

# TEENS IN THE HOOD®

Inspired by Lucky Dube "Children in the Street"

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A Screenplay by  
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FADE IN:

MUSIC IN: TRAP MUSIC

EXT. NORTSVILLE STREET - DAY

Text (BOTTOM RIGHT): NORTSVILLE, FEB 18, 2012.

Morning sun glimmers. We are in a dilapidated suburb. A BLACK BOY (Age 13) walks past us with a Kalashnikov rifle.

CLOSE on a host of MIXED RACE MEN gambling, some OTHERS trading what we cannot see; they are armed with rifles and handguns.

FULL SHOT as we proceed to see some VAGRANT CHILDREN and derelict buildings.

INT. MERCEDES BENZ - MOVING VEHICLE - SAME TIME

We stay with a chubby man THOMAS LEE; A Chinese drug kingpin in a convoy of 3 transparent-window 2012 Mercedes Benz budging at a mediocre speed.

He is in the rear seat of the middle auto. The PEOPLE are chanting his praise; He waves without a smile.

EXT. NORTSVILLE - BMF CARTEL - SAME TIME

They get to their destination in a beat; an old-looking unpainted 2 story building. Some HUSTLERS; mostly in their late 30's are making sales to some FIENDS nearby.

The sales almost reach a halt as Thomas steps out; the CROWD acknowledges him, He is clad in an all-white suit with a very expensive shoe.

There is a slight blood splash on Thomas suit. We find -

DECK OF THE BUILDING

Some GOONS with RPG-7 and M4 carbine taking a surveillance, they salute him.

He looks around the corners, motions watch out. The two SECURITY THUGS at the entrance excuse Him as He proceeds in alone.

EXT. BMF CARTEL - CONTINUOUS

Thomas' assistant; Young ERIC FERG late 30's, English with a slight Russian accent; alight from the passenger seat of the middle auto.

INT. BMF CARTEL - PROCESSING HALL - CONTINUOUS

We see the CREW bagging the white in a polythene ziplock on a long conference-like table; each brick has a "B" logo. A Golden executive chair sits across.

We see some Ghetto-inspired artworks alongside a predominant graffiti which reads "Fuck 12" on the wall. Thomas is properly welcomed by the clique.

INT. BMF CARTEL - HUSTLER'S DORMITORY - SAME TIME

Thomas glances at the Hustlers' dormitory, a narrow-entrance hall by the left of the processing hall, some flight of stairs leads to the deck of the building. A group of HUSTLERS' salute him.

By his right is the cartel lodge, The SECURITY THUGS at the door step aside as he enters.

EXT. BMF CARTEL - SAME TIME

MEN IN BLACK alight from all three cars, offload 10 black Nike duffle bags from the trunk of the cars.

YOUNG FERG

(smile)

Damn! That's a lot.

MAN IN BLACK #1

(laughs)

It takes one to change your whole life.

YOUNG FERG

By dusk, we bet'be millionaires.

MAN IN BLACK #1

You can say that again.

INT. BMF CARTEL - LODGE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Men in black are loading the duffel bags beside Thomas' couch; He is stripping off.

MAN IN BLACK #1

That's all we got Sir.

Thomas nods without a word, Man in black #1 exits. Mobile Phone rings, CLOSE on display: Shawty. Thomas picks up, listens for a beat without saying anything, He clicks off.

EXT. BMF CARTEL - SAME TIME

We follow the ass level of 2 athletic ladies; one wears a crop top with a blank design on a rag-like bum jean while the other is clad in a very short latex gown. They pace toward the entrance seductively.

SECURITY THUG #1

(aims his M16A2 Commando)

The fuck you want here bitch?

SECURITY THUG #2

(as he lowers his partners shooting shoulder)

Easy! Let 'em in.

INT. PROCESSING HALL - CONTINUOUS

The ladies walk into the lodge seductively as the Crew looks on in delight. They proceed to the lodge without restriction.

INT. CARTEL LODGE - CONTINUOUS

The ladies arrive. Thomas, now in a white fur bathrobe cleans his nose. He just snorts coke.

NOTE: THE DIALOGUE IN THIS SCENE IS SPOKEN IN FRENCH AND SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH.

THOMAS

(smiles)

What's good?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLACK LADY #1

Seeing you again. What's up with those fuckers?

THOMAS

Oh! I had little problems In the Nortsville port.

(beat)

I took good care of 'em.

Thomas rises up abruptly; crosses to a bar, browse for a beat, He picks Tequila Ley .925 amongst some other luxury brands; he holds out three shot glasses.

He serves both ladies; he's still standing, looking out of the window. He downs the drink.

WHITE LADY #1 stands up flirty. Grab Thomas in the ribs and moves her mouth close to his left ear.

WHITE LADY #1

(whispers)

You said you were gonna spoil me.

(beat)

All things being equal.

THOMAS

(fleeting smile)

Oh! I haven't forgotten you.

Thomas opens one of the duffel bags; takes possession of 10 bundles of dollar bill.

CLOSE on the two Glock 18 pistol on the piles. The ladies peer in surprise. He split and shares it to them.

BLACK LADY #1

You do numbers all the time.

General Laughter.

THOMAS

By automatic.

END OF SUBTITLES.

INT. LAGOS MAINLAND - OLAOTAN FAMILY RESIDENCE - DAY

TEXT (BOTTOM LEFT): West Africa.

An average setting. YOUNG MRS.OLAOTAN EUNICE, A chubby and robust woman in her early 60's is burdened with the chores in a Solo.

She makes a haphazard walk towards the TV stand in the living room dabbing the screen surface with a hand towel.

She rhymes to a song from the stereo.

YOUNG EUNICE

(singing)

I want to live, I want to give, I've been a  
miner for a heart of gold, It's these  
expressions I never giv.....

Shambolic knock on the door. Young Eunice smile. She snubs the peephole and answers the door to reveal young OLAOTAN SHERIFF and young OLAOTAN EMILY.

Young Emily has a backpack on. They study her for a while.

YOUNG EUNICE

(excited)

I know - Come on in, my irreplaceable children.

They advance in. Converge her with warm hugs.

YOUNG EUNICE (CONT'D)

(to Sheriff)

Oh! I missed you;

(beat)

You guys are looking real good.

YOUNG SHERIFF

Just like you.

Young OLU KHALID (Age 11) walks out to the living room. He looks feeble; His eyes as red as beet.

YOUNG EMILY

(turns to Khalid)

Hey Lil boy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YOUNG KHALID

(as He ease into the couch)

(off young Eunice livid look)

Oh Uncle! - I thought next week.

(to young Eunice)

Good morning Grandma.

YOUNG EUNICE

Khalid, what did I tell you about getting to bed late?

Young Khalid buries his face in his hands.

YOUNG KHALID

Grandma! I'm sorry.

YOUNG SHERIFF

(to young Eunice)

Hmm! Mom, He's just a boy, everyone else does it.

YOUNG EMILY

And a boy never sleeps? He does that every time; always have to bore me with that Joel thing, it makes me scared.

Young Sheriff builds an odd look at young Emily. She looks away nervously.

Young Sheriff opens his arms wide as He receives young Khalid.

YOUNG SHERIFF

(patting young Khalid's head)

I understand ok? But there's time for everything, you've got all day to play video games, Night is for sleep.

YOUNG KHALID

Okay, Uncle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YOUNG SHERIFF

(clears throat)

If you don't mind, I'd like to talk with  
Grandma, Can you two just get busy inside?

Young Khalid holds young Emily's hands to the back as  
they walk inside playfully.

YOUNG EMILY (O.S)

(laughs)

Leave me; Leave me alone - Mum -

BACK TO SCENE

YOUNG SHERIFF

Mom, what's going on?

YOUNG EUNICE

(deep sigh)

He still won't succumb, He came some days ago,  
no luck - and I have groomed this boy with  
socially acceptable behaviour, it's a slap to  
my face if I let go.

YOUNG SHERIFF

(to himself, silently)

This is serious.

YOUNG EUNICE

(sober)

He tried to beat Emily up, He is just  
something else. Well I talked with Margaret  
some days ago; she's coming for him next  
tomorrow.

Young Sheriff sighs deeply. We focus on an old family  
portrait of YOUNG NASS, YOUNG MARGARET AND BABY KHALID  
hanging above the TV.

Young Sheriff Walks up to it; stares for a beat, moves  
his hands recurrently through the edges.



INT. OLAOTAN FAMILY RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Late. Crickets Chirping. Distant Dog barking. The whole family is asleep. Door knocks.

Young Emily wakes up in a beat, walks limp toward the living room to answer the door.

She pauses skeptically, door bangs repeatedly; She's startled. She peeked through the peephole.

Her POV through peephole: An innocent looking YOUNG OLU NASS; early 40's, Tall, clad in a Designer top, Denim trouser and 2012 Nike air max. She grants him access.

Young Nass ferociously knocks the door in, she lurches backward and slams against the floor.

YOUNG EMILY

(yell)

What do you want again?

And just when young Nass steps in with an ACCOMPLICE, young Sheriff and young Eunice walk out.

YOUNG SHERIFF

(head bent)

Nass, what is going on?

(turns to Emily)

Em, you ok?

Young Emily nods in agreement. Young Sheriff's POV: CLOSE on a .9mm pistol in Nass' accomplice right hand.

YOUNG SHERIFF (CONT'D)

(points at the .9mm)

And what does that has to do with why you're here?

Young Nass circles around young Sheriff, he lights up a joint. Young Eunice stares in disgust.

YOUNG NASS

(slowly)

A male figure could help right? You see - I don't want no trouble, I don't wanna hurt anyone, I just want my boy, It's that simple.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YOUNG EUNICE

(bobs her head horizontally)

Nass, you've been an imaginary father to this boy, I know what I have gone through to -

YOUNG SHERIFF

(blinks at Eunice)

Mom, I'll do the talking.

YOUNG NASS

(quickly)

Well, you lost that privilege; I envisaged this and I have made proper arrangement.

As he douses the joint; Nass motions his accomplice. Instantly, He advance in and drags a sleeping young Khalid out of bed to the living room.

YOUNG KHALID

(In Yoruba)

Leave me alone, Grandma!!!

NASS' ACCOMPLICE

Easy boy, you're safe.

Young Nass accomplice holds young Khalid close to Himself; tears run down the boy's cheek.

Young Eunice tries to snatch young Khalid, Nass' accomplice aims at her, we play the tension as we think He'll shoot.

ACCOMPLICE

Don't play with me, Oldie.

YOUNG SHERIFF

(fearfully)

No! Mum, no.

YOUNG EUNICE

(verge of crying)

Nass, if you take this boy outside this door, I'll never ever forgive you.

Young Emily is fighting back tears.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YOUNG NASS

Ah! Forgiveness comes from God, Do I even care to be forgiven?

YOUNG SHERIFF

(off Khalid's look)

Nass - If you insist - We won't stop you.

(beat)

But one thing, this innocent boy don't deserve your kind of life. Cocaine, Joint in hand, how can that assure a brighter future?

YOUNG NASS

(off Eunice creepy glance)

I'm done here.

EXT. OLAOTAN FAMILY RESIDENCE - SAME TIME

Young Nass' accomplice walks out toward the car with young Khalid; the boy is clearly reluctant, he starts crying afresh.

Engine starts. Young Khalid is at the rear seat of the car, He bangs weakly at the window.

NASS' ACCOMPLICE

(calling out)

Hey yo! Can we?

Young Nass exits and proceed into the car. The Olaotans' watches Young Khalid banging at the glass as they transit before finally getting out of view.

We stay on Young Emily. She portrays the distress look of losing a play partner.

EXT. NORTSVILLE - BMF CARTEL - DAY

With some hustlers' and few patrons' nearby. A Black 2011 Lexus IS 350 approaches; stops.

SUSAN LEE; Chinese; late 40's clad in her trademark tomboy style with a cigarette in her mouth; lean on the passenger seat with her legs sticking out. A duffel bag sits right beside her leg.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A VOGUISH OLD WOMAN, anything around 60; grey hair with a scarf tied around her neck advance toward her balancing a little boy with her right hand and a bag on her left.

OLD WOMAN

I got your call, Susan.

Susan receives YOUNG JACK LEE (Age 11), a sharp looking boy in a long sleeve top.

(Note: JACK will wear only long sleeve tops until further notice)

YOUNG JACK

(In Chinese)

(as He hugs her)

Mom. I miss you.

OLD WOMAN

(to Susan)

That was overtime.

Old woman peers up on Susan as she withdraws a bundle of dollar bill from the stacks, she hands it to her.

OLD WOMAN

(as she departs)

Thanks Susan, next time.

Susan taps the DRIVER who rests his head on the wheel. He looks drunk as he looks into the camera.

SUSAN

(as she alights)

You're such a Connard (Asshole).

INT. PROCESSING HALL - CONTINUOUS

Susan steps in with young Jack. The Thugs acknowledge her. A BLACK THUG moves toward her.

BLACK THUG

Glee!!! It's good to have you back in one piece and most importantly hitting a lick.

She returns a smile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUSAN

(as she proceeds into the lodge)

Thank you.

INT. CARTEL LODGE - CONTINUOUS

Door opens. Thomas is sniffing on a coffee table; he sweats profusely, behaving dysfunctional.

Susan walks past him; drops her stuffs, sits on a couch with young Jack.

SUSAN

(In Chinese; subtitled in English)

Nose now? I hope you won't damage your membrane.

YOUNG JACK

(snorts)

Look at that, ridiculous.

Thomas returns to some semblance of normality; he sighs heavily.

THOMAS

(In French; Subtitled in English)

You picked him up?

SUSAN

(In French; Subtitled in English)

(reluctantly)

I'd rather have him home this time.

YOUNG JACK

(turns to Thomas)

Dad, What are you doing?

CLOSE on a Glock .45 auto on the coffee table. Thomas Grabs it. He grasps young Jack from the neck; raising him completely from the ground level.

He violently slams him against the couch and aims at his forehead. Jack's expression shows he's not overwhelmed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Susan equips her handgun.

SUSAN

(yells)

Thomas!!!

We play the tension a beat, then Thomas withdraws.

THOMAS

(staring at both of them)

Next time.

Thomas walks out.

INT. PROCESSING HALL - CONTINUOUS

The crew is bagging cocaine into clear zip-lock polythene bags, some are concealed in foodstuffs.

A perfect silence as Thomas steps in. a WHITE THUG, early 40's walks toward Him.

THOMAS

Heard from Ferg yet?

WHITE THUG #1

Nah - He'll be fine, for sure - What's more imperative is we gotta double agent in the house.

White Thug #1 progress toward BLACK THUG #1, points at him.

WHITE THUG 1

This fucker - He's with 12, I overheard him.

White thug #1 kicks Black Thug's #1 leg as he falls to his knee. CLOSE on Thomas' back as he proceeds slowly at Black thug #1.

EXTREME CLOSE on Black Thug #1 face; his expression spells death.

BLACK THUG #1

Wait! I can - I can explain.

Thomas clouts him vigorously; blood gushes out of his nose. The crew aims their guns at Black thug #1 as Thomas walks into the Lodge.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Thomas emerges with young Jack; Gun in hand.

BLACK THUG #1

(fearfully, like a baby)

Fuck! Thomas, please don't, I.....

THOMAS

(fits a gun in Jack's hand)

You know what - This Moh'fucker - I picked him from shit, I made him what he is, He wanna repay the favour, guess what? He rattin' on me; on the team, now I want you to show him what an ingrate gets in big money.

The crew looks on; Jack aims at Black thug #1 - and in a beat -

YOUNG JACK

No! I can't do this.

Young Jack tosses the gun accidentally in the reach of Black thug #1. CLOSE on Black thug #1 right hand as he presses a chip, Beep! He takes possession of the pistol.

Blam! Thomas fires a shot into his left eye.

EXT. NORTSVILLE STREET - CONTINUOUS

OVERHEAD view of DEA vehicles in sequence approaching rapidly. The STREET OCCUPANTS look on.

EXT. BMF CARTEL - CONTINUOUS

A BLACK THUG from the deck spots the incoming vehicle; He attempts to shoot, He is taken out with a headshot. He falls lifelessly to the ground.

DEA AGENT #1(V.O)

Ooh! Ooh! Headshot!!! Halt, Luis.

Engine stops; they take positions. They duck down behind their vehicle and beside the walls edges. Gunshots firing.

INT. PROCESSING HALL - CONTINUOUS

Distant gun shots. The Crew is getting armed with heavy weapons. Guns clicking.

INT. HUSTLERS' DORMITORY - CONTINUOUS

Thugs advance to the processing hall, equip their weapons.

EXT. BMF CARTEL - CONTINUOUS

DEA AGENT #1

(On P.A, in French)

Drop your weapons, put your hands on your head  
and drop to the ground.

INT. CARTEL LODGE - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE on a slow mo' at Susan as she steps out with a fully loaded Uzi.

INT. PROCESSING HALL - CONTINUOUS

THOMAS

(turns to young Jack)

Lettin' you live.

(bops his head ferociously)

I deeply regret it.

Blam! Blam! Blam! Thomas fires at young Jack; he misses. Young Jack runs for a cover immediately.

Thomas fires again, Blam! Blam! Jack gets shot in the left brachium; he jumps out of the window.

EXT. BMF CARTEL - CONTINUOUS

DEA AGENT #1

Breach! Breach!!

The door is down. The street is a shambles. The DEA agents' had taken out the crew from the outside.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

DEA AGENT #2

(into radio)

We are going through the back.

We see more than 10 DEA AGENTS' marching toward the back.

EXT. BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Young Jack is writhing in pain; he contorts, His blood pools the floor. He picks up a Beretta 92FS from a killed cartel member.

Distant gunshots firing. He looks down on the Agents' as they move; He ducks.

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

The Agents' making an entrance through a tunnel.

INT. CARTEL LODGE - CONTINUOUS

They huddle at the cartel lodge; we see tremendous stacks of dollar bill. It's an awesome sight.

DEA AGENT #1

What the F--

They progress to the processing hall, take cover with the walls edges.

CLOSE on an Agent's POV: a cocaine powder on the coffee table and Young Jack's wooden gun.

DEA AGENT #2

(on radio)

We're in - Over!

INT. PROCESSING HALL - CONTINUOUS

BMF cartel is running out of members. Blam! A shot dashes past Susan's ear.

The Agents' flank them; Susan takes a 180 degree cover immediately. Blam! Thomas takes a damage in the back, He grunts; takes cover immediately.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

An Agent launches an Mk 2 Grenade toward Susan; as she and some other two cartel Members tries to take flight -  
Blam! Blam! Blam! Blam! Blam! Blam! Blam! Blam! Blam!  
Blam! As the grenade explodes; it shreds their cadaver.  
Thomas looks on in horror.

EXT. BMF CARTEL - CONTINUOUS

We see 3 DEA AGENTS making a run for the entrance; the thugs have all being exterminated, a meagre sum of agents has been taken out.

INT. BMF CARTEL - PROCESSING HALL - CONTINUOUS

The Agents' emerge out of cover; they aim at Thomas and 3 other thugs; the survivors.

The 3 agents from the outside emerge; leaving Thomas and the thugs in between, they all aim at them.

DEA AGENT #1

Now drop your weapon; put your damn hands on your fucking head.

A Thug resists. Blam! He is shot dead.

Thomas bends his head in disappointment; Gun in hand, He buries his face in his palm.

In a beat, He makes a swift attempt to shoot.

Blam! Blam! Blam! Blam! Blam! He goes down alongside the two other thugs.

CLOSE on an AGENT'S POV: Black Thug #1 lies lifeless in a pool of blood, a bullet piercing in his eye.

DEA AGENT #1

He's gone.

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Young Jack warps to the back of the garage, He is still bleeding profusely. 2 THUGS approach; one armed with a pistol and the other; a shiv.

On notice, Young Jack takes cover.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Thug #1 shoots repeatedly at Young Jack's cover

THUG #1

You fucking bonehead!!! You sold us -

CLICKS. Thug #1 runs out of ammo; they walk stealthily to young Jack's cover - on their way -

Young Jack pops up; Gun in hand.

Blam! Blam! He shoots the thug with a shiv in the knee and in the heart; he falls dead.

He make a weak Dead-in-the-eye glance at the other in slow mo'.

Blam! Blam! Blam! Blam! Blam! Blam! He empties the clip in his temple; from the Tarsus to the groin; thorax and finally the forehead.

BLANK SCREEN.

MONTAGE - YOUNG JACK'S BRUTALITY - VARIOUS

Jack (Age 12) pushes a BLACK GUY to the ground. Blam! Blam! Blam! He pierces bullets through his body regularly.

Jack (Age 14) has multiple brutal kills in a RIVAL GANG shootout.

Jack (Age 15) shoots a CAUCASIAN in the forehead. Blood splashes on screen.

Jack (Age 17) shoots into a BLACK GUY right eyes.

END OF MONTAGE.

BLANK SCREEN.

MOVIE TITLE FADES IN WITH A COLD BRUTAL EFFECT.

EXT. BMF CARTEL - DAY

Text (BOTTOM LEFT): PRESENT DAY

Music In: Trap Music

A bright morning, as we PAN the environs -

We come to see that this place is packed with TEEN HUSTLERS' of different races around the world and very few OLDER HUSTLERS' around their late 30's with heavy weapons.

FULL SHOT on a TEEN we'll come to know as ZANE, who wears an adorable Red Paisley Bandana on his neck making sales down the block.

A WHITE FIEND POV down the block: FERG in a discussion with a White HUSTLER; he approaches Him.

FERG

Hey Amigo, Finally outta the box.

WHITE FIEND

(smiles, as they hug each other)

Ferg!

FERG

(studies him)

Who gets fat inna' joint? Fuck.

WHITE FIEND

(chuckles)

You sizing me up? They didn't take my big show shit.

White Fiend studies the environment; he turns back at Ferg, stunned.

WHITE FIEND

(low voice)

Ferg! Teens?

FERG

Ah - My friend and it ain't been the same; I got a whole lotta 'em out on drop-off, these babies' move more kilo than those Big-for-nothin'

WHITE FIEND

(convincingly)

But they too young.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FERG

That's the fuckin' strength.

(beat)

These boys get away with everything.

WHITE FIEND

I don't think this is wise.

FERG

Well, That's my fuckin' business.

WHITE FIEND

(off Ferg's look)

Hmm!

FERG

Nowadays; I stop countin' loss Kemosabe.

Ferg fumbles in his pocket; tosses White Fiend a kilo of coke, he gets wads of cash in return.

WHITE FIEND

(as he departs)

Pray they don't find me again.

EXT. LAGOS ISLAND - SAFEWAY HOSPITAL - DAY

Early 40's, skinny OLAOTAN MARGARET approaches swiftly in a white custom mid-wife regalia with a white cap; There is a visible scar on the left side of her face.

INT. SAFEWAY HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

On access; she quickly fills a register at the reception, she dashes off.

INT. MATERNITY UNIT - CONTINUOUS

Door opens. Margaret walks in remorseful, Other STAFF are present but she is not receiving any attention.

MARGARET

(to all)

Good morning, I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NURSE #1

The C.O.O - He's been here twice, for you.

MARGARET

(sigh)

Oh God! Okay, Fine.

Margaret walks out hastily.

INT. C.O.O'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A classic; well organized office. A name plate on his paper-swamped table reads - JOHN UKEH. He busies himself with some paperwork. Knocks on the door; Margaret enters.

MARGARET

Good morning sir.

C.O.O

(not looking)

Hmm! Hmm!!

MARGARET

I apologize sir, some unforeseen circumstances spr-

C.O.O

You know the rules - you are not new here at least.

Margaret nods in agreement; she didn't say anything.

C.O.O (CONT'D)

(off Margaret stare)

Let that be the very last or I'll see to it personally.

MARGARET

I promise sir.

C.O.O

(hits the table)

Thank you.

Margaret exits the C.O.O's office, Indistinct Chatter.

EXT. NORTSVILLE STREET - DAY

We follow ISAAC BRIAN; A stylish white-haired teen Caucasian, DAVID LEO; An old-fashioned white teen and Jack (Age 18) riding on a separate individual bike from the outskirts of the city.

They are exhibiting stunts and pedaling on high speed. Jack has a big black sack fastened to his back, bell chimes.

BRIAN

(to a passerby)

Get the fuck outta my way dumb head.

Brian overtakes Leo; Brian and Jack at the front now.

LEO

Dammit, you fuckin' kidding me?

JACK

(to Leo)

You ain't gon improve, Moh'fucka.

Suddenly; tyre Screech, Brian gets hit by an incoming vehicle from a junction. CLOSE on Brian as He groans in pain; his bike moves out of control.

FULL SHOT on Leo and Jack pedaling speedily towards their destination.

BRIAN

(as he rises up his feet)

Damn, Ah! - Bitch Nigga.

The DRIVER studies him; engine Starts, car zooms off.

BRIAN

(calling after)

When i get ya - I'ma cap your white ass  
moh'fucker.

Brian reaches for His bike; pedals toward his friends' destination.

EXT. BMF CARTEL - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Brian halts; he parks his bike, he kicks Jack's and Leo's bike in fury. Suddenly, His expression changed, He proceeds in flaccid.

INT. BMF CARTEL - BACKYARD - JACK'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Leo and Jack are shuffling the wads of cash on a coffee table. And as the door opens, we can see some Gangster Artworks and a big portrait of Thomas Lee on the wall as Brian enters.

BRIAN

So you two bitch ass could leave me out there to die.

JACK

(still counting)

Well you didn't, that's all that matters.

Brian didn't sink this in; he charges at Jack, Leo rush at him.

LEO

Hey, Easy dawg - Fuck's wrong with you huh?

Brian withdraws; rises up. Jack arise in a beat.

LEO

(to Jack)

Hey! What'chu got there?

JACK

4 thou' for the crew.

BRIAN

Then I take what?

JACK

Equivalent, 1.3

BRIAN

No - you don't put that shit-on-me, all that risk, Fuck equivalent.

(at Jack)

This Nigga was fuckin' idle when I pull up on that cash drawer.

LEO

(to Brian)

Whaddya mean risk?

(off Brian's look)

What have we done that was fuckin' easy?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

JACK

(slowly, to Brian)

Boy! Chill - we're all in this, we're getting squared - Any problem?

Brian looks at both of them irritably; Leo can't help it, he laughs.

BRIAN

Split the bands.

EXT. BMF CARTEL - DAY

JOHN PAVA, White, early 40's in a worn out dress approaching. The street is somewhat empty; we see some Hustlers and Fiends down the block nearby, some HOTTIES keeping their company as they bullshit.

SECURITY THUG #1

Hey!

JOHN

I need to see Ferg.

Security thug #1 makes a thorough search on Him and later grants Him access.

INT. PROCESSING HALL - CONTINUOUS

The Older Members are bagging the merchandize, John walks in; looks around, few members gaze as he walks toward the cartel lodge.

A SECURITY THUG gives a what look.

JOHN

Can I see Ferg?

Ferg, topless, walks out with a joint in his left hand; a shot glass of wine in the right. There's a tiny bit of coke residue under his nose.

He reveals to us a big Fantasy eagle tattoo on his chest and a "BMF" inscription on his stomach.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FERG

(to John)

You think you owe me some damn explanations?

JOHN

(fearfully)

Ferg, I - Please I need you to buy me some more time, I promise to square with you.

FERG

(feint Smile)

Why on earth should I fuckin' do that rat-face?

JOHN

I promise; I'm going to make things right.

FERG

Good Call.

Ferg walks slowly toward Zane; takes his gun playfully and returns to John. Ferg aims at John.

JOHN

(speedily)

Ferg! No please, I'm gonna - I swear -

Blam! Ferg shoots his neck; John groans, he chokes to death.

FERG

(slowly)

Sorry, I lost my sense of judgment.

The crew looks on at one another as Ferg walks back in.

INT. NORTSVILLE - NASS APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Average setting. KHALID; now 19, clad in a well sewn Ankara with a shiny necklace hanging around his neck, walks into the living room.

Nass; clad in Jalabiyah with a skull cap is in the middle of Solat. And as he rounds off -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NASS

Wessup?

KHALID

Yeah, I'm good - Time to leave.

Nass studies him.

NASS

Stay outta trouble down there, Okay?

KHALID

(chuckles)

Trust me Big Man.

Just when Khalid reaches for the door, a voice over from the LAST OF US - THE GAME plays on TV from his room.

NASS

How about you switch that off?

Khalid walks in and out hastily.

KHALID

Catch Ya.

(beat)

Joel - What you gonna do?

NASS

(smiles softly)

How many times?

EXT. BMF CARTEL - MIDNIGHT

Crickets Chirping. The securities are taking turns, they watch over the environment closely. They are armed with assault rifles.

INT. HUSTLER'S DORMITORY - SAME TIME

CLOSE on DAVID OSMA, Caucasian quoting Bible verses on fear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Zane, whose bed sits under his, wakes up. He looks upward.

ZANE

(yawn)

David? That's your name?

DAVID

What happened to sleep?

ZANE

Well, I was actually hearing someone uttering things Bible-like -

Zane studies him; he finds a Holy Bible in his hand.

ZANE (CONT'D)

Oh! Thought that was a dream or proolly I was hallucinating.

Zane, stunned, ascends to sit beside David. WANG MATT, Chinese stares from his bunk - adjacent theirs.

ZANE (CONT'D)

Who reads a Bible in a damn Cartel?

DAVID

(chuckles)

God hasn't forgiven me.

ZANE

(slowly)

God hasn't forgi -

DAVID

Yes of course.

ZANE

Does it matters?

DAVID

Every day we wake up, it is a threat to Humanity, How many lives have we destroyed? We do this even without the slightest remorse, how long are we -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZANE

You talk like you ain't comfortable here.

(beat)

Look, You needa' ignore everything that happens out there for one thing, survival. We all have a reason to being here, you're quite new, with no field experience - with time, it'll sink in.

ZANE (CONT'D)

You wanna talk about your parents?

DAVID

I lost them - Same day with my brother. They sold us out.

ZANE

(trying to get it together)

Sold you out? Your biological parents? To who?

DAVID

(sigh)

Someone - anonymous. You've been here what?

ZANE

5 years.

DAVID

Whoa! That's a long time, Where you from?

ZANE

Giza - Krone had a connection with my parents, He lied to them; said I can be a world famous footballer - you hear that?

DAVID

Who's Krone?

ZANE

Ferg's scout - He does all those recruit for Ferg - He got killed in a shootout last year.

ZANE (CONT'D)

Look, things are quite different here, each of the boys here have a tie with Ferg;

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There ain't nothing out there for them And  
Ferg takes that advantage to pay us paltry  
just so we can stay and do his bid. Now you're  
in too, don't worry, it'll sink in.

CLOSE on David looking confused.

DAVID

(nods his head vertically)

God is with me...I shall -

Footsteps approaching. They keep mute.

THUG SECURITY #1

Hey, what're you boys doing up?

THUG SECURITY #2

(to Matt)

And You? Hey.

Matt didn't respond; he looks around playfully.

ZANE

Just talking - Gotta problem with that?

THUG SECURITY #2

Get some sleep, in your interest.

The thugs walk off.

ZANE

We're pumping hard in the 151st tomorrow;  
let's talk if I get back in one piece.

EXT. BMF CARTEL - DAY

Music in: Trap Music.

Khalid walks toward the cartel with a waist bag. A  
couple of Hustlers flirting with some Bitches; Matt is  
making constant sales as we PAN the group.

INT. PROCESSING HALL - CONTINUOUS

Khalid walks in. Ferg sits on an executive chair.

KHALID

Ferg?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FERG

Sup' lil homie.

Khalid unzips his bag; holds out 10 bundles of 100 dollar bill to Ferg. Ferg pulls out 4 notes and hand it over to Khalid, Khalid doesn't seem satisfied.

KHALID

God! Ferg, this ain't my cut, you think its easy hustlin' on the 151st?

FERG

(snorts)

(In Russia; No subtitle)

The boy wants more.

Few of the older members at work give a horrible laughter. Khalid looks lost.

OLDER MEMBER #1

(Re: Ferg, In Russia; No subtitle)

And you give him more.

FERG

(Re: Khalid)

We both know the reason you say that to me and still remain above the ground.

KHALID

(angry)

You made me an agreement, I take 4%

FERG

Well - fuck agreement.

(arms stretched out)

This is BMF.

Khalid peers in anger. Just when He turns to leave -

FERG

(calling after)

I ain't see him in years, he finally lost to his West Africa 'bih?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Khalid thinks for a beat, turns and makes a very rapid effort to wallop Ferg, He gets intercepted.

KHALID

You don't call my momma a 'bih, fuck you Ferg.

FERG

Use that door boy - I can change my mind.

Khalid proceeds to the door with rage.

FERG

(calling after, fast)

You gotta be here by Wednesday and I need your A-game with the 420, if you don't make your black ass available; someone else will.

Khalid gives a Fuck you hand sign.

EXT. JOSEPH AVE - COKE CREW CARTEL - WAREHOUSE - SAME DAY

An archaic building. A dozen of THUGS with firearms.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

LUKE REY; A chubby old-fashioned man in his mid 50's blowing on a Hash. The CREW is bagging cocaine in polythene bags; CLOSE on a CCC logo on the bricks. Church bell chimes from distance.

EXT. COKE CREW CARTEL- CONTINUOUS

PostEL Courier motorcycle approaching, halts. ROB IGNAS; Rey's closest Man; early 40's approaches the DISPATCH RIDER.

They exchange handshake without utterance; he takes a big box packaged like a gift and proceeds into the Cartel. Motorcycle zooms off.



INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ignas walks in with a box.

IGNAS

(smiles)

Nigga made it.

REY

I'm glad he could.

Ignas unbox the package, quite a fortune. He loads the huge wads on the table.

REY

What'd you think?

IGNAS

He'll be here by dusk.

VINCE CAREY; Rey's chef, walks out of a narrow long walkway, hands a Metaxa and a shot glass to Rey.

REY

(slurps, Re: Ignas)

Stack it up quick.

EXT. BMF CARTEL - DAY

Music in: Rap Music

Hustlers and Patrons are getting high on 420. Some OTHERS are sniffing Coke. We find -

MATT

A smoking HOTTIE sits on his lap as they kiss. And -

ZANE

As he Diverges from the group and walks toward the back of the building as David runs up on Him.

DAVID

(calling after)

Hey!!!

Zane turns. David halts on his tracks; Stare playfully. Zane smile.

ZANE

Hi! David.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID

(not looking)

I didn't see you last night.

ZANE

Yeah.

(beat)

I made it in quite late, you slept.

DAVID

How was it?

Zane fumble his hand into his right pocket; and then his left, He brings out a 100 dollar note.

ZANE

Duffel bags full of stacks, this is what it was all about.

DAVID

(beat)

Nothing works here right?

ZANE

(angrily)

You know why Ferg chose us? - He gets away with whatever.

DAVID

The cartel multiplies still.

ZANE

Look around, what choice do we have?

Zane points at --

LUIS PAVA

A white teen looking away. Although He sits with some set of fiends, He is not getting along with anyone.

ZANE

That boy lost his parent recently, He had to.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

David chants a Bible verse for protection.

Zane

Your debut tomorrow, you go prepare yourself,  
Leave God outta this, you're all on your own  
homie.

INT. OLAOTAN FAMILY RESIDENCE - DAY

Mrs. Olaotan is glued to a movie program. We see a half-empty shot glass on a tray on the coffee table.

Door knocks. She barely acknowledges it. Door knocks again; she's startled; she smiles and answers the door.

MARGARET

(smile)

Sweet Mom.

Margaret kisses her cheeks; they both stand.

EUNICE

How long have you been -

MARGARET

God! Mom - I've always been with you by heart.

Margaret takes a sip, she loves it, she studies the shot glass.

MARGARET

Wow! What's that?

EUNICE

That's a Martini - How's work?

MARGARET

Thanks to God.

And as they sits on a couch across each other.

EUNICE

(sober)

Will you consider this one?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARGARET

I'll not be doing anything like that.

Margaret holds out an envelope from her bag; pulls out a paper in it, she tears it.

MARGARET

(non-challant)

I know who he was and is, I'm not walking into my own trap.

EUNICE

Who knows? The table might have turned, do you even think about your kid?

MARGARET

Yes - every time, we couldn't have done anything, right?

Margaret points to the scar on her face.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Do I continue from -

MARGARET (CONT'D)

(very fast)

God! Mom, what are you talking about? Is it that you don't love me anymore?

(beat)

This man - abducted my son, subjected me to sufferings, these things are visible, aren't they? Now why do you want me with him?

EUNICE

Margaret, He's the father of your kid and that doesn't change for good.

Margaret didn't accept this; she shrugs.

MARGARET

I know, Fine.

(pause, off Eunice look)

I'm starving, anything in the house?

EXT. NORTSVILLE STREET - DAY

Brian, Leo and Jack warp in an intersection; gun in hand.

BRIAN

Leo, C'mon man, you're up.

Camera finds -

LEXUS RX 350 APPROACHING

Down the block. Rap blares from the stereo; the DRIVER rhymes to it, bops his head in utmost amusement.

JACK

Boy! Now.

Leo dash to the front of the car; Tyre screech, the driver smashes against the dashboard. He aims at the driver.

LEO

Could you get the fuck down please?

INT. LEXUS RX350- CONTINUOUS

As He attempt to accelerate, Jack flings an obstruction. Until now, He isn't daunted; the crew gathers.

EXT. NORTSVILLE STREET - CONTINUOUS

DRIVER

Hey Kiddo, Easy, put the gun down.

The driver alights with his hands up, kneels beside his car.

With Jack acting a lookout, Brian and Leo ransack the car. In a beat, they find stacks of cash in the safe; they pocket it. Brian and Leo attempts to scam, just then - Jack is stationary.

LEO

C'mon Jack, fuck you want again?

Jack searches the driver's left pocket; Nothing. He searches the right; a condom, he throws it back at his face.

JACK

Fuckin' old freak.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jack walks off.

DRIVER

(atop his voice)

You ain't getting away with it.

He picks up his condom; looks around for a while, enters the car. Music plays; He stops it.

He turns around to the direction he was coming from initially; now driving slowly.

DRIVER

(slowly)

No dollar - No Perry.

He hits his steering wheel "Fuck".

DRIVER

(calling after)

I'll screw your momma for free when I get ya.

He halts suddenly; looks up a portable vagina toy in the safe, he laughs ridiculously.

DRIVER

Damn makeshift.

EXT. NASS APARTMENT - MID DAY

Nass sits at the entrance; looking across, He gently bops his head to the song that plays from his headset.

NASS

(singing)

It's a late goodbye, such a late goodbye, we  
can -

Nass spots Khalid approaching.

NASS

Hey Kid.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Khalid studies him; hugs.

KHALID

How is your day going?

NASS

Good, I'm just here waiting on my boy who is finally here.

KHALID

(drags his necklace forth)

Dad! I know you won't like what I'm gonna say okay? but I don't feel comfortable wearing this thing all the time, can you tell me why?

NASS

I know and I'm sorry, it is a gift from my father; we pass it on when our kids turn 18. you probably don't know what you have hanging around your neck is worth a million dollars.

(off Khalid shocked look)

Your grandpa was a billionaire, when I look at you with the necklace on, all I see is him.

KHALID

(checking the necklace out)

If he was a billionaire then, why do we live in this place?

NASS

Uhm! I made your favourite food, you can go eat something, we'll talk when you're done.

Khalid stares at Nass who is looking away; he fakes listening to his headset.

INT. BMF CARTEL - PROCESSING HALL - DAY

MUSIC IN: TRAP MUSIC

The crew is counting stacks; counting machine stuttering. It is an overwhelming sight. Ferg walks out of the lodge.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FERG

(without smiling)

(to some group of teens)

I know you'll do this shit.

LUIS

No Agents P, no bullshit - my clique in  
stealth mode.

Jack Enters, The sight of the huge wads didn't amaze  
him.

JACK

Ferg, I wanna see you.

FERG

Fuck you doing already?

JACK

In Camera.

Ferg motions for a privacy; as the crew repositions, He  
signals Jack to talk.

JACK

I need ammo.

FERG

(studies him)

I'm the one you looking for?

JACK

(matter fact)

You owe me some favors, Thomas made you.

FERG

Fuckin' nutcase. I -

JACK

(shouts)

I'm the next in line, and you fuckin' know.

He catches the attention of the crew; Ferg looks at  
them, they quickly look away.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

FERG

(slowly)

I'll let you live; now it's up to you if you really wanna.

Ferg picks a gun; aims at Jack, this catches the attention of the crew. Jack exits in a beat. Luis initiates a walk to the dormitory.

FERG

(calling after)

What's your - Luis, I'm gonna see you later.

INT. HUSTLER'S DORMITORY - CONTINUOUS

Almost empty. Luis walks quietly into his bed; he takes a glimpse of a picture we can't see. Tears roll down his cheek.

FLASHBACK

INT - ST CRAIG PARK - JOHN PAVA RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Monochrome. Young Luis (Age 14) walks into John's bedroom uninvited. He stares at Young John Pava's (Age 24) picture with him as a 2-year-old.

Door opens quietly. Young Luis barely acknowledges it. John Pava (Age 36) walks to his back; runs his hand on his shoulder in a playful manner.

JOHN

(quietly, with echo)

Your mother would talk about kids all day, loved you even before birth. You're the happiest thing in our lives.

END OF FLASHBACK.

INT. HUSTLER'S DORMITORY - CONTINUOUS

Luis' eyes become as red as rose. Zane looks on from distance; 3 bunks away, he moves toward Him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZANE

(carefully)

Hi! Figured you're just - Ah, not looking happy.

(Feint smile)

I mean; look at everyone else.

Luis stares angrily, lies on his back.

ZANE

Sorry, thought I could -

Zane Leaves.

INT. NASS RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Crickets chirping. Owl cooing. There is an outright illumination.

We find Nass in a state of unrest in the living room.

We follow him as he walks to -

KHALID'S ROOM

Khalid is asleep. Half of his body is out of the bed. A picture of young Khalid and young Margaret lies beside him.

LAST OF US video game is on standby.

Nass makes attempts to wake Khalid, He would keep stopping halfway. He walks out devastated.

INT - BMF CARTEL - PROCESSING HALL - MID DAY

The Crew is bagging. Khalid enters into the cartel; Ferg sits on the executive chair, he hands Khalid some money.

With no complaints, Khalid walks out as the teens looks on in envy. As he emerge outside -

DOWN THE BLOCK - SAME TIME

Hustlers' and Patrons doing their thing. Matt is making a sale to a fiend in a car.

A weak OLD MAN; begging for alms from a distance. Khalid crosses toward him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KHALID

Baba.

OLD MAN

(not looking)

How are you little boy?

As soon as Khalid discover the man is blind; his expression changed.

KHALID

What do you want? This place is not safe for you, I can give you some money, you want that? But you have to leave here.

Before response, Khalid shares the money he received earlier equally and gives a half to the old man.

Old man smiles; he stretches his hand forth to shake Khalid.

OLD MAN

Thank you, my son.

KHALID

Okay.

Khalid walks off.

EXT. NORTSVILLE STREET - SAME TIME

Khalid walks out of the cartel zone. Jack, Leo and Brian emerge from an ambush.

JACK

(to Khalid, aiming at him)

You split some lucci with that old man, I need the other half, don't play with me - You'll catch a bullet.

Jack shows the Old-man's half he has obtained, and as the crew aims at Khalid, He is not frightened; he just keeps mute.

JACK (CONT'D)

You don't fuckin' talk?

Brian runs to Khalid's back; reaches under his shirt, no weapon. He forces his necklace off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Khalid keeps looking on; Jack snatches his bag, takes out cash from it and tosses the bag at Him. Khalid makes a funny forward movement.

LEO

(as he aims)

Step the fuck back boy.

Khalid clouts Brian, He falls to the ground. Khalid attacks with a sequence of punch. The other boys try to stop Khalid but they couldn't. Suddenly -

Jack points a gun to His head; Khalid stops instantly.

JACK

Hey!

Jack pulls the trigger, Gun clicks. Brian pushes Khalid off him as they bolt. On Khalid as he rages.

INT. NASS RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

Khalid has a slight splash of blood stain on his top as He opens the door. Nass notices.

NASS

Khalid - what?

KHALID

Nothin', I'm fine.

NASS

Your necklace?

KHALID

I don't know, I can't find it.

Nass studies him for a beat.

NASS

Don't tell me it's what I'm thinking.

KHALID

What are you thinking?

NASS

(furiously)

Look, I don't know where it is as we speak but wherever it is, I need to set my eyes on it before the day ends, okay?

Khalid nods Yes and walks in.

INT. BMF CARTEL.PROCESSING HALL - DAY

Music in: Rap music.

The crew is getting stoned. The whole of them are present, Ferg walks out of the cartel lodge, topless with a sagging trouser and a Christmas cap.

FERG

Who I told we ain't gon' die this year? See?  
They ain't stop shit.

Ferg raises his cup high, others does too except for Luis. No one notices.

All chant "Fuck 12, they can't stop shit". Ferg ease into the executive seat.

Luis Pava glance at Zane from their distance, David notices, He smiles.

INT. JACK'S ROOM - SAME DAY

Leo and Brian are playing chess on a Coffee table. Suddenly, door kicks in violently. They look around for weapons.

Just then, a big sack drops on the table, huge piles escape.

JACK

Happy Nu' fuckin' year.

Leo pulls up on the stereo. "GUCCI MANE - MONEY CALLIN" blares. We can see all the Fanned-out cash and shits, amazing view.

INT. HUSTLER'S DORMITORY - DAY

Empty. Zane walks in, climbs atop his bed; Luis Pava joins him in a beat.

LUIS

Hey Slime.

ZANE

Hi.

LUIS

I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZANE

(yawn)

Nah! It's fine.

CLOSE on Luis POV: Football icons images pasted around Zane's bed; the likes of Messi, CR7, Neymar JR and Mo Salah. Mo'Salah's is much more predominant.

LUIS

(smiles)

You like football, nice stuffs.

ZANE

Yeah, Thanks.

LUIS

(holds a CR7 picture)

You're anything like Him?

ZANE

(smiles)

Maybe.

David walks in; studies Luis briefly before resuming on his bed. He pretends to sleep.

ZANE (CONT'D)

(to Luis)

How's it been for you?

LUIS

Bad.

ZANE

You earned yourself some accolades recently, these boys wanna be your friend.

Other Hustlers' starts to resume in. Indistinct chattering.

LUIS

Nah, I'm a loner and I'm cool with it.

FROM THE BACKGROUND.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WHITE TEEN #1

Who the fuck threw up on my fucking mattress?

(turns to a teen)

Why'd you always have to do this nuthead?

WHITE TEEN #1 holds another boy from the chest; he punched him as he falls. He's drunk. General laughter.

INT. PROCESSING HALL - MID DAY

2 black teens tied; Hand to back. The whole crew is present. Ferg stares coldly from his seat, He didn't say anything.

2 Older Hustlers' violently hit an assault rifle on their back as they fall to their knees.

BLACK TEEN #1

(out of fear)

Ferg, we got the Merchandize to its destination; there was a coincidence, many of Rey's men, we ran out of ammo. Look - I ain't telling lies, I swear.

Ferg acknowledges it, He bops his head. In a beat, Ferg grabs a P08 Luger Pistol from a member closest to Him. Shoots BLACK TEEN #2 on the leg. He groans in pain.

BLACK TEEN #2

(like a baby, miserably)

Fuck!!! Ferg, Nothing we coulda' done, we -

Ferg put a bullet through his skull. Black teen #1 is overwhelmed. The crew watches in shock.

BLACK TEEN #1

(very slow)

Ferg, please hear me o-

Ferg whacks him to the ground. He unleashes him and hands him the gun.

FERG

Off the leash, now, blow your fuckin' head off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Black teen #1 raises the gun slowly to his head; closes his eyes. In a beat, he aims and pulls the trigger at Ferg. Gun clicks.

FERG

(faint smile)

Ah! I've seen that before.

(turns to the crew)

No loyalty nowadays, huh?

Ferg fakes a smile as he reaches for a gun. Black teen #1 looks on in fear.

Ferg picks up a Uzi. Rat-ta! ta! ta! ta! ta! ta! ta! ta! He couldn't stop until it runs out. He tosses the gun away and crosses into the lodge.

The Crew exchange looks, Speechless. On Matt and when we pan the group, On Zane.

EXT. COKE CREW CARTEL - DUSK

Music in: Trap Music.

Thug securities with heavy weapons keeping a close tab of the perimeter. Rey, in an outing costume leans on his brand new 2019 BMW Z4.

Beep. A message from Rey's phone inbox, CLOSE on screen "'morrow, Let 'em goons turn up down Ricky's Ave" from sender: LUCAS. He replied "Aye".

Ignas walks out from the warehouse.

IGNAS

Rey, you know, this is wha-

A shot pierce through the passenger side window; glass shatters, a security catches the shot.

Blood splashes on Rey. They take a quick cover.

REY

What the fuck?

We see a masked gunman wearing a bandit hoodie and a balaclava helmet atop a building across. He retreats. Ignas studies him as he takes to his heels.

IGNAS

(to Rey)

Boss, Get in, we gon' find out who.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

A thug starts the engine of a 1970 Chevrolet Chevelle convertible. Ignas quickly assume the passenger seat as some 2 others takes the back seat.

A chase ensues. They are shooting amiss. In a beat, they lose the gunman in an intersection.

Engine stops. Ignas alight, studies the surrounding. He sees the gunman running away from a distance, out of energy.

IGNAS

We need to head back.

They resume in the car. Engine starts.

INT. COKE CREW CARTEL - SAME TIME

Engine stops. They make an entrance. Rey sits on an executive chair, anxious.

REY

Were you able?

IGNAS

We lost Him - One of Ferg's.

REY

(slowly)

They reacted to the news just yet, if the old ways will be harnessed.

(in a long beat)

We need to pull up on Tej.

INT. HUSTLER'S DORMITORY - MIDNIGHT

Dead. David reads from a bible; on fear. Zane wakes up.

ZANE

I keep hearing that thing.

DAVID

(drops the bible, in a beat)

It's complicated - Why'd he end their lives like they could have changed things?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZANE

(faded smile)

Well - Ferg don't trust people, He believes merchandize forfeiture is a conspiracy. He'd never spare a soul.

DAVID

You don't seem saddened with the situation when it happened.

ZANE

David, I've seen even more worse.

David could not digest this. He stands and turned his back at Zane. Zane is not looking.

DAVID

(totally inaudible)

I used to work with Rey.

Zane raises his head in surprise; his eyes bulging. He studies the environment, everyone is sleeping.

ZANE

(fearfully, panics)

That last word gets to Ferg - You won't see tomorrow dawn.

DAVID

I don't fear death no more, I've lost people I cared about.

(sobs, quietly)

It was James.

FLASHBACK

INT. COKE CREW CARTEL - NIGHT - 2015

Members packing up merchandize; all dressed in outing clothes, equipping handguns. YOUNG REY is smoking a Tobacco.

EXT. COKE CREW CARTEL - CONTINUOUS

YOUNG DAVID (Age 15), JAMES OSMA; a white teen and 3 older Members advance to the access. Young David and the crew advance into a 2015 Lexus SUV; James takes a solo motorbike ride, He has the merchandize in a briefcase with him, they zoom off.

EXT. RICKY'S AVE - CONTINUOUS

Men in black; all looking sharp, anything from 30-35 waiting. One looks at his watch in haste, he nods negatively. We can't see any weapon from this crowd. And -

THE CREW AND JAMES

The SUV parks meters away from the meeting venue as they watch from the distance, James nods to an instruction and zooms off.

MEETING POINT

James screech to a halt. A SLIM WHITE MAN receives and confirms the content in the suitcase, He tastes it, he is pleased.

They exchanged handshake, the Slim white Man hands him a suitcase full of cash; James verifies it. The purchasers zoom off.

James looks around for a beat; stares at the suitcase. With his crew looking on in confusion; he diverges, Motorbike zoom off.

INT - SUV - CONTINUOUS

THUG #1

(angrily, to David)

Hey, where the fuck is he going?

DAVID

(confused)

I don't know.....I don't know man.

They trigger a chase.

EXT. EXPRESSWAY - CONTINUOUS

James drives skillfully; he would take advantage of moving vehicles to avoid distant & close range shots.

Some civilians alight to safety. Crowd huddle.

EXT. CREED JUNCTION - CONTINUOUS

Soon, an incoming truck ram him off the motorbike, just when he falls off, motorbike explodes; suitcase drops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Civilians are watching from distance. James; now bloodied looks forward and as he does we see -

His Crew alights and proceeds toward him; gun in hand, he begs for mercy.

David couldn't hide his fear, THUG #2 aims at his head, David is not cool with this; he runs to James. They push him away.

DAVID

(crying, less energetic)

No, please don't do it.

James catches a bullet in the fore head. David kneels by his side, pale and crying in rage. He pulls out a gun to attempt a shot, he couldn't.

He shakes James continuously "Stand up", "Stand up Jay". The crew walks into the car. They zoom off.

INT. ROB OSMA APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

A poorly designed apartment. Rob Osma; Caucasian, Late 40's, sits on a worn out chair.

Ann Osma, early 40's stands by the window, facing inside. Door breaks open. Thugs; same people who murdered James, gain entry.

BLANK SCREEN. Rat-ta! Ta! Ta! Ta! Ta! Ta! Ta! Ta! We hear the parents screaming as gunshots fires.

END OF FLASHBACK.

INT. HUSTLER'S DORMITORY - CONTINUOUS

DAVID

(quiet sobs)

Before I put a man down; I just say to myself, do I even know it's not just about who grabs the bullet? How 'bout they family? Will they ever be happy I did?

Zane; still standing, moves close to Him and hugs him fixedly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID

(beat)

We've created enemies all around the globe; on instruction, we would murder our rivals and their families in cold blood..... I never thought it will get to me, I was so miserable.

David sobs. Zane consoles him.

INT. PROCESSING HALL - DAY

The Crew is bullshitting. Luis stands up among the teens, he advances toward the lodge; he is stopped on his tracks.

LUIS

Can I see Ferg?

The Security thugs study him for a beat before granting him access.

INT. CARTEL LODGE - CONTINUOUS

Ferg sits on a couch, puffs a joint. He drops a glass of wine on the coffee table. "Kodak Black - If I'm lying, I'm flying" booms from stereo, he vibes to it.

Luis walks in; the sound is deafening, Ferg didn't minimize it still.

FERG

Hey, Wassup? I thought we finalized.

LUIS

I wanna talk with you.

Ferg crosses to the window, turns his back at him for a beat.

FERG

What?

LUIS

I think I'm not getting enough credit for hard work.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FERG

Fuck ama' do boy?

Luis looks unconvinced. Ferg takes a view from the window.

Luis stares at a gun on the coffee table; just when he makes a move, Door opens.

WHITE THUG #1

Ferg, we need you on this.

As white thug #1 departs, Ferg signals Luis out.

EXT. NORTSVILLE STREET - DAY

We follow Brian and Jack as they take a stroll, Brian has Khalid's Necklace on.

They almost bump into Khalid, who is making an exit from an intersection, they duck.

JACK

This Nig's in the hood. I ain't seen him before.

BRIAN

I ain't giving back this shit however it plays out.....I own this baby.

JACK

(inconveniently)

What the fuss about muh'fucker?

Khalid walks past them. And -

EXT. SEASIDE - MOMENTS LATER

Khalid settles here, walks along the bank for a beat. He pulls out a prayer mat and sits. Meanwhile -

Jack and Brian shield behind sand heaps, taking a look. Their POV: Khalid now observing Solat.

Jack is dumbfounded, He looks down regretfully. Brian didn't observe his expression.

JACK

Let's go.

INT. HUSTLERS' DORMITORY - LATER THAT DAY

The teens assemble. Zane is showing some interesting football skills which fascinate the entire clique. They are all singing his praise.

A boy mimics his style in a very funny way, other boys burst into laughter.

Bringing to a close, Zane kicks the ball into the air and as it descends, strikes it hard toward Matt.

Matt dodges it, the teens laugh. Matt charges at Zane; clouts him hard, He drops to the ground.

Zane is laughing, so as the other boys. Matt withdraws his fist in shame.

MATT

(as he rises)

Crazy mohf'

ZANE

(stands and brushes himself off)

So you actually talk?

Teens laugh afresh.

MATT

(back to bed)

Next time, I'll make you bleed fool.

INT. KHALID'S ROOM - NIGHT

Khalid is having a gameplay session; LAST OF US. Suddenly -

Door opens. Khalid eyes twitches at the door; he is obviously startled as the controller falls off his hand.

KHALID

(sigh)

Oh! Dad.

NASS

(smile)

Told you, this video game is better played in daytime.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

On TV, Joel is attacked by Zombies; retry message unveil, Khalid looks wretchedly. As soon as snaps out of it.

NASS

(punches him playfully)

Huh! What's good?

KHALID

Look at me, I'm fine.

NASS

I - Huh! Got a call from Vince, I gotta -

KHALID

(rises up in fury)

No Dad, No, You made me a promise, I don't know, anytime you hear from Uncle Vince, it's always a bad news for me.

NASS

I'll be back as soon as possible, I'ma get us some more money, I'd take you anywhere.

Khalid looks unconvinced.

KHALID

God! I hate that man.

(beat)

You'll be out what?

NASS

Four.

There is a long staredown.

KHALID

You need help with the luggage?

NASS

(smile)

I could use some.



INT. SAFEWAY HOSPITAL - MATERNITY UNIT - DAY

Margaret hurriedly transit from the main hall into the maternity unit. On the gurney is a SLIM WOMAN in full labor, screaming and panting.

Margaret administers the delivery; she receives supports from her co-workers, modern equipment at their disposal.

Slim woman breathing heavily.

MARGARET

You're fine, just keep at it.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Push now - Push, Almost.

Slim Woman screams loudly as the baby slips out. She sighs in relief.

Margaret grabs the baby; slim Woman is not looking.

MARGARET

Congratulations.

NURSE #2

How cute a boy.

Slim woman looks on immediately.

SLIM WOMAN

(smiles)

Lemme see - please.

Margaret sits across. Stares at the woman in labour as she studies her newborn.

EXT. TEJ'S HIDEOUT - MIDDAY

TEJ; black, tattoo maniac, late 30's, spending quality time with Bulldog. In a beat, 2019 Porsche 718 Boxster approaches rapidly.

Tej stands alert, readies his Browning Automatic 5, just when he attempts to shoot, CLOSE on his view: Rey at the passenger seat.

He stands down. Rey, Ignas and some 3 men alight.

REY

Tej, My friend.

Tej stares offensively.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEJ

Hmm - Hmm.

REY

I need some -

Tej aims at Rey; out of fear, Rey thugs hold out their handguns. Rey signals, they stand down.

TEJ

Get back in the car...Reverse... and get the fuck outta here while you still can.

Tej's men emerge from the roof tops from all corners, rifle aimed at the guests. Rey notices them, He signals one of his men.

The man leans in the car window, brings out a sack and tosses it at Tej's feet; huge strap of dollar bill discharges.

Tej laughs horribly; He motions his men as they stand down.

REY

We're squared right?

A long stare down.

TEJ

Lemme show you sum'

Music In: Trap Music

We are in a dark room; we see a Winchester 1300 from the scanty ray of light through the window gap.

Pull back as Tej flips on the light; this room is a fully loaded arsenal. None of the guest could hide their astonishment.

Ignas picks up a rifle; looks through the scope, the other men test-run the weapons in their possession.

TEJ

(to Rey)

Yo! You know out there - I wasn't really gonna say that.

On Rey; a feint smile.

INT. HUSTLERS' DORMITORY - DAY

David lies on Zane's bed. He holds a book which cover reads "Greatest footballer of our time" with illustrations. Zane walks in and sits with him.

BACKGROUND

TEEN #1

Hey yo, where you keep my Hannah?

TEEN #2

Take that trouser up.

BACK TO SCENE

ZANE

(soft voice)

I thought you were too inquisitive.

DAVID

(he turns away)

It's fine.

ZANE

Can we talk outside this place?

EXT. NORTSVILLE STREET - LATER

As they walk down the block.

ZANE

This is how it works..... Few of the crew will accompany you in trafficking operations if there's any; Ferg just sits and expects you to play your game wise. If you lose a merchandize, it is foolish to come back to Ferg; the other time he killed those duet, they were just new.

David sighs deeply.

DAVID

Jesus Christ.

INTERCUT

A masked GUNMAN atop a building locks his scope on David and subsequently Zane. CLOSE as he squeezes the trigger.

Gunshot fires. We hear a very brief "Ahhhhhh" off screen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Zane and David could not comprehend the occurrence, they are evidently frightened. Suddenly -

Matt descends from the rooftop, The Gunman is dead.

MATT

Lucky you.

Matt crosses off. PEOPLE rush down to the scene; Zane watches Matt as He pull through the mob, mouth agape.

EXT. SEA SIDE - DAY

Khalid sits by the bank meditating, He's throwing stones into the sea as he does.

Footsteps approach. Khalid's eye twitches at the incoming; He clenches his fist. We see Jack approaching.

Speedily, Khalid gives him an acute punch that puts him down and he continually clout him in several parts above the stomach.

KHALID

Where my stuff?

In a beat, a fully loaded Glock 18 falls off Jack's waist band; he takes possession of it.

Khalid back up immediately; spreads his arms out.

Jack's nose is gushing as he brushes himself off, He aims at Khalid for a beat; we play the tension, he withdraws and returns the gun to the waistband.

Jack holds out a white handkerchief from his left pocket and dabs it over his nose; he fumbles in his right and brings out Khalid's necklace.

JACK

Well, I brought you this.

Khalid snatches the necklace violently, He paces away. Jack looks on.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - LATER

In the same cloth, Jack opens the door. He sees Brian and Leo making a mess of the room, emptying lockers and drawers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN

(to Jack)

You sure those Ferg boys ain't been here,  
can't find the piece, you got any idea.

Jack looks coldly.

JACK

You fuckin' own it?

BRIAN

(angrily)

I'm a fuckin' hustler; when I heist shit, they  
mine for good.

Jack didn't respond. They aim at him.

LEO

You better start talking homie.

JACK

I gave it back.

LEO

Gave? This moh'fucka's outta his mind.

Brian and Leo withdraw their pistol, they study him  
angrily.

EXT. BMF CARTEL - NIGHT

Late night. Thugs from Coke Crew Cartel are lying in  
ambush with strong heavy weapons, the security thugs in  
patrol are oblivious; they take one out silently at the  
entrance.

Another at the rim of the building, a SECURITY THUG  
notices.

SECURITY THUG #1

Fuck! We're und -

Rat! Ta! Ta! Ta! Ta! Ta! Ta! Ta! Ta! , His blood pools  
the floor.

INT. BMF CARTEL - CONTINUOUS

The thugs and teens rise upon awareness, Guns clicking.  
They huddle at the processing hall; we see Matt and a host of teens joining in the fight.

INT. HUSTLERS' DORMITORY - SAME TIME

Zane, ready to enroll, fits a pistol in David's hand.

ZANE

You might need it.

DAVID

I'm not killing anyone, no.

And as Zane advances to the processing hall, David quotes a bible verse on protection.

INT. PROCESSING HALL - CONTINUOUS

Gunshots firing. Coke Crew thugs are shooting hard at the entrance.

SECURITY THUG #1

Get down boys.

EXT. BMF CARTEL - CONTINUOUS

Coke Crew thugs are closing in on the entrance, they are taking positions. Just then -

Jack; with a sticking plaster on his nose, Brian and Leo flank them, Jack shoots skillfully and exceptionally, He barely wastes a bullet.

And as the entrance door breaks open, The Security thugs' and teens' hustle out, Matt and Zane are a rarity with the way they adroitly take out rivals.

Rey thugs are losing the fight, outnumbered, the rest of them; about 7 runs to a cover, Panting.

REY THUG #1

Fuck, I'm running out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REY THUG #2

Stop shooting - Stop!!!, Let 'em come.

Ferg's thugs are shooting constantly at their cover.

REY THUG #3

Rey takes no excuse; I'd rather go home peacefully.

REY THUG #3 blows his brain off, others watch in disgust. Almost instantly -

DECK OF THE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

A teen with an RPG-7 fires toward their foes.

EXT. BMF CARTEL - CONTINUOUS

RPG Launches; Shreds three of them. The survivors are blown away; they lose possession of their weapons.

As they pant, BMF crew approaches them. Blam! Blam! Blam! Blam! Blam! Blam! This is a ruthless shot. And as it ends -

MATT

That's all of them.

Zane looks at Matt from distance, he moves close to Him.

ZANE

Ever since I -

Immediately, Matt turned his back. Zane unties his Red Paisley Bandana and ties it on Matt's neck, He admires it.

MATT

(as he walks away)

Now, you stay away from me.

Zane walks toward the door; He exchanged handshake with Luis at the entrance.

Ferg walks out excitedly. He studies the men he lost to the battle. He is less concerned.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FERG

Quite a number.

(shouts)

Old fucker, your frail scum bags have no place  
in my hood.

Luis looks fixedly at Ferg from a distance; gun in hand.  
Ferg is kicking rival cadavers.

LUIS IMAGINATION

Luis shoots at Ferg, He drops to the ground. Same set of  
teens murder Luis brutally.

BACK TO SCENE

Luis nods in disagreement. Teens shouting in victory.

EXT. NASS RESIDENCE - DAY

Nass emerge from a distance with a backpack and a  
luggage box. The load is weighty, He drags.

Soon, He bangs at the door "Khalid", No response. He  
bangs repeatedly "Hey, you there?", No response.

He walks to the backyard, Peeks through the window;  
perfect condition.

He paces out to the entrance, pulls the door handle. And  
as the Door opens, Nass is troubled, He looks around the  
rooms.

NASS

(whisper)

Where is He?

INTERCUT

EXT. BMF CARTEL - SAME TIME

Khalid studies the environment, a shambles. He proceeds  
into the cartel.



INT. PROCESSING HALL - SAME TIME

Ferg sits at the bank of the long processing table as the crew bags the merchandize. Khalid enters.

FERG

Fuckin' right time, boy.

KHALID

(slowly)

I got sum' to tell you.

FERG

What that is?

KHALID

I'm backing out; I'm not doing this thing anymore.

There is a general laughter.

FERG

(laughs)

You think Rey's men gonna come for your head or.....

(thinking)

.....The Junky finally find out.

KHALID

Whether or not, that's my concern.

FERG

Good luck boy, now, you don't bring your black ass here for reinstatement okay?

KHALID

I'd rather be broke and free.

Khalid exits the building.

INTERCUT

INT. KHALID'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Nass ransacks the whole room. In a beat, finds a bag under Khalid's pillow.

And as He unzips it, 10 packed weed in a small polythene ziplock bag drops.

His eyes bulge out, He becomes pale, he buries his face in his hands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As he slams himself at the wall violently, His expression is full of deep regret; He weeps briefly. He hastily walks to his room, Picks up a t shirt.

EXT. NASS RESIDENCE - SAME TIME

He dashes out furiously, He had barely taken five steps when Khalid emerges, He pauses.

NASS

(lividly)

Khalid, how did that get into your bag?

No response, Khalid walks in, picks up the bag, and as he comes out, He attempts to walk off when Nass hold him.

NASS

(shouts)

I'm talking to you boy.

No response, Nass is boiling with rage.

NASS

Khalid, you outta your mind?

Nass holds his hand, looks squarely into his eyes.

KHALID

(beat)

Dad, I was living my best life when you took me away from Grandma.....When you made that decision; isn't this how you wanted me to be? How long are you gonna hide?

Nass let go of him in shame, He sobs; Khalid walks off.

EXT. SEASIDE - LATER

Khalid disposes his bag far-off into the sea, sits by the bank, He is distressed. Later, He moves along randomly.

Jack, still on his nose plaster spots him from a distance, He quickly hides his gun. He paces toward Khalid.

As much as Khalid tries to hide, Jack knows he's troubled.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

Wessup friend, you been - any problem?

KHALID

(not looking)

None.

JACK

(stretches his hand forth)

Ah! - Jack

KHALID

(points at Jack's nose)

Sorry about -

JACK

(immediately)

Yeah. It's fine, I'm good.

JACK (CONT'D)

So you've been in the hood a while, I never see you.

KHALID

(beat)

How does that matters?

JACK

(as if shy)

I've seen you pray and I'm wondering, stuffs like that ever happen in this part of the world? You look so hustler to me.

KHALID

I pump 420 for Ferg in the 151 st, few times trafficked crack.

(beat)

Sorry, I have to go now.

JACK

151 st? For real? Well I can walk yo-

Immediately, Khalid walks off without an utterance, On Jack.

INT. NASS RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Nass is rounding off Solat, He whispers for a beat. He looks so jaded, and as He picks up his phone -

CLOSE on directories; MENU - WHATSAPP - IFE; Display picture is a young Khalid. Chat conversation ensues. We stay with Nass throughout the conversation.

NASS

Hi.

MARGARET

Yeah.

NASS

How are you doing my love?

MARGARET

Your love? Really? My replacements finally failed you? - How is my son?

NASS

Nobody took your place, please I need you now than ever, it's about Khalid, He needs you - We're coming home.

MARGARET

Oh! Very good you realized, I hope you haven't turned my kid?

NASS

You know what? Can I just call you?

And as Nass places a video call, Margaret declines.

MARGARET

We were talking about the kid.

Margaret goes offline. We stay with Nass as He rubs his forehead continuously.

And as He walks to Khalid's room, Khalid is asleep; Video game on standby, He flips it off.

INT. HUSTLERS' DORMITORY - DAY

Indistinct Chatter. David walks to Matt's bed.

DAVID

Your name is Matt?

MATT

(nods in agreement)

That's what they call me.

DAVID

I wanna thank you for saving my life, may God  
bless you and watch over you.

Suddenly, A BLACK TEEN kicks off a Rap freestyle, Very  
pleasant to the ear; largely about drugs; bitches and  
weed, He finishes up to a huge cheer.

MATT

(to David)

Crazy rapper, Finland.

DAVID

Above all, thank you once again.

MATT

You're welcome.

INT. NASS RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Khalid walks out of the kitchen, dry out his hands with  
a towel. He settles on the couch, weary. Nass walks out  
in Islamic attire, sits with Him.

NASS

Khalid?

KHALID

(turns away)

Yeah.

NASS

(slowly)

Why?

Khalid stands up immediately, Nass looks on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NASS

(shouts)

How long? I'm talking to someone.

KHALID

(a beat, then)

3 years.

Nass stands up, diverges from him.

NASS

(shocked)

Even in high school, are you kidding me?

KHALID

I'm done with it.

NASS

(thinks for a beat)

Done....Khalid, you're going back to your mom.  
I can't let you do all these things again, no.

Khalid studies his nervous expression.

INT. COKE CREW CARTEL - DAY

Church program in session echoes from distance. The Crew bow in shame. Rey walks out furiously, Israeli Desert Eagle in his hand.

REY

Few men.

(atop his voice)

Teens, fucking kids.

He smashes a shot glass in his left hand against the wall.

He aims at a thug "when I took you in, I thought you'd be useful"

As the thug begs for mercy, He shoots him twice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The rest fidgets. Carey hands Rey another glass of wine, he receives it violently as she walks away. Rey aims at Ignas.

REY

Talk.

IGNAS

(out of fear)

We - we sent them out with enough supplies, I  
- don't know what went wrong but - but

REY

Kids.

(beat)

Listen up; I wanna see their obituaries in the  
paper okay?

IGNAS

Yeah, for sure boss.

A long staredown.

EXT. NASS RESIDENCE - DAY

Bang at the door. Khalid paces to the door.

KHALID

Yeah, who's there?

CLOSE on a Fish eye view of the peephole, we see Jack. Khalid leans against the door, Exhale loudly; hesitantly answers the door.

JACK

Hi, May I?

Khalid thinks about it.

KHALID

How did you?

JACK

I'm sorry, I sneaked on you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KHALID

(as He leads Jack in)

Why do you gotta do this every time?

Jack studies the house; He is impressed. He sees the family portrait of the Olu's, He finds another portrait of Khalid (Age 17) graduating from high school.

JACK

You got parents?

KHALID

Mom - she stays far away from here, big man's at work somewhere in the neighboring city.

JACK

You got cute family.

KHALID

Thanks.

We stay on Khalid as he looks away. Jack holds out a portable Quran.

JACK

My instinct tells me you gon' like this.

KHALID

(as he turns to look)

Wh-at?

(beat)

Whoa! Thank you, I appreciate, well, I love it.

JACK

(carefully)

My name is Jack.

KHALID

Thank you Jack.

JACK

Well, I got people waitin' on me; you can find me behind the cartel.

Khalid walks him to the door, just when He takes 3 steps out -

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

KHALID

(calling after)

Olu Khalid, that's my name.

JACK

(happily)

Olu (Jack pronounced U-lu), that's it?

Khalid grins, nods as he watches him go.

INT. CARTEL LODGE - MID DAY

Topless Ferg sniffs on the coffee table. "I'm not crazy, life is by 2 chainz" booms from stereo, deafening, it echoes in the processing hall somewhat moderate.

INT. PROCESSING HALL - CONTINUOUS

Luis walks up to the security thugs at the lodge access, he gains entry in a beat.

INT. CARTEL LODGE - CONTINUOUS

Luis seems uncomfortable with the volume; Ferg is still vibing to the stereo which have now changed to "Da grin - Ghetto dreams".

And as Ferg reaches for the remote, Luis makes a swift movement toward a Beretta 92FS on the coffee table, Ferg runs at him instantly; Luis misses the shot. Fight ensues.

Ferg intercepts the gun, pulls the trigger, Gun clicks. Instantly, Luis holds out a knife, stabs Ferg twice in the shoulder and the rib, Ferg punches him away.

Ferg is bloodied; Luis is winning the fight; turning every object to a weapon, He fights skillfully and attacks with full might.

Shortly, Luis takes an intense clout around the neck, subsequently the nose, along with sequence of hits, He falls stationary.

Ferg crawls to the stereo, discontinues the music.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FERG

Hey!!!!

Door opens. The security thugs study the shambles, stunned, they grab Luis forcefully; hand to back and move him away.

SECURITY THUG #1

You okay boss?

Ferg didn't respond. He takes a deep sigh of relief.

INT. PROCESSING HALL - CONTINUOUS

The whole crew mass the hall, Luis is tied and aimed at by the thugs, Ferg stands across him; Uzi in hand, He had cleaned out the blood stains.

LUIS

You're lucky I didn't kill you before your voice reaches a sympathetic ear.

(spits blood out, panting)

I'm not afraid to die, haven't you taken everything?

Luis tries to break off.

FERG

(beat)

I'll give you a merciful death motherfucker.

Zane panics from the crowd; ready to weep. Rat! Ta! Ta! Ta! Ta! Ta! Ta! Ta! Ferg rain bullets on Luis, Zane sobs, nobody notices.

Not all the Hustlers' are cool with this.

EXT. NORTSVILLE STREET - DAY

Khalid walks toward BMF cartel where a group of Hustlers' is making sales; they stare at Him as he close in, suddenly -

He swerves to Jack's apartment. Brian sights Him, holds out a gun at Him.

BRIAN

Whaddya want here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KHALID

I wanna see Jack.

Brian stares at Khalid's necklace for a beat, Jack pops his head out. He taps Brian; He stands down and walks off.

JACK

(gleefully; as he led him in)

Olu, so you could actually pull up on me?..... Ah - don't mind my place, it's a bit hot here.

Khalid finds a pot on a cooker with a white towel on it, Looks at Jack's nose.

KHALID

How's it?

JACK

(as he takes off the sticking plaster)

Never mind, much better now.

KHALID

Dad finally find out, wants me out of Nortsville; he's scared I might be committed. Funny enough, all I do is pump, I don't even know what it tastes like.

JACK

(looking lost)

How soon?

KHALID

'Round the corner.

JACK

(sober)

So you gonna leave me? - Leave me to my fate, C'mon man - I need you.

For the first time; Jack pulls off his long sleeve shirt, CLOSE on Khalid's Face as he watches, stunned.

We see bullet scars on Jack, a terrible view considered to be too advanced for anyone his age.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KHALID

Wh-at? How?

JACK

(carefully)

I was born in Lufeng - This BMF, it's my Dad's, we always had to move from one country to another - France, Australia, Mexico - We've been everywhere, resisting arrest and runnin' from cartel wars when it gets to its zenith.

Khalid is sinking this in, Jack gives his full humility, we'd think He's someone else.

JACK (CONT'D)

(sick)

Dad never loved me; not any of us, He's a sicko; he has countless kills around the world, wasted lots of innocent souls. Under influence, He killed my brother too.

JACK (CONT'D)

(crying)

I was just a brilliant innocent boy, He taught me to be cruel.

(a beat, then)

He started out with Methamphetamine in Lufeng, the law was strict there, they put 'em on death row. We moved to France, He had the biggest mansion in the country as at then; I never ever get a chance to see the interior. He will either keep me with a nanny in the slum or with his thugs; I learnt everything from my miserable grooming.

(points to his scars)

And this, whenever he thinks I'm wrong or whenever his mood swings, I catch bullets but I'm just too stubborn to die.

Jack holds out a Glock .18 from his waistband to his head, Khalid shows deep fear in his expression, He stands up in an attempt to intercept the gun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KHALID

(very fast)

No! Jack, No! .....You're lying to yourself if you think that will set you free.

Khalid gently intercepts the gun. Jack sobs like a baby.

KHALID

(silently)

It's never too late Jack, you can still right your wrongs, you'll be forgiven. You were only a victim of circumstance.

JACK

I gotta live like you; help me get outta here.

KHALID

Jack, as much as I want, my man wants no friends.

JACK

(thinks for a beat)

.....You can gimme an address?

EXT. NORTSVILLE STREET - DAY - TRACKING SHOT

A silent neighborhood. We follow Zane and Matt as they exercise down the block. Soon, they slow down, out of energy.

ZANE

(heavy breathing)

I gotta bad feeling about it too - but you know sometimes - knowing well you can't change situations; you just gotta pretend like you ain't see nothing.

MATT

I liked that guy.

ZANE

Everyone does..... Nigga's cool headed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INTERCUT

Ignas readies a M1918 automatic rifle atop a building; He is with an ACCOMPLICE, CLOSE on their POV: Eagle eye view of Zane and Matt conversing.

MATT

Who knows Ferg's next victim?

Matt sits at a spot as Zane stands across him.

INTERCUT

Ignas Zero in on the scope, just when he will squeeze the trigger -

ACCOMPLICE

Look at that fucker, that crazy ass missed that shot.

IGNAS

(putting it together)

Yeah - I - see - it.

CLOSE on Ignas POV: the Red Paisley Bandana on Matt. He is taken aback.

FLASHBACK - A BLINDING SERIES OF CUT

To the day a masked gunman missed a shot at Rey.

As the gun fires.

As the Gunman take to his heel.

FREEZE - The Gunman turns to show us a Red Paisley Bandana identical to the one Matt now have on.

END OF FLASHBACK.

BACK TO SCENE

Ignas zero in on Matt, Boom! Gunshot fires; He quickly readies the rifle and misses at Zane.

Zane looks on as Ignas and his accomplice retreats.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Matt has his heart pierced; He lies on his back in a pool of blood. Zane turns pale, out of idea.

ZANE

No! Wait - wait.....Stay with me, you're gonna be fine, I'll get you back to the hood.

MATT

(choking, coughing out blood)

I'm going home.....this is my freedom.

ZANE

Matt, please, don't - don't -

Matt stops breathing. Zane is totally disoriented.

ZANE

(softly; in disbelief)

Matt!.....Matt!! ..... Matt!!!

(shouts)

No!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Voice echo.

Music in: Enya - May it be.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

Matt stares at Zane while he talks with David.

Zane fires a ball at Matt as everyone laughs.

Zane has a midnight discussion with Matt as they hug themselves before going to bed.

Zane detach his Red Paisley Bandana and fasten it to Matt's neck.

END OF MONTAGE.

EXT. NORTSVILLE STREET - LATER

Zane is still in the same cloth, the crew is present; sober.

As Zane digs a grave, He is in deep tears. Matt's cadaver sits beside the grave.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FERG

(casually)

The hood will miss you, you're a real G. Rest in peace Matt.

As they lower Matt into the grave, the boys are fighting back tears.

Soon, David reads from the bible to bid him farewell. In a beat, they start to leave.

As Ferg walks away, Zane stares at Him furiously.

INT. HUSTLERS' DORMITORY - MIDNIGHT

Quiet. Same day, Zane is not sleeping, He looks minutely at Matt's bed, whispers to himself. Soon, David wakes.

ZANE

I caused it.

DAVID

No, you didn't, it was predestined and it is practically impossible to modify it.

ZANE

(regretfully)

I couldn't protect him.

DAVID

Zane, you need you to know that Human live on creed, God protects.

ZANE

Like you don't understand my point - see, everyone get close to me, they die.

(beat)

Where's Luis now?

DAVID

Well, you need to stop all this self-hate, everything happens for a reason.

Zane doesn't buy this; He closes his eyes.



EXT. REY MANSION - NIGHT

A glass Building; very attractive exterior. Zane and 3 other teens take out 4 security men stealthily at the access.

They advance in, a teen flanks a security at the main entrance, then another boy takes out a security with a pistol with silencer.

INT. REY MANSION - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nobody. Now inside the luxury apartment, the teens couldn't hide their astonishment as they study the place. A large portrait of Rey is visible here.

In the walkway leading to Rey's chamber, Ignas and 2 thugs pace unarmed.

Two of the teens emerge out of nowhere, Blam! Blam! Blam! The thugs are murdered; Ignas trembles as they aim at him.

INT. REY'S CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Rey; in a white towel jumps out of his golden bed instantly; as He bolts the door, we see him move around like he needs something.

INT. WALKWAY - CONTINUOUS

ZANE

(to Ignas; as he fidgets)

He had no beef with you, why'd you kill him?

Before Ignas could say anything, Blam! Blam! Blam! Blam! Blam! Blam! Blam! Blam! Blam! Blam! -

A teen holds Zane back as Ignas falls lifeless.

TEEN #1

Hey! It's okay, He's a goner.

As they snap out of it, the boys shoot repeatedly at the door. Rey takes cover behind his golden bed, the door is breaching gradually. Just then -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gunshot halts. Some anonymous cacophony outside the window, Rey tiptoes, looks through the window. Some of his thugs are making an entrance.

Rey looks around for a beat, picks a key up on his shelf, He jumps out of the window. Suddenly, Door breaks open.

Zane and his crew gain access, they look through the shattered glass, their POV: Rey driving away in a Rolls Royce Phantom.

One of them sees the last of Rey's men gaining entry into the building.

TEEN #2

We ain't alone.

Zane jumps out, then a teen. And as the thugs enters Rat! Ta! Ta! Ta! Ta! Ta! Ta! Ta! Ta! They eliminate the two other teens.

EXT - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Zane and the surviving teen display their competence at its peak; hustle their way to the fleets of luxury cars, just when they take out the thugs below -

The teen brings out a key, we play the tension as the doors refuse to unlock; the teen will keep trying. In a beat; a Dodge challenger opens.

Now in the auto, Rey thugs hustle down; Zane in the passenger seat, the teen will knock some of the thugs down and drive skillfully; avoiding bullets till they escape.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - DAY

Leo and Brian are stuffing their handguns in their waistband, ready for an outing. Jack sits moody, As Leo notices -

LEO

Jack? Whatcha' doing? Get the fuck up.

LEO (CONT'D)

You keep killin' my spirit ever since you got a slime, fuck's wrong with you man?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

(unlike him)

I'm good, you can go do whatever you fuckin' like.

BRIAN

(to Leo)

Well - that won't stop shit right?

LEO

(as he nods)

Nah.

As they advance, on Jack.

EXT. MURITALA MUHAMMED AIRPORT - NIGERIA - DAY

Nass; Islamic outfit with a skull cap and Khalid hang around at the airport. In a beat, Margaret joins them.

As Margaret hugs Khalid with utmost joy, she studies Nass from Top to bottom for a beat without saying anything; the passengers are watching.

MARGARET

(to Khalid)

I missed you baby.

KHALID

(smiles)

Me too, Momma.

Margaret assists Khalid with the luggage as they proceed; leaving Nass behind, Nass sighs deeply, He joins them.

INT. AJAH - MARGARET'S APARTMENT - LATER

Khalid and Nass are in the middle of a sumptuous meal.

Margaret walks out of the bed room, sits across Khalid.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARGARET

(to Khalid)

You okay baby?

KHALID

I miss home.

All laughs. As Margaret looks coldly at Nass; his smile fades out.

MARGARET

Grandma talks about you all the time, she can't wait to see you.

KHALID

I missed her, she knows?

MARGARET

We'll pay her a visit.

KHALID

(rounding off the meal)

Ok, fine.

(sigh)

A'ight, I needa' rest. Take some time with your man.

Nass smiles as Khalid walks in.

KHALID (V.O)

Mom, Whenyoudone, I'll have a word with you.

MARGARET

(calling after)

Okay baby.

Nass stare nervously at Margaret; moves close to her. As he tries to touch her, she knocks his hand off.

MARGARET

You can talk without making contact right?

Nass sink this in.

NASS

I'm sorry; I've realized my mistakes.

(CONTINUED)

MARGARET

(as if she is gonna cry)

Realized?

(shouts)

You're a beast Nass, You're not human.

NASS

You need to keep your voice down please.

Nass falls to her feet.

NASS (CONT'D)

Margaret, I sent you over seven invitations.

MARGARET

(points at the scar on her face)

Yeah, you did; just so you could continue from where you stopped.

Nass attempts to touch her, She snubs.

NASS

I'm all changed now. If I'm the Nass you know ; I wouldn't be right here begging for your mercy, I know I've hurt you a lot but I still love you.

MARGARET

(as she sobs and walks away)

No.....No you don't.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jack squeezes all his personal effects in a travelling bag, Leo and Brian just glance in confusion.

He looks at the big portrait of Thomas for a beat, smashes it.

As He readies his luggage for an outing -

BRIAN

Where you headed Moh'fucka?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

(a beat, then)

A place.....where people live in peace; where you'd rather think 'bout things that matters in life than enemies on your tail, this is not it for us.

(as he tosses his gun away)

We can be better without a Glock.

Not expecting anything like that; they become dumbfounded.

LEO

(quite sober)

So you fuckin' leaving now?

JACK

For good, Kemosabe.

As Jack exits the building, we stay on his vacillating friends.

INT. MARGARET'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Raining outside. Khalid warps asleep; shoes on, he's in an outing dress.

Margaret enters, takes his shoes off, covers him in a duvet and kisses his forehead.

She progresses to the living room, until now, we can't see her weary look. Out of nowhere -

NASS

(silently)

I know how happy she must have been.

Margaret is silent. Nass close in on their gap.

NASS (CONT'D)

Now - look I understand if I were in your shoes I might do worse but all these days, do you ever think I might get bored?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARGARET

So what? Climb on your back?

NASS

(in vain)

You prolly' don't want me here.

(beat)

Well, I'll be out by dawn if that will please you, I don't have any plan on going back to Nortsville, I'll contact you wherever, Please take good care of him.

As Nass would walk in - Margaret holds him back.

MARGARET

(sober)

You still do that thing?

NASS

Look at me.....I ain't joking.

MARGARET

(sobs; submissively)

(In Yoruba; no subtitle)

Nass, what have I done to you, you always have to make me go through pains, why?

Margaret hugs Nass; He is stiff.

NASS

That will be the very last of it; I will never subject you to any form of harm again, I promise you.

We see them kiss; suddenly - Margaret pulls back; Nass looks on, troubled.

MARGARET

I love you.

A deep sigh of relief, both laugh; Kiss lingers on a whole new level.

INT. OLAOTAN FAMILY RESIDENCE - DAY

Knocks. Eunice answers the door to reveal Nass and Margaret.

Nass glances at his family portrait as he walks in. Eunice eyes are stuck on Nass; she haven't seen him dressed so responsibly.

EUNICE

(very low tone)

Nass?

Nass attempts to lie on the ground, Eunice stops him.

EUNICE

No..... No, all is forgiven.

MARGARET

Thank you Mom.

EUNICE

(to Nass)

Wow! You're a Muslim now?

NASS

Insha Allah.

EUNICE

(with joy)

I've seen Khalid; I just can't thank you enough.

Nass sigh.

EUNICE (CONT'D)

(to Margaret)

You never can tell right?

MARGARET

(smiles)

Hmm Hmm ..... Where's that naughty thing?

EUNICE

Old is boring, She's at Sheriff's.

All laughs.

EUNICE

All right, Lemme get something for you guys.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Eunice rises, taps Margaret playfully; they walk into the kitchen.

On Nass, staring at his family portrait.

EXT. NORTSVILLE STREET- DAY

Few passersby. David waits in an intersection; it looks to us like he's waiting on someone. Eventually, Zane emerge.

DAVID

What's going on? I've been here for too long.

ZANE

If Ferg suspects, it wouldn't end well for either of us.

DAVID

(confused)

What are you talking about?

Zane holds out huge wads of cash, hands it to David.

ZANE (CONT'D)

Forget about everything you left behind, just - just go, go get yourself a life.

DAVID

(bops his head in disagreement)

Zane, I don't wanna leave this place without you.

A long staredown.

ZANE

(convincingly)

What- if as - we - talk

(beat)

The thugs troop in and you never get the chance to see Uncle Craig again for good.

David holds Zane's hand flaccid.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZANE (CONT'D)

(looking square in David's face)

C'mon Dave, I belong here, there's nothing left for me out there.

DAVID

No! Don't say that to yourself, you are great, there's a part of you that is vital to people from the outside world, don't always compromise your personality, all my walks in life, you've been a rarity in loyalty.

Zane still doesn't seem convinced.

ZANE

Dave, you really need to go now...my regards.

David hugs him, sobs.

DAVID

This is a brief parting, surely our path will cross again, I'll miss you brother - the world out there is beautiful, I hope to see you soon.

EXT. COKE CREW CARTEL - DAY

DEA vehicles approaching, they screech to a halt; spread out around the perimeter.

DEA AGENT #1

(into radio)

Make every shot count; I can't afford to lose you.

DEA AGENT #2 (V.O)

Aye.

We stay with some agents closing in on the access; CLOSE on an AGENT POV: A church building revealing above a ratty residential building across.

DEA AGENT #1

Damn! A cartel behind a church, the world is fucked.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly; out of nowhere, a thug readies an RPG-7B.

BOOM! An Agent eyes bulge in horror, yells "Watchout"  
His partner gets shred.

DEA AGENT #1

(on radio, shouts)

Fuck! We lost Davis.

Gunshots firing. The Agents are trying to gain entry.

INT. COKE CREW CARTEL - CONTINUOUS

Rey, unease, takes cover in a room camouflaged like a mere wall; more thugs are getting armed.

EXT. COKE CREW CARTEL - CONTINUOUS

As the thugs exit the building, we see the thugs from the facade lying lifelessly on the ground, the Agents are just unbreakable.

The emerging thugs engage in a brutal battle with the Agents but their side is still losing. The cartel is tearing apart now. We follow a thug as he hurries in to Rey's cover.

INT. COKE CREW CARTEL - CONTINUOUS

THUG #1

(panics)

Boss, There are too many o'them, let's get you outta here.

The thug shields Rey as they advance, the crew is almost diminished to nil.

Stuck in a cover by the entrance, few thugs; say 4, join Rey and the Thugs.

As an Agent pops us nearby, Rey gives him a headshot.

THUG #2

C'mon Boss.

EXT. COKE CREW CARTEL - CONTINUOUS

Rey in the midst of the circle; the thugs marches him out of the cartel hastily; they are pacing toward the church.

DEA AGENT #1

(on radio)

They're marching him through - to the church.

In the process, three of the thugs get hit. Rey runs up to the church as his last accompany catches a bullet.

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Few worshippers. And as a mass of Agents aims at Rey, We see a slow motion of Rey walking backwards in retreat. The worshippers huddle in fear.

DEA AGENT #1

Hey! Drop the gun; your hands on your head.

Rey looks around, submits.

EXT. REY CARTEL - CONTINUOUS

The cartel is cleared out; Some Agents examining the environment. Carey walks out trembling.

DEA AGENT #1

(to Carey)

You're safe now, little girl.

The Agents' and Rey surface across, the latter has his hands leashed.

They lead him toward the unit vehicle. As he lean in and engine starts -

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

The unit vehicle moving along a highway; the window reflects the side view of Rey.

A big vehicle with maximum security pulls over at a court yard; Rey alights, He's now about 30 pounds lighter than the last time we see him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INT. COURT ROOM

CHIEF JUDGE

That you are found guilty of dealing A-class drugs and possession of dangerous firearms without license and you have therefore being sentenced to life imprisonment.

Rey buries his face in his palm.

Rey in an orange jumpsuit being led past the cells, INMATES looks on.

END OF MONTAGE.

INT. MARGARET APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

Margaret; in outing regalia, serving dishes on a dining table.

Later, we follow her as she walks into a room where we find Nass and Khalid asleep.

MARGARET

Rise and shine.

Khalid wakes up, Nass still lying.

KHALID

(yawn)

Good morning.

MARGARET

Good morning baby - I'll leave now.

KHALID

Don't stay long out there, I'll miss you.

MARGARET

(as she kisses Khalid's cheek)

Alright dear, I promise.

Suddenly, Margaret notices Nass, He's stiff. Khalid's attention is drawn.

KHALID

Baba?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

No response. He taps again; No response. Margaret looks on in skepticism, feels his heartbeat.

MARGARET

He's not breathing.

KHALID

Wh-at? ..... Dad?

Khalid shakes him nonstop, Margaret is flaccid.

MARGARET

(to herself; very silent)

Did he only want to apologize?

Margaret set off into oblivion.

KHALID

(yell)

No - Mum!!!

Voice echo.

EXT. BMF CARTEL - DAY

FULL SHOT as Hustlers and fiends mass the street, some clique of teens including Zane stand apart; they listen to Zane; who is trying to not get noticed as he speaks.

As Ferg emerge, the cacophony fades out. He examine the facade for a beat, walks back in.

Then, we begin to hear them.

ZANE

Look at me dead in the eyes - You think I'm playin'  
There is a staredown amongst them.

INT. SAFEWAY HOSPITAL - DAY

Khalid and Emily stay back at the reception, Eunice and Sheriff Walks toward the C.O.O's office, a weary countenance as they pace, Eunice chants inaudibly.

INT. C.O.O OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

C.O.O attends to a few files before attending to them.

SHERIFF

(sober)

Sir, I need you to help us - I've taken every dime from my account, I've breached my entire savings medium, the person in question is my sister.

C.O.O

Mr. Sheriff, As much as I wish I - I can't go all the way without an outright payment, we can't tell how long she'll be out of coma but every night in the I.C.U goes for something.

Eunice just remain mute, limp. C.O.O studies the two of them for a while.

C.O.O

You see, I can't guarantee that everything will be fine but - I can probably convince the management - Margaret serves this investment well enough.

C.O.O mobile phone rings.

C.O.O

(into phone)

Yeah, you've reached me..... Ok, I'll be there.

(to his guests)

I need to go.

As he motions them out of the office, he crosses off.

INT. ICU ROOM 1 - LATER

Sheriff and Eunice sit across a cataleptic Margaret; plugged to machines, with a Nasogastric tube in her nose.

Khalid and Emily join them, the sight makes them sob.

In a beat, a Nurse emerges.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NURSE

Two people at a time please.

They exit except Khalid. The nurse examines and records information from the mechanical ventilator machine display; she exits.

KHALID

I know you can hear me.....if you love me, why'd you lie to me? You said any trouble won't come to me, now you turn out to be the trouble itself; who's gonna protect me? Wake up.....wake up mom, I don't wanna live this cruel world without you.

Tears drop from Margaret's eye; she's still lying there comatose.

EXT. GREEN FIELD - NIGERIA - DAY

Everyone in black. 4 rows of MOURNERS; Khalid is crying perpetually on a front row seat, Sheriff; next to him holds him close.

Emily, Eunice and an old-time Nass' FRIEND take the subsequent seats.

A CLERIC initiates a short prayer, then -

CLERIC

We should be thankful that Nass accepts the truth before his transition. Last two weeks, he came back from Nortsville, he came to me in the mosque, I was surprised to see him dressed like that, he said "Imam, I want to donate 100 Holy Quran to the mosque and I'll voluntarily clean up the mosque for a week before I return, Will Allah still forgive me?" I said yes. He has already forgiven you, he has seen your heart.

Cleric raises a Holy Quran up, the congregation gaze.

He never makes a promise he can't fulfil.

(a beat, then)

May he be free from the suffering of the grave, and I pray God stay with his family in this hard time.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

As the crowd chants Amen; Cleric rounds off with a Quranic recitation.

As soon as it ends, a couple of well-wishers hug the family, console them.

NASS' FRIEND

(to Khalid)

You need to be strong, trouble will always find its way to us but Olu is more than just a name.

As he hugs him, Khalid is stiff for a moment.

EUNICE

(to Nass' friend)

Thank you sir, May God be with you.

Sheriff walks a crying Khalid away. As they pace slowly  
-

SHERIFF

I know what you're going through, but one thing, Life doesn't end there. Everyone experiences challenge at some point in their lives, they are only distractions..... and they are there to ward you off your purpose.

(holds his hand)

Now promise me that you're bigger than it.

KHALID

(dabs an handkerchief on his face)

I promise - I .....

Suddenly, something catches Khalid's attention but we can't see it, He smiles.

JACK

Empty handed, Converging on him, arms spread out, Khalid snaps out of depression instantly, they hug. The few people left, look on.

Sheriff smile, relieved. Just then, Jack's POV from distance: He spots the same Nass portrait picture we have seen in their Nortsville apartment on a table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

What's up? I been to the address - they told me you're here.

(points at the picture)

Who's that man?

KHALID

Dad..... just yesterday - Mom's in a critical condition.

Jack expression swings suddenly.

JACK

God!

Khalid reacts to this as if it was a foreign language. Jack looks at him, is anything wrong?

INT. MARGARET'S APARTMENT - LATER

Still in the same black cloth, Eunice and Sheriff are on the verge of departure. They both walk to the door as they bid farewell.

SHERIFF

(to Jack)

Um - Please help me talk to him, we need to get things done, I can't sit; waiting for miracles.

JACK

You can count on me.

They leave. Khalid shuts the door; crosses to the window and holds the burglar bar. Jack looks at Him in pity. He moves behind him; throw his hand around his neck.

JACK

Olu, I understand how you feel, but everything's gon' be fine, God has a reason right? .....For everything.

KHALID

Grandma is old; Uncle has been out of work for months now.

Jack looks around the room for some time, troubled.

EXT. FOREST - LATER

Jack has an axe, He scan trees of different kinds. He keeps walking around. Eventually, He looks across; He sighs and smiles.

INT. HUSTLERS' DORMITORY - MID DAY

The crew is bagging. Some teens are exchanging eye gestures; gun in hand, they are taking orders from Zane.

Suddenly, one of the teens shoots a thug security in the head; this raises attention. We see them aiming at the other crew at work.

EXT. BMF CARTEL - CONTINUOUS

The thugs hustling into the processing hall.

INT. BMF CARTEL - LODGE - CONTINUOUS

Ferg quickly snorts a coke; picks up an assault rifle and sprints to the processing hall.

INT. PROCESSING HALL - CONTINUOUS

The entire crew present; Ferg emerge. He's baffled at the sight.

The crew has split in groups: the thugs and teens that side with Ferg; Zane's renegade team. They are still aiming.

FERG

(to Zane)

Fuck's wrong with you kiddo? Tis how you pay back favour?

ZANE

(to the teens that sides with Ferg)

Two more seconds, we won't show you mercy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A teen from Zane's side misses a shot directed at Ferg. Ferg shields behind a door. Gun battle ensues.

Some teens that side with Ferg rescinds their decision. Ferg's side is losing the fight.

FERG

(from cover)

Hey kids - we can actually settle this amicably.

Zane has lost a number of boys. Ferg looks disorientated; He keeps shooting aimlessly from cover. He kills a teen that runs toward him mercilessly.

Zane's side has taken over; they all pop out of cover. Ferg shoots. Gun clicks. He raises his hands up, walks backwardly till he hits a wall, they all aim at him.

FERG

(softly)

You want money? I got a whole lot of it - I can.....

WHITE TEEN #1

(Russian accent)

How would I want what I have?

FERG

(shouts)

I saved your asses - you'd have been dead in the street by now.

A crying Black teen steps forward, shoots his leg "for my mum".

Another, his knee "my parents".

Another crying white teen, his ribs; "my lovely sister".

Then, a Caucasian Teen shoots up his waist repeatedly "Fuck you - You killed Luis, you killed my surviving brother". Zane quickly stops him. Ferg is dead.

The boys break the lodge door open. We didn't see the inside; they are laughing ridiculously.

Suddenly, we start to hear "Kodak Black - Testimony". We see some other boys destroying the merchandize; hugging themselves in victory and later, we start seeing the boys splashing straps of dollar bill.

INT. MARGARET'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Khalid sleeps on a couch; Jack walks out of the room; he stares at him for a beat, he paces toward the door.

As he unlocks the door, he looks back at Khalid. Door jams. He exits.

EXT. MARGARET'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Jack approaches a flower vase. He takes possession of what we couldn't see clearly; maybe a gun. He fastens it to his waistband.

CLOSE on the window as he looks on; no movement. He sprints away.

EXT. LEKKI BEACH - ENTRANCE - DAY

Almost empty. Jack gains entry; he walks disorderly, halts in a walkway.

He studies the access for incoming vehicles. In a beat, a range rover sport approaches slowly.

As it close in, Jack gets at the front of the car suddenly, holds out a gun.

The DRIVER halts; no onlookers. Jack moves swiftly to the passenger seat door; unlocks it, he's still aiming.

Jack ransacks and takes possession of some wads of cash in the safe; pockets it in the waistband. The driver just remains mute and stiff.

Jack proceeds slowly out of the car; He aims. Just when he would run off -

INT. RANGE ROVER SPORT - SAME TIME

The driver pulls out a mini gun out of nowhere; shoots twice at Jack in the back and his left hand through the window.

Jack contorts but he's taking to his heels. The driver alights.

EXT. LEKKI BEACH - CONTINUOUS

The driver chases Jack; he would fall but won't stop. We play the tension as we think he will reciprocate the shot.

He finds a shield and takes cover; Driver back up, breathing heavily.

Bloodied; almost out of breath, CLOSE on the gun in Jack's hand; it's a similar wooden gun as the one we've seen in the initial bust that ended Thomas' life.

Jack lifts his cloth; he has lost the money in the struggle. The driver returns to his car; zooms off.

INT. MARGARET'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Khalid wakes up to a call.

CLOSE on Khalid's phone as it rings: Jack.

JACK (V.O)

(weak)

Hi Olu, I need you here.

Khalid is puzzled, He sprints out immediately.

EXT. LEKKI BEACH - SAME TIME

Jack's condition has deteriorated; both eyes closed. A few SYMPATHIZERS come to his rescue; He blatantly refused.

He falls on his back. In a beat, Khalid emerge; pulled through the crowd.

Shocked; Khalid spots a wooden gun by his side; he picks it up and examines it, he tosses it away.

Jack's eye is half open, Khalid picks up his bloody phone, cleans it off.

KHALID

(angrily, pulling away)

I thought you'd change motherfucker.

Jack gasp, blood gushes of his mouth. Khalid studies him, out of idea.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KHALID

Who's gonna foot this bill Jack, You're gonna kick me into Catch-22 again.

Jack declines Khalid's effort to lift him up.

JACK

No, I won't make it.

Jack's phone beeps, Khalid checks it out. It reads a message from LEO: "Hey Kemosabe, Ferg is a goner, I'm fuckin' rich, if you've found that boy, tell him I owe him a 2019 Pontiac".

He keeps it to himself, as He snaps out of it -

Surprisingly, Jack forces himself up on the cash he's lying on; hands Khalid the wads of cash. Khalid eyes bulge in amazement.

JACK

(faint smile)

I know you are not ready to lose her.

(cough out blood)

Get her back on her feet; I know that's everything that matters to you right now.

Jack stops breathing. Khalid shakes Him in disbelief.

MUSIC IN: SORROWFUL THEME

Khalid burst into tears; shaking him and uttering inaudible in slow motion.

Emergency bus arrives, as they lifts Jack in a gurney, Khalid falls to his knee, pale, fighting back tears.

EXT. BMF CARTEL - EVENING

The boys split in groups; luggage in front of each of them, they converge on themselves with congratulatory hugs.

Leo and Brian proceed toward Zane. They hug him one after the other.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEO

You're the man.

Zane smiles.

ZANE

Holla hi to the paper boys, I'm a fan of they  
shit.

A Buccaneer Aruba approaches.

DRIVER

Who's going to the port?

Some of them step in; the remaining boys wave at them  
with utmost joy. As they set for takeoff; A teen reveals  
the enormous wads of cash in his luggage; they return a  
fuck you expression.

Almost immediately, a Hobby caravan emerge, Zane and his  
crew get on board. FULL SHOT as they zoom off; a huge  
burning pile of arms come into view.

INT. ICU ROOM 1 - EVENING

The light glows, Eunice and the rest of the family are  
with Margaret; they just sit there awaiting wonder.

EXT. SAFEWAY HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

This is the same hospital that admitted Jack. Khalid  
runs to the reception; totally miserable.

KHALID

(to RECEPTIONIST)

Someone's just admitted, Jack Lee, Where is....

As the Receptionist motions him where; Khalid rushes in.

INT. ICU ROOM 1 - SAME TIME

Anxious Khalid runs up to the ICU and kisses Margaret's  
cheek; holds her hand, about to cry.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Suddenly, Margaret weakly places her hand on Khalid's, he smiles. The rest of the family stand up in shock; burst into laughter. Khalid motions one minute.

INT. ICU ROOM 2 - CONTINUOUS

Khalid hustles his way in; Jack lies there lifeless; attached to machines.

Khalid moves his hands through Him; sobs silently. In a beat, He receives an anonymous punch.

He studies Jack for some moments and suddenly, Jack is smiling.

JACK

I'm not dead, Motherfucker.

Khalid throws up a horrible laugh; hugs him. A HUGE MAN enters; this is the driver that shot Jack.

HUGE MAN

(to Jack)

Oh boy! Thank God you're alive, I'm sorry I -

JACK

Nah, it's okay.

KHALID

You're the one he -

Khalid holds out the cash he has now conceal in a polythene bag to the man.

HUGE MAN

No! You can take care of yourself with that, I'll go now.

He exits.

INT. RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS

Huge man is making an exit from the building. Sheriff and Grandma approach Him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHERIFF

I can't thank you enough, I pray God strengthen you sir.

EUNICE

I'm the happiest today, thank you - thank you so much.

Huge man smiles; hugs them. He walks off.

INT. ICU ROOM 1 - SAME TIME

FULL SHOT as The families and Khalid stand by Jack's gurney discussing and smiling; we can't hear them. Margaret joins them surprisingly, they exchange hugs.

EXT. BMF CARTEL - DAY

Twin Bulldozer destroying the building; a mass of ONLOOKERS.

MAN IN BLACK #1

(into an interviewer's microphone)

They are the future; the government would look into the menace, we would have as many investments as possible so our youths can get to choose the life that best suits them.

FADE OUT.

BLACK.

TEXT IN (CENTERED): WHITE ON BLACK

SAY NO TO DRUGS.

SAY NO TO DISCRIMINATION.

TOGETHER AS ONE.

Lucky Dube "Children in the streets" fades in with credits.

THE END