

N.E.T.WORK

Written by

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INT. KRANK'S BAR & PUB - NIGHT

The bar is dimly lit with tables and booths scattered throughout. There is no occupants in this bar, except for DETECTIVE SHEILA BRYCE (28).

The music coming from the jukebox is low and mellow. Sheila is cleaning the bar off just as there is a loud knock at the door.

BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM

The knock is constant and urgent making her rush while pulling her service weapon out of the holster.

She peeks out the hole, then unlocks the dead bolts.

Barging in full of distress and fear is MARK (36).

Mark is a light skin man with unkept facial hair and wearing clothes like he is trying to attempt a bad disguise.

MARK

I can't do this shit. They gon kill me—

SHEILA

Wait, calm down Mark, who's going to kill you?

MARK

You know who gon kill me. The niggas I roll with, the same niggas you want me to tell on, Network...

She leads him to a booth and sits down across from him so they can talk.

SHEILA

Look just calm down Mark we are almost there. We just need to know the identity of all the hitmen involved, so we can have a solid RICO case against them.

MARK

I told you all them niggas is killing shit now. They getting more cake for blowing candles than the dope they sale now.

SHEILA

Blowing candles what do you mean?

MARK

We refer to these as kills-

SHEILA

Hold up WE, lets be sure to separate ourselves from this as much as possible. The bureau owns the place and it's completely bugged it'll pick up everything you say.

MARK

You right they, they refer to kills as blowing candles, you know issuing these guys their death dates. Whoever blow the candle gets the cake...

He makes hand gestures signaling money.

SHEILA

Gets the money okay...

Sheila is now writing on a note pad.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Continue.

Mark looks at her and stumbles over his words then shuts down. He looks at her note pad.

MARK

Excuse me Sheila I can't do this...

He gets up to leave she gets up with him.

SHEILA

Life in a super max prison...

He stops in his tracks.

SHEILA

Leave out that door and there's no turning back? Let's not forget why you're here, two bricks of fentanyl and some guns, for an already convicted felon. That means you're fucked, unless I get what I want...

He frowns his brows in frustration.

SHEILA

My boss want these guys bad. And if I build this case and secure their indictments, it could be the biggest bust this city has ever scene possibly the nation.

She looks him square in the eye.

SHEILA

Because the cold hard truth about this gang is they are all going down. And anybody around them is going down with them.

Mark returns to the booth and takes a seat.

MARK

What made y'all get on me anyway? By y'all I mean you. Because nobody else has asked me to cooperate I've only been talking to you. That makes me think you don't have nothing on me...

SHEILA

You willing to bet on that? I do know you stay at forty two fifty Red Rock. I know you meet with Gotti every Tuesday where he supplies you with ten bricks of fentanyl and you pay him for the previous batch...

Mark looks at her for a moment then gets comfortable on the booth.

SHEILA

Up until these bodies started popping up we didn't have a real interest in this criminal organization.

MARK

I always knew that when these bodies pop up it was going to get ugly.

SHEILA

That should let you know their time is limited because these bodies...  
(intensely)  
Are popping up.

He takes a deep breath.

MARK

What do you wanna know?

SHEILA

Well we already know that Boo Gotti is being funded by Rita. Rita has been on the bureaus radar for years. They haven't been able to build a case on her or her niece bcuz she lives in Jamaica...

Sheila smirks then pulls out a Manilla envelope. She takes some photos out and lay them on the table. The first photo visible is BREEZE.

A young dark skin man in his mid twenties with some fly glasses and nice jewelry. He could easily be mistaken for a rapper.

SHEILA

I need you to tell me about the ones that help her criminal organization stay lucrative.

MARK

Well that's Breeze. He's real smooth and low key, every hit he commit to comes with an escape plan...

FLASH

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

In this rural area only thing is heard is the grass being cut by a man riding a lawnmower.

The yard is huge and the man has on headphones.

Breeze has on a highlighted construction uniform.

He creeps through woods as the man riding the lawnmower is cutting a straight line towards his position.

Breeze is putting a silencer on the barrel of his gun.

The lawnmower comes to the end of the grass towards the woods, and the man tries to shield himself from the shots that Breeze is putting in him.

The lawnmower is still running with the man dead.

Breeze is creeping back through the woods.

Past a few houses then into another set of woods.

Then over a creek, and into more woods.

And finally into a construction site where multiple men working in the same uniform he has on.

Breeze is walking towards a car that sits just outside the construction building.

He gets in the car all smiles.

INT. BIANCA'S CAR - DAY

Breeze enters the car with a warm hug and a kiss from his gorgeous girlfriend BIANCA (35).

BIANCA  
Hey baby how was your day?

BREEZE  
Terrible I just quit...

BIANCA  
What, why?

BREEZE  
Just drive baby I'll tell you about it...

MARK( (V.O.)  
Even his girlfriend has no idea about his street involvement.

The two drive off from the construction site.

BACK TO PRESENT

Mark is shaking nervously then pulls out a cigarette and lights it.

Sheila is looking at him then puts her hand on his to calm him down.

SHEILA  
Please calm down Mark I assure you that we are going to protect you.

She sets another photo on the table.

This photo is of another young black male. His name is KILLA (21) and he has the look of a menace.

MARK

Now he is a real problem, that's  
Killa and for that cake he'll blow  
a candle wherever...

FLASH

EXT. GARAGE SALE - DAY

This husband and wife is showing off their antiques and plenty of customers are gathered in the driveway.

Killa is sliding thru on a Venom Motorcycle.

The husband is showing a customer some of their kitchen ware, while the pregnant wife is sitting in the garage on a rocking chair.

The customer pays, the husband waves and out of nowhere Killa rides up and shoots the man in the chest.

Killa rides off swiftly.

The husband falls to the ground while the wife cries hysterically, attempting to comfort him.

BACK TO SCENE

Sheila gets up.

MARK

Killa don't mind killing wherever  
but this is where he lose at.  
Because if for any reason a love  
one suffers by being a witness or  
anybody innocent gets hit, the  
payment of funeral and hospital  
bills comes out of the blowers pay...

Mark starts laughing.

MARK

That's what make him so dangerous  
because he obviously don't care  
about the money.

Mark takes a deep sigh.

Then he zones out and stare at nothing.

SHEILA

Mark...

He looks at her.

SHEILA

Calm down you're safe now. I'm  
gonna pour us a drink. You good  
with Remy?

Mark shakes his head.

Sheila grabs another photo then puts in front of Mark.

Then she goes behind the bar not far from where they're  
sitting.

SHEILA

Keep talking as I said the place is  
bugged.

MARK

That's Boss...

BOSS is a thirty year old man who looks like he is posing for  
a year book.

MARK

And he extremely intelligent. He  
read books and into all that  
meditation stuff. He the reason  
that got me nervous, because I can  
never get a hood read on him.

Mark is tapping on the photo.

MARK

But don't let his look fool you.  
This nigga the most ruthless of  
them all because he don't give a  
fuck who he kill.

FLASH

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Boss and a Woman is having sex passionately. She has her legs  
spread wide as he thrust into her.



He wraps one hand around her neck which makes her go even harder.

He puts both hands around her neck and he pounds her furiously.

She is now attempting to free herself from his grips.

Unable to breathe her eyes are bulging and she begins swinging violently.

BACK TO SCENE

Mark is shaking his head with disgust.

Sheila stands over him and hands him a drink.

He downs the shot.

SHEILA

Shit. Can we share a toast sir?

MARK

It's Boss. He the one that take the jobs that nobody want of women and kids. He don't have a heart.

Sheila grabs his glass and goes back to the bar to pour him another.

SHEILA

You telling me they kill kids to.

MARK

Not yet but it's only a matter of time, before somebody's baby see something and gotta go to the police. And he'll be just the man to do it.

Sheila pulls out another photo. A dark skin man spotting a Rick Ross beard and some shades.

SHEILA

Tell us about the one who killed his own Uncle...

MARK

Cane is going to live by the code and die by the code...

SHEILA

And what's the code.

MARK  
The network code. N.E.T. Nobody  
ever tell...

FLASH

INT. CANE'S UNCLE MAC'S HOME - NIGHT

Cane is sitting at a dining room table across from his Uncle Mac. A line of tears is coming down both of their faces.

CANE  
You taught me the game Unc. You the  
one that told me stand on  
everything you do, love a man and  
die a man, and to never tell about  
shit...

UNCLE MAC  
Nephew they had me. I'm almost sixt  
years old they talking about I'm  
gon have to do thirty years-

CANE  
Then you should of did thirty years  
then-

UNCLE MAC  
I can't. I can't, I have cancer man  
and not too much longer to live...

Cane stands up and points his .38 revolver at him.

CANE  
You got damn right you don't have  
too much longer to live...

Uncle Mac sits back and looks at Cane square in the eye.

UNCLE MAC  
So who sent you here to kill me?  
Gotti?

Cane shakes his head "NO" then pulls his hammer back.

CANE  
I signed up for this one Unc.

He puts two bullet holes in his chest. He then begins crying  
as his uncle is taking his last breaths.

BACK TO SCENE

Mark has now gotten a little more comfortable in the booth. Meanwhile Sheila sits another drink in front of him.

She then turns over a photo of GOTTI then places a photo just above him of RITA a near sixty year old woman with menacing gaze.

SHEILA

Gotti is at the top but just above him is Rita. She is the one that we are after. She's so elusive we have never been able to bring her down.

MARK

Yeah she got to get out of here first. She's the one that been paying Gotti for the hits. She pays him at least twenty a body but sometimes it range up to a hundred..

Sheila's eyes raise with shock.

MARK

Yeah, she getting paid by street niggas, police, even politicians. That bitch is the devil. She got her granddaughter pulling hits and placing a fucking Jamaican card on her victims as a sign.

Sheila pulls out her pen.

SHEILA

And who is this granddaughter can you tell us more about her?

MARK

Her name is Messa, Mossa or something like that. I never met her, Rita told Gotti to keep me away she don't trust me. If it wasn't for Gotti and his love for me she would had killed me a long time ago.

SHEILA

Yet here you are, telling on Gotti..

Mark's demeanor switches.

SHEILA

I'm not saying that to throw  
anything in your face I know you're  
doing the right thing. You have  
kids to be out there for,  
graduations and proms. Gotti has  
nothing to live for. Look what he  
did to the trash man.

MARK

You should of seen that shit, it  
was like something from a movie.

FLASH

INT. N.E.T.WORK OFFICE - NIGHT

In this office space there is a gangsta nostalgia. Portraits  
of John Gotti, Scarface, Tony Soprano and Big Meech, are  
hanging from the red tinted walls.

There is a big round table in the center of the office where  
all the Network gang sit. Breeze, Killa, Boss, Cane, and  
Mark.

Standing at the head of the table is Gotti.

A clean cut black man with a commanding presence.

GOTTI

Rita got a present for y'all.

All the men get excited.

Gotti tosses multiple envelopes on the table.

Each man gets one. They pull the photo out one by one.

GOTTI

Yeah Rico is a big present for you  
boys. This cake worth forty to the  
man that blow his candle...

KILLA

Yeah I gotta have his ass.

They are all examining photos of Rico while Gotti explains.

GOTTI

This a lay-up for y'all because of his routine, he on trash duty every day of the week. And they want this done fast...

MARK

So who did he tell on?

The room goes dead silent with all eyes on him.

Boss cocks his head to the side.

CANE

Do that fucking matter man?

GOTTI

Let's just say he told on his brother and his plug and one of them ain't forgiving his ass. But frankly I don't give a fuck and you shouldn't neither...

KILLA

I know I don't. I'm giving that nigga all seventeen—

BREEZE

You better get to him before I do...

KILLA

Yo sneaky ass gon have to watch me work.

BREEZE

You know it don't take me no seventeen shots to get my man's, yo boy got aim...

Cane and Boss smirk as these two young guns go at it verbally.

Mark seems a bit out of it.

GOTTI

Y'all go ahead and get to work, this a early one.

They all form out and Gotti calls Mark to him.

GOTTI

What's to you? You seem a little out of it...

MARK

Yeah bra you know all this killing  
shit don't really be for me. I'm a  
hustler that's what I'm good at...

GOTTI

You down with us, then you all the  
way down. Ain't no some this way  
and a little that way. It's all the  
way or no way. You got me?

Mark shakes his head.

GOTTI

You the only one without a candle  
blown bra. You starting to make me  
think you ain't built for this. I'm  
gon give you a hook, aye Cane...

Just before Cane leave out the door he heads back to Gotti.

GOTTI

I need you to let Mark ride with  
you on this one bra...

Cane instantly turns his face up then look at Mark.

CANE

Gotti come on.

GOTTI

Do this for me. If you don't get  
the hit you got my cut.

Boss reluctantly shakes his head in agreement.

CANE

Don't fuck this up nigga.

FADE TO:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

It's early morning and birds are chirping as the sun light is  
shining. No pedestrians are seen but there is traffic being  
heard nearby.

An Impala sits on the curb with the car running.

INT. MARK'S CAR -DAY

Mark is looking in a panic out of each rear view.

MARK  
(to himself)  
I cant believe this shit they got  
me in...

He is looking around the neighborhood while he is a nervous wreck.

His phone rings.

SPEAKERPHONE

CANE (O.S.)  
Aye man look I can see the garbage  
truck up the way...

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

Cane is on his phone wearing a black bubble coat and a hoodie, while talking to Mark.

CANE  
We need to get this nigga before  
they do. Aye, aye Man do not fuck  
this shit up.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREETS - DAY

The garbage truck is on its regular routine. Hanging from the back is RICO, a forty something year old man. Judging by his upbeat attitude he takes pride in his work, as he listens to music in his headphones.

He jumps off the truck and attaches the trash can onto the device that empties the trash.

He returns the cab to the curb then moves on to the next one.

INT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Killa is riding a ninja 650. He is riding down a street and slows to a halt.

He has the truck and Rico in his visual a couple of blocks away.

He goes in the glove box and pulls out a Mac 10. He then straps it over his body, and lets it hang off his back.

He starts his motorbike and takes off.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Creeping through between homes is Breeze. He has on a black Covid mask and is dressed as a utility worker.

He is now walking next to a garage where he crouches down then pulls out a 9mm.

He cocks his gun then waves the beam on his free hand. Breeze leans against the garage.

INT. MARK'S CAR - DAY

Mark is looking at a person not far from him rushing their trash to the curb.

They look at him, he waves.

Cane is screaming in the phone.

BOSS

Aye nigga what the fuck is you  
doing? Why ain't you creeping out?

Mark starts moving in a haste and speed off.

He hits the corner in an attempt to cut off the garbage truck but the truck just hits the horn then turns in the alley.

Cane goes off with verbal insults.

CANE

You stupid muthafucka I knew you  
was gon fuck this lick up. Drive we  
gon catch him at the end of the  
alley...

They skirt off.

Just as they turn on the street Killa cuts them off. He sticks up his middle finger then rides pass them popping a wheel.

CANE

Hurry up go go go. Fuck that just  
pull in the alley, and I'm gon bust  
him right there...

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Breeze is inconspicuously leaned against the garage.



The truck is heard driving down the alley.

He is positioning himself for the kill.

AT THE TRUCK

The garbage truck stops at a line of three trash cans.

Rico does his routine with the first can.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD/ALLEY - DAY

Killa turns in the alley. He rev's the engine on the motorbike.

Rico is now returning the first can.

Killa heads straight toward the truck.

AT THE TRUCK

Rico grabs the second trash can and begins his dumping routine.

INT. MARK'S CAR - DAY

Mark looks petrified. Cane is mugging him.

CANE

Turn right in here and pull right  
in front of the truck.

Mark does as he's told and Cane gets out the car with gun in hand.

He signals for the driver to be quiet, as he's walking pass.

AT THE TRUCK

Rico is now returning the second can.

Killa is hopping off the bike and running towards Rico with Mac in hand.

Rico is still oblivious to what's going on around him until he looks down and spots a red beam on his chest.

Breeze has perfect aim, all he has to do is squeeze.

Rico looks up and to his surprise the third trash cans lid raises.

He is looking down a double barrel shotgun that Boss is holding.

BOOM

Rico is blasted back into the truck.

FADE TO:

INT. KRANK'S BAR & PUB - NIGHT

Mark is shaking while smoking another cigarette.

SHEILA

Whoa you right that was heavy. But  
I will say this, we almost have  
everything we need to bring them  
down, and that's worth celebrating..

She lifts her glass to toast. He taps her glass with his and they both down there drinks.

SHEILA

Now tell me of this niece that Rita  
has making hits. So is she apart of  
Network?

MARK

Its her granddaughter, and no she  
not a part of Net- Network...

Mark adjust his collar and let's out a subtle cough.

SHEILA

How do you know?

MARK

How do I know what?

SHEILA

How do you know her niece isn't a  
part of this Network organization?

MARK

You mean her granddaughter?

SHEILA

No I mean her niece...

Mark is now blinking and choking up through his speech.

MARK  
It's her granddaughter—

SHEILA  
No, my name is Musa and I'm her  
niece.

Mark is grabbing his throat and falls to the ground shaking convulsively.

Boss and Gotti appears and stands next to Sheila.

BOSS  
Told you this nigga wasn't right.

GOTTI  
Rest in piss pussy.

Mark is foaming out his mouth as he takes his last breath.

Sheila places the Jamaican symbol on his chest.

FADE OUT.

THE END