

THE BLACC ROSE FAMILY

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BLACK SCREEN:

"Life holds no meaning without embracing death."

~Bernard Mersier~

FADE IN:

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING ROOFTOP - NIGHT

BLU POV

Summer...dark skies with a sea of gold flowing through East Jefferson from the cars heading Downtown or to Belle Isle. Standing by the edge admiring what he sees is BLU ROSE mid-thirties.

The well-groomed golden brown skin man is wearing an expensive suit holding a glass of cognac in his left hand and a Desert eagle in his right.

BLU (V.O)
Niggas disgust me. The lengths they'll
go for power is pathetic.

He looks down at the gun.

BLU POV

A black rose is engraved on the handle.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. TANYA BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON 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. YOUNG BLU age eleven and his mother TANYA are sitting on the bed laughing at the big head baby in the ultrasound pictures she has in her scrapbook.

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

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

YOUNG BLU
When will my brother be here?

TANYA
He'll be here in four months. Are you ready?

YOUNG BLU
Yes.

TANYA
(Kisses his forehead)
That's my big man. You remember what I told you?

YOUNG BLU
There's nothing---

The door flies open causing them to look back and they see Blu's father LAWRENCE standing in the doorway drinking cognac from the bottle.

The sweat lacing his brown brow and the way he's teetering side to side attempting to keep his balance lets 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 on the bullshit!

Young Blu lowers his head, ashamed. Tanya doesn't blink, keeping her eyes on him, reaching for the Desert eagle.

Taking her time standing, she walks towards him placing the barrel 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. Young Blu looks

up smiling.

TANYA

Watch ya mouth, bitch. Go load the
shit up witcha ya punk ass.

She walks to the bed taking a seat next to Young Blu, placing
the gun back on the nightstand.

Lawrence is sucking the blood leaking in his mouth as he
walks off.

TANYA (CONT'D)

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

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 tone)
Here I come!

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

TANYA (CONT'D)
I love you.

YOUNG BLU
I love you, too.

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

A bone shattering noise comes from the bat connecting with her head, knocking her to the floor unconscious.

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

YOUNG BLU (CONT'D)
Mama! Mama!

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

Lawrence slithers back to the door taking a sip from the bottle.

LAWRENCE
Dumb bitch.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING ROOFTOP - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

CLOSE UP BLU FACE

Anguish is in his watery eyes.

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.

We follow the long sleek barrel down and we see Lawrence's mouth heavily duct taped around the barrel.

Lawrence is wide-eyed struggling to get free, tied down to a chair with the legs cemented down.

Blu henchmen SLICE and TYSON are standing off to the side. Slice is dark brown skin and on the heavy side, but he's solid.

Tyson could use a couple of pounds on his slim dark frame. Blu takes a seat next to the shotgun locking eyes with Lawrence.

BLU (CONT'D)

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

Lawrence muffles some words, giving Blu humor.

BLU (CONT'D)

Crazy shit, right? Listen.
(Sips)
This is a special occasion.

Slice goes into 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, right?

The waterworks start in Lawrence's eyes. Blu places his glass on the ledge, and then pulls out a pair of black leather gloves placing them on.

BLU (CONT'D)

My mother told me to kill whoever
violates me or my family.

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

Vomit builds up in Lawrence's mouth with tears falling from his eyes.

Blu grips the shotgun, placing his finger on the trigger.

BLU (CONT'D)
 Catch like you told my mother, bitch.

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

Slice and Tyson stare at the headless body with no emotion. Blu pulls out a pack of Newports and a lighter, taking one from the pack, placing it in his mouth, lighting it.

BLU (CONT'D)
 Clean this bitch up. I gotta see if the dogs finished eating his hoe.

Blu walks off smoking his cigarette.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. BLU 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. Three files 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, which is something these so-called hustlers don't have. Impressing bitches for one night, ending up broke 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 and twelve screens showing different areas in the club come up.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CLUB GRADE A - V.I.P ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is dim with some sexual music playing. SEDUCTION comes in.

She's a drop dead beautiful twenty-one-year old with long hair, and smooth caramel skin wearing a black tie around the

neck bra and matching thong.

An intoxicated male 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, 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. 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 say focused on pussy.

Seduction slowly drops into the splits bouncing her ass, 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, naked asleep on a slab.

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

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

Not only do I love thick women for my own preference, but they make good carriers.

The man picks up a scalpel making an incision under her right breast where an old scar resides.

He reaches inside and pulls out a silicone 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 - CONTINUOUS

Occupying the room that looks like the aftermath of a frat party is GOON #1, GOON #2, GOON #3 and SEAN. All of them are in their early-twenties. The four are drinking and smoking.

BLU (V.O.) (CONT'D)
This is my cousin's idea. He figured
we should let the little niggas in the
neighborhood eat. The only problem
with young niggas is they're more
focused on being the man, instead of
making money.

CLOSE UP SEAN FACE

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

A CRACKHEAD 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.

Sean stares at the two suspiciously, taking a sip from his cup.

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

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

Sean throws his cup to the side pissed off.

SEAN

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

There's pin drop silence with everyone staring directly at Goon #1, and he's staring at Sean knowing he's in a heap of shit.

GOON #1

He---he good---

SEAN

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

The Crackhead attempts to leave, but Sean quickly pulls his nine-millimeter aiming at him.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Where you going, nigga?!

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

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

SEAN (CONT'D)

Shit was coming up short because of you?

GOON #1

(Scared tone)

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.

The crackhead faints and the other two shriek covering their mouth.

Sean turns his attention to the other two.

SEAN (CONT'D)

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

bitch ass nigga somewhere.

He kicks Goon #1 and spits on him before picking up the cognac 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 - CONTINUOUS

Baby face MEKA, twenty-two-years-old is standing by the open back door waiting on the delivery truck. The food truck pulls up coming to a stop.

The workers get out coming to the back opening the tailgate. One of the workers grabs some boxes and makes his way into the restaurant.

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

He walks up to Meka showing his pearly whites.

JAY
You want me to bring the sauce in?

MEKA
I can handle it.

He leans down into her ear.

JAY
Make sure we have enough for us.

MEKA
You know I will.

He squeezes her ass before making his way into the restaurant.

She walks over to the truck grabbing a box with CONDIMENTS written on it, and then makes her way into the restaurant. Everyone is hard at work getting orders together as Meka walks past making her way to the stockroom.

Meka walks in and places the box down on a shelf opening it. 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, opens it, and inside are black jars. Opening one of the jars we see Cocaine. She dips her finger in and then licks.

Smiling, she kneels down moving some of the boxes on the bottom shelf to grab a duffle bag.

Standing up, she opens the bag and places three jars inside.

BLU (V.O.)
Something else I'll address.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BLU 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 - CONTINUOUS

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

CLYDE, brown skin, twenty-one-years-old is pinned up against the wall with a gun to the back of his head being held by PHILLIP.

The Caucasian officer is forty-six-years-old. Keeping the gun on him, Phillip leans in Clyde's ear.

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

CLYDE
 (Whispering)
 Fuck you.

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

CLYDE
 (Whispering)
 Can I trust you?

PHILLIP
 (Whispering)
 I'm just as fucked up as you. Of
 course you can trust me.

CLYDE
 (Whispering)
 ...Aight.

Phillip puts his gun away, and then takes out his handcuffs placing them on Clyde's wrist.

PHILLIP
 (Whispering)
 I'll talk to you in the car.

Phillip walks over to OFFICER #1 and points over at Clyde.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)
 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. ABANDONED HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

All of the windows are missing. Graffiti covers the walls and a piss stained mattress is in the corner.

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

mattress.

He pulls out some gloves and places them on before pulling the mattress out.

Phillip grins ear to ear, looking at the drugs and guns.

PHILLIP

The ignorance of niggers never ceases
to amaze me.

CUT TO:

INT. BLU OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

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

BLU (CONT'D)

How are you today, Greg?

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.

CUT TO:

INT. THE DOLLAR STORE - AFTERNOON

There's a few customers moving around, while the workers stock the shelves.

LACARRA, the twenty-six-years-old, light brown skin, medium length hair woman with hazel eyes is scanning items on the

shelves.

Blu walks in wearing a wife beater and shorts showing off his arm sleeve tattoo of the Grim reaper standing in blue flames on his right arm.

He pauses when he sees her. She finishes scanning one more item, and then walks past 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, and then grabs some miscellaneous items, making his way around the store.

LaCarra is ringing up a customer with an attitude. The customer moves and Blu comes up to the register.

BLU (CONT'D)

How are you?

LACARRA

(Ringing the items)

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?

LACARRA

(Rolls her eyes)

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.

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?

The thirty-five-year-old short brown skin woman named PORSHA comes into frame, keeping a nice distance from the two, watching them interact.

LACARRA
Can you pay for your stuff?

BLU
No doubt. Can you answer my question?

LACARRA
Ask ya mama to answer the question.

Blu's face frowns up, but then 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-four fifty.

He pulls a fifty from his money and places the rest back in his pocket.

She slides him the cigarettes.

LACARRA (CONT'D)
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?

Pronounced "La-Car-ra"

LACARRA
(Hands him his change)
LaCarra.

BLU
I'm Blu.

He grabs his bag and then walks out the store. LaCarra stands
watching him walk out as Porsha comes over to her.

PORSHA
Did you get his number?

LACARRA
No. Why would I get his number or give
him mine?

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

(Laughs)

Go stock the shelves.

Porsha walks off laughing.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE TRAP HOUSE - NIGHT

The Spot looks like a shithole. Sean, Goon #2, Goon #3 and BRYANT are sitting on the porch drinking and smoking.

The sixteen-year-old, brown skin, tall, skinny male is BRYANT.

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's side and makes his way over to the passenger side.

Blu gets out the passenger side wearing all-black. Sean comes down from the porch smoking approaching Slice. They give each other a play.

SEAN

What up, Slice?

SLICE

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's one of my people looking for that good work. 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

What does ya tat mean?

Sean looks over at Blu.

SEAN

Why?

BLU

Curious.

SEAN

Don't worry about what the fuck it means.

BLU

(Sarcastic tone)

My fault, fam.

SEAN

I'm the king of this fuckin' city! You better recognize and turn up, bitch.

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're right. 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 and takes 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 looks over the scene laid back.

Goon #3 extends the blunt to Blu and 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?

GOON #2
Hell yeah. My man's down there is the
king, 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
(Laughs)
Turn this weak shit down.

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
Getcho 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, lowers gun)
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 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 fuckin' 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. Put this bitch in the truck.

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

Blu goes back to the house walking in and Bryant follows. Blu stands looking at the filthy area sighing, wiping the blood from his face.

BLU (CONT'D)
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 the hell are you doing out 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 rests 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 back up, he walks over to Blu with the bags.

BLU (CONT'D)
Open 'em.

Bryant places the bags down, opening one seeing it's filled with bricks of Cocaine. When he opens the other one, it's filled with hundred dollar bills.

BLU (CONT'D)
(Places a cigarette in his mouth)
You know how much this shit is worth?

BRYANT
No.

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

Bryant walks over to the containers picking one up beginning to spill the gas through the room.

When he's finished, he does the same with the other one, and then walks out the kitchen.

Blu takes one more pull from his cigarette and then tosses it in the gas.

He picks up the bags and walks off as the house catches fire. 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 hogtied.

Blu turns around looking at Bryant.

BLU (CONT'D)
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.

CUT TO:

INT. THE LOT - LATER

Out in the middle of nowhere in complete silence, Slice Expedition and Blu's black charger are parked to the side. Sean is tied up to a light pole, while Blu, Slice and Bryant are standing in front of him.

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

BLU

Are you ready to tell me what that shit on your face means?

SEAN

(Confused tone)

Who are you?

BLU

I'm the reason ya dumbass was able to eat.

SEAN

(Spits to the side)

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.

(Pulls out the Desert Eagle)

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

to turn 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 and Blu takes it before grabbing Sean's head, placing the tip under his right eye. We can hear the piss running down Sean's legs.

BLU (CONT'D)

This motherfucker claims he's 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 is screaming in pain and Bryant is terrified.

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

Staring directly in Bryant's eyes, Blu points back at Sean.

BLU

Blow his brains out.

BRYANT

Are you serious?

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

BLU

Ten seconds.

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

BLU (CONT'D)

One.

BRYANT

I can't do this.

BLU

Two.

Sean has tears and blood coming down his face, staring in Bryant's 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. He drops the gun and turns to the side, throwing up.

BLU (CONT'D)

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

Bryant continues vomiting as Blu picks up the gun, placing it behind his back before 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 follow. Bryant wipes 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

(Shallow breathing)

Nothing.

BLU

I thought so. Let's go get something to eat.

CUT TO:

INT. BLU PENTHOUSE - LATER

The room is royal blue. A mini bar covered with different expensive liquor bottles and glasses is off to the side. Blu

and Bryant walk in.

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

BRYANT

Uh...what happens now?

BLU

Why?

BRYANT

(Places the bags down)

I just wanted to know.

Blu takes a sip as he walks towards him.

BLU

Curiosity is another word for death.
Hold this.

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

BLU (CONT'D)

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

(Shaky tone)

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 him down to one knee, dropping 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 tone)
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 to Blu.

Blu takes the wallet, and then walks over to the sofa taking a seat.

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

BLU (CONT'D)
Keep ya ass right there. I'll give you three questions. In return, you get to ask me three questions. Answer and ask wisely 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 about you.

BRYANT
(Swallows hard)
It's strong.

BLU
Do you think if I pull this trigger, God will let you live?

BRYANT

You would have to pull the trigger for the answer.

BLU

Nice. How do you feel about killing that nigga?

BRYANT

I can still see his brains.

BLU

That's a good thing, but not what I asked. I asked how do 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, it's cool?

BRYANT

Yeah.

BLU

Give me your three.

BRYANT

Why don't you be flexin'?

BLU

Did anybody know I'm the real king?

BRYANT

No.

BLU

And why is that?

BRYANT

...Because you stay low key.

BLU
The next one.

BRYANT
Why didn't you kill me?

Blu taps the gun on his knee.

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

BRYANT
Are 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 a
calling card my mother and father
started.

BRYANT
What happened?

Blu appears as if he wants to cry as he stands to his feet.

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

Blu walks over to the bar and grabs a cognac bottle pouring
two glasses.

Bryant comes over and picks up a glass.

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

BLU
Drink it slowly and savor it.

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

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 ya 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 and grabs the bag he was carrying before walking off 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 and takes a seat, lowering his head, sighing.

He puts his glass on the nightstand, and then opens the bag pulling out a photo album placing it on his lap.

INSERT THE COVER

"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 album and on the first page there's a poem and a ultrasound picture.

Above the picture it reads "My baby boy"

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

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

Lawrence has his finger on the trigger staring directly at Young Blu.

Young Blu is on his knees with blood on his face 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?

He prepares to tell, and then he sees Tanya close 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's headless body fall to the floor, trying his best to get free from the men. Lawrence approaches Young Blu smiling. Young Blu spits 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 told y'all my son 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 as he tries

to catch his breath.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

Now, if you're thinking about
snitching on me. I'll do you just like
I did that bitch.

(Kneels down looking in his eyes)
You got something to say?

YOUNG BLU

...I won't snitch.

LAWRENCE

Good.

YOUNG BLU

I'm fuckin' killing you.

LAWRENCE

(Laughs, rubs Young Blu head)
Somebody needs a nap.

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

END FLASHBACK.

INT. BLU APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

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. THE BALCONY - MORNING

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

Blu is standing over him pressing the barrel of the Desert
Eagle against his 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, taking a sip, while picking up the remote for the television, turning it on.

Bryant comes in taking a seat on the love-seat.

BLU (CONT'D)

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 (ON THE SCREEN)

(Into the camera)

A tale of sorrow was embedded in the community when a family of five was found dismembered in their home. One of the victim's heads 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 to your fake ass King.

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 and grabs his
face tight.

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.

CUT TO:

INT. THE 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
Thanks.

PORSHA
This can only mean one thing.

BLU
Which is?

PORSHA
You're displaying you're a gentleman.

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 and pauses when she sees the two

talking.

Blu looks over and sees her.

BLU

Why would you wanna be a side dish,
when you have a man treating you as a
main course?

He walks over to LaCarra and extends the flowers. Porsha is
offended, folding her arms across her chest.

LACARRA

What am I supposed to do with these?

BLU

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

LACARRA

(Blushes, takes the flowers)
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 of the women you run across?

BLU

Every woman isn't LaCarra.

She stands speechless, blushing.

BLU (CONT'D)

Dinner and bowling sounds good to you?

LACARRA

Bowling? You go bowling?

BLU

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

LACARRA

Well---

BLU

Well, that means yes?

LACARRA

(Laughs, shaking her head)

You won't leave me alone, so yes.

BLU

Do you want me to pick you up or do 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?

LACARRA

(Takes the card)

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.

CUT TO:

INT. BRYANT ROOM - LATER

Bryant is pacing back and forth in his room. He gets ready to sit on the bed, and there's a knock at the door.

BRYANT

Yeah?

GLEENDA (O.S.)

Someone is at the door for you.

BRYANT

Here I come.

He gathers himself before walking out the room. He comes into the living room where his seven-year-old sister KELLY is watching television.

Standing by the door in her mid-fifties is GLEENDA. He walks over to the door ready to walk out, and she grabs his arm.

GLEENDA

Who is that?

BRYANT

He's helping me find a job.

GLEENDA

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.

GLEENDA

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.

BRYANT

We won't know if the Lord heard you unless I come back.

He walks out. The neighborhood is your typical urban

environment, where kids are playing, and cars are 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 and get comfortable. Bryant turns looking at him smiling.

BRYANT (CONT'D)

What up?

Tyson takes a hard pull and blows the smoke in Bryant's face.

TYSON

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

Bryant is silent, fanning the smoke.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOOD EATING - MOMENTS LATER

Sitting on the corner of a busy intersection is "Good Eating."

The fancy looking fast food joint is busy. The Monte Carlo pulls into the parking lot and comes to a stop.

Tyson takes a pull from his blunt, while 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 and raises 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. Got it.

TYSON

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

BRYANT

Got it.

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

TYSON

Get in there and get it.

Bryant opens the door and gets out. Chatter and laughter fills the room. Bryant comes in and 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 nuggets. Four fish sandwich meals. And six sweet

Danishes.

MEKA

(Blushes, laughing)

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 suspiciously.

MEKA

You want the mouth blazin' sauce?

BRYANT

No, I want the special sauce, please.

She continues looking at him suspiciously, 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 examines the bill. Seeing it's real, she makes change and hands it to Bryant before walking off.

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 CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Bryant opens the door and places the bags on the floor. 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, turning around seeing Blu sitting up from under the clothes.

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.
(Sighs)
How many do we have?

Tyson counts the Ziploc bags.

TYSON

We're three short.

BLU

(Sighs, shakes head)
Three goddamn bags short. Do you know how much shit should be in that bag?

BRYANT

Um---

BLU

Um, is not a fuckin' answer!

BRYANT

All I can say is---

BLU

Don't say you're fuckin' 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 placing his .45 on his lap.

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

BLU (CONT'D)

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 and then taps 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, lights it and takes 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.

CUT TO:

INT. PHILLIP OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Phillip is sitting behind his desk going over paperwork, when
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 hard
on 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 resurfacing.

Officer #2 walks out of the room. Phillip places the file
down and rubs his chin.

He opens his drawer and pulls out a Ziploc bag with a dead
black rose and money inside.

PHILLIP

Black bastards.

He places the bag back in his drawer, and then opens the file
looking over it.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Traffic moves by slowly 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 of the car wearing something casual and fitted. Blu walks over to her, and the doorman goes back into the building.

BLU

Glad you could make it.

LACARRA

Ooo, somebody is 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?

LACARRA

What am I going 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.

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 building.

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

Blu takes her keys, and hands them to the Doorman. Another worker comes from the truck, and walks back into the apartment.

BLU

Make sure to park it in a special place.

DOORMAN

Yes, sir.

The Doorman gets in her car, starts it up and pulls off.

LACARRA

What is all this about?

BLU

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

LACARRA

Wow. I don't...what am I gonna do with you?

BLU

Just enjoy the night.

He takes her hand and walks 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.

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 (CONT'D)

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.

LACARRA

(Laughs)

You're a mama's boy?

BLU

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 is good on my end.

He looks over at her, and then places his phone on his lap.

BLU (CONT'D)
What kind of food do you like

LACARRA
Japanese.

BLU
Not bad. Do you drink?

LACARRA
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
There'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
What's your example of the perfect
date?

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 not. I just know men chase after me for my outer.

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.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOOD EATING - LATER

The restaurant is closed. 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 Cherokee 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, appearing 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 a little bit of 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 and aims it 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 ya 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 behind Meka. After Bryant closes the door, they pull off.

CUT TO:

INT. BLU TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

They're sitting across the street from a children's center under construction.

LACARRA

What are we doing here?

BLU

What's your thoughts on this building?

LACARRA

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

BLU

My thoughts exactly. 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 into the glove compartment and pulls out the paperwork handing it to her.

She looks over the papers and her eyes widen.

LACARRA (CONT'D)

Why are you showing me this?

BLU

Just proving I'm more than what you think.

LACARRA

What do you think, I think of you?

BLU

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

LACARRA

And you think you're intelligent.

BLU

(Laughs)

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.

(Looks at his watch)

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, and then gets out of the truck. She looks

stunned as he comes to the door opening it, allowing her to get out.

CUT TO:

INT. THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE - LATER

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

Tyson, Bryant and the SLAUGHTERHOUSE 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

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 and you're 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 you die before me!

MEKA

The money is at his apartment under the bed!

JAY

You bitch!

MEKA

Fuck you!

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. Get rid of 'em.

The worker lowers them into the machine, and their words are replaced with screams of pain.

Tyson pulls out a wad of money that he hands to the worker. Bryant turns his head vomiting.

SLAUGHTERHOUSE WORKER

Thank you very much.

TYSON

Not a problem.

The Slaughterhouse 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 as 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 this 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.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLU HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The mini mansion looks beautiful resting beside the other nice houses in the quiet neighborhood. The truck pulls up coming to a stop.

Blu and LaCarra get out and he walks over to her.

LACARRA
This is beautiful.

BLU
It's okay. I think it's missing something.

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

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.

Blu rings the doorbell and a well-groomed BUTLER opens the door, allowing them to come in.

They come into the elaborate hallway.

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 and they make their way down the hallway entering a room.

Walking into the room is like walking into a five star restaurant. A nice fire is burning in the fireplace. There's a long glass table with candles, various Japanese foods, wines, plates and silverware resting 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, and pulls 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 wines. And thank you for saying I have a beautiful home.

LACARRA

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

BLU

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

(To a butler)

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

The butlers begin preparing plates.

BLU (CONT'D)

(To another butler)

Can we have the music playing?

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

LACARRA

This is too much.

BLU

How so? This is what I believe you deserve.

LACARRA

(Low laugh)

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 - MOMENTS LATER

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

BLU

Did you enjoy your meal?

LACARRA

(Stretches, smiling)

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)

Are 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 and walk out the room. Blu shows her the various rooms downstairs before guiding her up the spiral staircase.

He shows her the rooms upstairs, and a quick glance of his bedroom.

He tries to close the door, but she stops him, and walks 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 walls.

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

LACARRA (CONT'D)

I see you love your mother.

BLU
Despite the fact that she's no longer
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 God was
that night?

She looks at the roses.

LACARRA
Is that why you keep the roses by the
bed?

BLU
(Sorrow tone)
Old habit I picked up from my mother.

She said they brought her peace.

LACARRA
Do you think about her a lot?

BLU
You 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
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 him aggressively, pushing him down on the bed.

A passionate sex scene plays out.

SLOWLY FADE TO BLACK:

INT. BLU BEDROOM - MORNING

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

She smiles, picking the note up which reads.

INSERT 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 a ride 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 prepared to eat her food.

CUT TO:

EXT. MEKA MOTHER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Resting on the porch of the ranch style house is a box wrapped with blue ribbon, blue roses and a card. MEKA'S MOTHER comes out 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.

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

CUT TO:

INT. SQUAD CAR - AFTERNOON

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

PHILLIP

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

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. RUNDOWN BUILDING - NIGHT

PHILLIP'S PARTNER is on the ground with the barrel of a shotgun aimed at his bloody face being held by Lawrence. 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 standing beside Tanya holding a Louisville bat.

TANYA

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

YOUNG PHILLIP

Fuck you, bitch.

TANYA

(Laughs)

Bitches belong on their knees waiting for something to go in their mouth. 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 and grabs 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)
 (To Young Phillip)
 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'S PARTNER
 You---

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

He drops the gun crying. Tanya looks at him smiling.

YOUNG PHILLIP
 (Sobbing)
 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. He takes it, and then makes his 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.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. SQUAD CAR - AFTERNOON (BACK TO PRESENT)

Phillip crushes the rose, biting down on his lip.

PHILLIP

Blu. That was his name.

He pulls off.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BASKETBALL COURT - CONTINUOUS

Friend #1, Friend #2 and Friend #3 are playing a game of twenty-one.

Bryant is sitting on the bench looking around petrified. They take a break from playing, walking over to the bench. A jet black Flex with tinted windows pulls up alongside the gate coming to a stop.

FRIEND #1

Why ain't you ballin' with us?

BRYANT

I got shit on my mind.

FRIEND #2

If it ain't pussy or money, it shouldn'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 a brown skin bald-headed man who goes by DEE sticks his head.

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?!

DEE

(Laughs)

"B", come on man.

FRIEND #3

You see us laughing, nigga?! Don't come around this bitch asking for our nigga, and you can't address who you are!

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

TYSON

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

They freeze in their tracks.

TYSON (CONT'D)

"B", get ya punk ass over here!

Bryant gets up and makes 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 asses home.

Tyson gets in the truck and they pull off.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE FLEX - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Bryant is sitting between Blu and Tyson. Blu is 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?

BRYANT

It's not about the money.

Dee turns looking at Bryant.

DEE

Yo bitch ass not built for this life.

Blu looks at Dee upset, taking a sip.

BLU

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

TYSON

He's speaking his mind, I guess.

BLU

(Sips)
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 and come to a stop. Bryant sits nervous.

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

BLU (CONT'D)

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

BRYANT

I have no choice.

BLU

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

He puts the barrel to Bryant's head. Dee continues 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. Everyone is shocked by what he did, looking at the blood that sprayed on them.

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 ya 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
(Looks at Tyson)
You don't care that he killed ya
man's?

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. Blu walks over to the other side opening the
back door. Tyson gets out walking to the passenger door
opening it. Dee's dead body falls out.

Slice gets out, 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 ya ass out.

Bryant doesn't respond and gets out. Slice gets back in on
the driver side, and 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, now he's bare chest. Blu places a
cigarette in his mouth and lights it before walking off,
signaling Bryant to follow. Slice pulls off in the opposite
direction.

BLU (CONT'D)
It'll be okay, bro.

BRYANT
I just want my life back.

BLU
I'll think about it. 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 your 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's hand, so he changes 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 will 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.

CUT TO:

INT. PHILLIP OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Phillip is sitting behind his desk smoking a cigarette, staring at Blu's picture and information on his laptop. 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 and rolls his left pants leg up, rubbing the scar left behind from the surgery.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)

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

He puts his cigarette out, rolls his pants leg down, and then stands up making his way out the office.

CUT TO:

INT. THE DOLLAR STORE - LATER

LaCarra is standing behind the counter smiling, tapping her finger on the counter. 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 received a box filled with
jars containing her daughter's blood.

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's 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.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER

Blu and Bryant come out of the apartment. Blu looks at
Phillip's car brushing it off, but Bryant looks nervous.

Phillip gets out making his way towards them.

BLU

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

BRYANT

Why can't I stay home?

Phillip stops in front of them.

PHILLIP

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

BLU

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

PHILLIP

(Spits to the side, laughs)
You're a cocky little bastard. Who is
this, your brother?
(Facepalm)
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 right 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.

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?

(Steps in Blu face)

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 before 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 nervously before getting in the car. The car pulls off.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BLU CAR - MOVING - 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.

CUT TO:

INT. GLENDA LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

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 that's getting constructed?

GLENDA

Yes.

BLU

He brings the workers their supplies.
(To Bryant)
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?

GLEENDA

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.

GLEENDA

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.

GLEENDA

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

BLU

Before I forget. Would it be okay if he stays out a little late tonight? I really do need the help.

GLEENDA

No problem at all.

BLU

Thank you very much. I'll try to have him home early. Do you wanna 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.

GLEENDA

Do you wanna tell me the truth?

BRYANT

Tell you the truth about what?

GLEENDA

The Lord keeps my eyes open to all of
the devil's tricks and 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.

GLEENDA

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

He stops, and then turns around looking 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.

CUT TO:

INT. TYSON DRUG SPOT - NIGHT

Tyson and Slice are sitting on the sofa 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 set up shop
tonight with this shit.

Slice stares at the money in awe.

SLICE

This would set me free.

TYSON

(Takes a pull)

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

SLICE

How would we get rid of Blu?

TYSON

(Takes a sip)

Let me worry about that. You down or what?

Slice downs his drink, and then cracks a smile.

SLICE

Let's do it.

CUT TO:

INT. BLU CAR - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

"Marilyn Manson Killing strangers" is playing. 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

(Sighs)

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

Never would've thought you'd have a woman? And how am I supposed to get in the club?

BLU

One, I own the club. And two, 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 would make sure he was doing the right thing.

BRYANT

Are you serious?

Blu starts the song over, and turns the music up.

CUT TO:

INT. THE DOLLAR STORE - MOMENTS LATER

LaCarra is standing behind the counter talking to TERRELL, a twenty-four-year-old high yellow lanky pretty boy.

TERRELL

Are you coming with us to the club?

Blu and Bryant come into the store. She looks over at him

smiling.

He smirks and nods his head, walking down an aisle. She's confused by his reaction.

LACARRA

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

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 is 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 are 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 and stands beside Blu.

LACARRA (CONT'D)

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

Blu looks at her and raises 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.

PORSHA

Carra, you didn't say Romeo was
coming. Are we 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

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 as 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 (CONT'D)

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 they were talking about on
the news.

BLU

Do you trust me?

LACARRA

Should I?

BLU

Your guess is as 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 his seat back,
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.

CUT TO:

INT. THE POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

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 and heads 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
investigation on 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 into the interrogation room walking in, and the two 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 right 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.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB GRADE A - LATER

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

BLU 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 Cognac 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 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

Are you about to kill that nigga in the club?

Blu takes the bottle, opens it and pours 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 ole boy is outside flirting with some hoes.

BRYANT

Then what?

Seduction is flirting with Terrell, gaining his full attention.

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

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

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

Blu downs his glass before getting up heading towards the V.I.P. Room.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. V.I.P ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Terrell takes a seat, reaching into 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, while 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. 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 and pulls out a roll of money.

BLU

This is for you.

She gives him a kiss on the cheek, and then takes 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's friend?

BRYANT

Yeah.

PORSHA

Where's her friend?

BRYANT

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

She places the glass to her lips and almost spills the drink

registering what he said.

PORSHA

Are you fucking serious?! He's trying
to get down with some bitches and
didn't invite me?!

She gets up making her way out of 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 stay a little---

BLU

You want your normal life back? Bring
ya 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 of the club.

CUT TO:

INT. BLU BEDROOM - LATER

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 asleep.

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 and murdered my mother in front of me.

LACARRA

Holy 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 if 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, leaving LaCarra speechless.

INT. THE GARAGE - AFTERNOON

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

A BOUNCER and Seduction walks in. 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, and then walks back over to the bouncer.

TERRELL

You fuckin' bitch!

BOUNCER

Pussy kills in many ways, Bro.

Terrell begins yelling as they laugh while walking out,

closing the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. GLENDA HOUSE - LATER

Bryant and Kelly are playing in front of the house. Phillip pulls up in the squad car.

Bryant stops playing, watching Phillip get out of 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 of the house standing on the porch.

GLENDA

What's this about?

PHILLIP

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

GLENDA

Did it involve him?

PHILLIP

No, ma'am.

Bryant turns to look at Glenda.

BRYANT

Everything is okay. Just take Kelly in the house.

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

Bryant turns to look at Phillip.

BRYANT (CONT'D)

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. A
head left on the front porch with a
black rose in his mouth. Shall 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 and grabs 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.

CUT TO:

INT. BLU OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A client is walking out. 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 is setting you up.

Blu looks at the message shocked.

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

CUT TO:

EXT. TYSON DRUG SPOT - CONTINUOUS

Broken 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. Yup...this is the hood.

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

TYSON

We good, bro.

Slice lowers his head worried about how Blu is going to respond.

SLICE

...I know.

TYSON

What's up? Are you worried about Blu retaliating?

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 that 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 and walks off to his Monte Carlo. Slice waits a few more seconds before getting up walking in the house through the side door.

Slice walks over to a wall door, opening it, walking in. He turns the lights on, and then kneels down removing the floorboards seeing the duffle bags they kept.

SLICE (CONT'D)

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

He opens one of the bags and then starts taking the money out.

CUT TO:

INT. THE DOLLAR STORE - LATER

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 fuckin' with another nigga. He wasn't about shit anyway.

LACARRA

Okay.

PORSHA

Why?

LACARRA

I thought that was yo, boo?

PORSHA

I keep 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 so she can 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.)

I was thinking later on tonight...

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

LACARRA (CONT'D)

(Whispering)

Baby, the police and that young dude you hangout 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
You're trying to play difficult, huh?

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. THE DOLLAR STORE PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Blu is standing by his car watching the video she sent before 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 (CONT'D)
If it isn't the man I was looking for.
I guess I can stop harassing your
girlfriend.

Blu 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
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 and places 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 to look 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 those bitches you go to
school with! I'll fuck yo soft ass up!

He rubs his face as he turns around walking away.

LACARRA (CONT'D)

When my baby is done with this
bullshit, he fuckin' yo soft ass up!

As he walks out the door, he stops, and then turns 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 now, 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

Who would question me if I killed 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 as Blu sits silent.

CUT TO:

INT. THE SNITCH BASEMENT - NIGHT

Phillip has Blu tied down and handcuffed to a chair beating
the shit out of him.

Blu is laughing with blood covering his face.

PHILLIP

I remember when your mother shot me in
the knee.

BLU

(Spits blood on the floor)

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 heavily, 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 get wide.

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 out his flask, taking a deep swig before 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 HOUSE - MORNING

LaCarra comes out of the house and she almost trips. She looks down and sees 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, and then shakes him. He slowly opens his eyes.

LACARRA
(Worried tone)
Baby.

BLU
(Groggy tone)
...We got work to do.

She pulls her phone out and calls 911.

CUT TO:

INT. PHILLIP BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Phillip is wearing a hole in the carpet packing things, while his wife ELIZABETH stares 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 it 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 and sighs deep. He walks over to her, and places 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. After waiting a few seconds, he pulls his phone out calling Tyson.

SPLIT SCREEN:

Phillip looks aggravated as the phone rings. When Tyson answers, we see him laid back on the sofa getting head, drinking.

TYSON

Tell me it's 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.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BRYANT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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.

GLENDA

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.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SLICE TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

SLICE POV

As Slice sits across the street in his Expedition, he watches Phillip, Elizabeth and his two daughters making their way into a cheap motel.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BLU 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. THE CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

The deacon is standing behind the pulpit in the empty church as 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 DRUG SPOT - CONTINUOUS

Tyson is smiling standing in the room where Slice took the
money.

He kneels down removing the floor boards, and then he pulls
the bags out.

When he opens them, the smile quickly turns into a frown,
pulling out tampon boxes and douche bottles.

TYSON
Motherfucker!

CUT TO:

EXT. THE MEAT FACTORY - NIGHT

The factory is the only building on the empty street with
delivery trucks parked in the parking lot.

The squad car comes to a stop at the back door. Phillip and
Tyson get out of the car.

PHILLIP
Are 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. They cautiously move deeper into the building.

They get halfway into the building and pause when they see a person sitting in a chair with their back turned wearing a black coat. Phillip takes aim.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)

You got the money, motherfucker?!

BLU

I have to take you to it.

TYSON

That's bullshit, "B"!

BLU

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

I need some help standing.

PHILLIP

If you can't stand, how the fuck did you get here?

BLU

That lovely woman you called a bitch.

TYSON

Oh, I'm fucking her.

BLU

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

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

I just needed the motherfucker you sold me out for to know.

PHILLIP

What do you want me to know?

BLU

Remember what I told you about your daughters?

As they get closer to the person, they stand looking confused seeing Terrell with his feet bolted down on the floor.

There's duct tape around his mouth and torso, wrapping around the chair so he can't move. Resting 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 to show 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 get wide, noticing Blu has turned the camera to face the building they're in.

TYSON
Oh, shit.

BLU
Get ready to join 'em.

The building explodes.

CUT TO:

EXT. GLENDA HOUSE - LATER

Bryant comes walking up on the porch with his head down. When he pulls his keys out, that's when Blu comes from the side of the house, walking up 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 gun)

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

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, and starts walking away. Bryant stands confused for a split second before 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, and then he brushes it off, walking in the house.

Bryant feels around for the switch, and then he finally turns the lights on.

What the light reveals brings pure horror. Glenda and Kelly are laid out on the floor in their pajamas shot in the head.

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. 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 comes walking out with the shotgun, making his way 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 inside 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 ain't shit.

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, with the shotgun beside him.

The back door opens, and out comes LaCarra holding a shotgun. The two walk a few cars down to LaCarra's car, and she gets in on the driver side, while Blu gets in on the passenger side.

Blu gets comfortable, putting his cigarette out.

BLU (CONT'D)

What took you so long to kill him?

LACARRA

I wanted to look into his eyes.

BLU

Hm. Well, I'm hungry.

LACARRA

Yo fat ass always hungry.

BLU

Blow me.

She looks over at him, licking her lips seductively, placing her hand between his legs.

LACARRA

Wait till after we eat.

She starts the car up and they pull off.

END CREDITS