

THE BLACC ROSE FAMILY

By

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BLACK SCREEN:

"To understand life, you must understand death."

Bernard Mersier

EXT. ABANDON BUILDING ROOFTOP - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE DETROIT, MI

BLU'S POV

Summer...dark skies and a sea of gold flowing through East Jefferson from the cars heading Downtown or to Belle Isle for a night of drinking and partying.

Standing by the edge of the building admiring what he sees is BLU ROSE mid-thirties, well-groomed, expensive taste in clothing wearing a royal blue Louis Vuitton suit holding a glass of cognac in his left hand and a Desert eagle in his right.

He's a cold-blooded drug dealer with no remorse for any of his actions.

Something is bothering him. Disgusts outlines his brown eyes and skin, feeling the breeze nestle against his face.

BLU (V.O.)

Niggas disgust me. The lengths they'll go for power is pathetic.

Nodding his head, he takes a sip swallowing smooth as the taste, looking down at the Desert eagle.

CLOSE UP - THE HANDLE

A black rose is engraved on the handle fitting snug in his hand.

CUT TO:

INT. TANYA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (1994) {FLASHBACK}

CLOSE UP - THE DESERT EAGLE

It's on the nightstand beside a vase filled with black roses. Gut wrenching laughter is heard from a male and female.

WIDER ANGLE--

Showing the elaborate furnished bedroom, we see the laughter is coming from YOUNG BLU age eleven and his mother TANYA sitting on the bed laughing at the big head baby on the ultrasound pictures she has in her scrapbook.

Tanya is a beautiful woman with long hair, and if it wasn't for the fact she was five months pregnant, she would have the perfect body.

Closing the book placing it on her pillow, she looks at her son with a warm loving smile.

YOUNG BLU

When will my brother be here?

TANYA

Four more months. Are you ready?

YOUNG BLU

Yes.

She gives him a kiss on the forehead proud her son is ready to take on the responsibility of helping her raise his younger brother.

TANYA

That's my big man. You remember what I been telling you?

YOUNG BLU

There's nothing..

The door flies open causing them to turn back and look.

Blu's father LAWRENCE is standing in the doorway drinking Hennessy from the bottle. The sweat lacing his brow and the way he's teetering side to side attempting to keep his balance let's us know he's drunk.

LAWRENCE

What the fuck are y'all talking about?!
Yeah, yeah, yeah, the lil nigga got a rag
a muffin brother on the way! I need my
dick wet, and you bullshitting!

Young Blu lowers his head ashamed his father is talking to

his mother like she's a worthless bitch on the street.

Tanya doesn't blink keeping her eyes on him, reaching for the Desert eagle.

Taking her time standing, she walks towards him with murderous intentions placing the barrel of the gun between his eyes.

Finding the situation humorous, he takes a sip from the bottle.

TANYA

Talk stupid in front of my son again, and you'll be a victim of what we started.

LAWRENCE

Bitch, if you don't...

WHACK! She smacks him hard across the face with the gun, damn near knocking teeth from his mouth.

Young Blu looks up smiling seeing his mother stand her ground.

TANYA

Watch yo mouth, bitch. Go load the shit up, with yo punk ass.

Proving her authority, she walks to the bed taking a seat next to Young Blu, placing the gun back on the nightstand.

Lawrence is filled with anger, sucking the blood leaking in his mouth, staring at her knowing he can't do shit about what happened, so he walks off.

TANYA

You okay?

YOUNG BLU

Are you okay?

TANYA

I'm fine. Nobody calls your mother a bitch. And I mean nobody.

YOUNG BLU

Do you think he'll try something?

TANYA

Fear should only be an option when
pertaining to God. Nothing on this earth
should place fear in you.

Young Blu looks at her smiling.

YOUNG BLU

Why didn't you kill him?

TANYA

(Soft chuckle)

The thought crossed my mind. I figured you
boys might want your father around.

LAWRENCE (O.S.)

Tanya, come here!

TANYA

(Sighs)

Why?!

LAWRENCE (O.S.)

I can't get in the room without the key!

TANYA

(Annoyed)

Here I come!

She opens the drawer reaching in grabbing her keys, and
then the gun standing to her feet looking at Young Blu
smiling.

TANYA

I love you.

YOUNG BLU

I love you, too.

She walks off towards the door, and before she can set a foot out the door...

CRACK! A bone shattering noise comes from the bat connecting with her head, knocking her to the floor unconscious with blood leaking from her forehead.

Young Blu rushes to her aide, panicking looking at the blood.

YOUNG BLU

Mama! Mama!

A dark skin man in all-black steps in, quickly cracking Young Blu upside the head with the bat, knocking him unconscious beside his mother.

Sly as a fox, Lawrence slithers back to the door taking a sip from the bottle looking at the unconscious mother and son.

LAWRENCE

Dumb bitch.

COME BACK TO:

EXT. ABANDON BUILDING ROOFTOP - {PRESENT DAY}

CLOSE UP - BLU'S FACE

Now we know what was bothering Blu, looking at the anguish in his eyes wanting to cry, but by him being a ruthless killer he sucks up the tears, because there's nothing that can be done to change the past.

BLU (V.O.)

Enough of that.

Placing the gun in his holster under the suit, he strolls down to the other end of the roof.

CLOSE UP - THE SHOTGUN

Mounted on the ledge, following the long sleek barrel down seeing Lawrence's mouth heavily duct taped around the barrel.

Lawrence is tied down to a chair with the legs cemented down. You can feel the fear surging in his body, wide eyed

struggling to get free.

TWO SHOT -- SLICE AND TYSON

Standing off to the side staring at Lawrence showing no emotions are Blu hitters SLICE and TYSON.

Slice is on the heavy side, but he's solid, and Tyson could use a couple of pounds on him, but you can tell he thinks he's tough because he keeps a gun on him.

Blu takes a seat next to the shotgun locking eyes with Lawrence, both of them knowing this is the end.

BLU

Look at this bitch ass nigga, here. Didn't I tell you I would fuckin' kill you?

Lawrence muffles some words, giving Blu humor.

BLU (CONT'D)

Crazy shit, right? Listen.

(Sips)

This is a special occasion.

Blu takes a sip from his glass.

Slice goes in the building, and within seconds, he comes back with multiple black garbage bags, placing them beside Blu.

BLU (CONT'D)

Family is the most important thing in life. Your family consists of a five-year-old daughter, and two sixteen-year-old boys.

The waterworks start in Lawrence eyes.

Blu places his glass on the ledge, pulling out a pair of black leather gloves placing them on.

BLU (CONT'D)

My mother told me to kill anybody who violates me or my family. I took it a step further.

Opening one of the bags, he pulls out limbs from Lawrence dismembered children.

Vomit builds up in Lawrence mouth, and tears fall from his eyes looking at the horror, imagining the suffering his children went through.

Having enough of show and tell, Blu grips the shotgun placing his finger on the trigger.

The expression on his face shows the joy consuming his body.

BLU (CONT'D)

Catch like you told my mother, bitch.

Slowly squeezing the trigger...BANG! Lawrence head explodes like a water balloon.

Slice and Tyson stare at the headless body with no emotion.

Blu pulls out a pack of Newport's and a lighter, taking one from the pack placing it in his mouth lighting it taking a pull, exhaling satisfaction.

BLU (CONT'D)

Clean these bitches up. I gotta see if the dogs finished eating his hoe.

Cold as the murder he just committed, Blu walks off smoking his cigarette.

FADE TO BLACK:

TITLE

INT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Blu is sitting behind his desk looking at a picture of him and Tanya on his laptop.

A brief smile is seen as he strokes his goatee, moving the cursor on a file labeled "My businesses" clicking on it, and three folders labeled Club Grade A, The Spot and Good eating come on the screen.

BLU (V.O.)

When you're moving various drugs, you need creativity. Something these so-called

hustlers these days don't have. Impressing
bitches for one night, broke the next, is
not hustlin'. When you're focused on
pussy, pussy is focused on your dollars,
leading to the police and feds focusing on
your spots.

He clicks on Club Grade A. Twelve screens showing different
areas in the club come up, and he clicks on the room
showing the V.I.P. room.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. V.I.P ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is dim with some sexual music playing. All the
furniture is leather, and there's black tables, a mini
stage with a stripper pole and a Jacuzzi off in the corner.

SEDUCTION comes in. She's drop dead beautiful, twenty-one,
long hair, smooth caramel skin. She's wearing a black tie
around the neck bra and matching thong.

An intoxicated male smiling like he's never had pussy
before is following behind her with a drink in his hand.

Taking a seat, he places his drink on the table smiling.

Seduction sits on his lap with her back to him coiling her
ass, leaning back into him smiling, sliding her hand in her
thong grabbing a GHB pill wrapped in tissue, closing her
hand so he doesn't see it.

While he's busy kissing on her, gripping her breast, he
doesn't realize she dropped the pill in his drink.

Giving him a kiss on the cheek, she stands up prepared to
dance.

Picking up his drink, he takes a healthy sip keeping his
eyes on her.

BLU (V.O.)

That's my loyal bitch. If he's really in
the game, I'll find out when she run his
pockets for the address. My bouncers make
sure people like this dummy are dropped
off far from the club, before the drug
wears off. This is what I'm talking about,
when I said focused on pussy.

Seduction slowly drops into the splits bouncing her ass, stretching forward reaching back grabbing her ass cheeks, spreading it open.

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

This is for sport. Here's where my creativity comes in.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CLUB GRADE A BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

A man wearing latex gloves stands beside a light skin stripper, thick, naked, covered with tattoos on a slab sleep.

A tray of surgical tools and silicon implants are beside him.

BLU (V.O.)

Not only do I love thick women for my own preference. They make good carriers.

The man picks up a scalpel making an incision under her right breast where an old scar is, reaching inside pulling out a silicon bag filled with cocaine.

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

The things some women will do for a dollar. Let's check on the spot.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. TRAP HOUSE BASEMENT - AFTERNOON

A camera is setup hidden in the ceiling.

The aftermath of a frat party best describes the room with empty cups and bottles covering the floor with burn marks on the sofa on its last leg.

Occupying the room drinking out of big red cups and smoking are GOON #1, GOON #2, GOON #3 and SEAN. All of them are in their early 20's.

CLOSE UP - SEAN'S FACE

There's a black rose tatted on his high yellow skin, under his right eye.

BLU (V.O.)

This is my cousin Slice idea. He figured let the little niggas in the neighborhood eat. The problem with young niggas is they're more focused on being the man, instead of making money.

A CRACKHEAD with crusty lips and putrid smell wearing tore up clothes comes into the room rubbing two crinkled twenty dollar bills together.

Everybody focuses their attention on him.

CRACKHEAD

Let me get one.

Goon #1 walks to him taking the money, looking at him confused.

GOON #1

This ain't enough.

Since Sean runs the spot and the money has been coming up short, he stares at the two suspiciously taking a sip from his cup.

The Crackhead searches his pockets as if he has some more money. Scratching his neck smiling, he stares at Goon #1 with "Handout" written all over his face.

CRACKHEAD

You know I'm good for it. Hook me up.

Finding out the reason why the money was short, Sean throws his cup to the side pissed off.

SEAN

Hook him up?! What the fuck is he talking about?!

Goon #1 looks over at Sean knowing he's in a heap of shit.

Pin drop silence, because at the moment no one is speaking staring at Goon #1.

GOON #1

He--he good---

SEAN

He good, what?! You letting this nigga
slide on my money?!

The Crackhead knows it's his time to exit, but Sean quickly
pulls his nine-millimeter aiming at him.

SEAN

Where you going, nigga?!

The Crackhead pauses.

Sean walks up on Goon #1 placing the gun to his head.

Goon #1 lips tremble identical to the way his body is
shaking.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Shit was coming up short, because of you?

GOON #1

(Scared)

Man, listen. I---

SEAN

You listen to this.

Blood sprays from the back of his head as the bullet
ejects, and his body falls to the floor dead.

The crackhead faints.

The other two shriek, covering their mouth.

Sean looks at Goon #1 dead body proud of what he did,
turning his attention to the other two.

Terrified, the other two are slightly shaking wondering if
Sean is going to kill them next.

SEAN

Let this shit be a lesson! I'm the king of

the fucking city! Dump this bitch ass
nigga somewhere.

He kicks Goon #1 and spits on him, before picking up the
Hennessy bottle drinking from the neck.

BLU (V.O.)

I'll deal with that later. Let's check on
my restaurant.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. GOOD EATING - AFTERNOON

Baby face MEKA, twenty-two is standing by the open back
door waiting on the delivery truck, wearing her blue and
black work uniform.

From the expression on her brown face, you can tell she's
happy working here.

The food truck pulls up coming to a stop, and the workers
get out coming to the back opening the tailgate.

One of the workers grabs some boxes making his way into the
restaurant.

The other worker is JAY, thirty, brown skin, tall and
skinny.

He walks up to Meka showing his pearly whites.

JAY

You want me to bring in the sauce?

MEKA

I can handle it.

He leans down into her ear.

JAY

Make sure we have enough for us.

She smiles.

MEKA

You know I will.

He squeezes her ass.

Jay makes his way into the restaurant.

She walks over to the truck grabbing a box with CONDIMENTS written on it making her way into the restaurant.

Everyone is hard at work making meals, and bringing out more food to cook.

Meka walks pass making her way to the stock room.

A camera is setup in the corner.

Meka walks in placing the box down on a shelf opening it, and inside are boxes labeled SAUCES.

Before taking the boxes out, she goes back to the door locking it.

Coming back to the box, she takes the boxes out one at a time placing them to the side, until she reaches one box labeled SPECIAL SAUCES.

She takes the box out opening it, and inside are black jars.

Opening one of the jars, inside is Cocaine. She dips her finger in, and then licks it smiling.

The buzz is slowly creeping on her as she kneels down moving some of the boxes on the bottom shelf to reach the duffle bag.

Grabbing the bag, she stands up opening it, placing three jars inside.

BLU (V.O.)

Something else I'll address.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Blu closes the laptop leaning back in his chair, twiddling his thumbs.

BLU (V.O.)

When it comes to the police, I don't fuck around. They say we gotcha covered, and

end up fucking you over.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. DRUG HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Police officers are raiding the house arresting suspects, seizing drugs, guns and money.

CLYDE, brown skin, twenty-one is wearing some warm attire pinned up against the wall with a gun to the back of his head, held by PHILLIP.

He's a Caucasian officer, forty-six years-old. You can tell he's ready for retirement from looking at the frustration in his blue eyes.

Keeping the gun on him, Phillip leans in Clyde ear.

Police officers are still moving around the house searching or bringing out drugs and guns in the background.

PHILLIP

(Whispering)

If you give me something, I'll put in a good word when you appear in court.

CLYDE

(Whispering)

Fuck you.

PHILLIP

You're already fucked. Give me something or I'll make sure you get fucked some more.

The expression on Clyde's face shows he's about to fold.

CLYDE

...Can I trust you?

PHILLIP

Can you go wrong, if you don't?

CLYDE

...Aight.

Putting his gun away, he takes out the handcuffs placing them on Clyde's wrist with a smile.

PHILLIP

I'll talk to you in the car.

Phillip walks over to OFFICER #1 standing at the front door.

Phillip points over at Clyde.

PHILLIP

Make sure he's in my car. He has a problem with authority.

OFFICER #1

Taking him down to the docks?

PHILLIP

That's the only way they'll respect the law.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDON HOUSE - AFTERNOON

All of the windows are missing, and graffiti covers the walls. The floor is covered with trash, dirty clothes and a piss stained mattress is in the corner.

Phillip comes in fanning the air, making his way over to the mattress.

He looks at it disgusted, pulling out some gloves placing them on, pulling it out the corner.

Phillip grins ear to ear, looking at the drugs and guns the mattress was covering under the floor.

PHILLIP

The ignorance of niggers never ceases to amaze me.

COME BACK TO:

INT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Blu is doing a crossword puzzle.

His SECRETARY walks in, and he looks up at her.

SECRETARY

Your two-o'clock is here.

BLU

Send him in.

She walks out.

GREGORY comes in wearing something sophisticated.

Blu comes from behind his desk walking towards him, and they shake hands.

BLU

How are you today, Greg?

Gregory stares at him smiling, excited about the situation.

GREGORY

I'm Excited. This is my first house.

BLU

Let's go look at it one more time, and then we can get the paperwork started.

GREGORY

Sounds like a winner.

They walk out the room.

INT. DOLLAR STORE - AFTERNOON

There are a few customers moving around the store. The workers are moving around getting the store together.

We focus our attention on LACARRA, twenty-six, light brown skin, medium length hair and hazel eyes. She's scanning items on the shelves.

Blu walks in wearing a wife beater and shorts, pausing when he sees her.

He has an arm sleeve tattoo of the Grim reaper standing in blue flames on his right arm.

She finishes scanning one more item, and then walks pass Blu, making her way to the register.

BLU (V.O.)

I'm not the one to gawk over pussy because a lot of dicks were in it before me. But, this bitch...I need to know if what I'm looking at is just as good.

He grabs a hand basket grabbing miscellaneous items, making his way around the store.

LaCarra is ringing up a customer, and you can tell from her vibe, she has an attitude about something.

The customer moves out the way, just as Blu comes up to the register ready to check out, placing his items on the counter.

BLU

How are you?

She rings the items, not paying him attention.

LACARRA

I'm okay.

BLU

You can't look at me?

LACARRA

Nope. And if I didn't have to come in, I wouldn't have to hear your voice.

BLU

What if I said I could take you away from this?

She looks at him rolling her eyes.

LACARRA

(Sassy)

What if I said your total is fifteen even?

She begins bagging up his items.

Blu pulls out a wad of money keeping his eyes on her staring at him not impressed.

He's confused, because she's not reacting how he expected.

BLU

You wanna change your mind, now?

LACARRA

Why would I?

BLU

This is the green light when women see this.

LACARRA

Only hoes. Not women.

BLU

Is there a difference?

PORSHA, thirty-five, short, brown skin comes up to the register staying back watching the two talking.

LACARRA

Can you pay for your stuff so you can go?

BLU

No doubt. Can you answer my question?

LACARRA

Ask ya mama to answer the question.

Blu's face frowns up, but he brushes it off, smiling.

BLU

Good one. Let me get a pack of Newport's.

LACARRA

Longs or shorts?

BLU

Longs.

She turns around grabbing the cigarettes, and then adds them to his total.

LACARRA

Twenty-two fifty.

He pulls a fifty from his money, placing the rest back in his pocket.

She slides him the cigarettes.

LACARRA

You know those can kill you?

BLU

The persistence of wanting a beautiful woman can kill you, too.

She blushes taking the money.

BLU (CONT'D)

Did I see a smile?

LACARRA

(Shy laugh)

I wasn't smiling.

BLU

You should let me take you out one day.

LACARRA

I don't go out with drug dealers.

BLU

Do I look like a drug dealer?

She gives him a look saying you can't be serious.

BLU (CONT'D)

Don't answer that. Just think about it.
Maybe when I see you again, I can take you
out. What's your name?

She hands him his change.

LACARRA

LaCarra.

Pronounced (La-Car-ra)

BLU

I'm Blu.

He grabs his cigarettes and bag, walking out the store.

LaCarra stands watching him walk out the store knowing
she's interested, but she doesn't want to seem easy.

Porsha comes over to her.

PORSHA

Did you get his number?

LaCarra turns looking at her.

LACARRA

No. Why would I do that?

PORSHA

He sexy as fuck and the money makes it
even better.

LACARRA

Maybe you should've talked to him.

PORSHA

He was busy up in yo ass.

LACARRA

Well, I'm not some easy bitch he can fuck
on sight.

PORSHA

Shit. We woulda been fucking tonight if he wasn't talking to you.

LaCarra gives her a light shove.

LACARRA

(Laughs)

Go stock the shelves.

Porsha walks off laughing.

EXT. TRAP HOUSE - NIGHT

The Spot looks like a shithole. The steps are broken, it's dirt for grass and empty forty-ounce bottles are on the porch.

Sean, Goon #2, Goon #3 and BRYANT, all wearing shorts and T-Shirts are sitting on the porch drinking and smoking.

Bryant is sixteen-years-old, brown skin, tall and skinny.

You can tell by the way he's babysitting his cup he's only drinking to blend in.

A jet-black Expedition with black tinted windows pulls up in front of the house, stopping.

Slice gets out from the driver side wearing an open black flannel with a white T-shirt underneath and some black Khaki's, making his way over to the passenger side.

Blu gets out the passenger side wearing all-black.

Sean comes down from the porch smoking walking up to Slice and they give each other a play.

SEAN

What up, Slice?

SLICE

I need to conduct some business.

Taking a pull from the blunt, he looks at Blu suspicious.

Blu has a straight face staring at him.

SEAN

Who is this?

SLICE

He looking for some work, and I told him we got the best in the city.

SEAN

The nigga look shady.

SLICE

You know goddamn well, I don't deal with shit like that.

Blu is staring at the tattoo on Sean's face in wonderment.

BLU

What does the tat mean?

Sean looks over at Blu exhaling the smoke, sucking his teeth.

SEAN

Why?

BLU

Curious.

SEAN

Don't worry about what the fuck it means.

BLU

(Sarcastic)

I don't want them problems.

SEAN

I know you don't. I'm the king of this fucking city! You better recognize and turn up, bitch.

Blu looks at him confused.

BLU

Turn up? What does that mean?

Sean gets ready to reach under his shirt, and Slice grabs him.

SLICE

Calm that shit down. Let's do this business, so I can get the fuck on.

SEAN

You right.

He gives Blu a tight mean mug.

SEAN (CONT'D)

You need to get this nigga in line.

SLICE

I got that covered.

BLU

I'll go sit on the porch.

SEAN

You do that.

Blu makes his way to the house, taking a seat on the top step.

Goon #2 and Goon #3 are sitting to the right of him on the bottom steps, and Bryant is to his left on the bottom step.

Blu is looking over the scene laid back.

Goon #3 extends the blunt to Blu.

Blu shakes his head no, slyly placing his hand under his shirt.

BLU

Tell me something?

They focus their attention on Blu.

BLU (CONT'D)

Do you know the difference between the king of the city, and the people who work for him?

Dedication is on Goon #2 face taking a pull, pointing down at Sean.

GOON #2

Hell yeah. My man's down there run this bitch, and we make sure it stays that way. Turn up!

Goon #2 and Goon #3 continue drinking and smoking, but Bryant keeps his eyes on Blu.

Blu breaks out laughing.

BLU

Turn this weak shit down.

Finally paying attention, but it's too late, because when they turn facing Blu...

Blu quickly pulls the desert eagle out, shooting Goon #2 and Goon #3 in the head.

Sean turns around stunned reaching for his gun, and Slice draws his Glock 40, placing it to Sean's head.

SEAN

What the fuck is this?!

SLICE

Get'cho ass on the ground!

Sean slowly gets on the ground.

Blu stands up smiling, aiming the gun at Bryant. You can tell Bryant is nervous, but he's keeping cool.

BLU

Why didn't you say shit?

BRYANT

A smart person knows the person who asked

the question runs shit.

Blu smirks, lowering the gun.

BLU

What's your name?

BRYANT

Bryant.

BLU

I might have a place for you. You have to do something first.

BRYANT

I'm down.

BLU

Good.

Blu walks down from the porch, making his way over to Sean.

Sean looks up at him, and Blu kicks him hard across the face.

Slice picks him up, holding him with his arms behind his back.

Sean's face is tight with blood coming from his mouth.

BLU (CONT'D)

I'd advise you to unscrunch yo fucking face before you speak.

Sean spits blood in his face.

Blu pistol-whips him and Slice lets him go, allowing him to hit the ground.

BLU (CONT'D)

That bullshit on your face is bad for business. Especially since it's my business, and you don't know what the fuck it means.

He begins stomping him for a few seconds, and then he

stops.

BLU (CONT'D)

Put this bitch in the truck.

Slice picks him up delivering a hard gut punch making him fold over.

Blu goes back to the house walking in and Bryant follows.

EXT. /INT. INSIDE THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Blu stands looking at all the empty beer bottles and extension cords running through the messy house.

He sighs shaking his head, wiping the blood from his face.

BLU

Where's my shit?

BRYANT

He keeps it in the kitchen, up under the sink.

BLU

Is my money there, too?

BRYANT

Yup.

BLU

Let's go get it.

They make their way towards the kitchen.

BLU (CONT'D)

How old are you?

BRYANT

Sixteen.

BLU

What yo ass doing in these streets?

BRYANT

All I know is the streets.

BLU

Tell me what you know about the streets?

Bryant is silent as they walk into the kitchen.

Fast food wrappers, empty liquor bottles, crinkled paper bags, pots used to cook crack, and residue of cocaine are on the counter.

In the corner, there are two gas containers.

BLU (CONT'D)

I'll ask that again later. Go get the
shit.

Bryant goes over to the sink kneeling down opening the cabinet, grabbing two duffel bags. Standing up, he walks over to Blu with the bags.

BLU

Open 'em.

Bryant places the bags down opening one, and inside are bricks of Cocaine. Opening the other one, it's filled with hundred dollar bills.

BLU

You know how much this shit is worth?

Blu places a cigarette in his mouth lighting it.

BRYANT

No.

BLU

Answer my question and do what I need, you
will. Go spill the gas.

Blu exhales debating on how he wants Bryant to prove his self.

Bryant walks over to the containers picking them up, spilling the gas through the room. When he's finished, he

makes his way out the kitchen.

Blu picks up the bags taking one more pull from his cigarette, before tossing it in the gas.

The house catches fire as Blu makes his way out.

Blu and Bryant come down the steps making their way to the truck getting in.

The fire can be seen consuming the house from the windows, lighting the slum neighborhood with orange light.

Bryant looks in the hatch seeing Sean knocked out and hog-tied.

Blu turns around looking at Bryant.

BLU

You okay back there?

BRYANT

I'm good. What about this nigga back here, and the bodies?

Blu looks at Slice, and they laugh.

BLU

Don't worry about that nigga back there. And the bodies are for the coroners to clean up.

They pull off.

INT. THE LOT - NIGHT

Out in the middle of nowhere in complete silence, Slice Expedition and Blu's black charger are parked to the side.

An abandon building is in the background, not far from the light pole Sean is tied up to.

Blu, Slice and Bryant are standing in front of him.

Sean looks at the three showing no fear, prepared for whatever happens.

BLU

You ready to tell me what that shit on

your face means?

Sean looks at him baffled, because he has no idea who Blu is.

SEAN

Who are you?

BLU

I'm the reason yo dumb-ass was able to eat.

Sean turns his head spitting.

SEAN

Kill me, nigga. I ain't scared.

BLU

(Laughs)

You thought I wasn't? I wanna know what the shit on your face means, before I do.

Blu pulls the Desert eagle out, showing Sean the black rose.

BLU (CONT'D)

This was my mother's gun. She killed mutts such as yourself, and various others who thought they ran the city with this gun. She's the reason why the black rose family was infamous, while weak ass niggas like you tried turning it into a gang.

BRYANT

You're part of the black rose family?

Blu turns looking at Bryant.

BLU

You'll find out about that later. Slice, hand me your knife.

Blu places the gun back under his shirt.

Slice pulls out a serrated knife.

Blu takes the knife grabbing Sean's head, placing the tip under his right eye, and you can hear the piss running down Sean's legs.

Everybody looks at the piss puddle forming under Sean's feet.

BLU

This muthafucker claim he a gangsta, and he got piss runnin' down his legs.

SEAN

Fuck you!

Blu begins viciously cutting the tattoo from his face, and when he's finished, he places it in his pocket.

Sean screams, while Bryant looks on terrified.

Blu turns his attention to Bryant, pulling a nine-millimeter from his back, extending it to him.

Bryant takes the gun.

Staring directly at Bryant, Blu points back at Sean.

BLU

Blow his brains out.

BRYANT

Are you serious?

Blu pulls the desert eagle out aiming at Bryant's head.

BLU

Ten seconds.

Bryant's hand shakes, aiming the gun at Sean's head.

BLU

One.

BRYANT

I can't do this.

BLU

Two.

Sean has tears and blood coming down his face, staring in Bryant eyes.

Bryant looks uncertain what to do.

BRYANT

I can't---

BLU

I lied about counting to ten.

As Blu cocks the hammer, Bryant blows Sean's brains out, and then drops the gun, turning to the side throwing up.

BLU (CONT'D)

The first kill is always hard. The ones after are better than sex.

Bryant continues vomiting, while Blu picks up the gun placing it behind his back, turning to Slice.

BLU (CONT'D)

Make sure the king of the city gets his recognition. I'll take this one with me.

Blu pats Bryant on the back, signaling him to walk.

Bryant stands light-headed trying to stop from vomiting wiping the residue from his mouth, following Blu.

BLU (CONT'D)

The next time I tell you to kill somebody you better do it, before I kill you. Answer that question.

Bryant is trying to gain his composure.

BRYANT

...Nothing.

BLU

I thought so. Let's go get something to

eat.

INT. BLU'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Royal blue carpet covers the floor. A marble ashtray sits on the glass table. There's a leather sofa and love seat with a folded black blanket on the sofa. Mounted on the wall there's a flat screen television, and a mini bar covered with different expensive liquor bottles and glasses up against the wall.

You can tell if you go out onto the balcony, there's a nice view of Downtown.

Blu and Bryant walk in.

Bryant is carrying the two bags from the spot, and Blu is carrying a bag which he places down, and then walks over to the mini bar pouring a glass of Remy.

BRYANT

Uh...what happens now?

Blu turns looking at him.

BLU

Why?

Bryant places the bags down.

BRYANT

I just wanted to know.

Blu takes a sip, walking over to him.

BLU

Curiosity is another word for death. Hold this.

Bryant takes the drink, and Blu pulls his gun out grabbing Bryant's head, placing the gun under his chin.

BLU

Death is involved with everything you do, so you shouldn't fear shit. The second thing you need to know is curiosity speeds up the process. Why do you give a fuck

about a nigga you killed?

Bryant is trembling.

BRYANT

I--I was wondering...if it would point back
to me.

Blu laughs releasing his head, lowering the gun.

Bryant gets ready to laugh, and Blu hits him hard in the
stomach with the handle of the gun dropping Bryant down to
one knee causing him to drop the glass.

BLU

You worried about how I run shit?! You
were sucking the dick of a pretend king,
and you worried about how I do shit?!

Blu hits him in the face, knocking him flat on the floor.

Bryant rolls on his back holding his face.

Blu places a foot on his chest cocking the hammer back,
aiming at his head.

BLU (CONT'D)

Who do you live with?

BRYANT

(Scared)

My mother and sister.

BLU

Give me your wallet. Don't try any slick
shit, because it's a hair trigger.

Bryant goes in his pocket grabbing his wallet extending it.

Blu takes the wallet walking over to the sofa taking a
seat.

Bryant gets ready to stand up, and Blu aims the gun at him.

BLU (CONT'D)

Keep yo ass right there. I'll give you

three questions. In return, you get to ask me three. Answer and ask wise, because your life is in your own hands. You understand?

Bryant nods his head yes.

BLU (CONT'D)

How strong is your faith in God?

BRYANT

My mother is a God-fearing---

BLU

I didn't ask about your mother. I asked you.

BRYANT

(Swallows hard)

It's strong.

Blu looks at him.

BLU

Do you think if I pulled this trigger, God would let you live?

BRYANT

You would have to pull the trigger for the answer.

Blu nods his head.

BLU

I like that. How do you feel about killing that nigga?

BRYANT

I can still see his brains spilling out his head.

BLU

That's a good thing, but not what I asked.

I asked how you feel.

BRYANT

...I don't know if I'll ever get over it.

BLU

What made you choose this life?

BRYANT

I---

BLU

You thought it was the shit to do? You thought because you hear and see it in this rap bullshit, its cool?

BRYANT

Yeah.

BLU

Give me your three.

BRYANT

Why you not flexin'?

BLU

Did anybody know I was the boss?

BRYANT

No.

BLU

And why is that?

Bryant lowers his head disappointed for asking a stupid question.

BRYANT

Because you stay low key.

BLU

Next.

BRYANT

Why didn't you kill me?

Blu stares at him, tapping the gun on his knee.

BLU

You're a fucking moron, but you didn't do
shit wrong.

BRYANT

Is there any other reasons?

BLU

I'll know by the time this is finished.
Last one.

BRYANT

Did your mother really start the black
rose gang?

BLU

It's not a weak ass gang. It was an
organization my mother and father started.

BRYANT

What happened?

Blu appears as if he wants to cry, but he quickly
straightens up, standing to his feet.

BLU

Maybe I'll tell you one day. Get up and
come have a drink.

Blu walks over to the bar grabbing the Louis XIII bottle
pouring two glasses.

Bryant comes over picking up the glass.

BRYANT

Who would've thought I'd be drinking this?

BLU

Drink it slow and savor it.

Bryant takes a sip, and a smile spreads across his face, nodding his head, yes.

BLU

Good?

BRYANT

Hell yeah.

BLU

Enjoy as much as you want. You got some thinking and answering to do in the morning.

BRYANT

I do?

BLU

That's right. Grab that blanket and take yo ass on the balcony.

BRYANT

Why the balcony?

BLU

Be lucky it ain't a dirt nap. I'll talk to you in the morning.

BRYANT

What if I try some shady shit?

BLU

If you love your mother and sister, you know better. See you in the morning.

Blu walks over grabbing the bag he was carrying, walking to his room.

The only things in his room are a nightstand and his king size bed with navy blue sheets, and the blanket to match.

Blu walks to the bed taking a seat, lowering his head sighing. He puts his glass on the nightstand, and then opens the bag pulling out a folder placing it on his lap.

INSERT THE COVER

It reads "Fear should only be an option when pertaining to God. Nothing on this earth should place fear in you."

Underneath it is a dead black rose sealed in a Ziploc bag.

He opens the folder, and on the first page, there's a poem and ultrasound picture.

Above the picture it reads "My baby boy"

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDON WAREHOUSE - NIGHT (1994) {FLASHBACK}

Tanya is tied down to a chair with blood leaking from her forehead, and the barrel of a shotgun in her mouth.

Lawrence has his finger on the trigger with no mercy shown in his eyes, staring directly at Young Blu.

Young Blu is on his knees with blood on his face, and a knot on his head, being held down by two husky men in all-black.

LAWRENCE

I'll give you one chance to save this hoe.
She was only good for sucking dick, so
this fits the occasion. Where's the rest
of the money?

Thinking he can save her, he prepares to tell, when he notices Tanya closing her eyes, shaking her head no.

Lawrence looks at her smiling, running his fingers through her hair.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

Do what you're good at bitch, and catch.

He pulls the trigger, blowing her head off.

Young Blu screams watching his mother headless body fall to the floor, trying his best to get free from the men.

Lawrence is covered with brain fragments and blood, smiling approaching Young Blu.

Filled with rage and tears falling down his face, Young Blu looks at Lawrence spitting on him.

Lawrence nods his head laughing, gripping the shotgun like a bat, cocking it back swinging with all his might, hitting Young Blu in the stomach.

While he's folded over vomiting, the three men look on laughing.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

I love the fact you got heart.

Lawrence places the barrel of the gun under Young Blu's chin, slowly lifting his head.

Vomit mixed with blood is dripping from his mouth, trying to catch his breath.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

Now, if you're thinking about snitching on me.

He points back at Tanya's dead body.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

I'll do you just like I did that bitch.

Releasing a sinister laugh, he kneels down looking in Young Blu's eyes.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

You got something to say?

Young Blu turns his head spitting, and then locks eyes with Lawrence.

YOUNG BLU

I won't snitch.

LAWRENCE

Good.

YOUNG BLU

I'm fuckin' killing you.

Lawrence laughs, rubbing Young Blu's head.

LAWRENCE

Somebody needs a nap.

He stands to his feet gripping the shotgun tight, and with a swift motion, he smacks Young Blu across the face with the shotgun, knocking him unconscious.

COME BACK TO:

INT. BEDROOM - {PRESENT DAY}

Blu's eyes are glazed closing the book, placing it on his pillow.

BLU

...Y'all can rest in heaven. I took care of him.

EXT. BALCONY - MORNING

Bryant is sleeping on the sofa in his boxers, with the empty bottle resting beside him.

There's a knot under his eye.

Blu is standing over him wearing a button up shirt and jeans, pressing the barrel of the Desert Eagle against Bryant's head.

Bryant wakes up jumping in fear.

BRYANT

What the fuck?!

BLU

You sleep heavy. That shit can get you killed.

BRYANT

I'll keep that in mind.

BLU

You better. Get up. I need to show you something.

Blu walks back into the apartment.

Blu takes a seat on the sofa pulling out a cigarette placing it in his mouth, lighting it.

He picks up his glass filled with whiskey and three pieces of ice taking a sip, grabbing the remote for the television turning it on.

Bryant comes in taking a seat on the love seat.

BLU

I'll let you wash up and give you something to wear.

BRYANT

Thanks.

BLU

Just so you know. All this sleeping in late shit is not about to fly.

Blu turns to the news he recorded.

On the screen there's a decent looking house yellow taped off.

REPORTER

(Into the camera)

A tale of sorrow was embedded in the community. A family of five was found dismembered in their home. One of the victims head was on the front porch wearing a king's crown, with a black rose in his mouth. The people of the city know this is an old, yet grim calling card.

Blu turns the television off looking over at Bryant.

BLU

That's what happened.

Bryant covers his mouth from throwing up.

BLU (CONT'D)

Suck that shit up, nigga! This is the life
you wanted, right?!

Bryant doesn't respond.

Blu walks over to him grabbing his face tight, making him
look at him.

BLU (CONT'D)

You got until three-o'clock to get ya shit
together. Go get cleaned up.

He lets his face go.

Bryant walks off to the bathroom.

Blu stands sighing.

INT. DOLLAR STORE - AFTERNOON

Blu comes into the store with a bouquet of roses.

Porsha comes from behind the register, making her way to
him.

PORSHA

Nice flowers.

BLU

Thank you.

PORSHA

This can only mean one thing.

BLU

Which is?

PORSHA

You're showing me you're a gentleman.

Blu catches his self from laughing, looking at her
confused.

BLU

Really?

PORSHA

(Winks)

Yeah. What other reason could there be?

BLU

This lets me know you have a man.

PORSHA

What he doesn't know won't hurt.

LaCarra comes to the front, pausing when she sees the two talking.

Blu looks over seeing her.

BLU

You shouldn't wanna be a side dish, when you have a man treating you as a main course.

He walks over to LaCarra extending the flowers.

Porsha is offended folding her arms across her chest.

LACARRA

What am I supposed to do with these?

BLU

I would hope you accept them, considering I took the time to find something as beautiful as you.

She blushes taking the flowers.

LACARRA

What do you want from me?

BLU

One date. If you say no, I'll leave you alone. If you say yes and you don't have

fun, I'll leave you alone.

LACARRA

Considering you can be nice with manners.
You seem financed and you're handsome.
What makes me special outta all the women
you run across?

BLU

Every woman isn't LaCarra.

She stands speechless, blushing.

BLU (CONT'D)

Dinner and bowling sound good to you?

She gives off a big grin, laughing.

LACARRA

Bowling? You go bowling?

He smiles, shrugging his shoulders.

BLU

It's a first time for everything. I'm a
big ass kid at heart.

LACARRA

Well---

BLU

Well, that means yes?

She shakes her head, laughing.

LACARRA

You won't leave me alone, so yes.

BLU

You want me to pick you up or you wanna
come to my place?

LACARRA

I'll come to your place.

He goes in his pocket pulling out his wallet opening it, taking one of his business cards out extending it.

BLU

I'll be ready around eight, if that's cool with you?

She takes the card looking at it, and then him.

LACARRA

You're in real estate?

BLU

Be more concerned with what you're wearing. That's my cell, so call me.

He makes his way out the store.

Porsha comes over sucking her teeth.

PORSHA

You shouldn't waste your time.

LACARRA

Why? Because he turned you down?

PORSHA

Do what you want.

Porsha walks off.

LaCarra laughs shaking her head, looking at the card.

INT. BRYANT'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

The room is a little messy, which is typical for a teenage male.

Bryant paces back and forth in his room, wearing Blu's tan Khaki shorts and a T-Shirt with a skull design on it.

He gets ready to sit on the bed, and there's a knock at the door.

BRYANT

Yeah?

GLEND A (O.S.)

Someone is at the door for you.

BRYANT

Here I come.

He gathers himself walking out the room.

He comes in the living room decorated with religious paintings, a sofa, love seat and flat screen television.

KELLY, seven-years-old is sitting in front of the television watching cartoons, wearing some warm attire.

His mother GLEND A late-fifties stands by the door wearing warm attire.

He walks over to the door ready to walk out, and she grabs his arm.

GLEND A

Who is that?

BRYANT

He's helping me find a job.

GLEND A

I felt death's grip when I opened the door.

BRYANT

I'll be back in a few.

He gives her a kiss on the cheek, and then opens the door.

She closes her eyes lifting her head, forming her hands together to pray.

GLEND A

Lord. Look over my boy, and make sure he comes home safe. In your name Lord, I leave the soul of my child in your hands. Amen.

He turns around looking at her, trying to keep a straight face.

BRYANT

We won't know if the Lord truly hears you,
unless I come back.

He walks out.

INT. /EXT. GLENDA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Glenda has a one level house. Her front lawn is perfectly trimmed and green.

The neighborhood is your typical urban environment. There are kids outside playing, and cars coming up and down the street.

Bryant walks to the old-school black Monte Carlo with tinted windows sitting in front of the house.

Tyson is sitting with a blunt hanging from his mouth, watching Bryant get in getting comfortable.

Bryant turns looking at him smiling.

BRYANT

What up?

Tyson takes a hard pull, blowing the smoke in Bryant's face.

TYSON

You'll see what's up, if you fuck up.

Bryant is silent, fanning the smoke.

Tyson pulls off.

EXT. GOOD EATING - AFTERNOON

Sitting on the corner of a busy intersection is "Good Eating". The fancy looking fast food joint has a packed parking lot, and a nice size line for the drive-thru. The name of the place is spelled in calligraphy on the front of the building.

The Monte Carlo pulls up on the side of the building, coming to a stop.

Tyson is taking a pull from his blunt, scrolling through his phone.

TYSON

This is the only bitch you let take your order.

INSERT PHONE SCREEN

We see a picture of Meka.

BRYANT

What am I ordering?

Tyson looks at him raising his eyebrow.

TYSON

Why are you talking?

BRYANT

Sorry.

TYSON

Make the total come up to fifty or more. I don't give a fuck what you get, as long as it comes up to fifty plus. After you order all that shit. Make sure. And I stress, make sure! You ask for the special sauce.

BRYANT

What's the special sauce?

Tyson balls his fist ready to hit him.

BRYANT (CONT'D)

Make sure to get the special sauce. I Got it.

TYSON

Pay close attention to her reaction. If she seems flaky, come get me.

BRYANT

I Got it.

Tyson goes in his pocket pulling out a hundred dollar bill handing it to him.

TYSON

Get in there and get it.

Bryant gets out the car standing worried, before making his way towards the restaurant walking in.

Chatter and laughter of the people enjoying their food fill the room.

Bryant gets in Meka's line.

There's one more person ahead of him, and the register next to Meka opens.

The worker signals for Bryant to come over, but he pretends he's still looking at the menu.

The worker next to Meka walks off.

The last person Meka rings up moves out the way, and Bryant moves up.

MEKA

Welcome to good eating. Would you like to try our new triple stacked burger?

BRYANT

Yes. Can I get six of those as a meal? Three twelve piece chicken nuggets. Four fish sandwich meals. And six sweet roll Danishes.

She blushes, laughing.

MEKA

Either you got the munchies or you're feeding the family.

Trying not to seem obvious he's nervous, he cracks a smile, laughing.

BRYANT

It's a little of both.

MEKA

I can tell. What type of sauce would you

like for the nuggets?

Blu is sitting at a table close to the register reading a newspaper, but Bryant doesn't notice him.

BRYANT

Can I have the special sauce?

She looks at him suspicious.

MEKA

You want the mouth blazing sauce?

BRYANT

No. I want the special sauce, please.

She continues looking at him suspicious, before smiling.

MEKA

Okay. Your total is sixty-two dollars and fourteen cents. Give us a few minutes on your order.

He hands her the money and she gives him his change.

She makes her way to the back.

Bryant stands uncertain about her reaction.

Blu stands up making his way out the restaurant, making sure Bryant doesn't see him.

CUT TO:

INT. TYSON'S CAR - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

Bryant opens the door placing the bags on the floor.

Blu is laid down in the back under some clothes.

Tyson looks through the bags, until he finds the one with Ziploc bags filled with cocaine.

TYSON

Good shit. There's only one problem.

BRYANT

What's the problem?

BLU (O.S.)

Did you make sure all the shit is there?

Bryant is stunned looking in the back seat, seeing Blu sitting up.

Terrified is the best word to describe the expression on Bryant's face.

BRYANT

He didn't tell me---

BLU

If you're using codes, it's obvious what you're getting. It's your job to make sure all my shit is there. The bitch was acting funny, so why didn't you report back to him?

BRYANT

I don't---

BLU

Shut the fuck up.

Sighing deep, he turns his attention to Tyson.

BLU (CONT'D)

How many in there?

Tyson counts the Ziploc bags.

TYSON

We're three short.

Blu shakes his head, sighing.

BLU

Three goddamn bags short. Do you know how much shit should be in that bag?

BRYANT

Um---

BLU

Um, is not a fucking answer!

BRYANT

All I can say is---

BLU

Don't say you're fucking sorry! If that's the case, it means you're a sorry ass, and I should have this nigga blow your goddamn brains out!

Bryant sits silent, looking at Tyson place his .45 on his lap.

Blu sighs pulling a cigarette out placing it in his mouth lighting it, looking at his watch.

BLU

You better dig deep and find some heart, so you don't fuck up tonight.

BRYANT

What?

BLU

If you fuck this shit up, you'll wish your mother swallowed yo punk ass.

Blu takes a bag filled with food, tapping Tyson's seat so he can get out.

He gets out taking a nugget from the bag eating it, leaning down looking at Tyson.

BLU (CONT'D)

If you fuck up, your family will be with his.

Blu walks off eating some more nuggets.

Tyson places a blunt in his mouth lighting it, taking a cool pull looking at Bryant.

TYSON

You know who that nigga is and what he's about, right?

BRYANT

Yeah.

TYSON

Then you know I'm not losing my family over your fuck up. You better get it together.

Tyson starts the car up, pulling off.

INT. PHILLIP'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Various pictures of wanted people are posted on the board. His laptop and a small fan blowing air on high are on his desk.

Phillip is sitting behind his desk going over paperwork.

Officer #2 comes in dropping a file on his desk.

Phillip picks up the file looking at it confused.

PHILLIP

What's this?

OFFICER #2

The file on the family murdered last night.

PHILLIP

And you're handing it to me, because?

OFFICER #2

The captain said since you worked the black rose family, you'll have more experience.

PHILLIP

The black rose family no longer exists.

OFFICER #2

Well, either it's some new people picking up where they left off. Or they're finally emerging.

Officer #2 walks out the room.

Phillip places the file down, rubbing his chin. He opens his drawer reaching in pulling out a Ziploc bag with a dead black rose and money inside.

PHILLIP

You black bastards.

He places the bag back in his drawer, opening the file looking over it.

EXT. BLU'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Traffic moves by slow in front of the tall luxurious building lit up with lights from the tenant's windows.

Blu is wearing a powder blue suit standing in front of the building with the DOORMAN.

LaCarra pulls up in her white Focus, coming to a stop. She gets out the car wearing something casual and fitted.

Blu walks over to her, and the doorman goes back in the building.

BLU

I'm glad you could make it.

LACARRA

Ooo, somebody sugar sharp.

BLU

The only thing sweet is the glow in your eyes and your fragrance. Did you figure out what you wanna do? Or do you want me to plan the night?

Blushing, she bites down on her lip, turned on by the way he used his words.

LACARRA

I don't know what to do with you. I'll follow your lead.

BLU

I don't think we can go wrong with that.

The Doorman comes back walking over to Blu.

BLU (CONT'D)

Is it ready?

DOORMAN

Yes, sir.

She looks at Blu confused.

LACARRA

Is what ready?

BLU

Hand him your keys.

LACARRA

Hand him my keys?

A powder blue Mercedes Benz truck pulls up in front of the apartment.

You can tell she's blown away by what's going on, holding her keys out.

Blu takes her keys, handing them to the Doorman.

Another worker comes from the truck, walking back into the apartment.

BLU

Make sure to park it in a special place.

DOORMAN

Yes, sir.

The Doorman gets in her car, starting it up pulling off.

LACARRA

What is all this about?

BLU

A woman with your beauty and taste should ride in something equivalent.

LACARRA

I don't know what to say.

BLU

Just enjoy the night.

He takes her hand walking her over to the truck, opening the driver door for her.

LACARRA

You want me to drive your truck?

BLU

Of course.

LACARRA

I can't drive your truck. What If I put a scratch on it?

BLU

The materialistic value of this truck can be replaced when I open my eyes. The value of getting to know you better can only be obtained once. I'd prefer something happening to the truck, before I lose that chance.

He walks over to the passenger side getting in.

She gets in, and they pull off.

EXT. /INT. BLU TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

While driving, you can tell she's nervous, but she's trying to keep a straight face.

Blu looks at her smiling, admiring her beauty.

BLU

How does it drive?

LACARRA

Good. Why do you live here, instead of owning a house?

BLU

Why should I live in a house without a woman at home?

LACARRA

Why don't you have a woman?

BLU

Let's just say, I want someone with the same characteristics as my mother.

She looks over at him, then back at the road laughing.

LACARRA

You're a mama's boy?

BLU

I'm more so my mother's big man. My father couldn't handle the job, so I had to step up.

LACARRA

Maybe I can meet her one day.

Blu's phone starts ringing.

BLU

Do you mind if I take this call?

LACARRA

Not a problem.

BLU

Thank you. I won't be long, I promise.

He pulls his phone out answering.

BLU (CONT'D)

(Listens)

Everything's good on my end.

He looks over at her, placing his phone on his lap.

BLU

So, what kind of food do you like?

LACARRA

Japanese.

BLU

Not bad. Do you drink?

LACARRA

I'm not much of a drinker. I drink sociably, but nothing to get me fucked up.

BLU

You're a wine drinker?

LACARRA

That would be me.

BLU

It's nothing wrong with that. I have a glass here and there.

LACARRA

A glass of wine is good for you.

BLU

You might be good for me. Do you have a favorite singer?

LACARRA

Where is this going?

BLU

How would you want your perfect date to

play out?

LACARRA

Are you serious?

BLU

I'm always serious when it's something I want.

LACARRA

I would like a home cooked meal with candles burning. As we're eating and talking, I would love hearing "Anita Baker Angel".

BLU

She's a deep songstress. Why that specific song?

LACARRA

He would be the man who took the time getting to know me. We'll read each other embracing in passion with communication, giving us a mental orgasm, leading to a physical one. Only your angel can reach you that deep.

BLU

And I thought you were mean.

LACARRA

I'm really not. I just know men chase after me for my outer, instead of the inner.

BLU

Before we go eat, I wanna show you something.

LACARRA

What?

BLU

Just follow my lead. I think it'll put a smile on your face.

She turns looking at him smiling, and he smiles back, winking his eye.

EXT. GOOD EATING - NIGHT

The restaurant is closed, and the lights are off.

Meka comes out holding carry out bags, and the duffel bag, locking the door behind her.

She makes her way to the back of the restaurant, where Jay has his green Buick parked.

He gets out walking over to her, and they kiss.

JAY

You got the shit?

MEKA

You know I do. We're about to get fucked up, so you can fuck the shit outta me, and the rest is ours to sell.

JAY

That's my baby.

Bryant comes up staggering dressed homeless, clearing his throat loud enough to gain their attention.

They turn around looking at him disgusted.

BRYANT

(Coughing)

Can I get some change?

Tyson makes his way from behind a dumpster with his gun out heading towards Meka.

JAY

Can you get a job? Get the fuck away from me.

Bryant reaches out for Jay, and he steps back.

BRYANT

Please. I just need some change.

Tyson grabs Meka around the neck, causing her to scream.

Jay turns around to the barrel of the .45 in his face.

Bryant pulls a nine-millimeter out, aiming at the back of Jay's head.

JAY

Man, don't---

TYSON

Shut the fuck up nigga, and get ready for this dirt nap!

Bryant pistol-whips Jay, knocking him to the ground unconscious.

Meka screams and Tyson turns her around, placing the gun in her face.

TYSON

Scream again bitch, and this will be the last thing other than a dick going in yo mouth. Get in the car.

Bryant opens the back door placing Jay inside.

Meka walks over to the passenger side door, keeping her eyes on Tyson.

He keeps his aim on her until she gets in the car.

BRYANT

Now what?

TYSON

Get in. If the bitch tries something stupid, splatter her shit on the glass.

Tyson gets in the driver seat.

Bryant looks on shaking his head, getting in the car behind

Meka.

After Bryant closes the door, they pull off.

INT. BLU TRUCK - NIGHT

They're sitting across the street from of a children center being constructed.

LACARRA

What are we doing here?

BLU

I wanted to know your thoughts on this building.

LACARRA

I believe it'll make an impact on the community. Kids need a place where they can have fun without being harassed.

BLU

I thought the same thing. That's why I invested some money into having this built.

She turns looking at him in disbelief.

LACARRA

You're part of the reason why this is being made?

He goes in the glove compartment pulling out the paperwork handing it to her.

She looks over the papers and her eyes widen.

LACARRA

Why are you showing me this?

BLU

Just proving I'm more than what you think I am.

She looks at him smiling.

LACARRA

What do you think, I think of you?

He looks at her.

BLU

I'm an arrogant bastard who uses money to gain the attention of women.

LACARRA

And you think you're intelligent.

BLU

(Laughs)

I guess we can throw that in there.

LACARRA

And right now, you want me to understand all of what you're displaying is the real you.

BLU

Not only that. I want you to see what a well-established man does with his money.

He looks at his watch.

BLU (CONT'D)

I have to pick something up. I'd like to drive, if you don't mind?

LACARRA

Why would I mind, and this is your truck?

BLU

Actually, this and much more is yours. I just have to make sure my judgment is right.

LACARRA

What are you trying to accomplish?

BLU

Let's just switch seats. I'm pretty sure
you're just as hungry as I am.

He winks at her getting out the car.

She looks on stunned, as he comes to door opening it,
allowing her to get out. She gets in on the other side
closing the door, and they pull off.

INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - NIGHT

Jay and Meka are screaming, because their hands are tied
together with rope, hooked to a crane, hanging over a
turned on meat grinder.

Tyson, Bryant and the SLAUGHTER HOUSE WORKER, are standing
to the side.

TYSON

You bitches better start talking.

JAY

What are you talking about?!

MEKA

Please don't do this! I'm pregnant!

Jay becomes engulfed in rage.

JAY

You speaking on that shit, now?!

MEKA

Baby, I'm sorry.

JAY

What the fuck?! Is the baby mine?!

TYSON

Stupid ass nigga, falling for a money
hungry hoe, thinking the pussy was only
yours. But bitch you pregnant using this
shit?! Lower they ass in.

The worker gets ready to lower them.

JAY

I'll tell you!

TYSON

Well?

JAY

The shit is at her mama house! It's in the garage, in a cooler!

MEKA

What the fuck are you doing?!

JAY

Shut up, you nasty bitch! I'll let yo ass die before me!

MEKA

The money is at his apartment under the bed!

JAY

Bitch, you selling me out?!

MEKA

You just did the same shit!

TYSON

(Laughs)

You thought he was a real nigga. And you thought she was riding with you till the end. What have we learned?

JAY

You're letting us go, right?

TYSON

No doubt. Drop they ass in.

The worker lowers them into the machine, and their words

are replaced with screams of pain.

Tyson goes in his pocket handing the worker a wad of money.

Bryant turns his head vomiting.

SLAUGHTERHOUSE WORKER

Thank you very much.

TYSON

Not a problem.

The Slaughter house worker stares at Bryant.

SLAUGHTERHOUSE WORKER

What about your friend?

Tyson looks at Bryant smiling, patting him on the back.

TYSON

He'll be okay. Just make sure you do your job.

SLAUGHTERHOUSE WORKER

No problems on my end.

The Slaughterhouse worker walks off.

Bryant tries gaining his composure.

TYSON

Aside from all this vomiting shit you did good. You'll get your pay when I drop you off.

BRYANT

...I can't do this shit.

TYSON

You picked the life, it didn't pick you. If you feel you need to get out, talk to ya man. Other than that, I don't know what to tell ya.

Tyson walks off.

Bryant looks at the blood stained grinder ready to vomit again.

EXT. BLU'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The mini mansion with the perfectly cut front lawn and hedges looks beautiful, resting beside the other nice houses in the quiet neighborhood. The front porch light is on.

The truck pulls up coming to a stop.

Blu and LaCarra get out.

He walks over to her.

LACARRA

This is beautiful.

BLU

It's okay. It's missing something to me.

She turns looking at him, folding her arms across chest smiling.

LACARRA

The man who doesn't want a house because he doesn't have a woman at home is talking shit?

He looks at her smiling, shrugging up his shoulders.

BLU

And?

LACARRA

Are you sure it's okay for me to come in?

BLU

He won't mind.

He takes her by the hand and the two make their way to the front door.

A well groomed BUTLER opens the door, allowing them to come in.

EXT. /INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

They stand in the elaborate baby blue hallway with marble floors, a chandler hanging above lighting up the room and elegant paintings on the walls.

BUTLER

Good evening, Mr. Rose.

BLU

Good evening, sir. Does he have it prepared?

BUTLER

Follow me this way.

The Butler walks off.

Blu takes LaCarra by the hand, following behind the Butler into the dining room.

Butlers are standing around the room.

Walking into the room is like walking into a five star restaurant. A nice fire is burning in the fireplace. Oil paintings are on the walls. A long glass table with candles, various Japanese foods and wines, silverware and plates rests in the middle of the room.

In the corner where one of the butlers stands is a nice stereo system.

Placing her hand over her mouth, you would think she's about to faint from the beautiful scene.

Blu leads her to the table, pulling her chair out so she can sit.

He goes to the other side of the table, taking a seat across from her.

LACARRA

What is this?

BLU

This is the food you like, with a variety of wine. And thank you for saying I have a

beautiful home.

She raises her eyebrow looking at him.

LACARRA

This is your house? Why don't you live here?

BLU

Why live here and I don't have a woman?

He looks over at one of the butlers.

BLU (CONT'D)

Can you prepare our plates, please? I know she's just as hungry as I am.

The butlers begin preparing plates.

BLU (CONT'D)

Can we have the music playing?

The butler turns the radio on, and "Anita Baker Angel" begins playing.

LACARRA

You're too much.

BLU

How so? This is what I believe you deserve.

LACARRA

(Laughing low)

What am I gonna do with you?

BLU

Enjoy the evening.

Other butlers light the candles on the table, before turning the lights off.

The two sit eating and talking.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - HOURS LATER

The butlers are clearing the table off, and the music has come to a stop.

BLU

Did you enjoy your meal?

She stretches with a big smile.

LACARRA

I shouldn't have to eat for a few days,
I'm so full.

BLU

I'm glad you enjoyed yourself.

Blu pulls his phone out seeing the text from Tyson saying the job is done.

BLU (CONT'D)

You ready to go?

LACARRA

I can't see the rest of the house?

BLU

You wanna see the rest of the house?

LACARRA

Why wouldn't I?

BLU

I'm just making sure you get home in time
for work.

LACARRA

I'll be fine. Give me the grand tour.

They get up from the table, walking out the room.

Blu shows her the various rooms downstairs, before guiding her up the spiral staircase.

He shows her the bathroom that's all-black, and then he

shows her his bedroom, quickly trying to close the door, but she stops him walking in.

He sighs walking in behind her.

There's his king size bed with a black blanket covering it, a few dressers and different pictures of his mother on the wall.

Resting by the bed on the nightstand is a vase filled with black roses.

LACARRA

I see you love your mother.

BLU

Despite she's not here.

(Sighs)

Yes, I love my mother to death.

LACARRA

What happened?

Blu sighs walking over to the bed taking a seat.

LaCarra takes a seat next to him.

BLU

My mother was murdered.

LACARRA

Oh, my God.

BLU

I wonder to this day, where was God that night?

She looks at the roses.

LACARRA

Is that why you keep the roses by the bed?

Looking over at the roses he takes a deep breath.

BLU

Old habit I picked up from my mother. She said they brought her peace.

LACARRA

Do you think about her a lot?

BLU

Can't help but think about the only woman you ever loved and she loved you equally, without any form of doubt.

LACARRA

What happened with your last woman?

BLU

I never had one. I can't have a relationship with someone knowing it's only lasting for the night.

LACARRA

And what do you expect from me?

BLU

The satisfaction of knowing you enjoyed your night.

LACARRA

That's all you want from me?

BLU

Yup.

LACARRA

What if all I want is dick?

BLU

Then my judgment...

She pounces on him kissing aggressive, pushing him down on the bed.

A passionate sex scene plays out.

SLOWLY FADE TO BLACK:

INT. BLU BEDROOM - MORNING

LaCarra awakes preparing to get out the bed, and she sees her breakfast resting beside the bed, along with a note.

She smiles picking the note up which reads.

INSERT ON THE NOTE

BLU (V.O)

Sorry I couldn't be there with you now,
but I have to take care of business. I had
the butlers prepare you breakfast. After
you eat, you'll get escorted back to your
car or you can use the truck. The keys are
in the dresser. I look forward to seeing
you tonight.

She places the note down blushing, sitting up to eat her food.

EXT. MEKA'S MOTHER HOUSE - MORNING

Resting on the porch of the ranch style house is a box wrapped with blue ribbon, blue roses and a card.

MEKA'S MOTHER wearing something casual opens the door, looking down at the box.

She takes the card off, which reads...

INSERT THE CARD

"Your daughter would like to thank you for giving her life".

She picks the box up smiling, taking the ribbon off, opening the box.

INSERT INSIDE THE BOX

There are multiple black containers, a black rose and another card.

Her face frowns up, picking up the card which reads...

INSERT THE CARD

"The bitch wasn't about that life she was living".

Placing the card down, she takes the lid off one of the containers and screams, dropping the box to the ground.

All of the containers burst open, and blood and flesh splatter on the porch.

INT. SQUAD CAR - MORNING

Phillip is sitting in the squad car looking over at the children center, holding the black rose he had in his desk.

Lost friendship, frustration and regret laces his face, doing his best holding back from crying.

PHILLIP

Before this was in the process of being constructed...this is where you niggers had me kill my partner.

CUT TO:

INT. RUNDOWN BUILDING - NIGHT (1994) {FLASHBACK}

PHILLIP'S PARTNER is on the ground with the barrel of a shotgun aimed at his bloody face.

Lawrence is holding the shotgun wearing all-white.

Tanya is wearing a black sundress with roses embedded on it, holding her gun to the side of YOUNG PHILLIP'S head.

Young Blu is wearing all-blue, standing beside Tanya holding a Louisville bat.

TANYA

Your partner found out about our business, and was about to fuck everything up. Now, you have a choice. You can kill your cracker partner, and continue working for us. Or I can kill both of you, and hire some more crackers to do our work.

YOUNG PHILLIP

Fuck you, bitch.

She shakes her head, laughing.

TANYA

Bitches belong on their knees, waiting for something to go in their mouth.

She looks at Young Blu smiling.

TANYA (CONT'D)

Blu baby, put this bitch on her knees.

Blu swings with all his might connecting with Young Phillip's right knee, causing him to scream dropping down.

He gets ready to hit him in the head, and Tanya stops him.

Tanya kneels down grabbing Young Phillip by the back of the head, placing the gun in his mouth.

TANYA (CONT'D)

Since you're my bitch at the moment, I need you to answer my proposition.

Young Phillip mumbles.

TANYA (CONT'D)

I can't hear you, bitch!

She forces the gun in and out his mouth at a rapid pace.

TANYA (CONT'D)

Gag on my dick, bitch! Hurry up and make a decision, before I bust this nut!

Slob mixed with blood comes from Young Phillip's mouth, as he gags on the barrel of the gun.

She smiles snatching the gun out, standing back up.

TANYA (CONT'D)

Grab the shotgun.

Young Phillip slowly gets to his feet, barely able to stand, taking the shotgun from Lawrence.

His partner tries to speak, and Young Blu hits him hard in the stomach with the bat.

Tanya places the gun to the side of Young Phillip's head.

PHILLIP'S PARTNER

(Begging)

Don't do this.

TANYA

One...

YOUNG PHILLIP

I have no choice.

PHILLIP PARTNER

You...

Young Phillip pulls the trigger blowing his partner head clean off.

He drops the gun crying.

Tanya looks at him smiling.

YOUNG PHILLIP

I'll get you for this, bitch.

Tanya fires a round, hitting him in the left knee.

He falls to the ground, grabbing at his knee in pain.

TANYA

I told you where bitches belong. Call in for back up, and make up some shit explaining how this went down. If you're thinking about trying to fuck me over, I know where those little bitches you call daughters rest at. You'll get your money when you're cleared from the hospital.

She signals for Lawrence to get the shotgun, and then they make their way out the building.

Tanya and Young Blu walk off, leaving Young Phillip moaning in pain.

TANYA (CONT'D)

That's what you do to anybody who calls you a bitch. Bitches belong on their knees

like dogs. Got it?

YOUNG BLU

Yes.

TANYA

That's my boy.

COME BACK TO:

INT. SQUAD CAR - {PRESENT DAY}

Phillip crushes the rose, biting down on his lip.

PHILLIP

Blu. That was his name.

He pulls off.

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT - AFTERNOON

Friend #1, Friend #2 and Friend #3 all of them sixteen-years-old, wearing basketball shorts and jerseys, are playing a game of twenty-one.

Bryant is sitting on the bench wearing some jeans and a shirt, looking around petrified.

They take a break from playing, walking over to the bench.

A jet black Flex with tinted windows pulls up along side the gate, coming to a stop.

FRIEND #1

Why you not ballin' with us?

BRYANT

I got shit on my mind.

FRIEND #2

If it ain't pussy or money, it doesn't matter.

The friends break out laughing.

BRYANT

That's coming from a nigga who doesn't get

pussy or money.

They simmer down with sour looks.

BRYANT (CONT'D)

I thought so.

The passenger window of the Flex comes down and DEE, brown skin, bald-head sticks his head out the window.

DEE

"B", let me holla at cha real quick.

Bryant looks over scared.

His friends signal for him to sit still, standing up ready to fight.

FRIEND #1

Who are you, nigga?!

He looks around, and then looks at them laughing.

DEE

"B", come on man.

FRIEND #3

You see us laughing, nigga?! Don't come around this bitch asking for our nigga, not addressing who you're!

DEE

So, you little niggas supposedly hard, right?

The boys get ready to come around the gate, and the back door of the Flex opens.

Tyson comes out aiming an AK-47, wearing some red Dickiee shorts and a white T-Shirt.

The boys get ready to run and Tyson cocks the gun.

TYSON

If you bitches think about running, I'll chop you hoes down.

They freeze in their tracks.

TYSON (CONT'D)

"B", get yo punk ass over here before you
end up like these niggas!

Bryant gets up making his way to the truck getting in.

Tyson keeps the gun aimed at the three.

DEE

Are you killing the niggas or what?

The three break down crying.

TYSON

Take y'all soft ass home.

Tyson gets in the truck and they pull off.

EXT. /INT. THE FLEX - CONTINUOUS

Bryant is sitting between Blu and Tyson.

Blu is wearing something casual, looking at Bryant smiling
taking a sip from his drink.

BLU

How was the experience last night?

BRYANT

I don't think I can do this.

BLU

Why not? The money ain't good enough?

BRYANT

It's not about the money.

Dee turns around looking at Bryant.

DEE

Yo bitch ass just not built for the life.

Blu looks at Dee upset, taking sip.

BLU

We all know I don't deal with bitches.
"T", what's up with ya boy?

TYSON

He speaking how he feels, I guess.

Blu takes a sip from his drink smiling.

BLU

Okay.

DEE

That bitch ass nigga not built for this
type of shit.

BLU

I understand you, trust me. Slice, pull up
in that alley. Dee makes a good point.

They pull into the alley, coming to a stop.

Bryant sits nervous.

Blu stares at him taking a sip, pulling his gun out.

BLU

The choice to live or die is on you. You
ready?

BRYANT

I have no choice.

BLU

What would you do if a man disrespects you
or your family?

He puts the gun to Bryant's head.

Dee turns staring at Bryant.

BRYANT

If I was like you, I'd kill his entire
family, and then him.

DEE

That's what real niggas..

Blu quickly turns the gun to Dee blowing his brains out.

BRYANT

What the fuck?!

BLU

You said you'd kill the nigga and his family.

BRYANT

He didn't do shit to you.

BLU

He disrespected my little brother. If you feel I'm wrong, I'll leave yo ass with him.

He aims the gun at Bryant.

BRYANT

...We're family.

BLU

You two know what to do, right?

TYSON

I'm on it.

Bryant turns looking at Tyson.

BRYANT

You don't care he killed ya boy?

TYSON

My family gotta eat. He's the one feeding my family, so I can't bite the hand feeding me.

Blu splashes the rest of his drink on Dee's body, and then wipes the blood from his face.

BLU

See how simple life is, bro? Make sure you
dump the truck, Slice.

Blu gets out walking over to the other side opening the
back door.

Tyson gets out walking to the passenger door opening it.

Dee's body is slumped. His once white shirt is covered with
brains and blood.

Tyson grabs Dee's arm, pulling him out to the ground.

Slice gets out wearing all-black, wiping the blood from his
face.

He walks over to Tyson, and they pick Dee's body up
carrying it to the dumpster, tossing it in.

Blu stares at Bryant wiping the blood from his face.

BLU (CONT'D)

Get yo ass out.

Bryant doesn't responding getting out.

Slice gets back in on the driver side.

Tyson gets in the front closing the door, cleaning the
blood from the windows.

Blu closes the back door, then takes his shirt off, wearing
the wife beater underneath.

BLU (CONT'D)

Take that bloody shit off.

Bryant takes his shirt off.

Blu places a cigarette in his mouth lighting it walking
off, signaling Bryant to walk with him.

Slice pulls off in the opposite direction.

BLU (CONT'D)

It'll be okay, bro. It becomes normal.

BRYANT

I just want my life back.

BLU

I'll think about it.

Bryant shakes his head.

BLU (CONT'D)

You got some money?

BRYANT

What do I need money for?

BLU

Our Uber.

BRYANT

(Sighs deep)

Yeah.

Blu wraps his arm around him smiling.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE FLEX - CONTINUOUS

TYSON

What's wrong with yo cousin?

SLICE

What about him?

TYSON

The nigga bark orders like he can't be touched. He just killed my homie for stating his mind. What's wrong with him?

Slice reaches for his gun under his shirt.

SLICE

So?

Tyson notices Slice hand, changing his tone.

TYSON

Okay, how about this? Look at what we're riding with. Why can't we take that and start our own?

SLICE

(Scoffs)

You want me to stab my cousin in the back, so we can start our own shit? That nigga would have your family and mines killed. Do you think about shit?

TYSON

How can he do that? We're the ones who do the dirt.

Slice is silent.

INT. PHILLIP'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Phillip is sitting behind his desk smoking a cigarette, staring at his laptop.

On the screen is Blu's information and location to his office. He takes a pull biting down on his lip, clicking on Blu's picture enlarging it.

PHILLIP

Your mother can't save you now, you son of a bitch. I still owe you one.

He slides back in his chair, rolling his left pants leg up.

On his knee is a scar from surgery. He rubs the scar looking at Blu's picture, taking a pull from his cigarette.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)

On second thought, I might as well kill you, so you can join mother. It'll be one less nigger to worry about.

He puts his cigarette out, rolling his pants leg down, standing up making his way out the office.

EXT. BLU'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Blu and Bryant come out the apartment wearing jeans and shirts.

Phillip is parked behind Blu's Charger.

Blu looks at the car brushing it off, but Bryant looks nervous.

Phillip gets out making his way towards them.

BLU

I'm taking you out tonight. When you get home, tell your mother you might be home late.

BRYANT

Why can't I stay home?

Phillip stops in front of them.

PHILLIP

Yeah, Blu. Why can't he stay home?

Blu looks at Phillip sighing.

BLU

I don't think that's your concern. And unless I broke a law, you need to keep it moving.

Phillip spits on the ground, and then looks at Blu laughing.

PHILLIP

You're a cocky little bastard. Who is this, your brother?

(Face palm)

Wait a minute. This can't be your brother.

Blu cocks his head to the side, handing Bryant the keys.

BLU

Wait in the car.

PHILLIP

Unless you're ready to go jail, give those keys back, and stay where you are.

Bryant hands the keys back.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)

What's your name, son?

BRYANT

Bryant swift.

PHILLIP

Well, Bryant. Go stand over there by my car, so Blu and I can talk.

Bryant walks away.

Annoyed Phillip is in his presence, Blu stares at him sucking his teeth.

BLU

What the fuck do you want?

PHILLIP

The same as when I was dealing with your family. I want my cut.

BLU

I don't know what you're talking about.

PHILLIP

Listen motherfucker. Don't run the bullshit on me. I thought this black rose shit died with your mother.

BLU

Again...I don't know what you're talking about.

PHILLIP

You don't know what I'm talking about?

He steps in Blu's face with authority.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)

One way or the other, you'll give me my cut. I remember how your bitch of a mother worked, so I'm sure you're the same. We can do this the easy way or the hard way.

BLU

Or you can get the fuck outta my face because you don't have shit on me. If you're not arresting me, I'd like to get on with my day.

PHILLIP

Your days are numbered, you black bastard.

BLU

I see you're walking somewhat normal from when my mother shot you. Unlike her, I don't need you. I'll make sure to put one in your face.

Blu smiles at him, walking over to the driver side door of his car.

BLU (CONT'D)

Bro, come get in.

Bryant makes his way to the car.

PHILLIP

I'll see you around, Bryant.

Bryant looks back nervous, before getting in the car.

The car pulls off.

EXT. /INT. BLU'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Blu sits shaking his head.

BRYANT

What was that about?

BLU

That's none of your business. Why did you give him your name?

BRYANT

What was I supposed to do?

BLU

The same thing I did! Fuck it. I know what I need to do.

INT. DOLLAR STORE - AFTERNOON

LaCarra is standing behind the counter smiling, tapping her finger.

Porsha comes over to her.

PORSHA

You seem extra happy.

LACARRA

I had a fun night.

PORSHA

You decided to go out with him?

LACARRA

Yeah.

PORSHA

What did y'all do?

LACARRA

We went out to dinner.

PORSHA

It seems like you had more than dinner.

LACARRA

Whatever.

PORSHA

Did you hear the story on the news?

LACARRA

What happened?

PORSHA

This lady found the remains of her daughter on the porch.

LACARRA

Oh, my God.

PORSHA

They said it has something to do with the black rose gang.

LACARRA

The black rose gang? I never heard of them.

PORSHA

They supposedly died out a long time ago. They left a black rose at the scene of every murder.

LaCarra is thinking about the roses at Blu house, getting an uneasy feeling in her stomach.

PORSHA (CONT'D)

You okay?

LACARRA

I'm fine.

Customers start coming in.

PORSHA

Here comes the rush. You can tell me about the date later.

Porsha walks off.

LaCarra stands pondering if Blu had anything to do with the killing.

INT. GLENDA'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Glenda is sitting on the sofa looking over at Blu sitting in the chair knowing he's no good, but she can't express that feeling, because she doesn't know how he might react.

Bryant is standing against the wall staring at Blu nervous, unsure if he might harm his mother.

BLU

How are you, Ms. Swift?

GLENDA

I'm doing just fine, and yourself?

BLU

I'm good. I'm sorry about having your son out late. He's a good worker.

GLENDA

What exactly does my son do for you? He doesn't tell me anything these days.

BLU

Do you know about the children center being constructed?

GLENDA

Yes.

BLU

He brings the workers their supplies.

He looks over at Bryant disappointed.

BLU (CONT'D)

Why didn't you tell your mother about your job?

BRYANT

I didn't think it was important.

BLU

Anything you do is important to a mother.

GLENDA

Tell him. That's why I work extra hard saving up, just in case he doesn't get his scholarship.

BLU

What kind of scholarship?

GLENDA

It's for basketball. He's the star player on the team.

BLU

You don't say? I think if my brother was alive, he would've been a basketball player.

GLENDA

I'm so sorry for your loss.

BLU

Well, I don't wanna take up your time. I just wanted to let you know why he's been out late.

GLENDA

Not a problem, Mr. Rose. I'm glad you gave my son the opportunity to work with you.

BLU

Before I forget, he might make it in a little late tonight. I really need the help.

GLENDA

No problem at all.

BLU

Thank you very much. I'll try to have him

home early.

He looks over at Bryant smiling, winking his eye.

BLU (CONT'D)

Do you wanna go change?

BRYANT

I'm fine with this.

BLU

Okay. I'll let you talk with your mother.

Blu walks out the house.

Glenda focuses her attention on Bryant.

GLENDA

Do you wanna tell me the truth?

BRYANT

Tell you the truth about what?

GLENDA

The Lord keeps my eyes open to all of the devil's tricks. That man who just left my house is the devil himself. What does he have you involved in?

He lowers his head, walking towards the door.

BRYANT

I'll be back.

GLENDA

The Lord is walking beside you, son. All you have to do is take his hand.

He stops, looking back at her.

BRYANT

The Lord shouldn't have placed me in this situation.

He walks out the door.

GLEENDA

The Lord doesn't place on your shoulders
what he knows you can't handle. Find your
faith, son.

INT. TYSON'S DRUG SPOT - NIGHT

A stereo system is beside the floor model flat screen
playing some rap music. There's a glass table in front of
the sofa.

Tyson and Slice are sitting on the couch wearing T-Shirts
and jeans, drinking and smoking, counting money placing it
in piles next to the other money that's already been
counted and stacked.

Some half naked females are dancing, and snorting lines of
cocaine off the table.

TYSON

Look at this. We could setup shop tonight
with this shit.

Slice stares at the money in awe.

SLICE

This would set me free.

Tyson takes a pull looking at Slice.

TYSON

That's what I'm saying. What are we
waiting on?

SLICE

How would we get rid of Blu?

Tyson takes a sip from his cup.

TYSON

Let me worry about that. You down or what?

Slice downs his drink cracking a smile.

SLICE

Let's do it.

INT. BLU'S CAR - NIGHT

"Marilyn Manson Killing strangers" plays. Blu is tapping his hand on his knee, nodding his head.

BRYANT

What is this?

BLU

Marilyn Manson, killing strangers.

BRYANT

I know that. I mean, why are we listening to it?

BLU

Do you know the meaning?

BRYANT

No.

BLU

Shut the fuck up and listen.

BRYANT

Can I at least ask where we're going?

BLU

We're going to see my girl. After that, we're going to the club.

BRYANT

You have a woman? And how will I get in the club?

BLU

One, I own the club. And you're the only person who knows I have a woman, so keep it that way.

BRYANT

I know the rules.

BLU

Why didn't you tell me about your scholarship?

BRYANT

I figured you wouldn't care.

BLU

You have a basketball scholarship and you were doing bullshit, that got you caught up in real shit?

BRYANT

You don't have to remind me.

BLU

You're right. Tonight is our last night. I'll still look out for you, because you're my brother. And if my brother was alive, I'd make sure he did the right thing.

BRYANT

Are you serious?

Blu starts the song over, turning the music up.

INT. DOLLAR STORE - NIGHT

LaCarra stands behind the counter talking to TERRELL, a twenty-four-year-old high yellow lanky pretty boy wearing some flashy clothes.

TERRELL

Are you coming with us to the club?

Blu and Bryant come into the store.

She looks at him smiling, and he smirks nodding his head, walking down an aisle.

She's confused by his reaction.

LACARRA

I'm going home. I got a lot on my mind.

His look shows he's not taking her serious.

TERRELL

What do you have on your mind? You don't have a man.

LACARRA

You don't know what I have.

Blu and Bryant make their way to the counter.

TERRELL

It doesn't matter if you do. You need to come have a few drinks and see what happens.

LACARRA

Why?

TERRELL

You know Porsha into women, right? We got down with a few bad bitches at Club grade A.

LACARRA

You're telling me this, because?

TERRELL

Because after we have a few drinks. Maybe we could---

BLU

Could what?

Terrell turns around looking at Blu confused.

TERRELL

Why you all in my business?

BLU

Your business is my woman.

TERRELL

Whatever, nigga. Get the fuck on.

BLU

What?

TERRELL

I said---

LACARRA

You two cut the shit.

She comes from behind the counter standing beside Blu.

LACARRA (CONT'D)

Terrell, this is my friend Blu. Blu, this is Terrell.

Blu looks at her raising his eyebrow.

BLU

Friend?

BRYANT

Maybe we should go.

TERRELL

You better listen to what he said, and get the fuck on.

Blu gets ready to reach for his gun, and Bryant grabs his arm.

Porsha comes running up to Terrell.

She turns looking at Blu and LaCarra keeping her arms wrapped around Terrell like she loves him, acting as if she wasn't trying to sleep with Blu when she laid eyes on him.

PORSHA

Carra, you didn't say Romeo was coming. We're double dating?

BLU

She didn't know I was coming. And I don't think I'll be joining the crowd.

PORSHA

Oh. Well, anyway. I'm ready to get fucked up.

Terrell stares at Blu ready to fight.

TERRELL

Somebody was about to get fucked up.

BLU

I'll keep that in mind.

TERRELL

Nigga.

Terrell flinches at him, and Blu stands looking at him smiling.

Porsha pulls Terrell back.

PORSHA

This ain't the time for bullshit. Carra, you got this covered?

LACARRA

You can go.

PORSHA

Okay. Come on, let's go.

TERRELL

I'll see you again, nigga.

BLU

I know you will.

Terrell looks at him confused.

Porsha pulls him by the arm walking out.

Blu waits a few seconds before turning to Bryant handing him the keys, signaling him to walk out.

Bryant walks out.

Blu turns his attention to LaCarra, looking at her smiling.

BLU

You have some funny friends. I guess I'm just a friend too, huh?

LACARRA

I only said that, because I don't like people all in my shit.

BLU

Right.

LACARRA

I need to ask you something.

BLU

What?

LACARRA

What do you know about the black rose family?

BLU

Why?

LACARRA

The black roses I saw on your dresser. The woman who found her daughter in containers with a black rose.

BLU

Do you trust me?

LACARRA

Should I?

BLU

Your guess is good as mine. As far as knowing something about what you asked.

(Smirks)

Go to my house and we can talk about it.

LACARRA

You're part of it?

BLU

I'll see you at the house if you wanna know.

He walks out.

Blu gets in the car leaning back in his seat sighing.

BRYANT

What's the problem?

BLU

Do you have a woman?

BRYANT

No.

BLU

Good. Stick to fucking bitches and leaving. When you get a woman, she'll wanna know every goddamn thing about you.

BRYANT

Isn't that what love is about?

Blu starts the car up, and they pull off.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The sound of phones ringing is heard.

OFFICER #3 is sitting behind the front desk looking over papers.

Tyson and Slice come in walking up to the front desk.

Officer #3 looks up at them.

OFFICER #3

How may I help you?

TYSON

We'd like to speak to the officer leading the investigation on the black rose case.

OFFICER #3

One second.

Officer #3 gets up heading towards the back.

SLICE

Are you sure this will work?

TYSON

The power of a dollar goes a long way.

Phillip comes to the front.

PHILLIP

Can I help you?

TYSON

You're the one leading the black rose case?

PHILLIP

Yeah.

TYSON

We have information on Blu rose.

PHILLIP

Really?

TYSON

Can we talk in private?

PHILLIP

Right this way.

Phillip heads towards the back to the interrogation room walking in, and Tyson and Slice follow.

Phillip stands up against the wall looking at Slice and Tyson.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)

What do you have?

TYSON

We want a deal before we begin.

PHILLIP

What kind of deal?

TYSON

We help you arrest him, and we get half of the money he has stashed.

PHILLIP

Why would I agree to that? I can hold you both now and still catch him.

TYSON

Then why don't you have him?

Phillip stands silent.

TYSON (CONT'D)

Do we have a deal?

PHILLIP

...Yeah.

TYSON

Okay. There's this kid he calls his brother. I believe his name is---

PHILLIP

Bryant Swift?

TYSON

That's him. Here's what we have in mind.

INT. CLUB GRADE A - NIGHT

The room is wide with multiple stages. Blue lights outline the walls and around the stages. Some rap music plays, while naked women dance on the stages, tables and at booth's giving lap dances.

Waitresses with no bras walk around handing out free shots.

Men and women are watching the women dance, throwing money.

ANGLE ON--

Blu and Bryant are sitting at a booth watching the girls.

BLU'S POV

Blu scans over the room and sees Terrell throwing money at one of the girls on stage.

BRYANT

It's some bad bitches in here.

BLU

I picked them myself.

BRYANT

Is there anything you're not involved in?

BLU

You shouldn't worry about that,
considering we won't be hanging after
tonight.

Seduction comes to their booth wearing a baby blue thong and bra, carrying a bucket filled with ice and a bottle of Remy, placing it down.

SEDUCTION

Can I get you anything else, daddy?

BLU

I'm good.

She turns to walk away.

BLU (CONT'D)

On second thought, come here.

She walks back over to him.

Blu points in the direction of Terrell.

BLU (CONT'D)

You see that nigga over there throwing his
money?

SEDUCTION'S POV

Terrell is dropping money on a woman on stage bending over
in front of him, making her ass clap.

SEDUCTION

What about him?

BLU

Take him upstairs.

SEDUCTION

You want me to give him the special?

BLU

Nope. Just entertain him until I get
there.

SEDUCTION

Okay, daddy.

She walks off.

Bryant looks at Blu.

BRYANT

You're about to kill the nigga in the
club?

Blu takes the bottle opening it, pouring two glasses.

BLU

I could. Do you remember what the bitch in the store he was with looks like?

BRYANT

Yeah.

BLU

Wait five minutes, and then go find her. Tell her, her man outside flirting with some hoes.

BRYANT

Then what?

BLU

That's it.

Seduction is flirting with Terrell, gaining his full attention.

She gives him a kiss on the cheek, and signals for him to follow.

Blu sits watching Terrell follow Seduction upstairs to the V.I.P. Room.

BLU (CONT'D)

Down your glass if you need some courage. Remember. Wait five minutes.

Blu takes a sip, before getting up heading towards the V.I.P. Room.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. V.I.P ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Terrell takes a seat reaching in his pocket for his money, and Seduction stops him.

She caresses his face, before starting from his chin using her tongue making her way up to his lips, giving him a kiss.

SEDUCTION

This is on the house.

She takes a seat on his lap facing him, taking her bra off dropping it to the floor.

He starts kissing on her nipples, and she grabs his head holding it watching Blu slowly creeping into the room with a crowbar.

Releasing his head, she rubs her hands down his chest to his belt, unfastening it.

Unbuttoning his pants, she pulls them open, moving her head down between his legs, and he gets excited.

She stands up smiling, stepping back, turning around beginning to dance.

Terrell places his hand in his boxers.

Placing her fingers on her thong, she starts bending over, while slowly pulling the thong down.

BLU (O.S.)

It's me again, bitch.

As soon as Terrell turns around, Blu hits him hard upside the head with the crowbar, knocking him to the floor unconscious.

Seduction walks over to Blu.

SEDUCTION

You want me to tell the bouncer to come get him?

BLU

Yup.

SEDUCTION

Okay.

She gets ready to walk off, and he grabs her arm stopping her.

He goes in his pocket pulling out a roll of money.

BLU

This is for you.

She gives him a kiss on the cheek taking the money.

SEDUCTION

Thanks daddy.

She walks off.

Blu looks down at Terrell smiling.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CLUB GRADE A - CONTINUOUS

Bryant is staggering over to Porsha watching a woman dance on her table.

He gets to her taking a seat, and she turns looking at him, taking a sip from her glass.

PORSHA

Ain't you that dude that was with Carra friend?

BRYANT

Yeah.

PORSHA

Where's her friend?

BRYANT

I don't know. Listen. Yo man outside getting in the car with some hoes.

She places the glass to her lips, almost spilling the drink registering what he said.

PORSHA

Are you fucking serious?! He getting down with some bitches, and didn't invite me?!

She gets up making her way out the club.

Bryant laughs, downing one of her shots.

He gets up heading back to the booth, and Blu stops him in the middle of the floor.

BLU

Did you do what I asked?

BRYANT

Yup.

BLU

Okay. Let me get'cha ya ass home.

BRYANT

Can't we---

BLU

You want your normal life back? Bring yo
ass.

BRYANT

But...

Blu reaches behind his back for his gun.

BRYANT (CONT'D)

Let's go.

BLU

I thought so.

The two make their way out the club.

INT. BLU'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

LaCarra is sitting on the bed staring at the door.

Blu walks in looking at her surprised, taking a seat next to her.

BLU

I thought you would be sleep.

LACARRA

That's what you get for thinking. I'm all

ears.

BLU

Why do you wanna know, and we're only friends?

LACARRA

Will you stop being a dick, and just tell me?

BLU

You want a drink?

LACARRA

Bye, Blu.

BLU

(Sighs)

Calm down. The black rose is a calling card my mother and father started years ago. Sadly, my father got greedy, killing my mother in front of me.

LACARRA

Holly shit. No wonder you're fucked up.

BLU

That's part of the reason why.

LACARRA

You're a drug dealer and a murderer?

BLU

I only kill people who violate me. My father---

LACARRA

You killed your father?

BLU

I killed his children, too. He took the

only woman I loved away from me! He took the brother I wish was here with me now, and maybe things would be different.

LACARRA

I don't know if I can do this.

BLU

The things I'm involved in will never have anything to do with you.

LACARRA

How do I know that?

BLU

That's like asking me do I love you.

LACARRA

Do you?

BLU

(Sighs)

If you have to ask, you don't need to know. You decide what you wanna do. I'll be in the shower.

Blu gets up walking out the room.

LaCarra is speechless.

INT. GARAGE - AFTERNOON

The room is filled with tires and other miscellaneous things.

Terrell's face is bruised and bloody. He's shackled down in a chair struggling to get free.

A BOUNCER wearing a black shirt and jeans walks in along with Seduction, wearing a blue mini skirt and a white halter top.

He stops struggling, looking at the two.

TERRELL

Bitch, when I get outta here---

BOUNCER

Your next stop is a hole, homie.

Seduction walks over to him rubbing his face giving him a kiss.

SEDUCTION

Considering pussy is why you're in this situation, I won't offer.

She laughs, walking back over to the bouncer.

TERRELL

You fucking, bitch!

BOUNCER

Pussy kills in many ways, Bro.

Terrell begins yelling, trying to get free.

They laugh walking out, closing the door.

EXT. GLENDA'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Bryant and Kelly are wearing shorts and wife beaters playing in front of the house.

Phillip pulls up in the squad car.

Bryant stops playing with Kelly, watching Phillip get out the car.

PHILLIP

I told you, I'd see you again.

Phillip makes his way over to him.

BRYANT

What do you want?

PHILLIP

I want you to tell me about Blu.

Glenda comes out the house standing on the porch.

GLEENDA

What's this about?

PHILLIP

I was asking your son about an incident that occurred in school.

GLEENDA

Did it involve him?

PHILLIP

No, ma'am.

Bryant turns looking at Glenda.

BRYANT

Everything is okay. Just take Kelly in the house.

Kelly goes up on the porch with Glenda, and they go in the house.

Bryant turns looking at Phillip.

BRYANT

I don't know what to tell ya.

PHILLIP

Do you really wanna go down for the shit I know you're involved in, while he roams the streets free?

BRYANT

Why would I go down for something I haven't done?

PHILLIP

The containers found on the porch. The head left on a front porch, with a black rose in his mouth. Should I go on?

Bryant stands silent.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)

Blu doesn't give a fuck about you. He calls you his brother to make sure you don't snitch. You can be the dummy who doesn't help me, and end up doing his time. Or you can be smart and give me something, so I can get to him.

Phillip walks over to the car prepared to get in.

BRYANT

Hold up.

Bryant makes his way over to the car, grabbing the door handle.

BRYANT (CONT'D)

I walk clean if I help you, right?

PHILLIP

That's right.

BRYANT

Okay.

Bryant gets in the car.

Philip stands smiling, getting in the car.

INT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - AFTERNOON

A client is walking out of Blu's office.

Blu is sitting back in his chair smiling.

He picks his phone up seeing a text from Slice that says...

INSERT PHONE SCREEN

"T" and that lil nigga you call yo brother setting you up.

Blu looks at the message shocked.

He opens his desk drawer looking at his gun debating on taking it with him, and he ends up closing the drawer, standing up leaving the room.

EXT. TYSON'S DRUG SPOT - AFTERNOON

Broke down cars are sitting on both sides of the street.

Trash and liquor bottles are in the grass, and people are walking up and down the street talking shit...yes, this is the hood.

ANGLE ON--

Tyson and Slice are sitting on the porch of the brick house smoking.

TYSON

We're about to be sitting tight, Bro.

Slice lowers his head, worried about how Blu will respond.

SLICE

I know.

TYSON

What's up? You worried if Blu will retaliate?

SLICE

I know he will.

TYSON

The only person he'll do something to is that lil young nigga. He has no fucking idea it's us setting him up.

SLICE

What if the lil nigga tell Blu something different?

TYSON

Worry about the shit if it happens. I'm about to go fuck with this bitch I met last night. You know where we put the money and shit, right?

SLICE

Yeah, I know.

TYSON

Hold it down until I get back. In the morning, we'll be the new kings of the city.

SLICE

Let's hope so.

Tyson gets up walking to the Monte Carlo.

Slice waits a few more seconds, before getting up walking in through the side door of the house.

The only things in the basement are the weight bench and a stereo system.

Slice walks over to a wall door opening it walking in.

He turns the lights on, and then kneels down removing the floor boards seeing the duffle bags they kept.

SLICE

I'll be sitting pretty. I can't say the same for you other niggas.

He opens one of the bags taking the money and drugs out.

INT. DOLLAR STORE - AFTERNOON

The store is empty. LaCarra and Porsha are standing behind the counter talking.

LACARRA

What happened at the club last night?

PORSHA

Girl, let me tell you. Everything was going smooth, until his bitch ass got down with some hoes without me.

LACARRA

How do you know he left with some other girls?

PORSHA

That boy who was with your friend came and

told me.

LACARRA

Have you heard from Terrell since last night?

PORSHA

I'm already fucking with another nigga. He wasn't about shit anyway.

LACARRA

Okay.

PORSHA

Why?

LACARRA

I thought that was yo, boo?

PORSHA

I keep me a roster. One nigga don't stop the show. I'm about to go to the bathroom. You got this covered?

LACARRA

As always.

PORSHA

I'll be back.

Porsha walks off.

LaCarra stands pondering if Blu had something done to him.

She takes her phone out to send him a video message.

LACARRA

Hi baby. I'm sending you this to say I love you, and the conversation we had last night was needed. I finally see you love me, and I'll give you the trust I know you want.

She blushes licking her lips.

LACARRA (CONT'D)

I was thinking later on tonight...

She turns her head seeing Bryant and Phillip walking in the store.

LACARRA (CONT'D)

Baby, the police and that young dude you hang with are here.

She sends the video.

Phillip walks up to the counter.

PHILLIP

How are you today?

LACARRA

I'm fine.

PHILLIP

What can you tell me about Blu rose?

Bryant walks off.

LaCarra stares him down before focusing on Phillip.

LACARRA

Blu rose? Who is that?

PHILLIP

Trying to play difficult, huh?

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. DOLLAR STORE PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Blu is standing by his car watching the video she sent, making his way into the store.

Just as the video ends, he looks up seeing Phillip standing at the counter, looking at him smiling.

PHILLIP

If it isn't the man I was looking for. I guess I can stop harassing your

girlfriend.

He places his phone in his pocket looking at Phillip confused.

BLU

I don't know her.

PHILLIP

That's not what your little brother said.

Bryant comes to the front pausing in fear.

Blu is instantly upset.

BLU

Bitch!

Blu gets ready to attack him, and Phillip grabs him holding him back.

PHILLIP

I can't let you harm your only brother.
Let's take a ride.

Phillip turns Blu around placing him in handcuffs.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)

You did a good job, Bryant. You can go
back to your old life, just like you
wanted. LaCarra, I'm sure I'll see you
again.

He walks Blu out the store.

LaCarra waits a few seconds until she knows for sure
Phillip is gone, before turning looking at Bryant
disgusted.

LACARRA

What type of man are you?

BRYANT

What are you talking about?

LACARRA

You played the only man I'm sure actually gave a fuck about you, and for what?

BRYANT

I don't have to explain shit to you.

LACARRA

Because ya bitch ass can't. Get the fuck outta my store.

BRYANT

Bitch, you better---

LACARRA

Bitch?!

She comes from behind the counter full steam walking straight towards him, slapping the shit out of him.

LACARRA (CONT'D)

I'm not one of them bitches you go to school with! I'll fuck yo soft ass up!

He rubs his face, turning to walk away.

LACARRA (CONT'D)

Wait until my baby gets done with this bullshit. He fucking yo soft ass up!

Walking out the door, he stops turning around smiling at her.

BRYANT

That was the last time you'll ever see him, bitch!

He takes off running.

LaCarra stands shaking her head.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SQUAD CAR - (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Phillip is taking a sip from his flask laughing.

PHILLIP

Look at big bad ass, Blu. Look at ya black ass, now.

BLU

You got me handcuffed in the back of your car. Ooh, I'm so scared.

PHILLIP

I got more than that, boy. I have you on multiple counts of murder, drug trafficking and a whole bunch of other shit.

BLU

(Laughs)

Where's the proof?

PHILLIP

Tyson and Slice didn't like the rules, so we made a deal.

Blu sits back stunned.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)

It's not funny no more, is it?

BLU

Get me to the station, so I can call my lawyer.

PHILLIP

Blu, after all these years, you know we don't deal with lawyers.

BLU

(Scoffs)

What? You're about to kill me?

PHILLIP

I'm the law. Who would question me, if I did kill your black ass? But I can't kill you, because I need something from you.

BLU

And that is?

PHILLIP

(Laughs)

You'll find out.

Phillip takes another sip from his flask.

Blu sits silent.

INT. SNITCH BASEMENT - NIGHT

Phillip has Blu tied down and handcuffed to a chair beating the shit out of him in the messy basement of one of his informants.

Blu is laughing with blood covering his face.

PHILLIP

I remember when your mother shot me in the knee.

Blu spits blood from his mouth.

BLU

She should've shot you in the face.

PHILLIP

Is that right?

Phillip hits Blu in the sternum making him cough.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)

Laugh now, boy!

BLU

(Wheezing)

Let me catch my breath, and I will.

PHILLIP

You're sarcastic, just like your bitch of a mother. Well, since I know how the niggers in your family..well once family thinks. I'll make this short and simple. I want your main stash. Yeah, I could have your club and all the other bullshit shut down, but I wouldn't gain a profit from that.

BLU

You better kill me.

Phillip hits Blu twice in the stomach, and once in the face, knocking him over to the floor.

Blu lies on his side breathing heavy, spitting out blood.

PHILLIP

Give up the money or your bitch is dead. That would make two women you love taken away from you.

Blu's eyes widen.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)

I figured you'd see things my way. Have it tomorrow night.

BLU

I'll tell you one thing.

PHILLIP

What's that?

BLU

Those bitches you call daughters. I'll make sure they get done just like you did your partner.

Phillip laughs pulling his flask out taking a deep swig, placing it back in his pocket.

PHILLIP

And I'll make sure you won't be able to
produce no nigger babies.

He begins stomping him.

SLOWLY FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. LACARRA'S HOUSE - MORNING

LaCarra comes out the house wearing her work uniform, and
she almost trips.

She looks down seeing Blu bruised and bloody, not moving.

Kneeling down, she takes the note taped on his chest.

INSERT NOTE

"Tell him to have it tonight or you're dead!"

She tosses the note to the side, shaking him.

He slowly opens his eyes.

LACARRA

(Worried)

Baby?

BLU

We got work to do.

She pulls her phone out calling 911.

INT. PHILLIP'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Stepping in the room you would think of lonely nights of
fraud love. The paint is dull with no signs of intimacy
engaged on the old-fashioned bed with fluffy pillows.

Phillip moves back and forth across the floor wearing a
hole in the carpet packing things, while his wife ELIZABETH
stares on worried, having no clue about what's going on.

ELIZABETH

What is this about?

He's still moving around grabbing things to place in the

suitcases, trying to keep cool.

PHILLIP

Just grab some more things you think you need. This will be over in the morning.

ELIZABETH

Are we in trouble? Will you talk to me?

He stops, sighing deep, walking over to her placing his hands on her shoulders.

PHILLIP

I'm doing what's best for the family. After this, we'll never have to struggle again. Just trust me.

ELIZABETH

Okay.

He gives her a reassuring kiss.

PHILLIP

Go get the girls together.

She walks out.

Waiting a few seconds, he pulls his phone out calling Tyson.

SPLIT SCREEN

Phillip looks aggravated as the phone rings.

Tyson is laid back on the sofa getting head, drinking a cup.

TYSON

Tell me we good.

PHILLIP

Just have y'all black asses there.

TYSON

You just make sure we kill this nigga.

Tyson hangs up.

The screen focuses on Phillip.

Phillip places his phone back in his pocket.

PHILLIP

I can't stand these fucking niggers.

INT. BRYANT'S ROOM - MORNING

Bryant is sitting on the bed staring at the pile of money, mainly hundreds and fifties he received from Blu.

Glenda walks in taking a seat on the bed.

GLEENDA

Was it worth having this money?

BRYANT

...I didn't do anything wrong.

GLEENDA

If you pray to the Lord, you'll---

BRYANT

Mama, if the Lord exists and prayer works.
I'll still be alive in the morning.

He pushes the money towards her, and she scoots back shaking her head no.

GLEENDA

I can't take help from the devil.

BRYANT

Then pray he doesn't come to the house and
you let him in.

He gets up walking out the room.

Glenda sits on the bed shaking her head.

INT. SLICE TRUCK - MORNING

SLICE POV

As Slice sits across the street in his Expedition, he watches Phillip, Elizabeth and his two daughters making their way into the cheap motel.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BLU'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

LaCarra is sitting on the bed rocking back and forth, looking at Blu's phone resting beside her.

The phone goes off. She picks it up seeing a text from Slice which says...

INSERT PHONE SCREEN

Just give me the word.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

The deacon is standing behind the pulpit in the empty church.

Bryant comes in making his way to the pulpit.

DEACON

How can I help you?

BRYANT

I'm seeking answers.

DEACON

The Lord can answer what your heart needs to know.

BRYANT

Will the Lord forgive me for what I've done, and protect my family?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. TYSON'S DRUG SPOT - CONTINUOUS

Tyson is smiling standing in the room where Slice took the money.

He kneels down removing the floor boards, pulling the bags

out opening them.

The smile quickly turns into a frown, pulling out tampon boxes and douche bottles.

TYSON

Motherfucker!

EXT. MEAT FACTORY - NIGHT

The factory is the only building on the empty street with delivery trucks parked close to the building.

Phillip pulls up to the back door in the squad car coming to a stop.

Phillip and Tyson get out the car.

PHILLIP

You ready to do this?

TYSON

Yeah motherfucker, I'm ready. Let's get this shit out the way, so I can take my rightful place as king.

PHILLIP

Just make sure you don't kill him until we have the money.

The two take their guns out heading to the door.

Phillip slowly opens the door walking in and Tyson follows.

The room is dim.

Boxes filled with meat are stacked up against the wall, and the smell of blood and meat lingers.

They cautiously move deeper into the building.

They get halfway into the building pausing, seeing a person sitting in a chair with their back turned wearing a black coat.

Phillip takes aim.

PHILLIP

You got the money, motherfucker?!

BLU (O.S.)

I have to take you to it.

TYSON

That's bullshit, "B"!

BLU (O.S.)

It's sad it had to come to this between us, "T". I guess when I killed ya bitch ass boy in your face it struck a nerve.

TYSON

Motherfucker!

PHILLIP

You two can have your lover's-spat later. Right now, stand up with your hands in the air.

The person puts their hands up.

BLU (O.S.)

I need some help standing.

PHILLIP

If you can't stand, how the fuck did you get here?

BLU (O.S.)

That lovely woman you called a bitch.

TYSON

Oh, I'm fucking her.

BLU (O.S.)

You do what you want "T", you're the king. Now, if you bitches don't mind, can we get on with the show?

PHILLIP

Keep your fucking hands where I can see
'em.

They start making their way towards the person.

BLU (O.S.)

As long as you've known me "T", I've been
a man of my word, right?

TYSON

Who gives a fuck about your word?!

BLU (O.S.)

I just needed the motherfucker you sold me
out for to know.

PHILLIP

What do you want me to know?

BLU (O.S.)

Remember what I told you about your
daughters?

They get close to the person, and they stand confused
looking at Terrell with his feet bolted down in the floor.

There's duct tape around his mouth and torso, wrapping
around the chair so he can't move.

On his lap is a tablet.

INSERT THE TABLET SCREEN

Bruised face and all with a smile smoking a cigarette is
Blu.

BLU (CONT'D)

I hope you didn't think I was
bullshitting.

Blu turns the camera showing Elizabeth, his daughters and
Terrell's mother tied together on the ground with rope and
duct tape on their mouths in the back of a rig doused in
gasoline.

PHILLIP

You son of a bitch! If you even think about---

BLU

Shut the fuck up. And "T", don't worry. I already took care of your niece, nephew and the bitch you really love.

TYSON

Blu, you motherfucker!

BLU

Don't worry.

Blu tosses his cigarette on them, and they instantly catch on fire.

Phillip screams.

Tyson continues looking at the screen, and his eyes widen noticing Blu turned the camera to face the building they're in.

TYSON

Oh, shit!

BLU (O.S.)

Get ready to join 'em.

INT. /EXT. THE MEAT FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

The building explodes.

EXT. GLENDA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bryant comes walking up on the porch with his head down.

Preparing to pull his keys out, Blu comes from the side of the house walking behind him placing the Desert Eagle to the back of his head.

BRYANT

I knew you'd come.

BLU

How did you know?

BRYANT

After the days I spent with you, I see there's nothing that can hold you down, but you.

BLU

You know what comes next?

BRYANT

I'm surprised it's taking you this long to pull the trigger.

BLU

I'm not about to kill you. I want you to turn around.

Bryant turns around prepared to get shot.

BLU (CONT'D)

I took you under my wing so you could be a man, and what did you do? You snitched to a fake ass cop, and almost got the only woman I love aside from my mother killed. Can you tell me why I won't kill you?

BRYANT

Because you still look at me as the brother you wish you had.

Blu lowers the gun.

BLU

You're absolutely right. I wish you could've been.

BRYANT

I don't.

BLU

I respect your honesty. What have you

learned?

BRYANT

That your life can end at any moment, just like anybody else.

BLU

True. I hope you saved some of that money.

BRYANT

I don't need help from the devil.

BLU

The devil?

(Laughs)

I learned something from you, too?

BRYANT

What could that possibly be?

BLU

Something from the bible I think you should highly consider.

BRYANT

What?

BLU

Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I shall fear no evil.

BRYANT

Why should I take this into consideration?

BLU

Because I am the shadow of death and evil you'll fear for the rest of your life.

BRYANT

God will protect me.

BLU

You're right. Do you still say your prayers?

BRYANT

I haven't stopped since I could repeat 'em.

BLU

Good.

BRYANT

What's good about that?

Blu turns his back walking away.

Bryant stands confused for a split second, turning around opening the door.

BLU

Now I lay me down to sleep. I pray the Lord, my soul to keep.

Bryant turns his head looking at him confused, before walking in the house.

Bryant feels around for the switch turning the lights on, and what the light reveals brings pure horror.

Glenda and Kelly are in their pajamas shot in the head, laid out on the floor.

Slice comes from behind the door with a sawed off shotgun, aiming at Bryant's head.

BRYANT

Ma...

Slice pulls the trigger blowing his head off.

INT. /EXT. GLENDA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Blu takes a pull from his cigarette.

BLU

If I should die, before I wake. I pray the

Lord, my soul to take.

The lights in the house go off.

Slice walks out over to Blu.

BLU (CONT'D)

Is he golden?

SLICE

Yup.

BLU

Let's get moving.

The two start walking down the street towards Slice Expedition.

SLICE

I got the money and shit in the ride. Just letting you know I ain't on some hoe shit.

BLU

We're family. You got put in a tight spot.

SLICE

I'm just making sure.

BLU

Let's just get to the crib and get drunk. I got rid of the weak links, and everything is back to normal.

SLICE

Cool.

BLU

Do you have to take your daughter to school in the morning?

SLICE

You know her mama don't do shit for her.

BLU

Well, let's hurry up. I don't wanna keep you out late.

They get to the truck, and Blu goes to the passenger side.

Slice goes to the driver side opening the door, and before he can get a foot in, his head comes clean off from a shotgun blast.

Blu walks over to the driver side looking down at his headless body twitching.

The back door opens, and out comes LaCarra holding a shotgun.

The two walk a few cars down to LaCarra's car.

She gets in on the driver side, and Blu gets in on the passenger side.

Blu gets comfortable putting his cigarette out.

BLU

What took you so long to kill him?

LACARRA

I wanted to look in his eyes.

BLU

Hm. Well, I'm hungry.

LACARRA

Fat ass.

BLU

Blow me.

She looks over at him licking her lips seductive, placing her hand between his legs.

LACARRA

Wait till after we eat.

She starts the car up and they pull off.

END CREDITS