

Black Balled

By

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1 EXT. SKY - DAY**1**

We see a plane from below as it drifts across the sky.

2 INT. PLANE - DAY**2**

There are pockets of activity as people take their seats, chat with one another, watch the in-flight movie with their headphones on. Stewards and Stewardesses patrol the aisle with carts and field questions from passengers.

In one of the seats sits our protagonist JAIME ROGER-BANE a young black man in his early 20's. He stares mournfully at photograph. In the photograph we see a younger Jaime along with his brother JOHNNY ROGERS-BANE and their mother SALOME ROGERS-BANE.

In the picture Jaime and Johnny have their arms around Salome and all look happy. A tear falls on Salome's face blurring her picture. The tear streaks down the picture as if she is crying.

PILOT (V.O.)

Ladies and gentlemen, as we start our descent, please make sure your seat backs and tray tables are in their full upright position...

We see Jaime's tear streaked face as he sniffs and looks up from his picture and out the window. We see from Jaime's POV outside, the skyline of Los Angeles with the big HOLLYWOOD sign in the forefront.

JAIME

Home sweet home.

3 INT. LAX AIRPORT - DAY**3**

Jaime is among the new arrivals disembarking the plane as he moves with the wave of people he sees a familiar face standing close but not too close to the people waiting for their loved ones to meet them.

Jaime lights up immediately recognizing UNCLE CHARLIE, a heavy set black man in his mid to late 40's. Charlie sees him and his face lights up as well. Jaime breaks free of the crowd as everyone begins to separate and go their own way, he runs to his uncle and they embrace in a hearty hug.

JAIME

What's up old man?

CHARLIE
(smiling)
Old who you callin' old. Boy I'll
still whoop yo ass.

Charlie and Jaime start play fighting, they throw light jabs
at each other meant to hit air.

JAIME
Watch yourself now, old timer.

CHARLIE
Oh, oh I'll show you old timer.

They stop and hug each other again.

CHARLIE
Damn it's good to see you, boy.

JAIME
You too Unc, you too.

Charlie keeps his arm around Jaime as they walk.

CHARLIE
How ya been, anyway? How was New
York?

JAIME
Look Unc, I want to catch with up
and all, but you know what I want to
know.

Charlie visibly deflates.

CHARLIE
(sighs heavily)
I know, son I know.

JAIME
How'd it happen?

CHARLIE
A drive-by, your brother was beefin'
with the Stripez again and they
decided to pay him a visit,
everybody got down but uh...

JAIME
But what Unc?

CHARLIE

Salome, she was in the house and she got hit.

JAIME
(voice-breaking)
Did she...did she suffer?

CHARLIE
Son, you don't want to hear...

Tears stream down Jaime's face.

JAIME
Tell me Uncle Charlie, I need to know.

CHARLIE
(tearing up)
She bled out before the ambulance could come...there was just so much blood. Your brother and I we tried to stop it, but it just kept coming out.

They hug again but this time as mourners.

JAIME
I'm sorry I wasn't here.

CHARLIE
You're here now, that's what matters. I know you'll do what's right by your mother.

They continue walking, until they're outside they walk to Charlie's car a beat up old red Cadillac, they get in Charlie starts the car and they drive off.

4 INT. CHARLIE'S CADILLAC - DAY

4

JAIME
How's JB been holdin' up?

CHARLIE
You know how he is, he's been spittin' fire ever since that day. Hurtin' and itchin' for payback.

Beat.

CHARLIE
You're gonna help him fuck 'em up right?

Beat.

JAIME
 (hesitantly)
 ...Y-yeah Unc, you know I will.

CHARLIE
 Well I'm sure you two will talk
 about that later. But back in my day
 the 8-ballz woulda made those
 motherfuckas wish they'd never been
 born.

JAIME
 I know Unc, I know how the OG's did
 it, what you and Dad woulda done.

CHARLIE
 Alright then.

Beat.

JAIME
 Yo bump some tunes old man. I know
 you got that hot shit.

CHARLIE
 Whatever youngblood, you know I'm
 still bumpin that NWA.

Charlie turns on his radio and we HEAR what sounds like "Fuck
 tha Police" by NWA come on as they drive the highways of Los
 Angeles.

5 EXT. JAIME'S NEIGHBORHOOD & SALOME'S HOUSE - DAY

5

In a cul-de-sac dotted with small houses, some are boarded up
 with graffiti on them others have 8-ballz gang members
 hanging around them, some are playing spades on the porch,
 others are playing craps on the sidewalk and others are just
 hanging out.

Some are smoking weed, and cigarettes, drinking 40ozs.

Women are there too sitting on laps, getting felt up, talking
 with each other.

At Jaime's house we see some members standing outside almost
 as if guarding the place, a boom box on the porch is blasting
 "Fuck tha police" by NWA.

Charlie's car pulls up and stops. Jaime and Charlie get out.
 Charlie greets the gang members standing around the house.

Jaime is a little hesitant, it's been a long time since he's been home.

The men nod their heads at him, and he nods back, he heads up the steps and knocks on the front door. The door swings open and before Jaime can even utter a word he gets punched in the face right off the steps.

The crew around the house burst out with laughter, and a pretty, slim, young black woman (SHONDA) walks down the steps and stands over Jaime.

Jaime lays on the ground rubbing his jaw.

JAIME

Fuck. Nice to see you too Shonda.

SHONDA

Fuck you Jaime, you're just lucky you're mournin' or I'd fuck you up more.

Another person walks up to Jaime and stands over him.

JB

Honestly we flipped a coin to see who was gonna punch you, she won but I can't say I'm disappointed.

JAIME

Thanks JB, I feel the love, can you help me up.

JB reluctantly gives his brother a hand up. Jaime gets up still rubbing his jaw. He and Shonda look at each other and her hard demeanor breaks down and tears start to well in her eyes. She embraces Jaime hard.

SHONDA

How the fuck do you make me feel like this?

JAIME

I'm sorry for leavin' you.

SHONDA

(sniffling)

I'm sorry about your mother...and punchin' you.

JAIME

It's ok.

SHONDA

I might just do it again.

JAIME
...That's fine, I guess.

CHARLIE
Can we get inside now, before you
lose all of your fuckin' street
cred.

6 INT. SALOME'S HOUSE - DAY

6

Charlie, JB, Jaime and Shonda head inside the house. Inside there is big, lanky, man standing by the door (2-SHORT).

2-SHORT
I would have helped but they told me
not too.

JAIME
(surprised)
2-Short is that you?

2-SHORT
(sheepishly)
Yeah, I uh kinda had a growth spurt.

JAIME
Guess we can't clown you on the
court anymore.

JB
He's still a fuckin' buster on the
court, I beat his ass just the other
day.

Salome's house looks like the 70's, with floral wall paper and plastic wrapped furniture. Pictures of the boys, their father and Salome hang all over the walls. There's a space set aside for dining room furniture in the living room. The kitchen is a separate room beyond that and there are stairs leading up to the bedrooms on the second floor.

It's small and compact but also home-like. Jaime is taken aback at how much the everything looks the same, he goes to some pictures and picks them up. He notices the couch has bullet holes and blood stains on it. He stares at it for a little while remembering times his mother would sit there with them and watch TV.

JB sidles up to him.

JB

Before you ask, yeah it probably would have helped if you'd been here.

Jaime looks at him incredulously

JAIME
How the fuck would I have helped!?

JB
(angrily)
We'll never know now will we.

Jaime pushes JB and JB pushes back. They get in each other's face ready to square off. Charlie gets in between them.

CHARLIE
(loudly)
Hey, hey cut that shit out!! Salome wouldn'ta wanted this!

JB
Man, fuck this nigga. I expect this motherfucker to disappear after the funeral.

JB storms off slamming the screen door open as he leaves the house.

CHARLIE
Don't take it personally son, he's real torn up about Salome.

JAIME
Yeah well we all fuckin' are.

CHARLIE
You don't understand youngblood, he was right there when it happened. He's been on the rampage ever since.

Through the window we see a police light flash and HEAR the familiar *woop-woop* of a police cruiser outside.

CHARLIE
Ah shit, not again.

2-SHORT
This is the third time this week.

JAIME
What's going on?

SHONDA

While you been gone a new fuckin' cop started on our beat and he's been making our lives hell ever since. He's been around a lot ever since the drive-by, fat fuck.

2-SHORT

We should go see if JB needs help. He can't keep his mouth shut around DILLARD.

7 EXT. SALOME'S HOUSE - DAY

7

A cop car is parked in the cul-de-sac and two OFFICERS are outside of it. One of them Dillard, an overweight white man in his mid 40's, has JB pinned to the ground with his knee on JB's neck the other his partner ROOK, a younger fit white man in his mid 20's, is holding everyone at bay with his gun at his side.

Jaime, Charlie, Shonda and 2-short come outside and Rook immediately levels his gun at them. They all stop dead in their tracks and put their hands up.

Dillard looks up and sees Jaime and looks down at JB instantly seeing the family resemblance.

DILLARD

(casually)

Well, well what do we have here. Is this the infamous younger "Son of Thunder" I've read so much about when I got here.

ROOK

Yes sir, that's him Jaime Rogers-Bane.

DILLARD

I heard you two raised quite a bit of hell back in your day.

JAIME

Been a long time Rook, who's your new fuck buddy.

ROOK

You watch your fuckin' mouth boy.

Dillard laughs.

DILLARD

Ah, man that's good, I see you got a mouth on you too, just like your big brother over here.

Dillard puts pressure on JB's neck.

JB
(pained)
Fuck, man!!!

DILLARD
If you haven't noticed by my knee on your brother's neck. I'm the new law in town and I make the rules. Rule #1 watch your manners when your talkin' to your betters, got it.

JAIME
Man fuc--

Dillard increase the pressure on JB's neck. JB screams out in pain.

JAIME
Alright man, I get it, I get it.

DILLARD
Mhm-hmm, so you're the smarter one, I've been trying to beat sense into this one for months. But you, I think I can do business with you. Why don't you step into my office.

Dillard nods at his car and Jaime slowly walks over, while Dillard gets off of JB and Rook covers their retreat. Dillard, Jaime, and Rook get in the police cruiser.

8 INT. DILLARD'S POLICE CAR - DAY

8

Rook starts the car and drives off as the others look on.

DILLARD
You know I've been waitin' to meet you for quite some time now. I run the C.R.A.S.H unit in LA and we're supposed to be running trash like you outta town but I think it's better to have you on my side, get my drift?

Jaime meets this with stony silence. Dillard continues as if Jaime answered anyway.

DILLARD

You two and the 8-ballz y'all are like fuckin' legends around here. You and your brother got a rap sheet about as long as my dick, but never a conviction.

Jaime stays silent.

DILLARD

(scoffs)

I mean you guys have done it all, aggravated assault, home invasion, assault with deadly weapon, the list goes on and on. I mean it reads like a fuckin' Thug Life Starter Guide, ain't that right Rook?

Rook nods.

DILLARD

But if your absence has made one thing clear, your brother ain't the brains of the operation. Hell first day on the job I catch him with possession with intent to sell.

Jaime who's been looking out the window while actively trying to ignore Dillard, looks visibly surprised at the mention of this. He glances over at the rearview and sees Dillard's eyes staring at him, waiting to see how he'd take the news. Jaime quickly regains his composure and continues staring out the windows trying to act nonplussed.

DILLARD

Course it was only weed though, I know your crew stays out of the heavy shit.

Jaime looks visibly relieved.

DILLARD

But my point is, I caught that boy red-handed on my first day on the job. I coulda hauled his ass in and he'd be touchin' his toes with San Quentin's finest degenerates behind him as we speak, if you get my meaning.

Jaime scoffs derisively.

DILLARD

But you see I got myself a plan for these streets and your brother getting sent to jail woulda fucked that up royal, so I let him be.

JAIME

A plan? All you motherfuckas got a plan on how to handle the hood til you come face-to-face wit it and you realize the hood ain't changin' no matter how many niggas you throw in jail. That's cuz you fail to realize one thing, the hood don't change, it changes you. Then one day you find the nearest nigga's head to wrap your night stick around cuz you just can't take it anymore.

DILLARD

Well, well looks like we got a thug poet on our hands. I knew you were the brains and I gotta tell you I agree with everything you just said.

JAIME

(sarcastic)

Really?

DILLARD

Yep, you see I grew up on a farm and I learned a thing or two about herds. You gotta keep the status quo. Let nature do it's part and you'll be set for life. If a couple of the bulls take each other out, well that's just the price a doin' business. It's funny how well that works with monkeys too.

Dillard turns in his seat and leers at Jaime.

JAIME

(muttering)

Racist pig motherfucker.

DILLARD

What was that boy?

JAIME

I said did you have anything to do with the drive-by that killed my mother?

DILLARD

And if I did?

JAIME
Then we'd have a problem.

DILLARD
(scoffs)
Good thing, it wasn't me then.

JAIME
Do you know who ordered it?

DILLARD
Yep and I even know why.

Jaime looks up surprised.

DILLARD
(chuckles)
Got your attention now, huh?

JAIME
Let me guess it's gonna cost me?

DILLARD
Bingo, but the way I see it you're
ass is mine anyway. That possession
with intent to sell I caught your
brother on, that's just the tip of
the iceberg. I got enough on him to
set him up with a nice loooonnnng
stay in San Quentin.

JAIME
What the fuck do you want man?

DILLARD
Well now we come to the heart of the
matter. You help me and maybe I'll
forget all about those charges,
depending on how happy I am with
your work I might just tell you what
I know about your mother's death.

JAIME
Why me?

DILLARD
I can tell you're smarter than the
average "brother" from your rap
sheet alone. I need someone like you
for jobs I can't get my hands dirty
doing.

JAIME
 (frustrated)
 Fine, what the fuck do you want me
 to do?

DILLARD
 Whoa there kemosabe, hold your
 horses. I gotta learn if you're the
 right steer for the job first. A
 hunch can only take you so far, I
 need proof. Rook stop the car
 please.

The car come to a stop.

9 E/I. DILLARD'S POLICE CAR - EVENING

9

The car stops in a visibly bad neighborhood. Inside the car
 Jaime looks out the window and sees Stripez colors spray
 painted everywhere. Jaime looks nervous.

DILLARD
 Oh, look at that I think he's
 starting to get it.

JAIME
 F-fuck you Dillard.

DILLARD
 (smiling)
 There we go again with the disre-
 fuckin'-spect. We'll deal with that
 in time, if you don't die first.

JAIME
 What the fuck are we doing here,
 this is the Stripez block, I can't
 fuckin' be here, they fuckin' know
 me here man.

DILLARD
 You my friend are going to make your
 way back home, prove to me you're as
 clever as I think you are and I'll
 have more work for you to do. Don't
 make it back home and well maybe
 I'll be comforting Shonda as she
 mourns you.
 (laughs)
 You know I don't normally go for
 dark meat but that girl, she sure is
 stacked in all the right ways.

JAIME
 (enraged)
 You're not gonna fuckin' touch her
 you piece of fuckin' shit.

Jaime lunges for Dillard's seat but Dillard already has the drop on him, he twists toward the driver's side and has his gun pointed Jaime's ribs.

Jaime sits back in his seat with his hands up.

DILLARD
 Save your energy sparky, you're
 gonna need it. Rook why don't you
 let everyone know we're here.

Rook blasts the horn and turns on the lights and sirens.

Dillard with his gun still pointed a Jaime smiles.

DILLARD
 Good that outta get everybody's
 dander up, now get the fuck out of
 my car.

Jaime reluctantly obeys.

10 EXT. STRIPEZ NEIGHBORHOOD - EVENING

10

Jaime opens the car door and gets out slowly.

DILLARD
 See you around kid, or not.

Rook peels off in u-turn as Jaime backs away from the car. Soon the car and all of it's noise are out of sight and earshot. Jaime looks around as PEOPLE start to come around to see what the commotion was. People are staring out their windows and STRIPEZ MEMBERS walk toward Jaime.

STRIPEZ MEMBER 1
 Yo ain't that Jaime from the
 motherfuckin' 8-ballz

Other members chime in. Jaime starts to walk away.

STRIPEZ MEMBER 1
 Get that motherfucker!!

Jaime starts to run, as Stripez members pull out their guns and chase after him.

Jaime runs through alleys, backyards and neighborhoods as the Stripez give chase and gain in number as they see him pass by.

Jaime knocks over trash cans, dips out of sight and back into sight. He passes by the house of the leader of the Stripez (OMAR) who is watching the action from his window.

Jaime continues running, he sees a bike, he hops on and peddles for his life until the crowd chasing him is left behind. Jaime looks behind and sees he's not being chased anymore. He breaths a sigh of relief.

Suddenly an engine revs from an alley to his left and a Stripez car shows up and gives chase. They swerve into Jaime but he narrowly avoids them. They try this a few more times but Jaime avoids them each time. The passengers open their windows and point guns at him.

Jaime looks at the guns in shock, but Uncle Charlie's red Cadillac comes from another alley and t-bones the Stripez car.

JAIME
HOLY SHIT!!!

Jaime stops pedaling to look at the carnage. The Stripez members in the car are immobile and the horn is blaring as we see the driver laying on the steering wheel. There is no movement from the backseat either.

Charlie backs his car from the Stripez car leaving a mangled front bumper but not much other damage to his car. Shonda in the rear passenger's seat of Charlie's car yells at Jaime out of the open window.

SHONDA
Tha fuck are you waiting for, get in
the fuckin' car!!

Jaime hops off the bike and runs to Charlie's car. Shonda opens the door for him, just as more Stripez members show up on foot and start shooting at the old Cadillac.

11 E/I. CHARLIE'S CADILLAC - NIGHT

11

Jaime throws himself into the back of the car, closes the door and tells Charlie.

JAIME
Let's get the fuck outta here!!

JB and 2short are returning fire as Charlie burns rubber spinning the car around and driving away in the other direction.

JAIME
(panting)
How'd you guys find me?

JB
We followed you, dumbass.

JAIME
Wasn't it dangerous to stick around this area?

CHARLIE
Once we knew where you were we stayed on the outskirts until we saw you headed our way with a fuckin' army behind you.

JAIME
Thanks for the assist.

SHONDA
Why did Officer Asshole bring you here anyway, there are easier ways to kill somebody.

JAIME
He said it was a test and if I pass he's got more work for me.

2-SHORT
Why would work for him?

Jaime looks at the back of JB's head for a moment and JB turns to look back at him.

JB
He's got dirt on me doesn't he?

JAIME
You haven't exactly been keeping a low profile, bro.

JB
The fuck you expect, Mom's can't work and we had to survive. I swear to God I ain't flippin no fuckin' burgers for it though.

JAIME

Well now, he's got me over a fuckin' barrel. And there ain't shit I can do about it.

JB
Shit, that's the least of your worries.

JAIME
Tha fuck does that mean?

JB
I'll tell you when we get home.

Suddenly Charlie's car is rammed from the rear, the collision jerks everyone forward a bit. Charlie looks in the rear-view mirror and we two more Stripez cars gaining on Charlie's Cadillac.

CHARLIE
If we make it home.

SHONDA
Oh shit there's two now.

JB
We gotta move, Charlie right now!!

CHARLIE
Everybody better be buckled the fuck up.

Charlie takes a hard right down an alleyway, with the two cars close behind, back out on the street he pulls some evasive maneuvers. The groups of Stripez members in the cars shoot at Charlie's car. JB and 2-Short return fire. Shonda pulls out a gun herself.

JAIME
Here, give to me.

SHONDA
Fuck you, this is mine.

JAIME
I just mean...

SHONDA
What, that I can't bang like the rest of you.

JAIME
No it's just...

SHONDA

Well fuck you Jaime, I ain't some
dumb whore who can't hold her own,
now get the fuck outta my way.

Jaime sufficiently cowed, quietly switches positions with Shonda. Shonda sticks her head out the window and starts shooting at the other cars.

SHONDA

You like that, huh motherfuckers!!

CHARLIE

That girl's a keeper.

She shoots the driver of one of the cars and that car veers off, hits another car and flips over ejecting or trapping the other gang members in the car as it catches fire and explodes.

Jaime looks on stunned.

JAIME

Holy shit!!

SHONDA

Fuck yeah!!

CHARLIE

But don't ever piss her off.

Jaime nods in agreement.

More cars show up to take the place of the other two. One car pulls up next to the Cadillac and shoots at them. Charlie is hit, the pain makes him lose control of the car.

Shonda, and 2-short shoot at the Stripez car and that car swerves away, JB grabs the wheel as the car starts to veer toward the sidewalk. JB gets the car back on the street, but they're going too fast to stop and careens toward a billboard. Jaime pulls 2-Short and Shonda back into the car.

JAIME

Buckle the fuck up now!!

They all hastily put their seat belts on as they crash through the billboard and sail on the the highway below it. The car catches air and then crashes onto the highway raising sparks.

JAIME

Holy fucking shit! Is everyone okay?

They all groan in the affirmative.

JB
Fuck me!

JAIME
What happened?!

JB
Charlie's been hit.

SHONDA
Oh shit.

CHARLIE
I'm alright, not like I ain't been
shot before. I just need to get
home.

JAIME
JB?

JB
Fuck that, he's bleeding like a
fuckin' stuck pig, we need to get
him some help.

With JB's help, Charlie guides the car over to the shoulder,
out of traffic. They switch spots and JB drives off.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

12

Charlie's beat up Cadillac pulls up to the hospital emergency
room doors. 2-Short, and Jaime get out to help Charlie out of
the car. Shonda gets out and heads into the hospital.

13 INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

13

The doors slide open as Shonda rushes in.

SHONDA
What the fuck are y'all sittin on
your asses for, we need some fuckin'
help!!

DOCTORS and NURSES rush out to help bring Charlie in, they
grab Charlie from 2-Short and Jaime. A gurney has been
brought out as well and they help Charlie on to it.

Charlie waves at the guys to go, as the Doctors start asking him questions and wheel him back into the hospital.

Jaime, 2-Short, and Shonda get back in the car and JB drives off.

CUT TO:

14 EXT. SALOME'S HOUSE - NIGHT

14

Charlie's cadillac comes to a stop in front of Salome's house, it starts to hiss and throw up smoke from the hood as the car just shudders and turns off.

The four get out of the car and check under the hood. As they lift the hood of the car black smoke billows out and they all cough and back away from the cadillac.

JB

That's the end of that fuckin' car.

JAIME

Too bad.

SHONDA

I'll look at her in the morning.

JB and Jaime look at her in shock.

SHONDA

What!?

They both look at each other and shrug. Jaime, JB and Shonda start to head inside. 2-short walks off to his own place.

Jaime stops walking.

JAIME

Wait.

JB and Shonda turn around.

SHONDA

What?

JAIME

Shonda this ain't your place.

SHONDA

The fuck it ain't, I moved in after you left.

Jaime looks at JB for an explanation.

JB

She ain't with me, nigga. I saw her threaten to cut somebodies dick off just for asking her for her number. I'm fuckin' straight my nigga, that's all your crazy right there. Mom let her stay in your room.

Jaime looks at Shonda.

JAIME

My room?

SHONDA

Yep, and if you're lucky, I'll let you sleep on the floor.

They all head into the house.

15 INT. SALOME'S HOUSE - NIGHT

15

The three sit at the dining room table.

JAIME

What were you sayin' earlier, about Dillard being the least of my worries.

JB

Look bro, the Eight Ballz aren't doing so hot right now. We don't have the numbers or the firepower to keep the Stripez and the other gangs from creeping into our territory. Soon enough we won't have a gang left.

JAIME

So?

JB

The fuck you mean so?

JAIME

I mean, what's so bad about that?

JB

Just like I thought, still just a fuckin' buster. So what you just came to bury Mom and then you gonna take yo bitch ass back to where you been hidin' this whole time.

Jaime doesn't answer. Shonda looks at him in shock and gets up and storms off. JB stares at Jaime accusingly.

JAIME

(quietly)

I'm stickin' around long enough to get Dillard off our backs, but then I'm out, I made Mom a promise.

JB

Promise nigga, fuck your promise. You made me a promise, you made Shonda a promise, or what you only remember promises that work for you? Promises where you don't gotta do shit but leave?

JAIME

Man fuck you nigga, you been on my ass ever since I got back. What makes you think I want to stay after how y'all treated me?

JB gets up abruptly and so does Jaime, they stare each other down. Then JB leaves the table and walks to the stairs.

JB

You're not even worth it man, not tonight. By the way to answer your question, I'd expect you to stay because we're family.

JB walks up the stairs and Jaime sits back down in his chair deflating. He puts his head in hands.

JAIME

Fuck.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

16 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

16

It is a fittingly rainy day, LOVED ONES and FRIENDS of Salome are gathered around her grave all dressed in black. Everyone has an umbrella. Charlie is there in a wheelchair with his leg in a cast. JB and Jaime stand on either side of her grave. 2-Short and Shonda stand by JB, no one really stands by Jaime.

The PASTOR speaks saying kind words about family, unity and Salome. Jaime looks over at Shonda who crying silent tears.

FLASHBACK TO

17 INT. JAIME'S ROOM - DAY

17

Shonda and Jaime lay naked under the covers. It was the first time they had made love. Shonda lays on Jaime's chest and looks up at him.

SHONDA

Promise that you won't leave me.

JAIME

I never will.

BACK TO PRESENT

Jaime then looks over at his brother, his fist is clenched in anger.

FLASHBACK TO

18 EXT. SALOME'S HOUSE

18

Jaime and JB sit on the porch and they are surrounded by Eight Ballz members.

JB

No matter what though, we in this for life right bro.

JAIME

Oh hell yes, this shit is for life and we don't play no games around here.

BACK TO PRESENT

Jaime looks down at Salome's casket.

FLASHBACK TO

19 INT. SALOME'S HOUSE

19

Salome and Jaime sit on the couch.

SALOME

I heard y'all out there talking that foolishness again.

JAIME

We're just trying to keep Dad's
legacy...

SALOME

You're Father was a fool, God bless
him. I loved that man but he lived
by the gun and died by the gun and
it looks like you and your brother
want to end up the same way.

Jaime looks down at his hands, ashamed. Salome puts her hand
on his shoulder.

SALOME

Your brother is just like your
Father, he won't turn away from this
life no matter what I do or say. But
you Jaime, I see you're conflicted I
know your meant for
better things. Promise me, you won't
waste your life here.

JAIME

But Ma I...

SALOME

Promise me, please. Promise me
you'll leave here and never come
back, that you'll leave this life
for good.

Jaime looks up at Salome and see the earnestness in her
pleading eyes.

JAIME

Alright Mom, I promise.

BACK TO PRESENT

JB looks over at his brother and then down at the Salome's
grave, he allows a single tear to fall.

FLASHBACK TO

19A EXT. THE HOOD - DAY

19A

JB 2-Short and a few OTHERS are playing basketball. One of
the players pass the ball to him and 2-Short steps in front
of him to guard.

At this point 2-Short is shorter than everyone there.

JB
 (chuckles)
 2-Short, again man, you can't be serious.

2-SHORT
 I gotta keep tryin' man, it's the only way I can get better.

JB
 Aight, your funeral.

JB dribbles the ball crossing between his legs and starts forward.

JB
 Last chance 2-Short, I'm comin' through.

2-SHORT
 I won't let you get past...

JB barrels through 2-Short knocking him to the ground and continues on to make the game-winning lay-up.

JB walks over to 2-Short is still getting up off the ground.

JB
 My bad man but I told you what was gonna happen.

JB extends his hand to 2-Short to help him up. 2-Short takes it and get sup.

2-SHORT
 It's all good man, I'll get you one day.

JB
 Ha ha, you's a funny nigga.

2-SHORT
 Wanna play another game?

JB
 Nah, ya'll go ahead, I'ma head to the crib and sleep.

2-SHORT
 Aight man, later.

JB
 Yeah man, later. Ya'll take it easy on this little nigga, I'll take it

out ya'll asses if you break him.

The other players laugh. JB walks away.

19B EXT. SALOME'S HOUSE - DAY

19B

JB walks up to the door, he hears voices coming from the window next to the door and stops.

SALOME (O.S.)

Your brother is just like your
Father, he won't turn away from this
life no matter what I do or say. But
you Jaime, I see you're conflicted I
know your meant for
better things. Promise me, you won't
waste your life here.

JAIME (O.S.)

But Ma I...

SALOME (O.S.)

Promise me, please. Promise me
you'll leave here and never come
back, that you'll leave this life
for good.

JAIME (O.S.)

Alright Mom, I promise.

JB

Fuck this shit.

JB storms off angrily.

BACK TO PRESENT

Shonda lets tears fall silently.

19C INT. SALOME'S HOUSE - NIGHT

19C

Shonda rushes into the door.

SHONDA

Where is he?!?

Salome comes out of the kitchen

SALOME

Oh no, he didn't tell you?

SHONDA

Where is he ma'am?

Salome looks down and away.

SALOME

He's gone baby, he's on his way to
New York.

Shonda crumples to the floor and sobs.

Salome goes over to her and helps her to the couch.

SHONDA

(sobbing)

He promised me, he promised me.

Salome just holds her and rocks her.

SALOME

Shh, baby, I know, I know.

SHONDA

W-why didn't he ask me to go with
him, I woulda gone.

Sobs continue to rack her.

BACK TO PRESENT

A voice cries out "GET DOWN!!"

BACK TO PRESENT

Shonda is suddenly tackled to the ground as shots ring out,
peppering the gravestones and some of the funeral attendees.

A car peels off.

JB gets off of Shonda and helps her up off the ground. She
looks over to see that Jaime was covered by another another
person.

JB

Not fuckin' today, Eight Ballz with
me, let's get these motherfuckers!!

JB runs toward a car parked close by. 2-short starts to run
to join him, but stops and looks back at Jaime. Jaime looks
over at Salome's gravestone, then back at 2-short. He then
trades glances with Shonda, she gives him the barest of nods.

He looks at Salome's grave one last time.

JAIME

Sorry Momma.

He joins 2-Short and they sprint for the car and join JB.

They all hop in and JB peels off after the Stripez car.

20 INT. CAR - DAY

20

JB

I don't have to worry about you
bitchin' out do I?

JAIME

Just give me a fuckin' gun and shut
up.

JB

Glove compartment.

Jaime checks the glove compartment and two 9mm guns are
inside. Jaime grabs one and hands the other to 2-short.

JAIME

You holdin' JB?

JB

I'm always strapped nigga.

JB keeps one hand on the car and pulls out a wicked looking
silver glock.

Soon they catch up to the Stripez car.

Jaime and 2short stick their heads out the window and start
shooting away at the Stripez car. They people in the car
return fire.

The front windshield gets perforated, and JB swerves out of
reflex. He then takes out his gun and starts shooting at the
car in front of them.

Jaime pops the rear tire on the Stripez car and just as
they're about to over take them.

Sirens sound from behind them. The familiar red and blue
lights start flashing and JB looks in the rear-view mirror.

JB

Fuck!!

JAIME

Who is it.

JB
Who the fuck do you think, that
bitch ass motherfucker Dillard.

DILLARD
(over loudspeaker)
JB PULL THE FUCK OVER RIGHT NOW!!

JB obliges and slows but the Stripez car keeps going. JB hits the steering wheel.

JB
Fuck, man!!

21 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

21

Dillard finishes clicking the handcuffs on JB, turns him around and pushes him against the car.

Jaime and 2-Short are already handcuffed and lined up against the car.

DILLARD
What the fuck did you dumb
motherfuckers think you were doing?
Shootin' up the place like it's the
fuckin' wild west.

JB
We were chasing some Stripez. We
would'a had them too if it wasn't
for your fat ass.

Dillard hits JB in the stomach with the end of his nightstick. JB collapses to the ground coughing.

DILLARD
Did you see a Stripez car Officer
Rook?

ROOK
No sir, I did not.

DILLARD
I didn't see one either, and if I
didn't see one and Rook didn't see
one then they must not have been
there.

JB
(through gritted teeth)
You let them go on purpose you
mother...

Dillard punches JB in the face.

JAIME
They shot up our mom's funeral.

DILLARD
Does it look like I give a rat's ass about your jiggaboo mother's funeral boy?

JAIME
(muttering)
You're gonna pay for this shit

DILLARD
What was that?

JAIME
I said, are you takin' us in?

DILLARD
Funny you should ask. You see I gotta get outta jail free card for you, your scumbag brother and your idiot friend.

JAIME
(resigned)
What do you want me to do?

DILLARD
Great question. I'll tell you in the car. Rook get the cuffs off these boys and send them on their way please.

Rook goes to uncuff JB and 2-short, while Dillard brings Jaime to the squad car, uncuffing him along the way. He puts Jaime in the backseat and then gets in the front passenger seat himself.

22 INT. DILLARD'S SQUAD CAR - DAY

22

Rook returns to the car as JB and 2-Short look on from the outside. Jaime gives them a nod to reassure them and they get back in their car. Rook drives off.

JAIME
Where to now, gonna take me to the fuckin' desert and drop me off there?

DILLARD

That is a nice thought, but we'll table that for now. I do need you do something for me though.

JAIME
What's that?

DILLARD
You'll see when we get there.

JAIME
Get where?

DILLARD
Officer Rook, did you hear about that young darky that was killed the other day?

ROOK
Yes, sir. I heard the cops had no choice.

DILLARD
That's funny, I heard something different.

ROOK
Oh yeah?

DILLARD
Yeah, I heard he wouldn't shut the fuck up so that pulled over and shoved a night stick down his throat.

ROOK
Really sir?

DILLARD
Yeah, I should know, I was there.

Dillard glares at Jaime in the rear-view mirror. Jaime gets the hint, sits back and folds his arms and shuts up.

23 EXT. LOS BLANCOS TERRITORY - DAY

23

The rain has stopped and the sun is beginning to peek out from behind the clouds, as Dillard's car drives through Los Blancos territory. A hispanic gang that values fast cars, low riders, and hot girls.

Graffiti written in Spanish is scattered throughout the area and the homes are squat and closer together. There is a maze

of fencing in between the homes.

Dillard pulls into an alley.

JAIME

Oh you gotta be fuckin' kiddin' me.
Again with this shit?!

DILLARD

This time is a bit special. I need
you to find me a Los Blancos car and
steal.

JAIME

What?!

DILLARD

Then once you steal it, I need you
to bring it to this location here.

Dillard gestures to a spot on a map he has in his hands.

JAIME

You want me to do all this in broad
daylight the fuck do I look like to
you motherfuckin' David Copperfield?

DILLARD

You look like a man that doesn't
want to see his brother killed in
prison after he's been thoroughly
butt-fucked of course.

Jaime sighs heavily, he gets out of the car and Dillard hands
him the map out of the window. Jaime snatches it.

DILLARD

Oh and try not the get the car too
damaged.

Jaime walks away with a scowl on his face. After Jaime gets
some distance away from the Police Car. Rook drives away this
time without the sound and light show.

Jaime walks down the street, trying to act nonchalant. PEOPLE
are staring at him giving him the evil eye. He walks by a
group of LOS BLANCOS hanging around a house and one of them
gets off the porch and gets in his face.

BLANCO MEMBER

Yo, you lost or something homes?

JAIME

Nah, I'm just...looking for something.

The members chime in from the porch.

BLANCO MEMBER 2
Lookin' to get his fuckin' ass beat.

BLANCO MEMBER 3
Fuck this cabrón up Carlos.

BLANCO MEMBER 4
Yeah, make this maricón wish he'd never come to this part of town.

The member standing in front Jaime we now know as Carlos holds up a hand to silence them.

CARLOS
You know you fucked up right? You in the wrong part of town ese, ain't no 8-ballz here to save you.

JAIME
How do you know, I'm 8-ballz.

CARLOS
(shrugs)
Took a chance, six of 1, half-dozen of the other. Makes no difference to us puto, you still in the wrong part of town.

JAIME
Look I don't want any trouble.

CARLOS
Then what the fuck do you want, ese?

JAIME
(sighs)
Whatever, y'all are probably gone kill me anyway.

CARLOS
Probably.

JAIME
I need one of your cars.

All the members there laugh, for a good long time.

CARLOS

Yo, you got some fuckin' balls pendejo. You just waltz right in here and ask for one of our cars.

BLANCO MEMBER 2
Kill this fuckin' pendejo Carlos.

BLANCO MEMBER 3
Estúpido bastardo.

BLANCO MEMBER 4
Qué idiota.

Carlos holds his hand up to quiet them.

CARLOS
I tell you what maricón. I can't murder you right here and now, there's children watching.

People had gathered close around to see what the disturbance was, there were children in the group.

JAIME
That's fair.

CARLOS
I'm also a gambling man and I haven't had a good challenge in a long, long time. So how about this, we race. I win, you die.

JAIME
And if I win.

Carlos and the rest of the crew as well as some of the members of the peanut gallery laugh out loud.

CARLOS
If, and that a big if pendejo. But If you win we'll give you one of our cars.

JAIME
When?

CARLOS
Right now.

JAIME
Where?

CARLOS

There's straightway not far from
here, my boys will see that you get
to it.

Carlos walks away and some of the blancos surround Jaime and usher him to a nearby car.

CUT TO:

24 EXT. STRAIGHTWAY - DAY

24

Jaime is in the same car the Blancos brought him to the straightway in. A crowd is gathered along the straightway. Carlos pulls up in a custom beast of car.

Jaime looks over to Carlos' car in shock.

CARLOS

Like my ride, she sweet ain't she.

JAIME

Do I get her, if I win.

CARLOS

(laughing)

That's funny homes, I hope you still got that humor when you lose. First one to the end of the strip wins ese. I'll see you at the finish line.

A WOMAN walks to the front of the cars. She takes off her top. The crowd catcalls and whistles. She holds it above her head like a flag.

Jaime spares a glance at Carlos, whose face is mask of concentration.

Their engines rev and the cars lurch forward hungry to tear up the road.

The woman drops her top the ground and they're off!

Carlos takes the early lead, but Jaime isn't far behind. Jaime begins to gain on Carlos.

We see Carlos panic slightly. He slams his car into Jaime's and Jaime swerves a little bit.

Jaime is surprised but regains his composure. He gets back up to speed and is neck and neck with Carlos.

Carlos goes to ram him again, but Jaime moves to the side just in time to avoid the blow. Carlos loses speed as Jaime glides to the front.

Carlos comes back from behind and the two are neck and neck again.

At the last second Jaime pulls forward just a bit more and they cross the finish line with Jaime being the winner.

They stop their cars and both men get out as the crowd joins them.

CARLOS

You certainly got balls cabron. Good race.

JAIME

Wait, that's it?

CARLOS

I'm a man of my word ese. That car is yours. You earned the respect of Los Blancos, come by anytime and we'll race for pinks instead of your life.

JAIME

That sounds a whole hell of lot better.

Carlos has several girls on him, he whispers in one of their ears.

She peels off of him and walks over to Jaime.

She pulls out a mascara pencil from her cleavage and grabs his hand.

She writes something on his hand.

Jaime looks at it when she's finished. It's a number.

CARLOS

That's my number homes, call me if you need me.

JAIME

Why?

CARLOS

I gotta feeling about you homes, you sure as fuck ain't boring.

CUT TO:

25 INT. SALOME'S HOUSE - EVENING**25**

Jaime enters the house exhausted, Shonda goes to hug him. JB, 2-Short and Charlie are sitting at the dinning table.

CHARLIE

That son of a bitch didn't have you doing anything too crazy did he?

JAIME

No, just steal a car from the fuckin' Blancos gang.

JB and 2-Short whistle in surprise.

JB

Well you're not dead so I'm assuming you got the job done.

JAIME

More or less, instead of stealing a car though I had to win a drag race for the car and my life.

2-SHORT

Damn, homie. That's pretty gangsta.

JAIME

I got some street cred with the Blancos though.

JB

Glad you're getting it from somewhere cuz you still ain't got shit here with the 8-ballz. You ready to discuss family business now or what?

Jaime shrugs and sits down with the rest of them at the dinning table.

JAIME

What's been going on?

JB

Shit, that's what's been going on.

2-SHORT

The Stripez flooded our hood with crack and coke. Most of our crew turned into base slaves in no time.

On top of that we got almost no guns or ammo for protection from another attack.

JAIME

I thought our friend Dillard liked the gangs as they are, we can't function if we ain't got no members.

JB

He does like things status quo, but doesn't give a fuck if we die out on our own. He's big fan of natural fuckin' selection.

CHARLIE

I told these fellas we shoulda started slingin' a long time ago, we'd have money and guns by now.

JB

And I told you unc, I'm not doin' that, protectin' our hood is one thing sellin' out is something completely different. I'll sling some bud from time to time but I ain't fuckin' touchin' that yayo.

CHARLIE

I'm just sayin' we could sell to Stripez crew just like they sell to ours.

JB

What makes you think they didn't start off slingin' in their own hood. The fuckin' Stripez got more crack dens than actual houses right now and they still out-number us and out-gun us.

JAIME

You try takin' the dope boys off the block?

JB

Of course we have, they just come slinkin' back like roaches.

JAIME

You try takin' em out?

JB

Nah, some of em are 8-ballz and we don't smoke family like that.

JAIME

How bout we teach them a lesson then?

JB

I've wanted to, but I don't even know where to begin.

JAIME

We start with the biggest slinger.

2-SHORT

You're not gonna like this.

JAIME

What?

2-SHORT

The biggest dope boy around is Dirty Dom.

JAIME

(surprised)

Dom a dope boy, you gotta be fuckin' jokin'.

JB

Nah, I was fucked up on that too. I still can't believe that shit, he used to run wit us and everything.

JAIME

He was a true 8-baller for real. Well lets go pay him a visit then.

SHONDA

We still got the other problem, where the fuck are we gonna get guns from?

JAIME

We'll have to deal with that shit later, right now we need our crew back.

CUT TO:

Jaime, JB and 2-Short come to an apartment door. All three of them are carrying bats. Jaime knocks with the bat.

VOICE (O.S.)

Who the fuck is it?

JAIME

Is Jaime, yo is Dirty Dom in there.

VOICE (O.S.)

Go fuck yourself.

JAIME

Oh aight, I see how you want it now.

(loudly to JB)

JB go get the shotgun.

A chain can be heard quickly sliding off the door and locks and be heard unlocking.

The door opens to reveal DIRTY DOM.

DIRTY DOM

Fuck, Jaime y'all play too fuckin' much.

Jaime bum rushes Dirty Dom and pushes him into the apartment. JB and 2-Short follow.

27 INT. DIRTY DOM APARTMENT - EVENING

27

2-Short closes the door after them. Jaime backs Dirty Dom into a wall with the bat. Dom's place looks way different from the hallway, there's a huge tv and a game system. There are nice things everywhere.

JAIME

'Sup Dom, it's been a while.

DIRTY DOM

Y-yeah it has, I was j-just talkin' about you with

(loudly)

Lil Stevie!!

LIL STEVIE a huge dude comes into the living room from another room.

JAIME

Fuck, you got Lil Stevie too?

DIRTY DOM

Yeah, he's my base slave now, so
back the fuck up.

Jaime still has the bat pressed against Dirty Dom's chest.

JAIME

We still got you out numbered Dom,
besides we don't want to fight.

DIRTY DOM

Sure as fuck coulda fooled me.

JAIME

You know me Dom, always prepared.
Anyway we wanna know who you're
supplier is.

DIRTY DOM

Why, I thought the 8-ballz wasn't in
the slingin business?

Jaime hits Dom in the stomach with a short sharp jab with the
bat. Lil Stevie goes to move forward but JB and 2-Short has
him covered with their own bats.

JAIME

Does it look like I'm playing games,
Dom?

DIRTY DOM

(coughing)
Fuck you Jaime.

JAIME

Give me a name Dom or I'm gonna
start rearranging all this nice shit
in here.

DIRTY DOM

Alright, motherfucker, alright. His
name is John St. John.

JB

The pimp? DOM Yeah, good luck
getting to him though he's got more
bodyguards than you got members
right now.

JAIME

I guess askin' you to stop slingin
to your brothers in the hood is out
of the question then.

DIRTY DOM

You see my setup, ain't no way I'm giving this shit up. I'm about to expand too, yeah I'm gonna start gettin shorties in on this shit too.

JAIME

Nice talkin with you Dom.

DIRTY DOM

Yeah, yeah, get the fuck...

Before Dirty Dom can finish his sentence Jaime takes the bat to his knee. Dom screams out in pain and collapses on the ground holding his busted knee.

Jaime, JB and 2-Short go to leave. Lil Stevie goes to Dom's side.

JAIME

Lil Stevie, you're better than this man.

LIL STEVIE

Everybody likes to party sometimes Jaime.

And with that, they leave.

CUT TO:

28 INT. JB'S CAR - NIGHT

28

Jaime, JB, and 2-Short are in the car heading back to Salome's house.

JB

That was some cold shit bro.

JAIME

I was just doing what I had to.

JB

I ain't complainin' motherfucker had it coming.

JAIME

Yeah, and now we know who's flooding our streets with this shit. If we can take him out we can start to get our crew back.

2-SHORT

That's easier said than done Jaime.
John St. John is the biggest pimp
around and you can't ever catch him
without at least a couple
bodyguards.

JB

If we're gonna take him out, we
gotta be smart about it.

JAIME

Now I wish we had the firepower.

JB

You and me both.

CUT TO:

29 INT. SALOME'S HOUSE

29

Jaime, 2-Short, and JB are coming into the house. Shonda and Charlie are sitting at the table playing cards.

SHONDA

How'd it go?

JB

Shitty that's how it went.

JAIME

We found out that John St. John is
Dom's supplier.

CHARLIE

The pimp?

JAIME

Yep.

CHARLIE

Well that ain't good.

JB

Tell us something we don't know.

2-SHORT

Jaime did break his kneecap though.

Charlie and Shonda look at Jaime in surprise.

JAIME

He was gonna get kids involved, I
just hope this stops the asshole for

now.

Suddenly the phone rings.

JB

Anybody expectin' a phone call?

They all look at each other quizzically. Jaime goes to the phone and picks it up.

JAIME

Hello.

VOICE (O.S.)

Is this Jaime Rogers-Bane?

JAIME

Yeah, who this?

VOICE (O.S.)

I can't say, at least not right now.
Can you meet me on the corner of
Lincoln and Bassett St?

JAIME

I ain't meeting nobody I don't know.

VOICE (O.S.)

I heard you had a little morale
problem. Maybe I can fix that, you
interested?

JAIME

(sighs)

Alright, when?

VOICE (O.S.)

In 5 minutes, better hurry. Come
alone.

The line goes dead, Jaime looks at the phone in disbelief and then hangs it up.

JAIME

What the fuck?

SHONDA

Who was it?

JAIME

I have no fuckin' clue, but he knows
we're having issues and he wants to
help.

JB
Nah fuck that, could be a hit or something.

CHARLIE
Yeah youngblood sounds really fishy to me.

JAIME
Well if you guys got any better ideas I'm all ears.

No one speaks up.

JAIME
That's what I thought. I have to go he said to meet him at the corner of Lincoln and Bassett in 5 minutes.

Jaime heads quickly out the door.

CUT TO:

30 EXT. CORNER OF LINCOLN AND BASSETT ST. - NIGHT

30

Jaime gets to the corner, he doubles over panting trying to catch his breath. A payphone on the corner starts ringing.

JAIME
You gotta be fuckin' kidding me, man.

Jaime walks over to the payphone, and picks it up.

JAIME
Is this a fuckin' joke or somethin'?

VOICE (O.S.)
No joke, I need to be careful, he has eyes and ears everywhere.

JAIME
He? He who?

VOICE (O.S.)
Not right now, there's another payphone...

JAIME
Uh-uh now way, I'm not doin' this shit...

VOICE (O.S.)

We'll do things my way or your
precious gang will cease to exist.

JAIME

How do I even know that part is
legit?

VOICE (O.S.)

Do you have any other options?

Jaime is silent for a beat.

VOICE (O.S.)

That's what I thought. Now if you
don't have any more objections
there's another payphone...

CUT TO:

MONTAGE - JAIME IS ANSWERING PHONES IN DIFFERENT LOCATIONS

A) Street Corner - The phone is already ringing as Jaime
approaches, he gets there just in time.

B) Gas Station - The phone is ringing again, a homeless man
goes to pick it up but Jaime intercepts it in time.

C) Metropolitan Area - There is a bank of pay phones, each
one is broken in some way except for one but this one has a
really SMARMY GUY on it. Jaime goes over to him and
pantomimes using the phone.

The guy turns his back on him and Jaime fed up slams the guys
head into the phone booth.

Jaime then takes the phone, hangs it up and almost
immediately it begins to ring.

D) Outside of a Warehouse - Jaime reaches the final phone
which is ringing as well and goes to pick it up. He gets
instructions, hangs up the phone and turns around to face the
entrance to the warehouse.

END MONTAGE

31 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

31

Jaime slowly enters the warehouse.

JAIME

Hello?

From behind the door someone points a gun at his head and cocks the trigger. Jaime freezes and puts up his hands.

VOICE

Don't move.

The mysterious figure goes to close the door and lock it.

JAIME

I don't know what this is...

VOICE

Shut up. Were you followed?

JAIME

I-I don't...

The figure presses their gun to the back of Jaime's head.

VOICE

Were you followed, yes or no!?

JAIME

N-no.

VOICE

Good, you can turn around now. But keep your hands where I can see them.

Jaime turns with his arms raised to see a very thin, frumpy looking man in a wrinkled suit. Everything about this guy screams paranoid.

The man goes to pat him down while keeping the gun on trained on him.

JAIME

Man who the fuck are you?

ADAM

You can call me Adam for now.

Adam satisfied with his search lowers the gun.

JAIME

Can I put my arms down now?

ADAM

Sure, sure whatever.

Adam paces restlessly as they talk.

Jaime sits down on nearby big cable spool.

JAIME

What the fuck is your deal man. You had me runnin' all over this fuckin' city, it better be for a good fuckin' reason.

ADAM

I couldn't be too careful, he's got spies everywhere.

JAIME

Yeah you said that before, who the fuck are you talking about?

ADAM

Dillard.

JAIME

Dillard?

ADAM

Yeah, I'm IAB we're investigating his C.R.A.S.H unit for corruption.

JAIME

Well you couldn't find anyone more corrupt than him.

ADAM

You don't know the half of it. It's not just the gangs he has fat hands on, it's everything. He originally founded the C.R.A.S.H unit to police gang activity but he's really been using it like it own personal casino. So far we've got suspicions that he's got tentacles in prostitution, drugs, money laundering.

JAIME

That's one fat fuckin' octopus.

ADAM

He's just as slippery as one too. He uses intermediaries like you for everything, so we can't pin anything on him.

JAIME

Why don't you just get them to flip on his ass isn't that how you guys do things?

ADAM

We would except he kills all of them before we get the chance to talk to them.

JAIME

(shocked)

Holy shit.

ADAM

You're the first one he's left breathing for more than a day.

JAIME

Fuck me.

ADAM

It does look like you're pretty fucked right now. But I read up on you, I can see why he's taken a liking to you. None of the others have ever been as smart as you. Usually just morons good enough for one or two things.

JAIME

Thanks for the compliment, but it's not real fuckin' comfortin' under the circumstance,

ADAM

Your talent is the only thing keeping you alive right now. Which is why I'm here.

JAIME

To get me in even more trouble?

ADAM

No smart ass...well maybe. Anyway I need your help.

JAIME

Quid pro quo motherfucker, you said you could help us. What did you mean, and how the fuck are you supposed to do that if you're a fuckin' cop?

ADAM

(sighs)

Look, I know all about your crew and compared to the other shit heads out on the street you're almost a

necessary evil and I have the luxury of not giving a shit about you because I'm IAB, but I will tell where you can get your hands on some heavy artillery if and only if you agree to help me.

JAIME

Fine, what's the pitch?

ADAM

I need you to wear a wire when you speak to Dillard.

Jaime bursts out laughing.

JAIME

Man oh man, that's fuckin' rich.

ADAM

I'm serious asshole.

JAIME

(chuckling)

That's what makes it so funny.

ADAM

Here smart ass.

Adam tosses something to Jaime. Jaime catches it and holds it up. It's a beeper.

JAIME

What the fuck do I need a beeper for?

ADAM

It's the wire genius.

JAIME

Oh shit, for real?

ADAM

Yes, for real. I had to pull an fuck ton of strings but it was worth it. It's a tiny tape recorder, just press the red button to record, and press the stop button to stop it. Other than that it works like regular pager.

JAIME

Word? This shit might actually work.

ADAM

It better or my case against Dillard is done and you'll probably end up as another casualty once he's done with you. I need you to turn that on whenever you meet with him, we need to catch him saying something incriminating.

JAIME

Alright, I'll do my best. Now what about your end of this?

Adam hands Jaime a plain white card with a number printed on it.

ADAM

Not until you get me what I need.

JAIME

I'm risking my neck for you, you gotta come through with something.

ADAM

Listen, the guns I'm getting for you are in lock up. I'm putting my own ass out there so I need assurances you can get me the evidence to nail this son of a bitch before I try to make those guns disappear.

JAIME

Fine, I'll get you what you need.

They shake hands.

ADAM

Let's nail this piece of shit.

CUT TO:

32 INT. SALOME'S HOUSE - NIGHT

32

All the usual suspects are there at the table having a heated discussion about Adam's proposition.

JB

There ain't no way my brother is gonna be a snitch.

SHONDA

This is too dangerous.

CHARLIE

Working for the popo is one thing
but turnin' snitch youngblood...

JAIME

Anybody got any better ideas!?

CHARLIE

I been saying we need to get a piece
of that drug deal with John St. John
then we'll be rolling in dough.

They all stare at Charlie for a beat.

JAIME

Anybody got any BETTER ideas?

Charlie folds his arms and fumes like a child.

They all remain quiet.

2-SHORT

How are you supposed to get a wire
past Dillard?

JAIME

Don't worry about that, I got it
covered.

SHONDA

Just watch yourself, ok?

JAIME

(shrugs)

Dillard kills his errand boys
anyway, so I don't have anything to
lose with this. And if Adam is legit
we'll have enough weapons to take
John St. John down.

JB

Did you call the number he gave you?

JAIME

I will.

JB

If this Adam guy does come through I
can probably pull together enough of
a crew to hit at John, once he's
dead we just have to get rid of his
dope boys and then we can start
putting our gang back together.

JAIME

Good start spreadin' the word.

JB

Cool, 2-Short first thing tomorrow mornin' I want you bangin' on doors to see who's ready to fight.

2-SHORT

You got it.

CUT TO:

33 INT. SALOME'S HOUSE - JAIME'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

33

Jaime lays on the floor of his bedroom looking up at the ceiling. Suddenly a pillow comes flying for his head.

JAIME

Ow, what was that for?

Shonda looks over his bed at him on the floor. With tears streaming down her face.

SHONDA

(crying)

Because you're gonna get yourself killed, that's what it's for.

JAIME

Shonda... (grumbles) Can I come up, talking to you from here is hard.

SHONDA

(sniffling)

Fine. But you stay on top of the covers.

Jaime gets up and lies down on the bed on top of the covers. They face each other.

SHONDA

Why are you always leaving me, you jerk?

JAIME

Did you think I wanted too? Leaving you was the hardest thing I'd ever done, but Momma made me promise.

SHONDA

You could've taken me with you.

JAIME

I thought about it, but I didn't even know if I was gonna make it out there, I mostly didn't.

SHONDA

You're such an asshole.

JAIME

I know, I know.

SHONDA

No you don't, you don't even realize that struggling with you would be ten times better than makin' it without you.

JAIME

I..I'm sorry, I never should have left without you, and if I make it through this I will never leave you again.

SHONDA

Good, you can sleep on the bed now, but only on top of the covers.

Shonda turns around and put her back to Jaime. We see Shonda smiling and Jaime is still lying on his back, he smiles briefly but it quickly fades, a look of worry replaces it.

34 EXT. ABANDONED GAS STATION - DAY

34

The gas station looks half eaten by the sand trying to reclaim it's space. The gas station doubled as an auto body shop back before the highway was built. There are still few rusted out cars around and some hollowed pump stations. Dillard's car pulls up to gas station and parks. Dillard, Rook and Jaime get out of the car.

JAIME

Now can you tell me just what the fuck we are doing here?

DILLARD

Officer Rook would you be so kind as to pat our friend here down?

Rook heads over to Jaime and starts to pat him down. He comes across the beeper, picks it up and stares at it.

Rook and Jaime make eye contact for a tense moment. Rook gives Jaime an almost imperceptible nod and hands Jaime back the listening device.

ROOK

He's clean.

DILLARD

Good, we heard from a little birdie that you've been telling tales out of school and had a bug on you. Glad to see he was mistaken.

JAIME

Who the fuck would believe me anyway?

DILLARD

Well that usually would be true but there's been this thorn in my side lately you wouldn't happen to know anything about that would you?

JAIME

(shrugs)

The less I know about you and your problems the better.

Dillard stares at Jaime for a beat, there is a tense and pregnant pause.

DILLARD

Well alright then, let's get down to business shall we.

JAIME

Finally.

DILLARD

I brought you out here today because today is the day the Los Bolos gang sends a percentage of their cut across the border to the cartels in Mexico.

JAIME

So?

DILLARD

So, you're gonna get it for us.

JAIME

How the fuck am I supposed to do that?

DILLARD

Oh, I have faith that you'll figure it out. There's a big truck coming through here in about an hour or so and it'll be flanked by two escorts full of Los Bolos men.

JAIME

Let me guess, you're not gonna lift a finger to help are you?

DILLARD

Afraid that's a no can do. The less I get my hands dirty the better. When you get the truck bring it to address I had you bring that cholo car to. Think you can manage that?

JAIME

You'll get your truck, if I don't die first.

DILLARD

That's the spirit. Me and Rook'll be at the spot. Good luck.

Dillard and Rook get back in the car and drive off, leaving a cloud of dust behind.

Jaime looks around the abandoned gas station, there are a few abandoned cars only one is mostly intact aside from rotted wheels.

35 INT. ABANDONED GAS STATION - DAY

35

Jaime walks around the gas station taking note of the tools left behind. He hits them in frustration.

JAIME

How the fuck am I supposed to pull this shit off!

He then spots a few cans of oil stacked together. An idea starts to form in his head.

36 EXT. ABANDONED GAS STATION - DAY

36

Jaime checks the car with the rotten tires. The door opens and he looks inside for the keys. They're not in the ignition and after some searching decides to check the driver side visor. The keys slide out.

He put the keys in the ignition and of course it doesn't start, but he puts the car in neutral and gets out to push.

He gets behind the car and after some rocking he is able to get it to move.

JAIME
(muttering)
This sucks, this sucks, this sucks.

He pushes it toward the road.

CUT TO:

37 EXT. ROAD - DAY

37

A convoy is winding it's way up the road. A car in the front is filled with Los Bolos gang members. The cargo truck in the middle has only one Bolos driver and the car behind the truck is filled with Bolos gang members as well.

Jaime is hiding on a ridge across from the gas station. The broken car is sitting in the middle of the road.

Before the Bolos in the first car see it. Jaime throws an oil can at their windshield. It cracks the windshield and the oil covers the glass. The driver swerves and crashes into the old car on it's side.

JAIME
Thank God for steel frames.

Jaime throws another oil can at the cargo truck and it hits the driver's windshield and the oil splatters, the driver panics and crashes into the Bolos in the lead car killing them all on impact.

Jaime throws the last can at the windshield of the last car and this one too splatters on the windshield the driver crashes into the back of the cargo truck. The driver and the passenger eject out the front of the windshield.

JAIME
Should have worn their seat belts.

Jaime makes his way down the ridge to the last car in the convoy. The Bolos that survived the crash start getting out of the car. Jaime meets one just as he's opening his door.

Jaime slams it on the Bolos head, he grabs the gun in the gang members hand while he's disoriented and shoots him twice in the chest.

Another one is already out of the car and Jaime comes out and shoots him in the head over the roof of the car.

A third shoots at Jaime from within the car. Jaime moves but he's grazed. He crouches and comes around the back of the car. He pops his head up and the third shooter was waiting for him. The glass shatters as the man shoots at him.

He shoots back but doesn't get him. Jaime ducks back down and makes his way to the other side of the car. He rolls toward the open passenger door and unloads his clip. He quickly slides back to safety and waits for a response.

When none comes Jaime peeks his head around and sees his opponent shot dead. He also sees the reason why the gang member didn't make his way out of the car. His leg was hanging at a grotesque angle, broken due to the impact.

Jaime makes his way to the truck with his gun held ready. He opens the driver door and the driver is slumped against the steering wheel knocked out.

Jaime pulls him out of the car and the driver hits the ground like a sack of potatoes.

Jaime points his gun at him and for a moment considers ending his life. After a tense moment Jaime relents and climbs into the driver seat of the cab.

He backs up and truck and pushes the rear gang car out of the way. Then drives off.

FADE OUT

38 EXT. DILLARD'S STORAGE AREA - DAY

38

Jaime arrives with the truck and Rook is standing by a huge bay. He ushers Jaime into the bay. Jaime stops and exits the truck. Dillard walks over to him while Rook heads to back.

DILLARD

Sheeoot boy, I half way didn't think you'd pull it off.

JAIME

Thanks to you the odds definetly weren't in my fuckin favor.

DILLARD

Well you did good boy, real good. Rook, how's the merchandise?

ROOK

Its good sir, a little worse for wear though.

Dillard and Jaime move to the back of the cargo truck. Jaime stops dead in his tracks when he sees what he had in the truck the entire time.

Over a dozen Hispanic women all dirty and disheveled and scared out of their wits.

JAIME

What the fuck is this!?!

DILLARD

What the fuck does it look like, boy?

JAIME

You told me I was getting you a fucking shipment headed to the cartel.

DILLARD

This is their shipment, some of the finest señoritas taken off these very streets with their snatches stuffed with purest product you've ever seen.

JAIME

I thought I was bringing you cash, not people. What the fuck is going on.

DILLARD

Listen kid, the Bolos over the border are fuckin' savages, they couldn't care less about the money. The women and the drugs on the other hand, they can't live without that shit.

JAIME

So you're gonna send them back, right find their homes and shit.

Dillard starts to guffaw.

JAIME

What's so fuckin' funny!?

DILLARD

These girls ain't got no home slick. They're the dregs, ain't nobody

missin' them. They do more with the girls than have their way with 'em. After they've had their fun they sell them into slavery to the highest bidder, they make a shit load more offa that than some measly percentage.

JAIME

So what the fuck are you gonna do with them?

DILLARD

I got a Russian friend of mine, that wouldn't mind takin' 'em off my hands and he pays top dollar too. After I relieve them of their cargo, that is. I gotta another buyer for that. Hell I might just take a couple of these lovely ladies for a test drive myself.

JAIME

You're a sick fuck, you know that. I'm takin' these girls to a shelter you dirty motherfucker.

Dillard pulls his gun on him. Jaime pulls his gun out at the same time.

DILLARD

Don't ruin the mood slick. You're gonna walk your ass back home and you're gonna wait for my next call. Got it?

JAIME

Fuck you, Dillard.

Rook pushes a gun into the back of Jaime's head.

ROOK

Drop it.

Jaime drops the gun and puts his hand up.

DILLARD

What did I say about that mouth boy!!

Dillard rushes toward Jaime and hits him with a hay maker that drops him to the floor. Dillard then kicks him in the ribs. He picks Jaime back up to his feet and shoves him out of the bay bodily.

Jaime drops to the ground and scrambles to get up. Rook is still pointing his gun at Jaime. Jaime starts to walk away.

DILLARD

I'll be in touch, boy. Make sure to be by your phone.

Jaime keeps his head down as he walks.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

39 INT. SALOME'S HOUSE - NIGHT

39

Shonda, JB, 2-Short, and Charlie sit around the table playing spades. Shonda is spacing out.

JB

Yo, Shonda you gonna go or not?

SHONDA

Huh, what?

JB

It's your turn.

SHONDA

Oh yeah.

She throws out a card.

JB

C'mon man!!

2-Short and Charlie who are on a team together start laughing.

SHONDA

What?

JB

We're on clubs, not diamonds Shonda, you about to get us fucked up.

SHONDA

Man, fuck this game!

She throws her cards on the table in frustration, revealing she had a beautiful hand of cards.

CHARLIE

Holy shit, little girl you coulda won on your hand alone.

2-SHORT

Yeah, I had straight garbage.

SHONDA

Don't nobody give a fuck about this game, and y'all know it. We just wastin' our fuckin' time cuz we don't wanna think about Jaime.

The fellas look down at their hands, knowing that she's telling the truth.

Shonda gets up from the table, and heads for the door.

JB

Where you goin'?

SHONDA

I'm going to look for him.

2-SHORT

We don't even know where they went.

SHONDA

I don't give a fuck, it's better than sittin' here with you pussies pretendin' not to care.

JB

I'm going with you.

He and 2-Short get up from the table. Shonda heads to the door and opens it. Jaime is standing in front of it. They all gasp when they see him. He is covered in dust with a few scratches from the battle and from the beating Dillard delivered which have dried up already but have left trails over his body.

JAIME

(exhausted)

It uh, it looks worse than it is.

He takes a step into the house and almost collapses. Shonda holds him up. JB comes to his side but Shonda waves him off.

SHONDA

I got him.

CHARLIE

What happened son?

JAIME

I...don't wanna talk about it, not yet. Right now, I need a shower and

to forget this day ever fuckin'
happened.

SHONDA

Don't worry I got you baby.

Shonda helps Jaime up the stairs and the rest of them stare after them.

40 INT. JAIME'S ROOM - NIGHT

40

Jaime and Shonda lay on the bed both staring up at the ceiling, they're passing a blunt back and forth.

JAIME

You know, I thought I knew evil. The shit we did on a daily basis, robbin' people, killin' niggas. But nah, that ain't shit compared to what I saw today.

SHONDA

What happened, out there today.

JAIME

I had to hi-jack a shipment from the Los Bolos gang, but when I brought it to him...it was...it...was...

Tears start streaming down the sides of his face.

JAIME (CONT'D)

(choked up)

It was girls Shonda, dozens of 'em. He said he was gonna sell 'em to this Russian dude after he had his fun. He was gonna rape those girls Shonda, I tried to to stop him, to do the right thing. But his boy had the drop on me and he punched me out. walked away like a fuckin' bitch. I couldn't do a fuckin' thing for those girls.

Shonda embraces Jaime and holds him as he sobs. She rubs his back and coos in his ear.

FADE OUT

41 INT. SALOME'S HOUSE - DAY

41

Jaime and the rest of the crew sit around the table to discuss their next moves.

JB

I'm not gonna ask what happened yesterday. I just wanna know what our next move is.

JAIME

I'm gonna get our fuckin' guns, then we're gonna get our gang back together.

JB

Now that's what I'm talking about. How?

JAIME

I'm gonna call my contact, and he's gonna get us our guns. Then we're gonna take out John St. John and get our hood off this shit. Then we're gonna watch this fat fuck Dillard get nailed to the motherfuckin' wall.

JB

Yes!!

CHARLIE

Alright, youngblood!

2SHORT

Hell yes!

Jaime gets up and heads to the phone, he takes out the card that Adam gave him, picks up the receiver and call the number on the card.

Adam picks up on the second ring.

ADAM (V.O.)

Jaime?

JAIME

Yeah.

ADAM (V.O.)

Got something for me.

JAIME

I got some shit that'll make your hair stand on end.

ADAM (V.O.)
Excellent, meet me at the place.

JAIME
I want what you promised.

ADAM (V.O.)
Oh, don't worry if this shit is as good as a you say it is, you'll get enough guns to take over a small country.

Jaime hangs up, and turns to JB.

JAIME
Can you get a crew together to take on John St. John by the time I get back?

JB
2-Short is on it now. You sure he can get the guns?

JAIME
I'm going with him to make sure we do. Just get as many hitters as you can. Shonda can you find out where John St. John is today?

SHONDA
Yeah I know a few girls that work for him and they'll tell me where he's hiding.

JAIME
Alright then, let's ride out.

CUT TO:

42 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

42

Jaime slams Adam against a wall in the warehouse.

JAIME
What the fuck you mean it's not enough.

ADAM
(defiant)
Just what the fuck I said. It's not e-fucking-nough. Now get your fucking hands off me before I blow your fucking brains out.

Jaime looks to see the gun Adam has in his hand pointed directly at his skull. Jaime let's go slowly and back up.

JAIME

Explain this shit to me then, motherfucker. I got him red-fucking-handed on tape talking about selling girls to some Russian and you're telling me it's not enough.

ADAM

It's simple dickhead, there's not other evidence. You don't have the name of the fucking Russian and by now the deal is probably already fucking done. The tape in and of itself is inadmissible without any hard evidence to back it up.

JAIME

So what the fuck I gotta do, wait till he blows my fuckin' head off and hope he leaves the gun on my body with his fuckin' prints along with the tape where he says he's gonna blow my fuckin' head off?

ADAM

No smart ass just get me some hard evidence next time he does something incriminating.

JAIME

How the fuck am I supposed to do that?

ADAM

Figure it the fuck out.

Jaime's beeper starts ringing. He looks down at it and see's the number is from is house.

JAIME

Fuck me.

ADAM

What is it?

JAIME

Nothing, fucking nothing.

Some time has passed, Jaime is still pacing. When a low rider pulls up to him. The window rolls down and it's Carlos.

CARLOS
Get in fool.

Jaime runs to the passenger side of the car and hops in.

Carlos speeds off.

43B INT. CARLOS' CAR - DAY

43B

JAIME
Thank you man, I can't thank you enough.

CARLOS
No prob homes, you sounded fuckin' scared on the phone, your brother really goin' after St. John with no gats.

JAIME
Yeah, and it's all my fuckin' fault. I couldn't get the straps and now he's fuckin' dead.

CARLOS
Fuck that man, he ain't dead yet. I got my boys headin' over there right now.

JAIME
You're helping us, why?

CARLOS
Shit man it just worked out that way. Some Bolos motherfuckers took some of our girls to sell to their fuckin' friends south of the border. I heard their transport got jacked and Dillard handed the girls over to St. John, we were loading up when you called.

JAIME
Holy Shit.

CUT TO:

46 EXT. JOHN ST. JOHN'S HOUSE - DAY

46

JB, 2-Short and two others are pinned down by gunfire behind a car. John St. John had a crew protecting his house and they have superior fire power.

One of the 8-ballz gang members sticks his head out of cover to shoot and is mowed down instantly.

JB
Where the fuck is Jaime?

Suddenly a revving sound can be heard in the distance. It get's louder as it comes closer. JB and 2-Short look around but don't see anything.

2-Short then looks behind and there's an army of low riders and jeeps coming from that direction.

2-SHORT
Holy fuckin' shit.

JB looks in the same direction. They look at each other, expecting the worst. JB aims his guns at the newcomers.

The caravan comes closer and then just as it looks like they're about to run into them, they go around JB's car and create a blockade.

JB 2-Short and the 8-ballz member left look around in astonishment as LOS BLANCOS MEMBERS pour out of the cars and begin taking positions and firing at St. John's goons.

Another car arrives shortly. Jaime and Carlos get out and join JB 2-Short and the 8-Ballz member.

JB
Jaime, what the fuck is going on.

JAIME
This is Carlos, he brought the cavalry.

JB and Carlos shake hands.

JB
Wait, don't you lead the Blancos?

CARLOS
Los Blancos cabrón

JB
Whatever man, just want the fuck are you doing here?

CARLOS

By the looks of it, savin' your
culos. St. John's got some of our
girls, we're here to get 'em back.
Help or get out of the way maricón.

JB goes to get in Carlos' face but Jaime stops him.

JAIME

Let's just get this shit done, then
we can fight later.

JB backs off grudgingly.

The shootout doesn't last long as St. John's men are torn
apart. Los Blancos advance on the estate and soon the
fighting is over.

Carlos, Jaime, JB, and 2-Short walk into St. John's house.

47 INT. JOHN ST. JOHN'S HOUSE - DAY

47

Jaime, Carlos, JB and 2-Short walk through the bullet-riddled
house. Los Blancos members have JOHN ST. JOHN and his CREW
held at gunpoint

JOHN ST. JOHN

Well, well, well. If it ain't these
self-righteous motherfuckers. Nice
to see you can't trust anybody these
days.

JAIME

What the fuck are you talkin' about?

JOHN ST. JOHN

(Chuckles)

Oh you don't know? Nevermind then,
you wouldn't get it. What's the
matter boys, couldn't beat me
without these spic motherfuckers?

Carlos decks St. John sending him to the floor.

Carlos stands over him and pulls him up to his face.

CARLOS

Where are the girls you fucking
pendejo.

John St. John spits blood in his face.

JOHN ST. JOHN

I ain't tellin' you shit, bitch.

Carlos raises his fist to hit him again but Jaime stops him.

Carlos backs off.

JAIME

You got one chance to live St. John.
Tell us where the fucking girls are
and I might just be able to keep
them from bustin' a cap in yo ass.

JOHN ST. JOHN

Fuck you. You think you
motherfuckers can come in here and
threaten me! Don't you motherfuckers
know who I am! I am John St.
MOTHERFUCKIN...

JB shoots him dead mid-sentence.

JAIME

What the fuck did you do that for?!

JB

He wasn't gonna tell us shit.

CARLOS

How the fuck are we supposed to find
the girls now.

JB looks at St. John's men. He gives them each the once over.
They all look defiant, except for one, he's sweating.

JB stops in front of him and raises his gun to the nervous
guys head.

JB

You look like you want to live, am I
right?

Nervous guy says nothing.

JB

Answer me bitch!

Nervous guy cowers and nod slightly.

JB

Good, do you know where the girls
are?

Nervous guy says nothing

JB

I'm going to start counting, I might give you til three, I might give you til ten but I know one thing, whenever I stop, if you don't have give me an answer by then I'm going to blow your motherfucking head off.

Nervous guy cowers.

JB

One.

NERVOUS GUY

They're in a bomb shelter by the house! St. John has the key on his body!!

CUT TO:

48 EXT. JOHN ST. JOHN'S HOUSE - DAY

48

Los Blancos are leading girls to their cars. Jaime and his crew stand off to the side. Carlos walks up to them.

Some of the girls give Jaime sidelong glances but don't betray anything.

JAIME

Thanks man, I appreciate the help.

CARLOS

Like I said it just went down the way it went. I gotta question for you.

JAIME

Shoot.

CARLOS

I saw how some of the girls are looking at you.

JAIME

And?

CARLOS

I don't know it's just weird man it's like they know you or something.

JAIME

(shrugs)

I don't know man, you got me.

CARLOS
You sure?

Beat.

Jaime stands there but JB slowly moves his hand to his back where his gun is held. 2-Short shifts his balance slightly ready to jump in if needed.

Beat.

JAIME
Yeah man, I don't know anything.

CARLOS
(smiling)
Alright ese, looks like we're done here. The rest is yours, I don't need it.

JAIME
For real?

CARLOS
Yeah man, have at it, he's got all kinds of shit in there, guns, cars drugs if you want.

JAIME
Thanks man.

Carlos lends his hand for Jaime to shake.

CARLOS
De nada, looks like I was right about you.

JAIME
Yeah?

CARLOS
There's no dull moments around you ese.

JAIME
Yeah I guess not.

Carlos walks away and hops into one of the cars and Los Blancos drive off.

Jaime stares at them.

JB punches his shoulder.

JB

The fuck you doin' standing there like fuckin' idiot. Stop starin' and lets get some of these goods before the fuckin' cops show up.

Jaime just shrugs and walks to St. John's house after his crew.

CUT TO:

48A EXT. ST. JOHN'S HOUSE - DAY

48A

St. John's garage doors open and three cars come out. JB and Jaime are in one 2-Short has his own and the other 8-Ballz member has his own.

49 INT. CAR - DAY

49

JB

Thanks...you know...for the save.

JAIME

I'm just glad y'all made it out.

JB

Not all of us. Big Dom got smoked right before you came with backup.

JAIME

Fuck man, I'm sorry I wasn't sooner.

JB

In speaking of, what the fuck happened to the guns? I'm glad for the assist but I thought you was supposed to be comin' armed to the fuckin' hilt.

JAIME

That bitch-ass IAD pig said I didn't have enough evidence. Fuck him.

JB

Yeah, aight.

JAIME

What's wrong?

JB

Nothin' just...you remember what Pops always said about enemies?

JAIME

(chuckling)

Yeah, he always said he liked them more than friends, cuz at least you know they're comin' to fuck ya.

JB

Exactly, something John St. John said before he died is giving me the fuckin' creeps.

JAIME

Oh yeah, that shit about trustin' people.

JB

Yeah man, I wanted to know what he was talkin' about, but that motherfucker wouldn't have said shit.

JAIME

Aw man, I know who he's talking about.

JB

Who?

JAIME

That fat fuckin' pig Dillard. He's the only reason why John St. John got to where he was in the first fuckin' place, he let that motherfucker run drugs all over our town and probably took a cut offa that shit too.

JB

Yeah, you probably right, but still I got this weird feeling.

JAIME

Don't worry about that shit man. The way the motherfucker lived he was probably paranoid as fuck.

JB

Yeah, I'm just buggin'. That was a fuckin' crazy ass day. But I gotta admit even though we lost one you did come through man. When we needed

you most you were right there. You didn't bitch up and run like last time.

JAIME

Man, when are you gonna stop bringin' that shit up? I'm here, I'm down, can we just get over that shit.

JB

(sighs)

Yeah, you know what, fuck it. I can't stay mad at your dumbass forever especially now we got these fly ass cars and plenty of guns.

They're silent for a moment.

JAIME

Hey JB.

JB

Huh?

JAIME

Remember the time Momma caught us sneakin' those girls in the house.

JB

Oh yeah, she beat the shit out of us and those girls.

They share a long loud laugh.

JAIME

(breathless)

Remember...remember what that one girl was sayin' over and over.

JB

(breathless imitating girl)

"I don't even live here, I don't even live here."

They continue to laugh until their tears stream down their eyes.

The laughter dies down.

JAIME

I miss her man.

JB
Yeah me too.

FADE TO:

50 EXT. THE HOOD - AFTERNOON

50

JB, 2-Short, and the only other 8-Ballz member drive up to the cul-de-sac and honk their horns loudly bringing out all of the 8-Ballz MEMBERS.

A celebration begins as they tell of their exploits and show off the cars and the guns.

Shonda jumps on to Jaime and they share a deep kiss.

Loud music plays from the cars as 40's and joints are passed.

During the celebration we see JB giving side-long glances to Charlie.

Some time passes and the party is dying down. JB walks over to Charlie.

CHARLIE
What's up youngblood?

JB
Nothin' much old-timer.

JB sits down by Charlie.

CHARLIE
Ya'll done real good today, you're father would be proud.

JB
(smiling)
Yeah, thanks.

CHARLIE
Looks like you got something on your mind youngblood.

JB
Yeah, something's been buggin' Jaime thinks I'm trippin' but I don't know I just got this feelin'.

CHARLIE
Well lay it on me youngblood.

JB

St. John said something when we rolled up on him.

CHARLIE
What'd he say?

JB
He said something about not bein' able to trust some people.

CHARLIE
Well he was a paranoid motherfucker.

JB
That's what Jaime said but I don't know.

CHARLIE
You think he was talkin' bout someone?

JB
Yeah.

CHARLIE
What about Dillard?

JB
Jaime said that too but I think he would've known better than to trust a cop. Besides he was talkin' like us bein' there wasn't supposed to happen.

CHARLIE
Aw well, I'm sure he never thought you'd show up with a gang of Blancos, right. That probably shocked the shit out of him.

JB's eyes open wide.

JB
Hey uh Unc, who told you that we were with the Los Blancos.

CHARLIE
(stammering)
I uh, I uh heard 2-Short talkin' about it.

JB
Oh for real?

CHARLIE

Y-yeah of course, I don't know how many times he said it, he told anyone who would listen...y-you know how he is.

JB

Yeah, I know what you mean.

CHARLIE

Well alright then youngblood, I'ma head to bed, I can't hang like I used to.

JB

Aight Unc, have a good one.

Charlie all but runs back in the direction of his house.

JB stares after him.

CUT TO:

51 INT. JAIME'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

51

Jaime and Shonda are getting hot and heavy after sneaking off from the party. They're both almost naked when, heavy banging comes from the door.

JAIME

Shit.

SHONDA

Who the fuck is it!!

JB (O.S.)

It's me, I need to talk to Jaime.

SHONDA

Well too bad, he's about to get his dick wet, come back tomorrow.

Jaime looks at her blushing, Shonda shrugs.

JB (O.S.)

Girl, don't nobody wanna hear about that nasty shit. This can't wait Jaime, shit's about to go down.

Jaime looks at Shonda apologetically.

She grabs him and gives him a long wet kiss.

SHONDA
Don't take too long.

Jaime sighs heavily and opens the door.

52 INT. SALOME'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

52

Jaime enters the hallway with JB.

JAIME
What's up Jaime? This better be quick man.

JB
It's about Uncle Charles.

JAIME
Is he alright.

JB
He's fine...

Banging can be heard from downstairs. Jaime and JB Look at each.

ROOK (O.S.)
Open the fuck up Jaime. I know you're in there.

Jaime goes to head for the door. JB stops him.

JB
Just remember what Dad said about enemies.

Jaime gives him a puzzled look and heads for the door.

53 INT. SALOME'S HOUSE FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

53

Jaime opens the door to see Rook standing there.

JAIME
What the fuck does Dillard want now?

ROOK
Watch your fuckin' mouth, boy. It doesn't matter what he wants, he says jump you say how high, got it?

JAIME
Fuck you, Rook what makes you think I won't tell my squad to make a

grease stain out of you here and now?

ROOK

Oh yeah, we heard about your nice haul today, congratu-fuckin'-lations. But we also heard ya'll had one hell of a celebration too, and you're fuckin' squad isn't in any shape to do jack shit at the moment. So can we cut the shit and get to the car you and your brother.

JAIME

(puzzled)

My brother, what the fuck does Dillard want with him?

ROOK

Goddamn you're dumb, I thought you were supposed to be the smart one too. We just went over this, he says jump you say how high, got it. Now get your asses in gear.

Jaime looks up the stairs at JB who is standing on top of the stairs listening to the whole thing. He comes down and they head to the car.

54 INT. DILLARD'S POLICE CAR - NIGHT

54

Jaime and JB slide into the backseat. Rook gets in the drivers seat and Dillard looks on.

DILLARD

What took ya?

ROOK

Nothin'.

Dillard stares at Rook for a moment and then shrugs.

DILLARD

Bet you boys are just itching to know why I wanted both of you aren't ya?

JB and Jaime both give him stony silence.

DILLARD

Tough room.

Rook drives off.

FADE TO:

55 INT/EXT. POLICE CAR/STRIPEZ NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT**55**

Rook stops the car inside Stripez territory.

JAIME

Aw shit, here we go again.

JB

The fuck are we doing back here
Dillard?

Turns around in his seat to face them.

DILLARD

You two are going to steal something
for me?

JAIME

What is it this time?

DILLARD

I take it ya'll are familiar with
the Stripez leader correct.

JAIME

It's still Omar right?

JB

Yeah and I know where this shit is
goin'. He's a motherfuckin' recluse
never leaves his house. They say he
does it so that he doesn't get his
hands dirty. Fuckin' pussy if you
ask me.

JAIME

Where is this going?

JB

He wants us to steal something from
this motherfucker's house right?

DILLARD

You're not as dumb as I thought. He
keeps a gun in his office, rumor has
it that it's the only one he ever
uses. I need that gun.

JAIME

Can't you just raid his house for
it?

DILLARD

Not without a lot of back-up and a lot of questions. Why would I subject myself to that when I can just turn to you two, my personal flying monkeys.

Jaime and JB both stare at daggers at Dillard. Dillard unphased passes them both latex gloves.

DILLARD

Wouldn't want you two going to jail along with Omar now would we.

They take the gloves and put them on and leave the car.

56 EXT. STRIPEZ NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

56

JB and Jaime skulk around the neighborhood until they reach Omar's house.

JAIME

(whispering)

What were you going to tell me about Uncle Charlie.

JB

(whispering)

Now's not the time, we can't do anything about it til we finish this shit.

They move over to the windows of Omar's office. They look through the window of Omar's office. The coast is clear no one is inside.

JB

(whispering)

How the fuck does this nigga afford a office.

JAIME

(whispering)

I don't know but it looks nice.

JB

(whispering)

Fuck this nigga.

They jimmy one of the windows open and crawl through.

57 INT. OMAR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

57

Jaime locks the door to the office and barricades it with a door. The brother's move about the office using moonlight to search by. They quietly open drawers, search the desk, the bookshelves etc...

After some time Jaime turns to JB and shrugs. JB who is standing by a closet shrugs as well. Suddenly there is a click as a gun gleaming in the moonlight is pointed at JB's head from the closet.

OMAR

Hands up both of you motherfuckers.
And you join your fuckin' brother by
the window.

Jaime and JB both put their hands up. JB walks over to Jaime. They both stand in front of the window as Omar gets in front of them.

OMAR

You self-righteous motherfuckas have
been a thorn in my fuckin' side for
too goddamn long. I been waitin' for
this motherfuckin' day especially
since you killed my fuckin'
supplier. If it wasn't for you two
I'd have this dope game sewn up by
now.

JB

Fuck you nigga, I'm glad we killed
St. John.

OMAR

Shut the fuck up, nigga. You think
just cuz you ain't dealin' you
better than me.

JB

Yep.

OMAR

Say one more goddamn word and I'll
put a bullet in your motherfuckin'
brother got it!?!

JAIME

You think I'm scared nigga, go ahead
pull the fuckin' trigger you just
gonna kill us anyway.

OMAR

You know what, you right. I mean
aside from Dillard telling me too I

got my own rep to protect. What's it gonna look like if I let you too come in here and leave alive.

JAIME

Dillard put you up to this?

OMAR

(smiling)

Shit nigga I thought you was supposed to be smart. Of course he set you up, we been working together for years.

JB

I thought I smelled pig in here.

OMAR

The fuck did you say?

JAIME

He said he smelled pig, to be honest I smell it too, right along with pussy.

OMAR

Oh my God I can't fucking wait to kill you motherfuckers!! But you know what I want more, to see you fuckin' bitch niggas sweat.

Omar points the gun back and forth between them while reciting eeny-meeny-minny-moe.

OMAR

And. My. Mother. Told. Me. To. Pick.
The. Very. Best. One. And. You. Are.
It.

The gun lands on Jaime.

Before he pulls the trigger JB jumps in the way pushing Jaime aside. Omar pulls the trigger and bullets rip through JB.

Enraged and before Omar can react. Jaime roars and rushes toward him. Tackling Omar to the ground.

Jaime rears up and punches Omar, once, twice, three times. Knocking him out cold.

Banging can be heard from the other side of the door.

STRIPEZ MEMBER (O.C.)

Boss, boss, we heard the gunshots,
you alright.

Beat.

STRIPEZ MEMBER (O.C.)
Boss the door's locked we gotta bang
it down.

Stripez members start banging into the door. Jaime is already
to his feet and grabbing the gun. He moves over to JB.

JB groans.

JAIME
(panicked)
You're good man, you're good, we're
gonna get the fuck outta here.

Jaime lifts JB's body up and pushes him through the window.

JB lands on the ground.

JB
(pained)
Fuck!!

Jaime is almost out of the window when the door breaks and
Stripez members flood in.

STRIPEZ MEMBER
What the fuck!!

Jaime ducks out as shots start flying. He lands on the
ground. He helps JB up, they start to hobble down the street,
JB barley holding on.

Rook pulls up beside them. Dillard points his gun at them.

DILLARD
Get the fuck in the car.

Jaime stops for a moment debating but decides to get in the
car. He helps JB in and then gets in himself.

58 INT. DILLARD'S CAR - NIGHT

58

Rook drives off as Jaime tries to stop the bleeding.

JAIME
(hysterical)
We gotta get him to a fuckin'
hospital.

DILLARD

No we don't.

JAIME

Don't play fuckin' games with me. If you wanted me dead like Omar said you did you would have just killed me and him both outside. That means you still need me because you had a back up plan if I survived and I'm not doin' shit else until you get him to a motherfuckin' hospital!!

DILLARD

Don't call my fucking bluff boy!!

They stare daggers at each other for a beat.

Dillard breaks the stare first.

DILLARD

Rook, take us to the fuckin' hospital.

ROOK

Y-you sure?

DILLARD

Did I fuckin' stutter. We do this I don't want any questions asked on what comes next. Got it Jaime?

Jaime nods with his jaw clenched.

59 EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

59

Rook pulls up to the hospital. Jaime gets out and runs to the other side, opens the door and gets JB out. JB is still clinging to life but just barely. Jaime half-walks half-drags JB through the doors.

60 INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

60

They get inside the hospital. HOSPITAL STAFF are bustling about. They all stop when they see the two brothers.

JAIME

Help!! He needs help, please!!

Staff members run toward them, one of them brings a gurney. They take JB from Jaime and lay him down. They race him down the hall as Jaime watches on.

61 EXT. DILLARD'S CAR - NIGHT**61**

Jaime gets back in the car silently and shuts door.

Rook drives off.

FADE TO:

62 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT**62**

Rook pulls up to a house. Dillard turns to look at Jaime.

DILLARD

In a way I'm glad you survived. Now
I don't have to get my hands dirty
taking this thorn out of my side.
Get to it boy, he's in there.

Dillard points to the house.

Jaime gets out of the car.

63 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**63**

A window slides open as Jaime sneaks in. The occupant in the bed doesn't stir. A bottle of vodka and sleeping pills are on the nightstand next to him.

Jaime sighs pulls the gun and aims at the occupants head. He hesitates pulls the gun back, conflicted. He girds himself and steps forward, we see Adam's sleeping face as Jaime's breathing gets heavier. Tears start to stream down his face as he forces himself to put his finger on the trigger.

As his finger pulls the trigger Jaime lets out a scream while he unloads the gun into Adam.

Jaime's hands go limp and they fall by his side. The gun drops out of his hand. Jaime falls to his knees as blood begins to pool from the bed and spill onto the floor.

Jaime's beeper buzzes it wakes him out of his stupor. He looks down and picks up as a simple message flashes across the screen.

HE'S GONE.

Jaime lets out a howl of rage and pain.

FADE TO:

66 INT. SALOME'S HOUSE - NIGHT

66

Jaime walks into the house. Shonda immediately crushes him with a hug and sobs into his chest. He holds her numbly as tears streak down his face.

They break apart and 2-Short comes and hugs Jaime as tears stream down his face as well. They embrace like brothers.

They break apart and everyone goes to sit down on the living room furniture.

JAIME

I can't believe he's gone. Even after all the shit we been through, he still took a bullet for me. I thought he hated me.

SHONDA

He never hated you, he was just hurting.

The TV is playing muted in the background.

2-SHORT

What happens now?

JAIME

I wish I knew.

Dillard's face shows up on screen.

2-SHORT

Hey guys, isn't that Dillard?

Shonda and Jaime look up at the TV. Another shot of Dillard comes and the screen and he is being escorted from his house by other officers.

Jaime grabs the remote and un-mutes the TV.

The picture shrinks to show a REPORTER behind a desk.

NEWS REPORTER

The images you are seeing are coming to you live from our crew on location. Where we just found out that one Officer Conrad Dillard is being arrested. Jill is our live correspondent. We'll now hand it over to her. Jill?

The picture changes to a woman holding a microphone standing in front of the scene. Blue and red lights are flashing as

Dillard is being put inside a cop car.

JILL

Thank you Ted, as stated earlier Officer Conrad Dillard head of what is known as the C.R.A.S.H. division of the L.A.P.D. which was tasked with cracking down on gang violence in urban neighborhoods. Has been arrested today following the discovery of the body of Internal Affairs Bureau Investigator one Adam Benchley who was killed in his home sometime earlier this morning in what looked to be a gang-related murder as the victim was found with a car in his driveway belonging to the Los Bolos gang along with a four kilos of cocaine in the trunk. Investigators quickly scrapped this idea as a tape was discovered at the scene of the murder which had recordings of what was believed to be Officer Conrad Dillard and other parties on it talking about different crimes. It had been known in the police force for some time that Officer Dillard was under investigation by I.A.B. for suspicion of multiple crimes while operating the C.R.A.S.H. division. Officer Benchley just happened to be the one investigating Officer Dillard and the C.R.A.S.H. division...

Jaime mutes the TV again.

JAIME

Hope that motherfucker rots in jail.
Him and Omar.

FADE TO:

67 INT. SALOME'S HOUSE - DAY

67

1 Week Later

Shonda is on the couch flipping through channels when she comes across a news report. She stops and her mouth drops open.

She goes quickly over to the open window.

SHONDA
Jaime, 2-Short, get your asses in
here right now!!

68 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

68

Jaime and 2-Short are playing basketball against two other
guys. They stop as soon as they hear Shonda's yell.

69 INT. SALOME'S HOUSE - DAY

69

Shonda is turning up the TV as Jaime and 2-Short come in.

JAIME
What happened?

SHONDA
Look at this shit!

She points to the TV and a NEWS ANCHOR is reporting.

NEWS ANCHOR
Again we just received word that the
Grand Jury has chosen not to indict
officer Conrad Dillard for the
crimes of racketeering, murder and
other crimes. The Grand Jury has
cited a lack of evidence in their
decision today. With Officer John
Rook missing and no other witnesses
available to testify the Grand Jury
felt there was not enough evidence
to indict Officer Dillard on.

SHONDA
That motherfucker probably killed
Rook so he wouldn't testify against
him.

NEWS ANCHOR
Already we can see civil unrest
beginning to stir. Protests have
begun in different areas of the
city. The mayor has already called
for an increased police presence at
gatherings all over the city just to
make sure things don't get out of
hand.

2-SHORT
Isn't that just going to make shit
worse. The last thing these people

want to see is more cops after this.
Right Jaime?

Jaime has his hands clinched by his sides, and is breathing heavily.

2-Short sidles away slightly.

SHONDA

Jaime?

JAIME

What the fuck did I expect would happen?

SHONDA

Jaime baby, calm down.

JAIME

(seething)

Fuck that, not after all this shit,
he's dead. That motherfucker dies
tonight.

Jaime moves to the door. 2-Short blocks his path.

JAIME

Move 2-Short or I'm going through
you.

2-SHORT

Jaime, listen to me for a second
please.

JAIME

You got 2 seconds before I take you
out 2-Short.

2-Short moves reluctantly. Jaime reaches the door knob.

2-SHORT

I just wanted to ask one question.

JAIME

What 2-Short?

2-SHORT

What have you done for the hood
lately?

Jaime turns to 2-Short fury in his eyes.

JAIME

What the fuck did you just say to me?

2-SHORT

Y-you heard me Jaime.

JAIME

How fuckin' dare you! I got the hood guns, I stopped the drug flow, I lost my fuckin' brother for the HOOD!! And what the fuck has the hood done for me?!? Jack fuckin' shit!!! FUCK THE HOOD!!!

2-SHORT

That's the problem Jaime!! You been acting like a dead-beat dad ever since you came back. You ain't been no leader! You've taken care of problems but you haven't led shit!! And now when the hood, your hood needs you, you're off again to go get revenge. You don't even know if you're coming back...

The rest of the sentence goes unsaid. They stare at each other heatedly.

Beat.

Beat.

Jaime relents, his shoulders sag.

JAIME

What do you want from me 2-Short?

2-SHORT

I want you to lead, we need you, JB believed in you.

JAIME

No he didn't.

2-SHORT

Why do you think it hurt him so much when you left? He would have never admitted it but he always thought you were the better leader.

JAIME

That's crazy he was the best leader for this gang. He was just like Dad.

2-SHORT

I think that was the problem. After you left I could tell JB was just tried to keep status quo, but without you around things just kept going to hell. There would be times when I just hung around him and you could tell he was just fuckin' done with it all.

Jaime sits down on the back of the couch, defeated.

JAIME

Fuck, I didn't know all that. I feel like such a fuckin' fool. Mama told me to leave and I never even thought about what would happen. I didn't even do shit when I left, I just fell into the same shit I would have done here. (sighs) You're right thought 2-Short. This is my hood and I need to do right by it. JB deserved that much at least.

The phone rings. 2-Short goes to pick it up.

2-SHORT

Hello?

CARLOS (O.S.)

Jaime!? I need to speak to Jaime right now!!

2-Short holds the phone away from his ear in shock at how loud.

Jaime walks over to the phone and grabs it from 2-Short.

JAIME

Now's not a good time, Carlos.

CARLOS (O.S.)

Not for me either man, but we need help. Shit's about to go down we got word Los Bolos are gonna try and move into our hood using the chaos for cover.

JAIME

Shit Carlos...

CARLOS (O.S.)

Your the only man with a crew I can trust man.

JAIME

Alright Carlos, let me get my people straight here and I'll send 2-Short with a crew...

CARLOS (O.S.)

It's gotta be you man, I trust you bro.

JAIME

Fine, but it's gonna take longer and you need to do me a favor.

CARLOS (O.S.)

Anything homes, what's the favor?

JAIME

I know you got your finger on the pulse and you hear shit. I need you to find me Dillard's house cuz after all this shit. I'm gonna slaughter that fat motherfuckin' pig.

CARLOS (O.S.)

Oh no problemo ese, I wouldn't mind gettin' a piece of that chicharrón myself.

Jaime hangs up. Jaime turns to 2-Short with a new sense of purpose.

JAIME

Alright, we're gonna get what we need from Carlos to finish this but for now we gotta put the hood on lock, this shit's gonna get outta hand real soon. I need you to grab as many of the crew as you can bring them here. After I make sure the hood is straight, I'm going to take a couple guys and go help Carlos. Then I'm going to kill that fat fuck.

2-SHORT

Fuck yeah!!

2-Short excitedly leaves and can be heard shouting around the neighborhood.

SHONDA

What do you want me to do?

JAIME

Keep an eye on the news, and give me
and 2-Short updates. I want to know
if this shit is coming our way.

SHONDA

That's it?

JAIME

I want you safe, so stay here and
keep your head down.

SHONDA

Is it weird that I want you now more
than ever?

He walks over and kisses her deeply.

JAIME

Don't worry, I'll take care of that
when I get back.

She grabs him by the shirt and holds his face close to hers.

SHONDA

You'd better and you'd better be
back.

CUT TO:

69B EXT. SALOME'S HOUSE - DAY

69B

Jaime stands on Salome's Porch as the 8-Ballz gather around
him. He gives them the lowdown and starts giving orders.

69C INT. SALOME'S HOUSE - DAY

69C

Shonda is glued to the news as things intensify. She hugs a
pillow cushion as she watches on.

NEWS ANCHOR

As we continue to follow the action,
we are seeing the crowds coalesce
into what can only be considered a
mob at this point. Police officers
have shown up in riot gear to try to
contain the situation. The mob has
been stopped at the barrier set up
by the police. They are chanting
various things at the police.

69D EXT. SALOME'S HOUSE - DAY**69D**

Various 8-Ballz members are doing different things. Some are blocking passage to the cul-de-sac with cars. Others are building barriers with plywood. Some are handing out guns to other members. Jaime and 2-Short oversee things and point people to different stations.

69E INT. SALOME'S HOUSE - DUSK**69E**

Jaime walks into the house, he sees Shonda sitting there still as a statue.

JAIME

Babe?

He touches her shoulder and she jumps, she turns to Jaime and just hugs him over the couch.

She sobs as he holds here.

SHONDA

It's so bad out there. They're throwing molotovs and shit. The police are fuckin' beating people. I can't fucking take this. Everyone's so fucking angry.

Jaime holds her and soothes her.

JAIME

I know babe, I know.

They hold each other for a moment longer.

JAIME

Babe, I gotta go now.

SHONDA

I know, just be careful please.

JAIME

I will.

CUT TO:

69A INT. CAR - DUSK**69A**

As dusk settles on Los Angeles Jaime is riding to Carlos with three 8-BALLZ MEMBERS. The riots are now in full swing. Looting can be seen as well a Molotov cocktails being thrown into buildings.

Jaime shakes his head.

JAIME
This ain't the hood I know man.

CUT TO:

70 EXT. LOS BLANCOS HOOD - EVENING

70

Jaime and Carlos meet. Carlos has three LOS BLANCOS MEMBERS behind him.

CARLOS
Thanks for coming man. Those fucking maricóns from the Los Bolos crew are using the riot as a chance to move into our territory man. We need to make these fuckers out of here.

JAIME
Aight let's go.

They go off on the hunt looking for Los Bolos gang members.

As the night goes on they find and kill a few Los Bolos members. Some of their number fall but they end up running off the incursion.

As the last Los Bolos member runs off Los Blancos members give chase. Jaime and Carlos fall behind.

CARLOS
That should be the last one, let him run my boys will catch him.

JAIME
We done then.

CARLOS
Yeah. I wanted to talk to you though.

JAIME
What about?

CARLOS
That day at St. John's, you lied to me.

JAIME
(tense)
Yeah?

Jaime's hand tenses around his gun.

CARLOS

The girls they told about what you did, you were there with Dillard weren't you?

JAIME

Look man...

CARLOS

They told me...you tried to save them. Why didn't you say anything?

JAIME

Cuz I fuckin' failed, alright! I didn't save shit and to be honest I would have wanted to kill any motherfucker who was involved.

CARLOS

Did you know they were in the truck when you hijacked it?

JAIME

Fuck naw man.

CARLOS

Then why would I blame you? You tried to save them man, to me that makes you a brother.

JAIME

Thanks. But now we need to find Dillard and finish making him pay.

CARLOS

Now that's the shit I like to hear. After we talked earlier I had one of my guys get on it. He gave me the info before you came.

He gives the info to Jaime.

JAIME

Thank you for this. You riding?

CARLOS

I want to but I can't I got too much shit going on here. Fuck him up for me eh?

JAIME

Gladly.

They shake hands and Jaime departs with what's left of his crew.

CUT TO:

71 EXT. DILLARD'S HOUSE - NIGHT 71

Jaime stands in front of Dillard's house as people riot and loot all around him.

72 INT. DILLARD'S HOUSE - NIGHT 72

The front door opens quietly as Jaime sneaks in. He stays low to the ground and makes his way down the hall to the bedroom.

He walks by a corner and hears a slight intake of breath. He turns to see one of the young girls from the truck. Their eyes meet. He puts a finger to his lips then points to the bedroom and slides a finger across his throat.

She nods. He then points his thumb to the door telling her to leave. She slowly gets up and is about to head for the door.

GIRL
(whispering)
I-I don't have anywhere to go?

JAIME
(whispering)
You're homeless?

She nods sheepishly.

JAIME
(whispering)
You're not with Los Blancos?

She shakes her head.

GIRL
(whispering)
I got picked up and put with them.
Los bolos offered me food and a
place to live.

Jaime shakes his head angrily.

JAIME
(whispering)
What's your name.

DILLARD (O.C.)

Lena!? Where are you girl? I need your help we're gettin' the fuck outta dodge before these niggers find us.

Jaime clenches his fists in anger.

JAIME
(whispering)
D-does he touch you?

Lena nods reluctantly.

DILLARD (O.C.)
Lena! Get in here girl.

Jaime's jaw clenches and he gets up with murder in his eyes.

He walks to the bedroom not caring if his feet are heard and storms. He kicks the bedroom door open.

Dillard stands frozen in shock.

He looks at his gun on the bed and Jaime eyes it as well. Before Dillard can make a move for it. Jaime sprints and tackles Dillard sending them both spilling out into the front yard.

Dillard gets up and throws a haymaker at Jaime. Jaime is seeing stars. Dillard runs but Jaime gives chase. Soon Jaime catches up and tackles him at the legs. Dillard tumbles and somethings snaps.

DILLARD
MY LEG, YOU BROKE MY FUCKIN' LEG!!!

Jaime mounts him, and punches him in the face. Once, twice, three times.

JAIME
Shut the fuck up!!

Jaime wraps his hands around Dillard's throat and squeezes as hard as he can.

DILLARD
(choking)
Y-your uncle.

JAIME
What?

Jaime lets up some.

DILLARD

Your fuckin' Uncle's he's been playin' you this whole time, he's been working with me. He's the one who set you up at Omar's place. He called me and Omar. I was supposed to drive you two there and Omar was supposed to k-kill you.

JAIME

What the fuck are you talking about!??

Dillard throws another ham-fist and hits Jaime right in the face. Jaime blacks out, and slides off Dillard. Dillard gets up and tries to hobble away.

PERSON

HEY, THERE HE IS!!!

People all around him stop their rioting after they hear the person's yell. A group turns to Dillard. He face turns white. Suddenly Dillard is surrounded and set upon. Dillard screams as he's beaten to death.

Jaime looks on blearily and gets to his feet. He stumbles somewhat as he walks away.

FADE TO:

74 INT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

74

Charlie shuffles down the stairs of his house. He turns the corner and heads into the kitchen. He turns the light on and Jaime is sitting at the table with a gun pointed at him.

Charlie is visibly frightened.

CHARLIE

Jesus Christ Jaime, you scared the fuck outta me. You almost gave me a heart attack what the fuck are you doing here this late and why the fuck are you holding a gun on me.

JAIME

Shut the fuck up Charlie, and sit the fuck down.

CHARLIE

Wait a fuckin' minute now youngblood.

Jaime slams his hand on the table, it sounds like a gunshot.
Charlie jumps.

JAIME
(quietly)
I said sit down.

Charlie puts his hands up in placation.

CHARLIE
Alright, Jaime alright, just calm
down and we can talk about this.

JAIME
Yeah let's talk Charlie.

Charlie sits down.

CHARLIE
What's going on Jaime?

JAIME
I'm tired, it's been a long fuckin'
day so I'd appreciate if we cut
straight to the point.

CHARLIE
Alright.

JAIME
How long?

CHARLIE
How long what?

JAIME
How long have you been working for
Dillard?

CHARLIE
Who told you I worked for him?

JAIME
He did right before he died. I wish
I could say I did it, but I got to
watch as the crowd tore him apart.
And you know what...it felt really
fuckin' good.

CHARLIE
My God. Jaime you got to believe me
I don't know what you're talking
about.

JAIME

You know there was a time when I would've believed you, but JB wanted to talk to me about you before he died. I have the feeling it was to tell me you were a fuckin' rat. But he didn't get the chance to cuz as soon as he finished talkin' to you, you ran your fat ass to your house and called Dillard and Omar didn't you?

CHARLIE

What, hell Jaime, what do you want me to tell you, that I was sick of ya'll ignoring me? That I was sick of watching ya'll fuck up this gang, that I was sick of ya'll throwing away easy money!!

JAIME

You know what Charlie, you talk a good motherfuckin' game about the hood this and the gang that. "Back in my day we had loyalty" its bullshit, it's all bullshit. This ain't about the gang or us fuckin' it up, it was always about you and makin' as much money as possible wasn't it?

Charlie is seen slowly reaching his hand under the table to the gun taped to the underside.

CHARLIE

Fine Jaime, yes it was about the money and I got paid a lot of it.

JAIME

To flood our streets with this shit, to poison kids and turn your own people into base slaves?

CHARLIE

Yeah and you know what. I'd do it all over again!

Charlie draws the gun from underneath the table but is too slow on the draw. Jaime blows him away emptying his clip into him.

After the smoke clears, Jaime is standing, Charlie is still sitting dead his hands at his sides, the gun slides out of his hand and on to the ground.

JAIME
Fuck you, Charlie.

Jaime walks out of the house.

FADE TO:

75 EXT. SALOME'S HOUSE PORCH - DAY

75

Jaime and 2-Short are sitting on the porch.

2-SHORT
So it's been a couple weeks, what's next?

JAIME
What do you mean?

2-SHORT
I don't know, I'm mean are you staying?

SHONDA
This motherfucker better be stayin' if he knows what's good for him.

JAIME
Yes I am staying. Happy Shonda, damn?

Shonda hugs him from behind.

SHONDA
(coos)
Love you baby.

Jaime holds her arms that are wrapped around him.

JAIME
Love you too. I'm gonna stay 2-Short and I'm gonna do my best to lead this gang. But I need a right-hand man that will help me keep my head on straight, what do you say?

2-SHORT
Shit I thought that's what I was doing already.

They smile. Lena comes running up to them.

2-SHORT
What's up babe?

Shonda and Jaime look at 2-Short quizzically.

LENA

I just saw two Stripez members
slinging yay on our turf.

2-Short and Jaime get off the porch and start walking. Lena
and Shonda fall in-line beside them.

JAIME

Ah shit here we go again.

FADE OUT.