

**PRONTO**

1 EXT - STREET - NIGHT

1

A windshield emerges, belonging to a car that pulls aside a street corner.

On the driver side is ACE BOWIE, a young Stunt Man looking fella (think of Hal Needham during *"The Bandit"*). Behind him we see a shady road occupied of conjoined houses, and street lights distancing far out. The headlight of the car streaks on the pavement, fixing our gaze.

He cuts the engine, leaving the headlights on. He exits the car, and walks a couple of feet away, abruptly leaning towards the ground and puking his inner rushes. After spending the last two years of his life dancing with the devil, this may very well be the end.

As he composes himself, CAMERA PUSHES IN, hindering close to the back right passenger door, and looking down at a young black woman. She wardrobes in latina mania, has a foxy and duplicitous appeal to her. Our first glance of her is in the back seat, raising her body up and looking out the window. GLORIA PERLA, jerks out a cigarette from the seat pocket and lights it.

Ace approaches her, banging the roof of the car loud enough for her to hear. Gloria gets out, meeting Ace behind the trunk.

He opens the trunk, reaching in as he pulls out an old fashioned, fifties Babe Ruth bat. Gloria pulls out a .32 Magnum pistol. They close the trunk and look across the street at a shabby house. Music pumped in high volume, heard through the windows.

The two misfits share a glance, both holding their choice of weapon in true grip....

They walk off screen....

2 INT - GARAGE - NIGHT

2

The sweaty black back of a built man faces. Throwing blows mercilessly on a beaten punching bag.

Over the black man's ears are a pair of Kross Pro4AA headphones, buckled on his workout belt is a sony walk-man, listening to the Melodians. Once he's taken his final blow, he grabs a jar of milk, gulping every bit of it. This afro bull has one specific feature: *two aging scars on his neck and one razor sharp scar on his back*. What could've been a SLASHING he survived, will never be spoken of.

The sound of a ringing cell phone catches his attention and we swift pan from the back of his head to a tool table on the right end corner. His iPhone, surrounded by speakers. The name on the contact says MARCEL WOODINGTON. He answers.

AFRO BULL

Yo.

SPLIT SCREEN

3 INT - BATHROOM - MEANWHILE

3

MARCEL, sounds slower than he appears (just very high and delayed). The ceiling light is old enough to leave him in a brooding silhouette. He's crouched by the toilet, very timid. Through the bathroom walls, we hear yelling.

MARCEL

(as low of a voice as he can)  
D, man -- you hear me?

D

Yeah, watch'a want?

MARCEL

Its bad, man -- shit, its bad... like, my guy --  
'dis shit ba--

D

-- Marcel, you gonna tell me what's bad?

MARCEL

We got a problem here in 'dah' cut.

D

(gulping his milk, then)  
And its bad, I got that. So what's the problem,  
ya'll makin' noise?

MARCEL

Wut?

D

You got bad hearing? I says ya'll makin' noise?

MARCEL

(listens to the noise behind  
the walls)  
No-no-no, not us, man. Some heads  
just busted --

D (CONT'D)

Some heads?

MARCEL

Oh my gawd, lemme talk --  
(before raising his voice, he  
simmers)  
-- whoever busted in, they makin' hella' noise.

D

(hears this, takes it in, then  
says;)  
And none of you doing anything 'bout it?

MARCEL

I dunno, man... they probably loaded, but I haven't  
heard one single shot?

D

Marcel, how come you can't give me a straight  
answer? Where are you?

MARCEL

I'm in the *bathroom*.

D

(...)  
Okay, so... whoever busted in don't know you're  
there. Keep it that way.

MARCEL

Okay --

D  
 (doesn't even want to ask  
 this...)  
 Is it the police...?

MARCEL  
 I don't think its the police, sure don't sound like  
 dah' police, they sound like 'em annoying jive ass  
 mothafuckers, man. And it wouldn't make me the wiser  
 takin' a peek.  
 (his eyes go weary)  
 Shit, I'm so high, bruh -- this got me all fucked up  
 right now, D -- I can't --

D  
 Yo, shut your ass up --

MARCEL  
 Don't be tellin' me to shut--

D (CONT'D)  
 Marcel, shut your God-damn-mouth...  
 listen to me...

MARCEL  
 (beat, heavy breath)  
 ... Okay.

D  
 (...)
   
 How many inside, ya figure?

MARCEL  
 I dunno.

D  
 You loaded?

MARCEL  
 (realizing)  
 No.

D hangs... SINGLE ON MARCEL.

MARCEL (CONT'D)  
 (...)
   
 D?

HARD CUT TO

D rises from his bench, back still facing us, as he grabs a button up dark  
 blue shirt and puts it on. Over his shirt, he puts on an 80s starter  
 jacket, raising a five seven....

CUT TO BLACK

*6 minutes ago.*

4 EXT - STREET - NIGHT

4

Ace Bowie and Gloria Perla emerging to the house, seconds after we last saw  
 them. Before Ace reaches the front door, Gloria hesitates, saying softly:

GLORIA PERLA  
 Hold on.

ACE BOWIE  
What?

GLORIA PERLA  
Need a few more minutes. I feel a bit anxious.

ACE BOWIE  
Oh.

She walks back to the car. Ace reluctantly follows her.

GLORIA PERLA  
(leaning against the car)  
I'm sorry.

ACE BOWIE  
Its all good, baby, its all good...  
(realizing)  
Ah *shit*.

GLORIA PERLA  
What?

ACE BOWIE  
Forgot the luggage carrier.

He motions to the trunk of the car again, opening it up and grabbing a red cherry and white stripe luggage carrier.

GLORIA  
That would've been stupid. Maybe I'm not so sorry  
about taking a few more minutes, after all.  
(smile)  
Baby?

ACE BOWIE  
(walking up to the back right  
door of the car)  
I need a smoke.

He opens the door, reaching for the back pocket of the driver seat. Jerks a cigarette to his mouth. Gloria offers her lighter, Ace shuts the door and leans toward Gloria's lighter.

ACE BOWIE (CONT'D)  
(taking a drag)  
Thanks.  
(leaning on the car)  
You lookin' alright.

GLORIA PERLA  
Word? I've always wanted to look 'alright'.

That lightens the mood, there's a slight chuckle from both of them.

ACE BOWIE  
Gloria?

GLORIA PERLA  
What is it, baby?

He can't seem to find a better way of saying what he's about to say.

ACE BOWIE  
 (looking at the house)  
 I've got a reason for you to hate me, so... there's  
 just something, that don't feel right.  
 (opens the driver side door)  
 Let's go home.

Gloria takes that in, but not quite understanding him.

ACE BOWIE (CONT'D)  
 (waiting for a response but  
 doesn't get one)  
 I don't feel so hot -- just the moment I pulled up,  
 and you saw me... I've never done that, so that's  
 already a fuckin' sign...

Still nothing from her.

ACE BOWIE (CONT'D)  
 (one drag, goes a sigh)  
 Now look, I'm not saying we aren't capable of doing  
 this but I am saying this only goes down two ways --

GLORIA PERLA  
 Ace --

ACE BOWIE  
 Instinct, that's all I've got.

She just gives him a look.

ACE BOWIE (CONT'D)  
 Now don't get like that --

GLORIA PERLA  
 You're seriously gonna do this?  
 Right now?

ACE BOWIE  
 Baby, if it ain't two, its one.

GLORIA PERLA  
 (sighs)  
 What does that... even mean?

ACE BOWIE  
 It means if I'm not feeling good about it, then you  
 shouldn't feel good about it, either.

She's about to say something but he cuts her off --

ACE BOWIE (CONT'D)  
 -- and, let's just reverse roles here, and say  
you're the one who ain't feeling hot... I would take  
 the moment, to consider and appreciate how you feel,  
 and I'd say 'okay, let's go home'.

GLORIA PERLA  
 Now you're just lyin'.

ACE BOWIE  
 You ever took me for a liar?

GLORIA

Maybe just emotionally formal... until now. Like, right now because *this*, what you're doing, right now... is a matter of fuckin' surprise.

ACE BOWIE

I think you're, uh, overreacting.

GLORIA PERLA

I'm overreacting?

ACE BOWIE

I already explained myself. You know if I'm feeling right as bright, there isn't anything stopping me.

GLORIA PERLA

Then what the fuck are you talkin' 'bout, you sound delusional.

ACE BOWIE

Don't -- don't call me delusional.... If I'm not game, I'm not game and if I'm not game... that damn sure means the game ain't meant to be played.

Just moments after saying this... Gloria laughs.

ACE BOWIE (CONT'D)

Why's that fuckin' funny? And lower your voice.

GLORIA PERLA

(lowering her voice)

Can I just say something?

She walks close to him.

ACE BOWIE

Don't say it like I got a choice.

Her hands rest on his chest.

GLORIA PERLA

We know what we're doing. We've done it before... So what difference does it make now?

(beat)

Hm? Tell me?

He looks behind her, at the house, as it still stands bursting music from the inside. He can't make out whether Gloria's talk turns him on or discredits him. Slowly closing the door, as he grinds his teeth.

GLORIA PERLA (CONT'D)

(snaps her fingers)

Ace.

(beat)

I'm not tryna' take a jab at your ego, baby. And on the record, me wanting to do this? It ain't an ego thing for me, either -- just sayin' that 'cause I gotta' feeling you'd use that against me... So, let me ask you one more time, what's the difference?

(repeats, quietly, sincerely,  
touching his face)

What's the difference?

Ace mouths the words '*there isn't one*'.

GLORIA PERLA (CONT'D)  
 (placing her hand on his face)  
 Okay... We cool?

ACE BOWIE  
 We cool.

GLORIA  
 Cool.

They move to the house. We don't move with them, but keep observing from the car. Afar distance we see them cautiously walk up the front door.

GLORIA PERLA, two steps behind Ace. Her hand hovers over the .32 Caliber pistol, tucked onto her jean pocket. ACE BOWIE, bringing his baseball bat up against his chest. He extends his arm towards the metal door.

*Knock. Knock.*

Gloria points the silver barrel at the door, while Ace holds the bat in a swinging position. The music from inside lowers, and a voice behind the door hollers 'what you want?'

Neither of them respond. *Instead*, Ace knocks the door again with the tip of his bat. Footsteps from inside emerge now.

FRONT DOOR  
Unlocks...

The very moment that door opens, Ace's bat STRIKES DOWN on the head of whoever's unfortunate enough to peek out. Then, Ace kicks the door, and Gloria grabs the man struck with the bat by his neck, with her pistol pressed against him. Both criminals enter, front door kicked shut.

ACE BOWIE (OS)  
*One move and I'll Barry Bonds every single motherfuckin' head, here!*

GLORIA PERLA (OS)  
*Ya'll get your hands up against the wall! Put that music back up, go on!*

The volume of the music now raises, just enough to cover up whatever real noise is happening from the inside. CAMERA PUSHES IN towards the house. From the yellow curtain covered windows, all that can be seen are the shadowy figures of people moving back and forth in rapid fashion.

An instant, blazing resonance abruptly pops. Not even a second passing and another blast, following with another blast and another blast.....

The front door opens, Gloria is the first to come out of the house. She holds Ace with his arm over her shoulders. He's carrying the luggage carrier, which is only halfway zipped, dollar bills stacked inside, and a couple flying out... He's been shot in the lower abdomen...

Ace's body drags from his legs. Gloria lets him go for a moment, she gets on her knees, trying to get the man to register himself back in place. Marcel approaches to the door, staring at both of them, startled.

MARCEL  
 Oh nah.

Gloria points her pistol at him.



GLORIA PERLA  
 (to Ace)  
 Ace, baby, c'mon get up.

ACE BOWIE  
 I fucked up. I *fuckin'* told you, girl. I fuckin' --  
 (spitting blood)  
 God damn -- it hurts -- *Shit*, fuck me, it hurts.

She carries both his bat and luggage carrier, along with her pistol. She grabs Ace from underneath his shoulder, he rises and lets out a cry.

They get to the car, Gloria opening the back door and throwing everything inside. She helps Ace into the backseat.

ACE BOWIE (CONT'D) GLORIA  
 No-no-no, I got this. I'm driving -- Hold up, what?

ACE BOWIE  
 I'm driving, I'll get us there, faster --

GLORIA  
 -- Uhhmmmm no, get your ass in the back --

ACE BOWIE  
 (with very thinning patience)  
 -- I'm gonna fuckin' get us there!

Gloria lets him take the wheel. She takes the back seat.

Just as they take off, ANOTHER CAR emerges, Marcel runs inside, its D (still haven't seen his face)... once D's car takes off, we...

FADE TO BLACK

We hear the sound of nerve jangling panting, and then all goes soundless...

*Ten minutes later...*

CUT TO

5 INT - ACE BOWIE'S CAR - NIGHT

5

Sitting driver side, pale, weak and losing a lot of blood. Tissues over his bullet wound, the driver looks at his rear mirror, the car's tail lights strong enough to cast a spotlight on D's car.

CUT TO

6 INT- D'S CAR - MEANWHILE

6

From D's POV  
 The back of Ace's car. Gloria's from the back window, watching...

MARCEL  
 What are we gonna do?

D, who we still don't see just yet, doesn't respond. He just thinks. Hard enough for his forehead to pump a few veins.

SPLIT SCREEN

ACE and D ON the back of their heads. Two thinking, hard. While the other two, MARCEL and GLORIA, sit opposite and behind... Disturbed, intrigued, and most of all, yearning to utter a voice of opinion.

ON D and MARCEL.

MARCEL (CONT'D)

I can't even tell you who shot who, 'cause I didn't even see it. I heard it. And yanno, 'fore 'dis all happened, right? I was falling half asleep on 'dah toilet till they come barging 'n man they catch a nigga off guard wit' dis shit --

D

Marcel.

MARCEL

What?

D

You see 'em running away once I showed up, right?

MARCEL

... right?

D

So, you were close...

MARCEL

Wait, is that a question?

D

... Were you close to them?

MARCEL

Yeah, I'd say I was.

D

So then... how come, you didn't shoot 'em?

CUT TO

ACE BOWIE

Gimme your gun.

GLORIA PERLA

What are you-- No, we're not doin' this --

Ace turns and ferociously steals the magnum from her.

BACK TO D's CAR...

MARCEL

Nigga, what the fuck are you speculating?

D

Well, *nigga*. What I'm speculating is... either 'em two got away easy 'cause your ass working wit' em...

Marcel, to say the least, is fucking outraged.

D (CONT'D)

... which would explain why your ass stayed hidden in the bathroom, and why you didn't shoot 'em when you had the chance --

MARCEL

-- oh nah --

D

OR, or... it could be that you're just dumb. *AND* you had no good sense shooting 'em, so you let 'em go. Either way, YOU got three brotha's killed, tonight.

Marcel cannot believe the degree of cold that is D.

MARCEL

I can't believe what you're saying right now... why are you saying this to me, D?

D

(eyes on Ace's car)

Grab my five'seven from the glove compartment. This fool gonna try something, I needa' be ready.

Marcel reaches for the glove compartment. From the time he opens the glove compartment to giving D his gun, Marcel motors in defense.

MARCEL

You think I would *really* fuck ya'll over?

A saddened Marcel reveals.

MARCEL (CONT'D)

You best back off wit' 'dat hurtful shit, D.

D takes the five'seven, he checks his ammo, tightens his silencer and watches the car.

MARCEL (CONT'D)

(beat, softly)

Fuck you. I wasn't apart of it.

.... D looks at Marcel, with a twinkle in his eye....

D

Then nigga, *you're* dumb.

CUT TO

ACE's CAR

Both Ace and Gloria notice from afar behind a bright flash from D's windshield.

ACE BOWIE

(taking that in... looks at his woman, quivering)

Instinct, that's all I've got.

Without any more thought to it, Ace braves his wound, and opens the door, gun in hand.

7 EXT - INDUSTRIAL STREET - CONTINUOUS

7

D, gun in hand, shows no hesitation as he opens his door. This is the first time we really get a full look of the Big Man D.

SLOW MO ON ACE

Not even lifting his pistol, Ace falls facing all fours to the ground.

SLOW MO ON D

D keeps his silencer low, pointing it at Ace. Walks towards Ace.

SLOW MO ON GLORIA

From the window, looking at Ace, appalled.

SLOW MO ON D

D grabs the dying man by the neck and pushes him against the door.

SLOW MO ON ACE

Ace reveals his pistol, pointing at D's thigh... He clicks... Its empty.

BACK TO 24FPS

D CHOKES Ace Bowie till he's still. Gloria is watching all of this from her window, and there's not a damn thing she could do about it. The body that was once Ace Bowie, shamefully drops like it was nada.

D opens the door of the car, the afro bull and Gloria fight for the luggage carrier till he yanks it away from her. He leaves the car and motions back to his car. A desperate Gloria jumps out, and says from behind the man:

GLORIA

STOP!

(catches her breath)

You ain't leaving with all that money.

D turns and gives her an 'okay, bitch' look.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

So... You're not gonna kill me?

D just stares... then he turns.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

If that's the case, I'll -- I'll make sure -- I'll make sure your ass get the heatin', too. I'm not going down, alone.

D stops, and turns to look at her.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

You drive off, I promise you won't get away.

She reveals her phone. Already ahead of him with 911 on the dial.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

(beat)

So... lets make a deal.

CUT TO BLACK

... At Gloria's Crib.

CUT TO

8 INT - GLORIA &amp; ACE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

8

Gloria enters, first. She holds the luggage carrier of money, and peaking behind her is D. Gloria's first instinct is to walk to her kitchen, D watches carefully.

D  
Whoa-whoa-whoa, where you going?

GLORIA  
I want to make myself a drink.

D  
(...)  
Put that carrier over on the couch where I can see it.

|   |  |
|---|--|
| GLORIA  | D (CONT'D)   |
| I don't got no secret door beneath my tile floor -- | Baby gurl, you want my trust? Put that carrier over on the couch where I can see it. |

GLORIA  
First off, don't be callin' me baby gurl. Second, I don't want your trust, let's get that straight... Aaight? I *need* your trust, and YOU need my trust, too.

D  
I'm sorry. Now, if you need my trust; then I suggest you put that carrier over on that couch.

Reluctant and yearning to say a 'fuck you', Gloria does what she's told.

GLORIA  
I'm going to make a drink, now. You want one?

D  
Can I trust a drink?

GLORIA  
I mean, you could see how I make it?

D  
A drink sounds good. You got whiskey?

She nods 'yes'.

D (CONT'D)  
What kind?

GLORIA  
Chivas Regal.

D  
Aaight, you got seltzer?

She nods 'yes'.

D (CONT'D)  
And lime?

She nods 'yes'.

D (CONT'D)  
Bet, lemme get a Gin Rickey.

GLORIA  
'Please' not in your vocabulary?

Gloria heads to the kitchen, prepping D a gin whiskey and a cape cod for herself. D watches her from the living room. A long counter stands in between the two of them.

GLORIA (CONT'D)  
Mind if I smoke?

D  
Its your home.

She grabs a carton from the counter, next to a pile of mail. She lights a cigarette and continues making the drinks of their choosing.

GLORIA  
So let me start with a basic question. What's your name?

D  
D'marreio Selby.

GLORIA  
D'Mario?

D'MARREIO  
D'marreio, with a silent e and I. Some folks call me 'D'.

GLORIA  
'D'marreio', got it.

D'MARREIO  
You?

GLORIA  
Gloria. Gloria Perla. Some folks call me 'G'.

D'marreio turns and notices a collection of vinyls and a record player.

D'MARREIO  
You must've invested a whole lotta' time n' money owning this many records.

GLORIA  
Time? Nah. Money? Yeah, for sure.

D'MARREIO  
Mind if I... play one?

She just shrugs.

D'marreio puts on an album, the Spinners. 'I'm Gonna Getcha' plays. Without saying a word to her, D'marreio nods in approval.

As the song plays, Gloria prepares the drinks and D'marreio watches her, very carefully. Both of them feeling the tension, letting the song make noise. Once the song comes to an end, Gloria arrives with drinks.

D'MARREIO (CONT'D)

Thanks.

GLORIA

Alright, so, let's talk.

They sit. The first thing he sees on the night table is an old photograph of Gloria and Ace... it makes him uncomfortable, she grabs it....

D'MARREIO

I got no brothers to work for no more. You and your man's done did a foolish thang, but ya got the money... Okay... Now, a *settlement* plead? Well, I see a way out for the two of us without getting nasty. A favorable resolve... You've got about sixty k in that carrier... We count the paper, split it both ways, then I drive you back to your car... Ain't no police gonna be lookin' for us, nor they'll be lookin' for your car. What they'll find is a house of dead niggas. And that house of dead niggas to 'em ain't nothin' but a house of dead niggas... ya dig?

GLORIA

(drinks, then says:)

I dig.

(uncomfortable beat, swallow)

Whatta' 'bout your boy... and Ace?

D'MARREIO

You let me worry 'bout that. Since we gotta cut any loose ends, Imma' use the pistol you two were carryin' and leave it on your man. So if they do investigate and find 'em bodies, they got their two suspects.... I may have to leave my five seven with Marcel...

GLORIA

(taking this all in)

... So we play all nice, count the money together, you drive me back to my car, and that's it? We're done?

D'MARREIO

As simple as you said it. And its fair.

She doesn't know what to make of this rodeo.

D'MARREIO (CONT'D)

Listen; I ain't no greedy nigga, let alone I ain't no liar. Sixty thousand handsome money, but thirty thousand ain't no lesser for me.

She still doesn't know what to make of him.

D'MARREIO (CONT'D)

(drinks, sighs)

What's bothering you?

GLORIA

Besides you killing Ace, which is a major fuckin' influence as to what's bothering me. Its your boy, I'm curious about. Why'd you kill him?

D'MARREIO

(beat)

He had it coming.

She thinks about it, then takes one last sip of her drink.

GLORIA

Music's distracting me.

Gloria reaches for her record player, Selby's eyes never leaving her, she pulls the needle off from the spinning vinyl.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

You done with your's?

Selby downs the stuff.

D'MARREIO

I am now.

She takes his glass.

GLORIA

Another?

D'MARREIO

Ain't got time for that, we gotta move fast, G.

ON THE COUNTER

As Gloria makes her way to the kitchen, CAMERA LOWERS behind the counter revealing, UNDERNEATH: a .44 Magnum pistol, held by a hammered holster.

Gloria turns her back on D'marreio, she downs the glasses in the sink.

GLORIA

What you gonna do with your money?

D'MARREIO

Keep it.

She dries the glasses with an old smock. Turning back.

D'MARREIO (CONT'D)

(beat)

If you don't mind me asking. What were you and your man's planning on doin' with it?

GLORIA

(beat)

Go to Catalina Island...

Kind of feeling bad, D'marreio turns to the window for a quick glance.

D'MARREIO

Sorry 'bout that. Whatcha' planning now?

GLORIA

(beat)

I'm still gonna go.

... CLICK.



D'MARREIO  
 (his back still turned...)  
 Is that what I think it is?

CLOSE PROFILE GLORIA'S MOUTH

GLORIA  
 Wanna turn around and find out?

He turns back to find GLORIA pointing her magnum at him.

She now cautiously moves from behind the counter, to the living room, with the pistol always aimed at D'marreio.

Sit -- GLORIA (CONT'D) D'MARREIO  
 Gurl, we just done made a deal --

GLORIA  
 -- I wasn't a fan. I tell you to sit, you sit. Now sit the *fuck* down, dumbass.

D'MARREIO  
 Gloria, I didn't shoot ya 'cause I ain't never found it in my heart to kill a bitch --

GLORIA  
 -- well you shoulda' killed this bitch, mothafucker, now SIT.

D'marreio, biting his lips and cool as a cucumber, sits, just as he's told.

GLORIA (CONT'D)  
 Pull out your gun. Go on, do it, *leisurely*, so.

He leisurely pulls out his five seven, and places it on the night table.

Her finger lingers around the trigger, but never pressing it.

D'MARREIO  
 (keeping it cool...)  
 Whadda' you doing, I offered you a fair proposal?

GLORIA  
 Well, such as any proposal offered, there's always an alternative, to be offered.  
 (sits down, pointing her pistol)  
 So, without getting nasty, as you like putting it. Imma' offer MY proposal, to YOU.  
 (using his line)  
 Ya dig?

If he could blow her face apart by general principle, he would.

GLORIA (CONT'D)  
 We've got one thang' to talk about. And that's how you're willing to satisfy ME.

D Selby can't help but crack a smile and laugh.

GLORIA (CONT'D)  
 Yeah, keep laughing nigga, 'cause its gonna get more amusing for me from here on out...

D'MARREIO

... so?

There's silence now. Gloria looks away for a moment, then...

GLORIA

I realize your employers I 'accidentally' killed -

D'MARREIO

You killed 'em?

FLASH ON

MED CU of GLORIA (BLACK & WHITE 4:3 ASPECT RATIO)

Gun in hand, pointing at the screen, in fear... BANG! BANG!

BACK TO

GLORIA

Yeah... I didn't mean to, so let's get that out of the way first and foremost... Your employers I 'Accidentally' killed, were, in my guess, more than employers, am I right?

D Selby waits, then he nods his head in approval.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

All the more reason, I'm willing to pay your dues. Though, that doesn't entail I split the bill. See, what you're giving me?... Is more for what I've lost, and that-is-my-man. I won't find any other.

D'MARREIO

You can try.

She cocks both hammers and leans forward.

GLORIA

(thinks...)

28%.

D'MARREIO

No.

GLORIA

... 28% plus an additional 200, keep it at \$17,000.

D'MARREIO

Nah, we doin' fifty, fifty --

GLORIA (CONT'D)

28% plus an additional 200.

D'MARREIO

I'm not -- no. 50%.

GLORIA

Imma' tell you right now, 'fore you continue to say no to something you ain't worth shit enough to say no to. I, ME, GLORIA, have YOU, D'MARREIO, in the mercy of my fingers against these triggers --

D'MARREIO

You lucky I didn't kill your ass 'cause you'd be the first to get the payback from me, you greedy bitch.

She settles back, pistols still directed at the Black Man's balls.

D'MARREIO (CONT'D)

I dunno what you've got to think about, I already told you 28% a no go for me... I'm impartial to keeping something worthy for two people, half 'n half.

She still thinks, she knows he won't settle, both her fingers linger the triggers. D'marreio's cool facade slowly erodes.

GLORIA

(thinks... okay, fine)  
38%.

D'MARREIO (CONT'D)

(now he fuckin' snaps)  
50% motherfucker. 50. Not 49, not 48, not anything less. 50.

Gloria raises, swaying both her pistol and Selby's directly at his face. He does a little jump. She motions back and forth, fully focused, while Selby gets a better view of the apartment. Its a fucking mess.

D'MARREIO (CONT'D)

Is this normally how your place looks?

GLORIA

Excuse me?

D'MARREIO

Your home. How the fuck you live like this?

GLORIA (CONT'D)

The hell you talkin' 'bout?

D'MARREIO

And you want me to give you 62% of that money? Living in a fuckin' junkyard, dis' some real shit --

GLORIA (CONT'D)

Shut the fuck up.

They're both quiet, Selby watching her as she thinks for a while. Gloria finally comes together.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

I need to be that greedy bitch. I ain't got nothing better to do than what I do. Its all too late. No sense tryna' change who I am, now. That was never part of the plan. And it ain't gonna be part of the plan, now.

(beat)

You said sixty thousand handsome money, but thirty's no lesser. So what difference does it make if its under thirty? Practice what you preach. At the end of tonight, you *still* leave with over twenty thousand. And what are you gonna do after all this? Huh? Really? What are you gonna do, Big Man? I'll tell you what I'm gonna do... Imma' just run away. 'cause that's what I do. But you? I'll tell you what you're gonna do 'cause I know what you're gonna fuckin' do, you're just gonna stay.

Selby doesn't say anything, he's beginning to take her seriously, and think for himself now.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

Tell me if I'm far from the damn truth.

His eyes ferociously broaden, we've seen D'Marreio in this short span of time not only kill one but two men. But this is a much deeper level of daunting we now see him as, and Gloria, too, can see that.

D'MARREIO

Bitch, you do *not* know me.

Putting her up to the challenge, the risky schemer from South Jamaica Queens takes a leap of words at the hard boiled bull.

GLORIA

I know you're loyal, and I know you're a worker. And a loyal, working man? Is a man of his word. And men such as loyal working men? They for sure ain't the type to normally, *take off*.

(lets the saying take in effect...)

So D, we're gonna count the money... I'll take my share, and you'll take your 38% share... We'll go to your car afterwards, where I'll say goodbye to my man... And then, you'll drive me back to my car... I'll take off and once I take off, everything from before up to that very exact moment we part, will just be the past... A past you and I will remember, and God damn, we'll sure remember...

(beat)

... 'cause, boi, we good for it.

They stare, registering everything that's happened up to this moment. Gloria's heart races while D'marreio's mind traces....

... He exhales a long awaited breath, not saying a word... He nods... Gloria places his five seven aside, then lowers her magnum...

... She extends her arm out to him, offering her hand. Eyes to eyes...

... D'marreio Selby and Gloria Perla shake hands.

CUT TO

WRITTEN & DIRECTED  
by  
DANIEL LUIS ENNAB