business. Did you do your homework?

ISABELLA

Yes I did. I finished it all in school.

DRE

Good.

(beat)

You betta not skip any more. Otherwise you'll end up like me.

ISABELLA

Eating fried chicken in a chinese restaurant?

DRE

Yeah. Right on top of the great fucking wall--

ISABELLA

Please. Can you not use that word when you're with me?

DRE

Which one?

ISABELLA

Which one do you think?

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - DAY

A quiet, tree lined Brooklyn street.

Dre and Isabella walk up to a home and leave a pamphlet on the door.

He continues on to the next home.

A voice is heard yelling from inside.

VOICE (O.S.)

What'd ya want!?

DRE

Vinnie?

The door opens and it's Vinnie in a pair of shorts and sauce smeared tee.

VINNIE

The hell you doing in front of my house Morales?

DRE

I, We're just dropping some flyers.

Vinnie takes a look at it.

VINNIE

You working for the Church now?

DRE

Just helping out, whatever I gotta do.

Vinnie takes a good look at Dre, sniffs around him.

VINNIE
You don't smell like death.

DRE
I've been clean. Haven't touched
the shit.

VINNIE
Good for you.

DRE
Hey Vin, listen, I've been meaning
to stop by and ask, maybe I could,
you could put me back in there...

VINNIE
I don't know Dre, people know you,
when they see you... I don't
know...

DRE
I miss it. The flour, the dough,
the sauce, the smell. I won't let
you down again.

VINNIE
You really miss it?

DRE
I do.

Dre and Vinnie shake hands.

VINNIE
(laughing)
All right. Fuck it. Even if you're
Puerto-Rican.

DRE
You son of a bitch.

VINNIE
You know my pizza is all about the
sauce, and Juan just ain't
spreadin' it.

DRE
Thank you.

VINNIE
(to Isabella)
You'd like some pizza yea?

Isabella nods.

Vinnie gives a big hearted smile.

VINNIE (CONT'D)
I hope to see you.

Dre and Isabella make their way down to the next house.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Isabella and Dre walk towards the church door when Slava's black BMW pulls up.

Slava reaches his hand out of the window and taps on his watch.

SLAVA
Time, is not on your side Andre.

DRE
(to Isabella)
Hurry up, come on.

SLAVA
I hope you've been busy finding my money.

Dre heads inside without responding.

INT. CHURCH ROOM - NIGHT

Dre lays in bed while Isabella plays with her doll.

ISABELLA
How are we gonn pay them?

DRE
Well like you said, I'm gonna have to make a lot of pizza's...

ISABELLA
What?!

DRE
I'm sorry baby...

Dre's phone rings.

It keeps ringing.

ISABELLA

Are you gonna pick up?

The phone rings again. Dre stares at the number.

Isabella tries to pick it up but Dre gets a hold of it first and picks up.

DRE

Hello?

MOO

Watchu mean hello? I'm tryin' to call you over here and you ain't even picking up the phone.

DRE

Moo, listen--

MOO

I got the plug.

DRE

The what?...

MOO

Mothafucka you don't remember asking me for paper?! You know what I had to go through to get this? You fucking coming.

DRE

I got my old job back...

MOO

So let me ask you this then, you know how many pizzas you gonna have to make for five stacks my nigga?!

DRE

Hold up, say that again?!

MOO

That's right. Now you interested. Keep stretchin' that dough while I be spendin' mine.

DRE

How much you said again?

Dre sits up, phone pressed against his ear.

MOO

Ten large for the both of us.

DRE
You playing.

MOO
Do I sound like I'm playing?

DRE
What we gotta do?!

MOO
Meet me in one hour by the chinese
spot.

Moo hangs up. Dre hangs up. He looks over at curious
Isabella.

ISABELLA
Well? Who was that?

DRE
An old friend.

Dre gets up and starts putting his shoes on.

ISABELLA
You're leaving?

DRE
I'll be back soon.

ISABELLA
I'm not letting you go!

DRE
Baby, I gotta do this.

ISABELLA
You're gonna go smoke again.

DRE
No I'm not, I promise.

ISABELLA
I don't believe you, I'm coming
with you.

DRE
You driving me crazy, put your damn
shoes on.

Isabella throws her shoes on.

INT. BLO'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dre knocks hard on Blo's door, Isabella stands close.

DRE
Blo! Open up!

Dre knocks more.

DRE (CONT'D)
Come on, open up! I need that thing
I was telling you about.

Dre bangs harder.

DRE (CONT'D)
Blo!

Still no response.

DRE (CONT'D)
I know you're in there, wake your
ass up!

Dre continues to knock.

INT. BLO'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

Shades are drawn. Trippy music bumps from speakers.

Blo tries to speak, but nothing comes out.

Ramses has a strong bite clamped down on Blo's ribs.

The reptile tightens himself around Blo, squeezing the last bit of air out.

INT. BLO'S HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Dre kicks the door.

DRE
Fuck it. Thanks bitch!

Dre leaves.

EXT. GREAT WALL CHINESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Dre and Isabella wait outside until Moo comes out munching on an egg roll.

DRE
You just couldn't wait could you?

MOO
I'm hungry nigga, I can't function
on an empty stomach.

DRE
Come on lets get this over with.

MOO
Don't be rushing me.

Moo tries to catch up.

MOO (CONT'D)
I coulda done this on my own.

DRE
You can barely reach around to wipe
your own ass.

Isabella laughs.

MOO
Keep talking shit, every time you
complain or say somethin' stupid
it's gonna go from fifty-fifty, to
sixty-forty to seventy-thirty--

DRE
Ten fucking g's... You realize how
that sounds right now?

MOO
Yea it sounds beautiful.

DRE
It sounds like we gonna have to do
some really stupid shit.

MOO
Ten g's worth of stupid. I'm in.
Oh and guess what, I don't gotta
wipe my own ass anymore.

DRE
What?!

MOO
Ever heard of a beeday?

DRE
Beeday? Never heard of it.

MOO

I know you haven't. It's French.
That's why the french were the
first to start eating ass.

ISABELLA

Ewww!!

DRE

Nigga get the fuck outta here, they
were eating ass in Africa since the
beginning of time.

MOO

When was the last time you had
some?

ISABELLA

That's gross.

DRE

We ain't talkin' about this.

MOO

Yeah, that's what I thought.
You gotta talk to the ladies the
right way.

DRE

Oh yeah, and what's the right way
pepe le pew?

MOO

The right way, is my way, nigga.

DRE

You gonna make me laugh.

EXT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - DAY

Dre, Isabella and Moo Moo are holed up in the corner.

Moo is in his phone.

Isabella notices a police officer on the other side of the
platform.

MOO

Remember that thing I was telling
you about?

DRE

What thing?

MOO

The fucking thing. I showed you. On my computer.

DRE

You mean all them numbers and that hairy french porno you showed me?

MOO

It's happening.

DRE

What are you hacking some pokemon game site or some shit?

ISABELLA

Aren't you too old to play pokemon?

Moo shakes his head with a big smile.

DRE

I don't even wanna know. I don't want to be involved.

MOO

Oh don't worry, you will be. We all will be. I've been working on this for almost a fucking year.

DRE

Do we have to stand right here?

MOO

Yeah, 'cause this is where I catch the pokestop.

Dre tsks and spits.

MOO (CONT'D)

Sixty-forty...

DRE

You wish.

MOO

Tell me you brought what I asked you to bring.

Dre doesn't respond.

MOO (CONT'D)

See, you not serious. I should take points off for that too.

DRE
I told you I wasn't bringin' no
damn piece.

MOO
Why do I even bother to help you?

DRE
Just tell me what we gotta do and
it better not be typing up some
fucking computer code shit.

MOO
Locate and retrieve.

DRE
Locate and retrieve? Locate and
retrieve what?

Moo gives him another big smile.

ISABELLA
(to Moo)
You need to lose some weight.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Light background music plays.

Moo pulls out a piece of paper and shows it to Dre.

DRE
What the fuck is this shit?

MOO
That's what we have to locate and
retrieve.

Dre and Isabella see a scribbled drawing of a bird statue.

ISABELLA
I can draw better than that!

DRE
A fucking bird?

MOO
I don't give a fuck if it looks
like a dildo nigga, that's money
right there.

DRE
Are you fucking with me Moo?

MOO
Would I ever fuck with you?

Moo gives a big grin.

DRE
Don't do that.

ISABELLA
I should have stayed home.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Moo, Isabella and Dre approach a door.

MOO
This is it.

Moo takes a small rubber pouch.

He inserts it into the door frame and starts to pump it full of air.

Dre and Isabella look at him in awe.

MOO (CONT'D)
This shit is more planned than you might think.

After the pouch is fully inflated, Moo takes out a flathead screw driver and with a few wiggles pops the door right open.

DRE
How the fuck...

MOO
(smiling)
Who'd you think you fuckin with?

ISABELLA
That's so cool!

DRE
(to Isabella)
Stay here, don't you move.

INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - DAY

Clean. Modern. Chic.

They walk through the quiet flat.

MOO
It's here somewhere...

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

They enter the prestine, chic living room.

MOO
There it is.

Dre looks to the far corner and sees a lighted glass cabinet.

The statue sits on the top shelf.

DRE
Fucking bird statue... I can't
fucking believe it.

MOO
The shit people pay money for these
days right?

DRE
There's gotta be something inside
of it.

MOO
Ever heard the saying ignorance is
bliss?

Moo open the glass cabinet.

DRE
Ever heard the saying fuck you?!

Moo grabs the statue, holding it gently.

MOO
Go get me a blanket or something to
wrap this in.

Dre heads for the bathroom.

He walks through the hall and into the master bedroom.

It's luxurious with a beautiful bird's eye view of manhattan.

Dre hears the shower running.

He freezes up.

A Woman is heard singing from inside.

DRE
(to himself)
Fuck, shit...

Dre listens in, it's beautiful.

The shower stops.

Dre quickly grabs the bed sheet and stands next to the bathroom door.

The door opens and a she steps out.

It's Nurse Anjelika.

Not noticing Dre, she continues singing and drying her hair.

Dre can't help but stare in wonder of her beauty.

He covers his face with the blanket.

She continues to sing all the way to her mirror.

He slowly peaks out.

In her own reflection she notices him behind her.

She yelps out of freight.

DRE (CONT'D)
Shh!? It's me, Dre, remember?
Everything's gonna be all right,
OK?!

NURSE ANJELIKA
Why are you in my fucking
apartment?!

DRE
This is just one big
misunderstanding, please hear me
out.

She eyes her phone on the other side of the room.

Dre sees it.

She makes a run for it.

Dre catches her and manages to stop her before she makes a call.

DRE (CONT'D)
Will you chill?! I beg you.

She kicks him in the balls and grabs her phone.

Moo walks in with the statue.

MOO
What the fuck?!

DRE
(groaning)
All planned out, huh?!

She runs into the kitchen.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Isabella hears some noise coming from inside as she waits impatiently.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Anjelika grabs a large knife from a drawer.

Dre runs after her, he sees the knife pointed at him.

DRE
Anjelika please put that down, we
ain't gonna hurt you. I know what
this all looks like...

She flicks her phone on.

DRE (CONT'D)
You're as beautiful as I
remembered.

NURSE ANJELIKA
What do you want?

DRE
Nothing, nothing, just... you...

NURSE ANJELIKA
You broke into my fucking house!

DRE
I think I'm in love with you.

NURSE ANJELIKA
I'm calling the fucking cops.

DRE

Trust me this is not how I expected
to see you again. Please put that
knife down.

Moo walks in and she sees him holding the Maltese Falcon,
wrapping it in a blanket.

NURSE ANJELIKA

That's my father's statue.

DRE

We're just gonna leave OK? Like
nothing happened, this is all just
one big mistake, Moo--

Moo pulls out a gun and shoots Anjelika in the chest.

DRE (CONT'D)

What the fuck?!

Dre runs up to her and sees the wound could be fatal.

MOO

You think just 'cause you didn't
have a piece I wouldn't bring one
either? I know better.

Anjelika is bleeding profusely.

DRE

You didn't have to shoot her?!

MOO

Yes I did. She saw us. Why you care
so much?

DRE

(whispering to her)
I'm so fucking sorry. I'm so
sorry...

Dre takes her hand and holds it tight.

NURSE ANJELIKA

I was gonna let you take me out...

He takes her phone and dials nine-one-one when he sees
Isabella in the room witnessing everything.

Dre looks at Moo with a mixture of hate and rage.

DRE

You fucked up.

MOO
No, you fucked up, big time.

ISABELLA
Is she dead?

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)
Nine-one-one, emergency services,
how can I help you?

Dre leaves the phone on next to Anjelika, gets up and heads out of the apartment.

911 OPERATOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hello? Anyone there?

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

The trio walk down the street, all keeping distance between each other.

MOO
Seventy fucking thirty.

Dre thunders right up to him with rage in his eyes.

MOO (CONT'D)
What you wanna do?

Dre snatches the statue from Moo's hands.

MOO (CONT'D)
All right. Keep fucking playing.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - NIGHT

Moo has his face in the phone while Dre paces in front of him with the statue wrapped in a blanket.

ISABELLA
Dad! Wait!

MOO
Holy shit! A fucking Articulo!

DRE
Don't even talk to me.

MOO
Do you realize what that is? It's a legendary bird!

DRE
I don't give a shit.

MOO
I just made you five grand nigga.
Fuck you too.

DRE
You don't feel an ounce of guilt do
you?

MOO
No. I don't know her. She don't
know me. She was gonna call the
cops! What she think was gonna
happen?

DRE
Everything is so easy for you.

MOO
Fuck! Fucking motherfucker got
away. You distracting me.

DRE
After today, I'm dead to you.

MOO
Motherfucker if it wasn't for me,
you would be dead by now.

DRE
You think I need this?!

Dre holds out the wrapped statue.

MOO
Um, yeah. That's money right there.

DRE
You think I need this money?

MOO
Yes you do. And I do too.

DRE
You're wrong homie.

Dre raises the statue up high.

DRE (CONT'D)
Here's your legendary bird!

Isabella's eye widen when she sees Dre raise the statue.

MOO

What are you about to do?! Dre, put
that bird--

Dre slams it with full force against the pavement.

A muffled metallic sound reverberates throughout the city
block.

Moo is in utter shock.

ISABELLA

Oh my god...

MOO

You did not just do that!...

Moo kneels down and unwraps the statue.

It's still intact.

MOO (CONT'D)

It didn't break, it didn't break!
Oh my fucking...

DRE

How the fuck?

MOO

You lost your damn mind. I'm
carrying this shit from now on.

Moo wraps it back up and picks it up, cradling it like a
child.

MOO (CONT'D)

You keep twenty steps away from me
nigga, I got a fucking piece, I
ain't playing no more.

ISABELLA

Dad, you got lucky.

Dre isn't impressed.

DRE

I need a fucking cigarette.

EXT. EXPENDABLES INC. - NIGHT

The trio approach a warehouse.

A couple of HIPSTER WORKERS are hosing down coolers.

L, 40's, a heavy set Latino man orders the little guys around.

L
Check everything, every fan, every cooler, every tent. NBC break something, they payin' for it.

MOO
Yo L!

L
My nigga!

L gives Moo a pound.

L (CONT'D)
You got it?

Moo hands L the blanket wrapped statue.

MOO
(giving Dre the look)
Yeah, I got it.

L
And this must be...

MOO
This Dre right here, he the one I was telling you about.

L takes a good look at Dre.

L
Dre, it's a pleasure to finally meet you. Come on in, you guys must be thirsty.

INT. L'S OFFICE - DAY

Film posters, a couple of leather couches, a flat screen TV, and a framed photo of L with Jackie Chan, all smiles.

Two other intimidating BURLY MEN, 30's, sit on the couch, watching and listening.

L unwraps the statue and is astonished by it's beauty.
He places it on a shelf carefully.

L
Finally.

DRE
All for a fucking statue of a bird.

L
What you say?

DRE
I said--

MOO
He just meant how pretty it looks.

Moo gives Dre the look.

DRE
You fucking kidding right? Someone
died for this tonight. I'm having a
hard time believing any of this was
worth it.

L comes up real close to Dre, menacing.

L
This is the Maltese Falcon bitch.

DRE
The what?

L
(to Moo)
Where did you find this piece of
shit?

ISABELLA
(to L)
Hey! Shut your fucking mouth
mister.

Everyone in the room looks at Isabella in surprise.

L's two large burly homies stand up immediately and approach
Dre.

Dre takes a look around, knowing he's being threatened.

DRE
Just give me my money and I'll be
on my merry fucking way.

L
I think you all should take a
fucking seat.

DRE
I ain't sitting anywhere till I see
the money.

L takes out a couple of stacks of bills from his desk drawer
and flops it on his desk.

L
Sit the fuck down.

Dre sees the money, looks at Isabella, then sits down.

L passes one stack to Dre and one stack to Moo.

L (CONT'D)
You don't watch movies do you?

Dre grabs his stack and flips through the bills.

DRE
My life is a fucking movie.

L laughs and snaps his fingers and one of his goons brings a
bowl with water in it.

L
You said someone had to die for
this?

L glances over at his falcon, which he placed on a shelf all
to itself.

MOO
There wasn't anyone supposed to be
there--

DRE
Yeah someone had to die. For no
fucking reason.

MOO
She had no business being there.

DRE
You didn't have to kill her.

MOO
I did what I had to do.

L
You see that clock up there?

Dre and Moo glance over at a clock hanging on the wall.

L (CONT'D)
Every second that hand strikes,
someone dies.
(beat)
Always for a reason. It can be for
one dollar, or for a million.

DRE
Consider this my goodbye, come on
baby lets go.

Dre gives L the middle finger and gets up to leave but one of
the homies stands in his way.

DRE (CONT'D)
Tell this big ugly looking
mothafucka to step away before I
beat his ass.

L laughs.

L
He's got a good spirit. Maybe I
like him after all.
(change of tone)
Sit the fuck down.

Dre hears a cocking of a gun.

He turns to see L has a pistol pointed at him.

MOO
Hey listen L, I think I gotta go,
my phone is dying, I need to charge
my phone--

L snaps his fingers and a charger lands on the desk.

L
Charge baby.

Moo reluctantly grabs the cable.

Dre takes a seat at the table, L still has his gun pointed at
him.

L (CONT'D)
Put your pinky in the bowl.

DRE
What?!

L
I said, put your pinky, in the
bowl.

BANG! L pulls the trigger and shoots a hole in the ceiling.

DRE
You put your fucking pinky in the
bowl!

L
I already did.

L shows him his missing pinky then points the gun at his
face.

L (CONT'D)
Put your fucking pinky in the water
before I cut it off and do it
myself.

Dre confused, goes with his right hand and dips his pinky
finger in the bowl of water.

L (CONT'D)
What do you feel?

DRE
I don't feel shit.

Dre lifts his finger out of the water.

BANG! L shoots another round right past his face.

Dre places his pinky back in the water.

DRE (CONT'D)
I feel water.

L
You feel life. That's what you
feel.

Dre thinks about it.

DRE
Yeah, life, whatever.

L
And death, is right here. Staring
at you in the face.

L points his gun at Dre then slides his aim to Isabella.

L (CONT'D)
They are forever married. Forever
close. And never too far apart.
Don't forget it.

Dre takes her and shoves her behind him.

DRE
Don't you fucking point that at
her.

L
She's a lucky girl.

DRE
You don't gotta tell me that.

L
She's never been so close to being
fatherless.

DRE
I seriously fucking doubt that.

L motions to his men to let him go.

L
Let him go.

Dre and Isabella walk towards the exit.

L turns to Moo and points his gun at him.

L (CONT'D)
Your pinky is next...

He motions with his gun, pointing at the bowl of water.

MOO
What did I do?!

INT. CHURCH ROOM - NIGHT

Dre takes out a stack of cold, hard cash.

Isabella's eyes widen.

ISABELLA

What?!

He hands it to her.

Isabella screams for joy, jumping out of bed.

DRE

Let's go home baby.

She jumps in Dre's arms.

DRE (CONT'D)

I love you too, baby.

INT. DRE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Isabella stands next to Dre as counts a bunch of bills before handing it to Mike.

MIKE

No hard feelings yeah?

Dolores steps in and grabs the cash from him.

DOLORES

Gimme that. I can't trust you to do anything. My own husband. Not worth a damn shit.

Mike gives a somber look as Dolores licks her fingers and starts flipping through the bills.

She then rolls it up and stuffs it in her cleavage.

DOLORES (CONT'D)

Good. You're lucky I still haven't gutted the place. Next time you're late on rent I won't be this nice.

She hands him the new keys.

DOLORES (CONT'D)

Welcome back.

She slams the door shut.

DOLORES (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Call your guy, we're out of weed. And you're giving me a foot massage tonight.

MIKE (O.S.)
Dolores, I've had enough!

DOLORES (O.S.)
I'm just get started, you got a
problem with that?!

Dre takes Isabella's hand and heads into his apartment.

INT. DRE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

They enter and find a hot mess.

They both flop down on the couch.

ISABELLA
Finally...

DRE
Tell me about it.

ISABELLA
We have to do one thing though.

DRE
Oh no. What is it?

ISABELLA
Clean this house. It's a mess!

Dre snoozes off.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)
You're already sleeping? Wow...
(sighing with relief)
We can paint the walls... maybe a
sky blue... that would be nice...

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Isabella stares out the window.

Janet is going over a lesson on the board when she notices
her not paying attention.

JANET
Isabella.

ISABELLA
Yes?

JANET

Did you just hear a word I said?

ISABELLA

Yes. Adverbs modify or qualify an adjective, or verb, another adverb, a preposition, and a sentence...

Janet pleasantly surprised, she continues writing on the board.

JANET

Or expresses a relation to a place, time, circumstance, degree, opposition...

EXT. SCHOOL YARD - DAY

Isabella sits alone in the playground.

She looks out into the street.

Eddie runs up to her.

EDDIE

Hey.

ISABELLA

What do you want?

EDDIE

You wanna play jump rope with me and Abby?

Isabella looks over at Maggie who has the jump rope in hand.

Maggie smiles.

ISABELLA

OK.

EDDIE

You go first!

Eddie grabs the other end of the rope as him and Maggie swing it for Isabella.

Isabella all smiles, jumps in and hops through the rope.

INT. PIZZERIA - DAY

Dre massages some dough as he prepares another pie for a packed joint.

Vinnie serves up a few slices.

VINNIE

Two slices, mushroom, pepperoni,
mozzarella sticks comin' up!

Isabella strolls in her with her backpack.

ISABELLA

Hey dad!

DRE

Hey baby! How was school?

ISABELLA

Good! I'm hungry!

DRE

Vinnie! My girl is hungry!

VINNIE

You got it boss! Slice, flying in!

Isabella all smiles.

ISABELLA

Thanks Vinnie!

VINNIE

No problem!

DRE

After you eat I wanna see you doing
your homework.

ISABELLA

You don't have to tell me every
time, dad.

DRE

Yes I do! Smart ass!

Vinnie watches the TV intently as he works. He raises the volume.

A picture of the Maltese Falcon is shown.

REPORTER

An original Maltese Falcon statue was reported stolen yesterday in a bizarre home invasion which turned almost deadly for the victim. The assailant apparently used the victims phone to call emergency services, saving her life by perhaps minutes... The statue can fetch up to a cool five million dollars, the woman is currently in stable condition, doctors say she placed the emergency call just in time...

Dre stops what he's doing and looks at the TV.

He has a sigh of relief.

VINNIE

Wow. You never seen the movie? It's a classic picture. Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, great picture.

A picture of a Nurse Anjelika is shown on the screen.

VINNIE (CONT'D)

Poor girl. She's beautiful.

Dre stares in awe.

VINNIE (CONT'D)

Hey?! Come on, get that pie in the oven.

EXT. VINNIE'S PIZZERIA - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A black BMW pulls up.

Slava gets out of his car and lights a cigarette.

INT. VINNIE'S PIZZERIA - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Dre notices Slava standing outside and takes off his apron.

DRE

(to Vinnie)
Gimme a minute.

VINNIE

Smoking again?!

DRE
I'll be right back.

He passes by Isabella who's enjoying her slice of pizza.

DRE (CONT'D)
Good yeah?

She nods with a mouth full of sauce and cheese.

DRE (CONT'D)
I'll be right back.

Dre makes his way out of the pizzeria.

EXT. VINNIE'S PIZZERIA - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Dre approaches Slava.

SLAVA
Andre....

DRE
Slava. I've been meaning to call you, my phone is dead. I haven't paid the bill yet...

SLAVA
Why is that not so hard for me to believe?

DRE
I got your money.

Dre hands him a rolled up bunch of bills.

Slava takes a quick investigating look.

SLAVA
I think you are missing some.

DRE
I'll get you the rest. You have my word. I'm working here--

SLAVA
(disappointed)
You know how many times I hear these words? I'm getting really, really tired of hearing the same shit Andy...

Slava flicks his cigarette and gets back in his car.

SLAVA (CONT'D)
It's OK, today you are forgiven.

DRE
Wow, Slava, can I get you a slice?

SLAVA
No, It's too much cheese for me...

DRE
Everything OK?

SLAVA
My sister got into some trouble...
My mind is all over the place right
now.

DRE
You serious? I hope everything is
OK, If you ever need anything--

SLAVA
Someone broke into her house last
night. They almost killed her.

Dre holds his breath.

SLAVA (CONT'D)
And when I find those responsible,
I will call you for a dinner. It
will not be a cows head this time.

DRE
I'll be there.

SLAVA
I'm sure you will.

Slava turns his ignition on, and shifts to D.

DRE
What's her name?

SLAVA
She's my angel.

Slava drives off.

Dre is left stunned.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - DAY

Dre and Jesus sit on a stoop.

Jesus smokes a grand joint, he passes it to Dre.

Dre gladly takes it and takes a deep pull, coughing his lungs.

JESUS
(laughing)
Welcome back, pappa.

Dre coughs some more.

DRE
God damn.

JESUS
Hey! Don't you say his name in vein
cogno.

DRE
It's good to be back J.

JESUS
My nigga.

Jesus gives Dre a brotherly hit on the shoulder.

DRE
I can't thank you enough for what
you did.

JESUS
Don't worry about it. Except now my
mother is wondering where all her
pills went.

DRE
Those were your moms?

JESUS
Doctor prescribed.

DRE
Shieeet.

JESUS (CONT'D)
Shieeet.

JESUS (CONT'D)
Taste and see that the LORD is
good...

Dre takes another drag, passes it back to Jesus.

JESUS (CONT'D)
Blessed is the one who takes refuge
in him.

INT. DRE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Salsa music blasts on the radio. Dre cooks up a delicious pan of stir-fried chicken.

Isabella is at the table doing homework.

ISABELLA
I can't do my homework when the
music is so loud!

DRE
Life is full of distractions.

Dre flips the chicken to reveal golden brown crispy crusts.

DRE (CONT'D)
You're gonna have to deal with it.

A knocking on the door is heard.

DRE (CONT'D)
Oh come on, what now?!

Dre heads over to the door and swings it open.

DRE (CONT'D)
The hell do you want?

It's a weary and disheveled Mike in a flannel shirt.

MIKE
I can't do it anymore. I'm done.

DRE
Good for you Mike, go and enjoy
your life.

MIKE
The only way she'll help me is if
she jumps off this building.

DRE
OK, so what I got to do with it?

MIKE
You think I can stay with you for a
few days?

Dre laughs in his face and slams the door.

DRE
No hard feelings!

ISABELLA
What did he want?

DRE
Another life baby, that's what they
all want.

ISABELLA
Do you want another life?

Dre serves up the sizzling fried chicken for the both of
them.

DRE
Not anymore.

ISABELLA
You better not!

Isabella grabs a piece and drops it back.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)
It's too hot!

DRE
Come on girl, first it's too cold,
then it's too hot...

ISABELLA
First it was frozen!

Dre picks up his chicken and also drops it back.

DRE
Damn! It is hot!

The lights in the apartment goes out and the music stops.

ISABELLA
What happened?

DRE
You gotta be kidding me!

After a few moments the radio and lights come back on.

RADIO REPORTER
This is breaking news... Our
country has been attacked.
(MORE)

RADIO REPORTER (CONT'D)

A cyber virus targeting millions of computers has successfully infected our infrastructure. All major networks have been infected-- numerous reports of massive loss of information. The FBI is reporting the hacker goes by the Alias of "DeeMooMooRox"...

DRE

Moo moo?!

ISABELLA

Who's Moo Moo?!

REPORTER

...all records... including credit, criminal have been erased... Banks... Corporations... everyone ...affected. Our nation... our security... deleted...

DRE

Motherfucker...

ISABELLA

I'm scared, what's happening?

DRE

Don't worry baby...

ISABELLA

How is this a good thing?

The lights and radio go off again.

DRE

Trust me.

THE END