

Electric is my Pimpslap!

By

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INT. ROOM - LATENIGHT

A piece of paper lies on a table.

A black man begins writing on it.

He writes "Roses are red.

He skips and line then writes "Violets are blue."

A beat. He skips another line and writes " My Pimp slap is pleasing and so are you."

He quickly folds the piece of paper up.

INT. BEDROOM - LATENIGHT

The Note is set down on a dresser.

TRINETTE, a white woman wearing a skimpy outfit and blotchy makeup, sits at the dresser wiping her tears.

She picks up the note and begins reading it.

RED ROLLER, a young black pimp in a moron suit, stands over Trinette.

He nonchalantly grips her shoulder.

She scans the paper, looks up at Red in the mirror, and smiles.

They both stare into the mirror while talking.

RED

I understand. I do. It's hard. It seems terrible right now but you've got to trust me. The cash is great.

Her smile fades.

TRINETTE

Red. I can't. To hell with the money. He hit me for heaven's sake.

Red raises his hand.

RED

Trinette, have i ever hit you?

(CONTINUED)

TRINETTE

Well, no.

RED

Correct.

Red walks over to the table and props himself against it.

RED

Because i don't like it. Sure most pimps do but i don't. So please. Do not make me use it. You've got a job to do. I've got a job to do. Grit your teeth and get through and when its all over, you'll see.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Red exits the room into a small hallway.

An angry white male, wearing white pants, an unbuttoned shirt, and his belt loosened, stands in the hallway.

MAN

(Rubbing his hands through his hair)

Well?!

Red walks to the man to console the customer.

RED

She's a little shaken up. She should be okay. Now you know we don't allow hitting here.

MAN

The frigid slut was taking forever!

Red walks closer to the man.

RED

Look. You've got to take it easy at first. Let her warm up to you.

The man clenches his fist.

MAN

(In Red's face)

I didn't pay a grand for this shit. I'll take my business elsewhere.

The man turns and begins walking away.

(CONTINUED)

Red grabs him by the shirt and pins him against the wall.

RED

I don't particularly like it that you hit one of my woman. I don't like your oily, flakey hair and I particularly don't like you. But you get your ass in there right now and treat my girl good and she'll return the favor.

The man, silent, jitters.

Red lets go of his coat, smiling.

RED

Glad we could clear this up.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

Red sits in a small room flipping through a magazine.

Directly across the room sits DEVIN SAXTON, Red's best friend a young, slick white fellow in a clean suit.

Devin sits with his legs crossed.

He switched each leg.

DEVIN

Something's been bothering me.

RED

(Not looking up)
And what's that?

DEVIN

Pimpslaps. I don't understand how you don't use your pimp slap.

Red tosses down his magazine.

RED

I just don't.

DEVIN

More power to you man. Really. I just can't.

Devin leans up in his chair.

(CONTINUED)

DEVIN

Don't get it wrong. I wish i could
but sometimes they just won't
listen and POP!

Red leans over to Devin.

RED

Most important thing my momma
taught me. Real men don't hit
women. They learn to adjust to
their fledgling needs and therefore
keep the power.

A black woman walks into the room.

WOMAN

He's ready for you both.

She holds the door open.

Both men stand and walk through the door.

INT. GREG'S OFFICE - DAY

Red and Devin sit in chairs across from a desk.

The chair behind the desk is turned away towards a window.

A silence.

The chair rotates around to the men.

GREGORY HAWK, an older intelligent but snarky white man on
the heavier side, sits in the chair.

GREG

I run a legitimate business, a
highly successful and fulfilling
business.

Greg leans his elbows on the desk.

GREG

Do you understand that, Red?

RED

(Nodding)
Yes sir.

(CONTINUED)

GREG
BULLSHIT! Roughing up the damn
customers is not how it's done.

RED
I understand that Greg but i-.

GREG
No.No. Shut up.

Red sits back in his chair, gripping the sides.

Greg stands, arms behind his back. m

He looks at a picture on the wall then back at Red.

GREG
Do you understand how pimping
works? It's fairly simple.

Greg leans on the side of his desk.

GREG
You hit the women. And you don't
hit the fucking customers!

A beat.

RED
(Biting his tongue)
Yes sir!

Greg's eyes pierce over at Devin.

GREG
What the hell are you smirking for?
Your woman ain't making it either.
Sales are down and they should be?

DEVIN
(A Beat)
Up?

Greg nods; He sits back in his chair.

A beat.

GREG
Now for business. One of the girls
got hit pretty hard the other
night, you remember? By one of the
regulars. I watch for him and tail
him. Shake him up. Don't kill him.
Just make sure he gets the message.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Devin and Red rush out from a fence.

RED
Getting tired of his shit.

DEVIN
Aren't we all?

Red goes to the driver's side of a parked car, Devin to the driver's side.

DEVIN
Just got to deal with it man.

RED
Dealing with it is just giving up.

Both open their doors and jump in.

A beat.

DEVIN
Why don't you ever drive?

RED
I don't know. Don't like too.

The car pulls off.

EXT. PARK BENCH - AFTERNOON

Devin, with one leg lapped over the other, sits on a park bench

He reads a newspaper.

Red walks over and sits beside him.

He sips on a coke.

A woman in a short skirt stands in the middle of a plaza.

RED
Any bites yet?

DEVIN
A few but not our guy.

(CONTINUED)

RED

Hm.

Red, again, sips at his coke.

Devin puts down his newspaper.

DEVIN

Hey, how are you and Brooklyn

RED

(Sighs)

She keeps bitchin bout detachment
or something.

DEVIN

(Slight grin)

White woman.

RED

Your telling me. Nag,nag,nag.
Wine,wine,wine.

DEVIN

You love her?

RED

Well, yeah. I think so. But with
her damn suffocation is driving me
away.

DEVIN

Uh-oh.

Red looks over at the plaza.

The working girl they were watching jumps into a car.

The car speeds away.

RED

Game time.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF HOUSE - NIGHT

Red, followed by Devin, walk up to the opening of a fence.

Both men hold pistols at their side.

Devin opens the gate and strolls in, followed by Red.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Red and Devin tip toe through the front door.

They are meet by their girl.

Her lipstick smeared.

Shouting is heard from the other room.

MAN(O.S)

You bitch! I'll kill you!!

MAN(O.S)

I'll get you deported! You hear me!!

The girl hands Red a wad of cash.

RED

Thanks baby.

He hands her a twenty.

RED

Get yourself something god.

She snatches the cash and leaves.

MAN(O.S)

You slut!!

The man continues his shouting.

Red and Devil trot into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The man is handcuffed to both the refrigerator and a cabinet.

His pants unbuttoned and at his knees.

MAN

Who the hell are you?

RED

Well, i'm a pimp. He's a pimp and your our bitch.

Both men slowly approach the man.

(CONTINUED)

MAN

(Trembling)

Get the hell away from me. I swear
to god. I'll call the cops.

Red and Devin stop within feet of the man.

DEVIN

Kinky.

RED

(Smiling)

I don't like to play the race card
but leave it to a white mother
fucker to like some shit like this.

Red places his gun in the air while speaking.

RED

Jimmy, you know why were here. You
been hitting the girls. Now if you
like punching your girlfriend every
now and again. That's fine. Not our
business. But when you the girls it
becomes personal.

Jimmy opens his mouth to speak. It is met with a swift
pistol whip.

Red now stands in Jimmy's face.

Jimmy yelps.

RED

What's that? Jimmy, I can't hear
you. Your gunna have to speak up.

Jimmy slightly coughs, blood at the tip of his mouth.

Red pokes the barrel of his gun to Jimmy's chin and brings
him eye level.

Meanwhile, Devin swoops under Jimmy's arm and stands behind
the other.

RED

Uh-oh Jimmy! I think you bit your
tongue.

Devin peaks over Jimmy's head.

DEVIN
Shame that.

Jimmy spits on Red.

JIMMY
Fuck you. Both of you.

A beat.

Red nearly pimp slaps Jimmy.

Jimmy flinches; Red grips his shoulder and pulls in.

RED
Didn't your momma ever tell you not
to hit a woman?

DEVIN
And not to trust Cambodian hookers?

RED
So, in short, what we want is for
you to stop hitting our woman?

Jimmy looks away, silent.

A beat.

Red walks to the frig and pulls the freezer open, stretching
Jimmy's arm.

Jimmy screams in agony.

JIMMY
Stop!!!STOP!!

RED
What? What's that?! I can't hear
you Jimmy!!

Red pulls harder. Jimmy cringes.

A beat.

JIMMY
(Crying)
Please. Stop.

Red slams the freezer shut.

Jimmy heavily breathes.

Red bends over to Jimmy.

RED
Now what have we learned?

Jimmy doesn't reply.

RED
(Hollering)
JIMMY!

JIMMY
I, um, gotts stop hitting women.

RED
(Smiling)
Great! And?

JIMMY
And.

DEVIN
And?

A beat.

JIMMY
And don't trust Cambodian hookers?

DEVIN
Exactly.

Devin swoops back under his arm and meets up with Red.

Red places his pistol into the hem of his pants and pulls out a few dolars from his front pockets.

RED
Here. Buy yourself a new suit. It's
your money anyway.

Red tosses the money at his feet.

The two turn and walk to the door.

JIMMY
Aren't you going to let me down?

Red and Devin stop in their tracks and turn around.

Red looks to Devin then back to Jimmy.

RED
We'll just let your wife let you
down.

The two turn and leave the room.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Red sits at a small dining table. He patiently eats from his plate.

Across from him sits, BROOKLYN KNIGHT, (30's) a timid white girl his girlfriend.

She picks at the peas on her plate.

A silence.

BROOKLYN
What'd you do today?

RED
Oh. Me and Devin had to rough up a customer. Been hitting the girls.

BROOKLYN
Hm.

Brook sets down her fork.

BROOKLYN
Why haven't you been loving lately?

Red abruptly stops eating.

RED
Not right now Brook.

BROOKLYN
If not right now, then when Red?
When?

Red places his fork down and slumps back in his chair.

BROOKLYN
You go to work "pimping woman" for ten hours a day, doing who knows what.

A beat.

BROOKLYN
I just want a little love and compassion. Your detached. I don't care if you see it or not. It's true, Red.

(CONTINUED)

Red sighs.

RED

Brooklyn I am not in the mood.

BROOKLYN

Yeah, i'm sure. I bet you'd be in the mood to pimp.

Red lunges forward, slamming his fist on the table.

RED

God damnit, Brooklyn. I don;t need to be belittled. I have a job. I'm a pimp. and believe it or not, it pays for most of this shit.

BROOKLYN

Money. I don't need money. I need your love.

RED

Which you have! I come home every night, kiss you, say I lover you. I even cuddle your ass.

Brooklyn slumps back, folding her arms in.

BROOKLYN

Your just going through the motions.

RED

So are you?! Your frigid in bed. Rarely want sex.

BROOKLYN

Because your cold outside of the bed.

RED

Bullshit! Bullshit Brooklyn!

Red begins to eat again.

A silence.

Tears begins to flow down Brooklyn's cheeks.

Brooklyn stands, sniffing, and rushes out of the room.

Red doesn't look up from his plate.

INT. DEVIN'S CAR - DAY

Devin looks at himself in the mirror. He parts his hair

He slams the mirror shut.

A beat.

Red opens the door and hops in.

DEVIN
It's, uh, it's fucking Billy.

RED
Seriously?

DEVIN
Yep. Again.

Red slams his hand on the dash.

DEVIN
Hey! Respect the car. I'm pised
too.

RED
We ought to just kill him.

DEVIN
God. You know i would.

Devin takes off.

EXT. APARTMENT DOORS - DAY

Red and Devin stand at a door.

RED
This can't keep going on.

Devin nods and knocks on the door.

BILLY KENNEDY, an energetic and naive young man wearing a blue robe, swings the door open.

BILLY
Guys!

He hugs both of the men. They do not react.

(CONTINUED)

BILLY

What are you doing here?

RED

We got a call.

BILLY

Oh. Yeah about that. I don't she just uh-.

DEVIN

Overdosed. Again Billy. This shit can't keep happening.

BILLY

I know. I know. And it won't. I swear.

They stare.

BILLY

I swear! Never again. Come on in. Let's get this taken care of.

They follow Billy inside.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Trudy, a very dead hooker, lies on the ground against the end of the bed.

Red and Devin stand looking over her body.

DEVIN

God damn Billy. Third time. This is the third time. What the hell did u give her?

Billy sits cross legged at a table. He scratches his head.

BILLY

I don't know. Pills, heroine, coke. Definitely coke. Maybe some meth.

Devin rushes over to the table.

DEVIN

(Livid)

Are you stupid? No shit she's dead. You fed her a whole damn prescription store.

(CONTINUED)

Billy prepares a line of coke on the coffin table with a razor blade.

BILLY

And i took all that too. And I'm fine, devin. Just calm down. It was her time. God's use for her had run it's course.

DEVIN

Are you trying to say God killed that girl?

BILLY

Exactly.

Billy snorts a line of coke, followed by a sigh of relief.

Devin flips the table over, picks Billy up by the robe, and slams him against the wall.

DEVIN

(Gritting teeth) God doesn't kill hookers Billy. Coke does.

Red rushes over to break it up.

RED

Come on dev. Just keep your cool. He ain't worth it.

Devin relents and straightens his suit up.

RED

(To Billy)

Wheres your suitcase?

BILLY

Its ,uh, in the closet.

Red walks to the closet. Devin follows.

He Pulls out a rather large suitcase and dumps all the contents on the floor.

They place the case beside the hooker.

LEIGH KENNEDY, an independent like woman with natural red curls, walks in and leans against the wall.

She lights a cigarette.

Red and Devin pick the hooker up and place her in the case.

(CONTINUED)

Red notices the girl.

RED

Billy? Who the hell is that?

BILLY

Oh. Thus my sister Leigh. I called when this went down.

Red and Devin crouch over the suitcase. They stuff the girls limbs inside.

DEVIN

You asked your sister to help you with an oded hooker?

BILLY

Yes. For mental support.

With the girl almost completely in the case, they zip it up.

The men stand. Leigh looks on.

DEVIN

Billy, could I see you in the next room please? Hm?

BILLY

W- what for?

DEVIN

Just come on.

Devin walks out of the room.

Billy stands and against his better judgments follows him out the door.

A Long silence.

Red sets the case up and sits on the bed.

LEIGH

What are you gunna do with the hooker?

RED

I don't know yet. Any Suggestions?

Leigh smiles then takes a drag of her cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

LEIGH
I got a few.

INT. ANOTHER BEDROOM - DAY

Devin sits beside Billy on the edge of a bed.

DEVIN
Billy, can I be honest?

BILLY
Yeah, sure.

DEVIN
Id kill you. Right now. Bang! Dead.
Your the popcorn shell in my teeth.
But I can't. Your father and my
boss, and blah, blah bullshit. The
point is you need to stop this
party boy shenanigans and grow up.

BILLY
I, um, I don't know what to say.

Devin slaps Billy in the back of the head.

DEVIN
Do not play dumb. The coke, the
damn girls. I'm sick and tired of
getting rid of a body for you every
damn month.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Leigh sits down beside Red.

LEIGH
What I would do is throw her in
lake down that way. But that's just
me.

RED
Well, were pimps not The mafia. We
have a little class.

LEIGH
A classy pimp? That's something I'd
like to see.

(CONTINUED)

RED

Then Let me take you out baby.

Leigh Stands and walks to the table. She writes on a notepad.

She rips a note out.

She walks over to Red and hands him the note.

Red takes it and looks it over.

Devin Walks in, with Billy following.

DEVIN

Alright i think we cleared it up.
Ready red?

EXT. APARTMENT STAIRS - DAY

Red walks down the stairs holding the suitcase by the handle.

It continues to fall over on its side.

Devin watches from behind.

After it falls over again, he drags it without care.

DEVIN

No respect for the dead, huh?

RED

Shut up.

EXT. RIVERSIDE - DAY

Red and Devin pull up to a parking lot.

They set it in park and get out of the car.

They walk to the back of the car and pop the trunk open.

The suitcase sits in the middle of the trunk.

Red sighs and reaches for it.

DEVIN

Wait, Red.

Red turns to Devin then stops.

(CONTINUED)

They both stare at the case.

DEVIN

Trudy, Trudy was a good girl. She had a, um, a good heart and a sense of adventure.

DEVIN

(To Trudy) Betcha didn't think you'd end up here, did you Trudy?

Devin slightly chuckles but abruptly stops after Red stares him down.

DEVIN

May, uh, may God be with you.

Devin does a cross across his chest.

Red grabs the suitcase. Devin slams the trunk shut.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

Both men, holding the case, chunk it into the lake.

They watch it float away.

Red shoves his hands into his pocket.

Devin lights a cigarette.

A Silence.

DEVIN

Let's eat.

INT. DINER - EVENING

Red and Devin sips on sodas.

RED

Aren't you getting tired of this shit?

DEVIN

Of?

RED

Of our boss. Greg and his bullshit.

(CONTINUED)

DEVIN

Well yeah. What sane person enjoys his boss?

RED

Good point. But i mean come on. He is becoming intolerable. He lets three of the girls die just because he knows the damn dad. Thats sick.

DEVIN

No. Thats politics.

RED

There is no damn excuse. This nigga has got to stop.

DEVIN

Hey. Language. You know i don't like that word.

RED

Sorry.

Devin sips at his drink.

DEVIN

So what are you saying?

RED

I'm saying we should be take over.

DEVIN

(Smiling) Thats a nice thought indeed. But easier said than done.

RED

Why not? We just wait for the moment. And we take it. Hell, everyone hates him. The power would be just given to us.

DEVIN

Your serious?

RED

Absolutely.

DEVIN

Red, I enjoy my job. I'm a mother fucking pimp. Money, women. I mean come on. If we kill him, we have to

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEVIN (cont'd)
deal with the cops. Plus, we're not even guaranteed that all his connections will just fall on us.

RED
Devin, the cops won't know. We could kill him with like cyanide or whatever. They wont find out. I can promise you that. They never found Jimmy Hoffa.

DEVIN
Jimmy Hoffa? Because its the god damn mafia. We're pimps.

RED
And damn good pimps. Look, i'm doing it. It's decided. But I want my right hand man, right there with me? You in?

Devin just looks at him.

DEVIN
This is crazy. I ,uh, i guess.

RED
Thank you man.

A waitress brings them there food.

She slaps them down in front of the men.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

Red and Devin sit in the same waiting room.

The secretary types intently at her tiny desk.

Red sighs.

A beat.

A phone rings.

The secretary answers it.

SECRETARY
Mhmm. Okay.

She hangs up the phone.

(CONTINUED)

SECRETARY
He's ready for you.

INT. GIANT ROOM - DAY

Devin and Red sit in chairs in front of the table.

GREG
Did you take care of Billy the
other day?

DEVIN
Yes we did.

GREG
Good good. Good kid there.

The two do not reply.

GREG
I suppose you wonder why i called
you. Well, its my son. He's
intrested in the business. And i-.

Red sighs.

GREG
There a problem, Red?

RED
(Biting teeth)
No sir.

GREG
Excellent. As i was saying, i was
wondering if you two don't mind
taking him, showing him the ropes
and what not.

DEVIN
Do you think thats the best idea
Greg? You know its dangerous
sometimes.

GREG
Oh. Nonsense. This job is easier
than stripping. Just show him
around. Let him know what goes on.
The ins and outs.

INT. DEVIN'S CAR - DAY

Red is slumped in his chair; Devin sits in his rather unemotionally.

LARRY HAWK, a young energetic man with annoying tendencies, jumps into the back seat of the car.

Devin puts the car into drive and drives off.

Larry leans up, extending his hand out to Red.

LARRY

How you doing? My name is Larry.

Red looks at the hand, then Larry. Larry grins.

Red then turns away, staring out the window.

Larry slumps back.

LARRY

You guys aren't much for conversation?

A silence.

LARRY

Look, i-.

RED

(Turning to Larry)

Hey, lets just get something straight. This isn't all fun and games. Real shit, real shit.

DEVIN

You could die, you know?

RED

(Turning around)

Already.

A long silence.

INT. CAR - DAY

LARRY now sits up front with Devin.

Devin looks through binoculars.

Across the street, Red sits at a bus stop.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY
So whats he doing again?

Devin sighs.

DEVIN
Looking for new girls.

LARRY
And a bus stop is the prominent
spot for woman shopping huh?

Devin stares down Larry. Then continues looking at Red.

A young woman sits down beside Red.

Red sparks up conversation.

DEVIN
See. That easy.

INT. DEVIN'S CAR - LATE AFTERNOON

The car stops.

LARRY
Well, thanks a bunch guys. Can't
wait for tomorrow.

Larry hops out of the car.

A beat.

DEVIN
Still killing his dead?

RED
All the more reason.

INT. DEVIN'S CAR - MORNING

Larry, now dressed differently, pops back into the backseat.

Devin zooms off.

LARRY
Whats the rush Devin?

DEVIN
Some girls. Disobeying.

Red sits in his seat, loading a pistol.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

We're going to shoot them?

RED

Heaven's no. Its for effect.

LARRY

Then why are you loading it?

Red cocks the gun.

RED

The weight. Gets me into character.

INT. APARTMENT HALL - DAY

Red bangs on the apartment door.

RED

Wake the fuck up!!

GIRL

Who is it?

RED

It's red.

A beat.

A girl opens the door.

Red rushes in, with Larry and Devin following.

Red takes the room in.

About six woman are sprawled out in the room. 2 on the couch, 3 at a small table, and one in the middle.

RED

Somebody wanna explain to me what
the fuck is going on?

A silence.

Red raises his gun.

RED

It's funny because i was told,i was
told there was some bullshit
revolution going on. Anyone know
anything about that?

A beat.

(CONTINUED)

A woman exits from a back bedroom.

RED
Ah. Its jenny.

Jenny walks up to Red.

JENNY
Red.

RED
Of course, it'd be you Jenny.

JENNY
We are tired of the constant sex
with gross men, the ramen noodles,
and the damn stds.

Red laughs.

RED
You kidding me? Do i hit you lady?
Hm??? Answer me!

JENNY
No.

RED
That's right. What about the rest
of you? Have i hit a single one of
you?

A silence.

RED
Correct. Now who and the hell isn't
happy? Tell me right now and we can
work something out.

A beat.

JENNY
Me. I'm not fucking happy.

Red shoots Jenny in the abdomen.

She lunges over, coughing.

She falls to her knees.

Red places the tip of the gun at her head and stares at the
other girls.

(CONTINUED)

RED
This is what happens when you fuck
with the system. DO not fuck the
system. Please.

Red looks down at Jenny.

RED
I didn't want to do that baby. But
you left me no choice.

He moves her hair out of her eyes.

JENNY
(Reaching for breathe)
Fuck you.

Red turns and walks to the door.

RED
Someone patch her up.

Red exits, Devin and Larry follow.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - MORNING

The three men walk in silence.

INT. DEVIN'S CAR - DAY

The three men sit in silence.

A beat.

RED
Larry, i don't hit them. I treat
them good, I do this and that. But
when that happens it's just, it's
disrespectful.

Larry does not respond, just contemplates.

They drive in silence.

EXT. RED'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Red jumps out of the car.

Devin speeds off.

Red mumbles to himself. He walks up his sidewalk.

(CONTINUED)

He gets to the door.

He pulls at the knob. It's locked.

Red bangs at the door then rings the doorbell.

He waits.

A beat.

No one comes to the door.

RED
Brooklyn!!

He checks his pockets.

RED
Shit.

He bangs at the door.

RED
Baby. Come on. Don't do this.

Red kicks the door.

RED
Brooklyn. Stop this shit now!

He waits. A silence.

Red sighs and takes a seat at his door.

He lays his head against the panel.

EXT. PATIO - MORNING

The sun brightly shines onto Red's face. He slowly awakens.

Red stumbles when he stands. He rubs at his eyes.

He checks the door. It is now unlocked.

Red storms in.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Brooklyn sits at the bar, sipping a cup of coffee.

Red rushes in.

RED
What The hell is wrong with you?

BROOKLYN
What?

RED
Dont bullshit me.

Brooklyn calmly sets her mug down.

BROOKLYN
I don't know what your talking
about.

Red sits across from her at the bar.

RED
If you've got sumthin to say, you
best be sayin it.

A silence.

She looks away from Red.

RED
Okay. Fuck it. If that's what you
want.

Red stands and walks away.

EXT. DEVIN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Red bangs on an apartment door.

RED
Dev. Open up.

After A second, Devin opens the door just in his pajamas.

Red rushes in.

INT. DEVIN'S APARTMENT. - DAY

Devin Lies on his couch.

Red sits, with his head buried in his lap, on the coffee table.

RED
Seriously. Isn't that messed up?

DEVIN
Theres nothing like the scorn of a woman.

Red nods.

DEVIN(LEANING UP)
Red, You've got to leave her man.
If this is what she's doing to you.
You really have no choice.

RED
(Shaking head)
No, I'm not doing that. I love her,
she's just, just crazy.

A beat. Devin leans back in his couch.

DEVIN
Then you just deal with it.

They both sit in silence.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Red sits across from Leigh. They wine and dine in a slightly busy restaurant.

LEIGH
So what is that you exactly?

RED
Im a pimp. You know, I pimp.

LEIGH
I gathered that. I mean what do you do exactly?

Red sips his wine.

(CONTINUED)

RED

Oh well I recruit and keep em in line.

LEIGH

You don't bring your work home, I hope?

RED

No no no. Absolutely not.

Leigh nods and plays with her fork and food.

A beat.

RED

So your brother?

LEIGH

(Laughing)

Yeah. He's something else isn't he? I love em but he's a bit of a black sheep.

RED

Hes not terrible.

LEIGH

Tell that to the hooker you got rid of.

RED

(Chuckles)

Very true.

INT. LEIGH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The darkness of the apartment is interrupted by Red and Leigh.

LEIGH

Now Don't make fun of it. It's messy.

RED

Id never.

A beat. Leigh flips the lights on.

They stand in the hallway of her small, somewhat messy apartment.

Leigh sets her effects down on the counter.

(CONTINUED)

Red takes it all in, glancing around.

RED
Nah. It isn't bad at all.

LEIGH
Your Lying.

RED
No. I swear.

Leigh pushes herself onto Red. Leigh punctuates her lips onto Reds.

Red immediately embraces her.

She Hops onto Red, wrapping her legs around him.

They passionately kiss.

A beat.

Leigh stops.

LEIGH
Lets go to my room.

INT. LEIGH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Leigh lays on her bed.

Red stands at her dresser.

He pulls out his phone and wallet, places them on the dresser, and quickly strips.

Leigh twirls her hair in waiting.

Red picks his wallet up, pulls a condom out, and tosses it back down.

He walks over to Leigh.

A beat.

His phone lights up.

A beat.

It reads "Four Missed Calls: Brookie"

INT. HOUSE - MORNING

Red enters his home, quietly tip toeing across his living room.

He looks into the kitchen.

Brooklyn sits, arms crossed.

She immediately charges out of her seat.

BROOKLYN

Where and the hell where you last night?

RED

I stayed over with Devin.

BROOKLYN

I called Devin. He said you had left earlier.

Red sits down on the couch, Brooklyn follows towering over him.

BROOKLYN

Hello?!

RED

Okay, okay. Ill tell you the truth. I- stayed in a motel. I just wanted to be alone and get my thoughts clear.

Brooklyn taps her foot.

BROOKLYN

Are you lying to me?

RED

No. I swear.

A Beat.

Brooklyn sits down next to him.

BROOKLYN

Im sorry about last night baby. Ive just been missing you a lot lately.

RED

I know its hard but its going to get better soon. I promise.

(CONTINUED)

Brooklyn cuddles up to Red. He wraps his arm around her.

BROOKLYN
How do you know?

RED
Me and Dev are working on get a
raise. And ill get WAY better
hours.

Brooklyn looks up at Red. Red stares back.

RED
What?

BROOKLYN
Don't do anything stupid.

RED
I wont. I never do baby.

They lay in silence.

INT. DEVIN'S CAR - NIGHT

Devin and Red sit within his car in the front of a huge house.

DEVIN
Now we've got several options. Guns
or poison.

Devin holds a pistol and a bottle of arsenic.

A Beat.

RED
That's it?

DEVIN
Yes.

RED
Okay then. How about we poison his
drink? And if something goes wrong
we shoot him dead?

DEVIN
AH. I dont know.

(CONTINUED)

RED

Well what the hell else would we do?

DEVIN

Valid point. Alright. Lets do this shit.

Devin slips the poison in his coat pocket then straps his gun to his waist.

Red extends his fist out.

RED

Pimps for life?

DEVIN

Pimps for life.

Devin pounds Red's fist. Both explode their fists after.

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

Two huge brown doors are at the center of a living room filled with men in suits, slutty women(some married, some working girls), and wine on several tables scattered throughout.

The men and their women mingle with the likes of Gregory, his son Larry, The Kennedy's, and others.

Red and Devin stroll through the doors.

A beat. The two eye through the party.

Devin grabs a glass off of a passing waitress's plate.

He gulps it down.

RED

Carpe diem nigga.

Devin finishes his drink, tossing the glass at his side.

DEVIN

Already.

Susan Stravinsky, a rich housewife, trots up to Devin.

SUSAN

Devin! How are you? Its been too long. You must meet my husband.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN (cont'd)
He's in the oil business. I'm sure
you'd have a fond conversation.

DEVIN
Well actually.

SUSAN
(Interrupting)
Nonsense. I insist.

Susan intertwines her arm around Devin's wrist and pulls him away.

After a moment, Red begins to mingle around the party.

He notices Greg talking to a group.

He stops and waits behind him.

A beat.

Greg turns and notices Red.

GREG
Red! How are you?

RED
Im fine.

GREG
That's great.

Greg walks with Red following.

GREG
Now the girls are in the back room.
Please make sure they don't pull
anything tonight. Its a very
important night.

Red nods along.

Greg spots someone and forces his way over to them.

GREG
There he is.

Rover Kennedy(45), his son Billy behind him wearing bright sunglasses, and his daughter Leigh beside them off to the side.

Rover immediately hugs Greg.

(CONTINUED)

ROVER

GREGORY! Marvelous party i must say.

GREG

Thank you Rover, thank you. How are you Billy?

BILLY

I'm good.

Billy rubs at his nose.

GREG

And Leigh. Beautiful Leigh. How are you doll?

LEIGH

(Hugging Greg)

I'm fine Greg. How about yourself?

GREG

I am just fantastic. Rover, have you met my number one employee?

Red walks up to Rover. They shake hands.

JASON

Why no i haven't? But I've heard plenty of you Red. You know i hear you can keep any of the working girls quiet without lifting a single finger.

Red slightly blushes.

RED

Well, sir i don't know about that.

JASON

Nonsense. I can not tell you the many a times i had to just smack a girl to get her to shut her fucking face.

Billy, Rover, and Greg cackle at the joke.

Red stares at Leigh. Leigh chews at the tip of her wine glass.

GREG

Let me take you to my son. He's been dying to meet you.

(CONTINUED)

Greg and Rover rush off, followed by Billy and Leigh.

Red watches them walk away.

Devin runs up.

DEVIN

Sorry about that. Some old hoes.

RED

No biggie. Lets go check out the drinks.

INT. MANSION'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Red and Devin stroll into the kitchen.

A woman prepares drinks on a cabinet.

She pours wine into about twenty identical glasses and one giant sized goblet like glass.

Devin swings the fridge open and sifts through. Red slyly checks at the girl while looking around.

The woman sets the bottle down and leaves the room.

Red rushes over to the glasses. Devin, after a delay, follows.

RED

(Smiling)

Which one do you think is Greg's?

Devin pulls out the tiny thing of arsenic.

He taps it into the goblet till every last drop falls.

They stare into the goblet. The drink and arsenic slowly mix together.

DEVIN

To better employment benefits.

RED

To the benefits.

INT. MANSION'S DINING HALL - NIGHT

A huge rectangular dining table laced with golden trim, candles, and other increments sits ten people on either side.

Greg sits at the edge of the table in a throne like thing. His son Larry to his left and the Kennedy's to his left.

Red and Devin sit on the left towards the end.

Greg stands.

GREG

Good evening to all. I'd like to personal thank all of you for coming to this event. Please indulge on the food and enjoy this fine wine.

Everyone claps. Greg sits.

Several women enter from two double doors. Some carry drinks, others food.

At the end of the line, one woman carries the goblet on a solid silver plate.

The women set the drinks at each person. They set the food in the middle.

Red and Devin watch the goblet be carried along the path.

The last woman sets the goblet down beside the now, once again, standing Greg.

Greg grips the goblet and raises it.

GREG

Tonight is a night of new beginnings, for friends and family.

Everyone stares patiently.

GREG

For my eldest friend, Rover, I would like you to drink from my goblet if you'd be willing.

Rover stands.

(CONTINUED)

ROVER
I would be glad too old pal.

Greg hands Rover the goblet.

Rover carefully cups the goblet. Greg grabs a glass of wine.

GREG
A toast.

Everyone grabs there glasses and raises them.

GREG
To (A Beat) new beginnings.

Everyone tips there glasses to the nearest glass.

Greg gulps his wine down. Rover carefully sips at the goblet.

A beat. Greg and Rover sit.

Devin leans over to Red.

DEVIN
Plan?

RED
Let it play out.

Everyone begins eating.

A phone rings. Larry grabs his phone.

LARRY
Yes. Alright. Ill be there in a bit.

Larry stands and walks to his Dad.

LARRY
I've got to go. The wife. Can you do it with out me?

GREG
Absolutely. You go ahead. Take care of your obligations. I understand. Just be prepared for work at 7 in the morning.

LARRY
Oh. Absolutely father.

Larry hurries out of the room.

Greg wipes his mouth and stands.

GREG

I'm sorry for my son's leaving, he has a few matters to attend to. But i suppose its time for the big announcement. I am retiring from the family business.

Most gasp. Red and Devin's jaws drop.

GREG

But it is okay. For it will be staying in the family. My son will be take over in my leave.

After a moment, everyone claps.

Red and Devin sits in silence and anger.

Red grips his fist.

INT. DEVIN'S CAR - NIGHT

Red lays in the passenger seat.

RED

Wanna explain to me why that old guy isn't dead?

DEVIN

I don't know. Maybe he's immune.

RED

Immune to arsenic?

DEVIN

Hell if i know. Maybe it takes a few hours.

Red fidgets with his watch then sets his seat back.

He closes his eyes.

A beat.

INT. DEVIN'S CAR - LATER

Red now sleeps in a peculiar position. Devin the same.
Red's watch lights up and begins to beep.
After a second, Red jolts awake. He looks at his watch.
Its reads "1:00"
He rubs at his eyes then pushes Devin awake.

INT. MANSION HALL - NIGHT

Red and Devin tip-toe in a dark hallway. Red grips a pistol.
They reach a door.

RED
(Whispering)
Open it.

DEVIN
(Whispering)
Why?

RED
Because i've got the gun.

DEVIN
So?

RED
You serious?

DEVIN
What?

RED
Shut up.

Red carefully turns the doorknob and pushes the door open.

INT. MANSION BEDROOM - NIGHT

Red creeps past the dresser and onto the right side of the bed. Devin follows and onto the left side of the bed.

Red raises his gun.

Greg lays in his sleep with a slight snore.

(CONTINUED)

Red and Devin stop.

Greg rolls over, showing his back to Red.

Red stares over at Devin.

A beat.

Red pulls the trigger.

BLACKOUT.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

An open casket sits in the middle of the room. A preacher stands next to it at a podium.

Many people sit throughout the church most dressed in black.

PREACHER

Today is not a day of mourning but
a day of celebration for the life
of one Rover Kennedy.

Red sits on the front row, a crying Leigh on one side and a nonchalant Devin on the other.

PREACHER

Rover was a pillar to his
community. A father to his children
and a friend to those in need.

Leigh continues to cry. Red rubs her leg.

PREACHER

Let us pay our respect with the
ringing of bells? (Google what that
is)

A man begins to ring a bell.

LEIGH

(Under her breathe)
That son of a bitch.

RED

What?

LEIGH

Greg, poisoned my dad.

She begins to ball out tears. Red hugs her.

(CONTINUED)

The bell ringing continues.

The Preacher mouths a prayer to himself.

Everyone looks on.

Rover lays within his casket.

The final bell rings.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Red slumps back within his spiny chair, his legs propped onto a table.

He whistles a tune to himself.

He pops his feet down, takes a deep breathe, exhales, and smiles to himself.

Larry, wearing a suit, pushes the doors open and runs in.

RED
(Standing up)
Larry! How are you?

LARRY
Don't you play coy with me you son
of a bitch.

RED
I have no idea what your talking
about.

Larry reaches his desk.

LARRY
Bullshit.

RED
Oh. I see.

Red sits down.

RED
I am sorry to hear about your dad.
Have they found him?

LARRY
You know damn well they haven't.
You don't find a dead man.

(CONTINUED)

RED
Nice to see your faith intact.

LARRY
(Slamming his fist on the desk)
God damn it Red.

Red begins to pour himself a drink.

RED
Could you please use less coarse language and sit please?

Larry sits down in a chair.

LARRY
Red. You know this is my business.
Not yours and your little friend.

Red sips at his whiskey.

RED
It may not be my place. But it sounds to me that your more interested in this business than your missing father.

LARRY
Red. Don't play stupid. You know why i came her. Not for my father for my business.

Red pulls out his pistol and places it on his desk, pointed at Larry.

He sets his glass down.

RED
Let's get something straight. This is my company. I have given my life to your father. I am the best damn pimp in this business and I will not have an inexperienced prick come in here and take over my deserving spot.

A silence.

Larry stands.

LARRY
(Buttoning his coat)
Alright. Okay. I understand. May
the best white man win.

Larry turns and walks out of the room.

Red looks on.

A silence.

INT. HOME - DAY

Red walks through his home. He reaches his bedroom.

Brooklyn naps on the bed.

Red knocks the door, Brooklyn jolts awake.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Red strolls in the room.

BROOKLYN
What time is it?

Red lays beside her.

RED
Little after four.

BROOKLYN
What are you doing home?

RED
I'm off.

BROOKLYN
(Staring at Red)
Really?

Red rubs her cheek.

RED
(Smiling)
Yup.

Red kisses her once. A pause.

They begin to make out.

Red kicks his shoes off.

(CONTINUED)

Red's phone rings.

RED
(Sighing)
Son of a bitch.

Red stands and answers the phone.

RED
What? (PAUSE) Look can't you go
handle it? (PAUSE) For Christ sake.
Okay. I'll be there.

He flips his phone shut.

BROOKLYN
You have to go don't you?

RED
I know. I'm sorry. I'm just as
angry.

Brooklyn rolls away from Red.

BROOKLYN
Whatever Red.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

Red busts through the door, closing it behind him.

Devin stands over an angry New Yorker, wearing just a shirt
with a bloody nose.

DEVIN
Here he is. Explain it to him.

Red walks up.

NEW YORKER
Look. I told you already. Some guys
came in and they talked to the
girls and followed em right out.

RED
Why didn't you do something?

NEW YORKER
I did. One of the assholes punched
me.

Red nods and looks to Devin.

(CONTINUED)

He laughs.

RED
Larry wants to play. Let's play.

Red walks to the door.

NEW YORKER
I better get a refund!

Red pauses then walks on out.

INT. DEVIN'S CAR - NIGHT

They park in front of a building.

RED
He should be here any minute.

DEVIN
Who?

RED
You'll see.

A silence.

Royce Jones, a big black man, exits the building and makes his way to Devin's car.

Royce leans over into the car window.

RED
Royce ,My main man, how it going?

ROYCE
Good like it should. You know.

RED
Already. What you got for me?

Royce pulls out a paper and hand sit to Red.

Red snatches it and opens it up.

Its a map with tiny circles drawn in precise locations.

ROYCE
He's gunna have his men start canvassing for girls where you see. and apparently grow from there.

Red looks over the map.

RED
And you sure?

ROYCE
Yup.

Red wraps the map up and shakes Royce's hand.

RED
Thanks thug.

Royce backs up and nods.

They drive off.

DEVIN
Why exactly are we doing this?
Larry aint got a thing. We've got
the upper hand.

RED
It's about the principal behind
him. If he challenges me, and i
don't make an example of his ass
then everyone'll start doing it and
i will not allow that.

EXT. APARTMENT HALLS - NIGHT

Red dials in his cellphone and puts it to his ear.

RED
Hey baby. I'm gunna end up being
late tonight.

Red walks through a hallway, passing up doors.

RED
I'm sorry. Don't do that girl.
Im a busy man.

Red stops in front of a door.

RED
What? Hello?

He looks at his phone.

RED
(Putting phone away)
Bitch.

Red knocks on the door.

(CONTINUED)

After a moment, Leigh answers the door.

Red strolls inside, Leigh closing the door.

INT. LEIGH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Red lays with Leigh in the bed.

RED
Can you believe that though?

Leigh does not answer.

LEIGH
(Crying)
No.

Red turns to Leigh.

RED
What's wrong, baby?

LEIGH
My dad.

Leigh falls into his chest. Red grips her.

RED
Oh. Baby, im sorry. I am girl.

Red looks up.

LEIGH
I miss him so much. He was my rock.

Red sighs.

RED
Leigh There's something i need to
tell you.

Leigh leans up, wiping her tears.

LEIGH
What?

RED
Greg didn't poison your father.

LEIGH
What are you talking about?

Red leans up.

RED
Well me and Devin were trying to
kill Greg. so yeah.

LEIGH
(Raising voice)
What the hell are you trying to
say?

RED
Me and Devin poisoned Greg's drink.
Which your father drank.

Leigh sits in silence, her jaw dropped.

RED
But baby It was an accident. Honest
to good.

Leigh does not reply.

RED
Baby.

LEIGH
Who put the posion in the cup?

RED
Does that really matter?

Leigh smacks Red in the mouth.

LEIGH
Who Red?

A beat.

RED
Devin did. But it was an -.

LEIGH
Get out of my house.

RED
Baby.

LEIGH
Get the fuck out of my house! Now.

Red pauses then stands.

RED

Does this mean were through or what?

Leigh falls on her bed and cries furiously.

After a moment, Red leaves.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Red walks into the house, throwing his phone and keys on the counter.

Brooklyn comes rushing in the room.

BROOKLYN

You promised this wouldn't be happening again Red.

Red sighs and grabs himself a soda.

RED

Im not in the mood Brook.

BROOKLYN

Your not in the mood? How about I'm not in the mood. Half the damn day I spend alone.

Red sits on the bar in silence.

Brooklyn sits down beside him.

A beat.

BROOKLYN

Are you cheating on me?

RED

What? No. Of course not.

Brooklyn nods.

BROOKLYN

Then who's fucking perfume do I smell?

Red sips his soda.

RED

Im a pimp. I pimp hoes. I'm sure it's one of the girls. Why are you so damn controlling?

(CONTINUED)

Red jumps up and walks into the living room.

A beat. Brooklyn follows.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Red sits down, grabs the remote and turns the television on.

Brooklyn stands over him.

BROOKLYN
How long have you been cheating?

Red turns the tv volume up.

BROOKLYN
How long??!

A beat.

BROOKLYN
How fucking long?

RED
Months Brooklyn! Fucking months.
Good god. Maybe if you weren't such
a nagging bitch I wouldn't of had
to.

Brooklyn stands in shock.

Red stares back at the television.

Brooklyn walks out of the room.

Red Sips his soda and watches the tv.

A silence.

Brooklyn rushes back into the room, suitcase in hand.

She goes to speak but stops. A beat.

She inhales then exhales.

BROOKLYN
(Verge of tears)
Goodbye.

Brooklyn stomps out of the room.

Red stares blankly.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Red sits at his desk, sifting through a ton of papers.

He presses he telephone.

RED

June, could you come in here.

A beat. June, a young white girl, runs into the room.

JUNE

Sir?

RED

Yeah. I'm just going through our paperwork and it looks like to me that we're not making our money back.

June stares, twiddling her fingers.

JUNE

Well sir. We've lost alot of the girls lately.

Red nods and drops his papers.

RED

And how do you suppose we change that?

June shrugs her soldier.

Red takes off his glasses, sets them down, and lies back in his chair.

He rubs his eyes.

RED

Okay. Then lets try to figure something out to fix it,hm?

JUNE

Well, its easy sir. Get rid of the competition.

RED

Competition? You think Larry and his gang of women beaters are competition? No. By no means. Their thieves and tyrants and i will not have this company soiled with dirty

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RED (cont'd)
tactics. No. We'll raise the rates
of our girls, comb for some more,
and your fired. That should do it.

JUNE
Fired?

June begins to tear up.

RED
Yep. Now please leave. Ive had to
many women cry on me as of late.

June rushes out of the room.

INT. DE
VIN'S APARTMENT. - DAY

Devin walks into his apartment, shutting the door behind
him.

A brown envelope lies in front of his door.

Devin scoops it up.

DEVIN
Finally.

Devin sits at his couch, ripping the package and reaching
inside.

He pulls out a stack of cash.

Devin grins, counting the cash.

He stops, recounting it.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Red sits at his desk, eating Chinese food.

Devin rushes in, he throws the envelope onto the desk.

Red halts his eating.

DEVIN
What was the point of killing two
people for me to loose my raise?

(CONTINUED)

RED

Devin. We had to make some changes.

Devin pushes off everything from Red's desk.

DEVIN

And how much did your cut go down?

RED

Devin.

DEVIN

How fucking much?

RED

None.

Devin pauses, rubbing his hand through his hair.

DEVIN

Look at you. Sitting there in that desk like you own something.

Red jolts up.

RED

I own this and everything you see!
How dare you?

DEVIN

Own what Red? It's all gone. The girls, the money, your damn secretary, and now your best friend.

Devin Marches out.

Red stands over his desk in silence.

RED

I don't need you. I don't need you!!

A beat.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Red stares into a microwave at a rotating TV dinner.

A silence. It beeps.

INT. SHOWER - NIGHT

Red stands in the shower, water pelting across his face.

A beat.

He turns the water off and stands in silence.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Red lays in his bed, arched on a pillow.

He stares at the television.

He sighs and grabs the remote.

He turns it off and slumps back in his bed.

Red stares up at the rotating ceiling fan.

A silence.

The phone lights up and rings loudly.

Red, startled, answers it.

RED
Hello?

LEIGH(O.S)
(Low Voice)
Hello Red.

RED
Leigh?

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

Leigh, with her phone to her ear, sitting in a rocking chair rocks slowly backs in forth in the corner of a dark-lit room staring into the distance.

LEIGH
Hello Red.

RED (O.S)
Whats wrong leigh?

LEIGH
(Low voice)
Oh nothing. How about you?

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

Red Leans up.

RED

Leigh i can barely hear you. Where are you at? Let's meet somewhere. I don't want this conversation over the phone.

LEIGH

Could i sing you a song Red?

RED

What?

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

Leigh, still rocking, begins to sing a song.

LEIGH

(Singing)

It's a shame, he had to die this way. It's a shame he had to die.

RED (O.S)

Leigh? What are you doing?

Leigh stands.

LEIGH

Its a shame he had to die this way. It's a shame he had to die.

Leigh begins to tip-toe across the room.

RED

Leigh? Darling? Stop this.

LEIGH

(Picking a gun up from a nearby table) It a shame we had to die this way. It's a shame we had to die.

Leigh halts, dropping the phone.

It lands at her feet.

RED (O.S)

Leigh?! Leigh?! Answer me.

Leigh points the gun at the floor.

(CONTINUED)

A motionless Devin lays in the floor, a blood soaked hammer near his skull.

Leigh pumps two bullets into Devin then shoots herself in the skull.

Her Body and gun falls down limp next to the telephone.

RED (O.S)
Leigh?!!! (A beat.) Leigh?

FADE OUT

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

A long line of black suit and dress wearing men and women disperse from around a grave, heading in many directions.

Red walks up to the grave.

The tombstone reads "Leigh Kennedy" among other things.

Red places a red rose on the grave.

He stares at the stone.

RED
(Verge of tears)
I just wanted to bring you this
rose. It's um red like your hair.

Red breaks down in tears.

RED
Im sorry Leigh. This is all my
fault. I uh never meant for this to
happen. Any of it. I just wanted
what I deserved or thought I
deserved. But I lost everything in
the process.

Red wipes the tears from his face and stands a little straighter.

RED
Leigh. I loved you and we could've
been something great. But I fucked
it up. I fucked it up. And i'm
sorry.

After a moment, Red walks off.

EXT. OTHER GRAVEYARD - DAY

A tombstone reading "Devin" sits on a fresh grave.

Red walks up to it, sits on it, and lights a cigarette.

He takes a puff then exhales.

RED

You know Dev, I'd love to blame you
for this shit and putting the idea
into my head, but.

Red Takes another puff of the cigarette and exhales once
again.

RED (CONT)

But from the inception of the idea,
a true mans heart would've known to
stop right then and there. I'm
nothing now, less than nothing. I'm
just a dirty, cheating, no good
weak handed pimp.

Red looks up at a passing bird. He looks back and tosses the
cigarette.

Red stands.

RED

Thank you for the time Devin. Carpe
diem Nigga. Carpe diem.

Red walks off.

EXT. PARKBENCH - DAY

Red now sits a bus stop bench, a piece of paper and pencil
in his hands.

Red looks at the paper.

Its reads "Dear Brooklyn,"

A beat. He jots down "If you weren't such a" but quickly
erases it.

He looks around, thinking.

He jots down " I took you for granted, and for that I'm
sorry. I'll always love you."

He signs in big letters RED.

(CONTINUED)

He folds it, shoves it in an envelope and stamps it.

The bus pulls up, several people hussle to get on.

Red jumps up, he quickly slips the letter in a nearby mailbox and hops on the bus.

EXT. NICE BUILDING - DAY

Red hops off the bus in front of a rather big, beautiful building.

Red inhales and walks straight into the front door.

INT. LARRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Red strolls into Larry's office accompanied by a secretary.

SECRETARY

He'll be in soon. Have a seat please.

RED

Thank you mam.

SECRETARY

Whats the relation again sir?

RED

Oh. Cousins.

SECRETARY

Ill be sure to let him know your here.

The secretary leaves, closing the doors behind him.

Red makes he way to his chair, gazing about the room.

A Huge mahogany desk, books shelves filled to the brim with books, fancy artwork on the walls, an old record player, even a minifrig and microwave behind the desk.

Red Takes his seat in front of the desk.

He sits in silence.

Larry rushes in wearing his suit and tie.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

My secretary said you were my
cousin.

Larry can now make put Red.

LARRY

Ah. Red. You must have a death wish
coming in here.

RED

I suggest you call your men.

Larry situates his suit and takes his seat behind the desk.

LARRY

And why would I do that?

RED

(Reiterating) I suggest you
call your men.

LARRY

Blank threats do not have any
impact on me, Red. You've got
nothing. By default, I have nothing
to worry about.

Red looks over at the record player.

RED

Does that thing work?

LARRY

That? I believe so.

Red continues staring.

LARRY

I heard about Devin. Such a shame.

RED

(Snapping)
Do not soil his name with your
mouth.

LARRY

Look i was just trying to be nice.

Red does not reply.

LARRY

What do you want Red?

RED

I want you to call your men and tell them to hurry it's an emergency.

Red pulls out a pistol, cocks it, and lays it on the edge of the desk.

RED

Now.

Larry, growing concerned, grabs his phone and calls his men.

LARRY

Hey, i need you to get to the office there's a man here to kill me.

Larry hangs the phone up.

LARRY

Red. This is just poor sportsmanship.

RED

Larry. I've been in this business for over ten years. Working my way up through hard work like most of the pimps. But I was different. Never hit a girl. And I wanted to change the pimp landscape. But then i've got some white scum come in and take my job, my hard work.

Larry leans back in his chair.

LARRY

Somebody sounds bitter. Red, its a business. This stuff happens. Deal with it brotha. Business is business.

Red leans forward in his chair.

RED

And a pimps gotta do what a pimps gotta do.

Red snatches up his pistol and fires at twice.

Larry falls back, lifeless, flipping his chair over.

(CONTINUED)

Red sets the pistol down and slumps back in his chair.
He exhales.

INT. CAR - DAY

Three lack men, including Royce speed down a highway.
Royce and another man load their guns in the back seat.

INT. LARRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Red stands from his chair and walks over to the record
player.

He looks through a bunch of old records.

He chooses the record " Dinah Washington: Stormy Weather"

He places it on the record player and sets the needle on
top.

It begins to spin. Red takes his seat behind the desk.

He fidgets with several of the desk supplies.

Red grabs a pen and scribbles on a notepad.

He tosses the pen.

EXT. NICE BUILDING - DAY

A car halts in front of the building.

The men jump out of the car, guns in hand and rush into the
building.

INT. LARRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Red looks around the room, whistling the tune to himself.

A beat.

Red reaches over the desk and grabs the pistol.

INT. HALL - DAY

The men run through a hall.

At the end are two double doors.

INT. LARRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Red inhales, then props his feet onto the desk.

A faint yelling can be heard in the distance.

Red stares at the doors.

A beat.

Red Firmly cocks his pistol.