

THE WORKS

"PILOT"

Written By
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INT. THE HOSPITAL - DAY

TITLES: FLASHBACK-2014

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - EVENING

We see **SEVEN STEVENS (16)** in his jersey, right arm in a sling and an **assistant basketball coach (black, mid 30's, early 40's)** of the team he's on. Seven's face is nervous. His eyes worried. He has the look "is this really happening to **ME** ?! "

Then..a knock at the door. Seven's doctor emerges (black man, mid 40's). He acknowledges the assistant coach then Seven. He pulls a chair up to Seven in front on him

SEVEN:

So, Doc. What's up ?

DOC:

Sadly, this isn't the first time an injury like this has happened to you. First time it did, you opted for therapy instead of immediate surgery. Basically you didn't pick the right choice and because of that..you're done.

SEVEN (somewhat relieved):

Whoo ! that pause you had had me for a second. (laughs) So how fast can i bounce back after the surgery ?

DOC looks down for a second, sad for Seven before answering

DOC:

You're done, son

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SEVEN(sarcastically):
For the season ? yeah, i know. Thats coo'. I have
senior year left

DOC:
No, son.

This grabs the assistant coach's attention

DOC:
Due to the severity of your injury. You're gon' be sidelined for a
long minu-(doc keeps talking about the injury)

But...SEVEN zones out. He is shook. He has the face of a black boy
that's seen a black ghost.

We hear the sounds of screaming fans, chants, cameras snapping and
coaches talking

Then...SEVEN locks back in

DOC:
Seven..do you understand the situation you are in ? You ok ?

SEVEN:
Yeah, yeah, yeah. I understand.I'm good. So when's the surge-

SEVEN abruptly throws up

Title: **THE WORKS**

["The World Is Yours" By Nas is bumpin, as " **THE WORKS**" appears

CUT TO:

INT. SEVEN'S ROOM - MORNING

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The sun break thru Seven's blinds and appears on his face, he's laying down facing the blinds. "The World Is Yours" is now playing thru his headphones.

Then..knock,knock

It's his **MOM**(late 30's, early 40's, we see her but she's out of focus(by the way, ALL parents appear offscreen and or out of focus). She has a **PINK SLIP** rolled up in her hand
She calls his name but obviously he can't hear. She had enough, she walks over around his bed, now blocking the Sun

Seven takes his headphones off. Face anxious. Thinking "She's 'bout to kick my ass and then kick me out".

MOM(o.s):

What i tell you 'bout having those in while in my house ? i could've been getting murked in the other room.

She drops the **PINK SLIP** in front of Seven. Seven unravels it

MOM:

Inspections. You can't be here for 4 hours.

SEVEN looks at his mom lowkey with relief

SEVEN:

Thought this was yo protest of me still living at home.

MOM:

Oh no baby. Mine protest is more verbal.

SEVEN:

Where i'm pose to go for 4 hours tho' ?

MOM(sarcastically):

i don't know. Anywhere but here ? a designated place ?? Ooo a job, maybe ???

SEVEN(scoffs, moves to sit up):

Right, be a nigga who hates his life and on top of that has a job ?

MOM is walking out but turns back to answer

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MOM:

But aren't you that already ? Minus the job of course

SEVEN is insulted. We get a vibe that he always has had a sensitive ego.

MOM(closing the door):

Love you. Lock up when you leave.

SEVEN looks at a stack of comics piled on his nightstand and gets up to take a shower

CUT TO:

Int. Seven's Bathroom

We're focused on who SEVEN just hopped out the shower and his now wiping the mist off the mirror then he turns on the water to apply acne lotion to his face. Out of nowhere, MICHAEL JORDAN who's wearing a jersey and cape appears behind him. Paying homage to 'True Romance' in the scene where CLARENCE is talking to ELVIS. MICHAEL JORDAN is singing 'Basketball' By Kurtis Blow.

MICHAEL JORDAN:

Clear sky, sunny all day. Gon' catch some rays ?

SEVEN:

Nah, i'm staying under. Don't want to move.

MICHAEL JORDAN:

Aye, playa. You got to get out. Boredom's gon' be the death of you

SEVEN:

Thought it was gon' be stubbornness

MICHAEL JORDAN:

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Yeah, that too. Look, the world's ain't absolute. Not 1 single narrative. You don't just win and you don't just lose. It has to given out porpotionally. 50/50.

SEVEN:

I'm not gambling with my life

MICHAEL JORDAN:

Everyone gambles with their life everyday whether they know it or not. You stopped.

SEVEN doesn't reply

MICHAEL JORDAN starts dribbling a basketball

MICHAEL JORDAN:

I know. It's rough. You know that i've had my losses..but i bounced back from them and won. 6 times to be exact. When you get yo first dub, huh ??

SEVEN still doesn't reply

MICHAEL JORDAN:

. Go check back into the game, son. The final buzzer ain't sound-off just yet. I always liked you, Seven. Always *have* and i always *will*.

MICHAEL JORDAN disappears

INT. THE LIBRARY - AFTERNOON

WE see SEVEN with comics in one hand, while picking out more comics with his other hand

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Then..

STAXZ:

Got Marvel in one hand and you lookin at DC comics. My nigga, pick a side

SEVEN fails to recognize him

STAXZ:

Seven ? Its me Staxz. Childhood friend ?

SEVEN gives him a look

SEVEN:

James ?

STAXZ:

Aye dont out my govt' name. My name around here now is Staxz. Thought you dead. How come you ain't text me or anyone for that matter anymore after graduation ??

Seven:

You kno, been busy. Hella responsibilities. Got baby to raise

Staxz:

Babies? You got kids ? Am i an uncle already

SEVEN:

Nigga, no. My baby brother

STAXZ:

Oh duh that's right. How is he ?

SEVEN:

Good. Talkin' more than before

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STAXZ:
Aye mitzvah! God is good

SEVEN:
So they say

STAXZ phone goes off, he texts

STAXZ:
Aiiyo sorry for the quickie of a reunion but i gotta dash. Here

Hands Seven his business card

STAXZ:
Call if you need me.I miss you,Seven

STAXZ daps up SEVEN. STAXZ gives off a homoerotic vibe when he does so like NINO and GEE MONEY

STAXZ leaves

Then...

SEVEN phones rings out louds.. He drops the comics in hand surprised

LITTLE KID(o.s):
A nigga tryna read !! Turn dat off !!

SEVEN:
Oh yeah cuz reading Dr.Seuss requires focus

SEVEN reads text from MOM "You got have job yet ??" with emojis

SEVEN texts "mama it's only 10:23"

He waits for reply

MOM texts "Oops i didn't know getting a bag has business hours". "Get going"

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SEVEN cracks a smile

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WOODS - EVENING

We see a old man(**black, late 50's, early 60s**) being walked to his death by **AKIRO GAWDSSUN(black,late teens, early 20s?)**. The old man is surprisegly not pleading for his life, he's honorably accepting his fate. **AKIRO is heavily trained in fighting, he's a young, black and very gifted martial artist.**

OLD MAN:

You know i knew it was matter of time before the youngin' didn't need me no mo'. You like yo boss ?

AKIRO:

He's the boss. An inexperienced one but boss nonetheless.

OLD MAN:

You know it's an honor to finally meet you,son. (Gestures)Fastest hands in the West and you're so young for such a title

AKIRO:

Thank you,sir and don't worry. You'll meet God painlessly and peaceful-like

OLD MAN(breaks out smiling):

Thank you

AKIRO:

Stop. Here.

AKIRO looks around.

WE see a open burial hole, a shovel and nicely carved pieces of sticks

OLD MAN looks around

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OLD MAN:

Here.

OLD MAN gets on his knees, whispers prayers. Akiro closes his eyes when prayers are being said. The Old Man end prayer

OLD MAN:

Ready

AKIRO:

Yes sir

AKIRO cocks back two fingers with one hand and places his other hand on the back of the old man's head. In a real deadly swift of his 2 fingers he pinches the old man's forehead. The OLD MAN gasps...He's surprised he's not dead. AKIRO is embarrassed

AKIRO:

I'm sorry, sir. I've never done this(gesturing the technique) before

OLD MAN:

Resort back to your old ways for both our sakes(He smiles)

AKIRO nods

He then resorts to his an old technique. Akiro stabs his 2 fingers at an artery in the old man's neck. The old man drops dead.

CUT

TO:

AKIRO digging a proper grave but without a tombstone with pretty flowers

CUT TO:

Ext.Backwoods

We see a young, black man(20's) surrounded by black goons with katanas and their sifu, Pretty Ricky(Late 20's, Early 30's) who has a

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very noticeable scar across his left eye which would look total badass if only it was 4 inches to the right. The young black male is digging money out of a lot of holes.

Y.B.M:

Here this is the last one.

Gives a goon a cernare wrapped package of a stack of 100's and 50 dollar bills

GOON #1:

Thank God for mister Brown. Take this.

The Y.B.M throws the shovel off-screen, wraps up a guiding map, sticks it in his back pocket, Begins to jump out of the hole

Y.B.M:

C'mon nigga help me up.

GOON #1 starts to help him up but then goon #2 stabs him with his fingers right between his eyes. Y.B.M drops back into the ditch. We hear him struggling to breathe, frantically gasping for air.

PRETTY RICKEE:

Leave the body right there. Wolves need to eat too.

Int. The Library

SEVEN'S reading manga(One-Piece) when Staxz comes thru

SEVEN:

So ?

STAXZ:

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So,i put the word in. boss-man wants to meet you

SEVEN(somewhat relieved):

When ? Tomorrow ?

Staxz:

Sorry

Seven:

"Sorry" is not a time.

STAXZ(pointing to the back of Seven's left shoulder):

Damn, look at shawty ova dere wit the fat-ass!!

SEVEN looks back. Staxz lowkey pissed he looks.

Then..SEVEN gets pinched on the right shoulder. Out cold

CUT TO BLACK:

WAKES UP

Int.Darryl's comic shop- Sunset

SEVEN is surrounded by the black goons and PRETTY RICKEE. We see a man sitting behind a long table, we can't see this face though. The man is black(late 40's,Early 50's), he has a **mahershala ali husky voice**.

There is dead silence then..

THE MAN:

So Staxz tells me you need money.

SEVEN:

Can you help me ? Sir ?

THE MAN:

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Of course i can. I love helpin' my brothers and sistas out. You a virgin seller ?

SEVEN:
Sir ?

The Man:
You sell drugs before

SEVEN:
No. Didn't need to. (laughs nervously)

SEVEN looks for others to laugh with but no one laughing

THE MAN:
You look..familiar do i know you from somewhere ?

SEVEN:
I'm at the corner store a lot.

THE MAN pulls out his iPhone. He googles SEVEN. He sees the results with a surprised look on his face.

THE MAN:
You're Seven Stevens ?

Guilty as charged

STAXZ:
Yes

THE MAN:
The nigga that finally gave Thomson a state title?? Yo ass costs me 2 stacks off that game.

SEVEN(smiles):
I'm sorry about that

THE MAN:
Didn't you injury yo shit though ?

SEVEN thinks

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SEVEN:

Yah bout that. That's why i'm here

THE MAN:

Mmm..Didn't want to go to college ?

SEVEN:

And what ? Learn. No. Ball is life.

THE MAN:

Shoulda wanted to get an education

SEVEN:

That's not for this nigga

THE MAN:

And *this* is for this(points to

SEVEN) nigga ?

They have a weird standoff of silence

SEVEN:

Look, Sir with all due respect i didn't get knocked unconscious just to get advice. I could've gotten a fortune cookie if i wanted-

PRETTY RICKEE:

I didn't knock you unconscious, i pinched you unconscious. There's a difference.

SEVEN:

Really ? Cause i was till unconcious.

PRETTY RICKEE:

If i knocked you out, you would've woke up in pain. Are you in pain ?

SEVEN:

Does the same amount of pain i *would've* been in amount to the same amount of pain i am in *now* at lookin at yo ugly-ass face ?

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PRETTY RICKEE:
You wanna find out ?

Seven gets up,bout to square up

PRETTY RICKEE:
You don't want this

THE MAN:
Sons ?!

They both stop arguing and look into the shadow ahead

THE MAN:
May i continue ?

Seven eases back into his chair. PRETTY RICKEE stands back to where he was

THE MAN(cont'd):
The answer to yo question is: yes. Word of advice: this ain't for you. Every nigga ain't a drug dealer just like every nigga can't be a Michael Jordan

SEVEN:
I was more of a Magic Johnson.

THE MAN:
I believe in second chances. So you got injured, ended yo career so move on. Go to college. Be a builder. We need more brothas in construction. I'm telling you to do something right with yo life. That's the God in me

Seven sits somewhat ashamed and embarrassed

THE MAN:
Mr. Rickee, will you please escort young brotha here off the premises ? (To Seven) Oh and on yo wait out pick out sum vintage comics for yo self, on the house.

Seven gets up, gives The Man a look and is being escorted out til

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SEVEN:

Just give me a chance, please. Yes, I can go back to college or even trade school but this can be my calling. You said, you said that you believe in second chances, signs and all that holy shit ? Well, maybe just maybe this is my calling. Maybe God wants me to be this. As stupid as that may sound. So please mister. Give me a chance.

THE MAN doesn't respond

RICKEE pulls him back in front of him

PRETTY RICKEE:

Can't blame you for trying.

THE MAN:

Wait. Come back

PRETTY RICKEE escorts Seven back

THE MAN:

I'll help you, young one. I'll let you prove yo worth but if you fuck this up, there will be repercussions. My name is known on the streets for a reason you feel me ?

SEVEN:

You're felt

THE MAN:

Tonight's the night you pop that cherry. Here take this

Hands a mailbox key to SEVEN

THE MAN:

Go to the post office in 30 minutes. The details of your assignments will be in that mailbox number.

RICKEE escorts Seven out then closes the door

RICKEE looks back at The Man and nods

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AKIRO then appears from the shadows and looks at The Man and nods

Int. Post Office - Sundown

We see **SEVEN** standing in front of his assigned mailbox. We see a man on the other side of that mailbox, putting his assignment in the mailbox then **SEVEN** retrieves an envelope and opens it. It reads: "Drop off/pick up. Middle of the dance floor at 8:00. Not 7:59, not 8:01. 8:00 on the dot."

SEVEN tucks it in his person and begins to walk away then he trips on a backpack.

SEVEN:
Shit.

SEVEN looks at the bag suspiciously, grabs it and unzips it

SEVEN:
Oh. Duh

SEVEN zips it back up

Int. The Club - Late Night

We see SEVEN enter the club. It's lit. Loud. Packed. Seven has got on joggers and a hoodie with a nice line-up

SEVEN peeps the scene and heads to the bar. STAXZ is at the bar already, spitting game to some very fine dimes

SEVEN(to bartender):
Club soda

BARTENDER:
Nigga, we don't have that

SEVEN:
What do y'all have ?

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BARTENDER:
It's a bar. Alcohol

SEVEN:
But i don't drink alcohol

THE BARTENDER already has a class and is pouring brown liquor in it

BARTENDER(sarcastically):
Aww, that's crazy. That'll be 15 dollars(smiles)

SEVEN gives a "really?" look. Seven digs in his pockets, gets him a
crispy \$20

SEVEN throws down the brown liquor. He takes it with stride.

SEVEN(holding up glass):
Awee this is awful. Pour another.

SEVEN throws down a crispy \$50 dollar this time

This catches the attention of a fine dime

THE GIRL:
Woah, woah, woah. I hope that wasn't
the last of the money from yo piggy bank

SEVEN:
No, i'm dumber than that(smiles)

The Girl smiles back

THE GIRL:
How you feeling ?

SEVEN:
Lucky. I'm talking to you.

THE GIRL(smiles):
What you doing later ?

SEVEN:

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Uh..I'm talkin' to her right now

THE GIRL(not offended):
Wow. You bold for that. I like my niggas like that

SEVEN:
Then you gon love me. Whats yo number ?

SEVEN pulls out his Android

THE GIRL:
Uhh, uh. Nevermind

SEVEN:
Why ? What's happening ?

THE GIRL:
Uh, you's an Android nigga

SEVEN:
'Scuse me ?

THE GIRL:
Yo phone. Android. How you gon take pictures of all this(rubs her waist and butt) on those raggedy-ass cameras ? No sweetie sorry

SEVEN:
You wasn't pressed bout my phone a couple sentences back

THE GIRL:
Right, i wasn't. It was for the money but now i know.. you ain't the brightest bulb in the attic

SEVEN:
Aye, fuck you. I oughta pay a bitch to smack yo ass !! (to the club)
ANY TAKERS ?!!

THE GIRL:
Do it. My nigga will shoot yo ass

SEVEN:
I'm tell yo nigga what you jus' did

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THE GIRL:
He'd shoot yo ass again

THE GIRL storms off

SEVEN:
Ain't this bout a bitch ? Bitch don-

STAXZ:
Aye, bruh you good ?

SEVEN:
Hell nah. I ain't good. Bitch tried to game me

SEVEN looks around

SEVEN:
Aww hell nahh. Where the bag ?

STAXZ:
What ?

SEVEN:
The bag. My bag i came thru with

STAXZ:
Bitch must've took it

SEVEN:
Aww hell no. (looks at phone). Aww shit. The Time

They run in the direction the the girl stormed off to

They are on the dance floor, scramblin between dancers

STAXZ(looking at a fine dime):
Damn lookit dat ass !!

SEVEN:
Staxz, focus

STAXZ:

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You right !!

They observing everyone

Then.. out of nowhere a tall, muscular black dude karate chops
SEVEN
in the throat

KARATE DUDE:
I'm her nigga !!

Out of nowhere..a clique of black dudes appear like ninjas bout to
beat Seven's ass but STAXZ whoops all they asses and with the last
ninja standing..STAXZ has him in a chokehold when he pulls out his
gun and lets off 2 shots in the air, thru the ceiling into the sky.
Those 2 shots will be very useful later

Everybody runs out the club. Screaming. Yelling

STAXZ puts the gun away and runs off

SEVEN takes the front exit

We are in front of him when him almost runs into the camera until he
gets sucker punched

Ext. The Woods - Midnight

From the sky, we see a black pick-up truck being parked. The driver
is PRETTY RICKEE, getting out opens the trunk and drags a tied-up
SEVEN into the woods.

WE zoom in on them

Seven's screaming in pain.

SEVEN:
Fuck you !! And that dude !! I did nothin wron-

PRETTY RICKEE stops dragging him

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PRETTY RICKEE:

'Til you starting talking with the bitch. Believe it, i was rootin for yo ass to pull thru but nope you had to let pussy get the best of you. Niggas.(shakes head) i tell you

PRETTY RICKEE continues to drag him

PRETTY RICKEE:

Good thing is..you won't be alone out here

SEVEN:

A good thing is.. I don't have to see yo ugly ass face no more. Matter of fact, Shoot me twice just to be sure

PRETTY RICKEE stops dragging him

SEVEN:

YaY, you dug a nice lil' hole for me, i feel special

PRETTY RICKEE:

You ain't the only one, sweetie

PRETTY RICKEE sits Seven up in a praying position. Positions himself behind him, pulls out a gun(equipped with a flashlight). Cocks it

PRETTY RICKEE:

Ready ?

No reply.SEVEN starts breathing heavy

PRETTY RICKEE uncocks the gun

PRETTY RICKEE:

You know..boss said to get you out of here, move, get you set up in a place with little less rain, lot sunshine. That was ideal scenario if you didn't pull it off but..the reality is..i don't have to kill you..but i want to(smiles sinister-like)

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SEVEN doesn't reply. He looks like he's about to cry. Rickee cocks the gun. Aims it at SEVEN'S head. Bout to pull the trigger but then..bullets come falling down. Hits RICKEE once right in the collarbone, the other in the left shoulder

RICKEE drops to knees, dropping the gun in the dark. Seven makes a run for it.. Panting

THE END !!

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