



THE BLACC ROSE FAMILY

Bernard Mersier

BLACK SCREEN:

"Life holds no meaning without embracing death."

~ Bernard Mersier~

FADE IN:

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING ROOF - NIGHT

BLU POV

The dark summer skies over East Jefferson shimmer with the glow of car lights heading downtown or to Belle Isle.

BLU (mid-30s, golden-brown skin, sharply dressed in an expensive suit) stands at the roof's edge, with a glass of cognac in his left hand, and a Desert Eagle with a black rose engraved on the handle in his right.

BLU (V.O.)
Niggas disgust me. The lengths they'll
sink to for power are pathetic.

BLU POV

He gazes at the Desert Eagle, the black rose glinting under the city lights.

Taking a sip of cognac, a memory floods his mind.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. TANYA HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON THE DESERT EAGLE

The gun rests on a side table next to a vase of black roses.

Laughter fills the room.

YOUNG BLU (11, bright-eyed) and his mother, TANYA (mid-20s, radiant chocolate skin, five months pregnant), are sitting on the bed, chuckling over ultrasound pictures in her scrapbook.

Tanya closes the book, placing it on her pillow, looking at her son with a warm smile.

YOUNG BLU
When is my brother coming?

TANYA

In four months, baby. Are you ready to be a big brother?

YOUNG BLU

Hell yeah.

TANYA

(Kisses his forehead)

That's my big man. You remember what I told you?

YOUNG BLU

There's nothing—

The door BURSTS open.

LAWRENCE (Blu's father, mid -20s, sweating, drunk) is leaning against the frame, clutching a cognac bottle.

LAWRENCE

(Slurring)

What the fuck are y'all talkin' 'bout?
Yeah, yeah, yeah! The lil' nigga got a
ragamuffin brother comin'! I need my
dick wet, and you're on this bullshit!

Young Blu lowers his head, ashamed.

Tanya's eyes harden, unflinching.

She reaches for the Desert Eagle, rises slowly, and walks over to him pressing the barrel between his eyes.

TANYA

Talk stupid in front of my son again,
and you'll be a victim of what we
built.

Lawrence, amused, takes a swig from the bottle.

LAWRENCE

Bitch, if you don't—

WHACK!

Tanya smacks him across the face.

Blood trickles from his lip.

Young Blu looks up, a faint smile breaking through.

TANYA

Watch your mouth, bitch. Go load the
shit up with your punk ass.

Tanya returns to the bed, placing the gun back on the table.

Lawrence, eyes burning with hate, sucks the blood from his
lip and stumbles off.

TANYA (CONT'D)

You okay, baby?

YOUNG BLU

Are you okay?

TANYA

I'm good. But nobody calls your mama a
bitch. And I mean, nobody.

YOUNG BLU

You think he'll try somethin'?

TANYA

Fear's only an option when pertaining
to God. Nothin' on this earth should
put fear in you.

YOUNG BLU

Why didn't you kill him?

TANYA

(Soft chuckle)

The thought crossed my mind. I figured
you boys might want your daddy around.

LAWRENCE (O.S.)

Tanya, come here!

TANYA

(Sighs)

Why?!

LAWRENCE (O.S.)

I can't get in the room without the
key!

TANYA

I'm comin'!

She grabs her keys from the drawer and picks up the Desert Eagle.

She stands up smiling at Young Blu.

TANYA (CONT'D)
I love you.

YOUNG BLU
Love you, too.

As she steps toward the door—CRACK!

A bat slams into her head.

Tanya collapses, with blood streaming down her face.

Young Blu rushes to her, panicking.

YOUNG BLU (CONT'D)
Mama! Mama!

A DARK-SKINNED MAN in black steps in, cracking Young Blu across the head, knocking him out.

Lawrence slithers back into the doorway, sipping his cognac.

LAWRENCE
Dumb bitch.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING ROOF - NIGHT

CLOSE ON BLU FACE

Anguish flickers in his watery eyes.

BLU (V.O.)
Enough of that.

He holsters the Desert Eagle and strolls to the other end of the roof, where a shotgun is mounted on the ledge, with Lawrence's mouth heavily duct-taped around the barrel.

Lawrence is wide-eyed, struggling to get free from the chair he's tied to that has the legs cemented down.

SLICE (dark brown, heavy but solid) and TYSON (slim, dark-skinned) are standing nearby, expressionless.

Blu sits beside the shotgun, locking eyes with Lawrence.

BLU

Look at this bitch-ass nigga. Didn't I
say I was gonna fuckin' kill you?

Lawrence muffles incoherently, amusing Blu.

BLU (CONT'D)

Crazy shit, right? Listen... this is a
special occasion.

Slice disappears into the building, returning with black
garbage bags, placing them beside Blu.

BLU (CONT'D)

Family is everything. Now, yours
consists of a five-year-old daughter,
and two sixteen-year-old boys, right?

The waterworks start in Lawrence's eyes as Blu places his
glass on the ledge and pulls out a pair of black leather
gloves, putting them on.

BLU (CONT'D)

My mama taught me to kill anyone who
violates me or mine.

He opens a bag and pulls out dismembered limbs of Lawrence's
children.

Vomit swells behind the tape as Lawrence sobs.

Blu grips the shotgun, placing his finger on the trigger.

BLU (CONT'D)

Catch, like you told my mother, bitch.

BANG!

Lawrence's head explodes.

Slice and Tyson stare, unfazed.

Blu pulls out a pack of Newports and a lighter, taking one
from the pack and placing it in his mouth, lighting it.

BLU (CONT'D)

Clean this bitch up. I gotta see if
the dogs finished eating his hoe.

Blu walks off, leaving Slice and Tyson to clean up the gruesome scene.

FADE TO BLACK:

TITLE CARD:

INT. BLU REAL ESTATE OFFICE - BLU OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Blu is sitting at his desk in a sleek real estate office, staring at a photo of him and Tanya on his laptop.

A faint smile crosses his face as he strokes his goatee.

He clicks on a file labeled 'My Businesses.'

Three folders appear.

Club Grade A, The Spot and Good Eating.

BLU (V.O.)

Movin' drugs take creativity, which is somethin' these so-called hustlers lack. Flashin' for bitches one night, broke the next. That ain't hustlin'. When you focus on pussy, pussy focuses on your dollars, and then the feds will focus on your spots.

He clicks 'Club Grade A.'

Twelve surveillance screens light up, showing the club's interior.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CLUB GRADE A - V.I.P. ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dim lights, sultry music.

SEDUCTION (21, caramel-skinned, stunning, in a black tie bra and thong) leads an INTOXICATED MAN (early-20s, sloppy) to a couch.

He plops down, grinning, with a drink in hand.

Seduction straddles him, grinding slowly.

She slips a hand into her thong, pulling out a GHB pill wrapped in tissue.

While he kisses her neck, groping her, she drops the pill into his drink.

She stands, kisses his cheek, then starts her dance.

He takes a big gulp, eyes glued to her.

BLU (V.O.)
That's my loyal bitch. If he's really
in the game, I'll know. My bouncers
dump clowns like him far from the club
before the drug wears off. That's what
I mean by focusin' on pussy.

Seduction drops into a split, bouncing and spreading her cheeks.

BLU (V.O.) (CONT'D)
This is for sport. Here's where my
creativity kicks in.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CLUB GRADE A - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

A MAN IN LATEX GLOVES stands beside a LIGHT-SKINNED STRIPPER, naked and unconscious on a slab.

Surgical tools and silicone implants rest nearby.

BLU (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I love thick women for my own
preference, but they're perfect
carriers.

The man makes an incision under the stripper's breast, where an old scar is.

He extracts a silicone bag filled with cocaine.

BLU (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Some women will do anything for a
dollar. Let's check the spot.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. TRAP HOUSE - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

A chaotic mess. Empty bottles, blunt roaches.

GOON #1, GOON #2, GOON #3, and SEAN (all early 20s) are

drinking and smoking.

Sean, high yellow, sports a black rose tattoo under his right eye.

BLU (V.O.)

This is my cousin's idea to let the young niggas eat. The problem is, they're more about bein' the man than makin' money.

A CRACKHEAD enters, rubbing two crumpled twenties together.

CRACKHEAD

Let me get one.

GOON #1 walks over to him and snatches the money.

GOON #1

This ain't enough.

Sean eyes them suspiciously, sipping his drink.

The crackhead digs in his pockets, then scratches his neck, smiling weakly.

CRACKHEAD

You know I'm good for it. Hook me up.

Sean tosses his cup aside, furious.

SEAN

Hook him up?! What the fuck is he talking about?!

Silence.

All eyes are on Goon #1 and the crackhead.

GOON #1

(Stammering)

He-he good-

SEAN

He good, what?! You lettin' this nigga slide on my money?!

The crackhead tries to bolt.

Sean pulls out a nine-millimeter.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Where you goin', nigga?!

The crackhead freezes.

Sean walks up to Goon #1 and presses the gun to his head.

GOON #1
Man, listen, I—

SEAN
You listen.

BANG!

Goon #1's head sprays blood, and his body crumples.

The crackhead faints.

Goon #2 and #3 scream, covering their mouths.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Let this be a lesson! I'm the king of
this fuckin' city! Dump this bitch-ass
nigga somewhere.

Sean kicks the body, spits, and chugs from a cognac bottle.

BLU (V.O.)
I'll handle that later. Let's check on
my restaurant.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. GOOD EATING - CONTINUOUS

Outside a fast-food joint, MEKA (22, baby-faced) is leaning by the back door.

The food truck pulls up and comes to a stop.

A worker and JAY get out and walk to the back, opening the tailgate.

The worker grabs some boxes and makes his way into the restaurant.

The other worker, Jay, thirty years old, brown-skinned, tall, and skinny, walks up to Meka, showing his pearly whites.

JAY

Do you want me to bring the sauce in?

MEKA

I can handle it.

He leans down into her ear.

JAY

Make sure we have enough for us.

MEKA

You know I will.

He squeezes her ass before making his way into the restaurant.

Meka walks over to the truck and grabs a box with 'CONDIMENTS' written on it.

Walking into the restaurant, everyone is hard at work getting orders together as Meka walks past, making her way to the stockroom.

She places the box down on the floor and opens it.

Inside are boxes labeled 'SAUCES.'

Before taking the boxes out, she goes back to the door and locks it.

Unbeknownst to Meka, hidden cameras in the room are capturing her every move.

Coming back to the box, she takes the boxes out one at a time, placing them to the side until she reaches the box labeled 'SPECIAL SAUCES.'

She takes the box out, opens it, and inside are black jars.

Opening one of the jars, she dips her finger in the cocaine and licks it, smiling.

She moves some of the boxes on the bottom shelf to grab a duffle bag.

Placing the bag on the table, she opens it and places three jars inside.

BLU (V.O.)

Something else I'll address.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BLU REAL ESTATE OFFICE - BLU OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Blu closes the laptop and leans back in his chair, twiddling his thumbs.

BLU (V.O.)
When it comes to the police, I don't
fuck around. They say we gotcha
covered and end up fucking you over.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. DRUG HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Inside a rival drug den.

POLICE officers are raiding the place, cuffing suspects, seizing drugs and guns.

PHILLIP (46, Caucasian) has CLYDE (21, brown-skinned, slim) pinned against the wall, with his gun to his head.

PHILLIP
Give me somethin', and I'll put in a
good word at court.

CLYDE
Fuck you.

PHILLIP
You're already fucked. Give me
somethin', or I'll make it worse.

CLYDE
Can I trust you?

PHILLIP
I'm as fucked up as you. Of 'course'
you can.

CLYDE
Alright.

Phillip holsters his gun, cuffs Clyde, and nods to OFFICER #1.

Phillip walks over to officer #1.

PHILLIP
Put him in my car. He's got an
authority problem.

OFFICER #1
The docks?

PHILLIP
That's the only way they'll learn
respect.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Broken windows, graffiti and a piss-stained mattress is in
the corner.

Phillip, wearing latex gloves, moves the mattress, revealing
drugs and guns stashed beneath the floor.

PHILLIP
Niggas' ignorance never fails to amaze
me.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BLU REAL ESTATE OFFICE - BLU OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Blu is doing a crossword puzzle.

His SECRETARY enters.

SECRETARY
Your two o'clock is here.

BLU
Send him in.

She exits.

GREGORY (30s, eager) enters.

Blu comes from behind his desk, walking to him.

They shake hands.

BLU
How are you today, Greg?

GREGORY

I'm excited. This is my first house.

BLU

Let's look at it one more time, and
then we can get the paperwork started.

GREGORY

Sounds like a winner.

They walk out of the room.

INT. DOLLAR STORE - LATER

A few customers are moving around, while the workers stock
the shelves.

The beautiful light-skinned twenty-six-year-old woman with
hazel eyes, standing behind the counter ringing up customers
with annoyance in her eyes, is LaCarra.

Blu walks in wearing a wife beater and shorts, showing off
his arm sleeve tattoo of the Grim Reaper standing in blue
flames on his right arm.

He pauses when he sees LaCarra.

BLU (V.O.)

I'm not the one to gawk over pussy
because a lot of dicks were in it
before me. But this bitch... I need to
know if what I'm looking at is just as
good.

He grabs a handbasket and places miscellaneous items inside
as he makes his way around the store.

When he comes back to the front, a customer moves, and Blu
steps up, placing his basket down, beginning to remove his
items.

BLU

How are you?

LACARRA

I'm okay.

BLU

You can't look at me?

LACARRA

Nope. And if I didn't have to come in,
I wouldn't have to hear your voice.

BLU

What if I said I could take you away
from this?

LACARRA

(Rolls her eyes)

What if I said your total is fifteen
even?

She begins bagging up his items.

Blu pulls out a wad of money, keeping his eyes on her.

BLU

You wanna change your mind?

LACARRA

Why would I?

BLU

This is the green light when women see
this.

LACARRA

Only hoes, not women.

BLU

Is there a difference?

PORSHA (35, short, brown-skinned) watches from a distance,
aroused by Blu.

LACARRA

Can you pay for your stuff?

BLU

No doubt. Can you answer my question?

LACARRA

Ask your mama to answer the question.

Blu frowns for a split second, and then brushes it off.

BLU

Good one. Let me get a pack of
Newport's.

LACARRA
Longs or shorts?

BLU
Longs.

LaCarra turns around and grabs the cigarettes, adding them to his total.

LACARRA
Twenty-five fifty.

Blu pulls a fifty from his money and places the rest back in his pocket.

LaCarra slides him the cigarettes.

LACARRA (CONT'D)
You know these can kill you?

BLU
The persistence of wanting a beautiful woman can kill you, too.

LaCarra blushes, taking the money.

BLU (CONT'D)
Did I see a smile?

LACARRA
(Shy laugh)
I wasn't smiling.

BLU
I think you should let me take you out one day.

LACARRA
I don't go out with drug dealers.

BLU
Do I look like a drug dealer?

LaCarra gives him a look that says, 'You can't be serious.'

BLU (CONT'D)
Don't answer that. Just think about it. Maybe when I see you again, I can take you out. What's your name?

She hands him his change.

LACARRA

LaCarra.

BLU

I'm Blu.

He grabs his bag and walks out of the store.

LaCarra stands watching him walk out as Porsha comes over to her.

PORSHA

Did you get his number?

LACARRA

No. Why would I get his number or give him mine?

PORSHA

He was sexy as fuck, and the money makes it even better.

LACARRA

Maybe you should've talked to him.

PORSHA

He was busy up in your ass.

LACARRA

Well, I'm not some easy bitch he can fuck on sight.

PORSHA

Shit, I would've been fucking him tonight if he wasn't talking to you.

LACARRA

(Laughs)

Go stock the shelves.

Porsha walks off laughing.

EXT. TRAP HOUSE - NIGHT

In the slums of the Eastside, Sean, Goon #2, Goon #3 and Bryant are sitting on the steps of the spot that looks like a shithole.

They're all drinking and smoking.

Bryant, sixteen years old, brown-skinned, tall and skinny, is

clearly only drinking to blend in, evident by the way he's babysitting his cup.

A jet-black Expedition with black-tinted windows pulls up in front of the house.

Slice exits the driver's side and walks to the passenger side.

Blu gets out wearing all black.

Sean comes down from the porch smoking as he approaches Slice.

They gave each other a play.

SEAN
What up, Slice?

SLICE
Business.

Taking a pull from the blunt, Sean looks at Blu suspiciously.

Sean eyes Blu suspiciously.

SEAN
Who's this?

SLICE
One of my people, lookin' for that good work. I told him we got the best.

SEAN
Nigga looks shady.

SLICE
You know goddamn well I don't deal with shit like that.

BLU
What does your tat mean?

SEAN
Why?

BLU
Curious.

SEAN
Don't worry about what the fuck it

means.

BLU
(Sarcastic tone)
My fault, fam.

SEAN
I'm the king of this fuckin' city! You
better recognize and turn up, bitch.

BLU
Turn up? What does that mean?

Sean starts to reach under his shirt, but Slice grabs him.

SLICE
Calm that shit down. Let's do this
business so I can get the fuck on.

SEAN
You're right. You need to get this
nigga in line.

SLICE
I got that covered.

BLU
I'll sit on the porch.

SEAN
You do that.

Blu heads to the porch, sitting on the top step.

Goon #2 and #3 sit below to his right, Bryant to his left.

Goon #2 offers Blu the blunt.

Blu declines, hand slipping under his shirt.

BLU
Tell me something. Do you know the
difference between the king of the
city and the people who work for him?

GOON #2
Hell yeah. My man down there is the
king, and we make sure it stays that
way. Turn up!

The goons continue drinking and smoking, but Bryant keeps his

eyes on Blu.

BLU
(Laughs)
Turn this weak shit down.

Blu quickly pulls out the Desert Eagle and shoots the goons in the head.

Sean turns around, stunned, reaching for his gun, and Slice draws his Glock 40, placing it to Sean's head.

SEAN
What the fuck is this?!

SLICE
Get your ass on the ground!

Sean slowly gets on the ground.

Blu stands up, smiling, aiming at Bryant.

Bryant is nervous but keeps his cool.

BLU
Why didn't you say shit?

BRYANT
A smart person knows the person who asked the question runs shit.

Blu smirks, lowering the gun.

BLU
What's your name?

BRYANT
Bryant.

BLU
I might have a place for you. You have to do something first.

BRYANT
I'm down.

BLU
Good.

Blu walks down from the porch over to Sean.

Sean looks up at him, and Blu kicks him hard across the face.

Slice picks him up and holds him with his arms behind his back.

Sean's face is tight, with blood coming from his mouth.

BLU

I advise you to unscrunch your fuckin' face before you speak.

Sean spits blood in Blu's face.

Blu pistol-whips him, and Slice lets him go, allowing him to hit the ground.

BLU (CONT'D)

That bullshit on your face is bad for business. Especially since it's my business and you don't know what the fuck it means. Put this bitch in the truck.

Slice picks Sean up and delivers a gut punch, making him fold over.

Blu goes back to the house and walks in with Bryant behind him.

He stands looking at the filthy area, sighing, wiping the blood from his face.

BLU (CONT'D)

Where's my shit?

BRYANT

He keeps it in the kitchen, up under the sink.

BLU

Is my money there, too?

BRYANT

Yup.

BLU

Let's get it.

They make their way towards the kitchen.

BLU (CONT'D)
How old are you?

BRYANT
Sixteen.

BLU
What the hell are you doing out here
in these streets?

BRYANT
All I know is the streets.

BLU
Tell me what you know about the
streets.

Bryant is silent as they walk into the kitchen.

Fast food wrappers, empty liquor bottles, crinkled paper bags, pots used to cook crack and residue of cocaine are on the counter, and in the corner are two gas containers.

BLU (CONT'D)
I'll ask that again later. Get the
shit.

Bryant goes over to the sink, opens the cabinet, and grabs two duffel bags, walking back over to Blu.

BLU (CONT'D)
Open 'em.

Bryant places the bags down and opens one, seeing bricks of cocaine.

When he opens the other one, it's filled with hundred-dollar bills.

Blu places a cigarette in his mouth.

BLU (CONT'D)
Do you know how much all of this shit
is?

BRYANT
No.

BLU
If you answer my question and do what
I need, you will. Spill the gas around

the room.

Bryant walks over to the containers and picks one up, spilling the gas around the room.

When he's finished, he does the same with the other one and then walks out of the kitchen.

Blu steps out of the room and takes one more pull from his cigarette, before tossing it into the gas.

He picks up the bags and walks off as the house catches fire.

Blu and Bryant come down the steps, walking toward the truck, getting in.

The fire can be seen consuming the house from the windows.

Bryant looks in the hatch and sees Sean knocked out and hogtied.

Blu turns around and looks at him.

BLU (CONT'D)
You okay back there?

BRYANT
I'm good. What about this nigga back here and the bodies?

Blu looks at Slice, and they laugh.

BLU
Don't worry about that nigga back there. And the bodies are for the coroners to clean up.

The truck pulls off, leaving the slums with a smoldering smell, and a bright orange glow.

INT. THE LOT - LATER

Middle of nowhere.

The Expedition and Blu's black Charger are parked.

Sean's tied to a pole, fearless.

Blu, Slice, and Bryant face him.

BLU
Ready to tell me what that tat means?

SEAN
Who are you?

BLU
The reason your dumb ass was able to eat.

Sean spits to the side.

SEAN
Kill me, nigga. I ain't scared.

BLU
(Laughs)
Thought I wasn't? I just wanna know what that shit on your face means.

Blu draws the Desert Eagle.

BLU (CONT'D)
This was my mama's gun. She used it to drop mutts like you and niggas who thought they ran the city. She made the Black Rose family infamous while clowns like you tried turning it into a gang.

BRYANT
You're part of the Black Rose family?

BLU
You'll find out about that later.
Slice, hand me your knife.

Blu places the gun back under his shirt.

Slice pulls out a serrated knife and hands it to Blu.

Blu grabs Sean by the back of the head and places the tip of the knife under his right eye.

The sound of piss running down Sean's legs fills the air.

BLU (CONT'D)
This motherfucker claims he's a gangsta, and he's got piss running down his legs.

SEAN

Fuck you!

Blu begins viciously cutting the tattoo from Sean's face as he screams in pain.

When he's finished, Blu places the flesh in his pocket and turns his attention to the terrified Bryant.

He pulls out a nine-millimeter and extends it to Bryant.

Bryant takes the gun, his hand shaking.

BLU

Blow his brains out.

BRYANT

Are you serious?

Blu pulls out the Desert Eagle and aims at Bryant's head.

BLU

I'll count to ten.

Bryant's hand shakes as he aims at Sean's head.

Sean has tears and blood coming down his face, staring into Bryant's eyes.

BLU (CONT'D)

One.

BRYANT

...I can't do this.

BLU

Two.

Sean's eyes are filled with a mix of fear and resignation.

Bryant looks uncertain about what to do.

BRYANT

I can't-

BLU

I lied about counting to ten.

Blu cocks the hammer.

In a sudden burst of action, Bryant pulls the trigger,

blowing Sean's brains out.

He drops the gun and turns to the side, throwing up.

BLU (CONT'D)
The first kill is always hard. The
ones after are better than sex.

Bryant continues vomiting as Blu picks up the gun, placing it behind his back, turning to Slice.

BLU
Make sure the king of the city gets
his recognition. I'll take this one
with me.

Blu pats Bryant on the back, signaling him to follow.

Bryant wipes the residue from his mouth and follows Blu.

BLU
The next time I tell you to kill
somebody, you better do it before I
kill you. Answer that question.

Bryant is breathing shallowly.

BRYANT
Nothing.

BLU
I thought so. Let's get something to
eat.

INT. BLU APARTMENT - PENTHOUSE - LATER

Royal blue decor, minibar with premium liquor, 50-inch flatscreen.

Blu and Bryant walk in.

Bryant is carrying the two bags from the spot, and Blu is carrying a bag he places down before walking to the minibar.

BRYANT
Uh... What happens now?

BLU
Why?

Bryant places the bags down.

BRYANT

I just wanted to know.

After pouring a glass, Blu picks up the glass and walks towards Bryant, taking a sip.

BLU

Curiosity is another word for death.
Hold this.

Bryant takes the drink, and Blu pulls his gun out and grabs Bryant's head, placing the gun under his chin.

BLU

Death is involved with everything you do, so you shouldn't fear shit. The second thing you need to know is curiosity speeds up the process. Why do you give a fuck about a nigga you killed?

BRYANT

I-I was wondering if it would point back to me.

Blu laughs, releasing his head and lowering the gun.

Bryant gets ready to laugh, and Blu hits him hard in the stomach with the handle of the gun.

Bryant drops to one knee, dropping the glass.

BLU

You worried about how I run shit?! You were sucking the dick of a pretend king, and you're worried about how I do shit?!

Blu hits him in the face, knocking him flat on the floor.

Bryant rolls onto his back, holding his face.

Blu places a foot on his chest, cocking the hammer back, aiming at his head.

BLU (CONT'D)

Who do you live with?

BRYANT

My mother and sister.

BLU

Give me your wallet, and don't try any
slick shit because it's a hair
trigger.

Bryant goes into his pocket, grabs his wallet, and extends it
to Blu.

Blu takes the wallet and walks over to the sofa, taking a
seat.

Bryant gets ready to stand up, and Blu aims the gun at him.

BLU (CONT'D)

Stay right there. I'll give you three
questions. In return, you get to ask
me three questions. Answer and ask
wisely because your life is in your
own hands. You understand?

Bryant nods his head yes.

BLU (CONT'D)

How strong is your faith in God?

BRYANT

My mother is a God-fearing-

BLU

I didn't ask about your mother. I
asked you.

Bryant swallows hard.

BRYANT

It's strong.

BLU

Do you think if I pull this trigger,
God will let you live?

BRYANT

You would have to pull the trigger for
the answer.

BLU

Nice. How do you feel about killing
that nigga?

BRYANT

I can still see his brains.

BLU

That's a good thing, but not what I asked you. I asked you, how do you feel?

BRYANT

I don't know if I'll ever get over it.

BLU

What made you choose this life?

BRYANT

I-

BLU

You thought it was the shit to do? You thought because you hear and see it in this rap bullshit, it's cool?

BRYANT

Yeah.

BLU

Right. What are your three?

BRYANT

Why don't you be flexing?

BLU

Did anybody know that I'm the real king?

BRYANT

No.

BLU

And why is that?

BRYANT

...Because you stay low-key.

BLU

The next one.

BRYANT

Why didn't you kill me?

Blu taps the gun on his knee.

BLU

You're a fuckin' moron, but you didn't

do shit wrong.

BRYANT

Are there any other reasons?

BLU

I'll know when this is finished. Last one.

BRYANT

Did your mother start the Black Rose gang?

BLU

It's not a weak-ass gang. It was a calling card my parents started.

BRYANT

What happened?

Blu looks like he wants to cry as he stands to his feet.

BLU

Maybe I'll tell you one day. Get up and come have a drink.

Blu walks over to the bar and grabs an expensive cognac bottle, pouring two glasses.

Bryant comes over and picks up a glass.

BRYANT

Who would've thought I'd be drinking this?

BLU

Drink it slowly and savor it.

Bryant takes a sip, and a smile spreads across his face.

BLU

Good?

BRYANT

Hell yeah.

BLU

Enjoy as much as you want. You have some thinking and answering to do in the morning.

BRYANT

I do.

BLU

That's right. Grab that blanket and take your ass on the balcony.

BRYANT

Why the balcony?

BLU

Be lucky it ain't a dirt nap. I'll talk to you in the morning.

BRYANT

What if I try some shady shit?

BLU

If you love your mother and sister, you know better. See you in the morning.

Blu walks over and grabs the bag he was carrying, and then walks off to his room.

A minimalist space with a king-size bed, navy blue sheets, and a nightstand.

He sits on the bed, sighing, head bowed.

He sets his glass on the nightstand and opens the bag, pulling out a photo album.

INSERT ALBUM COVER

"Fear should only be an option when pertaining to God. Nothin' on this earth should place fear in you."

Below, a dead black rose is sealed in a Ziploc bag.

Blu opens the album.

The first page holds a poem and an ultrasound picture labeled 'My baby boy.'

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Tanya has blood dripping from her forehead, tied to a chair, with a shotgun barrel duct-taped in her mouth.

Lawrence is gripping the gun, with his finger on the trigger, staring at Young Blu.

Young Blu is on his knees, with blood on his face, being held by two HUSKY MEN in black.

LAWRENCE

One chance to save this hoe. She was only good for suckin' dick, so this fits. Where's the rest of the money?

Young Blu starts to speak, but Tanya closes her eyes, shaking her head 'no.'

Lawrence smirks, stroking her hair.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

Do what you're good at, bitch, and catch.

BANG!

Tanya's head explodes.

Young Blu SCREAMS as her body slumps.

He fights the men holding him. Lawrence approaches, grinning, kneeling down in Young Blu's face.

Young Blu spits in his face.

Lawrence laughs, standing straight, gripping the shotgun like a bat.

He swings, slamming it into Young Blu's stomach.

Young Blu doubles over, vomiting blood.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

I Told y'all my son got some heart.

Lawrence lifts Young Blu's chin with the barrel.

Vomit and blood drip from Blu's mouth.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

Now, if you're thinkin' 'bout snitchin', I'll do you like I did that bitch. You got somethin' to say?

YOUNG BLU
I won't snitch.

LAWRENCE
Good.

YOUNG BLU
I'm fuckin' killin' you.

Lawrence chuckles, ruffling Blu's hair.

LAWRENCE
Looks like the kid needs a nap.

He smacks Young Blu across the face with the shotgun, knocking him out.

COME BACK TO:

INT. BLU APARTMENT - PENTHOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Blu's eyes glisten as he closes the album and places it on his pillow.

BLU
Y'all can rest in heaven. I handled him.

EXT. BLU APARTMENT - PENTHOUSE - BALCONY - MORNING

City traffic hums below.

Bryant sleeps on a sofa in his boxers, a knot on his forehead, and the cognac bottle beside the sofa.

Blu steps out, and walks to him, pressing the Desert Eagle to Bryant's head.

Bryant jolts awake, terrified.

BRYANT
What the fuck?!

BLU
You sleep too heavy. That'll get you killed.

BRYANT
I'll remember that.

BLU

You better. Get up. I got somethin' to show you.

Blu heads inside, sitting on the sofa.

He lights a Newport and sips whiskey, grabbing the remote.

Bryant, now dressed, sits on the loveseat.

BLU (CONT'D)

I'll let you clean up, and get you some fresh clothes. But this late-sleepin' bullshit. That's done.

BRYANT

Thanks.

Blu plays a recorded news segment.

Onscreen, a house is cordoned with yellow tape.

REPORTER (INTO THE CAMERA)

A gruesome tragedy struck this community when a family of five was found dismembered. One victim's head was left on the porch, wearing a king's crown with a black rose in his mouth. A chilling hallmark of an old, grim calling card.

Blu shuts off the TV.

BLU

That's what happened to your fake-ass king.

Bryant covers his mouth, fighting nausea.

BLU (CONT'D)

Man up, nigga! This is the life you wanted, right?!

Bryant stays silent.

Blu walks over to him and grabs his face, squeezing hard.

BLU (CONT'D)

You got 'til three o'clock to pull your shit together. Go clean up.

Blu releases him.

Bryant heads to the bathroom.

Blu sighs.

INT. DOLLAR STORE - AFTERNOON

Blu enters with a bouquet of roses.

Porsha steps from behind the register, eyeing him.

PORSHA
Nice flowers.

BLU
Thanks.

PORSHA
This can only mean one thing.

BLU
Which is?

PORSHA
You're displaying you're a gentleman.

BLU
Really?

She winks at him.

PORSHA
Yeah. What other reason could there be?

BLU
This lets me know you have a man.

PORSHA
What he doesn't know won't hurt.

LACARRA appears at the front, pausing when she sees them.

Blu spots her and steps away from Porsha.

BLU
Why would you wanna be a side dish
when you have a man treating you as a
main course?

He walks over to LaCarra and extends the flowers.

Porsha is offended, folding her arms across her chest.

LACARRA

What am I supposed to do with these?

BLU

Hopefully, accept them, considering I took the time to find something as beautiful as you.

She blushes, taking the flowers.

LACARRA

What do you want from me?

BLU

One date. If you say no, I'll leave you alone. If you say yes and you don't have fun, I'll leave you alone.

LACARRA

Considering you can be nice and you have manners. You seem financed and you're handsome. What makes me special outta all of the women you run across?

BLU

Every woman isn't LaCarra.

She stands speechless, blushing.

BLU (CONT'D)

Does dinner and bowlin' sound good?

LACARRA

Bowlin'? You bowl?

BLU

First time for everything. Big-ass kid at heart.

LACARRA

(Laughs)

You won't quit, so... yeah.

BLU

You want me to pick you up, or you wanna come to my place?

LACARRA
I'll come to you.

He goes into his pocket and pulls out his wallet.

He opens it and takes one of his business cards out,
extending it to her.

BLU
I'll be ready around eight if that's
cool with you.

LaCarra smirks, reading the card.

LACARRA
Real estate, huh?

BLU
Be more worried about what you'll wear
tonight. Call me when you're on the
way.

He exits.

Porsha approaches, sucking her teeth.

PORSHA
Don't waste your time.

LACARRA

WHY? 'CAUSE HE SHUT YOU DOWN?

PORSHA
Do you.

Porsha storms off.

LaCarra chuckles.

INT. GLENDA HOUSE - BRYANT ROOM - LATER

Bryant paces nervously.

A knock at the door.

BRYANT
Yeah?

GLENDA (O.S.)
Someone's here for you.

BRYANT

Comin'.

He steadies himself and heads to the living room, where KELLY (7) watches TV.

GLEENDA (mid-50s) is standing by the door.

Bryant moves to leave, but she grabs his arm.

GLEENDA

Who's that?

BRYANT

A guy helpin' me find a job.

GLEENDA

I felt death's grip when I opened the door.

BRYANT

I'll be back soon.

He kisses her cheek and steps out.

Glenda clasps her hands, prepared to pray.

GLEENDA

Lord, look over my boy and make sure he comes home safe. In your name, Lord, I leave the soul of my child in your hands. Amen.

He turns around.

BRYANT

We won't know if the Lord heard you unless I come back.

He walks off.

The neighborhood is your typical urban environment with kids playing, and cars coming up and down the street.

Bryant walks to the old-school black Monte Carlo with tinted windows, where Tyson is sitting in the driver's seat with a blunt hanging from his mouth.

Bryant gets in and looks at him, smiling.

BRYANT (CONT'D)

What up?

Tyson takes a hard pull and blows the smoke in Bryant's face.

TYSON

You'll see what's up if you fuck up.

Bryant is silent, fanning the smoke.

EXT. GOOD EATING - MOMENTS LATER

The Monte Carlo pulls into the parking lot of 'Good Eating,' the fancy fast food restaurant sitting on the corner of a busy intersection, filled with people inside.

Inside the car, Tyson takes a pull from his blunt while scrolling through his phone.

TYSON

This is the only bitch you let take your order.

He shows Bryant a picture of Meka.

BRYANT

What am I ordering?

Tyson looks at him and raises his eyebrow.

TYSON

Why are you talking?

BRYANT

Sorry.

TYSON

Make the total come up to fifty or more. I don't give a fuck what you get as long as it comes up to fifty-plus. After you order all that shit, make sure. And I stress, make sure! You ask for the special sauce.

BRYANT

What's the special sauce?

Tyson balls his fist, ready to hit him.

BRYANT (CONT'D)

Make sure to get the special sauce.

Got it.

TYSON

And pay close attention to her reaction. If she seems flaky, come out here and get me.

BRYANT

Got it.

Tyson goes into his pocket and pulls out a hundred-dollar bill.

Bryant takes the money.

TYSON

Get in there and get it.

Bryant opens the door and gets out, heading toward the restaurant.

EXT / INT. GOOD EATING - CONTINUOUS

Laughter and chatter fill the restaurant.

Bryant gets in MEKA'S line.

One customer remains ahead.

Another register opens, but Bryant pretends to study the menu.

Meka finishes with the last customer.

Bryant steps up.

MEKA

Welcome to Good Eating. Would you like to try our new triple-stacked burger?

BRYANT

Yeah, three of those as meals. Three twelve-piece nuggets and two fish sandwiches.

Meka laughs, blushing.

MEKA

Munchies or feedin' the family?

Bryant forces a smile, nerves creeping in.

BRYANT
A bit of both.

MEKA
I feel you. What kind of sauce for the nuggets?

Blu, unnoticed by Bryant, is reading a newspaper at a nearby table.

BRYANT
Can I get the special sauce?

Meka's eyes narrow suspiciously.

MEKA
You mean the mouth-blazin' sauce?

BRYANT
Nah, the special sauce.

Meka holds his gaze, then smiles.

MEKA
Got it. Seventy-nine twenty-two. Gimme a few minutes.

Bryant hands her the bill.

She checks it, makes change, and walks off.

Bryant hesitates, unsure of her reaction.

Blu folds his paper and slips out, unseen.

INT. TYSON CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Bryant returns with bags, placing them on the floor before climbing in.

Tyson rummages through them, finding Ziploc bags of cocaine.

TYSON
Good work. One problem.

BRYANT
What?

BLU (O.S.)
Did you check to see if all my shit is there?

Bryant freezes as Blu rises from under clothes in the backseat, his glare icy.

BRYANT
He didn't tell me—

BLU
Codes mean you know what you're gettin'. Your job is to make sure it's all there. The bitch was actin' funny, so why didn't you report to him?

BRYANT
I didn't—

BLU
Shut the fuck up.

Blu sighs, glancing at Tyson.

BLU (CONT'D)
How many we got?

Tyson counts the bags.

TYSON
Three short.

Blu shakes his head, lighting a cigarette.

BLU
Three fuckin' bags short. You know how much that costs?

BRYANT
I'm—

BLU
Don't say you're sorry because that means you're a sorry-ass nigga, and I should let this nigga blow your brains out!

Bryant falls silent.

Tyson rests his .45 on his lap.

Blu checks his watch.

BLU (CONT'D)
Find some heart before tonight, or

you're done.

BRYANT
Tonight?

BLU
Fuck this up, and you'll wish your
mother swallowed you.

Blu grabs a food bag and taps Tyson's seat.

He exits, eating a nugget.

BLU
If you fuck up, your family is fucked.
Tyson lights a blunt, eyeing Bryant.

TYSON
You know who Blu is, and what he's
about?

BRYANT
Yeah.

TYSON
Then you know I ain't losin' my family
over your fuck-up. Get it together.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. POLICE STATION - PHILLIP OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Phillip is sitting at his desk, shaking his head looking at
paperwork.

Officer #2 comes in and drops a file on his desk.

PHILLIP
What's this?

OFFICER #2
The file on that family that was
murdered last night.

PHILLIP
Why are you giving it to me?

OFFICER #2
The captain said since you worked the
Black Rose case, you have more

experience.

PHILLIP

The Black Rose family doesn't exist anymore.

OFFICER #2

Either new players picked up their game, or they're back.

Officer #2 exits.

Phillip rubs his chin, opens a drawer, and pulls out a Ziploc bag with a dead black rose and cash inside.

PHILLIP

Black bastards.

He tucks it away and opens the file.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLU APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Traffic crawls past a sleek high-rise.

Blu, in a sharp baby blue suit, stands with the DOORMAN. LaCarra pulls up in a white Focus, stepping out in casual, fitted attire.

Blu approaches as the doorman heads inside.

BLU

Glad you made it.

LACARRA

Well, ain't you lookin' sugar-sharp.

BLU

The only thing sweet is your glow and that perfume. Did you decide what we're doin', or you want me to plan it out?

LACARRA

What am I gonna do with you? Lead the way.

BLU

Can't go wrong with that.

The doorman returns.

BLU (CONT'D)
Is it ready?

DOORMAN
Yes, sir.

LACARRA
Is what ready?

BLU
Gimme your keys.

A powder blue Mercedes-Benz truck pulls up.

LaCarra's jaw drops as she hands over her keys.

Blu passes them to the doorman.

Another WORKER exits the truck, heading inside.

BLU (CONT'D)
Park it somewhere special.

DOORMAN
Yes, sir.

The doorman gets in LaCarra's car and drives off.

LACARRA
What's all this?

BLU
A woman like you deserves to ride in style.

LACARRA
Wow. What am I gonna do with you?

BLU
Enjoy the night.

He opens the truck's driver's door for her.

LACARRA
You want me to drive?

BLU
Of course.

LACARRA
What if I scratch it?

BLU
The truck is replaceable. Gettin' to know you ain't.

He hops in the passenger side.

LaCarra, dazed, climbs in, and they pull off.

INT. BLU TRUCK - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

LaCarra drives, visibly nervous but hiding it.

Blu smiles, admiring her.

BLU (CONT'D)
How does it handle?

LACARRA
Smooth. Why do you live here instead of a house?

BLU
Why have a house without a woman to make it home?

LACARRA
Why don't you have a woman?

BLU
Let's say I want someone with the same characteristics as my mother.

LACARRA
(Laughs)
You're a mama's boy?

BLU
More so my mother's big man. My father couldn't handle the job, so I had to step up.

LACARRA
Maybe I can meet her one day.

Blu's phone rings.

BLU
Mind if I take this?

LACARRA
Go for it.

BLU
Won't be long.
(Answers)
Yo... Everything's good here.

He looks over at her, placing his phone on his lap.

BLU (CONT'D)
What type of food do you like?

LACARRA
Japanese.

BLU
Nice. Do you drink?

LACARRA
Socially, not to get fucked up.

BLU
So, you're a wine girl?

LACARRA
That's me.

BLU
Nothin' wrong with that. Do you have a
favorite singer?

LACARRA
Where is this goin'?

BLU
What's your idea of a perfect date?

LACARRA
Are you serious?

BLU
Dead serious when it's somethin' I
want.

LACARRA
A home-cooked meal, candles, and
talkin' while Anita Baker's 'Angel' is
playing.

BLU

Deep choice. Why that song?

LACARRA

It's about a man who knows me inside out. Passion, connection. Mental orgasms before the physical. Only your angel hits that deep.

BLU

And I thought you were all tough.

LACARRA

Nah, I just know most guys only want my shell.

BLU

Before we eat, I wanna show you somethin'.

LACARRA

What?

BLU

Follow my lead. I bet it'll make you smile.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. GOOD EATING - NIGHT

The restaurant's closed.

MEKA exits with carry-out bags and a duffel bag, locking up.

She heads to the back, where Jay's green Cherokee waits.

Jay steps out, and they kiss.

JAY

You got the shit?

MEKA

You know it. We're gonna get fucked up so you can fuck the shit outta me, and the rest is ours to sell.

JAY

That's my girl.

Bryant staggers up, playing homeless, coughing loudly.

They turn, disgusted.

BRYANT
Spare some change?

Tyson emerges from behind a dumpster, gun drawn, heading for Meka.

JAY
Get a job, bum. Fuck off.

Bryant reaches for Jay, who steps back.

BRYANT
Just a lil' change, man.

Tyson grabs Meka's neck.

She SCREAMS.

Jay turns, facing Tyson's .45.

Bryant pulls a nine-millimeter, aiming at Jay's head.

JAY
Man, don't—

TYSON
Shut up, nigga, and get ready for a
dirt nap!

Bryant pistol-whips Jay, knocking him out.

Meka screams again.

Tyson spins her around, gun in her face.

TYSON
Scream again, and this'll be the last
thing in your mouth aside from dick.
Get in the car.

Bryant drags Jay to the backseat.

Meka, eyes on Tyson, heads to the passenger side.

Tyson keeps his gun trained until she's in.

BRYANT
Now what?

TYSON

Get in. If she tries some shit, paint
the glass with her brains.

Tyson gets in the driver seat.

Bryant sits behind Meka, gun ready.

They pull off.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. CHILDREN CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Blu's truck is parked across from a children's center under
construction.

LaCarra peers out.

LACARRA

Why are we here?

BLU

What do you think of this place?

LACARRA

It'll change the community. Kids need
somewhere safe to have fun.

BLU

My thoughts exactly. That's why I'm
fundin' it.

LaCarra looks skeptical.

Blu pulls paperwork from the glovebox, handing it to her.

Her eyes widen as she reads.

LACARRA

Why are you showing me this?

BLU

I'm just proving I'm more than what
you think.

LACARRA

What do you think I think of you?

BLU

I'm an arrogant bastard who uses money

to gain the attention of women.

LACARRA

And you think that you're intelligent.

BLU

(Laughs)

We can throw that in there.

LACARRA

And right now, you want me to understand what you're displaying is the real you.

BLU

I want you to see what a well-established man does with his money.

Looks at his watch

I have to pick something up. I'd like to drive if you don't mind.

LACARRA

Why would I mind, and this is your truck?

BLU

For the moment. I haven't made my judgment yet.

LACARRA

What are you trying to accomplish?

BLU

Let's switch seats. I'm pretty sure you're just as hungry as I am.

He winks at her and then gets out of the truck.

She looks stunned as he comes to the door and opens it for her, so she can get out.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Blood stains the floor, the air thick with death.

Jay and Meka hang above a whirring meat grinder, screaming.

Tyson, Bryant, and a SLAUGHTERHOUSE WORKER stand nearby.

TYSON
Start talkin', bitches.

JAY
What are you talking about?!

MEKA
Please don't do this! I'm pregnant!

JAY
And you pick now to bring that shit up?!

MEKA
Baby, I'm sorry.

JAY
What the fuck?! Is the baby mine?!

TYSON
Stupid ass nigga falling for a money-hungry hoe thinking the pussy was only yours. But bitch you're pregnant and you're using this shit?! Lower their ass in.

The worker gets ready to lower them.

JAY
I'll tell you!

TYSON
Well?

JAY
The shit is at her mama's house! It's in the garage, in a cooler!

MEKA
What the fuck are you doing?!

JAY
Shut up, you nasty bitch! I'll let you die before me!

MEKA
The money is in his apartment under the bed!

JAY

You bitch!

MEKA

Fuck you!

TYSON

(Laughs)

You thought he was a real nigga and
you thought she was riding with you
till the end. What have we learned?

JAY

You're letting us go, right?

TYSON

No doubt. Get rid of 'em.

The worker lowers them into the grinder.

Screams turn to gurgles.

Tyson hands the worker a wad of cash.

Bryant turns to the side, vomiting.

SLAUGHTERHOUSE WORKER

Much obliged.

TYSON

Anytime.

The worker eyes Bryant, who's vomiting.

SLAUGHTERHOUSE WORKER

Is your boy okay?

Tyson pats Bryant's back, smirking.

TYSON

He'll live. Just do your job.

SLAUGHTERHOUSE WORKER

No issues here.

The worker walks off.

Bryant wipes his mouth, trembling.

BRYANT

I can't do this.

TYSON

You chose this life, it didn't choose you. You wanna get out? Talk to Blu. Otherwise, I got nothin' for you.

Tyson exits.

Bryant stares at the grinder, nausea rising.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. BLU HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A mini-mansion glows in a quiet suburban neighborhood.

Blu's truck pulls up.

He and LaCarra step out.

LACARRA

This place is gorgeous.

BLU

It's aight. It's missin' somethin'.

LACARRA

Says the guy who doesn't want a house 'cause he doesn't have a woman.

BLU

And?

LACARRA

Are you sure it's cool for me to come in?

BLU

He won't mind.

He takes her hand, leading her to the door.

Blu rings the bell.

A polished BUTLER opens it.

BUTLER

Good evening, Mr. Rose.

BLU

Evenin'. Is it ready?

BUTLER

Follow me.

The butler leads them down an ornate hallway into a lavish dining room.

The room glows like a five-star restaurant, a fire crackling in the fireplace.

A long glass table holds candles, Japanese dishes, wines, plates, and silverware.

A BUTLER is standing by a stereo in the corner.

LaCarra puts her hand over her mouth, looking like she's ready to faint at the scene.

Blu leads her to the table, pulling out her chair.

She sits, and he takes the seat across from her.

LACARRA

What's all this?

BLU

Your kinda food and a few wines to match. And thanks for sayin' my house is beautiful.

LACARRA

This is your place? Why don't you live here?

BLU

What's a house without a woman to make it home?

He nods to the butlers.

BLU (CONT'D)

Can you fix our plates, please. I'm sure she's just as hungry as me.

The butlers prepare the food.

Blu glances at the butler by the stereo.

BLU (CONT'D)

Music, please.

The stereo hums to life, playing Anita Baker's "Angel."

LaCarra's eyes get wide.

LACARRA
This is too much.

BLU
How? This is what I believe you
deserve.

LACARRA
(Soft laugh)
What am I gonna do with you?

BLU
Enjoy the night.

Other butlers light the candles and dim the lights.

Blu and LaCarra eat, talk, and laugh, lost in the moment.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BLU HOUSE - DINING ROOM - LATER

The butlers clear the table.

The music's stopped.

Blu watches LaCarra with a faint smile as she stretches,
content.

LACARRA
I'm so full, I shouldn't have to eat
for a few days.

BLU
I'm glad you had a good time.

Blu checks his phone.

A text from Tyson saying the job is done.

He pockets it.

BLU (CONT'D)
Ready to head out?

LACARRA
Can I see the rest of the house?

BLU
You want the full tour?

LACARRA
Why not?

BLU
Just makin' sure you get home for
work.

LACARRA
I'll manage. Show me around.

They leave the dining room.

Blu guides her through the lavish downstairs rooms, then up a
spiral staircase.

He shows her the upstairs, pausing at his bedroom door.

He starts to close it, but LaCarra pushes past him and
enters.

Blu sighs, following.

The room is stark.

A king-size bed with a black blanket, a few dressers, photos
of Tanya on the walls, and a vase of black roses on the
nightstand.

LACARRA
I see you really love your mama.

BLU
Even though she's gone.
(Sighs)
Yeah, I love her to death.

LACARRA
What happened?

Blu sits on the bed, heavy.

LaCarra joins him.

BLU
She was murdered.

LACARRA
Oh my God.

BLU
I wonder where God was that night.

LaCarra eyes the roses.

LACARRA
That's why you keep those by the bed?

BLU
Habit from her. She said they brought
her peace.

LACARRA
Do you think about her a lot?

BLU
Can't help it. That was the only woman
who ever loved me without the
bullshit.

LACARRA
What about your last girl?

BLU
Never had a real one. Can't do one-
night shit knowin' it's just that.

LACARRA
And me? What do you want from me?

BLU
Just knowin' you had a good night is
good enough for me.

LACARRA
That's it?

BLU
Yup.

LACARRA
What if I want more?

Blu starts to respond, but LaCarra pounces, kissing him
fiercely, pushing him onto the bed.

Their passion ignites, clothes shedding fast.

SLOW FADE TO BLACK:

INT. BLU HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

LaCarra wakes, sunlight filtering through the window.

A breakfast tray sits on the side table with a note.

She smiles, reading it.

INSERT NOTE

BLU (V.O.)

I'm sorry I can't be there with you now. I had the butlers prepare you breakfast. After you eat, you'll get a ride back to your car or you can use the truck. The keys are in the dresser.

She places the note down blushing, sitting up prepared to eat her food.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. MEKA MOTHER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A ranch-style home.

On the porch sits a box wrapped with blue ribbon, blue roses, and a card.

MEKA'S MOTHER steps out, spotting it.

She picks up the card.

INSERT CARD

"Your daughter thanks you for givin' her life."

She smiles, tucking the card away, and then picks up the box and opens it.

Inside are black containers, a black rose, and another card.

Her face twists as she reads it.

INSERT CARD

"The bitch wasn't built for the life she was livin'."

She opens a container, SCREAMS, and drops the box, stumbling back.

The jars burst and blood and pieces of flesh cover the porch.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Phillip is sitting near the children's center, clutching the black rose from his desk, eyes burning with rage.

PHILLIP

Before this place was built... this is
where you niggas made me kill my
partner.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. RUNDOWN BUILDING - NIGHT

PHILLIP'S PARTNER lies bloodied on the floor, with Lawrence aiming a shotgun at his face.

Tanya, in a black sundress with rose embroidery has her Desert Eagle to YOUNG PHILLIP's head.

Yong Blu is gripping a Louisville slugger, standing beside her.

TANYA

Your partner was 'bout to fuck it all
up. Now, you can kill him and keep
workin' for us, or I'll drop you both
and hire some new crackers.

YOUNG PHILLIP

Fuck you, bitch.

TANYA

(Laughs)

Bitches belong on their knees waitin'
for dick. Blu, put this bitch down.

Young Blu swings, CRACKING Young Phillip's right knee.

Phillip SCREAMS, collapsing.

Young Blu raises the bat for another swing, but Tanya stops him.

She kneels, grabbing Young Phillip's head, shoving her gun in his mouth.

TANYA
You're my bitch now. So, answer my
question.

Phillip mumbles.

Tanya rams the gun in and out, rapidly.

TANYA (CONT'D)
Gag on it, bitch! Decide before I
bust!

Blood and drool spill from Young Phillip's mouth.

Tanya yanks the gun out, and stands.

TANYA (CONT'D)
Get up and grab the shotgun.

Phillip stands, wobbling, taking the gun from Lawrence.

His partner pleads.

PHILLIP'S PARTNER
Don't do this.

TANYA
One.

YOUNG PHILLIP
No choice.

BANG!

Phillip's partner's head explodes.

Young Phillip drops the gun, sobbing.

YOUNG PHILLIP
I'll get you, bitch.

Tanya shoots his left knee.

He crumples, clutching it.

TANYA
I told you where bitches belong. Call
for backup, spin a story. Try to fuck
me over, I know where your daughters
sleep. You'll get your money when
you're outta the hospital.

She nods to Lawrence, who grabs the shotgun and exits.

Tanya and Young Blu follow.

TANYA (CONT'D)

That's how you handle anyone who calls
you a bitch. Make them kneel like
dogs, got it?

YOUNG BLU

Got it.

TANYA

My boy.

COME BACK TO:

INT. SQUAD CAR - MORNING

Phillip crushes the rose, biting his lip.

PHILLIP

Blu. That's his name.

He starts the car and peels out.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT - CONTINUOUS

FRIEND #1, FRIEND #2, and FRIEND #3 are playing 21 on a
cracked court.

Bryant is sitting on a bench, paranoid, scanning the area.

The friends pause, approaching him.

A jet-black Flex with tinted windows rolls up by the gate.

FRIEND #1

This nigga actin' like he can't hoop
no more.

BRYANT

I got shit on my mind.

FRIEND #2

If it ain't pussy or money, it doesn't
matter.

They laugh.

Bryant glares.

BRYANT

Says the nigga who doesn't get pussy
or has money.

Their faces sour.

The Flex's passenger window lowers, revealing DEE, a bald,
brown-skinned man.

DEE

Yo, B, let me holla at you.

Bryant starts to rise, fear flashing.

His friends signal him to stay put, standing ready to fight.

FRIEND #3

Who are you, nigga?!

DEE

(Laughs)

C'mon, B.

FRIEND #1

You see us laughin'? Don't roll up
askin' for our boy without sayin' who
you are!

DEE

Y'all lil' niggas hard, huh?

The friends move toward the gate.

The Flex's back door opens, and TYSON steps out, cocking an
AK-47.

TYSON

Run, and I'll mow you bitches down.

They freeze.

Tyson aims at them.

TYSON (CONT'D)

B, get your punk ass over here!

Bryant shuffles to the truck and climbs in.

Tyson keeps his gun on the friends.

DEE

You droppin' these niggas or what?

The friends break down, crying.

TYSON

Take your soft asses home.

Tyson hops in, and the Flex speeds off.

INT. FLEX - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Bryant sits wedged between Blu and Tyson.

Slice is driving.

Blu sips his drink, smiling at Bryant.

BLU

How was last night?

BRYANT

I can't do this.

BLU

Why? Money ain't good?

BRYANT

It ain't about the money.

Dee twists to face Bryant.

DEE

Your bitch ass ain't built for this.

Blu sips, unfazed.

BLU

Y'all know I don't fuck with bitches.
T, what's up with your boy?

TYSON

He's speakin' his mind, I guess.

BLU

Aight.

DEE

That nigga ain't cut for this.

BLU
I hear you. Slice, pull in that alley.
Dee's got a point.

Slice steers into a dark alley.

Bryant tenses.

Blu pulls his Desert Eagle, staring at Bryant.

BLU (CONT'D)
Live or die. It's on you. Ready?

BRYANT
No choice.

BLU
What would you do if a man disrespects
you or your family?

He presses the gun to Bryant's eyes.

Dee watches, smirking.

BRYANT
If I was you, I'd kill his whole
family, then him.

DEE
That's what real—

Blu swings the gun and blows Dee's brains out.

Blood sprays.

Bryant and Tyson flinch, stunned.

BRYANT
What the fuck?!

BLU
You said kill the nigga and his
family.

BRYANT
He didn't do shit to you!

BLU
He disrespected my lil' brother. If
you think I'm wrong, you can stay with
him.

He aims at Bryant.

BRYANT
...We're family.

BLU
Y'all know what to do?

SLICE
On it.

Bryant turns to Tyson, shaken.

BRYANT
You cool with him killin' your boy?

TYSON
My family gets to eat 'cause of him. I
can't bite the hand feedin' me.

Blu splashes his drink on Dee's body, wiping blood from his face.

BLU
See how simple life is, bro? Slice,
make sure to dump the truck.

Blu opens the back door.

Tyson exits, opening the passenger door.

Dee's body slumps out.

Slice gets out and helps Tyson haul it to a dumpster.

Blu glares at Bryant.

BLU (CONT'D)
Get out.

Bryant steps out, silent.

Slice and Tyson clean blood from the truck's windows.

Blu strips off his shirt, revealing a wife beater.

BLU (CONT'D)
Lose the bloody clothes.

Bryant peels off his shirt.

They toss their clothes into the truck.

Blu lights a Newport and walks off, signaling Bryant to follow.

Slice drives the Flex away.

BLU (CONT'D)
It'll be aight, bro.

BRYANT
I just want my life back.

BLU
I'll think about it. You got some bread?

BRYANT
For what?

BLU
Our Uber.

BRYANT
(Sighs)
Yeah.

Blu slings an arm around him, grinning.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. FLEX - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Tyson is stewing in the passenger seat.

TYSON
What's wrong with your cousin?

SLICE
What do you mean?

TYSON
He barks orders like he's untouchable.
He killed my homie for speakin' his
mind. What's his deal?

Slice's hand drifts to his gun.

SLICE
So?

Tyson softens his tone, sensing danger.

TYSON

Aight, how 'bout this? Look at what we got. Why not take it and start our own thing?

SLICE

(Scoffs)

Stab Blu in the back? He'd have our families wiped out. Do you think shit through?

TYSON

How? We're the ones who do the dirt.

Slice falls silent, eyes narrow.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. POLICE STATION - PHILLIP OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Phillip is sitting at his desk, smoking, staring at BLU'S photo and file on his laptop.

He takes a drag, biting his lip.

PHILLIP

Your mama can't save you now, you son of a bitch. I still owe you one.

He rolls up his left pant leg, rubbing the scar from his knee surgery.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)

Fuck it. I might as well kill you. One less nigga to deal with.

He stubs out his cigarette, rolls down his pant leg, and storms out.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. DOLLAR STORE - CONTINUOUS

LaCarra is standing behind the counter, smiling, tapping her fingers.

PORSHA approaches.

PORSHA
You look extra happy.

LACARRA
I had a good night.

PORSHA
With him?

LACARRA
Yeah.

PORSHA
What y'all do?

LACARRA
Dinner and conversation.

PORSHA
From looking at you, it had to be more
than that.

LACARRA
Whatever.

PORSHA
You heard that story on the news?

LACARRA
What happened?

PORSHA
Some lady got a box with jars of her
daughter's blood.

LACARRA
That's sick.

PORSHA
They say the Black Rose gang is tied
to it.

LACARRA
Black Rose gang? Never heard of 'em.

PORSHA
Old crew that's supposed to be dead.
They left a black rose at every kill.

LaCarra's stomach twists, picturing the roses in Blu's
bedroom.

Porsha notices her unease.

PORSHA (CONT'D)
Are you good?

LACARRA
I'm Fine.

Customers flood in.

PORSHA
Here comes the rush. Tell me 'bout the
date later.

Porsha walks off.

LaCarra stares ahead, wondering if Blu's connected to the
murder.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLU APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER

Blu and Bryant exit the building.

Blu scans the street, spotting Phillip's unmarked car.

He brushes it off, but Bryant fidgets, nervous.

Phillip steps out, approaching.

BLU
Tell your mom you might be late
tonight. I'm takin' you out.

BRYANT
Why can't I stay home?

PHILLIP
Yeah, Blu, why can't he stay home?

BLU
None of your business. And unless I
broke a law, you can keep it movin'.

Phillip spits, chuckling.

PHILLIP
Cocky lil' bastard. Is this your
brother?
(Facepalm)

Wait. This can't be your brother.

Blu tilts his head, handing Bryant his keys.

BLU
Wait in the car.

PHILLIP
Unless you want cuffs, give 'em back
and stay put.

Bryant hands the keys to Blu.

Phillip smirks.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)
What's your name, kid?

BRYANT
Bryant Swift.

PHILLIP
Go over there and stand by my car. Me
and Blu need to talk.

Bryant shuffles off.

Blu glares.

BLU
What do you want?

PHILLIP
The same as when I was working with
your family. I want my cut.

BLU
I don't know what you're talkin'
'bout.

PHILLIP
Don't bullshit me. I thought that
Black Rose bullshit died with your
mama.

BLU
Still. I have no idea what you're
talking about.

Phillip steps closer, nose-to-nose.

PHILLIP

One way or the other, you'll give me my cut. I remember how your bitch of a mother worked, so I'm sure you're the same. We can do this the easy way or the hard way.

BLU

Or you can get the fuck outta my face because you don't have shit on me. If you're not arresting me, I'd like to get on with my day.

PHILLIP

Your days are numbered, you black bastard.

BLU

I see you're walking somewhat normally from when my mother shot you. Unlike her, I don't need you. I'll make sure to put one in your face.

Blu smiles at him before walking over to the driver-side door of his car.

BLU

Bro, come get in.

Bryant makes his way to the car.

PHILLIP

I'll see you around, Bryant.

Bryant looks back nervously before getting in the car.

The car pulls off, and Phillip stands with an evil grin.

EXT / INT. BLU CAR - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Blu shakes his head.

Bryant grips his seat.

BRYANT

What was that?

BLU

None of your business. Why'd you give him your name?

BRYANT

What else could I do?

BLU

The same as me, nothin'. Fuck it. I know what I need to do.

CUT TO:

INT. GLENDA HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Blu is sitting on the sofa, facing Glenda sitting on a chair.

Bryant is leaning against the wall, masking his fear.

Glenda senses Blu's danger but stays composed.

BLU

How are you, Ms. Swift?

GLENDA

I'm fine, and you?

BLU

I'm good. Sorry for keepin' your son out late. He's a solid worker.

GLENDA

What does he do for you? He doesn't tell me much lately.

BLU

You know the children's center being built?

GLENDA

Yeah.

BLU

He gets supplies to the workers.

(To Bryant)

Why didn't you tell your mom about your job?

BRYANT

I didn't think it mattered.

BLU

Everything you do matters to a mother.

GLEENDA

Exactly. That's why I work extra hard, saving up just in case he doesn't get his scholarship.

BLU

Scholarship?

GLEENDA

Basketball. He's the star player on the team.

BLU

I think my brother would've played basketball if he was alive.

GLEENDA

Sorry for your loss.

BLU

I appreciate it. I don't wanna take too much of your time. I just wanted you to know why he's been out late. Do you mind if he stays out a little late tonight? I could really use the help.

GLEENDA

Fine by me.

BLU

Thanks. I'll try to have him home early.

(To Bryant)

Do you wanna change?

BRYANT

I'm good.

BLU

Aight. I'll let you talk with your mother.

Blu exits.

Glenda turns to Bryant, stern.

GLEENDA

Do you wanna tell me the truth?

BRYANT

The truth about what?

GLEND A

The Lord shows me all of the devil's
tricks, and that man is the devil
himself. What does he have you into?

Bryant lowers his head, heading for the door.

BRYANT

I'll be back.

GLEND A

The Lord's with you, son. Take His
hand.

Bryant pauses, turning.

BRYANT

God shouldn't have put me in this
situation.

He leaves.

Glenda clasps her hands.

GLEND A

The Lord doesn't give you more than
you can carry. Find your faith, son.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. TYSON DRUG SPOT - CONTINUOUS

Tyson and Slice are sitting on a sofa, counting stacks of
cash, drinking, and smoking.

Half-naked WOMEN are dancing nearby and snorting coke off a
table.

TYSON

Look at this. We could start our own
game tonight.

Slice eyes the money, awestruck.

SLICE

This would set me free.

TYSON

(Takes a hit)

That's what I'm sayin'. What are we
waitin' for?

SLICE
How would we get rid of Blu?

TYSON
(Sips)
Let me handle that. You in?

Slice downs his drink, grinning.

SLICE
Let's do it.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BLU CAR - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

"Marilyn Manson's Killing Strangers" blasts.

Blu taps his knee, nodding.

Bryant looks confused.

BRYANT
What's this?

BLU
Marilyn Manson, "Killing Strangers."

BRYANT
I know that. Why are we listenin' to it?

BLU
Do you know the meanin'?

BRYANT
Nah.

BLU
Then shut the fuck up and listen.

BRYANT
(Sighs)
Where we goin'?

BLU
To see my girl, then the club.

BRYANT
Hard to believe you have a woman. And how am I going to get into the club?

BLU

One, I own it. Two, you're the only one who knows I got a girl, so keep it quiet.

BRYANT

I know the rules.

BLU

Why didn't you tell me about your scholarship?

BRYANT

I thought you wouldn't care.

BLU

You got a basketball scholarship but was out here fuckin' up?

BRYANT

You don't need to remind me.

BLU

Tonight's your last night hanging with me. I'll still look out, 'cause you're my brother. If my real brother was alive, I'd make sure he did right.

BRYANT

Are you serious?

Blu restarts the song, cranking the volume.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. DOLLAR STORE - CONTINUOUS

LaCarra is chatting with TERRELL (24, lanky, high-yellow) at the counter.

Blu and Bryant enter.

LaCarra smiles at Blu, who smirks and nods, heading down an aisle.

She's puzzled by his coolness.

TERRELL

Are you comin' to the club with us?

LACARRA

Nah, I'm headin' home. I got a lot on my mind.

TERRELL

What's on your mind? You don't have a man.

LACARRA

You don't know my business.

Blu and Bryant approach the counter.

TERRELL

It doesn't matter if you do. You should come have some drinks with us and see what pops off.

LACARRA

Why?

TERRELL

You know Porsha's into girls, right? We got done with some bad bitches at Club Grade A.

LACARRA

And you tellin' me this 'cause?

TERRELL

After a few drinks, maybe we—

BLU

Maybe what?

Terrell spins, sizing Blu up.

TERRELL

Why are you all in my business?

BLU

Because your business is my woman.

TERRELL

Whatever, nigga. Get the fuck on.

BLU

Say what?

TERRELL

I said—

LACARRA
Y'all chill the fuck out.

She steps from behind the counter, standing beside Blu.

LACARRA (CONT'D)
Terrell, this is my friend, Blu. Blu,
Terrell.

Blu raises an eyebrow.

BLU
Friend?

BRYANT
Maybe we should bounce.

TERRELL
You better listen to your boy.

Porsha rushes up, eyeing Terrell.

PORSHA
Carra, you ain't say Romeo was comin'.
Are we doublin' up?

BLU
She didn't know I was coming, and
that's not what I had in mind.

PORSHA
Aight. Well, I'm ready to get fucked
up.

TERRELL
Somebody was about to get fucked up.

BLU
I'll remember that.

Terrell flinches at Blu, taunting.

Porsha pulls Terrell back.

PORSHA
This is not the time for this. Carra,
you got this?

LACARRA
Yeah, you can go.

PORSHA
Let's roll.

TERRELL
I'll see you around, nigga.

BLU
I know you will.

Terrell frowns, confused.

Porsha drags him out.

Blu hands Bryant the keys, nodding toward the door.

Bryant exits.

Blu turns to LaCarra, smirking.

BLU (CONT'D)
Funny friends you got. I'm just a
friend too, huh?

LACARRA
I only said that 'cause I don't like
folks in my business.

BLU
Right.

LACARRA
I gotta ask you somethin'.

BLU
What?

LACARRA
What do you know about the Black Rose
family?

BLU
Why are you askin'?

LACARRA
The roses on your dresser. That woman
on the news.

BLU
Do you trust me?

LACARRA
Should I?

BLU
Your call. If you wanna know.
(Smirks)
Come to my house and we'll talk.

LACARRA
Are you part of it?

BLU
Find me at the crib if you want
answers.

Blu strides out.

LaCarra watches, uneasy.

Blu reaches his car, climbs in, and reclines the seat,
exhaling heavily.

BRYANT
What's wrong?

BLU
Do you have a girl?

BRYANT
Nah.

BLU
Good. Stick to fuckin' and duckin'.
When you get a woman, she'll wanna
know every goddamn thing about you.

BRYANT
Ain't that what love is about?

Blu starts the car, pulling off.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Phones ring incessantly.

OFFICER #3 is sitting at the front desk, scanning papers.

Tyson and Slice approach.

OFFICER #3
How may I help you?

TYSON
Can we speak with the officer leading
the investigation on the black rose
family?

OFFICER #3
One second.

Officer #3 gets up, and heads toward the back.

SLICE
Are you sure this will work?

TYSON
The power of a dollar goes a long way.

Phillip comes to the front.

PHILLIP
Can I help you?

TYSON
You're the one leading the
investigation on the black rose case?

PHILLIP
Yeah.

TYSON
We have information on Blu Rose.

PHILLIP
Really?

TYSON
Can we talk in private?

PHILLIP
Right this way.

Phillip heads toward the back walking into the interrogation
room, and they follow behind him.

Phillip stands up against the wall looking at them.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)
What do you have?

TYSON
We want a deal.

PHILLIP
What kind of deal?

TYSON
We help you arrest him, and we get the money and drugs where we know he has it stashed.

PHILLIP
Why would I agree to that? I can hold you both right now and still catch him.

TYSON
Why isn't he behind bars now?

Phillip stands silent.

TYSON (CONT'D)
Do we have a deal?

PHILLIP
Yeah.

TYSON
Okay. There's this kid he calls his brother. I believe his name is-

PHILLIP
Bryant Swift?

TYSON
Him. Here's what we have in mind.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CLUB GRADE A - CONTINUOUS

Blue lights pulse along the walls and stages.

Rap music thumps as STRIPPERS give lap dances and twerk onstage.

BRA-LESS WAITRESSES serve free shots.

BLU POV

He scans the room, spotting Terrell tossing cash at a

stripper.

BRYANT

It's some bad bitches in here.

BLU

I picked them myself.

BRYANT

Is there anything you're not involved in?

BLU

You shouldn't worry about that.

Seduction comes to their booth wearing a baby blue thong and bra, carrying a bucket filled with ice and a bottle of Cognac.

She places it down.

SEDUCTION

Can I get you anything else, Daddy?

BLU

I'm good.

She turns to walk away.

BLU (CONT'D)

On second thought, come here.

She walks back over to him.

Blu points at Terrell.

BLU (CONT'D)

You see that nigga over there?

SEDUCTION POV

Terrell is showering money on a stripper bending over, clapping her ass.

SEDUCTION

What about him?

BLU

Take him upstairs.

SEDUCTION

Give him the special?

BLU

Nah, just keep him busy 'til I get there.

SEDUCTION

Got it, Daddy.

She struts off.

Bryant looks uneasy.

BRYANT

Are you about to kill him in the club?

Blu opens the cognac, and pours two glasses.

BLU

I could. You remember what the chick he was with at the store looks like?

BRYANT

Yeah.

BLU

Wait five minutes, then go find her. Tell her he's outside flirtin' with some hoes.

BRYANT

Then what?

Blu watches Seduction flirt with Terrell, who follows her upstairs to the V.I.P. room.

BLU

Down your glass if you need some balls, but wait five minutes.

Blu downs his drink and heads for the V.I.P. room.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CLUB GRADE A - V.I.P. ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Terrell sits, reaching for his cash.

Seduction stops him, caressing his face, kissing him.

SEDUCTION

On the house.

She straddles him, unhooking her bra, letting it fall.

He kisses her chest.

She holds his head, eyeing Blu creeping in with a crowbar.

Seduction slides down, unbuckling Terrell's belt, unzipping his pants.

She stands, smiling, and begins dancing, peeling off her thong.

Terrell begins touching himself.

BLU (O.S.)

It's me again, bitch.

Terrell turns—CRACK!

Blu smashes the crowbar into his head, knocking him out cold.

Seduction approaches.

SEDUCTION

Call the bouncer?

BLU

Yup.

She starts to leave.

Blu grabs her arm, handing her a roll of cash.

BLU (CONT'D)

For you.

SEDUCTION

(Kisses his cheek)

Thanks, Daddy.

She exits.

Blu smirks, looking down at Terrell.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CLUB GRADE A - CONTINUOUS

Porsha is watching a stripper dance on her table.

Bryant stumbles over, sitting.

PORSHA
Ain't you the dude with Carra's
friend?

BRYANT
Yeah.

PORSHA
Where's he at?

BRYANT
I don't know. But listen, your man is
outside about to roll with some hoes.

Porsha nearly spills her drink.

PORSHA
Are you fuckin' serious?! He's tryna
fuck some bitches without me?!

She storms out.

Bryant chuckles, downing her shot.

Getting up from the table, heading back to the booth, Blu
stops him in the crowd.

BLU
You do it?

BRYANT
Yup.

BLU
Let's get you home.

BRYANT
Can't we—

BLU
Want your old life back? Move.

Bryant hesitates.

Blu reaches for his gun.

BRYANT
Aight, let's go.

They exit.

CUT TO:

INT. BLU HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER

LaCarra is sitting on the bed, staring at the door.

Blu enters, surprised, and sits beside her.

BLU
I thought you'd be asleep.

LACARRA
That's what you get for thinkin'. I'm
listenin'.

BLU
Why do you care if we're just friends?

LACARRA
Stop being a dick and tell me.

BLU
Want a drink?

LACARRA
Bye, Blu.

BLU
(Sighs)
Aight, chill. The Black Rose is a
callin' card my parents started. But,
my pops got greedy and killed my
mother in front of me.

LACARRA
Holy shit. No wonder you're fucked up.

BLU
Part of it.

LACARRA
So, you deal drugs and kill people?

BLU
I only kill the people who cross me.
My pops—

LACARRA
You killed him?

BLU
Him and his kids. He took the only
woman I loved. He took the brother I
wish was here, and maybe shit'd be
different.

LACARRA
I don't know if I can do this.

BLU
What I'm involved in will never have
anything to do with you.

LACARRA
How do I know that?

BLU
That's like asking me if I love you.

LACARRA
Do you?

BLU
(Sighs)
If you gotta ask, you don't need to
know. Your choice. I'm hittin' the
shower.

Blu exits.

LaCarra sits, stunned.

INT. GARAGE - MORNING

Terrell is shackled to a chair, struggling, face bruised and
bloody.

A BOUNCER and Seduction enter.

Terrell glares.

TERRELL
Bitch, when I get out—

BOUNCER
Next stop's a grave, homie.

Seduction walks over and caresses his face before kissing

him.

SEDUCTION

Pussy's why you're here, so I ain't offerin'.

She laughs, rejoining the bouncer.

TERRELL

You fuckin' bitch!

BOUNCER

Pussy kills in many ways, bro.

They exit, laughing.

Terrell screams.

CUT TO:

EXT. GLENDA HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Bryant and Kelly are playing out front.

Phillip's squad car pulls up.

Bryant freezes as Phillip steps out.

PHILLIP

I Told you I'd see you again.

BRYANT

What do you want?

Glenda steps onto the porch.

GLENDA

What's this about?

PHILLIP

I was asking your son about an incident that happened in school.

GLENDA

Did it involve him?

PHILLIP

No, ma'am.

Bryant turns to Glenda.

BRYANT

It's fine. Take Kelly inside.

Glenda and Kelly enter the house.

Bryant faces Phillip.

BRYANT (CONT'D)

I got nothin' to say.

PHILLIP

Do you wanna go down for shit I know you're involved with, while Blu walks free?

BRYANT

I ain't done nothin'.

PHILLIP

Containers on a porch. A head with a black rose in its mouth. Need I say more?

Bryant stays silent.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)

Blu doesn't care about you. He calls you his brother to keep you quiet. You can be a dummy and do his time. Or you can be smart and give me something.

Phillip heads to his car.

Bryant hesitates.

BRYANT

Hold up.

He approaches the car.

BRYANT (CONT'D)

I walk clean if I help, right?

PHILLIP

Yup.

BRYANT

Aight.

Bryant gets in.

Phillip smirks, climbing in.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BLU REAL ESTATE OFFICE - BLU OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A CLIENT exits.

Blu leans back in his chair, smiling.

His phone buzzes.

a text from Slice.

INSERT SCREEN:

"T and that lil nigga you call yo brother is setting you up."

Blu's face hardens.

He opens his desk drawer, eyeing his gun, debating.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. TYSON DRUG SPOT - CONTINUOUS

Broken-down cars line the street.

Trash and liquor bottles litter the grass.

LOCALS are talking shit, milling about.

Tyson and Slice are smoking on the porch of a brick house.

TYSON
We're golden, bro.

Slice lowers his head, uneasy.

SLICE
I know.

TYSON
You worried about Blu comin' back?

SLICE
He will.

TYSON
The only one he'll hit is that lil'
nigga. He doesn't know it's us setting

him up.

SLICE

What if the lil nigga tells Blu something different?

TYSON

Cross that bridge later. I'm about to fuck with this chick from last night. You know where the shit is at, right?

SLICE

Yeah.

TYSON

Well, hold it down. Tomorrow, we'll run this city.

SLICE

I hope so.

Tyson heads to his Monte Carlo.

Slice waits, then enters the house through a side door.

He opens a wall panel, kneels, and pries up floorboards, revealing duffle bags.

SLICE (CONT'D)

I'll be set. I can't say the same for y'all niggas.

He opens a bag, pulling out cash.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. DOLLAR STORE - CONTINUOUS

The store's empty.

LaCarra and Porsha are chatting behind the counter.

LACARRA

What went down at the club?

PORSHA

Shit was smooth 'til that bitch-ass nigga ditched me for some hoes.

LACARRA

How do you know?

PORSHA
Your friend's boy told me.

LACARRA
Have you heard from Terrell since?

PORSHA
I'm already fuckin' with a new nigga.
He wasn't shit.

LACARRA
Aight.

PORSHA
Why?

LACARRA
I thought he was your boo.

PORSHA
I keep a roster. One nigga don't stop
me. I'm goin' to the bathroom. Are you
good up here?

LACARRA
Always.

Porsha exits.

LaCarra wonders if Blu hurt Terrell.

She pulls out her phone, recording a video message.

LACARRA
Hey, baby. I'm sendin' this to say I
love you, and last night's talk opened
my eyes. I see you love me. I'm ready
to trust you.
(Blushes, licks lips)
Tonight, I was thinkin'—

She spots seeing Bryant and Phillip entering, whispering.

LACARRA (CONT'D)
Baby, the cops and that kid you roll
with are here.

She sends the video.

Phillip approaches the counter.

PHILLIP
How are you doing?

LACARRA
Fine.

PHILLIP
What can you tell me about Blu Rose?

Bryant wanders off.

LaCarra glares.

LACARRA
Who?

PHILLIP
You're playing tough, huh?

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. DOLLAR STORE - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Blu is watching LaCarra's video, heading inside.

As it ends, he sees Phillip at the counter, smirking.

PHILLIP
Look who's here. I guess I can stop
grilling your girl.

Blu pockets his phone, confused.

BLU
I don't know her.

PHILLIP
That ain't what your lil' brother
said.

Bryant appears, freezing.

Blu's eyes burn.

BLU
Bitch!

Blu lunges.

Phillip restrains him.

PHILLIP

I can't let you hurt your brother.
Let's ride.

Phillip cuffs Blu.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)

Good work, Bryant. You can go back to
your old life. And LaCarra, I'll see
you around.

He marches Blu out.

LaCarra glares at Bryant.

LACARRA

What kinda man are you?

BRYANT

What?

LACARRA

You sold out the only nigga who gave a
fuck about you, and for what?

BRYANT

I don't have to explain shit to you.

LACARRA

'Cause you a bitch. Get outta my
store.

BRYANT

Bitch, you—

LACARRA

Bitch?!

She charges from behind the counter, SLAPPING Bryant hard.

LACARRA (CONT'D)

I ain't one of them bitches you go to
school with! I'll fuck you up!

Bryant rubs his face, storming out.

LACARRA (CONT'D)

When my man beats this, he's comin'
for your soft ass!

Bryant pauses at the door, smirking.

BRYANT

That was the last time you'll see him,
bitch!

He bolts.

LaCarra shakes her head.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SQUAD CAR - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Phillip sips from a flask, laughing.

Blu, cuffed in the back, glares.

PHILLIP

Look at badass Blu now.

BLU

You got me cuffed. I'm shakin'.

PHILLIP

I got more than that, boy. I got you
for murder, drugs and a whole bunch of
other shit.

BLU

(Laughs)

Proof?

PHILLIP

Tyson and Slice didn't like your
rules, so we cut a deal.

Blu's face drops.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)

It ain't funny now, huh?

BLU

Get me to the station. I want my
lawyer.

PHILLIP

Blu, you know goddamn well after all
these years, we don't do lawyers.

BLU

(Scoffs)

What? You're about to kill me?

PHILLIP

Who'd care if I smoked your black ass?
But I need somethin' first.

BLU

What?

PHILLIP

(Laughs)
You'll see.

Phillip sips again.

Blu stares out the window.

CUT TO:

INT. SNITCH BASEMENT - NIGHT

BLU, tied and cuffed to a chair, laughs through a bloodied face. Phillip was beating him relentlessly.

PHILLIP

I remember when your mother shot me in
the knee.

BLU

(Spits blood on the floor)
She should've shot you in the face.

PHILLIP

Is that right?

Phillip hits Blu in the sternum.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)

Laugh now, boy!

BLU

(Wheezing)
Let me catch my breath, and I will.

PHILLIP

You're sarcastic like your bitch of a
mother. Well, since I know how the
niggers in your family... Well, your
dead family thought. I'll make this
short and simple. I want your main
stash. Yeah, I could have your club
and all the other bullshit shut down,
but I wouldn't gain a profit from

that.

BLU
You better kill me.

Phillip hits Blu twice in the stomach and once in the face, knocking him over to the floor.

Blu lies on his side, breathing heavily, spitting out blood.

PHILLIP
Give up the money or your bitch is dead. That would make two women you love taken away from you.

Blu's eyes get wide.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)
I figured you'd see things my way.
Have it tomorrow night.

BLU
I'll tell you one thing.

PHILLIP
What's that?

BLU
Those bitches you call daughters. I'll make sure they get done just like you did your partner.

Phillip laughs, pulling out his flask.

He takes a deep swig before placing it back in his pocket.

PHILLIP
And I'll make sure you won't be able to produce any nigger babies.

He begins stomping him.

SLOWLY FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. LACARRA HOUSE - MORNING

LaCarra comes out of the house, and she almost trips.

She looks down and sees Blu bruised and bloody, not moving.

Kneeling, she takes the note taped on his chest.

INSERT NOTE

Tell him to have it tonight or you're dead!

She tosses the note to the side and then shakes him.

He slowly opens his eyes.

LACARRA
(Worried)
Baby.

BLU
(Groggy)

We got work to do.

She pulls her phone out and calls 911.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. PHILLIP HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Phillip is wearing a hole in the carpet while packing.

His wife Elizabeth is staring at him, worried.

ELIZABETH
What is this about?

He's still grabbing things to place in the suitcases.

PHILLIP
Just grab some more things you think
you need. This will be over in the
morning.

ELIZABETH
Are we in trouble? Will you talk to
me?

He stops and sighs deeply.

He walks over to her and places his hands on her shoulders.

PHILLIP
I'm doing what's best for the family.
After this, we'll never have to
struggle again. Just trust me.

ELIZABETH
Okay.

He gives her a reassuring kiss.

PHILLIP

Go get the girls together.

She walks out.

After waiting a few seconds, he pulls his phone out.

SPLIT SCREEN

Phillip looks aggravated as the phone rings.

When Tyson answers, we see him laid back on the sofa getting head, while drinking.

TYSON

Tell me it's good.

PHILLIP

Just have y'all black asses there.

TYSON

You just make sure we kill this nigga.

Tyson hangs up.

The screen focuses on Phillip.

Phillip places his phone back in his pocket.

PHILLIP

I can't stand these fucking niggers.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. GLENDA HOUSE - BRYANT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bryant is sitting on the bed staring at a pile of money, mainly hundreds and fifties.

Glenda walks in and takes a seat on the bed.

GLENDA

Was it worth having this money?

BRYANT

I didn't do anything wrong.

GLENDA

If you pray to the Lord, you'll-

BRYANT

Mama, if the Lord exists and prayer works, I'll still be alive in the morning.

He pushes the money towards her.

She scoots back, shaking her head no.

GLENDIA

I can't take help from the devil.

BRYANT

Then pray he doesn't come to the house and you let him in.

He gets up and walks out of the room.

Glenda sits on the bed, shaking her head.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SLICE TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

SLICE POV

As Slice sits across the street in his Expedition, he watches Phillip, Elizabeth and their two daughters going inside a cheap motel.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BLU HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

LaCarra is sitting on the bed rocking back and forth, looking at Blu's phone resting beside her.

The phone goes off.

She picks it up and sees a text from Slice that says...

INSERT PHONE SCREEN

Just give me the word.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

The deacon is standing behind the pulpit in the empty church.

Bryant comes in, walking to the pulpit.

DEACON
How can I help you?

BRYANT
I'm seeking answers.

DEACON
The Lord can answer what your heart
needs to know.

BRYANT
Will the Lord forgive me for what I've
done and protect my family?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. TYSON DRUG SPOT - CONTINUOUS

Tyson is smiling, standing in the room where Slice took the money.

He kneels and removes the floorboards, pulling the bags out.

When he opens them, the smile quickly turns into a frown, pulling out tampon boxes and douche bottles.

TYSON
Motherfucker!

CUT TO:

EXT. MEAT FACTORY - NIGHT

The factory is the only building on the empty street with delivery trucks parked in the parking lot.

The squad car comes to a stop at the back door.

Phillip and Tyson get out of the car.

PHILLIP
Are you ready to do this?

TYSON
Yeah motherfucker, I'm ready. Let's
get this shit out the way so I can
take my rightful place as king.

PHILLIP

Just make sure you don't kill him
until we have the money.

They creep through the back door into a dim room, moving cautiously. Halfway in, they spot a FIGURE in a black coat, back turned, seated.

Phillip aims.

PHILLIP

You got the money, motherfucker?!

BLU

I have to take you to it.

TYSON

That's bullshit, B!

BLU

It's sad it had to come to this
between us, T. I guess when I killed
your bitch ass boy in your face, it
struck a nerve.

TYSON

Motherfucker!

PHILLIP

You two can have your lover's spat
later. Right now, stand up with your
hands in the air.

The figure puts their hands up.

BLU

I need some help standing after that
ass-whopping that fake ass cop gave
me.

PHILLIP

If you can't stand, how the fuck did
you get here?

BLU

That lovely woman you called a bitch.

TYSON

Oh, I'm fucking her.

BLU

You do what you want T, you're the king. Now, if you bitches don't mind, can we get on with the show?

PHILLIP

Keep your fucking hands where I can see 'em.

They start making their way toward the person.

BLU

As long as you've known me T, I've been a man of my word, right?

TYSON

Who gives a fuck about your word?!

BLU

I just needed the motherfucker you sold me out for to know.

PHILLIP

What do you want me to know?

BLU

Remember what I told you about your daughters?

They approach.

The figure is Terrell with his feet bolted to the floor, duct-taped to the chair, with his mouth sealed.

A tablet rests on his lap.

INSERT TABLET SCREEN

Blu, bruised but grinning, smokes a cigarette.

BLU (CONT'D)

I hope you didn't think I was bullshitting.

Blu pans to Elizabeth, her daughters, and Terrell's mother, bound and gagged in a gasoline-soaked trailer.

PHILLIP

You son of a bitch!

BLU
Shut the fuck up. And T, don't worry.
I already took care of your niece,
nephew and the bitch you really love.

TYSON
Blu, you motherfucker!

BLU
Don't worry.

Blu tosses his cigarette.

The trailer erupts in flames.

Phillip screams.

Tyson stares as Blu pans to the factory they're in.

TYSON
Shit!

BLU
Get ready to join 'em.

BOOM!

The building explodes.

EXT. GLENDA HOUSE - NIGHT

Bryant trudges to the porch, head down, keys in hand.

Blu steps from the shadows, pressing the Desert Eagle to his head.

BRYANT
I knew you'd come.

BLU
How did you know?

BRYANT
After the days I spent with you... I
see there's nothing that can hold you
down but you.

BLU
You know what comes next?

BRYANT

I'm surprised it's taking you this long to pull the trigger.

BLU

I'm not about to kill you. I want you to turn around.

Bryant turns around, prepared to get shot.

BLU (CONT'D)

I took you under my wing so you could be a man, and what did you do? You snitched to a fake ass cop and almost got the only woman I love aside from my mother killed. Can you tell me why I won't kill you?

BRYANT

Because you still look at me as the brother you wish you had.

BLU

(Lowers gun)

You're absolutely right. I wish you could've been.

BRYANT

I don't.

BLU

I respect your honesty. What have you learned?

BRYANT

That your life can end at any moment like anybody else.

BLU

True. I hope you saved some of that money.

BRYANT

I don't need help from the devil.

BLU

The devil?

(Laughs)

I learned something from you, too.

BRYANT

What could that possibly be?

BLU

Something from the bible I think you should highly consider.

BRYANT

What?

BLU

Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I shall fear no evil.

BRYANT

Why should I take this into consideration?

BLU

Because I am the shadow of death and evil, you'll fear for the rest of your life.

BRYANT

God will protect me.

BLU

Do you still say your prayers?

BRYANT

I haven't stopped since I could repeat'em.

BLU

Good.

BRYANT

What's good about that?

Blu turns his back and starts walking away.

Bryant stands confused for a split second before turning around, opening the door.

BLU

Now I lay me down to sleep. I pray the Lord my soul to keep.

Bryant turns his head, confused.

He brushes it off and walks into the house.

Bryant flips the switch.

Horror hits.

Glenda and Kelly lie dead on the floor, shot in the head.

Slice steps from behind the door, aiming a sawed-off shotgun.

BRYANT

Mom—

BOOM!

Slice blows Bryant's head off.

BLU takes a drag outside.

BLU

If I should die before I wake. I pray
the Lord my soul to take.

The house goes dark.

Slice exits, shotgun in hand, joining Blu.

BLU

Is he golden?

SLICE

Yup.

BLU

Let's get moving.

The two start walking down the street towards Slice Expedition.

SLICE

I got the money and shit inside the
ride. Just letting you know I ain't on
some hoe shit.

BLU

We're family. You got put in a tight
spot.

SLICE

I'm just making sure.

BLU

Let's just get to the crib and get drunk. I got rid of the weak links and everything is back to normal.

SLICE

Cool.

BLU

Do you have to take your daughter to school in the morning?

SLICE

You know her mama ain't shit.

BLU

Well, let's hurry up. I don't wanna keep you out late.

They reach the truck.

Slice opens the driver's door. BOOM!

A shotgun blast decapitates him.

His body twitches.

LaCarra steps from the backseat, shotgun smoking.

Blu walks over, unfazed.

The two walk a few cars down to another car, and she gets in on the driver's side while Blu gets in on the passenger side.

Blu gets comfortable, putting his cigarette out.

BLU

What took you so long to kill him?

LACARRA

I wanted to look into his eyes.

BLU

Hm. Well, I'm hungry.

LACARRA

Your fat ass is always hungry.

BLU

Blow me.

She looks over at him, licking her lips seductively, placing her hand between his legs.

LACARRA

Wait until after we eat.

She starts the car up, and they pull off.

FADE TO BLACK:

END CREDITS: