

IN WHAT WE TRUST version 7

by Quentil Pompey

Based on actual events

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Fade in

Within the clouds. The Sun teases. We descend into...

WOODS

TALL TREES. SHRUBS. And sounds of DEAD BRANCHES stomped upon. For a minute we are moving fast, so fast it's nostalgic.

QADILL (O.S)  
'Dead in a dark cave.'

We slow down into civilization. Under the OVERCAST

INSIDE A SHABBY APARTMENT COMPLEX

Some of the UNITS WINDOWS, up and downstairs are busted and Doors are GRAFITTIED. Unkempt yards. Broken bottles and leftover take-out in the WALKWAY. We hear...

IN THE PARKING LOT

An INDISTINCT CAR MOTOR. Inoperable Vehicles occupy spaces. And provides the shield for the running CAR.

1 INT. QADILL'S CAR --

QADILL POSEY (20's), Jumpy. Continuously checking the...

REARVIEW MIRROR

An old LADY (60s), opens her apartment unit door and looks around. Qadill slides down in his seat. Thank God she goes back inside. Qadill rises back up. And the SUN appears on

THE SIDE VIEW MIRROR

Qadill, sees THE BRIGHT SUNLIGHT BURN OUT THE WOODS.

KENARD (O.S.)  
Yo son!

2 EXT. WAREHOUSE -- DOCK

Qadill alert by SCANNER BEEP!

"ONE YEAR EARLIER"

A TRUCKER (30s) scans the Warehouse and hands Qadill the scanner.

TRUCKER

I know it's a breeze working here.

ON A RAMP

lined MAIL CARTS with donated MERCHANDISE separated by a GATE, which hosts an OUTSIDE WAREHOUSE and provides an entrance into the OFFICE AREA.

Qadill sees from a distance THREE MEN, one looking upset, get into a LIMOSEUENE.

The trucker concludes.

TRUCKER

Well even nowadays, the smallest of jobs are blessings.

Qadill signs scanner. Hands it back to the Trucker.

The trucker secures the truck's door and be-bops to his departure.

INSERT: 'THE CHOSEN BOOK'

On the back is an enlarged picture of Teacher Zeal. And at the bottom reads: 'THE LAW'

Qadill's familiar. Opens the Chosen Book.

INSERT: CHAPTER 1 VERSION 1 "PRAISE THE LAW AT ALL TIME AND SEE GOOD"

Qadill pushes MAIL-CART in line with others ON RAMP. While he flips through the pages of the chosen book he moves out of view, on the side of a

CARDBOARD COMPACTOR

Qadill breaks. Pulls out his pocket, a pencil, notepad, with a single limp cigarette.

Not too far from him is left-overs that are being devoured by BIRDS and ANTS.

Something inspires Qadill in the chosen book. He writes.

Unbeknownst, Michael Mic Shears Jr.(20), exit the warehouse gate and immediately scrutinizes the ramp of Mail Carts of donated merchandise.

MIC SHEARS  
(off-screen)  
Poo-sey?

Qadill grimaces at the wrong pronunciation of his name - let alone by this guy - he comes from the side of Compactor.

MIC SHEARS  
Came to check on the load.

Qadill hands him the LOAD list attached to a CLIPBOARD on the GATE. He sees his cigarette smoke bothers Mic. Qadill dubs out the cigarette and stuff in his shirt pocket.

MIC SHEARS  
(fake cough)  
Were you ever given scheduled break times?

QADILL  
Running both warehouse and office -  
you have to find the time.

Mic Shears as if he really cared, finishes spot-checking of Qadills work. He hands Qadill his CHECK.

MIC SHEARS  
I am hoping that things are going well  
with you and your family.

Qadill breaks the CHECKS SILL. Studies. Not happy. And lets Mic Shears see it.

QADILL  
I'm confused.

MIC SHEARS:  
Confused?

QADILL:  
We had a deal.

MIC SHEARS  
Based on your performance and  
reliability. Yes. I know. But these  
things take time.

Qadill cuts an ambiguous look at Mic Shears. With no time to hear the B.S., he rips off his velcro back brace.

MIC SHEARS

(continue)

The company is going through changes  
and it's affecting everything.

QADILL

Must be something for me to worry  
about.

MIC SHEARS

I'll keep you updated. The last thing  
we need is to worry.

3 EXT/INT. DOWNTOWN CITY STREET - QADILL'S CAR - DAY (MOVING)

*EARLY 2000'S HIP HOP MUSIC OVERLAY*

Qadill bobs his head to the relating hip hop LYRICS. Cuts the  
wheel and manages to pull alongside

CURVE

Qadill's CAR not in the best of shape comes to a rough stop  
and starts to Smoke.

CRYSTAL (20's), hospital scrubs, leaps from the curve and  
skips around the FRONT END. Her focus on incoming TRAFFIC.

QADILL (V.O.)

*'My Crystal Reese. It's many things I  
could say. For the most part, she's a  
good girl. Loyal. Takes care of the  
home. Me. The only problem, she's too  
much.'*

Crystal defies Traffic and can enter

PASSENGER SIDE

She SLAMS the door.

CRYSTAL

I'm seeing the problem with people.  
There's no respect or courtesy. Praise  
the Law.

Crystals seat-belt buckle SECURES. She frowns at Qadills HIP  
HOP relevance. Crystal switches CD to holy music.

QADILL

I was listening to that!

CRYSTAL  
Depressing.

QADILL  
You're messing with 'my' feelings.

Crystal waves her hands in spirit.

CRYSTAL  
The cure to all your life madness  
than.

Qadill drives.

4 INT/EXT. QADILL'S CAR - (MOVING)

Qadill can dig the music.

QADILL  
That's the new cut?

CRYSTAL  
We had a terrible time getting the  
proper sound.

QADILL  
Oh. The night the power went out. I  
remember.

Crystal's face squishes.

CRYSTAL  
I paid the light bill.

QADILL  
Why? I just paid for it last week. The  
account is overdrawn.

CRYSTAL  
Not ours.

Qadill upset. Something that's not the first time.

CRYSTAL  
(continues)  
Don't trip.

QADILL  
So I get it. This game will go on -

CRYSTAL

- The Meeting Hall Qadill. It's funny how much you can discredit what's actually working for us.

Qadill's moot look engages Crystal.

QADILL

Working for me? Let's add this up.

CRYSTAL

Have you ever thought about what Teacher Zeal said?

Qadill quirks an uncomfortable brow.

CRYSTAL

(continues)

The Law says 'who finds a good woman finds a good life'

QADILL

Chapter 6 version 1. I saw that. But why a House now Crystal? Please believe you're rushing things.

Crystal sits back in her seat, folds her arms, not hearing excuses.

CRYSTAL

Instead, you rather go around parading with heathens.

Qadill chuckles up that 'half-smoked cigarette' from his work-shirt pocket.

QADILL

There you go.

CRYSTAL

'There's nothing good coming from your friend.

QADILL

And the meeting hall? (mocks)"Praise the law at all times and see good"

CRYSTAL

Boy, you're so ungrateful.

QADILL

What's going on or not going on with us has nothing to do with him. We need to save money.

Qadill strikes his lighter. Lights - half cigarette. Just enough inhale.

QADILL

I'm thinking about going back to school.

Crystal prohibits. Snatching the cigarette and breaks off...

HOLD ON: THE FIRE CHERRY FALLING.

*QADILL (V.O)*

*"See what I'm talking about? Just too much."*

The fire Cherry hits the

FLOORBOARD

Crystal panics.

CRYSTAL

Hurry and put that out!

Qadill's car makes an abrupt stop at

THE STREET LIGHTS

Turning RED.

QADILL

You play too goddam-

CRYSTAL

(authoritative eyes)

No. No. No. Watch your mouth...

Qadill watches Crystal toss his faithful half of the last cigarette, out the passenger window.

QADILL

And that was my last one.

CRYSTAL

Good. First, the cigarettes, then the drinking, next thing, you out



'grinning.'

Qadill rolls his eyes. Through

THE FRONT VIEW MIRROR

we see the STREET LIGHTS turn GREEN. Qadill car STALLS. He tries to CRANK. Nope. Tries again. Still...no. no...no.

CAR HORNS BLOW behind him. And BLOW past him. Qadill goes to stick his head out the window for war.

But Crystal isn't going for it.

CRYSTAL

(continues)

I'm late for practice. Just give it some more gas. It'll start.

QADILL

Nothing you talking about is helping.

Qadill continues the struggle to start the engine, though the holy music on the car radio continues and Crystal mimics it.

CRYSTAL (ON THE RADIO)

'I will praise the Law at all time and

-

The Car starts! Both are amazed. Crystal can make her point.

CRYSTAL

(finishes her point)

- See good!' Praise-the-Law.

Qadill pulls off.

5 EXT. THE MEETING HALL - NIGHT

THE BUILDING & ACREAGE

is under construction. Some will call lavish the Perfect Gardening. Edged yard. Minor WORK EQUIPMENT for improvements lying around.

Qadill adjusts the battery cables on his car. Everything looks normal. He shuts his hood.

A LONG WALK-WAY

leads to GOLDEN STEPS. We climb up to a very LARGE DOOR.

Qadill hand turns KNOB. Opens to...

INTERCUT

6 INT. CELL - NIGHT

THE CELL DOOR

opens and enters a BRIGHT LIGHT.

Qadill on his BUNK wakes, looking into the bright light.

*QADILL (V.O.)*

*'When awoken by my brotherman's  
praise. The earthquake came. In a loud  
bang.*

Qadill body lifts. And moves towards BRIGHT LIGHT.

END INTERCUT

7 INT. THE MEETING HALL - LOBBY - BACK

A Long area rug of Tribal print. We walk and pass mannerism-  
STATUES and powerful SCULPTURES of an important INDIVIDUAL.

Qadill walks up to

ON DOOR PLATE: TEACHER ZEAL'S SANCTUM

FROM BEHIND THE DOOR

A muffled conversation. Qadill ready to knock but the door  
cracks.

*TEACHER ZEAL (O.S.)*

*Oh. Praise the Law! Come on in,  
brotha.*

Qadill enters.

8 INT. TEACHER ZEALS SANCTUM

THE WALLS

consist of A BACHELOR IN SCIENCE & PSYCHOLOGY and a MASTER'S  
in THEOLOGY along with various HISTORICAL & ARTS  
Certificates.

And from behind his

COLOSSAL DESK

TEACHER ZEAL, bald, husky, and garish (40's). A gift to gab. Your ex-once upon a time street guy now turned to an ol' holy type. He speaks on Qadills sluggish journey.

TEACHER ZEAL  
(to Qadill)  
Hope all is well with the vehicle?

QADILL  
It's fine.

Qadill really is speaking to

ON THE COUCH

Crystal's want to believe smile.'

QADILL  
Wiggled a few things. We'll be okay.

TEACHER ZEAL:  
(quotes)  
"When we try to understand, it only confuses us."

CRYSTAL  
(qualifies)  
The chosen Book Chapter 7 version 3.

Qadill looks at Crystal. But before Crystal can get a response, Teacher Zeal compliments.

TEACHER ZEAL  
(inspired)  
'Praise the Law!'

Qadill forces an okay nod.

TEACHER ZEAL  
(to Qadill)  
Just finished talking with the sista. We need more music. We have so much coming to us brotha. Including...the 'house'. We feelin' the itch and you should too. My faithful and wise ones have provided at the proper time.

Verbatim, Crystal leans on Qadill with assurance.

CRYSTAL

Wait until you see what Teacher Zeal  
put together.

Crystal's eyes tell no lies. Qadill moves his eyes to Teacher Zeal's patience.

From the *Lobby*, we hear VOICES. Crystal's key. Stands and kisses Qadill.

CRYSTAL

(to Teacher Zeal)

The sounds of followers. They're late.

TEACHER ZEAL

(to Crystal)

I trust you'll rectify.

CRYSTAL

Yes, Teacher Zeal. "...they intend to  
prove it wrong because they don't  
comprehend."

Qadill sees Crystal curtsy and SHUTS DOOR behind. He watches Teacher Zeal come around from his Desk, exuberant.

TEACHER

I need you, brotha. You're a great man  
of the Law.' A destined leader.

QADILL

Right now. Work. The Car. Trying to  
keep her happy. It's not easy

TEACHER ZEAL

The sister mention you were thinking  
about furthering your education.

Qadill nods.

TEACHER ZEAL

Have you been able to locate an  
affordable school? You know it's  
expensive. Especially for a non-  
traditional industry.

Qadill throws his head aside.

Teacher Zeal bounces and be-bops in rhythm. Pumped. Grabs a mini remote. Presses button. ROOM LIGHTS dim. And slides down Wall...

A PROJECTOR SCREEN

TITLE BOARD: "Teacher Zeal productions."

A familiar beat. Qadill's on to it. He stands in the mood. Moves to how Teacher Zeal adds his vocals on-time.

TEACHER ZEAL

(sings)

*"From pastures that sing. Alone with a dream. The world's - be all you can be"*

HOLD ON: STILL PHOTO SLIDE SHOW

- Teacher Zeal streets to Holy Rolly story.

TEACHER ZEAL

(continues)

*'Life and its fall, instead we walk and then crawl. But in me, I stand tall. Praising the Law.'*

Teacher Zeal mutes the audio but the video still has Qadill's attention.

TEACHER ZEAL

This is outstanding. But I need to draw in the younger generation. They are more in need of the Law. That's where you come in. You certainly have a gift for writing. And here is where all dreams are guaranteed to come true. I'll like to see your exhibition on the Law.

HOLD ON QADILL

9 EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - EVENING

The Sun begins to fall behind the horizon. And the...

STREET LIGHTS turn on illuminating the quiet middle-class complex.

10 INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - LIVING ROOM

A Made-Made Home studio consisting of a COMPUTER, MIXER BOARD, and two LARGE STUDIO SPEAKERS on stands, give way to a

*LOOPEd HIP HOP BEAT*

covering the area. There is not much furniture besides the empty SWIVEL COMPUTER CHAIR, GLASS COFFEE TABLE, LOVE seat and

ON AN ADJACENT FUTON

lounged on by Qadill, who wakes with the setting SUNLIGHT in his eyes. He rubs his face. He sees passing through the door frame that separates the Living room from

THE KITCHEN AREA

Kenard (20's) his homeboy, carrying TWO PAPER PLATES of STUFFED GREEN PEPPERS.

Qadill stands, stretches. Steps in front of COMPUTER SCREEN.

QADILL:

(groggy)

You not speaking nothing, tillbie-boi!

Kenard hands Qadill his Stuffed green pepper.

KENARD

Then hear this one, son.

Kenard concludes with a freestyle over his bell pepper as if it's the mic...

KENARD

(raps)

"I bring about energy from a revealing delivery. Famished for justice written in the Halls of supremacy. Gripping battling sticks to challenge this stupidity. It's ridiculous, son, to phantom the future for us really. But against society praise the Law with maturity. Why like son follow Teacher Zeal's hypocrisy..."

Qadill laughs. Over his bel-pepper meal. Delivers his verse.

QADILL

(raps)

"An inside joke related to my present situation. Be aware of the thriller as I will bless ya anticipation. And it's all in love. Look at my current occupation. Hung and nail to the stake of corporate oscillation. Though..."

Qadill CELL PHONE RINGS. He just finds a way to add the annoyance of the call.

QADILL

(continues)

"Forward then reverse, the call of  
beggin' pleas. Got me constipated so  
take heed, to low grass, cause snakes  
do sneak, where there lies venom in -

Kenard finishes for him.

KENARD

- in the chosen book of greed.

Respect and love from the TWO, though mostly joking around.

SCREEN BLACKS OUT

QADILL (V.O.)

*"Don't mind me. Nor my arrogant ass  
homeboy. So far you know my name.  
Qadill Posey. Not Poo-si. Pa-sei. I'm  
cool. Never told I was a bad person.  
Not many conflicts except the  
unforeseen ones. Could be more vocal  
about things...Yeah, I come from a  
more structured and religious  
background. The type who honors what's  
not seen. And my man? Kenard Tilbury.  
KT saw other places in his growing  
years. Born in the USA. Mt Vernon, New  
york. But spent most of his early  
years in Eastern Europe. We just mesh.  
And know at any given time we have  
each other's back. But even though you  
are about to witness musical elements  
play their part, I promise you it's  
not the story about some destitute  
talents rise and fall. Nor about two  
broke nigga's having an epiphany that  
leads them to become a criminal  
enterprise. Yea... both play parts,  
but it's much more than that.*

SCREEN BRIGHTENS BACK

11 INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - MAN-MADE HOME STUDIO - BACK

Kenard cuts the beat. And eats before he speaks.

KENARD

Guess you balled and chain, son.

Qadill shakes his head at the repeated PHONE CALL.

QADILL

What are you conveying?

KENARD

Hit Maurders. They on that two Dollar Fridays thing.

QADILL

I'm missing it too, KT. But lately been tied up with work and the meeting duties.

KENARD

(dismissive)

I'm not seeing it.

QADILL:

I'm trying to figure out why I have entertained it?

Kenard quirks his brow. Qadill's attention is drawn to

COMING DOWN THE STEPS

JASMINE (20's) Kenard's younger sister. With a radiant face, sexy figure and not to forget beautiful. She stops in her tracks at the sight of Qadill.

JASMINE

Qadill. How are you?

QADILL

Fine. I see Lil Jasmine back in town now all grown up.

JASMINE

I am. It's been a long time. Heard you're balled and chained singing hymns these days.

Qadill looks at Kenard. The source.

QADILL

Don't be listening to the time your brother be on.



JASMINE

Really?

Qadill shrugs his shoulders.

KENARD

All I do son is sit here and listen to her and her boyfriend shit all night. Disturbing.

JASMINE

(to kenard)

Shut the f-up! You lucky I don't charge your ass for all that loud noise.

QADILL

Oh, you got peoples? When was I suppose to meet him? Kenard says he doing big things.

Qadill likes Jasmine's care-free smile and dismissal.

JASMINE

It's not about me. Anyway.

(to kenard)

I need some money.

Kenard reaches in his pocket and gives Jasmine a handful.

KENARD

That's all. Left me with change.

JASMINE

Thank you, my big brother.

Qadill trying to keep his focus off Jasmine's figure as she struts to the door.

JASMINE

Make sure to lock up behind you. I gotta go pick this idiot up.

KENARD

(to jasmine)

And make sure you tell the cookie-monster I gotta sweet tooth too.

Qadill and Jasmine catch one last eye contact before Jasmine exits. Qadill CELL PHONE AGAIN!

QADILL

Plans have been rearranged for the night.

KENARD

The last thing I wanna do is upset your garden, son. Besides Jasmine just took all my money.

Qadill silences his phone and smiles at Kenard

QADILL

I got some bread. Not a lot. I'm thinking you may need something like a PR. Or hype man.

12 INT. CLUB - BAR - NIGHT

Qadill on phone

QADILL

(to phone)

... It's not every day I get out. Crystal. Look. The law is apparent. But Teacher, wouldn't see something wrong with having a little f- Hello?

Qadill looks at the cellular phone end call button vanishing. He chuckles to a gulp of beer. He's tipsy. Beside him, he faces a big smirk from Kenard.

Kenard familiar, shakes his head, heaving his Beer mug across the Bartop

KENARD

(to adam)

Yo, my man! What I gotta do to have ongoing drinks?

ADAM (30's) West-African, mixologist. Luckily, at-the the end of the Bartop, Adam maneuvers to catch Kenard's empty beer mug, at the right time.

Qadill in tears. Egging on Kenard's rant.

KENARD

You'll think he'll know that already, son.

QADILL  
 (to adam)  
 I'll take another one too, brah.

Adam offended, points to his name tag. Which reads ADAM.

BARTENDER:  
 (African accent)  
 Me maan! No bra!

Both from Qadill and Kenard's view, the name tag reads Adam. Qadill hides his laugh after a look at Kenard. He knows where this is going.

KENARD:  
 (to adam)  
 You know that ain't your damn name.

Too much. Qadill roars in laughter.

QADILL  
 We're going to call him Adam-Maan KT.

Kenard agrees.

KENARD  
 Word. From the lost tribe. (to adam)  
 Okay, Adam-maan. Go fetch us two more  
 of them thangs.

Adam frowns at his arrogance and prepares two more drinks.

KENARD  
 (to qadill)  
 The phone time ended, son. Don't try  
 to hide it. I see the furrows.

QADILL  
 Your girl at it again. Teacher Zeal  
 has her sike up about a house.

KENARD  
 With what?

Qadill reaches in his pockets and slides out invisible nothing.

QADILL  
 Then they talking about issues in the  
 company making things slow.

KENARD:  
That's their problem.

QADILL  
Exactly. But get this. Somehow my job is wrapped up in Teacher Zeal book sales. For the last week, I've been processing thousands.

Kenard is suspicious.

QADILL  
I mean the man has a message but...

KENARD  
Make him GOD!

QADILL  
And trying to explain that to Crystal.

KENARD  
You're better off finding yourself, son.

Something left in the air for Qadill to comprehend. Adam returns with their DRINKS.

QADILL  
I'm really feeling the school thing, KT. And there again, the money. Every time I dig in my pocket I come up with nothing but lent.

Qadill demonstrates.

KENARD  
The way I see it, Qadill, it's other ways to skin the at cat right?

Something left in the air for Qadill to comprehend.

Adam returns with their DRINKS.

Qadill pulls his last dollar bills out of his pocket. He throws it in front of Adam. Adam picks up the money, counts it, and leaves them with his evil eye.

KENARD:  
Thanks, son. You know I got you. I mentioned my sista peoples.

QADILL

Yeah. About the Lil change thing. I was hoping you would clear that up.

KENARD

A mastermind, for real, son. He has this thing going on with some powerful people, tipping him about different spots to hit.

QADILL

What do you mean spots?

KENARD

Getting it how I live, son.

ANGLE ON:

TWO busty and attractive Girls (20's) come up to the Bar. Kenard alerts Qadill who is already flummoxed.

KENARD

(to girls)

Hello, my queens? What yall know about praising the law?

The girls frown their noses at Kenard and Qadill. Adam man laughs handing the girls their drinks and they leave.

Qadill and Kenard watch the two girls be proposition by a few thugs who have the persona of celebrities at a POOL TABLE.

QADILL

Guess we don't have what they need, KT.

KENARD

Not now.

13 EXT. OLD HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - LATE NIGHT

A gentle turn of the knob. Qadill eases open the FRONT DOOR.

14 INT. OLD HOUSE -- KITCHEN

Qadill enters. Careful to disallow the sound of the closing door. Success! Once he reaches the Computer desk. Sits. Qadill has a perfect view down

THE HALLWAY

Into his bedroom where an outside street LIGHT spilling through BEDROOM WINDOW, provides some illumination for him to somewhat see a silhouette view of Crystal asleep. Thank God.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

The SCREENSAVER disappears. And an instant notification DINGS.

Qadill takes another look at his bedroom and...

What the hell?

COMING FROM BEDROOM

White eyes are looking directly at Qadill. He blinks. Nothing's there.

QADILL  
(sniggers to self)  
You tripping. Drunk as hell.

Qadill opens the notification. It's a porn VIRUS. A nude and very exotic VIRTUAL GIRL wants to chat.

*FutureGirl69: What are you doing?*

Qadill types.

*QD2004: Wanting you...*

*FutureGirl69:...*

Qadill sits back in the Chair.

JASMINE (V.O.)  
Qadill? It's been a long time.

QADILL (V.O.)  
I see Lil Jasmine back in town now all grown up.

INTERCUT

15 INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - MAN-MADE HOME STUDIO - FLASHBACK

Qadill and Jasmine catch one last eye contact before Jasmine exits.

QADILL (V.O.)  
Don't be listening to the time your

brother be on.

JASMINE (V.O.)

Really?

END FLASHBACK

16 INT. OLD HOUSE -- BACK

Bam!

Qadill falls off CHAIR. LIGHTS are cut on.

Qadill looks next to him at the COMPUTER SCREEN ON THE FLOOR  
blacked out.

CRYSTAL

I know you see the time!

Qadill gathers himself off the floor.

QADILL

Calm down. I lost track. It's the  
weekend, man.

CRYSTAL:

You have some nerve. No telling where  
you and that poor excuse been.

QADILL

'The Zeal way'

Qadill drunk and smart mouth get away from Crystal's swing.

CRYSTAL

My God you are so ungrateful. The more  
someone tries and help you -

QADILL

The more I wonder, why help me? Seems  
I'm doing quite fine.

CRYSTAL

Every time you're around him. You come  
back like this.

QADILL:

I have every right to be critical  
about what I'm getting into.

CRYSTAL

Teacher Zeal and the Meeting Hall ministry have done great things. And trying to continue. With us. If you pause a second and see the problem.

QADILL

Do you know what makes me sick? You walk around blind.

CRYSTAL

No. That is you. The only person that doesn't know how to speak for himself. Think for yourself.

A low blow that sobers Qadill up.

Crystal bags away from the issue. Breaks down on the Couch. Qadill sits down next to her.

QADILL

How do you think it feels not being able to provide? I can't predict what this job's going to do. I understand being dedicated and stuff. But nothings changing.

CRYSTAL

It can. And will. For the better. For us. For you. Just give it some time, baby.

17 INT. MEETING HALL - DAY

The CONGREGATION a mixer between young and old, regardless of race and creed a packed and exhilarated.

CONGREGATION

Demanding flock, walk-in shame!

Teacher Zeal behind the pulpit in all his splendor.

TEACHER ZEAL

(reads from the chosen book)  
'Blessin' to souls. You profane the Law in your life-styles, living it boldly.' - Praise the Law!

CONGREGATION

(repeats)  
Praise the Law!



Teacher Zeal takes his cordless mic and vacant platform. He walks down the walkway, through the Congregation.

TEACHER ZEAL

Quick story. Then I'll let yall go.  
Before the Law, I was a Tractor  
Trailer Driver. For a little over ten  
years, I went as far as Canada and far  
south as Mexico, mantling and  
dismantling trailers. To be truthful,  
I could care less what was in those  
trailers. Just make sure Friday my  
check is direct deposited

The Congregation agrees with laughs and claps.

TEACHER ZEAL

The point is, I trusted that whoever  
was in charge had me and my lively  
hood in consideration. - But came the  
day when I was faced with reality.  
Here I am, the middle of summer, dead  
in Texas. I backed my trailer to the  
bay and set the parking brake.  
Normally I would get out, get the  
person in charge signature, return to  
my truck, and rest until they finish.  
But this time, something told me to  
see what was inside my trailer. I saw  
boxes upon boxes being unloaded by  
warehouse associates. I also noticed  
that the person in charge was very  
edgy about the associates' care of a  
few particular boxes and where they  
should be position. I asked the one  
calling the orders what was inside the  
boxes. He didn't look a day past  
twenty-five and had the nerve to tell  
me: 'old head...what you haul is very  
important, and what's inside those  
boxes can either make you a rich man  
or have you killed.'

The Congregation gasp. Even Qadill takes a seat to hear this.

TEACHER ZEAL

Now Congregation, after hearing that I  
really didn't wanna know anything  
else. As a matter of fact, due to what  
was said and the seriousness I heard  
in his voice, I prayed to at least

make it out of there. After they finished, I drove to the nearest rest stop. Those words the 'the guy in charge said, '...what's inside those boxes could make me a rich man or have me killed.' Shoot. I begin to consider my trucking days over. I was so disturbed, confused. Fortunately, I made it out. I didn't have a load to pick up. So I decided to cut on the radio. The station had this jingle and the first phase caught my attention... 'You need to go preach something boy.' I thought nothing of it. Changed the station. And when I did, guess what happened? As soon as I changed the station another voice called out and said: 'You heard me'

CRYSTAL

Praise the Law.

The Congregation claps in confirmation. So does Qadill with a look of inspiration in his eyes. The music lightly fills the room.

18 INT. WAREHOUSE - OFFICE - DAY

Qadill reads *The Chosen Book*. Notices someone coming, he quickly drops the book, ends Screen Saver, and grabs merchandise to scan.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

An Error Message blares.

Qadill tries a re-scan. Still...ERROR 040604. The error buzzer attracts Mic Shears.

MIC SHEARS

Mister Pa'sei?

QADILL

Y'know Mic, you can call me Qadill.

Qadill still struggles to scan merchandise.

MIC SHEARS

Something I wanted to ask you. I get the whole ordeal and point about the Chosen book phenomenon. That something

created us, let alone the entire cosmic existence. But what puzzles me and I'm sure I'm not alone, what makes 'what' any man says - to be the Law? Sure my father is the so-call God of Shears warehouse but if it wasn't for me and yourself. How would it run?

Mic leaves it at that. A question left out there for Qadill to pick up and answer.

QADILL

I don't know Mic. The more I try to understand all of it (quotes)'...it only confuses me.'

Impress. Mic Shears breaks a smile.

19 EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - UNIT - DAY

Kenard juggles with keys in the key lock.

KENARD

Yeah. I got you son. But yo, tell Teacher payments due by Friday. According to the Law. Haha!

20 INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - MAN-MADE STUDIO - DAY

Kenard walks in and his face drops. All of his music equipment is gone.

ON THE LOVE SEAT

Jasmine shook and her boyfriend PHILL (30s) consoling her.

PHILL

Don't worry 'bout it Lil homey. My peoples out there on the prowl. But I got somethin' that's gone make you forget about what you had.

21 INT. NEW HOUSE -- NIGHT

A SINGLE FAMILY HOUSE

aligns you with a comfortable half an acre.

THE DRIVE-WAY

Qadill's car pulls in. Headlights illuminate

Teacher Zeal's approach in the foreground and The House in the background!

22 INT. QADILL'S CAR

CRYSTAL  
(exclaims)  
This is beautiful!

Qadill agrees. Crystal hops out and thanks Teacher Zeal with a hug.

TEACHER ZEAL  
Haha! (receives Crystal's hug) Praise the Law.

Qadill gets out himself. Walks over to extend Teacher Zeal a handshake.

TEACHER ZEAL  
Like I said. Freshly remodeled. See the land you wanted?

QADILL  
Like half an acre?

TEACHER ZEAL  
Just about. Now, the house sat for two years. Tenants prior were wrapped in lots of legal issues.

Teacher Zeal is not ready to answer that. But has his way of assurance...

TEACHER ZEAL  
But we can agree to say, everything in and out presently is with the Law. Meaning it'll be a long time before any needed repairs. And I don't want yall to worry about anything, but getting yourselves stable. We've taking donations from the congregation to help put yall ahead a few months.

CRYSTAL  
Praise the law.

The news that Qadall likes to hear.

QADILL  
Thanks. Right on time. I can now save

for school.

Crystal frowns at Qadill.

CRYSTAL

Qadill.

TEACHER ZEAL

And brother Qadill, I have a part-time opening for you. At the meeting hall.

SERIES OF SHOTS BEGIN: *MUSIC (QADILL RAPS OVER)*

23 INT. MEETING HALL - SANCTUARY

The LIGHTS shine upon Qadill with the MIC.

*QADILL (O.S)*

*(v.o continues)*

*What a spiritual quote. That moves mountains and sails east, then ferment wastelands depleted by pictorial cults.*

24 EXT. TRUCK-YARD - TRAILER - NIGHT

Kenard stops U-haul right at the entrance of a Gate.

*QADILL (O.S)*

*(v.o. continues)*

*It sends healing-like notes to starving children. The beating heart takes heed to your feelings.*

25 INT. WAREHOUSE - OFFICE - DAY

Qadill watches Mic Shears walk around with his father Michael Shears Senior (60s), a powerful man. Mic Shears stops and hands Qadill his paycheck. Qadill opens and delivers a smile of thanks.

*QADILL (O.S)*

*When the reptilian villain, pillage and plundered your provisions but denies to mention, the vital reasons for your grieving.*

26 INT. A TRAILER - NIGHT

Phill has a mischievous sneer, and with the assistance of Kenard, unloads merchandise into the back of the U-haul.

*QADILL (O.S)*

*Now rising. Shiny. Is the one true  
messiah. With redemptions that are  
interventions practiced in artistry.*

27 INT. NEW HOUSE - DAY

Qadill on COMPUTER scrolls through the internet DATABASE of COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES FOR WRITING. He clicks on a link.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN: A BACHELORS IN CREATIVE WRITING. 36 months. ONEMIND UNIVERSITY.

*QADILL (O.S.)*

*Its articulated congruency.*

Crystal enters

THE FRONT DOOR

chirpy, toting bags, and boxes with a few Followers from the Meeting Hall.

Qadill closes out the window on the COMPUTER SCREEN.

*QADILL (V.O.)*

*That's flawless with fluency. Balance  
and counteracting any evil diplomacy.*

28 INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - WALL MIRROR

Kenard satisfied with his hair in three different LOCKS.

IN THE BACKGROUND: ON FUTON, Jasmine sips her wine and smiles into Phill's embrace.

*QADILL (O.S)*

*Told to expands the oceans, but keep  
motions in cycles. The denotations  
kill trojans and scatter their  
holdings.*

29 EXT. DOWNTOWN - CURVE

Crystal gives prays to the

NEW CAR

Qadill pulls up. Teacher Zeal gets out the passenger side, pauses traffic, and escorts Crystal.

*QADILL (O.S)*

(continues)

*With vernacular portions, admitted to  
the chosen. The open truth is loaded,  
with reasons-non aborted.*

30 INT. MEETING HALL - SANCTUARY

PLATFORM: FOREGROUND

The lights begin to illuminate the entire area.

*QADILL*

(continues)

*But recorded is the time I saw its  
presence shine so holy. So, boldly I  
stand to praise the law in its glory.*

BACKGROUND:

Crystal and the Followers rise from their seats in prays!

*CRYSTAL/FOLLOWERS*

*I'm a rise. immortalize. High in the  
sky and free minds above the wicked  
time.*

*QADILL/TEACHER ZEAL*

*It's my time to shine.*

END SERIES OF SHOTS

31 INT. NEW HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP!

Qadill wakes. Taps...

32 INT. WAREHOUSE -- LATER

ON TIME CLOCK: 7:00AM

Qadill clocks in.

Cashier, a retired baby boomer, stocks shelves.

*CASHIER*

(to Qadill)

That time my man?

Qadill studies...

## THE SELVES AND RACKS

containing a limited amount of merchandise. Qadill lifts lunch from off the Cashier's booth.

QADILL

Look like time to stock up, old head.

Cashier shrugs. Not his problem.

## FROM AN OFFICE DOOR

Mic Shears steps out and props up against the frame. His facial gives off disillusionment.

Qadill passing by.

QADILL:

(humble nature)

And good morning to you.

Mic Shears clears his voice. Points inside the office.

MIC SHEARS:

Um. Qadill? Need you to come in a minute.

## IN THE OFFICE

Qadill finds his seat opposite the side of Mic Shear's desk.

Mic Shears' walk seems long. He fiddles with books on his bookshelf.

MIC SHEARS

(fluffy)

It's difficult when you're forced to make decisions.

QADILL

Something wrong? Late truck?

Mic Shears finally finds his balls and sits down behind the desk.

MIC SHEARS

Remember me telling you --

Before Mic Shears can complete

## THE OFFICE DOOR



opens. Michael Shears senior with Two Broad Suit Body Guards enter.

MICHAEL S

(to Broad suits)

He wants to meet for coffee. I only meet women for coffee. But he was smooth. I was impressed. Told'em, call me Michael S, baby. It's a new era.

Michael Shears senior snaps his fingers for his son Mic Shears to get up from his chair. Mic Shears moves so his dad can sit.

BROAD SUIT 1

(to Broad suit 2)

Do you remember the NuWorld project? The guy?

BROAD SUIT 2

So ridiculous, let alone cheap.

MICHAEL S

I never understood these kids. Invest all your hard-earned money into something that's only temporary.

Qadill sneezes. Even-though blesses self, invites dirty looks and unwanted attention.

MICHAEL S

Ah. Mister Poo-sey.

MIC SHEARS

(corrects)

Pa-sei, dad.

MICHAEL S

Well, I said it how it's spelled.

QADILL

(extends handshake)

It's Qadill. The last name- it's a family dilemma.

A pause. Did Qadill speak out of turn? Michael S lightens the mood.

MICHAEL S

Hey. Nothing's stronger than a family name, right?

Everyone can agree.

MICHAEL S

Moving along. The reason for our visit today, Qadill... I'm sure my son has kept you updated on what's to come. The future of Shears Management has arrived. They are innovations. Upgrades in technology, logistics, and security. In plain English, we have found ways to make this company grow by spending less.

Mic Shears sordidly gives his insights.

MIC SHEARS

You see: Increase and decrease are both part of the natural cycle in business. In the time of decrease, a company uses the time to strengthen infrastructure; that is, train within, develop better strategies, services, or products.

Off Qadill's confusing frown Micheal Shears Senior interrupts.

MICHAEL S

(continues)

As a reservoir is used to irrigate the fields, learning to accept a temporary decrease - prepares the way for our better future. Now, this doesn't mean it's all she wrote...We applaud the work you've done for us. And as a favor...

Michael Senior Sr has the audacity to slide in front of Qadill *the Chosen book*. Everything else is muffled and blurred.

MICHAEL S

This is something that helps me see better.

33 EXT. RURAL AREA - NIGHT

Surrounded by WOODS.

Kenard with a duffel bag paces back and forth.

Qadill car headlights illuminate Kenard. He parks. Kenard stuffs - through the driver's side window

34 INT. QADILL'S NEW CAR -

a duffel bag, onto Qadill's lap before he can get out of his car. Qadill opens the duffel bag.

INSERT DUFFEL BAG: Money and stolen MERCHANDISE.

Qadill's faint gaze questions Kenard getting in on the passenger side.

QADILL

What you do, rob a jewelry store?

KENARD

Son, it's going down as I told you. Shits got real. That nigga Phill got me on some other type time, now. Ching Ching!

Qadill exhales stress. Kenard takes notice.

KENARD

Deliver the sad story's, son.

QADILL

What sense does it make to keep trying? These cats done laid me off.

KENARD

Sound like the twilight zone.

QADILL

Picture yourself straddling a line. On one side goblins with gold. The other, demons with diamonds. But the straight path -

Kenards' anxious for the rest.

KT

What else -

QADILL

Of course, I'm taking the straight path. But where's it leading me, man?

KENARD

The reason my world isn't yours.

QADILL

So what?

KENARD

What you mean, so what? Listen, while you're around Teacher and the meek ones. Rent has to be paid.

QADILL

And who's at fault? I put blood, sweat, and tears in everything I do.

KENARD

And also complain every day about it. Maybe you got your wish, son.

Qadill's scoff.

QADILL

It seems like I take one step closer to my goal, another roadblock appears. I gotta figure out how I'm going to tell Crystal.

KENARD

You haven't told her yet? Damn it's been like a week. It's all good son. that bag right there will take care of you for a minute. Probably by Crystal a brain or something.

QADILL

Put me on.

KENARD

This is not your avenue. You'll get another breath.

QADILL

C'mon. What else am I'm doing? 8 cents an hour I'm not feeling, KT. Tell Jas peoples I don't mind dirtying my boots.

KENARD

His name is Phill. And son... what he has planned next, I can't see you a part of.

QADILL

Ayo, I can't have you keep risking your freedom for my gain.

35 EXT/INT. QADILL CAR/ HOUSE - DAY

Qadill car pulls in drive-way.

He walks up to the front door. A NOTICE OF EVICTION paper is on the door.

36 EXT. MEETING HALL - COURT-YARD

WALK-WAY

Qadill and Teacher Zeal stretch a BANNER across the grass.

TEACHER ZEAL

Let's make sure we can see it.

ON BANNER THAT READS: THE LAW ABIDING FELLOWSHIP CONFERENCE  
"Esteem is the Law. Righteous shall you be" Chapter 2 version  
1 and 2.

Satisfied. Teacher Zeal wraps his arms around Qadill's shoulders.

TEACHER ZEAL

(to qadill)

Brotha, I believe they can see it.

QADILL

Those faithful and wise servants have again, provided.

TEACHER ZEAL

Always at the proper time.

TEACHER ZEAL

They're talking about televising it brother. This thing has grown. And now it's up to you. One day you may be the one to take over. Praise the law.

Qadill reaches in his back pocket and shows Teacher Zeal a Foreclosure Document.

Teacher Zeal is reluctant to acknowledge.

TEACHER ZEAL

(assurance)

I'm sure this is a mistake. I'll make a phone call and take care of that for you.

Qadill folds it back up and places it in his pocket. Qadill and Teacher Zeal walk back up the golden steps.

TEACHER ZEAL  
Has the sister seen this?

Qadill shakes his head.

QADILL  
I wanted to come to you first. Didn't want her to start stressing.

TEACHER ZEAL  
The last thing we need is her stressing.

37 EXT. ALLEY - PHILL'S SUV - DAY

Phill pulls the truck lever, hops out, and skips to the trunk.

PHILL  
(raps)  
"Why ya worried 'bout me. Why ya worried 'bout me. On neighborhood. Why ya keep worryin' 'bout me."

38 EXT. SMALL TOWN -- BANK -- DAY

An UNDISCLOSED KENARD

exits BANK'S DOOR. The speed of his steps increases further from the bank's premises. He tosses a DUFFEL BAG over his shoulder-blade. Cuts...

CORNER

into...

DARKNESS

39 INT. NEW HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Qadill's focus is on writing

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN: *FROM THE STREETS TO GOD*

ON THE COUCH

Crystal calculates the unpaid bills. She comes across a second NOTICE FOR FORECLOSURE.

CRYSTAL  
(mumbles verbiage)  
Foreclosure? When did we get the first  
one?

Qadill finishes the third can of a six-pack of BEER.

QADILL  
Don't worry. I talked to Teacher Zeal  
about it already.

CRYSTAL  
No. Why am I just seeing this?

QADILL  
(quotes)  
'If it is that way, then it is.'

And Qadill leaves it at that. Which Crystal, balls up the  
Foreclosure Document and heaves it hitting Qadill in the  
back.

CRYSTAL  
The last thing you should be doing is  
quoting the chosen book. Over there  
drunk.

QADILL  
Hey, we agreed as long as I don't  
overdo it.

CRYSTAL  
And that was before you told me you  
lost your job.

Qadill doesn't have time for this. Shuts down Computer. We  
see he's in dress clothes. Crystal isn't down yet.

CRYSTAL  
Probably the reason why you can't find  
another job. And I'm hoping you  
actually going to look instead of  
hanging around that demon.

Qadill gulps down beer. He crushes the can with his bare  
hands and tosses it in the waste bin. Qadill grabs a  
briefcase.

QADILL  
The demon thinks the angels a demon.

CRYSTAL

You think just because he gave you a couple of dollars that'll change my mind about him.

Crystal's laments bounce off Qadill's back as he heads to the front door.

QADILL

No more than a book of words will change our situation.

Qadill exits.

40 EXT. COMMERCIAL HIGH RISE BUILDING - DAY

INSERT SIGN: INVITING PERSONNEL. 100+ workers needed! START TOMORROW!

41 INT. QADILL'S NEW CAR - DAY

Qadill straightens his tie. Checks face in the rearview mirror. Confident. Hops out.

42 EXT. COMMERCIAL HIGH RISE BUILDING - PARKING LOT

Later we see Qadill exit shaking his head.

We hear a *phone ring*.

43 INT. QADILL'S NEW CAR - LATER (MOVING)

Qadill stone face. Drives.

KENARD (O.S.)

And finally praises come from the law. What up, son?

QADILL (O.S.)

Another sad story, man. I'm on my way, KT.

KENARD (O.S.)

I'm out and about. But meet me at the crib, son.

LAP DISSOLVE

44 EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Qadill car pulls into a parking space.



45 EXT. APARTMENT UNIT 5

Qadill walks up to the door. Ready to knock but the DOOR opens...

ON THE OTHER SIDE

Jasmine stands. She wears a night-gown that gives Qadill great eye-sight.

JASMINE  
Mister Qa-dill.

Qadill clears his cotton mouth with a crafty offset.

QADILL  
(plays cool)  
Guess he hasn't gotten back?

Jasmine's head shakes 'no.' The pause.

JASMINE  
You can come in.

Qadill timid. Exhales and passes by Jasmine.

46 INT. APARTMENT UNIT 5

*R&B soul music plays*

Qadill on entrance notices...

ON COFFEE TABLE

A bottle of WINE that separates Two empty WINE GLASSES.

Jasmine closes the FRONT DOOR. LOCKS IT.

JASMINE  
Would you like something to drink?

Qadill sits on the futon.

QADILL  
Sure. Why not?

JASMINE  
Just to make sure. Didn't wanna offend you.

Jasmine moves to the opposite side of the Coffee table. The

WINE BOTTLE is a twist top. She opens and pours both of them equal contents.

QADILL

Offend?

Jasmine hands Qadill his glass. She grabs her glass and sits on the LOVESEAT.

JASMINE

Things are different with you nowadays.

Qadill fights off the stare at Jasmines' legs by taking a huge gulp.

QADILL

Different?

JASMINE

For starters, you ask a lot more questions.

QADILL

I'm curious about what you mean by 'different?'

JASMINE

You're a man of the law. That's different. Is that your only truth? Or someone else's?

QADILL

The way I see it, it has to be something greater to keep things in control.

JASMINE

Everyone has to live their own. I've always wondered: We come into this world by ourselves. Deal with our every day and leave somehow, someday, by ourselves.

QADILL

Believe it or not. You have a point. I try and give this 'lifestyle' the benefit of a doubt - I don't know. It's getting to the point... shit happens.

JASMINE

Owe! You're sexy when you curse.

Qadill's struggle is Jasmine uncrossing her legs now. He studies Jasmine light a cigarette, inhales once, and hands it to him. Qadill takes a hard pull of the cigarette. Exhales and gulps down his wine.

Jasmine takes no time, refills his glass.

JASMINE

You need to go home, married one?

QADILL

I didn't say that.

JASMINE

Nor are you denying.

QADILL

Bet your brother wouldn't take a liking for our conversation.

JASMINE:

The last thing that worries me is what my brother thinks or says. I'm a grown woman.

Qadill leans back to the sounds of keys inserted into a lock.

THE FRONT DOOR OPENS

Kenard and Phill enter engaged in an argument.

KENARD

(to Phill)

...And I'm ready! All it takes is for you to find the next spot.

PHILL

(interrupts Kenard)

This thang real, shawty! Dey got descriptions.

KENARD

I didn't see any cops outside.

PHILL

But on some real, shit I gotta get the okay from the higher-ups anyway.

KENARD

You and your higher-ups. When are you supposed to be the man?

The conversation falls on the "PARTY": Qadill and Jasmine on opposite sides of the room.

Kenard moves to the Futon sits down and taps Qadill on the back.

KENARD

(to Qadill)

Yo son. We bout to holla.

QADILL

I hope. Because my situation is twisted.

KENARD

Don't even worry about it. I know you need leverage.

Phill has an objection.

PHILL

Not now.

KENARD

(to Phill)

What you mean, not now?

PHILL

Because... Is ya boy a-quip?

KENARD

That's equipped, you country-ass illiterate.

Qadill tipsy, let's out a chuckle. Phill grits at Qadill.

PHILL

(to Kenard)

I can't beat-cha like that, Lil homey. All I'm sayin' everybody can't play wit the bee-hive.

Qadill speaks extending a hand-shake.

QADILL

(to Phill)

I'm -

Phill half shakes Qadill's hand away.

PHILL  
 (to Qadill)  
 Imma let ya boy handle this  
 conversation witcha Lil homey. There's  
 betta thang too entertain.

Qadill follows Phill's suspicion of Jasmine and the Wine  
 glasses.

PHILL  
 (to Jasmine)  
 Think it's bedtime?

Jasmine gulps the last of her wine. Hears him not. Until  
 Phill's hot.

PHILL  
 Ay shawty! You fucking heard me.

Qadill looks to Kenard. Kenard waves off.

Jasmine rolls her eyes, stands, and Qadill watches her and  
 Phill banter up the STEPS.

KENARD  
 (to Qadill)  
 Forget what he talkin' about, son. Are  
 you still down? There's an opening.

QADILL  
 Jobs say they have openings. - Yo KT,  
 you really trust this guy? Talking to  
 your peoples crazy.

Qadill points upstairs to an invisible Phill. Kenard pours -  
 in Jasmine's Wine Glass the last contents of WINE.

KENARD  
 It's bigger than him.

QADILL  
 His presence is not welcoming.

KENARD  
 Let them be on that mirror-mirror  
 time, son. Fallback on worries of  
 Jasmine. She's a god-damn jazzabel if  
 you ask me.  
 (whispers)

But hear where I'm at about it. We don't need him.

47 EXT. BANK -- DAY

A small town. While a few locals converse in the parking lot.

BANK EXIT DOOR

Kenard comes forth, casually disguised in a PIZZA MAN UNIFORM. His step away speed up...

48 EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

A long dirt road we reverse. Some families visit. And others exit.

49 INT/EXT. QADILL'S CAR/GRAVEYARD -

We pass Qadill's cool face. To the DRIVER SIDE WINDOW...

OUTSIDE

Through a HEDGE BUSH, down a HILL into a COMMERCIAL PARKING LOT. We see Kenard peddle a BIKE toward a nearby TRASH COMPACTOR.

Before the wheels stop Kenard ditches the bike. He runs up the hill...

50 INT. QADILL'S CAR --

Qadill hops out of his Car meeting Kenard's coming through the HEDGE BUSH HOLE

QADILL

You do it?

KENARD

We said it.

Qadill opens TRUNK. Kenard hops in.

FADE

51 INT. MEETINGS HALL - SANCTUARY -- NIGHT

SEATING

One side ATTENDEES and the other side is full of devout Congregation members. All dazzled under the DECORATIVE STAGE

LIGHTS that follow the walkway with The PIANO KEYS accent on Crystal voice, building to her song's resolution.

CRYSTAL

(sings)

*'Oh, Lord. Have Mercy on me. For this world. Somehow makes me weak. I run to you. And fall on my knees.*

THE MEETING HALL ILLUMINATES the CONGREGATION and

A LIVE CAMERA

catches Crystal along with the Followers, come to a strong closing.

CRYSTAL/FOLLOWERS

(sings)

*Because only you can give me the strength.'*

APPLAUSE! The CAMERA catches the "Praise the LAW and Zooms to adjusts focus on Teacher Zeal, in the middle of the SANCTUARY.

TEACHER ZEAL

Praise the Law!

In his background. The Meeting hall repeats verbatim.

MEETING HALL

Praise the Law!

TEACHER ZEAL

Didn't she sound good?

All show their APPRECIATION once again.

Teacher's smooth grip of Crystal, to his side.

TEACHER ZEAL

The final chapter of our Chosen book chapter 9 states -

52 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Qadill on bed, grimaces.

AT THE TELEVISION

He doesn't like how close Crystal is to Teacher Zeal.

TEACHER (ON T.V.)

"If it is, then it is." We praise the law at all times because there's no other way to go about it. Hope that you can find your way here. As you can see we have drawn many.

AT A TABLE

Kenard peeps out the curtains as he counts the BANK MONEY.

KENARD

You know you can still make it.

QADILL

Man nobodies fooling with Teacher's plague anymore.

Kenard laughs hard.

Qadill gets up from in front of the Television.

QADILL

(talks to himself)

And she, plus he, speak all that righteousness. I'm not going home tonight KT.

KENARD

Do your numbers, son. You need that space. We came up.

Qadill's interested in the count.

QADILL

What are we looking at?

KENARD

Let's say we are okay. But not rich.

Kenard hands Qadill his earning and he stuffs away his own.

KENARD

So what are you trying to do then?

QADILL

Spend some of this money.

53 INT. CLUB - NIGHT

CLUB LIGHTS MIMIC MOODS OF THE HIP HOP MUSIC



## A NEW DANCE FLOOR

has been implemented. And the BODY tempo is whatever. The once casual establishment is now more. Except for

## THE BAR

Qadill sips his mug of beer and has two shots waiting in front of him.

Kenard appears at the bar. And sits next to Qadill.

KENARD

(to Qadill)

I see you over here enjoying yourself.

QADILL

Yeah. Enjoying the change. Feel good.

KENARD

And I'm glad to hear that, son. But you know we knee-deep in this thing now. We have a Lil change in our pockets but may need to do another heist to really set us straight.

QADILL

I'm down. That shit was easy.

KENARD

And you cursing now. Word. But you can forget about heaven son.

QADILL

Well, I already experience hell.

Qadill throws down both his shots like a pro and sits underneath them, on BAR TOP a nice TIP.

Adams' on-time service prevails. Refilling Qadill's shot glass.

ADAM

(to all of them)

I see you brothers talk the same bullshit. Alright. Now you have money to pay the tab. You put your ear, the earring like girl.

Points to Qadill's ear. Then points to Kenard's nappy locks.

ADAM

And you! This no Africa.

Qadill's in wonder but Kenard's not going to take it.

KENARD

(to adam)

Yo! C'mon three-fifths. We over here discussing business and you wanna a Nobel prize.

The club lights flicker but Qadill with his focus slightly distorted can see Jasmine floating through the crowd.

KENARD

Just do your job.

The music stops.

D.J. (O.S.)

It's a white SUV parked in the No Parking zone. The owner of a White SUV. Come quick. Or you will be tolled.

Kenards alert. Scrambles for keys.

KENARD

Oh shit. I'll be back, son.

Kenard exits. The D.J spins the next TRACK.

ADAM

(to qadill)

You are good man. I see. But hang with this devil.

Adam referencing Kenard's ghost.

ADAM

You see, we praise the law at all time. No matter what problem.

Qadill glares at Adam. He clears his throat.

QADILL

I've realized. The world is based on someone's opinion of how things should be. What we should do and how we should act. I'm not buying it Adam man. Not from you...or anybody else.

No more.

Adam is done. Disappears back into his service.

Qadill throws back a shot, gets up from the Bar.

54 INT. CLUB - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Qadill finishes the usage of a URINAL. Flushes. He goes to the sink to wash his hands.

IN THE MIRROR

appears a Feminine Skelton with its arms stretched like it's calling for Qadill to enter.

THE BATHROOM ENTRANCE DOOR

opens. The MUSIC enters and then muffles again as the door closes. And just like that, the vision of the Feminine Skelton in the mirror disappears and appears a Drunk man, stumbling to a Urinal.

DRUNK PARTIER

(to Qadill)

I see you feelin' like me, my friend.  
It's not real. Hahaha!

Qadill shakes off the vision. Chuckles to himself.

55 INT. CLUB - HALLWAY FOR BATHROOMS

Qadill exits the MENS bathroom. There is a line for the WOMEN BATHROOM across from him. Walks onward.

Qadill's CELL PHONE BUZZES. He looks to see

INSERT: CELL PHONE

Crystal's calling.

JASMINE (O.S)

QD.

Qadill stops. Attention's altered from his Cell phone to rest upon Jasmine in the Women's bathroom line. Qadill hits REJECT CALL BUTTON on his phone.

JASMINE

Just waiting on my time for the  
ladies' room. Looks like you've done

your job already.

Qadill knows from the way Jasmine looks down at the mid-section of his pants that's more of a comment.

QADILL

Tell your lover 'why can't we all be friends.' He has a problem with me. I don't know why.

JASMINE

Phill and I aren't on the best of terms.

QADILL

Y'all a get it together.

JASMINE

Maybe not. It's time I stop following his footsteps, worrying about what he's doing, and waiting for his time. I have a right to be happy. Don't I?

Qadill nods.

JASMINE

(continues)

Besides everyone can't be lucky, like you. Married under the Law.

QADILL

Yeah. All that stuff about praising the Law. Trusting in the Law. Seeing good. It's phony.

Jasmine heard him. Her smile is for clarification purposes. Qadill gestures to the Club.

QADILL

(continuing)

This is reality. Mine. I'm no better than anyone else. Regardless of what...faith or belief system I partake in. - Enough of my sad stories.

JASMINE

So are you leaving?

QADILL

Your brothers waiting on me at the

Bar. Maybe in a little.

JASMINE  
No. Kenard left.

Qadill confused.

JASMINE  
I just passed him leaving out with  
some skank too. You know how yall men  
do when you have a piece of ass.

QADILL  
Wait. So how are you getting home?

Jasmine grins at Qadill.

JASMINE  
If it's alright with your wife -

QADILL  
Look. Don't worry about that. I got  
you.

JASMINE  
I don't wanna destroy a happy home.

QADILL  
Hey. It's a crazy world. And I'm my  
brothers' keeper.

56 EXT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Qadill car pulls up at the hotel.

57 INT. QADILL'S NEW CAR -

Qadill parks. Looks over at waking up Jasmine. Jasmine  
smiles. Stretches.

QADILL  
Are you sure you wanna come here  
instead of -

Qadill belches and Jasmine ends the questioning.

JASMINE  
- I refuse to deal with Phill and his  
shenanigans tonight. Plus, it's sad to  
hear you left your wife.

Qadill CELL PHONE BUZZES. Crystal again.

JASMINE

Or are you?

Qadill again hits the REJECT CALL BUTTON. This time Jasmine's aware. Qadill smile is sheepish.

JASMINE

Looks like we're in the same state of mind then.

QADILL

Considering I'm already late, mind as well stay-out.

This is music to Jasmine's ears.

JASMINE

And keep me company? I'll make sure to let "KT" know you're a trustworthy friend.

QADILL

Promise me you won't say anything.

Jasmine grabs her purse. We hear the sound of CLICKING BOTTLES and Jasmine giggling.

JASMINE

Awwww. You're so loyal?

QADILL

I-I just don't want him to think -

JASMINE

I'm joking. - Come on boy.

Jasmine opens her door and Qadill follows.

58 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

ON TABLE

A BOTTLE OF WINE. AN ASHTRAY. A CIGARETTE BURNS UNTIL...

Qadill picks it up. Inhales and exhales. This is followed by a sip from his Hotel's CUP of Wine. He gazes at Jasmine flipping through the channels

ON: THE TELEVISION

LATE NIGHT TALK SHOWS. THE NEWS. A MOVIE. The pre-recorded version of THE MEETING HALL FELLOWSHIP CONFERENCE.

Jasmine turns to Qadill with a mocking grin.

JASMINE  
Y'all are famous!

QADILL  
No -

Qadill points to Teacher Zeal on screen.

QADILL  
He's the famous one.

JASMINE  
So you're really bitter about it?

QADILL  
I wouldn't say bitter. More like disturbed. I don't know how I let myself get caught up in that.

JASMINE  
Easy. For a woman.

Qadill quirks his brow.

Jasmine cuts the television off. She gulps down her wine. Kicks off her heels and steps on the bed. And like a child, she starts to jump up and down. Chanting.

JASMINE  
(chants)  
*'Qadill is confused. Qadill is confused.*

Jasmine falls back on the bed in intoxicated laughter. She turns her head to Qadill.

QADILL  
Guess I am.

Qadill exhales and his cloud of smoke fills Jasmine with ammunition.

Qadill dumps the ashes of the cigarette with something to say.

QADILL

I'm learning to listen to my own mind.  
It seems more and more when I do what  
'I want,' things happen.

JASMINE

Of course. Nothing's like doing what  
you want. - So, ready to go to your  
happy home now.

QADILL

I'm not dealing with my girl anymore.  
She's too caught up in making stuff  
the way 'he' wants it.

JASMINE

That teacher guy?

QADILL

If that's the case, why not marry him?  
Obviously, he has all the answers.

JASMINE

So what now?

QADILL

Here we go with your Q and A's.

Jasmine lifts and crawls to the front of the bed and grabs  
her empty hotel cup.

JASMINE

Exactly. You're venting. So, since  
you're going to be here for a while,  
I'll like one day to test out that  
whirlpool in the bathroom.

Jasmine moves to the edge of the bed in front of Qadill, and  
holds out her cup for more Wine.

Qadill

QADILL

I feel I'm always in a therapy session  
with you.

JASMINE

You don't deny it being therapeutic.

Qadill can't argue with that. Grabs her cup and pours her  
another round.



QADILL

In this world, we seem to look outside ourselves for answers. Schools. The Government.

JASMINE

The Law.

They both can agree with laughter.

QADILL

I'm not about to keep doing that.

JASMINE

So wait. You're serious.

Jasmine opens her legs. Qadill's speech stammers...

QADILL

I'm a - I'm... See. There you go.

Jasmine plays innocent.

JASMINE

What?

QADILL

We're sitting here buzzed, knowing this is wrong.

JASMINE

You're saying it's wrong. Thought you were going to listen to your own mind?

QADILL

I am. I am. My thing is, what would anybody want with me? I don't have anything.

JASMINE

It's not always about what you have. You see, I'm for the obvious.

QADILL

And what's that?

JASMINE

Why not see what it's worth?

To Qadill, Jasmine's voice is subtle. But her coquettish body language reels him in.

JASMINE  
We both desire each other.

QADILL  
Your brother says you're off limits.

JASMINE  
Forget about my brother. He doesn't  
have to know. I'll stay here with you.

Qadill tenses at Jasmine lean in and lick both sides of his neck.

JASMINE  
(in qadills ear)  
You wanna fuck me, don't you?

Qadill bites his lip.

59 EXT. NEW HOUSE - MORNING

The Sun's out.

A vehicle pulls up in the driveway.

We pull out and see Crystal coming outside, with what she can carry, pass a SHERIFF pad-locking the FRONT DOOR

60 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

ON TABLE: QADILL'S CELL PHONE RINGS!

*KENARD'S CALLING!*

Empty Wine bottles and turned over hotel cups on the floor next to both Qadill and Jasmine's clothes.

RING! RING! RING!

ON THE BED

Qadill groggy. Stumbles to the table. He sees it's Kenard. Wakes completely.

QADILL  
(to jasmine)  
Yo. It's your brother.

Jasmine lifts her head from under the covers.

JASMINE

Answer the phone. He doesn't know I'm with you.

Right. Qadill answers.

QADILL

(to phone)

W-What's up, KT?

KENARD (O.S)

(on phone)

Son! Where are you!

QADILL

(to phone)

I'm good. Why what's up?

KENARD (O.S)

(on phone)

You alright nigga! Crystal left a message talking about y'all were getting evicted.

61 INT/EXT. QADILL NEW CAR

Qadill cuts corners.

62 EXT. MEETING HALL -

ON THE SIDEWALK

A multitude of PEOPLE shop at the

LONG TABLES that have been set up. And behind them, Crystal exempt from tears, and Teacher Zeal with all smiles.

TEACHER ZEAL

(to the people)

"During increase, there soon will be decrease." But at all times brothers and sisters. We continue to praise the law even when the battle is vicious.

CRYSTAL

But the battle doesn't mean the war.

TEACHER ZEAL

She's right.

Qadill forced to park his car on the other side of the

street. Steps out and SLAMS his door. And stomps toward Crystal and an audacious Teacher Zeal getting rid of his possessions.

QADILL

What's going on!

CRYSTAL

Where have you been Qadill?

Qadill's too angry to answer that. Rather place responsibility on Teacher Zeal.

QADILL

I need to get into my house.

CRYSTAL

We can't. That's why we are out here raising the money.

QADILL

Raising the money? We shouldn't be in this position in the first place according to him. The meeting hall gathered money. I paid money.

CRYSTAL

Do you think that the dirty money you get from Kenard helps? These people are out here working hard. And giving there last.

QADILL

Oh, they show devotion and you think that's sufficient?

Teacher Zeal's distant response comes directly from his teachings.

TEACHER ZEAL

Brotha' "if it appears as it is, then it is."

QADILL

C'mon, bro-ther. I've had a bad feeling about you since day one.

TEACHER ZEAL

We praise La-

QADILL  
Fuck that.

CRYSTAL  
Qadill!

No effect on Qadill. He continues with Teacher Zeal.

QADILL  
Nobody's caring about the Chosen Book  
when their shit is on the streets!  
Time to be honest Teacher-Zeal. What  
do you really have up your sleeve?

TEACHER ZEAL  
I don't know what to tell you, brotha.

QADILL  
Exactly. No more than you've told  
thousands of other people. You're a  
fraud. And everything you preach about  
is suspect.

Teacher scoffs. The response Qadill was expecting.

CRYSTAL  
(to Qadill)  
You're blaming him?

QADILL  
Oh so now it's my fault.

Crystal rolls her sick and tired eyes. The response Qadill  
wasn't expecting.

CRYSTAL  
Basically.

QADILL  
You're still clueless about what he's  
done for us. Everything opposite of  
what we wanted.

CRYSTAL  
When are you going to be the man the  
Law need's you to be?

INTERCUT

SERIES OF FLASHBACKS SHOTS:

63 INT. HOTEL ROOM - FLASHBACK

ON ASHTRAY:

A cigarette burns... WINE is pouring.

Qadill and Jasmine eye fuck one another.

JASMINE (O.S)

Thought you were going to listen to  
your own mind?

Jasmine leans back on BED. With her legs spread, inviting  
Qadill with her index finger to come.

QADILL (O.S)

I am. I am.

Qadill lays on top of Jasmine.

END FLASHBACK

64 EXT. IN FRONT OF A NEW HOUSE -- SIDEWALK

Qadill scans all his and Crystal's belongings. Pulls out a  
cigarette, lights it. Stares at Teacher Zeal, who looks the  
other way.

Qadill walks back to his CAR.

CRYSTAL

(yells to Qadill walk away)  
That's your best answer? Leave!

Qadill opens his Car door, gets in, and SLAMS shut.

CRYSTAL

You going to leave me like this  
Qadill! Oh my God!

Crystal falls into Teacher Zeal's arms in tears.

65 INT. PRESTIGIOUS RESTAURANT - NIGHT

ON: Qadill spaced out.

KENARD (O.S.)

Don't worry, son. Lift your frown.

Kenard inhales and exhales CHOKES of smoke from a cigar.

KENARD

I wanna forewarn you, ya boy in his feelings about us doing our numbers without him.

PATRONS at nearby TABLES are bothered by the boisterous smoke clouds. Kenard gestures desperately for a Waiter (20's), hip, but in an awkward position.

WAITER

Excuse me, sir?

KENARD

(clears throat)

Can you get us some waters?

WAITER

Sure sir. But you have to put that out.

KENARD

We're in the smoking section.

WAITER

It's...bothering some of the customers, sir.

Kenard deflates. He offers Qadill if he wants the last pull. Qadill denies. Kenard dubs out the blunt in ash-tray.

KENARD

I've been thinking like you, son. That school thing sounds really good.

QADILL

Yeah. It's gotta be another way KT.

KENARD

Outside of all this madness, we both are creative. You shouldn't have to put your trust in another man's world, nor his business. Neither do I.

AT THE ENTRANCE DOORS

Phill enters in a bad mood and sits next to Kenard.

PHILL

(to kenard)

You heard from your sista' folk?

INTERCUT

66 INT. HOTEL ROOM - FLASHBACK

JASMINE (O.S)  
You wanna fuck me, don't you?

ON: HOTEL BED

Sweaty. Qadill wild strokes for Jasmines MOANS.

END FLASHBACK

67 INT. RESTAURANT - BACK

KENARD  
Man hell no. Nobody has time for yall  
mirror-mirror shit.

PHILL  
I'm saying Lil homey. It's been two  
days, on neighborhood.

KENARD  
Well, that's yall problem.

The Waiter drops down to cups of water in front of Qadill and  
Kenard, then leaves.

QADILL  
(after sip)  
It really is.

Phill eye jacks Qadill.

PHILL  
I see KT vouchin' fa ya. But I'm still  
not convinced.

QADILL  
And let me take this moment to say, I  
feel you try and come at me wrong.

PHILL  
I ain't comin' at you like nothin',  
homeboy. Yall went behind my back. And  
like I told ya boi Kenard, my people  
all over my ass now.



KENARD

(to phill)

Tell them me and my man peep the  
famine.

PHILL

A few thousand ain't shit Lil homey.

Kenards' bamming the table and response is so loud it invite  
looks from the Patrons.

KENARD

Nigga we-don't-need-you!

PHILL

Now I can't betcha like that. The shit  
was really stupid on neighborhood.  
Luckily yall got away with it.

QADILL

That's how you see it.

PHILL

Oh, it's like that?

QADILL

Like that.

But Kenard has no time for small chatter breaks their banter.

KENARD

(to phill and qadill)

Okay. Let's get to the underworld  
shit.

PHILL

Yeah, that way yall can make it up to  
me.

KENARD

Truth be told we can handle ourselves.

PHILL

Y'all betta' relax on dem bank-o's,  
then folk.

KENARD

(to phill)

Let the rooster call and see what  
happens, nigga.

Phill leans into a huddle with Qadill and Kenard

PHILL

Aight. Check this out. About an hour from here, there's enough money to take care of your great-grandchildren. It'll be different and requires real heart.

68 EXT. HOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - WHIRLPOOL - DAY

Jasmine surfaces from the watery deep. Her smile sparkles.

JASMINE

So decrease leads to increase, you say?

Qadill enjoying the BUBBLES. He chews on a few GRAPES. Jasmine grabs a wine glass off the concrete edge.

QADILL

I'm going to write a book. I see it. "The Unknown Affair"

JASMINE

Oh my gosh! Are you're still worried about that?

QADILL

It's not your brother. We talk about acting on our desires. I want... This. Us. Full-time.

JASMINE

Me and Phill's issues are far too complex.

QADILL

Forget about him. You said yourself he doesn't own you.

JASMINE

We have to reconsider our decision-making sometimes. And the funniest thing you know that.

Qadill eyes follow her.

QADILL (V.O)

'Cold. That mirror game.'

JASMINE

Why mess up what's already happened?

QADILL

I know what I want. And that's you.

JASMINE

You don't still trust me?

Jasmine adjusts herself underwater to sit on top of Qadill to be nose to nose. Qadill's sordid gawk is no power for her sensual body rub, kiss, and biting of his ear.

JASMINE

(whispers)

Shut down the needless chatter. Take heed you weary one. I'm yours.

69 INT/EXT. QADILL'S CAR - NIGHT

Qadill drives.

PHILL (O.S)

My mama told me, vines do bear fruit.

There is nothing but WOODS around us. The only light is from Qadill's car traveling through the rough terrain. We see the gravel dust rise in front of the HEADLIGHTS.

Qadill sees only Phill's eyes looking at him in the REARVIEW MIRROR. Then appears

A DOUBLE-WIDE TRAILER

illuminated by Qadill's headlight.

PHILL

(to qadill)

Hit your lights and pull right dere.

Qadill parks. Lowers lights.

QADILL

(scoops surroundings)

Does somebody live here?

KENARD

We take a two-hour drive and end up in the middle of nowhere. Can you please tell us something? Phill?

Phill pulls a BLACK VELVET MASK over his face.

PHILL  
 (cocks his GUN)  
 If you say who you are, then be who  
 you are.

Kenard, shaking his head, puts on his mask around his dreadlocks.

PHILL  
 (to Qadill)  
 Count twenty of them thangs and come  
 in. You know what to do.

Phill opens his door. Kenard follows. Both step out, closing doors easy.

Qadill nods his head at their last consignment passing by the FRONT END of his CAR. Watches Phill's casual walk up the steps to TRAILER DOOR and Kenard positioned behind him but out of sight. Phill knocks.

A DOORMAN (40s) steps out. Phill kicks the Doorman backward and Kenard rushes behind him inside the trailer.

Qadill begins to count. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Qadill grabs a roll of DUCK TAPE and STRETCHES! 6, 7, 8, 9, 10... He gets out CAR.

70 EXT. CAR -

11, 12, 13, 14, 15...Qadill with much haste at the same time approaching finishes his count before he reaches the steps. 16, 17, 18, 19.

71 INT. DOUBLE-WIDE TRAILER HOME -

Qadill enters. Sees a Cashier (40's) in her seat behind a desk, and the Door Man on the floor.

PHILL  
 It's cool Lil homey. Go on with  
 protocol.

Qadill proceeds. Duck tapes the Door Man's hands behind his head.

The wave of the Gun in Phill's hand bothers Qadill.

PHILL  
 Y'all ain't finna tell me theirs no

money here.

CASHIER

Please. I swear to yall. There's nothing.

Qadill moves to duck tape the Cashiers' hands. Some relief when...

FROM A ROOM DOOR

Kenard comes-forth jiggling a Bag full of COINS.

KENARD

Yo son? A few hundred.

PHILL

That's not it.

Qadill secures tape around the Cashiers wrist and with an intent to be hardcore, rips it.

CASHIER

Please. Leave. It's nothing here.

Qadill looks into the Cashiers wet eyes.

PHILL

You gotta come betta then that folk.

From the floor, face down the Door Man confirms his life.

DOORMAN

Y'all heard her. No more money. Now git gone.

Phill isn't buying it. Stomps on the Door Man back. Aims GUN.

CASHIER

No!!!

Qadill's frighten and sees Kenard's also.

KENARD

(to Phill)

Y-y-Aiiyo, son! Fall-back!

PHILL

Somebody knows where the fuck the rest of the money is.

KENARD  
I-know but but

Qadill can speak now.

QADILL  
It's not that serious. Nothing's here.  
Let's go.

Qadill receives Phill contemptuous glare.

Phill spits on the Door Man and removes his foot from his back, but keeps his eyes on Qadill.

Qadill stares him down and the Gun as he approaches him.

KENARD  
Yeah, son. Let's make moves. The only money left is the few under the table back there, wallets.

Phill stops.

PHILL  
(to Kenard)  
You get it?

KENARD  
N-a. I got their phones, though.

PHILL  
You didn't-

Takes his eyes from Qadill and looks up to see a Surveillance camera and monitor with all of them on it. He reaches up and smashes the screen WHITE...

72 EXT/INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX/QADILL'S CAR - DAY

Jasmine and Phill argue.

JASMINE  
You have some nerve to ask me anything.

PHILL  
I have every right to express my nerve, on neighborhood. Bless the nigga that got you confused. Kept you away for a week.

Jasmine sneaks eye contact a few feet away at  
 IN HIS CAR

Qadill and Kenard. Who watches on.

KENARD

Here we go with that shit. Yo son,  
 let's make moves.

Qadill struggles. But he cranks his CAR.

73 INT. MALL - JEWELRY STORE - DAY

Qadill tries on a nice GOLD CHAIN with an embedded phrase  
 ON: THE CHARM

*IN GOD WE TRUST*

The sparkle of light that comes across the embedded writing  
 captures both Qadill and Kenard's eyesight.

KENARD

Damn, son. That's you all day.

QADILL

You think.

Qadill lifts the charm and reads.

QADILL

"In God We Trust". Could be about you,  
 too KT.

Qadill pulls out a wad of CASH.

KENARD

(bargains out)

Hey, can my man get a discount for his  
 birthday, ladies?

BEHIND THE COUNTER

An Indian woman (30's) and a young Indian girl (16) await  
 Qadill. The Indian woman provides a customer service smile.

INDIAN WOMAN

It's your birthday?

Qadill proudly nods his head yes and flips out a few BILLS.

INDIAN WOMAN  
 (to qadill)  
 Well, you don't buy. He buy.

The Indian woman points at Kenard jokingly.

KENARD  
 Me? Right. You're right! - Put your  
 money away, son.

Qadill does so. The young Indian girl finishes her duties and joins the Indian Woman at the counter.

Kenard digs in his pockets and reveals his BANKROLL. Qadill window-shops other items.

KENARD  
 (to indian Woman)  
 What if I gave you half your charge?

INDIAN WOMAN  
 (to Kenard)  
 For your friend's birthday. No  
 problem.

The phone rings. The Indian Woman looks at the young Indian Girl.

INDIAN WOMAN  
 (english subtitle)  
 Charge him half price. You have it?

INDIAN GIRL  
 (english subtitles)  
 Quite well, mama.

The Indian Girl tally's up the sell.

KENARD  
 This is just play-money, son. Wait  
 till you see what's plan tonight.

QADILL  
 That's so sweet. You care.

Kenard reply is a smirk. The Indian Girl has the total.

INDIAN GIRL  
 Six-Fouty-dollars and four cents.

Qadill finishes with his window shop and watches Kenard



counts the exact change on the Counter.

KENARD

One hundred...two...three...four...

Qadill looks up at the Indian girl smile at him.

KENARD

(continues)

Five...six...twenty...forty...

Kenard has no coins.

KENARD

Fuck it. Keep the change.

Kenard drops a dollar bill. Qadill eyes catch the cute little 'press on' nails resembling fire the Indian Girl has. And how her hand grips the money. He lifts his head and watches how the Indian girl counts the U.S. Currency in her native language.

INDIAN GIRL

(english subtitle)

One, two, three, four, five, six,  
twenty, forty-one.

QADILL P.O.V

The room turns into HELL. The INDIAN GIRL with a mischievous smirk, eyes of fire, staring directly at him. The hollow voice of Kenard brings Qadill back.

KENARD

I know I don't speak for myself, but I  
wasn't impressed with the job.

Qadill blinks his eyes. The image is gone. The Indian Girl still with a smile, hands Kenard his receipt.

KENARD

Son? The job.

Qadill is still bothered by the image.

QADILL

Job? Oh-oh, the other night. Nah.

Qadill and Kenard leave the store.

74 EXT - JEWELRY STORE/MALL AREA

Qadill continues to look bothered by the vision while trying to focus on Kenard's concerns.

KENARD

We didn't sign up to be robbin' our reflections. Kinda makes him lose cool points with me.

QADILL

It's not real - Aiiyo, KT...

Qadill wants to ask. But decides to remain with the conversation at hand.

QADILL

What are we going to do about Phill?  
You said we don't need him.

KENARD

To give him some credit, he does have things mapped from the ruddy to the tutie.

QADILL

It's not every day a good woman like Jasmine deals with a bum-ass nigga like him.

KENARD

And like I told you, son. Stay out their shit. Including, whatever Jasmine says to you. Phill crazy-ass already assuming yall messing around.

ON: QADILL "OH SHIT"

A group of Beautiful GIRLS (20's), stare at them like stars passing by. Mostly Kenard engages.

KENARD

(to girls)

What yall looking at my queens is supreme, with the holiest scent.

The Girls like that.

KENARD

(to Qadill)

See what money does, son. Once they

ignored us. Now they can't do anything  
but

(sings)

"See Good!"

75 INT. HOTEL - BALLROOM - NIGHT

*"LATEST HIP HOP MUSIC"*

Across the ceiling, runs horizontally

A BANNER

THAT READS: HAPPY BIRTHDAY QADILL

and underneath, the Partiers party on a DANCE floor, in front  
of an open BAR.

A few COCK-TAIL TABLES and a handful of 8" FOLDING TABLES are  
full of CATERED FOOD, Gifts, and the FEW that like to  
converse where there is SEATING.

Qadill sips on a glass of something. Sees

IN THE CORNER

Jasmine looking directly at him smiling. Phill appears. Grips  
Jasmine's arm.

Qadill turns his head. The music stops. And Kenard with a  
cordless mic comes to the center of the dance floor ushering  
everyone off.

KENARD

Move! Move! Movie! It's my time to  
shine. Before I get started I like  
everyone to wish my man Qadill a happy  
birthday.

The Partiers form a circle around Kenard and yell 'happy  
birthday Qadill!'

KENARD

(with mic)

This for you, son.

(raps)

"Shot out in ablaze is a crazed mind-  
frame untamed and deranged, holding  
all accused to blame. But critically  
acclaim. Them golden sneakers, he  
wears them, flying a glowing flag,

that's so royal, it scares ya..."

Phill walks up next to Qadill eating.

PHILL

Neighborhood! You movin' up in the world, big homey.

KENARD (O.S.)

*"So prepare for the ceremony you heathens I dare you. It's Q-D's era..."*

Qadill turns his focus back to Kenard.

KENARD

*"Holding the united states of America. His eyes are clearer. Brought from moments of thrillers. The cosmic builders that vacant your whole mind-state."*

Phill has a bone to pick with what Qadill was talking about.

PHILL

(to Qadill)

But on some real shit. I wanted to ask you a question, folk.

Qadill too caught in Kenard's lyrics.

QADILL

(slurs)

Phill. Stop worrying yourself. We got you. Trying to hear my man. Aight?

KENARD (O.S.)

*"He will drain your mind with a line to your thought faint. Rip out your tongue to lungs prostate."*

PHILL

Yeah. Alright, nigga.

Phill exits.

KENARD

*"Kneel and prostrate as his presence migrates, the seven continents, beast, creepy things, but rebukes fake."*

The Partiers applauds.

KENARD

Disregard my salty verbiage. Tonight  
is about Qadill Pa-say, my Ace,  
growing grey. Happy birthday, son.

Everyone LAUGHS and loves it. The lights find Qadill out of  
the crowd and Kenard bows. Qadill holds up his glass high.

QADILL

(yells out)

KT!

76 INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

THROUGH THE OPEN BALCONY DOOR

The outside WIND blows the SILK CURTAINS, providing relief to  
ON THE BED:

Qadill snores. He's Incoherent. Well off in his...

INTERCUT

DREAM WORLD

DARKNESS. But the presence of Qadill - as a bright light  
illuminates.

Crystal appears in a WHITE DRESS. Giggles. She takes off.  
Qadill follows her.

QADILL (O.S)

Where are we going here?

CRYSTAL

Be patient. I have something to show  
you.

Qadill continues behind Crystal until she stops with her back  
facing him.

CRYSTAL (O.S.)

(shrieks)

*"Oh-LORD. Have mercy on him!"*

Before Crystal, we see a FLOCK OF SKELETONS rise and begin to  
dance and sing along.

FOLLOWERS (O.S)

For this world. Sometimes makes me

weak...

QADILL (O.S)  
I'm not doing this again, Crystal.

CRYSTAL (O.S.)  
Sh.

Crystal turns around. And it's not her face it's...

END DREAM SEQUENCE

77 INT. HOTEL ROOM - BACK

Qadill wakes to Jasmine's face.

JASMINE  
Did you get everything you desire for  
your birthday?

Qadill immediately shakes off the dream. Adjusts himself from slumber to contained intoxication.

QADILL  
You are really here.

Jasmine smiles. She goes to the table and pours herself a drink.

JASMINE  
Of course, silly.

Qadill gathers enough strength to sit on the edge of the bed.

QADILL  
Last I saw. Phill was claiming his  
property.

Qadill sees Jasmine doesn't like that much. She re-corks the bottle of Wine.

JASMINE  
Shut the f-up. Do you trust me?

Qadill says nothing.

Jasmine's sexy walk back to the bed is too much.

JASMINE  
I just...wanna make sure you know, I'm  
really feeling you. I know you see how

Phill and I interact, and it bothers you.

Qadill grabs Jasmine's hand. He kisses her forehead. Neck.

QADILL

You deserve all that a man wants to provide.

JASMINE

For sure?

QADILL

I can't judge if he's aware or not. But I am.

JASMINE

And you deserve pleasure.

Jasmine kisses Qadill onto the bed.

78 INT. HOTEL LOBBY -

AT CHECK-IN BOOTH

A COUPLE check-ins.

THE ELECTRICAL DOORS

open to Kenard with a BOTTLE of CHAMPAGNE in one hand and carrying an intoxicated Phill on his shoulders.

PHILL

(country raps)

"Shawty, speakin' 'bout rage, spoken from a neighborhoods page. My earthquake came, with a loud bang..."

Kenard sits Phill on a Lobby Chair.

KENARD

Yo, son. I can't carry you anymore.

PHILL

I wanna see it.

Kenard keeps Phill from getting up.

KENARD

Sit your drunk ass down.

PHILL  
Told'cha me and the homey straight now  
folk. Business as usual.

KENARD  
(takes Key)  
Whatever, son. If anyone waking up the  
born-again servant, it'll be his sober  
and wise side-kick.

PHILL  
(slurs)  
Aight. Aight. Tell Qa-Qa-Qadill, it  
ain't over.

Kenard walks to the elevator.

79 INT/EXT. HOTEL ROOM/HALLWAY

- Qadill and Jasmine engage in hardcore sex.

- The ELEVATOR DOOR opens. Kenard walks out down the hallway  
shaking up the BOTTLE of CHAMPAGNE.

- Jasmine rides him. Really feeling Qadill's thrust. Arching  
her back with her face pointed toward the ceiling.

- Kenard reaches the room and notices the door latch has it  
ajar. Kenard eases open the door. The room appears to be  
dark. Jasmine's MOAN makes Kenard quirk his brow and he stops  
at the bedroom door frame and witnesses, not aware of his  
presence, Qadill and Jasmine having sex.

80 INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Qadill wakes to a bamming on the door. Looks to the side of  
him. No Jasmine. With a hangover, he rises from the bed.

BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM!

QADILL  
I'm coming. Hold up.

Qadill unlocks the latch to the door. Opens. And to his  
surprise. It's Phill.

PHILL  
Neighborhood! And Qadill's b-day goes  
on.

Qadill steps aside for Phill to enter.



QADILL

What's up Phill. Funny ass.

Qadill goes into the bathroom. We hear running water from a faucet.

Phill sizes the room. Notices on the table two Hotel cups; one empty and the other half-full with lip-stick. Phill studies the lipstick. He knows.

QADILL (O.S.)

Last night, I do recall you saying you needed to talk to me about something

PHILL

I did.

Qadill comes out of the bathroom drying his face with a towel. He really wanted Phill to answer.

QADILL

Aight man. Where's KT?

Qadill finds a fresh shirt.

PHILL

All I know, he'll meet with us later.

QADILL

That's it?

Phill shrugs off of Qadill eyes asking for more information. Remembers.

PHILL

Oh yeah. Don't worry, shawty. To show you my gratitude and extend an apology for mis-judgin' ya. Let me give you a late birthday gift.

ON: QADILL CAUTION

QADILL

Like what?

81 EXT. STRIP CLUB - DAY

ON SIGN: CRUEL INTENTIONS

A whole in-the-wall for discreet and adult entertainment. We see that even doing the day it's enticing.

82 INT. STRIP CLUB - VIP AREA

Qadill finds himself, away from the general Strip club population, behind a curtain, surrounded and entertained by two BEAUTIFUL EXOTIC GIRLS. He catches Phill's distrustful point his way and whispers in a third exotic girl's ear. The third exotic girl smiles, shooting a quick look Qadill's way, and leaves.

CLASH!

One of the Exotic Girls knocks over a drink spilling it on the other.

EXOTIC GIRL 1

Sorry.

EXOTIC GIRL 2

Careful bitch. You too close.

Phill hooks around Qadill's neck for attention.

PHILL

Neighborhood! See ya got them memorized QD.

QADILL

Guess I do.

Qadill looks into Phill's eyes with a truce.

PHILL

Are we cool?

Qadill nods yes.

PHILL

Fa sho. As a matter of fact. Gots something special for my big homey real soon.

QADILL

If it's about money. You know I'm down. But, this is my line one. Yall can go on, but I putting my change towards school.

PHILL

Yeah, I heard you were a rapping prophet.

QADILL

Well. That music thing is not for me.

The Exotic Girl Phill whispered to returns with a PITCHER OF BEER. Sits it down in front of Qadill.

Qadill dives into the BEER. Phill leans back and lights a Cigar.

QADILL

We still haven't heard from, KT.

PHILL

(checks phone)

I do remember, last night he left out the Hotel. Pass right by me. Said nothin'. Looked upset.

Qadill confused.

PHILL

But the show must go on, san.

The exotic girls, all 3, have joined for their performance.

Phill throws a BUCKET full of DOLLAR BILLS at them. The Exotic Girls brace, missing their ques, but see the Money and keep dancing.

PHILL

That's right! That's right! Can't beat'che like that!

Qadill can't catch his breath. Gulps BEER. He watches Phill get up and start dancing in between all three of the Exotic Girls "on neighborhood."

Qadill enjoys the entertainment and sips away. But Phill and the Exotic Girls don't look satisfied. They all look at...

PHILL

They want Qadill. Come holla at them.

The Exotic Girl 2 pulls Qadill off the Couch.

Qadill joins the Party of four. He begins to dance. His vision wobbles but able to re-focuses on the now complete Exotic nudity.

Phill steps aside. He puffs more on the cigar and watches

Qadill dance. The Exotic girls Sue-case him. Qadill's left alone with the SIX BREAST. Things begin to again become wobbly.

QADILL

Where you at Phill? I'm losing it.

Exotic Girl 3 uses the Table to prop her hands and show her APPLE BOTTOM. Qadills somewhat enthused.

QADILL

Phill...?

Qadill's mouth drops when Exotic Girl 1 falls to the Floor and stretches her legs wide.

QADILL

(continuing)

...I need some help, bruh.

83 INT. PHILL'S SUV - NIGHT (MOVING)

Qadill wakes with his vision blurred but still out of it.

JASMINE (O.S)

What's the plan?

PHILL (O.S)

To continue as planned.

Qadill recognizing the voice goes to turn to the back seat, but the SUV picks up speed. And the lights and blurriness are too much for Qadill. He passes back out.

84 INT. PHILL'S SUV - NIGHT

PHILL

Rise and shine, playboy.

Qadill wakes. Sees the HOTEL SIGN. Grabs his brain. Ugh. Clears his eyes to Phill's smirk.

PHILL

You were the show, on neighborhood.  
Hope the post-birthday blast was good  
to ya.

Qadill remembers. Looks in the back seat. No one is there. Clueless.

PHILL

It ain't been nothin' but me and you all night. Well besides those sugar babies from the strip club. Boy, you a fool.

Qadill's not buying it. Something fishy going on.

QADILL

Still haven't heard from Kenard huh?

Phill head shake is not trustworthy. Qadill searches for his cell phone.

PHILL

It's really funny when a person doesn't know himself.

Qadill finds his cell phone. Sees no miss calls.

PHILL

(continues)

It's, even more, funnier when a person doesn't know himself and tampers with activity to move'em further away...from himself.

Qadill is less intrigued by Phills' statement but more aware of the GUN laying on Phill's lap.

PHILL

(continues)

Qadill Qadill Qadill. The great stunt man - Oh. I apologize, Jasmine's stunt man.

Phill lets out laughter.

PHILL

(continues)

Told you about a surprise. Whala! Neighborhood! That's what it means, nigga. Airing things out. It just needed to be...dramatic I think I should focus on writing stories myself.

Qadill stiff with the BARREL of Phills gun pointed at him.

PHILL

Psst. Guess what? I created all of it.

QADILL

Y-Yo Phill, c'mon man.

PHILL

Shut fuck up nigga! And you still don't get it. Let me take it home. Shawty won't leave me like flies won't leave shit, folk! Now I ain't go lie, I did worry a little. You were the first to begged her to leave me. You had her a bit confused. I'm like, who is this untrustworthy ass nigga Qadill Poo-sey?

Qadill blinded by Phill's GOLDEN SNEER. LIGHTENING. THUNDER! Shakes Qadill.

PHILL

(continues)

Ya skirts down, folk. And everybody including ya boy, see who you really are. You're a sneaky motherfucker and I'm ready to get my ride dirty.

Qadill stuck. Phill disengages.

PHILL

(puts Gun away)

But you are a waste of ammo. Already dead. Get out my shit. Go!

Qadill gets out of the SUV. Phill pulls his SUV around and BURNS OUT!

85 EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - MORNING

THE RAIN pours and creates a puddle that drains down a hill into the SEWER.

86 INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX UNIT 5 - MAN-MADE HOME STUDIO

Kenard with headphones on, after a few BOTTLES OF GIN, cases of BEER, an ash-tray full of cigar ashes and butts, in almost a comatose state stares blankly at his computer screen cursor move across a beat he's trying to concoct.

Kenard jams the space. Removes his headphones. He finds the last of a cigar next to him. Lights it. Coming down

THE STAIRWAY

Jasmine balling in tears.

JASMINE  
Kenard! Kenard!

Kenard lends her a disappointed look.

KENARD  
What?

JASMINE  
I need some money!

KENARD  
You need or we!

JASMINE  
He's in jail!

Kenard shocked.

KENARD  
Locked up?

JASMINE  
Probably finished. Phill, some Italian  
guy and...

Jasmine drops her eyes. Looks back up at Kenard - the tears  
no longer exist - like a little innocent sister.

JASMINE  
(snaps fingers)  
that Teacher guy?

Kenards not buying the beating around.

KENARD  
You know exactly his name. And-how?  
Hot ass.

JASMINE  
Shut the f-up, you introduce us.

Kenard thinks about it. Digs in his pocket.

KENARD  
So how much is his bail?

JASMINE  
This isn't for his bail.

KENARD  
You're cold.

Jasmine has gone from being distraught to a smile on her face and hand held out.

JASMINE  
Life does go on, right?

Kenard reaches underneath him and sets an electronic SAFE before him. He doesn't pay attention while entering his code, to Jasmine memorizing it. The safe opens.

INSERT SAFE: A LARGE OF MONEY.

KENARD  
I was approved for the Unit next door.  
So I'll be out your hair soon.

He takes out a stack and gives it to Jasmine. She kisses him and dashes to the door.

87 INT. HOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - DAY

BY THE WHIRLPOOL

Qadill dials Jasmine's number.

JASMINE (O.S)  
(voice mail)  
*You have reached Jasmine. It's a reason why I haven't answer. Leave a message.*

Beep.

QADILL (O.S)  
*Yo Jasmine. I don't mean to send you..., what is this like the third message? Listen. I was seeing if you're wanna get up. Since everything's...unfortunate. Call me back. We need to talk. For real.*

BEEP!

88 INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

ON THE FLOOR

The hotel room is full of bottles of alcohol all over the



place.

ON BED:

Qadill without sleep has the pillow cuffed. He stares at

ON THE TELEVISION

Caption Reading: POTENTIAL WORLD WAR 3

FOREIGN ARMIES AND FLAGS. FOOT SOLDIERS and TANKS. Then comes The United States Of America. CURRENCY, Government Officials, and the Protesters. The breaking news report. The Meeting Hall pops up.

This grabs Qadill's attention. He highers the volume a bit.

TV ANCHOR (ON T.V.)  
*Breaking news. Locally. On the  
 Northside. A very popular religious  
 organization leader is under  
 investigation for multiple crimes  
 throughout the state. One being  
 embezzlement.*

Live footage reveals, behind yellow TAPE, the many Followers and Congregation members protest the Police, ATF, and SBI.

TV ANCHOR (ON T.V.)  
 (continues)  
*What is said to be a self-proclaimed  
 faith, basing life's practices from  
 strategies that are literally taken  
 out a book entitled:*

A Photo of THE LAW PAPERBACK. And a more flamboyant HARDBACK with TEACHER ZEAL's face emprinted.

TV ANCHOR (ON T.V.)  
*The Chosen book and instead of calling  
 its source God, or Allah, Teacher Zeal  
 and his many members refer to it as  
 "the law"*

The screen cuts to *the Chosen book.*

TV ANCHOR (ON T.V.)  
*What's becoming a household phrase and  
 the reason for countless individuals  
 in America's renouncement of  
 traditional Christian and Islamic*

*faiths is literally summed up in the first Chapter.*

"Praise the Law at all time. And you will see good."

The Screen cuts to...

A COLLAGE OF PHOTOS

- Teacher Zeal behind the pulpit. The Congregation. Followers and Crystal.

- More Photos of Teacher Zeal with World Activist. Leaders. Books Conventions.

TV ANCHOR

*(continuing)*

*Teacher Zeal is said to be a cult leader. Resources have learned that it was constructed and orchestrated not only by him but two other men. Michael Shears Sr a local business owner and Phillip Shawtony White, who has still yet to be capture.*

A mugshot of Michael Shears Senior and an avatar of what is supposed to be Phills photo.

TV ANCHOR

*(continues)*

*Each with a primary position, whether business, religion, or crime. "THE LAW" and what it supposedly represents, has managed to capture the minds of thousands. Whether Black, White. Rich, Poor. Confused or too smart, you'll learn to disengage from primitive thoughts and proclaim The Law, as your savior.*

89 INT. QADILL'S CAR (MOVING)

TV ANCHOR (O.S.)

*(continues)*

*While that may sound refreshing and a simple task, little do many know - and we can see the many who've fallen victim - beyond all the charismatic charm, hidden behind a doctrine of hope, no one ever thought an organization like this could be*

*considered one of the cleverest  
criminal designs in our culture.*

90 EXT. THE MEETING HALL - DAY

Chaos. POLICE. Followers, Congregation Members, and surrounding Neighbors...

Yellow tape borders the Meeting Hall perimeter from the ROWDY.

91 INT. QADILL CAR -

ON OPPOSITE SIDE OF STREET

Qadill parks. Overwhelm by the hawking and proclamations, Qadill gets out of his vehicle. And coming out from

THE MEETING HALL DOORS

Teacher Zeal handcuffed and escorted by TWO DETECTIVES. The Followers and Congregation members cry out.

ALL

This is wrong! Fraud! Praise the Law!  
You will burn in hell! Let him go!

Teacher Zeal's cool, calm, and assuring.

TEACHER ZEAL

(to all)

Don't worry. No worry. Brotha's and  
sistas. Continue to praise the law at  
all times.

Qadill shakes his head. Watches the two detectives place Teacher Zeal in a SQUAD CAR. Now what?

Qadill's ready to leave but can depict a few feet from the mayhem...

Crystal out of the bunch. Disheveled. And after the Squad Car completely hauls Teacher Zeal away, Crystal sees Qadill.

92 INT. DINER - NIGHT

Both Qadill and Crystal have ordered. Neither one has eaten. The foreground silence. Qadill's assiduity is what surrounds them but not Crystal.

Crystals' damp eye-lids and sniffles snags Qadills' eye-

wonders.

QADILL

So. Where have you been staying?

Crystal frowns. Oops, the wrong question. She grabs a napkin out of the dispenser and catches the returning tears.

CRYSTAL

Why Qadill?

Qadill penitent eyes seal away his shame.

CRYSTAL

I knew it. I knew it. I knew he was going to get you in trouble. Now you caught in this mess with...

QADILL

Kenard had nothing to do with my intentions.

CRYSTAL

How long before?

Qadills confused about the question.

CRYSTAL

You and his sister?

QADILL

Why did you agree to come here with me

-

Crystal leans forward for Qadill to hear and only him.

CRYSTAL

I trusted you with my essence. I can just...

Crystal jumps to slap Qadill but runs into the table. Unwanted attention looms. Qadill leaps to console her.

QADILL

C'mon, Crystal. We don't have to do this.

Qadill slides next to Crystal in the BOOTHE.

QADILL

It's over. All of it is over.

Qadill wraps his arms around Crystal as she sobs in his arms.

93 EXT. CENTER CITY PARKING LOT - DAY

Qadill parks. Jumps out tucking his dress SHIRT in his SLACKS and straightens his BOWTIE. Grabs an APRON from the Car, ties it on, and slides down a CHEF'S CAP. He shuts the door and scurries to a

FOOD TRUCK

Mic Shears Jr. finishes a customer's order.

CUSTOMER

(to Mic Shears)

Thank you. It smells so good.

The customer grabs her bag and beverage from Mic Shears.

MIC SHEARS

(to Customer)

And it's a guarantee it will be.

Qadill walks up. Mic Shears is happy to see him. He rushes out of the FOOD TRUCK for a great hug.

MIC SHEARS

Long time. Long time. Qadill Pasei.

QADILL

Mic Shears.

Mic Shears has to correct that.

MIC SHEARS

Now, no more Mic Shears or Mic Shears Jr. My father is no longer in control so...I go by just Mickey.

Qadill snorts a bit. But it is stopped by the seriousness on Mic Shears or Mickey's face.

QADILL

First I apologize for being a bit behind schedule. Was moving into my apartment.

MIC SHEARS

Oh. Well, that's a reason to be late. At least in my book.

QADILL

And I wanna thank you for considering me.

MIC SHEARS

Out of many applicants, there is no other I'd rather share this with. Someone I know that works hard and believe it or not, I look up to.

Mic Shears gestures for Qadill to follow inside Food Truck.

94 INT. FOOD TRUCK - LATER

It's LUNCHTIME madness. Qadill and Mic Shears spin around each other for whatever they need. BUNS. HOT FRESH PATTIES. CONDIMENTS. And Fresh DISHWATER.

MIC SHEARS

Coming hot off the grille folks!

Mic Shears flips patties. They're done. Whew! Mic Shears splashes two handfuls of Fresh water on GRILLE. Settles the flame. Then seasons the patties well.

Qadill adds the preferred Condiments to the buns.

QADILL

Buns toasted and I'm filling them, Mickey.

MIC SHEARS

(mob sounding)

Yo Qadill. I'm comin'. See. But you know the patties gotta be right.

Qadill chuckles. Finishes his duty. And Mic Shears perfect placing of two double patties on two of Qadill's Buns.

They both pull CELLOPHANE sheets and complete the wrapping procedure.

95 EXT. FOOD TRUCK - SIDEWALK

Jasmine with a few Shopping bags, looking like a movie star, comes walking by. It's not a line. Checks her watch. Why not?

96 INT. FOOD TRUCK - BACK

Mic Shears hands a Customer a family MEAL.

MIC SHEARS  
And thank you. Surely you'll come  
again.

Qadill washes dishes.

MIC SHEARS  
Outstanding QD. Can I call you that?

QADILL  
Since you've found your voice and  
wanna be Luchiano. I gotta have a  
nickname?

MIC SHEARS  
It's the foundation of an empire. All  
the powerful families in the past had  
nicknames. Luchiano. Yeah, that's my  
new name instead of Mickey.

Qadill laughing. Puts clean dishes in their place.

QADILL  
Okay. I'll be QD. For you. Mic Shears  
Jr.

Qadill laughs at himself. Mic Shears opens the side door.

MIC SHEARS  
Whatever. I'm going out for a smoke.

Qadill isn't done with the jokes.

QADILL  
And taking unauthorized breaks.

Mic Shears shuts the door to Qadills jesters. Qadill dries  
himself off.

JASMINE (O.S)  
Excuse me?

Qadill tenses at the voice.

JASMINE (O.S)  
(continuing)  
I'll like to order, please.

Qadill takes a deep breath and moves to

THE WINDOW

Somewhere in Jasmines' eyes, Qadill still can't resist

JASMINE  
Perchance.

Qadill performs his duty.

QADILL  
What would you like, Jasmine?

JASMINE  
Now you're the one with questions.

QADILL  
That was back in the hotel room.

JASMINE  
Are they answered?

Qadill looks to the side and leans on the window ledge.

JASMINE  
I understand you're mad. Just needed  
some time. The night in the Whirlpool,  
what you said and the night of your  
birthday - on the balcony...

Jasmine's body shivers closer to the Window and Qadill's  
face.

JASMINE  
(continues)  
It really put something in my heart.

Qadill's not buying that.

QADILL  
I hear your boy locked down.

JASMINE  
Well...checkmate.

Qadill backs up on that.

QADILL  
And I'm supposed to stop my life?

JASMINE  
That's a choice you'll have to make.  
You want me as bad as I miss you. The  
bonus, now you have me all to



yourself. Or can.

Qadill shakes his head. Exhales.

JASMINE

Oh yeah, double bonus, my brother's moving into his own apartment tomorrow. And I'm glad. My God! He won't shut that music the f-up. All he does is play those same beats back to back. - Think he misses you.

97 INT. NEW APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Crystal wipes down the USED FURNITURE. A Track Crystal made plays...

CRYSTAL

*(sings)*

*"Please don't abandon me. My stand is your plan. But life's vacancies. Makes it hard for me to understand"*

AT THE DOOR

Qadill enters. A rough day at work but satisfied.

CRYSTAL

*(sings)*

*"Please don't abandon me -"*

QADILL

I see you're adding your touch.

Crystal turns to see Qadill home.

CRYSTAL

The furniture has had its time but I'm grateful. - The only things left are all the electronics.

Qadill goes over to

INSERT: A BOX LABELED

CORDS and CDS.

QADILL

You don't wanna get rid of all this?

CRYSTAL  
Of course not. It's our work.

Qadill can agree. Opens box. On top is "THE LAW BOOK".

CRYSTAL  
Listen to the message. Not the messenger.

Qadill considers. Then...his CELL PHONE RINGS.

Crystal stops cleaning, picks up the box, and exits.

CRYSTAL  
(sings)  
*"Please don't abandon me. My stand is your plan. But life's vacancies. Makes it hard for me to understand"*

98 EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

UNIT 6

The apartment next door to Jasmine's apartment - Unit 5.

KENARD (O.S)  
You're not the only one surviving, son. My sister kept complaining about my expertise. I'm not having that. I get it. She's grown. Needs space.

Qadill studies the significance of Kenard feeding PIGEONS seeds.

KENARD  
I'm keeping the beats spinning, though. Not as far beyond, I saw in Florida they offer a degree course for Audio Engineering. Didn't know if you were still thinking of writing, but they offer a degree program for yours also.

Kenard offers Qadill the BLUNT. Qadill denies. Kenard puts it out.

QADILL  
Yo, KT, man...my -

Kenard blocks. Resumes to the Pigeons nourishment.

KENARD

They're not worried about anything.

The Pigeons enjoy.

KENARD

What I do know, Qadill, my worry wasn't for Jasmine. They clip me son. My sister and Phill. Took all my money. I just remember Jasmine coming downstairs screaming about ya boi getting locked up and asking for money. She must've gotten my code. It's messed up when you can't trust your own family.

Qadill looks at Kenard in his eyes. All he can say...

QADILL

It almost makes me miss the old two-dollar Fridays.

Qadill manages to get his trusted ally to break a smile.

KENARD

Adam-Maan running mauraders now.

Qadill can't believe it.

QADILL

The Bartender?

KENARD

For real, son. He speaking perfect American now. That Phill, Teacher Zeal, and Italian nigga mayhem was tied up in all of that, I heard. Adam maan wanted more than serving drinks.

Qadill considers.

QADILL

So we back to square one.

Qadill and Kenard look for each other's understanding.

KENARD

You gotta gig.

QADILL

Part-time. It's some change. But you

know how it is.

KENARD

I don't know your situation, but my shits fucked up right now. Truth be told, for the last week, I've been casing this bingo.

ON: QADILL

99 INT. QADILL'S CAR -- BACK TO PRESENT DAY

KENARD (O.S)

The last one, son. Then we take this money and bounce. Do our school thing. And leave all this shit behind.

We return to the Opening Scene.

ON: QADILL

We hear a PHONE RING.

MIC SHEARS (O.S.)

Hello, QD.

QADILL (O.S)

Yo, Mic -

MIC SHEARS (O.S.)

Remember, Luchiano.

QADILL (O.S.)

Yeah - Aye listen I'm not going to be able to make it in today - I'm not feeling too good.

MIC SHEARS (O.S.)

No problem, partner. Take off today. If you're not feeling better tomorrow take it too. No worry, the Food will be served.

CALL ENDS. And then.

CRYSTAL (O.S.)

See. You just won't stop.

QADILL

I really need to do this, Crystal. And I promise you when I get back, things

-

CRYSTAL (O.S.)

I don't care about anything else but  
you Qadill.

QADILL (O.S)

There you go trying to control me.

CRYSTAL (O.S.)

I'm not trying to control you. Just  
think.

Qadill lights a cigarette. The flame from LIGHTER in

REARVIEW MIRROR

alerts him of Kenard coming out of the Woods.

KENARD

(coughing)

Yo, son.

Qadill pops Truck. Hops out Car and meets Kenard running with  
a melting GROCERY BAG with RED SMOKE rising out of it.

KENARD

It's all twisted, son. Let's make  
moves.

Qadill coughs. He's affected by the RED SMOKE. Kenard hops in  
TRUNK. Qadill Shuts TRUNK. Scurries back to Driver side.  
Hops...

100 INT. QADILL CAR -

Qadill takes off. From...

THE FRONT MIRROR

We see Qadill make a turn that leads him down a hill. Once he  
reaches the bottom. Two his right out...

THE PASSENGER WINDOW

Qadill sees an SUV coming. He stops. And the SUV stops.

Qadill, coughing, eyes-runny, takes the little bit of room to  
turn, close to hitting the SUV.

Everything seems cool.

Kenard beats on the TRUCK.

KENARD (O.S)

Yo son!

QADILL

I got you KT. Think we good.

KENARD

(coughs)

I can't breathe.

POLICE SIRENS. Qadill looks in...

REARVIEW MIRROR

The SUV is the POLICE.

KENARD (O.S)

That's the people, son?

Qadill slows down. Drops his head.

101 INT. CELL -- NIGHT

We see Qadill wakes to lyrics

QADILL (V.O.)

*"Dead in a dark cave. When awoken by  
my brotherman's praise. The earthquake  
came, in a loud blaze."*

ON: CELL DOOR

open to the BRIGHTEST OF LIGHT that lifts Qadill towards it.

QADILL (V.O.)

*"The Battle is on, grab dingy and  
torn, lacerations on my physical,  
visually gone, follow what appears  
familiar, that is spiritually known.  
Let me go on."*

Qadill enters the light.

EEEEEE! THE CELL DOOR UNHINGES. The BRIGHT-LIGHT is gone and Qadill remains on his bunk...

A PRISON GUARD (50's), stiff does a routine check.

PRISON GUARD  
 (to Qadill)  
 You have company.

Qadill eyes strobe the small Cell. We hear indistinctive voices from out in the CELL BLOCK

INMATES  
*'Fresh Meat' 'Look like someone  
 getting fed.' 'Hahahahaha!' "Hey, save  
 some for me, etc...'*

Aware of his immediate circumstance. Qadill takes a deep breath.

Rolls in a wheelchair, controlled by a long hair greyed Man (70's). When he sees Qadill he stops rolling. Not a fearful look. Smiles and salutes.

Qadill smiles back.

The Prison Guard flips up the mattress. Satisfied.

PRISON GUARD  
 (to Man)  
 Vines.

The Man, known now as Vines, maneuvers his will chair around as to face his bunk. From his Wheelchair carrier department, he pulls a sheet, blanket, and pillow.

The Prison Guard's ready to exit the cell.

PRISON GUARD  
 3 minutes. Then lights out.

VINES  
 That's plenty of time.

The Prison Guard SLAM SHUT THE CELL and CLICK! Qadill watches Vines strategic "Bunk making".

VINES  
 Guess that click means we're in for  
 the night?

Qadill mute. Vines stops his Bunk looks up at Qadill, expecting an answer.

QADILL  
 I think around -

Vines interrupts.

VINES

Think?

QADILL

They serve breakfast around 4 or 5.  
I'm sorry -

VINES

Your fresh meat also?

Qadill blank. Vines laughs and returns to making his Bunk.

VINES

For one, I am honored to be in a Cell  
however long, I'm supposed to be here,  
with someone who thinks.

Vines lets out a laugh that doesn't sit right with Qadill.

VINES

Don't mind me. But as a matter of  
being chosen, you should mind me.  
There again, you can't mine me,  
because we're already one-mind.

Vines tucks his sheet and blanket ends under his bunk  
mattress. He reaches again in the Wheel Carrier and retrieves  
two packs of COOKIES. Vines offers to Qadill.

Qadill denies. Oh well, Vines rips open a pack and snacks.  
Crumbles get stuck in Vines' beard.

VINES

"Don't take nothing from a convict.  
Ever!"

Vines laughs at it.

VINES

Words. The least effective  
communicator. Noises. Meant to stand  
for feelings, thoughts, and  
experiences. The worst way of to  
truth. Why trust them?

Vines rolls over to the little window on CELL DOOR. Peeps  
out. Qadill sits completely up in his BUNK.



VINES  
A lot of folk in here.

Vines is done with the peep out. Rolls back towards his bunk.

VINES  
Wouldn't necessarily say that's a bad thing. Nor good thing.

QADILL  
How can you say being locked up is anywhere close to good?

Vines eyes light up.

VINES  
Ah! He speaks!

QADILL  
Ay, I don't know what time you on, I'm just trying to figure this whole thing out and move on.

Vines gives a piqued facial expression.

VINES  
(paraphrase Qadill)  
"Time I-am on." "Figure out and move on?" Brother, you are very wise.

QADILL  
What are you talking about?

Vines eats the last cookie. Stuffs the pack offered to Qadill back in the Wheel Chair Carrier. Vines lifts his limp leg and lays it across the other one.

VINES  
Let's answer your first question. Why isn't it bad nor good to be -let's get more touchy- incarcerated? Well, why are you in here?

QADILL  
Bank robbery.

Vines impress.

VINES  
Nice character. You got me on that one. Common crime. But I got some

insurance scam. Possibly computer hacker.

This finally breaks Qadill into tears. Vines allows him to get it out.

VINES  
(continue)

Little do you know, this experience was supposed to happen. The thoughts that led to actions, by yours truly, were exactly what was needed. For the feelings and desires 'you' wanted.

Qadill wipes his face for more understanding.

QADILL  
I didn't want this.

VINES  
Of course not. But that's what comes with the territory. You were feeling someway "Time you were on" then you "Figured something out" Rob a bank. And you "Moved on."

QADILL  
Considering all the in-between situations.

VINES  
And surely they have their own beginning, middles, and ends. All bottled up in the murky ethers and flesh-driven states we call experiences.

Qadills contemplative eyes zero in on Vines vocals.

VINES  
It may be a few who don't mind being called the revolving but are some that will never see this place. That doesn't mean it won't be those like yourself, who'll touch this stove but one time and again be able to experience - the free world that is.

QADILL  
I have been having these weird dreams. Seeing shit.

VINES

Good. Pay attention.

QADILL

But when I say something to somebody -

VINES

Those are your dreams, not theirs.  
They may relate but it's impossible to  
comprehend your experience.

QADILL

You have this win or loose thinking.

VINES

Why not it's mine.

QADILL

No. I get it. It's like what the Law  
was telling me. Regardless... of  
everyone else's words.

VINES

(interjects)

Mere utterances.

QADILL

Theirs a law greater than even the  
laws that govern me. All of us.

Vines nods in relaxed agreement.

VINES

Again, it's great to be paired with a  
thinking mind.

Vines un-moves his legs. Adjusts himself to the bed. Removes  
his leg rest, placing them side by side on the floor. Locks  
his Wheels. Lifts himself from the wheelchair to a relaxed  
position on his bunk.

Qadill bends his head down below his BUNK.

QADILL

Do you think I'll get a lot of time?

Vines ready for bed. Yawns.

PRISON GUARD (O.S.)

Lights out!

The Cell lights are cut.

VINES (O.S.)

I think that the time you received is  
what's needed. Otherwise, it would  
have never happened.

JUMP CUT

102 INT. CELL - DAY

EEEEEE. Door Unhinges.

PRISON GUARD (O.S.)

Chow!

Qadill wakes. Different mood. Climbs down the ladder.

ON BOTTOM BUCK

No Vines. Bottom bunk's empty. Untouched. Qadill ponders.  
Smiles.

FADE OUT







