

FADE IN:

THE YEAR:1987

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The small kitchen shows signs of a ghetto pharmacist at work.

Arm & Hammer Baking Soda spill from boxes scattered about the countertops. A duffel bag stuffed with rubber band stacks of money rest on the table.

CLOSE UP: On the menacing black Uzi Nine Millimeter with an extended clip lying on the counter.

CHARLES "MONEY MAN" SEABROOKS is bobbing his head with a slow vibe to a RAP SONG titled *Pocket Full Of Stones*.

A cigarette dangles loosely from Money Man lips. He exhales a cloud of smoke through his nostrils as he weighs ounces of crack up on a Triple Beam Scale.

PRECIOUS sashays into the kitchen with the sophistication of a ghetto queen. She flaunts a voluptuous figure.

PRECIOUS
Damn baby. It's been two hours and
you still baggin' up coke?

MONEY MAN
A nigga got to pay like it weigh ma.
Right and exact.

Money Man reaches around, pulling Precious down into his lap.

MONEY MAN (CONT'D)
(serious tone)
Listen baby girl. It's 'bout time
we raise up out these projects. I
done got my weight up.

Money Man extends his arm out and grabs one of the rubber band stacks of money out of the duffel bag.

MONEY MAN (CONT'D)
Take this scrilla. That's ten grand.
My cousin Stephanie is a Realtor.
Everything is already set up. Give
her a call. She'll help you find a
nice crib in one of those low key
gated communities.

PRECIOUS
(ecstatic)
Really baby? You just made me the
happiest woman in the world.

Money Man rubs Precious between her thighs and chuckles.

MONEY MAN
Is that right? Prove it to me.

PRECIOUS
It'll be my pleasure.

Precious licks her lips as she locks eyes with Money Man, descending slowly down to her knees.

Money Man rears his head back in anticipation of Precious award winning trophy head.

BOOM! The sound of the apartment door crashing in echoes like thunder.

Money Man shoves Precious down to the floor.

MONEY MAN
(yells)
Stay down.

Money Man bolts over to the microwave with his arm extending out reaching for his Uzi.

BOOYAH! A shotgun Blast echoes. Blood splatter paints the kitchen wall.

The close range impact spins Money Man around nearly severing his arm.

In wide eye fear Precious crawls over to Money Man and cradles his head on her thighs.

PRECIOUS (O.S.)
(Screaming)
Charles! Charles baby.

CUT TO:

INT.MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A big man dressed in all black is squatting down removing rubber band stacks of scrilla out of a floor safe and stuffing the cash into a duffel bag.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

PRECIOUS
(pleading)
Shife! Please Jesus don't let them hurt my son.

ROBBER ONE

Bitch you got three seconds to shut
the fuck up.

Robber One scowls as he raises the Mossberg back and hits Precious in the nose with the butt of the shot gun.

ROBBER ONE (CONT'D)

Three.

ROBBER TWO shakes his head in disbelief and exchanges look with his partner in crime.

ROBBER TWO

Damn! You are a cold blooded ass
nigga.

Precious cries muffles to a whimper. Money breathing becomes shallow as he lay dying in Precious arms.

SHIFE (O.S.)

Mama! Mama!

The full moon climbs and its pale light shone slantwise through the window casting a shadowy figure of the robber.

SHIFE is sitting up in the bed with both his hands clasp around his toy cap gun. The boy pulls his brows together into a menacing frown and squeezes the trigger.

BIG DAVE (Laughing)

You possess a natural killer instinct
Lil' Man. I like that. You have
the heart of a lion.

Big Dave step through the door way into the moonlight.

SHIFE

I'm scared Uncle Dave.

Big Dave stood, a motionless granite shape in the moonlight.

BIG DAVE

Fear no man nephew. If your gun was
real I would be dead right.

Big Dave extended out his hand to the tearful child.

BIG DAVE (CONT'D)

No need to be afraid nephew. Come
with me.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Tears streamed down Precious face as she muffles her cries while gazing into Money Man's fading eyes.

The sound of approaching footsteps echo down the tile hallway. Precious eye's shift to Big Dave.

PRECIOUS
Shife. Give me my son you disloyal
bastard.

Big Dave holds the child by the hands as he scrutinizes the couple down on the floor.

MONEY MAN
Big Dave. How could you man? You
are my Lieutenant. I trusted you
with everything.

Big Dave's eyes narrows to slits of black. His face wreathed into malicious glee.

BIG DAVE
NO QUESTIONING THAT FAMILY. BUT,
NUMBER TWO JUST ISN'T QUITE AS
FULFILLING AS BEING THE HEAD NIGGA
IN CHARGE.

Precious furrowed her face in disgust and hawked spit at Big Dave's feet.

PRECIOUS
You backstabbing son of a bitch.
How could you betray him after all
he's done for you? You two were
like brothers.

Big Dave reared his head back in a fit of diabolical laughter. Then, He peered down at his shoes and exchanged menacing looks with his accomplices.

BIG DAVE
I can't believe this bitch just
disrespected me. This silly whore
just spit on Big Dave.

ROBBER ONE
Just say the word boss.

Stiff lip with a grim scowl. Big Dave pulled the .357 Magnum from his waistline.

PRECIOUS
Fuck...

The gun hiccuped then spit a flame. The bullet entered Precious forehead. She was dead before her upper body touched the floor.

BIG DAVE
I never liked your ass anyway. Gold
digging bitch turned my man soft.

A tear escaped Money Man's eye.

MONEY MAN
From the womb to the tomb Dee.
Remember that? You killed the only
woman that I ever loved. Before I
die, I ask you to grant me one thing.

Big Dave walked over and knelt down beside his childhood partner in crime.

BIG DAVE
What might that be family?

Money Man points a weak finger over at his son.

MONEY MAN
Spare Shife's life. He's all I go
left in this world.

Big Dave turns and exchanges looks with the child.

BIG DAVE
Come here lil' man. Go ahead and
say something to your daddy.

Shife wipes tears from his eyes with the back of his hands and stares down in silence at the only man he ever admired.

MONEY MAN
Promise me son that you'll never put
your trust in no man.

Shife stands in stun silence before his dying father.

MONEY MAN (CONT'D)
I need to hear you say it son. I'll
never put my trust in no man.

Shife shook his head.

SHIFE
I promise daddy. I'll never put my
trust in no man. Not ever.

Big Dave traded looks with robber one wielding his Mossberg Pump and nodded. Without hesitation, the robber steps forward and pulls the trigger.

ROBBER ONE
What about the kid?

Big Dave swipes his hand over his friends lifeless eyes closing them shut.

ROBBER TWO (O.S.)
What the fuck you mean. What about
the kid?

ROBBER ONE (O.S.)
Lil'mutha fucka saw our face man.
No witnesses no case.

ROBBER TWO
Real talk, somebody should have hug
your psycho ass when you were a kid.

ROBBER ONE
Nigga fuck you.

BIG DAVE
Shut the fuck up.

Big Dave turns and gives Shife a slow appraising look.

BIG DAVE (CONT'D)
Listen up Shife. With all due respect
your old man was a good gangster.
But out here in these streets there's
no such thing as a good gangster.
You understand what I'm telling you?

Shife locks eyes with Robber One. Then turns his attention
back to Big Dave and shakes his head in agreement.

Big Dave reaches his hand out to the boy.

BIG DAVE (CONT'D)
So, are we good on this situation?

Shife looks up and exchanges looks with Robber One.

SHIFE
Yeah we good.

Shife extends his hand over and shakes Big Dave hand.

Big Dave rubs Shife on the head like a well-train dog.

BIG DAVE
Wise choice Lil' Man. Wise choice.

Big Dave rises to his feet and slings the duffel bag of money
over his shoulder. His eyes shifts back and forth from Robber
Two back to back Robber One.

Big Dave gives Robber One a head gesture.

BIG DAVE (CONT'D)
You grab the rest of the coke and
money.

Robber One rubs his hand together in malicious glee.

ROBBER ONE
Say no more Boss. Besides killing
nothing brings more joy than grabbing
scrilla.

Robber One rest his Mossberg Pump on the table and reaches for the duffel bag.

Big Dave trades a conspiratorial glance with Robber Two. With unsuspecting speed Big Dave levels his .357 Magnum and pulls the trigger. The bullet escaped out the front of the Robber One's head. He slumps forward and his blood spills over the kitchen table.

Robber Two grins and shakes his head in disbelief at the man lying face down in a pool of blood.

ROBBER TWO
Damn, now that's what I call blood
money.

Big Dave bent down to eye level with Shife.

BIG DAVE
Shife in a few years, you'll become
a man. Of course you will one day
seek revenge for what happen here
tonight. I completely understand
that from the bottom of my heart.

Big Dave Stands up and points to the dead robber.

BIG DAVE (CONT'D)
That will be one less muthafucka
that you'll have to track down. My
gift to.

Big Dave turn and placed a finger up to his lips.

BIG DAVE (CONT'D)
See you around Lil'Man.

DISSOLVE THE YEAR 2010:

Cloudy night leaves and street debris is blowing in the wind. A storm is approaching.

EXT. /INT. BLACK MONTE CARLO "SS" - NIGHT

Ant Banks and Shife are slump down in their seats scoping out the Island Breeze Restaurant.

SHIFE
Damn nigga puff puff pass muthafucka.

Shife reaches over and snatches the blunt from Ant's hands and takes a pull.

SHIFE (CONT'D)
All bullshit aside famlay. I hope
this bitch knows what the hell she's
talkin' 'bout.

Shife stares through the windshield over to the restaurant.

ANT BANKS
Real Talk homie. I ate that trick
pussy so good last night. The bitch
would help me jack the pastor at her
mama's church if I asked her to.

Ant Banks extends his tongue out and touches it to the tip of his nose. The partners in break out into a fit of laughter.

SHIFE
Man get the fuck outta here. So
what you're telling me is we got
this lick literally in the bag.

Shife passes the blunt back to Ant Banks.

ANT BANKS
I put that on everything I love
family. Trust me, its all gravy
baby.

Shife takes his pistol from his waistline and chambers a round. He lifts the gun to his lips and kisses it.

SHIFE
It's all good my nigga.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A crackle of thunder sounds and lightening flashes illuminating the front of the restaurant. Tee-Tee turns and gazes out the window.

TEE-TEE
Shit. It's about to pour down rain
and I just got my hair done today.

She raises her jacket up over her head.

OX
Such a foul mouth for such a pretty
woman.