

Banger'z

Inspired by some true events

Bernard Mersier

"Don't pick up a flag disrespecting the ones who'll die for the set knowing you won't."

Bernard Mersier

BLACK SCREEN:

BLOOD #1 (V.O.)
Blast that muthafuckin` crab, Blood!

Loud gunshots, screams, and squealing tires follow behind the deep voice heard.

FADE IN:

EXT. KETTERING HIGH SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

Students are fleeing from the shootout.

Cars are speeding off.

Police officers are coming out of the building...it's complete chaos.

SUPERIMPOSE: DETROIT, MI 1997

ANGLE ON--

CRYSTAL on her knees bawling, surrounded by students.

Her screams leave haunting chills as the tears flow down her smooth dark skin.

Something other than the shootout caused pain in her life she'll never recover from.

CLOSE UP - CHRIS FACE

He's lying on his back.

His strawberry-blond hair is radiating from the sun with no regrets shown on his face.

Seeming at peace he closes his eyes, and a tear rolls down his light brown skin over the beauty mole on his left cheek.

The ruckus continues.

SLOWLY FADE TO BLACK:

BLACK SCREEN:

CHRIS (V.O.)
 Living in Detroit...these streets tell
 stories only the selected would
 understand.

EXT. DETROIT - EVERYWHERE - DAY INTO NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: 4 WEEKS EARLIER

The sun assists the illusion of this being a peaceful city.

But as day turns to night, cars flood the streets with loud music, and various random acts of violence are seen.

Now you see why Detroit is labeled "The murder mitten".

CHRIS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 We all know red represents "Bloods"
 and blue represents "Crips". But just
 because you know this, it doesn't mean
 pick up a flag. You need to know your
 lit, the colors your allies and
 enemies wear and a whole bunch of
 other shit. But...that's not what this
 is about. This is a story about
 family, which can be relatable from a
 gang point of view. If you don't have
 loyalty at home...how can you join a
 set?

We come up on an empty street.

Headlights are seen before the car comes on the scene.

ANGLE ON--

The blue old-school Monte Carlo with black tinted windows,
 twenty-four inch tires and chrome spokes.

As it cruises down "Schoolcraft" we see Blood graffiti
 covering the buildings, abandoned houses and street signs.
 "East side rip rider" a "Crip" song is heard coming from
 inside the car.

EXT. /INT. CLIP'S CAR - {MOVING} - CONTINUOUS

The car is smoked out. With a Newport hanging from his
 mouth...CLIP grips the steering wheel as if it's the throat
 of someone he has beef with.

The royal blue Dickies he's wearing stand out because of his

dark skin.

Hate oozes from his bloodshot eyes looking around the area.

Chris is leaning back in the passenger seat with his eyes closed.

Ashes from the blunt they were smoking reside on his T-Shirt.

CLIP

I can't Believe my nigga gone!

Chris sits up annoyed looking at Clip.

CHRIS

What?

Clip puts the cigarette out turning the music down.

CLIP

Light that shit up.

Chris grabs the half smoked blunt next to the cigarettes from the ashtray placing it in his mouth lighting it.

He takes a hard pull exhaling a thick cloud, inhaling it up his nose.

CLIP (CONT'D)

A few days ago...my cuz was murdered
in front of his moms.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRE'S MOTHER HOUSE - NIGHT {THREE DAYS AGO}

With faint gunfire being heard, a white Cadillac pulls up in front of the house with rotted stairs, plastic chairs on the porch and gravel covering the front lawn instead of grass.

This isn't much but it's home, considering she lives on East Van dyke which most consider the ghetto.

The music we get a brief moment of hearing ends when the engine goes off.

The driver door opens, and out comes DRE, early-twenties, brown skin.

His wife beater is young, clinching tight on his massive chest.

Looking around the hood as if he owns it, we see a blunt behind his right ear.

Rubbing his hand across his bald-head, he takes the blunt from his ear placing it in his mouth lighting it.

Enjoying the blunt, he takes a seat on the hood with no worries.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BRANDON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

FOUR SHOT - THREE BLOODS AND BRANDON

Shit talking circulates throughout the smoked out car. Everybody is draped in red.

Sitting behind the passenger seat looking like he just got initiated into a set with bruises tattooing his high yellow skin drinking "Seagram's" from the bottle is BRANDON, seventeen-years-old.

Passing the bottle, he picks up the Mack ten on his lap slamming the clip in, staring at Dre anxious to kill him, because Dre is the one who beat his ass.

Mack ten locked and loaded, placing it down, he pulls out a bright red bandanna wrapping it around his face.

BRANDON

Ride up on that nigga, blood.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. DRE'S MOTHER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Mellowed out, Dre takes his keys out heading towards the porch.

Approaching the steps he hears a car speeding, but that's typical.

The sound of brakes being slammed hard draws his full attention turning around, but it's too little too late.

Brandon is hanging out the back window of the black Honda with red rims opening fire on Dre.

The bullets ring out through the night ripping through Dre's body spinning him around, turning his once white wife beater

red, before he hits the ground dead.

DRE'S MOTHER comes rushing out the house in her robe seeing Brandon, hearing the shit talking.

Looking down seeing Dre's dead body brings forth the tears, falling down holding him in her arms.

DRE'S MOTHER

Lord, wake my baby up! It's not his time, Lord!

BRANDON

Crab ass niggas die young, bitch!

The car speeds off, and Dre's mother cries are still heard.

COME BACK TO:

INT. CLIP'S CAR - {MOVING} - CONTINUOUS

Understanding why Clip is pissed, Chris takes a calm pull from his cigarette.

CHRIS

That's fucked up. How long have you been Crippin`?

CLIP

Since day one.

CHRIS

No, seriously. How long?

CLIP

I Ceen Crippin` from day one, nigga. Anything else you wanna know, you gotta Ce down! You wanna Ce down, cuz?

CHRIS

I'm straight.

CLIP

Why?

CHRIS

Because if I was a blood or a Crip, I'd still---

CLIP

You mean slob?

CHRIS
I'd just be another statistic.

CLIP
You gotta die one day, cuz. If the
streets or these hoes don't kill you,
cancer will.

Disregarding his own words, Clip puts a cigarette in his
mouth, lighting it with a smile.

CHRIS
When I die it'll be from old age.

CLIP
Whatever nigga.

Chris looks out the window noticing the "Schoolcraft" street
sign, wondering why they're on the West Side.

CHRIS
Why are we west?

Clip takes a pull with a wicked smile.

CLIP
One of my lil C's got word Cack the
nigga who pulled that hoe shit Ce
hanging around here.

Chris high is instantly blown.

CHRIS
What the fuck? Man, let me out if
you're about to be on some bullshit.

CLIP
Chill out, cuz.

Coming up on a liquor store on a street filled with mainly
abandoned or burnt down houses, Clip spots Brandon's car in
the parking lot.

CHRIS
Man, don't have me caught up in no---

Clip slams down on the breaks, pulling over across the
street.

Reaching under his seat, Clip grabs a chrome Desert eagle
placing it on his lap before pulling out a royal blue

bandanna wrapping it around his face.

Chris stares at him with a look saying "You can't be serious right now?"

CHRIS (CONT'D)
...Straight up?

CLIP
When I get out, slide over in the driver seat.

CHRIS
Clip, man---

Clip looks at Chris like he's ready to beat his ass.

CLIP
Shut the fuck up, cuz. Get in the driver seat when I get out, and wait till get Cack.

Clip gets out placing the gun under his shirt making his way across the street to the store.

Chris slides over in the driver seat watching, wishing he would've stayed his ass at home.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. INSIDE THE STORE - CONTINUOUS

Bootleg shirts and hats are hanging behind the bulletproof window.

Cheap old candy is on the counter, and the aisles are filled with chips and condiments.

Yup...this is definitely a one-stop-shop, damn near having everything you need.

Brandon is standing at the counter flamed up bullshitting with the STORE OWNER.

Brandon notices the expression on the store owner's face saying "You better look quick or you'll get fucked up."

Turning in the nick of time avoiding the punch, Brandon throws a punch of his own and the fight breaks out.

They go blow for blow, until Brandon hits Clip with a hard

right staggering him back allowing him to dash for the door.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. /INT. OUTSIDE THE STORE - CONTINUOUS

Brandon flies out the store hauling ass, and here comes Clip Desert eagle in hand firing hitting Brandon in the back dropping him before he can reach the car.

Clip runs over kicking him in the face, watching him roll around in pain.

Possibly suffering a broken nose and a bullet wound, it's safe to say Brandon is fucked.

The best thing Brandon can do in this situation is laugh.

BRANDON
Fuck you, crab!

BANG!!! One gun shot splatters Brandon brains on the pavement, followed with four more in his chest.

CLOSE UP - CHRIS FACE

There's a possibility Chris pissed on himself how shook he looks watching Clip running back to the car.

Before Clip can get in good closing the door, Chris is pulling off down the street.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. / INT. INSIDE CLIP'S CAR (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

With no experience behind the wheel, Chris does a damn good job petrified seeing someone murdered in front of him, and the killer is beside him.

CHRIS
What the fuck is wrong with you?!

Clip takes the bandanna off, and there's some blood coming from his lip and nose, but he doesn't care, reaching for a cigarette in the ashtray.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Say something, nigga!

Clip lights his cigarette, taking a pull.

CLIP
Hit the crib.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLIP'S MOTHER HOUSE - NIGHT

We're back on the East Side in front of Clip's mother two family-flat with rose bushes around the house.

The Monte Carlo pulls up coming to a stop.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. /INT. INSIDE CLIP'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Chris is registering the fact he knew his friend was crazy, but he didn't know it was this bad.

CHRIS
What the fuck is wrong with you?

Clip laughs taking the keys from the ignition before getting out.

With no other option but to roll with the punches, Chris gets out.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. /INT. INSIDE CLIP'S MOTHER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Luckily for Clip his mother owns the house letting him live in the downstairs part because it's a mess.

It looks like non-stop house parties go on from the empty beer bottles scattered around.

Bags of weed and Swishers are on the table.

A video game on pause is seen on the television resting inside the entertainment system.

Clip stares at the bloodstains on his shirt pissed off because he has to throw it away.

Chris walks in moving a pile of clothes from the love-seat on the floor.

CLIP
This nigga Flood on my shit.

Disgusted, but quickly getting over it, he turns his attention to Chris.

CLIP (CONT'D)
Cuz, you want a cold one?

Questioning Clip about his actions would be pointless, so Chris stares letting his eyes explain how he's feeling.

CHRIS
...Yeah.

Clip laughs, taking his shirt off before heading to the kitchen.

We can hear the refrigerator open, and bottles clinking.

Chris sits back with his eyes closed going through anxiety.

Clip comes back holding two forty ounce bottles of "ST IDES" laughing.

Opening his eyes annoyed, he snatches the beer from his hand.

Clip laughs, opening his beer taking a seat on the couch picking up the blunt from the ashtray.

CLIP
Loosen the fuck up, cuz.

CHRIS
Loosen up? You just killed a nigga.

CLIP
Why are you trippin`?
(Swig)
Let me call my nigga up.

Clip pulls out a flip phone calling Mike, placing the phone to his ear.

Lighting up the blunt taking a pull, Mike answers on the other end.

Mike has a cool collected voice, but it sounds like Clip caught him while he was smoking.

MIKE (V.O.)
What up, cuz?

CLIP
What's crackin`, nigga?

MIKE (V.O.)
That five all day.

CLIP
I caught that slob slippin` tonight.

MIKE (V.O.)
Was he cryin`?

CLIP
(Swig)
Believe it or not, the hoe ass nigga
was Ceing hard.

MIKE (V.O.)
Word? You caught him solo?

CLIP
Nah, me and Chris was out smokin` and
I said fuck it, let me go find these
niggas.

MIKE (V.O.)
Chris?

CLIP
(Takes a pull)
Yup.

MIKE (V.O.)
I know he was acting a fool.

CLIP
Nigga, yes.

CHRIS
Clip, come the fuck on!

MIKE (V.O.)
(Laughs)
That nigga must still Ce in shock.

CLIP
Let me get this nigga to the crib.

MIKE (V.O.)
Come over after you drop him off.

CLIP
No doubt. C's up, cuz.

Hanging up grabbing the white T-shirt next to him, Clip stands up taking a swig throwing the shirt over his shoulder.

CLIP
Let's go Cefore you have a heart
attack or some shit.

CHRIS
(Swig)
Fuck you.

Clip laughs walking out the house taking a pull from the blunt.

Taking one last good gulp from the beer, Chris stands up walking to the door turning the lights off.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHRIS MOTHER HOUSE - NIGHT

Chris block is quiet. All of the houses on the block have porch lights on.

As grimy as the East side is, there are some neighborhoods that's wholesome.

The Monte Carlo is sitting in front of the brick house with red and white awnings over the windows.

The front yard could use a cut, but at least she has grass.

His mother's black Grand Am is resting in the driveway in need of a car wash.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. /INT. INSIDE CLIP'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Chris is blanked out.

It doesn't matter he made it home safe, he's still dwelling on the shooting.

Clip is shaking his arm with a blunt hanging from his mouth aggravated.

CLIP
You good, cuz?

CHRIS
Fuck no.

Taking a hard pull, Clip snatches the blunt from his mouth looking at Chris blowing the smoke in his face.

CLIP
I don't give a fuck! Them bitch ass mutts didn't give a fuck about my nigga!

Chris turns to look at him.

CHRIS
Killing niggas is how you solve shit?

CLIP
Soon as you get out of those books and look at society you'll see shit clearer.

Chris gets out, closing the door behind him walking over to the driver door giving Clip a play.

CHRIS
What'cha about to get into?

CLIP
Hit cuz house for a few drinks, smoke and pass out.

CHRIS
I'll see you in school.

CLIP
Holla.

Chris steps back watching Clip drive off down the block.

Sighing deep, he makes his way up the driveway.

NEIGHBOR NEXT DOOR (O.S.)
What up, C?

Chris looks over next door.

CHRIS
What up doe?

He gets to the side door pulling his keys out, placing the key in the door unlocking it, walking in.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. /INT. INSIDE CHRIS MOTHER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

It's not that many, but the few dishes in the sink could be washed and placed in the rack on the sink.

The refrigerator has a religious calendar on it and various magnets, but it matches perfectly with the black microwave and stove.

The wooden table with three chairs around it has some old open mail resting on it, which are more than likely paid bills.

CHRIS MOTHER has that face letting you know she doesn't play games, standing by the microwave tapping her foot warming her food.

Chris comes up from the basement into the kitchen looking over at his mother seeing something has her panties in a bunch, so he makes his conversation short and simple.

CHRIS

What up, ma?

CHRIS MOTHER

Shit. Mad as hell about these shitty hours.

CHRIS

Where's Tasha?

CHRIS MOTHER

In her room, running up the goddamn phone bill.

CHRIS

Okay.

She looks at him knowing something is wrong because his face looks flushed.

CHRIS MOTHER

Anything you care to share?

CHRIS

I'm good.

CHRIS MOTHER

Yeah, okay. You better be careful.

He laughs walking out the kitchen.

He comes into the tranquil living room where the stairs leading upstairs are located.

Pictures of him and his sister Tasha are on the walls surrounding the mini mirrors formed together making squares and triangles.

A long brown sofa is up against the wall, and to the side of it is a coffee table with a plant on it.

To the right is where the floor model old-school television is sitting with a VCR on top.

Angled in the corners to watch television comfortably are two love seats, and another sofa up against the window.

Walking upstairs, to the right is his mother's closed bedroom door and the bathroom.

Almost directly in front of him is his closed bedroom door, and at the end of the small hall is his sister Tasha's closed bedroom door.

Approaching the door we can hear something playing on television.

Grabbing the knob opening the door, his face is screwed up from what he sees.

CHRIS

What the fuck?

CHRIS POV

The question was asked because her room was once all-white with boy posters on the wall...basically a room for a fifteen-year-old girl. But now...it's painted all-red.

TASHA is laid across the bed in some shorts and a shirt talking on the cordless house phone.

Because she's high yellow with natural long hair, she thinks she's the shit.

Rolling her eyes placing the phone down, she gets up from the bed walking towards him placing her hands on her hips.

TASHA
You are not daddy.

CHRIS
What did you do?

TASHA
What? I asked mama if she could have
the room painted red.

Feeling she doesn't have to explain herself, she tries
pushing him out the door, but it fails.

CHRIS
Why?

TASHA
Because red is my favorite color.

CHRIS
Don't get fucked up.

Her sassy ass smacks her lips, rolling her eyes.

TASHA
Boy, get on.

He turns his back and she tries closing the door, but he
turns back around pushing the door open.

Bothered with him not letting her return to her phone call,
she sighs deep.

CHRIS
Who are you on the phone with?

TASHA
That's none of your business. But if
you must know, I'm talking to Tony.

CHRIS
Tony, who?

TASHA
Tony Jones.

CHRIS
The nigga I got class with?

TASHA
What's your point?

CHRIS
End that weak shit right now.

TASHA
And I'm supposed to listen to you,
because?

CHRIS
Don't do it and find out.

TASHA
Oh my God, whatever, Chris.

He walks away.

Gathering her thoughts as if she was in a big argument, she walks back to the bed sitting down taking a deep breath before picking up the phone.

TASHA
Hello?

TONY (V.O.)
Is Chris a crab?

TASHA
Who gives a fuck what he is? That's
not why we're on the phone.

TONY (V.O.)
(Laughs)
You got that don't give a fuck
attitude.

TASHA
Anyways. What are you doing?

TONY (V.O.)
Shit, watching the news.

TASHA
(Laughs)
You actually watch the news?

TONY (V.O.)
I keep up with...oh shit! Hurry up and
turn to channel two!

She grabs her remote, turning to the news.

On the screen, police have the store where Brandon was killed

yellow taped off.

REPORTER

(Into the camera)

I'm reporting live from Schoolcraft, where the store you see behind me is where seventeen-year-old Brandon Link was found gunned down. There were no witnesses to what police are calling a gang related shooting, but the store owner had this to say.

The screen goes to the Store owner standing by a squad car shivering, doing his best to not make eye contact with the camera.

STORE OWNER

This neighborhood is crazy. These kids out here are vicious. They tore up my store before they took it outside. Next thing I know, I heard the shots.

The camera goes back to the Reporter looking into the camera.

REPORTER

The owner was taken in for more questioning.

She turns the television off.

TONY (V.O.)

(Sobbing)

That shit happened a few blocks from here.

TASHA

Baby, let me call you back.

His sobs are the only thing coming from his end.

She hangs up sitting there for a moment.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The tiles are mint green, not a very good color, and a white bath towel is on the toilet.

Chris is in the tub with a towel over his face leaning back against the tub relaxing.

Tasha storms in, and he quickly sits up taking the towel off.

TASHA

Chris!

CHRIS

What?! What's going on?

TASHA

You know that boy, Brandon Link?

CHRIS

What about him?

TASHA

Somebody killed him tonight.

Chris wipes the water from his face, leaning back against the tub.

CHRIS

Well?

TASHA

Tony is pissed.

The expression on his face shows he doesn't care.

CHRIS

That's nice.

She folds her arms across her chest with wonderment in her eyes.

TASHA

I wonder who did it.

CHRIS

Why?

From wonderment to instant attitude, she drops her arms staring at him.

TASHA

You don't give a fuck?

Chris closes his eyes, placing the towel over his face.

CHRIS

I don't.

She walks out slamming the door behind her.

Taking the towel from his face, he knows he played it cool, but hearing about what he witnessed personally is haunting him.

CUT TO:

INT. CLIP'S CAR - {MOVING} - NIGHT

Still out on the hunt, Clip and Mike cruise around Puritan looking for some more Bloods they can catch slipping.

Clip has a blunt hanging from his mouth, nodding his head to the music playing low.

MIKE, light brown skin with a low fade is wearing a blue flannel shirt and jeans sitting in the passenger seat taking a sip from his "MILLER GENUINE DRAFT" forty-ounce.

CLIP

You think it's some more niggas out here slippin`?

MIKE

Slobs stay slippin`, cuz.

CLIP

I want the ones involved with killing our nigga.

Mike takes a swig from his beer, shrugging his shoulders.

MIKE

A slob is a slob, cuz. They all deserve to die.

Clip nods in agreement, taking a pull from the blunt.

CLIP

True.

Mike drinks the last of the forty looking at the suds in the bottle.

MIKE

Hit up a store.

Resting on the corner of Puritan there's a liquor store. The streetlight is going dim, but we can see the gang tags.

Standing around the store are BLOOD #2, BLOOD #3 and BLOOD #4, all seventeen years-old wearing various red outfits.

Clip comes down the street staring the group down taking a pull from the blunt, as they stare back at the car.

BLOOD #2

What the fuck is wrong that nigga?

BLOOD #4

Don't sweat that shit. Niggas know how we get down on "P.A.".

BLOOD #3

Soft ass niggas, blood.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CLIP'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

They're parked in front of an abandoned house with the engine still running.

Clip takes a hard pull from the blunt, before passing it to Mike.

CLIP

Cuz, you see those slobs?

MIKE

Let's get them niggas.

CLIP

Oh, we are.

Mike gets ready to pull out his bandanna, and Clip stops him.

MIKE

What's up?

CLIP

Just hold tight.

Clip laughs, reaching under the seat grabbing the Desert eagle.

CLIP (CONT'D)

Give me three minutes.

Clip gets out of the car.

Mike looks confused, taking another hit from the blunt.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. THE CORNER - CONTINUOUS

The three are still laughing and talking.

Blood #3 sees Clip making his way towards them gaining everybody's attention.

Clip walks around them trying to go in the store, and Blood #3 places his hand on his shoulder making him stop.

BLOOD #3
Ain't you that nigga that was just
mean muggin`?

Blood #2 steps to the left of Clip, and Blood #4 steps to the right.

Clip puts his hands up as if he's scared, taking a step back so he can see when Mike gets out of the car.

CLIP
Shit, no disrespect, blood. I'm new
around here.

Blood #2 cracks his knuckles, staring at him, waiting for somebody to swing.

BLOOD #4
Get yo weak ass from round here,
blood.

CLIP
(To Blood# 4)
Blood, all I want---

BLOOD #3
What's yo set blood?

BLOOD #2
Fuck this nigga! Fire on his ass!

CLIP
5.19.3.

BLOOD #3
5.19.3.? What's that?

CLIP'S POV

Mike is making his way down to the store.

CLIP

You don't know ya numbers, blood?

Blood #2 swings on Clip hitting him on the jaw making his head turn, stepping back.

Blood #3 and Blood #4 laugh, while Blood #3 holds Blood #2 back.

BLOOD #2

Bitch ass nigga, do something!

Holding his jaw not because of the pain, but from knowing what's about to happen, Clip looks at them smiling.

CLIP

Goddamn, Blood. 5.19.3 means---

MIKE (O.S.)

East side Crip fa life, bitch!

They all turn around, and Clip ducks to the ground as Mike opens fire with his "Glock .40".

Blood #4 catches one in the stomach, and the other two take off running.

Clip gets to his feet pulling out the Desert eagle chasing after them shooting.

Blood #3 falls dead from getting hit, and Blood #2 hits a tight corner taking off.

Clip stops running, turning around heading back to the store.

Mike is standing over Blood #4 looking down at him spitting up blood, moaning, holding his stomach.

Clip makes his way back to the two looking down at Blood #4.

CLIP

Fake ass slob.

Clip lets off a round hitting Blood #4 in the head.

Clip and Mike take off down the street heading back to the car.

INT. HOMEROOM - MORNING

The room is filled with gossip from female students, and random freestyles from the males huddled up in the corner.

Sitting at the back of the class are FOUR boys in all-red, and TONY.

He's dark skin with a small Afro wearing a red Detroit shirt and jeans.

Chris comes into the class taking a seat up front placing his books down, turning to the left where Brandon would be sitting.

The bell rings, and in walks TEACHER #1 with a briefcase taking a seat behind his desk.

The room slowly settles down.

PRINCIPAL (V.O.)

(Over the intercom)

Good morning. As you all know, we lost one of our students last night. Young people, we have to put an end to this senseless violence. Learn to work with one another, instead of always against each other. Right now, I would like a moment of silence.

Anguish is in Tony's eyes sucking his teeth, feeling the pain of losing his friend.

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

Thank you. Carry on with your day and keep in mind instead of violence, bond with each other making a positive impact.

The class is silent.

Chris looks over at Brandon's desk with his eyes thinking back on the murder, hearing the shots fired in his head, doing his best blocking out the image.

TEACHER #1

Okay class. Today I want your opinion on gang violence.

Chris raises his hand.

TEACHER #1

Mr. Frye.

CHRIS

They're out here killing each other over colors, and don't know why. They think it's cool until they end up dead.

TEACHER #1

You make a point.

Tony raises his hand.

TEACHER #1 (CONT'D)

Mr. Jones.

TONY

It's a fine line between reppin` ya set, and set trippin`. Gangs are minor compared to other situations killing people.

TEACHER #1

That's true. As we speak, at least ten people or more have died from something non-gang related. Do you care to explain what set trippin` means?

TONY

Set trippin` is when you look for trouble in your enemy hood. Or if you see somebody wearing the opposite color, you'll smash em`, not knowing or caring if they rep a set.

TEACHER #1

Do you think either of those reasons is why Brandon was murdered?

TONY

I can't speak on that. I just know my nigga dead.

Chris turns to look at Tony.

CHRIS

You just gave that whole speech, but you can't answer a question?

The classroom does a little chant trying to instigate a fight.

Tony and the four boys stand up.

TONY
What was that, blood?

Chris stands up looking at him.

CHRIS
Why can't you answer the question? You gave out that much info, why stop?

The classroom gets louder.

Teacher #1 stands up.

TEACHER #1
That's enough.

TONY
Nah, fuck that! You know something about my nigga getting killed, blood?!

CHRIS
Fuck that weak ass gang shit, and you!

The classroom is going wild.

Tony rushes towards Chris, and Teacher #1 quickly rushes over standing between the two.

The classroom boos, simmering down as Tony and Chris stare each other down.

TEACHER #1
This is exactly what the message was talking about! Senseless acts of violence! Exactly, what you two are displaying!

TONY
It's Bool.

Tony walks out the room.

Chris watches him leave before taking his seat.

The four boys who stood up with Tony follow behind Tony.

Teacher #1 goes back behind his desk taking a seat, looking over the room fuming.

TEACHER #1

Looking at everyone here today, I see why the world views you as ignorant bastards. In the real world, nobody gives a damn if you can fight, claim a set or ANY of that bullshit! All day up and down these halls, I hear y'all talking about you ain't scared of shit. But I bet if you were placed in a tight situation, the real bitch would come out.

(Sighs)

...Do what y'all do best, and sit here looking dumb. You want respect, but y'all too stupid to respect yourselves.

He stands up walking over to the window shaking his head disappointed.

All the students look at each other letting his words digest.

INT. HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Chris is walking down the crowded hallway heading for the bathroom, not paying attention Tony is following behind him wrapping a red bandanna around his fist watching Chris go into the bathroom.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The walls are covered with different gang graffiti, and only one of the mirrors isn't shattered.

Trash and tissue is on the floor. Yup...we see the students don't give a shit about the bathroom.

Chris walks over to one of the urinals placing his books on the sink.

Tony walks in standing against a stall door staring at Chris.

TONY

What up, blood?

Chris looks back sighing.

Finishing pissing, he turns around fixing his pants.

CHRIS

What up?

Tony turns his head to the side doing the blood call "SUWOOP".

Five boys with red bandannas around their faces come in surrounding Chris.

Tony steps between them getting damn near nose to nose with Chris.

TONY

Speak up, Crab.

Chris looks around at the boys, and then he pushes Tony, followed with a hard right knocking him into the bathroom stall.

He tries rushing in finishing the job, but two of the boys grab him, pulling him back.

One boy holds Chris with his arms behind his back, and they take turns hitting him in the face and stomach.

The boy lets his arms go letting him fall to the floor balling up as they begin stomping on him.

They stop stomping on him, and one boy grabs his arms, and another grabs his legs throwing him into the mirror shattering it.

Tony gets up from the stall shaking his head with some blood coming from his mouth, walking over to Chris looking down at him.

Chris has blood coming from his nose and mouth breathing heavily, but with Tony kicking him hard in the stomach it's hard for him to catch a breath.

TONY

Tell ya crab friends they're dead,
bitch.

Tony and the boys walk out the bathroom laughing.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Standing in the empty hallway by the lunchroom door laughing and talking is Mike wearing a DETROIT LIONS JERSEY with the hat to match and jeans.

Clip is wearing a blue wife beater and jeans, with his bandanna around his head.

The two continue laughing until Mike turns to the side, and his face drops.

MIKE

Goddamn, cuz! What the fuck happened to you?

You can tell Chris got his ass beat by his swollen busted lip, minor cuts and bruises.

CHRIS

Nigga, I got rushed. What the fuck do you think happened?

MIKE

Who jumped you?

CHRIS

Tony and his niggas.

MIKE

Slob Tony?

CHRIS

Yup.

Clip snatches the door open rushing in.

INTERCUT WITH:**INT. INSIDE THE LUNCHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The lunchroom is split into two parts, the light and dark half.

The light half has a large picture window so the sun can shine in, and the dark half is where students stand in line for their lunches. The dark room has no windows, and it's all brick.

Clip runs through the light half making his way to the dark, and Mike and Chris are right behind him.

Despite Tony sitting with a group of Blood's, it doesn't stop Clip from running up on him, hitting him in the mouth.

The boys with Tony start swinging on Clip, but Clip refuses to go down easy fighting back.

Luckily for him, more Crips are in the lunchroom joining in on the fight causing a brawl.

Chris and Mike are maneuvering through the madness, taking and giving hits.

Tony and Clip are going at it, both refusing to go down.

Staff and extra security try breaking up the brawl, and end up getting involved.

Police officers rush in with guns drawn, and some of the students start clearing out while others keep going at it.

Security manages to get hold of Tony and Clip, and they're still trying to swing on each other.

CLIP

Fuck a slob, cuz!

TONY

Fuck you, flu ass nigga!

Chris makes his way out the room as the ruckus continues.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Chris is running down the hall, stopping at a classroom winded knocking on the door.

TEACHER #2 opens the door looking at him concerned.

TEACHER #2

Are you okay, Chris? How can I help you?

CHRIS

Can I talk to my sister?

TEACHER #2

Just a second.

She closes the door.

He bends over trying to catch his breath, looking up when Tasha comes out of the room covering her mouth looking at his battered face.

TASHA
What happened to you?

CHRIS
Don't worry about that. Just stay away from Tony.

TASHA
Is that what happened to your face?
She tries to touch him, and he moves her hand.

CHRIS
No.

TASHA
Then why should I stay away from him?
He grabs her by the arms pressing her against the wall.

CHRIS
Will you stop acting like a bitch, and do this for me?
She smacks her lips, rolling her eyes.

TASHA
(Sighs)
I can do that.

CHRIS
Thank you.

She goes back into the room.

Chris stands smiling before walking off.

CUT TO:

INT. ENGLISH CLASS - AFTERNOON

In front of the classroom on a cart is a twenty-four inch old-school television with a VCR on top of it.

On the screen there's an educational movie on pause.

The students are sitting at their desk silent waiting for

TEACHER #3 to start the movie.

Teacher #3 is sitting behind her desk reading a book, and you can tell from the aggravated look on her face she's ready to go home.

Chris is sitting at the back of the class drawing his name on his notebook.

Just as the bell rings, Crystal walks in.

All the boys watch her head towards the back sitting down next to Chris with envy in their eyes.

Looking over at him with an attitude, she moves her desk a little closer.

Teacher #3 gets up walking over to the wall turning the lights off, and then walks to the VCR starting the movie.

CRYSTAL

(Whispering)

Why didn't you call me last night?

He stays focused on his drawing.

CHRIS

(Whispering)

I had a long night.

She pushes his face.

CRYSTAL

That's how your face got fucked up?

CHRIS

Actually, this shit happened today.

Concern comes across her face.

CRYSTAL

You were in that big ass fight in the lunchroom?

CHRIS

This nigga jumped me in the bathroom over a comment I made in class.

CRYSTAL

What did you say?

CHRIS

Fuck him and his weak ass gang.

Outraged he would say something foolish like that, she stands up looking down at him shoving his head.

CRYSTAL

Are you fucking crazy?!

Teacher #3 looks up from her book, as the entire class focuses on them.

Crystal stands embarrassed, while Chris keeps his eyes focused on his drawing trying not to laugh.

TEACHER #3

Something you care to share?

CRYSTAL

No, ma'am. Sorry for the interruption.

Everyone goes back to watching the movie, and Crystal takes her seat clearing her throat.

CRYSTAL

Do you have to watch your back?

CHRIS

Nope.

Not believing his words, she places her hand under his chin making him turn and look into her concerned eyes.

CRYSTAL

Are you sure?

Staring into her eyes, he gives a smile melting her heart, taking away some of the fear she has.

CHRIS

I'm more worried about you killing me if I don't call you.

Blushing feeling loved, she gives him a kiss.

CRYSTAL

You better be.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - AFTERNOON

Students are coming out of the building talking about the lunchroom fight, lighting up Black & Milds and cigarettes.

Chris and Tasha come walking out.

TASHA

So you're Crippin`, huh?

CHRIS

What did I tell you about that shit earlier? I'm not in---

Clip walks up with a knot under his eye and a busted lip with a blue bandanna around his neck, with four more Crips behind him.

He extends his hand for a play, and the two give each other love.

Tasha stands to the side with her arms folded across her chest smiling, thinking she has some dirt she can tell their mother.

CLIP

What's up, cuz, you heading to the crib?

CHRIS

Yup.

CLIP

(Laughs)

About to graduate, and still gotta check in. Oh, Cefore I go. Don't worry about that shit in the lunchroom.

Lifting his shirt for a quick glance, Chris stares at the handles on the Glock 40's he has tucked.

CHRIS

Good looking.

CLIP

Holla.

They give each other another play, and then Clip and the boys with him walk off.

Chris looks at Tasha smiling at him, anxious to get home and tell what she thinks she knows.

TASHA
But you're not Crippin`, right?

CHRIS
Right.

TASHA
Uh huh.

CHRIS
Whatever.

They walk up to the crowded bus stop, and we can hear talk about the lunchroom fight.

A red Intrepid creeps down to the bus stop coming to a stop.

The back window comes down and out comes an AK-47 being held by Tony.

Bypassing the knots and busted lip, the students scream dropping to the ground seeing the look of murder in his eyes.

Fearing for his sister's life, Chris jumps directly in front of Tasha.

Clip and the boys with him stop walking, turning around seeing what's going on, pulling their guns out running back to the bus stop.

TONY
This shit ain't over, bitch! I'm
killing you, and ya crab friends!
That's on the "B"!

Just as the car pulls off, Clip and his crew come running up letting off shots.

The Intrepid speeds off, damn near crashing into another car.

The students stay on the ground.

Police officers hop in their cars turning on the sirens.

Clip and his crew take off down a side street.

Sirens are blaring and students are screaming, while Chris stands terrified, and Tasha looks at him slyly smiling loving the fact she's finally seen her brother scared of something.

INT. KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

We see Chris and Tasha's mother sitting at the table eating a sub from Tubby's at peace, looking over a supermarket sales paper.

Chris and Tasha come into the kitchen, and Tasha rushes over eager to tell what happened at school.

TASHA

Ma, guess what? Your little angel was in school starting fights.

Chris looks over at Tasha, stunned she's telling a lie with a straight face.

CHRIS

What?

Taking one more bite from her sub wiping her mouth, you can tell she's pissed her moment of peace was disturbed.

CHRIS MOTHER

Chris?

CHRIS

It didn't go down like that.

Turning to face him, her mouth drops, standing up giving him a hug.

CHRIS MOTHER

What happened?

CHRIS

Dude took the comment I made about the shooting wrong, and he jumped me in the bathroom.

Tasha leans up against the counter with her arms folded across her chest disappointed the outcome she thought was going to happen didn't.

TASHA

Are you really about to believe this?

She turns looking at Tasha disappointed, unable to understand why she would want to get her brother in trouble.

CHRIS MOTHER

Why do you feel you have to lie about

your brother?

TASHA

Huh?

Already done with Tasha, she focuses her attention back on Chris.

CHRIS MOTHER

Did you tell the principal?

CHRIS

That would've made it worse.

TASHA

Ma, I'm going over Tiffany's house.

CHRIS MOTHER

Get on.

Tasha stands crushed.

TASHA

Why you clownin` me, ma?

CHRIS MOTHER

Tasha, you can go!

TASHA

I'll be glad when you start treating me like you do him!

She storms out of the kitchen, and the front door is heard opened then slammed.

CHRIS

She gets that from dad. He had some funny ways, too.

CHRIS MOTHER

Regardless if she gets it from him or whatever, that's no excuse.

CHRIS

Just stop letting her childish ways get to you. I'm about to go do some homework, and then I'm going over Wade's house.

From angry to concerned, she looks her only son in the eyes making sure he'll be okay.

CHRIS MOTHER
You sure that thing at school is over?

CHRIS
Yup. Get some rest. You'll have a
stroke with all this worrying.

CHRIS MOTHER
(Laughs)
Boy, get outta here.

Suspecting Tasha is lying about going over Tiffany's house,
he goes upstairs into her room walking over to the dresser
picking up her phone book looking for Tiffany's number.

When he finds the number, he picks the phone up dialing
waiting for her to pick up.

TIFFANY (V.O.)
Hello?

CHRIS
Is my sister coming over there?

TIFFANY (V.O.)
Who dis?

CHRIS
Chris.

TIFFANY (V.O.)
Fine ass Chris? Tasha's brother? Are
you still with that girl?

CHRIS
Yeah. Is my sister coming?

TIFFANY (V.O.)
When can I get some P.T. with you?

CHRIS
Tiffany!

TIFFANY (V.O.)
Don't be yelling and shit. I'm going
somewhere else, so no.

CHRIS
Thank you.

Hanging up pissed off knowing he was right about what he was

thinking, he hits his fist on the dresser.

INT. THE TRAP - NIGHT

Weed smoke is in the air as rap music plays faintly.

The sound of other bloods talking shit can be heard in the background.

Tony and Tasha are sitting on the sofa getting wasted, drinking out of big red cups.

On the table in front of them is a bottle of Hennessy and some rolled up blunts.

Tony picks up a blunt sparking it, taking a nice pull, turning looking at Tasha with a sly grin.

TASHA

What was that shit you pulled at the bus stop about?

TONY

I had to show yo brother it's real out here. His ass was lucky it was people out there or I would've killed his crab ass.

TASHA

Tell me why he came to my class telling me to stay away from you?

He takes a pull and then coughs, because the question caught him off guard.

TONY

What?

TASHA

Nigga, you heard me.

TONY

I don't know why he told you that shit. You know I won't hurt you.

TASHA

Uh huh. Anyway, you know I've been trying to get down for the longest.

TONY

You sound good, but you ain't ready.

TASHA

Don't tell me what I'm not ready for.

TONY

What are you willing to do?

TASHA

Anything but fuck the crew. I ain't a hoe.

TONY

We ain't even fuck, so I wouldn't mention that shit.

TASHA

Well...what do I gotta do?

Debating on what she's asking, he takes a pull, followed by a sip from his cup.

TONY

I'll get back to you. Right now, let's just get fucked up.

She smiles leaning over giving him a kiss.

Tasha has no idea the path she's about to go down, but she doesn't care, because in her mind it's all a game.

Tony on the other hand stares at her passing the blunt, knowing he has her wrapped around his finger, and this is the key to getting back at Chris.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLIP'S MOTHER HOUSE - NIGHT

Smoking a cigarette with his thoughts racing, Chris stands waiting for Clip to come to the door thinking he probably can't hear the doorbell from the loud music playing.

Clip opens the door with a smile smoking a blunt, holding a can of beer.

CLIP

What's crackin`, cuz?

Clip passes the blunt, and Chris takes a hard pull coughing up his lungs.

Chris takes the beer from Clip's hand taking a sip.

CLIP (CONT'D)
 Good shit, I know.

He passes the blunt back, and Clip takes a pull.

CLIP (CONT'D)
 Come on in.

EXT. /INT. INSIDE CLIP'S MOTHER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The room is filled with Crips drinking, smoking and stacking out gang signs.

Chris and Clip stand to the side.

CLIP (CONT'D)
 What's the problem, cuz?

CHRIS
 My sister hooked up with that nigga
 from the fight.

CLIP
 I told you I got it covered.

CHRIS
 That's my sister we're talking about.

CLIP
 If that nigga do something to yo
 sister, I'll kill his whole fucking
 family.

The words don't impress Chris.

CLIP (CONT'D)
 Follow me real quick.

Clip walks off towards the kitchen and Chris follows.

Forty ounce bottles of "St Ides, Old English and Miller genuine drafts" are on the counter and table.

Clip makes his way to the basement door opening it walking down, and Chris is right behind him.

The only things in the basement are a washer and dryer, some dirty clothes on the floor and a weight bench with two hundred pounds on the bar.

They come down the steps and Clip walks over to a door,

stopping taking a hit from the blunt.

CHRIS

Now what?

CLIP

Open the door.

Opening the door looking in, he becomes baffled by what he sees.

CHRIS

What the fuck is going on down here?

The room is painted all-blue with a light hanging from the ceiling.

Laid across the bed with a blue bandanna wrapped around her eyes wearing a lace blue bra and panty set is TIFFANY, fifteen-years-old, brown skin with the body of an adult.

CLIP

We runnin` her.

CHRIS

Y'all niggas about to run a train on a fifteen-year-old girl?

CLIP

How do you know she's fifteen?

CHRIS

She's my sister's friend.

Hearing Chris voice, she sits up excited licking her lips, turned on by the thought of him fucking her.

TIFFANY

Is that Chris? I didn't know he was gettin` in on this. Come on, let's get started.

She takes her bra off, and then slides her hand in her panties.

CLIP

Fifteen or not, she's ready to give up that pussy. Are you getting down?

CHRIS

I'm tight.

CLIP

You sure?

CHRIS

Y'all have fun with this.

CLIP

Tell them other niggas to come down.

Chris takes the blunt making his way back upstairs, and Clip goes into the room.

CUT TO:

INT. TASHA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Chris is sitting on the bed holding a teddy bear he gave Tasha when she was little to remind her he'll always be there for her.

The front door can be heard opened and closed, followed by drunken footsteps making their way upstairs.

Tasha opens the door staggering in closing the door behind her.

She leans up against the door trying to keep her balance, as Chris looks at her smiling.

CHRIS

Baby girl.

Tasha is so drunk she looks over at him, and then grabs her head thinking he's yelling.

TASHA

Why are you yelling?

Placing the bear down laughing, he walks over to her.

CHRIS

What did you do over Tiffany's house?

She rubs her temples looking like she's ready to hurl.

TASHA

We were studying...and then she pulled out some liquor she stole from her brother.

CHRIS
Is that right? When I called her she told me something different. So, where were you?

TASHA
Hold up! I don't have to explain shit to you!

CHRIS
Yo hot ass was out with that nigga, wasn't you?

TASHA
Maybe I was! Ain't shit you or mama can do about it, so get out!

CHRIS MOTHER (O.S.)
What the fuck are you two arguing about?

Neither of them wants problems with their mother, so they stare at each other with evil glances.

CHRIS
(Whispering)
You wanna tell her what's up or should I?

TASHA
(Whispering)
Fuck you.

CHRIS
I thought so.

CHRIS
(To his mother)
Nothing! We're in here politicking!

CHRIS MOTHER (O.S.)
Keep that shit down!

They're silent for a moment.

CHRIS
I'll tell you one last time. Stay away from that nigga for your own safety.

TASHA
Just...

She takes a deep breath, and then vomits all over the floor.
Chris watches her vomiting disgustedly.

CHRIS
Look at you.

She drops down breathing heavily.

TASHA
Get out, Chris.

CHRIS
Shut up.

He grabs a towel cleaning her up a little before picking her up, carrying her to the bed.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Stay away from that nigga.

Tasha is half woke, tossing around trying to get comfortable.

TASHA
Chris---

CHRIS
You heard me.

Just as she gets comfortable, he leans down giving her a kiss on the cheek.

CHRIS
I love you.

She's fast asleep.

He looks at her smiling before walking out the room.

EXT. THE STRIP - NIGHT

The strip is packed with cars as it should be considering the weather is nice and good vibes are flowing on this Saturday night.

CHRIS (V.O.)
We love having fun like any other city. So, on a nice night like this, you can catch everybody on the strip. Drinks, weed, pussy...anything you got in mind you can find on the strip.

People are standing beside their cars drinking and smoking, talking to people walking down the crowded strip or trying to gain the attention of cars driving past.

A group of people are off to the side grilling and drinking. With all the fun going on, we turn our attention to the white Neon coming down the strip.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. /INT. MIKE'S CAR {MOVING} - CONTINUOUS

Mike is driving with a blunt hanging from his mouth, and Clip is in the passenger seat smoking a blunt.

Chris is sitting in the back drinking a forty ounce.

CLIP

You good Cack there, cuz?

CHRIS

I'm straight.

MIKE

Clip was telling me how you turned into a little bitch when he killed that slob.

CLIP

Hell yea.

(Mocking Chris)

Man, don't have me caught up in no---

CHRIS

Fuck you niggas.

Mike and Clip break out laughing.

Chris takes a swig from his beer giving them the finger.

MIKE

(Takes a pull)

It's some bad bitches out here.

CLIP

Hell yeah! Look at these bitches over here!

CLIP'S POV

There's a crowd of people surrounding a high yellow sexy

thick girl dancing naked on top of a car.

Another girl that's just as sexy gets on top of the car on her back, signaling for the other girl to sit on her face.

CLIP (CONT'D)

We need to round up some bitches like that.

Chris laughs, and then guzzles some of his beer looking out the window.

He becomes confused, slowly lowering the bottle.

CHRIS POV

Tony is standing by a red Navigator with a bunch of other bloods drinking and smoking.

What has Chris confused is Tasha getting out on the passenger side wearing all-red holding a red cup.

CHRIS

What the fuck?

CLIP

What's up, cuz?

CHRIS

Mike, pull this bitch over.

MIKE

What's up?

CHRIS

Just pull this bitch over!

They park a few cars down from where Tony is at.

Chris gets out beer still in hand closing the door.

Clip and Mike reach under their seats grabbing Nine Millimeters checking the clips.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. THE STRIP - CONTINUOUS

Taking swigs from his beer, Chris makes his way down to Tony.

The guys with Tony get ready to swing, but Tony stops them.

He approaches Chris, blowing smoke in his face.

TONY

What's up, schoolboy?

CHRIS

Fuck you.

(To Tasha)

Tasha, what the fuck did I tell you?

Mike and Clip make it down to Chris.

TASHA

You're not my daddy, so you can bounce with the bullshit. Go, before you and your friends give me the flu or some shit.

Clip gets ready to reach for his gun, but Chris stops him, grabbing Tasha by the arm.

CHRIS

This ain't the time for that shit.

She snatches away.

TASHA

Get the fuck on, Chris!

Chris nods his head okay, tilting his beer up drinking.

Tony looks at him taking another pull blowing the smoke in his face, savoring the fact he has more control over Tasha than Chris does.

TONY

You heard---

Chris hits Tony upside the head with the bottle shattering it, making him fall to the ground.

Two of the guys with Tony hit Chris in the face at the same time, dropping him.

Clip and Mike swing on them causing the fight to break out.

Cars and people stop watching the fight as bandannas of all colors start flooding the area.

The fight grows bigger, spilling out into the street.

Chris is on the ground trying to regain his focus shaking his head, and he sees Tony trying to get to his feet.

He quickly stands up kicking him in the head.

Just as he gets ready to stomp him, Tasha hits him upside the head.

TASHA

Get the fuck off my man, nigga!

Chris backhands her into the truck, and she hits it hard sliding down.

CHRIS

You silly ass, bitch! You putting this nigga off the streets over your own flesh and blood?!

Gunshots start going off.

Over by the water we see Clip and Mike shooting, along with other people.

Screams and gunfire ring out through the night, as Chris heads for the car.

The red and blue lights of police cars are coming down the strip.

POLICE

(Over the megaphone)

This is the police! Leave now or you will be arrested! I repeat! Leave now or you will be arrested!

CHRIS

Clip, Mike, let's go!

Clip and Mike start making their way to the car, and in the midst of running back to the car, Mike gets shot in the back.

Chris and Clip come back tending to him.

Chris picks him up, placing one of his arms around his shoulder carrying him back to the car.

Clip grabs his gun.

When they get to the car, Chris opens the back door placing Mike in, and then he gets in himself.

EXT. /INT. INSIDE MIKE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Clip gets in the driver seat closing the door looking around for the keys.

Chris goes into Mike's pocket grabbing the keys, handing them to Clip.

Clip starts the car up driving up on the curb so they can get away.

Chris holds Mike as he spits up blood.

MIKE

Did--did we---

CHRIS

Don't talk.

CLIP

Hold tight, cuz! I'll get you to the hospital!

Another car rolls up beside them.

The DRIVER sees Clip driving, pulling out a Nine Millimeter taking aim.

DRIVER

Crab ass motherfuckers!

The Driver shoots at the car, and the side window shatters.

Chris ducks his head for cover.

Clip picks up his gun returning fire.

A few bullets hit the car, and the Driver swerves off.

Gunshots, sirens and squealing tires are heard.

SLOWLY FADE TO BLACK:

BLACK SCREEN:

CHRIS (V.O.)

My grandmother would always tell me if
I have a heavy burden on my shoulders,
turn to the Lord for help. I did that.
I guess he didn't hear my cries
because hell was waiting for me at

home.

INT. KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Chris comes into the kitchen walking over to the refrigerator opening it, grabbing a bottle of water.

His mother is sitting at the table smoking a cigarette, annoyed by what's on her mind.

CHRIS MOTHER

Come here for a second, Chris.

He takes a seat drinking his water.

CHRIS

What's up, ma?

CHRIS MOTHER

I know you and your sister don't see eye to eye on shit, and that's cool. But it's not cool for you to put your hands on her.

Chris takes a sip from his water and almost spills it, looking at his mother confused.

CHRIS

What? Wait a minute. She---

CHRIS MOTHER

Chris please, I saw it on the news, and Tasha told me everything.

CHRIS

I saw her out there with this group of guys that's in a gang, and I tried to bring her home.

CHRIS MOTHER

You know I don't play favorites between you two. So, which one of you is lying?

CHRIS

You can't be serious?

CHRIS MOTHER

You can leave now, Chris.

CHRIS
Will you---

CHRIS MOTHER
Leave Chris, before I get pissed.

He gets up making his way out the kitchen heading upstairs to Tasha's room walking in, closing the door behind him.

Tasha sits up with a black eye that's starting to fade away.

TASHA
What's up, bro?

CHRIS
Why did you tell mama I beat ya ass for no reason? You know I only hit you because you hit me.

TASHA
I know. It just feels good seeing mama mad at her lil angel.

CHRIS
That's what this shit is about?

TASHA
Hell yeah.

CHRIS
This gang shit is getting outta control. Because of that shit, one of my friends won't be able to walk.

TASHA
You're actually in here crying over a cracked shell crab?

CHRIS
What the fuck is wrong with you? What if that was you that got killed or couldn't walk again?

She gets up walking over to him.

TASHA
Oh, well. Out there, you either ride or get rode on.

CHRIS
Those streets ain't a goddamn game!

It's no room for fuckin` pretenders!

TASHA

I bet I'll be around longer than you,
Mr. Crip.

CHRIS

I'm not a fuckin` Crip! I'm your
goddamn brother! The nigga who'll
actually die for yo dumbass! Will any
of them niggas die for you?!

He walks out the room.

INT. HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Everybody is running down the hall as if there's a fire in
the building.

Chris is standing by his locker watching the students run by,
when Crystal comes running up winded.

CRYSTAL

Baby, we gotta go.

CHRIS

What's up?

CRYSTAL

Tasha's fighting.

They take off running.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BACK HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

There's a big crowd cheering surrounding Tasha and Tiffany.

They're going at it like two grown men in the streets holding
nothing back trying to seriously hurt each other.

Crystal and Chris are making their way through the crowd.

CHRIS

Tasha, stop this shit!

Words of disrespect are yelled out, "Crab, Slob, Flu, Mutt"
etc.

The people watching the fight go from focusing on the girls

to each other.

Chris manages to get through the madness separating the girls, but the other people continue fighting.

Tiffany blends in with the people fighting.

CHRIS

What the fuck is wrong with you?!
Bring yo ass on!

Tasha snatches away, shoving him.

TASHA

Get the fuck on, Chris! Don't---

A loud crack echoes through the hall, and Tasha falls into Chris unconscious.

Tiffany stands looking down at Tasha smiling, holding the lock she clocked her upside the head with.

The crowd starts clearing out because police officers and security come running up, leaving Chris on the floor holding Tasha.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL INFIRMARY - AFTERNOON

Chris is sitting beside Tasha's bed, as she slowly wakes up looking at Chris with pain in her eyes.

TASHA

What happened?

CHRIS

She knocked you the fuck out is what happened.

TASHA

Oh, yeah. Yo punk ass is the reason why I'm here.

CHRIS

Ain't she yo girl? What were y'all fighting about?

TASHA

She was until I found out she was riding with the other team.

CHRIS

Do you know how fucking stupid you sound? You're not a blood.

TASHA

And you're not a Crip, so stop acting like you are.

CHRIS

What the fuck is going on in your mind? Next time the shit could be worse.

She gets out of the bed making her way to the door.

TASHA

If that's the case, you'll die before me.

CHRIS

Why didn't the other bloods who were around help you?

TASHA

There were Crips there, too. Who jumps in on a one on one girl fight?

CHRIS

I'm the one who'll die for ya ass.

She opens the door, and then turns back looking at him.

TASHA

I'll be glad when you do. Hopefully after that I can live my fucking life.

CHRIS

You'll regret those words.

TASHA

I highly doubt that.

She walks out the room.

Chris sits shaking his head.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Their mother is sitting on the sofa chain smoking.

Chris walks in.

Taking her last pull, she puts the cigarette out.

CHRIS MOTHER
You heard about what happened with
your sister?

CHRIS
I tried to break it up.

CHRIS MOTHER
She's suspended for three days. They
said it was over some gang bullshit.

CHRIS
I tried to stop it, ma.

CHRIS MOTHER
I don't know what the fuck is wrong
with your sister.

CHRIS
She's wild, but she's not in a gang.

CHRIS MOTHER
(Sighs)
I hope you're right. I'll be damn if I
lose either of my babies to some gang
bullshit.

Chris makes his way upstairs to Tasha's room walking in,
closing the door behind him.

CHRIS
You see what this shit is doing to
mama?

TASHA
What are you talking about?

CHRIS
Don't give me that shit! Now one way
or the other, you'll realize these
streets ain't a game.

TASHA
Is that right?

CHRIS
You can talk ignorant all you want. If
it takes my life, you'll see what's

up.

TASHA

I didn't know you cared so much.

CHRIS

No matter if it takes my life.
...You'll realize.

He walks out slamming the door behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. CRYSTAL'S ROOM - NIGHT

We can hear some music coming from the radio on low.

Crystal has a basic room with her queen size bed.

From looking at all the pictures of her and Chris on her mirror and in the frames on her dresser, there's no doubt she loves him with all her heart.

Chris and Crystal are sitting on the floor eating Chinese food listening to the radio.

Crystal has on a wife beater and shorts, revealing how sexy her body really is.

Chris sits annoyed with a lot on his mind playing in his food.

Crystal stops eating, looking at him grabbing his hand.

CRYSTAL

What's wrong?

CHRIS

(Sighs)

...Tasha.

CRYSTAL

Baby, you know she's young. She's doing dumb shit for attention.

CHRIS

That shit is fucking with my moms.
What happened on the strip is fucking with me.

(Sighs)

...It's all bullshit.

CRYSTAL

You can't be miserable because of the dumb shit your sister is doing.

CHRIS

Come on now. You know how I feel about my sister.

She caresses his face.

CRYSTAL

How can you be strong getting her back on track if you're acting like this?

Shrugging up his shoulders, he sighs, lowering his head.

CHRIS

Apparently, I can't be strong or there for anybody. If I could, this shit wouldn't be so far outta control.

CRYSTAL

When did all this start?

CHRIS

I don't wanna talk about it.

He gets up taking a seat on the bed putting his head down.

CRYSTAL

Keeping it inside won't solve the problem. What happened to the strong man I know and love?

CHRIS

(Scoffs)

His ass is dead.

She shakes her head standing up, walking over to the closet door opening it pulling out a big teddy bear.

Around the neck of the bear is a sterling silver chain, with a "C" charm.

She walks over to him holding the bear out.

CRYSTAL

The man I know and love gave me this.

He looks up smiling.

CHRIS

I won this for you at the fair five years ago. You still keep it clean?

CRYSTAL

Duh. Look at what the bear is wearing.

Chris grabs the chain rubbing his thumb across the "C".

CHRIS

I gave this to you the day that nigga broke your heart.

CRYSTAL

What did you tell me when you gave it to me?

CHRIS

You'll never be alone or get your heart broken again.

CRYSTAL

At that moment...I fell in love with you.

CHRIS

That was a crazy ass day. What does this have to do with Tasha?

CRYSTAL

Because you were a skinny twig, but that didn't stop you from beating his ass for what he did to me. You have the heart and ability to conquer any goal in front of you.

Chris laughs under his breath trying not to smile.

CHRIS

You think you know me?

She gives him a kiss.

CRYSTAL

You know I do. That's why you love me.

She gives him the bear, and then walks over to the radio.

Chris sits smiling.

She turns from the radio to a CD pressing play and an

intimate slow song plays.

CRYSTAL
I'll tell you about another special
day.

CHRIS
What day is that?

CRYSTAL
The first time I had sex.

Chris sits silent, blushing.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
Why did you wanna take my virginity to
this song?

Chris places the bear down walking over to her holding her
waist.

CHRIS
The meaning says it all. He wants to
satisfy the woman he loves the way she
feels will pleasure her best.

CRYSTAL
So, since I was a virgin, you wanted
my first time to be the best
experience to my standards?

CHRIS
Not just that. I didn't want you
feeling pain.

She gives him a kiss.

CRYSTAL
I appreciate that. You looked at me as
more than a piece of pussy.

CHRIS
Why are you recapping this?

CRYSTAL
Because I'm about to pleasure my man
the way he feels is best.

She grabs the back of his head giving him a kiss.

The two kiss and caress each other, making their way to the

bed.

They let each other go, and then she takes his shirt off, tossing it to the side.

She takes her tongue from his chest, all the way up to his neck and then his chin, finally up to his lips kissing him, gently pushing him back on the bed.

He takes his shoes off, while she unbuckles his belt, sliding his pants off.

She climbs on top kissing him, while he massages her back.

He lifts her beater over her head, tossing it to the side.

She continues kissing on his chest, working her way down to his stomach, finally between his legs.

She's down there for a few minutes taking her shorts off, while satisfying her man, putting a smile on his face.

She comes back up looking at him smiling, straddling down and beginning to ride.

Her movement is slow as they moan.

He holds her tight, flipping her over getting on top.

She's scratching his back as he goes deeper, and their moans grow louder as his movement gets faster.

Their bodies shake, and his movement starts slowing down.

He lies down on top of her playing in her hair, while she massages his back.

CRYSTAL

I love you.

CHRIS

I love you, too.

INT. THE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Chris is sitting in a chair next to Mike's bed.

Mike is sitting up on the bed drinking some water, watching a program on television.

CHRIS
What's up with you?

MIKE
I'm still alive. That's good for me.

CHRIS
That's what's up. At least you ain't
in here all depressed and shit.

MIKE
Hell no.

CHRIS
Cool.

MIKE
I heard that your sister got into it
with a fellow cuz.

Chris shrugs up his shoulders, not surprised he heard about
the fight.

CHRIS
She got into a little scuffle.

MIKE
You know if she keeps wearing that
color she's a target?

CHRIS
Leave my sister alone. She ain't
claiming shit.

MIKE
Can you honestly tell me why she got
into that fight?

CHRIS
I truthfully don't know.

MIKE
Cuz. If she's in it or false flaggin`,
she'll get killed. When you represent
a set cuz, the rules are simple. Kill
the enemy, no matter who it may be.
And retaliation is a must.

CHRIS
I don't give a fuck about none of
that.

MIKE

Why?

CHRIS

Because I won't let my sister die over some bullshit.

MIKE

You still don't understand. You got the school smarts with no street smarts.

Chris stands up stretching before making his way to the door.

CHRIS

I'm outta here.

MIKE

I'm telling you. Ya sister dead if she's a slob.

INT. STAIRWELL - AFTERNOON

Chris is walking up the crowded stairwell opening the door and CRAB KILLER, dark brown skin tone comes running up behind him placing a hand on his shoulder making him stop.

CRAB KILLER

You know we ran a train on your sister, blood.

Chris turns around grabbing him, slamming him up against the lockers, kneeling him one time in the stomach making him release a deep moan folding over.

Everyone stops cheering the fight on as

Chris slams his head against the lockers a few times before kneeling him again.

Just as Chris gets ready to swing, TEACHER #4 on the muscular side comes over grabbing his arm.

TEACHER #4

What the hell is going on?!

He continues holding Chris by the arm, grabbing Crab Killer's arm escorting them down to the principal office.

Everyone goes about their business.

INTERCUT WITH:**INT. THE PRINCIPAL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

You would think the office would be crowded, but it's empty.

The secretary is hard at work on the computer behind the counter, as the three come in.

The PRINCIPAL comes out looking stunned.

PRINCIPAL

What's the problem here?

TEACHER #4

I caught these two fighting outside my class.

PRINCIPAL

(To Crab killer)

You can't stay out of trouble, can you?

CRAB KILLER

Give me my slip so I can get the fuck on.

PRINCIPAL

How about I expel you, and get it out the way? Chris, I can't believe I'm seeing you here for this.

CHRIS

I was beating his ass because he said he fucked my sister.

PRINCIPAL

What did you say?

CHRIS

I said I was beating his ass because he said he fucked my sister.

Crab killer looks at Chris laughing.

CRAB KILLER

Look at the schoolboy showing some heart.

Chris looks at him, and immediately swings around Teacher #4 hitting him in the mouth.

Teacher #4 holds Crab killer back as the Principal calls for security.

Security comes in grabbing Crab Killer.

CRAB KILLER
Crab ass nigga!

CHRIS
(Laughs)
Slobs keep on slippin`, cuz.

Security drags Crab Killer out, while Chris continues laughing.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Chris walks in the house, and there stands his mother with her arms folded across her chest.

CHRIS MOTHER
Do you care to explain?

CHRIS
This ain't the time, ma.

CHRIS MOTHER
This ain't the time? It is the fucking time! Explain yourself, boy!

CHRIS
The dude said he had sex with your daughter.

She calmly walks over to him, and slaps him across the face.

CHRIS MOTHER
You fighting over a fucking rumor?!
Are you stupid or what?!

CHRIS
The dude that said it is in a gang.

CHRIS MOTHER
She's not in a gang or having sex! Why are you ruining your life?!

CHRIS
If it takes for me to ruin my life, so be it.

CHRIS MOTHER
 Boy, you lost your mind! What are you
 trying to prove?!

CHRIS
 That I'll die for my sister before
 some bullshit kills her.

He makes his way upstairs to Tasha's door, opening it looking
 confused because she's not there.

He comes back downstairs looking at his mother confused.

CHRIS
 Where is Tasha?

CHRIS MOTHER
 She's at the center doing her group
 project.

CHRIS
 Goddamn it, ma!

He makes his way out the house.

INT. YASMINE HOUSE - NIGHT

The room is perfect for a baby boy. Clip is placing his six
 month old son Darius down in the crib.

He gives him a kiss on the forehead, and then walks over to
 the door looking back at him one more time before turning the
 light off.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. YASMINE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Clip comes into the exquisite living room, where YASMINE,
 thirty-two, light brown skin tone, sits on the couch drinking
 tea.

Clip walks over to the couch taking a seat.

YASMINE
 Have you decided?

CLIP
 Decided on what?

YASMINE

This Crip shit or whatever you wanna call it.

CLIP

I told you, I'm a rida fa life. I can't change that.

YASMINE

So if you get killed, I'm supposed to tell your son your daddy was a rida for life and he couldn't change?! That's the dumbest shit I ever heard!

CLIP

Baby, you don't---

YASMINE

Don't you realize while you're claiming that shit your son is, too?! You can be out there with him one day, and bullets don't have fucking names! I'll be damn if I lose my son because you can't grow the fuck up!

CLIP

Baby---

YASMINE

Don't give me that baby shit, either. You have a beautiful son, and a woman who'll ride for you, but you wanna be on bullshit.

CLIP

What are you saying?

YASMINE

You need to make some serious changes in your life.

He stands up making his way to the door stopping, turning around looking at her.

CLIP

I'll come back tomorrow, and we can sit and talk about it.

YASMINE

Will you be alive to come back tomorrow?

CLIP

Don't I always come back?

He walks out.

She sits wiping a tear from her eye, taking a sip from her tea.

EXT. SCHAFFER STREET - NIGHT

The Intrepid sits in front of the spot in the quiet neighborhood.

If you didn't know any better you would think the spot is an average house a nice family lives in.

Somebody is sitting in the driver seat smoking a blunt listening to music on low.

Tony and Crab Killer are standing on the porch smoking and drinking.

Crab killer seems like he has an attitude taking a pull from his blunt.

Tasha comes out the house carrying a black duffel bag making her way to the car, and now we see why Crab killer has an attitude staring at her getting in the back seat.

CRAB KILLER

Why is this lil bitch ridin` with us?
She ain't giving up the pussy, so she
shouldn't be ridin`.

TONY

She wanna prove her loyalty. Shit, she
probably knows where her crab brother
and his friends be Bickin it at.

CRAB KILLER

That's some Brazy shit, blood. I
wouldn't put my trust in this bitch.

Tony shrugs up his shoulders, smiling and taking a pull.

TONY

It's not about trust. It's about
killing these hoe ass crabs.

CRAB KILLER

You think she'll give up where her

brother Bick it at?

TONY

That bitch would give up her mama to get down with us. Let's roll, blood.

The two laugh walking down from the porch heading to the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLIP'S MOTHER HOUSE - NIGHT

Chris is sitting on the porch smoking a cigarette as Clip walks up taking a seat next to him.

CHRIS

Sup? Where were you at?

CLIP

(Sighs)

Over Yasmine house hearing her shit.

CHRIS

Same old shit with her, huh?

CLIP

Hell yeah. What's up with you?

Chris flicks his cigarette, sighing.

CHRIS

I need to kill ole boy.

CLIP

What happened?

CHRIS

Nothing happened. But the only way I can get her ass back together is if I kill him.

CLIP

(Sighs)

I was just arguing with her ass about this same shit.

CHRIS

Man, are you helping me or what? If not, I can do the shit myself.

CLIP
Hold tight.

Clip gets up going in the house.

Chris pulls out another cigarette, placing it in his mouth, lighting it.

Clip comes back out taking a seat handing Chris a Nine Millimeter with a blue bandanna wrapped around it.

CLIP
Let's roll.

CHRIS
What about you? Where yo heat at?

Clip lifts his shirt revealing two Glock forties.

CLIP
I'm always strapped, cuz.

They get up from the porch making their way down the street.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. EAST SIDE - CONTINUOUS

The Intrepid is slowly driving down the dark streets of the East side.

Random gunfire can be heard.

EXT. /INT. INSIDE THE CAR - CONTINUOUS

The car is smoked out.

We hear "Piru love" playing.

Crab Killer is sitting in the passenger seat with a blunt hanging from his mouth, and a Tech nine on his lap.

Tony and Tasha are sitting in the back.

Tony has a blunt hanging from his mouth loading up a Uzi, while Tasha, barely woke, is holding two Nine-Millimeters.

TONY
(Exhales)
Shoot anything wearing Flu. Fuck these crabs, blood.

CRAB KILLER
That's what the fuck I'm talking bout,
blood.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. EAST SIDE - CONTINUOUS

Clip and Chris are walking down the street with their
bandannas around their heads.

CHRIS
What was the convo with the baby mama
about?

CLIP
Droppin` my flag.

CHRIS
I'll be amazed if you do.

CLIP
(Sighs)
I don't know. I love the set to the
fullest. Yet, my little man means the
world to me.

CHRIS
Well?

CLIP
I can't call it, cuz. I told her we
can talk tomorrow.

They cross the street, and the majority of the houses are
abandoned.

The streetlights are dimming in and out.

CHRIS
I guess you better get out before some
fucked up shit happens.

CLIP
(Laughs)
Ain't that a bitch? We gettin` ready
to kill some slobs and you say some
shit like that.

CHRIS
 (Laughs)
 You could've said no, nigga.

CLIP
 I would Ce fake as hell if I did.

Clip stops walking, which makes Chris stop, turning to look at him.

CLIP (CONT'D)
 Cuz, on some real shit. If something happens to me...I want you to have all my stuff.

CHRIS
 I thought Crips don't die, they multiply?

CLIP
 They don't. I'm just saying in general.

CHRIS
 I can respect that.

They continue walking.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. INSIDE THE INTREPID - CONTINUOUS

As they drive down the street, Crab Killer sees Clip and Chris, but doesn't know it's them.

CRAB KILLER
 Peep them crabs Blippin` back there, blood.

TONY
 Turn the lights off, and turn around.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. THE EAST SIDE - CONTINUOUS

Chris and Clip see the car drive by, but don't pay it attention continuing walking and laughing, but the laughter comes to a stop when they hear the car turning around.

They turn around looking at the car sitting on the corner.

CHRIS
Is that what niggas do around here?

CLIP
Hell no. Unless---

CRAB KILLER
Crab, bitches!

CLIP
Ce out, nigga! Ce out!

They take off running making their way to an abandoned house, and The car is right on their ass as Crab killer starts shooting. The car pulls up in front of the house.

We can hear a police siren whaling faintly in search of where the gunshots are coming from.

Chris lets off a few shots from a window, while Clip stands in the door letting off shots.

Tony, Tasha and Crab Killer are sitting on the doors letting off shots.

Crab Killer catches one in the head, falling to the ground dead.

Clip is still in the door shooting as his body starts getting filled with holes, but he keeps firing until he catches one in the head, falling back on the floor dead.

The car takes off down the street.

Chris is on the floor fanning the dust away.

CHRIS
Clip?! Clip, where you at nigga?!

He moves across the floor, and his vision clears up getting closer to Clip's dead body.

Clip is lying in blood with his brains leaking out.

Guilt pulsates throughout his body, devastated he got his best friend killed holding him in his arms.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
(Sobbing)
Not my nigga. Not like this.

The police siren we heard is drawing closer.

Chris gets up grabbing his gun, taking his bandanna off, walking over to a hole in the floor dropping them.

Walking back over to Clip with tears pouring down his face, the red and blue lights from the squad car can be seen.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. EAST SIDE - CONTINUOUS

The police officers get out guns drawn, looking at Crab Killer lying in blood with his brains spilling out.

Chris comes walking out the house with no expression on his face.

POLICE OFFICER

Freeze!

Chris walks over to the squad car opening the back door getting in, closing the door behind him.

CUT TO:

INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Chris sits twiddling his thumbs looking at the different gang graffiti on the walls.

The OFFICER stands to the side smoking a cigarette.

OFFICER

(Exhales)

How are you, son?

CHRIS

I'm not your fuckin` son.

OFFICER

(Laughs)

What was that?

CHRIS

I said I'm not your fuckin` son.

OFFICER

(Laughs)

You know what? I'm not about to stoop to your level.

CHRIS
You couldn't understand my level.

The Officer blows smoke in his, taking a seat in a chair beside him.

OFFICER
That's why all I want is answers.

CHRIS
Let's get it over with.

OFFICER
We ran your name through the system.
It appears you don't have a record.

CHRIS
I could've told you that.

OFFICER
What were you doing out with a gang member?

CHRIS
What?

OFFICER
You heard what the fuck I said! Don't try to play fucking stupid with me, kid!

CHRIS
I don't know about that gang shit. My fuckin` best friend is dead, so do something about that.

OFFICER
What's that shit you kid's say? I guess he got caught slippin`.

Chris stands up in rage with his fist balled, and the Officer pulls his gun out placing it in Chris face.

OFFICER
Don't end up next to your friend. Sit ya ass down in that chair, and be easy.

Chris sits down folding his arms over each other placing them on the table.

CUT TO:**EXT. CHRIS MOTHER HOUSE - NIGHT**

Their mother opens the door, and her mouth drops when she sees Chris clothes stained with blood, and the Officer standing behind him.

CHRIS MOTHER

Chris baby, what happened?

She pulls him in and gives him a hug.

OFFICER

Ma'am, we had him down at the station tonight. He was a witness to a murder.

CHRIS MOTHER

What murder?

OFFICER

Some unknown assailants did a drive-by shooting on him and his friend.

CHRIS MOTHER

Chris, are you okay?

CHRIS

I'm going to my room.

He walks off.

OFFICER

Go easy on him, ma'am. He saw his best friend murdered tonight, so he's still in shock.

CHRIS MOTHER

Yes. Thank you, sir.

INTERCUT WITH:**INT. TASHA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Chris walks in, and Tasha sits up looking at him stunned.

TASHA

What happened to you?

He displays the blood on his clothes.

CHRIS
This is what happens when you're in a
fuckin` gang. Dead fuckin homies.

TASHA
Who died?

CHRIS
Some slobs did a drive-by on me and
Clip.

TASHA
Hold up. Don't come in here---

CHRIS
You dizzy slob, bitch. You're involved
in something you have no idea about.

TASHA
You know what?

She gets out of the bed walking over to him.

CHRIS MOTHER (O.S.)
Chris, can you come here?

CHRIS
Despite we're enemies...I'm still
protecting you because you're my
sister.

TASHA
Bloods don't need help from crabs.

No emotion is in either of their eyes as he walks out the
room coming down the stairs in the living room, where his
mother sits smoking a cigarette.

CHRIS MOTHER
Are you okay?

CHRIS
My best friend died in my arms
tonight. Would you be okay if you were
me?

CHRIS MOTHER
Chris, I'm sorry about your friend,
but thank God you're alive.

CHRIS
Thank God? Why would I do that? Where
was he tonight?

CHRIS MOTHER
Chris, I don't know what to tell you.
Why would someone want you or your
friend dead?

CHRIS
I don't wanna talk about it.

CHRIS MOTHER
Chris---

CHRIS
Good night, ma. Today wasn't my day.

He walks off.

She takes a pull from her cigarette shaking her head, crying.

EXT. CLIP'S MOTHER HOUSE - MORNING

Chris and his mother walk up to the porch, where CLIP'S
MOTHER sits wiping tears from her eyes.

CHRIS
I'm sorry, Ms. Williams.

CLIP'S MOTHER
(Sobbing)
My baby is in the arms of the Lord. I
know he's in a better place.

CHRIS
...I'll go get that stuff out the way.

CLIP'S MOTHER
Go right ahead.

CHRIS
Do you know when you'll have the
funeral ready?

CLIP'S MOTHER
It'll be ready for Sunday. I already
made the arrangements.

CHRIS
I'll be there.

(To his mother)
Ma, can you talk with her for a minute
while I get the stuff?

CHRIS MOTHER
Not a problem.

Chris walks up the stairs going inside the house.

EXT. /INT. INSIDE CLIP'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The room still looks a mess as Chris looks around shaking his head taking a deep breath before going into Clip's room. Clip's room is painted blue with various Crip graffiti on the walls.

There's clothes scattered all over the floor, along with papers, empty beer cans and bottles.

Chris picks up a box resting in the corner and starts filling it with papers filled with Crip lit, CD's etc.

He lifts the mattress, and there's bricks of marijuana, sacks of crack rocks, two blue plated Nine Millimeters, and a sawed off shotgun with dried caked up blood around the barrel.

Smirking, nodding his head, he lets the mattress down, and then walks over to the closet opening it.

Hanging on the door is a royal blue hood with the words EACT CIDE on the front spelled in calligraphy letters and on the back it says Rip Rida.

A tear wants to fall from his eye staring at the hood remembering his best friend.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. CLIP'S MOTHER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Chris comes out carrying boxes, making his way to the car.

His mother and Clip's mother continue talking.

He places the boxes in the car, and then comes back to the porch.

CLIP'S MOTHER
(To Chris)
I'll see you Sunday.

CHRIS

Yes, ma'am.

CHRIS MOTHER

Once again, my heart goes out to you.

CLIP'S MOTHER

I really appreciate that from the
bottom of my heart.

Chris and his mother walk to the car getting in. She starts
the car, and then turns looking at him.

CHRIS MOTHER

What did he leave you?

CHRIS

Some clothes, CD's.

CHRIS MOTHER

Chris, you're my only son. Don't think
about doing no stupid shit.

CHRIS

Ma, I'm not doing anything.

She pulls off.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRIS ROOM - NIGHT

The room is basic.

There's a black entertainment system setup against the wall
with a television and stereo resting inside, along with a
video game system and some games. "MO MURDA" By Bone is
playing, as Chris poses in the mirror up against the wall in
his boxers holding the two Nine-Millimeters with a blue
bandanna wrapped around his face.

CHRIS

What's up, cuz? You wanna fuck with
me?

He walks over to the bed taking a seat placing the guns down
picking up the shotgun opening it, taking the blue shell
cases out.

He stares at them in a trance for a few seconds, before
wiping them off and placing them back in.

Grabbing the blunt and lighter off the bed he walks over to the window opening it before lighting the blunt taking a hard pull, exhaling a thick cloud, sucking it back in.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Don't worry, cuz, I'll get them niggas. That's on the "C".

EXT. RIVERWALK - NIGHT

The lights from Canada look beautiful reflecting off the still waters.

Couples are holding hands by the rail, and we can hear faint talking.

Chris and Crystal come walking up holding hands.

Crystal seems happy with her evening, but you can look at Chris and tell the death of Clip is still bothering him.

Chris is wearing all-blue with the hat to match, and Crystal is wearing a fitted black shirt and jeans.

CRYSTAL

Loco's still got the best nachos in the "D".

CHRIS

(Dry)
Yeah.

CRYSTAL

What's up?

CHRIS

It doesn't matter.

CRYSTAL

If I didn't love you, no it wouldn't. But since I do, you need to talk to me. It's about Wade, isn't it?

He lets her hand go walking over to the rail looking down into the water.

She comes behind him placing her hands on his shoulders rubbing him.

CHRIS

(Sighs)

He's dead because of me. Mike is in a wheelchair because of me. This gang shit is taking over my life, causing me pain in every way possible.

CRYSTAL

You have to stop beating yourself up. These things happen---

Chris turns around upset.

CHRIS

All of this shit is happening because of me. How would you feel if you saw your sister out with a bunch of niggas and when you try to take her home, your friend ends up paralyzed? How would you feel if you wanted to kill the nigga ya sister keeps fuckin` with and in the end, you get your best friend killed? Stop beating myself up?! You don't know shit about beating yourself up until you feel what I feel!

CRYSTAL

I'm trying to feel your fuckin` pain! I'm trying to fuckin` be there for you, but you won't let me! That's what love is all about! Through the good times and bad, we're supposed to---

CALVIN (O.S.)

Crystal?

She turns around and there stands CALVIN, dark brown skin tone, smiling wearing all-red with the hat to match.

Chris leans up against the rail with a look of hate.

CRYSTAL

Calvin? What are you doing down here?

CALVIN

I was down here chillin`, and I saw you.

CRYSTAL

You think after all this time and what

you did, you can just---

CHRIS

Excuse the fuck outta me. I swore we came down here together.

CRYSTAL

I know we came down here together.

CALVIN

(Laughs)

Why are you still dealing with this soft ass nigga?

Chris gets off the rail making his way towards them, and Crystal stands between them.

CRYSTAL

You need to respect my man.

(To Chris)

You keep your cool.

CALVIN

Respect the nigga for what? He's still the same bitch ass nigga he was back then.

Chris swings around Crystal just barely missing because Calvin steps back.

CHRIS

What's up, cuz?

CRYSTAL

(To Chris)

Calm down! I need you to leave, Calvin.

CALVIN

(Scoffs)

You dumb bitch. I'm glad I fucked you over, because you're truly---

Chris moves Crystal to the side hitting Calvin in the mouth making him step back, but he keeps hitting him until he falls to the ground.

Once he's on the ground, Chris pulls one of the Nine-Millimeters out and starts pistol-whipping him.

Crystal tries pulling Chris off, but he elbows her good

enough to make her stumble back, tripping over her feet.

Chris continues pistol-whipping him.

CHRIS

You fucked her friend and then tried
to fuck her, but she's a dumb bitch?!

Chris aims the gun at his face ready to pull the trigger.

Crystal grabs his arm just as he squeezes the trigger,
missing Calvin's head.

The few people out there take off running.

Chris gets up shoving her.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

What the fuck is wrong with you?! The
nigga just called you a dumb bitch!

He kicks Calvin across the face.

Calvin releases a deep moan, rolling around on the ground
with blood covering his face.

CRYSTAL

What the fuck has gotten into you?!
Who do you think you are?!

CHRIS

I'm not a bitch ass nigga that's about
to date a girl protecting a nigga who
disrespected her!

CRYSTAL

I'm not protecting anybody, Chris. I'm
just---

CHRIS

I'm just not fuckin` with you no more!
Fuck you, and this bitch ass nigga!
You two Ce fuckin` happy together!

Chris starts walking off.

CRYSTAL

Chris, it ain't like that!

CHRIS

Fuck you!

CRYSTAL

Fuck yo baby I'm carrying, too?!

CHRIS

If it's really mine! It might be that
bitch ass nigga Cack there! Have a
nice fuckin` life!

Chris continues walking, while Crystal stands crying.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - NIGHT

Chris is standing in the spot where Clip died holding a paper bag with a beer and a pint of Remy inside.

He takes a seat taking the Remy out, pouring it all out off to the side.

CHRIS

There you go my nigga.

He takes the beer from the bag opening it, guzzling down as much as he can.

Pulling a blunt from his pocket, he places it in his mouth, lighting it, taking a hard hit.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Shit ain't right without you here,
cuz. It's cool. I'll get them niggas
for you.

He takes a few more pulls and then puts the blunt out placing it back in his pocket, picking the beer up and guzzling some more.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I gotta go. Just know you're always
here with me. I'll holla Cack my
nigga.

He gets up dusting off, taking sips walking out the house.

INT. MIKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Blue bandanas are on the dressers and the headboard of the bed.

Video games are stacked up against the side of the television.

Mike's room is fairly clean, but he makes sure when you come in you know he's Crippin`.

Some rap music is playing.

Mike is in a wheelchair sitting at the table.

Chris is sitting on the other side of the table smoking a blunt.

On the table, there's a half bottle of Seagram's gin, some rolled blunts, a cup in front of Chris and Mike, and an ashtray resting beside the hat Chris was wearing.

Chris passes the blunt.

CHRIS

That's fucked up what happened to Clip.

MIKE

I know cuz. I can't Celieve the shit myself. One minute we were drinking and smoking...now he's gone.

CHRIS

(Sighs)
...It's my fault.

MIKE

What makes you say that?

CHRIS

If I didn't wanna go kill that slob he would still Ce alive.

MIKE

Shit happens for a reason, cuz. Maybe it was his time to go.

CHRIS

Fuck that. It should've been me.

MIKE

Don't say that. He wouldn't look at it that way.

CHRIS

Check this out.

He stands up pulling the two Nine-Millimeters from under his

shirt placing them on the table.

Mike looks at him confused, taking a hit from the blunt.

MIKE

Why do you have his shit?

CHRIS

He left me all his shit.

MIKE

Chris...you do know you're not a Crip?

CHRIS

I might as well Ce one. That shit can't ride, cuz.

MIKE

I understand that. Do you know what you're saying right now? I do this shit for real, and look where I'm at.

CHRIS

Fuck that! Retaliation is a must, cuz!

MIKE

I know that shit, cuz. You on some---

CHRIS

Mike, you ain't feeling me. If you were, we wouldn't Ce having this conversation.

Chris downs the rest of his cup, and then places the guns back under his shirt, after which, he places his hat on.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You'll Ce at the funeral, right?

MIKE

Yeah, I'll Ce there.

CHRIS

I'm out, Cuddin`. I'll holla at you Sunday.

Chris walks out the room.

Mike looks on, shaking his head taking a sip from his cup before hitting the blunt again.

EXT. EAST LAFAYETTE - NIGHT

The bus is pulling off.

Chris is standing waiting to cross the street. Crossing the street, as he gets closer to his block, he slows his pace seeing YOUNG BLOOD #1 AND YOUNG BLOOD #2, ages sixteen in all-red with red bandannas around their heads standing in front of the closed laundry shop, drinking and smoking, talking loud.

Chris feels it'll be trouble.

Young Blood #1 notices Chris, and then taps Young Blood #2 on the shoulder.

Young Blood #2 turns looking at him.

YOUNG BLOOD #2

You're in the wrong hood wearing that flu shit, blood!

CHRIS

It ain't that type of night. Just get the fuck outta my way and Ce easy.

YOUNG BLOOD #2

Fuck you, crab ass nigga!

Chris calmly places his hands under his shirt, placing his fingers on the handles of the guns.

The two run at Chris, and Chris pulls the guns out.

They pause, turning around running the other way, and Chris opens fire.

Young Blood #2 catches a couple in the back, and he hits the ground dead.

Young Blood #1 catches one in the back falling to the ground.

Young Blood #1 is trying to crawl away, and Chris runs up kicking him over aiming the guns at him.

YOUNG BLOOD #1

(Begging)

Come on dog, don't do this shit!

CHRIS

Bitch ass nigga, talk shit now!

YOUNG BLOOD #1
 Dog, please! I'm really not a Blood! I
 was just out here with my nigga!

Anger surges through Chris having a flashback of the drive-by.

FLASH CUT:

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - NIGHT

Chris is holding Clip in his arms.

COME BACK TO:

EXT. EAST LAFAYETTE - NIGHT

CHRIS
 Fuck that! Y'all ain't show mercy on
 me and my nigga!

YOUNG BLOOD #1
 Man---

Chris shoots him four times in the face.

Some lights start coming on in houses.

Chris takes off running down the street till he gets to the alley, taking that all the way home.

When he gets to his house he hops the gate, and then goes into the garage turning the lights on.

He walks over to a pile of wood resting in the corner moving some of the wood out the way, placing the guns on top.

Placing the wood back on top of the guns, he walks to the switch turning the lights off making his way out the garage closing it.

Coming to the front of the house trying to catch his breath, he notices the Intrepid used in the drive-by resting in front of the house.

He scratches his head confused, making his way to the side door quietly opening it.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

The basement is furnished like a living room.

There's a shelf filled with pictures of Chris and Tasha, along with their trophies.

Some R & B music is playing fairly loud.

Tony is on top of Tasha in nothing but his boxers kissing on her, while she moans in pleasure.

Chris creeps down the stairs pausing, staring at the two confused.

CHRIS
What the fuck?!

They both look up stunned.

Tony tries getting up, but Chris is already on him hitting him upside the head making him fall down on Tasha.

Chris grabs him by the shoulders, slinging him to the floor.

He kicks him a few times in the face, before getting down on his knees choking him.

Tasha gets up in her red bra and panties trying to pull Chris off, but he elbows her making her step back.

CHRIS
You nasty bitch!

Tony is gasping for air as the veins bulge in his head.

Tasha grabs one of the trophies with a marble base hitting Chris over the head, and he falls over unconscious.

Tony gets up grabbing at his throat, hacking and coughing.

Tasha stands holding the trophy with a lost expression.

Tony kicks Chris across the face.

TONY
Bitch ass nigga.

CHRIS MOTHER (O.S.)
What the fuck is going on down there?!

TASHA
Oh, shit. Baby, you gotta go.

Tony quickly gathers his stuff running up the stairs making his way out the side door.

Tasha puts the trophy down, putting her robe on.

Their mother comes downstairs wearing her nightgown, half woke looking around.

CHRIS MOTHER
What the...

She covers her mouth looking at Chris on the floor.

TASHA
Ma, I can---

She slaps Tasha hard across the face, damn near turning her red how hard the slap was.

CHRIS MOTHER
You better get the fuck outta my face
and call an ambulance! Go, now!

Tasha takes off running.

His mother gets down on her knees holding him.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Chris is lying on the bed with his head bandaged.

Tasha is sitting by his bedside.

He opens his eyes seeing Tasha, and he gets upset.

CHRIS
What are you doing here?

TASHA
I can't check on my brother?

CHRIS
Since when am I your brother?

TASHA
On real shit. I've been looking at

everything that went down. All the people who died or got fucked up. I realized this shit has to stop.

CHRIS

I'm supposed to believe that? It's because of you I'm here.

TASHA

I know. I fucked up and there's nothing I can do about that. Right now...I just want my brother.

CHRIS

Are you serious?

She leans over giving him a kiss on the forehead before laying her head on his chest, wrapping her arm around him.

TASHA

I love you, Chris. From here on out, that gang shit is done.

Tears begin rolling down his face wrapping his arms around her.

CHRIS

I love you, too.

INT. CHRIS ROOM - MORNING

Chris is posing in the mirror wearing an all-white suit, with a white bandanna around his head.

He walks over to the bed where his black trench coat is resting, and on top of it is the sawed off shotgun.

He picks the gun up, placing it in the sleeve of the coat.

CHRIS (V.O.)

I did a lot of thinking the past few days. I finally got through to my sister, and all that gang bullshit is over. The only thing left to do is see my nigga.

He places the coat over his arm making sure he's holding on tight to the sleeve with the gun making his way downstairs.

He walks past his mother sitting on the couch watching him walk out the door.

EXT. /INT. IN FRONT OF CHRIS MOTHER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

He walks over to Crystal's black Taurus in the driveway getting in.

EXT. /INT. INSIDE CRYSTAL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Crystal is wearing something casual.

CRYSTAL

How are you?

CHRIS

I'm okay.

CRYSTAL

Can we talk about the Riverwalk?

CHRIS

That's the last thing on my mind. I just wanna get this shit out the way. Whatever happened on that day can't be changed.

She sighs, pulling out the driveway.

Chris pulls a CD from his coat placing it in the radio, and a song starts playing. "Everything gonna be alright"

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CHURCH PARKING LOT - MORNING

The church looks rather old, but it's still holding up strong as they pull into the parking lot.

They get out making their way into the church, along with other people walking in.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. /INT. INSIDE THE CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Inside, everything is brand new from the floor to the ceiling.

The choir is singing while the music plays.

Everybody is crying comforting the person next to them.

Clip's mother is sitting in the front row bawling. All the

gang affiliates have a section to themselves. The colors range from blue, black, white, purple and some brown.

Clip's casket is covered with white and blue roses, and pictures of him from when he was a baby up to the present.

Yasmine is sitting in the back holding Darius.

Chris walks over to her, taking a seat, giving her a kiss on the cheek.

Crystal keeps walking to the front taking a seat.

CHRIS

How are you?

YASMINE

(Sobbing)

I'll be okay. I asked him if he would be alive, and his last words were "Don't I always come back?" Look where I'm at now.

CHRIS

...Yeah.

YASMINE

What can you do? Thanks for talking to me, Chris. I needed that.

CHRIS

No problem.

He gets up making his way to the casket.

Inside the casket, Clip is wearing a black suit with blue pinstripes, with a blue bandanna wrapped around his head.

Clip looks like he's finally at peace with tons of other bandannas laid across his body.

Chris stands there for a few minutes before walking over to Mike sitting in his wheelchair outside the pew.

Chris takes a seat placing the coat down gently.

CHRIS

What up, cuz? I see you made it.

MIKE

(Sobbing)

I made it, cuz. I can't Believe that's my nigga up there.

CHRIS

I got something to give you when we leave.

MIKE

What's that?

CHRIS

I'll show you when we leave.

The choir and music comes to a stop as the PREACHER comes to the pulpit.

PREACHER

Good morning ladies and gentlemen.
We're here today in mourning because these cruel streets said this young man had to die. Why are you young people killing each other over things that mean nothing in the Lord's eyes? Why does a parent have to mourn because their child couldn't dress in what made them feel comfortable? Young people, we need to put an end to this foolishness! The Lord protects fools and babies, and as I look around the room I see both because you're killing each other over colors! You're all the same in the Lord's eyes! The only difference is appearance, and that holds no value because in the end, the Lord doesn't look at your appearance! He looks at your inner soul, young people!

THE ROOM

Amen!

The choir hits a quick note.

PREACHER

You young people out here think because you got a gun in your hand you can't be touched! That gun is nothing more than an extension of how much of a coward you really are! You wanna

prove to somebody you're big and bad?!
 Pick up a book and learn something, so
 you can be somebody in life! Or pick
 up a bible and learn something about
 your maker before it's too late, and
 you have to face him not knowing
 what's going on! That makes you big
 and bad, when you can say I have the
 Lord on my side, and he's watching
 over me with his strong arm of
 protection!

The doors come open, and everyone turns, seeing Tony tossing
 a blue bandanna on fire into the aisle.

TONY
 Fuck that crab, and every other crab
 in here!

He runs out and half the church gets up chasing after him.

Chris grabs his coat making his way outside.

The church is in shambles.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. THE CHURCH PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

It's a carnage bowl of madness similar to the fight on THE
 STRIP, but worse.

Tony is hiding behind one of the cars pulling out a Nine-
 Millimeter.

Chris comes out and sees him.

He takes the sawed-off from his sleeve making his way over to
 him.

Just as Tony gets ready to stand up, Chris puts the barrel to
 the back of his head.

CHRIS
 What's up, cuz?!

Tony turns his head looking into the barrel, which is the
 last thing he sees before the gun goes off blowing his head
 off splattering blood, brains and skull fragments everywhere.

More gunshots start going off, and people are catching

bullets falling to the ground.

Police sirens are heard drawing near.

Chris runs, jumping into one of the Crips cars getting ready to pull off.

He looks back one last time, and he sees Tasha staring dead at him.

The car takes off.

The gunshots are still heard as police cars pull up.

INT. BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

Chris is looking in the mirror wearing a royal blue wife beater and jeans.

Some music can be heard playing in the background.

CRIP (O.S.)
Come outta there and get fucked up,
cuz!

CHRIS
Here I come!

He smiles nodding his head yes, before walking out the bathroom.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRIS ROOM - NIGHT

Tasha is sitting on the bed holding the same bear Chris was holding when she came home drunk.

Chris comes into the room carrying a garbage bag with his clothes in it.

CHRIS
What do you want?

TASHA
I guess it's finally over.

CHRIS
I guess so. What do you want?

TASHA
Nothing. I'm actually happy.

CHRIS
What's the catch?

She holds up the bear smiling, and then places it on his pillow, standing up walking to him.

TASHA
Just like the bear...you're always there for me.

CHRIS
I'm amazed.

TASHA
Well people change, and I'm glad you did it.

He places the bag down, and they give each other a hug.

She gives him a kiss on the cheek.

TASHA
Good night. I love you, and I'll talk to you tomorrow.

She walks out the room.

Chris walks over to the bed taking a seat smiling.

CHRIS
...It all worked out in the end.

He lies down on the bed grabbing the bear before closing his eyes.

INT. CHRIS MOTHER'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

Chris is standing over his sleeping mother wearing the hood he took from Clip's house. After killing Tony and his best friend getting laid to rest, Chris knows his life will no longer be the same, and if he lives from what he's done, he hopes his mother will be able to forgive him.

He gives her a kiss on the cheek before walking out the room, walking downstairs heading to the basement door, walking out the side door.

INT. /EXT. OUTSIDE CHRIS MOTHER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

He walks to the garage opening it, walking over to the wood pile getting the guns sliding the old clips out placing new ones in. After covering the old clips under the wood, he places the guns under his hood making his way out the garage.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Chris comes in through the back door just as the bell rings, and the hallway begins filling with loud students as he makes his way through the crowd heading towards the library.

There's a bunch of students in line seeing if they're graduating. Some walk away excited, while others walk away in shame.

He gets to the paper smiling seeing he's graduating with flying colors and honors. Walking out the library, he bumps into Tasha wearing a red wife beater and bandanna skirt.

He gives her a tight hug and kiss on the cheek before letting her go.

CHRIS

I'm graduating!

TASHA

That's nice.

CHRIS

Hell yeah! I can't wait to wear my cap and gown.

TASHA

Well, you should worry about something else right now.

CHRIS

What are you talking about?

TASHA

I'm talking about when I was bangin`.

CHRIS

(Sighs)

Tasha, I swore we said that shit was said and done?

TASHA

It's done. I just wanna tell you how I got in.

CHRIS

How?

TASHA

On the night your friend died.

Chris stares in deep thought, wondering why she mentioned the night Clip was killed.

CHRIS

...Yeah.

TASHA

I was one of the people blastin` at you crab ass niggas.

CHRIS

What?!

TASHA

That's right. And yo bitch ass next, blood!

She spits on him, and then takes off running.

He stands confused for a split second before pulling the guns from under his hood causing students to drop to the floor screaming as he chases after her.

He runs past Crystal, and she looks at him confused before chasing after him.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. THE SCHOOLYARD - CONTINUOUS

The schoolyard is filled with students.

Throughout all of them, there are FOUR guys including BLOOD #1 wearing all-black with red bandannas around their faces, with their hands under their shirts.

Tasha comes running out the school, and Chris is not far behind taking aim.

They pull various guns from under their shirts and students drop to the ground screaming.

CHRIS
You slob bitch!

BLOOD #1
Blast that muthafuckin` crab, blood!

Chris and the guys open fire. Students are getting hit as the screams and bullets ring out in the air.

FADE OUT:

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - MINUTES AFTER

Here's what we didn't see in the beginning. Tasha is lying face down in blood, along with one of the guys shooting and a couple of students.

Chris is lying on his back, guns still in hand. Bullet holes are in his stomach and chest, as he lies spitting up blood. His vision is blurry, staring at the students surrounding him.

CHRIS (V.O.)
As I said...the story is about family, but you can relate from a gang point of view? Man, mama is gonna be pissed. Her little girl is dead, and her son killed her. Why is everybody looking sad? I'm not leaving. I'll be at graduation because I know it'll be off the hook. ...Bloods, Crips...there'll never be peace between the two.

His vision slowly fades.

CHRIS (CONT'D) (V.O.)
It's fucked up because throughout all this, all I wanted to do was protect my sister. I guess I did in a way, but I didn't. Close my eyes. ...It's time to say goodbye.

FADE OUT:

WHAT YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT GANGS

"Gangs are more than what society claims, although there are gangs proving society right. The colors represent a family, but in the same breath, you have people wearing colors thriving for a rush, and nine times out of ten are not gang affiliated. The sad part about gangs you can say is true.

Let's say you dropped your flag, but you killed someone from the opposite set or you were around when a murder went down.

If you get caught slipping, you're dead on sight. Once you're in, you're in until your dying day. Gangs can be the most powerful force on the planet, but as long as they see each other as colors there will never be peace.

If you plan on picking up a flag to represent, you better be prepared to live by the set, and die by the set. Think about it. You never know when you'll have to kill or get killed by someone that's actually family."

Bernard Mersier

This is dedicated to every set. War or peace?

END CREDITS