

REDBONE

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Original Script

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FADE IN:

1. EXT. ROADSIDE WITH VARIOUS SHOPS - MORNING

Two FRIENDS, One is TOBI, a black youth with braids and a thick ROADMAN accent in his early 20s PREFERABLY 21. The other is IZI, a black youth with a low taper, it is difficult to distinguish his age he looks old but young.

TOBI
I watched pulp fiction recently,
have you seen it?

IZI
Yes....why'd you ask?

TOBI points at a COFFE SHOP.

IZI (CONT'D)
(so appalled and baffled)
No...no,no we're not doing that.

TOBI
Oh, c'mon bro, It'll work out like
the movie, don't be a puss...

TOBI pulls out a shiny PISTOL from his JACKET.

IZI
(hisses)
I need this lick.

TOBI
You bet, you do.

IZI
If shit goes sideways every man for
himself.

TOBI nods in agreement and opens the door of the COFFE SHOP as he walks in.

IZI (CONT'D)
(almost in his ears)
Follow everything in pulp fiction
eh.

TOBI
Yeah...whatever.

They get seated.

MATCH CUT TO:

2. INT. COFFE SHOP - MORNING

A normal Coffee Shop in NYC. It's about 9:00 in the morning, not jammed but there's a healthy number of people drinking coffee, munching on full english breakfast and etc.

IZI

Oh, c'mon bruv, I can't do this, shit it's too risky.

TOBI smiles and points to the cash register.

TOBI

You always say that shit, I'm through, It's too risky, blah blah blah.

IZI

I know, I know that's what I always say but -

TOBI

- but..but...we need this score, plus you forget about it in a day or two.

IZI

Well it's the last time you're going to hafta hear me, cause am not doing this shit, no more.

TOBI

After today.

They laugh, their laughter putting a pause in there, back and forth.

IZI

(with a smile)
Correct.

A WAITRESS comes by with a pot of coffee.

WAITRESS

Can i get any of you gentlemen more coffee?

TOBI

Oh yes, I'll have some, thank you.

The Waitress pours Tobi's coffee.

IZI

I'm doing fine, thank you.

The waitress leaves. Tobi pours a ton of cream and sugar in his coffee.

IZI
You're going to get diabetes with
that much sugar.

TOBI
What else is there? Day jobs?

IZI
(laughing)
Not in this life.

TOBI
Well what then?

IZI
If this goes well, places like
this.

TOBI
(taking the idea)
And...and we can cut down on the
hero factor.

IZI
Correct. My smart man.

Tobi visibly takes in the idea. Izi continues in a low voice.

IZI
See, we take everybody's wallet and
we dip instantly. We probably will
make more money from the wallets
than the register.

TOBI
Exactly like the movie?

IZI
Uh-huh, my man.

Izi and Tobi shake their hands in agreement to the plan.

IZI
Yeah yeah...blah blah, let's get
this money.

Tobi scans the restaurant with the new plan in mind. Sees all
the PATRONS eating, lost in conversations, the tire waitress
taking order, the manager complaining to the cook, etc. He
looks at Izi and a smile breaks on his face.

TOBI
Alright, same as before, you handle
employees and i do crowd control.

Taking out their .32-caliber pistols and lay them on the
table. He looks at him and he looks back.

IZI
 (nods)
 My man.

And with that Tobi and Izi grab their weapons, stand up and rob the restaurant. Izi's robbery's persona is that of the nice, in-control professional. Tobi's is one of the loose cannon, half-triggered, psychopathic. Exactly like the movie.

IZI
 (yelling to all)
 Everybody be cool, this is a robbery.

TOBI
 Anyone of you pricks move, I'll execute each an every one of you cracker motherfuckers! Got that?

IZI
 Customers stay seated, waitresses on the floor.

TOBI
 Now 'mean now! Do it or die, do it or fucking die.

Like lightening Izi moves over to the kitchen, while Tobi SCREAMS to the PATRONS, keeping them terrified.

IZI
 You guys, get out here! Now!

Three cooks and two BUSBOYS come out of the kitchen.

IZI
 On the floor amigos, or i'll cook your ass, comprende?

They comprende. The portly MANAGER speaks up.

MANAGER
 I am the manager here, there's no problem, no problem at all -

Izi head his way.

IZI
 You're going to give me problem?
 Huh?

He reaches him and sticks the barrel of the gun hard in the managers throat

MANAGER
 (struggling to breath)
 No, I'm not, I'm not going to give you any problems, I...I promise.

IZI

Tell everyone to cooperate it'll be done in a minute.

MANAGER

Everyone cooperate and do as they say..

IZI

Good. Now empty the register...Tobi get the wallets.

TOBI

Way ahead of you.

Tobi getting all the PATRONS wallet and shouting at them, making them trembling and very cooperative.

IZI

How we looking brother?

TOBI

Last one....put the fucking wallet, you fat motherfucker, skip breakfast some day. Obese creature!

IZI

Hasta luego. Love and Guidance

Getting everything and charging through the exit. Running excitedly.

CUT TO:

3. EXT. ALLEY - MORNING

Tobi and Izi charging through an alley to catch a bus. Happy expressions and exited chatter.

TOBI

(excited and panting)
Bruvva...this is some next level
shit, jackpot my nigga.

IZI

(panting)
Yeah man..big score, let's get this
bus and we're out of here.

CUT TO:

4. INT. BUS

Sitting at the back of the bus, happily checking their new score.

TOBI
Are you still going to class today?

TOBI flaunting the new score to Izi.

IZI
Nah, Let's sort it out at my yard.

TOBI
What about your mum? You know she don't like me.

IZI
She's at work. Sorted?

IZI looking at TOBI waiting for his approval.

TOBI
yeah...sorted.

CUT TO.

5. INT. OFFICE BULLPEN - AFTERNOON

A busy bullpen, LYNETTE (25F), mixed race in cooperate clothing, leaning over TRISSA's corner of the bullpen.

TRISSA (26F), light skin, heavy makeup with a near visible worryful and disturbed face, under the make is a black eye not everyone could notice it.

LYNETTE
Girl..another fight with kareem again, huh?

TRISSA
(nervous laughter)
What?...No, Nah it's nothing...just work.

LYNETTE
Alright, but you're not fooling anyone with all that make up.

TRISSA
What make up?...girl please!

TRISSA
Want my advice? Dump the brother.

Another girl chimes into the conversation... COURTENEY (26F).

COURTENEY
Hey, do you want to grab lunch?
Ohhh...girl what's wrong?

LYNETTE

Told you!

TRISSA

It's nothing...let's get that lunch.

TRISSA stood up to leave her corner. As they walk out the door.

CUT TO:

6. EXT. CURB - EVENING

TRISSA standing roadside, making phone call that keeps going to voicemail. It's getting dark. She hopelessly tries to get a cab.

CUT TO:

7. INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

A house party with few people going about their nightlife, drinking, smoking, loud music, dancing.

KAREEM (37M), a young fine male comes out a corner, he just left a room. Walks to the bar.

KAREEM

Bro, let me have a Ramos gin fizz.

BARTENDER

You've got to be fucking kidding me?

They stare at each other then both laugh humorously.

KAREEM

Let me get a scotch. Straight

BARTENDER

Coming right up.

KAREEM notices a lady. Opposite of the room. His friend interrupts, appearing right in front of him. BOOO

FRIEND

What you looking at? Huh?

KAREEM

Fucking idiot...move, move.

FRIEND

Ok,ok,ok,ok, but then I'll have to tell TRISSA.

KAREEM

You're not saying shit to anyone.

KAREEM preps himself, finishes his drink and walked towards the girl.

CUT TO:

8. INT. STAIRS - NIGHT

TRISSA coming down the stairs to the kitchen.

She got into the kitchen, looks at the clock and wonders what to make, moving up and down, opening the fridge, cupboards. Finally decides and starts cooking.

CUT TO:

9. INT. HOUSE - LATER

TRISSA on the couch watching TV. KAREEM waltz in the front door visibly drunk.

She got up, worried, rushed to help him.

TRISSA

'the fuck have you been?

KAREEM

(violently, aggressive)

Get off me woman. Garbage.

Scared and pushed backwards as she sat on the floor, tearing up, facing the stairs.

TRISSA

I...I..I cooked. I.... Cooked for you!

KAREEM

I don't eat garbage...am not a raccoon. Filthy animal

TRISSA bursts into tears, uncontrollably crying.

CUT TO:

10. INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A clean hippie looking bedroom. KAREEM undresses and heads for the bathroom.

TRISSA walks in and head for the bed.

CUT TO BLACK.

11. INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

TRISSA making breakfast, whilst checking the time. KAREEM walks into the kitchen hugging her from the back, in a romantic manner. Sliding his hand in her pencil skirt.

KAREEM

Good morning, daring.

TRISSA

(uncomfortably)

Good morning, baby. Here's breakfast, okay?

She removes his hand slowly, she detaches from his body.

KAREEM

I'm sorry, about yesterday.
Whatever i said, i was drunk.

TRISSA

It's okay...you were drunk, I've gotta go.

KAREEM

I mean it, let me get ready and I'll take you myself.

TRISSA

No, it's okay, let me just get the train. Love you.

She walks to the door, exiting looking back at KAREEM eating breakfast.

KAREEM

Love you, too.

CUT TO BLACK.

12. INT. TRAIN - MORNING

Busy train, different type of people, some ready for office, some hippy, some collage students, etc.

IZI standing with headphones listening and bopping his head back and forth to music, he notices a lady sitting few seats his front. He moves closer, as his shadow eats her up, she looks behind her and they clock eyes. As he blinks.

CUT TO BLACK.

13. INT. CLASSROOM - MORNING

A classroom full of students with IZI at the end right corner, laughter, noise, gossip, etc. A lecturer walks in.

Students get seated, whilst the teacher writes today's topic on the board.

TEACHER, male early 30s.

TEACHER
Good morning, class.

TEACHER
Before we start today's lecture, a student came by to me asking how to start...working on his or her dreams, goals, etc.

STUDENT
How do i do it...How do i make my dreams become reality?

TEACHER
Well...what's the first thing everyone does before they start their day?

STUDENT
Uh..What? What?

TEACHER
You, you wake the hell up and get to it!

Class visibly confused, asking each other questions with facial expressions. But IZI understood everything.

CUT TO:

14. INT. RESTAURNT - AFTERNOON

A normal restaurant in NYC. It's about 1:40 in the afternoon, not jammed but there's a healthy number of people eating, munching of full dish, etc.

FOUR of those people are TRISSA, LYNETTE, COURTENEY and AMY, enjoying their lunches and gossips.

AMY
About that rave, what are we wearing?

LYNETTE
Well...I know am wearing that killer red dress...makes me shape show even more.

COURTENEY
(chuckling)
Bullshit, but anyways i haven't chosen yet.

AMY

Right. What about you Trissa?

TRISSA

(nervously chuckle)

Well, i also don't know yet, not going lie, you know?

LYNETTE

Just make sure you come through, you're always the life of the party.

TRISSA

Sure thing.

COURTENEY (O.C.)

I'd come pick you up myself.

TRISSA lost in thoughts, anxiety building up.

TRISSA

(nervously laughing)

Well..lunch break's over. Let's head in.

CUT TO BLACK.

15. INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

KAREEM sitting in the living room whilst TRISSA comes down all ready to go out, He confronts her.

KAREEM

Where the fuck do you think you're going?

TRISSA

(hesitant and afraid)

I'm going out with the girls...I told you, yesterday. You said it was okay...

KAREEM

well, I change my mind. You ain't going no where, bitch.

TRISSA

(hesitant)

See, I don't know why you like playing mind games with me, sit around and deny shit, fuck around on a side bitch then come fucking up my shit.

KAREEM

What the fuck you say, bitch?

TRISSA

Wasting my time and energy trying to be good to you. Going to church praying for you searching for good in us.

KAREEM

Shut up bitch, man am tired of these emotional, ungrateful ass, dumb bitches, act like that pussy ain't loose.

TRISSA

Lil dick ass nigga, lost friends, family cause of you. Should have dumped your incompetent ass when i had the change. You got me fucked up.

KAREEM

Fuck you, bitch!

TRISSA

Fuck you, nigga!

KAREEM

You wanna bring a nigga down, even when am trying to do right, we could go our separate ways right now, you could move on with your life, I swear to God.

TRISSA

Bitch, whatever is comfortable.

KAREEM

Shut the fuck up.

KAREEM hits TRISSA and gets into an aggressive, forced intercourse.

16. INT. TOILET/BATHROOM - LATER

TRISSA in an angle crying for a few minutes then moves into the shower.

CUT TO BLACK.

17. INT. ROOM - SUNRISE

A teenage boys room, fairly out of touch, music posters, etc.

Mom comes in. In a nurse outfit.

MOM

Boy, get your ass up, I'm going in early today.

IZI

I taught you had an evening shift today?

MOM

Yes but we're understaffed, anyways Food's in the kitchen, don't be late.

IZI

Alright ma, love you.

She exits the room and he sits on his bed, thinking.

CUT TO BLACK.

18. INT./EXT. KITCHEN/APARTMENT COMPLEX - MORNING

IZI eating the breakfast his mom left him and takes an apple, whilst he heads out.

IZI rushes down the apartment complex.

CUT TO BLACK.

19. INT. TRAIN - MORNING

IZI sitting. TRISSA walks down and sat next to him.

IZI

Hey.

TRISSA

Hey.

IZI

I'm IZI

TRISSA

TRISSA.

IZI

Beautiful name.

TRISSA

(chuckles)

Yeah...Right.

They smile at each other, while IZI is lost for words, he put on his headphones and She focuses on her phone.

CUT TO:

20. INT. OFFICE BULLPEN - LATER

LYNETTE, COURTENEY and AMY standing over TRISSA's square, talking. It's obvious they we're talking about her but you can't hear anything they're saying.

TRISSA walks in and sits in her square, they're on to her now, asking rapid fire questions.

LYNETTE

You're late. You've never been late, why are you late?

COURTENEY

Why did you miss the party? Are you okay?

TRISSA

Please, leave me alone.

AMY

Shut the fuck up guys. I know the answer to all your questions.

COURTENEY

Are you thinking what am thinking?

LYNETTE

I think i am.

AMY

Fucking....Fucking Kareem.

LYNETTE

Yeah, what happened trissa?

AMY

I done told you to dump that nigga.

COURTENEY

When i see him, I'm gon' fuck him up.

TRISSA

I don't want to talk about it.
PLEASE! For Fuck's Sake.

COURTENEY

Chill, we'll go.

They leave TRISSA alone, whilst she settles in and focuses on breathing.

CUT TO:

21. INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

IZI and TOBI playing any console game, chatting and music playing on a low volume.

They pause because TOBI was playing off. Something is wrong with him.

IZI

Bro, what's wrong? You're not even playing boy.

TOBI

It's nothing bro.

IZI

Bullshit!

TOBI

(hesitant)

Alright....See..I had the perfect picture, it was all laid out for me.

IZI

(Confused)

What? The fuck?

TOBI

Shit's just killing me G, I always want to listen to her and she don't want to listen to me. Last week we're talking together forever, this week more fishes in the sea.

IZI

Fuck it's Sourray, ain't it?

TOBI

Who the fuck else would it be?

IZI

It'll be alright bro, she'll come around.

TOBI

Nah it's never alright, FUCK, we was really on some co-defendant shit. Thought that i found my partner-in-crime, But it's like watching a film that you already know the ending.

IZI

Don't think too much, it's not that deep.

TOBI

That's what i do, see me i think too much, tryna keep it short and sweet but i say too much. We both said things that shouldn't have being said, did things that shouldn't have been done, wish i could turn back time, man, wish i could get a rerun...

IZI

(humorously)

Shut the fuck up...you bitch!

IZI and TOBI steer at each other.

IZI

You be in your feelings, I be in my bag you bitch.

They both laugh uncontrollably for a minute with a handshake.

IZI

But honestly tho, you're going to be alright. I got you!

TOBI

Alright..Alright..let's play.

CUT TO BLACK.

22. INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

TRISSA in an oversized t-shirt, messy bun, with no clothes underneath, like a homeless librarian if you will. Cooking and looking at the clock it's past 10 already.

The kitchen faces the entrance door which KAREEM comes through. As he comes in, exhausted and tipsy.

TRISSA

Babe, welcome back, I cooked your favorite.

KAREEM

Oh yeah...I'll eat it tomorrow.

TRISSA approaches him before he goes up stairs.

TRISSA

But..But, babe, why can't you eat now.

KAREEM

I've had a long fucking day, I don't need you disturbing me, don't push it. For god's sake!

TRISSA disappointed goes back and put the food in the freezer for tomorrow.

CUT TO BLACK.

23. INT. HOUSE - LATER

IZI on the couch reading a book, his mom just comes back from work.

IZI
Welcome home, ma.

MOM
What you doing staying up at this hour, boy?

IZI
I was waiting for you ma.

MOM
I know boy, let me shower and then come down, how about that?

She walks upstairs to her room to shower.

IZI
Yeah, sure!

CUT TO BLACK.

24. INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

She sits down whilst he serves her food.

MOM
So, how was your day?

IZI
It was okay, ma. Nothing special.

MOM
Oh yeah?

IZI
Yeah. How about you.

MOM
You know patients and all. And SANDRA is about to give birth so I'll be taking over her shift, till she comes back.

IZI
Oh yeah, is that great news or bad news.

MOM

Very funny, it's both actually.

IZI

Well, I saw this young lady on the train today, come to think of it I have seen her a couple of times, we spoke today.

MOM

Ehen, really, not bad.

IZI

Anyways, I've got class tomorrow, so.

MOM

Alright, love you.

IZI

Love you, ma.

CUT TO BLACK.

25. INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

LYNETTE sitting in the living room, pressing her phone and it appears she's waiting for TRISSA.

KAREEM walks in.

KAREEM

Hey, boo.

LYNETTE

Kareem, how are you?

KAREEM

I'm doing alright, how are you?

LYNETTE

Ah you know, am cool!

KAREEM

Where's TRISSA at?

LYNETTE

She went upstairs.

KAREEM

Alright, I'll see you later.

He walks upstairs.

CUT TO:

26. INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

TRISSA exits the toilet and KAREEM walks into the room, same time.

KAREEM

Who the fuck gave you the right to bring some dusty girl over?

TRISSA

What do you mean? That's LYNETTE. You know her.

KAREEM

I don't give a fuck.

TRISSA

Man, fuck this, we'll talk about it later.

KAREEM

Bitch, who you think you're talking to? I'll slap the hell out of you.

CUT TO:

27. INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

It seems LYNETTE overheard their argument and she starts packing her belongings.

LYNETTE

Girl, I'm leaving, are you coming down!

TRISSA (V.O.)

Yes, I'll be right there.

TRISSA comes down to the living room.

TRISSA

I'm sorry, we'll talk about it another time, okay?

LYNETTE

Sure, fuck that nigga, okay?

TRISSA

(chuckles)

Yeah, right!

TRISSA shuts the door and locks it.

CUT TO BLACK.

28. INT. TRAIN - MORNING

Before we could even hear anything we see TRISSA and IZI having a joyful conversation, laughing and giggling.

IZI
(laughing uncontrollably)
Then..I lean over to the teacher,
like...man this shit crazy, huh?

TRISSA and IZI continue laughing for a few minutes then they stop.

IZI
So, that's how that happened.

TRISSA
(laughing)
I can't believe it actually
happened.

IZI
Believe that.

TRISSA
Man, I've got meetings today, you
know?

IZI
Yeah.

TRISSA
I fucking hate this job, but i need
it.

IZI
What are you doing weekend?

TRISSA
I don't know myself. I don't know.

IZI
Fairs.

CUT TO BLACK.

29. INT. OFFICE BULLPEN - MORNING

TRISSA walks over to LYNETTE's square.

TRISSA
(Whispers)
Hey, am fucking done with kareem.

LYNETTE

(Whispers)

I told you, he ain't worth the trouble.

TRISSA

(Whispers)

When i get home today me and him are gonna have the talk.

LYNETTE

(Whispers)

You should. Why are we whispering?

TRISSA

I should've listened to you and left him sooner, thank you, babe.

LYNETTE

Whatever you decide, am always here for you.

TRISSA touches LYNETTE in affection and walks back to her square.

CUT TO BLACK.

30. INT. HOUSE - EVENING

FLASHBACK!

Kareem is having a FLASHBACK, like he's in the room quite literally.

LITTLE KAREEM (10) sitting on a table and his MOM (38F) helping him with his assignment for some moments....

DOOR slowly creaks and It's Kareem's DAD (45M) coming in DRUNK.

KAREEM'S MOM

(shook)

Baby, go to your room, go, go NOW!

She gathers his book and hassles him upstairs.

LITTLE KAREEM

(confused and afraid)

Mom? Is dad back?

KAREEM'S MOM

Yes, baby, just go!

KAREEM'S DAD stumbles in, slams the DOOR and starts SHOUTING.

KAREEM'S DAD

Bitch, where are you, Bitch?

He proceed upstairs, CHANTING "Bitch, Where are you, Bitch?"

She follows him upstairs but HESITANT to INTERRUPT him.

KAREEM'S MOM
(hesitant)
I'm right behind you.

KAREEM'S DAD
Oh yeah, ya nasty bitch, get in the
room.

LITTLE KAREEM opens his ROOM DOOR a little bit to see what's
going on.

KAREEM'S DAD looks back and FORCEFULLY grabs KAREEM'S MOM
into the room with the door open, leaving a sight for LITTLE
KAREEM as he leaves his ROOM.

KAREEM'S DAD throws KAREEM'S MOM onto the bed, He undresses.

KAREEM'S DAD
Where's that boy, eh? You're
teaching him your bad manners, eh?

He SLAPS her and BENDS her.

CUT TO BLACK.

31. INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

KAREEM'S DAD STRODE furiously into the bedroom.

DRAGS KAREEM'S MOM by her HAND whilst she's sleeping to the
GROUND.

KAREEM'S DAD
How many fucking times do i have to
tell you? Always buy my Fucking
orange JUICE.

She's visibly confused, she takes everything in.

KAREEM'S DAD
You don't fucking listen, eh?

KAREEM'S MOM
They didn't have it in the store,
what the fuck's wrong with you?

KAREEM'S DAD
What the fuck's wrong with me? Are
you fucking serious?

KAREEM'S MOM
Get your orange juice...YOURSELF!

KAREEM'S DAD
What the fuck you say to me?
What...

He approaches her and she starts running down the stairs.

MATCH CUT TO:

32. INT. STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

She comes out sprinting and he follows her.

She's in his front, he KICKED her down.

KAREEM'S DAD
Fucking dumb bitch.

She's down.

She starts crying.

LITTLE KAREEM peeks through his door.

LITTLE KAREEM
Are you okay, mom?

KAREEM'S MOM
Yes son, get back to sleep.

He walks to his mom while looking OVER his shoulder for his DAD.

LITTLE KAREEM sits besides his mom, they hold eachother tight.

CUT TO:

33. EXT. TRAP HOUSE BALCONY - EVENING

KAREEM on an iron chair looking at HIS YOUNGERS(teens dealing for him).

His friend JEROME (36M) with a full afro, drags a chair, sits besides kareem

JEROME
Yo, what you thinking about?

KAREEM
....huh?

JEROME
I said, what you thinking about,
nigga?

KAREEM

Oh...it's nothing.

JEROME

Aight, whatever.

KAREEM

A demon glued to my back,
whispering "Get 'em!", I got 'em
and I ain't give a fuck.
See my life just ran away from me
and if i could be bring it back,
I'd be at a family dinner with
Trissa, toasting to more life,
better yet, I'd be a fucking leader
to these kids and get them off
these streets.

JEROME

Sometimes, I look in the mirror and
ask myself "Am i really scared of
passin' away?". I speak good cause
i hear the tounge is mighty
powerful, cry while praying hoping
i can water down my demons.

KAREEM

(scoffs)

There ain't no forgiving us, this
life been in us, way before we was
born, so forever I'ma push it,
wherever, whenever. Niggas like us
never prosper.

He stands up and moves toward his CAR.

KAREEM (CONT'D)

Roll with me, Rome!

CUT TO:

34. INT./EXT. KAREEM'S CAR - DAY [DRIVING].

A 2007 BMW Z4 3.0si, Kareem and Jerome driving.

Low tune eerie music playing.

JEROME

Where we going bro?

KAREEM

I heard this story one time, it
goes something like this.

JEROME

Okay?

KAREEM

It's about a kid that got his leg stuck in mud or something like that eh?

JEROME

Yeah....

KAREEM

He was crying, asking for help but everybody tried everything but --

JEROME

...But what?

KAREEM

But none of them tried cutting the leg off, so he died.

JEROME

What? I...I --

KAREEM

See that won't happen to me, because I'd say "CUT IT OFF! " cut it off! That's where the hell we're going.

JEROME

Shit...alright!

JEROME changes the music and plays NOT LIKE US.

FEW Minutes later.

JEROME

You know, it's always a death rhythm whenever we dri--

KAREEM

We're here!

He stops the car, in front of a fancy house almost in disconnection with the outside town.

CUT TO:

35. EXT. IN FRONT OF KAREEM'S DAD HOUSE - DAY

As they exit the vehicle, they casually move towards the door, and ring the alarm.

JEROME

Who's house is this?

Kareem rhythmically knocks on the door.

KAREEM
 (hisses)
 Just wait.

KAREEM'S DAD (O.S.)
 Who the hell is it?

KAREEM
 It's me.

KAREEM'S DAD (O.S.)
 You who?

KAREEM
 Me, your son!

He opens the door, looks around and let them in.

CUT TO:

36. INT. KAREEM'S DAD'S PARLOUR - DAY

Kareem's dad sits in a vintage 'flex' lounge chair.

KAREEM'S DAD
 Who's the geezer?

JEROME
 (hesitant)
 I'm Jerome, you can call me Rome.

KAREEM
 No, He can't.

Kareem's dad points at the chair.

KAREEM'S DAD (CONT'D)
 Sit down, eh?

KAREEM
 No, thank you.

KAREEM'S DAD
 ...meh, suit yourself. What the
 fuck do you want?

KAREEM
 I want to ask you a question.

KAREEM'S DAD
 (perplexed)
 Hmmm....ask away.

KAREEM
 (afraid and hesitant)
 How come you never loved me and ma?

KAREEM'S DAD
(smirks...chin stroking)
Huh.

KAREEM
Answer me, answer my fucking
question?

JEROME
Yo..yo..yo chill.

KAREEM
Shut the fuck up. Stay the fuck out
of it.

KAREEM'S DAD
Fuck you think i've got to love you
for? Huh?

He stands and approaches KAREEM.

KAREEM'S DAD (CONT'D)
(furious)
Didn't i provide, eh? Kept a roof
over your head? Grew up with my
money, you never slept hungry, Why
do you think that is? Huh?

KAREEM
Because, you....love me?

KAREEM'S DAD
(short hysterical laughter)
Love you? Because I? Are you out of
your mind?

He points a finger into Kareem's CHEST repetitively.

KAREEM'S DAD (CONT'D)
Because i provide, even if i got
kill, rob and jack in a parking
lot, I PROVIDED. You and your mama
needed that forty dollars. It ain't
my fucking business to love you?
This nigga done lost his mind.

KAREEM
(hesitant)
You know, today i woke up this
morning and figured I'd make peace
with my pops, in-case one of us
isn't here tomorrow, I was hopin
that i can borrow, A peace of mind.

KAREEM pulls out a PISTOL and sits down.

JEROME and KAREEM'S DAD lock eyes.

KAREEM (CONT'D)

My mind is really distorted, I find nothing but trouble in my life, prognosis of a disturbed child and all that.

KAREEM'S DAD

(afraid)

.....Son we can go back now, my nigga. Like... nigga --

KAREEM

Fuck! I'm tired of this shit! I'm tired of fucking running, I'm tired of this shit, pops!

Kareem approaches his DAD and points the GUN in his gut.

KAREEM'S DAD

Ahh, fuck...So,so, let's figure -- just come on....alright alright. You owe me for attending her funeral --

KAREEM

You can call in that chit with god, if you get to see him.

KAREEM'S DAD

(frightened)

Fuck...please, please!

He pulls the TRIGGER and holds the body to the ground.

He closes his now dead father's eyes, held his head on his lap.

KAREEM

(almost in his ear)

I forgive you.

CUT TO BLACK.

37. INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

TRISSA watching TV. Homeless librarian look, if you will.

KAREEM walks in.

KAREEM

I'm home.

TRISSA

Hi, baby.

KAREEM

What's up?

He flaunts tickets in her face.

TRISSA
(excited)
Aw! You actually got the tickets.

He sits besides her and holds her.

KAREEM
I told you.

TRISSA
Thank you!

KAREEM
You're welcome.

TRISSA
And the food's almost ready, are
you hungry?

KAREEM
Low-key.

TRISSA
How was your day?

KAREEM
It was cool.

TRISSA
Anything interesting happen?

KAREEM
(chuckles)
Not really.

TRISSA
I feel you.

CUT TO BLACK.

38. INT. TRAP HOUSE - DAY

People in the KITCHEN.

People sitting counting money.

Kareem sitting in the living room alone watching TV, Jerome
walks in.

JEROME
What's up B?

KAREEM

You're doing distro today, Kripke, Kunfu K, and that girl wanna be nigga, ermm...fuck I don't even remember his name.

JEROME

Aubrey? Fuck no, If i go there imma kill that pedo.

KAREEM

You're going to go there, make the drop and be nice. Or you're going to find yourself a new plug.

JEROME

You don't mean that shit.

KAREEM

THE FUCK I DON'T.

Jerome moves to the KITCHEN takes the BAGS and leaves the House.

CUT TO:

39. EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Izi and Tobi PANTING -- They just hit a new lick.

IZI

(heavy breathing)
I can't keep doing this shit forever.

TOBI

(breathing heavily)
Fuck...I know, I know a guy --

IZI

Prolly should get a day job, cause this ain't it.

TOBI

What you say? Are you dumb?

IZI

(hisses)
I need more than a few dollars, this shit can't even pay for studio time.

TOBI

The guy, his name's Jerome from Compton, he can front us a few keys.

IZI
Nah...no! Hell no.

TOBI
(trying to convince izi)
Bro, we could re-package and sell
that shit in collages, courier
service. We basically anonymous.

IZI
But....

TOBI
No buts, we could pay studio time,
bitches, mhmhhh, pop out and show
niggas.

IZI
But they not like us.

TOBI
You damn right! We smarter, faster,
more hungry than ever. Nobody will
even know our names. We gon be
alright. Shit...more than alright.

IZI
(convinced)
They not like us.

They have a SECRET handshake.

CUT TO:

40. INT./EXT. RESTAURNT - NIGHT

Lynette, Courteney and Amy, all in beautiful dresses,
Indistinct chatter.

Trissa walks in.

AMY
Ayy, looks who's here.

COURTENEY
(dazzled)
Ohh, she ate!

Trissa finally reaches the table.

LYNETTE
You made it girl.

COURTENEY
Girllllll, you ate with that dress.

LYNETTE

You're just noticing the dress,
look at herrrr.

AMY

(jokingly)

Oh my daysss. She's been dealing
with the pipe, eh

TRISSA

(blushing)

He's been good, guys. He's fixing
up he said.

LYNETTE

(hisses)

Girll...that's what they all be
saying.

TRISSA

We even talked about past traumas,
etc. All that shit.

AMY

I'm happy for you, babe.

TRISSA

Thank you.

COURTENEY

For real, you being happy is
everything.

TRISSA

I am happy.

LYNETTE

Good. Let's get to eating.

They start ordering food, and talking about other stuffs --
Indistinct chatter.

CUT TO BLACK.

41. EXT. TRAP HOUSE BALCONY - NIGHT

A party inside the House, Kareem steps out.

Jerome pulls up.

JEROME

'Sup, nigga.

KAREEM

(mimicking jordan peele)

I'm up. Ooh the STRUGGLE is up,
brother, OOPRESSION is up brother.

They laugh, and shake.

JEROME

Yo, you good? You been spending
alot of time in here.

KAREEM

I'm jam.

JEROME

You should really try this thing
called "therapy".

KAREEM

Real nigga, don't need no therapy.

JEROME

You sound stupid as hell.

KAREEM

Shit...everybody stupid.

JEROME

I'm telling you, therapy is --

KAREEM

And matter of fact, did i mention
that i feel physically great? A
doctors approval is a waste of
time, I know am straight. *Hisses.*

JEROME

Chill, I'm just saying --

KAREEM

I'll probably live longer than you
and never fade away. I'll never
fade away, I'll never fade away, I
know my fate.

Kareem goes back in the party and leaves Jerome perplexed.

JEROME

(scoffs)

Shit...you can't even help a nigga
out here.

CUT TO BLACK.

42. INT. TRAP HOUSE ROOM - DAY

Kareem on the bed -- having a hangover, if you will.

Few women in the bed with him. Jerome walks in.

JEROME

Yoo, what the fuck is wrong with you?

KAREEM

(like he just woke up)
...what?

JEROME

This nigga. Get the fuck up.

KAREEM

Hey...hey, hey nigga, you don't talk to me like that.

JEROME

...you're becoming a fucking mess, you need to fix up, can't be caught out here like this. For fuck's sake.

KAREEM

You see this yapa, yapa, thing you was doing?

JEROME

What...advising you? Telling you how i feel?

KAREEM

Yeah. Don't do that shit again, fuck.

JEROME

...whatever, i've got some kids that came up with a new system to sling in collages. I'ma meet them in a bit, wanna roll with me?

KAREEM

Nah, that's all you.

JEROME

Fix up nigga, for real, Trissa probably worried.

KAREEM

Let her worry, a lil more.

Jerome exits and Kareem drinks and gets back to sleeping.

CUT TO BLACK.

43. EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

Trissa sitting on a bench, looking around.

Izi creeps behind her. HEYYYY!

TRISSA

Scared the shit outta me, Izi?

IZI

How are you doing, T?

TRISSA

I don't know, Izi, on one hand am happy with my promotion and shit, on the other hand am fucking devastated.

IZI

Yoo, you got a promotion? That's crazy.

TRISSA

Yeahh, that's what i wanted to tell you.

IZI

You sure, that's what you want to tell me?

TRISSA

Okay okay. I'm just worried about Kareem. The other day he came home we talked, everything, then he left and it's been about two day, i can't get to him.

IZI

Ohh, don't you know where he works or any of his friends?

TRISSA

No, not really.

IZI

You know, you don't need to worry about him. He'll come around.

TRISSA

Yeah...but --

IZI

No buts, let's get ice cream or something to celebrate this promotion.

TRISSA

(excited)
Okay, but pistachio and rum raisin.

IZI
 (beaming)
 Whichever one you want, girl boss.

They start walking.

CUT TO BLACK.

44. EXT. OUTSIDE OF KAREEM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jerome pulls kareem out of the car.

Kareem is heavily drunk, Jerome knocks.

JEROME
 You really need help nigga.

KAREEM
 Pussy ass ho, niggas, I can't fuck
 with y'all.

JEROME
 I'm serious.

KAREEM
 Look at my life and look at yours,
 a bitch at home, cooked meal,
 waiting for me to lay that pipe.
 Don't blow my high.

Jerome keeps knocking on the door.

TRISSA (O.S.)
 Who the fuck is that?

JEROME
 It's rome, i'm with kareem, T.

She opens the door.

CUT TO:

45. INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Jerome holds kareem in the house.

Trissa takes kareem.

JEROME
 You really need to put this nigga
 on a leash.

TRISSA
 Fuck you, rome!

JEROME
You're welcome.

Jerome exits the house.

TRISSA
Where the fuck have you been?

Kareem pushes Trissa.

KAREEM
Get the fuck off me.

TRISSA
Fuck you, nigga.

KAREEM
(drunk)
I mean baby, you really think we
could make a baby named porsche

TRISSA
(confused)
...I don't know?

KAREEM
(drunk)
without having a 911 and a twenty-
one-inch rims, seven percent tint
and air conditioning vents?

TRISSA
(still confused)
...what?

KAREEM
(drunk)
Hell fuckin' naw. Bullshit,
matador, matador. Get out my
fucking face.

Kareem tries to walk upstairs but falls, Trissa tires helping
but he pushed her.

CUT TO BLACK.

46. EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Izi and Tobi in a dark park, waiting for Jerome.

IZI
You know, it's like very late,
right?

TOBI
Yeahh..and?

Jerome shows up with 2 people. They come out a BMW E30 M3 4 door.

TOBI

That's him. Let me do the talking, alright?

IZI

Alright?

Jerome approaches.

JEROME

What's up civilians?

TOBI

I'm alright rome, here's my partner Izi.

JEROME

Sup Izi, this is SLIM and TARIQ, if this goes well you 'gon be doing business with them.

SLIM

Sup y'all.

TARIQ

What's good, brothers?

JEROME

Now, lemme hear that business proposal cuz.

TOBI

So ---

JEROME

Shh, walk with me, your boy can stay here.

TOBI

Cool, in a bit Izi.

They start walking away, leaving Izi with Tariq and Slim.

TARIQ

So, what's your story, Izi?

IZI

(scoffs)
...What?

SLIM

(humorously)
Forget the idiot, his dad in heaven wishing he wore a condom.

IZI
 (laughing)
 Fucking hell, sorry tariq.

TARIQ
 Fuck you slim.

They continue conversing but we can't hear a word.

TOBI
 So that's it. Completely foolproof.

JEROME
 Yeahh... It seems so, in theory
 though. But I'll give you the
 benefit of the doubt.

TOBI
 That's all i could ask for.

JEROME
 I'll give you two keys, need the
 money by friday, Okay?

TOBI
 Friday? Well...Okay.

JEROME
 Say it...Real nigga's never should
 bite their tongue, Unless you're
 eating pussy that smell like
 durian.

TOBI
 Crazy...It's nothing..I'll handle
 it.

JEROME
 Great, that's how i like my
 business, Handled.

Jerome makes hand signal for Tariq, He brings a bag from the
 car.

CUT TO BLACK.

47. EXT. ALLEY - LATER

Izi and Tobi walking home.

IZI
 Could you believe that nigga Tariq,
 killed his dad?

TOBI
 ...What? You're lying! Really?

IZI
Mums, apparently his dad was some boss-ass, baller-ass, king-pin, and he didn't want tariq dealing, family got fucked and he shot the dad at a club.

TOBI
(hisses)
Dumb nigga.

IZI
Feds never found the killer.

TOBI
So he's working his way up the food-chain now.

IZI
Who the hell love the hustle that much?

TOBI
Nah, Tariq i guess.

IZI
But for real, how are we going to sell all by friday.

TOBI
Lemme do the worrying, you're going to be a rapper now, bro.

IZI
(chuckles)
You bet.

CUT TO BLACK.

48. INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Trissa making breakfast, Kareem comes down.

KAREEM
Hey babe.

TRISSA
'Sup baby?

KAREEM
I'm going out, I'll be back in a bit.

TRISSA
But...But...I'm cooking --

KAREEM
I'll eat it later, love you.

Kareem exits the house.

CUT TO:

49. INT. CHURCH CONFESSION ROOM - DAY

Kareem in a confession room.

KAREEM
Father, i have done some bad bad
stuffs.

FATHER
What have you done?

KAREEM
Nothing. Sometimes i bow praying to
god hoping that he's listening, but
i've sinned to much, I don't think
he hears me.

FATHER
God forgives everyone whatever the
amount of sin, son. You ---

KAREEM
(scoffs)
...son? Cut the bullshit, Symphony.

Kareem pulls the curtain, revealing the father(SYMPHONY).

FATHER
Kareem, It's been quite a while.

KAREEM (CONT'D)
Mann...fuck this shit.

Kareem exits the church.

CUT TO BLACK.

50. INT. TOBI'S HOUSE - EVENING

Funky house setting.

TV sounds and an obese aunt -- AUNTIE (45).

Izi knocks.

AUNTIE
Who is it?

IZI
It's me, Izi.

AUNTIE
Come in, it's open.

Izi comes in.

IZI
Wassup auntie?

AUNTIE
I'm good son, how's your mama?

IZI
She doing great.

AUNTIE
Magic. He's in his room.

IZI
Thanks auntie.

Izi walks to Tobi's room.

CUT TO:

51. INT. TOBI'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Izi finds Tobi on the bed with headphones in.

He wonders then hit him.

TOBI
Damn, nigga.

IZI
What you listening to?

TOBI
Nothing.

Izi reaches for the headphones, he puts in on.

He makes a weird face, then drops it.

IZI
You listening to Ariana grande?
Damn nigga.

TOBI
You don't understand, it's her
favorite song.

IZI
...who, who's favorite song?

TOBI
Sourray, nigga.

IZI
Ohhh, c'mon bro, she still ain't
answering?

TOBI
(scoffs)
She did answer, tryna be friends
now.

IZI
(laughing)
..what? Why?

TOBI
She moving...she moving to france.

IZI
Damn...that's fucked up.

TOBI
Yeahh man.

IZI
You should move too.

TOBI
Move where, to france? nigga?

IZI
(chuckles)
Move on, dummy.

TOBI
Fuck you.

IZI
We're set to meet Tariq? For the
re-up?

Tobi points at a bag.

TOBI
We sure are.

IZI
Great. Let's get this re-up.

CUT TO:

52. EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Tobi and Izi walk in to an alley.

Tariq and Slim waiting for them, sitting on the roof of a 2 door RED BMW E30 M3.

TOBI
(silently)
Two E30's, Damn.

TARIQ
'Sup? You got the money?

IZI
Right here. You got the product?

SLIM
Right here, cuz.

IZI
(jokingly)
How many E30's you got?

SLIM
Shittt...I don't even know.

TOBI
Well..damn.

TARIQ
We straight?

TOBI
Yeah...good looking out.

SLIM
Love.

They exchange handshakes. Tobi and Izi walk away.

TARIQ
Damn, they didn't come up short.

SLIM
Yeah...

TARIQ
Wanted to pop out and show niggas,
you know?

Slim and Tariq enter the car and exit.

CUT TO BLACK.

53. INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

It is a classroom RAP BATTLE.

2-BIT (23M), black kid with cornrows.

Crowd goes crazy after 2-bit says something.

Izi sitting at the back of the class, getting entertained.

2-BIT

Yo, izi, wanna battle?

IZI

(scoffs)

Nah am good.

2-BIT

I knew you couldn't do it, pussy.

IZI

(hesitant)

Okayy.

They start battling, 2-bit goes first.

2-BIT

(rhyming, battling)

45 secs okay? Alright alright,
check this, well look who it is,
Izi, how easy it's going to be,
murk this guy, no shit. 2-bit king
of this shit, there ain't never
been another battle, since i won
that one, when am done with this
guy, he won't never go for another
battle, battle, battle, battle,
battle, huh. dumb hoe, like
illuminati, take his soul, with
that shawty, i wish i had time for
him, infinity clips, laying this
nigga a round it's a wrap for his
round, lemme me not let my wrap
around.

Crowd goes crazy.

IZI

(rhyming, battling)

Look, see this nigga, 2-bit, I
guess he's 2 stupid, battle me? 2-
bit see his boys, 1,2,3,4,5,6,7
bits how come all 4 bit, won a
battle 3yrs ago, nigga stuck stuck
up his arse like chromosomes, look
at his shoes, living creatures,
look here 2-bit, oohh sorry you
can't process all that, ain't that
why they call you 2-bit.

(MORE)

IZI (CONT'D)

I ain't tryna dead you, back then
do a robbery, tell a civilian don't
be a hero I'll let it rest here
hero, need to go home to his mom,
she got curves like andre andre
pirlo like andre pirlo you my son, i
fucked who birth you, take a pen
home write something dope, don't
come --

Crowd goes even crazier.

CUT TO:

54. INT. TRAIN - DAY

Izi sitting down, scribbling rhymes on a paper.

Trissa sneaks up on him. HEYYYYYY!

IZI

Heyy.

TRISSA

(happy)

Hi.

IZI

What are you doing here? I thought
with the new office and promotion
you'd be going home a lil late.

TRISSA

Well you'd be surprised, anyways
what got you smiling?

IZI

This kid challenged me to rap
battle today? Imagine that.

TRISSA

Tell me you smoked him.

IZI

Have you met me?

They laugh and continue chatter -- it becomes muffled.

CUT TO BLACK.

55. INT. TOBI'S ROOM - DAY

Izi sitting and playing with a ball.

Tobi counting, wondering where they came up short.

IZI
What's going on?

TOBI
We...came up short.

IZI
Fuck...which school?

TOBI
...Godolkin

IZI
The highest paying one?

TOBI
Yeahh...we need to send a message.

IZI
....We need to get the money
straight, Tarig coming for re-up
tonight.

TOBI
Nah...we need to send a Fucking
message.

IZI
Nahhh, fill up the money from our
pockets, and cut off their supply,
till i see fit.

TOBI
Fucking godolkin.

Tobi hisses and brings out another bag to make up for the
missing money.

Izi continues playing.

CUT TO BLACK.

56. INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kareem re-creates what happened to his mother --

Trissa sleeping and kareem pulls her down from the bed
furiously.

KAREEM
(screaming)
How many fucking times do i have to
tell you to not leave your
douchebag hanging in the shower?

TRISSA
 (taking it all in)
 It's part of my life, what don't
 you understand?

KAREEM
 I don't give a fuck...It's ugly,
 like you.

TRISSA
 (hesitant)
 Don't ever leave your boxers in the
 shower also...It's unsightly.

KAREEM
 Don't get all smart on me.

He rushes her --

MATCH CUT TO:

57. INT. STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

-- he chases her down the stairs and kicked her all the way
 down.

Instant regret --

He packs his things to leave --

KAREEM (O.S.)
 (hitting his head)
 No, no...no, I can't be, I'm not
 him....No...No...Fuck no.

He walks down the stairs, trissa all over the place, crying.

TRISSA
 (crying)
 Where the fuck are you --

KAREEM
 I'm sorry...

He exits --

CUT TO BLACK.

58. EXT. TRAP HOUSE BALCONY - DAY

Kareem sitting on the same 'flex' lounge chair, smoking a
 cigarette, it appears he has drank and smoked about a crate
 --

Jerome pulls up.

JEROME
What the fuck are you doing here,
It's like 6 in the morning.

KAREEM
Nothing.

JEROME
(scoffs)
...You've got to be kidding me?

KAREEM
(hesitant)
I'm being him Rome.

JEROME
Who?

KAREEM
I did exactly what he did to my
mom, the whole reason why i killed
him.

JEROME
Yoo..you really nee--

KAREEM
I never cut the cancer off.

JEROME
You're nothing like him, or any of
us...you killed the cancer.

KAREEM
Well, death ain't nothing but a
heartbeat away.

Jerome walks to his car and grabs a business card.

Hands it to kareem.

JEROME
This the therapist, try it.

KAREEM
Fuck did i say to you about that.

JEROME
(scoffs)
Just try it, alright.

Jerome puts it in his pocket and goes into the trap house.

CUT TO BLACK.

59. INT. OFFICE BULLPEN - DAY

Lynette on the phone --

Everybody looking at her.

LYNETTE

(on the phone)

Fuck you, motherfucker, you ho-ass nigga, I don't know what you trying to do, nigga, you ain't shit, I shouldn't be fucking with you anyway, walking around like you god's gift to earth, nigga, you ain't shit. Fuck you, nigga, don't call me no more, don't text me, don't even think about me, furthermore don't even breathe, nigga.

-- Hangs up.

She walks out the bullpen to --

CUT TO:

60. INT. TRISSA'S OFFICE - DAY

Trissa working --

LYNETTE

Hey..miss new office.

TRISSA

Babes, what's going on?

LYNETTE

I just broke up with DAVE.

TRISSA

(surprised)

What... That's crazy, what happened?

LYNETTE

I don't know, we're not feeling each other no more. Why you wearing Ray-Bans while working?

TRISSA

Nothing.

LYNETTE

Take it off.

TRISSA

It's nothing please.

LYNETTE

I said take it off, now!

She takes the sunglasses off.

TRISSA

I feel down the stairs.

LYNETTE

Bullshit, you did!

TRISSA

I'm serious.

LYNETTE

Nah, he pushed you off the stairs.

TRISSA

Goddamnit, lynette, i told you i
fell off the stairs.

LYNETTE

(scoffs)

I'm trying to help you.

TRISSA

I don't need your help, Get out.

Lynette exits the office.

CUT TO BLACK.

61. INT. TRISSA'S CHILDHOOD HOUSE - DAY

Trissa is having a FLASHBACK!!!

A well furnished house --

TRISSA'S MOM (38F) a dope fiend collapsed on the couch --

Injection station on the table, scattered.

YOUNG TRISSA comes back from school.

YOUNG TRISSA

Mom..I'm home!

She repeats until she sees her mom on the couch.

YOUNG TRISSA (CONT'D)

(shaking the mother's
body)

Mom? Mom? Are you okay?

She starts trembling and rushes to call her father --

CUT TO:

62. INT. TRISSA'S CHILDHOOD HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Still in FLASHBACK!!!

TRISSA'S DAD comes in the house --

In a suit, by the looks of it. He's had the night of his life.

YOUNG TRISSA rushes and hugs his legs.

YOUNG TRISSA
Daddy...mummy on the couch.

TRISSA'S DAD
(annoyed)
Ohhh, get off me.

YOUNG TRISSA
Ok.

He walks over to the couch and shakes her body aggressively --

-- She's dead.

TRISSA'S DAD
(summoning)
Trissa, come here.

YOUNG TRISSA
I'm here.

He holds her, both hands on her, he clenches hard on her --

TRISSA'S DAD
-- What did you do to her?

YOUNG TRISSA
(crying)
...What?

TRISSA'S DAD
(shouting)
Your mom, What did you do to her?

He breaks down and starts crying.

CUT TO:

63. INT. RESTAURNT - DAY

Trissa sitting in a booth -- having her flashback.

Izi comes in -- interrupts.

IZI
...Hey

TRISSA
(realized he's in her
front)
Oh...sorry, hey.

IZI
(smiling)
You were gone for a good minute.

TRISSA
Oh I was thinking.

IZI
Thinking about?

TRISSA
Nothing, let's order.

IZI
Okay...

They order.

CUT TO BLACK.

64. INT. RECORDING STUDIO - NIGHT

Tobi, Tariq, Slim and MF KEYS(The Producer).

Izi in the recording booth spitting.

He's spitting on:

- His life.
- The drug game.
- Mugging.
- Tobi's relationship.

MF KEYS
(mixing and vibing)
He's hard, not going to lie.

TOBI
(bopping his head to the
beat)
I told you...that's my boy.

They continue for a minute --

Mf keys signs Izi to come out.

IZI

How that sound keys?

TARIQ

Mannnn, that shit tight.

He shakes tariq, slim and tobi.

MF KEYS

Boy, oh boy, you went all in, i like that.

IZI

I appreciate it, keys!

SLIM

So when the record coming out?

MF KEYS

After some mixing and adjustments, but today was good.

IZI

Love, keys.

TOBI

We'll leave you to that, we've got business to discuss.

They exit the studio and leave mf keys, mixing the record.

CUT TO BLACK.

65. EXT. TRAP HOUSE BALCONY - NIGHT

Kareem drinking, jerome pulls up.

JEROME

Big rome in the house, what's up bro?

KAREEM

I'm jam.

JEROME

What you still doing here?

KAREEM

I can't lie to you bro, am afraid to go home.

JEROME

You fucked up bad huh?

KAREEM

Yes, i fucked up big time.

JEROME

If i know one thing about trissa,
she always willing to hear you
out...don't waste that.

KAREEM

Love bro.

They shake, Jerome goes into the trap house and Kareem drives
off.

CUT TO BLACK.

66. INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Trissa already sleeping.

Kareem walks in, undresses and tries getting into the bet
without waking her up.

As he lies down, her eyes open up.

TRISSA

Baby?

KAREEM

Yes, baby.

TRISSA

Welcome home.

KAREEM

(hesitant)
...are you free for dinner
tomorrow?

TRISSA

(excited)
Yes.

KAREEM

(chuckles)
Goodnight.

After the last smile from trissa...

TEXT COMES OVER IN BLACK:

"THE END?"

END.