

The Final Frontier

By

Marco WestWood Gonzalez

BLACK SCREEN

The sounds of cars passing, honking, bumping music. People laugh and joke around. People yell and fight. Sirens. A helicopter passes overhead.

CURTIS (VO)

Back when I was a kid, the world seemed so damn big. Shit, it was hard to see outside **my own** little universe. Whenever we were about to go out, didn't matter where, my friend Charlie used to say:
"Southeast Daygo. The Final Frontier."

(beat)

So I knew we were about to get into some shit.

TITLE: **THE FINAL FRONTIER**

INT. CHARLIE'S CAR

The car is a red old school Cadillac DeVille.

CURTIS REDDING and CHARLES "CHARLIE" CARPENTER, both African-American men in their late 20s, sit in the parked car as it continues to run. They watch the small neighborhood BANK (that sits two neighborhoods over from where they live) across the street from them (COLLINS' CREDIT UNION).

SUPERIMPOSE: **San Diego, CA**

then

Chapter One: .. some Heat shit

Curtis has short cleaned up hair. He's in good shape. He wears a plain black hoodie as if to look incognito. He's reserved with the mind of an older man, self serious. He's calm and collected and is always thinking out the scenario (a true professional).

Charlie, sitting in the driver seat, has thick box braids. He's a bit on the heavier side and likes to rock lots of colors. He's charismatic and at times even goofy. He's not afraid to be himself or speak his mind. He's the Yang to Curtis' Ying.

Curtis looks down at his watch.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

How long now?

CURTIS

Two minutes.

CHARLIE

You think two minutes is long enough to clear the whole joint?

CURTIS

We won't have time to clean the whole place out. And that's how stupid people get caught.

CHARLIE

If we're gonna do this, we might as well get as much as we can. I'm just saying.

CURTIS

When foos get greedy, foos go to jail or get filled with holes. I'm no foo. **I'm** just saying.

CHARLIE

Alright, alright.
(beat)
How long now?

CURTIS

Two and a half. It's not gonna go any faster you keep asking.

CHARLIE

How long you think response time is in La Jolla?

CURTIS

They probably got cops undercover there.

CHARLIE

(laughs)
Shit. They need to hurry up though, ya boi's getting hangry.

CURTIS

We need all the time we can get. You know what, I'ma start calling you "dough boy".

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Curtz, I know you know I ain't known as "the fat one".

CURTIS

Oh yeah, what are you known as?

CHARLIE

(beat, then sings and snaps fingers)

I'm the life of da party. Every time I show up--

CURTIS

(smiles)

Shut the fuck up. Three minutes.

CHARLIE

We need some real firepower. Done with these fucking pea shooters, man.

CURTIS

What, like shotguns?

CHARLIE

Shotguns. Maybe some assault rifles.

CURTIS

What do you think this is foo, *Heat*?

CHARLIE

That's exactly what I'm talking about, "foo". I'm talking about some *Heat* shit. I'm talking De Niro robbing niggas of they dinero.

CURTIS

Why don't you just turn it into a rap then cause we aren't looking for that kind of.. heat. The whole point is to be in and out, like we were never there.

CHARLIE

Yeah, yeah, like Houdini and shit.

CURTIS

(shakes head)

Sometimes I think that wondrous imagination of yours is gonna get

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CURTIS (cont'd)
you killed. Just don't get me
killed too.

CHARLIE
Quit acting like you don't want a
sip of my Kool Aid.

CURTIS
You know what they put in that
shit?

CHARLIE
Mind control serum?

CURTIS
(jokes)
Exactly. Four minutes.

Less than ten seconds later, a POLICE CAR pulls up to the
bank.

CHARLIE
Four minutes. Call up "Scarface".

Curtis makes a call.

CURTIS
Yo, Bobby. You're on speaker.

CHARLIE
Bobbbby.

BOBBY (VO)
(beat, annoyed)
You got a number for me?

CURTIS
Four minute response time. Olmos
get back to you?

BOBBY (VO)
Yeah. A cousin of a friend of
Olmos' sister or some shit. He
works security there. He's not on
schedule tomorrow, but says he can
get the cameras down today.

CURTIS
You don't think someone'll make the
connection?

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY (VO)

Nothing on paper tying him back to Olmos. Also, Olmos doesn't have a record like you clowns.

CHARLIE

He Olmos-t doesn't.

Charlie laughs alone. Curtis just gives him a look like "you're stupid"

BOBBY (VO)

Alright, come on back to the pad then. We still have some details to work out.

CURTIS

Cool. We're just gonna grab a bite on the way.

BOBBY (VO)

Hurry up then.

Bobby hangs up.

CHARLIE

(mocking)

"Hurry up then."

CURTIS

Don't get on his bad side.

CHARLIE

(smirks)

He's only got one good side.

CURTIS

I'm serious, Charlie.

CHARLIE

Yeah, yeah, I know. You always serious, Curtz.

CURTIS

One of us has to be.

CHARLIE

How the hell does a crazy ese like Olmos not have a record?

CURTIS

Out of all his homies, Olmos is the smart one.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Ay, one of em's gotta be.

Charlie smirks again then pulls away from the curb then busts a u-turn near the cop car as the cop is getting back into the car. He honks then gives the cop the finger.

CHARLIE

Suck on this!

Charlie peels away, burning rubber.

The cop, annoyed, turns on his sirens and gives chase.

Charlie speeds up.

CURTIS

The fuck are you doing?

CHARLIE

I just wanna make sure there's no more doubt.

CURTIS

About what?

CHARLIE

My mad skills behind the wheels.

Charlie pulls a quick one, turning onto the next street at the last minute.

CURTIS

Quit playing.

The cop continues his pursuit, but Charlie is a real wheelman. He evades other cars and the cop does the same. Another quick turn then down an alleyway. Another turn puts them back on one of the main streets. It takes a moment before the cop emerges from the alley, continuing pursuit.

Curtis continues to curse and question Charlie. Charlie has the biggest smile on his face. He's having **too much** fun.

Charlie makes another quick turn and then another before making a sharp left in front of oncoming traffic and pulls into a drive-thru of some FAST FOOD JOINT.

The cop passes.

Charlie looks over at Curtis, waiting to receive his flowers.

(CONTINUED)

Curtis, with his always-serious look, just stares at Charlie for moment then finally the smallest hint of a smile starts to break free.

CURTIS

You crazy--If you ran half as good as you drove, you know you might actually drop a few pounds? Maybe finally get eyes from Destiny or Genesis or whatever the fuck her name is.

CHARLIE

(beat)

It's Harmony. And that bitch can't handle my love handles, okay?

They both laugh.

CHARLIE

And ya boi ain't fat, just big-boned.

Charlie looks back at Curtis. He motions at his body.

CHARLIE

The final fronti--

Charlie can't even finish without them both laughing.

CURTIS

(shakes head)

Shut the fuck up.

EXT. CURTIS' APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING

Curtis lives in the Island Gardens Apartments on Island Ave off Market and 36th.

Curtis sits outside on his porch. He checks the time.

CURTIS

Where the hell is this foo?

Curtis tries calling Charlie for what must be the third time. It rings and rings. Nothing.

CURTIS

Shit, Charlie.

Curtis calls his off and on girl, RASHIDA.

(CONTINUED)

CURTIS

Hey, you busy? I was wondering if you could do me a quick favor. Just real quick.

INT. RASHIDA'S CAR - MOVING

RASHIDA, an African-American woman in her mid 20s, drives. Rashida is extroverted and persistent, at times impatient (though a little guarded in her own way). Similar to Charlie, almost the opposite of Curtis (a real case of opposites attract). Her car is only a year old.

Curtis sits in the passenger seat, again in the black hoodie (in fact, in all black). An empty backpack sits on his lap.

RASHIDA

Sooo.. what's wrong with your car?

CURTIS

Nothing.

RASHIDA

So why am I driving you--and where are we going?

CURTIS

You know where Collins' Credit Union is?

RASHIDA

Yeah, next to MickeyD's. There's a Chase down the street, though.

CURTIS

Rashida.

Curtis turns to her to give her a look that says "stop asking questions"

RASHIDA

(annoyed)

Curtis, you better tell me what's going on.

CURTIS

I can't. Not now.

RASHIDA

Why not? You don't trust me?

(CONTINUED)

CURTIS
It's not safe.

RASHIDA
You act like I can't keep a secret.

CURTIS
You make it sound like you got a
lot of secrets.

RASHIDA
(deflects, beat)
You owe me for this one. Matter of
fact, you already owe me dinner.

CURTIS
Dinner and a movie then.

RASHIDA
You think that's enough to buy my
love?

CURTIS
Give me a price.

Curtis stares back at Rashida stone-faced until she turns to
look at him as she stops at a red light. Curtis smiles.

Rashida can't help but smile back.

RASHIDA
You fucking cheeseball.

CURTIS
What can I say? You bring it out of
me.

EXT. MCDONALD'S

Curtis gets out of Rashida's car, scoping the area around
him as he does. As she pulls away he turns his attention to
COLLINS' CREDIT UNION across the street.

He starts to cross the street, keeping his head on a swivel
for oncoming cars, pedestrian traffic and of course, the
cops. No sign of Charlie's car either though.

Curtis spots someone familiar standing at the corner, near
the bank. We only see him from a distance, but enough to
make him out: BOBBY WILLIAMS III

(CONTINUED)

Bobby Williams III is an African-American man (30), who is the street definition of the word "hard". He's a thug. Some say a killer, but no one will speak up about him. They're afraid. His paranoia makes him dangerous. He appears to be in control, but he's a lit fuse. Like Curtis, He's dressed in black with big dark shades and also wears an empty backpack. He rocks a medium-sized afro and has a noticeably thick scar across his nose.

To the right of the bank, Curtis spots the face of a GREY ALIEN. As he nears we can see that the face is a rubber mask. ANTHONY OLMOS is it's wearer.

Anthony, usually called just Olmos, is a Mexican-American man in his early to mid 20s. He's a young veterano who's been gangbanging since he was twelve years old, yet somehow has kept out of juvie and jail. He's crafty and slick. He's also in black and has an empty backpack slung to his front.

Curtis slings his empty backpack to his front then pulls out and puts on his own GREY ALIEN MASK. It covers his entire head. The eyes are cut out so he can see better (same with the other guys' masks).

EXT. COLLINS' CREDIT UNION

As Curtis approaches the entrance, Olmos comes over to meet his right side. Bobby, now also wearing a grey alien mask, meets his left.

BOBBY

Where the fuck is Charlie?

CURTIS

I don't know.

BOBBY

(interrogative)

You don't.. know?

OLMOS

Now you fucking tell us.

CURTIS

Not too late to call it off.

Bobby pulls out his gun

BOBBY

I'll deal with him later.

then enters

(CONTINUED)

Olmos pulls out his own then follows.

Curtis reluctantly does the same.

INT. COLLINS' CREDIT UNION

There are SEVEN CUSTOMERS standing in line. ONE SECURITY GUARD who doesn't really want to be there. THREE TELLERS behind the plastic barriers.

Bobby sticks his gun in the security guard's cheek. He holds his backpack in his free hand.

Curtis and Olmos make their way past the lines and to the tellers.

BOBBY

(calm and collected)

Anyone that wants to live, eat carpet. If you know how this goes, then do what you know you should. Anybody not in the know, listen to me very carefully now. That means lie on your stomach and don't make any sudden moves--else I'll make my move and that'll be your last. One of my associates is gonna throw these bags over and once they do, you're gonna empty all the drawers. Every single one. Clean em out.

Bobby chucks his backpack to Curtis.

Curtis catches it then chucks both his and Bobby's backpacks over the barrier.

The customers one by one get on the grounds on their stomachs.

BOBBY

Now I know what you're thinking, maybe this is all one big bluff and you can just wait it out on the other side. Unfortunately for you, your boss was too cheap to invest in any real protective measures. That ain't bulletproof glass.

Olmos taps the plastic barrier with his gun.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY

And as far as I can tell, nobody here is bulletproof either. So no sudden moves. Not a word. And no fucking heroes. You will get shot. You will die.

The three tellers work together to fill up the two backpacks full of money from the top drawers.

Olmos opens up his backpack.

BOBBY

Everybody on this side is gonna empty their pockets, any valuables you got on you, put em in front of you. My other associate here will collect those.

The customers on the ground do as they're told. Some angry, some scared to death, all begrudgingly emptying their pockets and purses.

BOBBY

Don't be stingy. Don't put a price on your lives.

OLMOS

Come on, you heard the man. I want everything in your pockets. Everything!

Curtis watches the tellers, nervously looking back at everything else going on time to time.

CURTIS

That one too.

Curtis points his gun at the fourth set of unmanned drawers.

The security guard eyes Bobby, watching for an opening. Bobby is stuck on him like glue.

One of the customers refuses to give up their belongings.

OLMOS

Don't fucking test me, dawg.

Olmos sticks his gun in their face.

OLMOS

Nice and slow, give up the goods.

(CONTINUED)

CUSTOMER
(beat, mutters)
Fuck you.

OLMOS
Fuck--what?

CUSTOMER
Unlike you, we've all got places to
be. I'm late for work already as it
is. So if you can just hurry this
up--

OLMOS
Well now you're the one delaying us
so do what the fuck you're told and
empty your shit already!

Bobby watches Olmos. He's losing patience.

CUSTOMER
You have enough! Just go!

OLMOS
I swear to Go--

BOBBY
Yo.

Bobby motions at Olmos with his gun. Olmos walks over and
takes Bobby's place guarding the security guard. Bobby
stomps over to the uncooperative customer.

CUSTOMER
You think you scare me? Nothing but
punk as--

Bobby proceeds to beat the man in the face with his gun.
Until he spills blood. Others look away, shutting their eyes
in fear. One or two scream. The tellers pick up their speed.

BOBBY
Say it again.

The man can't even speak a coherent word now.

BOBBY
SAY IT AGAIN.

Curtis turns his attention back to the tellers. One tosses a
now-filled backpack over the barrier. Curtis catches it then
turns to Bobby.

(CONTINUED)

Bobby snatches it from him and puts it on his back as the customer has changed his tune and is now emptying his pockets. Bobby scrapes up the cash and jams it into his hoodie pocket.

One of the tellers is having trouble tossing up the second backpack over the barrier. Their toss only gets worse as they become more frightful.

BOBBY

Why don't one of you help your
coworker out?

Olmos becomes distracted when he hears a siren in the distance.

OLMOS

Oh shit. It's the fucking puercos,
man. They're on their way.

BOBBY

And we're leaving.

One of the other tellers gets the second bag over, but overthrows it. It goes past Curtis and near Bobby. Bobby quickly snatches it up.

BOBBY

Let's go.

The security guard takes charge and pulls his gun on the distracted Olmos.

SECURITY GUARD

Put down your guns or your friend
gets it.

He jams his gun into Olmos' neck. Olmos' gun is pointed at the ceiling.

OLMOS

Fuck.

Bobby takes a beat then BANG! fires a shot into the security guard's chest. The guard can't believe it. Olmos can't either, but quickly pushes away from the guard and runs out of the building.

Bobby storms past the customers on the ground and exits too (with two backpacks on his persons).

Curtis, empty handed (other than his gun) and bewildered, realizes there's no time to reflect on what just happened. He snaps out of it and runs out after them, glancing at the bleeding out guard as he passes him.

EXT. COLLINS' CREDIT UNION

As he emerges from the bank, Curtis spots the 5-0 down the block. Neither Bobby or Olmos are anywhere to be seen.

He runs around the corner (left side of the bank). He removes his alien mask and pockets it as he crosses the street and hits an alleyway.

The sirens grow louder and nearer. Curtis hides behind a dumpster as another cruiser appears, driving past this alley towards the left side of the bank.

BANG! BANG! BANG! Gunshots ring out in the streets. Yelling and panic ensues all around.

Curtis continues down the alley, speed walking to the other end where he happens upon

Olmos in a stolen car, slowly pulling away.

CURTIS

Olmos! Hey!

Olmos looks in his direction, but quickly decides to ignore him. He speeds off as Curtis chases after.

Curtis stops the pointless chase and continues to run further away from the scene of the crime. He finds another hiding spot to stop and catch his breath.

He removes his black hoodie, with the alien mask peeking out of the pocket, and tosses it on the ground. He puts his gun in his pants, tries to collect himself and continues down the alley until he's on the next street (now a couple streets over from the bank).

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

EXT. CHARLIE'S PLACE

The old house belonged to and was passed down from Charlie's late mother. It sits on Hilltop Dr.

Curtis waits outside Charlie's front door. He tries again.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

(CONTINUED)

SUPERIMPOSE: **Chapter Two: No More ?'s**

Curtis peeks inside Charlie's windows. Nothing. He notes the empty driveway.

CURTIS

Where the fuck is this foo?

Curtis is about to go through the side gate when the NEIGHBOR stops him.

NEIGHBOR (OS)

Curtis?

Curtis turns to meet Charlie's neighbor, a Mexican Woman (50) named EVANGELINA. She has a kind face and overall warm and inviting presence. In her hands a tupperware container.

CURTIS

Hola, Eva.

EVA

Buenas tardes. You looking for your friend?

CURTIS

Yeah. His car's not here so I guess neither is he. You know where he's at?

EVA

No, I don't know. I promised Charlie I would bring him leftovers from yesterday. He said he was going out.

CURTIS

That was last night?

EVA

Oh yes.

CURTIS

But he didn't say where?

EVA

(shakes head)

He just say he had a date.

CURTIS

Hm. What was for dinner?

(CONTINUED)

EVA

Enchiladas. Can you give it to him
when you see him? Please.

Eva offers up the container. Curtis moves closer to her and
accepts it.

CURTIS

Of course. I'll make sure he gets
it.

EVA

Gracias.
(beat)
Are you okay?

CURTIS

(pause)
Yeah, yeah. Just worried about him.
We were supposed to meet for
breakfast, but he didn't show.

EVA

Oh, I see. Well, I hope he's okay.

CURTIS

Yeah, me too. Thanks, Eva. Hasta
luego.

EVA

¡Que tengas un buen día! Take care
of yourself.

Curtis wanders off. Eva watches him, a concerned look on her
face.

INT. CURTIS' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Curtis sits on his beat up couch watching a newish-TV,
chowing down on Eva's enchiladas.

There are big speakers on both sides of the TV. Beside the
TV stand a rack filled with blu-rays and DVDs. From Hood
classics (*Boyz N The Hood*, *Menace II Society*, *Deep Cover*,
Attack the Block) to Samurai films (Kurosawa and others),
Curtis runs the gamut. He clearly has a deep love for
movies. One he shares with Charlie.

Above Curtis' head hangs framed posters of *Boyz N The Hood*
(1991) (this one being a little beat-up) and *Thief* (1981).

(CONTINUED)

CURTIS

Damn.. that woman can cook.

Curtis flips through channels, specifically different news outlets.

TV

There's a new popular drug on the streets people are calling "dreamcatchers". The FDA says that details on the mystery drug are still scarce, but they do note it to be extremely dangerous. They're reported to be "hallucinogenic" in nature and put its users in a state of having "waking dreams", hence the name. The FDA continues to say that if anyone has any new information to share to call--

Curtis changes the channel again.

NEWS ANCHOR

--Police are still continuing their search for the three masked men who robbed Collins' Credit Union just this morning. They have put out an APB on the suspects' descriptions, but again, the men covered their faces making the search more difficult. Apparently the cameras had gone out due to electrical problems the day before so no luck there either. Sadly, we report that the security guard who was shot by the robbers, a thirty-six year old man named HENRY GOLDEN, has indeed passed from his wound. We have yet to hear from the family. Police asks that if anyone has any new information--

Curtis changes the channel again. This time it lands on a movie. Abel Ferrara's *Body Snatchers* (1993). Right on the part where Meg Tilly is performing her great monologue near the end of the film "Where you gonna go?".

Curtis' cell phone rings in his pocket. He digs into his pocket to remove it and answer.

CURTIS

Yeah?

(listens)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CURTIS (cont'd)
 Oh, hey Vondie. What's up?
 (listens)
 .. Huh. Yeah, that is weird. Matter
 of fact, I've been looking for him
 too.
 (listens)
 You opening up now?
 (listen)
 Cool. Yeah, gimme a sec and I'll
 head over. Thanks.

Curtis hangs up. He's clearly in his thoughts. He looks down at what's left in the container and finishes it.

His eyes navigate their way back to the TV just as Meg Tilly is coming out of the house and doing the famous Body Snatchers shriek.

TV
 Wa-a-a-ah!!

EXT. VONDIE'S TAVERN

Vondie's Tavern on Market St near the 805 freeway.

Curtis pulls up behind Charlie's car (sidewalk). Curtis drives a beat-up ten year old Chrysler.

He gets out to investigate further. The driver's side window has been broken into. Shattered glass litters the street. The stereo's been ripped out. The glove compartment left ajar.

CURTIS
 (shakes head)
 Never change.

Other than the mess, the car gives Curtis no more leads.

He turns to look over at the BAR as VONDIE, an African-American man (50s), is unlocking the front door.

Vondie is dependable and loyal, as well as honest and fair. He sees all types come through his bar and has learned how to deal with each one. He's welcoming to a point, but always anticipating a fight. A lesson he's learned from living in this neighborhood all his life. He wears the tough years on his weathered face and in his eyes.

Curtis walks over to him just as he's about to go inside.

(CONTINUED)

VONDIE

Oh, it's you. Don't sneak up on me like that.

CURTIS

My bad. How you doing, Vondie?

VONDIE

I can't complain. Or just choose not to I suppose.

Vondie flashes a polite smile.

INT. VONDIE'S TAVERN

Vondie lets Curtis in first then shuts the door after him.

CURTIS

He still hasn't shown up?

VONDIE

Nope. You're the first one here.

CURTIS

Someone else already paid a visit to his whip.

Vondie sighs as he goes around the bar.

VONDIE

That's why folks'd rather drive home drunk. Better that than leave their ride here for the vultures.

CURTIS

Amen to that. You got cameras outside right, Vondie?

VONDIE

Just the one.

(reads Curtis' mind)

You want to check for a glimpse of Charlie?

CURTIS

If it wouldn't be too much trouble. I know you gotta open soon.

VONDIE

First regular won't pop in for another 30 minutes. It's no problem. Come on.

(CONTINUED)

Vondie motions at Curtis as he comes around the bar.

He leads him to

INT. BACK OFFICE

Vondie gets on his computer and accesses the footage. He rewinds back to around 2am.

Curtis watches the footage over Vondie's shoulder.

Charlie comes walking out of the bar alone. He lights up a cigarette, smoking in place. A few seconds pass then something has caught Charlie's attention. He appears to look up (away from the bar).

CURTIS
(leans in)
He's looking at something.

VONDIE
Figured it was the ghetto bird
passing over. Watch the light.

CURTIS
What light?

VONDIE
Watch.

Charlie walks off away from the bar until he's no longer on camera. An intensely bright light suddenly appears. It lasts about five seconds before the footage goes to black.

VONDIE
The next ten seconds is the same
then it just comes back on by
itself.

Vondie skips past to where the camera comes back on. No Charlie or anyone else in sight.

VONDIE
That's it.

Vondie's first REGULAR comes into the bar. Vondie turns to look over.

VONDIE
Oh, he's early.
(stands up)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VONDIE (cont'd)
I gotta see to my customer, but
feel free to keep going through it
if you want.

CURTIS
Thanks.

Vondie goes over to attend to his regular customer.

Curtis takes over his chair and rewinds back the footage
again from where Charlie first comes out.

The bright light appears. Curtis watches closer. The light
doesn't pass over, its in one place for a few seconds then
nothing. Black.

Curtis has an inquisitive look on his face. He knows it
can't be a helicopter. He rewinds and watches the footage
one last time. He pauses it as the bright light appears.

Curtis gives up for now, exiting the back office. Vondie
stops him as he passes the bar.

VONDIE
Oh, Curtis.

Curtis acknowledges Vondie.

VONDIE
I almost forgot, but Charlie
mentioned something about a party.
Tonight, I think.

CURTIS
You know where at?

VONDIE
(thinks)
Some cat named.. Marcus?

CURTIS
Yeah, I know Marcus.

VONDIE
But you didn't get the invite?

CURTIS
I stopped showing up so they
stopped inviting me. Thanks again,
Vondie.

(CONTINUED)

VONDIE
(nods)
Watch yourself.

Curtis leaves with more questions than answers.

EXT. VONDIE'S TAVERN

Curtis stops near Charlie's discarded almost-full cigarette on the ground. He gives it a curious look then heads out.

INT. CURTIS' CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Curtis drives down 42nd street (under Market St), slowing down as he nears Marcus' house.

Music bumps from inside the house. Some old school shit. People laughing and being loud. A group of people stand outside smoking.

No parking anywhere. Curtis continues driving slow down the street, but still comes up empty.

He turns the corner, notices the boarded up TRAP HOUSE to his right (at the corner of 42nd and J), and goes around to the street on the other side of Marcus' house (Toyne St).

Eventually, an empty spot presents itself. Curtis parks and exits his car.

EXT. TOYNE STREET

BLAM!

Something that sounds like a car backfiring startles Curtis. It might as well be a gunshot the way he turns to look behind him like a reflex.

A block down, a dark figure peeks from behind a car. A grey object.

Curtis squints his eyes as if to zoom in on it. It doesn't seem to move. Curtis decides its nothing and turns back around to continue towards the corner.

The sound of scurrying feet draws his attention back behind him again. This time the grey object is closer, its the shape of a head, though the details of the face are unclear in the dark.

(CONTINUED)

CURTIS

(low)

Oh hell no.

Curtis resumes his walk, picking up his speed. He glances over his shoulder time to time. In one moment the figure is gone, the next its back, catching up to him.

Curtis starts to move even faster, but the grey face is still tracking him, weaving in and out behind the cars parked on the street.

Curtis makes it to the corner just as a car is pulling up. The car is blaring music as it stops.

Curtis turns to meet his stalker.

At first the sight of the grey alien face causes his entire body to tense up. He freezes for a moment before slowly reaching towards the gun tucked in the back of his pants.

The grey alien reveals itself in full as it confronts Curtis. He breathes a sigh of relief when he recognizes the face to be the grey alien mask he discarded from the bank robbery.

The MASKED THUG brings up his pistol.

MASKED THUG

Empty yo pockets, cuh!

Curtis' moment of relief has passed as the seriousness of the actual situation kicks in. He feels movement behind him. He turns around to face the DRIVER of the car, the masked thug's partner in crime.

DRIVER

Better do what he says!

Curtis notes the driver's also strapped. He keeps his gun at his side as if afraid to point it at Curtis.

MASKED THUG

Those pockets still full, nigga,
whatchu think this is?

Curtis is readying up to draw his gun, expecting the worst, when something even more unexpected happens.

Another car rolls up beside the now-empty ride. The PASSENGER jumps out then into the parked ride.

(CONTINUED)

MASKED THUG
Oh shit! Ay, yo!

The driver turns to witness his ride get jacked in the middle of him jacking Curtis.

The masked thug runs past Curtis to join the driver in giving chase to the car jackers. They run off down the street.

Curtis just stands there and watches. He's still trying to process what just transpired. Once he finally does, his body starts to relax again. He can't help but chuckle.

CURTIS
(shakes head)
Some stupid mother fuckers.

He starts to laugh more, it all becoming funnier the more he thinks on it, as he resumes his trek to Marcus'.

EXT. MARCUS' PLACE

Curtis approaches the house. The party still rages on.

SUPERIMPOSE: **Chapter Three: Ghetto Vet**

Curtis nods at the group smoking outside as he passes them.

SMOKER
What up, Colonel Curtz.

CURTIS
Ay, ya'll seen Charlie?

SMOKER
(shakes head)
Nah. You want a puff?

CURTIS
Maybe later.

INT. MARCUS' PLACE - LIVING ROOM

The house is full up with different groups of friends, all connected through at least one of the people from their group. Most in the party are African-American, but there are a few Mexican-Americans hanging around too.

(CONTINUED)

Curtis stops in the middle of the living room to scope out all of the different groups, hoping to find Charlie amongst one of them. He looks to his left to see a crew of younger guys (barely-adults) have taken over the couches.

YOUNG HOOD

Oh shit, it's Grandpa Curtis!

His friends join in, talking over each other.

Curtis is instantly annoyed, but pushes that down to continue his search for answers.

CURTIS

Any of you foos seen Charlie? He come by at all?

YOUNG HOOD

"Foo". "Ay, foo".

His buddies again join in, all poking fun at Curtis.

YOUNG HOOD

Man, why you always calling people "foo" like you an ese or something?

YOUNG HOOD #2

Yeah, nigga!

YOUNG HOOD #3

Abuelo Curtis!!

YOUNG HOOD

Oh shit!! Noooooo!

They all continue to laugh at Curtis' expense.

CURTIS

(shakes head)

Ya'll play too much.

Curtis turns away from them, spotting HARMONY as she walks by and enters the kitchen. He follows.

INT. KITCHEN

Curtis slips past a few others drinking near the kitchen. A couple others pour themselves new drinks.

CURTIS

Desti-

(remembers)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CURTIS (cont'd)

Harmony.

Harmony, a thin, wide-eyed African-American woman in her early 20s, turns to meet him.

HARMONY

Oh hey, Curtis, right?

CURTIS

Yeah.

HARMONY

How's it going? Have you seen Charlie?

CURTIS

I was actually about to ask you the same. Was supposed to meet in the morning, but he didn't show. Popped into Vondie's Tavern little while ago, his car's still there.

HARMONY

What? That's really unlike him.

CURTIS

I know. You saw him yesterday?

HARMONY

Yeah, he picked me up and took me out for dinner. Dropped me off after and that's the last time I saw him.

CURTIS

(thinks)

Then he went to Vondie's.

HARMONY

He hasn't been answering my texts or calls either.. I hope he's okay.

CURTIS

(assuring)

I'm sure he's alright. I'll find him.

HARMONY

Maybe together you and Bobby--

(CONTINUED)

CURTIS

Bobby?

HARMONY

Yeah, he was asking about him too.
Said he needed to talk to him.

CURTIS

.. He here?

HARMONY

Saw him out back.

Curtis doesn't like the sound of that. He prepares himself.

EXT. MARCUS' PLACE - BACKYARD

Curtis comes out to the back where more groups of people are talking, drinking, smoking, dancing.

His eyes scan everywhere. No Charlie. No Bobby. But someone else he recognizes. Olmos.

Curtis makes his way towards the back, stopping in front of the jacuzzi where Olmos is Scarfacing it with two girls, an arm around each one.

OLMOS

Mira este guuey.

CURTIS

You're the "foo", foo. Partying the same night of the job. The fuck are you doing here?

OLMOS

Ay, watch the language in front of the hynas, man.

Olmos mock-covers the ladies' ears.

CURTIS

Excuse us, "ladies".

Curtis gives a stern look, expecting them to leave. They quickly get the idea and go.

OLMOS

Ohh, no, ay, come on! Where you going?

(CONTINUED)

CURTIS

You think this is smart? When we got heat on us?

OLMOS

What better place to hide than in plain sight?

CURTIS

And here I thought you were the smart one.

OLMOS

(bolts up)
Watch it, ese.

CURTIS

You got no homies here, Olmos.

OLMOS

Says the guy with no friends. Speaking of.. what happened to your amigo? So much for vatos locos for life, ay?

CURTIS

Don't think I forgot how you left me. Without a ride. Without a dime.

OLMOS

Yeah, like your homie left us? Didn't even fucking show up. Take it up with Bobby. I got my cut.

CURTIS

Where's he at then?

OLMOS

(grins)
Something tells me you won't have to look too far.

Curtis turns away from Olmos and heads back towards the front of the house. He walks through the side when he's stopped in his tracks.

BOBBY (OS)

I know you know where he is.

Curtis turns to face Bobby who emerges from the darkness.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY

So where's that nigga hiding?

CURTIS

Why? You wanna deliver his cut? I can handle that for you.

BOBBY

His cut?

(beat)

You got jokes now..

CURTIS

No joke. I want my cut too, while we're on the subject.

BOBBY

Don't insult me. We both know he's not getting a fucking penny. I'd just as soon give that nigga a bullet in his temple for wasting my time.

CURTIS

You talk a big talk.

BOBBY

(beat)

You don't wanna go to war with me.

CURTIS

You're the one looking for a fight.

The two enter into an intense staredown. It's difficult to read what's behind Bobby's venomous eyes. Curtis backs down when he breaks eye contact.

CURTIS

I don't know where he is. I've actually been trying to find him myself.

BOBBY

Nothing but a fuck-up. He knew he'd incur my wrath.

CURTIS

(amused)

Incur your wrath? Such a benevolent God. So great of you to bless us with your all-knowingness--

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY

That nigga's either holed up
somewhere smoking rock or he's the
one-time's snitch. The only reasons
niggas disappear 'round here.
Unless they're six feet under.

CURTIS

Charlie's no snitch.

Another staredown.

CURTIS

My cut.

Bobby stares back at Curtis, trying to read his mind for
Charlie's whereabouts. After a beat, he finally reaches into
his pockets and removes a few fat stacks of hundred dollar
bills. He splits it up, making Curtis' stack smaller and
smaller as he explains why.

BOBBY

I just need to make some
calculations, consider a few
things. This is for bringing that
flunky junky on. This is for
covering for him. And this is cause
I don't like you. Which leaves..

Bobby presents the small stack that amounts to about five
thousand dollars.

BOBBY

For a job well done.

Curtis accepts what he's given.

BOBBY

I don't think I need to tell you
what'll happen if I find him first.

CURTIS

(pause)

Happy hunting then.

Bobby chuckles as he walks away from the confrontation.
Curtis watches him go, still on edge.

DING DONG

INT. RASHIDA'S CONDO

Rashida's condo sits outside downtown San Diego.

Rashida answers her door, letting Curtis inside. They notably don't kiss or hug. He just slides past her.

Rashida sits down on her couch, picking up the joint and lighter off the glass coffee table in front of her. A couple fashion magazines rest on the corner and near the edge an ash tray.

CURTIS

Thought you were cutting down?

RASHIDA

I am. Was a particularly stressful day at work. Lot of new hires.

(suggestive)

They still need a few people.

CURTIS

(nods)

Mm.

Curtis sits down beside her. He shifts in his spot uncomfortably. Rashida watches him.

RASHIDA

What are you doing?

CURTIS

It's just--hold on--

Curtis pulls out the handgun he forgot he had slipped in his pants. He sets it down on the coffee table.

RASHIDA

Curtis Redding, I know you didn't just pull a strap out of your ass.

CURTIS

I don't use it. Might as well be a prop.

RASHIDA

Might as well be a bomb. One day it's going to blow up in your face.

CURTIS

You know where I stay. You know how it is.

(CONTINUED)

RASHIDA

But that's not why you have it.
You're still doing hoodrat shit.

CURTIS

I went to a few interviews, but
never got the callback.

RASHIDA

You don't get the jobs cause you
don't want them.

CURTIS

(shrugs)

You're right, I don't. They're all
bullshit dead-end jobs.

RASHIDA

And hustling in the hood won't end
with you dead?

Curtis takes his face in his hands, sighs. He's had a long
ass day.

RASHIDA

Hit this already.

CURTIS

I'm good.

RASHIDA

You're not good. You need to relax.
Here.

Curtis accepts the joint and takes his time puffing.

RASHIDA

Why're you acting like you don't
smoke with Charlie every night.

CURTIS

I don't actually.

RASHIDA

You're telling me Charlie doesn't
smoke? That boy has the gut of
someone who has one too many late
night snacks.

CURTIS

Eating's his vice. I try to avoid
smoking or drinking around him.
Ever since what happened with his
brother.

(CONTINUED)

Curtis passes the joint back to Rashida.

RASHIDA

Tre?

CURTIS

When Tre got shot.. Charlie went off the deep end for a while. He got real skinny. Like dangerous skinny.

RASHIDA

I didn't know that.

CURTIS

Eventually a few people figured it out, but yeah, we try to keep that under wraps. That was ten years ago.. Come to think of it, yesterday was Tre's birthday.

(to himself)

Might explain why he went to have a drink at Vondie's.

RASHIDA

You're worried he's relapsed.

Rashida offers the joint, but Curtis shakes his head, turning it down. She puts it out instead.

CURTIS

Expecting the worse, hoping for the best, I guess. Smoking rock almost destroyed his life.

Curtis looks away. Rashida keeps her gaze on him, watching him inside his own head. She admires his "ride or die" connection he clearly shares with Charlie.

RASHIDA

You asked me last time you came over.. why I still fuck with you.

Curtis gives her his full attention.

RASHIDA

(motions)

Under all this..

Rashida places her hand on his chest.

(CONTINUED)

RASHIDA

You have a big heart. I know you
have good intentions.

CURTIS

I robbed a bank this morning,
Rashida. Good went out the window.

RASHIDA

Oh.. I didn't realize the world was
made in black and white.

Curtis looks down then away. Rashida continues watching him
in their shared momentary silence. She breaks it.

RASHIDA

(beat)

Hey, Clyde.

Curtis slowly turns to her.

CURTIS

(pause)

Bonnie?

RASHIDA

.. At least for the night..

Rashida moves in and kisses Curtis on the lips. They start
to make out. It's as if they're releasing weeks of build-up,
of no-contact suddenly broken. Neither can hold back
anymore.

Rashida mounts Curtis. They continue to make out. Deep
passionate kisses.

Slowly, their clothing comes off piece by piece. First her
shirt, then his. She gets off momentarily to pull down her
pants, while he pulls down his. She mounts him again.

Curtis grabs the TV remote next to him as things are heating
up and bumps the volume higher.

They make love through the night..

EXT. RASHIDA'S CONDO

Curtis sits outside, finishing the joint.

He looks up at the sky, what little stars can be seen.

(CONTINUED)

CURTIS
The final frontier.

Curtis chuckles to himself.

FLASHBACK:

INT. CHARLIE'S PLACE - INT. BEDROOM

Charlie's bedroom is messy with clothes on the floor, some trash that needs picking up. Everything in the room from the dressers and bed to his TV are all hand-me-downs. A PlayStation 2 and a stack of games. Another stack of CDs. Another stack of DVDs and VHS tapes. A VHS player stacked on top his box-shaped TV.

His walls are covered in posters, mostly music related. From Ice Cube and NWA to Wu-Tang and DMX. A lone movie poster is the same exact *Boyz N The Hood* poster we've seen framed in Curtis' apartment (though in newer condition).

CURTIS (OS)
He's not gonna notice?

CHARLIE (OS)
Man, I smoke his shit all the time.
He's too high to notice.

Thirteen year old Charlie and Curtis come into the room. Charlie, chubby, slams the door shut behind them while Curtis takes a seat at the foot of his bed.

Charlie joins him on his bed, sitting near his pillow. He dumps the weed he snuck from his older brother onto the nightstand beside him.

He reaches into the top drawer of his nightstand, digging behind socks and underwear. He pulls out an already opened 2-pack of swisher sweets cigarillos. He pulls out the lone cigarillo.

Curtis sifts through the VHS tapes.

CURTIS
(reading the boxes)
The Brother from Anoth..
(turns to Charlie)
Ay, you seen this yet?

Charlie looks up from what he's doing for a moment.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Nah.

Charlie turns his attention back to dumping the cigarillo of tobacco and replacing it with the stolen weed.

Curtis pops the VHS in. The credits are rolling. Curtis hits rewind to start the tape from the beginning.

CURTIS

Damn. Nobody ever rewinds them. You even know how to roll a joint?

CHARLIE

Man, they call me "Green Thumb Charlie".

CURTIS

What? Nobody calls--
(laughs)
You stupid.

CHARLIE

You stupid. Don't even know it's a blunt, not a joint.

Charlie rolls their blunt. Curtis hits play on the VHS.

CURTIS

Same thing.

CHARLIE

Damn you really never smoked before?

CURTIS

Nah.

Charlie laughs as he finishes rolling the shitty looking blunt.

CURTIS

What?

CHARLIE

Nothing.

CURTIS

What?

CHARLIE

You're about to go where no man has gone before!

(CONTINUED)

Charlie presents the blunt.

CHARLIE
The Final Frontier.

Curtis accepts the blunt. He places it to his lips. Charlie lights it for him.

CHARLIE
Blast off.

Curtis inhales, instantly going into a coughing fit. Charlie pats him on the back.

CHARLIE
Attaboy!

CUT TO:

Charlie has mostly taken over smoking the blunt. Curtis, eyes red and squinty, stares at the TV high out of his mind.

THE BROTHER FROM ANOTHER PLANET shoots across the TV screen.

CHARLIE
Man, you think aliens would look like us?

CURTIS
(slow to respond)
Like brown?

CHARLIE
(laughs)
Yeah, sure. You good, Curtz?

CURTIS
(feels chest)
My heart's beating fast.

CHARLIE
It's supposed to relax you.

CURTIS
I dunno, I don't feel relaxed.

Charlie's stomach growls.

CHARLIE
Dayum, I'm fucking hungry. You hungry?

(CONTINUED)

CURTIS
(thinks)
I think so.. Wait, yeah.

Joe Morton is on the TV screen. His 3-toed alien foot is revealed.

CHARLIE
Eww, look at his nasty ass feet!
With his 3-toe having--

Curtis laughs.. then laughs and laughs. He can't stop laughing. This makes Charlie start to laugh too.

CHARLIE
What's so funny?

INT. FAST FOOT JOINT

Curtis and Charlie sits across from each other at a booth, eating their burgers and fries. Charlie has twice the amount of food as Curtis. Curtis is eating like its his first time.

CHARLIE
Slow down, bruh. It's not going anywhere.

Charlie's having more fun watching Curtis be high than being high himself. Even through the joking around though, Charlie keeps a watchful eye on Curtis.

CURTIS
This is the best burger I ever had.

CHARLIE
The best? Shiet, that's the weed.

CURTIS
Your fat ass just ate two of em.

CHARLIE
Man, how many times I gotta tell you? This is all muscle. This is gains, homie. Gotta maintain.

Curtis almost spits out his food to laugh at that.

CHARLIE
Whatever. You just don't understand my regiment.

EXT. FAST FOOD JOINT

Curtis and Charlie, now full on fast food, waddle their way out of the restaurant.

They pass a HOMELESS MAN. The African-American man (40s) is unkempt. There's a look in his eyes that reads as trauma.

HOMELESS MAN
Watch the skies.

Charlie turns to him.

CHARLIE
What?

HOMELESS MAN
They always watching.

CHARLIE
(sarcastic)
Who, Big Brother?

HOMELESS MAN
Them too.
(beat)
The eye in the sky. They take your
your memories. Your dreams. Your
essence.

Curtis is being sucked into his spiel. Charlie isn't having it. He pulls him away, guiding him towards the street corner.

CHARLIE
Man, let's go. Don't listen to this
crazy ass. Smelly ass drunk.

CURTIS
Wait. What if he's an alien?

They stop at the corner. Curtis can only keep a straight face for so long. He breaks and they both laugh.

CHARLIE
You think they all smell like that?

CURTIS
(laughs)
I hope not. Oh shit--It's Bobby.

Charlie looks over to see a fourteen year old Bobby Williams III in big dark shades, crossing the street, coming their way.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Man, Bobby ain't shit. He just acts hard.

CURTIS

I dunno, I heard he stabbed Antonio last week.

CHARLIE

Bruh, I call bullshit on that. I ain't scared of this clown.

Bobby confronts them as he finishes crossing the street.

BOBBY

Oh shit, look what we got here.

CHARLIE

I know, we beautiful, huh? Good thing you got them "cool-ass" shades to protect your vision.

BOBBY

You getting smart with me?

CHARLIE

Bruh, quit playing.

BOBBY

Who's playin? Ya'll just come from eating over there?

CURTIS

Yeah.

BOBBY

How much money you got left?

CURTIS

Uh--I ain't--

CHARLIE

We ain't got shit for you, Bobby. So stop trying to act all hard.

BOBBY

Nigga, what'd you say to me?

CHARLIE

I said you need to get them big ass dumba ears checked cause the only hard part of your body is your peanut-shaped head.

(CONTINUED)

Bobby swings at Charlie, but misses and hits Curtis instead when Charlie dodges backward. Curtis, still a little high, is scared to death. He cowers before Bobby as Bobby stands over him.

Charlie, a quick thinker, surveys the street. He sees a broken in half 40oz liquor bottle and grabs it before Bobby does some serious damage to Curtis.

CHARLIE
(flashes the broken glass)
I'ma give you one chance to step
away from my boi.

BOBBY
You ain't gonna do shit with that.
Only way ya'll walking away from
this ali--

CHARLIE
Hilltop bitch!

Charlie jumps forward smashing the broken bottle into Bobby's face, effectively breaking and slicing his nose, as well as destroying his cheap sunglasses.

BOBBY
Ow, mutha fuck--

Bobby holds his face, blood leaking out between his fingers.

Charlie grabs Curtis by the collar.

CHARLIE
Yo, hurry up, let's go!

Curtis follows after Charlie as he starts to run across the street. They almost get run over as they do.

The two get across alive, looking back at a beaten bully.

BOBBY
I'm gonna fucking kill you niggas!
Just watch! I'ma find you! Don't
let me catch you sleepin!

Bobby continues to yell obscenities at them, but the pain is too much for him to bother with them. They laugh then start to run again.

FLASHBACK END

Curtis' cell phone alarm goes off.

INT. CURTIS' APARTMENT - BEDROOM

Curtis stirs as he starts to wake.

SUPERIMPOSE: Chapter Four: It's Dark and Hell is Hot

Curtis checks his phone. Stops the alarm. No messages from Charlie. He sighs then sits up. He stares at the wall, waiting for something to happen.

INT. CURTIS' CAR - MOVING

Curtis is dressed in a button up shirt and slacks.

He's in light traffic. He switches out the CD in his player for some DMX.

INT. COLLINS' CREDIT UNION

Curtis sits across from a HIRING MANAGER.

HIRING MANAGER

I noticed a lot of gaps in between your many jobs, most of which seem short lived. Any reason behind that?

CURTIS

(pause)

Uh, yeah. I go back and forth a lot, helping family.

HIRING MANAGER

Under the table work?

CURTIS

Sorta. My uncle owns a ranch. They usually need an extra hand when summer rolls around.

HIRING MANAGER

I see. Do you have any prior experience working security anywhere?

CURTIS

Well, I know how to use a gun if that's what you mean.

(CONTINUED)

HIRING MANAGER
Oh, picked that up on the ranch?

CURTIS
.. Yeah.

HIRING MANAGER
A real cowboy, huh?

CURTIS
.. Not exactly.

INT. CURTIS' CAR - EXT. FAST FOOD SPOT

Curtis is in a long line at a fast food driv-thru. He sits quiet, watching people walking up and down the sidewalk.

INT. CURTIS' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Curtis sits on his couch, still in his interview clothes, eating his fast food and watching TV. His face is blank. It's been a week of this.

His cell phone rings. An unsaved number. He answers.

CURTIS
Yeah, hello?

CALLER (VO)
This Curtis Redding?

CURTIS
This be him. Who's this?

CALLER (VO)
Larry Fuqua.

CURTIS
The name doesn't sound any alarms.

LARRY FUQUA (VO)
I would hope not. Not looking to advertise my name and face on a billboard or anything. Heard you're looking for some work?

CURTIS
Oh yeah? Where you hear that?

(CONTINUED)

LARRY FUQUA (VO)
Friend of a friend. Over at
Vondie's. You know the joint?

CURTIS
Yeah. Vondie's cool.

LARRY FUQUA (VO)
Meet me there in two hours if
you're interested in details.

CURTIS
.. Cool.

Larry hangs up. Curtis looks down at his phone, uneasy.

INT. CURTIS' CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Curtis stops at a stop sign. He contemplates going to
Vondie's. He just has to go straight down Market St.

He waits, weighing his options. After another moment, he
signals left and turns left instead onto Boundary St (which
leads to Hilltop Dr).

Curtis drives towards Charlie's place, which has become a
daily stop for him.

He's about to make a left onto Charlie's street (Hilltop Dr)
when a dark figure appears in the middle of the street,
revealed by Curtis' headlights.

Curtis breaks suddenly, stopping just short of hitting the
person. He realizes the man is naked, hiding from the light,
frightened of the world around him.

The naked man finishes crossing. He continues down Hilltop
Drive.

Curtis slowly follows, continuing to drive down the street
alongside the man. He's trying to get a better look at him.
He feels like he already knows, but isn't for sure.

The naked man is moving towards Charlie's place, confirming
Curtis' fears.

Curtis pulls into the driveway, beside Charlie's car. His
driver side window has been covered up (by Curtis). Curtis'
headlights reveal Charlie as he stumbles into his front
door.

(CONTINUED)

Curtis jumps out of his car and runs up to help Charlie. Charlie rolls up into a ball, crying and shrieking once Curtis attempts to lay hands on him. The light is blinding to him.

CURTIS
Charlie! Charlie! It's Curtz, man.
It's Curtis.

Charlie won't even look up at him. He doesn't seem to understand what's going on.

CURTIS
It's okay, Charlie. Charlie..
please.

Curtis unlocks the front door and tries to get Charlie inside. Charlie won't stop shrieking.

CURTIS
Come on. I got you, Charlie. I got
you.

Curtis manages to get Charlie inside the house forcibly. He shuts the door and locks it.

INT. CHARLIE'S PLACE - INT. BEDROOM

Curtis sits at the foot of Charlie's bed. Charlie has cried himself to sleep. Curtis covers him with a sheet.

Curtis watches him as he sleeps, confused, but relieved to see his friend again.

LIVING ROOM - NEXT MORNING

Curtis is passed out on the couch. He starts to wake to the commotion coming from Charlie's room. Something is knocked over and shatters.

Curtis jolts up from the couch and runs into

INT. BEDROOM

Charlie is flipping out again, acting like he's covered in invisible somethings, shaking and kicking out.

His broken lamp is on the floor.

Curtis tries to comfort him.

(CONTINUED)

CURTIS
Charlie. Charlie!

Charlie shrieks.

CURTIS
Hey, foo!!

Charlie stops moving then slowly looks up at Curtis. At first, there's zero recognition in his eyes. This scares Curtis, but keeps his gaze. Then gradually, some semblance of recognition starts to fill Charlie's eyes.

Curtis notices Charlie's head is shaved, his box braids gone.

CHARLIE
(low)
Colonel Curtz?

CURTIS
(chuckles)
Yeah, man. It's Colonel Curtz.

CHARLIE
Curtis.

Charlie looks like he wants to say more, like the words are stuck in his throat.

CURTIS
What is it? What's wrong? Where you been, man?

Charlie is still struggling to muster up more words.

CURTIS
OK, too many questions. We'll worry about all that later.

CHARLIE
(mutters)
My dreams.

CURTIS
What?

CHARLIE
They stole my dreams.

CURTIS
Who did?

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

(pause)

I don't know. I can't remember.

Tears fill Charlie's eyes.

CURTIS

I know this isn't what you wanna hear right now, but you can't stay here.

CHARLIE

My house.

CURTIS

(smiles)

Yeah, I know it's your house. Bobby's still looking for you though. That foo's on another planet right now. Thinks he's Macbeth or something, acting like a paranoid ass f--

Charlie rests his head back down on his pillow. Curtis sighs, worried he's not getting through to him.

Curtis calls up Rashida.

CURTIS

Hey. I need a really big favor. Like.. I'll never ask you for anything again you do this for me.

(listens)

You gone into work yet? Okay, give me like twenty minutes. I'm bringing Charlie.

(listens)

Yeah, I found him. He's.. well, you'll see. Thanks, bye.

Curtis hangs up and pockets his phone. He digs into Charlie's drawers and picks out some clothes for him.

Charlie sits up.

CURTIS

We gotta go, Charlie. I'm taking you to Rashida's.

Charlie stands, fully naked in front of Curtis.

(CONTINUED)

CURTIS
.. But not like that.

Curtis looks away and presents underwear and pants. Charlie doesn't take it, prompting Curtis to have to look at him again.

CURTIS
(nods, sighs)
Okay.

Curtis helps Charlie get his underwear then pants on, one leg at a time.

INT. CURTIS' CAR - MOVING

Charlie sits in the passenger seat, fully dressed now.

Curtis puts on some music hoping it might help bring Charlie back to reality or at least put him at ease. He's on the edge and won't step away. He's a shell of who he used to be.

CURTIS
You know you've been gone a week.

Charlie stares out the passenger window, people watching.

CURTIS
Did something happen?

CHARLIE
They stole my dreams.

Curtis' cell rings, startling Charlie.

CURTIS
It's cool, man, it's cool. Just my
phone.

He shows it to Charlie. Charlie slowly turns back towards his window.

Curtis looks down to see its Bobby calling. He refuses the call.

EXT. RASHIDA'S CONDO

Curtis has already parked. He's standing outside his car while Charlie still sits inside.

Rashida comes out.

(CONTINUED)

CURTIS

I need you to keep him here for a few nights.

RASHIDA

What? Why?

CURTIS

That job I pulled last week. Charlie was supposed to be there. Obviously he wasn't. Shit went south. One of my crew mates is looking for him. Ringing me up every day now.

RASHIDA

Who?

CURTIS

Bobby--you wouldn't know him.

RASHIDA

Bobby Williams III?

CURTIS

(pause)

Why do you know--

RASHIDA

We went to the same school, remember? Hard to forget his crazy ass.

Curtis just stares at Rashida, waiting to hear the whole story.

RASHIDA

I'm sorry but am I doing you the favor here or--you really wanna do this right now?

CURTIS

(puts his hands up)

Alright, alright, my bad. You're right.

RASHIDA

I know. Has he told you anything?

CURTIS

(shakes head)

Nah, not really. He just keeps saying "they" stole his dreams.

(CONTINUED)

RASHIDA

(thinks)

You remember my cousin Will? I told you what happened with him. He's a completely different person now--

CURTIS

(nods)

Dreamcatchers. You think that's what fucked Charlie up?

RASHIDA

I don't know, but it's getting bad out there. Wouldn't surprise me.

CURTIS

You know who sold em to him?

Rashida shakes her head.

CURTIS

Okay. I'ma stop by Vondie's real quick.

RASHIDA

A little early for a drink.

CURTIS

If anyone might know a dealer, it'd be Vondie.

RASHIDA

Just give Charlie time. He'll probably be talking by tomorrow.

CURTIS

I don't wanna know tomorrow. I wanna know right now.

RASHIDA

Okay, Colombo.

Curtis shakes off her joke then goes over to Charlie. Charlie rests in the open window.

CURTIS

I'm gonna leave you here with Rashida for a bit, okay? I gotta check some things out.

Charlie grips Curtis' arm. Curtis looks down at Charlie's hand. He places his on top and gently pulls it away.

(CONTINUED)

CURTIS

I'll be back. I promise.

Charlie stares into Curtis' eyes, searching for the truth. After a moment he accepts it and nods.

INT. VONDIE'S TAVERN

Curtis walks inside, catching Vondie getting the place ready.

VONDIE

You keep showing up this early, you gonna become my new regular.

CURTIS

Ain't looking for a drink. Just some information.

VONDIE

Seen more bright lights in the sky?

CURTIS

You know anyone pushing dreamcatchers?

VONDIE

Ah, "dreamcatchers". The new thing on the street. I thought you had a friend for that already.

CURTIS

What do you mean?

VONDIE

Yeah, isn't that what that Fukoo cat does? I had to tell him to stop trying to sell to my customers. Acting like he's Freddy Krueger for the people or something.

CURTIS

(remembers)

Larry Fuqua.

VONDIE

Yeah, that's him. He said he was expecting you. Was disappointed when you didn't show.

(CONTINUED)

CURTIS

I got.. sidetracked. Keep this on the down low, but.. Charlie's back.

VONDIE

Oh, good. How is he? You find out where he's been all week?

CURTIS

Nah, but I'm working on it.

VONDIE

You have this Fuqua's info?

CURTIS

Yeah. Thanks, Vondie.

VONDIE

All good. Hope you get the answers you're looking for.

Curtis pulls out his cell as he walks out, looking for the number that called him yesterday.

EXT. BOWLEGGED B.B.Q

On Market St.

Curtis sits outside, eating a BBQ plate.

LARRY FUQUA, African-American (30s), dressed like a businessman of the streets, approaches Curtis.

LARRY FUQUA

You wanna dream a little dream?

CURTIS

Larry Fuqua?

Larry looks around before taking a seat across from Curtis.

LARRY FUQUA

I'm looking for some help. I'm a.. distributor.

CURTIS

You can tell it how it is. You're a pusher.

LARRY FUQUA

(smirks)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LARRY FUQUA (cont'd)
I came to you cause I heard you
were a man of discretion. Not so
sure that's the case now.

CURTIS
It is. I just prefer to work with
people who keep it real.

LARRY FUQUA
(pause)
Dreamcatchers. You heard of em?

CURTIS
All the rage apparently.

LARRY FUQUA
There's certainly been an uptick in
business as of late. Looking to
expand. So, here I am recruiting
the best the hood's got to offer.
Your name came up. One of a few.

CURTIS
From whose lips?

LARRY FUQUA
Marcus. Lives around the corner
from where the magic happens.

CURTIS
(nods)
Who're your people?

LARRY FUQUA
No names. And never the same face.

CURTIS
So how do you know its legit?

LARRY FUQUA
Cause I'm not behind bars. I'm here
speaking to you. But the more
people I recruit, the more that
know, the higher the risk.

CURTIS
What's that you said? When you
first came up.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY FUQUA

(thinks)

Oh, that. "You wanna dream a little dream?" That's the question. Once they show the money, there's your answer.

CURTIS

So how do they work?

LARRY FUQUA

I don't know the science behind em, just where they make em.

CURTIS

I mean, what do they do to the users?

Larry looks at Curtis suspiciously.

CURTIS

Just curious.

LARRY FUQUA

Well, you know what they say about that.

Curtis doesn't budge.

LARRY FUQUA

They make you dream. Relive moments of your life. You ride shotgun on a nostalgia trip. All in a little purple pill.

CURTIS

You ever try it?

LARRY FUQUA

Me? No. I'm not interested in revisiting the past. Not even for a night. Eyes always on the future.

CURTIS

You ever sell to a Charlie Carpenter?

LARRY FUQUA

Doesn't sound familiar.

Curtis thinks on this, unsure whether to believe him or not.

(CONTINUED)

CURTIS

So what happens now?

LARRY FUQUA

There's a spot on the corner of
42nd and J. Next to Marcus' place.

CURTIS

The abandoned trap house.

LARRY FUQUA

"Abandoned".

(beat, low)

There'll be a shipment ready for
you. You'll hit above Market.

CURTIS

Who do I talk to?

LARRY FUQUA

.. You'll know when you see him.

CURTIS

You said "never the same face."

LARRY FUQUA

.. Something about the way they
look at you.. they all have that
same look.

Larry offers his hand. Curtis shakes it reluctantly.

INT. RASHIDA'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM

Charlie sleeps on Rashida's couch.

Rashida stands behind the couch, watching him. Her eyes
focus in on Charlie's scalp area. She moves in closer.
Underneath the barely-growing back hair, there are lines
around Charlie's scalp. Rashida gently places a finger along
the lines, feeling the indents of what are actually scars.

She pulls her finger away, placing her hand to her mouth.

RASHIDA

(low)

Oh my god. Who did this to you?

Rashida's cell phone rings from her room. She quickly moves
back to her room, quietly shutting her bedroom door.

Charlie stirs from the ringing. He's starting to dream
again.

There's a different kind of ringing in Charlie's ears, more of a droning. Bright white light blinds him.

INT. BEDROOM

RASHIDA

Hello?

BOBBY (VO)

Rashida, Rashida.

RASHIDA

Who's this?

BOBBY (VO)

You don't recognize the sound of my soothing voice?

RASHIDA

(pause)

Who is this?

BOBBY (VO)

Now you're making me feel bad. Why do you wanna hurt me, Rashida?

RASHIDA

What do you want, Bobby?

BOBBY (VO)

So you do know. Just playing hard to get.

RASHIDA

Get this: I don't know how you got my number, but there's a reason you didn't have it.

INTERCUT

Charlie is on a metal table, as if in a morgue. He hears the sounds of surgical tools. He's frantically looking around. An outline of a person appears, blown out by the blinding light. Charlie's eyes go wide.

BOBBY (VO)

I thought we had some good times together.

RASHIDA

You haven't heard from me, in what? Five years? I'm trying to keep it

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RASHIDA (cont'd)
that way. Don't call this number
again.

BOBBY (VO)
Is Charlie there with you?

Rashida freezes up.

INTERCUT

Charlie is still dreaming. He's on the metal table,
hyperventilating. He tries to get up, but he can't. He's
paralyzed. The outline of the "surgeon" is getting closer
then.. starts to multiply. Charlie's eyes become erratic,
shooting from left to right and back and forth between the
multiple outlines.

BOBBY (VO)
You don't have to say anything.
Your silence speaks volumes.

RASHIDA
(snaps out of it)
No, Charlie's not here. He's still
missing. I thought you'd know that
since you're apparently his
greatest admirer. I'm just--trying
to get ready for work. You're
holding me up.

BOBBY (VO)
I'll swing by your work. We'll have
lunch.

RASHIDA
Wha--No!

BOBBY (VO)
After work then.

RASHIDA
Bobby! You know, Curtis won't be
happy you're calling me like this.

BOBBY (VO)
Curtis?
(beat)
Does he even know about us?

As Bobby said, Rashida's silence says it all.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY (VO)
(laughs)
It's been nice catching up, but
you're right. I got some hunting to
do.

Bobby hangs up.

Charlie starts shrieking from the

LIVING ROOM

Rashida bolts out of her bedroom.

RASHIDA
Charlie?

Charlie is shaking on the floor, his hands over his head.

Rashida moves to comfort him, but he's flipping out.

RASHIDA
Charlie! Charlie!

CHARLIE
(mutters)
They--they stole my dreams..

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - EXT. TRAP HOUSE

Curtis stands outside the boarded up TRAP HOUSE sitting at the corner of 42nd St and J st (the very same he drove past a week before).

The place looks like it's a hundred years old. It seems completely abandoned and uninhabitable.

Curtis walks up to the windows, trying to peek inside. It's impossible to see in, but Curtis stops when he hears a bubbling. He moves his ear closer to the boarded up window, listening harder.

There's movement inside. The sound of centrifuges whirling. Then

SLAM!

Curtis steps back from the window. He walks around the right side where the sound of a door slamming open came from.

A MAN steps out from inside the trap house, holding a package.

(CONTINUED)

Curtis looks around before walking towards the STRANGE MAN. He stops in front of him.

The centrifuge sounds and bubbling are louder now.

CURTIS

I guess ya'll were expecting me.

Curtis studies the man. He is the SAME man from Curtis' childhood. The HOMELESS MAN from the flashback, except TALLER. Though Curtis doesn't fully recognize the face he would have only seen a handful of times over ten years ago, there is a familiarity here nonetheless.

As if feeling an itch in the back of his skull, Curtis scratches the back of his head, suspicious.

The STRANGE MAN is straight faced, zero emotion or expression registering on his face. His dead eyes stare back at Curtis, making him uncomfortable. Its like looking back at someone's eyes behind a Halloween mask. His skin almost appears to be loose as if his face were a mask itself.

CURTIS

Have we met?

The Strange Man remains tight lipped. Unphased by words.

Curtis notes the package in the Strange Man's hands.

CURTIS

That for me?

The Strange Man brings up the package. Curtis takes it.

CURTIS

.. Thanks.

The Strange Man's tall stature makes it difficult for Curtis to catch a glimpse of what's inside the trap house.

CURTIS

You ever play center?

(beat)

Think you'd be good at it.

Curtis chuckles. The Strange Man is still unchanged. Curtis studies him, waiting for him to say something. He won't.

Curtis' cell phone rings, startling him. The Strange Man doesn't react.

(CONTINUED)

CURTIS

Sorry, I gotta take--

Curtis takes a few steps backwards before turning his back to the man. He looks over his shoulder time to time. The Strange Man stays in place, staring back at Curtis the entire time.

He answers his cell.

CURTIS

Yeah.

(listens)

Wha--alright, alright. I'm coming.

Curtis looks back again, but the Strange Man has already slipped back inside.

INT. RASHIDA'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM

Rashida sits beside Charlie on her couch, moving her hand in soft circles on his back.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

Charlie jumps from the sudden banging on the front door.

RASHIDA

It's okay. It's just Curtis.

Rashida answers the door, gently pushing Curtis back outside. She closes the door behind her.

EXT. RASHIDA'S CONDO

RASHIDA

(hushed)

I don't know what the fuck's going on with him, but he can't stay here.

CURTIS

It's been a few hours and you're already throwing him out?

RASHIDA

Wha--Are you for reals right now? I just had to call out of work. Did you see the scars?

(CONTINUED)

CURTIS
What scars?

RASHIDA
He has scars.. on his head.
Something really fucked up happened
to him, Curtis.

CURTIS
Has he said anything? Remembered
something?

RASHIDA
He just keeps saying "they stole
his dreams."
(beat)
What's that?

Curtis looks down at the package in his hands.

CURTIS
.. Maybe a way to give him his
dreams back. Help him remember.

INT. RASHIDA'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM

Curtis and Rashida come back inside.

RASHIDA
This seems like a bad idea.

CURTIS
Just get him some water.

Rashida goes to the kitchen while Curtis kneels in front of
Charlie.

CURTIS
Hey, Charlie. How you doing, man?

CHARLIE
(shakes head)
They took em. They took em from me.

CURTIS
I think.. I have something that
might help you get em back.

Charlie looks up. Curtis presents a single purple pill. A
DREAMCATCHER.

Rashida returns from the kitchen with a half filled glass of
water. She offers it to Charlie. Curtis takes it.

(CONTINUED)

CURTIS

You ready?

Charlie stares at the pill then opens his palm. Curtis drops the purple pill into his open palm. Charlie pops it in his mouth then takes the glass. His hand trembles as he brings the glass to his lips. He drinks and swallows.

Curtis takes the glass back, giving it to Rashida. She places it on the nearby kitchen table.

CURTIS

Close your eyes and just relax.

Charlie shuts his eyes and puts his head down between his knees. Curtis moves to his knees, staying in front of Charlie. They all sit in silence for a few moments before

The dreamcatcher starts to take effect.

IMAGES are FLASHING in Charlie's head:

-Charlie as a baby, being rocked by his MOMMA

-as a child

-as a teen, joking and messing around with teen Curtis

-the two of them as adults

CURTIS (VO)

Where did the scars come from,
Charlie? Who did this to you?

The FLASHING IMAGES continue:

-Charlie as a child with his Momma and older brother TRE

-at seventeen/eighteen, crying over TRE who has just been shot

CHARLIE (VO)

Dentist?

-teen Charlie sits in a dentist's office, in the chair, being worked on.

Charlie reacts to the drilling in his mouth, feeling like he's really there.

-the bright lights in the dentist's office become blinding

(CONTINUED)

-Charlie finds himself in a different room, but everything is blurry, he can't make out the details. The blinding light doesn't help either.

CHARLIE (VO)

Doc--?

CURTIS (VO)

Who did this? Who took your dreams?

-the outline from before returns. The "surgeon" proceeds to operate on a paralyzed Charlie

Charlie winces in pain, he grabs his head, screaming.

-the "surgeon" multiplies again, one outline becoming several

-suddenly the outlines are replaced by grotesque creatures whose faces are impossible to make out through the blurriness, through the blinding light, through the speed in which they flash in Charlie's mind

-the monsters are ripping him apart, the room has been replaced by fire and brimstone. Charlie is in HELL. The demons pull and tear at him. One digs into Charlie's skull with its needle like fingers

-a black hole swallowing every star in its path

-Charlie is caught in the blinding light, it's enveloped him. It appears as if he's moving, being shot up into the sky, but we're too close to him to see the action or around it

Charlie screams, grabbing at his head, falling forward. Curtis catches him. Charlie won't stop shaking.

Rashida watches from behind the couch, unsure how to help.

Curtis holds Charlie tight, doing what he can to comfort him. He looks up at Rashida, hoping he did the right thing.

INT. CHARLIE'S PLACE - KITCHEN

We move through Charlie's house from outside to inside, through the broken window.

The place has been ransacked. Furniture flipped, things smashed and broken.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY (OS)
After work then.

RASHIDA (VO)
Bobby! You know, Curtis won't be
happy you're calling me like this.

Bobby sits in Charlie's kitchen, which has also been turned through. Cabinet doors have been swung open, everything inside the cabinets thrown out.

BOBBY
Curtis?
(beat)
Does he even know about us?

Rashida is quiet on the other end.

BOBBY
(laughs)
It's been nice catching up, but
you're right. I got some hunting to
do.

Bobby hangs up. He fumes silently.

SUPERIMPOSE: Chapter Five: Streiht Up Menace

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD CORNER

SUPERIMPOSE: Yesterday..

Bobby stands with THREE CRIPS. They're dressed in black and blue. As Snoop Dogg put it "I keep a blue flag hanging out my backside, but only on the left side, yeah that's the Crip side."

CRIP #1
Heard you cool with the eses 'round
the block now. What's up with that?

CRIP #2
(laughs)
You shacking up with the wrong
brown people.

BOBBY
I know people all over. Means to an
end. Means to an end.

(CONTINUED)

CRIP #1
To what end?

BOBBY
The one that fills my pockets.

CRIP #3
Heard that.

BOBBY
So what's the issue? Carl don't
like the Mexicans all of a sudden?
Tell him to build a wall.

The others laugh.

CRIP #1
He don't like that they don't pay
him. Everything above and below
Market. From Allen Park to the 805.

BOBBY
(jokes)
And everything the light touches.
(beat)
What's that got to do with me?
Olmos came to me with the job. He
didn't trust his own homies.

CRIP #1
Who else?

BOBBY
A nobody from the neighborhood.

CRIP #1
From what set?

BOBBY
No set. Just some nigga I know.
That job we pulled was over on
Euclid. Which as far as I can tell
exists beyond Carl's reach.

CRIP #1
Look. We know you a real one, but
Carl's going over the top right
now. Now there's talk there's some
pusher making cash hand over fist
slinging purple pills.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY
If I hear something, I'll holla.

CRIP #2
Words might not be enough. Nah
mean?

Bobby eyes each of the Crips, up and down, putting together the picture.

BOBBY
(standoffish)
So this is a collection?

CRIP #1
(pause)
You can't take on everybody, Bobby.

Bobby takes a beat then chuckles. He digs into his jacket and pulls out a few thousand dollars.

CRIP #2
Oh shit, this nigga's a walking
piggybank.

BOBBY
You're right. I can't take on
everybody.
(beat)
Not all at once.

Crip #1 is silent while the other two laugh at Bobby's big balls. Bobby offers up the money. Crip #1 takes it.

CRIP #2
This nigga's for reals.

BOBBY
Heavy weighs the crown. One day he
might not be strong enough to bare
that weight.

CRIP #1
Should I tell him that when I give
him his money?

BOBBY
When you give him **my** money.. tell
him that it's nice to have friends.

Crip #1 almost laughs at that. He puts out his hand and Bobby takes it, giving the homie handshake.

The three Crips take off. Bobby watches them go.

(CONTINUED)

A POLICE CAR pulls up just as Bobby is about to head the other direction. He stares at the cops inside the car like "you gotta be shitting me"

The passenger window rolls down, revealing the TWO COPS. OFFICERS LOPEZ and PARKER.

BOBBY

Seems like everybody wants something from me today.

OFFICER PARKER

Oh yeah? What'd the other boys in blue want? They shake you down?

Bobby doesn't respond, waiting for Parker to get to the point. He looks down at the rap sheet in front of him.

OFFICER PARKER

Multiple counts of misdemeanor robbery. Several fines there. Three counts of assault as a juvenile. Looks like a few stints in juvie for those. One year in County for possession of an unregistered firearm. Three years in State for first-degree robbery. And that's just the times he was caught.

OFFICER LOPEZ

A real menace to society.

BOBBY

You charging me with something new?

OFFICER PARKER

Your name's come up in connection to last week's robbery at Collins'.

BOBBY

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

OFFICER PARKER

Somebody does. They'll come forward eventually. No one wants to take a murder rap for their partner.

BOBBY

They pay you by the hour to break my balls?

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER PARKER

No, but here you are breaking mine
for free.

BOBBY

Call it a public service. Have a
pleasant day, Officers.

Bobby swaggers off. The cops watch him closely then pull away, driving past him. Parker eyes him until he's no longer in his line of sight.

Bobby stops to watch them drive down the street. There's a rage brewing inside him. An angry paranoia.

BOBBY

Means to an end.

INT. CURTIS' APARTMENT

SUPERIMPOSE: Today..

There's a banging on the door from outside. Then

BLAM BLAM BLAM! After multiple kicks, the door is successfully kicked in by Bobby.

Bobby, gun at his side, searches the place. He knocks over anything in his way, anything that might hold money inside.

He rips away the couch cushions. Nothing.

He checks every cabinet, the fridge, throwing everything in his way out and onto the floor.

INT. BEDROOM

Bobby storms into the bedroom, continuing his rampage. He rummages through Curtis' dresser, then closet. Still turning up nothing.

He flips the mattress over. Nothing.

Not finding a cent only makes Bobby angrier. He smashes the nearby lamp against the wall.

LIVING ROOM

Bobby comes back out. He kicks over Curtis' TV then plops onto the cushion-less couch.

His eyes are frantic. He's unable to keep still. He gets back up.

EXT. 41ST STREET

Between F and Market

Bobby approaches the third house down from F St.

OMAR (40s) and GORDO (30) (Spanish for "fat"), both Mexican-American veterans of the streets, stand out front sharing a cigarette. They're both tatted up; prison tats, names of their kids, numbers to represent their city and hood. Omar has a thick handlebar mustache. Omar wears a wife beater and khaki *Dickies* pants. Gordo wears a black tall tee and baggy jeans.

As Bobby approaches they both give him a once-over, eying him disapprovingly.

OMAR

You look lost. Need some directions to get back home?

BOBBY

I'm exactly where I need to be. Is Olmos home?

The two homies look at one another then laugh.

OMAR

Which one?

BOBBY

Oh, right. I forgot you Mexicans live by the dozen. Ya'll got more cousins than a nigga has Jordans.

OMAR

And would still cost less to feed em than what you spend on your shoes.

BOBBY

(sarcastic)

You don't get tired of beans and rice?

(CONTINUED)

OMAR

It's cheap.
(threatening)
Like life is these days.

BOBBY

Ain't nothing cheap 'bout living in
today's America. Speaking of which,
I have business with Anthony Olmos.

OMAR

Whatchu want with my nephew?

BOBBY

We've done a little work together.
You can say we're something like
compadres now.

OMAR

(laughs)
Oh you're compadres now?

BOBBY

(shrugs)
He here?

OMAR

(pause)
He's inside. Gordo, show him in.

Omar leans in closer to Gordo.

OMAR

(low)
Vigilarlo.

Gordo just nods. He looks over to Bobby.

BOBBY

Two languages. Twice the secrets.

Bobby follows Gordo inside the house, staring back at Omar
as he passes. Omar never backs down.

Omar goes back to smoking his cigarette, chuckling to
himself. He shakes his head.

INT. OLMOS' FAMILY HOME - KITCHEN

Gordo and Bobby pass through the living room where Olmos' little cousins are watching TV.

Anthony Olmos sits at one end of the kitchen table, facing the living room, his back to a side door. He's got a plate of food in front of him. Next to him, his little SISTER does her homework. Olmos looks up from his plate as Bobby approaches and stops at the other end of the table.

Gordo stands a few feet behind him.

OLMOS
(surprised)
Bobby. You hungry? Grab a plate, my
Tios got the grill going out back.

BOBBY
I can practically taste that carne
asada, but I don't have much an
appetite these days.

Olmos registers the serious look on Bobby's face.

OLMOS
Hey, Moni. Go outside for a little.

MONI
I'm doing my homework.

OLMOS
Just listen. Go outside.

Little Moni sighs. She glances at Bobby as she passes and runs towards the back yard.

OLMOS
Gordo, it's cool.

Gordo doesn't move from his spot.

BOBBY
You know what, I'll take a beer.
Ya'll got some ceverzas? What am I
saying, course you do.

OLMOS
Yeah, bro. Gordo, can you get him a
beer? Actually, get two.

(CONTINUED)

GORDO
Chale, güey. Get it yourself.

Gordo leaves them, going back to the front yard.

Bobby looks around the kitchen, he eyes the knife on the counter near the sink and stack of paper plates.

BOBBY
You talk to anybody 'bout the job we pulled?

OLMOS
Nah, man. I mean, they kind of know, but they don't know you.

BOBBY
I got Crips cornering me. Cops rolling up on me. All asking the same question. Seems like everyone knows something I don't.

OLMOS
I didn't say anything to anyone. I make my money my own way, that's nobody else's business. What about Curtis? You give him his cut?

BOBBY
I gave him what he deserved.

OLMOS
And his friend?

BOBBY
Still in the wind.

OLMOS
We're good, bro. Nobody knows shit.

BOBBY
(pause)
On second thought, I'll take a plate.

OLMOS
Yeah, right here behind me.

Bobby moves towards the kitchen sink, he grabs the knife then quickly gets behind Olmos. He sticks the point of the knife at his throat.

(CONTINUED)

OLMOS
The fuck you doing, man?

BOBBY
If you lying to me--

Bobby pushes the knife in, cutting Olmos just enough to make him bleed.

OLMOS
You're actually fucking crazy. All I gotta do is yell, my whole family'll be on top of you.

BOBBY
You'll still be dead.

Olmos has been said to be the "smart one". He lives up to his title and backs down.

BOBBY
You say anything to anybody? You speak my name aloud?

OLMOS
No, man. I'm telling you. You're paranoid.

BOBBY
I'm what?

Bobby digs deeper with the knife.

OLMOS
Nothing, nothing. What do you want from me?

BOBBY
Just the truth.

OLMOS
It's the truth, man!

BOBBY
Keep your voice down.
(beat)
Actually, I want something else too.

OLMOS
(jokes)
That plate, right?

Olmos tries to laugh, Bobby doesn't.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY
Where you hiding your cut?

OLMOS
Uh, what?

BOBBY
Don't get stupid on me. Show me the money.

OLMOS
Dayum, you're fucking something else--

BOBBY
You don't wanna find out. Where?

OLMOS
(beat, hesitates)
In the bedroom.

BOBBY
Show me.

Bobby forces Olmos up on his feet, keeping the knife in his neck. They slowly make their way out of the kitchen and through the living room. The kids pay them no mind, still watching the TV loud.

Gordo turns and sees the two going towards the back of the house. He's suspicious.

INT. BEDROOM

Bobby releases his grip on Olmos. He switches the knife to his other hand then pulls out his pistol.

BOBBY
Don't try me, Olmos.

Olmos stops in front of a Cypress Hill poster on the wall. He turns back to Bobby, whose gaze hasn't left him. He sighs then takes down the poster, revealing a space in the wall. He grabs the backpack full of his cut of the bank job money and tosses it to Bobby.

Bobby grabs it and puts it on.

BOBBY
What else you got in there?

(CONTINUED)

OLMOS

Come on, man!

Bobby doesn't budge. Olmos turns back to the space in the wall. Bobby creeps closer to him. Olmos, as expected, pulls a fast one. He grabs a hidden HANDGUN from the space, turning to shoot Bobby, but Bobby is already on top of him.

Bobby stabs him in the stomach several times.

BOBBY

I thought you were the smart one.

Bobby stabs Olmos in the neck. As the life leaves Olmos' eyes, Bobby hears something moving behind him.

He quickly turns as Gordo is stepping into the room, gun drawn, and BANG! BANG! BANG! shoots him in the chest.

The kids scream from the living room and Bobby can hear the troops all rallying up to come after him.

Bobby shoots out the bedroom window, breaking the glass away with his gun. He jumps out then hops the neighbor's fence as Olmos' tios and cousins storm the house.

INT. RASHIDA'S CONDO

DING DONG

Rashida answers the door to find nobody there. She takes a quick step outside to check in case of a delivered package.

Bobby stands just to the side of the door, barely out of view.

BOBBY

Rashida.

RASHIDA

(startled)

Bobby? Wha-what are you doing here?

BOBBY

Ya girl Trina gave you up.

RASHIDA

(pause)

What do you want?

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY

What I've been wanted. Just answers.

RASHIDA

I'm going to call Curtis. When he hear--

BOBBY

Good. I want you to call him.
(beat)
But not yet.

EXT. FAST FOOD JOINT - INT. CURTIS' CAR - SUNSET

Curtis and Charlie sit in the car, eating their fast food. Charlie is finally eating. He's putting burgers down like there's no tomorrow. Curtis eats slow, watching Charlie.

CURTIS

Slow down, foo.

CHARLIE

(mouth full)

This is the best burger I ever had.

CURTIS

(chuckles)

Best? You keep eating like that, you'll gain the weight you lost back in no time.

Curtis' cell rings. He checks it then answers.

RASHIDA (VO)

Curtis?

CURTIS

Hey. What's up?

RASHIDA (VO)

Wh-where are you, Curtis?

Curtis listens closer. There's something in Rashida's voice he finds troubling.

CURTIS

I'm just here with Charlie. He's finally eating again. Hey, you okay?

INT. RASHIDA'S CONDO

Rashida sits at her small kitchen table. Her cell phone rests in front of her on speaker. Bobby stands behind her, hovering. He's clearly beaten Rashida. Several hits to the face have bloodied her lip and nose. One of her eyes are swelling up. She's trying to hold back tears, but is struggling.

RASHIDA

Curt--I jus--where are you?

CURTIS (VO)

Why do you keep asking that?

RASHIDA

Curtz, please.

BOBBY

You better answer her.

INT. CURTIS' CAR

Curtis goes from concern to the hairs standing up on the back of his neck. He puts his phone on speaker.

CURTIS

.. Bobby?

BOBBY (VO)

You two been giving me the slip. Making me look like a fool. Talking to other people 'bout me.

CURTIS

Bobby, you are a fool. Nobody said shit, you fucking psycho. Let Rashida g--

BOBBY (VO)

DON'T FUCK WITH ME, NIGGA!

Curtis has to move his phone away Bobby's distorted screaming is so loud and ear piercing.

BOBBY (VO)

Ya girl's one more wrong word away from never seeing through her left eye again.

(CONTINUED)

CURTIS

Just get to the point. What do you want? Money? It's yours.

BOBBY (VO)

I want you and that nigga Charlie's heads on a platter. And that's exactly what you're gonna give me.

CURTIS

Alright then, we're on our way.

BOBBY (VO)

Nah. I want you where I can see you. In the open. Meet me outside Vondie's.

CURTIS

We'll see you there. If you harm another ha--

Bobby hangs up.

Charlie is still piecing things together, trying to remember who Bobby even is.

CURTIS

I'm sorry, Charlie, but we don't have much of a choice.

Charlie stares back at Curtis with a look of acknowledgment.

CURTIS

(nods)

Okay.

Curtis starts his car and peels out.

INT. RASHIDA'S CONDO

BOBBY

For your sake, they better show.

RASHIDA

Curtis is a man of his word. You? I don't see much of a man at all.

Bobby suddenly grabs Rashida by the throat and chokes.

BOBBY

(suave)

I know you missed my touch.

(CONTINUED)

Rashida gasps for air, trying to fight back and pull away Bobby's fingers. Through the struggle they go backward, making Rashida fall out of her chair and onto her back. Bobby stays on her, choking harder. Just before it's too late, Bobby stops and releases her. He remains on top of her though, laughing as Rashida tries to catch her breath.

BOBBY

Til next time, baby.

Bobby gets off her and storms out, leaving Rashida to wallow.

INT. CURTIS' CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: **Chapter Six: At the Speed of Life**

Curtis has joined Charlie in his silence, focused on the mission ahead. Charlie watches him, still feeling incomplete.

EXT. VONDIE'S TAVERN

Curtis parks on the street. He and Charlie sit and wait, looking around for Bobby. Nowhere in sight.

Curtis checks his gun then cocks it. The sound grabs Charlie's attention. Charlie has a strange look in his eye. Curtis understands it.

CURTIS

Charlie..

(pause)

There's no reason in that man. He's a rabid dog.. and rabid dogs get put down.

Charlie continues staring at Curtis with unease, not totally accepting his logic.

HONK HONK

CURTIS

Okay then. Stay here.

Curtis exits the car and comes around to Charlie's side. He keep his gun at his side, but towards his back. He can just barely make out a figure in the darkness just beyond the bar. The figure stays an outline for now.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY
(shouts)
And ya boi?

CURTIS
In the car.

BOBBY
Then get that nigga out the car.

Curtis hesitates before turning towards Charlie. Charlie, whose been watching opens the door as if on cue. Curtis moves aside to give him space. Charlie comes out and joins him at his side.

Slowly, Bobby emerges from the darkness with his gun at his side, stepping into the light from the bar. Curtis side-eyes the bar's outside camera. Bobby is now in sight of it.

BOBBY
The two of you have caused me.. a
lotta distress.

CURTIS
We haven't done a goddamn thing to
your deranged foo ass. YOU shot
that security guard. YOU went after
us. YOU hurt Rashida. YOU--

Curtis' rage builds. It's the most emotional we've seen him. He's trying not to lose control. Trying not to be like Bobby.

BOBBY
Keep your voice down, nigga. You
two been dogging me since the
beginning. Everybody wants a piece
of Bobby Williams all of a sudden.

CURTIS
.. We always knew you were wild
but.. you're really living in your
own world.. A world where you're
king with nobody to rule.

Curtis reveals the gun at his side so Bobby can see it.

BOBBY
Now we're speaking the same
language, nigga.

(CONTINUED)

CURTIS

(beat)

Man, you really needed more loving
as a kid.

BOBBY

You know how it is. Gotta fend for
ourselves out here.

In an instant Bobby brings up his gun to shoot Curtis--and
would have shot first--

if not for being FROZEN IN PLACE by a BEAM OF LIGHT that
envelops his whole body

The bar camera and light go out.

Curtis quickly goes from expecting to die to complete shock
of what he's witnessing. The memories are flooding back to
Charlie. He knows what he's seeing. There's recognition in
his eyes. And fear.

The BEAM OF LIGHT is shooting down from a UFO. The aircraft
hovers. It's mostly camouflaged by the darkness. It's a
cross between the classic saucer shape and a Northrop
Grumman B-2 bomber. Not smooth, but jagged. It's not chrome
and shiny, but instead dark grey, dirty and scratched up
with dings and dents. The equivalent of a beat-up bucket
(old car) in the hood.

Curtis remains in stunned silence, his eyes growing wider as
Bobby starts to lift off the ground THEN

We are strapped to Bobby like a body cam as he is sucked up
into the aircraft. His face frozen in horror.

The beam of light disappears, practically making the
aircraft invisible. It zooms over Curtis and Charlie,
creating a small storm of dust that hits them.

Curtis' mouth is ajar. Charlie is stuck in his thoughts,
reliving his own abduction experience.

After another moment the bar light and camera come back on.
Curtis looks towards it then

Bobby's gun lands near them, making Curtis jump.

INT. UFO

FLASHBACK

Charlie is suspended in the air, still frozen stiff from the beam of light that sucked him up (just like what happened to Bobby in the present). The light above him spotlights him, keeping him in place.

He's in an open space that appears to be a LAB, most of it dark. There's a layer of fog coming from the ground, almost like a thick cloud of humidity. There are metal tables circling Charlie, with surgical tools that seem familiar, but are not human-made. On one table there are vials filled with a glowing purple substance along with other containers of varying shapes and sizes.

There are all kinds of cables running from the tables to each wall, powering the lab.

Straight ahead of Charlie, spread out against the wall are ten cases of glass. Inside half of them are space suits hung up. The suits are reminiscent of the stillsuits in *Dune* and the Space Jockeys in *Alien*. They're not too bulky, are practical, covered in tubing. Grey. The helmets resemble skulls (though not quite human) with the tubing from the suit leading into the face mask area (breathing apparatus).

In the other five cases are "human suits" hung up. Synthetic skin. They look as if the people were perfectly skinned head to toe and turned into rubber costumes.

Charlie is still coming out of the shock of the abduction itself. His eyes are slowly taking in all the visual information in front of him, only frightening and confusing him more.

Suddenly, Charlie's body flips backwards, putting him upside down and facing the direction he previously had his back to.

Against this wall are more tables. On top are more containers. These ones are transparent and filled with human organs. There are bones and skulls and other body parts spread out, strung up, all over the tables and wall.

On the wall to the right of Charlie are multiple screens of varying size. They display all kinds of information in a language that is unrecognizable. One screen shows Charlie's face as if the camera were right up in it.

Charlie's blood is rushing to his head now. His face is flush, the pressure building in his skull and eyes. His eyes are starting to become bloodshot.

(CONTINUED)

The sound of stomping echoes through the open lab. Charlie can hear them behind him, inching closer. They emerge from the opening to Charlie's left, a hallway.

Charlie starts to flip backward again. For a passing moment, he faces the wall with the suits again, quickly glimpsing the FOUR TALL LANKY FIGURES creeping toward him. He stops flipping, ending up on his back (still suspended in the air).

The FOUR ALIENS circle Charlie. They are humanoid in nature. Tall and lanky, almost bony. Their skin is tight, revealing the outline of parts of their skeletal structure. Their heads are shaped similarly to a human skull. Their eyes are the most human thing about them. They look like human eyes, but with only the pupils and no irises, making the whites of their eyes more visible. They don't have mouths and instead speak telepathically to each other, their foreheads glowing subtly every time they do. They have little nose vents which they breathe from. They are sticky and slimy from the fog, as if sweating from the thick humidity.

The spotlight above them turns them into silhouettes, making it difficult for Charlie to make out these distinguishing features (as well as the fog). To Charlie they are simply monsters in the dark.

The alien standing behind Charlie's head has one noticeable difference from the other three. It has several round cable sockets in its head. Cables lower from the ceiling, attaching themselves to these sockets, connecting it to the ship (it looks reminiscent of Braniac, the Superman villain).

A thick needle raises from below Charlie and penetrates the back of his neck. It drains a little bit of blood and spinal fluid from him.

The alien to Charlie's left leans over him, shaving away his hair with something like an electric razor.

The cable-connected alien drills into Charlie's skull then sticks a thin tube into the hole. It drains a purple fluid from Charlie's brain. Charlie can feel all of this. Every thing they do to him. He wants to scream and curse, but can't. His bloodshot eyes tear up.

As the fluid is drained from Charlie's brain, he starts to see flashing images. Flashes of memories and dreams all mixed together. People from his past, from his present. As if his life is flashing before his eyes. It's complete sensory overload. The connected alien drills into his skull again. His vision is blurring, the aliens becoming more

(CONTINUED)

obscure. Tears fall from his eyes as he seems to be losing consciousness, but to him, he might as well be dying.

The flashing images start to merge with someone else's. Bobby's. The flashback blends with the PRESENT, replacing Charlie with Bobby. Now Bobby is being drilled into and operated on.

It's the first time we've seen him afraid. More than that, there's absolute terror in his eyes as he can do nothing but watch them work on him.

For a moment, Charlie is suspended above Bobby in a lying down position, looking down at him, watching it all happen. He and Bobby lock eyes.

EXT. VONDIE'S TAVERN - INT. CURTIS' CAR - NIGHT

Curtis and Charlie sit in the car, still parked outside Vondie's. They're both quiet. Curtis is clearly still processing what he witnessed while Charlie is starting to remember more of his own abduction.

CHARLIE

Yo, Curtz?

Curtis is stuck in his thoughts.

CHARLIE

Curtis?

Curtis slowly turns to him.

CHARLIE

You good?

CURTIS

Am I--what the fuck just happened?

CHARLIE

They took him. Same way, same place they took me.

CURTIS

Who's "they"?

CHARLIE

(pause)

I dunno, but they ain't from around here..

(CONTINUED)

CURTIS
(shakes head)
No fucking way.

Curtis starts the car and pulls away from the sidewalk. He's quiet again, refusing to explore this further.

MOVING

The two sit quiet for a moment. Eventually, Charlie breaks the silence.

CHARLIE
I came to get a drink. Stepped out to smoke then.. I was frozen. By this light.

CURTIS
(beat)
You remember now?

CHARLIE
It's coming back to me in pieces.

CURTIS
.. So what do they look like?

FLASHING IMAGE of the ALIENS

CHARLIE
They're brown. Like us. Eyes like us.

FLASHING IMAGE of the STRANGE MAN

CURTIS
What did they do to you?

FLASHING IMAGES of the LAB EXPERIMENTS

CHARLIE
(winces)
They stole my dreams.

Charlie feels the scars on his scalp.

CHARLIE
They drilled into my brain.

Curtis looks over, uneasy, at Charlie as they stop at a red light.

(CONTINUED)

CURTIS

They cut into you, take you apart
and put you back together. They
take what makes you.. you.

CURTIS

What do you mean?

Charlie doesn't respond.. then

FLASHING IMAGE of BOBBY BEING DRILLED INTO

then CHARLIE then BOBBY

Charlie is suddenly in pain. He can feel the drilling as if
its happening to him now. He shrieks.

The red stoplight turns green.

CHARLIE

Make it stop!!

A FLASH of BOBBY

HONK! HONK! The cars behind Curtis blare their horns at him.

CURTIS

What is it? What's wrong, man?

CHARLIE

(struggling)

I can feel him.

Charlie's eyes water. Curtis puts a hand on his shoulder in
an attempt to calm him.

He REMEMBERS BEING DRILLED INTO

HOOONK! HOOONK! The cars move around them, the drivers
yelling obscenities as they pass.

INT. RASHIDA'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM

Curtis sits on a kitchen chair in front of Rashida on the
couch, tending to her cuts and bruises. He ices her swollen
eye.

RASHIDA

You didn't answer my question.

(CONTINUED)

CURTIS
.. It's kinda hard to believe.

RASHIDA
It's not like he just vanished off
the face of the Earth.

CURTIS
Actually.. It's kinda like that.

RASHIDA
What?

CURTIS
(beat)
The thing that took Charlie.. took
Bobby. I saw it.

Rashida is waiting for him to elaborate.

CURTIS
.. Extra-terrestrials.

RASHIDA
Excuse me?

CURTIS
You know like "phone home"?

Charlie finally gets out of Curtis' car and comes inside.

RASHIDA
What the fuck are you tal--

CHARLIE
He's telling the truth.
(beat)
Something from another world. They
take people, drill into their heads
and steal their dreams.

CURTIS
And then somehow they found a way
to make a drug out of it.

RASHIDA
.. So you're telling me that little
green martians are out there
pushing pills on the streets?

Curtis and Charlie look at each other then back at Rashida.

(CONTINUED)

CURTIS
(shrugs)
Yeah.

CHARLIE
They're brown.

Rashida can't believe what she's hearing.

CURTIS
They took Bobby, Rashida. Just
fucking took him.

CHARLIE
And they're doing to him what they
did to me. Which is why we have to
stop them.

CURTIS
What? Why would we help him?

RASHIDA
Yeah, Charlie, what the fuck? Have
you seen my face? And he would have
killed both of you if given the
chance!

CHARLIE
I can feel his pain. We have to do
something.

CURTIS
(shakes head)
No way. Fuck that foo.

CHARLIE
What're you saying?

CURTIS
What's there to say?
(beat)
Some people don't deserve to be
saved.

CHARLIE
And what about the next person?
After they're done with him? What
if they take kids, man? Fucking
kids!

CURTIS
We don't know that.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE
We don't NOT KNOW THAT!

CURTIS
Relax, foo.

CHARLIE
No! You're the FOOL!!

Charlie is shaking.

CHARLIE
(becoming increasingly irate)
They're taking our people.
Poisoning our minds. They're
killing us, man! They're fucking
killing us! One pill at a time. If
we don't do something now, they'll
keep taking and they'll keep taking
and they'll keep taking until
there's no more left to take!

(beat)
I don't know about the two of you,
but.. I've had enough of this shit.
We've been "taken" for hundreds of
years now by our own species. And
now these big-brain three-toed
mother fuckers want to pick through
the leftovers. I'm done being on
the sideline. I'm done watching my
people get "took".

Curtis thinks over Charlie's rant. Rashida is still processing the revelation.

RASHIDA
.. How, Charlie? How do we stop
them?

Charlie's face says he has no idea.

CURTIS
(reluctant)
I think I know how to get their
attention.

A slight smile crawls across Charlie's face, his first since he's been back.

INT. HOME DEPOT

Curtis and Charlie stand near the register, being checked out. Curtis pays for the TWO GAS CANS.

SUPERIMPOSE: Chapter Seven: The Final Frontier

CURTIS (VO)

The abandoned trap house on 42nd and J. That's where they make the pills, push them out from.

CHARLIE (VO)

So what do we do?

EXT. GAS STATION

Curtis fills one gas can at a pump while Charlie fills the second gas can at the pump on the other side of him.

CURTIS (VO)

We're gonna blow up their little operation.

CHARLIE (VO)

What if they don't take the bait? What's plan B?

CURTIS (VO)

.. There is no plan B.

EXT. TRAP HOUSE

Curtis and Charlie stand outside the boarded up TRAP HOUSE sitting at the corner of 42nd St and J st. They each have a gas can. Curtis has his gun in his other hand, Charlie has Bobby's gun.

CURTIS

You ready?

Charlie shakes his head "no". They step forward. Charlie moves towards the front door which is boarded up. Curtis stops him.

CURTIS

Side door.

The two of them creep around the side of the house, stopping in front of the side door. Curtis sets down his gas can and tries the door. Locked.

(CONTINUED)

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK Curtis knocks on the door with his gun.

After a moment of nothing, Curtis tries to kick in the door. He fails. Charlie sets his gas can down and tries next. They take turns, going a few more rounds until they succeed and the door swings open, slamming against the wall.

They both pick up their gas cans. Curtis enters first, followed by Charlie.

INT. TRAP HOUSE

Inside the trap house is what is ostensibly a METH LAB, though instead of meth, they're making dreamcatcher pills.

There is a generator against the wall. At the center of the open space, tables with beakers and other lab equipment. On another table there are the vials with glowing purple substance in them.

Charlie stops in front of that table. He picks up one of the glowing vials, showing it to Curtis. He smashes it onto the ground then starts pouring gasoline all over the tables.

Curtis follows suit and starts pouring out his gas can as well, walking end to end in the open space, splashing the walls.

CHARLIE

Curtz?

Curtis looks over at Charlie who is looking elsewhere. Then he sees what he sees. The Strange Man. Just like Curtis, Charlie eyes the man with peculiarity. The face seeming familiar but not enough to place it. The loose skin. The dead eyes. Charlie can't stop staring into it's dead eyes.

The Strange Man moves in closer to Charlie.

CREEAAK more footsteps travel through the old house. Curtis turns to look as TWO more of these STRANGE MEN emerge from behind him.

A FOURTH joins the one moving towards Charlie. Charlie and Curtis are being forced closer as they are surrounded by the four.

BANG! Charlie shoots the Strange Man directly in the face. Black blood leaks from the warped Halloween mask of it's face.

(CONTINUED)

The other three suddenly charge. The two tackle Curtis, one grabbing for his gun, the other grabbing at his face. Meanwhile, Charlie struggles with his lone attacker.

BANG! Curtis lets off a shot, but it hits the ceiling. His two attackers get rougher, punching and pulling at him.

Charlie drops his gun then grabs a glass beaker off the table. He smashes it into his attacker's face, stabbing it repeatedly. He drops his attacker while Curtis continues to struggle on the ground with his.

Charlie picks up his gun and BANG! shoots one of Curtis' attackers. Curtis kicks him off then focuses on his lone attacker, punching it in the face until it releases it's grip on his wrist then BANG! shoots it in the face. Black blood sprays on his face, some getting into his mouth.

Charlie removes a matchbook from his pocket. It says "Vondie's Tavern" on it. He strikes a match and lights the tables ablaze.

Curtis stomps out the remaining attacker.

CURTIS

We gotta go.

Charlie lights another match and tosses it near the wall, lighting Curtis' trail of gasoline.

CURTIS

Come on, foo. We gotta go! Now!

Curtis grabs Charlie by the collar and pulls him towards the side door. They fall out as the lab EXPLODES

EXT. TRAP HOUSE

They look up from the ground as the trap house is being consumed by the flames. Curtis gets up, helping Charlie up. They dust themselves off as they admire the sight.

CHARLIE

They're here.

Curtis looks at Charlie questioningly then realizes he's right. The same sound from above Vondie's. Something hovering, kicking up dirt in the backyard. The two make their way along the side of the burning house and to the backyard as the UFO is landing.

(CONTINUED)

They peek from the corner as the UFO's camouflage shuts off, revealing the beat up ship in full. It seems smaller than what the inside would suggest.

A ramp touches down, revealing a lone ALIEN, wearing a space suit, walking down. It's armed with a PLASMA RAILGUN, though it appears to be less of a weapon and more of a construction tool.

Curtis' eyes go wide at the sight of the ship and alien. Charlie makes the first move, leaving their cover and putting himself into the open.

CURTIS

Wait.

Curtis follows after him. BANG! BANG! BANG! Charlie shoots the alien just as it spots him. One gunshot leaves a hole in its breathing apparatus. It shoots out air (whatever it is they breathe) and black blood as the alien struggles to breathe. It falls to its knees then collapses. Charlie storms past it, making his way up the ramp, throwing caution to the wind.

Curtis hurries after him. He looks down at the gasping suited up alien then turns his attention to the plasma gun.

Firetrucks can be heard in the distance.

INT. UFO

Charlie enters into the main open area to find two more of the aliens in the process of suiting up.

BANG! BANG! BANG! He fires at them, hitting one and missing the other.

Curtis boards as another alien is coming from the opposite end of the hallway (from the cockpit). Curtis quickly brings up the plasma gun. The alien stomps towards him as he tries to get it to fire. Just as the alien is nearing, the gun powers up and fires a plasma blast into the alien, blowing apart its head.

Curtis enters into the lab through the opening on the left (where the hallway is) as Charlie puts down one of the two aliens. The other one grabs a plasma gun to fire at Charlie, but Curtis puts him down with a blast from his own.

(CONTINUED)

Charlie is amazed at the sight of it, but quickly turns his attention back to the moment at hand. He swings around to face the final alien. This one is connected to the cables from above. In front of it is Bobby suspended in the air, on his back.

Curtis watches as Charlie grabs the surgical drill and angrily jabs it into the cable-connected alien's chest. He then proceeds to drill into its head. In and out. Until Curtis stops him. The alien hangs from the cables, slowly dying.

The sirens of the firetrucks are blaring now as they approach.

Charlie turns his attention to Bobby. Bobby's hair has been shaved off, his head has been drilled into. He's been cut open in other places. Tears stream from his eyes and he looks like he wants to speak. Charlie looks up at Curtis. Curtis finally understands, seeing it all firsthand. He nods to Charlie then turns away.

Curtis looks over the lab, the vials. The dead aliens and the human skin suits hung up. He looks over the various monitors against the wall on the right side. On one is a map. There are several coordinates circled. Curtis pinpoints where they are on the map.

CHARLIE

(regretful)

I don't know how to free him.

Something catches Charlie, in the corner of his eye. He looks up at the hanging alien as its forehead glows.

Suddenly, an alarm of sorts goes off inside the ship. Curtis and Charlie look around, but have no idea what it means. The sound becomes faster and more frequent.

Curtis and Charlie look at each other, seemingly in agreement of what it might mean.

Charlie stares into Bobby's eyes as if trying to speak to him telepathically. But they are linked, in a way. Charlie knows exactly the pain Bobby's in. Charlie puts Bobby's gun against Bobby's head, takes a beat then shoots him, putting him out of his misery.

CURTIS

Come on, man!

Charlie follows Curtis out of the UFO as the alarm begins to sound more and more like a countdown.

EXT. TRAP HOUSE - BACKYARD

The two come down the ramp, now fully hearing the commotion out front. FIREMEN are trying to put out the fire. More sirens blare as they near the house. These ones are cops.

Curtis and Charlie run away from the UFO and the burning house. They start to climb the fence to the other side and as they are both about to clear it the UFO EXPLODES. The shockwave knocks them over to the other side of the fence.

CUT TO BLACK:

A black hole starts to form then

We are at the center of the black hole, being sucked into it.

INT. CURTIS' APARTMENT - BEDROOM

Curtis wakes up in a cold sweat, jolting upright.

His cell phone rings on the nightstand beside him. He answers it.

CURTIS

Yeah?

RASHIDA (VO)

Hey.

CURTIS

Morning.

RASHIDA (VO)

It's the afternoon, you bum.

CURTIS

(checks the time)

So it is.

RASHIDA (VO)

So you coming by tonight?

CURTIS

Yeah, I just got something with Charlie. But I'll be there.

RASHIDA (VO)

What're you trouble makers getting into now?

(CONTINUED)

CURTIS
Gonna catch a movie.

RASHIDA (VO)
Alright, well have fun. Tell
Charlie I said hi.

CURTIS
I will. See you later.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

EXT. CHARLIE'S PLACE

Curtis stands outside, waiting for Charlie to answer.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

The door swings open and Charlie, who is looking healthier,
emerges in the doorway, powering up the plasma gun they took
as a souvenir. Curtis throws his hands up.

CURTIS
Yo!

Charlie powers it down.

CHARLIE
Almost blasted you into next
Sunday.

CURTIS
Foo, what the hell you answering
your door like that for?

CHARLIE
Foo, why're you banging on my door
like that for?

CURTIS
Quit playing.

CHARLIE
I almost blasted the neighbor's dog
after that little fucker bit me.

CURTIS
You probably deserved it.

CHARLIE
(grins)
You'll never know.

(CONTINUED)

CURTIS

Well put that thing away before
somebody drives by and sees you.
You ready to go?

Charlie sets the plasma gun down and comes out, locking the door behind him.

They both get into Curtis' car.

CHARLIE

Southeast Daygo. The Final
Frontier.

Curtis keeps his eyes on the road as he pulls away, but the beginning of a smile is breaking on his face.

END