

"THREE THUGZ and a SHORTY"

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FADE IN:

EXT. WILSHIRE BL. - WILSHIRE SHOPPING AREA - L.A., C.A. -
EVENING

The side of a big black high gloss shiny vehicle rolls into view along on the well known, busy Wilshire Bl. The bright lights of the many store fronts reflect off the car as it moves along.

The dark tinted windowed, large jet black classic Lincoln Continental moves on the street amongst several other cars.

INT. LINCOLN CONTINENTAL - EVENING

A pretty, twenty something, raven hair black female named RACHEL sits in the passenger seat smiling as she looks around at the passing sites. She pleasingly looks to her right out her window at the lit up stores of the fabulously well know district.

From O.S. a hand caresses her chin lovingly. This makes her smile even more as she turns to look in that direction.

Driving the car as he gently rubs and caresses her cheek with the back of his hand, is a forty something, large black man, dressed in dark attire with a casual suit type jacket, who will be referred to as THE MAN.

He smiles at her like she's the apple in his eye.

THE MAN

(lovingly)

You my one in a million bu, you know that don't you? You so sweet, your man just can't get enough of you.

(beat)

How much do you love me?

She just shyly smiles as she looks down some.

The Man moves his head toward her some. She reciprocates by leaning to him for a kiss, then sits back in her seat looking very content.

INT. WOMAN'S CLOTHING STORE - WILSHIRE AREA - EVENING

A few women look at clothing items throughout the store.

One rich Beverly Hills type babe looks through a turnstile of dresses, etc. She's dressed to the nines in a tight skirt ensemble that makes her boobs look like bread rising in a pan in an oven.

Not far from her, staring straight at her attention getting cleavage, is The Man, grinning as he doesn't take his eyes off her luscious double D's. He rubs his pointer finger on his bottom lip as he cunningly stares at the unsuspecting female.

A fancy dressing room door opens. Out moves Rachel wearing a designer dress.

The Man jerks to attention when the door opens. He gives Rachel his full attention.

RACHEL
(to The Man)
What do you think?

THE MAN
...Baby it's you...Fa sure. Turn around, lemme me see the back...
ump!

Rachel turns completely around.

As she does, his eyes avert back to the Beverly Hills babe's breast.

the Beverly Hills babe leans over the turnstile of dresses to see other dresses, etc. As she does, her boob cleavage becomes more prominent.

RACHEL
How does it look...it feels perfect.

THE MAN
(eyes on the babe)
...It's the one I like. Nice and tight, just the way I like it.

She turns around with a big smile on her face, then moves to hug her man.

RACHEL
Thank you.
(beat)
Can I still get the shoes?

THE MAN
...Go head...

While her head's on his shoulder, he stares at the Beverly Hills babe like a wolf.

EXT. SELF SERVE GAS STATION SOME WHERE IN L.A. - NIGHT

The Man is at one of the multiple gas pumps. He has the gas nozzle in his Lincoln's gas spout. The numbers on the pump move steadily.

As he pumps the gas, he's in conversation on his cell phone.

THE MAN

(on phone)

...Yeah...Whitney Houston...Huh...No, you can't even tell em apart...Unhun...So sweet, you'll walk away with a toothache.

Rachel sits in the passenger seat of the Lincoln looking in the visor mirror applying lipstick.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

...11:30 my man. She'll be there.

He pushes the button to turn his phone off, then places it in an inside jacket pocket. As he continues to pump the gas, he looks into the car with a no expression look on his face.

INT. CHIC RESTAURANT - SOME WHERE IN L.A. - NIGHT

The Man and Rachel are led by a waiter to a table with a fancy candle in the middle of it, along with two menus already propped on the table.

WAITER

Madam, would you like a cocktail?

RACHEL

Yes please.

WAITER

...Sir?...

The Man just does a little flickering of his fingers, indicating that he'll have one too.

The Waiter nods to them, then moves away.

Looking like a school girl out on her first date, Rachel looks around at the ambiance of the four star restaurant.

The Man stares across at her with a sneaky/callous look on his face...

INT. CHIC RESTAURANT - SOME WHERE IN L.A. - NIGHT --
LATER

Empty plates and other dishes on their table indicate that Rachel and The Man are done with their meal. They both sip on what's left in their glasses of wine.

INT. LINCOLN CONTINENTAL - NIGHT

The Man's behind the wheel driving. Rachel's in the passenger seat.

Suddenly his phone rings in his jacket pocket. He doesn't grab it right away. Finally after two rings, he does.

THE MAN

(into phone)

...Yeah...

(beat)

...Yeah...

(beat)

...Alright...

He pushes the button to turn the phone off.

Rachel looks his way like she wants to ask him a question, but doesn't.

The Man looks at her with an expressionless face.

Rachel looks like she now senses something's up.

EXT. STREET SOME WHERE IN L.A. - NIGHT

The Man's Lincoln moves until it makes a right turn into an alley coming up on the right side of the street.

INT. LINCOLN CONTINENTAL - NIGHT

Rachel looks at him in total bewilderment.

The Man turns his head slightly to look at her. He has an evil look in his eye.

The slow moving Lincoln's headlights suddenly shine on a Mercedes that's parked in an area where the alley ends.

Rachel starts to perk up seeing the dead-end desolated area with just the Mercedes in it.

In the drivers seat of the Mercedes is a fifty something white male.

EXT. LINCOLN CONTINENTAL - NIGHT

The Man pulls his car around to the other side of the Mercedes where he stops the car, leaving the engine running.

INT. LINCOLN CONTINENTAL - NIGHT

A now seemingly upset Rachel looks The Man's way. In the B.G. for a second, the white male's face is seen in his car looking into the Lincoln at The Man and Rachel.

RACHEL

(upset)

But you said I didn't have to--

Her emotional state overwhelms her as she tries to get a grip.

THE MAN

(angrily hesitant)

...What the fuck you think I brought you that dress and them two hundred dollar pumps for...I got tired of you looking like some trailer park ho.

RACHEL

But I thought--

The Man raises his hand as he interjects quickly.

THE MAN

Yo...He's got a thou...Go git it...

He looks at her like he means business.

After hesitating briefly, she finally gets out the car.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

She pushes the door closed slowly, then moves around the front of the car, heading for the Mercedes. She looks toward the Lincoln's windshield with a look of discomfort as she moves.

The coldhearted Man looks at her with a stone face.

The white male inside the Mercedes leans over to open his passenger door for the approaching Rachel.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. CONWAY TENANT BUILDING - HALLWAY, FIFTH FLOOR -
L.A., CALIF. - NIGHT

Down the long hallway is door #24. Closer on the door,
the sounds of a domestic disturbance can be heard.

The Man is heard yelling at, then slapping someone.

THE MAN (O.S.)

Listen, um real tired of this shit!

(beat)

And I'm through talking to your ass!

INT. APARTMENT #24 - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The now down right scary/dangerous looking man, has an
angry look in his eye as he looks downward.

On the couch a very distraught Rachel, who's teary-eyed,
and red-face from being slapped, looks totally defeated.
Her long black hair kind of hides her right eye which
has the starting reminiscences of a shiner.

Breathing angrily through his nostrils, The Man barks
one more command at her.

THE MAN

I talk, and talk, and talk some more!
You just keep abusing my good nature
like um some kind of sucker!

RACHEL

But I--

The Man interjects sharply.

THE MAN

Shut up bitch!

She turns her head away so she can't see him yelling.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

Now git up off of my pussy and take
your ass in there and git that little
bitch!...Git up!...

She jerks with fright from his raised voice.

As The Man watches her sheepishly move away, he reaches
his hand out and pushes the back of her head, which
jerks forward.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

Yeah that's right. It's goin be
just you and me fa now on.

(stern)

Move it!...Work them chicken legs!

INT. APARTMENT #24 - DARK BEDROOM - NIGHT

The door opens slowly. A frazzled Rachel commences to move in the now slightly lit room.

Laying in bed in a somewhat fetal position on her side, is the woman's seven year old daughter MICHELLE...nicknamed SHELLY who's really not asleep, but behaves like a typical kid that's been around domestic violence a lot.

THE MAN (O.S.)

Hurry up!

At Shelly's bedside, a tearful Rachel tries to compose herself so she can talk to her daughter.

RACHEL

Shelly...Come on baby, we gotta go.

SHELLY

I'm up mommy. Where we going?

RACHEL

We're gonna go for a ride to see your uncle Rock, O.K.

SHELLY

Please don't cry mommy. It'll be alright.

Rachel pulls herself together.

Wearing pajamas, Shelly climbs out of bed to accompany her mother out the room.

THE MAN (O.S.)

Time is money! Trick!...

EXT. STREET - ANOTHER NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

The Man's Lincoln pulls to the curb and stops.

INT. LINCOLN CONTINENTAL - NIGHT

Seated in the front passenger seat, Rachel stares out the windshield. She has a small suitcase on her lap.

The Man shifts the gear to park, then stares hard at Rachel.

THE MAN

What the fuck you waiting for!
 Deliver that bitch, and git back
 here!

She jerks a little from his voice, then grabs the door handle to get out.

RACHEL

Come on Shelly.

EXT. LINCOLN CONTINENTAL - NIGHT

Rachel pushes the door shut. She stands on the sidewalk holding Shelly's hand. With her other hand she holds the small suitcase.

With anticipation, she looks toward the apartment building.

Inside the car, The Man leans over to the open passenger window...

THE MAN

Hey girl. Remember I got eyes and
 ears everywhere...Recognize...

Rachel and Shelly move toward the building.

THE MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Un huh, yeah you heard me...

INT. CRIMSON APARTMENTS - FOURTH FLOOR HALLWAY - DOOR #64 - NIGHT

With her little girl at her side, Rachel puts on a brave smile, like life is good. She rings the doorbell.

INT. ROCK/ROOMMATES APARTMENT #64 - NIGHT

In the dark apartment, the drumbeat start of...CAN'T TOUCH THIS...by Rapper M.C. Hammer kicks off two bars of the song. This is the sound of their doorbell.

After two bars play, there's a brief silence, then the two bars are repeated because the doorbell is rung again.

A hallway light goes on, as a pants, no shirt, early twenties black man named ROCK (YOUR WORLD) HARD...A.K.A...Richard Torrence, who is Rachel's brother, moves for the apartment door.

ROCK
 (to self)
 Who the fu--

He arrives at and looks through the peephole.

ROCK (CONT'D)
 ...What...

He reacts irritatingly to seeing his sister, then opens the door.

ROCK (CONT'D)
 Rachel. What's up?...What you doing out this late...Hey Shelly.

They just stare at each other briefly...

Rachel's right eye is still coincidentally well hidden by her thick long black hair.

RACHEL
 ...Can you do me a favor...I--
 (beat)
 Can you watch Shelly for a couple of days?

ROCK
 A few days. What do you mean?

She almost lets loose her true emotions.

RACHEL
 ...I gotta go out of town on business.

ROCK
 (interjecting)
 Business huh, where's he at Rach.
 He's down in the car ain't he?

RACHEL
 No, no. We came in a cab...
 (smiling)

ROCK
 Un huh. So you mean if I go down stairs with you, uma see a yellow cab, not some big black tank with your sugar daddy in it.

Rachel frustratingly nods yes to him.

RACHEL

...Can you do this for me, please.
Just for a while.

ROCK

...Come on in.

He closes the door slowly.

ROCK (CONT'D)

Is that her bag or yours?

EXT. STREET - OUTSIDE CRIMSON BUILDING - NIGHT

A lone Rachel moves up the block back to The Man's Lincoln.

Once there she opens the front passenger door to get in. As she bends down to get in, she's jerked into the open door by her arm. Her head slightly hits the top rim of the open door.

The Man's hand reaches for, and pulls the door shut real hard.

INT. LINCOLN CONTINENTAL - NIGHT

Rachel sits silently looking straight ahead out the windshield.

The Man stares at her briefly, then grabs her by her jaw with his right hand, holding it so she's still looking straight out the windshield.

THE MAN

(mean)

Look out there...What do you see?...

She looks straight ahead nervously.

RACHEL

...59th Street?...

THE MAN

Un un, no you don't...You know what you see...You see my town.

(beat)

That's right, I own this motherfucker.

Suddenly he jerks her head back by pulling her hair from behind with that same hand.

RACHEL

(in pain, looking up)

I didn't say anything!

THE MAN
 (confident)
 I know you didn't.

Making a punk face, he breathes in and out before he continues...

THE MAN (CONT'D)
 ...Why I gotta go through this with you...You mine. The money's mine. Your fucking life is mine...And just like this town, that little bitch you spit out your pussy is mine!

Staring at her face, the vicious man shoves his other hand between her legs. He fondles around until he O.S. has his fingers inside her vagina.

She reacts to his big thick, rough fingers.

THE MAN (CONT'D)
 ...Open your mouth...

She opens her mouth a little as he tugs her hair.

THE MAN (CONT'D)
 (mean)
 ...Open it, fo I rip out something you need.

She nervously opens her mouth wide.

THE MAN (CONT'D)
 Keep it open.

As nonchalant as can be, he hocks a long nasty lougie, then moves his mouth over the scared women's mouth. He tugs her hair some more, then spits the clammy thing inside.

O.S. he causes some pain to her insides with his inserted fingers. She reacts to it, at the same time cringing on the lougie.

THE MAN (CONT'D)
 ...Swallow it...That's right...
 (beat)
 Yeah you got it.

She gags a little resistantly, then finally swallows it.

THE MAN (CONT'D)
 ...Good, ain't it...How's my other bitche's pussy taste.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

...For now on, every time you swallow a drink, eat some food, suck some dick, you goin think about that little piece of me sliding down your throat reminding you...Who the fucking man...

With one hand full of hair, his other fingers still inside her, he looks at her close.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

Fuck with my money again and it'll be gas and a match going into your stomach. Then you can watch me from up in heaven as I turn that little bitch out.

His left arm moves as he O.S. moves his fingers in and out and about her privates for his pleasure.

She reacts to that with much discomfort.

He finally pulls his fingers out of her. She displays reaction to them coming out. He brings the wet digits to his nose to sniff them, then releases her hair only to use it as a towel to dry his fingers.

He then takes a punk type gander around the outside vicinity of the car, then starts the engine.

As the car purrs, he stares out the windshield momentarily, then turns to her.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

...What the fuck you waiting for...

Looking scared and defenseless, she turns to him. She looks at his face nervously, then down at his crotch. She reaches to O.S. unzip his fly, before finally moving her head toward his crotch as he drives off.

INT. ROCK/ROOMMATES APARTMENT #64 - DINING ROOM - DAY

Shelly sits at the dining room table eating a bowl of cereal.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

From the adjacent kitchen, Rock smiles at Shelly as he stirs up a bowl of pancake batter.

ROCK
 (to Shelly)
 You want some pancakes?

SHELLY
 Un huh.

She continues to eat her cereal, while Rock stirs the batter faster.

ROCK
 You like syrup?

Shelly nods while eating.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Looking sleepy and out of it, Rock's up and coming Rapper roommate, who goes by the nickname M.C. HERTZ, strolls through the dining room heading for the kitchen. He glances Shelly's way with bewilderment on his face.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Hertz moves to the fridge to get a drink.

HERTZ
 (quiet)
 Yo dog, she's a hottie...but I thought fifteen was your cut off.
 (grins)

ROCK
 What?

HERTZ
 (quiet)
 ...Who is she?...She's kind of cute.
 You know what I'm saying.

ROCK
 (thinking)
 Who is...That's my niece stupid.
 She's my sister's kid.
 (beat)
 Why you tripping.

HERTZ
 Alright roomie. Chuckle it off G.
 Ain no thing.

Shelly moves into the kitchen to put her cereal bowl in the sink.

ROCK
 (laughing)
 Shelly, this is Mr. M.C. Hertz...As
 he likes to be called...

She looks at him curiously...

SHELLY
 (to Rock)
 Is he my uncle too?

ROCK
 Huh...
 (grinning)
 Yeah, sure...Just call him, uncle
 Hertz.

Hertz looks at Rock curiously.

Looking bright-eyed and bushy tail, the other roommate
 known as SELLMAN or SELL, saunters into the kitchen.

SELL
 Morning fellas.

He sniffs the air.

SELL (CONT'D)
 Mmm...Something smells good. What's
 cooking.

Suddenly he sees and puts his attention toward Shelly
 with a very used car Salesman phony smile.

SELL (CONT'D)
 (to Shelly)
 Good morning--

He looks Rock's way.

ROCK
 (acknowledging)
 Shelly.

SELL
 Shelly. What's up. My aren't you a
 sweet looking young lady.

She just smiles.

Rock and Hertz kind of sneer about Sell's phoniness.

SHELLY

(to Rock)

Can I watch T.V. uncle Rock?

ROCK

(grinning)

Yeah, go ahead.

She moves to the living room.

At the refrigerator Hertz grins as he opens the fridge door.

SELL

(to Rock)

So who's the kid?

ROCK

That's Rachel's kid.

SELL

Your sister, oh yeah. She done sprung up. Last time I saw her, she was just a baby. Is Rachel here?

ROCK

Nah, she had to go outta town for a few days. So shorty's gonna chill here til she gets back.

Sell just nods...

ROCK (CONT'D)

You guys ain't got a problem wit that, have you?

The T.V. in the living room is suddenly heard.

SELL

...Nah man. No problem.

HERTZ

(to self)

...Uncle Hertz...

Sell looks at Hertz then at Rock who's pointing his thumb toward Hertz.

HERTZ (CONT'D)

(to Rock)

...Uncle Hertz. Why am I uncle Hertz?

ROCK

Just play along alright. It's only for a few days, then her mother'll come get her.

Hertz grins as he drinks some juice.

SELL

What's this?

HERTZ

(to Sell)

Yeah. I just became an uncle.

Rock gives Sell a look...

ROCK

Yeah that's right, uncle Sell.

(whispering)

Look, she's had a hard life. I'm the only relative she's got. It ain't gonna kill you guys to help me keep her happy.

HERTZ

Damn man.

ROCK

What...

(BEAT)

Mr. can you please help me, my bail's a \$1000.00, and I ain't got it...please, please.

HERTZ

Alright man.

SELL

...Uncle Sell...That's cool, um wit it.

He reaches to give a brotherly handshake to Rock. The look on his face reads...How can I make this work for me \$\$\$...He then does a handshake thing with Hertz.

SELL (CONT'D)

...We uncles B...

Hertz looks away as he takes another drink from his glass.

HERTZ

...Un huh...

INT. ROCK/ROOMMATES APARTMENT #64 - NIGHT

Hertz movers into the apartment. He's dressed to the nines in a stylish hip hop outfit.

Rock's shirtless on the living room floor watching T.V. while doing sit-ups. He speaks to Hertz.

ROCK

How'd it go?

HERTZ

Good man. Crowd was ripe! Wall to wall honeys.

Hertz moves toward the hallway.

Rock stops his sit-ups in the up position as he looks toward him ready to say something, but doesn't. He continues his exercise, throwing some punches as he comes up again.

Shortly Hertz returns into the living room looking annoyed.

HERTZ (CONT'D)

Yo...Shorty's in my spot!...Rock.

Rock stops again.

ROCK

I was gonna talk to you about that earlier, but I forgot. I didn't want her sleeping on the couch.

HERTZ

Why didn't you give her your room!

ROCK

I had some, company earlier...You know what um saying. It's just a few days man. Whyd't you bunk with me til she's gone.

Hertz looks at him weird, with a hard stare.

ROCK (CONT'D)

(smiling)

Oh, my bad...The couch is free.

HERTZ

The couch. What!...Is it O.K. if I snatch some draws outta there?

Rock resumes his exercise.

ROCK

Yeah, just don't wake her, alright.

A pissed off Hertz moves away mumbling under his breath as his enters the hallway.

HERTZ

(to self, quiet)

Think cause you can box, everybody's supposed to be afraid of your ass...Bet you couldn't box with my nine shoved my up your ass.

(beat)

Punchy ass molfucker.

ROCK (O.S.)

You say something?

Hertz eases his bedroom door open, trying to be as quiet as can be as he moves in.

INT. ROCK/ROOMMATES APARTMENT #64 - SELL'S ROOM - DAY

O.S., the soft clicking on a computer keyboard is heard while the medium size room is scanned. The room looks like some electronic/misc. store. There's stereo equipment, radios, C.D. players, cell phones, computer game apparatus, satellite disks, etc.

Sell's at his computer checking numbers, customer stats, etc. He's wearing a headset phone.

His phone rings. He lets it ring two times, then pushes the button to open the line.

SELL

(into phone)

Yeah, what up.

(beat)

3D quad sound booster amp. No problem. What's the name...

(beat)

Un huh...100 watts. Yeah I got one...They're \$75.00.

(beat)

Alright. 61st and Lexington...Hour and thirty minutes...Bet. Later.

He pushes the phone button again to hang up and continue on his computer.

Shortly the phone rings again. He pushes the button to open the line again.

EXT. STREET SPOT - LOS ANGELES - DAY

M.O.S.

Sell gets out his semi new B.M.W. He moves down the sidewalk, heading to the front of a pool hall where a 16 year old kid is polishing the shoes of an older man who's seated on a high legged chair with a little platform to place his feet on.

Sitting on a short stool, the kid is about finish. After he's done, he collects his money, and the man moves away.

Sell approaches him. The kid acknowledges his presence with an up nod.

The kid grabs a shoe-box sized locked metal box under the chair. He gets a key from his pocket to open it. The two of them talk briefly.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET SPOT - LOS ANGELES - DAY

M.O.S.

A portable hot dog stand on wheels with a big umbrella is on a corner at a busy intersection. A bikini clad female is selling hot dogs and cold drinks to a group of male customers, that are all smiles as they eat and scope her.

One by one the guys step up, buy a hot dog or two, and a drink, then move away. Some hang around to eat and watch the girl busy at her job.

In the B.G. Sell's B.M.W. pulls to the curb and stops. Shortly he gets out and moseys to the hot dog cart. He bends down besides it and uses his key to gain access to where the daily profits locked safely away.

After he gathers the money, he locks it up again, rises, smilingly acknowledges the hot dog girl, then moves back to his car and drives away.

Hot dog Girl bends over to get something low on her cart. Her thonged tanned behind is front and center. One of her hang around customers stops in mid bite of his hot dog to scope Hot dog Girl's ass.

EXT. SUNNY SIDE RETIREMENT CONDOMINIUM FACILITY - DAY

M.O.S.

Moving off the resident walkway, 77 year old resident retiree Dr. John Sizemore knocks on door #5.

Shortly the door opens. A smiling elderly retiree male greets the doctor, who hands him a vial of pills in exchange for cash. The man closes his door and Dr. John moves on.

EXT. WALKWAY - SUNNY SIDE RETIREMENT CONDOMINIUM FACILITY - DAY

Dr. John knocks on door #30.

A not to happy 60 something male retiree flings the door open abruptly. He irritatingly stares hard at Dr. John.

The Dr. smiles as he holds up a vial of pills and shakes it a little for the male retiree.

Suddenly the male retiree's frown turns to a smile.

INT. 60 SOMETHING RETIREE'S UNIT #30 - DAY

MR. retiree moves through his living room area right to his bedroom door, which is ajar. He pushes the door open and enters.

He stands just inside the door smiling as he holds the vial of pills up.

A 60 something year old female is sitting up on the bed with just an open robe on looking toward the male retiree. She smiles at him.

EXT. WALKWAY - SUNNY SIDE RETIREMENT CONDOMINIUM FACILITY - DOOR #12 - DAY

Dr. John approaches door #12 and knocks. Shortly the door opens. A smiling older gentleman greets him. After he's handed his vial of pills, he reaches in his pocket to bring out money.

M.O.S.

INT. SUNNY SIDE SECURITY ROOM - DAY

Dr. John moves into the opened door. The small room has the usual items found in any security environment, desk, wall panel filled with keys, flashlights, walkie talkies, fire exhausting equipment, etc.

The forty something security guard is seated behind the desk. Looking at Dr. John, he smiles as he comes out his pocket with money before he even gets his vials of pills.

With two vials of pills between his fingers, Dr. John reaches his hand toward the seated guard, who grabs the vials as he hands him the money.

The two men shake hands and exchange a few words.

EXT. WALKWAY SUNNY SIDE CONDOMINIUM RETIREMENT FACILITY -
DOOR #38 - NIGHT

The door opens. Out moves Sell smiling. He moves away O.S.

INT. SUNNY SIDE RETIREMENT CONDOMINIUM FACILITY - UNIT
#38 - NIGHT

Dr. John places a 18"/12"/8" box on top of his desk. The side of the box reads VIAGRA. He opens the box, removes some literature, then pulls out one of the many vials to inspect it.

M.O.S. END

INT. ROCK/ROOMMATES APARTMENT #64 - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A funky hip hop jam plays as Shelly grooves to it while seated on the couch. She looks straight out and upward.

Standing front and center, M.C. Hertz performs a little private rap concert for her. He does his unique style of rapid fire rapping.

Shelly looks fascinated by Hertz's skills.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Clad in boxer shorts and tank top, Rock's bumping to the music as he's frying something in a skillet on the stove.

INT. SELL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sell's at his desk on his computer. With his headset phone on, he's crunching numbers on the keys of an adding machine that has a paper spool and a handle to advance the paper.

His bedroom door is closed, but the music can be heard in a muffled way.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Hertz is still doing his thing, hand gestures, body movements, etc.

Shelly claps her hands to the beat as she bounces some on the couch.

INT. UNDISCLOSED MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Shelly's mom Rachel sits down on the edge of the bed. Looking very unhappy, she starts to undo the buttons on her blouse. She looks straight out with a blank expression.

Over on a wall in front of her, is a dresser with a mirror above it. She stares at her own sad reflection in it.

INT. ROCK/ROOMMATES APARTMENT #64 - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Different music, same little girl enjoying herself, hand claps and all, as Hertz entertains her by rapping over the music.

INT. UNDISCLOSED MOTEL ROOM - BED - NIGHT

A man's hand slap/grabs the inside of Rachel's bare left knee, shoving it upward.

The same is done to her bare right knee as some large white male is ready to engage in sex with her. With his head besides her cheek, the stress is eminent on Rachel's still some what bruised face. She expresses no reaction to the sexual act.

He on the other hand, grunts and groans some as he pumps her hard.

He pumps away until he finally lifts his head. He looks Rachel in the eye briefly, then commences to kiss her on the lips.

As he does, Rachel moves her head side to side trying to avoid being kissed by him. She responds to him verbally.

RACHEL

What are you doing...No kissing. No kissing...Don't!

He stops pumping her briefly.

GUY

What's the problem!

They stare at each other briefly.

RACHEL

(stern)

...You paid for sex, not kisses.

GUY

What. Does my breath stink or something. What do you mean, no kisses!

RACHEL

(angry)

Just sex. O.K.

GUY

...How much more for kisses?!

Rachel looks away, ignoring him.

GUY (CONT'D)

Well, you can kiss my dick just before
you suck it...

(grins)

The guy then lowers his head again so that his cheek's
beside hers as he goes back to pumping her.

INT. UNDISCLOSED ARENA - LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

A large crowd cheers loudly.

INT. BOXING RING - NIGHT

Rock's looking pretty beat up and bloody as he's getting
his ass kicked by his opponent. He's on the verge of
having the fight stopped by the Ref who's observing him
closely to see just when to end it.

He's being bombarded with punches...lefts, rights, body
shots, etc.

Finally a surprise vicious left hook to the head does
the trick. Down goes Rock, out for the count.

The Ref jumps to the rescue, stopping the hyped up
opponent from doing anymore damage.

Seeing that Rock is finished, he waves the fight off,
declaring Rock's opponent the winner.

INT. POOL HALL - GAMBLING ROOM - NIGHT

Up close, a hand is having money placed in it.

A hustler thug looks mean as he slaps the money in the
hand. He counts-15, 16, 17, 18, etc., as a pool hall
thug friend O.S. makes a comment.

THUG FRIEND

Rock hard my ass. Bitch needs to
change his name to soft
rock...Shit...Punk-ass.

HUSTLER THUG

21, 22, 23.

As he keeps counting, a grinning Sell pleasantly
receives his winnings.

INT. UNDISCLOSED MOTEL ROOM - BED - NIGHT

The same guy is on the bed receiving O.S. oral pleasure from Rachel. He displays his enjoyment as Rachel O.S. does him. The guy runs his right hand along her bare ass attempting to reach her privates.

As Rachel O.S. keeps doing what she's doing, her body reacts to his probing finger by jerking away.

He acknowledges that, then goes back to enjoying the oral pleasure. In no time he tries it again. Slowly probing her ass, nearing her O.S. privates.

Again Rachel reacts negatively. This time she O.S. stops sucking, raises her head up looking him in the face.

RACHEL

What are you doing?

The man reacts to her stopping the oral. He grins at her like a kid that was just caught in the cookie jar before he answers her.

GUY

Come on baby. I just like to use my fingers while I'm getting sucked.

RACHEL

Don't do that.

GUY

Alright...

(demeanor change)

Damn, you sure got a lot of rules for a whore.

(beat)

Come on, just suck my dick, and don't forget to kiss it when your done.

Rachel looks at him with no expression, then slowly lowers again to O.S. resume the oral.

He almost immediately responds to her mouth.

GUY (CONT'D)

Ah that's good baby.

Shortly he's at it again, caressing her body with his right hand, sneakily moving near her buttocks.

O.S. Rachel has stopped again, which is obvious because the guy looks down at her in reaction to that...

GUY (CONT'D)

O.K., O.K.

GUY (CONT'D)

(smiling)

Come on. Let me stay hard.

He responds again to her continuing once again. He moves his head some as he enjoys it.

GUY (CONT'D)

Ah yeah baby...Gimme some deeper.

(moans)

Lemme just squeeze your ass then, alright.

This time O.S. she doesn't interrupt the sucking.

Again the guy's right hand rubs, then squeezes her butt cheek soft, then hard. He keeps doing that until suddenly he moves his hand and manages to O.S. hit the mark.

As he expresses his joy. Rachel O.S. bites down on his penis hard. Yes indeed he responds to that with a yell and jerking his hand away from her ass.

In great pain, he falls back sitting on the bed looking down at his damaged penis.

Rachel stands near the side of the bed, watching the Guy cringe in pain.

In agony he lowers a hand O.S. to his penis. Bringing it back up, there's blood on his finger tips. The shock of seeing that overwhelms him. With his mouth open, he's thriving in pain.

GUY (CONT'D)

(excited)

You bit me!...You fucking bit me!...
I can't believe it!

He reacts more to the searing pain.

GUY (CONT'D)

Why the hell'd you do that!

A silent Rachel just looks at him with no emotion.

Suddenly the guy jerks off the bed and shoves her hard.

She goes flying back first into the dresser/mirror. The middle of her back hits the top draw area as her head whiplashes into the mirror, shattering it.

Mirror pieces fall about her head on the way to the dresser and floor.

The force of hitting the dresser/mirror causing her to crumble to the floor O.S.

A somewhat dizzy Rachel raises her face from the floor. As she does so, a piece of mirror is conveniently right there where she looks into it at her reflection.

She sees that the top of her forehead, just under the hairline is cut and bleeding. She reacts wide-eyed seeing the blood as one drop drips straight down to the mirror.

Suddenly she jerks away from the piece of mirror because she has just been kicked in the ribs O.S. by the Guy who grunts as he does it.

Looking down at the floored Rachel, he precedes to kick her again and again.

GUY (CONT'D)

Look what you did to me! I can't
let my wife see this shit!

(in pain)

Damn you!

(beat)

Why man!

He kicks her again.

EXT. BUMPY'S RIB AND CHICKEN - NIGHT

A nonchalant "The Man" moves out the entrance of the ghetto area rib joint. He carries a large brown paper bag of Bumpy's food. As he moves, he chows down on a rib.

He arrives at his near by Lincoln that's parked at the curb. He opens the door to get in.

INT. LINCOLN CONTINENTAL - NIGHT

With the rib in his mouth, he sits the bag down on the seat next to him. He continues to devour the rib, making sounds of enjoyment as he does. Licking his fingers and all.

After he eats and sucks the bone clean, he sticks his key into the ignition, turns it so he has power to push his window button to open it halfway.

He tosses the bone out the window, then closes it again. He sucks his teeth as he savors what he just ate.

THE MAN

(expressive)

Damn Bumpy! Yo ass is consistent!

(beat)

Fucking ribs is kicking!...Ump!

He reaches his right hand into the bag for a napkin. Lo and behold he looks in the bag, no napkin in sight. He looks about the seat and feels under it for something. Now he becomes irritated.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

...Ah Damn Bumpy. Now you slipping.

Napkins and ribs go together like pussy and beer.

He contemplates briefly, then reaches further over on the passenger seat where he grabs a women's purse/bag...(Rachel's)...He opens it searching for something to wipe his hands and mouth with.

Rummaging through it, he finds a packet of kotex. He rips it open and like nothing wipes his mouth and hands.

Afterwards he just throws the soiled item back into the purse/bag, then heaves it over his shoulder to the back seat.

He starts the car up, sucks his teeth again, then drives off.

INT. ROCK/ROOMMATES APARTMENT #64 - NIGHT

A weary Rock moves into his quiet dark apartment. He doesn't stop until he gets into the kitchen where he turns the light on.

His fight tonight really left it's mark. His face, especially his right eye looks pretty bad. The swelling on it makes it look partially closed.

He pats just under the eye with the back of his index finger. He moves to get a glass out a cabinet so he can pour himself some milk from the fridge. He takes a swig of the milk then places the cold glass of milk to his painful eye.

INT. ROCK/ROOMMATES APARTMENT #64 - ROCK'S BEDROOM/BED - NIGHT

Rock slowly sits down on his bed. He reaches in the dark to turn his night table lamp on, then sits his glass of milk on the small table.

A faint sound is suddenly heard. He jerks his head around and sees Shelly asleep.

ROCK

(quiet)

Damn Hertz...What the--

Looking straight out, he has an annoyed look on his face. He then grabs his glass of milk, gets up to quietly move out the bedroom.

INT. ROCK/ROOMMATES APARTMENT #64 - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

With blanket in hand, Rock lays down on the couch. He puts the blanket on himself and goes to sleep.

INT. ROCK/ROOMMATES APARTMENT #64 - LIVING ROOM/COUCH - DAY

With his right arm hanging down to the floor, left arm resting on his forehead, Rock snores as he sleeps.

Seated in the chair across the room from Rock is Hertz. He grins while staring at the snoring Rock. He then bends down to lace up his ankle high black boots as he shakes his head some in reference to Rock.

In the B.G., a door is heard opening.

Moving through the living room heading for the kitchen is Sell talking on his cell phone what sounds like business as usual with a customer on the other end.

He acknowledges Hertz with just a head gesture.

HERTZ

(to Sell)

...Sup...

Sell arrives at the kitchen entrance.

SELL

(on phone)

O.K., well check this out. What if I can get you---

He disappears into the kitchen.

On the couch, Rock slowly starts to wake up. He behaves grumpy and in pain.

Sell re-emerges from the kitchen. Still on the phone, he takes a bite of a sweet roll as he moves back through the living room, heading for the hallway entrance. He's so busy on the phone that he doesn't even look Hertz or Rock's way.

Still doing his boots, Hertz raps a few lines of a Puff Daddy song, teasingly as he watches Sell disappear into the hallway.

HERTZ

Make this money...Git this money...
 (imitates keyboard
 riff with his mouth)
 Git money nigga!

Rock's eyes open. He moves his head and lifts his arm from the floor. He breathes in and stretches.

HERTZ (CONT'D)

(to Rock)
 ...So you win?...

Rock looks toward him.

He soon sits up on the couch.

HERTZ (CONT'D)

What, you didn't win.
 (looking)
 Oh snap...That eye is screaming no.

Annoyed, Rock looks away.

HERTZ (CONT'D)

Alright G...Damn man. I thought you were unstoppable and shit...

Finished with his laces, he rises to adjust his shirt and pants zipper. He bends down to fix his pants cuffs at the boots.

HERTZ (CONT'D)

Eminen, look out.

He then moves toward the kitchen to enter.

Rock tiredly, and with some soreness rises off the couch. He moves to the kitchen doorway where he looks in at O.S. Hertz who's heard fumbling with dishes.

ROCK

...So what you do, kick Shelly out the room.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

HERTZ

(grinning)
 What you saying man. It's my room ain't it. Can't I decide what honeys are gonna sleep in my bed.

Rock drops his head down briefly to keep from getting mad.

HERTZ (CONT'D)

I mean she's your niece Chief.
Besides you look comfy as all hell
sleeping on that couch, you know
what I'm saying.

ROCK

Whatever...So what you up to today?

HERTZ

Rehearsing. I got an audition at
the Slam House tomorrow.

ROCK

Rapping or deejaying?

HERTZ

Rapping. They wanna hear my new
shit. They paying a mad grip for a
week if I get the gig.

ROCK

Oh yeah.

HERTZ

You didn't really lose that fight
did you?

Rock puts his head down again, turns and just walks away,
not responding to him.

INT. ROCK'S BEDROOM - DAY

Rock opens his door, cautiously peeking around to see
if Shelly's sleeping. Seeing she's not, he moves in.
He gets a "What the fuck" look on his face suddenly.

Shelly's sitting on the bed with her legs crossed. The
blankets pushed back to the end of the bed so that she's
seated on just the white sheet.

In front of her is a decorative display of about 20, 30,
different color packets of unopened condoms.

She's made a pretty jigsaw-like puzzle on the bed. With
some packets still in her hand, she places the proper
color packet on the bed to complete her artwork.

Rock just stares at her stunned.

SHELLY

(smiling)

Look what I made uncle Rock.

He doesn't respond. He acts caught between "about to laugh, and embarrassment."

At this point Shelly senses he's not too happy with what she's done. She picks up a red packet from her artistic creation and asks him a question.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

Can I keep these uncle Rock?

Rock remains speechless.

Like a child, she finally realizes Rock's not happy with her. She shyly puts her head down and contends with the packets.

ROCK

...Whyd't you go watch some T.V. I think the cartoons are on.

She leaves the packets on the bed and moves to leave the room.

ROCK (CONT'D)

I'll fix you some breakfast in a little while.

With her gone, he quickly scoops the condoms off the bed. He looks around the room like he's thinking of a better place to stash them.

He moves to open the closet door. With his hand full of condoms, he shoves them up high on the closet shelf in back of boxes, etc., then moves away O.S.

He returns again at the closet to shove more condoms on the high shelf. He closes the door, then moves to secure his bedroom door, then starts to undress.

INT. ROCK/ROOMMATES APARTMENT #64 - LIVING ROOM/TV - DAY

On the T.V. is a very explicit x-rated sex scene between a man and a woman.

Seated on the couch with the T.V. remote in hand, Shelly watches the T.V. with a slight smile, but no overwhelming interest in what she's seeing.

Overtones of sexual pleasure and slight dialog continue to be heard as she watches.

A bedroom door is heard opening in the B.G.

Moving into the living room, dressed in different clothes is Rock. He's wearing a headset for his walkman radio which music can be heard slightly.

He moves between Shelly on the couch and the T.V. He smiles at her as he moves by. He doesn't look at the T.V., nor can he hear it.

ROCK
(to Shelly)
I hope your hungry!

Shelly looks up at him for a second, then resumes watching the show.

Rock moves into the kitchen. He grooves to his music by moving his arms and body to the beat.

Rock gathers plates, frying pan, mixing bowl. From the fridge he gets bacon, eggs, bread. He prepares to cook up a hardy breakfast.

Like a gourmet cook in familiar territory, he goes about the business of cooking, all the while bumping to the music.

At the kitchen entrance Shelly slowly appears. She watches Rock busy making breakfast and grooving to his music. She patiently waits for him to notice her, which he soon does.

ROCK (CONT'D)
(surprised)
Hey girl! What's up.

In true kid fashion...

SHELLY
...Uncle Rock...

Rock gives her his full attention.

SHELLY (CONT'D)
...What's a clit?...

Rock removes one of the earphones from an ear cause he didn't catch what she said since the music was too loud. With the earphone removed, it's possible to hear just how loud the music is.

ROCK
(grinning)
What's that?

SHELLY
(smiling)
What's a clit?

ROCK
"What's a--
(beat)
What did you say?!"

SHELLY

...A clit...

Speechless again, Rock looks at her astonished with his mouth ajar.

Suddenly Hertz's voice is heard in the living room.

HERTZ (O.S.)

Ho shit! What the!--

Shelly turns to look.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Hertz searches about the room for the remote.

HERTZ

(to self)

Remote, remote. Where the fu-- the damn remote!

Shelly watches him trip out.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Suddenly Rock reacts like 2 + 2 just added up. He jets out the kitchen right pass Shelly to investigate what's up with Hertz.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A panicked Hertz has the remote in hand, frantically positioning it to aim it at the T.V. to turn it off.

For a second, Rock sees what was on the T.V. He's flabbergasted.

Hertz is grinning, trying to shine it off like no big deal.

Rock turns his attention to Shelly.

ROCK

Ah...Shelly. Whyd't you go get yourself some juice, O.K.

Shelly moves into the kitchen.

ROCK (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(quiet)

Man what the fuck is up with you.

HERTZ (O.S.)

(quiet)

Yo man, I'm sorry...I forgot shorty was here.

ROCK (O.S.)

You need to cool out with that shit
til she's gone man.

HERTZ (O.S.)

You know, this is my crib too. You
said she was only here a couple of
days. This is the third day G.

As Hertz is talking...

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Shelly, who stands just a head above the counter top,
pours herself some juice which overflows the glass and
makes a big mess on the counter and floor. She just
stands there looking at the mess she made.

HERTZ (O.S.)

Whyd't you tell your sister to come
git her.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

ROCK

Man fuck you!

HERTZ

Fuck me...Nah man, you ain't got the
right equipment to fuck me, low
branch.

ROCK

You just keep those tapes in your
room, player...

Rock moves back in the kitchen. He scopes the mess
Shelly made on the floor and counter.

She looks at him with a child guilt face.

INT. CITY HALL BUILDING - THIRD FLOOR OFFICE - EVENING

Dressed in his uniform. L.A. County CHIEF OF POLICE
closes and snaps shut his briefcase that sits on his
desk. He then grabs it, moves to get his cap that's
hanging up on a coat stand. He exhales, then moves
to leave his office.

EXT. STREET - DESOLATED AREA OF L.A. - NIGHT -- LATER

In an area of town where small businesses, shops, etc.,
have been abandoned, Sell's B.M.W. comes to a halt
behind a dark official looking car.

Sell looks out his windshield and all around before
getting out the car.

He finally opens the door. He gets out carrying with him a brand new box containing the latest gadget called T-VO.

The sound of the Chief's trunk latch is heard unlocking. The trunk pops open. The Chief remains in his car.

Sell Scopes the area some more, then moves to place the box into the Chief's trunk. He looks around some more, then close it.

After that, he moves to the Chief's driver door...

The dark tinted window suddenly comes down. The Chief sticks his hand out to shake hands with Sell.

CHIEF

It's guaranteed right.

SELL

I guarantee it ain't stolen.

(grinning)

No it's good. Brand new in the box, never been opened...You'll love it...

Sell up-nods him then moves away. The Chief's tinted window goes back up.

INT. ROCK/ROOMMATES APARTMENT #64 - HALLWAY - NEXT DAY

Rock quietly and carefully opens his bedroom door, checking on Shelly.

INT. ROCK'S BEDROOM/BED - DAY

Shelly's sound asleep.

Rock closes the door just as quiet and careful, so not to wake her.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Rock sits down on the couch. He hesitates then grabs the phone on the coffee table nearby.

INT. APARTMENT #24 - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Suddenly the phone rings in the quiet, seemingly empty apartment. It rings and rings.

INT. ROCK/ROOMMATES APARTMENT #64 - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Seated on the couch, Rock holds the receiver to his ear as the phone continues to ring.

INT. APARTMENT #24 - BATHROOM - DAY

An expressionless "The Man" checks himself in the mirror as he shaves his lathered face.

Rachels phone is heard ringing in the B.G. as he just ignores it.

EXT. DANK ALLEY WAY - BACK OF BUMPY'S RIB AND CHICKEN, ETC. - DAY

There's plenty of debris amongst a few dumpsters.

A restaurant worker moves out a screen door with the name Bumpy's is in black letters over it. He carries a filled to capacity big green garbage bag to the closest dumpster.

He opens the large lid and heaves the bag inside. He leaves the lid up, then moves to go back inside. He opens the screen door, then slams a solid metal door shut.

In the open dumpster, the bag of trash sits on a mountain of other trash that fills it completely.

The over filled bag kind of rolls forward a little. The movement makes a large empty can of peaches roll away slightly. With the can out the way, the battered face of a silenced Rachel is revealed.

Beaten and left for dead by The Man, this is where she ended up buried beneath all this debris like yesterday's garbage.

INT. APARTMENT #24 - BATHROOM - DAY

The cold-blooded and heartless...The Man...wipes his face with a damp washcloth while looking at himself in the mirror. There's a little bit of shaving cream left on his just shaven face.

In the B.G. Rachel's phone continues ringing.

Slowly appearing behind The Man, reflected in the mirror, a naked rough looking, been around the block type blond white female, early thirties runs her hand around his waist to his stomach, up to his neck, and down to his privates.

She kisses him about the neck and bites his ear gently, then licks it.

The Man gazes at her reflection in the mirror with a sly grin on his face.

The female's eyes look as though she's on something real intoxicating.

The phone finally stops ringing. The Man has an evil-eye look in response to that.

BLOND FEMALE

I got it just the way you like it
baby.

(grinning)

She brings up into view, held by two fingers, a cheap disposable razor with shaving cream on it.

The Man looks at it by way of the mirror, as she lowers her hand down to swish the head of the blade in standing water in the sink to git the shaving cream off.

BLOND FEMALE (CONT'D)

...I nicked it too...Come kiss it
and make it better...

INT. ROCK/ROOMMATES APARTMENT #64 - LIVING ROOM - DAY

With the phone down on the receiver, Rock puffs out as he displays his frustration over not getting hold of Rachel.

INT. SLAM HOUSE CLUB - STAGE - DAY

On the stage toward the back, Hertz's D.J. kicks a jam off on his turntable/mixing apparatus, as Hertz who's in front of him starts rapping. The Club Owner and a few of his comrades are seated not too far from the stage.

Hertz raps his all in time with the music.

INT. UNDISCLOSED BOXING GYM - DAY

Hertz's rapping and music continue to be heard as B.G. sound.

At a secluded part of the gym, garbed in a sweat stained gray sweatshirt with cutaway sleeves, plus boxing shorts, Rock bare knuckle rattles punches at a suspended speed bag for a period of time.

INT. UNDISCLOSED BOXING GYM - DAY

Hertz's rapping and music continue to be heard as B.G. sound.

Shirtless, wearing swim trunks, Rock stands in the 5.5 water level of the swimming pool throwing continuous under water punches for a period of time.

INT. SLAM HOUSE CLUB - STAGE - DAY

Hertz is really working it, rapping hard.

Still seated near the stage are the Club Owner and his cronies enjoying the music. They bob their heads to the beat.

INT. ROCK/ROOMMATES APARTMENT #64 - DAY

Hertz's rapping and music continue to be heard as B.G. sound.

INT. SELL'S ROOM - DAY

A happy face Sell, who's wearing boxer shorts underwear and T-shirt with the slogan "You can take it with you" is seated on his bed counting money. On the bed in front of him are small money stacks of fives, tens, twenties, fifties, and hundreds.

As he counts the money, he places the appropriate bills on the appropriate stack on the bed. He looks in heaven counting his money.

INT. SLAM HOUSE CLUB - STAGE - DAY

Hertz's song is just about to end.

INT. UNDISCLOSED BOXING GYM/SWIMMING POOL - DAY

Hertz's song winds down as the B.G. sound.

INT. SMALL BOXING RING - DAY

With boxing headgear on, mouth piece and boxing gloves, Rock trades punches with a sparing partner who's dressed in boxing gear. The bell rings, they stop fighting.

INT. ROCK/ROOMMATES APARTMENT #64 - DAY

Hertz's music ends.

INT. SELL'S ROOM - DAY

Sell has a rubber band around each stack of money. He kisses one of the stacks as he smiles from ear to ear.

FADE IN:

INT. ROCK/ROOMMATES APARTMENT #64 - SELL'S ROOM - NIGHT

A shirt-less smiling Sell moves into his room with a bath towel around his neck. He uses one end of the towel to dry his wet chest and neck.

Looking content and refreshed, he suddenly stops and gets a stunned look on his face.

On his bed, all except his stack of five dollar bills are gone.

He begins to slowly hyperventilate. His eyes start to dart about as a look of anger takes over his face. Palms side up, he extends his hands toward the bed as he mouths a silent "What" a few times.

He moves to the bed not taking his now bulging eyes off it. Dropping to his knees, he slams his hand on the bed then clutches the lone stack of fives. He brings it up close to his face, staring at it stressfully. He slowly turns his head toward his room door with a real mean look in his eye.

INT. ROCK/ROOMMATES APARTMENT #64 - LIVING ROOM/COUCH - NIGHT

Wearing just shorts as he's stretched out on the couch with his left leg up on the back rest, Rock smiles as he looks toward the O.S. T.V. that's heard in the B.G.

A laugh track can be heard occasionally coming from the T.V. He snickers some.

As he continues to grin while staring at the tube, from O.S. the barrel part of a glock "9" pistol slowly slides by his neck, stopping at the heart area of his bare chest.

His eyes are glued on the barrel of the gun. Suddenly like as if he's had this happen before, and knows who's gun it is, he begins to speak without moving his head.

ROCK

I didn't take it. You know I didn't take it.

(beat)

Ain no way in the world I'd touch your wife and kids.

(nervous grin)

You know that shit man.

SELL

Fuck you talking bout!

ROCK

This is bout your money, right! That's the only reason you'd step to me like this, right...Come on man, you know me. I don't play that.

The gun's slowly slid off Rock's chest the same way it was put on it.

Rock relaxes briefly, then jolts his head toward Sell who's moved away.

Sell quickly disappears into the hallway entrance.

Rock looks annoyed, but grins it off as he lays his head back down.

INT. HERTZ'S BEDROOM - DAY

Seated on his made-up bed, tank top and shorts on, recording studio type headphones on his ears, Hertz has his eyes closed as he bobs his head slightly while grooving to the music he's listening to...

Soon he opens his eyes, jerking his head up because of what he sees straight ahead of him. He looks as nervous as can be as he slowly removes one, then the other headphone. He looks glassy-eyed as he continues to look forward.

At the foot of his bed, looking down-right intense, the still shirt-less Sell has his right arm stiff as a board as he points his turned sideways glock "9" at his shocked roomie. He doesn't say a word to him.

HERTZ

(nervously)

...Ha...how much is missing...I got some money in my draw. Lemme git it for you.

Hertz turns to make a move to get money from the top draw of a little dresser by his bed.

The extremely bugged out Sell reacts to Hertz's movement like he's about to blast him.

Hertz grabs a billfold in the top draw of the dresser. He starts to rifle through the bills inside it.

HERTZ (CONT'D)

Here you go. Just tell me how much you need. I can cover it. I--

SELL

(mean)

Is that my money, or yours?

HERTZ

It's yours man, what ever you want, I--

Keeping the gun pointed on him, Sell moves quickly around to the dresser side of the bed as he at the same time responds to what Hertz said.

SELL

(quick/angry)

You took my money!

HERTZ

(quick)

No!

SELL

Then why'd you say it's mine!

HERTZ

I just don't want you to trip!

Sell finally starts to chill as he lowers the gun. He appears to be contemplating his situation before making a move to leave Hertz's room...

HERTZ (CONT'D)

So we cool?

Sell moves for the door.

HERTZ (CONT'D)

(calm)

How much they git?

Moving to go through the open doorway, Sell doesn't respond or turn around. He puts his hand above his shoulder with the gun still in it.

With money still in hand, Hertz relaxes...

HERTZ (CONT'D)

...Damn...

INT. SELL'S ROOM/BED - DAY

A bewildered Sell sits on the end of his bed looking down at the floor. He has his legs spread with his hands on each side of his knees. He's still holding on to his glock "9" as he looks like his whole world just caved in.

INT. ROCK'S BEDROOM/BED - DAY

Wearing her pajamas, looking as cute as can be, Shelly's seated on the bed with her legs crossed. Right in front of her on the bed is a heap pile of Sell's money stacks. She has a handful of hundred dollar bills that she's counting and placing on the bed on her right side.

She smiles as she very bright-eyed looks at the money as she puts the bills in a neat little pile.

Suddenly an O.S. Sell makes a throat clearing sound to get her attention.

Shelly quickly looks up at him, as she stops counting the money.

Sell's standing at the foot of the bed with his gun pointed straight at her...

SELL

...I believe those belong to me,
unless you just robbed a bank.

Keeping the gun pointed on her, he motions with his free hand for her to give him the money stacks.

Looking expression-less, Shelly gathers up the money. She gets on her knees and reaches to place the stacks in his awaiting hand one at a time.

Sell keeps his eyes, and the gun on her in true thug fashion.

She finally fills his hand with all the stacks of cash, then sits down on the bed looking straight at her pseudo uncle.

Sell tilts his head and kind of motions with his eyes as if to say "Aren't you forgetting something."

She catches his drift as she looks to her right side at the hundred dollar bills. She grabs them, then again gets on her knees and hands them to him.

Sell finally slips the gun into the waist band of his shorts so he can check his stacks of money.

SELL (CONT'D)

Thank you very much baby-girl.

(beat)

Were not gonna take uncle Sell's
money anymore, are we?

Shelly, and an imitating Sell simultaneously shake their heads side to side as to say "No this won't happen again."

He smiles as he looks through the stacks of cash, coming to the twenties. He pulls one of the twenty dollar bills out the stack, then reaches to give it to her.

She smiles as she grabs the cash. She looks at it like she's never gotten that much money before. As she checks out the twenty, suddenly a jet stream of water hits her in the forehead. She moves her head as the water keeps coming steadily, point blank in her face.

A grinning Sell is consistently pulls the trigger on the gun, soaking her.

SHELLY

(happy)

Quit that!

Ignoring her, he grins as he squirts her down. She ducks and dodges his onslaught to no avail.

EXT. DANK ALLEY WAY - BACK OF GHETTO AREA RESTAURANTS,
ETC. - DAY

M.O.S.

The flashing dome lights of a police cruiser permeates
the alley way.

Police, Paramedics, spectators, and the same restaurant
worker from earlier are in the vicinity of the dumpster
where Rachel's body is being lifted out the dumpster by
the paramedics.

The restaurant worker looks rattled and nervous as he
speaks to two police officers.

M.O.S. END

INT. ROCK/ROOMMATES APARTMENT #64 - DARK HALLWAY OF
BEDROOMS - NIGHT -- LATER

A high pitch scream fills the air. Shortly the hallway
light goes on.

Rushing to Rock's bedroom door where the source of that
scream is coming from, moves Rock.

He opens the door, reaches to turn the light on, then
moves quickly to the bed where a terrified Shelly is
sitting up in bed, teary-eyed and frightened.

SHELLY

(crying)

"Mommy! I want my mommy!...Mommy!

Rock sits on the bed to hold and comfort the scared
little girl.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

Where are you mommy!

INT. ROCK/ROOMMATES APARTMENT #64 - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Yawning and stretching, with just pajama pants on, Hertz
moseys into the living room. He spots Rock seated on
the couch reading the newspaper. The T.V. is heard in
the B.G.

HERTZ

What up...I got it man. Snagged the
Slam gig...Uma git paid!

Rock doesn't look up from the paper as he responds.

ROCK

(somber)

Oh yeah...

Hertz notices he's kind of moody.

HERTZ

...Say man. I heard a scream last night.

(grinning)

Was that you, throwing your rock in some honey's crater. Cause I know it wasn't Sell. Only thing he sleeps with is his money.

(grins)

With a serious straight face, Rock looks up at the grinning Hertz.

ROCK

That was Shelly, bitch. She had a nightmare.

HERTZ

Slow your roll fighter. I thought her mom picked her up.

ROCK

...I ain't heard from her.

HERTZ

Whyd't you call her man. This ain't no day care.

ROCK

Whyd't you shut your punk-ass up!

Hertz looks at him with disdain.

HERTZ

Yo man, like I said before, this is my crib too. I think I got a say.

ROCK

What's the matter. Don't you like kids.

HERTZ

(hesitant)

...Fuck no!...

ROCK

Yeah well that's to bad. Cause she's here til her mom comes for her.

Rock puts the paper down and rises to move away.

HERTZ

(quiet)

So it's like that huh.

ROCK
Word...Just like that...

Hertz looks at him grinning.

Suddenly the door bell rings, causing the Hammer song to kick off.

HERTZ
Somebody's at ya doe...Daddy Dearest.

Stopped in his tracks looking Hertz's way like he'd like to kick his ass, Rock then moves for the door as the song ends, then starts again since the bell is rung again.

Because it's daylight hours, Rock opens the door without caution.

Standing there at the door is The Man. Looking like a second-rate pimp, he boldly tells Rock exactly what he wants.

Rock looks him up and down.

THE MAN
...I'm here to pick up my daughter.

ROCK
...Your daughter...

THE MAN
Yeah, Michelle.

ROCK
Where's Rachel?

THE MAN
(slyly)
She's outta town.
(beat)
Is she ready? I gotta go. I'm in a hurry.

Rock just looks at him briefly.

ROCK
...I'm expecting a call from Rachel.

He looks The Man straight in the eye as if to say "Over my dead body, your taking her."

The Man looks him straight in the eye too, in a very intimidating way.

ROCK (CONT'D)
...I gotta make sure she's cool with this, you know what um saying...

With his patients starting to thin, The Man kind of steps to Rock.

THE MAN

...Look, buck...Lemme git the kid so I can be out.

ROCK

First off...My name ain't buck, slick. I--

All of a sudden a concealed 9mm gun, is pulled out a pocket and pointed at Rock's face. Rock backs up some into the living room.

Now the two men are midway in the living room. The Man keeps the gun turned sideways and pointed in Rock's face.

THE MAN

...See, I don't give a pussy jabbing fuck what your mother-fucking name is.

(beat)

I want the kid...You know what um saying...Fool.

As he speaks, Hertz is seen slowly moseying into the living room from the hallway. He stops just before he hits the living room, staring at Rock and The Man.

The Man keeps the gun on Rock as he looks Hertz's way.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

(to Hertz)

Comere boy. Strut your ass front and center.

He takes the gun off rock slightly, using it to wave Hertz over.

Timed out perfectly as The Man turns his head some to look at Hertz, Rock unleashes a monstrous left hook punch, connecting with the Man's right eye/temple area.

The devastation of the punch stuns The Man to the point that he loses his balance. His body twists to the left and The Man goes down with his gun hand hitting the floor.

He ends up on one knee, stunned briefly.

An angry Rock leans in low to throw a hard upper-cut punch that catches The Man's nose, jolting his head back.

He stomps The Man's gun hand, causing him to release it. He kicks the gun away and it slides under the couch.

A now nervous-jittery Hertz doesn't know what to do. He gets closer to help Rock, but behaves like he don't know if he should stay, leave, or what.

Rock looks at The Man to see if he's finished off.

The Man wipes his now bloody nose with the back of his hand. He begins to compose himself, then with slight struggle, rises to get on his feet.

Rock is ready for a fight now.

Hertz starts to ease away from the tense commotion. He backs toward the hallway to the bedrooms.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

(to Rock)

Is that all you got, motherfucker.
You gotta do--

Suddenly he reacts like he was just electrocuted as the words come out his mouth.

Rock's eyes are glued on him, awed by what he sees.

Sell has pounced on The Man from behind like some kind of a mad doctor. He has his hand at the back of The Man's head.

Looking crazed/excited, suddenly he withdraws a hypo needle from the back of the head/neck area of The Man.

The Man reacts painfully, as he's now stunned. He reaches in back of his head to feel where he was stuck.

Sell stands there holding the empty hypo needle up as he stares at The Man.

The drug starts to take affect on him fast.

From O.S., Rock rushes The Man like a football tackler, knocking him to the floor.

Sell and Hertz stand nearby looking toward the floor where Rock and The Man ended up.

The Man is heard O.S. making a strange distressful breathing sound.

INT. ROCK'S BEDROOM - DAY

On the far side of the bed on the floor, sits a scared Shelly, well hidden from the bedroom door.

INT. ROCK/ROOMMATES APARTMENT #64 - LIVING ROOM - DAY --
LATER

A very spent looking Rock sits on the couch leaning forward.

At dining room table, seated on one of the chairs facing the living room, Sell looks forward.

Hertz stands in the living room not too far from Rock and Sell. He looks ahead and down some.

Sprawled out on the floor unconscious, is The Man.

HERTZ

What the fuck are we gonna do. We gonna make that call or what!

ROCK

Man, you done said that shit a hundred times now...I told you, no cops.

HERTZ

Well what are we gonna do! He's been laying there for almost an hour...I mean...

ROCK

I tell you what. Whyd't you go git some blankets and pillows so we can all have a slumber party...Just chill!...

Now Hertz looks like he don't know what to do or say next. He starts to pace back and forth some.

Rock stays quiet...

Sell sits there grinning to himself. He's definitely the most composed of the three as he takes a swig from a beer can before he tells his idea he just came up with.

SELL

(grinning)

...Ah, you'll never guess who I sold a T-VO to the other night.

Rock and Hertz look at Sell in disbelief.

ROCK

...A what?...

Sell frowns at him curiously.

SELL

T-VO...you know. It's like a V.C.R.

Rock looks at Sell real annoyed.

ROCK
(annoyed/patronizing)
O.K., so who did you sell your teebo
to man?

SELL
That's T-VO, with a V. Not teebo.

Rock looks Hertz's way in reference to Sell, with a look that spells out "What the fuck is with this money hungry fool."

Sell grins in anticipation to what he's about to tell Rock and Hertz.

SELL (CONT'D)
...Check it out...

He gets comfortable on his chair as he prepares to tell his story. He grins again.

INT. L.A. CHIEF OF POLICE AND WIFE'S HOME - MASTER
BEDROOM/SHOWER DOOR - NIGHT

The cloudy glass shower door is pushed open.

With a towel around his waist, a just showered Chief of Police moves out the shower stall to the vanity area of the bathroom. He looks relaxed and refreshed after his hot shower.

He gazes at himself in the mirror as he combs back his wet hair. After that, he grabs his cordless electric razor to shave his face.

INT. L.A. CHIEF OF POLICE AND WIFE'S HOME - KITCHEN -
NIGHT

Now wearing a white robe and sash, the Chief is making himself a ham sandwich snack before going to watch T.V. and use his new T-VO.

The T.V. can be heard in the B.G. at a low volume out in the living room O.S.

He calls out to his wife.

CHIEF
(voice raised)
Clair...What do you think of that T-
VO, Hun. Pretty neat little toy,
huh.

He lifts his head listening for her to answer him. No response comes back.

INT. L.A. CHIEF OF POLICE AND WIFE'S HOME - MASTER
BEDROOM/BED - NIGHT

In the dark bedroom, the Chief's wife is sound asleep in their king size bed. She shifts her head on the pillow from left to right.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

With glass of milk in one hand, ham sandwich in the other, the Chief takes a bite of the sandwich, then a drink of his milk. He then takes another bite of the sandwich.

CHIEF

(to self)

...Mustard...Gotta have just a dab
of mustard.

He moves to the fridge to get a jar of mustard, then moves back to the counter to get a knife out the draw to apply mustard to the sandwich.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

...Yeah, that's better. Good old
mustard.

He then moves to go to the living room.

Continuing to bite his sandwich, he moves through a foyer part of the kitchen that's attached to the dining area.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Finally moving around a wing wall, the first thing seen is the T.V. which is turned on to some pay-per-view all adult channel.

A smiling Chief looks at what's on T.V. with a sudden frown, then his eyes divert to his expensive C-shaped luxurious plush sofa.

Quickly the smile turns to a dead-pan stare.

On the sofa, an unconscious The Man is seated on the sofa with nothing on but a robe. In one hand he has the T-VO remote.

That hand rests on his knee in such a way that it's pointed at the T.V./T-VO.

His other hand is between his robe, unseen at his crotch area.

On an also expensive fancy glass coffee table in front of him, sit two empty high grade beer bottles. Inside the carrying case are three still capped ones.

At this point the spellbound Chief takes a couple of doubles at The Man, the T.V., The Man, the T.V., The Man.

Suddenly he becomes a human thermometer like an August day in Ecuador. He's ready to boil over and pop.

EXT. L.A. CHIEF OF POLICE'S HOME/NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

AERIAL VIEW

A full moon lights the upper-middle class area with it's palm tree lined streets and rich homes and cars to match.

The neighborhood is quiet except for the sound of crickets.

Suddenly the sounds of police sirens and the flashing of their dome lights ascend onto the area. Two cop cars rush the neighborhood down a street from the north.

Two enter the area on a street from the east.

All four cars bumrush the Chief's house like gang-busters. Some of them slide to a halt. Driver doors on all four Cop cars fly open. Cops jump out the cars.

Two cops jump out one of the cars. All of them draw their guns in standard police procedure, with barrels pointed upward as they quickly, but cautiously move on the house.

INT. ROCK/ROOMMATES APARTMENT #64 - NIGHT

Coming from the living room, O.S. voices are heard outside the door as it opens.

In moves a chuckling Rock and Sell. After Sell closes the door, they are greeted by Hertz who held baby sitting duty of Shelly, who's asleep in bed.

HERTZ

(to both)

...Did you do it?...

Rock moves to have a seat on the couch, snickering away.

A grinning Sell stops before moving to have a seat in the sofa chair.

SELL

(to Hertz)

...You wanna buy a watch...

Wearing it on his wrist, Sell points toward Hertz the rolex he took off the unconscious The Man.

SELL (CONT'D)

Bling bling.

They all laugh at that.

INT. ROCK/ROOMMATES APARTMENT #64 - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The drum beat to "Can't touch this" kicks off, as somebody's at the door.

Wearing tank top and sweat shorts, a sleepy Rock rises on the couch seemingly annoyed by that damn song. He slowly gets off the couch to go to the door.

At the door a very out of it Rock looks through the peephole. What he sees makes him flinch a little and stare harder through the peephole.

Again...Can't touch this...kicks off.

Rock jerks his head away frustrated and annoyed by both the song and what he sees through the peephole.

He kind of turns his head sideways near the door as he asks who it is.

ROCK

Yeah! Who is it?!

A Police Sergeant O.S. answers his question.

SERGEANT PATTERSON (O.S.)

Sergeant Nick Patterson,
L.A.P.D...Does a Richard Torrence
live here?

ROCK

(hesitant)

...Yeah...

SERGEANT PATTERSON (O.S.)

I need to talk to him.

Rock hesitates again, then unlocks about three locks before opening the door.

Looking aggravated, he stares at the crusty looking cop who looks like he could easily pass as a Good-fellow.

SERGEANT PATTERSON (CONT'D)

...Richard Torrence?

ROCK

...Yeah...

SERGEANT PATTERSON

...There was no listing for a phone
number in your name, so...

(beat)

Are you related to a woman named
Rachel Torrence?

ROCK
That's my sister.

The Sergeant takes out and with two fingers and shows Rock a photograph of Rachel.

ROCK (CONT'D)
Where you'd get that picture?

The Sergeant hesitates, but doesn't answer.

SERGEANT PATTERSON
I'm sorry to tell you this, but your sister's on life support at L.A. county.

Shock appears on Rock's face...

SERGEANT PATTERSON (CONT'D)
She was found beaten unconscious in a dumpster behind--

He looks at his notes in a little pad.

SERGEANT PATTERSON (CONT'D)
Are you familiar with a, Bumpy's rib and chicken shack?

ROCK
I've heard of it.

SERGEANT PATTERSON
...Right...

ROCK
(devastated)
...She's gonna make it, isn't she?...

SERGEANT PATTERSON
...You'll have to talk to them at the hospital about that...

Rock is noticeably upset now.

The Sergeant brings out another picture to show him. It's a mug-shot photo of The Man.

SERGEANT PATTERSON (CONT'D)
You recognize this Guy?

Rock takes a good look at the picture, as he acts as though he never saw the Guy before.

ROCK
...She used to date him.

The Sergeant gives Rock a real cop stare...

SERGEANT PATTERSON

We're holding him downtown on an unrelated charge. But he's our prime suspect in the assault on your sister.

INT. ROCK/ROOMMATES APARTMENT #64 - HALLWAY - DAY

Sell is just out the bathroom doorway with toothbrush in mouth, headset phone on. He's eavesdropping on Rock and the Sergeant.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

SERGEANT PATTERSON

But rather he did it or not. We're gonna keep that bird on ice...
(grinning/chuckle)

The guy really found a way to get on the front page of the paper.

Rock kind of looks down at the floor so not to make eye contact with the Sergeant.

SERGEANT PATTERSON (CONT'D)

(smirking)

...He got caught drugged out and naked in of all places, the Chief of Police's house, sitting there in the living room watching T.V.

(more laughter)

Rock slowly looks up at him...

SERGEANT PATTERSON (CONT'D)

(reminiscing)

I put guys away that are doing thirty years for burglary. Even they wouldn't break into the Chief's house...

(chuckle)

INT. HALLWAY -DAY

Sell is still bending an ear to listen.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Rock looks at the Sergeant trying not to show any guilt on his face.

SERGEANT PATTERSON

Talk about your dumb criminal. He said he don't know how he got there...Said somebody drugged him and put him there...But he can't remember who.

(chuckle)

Rock's face lights up hearing that bit of news.

INT. HALLWAY -DAY

Sell looks relieved too.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The Sergeant tears a page out his notebook and hands it to Rock.

SERGEANT PATTERSON

Anyway. Here's the room number at the hospital.

(BEAT)

When was the last time you saw her?

ROCK

...Last week.

The Sergeant gives him a cop-look again.

SERGEANT PATTERSON

...Does she have any other relatives in town?

ROCK

Just me and my niece.

SERGEANT PATTERSON

Your niece.

ROCK

Yeah, her daughter.

SERGEANT PATTERSON

How old is she?

ROCK

Seven.

SERGEANT PATTERSON

Do you have any idea where she is?

ROCK

She's here with me.

The Sergeant looks at him suspiciously. He jots down some quick notes, then flips his pad closed.

SERGEANT PATTERSON

...Listen, I'm sorry about your sister...I'm sure they'll let you visit her.

(beat)

You have yourself a nice day.

The Sergeant makes his departure.

Rock closes the door and locks it.

He moves to sit down on the couch and just stare out.

Shortly Sell moves into the living room with the headset phone around his neck, looking humble and concerned. He sits in the sofa chair, looking toward Rock.

SELL

...You alright...I heard what that dude said. I'm sure she'll be O.K. If you want, I'll go to the hospital with you.

Sell fidgets with his headset and looks around some.

SELL (CONT'D)

...To bad we didn't know that shit before. We could've put his ass in the river where he belongs, huh.

The disillusioned Rock gets up and moves for the hallway.

O.S. in the hallway, he runs into Hertz.

HERTZ (O.S.)

Yo, Rock.

Hertz appears from the hall into the living room. He kind of throws his hands up, shoots his right thumb in back of him in reference to the solemn Rock.

Sell upnods for Hertz to come to him.

SELL

(quiet)

...That nigga we deuced yesterday, fucked up his sister. She's in the hospital in bad shape.

Hertz acts pretty stunned by that news.

INT. ROCK'S BEDROOM - DAY.

Rock enters his bedroom where Shelly's on the floor drawing a picture in a notebook with crayons. Rock still looks troubled.

ROCK

(pleasant)

Hey girl. What you drawing?

SHELLY

Look uncle Rock.

Shelly holds the notebook up, points and describes what's in the picture.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

That's mommy...That's me...that's my new puppy...

(BEAT)

And here's the house mommy's gonna buy for us.

ROCK

That's a pretty house. Listen, Shelly...

She puts the picture she drew on the floor and looks at it briefly. She then looks up at Rock.

SHELLY

Did you talk to my mommy last night?

ROCK

Huh. No...Listen, I--

SHELLY

(interjecting)

She said she couldn't take me with her. She had to go see Grandma and Grandpa.

Rock just stares at her kind of stunned.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

...Where do they live?

An overwhelmed Rock sits on his bed.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

Uncle Rock, can I go see them too?

He looks at her like he doesn't know what to say.

INT. UNDISCLOSED BOXING GYM - DAY

By himself, wearing protective gloves, an intense frustrated Rock throws some hard punches at the heavy bag. He circles the suspended bag which sways and wobbles from the punches.

INT. L.A. COUNTY HOSPITAL - TRAUMA UNIT - DAY

A monitor, an I.V., and other hospital room apparatus are near the bed where a comatose, bruised Rachel lays on the hospital bed.

The sound of the equipment, as well as a beep is the only thing heard.

A plastic tube runs up the bed-ridden Rachel's nose.

Not far away, her brother Rock is seated in a chair. He stares at his helpless sister.

INT. UNDISCLOSED BOXING GYM - DAY

A now sweaty Rock punches even harder with murderous intentions at the heavy bag.

INT. L.A. COUNTY HOSPITAL - TRAUMA UNIT - DAY

Rock stands near the head of the bed on the side opposite all the monitoring equipment. He's holding Rachel's hand, trying to hold back tears.

INT. UNDISCLOSED BOXING GYM - DAY

Rock rattles off punches at a suspended tear drop speed bag over in a secluded area of the gym.

EXT. PRISONER UNLOADING AREA OF L.A. COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

At a transporter van, a shotgun strapped Police guard watches several prisoners climb out the back of the van.

With all their wrists chained together, the orange jump-suited men are about to be led to the courthouse for arraignments. Each man has a chain connecting their ankles.

After all the men are out the van. The next to the last man is none other than The Man who left hospitalized Rachel for dead. He grins like he doesn't have a care in the world.

INT. UNDISCLOSED BOXING GYM - DAY

A still intense Rock throws a last hard punch at the speed bag.

INT. L.A. COUNTY HOSPITAL - TRAUMA UNIT - DAY

Rock is still holding Rachel's hand. Suddenly the sound of the monitor going flat line is heard. Startled, Rock lets go of her hand. He looks at her, then moves around the bed to examine the equipment.

Fear struck and not thinking right, he starts messing with the equipment, attempting to shut the sound off.

Shortly two nurses burst into the room. One displays concern seeing Rock touching the monitor apparatus.

NURSE
(to Rock)
Excuse me!

Rock moves out the way so they can do their job. One Nurse examines the equipment, the other checks Rachel out.

INT. L.A. COUNTY HOSPITAL - TRAUMA UNIT FLOOR, LOBBY AREA - DAY

The elevator door opens. Rock moves inside and pushes the button for the first floor. He stands in the center of the elevator facing the door, which starts to close.

Before the door closes completely, quickly appearing just in time is Sell who pants some because he ran from the lobby to catch the elevator after seeing Rock leaving without him.

SELL
What are you doing man! Were you leaving!

With both men inside, the door closes all the way.

INT. ROCK/ROOMMATES APARTMENT #64 - ROCK'S BEDROOM/BED - NIGHT

Shelly's sound asleep in the dark bedroom.

INT. ROCK/ROOMMATES APARTMENT #64 - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

All three guys are in conversation, seated in the quiet living room.

ROCK
(establishing)
...I don't know if she's gonna make it. They say she's got some damage to her heart and liver...Listen...I'm sorry. I didn't mean to lay all this drama on you guys. It's just my sister's had it pretty rough. We both did.

SELL
Hey man, don't worry about it. We got your back. I mean, we like Shelly, so don't even sweat that. We'll help you out with her. She's a good kid.

Hertz just sits there non-responsive, staring blankly.

Rock looks right quick at the quiet Hertz.

INT. ROCK/ROOMMATES APARTMENT #64 - DINING ROOM TABLE - DAY

It's now six months later. With party hat on, a happy face Shelly blows the candles out on the cake for her eighth birthday. She's surrounded by Rock, Sell, Hertz, and two of Shelly's child friends she made in the neighborhood.

The dining room looks very party festive with party streamers, wrapped gifts, etc.

INT. ROCK/ROOMMATES APARTMENT #64 - LIVING ROOM/FLOOR - DAY

With music bumping in the B.G., an excited Shelly tears her birthday gifts open.

Her friends are on the floor with her, anxious to see what she got.

FRIEND #1

Wow! That's the...{popular electronic kid game}...

FRIEND #2

(pointing)

Open that one!

Shelly picks up and tears open another gift.

FRIEND #1/FRIEND #2

(in unison)

...{An even more popular game toy}...!

FRIEND #2

Can I see it!

Shelly hands Friend #2 her new...{popular game toy}...

The three of them sit there playing with all of Shelly's gifts.

The phone rings in the B.G. two or three times.

INT. ROCK/ROOMMATES APARTMENT #64 - KITCHEN - DAY

Hertz is on the phone, already in conversation.

HERTZ

(on phone)

Yeah...you know it!...I got six...Yeah...Yeah!

(beat)

I'll be there!

Smiling away, he hangs the phone up. After hesitating, he moves out the kitchen.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Hertz moves through the living room, heading for the hallway. O.S. the kids are heard having fun.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

All excited, Hertz opens Rocks door, only to find him not there. After looking about briefly, he moves on to Sell's room, where he bursts Sell's door open.

INT. SELL'S ROOM - DAY

Rock's leaned against Sell's desk as Sell's seated doing something at his computer. They both jerk their heads Hertz's way "who's standing in the doorway."

SELL

(to Hertz)

Now I know you know better!

(BEAT)

You must be bugging!

HERTZ

(happy)

Yo! Rumble Up Records wants to sign me! They wanna press a C.D. Friday. They're giving me a cash advance.

(grinning away)

ROCK

Is that who just called?

HERTZ

Yeah!

ROCK

Congrats.

SELL

(to Hertz)

You got a manager?

(BEAT)

...What about a Lawyer?

He turns his whole body toward Hertz to give Him his full attention.

SELL (CONT'D)

Man don't git jacked the first time out the box! That's what happened to my homie, Domino. He got a record deal. They were talking six figures with him.

(beat)

Yeah. Five for them, and one for him. They jacked that fool before the ink on the paper dried.

(beat)

Hey, don't get it twisted. I ain't telling you not to sign...Just watch your back. Them fools like money more than they like talent.

HERTZ

Slow your roll money. They ain't like that.

SELL

Is that right.

ROCK

(to Hertz)

...So you goin be in the loop, huh.

HERTZ

Yeah...

ROCK

It must be our week. My manager got me a contender fight this friday against Randy Buffer. He's ranked number six by the W.B.C. The dude he was suppose to fight, broke his ankle, so I got lucky.

HERTZ

Congrats to you too man.

ROCK

Yeah, if I smoke his ass, I get his spot in line for a title shot.

HERTZ

That's fat T. Looks like we both got some juice.

EXT. CRIMSON APARTMENTS - STOOP/SIDEWALK AREA - DAY

Shelly's friends are playing with her birthday gifts. Shelly's wearing the helmet that came with the skates she got. She rolls down the sidewalk on her brightly colored roller blades.

She skates back and forth around the vicinity of the stoop/entranceway of Crimson. She's not the most graceful on the skates, but she's doesn't fall.

As Shelly goes for about the sixth or seventh run down the sidewalk, The Man's big black Lincoln rolls into view slowly near the curb in the B.G. on the one way street.

From the car, The Man looks right at Shelly as she happily skates toward, then pass him on the sidewalk.

His car rolls to the end of the block, where it takes a left turn and disappears O.S.

Shelly continues to skate. On the stoop, her two friends keep playing with her other toy gifts.

INT. ROCK/ROOMMATES APARTMENT #64 - SELL'S ROOM - DAY

Hertz is still leaning in the doorway, grinning as he talks to his roomies.

HERTZ

(to Sell)

So what are you saying. You wanna be my manager.

(beat)

Shit, don't front man. You know damn well, you don't even like my ass...

Hertz snickers as he moves away from the doorway to move back out into the hallway.

Seated at his desk in front of his computer still, Sell looks at the screen as he says something under his breath directed at Rock who's still leaning near by.

SELL

(under his breath to Rock)

No, but I like the loot you goin be swimming in...

Rock grins...

EXT. CRIMSON APARTMENTS - CRIMSON STOOP - DAY

Shelly's friends are still enjoying her toys, devoting all their attention to them.

The sidewalk area is clear. There's no sign of Shelly in either direction of the length of it. Also The Man's car is no where in sight.

At the Crimson stoop Shelly's friends haven't torn themselves away from the fun they're having with them.

INT. ROCK/ROOMMATES APARTMENT #64 - AT SELL'S BEDROOM DOORWAY - DAY

Hertz abruptly appears back at Sell's door.

HERTZ

Yo man! The kids are gone!

ROCK

What!

Rock puffs out...

SELL

Oh shit!

Sell gets up from his chair. The three of them make a mad dash to move out the apartment.

EXT. CRIMSON APARTMENTS - STREET AREA - DAY

Scanning away from Shelly's friends; again the sidewalk is clear of any sign of Shelly. One pedestrian moves down the sidewalk until they're O.S.

The scan continues down the sidewalk, pass about four or five other tenement buildings. The stoop steps of building five are seen.

Suddenly on the other side of that stoop, up pops Shelly looking down at her skates.

Again Shelly bends down to make adjustments on one of her skates. After that she stands up and is ready to resume skating back toward the Crimson building.

At the end of the block, again The Man's Lincoln left turns to move down the one way street again. He moves much slower this time, creeping toward the Crimson apartments entrance where Shelly's friends are still busy playing with the toys.

Shelly's skates toward Crimson sidewalk area.

The Man's Lincoln has stopped in one spot just short of Crimson entrance.

Seated in the driver seat, The Man stares hard at Shelly as she approaches where he's at. He slides over to the passenger seat window.

THE MAN
 (to Shelly)
 Michelle...Michelle...

Shelly stops skating. She looks at The Man leaning over in the dark interior of his car.

THE MAN (CONT'D)
 ...It's daddy girl. You ready to go home. Whyd't you come on and get in the car. Your momma's got a surprise birthday party waiting for you.
 (beat)
 She's got cake, ice cream, and a whole lotta presents for you. So come on, lets go help her eat that cake.

Shelly stares at him, not moving...

EXT. CRIMSON APARTMENTS - CRIMSON STOOP - DAY

Rock and the guys appear at the stoop where Shelly's friends are seated on the steps. The kids look up at the three guys.

ROCK
 (excited)
 Shelly! Come over here!

SELL
 (interjecting)
 Yeah Shelly, it's time to come in. There's some cake left.

Shelly finally makes the right decision and starts to skate toward the stoop/entrance.

THE MAN
 Michelle!

Shelly obeys Rock and Sell. She doesn't look The Man's way as she skates to the steps.

INT. THE MAN'S BLACK LINCOLN - DAY

With his left hand behind his back clutching a 38 cal. pistol, The Man cracks open the passenger door with his right hand.

THE MAN
 Come on girl! Your momma's home waiting for you!

With Shelly safely over at the building steps, Rock and Sell get loud, knowing it's the kind of attention The Man doesn't want. They both yell at the Man at the same time.

ROCK
 (to The Man)
 Git the fuck outta here!

SELL
 (to The Man)
 Roll that tank outta here bitch,
 now!

Shelly and her two friends look up at Rock, Sell, and Hertz as the guys yell. They then look toward The Man in the car.

ROCK
 Git the fuck off the block
 motherfucker, before I press the
 digits.

Rock has a cell phone in hand. Looking hard at The Man, he points a finger near the numbers on the phone in a intimidating way.

Fro his car, The Man stares at them with a "You don't scare me look."

ROCK (CONT'D)
 Step fool!...Mark-ass old G.

The Man pulls his door shut slowly. He slides back over to the driver seat, where he guns the car engine a few times, then slowly rolls away...

ROCK (CONT'D)
 (grinning at The Man)
 ...Holla back!...Ya heard...

Hertz moves to go back upstairs.

ROCK (CONT'D)
 Damn Shelly. I told you not to leave
 the apartment without me knowing.
 (quieter)
 Tell your friends good-bye.

SELL
 I'll drive em home.
 (to kids)
 Come on kids, lets take the toys
 upstairs. You can git some more ice
 cream and cake, then I'll take you
 home.

Everybody moves to go back upstairs.

INT. ROCK/ROOMMATES APARTMENT #64 - LIVING ROOM -
FRIDAY NIGHT

Rock is putting the last boxing items for his fight tonight, into his long duffel bag, which is filled.

Sell and Hertz are watching him pack.

HERTZ

Damn, that's a lotta shit man. I thought all you needed was some shorts, gloves, and some kicks.

Rock just upnods, smiling to himself as he's about to zip the bag closed.

SELL

Good luck man.

HERTZ

(grinning)

You know how to get there, right?

ROCK

...Yeah. I been to Long Beach a hundred times...I know where the arena is...Just keep Shelly happy, alright.

HERTZ

It's movie night. It's all good.

Rock throws the bag over his shoulder.

ROCK

...I'm out...

EXT. ALLEY WAY BETWEEN CRIMSON APARTMENTS/BUILDING NEXT DOOR - NIGHT

With bag in hand, Rock approaches his car, which is sandwiched in between two other cars. He unlocks the driver door, hits the button to open the other three doors. He then opens the back door, throws his duffel bag on the back seat. He closes that door, then moves to get in the car.

Suddenly a large dark figure pounces on him from behind, clubbing him over the head with an object, once, twice.

Rock kind of slumps helplessly into his car.

This person...The Man...lays a hard punch into his kidneys from behind.

Rock grimaces in pain.

THE MAN

(to self/Rock)

...Nah man...I ain't goin shoot your
ass. I ain't got no love for prison.

He punches him in the lower spine area.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

No, uma beat the shit out ya ass,
tough monkey.

He hesitates as Rock moves a little, then clubs him in
the side of the knee.

Rock is all tensed. He's in great pain.

The Man clubs him at the rib area.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

Yeah, pain is a bitch ain't it.

(BEAT)

Look at ya...I fucked niggas in the
joint tougher than yo punk ass...Git--

Before he can finish his words, survivor instincts take
over within Rock as he pivots around, and while low,
punches The Man in the balls.

The Man let's out an incredible sound of pain. His face
contorts, and his body clenches.

Having The Man right where he wants him, Rock unleashes
a vicious upper-cut punch which connects with The Man's
nose.

He quickly fires a right hook punch to his stomach,
followed by a hard punch to the face.

The Man falls straight back, banging his head on the
hard alley way surface. He's now out cold from this.
Blood is around his mouth and nose.

With The Man taken out, Rock stumbles into his car where
he flops down, then lays his back on the driver's seat.

He breathes kind of heavy as he gathers his senses.
Shortly with his right hand, he grabs for the steering
wheel to bring himself up. As he rises all the way up,
shockingly a bloody face "The Man" is kind of on his
knees with gun in hand ready to blast Rock point blank.

Just before he squeezes the trigger to fire the gun,
once again Rock's quick instincts take over as he jet
fast blocks the gun away with his left hand before it
goes off.

With that same hand he throws a hook punch connecting with The Man's jaw. That punch turns his head to the left knocking him out. The Man's upper body drops with his head landing in Rock's crotch. Again Rock drops back first on the seat.

EXT. ALLEY WAY BETWEEN CRIMSON APARTMENTS/BUILDING NEXT DOOR - NIGHT

Rock drags The Man by his feet, bouncing his head on the alley way surface, over in between his car and the car in front of his.

Not stopping, Rock makes a turn and continues to drag him down a ways until he gets to a pocket in the side of the building next door with a boarded up doorway that has some loose slats. Once there he deposits The Man's body all the way into the pocket, dropping his feet with a thud.

INT. ROCK/ROOMMATES APARTMENT #64 - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The door locks open, one by one. With the door open, Rock moves into the apartment with a slight limp.

Hertz, Sell, and Shelly were just about to leave for the movies. They all silently watch Rock, who quickly looks at them, then moves into the kitchen O.S.

Shortly he re-emerges, drinking something cold he got in the kitchen from the fridge. Expressing a degree of pain, he has a seat on the couch.

The other three are silently looking at him.

HERTZ

(grinning)

...What up...What you doing back here. I thought you had a fight tonight.

Rock takes a swig of his drink.

SELL

What's wrong.

ROCK

Shelly...Go play in the room for awhile.

Shelly moves away, into the hallway O.S.

They all watch her move away.

HERTZ

What's wrong with you? You goin tell us what happened, or what.

ROCK

...I got jacked by that big fuck!

HERTZ

What!...Who you talking bout?

SELL

...You mean...

ROCK

Yeah.

SELL

What he do to you?

ROCK

He jumped me from behind.

SELL

Damn man.

ROCK

Fucking bitch is crazy. I should have smoked his ass back when Rachel started dating him.

SELL

...Where's he at? I hope you stomped his nuts into the ground.

ROCK

I knocked him out and dragged him up in that doorway with the boards in the building next door.

HERTZ

Is he still alive?

ROCK

I don't know, and I don't give a fuck!

SELL

What are you gonna do...You know he'll be back again.

Rock looks really disgusted. He doesn't answer.

SELL (CONT'D)

What about your fight?

The three of them have a seat and just remain quiet.

Before long, Sell gets up and moves to the living room window to look down at the street.

Hertz just stares at Rock.

At the window, Sell uses his hand to open the window blind slats as he looks about the dark street below.

He continues to look through the blinds...

HERTZ

Was he strapped again this time?

Rock doesn't respond to the question. He just frustratingly massages his sore knee. He displays some pain from that area as he rubs.

Over at the window...

SELL

(to Rock)

...Go head man...Go to your fight.
You been waiting to long for a shot
like that, to blow it now.

Rock and Hertz look Sell's way from their seats.

At the window Sell turns around toward them...

SELL (CONT'D)

Don't even sweat it. We'll handle
that problem downstairs...Alright.

HERTZ

(astonished)

We will.

Rock just silently looks Sell's way...

With a sneaky grin on his face, Sell turns back to resume looking out the blinds briefly.

HERTZ (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Yo money man. What you talking bout!

He then moves back to Rock to give him a brotherly handshake.

SELL

...Give us about a half hour down
stairs, then just go to your fight.
Know what I'm saying...

(to Hertz)

Come on Hertz. Let's roll.

Hertz gets up very apprehensively, then follows Sell toward the hallway.

Rock just sits there with a blank look on his face.

HERTZ

(quiet to Sell)

What. What do you mean, we'll handle it.

SELL

Just chill alright.

INT. ROCK/ROOMMATES APARTMENT #64 - HERTZ'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Hertz has his closet door open. He reaches on a top shelf, where he grabs his 9mm. pistol...Cocks it, then places it down his pants in back. He then moves to leave the room. Talking out loud to himself somewhat angrily.

HERTZ

(to self)

Fucking neighborhood. I'm a Rapper, not a banger.

EXT. ARENA - LONG BEACH, CA. - NIGHT.

The big neon sign with tonight's events are lit up for everyone to see.

It reads...Rock...(YOUR WORLD)...Hard vs. Randy "SMOOTH" Buffer. Also on the sign is the names of the two guys fighting the main event championship fight.

EXT. ARENA PARKING LOT - LONG BEACH, CA. - NIGHT

At a designated area of the parking lot, Rock gets out his car. He looks around then moves to a non-public access entryway of the arena where he moves inside.

EXT. UNDISCLOSED LARGE CEMETERY - LA., CA. - NIGHT

Parked at the curb about a block from the start of the cemetery, is Sell's B.M.W. Inside sits Hertz in the drivers seat. Shelly's in the passenger seat next to him.

Hertz is fidgety and nervous as he looks toward the cemetery ahead of him.

INT. DEEP UP IN THE CEMETERY - NIGHT

The Man's black Lincoln is parked on the side of the cemetery roadway.

INT. CEMETERY PLOTS - NIGHT

The headstone reads...(DOROTHY MILLER...May 10, 1937 - April 9, 2004).

In a dug out grave bottom with gloves on, down inside the freshly dug hole, Sell has shoveled the last bit of dirt to reach the coffin of the late Mrs. Miller who was buried just recently.

From the deep hole, he sticks the shovel into the mound of dirt topside surrounding the hole. He looks down at the coffin he will be opening.

SELL

(exhales)

...What the fuck am I doing in this hole...

After hesitating, he takes a look around top side, then drops down O.S. to pry the coffin open.

SELL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I'm sorry Ms. Miller. You and your husband were some of my favorite customers.

(beat)

I promise you this is for a good cause.

The sound of him fumbling with the coffin until he gets it open, is heard.

SELL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

...Your funeral was dope. Mad props to Mr. Miller.

(beat)

But I ain't goin front.

(whispering)

He's got himself a new honey. I don't know if he told you. I just thought I'd mention it, you know what um saying.

INT. DEEP UP IN THE CEMETERY - NIGHT

EXT. THE MAN'S BLACK LINCOLN - NIGHT

Suddenly The Man's head slowly rises up in the back seat of his car. He's very disoriented and unstable as he looks around to see where he is.

INT. ENTRANCE OF THE CEMETERY - NIGHT

A police car slowly rolls into the cemetery roadway off the city street. It makes a left turn to do a patrol of the cemetery. The Cop in the car looks about from side to side at the cemetery surroundings.

EXT. UNDISCLOSED LARGE CEMETERY - LA., CA. - NIGHT

INT. SELL'S B.M.W. - NIGHT

HERTZ (V.O.)

(mind talk)

What the fuck am I doing at this
cemetery with that money loving bitch!

He perks up a little, seeing the cop car that entered
the cemetery.

HERTZ (CONT'D)

(quiet to self)

Oh shit...

INT. LONG BEACH ARENA - BOXING RING - NIGHT

From O.S. Rock and Randy Smooth's faces appear front
and center facing each, almost nose to nose. As they
give each other the hard intimidation stare down, the
white male REFEREE'S voice starts explaining the rules
to the two of them.

REFEREE

...O.K...I've gone over the rules
with you in the dressing rooms.
Remember to watch your low blows,
the kidney punches, and the head
butts.

He keeps talking O.S. V.O. as the two fighters continue
to stare each other down...

RANDY

(sneering)

...Who the fuck are you...Where that
other bitch I'm spose to knock out.

(beat)

Where the fuck you come from...You
better git your ass out this ring fo
you get hurt.

The O.S. Ref continues to go over some of the rules.

Rock just sneers at him, not saying anything.

RANDY (CONT'D)

What's the matter, can't you hear...
I put the last chump in the
hospital...You better bow out, fo I
climb on you like a leech and suck
all the blood out yo ass.

Rock just silently smirks at him...

The Ref stares hard at just Randy as he finally finishes
going over the rules.

REFEREE

(to both)

...Let's do this...

INT. CEMETERY ROADWAY - NIGHT

The Cop car rolls 10-15 miles an hour down the roadway. The Cop can be seen inside looking left and right at the many grave sites.

INT. LONG BEACH ARENA - BOXING RING - NIGHT

With lots of B.G. cheering Rock and Randy are in the ring fighting hard. Randy's getting the best of him.

The crowd cheers louder as Randy renders Rock helpless.

INT. UNDISCLOSED LARGE CEMETERY - LA., CA. - THE MAN'S BLACK LINCOLN - NIGHT

Sell moves toward The Man's Lincoln carrying Mrs. Miller's body wrapped in a sheet over his shoulder. He's holding the shovel.

Looking ahead at the car, his eyes light up. Suddenly he drops the body to the ground and moves quickly to the car.

EXT. THE MAN'S BLACK LINCOLN - NIGHT

The back of The Man's head is seen as he's about to get himself out the right back seat door of the car.

Suddenly the left back seat door bursts open.

Sell reaches in and quickly jabs him in the back of the head with his hypo needle. It's lights out again for The Man.

On the cemetery roadway, the police cruiser is still slowly moving on the cemetery road until it comes to a halt off to the side. The cop inside shines his attached to the door spotlight straight out. He lowers his window.

COP

(voice raised)

Hey!...What are you doing! Git over here!

At the cemetery headstone plot with the spotlight on them, standing by an open grave are two male grave robbers. They've halted in their tracks with their hands up, realizing that they're caught by the Cop.

Still in his car, the Cop has his shotgun pointed at the two men. He opens his door, keeping the gun on them all the while.

COP (CONT'D)

Don't move!

EXT. UNDISCLOSED LARGE CEMETERY - LA., CA. - STREET - NIGHT

The Man's Lincoln, driven by Sell, rolls down the street away from the cemetery. It's being followed by his B.M.W., driven by Hertz with his passenger Shelly.

INT. LONG BEACH ARENA - BOXING RING - NIGHT

A Change of pace...Rock has Randy against the ropes plummeting him with a barrage of punches, while the Ref looks on.

The crowd cheers loudly in the B.G.

EXT. DESOLATED AREA, HIGHWAY #1 INCLINE - MALIBU, CA. - NIGHT

On a quiet desolated incline part of Highway #1, a gloved Sell is leaned into the open window of the drivers door of The Man's Lincoln.

The car revs loudly because a stick is wedged between the gas pedal and the drivers seat.

A naked unconscious The Man is in the drivers seat. A naked dead Mrs. Miller is strategically propped in a sitting position on top of him, facing him.

Her back is crammed tight against the steering wheel, with her head slumped to the side, back a little.

Sell looks right quick out the windshield at the roadside solid rock sidewall. Suddenly he shifts the car gear from park to drive.

He jumps out just in time as the car jerks and goes speeding into the wall, crashing violently.

EXT. DESOLATED AREA, HIGHWAY #1 - DOWN INCLINE, AROUND THE BEND - MALIBU, CA. - NIGHT

INT. SELL'S B.M.W. - NIGHT

Hertz jerks to the sound of the Lincoln crashing O.S. Shelly just reacts curiously.

SHELLY

What was that uncle Hertz?

Hertz just shakes his head.

EXT. DESOLATED AREA, HIGHWAY #1 INCLINE - MALIBU, CA. - NIGHT

The front-end smashed Lincoln is against the mountainous side wall hissing from the damage. Only one headlight is still on.

The driver door is open. The naked unconscious The Man is seated in the drivers seat with the naked Mrs. Miller's body still seated on top of him, making it look like they were having sex when the car went out of control and crashed.

Still with gloves on, Sell leans in the car to push the two bodies over so they're in the same position, just laying down. He then reaches down to grab the stick that's wedged at the gas pedal.

He then pulls a cellophane bag of some illegal drug out his pocket. He places it into The Man's hand, pressing his fingers firmly on the bag so the fingerprints are sure to be on the bag.

After that, he throws the bag on the floor of the back seat, then slams the door shut.

EXT. DESOLATED AREA, HIGHWAY #1 - DOWN INCLINE, AROUND THE BEND - MALIBU, CA. - NIGHT

Sell trots down the road, nearing his B.M.W.

INT. SELL'S B.M.W. - NIGHT

Hertz perks up. He looks in the rear view mirror, watching Sell approach the car.

At the car now, Sell opens the back door and gets in.

SELL

(smiling)

...Let's go see the flick...

Hertz shakes his head and starts the car.

Shelly turns around in her seat to look at Sell.

SHELLY

Where did you go uncle Sell?

He just smiles at her.

INT. LONG BEACH ARENA - BOXING RING - NIGHT

Rock throws a mean hook punch to the head of Randy, followed by an upper-cut punch to his chin, sending him wheeling into the ropes where he folds to the canvas, out cold.

The Ref jumps in front of Rock to stop the fight.

The crowd goes crazy.

Rock moves out the way O.S. so the Ref can do his thing. He looks at the fallen Randy, and it's a no-brainer. He crisscrosses his arms indicating to the O.S. Judges, the fight's over.

INT. LONG BEACH ARENA - BOXING RING - NIGHT

A happy Rock has his gloves raised in victory.

The Ref stands next to him holding his right wrist, acknowledging him the winner.

Rock curls a fist in front of him over the joy of winning the fight.

EXT. DESOLATED AREA, HIGHWAY #1 INCLINE - MALIBU, CA. - NIGHT

A C.H.I.P. patrol car's dome light permeates the area with it's flashing blue, red, and white colors.

Zippered up in a body bag on a stretcher, Mrs. Miller's desecrated body is being loaded into the back of an ambulance by the paramedics.

Draped with a blanket, and handcuffed, The Man is being led to the C.H.I.P. patrol car by the officer. Under arrest, he looks shell-shocked as he's led away stumbling some. He's still unstable from the drug sell administered into him.

The back end of the Lincoln is raised and hooked up to a tow truck.

Slurring his words, The handcuffed Man tries to plead his case as he's being put into the patrol car.

THE MAN

(slurring)

I dun know...I didn't...Wait a minute...Come on man...I--

H.P. OFFICER

Just get in...

With him finally in the car, the officer slams the door shut.

Seated on the back seat of the car, The Man is still talking as he looks out the window. No one can hear him in the locked vehicle. The C.H.I.P. officer moves to get in the driver's door to start the car to take his suspect away.

INT. CRIMSON APARTMENTS - 2ND FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Sell, Hertz, and Shelly are down the corridor about 50 feet from their apartment #64. They laugh and talk about the movie they saw.

SELL

I told you the guy with the glass
eye killed the whole family. Here
Shelly.

He hands Shelly the key on his key ring so she can open the apartment door.

She's eating leftover movie popcorn out a giant tub that she has her arm around. She grabs the keys with her other hand, then goes running a little to unlock the apartment door.

HERTZ

Why, cause they wouldn't sell that
fool the house.

Shelly's at door #64 with the keys, trying her best to get the locks open.

A muffled sound of stereo music is heard coming from inside the apartment.

Shelly finally opens the door. The familiar song "Mama said knock you out" by L.L. Cool J., is in full effect.

Shelly stands there with her mouth agape, staring into the apartment.

INT. ROCK/ROOMMATES APARTMENT #64 - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A very shapely nude female, except for a boxers protective cup and boxing gloves, is slowly/sexually shadow boxing with her back facing the door. She's obviously tipsy.

She's near the couch where a totally nude female is laying on top of, and kissing a drunk Rock who clearly has his boxer shorts underwear on.

None of them heard the door open because of the music.

Standing there in the doorway, Shelly looks to her left at the approaching Sell and Hertz.

SHELLY

(smiling/pointing)
...Uncle Rock's having sex...Look...

She turns back to look again with the biggest grin on her little face.

Sell and Hertz speed up some to get to the apartment. Hertz moves pass Shelly to enter the place. Sell stops at the doorway with Shelly.

HERTZ
(smiling)
Hey, yo homie!...

Grinning like a clown, he turns to look Sell's way.

HERTZ (CONT'D)
(to Sell)
I guess he won...

Both boxing groupies are now looking toward the door at them. The one on top of Rock is still on him as she looks.

SHELLY
(pointing)
...Look...Titties.

Sell kind of scoops Shelly up in the air as she's talking, and carries her off to the hallway, away from the X-rated scene.

SHELLY (CONT'D)
(to Sell)
Is uncle Rock trying to have a baby,
uncle Sell?

SELL
Nah. He's just trying to get his
freak on.

Hertz scans the women like a wolf looking through the window of a chicken coop.

HERTZ
What's up ladies...My name is Hertz,
and you can rent me if you need
something comfortable, safe, and
inexpensive...Nice cup...

The groupies smile as they look at Hertz.

A wasted Rock also looks his way.

Hertz has a sly look on his face like he is ready to join in on the fun.

INT. ROCK/ROOMMATES APARTMENT #64 - KITCHEN - DAY

Standing in front of the sink wearing pants, no shirt or shoes, Rock looks at two pills in his palm before popping them in his mouth and drinking his cup of coffee to wash them down. He's still a bit hung over from last night's festivities.

He makes noise slurping and gulping the hot coffee.
He coughs some after he drinks.

From O.S. Sell leans back first against the counter top edge near the sink, making it so he can look Rock in the face. He's wearing shorts and a T-shirt that reads "Money is God, Think about it."

SELL

Hey Mr. Hefner. Where's your smoking jacket...And your bunny babes.
(laughter)

Rock just grins.

SELL (CONT'D)

...What about the rules, you made up. No hoochies in the bumper room unless we all gizum in the nizum...Know what I'm saying.

Rock gives him a glancing look.

SELL (CONT'D)

So, you did it last night?

ROCK

Huh, yeah. I got a ranking.

SELL

Represent huh. So where does that put you?

ROCK

Number six in the B.C.

SELL

Just like that...Is that good?

ROCK

Hell yeah!

Rock takes another gulp of his coffee...

ROCK (CONT'D)

...So did you do it?

Sell gives him an acknowledgement type look.

SELL

...Done...

ROCK

So who's house this time?

SELL

Nah man, it ain't even like that.

Rock drinks the last of his coffee.

ROCK

Un huh. I gotta talk to Shelly.

Sell watches as he moves away.

Suddenly Rock stops short. He doesn't turn around.

ROCK (CONT'D)

...He's alive right?

SELL (O.S.)

...As can be...

Rock continues to move.

INT. ROCK/ROOMMATES APARTMENT #64 - ROCK'S BEDROOM/BED - DAY

Wearing her pajamas, Shelly's laying on her back on the bed playing with the palm size electronic game-boy she got for her birthday.

At the bedroom door, Rock enters the room slowly. He looks right at Shelly as he moves to sit on the bed with her.

ROCK

Hey shorty...That's a cool game huh.
I love me some game-boy...

He gets a look on his face that reads like he's about to say something that really pains him.

ROCK (CONT'D)

Listen...Do you like staying here,
you know, hanging out with me, uncle
Hertz, and uncle Sell?

SHELLY

Un huh.

ROCK

...How'd you like to stay here for
good?

SHELLY

Mommy too?

ROCK

(anticipating)

Yeah...I mean no...I mean...

(beat)

See, sometimes grown-ups get in
trouble. Sometimes they get in
trouble they can't get out of.

(MORE)

ROCK (CONT'D)

(beat)

Like your mom. She's got some trouble right now.

SHELLY

Mommy's in trouble.

ROCK

Yeah.

SHELLY

How come?

ROCK

Remember when you said she went to see grandma and grandpa?

She nods.

ROCK (CONT'D)

Well that was kind of true. See, your mommy--

Rock interrupts his words briefly as a muffled...Can't touch this...just kicked off in the B.G.

ROCK (CONT'D)

...Yeah, ah--

INT. ROCK/ROOMMATES APARTMENT #64 - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sitting on the couch, Sell puts his cereal bowl down then gets up to move to the door to look through the peephole. He jerks his head back because of what he sees.

SELL

Ho shit!

He's overwhelmed briefly by what he saw, then opens the door slowly...

Standing there in the corridor looking happy and healthy, is Rachel.

RACHEL

...Hi...

SELL

Rachel...

RACHEL

Yeah, it's me.

SELL

Rachel...

Rachel just smiles like to say "Yes, it's really me."

SELL (CONT'D)

...Come in...

EXT. CRIMSON APARTMENTS - 2ND FLOOR CORRIDOR - DAY

Door #64 is pushed shut.

INT. ROCK/ROOMMATES APARTMENT #64 - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sell and Rachel stand there smiling at each other.

SELL

Are you alright. How you feeling?

RACHEL

...I'm doing O.K.

SELL

You look good. Real good.

RACHEL

Thanks...How's Shelly...

SELL

She's alright. She'll be happy to see you, no doubt.

RACHEL

...Does she know, what happened?

SELL

No, she thinks your visiting relatives.

RACHEL

She does.

SELL

It's a long story. Ah, listen...We know what happened. Rock was at the hospital every week to see you.

(beat)

We know who hurt you too...

(smiling)

Whyd't you have a seat...I'll be back in a minute.

(beat)

That dress is fly. I really like that.

Sell moves toward the hallway where he disappears O.S.

Rachel has a seat, looking around at the living room.

Shortly a dressed Hertz moves from the hallway, into the living room.

He's on his cordless phone, heading for the kitchen.
He stops short, stunned seeing Rachel.

HERTZ

(on phone)

You got it. Soon as I sign the
contract, it'll be all that...

(stares at Rachel)

Rachel looks at him with a straight face...

HERTZ (CONT'D)

...Rachel...Your here...How'd you--

He moves to her to give her a friendly hug.

Rachel reciprocates.

Hertz backs up some to look at her.

HERTZ (CONT'D)

(thinking)

...Does Rock know your here?

RACHEL

...Not yet...

HERTZ

Are you alright?...I mean...

RACHEL

...Yeah...

Suddenly Sell reappears from the hallway, back into the
living room. He does a double take of Hertz and Rachel.

Now that Sell's back, Hertz looks at Rachel again, then
moves on to the kitchen. He keeps looking at her all
the way there.

Sell moves to Rachel.

SELL

Here. I was gonna keep this, but I
think you should have it.

He hands Rachel The Man's rolex watch.

SELL (CONT'D)

...Don't ask me how I got that.
Let's just say the punk who hurt
you, won't be needing it.

(grinning)

Believe that.

Hertz is heard O.S. fumbling with something in the
kitchen area.

Sell and Rachel behave like it's kind of uncomfortable trying to keep a conversation going.

SELL (CONT'D)

...I gotta get ready for a business meeting...But Rock's in his room with Shelly. I didn't tell them your here, so it'll be a surprise.

(beat)

I'm glad your alright, you know...Shelly's the bomb...

Sell moves for the hallway.

Rachel gets up, then moves toward the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

She enters the kitchen where Hertz is fixing himself some breakfast food. She looks straight at him.

Hertz looks her way on the sly right quick while continuing to prep his breakfast. He looks at her again.

HERTZ

...What...

RACHEL

So how you been?

HERTZ

Alright.

RACHEL

How's the music going?

HERTZ

It's going good. Real good. I'm bout to sigh with Rumble Up Records.

RACHEL

Really! That's great...

HERTZ

...So what's up?...

RACHEL

Nothing. I've just been thinking about a lot of things since...

Her demeanor indicates that she's referring to the hurt done to her.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I really want to change my life around. I wanna wipe the slate clean.

HERTZ

Slate.

RACHEL

Yeah. For one, I'm going back to school soon as me and Shelly get situated. I'm gonna do one thing I've always wanted to do. Uma buy a house. I got a few already picked out. I got my car working again. I even bought insurance for it.

(smiling)

Things are gonna work out so much better this time.

Hertz is chewing something.

HERTZ

Really. Hey that's cool and all, but why are--

RACHEL

(interjecting)

I also decided that I want Shelly to get to know her father. She needs that in her life.

Hertz chews and swallows some food as he appears to stare out just thinking.

HERTZ

...What, that asshole that jacked you. You know he tried to snatch Shelly while you were in the hospital.

Rachel contemplates hesitatingly.

HERTZ (CONT'D)

He ain't shit Rachel. You really think she needs him for a father.

Rachel looks at him strangely, like she didn't expect to hear what he just said.

RACHEL

(hesitant)

...He's not her father...

HERTZ

Oh, my bad...

(curious)

What's that dude to you anyway. What's he like, your boyfriend or something?

Rachel smiles and puts her head down.

RACHEL

Well, he's not her father. I didn't know him before Shelly was born.

Hertz pours some orange juice into a glass from a carton. he brings the glass up to his mouth for a drink.

HERTZ

...So who is he?...

He takes a drink.

RACHEL

(little irritated)

...My Banker...

HERTZ

Your Banker. What do you mean?

RACHEL

Nothing.

HERTZ

...You want some juice or something?

RACHEL

No.

HERTZ

...O.K...So who is her daddy anyway?

Rachel hesitates as she looks at him, straight-faced...

RACHEL

...You...

HERTZ

Me! What the fuck you talking bout! She ain't my kid.

RACHEL

She's yours Hertz...

He's gets quieter and looks toward the kitchen doorway.

HERTZ

(quiet)

Come on Rach. I know we dated and all, but I wore a jimmy, remember. What's up. Why you think I'm the one?

RACHEL

(quiet)

Remember Henessy Rap fest...Nine years ago?...Compton Park Stadium.

HERTZ

Yeah yeah, I remember.

He subconsciously puts some of the food he's preparing in his mouth to chew on.

HERTZ (CONT'D)

What about that, Hollywood dude you were seeing?

RACHEL

I wasn't dating anybody else when we went out. I swear.

His expression starts to change as he turns away from her so she can't see the irritable/pissed-off face he's making as he silently curses her under his breath.

Suddenly he angrily turns back to her.

HERTZ

(angry)

Why the fuck you wait all this time!

She stares at him sternly, then comes back at him, imitating the words he said way back in the day.

RACHEL

Remember you kept saying...I ain't down wit no babies, no way. I took you serious and kept my problems to myself.

HERTZ

(stern)

I wore a jimmy. She can't be mine. It's gotta be somebody else.

RACHEL

...O.K...Don't worry. I won't say anything to her or anybody...She'll just never know her daddy.

He looks at her with a look of relief and a bit of guilt at the same time.

Not happy, she breaks and leaves the kitchen kind of sudden.

He watches her leave.

HERTZ

(to self)

Motherfucker...

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Rachel angrily passes on through it, heading toward the hallway.

RACHEL
(to self, quietly)
Fucking bastard...

INT. ROCKS BEDROOM - DAY

Rock's seated on the edge of the bed. He's in the middle of conversation with Shelly, who's seated near the head of the bed with her legs crossed as uncle Rock reminisces about his and Rachel's childhood.

ROCK
(focused/pleasant)
--Oh yeah, she could beat up every boy in the hood. I'd tell her somebody hit me, just to see her fight. She--
(looks toward the door)

The bedroom door slowly opens. A smiling Rachel sticks her head in at first, then moves inside.

Rock looks at her with shock on his face.

SHELLY
Mommy!

Shelly jumps off the bed and moves to hug her mom.

Rachel stares at Rock as Shelly has her arms wrapped around her waist tight. Shelly's grinning from ear to ear.

Rock just stares at her with that stunned look.

RACHEL
I missed you so much. I'll never leave you again.

SHELLY
I missed you mommy.

They continue to hug.

INT. ROCK/ROOMMATES APARTMENT #64 - KITCHEN - DAY

Using his hands, Hertz leans against the sink counter with his head down. He looks like a man that's troubled.

INT. UNDISCLOSED SANITARIUM FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE -
PADDED CELL - DAY

Close on The Man's face, he stares blankly...

Seated on the padded floor against the padded wall in the otherwise bare room, The Man is wearing pants, no shoes, and a strait-jacket that has him bounded tightly. He continues to stare out blankly.

Suddenly he starts to squirm a little.

That last stunt perpetrated on him drove him over the edge. He looks shell shocked as drool begins to dribble down his chin. He mumbles incoherent nothing to himself as his eyes are open wide with a glazed-over look in them. He strains against the restraint of the jacket.

INT. ROCK/ROOMMATES APARTMENT #64 - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Standing not too far from the door, Rock and Rachel hug each other lovingly. Rachel looks hertz's way.

Hertz is seated on the couch. He looks Rachel straight in the face with a not too happy look on his face.

Rachel looks at him with a blank expression.

As Rock and her finish hugging, Shelly moves to Rock to kiss him good-bye before she and Rachel leave the apartment.

Rock puts his attention on Rachel again.

ROCK
(to Rachel)
You gonna be alright?

Rachel nods yes.

ROCK (CONT'D)
You take care of your mom shorty.

Shelly just smiles.

Rachel and Shelly move to leave.

SHELLY
Bye uncle Hertz.

Hertz waves good-bye to her, slightly.

INT. C.E.O. OFFICE, RUMBLE UP RECORDS - DAY

One of Hertz's songs that's on his new CD with Rumble Up, kicks off as the B.G. music.

Hertz leans over the C.E.O.'s desk signing the contract for the start of his recording career with the label.

Seated behind the big desk, the casually dressed C.E.O. sits comfortably watching Hertz sign the paper.

Standing near by, a Lawyer for the label witnesses the signing.

After Hertz finishes, the C.E.O. and him shake hands. He shakes the lawyer's hand too.

INT. ROCK/ROOMMATES APARTMENT #64 - HERTZ'S BEDROOM - DAY

Hertz kisses the \$10,000 check he received from Rumble Up Records.

INT. RUMBLE UP RECORDS - STUDIO #A - DAY

Wearing headphones, and at the mike, Hertz raps in unison with the B.G. music as he records a song.

INT. UNDISCLOSED BOXING/TRAINING GYM - DAY

With boxing headgear on, Rock is seated on a padded raised table. He has on boxing style trunks and a sleeve-less white T-shirt with black lettered slogan "I ain't a prize, but I do like opening the prize."

He has his hand extended as his Trainer applies white tape to the knuckles of his already taped hand.

Shortly the Trainer up-nods to Rock that he's done with the taping. Rock punches the palm of his left taped up hand.

INT. UNDISCLOSED BOXING/TRAINING GYM - DAY

Rock's at the area of the gym where the heavy bags are. His Trainer holds the bag in position while Rock digs in some hard punches, wearing red boxing gloves.

INT. UNDISCLOSED BOXING/TRAINING GYM - SPARRING RING - DAY

Still dressed the same, Rock and a sparring partner go at it trading punches.

Rock ducks and dodges the barrage of punches coming at him. Looking sharper than times in the past, he tags his opponent with pinpoint accuracy...Head and body shots.

He double hooks the guy in the right side ribs, causing the guy to wince from pain. With no hesitation he throws a straight punch to the head.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - KENNEDY INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT -
AIR SPACE - DAY

A large commercial plane is coming in for a landing at Kennedy.

INT. KENNEDY INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - AIRPORT WALKWAY -
DAY

Sell moves through the airport amongst hordes of people. He's dressed in casual business attire with a shoulder bag.

EXT. DOWNTOWN NEW YORK CITY - DAY

A busy street with cars, taxis, buses, etc., move on the streets amongst New York's tall glass, metal, and brick jungle.

EXT. YELLOW TAXI CAB - DAY

The cab moves down the busy street, surrounded by traffic, including other taxis.

INT. YELLOW TAXI CAB - DAY

Seated in the back seat, Sell looks all around at the spectacular New York scenery as the cab moves with the traffic.

The cab comes to a halt briefly, then moves again, shortly making an obvious left turn.

EXT. STREET CORNER - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

The street signs Wall Street and Broadway Ave are quickly shown.

INT. YELLOW TAXI CAB - DAY

The cab driver brings the cab to a halt at the curb. He looks in his rear view mirror at Sell.

TAXI DRIVER

Wall Street Plaza.

He jerks down the meter flag.

TAXI DRIVER (CONT'D)

\$22.50.

Sell reaches to hand him some bills.

SELL

Keep the change.

He then gets out the cab wearing his shoulder bag.

EXT. WALL STREET - DAY

The cab moves O.S.

Sell looks all around, grinning like he just arrived in heaven. He reaches in a top compartment of his shoulder bag and brings out a red delicious apple. He tosses it up in the air once.

SELL

...Word...

He takes a hardy bite of his apple, then moves toward the Plaza.

EXT. NICE NEIGHBORHOOD, AT STREET CURB - LOS ANGELES - DAY

A taxi cab drives off.

Rachel and Shelly are about to embark upon their new home, which is a nice looking duplex type dwelling. Rachel holds a suitcase as she and Shelly move into the home and closes the door.

INT. UNDISCLOSED SANITARIUM FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE - VACANT PADDED CELL - DAY

Shortly the vacant/bare padded cell room door bursts open. In move two large sanitarium workers, dressed in all white stressfully carry a once again strait-jacketed The Man, who's squirming pretty good.

One of the workers has him by the legs, which are duct taped at the ankles. The Man's mouth is also duct taped.

The other worker has an elbow grip under The Man's chin.

They maintain their grip on him as they carry him to the farthest padded wall in the room, where they drop him like a sack of dirt.

After that they both sigh and breathe easier, then leave the room.

Once they're out the room, the cell door is heard being locked and secured O.S.

The Man struggles to sit up.

EXT. RACHEL AND SHELLY'S NEW DUPLEX - LATE DAY

Hertz approaches the door making a surprise visit. He lifts his hand to knock on the door of their new digs. Suddenly an obvious change of heart occurs as he turns and moves away from the door O.S.

Shortly he returns again at the door. He looks around in back of him as if to see that no one he knows sees him there. He pushes the door bell one time.

Shortly the door opens partially. Rachel looks at him with no real expression on her face. She then opens the door wider for Hertz to enter.

INT. UNDISCLOSED SANITARIUM FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE -
PADDED CELL - NIGHT

Propped up in a sitting position against the wall with his legs straight out...the strait-jacket, ankle tape, and mouth tape are still on The Man.

He has a look on his face like that of a weight lifter trying to lift 1000 lbs. His face is sweaty and distorted. His eyes are bulging, cause something strange is going on with him.

He keeps this up, becoming more and more intense. A slight ripping sound is heard coming from his upper body area as he strains like mad.

It's apparent that the jacket is ripping, some where in the back and on the sides where his elbows are positioned. He keeps at it until finally he can move his right arm down to where he can stick his fingers out the jacket.

He stops and rests for a brief time. After resting, he resumes by twisting and moving his left arm to do the same thing.

Now he has both hands out the jacket. He rests again briefly, then clutches the material and the jackets straps with all his strength. He pulls and tugs fiercely until the straps start to loosen up and away from the jacket some.

He starts to thump his arms outward while grabbing at the jacket everywhere. He grunts some as one of the straps at his crotch area cause him some pain. He stops again.

Resuming his movement again, he manages to separate the jacket wider from his body and neck. He starts to hike the jacket upward until he's able to get it over his head and off.

Even though the jacket is still somewhat restrictive, he keeps pushing it over his head. The straps dangle loosely from it. Now free from the jacket, he tosses it to the side.

He pulls the duct tape from his mouth and ankles. Tiredly breathing, he rests once again.

Looking like an angry man who wants his freedom, he stands and moves to the padded door where in true madman fashion, he starts to rip the padding from the door.

The strong desperate man grabs and tears the padding away in pieces.

Faintly in the B.G., the sound of keys are heard coming from the the other side of the door. The Man halts and pays attention to the sound.

EXT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE THE MAN'S PADDED CELL - NIGHT

Two sanitarium workers are at the door. They're both dressed in white uniforms, with walkie talkies on their hips.

The one closest to the door opens a little window door on the cell door to look inside at The Man. He then sorts through his set of keys for the one to open the cell.

The worker behind him has his keys on a key chain on his waist. He's holding a small rubber top medicine bottle and a hypo needle with a plastic protective cylinder over the needle.

SANITARIUM WORKER #1

Don't you just love this kind of work.

SANITARIUM WORKER #2

Yeah...So what are they gonna do with this one?

SANITARIUM WORKER #1

They're shipping him to county tomorrow. We're supposed to keep him lullabied until then.

(giggle)

You know this is the guy they found in the Police Chief's house, remember that?

SANITARIUM WORKER #2

Oh yeah. What and the fuck is his problem?

SANITARIUM WORKER #1

Beats the shit out of me. What do you bet that he'll be back here again after he sees the Judge.

SANITARIUM WORKER #2

...You got your mace ready, right?

Sanitarium worker #1 has the right key to open the door. He puts the key in the lock mechanism turning it in two different directions before the door opens.

SANITARIUM WORKER #1
Yeah I got it.

He pushes the door open. They both move inside and stop, looking straight ahead.

INT. THE MAN'S PADDED CELL - NIGHT

The Man is seated on the floor against the wall near the corner, straight ahead. Like a miracle, he's got the strait-jacket and duct tape back in place like before.

He looks up at the two workers all evil like in "The Exorcist."

The two workers continue to stare at him.

SANITARIUM WORKER #1
Take it easy fellow. We're just here to help you. Be cool alright.

As he speaks, he unsnaps a little holster on his belt that contains his canister of mace.

Him and the other worker move toward the seemingly calm, The Man.

SANITARIUM WORKER #1 (CONT'D)
Go around that way.

He kind of waves his left hand for Sanitarium worker #2 to move around toward The Man on the left, as he himself moves toward the right.

Sanitarium worker #2 has the medicine bottle turned upside down as he jabs the hypo needle into the thin rubber top.

SANITARIUM WORKER #1 (CONT'D)
(to Sanitarium worker #2)
Let's pick him up.

The two men kind of move to each side of The Man.

Suddenly like a wild animal, The Man quickly gets to his feet. His mouth and ankle tape just fall away easily. The jacket is still on as his arms go flying while he grabs for Sanitarium worker #1.

SANITARIUM WORKER #1 (CONT'D)
Oh shit!

The Man overwhelms him.

Sanitarium worker #2 is panic-stricken. He's petrified watching the vicious assault on his comrade.

The Man has sanitarium worker #1 immobilized, but good. Boom he opens his mouth and clamps down on the side of his neck like a vampire, sinking his teeth in.

The worker goes crazy. He screams, but can't get away.

The Man tries his best to rip the flesh away from the worker's neck, pulling in a weird way. The worker makes a strange gurgling sound as his eyes close up.

The Man opens his mouth from the worker's neck only to clamp on it again. He finally opens his mouth and let's the unconscious guy drop to the floor with his neck bloody/bruised with puncture rips in it.

The Man's mouth and teeth have blood on them. He swings his head around quickly toward the other worker, who snaps to attention realizing something's gonna happen to him.

Sanitarium worker #2 gasps and puts his hands up bracing himself as The Man pounces on him, knocking him to the floor O.S.

The attack is ominous, as the distinct sound of a bone being broken, is heard. The worker shrieks for his life.

FADE IN:

INT. THE MAN'S PADDED CELL - NIGHT

The Man's blood stained hand is seen gripping the hypo needle. He plunges it down into the O.S. floored worker, who makes a weak sound when the needle hits him.

FADE OUT:

FLASH IN:

INT. THE MAN'S PADDED CELL - NIGHT

Again The Man's arm appears from O.S. This time the strait-jacket sleeve has blood stains on it.

Now the arm drops O.S. with terrific force to hit the O.S. worker again.

BLACK OUT:

FLASH IN:

UNDISCLOSED RADIO STUDIO - LOS ANGELES, CA. NIGHT

A HIP HOP D.J. flashes on the screen surrounded by lots of studio apparatus...sound board, recording equipment, turn tables, etc.

He talks right at the movie audience which predictively is getting out their seats to leave the movie theater...

HIP HOP D.J.

Hold up! Where you motherfuckers going!...Yeah that's right! I'm talking to you...

(waves hands slightly)

Now I know you ain't gonna just stroll your asses up outta here after that slamming flick!...Nah man, here you go.

(preps to play a C.D.)

Come on, thug dance your ass out the house to some 2PAC...

(slash hand across throat)

Um out...

He gets up from behind his array of equipment, turns his back to the movie audience, then throws his arms in the air demonstrating his version of a thug dance. He moves away doing his thing.

FADE OUT:

"THE END"