

HARBORED THOUGHTS

Written by

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EAST HARLEM, NEW YORK CITY

1

INT. BRUCE'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

1

BRUCE BRADSHAW, Black, 33 former NYPD police officer, turn private investigator, at his office/desk. Looking at his old detective badge, most likely a replica. Negative energy looms as a result of his feelings of guilt and regret. Alcohol is the vice at all times. Bottle of whiskey on the desk, he's pondering, simultaneously exercising his hands on Chinese Iron balls, looks stressed. He looks at his phone, reads an article, headlined "Cop Shot Unarmed Teen In The Heights". He bows his head in sorrow.

DISSOLVE TO:

FLASHBACK: A YEAR AGO

2

EXT. WESTSIDE MANHATTAN/LOCAL B-BALL COURT - LATE MORNING 2

BOBBY NEWKIRK, successful Real Estate Broker of exquisite properties. **GARY NEWKIRK** Ex-con, now construction worker. The two siblings are playing basketball at the local park, Game of 21.

OPENING SHOT: Gary taking Bobby off the dribble.

GARY

You getting old, Bobby. I can smell the Ben-Gay on your Icy hot knees.
(Smirks)

Bobby tries to guard his outside shoot, Gary fakes, and scores the winning shot.

GARY (CONT'D)

And that's Game!!.. Once again I proved that I am the better Newkirk. You may have more money than me. But when it comes to sports. I always whoop your ass!!!
(chuckles)

BOBBY

I admit. You are the better athlete. Shit.. You act like my success in real estate was peaches and cream. The challenge is to stay afloat and ahead of the competition.

GARY

Competition is what sometimes fuels a person to handle shit more efficiently.. Right!

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

BOBBY

Yeah. But running a realty in the great state of New York. (Sighs) The competition is fierce. My revenue is not what it used to be..

GARY

So what you're saying, little brother. Your business is in trouble?

BOBBY

Not yet! But business hasn't been as gravy as it was years ago.

GARY

Well shit.. I see you and Barbara living the life. I figured the house in Greenwich. The Bentley coupe. Listen Bobby, I know you love your wife. But maybe you need to scale back on some of that lavish shit.

BOBBY

I aim to please Barbara in every way. I'm not going to deny that this shit is taking a toll on me. (Frustrated) Fuck, I really need to do something to supplement my income. (Beat) Any ideas?

Gary looks at him, surprised and skeptically.

BACK TO:

PRESENT DAY

3

EXT. EAST RIVER/HARBOR DOCK - MORNING

3

Two separate vehicles arrive, parked, overlooking harbor view. The two brothers step out the car, walk to face each other.

BOBBY

Gary, you the only one, I can talk to. (Beat) About this bullshit.

GARY

Is this about Rohan?! We spoke about this, a thousand times.

BOBBY

Like I told you. I was only supposed to do this for a short amount of time.

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

I know the money has been good and it got me out of my Financial Shit-hole. But it's more than I can handle. I can't do this anymore.

GARY

Oh, so now you're getting overwhelmed!? You wanna quit? What the fuck do you want me to do?
(Beat) Ask Rohan to gracefully bow you out the fucking Game!

BOBBY

I know, it's not that easy to get out of this business. But I'm just asking you to help buy me some time to come up with plan. Rohan is irrational and you the only one that could reason with that crazy fuck.

GARY

(Agitated)

I wish you would've never committed to this, if you knew you wasn't ready for it. Now you're being a fucking coward! The only reason why I didn't get back in the hustle is because of my fucking parole! And I'm trying to change my Life.
(Sighs) I knew should've never connected you with my Plug. This is what I get! For trying to help you make a few dollars. I thought you had the Fuckin' Ingenuity to at least clean the Money. But you can't even handle that!

BOBBY

Now you're goin' to be a Dick! And call me out. You going to act like this doesn't benefit you. You never took back any money I gave you!? Right! (Beat) Don't fuckin' Patronize me! Like you the only one that have made sacrifices.(Sighs) You know the lies and deceptions, that I have to put my wife through, just to make sure, that she doesn't know what I'm doing! (Beat) She probably thinks, I'm Cheating.
(Sighs in disbelief)

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

GARY

C'mon, now! You going to lay your guilt trip on me about how you deceiving your wife. (Beat) Honestly, you should've always known your wife was a fuckin' "Gold Digger". (Sighs) That's probably what led to the pressure of you wanting to always live the High-Life, you Bougie Fuck!--

Bobby steps in his face.

BOBBY

Fuck you! You're going to insult my wife. You sound like a little Green Bitch with envy. Are you jealous of my Good fortunes in life?!

GARY

(Smirks) You're my brother. But don't ever get it fucked up! I can never be jealous of you. You don't know half the shit. I had to go through being the fuckin' Black Sheep of the family. (Fed Up) You know what, I'm not helping you on this one. Quite frankly, at this point. I don't give a fuck about you or your wife. Just know, you fuckin' over Rohan... Is going to get you killed. (Gets in Face) You better know what you're doing.

Gary gets in his vehicle, drives off, leaves Bobby pondering.

BOBBY (V.O.)

Shit! I'm fuckin' fuming right now! But I can't even get mad. He tried to warn me, but my eagerness always gets the best of me.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MANHATTAN/LOCAL B-BALL COURT - FLASHBACK CONTINUOUS

Gary still has contemplation on his mind.

GARY

I always have ways to make money. (Beat) But I don't know, if you're built for it.

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

BOBBY

Why? Because it's some illegal shit.

GARY

You think, I like bragging about my pedigree. I just came home with two felonies, what the fuck you think I was talking about? (Digress with skepticism) You know what. Forget that I even mentioned it.

BOBBY

Hey Gary, wait...(Beat) I'm not the thug type, but I'm a business man. I'm always willing to hear any business proposition. As long I know the ways to minimize the risk, and earn profit. I'm willing to roll the dice.

GARY

Don't be naïve! This is a different fucking world, I'm talking about. I know you're a risk-taker but this is not No cigar smoking executive lounge shit! These are real fuckin' shady people!

Gary remains skeptical, somewhat disbelief.

BOBBY

Gary, at this point, I don't give a fuck! If your people need to clean money. I could do that shit with my eyes closed. (Sighs) Accounting and financing is in my DNA. I could cook books like a fuckin' rotisserie.

GARY

Cleaning money is one aspect but I do know....(Ponders) You got those properties that you manage through your realty.

BOBBY

(Concurs) That's exactly the point! Too many vehicles and too many avenues. If the reward is greater than the risk. I'm In!

GARY

Ok, I'm a-little shocked but if you're convinced and confident that you can do this. Then fuck it! Maybe you could probably handle it.

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

BOBBY

Of course! Let's get it done.
(Beat) But I'm only doing this to
beef up my company financially and
I'm out.

GARY

We'll see how it goes. Let's cross
that bridge when we get there.
Plus, I still have to lay low..
Remember, I'm on parole.

BOBBY

I don't give a fuck if you're on
parole. I can't even imagine a
domesticated version of you.

GARY

I'm trying to be ordinary like you.
(Beat) Anyway speaking of
domesticated. You know who I bumped
into at Chelsea piers the other
day, with his daughters.

BOBBY

Who?

GARY

Donnell! Donnie!

BOBBY

Oh Ok, That's your guy from back in
the day, in Coney Island. I
remember him.

GARY

Yeah.. He's a family man now. Which
is crazy.. If you know him, like I
know him. (Beat) He was telling me,
about his brother, Bruce. That used
to be a cop. He was the one last
year that shot an unarmed teenager
in the Heights. Remember that shit!
The Dominicans up there started a
huge protest around the 45th
precinct.

BOBBY

I remember that. Wow. That was
Donnie's brother!?.

GARY

Yup, he didn't get convicted. He
just got kicked out of the force.
Now he turned private investigator.
Anyway. It's fucked up.

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

Donnie's brother made a mistake
that cost him his career.

BOBBY

You don't know if it was a mistake.
Cops kill people all the time.

GARY

True, no sympathies here, he's
still a pig but I don't think he
did it on purpose. Bruce is the
total opposite of his brother. I
met him a couple of times, he don't
seem like the dirty-cop type. You
know, I would know.

BACK TO:

PRESENT DAY

5

EXT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN/5TH AVE - MIDDAY

5

Bobby's wife, **BARBARA NEWKIRK** & her confidant, **SHELLY JONES**
walking down Fifth Avenue. Sidewalk clad with people. Average
midday traffic. They just finished shopping, headed home.

BARBARA

Shelly, I remember you told me the
other day. That I was lucky to be
married to Bobby.

SHELLY

I remember and I meant it. You know
I don't bite my tongue. If I was
living the fabulous life of Barbara
Newkirk... I mean really, you and
Bobby built a successful business,
in the last few years. Shit!.. I
would feel lucky too.

BARBARA

Honestly, I really don't believe in
luck. You either blessed or you're
cursed. Although I've had my
blessings.. Right now I feel
cursed.

SHELLY

How the fuck you feel cursed?
Explain this to me, girl! Make me
understand why I should feel sorry
for you. (Sighs) Are you kidding
me? What I give to be bless like
you. I'll give up my left kidney.

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

BARBARA

What does it matter which kidney?
Left or right? Who gives a shit,
you still giving up a kidney.

Barbara gets sporadic mood swings, Bipolar temperaments.

SHELLY

You must be on the verge of
gettin'.. One of your shittiest
mood swings.. Cause you taking
every word literally. Girl, I'm
deeply happy for you and your
situation. (Sighs) I never want to
see you unhappy. It's not good for
your well-being, not good for your
soul. (Beat) Remember, I always
tell you don't take shit for
granted.

BARBARA

For Granted!?! (Sighs) You my
bestie but sometimes the things you
tell me. Makes me want to smack the
sense out of you.

SHELLY

You too sophisticated for that.
Girl please! Getting your hands and
nails dirty is Beneath you. And
You're not Smacking anybody!...
Don't be a Fake Thug Bitch.
(Chuckle) Ok!

Barbara slight chuckle. She decompresses, lets out an
alleviating breath

BARBARA

But seriously, Shelly. (Beat) What
would you do, if you thought your
husband was cheating on you?

SHELLY

You talking about
Bobby?!(Disbelief) I'm surprised.
He doesn't strike me as the
cheating type. (Beat) But then
again, he does have a Penis!

BARBARA

(Sighs) I don't know Shelly. I
don't know what to think.
(Emotional)

SHELLY

I'm just sayin'...

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

are you sure, Barbara? You got proof?

BARBARA

I don't have no solid proof, but I got my instinct and my intuition. (Heavy sigh) Leaving in the wee hours of the night... claiming it's business related... you know. The typical suspicious behavior of a cheating man. (Beat) I just fuckin' know he's cheating but I can't prove it.

SHELLY

Then we need to find out.

Barbara display a quizzical look.

DISSOLVE TO:

FLASHBACK - THREE YEARS AGO

6

EXT. CENTRAL PARK LAKE - MIDDAY

6

Bobby & Barbara seated on a bench, overlooking the large pond, affectionately intertwined, a loving pair.

BOBBY

We spent the last year, building ourselves, refining in ways we ought be. Not just in the wealth that we accumulated. But our bond and trust is Immeasurable.

Barbara smiles mirthfully.

BARBARA

I feel the Same way. I've been in situations where I would've never thought I would meet a man like you. (Smiles)

BOBBY

(Smitten) I remember the time. When I was on vacation in Brazil, you took my breath away. When I saw you on the beach in Saulo Palo'. Who would've thought in a place that breeds the most beautiful species of women in the world, that I would find my True Love. (Smiles) There's no other euphoria greater than making loving to you.

Barbara smitten. They affectionally kiss and hug.

BARBARA

Bobby! You're the sweetest person.
One of the things you do Best.
(Beat) Is that, You say the most
charming things. If I wasn't your
wife. I would still want to jump
your bones.

Bobby laughs affectionally.

BOBBY

I don't know how am I suppose to
take that!?

BARBARA

You supposed to take that as me
being "Cute" (Kiss) and as a
compliment, you Silly Square.

BOBBY

Well, I made a few major deals last
year, that put a lot cream cheese
on the bagel. (Cocky) Not bad for a
Square.

BARBARA

Sorry Bobby, I didn't mean to
bruise your ego.

BOBBY

(Sighs) Well. If you bruise my
ego.(Frisky) I'm a need to bruise
something of yours.

BARBARA

I love you, Bobby. However speaking
to me like that, will keep my
vagina dry. (Smirks)

BOBBY

I'm sorry. You know.. Making love
to you is the antidote to my
Stress. (Beat) You know, I never
really feel vindicated for the hard
work that I put in. And I've been
eating shit sandwiches so long,
from so many different people
throughout my career that I
rightfully deserve this Success.

BARBARA

Of course you do, Bobby. You worked
hard for it. And our commitment
together solidifies our Success.

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

If we wasn't ready for it, we wouldn't be here for each other. I need you to be focus. And I need you to be Strong. Because I'm always going to be Here for you.

Bobby smiles, they embrace, kiss. He sits back to hold her hand, looks at her intensely.

BOBBY

Yeah, you tell me that. But you always have a choice, and you chose to be with me. And all along the way, establishing one of the most successful Realty in the city. A feat that seems to be overall assessing my life. I would've never foreseen any of these fortunes without you. All the grand things money and success rewarded us. Barbara, I guess my point is. (Beat) We're not impervious to change. To some degree everyone changes. What makes you think that you're not going to be one of those people?

BARBARA

Everything in life changes, its inevitable. I think its a matter of whether you and I will change for the worst... Or the better.

(Smiles gleefully)

But.. To answer your question.(Sighs) I've been in situations in my life where I've been around wealth many times. And you know what always keeps me grounded!?! (Beat) I don't let success and money corrupt my moral principals.

BACK TO:

PRESENT DAY

7

EXT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN/5TH AVE - CONTINUOUS

7

SHELLY

Barbara if it's really bothering you. I suggest..

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

Maybe you should hire a private investigator

BARBARA

A private investigator?!
I don't know, Shelly.
I don't know if I want to get someone else involved in our marital business.

SHELLY

What are you going to do? Drive yourself crazy?

Barbara sighs her frustrations and indecisiveness.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

Okay, remember the detective I used to date, Bruce.?

BARBARA

Yeah, I guess.. What about him?

SHELLY

Well he's a private investigator. Most recently.. You know I've been kind of going back and forth with him. Well you know.. Whenever I have an itch, I let him scratch it.

BARBARA

I wish I was comfortable being a "Loose One" like you--

SHELLY

But you're not like me. I'm the one and only Shelly, no duplicate! Listen Barbara, you need to "Shut the Fuck up" and go see my friend, Bruce.

Shelly gives her a sassy smirk.

CUT TO:

8

INT. THE BRONX/BRUCE'S OFFICE - NEXT DAY, LATE AFTERNOON 8

Bruce and his mentor, lifelong family friend, OG REMO. We See them seated, facing each other, about to drink. Bottle of bourbon, shot glasses, on the desk. They're rejoicing.

BRUCE

My OG Remooo!...

He pours the liquor into the shot glasses.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Today marks a year since you been released from prison. 'Salut'

Makes a toast, Both take a shot of the bourbon.

OG REMO

It's a blessing.. Especially after doing 15 years for a crime I didn't commit. I am highly ecstatic.

BRUCE

I swear you use words; regular hood Negros don't use.(Chuckles)

OG REMO

Why? Because I said "Ecstatic". Nigga, you need to expand your mind, enhance your vocabulary. And avoid making ignorant statements.

Bruce decompresses his laughter to get sincere.

BRUCE

Seriously. I never got a chance to tell you but I appreciate you for being in my life at the time you were there.

OG REMO

We Family, you ain't got to stress that -

Their conversation is interrupted by a DOOR KNOCK.

BRUCE

That's got to be my appointment.

OG REMO

(Disbelief)

You got an Appointment??

Bruce gets up from around his desk to answer, opens the door, Barbara looking stunning, He greets her warmly.

BRUCE

Hi Ms. Newkirk, I'm Bruce.

BARBARA

Good to meet you. Call me, Barbara.

We See OG Remo stare at Barbara surprisingly, without looking obvious. She doesn't notice but Bruce does, he shrugs it off.

BRUCE

Ok Barbara. Hum, this is one of my clients, he was just leaving.

We See OG Remo stand up, respecting Bruce's place of business, politely nods, exits the room.

OG REMO

Bruce, Miss, have a good day.

9 **EXT. OUTSIDE OF BRUCE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

9

We See a Close UP Shot of OG Remo's facial reaction, unbelievably surreal. Awe, disbelief, and anger is the fusion of his emotions. He recognizes Barbara from the past but she doesn't recognize him.

10 **INT. BRUCE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

10

BRUCE

Finally glad to meet you. Heard good things.

BARBARA

Likewise. I heard good things about you as well.

BRUCE

Good Things is always a Positive. That's the way, I like to start an Introduction. (Beat) Have a seat, let's talk.

They sit.

BARBARA

Did Shelly give you the gist of my story?

BRUCE

Not really but I rather hear it from you.

Mood swings erupts. Barbara gets Bitchy.

BARBARA

Ok, I'm glad because sometimes, Shelly suffers from diarrhea of the mouth. When she's not slick talking, she's a Fuckin' TMZ reporter. Of course, I could be wrong. You guys probably spend more time screwing than pillow talking. Knowing Shelly.

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

BRUCE

(Flabbergasted)

Well, if That's her personality. So be it. I'm not here to defend her. For the record, yes Shelly is a friend with benefits, nothing more. And Pillow talking is not part of the package. (Slightly annoyed) I just want to talk to you about your problem.

BARBARA

With liquor on your breath. I guess professionalism is out of your league, not exactly your Forte'?

BRUCE

Sorry, I ran out of "Tic Tac's"!! (Slightly agitated) Besides insulting me in my own office. I can see that, I'm dealing with a bipolar woman with so-called white privileges (Beat) oh, wait a minute... you're not even really White?... You're a Latina'!

BARBARA

I'm Brazilian! Dumbass.

BRUCE

To a Black Man. That's the same shit! (Calms down) Ok .. Let's reset. I don't want to get into no quarrel with you. I just want to resolve your problem. But your sporadic mood swing.. Kind of fucked up our introduction.. I need to know.. Are we finally going to do business?

Bruce gives her a cynical smirk. Barbara abashed by her unladylike behavior and sudden mood swing.

BARBARA

(Apprehensive)

You know what, I'll take that! (Decompress) Let me gather myself. I'm upset and frustrated.. I guess, at the fact that I'm being betrayed. My life seems like its about to head into a whirlwind of shit. (Sighs) Pardon me, I apologize. I'm usually not this disrespectful towards people.

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

BRUCE

(Sighs) Funny, I've been hearing women tell me that, all my life.

Barbara sighs, still slightly embarrassed by her outburst. Bruce leans forward, looks her directly in her eyes.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Listen, I know this can be an emotional weight-down. But I have to be frank with you.

He brazenly Grabs the liquor bottle, pours it, takes a shot

BRUCE (CONT'D)

My ways are unconventional and less therapeutic. There will be some preliminary things, we would have to do. I just don't want to see you get a nervous breakdown. This is the way, I like to keep the process flowing.

BARBARA

Oh no, I totally understand. I appreciate the sentiment. (Beat) I got all afternoon to talk, where do we start?

CUT TO:

11 INT. THE BRONX/BRUCE'S APARTMENT - EVENING

11

We See OG Remo from the Rear side, walking towards the door. Door unlocked, Remo enters. We See Bruce drinking on the couch, dozing off, TV watching him. Bottle of whisky on hand, Indefinitely Intoxicated. Remo approaches the couch, sits down, relaxes.

OG REMO

If I wanted to kill you right now, it would be too easy. Leaving the door unlocked. Nigga, did you forget you live in the Hood?

BRUCE

(Slurred)

I don't give a fuck!
I got something for whoever dares.

OG Remo dismisses the cocky banter.

OG REMO

In your current state right now.
A sober hand is quicker than your
violent mind.

BRUCE

(Inebriated)

Just when I thought the light
shines on me. A shade of darkness
comes in and fucks my whole head
up. (Rants) I was supposed to be a
Detective...

(Swigs on the bottle)

Fuckin' kid reached for his cell
phone... if the fuckin cops is
chasing you .. Why would you put
your hands in your pockets?!

OG REMO

Listen man, How many times are you
going to beat yourself in the head
about that situation. No matter how
much sorrow you can express... It is
not going to bring that kid back.
Everyone has to live with regrets,
but you can't feel sorry for
yourself.. Either.

BRUCE

You can't tell me that... You don't
live my life...

OG REMO

I can't tell you nothing? I was the
one that did fifteen years for
something I didn't do, I didn't
rat.. I didn't set nobody up... and I
took in the chin.. Like a fuckin
man.

BRUCE

(Agitated)

You did 15 years and came out. Now
you're a fuckin' Woke nigga!? A
fuckin' Messiah! (Beat) Like you
know my pain. My struggle that I've
been going through, what do you
really know?

OG REMO

(Calmly)

You right? I don't know shit about
your struggle, brother. I just know
vibrations, I know bad energy.
(Beat) The demon in the bottle
doesn't help either.

Bruce takes a long swig of the Whisky.

BRUCE

So what's your point OG. Why are you here?

OG REMO

(Draws in closer)

You need to pay attention to your surroundings. You need to pay attention on who you do business with. Like that women that stepped in your office Today.

Bruce Froze, puzzled.

BRUCE

Barbara.!? My client? (Beat) What about her?

OG REMO

I recognized her and I know she's connected to somebody that I need to deal with.

BRUCE

And who the fuck is that somebody?

OG Remo looks at him, hesitates, skeptical to answer.

An inebriated Bruce regurgitates in a nearby waste basket.

OG REMO

Nigga, you're too fuckin' Drunk to talk about anything.

BRUCE

(Shrugs his shoulders)

So what do you want me to do?...

OG REMO

Nothing, I figure it out... We'll talk tomorrow when you sober up.

OG Remo gets up, walks out of the Apartment.

NEXT DAY

12

I/E. LOWER MANHATTAN/UNDISCLOSED CAFE' - LATE AFTERNOON

12

The ladies are seated, outside the cafe', drinking margaritas, slightly under the influence. Barbara under tremendous stress. Barbara's Mood swing is bound to happen.

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

SHELLY

I've known you for a long time, way before Bobby was your husband. You never was as active as I was. But you did your fair share of playing the field. Dating Professional Athletes to those High profile drug dealers. I know it's not you anymore. But you was like the White version of "Tasha" from Power. Girl' you must've had some "Superpowers" in your pussy back in the days. (Chuckles)

BARBARA

Oh, my God! Are you serious,? I can't believe you said that goofy shit. I was young at the time (slightly annoyed) That's a part of a past that I would never look back on... it's so ancient to me, and it's irrelevant to bring up old shit.

SHELLY

I understand. But to play the Devil's Advocate. Right. To keep a hundred with you. (Beat) You don't think it's pretty hypocritical for you to suspect Bobby of cheating? When you, yourself have done it.

BARBARA

What I've done in the past has nothing to do with anything thats actually happening. My concern, is what's going on Right now. In the present. (Annoyed) ...Where are you going with this? Cause I really don't give a fuck about your perspective.

SHELLY

Don't get defensive, you was young at the time,..right? So what! Its your Vagina!

Barbara gives her look of dismay.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

Don't look at me like that! You got to understand baby girl, we live in a world, where we can Fuck whomever the fuck we want! (Calmly) So lets take it slow.

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

Lets not get emotional... Ok!

BARBARA

Thats not the point, Shelly!!
 (Beat) Ok, so I might've fucked
 another guy while we was dating,
 big Fuckin deal! We're married now.
 (Sighs) Bobby is doing something
 behind my back. Whether it's an
 extramarital affair or something
 else. I need to know what my
 husband is doing.

SHELLY

I get it. Barbara. All I'm saying
 is, Right now you have a good
 situation. Overall. You don't need
 your life to be Complicated.

BARBARA

I would welcome complication, if
 it's going to bring forth the
 truth.

Shelly looks at her in disbelief, shrugs the notion.

SHELLY

Spoke with Bruce?

BARBARA

I sure did. Everything is set in
 motion.

13 **EXT. HARLEM STREETS - NOON**

13

We See Montage shots of Harlem's iconic places, various
 random locations on 125th street, infused with a Hip-Hop
 instrumental.

14 **INT. HARLEM CAFE - AFTERNOON**

14

Bruce walks in the cafe, sees his older brother, Donnell
 "DONNIE" tinkering his I-Pad, sipping on a Latte'. Bruce sits
 next to him.

BRUCE

Donnie, I'm in a little bit of a
 pickle here.

DONNELL

In a pickle? Don't know why you're
 using the Bougie way of saying you,
 "Fucked up"!

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

BRUCE

I don't know, if I "fucked up" yet.
But it is a potentially bad
situation.

DONNELL

Seems like bad situations has been
following you... Your whole life.
I don't know why the Sunlight don't
shine through your Dark Clouds.

BRUCE

I don't know! either. (Beat) There
is never a Circus tent big enough
to shield away my Shit storms.
(Sighs) But Remo, may have one
headed his way.

DONNELL

Don't tell me, he got mixed up on
some street shit.

BRUCE

Nah. I have a feeling, it could be
some complicated shit.

DONNELL

Why you say that?

BRUCE

I remember him, coming to my crib
last night, talking about my new
client and telling me to be
careful.. In who I deal with.

DONNELL

You must've been fucked up, drunk
as usual.

BRUCE

Ain't no secret, that's my vice.
Just like weed is yours. But fuck
all that! (Puzzled) OG left me with
my head scratching.

DONNELL

Did you try calling him?

BRUCE

I did. He's not picking up his
phone. I don't know where he is.

DONNELL

So what do you want me to do?

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

BRUCE

Well, I figured Big Brother! Since you used to run the streets with him back then. You could shed some light on what the OG wanted to tell me.

DONNELL

You said it. Past tense. I used to. That's not me anymore. Plus, I'm not trying to do your job... You figure that out, Mister Detective.

BRUCE

Listen, Donnie. Remo was our mentor and he has helped us throughout the years with his wisdom. Before he got locked up. He was around! Even when our Punk-ass Father decided to bail.

DONNELL

Man, fuck that Coward! (Shrugs off) Anyway, I know where you're going with this. (Beat) I know, Remo is like our surrogate father. Fact of the matter is, he got set up for that particular crime. Which was wrong! But he did get away with a lot of other shit and didn't get caught for it.

He lets out a heavy sigh of regret.

DONNELL (CONT'D)

As much as I want to be involved in the action. I can't. I got too much to lose now. My wife. My baby girls. (Regretful pause) I understand, why you feel the need to do something.

BRUCE

This is some Crazy shit.. (Sighs) I feel you on the family part. But whatever it is, I willing to ride for OG. We'll going to see, what it is.

Donnell knows OG Remo past's disputes had deadly results.

DONNELL

Before you do some super policeman shit. (Tries to convince) You need to reconsider everything in your life.

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

Nigga, you got a penchant for catching bad ones out here. At this point, Bruce. All the shit you've been through. You don't need anymore negative shit in your life.

BRUCE

You're right! But this kind of shit, fucks' my head up! I haven't been in this business long enough to deal with complicated shit.
(Beat) But I'm determined to know what OG is doing!

CUT TO:

15 **I/E. 125TH BRIDGE WEST-SIDE/BOBBY'S VEHICLE - MEANWHILE** 15

Bobby is a bit perturbed. Rohan and his Goon, MANNY enters Bobby's vehicle. They look determined. Rohan sits in the passenger side, calmly lights a cigarette, clears his throat to present.

Manny sitting in the back attentively.

ROHAN

I got something to show you.

He summons Manny to pass him the bag, he reaches inside, takes out a nicely packaged Cocaine Brick, displays it on his lap. Bobby looks at Rohan inquisitively.

BOBBY

(Miffed)
Seems like business is growing more and more.

Rohan takes out his pocketknife, cuts a small opening, scoops the powder, snorts it.

ROHAN

Got it from my Peruvian connect, shit is as pure as the Saint Mary Muthafuckin' Virgin. But This is my White Bitch!! (Gleefully chuckles)
Wanted to let you know that I got several Kilos going to the stash houses on Willoughby and Gartner street.

Bobby dampens the mood.

BOBBY

Speaking of those properties.
(MORE)

(CONT'D)

We have to move that product to other locations. I have a few clients interested in buying those properties.

ROHAN

Then you're going to have to tell your clients to hold off on that. For a minute!

BOBBY

Wait, wait. So you telling me, that I have to let our illicit dealings impede with the legitimacy of running my business. That wasn't part of the deal! If a properties is about to get sold. We can't keep your product there. It actually defeats the purpose of using it as a Front.

ROHAN

Wrong. Its called Balance. Right now, the money that you making, is the not the money that people see. The streets has the first priority. Muthafuckas is more concerned with getting high than getting mortgages. You understand the basics of economics? Right. That's to supply the fuckin' demand.

Bobby is discomforted by Rohan's tone. Dealing with the overwhelming pressure of being in the drug game, he's at the brink of losing it. Manny interjects.

MANNY

Besides you cleaning the money. Your properties is giving us the rotation we need to keep it under the radar, shit is flowing right now. We can't stop!

BOBBY

I understand that. But I don't appreciate you guys telling me how to run my realty business. The drug game is your area of expertise and I respect that. Now when it starts to interfere with the operation of my business. Then I think it's time for me to transition out.

ROHAN

(Chuckles)
It's too late!

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

You already knee deep in this game.
 (Serious) I don't give a fuck about
 how fancy you want to say it...
 that you want to leave. (Beat)
 Transition my Dick! If I didn't
 respect your brother. I would crush
 you for sounding like a little
 Bitch. (Firmly) Like I told you,
 we're going to keep my product in
 those houses on Willoughby and
 Gartner street. Until everything
 gets sold.

BOBBY

Rohan.. (Pleading) Lets be logical
 and rational. You have to
 understand the situation--

ROHAN

I don't have to understand shit!
 We've been doing this for a while.
 Right now I need to supply the
 demands. I don't give a fuck! I
 don't want to hear no excuses.
 (Sighs)
 You wanted to do more than just
 clean money. And I gave you more
 options to make more money.

Bobby grimaces, a result of his frustrations.

BOBBY

I'm telling you, I'm running out of
 capacity. All my properties are
 either filled--

ROHAN

Let me cut you off. (Beat) You know
 what your attitude tells me? That
 you're tired of being Rich. I'm
 trying to understand. Bobby, What's
 the matter? You don't care about
 catering to that high maintenance
 wife of yours? I'm pretty sure you
 have one of those. (Chuckles)

Manny chuckles as well.

BOBBY

(Loudly) Now you're crossing the
 line! (Upset) Don't say shit about
 my wife.. What the fuck does she
 has to do with this?!!

ROHAN

Oh, ayo.. Tone down!
 (MORE)

(CONT'D)

Control your Sensitivity! Don't get your panties bunched up. (Beat) So what, if I struck a nerve... I don't even know your wife... Man up, Nigga!

He moves Closer to his face, gives Bobby a steely look.

ROHAN (CONT'D)

Let me tell you this, Mister married man. If you want to continue the lifestyle you live.. You make sure you do, what the Fuck I tell you. Cause if not. I can make your Whole Entire Situation Disappear.

Rohan sits back. An uncomfortable silence looms an ominous vibe.

BOBBY

This is how we're doing business now?... By threatening me?

ROHAN

I've always been doing business like this! It's about selling these Muthafuckin' Drugs!! (Beat) If you get out of pocket again. Fuck your brother's respect. I'll put your Ass in the dirt.

Rohan & Manny exit the vehicle. Bobby is vexed.

BACK TO:

16

INT. HARLEM CAFE - CONTINUOUS

16

DONNELL

Anyway.. What does this client look like? I'm curious. I want to see what's the big fuckin mystery?

BRUCE

Let me see if she got an Instagram page.

Bruce searches his phone, finds her IG page.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Found it! Wow, she got some sexy pics. (shows Donnie her photo)

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

DONNELL

Let me see that. (Looks at her picture) Wow, get the fuck outta--

BRUCE

You know her?

DONNELL

Kind of. But I know her husband. Bobby. He's my man's young brother.

BRUCE

Who the fuck is your Mans?

DONNELL

You remember White boy Gary! We used to call that Irish nigga, the Fake White chocolate.., (Chuckles)

BRUCE

Yeah, I remember him, he used to ball in Coney Island. He was a thug tho. Back in the day, his name rang bells in the precinct where I used to work at.

DONNELL

Fuck it! I guess that's what makes him real and not one of those corny ass white boys..

BRUCE

Well. (Sighs) Here's the fucked up shit! I'm actually hired to investigate her husband's infidelity. Your boy's brother!

Donnie is in utter disbelief.

DONNELL

Wow,.. Ain't it a small fuckin' world!? Gary's Brother cheating? And OG is bugging out because of his wife. (Confused) Something don't smell right.

BRUCE

I know. That's why I 'm trying to connect the dots.

DONNELL

Anyway little brother my time is short, I got to go to work.

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

(Drinks his cup)
I don't got time for you to play
"Dick-Head Tracy".

BRUCE

Donnie, Listen. Help make my job a little easier. You already connected with your boy's brother, that I'm investigating. Find out what's going on with Gary. To see what his brother is up to --

DONNELL

Brother as much love as I have for you. The one thing I do hate, is participating in your Federal ways. (Annoyed) I'm still waiting for you to wake up, Black man! And realize that your Blood ain't Blue, no more. Never really was!.

He looks at Bruce, somewhat regretfully, yet relieved.

DONNEL (CONT'D)

I can't help you on this one.

BRUCE

(Disappointed)

It is what it is! It's a Fuck-ed up attitude to have, but I Respect it. (Beat) I never really asked you for anything major. I just needed some information. But Thanks anyway, Big brother!

As Bruce gets up to walk begins; Donnie stands up, tugs his shoulder around to face him.

DONNELL

Listen. I don't know what you're going to do about your client's situation. But I'll tell you one thing. Don't do anything crazy! Make wise decisions and be cautious.

BRUCE

I'm good, Donnie. You know me. I'll figure it out. It don't take long for me, to come up with something quick.

17 **EXT. UPPER WESTSIDE/OUTSIDE OF BOBBY'S OFFICE - MORNING** 17

Bruce is sitting in his car, parked about 100 feet away from a Bobby's Real estate office, surveying his actions.

18 **I/E. BRUCE'S VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS** 18

Bruce pulls out a pair of small binoculars from his jacket.

 BRUCE (V.O)

 And I still haven't heard from OG.
 What The fuck is going, Remo?!

He takes a swig from his flask, filled with his last dose of whiskey.

 BRUCE (V.O)(CONT'D)

 Always had a gift of figuring
 people out. Their tendencies and
 even their body language. (Sighs) I
 have a feeling today, might be my
 lucky day. Watch some random shit
 is going to lead me to clues. Just
 keep an eye on Bobby. (Looks with
 binoculars)

We See a Long Shot of Bobby leaving his Real Estate Office, entering his vehicle.

 BRUCE (V.O)(CONT'D)

 There goes my Mark! Let me follow
 this fool.

We See Bruce start his car engine, commences to follow.

19 **EXT. OUTSIDE OF ROHAN'S FRONT OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER** 19

Bobby arrives, parks his vehicle in front of Rohan's front office. Followed by Bruce, he parks several feet away from him. Bobby remains seated, contemplating.

20 **I/E. BOBBY'S VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS** 20

 BOBBY (V.O.)

 This fucking guy Rohan think he's
 going take away my dignity. I know
 I got into some deep shit but I
 can't fear that .. If I die or go
 to prison.. It will affect my
 life.. Barbara's Life.

 (MORE)

(CONT'D)

If this piece of shit disappears
from the earth... no one will care.
Looks like I'm have to take care of
that.

He opens the glove compartment, grabs his pistol. Holds it
for awhile, decompresses as he is about to engage in his
murderous intention. Conceals his weapon, exits the vehicle,
heads towards the office.

CUT TO:

21 **I/E. BRUCE'S VEHICLE - SECONDS LATER** 21

BRUCE (V.O.)

(Sees Bobby)
Where is this muthafucka going!?.

He contemplates on whether to follow him or wait.

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

Fuck it! I just wait to see what
happens.

22 **INT. ROHAN'S FRONT OFFICE - CONTINUOUS** 22

Bobby casually enters the office. Rohan is standing.

ROHAN

I could've been getting head by
some Bad-Ass IG bitches with a
Million-plus followers. (Annoyed)
You better have some spectacular
news for me. Tell me what the fuck
you called me for?

BOBBY

You by yourself?... You got your
bodyguard, Manny with you?

ROHAN

You think you're funny!? Manny is
my right hand. I don't need, No
Bodyguards! That's for Pussies like
you.

Bobby refrains his anger, to be calmly.

BOBBY

Well maybe that was a wise decision
for him not to be here.

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

ROHAN

What the fuck you mean?

Bobby pulls out his gun, Rohan pauses, then laughs.

ROHAN (CONT'D)

You can't be serious. Put that shit down before you hurt yourself.

BOBBY

Fuck you, it's time for you to Die.

ROHAN

(Shouts) Then pull the trigger, Bitch!

Bobby never killed anyone before, he hesitates.

23 **EXT. OUTSIDE OF ROHAN'S FRONT OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER** 23

Suddenly, Barbara appears, drives slowly in front of the office. Bruce sees Barbara's vehicle. He shockingly pauses. Barbara exits her car, heads towards office.

24 **I/E. BRUCE'S VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS** 24

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

What the fuck is Barbara doing here!! Goddam it. She must've followed me.

He finally exits vehicle, follows her cautiously at a moderate pace.

25 **INT. ROHAN'S FRONT OFFICE - CONTINUOUS** 25

Bobby has a look of nervous intensity, adrenaline flowing. Rohan keeps daring him to shoot, showing no fear.

ROHAN

(Shouts) Pull it! Bitch!

Barbara crashes the door. At this point, the two men in awe, shocked by her interruption. She's shocked as well.

BOBBY

Barbara! What are you doing here?

BARBARA

What the fuck! Is this!?!

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

ROHAN

(Disbelief)

What The fuck!

Shocking Eyes between Barbara and Rohan connect.

BARBARA

(Jolted)

Rohan?!

Bobby still has his gun pointed at Rohan. He looks at both of them with uncertainty.

BOBBY

What the fuck is going on here!?!

Y'all know each other?

Bobby is extremely Shocked.

26

INT. ROHAN'S FRONT OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

26

A MINUTE LATER, BRUCE comes in abruptly, with his gun pointed. Startled by his intrusion, the moment of distraction gives Rohan the opportunity to grab his gun. Now all three men react by waving their guns at each other, mainly at Bruce.

BOBBY

Drop your fuckin' guns! Both of you.

All three men, bewildered, waving theirs gun back and forth at each other. Trying to rationalize. Hesitant to kill because of the sudden confusion, and the need for an explanation.

ROHAN

(To Bobby)

Fuck you! I'm not dropping my gun.

(Baffled & uncertain)

(To Bruce)

Who the fuck are you?!--

Bruce is still stunned, remains silent.

BARBARA

He's a Private investigator. I hired him. He has nothing to do with this.

Now Bruce & Rohan point their guns at each other.

BOBBY

(To Barbara) Why did you hire a PI?

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

BARBARA

Because I needed to know what you was doing behind my back.

BOBBY

And you went to this Extreme!!?

BARBARA

(Raises Voice)

Don't talk to me about "Extreme!"
(Heavy breath) Explain what the fuck is going on here?--

Bruce eases his way to connect with Bobby.

BRUCE

Listen Bobby. Regardless of what's going on, both of you. All three of us can kill each other right now. But that's only going to make the situation worse.--

ROHAN

(To Bruce) Fuck you, ain't no Nigga going to come to my office to kill me, and get away with it.

BRUCE

I understand that. But for the sake of knowing what the fuck is going on here. Waving guns at each other faces is not smart way to resolve it.

Rohan decides to reason. Decompresses his anger.

ROHAN

You know what! Since I'm a Man!
(To Bruce) Me and you, Mr. PI.
We'll put our guns away slowly,
So this bitch (RE: Bobby) can lower his.

Both men tucked their pistols away simultaneously. Bobby is still pointing his weapon at Rohan.

BRUCE

(To Rohan) Cool bruh, no need for the insults.

Bobby, distrustful, seam-lying nervous, is now waving his gun at both men.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

(To Bobby) (Cautious) You see?
(MORE)

(CONT'D)

Bobby, we'll putting away our guns.
Please put away yours. And I
actually know your brother, Gary.

BOBBY

(Heavy Sigh) I'm so fuckin'
confused right now!! You must be
Donnie's brother? Bruce?

BRUCE

I am. Please Bobby, this is not
you! Whatever issue you have with
this man. Killing him is not going
to make any better. (Pleads)
Put the gun down, lets handle this,
a better way.

Bobby complies, lowers his weapon, mixed emotion of anger &
disbelief, with all the circumstances occurring. Heavily
Frustrated.

ROHAN

Everybody here knows each other.
What is this, "a fuckin' family
reunion"?!--

BOBBY

(To Barbara) You need to tell me
how the fuck you know this man?

ROHAN

She knows me very well! Bobbito'.
(Smirks) But I'll let your wifey
explain that.

BOBBY

What!?.

BARBARA

About fifteen years ago, way before
I met you. I dated this piece of
shit.

(Regretfully)

It's a part of a past, that I
regret. And I never wanted to cross
paths. But here we are, in some
complicated shit that I can't even
understand.

Bobby sighs in anger and disbelief.

BOBBY

Un-fucking Real!--

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

ROHAN

(To Barbara) Ok, so I'm piece of shit, thats doing the same shit, your Punk ass husband is doing.

Barbara is bewildered. Rohan smirks.

ROHAN (CONT'D)

(To Bobby)

Oh.. You didn't tell her about our business venture?

BARBARA

What business venture?

BOBBY

Cleaning money and using my unsold properties to stash his drugs.

BARBARA

Bobby, are you fucking Crazy?!?
(Yells) Why!!!

The married couple become entrenched in their argument. Defensive lowered, guns still accessible. Rohan interrupts.

ROHAN

(Raises Voice)

I don't give a fuck about y'all arguing. We need to sort this goofy shit out. Bobby, you're a Lucky muthafucka, that's still breathing.

BRUCE

Ok, Rohan, you're right. Let's talk about it.

BOBBY

(To Barbara)

(Angry & disbelief) I can't believe you fuckin' know this guy?

ROHAN

(Loudly) Believe It!!!!..
I used to fuck your Wife!
And I was doing it Right!!
(Cynical smile) I'll bet that pussy is still Good. (Gives an eye wink)

Bobby gets visibly Angry, turns around, takes a deep winded breath to decompress. Barbara tries to deescalate, to calm Bobby's temper as he takes a breather to swallow his pride.

BARBARA

(To Rohan) You piece of shit!!

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

(Beat) Bobby, ignore him! He's try to break you by getting under you skin because he's a fuckin' Asshole!

Bruce intercedes to calm the mood.

BRUCE

(To Rohan) what the fuck is wrong with you? You agitating the situation. We supposed to handle this like civil men.

ROHAN

Shut the fuck Up, Nigga! I ain't discussing shit. I should've smoked your ass for wasting my time with this diplomatic bullshit!

Bobby is still visibly angry.

BRUCE

Bobby, Don't listen to him. Just be calm. I'll handle this.--

Barbara mixed with anger and embarrassment.

BARBARA

Rohan, you're a fucking dirty piece of shit that deserves to Die.

ROHAN

(Taunts) I deserve to die!? But your Bitch ass man came here to kill me. It's Cool! Now he's going to eat his words and his actions... Like you did my Meat! (Chuckles)

BARBARA

Fuck you!!

Rohan laughs, which infuriates Bobby. All of sudden, Bobby turns around quickly, fires two shots into Rohan's chest. As Rohan reacts to the bullet impacts, he manages to reach his gun. Bobby hesitates to finish him off, leaving a spec of time, enough for Rohan to fire a single shot into Bobby's neck. He quickly falls to the ground, bleeding profusely. Barbara goes to Bobby's aid. Then we See Rohan collapse against the wall slowly to the floor.

Barbara is hysterically shocked, crying immensely.

Rohan is gagging, coughing up his own blood, disbelief and delusional. Amidst his fatal injuries, he laughs sadistically.

ROHAN

You Muthafucka!!! Can't believe this Bitch ass nigga shot me.

27

INT. ROHAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

27

Barbara is still on the floor, heavily whimpering. As her husband slowly dies, blood everywhere. No hope to save him. Bruce failed efforts to mediate the situation leaves him stunned and disappointed.

We See Bruce in dismay, then we See OG Remo casually walk in.

BRUCE

What the fuck are you doing here, Remo!?

OG REMO

To finish some personal business, you and your brother couldn't handle.

Rohan is still on the floor, on the verge of dying. But remains conscious. OG Remo walks to Rohan, pulls out his pistol.

ROHAN

Oh shit, Remo. (Chuckles) Everybody from my past coming out the fuckin' woodworks. (Coughs up more blood to spit) You must like, what you see right now.

OG REMO

I do, but I wish I would've gave you a bullet for every year I spent in prison. Now I'm let the streets know that you was fucking conniving snake, that got me set up by the feds. You might as well be a rat too!! You disloyal Muthafucka! (points the gun at his head) Your bullshit street legacy. Your life ends right now.

Rohan chuckles with a bloody mouth.

ROHAN

It is what it is... You do whatever the fuck you need to do! You Bitch ass Nigga!!

Remo fires a kill shot to the head, blood splatters the floor. Bruce reacts disappointedly.

BRUCE

I guessed you followed me, to get your justice.

They look around the carnage.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

What the fuck are we going to do now?... (Shrugs) About this mess?

We Cut back to see Barbara grieving over her dying husband. Bruce & Remo look at each other inquisitively.

OG REMO

Well, you used to be NYPD.

BRUCE

What the fuck is that supposed to mean? (Puzzled) You're saying, I should know how to clean this up.

OG REMO

You should! You know all the pig tactics. They'll buy your story more than mines... (Beat)... I'm Out!

Leaving Bruce with uncertainty, Remo causally walk out the office.

FADE TO BLACK.

---END CREDITS---