

Lie-Lie

Written by
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Final Draft

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FADE IN:

INT. SECTION EIGHT HOUSING PROJECT - NIGHT

Cars roll in and out of the housing complex.

Kids laughing on a playground.

A couple arguing in the parking lot.

An ice cream truck rolls through.

A beat up, low-fare taxi is parked in front of one the apartments.

INT. LIE-LIE'S APARTMENT- CONTINUOUS

RACY, black, 19 years old, stirs a pot of macaroni and cheese on the stove and then pours it into a bowl.

She tastes it with a fork.

She fans it, and then sets it on small table in the kitchen.

RACY
Lie-Lie, come get your mac and
cheese.

Racy opens the fridge, pulls out a ketchup container.

She tries to squeeze some into the bowl, but it's empty.

She sets the container on the counter.

RACY (cont'd)
Come on now, it's cooling off.
Ketchup' gone. When you done, rinse
the bottle and take it to school for
that recycling project you said
about.

Racy pulls her cell phone from her back pocket.

RACY (cont'd)
I don't have time for none of that.

She jams the phone in her pocket.

RACY (cont'd)
I don't have time for none of this
neither.

Racy eats a big spoonful of mac and cheese and then pulls a sweatshirt off a hook on the door.

Racy looks out the front window and then tugs on a braid.

RACY (cont'd)
Lie-Lie?

Racy walks into the hallway.

RACY (cont'd)
I got a pick-up way in five minutes.
I told you they won't be havin' me
miss my fare's.

Racy checks her phone again.

RACY (cont'd)
Lie-Lie?

Racy opens a door decorated with drawings and photographs.

Lie-Lie isn't in the room.

Racy bangs on the bathroom door.

RACY (cont'd)
You better be decent girl.

Racy opens the bathroom door, the bathroom is empty.

Racy pulls out her phone and dials.

RACY (cont'd)
(into phone)
Lie-Lie? Where you at ain't home
where you supposed to be. Get home.

Racy hangs up and makes another call.

RACY (cont'd)
(into phone)
Nana, is Lie-Lie with you?
If she comes there, send her little
behind back home.
Check over here in a half-hour and
let me know if she's here.

Racy hangs up and grabs a small bag off a chair by the door and then goes outside.

EXT. LIE-LIE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Racy closes the door.

Two young KIDS walk across the parking lot with ice creams.

RACY

Demond.

Demond and his friend turn to Racy.

DEMOND

What you want, Racy?

RACY

Was my sis getting ice cream?

DEMOND

I ain't seen her since before school.

RACY

Oh yah, well, when's the last time
your sorry ass even went to school.

Demond's friend laughs.

DEMOND'S FRIEND

Yah, Demond?

DEMOND

I take my cousin to the bus.

RACY

You take your cousin to the bus huh?
Well, next time try getting on the
bus with him.

Demond's friend laughs again.

Demond pushes his friend and they walk away.

Racy unlocks the beat up taxi cab in front of their
apartment.

Racy gets in the taxi.

INT. TAXI - LATER

Racy drives through the lot.

WHAM.

An half eaten ice cream splots onto the windshield.

Racy stomps on the brakes.

Demond and his friend take off running, laughing.

Racy hits the wipers and rolls down the window.

RACY
After I whomp Lie-Lie I am coming for
you, young thug.

Racy drives off slowly, scanning the complex's parking lot.

INT. TAXI - LATER

Racy answers her phone.

RACY
(into phone)
Don't come at me like that.
Lie-Lie wasn't home. I be looking for
her.

Racy gets a red light.

RACY
Not now.

Racy stops at the light.

RACY
(into phone)
Not you. Red light.
I'll make it. Set me up with another
one after?
Please?
Okay, alright. I'll come in after
this one.

Racy hangs up.

The light turns GREEN and Racy drives away.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - LATER

Racy pulls up to a house, parks.

LENNY, pushing 80, and a walker, emerges from a screened in
front porch.

Lenny slowly shuffles down a walkway toward the taxi.

Racy gets out and opens the gate to the walkway.

RACY
Mr. Lenny, how come you always ask
for me?

Lenny, the grumpy funny guy searching for levity even when his legs and eyes barely work anymore, painstakingly swivels back around toward his house.

RACY (cont'd)
Lenny. I don't mean anything by it.

Lenny stops.

LENNY
(not looking at Racy)
Got somewhere else to be that pays
you this richly?

Lenny raises a hand with a fifty-dollar bill.

LENNY (cont'd)
And off the books?

Racy opens the car door.

LENNY (cont'd)
Help the old man with his bags after?

RACY
Don't I always?

Lenny turns back toward Racy.

LENNY
Which is why I always ask for you.

Racy smiles for the first time since we met her. Racy is stressed, and this side job isn't nearly enough.

Lenny finally makes it to the car.

Racy helps Lenny and his walker in.

INT. TAXI - LATER

Lenny watches Racy from the backseat.

She guns it, making a YELLOW light.

Racy makes a call.

RACY
(into phone)
I'm less and less happy. And you
should be less and less happy for
when I get home. Text me.

No answer. Racy hangs up.

LENNY
So where do you need to be, really?

Racy glances at Lenny in her rear-view mirror.

RACY
It's not that I need to be somewhere.
Just trying to find my little sis.

LENNY
Lie-Lie?

Racy gives a double take.

RACY
How do you know that?

LENNY
You must have told me about her
sometime.

RACY
I don't never say her name when I
have a fare. Never know who I got
ridin'.

Racy pulls into a grocery store parking lot.

RACY (cont'd)
Just, don't say her name again.

Lenny looks hurt.

LENNY
Dang, kiddo. I thought we were pals.
This is what? I have been taking
rides from you since my stroke two
years ago.

Racy eyes Lenny in the rear-view.

RACY

I don't have friends. All I have is my sister. Don't say her name again cause you aren't her friend either.

LENNY

Sheesh. You should pay me fifty dollars if you are going to rake me over the coals.

Racy gets out and opens the door for Lenny.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Racy opens Lenny's door and helps him out.

RACY

Keep your money Lenny. But hurry it up.

Lenny shuffles to the entrance of the store and goes inside.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

Racy works a vape and sends a text.

Lenny emerges with two bags hanging from his walker.

RACY

Shit.

Racy shoves her phone and vape in her pockets and makes her way to Lenny.

She takes his bags.

They walk in silence back to the taxi.

Racy helps Lenny in and then sets his groceries on the back seat next to him.

She closes the door.

INT. TAXI - LATER

Racy alternates glances at her phone and Lenny.

Lenny doesn't make eye contact.

Racy pulls up to Lenny's house and parks.

EXT. LENNY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Racy helps Lenny out of the car.

She walks beside him as he shuffles toward his house, carrying his grocery bags.

They reach the door, she opens it.

RACY
Mr. Lenny, I don't mean to be any
type of way. My apologies. And for
real. Keep your money. If you feel
like you want another driver I feel
you after this.

Lenny shuffles inside.

The door slaps shut.

RACY (cont'd)
Mr. Lenny?

Lenny disappears into his house.

Racy turns, heads back to her car and gets in.

INT. TAXI - LATER

Racy drives away. In the rear-view mirror she sees a fifty dollar bill.

Racy wipes away a tear.

Racy dials her phone.

She hangs up, agitated.

She dials another number.

RACY
(into phone)
Nana, you seen Lie-Lie?
That girl be frustrating my final
nerves.
Head over there please.
I might need to be out for a while.
Love you, Nana.

Racy hangs up.

She pulls into a concrete block corner building with bright lights and several taxi's of the same livery, but all different models.

Racy parks and gets out.

EXT. TAXI HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Two drivers stand next to their cars.

Several children run between the cars playing.

RACY

Be slow for you all?

DRIVER ONE

Like what you see. Babysitting. Too damn hot in my house. Might as well sit here.

RACY

For real. You all ever drive Mr. Lenny?

DRIVER ONE

The old cop?

RACY

Lenny was five-o?

DRIVER ONE

A bad one.

RACY

What you mean?

TAXI DISPATCH (O.S.)

Racy, you comin' in or you don't want another run?

RACY

Jerome didn't offer you this next one?

DRIVER TWO

He did. We passed.

Racy checks her phone again and then goes inside.

INT. TAXI HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

JEROME, wearing a Bluetooth earpiece sits behind a beat up desk piled with food wrappers, a laptop and smart phones.

Racy leans against the doorway. Maybe she's pressed her luck too much with her earlier talk-back.

JEROME

What's your problem tonight? Late to Lenny's. Late getting here. You on your own time, that's true. But I have people waiting.

RACY

My own time?

JEROME

Like I worded it. Your own. But, it's my set of wheels.

RACY

Look. I know alright. You have a job They didn't want it.

Racy nods to the two drivers outside.

JEROME

They might not need the money like you do. Besides, it's a long drive for this one.

Racy checks her phone.

JEROME (cont'd)

But if you got a date.

RACY

Nope. Tryin' to get my sister home.

JEROME

What's her name again?

RACY

Lie-Lie.

JEROME

That's right. Lie-Lie. Why'd your mamma give you two those names?

RACY

Never asked her.

JEROME
Before she passed?

RACY
Why you always wanting people to
think you are so smart. Think I could
ask her after she was killed?

JEROME
Mouth you got on you.

Racy checks her phone.

JEROME (cont'd)
Just an old man trying to help. You
want my help?

Racy is pissed.

RACY
Get one with it. Address?

JEROME
Been taking care of my car? I'll dock
you.

RACY
That rolling junk on tires is hardly
what I'd call a car.

JEROME
I hope you aren't raising Lie-Lie to
be a bitch like you.

RACY
Send me the address.

Racy walks out.

EXT. TAXI HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

DRIVER TWO
You riding?

RACY
Yes, Ma'am.

DRIVER ONE
You don't have to do nothing for that
pig.

Racy grins.

RACY
Not doing nothing for him.

DRIVER ONE
Amen.

One of the children races around the corner toward the street.

In a flash, Racy darts out and grabs the child.

She holds him, sternly but gently.

RACY
Don't be scaring your Mama, boy.

DRIVER TWO
Get back here, I'll whoop you up.

The child bawls.

RACY
Hush. She won't whoop you. Just be careful near them streets.

Racy carries the child to his Mama.

RACY (cont'd)
I told him you wouldn't whoop him.

Driver two takes the child.

DRIVER TWO
You best drive off or I'll whoop both of you.

Racy hands the child to his Mama.

RACY
Please.

Racy gets in her taxi.

INT. TAX - LATER

Racy checks her phone.

She pulls into complex and drives through the lot.

Kids are playing on the basketball court.

Racy parks.

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT - CONTINUOUS

Racy walks up to the chain-link, grabs it.

RACY
Hey, Carver.

CARVER, late teens, lean as a blade. He's called Carver because he carved a boy up once.

Carver sets the ball on the ground. The game is in time-out because Carver set the ball down.

Carver comes to the chain-link.

CARVER
You lookin' for Lie-Lie still?

RACY
Words out already?

Carver nods.

CARVER
You know.

Racy nods.

CARVER (cont'd)
You also know people ain't up to be helping your blood.

RACY
People need to stop putting things on me.

CARVER
Be true.

RACY
Be fair. Anyways. Lie-Lie don't ever just ditch out of our place. Ever.

Carver turns to the ballers and makes a sharp clicking sound.

One of the ballers lopes over.

CARVER
Games over. Hit the complex. Lie-Lie be missing.

The baller shrugs.

Carver smacks him.

CARVER (cont'd)
This ain't be like that.

The baller nods and sulks back to the court and the other ballers circle up.

Carver pulls a phone from his sweats and pushes it through the chain-link.

CARVER (cont'd)
If it rings, it's only for you.

Racy taps her heart.

CARVER (cont'd)
Yo. She still all quiet, like.

RACY
Been almost two years since it, well,
she only talks to me.

Carver nods.

CARVER
I got you on this one. Maybe you owe
me on something else.

Racy nods.

RACY
Thing is, I am driving tonight. Need
to be way up off Bradley.

CARVER
Other ways to make money.

RACY
Not for me. Not like that. And I like
to drive.

CARVER
Alright.

Racy's phone rings, she looks at the contact ID.

RACY
Shit. I'm about to lose my ride.

Racy turns away and gets into her car.

Carver stands at the fence watching.

INT. TAXI - LATER

Racy's phone rings again. She glances at it but doesn't answer.

She opens a text, copies an address and puts it into her navigation.

INT. TAXI - LATER

Racy pulls up to an upper-class house.

She watches as a window shade moves to the side and then fall back into place.

A moment later a GIRL, not yet eighteen walks out the door and gets in the backseat of Racy's taxi.

Racy eyes her in the rear-view mirror.

RACY
You alright, girl?

GIRL
Mind your own business, bitch.

Racy stares at the girl.

The window shade moves again.

GIRL (cont'd)
Go. Okay. Please go.

Racy pulls away.

INT. TAXI - LATER

Racy pulls to the end of the street.

RACY
Look, I need to know where to take you.

The girl looks behind her, down the street.

GIRL
Back to Jerome.

RACY
Jerome? With the taxi?

The girl nods.

RACY (cont'd)
You call him out by his name?

GIRL
Everybody knows Jerome.

Racy checks her phone.

They drive in silence.

The girl checks her phone.

GIRL (cont'd)
I have to go to another place.

Racy stares at the girl.

RACY
Where do you stay?

GIRL
Huh?

RACY
Mama, grandma? Where? I know you
don't stay with your daddy cause he
wouldn't let this go on.

GIRL
What do you know, bitch.

RACY
Sad.

GIRL
Fairfield Suites on Eighty-Five. You
know it?

Racy nods and takes an exit.

RACY
Who sends you the address?

GIRL
Look, bitch. Jerome. You have any
more questions ask Jerome.

Racy pulls into the parking lot of the hotel.

RACY
You never answered.

GIRL
I told you to talk to Jerome.

RACY
Jerome knows where you stay?

GIRL
No. He don't. I am not crazy.

RACY
I don't want to drop you here.

GIRL
Oh yah. What do you want to do? Take
me home for yourself.

RACY
Please. It ain't like that.

GIRL
You gonna pay me? And Jerome?

Racy checks her phone again.

RACY
Let me take you someplace else. You
shouldn't go in there.

The girl tries to figure out Racy's intentions.

GIRL
You don't know where I need to go or
not go.

The girl checks her phone.

She opens the door.

GIRL (cont'd)
Jerome pays you too. Money all comes
from the same place.

The girl closes the door.

Racy watches her walk into the hotel.

Racy's phone rings.

RACY
(into phone)
Carver?
Alright.
Five minutes.
(MORE)

RACY (cont'd)
I know where to find you.

Racy hangs up and pulls out of the parking lot.

INT. TAXI - LATER

Racy pulls into her complex.

Racy drives to a building and parks.

EXT. APARTMENT DOOR - LATER

Racy knocks on the door.

It opens.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Carver sits at a table.

Racy stands against the door.

The baller is watching a game on TV.

CARVER
(to baller)
Go get him.

The baller walks out.

Carver nods to the TV.

CARVER (cont'd)
You miss the court, point guard?

Racy stares at the TV.

RACY
Nah.

CARVER
You full of shit.

The door opens.

The baller walks in with Demond.

Demond tries to get to the door.

Baller grabs him.

CARVER (cont'd)
Boy, said what you said.

DEMOND
Racy's pissed at me.

Racy walks to Demond and kneels.

RACY
Demond, now I am not upset about
earlier. Okay?

Demond looks up at Carver.

With her hand, Racy turns Demond's face so they are eye to
eye.

CARVER
Quit messin', Demond.

Demond pulls away from Racy.

Baller steps between Demond and the door.

Racy stands.

RACY
It's okay. Demond, want to go outside
with me?

Demond nods.

Racy glances at Carver.

Carver shrugs.

Racy takes Demond's hand and they go walk out.

EXT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

They walk to her taxi.

Racy picks Demond up and sets him in the hood.

RACY
You're lucky the ice creams melted or
I'd have to call you ice cream butt.

Demond half smiles.

He looks back at the door to Carvers.

DEMOND
He scares me, man.

Racy nods.

RACY
You are a smart boy.

Demond looks at Racy, unsure.

DEMOND
I never want to be in there no more.

RACY
You tell me what you need to, then
I'll walk you home. You never gotta
go in there again.

Demond looks down.

RACY (cont'd)
I promise. If Carver, or one of his
crew ever try'n take you there, you
come find me. Okay?

DEMOND
You got your Mama's guns and all
that?

RACY
Why on earth do you want to know.

DEMOND
Just in case.

Racy rocks back on here heels.

She puts her hands on Demond's shoulders and leans in close
to him

RACY
Enough. Now you tell me what you need
to tell me.

Demond points out into the parking lot.

RACY
What, Demond.

DEMOND
They went that way.

RACY
Who?

DEMOND
A taxi.

RACY
Lie-Lie was in a taxi?

DEMOND
We thought it was yours.

RACY
A taxi, looked like mine?

DEMOND
I guess.

Racy shakes him and his eyes grow big.

RACY
Don't be guessing.

DEMOND
It was the same colors.

Racy lets go of Demond's shoulders and leans away from him.

RACY
Why didn't you say, boy?

Tears stream down Demond's face.

DEMOND
I stole.

Racy holds his face.

RACY
Okay. So you stole. What?

DEMOND
Carver's got it. Said he wasn't sure.

Racy stands up.

RACY
Sure about what, Demond?

Demond shrugs.

DEMOND
He has it, Racy.

RACY
Demond. You wait right here. Don't
move. You understand? Until I get
back.

Demond wipes a tear away.

Racy turns and goes to the apartment and bangs on the door.

The door opens.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Racy pushes in.

RACY
What do you have, Carver?

CARVER
Back down, Girlie..

Racy walks straight to Carver.

RACY
You see me backing down?

Carver smacks Racy.

Racy recoils, steadies herself.

CARVER
This ain't your court. Understood,
point guard?

Racy glares at Carver.

CARVER (cont'd)
You ain't wanting to end up like your
Mama correct.

RACY
Fuck you, Carver.

Carver grins.

CARVER
Shit. You wouldn't anyways.

Carver and Racy stare each other down.

Racy stands down.

Carver nods.

CARVER (cont'd)
Be dialing Lie-Lie's phone.

Racy shrugs, not understanding.

CARVER (cont'd)
Call your sister's phone.

Racy pulls out her phone and dials Lie-Lie's phone.

Carver reaches around his back.

Racy steps back, clearly scared shit-less.

Carver recognizes the look.

CARVER (cont'd)
Bitch, I don't carve up females.

Carver pulls out a cell phone.

RACY
Lie-Lie's.

Carver holds his hand out with the phone.

Racy reaches out for it.

Carver pulls it back.

CARVER
Now you owe me more.

Racy snatches the phone.

RACY
You got this from Demond?

CARVER
Boy tried to sell it to me.

Carver laughs.

CARVER (cont'd)
Mischievous kid.

RACY
He said Lie-Lie left in a cab. Like mine. You see that?

CARVER

Nope. Been out on the court most of the day. Have to take the boy's word.

RACY

You leave him alone.

Carver shrugs.

CARVER

Get the fuck out of here bossy dead-mamma bitch.

Racy turns.

Baller stands in front of the door.

CARVER (cont'd)

Let point guard go.

Baller opens the door.

Racy steps past him.

EXT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Racy comes out the door.

Demond is gone.

INT. LIE-LIE'S APARTMENT - LATER

Racy enters her apartment.

NANA is asleep in front of the TV.

RACY

Nana, wake up.

Nana wakes up.

NANA

Good Lord. Racy. I'm sorry. Is Lie-Lie with you?

Racy rushes into a bedroom.

RACY (O.S.)

No. She's gone. Somewhere in a taxi.

Nana stands, goes to the bedroom door.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nana pushes the bedroom door open.

Racy's room has several basketball trophies on a dresser.

A NEWSPAPER ARTICLE - STAR POINT GUARD LOSSES COP
MOTHER, QUILTS SCHOOL TO TAKE CARE OF YOUNGER SISTER.

Racy is rummaging around in closet.

She pulls down a pistol case and then sets it on the bed.

NANA

Child. What do you mean?

Racy thumbs a combination lock on the case, opens it,
exposing her Mother's police badge and a 9mm.

NANA (cont'd)

Why do you need that?

Nana puts her hand on Racy's shoulder.

Racy pushes it off and kneels next to the bed and prays
silently.

NANA (cont'd)

Now you leave that be.

Racy stands.

RACY

You saw what being a cops daughter
get you.

Racy pushes past Nana.

Nana stands in the doorway, stunned.

The sound of the front door closing and then a car door.

Then Racy's cab.

INT. RACY'S CAB - LATER

Racy drives and scrolls through Lie-Lie's phone.

She gets to a number she doesn't recognize and calls it.

RACY
(into phone)
This number called my phone. Who are
you?
Hello?
Mother fuc-

Racy redials.

The line goes to voicemail.

Racy hangs up.

EXT. TAXI HEADQUARTERS - LATER

Racy pulls up to the Jerome's taxi place. All the interior
lights are on.

A car is pulling out, almost hits Racy.

Racy parks and shoves the pistol into her jeans behind her
sweatshirt, pulls the hood of her sweatshirt up and and gets
out.

INT. TAXI HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Racy pushes the door open and steps inside.

RACY
Jerome?

The main office is empty.

RACY (cont'd)
Jerome, I know you ain't leave out of
here all lit like this.

Racy moves into the office.

RACY (cont'd)
Jer-

The sound of a toilet flushing.

JEROME (O.S.)
That's what you dykes don't get about
a man pissin' in the bathroom with
the door shut. Means leave him alone.

Racy steps back and pulls her hood down.

The sound of a faucet and then a bathroom door opens.

Racy gets her shit together.

Jerome appears from the bathroom and makes his way behind his desk.

Jerome looks a little freaked out.

RACY

Whatever you worried about is getting worse if you don't tell me something that makes sense.

JEROME

You don't know shit.

Headlights sweep across his face.

Jerome stiffens.

Racy turns to look out the main window.

The car turns on it's brights.

JEROME (cont'd)

In the toilet.

Racy turns to Jerome.

RACY

What?

The door opens.

A MAN in a hoody and mask charges in and shoots Jerome in the chest.

Jerome crashes against the wall.

Racy screams and closes her eyes.

The gunman pushes the barrel of his gun against Racy's temple.

GUNMAN

Keep them shut till you can't hear our car.

RACY

Okay. Alright.

Racy slides a hand to her back waistband.

The gunman unplugs Jerome's laptop and scoops stuff off his desk.

GUNMAN

The fat mother fucker lived longer
than he should have.

The gunman leaves the office.

The car pulls away.

Racy keeps her eyes closed.

RACY

Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five,
four, three, two, one.

Racy opens her eyes.

RACY (cont'd)

Jesus help me.

Racy stares at the wall covered in Jerome's blood.

She turns toward the door and then stops.

She closes her eyes again.

RACY (cont'd)

God dammit, Lie-Lie. What is this?

Racy opens her eyes and hastens to the bathroom and pushes
the door open.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Racy pulls a paper towel out of a dispenser and turns on the
light.

She enters the bathroom and goes to the toilet and looks in
the bowl, it is empty.

She looks behind the toilet. There is nothing there.

She lifts the lid off.

Nothing looks out of place.

She starts to replace the lid and then reconsiders.

She pulls the plunger bulb up and examines it.

She twists it in her hands and two halves separate.

She dumps out a cell phone encased in a Zip-lock bag.

Racy places the bag on the counter, puts the plunger bulb back together and then replaces the lid.

Racy puts the cell phone in her pocket, pulls her hood back up and leaves the office.

INT. TAXI - LATER

Racy pulls into a gas station and parks off to the side.

She puts her head in her hand and cries.

She makes herself stop.

Racy takes Jerome's phone out of the bag and turns it on but the screen is locked.

She dial's Jerome's number and his phone rings but she is unable to answer it.

Racy slaps the steering wheel and drives away.

INT. RACY'S CAB - LATER

Racy drives down a road.

Cop cars speed passed her in the opposite direction.

Racy watches them disappear in her rear-view mirror.

EXT. CARVER'S APARTMENT - LATER

Racy knocks on his door, her taxi parked outside.

Baller opens the door.

RACY
Gotta see Carver.

BALLER
How dumb is you?

RACY
Don't fuck with me. I just need to see him.

CARVER (O.S.)
Let her in.

Racy enters.

INT. CARVER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Carver sits on a couch smoking a blunt.

A GIRL is passed out next to him.

Racy glances at the girl.

CARVER
You ain't gettin' her.

Carver laughs.

CARVER (cont'd)
What you need point guard, to be
daring 'nough to show up in my face.

Racy pulls Jerome's phone from her pocket and sets it on the table.

RACY
I need to get in this phone.

Carver shrugs.

CARVER
Lots of shit in this world I wanna
get into. You feel me?

Racy picks the phone up.

RACY
You won't never.

Racy turns.

Walks to the door, she turns back.

RACY (cont'd)
Why are you such a bitch, Rontell?
Here we are, grow'd up four-doors
apart. Yet you on some other planet
than your own people.

Carver leaps up in the same motion pulls a switchblade from his back pocket.

He presses the blade against her neck and pushed her to the wall.

CARVER
On my Mama's grave, that' my name
only for her to say.

Racy pulls the gun from her waistband and eases it to his stomach.

Carver looks down, more than surprised.

RACY
Our mama's can't speak on our names
anymore. You wanna be her dead Mama's
punk-ass boy?

Carver presses against Racy.

BALLER
You won't leave here alive, bitch.

The girl sits up and takes the situation in.

CARVER'S GIRL
Lord. Oh, Lord.

CARVER
Shut up, bitch.

The girl glances at Racy and readies herself to move.

CARVER (cont'd)
Just cause both our mama's is gone
don't give you any right. Never say
it again. You feeling me?

Racy nods.

Carver pulls the blade off Racy's neck.

Carver backs off.

CARVER (cont'd)
Lie-Lie still gone?

Racy nods.

CARVER (cont'd)
Who the phone belong to?

RACY
Why's it matter?

CARVER
Can't say, if I don't know what
mother fucker is out there looking
for his phone.

RACY
He isn't looking for it.

Carver studies her, folds his blade.

He points at the girl.

CARVER
Leave the phone. Take this bitch.

Racy pushes the gun back into her waistband.

CARVER (cont'd)
I'll send someone for you, if I get
in it.

The girl gets off the couch, slides passed Carver toward the
door.

CARVER (cont'd)
Both ya'll step out.

Baller opens the door.

The girl rushes out.

Racy goes to the doorway.

CARVER (cont'd)
Point guard.

Racy stops, not turning back toward Carver.

CARVER (cont'd)
Ever put a piece on me again, you
goin' to be the first female I carve.

Racy nods and walks out.

INT. LIE-LIE'S APARTMENT - LATER

Racy enters the apartment.

The girl follows her.

Racy points at the couch.

RACY
Sleep there if you want. Or go.

The girl throws her bag on the couch and sits next to it.

RACY (cont'd)
Where'd Carver find you?

Racy studies her.

RACY (cont'd)
Carver don't have friends. And your
sister is messing things up for you.
In the morning, I'll take you out of
here.

The girl nods.

CARVER'S GIRL
I know. Fuck. I won't ever come back
this way.

Racy nods and then locks the door.

Racy pulls the pistol out, takes a seat in a recliner,
extends it, and sets the pistol on her thighs.

Racy closes her eyes.

CARVER'S GIRL (cont'd)
Would you have used it?

RACY
I don't know.

CARVER'S GIRL
Your name is Racy?

RACY
It is.

CARVER'S GIRL
Thanks, Racy.

RACY
It's good. Just don't come back. Like
you said.

Racy opens her eyes.

The girl is asleep.

INT. TAXI HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Cops investigate the crime scene.

A DETECTIVE walks inside and glances a

DETECTIVE
The cameras outside. Anyone located
the inside feed?

A COP behind the desk looks up.

COP
Got a power cord here. Whatever it
was hooked up to is unavailable.

The detective gives the cop a look.

DETECTIVE
Unavailable.

The cop flips him off.

COP
Gone. Like your wife.

DETECTIVE
Keep up the good work fuckhead. You
are on track to be driving one of
these taxi's. Looks like they have an
opening.

COP
So does your wife.

The detective flips the cop off.

A couple COPS laugh.

DETECTIVE
Would one of you assholes find an
auxiliary feed? I bet this human
waste transport organizer had one.

The detective steps outside.

EXT. TAXI HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

The detective stands in the parking area studying the
adjacent properties.

COP TWO appears in the doorway.

COP TWO
Got a backup feed.

The detective turns and nods and then heads inside.

INT. LIE-LIE'S APARTMENT - LATER

Racy is asleep in the chair.

A knock on the door.

Racy jumps up and moves to the door.

RACY
Lie-Lie?

She unlocks and opens it.

Carver stands there with the phone in his hand.

CARVER
This a dead man's phone.

Racy lets Carver in and shuts the door behind him.

Carver glances at the sleeping girl.

Racy puts a finger to her lips, shushing him.

Carver follows Racy down the hallway.

INT. LIE-LIE'S APARTMENT/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Carver sets the phone on the kitchen table, macaroni still in the bowl.

CARVER
How'd you come up with it?

Racy puts her hand on the phone.

Carver covers her hand with his.

RACY
He gave it to me.

CARVER
Now, how's he gonna do that?

RACY
How do you know the mans dead?

CARVER

My boy gots people that gots people.
Cops all over the corner down there
is the word.

Racy tries to pull the phone to her.

Carver stops her.

CARVER (cont'd)

Why do want, nah, need the dead man's
phone.

RACY

Besides mine, his was the last call
to Lie-Lies.

Carver pulls his hand back.

CARVER

But Lie-Lie don't talk?

RACY

True. But she listens.

CARVER

I don't see how this goes. Don't care
neither. What you owe me keeps adding
up deep. Best call it quits so'in you
don't drown. Comes a time debts can't
be evened out.

Carver turns to walk out.

RACY

I heard you. But leave her sleeping
how she is.

CARVER

I'm done with both you bitches.

Carver walks out.

Racy sits and scrolls through the numbers on Jerome's phone,
compares them to numbers on Lie-Lie's.

She dials a matching number from Jerome's, the same number
she called on Lie-Lie's earlier.

RACY

(into phone)

I'm no ghost.
I'm looking for someone.

(MORE)

RACY (cont'd)
If you know who I'm looking for you
don't need me to say.
I need to know the baby girl is okay.

Racy redials.

RACY (cont'd)
(into phone)
Bitch as son of a bitch.

Racy hangs up.

Racy rubs her eyes.

She picks Lie-Lie's bowl of macaroni up and spoons the
macaroni into the trash.

She slowly hand-washes the bowl and sets it in a drying
rack.

CARVER'S GIRL (O.S.)
He left?

Racy dries her hands.

RACY
Yah. Time for you to go. Where can I
take you?

INT. LIE-LIE'S APARTMENT/BATHROOM - LATER

Racy stands in front of the mirror examining herself.

She leans in toward the mirror and pulls at her sweatshirt.

Droplets of Jerome's blood.

Racy leans over the toilet and vomits.

She pulls the sweatshirt off and throws it into the trash.

She pulls off her t-shirt and bra.

On her heart a tattoo THE BADGE IS JUST METAL - BLOOD IS
REAL TRUTH - above and below a police badge with her Mom's
badge number/RIP.

On her other shoulder is a basketball with the number 04 on
it. In the shape of the Nike Swoosh the words "Don't quit."

Across her chest is a tattoo "LIE-LIE".

Racy crosses her arms and covers both of her tattoo's.

She closes her eyes and smacks herself and then turns out the light.

The sound of her brushing her teeth and washing her face.

INT. RACY'S CAB - LATER

Racy drives down the street, wearing a different shirt and a jean jacket.

Carver's girl is in the backseat.

Racy drives over a bridge.

A cop car driving the opposite direction slows, does a U-turn.

RACY
Please. Not-

Blue and reds swirl behind her as the cop car comes up fast.

Racy pulls the gun and the phone from inside her jacket and reaches to the backseat.

RACY (cont'd)
Girl, please take these. You're just
a ride to them. They won't search
you.

The girl takes them and puts them in her bag.

Racy glances at the rear-view mirror and pulls to the side of the road.

Racy offers the girl a nervous smile.

RACY (cont'd)
I owe you.

CARVER'S GIRL
We're good. Even even.

Racy rolls down the window and puts her hand on the steering wheel.

INT. RACY'S CAB - CONTINUOUS

COP TWO from the taxi building gets of his cruiser and walks up to the car, pistol drawn.

RACY
Jesus, Lord. White cop. Fuck. Fuck.

CARVER'S GIRL
Easy. Easy alright. You are just taking me home from a party.

The cop stops at the back door of the taxi.

COP TWO
Hands out the window.

Racy puts her hands out the window.

COP TWO (cont'd)
Slow.

Racy moves slower.

COP TWO (cont'd)
You are the authorized driver of this taxi?

RACY
Yes sir.

COP TWO
License and taxi ID information. With your right hand, get them and slowly hand them out the window.

The cop knocks on the back window.

COP TWO (cont'd)
Where the hell are you going at four AM?

RACY
A party went bad, officer. She didn't want to drive.

COP TWO
Bullshit.

Racy gets her license and taxi ID and slowly puts them onto the door frame.

The cop eases up and takes them and shines his flashlight into Racy's eyes.

Racy moves her hands to shield them.

COP TWO (cont'd)
Don't.

Racy squints against the light and puts her hands back out the window.

The cop shines the light through the front seat and into the back seat.

COP TWO (cont'd)
I don't like the two of you in here conspiring.

RACY
Conspiring?

COP TWO
Come to think of it. Get out.

RACY
Officer?

COP TWO
This vehicle was recorded at the scene of a homicide. Hell, you could be a cold-blooded murderer. Now get out.

Racy glances at the girl in the backseat.

The girl mouths "stay cool".

Racy pushes the car door open.

EXT. ROADSIDE - CONTINUOUS

The cop points to his cop car.

COP TWO
Have any weapons or drugs on you?

RACY
No.

Hands on the hood.

Racy glares at the cop and then puts her hand on the hood.

The cop pats her down, his pistol still aimed on her.

COP TWO
Walk back to my cruiser.

The cop escorts Racy to his cruiser and puts her in the backseat and then closes the door.

The cop gets in the front seat.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

The cop is on the radio.

COP
Billups, Racy. Two twenty-five two-thousand and three. I'll wait on it. Suspect is secure.

RACY
Suspect?

The cop studies Racy.

COP TWO
Have you been in sole possession of the taxi tonight?

DISPATCH
Unit two-seven. Hold tight. Supervisor on route.

COP TWO
Yeah, yeah.

An unmarked police car pulls up behind the cruiser and parks.

A plain-clothed OFFICER walks up to the cruiser and knocks on the cop's window.

OFFICER
Need a minute. Step out.

The cop glances at Racy.

COP TWO
Things don't look good for you.

The cop gets out.

Racy watches as the officer and the cop talk.

The cop looks pissed and walks back to his cruiser.

He opens Racy's door.

COP TWO (cont'd)
Come on out of there.

RACY
What?

The cop grabs Racy's arm.

COP TWO
Get the fuck out of my cruiser.

The cop half-pulls Racy out.

Racy stands, unsure of what to do next.

The cop points at Racy's taxi.

COP TWO (cont'd)
Wait there.

Racy glares at the cop and then turns and walks towards her taxi.

COP TWO (cont'd)
If I come across you again, things
will go differently for you.

Racy keeps walking.

EXT. RACY'S CAB - CONTINUOUS

Racy stands beside her taxi.

She glances at the girl and gives an "I have no fucking idea" look to her.

The officer comes to Racy's side.

OFFICER
He was an asshole wasn't he?

Racy gives the officer half a glance, unsure.

OFFICER (cont'd)
Basically a rhetorical question.

The officer looks Racy's car over.

OFFICER (cont'd)
Did he search it?

Racy shakes her head "no."

OFFICER (cont'd)
Protocol aside, he wouldn't have the
right to.

Racy musters the courage to look the officer.

OFFICER (cont'd)
Somebody is looking out for you. You
know who it could be?

RACY
No, Sir.

The officer studies Racy.

OFFICER
Do I look familiar?

RACY
No, Sir.

OFFICER
I was one of the first officers on
scene when your Mother was shot.

Racy studies the officer.

OFFICER (cont'd)
It usually breaks down two ways in a
situation like that. The person
either remembers every detail
precisely, or everything gets shoved
deep down. Away.

RACY
I don't remember.

The officer nods.

OFFICER
I am sorry. She was a good cop. A
reasonable officer of the law.
Sometimes reason gets-

The officer looks away, staring into nothing.

RACY
Lost.

The officer turns back to Racy.

OFFICER
Yah. Lost. You feel that way?

Racy nods.

RACY
Can I go?

OFFICER
Hmm. Not yet. This is your regular taxi?

Racy nods.

OFFICER (cont'd)
Comes out of the building up on 13th Street?

Racy nods.

OFFICER (cont'd)
Yes or no, okay?

RACY
Okay. Both are yes.

OFFICER
Were you there tonight?

RACY
Yes.

OFFICER
How many times, and around when?

RACY
Maybe eight, then, about two?

OFFICER
AM?

RACY
Yes. Tonight.

OFFICER
Alright. That's good. Now, if I was to ask if you saw your boss dead on the floor, you would say so?

RACY
What? Jerome? He's?

OFFICER
The man did not die pretty.

Racy looks away.

The officer looks at her intently and then into the back seat of the taxi.

OFFICER (cont'd)
Take your ride wherever she needs to be. Then get home. You understand me?

Racy nods.

OFFICER (cont'd)
Stick to yes or no.

RACY
Yah. Yes. Okay. Yes. I-

OFFICER
Keep away from that place. No need to go there.

The officer taps the taxi and then swivels and walks back to the cop's cruiser.

Racy gets into her taxi.

INT. RACY'S CAB - CONTINUOUS

Racy grips the steering wheel, and takes breathes, trying to calm herself.

CARVER'S GIRL
I thought one of us was getting killed.

RACY
God dammit. This place is so fucked up.

CARVER'S GIRL
Columbus?

RACY
Yah. And everywhere. Just, everywhere.

CARVER'S GIRL
Some days I want to run out of here.

Racy stares at the girl in the rear-view mirror.

Racy puts her hand into the back seat.

Carver's girl take's Racy's hand.

Racy shakes her head, "no".

RACY
My stuff. I don't want you carrying
for me anymore.

The girl lets go of Racy's hand.

She hands Racy the pistol.

Racy puts the pistol back in her jacket.

The girl hands Racy the phone and Racy puts it in her jacket.

RACY (cont'd)
Sorry.

Carver's girl looks out the window.

RACY (cont'd)
Where you need to go?

EXT. GIRL'S HOUSE - LATER

Racy pulls up to a house. Lights are on inside.

RACY
This it?

CARVER'S GIRL
Yah.

RACY
Lots of lights on. They up worried
about you?

The girl looks at the house.

CARVER'S GIRL
My dad's just coming home from third
shift at the foundry. Nobody stays up
worrying about me anymore.

Racy looks at the girl in the mirror.

RACY

Go on in. When you are ready, for
real, pack up and leave this place.

CARVER'S GIRL

Yah.

The girl gets out of the taxi and walks to the front door
and goes inside without looking back.

INT. RACY'S CAB - LATER

Dawn is spreading over the city.

Racy eases down a side road to a corner and stops.

Across the street and alley she watches cops work the scene.

EXT. CARVER'S APARTMENT - LATER

Racy is parked across the parking lot from Carver's place.

Sunk down in her seat she watches his door.

The door opens.

Baller comes out, gets into a car and drives off.

Racy follows him.

EXT. RACY'S CAB - LATER

Baller pulls into a take out place and gets in the drive-
thru lane.

Racy parks in the parking lot and then gets out.

INT. BALLER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Baller is flipping through a wad of cash.

His passenger door opens.

Racy gets in, pistol in hand, aimed at Baller.

BALLER

Fuck.

Racy puts the gun against Baller's gut.

RACY
Easy. Okay. Easy.

Baller stares at Racy in disbelief.

BALLER
You are damn, crazy. I could have
killed you.

RACY
Money won't kill me. Pull up.

Baller pulls forward.

He hands the cashier a bill and pulls away but stops before
pulling into the street.

He studies Racy and shakes his head.

BALLER
You gotta go. Nobody can see me with
you. Nobody.

RACY
Just need your help.

BALLER
Asking for help with a gun pressed
against my kidney isn't how you ask
someone for help.

Racy pushes the gun harder.

BALLER (cont'd)
God dammit.

Baller pulls around to the back of the restaurant and parks.

BALLER (cont'd)
What do you want?

Racy pulls the phone from her jacket.

RACY
Getting in. You?

BALLER
It's easy shit.

Baller looks around the lot.

BALLER (cont'd)
You aren't thinking.

RACY
I am thinking. But that doesn't mean
I can figure out what the fuck I am
doing.

Baller really takes a look at Racy.

He opens his bag of food, takes something out.

BALLER
I can tell it's been a long night.
When's the last time you ate?

The question catches Racy off guard.

RACY
I don't know. I was making mac for
Lie-Lie and then.

Baller offers Racy the food.

Racy reaches out and takes it.

Baller rips the pistol from Racy's hand.

Racy pushes hard against the car door, trying to get out.

Baller pulls her back in.

BALLER
Quit it.

Racy tries again.

Baller aims the pistol at her.

BALLER (cont'd)
Enough.

Racy gives up.

Baller keeps the pistol on Racy.

BALLER (cont'd)
I'm pulling out of here. Calm down,
Racy.

RACY
Okay. Alright. I'm just trying to
find my baby-sis.

Baller pulls out of the parking lot and drives down several
streets.

EXT. UNDERPASS - LATER

Baller pulls between two cement pylons and parks.

Racy glances at her surroundings.

BALLER
If Carver sees you, and me, one or
both of us dies.

Racy nods.

RACY
Okay. I'm sorry.

Baller nods.

BALLER
Now, eat.

Racy shakes her head, "no."

BALLER (cont'd)
Eat.

Racy takes a bite.

Baller nods.

He takes the food bag and dumps it out.

He puts the gun into the bag and sets it on the food.

Racy studies Baller.

BALLER (cont'd)
If you go for it I'll kill you.

RACY
Fuck. I won't.

Baller nods.

BALLER
I got you in the phone. Belonged to
your boss. You can be traced. How the
fuck are you going to explain it?

Racy sets the food on her lap.

RACY
That's it. What I am after.

BALLER
Get caught or shot? You're way too
close to both.

Racy eyes the bag.

Baller picks the bag up and sets it on Racy's lap.

RACY
I need to trace a call to a location.

Baller shakes his head.

BALLER
What then? Show up there with a gun
you ain't got any know how to use?

Racy's eyes plead.

RACY
She's all that's left I got.

Baller glances at a passing car.

BALLER
I can't do that for you. I can take
you someplace. Brother I know. But
what he give you is on you. Not me. I
got my own problem.

Racy nods.

INT. BALLER'S CAR - LATER

Baller drives.

His phone rings.

BALLER
It be Carver, don't say nothing.

Racy nods.

Baller answers.

BALLER (cont'd)
(into phone)
Yeah. I ain't there yet, had to grub
first.
Ain't seen any five-o anywhere. They
prolly lookin' at the dead fat taxi
man.

(MORE)

BALLER (cont'd)
Nah. You ain't gotta quiet her up.
She won't rat you for nothing. You
scared her quiet I bet.
If you feel the need, I got you.
Alright.

Baller hangs up.

RACY
That was about me?

BALLER
What do you think.

Racy clasps the bag, hand gripping the gun.

RACY
He's worried I'd say about getting
into the phone? That's nothing?

BALLER
Carver has a lot to worry about, and
one thing tie into another.

RACY
Alright.

BALLER
How come you didn't go to the police
right from the start.

RACY
Fuck them cops. All of them.

BALLER
Cause of your mama going out like
that?

RACY
Yah. Getting killed like that right
in front of Lie-Lie. Like they wanted
Lie-Lie to know she don't have a safe
place in this world.

Baller studies Racy and nods understandingly.

BALLER
Alright.

Baller pulls into a restaurant next to Racy's cab and parks.

BALLER (cont'd)
Follow me, but back. Where I pull
over, that's you. Gotta ask for Helo.
Don't bring that piece in with you.

Racy nods.

RACY
What do I tell him?

BALLER
Tell him his six sent you.

RACY
His six?

BALLER
Yah. And what you need. You get it,
then get the fuck out.

Racy grips the bag and then opens the door and gets out.

BALLER (cont'd)
You don't ever tell anyone I helped
you.

RACY
I swear it.

Racy closes the door.

INT. RACY'S CAB - LATER

Racy follows Baller to a house.

Baller pulls to the curb, waits a second and then drives
away.

Racy pulls to the same spot at the curb and parks.

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Racy walks to the front door, stares up at a camera above
the door tracking her.

She knocks.

Helo talks to her through a microphone.

HELO (O.S.)
Who the fuck are you?

RACY

Name's Racy. Your six sent me here.

The door unlocks.

HELO

Close it behind you, then turn around and put your hands on the door. If you don't want to do that I'll tell the cops you were trespassing after I call to tell them I shot a pretty black girl trying to break in.

RACY

I'm good.

Racy enters.

INT. HELO'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Racy shuts the door from the inside, puts her hands against the door.

HELO, ex-military, tattoo sleeves, typical Ranger facial hair emerges from a room with a wand.

RACY

I'm not carrying. Your six told me to come in empty.

HELO

He's a smart kid. Needs to get smarter.

Helo runs the wand over Racy. It beeps.

RACY

Cell phone.

HELO

Remove it.

Racy takes the phone out of her jacket pocket.

Helo takes it, finishes scanning her and then steps backward.

HELO (cont'd)

Sit.

Racy turns, goes to a chair across from a desk.

Helo checks her out.

HELO (cont'd)
What does he think I can help you
with?

RACY
It's in your hand.

HELO
Not yours?

RACY
Nope.

HELO
Stolen?

RACY
Given to me. But people are looking
for it.

HELO
What kind.

RACY
Cops. Someone else too. I don't know
who.

Helo takes a seat across the desk from Racy.

HELO
If my six opened me up to you, there
has to be a worthwhile reason.

Helo leans forward, waiting.

RACY
Someone took my sister.

HELO
Took?

RACY
In one way or another.

HELO
Younger sister?

RACY
Younger. And only.

HELO
Time-frame?

RACY
Fifteen-hours.

HELO
How old?

RACY
Seven.

HELO
You believe someone that used this
phone either called the person that
has her, or took her themselves?

RACY
The guy that owns this phone is dead.
But he called my sister's phone. I
need a location of the last number to
receive a call from that phone.

Helo studies Racy for a moment and then turns the cell phone
on.

HELO
A location for the last call?

RACY
Please.

HELO
Sit tight.

INT. HELO'S HOUSE - LATER

Racy has fallen asleep in the chair.

Helo enters some information into a laptop and shakes his
head. Whatever information he has isn't good.

He glances at Racy, asleep in the chair.

Helo stands and walks over to her.

He touches Racy's shoulder. Racy wakes up, pushes backwards.

RACY
Don't you fucking touch me.

Helo raises his palms and steps away.

HELO

Easy. Calm down. Not going to mess with you.

Racy stands up.

Helo returns to his chair and sits.

He swivels his computer screen so Racy can see it.

HELO (cont'd)

You know the city right? Drive a taxi?

RACY

Why? How do you know?

HELO

If I can track phones and locations, coordinates, and etcetera, you have to give me credit to at least be able to find out something about you.

Racy sits.

RACY

Yah. I know every part of this city. Most parts.

Helo stares at Racy.

HELO

Then you know you can't go there.

Racy stands, puts her hand out.

HELO (cont'd)

You know that, right?

Helo gives Racy the phone.

RACY

People told me my whole life, even my Mama, that I can't do things. If my sister leaves this life, I don't have one worth staying for anymore.

HELO

I can't go with you. Wish I could. But, I don't go out there anymore.

Racy gives sideways look.

RACY
Where?

HELO
Into that terrible world.

Racy nods.

EXT. ROUGH NEIGHBORHOOD - LATER

Racy's taxi slowly turns a corner and drives down a street passed dilapidated houses.

She slows near a house with a taxi of the same livery parked out front.

Racy parks and gets out.

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Racy knocks on the door.

A lock clicking.

Taxi driver one opens the door, surprised, and not in a good way.

DRIVER ONE
Why you here, Racy?

RACY
You tell me. I don't want any trouble with you or nobody. I just want Lie-Lie home.

Driver one opens the door.

DRIVER ONE
Get in here.

Racy checks the street and then walks inside.

INT. DRIVER ONE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Racy steps inside.

She runs her fingers across her chest where Lie-Lie's tattoo is.

The TV is on with the sound off.

DRIVER ONE

Sit.

Racy sits on a chair by the door.

DRIVER ONE (cont'd)

How you find me?

RACY

Jerome.

DRIVER ONE

Bullshit. He wouldn't have said.

RACY

You know somebody killed him.

Driver one laughs.

RACY (cont'd)

That's funny?

Driver one stands up fast and slaps Racy hard across the mouth.

Racy pulls back, stunned.

DRIVER ONE

Jerome's was my child.

Racy shakes her head.

DRIVER ONE (cont'd)

My child.

RACY

I had no idea.

DRIVER ONE

People see what they look for.

RACY

Where's Lie-Lie?

DRIVER ONE

I don't know.

RACY

How can that be?

DRIVER ONE

That's not the part I get into. That one thing is on Jerome. We can't ask him can we?

RACY

Who can I ask.

Driver one sits across from Racy.

DRIVER ONE

That depends.

RACY

How, on what?

DRIVER ONE

Jerome's phone. It's gone. I got a little voice telling me a story about a girl showing up after my Jerome was killed and now his phone is gone.

RACY

I little voice? What do you mean.

DRIVER ONE

You are a ignorant child. And playing stupid ain't helping to get your sister back. It just won't. Leave your stupid outside for another time.

Racy leans back.

RACY

What's it got in it?

DRIVER ONE

I told you. Quit on that act.

RACY

I ain't got it.

DRIVER ONE

You must not want Lie-Lie. Life easier without her on you. You can go on and pick up and be a bird on your own. Can't you? Many times I thought I could let Jerome go. I really did. But we all make different choices.

Racy shakes her head, "no."

RACY
I can't even know how you'd think a
thing like that.

DRIVER ONE
You gonna stay with that lie?

RACY
I ain't got it, here.

Driver one shakes her head.

DRIVER ONE
Your mistakes are gonna press you
down so in that you can't push away
from them.

Racy stares into her eyes.

DRIVER ONE (cont'd)
Do you want Lie-lie?

Racy nods.

An interior door opens up.

Racy looks up.

The GIRL from the hotel stands in the doorway, it appears
that she just woke up.

She looks at Racy confused.

Racy is caught off guard.

Driver one tases Racy and Racy slumps down as the girl
screams.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Racy wakes up on a bed.

She looks around the room.

The girl sits across from her.

Racy sits up.

GIRL
They won't hurt you.

Racy gets off the bed, goes to the door, turns the handle.

GIRL (cont'd)
They locked it.

Racy bangs on the door.

GIRL (cont'd)
I'm sorry. You tried to help, now-

Racy bangs on the door again.

GIRL (cont'd)
They-

The door unlocks from the outside.

The door opens.

Cop two stands there, leers. Deadly.

Racy steps back.

COP TWO
Told you I'd come across you again.

RACY
You are a piece of shit.

The cop nods.

COP TWO
We are trying to decide what to do
with you. How you engage with us goes
a long way. Fuck it. Or not at all.

GIRL
Leave her be.

COP TWO
I'll focus on you personally if you
like. I heard how you like the badge
and nightstick.

The girl flips him off.

The cop walks over, grabs her hand, pries her middle finger
out and puts it in his mouth.

She struggles.

The cop snaps her finger and she wails.

Racy rushes the cop.

Driver two appears from behind and tases Racy.

Racy collapses to the floor.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Racy wakes up on the bed in the girls arms.

The girl has been crying and she holds her busted finger.

GIRL
You see now?

Racy pushes away.

GIRL (cont'd)
Why I went into that hotel.

Racy nods.

RACY
I'm so sorry.

The girl shrugs, and then fixes her hair.

RACY (cont'd)
What's your name?

The girl looks at her broken finger.

GIRL
Heather.

Racy studies the girl.

RACY
Heather?

The girl smiles.

GIRL
Nikki.

Racy pushes away from the girl.

GIRL (cont'd)
Baby. Daughter. Holly.

RACY
Stop that.

GIRL
Monica.

RACY
Monica?

The girl shrugs.

GIRL
Shannon.

Racy pushes off the bed.

RACY
They fucked you up. Is that what they
want to do with my sister?

GIRL
I don't know.

Racy bangs on the door.

GIRL (cont'd)
You don't want them coming in here
again.

RACY
Why?

GIRL
They gave me a message for you.

Racy steps away from the door.

GIRL (cont'd)
If they come in here. Again. To keep
you quiet.

Racy steps towards the girl.

RACY
What?

GIRL
Both of us die.

RACY
Me? And you?

GIRL
Me. And Lie-Lie.

Racy drops to her knees.

She puts her head in her hands.

She nods to herself.

Racy stands and goes to the girl and puts her hand on the girls jaw.

RACY
It's not right-

Racy leans in and kisses the girl's cheek.

RACY (cont'd)
What they do.

Racy turns and goes to the door and knocks.

The girl leaps up.

GIRL
What are you doing?

Racy turns to her.

RACY
Giving them what they want.

The girl nods and sinks back onto the bed and fixes her hair. She doesn't want to die with her hair out of order.

The door unlocks from the outside.

The cop opens it.

COP TWO
Ready?

Racy nods.

COP TWO (cont'd)
Any trouble with you, I'll just shoot you. Understood?

Racy nods.

COP TWO (cont'd)
Like this.

The cop shoots the girl.

Racy closes her eyes and walks out of the room.

INT. COP CAR - LATER

Racy rides in the backseat of the cruiser.

The cop eyes her in the rear-view mirror.

COP TWO

She was a good kid. But you need to understand. I can see it in you. Hardheaded. Something to prove. Take out all that anger about your useless mama.

The cop grins.

RACY

She ain't useless. Murdered. By guys dressed like you. Wasn't any accident.

COP TWO

Your Mama was useless no matter how she went out.

Racy glares at him in the mirror and then she looks out the window.

RACY

You know what I think?

COP TWO

Not a god damn clue.

RACY

Your scared. All of you are scared.

The cop gazes intently at Racy.

COP TWO

What makes a stupid bitch like you think I dumb thing like that?

Racy grins.

RACY

All this. You be running. Right into whatever it is you running from. You going right into it. From how it looks back here.

The cop shakes his head.

COP TWO
I wonder how it looks, to your little
oddly named sister.

Racy stops grinning.

COP TWO (cont'd)
And what about Gabby. How do you
think she looks, scratch that, looked
at things before I shut her down.

RACY
Gabby? That's her name?

COP TWO
Was.

Racy nods.

RACY
Yah. Was.

INT. COP CAR - LATER

The cop car approaches the housing complex and slows.

COP TWO
Ahh, the comforts of a return home.
Play this right, little Lie-Lie will
see the same thing soon.

He pulls into the complex.

COP TWO (cont'd)
Now where?

Racy points towards Carver's building.

RACY
All the way back. Middle one.

He pulls to a stop across the playground and parks.

RACY (cont'd)
That's Carver's place. He's gonna
tell you he doesn't have it. He does.

COP TWO
Whatever.

The cop gets out.

Walks around to the side and opens Racy's door.

COP TWO (cont'd)
Walk with me.

He pulls Racy out.

EXT. SECTION EIGHT HOUSING PROJECT - CONTINUOUS

Racy looks across to the playground.

Demond and another boy play basketball.

Demond runs over to Racy.

DEMOND
Racy. You with the five-0. They read
you your right to be silent stuff.

RACY
Demond. You go home now.

Demond stops.

DEMOND
You have Lie-Lie back?

RACY
Go. Demond. Now.

Demond stands his ground. The other boy yanks Demond and they take off across the playground.

Demond stops again, turns back to look at Racy.

DEMOND
You in trouble, Racy?

COP TWO
Don't say another word to that boy.

Racy glares at Demond and Demond takes off running again with the other boy, disappearing around a corner.

EXT. CARVER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The cop pushes Racy in front of him as they approach the door.

Baller's car is parked in front of Carver's apartment.

COP TWO
Knock, tell him what you are here
about.

Thy arrive at the door.

Racy knocks.

RACY
Carver, it's Racy. I need that phone.

The door unlocks and opens.

Baller stands in the doorway.

He scans the cop and then stares at Racy.

BALLER
You know Carver don't have it.

The cop steps into the doorway.

COP TWO
Are you Carver?

Baller shakes his head, "no."

BALLER
This is his place.

The cop leans against the door.

COP TWO
She says Carver does. Go get it. Or
Carver.

Carver appears in the hallway, back-lit from the kitchen
lights.

CARVER (O.S.)
Nobody gets Carver in his place.

The cop looks peers inside.

Baller puts his hand on the cop's chest.

Carver emerges in the dark hallway.

CARVER
Nah, nah, nah. You got a warrant?

The cop gives a bit, backs off, stands in the doorway.

Baller takes his hand off the cop.

COP TWO

I don't want to get into all that warrant stuff. Hell, you blunt heads could be growing a stash of crop as big as Mexico in there and I don't give the slightest fuck.

CARVER

The answer is get the fuck out of my doorway.

BALLER

Get a warrant. If you have cause. If not, my dude is straight at you.

The cop pulls Racy into the doorway.

COP TWO

This isn't about me. Or you, Carver. This isn't about your butchy little home queen. This is about her little sister.

CARVER

We don't got that bitches phone.

COP TWO

Not hers.

Baller scans the parking lot.

BALLER

You are on your own aren't you.

The cop puts his palm on his pistol.

Baller puts his hand up to settle the cop down.

COP TWO

Maybe I wasn't clear.

CARVER

In your words you are clear. In you being here, alone, you aren't clear in your head.

The baller nods back toward his cruiser.

Demond and a small GROUP OF BOYS linger around his cruiser.

Carver eases closer to the the cop, still mostly in the shadow.

CARVER (cont'd)
This place don't need two dead police
in the same year.

Baller turns toward Carver.

BALLER
Back down. He's leaving.

CARVER
We'll give this city as many dead
cops they want.

BALLER
No dead cops today.

Baller points to the cops cruiser.

BALLER (cont'd)
It's a dead end. We ain't got this
girls phone or whatever you all is
after. Take her out of here. Or leave
her.

The cop looks back at his cruiser.

Demond and his crew are wandering off back to the ball
courts.

CARVER
Pushin' your luck passed the point.

The cop takes another look behind him into the parking lot.

The cop quick draws his weapon and pushes it against
Baller's throat, and wraps his arm around Racy's throat and
pushes inside the door.

Baller puts his hands up.

Carver doesn't make a move, sorta offers a half-grin of
admiration.

COP TWO
I got no problem leaving the girl
dead if you don't turn over the god
damn phone.

Baller shakes his head.

BALLER
You are fucking up here.

The cop presses the gun hard against baller.

Baller hisses.

RACY
Don't.

Carver keeps grinning.

COP TWO
It won't be just this bitch that
won't make it. It's her sister too.
All comes back on you mother fuckers.

Carver shakes his head.

CARVER
You the bitch. Any sort of which way.
I got the phone. This here is the
one.

Carver pulls a cell phone from his back pocket, holds it up
so the cop can see it.

COP TWO
See how easy it is?

Carver takes a step forward.

COP TWO (cont'd)
On the table.

Carver takes another step forward, and begins to lean down.

COP TWO (cont'd)
(to Baller)
Slide against the wall.

Baller edges to the wall, pressing his palms against it.

The cop, still holding Racy, edges toward the table.

The cop puts the gun to Racy's head.

COP TWO (cont'd)
Pick it up.

Racy begins to kneel.

The cop glances at Baller.

Carver takes his chance, lunges, blade emerges from his back pocket.

The cop pushes Racy out of the way, tries to aim at Carver.

Carver is on him. His blade carves through the cops wrist holding the gun.

The cop screams as the weapon falls to the ground.

Racy jumps away.

Carver picks up the gun.

The cop grabs his bleeding wrist.

Carver aims the weapon at the cop.

CARVER

You see how this goin to work. On the news every day you white cops is going to prison for shooting black people in their dwellings.

The cop moans, tries to stop the bleeding.

Baller moves toward the cop.

CARVER (cont'd)

Don't you dare, boy.

Baller stops.

BALLER

Come'on, Carver. He's fucked. Cut him loose.

Carver grins.

CARVER

Yeah. I was thinking that.

Carver's blade slashes across the cops jaw.

The cop presses his good hand against his jaw as he stumbles.

Carver grins.

BALLER

Don't.

COP TWO

Man.

The cop tries to move backwards. All his fight gone.

His hand comes up one more time.

Carver's blade arcs.

BOOM

Carver takes a bullet to his shoulder and flies backward.

Racy screams, turns.

Baller stands with a pistol in his hand.

Carver groans and looks up at Carver in disbelief.

CARVER

You mother fucker.

Racy backs away.

The cop pushes himself up with his good hand, blood running down his chest.

Baller has his weapon aimed at Carver.

BALLER

This here is over. Gotta get him out of here.

CARVER

Nobo-

Carver fires at Baller.

Baller fires.

Baller takes a hit to his chest and falls backwards dead.

Baller doubles over and falls to his knees.

Racy gets up and rushes to Baller.

She wraps his arm around him.

Baller looks up.

Racy shakes her head, unsure of what to do.

The cop collapses to the floor.

Baller nods and stands.

Blood flows from a gunshot wound to his side.

BALLER
Give me Carver's phone.

Racy lets Baller go and picks Carver's phone up from the table and hands it to Baller.

BALLER (cont'd)
(into phone)
This is officer Eddie McCarthy.

Racy's mouth opens. She steps away from Baller.

Baller raises his hand, puts it on her shoulder to support himself.

Racy helps him, staring, stunned by everything.

BALLER (cont'd)
Officer down. One DOA. Require
immediate assistance to 145 Mason
Complex Unit 4-C. I'll remain on
scene.

Eddie hangs up.

He pulls off his belt and wraps it around the cop's wrist and pulls it tight.

Eddie pulls the cop to the couch and leans him against it.

He pulls a cushion off the couch and presses it against the cops jaw.

Eddie kneels.

EDDIE
(into the cop's ear)
Carver was right. Another cop is
dying here today. This time it's the
right one.

Eddie pushes himself up.

Racy holds him.

EDDIE (cont'd)
You gotta get me out of here.

RACY
You told them you-

EDDIE
I need everyone confused.

Eddie points to the door.

EDDIE (cont'd)
You gotta drive.

Racy helps Eddie to the door and pushes it open.

EXT. EDDIE/BALLER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Racy helps Eddie into the car.

Demond runs up to them.

RACY
Demond, don't you dare go in there.
You hear me?

Demond stares wide eyed at Eddie.

DEMOND
That real blood on him?

EDDIE
It's real blood. Now go on home. Do
like she says.

Demond hugs Racy.

Racy kneels and hugs him.

RACY
It's goin to be alright. Stay inside
till every one that's coming has left
out of here.

Demond turns and runs away.

Racy gets in the car.

INT. EDDIE/BALLER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Racy drives through the complex parking lot.

Eddie rummages through the glove box and pulls out white t-shirt. He folds it and presses it against the bullet wound.

He pulls a blade from his boot, opens it and cuts a length of seat-belt and straps it around his wound.

He ties the seat-belt and gives an end to Racy and grips the other end.

EDDIE
On three, pull hard.

Racy nods.

Eddie inhales deeply.

EDDIE (cont'd)
One, two, three.

Racy pulls and the seat-belt goes tight.

Eddie groans.

Eddie leans back, breathes deeply again.

He reaches into the glove-box and opens a hidden compartment and then pulls out a police badge hanging from a necklace.

He puts the badge on over his head.

Racy eyeballs him.

RACY
Where we going?

EDDIE
To get Lie-Lie.

Racy nods as they approach the exit.

RACY
Which way?

Eddie points to the right.

INT. EDDIE/BALLER'S CAR - LATER

Eddie is slumped against the dashboard.

RACY
I need to take you to the hospital.

EDDIE
You don't have time for that.

RACY
What if you don't make it?

EDDIE
Focus girl. Tell me a story.

Eddie points out the window and Racy makes another turn.

RACY
How am I gonna tell you a story?
About what?

EDDIE
Lie-Lie. How'd she get that name?

Eddie points out another direction.

RACY
You are dying and that's what you
want to know?

EDDIE
I ain't dying. Now tell me.

RACY
Her name is Leighlee.

EDDIE
Leighlee? Pretty.

RACY
When we were younger she had a hard
time talking, saying things right.

Eddie winces.

RACY (cont'd)
Our Mama took us to the market when
we were just young ones. Mama wasn't
watching us. Leighlee stole
something.

EDDIE
What did she steal?

RACY
Barrettes. Colored ones. The cash
register saw her. Leighlee gave them
to me and told me to run. I did. They
tried to catch me but couldn't.

Eddie pushes away from the dashboard.

EDDIE
That's why you are Racy? What's your
real name?

RACY
Naomi.

EDDIE
Naomi.

Racy nods.

RACY
The manager grabbed Leighlee and
asked what her name was and what she
gave me to run off with. She couldn't
say Leighlee, she was so scared she
just kept on saying "Lie-Lie".

EDDIE
And the names just stuck?

RACY
Yah. Lie-Lie and Racy. From then on.
Mama said if we was gonna act crazy,
then those were goin to be our names.

Eddie tries a grin.

EDDIE
Nice to meet you, Naomi.

Eddie closes his eyes.

Racy looks at him.

RACY
Where next?

Eddie doesn't move.

RACY (cont'd)
Baller? Baller?

Baller's head slumps to his chest.

Naomi pulls to the sidewalk and parks.

EXT. LENNY'S HOUSE - LATER

Racy is asleep in Eddie's car, her arms folded across the
steering wheel.

A knuckle raps on her car window.

Racy looks up.

Lenny leans on his walker.

Lenny turns and shuffles back to his porch.

Racy gets out.

INT. LENNY'S HOUSE/PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Racy opens the porch door.

Lenny sits in a chair.

RACY

You know Lie-Lie cause you knew my
Mama?

Lenny nods.

RACY (cont'd)

You know people are looking for me?

LENNY

They are.

RACY

You know who's car that is?

LENNY

I do.

RACY

Did my Mama do something wrong?

LENNY

No. Never. Your Mama was decent. And
on the right side of the law.

RACY

Why did they kill her?

LENNY

She saw something she shouldn't have.

RACY

Did you do something wrong?

Lenny nods.

RACY (cont'd)
Did you have my Mama killed?

LENNY
I didn't stop it.

RACY
Were you trying to make up for it?
All those fifty dollar bills?

Lenny shrugs.

LENNY
It would never make up for it. I just
wanted to see if you were making out
okay.

RACY
God damn you to hell, Lenny.

LENNY
I have no doubt of that outcome.

Racy pulls Eddie's gun from behind her back and lays it
across her lap.

LENNY (cont'd)
You don't need that.

RACY
Did anybody hurt my Lie-Lie?

LENNY
I told them not to.

RACY
Where? Where is she at?

LENNY
They didn't listen.

RACY
Who, who didn't listen?

Racy picks the pistol up and points it at Lenny.

LENNY
I was trying to protect her.

RACY
Where is she?

Lenny runs his finger over his walker handle.

RACY (cont'd)
WHERE IS SHE?

Lenny bows his head.

LENNY
She's gone.

Racy drops to her knees and groans.

RACY
What do you mean, Lenny? I swear to
God I'll blow you away Lenny.

Racy looks up at Lenny.

RACY (cont'd)
What do you mean?

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Racy stands in a shadow outside an apartment complex.

She watches as several people filter in and out of the doorways.

A man comes out of an apartment door and gets in a car and drives away.

Racy monitors the apartment for a moment.

Racy pulls a hood up and eases across the street and pulls Eddie's pistol out of her waistband as she approaches the door.

She knocks.

The door opens.

MAN
Now why-

The man is surprised.

Racy springs forward, shooting the pistol.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The man drops to the floor dead.

Another MAN stands, takes a shot at Racy, misses.

Racy shoots the man in the chest and the man crashes backwards.

Racy leaps on him, straddles his chest and pressed the gun to his forehead.

RACY
Where's the little girl?

Racy stands, kicks his gun away.

Racy looks up.

Lie-Lie is standing in a bedroom doorway, eyes full of terror.

Racy runs to her, wraps her arms around Lie-Lie and scoops her up and runs out of the building.

INT. COLLEGE FAMILY HOUSING/INSIDE AN APARTMENT - DAY

The door opens.

Racy, wearing a collegiate basketball warm-up suit opens the door and steps inside.

She lowers her team duffle bag to the floor.

Lie-Lie appears a moment later carrying a book bag.

Lie-Lie carries her book bag to the table and sets it down.

Racy walks to a kitchen cabinet and opens a door.

She sets a box of pasta onto the counter and then turns and hugs Lie-Lie as she settles into her seat.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Racy opens Lie-Lie's door.

Lie-Lie is asleep.

Racy steps to her, kisses Lie-Lie's forehead.

RACY
Leighlee.

Lie-Lie stirs, opens her eyes and looks softly at Racy.

RACY (cont'd)
I need you to know, when you get
older, I'll always wait up for you.

Lie-Lie nods and closes her eyes.

FADE OUT.