

SUSHI BATH SALTS

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BLACK SCREEN:

Hardcore sex and sleazy trash talking between a male and female is heard for a hot second before the man releases a loud orgasmic moan.

The woman releases a sigh of disappointment and we can hear the man trying to catch his breath.

"Euphoria clouds your mind from reality."

~Bernard Mersier~

FADE IN:

INT. MARYI BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lying under silk black sheets is MARYI, a curvaceous African American in her early-thirties.

Disappointment resides on her beautiful face, closing her light brown eyes.

The bedroom door is heard closed.

MARYI (V.O.)

A woman's worth.

(Scoffs)

Every man swears he knows. Majority of 'em half ass the performance and swear it was done with perfection. What do we do? We accept the act because he made us laugh or some simple shit like his looks.

(Seductive laugh)

It's funny when you think about it. We as women don't know our own worth. We're always looking stupid in the end, bashing men for how we allowed them to treat us. We realize our worth after we've been drained physically and mentally. Now we're bad bitches with fire pussy, and a man better bring more than dick to the table. No, no, no, my babies. We were top tier women before all of the hurt and pain. Even if it wasn't taught to us by our mother or a mother figure, we should know our pussy and respect is worth more than any dick placed on the table. All of these little nicknames

are shields hiding the pain from the dumb shit we allowed. That and to make sure we keep all of these "Ain't shit" men around. There's no other reason why, aside from admitting this is how we love being treated because it's what we're worth.

(Soft laugh)

When a man sees a woman, all of those cute, stale, flirting lines are pure bullshit. The only thing he's thinking about is "Goddamn, that's a cold bitch with a bad ass body. I wonder what that mouth can do and if she can take dick?" What do we do? Make sure we entice the thoughts. If we end up fuckin' him, we'll be quick to brag about our performance, forgetting about our worth, which is why we're complaining in the first place.

(Soft laugh)

Irony. The same things we bitch about are the same things we display for attention, just so he can fuck us over and we can have something to talk about. All of this while saying "I want a genuine man."

She rolls over on her side, sighing deep, shaking her head.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Inside the dim room a father and his two teenage sons are tied down to chairs bruised and bloody on the verge of death. The two sons are sitting in front of their father.

JARVIS (V.O.)

Like riding a bike...as soon as you get the hang of it, it becomes second nature. That's how I view murder. I'm not about to tell you some bullshit like "This is what I was made to do, or the streets made me this way." None of that bullshit people say. If you're not paying attention and run across a good storyteller explaining other people stories, you'll fuck around and believe 'em. Fuck outta here. Me.

(Takes a pull)

Killing people is something I wanted to do ever since I saw my old man get his shit splattered. I don't have a chip on my shoulder after seeing my father get killed. And I never wanted to be the man people dick suck without knowing shit about him. I actually get a rush better than busting satisfying nuts watching people die. Yes, I get up close and personal if I don't kill you from long range. Hearing a person pleading while dying is a stimulating form of foreplay that can't be toppled.

(Takes a pull)

Above all...before you run around calling yourself a "KILLER" who doesn't give a fuck about nothing, which is the phrase every so-called killer uses. That means you don't care if anybody you claim to love gets murdered behind your actions because you don't give a fuck. Another pleasure I enjoy, seeing the family and friends of the people I killed say "We lost an innocent person for no reason." Blah, blah, blah. You don't know what that motherfucker was into on the streets, but you know who they were associated with, so that makes them guilty.

(Scoffs)

A true killer always puts himself first because he's always watching his own back and front. That way the only way he'll get caught or killed is if he brings it upon himself. More importantly... you always place the people you love out of harms way, so when beef comes knocking, a mutt ass character won't get the chance to say "Yeah, I killed that nigga people. " Something moist ass character's do, even if they know where you kick it at, or where you're chillin' at the exact moment they decided to bring to it someone you love instead of you. Call it a "Tax" to the game, but in my eyes it's a bitch ass move. Especially when you can simply bring it to me, the same as I would bring it to you.

(Takes a pull)
 "Killer." That's a title everybody wants for street recognition believing people love 'em. I'll tell you this much. Out of all the people I've killed and attended their funerals...I've yet to see the streets attend or any real people who actually gave a fuck. The real ones die right after their homies murder because they're seeking revenge. The fake ones claiming they're real are at the funeral just to talk shit, eat and drink after the service, and possibly fuck their man's woman or continue fuckin' 'em like they were when the homie was alive.

JARVIS enters the scene wearing some jeans holding a .357. The rough looking brown skin man in his late-twenties has a few tattoos on his thin frame, but when you look into his blood shot eyes, you see pure evil.

He steps behind the two sons, placing the gun to the back of one of their heads.

Just as the father prepares to speak, he pulls the trigger.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFESSIONAL BOX - CONTINUOUS

MATHEW finishes blessing himself while sitting inside of the confessional box.

He's a handsome Caucasian in his early-forties with smooth skin and water blue eyes.

MATHEW (V.O.)

God...a universal word used with various descriptions. I find this odd because there's only one creator who created us in his image. But one must ask. Even a man of God like myself wonders. God is the supreme being, yet we were blessed with sins. Of course we don't have to sin, but we do. Because we know our father will forgive us as long as we devote our love to him. Knowing we'll be forgiven, we erase the fact we'll also be punished.

(Sighs)

Punishment from God can be simple as a slap on the wrist, or an eternity of pain like salt and lemon poured into lacerations that never heal. So...why do we sin? Because sins are soulful pleasures you can't resist. Once you sample and enjoy the sensations, you become an addict who can't live without the rush. Plus...

(Soft laugh)

We know we'll be forgiven, so why not continue indulging? The word "God" was taught to embed fear...but we were never taught we'll still be punished by the supreme being. Yes, our parents punished us, but they're the God we see and experience. So if whatever they do and tell us is the truth, how can we question it?

(Sighs)

After you're forgiven and you still crave your sins...you have to question God about the sins bestowed inside you, knowing you'll fall into temptation. We're expected to be perfect humans...but there can only be one supreme being. So if we were created in that image...no matter what we do, it shouldn't be considered a sin...right?

Sighing low, he lowers his head for a moment. When he lifts his head, he sighs again, bringing a custom flask up with the words "Jesus loves me" written on it. Opening the flask, he takes a deep swig.

Lowering the flask, he closes his eyes, slowly shaking his head.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - CONTINUOUS

LAVELL is standing in front of the store with his friends talking shit, waiting for the fiends to come around.

The slender man in his early-thirties has some sex appeal because he has long crinkly hair.

LAVELL (V.O.)

What is life? If you ever posed this question to yourself, you'll never understand until you're dead. Life is a euphoria of experiences some view as evil, good or completely strange. How can people judge the next person without judging themselves and the people around them who do the same things they're judging other people about? Do you wanna know why? Because no matter what you do in life or support people you know are fucked up...as long as you ask for forgiveness all is well.

(Laughs)

The only time God will pass judgment is when you meet him. With that...if you know you're in the wrong, take your punishment without begging God to help you, knowing you'll meet him soon. See, I don't make people buy what I'm supplying. It sells itself with perfection, and I love the things it allows me to buy. Do I consider myself a murderer when people die from what I sell, no. I didn't put the lighter to their pipes or up under their spoons. If you have the common sense to know what you're purchasing and the outcome, then you might as well consider yourself committing suicide.

(Scoffs)

The only part I play in any of this is the "Poet." I'll seduce you with my wordplay telling you I have the best shit going, and sometimes I'll give a free sample just to prove my point. It's up to you if you keep coming back for another session.

A fiend walks up and Lavell places his hand to his mouth laughing, quickly lowering it, exchanging the drugs for money with the fiend.

The fiend walks off. Lavell and his friends continue talking and laughing.

CUT TO:

INT. CRACKHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Strung out fiends are sprawled across the filthy floor, and laid on the cigarette burned sofas as smoke and low moans linger throughout the room.

Standing off in the corner wearing some expensive, but filthy attire barely able to keep his balance and red eyes open is JUSTIN, early-twenties.

He's mixed, but his skin complexion favors more to the Caucasian side with fairly long blond hair and a slender frame in desperate need of nourishment.

If you bypass his appearance, you would see Justin is a fairly handsome man.

JUSTIN (V.O.)

Why are we looked down upon? All we wanna do is get high, enjoy the buzz, eat, fall asleep, wake up and do it again. What's so bad about that? It's no different than someone paying for pussy. A lot of things people do that's justified as bad are glorified, but if you do any form of hard drugs you're labeled as the scum of the earth. Please, make that shit make sense to me. Actually, I'm confused why we're even labeled "Junkies." Why can't people enjoy what gives them happiness without a label? Of course, there's people who fuck over the ones they love for a fix, but all of us aren't like that.

(Coy laugh)

I mean...I've done it once or twice, and I paid the consequences behind my actions. Those days made me realize "Why go through the extra hoops when I can go to my family?" Again, people will judge me and the people who support my habit, but gladly embrace the people who intentionally do fucked up shit to others for no reason. People swear other people give a fuck about them, knowing deep down inside they don't. At least I know my people don't give a fuck about me. They only keep me supplied because they're afraid I might snitch.

(Sucks teeth)

People become snitches when they think they can overthrow the person on the throne. They don't believe in repercussions. Where I'm from and the people I deal with. "Snitches don't get stitches or put in ditches." Their family tree gets erased from existence.

Justin places a pipe in his mouth, bringing a flame to it, taking a hard pull.

Holding the smoke in for a few minutes, he slowly exhales with a smile, leaning against the wall, sliding down to the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Standing at his locker gathering the items he needs before going out on the streets to serve and protect is STEVEN, mid thirties.

The athletic built African-American has a low fade and a very thin goatee.

STEVEN (V.O.)

A piece of tin, a gun belt and a title gives adrenaline endorphins could never produce. It's unquenchable. It's the type of pleasure that should never be taken away. Then...you have people who actually stand firm on what the piece of tin, gun belt and the title stands for. But before the adrenaline rush junkies and the people who are truly committed are chosen...how can you tell the difference between the two? Anybody can display what they want you to believe. A person can have major flaws, but they're still right for the job because of the dedication to improve and learn.

(Loads his gun)

Now, ask yourself this. "What's the real difference between officers using the badge as leeway without being questioned, and officers dedicated to keeping people safe?" If you have to

ask, that means you get nervous every time you see flashing lights in your rearview. If you're not nervous, you probably think you're in the clear, having no idea about what you're about to encounter.

(Snickers)

The beauty of being a law abiding officer is if you put in your time showing you're dedicated to keeping the streets safe...you can easily get away with crimes if you choose to take that route.

Fully geared up and ready for patrol, Steven closes his locker and then makes his way out of the locker room.

CUT TO:

INT. MAX STUDY - CONTINUOUS

We come in on MAX, a handsome brown skin man in his early fifties wearing an expensive white suit sitting behind his desk.

Resting on the table are piles of money, an expensive bottle of liquor, a cognac glass, an ashtray with a lit cigar and a pile of coke.

Max licks his finger and dips it in the coke so he can brush it across his teeth with a smile, followed by a sip from his glass.

MAX (V.O.)

The secret to staying on top in this business is the people who respect you because they know you'll kill 'em if they disrespect you. People who fear you are the main ones plotting in your face, but you take 'em lightly because you're thinking, "This fucker works for me, they know better." That's how you end up watching your empire crumble as you die slowly.

(Scoffs)

A person like myself knows the people working for me could give less than a fuck about me, including the right hand man. Why do I keep these people around? The same reason why every person with money and power does.

You'd have to kill all of those motherfuckers before you can get near me. Even if you kill enough of my shield, I already have others ready to step up.

(Laughs)

It makes me wonder why do I have all of these people ready to die for me just for some fun and money, saying fuck their own lives and the people they love. It also makes others wonder if the people around me are stone cold killers, why are they taking orders from me, when they can go off and start their own thing?

(Picks up the cigar)

It reverts back to the difference between a person who fears you, and a person who respects you. What's crazy because it can happen to anyone but it gets overlooked. When you have a person showing you the utmost respect, but they're terrified of you...that person is the boss with all of the cards in their hands.

BLACK SCREEN:

FUGU...OMAKASE

INT. CHURCH - AFTERNOON

People are clearing out, but Mathew remains behind the pulpit reading the bible.

Lavell enters the building wearing Urban attire, eating salted peanuts with a blunt behind his ear, making his way towards the pulpit.

LAVELL

Sinners stay in the house of the Lord for cleansing. Then they turn around and repeat what they asked forgiveness for.

(Soft laugh)

That's funny, wouldn't you agree?

Mathew continues reading the bible.

MATHEW

That's where I come in. God's devoted

subject does his best making sure the sinners understand the life they're living ends with them crashing into a brick wall. But if you turn your life over to God, the wall shall be removed so they can ride with God down the road of paradise.

LAVELL

(Eats some peanuts)

God's devoted servant. Ain't that some...stuff?

Mathew looks up with a stern face, looking into Lavell's eyes.

MATHEW

Say the word you wanted to say, demon. God already knew what you were thinking, standing here pretending to show respect in his house.

LAVELL

...Then what does God say about you..."Demon?"

MATHEW

God knows me. God knows I'm doing this for the greater good, hoping his punishment won't be strict and still allow me into his glorious kingdom.

LAVELL

Some sins are unforgivable...scumbag.

MATHEW

When I face God, he can tell me that. Not you. Is this conversation done so we can carry on with the real reason why you're here?

Lavell releases a low laugh, followed by eating some peanuts.

LAVELL

The truth hurts? Yeah, let's get on with the reason why I'm here.

MATHEW

Thank you. The thought of storing this poison bothers my soul.

LAVELL

Why are you doing all of these gatherings, supporting the homeless, donating to those in need and treating yourself mighty well if it's bothering you?

MATHEW

Again, that's between me and God.
Let's go.

Mathew comes down from the pulpit, making his way towards the back of the church.

Lavell is laughing, eating his peanuts following behind him.

LAVELL (V.O.)

I give Max soft ass credit for one thing. Coming up with the idea to store the shit inside of a church. Who would think about raiding a church for drugs and risk the chance of a media frenzy if nothing comes up? That's about the only thing Max is good for. Other than that...he's another wet wipe, fake tough guy who thinks he can't be touched.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is elaborate. The curtains on the windows are pulled back so the sun can come in and we can see the pool in the backyard.

Max is sitting at the table eating a well put together meal with a bottle of cognac and some glasses beside him. Sitting to the right of him is CORDELL, his right hand man. The gritty looking husky dark skin man in his late-twenties is eating the same meal as Max.

While eating, the two are having a random conversation. Jarvis comes into the room wearing some typical attire, with two other men behind him.

As Jarvis approaches Max, Max looks at him with a smile, wiping his mouth.

The men behind Jarvis stop and stand to the side.

MAX

Ah, the realest motherfucker on my team.

JARVIS

Don't run the bullshit you run on these stupid niggas that kiss yo ass for a few dollars. What do you need?

MAX

J! Why would you disrespect me in my house as if I can't have your ass killed right now?

Cordell places a .45 on the table and gives Jarvis a murderous look.

Looking at the men behind him seeing them with their weapons drawn, Jarvis looks back at Max unbothered.

JARVIS

Because I'd already be dead. Again, what do you need?

MAX

(Laughs)

The balls you walk around with is why the one percent of love I have for you remains the same.

JARVIS

...Are you going to answer my question?

MAX

Strictly business. Yeah, I'll answer your question. What do you think about Lavell?

JARVIS

It's not my job to think about people. We communicate when something has to be done. I get rid of what's needed and you pay me. It's your job to think about the characteristics of the people you want taken care of.

MAX

You're right about that. Well, Lavell isn't relevant at the moment, but he will be soon. What I need from you is something else.

JARVIS

And that is?

MAX

One of my spots around your neck of the woods has been coming up short. Not that I need the chump change, it's the principal. What I need from you is---

JARVIS

For me to get rid of your bad judgment and collect your money.

MAX

My bad judgment?

JARVIS

We wouldn't be having this discussion if you didn't.

MAX

I look at it like Lavell and his brother. You get where I'm coming from?

JARVIS

Who am I getting rid of?

MAX

Gee. Go clear the spot out with him and when it's done, get rid of him. Simple.

JARVIS

Hm. And why can't you get one of these entertainment tough guys to do it for you?

MAX

Because if you want something done right, you spend good money on your top worker.

JARVIS

I'm not your worker. I'm just a nigga who loves getting paid for what I love to do.

MAX

(Low laugh)

You're still cocky from the time we crossed paths and you tried to get down on me. Cordell still believes I should've let him kill you that day instead of having our conversation.

JARVIS

If he was a real killer he would've.

Cordell reaches for the .45 and Max stops him.

MAX

Maybe one day you'll get your wish if you don't stop trying to be tough with the wrong fuckin' guy.

JARVIS

Tough guys end up missing or sleep under their tombstone. I'm just a man who doesn't take shit, knowing one day I'll die and won't be missed. Stop testing a real one and you're surrounded by frauds you believe are real. Have my money when I'm done.

Before leaving the room, Jarvis gives all of the men an evil glance.

The two he came in with follow behind him.

CORDELL

Don't you think it's about time you let me kill him?

MAX

The thought crossed my mind.

Max pours two glasses and then places one beside Cordell.

CORDELL

So, what's the hold up?

MAX

(Takes a sip)

A man has to clear his plate before his death.

CORDELL

What's on your plate?

MAX

In due time. But if he gets reckless again, do what you have to do.

CORDELL

(Takes a sip)

I truly don't get what you see in him.

MAX

If that time ever comes...

(Takes a sip)

We'll all find out together.

JARVIS (V.O.)

A coward isn't necessarily what you see them display and the people they hide behind. A true coward is the one who swears they have love for you, just so you won't find out about the weak shit they did behind your back. That's one of the reasons why they have so many followers ready to die. Fake people love being around other fake people. They can't deceive each other, so it is what it is. I don't understand why people don't register that concept, but fuck it. It's nothing real people like myself worry about.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLUB SOFT & WET - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The two level building is sitting off alone with a parking lot full, and loud music coming from inside.

There's a line of people waiting to get inside being frisked by bouncers.

Focusing our attention on the back exit where two husky bouncers are standing guard, we see Maryi exiting wearing some exotic clothing.

She goes in her purse retrieving some money that she extends to one of the bouncers.

Maryi makes her way to her black on black Escalade. The bouncer waits until she's safely in her vehicle and pulls off.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MARYI TRUCK - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Some loud female rap music is playing while she drives down the empty street coming to a stop at a red light. Reaching over opening her purse, she smiles looking at the hundreds and fifties she collected from dancing.

Looking back at the light seeing it's still red, she touches her screen monitor, switching it to phone.

Scrolling through the numbers, she stops on "Mom" and presses the call button.

The light turns green as the phone rings.

MARYI

Ma, do you need anything before I make it home?

SHAVON (OVER THE SPEAKER)

(Scratchy tone)

You know what I need.

MARYI

(Sighs)

Aside from that.

SHAVON (OVER THE SPEAKER)

That's all I need.

MARYI

Is there any food in the house?

SHAVON (OVER THE SPEAKER)

You'll have to find out when you get here. Hurry up and get home.

Shavon hangs up on her end, and the music comes back on. A storm of exhaustion washes away the hyper energy Maryi had as she sighs, shaking her head.

Going back to her phone contacts, she stops on the name 3 piece and calls him.

It doesn't take him long to answer.

3 PIECE (OVER THE SPEAKER)

Hot tamale. Are you ready to have that drink with me?

MARYI

I'll be there in like ten minutes.

3 PIECE (OVER THE SPEAKER)

Bet that. What are we drinking?

She hangs up. Still feeling drained after the brief conversation with her mother, she changes the music to some somber alternative music.

She sighs, shaking her head continuing her way to 3 Piece house.

MARYI (V.O.)

People view women like me as bitches and hoes, which is fine as long as they keep spending their money on what they feel ain't worth shit. True, I can make ends meet with a regular nine to five, but as you see, I need this fast money. Do I sleep good at night after doing what I do, no. All I can say is shame is the last thing on my mind when it comes to getting things I need done.

CUT TO:

INT. THE SPOT - LATER

WORKER #1, WORKER #2, WORKER #3 and WORKER #4 are drinking and smoking in the living room playing a video game, talking mad shit.

You can tell by the way these youngsters are acting they're only focused on self, money and how many women they can fuck, neglecting the rules of the lifestyle they're trying to live. Justin, dressed smooth as usual walks into the room over to the table, and grabs a baggie filled with rocks.

The four look at him disgusted, and he looks at them and laughs before walking off.

They shake their heads disgusted, focusing back on the game. WORKER #1 slams his controller to the floor mad about losing, picking up his cup taking a sip. The other three laugh at him.

WORKER #1

Man, fuck this weak ass game.

WORKER #4
You were talking all that shit, and
got that ass beat. Nigga, run me my
money.

WORKER #3 turns looking at the two.

WORKER #3
Run my shit too.

WORKER #1 goes in his pocket pulling out a wad of money that
he flips through.

WORKER #1
I got that shit, but run it back,
niggas. Deep pockets over here, bruh.

WORKER #2
Fuck all this bullshit. Where the hoes
at?

Worker #3 laughs.

WORKER #1
(Laughs)
This nigga always asking where the
hoes at and don't ever bring any
around. What type of nigga are you?

WORKER #2
Nigga, I got hoes. I be trying to see
where you niggas laying with it.

WORKER #3
Yeah, okay.

The three breakout laughing. Worker #2 gives them the finger,
taking a sip from his cup. There's a loud knock at the door.

WORKER #1
Y'all niggas crazy.

Worker #1 makes his way to the door, and the other three
continue drinking and smoking, starting another game up. The
door is heard opening.

WORKER #1 (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Man, what the fuck?

The other three quickly stand up, but before they can make
their way towards the door, AK-47 bullets rip through the

windows and walls, chopping them down.

As Worker #2 lies on the floor moaning in pain, Jarvis quickly rushes in holding the AK opening fire on him and the other two, making sure the job is done.

Jarvis begins looking through the house for drugs and money, and when he enters a room he sees Justin on the floor with his hands up and a look of fear.

JARVIS

...What the fuck?

JUSTIN

(Scared tone)

Listen, listen. You know---

Focusing back on the living room, gunshots are heard as Gee is seen standing behind Worker #1 with a gun to his head. Gee is in his early-twenties, slender, brown skin and a little on the rough looking side.

WORKER #1

Fam, you don't even---

One shot ends his sentence, splattering his brains as his body hits the floor hard.

Jarvis comes back holding a gym bag, and the two dash out the house.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HOOD - CONTINUOUS

Overflowing garbage cans rest in front of the houses in dire need of a makeover.

Some of the trash is blowing down the street. Faint indistinctly trash talking and music can be heard. Maryi comes cruising down the street, pulling up into the driveway of the single family home that looks somewhat decent.

Some guys are sitting on the porch smoking and drinking. She rolls her window down as 3 PIECE comes from the house shirtless, wearing some jogging pants.

In his mid-twenties, the light skin pretty boy with curly hair styled into a low fade is tatted up.

As he approaches the driver door smiling, we can hear the

guys on the porch speaking on how they wish they could get a chance with Maryi.

3 PIECE

Here she is. Get out the ride and come chill in the house with me for a minute.

MARYI

That ain't happening. You got what I came for?

3 PIECE

You won't let me give it to you, but I got it.

MARYI

(Sighs)

I'll go fuck with somebody else. You on that bullshit per usual.

3 PIECE

(Laughs)

Calm down, shit.

He goes in his pocket for a split second and then extends his hand through the window the exact moment she extends him some money.

MARYI

Thank you very much. I'll call you when I need your services again.

3 PIECE

Hold up, before you go.

MARYI

What?

3 PIECE

On some real shit. You need to be my Queen, hot tamale. You know I'll hold you down the right way.

MARYI

And what makes you believe that?

3 PIECE

I got the money to hold you down. The guns to make sure you're always safe. And a dick game so superior, God could

only create one specifically for me.

Maryi breaks out laughing. 3 Piece releases a coy laugh, but deep down inside he's offended.

3 PIECE (CONT'D)

What's so funny?

MARYI

(Catches breath)

One, I make my own money, so I'm good. Two, niggas who brag on their dick are usually a huge disappointment. And as far as guns, I got my own for protection.

She lifts her salmon pink Glock .40 and places it on her lap.

3 PIECE

Come on, hot tamale. What's that little piece of shit gonna do?

MARYI

More damage than that piece of shit you call an imprint in them sweats.

(Laughs)

I'll get up with you.

He steps back laughing as she pulls out, and then drives off down the street.

3 Piece makes his way back to the porch.

GUY ON THE PORCH

Man, you ain't hit that, yet?

3 PIECE

Every female ain't ready for the big dick, you know what I'm saying?

GUY ON THE PORCH #2

Niggas can never admit a bitch turned him down, so they use that excuse.

(Laughs)

Lame ass nigga.

3 PIECE

Nigga fuck you, and these niggas on the porch. Let's get up in here and get the drinks and smoke going.

GUY ON THE PORCH #2
Niggas change topics when the truth
comes out.

The guys get up laughing making their way into the house.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SPOT - CONTINUOUS

Squad cars and the coroner van are resting in front of the spot.

Officers are coming out of the house, and moving around the area looking for evidence and marking where the shell cases landed.

Coroners are bringing the bodies out in body bags. Steven's unmarked all-black Cadillac pulls up coming to a stop.

Steven gets out. With disgust in his eyes, he moves over to one of the officers.

STEVEN

What do we have here?

OFFICER

Four dead from what looks like a raid
or a personal message judging from the
fire power used.

STEVEN

No shit.

OFFICER

Oddly, there's one survivor, but he's
so strung out he hasn't said a word.
He's just sitting looking dumb as
hell, rocking back and forth scared in
the backseat.

STEVEN

Hasn't said a word, huh? These stupid
fucks and their pretend street pride.
I'll take a shot at him.

OFFICER

He's over there. Knock yourself out.

STEVEN

Right.

Steven walks down to the squad car where Justin is sitting just like the officer explained.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Okay, mister, "I'm trying not to be a snitch." How about you tell me---

Looking in at Justin, he becomes confused. Justin looks up at Steven and his eyes get wide.

JUSTIN

Oh shit, not you.

STEVEN

I was thinking the same thing about you. What the fuck are you doing around here? Didn't you tell me you were leaving this shit alone?

JUSTIN

A junkie will say anything to avoid jail, won't they?

STEVEN

That's not why I let you go. When you look at yourself in the mirror, that's the reason why I let you go. What the fuck happened here? Does it have anything to do with your brother?

JUSTIN

If it had anything to do with my brother, do you think I'd tell you?

STEVEN

You should. He's not your real brother.

JUSTIN

Think what you want.

STEVEN

Look, you fuckin' pathetic piece of white trash who should be ashamed disgracing the skin you're in. Who shot up the niggers, and why ain't you lying beside 'em?

JUSTIN

I never knew I was white, but okay. I don't know who they were because they

were wearing masks. Besides...

(Soft laugh)

Maybe they know like you know, I'm not the one you can kill and you'll still live through the night.

STEVEN

Very fuckin' funny. Last chance. Does this have anything to do with your brother or Max?

JUSTIN

No. Can I go about my business? My high is coming down.

STEVEN

(Sucks his teeth)

Tell your brother to tell his boss their time is running thin.

JUSTIN

Or you can do it yourself.

STEVEN

I'll see you around, Junkie.

Steven walks off with an attitude.

STEVEN (V.O.)

The fear those people install into good white people bothers my core. They use them when trouble comes around, all the while telling lies like "You're my brother from another mother. Or we're good friends, Bro." It confuses me why all of those good white people believe such nonsense, knowing black people are liars and users. Yeah, my skin color identifies as black, but I know the truth. That's why I do what I do, showing no pity when I see black people like the ones who died tonight slaughtered like the animals they are.

CUT TO:

INT. MATHEW BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A gospel program is playing on television inside of the religious based room.

Mathew is sitting at his desk wearing a wife beater and shorts, covered in sweat.

On the desk rests a few lines of coke, a bottle of whiskey, a rolled up hundred dollar bill and a bible.

Mathew utters some words under his breath before picking up the bill, sniffing one of the lines.

Making sure he got it all, he uses his thumb to grind it deep in his nose.

Turning to look at the television, a smile slowly spreads on his red face as tears come from his glossy red eyes.

MATHEW

(Drunk, high)

Yes! Yes, the Lord is the only way to pure salvation! He'll forgive you for your sins if you devote yourself to him.

(Claps his hands)

When people try to judge you and they're no better than you. Just tell them God will have the final word, so have a blessed day.

He picks up the bottle and takes a nice swig before placing it down.

Nodding his head satisfied, he opens the Bible and begins reading.

MATHEW (CONT'D)

"Do not judge, and you will not be judged. Do not condemn, and you will not be condemned. Forgive, and you will be forgiven." Luke 6:37. This is why my God understands, and will allow me into his kingdom. That's right. My God understands.

He hits another line, followed by another sip. When he gets up to walk off, he instantly falls on his face.

INSERT INSIDE THE BIBLE

There's various pictures of half naked young boys.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE STREET - CONTINUOUS

A Cutlass pulls up in front of a house that's barely standing, surrounded by other abandoned houses and tall bushes.

Inside the car, Gee picks up a blunt from the ashtray, placing it in his mouth.

He leans back exhaling a thick cloud, inhaling it back in, nodding his head with a smile.

JARVIS (V.O.)

What happens when niggas get to comfortable, trusting everybody?

A loud shotgun blast splatters Gee's brains inside of the car.

One more round is fired for good measures or maybe just to add insult to injury.

Jarvis stares at his headless body showing no emotion before walking down the street to a car parked near the corner.

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

I don't understand why Max, his little henchmen or his so-called right hand man couldn't do this. Fuck it, it doesn't matter. As long as he has my money, I could give less than a fuck why niggas who claim they're real never have the blood from their beef on their hands. Still...I can't understand why Lavell's brother was there tonight. It makes me think about what Max asked, and now I see his brother in the spot I shot up. I'll have to think about that on the way to the crib before I go get my money.

CUT TO:

INT. MARYI KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Pigsty is the first word that would come to mind stepping into the kitchen.

SHAVON, early-fifties, is sitting at the kitchen table wearing a dirty T-Shirt and some torn up jeans, rocking back and forth biting on the side of her thumb.

We can tell once upon a time she was just as beautiful as her daughter, if not better.

Her bloodshot eyes, tiny sweat beads and dry lips indicate she needs a fix.

The front door is heard opening, and then closed. Shavon paces her rocking, waiting for Maryi to come into the kitchen.

Maryi comes into the room carrying fast food bags with a smile that instantly vanishes when she sees the filthy condition of the kitchen.

All she can do is sigh, walking over to the table moving some of the old bags out the way, placing the fresh food down. She looks over at her mother disappointed, doing her best not to get teary-eyed.

MARYI

I thought you said you were gonna clean up.

Shavon looks around the room confused, and then directly into Maryi's eyes.

SHAVON

It's halfway there. I ran outta energy while I was cleaning.

MARYI

Ma, this is...never mind.

SHAVON

I'll finish up in the morning. Do you have what I need?

MARYI

(Sighs)

Is that all you care about?

Shavon rolls her eyes, and licks her lips.

SHAVON

Let's not start tonight. Do you have it or not?

Maryi sighs, reaching inside her purse, pulling out four small baggies filled with heroin.

She stares at the baggies shaking her head before moving over

towards her mother placing them down in front of her. Turning her back prepared to walk off, her mother grabs her hand.

SHAVON (CONT'D)

You always make sure your mother is happy. I love you for that.

Maryi remains with her back turned.

MARYI

You love that I support your habit. If you truly loved me, you'll quit. Make sure you eat something.

She slowly removes her hand from her mother's, and then walks off.

Disregarding the last words her daughter said, Shavon quickly goes in her pocket, pulling out a black case and a lighter. Placing the case and lighter on the table, she opens the case and a blissful smile spreads across her face staring at the syringe.

She goes in her other pocket pulling out the spoon, anxious to cure her fix.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MARYI ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Maryi flips the switch, turning the lights on. As you would expect, her room is designed and decorated for a diva.

She walks over to the bed taking a seat sighing, covering her face, breathing in deep, sharply exhaling.

Lowering her hands, she turns her attention towards her purse.

She opens the purse, turning it upside down, emptying the money on the bed.

The disappointment that was dwelling in her flies out the window as she begins counting the money.

With three nice piles stacked up and still counting, her phone begins ringing.

Looking over at the screen she sees Lavell calling. She picks the phone up and answers, placing it on speaker.

MARYI

Hello?

LAVELL (OVER THE SPEAKER)

What's going on?

MARYI

Sitting here counting my money.

LAVELL (OVER THE SPEAKER)

How much did you make?

MARYI

It woulda been more if yo ass would've showed up.

LAVELL (OVER THE SPEAKER)

I got caught up in some business.

MARYI

Uh huh.

LAVELL (OVER THE SPEAKER)

I'm serious. I can make it up to you.

MARYI

How so?

LAVELL (OVER THE SPEAKER)

You'd have to come over.

MARYI

I'm not in that type of mood tonight.

LAVELL (OVER THE SPEAKER)

I'll throw some bands in it for you.

MARYI

You could've done that tonight if you woulda brought ya ass to the club.

LAVELL (OVER THE SPEAKER)

I feel you. But you want me to make it up, right?

MARYI

Maybe some other time.

LAVELL (OVER THE SPEAKER)

Are you sure I can't make you change your mind if I send you a dick pic?

MARYI

Anyways.

LAVELL (OVER THE SPEAKER)

I'm just missing you. You need to quit playing and let me take care of you. You know I can.

MARYI

If those words were true we'd be living together.

LAVELL (OVER THE SPEAKER)

I'm waiting for you to say you're ready for that step. I don't wanna rush you.

MARYI

Right. Well, let me finish counting this money. I'm off tomorrow, so maybe we can put something together.

LAVELL (OVER THE SPEAKER)

That'll work. But I'd love to see you tonight.

MARYI

I'll send you a video.

LAVELL (OVER THE SPEAKER)

(Laughs)

Okay, Bae.

Lavell hangs up on his end. Marveling at her money, she begins counting it again, when out of the corner of her eye she sees Shavon standing in the doorway.

Shavon's glossy red eyes, white encrusted lips and how she's barely able to stand indicates she's wasted.

Maryi sighs low, moving the money as Shavon approaches the bed and takes a seat.

SHAVON

Look at all of that money.

MARYI

What do you want, ma?

SHAVON

I can't sit and have a talk with my

little girl?

MARYI

The only time you speak with me is when you want something.

SHAVON

That's not true.

Maryi is ready to snap, but she takes a deep breath, and exhales calm.

MARYI

Ma, please. Can you tell me what you want? I got what you asked me for, and I brought you some food. I'm tired. I had a long day, and I just want some sleep.

Shavon looks dead in Maryi's eyes, clearing her throat.

SHAVON

You sound like your father. Do you think that's all I care about?

MARYI

I know that's all you care about.

SHAVON

Look here, "Ms. Head so deep up her ass, she can't smell her own shit." One thing you need to know is I don't need your help with my habit.

MARYI

I prefer getting it for you. It's better than having my music on blast to block out the sounds from you and some random man.

The expression on Shavon's face spells out "I should slap the shit outta you." But instead, she just breaks out laughing.

SHAVON

And what makes you think what you do is any different from me?

Maryi opens her nightstand drawer before grabbing one of the stacks, placing it inside.

MARYI

Are you done?

SHAVON

Actually, I'm not. I wanted to have a talk with my hot to trot ass daughter, but I see you're busy.

Maryi finishes putting her money away, and then looks Shavon in the eyes.

MARYI

I've been saying the same thing about you all my life.

SHAVON

You're not about to blow my high, so I'll just leave.

MARYI

That's nothing new.

SHAVON

...You're right. Your parents were never there for you.

MARYI

And I'm doing just fine.

SHAVON

That's a comforting line whores tell themselves to continue doing what they do.

MARYI

(Snickers)

"Like mother, like daughter."

Tears are building in Shavon's eyes, doing her best to hold them back.

So instead of letting them fall, she gets up and makes her way towards the door, and then she pauses, turning back around.

SHAVON

I won't apologize about not being there for you because you could've picked up my other trait and be in here strung out. But your words can't place guilt inside a soul that doesn't

exist. We'll just be two unhappy whores that'll never have a man or change. As you said..."Like mother, like daughter." Good night.

Shavon walks away. Tears begin rolling down Maryi's face.

She regrets the hurtful words directed towards her mother as well as her mother's addiction, canceling the true mother and daughter bond.

Reaching under her pillow, she pulls out a picture of her and Shavon when she was younger.

Tears fall onto the picture as she sniffles. Wiping the tears from her face, Maryi places the picture beside her pillow, and then lays down.

CUT TO:

INT. LAVELL LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The all-black room is smoked out as some rap music plays. On the glass table in front of the sofa we see ecstasy pills, cognac glasses, a half bottle of cognac and some blunts. Lavell and Justin are sitting on the sofa smoking and drinking.

JUSTIN

I ran into Steven tonight.

LAVELL

He only works in the slums. What the fuck were you doing down there?

JUSTIN

I got tired of freeloading off you, so I went down there.

LAVELL

It's all the same shit that comes from the same person, so come with the truth. You won't be happy until one of them greasy niggas try to fuck you up, and then I'll have to kill 'em.

JUSTIN

I'm not worried. They must've fucked with the wrong person, and that's why they shit got shot up.

LAVELL

You were there when---

JUSTIN

I'm alive, so kill the extra shit.
Anyway, that's when I ran into Steven.
He tried to pin the shit on you, and
blah, blah.

LAVELL

Fuck him. As far as you, I don't care
if you think it's freeloading. Stay
the fuck from down there. If I can't
stop you from doing the shit, at least
I know when you get it from me it
won't be laced.

JUSTIN

Yeah, yeah. So, who was the runner you
were on the phone with?

LAVELL

What makes you think she's a runner?

JUSTIN

They're all runners, Bro. Look at 'em.
Besides, she's a stripper. All they
know is money and big dick. No
different from any other woman.

LAVELL

Who doesn't want money, regardless of
how they get it? But dick doesn't have
shit to do with it.

JUSTIN

Yes it does. Shit, they talk about
dick more than money.

LAVELL

(Sighs)

You still haven't learned a female
will tell you anything? If a female
had ten horse dicks run through her at
the same time or within the same day,
you do know she's telling all of 'em
their dick was the best?

JUSTIN

So?

LAVELL

That's were you and other stupid niggas fuck up. It matters so you won't end up pussy-whipped beefing with whoever because she said you're the biggest dick she ever had.

JUSTIN

Sounds like somebody might not be packing enough meat to compete.

LAVELL

I sound like a motherfucker who doesn't let pussy brainwash him because I know the mouth is spilling nothing but lies.

JUSTIN

Right. So, what about that girl you're talking too?

LAVELL

If she turns out to be something special, you'll meet her. Calm your thirsty ass down.

JUSTIN

(Laughs)

She must look like the bottom of a worn out 80's boot.

LAVELL

Dream on, little nigga. Just because you can only fuck them junk---

Justin looks at him with hurt building in his eyes.

LAVELL (CONT'D)

...My fault. Let's just change the subject.

JUSTIN

Nah, say what you were about to say.

LAVELL

Get off that bullshit. Let's just enjoy the night. I don't have to kill them niggas you're not supposed to be hanging with, and you didn't tell hoe ass Steven shit, so we're good. You know I don't look at you that way,

so...just drop this shit.

JUSTIN

Right. Did you at least fuck ole girl yet?

LAVELL

A couple of times.

JUSTIN

(Laughs)

Hm. Sounds like you might be pussy-whipped.

LAVELL

(Laughs)

Please. I just told you how that game works.

JUSTIN

Sure. Well, I can't wait to meet the woman who has you pussy...I mean, who has your attention.

LAVELL

(Laughs)

Fuck you, Bro.

The two continue drinking and smoking.

INT. JARVIS BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is basically empty, cluttered with empty beer cans and liquor bottles.

The bed is resting on the floor and a wall screen television has a video game system hooked up to it.

Jarvis is sitting on the bed smoking a blunt, listening to old-school rap music, appearing to be in deep thought.

He takes a hard pull from the blunt, and then places it down, picking up his cup of liquor, downing it.

JARVIS (V.O.)

Remember when I said these so-called bosses love taking the credit for other niggas doing their dirt, and people praise 'em? I forgot to mention the niggas doing the dirt ain't too far off. We know the niggas we're doing

the shit for are hoes, yet we still continue doing it for a couple of dollars or whatever. At this point...the way the shit went down tonight. This hoe ass nigga Max is up to something, and I need to know what it is.

Picking up the blunt, he takes another hard pull, holding the smoke in for a few seconds before releasing it.

Nodding, agreeing with the thoughts in his head, he pulls out his phone to call Max.

He takes a nice pull, waiting for Max to answer.

MAX (V.O.)

What up?

JARVIS

Did you know Justin was gonna be in the spot?

MAX (V.O.)

Justin?

JARVIS

Don't act fuckin' stupid. Did you know?

MAX (V.O.)

(Laughs)

Did you take care of him?

JARVIS

Did I...yeah, I handled him.

MAX (V.O.)

That's why you're my number one. Come on and collect your pay.

JARVIS

I'll be through there tomorrow.

MAX (V.O.)

I'll be here.

Jarvis hangs up with a suspicious look on his face, taking another pull from the blunt.

JARVIS (V.O.)

Sometimes you get that feeling

something is about to go wrong. I know Max doesn't have the heart to do the dirt himself, but that clown Cordell probably does. Every real nigga knows his time will come sooner or later. But...I'm not dying by the hands of some weak nigga.

CUT TO:

INT. MAX LOUNGING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The black and white room looks luxurious with an old-school gangster movie playing on the wall from the movie projector. Max and Cordell are sitting on different leather sofas drinking, having a conversation.

MAX

Do you know why I watch these movies?

CORDELL

Because they're the shit. You can't go wrong with old-school gangster movies.

MAX

(Takes a sip)

That right there is where you went wrong. The motherfuckers in these movies get chance after chance to make sure the kills and their deaths play out to the audience's pleasure. In real life, if you miss one line, you can consider your ass dead. My daddy taught me that when I was child.

CORDELL

So...why do you watch 'em?

MAX

To remind me to never get caught slippin'. Just because a motherfucker tells you they got love for you, a snake is always ready to shed its skin. That goes for family, friends, whoever.

CORDELL

I hope you don't feel that way about me.

MAX

By you asking me that question, it should make me feel a way about you.

CORDELL

Are you serious?

MAX

The next words from your mouth will answer that question for you.

Cordell downs his glass, and then looks at Max with a slight grin.

MAX (CONT'D)

No response?

Cordell remains silent.

MAX (CONT'D)

(Takes a sip, laughs)

Well played.

CORDELL

So, having Justin killed was for what?

MAX

I told you a man has to clean his plate before facing death?

CORDELL

Do you actually think I'll let that soft ass nigga Jarvis come in here and kill you?

MAX

I'm not worried about that. Shit, I won't let it happen. But do you remember me telling you about a man cleaning his plate?

CORDELL

Yeah, what about it?

MAX

After my last conversation with Jarvis, you'll finally get your wish.

CORDELL

About fuckin' time. What took you so long?

MAX

With Justin dead, Lavell will go after Jarvis because of their beef and we know how that'll end. After that...there's one thing to take care of.

CORDELL

I'm not following you.

MAX

Don't worry about it. After tomorrow, everything will come to an end.

CORDELL

Aight. You're the man, so I trust you. I just can't wait to kill that nigga.

MAX

As always, everything I put together turns out perfect.

CORDELL

Fa sho.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE STREET - CONTINUOUS

The area defines what the slums look like with vacant lots and abandoned houses covered with graffiti.

Standing on the corner wearing an outfit advertising I'm available if the price is right is twenty-two-year-old SHANICE.

The slim African-American female doesn't look half bad. The all-black Cadillac slowly pulls up and comes to a stop. Shanice makes her way to the door as the window comes down.

STEVEN

What's on the menu?

SHANICE

How much are we talking?

STEVEN

I'm not going higher than six hundred.

SHANICE

You didn't have to go that high. But for six hundred you can get everything

you want, except tying me up and beating me. I'm not into that shit.

STEVEN

Neither am I. Come on, get in.

Without hesitation, Shanice gets inside. Steven looks at her smiling, extending the money, which she gladly takes.

The car pulls off.

STEVEN (V.O.)

If you thought the males are bad as you can see the women are worse. All you need is a few dollars and these whores will be your personal slave as they should be anyway. You might ask "Why spend good money on this type of trash, especially since she's black?" The answer is simple. For the degrading things I'm about to do with this whore, and previous ones before her... you can't subject a wholesome woman to such things.

INT. MARYI BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

Shavon has her head in the toilet vomiting violently, wearing some shorts and a wife beater.

Maryi is standing in the doorway looking at her disgusted.

MARYI

Look at you. You know what? This is it. This is has to come to a fuckin' end.

Trying to catch her breath, Shavon looks over at Maryi with drool and bits of food falling from her mouth.

SHAVON

This has to come to a fuckin' end? It's your fuckin' fault why I'm in this position.

MARYI

It's my fault you're a fuckin' strung out junkie?

SHAVON

Call me whatever the fuck you want.

But it's your fault for not bringing me enough of what I fuckin' asked for.

MARYI

Oh, excuse the fuck outta me for not being an expert on how much a junkie needs to keep from throwing up their life.

SHAVON

Fuck you! Just go get what I need.

MARYI

Lay on your back and get it yourself. I'm done supplying you.

Maryi walks off.

SHAVON

Fuck you! You're no different from me, you whore! I don't need you!

CUT TO:

INT. THE STORE - CONTINUOUS

Justin is at the counter looking over the liquor. While deciding on what he wants four teenage African Americans enter the store talking loud.

Justin gives them a quick glance and then scoffs, focusing back on the STORE OWNER making his way towards him with a smile.

STORE OWNER

J, what can I get for you today?

JUSTIN

I don't know. I was thinking about tequila, but I think I'm burnt out on it.

STORE OWNER

(Laughs)

How about some Brandy? That's my backup when I can't decide on something.

JUSTIN

(Laughs)

You know what? Just because you

mentioned it, I'll roll with that.

STORE OWNER

I'll get you the same kind I drink.

JUSTIN

You're the man.

The store owner walks off.

TEENAGE BOY #1

What about us?

Justin keeps his head face-forward.

JUSTIN

What about you?

TEENAGE BOY #2

You're about to drink on some good shit, we want something too.

JUSTIN

By all means, get the same thing.

TEENAGE BOY #4

I don't think you understand what we're saying. We wanna drink the same shit on your dime.

JUSTIN

Oh, I see. You must think I'm your bitch.

TEENAGE BOY #3

What the fuck did you say?

Justin turns around with a slight smile.

JUSTIN

Don't take it as disrespect. I'm simply saying the only time men say some shit like that is if they know a bitch is treating. So that's why I asked, "You must think I'm your bitch."

TEENAGE BOY #1

We can take it that route if you don't buy our shit.

JUSTIN

I don't think I would like that. I'll tell you what.

The store owner comes back to Justin with a look of concern.

TEENAGE BOY #1

We're listening.

Justin goes in his pocket for his money, and he notices the Store owner shaking his head no.

STORE OWNER

It's okay, J. Just come back another time. I'll have it here for you.

JUSTIN

But my party is in a few hours and I need my drink. Just hand it to me, and I'll come back and pay you later if it makes you comfortable.

The Store owner is trying to prevent what he knows can happen, but considering he knows who Justin is and how he can get, he gives him the bottle.

Justin takes the bottle with a smile.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Thanks. As for you guys, well...

He pats Teenage boy #1 on the shoulder.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

I suggest you find somebody else to make your bitch.

He walks through them making his way out the store. They all look at each other confused before they start talking shit, following behind him.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. THE PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

There's a few other people lingering around the building talking among themselves.

Justin is calmly making his way down the street as the group of boys are quickly making their way behind him talking shit. Justin slows his pace down, laughing under his breath.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

(Talking low)

You niggas just don't get it.

Just as Teenage boy #1 gets close enough, Justin quickly turns around and smacks him across the face with the bottle, opening his face before he falls to the ground. Unfortunately for Justin, that's the best hit he lands before the other boys jump him, knocking him to the ground. Teenage boy #1 remains on the ground moaning in pain, while the other boys continue stomping Justin.

The people who were lingering around the store are recording the beating on their phones.

While the chaos and laughter is going on, no one notices Steven's car coming up to a screeching stop. Steven quickly jumps out with his gun drawn.

Before anybody can react, Steven opens fire killing the three boys and one of the people recording.

The others recording take off running as Steven goes over to Justin and sees Teenage boy #1 still alive.

He shoots him twice in the head and then focuses his attention on Justin with his face covered in blood. Barely able to open his eyes, Justin looks at Steven and sighs.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

(Low tone)

Fuck, not again.

STEVEN

You should be thankful. Come on, let's go.

Steven helps Justin to his feet, and then places him in the back seat.

Steven quickly gets in and pulls off.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. STEVEN CAR - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Justin is laid down in the back, knocked out. Steven continues driving, laughing under his breath.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

When will you fucking learn?

Steven pulls his phone out so he can call Lavell.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Seems like your brother ran into some trouble today.

LAVELL (V.O.)

What the fuck are you talking about?

STEVEN

You and your brother should be thankful I'm around. Otherwise his dumbass would be dead right now.

LAVELL (V.O.)

Where is my fuckin' brother?

STEVEN

He's in good hands. He's knocked out at the moment, but he's in good hands. Where are you?

LAVELL (V.O.)

At the crib.

STEVEN

The crib.

(Scoffs)

That's one reason why people think you niggers are dumb. But, I'll bring your dumbass brother to you. You owe me.

LAVELL (V.O.)

Fuck you. Just---

Steven hangs up laughing. He looks in the back at Justin, and then back at the road.

STEVEN

It's time you find out the truth.

CUT TO:

INT. JARVIS BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jarvis is sitting on his bed loading his chrome desert Eagles as some old-school R&B plays fitting the mood he's in.

JARVIS (V.O.)

They say you should enjoy everyday as if it were your last, considering you

don't know if it will be. With a person like me who only enjoys the death of others, eventually even that gets old. It's the same as a person who uses drugs looking for the next best high, no matter if it kills them.

(Soft sigh)

I can't tell you how many people I killed, but I can say this. If Max plans on ending my life tonight, I'm not going alone. I can also say I'll gladly accept my death because I deserve it. The only thing I'll regret about this life before it ends is I wish I could've spent more time with my father before he was killed. Or at least found out who did it so I could get his revenge.

Looking off to the side at a bulletproof vest, he just stares at it with no emotion.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Mathew is standing behind the pulpit delivering a sermon, but the words are muted.

MATHEW (V.O.)

It's hard to determine the wolf from the sheep, when the wolf has blended with them perfectly, picking off the weak without anyone noticing. I believe if my flock found out about my past and what I do in my spare time, they wouldn't believe it. That's the devotion they have for me because I make them comfortable and feel closer to the Lord. Still...

(Soft sigh)

There's this feeling in my gut that something is going to happen today. I don't know if it's my reward from God or a sign for me to help one of his lost souls. But...something is going to happen.

CUT TO:

INT. SAUNA - CONTINUOUS

Max is wearing a towel sitting with his head down, and his hands covering his face.

MAX (V.O.)

The saying "If you can't stand the heat, stay out of the kitchen." It always interested me. It interested me because if you can handle the pressure from your actions, then if hell exists it'll be a cake walk because you know that's where you're going. I was taught the rules to the game, but I fucked up. Where did I fuck up? Showing love. In this game the only person who matters is you. There's no right hand man, family, friends...none of that shit. And knowing these things, I still fucked up.

(Deep sigh)

As long as a man is alive he has time to correct his wrongs. Will he be forgiven isn't a guarantee, but at least he can say he tried. Tonight is the night I correct my wrongs. I'm not seeking forgiveness...I only want my spot at the top restored alone.

EXT. LAVELL HOUSE - NIGHT

Lavell is pacing back and forth in front of the brick style house, aggravated about what happened to his brother. Steven's car pulls up coming to a stop. Steven gets out and walks over to Lavell.

LAVELL

Where is my brother?

STEVEN

Relax, he's in the backseat. Don't come at me like I'm the one who landed him in this position. I keep telling him to leave you alone, but he loves his pretend brother.

LAVELL

I don't give a fuck about none of that. Can you get my brother outta your ride?

STEVEN

Sure thing. You should probably come help, considering he's in bad shape.

Steven walks to the back door, and Lavell is right behind him.

Steven opens the door and we see Justin laid back bruised and bloody.

Steven taps him a few times, and Justin wakes up unaware of where he's at, but he's able to at least step out of the car. Steven and Lavell place one of his arms around their shoulders, walking him to the steps.

Placing him down on the steps, Justin sways his head trying to wake up.

Lavell sighs deep with anger before turning his attention to Steven.

LAVELL

...Who did this to my brother?

STEVEN

Some random hood niggas. You know how you black people get when they see a white person with some money in the hood.

Lavell spits to the side ready to hit Steven in the face.

LAVELL

Since I've encountered your "Oreo" ass, you're always talking some racists shit as if the race you're defending gives a fuck about you.

STEVEN

You'll never know, now will you?

LAVELL

What the fuck ever. Are you gonna tell me who did it or did you handle it?

STEVEN

(Scoffs)

Look at you growing some balls. Yeah, I handled it. Why do you black people act stupid when the truth is in your face?

LAVELL

The same reason why you "Oreo" niggas believe kissing white people ass will put you in their good favor.

STEVEN

Is a "real street nigga" something you people use to make people scared, when in reality you're nothing more than little bitches?

LAVELL

No different from you, clown.

STEVEN

(Scoffs)

Go to sleep making yourself believe that, puppet. But you're some type of real brother, huh?

LAVELL

Are you about to stay on this fake racist shit?

STEVEN

This "Oreo" was there for your brother, unlike you.

LAVELL

The sad part is when it's said and done...you'll still be viewed as a nigger who did their dirt.

STEVEN

(Spits to the side)

That's the ignorance niggers believe. Niggers call us porch monkeys, but you don't realize all we're doing is making sure things remain calm.

LAVELL

The ignorance of you labeling us niggers is why---look, if you don't mind I'd like to talk with my brother. You see he's fucked up and you're on some bullshit. So, you can get the fuck on.

STEVEN

(Laughs)

You love your brother so much, but you

keep him fucked up so he won't find out the truth about how he got hooked on that shit.

JUSTIN
(Barely woke)
What is he talking about?

STEVEN
Tell your brother what I'm talking about.

LAVELL
He's full of shit. I have no idea---

STEVEN
You ever wondered what happened to your father, and why you ended up with your brother taking care of you?

JUSTIN
Vell, what is he talking about?

STEVEN
Drugs really do make you forget about the past. If your good brother won't tell you, go see Father Mathews. You, him and your father have a special connection.

(Low laugh)
Right, Vell?

Lavell prepares to swing on him.

LAVELL
Motherfucker---

Steven quickly pulls his gun.

STEVEN
Watch it, boy. You know how I feel about you black people, so killing you right now would be double the pleasure for me.

Lavell sucks teeth, staring at Steven with a cold glance.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
Good boy. You know...instead of keeping him doped up, you might as well let him know. He can't end up more fucked

up than what he already is.

(Places his gun away)

You boys have a lovely evening. I have to clear the streets from scum like you.

Steven walks off to his car and gets in. He stares at Lavell with a smirk before pulling off.

JUSTIN

Bro, what the fuck is he talking about?

LAVELL

...He...it's in the past, don't worry about it.

JUSTIN

Don't worry about it? Something to do with that fake ass priest and our bum ass father is the reason why I'm hooked on this shit, and you're telling me not to worry about it?

LAVELL

It's nothing you can do to change it, so it doesn't fuckin' matter!

JUSTIN

It's not about changing it. I know that shit can't be done! But you can at least give me a fuckin' understanding!

LAVELL

J, just leave it the fuck alone. Come on, let me get you cleaned up.

JUSTIN

You're quick to help me clean up. You're quicker to supply me with my fix. But on some real shit, it's a fuck me. You claim you're real? Fuck you, Vell.

Justin struggles to get up, and then slowly walks away.

LAVELL

J. J!

JUSTIN

Fuck off.

LAVELL

When you were young...Mathew and your
Bum ass father used to get you high
and molest you.

Justin instantly pauses and slowly turns around.

JUSTIN

...What?

LAVELL

It's true. That's the main reason why
your...our mother committed suicide. She
was completely disgusted when she
found out. You were adopted by my
parents, so I call you my brother
because we grew up together.

JUSTIN

...And...you knew all this time? You've
been lying to me, keeping me doped up
like he said. Why?

LAVELL

Why would I tell you some sick shit
like that so you can relive it?

JUSTIN

What else?

LAVELL

What else, what?

JUSTIN

What else have you been lying to me
about?!

Lavell lowers his head. Justin makes his way back to him and
stops.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

I'm listening.

Lavell lifts his head, and snuffles.

LAVELL

Aside from those two keeping you
hooked on drugs and us not being

related by blood? That trifling nigga didn't just leave. Once I started working for Max, I asked him to have somebody kill him.

JUSTIN

So, Max knows about what happened to me?

LAVELL

...Yeah. Max was the one who taught me the game when I was younger, and when I was able to start selling, he put me on. That's how he's able to store the drugs in the church with no problems. I got rid of the person who did that to you, and Max found another route to keep his major shit coming in. Steven is around because he's a piece of shit cop, but he helps Max people along with myself to keep moving the work around the city. It's a win, win.

JUSTIN

A win, win for everyone except the fuckin' victim. You get to continue living this fake life you're so proud of. Max, who doesn't give a fuck about either of us gets to keep raking in his money, while laughing at both of us. And a fuckin' pedophile gets to continue living his life without punishment. Big fuckin' win.

LAVELL

J, I'm---

JUSTIN

Shut the fuck up. It all makes sense now. No wonder it's so easy for you to call me a junkie, and whatever else you say behind my back. I've always been proud to claim what I am, but now I know it's not my fault. But unlike you, claiming you're my brother, showing nothing but fake love. You're nothing but a bitch. Stay the fuck out of my life.

Justin staggers off down the street. Lavell sighs as his phone rings.

Taking a deep breath, he pulls the phone out answering.

LAVELL
What's the word?

MARYI (V.O.)
(Drunk tone)
Where are you?

LAVELL
At the crib. Why, what's up?

MARYI (V.O.)
That offer about you taking care of
me. Does it still stand?

LAVELL
(Deep sigh)
The way my night is going and after
what just happened. Hell yeah, it
still stands.

MARYI (V.O.)
What happened?

LAVELL
Nothing to worry about. What made you
change your mind?

MARYI (V.O.)
Come meet me at the club, and I'll
tell you all about it when we go get
some of my things.

LAVELL
Give me a few minutes and I'll be on
my way.

He hangs up, placing the phone back in his pocket. Releasing another deep sigh, he shakes his head walking into the house.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB SOFT & WET - CONTINUOUS

The club is packed with loud music playing. Strippers of all types are dancing naked on stage while people encourage the show by throwing money on the stage. Maryi is sitting at a booth alone in the V.I.P. section. There's a bottle of liquor on her table, along with a glass of liquor and multiple filled shot glasses.

Maryi has a look of depression on her face, holding a shot with her trembling hand, struggling to bring it to her lips because she's already drunk.

Unable to drink the shot, she places it down, and then lowers her head sobbing.

A STRIPPER comes over to her table taking a seat, picking up one of the shots, downing it.

STRIPPER

What's going on, girl?

Maryi keeps her head lowered.

MARYI

Nothing.

STRIPPER

What's wrong?

MARYI

Have you ever looked at your life and realized you ain't shit?

STRIPPER

No. Why would I think some bullshit like that?

MARYI

Because...sometimes a person reminds you of reality. You digest their words, but deep within your heart, you know the truth.

Stripper downs another shot.

STRIPPER

Who gives a fuck if the life you're living provides you with a roof over your head, food in you stomach and the option to do whatever you wanna do?

Maryi lifts her head with tears in her eyes, looking at the stripper disgusted.

MARYI

Is it really worth it in the end? When the fun, money and beauty is gone, what do you have left?

STRIPPER

Where is all of this coming from?

MARYI

My...I feel like I handled the situation with my mother earlier the wrong way, and some hurtful truth was aired out.

STRIPPER

Just because a person judges you, it doesn't mean that's who you are. When you start letting people's view on you affect your thoughts, you'll forget who you are.

MARYI

And who am I?

STRIPPER

You know better than me. Just don't let nobody tell you who they think you are because they're miserable.

MARYI

(Soft laugh)

Yeah, you're right.

The Stripper downs another shot.

STRIPPER

I know I am. Pick ya ass up and be happy. I gotta get out there and make that money.

MARYI

Go head, girl.

The Stripper walks off laughing. A smile finally comes across Maryi's face as she downs a shot, and then pulls her phone out to see where Lavell is.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESTAURANT PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Other customers are coming out as Steven is seen laughing with one of the cashiers, waiting for his food.

Once his food is brought to the front, he exchanges a few more words before grabbing his bag, and walking out the door. Approaching his car, police cars pull up speeding, coming to

a screeching stop.

Steven looks confused at the officers jumping out with their guns drawn.

OFFICER #1

Steven Ward, you're under arrest! Get down on your stomach and spread your arms and legs!

STEVEN

What the fuck?

OFFICER #2

Get down on the fucking ground or we'll use force!

STEVEN

Alright, alright! Calm the fuck down. What is this about?

Steven does what he was told. While the other officers keep aim on him, Officer #1 goes over to him and slaps the cuffs on.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Can you tell me what this is about? Do you know who the fuck I am?!

OFFICER #1

Yeah, you're a piece of shit. Now, shut the fuck up.

Officer #1 strong arms him up, and then escorts him to one of the squad cars.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Justin comes limping into the building. Mathew comes from the back and when he sees Justin his mouth drops walking over towards him.

MATHEW

Jesus Christ, what happened to you?

JUSTIN

Just another victim who stood his ground and had to suffer consequences for my actions.

MATHEW

That's just ridiculous. This world is full of foul people.

JUSTIN

Funny you should mention that.

MATHEW

Why is that?

JUSTIN

Answer something for me. What made you decide to become a priest?

MATHEW

My previous life wasn't the path God wanted me to stay on in order to be welcomed into his kingdom.

JUSTIN

What path was that?

MATHEW

(Sighs)

Let's just say the devil had a hold on me with his temptations, and I did some things I shouldn't have done.

JUSTIN

You seem uncomfortable speaking about your past.

MATHEW

No, I'm comfortable. Just thinking about it makes me happy I'm no longer on that path.

JUSTIN

Can we go inside of the confession box? I have something I need to get off my chest, and I would feel more comfortable doing it the correct way.

MATHEW

There's nothing wrong with that. Removing things from your mind and soul makes it easier to get closer to the Lord.

JUSTIN

I'm glad you understand.

MATHEW

Of course.

The two make their way to the box.

MATHEW (CONT'D)

Would you mind explaining what happened to you tonight?

JUSTIN

Maybe after my confession. I really need you to hear what I have to say. I can't even tell Lavell it's that deep.

MATHEW

This is serious. Step inside.

The two enter the box. Mathew takes his seat and blesses himself before sliding the door open.

JUSTIN

Forgive yourself, father, for you have sinned. Today will be your first confession.

MATHEW

(Soft laugh)

It's been a long time since you've confessed your sins. You said it wrong, my son.

The sound of a gun being cocked is heard. Mathews' face tenses up for a split second and then he swallows hard.

JUSTIN

No, I said it right. Not only are you the reason why I'm addicted to drugs. You're also one of the people who took my manhood before I could even discover my sexual preference.

MATHEW

I uh...I have no idea---

JUSTIN

I'm giving you a chance to confess. It's not about if God will forgive you or miraculously save you. It's about being a man, owning up to what you did. The choice is yours.

MATHEW

(Sigh of sorrow)

Your father and I...we were heavy into sex and drugs. It got to the point where paying for prostitutes wasn't enough to satisfy the craving, so...we resorted to children. Mainly, boys.

(Sighs)

It became a normal thing, and the craving was pacified. The more boys we slept with, we used harder drugs. And then you came along. You were so handsome and loved playing with us...we figured what makes you different from any of other boys we slept with? We would tell you the drugs were candy, and then we'd---

JUSTIN

You sick fucks. Not only did you ruin my life, you did it with countless others.

MATHEW

You're right. We knew it was wrong, but we couldn't stop. The day your father was killed in front of me, that should've been my sign to stop, but I didn't. With the extra money I was getting from the drugs I'm storing and my title as a respected priest, my greed grew stronger. It was never meant for you to find out.

JUSTIN

But I did.

MATHEW

...I understand. Now that you know why I turned to the Lord...there's only one thing I can ask you.

JUSTIN

What?

Mathew turns to face him.

MATHEW

Will you forgive me, so God will---

A bullet to the head splatters Mathew's brains, ending his

sentence.

Although it's not needed, four more shots makes sure the job is done.

JUSTIN

God blessed me into his kingdom when I pulled the trigger, sending the serpent in his garden to hell.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Stevens' eyes are locked on the door as we hear footsteps drawing near.

The door comes open, and in walks Detective CARTER. It would appear he has a firm physique, how his all-black suit fits snugly, giving his rose skin tone and slicked back hair a certain charm, holding his case files with authority. Closing the door behind him, he walks towards the table placing the files down before taking a seat folding his arms across his chest, staring directly into Steven's eyes.

CARTER

Officer Ward. Before we begin, I'd like to know one thing.

STEVEN

What?

CARTER

Are you proud of the shame you placed on the badge?

STEVEN

(Slight chuckle)

Every man and woman on the force should follow in my footsteps. You're asking me if I'm proud of what I've done, yes.

CARTER

I'm a man of the badge, and I would never do what you did.

STEVEN

That's because you're a coward. These so-called people you claim as innocent were destroying the city.

CARTER
So, you're God? Whoever you find
guilty is the bottom line?

STEVEN
I'm not God. But in that same breath,
you can't use God in this situation.

CARTER
Why?

STEVEN
If you're using God it proves my
actions are right.

CARTER
Explain.

STEVEN
Read the bible and it explains itself.

CARTER
In other words, the bible is your
alibi?

STEVEN
The bible is my facts proving I'm not
the criminal. The people I disposed of
are criminals.

CARTER
Do you believe in the bible? I'm
thinking this is something you believe
will help you get off by using
religion as an excuse? It's sounding
somewhat similar to the "Twinkie"
defense?

STEVEN
Unless you're agreeing with the bible
justifying my actions it doesn't
matter.

CARTER
You have a point.

STEVEN
I know I do. Maybe after this
conversation I'll tell you if I
believe in the bible.

CARTER
I think you will.

STEVEN
We don't get paid for thinking. We get paid for knowing and acting on the knowledge we know.

CARTER
All I need is answers.

Carter grabs five of the files, sliding them over to Steven. Steven opens them and sees the people he murdered when he saved Justin.

STEVEN
Yeah, I know I did this the wrong way, but I saved the life of an innocent citizen being viciously attacked. Had I not showed up, they probably would've killed him and got away with it.

CARTER
And the one recording what happened deserves to die as well?

STEVEN
You saw the videos, so there's no need to further explain what happened in that situation. Yes, I should've called it in after the shooting, but I was concerned for the life of the citizen.

CARTER
Where is the citizen now?

STEVEN
I dropped him off at the hospital. All I can say is I was doing my job. The only thing I'm wrong about in the situation is I didn't call it in.

CARTER
Cute. Five innocent people died because in your mind arresting them was too much like right.

STEVEN

(Scoffs)

They were drug-dealers and
Gangbangers, so why does it matter?
I'm actually surprised their families
give a shit.

CARTER

Actually, they were good students with
scholarships.

STEVEN

Well, they shouldn't have been
portraying images that's not their
character. Personally, I say good
riddance to trash that was polluting
our community.

CARTER

Our community?

STEVEN

Don't play dumb. You know what I mean
by "Our community."

CARTER

Truthfully, I don't. Please, explain.

STEVEN

There's no need. I know why you're
responding this way.

CARTER

Do tell.

STEVEN

Because we know the superior officers
are listening behind that mirror. You
don't wanna be in the same situation
I'm in, knowing deep down inside you
feel the same way I do.

CARTER

If I were anything like you, I would
accept the fact I'm crazy with no
legit reason behind the crimes I
committed. You and I are nowhere near
the same.

STEVEN

Crimes?

(Laughs)

What crimes are you...anyway. You can say what you want. But when you lay down at night...I know it eats away at you wearing a mask of shame, refusing to rid the world of rubbish.

CARTER

What made you snap?

STEVEN

(Laughs)

Avoiding the fact I'm right? To tell you the truth, I've been this way since I understood what the world needs.

CARTER

What is that?

STEVEN

The world needs a cleansing from niggers.

CARTER

No human being is different from the next.

STEVEN

Apparently, you don't look in the mirror much.

CARTER

You truly disgust me.

STEVEN

The feeling is mutual. I noticed there's one more file. Is it something I've done or something you wanna frame me for? Because in my entire career, I haven't had a fuck up until now. I believe what I said should justify that I'm not wrong for handling the situation the way I did.

CARTER

I think you should add two fuck ups to your career. Why frame you, when you're already in a grave you'll never come from?

STEVEN

Is that what you believe?

CARTER

Even if that bullshit you said was to somehow get you off...this last file. I saved this one for last, not just because it sent chills through my soul. This is the fuck up in your career that's sending you to jail.

STEVEN

I can't wait to see this one.

Carter opens the file and takes a quick glance, shaking his head before sliding it in front of Steven.

Steven opens the file and sees pictures of Shanice lying on her side nude, severely banged up lying in a pool of blood and garbage.

CARTER

The body of twenty-two-year-old Shanice Whittier was found in an alley beat up, raped and shot twice in the back of the head.

STEVEN

(Laughs)

I guess you got me with this one. The young whore was one of my favorites. My first thought was strangulation. But then I thought... why not show her the true value of a whore? I took my time. I digested every nasty drop of sweat from her useless body, while making her wipe her own tears as I plowed into her. When it was over...I ended her pathetic life.

CARTER

The sad part is you stand firm on every word that just came from your cold-hearted mouth.

STEVEN

The truth is cold.

CARTER

Which is why I'm glad she took a piece of your penis we found stuck in her

teeth.

STEVEN

(Laughs)

She couldn't get enough of me. Once she bit me, I was completely aroused. I bludgeoned her until she realized biting is something she shouldn't have done.

CARTER

You're a sick man.

STEVEN

I'm not sick. The scum you know I removed along with the ones who'll never be found were sick.

CARTER

How many more?

STEVEN

I've removed a lot of niggers from the world. Would you like to know where I placed their bodies?

CARTER

No thanks. Save it for the judge, jury and God. My job is done.

STEVEN

What was your job?

CARTER

Grasping the concept you're a sick maniac who deserves what's coming to him.

STEVEN

Would you like to know if I believe in God?

CARTER

Sure.

STEVEN

If God created us in his image, where the fuck did the niggers, spic's and other races come from?

Carter shakes his head collecting the files, placing them

back in a stack before standing up prepared to walk away.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

You're silent because you know I'm right.

CARTER

Ask God when you meet him.

Carter turns his back walking towards the door.

STEVEN

Just so you know. When I'm cleared, I'll continue where I left off.

Carter pauses at the door.

CARTER

What makes you believe you'll be cleared?

STEVEN

Because pure white people who know every race, especially the niggers must be disposed of. We stick together.

CARTER

(Light chuckle)

Believe what you want. I'm done listening to your nonsense.

Carter opens the door and walks out.

STEVEN

(Laughs)

You know I'm right! Stick with your own!

CUT TO:

INT. MARYI KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Shavon is sitting in the kitchen at the table with her head down as usual, waiting for Maryi to arrive home with her fix. Maryi and Lavell can be heard entering the house filled with life, laughing and talking.

A soft sigh is heard from Shavon, hearing her daughter approaching the kitchen.

SHAVON

About fuckin' time. Do you---

MARYI

You're not about to ruin my night, ma. I only came to introduce you to the man I love, and who I'll be spending the rest of my life with.

SHAVON

(Laughs)

The rest of your life. The man you love.

(Laughs)

You're such a fuckin' joke. I don't even have to look at whoever this new man, or a previous man. All you're gonna do is fuck him, get your money and then sit up all night, crying depressed. We had this discussion earlier, so why are you trying to pretend as if you changed within a few hours? Now, again...do you have what I need?

Lavell clears his throat, trying not to seem as if the embarrassing scene isn't bothering him.

Maryi looks as if she wants to cry, but instead, she brushes her mother's harsh words off and remains with the same smile she had when she entered the room.

MARYI

You're absolutely right. You don't have to meet the love of my life. I told you to go back to what you're used to doing to get your fix. I suggest you start on that right now because I'm not giving you another motherfucking thing as long I live. You said fuck me, so fuck you, too. I'm done.

Shavon slams her fist on the table, quickly lifting her head.

SHAVON

You listen to me you little bitch. Don't you ever---

Pausing mid-sentence, Shavon's eyes get wide staring at Lavell

Lavell stares back at Shavon confused.

SHAVON (CONT'D)

...Tell me...tell me this isn't the man
you're talking about marrying.

Maryi looks at Shavon confused.

MARYI

Why does it matter? You just said---

SHAVON

Please tell me, this isn't him.

MARYI

Yes. This is the man I'm spending the
rest of my life with.

SHAVON

Dear Lord, I've done a lot of fucked
up things you should punish me for,
but not this. Please, God, not this.

MARYI

What are you---

SHAVON

That's your brother!!!

Maryi and Lavell are stunned.

MARYI

You...you need your fix and you're
trying to ruin my happiness. So---

SHAVON

Maryi, if you never believed me in
your life, please do it now. The man
you're...

(Retches)

The man you're in love with is my son.
Your brother.

LAVELL

(Clears throat)

Ma'am, I mean no disrespect, but you
can't be my mother. My mother died not
too long ago.

SHAVON

That woman was not your mother...

Lavell.

Maryi and Lavell are stunned.

MARYI

Wait. How do you---

SHAVON

I know my child's face. He was taken away from me because of my habit. I got clean, and not too long after that I had you. I didn't bother with trying to reconnect with him because I figured he wouldn't remember who I am.

LAVELL

You're...you're my real mother?

SHAVON

Yes. And like I tell your sister, I'm not sorry I haven't been in either of your lives because I can't change who I am. All I can say is...

(Laughs)

This is a strange family reunion.

Maryi steps back covering her mouth ready to hurl. Lavell is still stunned, but after a few more seconds, he brushes it off as a loss, knowing he can't change what's done.

LAVELL

I agree with you...ma.

SHAVON

That's my son. You always knew how to take it on the chin and keep moving forward.

Shavon and Lavell break out laughing. Maryi stands back looking at the two with fury in her eyes.

MARYI

Are you two fuckin' serious right now? We're fuckin' siblings who've been fucking each other, and some part of your brain thinks the shit is normal? That strung out bitch over there is proud her son has been fuckin' his sister, and all she can say is "This is a strange family reunion." Are y'all really fuckin' serious right

now?

SHAVON

The only difference in this situation that doesn't make it seem as bad is there are people who knowingly sleep with their siblings or relatives, and there's people who just so happen to find out like you two just did. You'd be surprised how many people have slept with someone who is related to them, knowingly or unknowingly. Besides...you young people fuck any and whoever, so why does it matter?

MARYI

Why...why does it matter?

Lavell steps over to her and places his hands on her shoulders.

LAVELL

Baby, mom has a point.

MARYI

Mom? Mom has---

LAVELL

Yes, mom has a point. Look...if we didn't find out now, why should it matter?

MARYI

Because we know, and it matters. What the fuck is wrong with you?

LAVELL

You're saying we should break up? What about everything we've done? The videos we made? The love---

She snatches his hands down, and shoves him back.

MARYI

You sick, nasty motherfucker!

LAVELL

(Soft chuckle)

Says the whore. Either we're gonna keep this going or I'll find your replacement after I'm done talking to

our mother.

MARYI

Fuck you, you sick bastard.

LAVELL

We already went down that road, sis. I think you should stay here and take care of mom. I'll supply here with the actual good shit.

(To Shavon)

Is that okay with you, ma?

SHAVON

As long as it's better than the shit she brings me, hell yeah.

(To Maryi)

It's fine for you to fuck random men for money, so you shouldn't feel bad about fucking the man you love that happens to be your brother. Just look at it as showing each other a better form of brother and sister love.

LAVELL

(Laughs)

Good one, ma.

(To Shavon)

Get upstairs, get yourself cleaned up and then come back and have some dinner with us. Big brother orders.

A single tear falls from Maryi's eye as she storms out of the room.

Lavell looks on smiling as he takes a seat at the table with Shavon.

LAVELL (CONT'D)

Does she always throw a hissy fit when things don't go her way?

SHAVON

Yeah, but you learn to ignore it.

LAVELL

I've never seen this side of her. But as time goes on, I'll get to know her more than what I already know.

(Soft laugh)

I guess this explains why she throws a

fit when I don't show up at the club.

SHAVON

(Laughs)

You must be the big tipper she's
always speaking about.

LAVELL

(Laughs)

That would be me. Whenever I knew---

Six shots ring out. Five hit Lavell, striking him dead, and one hits Shavon in the shoulder, knocking her out of her seat.

Maryi walks back into the room with tears in her eyes, gripping her .40.

She eyes over Lavell's dead body and scoffs before spitting on him.

Moving over to Shavon, she looks at her disgusted as she lies holding her shoulder, moaning in pain.

MARYI

(Sobbing)

Getting a fuckin' fix was always worth
more than me..wasn't it?

Shavon spits some blood to the side.

SHAVON

And it always will be. Not only are
you a whore like your mother. You're a
whore that---

Maryi shoots Shavon twice in the head. Taking a deep breath, she exhales hard, closing her eyes letting the tears fall.

Placing her gun on the table, Maryi releases a sigh of relief, going into her purse to retrieve her cellphone and call 3 piece.

3 PIECE (V.O)

Ooo, the woman of my dreams. Are you---

MARYI

It's not time for bullshit. All I need
from you is to make me up a strong
speedball, and then we can find out if

the dick you claim to have is really worth it.

3 PIECE (V.O.)
Goddamn. I don't---

MARYI
If you can't do the shit, I'll find somebody who will.

3 PIECE (V.O.)
Nah, nah, I can do it. I just---

MARYI
I'll be there in a minute.

She hangs up. Looking back at the dead bodies one last time, she shakes her head disgusted before placing her gun inside her purse, leaving the room.

CUT TO:

DAY DREAM SEQUENCE:

EXT. THE PARK - AFTERNOON

Justin is sitting on a bench enjoying the weather, watching the ducks eat the bread crumbs he threw in the pond.

He picks up a Styrofoam cup filled with coffee and takes a simple sip, swallowing with pleasure, placing the cup back down.

JUSTIN (V.O.)
After killing father Mathew, I no longer have the desire to get high. The other demon who helped ruin my life is gone, so now I can enjoy the simple pleasures in life. I won't deny...I'm going to miss binging...sex, drugs and carnage. But now I see that wasn't the life I was born to live. It was forced on me. For once, I can live my life as "Justin."

(Laughs)

I know there will be people who won't believe I'm about to start a new life, but I could care less. After hearing what I went through unknowingly that led me down that road, what would make a person think their opinion is

relevant to me? For the people who feel they can relate, they can't.

(Sigh of joy)

I thought I was getting high for the rush, when it was actually installed in my mind so I could block out what happened. When you're wasted, you believe you're escaping reality, not realizing you're still in the world you thought you escaped.

END DAY DREAM SEQUENCE:

INT. JUSTIN ROOM - NIGHT

Now we see a table filled with different drugs, pipes, liquor bottles and a .38 special.

JUSTIN (V.O.)

Let me stop lying. Addicts never change. Especially if they remain around the influence. Even after finding out what happened to me, once you build the character you believe is right, there's no changing it. People never change. They suppress the demon for so long, but it'll always resurface stronger than it was before. You can't combine reality with your imagination, knowing you can't have both.

He picks up the .38 special, and places it to the side of his head.

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

Why am I torturing myself? I know nobody really gives a fuck about me. The drugs won't be able to block out what happened now that I know.

He slowly cocks the hammer, and then...BANG!!!

SMASH CUT:

INT. MAX DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

While Max and Cordell are sitting with their guns on the table, loud gunfire can be heard outside.

The two remain unbothered as the gunfire is heard for a few

more minutes before coming to a stop.

Slow dragging footsteps are heard coming down the hallway, along with old clips falling from guns, hitting the floor. The two remain calm until the doors to the dining room slowly come open.

They stand to their feet, picking up their guns aiming at Jarvis.

Jarvis staggers into the room shot and bloody, holding the two Desert Eagles.

MAX

My number one guy. You're not looking so good.

JARVIS

Fuck you. Why did you set me up?

MAX

That's what the fuck you're worried about?

Jarvis prepares to lift one of his guns, and Cordell shoots him in the leg, dropping him.

MAX (CONT'D)

Didn't I tell you that tough guy shit with the wrong motherfucker was gonna get you killed?

JARVIS

(Moaning in pain)

Then he should've fuckin' killed me when he had the chance.

(Spits on the floor)

I knew he was a pussy.

MAX

(Laughs)

Unfortunately for you, he's not. The only reason why he didn't kill you is because a man has to clean his plate before death. Do you know what that means?

JARVIS

I could give less than a fuck what it means.

MAX

Fine by me. I just thought you should know a few things before you die.

JARVIS

Fuck you and whatever---

MAX

Don't you wanna know who the person was that killed the man you looked at as your father?

JARVIS

You don't know shit about my father or who killed him.

MAX

(Low chuckle)

That's where you're wrong. I know who killed your father. That's why I asked you about Lavell and his brother. Now, you know Justin doesn't have the heart to bust his own nut, so you know he didn't do it.

Jarvis looks at Max with hate in his eyes.

JARVIS

You're lying.

MAX

Why would I lie about something like that? Shit, my security was extra light tonight, just so you could get in here. I know the way you think. Hotheads always react with anger instead of thinking. Hell, look at you now.

JARVIS

...How...how do you know Lavell killed my father?

MAX

Because I sent him to do it.

JARVIS

You---you sent...why would you send---

MAX

Before you finish that, let me ask you

a question.

JARVIS

You had my fuckin' father killed and you got the balls to wanna ask me a question?

MAX

You're right. Why am I asking you when I can just say what I wanna say? Would you kill the person you love if you had the opportunity to do it without them knowing?

JARVIS

The only person I loved was killed. I've been killing people without thinking twice.

MAX

That's why you're my number one. So you won't feel bad about me killing your brother.

JARVIS

What?

Cordell is stunned, and just as he turns to face Max, Max aims his gun at his head and blows his brains out. Jarvis is stunned, but it doesn't stop him from quickly picking up his guns taking aim on Max, at the same time Max takes aim on him.

JARVIS (CONT'D)

What the fuck is wrong with you?

MAX

...Son.

JARVIS

Son?

MAX

Yes, son. The pussy as you called him was your brother.

JARVIS

What?

MAX

That's why I had the man you thought

was your father killed. He was turning you into something completely opposite from what I was teaching you. Your mother took you from me, and well, you just can't take from a man and believe there won't be repercussions.

JARVIS

What type of twisted shit is this?

MAX

Yeah, it's fucked up, I agree. See, when I was young, my father taught me in order to remain on the top, first you have to get rid of the boss in front of you. But above all, you can never show love to anybody, no matter who it is. So when I got older and had the opportunity, I killed my father, and this is where I stand.

JARVIS

And I thought I was fucked up.

MAX

You're not fucked up, and neither is your father. We're real men who know what should be done. I thought your brother would be like us, but he was only good with the numbers. Ice didn't run through his veins like it runs through ours. That's the only reason why I kept him around. But you...I knew when I was teaching you the way before your mother took you from me. I knew you would be the one. That's why I had Lavell kill the man you thought was your father. After those two were out the way, it was just about finding a way to bait you in. Letting you think I was an easy mark was all I needed to see you're still the killer I was breeding.

JARVIS

...My whole life was a plan for you to use me to do your dirty work? Since I became too much of a threat to everybody including yourself, you decided to have your little dog kill me?

MAX

I wouldn't call my own son a dog, but, yeah, that's absolutely right.

JARVIS

But you knew you didn't have anybody to kill me, so you set all this bullshit up so you can do it yourself, like you did with your father.

MAX

Like my father said. "If you wanna remain the king of the hill, you kill everything beneath you without thinking twice."

JARVIS

(Scoffs)

So...is your plate clean?

MAX

After I kill---

Jarvis opens fire, and Max returns fire.

SMASH CUT:

INT. MARYI TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Maryi is parked by the water, staring at the water sadden. Resting in her lap is a lighter, a spoon, a syringe and the speedball she bought from 3 piece.

Her left arm has a belt tied around it so her vein can pop out.

MARYI (V.O.)

Clones. People swear we're different from the next, but that's bullshit. We all act the same and damn near look the same. The only difference is each and everybody walking this earth puts their own little twist on things to give the illusion they're different. But when you really look at things, it's all the same. The one thing that can be said is people don't like people. People don't like people because of our own urges and the means to satisfy them cancels the love you would think we should have. Money,

power, sex and control are the only things men and women care about, and will do anything and use anybody. When you lust after these things, you get blinded from reality. When reality gives you a wake up call, it hits you in the worst way. Look at what happened to me. The man I was in love with was my brother, and once we both found out, I was disgusted, but he was okay with it. And my mother... after revealing the truth, just like my brother, she still didn't give a fuck as long as she got her fix.

(Soft sigh)

When I asked my friend at the club "Who am I?" She told me I'm the only one who knows the answer. At first I thought I knew, but that was an illusion. Now I know who I am. I'm the artificial version of my mother. The only difference between us is her drug abuse. But... that ends tonight. Drugs have a different effect on everyone, but the outcome remains the same. You either become addicted and live the rest of your life dead inside and out. Or you end up dead just to satisfy the urge to see if it was worth the hype. At this point in my life, I don't care which outcome turns out. I was already in critical condition dealing with my mother, and after finding out I slept with my brother, that was all I needed to pull the plug.

The inexperienced Maryi tries heating the speedball up on the spoon, but she can barely get it right.

After a few minutes, and finally getting her hand to stop trembling, she loads the syringe, injecting it.

Her body shakes for a few seconds, and she releases a soft moan, leaning back.

Slowly opening her eyes, there's a glazed look about them with a still face as her breathing slows down.

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

They say life is appreciated when it's your final hours. I disagree. My final

hours began at birth. And now...now I can finally enjoy life.

CUT TO:

INT. MAX DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jarvis is sitting on the floor, leaning up against the wall with his clothes soaked in blood.

His breathing is slow and shallow with no emotion on his face as he places a cigarette in his mouth and lights it.

JARVIS (V.O.)

Life is strange. If people aren't in your life, it's weird when you run across them again because you have no idea who they are, but they know you. Case in point, look at what happened tonight. My father killed my brother, and I killed my father. Do I feel bad about the situation...no. I just find it odd because I didn't know the thing I loved to do wasn't because I truly loved doing it...I was bred to be the way I am by a man who was supposed to make sure I went a different route. What did he do after he made me into a killer? He politely stepped out of my life, waited years down the road and then he re-entered my life as a complete stranger, using his own son to do his dirt.

(Sighs)

Do I regret the lives I took after finding out I was being used, no. If I could go back and change the person I am today, would I do it, no. Once you start on a path, the history remains a lingering shadow you can never get rid of. Fuck what people think about you because they could never walk down the path you chose, so fuck 'em. The key to it all is accepting the things you've done, being able to sleep with no regrets because you knew what you were doing, right or wrong. So...

(Takes a pull)

...What do you do when there's no more threats, and people are scared to fuck with you? Like I said... repeating the

same things over and over is fun, but eventually you'll get bored and there's nothing in life to excite you. Once your job of being a real nigga is done, and there's no one who can stop you...you end the chaos yourself.

Spitting the cigarette to the side, Jarvis places the Desert Eagle in his mouth and blows his brains out. Months later..

INT. MEN'S PRISON SHOWER - AFTERNOON

Steven is in the shower alone with his hands against the wall letting the water run down his body.

STEVEN (V.O.)

If the world wasn't fucked up, I wouldn't be in jail. It saddens me my white brothers and sisters meaning the judge and jury placed me here. But, whatever.

Footsteps are heard on the wet floor. Steven turns around and we see four muscular tatted white men in towels staring at him smiling.

TATTOOED MAN

Ain't you that cop who killed all the niggers?

STEVEN

Yes, my brother. Unfortunately like you, the others who I thought were our brother's and sister's placed not just me, but all of us who believe niggers should be killed behind bars.

TATTOOED MAN

Yeah. Those Crackers feel niggers have a say so, knowing goddamn well their only purpose in life is to be slaves.

STEVEN

Finally! I've got in touch with my brothers who understand where I'm coming from.

They remain with the same comforting smiles, slowly approaching Steven.

TATTOOED MAN

Oh, we agree with you. There's just one thing.

STEVEN

What's that, my Brother?

Tattooed man swings his left effortlessly, knocking Steven to the wet shower floor.

The towels the men were wearing are seen dropping to the floor.

Steven attempts to get up, but one of the men makes sure he doesn't, placing a foot in the center of his back, kneeling down gripping his head under the chin.

Tattooed man steps behind Steven looking down at his wet naked flesh smiling.

TATTOOED MAN

You did good eliminating the niggers we couldn't get to, but the fact still remains...you're a nigger.

STEVEN

Wait! Wait, I'm---

TATTOOED MAN

You're a good nigger who helped us out. Now, shut the fuck up and take your reward.

The pure terror on Steven's face and the laughter heard in the background is nothing compared to his lingering screams.

BLACK SCREEN:

THE CREATION OF A LIFESTYLE

EXT. BACKYARD - AFTERNOON

MAX FATHER and YOUNG MAX are in the backyard finishing up a game of basketball.

Young Max is nine-years-old.

MAX FATHER

What do you wanna be when you grow up?

YOUNG MAX

I don't know. Somebody who helps people.

MAX FATHER

I guess I can understand that. But before you set out to be anything in life, you have to be a leader first.

YOUNG MAX

Why is that?

MAX FATHER

Because leaders have a following of people who believe what they say, so therefore, you'll have their trust and the rest is in your hands.

YOUNG MAX

What does that mean?

MAX FATHER

No one questions the actions and words of a leader, otherwise they wouldn't be leaders. Depending on your outlook on life, you can use your following however you see fit.

YOUNG MAX

Hm.

MAX FATHER

Just know, whatever you choose to do, in order to be the leader, you have to get rid of the present leader.

YOUNG MAX

Huh? Why is that?

MAX FATHER

Because there can only be one leader. In my opinion, I think that's why the world is ruined because there's too many leaders.

YOUNG MAX

How do you get rid of a leader?

MAX FATHER

The best way you see fit.

YOUNG MAX

Dad...are you the leader of what you do?

MAX FATHER

I wouldn't be telling you this if I wasn't.

YOUNG MAX

How did you get rid of the leader before you?

MAX FATHER

The leader before me was a good friend of mine. It didn't take much to get him out of the picture, but it's not something I'm proud of. I also don't regret it. It was the only way I could provide you with this life we live.

YOUNG MAX

...What did you do?

MAX FATHER

In the business I'm in son, you can't have friends. A friend will kill before the average person on the streets.

YOUNG MAX

...Did you kill your friend?

MAX FATHER

(Low laugh)

Let's go in the house and get something to eat. I'll tell you all about it.

Max's father wraps his arm around his shoulder, and the two make their way towards the house.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Young Lavell is sitting at the table placing some coins inside of his bank.

Max enters the room looking at him, shaking his head disappointed.

He approaches the table, and then goes in his pocket pulling

out a wad of money, placing it on the table.

MAX

That's real money right there. What I need to know from you is do you wanna keep counting and saving coins your whole life? Or do you wanna have money like me?

Young Lavell stops placing the coins in his bank, looking at the money smiling.

Young Lavell is nine-years-old.

YOUNG LAVELL

Make money like you.

MAX

Good choice.

Max places the money back in his pocket, and then takes a seat.

MAX (CONT'D)

The first thing to making money like me is you have to be good with your words.

YOUNG LAVELL

Why?

MAX

Good thing you asked that question because that's another key. But you need to be good with your words so you can get the right workers, and convince the people you're selling to that you have the best product.

YOUNG LAVELL

What am I selling?

MAX

I love the questions. You'll workout just fine. We'll discuss what you're selling later. The two most important things you need to know is this. You never let your boss down, and sell everything he supplies you with. And you can never have a heart. Show no emotions. That goes for everybody.

YOUNG LAVELL
Even my mother?

MAX
Especially women. They'll deceive you
in more ways than one.

YOUNG LAVELL
What does deceive mean?

MAX
(Laughs)
Don't worry about it. You'll learn
everything you need to know.

CUT TO:

INT. YOUNG JARVIS BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Young Jarvis is playing a shooting game, deep into it with a serious face.

Young Jarvis is nine-years-old. JARVIS STEP FATHER comes into the room taking a seat on the bed.

Young Jarvis continues playing the game until he gets killed. Frustrated, he throws the controller on the floor, taking deep hard breaths.

JARVIS STEP FATHER
You know it's only a game?

Young Jarvis is still upset, breathing heavily with his eyes locked on the television.

JARVIS STEP FATHER (CONT'D)
Jarvis.

Still filled with anger, Young Jarvis slowly turns looking at him.

YOUNG JARVIS
Huh?

JARVIS STEP FATHER
It's only a game. You shouldn't let it bother you to this extreme. If you allow that, it'll make you believe you can do it in real life, and that's definitely not the same.

YOUNG JARVIS

Why would they make video games where you can kill people if it's not real? Why do they make movies where people get killed if it's not real?

JARVIS STEP FATHER

Video games and movies are strictly for entertainment. People get paid to act in movies where they get killed, but it's not real. When a person gets killed in real life, they don't get to come back and try it again.

YOUNG JARVIS

If it's not real and it's wrong, why do you let me play these types of games or watch those types of movies?

JARVIS STEP FATHER

Before I met your mother, you were already...

(Clears his throat)

Listen. Just know it's entertainment. Don't let it go to your head and make you believe it's something you can do and get away with.

YOUNG JARVIS

Wait. What did you mean when you said before you met my mother? You're not my daddy?

JARVIS STEP FATHER

(Sighs)

Some other time when we can all sit down and talk. Just remember what I said.

YOUNG JARVIS

Yeah...okay.

JARVIS STEP FATHER

That's my man. I'll let you get back to your game.

Jarvis' step father walks out the room. With murderous intentions in his eyes, Young Jarvis picks up the controller anxious to start killing people.

CUT TO:

INT. SHAVON LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Young Maryi is sitting on the floor playing with her dolls having fun.

Shavon comes into the room high, staring at her daughter with hate in her eyes.

Sucking her teeth hard, she makes her way over to Young Maryi and clears her throat.

Young Maryi places her dolls down and then looks at her mother.

SHAVON

That thing between your legs. When you get older you'll discover the name for it. But when you get older, make sure you use it strictly for money. That's all a man will want from you, so you might as well get paid for it.

Young Maryi looks at her confused. Shavon kneels down looking in her eyes.

SHAVON (CONT'D)

You're confused now, but make sure you remember what I said. No pleasure will come to you when you let a man between your legs, so you might as well learn to fake it and get paid for it.

Shavon stands up and walks off to the bedroom. Young Maryi is still confused, returning back to playing with her dolls.

INT. YOUNG JUSTIN PARENTS ROOM - AFTERNOON

Young Justin is playing in his parents room having a good time.

Taking a break from playing, he moves over to the closet and begins rummaging through it.

After a few minutes, he comes back holding some magazines. Taking a seat on the bed, now we see the magazines are pornographic male on male.

As he flips through the magazine with a look of confusion, his father walks into the room.

You would think he would be upset, but instead he stands back

looking at his son with a slight smile. Young Justin looks up at his father confused.

YOUNG JUSTIN

Dad...what kind of books are these?

JUSTIN FATHER

I was going to wait until you got a little older to explain this type of activity. But since you discovered it. What you're looking at is how men who love each other express it.

YOUNG JUSTIN

You love me?

JUSTIN FATHER

Of course I do, son.

YOUNG JUSTIN

We don't do things like this.

JUSTIN FATHER

I know, son. Like I said, I was waiting until you got older. But since you discovered how a man truly expresses his love, I guess we can begin experimenting. There's two things you have to agree on before we begin.

YOUNG JUSTIN

What?

JUSTIN FATHER

You can never tell your mother.

YOUNG JUSTIN

Why?

JUSTIN FATHER

Because women don't understand the love expressed between men. Do you understand?

YOUNG JUSTIN

I think so.

JUSTIN FATHER

It's okay, you'll grow to understand. The second thing is...

Justin's father walks over to the bed and takes a seat. He goes in his pocket and pulls out a small baggie filled with bath salts.

JUSTIN FATHER (CONT'D)

Before I show you the proper way a man shows his love, you have to eat some of these.

YOUNG JUSTIN

What are those?

JUSTIN FATHER

It's just like candy, but way better. You know how you're full of energy after you eat all of the sweets and drink pop?

YOUNG JUSTIN

Yes.

JUSTIN FATHER

Well, these give you more energy and it takes a long time before you run out of energy.

YOUNG JUSTIN

(Excited tone)

Can I try some now?

JUSTIN FATHER

(Laughs)

Calm down, sport. We can't try the special candy here because like I said, your mother wouldn't understand. But if you're ready to try some, we have to go see Father Mathew.

YOUNG JUSTIN

Why?

JUSTIN FATHER

Because he loves the special candy just like your father. He also loves expressing his love to me because he loves me, just like he'll love you.

YOUNG JUSTIN

Really?

JUSTIN FATHER

Of course. Come on, let's go. I know you're ready to try the special candy, right?

YOUNG JUSTIN

Yes!

JUSTIN FATHER

Well, let's get a move on, sport.

CUT TO:

INT. YOUNG MATHEW ROOM - AFTERNOON

Young Mathew is in his room playing, when his father enters drinking from a flask.

Young Mathew stops playing and stares at him weary, thinking he might get in trouble.

MATHEW FATHER

Hey, champ. Are you ready to take your bath?

YOUNG MATHEW

But, I'm not dirty.

MATHEW FATHER

You know better than to talk back to your father, boy. God punishes little boys who disobey their father.

Young Mathew lowers his head.

YOUNG MATHEW

...yes, sir.

MATHEW FATHER

Good. Now, like I said. Are you ready for your bath?

YOUNG MATHEW

...Can I wash myself up this time?

MATHEW FATHER

Cleanliness is next to Godliness. That's why your father washes you up to make sure you're clean.

(Takes a swig)

Now, let's move it.

YOUNG MATHEW

...Yes, sir.

As Young Mathew walks out the door, his father shoves him with just enough force to make him stumble and fall.

MATHEW FATHER

Don't you ever give me that lip again, boy. Just for that, your bath will be longer and rougher tonight.

CUT TO:

INT. YOUNG STEVEN ROOM - AFTERNOON

Young Steven is sitting in his room drawing a picture, when out the blue a loud argument is heard in the background. Doing his best to block out the ruckus, he focuses harder on the drawing, but it doesn't help the situation because when he hears a loud crash, he sits up on the bed.

Vulgar language from a man is heard, along with the whimpers from a woman.

Young Steven gets up from the bed and leaves the room. Entering the living room, he sees his mother lying on the floor with blood coming from her nose and mouth.

The man standing over her looking down at her as if she's nothing but filth is one of her clients.

Young Steven stands with watery eyes, seeing his mother sobbing in pain.

MAN

Next time finish what you're getting paid for. Just for that, you only get half.

The man goes in his pocket pulling out some money, pulling a few bills off, throwing them in her face.

He looks over at Young Steven and sucks his teeth.

MAN (CONT'D)

When you get older, this is exactly how you treat these black bitches. They only care about money, so use 'em for what they're made for. Money always comes back around, so give the whores what they want and take

everything you want.

The man laughs as he makes his way out of the house. With tears coming down his face, Young Steven moves over towards his mother and kneels down.

YOUNG STEVEN
Mama, are you okay?

STEVEN MOTHER
(Sniffles)
You know, he's right.

YOUNG STEVEN
What? No. No, mama he's---

STEVEN MOTHER
He's right. Women like me are only good for one purpose. The lifestyle we live requires us to be degraded and whatever else a man requires. Women of every color do what I do, but black women do it the most and we enjoy it. I guess that old saying about black people is true. Women are only good for sex, and the men are cowards because they look at us the same way.
(Dry laugh)
I guess that's why white people are superior. Ah, well.

YOUNG STEVEN
(Sobbing)
...Mama.

STEVEN MOTHER
Don't worry about me. I gotta go get cleaned up because I have another appointment in a few minutes. You just remember this day, and what that piece of shit and your mother said.

She wipes her eyes, and then gets up walking away. Young Steven remains on the floor with tears falling from his eyes, and a new form of hatred brewing inside him.

FADE TO BLACK:

"Just because it's taught to you doesn't necessarily mean it's right."

~Bernard Mersier~

END CREDITS