

Crypto

written by

Deje Kelly

Address
Phone
E-mail

INT. WAREHOUSE - MORNING

POW.

The sound of someone getting punched can be heard as the camera pans around the dusty warehouse. We see a gang of people in front of one man, DONALD (20s). Donald's face is bruised, his lip busted. LAWSON (20s) shakes his hand after punching Donald in the face.

LAWSON

Cmon Donnie, you said Monday. It's Wednesday.

Lawson sighs.

DONALD

You know I hate when you call me that.

Donald spits blood from his mouth, near Lawson's shoe.

DONALD (CONT'D)

Work's been slow...

LAWSON

Don't care.

WHAP.

Lawson's backhand flies across Donald's face.

DONALD

Fuck! When I have it, you'll have it!

LAWSON

Well then, you'll have it say...next...Tuesday?

One GANG MEMBER (30s) steps up to speak.

GANG MEMBER

Law...Oso said we need to collect everything this week--

LAWSON

Well Oso ain't here. I am. So I choose when.

Lawson shoots the Gang Member a deathly stare. *Silence.*

Donald begins to laugh. Blood drips from his mouth as he chuckles.

The laughing continues uncomfortably, everyone staring at the madman until...

LAWSON (CONT'D)
Yo, boy. Fuck you laughing at?

DONALD
I'll have your money... 'Lawson'.

LAWSON
(Correcting)
Law...

DONALD
'Lawson'...and I want you to give it to 'whoever' with a big bow and a tiny itty bitty card that says, EAT MY--

POW.

Donald's fist goes flying across his face once more.

LAWSON
You think the shit is funny.
Fuckin' clown.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DRESSING ROOM - AFTERNOON

The dressing room is filled with CIRCUS FOLK. Each having their own character with odd sizes and colorful outfits.

Donald, sits in front of a vanity mirror quickly patting white makeup on his bruised face. His clothing is that of an old school clown.

The manager, LEE (50s) walks into the room. His Boston accent is almost as apparent as his big belly.

LEE
(To Everyone)
We're running behind and you fools are lolly-gagging like the show hasn't started.

BONNIE (20s) walks by Lee, her colorful red outfit skimpy and sexual.

LEE (CONT'D)
(To Bonnie)
Hey hey hey, I can see your cooch.
(MORE)

LEE (CONT'D)
Burlesque is next door, this aint
that honey.

Bonnie stops dead in her tracks, her attitude oozing.

BONNIE
Maybe that'll be the thing that
keeps this show going. At least I'm
here on time...

The girl rolls her eyes towards Donald, Lee hurriedly walks
towards Donald.

DONALD
Please don't start.

LEE
I will start with every
motherfucker in here if I have to.
Today we have an investor in the
audience, and here you are...with a
fuckin' shiner.

DONALD
I'm wearing makeup, why does it
matter?

Donald's nonchalantness is evident. Lee tries to contain his
frustration.

LEE
We haven't been putting enough
asses in seats to keep this show
going. You think that little extra
I've been giving you comes out of
my ass?

DONALD
Hope not.

LEE
Smart ass. If we don't get this
investor you're out of a job...

Beat.

LEE (CONT'D)
...and we both know that you need
it. We all need it.

Donald stops putting the makeup on his face. He looks into
the vanity.

Suddenly Bonnie BURSTS through the door and runs to Lee.

BONNIE

Lee, there's an ignorant douche who keeps throwing popcorn and commenting on my boobs while I have FIRE in my mouth. KICK. HIM. OUT.

LEE

That ignorant douche is our Investor.

Bonnie storms off.

LEE (CONT'D)

Actually, keep wearing that outfit hun!

Donald finishes his makeup. He now looks like a complete clown with a swollen lip.

DONALD

Great talk Lee. I'm off to save the circus.

LEE

I need you to kill it bud...

Donald gives him one last look before leaving the dressing room.

LEE (CONT'D)

(Sotto)

I need a drink...

INT. THEATER - MOMENTS LATER

The theater is grand, elegant and holds a vintage beauty that only New York can contain. Only half of the seats are filled. On stage are Donald and MINA (30s). They sit at a mock kitchen setup.

MINA

Honey, I've been hearing voices.

DONALD

(Sarcastically)

Oh Really?

MINA

Yea it tells me to do all kinds of random things.

She looks towards the audience.

Donald imitates her voice, the voice so identical, it's almost scary.

DONALD
(Imitating Mina's Voice)
Give your husband a foot massage.

Sparse laughs are offered.

MINA
You hear that?

She turns towards him.

DONALD
Nope.

A couple more complimentary laughs are given.

MINA
Maybe I should go to the hospital.

She turns towards the audience.

DONALD
(Imitating Mina's Voice)
You should cook some--

COOPER (30s), a well dressed man interrupts. His stench oozing booze.

COOPER
BOO!

The theater begins to laugh.

COOPER (CONT'D)
So what's the talent here? That was obviously voice over or something.

Donald looks to the side of the stage and sees Lee.

COOPER (CONT'D)
Next! This is trash!

Donald looks over again. Lee mouths "Don't."

Donald walks to the end of the stage.

DONALD
(Imitating Cooper's Voice)
You're trash.

Cooper is thrown off. He walks closer to the stage.

COOPER
What...? The fuck.

DONALD
(Imitating)
What...? The fuck.

COOPER
Stop that.

DONALD
(Imitating)
Stop what?

Cooper throws a drink into Donald's face and he DIVES into the crowd onto Cooper. Punches are thrown, people scream!

INT. DRESSING ROOM - LATER

The dressing room is filled with the entertainers. The show is over. Lee's finger moves aggressively in front of Donald's face.

LEE
See! This is exactly how you got the first black eye. Why would you go back and forth with the guy who's saving our asses.

DONALD
Well he has the black eye, not me. You can't let people come in here and disrespect us. Even Bonnie said something about that fool.

Lee is silent. He shakes his head.

LEE
You don't get it. It's not always about you. You should have thought about your mom before you threw that punch.

Donald gets into his face.

DONALD
Don't Bring my mom into this.

LEE
She's the only person that you 'almost' care about these days.

Donald is silent.

LEE (CONT'D)

(To Everyone)

Alright everybody, I think this is our last hurrah. Everyone give it up for Donald, who fought the investor tonight.

There are sparse claps. The circus folk look confused. They talk amongst themselves.

Donald keeps his head high with pride, yet his eyes tell the story of guilt.

INT. PARKED ESCALADE - AFTERNOON

The car's interior is as plush. OSO (Male, 30s) and BALA (Female, 20s) are in the back seat of the truck, she is on top of him as they share a heated moment of passion. The partition is raised, the driver only hearing MOANS and GROANS.

BALA

(Out of breath)

Wait--wait...we're here.

OSO

I don't care.

He starts kissing her neck.

BALA

Oso, please. You have some business to take care of.

OSO

It'll be quick.

He rubs her thigh.

BALA

Babe, your brother will be mad if we don't hurry.

Oso stops and pushes her to the side.

BALA (CONT'D)

That was uncalled for.

OSO

I need to handle business, right?

Oso opens the door, leaving Bala behind. She looks annoyed but she fixes herself and follows.

INT. MEAT FREEZER - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

Inside of the freezer, countless large slabs of meat are found. We find three men: CODE (18) and CACHORRO (30s) stand before a BUTCHER MAN (40s) on his knees.

Oso walks in, Bala in tow.

OSO
It's cold as Santa Claus's nuts in here.

Oso shakes off the cold and rolls up his sleeves.

CACHORRO
So nice of you to finally join us.

Oso grabs Cachorro and puts him into a headlock.

BALA
(Sternly)
OSO!

He lets go, and Cachorro looks annoyed.

OSO
Still my little brother.

CACHORRO
I called you because Code here, found a couple things.

Code looks nervous. He has a notebook in his hand. He shakes lightly as he opens it.

CACHORRO (CONT'D)
Go on, tell'm what you found.

CODE
Well...uhh, I was going through the numbers for the Butcher shop. And we've been cleaning the money at about \$65,342.01 every--

OSO
Simplify mijo.

CODE
I found...

Code swallows and closes his eyes.

CODE (CONT'D)

He's been pocketing some of the clean money that we run through the company.

BUTCHER MAN

He's a fuckin liar!

BALA

You sure Code?

CODE

(panicked)

Bala you know I would never lie to you. Never.

She puts her hand up. Code stops talking. She faces the butcher.

BALA

Ugh, and I really liked you.

OSO

So what do we do baby?

Bala walks over to the largest knife on a wooden table nearby. Then back towards the Butcher Man on his knees.

BUTCHER MAN

Please...please...I'm begging you.
I have a family.

BALA

So do I...

Bala SWINGS the knife towards the man.

EXT. THEATER ALLEYWAY - EVENING

New York is in full swing, the loud horns and bright lights spill into the alleyway. Donald exits the side door with a book bag, his makeup completely wiped off. He walks towards the sidewalk and notices Cooper, and DOUGLAS (Male, 20s) smoking.

Donald hesitates, then walks towards them.

DONALD

I know you probably wanna call the police on me right now, just hear me out--

COOPER

It was my fault. I drank too much before I even got there. My bad.

DOUGLASS

Those Four Lokos get you every time. Name's Douglass... this drunk's name is Cooper.

COOPER

We were celebrating. But nice right hook you got there. I don't remember getting you in the eye though.

Cooper points to Donald's black eye.

DONALD

I came into work with this bad boy. I'm Donald. Can I get a cig?

Cooper hands him a cigarette. Cooper lights the cigarette for him. He takes a pull.

DONALD (CONT'D)

So what are y'all celebrating? Surprised two guys like you would want a circus.

COOPER

Well the circus is one thing we're celebrating. My mom was one of those fire ladies back in the day, I wanna honor the things she loved.

Douglass take a moment to reminisce.

DOUGLASS

But, we're also celebrating the jackpot we won.

Donald takes a long drag of the cigarette. He gives Douglas a look of 'explain more'.

DOUGLASS (CONT'D)

Crypto.

Donald thinks for a second, his brain obviously turning. He takes a puff and...

DONALD

Like coins and shit?

DOUGLASS
 Yea, it's about to take over.
 People use it when they don't want
 their purchases to be traced.

DONALD
 It legal?

DOUGLASS
 Hell yea. Alot of people are just
 late to the party.

DONALD
 How much you make from it?

Donald's straight shooting question throws him off.

DOUGLASS
 Nothing yet. I'm set to make a
 couple mil soon.

Donald throws the cigarette down.

COOPER
 But me on the other hand...I
 already made \$1.2. Got in early.

Donald perks up.

DONALD
 Mil?
 (Beat)
 Can I get another cig?

Cooper pulls out the cigarette box, Donald notices his Rolex.

DONALD (CONT'D)
 Put me on. Brooklyn raised me,
 upper east side. So the hustle is
 in me.

DOUGLASS
 Bro, there's no hustle involved.
 All numbers. Put your money in and
 let it grow. Get Litecoin--

COOPER
 Hell no. Get Bitcoin. It jumped one
 time already. It's about to move
 again.

A Rolls Royce pulls up towards the opening of the alleyway.
 Cooper notices.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Car's here. Get a Binance account.
And put all your money in Bitcoin.
It's the currency of the future.

DOUGLASS

Trust ME bro. Litecoin is the way
to go. But hit me up. 432-1325.

Donald pulls his phone out and saves the number. He shakes both of their hands before they head out. They begin to walk away.

DONALD

You gonna invest in the circus?!

Cooper yells from afar.

COOPER

As long as you're not jumping off
stages onto people!

He watches them leave.

INT. DONALD'S APARTMENT - DONALD'S ROOM - NIGHT

Donald's room has multiple achievements posted on the walls.

He sits down at his desk in front of his computer then stares at the eviction notice beside his keyboard. He crumbles the paper and gets to work.

ON SCREEN we see the Binance account. He takes the envelope out of his pocket and opens it. The check has 'Lana Wildy' on it. He mobile deposits it.

We see him buying Litecoin, his account now fully setup. He sits back in accomplishment.

LANA (60s), Donald's mother SCREAMS in the next room. Donald grabs his pocket knife.

LANA (O.S.)

How did you get in here?

Donald grabs a pocket knife from his desk.

INT. DONALD'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Donald slowly opens his door without making any noise and begins down the hall. He sees Lawson in a reflection from the vanity within the room.

Closer...closer and closer he moves towards the room.

INT. DONALD'S APARTMENT - LANA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lana see's Donald from the corner.

LANA

What did I tell you about creeping
around the house. You know I hate
that. Look who came to visit!

Lana's head is covered with a knitted hat to cover her bald
head. She appears sickly, frail even. Lawson holds her hand.

LAWSON

Gotta lock the door behind you
Donnie.

Donald puts the knife away before they can see it and walks
into the room.

LANA

Oh boy, he's always hated when you
call him that.

DONALD

It's Donald.

LANA

I'm overjoyed to see you two in the
same house again.

Lana notices Donald's eye.

LANA (CONT'D)

What happened to your eye?

Donald gives Lawson a long uncomfortable glare.

DONALD

Fought some guy at the circus.

LANA

That's why you two need to stick
together. Lawson how is your mom
doing? Still in those streets?

LAWSON

Yea, she's...still around. When I
can catch up to her.

LANA

Excuse my language, I still don't like her 'ass'. You turned out to be so fine. But it's ok, you're my son. Alway--

Lana has a coughing fit.

DONALD

Ma, you have chemo in the morning. You should be sleep.

She ignores the statement.

LANA

Law-bear...I'm not doing too well. Some days I feel on top of the world, other days feels the world is on top of me.

DONALD

Stop saying that!

LAWSON

Don't say that.

Donald regains his composure.

LANA

I'm not your responsibility. I refuse to leave you with a big bill. Did you check the mail? My SSI check hasn't come in a while, I don't know why it stopped.

DONALD

(hesitantly)
No, I haven't.

Lawson gives Donald a hard stare. Lana interrupts the staring contest.

LANA

Lawson, you hungry Let me go get you a snack.

Lana walks passed Donald and Lawson. The two look at her as she walks away, then swiftly back to each eachother.

EXT. DONALDS APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Lawson bursts through the front door and Donald follows slowly.

LAWSON

You didn't tell me she was dying.

DONALD

The breast cancer came back and you would have known if you actually came around. Or wasn't too busy beating my ass.

LAWSON

You forgot I was the reason you got the first loan? I've been sticking my head out for you! I've been beating your ass so he doesn't send somebody else.

DONALD

I don't even understand why you got mixed up with that shit.

LAWSON

Same reason you did...

DONALD

I've been trying to invest the money. That's different.

LAWSON

Stupid ass get rich quick schemes! You did some pyramid shit one time, you did some bullshit fake house flipping--

DONALD

I'm trying to keep my mother alive!

LAWSON

She's my Mother too! I'll pay for it.

DONALD

We don't need shit from you! You never came through and never will.

Donald tries to keep his emotions at bay.

DONALD (CONT'D)

She doesn't want to take anymore chemo treatments.

Silence...so silent that it hurts.

LAWSON
So what kind of scheme is it this
time?

DONALD
Fuck you...

Donald begins to walk away.

Lawson sucks up his pride.

LAWSON
Oso's unofficial accountant's name
is Code. I'll give you his info.
Maybe y'all can make something
shake...

INT. OSO PENTHOUSE - OUTSIDE CACHORRO'S ROOM - NIGHT

Oso whistles a child-like melody as he trails the halls. He stops at Cachorro's room, his movements clumsy. He has a bottle of vodka in his hand.

Knock knock

We hear FEMALE VOICES coming from within the room.

OSO
Cachorro!

He knocks with the bottle.

INT. OSO PENTHOUSE - INSIDE CACHORRO'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cachorro robes himself as he opens the door and steps outside.

CACHORRO
What Oso? I'm busy.

OSO
(slurring)
Always too busy for your big
brother.

Cachorro grabs Oso and walks out of his room.

CACHORRO
Enough of this. Cmon.

INT. OSO PENTHOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The kitchen is grand, very elegant and expensive.

CACHORRO

You ok? Any issues with the product?

OSO

No--no. Aside from the butcher we butchered earlier. S'all good.

CACHORRO

Ok, so what? I'm trying to get me some.

OSO

Well leave then! Just like everybody else!

Cachorro pulls up a stool and sits down at the bar across from Oso.

CACHORRO

Madre always said you were a big baby. Always wanting attention. Attention given.

Cachorro gives Oso a reassuring smile.

OSO

Maybe we need to move back to Mexico. Start a new life.

CACHORRO

Shush you only say things like that when you're running from something.

Oso takes a huge gulp straight from the bottle on the counter.

OSO

I don't feel 'fulfilled'. Like I'm not the 'Me' that Im supposed to be.

CACHORRO

What's that mean? Have you talked to Bala?

OSO

No, all she talks about is product and the kid.

CACHORRO

Your kid.

OSO

A WOMAN will never understand Cachorro. Bala thinks that she runs my business but she DOESN'T. That's the problem with all women.

Bala walks down the hall and hears them talking. She keeps close to the wall just out of their eye's view.

She eavesdrops.

CACHORRO

I think you're overthinking. This why you've been drinking so much? Women are like that. They're territorial and think they run everything. It's apart of being with a woman.

OSO

Well I don't think I want to be with a woman anymore.

SUDDENLY ABBEY (5) walks up behind Bala.

ABBEY

Mommy can I--

Bala screams! She quickly tries to cover by picking Abbey up and walking into the kitchen.

BALA

Yes honey you can have some cereal. Hey boys.

Oso's face is smug, fearful and angry all at once.

OSO

Were you eavesdropping on our conversation Bala?

BALA

No I came in here to get Abbey some cereal. Because obviously you're not gonna put her to bed.

No answer.

BALA (CONT'D)

Didn't think so.

Oso suddenly snatches Abbey from her mother. Abbey screams.

ABBEY

Ouch Daddy!

Oso dances around the kitchen. Then he dances towards the balcony. Abbey starts to laugh from what she *thinks* is a game.

BALA

Oso...what are you doing.
Cachorro...get your brother.

Cachorro pours himself a glass of the vodka. He's silent.

OSO

You know I hate sneaky people Bala.

BALA

I wasn't eavesdropping...please.
Put her down.

He dances closer, then WHOOM. Opens the door to the balcony, the breeze moves his clothing as he dances closer to the outside. Bala walks towards them slowly.

Bala has tears in her eyes.

BALA (CONT'D)

Oso...please stop.

Oso smiles at Bala.

He inches closer...closer...closer UNTIL

He releases Abbey onto the floor.

ABBEY

That was fun Daddy can we do it
again?

BALA

No Abbey come here! Right now.

Abbey runs over to Bala.

Oso walks past her, kissing her cheek.

OSO

Come to bed honey.

Though completely shook up, Bala tries to keep her composure.

Bala glares at Cachorro, he avoids her stare.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

The corner grocery store is bustling with customers. Code is walking around with a clipboard. He writes things down.

MARIE (50s), a deaf woman with a bright smile, waves him down from the front cash register.

Code walks towards her as she uses sign language.

MARIE

(Sign Language)

Why did you order 35 New Cash registers?

CODE

(Sign Language)

Marie, come on. You know why. Oso needs alot of money cleaned this month.

MARIE

(Sign Language)

Do I get anything other than protection?

CODE

(Sign Language)

No...sorry I don't make the rules.

Marie gives Code the middle finger.

CODE (CONT'D)

Wow, really Marie?

Code spots Donald walking into the grocery store.

CODE (CONT'D)

Donald?

DONALD

Yea.

Donald looks confused, Code appears very kiddish and how did he know his name?

CODE

Lawson told me what you looked like. Follow me.

Code walks down the store aisles, Donald in tow.

DONALD

You said on the phone we'll only have about five minutes. So, simply put. Crypto. Lite Coin is going to explode. Basically--

CODE

Yea, I've heard about it. Crypto currency is becoming something to reckon with. It's a game of supply and demand. So you want a loan to invest into it?

DONALD

Yea, and it's pretty simple and easy. All you have to do is--

CODE

Keep your expertise to yourself, otherwise we don't have any use for you.

They continue to walk and eventually walk to the 'Employees Only'.

INT. GROCERY STORE - EMPLOYEES ONLY SECTION - CONTINUOUS

The back of the store is a high level drug production house. Donald looks a little intimidated.

DONALD

Right.

They walk through the countless tables of people packaging, producing and stashing crack.

CODE

Risky. Very Risky. But we need another form of income and a way to launder. You came recommended so...

DONALD

For sure it's going to blow. It only has to move one decimal and we make 10x what we put in.

Finally they make it to a desk with a computer and sit. Code clicks a few things on the mouse and sighs.

CODE

We're missing something.

DONALD
Probably missing alot.

CODE
You don't even know what I'm
talking about.

DONALD
Probably money. Marie owns this
market. The deaf lady? Yea, she's
been known to skimp. Nobody has
done anything about it because
after skimping, she'll run to
another drug lord for protection.
It's a cycle. Living here so long,
you see things.

Code makes a look of...

CODE
Fuck.

He covers his face in frustration and annoyance. Should he
say something?

DONALD
I won't say anything for sure.

Code rolls his eyes.

CODE
You can't say anything...please.
I'll talk to Oso and see how we can
set things up. The money makes
sense. Not sure how much though, up
to Oso.

DONALD
When will I get the money?

CODE
Oso is fighting for territory right
now so that's his main focus. Which
means...we'll reach out when
everything is put in motion. You an
let yourself out.

Code buries his eyes in the computer screen.

DONALD
Ok, random question: how old are
you? Don't mean to offend, it's
just you look mad young.

Code takes a moment, he smiles and says nothing.

Realizing he won't get a straight answer, Donald turns to leave.

CODE

These people will kill you without
blinking an eye. So I hope this
works out. I really do.

Donald leaves.

INT. BROOKLYN PRECINCT - DAY

The precinct is overflowing with officers. There is a line of chairs against the wall, only one is occupied. KIM (Female, 30s) sits, her knee shaking.

OFFICER CROIX (Female, 30s), pregnant , waves her over. Kim gets up from her seat and follows.

OFFICER CROIX

Your name?

KIM

Kimberly.

OFFICER CROIX

You can sit here. I'm officer Croix

Officer Croix gestures to a seat in front of her desk. They sit.

OFFICER CROIX (CONT'D)

What can I do for you?

KIM

My husband is missing.

OFFICER CROIX

Have you filed a missing persons
report? How long has it been?

KIM

I haven't, it's been 5 days.

Officer Croix moves around uncomfortably in her chair. Her belly too big to get situated. She looks in her desk, grabs a few papers and slides them over to Kim.

OFFICER CROIX

Fill these out and give them to me
whenever you finish.

KIM

That all?

OFFICER CROIX

Ma'am. Husbands disappear for all
sorts of reasons. They need a break
from issues within the home,
gambling...affair.

KIM

He would never do any of those
things.

Kim's emotions get the best of her, tears well in her eyes.

KIM (CONT'D)

He was killed.

Officer Croix sits up.

OFFICER CROIX

Are you sure?

Kim nods.

KIM

He's a butcher. I think...umm... he
got mixed up with some bad people.

OFFICER CROIX

Calm down. How do you know he's
dead?

KIM

I know where his body is.

INT. BROOKLYN PRECINCT - LATER

Officer Croix hurriedly walks down the hallway with OFFICER
PEACE (Female, 30s).

OFFICER CROIX

I need two squad cars down 39th.
The Butcher Shop. ASAP to confirm
witness story, then send forensics.

OFFICER PEACE

I wonder why she didn't say that she knew where the body was from the beginning.

OFFICER CROIX

She's probably not so innocent herself.

INT. OSO PENTHOUSE - OSO'S ROOM - DAY

The room is immaculately decorated. Lavish.

Cachorro knocks on the open door to get Bala's attention. Bala sits on the floor opening boxes with a box cutter.

BALA

What?

CACHORRO

Oso needs something from you.

BALA

As usual. Why is he sending you, when I'm his wife?

CACHORRO

Probably last night.

BALA

Speaking of, why didn't you say anything.

CACHORRO

None of my business.

BALA

What about Abbey?

CACHORRO

None. Of. My. Business.

BALA

She is your business Cachorro.

CACHORRO

You know where my loyalty lies.

Enraged Bala throws the box cutter towards Cachorro, barely missing his face.

Quickly Cachorro pulls a gun out on her.

CACHORRO (CONT'D)

We have a new lead on a way to move
and make money.

BALA

Another shop is a waste.

CACHORRO

Some crypto shit. I'll explain
later. So put your dancing shoes
on, and get to stretching.

Bala gets up, his gun still trained on her.

BALA

I don't need to stretch, you
already know I'm flexible.

She walks away.

CACHORRO

You don't usually miss.

BALA

I didn't.

Bala leaves.

The box cutter is stuck in the wall. Dangerously precise.

EXT. NEW YORK SIDEWALK - DAY

Amongst the many pedestrians we find Donald on the phone.

DONALD

That's good news. Dope. When's the
first show. Damn, that soon? I like
the sound of that. But I'm about to
take my mom to Chemo. I'll call you
later.

Donald hangs up the phone as he approaches his building.

INT. LEE'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Lee gets off of the phone.

REVEAL Bala sitting in a chair opposite of him.

LEE

Sorry about that 'Sandra'. I have
to round up all of the acts.

BALA
It's fine. No worries.

LEE
So you've worked in show business
before?

BALA
Gymnastics. Specialize in Aerial
and contortion. I have some videos.

She pulls out her phone to show him.

LEE
Think you can put something
together for tomorrow?

BALA
I could pull something together.

Bala gives a devilish smile.

INT. DONALD'S APARTMENT - LANA'S ROOM - DAY

Lana's door is closed. Odd.

Donald tries to open it only to realize it is locked.

DONALD
Ma, why is the door locked.

LANA (O.S.)
You know why...

DONALD
Please. You have chemo today, we
need to be there in a couple of
hours.

LANA (O.S.)
Why do we keep playing this game
Donald? Pretending like everything
will be ok?

DONALD
I have the money. We're good.

LANA (O.S.)
No. We're not...

Beat.

LANA (CONT'D)

I remember the first time I took you to a circus. You were so excited. You said...mommy, I want to stay here for the rest of my life. The look on your face when you saw those lights...

Lana laughs, a cough follows.

LANA (CONT'D)

And you're happy there, if you got the money I know you didn't get it legally. I don't want you in any trouble.

Donald bangs against the door.

DONALD

Open the door! We need to get to there.

His tone changes.

DONALD (CONT'D)

Unlock the door Mom. Please.

LANA

I'm not going.

INT. DONALD'S APARTMENT - DONALD'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Donald bursts into his room.

Donald boots his computer, his focused eyes stares at the screen.

He tries to log into Binance to check his account.

Wrong password.

DONALD

Fuck.

He tries again.

Wrong password.

Deep breath.

One more time, he successfully logs in.

DONALD (CONT'D)

Thank God.

He stares at the screen and his thankfulness soon disappears. The account barely has any money. Litecoin's value plummeted.

DONALD (CONT'D)

No no no no no.

Donald angrily slides the keyboard off of the desk. He grabs his cell phone and calls 'Douglass'.

Dialing...dialing...voicemail.

Donald throws his phone across the room cracking his screen. He pushes his computer off of the desk, his rage overtaking him.

INT. MEAT FREEZER - DAY

Inside of the freezer INVESTIGATORS whizz around, taking photos, lining yellow tape and searching for samples. Officer Croix dips beneath some tape to get onto the scene. Officer Peace follows.

The butcher is frozen on the floor.

OFFICER CROIX

It was smart for them to put him in the meat freezer. No one would notice the smell for a while.

OFFICER PEACE

So we're dealing with smart criminals.

OFFICER CROIX

Probably drug related.

Officer Croix looks down and notices a 'Stiletto' mark in the blood.

OFFICER CROIX (CONT'D)

We know that one of them was a woman.

Officer Croix points towards the mark and an investigator marks the evidence.

OFFICER CROIX (CONT'D)

(To Officer Peace)

See if we can get a warrant to check the books of this place.

Officer Croix suddenly holds her stomach in agony.

Officer Peace attempts to help but Croix holds her hand out to decline.

OFFICER PEACE
You need to be resting. Isn't the
baby due soon?

OFFICER CROIX
I'm fine. Get the books.

EXT. DONALDS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Donald hurriedly leaves his building. As he leaves, he checks his phone for the time. The screen is completely damaged from his angry throw.

Beep beep.

A black escalade rolls beside him.

Oso pops his head out of the car.

OSO
Mr. Donald, correct?

Donald looks skeptically.

DONALD
Na, wrong person.

OSO
Your mom has Breast Cancer and you
work at the circus in Manhattan,
right?

Donald stops dead in his tracks. He realizes who he's talking to.

He walks over and gets into the car.

INT. ESCALADE - MOMENTS LATER

Oso looks over at Donald as he speaks. Cachorro is in the seat behind them.

OSO
I hear, you owe me quite a bit of
money. Not enough to anger me...but
people have died over less.

DONALD

Oso...so I...

OSO

Before you speak. We have approved your little venture. We have \$100,000 in an account that we'd like you to convert to crypto. It's already done. What's this...coin called again?

Donald racks his brain for an answer that won't get him killed. He hears Cooper's voice.

DONALD

Bitcoin. It's going to skyrocket soon. It's another way to clean money because it's not government regulated.

OSO

Well I'm in for the long game. After talking to Code, I've realized that we should give you a hefty cut. 25% of the profit. You'll work for me to make and clean money.

DONALD

I appreciate the offer, I would like to look at it as a one-off with an option to do more business.

OSO

You're not confident in it?

Donald looks at the gun in the back seat pocket.

DONALD

I am. I also work at the circus and I love what I do.

OSO

Fair enough , handsome. Well, just to let you know we are watching you. It's alot of money but I love gambling. Especially when everything is on the line.

(Beat)

How is your mom?

His menacing brow is obvious.

DONALD

Good...

OSO

Heard the breast cancer is getting bad. But I have some good news, when this works out...we all make money. And if it doesn't...at least Cachorro can make sure she doesn't suffer any further.

Donald's eyes widen as he and Oso share a mutual death stare. The car stops abruptly.

OSO (CONT'D)

Looks like we're here. Code is inside he'll explain everything. Be happy I met you in person, Donald. I don't usually do this.

Donald nods and gets out of the car. He watches the car drive off, his let's out a sigh to release the tension then turns his attention towards the store.

INT. GROCERY STORE - EMPLOYEES ONLY SECTION - MOMENTS LATER

Code is standing next to Donald while he is on a computer.

CODE

Only Oso and I know the password to the account so you can only login from this computer. Once the market goes up to a certain point. You'll get your profit.

Donald shakes.

DONALD

Well, it will keep going up. It's best for us to keep the money in there for a while because the market goes up and down quickly.

CODE

I'll let you handle all of that then. When we have the first big jump...we want to see and decide whether to take the money out. Cool?

DONALD

Yea...uh yea...

CODE

You ok?

Donald pulls himself together.

DONALD

Uhh, yea. Of course. Never better.
Let's make some money.

Donald offers a nervous smile.

He gets to work.

CODE

Hey and I want to pat you on the
back for doing all this for your
Mom.

DONALD

How did you know?

CODE

Well everybody knows honestly.
Lawson sent the message up command
to push and get this money to you.
My Mom and Dad both died recently
so now it's just me and my little
brother. Parents are important man.

Donald gives Code a tender look. Then a look of terror falls
in Donald's eyes as he looks towards the computer.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - DAY

The dressing room has a fun, vibrant energy about it. Its
ALIVE. Its COLORFUL. Filled with LAUGHTER.

Lee CLAPS to get everyone's attention. Donald is at the
vanity, preparing to apply his makeup.

LEE

We have another chance at this.
Thanks to Cooper at C.R. Inc.

Everybody raves, except Donald.

LEE (CONT'D)

Let's all break legs! Both Legs
tonight! We have a full house.

The room overflows with energy.

LEE (CONT'D)
One more thing, I'd like to
introduce Sandra.

They clap as Lee points towards Bala. Her outfit obviously
prepared for a performance.

LEE (CONT'D)
She is our newest addition. She's a
contortionist so everyone give her
a warm welcome.

Donald looks towards her and she waves politely.

LEE (CONT'D)
Alright everybody get ready, on in
five.

Everyone disperses and Bala walks towards Donald. He begins
to put his makeup on.

BALA
You look nervous, you nervous about
tonight?

DONALD
No, life shit.

BALA
Same.

Donald's phone rings but he can't see who it is, and can't
answer it because of the broken screen.

BALA (CONT'D)
You should get that fixed.

DONALD
It's good to be unreachable every
once in a while.

BALA
Be careful with that...

Bala begins to walk away.

BALA (CONT'D)
Make sure you see my performance.

Donald watches her leave. His eyes tell it all, he's
intrigued.

INT. THEATER - NIGHT

The crowd goes crazy as the MAGICIAN leaves the stage. We see Bala walking onto the stage with boxes and a few trinkets for her performance.

Donald peeks from the side of the stage, he notices Oso with Abbey in the front row. *Weird.*

Bala begins to perform. She begins to twist and contort her body into unrealistic positions to the tempo of the thumping music. Everyone raves as she fits herself into tinier and tinier boxes.

She's AMAZING.

Donald walks back to the dressing room.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Donald walks into the dressing room. He sees Cooper talking to Lee. Cooper sees Donald.

COOPER
Congrats brother.

DONALD
For what? I haven't even gone yet.

COOPER
Did you buy any bitcoin?

Donald's eyes get big.

COOPER (CONT'D)
It moved a whole decimal about an hour ago.

DONALD
Can I use your phone?!

LEE
No you can't! You haven't even performed yet!

DONALD
Lee I'll explain later, I need to go.

Lee pulls out his phone and hands it to Donald.

LEE

If you leave, you better not bring
your ass back. Here, take the
phone.

Donald is hesitant but he takes the phone. He dials a number.

DONALD

Lawson, what's Code's number? My
phone is broken, I don't care about
any of that just give me the
number.

Lee shakes his head as Donald hands the phone back.

INT. GROCERY STORE - EMPLOYEES ONLY SECTION - LATER

Donald rushes into the room, he sees Cachorro and Code once
he enters. No one is in the back section except the three.

CACHORRO

So, you told Oso that we should
check. Right?

DONALD

Yep.

Code logs in and moves away from the computer.

CODE

I'll leave you to it. Lock up on
your way out Cachorro.

Code leaves.

Donald goes in front of the computer and clicks a couple
things.

Click...click...

Click...

Donald's face changes from joyous to...pure terror. He stares
at a \$0 Balance.

CACHORRO

Something wrong?

DONALD

No, of course not...it's loading.

He hits the refresh. \$0 blares in his face.

Donald eyes a knife on the table near the computer. His heart beating through his chest.

He smiles at the screen as his hand inches towards the knife.

CACHORRO

Let me see what we made.

Cachorro walks over towards the screen, he looks at the screen and sees the amount. His eyes search the screen until he realizes...something is wrong.

CACHORRO (CONT'D)

What the--

STAB!

Donald suddenly stabs Cachorro in the neck, Cachorros grabs his neck in an attempt to save himself. Cachorro lets go of his neck to grab Donald but Donald stabs him again...and again and AGAIN.

Cachorro falls to the ground. His life drained.

Donald sits in silence...his breathing irregular as his eyes well with tears.

Clap. Clap.

In walks a familiar body...Bala.

BALA

Wasn't sure if you'd do it.

DONALD

Sandra?! Back the fuck up!

Donald panics.

BALA

Calm down.

Donald brandishes the knife.

BALA (CONT'D)

I know where the Bitcoin is. I transferred it out...to another wallet.

DONALD

How...only two people know the password...

It hits him like a ton of bricks. Code.

BALA
I need your help. I need you to
help me turn it back into
cash...without my husband knowing.

DONALD
Husband?

BALA
You've met him before.

Donald shoots a confused look.

BALA (CONT'D)
Oso.

DONALD
Is this some kind of setup?

BALA
If it was...you'd be dead by now,
right? That's Oso's blood brother.
(Beat)
We all...have our reasons we need
that money.

Bala looks at her phone, a picture of her daughter is on the
screensaver.

BALA (CONT'D)
It's 9:54. My husband will call his
brother to make sure the money is
in there at any moment.

Buzz. Buzz.

A phone vibrates from within Cachorro's pocket. Donald slowly
retrieves the phone.

BALA (CONT'D)
Make a choice.

Silence...Donald clicks the answer button on the phone.

OSO
(On Phone)
Hello? Cachorro.

Donald hesitates.

DONALD
(Imitating Cachorro's
voice)
We hit the jackpot.

FADE OUT