

THE LOTT S1:E3 1ST DRAFT

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WGA Registered

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FADE IN:

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

SHOT: EMPTY CHURCH.

Joe saunters down the middle isle making his way to the candles. He places a HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL in the collection and lights a CANDLE.

CUT TO:

PEW: JOE KNEELING IN PEW PRAYING.

Beat.

GORDO, (62), male, Mexican Drug Cartel boss, takes seat next to Joe and kneels. Gordo makes the sign of the cross.

GORDO

Never ask God to give you anything.
Ask him to put you where things are.
It's an old saying from my village.

(beat)

There's always something special about
an empty church, no? Nobody's
sneezing. No babosos crying. No shitty
perfume from all the putas that sucked
ten pingas the night before.

Joe smirks.

GORDO

It's just you and your savior.
(beat)

Sometimes I wonder if we even need a
church.

(beat)

He knows all of our sins, cabron.

JOE

That's why I'm on my knees.

GORDO

Better in here than out there.

JOE

(amused)

How long you in town?

GORDO

Just a few days. I need to wash some money and look after my investment across the bridge.

(beat)

With everything we face on a regular basis, who knew all the money would be a problem as well?

JOE

Some would say, it's a blessing.

GORDO

And, the others, amigo?

JOE

I don't think they know any better.

Gordo smiles.

GORDO

One of our associates fucked up some things. Needless to say, he's no longer a concern of ours. But you and I, hermano, we need to talk business. We need to talk expansion.

JOE

Same spot?

Gordo nods.

GORDO

Manana. 7:30.

Gordo slowly stands and begins to leave.

JOE

There's an old saying in my country too. Be careful what you wish for in the dark. It may just come to light.

Gordo smiles.

GORDO

A golden cage, is still a cage, my friend.

JOE

It's good to see you.

GORDO
Y tu, tambien.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOOD STREET - DAY

MUSIC: ST. LOUIE, BY NELLY, PLAYS.

SERIES OF SHOTS: ABANDONED BUILDINGS/HOUSES -- FIENDS ON THE CORNER -- DRUG DEALERS -- LITTLE KIDS PLAYING -- PANHANDLERS.

CUT TO:

INT. BLOOD TRAP HOUSE - DAY

Damian turns on the fire lit stove, WOOF. He prepares the cocaine and mixture of baking soda filling a pot with water - showing the entire process of cooking coke to make crack.

FOUR BLOODS seated at kitchen table bag the crack next to already STUFFED DUBS of Marijuana, pills, and Heroin as they smoke blunts. Their GUNS lie on the table next to them.

LAP DISSOLVE:

CUSTOMERS come in and out purchasing drugs.

Jamal enters with TWO BLOODS. He points to ANDRE COLEMAN, (27), seated at the table. Andre stands and exits with Jamal.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

UNMARKED, DEA SURVEILLANCE SUV.

MUSIC FADES OUT.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK SUV - CONTINUOUS

Danny seated in passenger, observes Jamal, and Andre leaving with TWO BLOODS.

DANNY
What the fuck is going on, Ricky?

RICKY LEON, (42), observes the situation from the driver's seat.

RICKY
Well, it doesn't look like their going
out for ice cream.

DANNY
He's been fucking made.

Danny reaches for his radio.

Ricky pulls his arm back.

RICKY
You don't know that. Let's just see
where this goes.

DANNY
Follow em.
(beat)
Fuck.

Ricky pulls off the block, fast.

Beat.

TISHA JONES, (31), female blood soldier, lesbian,
pimp/hustler/stick up kid, is getting her hair braided by a,
WOMAN, (24), observing Danny and Ricky drive away. She picks
up her phone.

TISHA
It's him.
(beat)
One.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARCONI CAR LOT - DAY

Joe pulls up to Jojo working a COUPLE interested in buying a
car.

Joe hops out of his car and spots BLUE, (28), male, down the
block dressed in all blue staring at him.

Blue nods to Joe.

Joe, unsure, hesitantly nods back.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Joe seated at his desk smoking a cigar and shuffling paperwork. He spots Jojo walking down the hall.

JOE

Jojo!

Jojo enters.

JOE

Where's the paperwork for the 07 Jag?

JOJO

I think it's on my desk.

JOE

It needs to be on my desk, if you want to get paid.

JOJO

Yeah, hey, I'm gonna run to Mickey D's for lunch. You want anything?

JOE

You know I don't eat that shit. What about that couple? You sell em?

JOJO

They need more time.

Beat.

JOE

(low)

Don't we all.

JOJO

(joking)

I can always stop by the Olive Garden.

JOE

Get the fuck out of my office.

Jojo begins to leave.

JOE

Today's Thursday, right?

JOJO

No sir.

Jojo exits.

JOJO (O.S.)

TGIF!

Beat.

JOE

Shit.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWN HOME CONDOMINIUMS - DAY

MIKEY "NUMBERS" CARAPPELLA, (44), Joe's bookie, pulls into his driveway.

O.S. PHONE RINGS.

He answers.

MIKEY

What's up?

JOE (O.S.)

Why haven't you been by the lot?

MIKEY

I stopped by yesterday, but no one was there.

JOE (O.S.)

Come on through, I got some paperwork for you to sign.

MIKEY

Joe, it's all good. What are you going to do? Change the bets? I'll get the numbers from ya tomorrow.

JOE (O.S.)

Are you fucking stupid? Are you on medication?

MIKEY

Huh?

JOE (O.S.)

I don't know what the fuck you're talking about. I sell cars.

Joe hangs up

MIKEY

Okay, paranoia.

Mikey hops out of his WHITE CHRYSLER 300 and pops the trunk pulling out his GOLF CLUBS.

CUT TO:

INT. MIKEY'S HOME - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mikey opens a safe in his closet, in the floor. About a HUNDRED GRAND lies in the safe, along with a BLACK NOTEBOOK, BURNER PHONE, and a GUN. He grabs the notebook and phone.

CUT TO:

INT. MIKEY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mikey walks to his couch.

On the coffee table is a BOX OF DOMINO'S PIZZA, and a BEER. He sits down on the couch, turns the TV to ESPN, cracks open the beer, and takes a deep breath.

Mikey turns on the burner phone. It immediately RINGS.

MIKEY

Who ya, got? Ahhhh, a man of faith. A dollar on the Saints it is.

Mikey writes the bet down.

CLOSEUP: NOTEBOOK: ERIC PORTER - \$110 (\$10/JUICE) - SAINTS.

CUT TO:

INT. SAL'S CAR - DAY

MUSIC: METH LAB ZOSO, BY 7HORSE, PLAYS.

Sal takes a hit of cocaine from his bullet. He takes another, and another right after -- it hits him hard, he raises his head and blinks squeezing his nostrils. Sal SNIFFS HARD. He's fucking ZOOTED.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Sal drives.

CUT TO:

EXT. RANDY'S AUTO BODY - CONTINUOUS

Sal parks.

MUSIC ENDS:

CUT TO:

INT. RANDY'S AUTO BODY - CONTINUOUS

Sal enters.

BACKGROUND MUSIC: BOOT SCOOTIN' BOOGIE, BY BROOKS & DUNN,
PLAYS.

Sal looks around the shop.

The BMW parts are gone.

He notices something on the table and is absolutely
disgusted.

SAL

You dirty, fucking hick, hoosier.

Sal walks away.

CLOSEUP: CLEAR CUP: TOBACCO SPIT FILLED HALFWAY WITH A USED
BLOODY CONDOM ON TOP.

CUT TO:

INT. RANDY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Randy takes a swig of Jack Daniels as Sal enters.

RANDY

(excited)

Sally! How you doing brother?

Randy reaches his arm out to shake Sal's hand.

POV: SAL: RANDY'S DIRTY OIL COVERED HAND.

Sal looks away ignoring the gesture.

Randy embarrassingly pulls his arm back.

RANDY

It's been quieter than snow falling on a dog's ass since you been gone, Sal.

SAL

I'm sorry, I don't speak backwoods, hick.

RANDY

(low)

It's been real slow since you been gone.

SAL

That's why I'm here. I wanna get things up and running. You still got those connections down south?

RANDY

They just left with the Bimmers. Said they're ready for us anytime. Matter of fact, here's your money.

Randy hands Sal a bulging envelope full of cash.

SAL

Listen, I can't have you all fucked up like you were the other day. That's not a good look. Fucking nodding out in a hot chop shop? Fuck is wrong with you? What would've happened if someone walked in?

RANDY

You're right, Sal. You're right.

SAL

I know, I'm fucking, right. Don't let it happen again. You've been warned, Randy.

RANDY

Understood.

(beat-timid)

You got any blow by chance?

Sal SIGHS, dumbfounded at Randy, but then comes to.

SAL
How much you need?

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - EVENING

Joe seated at his desk on the phone.

JOE
No, no. I'll take them. As long as
there's good mileage and they're not
beat to shit. My guys will fix em up
nice.

ROXY, (23), BEAUTIFUL, light skin, African American woman,
opens his office door.

Joe is enamored by her beauty.

ROXY
Joe?

Joe nods, waves for her to come in.

JOE
Yeah, sounds good. You know, I'll let
you know.

Joe hangs up.

JOE
You looking for a car, sweetie?

ROXY
Just looking for you.

JOE
How can I help?

ROXY
(flirtatious)
That remains to be seen. But, you,
first.

Roxy closes and locks Joe's office door. She puts her hair in
a bun as she struts to him. She kneels down in front of him
and unzips his pants.

JOE
What's this all about?

ROXY

Do you always negotiate with girls
that just want to suck your dick?

She goes down on him.

CUT TO:

INT. ROCCO'S BAR & GRILL - EVENING

Rocco is on the line cooking with LUIGI RIZZO, (42), sous
chef.

NATALIE, (29), waitress, frustrated, walks a steak back to
the kitchen and sets it on the line.

NATALIE

They wanted medium, not rare.

ROCCO

Let me guess, the same fucking table
that thought their shrimp cocktail was
too warm?

Natalie nods.

ROCCO

Cocksucker.

NATALIE

He's a cocksucker, alright.

ROCCO

Tell em his steak will be out in a
minute. I'm gonna cook it under my ass
for him.

Natalie walks out smiling.

Sal enters.

ROCCO

Well, if it isn't, Mario Andretti.

Sal smirks.

SAL

(to Rocco)

Where's Tony?

ROCCO
Out front talking to the guests. He
thinks he's fucking, Emeril Lagasse.

SAL
(amused)
How's that working?

ROCCO
He's a fucking meathead. How you think
it's working?

Rocco grabs a food ticket.

ROCCO
I got two chicken parms all day - one
with white cavetelli, the other red
spaghetti and a chicken liver risotto.
The fat people are out tonight, boys
and girls!

Sal walks to the restaurant. He observes Tony smiling and
bullshitting with a "well to do" older rich WHITE COUPLE.

Tony looks over to Sal. He says, goodbye to the couple and
walks to Sal.

SAL
Aren't you just a modern day, Kenneth
Osmond?

TONY
Who the fuck is that?

CUT TO:

TABLE BY THE BAR.

Sal and Tony seated drinking.

Sal reaches into his coat pocket and pulls out a yellow
envelope sliding it under the table for Tony.

SAL
Courtesy of BMW.

TONY
Just in time.

SAL
Why you always acting like you're hurt
(MORE)

SAL (CONT'D)
 for money? Look at this place. There's
 not a night that goes by this place
 isn't booming.

TONY
 Your niece and nephew's
 tuition...tuition now, tuition later.
 All I do is pay fucking tuitions. They
 eat me out of house and home. Plus,
 they're the biggest cock-blockers on
 the planet.

They CHUCKLE.

SAL
 We need to get more of those keys.

TONY
 I'll see what I can do. This guy, he's
 real timid about this kind of shit.

SAL
 Would a baseball bat make him less
 timid?

TONY
 Like I said, let me see what I can do.
 Not everyone wants to be a gangster,
 Sal.

SAL
 Tell me about it.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Joe climaxes in Roxy's mouth.

Roxy smiles as she stands.

JOE
 Who sent you?

ROXY
 A mutual friend of ours.
 (beat)
 Have a good night, Mr. Marconi.

Joe watches her leave. He pulls out a cigar from his desk

along with a bottle of scotch.

ROBERTO (O.S.)
You got another one of those?

Joe smiles and pulls out another cigar.

JOE
I thought you left.

ROBERTO
I needed to hit a couple more spots on
The Hill.

Roberto sits across from, Joe. He picks up the cigar and
smells it.

ROBERTO
I just saw the most beautiful colored
broad walking out of here.

Joe smirks.

ROBERTO
That's you?

Joe nods.

ROBERTO
Lucky motherfucker.

CUT TO:

INT. ROCCO'S BAR & GRILL - NIGHT

Sal and Tony seated at the table eating dinner.

Fat John enters and takes a seat.

FAT JOHN
What's the specials tonight?

Natalie stops by handing Fat John a menu.

Tony snags it out of his hands.

FAT JOHN
What the fuck, Tony?

TONY
When you pay your tab, I'll sing ya
(MORE)

TONY (CONT'D)
the specials.

Fat John looks to Sal. He takes a wad of cash out of his pocket and counts the money.

FAT JOHN
Always busting balls. What do I owe?

TONY
Five hundred dollars. You know when you stiff me, you stiff the waitresses that bust their ass every night catering to your fat ass.

FAT JOHN
Here's six. Now, give me the menu.

SAL
(to Tony)
He could fucking recite that menu.

FAT JOHN
Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Tony LAUGHS.

Fat John jacks off.

Tony takes the money then hands Fat John the menu. He waves down Natalie and hands her a hundred dollars.

NATALIE
(amused)
Thanks, Tony.

FAT JOHN
I would eat the corn out of her shit.

Sal, disgusted, SIGHS.

Tony shakes his head.

Beat.

FAT JOHN
(to Tony)
You gonna tell me the fucking specials or what?

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Joe and Roberto smoke their cigars.

ROBERTO

I gotta tell ya, I noticed some unpleasant things here.

JOE

Welcome to my nightmare.

ROBERTO

There's no unity, Joe. Nothing.

JOE

I'll try to work in some team building exercises. Ya know, add some trust falls, the name game, and maybe bring trivia night back.

ROBERTO

Don't be a smart ass.

JOE

You see what I'm dealing with here, Roberto.

ROBERTO

Exactly, why I need you to get things more organized around here. For fuck sake, Tony's the only one with a wife and kids? Nobody has any structure. There's no sense of family.

JOE

I'll do my best.

ROBERTO

Get it together, kid, or I will.

JOE

Understood.

ROBERTO

You're going to have another crew down here next week. 2-3 of my guys. They'll answer to me first, obviously, but ultimately, I'm not here, so they're gonna have to answer to you. You're in charge. There's plenty of money for everyone to be happy.

ROBERTO (CONT'D)

(beat)

Capisce?

JOE

Capisce.

ROBERTO

Okay.

Roberto stands.

Joe stands with him. They hug.

ROBERTO

Remember...I'm just a phone call away.

CUT TO:

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

MUSIC: CHICK N WANGS, BY EVRYTHNG CO\$T, PLAYS.

STRIPPERS dance as MEN throw their paychecks in the air.

Andre looks around, pulls out his phone, and sneaks off to the bathroom.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK SUV - CONTINUOUS

Danny and Ricky stake out the strip club.

O.S. PHONE RINGS.

Danny quickly answers.

DANNY

Why aren't you wearing your fucking wire?

CUT TO:

INT. STRIP CLUB BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Andre on his phone.

ANDRE

They pat us down before we get into the trap. I told y'all, that. I got

(MORE)

ANDRE (CONT'D)
this. Just give me some motherfucking
space before you get me killed?!
(beat)
There's a big meeting tomorrow. I
don't know where, yet, though.

DANNY (O.S.)
Where?

ANDRE
I just fucking told you, I don't know!

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK SUV - CONTINUOUS

Danny looks to Ricky.

DANNY
Tomorrow, 730 AM, the Cracker Barrel
in Illinois. You better be there at
7:25 with some fucking information.

Danny hangs up.

CUT TO:

INT. STRIP CLUB - BATHROOM

Andre, distressed, puts his phone back into his pocket and
exits the bathroom.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK SUV - CONTINUOUS

DANNY
Let's go.

They pull away.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Tisha seated in a SUV observes Danny and Ricky drive off. She
grabs her phone.

TISHA
They gone.

TISHA (CONT'D)

(beat)

On it.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Joe is packing up for the night.

O.S. FEMALE LAUGHTER.

Joe halts, he pulls out a GUN from his desk and COCKS it.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARCONI CAR LOT - CONTINUOUS

Joe approaches a male and female from behind. His hand is close to his gun.

JOE

Can I help yuse, guys?

They turn around. It's Blue and Roxy.

Joe is shocked because they look like a couple.

Roxy flirtatiously saunters to Joe. She rubs his crotch.

ROXY

Now, you can help me.

Joe, unsure, glares at Blue.

BLUE

It's cool. I just want to talk.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Joe seated at his desk across from Blue. He pulls out a bottle of scotch and lights his cigar.

JOE

Wanna drink?

BLUE

Hell yeah, some of that good stuff.

Joe pours Blue a drink.

JOE

I guess, I should thank you for the generous gift.

BLUE

Shit man, don't even worry about it. She helps me make my introductions.

JOE

She's one hell of an ice breaker, I can tell ya that.

Blue CHUCKLES.

JOE

So, what's up? You looking to buy a car?

BLUE

(amused)

Man, I could buy your whole lot if I wanted to. I'm not interested in your cars, Joe. I am interested in the kilos of coke, heroin, and the pounds of kush that come through here, though.

JOE

I'm not sure where you get your information, but I sell cars. I'm not involved with any of that nonsense.

BLUE

I don't want to get in anyone's way. I know how to stay in my own lane. I'm just looking for a reliable source.

Joe looks Blue up and down.

JOE

You wear a lot of blue, Blue. Is that your favorite color or did you watch too many episodes of the Smurfs growing up?

Blue LAUGHS.

BLUE

You a funny motherfucker, yo!

BLUE (CONT'D)

(beat)

Look, when you ready to show your
cards. I'll be happy to lay mine down.

CLOSEUP: JOE'S CONCERNED FACE.

CUT TO:

EXT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Andre steps into the back of an Uber. They drive away.

CUT TO:

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

Jamal is seated in driver seat and Tisha in the passenger.

JAMAL

Let's get this rat motherfucker.

(beat)

On my word.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Jamal and Tisha trail behind the Uber.

The Uber stops at a red light.

Jamal and Tisha pull up parallel to the Uber.

JAMAL

Word.

SLOW MOTION: TISHA'S WINDOW ROLLS DOWN. SHE STICKS AN AR-15
OUT THE CAR.

She SHOOTS up the Uber car.

CUT TO:

INT. UBER - CONTINUOUS

Andre gets riddled with BULLETS.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Jamal and Tisha drive off.

CUT TO:

INT. UBER - CONTINUOUS

Uber DRIVER, (19), white male, and Andre are both shot dead.

DISSOLVE:

INT. CRACKER BARREL - MORNING

Danny and Ricky seated at a table drinking coffee.

Danny checks his watch.

O.S. PHONE RINGS.

Danny answers.

DANNY

This is Danny.

(beat)

That's just wonderful.

Danny hangs up the phone.

RICKY

What?

DANNY

They fucking got him.

RICKY

Shit.

DANNY

4:30 this morning. Him and a 19 year old college student just trying to pay some bills...gone.

RICKY

He picked up the wrong passenger.

CUT TO:

EXT. PROJECTS - MORNING

MUSIC: CAN I LIVE, BY THE LOX, PLAYS.

Darnell pulls up to the block. He pops his trunk.

BLOOD SOLDIER, (23), places a backpack in the trunk and closes it.

Darnell drives away.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMAL'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

O sparks a blunt as Jamal stuffs his pick up bag with money.

CUT TO:

INT. TISHA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Tisha seated on a couch, smokes a blunt, surrounded by FOUR BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRIME SCENE - CONTINUOUS

A white MOTHER, and a black MOTHER grieve by the shot up Uber car.

MUSIC ENDS.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARCONI CAR LOT - MORNING

Joe pulls up to the lot.

JOE

What the fuck is going on, now?

CITY WORKERS are installing 3 TREES on the sidewalk in front of Marconi car lot.

JOE

Whoa! What are you doing? You're blocking me from the public here.

CITY WORKER

We're just trying to spruce up the city.

JOE

You're gonna need a lot more than just
(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)
trees.

CITY WORKER
(amused)
Yeah, well, it's a start.

JOE
Not here it isn't. Get em out.

CITY WORKER
Sir, we can't just remove them. City mandates that we plant six trees per block.

JOE
Right in front of my lot? People already drive like assholes on this street. How do you expect them to see my business behind the fucking Amazon, here?

CITY WORKER
Just following orders.

JOE
Who's the alderman in this district?

CITY WORKER
Marty McCormick.

Joe, annoyed, bites the inside of his lip.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Joe enters pissed off. He immediately takes out his phone.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOLF COURSE - CONTINUOUS

Mayor Francis Lupo walks away from his GROUP.

MAYOR FRANCIS LUPO
Joe, now is not a good time.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

JOE

The fairway can wait, Francis. I got a fucking forest growing out of my sidewalk.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOLF COURSE - CONTINUOUS

MAYOR FRANCIS LUPO

You're welcome. Trying to make the city nice again.

JOE (O.S.)

With fucking trees?!

MAYOR FRANCIS LUPO

If you're that unhappy about it call, Marty down at City Hall.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

JOE

That fucking ginger bread cookie ain't gonna take my call.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOLF COURSE - CONTINUOUS

MAYOR FRANCIS LUPO

(amused)

Why not?

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

JOE

Cause, Sal fucked his wife.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOLF COURSE - CONTINUOUS

MAYOR FRANCIS LUPO

Sal fucked, Judy?

MAYOR FRANCIS LUPO (CONT'D)

(beat)

Look, I'll tell him he should be
expecting a phone call from you, okay?
That's the best I can do.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

JOE

If you wanted to start making this
city nice again, how about starting
with the fucking pot holes?!

CUT TO:

EXT. GOLF COURSE - CONTINUOUS

MAYOR FRANCIS LUPO

Have a good day, Joe.

Francis smirks, and shrugs it off.

MAYOR FRANCIS LUPO

(to his group)

Am I up?

Francis walks back to the green.

CUT TO:

INT. DARNELL'S CONDO - DAY

Darnell, O, Jamal, Larry, and Tisha are seated at the table.
Larry fidgets, uncomfortable in his chair.

Darnell slides Tisha a bulging envelope.

DARNELL

Way to roast that rat motherfucker.

TISHA

Fo-sho.

O

Switch up the spots again. Rent new
ones if you have to, shit.

DARNELL

We gotta keep it moving. Keep them

(MORE)

DARNELL (CONT'D)
 guessing. No telling what they got
 from that piece of shit.

Beat.

LARRY
 What we gonna do about the Italian
 nigga?

DARNELL
 Not a motherfucking thing. You the one
 that fucked up.

LARRY
 I wasn't talking about, Joe, nigga.

O
 We don't even know for sure if Sal
 took it.

JAMAL
 What y'all niggas talking about?

Darnell shrugs the question off.

DARNELL
 Joe and I go too far back for this
 bullshit. Let him try to make it
 right, first. And, if Sal doesn't come
 up with the bread, or blow...well, the
 streets is the streets. But no one
 does a motherfucking thing,
 especially, to Joe.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Joe adjusts his tie.

Sal enters his office.

JOE
 Where the fuck you been?

SAL
 Around.

JOE
 That was a cute little maneuver
 (MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)
yesterday, but whatever you did with
that blow, I need the money.

SAL
I don't know what you're talking
about.

Joe, extremely frustrated, takes a deep breath.

JOE
Have a seat.

Sal just stands there.

JOE
(loud)
Take the fucking seat!

Beat.

Sal slowly takes his seat.

JOE
We have some major things going on and
we--

SAL
No, no...you have some major things
going on.

JOE
Let me finish.
(beat)
Roberto is sending a crew here next
week. Marconi car lot is going to
serve as a hub for the transportation
of his drug business.

SAL
Holy fuck.

JOE
Yeah, and I'm meeting Gordo tonight
for dinner to discuss expansion as
well. Not only that, he says he wants
to open a club on the east side.

SAL
Why you telling me all of this?

JOE

(builds anger)

Because there needs to be more unity among us all. Some fucking loyal transparency. So please, for the love of God, before all these walls close the fuck in on me, would you please pay back the drugs you stole?

Beat.

SAL

Fucking moulinyans.

JOE

What are you going to do, Sal? Take on the whole Blood Army? I can't fucking protect you. Darnell could wipe us all out with a snap of his fingers. That's it. Boom, we're finished.

SAL

Does he know who we're affiliated with?

JOE

You think he'd give a fuck?

(beat)

He's not a stupid man, Sal. I'm not in every aspect of his business...he doesn't need to be in mine. If everyone stays in their own fucking lane...things should work out just fine.

Beat.

SAL

So, what are you saying? You letting me in?

JOE

I'm letting you in.

Sal stands.

SAL

I'll bring the money by in the morning.

JOE
20 big ones.

SAL
Fuck that, I'll give him 10.

Joe glares at Sal.

SAL
15 and not a penny more.

JOE
Thank you.

SAL
(sarcastic)
No, no. Thank you.

Beat.

JOE
(amused)
Get the fuck out of here.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARCONI CAR LOT - CONTINUOUS

Sal walks to his car as Darnell and O pull up.

Darnell and Sal glare at each other.

Sal enters his car and takes off.

O
That's one crazy ass white, nigga.

DARNELL
They Italian.

O
They still fucking white.

Beat.

DARNELL
Not really.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Darnell enters as Joe puts on his suit coat.

DARNELL

(Italian imitation)

Oh! Look at Tony Soprano, here. What time you meeting your goomah?

JOE

Gordo's in town.

DARNELL

Word?

Joe nods.

JOE

Look, I spoke to Sal - he said he didn't take anything. But, just to make things right, next ki is on me.

Darnell eyes Joe, he knows he's lying, but satisfied that he's making it right.

DARNELL

Alright, I'll let Larry, know.

Beat.

JOE

Gordo mentioned something about buying land and opening up a night club on the east side.

DARNELL

That could be a very good thing. Or shit can go south real quick.

(beat)

I don't think it's good.

JOE

I've been going over the pros and cons all day. If he's just looking to wash his money - fine. If he's looking to bring in his men to deal--

DARNELL

Then it's war, nigga. We run the east side. Not the essays.

JOE
Yeah, had a feeling you was gonna say
that.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH END GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - NIGHT

MUSIC: SHE CLIMBZ, BY MISTA RAJA, PLAYS.

SERIES OF SHOTS: STRIPPERS DANCING -- MEN THROWING MONEY --
BOTTLE SERVICE -- FEMALE BARTENDERS SERVING DRINKS.

4 MEXICAN DRUG CARTEL SOLDIERS walk Joe and Gordo through a
CROWD of people. The crowd parts like the Red Sea letting
them through.

CUT TO:

INT. VIP ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BACKGROUND: MUSIC FROM THE CLUB.

Joe and Gordo seated at a table.

GORDO
Welcome to my new club, hermano.

JOE
(uncomfortable)
Congratulations.

GORDO
Gracias. Let's just say, I gave the
owner an offer he couldn't refuse.

Gordo LAUGHS over the top at his Godfather joke. Joe forces
his excitement.

GORDO
How's business?

JOE
Business is good. Things are moving.

GORDO
That's the universal law, cabron.
Everything is always in a constant
state of motion. Just like your
thoughts.

Joe gives Gordo an unsure look.

GORDO
You worry too much.

Roxy enters to take their drinks. Her and Joe have an awkward moment.

ROXY
What can I get you gentleman to drink?

GORDO
One Tequila, and one Balvenie neat for my friend.

Roxy eyes Joe as she leaves.

GORDO
I think she likes you.

JOE
It's a curse to be this good looking, ya know?

They CHUCKLE.

JOE
Do you have any associates to run this place in your absence?

GORDO
Joe, if I wanted to move in on your turf, I would have done so by now...Tranquilo.
(beat)
This club is just an investment for us to wash our money clean.

JOE
Us?

GORDO
There'll be a significant increase in product. Massive. You're gonna need a place like this.
(beat)
Besides, I was going to see if you and your hermano wanted to run it for me.

JOE
We're car guys. We don't know anything
(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)
about the club business.

GORDO
Like I said. You worry too much.

Roxy enters with their drinks. She sets them on the table.

JOE
Salud.

GORDO
Salud.

They drink.

GORDO
Senorita, show my friend here a good
time would you?

Gordo hands her a WAD of CASH. She smiles at Joe.

GORDO
Loosen him up a bit.

CUT TO:

INT. ROCCO'S BAR & GRILL - NIGHT

MUSIC:

Sal, Fat John, and Tony seated at a table heavily
intoxicated.

SAL
You guys ready for this?

TONY
What's that?

SAL
Roberto wants to use the lot for
transporting his weight. Not only
that, he's moving one of his crews
here to over see the operation.

FAT JOHN
No shit?

TONY
How does Joe feel about that?

SAL
He's shitting his pants.

TONY
That's a lot, Sal.

FAT JOHN
How's that good for us?

SAL
Do I really have to spell it out? What
time's the short bus picking you two
slow motherfuckers up?

Tony and Fat John look at each other confused.

SAL
This is a wet fucking dream. Not only
are we going to have more product, but
we finally have a made guy involved.

FAT JOHN
Yeah, but, it's just a spot for them
to transfer. None of that money is
gonna hit our pockets.

TONY
It's not the 80's or 90's, Sal. Nobody
cares about made men anymore.

SAL
Because people are fucking stupid.
Having a made guy involved greases a
lot of business opportunities that
wouldn't normally be there. The mob is
alive and well. Trust me.

(beat)
Moving all that product, shits bound
to leak, somewhere.

TONY
Just like his fucking belly.

Tony LAUGHS.

FAT JOHN
How many fat jokes you think are
funny?

TONY
All of them.

FAT JOHN

It never stopped me from banging your
fucking mother.

TONY

What the fuck you just say?

SAL

Enough!

(beat)

Joe's right. We need to come together
and get organized.

(beat)

And, when I become the voice of
reason. You know there's a fucking
problem.

Tony angrily gazes at Fat John.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Darnell looks around. He places an envelope full of cash on
the kitchen table.

He walks into another room and peeks his head around the
corner.

JOY THOMPSON, (73), Darnell's mother lies in bed half asleep.

DARNELL

Good night, mommy.

JOY

Hey baby, when did you get here?

DARNELL

Just came by to drop some grocery
money off for ya.

JOY

Bless your heart...alright now, be
careful out there. It's late.

DARNELL

(amused)

I got it, ma. Love you.

JOY

I love you.

Darnell walks to the living room.

GARY JENKINS, (47), is half asleep on the couch.

Darnell glares at him and shakes his head.

DARNELL
Bum ass, nigga.

CUT TO:

INT. DARNELL'S CAR - NIGHT

Darnell drives.

POLICE LIGHTS flash through his rear view mirror.

DARNELL
Fuck.
(beat)
Here we go.

CUT TO:

INT. STRIP CLUB - PRIVATE ROOM

MUSIC: FINGER ON THE TRIGGER, BY ALBERT KING, PLAYS.

Roxy straddles Joe giving him an erotic lap dance.

JOE
Why do we keep running into each
other?

ROXY
Fate?

JOE
(amused)
We'll see about that.
(beat)
What's up with your man, Blue?

ROXY
Blue's just a business man, like
yourself.

JOE
He sells cars, too?

ROXY

Is that what you guys are calling it
these days?

Joe smirks as he looks away.

JOE

Is he a Crip?

ROXY

(snickers)

Why does that matter?

JOE

I may have some associates that are
allergic to the color blue.

ROXY

There's always one color everyone has
in common.

JOE

Yeah, what's that?

Roxy pulls a wad of cash out from her bra.

ROXY

Money green.

(beat)

Now, are you going to give me that
Italian dick of yours or do I have to
go get it myself?

CUT TO:

INT. ROCCO'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Tony and Fat John wait by the back door.

TONY

I don't ever want to hear my mother
come out of your fat fucking mouth
again. You got that?

FAT JOHN

You can dish it out but you can't take
it.

CUT TO:

INT. ROCCO'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Sal and Rocco sniff lines of cocaine off the desk.

ROCCO

This is some good shit!

Sal does another line.

ROCCO

Fuck it...let me get an eight ball.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Tony is in Fat John's face.

FAT JOHN

Back the fuck up.

TONY

Or what? What's your fat ass gonna do?

FAT JOHN

Your fucking mother again if you're not careful.

Fat John jabs Tony over his right eye.

Tony smokes Fat John with a left hook knocking him unconscious to the floor.

TONY

You fucking, motherfucker.

Tony checks his eye, he's leaking a little blood.

Sal walks out and looks at Tony standing over John.

SAL

I'm not helping you move him.

Fat John SNORES.

Sal and Tony fall out LAUGHING.

Sal steps over Fat John. He and Tony exit.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Danny and Ricky question Darnell.

DANNY

What was your relationship with Andre Coleman?

DARNELL

I don't even know who that is.

DANNY

Let me refresh your memory.

Danny throws pictures of Andre brutally murdered in the back of the Uber.

DANNY

Look familiar?

DARNELL

Damn, guess he won't be talking to nobody soon.

Beat.

RICKY

Do you know a, Brian Roland?

Darnell shakes his head.

Ricky throws a picture of the Uber driver who was shot up with Andre.

RICKY

He was a college student just trying to make some extra money until your thugs came along and took his life.

DARNELL

Y'all talking about, Mike Brown?

Danny gets in Darnell's face.

DANNY

We know who you are Darnell. We know the turf that you run and we know who you run it with.

TRAVIS NUESAL, (56), Darnell's lawyer, enters.

TRAVIS

Do you have any charges against my client?

Danny and Ricky glare at Travis.

TRAVIS

Did you have probable cause in pulling my client over?

DANNY

He's part of a double homicide investigation that just took place earlier this morning.

TRAVIS

I would love to see your evidence. Especially, since it just took place this morning.

Beat.

TRAVIS

Let's go.

Darnell and Travis exit.

Beat.

RICKY

It's just a matter of time. It always is with those guys.

CUT TO:

INT. STRIP CLUB - PRIVATE ROOM

Joe is having sex with Roxy - missionary style.

ROXY

I want you to cum on my titties.

Joe pulls out.

ROXY

Take the condom off.

Joe climaxes and cums all over Roxy's stomach and chest.

JOE

Fuck!

ROXY
Yeah, big daddy.

Roxy rubs the cum into her chest and stomach like lotion.

JOE
You want me to get you some napkins or something?

ROXY
No, this is for the pervs that like to grab my ass and lick my titties.
(beat)
I hate that shit.

CUT TO:

INT. ROCCO'S BAR & GRILL - OFFICE - NIGHT

Natalie cashes in her night with Rocco.

ROCCO
Wanna a line before you go,
sweetheart?

NATALIE
Hell yeah, I want a fucking line.

Natalie snorts a line off Rocco's desk.

NATALIE
Thanks Roc. I'll see you tomorrow.

Natalie exits.

NATALIE (O.S.)
Yo, Roc!

Rocco leaves his office. He walks to the kitchen.

Fat John is SNORING LOUD on the floor.

NATALIE
What should we do?

ROCCO
I don't know. You gotta fork lift?

CUT TO:

EXT. MARCONI CAR LOT - STREET - NIGHT

Jason Stephens and 4 BIKERS pull up to the lot in a van.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Jason in driver seat looks to the back of the van.

JASON

Let's go fuck his shit up.

They all storm out of the van with KNIVES and BATS. They SMASH out WINDOWS, MIRRORS, and STAB the tires.

CUT TO:

INT. BLUE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Blue rolls by the lot.

POV: BLUE: BIKERS DESTROYING THE CARS ON THE LOT.

BLUE

Yo, what the fuck?

Blue pulls over. He takes his phone out and records them.

CUT TO:

INT. STRIP CLUB - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Joe washes his face staring at himself in the mirror. He grabs a paper towel and dries off.

CUT TO:

INT. STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Joe walks out of the bathroom. He spots Gordo getting a lap dance from Roxy. He walks to them.

JOE

Until next time, hermano.

GORDO

Stay and have some fun!

JOE

I wish. Early day, tomorrow. We'll
(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)
talk soon.

GORDO
Whatever you say, wey.

Gordo grabs Roxy's ass and licks her titties.

Roxy grins at Joe's disgusted face.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

MUSIC: SHOOT OUTS, BY JADA KISS AND STYLE'S P, PLAYS.

Danny and Ricky slowly leave the interrogation room.

CUT TO:

INT. DARNELL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Darnell drives.

CUT TO:

EXT. STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Joe hops in his car and drives off.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARCONI CAR LOT - STREET - CONTINUOUS

Jason and another biker light TWO MOLOTOV COCKTAILS. They throw them on the lot in the middle of the cars.

MOLOTOV COCKTAILS EXPLODE -- FIRE.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARCONI CAR LOT - CONTINUOUS

Cars are burning.

One car EXPLODES.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARCONI CAR LOT - STREET - CONTINUOUS

Jason and the bikers peel out in the van.

CUT TO:

INT. BLUE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Blue observes them leave -- still recording.

CUT TO:

INT. ROCCO'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Rocco steps over Fat John and turns the lights off.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARCONI CAR LOT - CONTINUOUS

POLICE, FIRETRUCKS, and AMBULANCES pull up to the lot.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Joe answers his phone. He mouths "FUCK". He makes an illegal u-turn and speeds down the street.

FADE OUT:

THE END