

EXT. BROOKLYN, NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT - PRESENT DAY

Manhattans skyline can be seen in the distance.

A subway rumbles past overhead.

JUNKIES and BEGGARS loiter the streets.

Police sirens wail.

EXT. HOSPITAL E.R. - NIGHT

Doors slide open. ANDRE, 30's, steps out. Baggy shorts, white-tee, and a baseball cap.

He looks mal nourished, skinny, pale.

Two PARAMEDICS with a loaded stretcher rush past him.

He tears off his hospital wrist band, picks up a cigarette butt off the ground and lights it.

A sign posted on the wall behind him reads: No Smoking.

EXT. GOD BLESS DELI - NIGHT

Filthy, trash lined sidewalk. People smoking, getting high. Some are already frozen in existence.

A CRAZED MAN is being tasered by two cops, STEELY OFFICER, sleeve tattoos, crew cut, and DONUT OFFICER, on the heavier side, one who bites more than he can chew.

STEELY OFFICER  
Stay the fuck down!

Donut Officer tases him again.

The crazed man just won't quit, he tries to regain control of his body and stand up but the electric shock prevents him from doing so.

Others are indifferent, not paying much mind to what's happening.

Dre makes his way through the crowd and enters the deli.

INT. GOD BLESS DELI - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Dre waltzes pass the snacks, chips, and drinks, arriving at the counter.

HUSSEIN, 50's, a short, bearded, arabic man who speaks with a heavy accent greets him.

HUSSEIN

Andre!

DRE

(imitating Arabic)  
Mahalakala Salah Malah!

HUSSEIN

You tryin' to fuck my business?

DRE

Yo H! How long you known me for?

HUSSEIN

My name is not H! When you here,  
there's always trouble. You see  
what's going on outside?!

DRE

Don't worry about it, they can't do  
nothing. This shit is legal!

HUSSEIN

Don't fuck with my business!

Dre looks over behind Hussein and sees hundreds of colorful packets hanging on the wall.

DRE

Just gimme a bag and I'll be outta  
here.

HUSSEIN

Give me money, you already owe me  
fucking money.

A big SCARY DUDE, 30's, in a jumpsuit approaches the counter.

SCARY DUDE

Yo. Let me get fifteen of the  
scooby snax, ten of the twenty-  
twenty, and twenty of the smack.  
Tropical.

Dre looks over at the big scary dude in awe.

DRE

God damn! Where the party at  
homie?!

SCARY DUDE  
 (threatening)  
 There ain't no party, homie.

Hussein gives Scary Dude his stuff.

DRE  
 All right, well shit, break me one  
 off, it's hard out here.

Scary Dude looks Dre up and down, sees his dirty sneakers and  
 ripped shirt.

SCARY DUDE  
 Suck my dick.

Scary Dude strolls out of the deli.

DRE  
 What kind of people you serving  
 over here, H?!

HUSSEIN  
 The kind that pay.

Dre takes out a few crumbles up dollars from his sock and  
 slams it on the counter.

DRE  
 We in business.

HUSSEIN  
 (counting the singles)  
 What the fuck is this?!

DRE  
 Man, quit playin', just gimme the  
 shit.

HUSSEIN  
 Your credit ran out.

Hussein takes the bills and slams down a colorful packet on  
 the counter called SMACK.

Dre takes it, it has a stoned green frog with blood shot red  
 eyes on it.

DRE  
 You ain't got anymore of that  
 Joker?

HUSSEIN  
 No.

DRE  
A.K.?

HUSSEIN  
No.

DRE  
Caution?!

HUSSEIN  
No more. Sold out. This is the new  
shit.

Dre opens the bag and smells it.

DRE  
Lemme get one more.

HUSSEIN  
Get the fuck out! The police here  
everyday.

DRE  
Come on H, ain't my fault.

HUSSEIN  
Somebody came in here looking for  
you. Go get me my money.

DRE  
Lookin' for me? What he look like?

HUSSEIN  
Like you. A troublemaker.

DRE  
Puerto-Rican guy?

HUSSEIN  
No. White boy, shaved head.

DRE  
Next time somebody come in here  
lookin' for me, tell 'em I said...

Dre waltzes right out with a middle finger in the air.

DRE (CONT'D)  
(imitating Arabic)  
Mahalakala Sala Mala!

EXT. GOD BLESS DELI - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Dre rolls up a smack blunt lickity quick and lights it up.  
He inhales deeply and smiles with pleasure.

INT. SUGAR DADDY'S PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Disco ball, arm chairs, mirrored walls.

Hip-Hop music bumps through the speakers.

A sexy black girl, STRAWBERRY, 20's, swings her hair back.  
She rides Dre like a cowgirl.

STRAWBERRY

Oh yeah baby.

Dry humping championship.

STRAWBERRY (CONT'D)

You want to fuck me?

She turns around and shoves his face in between her breasts.

STRAWBERRY (CONT'D)

You like my tits?

Dre is in a trance, he's stoned out of his mind.

He attempts to pull down her underwear.

STRAWBERRY (CONT'D)

(moving his hand away)

You want me baby?

He grabs her breasts tight.

DRE

I wanna eat you up girl. Your tits,  
your ass, your everythang.

She shoves her ass in his face.

Over the intercom a man's voice interrupts

SPEAKER

Strawberry. You're up.

She gets up off him, fixes her bra and panties.

DRE  
Where you goin?

STRAWBERRY  
(hand out)  
Time's up.

He looks her up and down like a hungry animal.

STRAWBERRY (CONT'D)  
You high or something? That's  
sixty.

He digs into his pocket and hands her a candy wrapper.

STRAWBERRY (CONT'D)  
Are you fucking with me?

She throws it back at him.

STRAWBERRY (CONT'D)  
(yelling)  
House!

She exits the room.

Dre notices his reflection, he stares.

A large black man, HOUSE the bouncer, 38, thunders in along  
with Strawberry.

STRAWBERRY (CONT'D)  
(showing House the wrapper)  
This mothafucka tried to pay me  
with a fucking skittles wrapper.

HOUSE  
I got this.

House takes Dre by his shirt and lifts him off his feet.

DRE  
Yo, chill! I'm cool, we cool.

HOUSE  
Oh, we far from cool my dude.

EXT. SUGAR DADDY'S - NIGHT

Dre is thrown out of the club by House.

HOUSE  
You done fucked up, Dre. You not  
welcome here no more.

Dre stumbles on his feet.

DRE  
Go fuck yourself.

HOUSE  
I wont have to B, lotta wonderful  
ladies here, now you on the other  
hand might have to.

Dre almost trips over the sidewalk as he struts down the  
street.

DRE  
Yeah, I just might have to.

He notices a half smoked cigarette on the sidewalk picks it  
up and lights it.

HOUSE  
(shaking head)  
Bum ass nigga.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Dre sits hunched over on a stoop, smoking the last bit of his  
smack joint.

A large Hispanic man, JESUS, 38, with a blunt in his mouth  
and gold Jesus chain around his neck sits a few feet away  
from him.

JESUS  
I can't even sit next to you dawg.

DRE  
What I do now?

JESUS  
That shit smells like straight up  
burning rubber.

DRE  
(slurring speech)  
I get high, that's all I care  
about.

JESUS

You keep smoking that you gonna  
fucking die. Can't you smoke weed  
like normal people?

DRE

Fuck weed.

JESUS

No, fuck you. I've been smoking  
weed for almost twenty years my  
nigga, I feel great, I look great--  
You been smoking that shit for  
what, two, almost three years now?  
You can't keep a job, you look like  
shit, you smell like shit...

Dre sniffs himself.

DRE

Smells like that good shit to me.

JESUS

There's people dyin out there from  
this shit.

DRE

I'm still swingin'!

Dre swings his arm and loses balance.

JESUS

You spoke to Kiki?

DRE

Fuck Kiki. Fuck all them hoes, I'm  
better without 'em.

JESUS

Nobody gonna show you love 'till  
you love yourself homie.

DRE

OK, yeah you right. You always  
fucking right.

Dre gets up, swaying, Jesus grabs him so he doesn't fall.

JESUS

Peace be with you dawg.

Dre knocks his hand away.

DRE  
Peace never been with me.

Dre stumbles away, leaving Jesus shaking his head.

DRE (CONT'D)  
...And I ain't never gon' be with  
her.

EXT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

Dre is leaned against a set of stairs, has his head tilted  
back.

A head goes up and down on his crotch.

He puts his hand on the Woman's hair and accidently pulls it  
off.

DRE  
What the...?

He looks down and sees it was a Man giving him a blowjob.

DRE (CONT'D)  
Oh shit.

Dre knocks the Man away and pulls up his pants.

MAN  
(wiping mouth)  
It's OK baby, I'm just as good, if  
not better.

Dre vomits.

MAN (CONT'D)  
You fucking ass hole!

Dre stumbles away.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - NIGHT

Dre looks through a window and notices people having dinner  
and drinks. A busy and hip restaurant.

He sees his own reflection. Crooked. Alone.

He smokes some more.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - NIGHT

Dre looks left, and right, making sure no one sees him.

He opens a trash dumpster and rummages through it, sniffing things here and there.

Among the pounds of junk he finds a few things he can eat, some left overs in a plastic bag.

INT. DRE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Dre stumbles inside with his food and hears a loud female voice coming from inside one of the apartments.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

I can't live like this anymore  
Mike! I've had it! How long has it  
been already?! Half a year?! Six  
months?! If you don't do something  
I will, 'cause apparently you ain't  
worth a damn shit.

He continues to walk towards his apartment when he notices a girl, ISABELLA 7, sitting on the stairs, covering her face.

DRE

Isabella?!

She looks up.

ISABELLA

Dad?

DRE

The hell you doing here?

ISABELLA

I ran away.

DRE

Well you better run back.

Dre opens his door and tries to enter but Isabella follows him.

ISABELLA

I wanna stay with you.

DRE

That ain't gonna happen.

She holds on to him, trying to stop him.

ISABELLA  
Please, I can't stay there anymore.

DRE  
Too fucking bad.

He shoves her off and closes the door on her, she presses up against it.

ISABELLA  
Dad!

DRE (O.S.)  
So next time you get hit by your  
mother who you gonna tell them hit  
you?!

ISABELLA  
I'm sorry dad, I'm sorry!

DRE (O.S.)  
Bull shit, you ain't sorry.

ISABELLA  
Please, I won't ever do it again. I  
promise!

INT. DRE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Crummy, small apartment. Clothes scattered about, sink full of dirty dishes.

Dre sits down on a chair and begins rolling up.

DRE  
You can't stay with me.

He hears Isabella crying.

DRE (CONT'D)  
Go back to your mothers!

Isabella continues to cry.

After a few puffs of his smack Dre gets up and opens the door.

DRE (CONT'D)  
What you crying for?

Isabella hugs him tight.

She looks up at him with watery eyes.

DRE (CONT'D)  
I can't fucking do this.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Dre sits across from Isabella at the kitchen table.

He smokes.

She stares at him.

He notices the bruise around her eye.

DRE  
You know they'll arrest me again if  
they find you here?

ISABELLA  
I told the police it wasn't you!

DRE  
When it was already too late.

ISABELLA  
I said I'm sorry for lying!

DRE  
Sorry?! Are you sorry I had to  
spend eighteen fucking months in  
Rikers?! I don't fucking think so.

Isabella starts crying again.

DRE (CONT'D)  
If you wanna stay with me you gotta  
make me a promise.

Isabella nods her head.

DRE (CONT'D)  
Always speak the truth, and always  
speak your mind. No matter how hard  
it is.

She nods again.

DRE (CONT'D)  
I don't hear you.

ISABELLA  
I promise.

DRE  
Liars are worse than killers.

Isabella wipes her tears away.

DRE (CONT'D)  
Nothin' to cry about.

ISABELLA  
Mom smokes too.

DRE  
Don't you have school tomorrow?

ISABELLA  
Tomorrow is Sunday.

DRE  
Well go watch some TV then.

ISABELLA  
I'm hungry.

Isabella gets up and checks the fridge.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)  
Your fridge is empty!

She checks the freezer.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)  
A frozen chicken?!

DRE  
Get used to it.

ISABELLA  
What are we gonna eat?

Isabella looks into Dre's plastic bag he rummaged in the dumpster.

She opens it and gags from the terrible smell.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)  
Ew! You were gonna eat this?!

EXT. VINNIE'S PIZZERIA - NIGHT

Vinnie, 40's, Italian-American, quick with a joke and will light up your smoke kind of guy, stands outside his pizzeria smoking a cigarette wearing a sauce smeared apron.

Dre stands next to him watching Isabella eat a slice inside.

DRE  
Give me a chance, Vinnie.

VINNIE  
I gave you a chance Dre. I can  
smell that junk all the way from  
Delancey.

DRE  
I got her with me now, what am I  
gonna do?

VINNIE  
You're a danger to my customers  
Dre, I'm sorry.

DRE  
Just give me a few days a week.

VINNIE  
Do yourself a favor pal, get some  
help. I mean look at yourself, how  
am I supposed to have you working  
here?

DRE  
Let me bum a smoke at least.

VINNIE  
Get the fuck outta here.

DRE  
Thanks for looking out for her.

VINNIE  
She's staying with you now?

DRE  
Yeah.

Vinnie shakes his head, flicks his cigarette and walks  
inside, Dre follows.

INT. PIZZERIA - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

One of Vinnie's workers loads a fresh pie into a pizza box.

VINNIE  
It's a shame. You make better sauce  
than some Italians I know. Damn  
shame.

Vinnie grabs it and hands it to Dre, Isabella's eyes widen.

ISABELLA  
We got a whole pizza?!

VINNIE  
That's right.

DRE  
You don't gotta--

VINNIE  
--I don't. But if I don't, who else  
will, ey?

DRE  
Thanks Vin, I appreciate you.

VINNIE  
Listen, you know why I fired you.  
And it was all personal.  
(to Isabella)  
Don't let this guy eat the whole  
thing, I've seen him do it!

Isabella giggles, slurping on some soda.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - NIGHT

Isabella skips along with the pizza box while Dre rolls  
himself up another smack.

ISABELLA  
How do you know Vinnie?

DRE  
Be careful!

ISABELLA  
Careful of what?

DRE  
Careful of that pizza!

ISABELLA  
You made pizza?

DRE  
Hell yeah I made pizza. And pretty  
damn good at it.

ISABELLA  
Why don't you work there anymore?

Dre takes a few deep pulls of his smack.

DRE  
That's between me and Vinnie.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dre and Isabella sit at the table.

She stretches the cheese to maximum fun while he enjoys every saucy bite.

A pure rush of pleasure and happiness for both.

DRE  
Thank you.

ISABELLA  
For what?

DRE  
For this.

A few loud knocks on the door are heard.

Dre doesn't budge, mouth full of pizza.

More knocking.

DRE (CONT'D)  
Who is it?!

VOICE (O.S.)  
It's me, Mike, I gotta talk to you,  
come on open the door.

DRE  
Come back later!

More knocking.

Dre furious now, gets up.

He opens the door and sees MIKE, 50's, unkempt, stained wife-beater, shorts, standing there with a long face.

DRE (CONT'D)  
What do you want?!

MIKE  
Andre, listen, I really need the  
money.

DRE  
It ain't the first, is it?

MIKE  
You haven't paid rent in six months.

DRE  
Six months?! I gave you--

MIKE  
No. You didn't. Come on, don't bullshit me, I know you know.

DRE  
I ain't know shit. Six fucking months?! Has it been that long?

MIKE  
Do I really have to tell you this? Every month I remind you. You say, You'll pay me don't worry about it.

DRE  
I just don't got the money right now, Mike.

MIKE  
You're gonna have to come up with something, I, we, can't wait any longer--

Mike's WIFE yells from inside the apartment.

WIFE (O.S.)  
If you're not gonna pay the fucking rent, then get the fuck off my property!

MIKE  
She's a little upset.

WIFE (O.S.)  
You think I'm some idiot? You think I'm stupid?! I'll cut your fucking kidneys out and sell them If I have to, I'll get my money.

MIKE  
You don't want to make her angry, trust me.

DRE  
What's the monthly rent?

MIKE  
You're kidding right?

DRE  
Do I look like I'm kidding?

MIKE  
What the hell happened to you?

DRE  
Watchu mean what happened to me?

MIKE  
I barely see you around anymore,  
and when I do, it's, you're, you  
look horrible, I mean don't you  
have a daughter?

Dre turns away.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, Dre.

A moment of silence.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
It's seven hundred a month...

DRE  
Seven hundred?!

MIKE  
We had to raise the rent last  
month...

DRE  
I had no heat all winter!--

MIKE  
...times six months, that's--

Mike's Wife, DOLORES, 50's, storms out.

Her resonating raspy voice is accompanied by her short, pudgy  
self, also wearing a wife-beater, she swings the door open.

DOLORES  
That's forty-two hundred dollars!

MIKE  
Dolores, please.

DOLORES  
Don't test me, Mike.

She slams the door.

DOLORES (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I'll get my money.

DRE  
She's crazy! I ain't got that much--

MIKE  
She's not... crazy.

DRE  
Where am I supposed to get that  
kind of money.

Dolores swings the door open and walks right up to Dre's face.

DOLORES  
When you go to sleep tonight I want  
you to think real hard. 'Cause the  
next time you wake up you might be  
under a crack bridge in Gowanus.  
(to Mike)  
You're a disgrace.

She storms back into her apartment.

DRE  
Mike--

MIKE  
If you bring me half at least, I'll  
be able to help you. I'm sorry Dre.

Mike heads back inside.

INT. DRE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Dre steps back inside and sees Isabella standing there.

ISABELLA  
Four thousand and two hundred  
dollars?!

Dre takes a seat at the kitchen table.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)  
How are we gonna pay that?!

Dre empties out his smack bag and starts rolling up another.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

Are we gonna have to move out?

DRE

We're not going anywhere. This is our house.

ISABELLA

But where are we gonna find four thousand and two hundred dollars?!

DRE

I don't know.

ISABELLA

Maybe you can get your job back at the pizzeria?

DRE

You shouldn't have came.

ISABELLA

Why not?

DRE

You should've stayed with your mother.

ISABELLA

I hate mom.

A loud banging on the door is heard.

VOICE (O.S.)

Isabella!

DRE

(whispering)  
Shit. Go hide quick.

Isabella runs away.

VOICE (O.S.)

I know you're in there. Open this fucking door Andre!

DRE

She ain't coming back to you, Kiki. Go the fuck back home.

KIKI (O.S.)

You must be mothafuckin jokin'.

She bangs on the door.

DRE  
She's scared of you.

KIKI (O.S.)  
You should be too bitch! Open this  
fucking door.

DRE  
You can forget it. I ain't opening  
shit.

KIKI (O.S.)  
Isabella?! Come on baby, come to  
mama. I'll buy you those shoes you  
really wanted, come on baby.

DRE  
Nice fucking try.

KIKI (O.S.)  
You want me to fucking call the  
cops again?!

DRE  
Go ahead and call the cops! She'll  
tell them everything. Nothing but  
the truth this time.

The door is knocked with force from the outside.

Dre presses up against it, absorbing the shock.

DRE (CONT'D)  
Are you fucking crazy?!

KIKI  
Open this fucking door!

Another heavy pound on the door and it breaks through.

KIKI, 30's, white trash, runny make up and a cigarette in her  
hand enters along with...

GABRIEL, 30's, the scary dude from the deli, Kiki's  
boyfriend.

DRE  
What the fuck?!

GABRIEL  
You gotta be fucking kiddin' me?!

GABRIEL (CONT'D)  
 You're that bitch from the  
 deli.

DRE  
 You're that bitch from the  
 deli.

KIKI  
 Ya'll know each other?!

GABRIEL  
 I don't know this mothafucka.

DRE  
 Yeah I know this mothafucka.

Gabriel picks Dre up by his shirt and pounds him against the wall.

Kiki looks around.

KIKI  
 Isabella?!  
 (to Gabriel)  
 Hold him.

Kiki heads to the other room looking for her.

KIKI (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Come on baby, stop playing. I got  
 some ice cream waiting for you at  
 home, your favorite chocolate chip  
 flavor, come on baby.

Gabriel still has a tight grip on Dre.

GABRIEL  
 I should'a knocked you the fuck out  
 when I saw you.

DRE  
 Fuck you.

Kiki storms back in.

KIKI  
 Where the fuck is she?

DRE  
 She ain't here.

KIKI  
 I'mma ask you one more time. Where  
 the fuck is my daughter?

DRE  
 You ain't gonna do shit.

Gabriel knocks one right in Dre's mouth, sending him to the floor.

KIKI  
My only regret in life is ever  
fucking you.

DRE  
There you go, we finally have  
something in common.

KIKI  
You're a fucking junkie. A fucking  
bum. And a fucking criminal.

DRE  
I know I am but what are you?

KIKI  
You'll never be a father.

DRE  
I'll be a better one than mine was  
ever to me.

KIKI  
Watch what happens. I told you not  
to fuck with me

Dre gets back up on his feet.

KIKI (CONT'D)  
(to Gabriel)  
Come on, lets leave this piece of  
shit.

Kiki and Gabriel make their way out of the building.

DRE  
(whispering)  
Isabella?

Dre looks in the closet, under the bed, can't find her.

He looks through the window and sees her hiding on the fire  
escape.

He opens the window and she hops back into her arms.

DRE (CONT'D)  
Good hiding spot.

ISABELLA  
Thanks dad.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The living room is a ash filled mess with clothes and garbage scattered about.

Dre is passed out on the floor, Isabella lays on the couch watching the TV.

A female REPORTER speaks:

REPORTER

What local residents are calling, the walking dead, a bad batch of synthetic marijuana known as K2, spice, and sometimes more kid friendly names like Scooby Snacks has been sending people to the hospital in record numbers. With packets ranging from just a few dollars and up, it is by far the cheapest and deadliest way to get high. Firefighters, cops and paramedics responded and found thirty-three semi-conscious people in several locations there and in nearby areas. "It was a horrible scene," A witness said. "They were laid out twitching on the floor. Some of them were motionless. This is nothing you'd want your kids to see."

Isabella looks at Dre who's snoring like a bear then changes the channel.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The TV is still on. A black and white movie plays.

Isabella wakes up and sees Dre still snoring.

She looks at the clock, it's 11:30.

ISABELLA

Dad! Get up!

Dre moans and pushes her away.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

I wanna go out!

Dre still snores.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

Dad?!

Dre turns around.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

How much can you sleep?

Dre doesn't move an inch.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

I'm hungry... Dad?

Dre opens one eye.

DRE

OK, OK, I'm up. Shit.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET, BLOCK PARTY - DAY

Loud salsa music, sizzlin' BBQ and beers.

Isabella sits on a step eating a hotdog while Dre rolls up a smack, meanwhile his HOMIES, young neighborhood troublemakers, pass around some weed.

A BUM sleeps on the ground nearby.

HOMIE#3

Oh Karen, Karen! You're Karen, and she's Karen. Oh baby!

Homie#3 imitates having sex with a woman while everyone else laughs except Dre and Isabella.

HOMIE#3 (CONT'D)

This one was a freak tho, she was on top of me, riding me like a bull nigga, as soon as she gets off I go, all over myself, bro this bitch goes...

Homie#3 imitates wiping with hand.

HOMIE#3 (CONT'D)

...On my chest... and then...

Homie#3 imitates licking his own hand.

HOMIE#1

Damn!

HOMIE#2

Damn!

HOMIE#4  
She a nasty bitch!

HOMIE#3  
Nigga, turns out she was an ex-cop.  
You know I can't be seeing too much  
of her after that.

Homie#1 reads the bag of Dre's smack bag.

HOMIE#1  
Bro this shit literally says not  
for human consumption.

DRE  
You want some?

Homie passes it back to him.

HOMIE #1  
Hell no. Last time I smoked that  
shit I thought I was gonna have a  
heart attack.

HOMIE#4  
My nigga I tried that shit once, I  
still don't fucking feel right.

HOMIE #3  
Yo my girl was like when is this  
shit gonna end? You know what I'm  
sayin'? That shit was not cool.

HOMIE#1  
Here smoke some of this, this the  
real shit.

Homie passes Dre a blunt of weed.

HOMIE#2  
Nah don't pass it to him, he don't  
smoke weed.

DRE  
Yeah fuck weed. That shit don't do  
nothing to me anyway.

HOMIE#1  
You know you lost mad weight right?

DRE  
I been walking a lot.

HOMIE#1

I don't know man, you don't look too good.

Homie#3 notices the bum standing up.

HOMIE#3

Oh look, look! He's waking up! Watch, I bet you five bucks he's gonna take a piss over there and go right back to sleep.

Everyone watches as the bum crosses the street, takes a piss in broad daylight by a phone booth.

HOMIE#3 (CONT'D)

I told you, watch, watch.

The homies all watch, including Dre and Isabella.

The bum finishes, does a nice big loud stretch, and comes back to lay down.

HOMIE#3 (CONT'D)

(laughing his ass off)  
Where's my fucking money?!

The homies all brush him off.

DRE

(to Isabella)  
Come on lets go.

HOMIE#1

Yo some guy was looking for you by the way.

DRE

Who was looking for me?

HOMIE#1

I don't know he said he was your cousin.

DRE

My cousin?! I ain't got no fucking cousins.

HOMIE#2

Yeah mothafucka was white, I knew he was lying.

DRE  
Whoever lookin' for me tell them I  
moved to Alaska.

HOMIE#1  
Alaska? Nigga you know there ain't  
no Puerto Ricans in Alaska.

EXT. GOD BLESS DELI - NIGHT

Isabella waits outside for Dre to grab another bag of smack.

She witnesses a NAKED MAN being arrested by two police  
officers.

Dre steps out.

ISABELLA  
Look, dad! That man is naked!

DRE  
Yep.

ISABELLA  
(amused)  
Why was he naked?!

Dre lights up a smack joint.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Isabella watches TV. Dre is in the kitchen.

ISABELLA  
There's never anything good on!  
Commercial after commercial and  
more commercials. How many  
commercials can they put on?!

She turns it off and heads for the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Isabella sees Dre is sitting sleeping. His eyes are closed  
and he has a cigarette in his hand that is burning his  
finger.

ISABELLA  
Dad!! Your finger is burning!

She smacks the cigarette away and stomps on it.

DRE  
Huh?! What you did?!

He sees his cigarette on the floor.

DRE (CONT'D)  
Don't be smacking no shit around  
here. Where you think you is?!

ISABELLA  
I'm bored.

DRE  
Read a book.

Dre dozes back off from his high.

ISABELLA  
I don't wanna read a book. I wanna  
go to the park.

She pushes him and he falls off the chair.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)  
Dad!?

Dre is unresponsive.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)  
Get up!

Isabella takes him by the arms and attempts to drag him but  
she can't.

He's too heavy.

She sits down next to him.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)  
Wake up...

She rests her head on his arm.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Isabella wakes up on the floor next to Dre.

She looks at the clock and sees 8:00 am.

She pushes and shoves him.

ISABELLA  
I'm gonna be late for school!

Dre groans and moans back to life.

DRE  
I'm up, I'm up.

ISABELLA  
You still have your eyes closed!

She pushes and shoves him.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - DAY

Isabella paces down the street with her backpack.

Dre empties out his bag of smack and rolls one quick.

ISABELLA  
Can we get some candy?

DRE  
Candy?! It's too early for candy.

Dre lights up his smack.

ISABELLA  
It's eight o'clock and you're  
already smoking!

DRE  
Oh yeah, smart ass? How about you  
grab some breakfast at school.

ISABELLA  
I don't like school.

DRE  
Well tough shit. You'll start  
liking it.

ISABELLA  
This girl, Maggie, she tried to  
look up my skirt. And they all  
laugh at me and say that I look  
like a boy.

DRE  
Don't ever let anyone touch you  
down there, you hear me?

Isabella nods.

EXT. PUBLIC SCHOOL - DAY

Dre and Isabella approach the front gates. Other kids are making their way in.

Isabella gives Dre a hug.

ISABELLA

You stink.

DRE

Get your ass in there.

Isabella walks into the building.

Her teacher, JANET, 40's, notices Dre and approaches him.

JANET

Hello, are you Isabella's father?

DRE

Yes, I am.

JANET

I'm her teacher, Janet. I don't believe we've ever met.

DRE

Nice to meet you, I'm Dre.

JANET

We've been trying to get a hold of Isabella's mother-- is there a better way to reach her?

DRE

I'm taking care of Isabella now.

JANET

Mr. Morales, Isabella is failing most of her classes. She's in danger of being suspended.

Dre bends over and grabs his stomach, a sharp pain makes him yell.

DRE

Fuck!

JANET

Are you OK?

DRE

No, I'm not fucking OK.

Janet watches as Dre limps away.

INT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT - DAY

Dre stands outside of a door labeled 1F.

He rings, bell doesn't work.

He knocks hard.

A dog starts barking its head off, a WOMAN yells in Spanish.

VOICE(O.S.)

I got it ma! Why you always gotta  
be up in my business?!

The door swings open and a large beast of a man, MOO MOO, 35, stands tall with a big smile on his face and dark sunglasses. He speaks with a soft tone.

He kicks his small white barking pooch out of the way.

MOO

Get back in there you little bitch!

(to Dre)

My nigga!

Moo gives Dre a pound.

MOO (CONT'D)

Get yo ass up in here!

INT. MOO MOO'S BEDROOM - DAY

A hot mess. Unkempt bed, food scraps, dirty dishes, empty cans of energy drinks.

Moo himself flops on his Lazy Boy chair and pops the side door open under his ass, revealing a large cooler with more energy drinks.

MOO

You want one?

DRE

You got a fucking cooler in your  
chair?

He throws on to Dre and pops one open himself.

MOO

Bro how dope is this shit?!

Moo chugs the drink and crushes the can with his hands.

DRE  
How much that shit cost you?

MOO  
You don't wanna fuckin know. I  
spent my life savings on this  
bitch.

Dre takes out his smack and starts rolling one up.

DRE  
Listen Moo, you know I hate asking  
for shit, but I figure if anyone  
knows something, its you.

Moo's phone makes a sound and he swipes his fat finger on his  
cellphone, he's ecstatic.

MOO  
Oh my fucking, you gotta be kidding  
me?!

DRE  
What is it?!

MOO MOO  
Oh shit! A fucking Dragonite!? How  
did you get here little man?!

Moo swipes on his phone.

DRE  
What the fuck is a Dragonite?!

Moo swipes again.

MOO  
What?! You haven't played Pokemon?

DRE  
Poke what? Nigga I ain't got time  
for games, I'm tryin' to tell you  
something.

Moo swipes again.

MOO  
Nigga you know how rare it is to  
find a Dragonite in this area?!  
Mother fucker! He got away. I just  
wasted two ultra balls. Lemme see  
your phone.

Dre shows Moo his phone.

MOO (CONT'D)  
What the fuck is this shit?!

DRE  
It's my phone.

MOO  
No wonder you can't play Pokemon,  
this shit might as well be a hot  
steamy piece of crap.

DRE  
That shit is meant to call and  
text, that's it.

Dre lights up his smack and inhales deeply.

MOO  
Oh no you don't. You ain't smoking  
that in here.

DRE  
Why not?

MOO  
You know how much shit I got from  
my moms last time you blazed that  
shit in here?

Dre puts it out with a lick of his finger.

DRE  
Listen Moo, I really need some  
paper.

MOO  
A job? You ain't gonna get a job  
lookin' like that?! My shit is all  
fresh.

Dre looks at his shoes, they're torn up, dirty just like the  
rest of his clothes.

DRE  
I can't remember the last time I  
felt fresh.

MOO  
Yeah 'cause you smokin' that shit.

DRE  
You gonna help or not?

MOO  
Listen to me, I'm working on  
something. Something big.

Moo reveals a grand smile.

DRE  
Can I get in on it?

Moo nods.

MOO  
You already in nigga. We all in.

DRE  
What the fuck you talkin' about?

Moo turns his laptop to face Dre. A bunch of numbers and  
computer code.

DRE (CONT'D)  
I can't read that shit.

MOO  
See it?

DRE  
That shit might as well be Chinese,  
Moo. I'm talkin' serious here. You  
haven't heard of anything?

MOO  
I know you like this shit. I can't  
tell you everything yet. But trust  
me, you'll know when it goes down.

Dre coughs up a storm.

MOO (CONT'D)  
Don't be spreadin' no germs around  
here, I just got over the flu.

DRE  
So you can't help.

MOO  
Gimme a couple of days, I'll see  
what I can do. Get yourself a  
piece.

DRE  
You can't set me up with anything  
legit?

MOO

Bitch all my shit is legit. It's  
just in case. You never know.

Moo has a smile on his face that isn't comforting to Dre.

EXT. SCHOOL YARD - DAY

Isabella plays hop scotch when a basket ball comes crashing  
on her from the other direction, knocking her down.

A bunch of girls start laughing and giggling.

A boy, EDDIE, 7, comes running after it.

EDDIE

You want to play ball with us?

ISABELLA

No!

Eddie grabs the ball.

One of the laughing girls, MAGGIE, 8, responds.

MAGGIE

Why not? You should play with them  
since you look like a boy anyway!

Isabella gets up, runs up to Maggie and pushes her.

Maggie falls to the floor, starts crying.

ISABELLA

I'm not a boy!

MAGGIE

You're crazy!

ISABELLA

I'm a girl! And I'll kick your ass!

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

A bleak waiting room. Plastic chairs, basket of magazines, a  
poster of a happy worker delivering a package to a satisfied  
customer.

Dre fills out a job application, he fidgets with his pen.

Application asks: "Have you ever been convicted of a felony?"

Dre checks the yes box and looks to his neighbors answer.

A CLERK, 30's, a black woman with perfectly made hair and glossy lipsticks calls out the next name.

CLERK  
Andre Morales?!

Dre gets up with application in hand and walks over.

CLERK (CONT'D)  
Application and ID please.

Dre hands her the papers.

DRE  
How long you been working here  
mammi, you too good lookin' for  
this job, girl.

CLERK  
You've been convicted of a felony?

DRE  
It was a misunderstanding, a long  
time ago.

CLERK  
A misunderstanding?

Dre reads her name tag, it reads: Shallizé

DRE  
Listen, Shalleeze...

CLERK  
It's Shallizé.

DRE  
I really need this job, It ain't  
just me--

CLERK  
--We'll have to do a full  
background check, which we need a  
twenty-five dollar fee, payable by  
check or money order.

DRE  
Twenty-five?! I'm telling you I got  
a felony. What more you want to  
know!?

CLERK

It's standard procedure.

Dre checks his pockets. Empty.

DRE

Can't you take it out of the first paycheck?

CLERK

No, you can come back when you have the money.

DRE

I don't have that much time. Fuck your standard procedure, I need a fucking job.

CLERK

Excuse me? Don't raise your voice at me, Mr. Morales. Please step aside so I can take the next applicant.

DRE

Fuck that! I ain't steppin' anywhere, I want to talk to your supervisor.

Dre has a burst of coughs.

CLERK

Maybe you should see a doctor, not an employment agency.

DRE

I ain't gonna eat tonight, you hear me? Call security!

CLERK

There is no security on duty, you will be waiting all day.

DRE

You tell me then, what am I supposed to do? How am I gonna feed my daughter tonight?!

CLERK

I can't answer that.

DRE

Yeah I know you can't. Fuck this shit.

Dre crumbles up his application and chucks it across the room.

INT. GREAT WALL, CHINESE RESTAURANT - DAY

A typical NYC Chinese spot. Aqua green counter tops, faded pictures of their dishes are above the register.

Two COOKS are in the back, flipping noodles in their wok bowls, speaking loud in Chinese.

A large framed picture of the Great Wall hangs on the wall.

Dre walks up to the register and suddenly a Chinese CASHIER, a woman in her 30's, speaking with a heavy Chinese accent, pops up right in front of him.

DRE  
God damn! Pingo le yaa!? You tryin'  
to give me a heart attack?!

CASHIER  
What you want?!

DRE  
Ya'll need any delivery guys?

CASHIER  
Delivery? OK, what's yo address?

DRE  
My address? Nah, you not  
understanding, I can be the  
delivery guy.

CASHIER  
You want delivery or not?!

DRE  
No I don't want no fucking  
delivery, listen to what I'm  
sayin'. I need a job, jay oh bee,  
otherwise I cant order shit.

A young boy comes in with a bike helmet and picks up a bunch of bags.

CASHIER  
Oh! You wanna work here? No, no,  
sorry, why I need you? I have son  
for delivery.

The boy shows his tired face to Dre.

She slaps her sons helmet as he heads off with the bags.

CASHIER (CONT'D)  
You want to order or not?!

The Cashier yells something in Chinese to the cooks and they all start laughing as they flip noodles over a fiery wok.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

It's mostly empty aside from a few stragglers scattered around the benches.

Dre looks around, he sees the statue of Jesus Christ nailed to the cross.

DRE  
Jesus?!

An OLD WOMAN turns to him with a crazy look on her face.

DRE (CONT'D)  
Yo J! Where you at?!

JESUS (O.S.)  
In here.

Dre turns his attention to the confessional booth.

INT. CONFESSIONAL - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A tight, moody confessional booth. Dre leans against the mesh window giving him a glimpse into the other room.

DRE  
I'm in trouble J.

JESUS  
Can I tell you how great God is?

DRE  
Don't give me that bull shit right now, I'm about to get kicked out of the crib, and I got Izzy back.

JESUS  
Isabella?!

DRE  
I got two bucks to my name.

JESUS  
You lost your damn mind?!

DRE  
I need your help J.

JESUS  
If you already know the problem  
pappa, why not solve it?

DRE  
If I knew the problem I wouldn't be  
here.

JESUS  
I can smell the problem cogno.

DRE  
I can't be having her on the  
street, what if something happens  
to her?

JESUS  
If you want me to help you, you  
must help yourself first.

DRE  
I love her you know, she's a part  
of me.

JESUS  
You gonna have to make a choice.

DRE  
I can't let anything happen to her.

JESUS  
Trust in God and yourself.

DRE  
How am I gonna get this money?

JESUS  
There's always work to be done in  
the church, perhaps I can--.

DRE  
I doubt you'll pay me four grand in  
the next couple of days.

JESUS  
Stay here.

Jesus leaves the confessional booth.

Dre waits a few beats until Jesus comes back in.

He slides open the meshed window and hands Dre a pill tube.

DRE  
What's this?

JESUS  
I know you know someone.

Dre reads the pill bottle.

DRE  
A thousand fucking milligrams?!

JESUS  
Keep it down cogno!

DRE  
I get caught with this you know  
what they'll do to me?

JESUS  
Don't get caught.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - DAY

Dre walks at a brisk pace.

He checks his bag of smack, turns it upside down, nothing.

DRE  
Fuck!

A bit paranoid, he glances left, right, and behind him.

INT. BLO'S APARTMENT - DAY

A full grown python reveals itself, hissing, sticking its tongue out.

Dark and moody, shades drawn.

BLO, 30's, a short Latino guy with sleeve tattoos grabs a rabbit by its ears and releases it in the pythons cage.

The rabbit is scared, it stiffens up.

The python gives a big yawn, then slithers back into its make-shift cave.

BLO  
Something's wrong with Ramses.

DRE  
I hate snakes. I don't know how you  
keep that thing around. Yo Blo,  
check it, take the whole thing for  
five bills. I don't give a fuck. I  
just need this money.

BLO  
How can you hate something you  
don't even understand?

DRE  
What's there to understand? It's a  
fucking snake.

BLO  
Ramses has personality.

DRE  
That mothafucka would kill you if  
he had the chance.

BLO  
Ain't people the same way?

Blo takes a seat and pops the pill case open.

BLO (CONT'D)  
Where you got this?

DRE  
From the lord himself.

BLO  
This shit is no joke.

DRE  
Take it or leave it. I think you  
should take it.

Blo counts four hundred.

BLO  
All I got is four.

DRE  
You fuckin' with me?

BLO

Nah. I just bought that flat screen  
tho, watchu think? Shit is lit  
right?

Dre glances over at the large flat screen TV on the wall.

DRE

Yo I might need a piece too, I'll  
come back for that later.

BLO

I got that too.

Blo takes out a glock pistol and slams it on the coffee  
table.

BLO (CONT'D)

Three bills.

Dre coughs up a little blood on his palm.

BLO (CONT'D)

Damn nigga, what the fuck? Is that  
blood?

Dre grabs his money and makes his way out.

DRE

Have my money next time!

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

Isabella runs up to Dre, he picks her up, groans from pain,  
then has to put her down.

ISABELLA

You OK?

Dre grabs his stomach.

DRE

I'm fine baby. Lets go.

EXT. GOD BLESS DELI - DAY

Isabella pulls Dre by the hand.

ISABELLA

Dad! Don't!

DRE  
Just one bag...

ISABELLA  
That's what you said last time,  
just one more bag!

DRE  
You gettin' on my nerves now.

ISABELLA  
You're getting on my nerves!

DRE  
If you don't let go...

ISABELLA  
What are you gonna do? Hit me?

Dre gives her a look that can kill, Isabella lets go of his arm.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)  
Fine! Go ahead. Why do I even try?!

DRE  
I just gotta get it. OK? I can't,  
be without it.

ISABELLA  
Just try.

Dre glances down at Isabella, then heads into the Deli.

INT. GOD BLESS DELI - DAY

Dre slaps a few bills on the counter and notices all the bags behind Hussein are gone.

DRE  
Where's all the smoke?!

HUSSEIN  
(with hand out)  
More.

DRE  
Watchu mean more?

HUSSEIN  
Price goin' up. Too crazy now.

Dre counts his cash, he doesn't have much of it.

He looks back at Isabella who's outside staring at him.

DRE  
(slaps another bill on the  
counter)  
Fuck. Just gimme the fuckin' bag.

Hussein takes a black plastic bag out and gives Dre a bag of smack.

DRE (CONT'D)  
Listen you need any extra help  
around here?

HUSSEIN  
What kind of help?

DRE  
I need a job. Anything. I'll make  
sandwiches, halal whatever you need  
me to do.

Hussein looks to two older ARABIC MEN sitting on a stool and speaks to them in Arabic.

They look Dre up and down and yell back in their native tongue.

HUSSEIN  
No, we don't need anybody.

Dre looks at the old men on their stools in displeasure.

DRE  
Mahalakala Sala Mala!

EXT. GOD BLESS DELI - DAY

Police arrest some more junkies hanging out in front of the bodega.

Isabella waits for Dre, watching what's going on.

Dre exits and grabs her hand.

ISABELLA  
Dad, why are the police arresting  
everybody? They're not doing  
anything.

DRE  
'Cause that's the easiest thing to  
do.

ISABELLA  
They need help?

DRE  
What do you think?

ISABELLA  
I guess...

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - DAY

Dre lights up a smack joint, Isabella walks ahead of him.

DRE  
Hold up a second!

Dre notices a black BMW cruising slowly next to him.

The cars window rolls down.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Andre!

Dre doesn't look back.

He picks up his pace.

ISABELLA  
Oh now you're walking fast?

DRE  
Come on, hurry up!

VOICE (O.S.)  
Andre!

DRE  
Run.

ISABELLA  
Who is that?

DRE  
Run!

They sprint down the block and make a right turn.

The BMW follows but is halted by oncoming traffic at the turn.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Dre empties out another bag of smack and rolls it lickity quick.

The radio is blasting hip-hop while Isabella is doing her homework.

ISABELLA

Why was that car following us?

DRE

The only thing you should be worrying about is your homework. Don't let me hear that bullshit from your teacher again.

Dre's phone vibrates, he picks up.

DRE (CONT'D)

Hello?

VOICE

(over phone)

Hello, am I speaking with Andre Morales?

DRE

Yeah, who this?

Dre heads into the living room, away from Isabella and the music.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dre walks in, phone in ear.

VOICE

My name is Maria Lopez, I'm with child services.

DRE

Child services?! The fuck?--

MARIA

We recently got an anonymous call informing us you could be a danger to your daughter. I have a detective on the line here, he'd like a word with you.

DRE

Anonymous! That dumb bitch. Don't worry Maria, I know who it is. She ain't anonymous.

DETECTIVE JOZWIAK

This is Detective Jozwiak. Mr. Morales I'm gonna need you to come by the precinct. We'd like to have a word with you.

DRE

A word about what?

DETECTIVE JOZWIAK

I can't discuss this over the phone.

DRE

I ain't got nothing to talk about.

DETECTIVE JOZWIAK

Don't make us come for you.

DRE

This is bull shit you realize that right? She's playing you all.

DETECTIVE JOZWIAK

Is that a yes or a no?

Dre hangs up the phone.

Isabella walks in.

ISABELLA

Who was that?!

DRE

Your mother's doing. Now she's telling them I'm danger to you or some shit.

ISABELLA

...But you're not.

Dre takes a deep drag of his smack.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Cold, bare interview room. A metal table and a couple of chairs.

Dre waits by the desk, he fidgets with his fingers.

DETECTIVE JOZWIAK, 50's, walks in along with a younger  
DETECTIVE DOHERTY, 30's, both in suit and tie.

DETECTIVE JOZWIAK  
Andre, thank you for coming.

DRE  
You don't gotta thank me. Lets just  
clear this bull shit up once and  
for all.

Jozwiak takes a seat across from Dre, while Doherty posts  
himself leaning against the wall.

DETECTIVE JOZWIAK  
(looking through paperwork)  
We've received a call from...

DRE  
Kimberly Fiasco.

DETECTIVE JOZWIAK  
You already know?

DRE  
Of course I know. You can ask my  
daughter, I've never laid a hand on  
her.

DETECTIVE JOZWIAK  
You've been accused of sexually  
molesting your daughter, Andre.

DRE  
Sexually molesting my daughter?

Dre laughs.

DRE (CONT'D)  
Sexually molesting my daughter?!  
Wow, she went low.

DETECTIVE DOHERTY  
We're gonna have a word with your  
daughter, Isabella, as well, if you  
don't mind.

DRE  
You seen the bruises she had on her  
face? Guess who's doing that was?!

DETECTIVE JOZWIAK  
I see you've done some time at  
Rikers...

DRE  
I never in my life, ever laid a  
hand on my girl.

DETECTIVE DOHERTY  
That's not what the papers say.

DRE  
I would rather take my own life.

DETECTIVE DOHERTY  
Well, If you're telling the truth,  
then you have nothing to worry  
about.

Jozwiak smiles at Andre who doesn't smile back.

DRE  
I got plenty of shit to worry  
about. Give me a fucking cigarette.

DETECTIVE JOZWIAK  
We don't smoke.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Dre waits on a chair by himself, when Isabella comes out of  
the interview room.

ISABELLA  
Hey dad!

DRE  
What you tell them?!

ISABELLA  
I told them the truth. I didn't  
lie.

Detective Jozwiak comes out.

DRE  
We finished here?

DETECTIVE JOZWIAK  
Almost. Just a few more procedural  
things.

DRE  
What procedural things?

DETECTIVE JOZWIAK  
You'll have to bring her to a  
gynecologist. Routine check.

Jozwiak hands Dre a business card.

DRE  
For what?!

DETECTIVE JOZWIAK  
Standard procedure for these types  
of cases.

DRE  
There is no case! She don't gotta  
go see no doctor.

DETECTIVE JOZWIAK  
Rest assured Mr. Morales, you're in  
no trouble. You got a wonderful  
daughter there. Take care of her.  
And yourself.

Jozwiak leaves.

ISABELLA  
Why do I have to see a doctor? I'm  
not sick.

Dre doesn't respond.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)  
Why?! I don't want to see a doctor!

INT. GREAT WALL RESTAURANT - DAY

Dre lets his face drop onto the table, as if he was on  
heroin.

Isabella gets worried, then mad.

ISABELLA  
Dad! Dad?!

She pushes and shoves him but no response.

The Cashier comes over.

CASHIER

He don't look too good. He can't stay here.

ISABELLA

He's fine. He's just tired!  
(to Dre)  
Dad! Come on!

Dre lifts his head back up.

DRE

I'm up!?! I'm hungry.

He grabs Isabella's chicken wings and eats it like an animal.

ISABELLA

You're unbelievable!

She storms out of the restaurant.

INT. DRE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Dre hands some money to Mike.

Mike counts it.

MIKE

This isn't gonna work.

DRE

I'll get you the rest. You have my word.

Mike slams the door on his face.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dre looks through his bags of smack but they're all empty.

DRE

(shouting)  
Fuck!

He paces around the house while Isabella watches TV.

He looks through pockets, drawers, anywhere he can.

He finds a few crumbs on the carpet floor in the living room and between the couch pillows.

ISABELLA

Dad what are you doing?

Dre continues to find small crumbs of smack here and there, collecting it in his palm.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

Dad?! Stop it!

DRE

Watchu want girl?! I gotta smoke something.

ISABELLA

You're always smoking, can't you stop?!

DRE

Don't worry about what I be doing.

ISABELLA

You're embarrassing me!

Dre doesn't respond, he takes it in.

Dre heads into the kitchen, he's found enough to roll in a joint and smoke.

He puts it in the paper and goes to roll it.

Isabella comes up and slaps it out of his hand.

DRE

Are you fucking crazy?!

ISABELLA

I hate you when you smoke!

Isabella runs away and locks herself in the bathroom.

Dre sits there with the spilled smack on the floor.

He picks it all up and puts it back in the paper.

He rolls it up and flicks his lighter.

INT. DOCTORS OFFICE - DAY

Dre and Isabella enter the office.

A RECEPTIONIST greets them.

RECEPTIONIST

Can I help you?

DRE

We have an appointment for Isabella Morales.

RECEPTIONIST

Sign in here and take a seat. We'll call for her.

Dre grabs a seat.

Isabella grabs a magazine and flips through it.

ISABELLA

Dad?

DRE

Yeah?

ISABELLA

If you could be anybody in the world who would you be?

DRE

Not me.

ISABELLA

Really?

DRE

Don't be askin' me dumb questions.

ISABELLA

There are only dumb answers...

Dre turns to her.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

Would you be Superman?

DRE

I can't do heights.

ISABELLA

Batman?

DRE

I can't do bats and caves either.

ISABELLA

George Washington?

DRE  
Why the hell would I wanna be that  
slave owning cracker?

Isabella has a confused look on her face.

ISABELLA  
He owned slaves?

A nurse steps out into the room.

NURSE  
Isabella Morales?

DRE  
(to Isabella)  
Go.

ISABELLA  
Do I have to?

DRE  
You'll be fine, go.

NURSE  
Hello Isabella, don't worry, you're  
in good hands...

Dre watches as Isabella is taken to another room.

He waits for some time, staring at the clock, fidgeting with his hands, not being able to sit still.

Dre checks the clock it reads 11:58 am.

Nurse and Isabella step out.

NURSE (CONT'D)  
There you go, she's all good to go.

Dre sees Isabella is upset, shes been crying, her eyes are red.

DRE  
You OK?

ISABELLA  
I thought you said I should never  
let anyone touch me down there!

Isabella runs out of the office.

DRE  
Isabella!

The Nurse gives Dre a confused look.

Dre darts after her.

EXT. DRE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Isabella runs up to their building and sits on the step.

Dre is out of breath, catching up.

DRE  
It's gonna be OK.

ISABELLA  
No, it's not!

DRE  
Those were doctors, they did what  
they had to do.

ISABELLA  
I hate mom!

DRE  
(catching his breath)  
Isabella, come on...

ISABELLA  
I don't feel sorry for her! I hope  
she dies.

Dre grabs her by the shoulders.

DRE  
Listen to me. Listen to me real  
good. You hear me?!

ISABELLA  
I hear you!

DRE  
What you are inside, your heart,  
and your mind... no one can change  
that. Not me, not your mother, not  
the police. No one. No matter how  
hard they try.

ISABELLA  
I hate her...

DRE  
I know baby... I know.

Dre hugs her tight.

The black BMW from before pulls up. A MAN shouts from inside.

MAN

Andre!

Dre looks over and sees the Man then looks away.

MAN (CONT'D)

I know you see me. I see you!

ISABELLA

That's the same car that was following us...

MAN

You gonna pretend like you don't hear me?

Dre doesn't look over.

DRE

(to Isabella)

Go inside, go.

MAN

Come over here.

Dre looks again.

DRE

Slava? Is that you?!

Dre walks over to the car.

DRE (CONT'D)

I didn't recognize you, you lost some weight?

There are two men seated inside, SLAVA, 30's, gold watch, clean cut and well dressed, along with PASHA, 30's, sports pants, shaved head and tattoo's.

SLAVA

You trying to avoid me buddy?

DRE

What you doing all the way out here?

SLAVA

We were just passing by.

DRE  
All the way from Brighton?

SLAVA  
I didn't know you had a daughter.

Dre looks over at Isabella who's still standing there.

DRE  
It ain't any of your business.

SLAVA  
She looks like you.

DRE  
Listen Slava...

SLAVA  
You haven't called, I thought maybe you forgot about me, or left town. But then I thought, how could Andy just leave us all behind? He would never do that. Am I right?

DRE  
You know I wouldn't forget about you. I just been going thru some shit.

SLAVA  
We all go through shit. But we cannot forget those who matter.  
(beat)  
With time passing, I'm beginning to doubt I'll ever see my money.

DRE  
Don't doubt. I'm working on it.

SLAVA  
You guys look hungry, we're going to get some food. Why don't you two come with us?

DRE  
I really appreciate that, but no thanks.

SLAVA  
I really think you should come.

Slava shows Dre a gun.

SLAVA (CONT'D)  
 We're friends right? It's gonna be  
 fun. I promise.

INT. RUSSIAN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Slava tears the skin off a boiled cow head with his bare hands.

SLAVA  
 We are carnivores, Andy.

Slava flips the head and digs in with his large knife.

SLAVA (CONT'D)  
 You see most people just throw the  
 head away, but no, there is lots of  
 meat there if you know how to get  
 to it.

Dre and Isabella stare at their plates of meat, not hungry.

Slava watches with intent.

SLAVA (CONT'D)  
 Mama!

Slava's MAMA, 50's, enters with more food. She's outspoken and full of love.

Mama's dialogue in Russian.

MAMA  
 Yes, sweetheart, here's some Moscow  
 salad I'm also bringing, it's very  
 fresh.

SLAVA  
 You made this yourself?

Slava sniffs the salad.

MAMA  
 Of course not, from the bazaar,  
 they have everything, very tasty!

SLAVA  
 Do we have any more vodka?

MAMA  
 Of course we have, we have  
 everything.

Mama heads back into kitchen.

Slava dumps a bunch of meat on Pasha's and their plates and takes a seat.

SLAVA  
(to Dre)  
I hope it's cooked to your liking.

Dre and Isabella still don't eat.

SLAVA (CONT'D)  
Ah, perfection.

Slava and Pasha chew the meet, enjoying it.

SLAVA (CONT'D)  
(to Dre)  
You must be starving.

DRE  
I ain't hungry.

Isabella shakes her head in horror.

SLAVA  
It's very delicious.

Slava grabs another fleshy, chunk with skin and chews on it.

Isabella looks at Dre then back at Slava in horror.

SLAVA (CONT'D)  
It's not good to waste food.

Isabella takes her fork and stabs the piece of meat.

She lifts it and brings it to her mouth.

SLAVA (CONT'D)  
There you go.

Dre stops her.

DRE  
I know you didn't bring us out here  
just to feed us.

SLAVA  
You're right. I didn't. But how can  
a man do anything on an empty  
stomach?

Mama brings in the bottle of vodka and more food.

MAMA

Here, vodka, and some bread too  
sonny, eat please eat for good  
health.

SLAVA

Thanks Ma.

MAMA

Of course sonny, for you,  
everything.

Slava grabs a bottle of vodka and pours shots.

DRE

Not for me.

Slava pours one anyway.

SLAVA

You know my father used to say,  
never trust anyone who doesn't  
drink.

DRE

You know what my father used to  
say? Never trust the Russians.

Dre moves the shot of vodka away from him.

Slava and Pasha have a laugh.

Slava raises his shot glass along with Pasha.

SLAVA

To family. To friends. To wonderful  
acquaintances. Because without  
them, who are we really? Just a  
piece of meat, like this. Am I  
right?

Slava gives the skinless cows head a rub.

PASHA

(raising glass)  
Salut.

SLAVA

(raising his)  
Salut.

MAMA

(raising hers)  
Na Zdarovye.

They clink shot glasses and throw them back like champs.

SLAVA

Are we so not trust worthy? You see  
this man right here?

Slava puts his arm around Pasha who has a mouth full of  
bread.

SLAVA (CONT'D)

This is Pasha. Pasha would die for  
me...

Pasha smiles, revealing food in his mouth.

SLAVA (CONT'D)

As I, would die for him. Am I  
right?

PASHA

(chewing)  
One hundred percent.

SLAVA

Oh, I almost forgot, I have  
something for you. I know how much  
you like it.

Slava pulls out a bag of smack and passes it to Dre.

SLAVA (CONT'D)

Someone left it in the car. You  
know I don't smoke that shit.

Dre's eyes widen. Isabella looks at the smack then back at  
Dre with concern.

SLAVA (CONT'D)

Consider it a gift.

Dre eyes the bag.

SLAVA (CONT'D)

You know I never asked you to  
borrow any money from me.

DRE

I know.

SLAVA

You came to me yourself.

DRE

I'll get you the money.

ISABELLA

Why are you asking my dad for money?! We have no money, we can't even pay our rent!

DRE

Isabella, enough!

ISABELLA

Leave my dad alone!

SLAVA

(sees Dre's plate is still untouched)

You know, It's really not good to waste food.

EXT. BROOKLYN ALLEY - NIGHT

The BMW's headlights light the street.

Dre is being held by Pasha, he's bloody and beaten.

Isabella has tears in her eyes as she watches helpless.

Slava wipes his bloody hands with a handkerchief.

SLAVA

I'm afraid we can't trust your father anymore.

Slava kneels down to her.

SLAVA (CONT'D)

I have a daughter too, you know... She's twelve.

Slava wipes her tears away.

SLAVA (CONT'D)

You are so young, so smart, and so stupid at the same time.

Isabella spits in his face.

Slava wipes it off and stands up.

SLAVA (CONT'D)

You are the only reason he's still alive.

Pasha lands a heavy fist in Dre's stomach.

Dre groans, spits some blood, takes the hit.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - NIGHT

The black BMW screeches to a halt.

Dre is thrown out onto the sidewalk.

Isabella jumps out after him.

She kneels down and holds him.

ISABELLA

Dad...

The BMW pulls off, engine blaring.

Isabella holds Dre tight.

INT. DRE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Dre turns on the light and sees his bloody reflection in the mirror.

ISABELLA

Sit down!

Dre takes a seat on the toilet.

Isabella takes a towel and begins to clean his face.

Dre groans, everything hurts.

He looks at her, taking her in.

Isabella rubs blood away from his eye.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Dre sits at the kitchen table, head down.

Isabella sits at the opposite side staring at him.

ISABELLA

How much do we owe them?

DRE

A lot.

ISABELLA  
How much is a lot?

DRE  
It doesn't matter...

ISABELLA  
Yes it does?!

Dre doesn't respond.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)  
Hello?!

DRE  
What you want me to say?!

ISABELLA  
He's gonna kill us if we don't pay  
him!

DRE  
He ain't gonna touch you don't you  
worry about that.

ISABELLA  
I worry about you, you idiot!

Dre looks at her.

DRE  
Three.

ISABELLA  
Thousand?!

Dre puts his head back down.

Isabella frustrated, gets up and leaves the room.

Dre goes through his pocket and takes out the bag of smack  
Slava gave him.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Isabella watches a cartoon movie playing on TV.

Dre can't sleep, he twists and turns.

He gets up and heads for the kitchen.

ISABELLA  
Where are you going?

DRE  
Takin a shower, you gotta know  
everything?

Isabella continues to watch cartoons.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Dre turns the shower on and sits on the toilet.  
He takes out the bag of smack and rolls it up.  
He flicks his lighter.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Isabella wakes up to the TV still playing.

REPORTER  
In other news, local authorities  
are finally pulling the plug on  
synthetic marijuana in hopes of  
detering the damage and chaos the  
city has been engulfed in...

She looks around but doesn't see Dre.

ISABELLA  
Dad?

REPORTER  
Mayor Michael Bellini was quoted as  
saying... "It's been a long battle,  
but the good people of New York  
City have been tough"... Stores  
will no longer be able to sell the  
highly toxic substance, but they  
fear it will not stop people from  
getting their hands on some  
anyway...

Isabella checks in the kitchen, no sign.

She notices water seeping out from under the bathroom door.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Isabella opens the door and sees the bathroom has flooded and  
Dre lays in the tub with a towel on his face.

ISABELLA

Dad?! What are you doing?!

She shakes him but he doesn't move.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

Dad?!

She notices the empty bag of smack on the floor.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Dre is being rolled into an emergency room.

He's still unconscious.

Isabella hangs on to the stretcher, glancing at him.

He's brought into a room and the doors close in on Isabella.

A NURSE comforts her.

NURSE

He'll be OK sweetheart, I promise.

Isabella looks through the glass and sees a Nurse inject Dre's heart.

His body trembles with shock.

INT. SCHOOL - DAY

Isabella stares out the window.

She doesn't pay much mind to what's going on in class.

JANET

One of our most important founding fathers, George Washington, played a key role in our independence from the British, and still to this day is highly recognized and praised for what he's accomplished...

Janet looks towards Isabella and approaches her.

She snatches the first piece of paper off Isabella's desk and sees a drawing.

JANET (CONT'D)

What is this?

ISABELLA  
It's a picture.

Janet looks and sees a house, a dog, and stick figures of a little girl and a man next to her smoking a cigarette.

JANET  
Let me see your homework.

Isabella smiles and nods. She hands her a piece of paper.

Janet looks over it.

JANET (CONT'D)  
Who helped you?

ISABELLA  
I did it by myself.

Janet a bit surprised.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)  
George Washington was a slave  
owning cracker.

The whole class turns to her in surprise.

JANET  
Excuse me?

ISABELLA  
George Washington was a slave  
owning--.

JANET  
I heard what you said. Get up young  
lady.

ISABELLA  
(getting up)  
But I didn't--

JANET  
(pointing to the door)  
I said now, Isabella Morales.

Isabella leaves and slams the door behind her.

The other kids look at Janet in shock.

JANET (CONT'D)  
Yes, George Washington had slaves.  
But he was also the first to free  
them when no one else would.

INT. PRINCIPALS OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Isabella sits across from PRINCIPAL PENNY, 40's, not your average principal. She's attractive, and stern.

PENNY

Isabella Morales. How many more times am I going to have to speak to you this semester?

Isabella shrugs her shoulders.

Penny looks at the drawing Isabella has done.

PENNY (CONT'D)

Is this what you do in class?

ISABELLA

My dad is in the hospital...

PENNY

I'm sorry to hear that.

Penny looks up at her for the first time.

PENNY (CONT'D)

You've been doing your homework and not getting into fights I hear.

Isabella nods her head.

PENNY (CONT'D)

Doesn't it feel good?

Isabella nods.

PENNY (CONT'D)

The reason why I called you here was because your mother decided to stop by.

Isabella wide eyed, jolts up out of her chair.

ISABELLA

My mom?!

PENNY

Yes. She's here.

Isabella shakes her head.

PENNY (CONT'D)

It's OK. Don't be scared. She's accompanied by two officers.

Kiki is brought in with two SECURITY GUARDS.

KIKI  
Isabella! My baby!

Isabella takes a few steps back, not going into her mothers arms.

KIKI (CONT'D)  
I missed you so much! I love you baby!

Isabella takes further steps back.

KIKI (CONT'D)  
What's the matter baby? Come on, come over here, give me a hug.

ISABELLA  
No!

KIKI  
(enraged)  
You ungrateful little shit!

Kiki enrages but the guards hold her tight.

PENNY  
(To Kiki)  
I thought you might have something important to say to your daughter before these officers take you away.

KIKI  
(to Isabella)  
Happy birthday.

ISABELLA  
(to Kiki)  
I feel sorry for you.

Kiki doesn't know how to respond, the guards take her away.

Isabella hugs Penny.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)  
I wanna see my dad.

PENNY  
I know. You will.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Isabella opens the door and sees Dre laying there in bed.

He opens his eyes and sees her.

DRE

Isabella...

She runs up to him and holds him tight.

ISABELLA

Don't ever do that again.

She hits him.

DRE

Ow! OK, shit. Why you do that for?

ISABELLA

I thought you were dead!

DRE

I know... So did I.

A NURSE, 30's, attractive, speaks with a slight European accent walks in.

She checks his IV and pulse.

NURSE

Mr. Morales... How are you feeling?

Dre looks at her face and realizes how beautiful she is.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Do you realize how lucky you are?  
If it wasn't for your wonderful  
daughter here, you might not have  
made it.

Dre is still in a trance.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Mr. Morales?

DRE

Call me Dre.

NURSE

You're very lucky.

DRE

I know.

Dre feels a sudden pain and cringes.

NURSE  
Your immune system is very weak.

Dre groans.

NURSE (CONT'D)  
Where do you feel the pain Mr.  
Morales? Here?

She touches his head.

He shakes his head no.

NURSE (CONT'D)  
Here?

She touches his chest.

Dre shakes his head again.

She touches his belly.

DRE  
Lower...

She touches his--

Dre smiles.

NURSE  
(retracting hand)  
The good news is you won't die.

DRE  
You are so beautiful, you know  
that?

Isabella smiles as she looks over at the Nurse.

NURSE  
Whatever you're doing to yourself,  
you should really think about  
stopping. You might not be so lucky  
next time.

DRE  
What's your name?

NURSE  
Anjelika.

ISABELLA

You have a pretty name!

NURSE ANJELIKA

Thank you sweetie.

DRE

Like an angel. That's come down  
from heaven.

NURSE ANJELIKA

I wish it was that cool, I got off  
the L train.

DRE

You got plans tonight Anjelika?

NURSE ANJELIKA

Yes, work.

She fixes his pillow and raises his headrest.

ISABELLA

Don't worry, he's divorced.

DRE

Thanks, Isabella.

ISABELLA

I'm just telling the truth.

NURSE ANJELIKA

It was nice meeting you Dre.

DRE

You too...

NURSE ANJELIKA

Get some rest. You're almost out of  
here.

Nurse Anjelika leaves.

ISABELLA

Maybe she has a boyfriend.

DRE

Maybe you should be quiet  
sometimes.

ISABELLA

I thought you said I should always  
speak my mind?

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Dre tears off his wristband as he strolls alongside Isabella.

ISABELLA  
Mom was arrested.

DRE  
How do you know?

ISABELLA  
She came to my school. And the  
police arrested her.

DRE  
What did she say to you?

ISABELLA  
Nothing.

DRE  
She said nothing? I doubt that.

ISABELLA  
She said happy birthday. But I  
didn't believe her...

Dre stops in his tracks. He looks her in the eyes and lifts her up.

DRE  
You know I love you more than  
anything in this world right?

Isabella nods.

DRE (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry. I'm sorry for being such  
an ass hole sometimes...

ISABELLA  
It's OK dad. You forgot my birthday  
last year too...

EXT. DRE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Isabella and Dre approach the building and see a couple of boxes on the sidewalk and a TV.

ISABELLA  
That's our TV!

Dre looks and realizes it's all his stuff.

DRE  
What the fuck?!

INT. DRE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Dre bangs on Mike's door.

DRE  
Mike!

Mike opens it.

DRE (CONT'D)  
Why is all my shit outside?!

MIKE  
There's nothing more I could do.

DRE  
I thought we had a deal, I told you  
you'll get your money.

MIKE  
You gave me what, four hundred  
minus some change? She called a few  
Mexicans and used that money to get  
your shit out.

DRE  
What the fuck?!

Dre tries to open his door but his key doesn't work.

MIKE  
She changed the locks too.

DRE  
I hope you sleep fucking well  
tonight.

MIKE  
She'll let you back in when you  
bring the rest of it.

DRE  
You can't fucking do this to me,  
please, I'm begging you, Mike,  
please don't do this.

MIKE  
I'm sorry. No hard feelings...

Mike closes the door.

Dre presses his head against his door and bangs on it with his head.

EXT. DRE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Dre walks out and sees Isabella sitting on one of the boxes.

ISABELLA  
So can we go inside now?

DRE  
No we can't.

ISABELLA  
What do you mean we can't?!

Dre takes a seat on one of the boxes and falls through.

Isabella finds it funny as Dre attempts to crawl out.

She sees a cigarette butt on the floor, picks it up and hands it to him.

DRE  
Why you picking shit up off the floor?

ISABELLA  
I saw you do it.

Dre snatches the cigarette butt.

DRE  
If I jump off a bridge you gonna follow me too?

ISABELLA  
I'm hungry...

Dre lights the butt up.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - DAY

Dre paces down the street along with TV in hand, while Isabella tries to catch up holding a stack of clothes.

ISABELLA  
But what about the Russians?!

DRE  
What about 'em?!

ISABELLA  
Where are we going?!

DRE  
You ask me something one more time  
and I'm leaving you here!

INT. CHURCH - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Isabella looks around in wonder, Dre drops the TV on the floor.

DRE  
Isabella, this is Jesus.

JESUS  
Hello Isabella. It's nice to  
finally meet you.

Isabella hides behind Dre.

DRE  
Don't be shy, Jesus is cool. We  
went to school together when we  
were just a little older than you.

JESUS  
I see skies of blue...

DRE  
Listen J, I...

JESUS  
Clouds of white...

DRE  
You got uh, can you--

Jesus glances over at the TV Dre dragged in.

JESUS  
All you gotta do is ask papa.

DRE  
I hate to, you know...

JESUS  
Come on, follow me.

Dre and Isabella follow Jesus into a back room.

INT. CHURCH ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A small room with a bed and a cross hanging on the wall.

A bible sits on a bed side table.

A window looks out into a garden.

JESUS

You can stay here for the time  
being.

DRE

I don't know how to thank you.

Isabella sits on the bed.

JESUS

No need. I got something for you.

Jesus motions to go outside.

DRE

(to Isabella)

What are you waiting for? Do your  
homework.

Dre closes the door.

INT. CHURCH - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Jesus hands another pill tube to Dre.

DRE

J, I owe you my life.

JESUS

You don't owe me shit. This is the  
last of it so handle your business.

Dre gives Jesus a brotherly hug.

INT. BLO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Dre sits on Blo's couch, fidgeting with his hands.

Blo is sitting opposite him, smoking a blunt and pouring out  
the pills.

BLO

Why you all shaking and shit? You  
nervous or something?

DRE  
I'm good. I haven't had my smoke.

Dre feels something slither by his leg, he looks down and sees Ramses slide right by him.

DRE (CONT'D)  
(jumping up)  
What the fuck?!

BLO  
Yo chill! Get your feet off my couch!

DRE  
Why is he out of the cage?!

BLO  
'Cause that's my baby, I let him chill. You never seen a fucking snake before?

DRE  
Not in my fucking living room, God damn!

Blo takes one pill, crushes it, and puts the powder onto a piece of tin foil.

BLO  
You know what your problem is?

DRE  
I don't need you to tell me.

BLO  
You been smoking the wrong shit.

Blo hands Dre a straw and the foil.

BLO (CONT'D)  
Hit this bitch.

Dre looks at the powder, the straw, the foil.

He thinks about it.

BLO (CONT'D)  
You gonna feel beautiful.

DRE  
I'm good homie, you got the money?

Blo throws a few bills on the table.

BLO

You know when I offer my homie something, and he don't take it, that's almost like disrespectin' me and shit.

DRE

No disrespect Blo, I just not into that.

BLO

Sounds like what a bitch would say.

DRE

Nah, it ain't like that.

BLO

The only bitch I want sitting on my couch...

Blo lights up and inhales the smoke.

BLO (CONT'D)

...is the one I'm about to fuck.

Dre gets up with his money.

DRE

Your snake cool?

BLO

Nah nigga. My snake ain't cool.

Dre leaves, slamming the door behind him.

Ramses bites Blo's leg.

BLO (CONT'D)

Ow! You bitch!

Blo kicks the snake as it slithers away.

Blo looks at his calf muscle, it's bleeding.

BLO (CONT'D)

Fuck.

INT. TOY STORE - DAY

Dre stares at a wall full of dolls.

Dre turns to his right and sees Nurse Anjelika grabbing a doll.

DRE

Hey!

NURSE ANJELIKA

Oh hey!

DRE

What are you doing...

NURSE ANJELIKA (CONT'D)

What are you doing...

DRE

Here...

NURSE ANJELIKA

Just picking up a gift...

DRE

Me too.

NURSE ANJELIKA

How's she doing?

DRE

It's her birthday. Was, her birthday yesterday

NURSE ANJELIKA

Better late than never.

DRE

And you? You have a daughter too?

NURSE ANJELIKA

Oh God no, I'm not married. It's for a coworkers daughter...

DRE

Cool, well, which one were you gonna pick? I can't decide.

NURSE ANJELIKA

I think this one.

She chooses a doll.

He stares at her in wonder.

DRE

I like the way you make me feel.

NURSE ANJELIKA

(blushing)

It was definitely all the pain killers...

DRE

Let me take you out, we'll grab a milk shake, eat some pizza.

NURSE ANJELIKA

You're not the drinking type?

DRE

I don't know. What does my blood look like?

NURSE ANJELIKA

You're definitely no stranger to it.

DRE

So is that a yes?

NURSE ANJELIKA

I don't date my patients Andre...

DRE

Who says I'm a patient? We met at a toy store, right?

NURSE ANJELIKA

Happy birthday to your daughter.

Anjelika gives a kiss on Dre's cheek and leaves with her doll.

DRE

(big smile)

Happy birthday to yours... coworkers... shit.

Dre takes the same doll Anjelika took.

EXT. GOD BLESS DELI - DAY

Dre walks by the corner bodega sees nothing but police officers hanging outside.

Dre stops and looks inside, officers are arresting Hussein and the other two Arab men working at the deli.

Hussein is heard yelling and complaining.

One officer empties a black plastic bag and out go hundreds of packets of scooby snax, smack, etc.

INT. CHURCH ROOM - DAY

Isabella sits at the desk doing her homework.

Dre lays in bed with his head bandaged up.

He wakes up shivering.

DRE  
I'm... so... cold...

ISABELLA  
It's hot dad...

Dre wraps himself in a blanket, shivering.

Hours later...

ISABELLA (CONT'D)  
Dad?

Dre groans.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)  
What's an adverb?

DRE  
A what!?

ISABELLA  
An adverb?

DRE  
That's why you woke me?!

ISABELLA  
Come on, you don't know what an  
adverb is either?

DRE  
Isabella should blank do her  
homework.

ISABELLA  
Never?

DRE  
Smart ass.

INT. CHURCH ROOM - DAY

Isabella watches as Dre sweats in his blankets, twisting and turning.

Dre hits the walls around him in frustration.

He curses and curses with pain.

Jesus enters and sits next to Dre, placing his hand on him.

JESUS

Everything's gonna be all right  
pappa...  
(looking at Isabella)  
Come here.

Isabella hesitantly approaches, Jesus grabs her hand and places it on Dre.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Jesus is holding a mass, addressing his fellow church go-ers.

JESUS

...Even in our darkest hours,  
whether it is in our life, or in  
our mind, light will shine through  
and prevail. But only if you let  
it. There is no greater power than  
love. The love for water, the love  
for food, the love for waking up in  
the morning in the middle of  
winter, the love for working long  
hours even when you are tired, the  
love for another person even when  
that person might not love you  
back, when they tell you, you have  
only a few months to live, love  
will beat that...

EXT. SCHOOL YARD - DAY

Dre waits for Isabella by the entrance.

She comes out running to him.

DRE

Hey baby!

ISABELLA

Hey dad!

He picks her up and lifts her into his arms.

DRE

You're getting heavy.

ISABELLA  
Shut up, no I'm not!

DRE  
(throws her up and catches  
her)  
I didn't mean fat, I said heavy...

Janet approaches.

JANET  
Mr. Morales.

Dre puts her down.

DRE  
Hey Janet, listen don't even tell  
me anything right now OK?  
(to Isabella)  
Let's go.

JANET  
I just wanted to say thank you.

DRE  
For what?!

JANET  
Isabella has been doing much  
better.

Dre a bit surprised.

JANET (CONT'D)  
If she continues like this she  
might actually have a chance at  
passing the fourth grade.

Dre is a bit taken back.

DRE  
You hear that?

Isabella nods with a big smile.

JANET  
Good job Isabella.

DRE  
Thank you. I appreciate everything  
you've done for her.

JANET

(to Dre)

You don't have to thank me, thank yourself.

Dre takes Isabella's hand and they continue to walk.

INT. GREAT WALL CHINESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Isabella and Dre nibble on some chicken wings in silence.

ISABELLA

You know, you don't look sick anymore. I like the way you look now.

Dre chews.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

What are you thinking about?

DRE

Nothing.

ISABELLA

It's impossible to think about nothing.

Dre doesn't respond.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

We can ask the bank for money! Maybe they will give us some if we tell them what happened?

Dre laughs and grabs a chicken wing.

DRE

You should be minding your own business. Did you do your homework?

ISABELLA

Yes I did. I finished it all in school.

DRE

Good.

(beat)

You betta not skip any more. Otherwise you'll end up like me.

ISABELLA

Eating fried chicken in a chinese restaurant?

DRE

Yeah. Right on top of the great fucking wall--

ISABELLA

Please. Can you not use that word when you're with me?

DRE

Which one?

ISABELLA

Which one do you think?

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - DAY

A quiet, tree lined Brooklyn street.

Dre and Isabella walk up to a home and leave a pamphlet on the door.

He continues on to the next home.

A voice is heard yelling from inside.

VOICE (O.S.)

What'd ya want!?

DRE

Vinnie?

The door opens and it's Vinnie in a pair of shorts and sauce smeared tee.

VINNIE

The hell you doing in front of my house Morales?

DRE

I, We're just dropping some flyers.

Vinnie takes a look at it.

VINNIE

You working for the Church now?

DRE

Just helping out, whatever I gotta do.

Vinnie takes a good look at Dre, sniffs around him.

VINNIE  
You don't smell like death.

DRE  
I've been clean. Haven't touched  
the shit.

VINNIE  
Good for you.

DRE  
Hey Vin, listen, I've been meaning  
to stop by and ask, maybe I could,  
you could put me back in there...

VINNIE  
I don't know Dre, people know you,  
when they see you... I don't  
know...

DRE  
I miss it. The flour, the dough,  
the sauce, the smell. I won't let  
you down again.

VINNIE  
You really miss it?

DRE  
I do.

Dre and Vinnie shake hands.

VINNIE  
(laughing)  
All right. Fuck it. Even if you're  
Puerto-Rican.

DRE  
You son of a bitch.

VINNIE  
You know my pizza is all about the  
sauce, and Juan just ain't  
spreadin' it.

DRE  
Thank you.

VINNIE  
(to Isabella)  
You'd like some pizza yea?

Isabella nods.

Vinnie gives a big hearted smile.

VINNIE (CONT'D)  
I hope to see you.

Dre and Isabella make their way down to the next house.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Isabella and Dre walk towards the church door when Slava's black BMW pulls up.

Slava reaches his hand out of the window and taps on his watch.

SLAVA  
Time, is not on your side Andre.

DRE  
(to Isabella)  
Hurry up, come on.

SLAVA  
I hope you've been busy finding my money.

Dre heads inside without responding.

INT. CHURCH ROOM - NIGHT

Dre lays in bed while Isabella plays with her doll.

ISABELLA  
How are we gonn pay them?

DRE  
Well like you said, I'm gonna have to make a lot of pizza's...

ISABELLA  
What?!

DRE  
I'm sorry baby...

Dre's phone rings.

It keeps ringing.

ISABELLA

Are you gonna pick up?

The phone rings again. Dre stares at the number.

Isabella tries to pick it up but Dre gets a hold of it first and picks up.

DRE

Hello?

MOO

Watchu mean hello? I'm tryin' to call you over here and you ain't even picking up the phone.

DRE

Moo, listen--

MOO

I got the plug.

DRE

The what?...

MOO

Mothafucka you don't remember asking me for paper?! You know what I had to go through to get this? You fucking coming.

DRE

I got my old job back...

MOO

So let me ask you this then, you know how many pizzas you gonna have to make for five stacks my nigga?!

DRE

Hold up, say that again?!

MOO

That's right. Now you interested. Keep stretchin' that dough while I be spendin' mine.

DRE

How much you said again?

Dre sits up, phone pressed against his ear.

MOO

Ten large for the both of us.

DRE  
You playing.

MOO  
Do I sound like I'm playing?

DRE  
What we gotta do?!

MOO  
Meet me in one hour by the chinese  
spot.

Moo hangs up. Dre hangs up. He looks over at curious  
Isabella.

ISABELLA  
Well? Who was that?

DRE  
An old friend.

Dre gets up and starts putting his shoes on.

ISABELLA  
You're leaving?

DRE  
I'll be back soon.

ISABELLA  
I'm not letting you go!

DRE  
Baby, I gotta do this.

ISABELLA  
You're gonna go smoke again.

DRE  
No I'm not, I promise.

ISABELLA  
I don't believe you, I'm coming  
with you.

DRE  
You driving me crazy, put your damn  
shoes on.

Isabella throws her shoes on.

INT. BLO'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dre knocks hard on Blo's door, Isabella stands close.

DRE  
Blo! Open up!

Dre knocks more.

DRE (CONT'D)  
Come on, open up! I need that thing  
I was telling you about.

Dre bangs harder.

DRE (CONT'D)  
Blo!

Still no response.

DRE (CONT'D)  
I know you're in there, wake your  
ass up!

Dre continues to knock.

INT. BLO'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

Shades are drawn. Trippy music bumps from speakers.

Blo tries to speak, but nothing comes out.

Ramses has a strong bite clamped down on Blo's ribs.

The reptile tightens himself around Blo, squeezing the last  
bit of air out.

INT. BLO'S HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Dre kicks the door.

DRE  
Fuck it. Thanks bitch!

Dre leaves.

EXT. GREAT WALL CHINESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Dre and Isabella wait outside until Moo comes out munching on  
an egg roll.

DRE  
You just couldn't wait could you?

MOO  
I'm hungry nigga, I can't function  
on an empty stomach.

DRE  
Come on lets get this over with.

MOO  
Don't be rushing me.

Moo tries to catch up.

MOO (CONT'D)  
I coulda done this on my own.

DRE  
You can barely reach around to wipe  
your own ass.

Isabella laughs.

MOO  
Keep talking shit, every time you  
complain or say somethin' stupid  
it's gonna go from fifty-fifty, to  
sixty-forty to seventy-thirty--

DRE  
Ten fucking g's... You realize how  
that sounds right now?

MOO  
Yea it sounds beautiful.

DRE  
It sounds like we gonna have to do  
some really stupid shit.

MOO  
Ten g's worth of stupid. I'm in.  
Oh and guess what, I don't gotta  
wipe my own ass anymore.

DRE  
What?!

MOO  
Ever heard of a beeday?

DRE  
Beeday? Never heard of it.

MOO

I know you haven't. It's French.  
That's why the french were the  
first to start eating ass.

ISABELLA

Ewww!!

DRE

Nigga get the fuck outta here, they  
were eating ass in Africa since the  
beginning of time.

MOO

When was the last time you had  
some?

ISABELLA

That's gross.

DRE

We ain't talkin' about this.

MOO

Yeah, that's what I thought.  
You gotta talk to the ladies the  
right way.

DRE

Oh yeah, and what's the right way  
pepe le pew?

MOO

The right way, is my way, nigga.

DRE

You gonna make me laugh.

EXT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - DAY

Dre, Isabella and Moo Moo are holed up in the corner.

Moo is in his phone.

Isabella notices a police officer on the other side of the  
platform.

MOO

Remember that thing I was telling  
you about?

DRE

What thing?

MOO

The fucking thing. I showed you. On my computer.

DRE

You mean all them numbers and that hairy french porno you showed me?

MOO

It's happening.

DRE

What are you hacking some pokemon game site or some shit?

ISABELLA

Aren't you too old to play pokemon?

Moo shakes his head with a big smile.

DRE

I don't even wanna know. I don't want to be involved.

MOO

Oh don't worry, you will be. We all will be. I've been working on this for almost a fucking year.

DRE

Do we have to stand right here?

MOO

Yeah, 'cause this is where I catch the pokestop.

Dre tsks and spits.

MOO (CONT'D)

Sixty-forty...

DRE

You wish.

MOO

Tell me you brought what I asked you to bring.

Dre doesn't respond.

MOO (CONT'D)

See, you not serious. I should take points off for that too.

DRE  
I told you I wasn't bringin' no  
damn piece.

MOO  
Why do I even bother to help you?

DRE  
Just tell me what we gotta do and  
it better not be typing up some  
fucking computer code shit.

MOO  
Locate and retrieve.

DRE  
Locate and retrieve? Locate and  
retrieve what?

Moo gives him another big smile.

ISABELLA  
(to Moo)  
You need to lose some weight.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Light background music plays.

Moo pulls out a piece of paper and shows it to Dre.

DRE  
What the fuck is this shit?

MOO  
That's what we have to locate and  
retrieve.

Dre and Isabella see a scribbled drawing of a bird statue.

ISABELLA  
I can draw better than that!

DRE  
A fucking bird?

MOO  
I don't give a fuck if it looks  
like a dildo nigga, that's money  
right there.

DRE  
Are you fucking with me Moo?

MOO  
Would I ever fuck with you?

Moo gives a big grin.

DRE  
Don't do that.

ISABELLA  
I should have stayed home.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Moo, Isabella and Dre approach a door.

MOO  
This is it.

Moo takes a small rubber pouch.

He inserts it into the door frame and starts to pump it full of air.

Dre and Isabella look at him in awe.

MOO (CONT'D)  
This shit is more planned than you might think.

After the pouch is fully inflated, Moo takes out a flathead screw driver and with a few wiggles pops the door right open.

DRE  
How the fuck...

MOO  
(smiling)  
Who'd you think you fuckin with?

ISABELLA  
That's so cool!

DRE  
(to Isabella)  
Stay here, don't you move.

INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - DAY

Clean. Modern. Chic.

They walk through the quiet flat.

MOO  
It's here somewhere...

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

They enter the prestine, chic living room.

MOO  
There it is.

Dre looks to the far corner and sees a lighted glass cabinet.

The statue sits on the top shelf.

DRE  
Fucking bird statue... I can't  
fucking believe it.

MOO  
The shit people pay money for these  
days right?

DRE  
There's gotta be something inside  
of it.

MOO  
Ever heard the saying ignorance is  
bliss?

Moo open the glass cabinet.

DRE  
Ever heard the saying fuck you?!

Moo grabs the statue, holding it gently.

MOO  
Go get me a blanket or something to  
wrap this in.

Dre heads for the bathroom.

He walks through the hall and into the master bedroom.

It's luxurious with a beautiful bird's eye view of manhattan.

Dre hears the shower running.

He freezes up.

A Woman is heard singing from inside.

DRE  
(to himself)  
Fuck, shit...

Dre listens in, it's beautiful.

The shower stops.

Dre quickly grabs the bed sheet and stands next to the bathroom door.

The door opens and a she steps out.

It's Nurse Anjelika.

Not noticing Dre, she continues singing and drying her hair.

Dre can't help but stare in wonder of her beauty.

He covers his face with the blanket.

She continues to sing all the way to her mirror.

He slowly peaks out.

In her own reflection she notices him behind her.

She yelps out of freight.

DRE (CONT'D)  
Shh!? It's me, Dre, remember?  
Everything's gonna be all right,  
OK?!

NURSE ANJELIKA  
Why are you in my fucking  
apartment?!

DRE  
This is just one big  
misunderstanding, please hear me  
out.

She eyes her phone on the other side of the room.

Dre sees it.

She makes a run for it.

Dre catches her and manages to stop her before she makes a call.

DRE (CONT'D)  
Will you chill?! I beg you.

She kicks him in the balls and grabs her phone.

Moo walks in with the statue.

MOO  
What the fuck?!

DRE  
(groaning)  
All planned out, huh?!

She runs into the kitchen.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Isabella hears some noise coming from inside as she waits impatiently.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Anjelika grabs a large knife from a drawer.

Dre runs after her, he sees the knife pointed at him.

DRE  
Anjelika please put that down, we  
ain't gonna hurt you. I know what  
this all looks like...

She flicks her phone on.

DRE (CONT'D)  
You're as beautiful as I  
remembered.

NURSE ANJELIKA  
What do you want?

DRE  
Nothing, nothing, just... you...

NURSE ANJELIKA  
You broke into my fucking house!

DRE  
I think I'm in love with you.

NURSE ANJELIKA  
I'm calling the fucking cops.

DRE

Trust me this is not how I expected  
to see you again. Please put that  
knife down.

Moo walks in and she sees him holding the Maltese Falcon,  
wrapping it in a blanket.

NURSE ANJELIKA

That's my father's statue.

DRE

We're just gonna leave OK? Like  
nothing happened, this is all just  
one big mistake, Moo--

Moo pulls out a gun and shoots Anjelika in the chest.

DRE (CONT'D)

What the fuck?!

Dre runs up to her and sees the wound could be fatal.

MOO

You think just 'cause you didn't  
have a piece I wouldn't bring one  
either? I know better.

Anjelika is bleeding profusely.

DRE

You didn't have to shoot her?!

MOO

Yes I did. She saw us. Why you care  
so much?

DRE

(whispering to her)  
I'm so fucking sorry. I'm so  
sorry...

Dre takes her hand and holds it tight.

NURSE ANJELIKA

I was gonna let you take me out...

He takes her phone and dials nine-one-one when he sees  
Isabella in the room witnessing everything.

Dre looks at Moo with a mixture of hate and rage.

DRE

You fucked up.

MOO  
No, you fucked up, big time.

ISABELLA  
Is she dead?

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)  
Nine-one-one, emergency services,  
how can I help you?

Dre leaves the phone on next to Anjelika, gets up and heads out of the apartment.

911 OPERATOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Hello? Anyone there?

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

The trio walk down the street, all keeping distance between each other.

MOO  
Seventy fucking thirty.

Dre thunders right up to him with rage in his eyes.

MOO (CONT'D)  
What you wanna do?

Dre snatches the statue from Moo's hands.

MOO (CONT'D)  
All right. Keep fucking playing.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - NIGHT

Moo has his face in the phone while Dre paces in front of him with the statue wrapped in a blanket.

ISABELLA  
Dad! Wait!

MOO  
Holy shit! A fucking Articulo!

DRE  
Don't even talk to me.

MOO  
Do you realize what that is? It's a legendary bird!

DRE  
I don't give a shit.

MOO  
I just made you five grand nigga.  
Fuck you too.

DRE  
You don't feel an ounce of guilt do  
you?

MOO  
No. I don't know her. She don't  
know me. She was gonna call the  
cops! What she think was gonna  
happen?

DRE  
Everything is so easy for you.

MOO  
Fuck! Fucking motherfucker got  
away. You distracting me.

DRE  
After today, I'm dead to you.

MOO  
Motherfucker if it wasn't for me,  
you would be dead by now.

DRE  
You think I need this?!

Dre holds out the wrapped statue.

MOO  
Um, yeah. That's money right there.

DRE  
You think I need this money?

MOO  
Yes you do. And I do too.

DRE  
You're wrong homie.

Dre raises the statue up high.

DRE (CONT'D)  
Here's your legendary bird!

Isabella's eye widen when she sees Dre raise the statue.

MOO

What are you about to do?! Dre, put  
that bird--

Dre slams it with full force against the pavement.

A muffled metallic sound reverberates throughout the city  
block.

Moo is in utter shock.

ISABELLA

Oh my god...

MOO

You did not just do that!...

Moo kneels down and unwraps the statue.

It's still intact.

MOO (CONT'D)

It didn't break, it didn't break!  
Oh my fucking...

DRE

How the fuck?

MOO

You lost your damn mind. I'm  
carrying this shit from now on.

Moo wraps it back up and picks it up, cradling it like a  
child.

MOO (CONT'D)

You keep twenty steps away from me  
nigga, I got a fucking piece, I  
ain't playing no more.

ISABELLA

Dad, you got lucky.

Dre isn't impressed.

DRE

I need a fucking cigarette.

EXT. EXPENDABLES INC. - NIGHT

The trio approach a warehouse.

A couple of HIPSTER WORKERS are hosing down coolers.

L, 40's, a heavy set Latino man orders the little guys around.

L  
Check everything, every fan, every cooler, every tent. NBC break something, they payin' for it.

MOO  
Yo L!

L  
My nigga!

L gives Moo a pound.

L (CONT'D)  
You got it?

Moo hands L the blanket wrapped statue.

MOO  
(giving Dre the look)  
Yeah, I got it.

L  
And this must be...

MOO  
This Dre right here, he the one I was telling you about.

L takes a good look at Dre.

L  
Dre, it's a pleasure to finally meet you. Come on in, you guys must be thirsty.

INT. L'S OFFICE - DAY

Film posters, a couple of leather couches, a flat screen TV, and a framed photo of L with Jackie Chan, all smiles.

Two other intimidating BURLY MEN, 30's, sit on the couch, watching and listening.

L unwraps the statue and is astonished by it's beauty.  
He places it on a shelf carefully.

L  
Finally.

DRE  
All for a fucking statue of a bird.

L  
What you say?

DRE  
I said--

MOO  
He just meant how pretty it looks.

Moo gives Dre the look.

DRE  
You fucking kidding right? Someone  
died for this tonight. I'm having a  
hard time believing any of this was  
worth it.

L comes up real close to Dre, menacing.

L  
This is the Maltese Falcon bitch.

DRE  
The what?

L  
(to Moo)  
Where did you find this piece of  
shit?

ISABELLA  
(to L)  
Hey! Shut your fucking mouth  
mister.

Everyone in the room looks at Isabella in surprise.

L's two large burly homies stand up immediately and approach  
Dre.

Dre takes a look around, knowing he's being threatened.

DRE  
Just give me my money and I'll be  
on my merry fucking way.

L  
I think you all should take a  
fucking seat.

DRE  
I ain't sitting anywhere till I see  
the money.

L takes out a couple of stacks of bills from his desk drawer  
and flops it on his desk.

L  
Sit the fuck down.

Dre sees the money, looks at Isabella, then sits down.

L passes one stack to Dre and one stack to Moo.

L (CONT'D)  
You don't watch movies do you?

Dre grabs his stack and flips through the bills.

DRE  
My life is a fucking movie.

L laughs and snaps his fingers and one of his goons brings a  
bowl with water in it.

L  
You said someone had to die for  
this?

L glances over at his falcon, which he placed on a shelf all  
to itself.

MOO  
There wasn't anyone supposed to be  
there--

DRE  
Yeah someone had to die. For no  
fucking reason.

MOO  
She had no business being there.

DRE  
You didn't have to kill her.

MOO  
I did what I had to do.

L  
You see that clock up there?

Dre and Moo glance over at a clock hanging on the wall.

L (CONT'D)  
Every second that hand strikes,  
someone dies.  
(beat)  
Always for a reason. It can be for  
one dollar, or for a million.

DRE  
Consider this my goodbye, come on  
baby lets go.

Dre gives L the middle finger and gets up to leave but one of  
the homies stands in his way.

DRE (CONT'D)  
Tell this big ugly looking  
mothafucka to step away before I  
beat his ass.

L laughs.

L  
He's got a good spirit. Maybe I  
like him after all.  
(change of tone)  
Sit the fuck down.

Dre hears a cocking of a gun.

He turns to see L has a pistol pointed at him.

MOO  
Hey listen L, I think I gotta go,  
my phone is dying, I need to charge  
my phone--

L snaps his fingers and a charger lands on the desk.

L  
Charge baby.

Moo reluctantly grabs the cable.

Dre takes a seat at the table, L still has his gun pointed at  
him.

L (CONT'D)  
Put your pinky in the bowl.

DRE  
What?!

L  
I said, put your pinky, in the  
bowl.

BANG! L pulls the trigger and shoots a hole in the ceiling.

DRE  
You put your fucking pinky in the  
bowl!

L  
I already did.

L shows him his missing pinky then points the gun at his  
face.

L (CONT'D)  
Put your fucking pinky in the water  
before I cut it off and do it  
myself.

Dre confused, goes with his right hand and dips his pinky  
finger in the bowl of water.

L (CONT'D)  
What do you feel?

DRE  
I don't feel shit.

Dre lifts his finger out of the water.

BANG! L shoots another round right past his face.

Dre places his pinky back in the water.

DRE (CONT'D)  
I feel water.

L  
You feel life. That's what you  
feel.

Dre thinks about it.

DRE  
Yeah, life, whatever.

L  
And death, is right here. Staring  
at you in the face.

L points his gun at Dre then slides his aim to Isabella.

L (CONT'D)  
They are forever married. Forever  
close. And never too far apart.  
Don't forget it.

Dre takes her and shoves her behind him.

DRE  
Don't you fucking point that at  
her.

L  
She's a lucky girl.

DRE  
You don't gotta tell me that.

L  
She's never been so close to being  
fatherless.

DRE  
I seriously fucking doubt that.

L motions to his men to let him go.

L  
Let him go.

Dre and Isabella walk towards the exit.

L turns to Moo and points his gun at him.

L (CONT'D)  
Your pinky is next...

He motions with his gun, pointing at the bowl of water.

MOO  
What did I do?!

INT. CHURCH ROOM - NIGHT

Dre takes out a stack of cold, hard cash.

Isabella's eyes widen.

ISABELLA

What?!

He hands it to her.

Isabella screams for joy, jumping out of bed.

DRE

Let's go home baby.

She jumps in Dre's arms.

DRE (CONT'D)

I love you too, baby.

INT. DRE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Isabella stands next to Dre as counts a bunch of bills before handing it to Mike.

MIKE

No hard feelings yeah?

Dolores steps in and grabs the cash from him.

DOLORES

Gimme that. I can't trust you to do anything. My own husband. Not worth a damn shit.

Mike gives a somber look as Dolores licks her fingers and starts flipping through the bills.

She then rolls it up and stuffs it in her cleavage.

DOLORES (CONT'D)

Good. You're lucky I still haven't gutted the place. Next time you're late on rent I won't be this nice.

She hands him the new keys.

DOLORES (CONT'D)

Welcome back.

She slams the door shut.

DOLORES (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Call your guy, we're out of weed. And you're giving me a foot massage tonight.

MIKE (O.S.)  
Dolores, I've had enough!

DOLORES (O.S.)  
I'm just get started, you got a  
problem with that?!

Dre takes Isabella's hand and heads into his apartment.

INT. DRE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

They enter and find a hot mess.

They both flop down on the couch.

ISABELLA  
Finally...

DRE  
Tell me about it.

ISABELLA  
We have to do one thing though.

DRE  
Oh no. What is it?

ISABELLA  
Clean this house. It's a mess!

Dre snoozes off.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)  
You're already sleeping? Wow...  
(sighing with relief)  
We can paint the walls... maybe a  
sky blue... that would be nice...

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Isabella stares out the window.

Janet is going over a lesson on the board when she notices  
her not paying attention.

JANET  
Isabella.

ISABELLA  
Yes?

JANET

Did you just hear a word I said?

ISABELLA

Yes. Adverbs modify or qualify an adjective, or verb, another adverb, a preposition, and a sentence...

Janet pleasantly surprised, she continues writing on the board.

JANET

Or expresses a relation to a place, time, circumstance, degree, opposition...

EXT. SCHOOL YARD - DAY

Isabella sits alone in the playground.

She looks out into the street.

Eddie runs up to her.

EDDIE

Hey.

ISABELLA

What do you want?

EDDIE

You wanna play jump rope with me and Abby?

Isabella looks over at Maggie who has the jump rope in hand.

Maggie smiles.

ISABELLA

OK.

EDDIE

You go first!

Eddie grabs the other end of the rope as him and Maggie swing it for Isabella.

Isabella all smiles, jumps in and hops through the rope.

INT. PIZZERIA - DAY

Dre massages some dough as he prepares another pie for a packed joint.

Vinnie serves up a few slices.

VINNIE

Two slices, mushroom, pepperoni,  
mozzarella sticks comin' up!

Isabella strolls in her with her backpack.

ISABELLA

Hey dad!

DRE

Hey baby! How was school?

ISABELLA

Good! I'm hungry!

DRE

Vinnie! My girl is hungry!

VINNIE

You got it boss! Slice, flying in!

Isabella all smiles.

ISABELLA

Thanks Vinnie!

VINNIE

No problem!

DRE

After you eat I wanna see you doing  
your homework.

ISABELLA

You don't have to tell me every  
time, dad.

DRE

Yes I do! Smart ass!

Vinnie watches the TV intently as he works. He raises the volume.

A picture of the Maltese Falcon is shown.

## REPORTER

An original Maltese Falcon statue was reported stolen yesterday in a bizarre home invasion which turned almost deadly for the victim. The assailant apparently used the victims phone to call emergency services, saving her life by perhaps minutes... The statue can fetch up to a cool five million dollars, the woman is currently in stable condition, doctors say she placed the emergency call just in time...

Dre stops what he's doing and looks at the TV.

He has a sigh of relief.

## VINNIE

Wow. You never seen the movie? It's a classic picture. Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, great picture.

A picture of a Nurse Anjelika is shown on the screen.

## VINNIE (CONT'D)

Poor girl. She's beautiful.

Dre stares in awe.

## VINNIE (CONT'D)

Hey?! Come on, get that pie in the oven.

EXT. VINNIE'S PIZZERIA - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A black BMW pulls up.

Slava gets out of his car and lights a cigarette.

INT. VINNIE'S PIZZERIA - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Dre notices Slava standing outside and takes off his apron.

## DRE

(to Vinnie)  
Gimme a minute.

## VINNIE

Smoking again?!

DRE  
I'll be right back.

He passes by Isabella who's enjoying her slice of pizza.

DRE (CONT'D)  
Good yeah?

She nods with a mouth full of sauce and cheese.

DRE (CONT'D)  
I'll be right back.

Dre makes his way out of the pizzeria.

EXT. VINNIE'S PIZZERIA - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Dre approaches Slava.

SLAVA  
Andre....

DRE  
Slava. I've been meaning to call you, my phone is dead. I haven't paid the bill yet...

SLAVA  
Why is that not so hard for me to believe?

DRE  
I got your money.

Dre hands him a rolled up bunch of bills.

Slava takes a quick investigating look.

SLAVA  
I think you are missing some.

DRE  
I'll get you the rest. You have my word. I'm working here--

SLAVA  
(disappointed)  
You know how many times I hear these words? I'm getting really, really tired of hearing the same shit Andy...

Slava flicks his cigarette and gets back in his car.

SLAVA (CONT'D)  
It's OK, today you are forgiven.

DRE  
Wow, Slava, can I get you a slice?

SLAVA  
No, It's too much cheese for me...

DRE  
Everything OK?

SLAVA  
My sister got into some trouble...  
My mind is all over the place right  
now.

DRE  
You serious? I hope everything is  
OK, If you ever need anything--

SLAVA  
Someone broke into her house last  
night. They almost killed her.

Dre holds his breath.

SLAVA (CONT'D)  
And when I find those responsible,  
I will call you for a dinner. It  
will not be a cows head this time.

DRE  
I'll be there.

SLAVA  
I'm sure you will.

Slava turns his ignition on, and shifts to D.

DRE  
What's her name?

SLAVA  
She's my angel.

Slava drives off.

Dre is left stunned.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - DAY

Dre and Jesus sit on a stoop.

Jesus smokes a grand joint, he passes it to Dre.

Dre gladly takes it and takes a deep pull, coughing his lungs.

JESUS  
(laughing)  
Welcome back, pappa.

Dre coughs some more.

DRE  
God damn.

JESUS  
Hey! Don't you say his name in vein  
cogno.

DRE  
It's good to be back J.

JESUS  
My nigga.

Jesus gives Dre a brotherly hit on the shoulder.

DRE  
I can't thank you enough for what  
you did.

JESUS  
Don't worry about it. Except now my  
mother is wondering where all her  
pills went.

DRE  
Those were your moms?

JESUS  
Doctor prescribed.

DRE Shieeet. JESUS (CONT'D)  
Shieeet.

JESUS (CONT'D)  
Taste and see that the LORD is  
good...

Dre takes another drag, passes it back to Jesus.

JESUS (CONT'D)

Blessed is the one who takes refuge  
in him.

INT. DRE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Salsa music blasts on the radio. Dre cooks up a delicious pan  
of stir-fried chicken.

Isabella is at the table doing homework.

ISABELLA

I can't do my homework when the  
music is so loud!

DRE

Life is full of distractions.

Dre flips the chicken to reveal golden brown crispy crusts.

DRE (CONT'D)

You're gonna have to deal with it.

A knocking on the door is heard.

DRE (CONT'D)

Oh come on, what now?!

Dre heads over to the door and swings it open.

DRE (CONT'D)

The hell do you want?

It's a weary and disheveled Mike in a flannel shirt.

MIKE

I can't do it anymore. I'm done.

DRE

Good for you Mike, go and enjoy  
your life.

MIKE

The only way she'll help me is if  
she jumps off this building.

DRE

OK, so what I got to do with it?

MIKE

You think I can stay with you for a  
few days?

Dre laughs in his face and slams the door.

DRE  
No hard feelings!

ISABELLA  
What did he want?

DRE  
Another life baby, that's what they  
all want.

ISABELLA  
Do you want another life?

Dre serves up the sizzling fried chicken for the both of  
them.

DRE  
Not anymore.

ISABELLA  
You better not!

Isabella grabs a piece and drops it back.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)  
It's too hot!

DRE  
Come on girl, first it's too cold,  
then it's too hot...

ISABELLA  
First it was frozen!

Dre picks up his chicken and also drops it back.

DRE  
Damn! It is hot!

The lights in the apartment goes out and the music stops.

ISABELLA  
What happened?

DRE  
You gotta be kidding me!

After a few moments the radio and lights come back on.

RADIO REPORTER  
This is breaking news... Our  
country has been attacked.  
(MORE)

RADIO REPORTER (CONT'D)

A cyber virus targeting millions of computers has successfully infected our infrastructure. All major networks have been infected-- numerous reports of massive loss of information. The FBI is reporting the hacker goes by the Alias of "DeeMooMooRox"...

DRE

Moo moo?!

ISABELLA

Who's Moo Moo?!

REPORTER

...all records... including credit, criminal have been erased... Banks... Corporations... everyone ...affected. Our nation... our security... deleted...

DRE

Motherfucker...

ISABELLA

I'm scared, what's happening?

DRE

Don't worry baby...

ISABELLA

How is this a good thing?

The lights and radio go off again.

DRE

Trust me.

THE END