

Call of Survival

IN BLACK

The words "Hunger can make a thief of any man. -Sai Zhenzhu" appear.

A Man is heard panting heavily. The heavy breaths are not so much from fatigue but from fright.

A moment passes and A POLICE OFFICER'S Voice is heard on a Bull horn.

POLICE OFFICER

(O.S)

We have the building surrounded!
This is your last chance to
surrender peacefully. You have ten
seconds to decide, then we will
storm the building.

The Man's breathing is now in sync with his heartbeat. A level of calmness is now evident. As the man takes deeper more controlled breathes.

Fade In:

We stare deep into the Man's wide eyes for the first time. They are red and filled with water. SIRENS are heard. Sweat beads drip from the Man's face.

POLICE OFFICER

(O.S)

Times up!

The Man forms a "wild cowboy" eyed look as he takes a deep breath. He cocks his gun, stands up and walks out of view. A flurry of GUNSHOTS are heard.

EXT. A CITY BLOCK - NIGHT

Year 2000

Two TEENAGE BOYS walk down an old city block. We know them as SYDNEY WASHINGTON and TROY WINSTEAD.

Sydney is a handsome, young man with a boyish charm. His walk and talk are the pinnacle of his privileged up-bringing, however while he is talking to his friend he speaks in slang.

Troy, is the complete opposite. He is rough and weathered. He is slightly older than Sydney but his looks wouldn't show it. His clothes are sagged and baggy and his speech is visceral.

(CONTINUED)

Troy mimes dribbling a ball through his legs.

TROY

Nigga did you see that last shot.
Kobe had those chumps like...

Troy pantomimes crossing over and shooting an imaginary ball into the air.

SYDNEY

He is the best. That's it. Nobodies better.

Sydney yells out.

SYDNEY

Fuck Jordan!

TROY

I wanna be just like him.

SYDNEY

Kobe?

TROY

Yeah man, millions of fans
screaming for me. People wearing my
jersey. Shit I'd be on top of the
world.

A shiny Luxury car pulls up to a building down the street. A

MAN wearing a suit and a WOMAN wearing a fancy evening dress are escorted out by the building's Door Man.

Troy and Sydney look on as they pass by.

SYDNEY

Damn, now that's what I want to be like. A boss. With a fly girlie on each arm.

Troy pushes Sydney

TROY

Too bad you ugly.

Sydney grabs Troy and jokingly places him in a headlock

SYDNEY

Too bad you are just another broke ass nigga, without a jump shot.

Sydney and Troy start to wrestle in the middle of the street. Their playful tussle becomes a slap boxing match.

Sydney's cell phone starts to RING.

SYDNEY
Hold up, my phone.

Sydney answers his phone.

SYDNEY
Hello.

Sydney listens to the person on the other end. His facial expression drastically changes from happy to annoyed.

SYDNEY
No. No... Dad we went to the
basketball game.

TROY
What your pops want?

SYDNEY
No... No sir. It's just Troy's
grandmother got us... Yes sir...No
sir, I don't know around fifteen
minutes... Yes sir.

Sydney hangs up the phone.

TROY
Was he tripp'in again?

SYDNEY
Something like that.

TROY
Look whatever man, Let's go get
some food. I'm hungrier than a
mother fucker. Come on, let's go to
Jane's down the street.

SYDNEY
Naw man, I got to head home. We
suppose to have people over or
something tomorrow.

TROY
Yeah.

Sydney and Troy share an embrace and part ways down the street.

Troy turns around and watches Sydney walk further and further away. He shakes his head in disgust.

INT. WASHINGTON HOUSE - NIGHT

A group of BUSINESSMAN sit around a table. They are discussing business matters.

The room is filled with cigar and pipe smoke. Boxes of files and diagrams are scattered over the table.

A large African American gentleman smoking a pipe walks into the room. He is in his early forties. His name is LINCOLN WASHINGTON.

Lincoln shuffles through a hand full of papers.

LINCOLN

You see, these projections for this quarter simply do not add up.

A YOUNG BUSINESSMAN grabs a diagram.

YOUNG BUSINESSMAN

Well sir, we have determined that the reason for the loss, is the demographic that we are...

LINCOLN

I don't want to hear excuses. I want to hear solutions. We merge with Amnesty International in less than a year. We can't afford to be lack luster. Spinks!? Where are we with the numbers?

ALLEN SPINKS, an older banker, and Lincoln's right hand man, removes his glasses.

ALLEN

Well as of last week we are at 65 active. 2 inactive.

LINCOLN

That's good, real good. Now we...

Lincoln is interrupted by Sydney's entrance. They share a silent look.

SYDNEY

Dad.

Everyone turns to look at Sydney. Lincoln doesn't respond.

(CONTINUED)

SYDNEY

Whatever. I'm going upstairs. I'll see you in the morning.

LINCOLN

Sydney! 8 am.

SYDNEY

I know.

Sydney walks upstairs as Lincoln turns his attention back to the meeting.

LINCOLN

Sorry about that. Now where was I?

EXT./INT. CHUB'S POOL HALL - DAY

Two WINO'S are standing at the entrance of Chub's Pool Hall. They pass a forty ounce bottle between themselves.

Troy approaches them. The Wino's greet him with a simple head nod as he walks into the Pool Hall.

The crowd inside the Pool Hall, doesn't differ far from the two Wino's at the door. The room isn't full, but the regulars are going about business as usual.

Troy makes his way to the back of the room, where Three older Men are sitting. They are playing Dominoes drinking and talking loud. MARION "CHUBS" BOYD, the owner of the Pool Hall slams a domino down on the table. He is a burly "OG" type of hustler. Kelly Debeaux, a man in his mid 40's buries his head in his hands. Shamed by his poor play. He doesn't take losing well.

CHUBS

I told you, this is a game for grown folks.

KELLY

Whateva Nigga. The game ain't over yet.

CHUBS

You right! Maybe when I beat you in bones, I'll whoop you're ass in spades.

KELLY

Keep on talking shit.

Chubs slams another domino on the table. Kelly notices Troy.

(CONTINUED)

KELLY

Now what is yo' young ass doing in here.

TROY

What you think I'm doing, trying to make that paper.

Kelly and the other men burst into laughter. Chubs gestures for Troy to take a seat.

CHUBS

How you been?

TROY

Cool.

CHUBS

Cool?

TROY

Yeah man.

CHUBS

You wanna work?

TROY

That's why I'm here ain't I?

Kelly starts to laugh again. No one takes Troy serious because of his age, but they tolerate him.

TROY

What the fuck is so funny?

KELLY

You toy nigga!

TROY

Whatever man.

CHUBS

Alright, leave the boy alone Kelly.

TROY

It's like this, I'm ready to work if you need me to.

CHUBS

Is that right? What kind of work you wanna do?

(CONTINUED)

TROY
I'm down for whatever.

CHUBS
OK.

Kelly picks up a briefcase and hands it to Chubs. He opens it and pulls out a picture.

CHUBS
I need you to go make a collection for me.

Chubs slides the picture to Troy.

CHUBS
His name is Calhoun. That motherfucker owes me seven bills.

TROY
It's done.

CHUBS
Collect first, then make sure he knows who its from.

Troy, picking up on Chub's meaning grins in excitement.

TROY
I'm going to handle this.

Troy shares an embrace with Chubs and leaves.

The Men sitting at the table resume their game of Dominoes.

EXT. COLLEGE PREP OFFICE - DAY

Sydney is lead out of a office by an IVY LEAGUE RECRUITER. They are shaking hands.

Lincoln watches on with a pleased look.

IVY LEAGUE RECRUITER
It was very nice meeting you Sydney.

SYDNEY
Thanks.

IVY LEAGUE RECRUITER
I know I told you this before but, Princeton could use a man like you.

LINCOLN
That's exactly what I said.

IVY LEAGUE RECRUITER
I want to thank you again Mr.
Washington for the donation.

LINCOLN
Whatever I can do to help.

SYDNEY
Alright man, I think we got to get
going.

LINCOLN
We look forward to sending in that
letter of intent.

IVY LEAGUE RECRUITER
I hope so, thanks again gentleman.

The Recruiter walks back into her office. Lincoln's smile
turns into a look of disdain as he glares at Sydney.

LINCOLN
What is your problem?

SYDNEY
What?

LINCOLN
Why were you being rude?

SYDNEY
(under his breath)
Oh my god.

LINCOLN
That recruiter was practically
watering at the mouth because of
you. Now I have worked hard to make
sure you get into this school.

SYDNEY
Why, I don't even know if I want to
go to college.

Sydney walks away, and down the hall as Lincoln follows.

EXT. A CITY BLOCK - DAY, CONT.

Lincoln grabs Sydney's arm and slings him around. Sydney yanks away in defiance.

LINCOLN
Don't walk away from me, when I am talking to you.

SYDNEY
Look man, you are doing to much.

LINCOLN
What?

SYDNEY
You doing to much, calm down.

LINCOLN
I did not raise you to be some common hood. Talk like you have some sense.

SYDNEY
Lets go, OK.

LINCOLN
All I want is for all of this to be easier for you one day. I want you to have better. Why do you have to fight me?

SYDNEY
Dad, I get it OK, let's go.

Sydney's cell phone RINGS. He answers

SYDNEY
Yo.

Lincoln shakes his head in disgust.

SYDNEY
Where you at? Oh yeah? I'm about a few blocks up the road. Yeah... Yeah cool, I'll meet you there. Later... Look man, I gotta go. I'll be home later.

LINCOLN
I'm not done talking to you.

(CONTINUED)

SYDNEY

We will continue later. I gotta run.

Sydney takes off down the street, while Lincoln is left standing confused.

EXT. A CITY CORNER - DAY

Troy leans against a building. He is drinking a can of beer. He spots Sydney crossing the street.

TROY

What's up man.

The Two boys tap their fist together.

SYDNEY

What's up.

TROY

Want some?

Troy offers a drink of his beer.

SYDNEY

I'm straight. What are you doing up town?

TROY

I got some business to take care of. What about you?

SYDNEY

I had a college thing my Dad made me go to.

TROY

Oh yeah? How'd that go?

Sydney nonchalantly shrugs.

SYDNEY

Its whatever.

TROY

You trying to be Joe College, or what?

SYDNEY

I don't know what I'm trying to do.

(CONTINUED)

TROY
You should go.

SYDNEY
Man, I don't know.

A large man walks outside of a building across the street from Troy and Sydney. His name is FREDDY CALHOUN. He is a fat slob.

Troy notices him.

TROY
There's that motherfucker right there.

Sydney looks around confused.

SYDNEY
Who?

Troy chugs the rest of his beer and cracks his knuckles.

TROY
You want to roll with me?

SYDNEY
I got you man.

Troy and Sydney walk in the direction of Calhoun, who has begun eating a Street Vendor hot dog.

SYDNEY
Who is this dude?

TROY
Some fat motherfucker who owes Chubs money. He needs to learn whose running shit around here.

Troy pulls another full can of beer out of his jacket and begins shaking it.

SYDNEY
How you wanna get him?

Before Sydney can blink, Troy launches the can of beer.
WHAM!

The can crashes against the side of Calhoun's head. Calhoun crumbles to the floor holding his ear.

Troy stands over him viciously kicking him in the gut.

(CONTINUED)

TROY
Where is the money? Where's the
money?

CALHOUN
You motherfuckers!

TROY
Come on Syd, get you some.

Sydney sees that Calhoun is starting to get to his feet, so he joins in, delivering the beating.

TROY
Pay yo' debt bitch.

Troy reaches in Calhoun's pockets and grabs a handful of crumpled bills.

Sydney continues to deliver violent kicks to what is now a bloody heap.

TROY
Next time you try to fuck with
Chubs, you might wanna make sure
you can pay.

Troy seals the deal with one last kick to Calhoun's mid section. Then he looks around and notices all of the witnesses that have just seen the brutal beating.

TROY
Lets get outta here Syd.

The two boys take off running down the street as Calhoun sits up.

His face is covered with blood as he spits out a wad full.

EXT. CHUB'S POOL HALL - DAY

Troy and Sydney run around the corner, as they laugh and re-enact the assault. They both come to a stop in front of Chub's Pool Hall.

Sydney leans on the wall and tries to catch his breath, as Troy pulls the wad of crumpled bills out of his pocket.

He tries to count, but burst into laughter.

(CONTINUED)

TROY
(Laughing)
Did you see that bitch hit the
ground when I threw that can?

SYDNEY
Mother Fucker!

TROY
Thanks for rolling with me.

SYDNEY
You know it man.

TROY
I gotta go in here and give Chubs
his money. Before some Nigga hit me
in the head with a beer can.

SYDNEY
Hey let me come with you.

TROY
Naw man, this ain't your scene. You
just an amateur.

SYDNEY
Whatever.

TROY
I'll catch you later though.

SYDNEY
Alright cool. I'll see you.

Troy walks into the noisy Pool Hall.

Sydney walks across the street and sits on the bus stop
bench. As cars pass on the busy street, Sydney begins to day
dream.

Across the street, a dark Sedan comes to a screeching halt
in front of Chub's Pool Hall.

Two WELL BUILT MEN jump out. A door swings open and Calhoun
steps out of the car.

CALHOUN
Lets see if that cock sucker is
still in here.

The Three Men run inside the Pool Hall.

Sydney's cell phone RINGS.

(CONTINUED)

SYDNEY
(Answering)
Hello... Hey what's going on? You
want me to come over.

Sydney starts to become more and more involved with his
phone call.

A door in an alley connected to the Pool Hall bursts open.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Troy flies out of the door and is flung into a garbage
dumpster.

Calhoun Walks out of the Pool Hall. His nose is bandaged
from the beating he received earlier.

CALHOUN
Get his ass up.

The Henchman stands Troy up. They grabs his arms.

CALHOUN
You're not so funny now, are you
spade.

TROY
You can't touch me. I work for
Chubs.

CALHOUN
Oh is that a fact? Well where is
he.

Calhoun mockingly looks around the alley.

CALHOUN
I don't see him.

TROY
Fuck You.

Calhoun drives his fist into Troy's gut. Troy crumples in
the arms of the Henchman. They yank him back to his feet.

EXT. A CITY CORNER - DAY

Sydney continues to become more enthralled by the conversation that he is having.

SYDNEY

No shit... Well how long are they going to be gone? I could swoop over there real quick.

Sydney looks up and notices a fight in the alley across the street.

SYDNEY

Yeah... Yeah... Damn, baby there are some dudes fighting in the alley.

Sydney looks a little harder, and recognizes the man being beat up.

SYDNEY

Aw shit...

Sydney drops the phone and springs up from the bench.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Calhoun lands a dazzling hay-maker to the side of Troy's head. CRACK!

Troy's legs give out from under him once more, but just as his body hits the ground the Henchman yank him back to his feet.

TROY

(Coughing)

If you didn't have your boys with you, you wouldn't be shit. Bitch!

A Henchmen raises his fist to silence Troy, when Calhoun interferences.

CALHOUN

Whoa. Stand him up.

The Henchmen release Troy. He wobbles and struggles to stand on his own power.

CALHOUN

Step away.

(To Troy)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CALHOUN (cont'd)

Well.

Troy cocks his head back spits into Calhoun's Face

CALHOUN

(To his henchmen)

Give me a piece.

One of Calhoun's Henchmen pulls a handgun from his pants, and hands it to him.

Calhoun cocks the hammer of the Gun and points it at Troy.

CALHOUN

Say good night Jig.

Just before Calhoun squeezes the trigger he is interrupted by the sounds of a STRUGGLE coming from his Henchmen.

Sydney is being attacked by both of Calhoun's Men.

Calhoun points the gun at Sydney and his Henchmen, but because of their constant moving, he cannot find a clear shot to fire.

CALHOUN

Get him! Get that bastard.

Troy, now aware of his surroundings, notices the fight, and sees that Calhoun is not paying attention to him anymore.

He clinches his fist and CRACK!

His fist connects with Calhoun's cheek, and the gun goes flying to the ground.

All hell has now broke loose in the alley. Sydney is trying to withstand the attack from the Henchmen as Troy and Calhoun are brawling with one another.

A moment of mayhem passes as a faint sound of POLICE SIRENS are heard growing stronger and stronger as the fight progresses.

Suddenly two Squad Cars appear, and block the entrance to the alley.

Troy delivers one last punch, as he picks up the gun and points it at Calhoun.

(CONTINUED)

TROY

What!? You ain't shit now that the
gun is pointed in Yo' face.

Four POLICE OFFICERS spring from the Cars and draw their
weapons.

POLICE OFFICER #2

Drop the gun, and put your hands on
your head.

Troy raises his hands in the air.

TROY

Alright, look, these motherfuckers
tried to jump me and my home boy.

POLICE OFFICER #2

Shut up, put the gun down, and put
your hands behind your head.

The Henchmen place their hands behind their heads as two
Officers place Handcuffs on them.

Troy slowly starts to kneel to place the gun on the ground.

Just as he does, Calhoun jumps to his feet and dashes
through the door that leads into the Pool Hall.

POLICE OFFICER #2

Stop! Or I'll shoot!

The Police Officer gives chase after Calhoun. While the
other Officers keep watch of the men in custody.

Troy and Sydney look at each other. A smile slowly starts to
form on both of their faces.

SYDNEY

You all right?

Troy nods his head up and down.

TROY

You?

SYDNEY

Little blood never hurt nobody.

TROY

Wannabe gangster huh? My Nigga. You
had my back?

RAMON (cont'd)
is to keep your mouth shut and let
me do the talking.

The Bailiff clears his throat.

BAILIFF
All rise, for the Honorable Judge
Aldo Kerney.

Everyone in the courtroom rises from their seats.

JUDGE KERNEY walks into the court room.

BAILIFF
Take your seats.

Everyone sits. Judge Kerney bangs his gavel as the Bailiff
returns to his post against the wall.

BAILIFF
The state of Texas vs. Troy Nathan
Winstead and Sydney Clarence
Washington is now in session. Judge
Aldo Kerney Presiding. Court is now
in session.

Judge Kerney thumbs through the file of the defendants. He
takes a deep breath then addresses the court.

JUDGE KERNEY
Troy Winstead, and Sydney
Washington. Who is representing you
two today?

Ramon rises from his chair.

RAMON
I am your honor. Ramon Hendricks.

JUDGE KERNEY
Very well. Take your seat. It's
good to see you also Miss Lee.

The Prosecutor nods her head in acknowledgment.

JUDGE KERNEY
Tell me Mr. Winstead, why am I not
surprised to see you again?

Troy sits back in his chair, and speaks under his breath.

TROY
Sorry sir.

JUDGE KERNEY
I'm sorry, what did you say?

Troy clears his throat.

TROY
I said, sorry sir! It wasn't my
intention to ever see you again.

JUDGE KERNEY
I don't suppose it was. Do you
remember what I said to you the
last time we spoke?

TROY
You said that I'd take a trip up
north.

JUDGE KERNEY
I think it was more like I'd lock
you away and forget you were there.

Ramon jumps out of his chair.

RAMON
Excuse me your Honor. Let it be
known that I was unaware of any
prior incidents with the court, and
I would like to say that Mr.
Washington is not affiliated in
anyway with...

JUDGE KERNEY
I am well aware of who pays your
salary Mr. Hendricks. However, in
my courtroom no one is above the
law. Our youth has enough bad
influences. Now relax.

Little snickers and quiet remarks are heard from the court
room audience.

JUDGE KERNEY
This brings me to you Mr.
Washington.

SYDNEY
Yes sir?

JUDGE KERNEY

You and Mr. Winstead are friends,
is that correct?

SYDNEY

Yes sir.

JUDGE KERNEY

Do you believe the activities Mr.
Winstead are constantly involved
with are morally right?

SYDNEY

He does what he wants to do, sir. I
mean he is his own man.

The Judge glares at him. Sydney corrects himself.

SYDNEY

Yes sir. I do think they are right.

A look of disappointment comes over the Judges face as he
stares at Troy.

Lincoln stands and addresses the Judge.

LINCOLN

If I may offer a word your Honor.

All heads turn to Lincoln.

JUDGE KERNEY

Who are you?

LINCOLN

I'm Sydney's father. Lincoln
Washington.

JUDGE KERNEY

Now I see where the high dollar
attorney comes from. No you may not
Mr. Washington. Please take your
seat.

LINCOLN

Excuse me?

JUDGE KERNEY

I am not interested in hearing you
speak Mr. Washington. And if you
continue to interrupt, I will have
to charge you with contempt of
court. Now please take your seat.

(CONTINUED)

Judge Kerney bangs his gavel, as the court room audience laughs.

Lincoln attempts to disguise his embarrassment by straightening his coat lapels. He looks around the court and returns to his seat.

JUDGE KERNEY

How old are you Mr. Washington.

SYDNEY

Eighteen sir.

JUDGE KERNEY

And you Mr. Winstead?

TROY

Nineteen.

JUDGE KERNEY

I see.

Judge Kerney leans back in his chair and gazes up at the ceiling in contemplation.

JUDGE KERNEY

Counselors approach the bench please.

Ramon and Prosecutor Lee give each other concerned looks as they make their way to the Judge Bench.

Judge Kerney leans in and whispers to both of them.

JUDGE KERNEY

Both of you aren't in a winning position. In my eyes Mr. Hendricks these boys are guilty of assault, and delinquency. And on the same hand there is no way of proving who the weapon found on them belonged to considering the other perp at the scene was never caught. So...

RAMON

That really isn't...

JUDGE KERNEY

Less is more Mr. Hendricks. Now. I'm going to play this one with a decision that is pretty close to the heart and I would appreciate it if you two would agree.

RAMON

Is there any other way?

JUDGE KERNEY

No. So are we agreed?

The counselors return to their bench. As the Judge gathers his thoughts.

JUDGE KERNEY

Will the defendants please rise?

Troy and Sydney cautiously rise from their chairs.

JUDGE KERNEY

Many years ago, when I was a young man. Probably not much older than you two are right now. I was a trouble maker. I found myself always involved with the wrong crowd and I didn't know how to overcome it. I had no education, no job skills, and no respect for anything. And something happened, And that something was called Vietnam. I along with many of my trouble making friends were drafted into the military to serve our country. And do you know what happened? We grew up. We became men. I feel sorry for today's youth, because there isn't anything like that in your lives. And you so desperately need it. There isn't a draft to give you such a rude awaking. Every day I see kids just like you two in my court room who are gangsters, who steal, because they think its cool. Young women who are in tears because they were knocked up by some punk kid who doesn't want to work to support his new family. And everyday I pass judgment on them and send them to jail or to prison, where upon their release just end back on the streets. Today is going to be different. I am giving you two a choice. A choice I didn't give the others. Because the way I see it, today is the first day you stop living like a babied child and start living like a man. Mr.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE KERNEY (cont'd)
Winstead and Mr. Washington your
options are this: You will either
go to prison for five years...

Rumbles and groans start up amongst the court room audience.

JUDGE KERNEY
Or you enlist into the United
States Army for a minimum service
of ten years.

Lincoln jumps out of his seat.

LINCOLN
That's absurd!

The court room reacts to Lincoln's outburst with their own
opinions about the Judge's decision.

The Judge bangs his gavel several times to quiet the court
room down.

JUDGE KERNEY
Order. I want order in my court
room.

The court room commotion dies down.

JUDGE KERNEY
Gentleman, what is your answer?

Troy's eyes fill up with water as he drops his head.

Sydney watches as his friend can't answer. He builds up the
courage and looks the Judge in the eye.

SYDNEY
We will enlist.

Troy looks at Sydney with a look of shock.

JUDGE KERNEY
Does he speak for the both of you
Mr. Winstead?

Troy nods his head as he wipes the tears from his eyes.

JUDGE KERNEY
Good. I have hope for you two, I
really do. You will remain in
custody until a military recruiter
picks you up. No bail. No Bonds.

Judge Kerney bangs his gavel.

JUDGE KERNEY
Court is adjourned.

Judge Kerney stands up and walks out of the court room.

The courtroom crowd starts to disperse as Lincoln pushes through the crowd.

The Bailiff and another UNIFORMED OFFICER handcuff Troy and Sydney.

LINCOLN
(To Ramon)
You goddamn fool! Why on earth
would you agree to such a deal?

RAMON
Apologies Mr. Washington. There was
no other way.

LINCOLN
I don't want to hear it. Sydney
don't worry I will get you out of
this.

SYDNEY
Dad, just let it be.

Lincoln attempts to grab Sydney but is thwarted by the Bailiff.

LINCOLN
What about your future? College?

SYDNEY
That's your future. Let it be.

The Bailiff escorts Troy and Sydney away in handcuffs.

Lincoln watches his son disappear down a long hallway.

EXT/INT. JAIL, HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Troy and Sydney are lead into the cell as the Bailiff closes the gated door behind them.

Sydney lies across an old mattress that is duct taped to a rusty steel bunk bed. He starts to rub his face.

Troy paces around the cell. He is deep in thought.

(CONTINUED)

SYDNEY

What up man?

TROY

What you do you mean, what up?

SYDNEY

At least we ain't going to jail.

The comment stops Troy's pacing.

TROY

Man look were we at. In a Goddamn cell. Does it matter where it's at. Whether it's in a desert, or if its in the woods somewhere in the middle of some hick ass town. We are prisoners! We just gonna have a different uniform.

SYDNEY

It doesn't have to be that way though.

TROY

That's where you are wrong Syd. There ain't no other way it can be. What you think was going to happen? We were gonna stay in the States, and learn a skill like computers or some shit. Huh? You think we are going to work our way up the ladder to Captain, or Corporal, or Lieutenant, and one day call the shots. Nigga get real.

Sydney sits up, as Troy starts pacing around the cell again.

SYDNEY

Look I didn't say all of that. I'm just saying, you know, there are dudes that join all of the time. It can't be that bad.

TROY

Its time for you to get a reality check, Nigga! Those motherfuckers are going to put a gun in your hand, and ship you off to a goddamn sand dune. And I'm going to tell you like this Sydney. Over there, in the sand and in the trenches; those are the real motherfuckers.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TROY (cont'd)

That is where all of the Osamas and Saddams are. They are the ones that don't give a fuck about me, they don't give a fuck about you, and they would be more than happy to die trying to prove it. We ain't shit.

Troy hops on the top bunk and stretches out.

SYDNEY

Whatever happens I got your back. No matter where we go, or what we do. No matter how many of those dudes come for us. I got your back.

Sydney rolls over and closes his eyes.

Troy stares at the ceiling.

TROY

I got your back.

Troy closes his eyes and slowly drifts asleep. As Troy drifts further and further into his REM sleep MACHINE GUN FIRE and BOMB EXPLOSION noises becomes more and more audible. The sound of soldiers SCREAMING orders to one another is heard. Troy starts to stir in his sleep as all of the sounds of WAR are happening around him.

Piece by piece the jail cell starts to transform into an old dilapidated Terrorist Silo.

EXT./INT. TERRORIST SILO - DAY

TROY'S DREAM

We see the world through Troy's POV. He is wearing a Gas Mask and maneuvers through an old SILO. He is carrying a Machine Gun.

Everything is happening in real-time around Troy. Smoke seems to be seeping from every nook and cranny.

People are running and screaming in every direction.

A REBEL MILITIA SOLDIER darts out from a cave in the Silo wielding a Knife and screaming in Arabic. He is quickly shot down by Troy's machine gun.

Troy kicks down a door and inspects the room before entering.

(CONTINUED)

He surveys the area as EXPLOSINS and GUN FIRE sound off just outside.

Troy cautiously searches the room. The smoke from outside is impairing his vision, but he continues to inspect.

A young ARAB WOMEN and her LITTLE BOY step out of a room, where they were hiding.

With Troy's back to the Woman and Child, they try to sneak away.

Troy's eyes widen when he hears their FOOTSTEPS, and without hesitation turns and fires his gun.

INT. TROY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Troy violently awakens from a bad dream that he was having. He tries to shake the cobwebs, left by the dream, off by rubbing his face.

10 YEARS LATER

We see that Troy's looks have changed drastically. He is older and sports a scruffy beard now. He also has several tattoos on his face and body.

He glances over at the alarm clock on the night stand. The clock read "9:34".

TROY

Shit.

Troy slowly gets out of bed and makes his way to the closet.

He grabs a neatly pressed Military suit, that is wrapped in a plastic cover, and places it on the bed.

INT. TROY'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - DAY

Troy turns the facet on and splashes his face with the water. He strokes his beard as he stares at himself in the mirror. This is a routine for him.

He is not the same teenage kid that we knew from earlier. He now has a pain, and a sadness in his eyes.

INT. TROY'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - DAY

Troy remove his Military uniform from the plastic cover and sorts it out on his bed. He starts to get dressed. Everything he does is with precision.

His last garment of clothing he puts on is his hat. Troy places it on his head, adjust the brim in the mirror and leaves the apartment.

INT. COURT ROOM, U.S MILITARY DISCHARGE COURT - DAY

Three UNIFORMED OFFICERS are sitting on a panel. One of the Officers looks through a file while the others stare straight out with emotionless expressions on their faces.

Troy is lead into the court room by a MP OFFICER. He removes his hat and salutes.

MILITARY OFFICIAL
Please be seated.

Troy takes his seat. As the MP Officer marches back to the entrance.

MILITARY OFFICIAL
You have been classified by the United States Army with a class one personality disorder. Tests have proven that you are suffering from Post Traumatic Stress. How do you plead?

TROY
Guilty!

MILITARY OFFICIAL
By the power invested in me by the United States Army, I see that you relinquish all benefits and bonuses provided by the United States Army, and hereby discharge you of active duty. Case alpha Alpha 029 Delta. Adjourned.

The Military Official stamps the file and closes it.

The Three Uniform Officers leave the room, leaving Troy alone.

Troy stares at the U.S Army emblem on his hat for a moment, then as he gets up to leave he tosses the hat on the desk and walks out.

INT. SYDNEY'S OFFICE, BANK - DAY

Sydney, like troy is now much older. He is standing alone in a fancy executive office. He stares out of a large window at the city skyline. Lincoln walks into the room. There is an awkward silence.

LINCOLN
Getting settled in?

Sydney doesn't respond.

LINCOLN
I wish you knew how happy I am,
that you decided to be a part of
all this. In a way this is all of
yours. I want you to be able to
take over the reins someday.

Sydney gives Lincoln a chilling look.

SYDNEY
I didn't really have a choice in my
decision to come here. Everyone has
to eat.

LINCOLN
While you were away, I thought... I
thought about our relationship.

Sydney smirks at the remark.

SYDNEY
What relationship.

LINCOLN
Syd, I thought about how maybe I
wasn't always the best father to
you growing up. You know, I was
trying to create this bank, and
ah... When your mother passed, I
just needed to bury myself in my
work. I realize now that I should
have payed more attention to my
son.

SYDNEY
Don't even worry about it man. A
lot has changed Lincoln.

LINCOLN
Lincoln? Well I guess it has.

(CONTINUED)

The two men share another awkward silence. Lincoln realizing that his visit is meaningless, makes his way to the door. He looks back.

LINCOLN

Well, I'm happy you are here.

SYDNEY

Thanks for giving me a chance.

LINCOLN

I know you won't disappoint.

Lincoln turns and leaves, as Sydney continues to look out of the window.

INT. CHUB'S POOL HALL - DAY

A WOMAN pushes a quarter in a Jukebox and presses the play button. ROCK-A-BILLY music starts to blare from the speakers, as people on the dance floor start dancing.

She turns around and we see that she is a Waitress. She is carrying a tray of drinks as we follow her through the crowd.

She places the drinks on a table, as Chubs reaches around and squeezes her ass.

Kelly, Chubs and a few other people are sitting around a table drinking and talking trash to one another.

Everyone is having a great time. The entire atmosphere screams of a Friday night party.

Troy walks into the room and looks his surroundings over. He see Chubs and company sitting at their usual table. He gestures for the BARTENDER to send a drink over as he makes his way to the table.

Chubs pour a shot and chugs it.

CHUBS

Who do I look like boo-boo the fool. I am Chubs mother fucking Boyd. The player with another layer. The pimp who ain't got to limp.

Kelly shakes his head in agreement.

(CONTINUED)

KELLY

They don't know. They just don't know.

CHUBS

Naw they don't, but let me tell you like this, ask anyone in town, anyone! Who holds sway of uptown? They'll all tell you, Chubs Boyd, that's who.

Troy sneaks up behind Chub's who takes another shot.

TROY

That ain't what I heard.

CHUBS

What!? Who the hell...

Chubs turns around and see Troy.

CHUBS

I be goddamn, I know that ain't my Lil' nigga.

Troy and Chubs share a big hug.

CHUBS

Boy its been a long time.

TROY

Yeah it has.

CHUBS

When did you get back?

TROY

About a week ago.

CHUBS

I'll be a mother fucker. Hey y'all remember Troy don't you?

Everyone sitting at the table give head nods and gestures to welcome troy to the table.

KELLY

Look at the war hero! Back from the sand dunes of India.

Kelly leans back in his chair and places his feet on the table.

Chubs swats them off as he icily glares at him.

(CONTINUED)

CHUBS

Ignorant ass fool, he was in Iraq.

KELLY

Whatever! I ain't no geography teacher.

TROY

Same old Kelly.

KELLY

Just cause you a little older doesn't mean you can sit at the grown folks table.

CHUBS

As you can see Troy, after all these years, Kelly still ain't about shit.

Troy laughs as Kelly shoots nasty looks at him.

CHUBS

Boy am I glad to see you, I'll tell you. You need some money or something?

TROY

Naw man I'm good, I just wanted to come say hello you know.

CHUBS

OK, OK. Go tell Shondra I said send another bottle back here, and I'll get you a chair.

TROY

Alright. I'll be right back.

INT. CHUB'S POOL HALL, BAR - DAY

Troy walks back to the bar as Chubs sits back down and starts jaw jacking with the rest of the table again.

VITO a man in his late 30's approaches a table on the other side of the bar, that is occupied by Sydney and SONNY. They are in the middle of a conversation.

SONNY is much younger than VITO. He is very fair skinned and covered with tattoos. He looks like a cross between an Ex-Con and a Soccer Hooligan.

(CONTINUED)

SONNY

So how do I know that you are the real deal.

SYDNEY

The real deal?

Vito takes a seat between Sydney and Sonny.

VITO

What I think my cousin is trying to say, is we want to make sure that you can handle the work load.

SYDNEY

I am your man. Doesn't matter the load. I represent one of the largest banks in the country. Now look I don't need to know how you get the money. That's not my job, but I do need to know how much should I make clean.

SONNY

Shit, all of it.

SYDNEY

All.

VITO

The paper trail should make us completely legit.

SONNY

Yeah we want to be in stocks and bonds, that kind of shit.

On the other side of the bar, Troy leans over as SHONDRA THE BARTENDER seductively leans back.

TROY

Hey girl.

BARTENDER

Hey baby. What can I get you?

TROY

Chubs wants a bottle brought to the table.

BARTENDER

No problem sweetie, what you want?

(CONTINUED)

TROY

Let me get that Seagram's, and a
bottle of Goose.

BARTENDER

I got you.

Shondra prepares the bottles as Troy looks around the pool
hall.

He notices Sydney talking to Vito and Sonny. Troy makes his
way over to him. Troy taps him on the shoulder.

TROY

This place will let anybody in
here.

Sydney looks up and see Troy.

SYDNEY

What's going on man! When did you
get back?

TROY

Last week. Look at you, looking all
mac daddied out.

SYDNEY

I've come up a little bit. Come on
I want you to meet some business
partners of mine.

Sydney mimes shooting a gun.

SYDNEY

These guys are in the arms
business.

Sydney places his arm around Troy's Shoulder. Sonny lights a
cigarette and starts laughing.

SONNY

What is he? Your bitch or
something?

SYDNEY

What did you say?

SONNY

He's hugging you and shit.

Sydney's tone of voice completely changes. He gives a
deathly glare at Sonny.

(CONTINUED)

SYDNEY

You're saying we are a couple of fags?

Troy tries to calm the situation, as the tension grows between Sonny and Sydney.

TROY

Man forget this nigga.

SYDNEY

Naw, fuck that. Are you calling us fags?

Sonny takes another drag from his cigarette.

SYDNEY

How about I reach over this table, and beat the shit out of you, then we will see how gay I am.

TROY

Chill man.

VITO

Sydney, you must excuse my cousin. He didn't take his medication today. He gets kind of loopy. Please, like your friend says, we should all just cool out.

SYDNEY

Don't ever talk to me like that again. Alright, I don't care who you are. I'll pull your fucking card.

VITO

Is our business still good?

SYDNEY

Yeah, yeah business is good.

VITO

Are we good?

SYDNEY

Good day gentleman.

Sydney raises up from his chair and walks away. Troy follows.

Vito swats Sonny in the arm as the two men leave the pool hall.

INT. CHUB'S POOL HALL, BAR - MOMENTS LATER

TROY
So whats up man?

Sydney smiles and acts as if the confrontation didn't just happen.

They take seats at the the bar.

SYDNEY
You look good man.

TROY
Thanks.

SYDNEY
I know its only been a week but, I know you are glad as hell to be a civilian again huh?

TROY
Its cool man.

SYDNEY
Yeah.

TROY
How long you been on the street?

SYDNEY
Man I got out about eight months ago.

TROY
No shit.

SYDNEY
Yeah man, I got into some shit with some sand people that were stationed with me. Dishonorable discharge! They put me back on the street without a pot to piss in.

TROY
You ain't lying.

SYDNEY
Say man, you need some money or something?

(CONTINUED)

TROY
Naw I'm straight.

SYDNEY
Cool. Now you know if you ever need anything. I got your back.

TROY
I know, I know, you always will to.

SYDNEY
That's right.

Shondra hands the bottles to Troy.

TROY
Hey I'm fixing to get shoot the shit with Chubs and them. You want to come by or...

SYDNEY
Naw I got to head back to the bank. I'll catch you though.

TROY
You sure.

SYDNEY
I got you next time.

TROY
Alright man, be safe.

SYDNEY
I'll talk to you.

Sydney shakes Troy's hand and turns and leaves.

Troy watches as he leaves the building, then makes his way over to Chub's table.

INT. SYDNEY'S OFFICE, BANK - DAY

Sydney walks into his office. He is met by Allen Spinks who is standing in the center of his office. Spinks glares at Sydney with a expressionless face.

ALLEN
Sydney.

An awkward silence is shared between the two men.

(CONTINUED)

SYDNEY

What are you doing in my office?

Allen starts to roam around the office. He runs his fingers across the desk, as if to check the cleanliness levels.

Then he glances at the decorations that clutter the room. He shakes his head disapprovingly.

ALLEN

This used to be my office.

Sydney drops his briefcase at the door.

ALLEN

Your father has expressed great concern with the choices of some of your recent, clients.

SYDNEY

Is that why you are in my office?

ALLEN

Well Mr. Washington has requested that I advise you on any future business endeavors.

SYDNEY

Is that right? Well you tell Mr. Washington, thanks but no thanks. I don't need a babysitter. I am a junior partner at this bank, and if I want to have the rotted corpse of the Notorious B.I.G open up a checking account, I can if I so please. Now get out of my office, and don't let me catch you in here uninvited again.

ALLEN

(Under his breath.)

I don't see why he bothers.

SYDNEY

He doesn't if he can't see the dividends.

Allen walks out of the office and closes the door behind him.

INT. A CITY STREET - NIGHT

Troy stands anxiously in line at an ATM. He fiddles with his card as he moves closer to the machine.

He slides his card into the slot and enters his information.

TROY

Come on baby, work with me.

The Machine loads and BEEPS, then shoots a slip of paper out.

Troy looks at the paper with a look of disdain. The paper shows that he only has twenty seven dollars in his account.

Troy crumples the paper and tosses it to the ground. He pulls out his cell phone.

TROY

Hey what's going on? Hey listen,
You think you can throw some work
my way... Yeah, no it's just to pay
a few bills that's all. Cool, I'll
pick it up tomorrow. Alright.
Later.

Troy hangs up his phone as it almost instantly RINGS again. He answers. On the other end He hears LOUD MUSIC.

TROY

Hello.

INT. SYDNEY'S CAR - NIGHT, CONT.

Sydney is cruising in his luxury car. The sun roof is open and the music is blasting. He leans in his car while he drives, as if he is a big shot. He speaks into the blue tooth.

SYDNEY

What up Skid row.

EXT. A CITY BLOCK - NIGHT

Troy recognizes the voice of the person on the other end.

TROY

What's good?

(CONTINUED)

SYDNEY

(O.S)

We going to the spot. It's going to be crazy tonight? I'm talking wall to wall honeys.

TROY

That sounds good, but I can't.

SYDNEY

(O.S)

What do you mean you can't? I'll be your wing man, it will be just like old times.

TROY

First of all, I don't need a wing man. I have forgotten what you haven't learned yet in macking.

SYDNEY

(O.S)

We'll see. Where you at?

Troy looks at his surrounding, and thinks of a lie.

TROY

I'm on the north side.

SYDNEY

(O.S)

Oh damn.

TROY

Yeah by the time I get over to your side of town, it'll be late.

SYDNEY

(O.S)

That's cool man. Hey hold on for a sec, I got to say what's up to this bitch.

As Troy walks down the street, Sydney pulls up beside him and rolls his window down. Troy tries to hide his embarrassment, but caves in and starts to laugh.

Sydney reacts as if he really is talking to a female.

SYDNEY

Hey bitch! Say can I get your number?

Sydney stops his car, and props the passenger door open.

(CONTINUED)

SYDNEY

Get in. Tonight we get your groove
back Stella.

Troy shakes his head as he gets into the car.

SYDNEY

Buckle up.

Troy closes the passenger door and buckles his seat belt as he chuckles at Sydney, who has clearly already been drinking. Sydney makes a sharp U-Turn as the two men speed off down the street.

EXT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

People stand in line outside a large nightclub. A large DOORMAN stands behind a velvet rope with his arms crossed. He ignores the begging and approaches of all the "would be" clubbers.

Sydney and Troy make their way through the crowd as people push and grab at one another. Everyone is trying to get to the front of the line, in hopes of being the ones picked to enter. Sydney checks out women as he passes.

The two men arrive at the front of the frantic line and are met by the large Doorman. Sydney extends his arm, to shake hands with the doorman. The doorman notices Sydney and smiles as he shakes his hand. He unlatches the rope as Sydney signals that Troy is with him. The Doorman nods and Troy passes. He latches the rope back and returns to his ignoring position.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

The club is completely crowded. People are packed like sardines on the dance floor. Everyone seems to be grinding on one another.

Sydney and Troy make their way through the dancing mob. Random girls smile at the two men as they walk by. Sydney hugs the familiar Cocktail Waitress then moves on.

The two men reach the crowded bar. Sydney turns to Troy who is nodding his head up and down, as he jams to a HIP HOP SONG.

SYDNEY

You like this don't you? Yeah you
like it.

(CONTINUED)

TROY
This place is hot.

SYDNEY
When was the last time you been in
a place like this?

TROY
Its been a while.

The BARTENDER taps Sydney on the shoulder. Sydney turns and shakes hands with him.

SYDNEY
Let me get a seven and seven, and
uh...

He gets Troy's attention.

SYDNEY
What do you want.

TROY
Crown and coke.

SYDNEY
(To the Bartender)
Crown and Coke, with two shots of
Patron.

The Bartender quickly prepares the drinks and slides them over to Sydney. Sydney winks at the Bartender then places the drinks in front of Troy.

SYDNEY
Shots first.

TROY
(Toasting)
To making it in the civilized
world.

SYDNEY
To being back.

Troy and Sydney simultaneously lick a line of salt and throw back their shots.

They slam their glasses on the bar, and stick pieces of lime in their mouths.

(CONTINUED)

SYDNEY

That's what I'm talking about.

TROY

Good shit. This is going to be a good night.

SYDNEY

Come on, I want to introduce you to someone.

Sydney leads Troy through the crowd. They walk up to a group of Females (MEAGAN, LAYLA, and KIANA). Sydney waves one of them over. As if she was trained, one of the girls walks up to Sydney and seductively grinds on him.

Her name is KIANA. Though unbelievably beautiful, she is naive and really young, probably just of legal age. She wears an extremely revealing outfit.

Her friends are equally attractive however they don't seem to be as whorish as their friend. They are scanning the room for familiar faces.

SYDNEY

This little freak is Kiana. Say hi Kiana.

Kiana walks over to Troy and without hesitation starts to grind on him in the same manner. Sydney smiles with delight.

SYDNEY

These are her friends, Layla and Meagan.

Troy locks eyes with Meagan and is instantly smitten.

SYDNEY

Girls! This is my best friend Troy Winstead.

MEAGAN

Hi Troy.

SYDNEY

Enough pleasantries. Lets hit the dance floor.

Sydney leads Layla and Kiana to the dance floor as Troy and Meagan follow.

The group swells into the dancing crowd. The two girls, Layla, and Kiana grind against Sydney, who looks as if this is a normal routine for him.

(CONTINUED)

Meagan and Troy are dancing in a very different manner. They are face to face staring deep into each others eyes. It's almost as if they were "slow-dance-grinding" with one another. The chemistry between the two is very intense.

TROY

Meagan?

MEAGAN

Troy?

TROY

Do you have a man?

Meagan smiles.

MEAGAN

Now would I be dancing with you
like this, in this dark nightclub
if I had a man. Do you have a girl?

The grinding between them intensifies. Troy shakes his head back and fourth, indicating "NO". They get closer and closer to one another as if they are trying to kiss but don't.

TROY

Do you want to get out of here?

Meagan nods "yes".

INT. TROY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Troy and Meagan caress each other as they kneel eye to eye on the bed. Meagan seductively removes Troy's shirt. Troy slowly and sensually slides Meagan's dress off of her shoulders as it delicately falls to the floor. She kisses his neck and works her way down his chest.

Troy lightly brushes the hair out Meagan's face as they hug and kiss one another. They are nude. Troy gracefully lies Meagan on the bed.

She runs her hands up and down Troy's bare chest as he sits beside her. He begins to outline her natural curves with his index finger as she squirms with pleasure. She signals for him to kiss her. Troy leans over romantically and kisses her. They start to have sex. As Troy engages in intercourse Meagan looks up at the ceiling in ecstasy.

INT. IRAQI SILO - DAY

The Arab Woman and her Child extend their arms out toward Troy's Machine Gun. Their faces are distorted. Just as their fingertips touch the barrel of the gun, the machine gun FIRES a round of bullets. The Woman and the Child Scream.

INT. TROY'S APARTMENT - DAY

The SCREAM causes Troy to quickly sit up. He realizes that he was having a nightmare. His face and body is covered with sweat. He looks around his apartment to make sure that he is safe.

Meagan rustles for a moment next to him then rolls over.

MEAGAN

(Drowsy)

You OK, sweetie?

Troy wipes the sweat from his forehead as he rests his head in his hands.

TROY

Yeah, just night terrors. I gotta go take care of some business. You are welcome to whatever I have.

Meagan smiles as she snuggles into the covers. Troy gets out of the bed and walks into the bathroom.

INT. CHUB'S POOL HALL - DAY

Chubs is sitting at his usual table in the back of his Pool Hall. He is watching an old television set. On the T.V, Tiger Woods steps onto a podium and delivers a speech.

Kelly takes a seat at the table. He is drinking a mixed drink.

CHUBS

Can you believe this bull shit?

KELLY

You can't believe the media. They twist and bend shit, and make you out to look bad on national television.

(CONTINUED)

CHUBS

Public apology my ass. What do I need an apology for?

Chubs starts talking to the television set.

CHUBS

You don't need to tell me shit Tiger. Hell, you just a man. What you did or didn't do ain't nobodies damn business.

KELLY

Yeah but the white media wants us to see inside his life, cause these little kids around here look up to him.

CHUBS

I don't give a damn. It ain't nobodies business but Tiger's, his wife, and the lady that went to the press.

Chubs turns the television off.

CHUBS

See that's were the boy went wrong. He let that girl have too much freedom. He told her she can text and call whenever she wanted, knowing damn well his wife was at home.

KELLY

She was protecting her interest.

CHUBS

That situation would have never happen to a real nigga.

Troy walks into the bar and walks up to the table as Chubs and Kelly continue to talk.

CHUBS

If it would have been me, and that bitch would've called my phone, I would have told her straight up. Bitch I'm Tiger Woods. You can't just be calling my phone like that. Messing up a happy home.

Kelly laughs.

CHUBS

Especially when half of my money is
on the line. Hell naw.

Chubs notices Troy.

CHUBS

Kelly, go get the briefcase.

Kelly gets up from the table and walks behind the bar. He
opens a safe and takes out a briefcase. He brings it back to
the table.

CHUBS

Just like old times huh?

TROY

Lets hope not.

Troy takes the briefcase and walks out of the bar. Chubs
lights a cigarette and sits down.

INT. SYDNEY'S OFFICE, BANK - DAY

Sydney stands behind his desk as he watches Vito drag a
large duffel bag into the room. Sonny follows him.

Vito unzips the bag and dumps a mound of cash on top of the
desk. Sydney smiles from ear to ear as his eyes are fixated
on the stacks of cash that fall from the duffel bag.

SONNY

You know, where we come from you
have to kill a lot of people to get
this much cash.

SYDNEY

Me too Sonny.

SONNY

Now we are here and no one has been
killed. I fucking love America.

VITO

There is a lot more money to be
made. We just want to make sure you
can clean it for us Mr. Washington.

SYDNEY

Gentleman, as far as I'm concerned
we are a family. A soon to be
filthy rich family.

(CONTINUED)

Sydney buzzes his receptionist from the two-way phone on his desk.

DENISE

(O.S)

Mr. Washington?

SYDNEY

Denise send in a bottle of champagne and three glasses please.

DENISE

(O.S)

Right away Mr. Washington.

SONNY

She sounds sexy.

Sydney and Vito stack the money as Sonny looks on.

DENISE PARKER, a beautiful, buxom woman walks into the room. She is carrying a silver tray with a bottle of champagne and three glasses.

Sonny starts to grope his genitals as Denise sits the bottle and glasses down on the desk.

SYDNEY

Thanks Denise, that will be all.

Denise smiles and leaves. Sonny watches her every step of the way.

SONNY

That's your receptionist?

Sydney nods his head.

SONNY

Boy would I like to show her a thing or two.

Sydney picks up the champagne bottle and pops the cork. It spills a bit, as he pours into the three glasses. He tries to save it with the rim of his glass as he raises the bottle in the air.

SYDNEY

A toast.

Vito and Sonny take a glass.

SYDNEY

Who would have thought selling guns could be this much fun. To making lots of money.

VITO

To making lots of money.

SONNY

Living the fucking American dream.

They toast their glasses, and then drink.

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

MONTAGE BEGINS.

Troy walks up to a group of OLDER MEN. They are playing checkers and sitting under a large sand umbrella. Troy pulls a notepad out of his back pocket and starts writing what the men tell him to write. He is recording the weeks numbers.

After the Checker players tell Troy what they want, they give him money. He counts it then puts it in a brown paper sack.

SYDNEY'S OFFICE.

Vito and Sonny carry another duffel bag into the office.

Sydney claps his hands together in delight, as Vito opens the Duffel bag.

Sydney looks in the bag and sees ten stacks of bills. They are all hundreds.

He shakes Vito's hand. Sonny extends his hand to shake, and because Sydney is so overwhelmed with joy, he hugs him instead. The three men start laughing by the incident.

SHIP YARD.

Troy watches a DOCK WORKER as he borrows money from one of his CO-WORKERS. The Dock Worker looks back at Troy, looking for some sympathy but Troy's emotionless face gives the Dock Worker all the reason he needs to pay his debt.

The Dock Worker nudges his Co-worker, who digs into his pocket and pulls out two twenty dollar bills. The Dock Worker takes the money and gives it to Troy who already is waiting with his hand out.

SYDNEY'S OFFICE.

(CONTINUED)

Sydney sits behind his desk. He is talking on the phone, when Sonny enters his office.

Sonny reveals that he has a suitcase full of money. Sydney immediately hangs up the phone as he excitedly watches Sonny count and stack the money on his desk.

SHOPPING CENTER.

Troy counts crisp bills as the CASHIER hands them to him. Once finished with the counting, Troy looks up with a disturbed look on his face.

The Cashier has become nervous and has begun to sweat.

Troy leans over the counter and opens the register. He removes a handful of cash and closes it back. He counts the cash that he removed and adds it to the small stack that he has already counted.

Meagan walks up behind Troy and hugs him. He looks at her as she models several outfits that are on Hangers. Troy nods, as to say "I like them all." Meagan smiles and runs off. Troy looks at the Cashier, who still looks frightened, and shakes his head.

CAR SHOWROOM.

Sydney eyes a Jaguar car spinning in a show room window. A SALESMAN walks up to him with a grin on his face. Before the Salesman can even say anything Sydney opens a briefcase with several stacks of cash inside.

He smiles at the Salesman and points at the Jaguar. The salesman seems to be in awe of the briefcase full of money.

Sydney directs the Salesman to bring him the keys.

INT. SYDNEY'S CAR -MOVING - DAY

The windows roll down as the Jaguar cruises down the street. Sydney puts on his Sun Glasses and smiles as the wind blows through out the topless car. The rims reflect the sun as Sydney accelerates down the street.

INT. TROY'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Troy counts through a stack of money, as Chubs waits. Once he finishes counting, Troy hands the cash to Chubs.

(CONTINUED)

Chubs puts the cash in one pocket and pulls out a money clip with a small wad of money in it, from the other pocket. He tosses it to Troy.

Troy and Chubs start to laugh as they shake hands and share a manly hug.

We travel through the apartment into the bathroom where Meagan is sitting on the toilet. She is staring at a Home Pregnancy Test.

A look of nervous worry comes over her face as she awaits the results.

A moment passes and the test forms a small pink "+" in the center. Meagan's eyes fill with water as she buries her head in her hands.

EXT. BANK - DAY

Sydney drives up in front of the bank. A WELL DRESSED WOMAN gets out of the passenger side. She is holding a Doggy Bag from a restaurant. As they walk into the bank they pass by Allen Spinks, who is arriving at the bank as well.

Allen watches as the two cheerfully pass by. He looks at his watch, then back at Sydney. He walks outside and looks at the brand new Jaguar that sits directly in front of the bank. Allen shakes his head in disapproval.

END MONTAGE.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Troy and Meagan wait at a hostess stand to be seated. The Host approaches the stand with a handful of Menus.

TROY

Excuse me. We are meeting some people, they might already be here.

HOST

Sure. Name?

TROY

Washington.

HOST

Yes Mr. Washington has already arrived. Please follow me.

(CONTINUED)

Meagan looks around at all of the well dressed people eating.

MEAGAN

Baby, this place is really nice.

TROY

Nothing but the best for you.

Troy kisses Meagan on the cheek as they are lead by the Host to the table, where Sydney and a beautiful Young WOMAN are waiting.

SYDNEY

There they are.

Troy and Sydney shake hands.

SYDNEY

Miss Meagan.

Sydney kisses her on the cheek.

SYDNEY

Troy, Meagan! This is Gabriella.

MEAGAN

Nice to meet you.

Gabriella shakes Meagan's hand.

GABRIELLA

Charmed.

SYDNEY

Sit down guys. I ordered a bottle of wine.

TROY

Cool.

GABRIELLA

So how do you two know each other?

TROY

We grew up together.

GABRIELLA

Oh really.

SYDNEY

If it wasn't for this man, I'd probably be in jail right now.

(CONTINUED)

Gabriella starts to giggle.

TROY
He exaggerates.

GABRIELLA
Sydie!

Meagan looks at Troy and smirks. She mimics Gabriella calling Sydney "Sydie".

GABRIELLA
I want a drink.

SYDNEY
I ordered a bottle.

GABRIELLA
Yes but I want something fruity.

SYDNEY
Fruity? OK. We are going to go to the bar real quick. We'll be right back.

TROY
Yeah man.

Sydney and Gabriella get up from the table and walk over to the bar.

TROY
You like this huh?

MEAGAN
This place is beautiful.

TROY
Well this is a special night.

MEAGAN
Is it?

Troy nods his head.

MEAGAN
I have something to tell you.

TROY
Oh yeah? Well I have something to tell you.

MEAGAN

You first.

Troy takes a deep breath and sips a bit of water. He has become nervous.

TROY

We have been seeing each other for a while now, and I don't know how serious you are about it, but I know how serious I want to be. You have this amazing quality to you Meagan.

MEAGAN

Thank you Troy.

TROY

You know some women you can kind of write off, or see them just for one thing, but baby you can't be written off. I feel like you give me strength to be better at being me. Meagan I love you.

Meagan's eyes fill up with tears. Troy gets up from his chair and bends down on one knee.

Meagan becomes choked up with emotion.

Troy reaches into his pocket and pulls out a little Black Box. He opens it and reveals a sparkling cut diamond ring.

TROY

I know I'm not the richest man in the world, but I have a love for you that's certainly stronger than any other man's in the world. Will you marry me?

Meagan's tears are now rolling down her face.

MEAGAN

Yes Troy.

Troy rises to his feet as Meagan jumps in his arms. They passionately kiss one another as the people sitting at the tables nearby lightly applaud.

MEAGAN

I love you so much.

Troy yells out.

(CONTINUED)

TROY
I'm getting married!

Meagan wipes the tears from her face.

MEAGAN
Now I have something I want to tell
you. I'm scared though.

TROY
Tell me babe. It's OK.

Meagan drops her head and rubs her stomach.

MEAGAN
I'm pregnant.

TROY
What? Really?

MEAGAN
5 months. I found out a few weeks
ago. I went to the doctor
yesterday, It's a girl.

TROY
I'm going to be a daddy.

Troy yells out again.

TROY
I'm going to be a Daddy!

MEAGAN
You aren't mad?

TROY
This is beautiful. I can start the
family I always wanted.

Meagan kisses Troy. As Sydney and Gabriella walk back to the
table.

Sydney notices the tears and excitement in the faces of
Meagan and Troy.

SYDNEY
What's going on?

Meagan holds out her hand, to show the ring to Sydney.

MEAGAN

We are getting married.

SYDNEY

What!?

TROY

I did it dawg.

SYDNEY

Family man! Shit this calls for a
toast.

A SERVER brings a bottle of wine to the table. Sydney pours
a glass.

SYDNEY

To the family man.

He drinks as Troy and Meagan share another passionate kiss.

INT. WEDDING CHAPEL - DAY

Troy and Meagan stand eye to eye with one another as the
REVEREND speaks to them. Sydney stands right beside Troy.
Troy lifts up Meagan's vail and kisses her.

Everyone in attendance applauds the ceremony as they rise to
their feet.

Troy and Meagan walk hand in hand through the crowd and out
of the chapel. They are met by another crowd, who like the
crowd inside the church, applauds and throws rice.

Just as Troy and Meagan reaches their car Sydney stops them.

SYDNEY

Whoa, hold up a second.

TROY

What's up?

Sydney hands Troy an envelope. He opens it and see a stack
of cash. Troy looks up at Sydney with a look of confusion.

SYDNEY

Your wedding gift.

TROY

Thank you man.

(CONTINUED)

SYDNEY

Go be a family man.

TROY

You always got my back.

SYDNEY

I do, don't I. Go have fun.

Meagan pulls Troy into the car, and they speed off down the street.

Everyone that was in the chapel along with Sydney are left waving and applauding the newlyweds.

INT. BANK - DAY

Sydney enters the bank whistling while he walks. He has a chipper smile on his face. He waves at the tellers and greets the customers as he makes his way to his office.

Denise waits at an Elevator with a look of worry upon her face.

SYDNEY

Hello Denise, how are you today?

DENISE

Sydney, I think there might be a problem!

SYDNEY

Relax Denise. It's a beautiful day. Sun is shining. You know what take the day off.

DENISE

I have to tell you something.

INT. SYDNEY'S OFFICE, BANK - DAY

Sydney walks into his office where Lincoln and Allen are waiting for him. Unlike Sydney they do not have smiles on their faces, they are all business. Denise takes a step behind Sydney, acting as if she has just broke one of mommy's vases.

DENISE

(Whispers)

I tried to tell you, that your father was waiting for you.

(CONTINUED)

LINCOLN
That will be all Denise.

Denise leaves the room, and closes the door behind her.

LINCOLN
Hello son.

SYDNEY
What can I do for you dad? Allen.

Allen smirks.

Lincoln looks at his watch.

LINCOLN
It's 4:30. Where you been?

Sydney indicates the tuxedo that he is wearing.

SYDNEY
I went to lunch.

Lincoln doesn't react to the comment.

SYDNEY
I was in a wedding.

LINCOLN
Seems like you always are involved
with something.

SYDNEY
Well I'm a busy guy.

LINCOLN
Yeah. One would wonder with all of
your involvements, how do you find
time to work?

SYDNEY
I don't know.

Lincoln opens a file on Sydney's desk and begins reading it.

LINCOLN
It seems like business is good.
Really good in fact.

SYDNEY
Look I didn't know I had a time
clock to punch in.

ALLEN

Its not about punching in you
moron.

LINCOLN

That will be all Spinks.

ALLEN

Yes sir.

Allen glares at Sydney as he leaves the room.

SYDNEY

I got work to do. So spare me the
Bogart routine and let me know what
the fuck is up. What do you want?

LINCOLN

When I first came up with the
concept of this bank, I knew that
it would require a certain amount
of work, to get everything up and
running. With skills and knowledge
I was trained with, and lessons I
learned from my father, I would
take this company to soaring
heights. You know, being a black
entrepreneur in the eighties didn't
come with a lot of doors open. So I
prided myself on three principles.
Honesty. Integrity. Kindness. I had
to look these rich white men in the
eyes and say my please and thank
you, but I had to make them
believe that they could trust me
with their fortunes.

Lincoln stands eye to eye with Sydney.

LINCOLN

And you know what? That was the
easy part. Because it was the
truth. I didn't want their money. I
wanted to make my own.

SYDNEY

What are you getting at old man?

LINCOLN

I know you have been laundering.

(CONTINUED)

SYDNEY

What!?

LINCOLN

I'm not stupid Sydney. You have been creating a paper trail for drug money. Making everything legit.

SYDNEY

I don't know what you are talking about.

LINCOLN

I want you out of my company.

Sydney starts to pace around his office.

SYDNEY

Look, I don't know what you are talking about.

LINCOLN

I have suspended all of your cards. and I have made the adjustments to all of your access codes.

SYDNEY

Hey! Are you listening to me? I don't know what you are fucking talking about.

LINCOLN

This is the hardest thing I have ever had to do. But this is the only thing that will make you learn.

SYDNEY

Please don't do this.

LINCOLN

Spinks suggested that we inform the authorities. I am not going to do that.

SYDNEY

Dad, don't do this.

LINCOLN

You have till the end of the day to clear out.

Lincoln makes his way to the door.

(CONTINUED)

SYDNEY

Where am I suppose to go huh? What am I suppose to do? Live on the street? What the fuck am I suppose to do now? You tell me that.

LINCOLN

Learn to survive.

Lincoln leaves Sydney's office and closes the door behind himself.

Sydney is left pacing around his office. In a fit of rage he turns his desk over.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Sydney sits alone at a bar. The room is a dimly lit area that is filled with smoke. No one is around except Sydney and the BARTENDER.

Sydney looks as if he has just been deserted in the middle of nowhere for several days. He is wearing a suit that has old stains in it, and has grown a five o'clock shadow.

He lights a cigarette and takes a long drag as the Bartender pours him a drink. Sydney takes the glass and chugs the drink as if it were a shot, and signals for the Bartender to pour another.

Troy walks into the bar and looks around. He notices Sydney, and makes his way to the bar.

TROY

What's the damn deal?

Sydney ignores the remark as he takes a drag from his cigarette.

SYDNEY

What you drinking?

TROY

(To the Bartender)

Let me get a draft.

Sydney gives Troy a look, and before Troy can even say anything. Sydney stops the Bartender.

SYDNEY

He'll have a double of this shit.

He points at his glass.

(CONTINUED)

TROY
What you drinking?

SYDNEY
151.

Troy takes a seat next to Sydney as the Bartender pour him a drink.

TROY
How you coping?

Sydney shakes his head and takes another drag from his cigarette. He pulls a piece of paper out of his jacket pocket and tosses it on the bar. Troy looks at the paper and see that it is a repo notice for the Jaguar.

SYDNEY
I have a few more just like it at the house. Some for the rent, some for furniture. How can your own blood, your own father, just shit on you?

TROY
I'm sure you can get on somewhere. I mean you are pretty much guaranteed an interview just on your last name alone.

SYDNEY
I'm flagged. That motherfucker made it so no one within 5,000 miles will even see me.

TROY
That's fucked up.

SYDNEY
Earlier today I spoke to a guy about being be a butcher, can you believe that?

TROY
It's honest work...

SYDNEY
What? A week ago I was driving a brand new Jag and on my way to becoming the future CFO of one of the largest banks in the city. Now I'm applying to be a fucking butcher. Are you kidding me?

(CONTINUED)

TROY

We'll we got a little change from the wedding and some that Meagan's parents gave us left. If you want it, just say the word.

SYDNEY

Naw man you fixing to have a kid and shit.

TROY

I could talk to Chubs, see if he's got work.

SYDNEY

I can't live like I live, hustling.

Troy's cell phone starts to BEEP. He looks at it and reads a text message.

TROY

That's Meagan, I gotta roll out. You gonna be all right?

Sydney nods his head.

TROY

I'll hit you up later dawg.

Troy walks out of the bar as Sydney continues to drown his sorrows out with liquor and cigarettes. He chugs one more drink as he staggers to his feet. He drunkenly tries to straighten his jacket lapels, but makes them more crooked than they were. Sydney makes his way to the door and walks out.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Sydney staggers outside as he digs into his pocket. He pulls out a crinkled pack of cigarettes and attempts to light one. Before he can light his cigarette, Sydney suddenly bends over and vomits on the sidewalk. He sits up and cleans his mouth off. Just as he does, An Armored Truck pulls up to a bank across the street.

Sydney lights his cigarette and watches two GUARDS hop out of the Truck. They both have money sacks handcuffed to their hands. The Guards enter the bank, and Sydney walks down the street to get a better view. A moment passes and the Guards walk out of the bank with two more money sacks handcuffed to their sides. They hop back in the truck and drive off down the road.

Sydney takes a long drag from his cigarette before putting it out with his shoe. He staggers down the street.

INT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

A very pregnant Meagan walks down a grocery store isle. She eyes an assorted collection of snack food. Cookies, Crackers, Chips, etc. Troy walks with the shopping cart a few feet behind her.

Meagan eyes a snack that she craves, grabs it off of the shelf, and then tosses it in the cart. She continues this process as she makes her way down the isle. Every time something is tossed into the cart, a smirk forms on Troy's face.

TROY

Baby do you need all of this shit?

She continues to pick items off of the shelves.

MEAGAN

I don't want any of this. It's your daughter that wants it all.

TROY

Oh is it?

MEAGAN

Yep. I'd be fine with some simple peanut butter and celery.

Troy laughs as he starts to rifle through the various boxes of cookies that have been thrown into the cart.

TROY

So you mean to tell me, that my little girl is making you eat double stuffed chocolate cookies.

Meagan grabs the box from Troy's hands and tosses it back into the cart.

MEAGAN

Actually that one is for me.

They both laugh.

TROY

Well if you two keep on at the rate you are going. I'm going to end up with a big bloated wife and a rollie polley daughter.

(CONTINUED)

MEAGAN

Shut up, you are so silly.

Troy starts to mimic stuffing his face with imaginary cookies.

TROY

I can see you two now. I'd be like "girls y'all seen the cookies"? And y'all would be swollen on the couch, "No, we haven't seen them."

Meagan playfully punches Troy in his arm.

MEAGAN

Shut up punk.

Troy kisses her.

TROY

Naw, I know both of you will be beautiful.

Meagan tosses another box of snacks into the cart.

MEAGAN

I'm already beautiful.

TROY

You are?

MEAGAN

Punk.

TROY

Hey babe, I've been meaning to ask you something. What do you think about me doing something different after the first of the year? Career wise.

Meagan continues to search for snack food.

MEAGAN

I'd like it. I don't like you running for Chubs anyway. What would you do?

TROY

I was thinking I'd fix cars.

MEAGAN

A mechanic? That'd be cool. You would be really good at that.

Meagan reaches for another box of cookies when she feels a sharp pain in her stomach. She starts to gently rub her belly.

TROY

You OK?

MEAGAN

Yeah, she is just kicking a little to hard.

TROY

She probably doesn't want anymore cookies.

Another sharp pain brings Meagan to a stand still. She begins to take deep breaths as she reaches for another box of cookies. As another pain strikes her, she drops the box to the floor and clutches her stomach.

TROY

Baby, are you OK?

MEAGAN

I think something is...

Meagan falls to the floor as a pain zaps her in the stomach. Troy rushes over to her and tries to support her head as he cradles her body.

TROY

It's going to be alright baby.
Someone call 911! Help! Someone please help!

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE, HOSPITAL - DAY

Troy sits at the edge of a chair nervously tapping his foot against the desk that sits in the center of an office. His hands are clasped together, almost in prayer as his eyes are closed. Sydney leans against a wall with his head down. These two men look as if they have been up all night.

DR. AANERUE, a middle aged man walks into the room. Troy jumps out of his seat and almost instantly shakes his hand.

(CONTINUED)

DR. AANERUE
Mr. Winstead?

TROY
Yes that's me. This is a buddy of mine, Sydney Washington. How is my wife? Is she OK?

DR. AANERUE
She will be fine. We gave her something that will put her out for a while.

TROY
And the baby?

DR. AANERUE
Perhaps you should take a seat.

The concern in Troy's eyes grows as he cautiously sits.

DR. AANERUE
Your daughter as you know is premature, by nearly three months.

TROY
Is she alright?

Dr. Aanerue removes his glasses as he struggles to find the words.

DR. AANERUE
Mr. Winstead, while running some test we have discovered that your daughter has a serious case of type four Osteogenesis Imperfecta.

TROY
I'm not a scientist, you know. I don't know the lingo. Just make it plain and simple.

DR. AANERUE
Osteogenesis Imperfecta or OI as its often called is a rare bone disease found in newborns. Your daughter has this disease. Basically your daughter was born with several fractures to her bones. Which is no doubt what forced your wife to go into labor so prematurely.

(CONTINUED)

Troy sinks into his chair as he becomes overwhelmed with emotion.

TROY

Will she... Can she live with this?

DR. AANERUE

Fortunately we have stabilized her breathing, which is nothing short of astounding, because most newborns who carry this disease don't live past a few hours. The fact that your child is three months premature, and stabilized. Its nothing short of a miracle.

TROY

That's good news then right?

DR. AANERUE

Well we are not out of the woods yet. There is a new form of treatment that's still in the developmental stage.

TROY

Great, lets get her on it.

DR. AANERUE

I understand your hast Mr. Winstead, however this new wave of treatment is still very expensive. And I'm afraid that your insurance policy won't cover it.

TROY

How much is the treatment?

DR. AANERUE

Somewhere in the neighborhood of Thirty Five Thousand dollars.

SYDNEY

That's the price to save a mans only child huh, Thirty Five grand!?

TROY

How much does my insurance cover?

DR. AANERUE

Ten percent, but the figure I gave you is whats left after your insurance.

(CONTINUED)

Troy's eyes fill up with water as he drops his head in defeat.

DR. AANERUE
I'm sorry Mr. Winstead. I'll take
you to see your wife now.

Dr. Aanerrue makes his way to the door as Sydney follows. Troy gathers himself for a moment then follow the other two men out of the office.

INT. HOSPITAL, MEAGAN'S ROOM - DAY

Meagan lies asleep in a hospital bed. She is connected to a heart monitor, and several tubes are in her mouth. At first glance she looks like the woman with a thousand tubes. She seems to be connected to everything in the room. Dr, Aanerue appears in the large window in the corner of her room. Troy and Sydney stand behind him. The three men stare into the room.

Troy separates from the group and walks into the room. The sound of the door closing behind causes Meagan to open her eyes.

She smiles at his familiar face and extends her arm out to him. Troy walks up to the bed. Kisses her hand and presses it to his heart.

TROY
Hey babe. How you feeling?

Meagan attempts to talk, however the tubes that are in her mouth mumble her speech. Troy reaches over and pulls to large tubes out of her mouth.

MEAGAN
(Drowsy)
Piece of cake.

TROY
I love you.

MEAGAN
I love you to. Baby, have you seen
her? They won't let me hold her.

Troy doesn't respond.

MEAGAN
Why won't they talk to me? Where is
she? Where is our baby?

(CONTINUED)

Troy tries to answer but becomes choked up.

MEAGAN

Troy where is our little girl?

TROY

We can't see her right now.

MEAGAN

What do you mean we can't see her?
I want to hold my baby.

TROY

They are running some tests right
now.

Meagan starts to become more aware of her surroundings. She notices the sadness in Troy's face. Her grogginess slowly starts to become hysteria.

MEAGAN

Why won't they show me my baby?
Troy where is she?

TROY

They are trying to take care of
her.

MEAGAN

They don't need to take care of
her. That's my child, I'll take
care of her. I want my baby. Go get
my baby.

Meagan starts to unplug herself from the room. As she unplugs, the machines in the room start to BEEP. Troy tries to hold Meagan's hands, to keep her from getting up.

TROY

Baby, please.

MEAGAN

No. I want my child. Go get my baby
Troy. Go get my little girl.

NURSES run into the room to assist Troy in restraining Meagan, but Meagan's fury seems to be too much for them. Meagan begins to scream as her face is filled with tears. Dr. Aanerue walks into the room with a syringe in his hand.

He adjust the dosage, then injects it into Meagan's arm. As the drugs began to take hold, the fight in Meagan slowly fades, till she is completely unconscious.

The Nurses gather themselves and leave the room as Dr. Aanerue follows. Troy looks at Meagan a moment before he walks out as well.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Troy leans against the window as he looks up at the ceiling. He takes a deep breath and slides down the wall to his butt. Sydney approaches with a bottle of water. He offers it to Troy.

SYDNEY

I'm not going to pretend like I know what you are going through. For what it's worth I'm sorry.

Troy buries his head in his hands.

TROY

(To himself)

Why is this happening?

SYDNEY

We're not going to let her die. We'll get the money.

TROY

I don't know.

Sydney looks around the hospital. He watches as sick people wait to be seen. Elderly people in wheelchairs sit in rooms by themselves, and Nurses joking around with one another.

SYDNEY

Lets go outside for a minute.

Sydney helps Troy to his feet as they walk out of the hospital.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Sydney and Troy cross the street that leads to the hospital and walk through a garden. Troy takes a seat at a bench and starts to rub his head.

SYDNEY

What if we could get that doctor the money for the treatment, plus money for you and your family to live on for the rest of your days.

(CONTINUED)

TROY
Now that would be a true miracle.

SYDNEY
Do I have your back?

Troy nods his head.

SYDNEY
We can get you that money.

TROY
What's the hustle?

SYDNEY
We are going to take the money.

TROY
What money?

SYDNEY
All of the money that's in the
vault on April 15Th at Washington
International.

Troy looks at Sydney who has a stone serious look on his
face.

TROY
You want to rob your father bank?

Sydney doesn't respond, he just coldly stares back at Troy.

TROY
I am having one of, if not the
worst day of my fucking life. And
you come at me with this bullshit.

SYDNEY
I'm serious as a heart attack.

TROY
Why April 15Th?

SYDNEY
It's the last day you have to file
your taxes. The banks are swamped
with federal money. I know for a
fact, that on that day Washington
International will have no less
then forty million.

TROY
I'm not with it.

SYDNEY
I know the bank, inside and out.

TROY
No. No. I'm not with it.

SYDNEY
Why not?

TROY
Are you fucking serious. Nigga I got a family. I can't afford to get pinched.

SYDNEY
We won't.

TROY
Please. What makes you think your pops will let you get away with this?

SYDNEY
He won't have a choice.

TROY
No.

SYDNEY
Nigga wake up! Look where the fuck you at. Your ol' lady is laying up in a hospital bed. Your little girl, she is going to die if you don't do something. You know what I saw in that place. I saw a world where nobody gave a fuck about no one but themselves. You think they're going to help you if you can't come up with money. Hell Naw! That's life. We are ran and operated off of money, and you have to claw and scrape and fucking kill to survive, or else you will never get yours.

TROY
So you're a real nigga now huh?

SYDNEY

I know what a motherfucker has to do to survive in the world. I know what has to be done to have a piece of the pie for yourself.

TROY

I got too much to lose now.

SYDNEY

I never thought I see the day when T-dub would turn bitch. I guess that's just what war does to some niggas. Others, well.

Sydney walks away leaving Troy alone on the bench.

EXT. CHUB'S POOL HALL - DAY

Kelly sits in an old beat up Chevy trying to turn over the ignition. While he's doing that, Chubs leans under the hood with a wrench in his hands. He is covered with grease, and oil. Kelly attempts to crank the engine.

The old heap rustles then dies. Chubs makes some adjustments with his wrench then gives Kelly the signal to try again. Like before Kelly turns the ignition, and like before the car rustles a moment then dies.

CHUBS

I think I know whats wrong.

Chubs leans deep under the hood, makes another adjustment with his wrench, and then signals to Kelly once again. Kelly turns the ignition. The car rustles a moment then starts. Kelly and Chubs start laughing and cheering in triumph. A moment passes and the car BACKFIRES then dies. Exhaust fumes start to seep out of the muffler.

CHUBS

Ain't that about bitch! You know, I should go down the street and whoop that Arab's ass for selling me this piece of shit.

KELLY

He knew it didn't run, when he sold it to you. I told you not to get it.

(CONTINUED)

CHUBS

You didn't tell me shit. You know what, this is your car now, since you know so damn much. How about that?

KELLY

I don't want this shit.

Chubs looks at the engine, which is dripping oil. He shakes his head in disappointment. Troy walks up the street, and makes his way over to Chubs and Kelly.

CHUBS

What's going on?

Troy shakes his head.

CHUBS

Yeah we heard what happened.

TROY

I don't really want to talk about it.

CHUBS

I would loan you some cash, but uh.. times have been tight.

TROY

I understand.

CHUBS

I got a job coming up, could be a nice little chunk of change.

TROY

Well call me.

Troy shakes Chubs hand and walks down the street. Kelly and Chubs watch him as he turns turns the corner.

CHUBS

Must be hell on a man. To have and lose a child in the same year.

Kelly nods in agreement. The two men watch Troy turn the corner before they continue to work on the old car.

INT. TROY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Troy walks into his apartment and sets his keys down on the kitchen table. The stove light dimly lights the room as Troy sits in shadow massaging his temples.

A phone RINGS.

Troy stares at a picture of him and his wife. A moment passes. Troy answers the phone.

TROY

Hello.

PATRICA RATCLIFF

(O.S)

Hello may I speak with Troy or Meagan Winstead.

TROY

This is Troy.

PATRICA RATCLIFF

(O.S)

Mr. Winstead, I'm Patrica Ratcliff. I am in charge of collections and payments here at Memorial Hermann Hospital.

TROY

Yes.

PATRICA RATCLIFF

(O.S)

I have recently spoke with Dr. Aanerue and he has informed me of your decision to partake in the OID treatment for your daughter Madison Winstead.

Troy becomes choked up by hearing his daughters name, it's if he has heard it for the first time.

TROY

Madison!?

PATRICA RATCLIFF

(O.S)

Yes sir. Your daughter, Madison Winstead?

(CONTINUED)

TROY

Continue.

PATRICA RATCLIFF

(O.S)

As you may know, time is of great importance when dealing with your daughters health. We would like to begin treatment as early as next week. However in order to do that, your bill must be squared away. Now Mr. Winstead because of your insurance policy you are only required to pay at least thirty percent of your total bill. Once the treatment starts, you will pay the remaining balance over five equal payments totaling to the amount of \$31,640 dollars. Now Mr. Winstead I can take credit card payments right now over the phone if that's what you prefer. Do you want to go ahead and pay the initial fee right now?

TROY

I'm... uh.. I'm going to pay cash.

PATRICA RATCLIFF

(O.S)

Oh OK, great. Well for that you can mail it to Memorial Herman Hospital or bring it in personally. My office is located on the first floor, room 192A. The hours are between...

Troy hangs up the phone as he leans back in his chair. He sits in thought a moment then picks up the phone and dials.

TROY

I'm in.

Troy hangs up the phone.

INT. STORAGE ROOM, CHUBS POOL HALL - NIGHT

Troy, Chubs, Kelly, and Sydney sit around a table. A light that hangs over the table cast shadows on all of their faces as they sit and smoke cigarettes in the dark. Very serious, very focused. The table is covered with hand drawn blue prints of the Washington International Bank. Sonny steps out of the shadow with a potato shack in his hand.

(CONTINUED)

He opens the bag and reveals a bunch of semi- automatic weapons. Sydney leans into the light with a cloud of smoke framing his face. He addresses everyone in the room.

SYDNEY

Now we made this shit real simple.

He picks up a Pistol and cocks the barrel.

SYDNEY

Kelly you are going to be behind the wheel. I'll take care of the crowd, Troy you hit the vault. Now once we get in we will have thirty seconds to to prop the door to the vault or it will close and we will be left holding our nuts.

CHUBS

So what am I supposed to do.

SYDNEY

You and Sonny are going to set up an alibi just in case it gets tight.

SONNY

What alibi?

SYDNEY

If something happens, under no circumstances do Troy and I know each other. Chubs you set something up where it looks like Troy is running errands for you out of town or something. Sonny, Vito still has that yacht right?

Sonny forms a "shit eating" grin on his face.

SONNY

Of course, the pussy machine.

SYDNEY

Good, round up some sack chasers and say I'm there. If anyone asks, why they haven't seen me, tell them I got sea sick.

(To Kelly)

Kelly, first sign of trouble...

Kelly takes a drag from his cigarette and blows it into Sydney's face. Sydney's eyes sharpen with anger.

KELLY

Nigga, this ain't my first rodeo. I don't know any of you mother-fuckers if I see the Poe-Po.

CHUBS

Hold on now young blood. You don't think you will need more people for crowd control, I mean, say some cat decides to be a hero.

Sydney slams his pistol down on the table.

SYDNEY

Then he gets shot. Troy and I will go in. That's it.

Chubs suspiciously looks over Sydney.

CHUBS

Why is that?

SYDNEY

Well quite frankly, I don't trust any of you niggas.

(To Sonny)

Not even you.

Sonny shrugs off the comment.

SONNY

I wouldn't either, if I were you.

SYDNEY

Any other questions?

The men all start to eye each other. Whether it's a look of suspicion or doubt, it is not apparent. Sydney slides the pistol across the table to Troy who catches it. Picks it up and stares at it.

SYDNEY

Lets get rich.

EXT./INT. TROY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Troy unlocks the door to his house and enters. He stops in his tracks when he sees Meagan sitting in a chair in the living room.

She is wearing pajamas and sipping tea. She looks as if she has been crying all afternoon.

(CONTINUED)

MEAGAN

They released me a few hours ago. I caught a cab home.

Troy stands unresponsive. He just stares at Meagan with a look of empathy. Meagan pulls a picture of Madison out of her pocket. She holds it up for Troy to see.

MEAGAN

They told me the odds, weren't good.

Troy remains unresponsive.

MEAGAN

I can't lose... I will not lose my baby Troy.

TROY

You won't have to.

MEAGAN

I need you to fix it. I need you to make it all better.

TROY

I am.

Troy embraces Meagan and comforts her in his arms.

TROY

I got something in the works.

MEAGAN

Do I want to know what?

Troy shakes his head. Meagan snuggles her face in his chest. A moment passes. Troy looks at the picture.

MEAGAN

Do what you have to do.

Troy continues to stare at the picture as Meagan cuddles in his arms. Tears roll down her cheek.

EXT. TROY'S APARTMENT - DAWN

As the Sun slowly rises over the city sky line, a black sedan pulls up in front of Troy's apartment. A horn is HEARD. A moment passes, when Troy appears in the front door of his apartment.

(CONTINUED)

The passenger window rolls down to reveal Sydney and Kelly in the car.

Troy nods his head and locks the door before making his way to the car. He opens the backseat door and hops in as they drive off.

INT. KELLEY'S CAR - MOVING - SAME

Kelly, Sydney and Troy ride in silence. Kelly and Sydney both share a look of complete focus, as Troy stares out of the window. Sydney occasionally glances at Troy through the rear view mirror as the car travels down the street. Troy deep in his own thoughts never notices.

The car comes to a stop at a corner a block away from the bank. Sydney tosses a bulletproof vest at Troy's face, snapping him out of his daydream.

SYDNEY

Money time.

Troy doesn't respond. With a look of contempt, he starts to strap on his vest. Sydney notices Troy's lack of enthusiasm, and turns around to confront him.

SYDNEY

You cool?

TROY

I don't know man.

SYDNEY

Nigga, what is there not to know.
This is right, OK. Can't be more
right. Now sack up, and go in here
and save your kid.

Sydney turns around and continues to strap up his vest. Troy takes the picture of his daughter out and looks at it. He runs his fingers across the picture, smiles, then cocks his gun. Sydney watch through the rear view mirror.

SYDNEY

That's what I'm talking about.

(To Kelly)

Lets roll.

Kelly nods in agreement and slowly pulls up to the bank entrance. The car comes to a stop, and Sydney and Troy put on their masks and hop out, with guns in hand.

EXT. BANK - DAY

Sydney and Troy look like members of a Swat Team Strike Unit, as they exit from the car. They are both armored with Kevlar vest, black mask, and black fatigues. Sydney is carrying a shoulder pack, and totes a pump action shotgun, while Troy carries two Beretta pistols.

No one is around. The bank seems to be ideal for some unexpected action. The Two men casually walk inside.

INT. BANK - SAME

Denise stands in the lobby with her back to the entrance door. She is helping a customer with an account. There are three people waiting in line to receive help from a Teller, while other Bank Managers talk amongst themselves.

Sydney and Troy stand in the doorway surveying the room. No one has noticed their entrance. Sydney looks at Troy and signals for him to proceed with the plan.

But before Troy can react, in almost lighting speed Sydney drops his shoulder pack and jumps over one of the lobby desk, grabs Denise and fires his shot gun in the air. BOOM!

SYDNEY

Alright! No one move. This is a robbery.

Troy overwhelmed by the sudden chain of events stands at the front door frozen with his guns to his side.

SYDNEY

Everybody get on the motherfucking ground. We want the money in the vault, not the money on you. Just lie on the ground, keep your mouth shut, and no one will get shot.

Everyone in the bank slowly kneels to the floor. Some not quite sure of the procedure start to raise their hands, as if they are being arrested or surrendering. Others lye face down on the floor with their hands covering their faces. Cries are heard from the Women Tellers who all bunch up behind the counter to comfort one other.

Denise trembles in Sydney's arms. She is absolutely terrified. Sydney maneuvers her through the crowd of Bank Managers and customers with his shot gun pointed at her back.

(CONTINUED)

SYDNEY

That's it. Everyone down.

Sydney looks back at Troy who hasn't moved since they entered the bank.

SYDNEY

What are you doing?

Troy gives Sydney a confused look. Sydney starts to wave his gun in the direction of the vault.

SYDNEY

The Vault! Thirty seconds remember?

INT. BANK, HALLWAY - SAME

A Young Security Officer, lets call him GUS, a Man in his mid 20's early 30's. Cautiously creeps along a wall in a hallway across from the entrance. He has his gun drawn and eagerly wait for his opportune moment to pounce. He looks as if he has waited his entire life for this moment.

Gus peeks around the corner and sees Troy who has his back to him. Gus turns a lever on the hallway wall that opens a small hatch. A secret compartment, that contains a small key, and a button. He pushes the button, and grabs the key. He peeks around the corner again to make sure Troy still has his back turned. He takes a few deep breathes to assure his confidence then steps out from the hallway with his gun pointed at Troy.

GUS

Freeze, drop the...

INT. BANK - SAME

Troy instinctively turns around and tries to disarm Gus. The two men start to grapple with one another. Sydney, who is on the other side of the lobby, still with Denise in his arms. Sees the tussle.

SYDNEY

Hey! Hey! Cut that shit out.

Sydney drives the butt of his shot gun in the neck of Denise who immediately falls to the ground like a sack of potatoes. He then sprints over to Troy and Gus who are still grappling with one another. Just as Sydney reaches the two men, Troy breaks away from Gus points his gun and BANG! Shoots Gus in the chest. Gus's eyes widen as he instantly falls dead. As Troy watches his lifeless body fall, he sees:

INT. TERRORIST SILO - DAY

-FLASHBACK

The Arab Woman and her child fall, just as Gus does. Troy dressed in army fatigues watches with a sad look on his face as the Woman and child lie dead on the ground. His same facial expression is:

INT. BANK - MOMENTS LATER

Present day. He stares at Gus as blood spews from his body. He has a look that signifies he's Angry, yet remorseful. Sydney jabs Troy in the shoulder with his gun.

SYDNEY

Troy the Vault!

Troy remembers why they are there. He quickly makes his way toward the vault which as begun to close. Troy hurdles over people laying on the ground and nimbly avoids the people kneeling. He takes a small metal peg from his pocket as he sprints toward the vault. He reaches the vault doors just to see them close shut.

He helplessly bangs his fist against the door.

TROY

No,no, you son of a bitch, open!

Troy's exhaustion and anger slowly bring him to his knees in front of the vault. He looks back at Sydney who watches with growing agitation.

INT. WASHINGTON HOUSE - DAY

Lincoln sits and stares out of a window that overlooks the entire city. He is humming a unrecognizable tune to himself.

A knock at the door is heard.

LINCOLN

Come in.

Allen enters with a rather displeasing look on his face.

ALLEN

Sir, we have a problem.

Lincoln continues to stare out at the view over the city.

(CONTINUED)

LINCOLN

Oh!?

ALLEN

Sir the silent alarm has been tripped.

Lincoln's pleasant demeanor suddenly becomes that of worry, and concern. He turns to Allen.

LINCOLN

A robbery?

Allen reluctantly nods his head. Lincoln leans back in his chair. He ponders a moment. Then makes his way to the door, as Allen takes the cue to try and keep up.

LINCOLN

Sydney! I want you to alert everyone. All of the authorities.

ALLEN

That has already been arranged sir.

LINCOLN

Good. Tell them to storm the bank. Use whatever force necessary. I don't want him to leave with one cent.

Allen stops Lincoln by grabbing his arm.

ALLEN

Sir, how do you know it's Sydney? I mean he's foolish but to attempt to knock off your own fathers bank? I just don't get it.

LINCOLN

No, I suppose you wouldn't.

Lincoln smirks at Allen and walks off, leaving Allen alone to think about the remark.

INT. BANK - LATER

Troy kneels with his back to the door of the vault. As Sydney rummages through the pockets of Gus.

SYDNEY

(To himself)

It's a fail safe vault, that's programmed to close after thirty

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SYDNEY (cont'd)
seconds whenever someone enters the
bank.

Sydney removes handcuffs from the body.

SYDNEY
(To himself cont.)
All you have to do is fucking prop
the door open. That's it. Real
simple.

He finds the small key Gus took from the secreete
compartment. He kicks Gus's corpse.

SYDNEY
So much for being the hero.

Sydney walks over to the entrance and inserts the key into
the lock. As the key locks the door. Sydney smiles. He then
reaches for a lever on the side of the door, and pulls it.
The lever releases a curtain of metal bars down over the
doors. Sydney inserts the key into the curtain and locks the
bars. He has sealed off the only way into the bank.

He looks around the room at all of the traumatized people on
the ground. He scratches his head in thought. Troy looks on.

TROY
There isn't a code or combination
to open it up.

Sydney starts to pace around the room.

SYDNEY
No. No code, No combination. If the
door closes it won't open again
until the start of the next
business day. Get it!? That's why
it was so fucking important to prop
the door open.

Troy gets to his feet. He starts to inspect the door. He
tries to figure out a way to get inside.

TROY
Just sounds stupid. What if we
didn't walk in. It would have
closed anyway.

SYDNEY
No, you see, that is what old Gus
here was for. He stands in front of
the door. That's his job.

(CONTINUED)

Sydney looks at Gus, who still has blood coming from his body.

SYDNEY
Was his job.

TROY
Shit.

Sydney sits in one of the lobby chairs. A Woman who is nearby flinches every time he moves. She watches his shotgun like a hawk. He looks at his watch.

SYDNEY
Alright. We got to open that
fucking vault.

TROY
How.

Sydney walks over to the shoulder pack he dropped near the entrance. He tosses it over to Troy. Troy opens the bag and reveals drills and hammers.

SYDNEY
We have to drill the hinges.

TROY
Are you serious?

SYDNEY
We don't have much time.

Just as he says that the sound of sirens are faintly heard in the distance. As time passes they become more audible. Troy dashes to the entrance and looks outside.

TROY
Cops. I'd say about three blocks
down.

SYDNEY
That's just great. That's just
fucking great.

EXT. BANK - DAY

Kelly sits in his sedan smoking a cigarette. He is listening to classic R N B MUSIC on his radio. He rolls his window down and ashes his cigarette. The sound of SIRENS grow as they get closer to the bank. Kelly turns down the volume of his radio to get a better listen.

(CONTINUED)

He looks around trying to figure out where the sound is coming from. Kelly adjust his rear view mirror and sees a Cop car speeding up the street. Scared out of his mind, Kelly knocks the cigarette out of his mouth trying to shift gears. He finally manages to shift the gear into drive and drives off just as the cop car pulls up in front of the bank.

INT. BANK - SAME

Troy takes cover against a wall as he tries to stay out of the Police Officer's line of sight.

TROY

Shit. Man, this is a mess. A
fucking mess.

Sydney turns over a desk and pushes it in front of the entrance doors. Then he grabs his shot gun and starts loading shells. Troy shoots him a "What the fuck" look as he breaks the window with the butt of his gun.

The Police officers take cover on the opposite side of the Squad car just as Sydney raises his shot gun.

TROY

Yo man, wait.

Too late. Sydney starts to unload on the Police car. One giant gaping hole after another finds its home in the body of the car. The Officer's try to return fire, but they are no match for the pump action shot gun. Sydney is dangerously accurate as he continues to unload on the car. Troy looks on in terror.

TROY

Sydney! Stop! That's enough!

Sydney finally runs out of shells as he stops to reload. The cops take this opportunity to take cover around the block as they frantically run away. Sydney sees this and smiles. Mission accomplished. He shoots Troy an ice cold glare as he sits down on a desk. Troy gets in his face.

TROY

What the hell is your problem?

Sydney nonchalantly shrugs.

TROY

This plan is fucked. Those cops are
going to come back with more cops.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TROY (cont'd)
Pretty soon, this place is going to
be a damn circus.

Sydney removes his mask and starts to laugh. No doubt, to
keep from crying.

TROY
The safe is locked. We got all of
these people in here.

Denise looks up and sees Sydney's face. He catches her gaze
and winks at her.

TROY
We need to just cut our loses.

This comment instantly erases Sydney's smile. He becomes
very serious.

SYDNEY
What?

TROY
Look man, I can't afford to go to
jail. I have a family. A wife, and
a little girl.

Sydney explodes with anger.

SYDNEY
Why do you think we are here? To
get the money to save your fucking
kid. This is all for you!

Troy removes his mask and tosses it at Sydney's feet.

TROY
I don't want it. I don't want to do
it like this.

SYDNEY
There isn't any other way.

TROY
There is no happy ending.

SYDNEY
Look outside. I did that. They
can't touch us. They can't even
come close to us.

TROY

What do you think is going to happen. Two black dudes in a bank full of hostages.

SYDNEY

Hostages!?!...

Sydney looks over at Denise who is bundled up with other staff members of the bank. A devilish smile comes over his face. In an instance Sydney grabs Denise by her hair and stands her up. Denise starts screaming for her life.

TROY

What are you doing?

SYDNEY

Cool out. Let me quarterback this.

Sydney pulls Denise to the window and presses her face against the opening that he made earlier with his gun. He whispers in her ear.

SYDNEY

(Whispers)

Now don't move.

Denise frightened stiff obeys as she covers the hole in the glass with her body.

Sydney walks over to a few more staff members and does the same thing. He lines everyone up side by side. Creating a human barrier.

Troy stands by helpless, as Sydney seems to continue on with the plan without him. He pulls a drill and a large hammer out of the sack, and starts going to town on the vault door. BANG... CLANK... CRANK. Sydney develops a steady rhythm as he bangs on the hinges of the door.

EXT. BANK - LATER

S.W.A.T trucks have assembled around the bank. There are barricades set up in between the bank entrance and the "shot to hell" police car, that keeps the press at bay. The entire area has become a media frenzy. Pedestrians and members of the press have gathered, and are cramped next to one another. Everyone is trying to see what is or has happened.

Three DETECTIVES, each in their late 40's, stand side by side with one another with a look of confusion on their faces as they stare at the line of hostages that barricade the windows and entrance.

(CONTINUED)

Each person/ hostage in the line looks as if they have already excepted their fate. They are just waiting for what comes next.

DET. #1
That's the damnedest thing I've
ever seen.

Detective #2 scratches his head.

DET. #2
Why do you think they are lined up
like that?

DET. #3
So we can't see what's happening.

Looks around for assistance.

DET. #3
Some one get me a line inside.

The other Detectives stand looking at the human barrier for a moment then follow the other Detective.

INT. BANK - SAME

Troy sits against a desk spinning his gun between his legs. He looks over at Sydney who has worked up a massive sweat hammering the hinges. He shakes his head in disapproval and looks over at Gus's body which is now propped upright in a corner.

TROY
You know, before today, I haven't
fired a weapon since I was in the
sand. We were in some little town
outside of Baghdad. They were
flagged for housing Alceda. So we
went in, and uh... We get attacked.

Troy starts to hear the BOMBS and GUN FIRE explode around him as if he was there.

TROY
It was bad. There were hundreds of
them. It seemed like everywhere I
turned there was some sand man
ready to cut my head off.

Troy becomes choked up. This is the first time he has mentioned this traumatic event.

(CONTINUED)

TROY

So I duck into this old silo. You know, just till the shots died down... There was this woman. She had a kid. I didn't see them, I just heard them.

Sydney has stopped hammering to listen.

TROY

It was dark, and wet. I couldn't see clearly from all of the smoke bombs we set off.

Troy picks up his gun and massages his temple with the barrel.

TROY

They shouldn't have died in that silo.

He stares at Gus.

TROY

I wonder if he had a family.

Sydney expresses a look of disgust.

SYDNEY

So what. So you ghosted some Arab woman and her terrorist son.

TROY

They were innocent.

SYDNEY

No one is innocent. If you didn't get them, they damn sure would have got you. Hell when I was over there my own fucking bunk mate tried to murk me, and for what, cause I was black and he was Iranian? And now you want me to feel sorry for some chump in a rent a cop suit? Fuck that. It's about power. I spent so much time wanting it, that I didn't recognize when I finally had it. So that's what's up Troy.

Sydney gets in Troy's face.

SYDNEY

I don't feel shit for weak niggas.
You say you're afraid to go to
jail? I might as well have been in
jail by going over there. I learned
the same shit. Kill or be Killed.

Sydney walks back to the vault to continue his hammering,
when one of the Desk Phones RINGS. Sydney and Troy give each
other a look, as Sydney walks over to the phone and answers.

SYDNEY

(Into the phone)

Hello.

EXT. BANK - SAME

Detective #3, whose name is Leonard, is on the other line.
He speaks from a land line telephone that is connected to
the control panel of a S.W.A.T truck. This is their command
center. The other two Detectives stand behind and listen to
the conversation with their own headsets.

DET. LEONARD

Hello. This is Detective Carl
Leonard. Who am I speaking with?

INT. BANK - SAME

Sydney listens.

SYDNEY

I don't have time for this. So I'll
make it simple. If any of you fucks
try to enter the bank, someone will
get shot. If any of you try to cut
the power, someone will get shot.
If I think we are being fucked
with, well you know the rest.

Sydney hangs up the phone.

EXT. BANK - SAME

Detective Leonard stands with the phone to his ear, utterly
speechless. He processes what has just taken place as he
hangs up the phone.

(CONTINUED)

DET. LEONARD

Get the commissioner on the horn.
Tell him we got some real problems
down here.

INT. BANK - MOMENTS LATER

Sydney has resumed his hammering on the vault hinges. Troy paces back and fourth.

TROY

I can't do this. This is wrong.

Sydney takes a breathe from hammering. He blows the dust and shavings off of the hinges to see his progress. The hinge that he has been working on has a few scratches and knicks, but other than that, the hinge has not budged. A sour look comes over Sydney's face.

SYDNEY

Oh fuck you. Are you kidding me?

He takes the hammer and starts to go "ape shit" on the vault door.

SYDNEY

I want my fucking money you piece
of shit.

Sydney deliver one last blow before he becomes completely exhausted.

Troy looks on as all hope of getting the vault door have evaporated.

TROY

So that settles it. We gotta let
them go.

Sydney doesn't respond. He just pants deeply. Desperately trying to catch his breathe.

Troy makes his way toward the hostages.

SYDNEY

No one leaves till we get the
money.

This comment stops Troy in his tracks.

(CONTINUED)

TROY
It's over Sydney.

Troy continues to walk toward the hostages when he hears Sydney's shot gun cock. Troy turns around to see Sydney pointing the gun at him.

TROY
You're going to shoot me?

SYDNEY
We came here to get the money.

Troy slowly and cautiously walks toward Sydney, with his arms up. Troy seems to be in a more calm and rational state than Sydney is, who is extremely bothered by anger, and frustration.

TROY
You know what I think? Deep down, you know this isn't right. We got to let these people go, and deal with what we have got ourselves into.

SYDNEY
Don't fuck with me Troy.

TROY
I'm your boy. We go all the way back to PB&J. You got my back and I got yours remember?

SYDNEY
Troy I tell you this cause I love you. I will blow your motherfucking head off.

Troy and Sydney come to a standstill. Troy stands within arm reach of Sydney who has his shot gun cocked, locked and ready to roll, if Troy makes a move.

TROY
I'm asking you as a favor. Let this shit go. We don't need this.

Sydney's finger starts eases off of the trigger.

TROY
My daughter, I'm putting it in God's hands. I don't need this. I don't need blood money. You....

(CONTINUED)

SYDNEY

There is no other way Tee.

Denise starts to listen to the two men's conversation. She looks at the entrance door. The wheels of thought start to turn.

TROY

There is always a way brother. We just need to figure it out.

Troy drops his hands as Sydney removes his finger from the trigger. As if on cue, Denise breaks from the barrier line and dashes for the entrance door.

Sydney, without hesitation grips the trigger to his shot gun once again.

SYDNEY

(To Denise)

Hey Bitch!

Sydney aims to take the shot at the fleeing Denise.

TROY

Sydney, NO!

Troy grabs the shot gun and they start to wrestle with one another. No one seems to have the upper hand until, BANG! A gun shot is heard as the two men break apart.

EXT. BANK - SAME

The gunshot ECHOES throughout the block, as everyone outside holds their breathe with terror. There is an eerie silence as all eyes are on the entrance of the bank.

DET. #1

Oh my God. These bastards just shot a hostage.

DET. LEONARD

Screw protocol. Alert SWAT. Tell them we are going in, now.

DET. #2

What about the other hostages? We can't afford to have any more casualties.

(CONTINUED)

DET. LEONARD

We can't afford to have this manic
execute these people one by one
either. We are going in.

Detective #1 grabs the phone and starts barking orders.

INT. BANK - SAME

Sydney and Troy take a step back from one another and we see that Troy has his gun drawn.

Sydney smiles as he holds his gut. Troy watches with wide eyes.

SYDNEY

There you go, Kill or be Killed.

Sydney looks at his hand which is covered with blood. He shows it to Troy, then falls to the ground.

Troy gathers himself, then makes his way over to Sydney. Sydney coughs and spasms on the ground. He is bleeding out fast. He struggles to talk.

TROY

It will be alright man. I'm going
to get you some help.

Sydney coughs up blood.

TROY

Hang on dawg.

SYDNEY

I'll catch you later.

Sydney spasms one last time, before he dies. Troy tries to shake him awake.

TROY

Sydney! Sydney!

He sees that Sydney is gone. Troy closes Sydney's eyes and places arms over one another.

Denise wipes the tears from her eyes as she walks over to Troy and Sydney's body.

She puts her hand on Troy's shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

DENISE
You did the right thing.

TROY
Did I?

DENISE
It's not too late. We can testify
what happened here.

TROY
Leave me alone.

Denise takes the hint and walks away. Troy sits alone over Sydney's body. Tears run from his eyes.

Suddenly Red Laser lights begin to shine through the windows. They are the lights that give pinpoint accuracy to semi-automatic weapons.

Troy notices the lights and quickly ducks behind a desk. He pulls out his other gun and reloads them. A moment passes. Troy sees a note pad and a pen inside one of the drawers underneath the desk.

TROY
(To the hostages)
Anyone who doesn't want to get
shot, you better leave.

A few Bank staff members share a look of confusion. Troy grabs the note pad and starts to write.

TROY
Break the glass and climb out. Go
now!

The hostages start to break the glass with chairs, as they frantically attempt to climb out of the window.

EXT. BANK - SAME

Detective Leonard watches as the hostages scramble outside of the bank. ARMORED OFFICERS run up to the hostages and toss blankets over their heads, as they lead them back behind the S.W.A.T Trucks.

DET. #2
Does this make any sense?

Detective Leonard shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

DET. LEONARD

No. That's why we need to get in there.

INT. BANK - MOMENTS LATER

Troy sits with his guns on his lap. He is writes.

TROY

(V.O)

To my dearest Madison. If you are reading this, that means you are healthy and alive. I'm sorry I couldn't be with you baby girl, but I want you to know that I love you. I have loved you everyday leading up to your birth. In a way, you can say that you saved my life. You changed me. How I wish I could be there for your first words. Your first steps.

INT. WINSTEAD HOUSE - DAY

A now 11 MONTH OLD MADISON walks from the couch into Meagan's arms. Meagan tears up with joy as she scoops Madison up in her arms. Meagan kisses her repeatedly.

TROY

(V.O)

I wish I could be there for your first day of school. Or see what your first report card looked like.

INT. WINSTEAD HOUSE - DAY

A now 7 YEAR OLD MADISON excitedly awaits for Meagan to finish vacuuming the floor. Meagan curiously looks at Madison, when she hands her a report card. Meagan looks at the report card. It shows that Madison has made all A's in all subjects. Madison glows with happiness as Meagan hugs her.

TROY

I just wish.

INT. BANK - DAY

The fantasy of a 7 year old daughter fades into the chaos of the bank. Troy's look of hope vanishes as he becomes aware of his reality. He continues to write.

TROY

(V.O)

When they tell you the story about me. I pray that you don't hate me. I pray that you will love me. Because Madison, there is nothing I wouldn't do for you. Tell your mother I love her, and remember, I love you, more than you will ever know. Be strong kid. Sincerely Troy Winstead. Your father.

Troy finishes writing, folds the letter, and shoves it in his pocket. He reaches in the other pocket and pulls out the picture of his daughter.

EXT. BANK - SAME

Detective Leonard shoves a bull horn in the chest of a uniformed POLICE OFFICER. A group of S.W.A.T team members patiently wait behind him.

POLICE OFFICER

Sir?

DET. LEONARD

We have waited long enough. Tell him to surrender.

DET. #1

Do you think this is the right way to do this?

DET. LEONARD

What do you want me to do dammit? Wait around till everyone ends up dead.

(To the Police Officer)

Sargent. go ahead.

The Police Officer puts the bull horn to his mouth.

POLICE OFFICER

We have the building surrounded! This is your last chance to surrender peacefully. You have ten

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

POLICE OFFICER (cont'd)
seconds to decide, then we will
storm the building.

Detective Leonard starts to signal the snipers to get into position. He signals for the S.W.A.T Team to start moving.

They tactically make a move toward the entrance of the bank.

INT. BANK - SAME

Troy puts his daughter's picture back in his pocket. He removes the safety latch on his guns, as he takes a deep breathe.

POLICE OFFICER
(O.S)
Times up!

Troy gathers his courage, and braces himself for the worst.

TROY
Lets do it.

Just as he says this, the S.W.A.T team breaks through the entrance barricades and storms the bank.

Troy, however is ready for them. He steps away from the desk and starts unloading his guns. Each shot is calculated, and accurate.

Troy shoots two S.W.A.T Members dead. The other members return FIRE, as Troy continues to dump slugs. The Bank has become the scene for an old fashion wild west shoot out.

The Kevlar that Troy is wearing begins to wear thin as the bullets fall upon him. Despite getting shot, Troy continues to FIRE.

Troy, now bleeding from his mouth falls to one knee. He attempts to reload but the bullets keep coming. He is struck in the arm. His gun falls to the ground. He attempts to pick it up, when he is shot again. Troy falls back. The S.W.A.T team approaches him.

TROY
Bang. Bang. Ba...

Troy reaches into his pocket, and the S.W.A.T team opens FIRE. As the bullets rain down on Troy the letter to his daughter floats to the ground.

(CONTINUED)

The S.W.A.T team continues their sweep of the building, leaving Troy's lifeless body clinching his daughter's letter.

We see the carnage left in the Bank and see the frenzy that is taking place outside the broken window.

EXT. BANK - SAME

Where we see what seems like an endless amount of Police Officers storming the Bank. Squad cars are everywhere. This place has become a circus. Helicopters fly over the bank and survey the crime scene below, as press camera flashes twinkle in the sky.

INT. CHUB'S POOL HALL - DAY

Chubs prepares to eat a giant bowl of pasta. He sprinkles some cheese on top, then mixes it into the noodles with his fork.

A news report flashes on the television.

- News report

ANCHORMAN

This just in. Earlier today, a bank robbery turns fatal. Where two men who are now known to be identified as Troy Winstead, and Sydney Washington lost their lives.

Chubs buries his head in hands.

ANCHORMAN

(O.S)

Before the two men...

INT. TROY'S APARTMENT - SAME

Meagan sits in a chair watching the news broadcast. Her eyes are filled with tears.

ANCHORMAN

(Cont. O.S)

Had apprehended nine hostages they had attempted to break into the safe to make away with a estimated sum of Fifty Six million dollars.

Meagan weeps and morns for Troy as she continues to watch the broadcast.

INT. WASHINGTON HOUSE - DAY

Lincoln and Allen watch the broadcast.

ANCHORMAN

(Cont. O.S)

Among the two suspects, Troy Winstead, and Sydney Washington. The botched robbery also claimed the life of Gus Richardson. A security guard at Washington International. He is survived by his Wife Vivian and three kids Chuck, Gus Jr. and Anna Lee. More...

Lincoln turns the television off. Allen tries to hide his delight, while Lincoln looks disturbed.

ALLEN

Well sir. It looks like things work out after all...

LINCOLN

Hey, he was my son. I lost my boy today.

Allen tries to perform damage control.

ALLEN

I understand sir. I'm sorry for your loss.

LINCOLN

Get out.

ALLEN

Yes sir.

Allen quietly leaves. Lincoln sits in shock at his desk for a moment. He breaks down and begins to cry.

INT. ELEMENTARY AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

SIX YEARS LATER

PARENTS sit in the audience with their cam-corders and cameras, waving and cheering for their KIDS who are on stage.

(CONTINUED)

A nerdy Middle aged woman, we know her as MRS. WEAVER, walks out on the stage and takes the mic from a chubby little BOY. The Parents in the audience applaud.

WEAVER

Thank you Billy for that...
interesting story.

(Reads off of index cards)

Next up we have Madison Winstead,
with "My Favorite Person".

The audience applauds as MADISON walks out on stage. She is 6 years old. Very cute, and very healthy.

Mrs. Weaver places the mic back on the stand and walks off. Madison steps shyly up to the mic and takes a deep breath. She looks into the audience and sees her mother.

Meagan, slightly older, but still very beautiful smiles back at her. Madison returns the smile and begins talking.

MADISON

My favorite person is my Dad. He passed away when I was born, but he loved me very much. Its because of him, I'm alive today. If he was around today, I'd hug him, and say I love you daddy. My mommy says that I look just like my daddy, and when I grow up I will have a big head just like him.

The parents in the audience laugh and giggle.

MADISON

I am thinking about you daddy, and I will always miss you. That's why my dad is my favorite person.

Everyone in the audience applauds as Madison takes a bow. Her bright smile shines from ear to ear as she locks eyes with her mother who is overwhelmed with happiness. The two of them share a look of love and admiration.

FADE OUT.

THE END

(CONTINUED)

