

THE BIG FADE

By

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FADE IN:

INT. CHARLIE HUSTLE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

SUPER: "Philadelphia, PA. November 26, 2006."

CHARLIE HUSTLE, 20, with a hundred dollar haircut, stands in front of a dresser. A briefcase full of cocaine before him.

He looks up at a mirror on the wall, sees a person in a Borelli suit masked by soft focus. Totally obscured. It's his uncle, RAY "STUNNA" STEWART, 56.

STUNNA

Best there is, was, and ever will be. Try it.

CHARLIE HUSTLE

Then be a slave to it like you and your stupid fucking customers down stairs? I don't think so.

He chuckles.

STUNNA

You think that's funny?

The voice is so deathly serious that Charlie Hustle stops laughing just like that.

CHARLIE HUSTLE

No.

STUNNA

Good. Cause it wasn't fucking funny.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Float up lengthy stone steps that mount a verdant hill. A defiant rock song fades in.

Topping the rise, an immense empty school parking lot spans the view. A gritty 1974 Chevy Nova plays the music. It creeps in and parks near the top of the steps.

GERARD "GERRY LANG" LANGELLI, 20, hops out. Lanky, cagey, and shifty, he's coarsely handsome.

He walks to the pinnacle of the big steps rising high above a massive field--baseball, basketball...memories.

(CONTINUED)

Gerry lights a cigarette, takes a deep drag and exhales.

BLACK.

GERRY (VO)

I love it, I love it, I love it.

EXT. CHARLIE HUSTLE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Cold, fog on the windows. Rap from inside. A group of people drink beer around a table:

Gerry and ASHLEY DE PALMA, 19, a dazzling blond and total knockout, a sterling silver cross necklace around her neck. She sits on his lap, arm around him, as he cuts two lines of coke on a CD case.

NICHOLAS "LITTLE NICKY" FOX, 20. Stunted in size with a face like granite, he's jacked with muscles and looks tougher than a two dollar steak.

"DIRTY" LARRY REPRICANO, 20, is tan, suave, with movie star good looks...and eyes dead as a shark.

JACK "SLIM JACKIE" MCMARTIN, 20. A husky Irishman who carries himself with a don't-fuck-with-me-bearing.

Gerry and Larry argue about something.

GERRY

Larry, you can't say Milwaukee's
Best is better than Bud Light.

Slim cuts a line of coke on the table.

LARRY

It's the better beer, no question.

GERRY

Bud Light got a fresh taste, got a
better taste, it goes down way--

INSIDE

DUME, 25, black, stone cold gangsta, watches them argue from a fogged up window. MEGAN, 18, white, stands next to him.

DUME

That him?

Megan wipes the window off and points at Slim.

(CONTINUED)

MEGAN

The fat one, Jackie
McMartin. Slim.

BACK OUTSIDE

Nicky leans forward to turn a radio on and finds half a blunt in an ashtray.

Gerry lights a cigarette, has Ashley hold the CD case for him. He snorts both lines.

Nicky sparks the weed up and takes a pull.

LARRY

(to Slim)

What's better, Beast or Bud Light?

Slim snorts his line and lounges back.

SLIM

Heineken, definitely, by far.

ASHLEY

(to Gerry)

Beast gives a weird hang-over. You wake up the next morning and your head just feels like one giant beast.

Gerry chuckles.

INSIDE

Dume and Megan finish their drinks. They go

OUTSIDE

Dume sits across from Slim. Megan lowers herself on his lap. Dume turns the radio off and stares straight at Slim.

Nicky puts out the blunt and shifts a glare at Dume.

DUME

(to Slim)

Slim, right?

Slim nods.

DUME

Listen up, white boy. Ya uncle owes my girl here money for percs. He's short ten.

(CONTINUED)

Slim throws on a poker-face and sips beer from a straw.

DUME

Now she says that he been dodging her for weeks, making up little fucking excuses. You tell your uncle he betta pay Megan back or else.

Larry goes in his pockets for cigarettes but only finds a lighter. Nicky does the same: smokes, but no light. They exchange a glance at each other and trade.

DUME

You best believe I'm serious as a heart attack, dawg. I run with some scary niggas that scare the scariest niggas. Now if you disregard what I'm saying, I'll blow you up, your uncle, and whoever's in yo muthafucking house at the time.

Slim lights a cigarette and gives Dume a dour look.

DUME

I don't mean to threat but that most likely to happen if shit don't get straightened out, naw what I mean, young boul? Don't want ya house being sprayed with bullets, do ya?

The music from inside and the playful banter between Gerry and Ashley fill the void.

DUME

What...did it go in one ear and out the other? Best be telling ya uncle, pronto.

Megan mouths "please." Slim notices. His reaction comes off as a comeback to Dume:

SLIM

Will do, sweetie.

Slim and Dume fix fierce stares...if looks could kill.

Ashley nibbles on Gerry's ear, maybe a little too hard.

(CONTINUED)

GERRY

Ow!

His knee jerks up and hits the table. A bottle of beer tips over and empties out on Dume's pants.

Slim snickers. Dume flies out of his seat -- Megan falling out of his lap -- and whips out a gun, presses the barrel on Slim's eye.

DUME

Nigga, you think it's funny?!

Slim grills the shit out of Dume with a hard glare. Megan comes over and puts her hands on Dume's shoulders.

Everybody watches, eyes wide, speechless.

MEGAN

Dume, no! Put the gun away. I'm gonna get the money. His uncle's gonna gimme the shit.

Dume ignores her. Keeps the gun on Slim.

DUME

You wanna get smoked? Cause you will rest eternally, cocksucka.

Megan raises her voice, pleading now, panicking.

MEGAN

Goddamn it, Dume!! His uncle will gimme the fucking money.

(to Slim)

I'm gonna get my money, right?...
Right?!

No answer from Slim. Dume cocks the hammer back on the gun.

MEGAN

Goddamn you, Slim, answer me! I'm gonna get my fucking money, right?!

Slim eyeballs Megan, nods slightly. She turns to Dume.

MEGAN

See, baby? I'm gonna get it, okay? I'm gonna get my money so put the gun away, alright? Let's go.

Dume keeps the gun on Slim. Megan's eyes beg him to put the gun away.

(CONTINUED)

MEGAN

...please...

Dume looks at her. He lets out a deep breath and tucks the gun away, looks back to Slim.

DUME

You lucky she my conscience. Tell that fucking bum uncle of yours he better cough the shit up. Fucking white boys.

Dume glances at Ashley. Undresses her with his eyes. Creepy as hell. Ashley looks away. Megan grabs Dume's wrist and tugs him back into the house.

The rap music from inside has stopped. Silence. Ashley turns her stare to Slim.

ASHLEY

Oh my God, Slim, are you okay?

Slim has a face painted with a disturbed expression.

SLIM

Fuck me, man. My heart's going faster than a stallion racing the big blue sky.

Everyone is still uneasy...then the guys break out in a "that was close" laugh. Ashley just shakes her head.

NICKY

Fuck Dume, if he thinks he's the only psychopath at this party, he's outta his mind. Let's play hack.

Nicky, Slim and Larry move a few feet and play hacky sack.

ASHLEY

I don't understand how you guys can just brush that off.

The rap music starts back up inside the house as a strong wind blows. Ashley shivers in Gerry's lap.

ASHLEY

It feels like Antarctica out here.

Gerry hugs her close to him.

(CONTINUED)

ASHLEY

Supposed to go down to thirty-four.

GERRY

Thirty-four! Shit, that's cold. I really shouldn't be drinking.

Ashley rolls her eyes.

GERRY

I mean it this time. If I get mangled tonight, take my keys.

ASHLEY

Two skips and a hop a head of ya.

Gerry looks at her. Ashley stares back. He gropes through his pockets but finds nothing.

ASHLEY

You're staying here tonight, bub.

NICKY (OS)

So fucking cold out here, my butt cheeks are shivering.

Gerry laughs at that. The cigarette falls out of his mouth and rolls down his chest.

GERRY

Oh, shit! Fuck! Fuck me!

Ashley leaps out of his lap.

Gerry squirms, snatches the cigarette and flicks it.

Ashley laughs and sits back on his lap. Gerry glowers at her, but his hardness relents into a smile as he pulls a joint from his pocket and fires up.

He sprinkles her with a kiss on the cheek after each question.

GERRY

Baby, could you get me a Bud? An ice cold Bud Light? And last but not least, can you give me a cigarette, sweetie?

ASHLEY

I smoked my last one inside.

GERRY

Then ya gotta gimme that kiss back.

He takes a hard hit off the joint, grabs Ashley by the face and kisses her. He gives her a shotgun that blows her away.

She pulls out, stoned, blows out a huge cloud of smoke and stares at Gerry.

ASHLEY

Nobody has ever kissed me that way.

GERRY

Well, I, uh, maybe it's the dru--

She shakes her head no.

ASHLEY

No, I mean, it wasn't the way you kissed me. That's wrong. I mean, it's you. I felt you. Deep inside me.

Gerry's eyes shift down to her breasts.

INT. CHARLIE HUSTLE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The door bursts open. Gerry lumbers in holding Ashley, her legs wrapped around him. He flops her down on the bed and freezes.

GERRY

You know you get me harder than a brick wall.

She laughs and unbuttons her shirt.

ASHLEY

Come and get it.

Gerry hurtles himself onto her. They roll around kissing each other. She caresses his entire body.

Gerry kicks off his pants. She stimulates him with her hand and kisses him tenderly. As he moans, she goes to straddle him and guides him inside her.

They make love. As he's about to come, he clinches her close to him. She embraces back.

EXT. SLIM'S HOUSE - DAY

Gerry and Nicky smoke cigarettes and watch Slim as he belittles his uncle BENNY MCMARTIN, 47, a man with scruffy hair and mustache, and clothes covered in dry paint.

Benny speaks with a smoke-burnished voice:

BENNY

I'm telling ya I was jumped for the money. They stomped on me too.

Benny stomps the ground with his foot. Slim glares at him.

SLIM

You know you're a lying little motherfucking asshole? Fucking alcoholic. Shut your cake hole.

BENNY

Hey, don't talk to me like that--

Slim raises his hand and cuts him off:

SLIM

--shut the fuck up. Just shut the fuck up. You got a kid at home. I gave ya cash cuz I knew ya didn't have shit to eat.

Benny glances over to Gerry and Nicky. Slim snaps his fingers and gets his attention.

SLIM

And you didn't go and get fucking percs off her?

BENNY

I didn't.

SLIM

You fucking wit me, uncle Benny? Don't fucking blow smoke up my ass and make me look like a goddamn jerk-off. Don't fucking do it.

Benny shakes his head.

SLIM

Did you get the fucking percs?!

(CONTINUED)

BENNY

No, goddamn it! Okay? No!

A door opens. Benny's daughter CICI, 9, bounces out. She walks over to them.

CICI

Hey daddy, two cannibals are eating a clown. The one cannibal says to the other, "does this taste funny to you?"

Slim chews on his bottom lip and chuckles.

Gerry and Nicky are alert to Slim's change.

Slim lights a cigarette and stares a hole through his uncle while his words run kindly.

SLIM

Okay...get outta here. I'm gonna do you a favor.

Benny lights a cigarette. Slim reaches in his pocket and pulls out a few dollars. He gives it to Cici.

SLIM

Cici, here, get whatever you want.

Benny takes his daughter by the shoulder and walks down the street with her.

Slim joins Gerry and Nicky.

NICKY

Whaddaya think?

SLIM

He could sit on a toilet all day that's how full of shit he is.

They smoke. The sky, dark with clouds, rumbles thunder.

EXT. BIG STEPS - DAY

A solitary Dume stands there, crushes a cigarette on the ground, lights another smoke and talks on his cell phone.

EXT. BASKETBALL COURTS - DAY

TEENS play ball. Larry smokes a cigarette while he watches. Ashley impatiently twirls her hair.

ASHLEY
What's taking them?

Larry shrugs. A ROCKY ring tone goes off.

LARRY
(into cell phone)
Yo Dume...yeah, well, hold your
horses...you think you the only one
looking for tree?

He bangs on Dume. Ashley picks up a ball next to her and tosses it to him. Her smile suggests a quick game. Larry's smirk suggests he'll bust that ass one-on-one.

LARRY
You ain't ballin, baby girl.

ASHLEY
I'll get by you any day.

Larry tosses Ashley the ball. She dribbles. Larry walks backward and guards her. Ashley throws up a shot. Larry spouts trash as he snags the rebound

LARRY
You ain't nuttin, girly!

and DUNKS it!

ASHLEY
I guess you're on today.

Larry dribbles the ball around her with a sexy, slow strut.

LARRY
I'm always on. There is no off
switch.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Gerry's Chevy tears ass at 150 mph.

EXT. BIG STEPS - DAY

The Chevy ramps the curb and kicks up large puddles as it barrels toward Dume.

The car comes to an abrupt screech!

Nicky gets out and storms his way into Dume's face with a serious swagger. Gerry and Slim right behind.

Nicky raises a fist--with brass knuckles--and cracks Dume in the jaw! Dume falls down one set of the steps. The boys walk down after him as the sky rumbles with thunder.

DUME

I'm gonna, I'm gonna...

NICKY

I'm gonna tell you what's what.

Nicky stomps on Dume. The others join in.

NICKY

Take your lil half-assed threats
and your fucking imaginary gang of
Crips and stick 'em up your ass!

Dume tries to get up. Brass knuckles snap his nose and put him back on his ass. Blood shoots all over. Everybody is momentarily grossed-out.

DUME

You betta go all the way wit me cuz
you mahfuckas dead...

Gerry bends over and dips Dume's pockets, pulls out a wallet and a pack of smokes. Checks wallet: \$200.

GERRY

Score.

Dume bleeds all over himself. Nicky kicks him again.

NICKY

Don't ever come around here again
saying you're gonna kill anybody,
especially Benny, whom by the way,
I consider one of my own family!

Dume coughs blood. Nicky snickers, looks to the others, looks back to Dume.

(CONTINUED)

NICKY

He thinks he's Larry Hoover. Any Tom, Dick and Harry would take a piece of his fucking spook ass!

GERRY

Let's see a movie. It's on me.

He refers to the wallet. They laugh and go back to the car.

Dume lies there, gasps. Tires squeal. Rain pours.

INT. SLIM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A tumbledown of a place. The boys smoke weed and play a game of five-card stud. Most of the money belongs to Slim and Gerry with enough cash in the pot to choke a horse.

Nicky deals the fifth cards as he puffs on a blunt.

Gerry cuts a line of coke on the table.

SUPER: "Three weeks later"

NICKY

A possible straight gets a nice lil four.

LARRY

You should've cut me a break on the last hand. It wasn't even a hand, it was more like a twisted fucking hairy werewolf claw.

Nicky laughs.

NICKY

Karma's a motherfucker, ain't it?

He deals to Gerry and Slim.

NICKY

And the big cheese gets a queen with his pair of sixes.

Slim sneers, pissed.

SLIM

Deal to yourself. And pass that blunt while you're at it, okay, Humphrey Bogart?

(CONTINUED)

NICKY
Dealer gives himself--fuck me.

He frowns and passes the blunt to Slim.

NICKY
Bet your sixes, Slim.

SLIM
It'll cost ya, Nicky. Ninety-five berries.

Nicky drops.

SLIM
Larry?

Larry flips him off. Slim curbs his disdain and turns to Gerry, who snorts up his line then says with confidence:

GERRY
Call the ninety-five.

Gerry counts the money. Slim analyzes his movement.

SLIM
You ain't got shit but some kings.

GERRY
I'm leading this game.

SLIM
You ain't leading but two fucking things, pal. Jack and shit. And Jack left town.

Gerry turns over an eight, making a pair.

Slim turns to Nicky.

SLIM
You fucker, you was dealing them shits higher than the sky.

Gerry pulls in the pot and adds it to everything else. He smirks to himself. A real cheeser. He cuts another long line of coke, snorts it up, euphoric as the shit starts to hit the spot.

Slim puffs on the blunt and flops back with the remote control. He turns the TV on: a young Paul Newman in THE HUSTLER.

A beep. Gerry pulls out his cell phone and reads a text message from Ashley: "Are u still at slim's? i'm coming over we have to talk now its important."

Slim shifts in his seat, uncomfortable. He gets up, lifts the cushion, and yanks out an old bulletproof vest, three depressions already in it. He chucks the vest on the floor and flops back down.

Someone POUNDS at the front door.

Slim gets up and pauses at the door. Looks at a photo hanging on the wall of him, Gerry, Ashley, Nicky and Larry. Back in the day. Smiling and drinking.

BENNY (OS)

Police--we have a warrant for your arrest--open up, dickhead.

LARRY (OS)

Hey, Slim! Gimme that blunt!

Slim undoes the locks, presses hard against the door, snaps his fingers, twists the knob and rips the door open. Benny stands there with a 5th of vodka.

SLIM

Fuck you doing knocking like the motherfucking police? You wanna get shanked?

Slim whips out a switchblade in a swift, fluid motion.

BENNY

Well, ya dad ain't here. Thought you might've been asleep. Say, Jack, let me get a cigarette.

Benny walks in.

SLIM

No.

BENNY

No?

Slim shuts and locks the door.

SLIM

What part of "no" don't you get? The "N" or the "O"?

Benny goes for the kitchen but stops at a mess of fast food wrappers displayed on the table in the next room. He shakes his head and disappears into the kitchen.

BENNY (OS)
Goddamn pain in the dick.

Slim sits down and ignores him. He passes Larry the blunt.

Another knock at the door.

Slim rolls his eyes and gets back up. Same procedure to open the door. Ashley this time.

Slim waves her in with a hand, locks the door behind her and turns just in time to see Gerry and Larry huddle back to their seats trying to stifle laughter.

Slim is suspicious but doesn't say anything. He sits and watches THE HUSTLER.

Ashley walks over to Gerry. He looks up at her absently with glassy eyes. He gets up.

They walk through a doorway and shut it behind them, going into a small space at the top of a

STAIRWAY JUST ABOVE THE BASEMENT

GERRY
I got your text, what's up?

Ashley looks down at the floor.

ASHLEY
Listen, I don't know how to say this. I'm...I'm pregnant.

Gerry has no reaction.

ASHLEY
I'm pregnant.

Now slowly, Gerry chews on his lip--at a loss.

GERRY
Pre-pregnant. Wi-wi-wi--

She looks up and glares at him.

ASHLEY
--with a flamingo! What do you think?

GERRY

I don't even remember the last time
we had sex.

ASHLEY

(raises voice)

Because you're always high on some
thing. Whatever it is you do,
Christ--

Gerry "shhs" her. She lowers her voice.

ASHLEY

You don't remember the last time we
did it?

GERRY

A week ago, I don't know...well,
what do you think?

He pats his stomach, cups his hand around his mouth, makes a
sucking noise, and pretends to spit on the floor.

ASHLEY

An abortion?

Gerry nods. Ashley is repulsed.

ASHLEY

Did not He who made me in the womb
make them? Did not the same One
form us both within our mothers?

There's a loud BANG!

Gerry maneuvers Ashley into a bathroom at lightning speed.

ASHLEY (OS)

What the hell, Gerry!

Gerry tenses up. He keeps an arm on the bathroom door as he
looks down into the basement. BANG! BANG!

A gust of wind BANGS the basement door against a wall over
and over. Gerry heaves a sigh and walks down stairs.

Ashley comes out of the bathroom.

ASHLEY

What the hell was that?

He acts as if nothing happened.

(CONTINUED)

GERRY

Cause you would get excomitated for that, if you did it.

Ashley makes a face and shakes her head.

ASHLEY

You mean excommunicated?

GERRY

You know what I'm trying to say. Exiled from the Church.

He stops the door from banging against the wall. He looks outside and sees nothing.

ASHLEY

I'm gonna have the baby.

GERRY

Are you absolutely sure?

He shuts the door, locks it, and walks back up to Ashley.

GERRY

I mean, look at me, do I look like father material to you?

Ashley looks him dead in the eyes.

ASHLEY

I don't give a flying fuck. You can change.

Brief silence. Gerry sighs and takes her hands in his own.

GERRY

Okay...but there's stuff you gotta quit when you're having a baby.

She nods.

GERRY

Like risky shit. I don't know how I could give you an example. Some shit like, say, scuba diving or mountain climbing.

Ashley laughs.

ASHLEY

Scuba diving?

GERRY

I don't know. When you got a baby,
you ain't gonna have your usual
stamina.

ASHLEY

Yeah, no shit, Columbo. How'd ya
figure that?

GERRY

Discovery Channel.

Ashley smiles and playfully punches him.

ASHLEY

You noodle, I thought you couldn't
understand the words they used,
like "ape" and "Egypt."

Gerry lashes out and tickles her. She laughs. He pulls her
close, hugs her, and kisses the top of her head.

LIVING ROOM

Gerry and Ashley walk back in. Slim, Nicky and Larry are
engrossed by the movie.

Gerry and Ashley grab a seat next to each other.

Benny stumbles into the room with the 5th still in his hand.

BENNY

I'm gonna go moo-moo.

ASHLEY

G'night, Benny. Take it easy
there, okay?

BENNY

I'll be fine, doll. Don't you
worry about me.

Benny lurches upstairs. He trips on his way.

SLIM

(ashamed)

Can you believe that used to be a
police officer?

ASHLEY

So whatcha's watching?

(CONTINUED)

NICKY

The greatest movie ever made.

Gerry puts an arm around Ashley.

His eyes lower to the vest laying on the floor. He stares at it...then his gaze turns to Ashley. After a moment, she feels his look and turns to him. Her eyes literally sparkle...and it makes him melt.

INT. SLIM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The boys watch The Tonight Show with Jay Leno. Ashley is asleep with her head on Gerry's lap.

Slim turns the TV off, checks the time on his cell phone: 11:57 PM.

He whispers to the others.

SLIM

Finally. Okay, let's bounce.

They stand. Gerry lifts Ashley's head. Slim grabs a pillow and slides it in for him.

Gerry sets Ashley down at a snail's pace and kisses her gently on the cheek. They all exit.

INT. CHEVY (MOVING) - NIGHT

Gerry taps his fingers on the steering wheel. Slim sits shotgun. Nicky and Larry in the back.

GERRY

You know what? Jack Palance died like three weeks ago.

LARRY

Get the fuck outta here.

Larry and Slim are genuinely shocked. Gerry nods.

SLIM

No, he didn't, really?

GERRY

(cynical)

Jack Palance died. How can Jack Palance die?

Nicky delivers a straight-faced answer.

(CONTINUED)

NICKY

Fucking young guns got 'im.

The car fills with laughter. After a moment, everything falls silent...till Larry chants something over and over, low at first:

LARRY

Come and get me, come and get me...

The chant grows louder as everyone joins in now.

EVERYONE

Come and get me, come and get me,
come and get me!

They all laugh.

INT. CHARLIE HUSTLE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Gerry and the gang pour in. They see Charlie Hustle on a couch counting a fistful of cash. He has a briefcase on a table in front of him.

LARRY

Charlie Hustle, whaddaya hear,
whaddaya say?

Charlie Hustle pulls out a hand that contains two bags of herion.

CHARLIE HUSTLE

Here it is, Raw and Smackdown. I'd go with the Smackdown just based on others opinions of it.

SLIM

You got that yay?

CHARLIE HUSTLE

Yeah, I didn't forget about you, Slim. Don't even trip.

SLIM

My man.

Larry reaches for the Smackdown bag. Nicky stops him.

NICKY

Wanna lose your digits, brah? That one's mine.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY
Who says, you?

NICKY
(hard)
I'ma lay the smackdown on ya in a
second, motherfucker.

Nicky and Larry lock eyes...Charlie Hustle looks back and forth at them...doesn't look as if either one will back off...Larry withdraws and takes the Raw bag. Nicky takes the Smackdown. They all exchange money.

LARRY
Damn, Nicky. Don't shit your
g-string, man. You a stranger to
the concept of self-control?

CHARLIE HUSTLE
Word around the smoke pit is you
lil rascals did a number on Dume's
black ass for no reason.

Nicky lights a cigarette and blows smoke in Charlie Hustle's face.

GERRY
One, it wasn't for nothing. That
Double A was looking to get
sprayed, laid, played and slayed.

CHARLIE HUSTLE
It's going around, he might--

NICKY
--fuck that niggasaurus. He's all
talk and no trousers.

Everybody laughs but Charlie Hustle.

CHARLIE HUSTLE
I don't give two shits about the
nigger, but he's in the Crips, get
real.

Nicky makes signals with his hands and pretends to tie something around his crotch.

NICKY
We're so scared by faggots who make
stupid signs with their hands and
fucking tie blue rags around their
little dicks. Fuck outta here.

CHARLIE HUSTLE

Yeah, ight, Nicky. Whateva you say, bro.

NICKY

Hey, fu--

GERRY

--hey, come on. You two acting like a couple of fucking girls.

Nicky shoots Gerry a glare. Don't call me no fucking girl. But he keeps his mouth shut anyway.

GERRY

Now can you guys wait in the car? I need to talk to Charlie about something.

They all mumble to each other but they make their way out. Charlie Hustle waits til the door shuts, then asks:

CHARLIE HUSTLE

So what's on your mind, chief?

GERRY

You gotta cut me off.

CHARLIE HUSTLE

What, from this?

He opens the briefcase and turns it to show all the coke bursting at the seams. Gerry's eyes are pained.

GERRY

Jesus, you're such a fucking tease, man. Why the fuck do you gotta go and do that?

CHARLIE HUSTLE

Relax. You know my uncle, right? Stunna.

GERRY

Yeah, I know who the fuck he is.

Charlie Hustle puts a cigarette to his mouth.

CHARLIE HUSTLE

You got a light?

Gerry hands him a light. Charlie Hustle sparks his cigarette and pockets the lighter. Gerry doesn't notice.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE HUSTLE

Well, you owe him money. He's fronted you several times just because we pals. You think he's just gonna cut you off and forget about the cash? Gerry, the guy's a stone cold killer. He'll put a bullet in my head and I'm his own fucking nephew for fuck's sake.

GERRY

Just cut me off, man. I've been doing this garbage since I was sixteen. I'm twenty now, I got a kid on the way...

Charlie Hustle is taken back by that bit of news.

CHARLIE HUSTLE

Ashley's got a bun in the oven, huh? We gonna have a lil Gerry Lang running around now?

GERRY

Looks like it. And he's gonna have a father with a head on his shoulders, not some fucking coked up junkie. So cut me off. You and Stunna. And tell 'im I'll get his money when I can.

Charlie Hustle looks at his Rolex.

CHARLIE HUSTLE

You got it, playa flava. Now get on your way. I got business to do with somebody. They'll be here in a hot minute.

Gerry nods, walks

OUTSIDE

A Mercedes Benz pulls into the driveway.

Charlie Hustle comes to his doorway and shouts after Gerry.

CHARLIE HUSTLE

Gerry! Things be getting a little intense around this neighborhood lately. Make sure you keep your eyes open and your asshole puckered.

(CONTINUED)

Gerry laughs.

PONCH, 27, rough-looking, hops out of the Mercedes, dressed in a tropical shirt and kackies. He slugs along two thick duffel bags.

Gerry passes by him without a greeting.

Ponch walks over to Charlie Hustle.

CHARLIE HUSTLE
Ponch! What's up with the clothes,
man? You just get back from the
fiji islands or something?

Ponch walks in. The door shuts behind them.

INT. CHARLIE HUSTLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Charlie Hustle walks over to his coke.

CHARLIE HUSTLE
Can I see the money?

PONCH
I taste it first.

Charlie Hustle backs away.

CHARLIE HUSTLE
Knock yourself out. It's a dish
fit for the gods.

Ponch sets his duffel bags down and moves over to the coke. He takes a switchblade and cuts a bag, dips a finger, brings it to his nose, sniffs.

Charlie Hustle watches him with eagerness.

Ponch stares back at him.

PONCH
This is shit.

CHARLIE HUSTLE
Whaddaya mean, this is "shit"?

PONCH
This is shit. This is real
shit. This coke is bad shit.

Charlie Hustle looks down at the coke.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE HUSTLE
Bad shit like, "this shit is bad"?

PONCH
It's shit shit. This shit isn't
worth shit. What you trying to
pull here, motherfucker?

Ponch pulls out a gun.

Charlie Hustle reaches into his jeans and tears out a gun
just as quickly.

CHARLIE HUSTLE
Are you outta your fucking mind?

PONCH
You try and play me with this shit,
you little rat punk motherfucker?

Charlie Hustle sneers. Fires two shots. Ponch flies into a
wall and slides down with a trail of blood.

CHARLIE HUSTLE
(deadpan)
I can shoot the tail feathers off a
duck's ass at three hundred feet.

He walks over to Ponch's body, kneels down in front of him,
and looks into lifeless eyes.

CHARLIE HUSTLE
There's the quick and the dead. In
this town, you're either one or the
other.

Out of nowhere--Ponch lifts his gun.

A bullet RIPS through Charlie Hustle's head.

He falls back.

Ponch gazes at him. His eyes flicker shut. Dead.

INT. CHEVY (MOVING) - NIGHT

Gerry drives. Everybody else examines their bag containing
their DOC. Gerry puts a cigarette in his mouth, checks his
pockets for a lighter. Realizes.

(CONTINUED)

GERRY

That fucking snake in the grass.

He makes a sharp U-turn.

EXT. CHARLIE HUSTLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Gerry knocks at the door. No one answers. He knocks again. Waits a minute. Knocks again.

GERRY

Charlie Hustle, my man, open up.

He waits.

GERRY

Buddy.

He opens the door and walks

INSIDE

GERRY

You got my lighter, bud--

He stops at the sight of the bodies.

GERRY

Jesus Christ.

Police sirens in the distance.

Gerry looks at the duffel bags, goes and unzips them. Stacks of hundred dollar bills stare back at him.

He looks up at Ponch with a smile, glances at Charlie Hustle, and turns to the coke. His smile evaporates.

He looks down at the money and back at the coke. What will it be?

Gerry leaves with the money. A beat. He returns and kneels beside Charlie Hustle. He digs in pockets for his lighter, finds it but stops, shocked...his eyes catch a black wire that pokes out from near Charlie Hustle's collar.

Gerry gets the fuck outta there.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Gerry unlocks the trunk of his car, throws the duffel bags in. The police sirens sound closer. He gets in his car and speeds off.

INT. CHEVY (MOVING) - NIGHT

Gerry is on pins and needles, taps his fingers on the steering wheel, shifty eyes.

GERRY

I'm dropping you guys off. I'm spending the night sober.

NICKY

Stay sober? Why? You know what 'sober' stands for? 'Son of a bitch, everything's real.'

They laugh at Gerry...but their laughter lasts a little longer than it should. Mocking almost.

LARRY

(laughing)

Sober Joe!

Gerry snaps, punches the steering wheel.

GERRY

You think this is a fucking joke?

The laughter stops.

GERRY

One day I'm gonna die, and I'm gonna be in this same old fucking neighborhood, with the same old fucking heads, talking about the same old fucking shit, and doing the same old fucking shit.

He punches the steering wheel again.

GERRY

THAT NEVER AMOUNTS TO A GODDAMN THING! And that's how I'll know I've been sent to fucking Hell.

Everyone looks at him...shocked at first, then their expressions change to contempt.

They ride in tense silence.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Gerry parks. He gets out, unloads the duffel bags from his trunk, walks to a house. He reaches for a key underneath a doormat, unlocks the door, walks

INSIDE

It's dark, quiet.

Gerry gently puts the duffel bags down and walks upstairs.

BEDROOM

Ashley is sound asleep on her bed in her Scooby Doo pajamas. Gerry enters and sits next to her. He takes a hand and brushes her hair away from her face.

Ashley's eye lids flicker. Gerry touches her face...so softly. She opens her eyes, sleepy.

ASHLEY

...Gerry? How did you get in?

GERRY

We gotta talk.

Now Ashley is concerned.

ASHLEY

What did you take this time?

KITCHEN

Gerry sits at a table, nervously biting his finger nails.

Ashley is in the fridge, grabs two bottles of water and takes it back to the table. She sits across from Gerry and slides a bottle over to him.

ASHLEY

Down the hatch.

Gerry stares at the water, still biting his finger nails.

ASHLEY

Okay, so you say you didn't take anything tonight. So what could possibly bring you to my house at one in the morning?

Gerry takes his hand away from his mouth and puts it down on the table...his fingers start to tap now.

(CONTINUED)

GERRY

What would you say if I said I wanted to get clean, get sober, stop doing all that shit, and you know what I'm talking about.

Ashley looks at him derisively.

ASHLEY

What would I say? I'd say, yeah, yeah, yeah, whatever, then sit back and watch you snort a line tomorrow night.

GERRY

You're right, that's what I'd normally do, I--I mean.

Gerry stops, grimaces. That sounded bad.

ASHLEY

Don't lie to me, baby, I can't stand it. You tell one lie and then you gotta tell another lie to compound on the first.

GERRY

Why won't you believe me?

ASHLEY

I've been trying to believe you! For four years, I've been trying to believe that you'd clean your act up. I love you, Gerry, I really do love you to death...but sometimes I wonder what I'm doing with you. I know life is short, whatever time you get is luck.

Gerry reaches across the table and grabs her hands. He squeezes tightly.

GERRY

Listen to me. When you told me earlier today that you were pregnant, I didn't know what to do, I didn't know what to think...but when we sat down to watch that movie...and you looked at me with that smile on your face. I melted. It reminded me of when everything was simple and pure...

(CONTINUED)

His voice cracks. His eyes look a little misty, as if the waterworks are about to start. But he's not the crying type, so he tries his best to hold it back.

GERRY

...it reminded me of old days. And if I keep going on about you and how I feel deep down about you, I might just break down and cry right here. I really do need you to believe me on this one.

Ashley stares at him long and hard. She wants to believe, but she doesn't want to have her heart broken.

ASHLEY

...okay. Okay. I believe you.

Gerry pulls his hands away from her.

GERRY

Okay, now here comes for the unbelievable part. Just listen to me, alright?

She nods.

GERRY

I was with Charlie Hustle tonight.

Ashley rolls her eyes.

ASHLEY

You want to get clean and you're hanging with him?

GERRY

Just listen, goddamn it. I was driving Nicky, Slim, and Larry over to his place for them to score some shit. Not me.

Ashley gives him a stern look: oh really?

GERRY

For them, not me. I mean it.

ASHLEY

Okay.

GERRY

The reason why I drove them over there in the first place was so I

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GERRY (cont'd)
could tell Charlie Hustle to cut me
off and not gimme anything anymore.

ASHLEY
And he said?

GERRY
He said fine.

ASHLEY
Surprising.

GERRY
But you know he deals in coke,
right? Him and his uncle Ray
Stewart. They call him Stunna.

Ashley throws her head back.

ASHLEY
I might have been born, but I
wasn't born yesterday, Gerry. I
know who he is. Everybody does.

GERRY
Well, Stunna's a big coke
dealer. At the time I was at
Charlie Hustle's, he had a fucking
briefcase full of it.

Ashley is irritated.

ASHLEY
Jesus, why are you over there? Not
only is that kid a bad influence,
but the cops probably have that
place staked out. You wanna get
caught in the middle of their shit?

GERRY
Are you serious? Nicky's uncle is
on the payroll. No one is ever
watching that house.

ASHLEY
But still!

Gerry cuts her off, excited now.

GERRY
Listen, I left, but before I did, I
let him borrow my lighter to spark
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GERRY (cont'd)
a cigarette. I forgot all about my
lighter when I left and guess what
I found when I came back to get it?

Ashley is about to blurt out something when Gerry runs out of the kitchen. She stops, waits for him. He comes back with the duffel bags and drops them on the table before her.

ASHLEY
You found duffel bags?

Gerry unzips them. Ashley gawks.

ASHLEY
Oh my God, Gerry!

GERRY
Charlie Hustle's dead. I got to
his house for my lighter right
after the drug deal went south.

Ashley brings a hand over her mouth. Shocked, concerned.

ASHLEY
Gerry, you could've been killed!

She stands and hugs him.

GERRY
But I'm fine. And look what I
have.

She looks at the money.

ASHLEY
This was Charlie's?

GERRY
Technically, it's supposed to
belong to Stunna right now.

Ashley's face is contorted with fear. She has the creeps.

ASHLEY
So you pretty much are out of your
fucking mind! Did you see what he
did to that kid three weeks ago at
that party, over a fucking game of
beer pong? Imagine what he does to
you for taking his money!

Gerry takes the duffel bags and turns them over. The wads of cash fall on to the table.

(CONTINUED)

GERRY

But it's worth it!

Ashley stares at all the money. It's the most money she's ever seen in her nineteen years on this earth.

GERRY

Plus, he doesn't know I got it. If he did, I'd be dead already.

ASHLEY

This is a lotta money. How much money is it?

GERRY

Neighborhood of about a million, give or take.

ASHLEY

That's a, uh, uh, very respectable neighborhood.

GERRY

Enough to get out.

Ashley freezes up.

ASHLEY

...get out?

GERRY

Let's take it and go. Leave. Get out of Philly. Get outta this God forsaken shit-hole we call a neighborhood.

ASHLEY

Where would we go?

GERRY

North, south, east, west, where ever. Anywhere but here. There's gotta be more that meets the eye than Philly. There has to be, baby. There has to be. This place is finished. It's had it's run. I'm done with it. I know you are done with it. I wanna go, but I won't do it without you. I want you to come. I need you to come. I need you so much.

Ashley hugs him tight.

ASHLEY

Okay.

She pulls away and gives him a kiss.

ASHLEY

Okay, but this is fucking crazy.

She lets out a nervous laugh. Gerry laughs too.

GERRY

I know, baby, I know. Just listen to me, we can't act as if anything has changed. We gotta act the same until we can find the time to get the fuck outta dodge.

INT. CHEVY (PARKED) - NIGHT

A cloud of cigarette smoke whirls inside. Gerry and Slim sit in front. Nicky and Larry are in the back.

LARRY

Three guys die in a car wreck, they all go to Hell. When they get there, devil asks 'em what their sin was. The first guy says, "it's the booze, I stay getting drunk."

Slim opens the glove compartment, reaches in and pulls out a CD casing. He puts the casing on the dashboard and cuts a line of coke off it.

LARRY

So the devil locks his ass up with shelf after shelf of every alcoholic beverage known to man.

A series of shots as he names off each drink:

LARRY

Bitter Ale, Mild Ale, Pale Ale, Stock Ale, Fruit beer, Lager beer, Budweiser, Bud Light, Bud Ice, Bud Select, brandy, gin, rum, tequila, vodka, whiskey.

Larry has everyone in the car salivating.

LARRY

Whatever, it's there. Second guy says, "it's pussy, I can't stay

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LARRY (cont'd)
faithful to my wife." Devil locks
his ass up with grade A top choice
meat.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Hot beautiful GIRLS lay naked on a water bed.

LARRY (VO)
Babes with big green eyes, long
blond hair...

A green-eyed BLOND licks her lips seductively.

LARRY (VO)
...tits that stand right up and say
'hello'! Ass that won't quit...

A smoking BRUNETTE tongues her breasts.

LARRY (VO)
...and legs that go all the way up!

Another HOTTIE with long legs struts over to a busty REDHEAD
and makes out with her.

Nicky pushes down on his erection.

NICKY
Get with the fucking joke, I'm
getting a boner over here.

Gerry and Slim crack up.

LARRY
Third guy says, "it's the weed, I
stay high." So the devil opens the
next room and shows him nothing but
fields of fifteen feet tall icky,
sticky...

A giant field of marijuana FADES UP.

LARRY (VO)
...take-a-toke, make-ya-choke,
chronic, green, death bud.

The marijuana field FADES OUT as Slim leans forward and
snorts the coke off the CD casing.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

The stoner can't believe it, he runs right in, sits down, and the devil locks his ass up.

Gerry puts his cigarette out and sparks another.

LARRY

Hundred years pass and the devil comes back to check on 'em. The first door opens and the first guy falls out naked, covered in piss, shit, puke, total bum.

Their faces twist in disgust.

LARRY

"I'll never drink again!" he says. Devil gives him a second chance, opens the next door. Guy runs out fast as he ran in the motherfucker, shouting, "I'm gay, I'm gay," so the devil figures he learned his lesson and gives him a second chance too.

Chuckles all around. The boys fiddle with their utensils for shooting up.

LARRY

Devil comes to the third door. Not a goddamn thing changed. Stoner still sits the same way he did a hundred fucking years ago. Devil goes, "have you learned anything all this time?" The stoner turns around as a tear rolls down his cheek and...

Larry stops. He tries to cook his heroin, but his lighter is out of fluid. He mutters a curse under his breath.

NICKY

And what, Larry! What'd he say?

LARRY

(ironic)

And he says, "you got a light?"

The car cracks up with laughter. Larry doesn't join them. He turns to Nicky.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

Nah, but really, you got a light,
man?

Gerry tosses a lighter back to Larry.

INT. CHEVY (PARKED) - LATER

A needle penetrates Gerry's vein.

Blood erupts back into the syringe and takes the heroin on board.

Gerry's thumb presses down on the nozzle.

He reclines back and shuts his eyes.

Nicky and Larry are passed out in the back.

Slim is the only one awake. More coke before him. Uncertainty in his eyes. He snorts it anyway.

ON GERRY

as...

INT. ASHLEY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

...He jolts upright, sweating bullets, his hair matted to his forehead. He breathes heavily.

Ashley wakes up next to him. She holds him, brings him close to her.

ASHLEY

It's alright, just a dream. Just a bad dream. You're with me. I'm here. I'm here.

Ashley lays him down. She cuddles up next to him, squeezes him tight. Gives him a little kiss.

ASHLEY

It was just a bad dream, that's all it was...that's all it was...just a bad dream, baby.

SOUND OF A BELL RINGING DING, DING!

EXT. SLIM'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

A sparring ring exists in Slim's backyard. Gerry has been sparring with Benny in the ring for a lengthy time.

Slim watches from a bench behind a dirty round table. He's with Ashley, Nicky and Larry.

Slim's phone rings. He looks at the call display...no name, just some number. He answers it.

DUME (VO)

Yo nigga, it's Dume, ya uncle--

Slim hangs up. Puts the phone down.

ASHLEY

C'mon, Gerry. Let's go, baby!

LARRY

This round I got twenty says it's going to Gerry.

NICKY

I'll take that bet.

He plops a twenty dollar bill on the table.

NICKY

Let's go, Benny! I got twenty on ya! Bury this chump!

BENNY

I'm gonna rearrange his face.

Nicky raps his knuckles on the table.

NICKY

Ding-ding.

Gerry sashays around the ring. Ashley cheers him on.

Slim's phone rings again. Same number. He answers.

DUME (VO)

Nigga, you ever bang on me again,
and I'll put a bullet in yo head!

Slim bangs on him, sneers. He don't give a fuck. He watches Gerry and Benny in the ring.

(CONTINUED)

GERRY

Float like a butterfly, sting like
a bee.

He swings at air.

GERRY

Your hands can't hit what your eyes
can't see, rumble old man, rumble!

BENNY

I'm almost fifty, okay, kiddo.

GERRY

Age is whatever ya think it
is. Only as old as you think you
are.

Nicky laughs.

NICKY

Ding-ding!

Gerry and Benny circle each other.

GERRY

You know that I'm bad, you know
that I'm bad. I eat lightning and
crap thunder.

BENNY

Oh yeah, tough guy? I'm gonna shut
you down, ya little fucker.

Benny swings and misses. Gerry jabs him, but Benny staggers
forward.

Gerry slides away, jabbing, punching, laying it in.

As Slim cuts a line of coke, his phone rings...Megan. He
ignores it, snorts the line, and turns to Nicky.

SLIM

Nicky.

NICKY

What?

SLIM

You're buddy buddy with Stunna,
Charlie Hustle's uncle, right? You
think he'd do me a favor?

(CONTINUED)

NICKY

Depends on what it is, I guess.

Gerry hits Benny with some good solid body punches. Benny gnashes his teeth, angry, he tries to throw an abundance of punches at Gerry which have no result.

Gerry guffaws and prances around.

GERRY

Fight back. You ain't nothing.

Benny spits and fights back but it's to no avail.

BENNY

You little shit, you.

Gerry laughs at him, prances about, kisses his gloves and throws them to an imaginary crowd. Benny's face turns red as his temper reaches critical mass.

BENNY

Hey, fuck you, buddy boy.

GERRY

Fuck you.

BENNY

Alright, fuck you too!

GERRY

Fuck you. Who the fuck are you talking to?

BENNY

Alright. Hey, fuck off!

LARRY (OS)

Will you two grow up and fight?

Benny keeps his eyes locked on Gerry.

BENNY

I am grown up, ya fucking--

Benny stops, realizes he's about to contradict himself.

The phone goes off again...Megan. Slim moves closer to Nicky, whispers.

SLIM

I want you to see if he'll whack out Dume for me.

(CONTINUED)

Nicky looks at Slim, totally floored.

NICKY

That's some heavy shit. We just
beat his ass, now you wanna pop
'im. What gives?

Benny swings, misses. Gerry lands a vicious right hook.

Benny staggers back, but he shakes it off, spits, waves
Gerry over to fight toe to toe.

BENNY

You hit like a punk-ass faggot.

Gerry's coerced. He throws rights and lefts that are K.O.
material.

Benny takes the blows, sweats, gasps heavily for air.

Slim whispers to Nicky.

SLIM

I got my reasons.

Benny gets in some quick body punches. Gerry's expression
is wretched, but it only gets him mad. He throws a lethal
blow to the side of Benny's head. Blood flies out of his
mouth.

BENNY

Cocksucker! You fucking son of a
flea!

Gerry nails him with another vicious blow.

Nicky eyes his twenty dollar bill on the table, worried.

Ashley covers her mouth with her hand and cringes.

Larry throws a fist in the air and cheers.

Nicky whispers to Slim.

NICKY

Slim, why don't you ask Stunna
yourself? Why do I gotta do it?

Gerry continues his onslaught of devastating punches till
Benny finally slumps down in the corner, defeated.

(CONTINUED)

BENNY

Stick a fork in me, I'm done.

Gerry helps him up.

GERRY

Ain't gonna be no rematch.

BENNY

Don't want one.

Larry gleefully takes Nicky's money and pockets it. Nicky's face is bitter.

Benny, dazed, wobbles to the ropes. He hops out and walks unsteadily toward Slim.

Slim reaches down next to him and tosses Benny a bottle of vodka. He guzzles it down and walks inside the house.

Nicky and Slim whisper inaudible words to each other.

Ashley enters the ring and raises her man's hand in victory.

ASHLEY

The winner of this match: he is the master of disaster, the king of sting, weighing in at a slim, trim, buff, cut, ripped, chizzled, and jacked one-hundred-and-ninety pounds, Gerry Lang! The reflection of perfection, the number-one selection.

Gerry pops up and down and punches at air.

GERRY

I'm the champ, I'm the champ.

Gerry dodges an empty McDonald's cup that Nicky throws in the ring. He turns to Ashley.

GERRY

What are you doing tonight?

ASHLEY

I got work.

Gerry frowns. Ashley raises her dukes -- Gerry pretends to throw a slow punch -- Ashley gently pushes his glove aside, lands a soft blow to his chin. He smiles, turns to the guys.

(CONTINUED)

GERRY

So, what's the deal for tonight?

LARRY

Well, we did have something planned.

Nicky and Slim are getting irritated with each other, their whispers rising slightly.

SLIM

Fuck makes you think he'll just flat out do it for me?

NICKY

Shit, one would think he owes you big anyway. I mean, after all, he did get your dad hooked on crack.

Slim angrily flips the table in front of him. He marches inside his house and slams the door shut behind him.

Ashley's head goes back in shock.

ASHLEY

What's wrong with him?

The others look at each other and shrug.

EXT. SLIM'S HOUSE - DAY

Megan bangs on the door. No answer. She bangs again. Slim answers, totally incensed, a cigarette clamped down in the corner of his mouth.

MEGAN

Ya go and roll on Dume? Ya know he's got a fucking beef with ya'll dumb motherfuckers now!

Little KIDS stop and stare.

SLIM

Shit, will you chill out, where's your head?

MEGAN

Where's my head? Where's your fucking balls?! Huh?!

Slim notices a black Sedan parked across the street, a window slightly rolled down. Dume peaks out from it.

(CONTINUED)

Slim waves Megan in.

SLIM
Let's talk inside.

INT. SLIM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Slim locks the door, puts his cigarette down in an ashtray.

MEGAN
All ya had to do was get Benny to pay me. Now Dume wants to pop all four of ya.

SLIM
Fucking nigs. They call themselves gangstas. Fuck 'im. Fuck 'im!

He smacks a Styrofoam cup of coffee off a table and it splatters all over the wall. He tosses a plate next and shatters it. Megan recoils somewhat.

MEGAN
I mean, I don't want anything to happen to you guys. We've been through some shit together--

Sounds of creaking stairs OS. Megan's eyes widen. Slim looks at the stairway and back at Megan.

SLIM
If that's Benny, control yourself.

MEGAN
Control myself?

Slim points at her. He speaks sternly.

SLIM
Yeah, fucking control yourself.

Megan points right back.

MEGAN
Fucking take a look at yourself, will ya? You be fucking throwing plates and, uh, uh, fucking Styrofoam cups at the wall. And I gotta fucking control myself?

Benny enters from the basement.

(CONTINUED)

MEGAN

Where's my money, Benny?

BENNY

I don't got it. Drop by in a week
or two.

Slim looks at Benny strangely.

MEGAN

Money talks and bullshit runs a
marathon.

Megan walks over to Benny. Slim follows. Benny flips her
off and turns to go back down stairs.

MEGAN

Fuck me? No, fuck you!

Megan screams and attacks Benny.

Slim tries to grab her off of him.

Megan pushes Benny down the steps. He tumbles...BAM...
cracks his head on the wall.

Slim cringes at the impact. He looks down at a motionless
Benny.

MEGAN

I want my motherfucking money!

She goes for Benny, but Slim grabs her and pulls her away,
raising his voice.

SLIM

You expect money now? You fucking
nuts?! Look what you just fucking
did to him! If you coulda just
fucking stayed under control.

He rolls his eyes and points past her.

SLIM

Ah, what the fuck is the use, go
beat your feet and don't let the
door hit ya in the ass on the way
out.

Megan snorts loudly and hocks a big green loogie in his
face. Slim grinds his teeth and snarls.

(CONTINUED)

SLIM
You fucking stupid twat! You'll
take this and like it, bitch!

Slim SLAPS the holy shit out of her in a lightning
motion--forehand, backhand, and forehand again.

MEGAN
Motherfucker!

He grabs onto her tightly.

SLIM
Get the fuck--get, go, get out!

Slim shoves her to the front door. He struggles with her
and opening the door. Her fingers tear his flesh.

SLIM
Goddamn Catwoman!

He finally gets the door open and shoves her out. He locks
everything and lights a cigarette. Megan bangs on the door
from outside.

MEGAN (OS)
You'll regret this, you fuck! You
hear me! I'm talking to a fucking
dead man, you fucking Irish potato
head cocksucka!

Slim wipes the slime from his face. Cici appears at the top
of a stairway on the third floor, yawning.

CICI
Jack, what's with all the noise?

SLIM
It's nothing, sweetie. Go to bed.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Dume jumps out of the Sedan, concealing a baseball bat
behind him. He's followed by Busta, Booker and Duval.

Megan moves away from the house door. Dume slams a fist
into it.

INT. SLIM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Slim feels the impact. More pounding from outside.

DUME (OS)
Open this door, you fuck, before I
bust it down.

Slim presses his weight against the door. Cici runs down to him and hugs him tight.

CICI
What's happening?

SLIM
Get in the kitchen and don't worry
about a thing. Do it!

Cici takes off into the kitchen. Slim shuts his eyes, takes a deep breath and steps away from the door. He puts his fists up.

A thud comes from the door. Another and another-- and the locks break, the door flies open. Busta is the first in.

SLIM
Gotta warn ya, I was suspended five
times in high school for getting a
little crazy with these hands.

Busta charges at him. Slim kicks him square in the nuts. Busta bends over and squeals.

BUSTA
You dirty motherfucker!

Slim catches Busta with a nasty uppercut that knocks him on his ass. Booker is next. He hits Slim with a jab but it doesn't phase him.

SLIM
You punch like you take it up the
ass.

Slim pokes Booker in the eyes, grabs him by the hair and brings him in for a head butt.

Dume is next in line, still holding the bat behind him.

SLIM
Bring it, dip shit. I'll bend you
the fuck over and take a walk up
your strada-chocolata.

(CONTINUED)

Dume reveals the bat.

DUME
That a fact, nigga?

Slim goes pale.

SLIM
Oh shit.

Dume swings and hits him in the arm. Slim yells in pain and falls to the floor. Dume is about to swing again when Cici runs over and jumps in front of him.

CICI
No, please, don't hurt him!

Dume stops, lowers the bat. He hands it to Duval and pulls out a gun. Cici screams and grabs Slim, but Dume yanks her away and puts the gun to her temple.

DUME
Don't think I won't do it.

Megan runs over to Dume.

MEGAN
Fuck you doing? Benny's daughter
has nothing to do with this!

Dume shoves her away.

DUME
Now Slim, listen up cause this
concerns you. Benny doesn't owe my
girl the money anymore. You do, so
cough it up.

Slim grimaces, holds his arm.

SLIM
Go tell your mother she can go and
suck big fucking elephant dicks.

Dume yanks Cici's hair and sticks the barrel of the gun into her mouth. She wells up with tears.

MEGAN
Stop it, goddamn it! You gonna
fucking kill her!

DUME

The money! You think I'm playing!

SLIM

You ain't got the balls, you ain't getting shit from me.

Dume cocks the hammer back on the gun.

DUME

You got till three. One...

SLIM

Take your ultimatums and stick 'em up your ass.

DUME

...two...

SLIM

Shoot me, you rat fuck!

MEGAN

Stop it! Fuck the money, I don't want it!

DUME

...three...

Cici reaches a hand out to Slim, tears on her face.

ON A WALL AS...

BANG!!

Blood splatters all over it.

Cici drops to the floor, dead.

Dume snickers, spits on the body. He turns and leaves, a filthy smirk on his face.

Megan's jaw drops. Absolute shock. Same with Dume's thugs, but after a moment, they collect themselves and get the hell out of there.

Slim looks at Cici's lifeless body. He's stunned...then sorrow covers his face...his eyes roll to the back of his head.

SLIM

Oh my God.

(CONTINUED)

Megan looks at Slim, speechless. She tries to utter something but can't get anything out. She turns and runs out the door.

Slim lays back and stares at the ceiling...he seems almost traumatized.

EXT. SLIM'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Gerry, Nicky, Larry and Ashley all exchange confused looks with each other.

ASHLEY
Did you guys hear that?

NICKY
The fuck was it?

GERRY
Sounded like a gun shot.

Gerry is the first to his feet and

INSIDE

He runs over to Benny at the bottom of the stairs, out cold. He darts up the stairs and into the

LIVING ROOM

Looks at Slim, then freezes in his tracks when he sees Cici on the floor, blood leaking from her head.

Larry is next into the room, catches a quick glimpse, and turns away to throw up.

Nicky comes in next and almost gags himself, but he holds it together.

Ashley enters the room, sees Cici and yelps in shock. Gerry grabs her -- buries her face into his chest to keep her from looking. She begins to cry.

Slim still lays on his back. Then he sits upright, sees Cici. He conceals his face in his hands. How did it come to this?

INT. ASHLEY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Gerry sits with his face buried in his hands.

ASHLEY (OS)

I can't believe you guys did that!

He looks up at Ashley.

ASHLEY

You had to expect a reaction,
Gerry! I mean, it's known fact
that Dume is with the Crips.

GERRY

I didn't think it would end up like
this, though.

ASHLEY

How could you say that? You watch
that stuff on TV all the time, the
history of gangs and all that
shit. Those groups are stone cold
killers. That coulda been you with
the bullet in your head! I mean,
what if he comes looking for
you? You rolled on 'im AND you
stole his two hundred bucks! He'll
kill you.

Gerry stands up and walks over to her. He puts his hands on
her shoulders and tries to sooth her.

GERRY

Listen, nothing is gonna happen to
me. That fucking guy signed his
death warrant when he killed
Cici. You know whose niece that
is? Slim's dad. He's been with
Stunna since God knows when...and
you think Stunna is afraid of a
buncha blacks pretending to be John
Gotti? The man's been connected
with the Gambino family since the
80's, Ashley. He'll shit all over
Dume and his gang of Crips.

ASHLEY

I gotta sit down.

She puts a hand on her chest and lowers into a seat. Face
of worry.

(CONTINUED)

ASHLEY

People are gonna die, aren't they?

Gerry sits next to her. He hesitates with his answer.

GERRY

Yeah, there's a high probability that's gonna happen. But we ain't sticking around for it. We're gonna stay for Cici's funeral and then we're outta here.

ASHLEY

Really?

GERRY

Why not? We got the money. It's not enough to the point where we can live like fat cats our whole life, but will it last? Shit yeah, it will. Plus, do you wanna stick around here for the shit storm that's about to rain down on this neighborhood?

Ashley chews on her bottom lip. Lost in contemplation.

GERRY

I won't lie to ya, baby. People are gonna get hurt and people are gonna die with a vengeance. It's pretty much unavoidable.

He notices her hands shaking. Grabs them and squeezes tight.

GERRY

You know I love you, right?

Ashley nods. She looks into his eyes.

GERRY

I would do anything for you, I would give you everything. I would burn in Hell to keep you safe.

Ashley relaxes a little bit. She knows this.

GERRY

Everything is wrong. But trust me, everything will be fine...maybe not today, maybe not tomorrow but soon. Do you trust me?

(CONTINUED)

Ashley nods. She does trust him.

Gerry gently puts his palm on her stomach.

GERRY

I want nothing but paradise for the two of you.

Ashley puts her hand against his.

GERRY

I remember the first time I laid eyes on you. I wanted you to be mine. I wanted to make you happy. I can only hope I did all I could to do just that.

ASHLEY

You did. You always treated me right. I told you about that abusive relationship I was in before I moved here and you never rushed things. You were so gentle.

She plays with his hand still on her stomach.

ASHLEY

...especially the first time.

Silence between them, then:

ASHLEY

How are you holding up with the other stuff?

GERRY

I'm trying my best to stay clean for you. I'm fighting real hard here.

Ashley smiles with genuine warmth.

ASHLEY

I'm happy you're trying to change for the better. That whole "live fast, die young" mentality was okay when we were younger. But you grow up. What you're doing is getting way outta hand.

She moves closer to him.

ASHLEY

You're a handsome guy. You're killing yourself. You don't need that crap. You don't need to have to depend on drugs all the time. I know you better than your friends do, I know you better than you know yourself. When you set your mind on doing something, you can do it.

Gerry looks down. Ashley takes her hand and brings his face back to hers. She kisses him on the lips.

ASHLEY

I know you can do it.

She kisses him again.

ASHLEY

I know you can do it. I'm here for you.

This time, she gives him a deeper kiss...stands, takes him by the hand and leads him upstairs.

ASHLEY'S BEDROOM

They are next to the bed. Gerry sits.

Ashley stands before him. She takes her shirt off, unstraps her bra. He's mesmerized by her honey colored, sexy breasts. Gerry stares at her a moment before he caresses them with his hands. Ashley shuts her eyes and lets him.

She gently pushes him back on the bed and speaks with the lightest whisper.

ASHLEY

Lay back.

She takes her pants off...her panties next. She stands before Gerry, naked, totally comfortable.

Gerry opens his mouth to say something, but she puts a finger to his lip to hush him. She unbuckles his pants and slides them down to his ankles...once they are off, she climbs on top of him and gives him passionate kisses.

They both let out simultaneous moans of pleasure as Ashley takes Gerry and implants him deep inside her. As Ashley nuzzles down on him, she gives her hips a little wiggle, then she grinds back and forth, slowly.

(CONTINUED)

Gerry takes his hands and grabs her ass. She shudders in ecstasy and continues to rock back and forth.

ASHLEY

Yes...

THE BEDROOM, MINUTES LATER

They are still going at it. Ashley thrusts into Gerry at a slow, gentle rhythm.

She leans in to kiss him but her hair falls in front of her face. Gerry brushes it back. They stare into each other's souls...then her slow thrusts begin to quicken.

She pumps into him fast and hard now. It's intense. Gerry hugs her tight and close.

A tear wells up in Gerry's eye and trickles down his face. He hugs Ashley closer, tighter -- and the more he does, the faster and harder she slams into him.

Ashley muffles a moan of pleasure by burying her face into Gerry's neck. She bites down hard on his flesh. After a minute or two, her orgasm dwindles and she extracts her teeth from his neck.

They lay their, motionless, Gerry still hugging Ashley close to him.

THE BEDROOM, A FEW MORE MINUTES LATER

Gerry and Ashley cuddle next to each other under blankets.

ASHLEY

I don't think I'm going to work tonight...what's the point, ya know? We're leaving in a few days anyway.

Gerry plays with her hair.

GERRY

Nah, you should go. It'll be good for ya. Keep your mind off of things instead of sitting around thinking of the worst. You'll be active. Keep working until we're ready to get outta here.

Ashley sighs.

(CONTINUED)

ASHLEY

I suppose you're right.

They are quiet for a moment. Then Gerry speaks up.

GERRY

You ever think about getting married, Ash?

ASHLEY

I'm still waiting for you to propose before my hips start spreading and I get facial hair.

GERRY

Marriage might be out of the question then.

She laughs and gives Gerry a little peck on the lips.

EXT. SLIM'S HOUSE - DAY

SUPER: "Three days later"

Nicky and Larry smoke cigarettes out front. They are dressed in black. Most likely back from Cici's funeral.

A 1965 Chevy Impala pulls up next to them. DETECTIVE FRANKIE FOX, 45, steps out. He's lean and mean. Homicide Division.

LARRY

Here comes Hawaii Five-O.

NICKY

Hey, uncle Frankie.

FOX

Little Nicky Fox and Dirty Larry Repricano. How's Benny and Slim holding up?

Nicky and Larry don't say anything. How do you think they're holding up?

FOX

This kid look familiar to ya?

Fox pulls out a picture and hands it to Nicky.

Nicky looks at it intently. He looks back at Fox.

(CONTINUED)

FOX
It's your boy, Charlie Hustle.

Nicky's jaw drops.

NICKY
No way!

He passes the picture to Larry.

NICKY
They blew his fucking face away,
man!

LARRY
Bullshit!

FOX
Found 'im a couple nights
ago. Bullet to the dome,
Holmes. He was with somebody else
too. Looks like they had some
words before shit hit the fan.

Nicky and Larry shake their heads.

FOX
There was a mil worth a coke at the
scene.

NICKY
Get the fuck outta town! Are you
jerking me off?

FOX
I shit you not. And the best part
about it is this, the heat is gonna
crack down around here like crazy
because of Charlie...and because of
what happened to Cici. In fact,
tonight, and I'm only telling ya
this cause you're my nephew, Nick,
and Larry, I like ya, but there's
gonna be a raid down here. And
every night after.

Nicky rolls his eyes and flicks his cigarette.

FOX
The boys in blue mean business this
time. So don't be walking around
with nothing you don't wanna do
time for.

(CONTINUED)

NICKY

Alright, uncle Frankie. Thanks for the heads up.

Fox nods.

FOX

By the way, Nicky, have you stopped by to see grandma yet?

NICKY

I did a couple weeks ago.

FOX

Well, you should pay her another visit. She's getting worse with her dementia.

Nicky sighs and kicks the ground with his shoe.

FOX

It's weird, though. She barely remembers anyone in the family, but she's always asking about you. She loves the hell outta you, Nick.

NICKY

I'll stop around tonight, say hi.

Fox nods. He walks by them and starts for Slim's house.

Larry holds up the picture.

LARRY

Hey, you forgot this.

Without turning around:

FOX

Hold on to it. Be a reminder not to fuck with the wrong people.

Fox enters the house.

Larry looks at the picture one last time and lets it drop to the ground. The wind blows it away as he crosses himself.

LARRY

God rest your soul, patna.

Nicky and Larry survey the area for anything suspicious.

(CONTINUED)

NICKY

Fuck this, I'm hitting the fucking bar. Drink my fucking life away.

Nicky walks off. Larry follows after him.

LARRY

And I'm going with ya.

INT. SLIM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Fox sits across from Slim, who empties a baggie of coke on a magazine that's on the table.

Slim puts the baggie in his mouth and uses his tongue to move it around on his gums. He cuts two lines.

FOX

You giving me one, buddy?

Slim doesn't answer. He's quiet, blank face. No emotion. He snorts his line, pushes the magazine away.

Fox takes the magazine and snorts a line too.

FOX

Jesus Christ.

He shudders.

FOX

Goddamn. Stunna's got the best coke there ever was. Stuff is fire.

Slim lights a cigarette, stares at Fox with a blank expression. Fox sighs.

FOX

Listen, you gotta get yourself together. This cocksucker is going down...so don't think he's getting away scot-fucking-free. We find 'im, we're putting a bullet in his fucking head, no questions asked. You hear me? He's fucking dead. Dead.

Slim just stares at him. Fox takes a deep breath...notices that Benny was watching them outside in the living room, a bottle of vodka in his hand.

(CONTINUED)

FOX

Did you hear that, Benny? We're gonna find that thick lipped jungle bunny and blow his fucking brains out.

Benny slugs back some of the vodka.

BENNY

Slow...

Fox squints at him. He doesn't understand.

FOX

What?

BENNY

Slow. It better be slow.

FOX

What's that?

BENNY

When you find 'im, make it slow...really slow...I want that motherfucker to agonize.

Fox lights up a cigarette.

FOX

No problem, that can be arranged. It'll be my pleasure, too.

Fox licks his lips and smiles, a glint in his eyes..this guy will actually get off on torturing Dume.

BENNY

I mean it! You hear me?!

Fox pauses for a moment, taken back somewhat by the outburst...then a little irritated.

FOX

Yeah. I heard ya.

Benny slugs back the rest of the vodka.

INT. CHEVY (PARKED) - DAY

Gerry is behind the wheel. Ashley next to him.

GERRY
Pick you up when you're done?

ASHLEY
Of course. I'll give you a ring.

GERRY
Okay. Call me. Then tomorrow...we
are outta here.

They kiss.

ASHLEY
I love you.

Gerry smiles. Ashley gets out.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Benny walks unsteadily, hands in his pockets, cigarette in his mouth. Wind whips his hair back. He stops, waits for cars to pass by, and crosses the street.

EXT. PIZZA JOINT - NIGHT

Benny stops out front. He looks on with sadness as a family eats pizza inside. He turns away and shuts his eyes.

When he opens them again, headlights flash on him as...

EXT. PIZZA JOINT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A 1999 Toyota Camry pulls up.

BENNY, 40, clean-cut and in a suit, rides shotgun. His lovely wife JANET, 35, is behind the wheel.

JANET
Can we just eat here, Benny? I'm
starving.

BENNY
I'm not missing James Cagney. They
only play ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES
once every year, Janet.

(CONTINUED)

JANET
Oh, you and Cagney.

She gives him a playful shove.

BENNY
We already ordered it. It should
be ready for pick up. I swear I'll
be right back.

Benny kisses her and gets out. He does a little dance and
sings low to himself as he walks from the car.

BENNY
I'm on top of the world, yes, I am.

He enters the Pizza Joint and begins to chit-chat with an
EMPLOYEE.

Janet taps her fingers on the steering wheel.

A gun presses up against the side of her head.

VOICE (OS)
Get the fuck outta the car.

Janet's face turns to pure terror.

JANET
Please, don't do this.

VOICE (OS)
Your fucking life or the car! I'm
leaving with one of 'em.

The employee finally gives Benny his steaming box of pizza.

Tears stream down Janet's face.

Benny turns around and stops dead in his tracks.

He sees a HOODED MAN with a gun to Janet's head.

Janet mouths her husband's name silently as...

SLOW MO--A bullet enters one side of her head and exits
another.

SLOW MO--The box of pizza drops to the floor.

The hooded man rips open the car door, yanks Janet out and
tosses her on the ground. He hops in and tears off.

Benny runs outside and drops next to his wife. He holds her tightly in his arms as blood leaks from her head.

EXT. PIZZA JOINT - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Benny becomes uneasy on his feet. He falls to the ground and sits there, his face buried in his hands.

The headlights that flashed on him go dead. The DRIVER gets out of his car and walks toward the Pizza Joint. Before he enters:

DRIVER

Here ya go, buddy. Take it easy.

The driver drops a five dollar bill next to Benny. He pulls his face from his hands and looks at the money for a beat...grabs it.

And at that moment, Benny is the very picture of a broken man who's lost everything.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Nicky and Larry are side by side. They bang down their shots and chase it with cold beers...but they don't sip it, they chug til it's all gone. The way they are slouched it looks like they have been drinking all day.

They slur their words -- heavily.

NICKY

This bullshit. I could kill that punk-ass motherfucker myself. But they'd throw me in jail and swallow the key.

LARRY

That's how it is. It doesn't matter that a kid was killed. The justice system's royally fucked up these days.

The bartender brings over two more beers and fills up their shot glasses. Nicky and Larry slam the shots down. They sit in silence...then Nicky looks as if he's caught in a thought.

NICKY

But you think with the situation that it would garner sympathy from a jury?

(CONTINUED)

LARRY
Huh? What?

Nicky gets off his stool. He can barely stand. He marches off.

LARRY
Where the fuck you going? Yo!

EXT. BASKETBALL COURTS - NIGHT

Not where our crew hangs out. These courts belong to a different neighborhood. A group of BLACK KIDS, around 18, play some ball with lights on overhead.

A taxi pulls up on the street. Nicky gets out and marches toward the game, swaying back and forth. Larry follows him, also swaying back and forth.

Nicky walks up to one of the kids as he dribbles. He smacks the ball away.

BLACK KID
Yo, what the fuck--

Nicky punches him in the jaw, drops him instantly. He gets on top of the kid and unloads a series of hard shots to his face. Everyone shouts and starts for Nicky.

Larry points at them.

LARRY
Don't even fucking try it.

Nicky looks up at them.

NICKY
Oh yeah? You boys gonna fucking do something, huh? Are ya? I dare ya too! I'll leave every single one of yous right where you stand. Fucking try something.

Everyone stops in their tracks.

BLACK KID 2
C'mon, Nicky! That kid's harmless. What you doing?

NICKY
I'll tell ya what I'm doing.

Nicky looks down at the kid on the ground.

(CONTINUED)

NICKY

I'm gonna ask you a question. You better gimme a right fucking answer. Where do I find Dume?

BLACK KID

Fuck you.

Nicky slams a fist into his face. He turns to Larry.

NICKY

I know you woulda snitched by now.

Nicky punches the kid again.

NICKY

Where do I find Dume! Answer me, asshole!

BLACK KID

Fuck you, cocksucka.

Nicky grits his teeth. Pure anger. He pummels the kid now...slams his skull repeatedly against the ground.

NICKY

Fuck me? You gonna call me a cocksucker. You fucking tell me that? Huh? You fuck. Tell me where he's at before I rip your fucking jaw out!

The kid gasps, mumbles.

BLACK KID

I...I don't know where he is, honestly...I don't.

NICKY

Okay. Fuck Dume then. Tell me where his boys are. You know who I'm talking about. Duval, Busta, Booker, where the fuck are they?

BLACK KID

Suck my dick.

Nicky nails the kid with a vicious hook that snaps his nose to the side. Blood sprays all over Nicky. He grimaces but proceeds to choke the kid out now.

(CONTINUED)

NICKY

Jesus Christ, kid! Gimme a fucking address! Tell me right now or you can bet your ass you'll be telling it to the worms.

BLACK KID

4645 Portnow Drive...

Nicky releases his grip, stands. He spits on the kid.

NICKY

I can't believe you made me snap your fucking nose around your head to protect them scumbag pieces of shit. You stupid, dumb, motherfucking idiot!

He kicks the kid while he's down. Larry grabs him, tugs him away. The kid rolls over and spits out teeth.

LARRY

C'mon, man. Let's get the fuck outta here.

Nicky storms off, Larry after him.

NICKY

Stupid fucking...

INT. DUVAL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rap music comes from other parts of the house.

Duval has a naked, very YOUNG GIRL pinned down on a bed. He lays on top of her and pounds into her hard. The girl shuts her eyes in shame, a tear trickles down her face. Duval comes to a climax.

YOUNG GIRL

...can I go now?

Duval breathes into her ear.

DUVAL

I'm not done with you yet, baby. I'm breaking you in.

He starts to thrust into her again. The girl cries as Duval rapes her.

There's noise outside the room -- when the door flies open, Nicky and Larry are in like gangbusters.

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG GIRL

Please, stop. Get off me!

Duval pulls out of the girl and zips up his pants.

Nicky charges him and slams him against a wall.

A THUG, 25, enters, tries to say something. Larry lays him out with a three piece combo to the face.

The young girl yelps and covers herself under blankets. She watches everything.

Nicky's right in Duval's grill.

NICKY

Come here, you piece of shit.

DUVAL

You outta yo motherfucking mind,
white boy? I'll fucking--

Nicky punches him in the gut. HARD. Duval grunts.

Larry watches, edgy.

The young girl peeks out from under the covers.

Nicky looks to a window. He stares outside for a moment then turns to Duval's anguished face.

NICKY

Can you fly, asshole?

DUVAL

I'm gonna kill you.

Nicky grips Duval tightly, pulls him away from the wall and HURLS him through the window.

Glass shatters as Duval is PROPELLED to the

OUTSIDE

and plummets three stories. His crash landing is a car in the driveway. The impact is nasty.

Nicky peaks out the window and sneers.

Duval doesn't move.

BACK INSIDE THE HOUSE

(CONTINUED)

Nicky turns around and looks at Larry. His eyes shift over to the girl looking out from under the blankets.

NICKY

Did you see anything?

The girl sniffs tears back. She shakes her head no.

NICKY

Good, be--

YOUNG GIRL

--could you take me to the hospital?

Nicky is caught off guard. So is Larry. They exchange glances. Nicky looks down at the floor, momentarily tongue-tied. Awkward to say the least.

NICKY

Sure, get dressed. But do it quick.

Nicky and Larry turn their backs and stand at the doorway. Arms crossed. They wait for anybody else. And whoever they are, they better bring their lunch.

The girl gets off the bed, picks up her clothes from the floor and starts to get dressed.

EXT. DUVAL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Nicky and Larry walk out with the girl.

Larry has her under his arm, keeping her warm. He walks her down the street.

Nicky walks over to the car Duval landed on. He starts to come to. Nicky shakes his head, spits.

Duval turns his head slowly and blinks a couple times. He's out of it, but he definitely sees Nicky.

DUVAL

You fucking faggot...ya dead.

Several PEOPLE inside the house that were partying now look out windows, shocked.

Nicky pulls a rag out of his pocket -- opens the gas tank of the car and shoves it in. Pulls out a lighter, sets the rag on fire.

(CONTINUED)

Nicky turns and follows after Larry and the girl.

It's a tense moment, then...

BOOOOOM!!!

A massive explosion rocks the street.

Nicky doesn't break stride, totally ignoring the mushroom fireball that whirls behind him. It's a blazing inferno.

BLACK.

Sounds of feet shuffling about.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT (DREAM)

Gerry shuffles along. He seems pleasant as he takes a little walk, no one around on the street. The wind howls.

Gerry sees Larry a few feet in front of him.

LARRY

I don't want to fight the tide. I
don't want to swim forever. When
it's cold, I'd like to die.

Gerry, slightly irritated and confused at once, walks past him. Larry stares after Gerry.

Gerry sees Slim now, a few feet in front of him.

SLIM

I tend to live in the past cause
most of my life is there. What can
I do? Nothing, really.

Gerry walks past him, lights a cigarette. He sees Nicky across the street.

NICKY

(DeNiro impression)

You know what? I like the stink of
the streets. It cleans out my
lungs. And it gives me a hard-on.

Nicky smiles. Genuine. Gerry chuckles to himself and doesn't break his walk. He comes to a random house, walks up to it, and goes

INSIDE

(CONTINUED)

This house isn't any ordinary house. It consists of a long corridor. Rotten eggs are displayed on the floor. A white cat struts along in front of Gerry. He follows the feline. Black bats hang from the ceiling and watch him.

Gerry gets to the end of the corridor. He's at a door. Opens it. Walks into a

RESTAURANT

Casual. He finds a seat with Ashley, who holds a glass of wine in her hand.

ASHLEY

Ain't a hard time that been
invented that I can't handle.

GERRY

Showed you a good time, though,
didn't I? When I said forever, I
meant everyday until I died.

ASHLEY

Why do people have to lose things
to find out what they really mean?

Gerry shifts his weight, uncomfortable.

GERRY

I...don't know...I have to go to
the bathroom. Is that alright?

ASHLEY

You gotta go, you gotta go.

Gerry stands.

ASHLEY

I don't want you coming out of that
toilet with just your dick in your
hands, alright?

Gerry nods, walks to the

BATHROOM

Charlie Hustle is at a urinal. Gerry walks up behind him and bops him upside the head with the book Underboss: Sammy The Bull Gravano's Story of Life in the Mafia.

GERRY

You wanna explain something to me?

Charlie Hustle turns around and stares at him.

CHARLIE HUSTLE

What can I say? It's the type of
shit that can get me killed.

GERRY

Killed walking your doggie.

Charlie Hustle shakes his head.

CHARLIE HUSTLE

When the time comes, the blood
runs.

The bathroom door bursts open -- two BLACK THUGS enter.

Gerry reaches under his shirt, looking for something.

Charlie Hustle puts a hand on Gerry's wrist, stops him. He
draws his own gun. And he's fast...like Sundance. He fires
a shot each into the heads of the thugs.

Gerry cringes as he sees skull and brain splatter against
the walls.

Charlie Hustle walks up to the bodies.

CHARLIE HUSTLE

You've gotta get up close like this
and...

He lets loose three bullets into the head of one of the
thugs. Then looks back to Gerry.

CHARLIE HUSTLE

...BADA-BING! You blow out what
little cocksucking brains they have
in that head of theirs. With quick
precision.

Charlie Hustle keeps his eyes on Gerry. Fires another shot
in the thug's head.

CHARLIE HUSTLE

When they come, they come at what
you love.

Gun shots go off outside the bathroom.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE HUSTLE
This is it.

INT. GERRY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT (END DREAM)

Gerry's eyes open wide. Sweat on his face.

INT. GERRY'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

He stares at himself in the mirror. His gaze shifts down to a Xanax scrip on the sink.

INT. CHEVY (MOVING) - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Scene from earlier. Gerry and the gang chanting happily.

EVERYONE
Come and get me, come and get me,
come and get me!

They all laugh.

INT. GERRY'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Gerry takes the scrip and puts it in his pocket.

INT. WAL-MART - NIGHT

Ashley rings PEOPLE up at the register. She pulls her cell phone out and checks the time.

EXT. BIG STEPS - NIGHT

Float up the big steps. At the top, the Chevy creeps in and parks. Gerry gets out and stands at the very top of the steps. He lights a cigarette, takes a deep drag, exhales. Shuts his eyes.

INT. WAL-MART - NIGHT

Ashley leans up against the register. She texts a message on her phone to Gerry: "I love you. Can't wait for you to pick me up. xoxo." She clicks SEND.

EXT. BIG STEPS - NIGHT

BEEP! Gerry opens his eyes, pulls out his phone. Reads the message from Ashley. He smiles -- then replies -- his message short and sweet: ":)"

EXT. DUVAL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Detective Fox pulls up behind a fire truck. FIRE FIGHTERS scramble to put out the fire.

Fox gets out of his car and stares at the sight. Hold on it. Cue some kind of Europop song. Slowly insert emotionless, cocaine eyes in the foreground over the flames of damnation...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SLIM'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

The cocaine eyes belong to Slim. A Europop song plays on the radio as he sits...gazes blankly at a HOOKER, early 30's, clean, good-looking.

The hooker closes her eyes as she unbuttons her shirt and takes it off. She unzips her jeans, pulls them down slowly and kicks them across the room.

Slim doesn't react as she grinds her ass against him.

She gets up, still dancing and peels off her bra. Supple breasts. Nothing from Slim.

The hooker reaches for coke spread out on the table next to them. Sprinkles it on her breasts.

She hooks her thumbs into her panties and slides them down, takes Slim's hand, guides it up her thigh and to...

HOOKER

Oh, yeah...

She grabs more coke and rubs it you know where. She climbs on top of him. Presses all her glory into his face.

HOOKER

Oh, baby.

The hooker writhes in pleasure. Slim grips her ass and pushes her into his face more. She groans louder.

(CONTINUED)

HOOKER
Oh, God, just like that...

Portraits of ACTING LEGENDS hang on the wall. They watch on with accusing eyes.

HOOKER
...uh, uh, yeah...

DINO.

HOOKER
...don't stop...

PACINO.

HOOKER
...oh my God...

CAGNEY.

HOOKER
...ohh, I'm coming!

She gasps. SHUDDERS.

The hooker climbs off of Slim and with a devilish smile, she starts to get on her knees...unbuckles his pants.

HOOKER
My turn.

SLIM
Stop.

HOOKER
What?

SLIM
I'm not doing this. How much do I owe ya?

HOOKER
Stunna said it was on the house.

SLIM
Oh...he did, did he?

HOOKER
Yeah. Me, the coke, everything.

SLIM

Well, who did you just let go
whistling in the wheat field, me or
him? Sit here. I'll be back with
whatever I have.

He gets up and staggers off.

INT. SEDAN (MOVING) - NIGHT

Dume drives, a fat blunt in the corner of his mouth. Rap
music booms from the stereo. His eyes are bloodshot.

A ring tone goes off (rap). Dume puts his phone to his ear.

DUME

(into phone)

Yeah, what.

He listens in on the other line.

DUME

(into phone)

What?! You fucking kidding me!

Dume listens. Anger on his face. He throws his phone in
the back of the car...with a sneer, he puffs on the blunt
and drives a little faster.

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Nicky enters, morose. He sees his GRANDMA on an old couch
from the 60's. She's 86, frail, almost ancient-looking.

She turns her attention from a Dean Martin Celebrity Roast
that plays on a plasma TV...looks at Nicky, smiles warmly.

GRANDMA

Nicholas.

NICKY

Granma.

GRANDMA

How kind of you to visit me.

NICKY

I can't even believe you're still
up. What are you watching?

He walks over to his grandma, kisses her on the cheek, sits down. They watch TV in silence. Frank Sinatra gets torn a new one.

EXT. WAL-MART - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Gerry strolls along, cigarette in his mouth. He takes one last drag and flicks it. Thunder CRACKS. Gerry almost jumps out of his shoes. He looks up at the dark clouds as he walks

INSIDE WAL-MART

and looks around. He sees Ashley, her back to him, as she moves some products around. He sneaks up behind her, very quiet, puts his arms around her waist.

GERRY

Excuse me, Miss De Palma. I'm with the FBI. Fine Body Inspectors. And I'm gonna hafta ask you to assume the position.

Ashley smiles. She turns around and gives him a hug.

ASHLEY

You're a little early, no?

GERRY

Like it matters. By this time tomorrow, you'll be under a palm tree sipping on pina coladas, looking only as beautiful as you can look.

Ashley grabs him by the wrist.

ASHLEY

C'mon, let's blow this joint.

GERRY

You go on a head of me. I gotta use the little boy's room.

He hands her the keys.

ASHLEY

Don't fall in.

She gives him a kiss then walks off.

EXT. WAL-MART - NIGHT

Ashley walks out in her uniform. SOMEONE in a car motions for her to cross and she waves thank you.

The sky booms with thunder. Ashley jumps. Scared. Then laughs it off.

A black Sedan drives by at the same time. Dume looks out his window and spots Ashley walking past cars. His eyes are intense, frighteningly scary.

INT. WAL-MART - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Gerry stands in front of a mirror. He holds the scrip in his hands, stares at it long and hard...his eyes shift up to the mirror. He looks at his reflection.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET - SUMMER - DAY (FLASHBACK)

GERRY, 16, annoyed, stumbles out of his house, lights a smoke and looks down the street.

A family moves into a house. ASHLEY, 15, carries a box.

Gerry's eyes are transfixed on her as she comes out for another box. As she picks it up, she looks his way.

The cigarette falls from Gerry's mouth.

FREEZE FRAME ON ASHLEY.

SLOW MO--She smiles at him and walks back in the house.

INT. WAL-MART - BATHROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Gerry stares himself down. Hard.

EXT. WAL-MART PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Ashley walks to the Chevy. She reaches into her pocket for the keys but drops them on the ground.

INT. WAL-MART - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Gerry looks down at the scrip. Suddenly angry. He slams a fist into the mirror. Glass shatters. His hand drips blood as he stares down at the broken shards.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

GERRY, 17, grabs a bowling ball, comes behind ASHLEY, 16, and slides her fingers into the finger holes.

Gerry whispers in her ear. She smiles. He hoists the ball with her and they let it go gracefully. The ball slides down the lane. Strike. She bear hugs Gerry and kisses him.

EXT. WAL-MART PARKING LOT - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Ashley bends down and picks up the keys.

INT. WAL-MART - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Gerry is inside a stall. He wraps his hand in toilet paper. Blood seeps through.

EXT. WAL-MART PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Ashley puts the key in, turns it, and opens the door.

Dume grabs her from behind and violently shoves her inside. She screams. Dume climbs in after her.

The sky rumbles with thunder.

INT. CHEVY (PARKED) - NIGHT

Dume is on top of Ashley. She writhes and tries to push him off. No use. She smacks him across the face.

Dume backhands the holy hell out of her in return. Instant tears. He pulls out a knife and puts it to her throat. She smacks it away and it falls on the floor.

Dume, aggravated now, wraps his hands around her throat and squeezes. She tries to pull them away but can't.

As his grip tightens every second, a vein begins to swell on her forehead, her face turns purple.

(CONTINUED)

She tries to beg him to stop, but no words come out. A tear rolls down her face.

Dume grunts and snarls as he puts more pressure on. He slams his knee into her crotch once, twice, her head bangs against the passenger door as he slams into her again.

Thunder booms loudly outside the car.

He keeps his grip tight just as...the life seems to drain away from Ashley's eyes.

At that moment, Dume kisses her on the lips, takes his tongue and drags it across her face...over and over.

He pulls back and looks into her blank eyes. And crushes her throat harder than ever.

Ashley lets out a small whimper, her last breath when... Dume finally loosens his grip.

Dead silence. Ashley is still, unmoving. Her glossy eyes remain on Dume.

A pop of thunder detonates outside the car.

Dume leers at Ashley's face and draws his tongue over her again...sticks it in her mouth and moves it around slowly.

And then unexpectedly, Ashley TURNS her head to the side, lets out a cough and wheezes.

Dume is shocked, his eyes widen.

Ashley continues to wheeze as Dume rips off her shirt and cups his hand around her breast. She lays there helpless as he gropes her.

DUME

Let me help you with something you
ain't getting enough of, ya fucking
bitch--a serious deep dicking.

His words evoke a dreadful expression on Ashley's face. She tries to plead but it's no more than a small whisper.

Dume unzips her jeans. She tries weakly to push his hands away, but he gets it unbuttoned and pulls them down. Pink panties. He licks his lips.

DUME

I'm gonna enjoy tearing you to
shreds, honey.

(CONTINUED)

Ashley shakes her head back and forth.

He hooks his fingers on her panties. She jumps and twitches. Dume yanks it off roughly.

Ashley looks at him unbuckling his pants. She gapes, eyes bulging, total fear. A sudden burst of energy as she fends for her life.

EXT. WAL-MART PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Ashley's yell for help is droned out by thunder.

INT. CHEVY (PARKED) - NIGHT

Dume finally gets his pants off, flips her around and shoves her face down into the seat. Muffled cries for help. She squirms. Ain't going nowhere.

Dume takes his free hand and spanks her ass.

Ashley twitches in pain.

He smacks her harder and she twitches again with a small yelp. He grips her ass tightly and pulls and rips at it.

Ashley clenches anything she can hold onto--her knuckles turn white.

DUME

You like it rough? You like it rough, baby? Huh, you like it rough?

He glances at the knife on the floor. An idea flashes in his eyes. With one hand to hold Ashley down, he grabs the knife with the other.

The sharp tip of the blade presses against her ass.

DUME

You ever been fucked up the back door with a big sharp knife?

Ashley trembles and sobs uncontrollably.

Dume slowly maneuvers it in.

Ashley pops her head up for a second.

(CONTINUED)

ASHLEY
Please, don't--

Dume shoves her face down, but she manages to lift her head one more time--

ASHLEY
--not that, don't do this--

--before Dume presses her face down again.

DUME
Yeah, you might be right. I ain't
feel like getting my dick all
bloody.

He pulls the knife out and tosses it.

EXT. WAL-MART PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Gerry nurses his bleeding hand as he trudges along.

INT. CHEVY (PARKED) - NIGHT

Dume talks into Ashley's ear.

DUME
I hope you like it up the ass cause
I'm gonna shove it up so far and
pound you so hard I'm gonna shoot a
load out ya mouth.

He licks and sucks on her lobe...spits on his hand and lubes himself up. He uses his free hand to spread her legs.

Ashley rips her head up from his grip and screams.

ASHLEY
NO! Please, somebody! Help me!

Dume forces her face down and her cries for help are muffled once again...just when...

...a hand grabs Dume by the neck. The move is brief and precise. A hard yank and Dume is jerked out of the car.

EXT. WAL-MART PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Gerry holds onto Dume tightly and sneaks a quick glance inside, sees: Ashley, half-naked, shaking, crying.

Gerry's eyes burn evil personified. He constricts his hands around Dume's throat. TIGHT.

Dume tries to break free. He reaches into his jacket for a gun, puts it to Gerry's stomach.

Gerry smacks it away. A shot rings out.

Gerry head butts Dume. Blood squirts out of his nose. He gets him in the balls next with a hard knee. Dume doubles over, eyes popping out of his head in pain.

Gerry nails him with a knee to the face. Dume drops like a sack of potatoes. The gun falls out of his hand.

Gerry reaches in his car.

The trunk pops open. Gerry grabs Dume and drags him over to it. He grits his teeth, grunts, uses every muscle in his body to lift him up and drop him inside.

INSIDE THE TRUNK

Gerry looks down on Dume and gasps heavily. He slams the trunk shut.

BLACK.

INT. CHEVY (PARKED) - NIGHT

Gerry slides in on the driver's side, puts Dume's gun down next to him.

GERRY

Are you--

Ashley leaps at him and squeezes him with a big hug. Her tears still flow. Gerry embraces back.

GERRY

(soothing)

It's okay. I'm here now. I'm here, you don't hafta worry about a thing.

Ashley doesn't let go. She weeps in his arms.

(CONTINUED)

GERRY

You're really hugging me, you know that, Ash?

She hugs him tighter.

GERRY

It's alright, sweetie. It's alright. I'm right here, nothing else is gonna happen.

Ashley clings to him. Won't let go for nothing in the world.

GERRY

You got a grip like a lobster, kid...but we gotta get outta here. Cops are gonna be here any minute.

Ashley pulls away. She sniffs and wipes tears from her face, grabs her jeans next to her and puts them back on with trembling hands.

Gerry takes off his hoodie and hands it to her.

GERRY

Put this on.

She does, still sniffing.

Gerry revs the engine.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Gerry parks his car.

INT. CHEVY (PARKED) - NIGHT

It's quiet. Ashley stares at Gerry with doleful eyes. He takes a deep breath. Then another. He's still fuming, but he tries to hide it the best he can.

GERRY

I'm sorry...I'm sorry I wasn't there sooner for you.

He squeezes the steering wheel with both hands. Grinds his teeth.

(CONTINUED)

GERRY

I'm so fucking sorry, Ashley.

He's on the brink of tears. He tries to hold it back.

GERRY

He didn't, uh...you know...did he?

Ashley can't utter a word. Her silence irks Gerry. His eye twitches -- he takes in quick breaths.

GERRY

Jesus, I think I'm gonna pass out.

Ashley finally speaks, but her words are almost inaudible.

ASHLEY

No.

GERRY

What?

She speaks up more.

ASHLEY

No, he didn't...if it wasn't for you.

She breaks down in tears.

ASHLEY

He was gonna rape me and kill me.

That's it. Gerry's had enough. He's filled with absolute hatred.

GERRY

I'm gonna fucking kill 'im.

He gets out of the car.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Gerry goes for the trunk, unlocks it. Dume lays inside, unconscious. Gerry puts the gun to his head.

Ashley gets out, races over to Gerry, grabs him.

ASHLEY

No!

Gerry looks at her, confused, angry, shocked.

(CONTINUED)

GERRY

No?! This fucking scumbag tried to rape and kill you and you say "no"!

ASHLEY

Don't do it. Please.

Gerry presses the gun to Dume's head a little harder.

GERRY

I'm blowing his brains out, end of story. Get back in the car.

Ashley pleads him.

ASHLEY

Gerry! You know what happens when you pull that trigger? You'll be just like him. You'll change. I don't want you to change! Please, just put the gun down. There has to be some other way.

GERRY

Some other way?

ASHLEY

Yes.

Gerry thinks. He keeps his eyes on Dume, the barrel planted firmly on his skull. His finger starts to put some weight on the trigger.

ASHLEY

Don't drop to his level.

Gerry suddenly tucks the gun away.

GERRY

Fuck, fine.

He slams the trunk shut.

GERRY

Get back in the car.

INT. CHEVY (PARKED) - NIGHT

Gerry has his face buried in his hands. Ashley has an arm around him.

(CONTINUED)

GERRY

So there's another way? What's that? What could possibly be another way? He should fucking die.

ASHLEY

It's not right.

Gerry looks at her.

GERRY

You're telling me that you actually give a shit what happens to him?

ASHLEY

No. But I don't want you to kill him.

GERRY

You don't want me to kill him, is that what I heard you say? Did I hear you right?

ASHLEY

I don't want you to.

Gerry sighs. He tilts his head back, shuts his eyes. Sits in deep thought. Ashley watches him. After a long moment, he opens his eyes and looks forward.

GERRY

Okay. You don't want me to.

He pulls out his phone, goes down a list of numbers. Stops on one name: Stunna.

Ashley notices. Gerry looks at her. She doesn't take her eyes off the name. The suggestion is obvious.

Ashley looks out the window. She sighs. Her voice has no emotion.

ASHLEY

It comes naturally for him.

She doesn't say anything else.

Gerry clicks SEND.

INT. STUNNA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

It's totally dark. No lights at all. Stunna sleeps on a couch. He can't really be seen.

A cell phone rings. Stunna reaches in his pocket and checks the display: Gerry Langelli.

He answers.

STUNNA
(into phone)
Yeah, whatchya need?

GERRY (VO)
Yo, Stunna...what's up? You know
who this is, right?

STUNNA
(into phone)
Yeah, I do. Now I'll ask
again. What. Do. You. Need.

GERRY (VO)
You heard about Benny's daughter,
right?

STUNNA
(into phone)
Yeah.

GERRY (VO)
I need to see you.

STUNNA
(into phone)
What's up?

GERRY (VO)
I can't say it over the phone--

STUNNA
(into phone)
--then don't. Don't say a thing.

GERRY (VO)
Can you meet me?

STUNNA
(into phone)
Is it important?

(CONTINUED)

GERRY (VO)

Yeah.

STUNNA

(into phone)

It better be.

EXT. DEAD END - NIGHT

Gerry leans up against his trunk, an arm around Ashley. He's parked at a dead end right next to the woods. No houses are around.

There's a sound of foot steps. Gerry and Ashley look to their side and see a shadowy figure walking toward them.

GERRY

Stunna, that you?

Stunna steps in front of them. Darkness seems to follow this guy wherever he goes. Shadows always linger over his body. He's only seen from his back. There's never a glimpse of his face.

STUNNA

In the flesh. You got my money?

Gerry freezes. The money from the drug deal?

STUNNA

My two hundred dollars. You still owe me for all that coke I fronted you, remember?

GERRY

What if I could wipe the slate clean?

STUNNA

You better get on your knees and get windy with me. That'll clean your slate.

He chuckles.

GERRY

You find Dume yet?

STUNNA

I'm on that one like flies on shit.

(CONTINUED)

GERRY

What about Charlie Hustle? Any news on that?

Stunna answers after a beat.

STUNNA

You wearing a fucking wire, kid?

Noise comes from the trunk. Mumbling. Stunna cocks his head.

DUME (OS)

Let me outta here, you piece of shit. I'll fucking kill you!

STUNNA

Jesus. Who the fuck is that?

GERRY

The man you been looking for. The one who killed Cici and the piece of shit who popped your nephew.

DUME (OS)

Let me out, motherfuck!

More noise. Fists slam around.

STUNNA

You wanna explain to me why you have him in your fucking trunk.

GERRY

I'd rather not say.

Stunna looks at Ashley.

STUNNA

What's up, Ash?

ASHLEY

Hi.

STUNNA

What happened to you?

She doesn't answer him. Stunna looks at Gerry.

STUNNA

What happened to her? Looks like she's been through a tornado or something.

(CONTINUED)

GERRY

She's been through more than that...listen, we're leaving him here.

Gerry pulls the gun from his jeans and holds it out to Stunna. After a moment, he takes it.

STUNNA

Okay. But give me one good reason why I shouldn't clip you right now and leave you here with him.

Gerry tenses up. Ashley grabs his hand and squeezes tightly. She presses her body up against his.

STUNNA

And don't be a snake about it. Don't deny it. I know you took my money. Don't ask how. I have my sources.

ASHLEY

Please don't kill us.

STUNNA

I'm not gonna kill him, honey. And I'm not gonna kill you, either.

Gerry and Ashley relax a little. Stunna points to the trunk with the gun in his hand...his tone of voice sounds detached.

STUNNA

But I am gonna kill that cocksucker in there...go on, get outta here. Take the money, I don't care. I don't need it. I haven't needed the money since I took Archie's milk money in the third grade.

Gerry and Ashley stare at him in bewilderment. They can't believe that a stone cold gangster is going to let them leave with the money that they stole off of him.

STUNNA

Things are coming to a head. A lot of things are going down soon. Your pal, Charlie Hustle, my nephew, was a protected informant for the FBI. He was gonna sell us all out. Right down the fucking river.

(CONTINUED)

This is news to Ashley. Not so much so for Gerry, but he acts like it anyway.

STUNNA

I don't know what they have on you, Gerry, but I know they got enough shit on me to put me away for twelve lifetimes. You really wanna stick around to see what happens? It ain't gonna be no garden party. Go to a tropical island, just get the fuck outta this city. You'll have a new car tomorrow morning. I want you two outta town by tomorrow night. We clear?

Gerry nods, hands Stunna the keys. He keeps his arm around Ashley and walks off with her. Stunna, back still turned to us:

STUNNA

And Gerry.

Gerry stops.

STUNNA

Consider it a new slate.

Gerry stands there for a moment. The remark hits him hard. He walks away with Ashley.

Stunna is left by himself. Noise from the trunk.

Stunna just stands there, not making a sound. Gun in his hand. Dume's already dead. He just doesn't know it yet.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Gerry and Ashley walk side by side, holding hands.

Gerry reaches into his pocket and tosses the scrip over his shoulder.

The scrip hits the ground...rolls and rolls...until it finds its way into a sewer and disappears.

EXT. DEAD END - NIGHT

Stunna unlocks the trunk. Dume hears the dangling of keys and starts moving around inside furiously. Lots of noise.

DUME (OS)

You better not open this trunk,
fool. Cause I'm gonna fucking kill
you, then I'm gonna rape your
girlfriend, kill her, and rape her
again. You hear me? You hear
me?! Are you out there,
sweetheart?

Stunna rips the trunk open.

Dume is furious. Pissed--

DUME

Gonna fucking--

--then his whole facial expression changes. Absolute and total fear washes over his face.

DUME

Oh God, no.

Stunna raises the gun.

STUNNA

Sweetheart.

He UNLOADS a full clip into Dume's chest.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The gun shots are deafening. Gerry pulls Ashley close to him. They walk a little faster. Ashley shuts her eyes.

EXT. SLIM'S HOUSE - DAY

RIC FLAIR (VO)

But I gotta tell ya like this. For
the Hulk Hogans, and the Macho
Mans, and the Pipers and the Sids!

INT. SLIM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

ON THE TV: Ric Flair after winning the 1992 Royal Rumble.

RIC FLAIR (TV)
 Now it's Ric Flair and ya'll pay
 homage to the man! WOOO!!
 (laughs)
 I love it! I love it!

Nicky and Slim play a game of cards. Nicky grabs the remote and pushes a button.

A DVD is ejected from the TV.

A toilet flushes. Larry buckles his pants as he comes out of the bathroom. He struts to a seat Ric Flair-style.

LARRY
 I'm a limousine-ridin', jet-flyin',
 kiss-stealin', wheelin-dealin', son
 of a gun, whose kissed the girls
 worldwide and made 'em cry. WOOO!

Slim looks down at his hand. A full house.

Nicky looks at his hand. A straight flush. He looks back across at Slim with a blank expression.

Slim looks up at Nicky. He studies him hard, looks at his cards, and back at Nicky. He mumbles something.

Nicky tilts his head and tries to take note of the burble.

Slim flings his hand on the floor.

Larry and Nicky stretch to see Slim's cards. Two Jacks and an Ace. The other two cards lay face down.

Nicky puts his cards down on the table and slumps back with a heavy sigh. Slim pulls out a baggie of coke. Larry eyes it up.

LARRY
 Say, uh, Slim, whaddaya say letting
 me get a line?

Slim is no longer blank or robotic in his actions -- he flips out.

SLIM
 Let you get a line? You think this
 shit is cheap? Huh? Okay, I'll
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SLIM (cont'd)
give you a line. While I'm at it,
let me spread my ass and pull out
fifty bucks. So I can buy it for
ya too. Fuck.

LARRY
Okay. Jesus, shit. All I wanted
was some candy to make me
dandy. Forget I asked.

SLIM
No. You want a line? You can have
one.

LARRY
I said no.

SLIM
I'll give you one. Stop being a
bitch.

LARRY
You deaf? I said no. Forget it.

SLIM
Last chance, going once, going
twice.

LARRY
Okay! Gimme a fucking line.

Nicky bites on his lip. Hesitates.

NICKY
Break me out one too?

Slim shakes his head.

EXT. GERRY'S HOUSE - DAY

Gerry steps foot outside. He stops. Perplexed. There's a
shoddy car parked out front of his house.

GERRY
What the hell?

He walks over to it. Cautious. There's keys on the
driver's seat. Gerry opens the door and grabs them.

INT. GERRY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ashley gives GERRY'S MOM, 45, a big hug.

GERRY'S MOM
You two be careful now.

ASHLEY
We will.

GERRY'S MOM
Take care of my boy for me.

ASHLEY
I will.

GERRY'S MOM
Make sure he stays in line and out
of trouble.

Ashley laughs.

ASHLEY
I will, don't worry.

Gerry enters. Dangles the keys. Ashley looks at him.

GERRY
Like he said...

ASHLEY
Give me those keys. I'm taking it
for a spin around the block.

She yanks the keys out of his hand before he gets a word out. Gerry's face is puzzled.

GERRY
...but remember what happened when
you took my Chevy for a spin the
first time?

EXT. GERRY'S HOUSE - DAY

Ashley bounces outside. She stops when she sees the shitty car they have. Sighs and walks over to it anyway.

Gerry watches from the door.

Ashley gets in the car.

(CONTINUED)

GERRY
(to himself)
This isn't right. We're getting
outta here too easy.

INT. CAR (PARKED) - DAY

Ashley sticks a key in the ignition. She looks over at the passenger window, sees Gerry running at her.

Ashley's hand on the key in the ignition.

SLOW MO--she turns the key. Stares at Gerry. Confused.

The engine revs up loudly. Just as Gerry gets to the car door. He cringes...looks at Ashley. Relieved. He's watched THE GODFATHER too many times.

ASHLEY
What's wrong?

GERRY
...nothing. Take it for a spin.

EXT. SLIM'S HOUSE - DAY

Gerry parks in the driveway. He turns to Ashley.

GERRY
How do you think they'll handle it?

ASHLEY
We'll see in a few seconds.

A hand knocks on a door.

It opens: Slim.

He stares at Gerry and Ashley.

SLIM
Sup.

Gerry and Ashley walk

INSIDE

Slim shuts the door and sits back down.

Nicky smiles at Ashley.

(CONTINUED)

NICKY

Hey, Ashley, how you doing?

Ashley smiles back.

ASHLEY

I'm okay. Thanks for asking. How you holding up, Slim?

Slim shrugs.

SLIM

Eh, best I can...

GERRY

What are you guys up to?

LARRY

Nothing, like shit, you know, as per-fucking-usual. What about you two?

Gerry puts an arm around Ashley.

GERRY

Me and Ashley are leaving Philly and settling down some where.

Blank, glassy eyes stare back at them.

GERRY

It ain't no joke, we're going today.

LARRY

Where you going?

GERRY

Well, we don't know yet. I guess you could call it a, uh...

Ashley cheerily chirps up.

ASHLEY

A road trip.

The others exchange glances with each other. Slim speaks with a deadpan voice.

SLIM

I could move to Wyoming and start a farm.

(CONTINUED)

NICKY
So you can fuck and pluck chickens
all night long?

Nicky and Larry snicker.

Slim throws the remote at Nicky.

GERRY
We're serious about it. Soon as we
leave here, we're gone.

They stop and stare at him.

SLIM
You serious, ain't ya?

Gerry nods.

SLIM
You ain't getting off that easy. I
need smokes. And we're taking your
car and having a road trip up to
the gas station to get 'em.

GERRY
Okay.

SLIM
But first I gotta take a piss.

Slim walks to the bathroom.

Gerry turns to Ashley.

GERRY
I gotta drain the lizard too. I'll
be right back.

ASHLEY
Okay.

He walks upstairs.

Ashley is left with Nicky and Larry.

They smile at her.

LARRY
Road trip, huh?

ASHLEY

Yeah.

BATHROOM

Slim bangs a line of coke off the sink.

SLIM

If God created anything better than
cocaine, he definitely kept that
shit for his self.

LIVING ROOM

Gerry comes down from upstairs.

GERRY

Okay, let's rock-and-roll.

INT. CAR (MOVING) - DAY

They drive in silence.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Gerry walks in, orders smokes, and walks out.

INT. CAR (MOVING) - DAY

They drive in silence...

GERRY

So, where do you guys want me to
drop you off at?

NICKY

Courts.

EXT. BASKETBALL COURTS - DAY

Gerry parks along the courts.

GERRY

Well, here ya go, fellas.

Larry pulls out a box of blunts.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

Um, you guys mind if we roll up in here? It's windy as hell out.

GERRY

Sure, I don't care.

Ashley's cell phone rings. She checks the display.

ASHLEY

I'll be back. My mom's calling.

Ashley gives Gerry a hug, slides out the car, answers her phone call.

Gerry switches the radio on. A distinctive guitar riff blasts loudly.

LARRY

Crank this jawn up, man.

(sings song)

Do-do-do-do-do-do...it's getting near dark when lights close their tired eyes...

Gerry turns the volume up full blast. He looks into the rear-view mirror.

Larry dumps the blunt guts out the window.

Slim breaks up weed.

Gerry gets out of the car, walks up behind Ashley. He waits patiently as she talks on the phone.

ASHLEY

(into phone)

Yeah, we have everything, Mom. All our stuff is packed...

EXT. STREET - DAY

A 1959 Cadillac El Dorado with tinted windows leisurely rolls along.

INT. CAR (PARKED) - DAY

Larry rolls a blunt.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

You know...the first five minutes of a human being's life are the most dangerous. The last five are pretty risky too.

Nicky and Slim don't respond. Larry continues to roll.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The Cadillac pulls up next to Gerry's car. Two hooded FIGURES with hats, glasses, and scarfs on, get out.

Ashley finally gets off the phone. Gerry smiles.

GERRY

What did she want?

ASHLEY

Well, nothing really. Just to make sure we have everything.

GERRY

We do.

ASHLEY

Then bounce them outta that car.

(laughs)

I wanna sit under a palm tree and sip on my pina coladas...

THE SCENE SLOWS DOWN.

Ashley continues to talk, but her dialogue isn't heard.

Blood splatters on her face. She stops in the middle of what she's saying. Eyes go wide. Terror on her face.

SCENE SPEEDS UP.

One of the hooded figures has a gun out. Fires.

A bullet hits Gerry in the back. Pain and shock on his face. He bear hugs Ashley. Conceals her the best he can.

The hooded figure fires off two more shots. One hits Gerry in the shoulder. He goes limp, but still holds onto Ashley. They fall to the ground.

The other hooded figure has an AK-47 out. Opens fire on the entire car. Gives the others no chance at all.

(CONTINUED)

The person that shot Gerry removes his hood and glasses. It's Busta. He surveys the scene. Satisfied, he gets back in the Cadillac. So does the other shooter. They floor it out of there.

Ashley cradles Gerry back and forth in her arms. She cries, can't believe this happened. Her tears flow like a river. She throws her head back and lets out an agonizing scream which is MOS.

INT. AMBULANCE (MOVING) - DAY

Loud sirens. Speeding like a bat out of hell. Ashley sits in the back with Gerry. She holds his hand, squeezes hard. Gerry's weary eyes stare back up at her. He squeezes back.

BLACK.

Laughter.

SLIM (VO)

And that's the end of the ball game.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

It's snowing lightly. The ground is covered in white.

GERRY, 18, and ASHLEY, 17, sit on steps out front of Slim's house.

SLIM, 18, sits on a beach chair and sips on a beer. He keeps an eye on NICKY, 18.

SLIM

You throw another and that's the end of the ball game, brotha.

A SNOWBALL FLIES PAST SLIM'S FACE!

SLIM

Chill wit that shit.

LARRY, 18, leans on a car.

Nicky throws another snowball at Slim and misses.

SLIM

Stop it, I'm trying to drink.

(CONTINUED)

GERRY
Get 'im, Nicky.

Nicky throws another and misses, makes another, throws it, misses. Slim dodges each shot.

SLIM
You throw another, I'm dumping this
beer all over ya.

NICKY
You ain't dumping shit.

Larry collects snow and makes some ammo.

Realizing a set up, Slim hops to his feet, sets his cup down, grabs some snow and makes his own ammunition.

SLIM
Go a head, I dare ya.

Larry does an impression of Scarface--dead on the money.

LARRY
Gonna eatchu for breakfast and shut
you down, you fuck. I take you to
fucking Hell. Say hello to my
little friends!

Larry unloads from his pockets.

Slim ducks and sidesteps each one. He moves forward and hurls everything he has.

Nicky takes cover behind a van.

Slim heads for Larry, who runs across the street.

SLIM
You want some, huh? You want some?

THWACK! Slim is hit from behind, turns, and sees Gerry grinning slyly.

SLIM
Oh, you wanna get it?

He rushes for him.

Gerry jumps to his feet and runs down a driveway.

Ashley quickly makes a snowball of her own. She takes position.

ASHLEY

Slim, don't even think about it.

Slim turns to face her.

ASHLEY

I got a mean arm like Chet
Steadman.

SLIM

Okay, go ahead and throw it,
Rocket. I don't care if you a
girl--

THWACK! He's plastered with white all over his face. He spits snow out of his mouth.

SLIM

Of course, you know this means war.

Ashley laughs and scurries away. Slim stalks after her.

ASHLEY

Ahh! Gerry! Get him!

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Larry stoops behind a car and flings snowballs.

Gerry gathers rocks and merges it with snow, heaves them hard at Nicky and connects with his shoulders.

Ashley creeps up behind Slim, who's creeping up on Larry and chucks a series of snowballs at his back.

Nicky and Larry exchange fire from across the street and come damn close to hitting each other.

Gerry and Ashley mold a bunch of snowballs off someone's driveway.

Slim seizes a shovel, gathers massive amounts of snow and heads toward them.

Larry loses his balance and Nicky gets the upper hand, jumps on top of him and white washes his face.

Slim gets to Gerry and Ashley, Gerry notices the shovel at the last second. Slim lobs it with all his strength, Gerry ducks and it piles all over Ashley.

They all chase Slim and light up his back with a torrent of snowballs.

(CONTINUED)

The war over--they sit on Slim's steps, wet with snow, laughing and joking with each other.

ASHLEY

Before the night's over, I wanna
get a picture of this.

Benny lumbers down the street, clearly drunk.

GERRY

I don't like that picture shit, yo,
don't put it on your Myspace.

ASHLEY

(to Benny)

Could you take a picture of us?

She hands him a camera.

BENNY

Sure.

They stand next to each other and put their arms around one another.

ON BENNY

BENNY

Everybody say cheese.

LARRY (OS)

I ain't fucking saying cheese, you
goddamn fuckstick.

Benny takes the picture and FLASHES the screen white.

The photo FADES UP over white: Gerry, Ashley, Slim, Nicky and Larry, cups of beer in hand. All smiling. Same exact photo seen earlier in Slim's house.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BASKETBALL COURTS - DAY (PRESENT)

A trash can stands at the end of the courts, a newspaper at the top of the heap, the headline reads: "THREE GANG MEMBERS DIE IN BLOODY SHOOT OUT WITH COPS!"

As a gust of wind blows it away, a van pulls up along the courts. Ashley is behind the wheel. Gerry rides shotgun, his arm in a sling.

Gerry stares at the courts: vacant, not a single soul.

(CONTINUED)

He shuts his eyes...and sees:

Needles. Shot glasses and bottles of beer. Lines of coke and a variety of pills laying around it.

He opens his eyes and murmurs something low to himself.

GERRY

See ya when the clouds come home.

He digs in his pocket, pulls out a fresh pack of cigarettes, hands it to Ashley. She launches it out the window.

The pack lands in the middle of the courts.

Gerry manages half a smile.

INT. VAN (PARKED) - DAY

He turns to Ashley and puts a hand on her stomach.

GERRY

So where do you guys wanna go?

ASHLEY

Far, far away from here.

GERRY

Case closed, suitcase filled with clothes...

Suitcases lie in the back.

GERRY

...we going to Cali, strictly for the weather.

They hold hands.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The van drives up the block, turns, and is out of sight.

Rising up and up into the sky.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BIG HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

SUPER: "California, 6 years later"

Gerry, 26, with eyes that have seen everything at least once, reclines back on a beach chair in tropical clothes.

Ashley, 25, fully matured, and beautiful as ever, walks over in a bikini with a pina colada and glass of chocolate milk.

ASHLEY

Here ya go, baby.

She hands him the chocolate milk and sits next to him.

GERRY

Thanks.

He sips the chocolate milk, puts it aside and reaches into his shirt pocket for a cigar--a Churchill. He lights it and lets it linger with each puff.

ASHLEY

Watch yourself around the pool now,
Maria.

MARIA, 6, with a striking image of her mother's face, fills up a Hornet water gun by the in-ground pool.

MARIA

Daddy, look what I can do.

GERRY

I'm hoping it's not what I think
you're gonna do.

Maria smiles devilishly. She zaps Gerry right in the face.

Ashley holds her stomach and snorts with laughter.

ASHLEY

Maria, that's not nice!

Gerry sits there, cigar out, as water drips down his face.

Maria zaps him one more time for good measure. She laughs with her mom.

Gerry, in his best Dirty Harry voice:

GERRY

You're out of water. And you know
what that means...

(CONTINUED)

He reaches into his shorts and rips out a mini water pistol.

Maria takes off. Gerry gives chase and squirts after her.

Maria runs away into the house.

Gerry chuckles and tosses the water pistol away. He walks to the head of the pool and smiles...happy at last, finally where he wants to be.

And he's PROPELLED into the pool! Gerry comes to the surface and looks up to see Ashley laughing.

GERRY

Oh, you wanna play games,
huh? I'll play--

She dives into the pool before he can finish.

Gerry watches her swim under the water toward him. She comes up right in front of his face.

Their eyes lock. They kiss.

EXT. BASKETBALL COURTS - DAY

The old neighborhood in Philly. It's a beautiful, hot summer day. A big hard sun blazing in the sky. Classic rock blasts from a boom box that sits on the side.

Nicky, Slim and Larry shoot some hoops, all decked out in white tees, shorts, and kicks.

Larry spots a fresh pack of smokes laying at his feet. He snags it up and pulls out a cigarette.

They laugh and jokingly talk smack to each other. It's total bliss.

And slowly, the scene turns into a grainy sepia tone.

Larry sparks his cigarette as Nicky leaps into the air with the ball in one hand and dunks. They take turns with the ball.

This goes on for a minute, til they begin to gradually fade bit by bit, their figures starting to disappear.

And just like that, they are gone. Forever.

FADE OUT.