

PILOT: GANG BANGERS
" A LOVE STORY"

Written & Created
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PILOT: THUG LIFE "A LOVE STORY"

"YOU KNOW THE GAME PLAYA"

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TEASER

CORTAVIUS M.(C-MONEY) CONNER JR. once was a basketball star with a promising future. It seems so long ago as he now sits in his cell on his bunk reading a book. This is a different world now, those dreams of basketball stardom have faded away after Kaiwon Illwood was killed(Close Friend). My life changed with the flash of a gun pointed at Kaiwon. The squeeze of the trigger sending Kaiwon's body falling to the cold ground. Blood oozing from his chest as young women screamed as the shooters rans away. Yes that was a long time ago. So I sit in my cell thinking of what was and how I let my family down with much disappointment.

Was I right as I look back on it all? Killing, shooting, stealing, beating, selling drugs, pimping women. Was that me? What did I become? Or was it all a dream? Fuck no, it wasn't. Yes! It was me, doing all those things and more. I deserve to be here. I've become a menace to my community and society, and at times didn't give a fuck about it. My mind had become a monster letting myself loose on the city and the people I love.

Being jumped in on the set of Timm Street Bloods at the age of 16 was my first mistake. Losing Kataia(Kaiwon's sister) who really loved my ass was the second. I still see her tears running down her face when she came running into the backyard of her older brother's house after I was being jumped in.

Nightmares of her screams haunt me still. What have you done, runs through my mind daily as I relive that day over and over again. Now I'm among monsters, fighting is what I must do to stay alive, to keep my sanity in this place. All there is to do is live and ask God to redeem my soul.

FADE TO BLACK

PILOT: THUG LIFE "A LOVE STORY"

FADE IN:

INT. CELL - CORTAVIUS / HITMAN - DAY MIDMORNING

ENTER FRAME. **CORTAVIUS CONNER(27)** sit's in his cell reading a book. His cell mate, **JERRY(HITMAN)WATTS(26)** walks in. Hitman walks over to the cell toilet to take a piss.

Hitman turns to Cortavius and comments on him always reading. OVER, we hear the sounds of other inmates on the cell tier talking loud and laughing.

ON HITMAN

HITMAN W.

Yo my nigga! Why you always reading? That shit ain't gonna do anything for you in here.

CORTAVIUS C.

So why does it bother you Blood?

HITMAN W.

Mothafuckers in here will think you better than them.

CORTAVIUS C.

What?

HITMAN W.

That's what nigga's be thinking in here.

CORTAVIUS C.

Check this out Blood, I don't give a fuck what a nigga thinks about me. I can't change no nigga...

CORTAVIUS C. (CONT'D)

On what he feels. You feel me?

HITMAN W.

Yeah I hear you Blood, but most fools don't have what you have.

Cortavius now looks up at Hitman and gets off his bunk. He falls to the floor catching himself and starts doing push ups.

(CONTINUE)

(CONTINUE)

CORTAVIUS C.

What do you mean by that Blood?

HITMAN W.

Word is that your Moms is a lawyer
for the FBI.

Cortavius keeps doing his push up's without saying a word.

HITMAN W. (CONT'D)

Is it true Blood?

Cortavius knocks out twenty more push up's before he gets up.

CORTAVIUS C.

Naw, Blood it's not. She is a
lawyer, but she works for the IRS.

HITMAN W.

No shit!

CORTAVIUS C.

Yeah Blood, it's all good. She has
her life, and I chose mine.

HITMAN W.

My nigga! You joined this shit when
yo Moms is making it like that?

CORTAVIUS C.

Yeah she's caked out. With a son in
prison. What does that say about
her?

Cortavius places his face in his hands. He rubs his face a
little so Hitman can't see tears forming in his eyes.

HITMAN W.

Let that shit go. You have to be
strong in here. There's many cards
and wolfs we have to contend with.

CORTAVIUS C.

Look at you Blood, philosophying.

HITMAN W.

Fuck you Blood, I better learn
something being here with yo
reading ass.

(CONTINUE)

(CONTINUE)

ENTER FRAME. The two celly's laugh out loud as another **BLOOD MEMBER(23)** comes to their cell spea

BLOOD MEMBER
Yo C-money, Big tweet wants to see you.

HITMAN W.
Yo little ass nigga! How do you speak to an OG?

BLOOD MEMBER
My bad Blood.

Hitman winks at Cortavius before he starts to yell at the young Blood member.

HITMAN W.
(yelling)
My bad! Come here little ass bitch!
I'm going to fuck you.

BLOOD MEMBER
Naw Blood I ain't like that.

HITMAN W.
(yelling)
I don't give a fuck! You my bitch now. Turn that ass around!

BLOOD MEMBER
Fuck you nigga, you are going to have to kill me if you want that!

Cortavius looks at Hitman who nods his head. He pats the young man on his back, then speaks.

HITMAN W.
That's how you got to be young Blood.

BLOOD MEMBER
Was this some kind of fucking test?

CORTAVIUS C.
In so many words. How long have you been down?

BLOOD MEMBER
Five months.

(CONTINUE)

(CONTINUE)

Cortavius moves over to the young man and looks him eye to eye.

CORTAVIUS C.

Be strong, but don't be cocky. You don't run from shit, but don't get into anyone business. Understand?

BLOOD MEMBER

Yeah I feel you. You ready?

CORTAVIUS C.

Yeah, Yo Hit! You still gonna chill?

HITMAN W.

Yeah nigga, I gotta take a shit.

CORTAVIUS C.

Blood I didn't need to know all of that.

Cortavius and the young Blood member leave the cell.

FOLLOWING. They walk down the cell tier as other inmates move to one side or the other. ENTER FRAME. Heading down the stairs they make a right and stand at the door of **EARL(BIG TWEET) JACKSON(33)**.

He was a former college football star at a big time university. When he was home from school he was involved in altercation that led to the death of a man. He was given forty years. While being locked up he joined the Blood Nation.

CUT TO:

INT. CELL/ AISLE A - CORTAVIUS / TWEET - SAME TIME

ENTER FRAME. Cortavius stands at the doorway of Big Tweet. He's talking with another inmate, Tweet nods to Cortavius.

BIG TWEET

Come on in Blood.

CORTAVIUS C.

What's up Tweet?

BIG TWEET

Doing it my nigga, what's good?

(CONTINUE)

(CONTINUE)

They shake hands and hug one another. He gestures to Cortavius to sit down. He sits, waiting for Big Tweet to say something

CORTAVIUS C.
Checking the days Blood. That's all
I can do.

BIG TWEET
On Blood, you ain't never lied.

CORTAVIUS C.
So what's up Tweet, why am I here?

BIG TWEET
Word has gotten back to me that the
Essay's may try to get at you.

CORTAVIUS C.
For what? I'm not in they shit.

Tweet moves off the bunk in front of Cortavius bending down to him. He asks Cortavius a question.

BIG TWEET
(SOTTO VOCE)
Is yo Moms FBI nigga?

CORTAVIUS C.
(SOTTO VOCE)
What? Fuck no!

BIG TWEET
(angrily)
Don't lie to me Blood.

CORTAVIUS C.
(SOTTO VOCE)
I'm not, she's an IRS lawyer.

BIG TWEET
(SOTTO VOCE)
I know yo rep from the street. You
put in a lot of work out there. You
got enemies wanting some payback...

BIG TWEET (CONT'D)
(SOTTO VOCE)
Up in here.

(CONTINUE)

(CONTINUE)

Cortavius stands up pushing Big Tweet back from his face and body.

CORTAVIUS C.
I'm C-money, Timm Street Blood. If
nigga's want to get at me, fuck it
I'm down with it.

BIG TWEET
My nigga! Hard to the end.

CORTAVIUS C.
Like that!

Big Tweet sits back down on his bunk.

BIG TWEET
How do we get this shit off yo
back?

CORTAVIUS C.
Set it up!

Tweet just sits there for a second. Then getting up again walking over to a shelf full of snacks. He grabs two honey buns turning towards Cortavius to see if he want one.

CORTAVIUS C. (CONT'D)
Naw Blood, that processed sugar
will kill you.

BIG TWEET
They said you were smart like that.

CORTAVIUS C.
Common sense Blood.

Tweet opens one, taking a big bite of the honey bun. In a few bites it's gone and he starts off on the second one.

BIG TWEET
Blood, we are deep in here. Don't
know if the homies will want to go
to war over this.

CORTAVIUS C.
I don't need anyone fighting for
me.

(CONTINUE)

(CONTINUE)

ENTER FRAME. Suddenly **MALCOLM(CAZE-O)DASH(48)** Timm Street Blood founding member comes to the door of Tweet's cell. He sees Tweet talking to Cortavius and he starts to yell out.

CAZE-O

(loud)

What's this my nigga?

BIG TWEET

What's it look like Blood?

CAZE-O

(loud)

It looks like you talking to one of my people without me.

BIG TWEET

Yeah I'm doing that.

CAZE-O

You livin foul Blood, that's not how it works.

BIG TWEET

You right Blood my bad.

Caze-O walks in and takes a seat. He reaches up to Tweet's shelf and grabs two packs of Twinkies.

Caze-O looks at Tweet who just nods. Tweet goes on to tell Caze-O why Cortavius is there.

BIG TWEET (CONT'D)

I was telling Blood about some wrong information that's out about his people.

CAZE-O

Yeah I heard about that shit.

BIG TWEET

Blood wants a sit down.

CAZE-O

Is that true?

CORTAVIUS C.

Yeah! I want to get this shit straight. I got enough troubles already.

(CONTINUE)

(CONTINUE)

Caze - O stuffs a whole Twinkie into his mouth and eats it. He then asks Tweet for a bottle of water. He gets him one out of his small refrigerator and tosses it to him. He opens it.

Taking a big swallow, he almost finishes the bottle of water in one sitting.

CAZE-O
Blood if that's what you want?

CORTAVIUS C.
Yeah, thanks Blood.

The two men from Timm Street shake hands and hug each other as Tweet looks on.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN.

INT. CELL - CORTAVIUS / GUARD - THE NEXT DAY

Morning come too soon in prison. Cortavius can already hear the guards doing the morning count come up the tier aisles having the inmates sound off.

ENTER FRAME. OVER, you can hear inmates count off their prison number. They finally get to Cortavius cell. **PRISON GUARD (35)**

ON GUARD

GUARD
Conner!

CORTAVIUS C.
617593E.

GUARD
Watts!

Nothing is said at first, the guard yells Watts name again .

GUARD (CONT'D)
Watts! Is his ass still sleep?

CORTAVIUS C.
Maybe he is. I don't know.

(CONTINUE)

(CONTINUE)

GUARD

Watts , wake your ass up. It's count time! Wake him up Cortavius.

CORTAVIUS C.

Yo blood, get yo ass up. It's count time!

Cortavius now pushes on Hitman who jumps up yelling.

HITMAN W.

(yelling)

What the fuck nigga! Why you waking me up?

CORTAVIUS C.

It's count time Blood, give yo number.

Hitman sits up on his bunk and looks at the guard. He then mouth off towards the guard.

HITMAN W.

(loud)

You mothafuckers can't do this shit at a respectable time?

Cortavius start to laugh out loud, the guard reacts back.

GUARD

Where the fuck you think you're at? Give me your number!

HITMAN W.

(loud)

I was having a good dream bitch!

GUARD

(shouting)

Fuck you and your dream! Number!

HITMAN W.

(loud)

Fuck you Blood!

Cortavius steps in to calm down Hitman. He tells him it's not worth the bullshit.

CORTAVIUS C.

Come on my nigga, tell his ass!

(CONTINUE)

(CONTINUE)

HITMAN W.
Fuck that bitch ass fool Blood

CORTAVIUS C.
They're going to put you down
Blood! Is it worth all of that
shit?

Hitman thinks to himself that Cortavius is right. He calls out his number.

HITMAN W.
879246W.

GUARD
This shit is twice everyday
bitches. Showers are open now!

The guard and his partner move on to the next cell calling out for inmates numbers. Cortavius lay's back down. All of a sudden he hears the sound of snoring from above him.

It's Hitman! Cortavius closes his eye to lay and rest, then someone said something to him. **INMATE(30)**

INMATE (O.S.)
Yo Money! Here's a message for you!

A wire(Is a message sent to each other to communicate)lands inside his cell. He picks it up and reads it.

CORTAVIUS C. (V.O.)
At 3pm. Behind the squash court.
Cool!

Cortavius yanks on the wire three times to let the other person know he understands. Cortavius goes back to sleep.

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. MESS HALL - CORTAVIUS / TWEET / HITMAN - DAY MORNING

Cortavius and Hitman are in line to eat breakfast. OVER, are the sounds of noisy men talking to one another as they're let out of their cells to eat.

Cortavius get's his meal for the morning of egg's, two pieces of sausage, two pieces of toast and a piece of fruit. Cortavius and Hitman make their way over to Big Tweet's table that has Blood members all around. One member holds Cortavius and Hitman up.

CORTAVIUS C.
I need to talk with Tweet!

The member looks over to Tweet, who gesture to let them by.

BIG TWEET
What up Blood?

CORTAVIUS C.
I got a wire this morning.

BIG TWEET
Yeah I know, it's going down at
three. You know who you want?

CORTAVIUS C.
Caze-O is down.

Cortavius looks around at the Blood members till he hears Hitman speak.

HITMAN W.
My nigga, you know I'm rollen with
my celly!

CORTAVIUS C.
Much love Blood.

They shake and lean in for a hug at Tweet's table.

BIG TWEET
Who else?

Walking up to Big Tweet's table is **JERRY(TOON)PEPPERS(26)** from eastside Wadlo Street Bloods. This guy is tall and muscular, standing 6'five 4inch 235lbs. A green eyed, light skinned.

(CONTINUE)

(CONTINUE)

Toon has a deep voice, and speaks to everyone at the table.

TOON
What up Bloods?

BIG TWEET
Good, good. What's that Blood like?

TOON
Checken all hoe's clocking my doe
up in this bitch!

The guy's start laughing at Toon's statement. Toon looks at Cortavious, then speaks.

TOON (CONT'D)
Nigga word is out you fucken with
the Essay's?

CORTAVIUS C.
Yeah I'm getting at them.

TOON
Let me and my nigga B-Stone get
some of that!

CORTAVIUS C.
I'm cool with it.

BIG TWEET
Fuck that! I'm not letting you
niggas get all the pull around
here. Me and Roc-Roc is on too.

Cortavious stands up and hugs Toon and Big Tweet before moving to another table. Toon speaks on Cortavious.

TOON
That's a hard nigga right there!

BIG TWEET
Yeah my dude, he don't bend fo shit
Blood.

Toon takes a big spoon of scrambled egg's in his mouth, then a bite out of a slice of bread.

TOON
I love that in a nigga, standing up
fo his people.

(CONTINUE)

(CONTINUE)

BIG TWEET
It's all love my nigga.

The men continue to eat their food as the sound of mess ending wine down. Soon it will be empty and the clean up crew will do their job getting ready for the lunch meal.

BACK TO:

INT. CELL - CORTAVIUS / HITMAN / CAZE-O - DAY MIDDAY

Cortavius and Hitman are back in their cell. They're passing time Cortavius is reading and Hitman is writing a letter to his son. Hitman speaks.

HITMAN W.
Blood, how do you spell
unapologetic?

CORTAVIUS C.
Dude, who you writing?

HITMAN W.
My son Blood.

CORTAVIUS C.
And you're using that word?

HITMAN W.
Am I saying it right?

Cortavius sits up from his bunk, stretches out his arms then standing to spell the word for Hitman.

CORTAVIUS C.
U.n.a.p.o.l.o.g.e.t.i.c

HITMAN W.
Thanks Blood.

CORTAVIUS C.
Don't trip.

HITMAN W.
Man are you nervous?

CORTAVIUS C.
Of what?

(CONTINUE)

(CONTINUE)

HITMAN W.
Meeting with the Essay's.

CORTAVIUS C.
Naw Blood, it's just a sit down.

HITMAN W.
Man I don't trust fucking Essay's.
They always doing something sneaky.
We need to be careful.

CORTAVIUS C.
I feel you Blood, but School Boy is
the shot caller here. He gave me
his word of only six people.

RICKY(SCHOOL BOY)MORALES(29)raise in south Los Angeles. His
older brothers were gang members so when Ricky was 12 years
old he join the gang; The South Side Loco's.

Ricky is in jail for murder and drug distribution. He's a
Wonava Cartel shot caller(A boss in prison).

HITMAN W.
You trust them Blood, I'm going to
be looking out.

CORTAVIUS C.
Do as you do home boy.

Cortavius falls to the ground and starts doing push up's.
He's knocking them out fast as hell as Hitman looks over his.

HITMAN W.
Blood how many of them you doing?

Cortavius huffing and puffing, tries to get the words out.

CORTAVIUS C.
(gasping)
Two hundred.

HITMAN W.
Damn man, you starting make me look
bad. I need to work out.

CORTAVIUS C.
Blood you don't need me for that!

Both men start to laugh as time goes by slowly.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN: ACT II

I/E. CELL - CORTAVIUS / HITMAN - DAY MIDAFTERNOON

Cortavius sits on his bunk reading a book again. It's called "Thy Self Be True" written by an unknown writer.

Hitman is looking out of the cell bars as he sees Caze-O, Toon and B-Stone walking along the tier aisle. OVER, we hear men talking and yelling about the prison cell block.

HITMAN W.
Blood, they coming up the aisle.

CORTAVIUS C.
I'm ready.

Hitman steps back, standing next to Cortavius. Caze-O walks up and stand at the entrance of their cell.

CAZE-O
You ready Blood?

CORTAVIUS C.
Yeah!

HITMAN W.
Let's do this!

The five men walk down the tier to the staircase leading to Big Tweet's cell. Roc-Roc is crouched down at the doorway as the men walk up. **TONY(ROC-ROC)DUNLAP(26)** is standing up speaking.

ROC-ROC
You ready my nigga?

CORTAVIUS C.
On Timm Street I'm ready.

Roc-Roc shakes Cortavius's hand and yell out to Big Tweet.

ROC-ROC
(loud)
Tweet, they here.

BIG TWEET
Hold on Blood, give me a minute.

Big Tweet finishes up his business, flushing the toilet then washing his hands. Tweet moves to the exit of the cell.

(CONTINUE)

(CONTINUE)

BIG TWEET
You ready my nigga's?

CAZE-O
Yeah Blood, let's get this shit
over with.

CORTAVIUS C.
Let's go.

FOLLOWING. The seven men walk to a side exit to the prison yard. Cortavius walks out first.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRISON YARD - MOVING - DAY SAME TIME

FOLLOWING. Many see the group heading for the squash courts. Inmates move out of the way as the men pass. Some point at them as they walk, some turn their heads. The group make their way over to the squash court, climbing and sitting on the bleachers.

Cortavius sit just below the group as they wait for the Mexicans to show up. The wait is not long. School Boy leads his group towards the bleachers and they sit midway on the bleachers as School Boy sit a foot away from Cortavius.

SCHOOL BOY
What up homes, you wanted to speak.
What's up?

CORTAVIUS C.
I'm here to get shit straight.

SCHOOL BOY
And what is that homes?

CORTAVIUS C.
That my people are not an FBI
attorney.

School Boy rubs his face, turning to his people smiling.

CORTAVIUS C. (CONT'D)
You think this is a joke Blood?

(CONTINUE)

(CONTINUE)

SCHOOL BOY

I think you got a lot of nerve to ask for this sit down.

CORTAVIUS C.

When shit is going around that ain't right. You have to address it.

SCHOOL BOY

One of our people saw yo Mother talking with a known lawyer of the FBI.

CORTAVIUS C.

Blood, people know each other at the place they work. My Moms is an IRS attorney. She works in the...

CORTAVIUS C. (CONT'D)

Same fucking building.

SCHOOL BOY

That doesn't mean she not an FBI lawyer.

CORTAVIUS C.

Check this out Blood, If yo Moms is in a hoe house with hoe's. Does that make her a hoe?

School Boy stands up and looks at Cortavius who is still sitting down. School Boy with a frown on his face speaks.

SCHOOL BOY

(angry)

Watch what you say essay!

CORTAVIUS C.

You don't like it, do you?

School Boy sits back down slowly, keeping his eye's on Cortavius.

SCHOOL BOY

No I don't.

CORTAVIUS C.

Now you know why I'm here.

(CONTINUE)

(CONTINUE)

SCHOOL BOY

You make a good point homes. So what do you want to do?

CORTAVIUS C.

I want my people left alone. As for me, I'm just here till they let me out.

School Boy gestures to one of his home boy's to come down to him. He whispers something to him, for a few minutes they whisper back and forth to each other.

Finally the man heads back to where he was sitting, School Boy turns back to Cortavious.

SCHOOL BOY

Ok homes, we'll let this go. But if shit starts to happen and my people feel any heat. We're coming to you.

CORTAVIUS C.

Blood(pause)don't you think they know what you do?

SCHOOL BOY

I'm talking about anything new.

CORTAVIUS C.

Well it want be because of me Blood.

SCHOOL BOY

Make sure it's not. Hey Tweet!

Tweet comes down where School Boy and Cortavious are sitting, Tweet sits next to Cortavious.

BIG TWEET

What up Blood?

SCHOOL BOY

You need to use home boy here. He's really smart and got heart.

BIG TWEET

Yeah I keep hearing that!

SCHOOL BOY

Alright, we're done?

(CONTINUE)

(CONTINUE)

CORTAVIUS C.
So we good?

SCHOOL BOY
Yeah, we cool.

School extends his hand out to Cortavius and they shake. School and his group leave the bleachers first and the rest of Cortavius group move down next to him and Big Tweet.

TOON
My nigga you got much love from the essay's.

CORTAVIUS C.
I had to do this. My people could have been in jeopardy.

CAZE-O
Blood, I have much respect on how you handled yo shit.

CORTAVIUS C.
Thanks Blood.

HITMAN W.
All this touchy feely shit is wack!
Let's go.

FOLLOWING. Hitman leads the group off the bleachers around the squash court. As they walk three men watch Cortavius with great interest pointing at him as he walks.

Cortavius sees them out the corner of his eye, making sure they don't notice it.

CROSS CUT WITH:

EXT. YARD TABLES - DAY SAME TIME - CORTAVIUS P.O.V.

Cortavius, Toon and B-stone take a seat at a game table as Hitman goes and get some domino's from the game shed.

CORTAVIUS C.
Blood I think I'm going to run.

TOON
Go ahead Blood, It's too hot for that shit.

(CONTINUE)

(CONTINUE)

B-STONE
You ain't never lied Blood.

CORTAVIUS C.
This is the best time to run.

TOON
Go on Blood, we watching you.

CORTAVIUS C.
Alright, cool.

Cortavius starts to stretch his muscles out before he runs. He bends over to the right and left to ensure he won't pull anything as he runs. Cortavius starts off slow, then picks up speed gradually.

As Cortavius runs he can see the three dude watching him as passes them on his first lap. Cortavius comes back around to see his home-boy's playing domino's. Hitman yells at him.

HITMAN W.
Damn my nigga, you making me sweat!

The guy's laugh as Cortavius starts his second lap. He comes towards where those three men are sitting but keeps his eye to the front of him.

There are others also running around the track as well as all inmates from different cell blocks. Cortavius is going past Hitman once again and he yells at Cortavius one more time.

HITMAN W. (CONT'D)
Blood, you making my feet hurt!

The home boy's laugh again as Cortavius gives Hitman the middle finger. As he passes the bleachers one more time, he can't see where those dudes went. Cortavius picks up speed running hard to finish at the game table.

Placing his hands on his hips, Cortavius walks over to a water fountain. He bends down drinking water at an angle so he can see anyone coming up behind him. Three men do just that, ease up and voice rings out.

VOICE (O.S)
This is for the Ray's nigga!

Cortavius turns around only to be hit in the eye from someone.

(CONTINUE)

(CONTINUE)

He staggers against the water fountain as two men are punching him and a third voice is saying something.

VOICE

(loud)

Hold him up, let me stab him!

The fighting seems like it's going to be a long ass beating, but it's not as Cortavius finally get's a chance to hit back. He punches one guy in his nose making it bleed. The other two guy's are swinging at him. Cortavius ducks and grabs the balls of another fighter squeezing them hard as he can, making the man scream out loud.

This brings the tower guards into the fight as the **TOWER GUARD(37)**tells them to get on the ground.

TOWER GUARD

(yelling)

Get on the ground! Now!

He fires a warning shot up in the air that stops one of the men. The other two, one rolling on the ground another Cortavius is beating in the face as he sits atop him. The Tower guard shoot on the ground next to Cortavius before he get's off.

Cortavius people run over only to be stopped by guards who have taken control of the situation. Cortavius backs off the man with his hands raised. He slowly get's down on his knees placing his hands behind his head. They handcuff Cortavius as blood runs down his cheek from the hits during the fight. Cortavius has a flashback about how all this came to past years ago.

CUT TO:

INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY MIDAFTERNOON - 2017 (FLASHBACK)

Cortavius is at his first basketball practice. He has made the varsity basketball team after one year playing freshman ball. Cortavius, a young African American male, standing six feet four inches, light brown skin with brown eyes. He is medium build with toned muscles all over his body.

He wears his hair cut short so his curly hair can always be seen. The young girls go crazy over him at his age. His vertical jump of forty two inches is an eye opening to his fellow players. He has great hands and can shoot very well.

(CONTINUE)

(CONTINUE)

He's one of the top sophomores in the state of Connecticut. Cortavius and his family live in Hartford Conn. His Father, **CORTAVIUS M. CONNER SR, (42)** is a state police captain who has just been promoted to Commander in charge of the southern district. Cortavius Mother, **KIMBERLY A. CONNER(41)** is a US IRS supervising attorney who loves her family and her work.

She supports her sons dreams as long as he focuses on excel academically and doesn't get into any trouble that would tarnish the family reputation in the community. His younger brother, **CHASE R. CONNER(10)** like most little brothers wants to be like Cortavius and does everything his older brother does.

His best friends are **KEYON BALL(16)**, **DIXSON TATE(16)** and **NAISHEL LOGAN(16)**. Coach **FRANK JARVIS(46)** is the head coach of the team. His assistant are Coach **STEVE MURRY(33)** and Coach **OWEN GILLS(35)**. Cortavius is having a bad first practice, even though he has hit every shoot he's put up.

But that not all to basketball, you play as a team in order to achieve the ultimate goal of winning a championship. Coach Jarvis know he has a great team this years, so he's pushing the young men to work theirs butts off.

Being only this is his second year of high school, Cortavius is finding it hard not to be the center of attention, being he was always the go to guy on all his traveling basketball teams. Now he's has to prove he can do the same here. Coach Jarvis is giving his first speech before practice starts.

COACH JARVIS

Guy's I want you to know, I'm going to work your asses hard. There will be no excuses that we couldn't...

COACH JARVIS (CONT'D)

Get the job done. I know some of you are coming up from the freshmen squad, but this varsity ball...

COACH JARVIS (CONT'D)

(loud)

So when you're on that court! You better as hell remember that! Coach Murry.

COACH MURRY

Let's hit it, take off running!

FADE TO BLACK:

PILOT: THUG LIFE "A LOVE STORY"

FADE IN:

INT. GYMNASIUM - CORTAIVUS / JARVIS - DAY AFTERNOON

ENTER FRAME. Coach Jarvis has the team on the court practicing hard for the upcoming season. Cortavious is working hard but Coach Jarvis is not pleased with the performance at his first practice.

OVER, we hear the sounds of practice, the boy's huffing and puffing. WIDEN TO reveal the large Gym and team members running around.

COACH JARVIS

(yelling)

If you ladies can't do this right
we'll run the rest of the
afternoon. You feeling me?

All the players yell out "Yes coach". Most are bent over tired and sweating.

COACH JARVIS (CONT'D)

(yelling)

Then get it together and do it
right! Cortavious, do you know how
to cut to the basket.

CORTAVIUS C.

Yes coach!

COACH JARVIS

(yelling)

Then do it. Alright, run it again!

The boy's run the plays over and over as Coach Jarvis continues to yell at them for their play at practice.

COACH MURRY

Albert! Why and the hell you're
standing like you don't know what
to do? Your a senior damn it!

The team finishes up doing lines and gasers. Coach Jarvis calls the team over to the bleachers for a talk.

COACH JARVIS

Alright guy's settle down.

(CONTINUE)

(CONTINUE)

COACH MURRY

(loud)

Didn't you hear the man?

The team becomes silent.

COACH JARVIS

Thanks coach. I must say, you guys looked like shit in the beginning. But you worked hard and fought ...

COACH JARVIS (CONT'D)

Through it. That's what it will take to win a state title.

The guys just sit on the bleachers all eyes are on Coach Jarvis talking.

COACH MURRY

Guys, what I see out there(pause)can win a title!

COACH JARVIS

It's not going to be given to you.

COACH GILL

You know what that means. You will have to go through last years champs. Morehead High.

Now the guys turn to each other. Some smile, some of them have frowns on their faces. **ALBERT WITTS(18)**, a senior stands up making a statement.

ALBERT W.

Coach can I say something?

Coach Jarvis nods and gestures to Albert giving his moment.

ALBERT W. (CONT'D)

Thanks coach. Most of you weren't on the team last year. So you don't know how it felt going into a...

ALBERT W. (CONT'D)

Game we should have won, but lost! It's not going to happen again this year. So get your heads right!

(CONTINUE)

(CONTINUE)

CORTAVIUS C.

Coach, I can't say anything about last years team. This year we will win state! I'll bet that!

The team yells yeah! And a few players say out loud "ain't nobody going to beat us".

ALBERT W.

(annoyed)

You think you can win it all by yourself? You're just a sophomore.

Cortavius stands now as the team just watches as the two players square each other up. Coach Murry starts to say something until Coach Jarvis stops him.

CORTAVIUS C.

Yeah, I am a sophomore with a whole lot of game.

Their teammates "oh" and "ah" at Cortavius statement. Albert feeling slighted, get's mad and comes back at Cortavius.

ALBERT W.

(little angrily)

I've seen plenty of you before. On the court and off. You'll freeze up when the time comes.

CORTAVIUS C.

Naw! I doubt that you've never seen someone like me before, besides I love pressure. That's when the ...

CORTAVIUS C. (CONT'D)
Baller's come out.

Cortavius' teammates respond saying hell yeah. When Cortavius sits down he is given high five from some of them. Keyon and Dixson nod their heads. Coach Jarvis speaks.

COACH JARVIS

Alright settle down, the show is over. Make sure your grades are up and you know the playbook. Get out of here!

(CONTINUE)

(CONTINUE)

The team falls out of the bleachers going into their locker room. Albert and two other players confront Cortavius by his locker. Keyon and Dixson's lockers are across from Cortavius.

CUT TO:

I/E. LOCKER ROOM - CORTAVIUS / ALBERT - DAY LATE AFTERNOON

ALBERT W.
Hey Conner!

Cortavius looks around to see Albert and two others coming up the aisle. He looks over his shoulder to Keyon who winks at him.

CORTAVIUS C.
What's up dude?

ALBERT W.
A lot of talk in the bleachers. Can you back it up?

CORTAVIUS C.
Whatever man! I'm not tripping on you. I know what I want out of life.

ALBERT W.
Your game ain't shit. I'm better than you and you know it!

Now many more of the team players have come on Cortavius aisle. Standing on the long wooden bench looking over other players, Keyon speaks out.

KEYON M.
Why don't you two play heads up?

Yeah, is heard from the team spectators crowded around them.

CORTAVIUS C.
I'm down!

ALBERT W.
I wouldn't waste my time!

DIXSON T.
Someone has a little bitch in them.

(CONTINUE)

(CONTINUE)

ALBERT W.
Fuck you Dixson! I ain't no bitch!

DIXSON T.
Then play him!

Cortavius throws his arms up to say to Albert what's up. The team members yell out "hell yeah"!

ALBERT W.
When dude?

CORTAVIUS C.
Make it easy on yourself. I don't give a fuck where. You're going to get schooled anyway.

Players whispered "ohhhh" sounds out around the two guys as they look at each other.

ALBERT W.
Tomorrow after practice.

CORTAVIUS C.
It's all good.

ALBERT W.
Yeah will see!

Albert and the other two players push their way through the crowd out of sight of Cortavius. Dixson speaks on the one on one that's ahead of Cortavius.

DIXSON T.
Dude don't worry about that buster.

CORTAVIUS C.
I'm not, he can't beat me if I let him.

The boy's laugh as they get ready to take a shower. FOLLOW. Cortavius goes in first then Keyon.

CROSS CUT WITH:

INT. SHOWERS - CORTAVIUS / KEYON -SIMULTANEOUS

KEYON M.
Dude, How's your weekend looking?

(CONTINUE)

(CONTINUE)

CORTAVIUS C.

Who know, I know I'm going to get ready for that math test next week.

KEYON M.

Man that shit will be easy.

CORTAVIUS C.

Easy for you, you're good at math.

DIXSON T.

That's because his Dad an engineer.

KEYON M.

That don't have anything to do with it. I'm just smart!

CORTAVIUS C.

Make sure your smart ass have my water ready when I come off the floor from playing.

The boy's laugh as Keyon tries to grab hold of Cortavius. Coach Murry comes by and yells at them to knock it off.

COACH MURRY

Knock it off before one of you slips and bust your head open.

CORTAVIUS C.

Alright coach, we done anyway.

FOLLOW. The boy's walk back to their lockers and begin to dry off.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKER AISLE - DIXSON / CORTAVIUS / KEYON - SAME TIME

DIXSON T.

Man I can't wait till tomorrow after practice.

CORTAVIUS C.

Dude it's no big deal.

KEYON M.

Yeah it is, someone needs to shut him up.

(CONTINUE)

(CONTINUE)

CORTAVIUS C.
Man he's a senior, he's gonna talk
shit.

DIXSON T.
That's all he can do.

CORTAVIUS C.
Come on let's get out of here.

The guy's pick up the last few things of there's and place
their towels in a basket.

CROSS CUT WITH:

EXT. PARKING LOT - CORTAVIUS / KEYON / DIXSON - DUSK

FOLLOWING. They walk out of the locker room to see Albert
standing and talking with a girl. He points at Cortavius and
the girl turns to look at him. She smiles and Cortavius blows
her a kiss. The boy's laugh once more.

DIXSON T.
Dude! Trying to copy my moves.

CORTAVIUS C.
Man you smoking!

Keyon laughs and starts to tease Dixson.

KEYON M.
(laughing)
Dixson you hitting the pipe man?

Dixson starts to chase after Keyon a little. He runs behind
Cortavius to get away.

CORTAVIUS C.
Chill dude!

DIXSON T.
Naw man, he said I was a smoker.

KEYON M.
I was just fucking with you.

DIXSON T.
Let me take yo sister out.

(CONTINUE)

(CONTINUE)

KEYON M.
Hell naw, besides she wouldn't go
out with you.

CORTAVIUS C.
Your sister is cute!

KEYON M.
Everyone in my family looks good.

DIXSON T.
So why you so ugly.

Keyon starts to chase Dixson who also runs behind Cortavius who is just laughing at the two of them. Keyon stops.

KEYON M.
Man I'm not chasing yo ass.

DIXSON T.
You know it's the truth! You is an
ugly child!

CORTAVIUS C.
Why don't ya'll grow up?

Dixson and Keyon look at each other, then jump on Cortavius wrestling him to the ground. An old man comes from his house picking up his evening newspaper and shouts at them. **OLDER BLACK MAN(65)**

OLD MAN
(loud)
Hey you kids, stop that fighting!

CORTAVIUS C.
Sorry sir, were not fighting.

OLD MAN
Whatever, take it down to you're
house.

The boy's say yes sir, moving on to their homes. It's Keyon house that comes up first. Then Dixson across the street. Last is Cortavius. ENTER FRAME. As he walks in his younger brother Chase runs up and punches Cortavius in his stomach. Cortavius grabs hold of him and begins to tickle him.

CHASE C.
Stop! Cortavius that hurts.

(CONTINUE)

(CONTINUE)

CORTAVIUS C.
That's what you get!

CHASE C.
No, no! Please stop it.

Cortavius laughs as he continue to tickle his little brother.

CUT TO:

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - CORTAVIUS - NIGHT EARLY

FOLLOWING. Cortavius makes his way up to the room at the end of the hallway. Chase's room is on the right side before Cortavius, then there's the bathroom and the guest room.

Cortavius Mother and Father's room is at the other end of the hall with another bedroom that's empty. Cortavius opens the door to his room and walks in. He drops his book bag and heads over to his desk and computer.

He turns it on taking a seat at the desk. Cortavius pulls out his cell phone from his back pocket laying it down on the desk. It rings! (Buzz, Buzz, Buzz)

CORTAVIUS C.
Hey! (Cortavius can see who's calling him.)

NAISHEL L. (V.O.)
(phone filter)
How was practice?

CORTAVIUS C.
Hey! What's up?

NAISHEL L. (V.O.)
(phone filter)
What's up? That's how you talk?

CORTAVIUS C.
My bad! I'm just tired, that's all.

NAISHEL L. (V.O.)
(phone filter)
Practice was hard, wasn't it?

(CONTINUE)

(CONTINUE)

CORTAVIUS C.
Not really, just a lot of cussing
from coach Jarvis.

NAISHEL L. (V.O.)
(phone filter)
This is not park and rec ball
anymore or travel ball.

Cortavius just slouches in his chair listing to Naishel

CORTAVIUS C.
Yeah, I see that.

NAISHEL L. (V.O.)
(phone filter)
Are you up for it?

CORTAVIUS C.
I don't know what you mean?

NAISHEL L. (V.O.)
(phone filter)
I'm saying can you handle it?

CORTAVIUS C.
Yeah(pause)I guess so. I'm not
tripping.

NAISHEL L. (V.O.)
(phone filter)
For someone who talked a lot this
past summer. You don't sound
confident.

CORTAVIUS C.
I am, I just have to deal with the
bull shit from Albert Witts.

Naishel starts to laugh which peeks Cortavius interest.

CORTAVIUS C. (CONT'D)
Did I say something funny?

NAISHEL L. (V.O.)
(phone filter)
No!, it's just(pause)Albert tries
to talk to me every time I see him.

Cortavius now gives Naishel his full attention.

(CONTINUE)

(CONTINUE)

CORTAVIUS C.
(yelling)
What's up with that shit Nai?

NAISHEL L. (V.O.)
(phone filter)
Boy! Who are you yelling at?

Cortavius is now mad at Naishel. The one girl who has his heart is flirting with his teammate who he has a problem with.

CORTAVIUS C.
(yelling)
At you! Who else am I talking to?

NAISHEL L. (V.O.)
(phone filter/ mad)
Apologize to me! You can't talk to me like that!

CORTAVIUS C.
You talken to oh boy, He's a straight bitch! He tried to get at me after practice today and this!

NAISHEL L. (V.O.)
(phone filter)
I'm not tripping on him. You have nothing to worry about.

Cortavius has no words at the moment, he is fuming still at Naishel's statement.

NAISHEL L. (V.O.)
(phone filter)
Are you there?

CORTAVIUS C.
I'm here.

NAISHEL L. (V.O.)
(phone filter)
Why do you have a problem with Albert? He is a nice guy.

CORTAVIUS C.
Home boy thinks he's the shit. He thinks just because he is a senior I'm supposed to back down from him.

(CONTINUE)

(CONTINUE)

CORTAVIUS C.
He has me fucked up.

NAISHEL L. (V.O.)
(phone filter)
Do you have to talk like that?

CORTAVIUS C.
Now what are you talking about?

NAISHEL L. (V.O.)
(phone filter)
I'm talking about you sounding like
you're a thug or something.

CORTAVIUS C.
You tripping! I'm not a thug or
ever want to be one.

NAISHEL L. (V.O.)
(phone filter)
Well don't sound like them then. I
hate that about young black men.

Naishel goes quiet as Cortavius ends the conversation making
an excuse to get off the phone.

CORTAVIUS C.
Hey I have to go and eat dinner.
I'll get at you later.

NAISHEL L. (V.O.)
(phone filter)
Alright(pause)Cortavius!

CORTAVIUS C.
What!

NAISHEL L. (V.O.)
(phone filter)
I love you deeply.

CORTAVIUS C.
I got to go. Peace!

Cortavius hangs up his cell phone tossing it on the desk.
Chase knocks on his door. (Knock , knock, knock)

CHASE C. (O.S.)
Cortavius come to dinner!

(CONTINUE)

(CONTINUE)

CORTAVIUS C.
Alright, in a minute.

Cortavius still slouching in his chair, finally get's up and walks out of the room headed down stairs.

CUT TO:

FADE IN: ACT III

E./E. FRONT YARD - BIG ILLY / NO-NAME - NIGHT - SIMULTANEOUS
Across the country in Los Angeles California, the Timm Street Bloods are having a party at the founding members son home. **DALE(BIG ILLY) ILLWOOD(25)** is throwing a set party for the day the gang was founded.

His homeboy **TATE(No-NAME) RASHAD(24)** is standing next to him. The two men are talking waiting for Big ILLY's father to pull up in his SUV. **DEVIN(ILLY) ILLWOOD(41)** is one of the founding member of the gang, he now leads them.

OVER, we hear music playing loud in the B.G. WIDEN TO reveal the park and cars on the street across from the home, people coming into the party.

ON BIG ILLY

BIG ILLY
Damn! I wish he'd hurry up.

NO-NAME
What's the rush Blood?

BIG ILLY
Man I don't want to talk with the Essay's without my pops. I may say or do something he may not like.

NO-NAME
Blood! You can handle that shit.

BIG ILLY
Fool! We're talking about millions of dollars here. This ain't about ounces, we talken key's Blood.

No-name said nothing as more cars pull up for the party. Another of their homeboy's **WILLIAM(RIC-RAC) SMITH(26)** walks up to them with two women.

(CONTINUE)

(CONTINUE)

RIC-RAC
What you two nigga's doing,
standing guard or something?

The two women laugh as they move closer to Big Illy.

NO-NAME
Blood always got jokes!

BIG ILLY
Naw my nigga, I'm waiting on Pops.

RIC-RAC
Blood should be here by now. He
left the shop befo me.

NO-NAME
Man I'm going to get me something
to drink.

Big Illy stops No-Name from leaving him.

BIG ILLY
Hold on my nigga, Pops pulling up.

NO-NAME
Damn my nigga, you can't wait by yo
self.

RIC-RAC
Ya two are trippen, Come on ladies.

Ric-Rac walks into the party as the sounds of the people in there get louder. Finally coming up the street is a black brand new Cadillac Escalade a 2021 edition.

It pulls into Big Illy's driveway parking. The passenger door opens and Illy steps out. Illy makes his way towards them.

ILLY
What you two niggas out here fo?

BIG ILLY
I'm waiting on you!

ILLY
Why you waiting on me?

BIG ILLY
Pops! You told me to wait here?

(CONTINUE)

(CONTINUE)

ILLY
(loud)
Boy! I was talking about wait at
the party. Damn boy!

Illy shakes his head starting to make his way to the
backyard.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACKYARD - ILLY / BIG ILLY / - SAME TIME

Once there he sees people dancing and drinking having a good
time. Some of the Blood members are shooting dice over by the
garage Big Illy said something to them.

BIG ILLY
Blood, make sure whoever wins I get
my cut!

DAVID (J-RIZ) COMBS (22) answer back to Big Illy.

J-RIZ
Nigga! You get none of this. You
must be smoken!

BIG ILLY
I tell you what my nigga's if I
don't get something all ya'll can
get the fuck from my crib. On...

BIG ILLY (CONT'D)
Timm Street my nigga's, ya' getting
the fuck out.

CALVIN (NASTY) HURD (21) speaks to Illy of what Big Illy had
said.

NASTY
(shouting)
Illy, you going to let him do that?

ILLY
(loud)
Blood! It's his house. He can do
any fucking thing he wants.

The men gambling get's mad and go back to shooting dice. Illy
is over at the bar getting a drink. Big Illy comes up to him.

(CONTINUE)

(CONTINUE)

ILLY
I know you're not going to fuck
with they money are you?

BIG ILLY
Naw Pops I was just fucken with
them fools.

ILLY
Where yo brother at?

BIG ILLY
I haven't seen him.

ILLY
Go find him, They will be here
soon.

BIG ILLY
Pops! You sure you want to do this
right now?

Illy takes another drink and set it down on the bar table. He
nods to the bar keeper to make another one.

ILLY
Yeah Blood, I'm doing it tonight.
Motherfucker's not going to fuck
over us like they do others and
get...

ILLY (CONT'D)
Away with it. Fuck that! I'm going
to let them know what's up.

BIG ILLY
Alright Blood, you don't have to
sell me.

ILLY
Go and find yo brother, big ass
nigga! I'm going to the house fo a
minute.

Illy finishes his drink and walks into Big Illy house.
Sitting at the table in the dining room are four men playing
domino's.

Illy walks through the front door and out onto the porch down
the stairs and out the gate to the house on the right.

CROSS CUT WITH:

FADE IN:

INT. ILLY'S HOUSE - ILLY / LADY P - SAME TIME - SIMULTANEOUS

Illy walks into his home placing his keys into a dish on a stand. ENTER FRAME. His wife, **PATRICE(LADY P.)ILLWOOD(39)**sits at the dining room table reading a magazine.

Illy speaks to her after he kisses her on the cheek. WIDEN to reveal the dining and living room open concept.

ILLY

Where are the kids?

LADY P.

In their rooms.

ILLY

What's wrong?

LADY P.

Nothing!

Illy moves over to the table and takes a seat across from her. His back is towards the window.

ILLY

Baby I know when something bothering you so what is it?

LADY P.

I don't know. Maybe that I'm getting old.

ILLY

Baby you're looking fine as always. Even when you were young, you weren't looking as good as you are now.

LADY P.

Ah, that's sweet of you babe.

Lady P. smiles at Illy, so he asks her again what the problem is.

ILLY

So tell me?

LADY P.

We're getting too old for this.

(CONTINUE)

(CONTINUE)

ILLY

You right! We're getting older. But there are things I want to do before I call it quits.

LADY P.

Like what baby? It can't be money, we have more than we'll ever spend.

ILLY

No it's not money.

LADY P.

Then what is it?

ILLY

I don't know what it is. I'm not ready to give it up baby. Trust me on this.

LADY P.

I'll trust you till something bad happens.

Follow. Illy gets up from the table, walking over to his wife giving her a wet kiss on her lips. He then heads for the stair and up to his children rooms.

He knocks on the door of his only daughter **KAIWANDA P. ILLWOOD(15)**. He opens the door to say Hi. Kai(Is what they call her for short)is studying and has her ibuds in her ears.

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS - ILLY/ KAI / KAIWON - SAME TIME

ILLY

Hey!

ENTER FRAME. Kai turns around to see her Father standing there. She get's off her bed and goes to hug him.

KAIWANDA

Hey Daddy!

ILLY

Everything good with you?

(CONTINUE)

(CONTINUE)

KAIWANDA
I'M cool Daddy. How about you.

ILLY
I'm liven funky fresh as always.

KAIWANDA
Dad you kill me with your old time
sayings.

ILLY
That's ok, I'm an old time playa.

They both laugh as Kaiwanda gives her Dad a hug. He kisses her on her forehead and asks her one more question.

ILLY (CONT'D)
You need any money?

KAIWANDA I.
No! Not really, but if you want to
give me some, I'm not going to say
no.

ILLY
I'm sure you're not baby girl.

ENTER FRAME. Illy pulls out a roll of hundred dollar bills and gives her three of them. He hugs her one more time and leaves her room. He goes across the hall to his son room
KAIWON M. ILLWOOD(16) playing on his playstation. Illy knocks on his door, going in.

ILLY (CONT'D)
What's up Won?

KAIWON I.
What's up Pops?

ILLY
I'm good, what about you?

KAIWON I.
Chillen, getting into this 2k20.

ILLY
Who you running with?

KAIWON I.
The Lakers! You know it.

(CONTINUE)

(CONTINUE)

ILLY
What about your homework?

Kaiwon turns his head to look at his Father. Then turns back his attention back to the game.

KAIWON I.
I knocked that out as soon as I got home from practice.

ILLY
Hey! No bull shit. If you want to make it, you have to have the grades understand me?

KAIWON I.
I feel you Pops.

ILLY
Look at me son!

Kaiwon looks at his Father to see the seriousness on his face. Kaiwon speaks softly back to him.

KAIWON I.
I'm on point Pops. You don't have to worry. I'm not going to fall into that trap.

ILLY
I hope not, at least one of my sons will do something good. You need any money?

KAIWON I.
A player can use some extra's if you got that.

ILLY
You know I got that.

Illy once again pulls out that wad of hundreds as Kaiwon eyes open wide. Illy takes out three one hundred dollar bills handing it to his son. He gesture to Kaiwon to stand so they can hug.

FOLLOWING. Illy hugs his son then leaves the room, Illy goes back downstairs to see his wife still reading the magazine. He passes her headed for the door. She speaks to him.

CUT TO:

FADE IN:

INT. DINING ROOM - LADY P/ ILLY - SAME TIME

Lady P. stops her husband from going out the door. She asks him how much money did he give them.

LADY P.

How much?

ILLY

Three hundred a piece.

LADY P.

Then they get no more money till next month. Alright?

ILLY

I hear you babe.

Lady P. goes back to her reading as Illy stands there for a second.

LADY P.

I'm serious Devin, no more money.

ILLY

I got you babe, I have to go to this meeting. Love you.

Looking up from her reading.

LADY P.

Love you more.

Illy heads out of his home towards the gate entrance. He walks along the sidewalk to see young men and women smoking weed and drinking out in front of Big Illy's house.

CROSS CUT WITH:

E./I. BACKYARD - BABY ILL / ILLY /CREEPER - SIMULTANEOUS

They acknowledge him as he passes, heading into the back. He see his other son **CURTIS(BABY ILL-CAZE)(24)**standing next to one of their essay homeboys, **JUAN(CREEPER)GOZMEN(23)**drinking.

BABY ILL-CAZE

What up Pops

(CONTINUE)

(CONTINUE)

ILLY
Where the fuck you been?

BABY ILL-CAZE
Pops I just hooked up with this
freak who was all on me. I had to
get that ass.

Baby Ill givens Creeper some dap on having sex with an
unknown female.

ILLY
Pussy is going to get you fucked
up. I'm telling you. What up with
you Creeper?

CREEPER
I'm cool Illy.

ILLY
Where yo boy at?

CREEPER
He's bringing them through the
tunnel. They should be here any
minute.

ILLY
Then let's do this.

BABY ILL-CAZE
I'm ready to bust a cap in a motha
fucker.

Illy turns to his son and grabs a hold of him.

ILLY
(SOTTO VOCE)
FOOL! We ain't killing anybody on
our own turf. Use this mothafucken
brain instead of that one.

Pointing to the head of Baby Ill-Caze. Illy now gestures to
two big men who are his body guards to come with him. The men
start to head to a staircase just inside of Big Illy's
backdoor that leads to his basement. Down there already is
Big Illy and another Blood member **DENNIS (RICOCHET) COE (29)**
That runs the eastside click of the Timm Street Blood's.
Altogether nine members waiting for the Mexicans to show. The
wait is not long. From a door off in the corner opens.

(CONTINUE)

(CONTINUE)

It's **GILBERT(BIG RAZOR)MARTINEZ(35)** of the Wanova cartel. He has came with five of his men to the meeting. The Timm Street Blood members who lead him in Is **MICHEAL(BOSCO)DIAZ(25)** and another Mexican Timm Street Blood member. Illy gives Bosco a hug and some dap.

ILLY
What's up Big Razor?

BIG RAZOR
Man Illy, what's up with this place? Underground tunnel and shit. You been taken notes from the vatto's?

ILLY
Naw Blood, makin sure the man don't know my business.

BIG RAZOR
I feel you on that. Can't deal with those flea's, for nothing. So why am I here homes?

ILLY
We had a problem on that last shipment Blood. It wasn't right Four key's came up as flour!

Razor, sitting down now stands up to speak.

BIG RAZOR
I don't know what you talking about homes. Our shits clean and you know it.

ILLY
Well someone fucked up. I want the shit I paid for or it's going to be some trouble.

BIG ILLY
We're talken some gun play shit.
You feel me?

Razor doesn't act too well by threats, so he comes back hard at Illy and Big Illy.

(CONTINUE)

(CONTINUE)

BIG RAZOR

You have me fucked up homes. Who you think you're talking to?

ILLY

I though I was talking to someone I can trust.

BIG RAZOR

I tested that shit myself Illy. It was good. Whisper, who made the drop?

Mario(Whisper)Gonzales(22) speaks up to Big Razor's question.

WHISPER

It was Sad-man and Tricks.

ILLY

Baby Ill, was that who you got the drugs from.

BABY ILL-CAZE

Yeah, but four of them were taped up real good. Sad-man said the packages got torn in the trade off.

BIG RAZOR

(loud)

Bull shit, we don't do it like that. Whisper where is Sad-man?

WHISPER

He's in the other ride homes.

BIG RAZOR

(loud)

Go get that fucker!

Whisper heads out with the Mexican Timm Street Blood member.

BIG RAZOR (CONT'D)

I'm going to find the fuck out about this shit right now.

ILLY

Do what you need to Blood. As long as I get my shit straighten out.

Razor nods his head as the men wait for Sad-man to come.

FADE TO BLACK:

PILOT: THUG LIFE "A LOVE STORY"

FADE IN: ACT IV

INT. BASEMENT - RAZOR / ILLY / SAD-MAN - NIGHT

Big Razor sits in a chair waiting on his people to bring Sad-Man back to the basement.

The wait only takes ten minutes as Sad-Man and the rest of the men walk through the basement sidedoor. OVER, we hear music playing upstairs in the backyard. **HECTOR(SAD-MAN) PERZE(23)**

SAD-MAN

You wanted to see me homes?

BIG RAZOR

Yeah! What the fuck happened on the drop?

SAD-MAN

I don't know what you talken about.

BIG RAZOR

I'm asking you what the fuck happened to the taped up key's you gave Baby Ill?

Sad-Man is looking around to see who is moving towards him. Big Razor yells at him.

BIG RAZOR (CONT'D)

(yelling)

Essay did you hear me?

SAD-MAN

(loud)

Yeah I heard, that's how I got them.

WHISPER

Yo essay! The fucken shit is never taped up. If the shit ain't right there people do it.

BIG RAZOR

(yelling)

That's right mothafucka! You stole my shit.

(CONTINUE)

(CONTINUE)

Two of Big Razor's men now pull out their guns and walk behind Sad-Man. They grab hold of him as Big Razor walks closer to him.

BIG RAZOR

You done fucked up homes, you're a dead man!

SAD-MAN

(loud)

I didn't fuck with that shit homes. I swear! It was like that when I got it.

WHISPER

(yelling)

Why didn't you say something when you got it.

SAD-MAN

I thought that you knew about it and everything was cool.

Big Razor slapped him real hard across the face, and busted Sad-Man's upper lip. Blood starts to drip down his cheek, Illy steps in.

ILLY

Yo Razor! Beating the shit out him ain't going to get me my shit.

BIG RAZOR

(loud)

Don't worry, I got you. It will be here in thirty minutes.

ILLY

Not here! I'll hit you up on the drop.

WHISPER

What about this fucker? He fucked up yo shit.

Illy moves over to Sad-Man and looks at him eye to eye. Illy speaks.

ILLY

You know if you stay with them, they gonna kill yo ass.

(CONTINUE)

(CONTINUE)

SAD-MAN
I ain't ready to die essay's.

ILLY
You got a choice! Work for me or
die with them. Choose, Blood?

Sad-Man turns to look at Big Razor holding onto his nine-mm hand gun. His only thought now is survival of this ordeal. Sad-Man answers Illy.

SAD-MAN
I'll work for you homes.

ILLY
Wise choice Blood. Razor is that cool with you?

BIG RAZOR
(loud)
I don't know, I'm down four key's.
Somebody got to pay for that shit.

ILLY
Tell you what! I'll take on haft
the debt, you cover the other haft.
What do you say Blood?

Razor heads over to where Illy is standing and holds out his hand. The two men shake on it. All is good with the two parties.

BIG RAZOR
Illy, I'll call you in fifteen
minutes for the pick up. One last
thing?

ILLY
What's that blood?

BIG RAZOR
This!

Big Razor hauls off and punches Sad-Man in his mouth, knocking him to the ground. Razor begins to kick the shit out of him till Illy and Big Illy pull him off.

Sad-Man lay's on the ground cough up blood.

(CONTINUE)

(CONTINUE)

BIG RAZOR
I'm done with this piece of shit.

ILLY
I hope so, he's my problem now.

Big Razor and his men walk out the basement tunnel door. Big Illy help up Sad-Man. Bosco speaks.

BOSCO
Hey Essay's!

ILLY
Wait a minute Blood!

Illy nods to Baby -Ill to looks down the tunnel hallway to make sure all is clear. Baby Ill said everything is cool.

ILLY (CONT'D)
Man, you can take as punch Blood.

SAD-MAN
Fuck Illy! You said you weren't going to let him fuck me up.

ILLY
Blood the shit got too look real.
But it worked out in the long run.

SAD-MAN
Homes, my fucken jaw hurts!

The Timm's laugh at what Sad-Man has just said.

BIG ILLY
You taken a big chance, fucking over the essay's Pop's.

ILLY
Naw Blood, we got eight key's of dope and only paid for Six.

BOSCO
That's some trick Blood. You know you can't do that shit again.

ILLY
I ain't tryen either.

The men head upstairs to the party to enjoy themselves.

FADE TO BLACK:

PILOT: THUG LIFE "A LOVE STORY"

EXT. SIDEWALK - CORTAVIUS / NAISHEL - NEXT DAY LATE MORNING

Cortavius and Naishel walk up the boulevard towards a small cafe for a late breakfast. The two young people are holding hands and making small conversation as they get closer to the establishment.

OVER, we hear cars passing by on the street. WINDEN TO reveal cars parked along the boulevard and people walking along the sidewalks.

ON NAISHEL

NAISHEL L.

This is so nice of you Cortavius.

CORTAVIUS C.

It was the least I could do after I acted like an ass the other night.

NAISHEL L.

You did at that. Thank you for recognizing you were.

CORTAVIUS C.

Don't rub it in babe.

The two teens begin to laugh as they get closer to the cafe. Naishel asks about college.

NAISHEL L.

Have you thought about what college you want to attend?

CORTAVIUS C.

Baby I haven't even got through high school yet. I know that I'm going.

NAISHEL L.

Well you should be thinking about it now. Before it's to late.

CORTAVIUS C.

I have time.

NAISHEL L.

That's what you think! Time waits for no man Cortavius.

(CONTINUE)

(CONTINUE)

CORTAVIUS C.

Listen to you, been hitting the philosophy books hard haven't you?

Naishel looks Cortavius in his eye's and smiles a bit. She nudges him a little as the two teens come to the door of the cafe.

NAISHEL L.

Yes I have! And you should be taking classes of the same caliber.

CORTAVIUS C.

I'm good. I'm going to the NBA.

Naishel stop at the door of the cafe as Cortavius grabs the handle of the screen door.

NAISHEL L.

What makes you so sure you'll make it?

CORTAVIUS C.

Girl! Have you seen me play? No one can stop me.

NAISHEL L.

Yes I've seen you play! That was a stupid question. There's always someone better Cortavius.

CORTAVIUS C.

Not around here! Name them?

Naishel just looks at Cortavius as other people walk past them into the cafe to eat.

NAISHEL L.

Are we going in?

CORTAVIUS C.

I knew you couldn't name anyone.

NAISHEL L.

Your head is too big for your own body boy!

CORTAVIUS C.

That's alright, you love it don't you?

(CONTINUE)

(CONTINUE)

NAISHEL L.
I'm not saying anything!

CORTAVIUS C.
(laughing)
You don't have to, it's already
been said.

The two teens head inside and stand next to servers stand. A waitress tells the two it will be 30 minutes before they can have a table.

So the two teens take a seat on a bench along a wall with other patrons waiting for a table as well.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFE - CORTAVIUS / NAISHEL / CORTAVIUS .SR - SAME TIME

As the two teen sit and wait for a table, an unexpected person walks in the cafe. It's Cortavius Father, Major **CORTAVIUS M. CONNER SR.(40)**. He turns to see the two teen talking and not noticing him.

MAJOR CORTAVIUS SR.
Well! What do we have here?

Cortavius jumps up seeing his Father standing in front of him.

CORTAVIUS C.
Dad! What are you doing here?

MAJOR CORTAVIUS SR.
I would ask you the same, but I
know why your here.

CORTAVIUS C.
You do?

MAJOR CORTAVIUS SR.
Yes I do.

Naishel stands up now and extends her hand to Major Conner to shake.

NAISHEL L.
How are you doing Mr. Conner?

(CONTINUE)

(CONTINUE)

MAJOR CORTAVIUS SR.
I'm doing well Naishel and you?

NAISHEL L.
I'm fine sir.

MAJOR CORTAVIUS SR.
Good, how are your Mother and
Father doing?

NAISHEL L.
They're fine as well sir.

MAJOR CORTAVIUS SR.
That's good to hear. Tell your
Father I'm give him a call soon,
I've just been busy.

NAISHEL L.
I understand sir. So when is your
promotion ceremony?

Cortavius Father now turns to his son who's looking in the other direction. No ones was suppose to know till it was announced in the paper.

MAJOR CORTAVIUS SR.
I see news can't be kept in ones
family these days.

NAISHEL L.
Did I say something wrong sir?

MAJOR CORTAVIUS SR.
No you didn't. How's my son
treating you Naishel?

Naishel cracks a smile on her face knowing that she can get back at Cortavius for acting like a big shot.

Cortavius shakes his head so his Father won't see him doing it.

NAISHEL L.
Sir! Cortavius treats me like a
gentlemen should.

MAJOR CORTAVIUS SR.
That's good to hear Naishel.

(CONTINUE)

(CONTINUE)

A waitress comes up to the Major telling him his table is ready. The two teens are ready to sit back down when the Major asks them to join him.

MAJOR CORTAVIUS SR.
Guy's, you want to eat with me?

The two teens just look at each other. Then the Major offers to pick up their meal tab.

MAJOR CORTAVIUS SR. (CONT'D)
I'm buying!

CORTAVIUS C.
Cool! That saves me some money.

NAISHEL L.
Boy! Sir, we don't want to impose.

CORTAVIUS C.
Girl my Dad said he'll pay for our breakfast.

MAJOR CORTAVIUS SR.
Naishel it's no problem at all. Jr, you should take some lessons in manners from her.

CORTAVIUS C.
Dad, you know I have manners!

MAJOR CORTAVIUS SR.
Huh uh! Sure you do.

The waitress leads the three over to a booth to be seated. She hands them each a menu, smiles and walks away to grab them three waters. She returns and takes their orders.

WAITRESS (30)

WAITRESS
Major, what will you have?

MAJOR CORTAVIUS SR.
Let these two order first.

CORTAVIUS C.
I already know what I want.

MAJOR CORTAVIUS SR.
Let Naishel order first son.

(CONTINUE)

(CONTINUE)

CORTAVIUS C.
Oh, oh, yeah that's cool. Go on
Naishel!

NAISHEL L.
Thanks you Major, I'll have the
breakfast special.

WAITRESS
And you must be the Major's son.

CORTAVIUS C.
Yes I'm Junior, I'll have the three
buttermilk pancakes, three sunny
side up eggs, six pieces...

CORTAVIUS C. (CONT'D)
Of bacon, and an order of hash
browns.

WAITRESS
Anything else?

CORTAVIUS C.
Two large orange juices.

WAITRESS
Major?

MAJOR CORTAVIUS SR.
I'll have the usual.

The waitress walks away as Cortavius takes a drink from his
glass of water. His Father speaks to him.

MAJOR CORTAVIUS SR. (CONT'D)
You sure you have enough to eat?
What do you have planned for the
rest of the day son?

CORTAVIUS C.
Yeah I'm good. Coach has called a
meeting, that's about it. I may
have to school this guy.

MAJOR CORTAVIUS SR.
Your good son, don't be big headed.

NAISHEL L.
That's what I told him Mr. Conner.

(CONTINUE)

(CONTINUE)

CORTAVIUS C.
Dad, don't trip I got this.

NAISHEL L.
There he goes, talken like he's
some thug or something.

CORTAVIUS C.
You do it as well!

NAISHEL L.
Not as much as you Cortavius.

CORTAVIUS C.
I'm just cooler than she is Dad.
She's jealous of all this!

Cortavius tries to stand up in the booth to run his hand down his body. His Father laughs out loud as others in the cafe can hear him.

NAISHEL L.
Boy! You need to stop playing. You
ain't all that!

CORTAVIUS C.
Oh yeah I am! Good looking to. Tell
her Dad.

MAJOR CORTAVIUS SR.
Don't get me mixed up in your
lovers quarrels. You two sound as
if you were married already.

CORTAVIUS C.
Naishel would make a good wife. She
fine as hell and thick!

MAJOR CORTAVIUS SR.
Boy watch what you say! I'm your
Father have some respect.

NAISHEL L.
I told you Mr. Conner, he talks
like he's a thug or something.

MAJOR CORTAVIUS SR.
Well that something won't get you
into a big time college or
university with language like that.

(CONTINUE)

(CONTINUE)

CORTAVIUS C.
Ya'll trippen, can we just eat?

NAISHEL L.
No we're not Cortavius. How you
carry yourself is how people will
treat you.

MAJOR CORTAVIUS SR.
She's right son, I see it everyday.
Young black men joining gangs
wanting to be hard. You end up...

MAJOR CORTAVIUS SR. (CONT'D)
Two places, jail or in the grave.

CORTAVIUS C.
I'm not headed for either. I'm
going to the NBA. That's my goal.

MAJOR CORTAVIUS SR.
I truly hope so son.

CORTAVIUS C.
Dad I hear everything you have
saying. Trust me, I don't want to
die on the street.

MAJOR CORTAVIUS SR.
I'm glad to hear that son.

NAISHEL L.
So am I Cortavius.

The waitress brings out three plates of food for Cortavius, Naishel and the Major. Before they start to eat, the Major said a blessing. Afterward they dig into their breakfast meals.

What's instore for our two young people as they go about their daily lives. We shall see as the day's go on for Cortavius.

As the Timm Street Bloods, Illy has to keep his people cool and out the way for his plans to work. It maybe harder than it looks, as some of the youngest will try to get over on him.

END OF PILOT ESP.

(CONT'D)

(CONT'D)