

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address  
Phone Number

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Anthony and Ronnie sit at the kitchen table across from each other, Ronnie lights a cigarette.

RONNIE

So she just kicked you out the house, huh?

ANTHONY

Yeah, she kinda just snapped.

RONNIE

That don't sound like your mama.

ANTHONY

I know, she's been acting different since my dad passed away.

RONNIE

Hey, I never got to say, I'm sorry about what happened.

ANTHONY

It's alright. He chose that life and he knew the consequences.

RONNIE

I think about that shit every day. What happens when I got a family. A wife and kids. There ain't no easy way out of this life.

ANTHONY

Yeah I don't know, Man. It's kinda why I tried to stay away from all of that.

RONNIE

Yeah I wish I went the athlete route. Gang life ain't what it looks like in the movies.

VICTOR BOOKER, a tall, muscular man covered in tattoos, enters the room.

VICTOR

Anthony? What the fuck are you doing here, Cuz?

ANTHONY

What's up, Vic.

RONNIE  
His mama kicked him out of the  
house 'cause he got expelled from  
school.

Victor takes a seat at the table between Anthony and Ronnie.

VICTOR  
Shit, You? Star quarterback? The  
golden child?

ANTHONY  
Yeah, I got in a fight.

VICTOR  
Wow, you gotta be shittin' me. Who  
was the other guy?

ANTHONY  
Marcus Walker.

Victor stands up from the table. Simultaneously, Ronnie ashes  
his cigarette frantically.

VICTOR  
The fuck?

Ronnie also stands up.

RONNIE  
Why didn't you tell me it was him,  
Cuz?

VICTOR  
We can handle this.

Anthony quickly straightens up in his seat.

ANTHONY  
What? No, no. You guys don't need  
to handle anything. It's not that  
serious.

RONNIE  
Sounds pretty serious.

ANTHONY  
I don't need you guys to get  
involved. It's too late to change  
anything.

Anthony stands up from the table and walks toward the door.

VICTOR

Well, Marcus is gonna get what's coming to him some day.

ANTHONY

I don't doubt that. But for now, I just need a place to lay down for a while.

VICTOR

Alright, Cuz. Come on, I'll show you to the bedroom.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Anthony lays on a dirty couch and watches TV. Victor enters the room.

ANTHONY

What's up?

VICTOR

You've been laying around this house for a week now. Shouldn't a kid your age be hanging out with his friends?

ANTHONY

I don't have friends anymore.

VICTOR

Well then maybe I should introduce you to the family.

ANTHONY

What do you mean?

Anthony sits up, Victor sits beside him.

VICTOR

I should introduce you to some of the guys. Maybe you would change your mind about the whole thing. Come ride with us, make some money and stop sittin' around here feeling sorry for yourself.

ANTHONY

Nah, Man. I don't want any part of all that.

VICTOR

Well look, we can't exactly have you sittin' around here all day every day. We do business here, ya know?

ANTHONY

I'm sorry. I'll be out of here soon.

VICTOR

Look, we want to help you out.

ANTHONY

Don't even worry about it.

Victor stands up from the couch and begins to walk to the door.

VICTOR

I'm sorry. About everything. With your dad, and now with you getting kicked outta the house and shit. You don't deserve any of this.

ANTHONY

It's not your fault.

Victor hesitates for a moment then turns back to Anthony and approaches the couch. He pulls out a thick bundle of cash held together by a couple rubber bands.

VICTOR

I want you to take this. Use it however you need, I don't want to see you struggling.

ANTHONY

You don't have to do that.

VICTOR

You're family. We take care of family around here. But just know that not all family is bonded by blood. If you change your mind, this will only be the beginning.

Victor hands Anthony the bundle of cash.

ANTHONY

Thank you. I need some sleep.

VICTOR

Alright, Cuz. Get some rest.

Victor exits the room, and softly closes the door behind him. Anthony inspects the cash.

INT. BEDROOM - DAWN

Anthony sits in a dark room illuminated only by the light of dawn peeking through the cracked blinds. He stands up from the edge of his bed to turn and face a noose tied from the ceiling fan. He stares blankly through the loop at the end of the rope.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Victor, Ronnie, and DMITRI, a fellow gang member, sit at the kitchen table. There are guns and bags of numerous different substances strewn about the table. Victor enjoys a bowl of cereal.

RONNIE

We need more bodies for this.

DMITRI

I know we don't have the numbers,  
but we have solid guys.

RONNIE

It's dangerous. I know we haven't  
been pulling in as much money but  
we might just have to let it go.

VICTOR

I say we go for it. We can't afford  
to keep giving up territory.

RONNIE

And how would we explain it to  
Anthony?

ANTHONY (O.S.)

Explain what to me?

RONNIE

Anthony, were talking business  
right now. IT doesn't concern you.

ANTHONY

It sounds like it does.

VICTOR

Come on, Ronnie. He's family. He  
can be here.

Anthony pulls up a seat at the kitchen table.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
Anthony, this is Dmitri. He's a  
fellow Patron Saint.

ANTHONY  
I could tell.

VICTOR  
And how is that?

Anthony points to Dmitri's arm.

ANTHONY  
The tattoo. You guys all have one.

Victor rolls up his own sleeve.

VICTOR  
You know what this means?

ANTHONY  
Not a clue.

VICTOR  
It's Arabic. It says "Wali". He's a  
Saint who's seen as a guardian,  
it's believed he can work miracles.

DMITRI  
It translates directly to "Friend  
of God." He is always on our side.

ANTHONY  
And you think he approves of all of  
this?

DMITRI  
He forgives.

Ronnie stands up from the table, clearly frustrated.

RONNIE  
Can we please get back to business?  
Anthony isn't involved, he has  
nothing to do with this.

ANTHONY  
Well actually, I was talking to  
Victor last night. I want in.

VICTOR  
You didn't seem interested last  
night.

ANTHONY  
I slept on it.

RONNIE  
This isn't a decision you just make  
overnight.

ANTHONY  
I don't have many options right  
now. I need to make a living. More  
importantly, I need a family.

DMITRI  
You were just saying how we needed  
more men. It's a start.

VICTOR  
I think he can handle it, Ronnie.

Ronnie returns to his seat at the table.

RONNIE  
Well, he's gonna have to prove it.

ANTHONY  
How do I do that?

VICTOR  
There are certain tasks that every  
Patron Saint had to complete to  
prove their commitment.

RONNIE  
And you're no exception. Everyone  
else had to do it, so do you.

ANTHONY  
Just tell me what I have to do.

Ronnie, Victor, and Dmitri exchange glances.

RONNIE  
You must receive forgiveness, and  
you must display forgiveness.

ANTHONY  
Okay, what does that mean?

RONNIE  
Anthony, we need you to sin.



ANTHONY  
Seems obvious.

RONNIE  
We need you to kill a man.

ANTHONY  
What, why?

VICTOR  
We've all had to do it, Cousin. We need to know you're loyal to this family.

ANTHONY  
Well, who do I have to kill?

RONNIE  
That's up to you. Once you've done it, you must receive forgiveness from the Imam.

Anthony stares blankly at Ronnie.

RONNIE (CONT'D)  
The Imam is the pastor at the local mosque. Tell him you've sinned and you would like to meet Wali. He will know.

ANTHONY  
And after I've done all that?

RONNIE  
Once it's done, we'll tell you what else you have to do.

DMITRI  
Most people kill a complete stranger. Homeless guy or something. I killed my high school janitor.

RONNIE  
Dmitri.

DMITRI  
What? I'm trying to help the kid.

RONNIE  
Shut the fuck up. Nobody helped us. He can figure it out on his own.

Ronnie stands up from the table yet again and motions to Dmitri and Victor to follow him. Dmitri and Victor stand and proceed to follow Ronnie. Victor stops and turns to face Anthony.

VICTOR

It's never easy, Cuz. But I need to say it, stay away from Marcus Walker. He's dangerous. Don't put yourself in too much danger.

ANTHONY

Okay.

VICTOR

I believe in you.

RONNIE (O.S.)

Victor!

ANTHONY

Thank you.

Victor exits the room, Anthony picks up and examines one of the guns from the table. He puts it in his waistband, fumbles it around a bit, and walks off.

EXT. CITY STREET- NIGHT

Anthony walks along the sidewalk toward an underpass. He fumbles with his waistband, uncomfortably tugging on his pants. He sees a DRUNK MAN passed out on the sidewalk in tattered dress clothes.

ANTHONY

Hey!

Anthony kicks the man to wake him up, he is unresponsive.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Yo! Wake up!

The man remains motionless. Anthony pulls out the gun from his waistband and examines it. He points it at the man and holds it for a moment.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Fuck, fuck, fuck.

Anthony begins to breathe heavily, his hands begin shaking. He flinches as he goes to pull the trigger. Nothing happens. HE re-examines the gun. His hands become increasingly more shaky, he fumbles with the safety on the side of the gun.

DRUNK MAN

What?

ANTHONY

Oh, fuck!

DRUNK MAN

What are you doing?

Anthony begins to tear up.

ANTHONY

Just shut the fuck up!

The man tries to sit up but he is visibly sick.

DRUNK MAN

What did I do?

Anthony flips the safety switch on the side of the gun and points it at the man again.

DRUNK MAN (CONT'D)

Don't shoot me.

ANTHONY

(through tears)

I'm sorry, okay?

Anthony flinches as he pulls the trigger. There is a loud BANG.

DRUNK MAN

Agh! Fuck!

Anthony stumbles and falls to the ground.

ANTHONY

Shit, shit!

DRUNK MAN

You fucking shot me!

Anthony DROPS the handgun and SOBS. The Drunk Man rolls slightly back and forth in agony. Anthony covers his face with his hands. Anthony then hears the RUSTLING of metal on the ground. He looks up to see the man desperately reaching for the gun.

ANTHONY

Fuck off!

Anthony jumps to his feet and kicks the man's hand away. He stands over the man and begins to kick him violently in the ribs until the man stops moving. The man SOBS softly.

DRUNK MAN  
Please just fucking kill me.

Anthony stands over the man. He hyperventilates and begins to sweat. He walks back over to the gun and picks it up.

DRUNK MAN (CONT'D)  
Please.

ANTHONY  
Shut up. Please.

Anthony raises the gun to point it at the man. He closes his eyes and begins to squeeze the trigger. He hears a loud SIREN.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)  
Oh, fuck! No, no!

A police car pulls up, sirens flash brightly and illuminate the street. A POLICE OFFICER steps out of the car, hand on his hip.

OFFICER  
Drop the weapon!

DRUNK MAN  
Don't do it.

ANTHONY  
What?

DRUNK MAN  
Kill me, please.

OFFICER  
I repeat, drop your weapon!

Anthony looks back and forth between the officer and the drunk man, who now lies in a pool of his own blood.

ANTHONY  
I'm sorry.

Anthony closes his eyes.

FADE TO BLACK.

A GUNSHOT rings out.

INT. KITCHEN

Ronnie, Victor, and Dmitri sit at the kitchen table loading ammunition into handguns.

RONNIE

So, we have a few options if we wanna go through with this. But this is going to start a war. I hope you're prepared for that.

VICTOR

I think it's our only choice, Brother.

RONNIE

Dmitri?

DMITRI

I agree. We can't let them take over our territory. We're not making nearly as much money as we used to. I got a family to feed.

RONNIE

Alright. Then we'll do it. But there's a few ways we could go about this.

VICTOR

What are you thinking?

RONNIE

We could arrange some fake deals. Pay somebody to act like a big shot, make a big offer. We tell them when and where to make the deal, and we sneak whatever dealers show up. But that would mean we have to get civilians involved.

VICTOR

But if we get any civilians killed, the cops will get involved.

DMITRI

And the Lobos own the police. We give them that kind of advantage, we can say goodbye to this whole city.

VICTOR

Yeah, I think we have to handle this on our own.

DMITRI  
I have an idea.

RONNIE  
Yeah?

DMITRI  
I'll track down one of the big dogs. Put a bullet in one of their generals, hit them where it hurts.

RONNIE  
What are you, a fucking assassin? We're in this together.

VICTOR  
Look, we can't just start killing people and expect the Lobos to pack up their shit and go home. We need to be smart.

RONNIE  
You got an idea?

VICTOR  
The lobos have always controlled uptown. That's their home. It's where they're comfortable. They make deals in broad daylight, on busy street corners. They know nobody would dare touch them on their own block.

RONNIE  
And how does that help us?

VICTOR  
Well, what if someone was crazy enough to try them on their own territory? One or two deals get shot up, all the Lobos in the city are gonna run back home to protect uptown. They would be off our streets for at least a little while.

DMITRI  
It would give us some time to get a hold on the neighborhood again.

RONNIE  
And if they don't leave? What if they just stay put?

VICTOR  
Then we just keep shooting.

They are interrupted by a KNOCK at the door. All three of them storm out of the kitchen.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Victor opens the front door. Anthony is standing on the front steps, tears in his eyes.

VICTOR  
Are you okay, Cuz?

Anthony stares blankly through them.

RONNIE  
Did you do it?

ANTHONY  
I'm fucked.

SIRENS echo down the block. HELICOPTER BLADES are heard in the distance. Ronnie, Victor, and Dmitri frantically exchange glances.

RONNIE  
Who the fuck did you kill?