FADE IN:

INT. STAPLES CENTER LOBBY - LATE NIGHT

The arena's interior is dark and lifeless. The mass vacancy and dead silence creates a disturbing atmosphere in this enormous structure. Moonlight gleams from above through the arena skylight; the only element making the internal features visible.

Closed concession counters and vendor stands outline the spacious arena corridors where snack wrappers, ticket stubs and other debris pave the floors leading from

INT. BASKETBALL ARENA

Thousands of empty stadium seats lay still in the mild darkness. The deserted environment changes pace as POV drifts to

JASON EVANS, 26, a muscular, clean cut athlete, sitting alone in the center of a lit game floor over the Los Angeles Chargers' emblem. A championship TROPHY sits beside him, a towel is wrapped around his shoulders and the GAME BALL signed by his entire team rests by his feet. With more than enough evidence of a victorious night, it is rather odd to see him on edge and shook up.

INT. LOS ANGELES CHARGERS LOCKER ROOM

Double doors burst open as JASON enters. He strides passed dark locker rows cautious and alert as he turns into the fourth row.

LOCKER OPENS

JASON hangs up his towel on a hook. He slips out of his Los Angeles Chargers' jersey as a bulletproof VEST is revealed from underneath his sweaty uniform. He rips it off and tosses them both inside his locker. He closes it.

INT. MEN'S SHOWERS

JASON stands under a showerhead as water cascades over his head and body. Still mindful of his back, he occasionally glances outside the shower room door, never letting his guard down.

INT. LOCKER ROOM

JASON, fully dressed, loads his duffle bag with the gear from his locker. He folds his jersey and tucks it in his bag. He hesitates a moment. He slowly pulls out a .45 semi-automatic Caliber. He pops out the clip, and holds it. A beat. He pops it back in.

EXT. STAPLES CENTER PARKING LOT - NIGHT

JASON guardedly slips through the back exit to the rear parking lot. The entire lot is empty except for JASON'S Mercedes Benz. He makes his way over to his vehicle scanning left to right. As he comes to his car door, he looks up at

DARK CAR

with its lights off but running engine from a couple yards away. He double takes but doesn't hesitate entering his vehicle.

INT. MERCEDES BENZ

JASON starts the car and pulls out of the Staples Center's parking lot. He pulls on to a street and continues down it.

Momentarily, a pair of headlights appear in the back window. They get closer. And closer. JASON takes notice to the vehicle tailing him and speeds up.

JASON reaches over in the passenger's seat fumbling through his duffle bag. The headlights come directly behind the Mercedes' rear. JASON pulls his gun out, as the car swerves parallel to him. The car's window rolls down as JASON arms himself. FAN, 20s, no shirt, covered in CHARGERS face paint, hangs his head out the window screaming in a riotous frenzy.

FAN

Yeah, Evans you rock dude...WOOOOOOO!

The car speeds off, as JASON comes to a screeching stop at a traffic light. In the distance, we can still hear the howling of a crazed fan.

JASON takes this in as he sits at the red light. He deeply sighs and stares at his eyes in the rear view mirror. He reaches over and opens his glove compartment, throws the gun in and slams it shut. He looks at his gas gauge--close to empty. He thinks a moment. The light turns green. JASON pulls off.

EXT. EXXON GAS STATION - NIGHT

JASON pulls into the station and stops at the first pump. He shuts the car off. He hops out and makes his way over to the teller's window. He looks around some more. All clear.

He steps to the teller's window. Elderly MAN, 50s, seasoned mechanic with a five o'clock shadow, tends the window with his eyes on a portable TV.

JASON slides his credit card under the window. Elderly MAN takes the card from the window slot. He glances up at JASON and double takes.

ELDERLY MAN

Hey, Jason Evans? That was one hell of a game tonight son. You really killed yourself...

JASON takes this in and politely nods. Elderly MAN slides the card and hands it back to JASON along with his receipt. JASON grabs them both and makes his way back over to his car. The clerk watches JASON in admiration.

JASON stands by his car as the gas pumps. JASON looks in the distance

COMPLETE DARKNESS

except for the surrounding area lit by the station lights. He smirks to himself and shakes his head. He's convinced that he's overreacting. As he lets his guard down

TWO BLACK SUVs

roll by and gradually decrease speed. JASON follows them

with his eyes until they drive out of view. JASON quickly sticks the nozzle back on the pump and hops back in his vehicle. He pulls out of the station lot.

EXT. BACK ROAD - LATE NIGHT

JASON pulls onto a back road that leads to an Interstate.

INT. MERCEDES BENZ - CONTINUOUS

JASON picks up his cell phone and dials. He puts it to his ear as he looks up and sees a GLIMPSE of an animal, with glowing eyes, galloping across the road. He sits up and glares into the darkness confused. As he passes, he glances at his rear view mirror--and sees nothing. A beat. He brings his attention back up front as

TWO BLACK SUVs

sit in the middle of the road blocking it.

EXT. BACK ROAD

JASON'S car slams into the two SUVs forcing his vehicle to a crashing stop. All three vehicles sit in the street, a beat.

INT. MERCEDES BENZ

Dazed and a little hammered, JASON grabs his gun from the glove compartment and opens his car door. Two MEN with masks run up on JASON and open fire before he can even get both feet on the ground. He takes the slugs to the chest and hits the floor. They lower their firearms and hop back in the SUVs.

We hear tires screeching and high-powered engines driving off, as JASON lies motionless on the dirt surface.

EXT. SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA - DAWN

The sun slowly peeks over the horizon illuminating the Hollywood Hills and outlining the skyline of downtown Los Angeles.

EXT. PLAYGROUND

Four silhouettes play in the darkness on a worn asphalt basketball court.

RUNNING SNEAKERS

become clear as the rising SUN clarifies the rest of the setting.

EXT. INTERSTATE 405 - DAWN

Passing cars drive through a four-lane highway. A beat. Two Black SUVs drive passed.

EXT. GREYHOUND BUS STATION - MORNING

JORDAN EVANS, 18, tough-looking urban kid with an athletic build, sits at a Greyhound Bus station bench in a hooded sweat jacket and a duffle bag by his feet.

His dead eyes stare in the distance with an enraged look on his face. He's just received the news.

INT. GREYHOUND BUS (MOVING)

JORDAN sits in a window seat with his head against the glass staring out into space. JORDAN is the type of kid that was forced to grow up at a young age. The type that hides their emotions but runs off them. He's carried the weight of the world on his shoulders his entire life and it's just gotten worse.

EXT. CEMETARY - MORNING

JORDAN sits in a folding chair along with six-dozen others at a funeral service. The MINISTER requests the congregation rise to their feet. All stand except JORDAN.

DARIUS CAMPBELL, 38, handsome, GQ type, nicknamed "DOO RAGG" sits behind JORDAN, and grips his shoulders as he stands.

A dozen MEN in Los Angeles Chargers warm-ups stand with each other with their heads bowed. Hundreds of FANS pay their respects to the deceased athlete. JORDAN is heavily fixated on his brother's closed casket. The first sign of emotion from JORDAN comes out as he blinks an eye causing a single tear to roll down his face.

EXT. OAKFIELD CONDOMINIUMS - EARLY MORNING

It's a normal lively morning. Mail carriers deliver packages walking down the sidewalk. Women stroll with their dogs, Men jog, etc. Pretty nice neighborhood.

DARIUS (V.O)

Yeah, yeah, I understand, but...

INT. JORDAN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

JORDAN sleeps with his back facing the door, and a pillow plopped over his head. His alarm clock reads 8:19am. We notice he has a large collection of NBA posters and league paraphernalia spread all over the walls and floor. Michael Jordan, "Magic" Johnson, Jason Evans. All the greats. We drift over to a SHELF with endless trophies and awards in basketball, baseball, and

JUNIOR MARKSMAN 2003

We also notice EARMUFFS from the firing range, alongside an impressive score sheet. It appears he's well rounded in sports that can vent the aggression of a hotheaded teenager.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

A muted plasma screen airing the news mounts on a wall. DARIUS talks on a cordless phone as he burns scrambled eggs on a gas stove in a neat, well-managed kitchen. He's from the street but has conformed to corporate America. He prefers to be called Darius, but old street nicknames diehard. Not to mention his verbalization slipping in and out of slang and proper English.

DARIUS

No, that must be some mistake, he was released <u>last</u> week-(a beat)

Yes, and considering that, you have to understand the tough time he's going through right now. DARIUS deeply sighs and shakes his head.

DARIUS (cont'd)

No, no, I get it. All right, he'll be there. Bye.

DARIUS hangs up the phone and walks out of kitchen.

INT. JORDAN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

DARIUS walks into the doorway of the bedroom. Given JORDAN'S emotional state, DARIUS considers his tone wisely.

DARIUS

(delicately)

Jordan? Wake up man. (looks at his watch)

You're late for--

JORDAN

(unclear)

Suck my dick.

DARIUS awkwardly pauses. He didn't expect that.

DARIUS

(outraged)

You said what?

JORDAN doesn't respond.

DARIUS (cont'd)

(firmer)

I'm not gonna tell your ass again.

JORDAN smacks his teeth. DARIUS sighs and walks back into the kitchen. JORDAN opens his eyes and lifts his head up looking towards the door making sure DARIUS is gone. He rests his head back down and smirks to himself talking under his breath.

DARIUS comes back in his room with the skillet he was burning eggs on and empties the pan on JORDAN'S back. JORDAN gets up startled as DARIUS walks back out of the room.

JORDAN (sluggish) Ragg? What the fu--

DARIUS (O.S)
(shouting)
I said get your ass up!

INT. KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

JORDAN drags himself into the kitchen, in boxers and a white tank top, as we hear a female NEWSCASTER'S voice from the television.

NEWSCASTER (V.O)

...LAPD homicide detectives announced the start of the investigation <u>for</u> the murder 10 days ago. Viewers were dismayed to learn that the victim was none other than the Los Angeles Chargers' star point guard Jason Evans...

DARIUS, who sits at the Kitchen table reading a paper, glances over at JORDAN who nonchalantly sips a carton of orange juice, with laidback eyes locked on the TV screen.

DARIUS grabs the remote and mutes the TV. They sit in an awkward silence a moment. JORDAN doesn't take his eyes off the monitor even with no volume. DARIUS moves on.

DARIUS

I just got off the phone with the school. It took some hustling, but they're going to let you finish out the rest of the year.

JORDAN doesn't respond. He keeps his eyes on the screen as he takes another swig. DARIUS pauses and rubs his fingers between his eyes. His patience is wearing thin.

DARIUS (cont'd)

Jordan?

JORDAN looks over at DARIUS.

DARIUS

Maybe you should consider taking things more serious.

JORDAN

(genuinely)

Like what?

DARIUS

Like your life. You just did thirty days for assault, that's not serious to you? You're lucky they're letting you back in the school, let alone play on a team. You got off easy this time.

JORDAN

(smirks)

That is lucky, huh?

DARIUS hesitates.

DARIUS

Are you going or what?

JORDAN

Nah, I'm good.

DARIUS

What about the whole scholarship thing?

JORDAN

To hell with a scholarship, I'm going pro.

DARIUS

(humoring)

And when did you decide all that?

JORDAN doesn't respond. He downs the rest of the juice and walks over to the trash bin and chucks the empty carton inside. He glances over at an unsorted stack of mail. He picks it up and sorts through it. He looks around and flares his nostrils.

JORDAN

What the hell is that smell?

DARIUS looks up.

DARIUS

I made you breakfast.

JORDAN looks over at a plate of burnt toast and under cooked bacon strips.

DARIUS (cont'd)

The eggs are on your mattress if you want em'.

JORDAN smirks.

JORDAN

(sarcastic)

At least she taught you how to cook before she left you.

DARIUS slowly drops everything and sighs. He turns to JORDAN.

DARIUS

(amusingly)

Look Jordan, I know the whole rebellious, smart-aleck, pain in the ass thing is how you're coping with your ordeal, but that's also the quickest way to get your ass whooped.

JORDAN

(chuckles)

I'm playing man. So when did ya'll finalize the divorce?

DARIUS

Bout a week and a half ago. That was probably around the time you were somebody's bitch.

JORDAN laughs.

JORDAN

You were married to a cop for five years. A compulsive one at that, I'm sure you know plenty about being somebody's bitch.

DARIUS gives JORDAN a sarcastic laugh. JORDAN plops the stack of mail back down on the table. His eyes wander over to a set of keys lying on the counter. He picks them up and looks at them. He doesn't recognize them.

JORDAN

What are these?

DARIUS looks over at JORDAN dangling the set of new keys.

DARIUS

Oh yeah. They're yours. You know Jason's house in Brentwood? He left it to you.

JORDAN

Left it to me?

DARIUS

You inherited it.

DARIUS gets up and grabs an empty key ring from a wall hook. He makes his way over to JORDAN and grabs the keys.

JORDAN

You need a will for that kind of shit, right?

DARIUS

Something like that.

JORDAN

Why the hell would he be thinking of that stuff right now?

DARIUS

Shit--at the income you make as a pro athlete, that's the best thing.

(putting keys on key ring)
Something happens, you can leave your
shit to your family, instead of the

city. I'm sure his accountant suggested it.

JORDAN takes this in. He reaches for the keys. DARIUS keeps them from him.

DARIUS (cont'd)

Nope. If I'm not mistaken, your still a minor for the next 72 hours. So technically, as your legal guardian, everything you own belongs to me.

DARIUS walks back over to the table and takes a seat. He puts a newspaper to his face and looks at his wristwatch.

DARIUS (cont'd)

And the way I see it, I can still make your ass go to school, so--

JORDAN (O.S)

I got a better idea.

DARIUS looks over at him. JORDAN removes a basketball from a trophy case. He bounces it a couple times.

DARIUS

Be careful, man.

JORDAN (cont'd)

We play a game. I win, I get the keys to my crib, and I get to use your truck for rest of the day. You win, I walk.

DARIUS

Why such a heavy deal on your behalf and I don't get shit?

JORDAN

Cause your old ass can't beat me.

DARIUS shakes his head.

DARTUS

See now you lost your mind. That children's Tylenol must've intoxicated your brain--Let me get up before I

whoop yo' ass.

DARIUS folds the newspaper and tucks it under his arm. He gets up as

JORDAN

You a bitch.

DARIUS stops in his tracks.

DARIUS

What?

JORDAN shrugs his shoulders.

DARIUS (cont'd)

(pointing)

Look at that right there tell me what it says?

DARIUS nods at an award in his trophy case. JORDAN sighs and swings his head over to the plaque.

JORDAN

(Reluctantly reading)

NBA M.V.P Darius Campbell 2003.

DARIUS

(arrogantly)

NBA M.V.P--

JORDAN isn't impressed.

DARIUS (cont'd)

You sure you want to call me out?

JORDAN

That was like six years ago. You retired, you've aged. Put on pounds. And on top of that, your wife walked out with the last shred of dignity you had left.

DARIUS amusingly takes this in, in a flabbergasted silence. A beat. Jordan cracks a smile.

DARIUS

Put your shoes on.

DARIUS walks into another room. JORDAN heads toward his bedroom.

INT. LOS ANGELES 5th PRECINCT - MORNING

An elevator opens. Agent STANLEY CARLSON, late 30s, well kept, steps off and makes his way through the precinct suite. He's a decent looking guy. As he passes through, we notice he's very courteous and polite. Very old fashioned. He was obviously raised on the right side of the tracks.

He approaches an office at the end of the hall. He knocks on the door and enters

INT. WARNER'S OFFICE

Agent WARNER, 50s, a husky outspoken police captain with a short fuse, sits at his desk on the phone. He looks up and sees CARLSON standing in his doorway and wraps up his conversation.

WARNER

(on phone)

Listen. Let me call you back, I'm with someone. All right. Bye.

He hangs up.

CARLSON

You wanted to see me, chief?

WARNER

Yeah, sure. Have a seat.

(a beat)

Would you like some coffee?

CARLSON

No thanks.

CARLSON sits in a chair in front of his desk. WARNER brings an unopened package of coffee from his desk drawer.

WARNER

You sure? Martha packed me this

Columbian Blend or whatever it is. I don't drink the stuff but it's supposed to be the best. Imported or something.

CARLSON

Yeah, I'm okay.

WARNER

All right, anyway.

He shoves the package back into the drawer and slams it shut. A beat.

WARNER (cont'd)

I want to put you on the "Evans" case. I need you to help. Agent Donavan is still the lead detective on the investigation but, I could really use your assistance.

CARLSON nods.

CARLSON

Sure no problem. Anything I can do to help.

WARNER

That's what I like to hear detective.

(a beat)

I've uh, arranged Agent Flynn to partner with you while sergeant Campbell is on vacation.

This sparks CARLSON'S interest.

CARLSON

Agent Flynn?

WARNER

(grins)

That's right. I trust you will work well together.

They share a mutual guy smile.

INT. 5th PRECINCT - MINUTES LATER

CARLSON slips out of WARNER'S office and closes the door behind him. He makes his way over to his cubicle. He plops down in the chair as

FLYNN (O.S)

Morning Carlson?

SUSANNA FLYNN, late 20s, Pilipino, very attractive, makes her way over to him holding a manila folder.

He looks over at her and is stunned by her appearance. She wears a skintight office suit; three buttons on her shirt undone, just enough to <u>not</u> show too much. She's the kind of looker that will turn your head every time. They shake hands as she sits on the corner of his desk.

FLYNN

Looks like were working together, huh?

CARLSON

Yeah. I haven't seen you since, the, uh--

FLYNN

Yeah. I've been in physical therapy.

CARLSON

Yeah. Well, anyway, I'm sor--

FLYNN

No, it's fine. Believe me not every situation ends as well as it did. Thank god for the vests, right?

They both nod and awkwardly pause. Desperate to change the subject, he notices her

CELL PHONE

on her hip. He moves on.

CARLSON

I see you got the Razor. You hopped on the band wagon, huh? How's it working for you?

FLYNN

Pretty good. No complaints.

CARLSON pulls his phone out.

CARLSON

Yeah, I was the first to get it. I've got connections, ya know?

He smiles and flaunts his phone in front of her.

FLYNN

Looks exactly like mine.

CARLSON

(sarcastic)

Don't jinks it, we might just mix them up someday.

FLYNN

Oh, I can't function without my phone, I'd kill you if you ever took it.

She winks at him. They laugh it off. They pause again. He gets down to business.

CARLSON

Anyway, what we got so far?

FLYNN

Oh, I thought you'd never ask.

She hands the manila folder to him. He opens it and looks through it.

FLYNN (cont'd)

Christmas came early this year. We got a motive. A substantial amount of people lost a lot of money on that game, including the Coverts...

CARLSON takes this in, as he looks up at FLYNN.

CARLSON

The Gang?

FLYNN

That's right, and get this, a couple of the Coverts' top hits were seen in the arena the night of the homicide.

(a beat)

We've planned a surprise party for one of them.

CARLSON nods.

CARLSON

You know I never turn down a party.

CARLSON gets up and makes his way across the precinct suite. FLYNN follows.

CARLSON (cont'd)

You gonna run it by Donavan?

FLYNN

Nope.

CARLSON looks over at FLYNN.

FLYNN (cont'd)

I'm a rebel, what can I say?

CARLSON smirks. They exit.

Music Begins.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - MORNING

JORDAN and DARIUS check the ball at the free throw line on a blacktop basketball court. DARIUS wears his retired Los Angeles Chargers' jersey with *Campbell* on the back. JORDAN dresses casually with Jeans, a t-shirt, etc. He doesn't plan on breaking a sweat.

DARIUS

Got me out here at 9am and shit--Game is 15.

DARIUS checks the ball back to JORDAN. JORDAN catches the ball and pump fakes. DARIUS' hand flies in the air.

JORDAN

What's all that for?

DARIUS awaits JORDAN'S next move in a defensive position. JORDAN fakes left and goes right. JORDAN passes DARIUS leaving him behind. He dribbles to the hoop, and sinks an easy lay-up. JORDAN walks back to the free throw line. DARIUS snatches the rebound.

JORDAN

That's one.

DARIUS

Yeah whatever.

DARIUS throws the ball back to JORDAN. JORDAN pump fakes again. DARIUS smacks his teeth and waves him off. He walks under the hoop.

DARIUS (cont'd)

Man, I'll give you that all day.

JORDAN sighs.

JORDAN

Are you serious?

DARIUS

Shoot the damn ball, man.

JORDAN shoots the ball. It goes in. DARIUS retrieves the ball and bounces it back to JORDAN.

DARIUS (cont'd)

That ain't shit, anybody can make one. Why don't you step back to the big man's line?

DARIUS stays under the basket, although, he's a little closer to JORDAN than before. JORDAN backs up behind the three-point arc.

JORDAN shoots a three-pointer. He drains it. DARIUS gets the rebound. JORDAN gives him a what you got to say now? look.

DARIUS

You still ain't shit, I ain't impressed.

JORDAN

Ragg, play some D.

DARIUS

(agitated)

Shoot the ball, punk.

JORDAN shoots another three-pointer. He scores another. DARIUS grabs the rebound and walks up to JORDAN.

DARIUS

(under his breath)

All right, man. Shit.

DARIUS hands the ball to JORDAN and crouches down in a front of him, in a defensive stance, giving him no space.

JORDAN

Nah man, what are you doing? I thought that was all day?

DARIUS, unfazed by the trash talk, holds his defense and a strong game face. JORDAN starts to dribble. DARIUS keeps up with him a moment. JORDAN does a quick crossover and spins around DARIUS.

DARIUS can't keep up as JORDAN pulls up for a jumper and scores another shot.

JORDAN

That's twelve. You know game is fifteen, right? Feel free to score one.

DARIUS

Yeah, keep talkin'.

JORDAN walks back to the three-point arc. DARIUS bounces the ball to JORDAN. DARIUS still plays strong defense. JORDAN holds the ball a moment. JORDAN turns and posts up on DARIUS. DARIUS puts his arm up into JORDAN'S side maintaining his distance.

JORDAN

You know it's over right?--I should just leave?

DARIUS

Did you brush you teeth? Your breath smell like--

JORDAN spins left and fades a jumper behind the three-point arc. DARIUS leaps toward him trying to block his final shot. JORDAN drains the bucket. DARIUS runs to the hoop to follow up on the rebound but slows down realizing the game is over.

DARIUS (cont'd)

(accepting)

Well, I guess that's it, huh?

DARIUS puts his hand on his back and walks toward JORDAN.

DARIUS (cont'd)

So what'd you wanna do first, you wanna wash my draws?

JORDAN

Nah, I'm good Ragg. I'm bout to go pick up Mo and be on my way.

DARIUS

(breathing hard)

That's good to hear Jordan. I'm glad I could talk some sense in to you.

DARIUS exhales hard and takes a seat on the bench.

JORDAN

You aight, Ragg? You need some Icy Hot or something?

JORDAN walks towards the bench.

JORDAN (cont'd)

You shouldn't be so quick to step out here wit me, knowing you got arthritis, osteoporosis, and mad cow disease. DARIUS

Go to hell.

JORDAN picks up his duffle bag and throws the strap around his shoulder. He walks over to DARIUS, they hit fists together. JORDAN then walks towards the door in the metal fence.

DARIUS (cont'd)

Say what's up to Ms. Williams for me.

JORDAN acknowledges holding up the peace fingers and keeps walking.

INT. RANGE ROVER - MORNING

JORDAN drives down a street blasting his car radio. He pulls up to a group of high school KIDS with backpacks standing at a bus stop. He parks.

EXT. BUS STOP

Lamont Parker, 18, an urban loud mouth that's all bark and no bite, nicknamed L-MO, sits at the stop, smoking a cigarette, with a cute Latina GIRL on his lap. He looks up and notices who's behind the wheel of the Range Rover.

L-MO

Oh, shit.

JORDAN gets out the car as they make their way over to each other. They dap firmly.

L-MO

What the deal is, kid?

JORDAN

What's good with you, Mo?

L-MO

Ain't shit. When'd you get out?

JORDAN

Friday.

L-MO

That's what's up, man.

Their excitement settles.

L-MO (cont'd)

Yo, but real talk, I'm sorry for your loss, I know your boy meant everything to you. That was like my brother too, man.

JORDAN

It's all good, Mo.

L-MO

I mean that man, for real.

JORDAN

It's good. You riding?

L-MO

Hell yeah.

L-MO flicks away his cigarette. They make their way back to the car as

LATINA GIRL

(to L-MO)

I'm riding with you, too?

L-MO

Nah, bitch.

All other kids at the stop laugh. JORDAN and L-MO hop in the RANGE ROVER.

LATINA GIRL (O.S)

Pendejo.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - MINUTES LATER

The RANGE ROVER pulls into an empty space. JORDAN shuts the car off. They hop out in an intense debate.

JORDAN

It wasn't even that serious.

L-MO

Damn that. I'm telling you that shit is all over Youtube, Yahoo BET, MTV, you name it. Every where you turn.

(puts his hands up like a headline)

Sports star gets ass kicked by high school kid. It was like that Chris Childs and Kobe shit.

They make their way over to a group of GUYS sitting on a stone barrier. RAYMOND, 18, an urban kid with a clean cut and a laid back swagger, hops down and daps JORDAN and L-MO.

RAYMOND

Shit. I'll be damned. Welcome back J.

JORDAN and L-MO dap the rest of the GUYS.

L-MO

Yo, will you please tell this guy how much publicity he's got for slapping the shit out of Vince Cunningham?

They laugh and gossip at the same time. L-MO points out the rapid response to JORDAN. JORDAN rolls his eyes and smirks.

INT. CAFETERIA - MORNING

The STUDENTS wrap up breakfast in the cafeteria. L-MO and JORDAN sit at a table by themselves. As do all high school "celebrities".

L-MO

What was it like on the inside?

JORDAN

Shit. Wasn't that bad. I got a lot of respect. Even convicts don't mess with Vince Cunningham.

L-MO chuckles.

JORDAN (cont'd)

I'm serious. Especially cause of that Dallas game last year.

They laugh it off.

L-MO

So what's the plan now?

JORDAN

I'm entering the draft. Hopefully get picked up by the Chargers.

L-MO smirks.

L-MO

With Vince?

L-MO looks up at JORDAN. They lock eyes with seriousness. JORDAN brushes it off.

JORDAN

Anyway, how's things coming with the squad here.

L-MO sighs.

L-MO

Shit. We need you J. I've been carrying the whole team so far. Coach been riding me hard, I'm bout to whoop his fat ass, I'm telling you. I can't do this shit alone.

JORDAN nods. L-MO chuckles.

JORDAN

What?

L-MO

Welcome home, baby.

They hit fists together.

INT. UNIVERSITY PARK HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

L-MO and JORDAN exit the cafeteria and dap each other.

L-MO

I'm this way. Hey, I need to ride with you to the pep rally tonight.

JORDAN

Why? What happened to--

L-MO

Late night. Street racing. Cops. You don't want to know the rest.

JORDAN chuckles.

JORDAN

Aight, I got you.

They dap. L-MO walks off in his own direction as JORDAN continues down the opposite hallway. Almost every student that passes acknowledges him. GIRLS smile at him, others wave, he *hits fists* with a couple football JOCKS in Lettermen jackets.

JOCK (O.S)

Welcome back, J.

He keeps walking and turns a corner. He enters the adjacent hallway.

LOCKER OPENS

JORDAN shoves books in his locker. We notice mini JASON EVANS' posters hanging on the door's interior. JORDAN grabs keys from the top shelf and slams the locker shut.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT

RED LEXUS COUPE

pulls into an empty parking space. TERESA JOHNSON, late 20s, white girl, very beautiful, curvy, steps out of the vehicle and closes the door. Obviously she's not a student.

She wears a well-fitted DKNY business suit and Louie

Vuitton shades.

She takes a couple of steps into the school courtyard and stops. We hear whistles at her as she takes her sunshades off and looks around. She's lost.

EXT. UNIVERSITY BROOK APARTMENT COMMUNITY - AFTERNOON

Three unmarked patrol units pull up in front of the University Brook apartment building. A couple of plain clothed officers exit the vehicles and throw on navy blue windbreakers with "POLICE" on the back. CARLSON and FLYNN exit an unmarked unit.

FLYNN

The perp's name is Ricky Wilson. A year ago he faced assault charges in a similar case. He was seen at the game, and has a dozen priors in sport betting...If he's not involved, he's bound to know someone that is.

CARLSON

It's a start.

CARLSON speaks into the walkie-talkie attached to his shoulder.

CARLSON (cont'd)

Let me have a couple units covering the back exits, and the fire escape.

VOICE (V.O)

Copy that.

CARLSON, FLYNN, and three other OFFICERS enter through the apartment front entrance.

INT. RICKY WILSON'S APARTMENT

RICKY WILSON, 28, a slick looking black guy with dreadlocks, sits on the couch in the living room of his apartment with his WIFE, 22, and his three-year old son.

RICKY counts a wad of cash while his WIFE tightens his locks.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

A half dozen OFFICERS with "POLICE" windbreakers rush up the stairwell in the building.

INT. RICKY WILSON'S APARTMENT - WIDER VIEW

Ricky's SON plays with his toy cars on the floor, as he occasionally glances up at SPONGEBOB SQUARE PANTS on TV.

We hear a cell phone vibrating. RICKY reaches in his pocket and pulls it out.

DISPLAY READS "369"

RICKY looks up at his WIFE. She looks back at him. They know what it means.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY

Police officers run down a hallway, and stop at apartment door "820".

INT. RICKY WILSON'S APARTMENT

BAMMM!

Police uniforms crash through Ricky's front DOOR. They sweep down his corridor leading to the living room. Ricky's WIFE stands in their way as they mildly shove her back onto the sofa. She picks her SON up and holds him in her arms.

FLYNN

Show me your hands--Your hands!!

Ricky's WIFE holds her hands up.

CARLSON

Ricky Wilson?

She shrugs her shoulders. It's not convincing.

CALRSON grabs two OFFICERS and dashes toward a shut bedroom door. A beat. They kick the door open. RICKY, chiseling away at the drywall, looks up at the uniforms standing in the doorway.

CARLSON

Freeze!!!

RICKY ignores him as he picks up a chair and PLOWS through the remains of the wall.

INT. HALLWAY

RICKY rolls into the hallway, gets up, and darts for the stairwell.

CARLSON

WHAT THE FUC--

The officers run after him through the hole.

INT. UNIVERSITY BROOK APARTMENTS - FIRST FLOOR

RICKY crashes out of the stairwell door. He runs towards the back exit. Momentarily, the officers come through the door gaining on him. He looks back at them. He turns back around as

SMACK!!!

he's tackled by two officers guarding the back door. Everything is in a whirlwind of sound and confusion. They cuff RICKY and pick him up to his feet.

INT. 5TH PRECINCT INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

RICKY sits in the room, by himself on a metal chair, with his hands cuffed to it. We PUSH through a two-way mirror.

INT. NEXT ROOM

On the other side of the mirror stands, CARLSON, FLYNN, and agent BILLUPS, 36, muscular black guy with a serious pokerface.

FLYNN

Well, turns out, at about 1:12 am, Ricky Wilson was arrested for DUI not too far from the arena. Jason Evans was last scene by a gas station clerk at around 2:27am.

CARLSON

So we got nothing?

FLYNN

Well, according to him, he's not with the Coverts anymore. He's willing to talk but he wants to be assured that he's protected.

CARLSON

(smirks)

Yeah, he's gonna need it.

BILLUPS

I'm going to go run a background on the victim. Credit card statements, phone bills, that sort of thing.

CARLSON nods. BILLUPS exits the room.

INT. 5TH PRECINCT INTERROGATION ROOM

The Interrogation room door opens. Agent KYLE DONAVAN, 36, enters the room. He's an arrogant, nonchalant, preppy White boy, born with a devious smile.

He sits across from RICKY and drops a manila folder in front of him. He hesitates a moment as they lock eye contact.

DONAVAN

My men tell me the night of Jason Evans' murder, you were arrested for DUI.

RICKY doesn't respond. DONAVAN focuses on RICKY'S

NECK TATTOO

of an eccentric "C"; the symbol of the gang.

DONAVAN (cont'd)

I also understand that you resigned with the Coverts...how'd you manage to get out of that alive?

RICKY hesitates a moment.

RICKY

We had a mutual understanding.

DONAVAN laughs to himself. RICKY doesn't.

DONAVAN

Now that's funny, that's really funny.

RICKY smirks. DONAVAN gets right down to it.

DONAVAN (cont'd)

Okay, enough bullshit. I was told you might have some information about the sport betters involved in the Jason Evans murder?

RICKY

Who said Jason Evans was murdered by sport betters?

DONAVAN awkwardly pauses. He's stumped.

DONAVAN

Humor me.

RICKY considers.

RICKY

That wasn't just any 187. Your boy Jason Evans was into some deep shit.

DONAVAN

Like what?

RICKY

Your guess is as good as mine. All I know is, when it came down to it, everyone got what was coming to them that night. And as for me, I made a shit load on that game.

DONAVAN

(suspiciously)

But they won.

RICKY

Exactly.

DONAVAN takes this in.

EXT. OUTSIDE L-MO'S PARENT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

An enormous 3-story stucco home sits on a hilltop in the distance from the driveway. A RANGE ROVER pulls up front. JORDAN sits in the driver's seat and puts the gear in park. L-MO exits the house and runs up to the SUV and hops in the passenger's seat.

L-MO

What up J. Yo, this fine ass white girl was looking for you this morning.

JORDAN glances in the side mirror and pulls out onto the road.

JORDAN

(joking)

White girl huh? She didn't have a mixed baby with her did she?

L-MO smacks his teeth. They drive off.

INT. UNIVERSTIY PARK HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

QUICKCUTS of a lively gymnasium at University Park high school awaiting the start of the highly anticipated Pep Rally. The turnout is astounding.

Students enter the building and are waved down with metal detectors.

The roaring ovation erupts in the bleachers as the cheerleading squad holds their attention and the school BAND blares a familiar jam.

JORDAN, L-MO, and the rest of the basketball squad, dressed in their school warm-ups, enter the gym. The ovation becomes greater. JORDAN looks around in amazement.

JORDAN

Damn.

L-MO

What's you expect superstar?

JORDAN grins at L-MO

CENTER FLOOR

R.KILLA, 30s, black, radio personality, stands in the center of the gymnasium floor hosting the show.

R.KILLA

Whas up, this your boy R.Killa from WHOT 97.3 University Park make some noise...

The ovation greatens as everyone in the bleachers stomps their feet.

SIDELINE

JORDAN and L-MO sit on the bench looking around in the stance a moment. They then look back at each other.

L-MO

Yo, this the last rally we gonna have at University Park man.

JORDAN

You right.

L-MO

Let's go out with a bang.

JORDAN and L-MO smile, and hit fists together.

INT. BASKETBALL FLOOR - LATER

RAYMOND is at the last ball rack in the three-point contest. He makes the first two but misses the last three as the BUZZER goes off.

R.KILLA

Ahhhh. That was a nice effort, make some noise for your man.

The crowd supports.

R.KILLA (cont'd)

He got game just not in here.

The crowd laughs. RAYMOND sarcastically smirks and waves him off.

SIDELINE

JORDAN

(to L-MO)

I'm gonna get some water.

JORDAN gets up and makes his way to the gym doors.

INT. HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

JORDAN is bent over at a water fountain in front of the gymnasium. He finishes and makes his way back inside as--

MALE VOICE (V.O)

Hey, Jordan?

JORDAN turns and sees MARLON "STRAPZ" CURTIS, late 20s, urban, hustler-type.

STRAPZ

What's up homey? They call me Strapz. I'm--

He daps JORDAN.

JORDAN

Yeah, I know who you are. You from that And 1 thing, right?

STRAPZ

Nah, nah, its called "The Cage".

JORDAN smirks.

STRAPZ (cont'd)

Anyway, I used to play ball with your brother back in the day. Just want to give you my respects, you know?

JORDAN

I appreciate it.

JORDAN heads back.

STRAPZ

Yo, one more thing. I heard you headed for the league. If that don't work out for you, you should come run with my squad. I think your brother would want that.

STRAPZ hands JORDAN a small card.

STRAPZ (cont'd)

Come through sometime, aight?

JORDAN nods as STRAPZ walks away. JORDAN questions this encounter. He looks down at the card. The front is blank. He turns it over and sees a sequence of numbers on the bottom of it.

CARD

76 454 945

JORDAN heads back in the gym.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

JORDAN sits back down next to L-MO in deep thought. L-MO bumps JORDAN. He snaps out of it.

L-MO

You're up, dude.

JORDAN shakes it off and unzips his warm-up. He rises to his feet.

CENTER FLOOR

R.KILLA

Loose your mind ya'll, loose your mind! Your boy is back. Number one high school division guard in the United States of America...Dr. J Evans!!!! The ovation in the crowd is thunderous. JORDAN stands at the first ball rack absorbing the incredible verbal support. The intense enthusiastic response causes some audience members to plug their ears.

JORDAN anticipates the sound of the buzzer as he rubs his hands together and hops in place.

BUZZER SOUNDS

JORDAN grabs the first ball and shoots. JORDAN grabs the second ball and shoots. As the first ball still flies through the air, the second ball is shot in the air with it.

Both balls drain in the hoop. He grabs the next ball and shoots. JORDAN has a certain rhythm he maintains as he pulls up each time. So far he is five for five. He runs over to the next rack, he grabs the first ball and shoots it. It banks in. He grabs the second ball and shoots. Nothing but net. He grabs the third ball--It slips out of his hands and off to the side. He quickly retrieves it and shoots off balance. He misses.

SIDELINE

L-MO

Come on J.

THREE RECRUITERS

sit together in the third row of the bleacher section. RECRUITER #1 nods his head and whispers over to RECRUITER #2.

TERESA

enters through the side entrance of the gymnasium and blends herself in with the crowd.

JORDAN runs to the last basketball rack. He shoots the first ball and scores. JORDAN drains the next three. The rack falls down knocking the last ball off to the sideline.

THREE SECONDS LEFT

JORDAN quickly scoops up the ball and shoots a fade away. After he releases, he lands in the lap of audience members in the first row. They catch his fall.

The BUZZER sounds as the ball soars through the air and into the hoop.

The audience stands to their feet screaming at the top of their lungs. The three RECRUITERS stand to their feet and clap. TERESA nods her head, not bad.

SIDELINE

T₁-MO

That's my man. Yeah, J-bomb

JORDAN stands at the sideline exhausted. He's bent over resting his hands on his knees. He looks disappointed. TERESA slips back out of the side exit.

CENTER FLOOR

The University Park cheerleading SQUAD makes their way back on the floor. They begin their cheer. RECRUITER #1 flags down JORDAN and waves him over. JORDAN notices and makes his way over to them.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

JORDAN, RAYMOND, and L-MO exit through the back doors and make their way through the rear parking lot.

L-MO

So, what was that all about, J? What'd the suits have to say this time?

JORDAN

Same old shit. Free ride, fine education. Screw that.

RAYMOND

I feel you. So you entering the draft? Going pro?

JORDAN

Something like that.

(a beat)

Man, to hell with all this basketball shit. What are ya'll bout to get in to tonight?

L-MO

House party, cuz.

JORDAN

Same old shit, huh?

(to Raymond)

What about you Ray?

RAYMOND

You know I can't turn down bitches, booze, and

ALL THREE

(simultaneously)

Audio tunes.

They laugh off the moment of nostalgia as JORDAN stops next to his vehicle and pops the trunk.

L-MO

What about you J? You coming through? You know ball players pull the finest ass.

JORDAN tosses his duffle bag into the trunk and shuts it.

JORDAN

Nah, I think I'm going to just chill out man, you know? Maybe check out the new crib?

RAYMOND

Oh, that's right! So why don't we move the rave to your venue?

JORDAN

Nah, I think I'm going to hold down the first night alone, you know?

RAYMOND

True. Anyway, we bout to get out

of here dog, scoop these broads.

JORDAN

Aight man.

JORDAN daps RAYMOND. Then daps L-MO. They walk off as JORDAN makes his way towards the driver's side. JORDAN hops in the SUV and closes the door.

INT. RANGE ROVER

JORDAN starts the car and shifts gears. He quickly backs up as he looks in the rear view mirror and sees

A WOMEN

standing behind it. He slams on the breaks and puts the car in park.

JORDAN

(to himself)

What the fu...

EXT. PARKING LOT

JORDAN exits the car, slamming the door after him. He makes his way over to

TERESA

(witty)

You gonna assault me, too?

JORDAN relieves.

JORDAN

Ah, shit.

They move closer to each other and firmly hug. Their voices are affected by the tight squeeze. She's an adorable sweetheart with a lovable personality and a smile that's contagious. She's a breath of fresh air. Exactly what JORDAN needs.

TERESA

How you doing?

JORDAN

Oh my God, Teresa.

They release as JORDAN realizes

JORDAN (cont'd)

(amusingly)

Don't think I didn't hear that smart ass comment.

TERESA laughs and squeezes his cheek

TERESA

(babying)

Awww, Don't be mad at me.

(a beat)

Look at you, I can't believe I'm talking to the same kid I was three years ago. You look amazing, how've you been doing?

JORDAN

I'm good. You're right, I haven't seen you in forever, how you been?

TERESA

I've been okay, you know. I saw your performance in there. You really stepped your game up since the last time I saw you.

JORDAN

Yeah, I've been playing nonstop. Day in and day out. I guess some of my brother's habits rubbed off on me.

They both nod. A beat. Her tone changes. She wanted to avoid the topic at hand, but now that it's reached the surface:

TERESA

I'm so sorry, Jordan. I really am.
I mean--Are you okay?

JORDAN

Nah, I'm okay, you know. I'm staying focused. I'm about to enter the draft

and...

TERESA

(excited for him)

So, I've heard. You looking for an agent?

JORDAN

(arrogant)

Well, it's kind of like agents are looking for me, you know?

TERESA smiles.

TERESA

Same old Jordan. Superstar, huh?

JORDAN smiles back. They hold the moment.

TERESA (cont'd)

It's really good to see you.

JORDAN

It's really good to see you, too.

They gaze at each other.

TERESA

Anyway, if you ever need anything just give me a call. You know where my LA office is, right?

JORDAN nods.

TERESA (cont'd)

What about you? You still live in the hills?

JORDAN

Nah, I'm moving to Brentwood. My brother left me his house.

TERESA takes this in.

TERESA

(edgy)

Really?

JORDAN

Yeah.

JORDAN'S cell rings. He takes it out and looks down at the display. Something bothers TERESA. It's written all over her face.

He drops the phone back in his sweat pants pocket. She concludes their conversation.

TERESA

Well, I'm sure you have a million things to do tonight?

JORDAN

Yeah, well I'm on my way to an after party, so--

TERESA

Good, good, that's good. Well
I won't keep you. I just remembered
I have to be somewhere anyway. You
have my number--we'll do lunch someday.
I'll be in touch, okay sweetie?

JORDAN

(confused)

Uh, okay. I'll see you later.

TERESA gives him a half assed hug and oddly rushes off. She hops in her car, pulls out of the space and calmly waves to JORDAN. He waves back at her.

She pulls out of the lot and drives down the street. JORDAN smirks and heads back to his car.

INT. RANGE ROVER - LATER

JORDAN drives along the street dialing on his cell phone. He puts it to his ear.

EXT. L-MO'S BALCONY

The reflection of blue pool water FLICKERS on the bottom of a white stucco balcony that stands before a massive glass window in the back of L-MO's house. The estate is filled with intoxicated TEENAGERS and loud music. He opens a bottle of BACARDI 101 while looking down at four women, in colorful bikinis, swimming in his pool. His phone rings. He picks up.

L-MO

What's poppin'?

INT. RANGE ROVER - INTERCUT

JORDAN

What's good, L-Mo?

INT. L-MO'S BALCONY - INTERCUT

L-MO

Ain't shit. Where you at boy?

INT. RANGE ROVER - INTERCUT

JORDAN

I'm bout to head back to the crib right now, get some stuff, then I'm probably going to be headed your way.

INT. L-MO'S BALCONY - INTERCUT

L-MO

My man. You feel like bagging some bitches tonight, huh?

INT. RANGE ROVER - INTERCUT

JORDAN smirks.

JORDAN

Anyway, I ran into that "fine ass white girl" you was talking about.

INT. L-MO'S BALCONY - INTERCUT

L-MO

Word? She a fan or something?

INT. RANGE ROVER - INTERCUT

JORDAN

Nah, it's this chick named Teresa, she was Jason's sports agent a while back. She stayed out in New York for the most part. I guess she just came back to town to see how I was holding up. Maybe heard about me entering the draft? I don't know.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The RANGE ROVER turns onto WOODLAND avenue.

INT. RANGE ROVER

JORDAN pulls into a driveway.

JORDAN

I guess I'm just going to--

Something catches his eye. Something unusual. He pauses a minute.

JORDAN (cont'd)

Let me hit you back, Mo.

JORDAN hangs up the phone.

EXT. L-MO'S BALCONY

L-MO looks at the phone receiver confused.

INT. RANGE ROVER

JORDAN puts his car in park and turns it off. His mind wonders as his eyes are locked on

RED LEXUS COUPE

in the driveway. A second floor light turns on.

INT. JASON'S HOUSE

JORDAN enters a hugely elegant, split level home with modern architecture and free flowing design. Bright with lots of wood, glass, natural stone and designer features, it's easily one of Brentwood's finest.

He steps in and sees moving boxes stacked off to the side. He continues to look around and sees COSMO magazines, PILATES dvds, feminine colors, etc. All are signs that a woman resides here. JORDAN plants himself on a couch in the living room and deeply exhales.

INT. BEDROOM

TERESA suspiciously gathers clothes out of a dresser and loads them into a travel bag. She does a hundred things at once as

LOUD MUSIC

plays from the first floor. TERESA is startled and drops what she's doing.

INT. FIRST FLOOR

TERESA jets down the stairs and slows her pace, noticing her houseguest on the sofa. JORDAN sits on the couch casually reading a COSMO magazine. She picks up the remote and shuts off the music. They lock eyes.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SOMETIME LATER

TERESA sits on a black leather couch with her arms folded having a staring contest with JORDAN. JORDAN sits on a matching black leather couch across from her. A glass coffee table between them cuts the tension as they both hold an awkward silence.

The only movement in the entire atmosphere is brittle trees swaying in the night air, seen through a gigantic window intertwined with the balcony entrance. TERESA sighs and breaks the silence.

TERESA

This isn't even what you think, Jordan.

JORDAN

(irritable)

You don't have to explain shit to me. No one tells me anything anyway.

TERESA

Stop. You know that's not it--it's just, we wanted to keep our relationship discreet--

JORDAN

Relationship? You're his agent.

TERESA

I was his agent, a long time ago.

JORDAN

So, what exactly is going on?

TERESA pauses.

TERESA

It's complicated.

JORDAN sighs.

JORDAN

It's the interracial thing, huh?

TERESA squints her eyes.

TERESA

That's real mature.

JORDAN shrugs his shoulders. A beat.

TERESA (cont'd)

It was just--we met up a couple times when I would come back to town. Dated on and off and--

(a beat)

Look, I was just trying to clear my things out before you got back.

I didn't want you finding out like this.

JORDAN

You didn't want me to find out period.

TERESA

I mean, I <u>can</u> leave. There's a million hotels in Los Angeles, I'm only in town for a couple more weeks.

JORDAN settles. A beat.

JORDAN

No, no. I don't want you to do that. Please, I want you to stay.

TERESA considers.

JORDAN (cont'd)

(smart ass)

That is, if you can cook.

TERESA squints her eyes at him.

INT. JASON'S MANSION - MORNING

LIVING ROOM

TERESA stretches her figure, in a white tank top and pink pajamas, on a mat doing YOGA. She has on a clear exfoliating facemask and her hair wrapped in a sweaty bun. Her eyes are shut as she takes in the peaceful atmosphere she's set for herself courtesy of the serene music playing from the TV. This is TERESA'S perfect girl environment.

FRONT DOOR

swings open as JORDAN, RAYMOND, and L-MO enter holding brown moving boxes. Their loud conversation almost disturbs her tranquility. TERESA isn't fazed by it. They stop in mid sentence and look TERESA up and down in her skin-tight outfit complementing her upper body.

RAYMOND

Hot damn.

L-MO

Sexy, sexy.

JORDAN stares on at TERESA. An earthquake couldn't break their concentration.

JORDAN snaps out of it and rests one of his boxes down by the steps. He moves over to TERESA and leans up against the wall. She gives him a smile.

TERESA

Hi.

JORDAN

Hey, how's it going?

TERESA

Great. Listen, I need to hop in the shower real quick and be on my way, but I'm expecting a call, so if the phone rings--just take it off the cradle and bring it up to me.

TERESA stands on her tippy toes searching for something high up on a shelf. L-MO taps RAYMOND making sure they're enjoying the same view.

JORDAN

What's wrong?

She continues to look around.

TERESA

I lost my cell a while ago. It's around here somewhere. That's why I've been using yours--I hope that's okay?

JORDAN

Of course, it's cool.

She walks by him and gives him an innocent kiss on the cheek as she passes. She then grabs her towel and makes her way over to the staircase. She looks over at L-MO and

RAYMOND with their jaws dropped.

TERESA

(big smile)

Hey, there.

They smile and wave like idiots. She ascends up the stairs. They all keep their eyes on her voluptuous figure as she exits. We hear a door close. They all look at each other in silence. It goes without saying.

L-MO

(to Jordan)

You going to give it to her in the shower?

JORDAN

(Caught off guard)

What?

L-MO

The phone.

JORDAN waves him off.

L-MO (cont'd)

Can I?

INT. 5TH PRECINCT - MORNING

BILLUPS walks through the suite holding a manila folder. He approaches CARLSON'S desk as CARLSON looks up.

BILLUPS

Okay, According to Evans' phone records, he made a few calls just minutes before he was killed--

CARLSON grabs the folder and looks through it.

CARLSON

Odd.

BILLUPS

One of which was--

(a beat)

Here.

CARLSON looks up at BILLUPS confused.

CARLSON

What do you mean "here"?

BILLUPS

I mean the precinct.

CARLSON thinks a moment.

CARLSON

You think he was trying to call for help?

BILLUPS

Why not 911?

CARLSON takes this in as he sets his eyes back on the documents. A beat. He sits up in his seat fixated on something peculiar. BILLUPS notices.

BILLUPS (cont'd)

What is it?

CARLSON

Look at the extension.

He hands the document to BILLUPS. CARLSON picks up his desk phone, dials a three number extension, and holds it to his ear. A beat.

AGENT FLYNN

sits across the office suite eating a pastry roll at her cubicle. She picks up the phone. INTERCUT between FLYNN and CARLSON.

FLYNN

Flynn here.

CARLSON

You hear anything from Donavan about the Evans' case?

She nods with her mouth full.

FLYNN

Yeah, actually. We got a call from the body shop this morning. Something about the vehicle that was recovered. We're taking a team down this afternoon.

CARLSON looks over at a dark office.

CARLSON

(eyes locked on it) When did he say this?

FLYNN

This morning. We should be leaving shortly, whe--

CARLSON

He's already gone.

FLYNN takes this in.

CARLSON hangs up the phone. He swivels his chair around and grabs his jacket. He gets up.

CARLSON (cont'd)

(to Billups)

Tell Warner I need to see him.

BILLUPS nods and walks off. CARLSON waves agent FLYNN over to him. She drops what she's doing and gets up.

EXT. BODY SHOP - MORNING

Two patrol cars pull in front. WARNER, FLYNN, BILLUPS and CARLSON exit the vehicles and make their way to an open garage door. DONAVAN exits the garage as the MECHANIC shakes his hand and gives him something. DONAVAN stuffs it in his jacket pocket and meets them half way.

WARNER

(to Donavan)

Will someone tell me what the hell I'm doing here.

CARLSON

We found out the victim made

some outgoing calls just before he was killed. We never recovered the cell phone from the scene, so we figured it was still--

DONAVAN

No luck, the cars clean.

FLYNN glances at CARLSON with a skeptical look.

WARNER

(to Donavan)

You didn't find anything?

DONAVAN

I sent a duffle bag over to forensics with his game attire, a .45 Caliber, and a few other things in it, but--

FLYNN

(sarcastically)

That sound's clean to me.

CARLSON holds a suspicious eye to DONAVAN.

DONAVAN

Anyway, I spoke with the clerk that was working the night the victim came through here. He said two vehicles pulled into the station and had an altercation with him just before they drove off. He then heard gunshots, went to check it out, and found him in the road over there.

(a beat)

He said he got a look at the plates. I've already run them, we'll know who the vehicles belong to by the end of the day--

DONAVAN'S phone rings. He picks up.

DONAVAN

(to others)

Excuse me.

He steps off to the side. WARNER turns to CARLSON and

FLYNN.

WARNER

Next time you wanna follow up on a lead, without consulting the detective that's leading your investigation, do your homework.

WARNER heads back to the vehicle. FLYNN and CARLSON stand there in a mutual state of mind. DONAVAN walks back over to them with excitement.

DONAVAN

We got something.

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

The varsity basketball TEAM trains with suicide practices. JORDAN runs along side RAYMOND and others. We PULL BACK, coach WHITMAN, 40s, a heavy black man in athletic wear, stands next to Principal DANIELS, 47, Caucasian, shirt & tie. They focus on JORDAN.

DANIELS

You think he's ready?

WHITMAN

Season average 42 points, 17 assists...the kid was born ready. My only concern is he's set on entering the draft and not giving a second thought to college.

DANIELS

Come on Ed, he's just a young kid that's trying to seize an opportunity.

WHITMAN

That's my concern. There are a lot of opportunities in this city for ball players, besides playing basketball. You know where he grew up.

Coach WHITMAN and principal DANIELS exchange glances. Coach WHITMAN blows his whistle.

DANIELS

Well, good luck, coach. I'll be rooting for you.

Coach WHITMAN and principal DANIELS shake hands. Coach WHITMAN walks towards the team as principal DANIELS heads for the door.

DANIELS (cont'd)

Win one for the Black Hawks.

WHITMAN

Will do.

Principal DANIELS exits.

WHITMAN (cont'd)

(to team)

Bring it in gentleman.

The varsity TEAM makes their way over to the sideline. They grab towels, and kneel down on the floor. RAYMOND kneels down next to JORDAN.

RAYMOND

You aight J?

JORDAN

Yeah, I'm straight--Why?

RAYMOND

Cause you look like you gotta take a dump.

JORDAN smacks his teeth.

RAYMOND (cont'd)

Neck all stiff. You look like you bout to shit bricks.

JORDAN snaps his towel in the back of RAYMOND'S neck.

WHITMAN

Tomorrow night 287 suicides will be put to the test. Three thousand hours in this Gym, four thousand push ups,

one million free throws will determine if that was enough to call you the best in this region--

INT. BASKETBALL FLOOR - LATER

The varsity basketball SQUAD positions themselves in two parallel lines at half court facing the hoop. JORDAN stands behind L-MO, while the team continues the drill.

L-MO

So you tap that hot piece of ass yet?

JORDAN

I found out my brother was already tapping that. That's why she was staying at the crib.

L-MO

(disbelief)

What?

JORDAN

Yeah.

L-MO takes this in.

L-MO

That's okay. Keep it in the family, you know?

JORDAN smirks and rolls his eyes.

JORDAN

You ready to be the champs?

L-MO

Let's do it.

L-MO sprints into the drill formation. The ball is passed to him as he dribbles the ball three times into a dunk at the side of the hoop--

GAME FLOOR

--L-MO falls to the floor as a referee's whistle is blown.

INT. SPORTS ARENA - NIGHT

SUPER: REGIONAL HIGH SCHOOL CHAMPIONSHIP 2008

L-MO is helped up by his TEAMMATES as he heads for the free throw line.

ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O)

Oh, Black Hawk down. That's Hartman's third personal foul, which looks like a flagrant. Parker will go to the line for two.

SIDELINE

JORDAN, who sits on the bench, is called upon for a quick substitution. He gets up and stands next to Coach WHITMAN.

WHITMAN

I'm gonna have you finish out the rest of the game, we're only down by 5. Just stay low and keep your distance. Go.

JORDAN runs into the free throw formation. The ovation in the crowd heightens. JORDAN slaps five with the player he's replacing.

ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O)

And with a very strategic move, Coach Whitman whose been preserving his prodigy Jordan Evans, will put him in the game with under four minutes left.

ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O)

That's right, and as you all know Evans was taken out early in the game. He's been having a little foul trouble tonight, like most of this season. Personal fouls are the only dent that he has in his, pound for pound, perfect player stats.

ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O)

He even seems to have foul trouble off the court as we mentioned

earlier. He's just returned from a 30 day sentence after allegedly assaulting pro athlete Vince Cunningham after Cunningham had engaged in an altercation with his older brother, former guard for the Los Angeles Chargers.

ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O)

And oddly enough, Jordan Evans is looking to get drafted by the very team that Cunningham plays on. I don't know if that's the wisest decision. We may see some fireworks there.

ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O)

I agree. But certainly our prayers go out to Jordan and the rest of his family. For truly, a tragic loss.

ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O)

I second that.

L-MO shoots the first free throw, he scores. The referee retrieves the ball and throws it back to him. L-MO shoots the second shot, he scores another. The players run down court as RAYMOND steps out of bounds and throws the ball into JORDAN. He catches the ball and dribbles down court.

The capacity begins to chant, "Lets go JORDAN, lets go". The sound of the ovation drowns all the other sound effects in the arena completely out. JORDAN dribbles cautiously as he looks for an open man.

JORDAN signals for an Isolation play. The players clear out the center court. JORDAN starts to dribble fiercely. His man tries carefully to keep up with him. JORDAN dribbles right and crosses left. He stops and pump fakes. JORDAN'S opponent leaps in the air as he shoots a three pointer, and drains it. The crowd screams.

ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O)

YES!! And that will tie the game up. Under three minutes remain.

ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O)

And unfortunately neither team has a timeout to give to stop the clock. This one is coming down to the wire.

The FALCOLNS' team takes the ball out and passes in. The Falcons' GUARD dribbles up court with JORDAN pressing up hard on defense. The GUARD passes to the FORWARD. He catches the ball and starts the *post play*. The FORWARD picks up his dribble and goes up for an easy lay up. He scores. RAYMOND takes the ball out and passes into JORDAN.

He catches the ball and dribbles down court passing the ball to L-MO. JORDAN runs around a pick that RAYMOND set for him. L-MO passes the ball back to JORDAN as he drives to the basket and passes off to the CENTER. The CENTER catches the ball and dunks with force. The MEN run back on defense.

The Falcons' GUARD brings the ball back up court. JORDAN guards him closely forcing him to the left. The GUARD spins to the right. Anticipating the move, L-MO comes up behind him and steals the ball. L-MO brings the ball down court and dishes off to JORDAN standing on the three-point line. He shoots. He scores.

ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O)

Another deep two, from the one and only. The Black Hawks are up by two. This has really turned into a nail biter with under a minute remaining.

The Falcons' FORWARD passes the ball in. Falcons' GUARD brings the ball up court. JORDAN Ds him up very precisely. The Falcons' GUARD dishes to his SHOOTING GUARD. He shoots the ball as soon as it touches his hands. L-MO leaps in the air trying to block it and hits the floor. The shot scores.

ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O)

Oh, my. Jameson coming in the clutch, with a quick two pointer.

ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O)

That may be the final nail in this game. The Black Hawks better think of

something quick. Down by three with very little time left.

ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O)

The smartest thing to do in this situation is go for the easy foul, go to the line for two, and go for the win or take this game into overtime.

The Falcons' SHOOTING GUARD stands over L-MO talking trash.

SHOOTING GUARD

It's a wrap, baby.

He walks off as RAYMOND tries to help L-MO to his feet. L-MO is pissed. He rejects RAYMOND'S extended hand and gets up on his own.

RAYMOND

You good?

L-MO

Yeah man, shit.

He carries an angry look on his face as his TEAM comments from the sideline.

TEAMMATE (O.S)

Where's your D at, Mo?

L-MO flicks them off.

SIDELINE

Coach WHITMAN screams at the men.

WHITMAN

Run the six-five. Draw the foul.

L-MO rolls his eyes.

RAYMOND throws it to L-MO at the top of the key. The crowd counts down from ten seconds.

L-MO spins passed his opponent and dribbles. JORDAN runs across the KEY off a pick set by the CENTER. JORDAN is wide

open. L-MO talks trash to the SHOOTING GUARD. He fakes the pass to JORDAN and pulls up for a deep three-pointer in his defender's face.

WHITMAN

Go for the foul, the foul!!!

The ball flies through the air. The ball gets closer to the goal.

CROWD (V.O)

Three, Two, One!!

The ball hits the tip of the rim and goes flying in the air hitting the top of the backboard.

BUZZER SOUNDS

L-MO drops to his knees pulling his jersey over his head.

ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O)

Oh, man. And that's the game. This is a huge upset.

(a beat)

Not the smartest thing to do in that sort of predicament, but--

ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O)

Well, none the less, the Arizona Falcons are the United States high school basketball champions.

The Falcons' TEAM celebrates, dog piling on each other. The Black Hawk TEAM walks over to the bench disappointed.

JORDAN walks back to the bench with a passive look on his face.

INT. BACK HALLWAY

The Black Hawk TEAM enters through double doors making their way to the locker room. L-MO enters after the rest of them as Coach WHITMAN shortly follows.

WHITMAN

Parker?

L-MO looks back at WHITMAN waiting for him by the door. He stops and spins back around. L-MO hesitantly makes his way back over to him. He leans up against the wall next to coach. WHITMAN calms his disappointment.

WHITMAN (cont'd)

What the hell was that?

L-MO doesn't respond.

WHITMAN (cont'd)

You make your own plays now is that it? You let some punk get inside your head and you disregarded your entire team.

L-MO smacks his teeth and deeply exhales. WHITMAN eases up.

WHITMAN (cont'd)

Look Lamont, part of me is keeping you out here, because as soon as this arena clears out you're doing fifty suicides.

(a beat)

The other part is trying to postpone that ass whoopin' the team's about to administer to you in that locker room.

L-MO shifts positions, he's heard enough.

L-MO

(smart ass)

I know you just wanted me to get the ball to your meal ticket coach. Why don't you just say it?

WHITMAN

Lamont, what are you--

L-MO

Nah, I'm sick of that shit. I'm done.

L-MO turns and walks back towards the locker room. WHITMAN is at a loss for words. L-MO comes closer to the door as

WHITMAN

Make that a hundred suicides.

L-MO (O.S)

I ain't doing shit.

WHITMAN shakes his head and slides back through the arena doors.

INT. MEN'S LOCKER ROOM

L-MO enters the locker room already starting to hear the mumbling of his disgruntled teammates. L-MO speaks out.

L-MO

Anybody got something to say, say that shit out loud, I'm right here!

The TEAM waves him off and hit the showers. L-MO opens his locker and starts to change. RAYMOND looks over at L-MO. He keeps to himself. L-MO looks around the room for JORDAN. He's gone.

EXT. JASON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A RANGE ROVER pulls into the driveway. JORDAN steps out.

INT. JASON'S HOUSE

JORDAN walks through the LIVING ROOM and sees TERESA swimming in the outdoor pool, through GLASS balcony doors.

EXT. BALCONY

JORDAN slips out and makes his way over to the edge of the balcony and leans against the rail. He watches her figure gracefully glide through the water. He admires. She picks her head out the water and looks up at him. She waves with one finger and smiles. He nods at her. She yells up at him.

TERESA

How was the game?

JORDAN smirks.

JORDAN

We lost.

TERESA

(surprised)

What?

JORDAN

Yeah.

She gets out and wraps a towel around herself.

INT. LIVING ROOM

JORDAN walks into the room and plops down on the sofa. The houses interior is so massive the sound of your voice echoes throughout the entire structure.

TERESA (O.S)

I'm sorry I couldn't make it. Things ran a little long, you know how it is.

JORDAN

Don't worry about it.

TERESA (O.S)

So, what happened?

JORDAN

Just didn't have it tonight, ya know?

JORDAN slouches on the couch and turns on the TV. He looks around the room. Admiring his new home. His eyes wander over to the side tables. He fiddles around, picking up papers, opening every drawer, etc. He takes a cell phone out one of them. He looks at it.

JORDAN

(yelling)

Hey, is this your phone?

TERESA (O.S)

What's it look like?

JORDAN

Pink.

She comes into the room and identifies it.

TERESA

Damn it. Yeah it is. I lost this one like a month ago. You found it?

JORDAN

(smart ass)

Yeah, that's that funny thing that happens when you look for something.

TERESA love taps him in the arm. JORDAN keeps looking through the drawers.

JORDAN

I found it in--

He pulls out a snake of ten Trojan condoms attached to each other.

TERESA

(plays it off)

Oh. I wonder how it got in there?

JORDAN

Yeah, right.

TERESA grins and plops down next to him.

TERESA

(excited)

I'm surprised the battery didn't
die--

(flips the phone open)
I got a couple messages--

She pauses. Her expression changes. A beat. JORDAN looks over at her.

JORDAN

What?

TERESA

(stunned)

He called.

JORDAN takes this in and sits up.

JORDAN

What? When?

She reads the message and shakes her head confused.

TERESA

I don't understand?

JORDAN

What is it?

TERESA

The night before.

TERESA looks up at JORDAN. He grabs the phone from her and looks at the screen. JORDAN takes this in. TERESA notices.

TERESA (cont'd)

What's it suppose to mean?

JORDAN gets up and walks out of the room. TERESA is left on the sofa completely lost. A beat.

JORDAN comes back in and sits next to her. He holds the small card with the series of numbers on it. He looks at it and then looks at the cell screen. He realizes. He looks up at TERESA. She follows.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - DAY

JORDAN walks through a back alley in the city. He looks up at the massive warehouse looking structure before him. He comes closer to a rising steel DOOR. He knocks on it a couple times. A beat. The DOOR begins to rise as

LORENZO, early 30s, thug-like, intimidating, stands on the other side. His personality doesn't fit the stereotype of his appearance.

LORENZO

Ah, shit. Jordan Evans. Long time no see.

They dap firmly.

JORDAN

What's up Lorenzo? You went off the grid, this where you at now?

LORENZO

Yeah, this where I do my do. What's you doing down here?

JORDAN

This cat named Strapz came at me, not too long ago. He gave me this.

LORENZO takes the card from him and looks at it.

JORDAN (cont'd)

He told me Jason used to run games with him.

LORENZO looks up at JORDAN.

INT. THE CAGE

The interior of this warehouse-like structure is dark and grim. Neon graffiti paves the walls for days, black lights, rap music, etc. The city's dwelling for street hustlers. They walk along a deck that overlooks a street ball style court, where MEN play aggressive basketball inside a steel cage on a lower level. They walk passed a couple GUYS as they continue. Most of them nod at JORDAN as he takes notice of their

NECK TATTOOS

of an eccentric "C".

They move on.

LORENZO

So you want to know about your brother, huh? Well, Jason was into some people for a lot of money. Mainly this cat named Eightball.

JORDAN

Yeah, I knew it was something

like that.

LORENZO

But what you probably didn't know was he borrowed two hundred fifty grand from him. That's how ya'll was able to get by, after your moms died?

JORDAN takes this in.

LORENZO (cont'd)

Yeah, after she died, Jason didn't want you two to be split up into foster homes, so he met up with Eight-ball when he was seventeen.

(a beat)

Knowing how nice Jason's game was, he didn't hesitate putting him to work.

(a beat)

You probably was too young to even remember all this shit.

JORDAN

Well, how'd he pay it back?

LORENZO

As far as I know, he never did. He just kept ballin' in the cage, making *Eight-ball* money. He didn't really say shit about it then.

JORDAN

So what happened?

LORENZO

When Jason got picked up by the pros, *Eight-ball* made him a deal that would square away everything he ever owed. The deal of a lifetime.

JORDAN takes this in.

JORDAN

What kind of deal?

INT. RANGE ROVER - DAY

JORDAN hops in his car and shuts the door. He throws on his seatbelt as his phone rings. He picks up.

JORDAN

What's up, Mo?

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - INTERCUT

L-MO holds a cell to his ear.

L-MO

Where you at, J?

INT. RANGE ROVER - INTERCUT

JORDAN

I had to check up on some shit downtown. Why, what's good?

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - INTERCUT

L-MO

I'm conditioning you for the draft. You forgot?

INT. RANGE ROVER - INTERCUT

It just occurs to JORDAN.

JORDAN

Oh, shit. Nah, I'm on my way.

He hangs up, starts the car, and pulls off.

EXT. POOL HALL - NIGHT

Two unmarked patrol units pull in the parking lot. DONAVAN, CARLSON, BILLUPS, and FLYNN hop out of the cars and enter with their weapons drawn.

INT. POOL HALL - CONTINUOUS

DAMON BROWN, late 20s, a wannabe thug in a fitted jersey, and EDDIE EPPS, 30s, tall, covered with tats, shoot pool and smoke blunts while a *Sports Center* recap airs on the

flat screen mounted in the corner.

DONAVAN runs up on DAMON and grabs him. BILLUPS detains EDDIE and shoves him on the table. The two pool players have no idea what is going on, there for don't resist. Both men are placed in cuffs and are led out of the pool hall by DONAVAN and CARLSON.

EXT. POOL HALL

FLYNN pats them down. She finds a .38 magnum on EDDIE. She pulls it out and throws it in the trunk of the police unit. They place the two suspects into the back of the car.

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - CONTINUOUS

L-MO stands under the hoop and bounce passes to JORDAN standing behind the three-point arc as he goes *Around the World*. JORDAN catches the ball and throws up a shot from three-point range. It's good.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CARLSON and DAMON sit alone in the room as CARLSON goes over an accusation into a tape recorder. DAMON keeps a straight face. His eyes drift over to a mysterious two-way mirror. He nods to everything that's said.

INT. PRESS ROOM

SUPER: NBA DRAFT PICK NIGHT 2008

JORDAN sits, in a suit, along with fifty-two other players on stage. The first draft pick goes over to the Los Angeles Chargers. JORDAN slouches in his seat, nonchalant to the whole ordeal. The player pick is announced as JORDAN rises to his feet and meets MICHAEL EDWARDS, 40s, the Head Coach of the Chargers, at center stage. They shake hands and take a photo together.

INT. 5th PRECINCT

After processing, DAMON and EDDIE are led to a holding cell by DONAVAN. They stop around the corner as DONAVAN whispers something in EDDIE'S ear. EDDIE instantly flips out and desperately breaks free of his hold.

He runs down the hall as DONAVAN automatically pulls out his weapon and opens fire. DAMON gets out of harm's way, running off to the side. EDDIE hits the ground with two shots to his back, one to his head. DAMON hops in the stairwell as DONAVAN darts after him. They disappear into the stairwell as

STAIRWELL DOOR

slowly comes to a close as the flashes of gun shots reflect off the door twice. It shuts.

Music Begins.

EXT. JASON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A dozen vehicles sit parked out front in his driveway. A few GUESTS exit their cars and make their way to the front door.

INT. JASON'S HOUSE

R&B plays over the white noise of fifty conversations from a full house of a hundred attendees. They all chat in individual groups spread out all over the first floor.

DARIUS sits exclusively with some of the Los Angeles Chargers line-up, L-MO hits on women at the bar area. TERESA comes down stairs in a stunning cerulean dress. She searches around and spots L-MO. She makes her way towards him through the crowd.

TERESA (in L-MO's ear)

Have you seen Jordan?

L-MO nods towards the balcony. She looks over and sees JORDAN standing out on the balcony through the glass sliding doors.

EXT. BALCONY

TERESA slides out of the balcony door and shuts it. JORDAN leans over the balcony rail staring into space as TERESA approaches him from behind.

TERESA

You okay? You are aware this party is for you, right?

JORDAN

Yeah, I'm okay.

TERESA

You sure?

JORDAN shifts positions.

JORDAN

It's just--

TERESA'S all ears.

JORDAN (cont'd)

Something don't feel right about this whole thing, ya know?

TERESA

Jordan. Why do you keep doing this to yourself? I know moving on is hard but--

JORDAN

That's not what I'm talking about.

TERESA wonders.

JORDAN (cont'd)

This detective got in contact with me earlier. He let me know, they caught the guys that shot Jason two nights ago.

TERESA

Well, that's good. Right?

JORDAN

Said they were known sport gamblers that lost money on the game. That the crime was out of spite.

TERESA takes this in as she nods.

JORDAN (cont'd)

He also let me know, when they got to the station, one of them got a hold of a gun and broke loose. So they were gunned down.

TERESA

Well. I wouldn't really call that justice, but--

JORDAN

I'm not buying that shit.

TERESA

(surprised)

What do you mean?

JORDAN

I think my brother was set up.

TERESA

How do you figure that?

JORDAN

I found out he owed a lot of people some money. They made some kind of deal with him.

TERESA

What kind of deal?

JORDAN

There's this organization, they call themselves the "Street Sweepers". A league of sport betters. Yacht club types. They had ten million riding on the Chargers losing.

(a beat)

The Chargers hadn't lost a game the whole series, never even came close. So that makes no sense, unless--unless the deal was to collect the winnings on a fixed game.

TERESA takes this in.

TERESA

You think that's possible?

JORDAN and TERESA glare at each other.

INT. CHARGERS' TRAINING FACILITY - DAY

JORDAN comes through double doors into an enormous gymnasium, where the entire Chargers' line-up runs their drill. We hear the hustle of sneakers screeching, and players calling out to each other. JORDAN steps over to the sign-in desk.

VOICE (O.S)

Jordan Evans?

JORDAN looks over his shoulder at WILLIAM POWELL, late 30s, energetic, well put together. He's a fast talking wise ass with the persuasion of a used-car salesman. He gets up from his seat at the desk and makes his way over to him.

POWELL

It's a pleasure to finally meet you. I'm William Powell, assistant coach of the LA Chargers.

JORDAN shakes his hand.

JORDAN

How you doing?

POWELL

The question is how are <u>you</u> doing? Must've had a big night, huh? First draft pick, that's impressive.

JORDAN politely humors him. POWELL pats him firmly on the back.

POWELL (cont'd)

Anyway, sign in, and we'll get you started.

INT. CHARGER'S TRAINING FACILITY - MINUTES LATER

JORDAN and POWELL walk along the sideline as he gives JORDAN a quick run through of the daily operations.

POWELL

The Chargers run on the three Bs. Be focused, be strong, be fierce. Your brother really knew the meaning of that.

(a beat)

I guess you don't really need an introduction, you've known these guys for a while. Through your brother I mean, right?

JORDAN

You could say that.

POWELL

I know you're familiar with him.

POWELL nods towards

VINCE CUNNINGHAM, 30s, a cocky ball player with body tats and an ego bigger than his pay grade. JORDAN takes this in, not taking his eyes off of him.

POWELL smirks and pats JORDAN on the back. They approach JAMAL McWILLIAMS, 30s, a neatly trimmed pretty boy with genuine character, sitting on the sideline.

POWELL (cont'd)

I'm sure you already know this bum.

(to JAMAL)

Need me to hold your hand while you wrap your boo boo princess?

JAMAL flicks him off. POWELL smirks.

POWELL

(to Jordan)

All right, well let me get you a uniform and we'll put you in the drill.

POWELL heads back to the desk as JORDAN takes a seat next to JAMAL.

JAMAL

Man, I haven't seen you in a

minute, what's up homey?

JORDAN

Ain't shit.

They dap. A beat.

JAMAL

(realizing)

Sorry about your loss, kid. It took a toll on all of us.

JORDAN takes this in and nods.

JORDAN

I appreciate it. But I'm bout to rectify the situation.

He refers to VINCE and keeps his eyes locked on him. JAMAL catches on.

JAMAL

Nah, man he didn't have anything to do with that.

JORDAN

You sure?

They pause a minute. JORDAN lightens up.

JORDAN (cont'd)

(about Vince)

Your boy still thinks he runs the squad?

JAMAL looks over at VINCE.

JAMAL

Averaging thirty five points a game will do that to you.

JORDAN

Well, I average forty-two.

JAMAL looks up at JORDAN and smirks.

JAMAL

(sarcastic)

Ya'll are gonna get along just fine.

OTHER SIDE OF FLOOR

VINCE picks up a towel on the sideline. He wipes himself down as he double takes noticing JORDAN glaring at him from across the court. VINCE takes this in and arrogantly smirks to himself. He tosses the towel aside.

INT. CHARGERS' TRAINING FACILITY - MORNING

SUPER: 5 WEEKS LATER

JORDAN, in a Chargers' jersey, hits the floor hard. Head coach EDWARDS, blows his whistle on the sideline next to coach POWELL.

EDWARDS

You gotta come stronger than that Evans. Don't settle for the charge go man to man.

JAMAL grabs JORDAN'S hand and pulls him off the ground.

EDWARDS (cont'd)

Reds' ball.

They run a *Two on Three* offensive drill. JAMAL steps out of bounds and passes the ball into JORDAN. JORDAN dribbles up court and hesitates at the top of the key. Two DEFENDERS rush JORDAN. They rip the ball from his possession and sprint down court. They score an easy lay-up.

Coach EDWARDS drops his head and blows the whistle. POWELL jots down on a clipboard.

JAMAL steps out of bounds. JORDAN runs up angrily and calls for the ball. JAMAL passes the ball in. JORDAN dashes up court in a fierce dribble. He stops and pulls up for a deep three-pointer. He misses as VINCE snatches the rebound.

EDWARDS

(to Jordan)

Get it back. Man to man.

VINCE dribbles down court as JORDAN plays tight defense on him. VINCE grins and calls for an *Isolation* play. All players clear out of center court.

EDWARDS

Bend those knees Evans.

VINCE crosses over flinging right passed him. JORDAN tries to keep up as VINCE stutter steps and pulls up for a deep two pointer. It banks in off the glass.

EDWARDS deeply sighs and shakes his head. JAMAL passes the ball in. JORDAN dribbles up court intensively. He also calls for an *Isolation* play. VINCE, still bearing an arrogant grin, plays hard defense.

JORDAN rapidly crosses left to right and does a fancy street ball crossover move. He takes a step back and fakes a jumper as VINCE leaps in the air. JORDAN runs passed him and executes a fierce one-handed dunk. The entire gymnasium of players reacts accordingly.

EDWARDS

Stop showboating.

JORDAN strides passed VINCE not taking his eyes off him. The mental challenge has little effect on VINCE. He gets the ball and slowly dribbles down court as JORDAN waits for him in a defensive stance. VINCE fakes left and crosses right. JORDAN plays strong defense on him as VINCE smashes into JORDAN, knocking him to the ground. EDWARDS blows the whistle.

EDWARDS

Hey! Vince? The 49ers stadium is on the other side of town.

VINCE stands over JORDAN.

VINCE

(boldly)

Yeah, I used to put your brother on his back, too.

VINCE makes his way over to the sideline as JORDAN hops to his feet, grabs the ball, and chucks it at VINCE. The ball

smashes into the back of his head.

VINCE turns around and jets towards JORDAN. A TEAMMATE grabs him from behind and detains him. JAMAL holds JORDAN back. Coach EDWARDS notices the escalation and intervenes.

EDWARDS

Hey! Hey? Knock that shit off.

VINCE shrugs TEAMMATE off of him and walks over to the sideline. EDWARDS turns to JORDAN.

EDWARDS (cont'd)
(condescending)

Hey, pal, you're not in high school anymore. That shit doesn't fly here, I don't give a damn how much you're worth. You don't run the show, I do. You got that?

JORDAN keeps his eyes locked on VINCE and makes his way back to his corner.

INT. CHARGERS' LOCKER ROOM - LATER

The entire locker room is empty. Everyone has packed up and cleared out. Except for one. JORDAN balls up his jersey and tosses it in his locker. He sighs and slams it shut.

INT. MEN'S SHOWERS

JORDAN stands under a hot shower washing away the ach and agony of the Chargers' training camp. He exhales a deep breath and shuts his eyes.

His tense muscles relax. A beat. Out of nowhere, an unusual SOUND shoots through the entire locker room. JORDAN quickly opens his eyes and looks towards the shower room door. He shuts the shower off.

INT. CHARGERS' LOCKER ROOM

JORDAN exits the showers and steps back into the locker room. He looks around a bit. Seems clear. He persists up the walkway looking down at the end of each locker row he passes. He gets closer to the last row as he suddenly stops. His eyes are fixated on something at the other end.

A locker on the other side is cracked open. He walks down the aisle of lockers until he reaches it. He quickly swings the door open and sees

A TOWEL

along with a Chargers' uniform, sneakers, etc. Nothing out of the ordinary. He closes the locker as it jams on something. He gives the door a couple more shoves. It won't close. He opens it again as

COMPOSITION BOOK

falls out. JORDAN wonders and picks it up. The old book is labeled

SEASON FOUR: 3/14/09

He flips through it and stops at a random page. A beat. He glares at the page in front of him.

INT. RANGE ROVER - NIGHT

JORDAN hops in his car and shuts the door. He pulls out his phone and dials. He puts it to his ear. A beat.

JORDAN

Yo, are the Stackers' playing tonight?

ON TELEVISION SCREEN,

It's the final minutes of the season opener. HOUSTON SENTINALS V.S NEW JERSEY STACKERS. At this point, the game can go either way:

STACKERS: 114

SENTINALS: 113

A Sentinals' PLAYER spins off his opponent and scores a basket.

SPORTS ANNOUNCER (V.O)
Another deep two by Johnson. That
will put Houston ahead by one. It's

INT. JASON'S DEN - NIGHT

DARIUS, TERESA, L-MO, RAYMOND, and JORDAN watch the game in silence.

JORDAN

(to L-MO)

I bet you a million dollars Moses hits a jumper from the top of the key for the win.

L-MO is confused.

ON TELEVISION SCREEN,

MOSES comes up the court with the ball. He crosses over and blows passed his opponent. He goes up for a deep two-pointer and is fouled. The shot is off.

SPORTS ANNOUNCER (V.O)
Oh, and Moses is fouled once again
on a very critical shot. He will
go to the line for two.

SPORTS ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O)
It's been a hell of game thus far. The score has been real close the entire night. Not what was expected from the Stackers, but none the less, it's the kind of nail biter this New Jersey crowd stands up for.

INT. JORDAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

L-MO accepts.

L-MO

Shit, that's a bet.

They seal the deal by dapping each other.

ON TELEVISION SCREEN,

SPORTS ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O)
The Stackers still have a very good chance of winning this one. Moses is close to perfect from the charity stride. All he needs is one to take this into overtime.

MOSES throws up his first free throw. He misses.

SPORTS ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O) Oh, that may have been the final mistake of this game.

SPORTS ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O)
I wouldn't be so sure. He will sink
this next one. He's not the kind of
player to make the same mistake twice.

MOSES catches the ball for his last shot. He bounces the ball a couple times. He's in a deep concentration. He follows a rhythm and releases. The ball hits the rim and rolls out of it.

SPORTS ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O)
This is definitely not Lashaun Moses.
How likely is it that he misses two
consecutive free throws?

The SENTINALS bring the ball down court slowly and stop in half-court territory.

SPORTS ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O) This is definitely an upset. The Sentinels will hold the ball for the last twelve seconds.

The speeding CLOCK winds down from 12 seconds. SENTINELS' teammates already start to celebrate on the sideline. Some of the STACKERS line-up heads back to the bench.

INT. JASON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

L-MO bounces to his feet in excitement. He daps RAYMOND and DARIUS. They look at JORDAN wondering why he stays calm and focused on the game.

ON TELEVISION SCREEN,

SPORTS ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O) What a shocker. The SENTINELS will take home the first victory of the season over the New Jersey--

MOSES rushes the SENTINALS' un-expecting point GUARD and rips the ball from him.

SPORTS ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O) (out his seat)
Hey, wait a minute--

MOSES speeds down court as three SENTINELS' defenders tail him.

SPORTS ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O)
Oh, you got to be kidding me? Three
seconds--

He pulls up for an off balance jumper at the top of the key. The defenders hit MOSES in an effort to deflect the shot. The ball soars high and slices through the hoop, flipping the net into the air.

BUZZER SOUNDS

The arena turns into a screaming thunder storm. The announcers yell at the top of their lungs.

SPORTS ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O)
YOU GOT TO BE KIDDING ME!!!

SPORTS ANNOUNCER (V.O)
Oh, my Lord! Lashaun Moses coming
in the clutch--this is incredible!

INT. JASON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The roar of the excited crowd blares through the television speakers. DARIUS can't believe his eyes. L-MO'S stomach drops to his ass.

RAYMOND

(hysterical)

Ain't that a bitch? You got to pay out, Mo.

TERESA

(to Jordan)

What the hell is going on?

JORDAN snaps out of an angry captivation as he calmly walks over to the T.V and

KNOCKS IT TO THE GROUND

The television shatters on the marble floor. They're startled at his reaction. They don't know how to respond. The room is silent, a beat.

RAYMOND

Jordan, what's wrong, dude?

JORDAN dashes over to his bag, rips out the COMPOSITION BOOK, and plops it down in front of them. RAYMOND doesn't know what to make of it. They all look up at JORDAN.

DARIUS

What's this?

JORDAN

(furious)

This--is the whole season.

TERESA

The whole season?

JORDAN

YES!! The whole Goddamn season. It's got the results for most of the games in the 2009 western conference, not because these assholes are Ms. Fucking Cleo, but because they orchestrate every game to end this way. How do you think I knew?

L-MO

Wait a minute, who is "they"?

JORDAN

The Street Sweepers, the sport betters, the marks that killed Jason, please stop me when I get to a term you understand.

DARIUS

What makes you think it's the "Street Sweepers"?

JORDAN

Who else could it be? Think about it, they had a shit load of money riding on the Chargers losing.

DARIUS

So?

JORDAN

So, the Chargers loosing was highly unlikely, that's why the rest of the free world put money on it. Knowing that the bet was one-sided, the sweepers knew they would make a killing if they bet against the Chargers and got Jason to throw the game--and when he didn't stick to the script, bam! They loose ten million and kill Jason for breaking the deal.

He throws a glass object across the room, it shatters on the wall. TERESA jumps at the sound of the collision.

DARIUS

Jordan, are you speculating or do you know something we don't-(a beat)

What are you not telling us?

JORDAN doesn't respond.

TERESA

Where'd you find this?

JORDAN storms out of the room. L-MO inconsiderate to the whole situation, studies the book.

L-MO

Shit. In game four of the 2009 play-offs--Jonathan Gibbs with a fast break sinks a deep fade away on Charles Baxter for the win--

L-MO looks up as DARIUS, TERESA, and RAYMOND stare at him.

L-MO

What?

He throws the book back down on the table. JORDAN storms back in the room with a heavy duffle bag. He throws it on the table and unzips it. He pulls out a .45 Caliber and loads it.

DARIUS

Jesus Christ, Jordan. What now?

TERESA

No--Jordan?

JORDAN glares at DARIUS, letting him know reasoning is impossible at this point. JORDAN picks up his cell and dials, a beat.

INT. JASON'S HOUSE - LATER

JORDAN now stands in the room with TERESA, DARIUS, L-MO, RAYMOND, and LORENZO. LORENZO looks over the composition BOOK and nods.

LORENZO

Yeah, this definitely the Sweepers. (a beat)

This isn't even suppose to exist, where'd you get it?

JORDAN cuts to the chase.

JORDAN

Where can I find Eightball?

LORENZO smirks to himself and closes the book.

LORENZO

He's a ghost.

He gets up and makes his way towards JORDAN.

LORENZO (cont'd)

Guarded heavier than the president.

(a beat)

Better yet, he is the president--

JORDAN is unfazed.

JORDAN

Where can I find him?

LORENZO smirks to himself again.

LORENZO

He pretty much got to find you. Got to get his attention. But, you know, I know where he be slinging his deals. They got something going down tonight. You let me hold on to this book--I'll give you the coordinates.

JORDAN tucks the gun in his pants and unpacks two more similar to it.

LORENZO (cont'd)

You got balls. I'll give you that.

JORDAN

Mo? Ray? You riding?

L-MO

Till I die.

L-MO and JORDAN dap each other. RAYMOND follows up as they hit fists together.

JORDAN

What about you Ragg?

DARIUS sighs and shakes his head.

DARIUS

You got to think about this,

Jordan.

JORDAN brushes him off. The four of them head for the door. TERESA stands by it as JORDAN passes her. He looks over at her not knowing what to say. A beat. TERESA looks more angry than worried. He closes the door.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

LORENZO, L-MO, RAYMOND, and JORDAN hop in the RANGE ROVER. They all strap themselves in. JORDAN looks back at the front door. TERESA looks at him through a window curtain. JORDAN looks back at her. A beat.

INT. JASON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

TERESA watches the RANGE ROVER pull off through the window. She steps away from it as DARIUS plops down on the couch and lets out a deep breath. TERESA looks disoriented.

TERESA

(to DOO RAGG)

Where the hell did he get a gun?

DARIUS

Shit. You been gone a long time sweetheart--

TERESA

What does that mean?

DARIUS

Jordan's been going down to the firing range with Alana for the last three years.

TERESA

Your wife?

DARIUS

Ex-wife. We wanted to make sure he could protect himself.

(He smirks. A beat)

He's become quite the marksman since then.

TERESA doesn't believe her ears.

TERESA

This is ridiculous. I mean--

Her excitement settles. She takes a breath.

TERESA (cont'd)

What do you think Jordan's gonna do, Darius?

DARIUS

That's what scares me. He's not the same Jordan.

DARIUS looks over at TERESA. She takes this in.

EXT. REAR OF ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

An old 70s model Monte Carlo with its headlights off, pulls up behind the warehouse. It stops near another car with its trunk open as two DEALERS lean on it smoking cigars.

A SUIT steps out of the *Monte Carlo* with a briefcase. He's accompanied by two OTHERS in suits. They approach the two waiting DEALERS.

INT. RANGE ROVER - CONTINUOUS

JORDAN, L-MO, and RAYMOND observe the men in the shadows of a rear parking lot across from the warehouse.

L-MO

Those his boys right there?

TWO DEALERS, late 30s, Columbian accents, look over their shoulders as they exchange a package for the briefcase. Their regular routine. JORDAN glares on at the transaction with enraged eyes.

ON RAYMOND and L-MO

L-MO picks up the playbook.

T₁-MO

Oh boy left the book in here? Finders keepers.

L-MO flips through it.

L-MO (cont'd)

(to Jordan)

So how we gonna get this dude's atten--

We hear a car door shut. L-MO and RAYMOND turn to an empty driver's seat.

EXT. REAR OF ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

JORDAN, detached and on fire, comes up on the DEALERS with two semi-automatics. He boldly walks into plain view and opens fire.

DEALER #1 is hit in the leg. He falls to the ground. The others take cover as JORDAN walks right up on DEALER #1 and smacks him with the pistol. He opens more rounds at the men who've retreated.

JORDAN puts the guns in his waist and opens the briefcase. Sequential One Hundred dollar bills. He opens the package next to it. Four bricks of cocaine. He takes this in. He rips open the bags of dope and empties the substance all over the ground in an uncontrollable rage.

INT. RANGE ROVER - CONTINUOUS

L-MO and RAYMOND watch JORDAN flip out with their jaws dropped.

L-MO

(to Raymond)

He's lost it.

A beat.

RAYMOND looks in the distance. His eyes widen as he hops in the driver's seat and starts the car.

L-MO

What are you doing?

RAYMOND

We got company.

EXT. REAR OF ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

JORDAN'S destroyed everything. He yanks his gun back out and jams it to DEALER #1's head.

JORDAN

(to Dealer #1)

Where's Eight-ball?

DEALER #1 starts laughing. JORDAN loses patience. He hits him again. JORDAN shoves the gun in his cheek.

JORDAN (cont'd)

I'm not going to ask you again?

DEALER #1 settles.

DEALER #1

You're already dead.

JORDAN takes this in.

DEALER #1 (cont'd)

If Eight-ball doesn't kill you the fed will.

This hits JORDAN hard. He can't believe his ears.

SIRENS blare in the background. JORDAN picks his head up looking towards the sound.

RANGE ROVER screeches to a halt behind him. He turns around startled.

RAYMOND

Jordan!!

DEALER #2 pulls a gun out from his waist and creeps along the side of the Monte Carlo.

RAYMOND (O.S)

We gotta bounce man, come on.

Still shocked at his breakthrough, JORDAN is stuck in place.

DEALER #2 shoots at them, using the Monte Carlo as cover. JORDAN ducks and flees back to the RANGE ROVER. He hops in

the back seat as shots blast. RAYMOND pulls off. They drive away as JORDAN keeps his eyes on the police unit that passes them on the road. He focuses on the passenger. His eyes lock with rage as he clearly identifies him. They drive away.

EXT. REAR OF ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - SAMETIME

DONAVAN steps out of the vehicle. He walks over to the coke laid out all over the ground and bends down.

EXT. STREET - MINUTES LATER

The RANGE ROVER stops at a stop SIGN and stays there.

INT. RANGE ROVER - CONTINUOUS

JORDAN sits in the back furious breathing heavily. L-MO and RAYMOND sit up front.

L-MO

Damn Jordan. That was the most gangsta shit I've ever seen in my life. That was like some Tony Montana, Scarface, Menace to Society shit right there.

RAYMOND

What are we going to do now Jordan?

JORDAN doesn't respond as

GUN SHOTS

blasts from outside. The driver's window shatters as they all duck.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

DEALER #2 fires at them from across the street. He comes in closer. JORDAN slips out the back door. DEALER #2 lets off his last two rounds as JORDAN pops out in front of the car. DEALER #2 sees him and turns to flee. JORDAN shoots at him missing the first two and hits him the third time in the shoulder. DEALER #2 stumbles as he desperately runs back into his Monte Carlo as it pulls off.

JORDAN stands in the middle of the street furious as the Monte Carlo speeds down the street.

L-MO (O.S)

Jordan!!

JORDAN turns around and runs back to the SUV. RAYMOND has been hit in his shoulder and rib cage.

JORDAN

Shit.

INT. JASON'S HOUSE - LATER

The front door explodes open. They yell in a whirlwind of confusion as L-MO and JORDAN carry RAYMOND under his arms. They stagger over to the couch. DARIUS and TERESA jolt into the room, following the commotion.

DARIUS

What happened?

L-MO

Ray go hit, man.

TERESA

Hold on, I'll get a--

TERESA rushes out of the room. The others keep prowling around in panic.

DARIUS

What the hell did ya'll do?

His tone startles the others. They settle a bit. L-MO looks over at JORDAN. If you won't say it I will.

L-MO

We went to scope the place out and before I know it, Jordan hops out the truck and starts shooting at these dealers. Then he tears open these bags of dope and flings the shit all over the ground.

DARIUS takes this in as he deeply sighs and puts his hands on his head. TERESA darts by them with a bottle of Hydrogen

peroxide and a roll of bandages. JORDAN can only pace around in anger, subconsciously knowing what he's gotten himself into.

DARIUS

Jordan you're loosing your mind.

He doesn't respond.

DARIUS (cont'd)

You know what kind of shit you're in now?

JORDAN finally snaps. All his emotions drain out at once as tears fill his enraged eyes.

JORDAN

I DON'T GIVE A FUCK, MAN! THESE BITCHES KILLED MY BROTHER. THEY KILLED HIM. WHY AM I THE ONLY ONE THAT WANTS TO DO SHIT ABOUT IT?

(paces around)
I'LL TAKE ON THE WHOLE LAPD BY
MYSELF IF I HAVE TO!! I DON'T
CARE ANYMORE!!!

DARIUS pauses.

DARIUS

Wait, what are you talking about?

L-MO

We found out an agent has had his hand in everything. The betting, the dealing, even throwing the police off by making sure evidence disappears.

DARIUS

What do you mean? Like a dirty cop?

L-MO

It's detective Donavan.

DARIUS takes this in. JORDAN explodes.

He swipes his gun from his bag and juggernauts towards the

door. DARIUS cuts him off before he can get to it.

DARIUS

Stop Jordan! Stop, think about this--

JORDAN

I'm done thinking.

DARIUS grabs JORDAN by the shoulders. He drags him away from the door.

DARTUS

Listen, we can nail this son of a bitch, but we got to do it the right way.

JORDAN doesn't want to hear it.

DARIUS (cont'd)

We'll go down to the station; find some hard evidence that can expose this piece of shit before anything else happens. Let's do it, tonight.

JORDAN finally settles. It's reasonable.

L-MO (O.S)

Hold up.

DARIUS looks up at L-MO

L-MO (cont'd)

You want us to go down to police headquarters, break in, and search through their shit? Are you out of your mind?

DARIUS

You got a better idea?

L-MO

How do you even know we're going to find anything?

DARIUS considers and looks at JORDAN. He then looks back at L-MO.

DARIUS

I don't.

L-MO sighs and shakes his head. DARIUS and JORDAN stare him down awaiting a response. L-MO cracks a smile.

L-MO

Shit, I'm in.

INT. 5th PRECINCT SUITE - LATE NIGHT

The entire atmosphere is dark and dreary. The silence is unsettling. POV drifts down a row of cubicles, making its way into a dark corridor. It glides passed a couple of corner offices approaching a door ajar at the end of the hallway. POV slips through the crack as

DARK FIGURE

slips through a window forced open from the outside. No broken glass. It's the work of a veteran intruder.

The figure kneels down under the windowsill. POV moves closer as the LENS adjusts and the SHOT clarifies. He's crouched down with two others. It's DARIUS, L-MO and JORDAN.

L-MO

(quietly)

No alarm?

DARIUS

Not on this side.

L-MO

How the hell did you know that?

DARIUS

This was my ex-wife's precinct for a while. The maintenance men always leave these windows open to air out the cleaning fumes at night.

(a beat.)

Any other questions?

L-MO shrugs.

DARIUS (cont'd)

(quietly)

All right. Stay low, stay close. Just a quick in and out.

They nod as DARIUS leads the pack to the door.

INT. 5th PRECINCT SUITE - CONTINUOUS

They stay low and creep swiftly along the floor. DARIUS picks his head up and looks around the corner into the suite.

DARIUS

(to the others)

This way.

DARIUS leads as the others follow profusely. They come up on an office door. DARIUS pulls out a metal TOOL and works the lock. L-MO and JORDAN keep a look out.

INT. 5th PRECINCT LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

The lobby level of the building is completely dark like the suite level. A NIGHT GUARD is seen through the glow of a portable television at the sign-in DESK. He leans on his fists dozing in and out of consciousness. Odd behavior for a precinct security guard. Maybe because he figures no one is dumb enough to break into the police headquarters.

INT. 5th PRECINCT SUITE - CONTINUOUS

DARIUS jimmies the tool a bit, the door pops open. He shoves it back in his pocket.

DARIUS

(quietly)

Come on.

INT. DONAVAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

They creep into the room and shut the door quietly behind themselves. L-MO pulls out a flashlight and scans the shelves, DARIUS wanders around. JORDAN finds his way over to an office PC in the corner. He hops in a stool and rolls over to it.

DARIUS and L-MO open drawer after drawer going through documents. JORDAN logs onto the computer. L-MO shines the light on a paper in his hand. A beat.

L-MO

Damn, this dude is livin' large. Look at all the properties he owns. How does a homicide detective own two villas in the Hamptons and an estate in Malibu?

DARIUS

Oh shit.

L-MO

What?

DARIUS

Look at all these cars. BMW, Audi, the list goes on. He must hit the lottery like every week.

JORDAN (O.S)

Take a look at this.

They move over to JORDAN as he scrolls through the desktop.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN,

mouse arrow drags across the desktop and clicks on a recycle bin.

JORDAN

Right here.

DARIUS and L-MO come right over JORDAN'S shoulders facing the monitor screen.

DARIUS

What is it?

JORDAN

Video files. From the surveillance feed. He was trying to discard them.

L-MO

Trying?

JORDAN

Yeah. You can't delete a file when it's in use. He must've overlooked that when he was watching them. Must've been in a hurry.

They look around at each other.

DARIUS

Click it.

JORDAN double clicks the mouse.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN,

DAMON and EDDIE are led to a holding cell. DONAVAN turns the corner, grabs EDDIE by the arm, and whispers in his ear.

DARIUS

(to monitor)

What are you saying?

EDDIE flips out and shakes DONAVAN'S hold. He runs down the hall as DONAVAN pulls out his firearm and pops off three.

L-MO

Oh, shit.

JORDAN sneers at this.

DARIUS

(sarcastic)

That's an odd procedure.

DAMON heads in the stairwell. DONAVAN takes off after him. The stairwell door slowly closes as three bright flashes appear from inside.

L-MO

Whoa. You saw that?

They look on.

DARIUS

Click on the next one.

JORDAN drags the mouse across the pad and double clicks.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN,

DAMON stops halfway down the stairs with his hands raised. DONAVAN walks into view pointing his gun at him. They exchange words. DAMON pleads with him. DONAVAN points his barrel directly at his head and fires. DAMON rolls down the stairs as DONAVAN runs up and lets off two more in his chest. DONAVAN pulls something out of his pocket and shoves it in DAMON'S hand.

JORDAN

There it was. Right there.

L-MO

What?

JORDAN

He planted a gun on him.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN,

DONAVAN looks up into the CAMERA as the image turns into white noise.

The three can't believe their eyes.

L-MO

That asshole said, they pulled out a gun and started shooting.

DARIUS

This guy is crooked. That's for damn sure. This whole thing might be deeper than we thought. I mean, nobody else heard that?

JORDAN takes this in. L-MO pats JORDAN on the shoulder.

L-MO

We did it J. We got this son of a bitch.

DARIUS pats JORDAN on the shoulder.

L-MO

Hold up, there's one more.

The three of them focus on the monitor.

DARTUS

Look at the date.

JORDAN looks up at the two of them.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN,

5/23/08 2:43am

The front entrance to the 5th Precinct lobby. An empty parking lot is seen through the glass entrance from the view of the surveillance camera on the ground level.

L-MO

The hell is this about?

All of a sudden--A Cadillac Escalade pulls in front of the building.

DARIUS

Is that--

It's followed by another Black SUV.

L-MO

You got to be shitting me?

INT. 5th PRECINCT LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

POV wanders around the lobby. We notice the continuing glow of a television. We PULL BACK but

NO GUARD

INT. DONAVAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

JORDAN extracts the video files on a CD. DARIUS and L-MO hustle to fix the room back to the way it was. L-MO opens a drawer and plops papers back down in it. He hesitates and pulls out a cell phone.

L-MO (O.S)

Jordan?

JORDAN looks over at him and comes in closer. He recognizes it. JORDAN grabs it.

DARIUS

Jason's phone?

JORDAN

Yeah.

INT. 5th PRECINCT SUITE - CONTINUOUS

DARIUS slips the door open and sticks his head out. They slide out of DONAVAN'S office.

DARIUS

Let's get the--

We hear a door close outside. This carries throughout the entire suite. All three of them look over to the entrance door. L-MO creeps up to the door to the suite and peeks out of the window slot.

He immediately hits the ground--

L-MO

(to others)

Get down.

JORDAN and DARIUS slip out of sight. L-MO stealthily creeps away. As he turns around a corner

FLASHLIGHT

shines through the glass in the area where L-MO just was only a tenth of a second ago. L-MO stays in place around the corner. The NIGHT GUARD slides his keycard on the door and enters the suite. DARIUS looks over at JORDAN with wide eyes. JORDAN maintains his composure.

The NIGHT GUARD prowls around the suite. As he walks further into the area, L-MO slides further down the corner steering clear of his view.

The NIGHT GUARD stops at Donavan's office and peaks his

flashlight inside. He drops the light down to the doorknob and holds. He looks a little closer. He flips around and aims his flashlight all around the room. He knows something's up. He moves quicker and more alert.

He's headed L-MOs way. All three of them catch on to it. DARIUS silently panics. JORDAN picks up a waste bin and throws it across the room. The CRASHING sound converts the GUARD'S attention over to it. He pulls out his 9mm from his waist and creeps over. L-MO gets up and runs for the suite door. He swings it open and runs out. The GUARD notices and runs after him.

NIGHT GUARD

Hey!!

JORDAN and DARIUS get up and run towards the door they entered from at the end of the hallway.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MINUTES LATER

DARIUS and JORDAN run up to the RANGE ROVER. They look back at the dark building.

DARIUS

Where the hell is he? You think he got him?

The building remains dark. JORDAN glares on at it as we hear a window break.

JORDAN

There he is.

L-MO dangles from a second story window on the other side of the building. He drops and hits the ground. DARIUS and JORDAN hop in the vehicle and speed over to him. NIGHT GUARD hangs out of the window looking down at L-MO running across the lot. The vehicle stops as L-MO hops in. They pull off.

INT. 5th PRECINCT SUITE - CONTINUOUS

NIGHT GUARD pulls away from the window and picks up his radio.

NIGHT GUARD

(into rover)

They were here.

INT. CORNER BAKERY - NIGHT

CARLSON, holding a box of cinnamon rolls, hands the clerk a couple bills. He makes his way to the door.

CARLSON

(to clerk)

See you tomorrow, Earl.

CLERK (O.S)

Good night detective.

EXT. CORNER BAKERY - CONTINUOUS

He makes his way over to his patrol unit parked out front, ready to call it a day. A phone vibrates. He rests the box on the hood of the car and pulls out a cell. He looks at it and flips it open.

TEXT MESSAGE DISPLAY

From: Unknown

Urgent! We're going through with plan B. Evans' house. 2:15am.

CARLSON takes this in and closes the phone.

INT. JASON'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

DARIUS, JORDAN, and L-MO come through the front door. TERESA paces around, a nervous wreck. We notice she's alone.

L-MO

Where's Raymond?

TERESA

The hospital. I didn't know what else to do. He just--

TERESA feels a tension given by JORDAN and DARIUS' silence.

TERESA (cont'd)

What happened?

JORDAN

You know the detective that told me during transport one of the guys got a hold of a gun, so they were taken down? Well, we had first class seats to what really happened via surveillance footage. He's full of shit. They were executed. By him.

TERESA

Oh my God.

DARIUS is in deep thought.

JORDAN

He also said the guns they had matched the ones that were used on Jason, we saw him pla--

DARIUS

Jordan, this doesn't seem way too easy for you?

JORDAN

What are you talking about?

DARIUS

I'm talking about, every rock you've looked under so far you found something neatly laid out for the taking. The play book, the Dealer, the surveillance? They have a word for it, it's called "set-up".

JORDAN

I don't give a shit how it happened, the fact of them matter is we know who's been playing us all this time.

DARIUS

But do we really? This doesn't feel like a sting operation, Jordan?

EXT. JASON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Three unmarked cars pull in front of Jason's house with their lights off.

INT. JASON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

JORDAN

I know exactly what's going on.

DARIUS

Well then, please, enlighten the rest of us.

JORDAN

After they shot Jason, they stashed the gats in evidence lock up so there's no murder weapon found. Then they arrest these known sport gamblers on some bogus charge and bring them down to the station. These guys were the perfect ones to take the fall. Why? They had money on the game, that's a motive. Then they had the guns that matched the ones that killed Jason planted on them, and on top of that, even if they had the biggest alibi in the world, they can't object cause their in body bags. Case closed.

DARIUS

So you're an FBI profiler now, is that it?

TERESA

You don't really believe that, do you?

EXT. JASON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A FLICKER. Dark Figures, in SWAT attire, creeping up on the house. The glimpse is too quick to determine how many there are.

INT. JASON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

JORDAN

Come on, man. You saw it with your

own eyes, we all did. What more do you need?

L-MO catches something in his peripheral vision out the window. He looks over his shoulder as

SWAT FIGURE

crashes through the window and into the living room. They all take cover. L-MO dives to the floor and crawls on his hands and knees around a corner. JORDAN grabs TERESA and takes her to the ground with him. SWAT FIGURE opens fire with a silencer. JORDAN covers TERESA with his arms. He whispers in her ear.

JORDAN

Stay down.

JORDAN slides over to his bag and pulls out a weapon. He picks up a shard of broken glass and peers through it.

IN GLASS

SWAT FIGURE makes his way over to the front door.

DARIUS anticipates JORDAN'S idea and shakes his head NO!

SWAT FIGURE grabs the doorknob. JORDAN pops out from coverage and lets off three rounds in his back. SWAT FIGURE drops to the floor. JORDAN stands over him, yanks his mask off and sees

RICKY WILSON

As JORDAN glances at his neck tattoo. He recognizes it.

JORDAN peaks out of the window. More SWAT FIGURES creep all over the property. He retreats.

EXT. JASON'S YARD - CONTINUOUS

SWAT FIGURE #1 gives military-style directions to the others. He sends some over to the back of the house. Sends some of them to enter from the second story. They move covertly through the night air like a squad of Black Ops executing an invasion.

INT. JASON'S HOUSE

JORDAN kneels down with L-MO, DARIUS, and TERESA. They all grab a weapon out of his bag. JORDAN hands one to TERESA. She objects.

TERESA

No. Call the police.

JORDAN doesn't respond.

TERESA (cont'd)

Jordan--who are these guys?

JORDAN

The Coverts.

TERESA takes this in.

GLASS BREAKS

in the distance upstairs. They take notice.

TERESA

What do we do?

L-MO, DARIUS, and TERESA are petrified. JORDAN stays calm and rational.

JORDAN

Stop, listen--Mo, you take downstairs. Ragg you hold down the den. I'm going up. And stay out of sight--we got to sneak these guys.

He turns to TERESA.

JORDAN (cont'd)

Take this.

(hands her gun)

Hide.

TERESA is scared out of her mind. She can barely lift the CANNON she's been given. She tucks away in a linen closet and shuts the door.

JORDAN begins to rush off as

L-MO (O.S)

Wait, Jordan!

JORDAN turns back.

L-MO (cont'd)

How the hell do you do this?

JORDAN

Snap in the clip, pull the hammer back, aim and fire. Go.

L-MO, DARIUS, and JORDAN head their own ways. JORDAN slowly climbs the stairs.

INT. STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

The air is completely silent. JORDAN quietly ascends to the second floor. He leans up against the wall and moves down further, stopping next to an open bedroom door.

PULL BACK

SWAT FIGURE leans up against the wall directly adjacent to the hallway. They form a perfect 90-degree angle from each other. SWAT FIGURE loads his gun with complete delicacy. He quietly snaps the gun clip in the magazine holder.

JORDAN picks this up. He turns and shoots a dozen rounds through the wall he leaned against. We hear something hit the floor. He hesitates a moment and slips his head in the room.

SWAT FIGURE is slumped over on the ground with smears of blood dragging from bullet holes up on the drywall.

JORDAN steps over the body and approaches the broken window. He looks out and sees two SWAT FIGURES enter a door leading to the DEN.

INT. JASON'S DEN - CONTINUOUS

SWAT FIGURES enter through a sliding glass door. They move with stealth scanning the entertainment room. They quickly slide across the floor as we notice DARIUS armed and posted up behind a couch facing the staircase.

They move toward the stairway that leads to the second floor. They obliviously pass in front of DARIUS as he rises and shoots at them. SWAT FIGURE #2 gets hit and falls to the floor. The other dives off to the side.

DARIUS takes cover again behind another table. SWAT FIGURE #1 returns a couple of shots from around the other corner. The shots fly right above DARIUS' head. He stays low and out of the line of fire.

INT. BASEMENT FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Two SWAT FIGURES sweep up a corridor in the basement. They point their weapons in every room they pass. They persist up the hallway.

INT. FITNESS ROOM

They peak inside the exercise area. They walk through the entry with their weapons drawn, searching through every dark corner and angle. They come to closed double doors.

INT. CLOSET

L-MO peaks through the crack in the door and sees them approaching.

L-MO (quietly)
Shit.

L-MO silently panics as he looks up.

INT. FITNESS ROOM

The two SWAT FIGURES approach the door. They hear scratches inside the closet. SWAT FIGURE #1 throws his hand up. They halt. He shoots six rounds through the door. A beat. They continue. SWAT FIGURE #2 swings the doors open and

Nothing.

As they notice a broken ceiling tile on the floor they look up and

take BULLETS through their masks. They hit the floor. A beat. L-MO's upper body hangs out of the ceiling in shock. He can't believe it. He drops his weapons on the floor and nudges his way down. He's stuck. He uses more force as he slips and suddenly flips onto the floor making a loud THUD.

INT. JORDAN'S DEN

DARIUS takes cover from a SWAT FIGURE that fires numerous rounds his way. SWAT FIGURE hits the floor, on his chest, and crawls over to him. DARIUS fires his gun. It's empty.

DARIUS

Shit.

SWAT FIGURE comes around the corner and stands over DARIUS. DARIUS tackles him as they go flying into a table. They scuffle a minute. DARIUS holds the gun away from the both of them and fires off the rounds. SWAT FIGURE elbows DARIUS in the head. He falls on his back. SWAT FIGURE stands over DARIUS pointing his gun to his face. He fires. No rounds left. DARIUS capitalizes by kicking SWAT FIGURE in the balls. No effect.

DARIUS

What the hell?

SWAT FIGURE hits him in the face with the gun. DARIUS takes the hit and dazes. SWAT FIGURE pulls out another clip and loads her weapon. She points it at DARIUS again. He takes this in. Shot goes off. Blood splatters on DARIUS' face.

SWAT FIGURE falls over revealing

L-MO

standing behind her, holding a smoking pistol. DARIUS sighs in relief.

DARIUS

Nice shot.

L-MO

You straight?

Shots go off from another room. They look towards the door.

EXT. JASON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

SWAT FIGURE climbs out of a second story window and drops to the grass. He makes his way around to the front of the house.

EXT. DRIVEWAY

POV rides over the shoulder of SWAT FIGURE as he approaches two unmarked vehicles parked out front of JASON'S house. Two SWAT FIGURES exit from the vehicles and meet him half way. SWAT FIGURE #1 takes off his head mask.

SWAT FIGURE #1 Is the job done?

The approaching SWAT FIGURE shoots both SWAT FIGURE #1 and #2 in the chest. He walks over to their bodies on the ground and gives both of them one more. He looks down at them and rips off his mask. It's JORDAN. He throws the mask off to the side and walks back toward the house.

INT. JASON'S HOUSE

JORDAN steps in the front door. DARIUS and L-MO, in a quick reflex, pull their guns. They realize it's a friendly.

DARIUS

(relief)

Shit, man.

L-MO

(to Jordan)

You good?

JORDAN

I'm straight.

L-MO

Why the hell are you dressed like that?

JORDAN starts ripping off the S.W.A.T attire and heads over to the linen closet as he opens it

NO ONE INSIDE

JORDAN looks over at the others. He slams the door and jolts out of the house.

EXT. JASON'S DRIVEWAY

JORDAN approaches the two unmarked cars and flings the door open. He searches around the car as

Phone rings.

JORDAN ducks back out of the car. He notices the ringing comes from one of the SWAT FIGURES on the ground. He searches through SWAT FIGURE #1. He's clean. He pats down SWAT FIGURE #2. He retrieves a ringing cell phone. He looks at the display and flips it open.

DONAVAN (V.O)

Patterson? Where the hell are you?

JORDAN

He's dead bitch. All your boys are.

DONAVAN pauses realizing whom he's talking to.

DONAVAN (V.O)

Is that right? Tell me. Do you have any clue of who you're dealing with?

JORDAN

A crooked ass cop.

DONAVAN laughs. JORDAN doesn't.

JORDAN

Where is she?

DONAVAN (V.O)

Oh, you mean this skinny blonde bitch tied up in my backseat? Well, seeing how you picked off some of my boys, why don't I return the favor? Even out the odds a little bit, what do you think?

JORDAN

I think it's time we negotiated.

DONAVAN (V.O)

Really? And why would I negotiate with a piece of shit like you?

JORDAN

It's seems to me, I've got some vital evidence that could put you and your "boys" away for a long ass time. That <u>is</u> why ya'll just stormed through my crib, right?

DONAVAN hesitates.

DONAVAN (V.O)

You have no idea what you're getting yourself in t--

JORDAN

(nonchalant)

Yeah, yeah, I know bitch.

(a beat)

I'll give you what you want. The surveillance files and the playbook. I give you that, you give me Teresa.

DONAVAN (V.O)

What makes you think either of those have anything to do with me?

JORDAN

A hunch.

DONAVAN pauses. A beat.

DONAVAN (V.O)

Tell me when and where.

EXT. JASON'S DRIVEWAY - LATER

JORDAN hops in the RANGE ROVER. DARIUS rides shotgun. L-MO walks towards the car as JORDAN pops his head over the roof.

JORDAN

(to L-MO)

Hold up, where you think you're going?

L-MO

I'm riding, what are you talking about?

JORDAN

You should fall back, Mo. This shit is about to get serious. I can't have both my boys getting shot up, man.

L-MO

What about you?

JORDAN

I'm what he wants. I got to end all this shit.

JORDAN slides back in his seat and shuts the door.

INT. RANGE ROVER

He starts the car as we hear a door open and close. JORDAN looks in the back seat. L-MO throws his seatbelt on and looks over at JORDAN.

L-MO

Till I die, J.

JORDAN takes this in and nods. They dap firmly. JORDAN pulls off.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - LATE NIGHT

CARLSON sits in his patrol unit while the engine runs. He stares at a lit $2^{\rm nd}$ story window and waits.

INT. PATROL UNIT - CONTINUOUS

He opens the glove compartment and grabs the cell. He holds it in front of him looking at the display. A beat.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX PARKING LOT - LATE NIGHT

The window light turns off. Agent FLYNN momentarily steps out of the apartment building entrance and heads towards the patrol car. CARLSON adjusts his expression so it's not all over his face. She comes up to the driver's side window.

FLYNN

Sorry about this. I guess you were right, huh?

She pulls his phone out of her jacket.

CARLSON

I'm surprised you were still up.

FLYNN (cont'd)

(joking)

Yeah well, I was on the phone with your wife. I'm going to run away with her.

(hands him the phone)

Here.

They switch phones back. He notices she still has on her work clothes at three in the morning.

CARLSON

Where you headed?

FLYNN

(spontaneous)

Oh, just down the street I need a couple things from the store.

CARLSON

At this time of night?

FLYNN

Yeah, I put things off till last minute.

CARLSON

Well, hop in I'll give you a lift.

FLYNN

That's okay. It's only about three blocks down.

CARLSON

I insist. It'll save you the trouble.

She doesn't know what to make of him yet, but she goes with it. She cracks a smile.

FLYNN

You drive a hard bargain, Stanley.

She makes her way over to the passenger's side. She hops in the car. They pull out of the lot.

INT. PATROL UNIT

FLYNN

So, where you coming from this time of night?

CARLSON

I just thought I should bring you your phone back as soon as possible. Just in case you missed an important call or something.

She looks at the display and flips her phone open. She reads the text message. CARLSON watches her hoping to catch her initial reaction. She looks over at him staring at her. His tone changes.

CARLSON

What's plan B?

FLYNN is cornered. CARLSON expects an answer. She has none.

CARLSON (cont'd)

You want to tell me what's really going on?

FLYNN takes this in. There's no way out. She opens up to him.

FLYNN

Pull over.

CARLSON

(sympathizing)

Just talk to me.

FLYNN

Just pull the car over, Stanley.

EXT. UNDER A BRIDGE OVERPASS - LATE NIGHT

The patrol unit pulls on the shoulder and comes to a stop.

INT. PATROL UNIT

FLYNN

Pop the trunk.

CARLSON

What are you--

FLYNN

(sincerely)

I need to show you something. We were right about Donavan. Pop the trunk.

She gets out and heads to the rear of the vehicle. He sighs and pops the trunk.

EXT. UNDER BRIDGE OVERPASS

CARLSON exits the car. There's not a car in sight in either direction. He walks around the front of the vehicle, staying out of the street. He walks towards FLYNN as he eases his approach.

CARLSON

Look, whatever it is you can tell me, Flynn.

FLYNN is completely covered by the open trunk of the car. As he reaches the rear

CARLSON (cont'd) You can see me like a--

POWWWW!

CARLSON takes a slug to the chest and falls back against the cement road barrier on the side. FLYNN holds a smoking .38 magnum. The .38 magnum recovered earlier from EDDIE EPPS.

She kneels down directly in front of CARLSON. He's bleeding intensely from his midsection. She gives him another as he slides over on his side.

He lays motionless. She wipes the barrel and the handle clean, slips it in an evidence BAG, and tosses it back in the trunk. She hops in the driver's seat and pulls off leaving his body at the side of the road.

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - LATE NIGHT

RANGE ROVER drives up to an elevated steel DOOR. It pulls in. The gate immediately drops after it.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - MINUTES LATER

RANGE ROVER halts. Three GOONS with guns pulled, aim their weapons at the truck. GOON #1 approaches the driver's seat and taps the gun on the window. JORDAN lowers it.

GOON #1

Keys.

JORDAN takes the keys out of the ignition and hands them over to him. GOON #1 stuffs the keys in his pocket and opens his door. DARIUS, L-MO, and JORDAN are escorted out of the car at gunpoint. GOON #1 grabs JORDAN by the arm. JORDAN shrugs him off. The three of them are led

AROUND CORNER

They approach a freight elevator. They all step inside.

INT. UPPER LEVEL - A MINUTE LATER

ELEVATOR DOOR opens.

JORDAN, L-MO, and DARIUS step off the freight elevator. The GOONS remain on as the doors close. The elevator descends.

The sound of metallic saw screeching echoes throughout the entire spacious stadium-like structure. It gives you the impression of a chop shop. The three of them walk further into the enormous open area. They look around and see a fleet of VEHICLES parked all over the floor.

BMW, FERARRI, AUDI,

JORDAN notices two in particular.

CADILLAC ESCALADES

One is partially dismembered. The other is still intact as we notice an unclear figure rummaging around in the driver's seat.

DARIUS

What the hell are we doing here?

The sound of the freight elevator commences and fills the entire atmosphere. The group turns towards it. The sound stops. A beat. ELEVATOR DOOR opens.

JORDAN'S eyes widen as

VINCE CUNNINGHAM

steps off the elevator with STRAPZ. They make there way over to the confused trio. VINCE stands face to face with JORDAN. A beat.

VINCE

What's up sweetheart?

It takes everything but a mule team to keep JORDAN from ripping him apart with his bare hands. The door to the CADILLAC opens. JORDAN turns to it as

LORENZO

exits the vehicle. He notices TERESA sits on the passenger's side, tied to her seat. JORDAN thoroughly takes

this in. L-MO and DARIUS also catch on. JORDAN scowls at LORENZO.

LORENZO

(smiling)

I know what you're thinking.

(a beat)

It ain't personal baby. It's business.

JORDAN

Was killing my brother business?

LORENZO

I told you. He was made a deal. Everything he ever owed would be taken care of in one night.

(a beat)

In this organization, there are certain rules you got to play by. He knew that. He didn't play by the rules--

JORDAN

Who pulled the trigger?

LORENZO

Not me. I didn't have anything to do with him. I just know how to play the game.

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE PARKING LOT - SAMETIME

Three PATROL UNITS pull up to the warehouse. Agent DONAVAN and two others jump out. Another PATROL UNIT pulls up behind them. Agent FLYNN hops out and joins.

DONAVAN

(to Flynn)

Where the hell have you been all night?

FLYNN

My cell wasn't on me.

DONAVAN

And Carlson?

FLYNN hesitates.

FLYNN

He was on to me. I didn't know what else to do.

DONAVAN

So?

FLYNN

So, I called it in. Billups and Mendez cleaned it up.

(a beat)

What's going on here?

DONAVAN

This Evans kid has something that needs to disappear.

The officers walk to the front entrance.

DONAVAN (cont'd)

You three watch this door, if I don't leave, nobody else does.

He discreetly enters the warehouse.

INT. UPPER LEVEL

VINCE

You know, he screwed up a ten million dollar game. On the upside, a lot of betters did well that night.

VINCE looks at DARIUS. JORDAN doesn't get it.

VINCE (cont'd)

(to Doo Ragg)

How much did you have on that game, Darius?

JORDAN turns to DARIUS. He takes this in.

DARIUS

What the hell are you talking about?

VINCE

(to Jordan)

You never know who you can trust, can you? People aren't always what they seem to be. And you know, even though I didn't have money on that game, I would've killed him for free--

JORDAN hits VINCE in the face. His head jerks as he takes the punch. He turns back to JORDAN and takes another one to the jaw. VINCE tackles JORDAN to the ground.

L-MO

Get em' J.

VINCE and JORDAN stand back to their feet as the scuffle continues. VINCE takes a couple more fists to the jaw and falls back. STRAPZ steps forward as DARIUS jumps in his face.

DARIUS

What'd you wanna do?

L-MO also squares up on him. STRAPZ backs down.

JORDAN hops on top of him and chokes him out. A beat. VINCE gets a cheap shot in and shoves JORDAN off to the side.

L-MO

Oh, you skirt ass bitch.

VINCE gets up slowly. JORDAN hops to his feet eager to finish this. VINCE pulls out a 9mm from his waist. JORDAN anticipates this and rushes him. They scuffle some more. JORDAN wrestles the gun away from VINCE and points it at him. JORDAN cocks the gun as we hear another gun cock behind them.

DONAVAN

Hey! We done?

They freeze. DONAVAN approaches and snatches the gun out of JORDAN'S hand. He tucks it in his waist as VINCE charges at JORDAN. DONAVAN keeps him back.

DONAVAN (cont'd)

Hey, chill out.

VINCE settles.

DONAVAN (cont'd)

What do you say we get down to business?

LORENZO brings TERESA out of the SUV and brings her over to the group.

DONAVAN (cont'd)

This is what you want right? Right? Now give me what I want.

JORDAN looks over at TERESA.

JORDAN

You aight?

She nods. JORDAN hesitates. He pulls out the Playbook and throws it on the ground.

DONAVAN

And the feeds?

JORDAN pulls the CD out and throws it on the ground on top of the book. DONAVAN bends down and picks up the disc.

DONAVAN

(to Jordan)

How do I know you didn't copy this?

JORDAN

You don't.

DONAVAN sighs. He picks up the *Playbook* and hands it to VINCE.

DONAVAN

Try to not leave it lying around this time.

He smacks it on his chest. VINCE grabs it.

VINCE

(assertive)

Are we done here? I got a plane to catch?

DONAVAN

By all means.

VINCE walks towards the freight elevator. JORDAN follows him with his eyes. VINCE looks back.

VINCE (O.S)

(to Jordan)

Catch you on the rebound, homey.

He exits.

JORDAN

(to Donavan)

So it was you all along, huh? You're Eight-ball?

DONAVAN

Oh, give me a break. If I was going to use an alias, it wouldn't be a bullshit name like Eight-ball.

STRAPZ smirks. DONAVAN stuffs the CD in an inside pocket on his jacket.

DONAVAN (cont'd)

Anyway, it doesn't matter. Let's cut to the chase. I'm going to offer you the same deal I offered your brother, the same deal I offered Darius over here.

JORDAN glances at DARIUS.

DONAVAN (cont'd)

Look at the facts. The average life span of an NBA athlete is four years. That doesn't apply if you're Michael Jordan or Kobe Bryant, but if you're not, there's an alternative that can make you more than any other pro

athlete makes straight up.

JORDAN

Fixed games?

DONAVAN

If that's what you want to call it. Fine. I call it job security. Think about it, where you going to be in ten years? No college education, a criminal record. What other options do you have, Jordan?

JORDAN takes this in.

DONAVAN (cont'd)

I guarantee you seven figures your first season. What do you say?

JORDAN spits in his face.

DONAVAN (cont'd)

I guess that's a "no"?

JORDAN

The only reason I joined this team is to find out what happened to my brother.

DONAVAN

Is that right? And what'd you find?

JORDAN

That damn near everybody whose anybody has their hands in one of the biggest conspiracies in the history of--

DONAVAN

Oh, you're preaching to the wrong choir buddy, trust me.

JORDAN

I've also been counting down the seconds till I came face to face with the son of a bitch that

killed my brother.

DONAVAN and JORDAN lock eyes. DONAVAN slowly reaches for the gun in his waist. JORDAN rushes him.

STRAPZ pulls out a gun. DARIUS punches him in the face as the gun goes flying out of his hands. L-MO and TERESA run to the SUV for cover. STRAPZ retrieves his gun and shoots at them.

INT. LOWER LEVEL - SAMETIME

FLYNN and the others hear shots fired. She heads for the stairwell.

INT. UPPER LEVEL

L-MO shoots back at STRAPZ. He takes cover. TERESA hops inside the SUV. JORDAN wrestles with DONAVAN on the floor. He slides DONAVAN'S gun away from him, grabs the gun from his holster, and runs for cover. DONAVAN grabs the gun from the floor and gets up.

JORDAN hides in the maze of cars. He cocks the gun. DONAVAN looks around for him. He crouches on the floor and searches for a set of legs under each vehicle. JORDAN looks up and sees him approaching as

A HAND

yanks a handle down on a CIRCUIT BREAKER. The room goes dark.

STRAPZ creeps up to DONAVAN'S side. DONAVAN tells him to go around the back. He does.

JORDAN moves along the rear of the cars and stops crouched next to an SUV. DONAVAN moves along the front of the cars. He's certain he's spotted him. He looks over and

Nothing.

He continues to forage through the warehouse.

DONAVAN (V.O)

Marco?

STRAPZ (V.O)

Polo?

DONAVAN walks further along the sides of the cars.

DONAVAN (V.O)

Marco?

STRAPZ (V.O)

Polo?

DARIUS and TERESA peak their heads up, looking through the window at what's happening. L-MO slips out of the back seat and creeps along the side of the SUV.

Agent FLYNN enters the room from the stairwell. She stays low and stays quiet. DONAVAN creeps around loosing his patience. He can't find anyone.

L-MO posts up against a SEDAN as a GUN is shoved on his shoulders. He surrenders and looks over at

AGENT FLYNN

She directs him over her way.

STRAPZ

(yelling to Jordan)

You know this is kind of bringing back memories. This is how we hunted down Jason too, ya know. He should've just followed the plan, and made some money, but no, he had to be a hero.

JORDAN takes this in.

STRAPZ (cont'd)

The news said there were two shooters, and--

He smirks.

STRAPZ (cont'd)

I admit. I was one. He had it coming, that bitch cost me ten grand.

(a beat)

You know who the other one was? You

gonna flip when you hear this--

JORDAN hides behind an SUV all ears as

GUN SHOT

JORDAN jumps at the sound as it echoes throughout the space.

STRAPZ lays face down on the ground. DONAVAN stands over him and shakes his head.

GUN COCKS

DONAVAN freezes and turns around. JORDAN stands behind him with a pistol aiming at him.

JORDAN

Drop it.

DONAVAN smiles. He tosses the gun to the side.

DONAVAN

What are you going to do, huh? (condescending)
Homeboy?

JORDAN hesitates.

DONAVAN (cont'd)

I'm a goddamn federal agent.

JORDAN fills with rage. He steps forward and fires shot after shot until his clip is empty. DONAVAN falls on his back. A beat.

JORDAN makes his way back over to the rest of them in the SUV. DONAVAN sits up and rips his shirt open revealing a bulletproof vest with eight rounds welded into it. JORDAN turns around and freezes. DONAVAN shoots at JORDAN as

POWWW!

DONAVAN takes a slug to the neck and hits the floor. JORDAN looks over at

COACH POWELL

in a windbreaker jacket with "POLICE" on the back. He enters with his Calvary. The lights come on.

POWELL

Everybody freeze!

They sweep through the warehouse with arms pulled. FLYNN walks out holding a gun to L-MOs back. POWELL reacts.

POWELL (cont'd)

Flynn. Put the gun down! Now! Now!

FLYNN

Not a chance.

SNIPER GUN SHOT

FLYNN takes a bullet to the back. She fires her gun as she hits the floor. We notice a tactical SNIPER on a loft above them withdraws his rifle.

The troops approach her on the ground and slide her gun away from her. They spread out all around the interior.

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - MORNING

The area has become a crime scene. Yellow tape stretches all around the perimeter. Uniformed OFFICERS are scattered all over. Several police UNITS and AMBULANCES are parked out in front. The rest of the crooked OFFICERS are led out of the building in handcuffs and placed in police cars.

ENTRANCE

JORDAN limps out of the warehouse with TERESA under his arm. They walk over and plant themselves on the rear of an ambulance.

DARIUS and L-MO exit the warehouse shortly after them. L-MO looks around

L-MO

Whoa. It's like CSI Miami out here.

A couple of OFFICERS soon follow, holding cases of evidence. L-MO and DARIUS make their way over to JORDAN and TERESA.

L-MO

(to Jordan)

You good?

JORDAN

I'm straight.

They hit fists together. POWELL walks over to the four of them.

POWELL

Is everybody all right?

They nod. JORDAN is confused.

JORDAN

So, you're a fed, huh?

POWELL

That's right. I've been undercover in the league tracking down the root of this whole sport betting conspiracy. Unfortunately, the minds behind this weren't just on the basketball court, they were in the LAPD. We know now.

JORDAN

How'd you know to come here?

POWELL

I intercepted Donavan's message over the scanner and tailed him--

An OFFICER interrupts and hands a document to agent POWELL. DARIUS looks up at POWELL as he concludes:

POWELL (cont'd)

Listen, just let my boys take your statements and in a few minutes, I'll cut you loose. Okay?

POWELL shakes JORDAN'S hand.

POWELL (cont'd)

I appreciate your help. And as far as I'm concerned, you won't be charged for any casualties. I know about the ambush and who was involved.

(a beat)

And I'm sorry about your brother. I hope this can provide some kind of closure for you now that it's all over.

JORDAN respectfully nods. Agent POWELL nods back.

POWELL (cont'd)

All right, you all. Take care.

He walks off. JORDAN looks around.

JORDAN

Where's L-MO?

TERESA nods off to the side.

L-MO leans against an AMBULANCE hitting on a cute EMT. He sees them looking over at him. He smiles and gives a $thumbs\ up$. JORDAN smirks and shakes his head. DARIUS turns to JORDAN.

DARIUS

Well, I got to hand it to you, Jordan. You really got a big, hairy set of balls--

TERESA

Oh. Thank you, for the visual.

DARIUS gestures an apology. He holds his back with both hands.

JORDAN

Your back still bothering you?

DARIUS

Nah, I'm straight. I'm just gonna go see the medic real quick.

DARIUS smirks and walks off. JORDAN laughs it off. TERESA takes this in.

TERESA

Well, it's nice to see you smiling again.

JORDAN smiles at her.

TERESA (cont'd)

You saved my life back there didn't you?

JORDAN nods.

JORDAN

Yeah, I guess I did. Now, what are you going to do for me?

TERESA smirks and gives him a kiss. They hold it for a minute.

FADE UP TO WHITE.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - AFTERNOON

SUPER: TWO WEEKS LATER

The RANGE ROVER pulls in the playground parking lot. JORDAN and DARIUS sit in the car bickering back and forth.

INT. RANGE ROVER

DARIUS

You <u>do</u> remember what happened the last time we were out here right?

JORDAN

I spanked your old ass without breaking a sweat.

DARIUS thinks about it.

DARIUS

Well last, last time.

They laugh it off.

DARIUS (cont'd)

It's a shame I can't embarrass you in front of your boo. When's she coming back?

JORDAN

Who knows? Miami. Football season. Sports agents work their asses off. She'll be back in a couple of weeks probably.

DARIUS

So that's your girl now, huh?

JORDAN smiles and rolls his eyes. DARIUS shoves him a couple times.

DARIUS (cont'd)

Yeah man, that's what happens when you fight crime and shit you get the big bitches. Look at *Spiderman?*Mary Jane was a fine ass bitch. And who can forget the rack on *Lois Lane?*

JORDAN drifts his eyes out the window.

DARIUS (cont'd)

But for real though, you did your thing. Jason would be happy to know you solved his case.

JORDAN takes this in.

JORDAN

And speaking of that—there's still one big part that still doesn't sit right with me.

DARIUS

What's that?

JORDAN

Well, I can't help but to think Jason knew he was going to be killed. I mean, he would never throw a game. Basketball meant too much to him. I also think he had to have known there was someone on

the inside throwing the cops off.

(a beat)

He knew what kind of shit he was in. It wasn't just Donavan that betrayed him.

DARIUS doesn't know what to think.

DARIUS

I don't follow?

JORDAN

When we got his phone back I started going through it. He made three calls just before he was killed. Two were to Vince and Donavan. I tried to piece it together and--It's no coincidence how the last few people he talked to played a major role in this--

DARIUS

But, you said there were three. Who was the last call to?

JORDAN looks over at him. A beat.

JORDAN

You.

DARIUS takes this in. JORDAN smirks and brushes it off.

JORDAN (cont'd)

At first, I suspected you had something to do with it. After all Vince did plant that seed in my head. I mean, I talked myself out of it, but—there was something that really just seemed off.

DARIUS is dead silent and shaken. He doesn't know where this is going.

JORDAN (cont'd)

So, I checked up on it, and--

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING (FLASHBACK)

JORDAN flips through a stack of mail on the counter.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING (FLASHBACK)

JORDAN opens an envelope containing a bank statement. He looks over it.

INT. RANGE ROVER (NORMAL)

JORDAN

Vince was right. You did have money on that game. I mean, that's not really that odd, but you know what is? The Chargers winning was a damn near certainty. After all, 94 percent of people had money on them sweeping.

(a beat)

Except for this one group. I asked myself why would only a couple guys bet so much on a million to one odds? Unless they knew the game was fixed.

(a beat)

Unless they were the guys that made the deal with him. So, with that in mind, the obvious thing for me to do is find out who bet a shit load on them losing and most likely, I'd find who was involved.

JORDAN pauses. He turns to DARIUS.

JORDAN (cont'd)

I found out you placed a bet the night before he was murdered. Two hundred fifty grand.

DARIUS swallows hard. JORDAN reaches down and pulls out

9MM BERETTA

he holds it in his hands infatuated with it.

DARIUS

(plea)

I didn't know they were going to kill him Jordan.

JORDAN

You know. I knew I wouldn't hesitate

to take out anybody that had anything to do with my brother's murder. Even you.

JORDAN raises the gun to DARIUS

DARIUS

Wait, Jordan!!!

POWWWW!

SCREEN GOES BLACK. A beat.

INT. RANGE ROVER (NORMAL)

Blood is splattered and running down the side of DARIUS' face. He breathes heavy as his eyes lock on the sight before him.

JORDAN

is slumped over on the dashboard covered. He took a bullet from behind.

We hear a car door open and close. A beat. DARIUS, still in a state of shock, slowly turns his head to the back seat. His eyes widen as his hyperventilating continues

AGENT POWELL

glares at him from the rear seat. His gun is visible on his arm holster through his unbuttoned jacket. We notice a chain with a platinum

8 BALL

pendant hangs around his neck.

POWELL

Say something, Darius.

DARIUS

(disbelief)

You killed him. Just like that.

POWELL

(sighs)

Here we go.

DARIUS

Why the hell did you--

POWELL

(outraged)

Hey, correct me if I'm wrong, but I just saved your life, pal.

DARIUS breathes hard.

DARIUS

That wasn't in the deal. You told me--

POWELL

I told you this wasn't going to be easy. I told you that five years ago. But you gave me your word, that you would do whatever it took to make it. Whatever it took.

(a beat.)

I know he was your friend. But in this organization he is dispensable, friends can't exist. You know the system is flawless. There are people that get too close and people that get too sloppy and there isn't room for either one.

DARIUS looks at him furious.

DARIUS

What the hell are you talking about?

POWELL

Flynn and Donavan got too sloppy. Every law enforcement agency in the country was on to them, they left their trail everywhere they went. Even this kid stayed one step ahead of them. They were a glitch in the system. They ran the risk of exposing us all, they had to be taken out.

DARIUS

What about Jordan? Did he need to be taken out?

POWELL

Jordan was getting too close. He just figured your position in all of this.

DARIUS

You didn't have to--

POWELL

Goddamn it! You know the game Darius. Stop acting like this shit is new. You knew you were playing him from the second you took him in. He needed to be watched closely. You knew that kid was going to be coming after anyone that even posed a threat to his brother. He was ready to take a step further than assault on you, Darius--

DARIUS

That's called loyalty. Where's that in the flawless system.

POWELL smirks.

POWELL

It doesn't exist. It never has.

POWELL opens the door and waves down other officers in the unmarked vehicles. He sits back down.

POWELL (cont'd)

Now, I'm a man of my word. You did your part, you brought him down here. You're still in.

POWELL hands DARIUS a Playbook. He reluctantly grabs it.

POWELL

You okay, Darius?

DARIUS doesn't respond.

POWELL (cont'd)
Don't worry we'll clean this up.

He pats DARIUS on the back and hops out.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - CONTINUOUS

POWELL exits the vehicle as other OFFICERS approach. POWELL walks back to his patrol unit and enters.

INT. SPORTS ARENA - NIGHT

The house is packed and on edge as the final minutes of the game wind down.

SUPER: 2009 PLAYOFFS - GAME FOUR

The erupting crowd stands to their feet anticipating the high-octane action.

INT. VIP SUITE

Sexy BARTENDER fills a round of mugs at the bar. She carries the drinks, on a tray, over to the VIP high rollers sitting in the press BOX. She approaches TWO MEN with their backs to us. She rests the tray down on a table and walks off. POV moves towards the mysterious MEN looking on at the game in the box. We come closer as

LORENZO

in a black pinstriped suit and matching top hat anticipates the end of a close game. He takes a sip of his beer and sets it back down. We notice he has the *Playbook* opened in front of him. POV wanders over to the MAN sitting next to him as

AGENT WARNER

comments on the game.

WARNER

Bullshit call. I always hated Ted Owens. He's a bullshit ref.

LORENZO smirks. He looks over at WARNER.

LORENZO

I bet a you a million to one the Tarpans win off a fast break.

WARNER looks over at him.

WARNER

(devious smile)

That sounds like a safe bet.

GAME FLOOR

SPORTS ANNOUNCER #1
This will be there last time out which is a crucial one. Down by one with six seconds remaining.

INT. LOCKER ROOM TUNNEL

POV backs away from the game floor into the dark tunnel leading to the team's locker room. The view of the stadium is getting further and further away.

SPORTS ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O)
They're going to hold it for the remaining time as--Wait a minute!

SPORTS ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O) Gibbs with the steal.

FADE TO BLACK. We still hear the AUDIO.

BUZZER SOUNDS. The crowd gets even louder.

SPORTS ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O)
Oh, my God!! Jonathan Gibbs sinks
a fade away on Charles Baxter. This
one is over. The Tarpans' take home
the win in game four. Who in the
world could have seen that coming?