

CLASS OF 2008

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Older model cars parked curbside along each side of the road in an urban dilapidated neighborhood.

From down the middle of the street, a skateboarder approaches cruising along, it's rider a TEENAGE BOY wearing headphones, ball cap turned backwards on his head.

There are pot holes and outgrowth of grass between the cracks in the road which the teenager expertly maneuvers around before turning into the drive of a run down wooden house with boarded up windows.

He slows as he nears the door, then hops the board off the pavement into his hands after which he pulls the ear buds out of his ear and knocks.

THREE BEATS - Then,

VOICE (O.S.)

Who da fuk iz it?

TEENAGER

G. Pooskie told me if I was ever in the neighborhood --

THE DOOR

Suddenly swings open to reveal BISCUIT (late 20's, prison physique) armed with an AK-47 ASSAULT RIFLE.

BISCUIT

Who'n the fuck is Pooskie?

G's eyes bounce from the barrel of the AK through the open door at LIL BISCUIT (early 20's) sitting at a dining room table as holding an AK-47 aim at him. Both men wear various red articles of clothing, and heavily tattooed.

G

School mate. We been kicking it off and on since third grade.

Biscuit gives G the once over; taking in his skateboard, headphones, and skinny jeans.

BISCUIT

What happened? They stop teaching yall to just say no?

G

No, but why should they have all the fun.

Biscuit smiles,

BISCUIT  
I like that.  
(steps aside)  
Step into my office.

As G passes through the doorway,

BISCUIT (CONT'D)  
You pull out anything 'cept cash  
that's yo azz.

INT. DINNING ROOM - DOPE HOUSE - NIGHT

Lil Biscuit smokes a cigarette while holding his assault rifle trained on the teenage boy with the skateboard as Biscuit escorts him into the house and directs him to an empty chair at the dinning room table, opposite the obvious gangbanger/drug dealer.

BISCUIT  
Have a seat.

G sits at table eyes fixed on the rifle barrel pointed at his face.

LIL BISCUIT  
You blow?  
(off teenager's pause.)  
Weed mutherfucker, not dick.

G ad-eases, rests skateboard across his lap.

G  
Oh, yeah. My bad. First time here  
and all.

LIL BISCUIT  
You got a light?

G  
Yeah.

Reaches to pull one out his pocket when,

LIL BISCUIT  
Just checking. I'm cool.

Lil Biscuit lowers the AK. Produces a marijuana blunt and lights it off his cigarette as Biscuit takes a seat at the table also, next to G.

BISCUIT  
So what you looking fo?

G  
Blue boys.  
(at lil biscuit)  
And a gram of that weed if you got  
it.

BISCUIT  
Blues are twenty a pop. Three fo  
fifty. Weed, sixty a gram.

G  
Damn. A little steep.

BISCUIT  
White boy prices. You gotta get  
taxed to cop around here.

G  
Cool. I get it. If it's good I'll  
be back.

BISCUIT  
Oh it's good.

Digs into crouch of pants and pulls out a rolled up ziplock bag as his Lil Biscuit takes a last drag off his blunt then passes it across the table to G.

G  
Nice looking out.  
(takes hit)  
This some good shit.

Coughs. Again, and again.

G (CONT'D)  
I'll take two grams.

BISCUIT  
And the Blue Boys?

G  
Six.

LIL BISCUIT  
Money on the table.

Watches closely as the teenager digs into the front pocket of his jeans. Notices his designer watch.

LIL BISCUIT (CONT'D)  
 Snap, blood. That's a nice time-  
 piece.

G  
 Thank you. It was a graduation  
 gift.

Biscuit is fishing six blue pills out the ziplock when the  
 answer gives him pause.

BISCUIT  
 Graduation? From what?

G  
 Uh, er, junior high.

LIL BISCUIT  
 What you want for it?

G  
 Nothing. It's not for sale.

LIL BISCUIT  
 Nothing? Then hand that  
 mutherfucker over then, Blood.

G  
 No I didn't mean for nothing. I  
 meant I'm not selling it.

LIL BISCUIT  
 I don't know what you meant but I  
 know what you said.

G looks at Biscuit for support.

BISCUIT  
 (shrugs)  
 You did say nothing. And man's word  
 means everything around here.

Cluck clack - reverberates from Lil Biscuit's assault rifle  
 as he loads the chamber.

LIL BISCUIT  
 Yeah. So hand over my mutherfucking  
 watch before you get dealt with,  
 blood.

Before G can make a move,

BISCUIT

Hold up. My money comes first lil  
bra.

LIL BISCUIT

No doubt.  
(to G)  
Handle my bra business first.

G peels one fifty from his roll. Tosses it across the table to Biscuit who in return slides across the six blue boys and two grams of weed.

G

This is some bullshit. I came here  
for good business.

BISCUIT

And this ain't good business?

G

Not with a gun pointed at my head.

BISCUIT

Around here everybody's got a gun  
pointed at their head. Now we don't  
like outside advertisement so  
unlike yo boy Pooskie keep our  
names out yo mouth.

LIL BISCUIT

Snitches get stitches, Blood. You  
know the get down.

G

I won't say a word. My lips don't  
sink ships.

BISCUIT

Good.  
(counts G's money)  
Now conclude your business with my  
lil bra and get the fuck up outta  
here.

G

I'm not giving up my watch. It was  
a graduation gift from my grandma.

LIL BISCUIT

Oh really?

Aims AK-47 at G's it's infrared scope casting a red dot  
center of his forehead.

BISCUIT

(to G)

You don't want to go there, do you?

THREE BEATS - Then,

G

(low)

Navarro.

LIL BISCUIT

Navarro. 'Fuck you talking bout?

G

No, tomorrow. I'll likely be back tomorrow.

BISCUIT

As his eyes stretch wide open,

BISCUIT

It's a code word! Run!!

He darts out of the dinning room just as G swings the skateboard up from his lap and slaps it across the barrel of lil biscuit's AK - sending a SHOT into the floor just as --

A SWAT TEAM crashes in through the boarded up windows.

SWAT

POLICE. FREEZE.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

HANDS unscrew the CAP off a bottle of TYLENOL and shakes out three pills.

MOORE (O.S.)

I can't keep doing this.

The hands belong to SERGEANT MOORE (mid-50's, nearly burned out from the job) who pops the medicine into his mouth.

G sits in the passenger's seat, removing the hidden mic and power-supply from beneath his clothing.

G

Doing what?

MOORE

Nearly having a heart attack.

Moore washes the pills down with a can of Red Bull.

G

Blood pressure again?

MOORE

Same as always.

G

You gotta start relaxing more.

Leaves the mic and power-pack on the dashboard for Moore.

MOORE

How can I when you're making slip ups like Graduation. You look to young to have graduated.

G

What can I say, I slipped.

MOORE

Yeah almost right into a bullet.

(sighs)

Why don't you let me transfer you to a safer unit? With that face you can work undercover in lower risk surrounding like the school systems or something.

G

And what, continue my career as some freak show twenty one jumpstreet tv character? No thanks.

MOORE

But there's no reason for you to continue taking these risks. And I'm going to be frank, you're a political nightmare.

G

No more than any other cop.

MOORE

Are you kidding me? The press would have come down like a mallet if a victim of the Class of 2008 were killed in the line of duty. And frankly I don't understand it.

(MORE)

MOORE (CONT'D)

It's all over the News that you guys are about to get your settlement from the pharmaceutical company, why don't you let this cop stuff go and buy yourself an island or something?

G

Then what, life my life as a spoiled rich Kid. No thanks. At least when people see the badge they recognize me as a Cop first.

MOORE

Well I got news for you. You can live behind the badge for so long until that badge starts living behind you. And trust me from an older wiser cop, you don't want that.

G grabs his skateboard up off the floor board.

G

I'll have my report turned in by five.

MOORE

Listen, kid --

G

I'm twenty seven.

Braggs blinks his eyes to recollect himself.

MOORE

Just take the rest of the day off. I'll handle the reports. Go have yourself a few drinks and relax. Perhaps think about what I said.

G opens the door.

G

There's nothing to think about. I'm a cop.

Exits car. Shuts door and leans down to the window,

G (CONT'D)

You know people think they understand but they really have no clue.

MOORE

I wasn't pretending to know what --

Abruptly, G hops on his skateboard and pushes off down the street... pass

The SWAT TEAM as they escort the two gang bangers/dealers outside into waiting patrol cars.

EXT. BIKE LANE - NIGHT

G whips out his cellphone as he powers the skateboard along, one eye on the traffic flowing alongside. He then strolls list of contacts until he stops on the name LISA. Thumb taps the screen...RING.

LISA (O.S.)

(curt)

You get it?

G

I'll be at Culvers in twenty minutes.

The line goes dead on the other side. G tucks away the cellphone and kicks the board even faster. Towards a -

TRANSIT SIGN

That indicates an underground SUBWAY PLATFORM.

INT. BAR - LATER

The atmosphere is comprised of a younger crowd ranging from their early to late twenties. A few over the age of thirty.

A WAITRESS makes her way across the brew house to a table where G sits alone; skateboard on the floor beside him.

WAITRESS

(skeptical)

May I, help you?

G

Two rum and cokes.

She can't help but notice how young this customer look.

WAITRESS

I.D.

G pulls out his wallet and flashes POLICE IDENTIFICATION and BADGE.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)  
Am I being filmed for you tube?

G  
I have no idea. The drinks. My guest will be here any second.

Puts away wallet.

WAITRESS  
I'm gonna have to get the manager cause I can't, afford to lose my job right now. You understand.

G  
More than you think. Listen, I attended Southeast High back in 2008 and --

WAITRESS  
I remember now. But, I thought all you guys were cured.

G  
You're mistaken. Are we good? My guest has arrived.

Waitress follows his gaze to the

BREW HOUSE ENTRANCE DOOR

Where a slutty looking BIG BREASTED YOUNG TEENAGE GIRL steps inside outfitted in a skin-tight black mini-skirt. She scans the establishment and spots G who waves her over.

BACK AT THE TABLE

As the waitress takes it all in,

WAITRESS  
Class of 2008 also?

G  
Either that or I'm a pedophile.

WAITRESS  
Be right back with your drinks.

She departs leaving G alone with his thoughts as he stares as the young girl coming his way; sexuality exuding.

She arrives and drops her over-sized purse on the table.

LISA  
Why here?

G  
I thought maybe you'd like to get out.

LISA  
Like on a date?

Sits and removes her sunglasses. G tries not to glare.

G  
No, just to get out. I always meet you at your place so I figured you wouldn't mind getting out for a change. Maybe for old times' sake.

LISA  
Please. The last thing I need is a bunch of mutherfuckers staring at me.

G  
Look at how you're dressed.

LISA  
They're not looking at my clothes. They think they're looking at a teenage hoe.

G  
No there not.

LISA  
Stop being so damn naieve.

G  
I'm a cop. I'd notice if people were staring.

LISA  
You don't notice when a new dope house pops up in the neighbor do you? In fact give me my fee for that.

G  
I already paid you.

LISA  
Then pay me again. For old times'  
sake.

G shakes off her seductive look. Digs balled-napkin out his pocket and passes it to the girl.

G  
You know if we were married my  
insurance would cover your rehab.

LISA  
Then what, I get clean then we get  
a house with the white picket fence  
and become the freaks of our  
neighborhood?

Opens the napkin to reveal five of the Blue Boy PILLS from the earlier bust.

G  
It wouldn't be like that.

LISA  
Like what?

G  
We wouldn't be the freaks of the  
neighborhood. When we get our  
settlement in a couple of months we  
can get a big house and land  
outside of the city there wouldn't  
be a neighbor for miles.

LISA  
Out in the suburbs? In the peace  
and quiet to be along with your  
thoughts?

G  
Maybe.

LISA  
Fuck that. Listening to the  
thoughts in my head is the last  
thing I need right now.

G  
That's because you don't go to  
therapy like the rest of us.

The Waitress returns with the two rum and cokes on a serving tray.

LISA

Pops two of the Blue Pills into her mouth. Takes one of the drinks off the serving tray herself and washes them down.

LISA  
That's my therapy.  
(stands to leave)  
See you around.

The WAITRESS is a bit shocked at what just happened. Watches with G as the sexy teenager sashays away.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Sergeant Moore takes big gulp from can of Red Bull and places it down on the table next to the two open files before him.

ATTORNEY LIPSTEIN (O.S.)  
My clients posted bail hours ago.  
Why haven't they been released?

Sergeant looks up at a sharp dressed CRIMINAL LAWYER seated opposite the table next to Biscuit and Lil Biscuit who outfitted in orange county-jail jumpsuits.

MOORE  
Come'on Lipstein, you know these things takes times to work themselves through the system.

BISCUIT  
Bullshit.

ATTORNEY LIPINSTEIN  
In the meantime you want to talk to my clients about possibly snitching?

MOORE  
That's the routine. The Press hears about it, the tax-payers are happy, and we all go on with our lives.

ATTORNEY LIPINSTEIN  
In the meantime they defendants rot away in jail?

MOORE

In a lot shorter time than if they hadn't cooperated.

ATTORNEY LIPINSTEIN

Only if they plea guilty?

MOORE

Criminal Law 101.

ATTORNEY LIPINSTEIN

We'll take our chances with a jury.

MOORE

They're on tape.

ATTORNEY LIPINSTEIN

That has yet to be accepted evidence.

MOORE

You think it won't.

ATTORNEY LIPINSTEIN

That's for a judge to decide. From my understanding you sent in a minor to conduct a drug transaction with my client. That's illegal. Criminal Law 102.

MOORE

Officer Greg Daniels is a five year veteran of the police department. Class of 2008? Surely you watch the news.

ATTORNEY LIPINSTEIN

Oh.

(then)

They let them join the force?

BISCUIT

(to lawyer)

'Fuck he talking about?

ATTORNEY LIPINSTEIN

A few years ago a pharmaceutical company administered an unregulated flu vaccine to the freshman class at Southeast High. The dosages stunted their growth hormones and aging process.

BISCUIT

(remembering)

Shit. I thought they were all cured.

LIL BISCUIT

What're yall talking about?

MOORE

You not being an idiot and taking this to trial and receiving the maximum sentence.

(points to one of the files)

Unlike your older brother you have a relatively clean record. You cooperate and you can be home by next years' Superbowl.

BISCUIT

(to little brother)

Ey don't say nothing. That's what we pay lawyers fo.

MARK

(to Lil Biscuit)

You don't want to end up like your brother. You have a future.

ATTORNEY LIPINSTEIN

Sergeant Moore my clients would like to invoke their rights to remain silent. Any questions direct them at me.

MOORE

You're going to do the time for them? Or collect your fee and run off to Cancun?

ATTORNEY LIPINSTEIN

This is highly inappropriate.

MARK

Routine.

(gathers up files)

The undercover officer acted in good faith on a tip that there were drugs being sold inside the residence. We conducted an investigation and discovered it to be true. Let's make everyone happy and plea this thing out.

ATTORNEY LIPINSTEIN  
 What would make my clients happy is  
 to have their day in court.

MOORE  
 Followed by many nights in the  
 state pen.

BISCUIT  
 Don't worry about us, Blood. Just  
 do your job and let us do ours.

Moore stands to make his exit.

MOORE  
 Spoken like a true repeat offender.  
 (to younger brother)  
 Good luck.

LIL BISCUIT  
 Fuck you.

MOORE  
 They're gonna love that mouth in  
 prison.

With that he departs. Then as the door closes behind him,

ATTORNEY LIPINSTEIN  
 If they're not released in the next  
 hour I'm filling Habius Corpus.

MOORE (O.S.)  
 Like I give a shit.

INT. LOBBY - THE NEXT DAY

TEENAGERS lounge in the waiting area either talking on or  
 stroll through their cellphone.

TWO NURSES man the Receptionist's Desk.

The front door opens and G enters the lobby skateboard in  
 hand.

A few of the teenagers nod as he makes his way to the -

RECEPTIONIST DESK

Where the two nurses input data into a computer.

NURSE #1  
 Good morning.

G

Officer Greg, er, Greg Daniels here  
for my nine-thirty appointment with  
Doctor Hernandez.

Nurse #1 puts a mark next to Greg Daniels's name on the daily  
schedule.

NURSE

Have a seat in the lobby and wait  
for your name to be called.

G

Thankyou.

Cross into the

WAITING AREA

And finds an empty seat next to a familiar 15-year-old face  
teen in a stained white t-shirt, blue jeans, and work boots.

G (CONT'D)

What'up Todd?

TODD

How's it going G? How's law  
enforcement treating you?

G

Like a redheaded stepchild.

MARK

Construction ain't any better. With  
every one calling you Son or Junior  
and thinking that you don't have  
any idea what you're talking about,  
I wish I could carry a gun.

(beat)

Anyway, you and Lisa still  
together?

G

Just friends. Leaning on one  
another to get through this crisis.

MARK

Is that what they calling it now?  
Hope it translates to more  
settlement money cause I tell you  
as soon as I get mine I'm running  
for the hills.

G

The actual hills? Like up in the mountains?

MARK

Beverly Hills. Though I won't look like a typical millionaire I plan on definitely living like one. That's the least they could do for cursing us with this shit. What about you? What're you gonna do?

G

Keep being a cop I guess. Since me and Lisa broke up I decided to focus solely on myself for a while.

MARK

Seems more like you're focusing on a career.

G

Maybe. I figure it's better than sitting around drowning myself in sorrow.

MARK

See you've been talking to our court-appointed psychologist.

G

Haven't you?

MARK

That's why I'm fleeing to California. What better place to drown out my sorrow with alcohol and weed.

NURSE (O.S.)

Daniels.

MARK

How'd you get called so fast?

G stands.

G

I'm late.

MARK

(smiles)  
Same ole G.

INT. EXERCISE ROOM - MEDICAL FACILITY - MINUTES LATER

Two forty-five pounds weight plates on both ends of a iron bar, that goes up and down as G bench presses it ten times...

Under the watchful eye of a Doctor who stands by jotting notes on his clipboard.

G bench presses the weight a final time then racks it.

DOC

That's five more than last time.  
Amazing.

G sits up on the bench.

G

Are the others getting stronger as well?

DOC

Yes. Though your skeletal structure and muscle mass remains the same your strength and stamina continues to increase as you age.

G

Meaning?

DOC

I'm ready to conclude that though physical growth remains dormant all of the patients' vital organs continue to function just as if not better than any other normal adult.

G

That ought to make the pharmaceutical company's lawyers happy.

DOC

And you as well.

(beat)

Though this horrific tragedy has befallen you, you're in great shape physically. You have any idea how many patients I've seen over the years that would die for that?

G

You're saying that to say what?

DOC

Drowning yourself in pity is the worse possible thing for you right now.

G

Who said I'm drowning in pity?

DOC

Your eyes. The pitch of your voice.  
(off G's look)  
Aside from physiology I have a masters in psychology.

G

So how am I suppose to feel?

DOC

Your case is un-presidented so I won't pretend to know. But I will tell you this, grabbing hold of your affliction and taking command is the absolute best way to handle it.

G

That simple huh?

(stands)

Believe me Doc, though all the others might parade thru here with a spark in their eyes and lite in their voice trust me, they're an emotional wreck inside.

Doc jots this down.

DOC

Noted.

RING, RING. - G pulls out his cellphone.

G

Work.

DOC

We're finished anyway. And I don't think you'll need further appointments.

(MORE)

DOC (CONT'D)

However, I will conclude in my summary that all of the victims of Zana Pharmaceuticals undergo continuing psychological treatment to deal with the emotional repercussions of the crime.

G

More white coats taking notes and documenting me like a lab rat? No thanks.

DOC

Your decision.

G

It's been nice Doc. See ya around.

The Doc departs leaving G to take his call.

G (CONT'D)

(into cellphone)

Yeah Sarge.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - URBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Typical school grounds save for the NEWS VANS parked curbside of the entrance gate.

A few STUDENTS give interviews to REPORTERS while others are consoled by their PARENTS.

Grief flourishes, as G comes riding up on his skateboard...to the police barricade where he flashes his badge and is waved thru.

INT. HALLWAY - HIGH SCHOOL - MINUTES LATER

No kids. Only uniformed police officers and detectives who converse with the faculty.

G appears powering his board down the corridor, expertly around the individuals as a few teachers shout after him:

TEACHERS

Hey. Stop it. No boarding inside.

Who let u in here?

Their words fall on deaf ears as G continues on.

INT. ANOTHER HALLWAY - SECONDS LATER

G approaches three EMTS standing outside a boys restroom that has been cordoned off with yellow crime scene tape.

G  
Looking for Sergeant Braggs.

EMT #1  
In there.

G  
What have we got?

EMT #1  
Dead kid. Cut ear to ear. We're just waiting for CSI to wrap up so we can take the body away.

G  
Drug related?

EMT #1  
Don't know. You're the detectives.

G  
Thanks.

Ducks under the tape and enters the --

INT. BOYS RESTROOM - DAY

Illuminated by a BLUE CRIME SCENE LIGHT that displays FINGERPRINTS and BLOOD SPLATTERS on the walls, urinals, sinks, etc...

As two crime scene techs lift copies of fingerprints, Sgt Moore takes cell phone pics of the blood splatters.

G enters, leaving his skateboard at the door.

G  
Got here quick as I could.

MOORE  
Yesterday. In the drug house. You told the dealers that Pooskie gave you the hook up.

G  
Yes. To protect the real identity of my informant.

Sergeant indicates to the deceased covered with a blanket on the floor.

MOORE

The deceased is fourteen year old Eric Clark. Honor roll student. Even won a baseball championship as a Freshman last year. Know what his teammates call him?

G

Can't be. Coincidence?

MOORE

That's what we thought when thirteen year old Rodney Peterson was shot dead leaving his house this morning. He was an only child. Lived four blocks from the drug house we busted. Smoked a lil weed but mainly stayed out of trouble. Wanna guess his street name?

Instead of answering G turns away and lowers his head.

MOORE (CONT'D)

Yeah. All hell has just broken loose.

G

Hold up. Wait a minute. Isn't Biscuit and his little brother locked up?

MOORE

Bail.

G

So we put out warrants for their arrests.

MOORE

Based on what evidence?

G

We can at least question them.

MOORE

And get them to confess to the murders?

G

So what's our next move?

MOORE

Follow protocol. Captain is gonna want a report detailing every event and statement leading up to this point.

G

That would mean giving up my source. I can't do it.

MOORE

You wanna tell the parents of those dead kids that?

G hesitates.

MOORE (CONT'D)

They deserve answers. And if we don't give it to them the press will.

G

But I promised her she'd never have to testify or make a sworn statement.

MOORE

I know. Unfortunately this is bigger than her now.

G

I, can't. I just can't.

MOORE

It's either her or your badge.

G gives pause.

MOORE (CONT'D)

I wish there was some other way. But it's either your career or mine. And I don't have a fit, young body to fall back on.

G has no choice but to remove the badge from around his neck. Holds it tight.

G

There's got to be another way sarge.

MOORE

If there is it's for the Captain and Chief to decide.

G  
Politics.

MOORE  
The way of the world.

G takes final look at the badge, then,

G  
At least let me warn her first.

Sarge whips out keys.

MOORE  
Take my car.

G  
To get pulled over 20 times before  
I get there? No thanks.

MOORE  
You got one hour.

EXT. BIKE LANE - STREET - MINUTES LATER

G kicks the board as fast as he could, powering himself pass cyclist after cyclist.

Whipping out his cellphone he calls Lisa, gets voice mail.

VOICE MAIL (O.C.)  
Hello, this is Lisa. You know what  
to do and when.

G puts phone away. Maneuvers board aside a passing transit bus. Grabs ahold and hitches a faster ride.

EXT. CUSTOMER PARKING - BURGER LAND - DAY

A DODGE CHARGER with CHROME RIMS and tinted windows is parked facing the road.

INT. DODGE CHARGER - SAME TIME

Biscuit is behind the wheel taking intermitted sips of soda as he munches on a cheese burger while is younger brother, Lil Biscuit, strolls social media on his cell phone.

BISCUIT  
Those fries get cold they gonna  
taste like shit.

LIL BISCUIT  
They taste like shit anyway.

Holds aloft cellphone, poses with a big smile and takes a pic.

LIL BISCUIT (CONT'D)  
Gotta let the honeys know ya boy's  
back on the streets.

BISCUIT  
Did those honeys bail you out? Pay  
for you an attorney?

LIL BISCUIT  
You know they didn't, Blood. Why  
you tripping?

BISCUIT  
No Blood, why you tripping? The  
only thing that should be on your  
mind is getting our money back  
right. Between that lawyer, bail,  
and losing the trap spot, we down  
like ten racks.

LIL BISCUIT  
It happens. It's part of the game.

BISCUIT  
Yeah and you know what else is part  
of the game? Falling off the horse  
and getting the fuck back on. Them  
hoes ain't gonna pay my car note,  
feed me, or give me a kidney if I  
need one.

LIL BISCUIT  
Something wrong with your kidneys?

BISCUIT  
No there's nothing wrong with my  
fucking kidneys. I'm just trying to  
make a point. If you chase women  
you'll never have money. But if you  
chase money, you'll always have  
women.

LIL BISCUIT  
What about chasing, cops?

BISCUIT  
Huh?

He notices little brother staring out the windshield, follows his gaze to see...

EXT/INT. DODGE CHARGER

... G boarding along the sidewalk.

BISCUIT (CONT'D)  
Punk azz mutherfucker.

LIL BISCUIT  
Really though. And that lil nigga thinks he can just ride round the hood on a skateboard making busts.  
(cocks 9mm)  
Oh hell naw, blood. He got life twisted.

BISCUIT  
No face no case.

Tosses burger out window and starts the ENGINE.

EXT. SIDEWALK - ANOTHER STREET - DAY

G is moving fast, closing in on a group of teenage skateboarders coming his way.

Uninhibited, he swerves neither left or right and barrels straight through the throng.

TEENAGE BOARDERS  
Dick Wad. Fuck face. Asshole.

G disregard the remarks, turns into the...

EXT. CITRUS MEADOWS APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

...where he hops the curb and boards the walkway which connects building after building.

INT. DODGE CHARGER - SAME TIME

Biscuit leans low behind the steering wheel, his young brother leaning low also in the passenger's seat; as if they weren't concealed behind the dark tinted windows of the car.

LIL BISCUIT

This is some straight gangsta shit.  
Bet we the first Bloods to roll  
through Citrus Meadows in years.

BISCUIT

Yeah just keep yo head on a swivel.  
These Crip niggas be everywhere.

LIL BISCUIT

Man I wish one of them niggas  
would. After today these streets  
gonna know Lil Biscuit ain't the  
one to be fucking with.

BISCUIT

Slow down lil bra this ain't gang  
business.

LIL BISCUIT

Nigga I know we here fo that cop.  
I'm just saying --

BISCUIT

When you should be listening. This  
ain't a movie. Ain't no guaranteed  
happy endings.

LIL BISCUIT

This ain't the time to be  
preaching.

BISCUIT

There you go again running that  
mouth. Focus, Blood. That white cop  
testify against our black azzes  
they last thing you'll need to  
worry about is niggas fucking with  
you on the streets.

LIL BISCUIT

With all due respect big bra I got  
this. Just pull up on that dude and  
let me do what I do.

EXT. BUILDING 6 - CITRUS MEADOWS APARTMENTS - DAY

G nears. Hops off the board and trots into the breezeway of  
the building. Then hurries up the stairs to the

SECOND FLOOR LANDING

Where he knocks on the door of unit C.

Three beats - Then knocks again.

Finally, the door is yanked open by Lisa who wears only a bath robe. Deep scowl on her face.

G  
I tried calling but --

LISA  
I was getting fucked, G. What do you want? You got something for me?

G  
We need to talk.

LISA  
I got company.

G  
It'll only take a minute.

LISA  
So talk. And this better not be about us.

G  
It's not. It's about the dealers on Somerset Lane.

LISA  
What about them?

G  
They don't know, but they may suspect that you're the one that informed on them.

LISA  
What?! Are you fucking kidding me?!!

LIL BISCUIT (O.S.)  
Snitch azz bitch.

Startled, both G and Lisa looks over and down the

STAIRWELL

Where Lil Biscuit approaches with a gun.

LIL BISCUIT (CONT'D)  
Didn't we tell you to keep yo  
mutherfucking mouth shut!

BANG, BANG, BANG.

SECOND FLOOR LANDING/STAIRWELL

Bullets strike the walls around them.

G turns and slings his SKATEBOARD down the stairwell knocking  
Lil Biscuit off balance.

Then pushes Lisa inside and slams the door behind them.

INT. LISA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

As G ushers Lisa inside and down behind a sofa...

LIVING ROOM/BEDROOM DOORWAY

A MAN ( late 20's, tattoos) rushes out the bedroom, automatic  
in hand, dressed only in a pair of boxer shorts.

CRIP  
Ey, what the fuck CUZ?! Who  
shooting Liz?

G chimes in,

G  
I'm a cop. The men outside are  
tying to silence her from  
testifying.

Lisa's mouth drop open. Then she repeatedly punches G.

LISA  
Testifying! I'm, not, going to,  
testify!! I, told, you, no, court  
testimonies!!!

INT. STAIRWELL OUTSIDE APARTMENT - DAY

Biscuit runs up the steps to his young brother.

BISCUIT  
Fuck was that?

LIL BISCUIT  
 He's with that big titty bitch.  
 What's her name? She's the one that  
 snitched on us.

BISCUIT  
 Who?

LIL BISCUIT  
 That big titty white girl who come  
 round once in while buying pills.

BISCUIT  
 Ain't that a bitch. I know just who  
 you talking about. I even fucked  
 her once when she didn't have no  
 money.

Chambers round.

BISCUIT (CONT'D)  
 Well she got to die now.

INT. LISA'S APARTMENT - DAY

The Gangbanger stands chest out, in his blue boxing shorts,  
 finger on the trigger of his double-clip assault rifle,  
 demanding answers.

CRIP  
 So is he cool?

LISA  
 He's my ex-boyfriend.  
 (stands)  
 My now ex--friend.  
 (to G)  
 We had an agreement and you fucked  
 up.

Storms off to get air.

G  
 You don't understand Lisa. This  
 thing, has exploded bigger than you  
 can imagine. That's why those men  
 outside want to kill us, you.

The Gangbanger chambers a round in the assault rifle.

CRIP  
 Nigga this Crip. Ain't no  
 mutherfuckers coming up in here.  
 (MORE)

CRIP (CONT'D)  
 (to the front door)  
 Ey who the fuck out there?

Two beats - Then,

G (O.S.)  
 Biscuit. 13th Ave, Blood. But this  
 ain't gang business. It's business.  
 I got five grand right now if you  
 let me come in there and pop that  
 cop.

G gives pause. The Gangbanger looks over at him.

CRIP  
 Cuz, chill. Liz say you r'ight, you  
 a'right.  
 (back to front door)  
 You should know better than that,  
 Cuz. You violated. Came in the  
 neighborhood and shot up the home  
 girl spot. This iz gang business.

Three beats - Then,

LIL BISCUIT (O.S.)  
 Fuck you too nigga! This Bloods!!  
 Lil Biscuit mutherfucker!!!

THE FRONT DOOR

is kicked open by Lil Biscuit who stands in the doorway  
 firing wildly into the apartment; eyes closed.

LIL BISCUIT (CONT'D)  
 YEAH. WHAT. WHAT. YEAH.

LIVING ROOM

As bullets strike into the television, stereo, and walls,  
 Lisa - screaming - runs here and there in panic.

LISA  
 Ad-lib SCREAMS.

G leaps to his feet, runs to tackle her, receives a few  
 bullets, tackles her to the floor.

FRONT DOOR

Biscuit pops out from behind the door jam, points at Lisa.

BISCUIT  
Shoot the bitch Blood! Get the  
bitch too!

His younger brother opens his eyes to discover Lisa on the floor un-entangling herself from G to reveal BLOOD on her BATH ROBE.

LISA  
AAAHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!

LIVING ROOM

Crip sees an opening now that Lil Biscuit's attention is diverted, pulls triggers firing MULTIPLE ROUNDS into Lil Biscuit's TORSO.

FRONT DOORWAY

Biscuit's mouth drops open as his little brother's body collapses onto the floor.

BISCUIT  
BBrrraaaaaa!!!!

CRIP  
You next mutherfucker!

Pulls double clip out of his assault rifle and flips it around. Chambers bullet, before Biscuit realizes what's going on.

RATTA TAT RATTA TAT

As bullets flies out the assault rifle's barrel, driving the Blood Gangbanger back out the door.

CRIP (CONT'D)  
DIIIEEEE CRRAAAPPPP. DIIIIIEEEEE.

Biscuit disappears from the doorway. Crip Gangbanger pursues.

G lies on the floor the front of his shirt pooling more and more with blood.

LISA  
G get up. It's okay. You can get up  
now.  
(cradles his head)

LISA (CONT'D)  
Please God no. I can't go through  
this alone. I need him. I'm sorry.  
Don't take him away from me.

G'S EYES

His irises drift away from Lisa.

LISA (CONT'D)  
 No baby stay with me. Please God  
 dammit. You want me to stop using  
 I'll stop. Okay. Just don't take  
 him away from me.

G  
 (labored breaths)  
 Lisa. I-love you.

LISA  
 Not much as I love you baby. It's  
 gonna be okay. We're gonna get that  
 house with the white picket fence  
 and everything.

EXT. STAIRWELL - SECOND FLOOR LANDING

Biscuit flees down the steps as bullets ricochet off the  
 walls around him.

CRIP (V.O.)  
 You gon die today nigga. This Crip.

Biscuit reaches the bottom landing. Turns and shoots twice  
 before fleeing onward out the building into the parking lot.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LISA'S APARTMENT

Lisa frantically searches G's pockets.

LISA  
 Everything's gonna be fine. You'll  
 see. We won't be freaks of the  
 neighborhood. Our love will be  
 envied...

Finds his cellphone and calls 911.

LISA (CONT'D)  
 ...You'll see. Just don't leave me  
 baby. I can't do this without you.  
 I'll get clean. We'll be happy.  
 (off blood that seeps  
 from mouth)  
 PLEASE GOD I'LL DO ANYTHING.

DISPATCH (O.C.)  
 911 what's your emergency?

B.G. - GUNFIRE EXCHANGE from outside.

INT. TICKET CHECK - AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

A line of PASSENGERS present their tickets to TINA MERCURY (27, though she looks every bit of fifteen), who inspects then hole punches each one before summoning the next person in line.

TINA  
Ticket and Driver's license please.

An ELDERLY MAN steps up to the counter...

ELDERLY MAN  
Afternoon.

...and can't help but notice how young the agent appear.

As Tina compares his identification and flight ticket,

TINA  
Will you be needing assistance?

ELDERLY  
No, I'm fine. I got a few years left of getting around on my own.

Tina hole punches his ticket then returns it.

TINA  
Have a nice flight.

Then to the next passenger in line,

TINA (CONT'D)  
Ticket and driver's license.

Lisa appears at the counter Her eyes hidden behind designer sunglasses. Short mini-shirt and high heel.

Tina's face lights up.

TINA (CONT'D)  
Liz, what's up girl? It's been a long time.

Before Lisa could answer,

G (O.S.)  
Around five years to be exact.

Tina head jerks next to G, arm in arm with Lisa, sling on his shoulder. Her face lights up for a second time.

TINA

G!!

Gives him a quick hug.

G

Tina.

TINA

I saw on the news you got shot.

G

It happens.

Tina punches him in the shoulder.

TINA

It happens? Whaddya mean it happens? You don't wana get yourself killed when we're just about to get our pay off.

G

(chuckles)

It's all good. I retired.

TINA

What, you gave up the badge?

G

Yeah...

(untucks neck chain)

But I keep it as a souvenir.

BADGE

Indented with TWO BULLET MARKINGS.

LISA

More like a lucky charm.

Hands tickets to Tina who quickly looks them over,

TINA

These are to Las Vegas one-way?

G

That's because we're getting married and never coming back.

LISA  
'cept for family reunions and  
weddings.'

Tina embraces Lisa with a loving hug.

TINA  
You're so lucky to have some one to  
help you get through this.

LISA  
That's what's up? What about you?  
What're you gonna do when you get  
your loot.

Tina hands back over tickets.

TINA  
Getting the hell outta this  
country. I need a break from  
America. Not from like, the united  
states, from the American,  
corporate-driven, hustle and  
bustle.

LISA  
I know what you mean. I took a  
break drowning myself in drugs and  
sex. It was a phase. I'm over it.

TINA  
And Vegas is the best place to put  
it in the past. The casinos are  
open all night. The drinks are  
free. And the shows - let me stop I  
sound like a travel agent. But  
trust, you'll have a great time.

G kisses Lisa on the forehead.

G  
I'm sure we'll have a wonderful  
time.

Lisa leans into him.

LISA  
Don't start.

TINA  
Oh look at you two.

Group hugs them.

TINA (CONT'D)

I wish you the best of luck.

LISA/G

See you around. Nice seeing you  
again Tina.

They separate, G and Lisa onward to the boarding ramp, Tina  
turning to the next passenger in line.

TINA

Ticket and driver's license.