

FADE IN:

EXT. PARKING LOT BESIDES THE CHARLES RIVER - BOSTON - NIGHT

It is dark and quiet. TWO VEHICLES sit inside an empty parking lot, one vehicle parked in front of the other. As the VEHICLES come closer into view, THREE GUNSHOT FLASHES are seen and heard from the SECOND VEHICLE! Then a YOUNG BLACK MALE is seen exiting this vehicle and entering the other one. He disappears into the night with his identity concealed.

INT. REMAINING VEHICLE - NIGHT

LUCKY, a young black male in his twenties, is slumped helplessly over the steering wheel suffering from THREE GUNSHOT WOUNDS to the chest.

LUCKY (NARRATIVE
VOICE) They say there's many roads a
man can travel in his lifetime. (beat)
This right here... this is the road
that chose me.

As LUCKY fades away, he sees a GLARING BRIGHT

LIGHT. EXT. NIGHTCLUB PARKING LOT - ATLANTA - NIGHT

TITLE - SIX YEARS EARLIER

The GLARING BRIGHT LIGHT becomes the HEADLIGHT of a CADILLAC ESCALADE. The ESCALADE makes its way through a CROWDED ATLANTA NIGHTCLUB PARKING LOT. BEAUTIFUL WOMEN, LUXURY CARS, and BALLERS, ANIMATE this parking lot.

LUCKY (O.S.)
My favorite white boy. What's poppin',
Country?

INT. CADILLAC ESCALADE - NIGHT

LUCKY reclines in the passenger seat while SPANK, a brash, young gangster, drives slowly through this NIGHTCLUB'S PARKING LOT. Lucky is engaged in a cell phone conversation. The stereo plays low.

LUCKY (on
phone) Yeah, we out here.

SPANK (to lucky)
See all these broads out here?

COUNTRY (phone
V.O.) (inaudible voice)

LUCKY (on phone)
Just me and Spank. What it look. like?

COUNTRY (phone V.O.)
(inaudible voice)

LUCKY (on phone)
Two o'clock's good. We should be up. Hit
me at one, just in case.

SPANK (to lucky)
Look at this one right here!

A salaciously dressed FEMALE struts past the driver's side window.

COUNTRY (phone V.O.)
(inaudible voice)

LUCKY (on phone)
No doubt. (beat) A'right then... be safe.

Lucky hangs up the cell phone.

SPANK
We good?

LUCKY
We'll see tomorrow.

SPANK
I gotta good feelin' 'bout them white boys.
(beat) It's them niggas back home... sompthin
slimy 'bout them dudes.

LUCKY
Everybody's suspect.

They observe the CLUB-GOERS in the parking lot, as they approach the
front of the club.

SPANK
You right, everybody suspect. But I'll tell
you one thing... (beat) these A.T.L. chicks
aint suspect, and we got two hotel rooms...
homey!

They look at each other and laugh, then pull up to the VALET and get out.
Spank and Lucky walk into the club.

INT. BANK - DAY

A very ATTRACTIVE WOMAN fills out a withdrawal slip. She approaches a
BANK TELLER.

BANK TELLER

How may I help you?

WOMAN

I'd like to make a withdrawal

The BANK TELLER examines the woman's bank book and withdrawal slip.

BANK TELLER

Can you hold on for a second?

WOMAN

Sure.

BANK TELLER

I'm low on large bills. I'll be right back.

INT. JAGUAR SEDAN - DAY

FODAY, a native of Sierra Leone in his late thirties, sits in a JAGUAR SEDAN of this bank's parking lot patiently waiting for the woman inside of the bank. The "Best Of Curtis Mayfield" plays low on the car stereo while FODAY holds a conversation on his cell phone. He speaks with a thick African accent.

FODAY

You act as if this is the first time.

CELL PHONE (V.O.)

(inaudible voice)

FODAY

She has withdrawn ova thirty thousand from this account alone. What do you mean she is not experienced enough?

CELL PHONE (V.O.)

(inaudible voice)

FODAY

Brodda, tell me how long we have been doin' this.

CELL PHONE (V.O.)

(inaudible voice)

FODAY

Of course it mattas! Do you think that I would use a woman who is not Qualified?!

INT. BANK - DAY

The WOMAN in the bank continues to wait for the bank teller to return. She looks around timorously as she waits.

The TELLER finally returns.

BANK TELLER

So sorry for the delay.

WOMAN

Everything O.K.?

BANK TELLER

Uh-huh.

The BANK TELLER begins to count-out bills for the woman. This WOMAN is Foday's check-scramming counterpart. She anxiously eyes the MONEY.

Suddenly, THREE MEN dressed in suits materialize behind this woman and FLASH THEIR SECRET SERVICE BADGES!

INT. JAGUAR SEDAN - DAY

FODAY taps his steering wheel to the sounds of Curtis Mayfield. After looking at his watch, he begins to sing along to Curtis Mayfield's "Little Child Running Wild." His singing is horrendous because of his thick African accent.

FODAY (singing)

Little child running wild... broken home,
father's gone. Mama tired, so he's all
alone. Kinda sad, kinda mad. Ghetto child
thinkin' he's been had...

INT. BACK OFFICE, BANK - DAY

TWO SECRET SERVICE AGENTS are in the midst of interrogating FODAY'S FEMALE FRIEND. The OTHER AGENT sits at a desk just watching. The WOMAN sits in a chair while the TWO AGENTS stand over her. She looks as if she's at her breaking point.

INT. JAGUAR SEDAN - DAY

FODAY looks at his watch again and is growing increasingly impatient. He lets out a sigh of frustration but then continues to sing along to "Little Child Running Wild."

FODAY (singing)

Why couldn't they just let me be. Let me
be, let me be. Gotta jones runnin' through
my bones. I'm sorry son all ya money's
gone...

The singing stops.

FODAY'S P.O.V. - Two Secret Service Agents

Two white men dressed in suits approaching Foday's vehicle.

BACK TO SCENE.

FODAY starts the engine and shifts to drive!

An UN-MARKED SEDAN comes to a SCREECHING HALT as it pulls in front of Foday's Jaguar preventing it from moving!

The TWO AGENTS walking towards Foday's vehicle, pull out their fire arms and order Foday out of the vehicle!

INT. LUCKY'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

LUCKY is asleep in bed with a FEMALE from the club last night. She lays on her stomach, wearing a thong that reveals her VOLUPTUOUS ASS. The T.V. is on and a NEWSCASTER can be heard, then seen.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

The Security Council voted today to ban international sales of diamonds originating with rebel forces in Sierra Leone. Rebels, who control most of the country's diamond mines, use diamond sales to finance a war in which thousands of people have been mutilated or killed.

Lucky's cell phone rings several times, waking him up. He answers.

LUCKY (sleepily)

He-llo.

CELL PHONE (V.O.)

(inaudible voice)

LUCKY

Yeah, we'll be there. Same spot, two o'clock.

Lucky hangs up, then dials

INT. SPANK'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

SPANK lays in bed as a female under the covers performs oral sex on him. MUSIC VIDEOS play loudly on the T.V.. His cell phone rings four times before he answers.

a number.

SPANK (on phone)

Yo...

Intercut between Spank and Lucky.

LUCKY

Country just called. They on their way.

SPANK

A'right. Meet me by the truck in twenty minutes.

The FEMALE continues to please Spank orally. He hangs the phone up. INT.

ESCALADE TRUCK - DAY

SPANK drives; LUCKY sits shotgun. The stereo plays low. They have just exited 185 south at the Old National Road exit. The Waffle House parking lot where they will meet "Country", is very close by.

SPANK

Man, that bitch was eatin' E-pills like Skittles last night!

LUCKY

Word?

SPANK

Yeah, man! I almost slapped tha shit out that bitch. Talking "bout "try one"...

LUCKY (interrupting)

There they go right there.

Lucky points to a BLUE PICK-UP parked at the back of the Waffle House parking lot. Spank scans the parking lot cautiously.

SPANK

Show time.

They pull up besides the blue pick-up.

EXT. WAFFLE HOUSE PARKING LOT - DAY

COUNTRY and his fat, HILLBILLY FRIEND hop out of the pick-up. LUCKY and SPANK hop out of the Escalade.

SPANK

Man, what the fuck!

LUCKY

God damn!

There is an awful SMELL coming from the bed of the pick-up truck.

Country and his Hillbilly friend both laugh aloud!

COUNTRY

Ah, that's nothin', boys. Had to take some fertilizer on over to Billy Ray's this morning.

SPANK

Fertilizer?

LUCKY

Smells like some shit to me!

HILLBILLY

Ha! Ha! That's what it is ... good ole southern cowshit. Best fertilizer this side of the Mississippi!

LUCKY

Man, y'all some real live hillbillies... God damn!

SPANK

(covering his nose)

So what it look like, Country?

COUNTRY

Good. Real good... got everything you want.

Country unzips three DUFFLE BAGS that lay on the bed of the pick-up truck. Lucky and Spank scan the parking lot.

COUNTRY (CONT.)

We got twenty .45 glocks, twenty .40 glocks, and fifteen 9mm glocks. Then we got five .50 caliber Desert Eagles, nickel-plated, sweeter than deer meat. Plus, five Mac-11's and five AR-15's.

After seeing the GUNS, Spank opens the passenger door of the Escalade and removes a brown paper bag from the glove compartment. Lucky and Country slap hands. Spank hands the bag of money to Country.

LUCKY

You come through like clockwork, baby. That's why you my favorite white boy!

COUNTRY

This aint nothin', boys... I'm workin'
somethin' real big fa y'all.

LUCKY

Yeah? We'll be back down in about two
weeks. Be ready fa us...

SPANK

No cow shit next time!

Everybody laughs as they load the duffle bags onto the back of the Escalade.

EXT. BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS - NIGHT

SHOT - Boston skyline

INT. LIVING ROOM, APARTMENT - BOSTON - NIGHT

CHIN and EDDIE, two savvy hustlers, lounge in a well furnished living room. Eddie sits on one of the leather couches and uses a MONEY COUNTING MACHINE. TWO PISTOLS and about a kilo of COCAINE lay on the glass coffee table. Chin stands by the living room window. He stares out of the window at two black males arguing on the corner.

CHIN'S P.O.V. - TWO BLACK MALES ON THE CORNER

One BLACK MALE wears a RED BASEBALL CAP; the OTHER ONE wears a BLUE CAP. SEVERAL PEOPLE mingle on the block on this hot summer night. An S.U.V. is double-parked on this corner with its SYSTEM BLASTING.

As the two men argue, the one wearing the red cap pulls out a SMALL PISTOL and FIRES TWO SHOTS INTO THE OTHER MAN'S SKULL!

HE FALLS TO THE CONCRETE!

The man wearing the red cap then FIRES EIGHT MORE SHOTS INTO THE LIFELESS BODY LYING ON THE CONCRETE! He jumps into the double parked S.U.V. and SCREECHES OFF into the night!

BACK TO SCENE

CHIN walks away from the window and sits on a couch across from EDDIE. Chin lights up some weed and begins to smoke. The sound of the money counting machine is constant as Eddie continues to count GREENBACKS.

EDDIE

What happened?

CHIN (nonchalantly)

Some nigga just got twisted.

EDDIE

Word?

CHIN

Yeah. (beat) We need to switch spots, dog. It's too hot out here.

EDDIE

I been told you that...

A very SEXY FEMALE, dressed to go out, walks into the living room from a back room. She struts over to Chin and sits on his lap. She snatches the weed from his hand, and takes a long satisfying toke.

FEMALE

I'll be at Trina's for a few. You gonna be here when I get back?

CHIN

You got somethin' for me?

FEMALE (seductively)

You know I do.

She teases his ear-lobe with her tongue, then leaves the apartment. Eddie continues to count greenbacks.

EDDIE

We behind this month.

CHIN

I know... I'm workin' on somethin'. Somethin proppa.

EDDIE

Yeah? You mind lettin' me in on it?

CHIN

Burners. (beat) More guns than you probably eva seen in ya life, nigga.

EDDIE

It's definite?

CHIN

We'll see...

EXT. INTERSTATE 95 NORTH - NIGHT

The CADILLAC ESCALADE cruises down 195 north. LUCKY and SPANK are on there way back to Boston with sixty guns in their trunk. Highway signs changing can be seen along the way as night turns to day.

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