

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address  
Phone Number

QUEEN FOR A DAY

By Aubrey Divens

9/25

INTRO CREDITS ROLLING-OVER

"Present Day"- NEWS FLASH- CNN - "A Las Vegas SWAT team and FBI agents raid the home of Kefee Davis searching for evidence of 2Pacs murder".

This same news flash is heard over and over as the channels flip through world-wide coverage in different languages.

TEASER

INT. WAREHOUSE - LOS ANGELES - NIGHT- 1990'S

BLURRY SCENE - KEEFE D 30s, LANE 20, KAUFMAN 21, CARTER 23, sit at a large conference table loading weapons; 9mms, TEC-9s, and uzis. Keefe D, the apparent leader of this crew.

KEEFE D

We gotta be in and out quick!

Keefe D, looks hard at his men while he drags hard on a joint.

LANE

What about you? Load up?

KEEFE D

You know I don't shoot, I organize. Somebody has to be the brains in this shit and it damn sure ain't you!

Keefe stares down Lane, who quickly changes the subject.

LANE

(beat)

Man I don't know why we gotta make a scene of this shit, just let me walk up on him and... Bang!

Lane aims his weapon directly at Carter and pretends to fire.

KEEFE D

Put that weapon down you fucking crazy assed fool!

(MORE)

KEEFE D (CONT'D)

Don't you have sense enough to know  
not to aim a loaded weapon at  
anyone, unless you plan to pull the  
trigger!

Lane slowly lowers his weapon.

CARTER

Nigga crazy!

KEEFE D

They want to send a message.

CARTER

(chuckling)

Yeah instant message.

EXT. ALLY - NIGHT

They exit the warehouse, pile into a white '96 Cadillac  
DeVille and smash out.

As the Cadillac speeds through bumper to bumper traffic we  
notice above the skyline brightly lit billboards. This could  
be any metropolitan city on a Saturday night.

CLOSE UP- Giant Tin Watershed. The marquee reads 2Pac.

NEW ANGLE - WHITE CADILLAC

Zoom! Down a backstreet, the car takes a wide right barely  
missing a pedestrian. The Caddy parks and waits, engine still  
running.

INT. WHITE CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS

Heavily armed men sit passing a joint around weapons in hand.

EXT. BLURRY SCENE- CONTINUOUS

JUMP CUT TO -

Gun Fire...

Several ambulances race through traffic. Sirens blasting. The  
traffic is stagnant. Cars attempt to pull over but  
impossible. Police are also having trouble reaching the  
location of gunfire. Finally, Several EMT workers exit their  
vehicle and rush to render aid. People panicking on the  
street. It's a crazy scene.

The EMT workers spot a body, administer treatment. The body is loaded in an ambulance. It speeds away.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

SEVERAL MONTHS EARLIER:

EXT: CALABASAS - HOUSE - DAY

Palatial, two-story, baller house located in the burbs of the San Fernando Valley. Guard gated and exclusive, but not Beverly Park exclusive. New money, entertainers, rappers, and young athletes mix with doctors, dentist, and techies.

INT: CALABASAS - HOUSE - DAY

KEEFE D DAVIS, 30, stands naked facing a mirror in his huge bathroom. He's staring at himself from the waist up.

KEEFE D  
 (to mirror- dramatic)  
 And you want me to believe that  
 Omar is a snitch because SOOOSA  
 said so?

Keefe D pauses..

KEEFE D (CONT'D)  
 (becoming Frank Lopez)  
 You bought that line. He's a snake  
 that's what he is!

Keefe D laughs at himself.

Just then his wife TAMIKA DAVIS, 24, comes through the double doors dressed in silk PJs.

TAMIKA  
 Rehearsing your lines again for the  
 big audition?

KEEFE D  
 Yeah baby... check this out.

Keefe puts on his best acting face.

KEEFE D (CONT'D)

One more word, soul brother. You had it made. Black folks would have followed you anywhere. You could've been another Marcus Garvey or even another Malcolm X. But instead you ain't nothin' but a pimp with a chicken-shit backbone.

Kefee and Tamika share a laugh and quick kiss.

TAMIKA

You're so funny!

KEEFE D

Baby that shit is before your time. That's one of my favorites. "Cotton Comes to Harlem".

TAMIKA

Stick with that acting coach baby, you'll be a star in no time!

Tamika abruptly changes the topic.

TAMIKA (CONT'D)

Baby I need you to move some money to the Neiman Marcus account.

The festive mood suddenly changes.

KEEFE D

Sweets ... you shopped all day yesterday and the day before! The answer is no. Stay home and enjoy this beautiful house I put you in.

TAMIKA

Honey, I just need a few more things and the baby needs clothes...

Kefee looks hard at his wife then grabs her by the hand and pulls her out of the bathroom into a closet.

INT. CALABASAS - HOUSE- CLOSET - SAME

Kefee points to the shoe rack which equals a department store display. Then Kefee points to a row of dresses, pants, outfits, hats, and jewelry befitting of a famous movie star.

KEEFE D

You spend the money faster than I  
can make it!

TAMIKA

Look baby, you're the top dog in  
this game.. right?

KEEFE D

Right.

TAMIKA

You got the hottest cars, best  
clothes, top house, and the  
prettiest wife, and you're the boss  
of all this shit. Isn't that what  
you wanted? To be the one everybody  
looks at, the one making all the  
decisions. Top dog!

INT. CALABASAS - HOME- SECOND LEVEL - SAME

Kefee walks out of the closet and looks around at the  
opulence he's surrounded himself with. He closes his eyes for  
a moment. Tamika follows him.

KEEFE D

You fucking with me. You trying to get into my head...and its  
not working! Not this time baby... stay home and read, go  
bike riding, go to the gym.. I don't care what the fuck you  
do, just do something other than shopping!

Tamika slides in for a sensuous hug and kiss... moving her  
hips in a very suggestive way. Kefee gives in.. They embrace  
in a long kiss..Then Kefee regains his composure.

KEEFE D (CONT'D)

I know all your tricks baby.. No  
more spending all day at the malls.

Kefee goes to his closet and begins to dress. Tamika starts  
to yell.

TAMIKA

Baby you're wrong! I can't sit  
around the house all day with your  
baby doing nothing! It's fucking  
lonely in this house. I don't know  
anyone around here and when I walk  
outside this PRISON people stare at  
us like we're animals in a zoo!

Kefee turns and looks at Tamika for a long moment.

KEEFE D  
PRISON huh?! You graduated from  
college, figure it out!

TAMIKA  
(very angry)  
You figure out how to get some  
pussy, cause you done fucked up  
now!

KEEFE D  
(calmly)  
Your daughter can hear you.

Tamika looks around with a guilty face! She walks over to her daughters room CAMILLE DAVIS, 10, and peeks in. Camille is wide awake pretending to watch TV.

INT. CALABASAS- KEEFE D'S HOUSE- CAMILLE'S BEDROOM

TAMIKA  
Hey pumpkin... mommy and daddy just  
having some grown up talk.

Tamika goes over and kisses her daughter.

CAMILLE  
Ok mommy.

INT. CALABASAS - HOME - SAME

Tamika leaves Camille's room, closing the door. Kefee is fully dress in a business suit. He walks by Tamika without a word, heads downstairs, and leaves the house. Tamika runs down the stairs, picks up a vase, containing fresh roses, and throws it at the closed door, splashing broken glass, water, and roses everywhere.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - FBI BUILDING - DAY

Angle on FBI logo.

INT. LOS ANGELES - FBI - INTERVIEW ROOM - SAME

Keefe D, his attorney ANGELA JOHNSON, 35, a glamorous woman, FBI Agent DAVID SULLIVAN, 45, 6 feet tall, (looks as if he was recruited by Hoover himself), FBI Agent ANN GARCIA, 30, a no bullshit, seasoned agent, FBI Agent MITCH McCONNELL, 60, (supervisor from the directors office), and U.S.

Attorney BETHANY GRACE, 40, a perfectly manicured woman down to her Red Bottom shoes, all sit around an interview table.

Garcia presses the record button on a tape recorder sitting in the center of the table.

GARCIA

(looking directly at Keefe  
D)

I think we all know why we're here Mr. Davis. By way of introduction, my name is agent Garcia, sitting to my right are Agents Sullivan, and McConnell, and to his right is U.S. Attorney BETHANY. Please understand that we are recording this session with your knowledge and consent. Is that true?

Keefe D looks at his attorney, and she nods.

KEEFE D

Yeah.

GARCIA

Your attorney should have explained to you that through our discussions, an agreement was made between you and us. It is important for you to understand that a proffer...

BETHANY

(interrupting)

Let me explain this to him.

BETHANY reaches over and cuts the tape off and glares at Keefe D.

GARCIA

(to BETHANY)

What the fuck?

Ignoring Garcia, BETHANY walks around the table to stand over Keefe D.

BETHANY

Understand one thing asshole piece of shit! I know who you are and exactly what you've done... if it were up to me I'd have you sitting on death row for the crimes you've committed. Crimes I KNOW you committed!

(MORE)

BETHANY (CONT'D)

Just be happy the powers to be have, lets call it a different AGENDA, than I do.

KEEFE D

(to his attorney)  
What's up with this dick?

ANGELA

(to BETHANY)  
Really, is all this necessary!?

BETHANY goes back to her seat. Everyone else in the room is staring at her. BETHANY presses the record button on the tape deck.

BETHANY

Mr. Davis, your attorney and the US Attorney's office have a written agreement which was executed by you. Is that correct?

KEEFE D

(Kefee looks at his attorney)  
Ah, yeah if you say so.

BETHANY

You read the agreement. Is that correct?

Kefee nods.

BETHANY (CONT'D)

Ok with that being understood let me explain to you the purpose of our meeting today.

KEEFE D

I know why we are here.

BETHANY

Tell me why you THINK we are here.

KEEFE D

You want to ask me about my recent vacation to Disney World.

BETHANY smiles.

BETHANY

That's partly true. But more importantly we also want to talk about your involvement in cocaine distribution across the USA.

Mitch McConnell sits and takes notes without saying a word.

CUT TO- Montage- Archival footage of Nixon making an announcement.

Agent David Sullivan- voice over:

Keefe D, didn't realize it but he was the number one target on the U.S. Justice Departments list of enemies in the "WAR ON DRUGS". The war on Drugs, begin with President Nixon in 1973.

Intercut footage of Nixon announcing the policy, and his trip to China.

Nixon's trip to China was important because it demonstrated the softening of U.S. policy as it related to communism, at least as far as China was concerned. As time went on the fight against communism was over taken by the war on drugs, and that war would have as its epicenter urban America. The war on drugs was the focus. Therefore, any crimes not directly related to wining the war on drugs were secondary, and that included murder.

Footage of presidents, including, Carter, Reagan, Bush and Clinton, voicing their support and commitment to the War on Drugs.

Back to scene:

KEEFE D

Yeah we can talk about all that.

BETHANY

This session is called a proffer session. We are offering you "QUEEN FOR A DAY" status. That essentially means that you have agreed to tell me everything, and I mean everything about your crimes. And we have agreed that if you are honest, you cannot be prosecuted for providing us information about those crimes. YOU AVOID THE DEATH PENALTY. If you don't understand you can speak with your attorney.

ANGELA  
(motioning towards Keefe  
D)  
Lets talk outside.

INT. FBI BUILDING- HALLWAY.

KEEFE D  
I can't tell them about all the  
killing I know about... I mean, if I  
did they'll put me under the  
fucking jail!

ANGELA  
No.. no.. no.. You got it  
backwards. Drug dealing makes you  
eligible for the death penalty.  
It's your drug empire they want to  
bring down.

Keefe D rolls his eyes.

KEEFE D  
The death penalty!?

ANGELA  
Its the new law.

KEEFE D  
Damn! How much do you think they  
know?

ANGELA  
Listen, all of your activity has  
been recorded for the last year.  
They know everything. They probably  
have their own informants in your  
entourage! They have audio and  
visual tape on you... every hotel  
room you've stayed in was bugged,  
every time you fucked, it was  
recorded, every drug deal you  
negotiated... monitored!

KEEFE D  
Fuck!

ANGELA  
Yeah.. really! They know about all  
that.

KEEFE D

Well if they have all this information on tape... why are they asking me about it?

ANGELA

Because you telling them the truth justifies all the illegal shit the've done to obtain the information. And, if you admit your crimes then they don't have to prove it in court.

KEEFE D

(shaking his head)

Ok so I give them a few low level dealers. Do a few years... and I'm back!

ANGELA

No.. Oh no... you give them everything!

KEEFE D

Impossible! I start giving shit up and I'm dead the minute I step outside! The streets don't play that shit! I'm not telling these assholes EVERYTHING. You KNOW I can't do that and live!

ANGELA

Oh, is it that you want to live? Because your choice is to cooperate and take your chances on the streets or face the DEATH PENALTY.

Keefe stomps his feet.

KEEFE D

That's what they want? They want to make me the poster boy for the death penalty.

ANGELA

(beat)

Now you're beginning to understand.

KEEFE D

Look, I know about a lot of killing but I got no blood on my hands.

Angela nods,

KEEFE D (CONT'D)

I don't want to die.

Keefe takes a deep breath and exhales slowly.

INT. LOS ANGELES -FBI INTERVIEW ROOM - SAME

Keefe and Angela take their seats.

BETHANY

Ready to come clean?

KEEFE D

Yeah!

BETHANY

Ok remember, one fuck-up and I'll  
lock your ass up and lose the key.

BETHANY winks at Keefe D.

BETHANY (CONT'D)

So start from the beginning and  
tell me how you became the top dog  
in the drug game.

Keefe stares at the tape and begins to talk.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES - WORKING CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD - 1965 - DAY

Establishing shot:

We see clean streets with tract-houses and perfectly  
manicured lawns.

SULLIVAN

(v.o.)

In the early sixties Compton was an integrated working class  
neighborhood. Most homes were occupied by families who owned  
their homes. Many World War Two and Vietnam veterans  
purchased homes and settled into the American Dream. By 1965  
social upheavals and white flight changed the demographics.

Back to scene:

COMPTON - STREET - DAY

Kids playing on the street. Running and having fun.

Kids playing tackle football.

KEEFE D.

(v.o)

I started playing football at age 8. My coach was Mr. Knight, Suge Knight's daddy.

COMPTON - FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

We see a player who is obviously bigger than the other young boys. It's SUGE KNIGHT, 8. He's playing a defensive lineman position. Keefe D is the running back. A tall white kid, EUGENE FISHER, 8, the quarterback, hands off to Keefe D, who runs over Suge Knight. Suge's father, COACH KNIGHT, 30, goes ballistic. He runs on the field and begins yelling at his son.

COACH KNIGHT

(to young Suge)

You pitiful assed excuse for a football player, get up! You gotta make that hit and wrap up! Do you understand? Wrap up!

SUGE

But Dad he kneed me in the balls!

COACH KNIGHT

So what!? You the biggest kid out here! You the big boss! Now get your weak ass off my field!

Suge gets up, and hustles off the field.

KEEFE D

(v.o)

Suge was the worst player on our team and afraid of his own shadow.

EXT: COMPTON - FOOTBALL PRACTICE FIELD - DAY

We see COACH ANTHONY DAVIS, 28, drilling the entire football team as they do bear crawls until each kid drops from exhaustion and starts to cry.

Keefe D's grandfather, NASH NEWBRILL, 50, is pacing the sideline watching his grandson with other parents.

NASH  
(yelling)  
Work his ass to death! Teach him  
some manners. Lets go Keefe!

EXT: LA-FOOTBALL FIELD PARKING LOT

KEEFE D  
(v.o)  
One day after practice the coach  
ask me to follow him to his car. As  
he went into his trunk, I could  
only imagine what was next...

COACH ANTHONY DAVIS  
Think you can sell this to your  
friends in a week?

Coach Davis goes into the trunk of his car, pulls out a bag  
of weed and hands it to Keefe.

COACH ANTHONY DAVIS (CONT'D)  
You can make a lot of money, and  
buy anything you want!

KEEFE D  
(v.o)  
And thats how I got started in the  
drug game.

INT. LOS ANGELES - FBI INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

GARCIA  
So your football coach brought you  
in on the drug game? What's his  
name?

KEEFE D  
(to his attorney)  
Wait I'm not naming names. I ain't  
no snitch.

Agent David Sullivan slams his hand on the table.

AGENT DAVID SULLIVAN  
Wait!

ANGELA  
No, you wait a minute! If he starts  
naming names he won't last a day on  
the streets.

Agent David Sullivan stops the recording.

KEEFE D  
(to his attorney)  
We out! Lets go!

GARCIA  
Counsel you better talk to your  
client, because if he walks on us,  
I'll arrest him and believe me, we  
have enough to lock his ass up  
until his teeth fall out.

KEEFE D  
I'll take my chances on the  
streets.

BETHANY  
You wont make it out the building!

They all stand. Keefe heads for the door.

AGENT DAVID SULLIVAN  
(to Angela)  
We need to talk.

Angela nods.

ANGELA  
Keefe have a seat.

Keefe hesitates.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
Now!

Keefe sits.

Angela and both FBI agents begin to leave the room. Agent  
McConnell stays and carefully eyes Keefe.

BETHANY  
(to agents)  
Don't make any promises you can't  
keep.

ANGELA  
(to Keefe)  
Keefe keep your mouth shut.

Keefe and BETHANY stare at each other.

INT. LOS ANGELES - FBI - BUILDING - HALL WAY - SAME

Angela, Garcia and Sullivan huddle.

AGENT GARCIA

Look, we are not interested in putting this asshole to death, but we will. If he's refusing to be completely honest with us and he doesn't want to name names, then everything he says lacks credibility. We have plenty of information on him, we know who he deals with, the only question is; will he come clean?

ANGELA

Ok send him out.

The two agents go back inside.

Keefe steps out of the room.

KEEFE D

We leaving?

ANGELA

No. We're staying. Listen, I'm trying to keep you alive. So relax and let me guide you through this. OK.

KEEFE D

You know this changes everything right? I'll cooperate.

Keefe rubs his hand over the top of his head, then nods. They both go back inside.

INT: LOS ANGELES - FBI Office - SAME

BETHANY

Ok. Back on the record.

BETHANY presses the record button.

AGENT GARCIA

Lets talk about 2Pac.

A surprise look comes on Keefe's face.

BETHANY

We know something is going down.

KEEFE D

I guess it all started with those  
damn records.

Again we look into the tape recorder as it runs.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT: CHICAGO- JESSE JACKSON'S OFFICE BUILDING- PARKING LOT -  
DAY

Two large limo SUVs sit side by side.

An unmarked FBI vehicle sits on the far side of the lot,  
completely anonymous. Two FBI officers sit preparing to  
electronically listen to any conversations taking place in  
Jacksons office.

INT: P. DIDDY'S, 30, LIMO - SAME

P.Diddy on the phone:

P. DIDDY

(to phone)

Let me hear the bridge. What...  
nigga play the song so I can hear  
it... put the phone up to the  
speaker and turn the music up!

A few seconds pass and Diddy is bobbing his head.

P. DIDDY (CONT'D)

(to phone)

Yea..yea...that's it...we'll mix  
that when I get back tonight.  
Peace.

INT. LIMO - SAME -

SUGE KNIGHT, 30s, on the phone.

SUGE

(to phone)

Look you pitiful assed  
motherfucker, have my money when I  
get back tonight or I'll cut your  
fucking balls off, bitch assed  
nigga.

Suge looks up, takes a deep breath, and slowly exhales.

INT: CHICAGO - JESSE JACKSON'S OFFICE RECEPTION AREA -  
CONTINUOUS

Both men sit in the reception area without eye contact. A receptionist picks up her phone and dials. REV. JESSE JACKSON, 69.

RECEPTIONIST  
(to phone)  
Your 3pm is here.

Jackson walks out of his office.

JESSE JACKSON  
Good afternoon Gentlemen.

Jackson greets both men with a warm hug. All three move into Jackson spacious office over looking the Chicago skyline.

INT: JESSE JACKSON'S INNER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

P. DIDDY  
(looking out the window)  
Nice view!

JESSE JACKSON  
Thank you brotha.

SUGE  
You're living high on the hog  
brotha.

JESSE JACKSON  
Yeah... more like the hog is living  
on me. Y'all please have a seat.

P. Diddy and Suge sit at opposite sides of Jackson's large desk.

SUGE  
(looking at his watch)  
I got a plane to catch in 2 hours,  
so lets make this kinda quick.

P. DIDDY  
(to Suge)  
Better go private next time.

Suge turns to glare at P. Diddy. The moment is tense. P. Diddy looks Knight directly in the eye.

JESSE JACKSON  
 Fellas we're here for a friendly  
 conversation... that's all.

Both men look back to Jackson.

P. DIDDY  
 (to Jackson)  
 What's up?

JESSE JACKSON  
 Lets discuss this beef between you  
 two and the so called East/West  
 Coast war. It needs to be resolved.

P. DIDDY  
 Look man I ain't got no personal  
 problem with nobody on the West  
 Coast... and I mean nobody...

SUGE  
 (interrupting)  
 Nigga, "who shot ya"! Please!

P. DIDDY  
 What! "I fucked your wife"!?

Both man stare at each other.

JESSE JACKSON  
 Wait fellas... wait a minute. Both  
 y'all relax.

Jesse stands.

JESSE JACKSON (CONT'D)  
 Both you brothas are carrying the  
 weight of the black nation on your  
 shoulders. But I need you to listen  
 to me. When Martin was pitted  
 against Malcolm we all got together  
 and talked. We talked about common  
 ground. The uplifting of our  
 people. You brothas try to remember  
 what you wanted when you first came  
 into the music industry. You both  
 wanted to sell records. Both of you  
 are charismatic leaders and a lot  
 of people, not just black people,  
 are looking up to you. You both are  
 the beneficiaries of what Martin  
 and Malcolm wanted. Economic  
 justice!

Both men listen intently.

P. DIDDY  
This East Coast West Coast war shit  
is mostly the media.

SUGE  
No..it's Niggas attacking my  
artist!

P. DIDDY  
(to Knight)  
There you go...

Jackson cuts in.

JESSE JACKSON  
Now.. now.. wait. I want y'all to  
think.. Look, the FBI is recording  
everything you say and do. Keep in  
mind that whenever black people get  
together the FBI is trying to put  
dirt on it. Look at what they did  
to Martin! They recorded his every  
move, and sent a letter to him  
telling him to commit suicide! I'm  
not telling you what somebody told  
me. I KNOW THIS!

P. DIDDY  
Real talk?

JESSE JACKSON  
Real talk brotha.

Jackson stands.

JESSE JACKSON (CONT'D)  
Look what they did to Malcolm. They  
set him up. The day he was shot the  
FBI had informants all around him.

SUGE  
Damn.

JESSE JACKSON  
The FBI got tricks! They will use  
people you trust to get at you. And  
why?

Both men take deep breaths.

JESSE JACKSON (CONT'D)

First they see you organizing politically, then it's about a black revolution, or you're a communist, or a black messiah who is morally corrupting Americans, and stealing money or drug dealing. The FBI hated everything we did to organize our people, and still do!

Jackson moves closer.

JESSE JACKSON (CONT'D)

Second, now I'm going to say something and don't let it leave this room. Mental illness runs long and deep in our community. Understand this! You've got the joker in the street, who will love one brotha and kill the other. What I'm saying is words have power. Words can TRIGGER responses. Watch what you say, it can kill you! When you put records out that threaten or incite violence, it will come back on you and yours.

Jackson turns and faces P Diddy.

JESSE JACKSON (CONT'D)

You can't release a record about "who shot ya" after a rival has been shot! You're smarter than that!

Jackson turns and faces Suge Knight.

JESSE JACKSON (CONT'D)

And you, never allow your artist to claim he's fucking another mans wife and boasting about killing kids!

Jackson's eyes are deeply probing both men.

P. DIDDY

Word.

SUGE

(to Diddy)

Tell that fat nigga to stop trippin' and we'll be cool.

P. DIDDY  
Dude, now you trippin'!

Both men stand and face off.

SUGE  
What you gone do fool.

Jackson step between them.

JESSE JACKSON  
Chill... Ya'll in a war with the  
FBI and don't even realize it!

Jackson looks away.

JESSE JACKSON (CONT'D)  
I'm seeing history repeat itself.

Jesse grabs the hands of P. Diddy and Suge.

JESSE JACKSON (CONT'D)  
Please pray with me.

Diddy nods a yes. Suge abruptly turns and walks out.

JESSE JACKSON (CONT'D)  
(yelling)  
People gonna die!

P. Diddy walks out. Jesse Jackson stands shaking his head.

AGENT DAVID SULLIVAN  
(v.o)  
And with that the war continued.

Both limos speed off.

INT: FBI OFFICE- CONTINUOUS

Keefe Davis, BETHANY, Angela, Agents Garcia, Sullivan and  
McConnell, sit at the conference table.

BETHANY  
I think we've heard enough for  
today. See everyone back here  
tomorrow at 10am.

Keefe and his attorney rush out.

MCCONNELL  
(to the agents)  
I'm satisfied with the progress  
made today and I'll keep the  
director advised. Keep me in the  
loop as to any new developments.

EXT: FBI OFFICE - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Keefe Davis, Angela walk together.

ANGELA  
After that intense shit I need some  
pick me up.

KEEFE D  
Always.

They walk over to Keefe's car. And Keefe pulls out a bag of  
coke from his trunk.

ANGELA  
Thanks!

KEEFE D  
What's my tab?

Angela tilts her head looking sideways at Keefe

ANGELA  
This has nothing to do with your  
legal bills!

KEEFE D  
Why not?

Angela gets in Keefe D's face.

ANGELA  
Why not?? You haven't paid me in  
months.

KEEFE D  
I've been feeding you product! I  
know what you're doing.

ANGELA  
Yeah? What am I doing??

KEEFE D  
Hustling on the side!!

ANGELA

Oh.. Yea.. I'm selling cocaine on the side? Huh? Is that what you think??

KEEFE D

Yup. I know it!

ANGELA

Well let me tell you something Mr. FBI Agent, if I was selling this shit on the side, it still wouldn't be enough to cover your legal fees.

Angela turns to walk away..

ANGELA (CONT'D)

(while walking away)

I'll send you may bill, Agent Davis!

KEEFE D

(under his breath)

Bitch.

INT: P DIDDY'S PRIVATE JET - CONTINUOUS

P. Diddy sits in a luxurious private jet on his way back to NYC. A beautiful FLIGHT ATTENDANT serves him a martini.

P. DIDDY

(Diddy sips his martini)

I don't know which one I like more, this martini or you.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

(smiling)

Last time I check you ordered a double. There's only one of me.

Flight Attendant turns and walks away.

P. DIDDY

(to phone)

I need to see Zipp as soon as possible. Find him!

EXT: NEIMAN MARCUS - BEVERLY HILLS - VALET PARKING - CONTINUOUS

The parking lot is bristling with activity. Valet workers quickly moving European cars to the garage.

Tamika, with her daughter Camille, arrives in a Rolls Royce convertible. Her door is quickly whipped open by HOWIE TAN, 40, Malaysian, head of valet. Howie then dashes to the rear passenger side opening Camille's door.

HOWIE  
(to TAMIKA)  
Good afternoon Mrs. Davis. How's  
your day going?

Tamika Exits her car.

TAMIKA  
Thank you Howie. My day is  
awesomeness!

Howie quickly rushes over to open the entrance doors for the ladies.

TAMIKA (CONT'D)  
Thank you Howie.

HOWIE  
Please say hello to Mr. Davis.

Tamika nods.

Howie returns to Tamika's car, retrieves the keys, and leaves it parked directly in front of the Neiman Marcus entrance. A parking spot reserved for the truly deep pocket shoppers.

INT: NEIMAN MARCUS - BEVERLY HILLS - CONTINUOUS

Tamika Davis, wearing a Chanel outfit with all the trimmings, strolls in with her daughter in tow. They head directly to a dazzling display of shoes no mortal women could resist. A smartly dressed sales lady quickly approaches.

SHOE SALES LADY  
Mrs. Davis. So good to see you!

Tamika smiles.

TAMIKA  
The new Valentino, do you have  
those in hot pink?

SHOE SALES LADY  
We do, and that's a size 8 correct?

TAMIKA  
Nine please.

The sales lady quickly returns with the shoes, pulling one from the box. Tamika takes a glance.

SHOE SALES LADY  
Just came in.

TAMIKA  
I'll take them.

SHOE SALES LADY  
Will this be on your Neiman's  
account?

TAMIKA  
Yes. Please put in an extra large  
bag.

SHOE SALES LADY  
No problem.

The shoes are quickly bagged. Tamika grabs the bag and heads for the elevator.

INT. NEIMAN MARCUS - SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Tamika and her daughter close in on an extravagant display of jewelry located near the center of the floor. A SALESMAN greets them.

SALESMAN  
Welcome back Mrs. Davis.

TAMIKA  
Hi.

Tamika, salivating, quickly points to a sparkling diamond neckless. The salesman removes an entire shelf of jewelry containing several pieces, and places it on the counter. He briefly turns his attention to a different customer approaching from the other side. With a blink of an eye Tamika swipes a diamond Rolex watch from the shelf and smoothly drops it in her shoe bag. The salesman returns his attention to Tamika.

SALESMAN  
Which piece did you want to see  
ma'am.

TAMIKA  
(hesitating)  
Never mind, I'll pass today.

SALESMAN  
(surprised)  
Are you sure?

TAMIKA  
Yes.

Tamika turns, grabbing her daughter's hand and rushes back to the elevator. The salesman, notices the missing item, and calls security.

INT: NEIMAN MARCUS - BEVERLY HILLS - FIRST FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

As Tamika rushes out of the elevator she's met by several security officers, they partially surround her. Security officer, BARNES, 30, steps forward.

CAMILLE  
Mom...

SECURITY OFFICER BARNES  
(pointing to the rear of  
store)  
This way ma'am.

Tamika and daughter are hustled to a small room located in the back of the store.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS - POLICE DEPARTMENT INTAKE - SAME

Tamika is having her photo taken. Angela stands nearby with Camille, who is whimpering.

SERGEANT HILL  
(to Angela)  
Bail will be set in about 2 hours.

ANGELA  
We'll post immediately, there is no  
need to lock her up.

SERGEANT HILL  
She'll be detained until bail is  
set.

Angela steps in front of Sergeant Hill.

ANGELA  
Officer, what is your name?

Angela reaches for the officers badge to get a better look at his name. The officer abruptly moves back preventing Angela from touching him.

SERGEANT HILL

Ma'am please, calm down and let me do my job.

Angela backs off. Camille starts to cry.

ANGELA

(to Camille)

It's ok baby.

Angela hugs Camille. Police officer places handcuffs on Tamika.

SERGEANT HILL

Ma'am you have the right to remain silent, anything you say or do can be used against you...

ANGELA

(cutting the officer off)

Yeah, Yeah, Yeah.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. NEW YORK CITY - SPORTS CLUB - DAY

P. Diddy is slipping on his socks and basketball shoes in front of his locker. His phone rings. We see the name MYRON ZIPP, 35. P. Diddy immediately answers.

TO PHONE:

P. DIDDY

What up big Homey!?

ZIPP

Chill'n... what it do?

P. DIDDY

Need to talk, meet me at the Sports Club.

ZIPP

I'm on the way.

P. Diddy hangs up the phone, finishes lacing up his shoes, closes his locker and heads for the indoor basketball court.

INT. SPORTS CLUB GYM - BASKETBALL COURT - CONTINUOUS

Diddy starts to shoot around by himself.

EXT: CALABASAS - HOME - DAY

Keefe D pulls up to the guard gates at his home and is waved in by security.

INT: CALABASAS - MAIN HOME - CONTINUOUS

As soon as Keefe D enters the home his cell phone rings. It's Angela.

KEEFE D  
(to phone)  
What is it now?

ANGELA  
Well hello to you too!

KEEFE D  
Whenever a lawyer calls it's either about money or bad news. We already talked about money, so just give me the bad news!

ANGELA  
The bad news is Tamika got arrested!

KEEFE D  
Oh Fuck! Not again!

ANGELA  
Yes. Shoplifting... again.

KEEFE D  
That girl would steal the stink off an asshole if she could.

ANGELA  
Well this time the stink is coming off HER ASS. They booked her for GRAND THEFT! And that could mean state prison.

Keefe D steps back, takes a deep breath, then sits.

KEEFE D  
State prison for petty theft?!

ANGELA  
Stealing a diamond Rolex.

KEEFE D  
Ain't that a bitch! She's got two  
of them upstairs.

INT: NEW YORK CITY - SPORTS CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Zipp, a NYC street hustler, arrives ready to play b-ball. He runs unto the court, P. Diddy passes him the ball and he shoots a jumper. They pass the ball back and forth taking turns shooting.

Time lapse: They begin a one-on-one game and start to go hard at each other. P. Diddy manages to get ahead and now it's point game.

End time lapse.

P. DIDDY  
(out of breath)  
I see you slowed down a few steps!

ZIPP  
I still got enough to spank your  
ass!

Zipp steals the ball from P. Diddy, but before Zipp can complete the lay up P. Diddy fouls him hard causing Zipp to hit the ground.

ZIPP (CONT'D)  
FOUL! BITCH!

Zipp gets in P. Diddy's face.

ZIPP (CONT'D)  
Nigga what's wrong with you!

Diddy backs down.

P. DIDDY  
My Bad.. Your game player!

P. DIDDY (CONT'D)  
Run it back!

P. Diddy goes to the top of the key and beckons Zipp to start another game.

ZIPP

No player. I came here to talk, not  
whip your ass over, and over!

They both laugh and hug.

P. DIDDY

Ok. Good game!

They high five. And begin to walk off the court.

ZIPP

What's up man?

P. DIDDY

I gots some problems that need to  
get solved. West Coast niggas  
trying my patience.

They head towards the locker room.

ZIPP

We've been waiting. How are you  
going to be the king of New York  
and not respond to that 2Pac  
bullshit!? Man... the nigga being  
disrespectful to my man's family!  
You can't give him no pass. Nigga  
this is New York!

P. DIDDY

I know... I know.

ZIPP

Word on the street is that you  
hugged up with that nigga Suge.

P. DIDDY

Man fuck that nigga! Shits about to  
go down. Let's get a protein drink.

Both men head towards the juice bar.

INT: JUICE BAR - SPORTS CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Both men order a drink then take seats near the back of the  
bar.

ZIPP

What you got in mind?

P. DIDDY  
 You still good with that nigga  
 Keefe D?

ZIPP  
 We good. Nigga bringing me 20 keys  
 next week.

INT. LOS ANGELES - FBI BUILDING - GARCIA'S OFFICE - DAY

Agent Garcia sits behind a mountain of CDs stacked on her desk. Sullivan walks in.

AGENT GARCIA  
 Have a seat.

AGENT DAVID SULLIVAN  
 (jokingly)  
 Think you got enough audio on  
 Keefe?

Sullivan sits across from Agent Garcia.

AGENT GARCIA  
 The last conversations we have on  
 Keefe were recorded two weeks ago.  
 Since then it's been pretty quiet.

AGENT DAVID SULLIVAN  
 You think he's planing something  
 don't you?

AGENT GARCIA  
 I'm not sure, but yesterday our  
 agents picked up a conversation  
 between Jesse Jackson, P. Diddy,  
 and Suge Knight. It didn't go well.

Agent Garcia turns in her chair to face the window. She stares into the Los Angeles skyline.

AGENT DAVID SULLIVAN  
 You think this East Coast West  
 Coast war is heating up?

AGENT GARCIA  
 I think both 2Pac and Biggie are  
 digging their own graves.

Garcia turns to face Sullivan.

AGENT DAVID SULLIVAN  
 So lets sit back and enjoy the war!

AGENT GARCIA  
You mean stand by and watch people  
get murdered?

AGENT DAVID SULLIVAN  
I mean, our mandate isn't to save  
rappers. We have our own war to  
fight.

Garcia rolls her eyes.

AGENT DAVID SULLIVAN (CONT'D)  
Last time I checked, our job's not  
to babysit fucking rappers! Our  
specific responsibility is to shut  
the Keefe D distribution network  
down! Interdict his international  
contacts, neutralize them, and  
fucking win the war on drugs.

Garcia stands and faces Sullivan.

AGENT GARCIA  
You're a fucking asshole!

AGENT DAVID SULLIVAN  
An asshole who wants to have a  
drink.

Garcia sighs.

AGENT GARCIA  
Meet at Vic's?

AGENT DAVID SULLIVAN  
Fifteen minutes?

AGENT GARCIA  
See you there!

Just then AGENT GARY ETO, 40, walks into Garcia's office.

AGENT GARY ETO  
We've got movement on the East  
Coast. Diddy just met with Zipp!

INT. LOS ANGELES - WAREHOUSE - DAY

Keefe D, Lane, Kaufman, Carter, and three other mules are being confronted by several African and Latino drug cartel members regarding delayed cocaine shipments. Both Lane and Kaufman stand with weapons showing. There are also two cartel sicarios standing at the entrance with submachine guns.

KEEFE D

(to the visitors)

I had to slow things down because the Feds have been up my ass. But it'll pick back up soon.

TASSIA AGA, 27, Nigerian, steps to the front of the group.

Tassia

Mr. Keefe D., our shipments have sat in this warehouse for over a month! Your problems have become ours and that, my friend, must change!

Tassia looks around the group for support. MYA RIOS, 30, steps up.

MYA

My people are now demanding payment. We can wait no longer. You either pay up now or...

KEEFE D

(Keefe cuts her off)

Or what... if you want to take your shipments back then go ahead... you're welcomed to do that.

SANTANA MARIO, 25, steps up.

SANTANA

Are you out of your fucking mind amigo? We don't take product back. This is not a return to sender operation!

LANE

Look ya'll gotta chill, we gone move this shit as soon as it's safe or you'll lose the whole fucking load, I'm kinda thinking that you don't want to do that.

Keefe abruptly turns and faces Lane.

KEEFE D.

Nigga shut your mouth, I run things around here!

Keefe and Lane stare at each other.

SANTANA  
(ignoring Lang)  
Mr. Davis can we, you and I, speak  
privately somewhere?

KEEFE D  
You got something to say to me say  
it here.

The moment becomes tense and each of the attendees raise  
their weapons.

MYA  
Then you leave us no options.

Mya raises a hand and the two men holding the submachine guns  
start firing and immediately kill 2 of Keefe's men. Keefe's  
crew fire back, and run for cover. Keefe stands still  
unafraid of the bullets whizzing by him. The Cartel leaders  
are shielded by several other Cartel soldiers and continue to  
fire. Just then Santana orders the shooting to stop.

SANTIAGO  
Calm down. Everyone please, hands  
off your weapons. We are business  
people not gang bangers. Keefe has  
done business with us for many  
years and I'm sure he has a viable  
plan. Right Keefe?

Keefe lets out a long breath.

KEEFE D  
I need a tiny bit of time to get  
things worked out. Just a  
tiny..Give me a month.

MYA  
Impossible! We cannot let our  
product sit around for another  
month. No my friend. You have ten  
days. Thats it!

Keefe chuckles to himself.

KEEFE D  
That's fucking ridiculous!

Kaufman moves to the front.

KAUFMAN  
Look it takes time to pack and move  
twenty tons to the groups we work  
with on the East Coast.  
(MORE)

KAUFMAN (CONT'D)

We've guaranteed your delivery pending payments we collect from our distributors, have some patience and we all get paid!

TASSIA

(yelling)

Ten days my friend!

SANTIAGO

You heard it Keefe... if I were you..I would move my ass, or you may end up fighting an army.

The entire group turns to leave. Keefe, Lane, Kaufman and Carter stand staring at each other. Keefe signals to Lane to attend to the dead.

INT. CALABASAS - HOUSE - DAY

Keefe D paces the floor. He picks up the phone and calls Angela.

KEEFE D

(to phone)

Two things. One, I was almost killed last night. Two; I need my wife out of jail.

Keefe takes a seat.

KEEFE D (CONT'D)

Whats going on with Tamika?

ANGELA

She's in a pile of shit!

KEEFE D

Ok, and..

ANGELA

You are aware of her two prior theft charges where she was caught stealing from Walmart and Target?

KEEFE D

Yea.

ANGELA

Well that shit adds up. She's looking at two years state prison.  
(MORE)

ANGELA (CONT'D)

And to make matters worse she has two failures to appear, there's a no bail hold on her now.

KEEFE D

Fuck! This shit is killing me! How soon can you get into court for a bail hearing?

ANGELA

I can get in tomorrow. She's got to spend the night!

KEEFE D

She's not going to survive a night in the county.

ANGELA

(beat)

We need to discuss payment.

KEEFE D

What!?

ANGELA

Keefe I'm spending all my time on your cases. I need to be paid!

KEEFE D

Need to be paid?! I've paid you over a million dollars this year and given you a million dollars worth of product, don't fuck with me Angela, I need this handled. I'll call the State Bar on your ass!

ANGELA

Ok.. ok.. You don't have to make it so personal, We'll work it out. Don't worry. Meet me in Beverly Hills tomorrow morning.

EXT. NYC - STREETS OF MANHATTAN - DAY

P. Diddy and Zipp walk along a busy New York street talking.

P. DIDDY

That fake ass gangster Suge and his crew need to be silenced. Motherfuckers are threatening me and my business.

(MORE)

P. DIDDY (CONT'D)

They got my nigga all shook up and why? Over some bullshit.

ZIPP

Wait let me make sure I know who you're talking about. You mean the bullshit, rapper talking about fucking somebody's wife?

P. DIDDY

That's right! Nigga upset at us! He ain't mad at the niggas who shot his ass. He MAD AT US!!

Zipp chuckles.

ZIPP

Everybody know who got at that nigga, shit was on the streets five minutes after it happened.

P. DIDDY

Exactly! The nigga knows that if he steps to them, they gone hit his ass again, and the next time it'll be worse!

ZIPP

That's right.

P. DIDDY

But now this nigga done mixed me up in this bullshit, using us as scapegoats, and got us looking like some weak ass niggas in the streets.

P. Diddy and Zipp both stop and face each other.

ZIPP

Nigga you know once you lose your street credibility it's over! All kinds of niggas gone come at you! They'll have your ass looking like Van Winkle! And record sells... forget that! Your artist will lose all respect for you!

Zipp chuckles, P. Diddy's face tightens.

P. DIDDY  
 (very serious tone)  
 That's why I need you to put me in  
 touch with that nigga on the West,  
 who can professionally handle this  
 and keep my name far away.

P. Diddy looks hard at Zipp.

ZIPP  
 (turning his head to the  
 side)  
 West Coast niggas??

P. DIDDY  
 (turns his head to the  
 side)  
 That's what I said. Some West Coast  
 gangsters.

ZIPP  
 (very aggressive)  
 Oh so you want me to set this shit  
 up, but you want to pay the West  
 Coast. No homie, it don't work like  
 that!

P. DIDDY  
 Look playa, chill. I need this  
 shit to look like it's some West  
 Coast drama to keep heat off us in  
 the east. If some West Coast niggas  
 get in the mix, understand me, the  
 heat won't be on us, cause they'll  
 be too busy trying to figure out if  
 it was blue or red related.

Zipp thinks for a moment..

ZIPP  
 You right..

P. DIDDY  
 Yeah.

ZIPP  
 It still gone cost. You gotta take  
 care of East and West niggas. We  
 all gotta eat too!

P. DIDDY  
 I'm wit dat!

Zipp takes a step toward P. Diddy, getting in his face.

ZIPP

I still gotta clear things with my  
folks here.

END OF ACT THREE.

ACT FOUR.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS - COURT - DEPARTMENT 02 - DAY

The court is crowded. Keefe D enters, dressed like a dream  
team attorney. Angela, having arrived earlier, waves him  
over. Keefe and Angela talk near the court Bar.

ANGELA

Glad you could make it.

KEEFE D

Yea well, I hope we can make bail!

ANGELA

We'll see. I know this judge. He's  
usually by the book but has been  
known to lean towards the defense.

Keefe D looks around the court noticing people staring at  
him. There are two familiar faces in the audience. Agents  
Garcia and Sullivan sit near the back of the court.

KEEFE D

(to Angela)

These fucking people are  
everywhere.

ANGELA

Yes they are... so stay paranoid.

The court bailiff approaches Angela and Keefe D.

COURT BAILIFF

Please take your seats.

Angela moves back to the attorney section and Keefe takes a  
seat in the back near the FBI Agents.

COURT BAILIFF (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentlemen all rise. The  
honorable Judge Wolf.

JUDGE STANLEY WOLFE takes the bench.

COURT BAILIFF (CONT'D)  
Please no talking and remain seated  
unless your name is called.

JUDGE WOLFE  
Clerk please call the first matter.

COURT CLERK  
Miss Tamika Davis, case number  
BA67549.

The clerk hands the judge a file. Angela steps forward.

JUDGE WOLFE  
Appearances please.

ANGELA  
Good morning your honor. Mrs. Davis  
is a custody matter. Angela  
Johnson, on behalf of Tamika Davis.

A clean shaven man stands.

DAVID MANN  
MR. MANN for the people your Honor.

JUDGE WOLFE  
Bailiff please bring out defendant  
Davis.

The bailiff unlocks a steel enforced door and calls Tamika  
Davis. Tamika walks out looking worn and tired but happy.  
There is a big smile on her face.

JUDGE WOLFE (CONT'D)  
In the matter of Tamika Davis, case  
number BA67549. Ma'am you are  
charged with Penal Code Section  
487(a) a Felony. There is also an  
enhancement alleged which can add  
additional time to any conviction.  
Ma'am, I also notice you have a  
prior petty theft conviction in Las  
Vegas, and several failure to  
appear events. Counsel, do you  
waive further reading of the  
complaint and special allegations  
against your client?

Tamika looks at Angela.

ANGELA  
Yes your honor. Your honor may I be  
heard regarding bail?

JUDGE WOLFE

Yes counsel. But first, how does your client plead to the charges against her?

ANGELA

Not Guilty your honor.

JUDGE WOLFE

Thank you. You may proceed with your bail motion counsel.

ANGELA

Your Honor, Mrs. Davis has lived in Southern California her entire life. She has strong family ties..

JUDGE WOLFE

(interrupting Angela)

Counsel your client has several failures to appear. She obviously has no respect for judicial administration.

ANGELA

Your honor I can explain. Mrs. Davis' failures to appear occurred in Las Vegas. Mrs. Davis traveled by Southwest airlines with a scheduled arrival of 7am, which would have given her plenty of time to get to the courthouse. Nonetheless on that day, the plane was delayed through no fault of Mrs. Davis. On the second failure to appear, Mrs. Davis suffered a broken toe, two days prior to the hearing, which made it extremely difficult to travel as she was on pain medication. Your honor I would ask that bail be set at the statutory minimum.

JUDGE WOLFE

And for the people.

DAVID MANN

Thank you your honor. Your honor not only did the defendant fail to appear on two separate occasions she also failed to call the court and let the clerk know she was having these alleged issues.

(MORE)

DAVID MANN (CONT'D)

The defendant ignored her responsibility to show up to court and instead was arrested on a traffic violation some months later. So your honor had it not been for a routine traffic stop the defendant would likely still have two outstanding warrants against her. Additionally, in the matter at bar, this defendant was caught with a diamond Rolex valued over one hundred thousand dollars.

ANGELA

Objection your honor. Counsel is misstating the facts. The alleged Rolex watch had a value of twenty thousand dollars. Neiman Marcus may have had the wrong price tag on it.

DAVID MANN

Nonetheless your honor, the defendant is a threat to the public as she has been convicted at least twice in the past 3 years of theft, and should this court release her, it is likely she will continue her assault on department stores.

ANGELA

Your honor the purpose of bail is to secure the accused and protect the public. My client has a constitutional right to bail. Submitted.

JUDGE WOLFE

Thank you counsel. The court will take a recess. I will issue a ruling this afternoon.

The bailiff places cuffs on Tamika and removes her to lock up.

INT. RESTAURANT - HARLEM - NYC - DAY

Zipp, is making rounds at his busy restaurant in Harlem. He's walking from table to table asking the patrons questions. He stops in front of a huge table where 10 people are having breakfast.

Zipp  
How's everything? How's the  
service? Do you need anything?

PATRON  
No sir everything is great!

Suddenly from the rear of the restaurant we here a loud  
voice. It's a local street boss, RUDY GAYE, 50s.

RUDY GAYE  
I hate the food here! It's  
terrible!

Zipp turns to face the man.

ZIPP  
(yelling)  
Security! Security!

Both men have menacing looks on their faces as they walk  
towards each other, embrace, and burst out in laughter.

RUDY GAYE  
I got your message.

ZIPP  
We need to talk. Step into my  
office.

The men sit at a table in the rear.

RUDY GAYE  
Man it's been awhile, how have you  
been?

ZIPP  
It's been busy, as you can see, but  
busy is good.

RUDY GAYE  
How are your other businesses  
doing? The rifle range and the  
grocery store?

ZIPP  
It's all good! All making money!

RUDY GAYE  
I hope you got a few crumbs for me?

ZIPP

As a matter of fact I have something that can bring in a few bucks.

RUDY GAYE

Well talk to me.

ZIPP

Something is going down with our folks and the busters on the Westside.

RUDY GAYE

That's nothing new. Keep talking.

ZIPP

One of our folks is at the breaking point and needs retribution, some justice!

RUDY GAYE

Some get back. I got you, and I'm on that page. But this East Coast West Coast war talk is a fiction. It's media generated. Shit, I talk to my CA crew on the regular and it's all about the money. I know who's causing the problems and I know who thinks they have the answer, but it's not the right answer.

ZIPP

I understand, but our folks are feeling disrespected and...

RUDY GAYE

(interrupting)

Disrespected by lyrics on a rap song? Please man! You know better than that! Didn't you learn anything from me!?

ZIPP

It's more than that. Personal threats have been made by one side to the other. So now it has boiled down to who gets taken out first.

RUDY GAYE

(chuckling)

I see.

(MORE)

RUDY GAYE (CONT'D)

In order to get approval for this I need to run it by the big boys. I'm not sure if they'll be on the same page as your folks.

Zipp sits back in his chair and looks away. He's not happy with the answer.

ZIPP

Look, Rudy, I'm talking about one or two million dollars in our pockets!

RUDY GAYE

That's a double hit at that price. And I understand the reason for it. You hit one, the talker, and miss the other, the big boss, it means the one you missed will hit back sooner or later.

ZIPP

That's right!

Rudy takes a long moment.

RUDY GAYE

They have that kind of cash laying around?

ZIPP

It's the record business.

RUDY GAYE

(beat)  
Yeah I guess so.

Zipp vigorously nods his head.

ZIPP

And the niggas I'm working with in the West, they real hungry!

RUDY GAYE

We need to see the money up front. My people... don't work on the if cum. Call your folks in the West and see what can happen.

ZIPP

I'll get on it immediately.

RUDY GAYE  
Just remember, nothing happens  
until we give final word.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS -COURT- DEPARTMENT 02 - DAY

The judge takes the bench. The bailiff calls for order in the court.

JUDGE WOLFE  
(pounding the gavel)  
Back on the record in the people v.  
Davis, case number-BA67549.

Tamika stands in front of the judge silently praying for her release.

JUDGE WOLFE (CONT'D)  
Counsel your appearances please

ANGELA  
Angela Johnson for Mrs. Davis.

DAVID MANN  
David Mann for the people.

JUDGE WOLFE  
Well counsel I think the people  
have proven both flight risk and  
threat. I'm going to deny bail at  
this juncture. You can refile your  
motion for bail and I'll reconsider  
it at the next hearing.

DAVID MANN  
Thank you, your honor.

ANGELA  
Your Honor may I be heard.

JUDGE WOLFE  
Yes counsel.

ANGELA  
Your honor according to our  
constitution the two prong test is  
either risk of flight or threat..

JUDGE WOLFE  
(cutting Angela off)  
Counsel I've made my decision. You  
may file an appeal if you disagree.  
Bailiff remand the defendant.

Tamika refuses to move.

TAMIKA  
(to judge)  
I'm not going back in there!

COURT BAILIFF  
Ma'am either go with me willingly  
or I will take you by force.

Tamika stands her ground.

TAMIKA  
Not fair! This is not fair. I'm not  
going anywhere.

END OF ACT FOUR.

ACT FIVE.

INT. FBI BUILDING - LOS ANGELES - U.S ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

US Attorney BETHANY is sitting in her office discussing the Keefe D matter with his superior, REBECCA EDMONDS, 65.

On an opposite wall, a diagram entitled "War on Drugs" hangs. Keefe D's name and photo is pictured at the top along with a series of other names and photos. Lines drawn from each person leading from Los Angles, to Baltimore and every state in-between is shown.

BETHANY  
I believe that Keefe D is the key  
to bringing down the trans Pacific  
drug trade. We take him down and  
all the cards fall for the Mexican  
cartels, which will cause major  
disruption for the Columbians, and  
the Africans.

US ATTORNEY EDMONDS  
You actually believe the war can be  
won by taking down this one player?

BETHANY  
I do.

BETHANY stands and walks over to the map.

BETHANY (CONT'D)  
If you'll direct your attention to  
exhibit one.

BETHANY points at the red dots.

BETHANY (CONT'D)

We know that Keefe D has established distributors in each of these locations. His network is vast and extremely dangerous. If we get the timing correct, each one of these distributors can be taken down within one 24 hour period. The reverberations of that will cause the international drug trade to collapse inside of one month. With no money coming in, the Cartels will lose the ability to buy political protection. They will blame one another, then kill one another. We win the war on drugs by fiat.

BETHANY returns to her seat.

US ATTORNEY EDMONDS

Does McConnell know about this?

BETHANY

He was the first to know.

US ATTORNEY EDMONDS

Remember we cannot afford a trial because ninety percent of the evidence we have against him was obtained without a valid search warrant. The evidence we have won't survive a motion to exclude.

BETHANY

What the hell are you talking about!? I can get live testimony. We know who his drug associates are and have known for years.

US ATTORNEY EDMONDS

Don't take that tone with me! I know what the fuck I'm doing. I've put hundreds of these guys in the pen...you've spent your last ten years prosecuting white collar crimes. So don't talk that shit to me.

Edmonds turns to leave. Then comes back.

US ATTORNEY EDMONDS (CONT'D)  
Do I need to reassign you!?

BETHANY  
I'm a team player. You call the  
shots I'll execute.

Edmonds abruptly leaves.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS -COURT HOUSE- DEPARTMENT 02

Tamika and Angela are in a stand off against the court Bailiff. The Bailiff is on his two way radio issuing an emergency assist code. Just then seven deputy sheriffs come running from all directions.

ANGELA  
(calmly)  
Tamika, we can't win this one.  
Let's live to fight another day.

A deputy approaches from the rear tackling Tamika. Keefe D jumps from his seat and tries to help her but he is tackled after taking just two steps. Tamika is hog-tied hands to feet and removed from the court kicking and screaming. Angela looks on with indignation. Keefe is cuffed, but then released after he settles down.

COURT BAILIFF  
Clear the court. Everyone out NOW!

KEEFE D  
(yelling)  
Angela you need to do something  
about this!

INT: NYC- HARLEM- JAZZ CLUB - DAY

Zipp sits alone at a table listening to a live jazz band. A waitress delivers a drink. A small group of patrons enjoy a young white tenor sax player, as he belts out a classic John Coltrane song. Suddenly, a woman, APRIL CANNON, 40, appears from behind and takes a seat next to Zipp.

APRIL CANNON  
You know when my grandfather first  
opened this place back in the  
sixties, you couldn't find a seat  
at this hour, let alone get a  
drink. Believe me, I've seen the  
photographs. Take a look around.  
(MORE)

APRIL CANNON (CONT'D)

Jazz, whether or not people want to admit it, is a dying art form.

April looks at Zipp as if he had a solution.

APRIL CANNON (CONT'D)

People came here during the great migrations from the South, some went to Chicago others kept going as far north as they could. They were all different but left the South for the same reason. Do you know that reason?

ZIPP

Lady I didn't come here for no history lesson. I've got serious business to discuss.

April raises an eyebrow at Zipp's tone and lets out a sigh of discuss.

ZIPP (CONT'D)

I'm here to see the owner!

APRIL CANNON

You're looking at her.

Zipp reacts by pulling his head back to get a better look.

ZIPP

Oh, I was expecting..

APRIL CANNON

(cutting Zipp off)

Maybe a gangster like yourself?

Zipp raises his hands.

ZIPP

I meant no disrespect.

APRIL CANNON

None taken.

The waitress delivers a drink to April. April takes a sip.

ZIPP

Its just that Rudy gave me the impression...

APRIL CANNON  
 (Cutting Zipp off)  
 That you would be dealing with the  
 Big boys...

Zipp Chuckles.

ZIPP  
 I'm sorry, who are you?

April stares hard at Zipp.

APRIL CANNON  
 Wrong question.

April glares.

APRIL CANNON (CONT'D)  
 The question is who the fuck are  
 you!

Zipp scratches his head.

ZIPP  
 Look, ah.. I'm sorry. Can we start  
 over?

APRIL CANNON  
 Ok. Nice to meet you Mr. Zipp. I'm  
 April.

ZIPP  
 Nice meeting you.

APRIL CANNON  
 As I mentioned, I know why you're  
 here. And I know exactly what you  
 want to do. The problem is, and we  
 don't use names around here, you  
 set a very dangerous precedent when  
 you take down black leaders. The  
 boy is a leader whether he realizes  
 it or not. His momma and daddy both  
 were black panthers and that means  
 something. Do you understand me?

Zipp nods.

APRIL CANNON (CONT'D)  
 Second, our people tell us that if  
 any thing happens, there will be  
 serious blow back.

ZIPP

There's a lot of money on the table  
and they will end up killing each  
other any way. We might as well  
make a few dollars.

April smiles.

APRIL CANNON

Spoken like a true hustler.

ZIPP

I'm just say'n.

APRIL CANNON

Yeah, well I'm just say'n, off all  
that shit... let me be clear... the  
answer is NO.

April stands to leave.

APRIL CANNON (CONT'D)

Finish your drink, and leave!  
Drink's on the house.

April walks away. Zipp picks up his phone and dials a number.

ZIPP

(to phone)

I got approval. I'll hit you with  
details later.

Zipp pulls out a twenty, lays it on the table and walks out.

Neither Zipp nor April noticed the FBI agent sitting at the  
bar listening to every word.

EXT: SYLMAR- SANFERNADO VALLEY- CAR SHOP- JUNK YARD - DAY

A neon sign reads Valley Hydraulics. Two pit bull dogs bark  
viciously from behind a gated area. Keefe drives up and  
parks. He walks over and lifts the latch holding back the  
dogs, they rush him obviously seeking his affection. He pets  
and kisses each dog. There are numerous vintage Chevys  
parked in the garage in various stages of repair. Keefe takes  
notice of his inventory of cars. B. LANE, Carter, and Kaufman  
emerge from an office at the rear of the property.

B. LANE

Folks.

KAUFMAN

What up!

CARTER

Hey, hey.

KEEFE D

Fellas any new orders?

Keefe continues to walk towards the offices as the other men follow.

B. LANE

We got two cars in yesterday and one order for a video.

KEEFE D

What video?

B. LANE

Usher and P. Diddy want to shoot a scene on a '64 lifted Impala.

KEEFE D

Did you quote a price?

B. LANE

Fifteen Hundred per hour.

KEEFE D

I told you the price is 2k per hour with a five hour minimum!

KAUFMAN

(to Lane)

Man I told you the price had gone up!

B. LANE

Ok no problem I'll let them know. It don't matter we the only ones with the fresh ass cars they looking for.

KEEFE D

You keep fucking up like that I'ma put Kaufman in charge!

Keefe stops and faces the men.

KEEFE D (CONT'D)

We losing enough money on this place! Shit's tight! And now I got other problems to deal with. WE got other problems!

INT: VALLEY HYDRAULICS OFFICE- CONTINUOUS

The office is small with paperwork and files spread everywhere. Keefe walks past the office and unlocks a door leading into a large closet space with stacked lockers aligned along the wall. Keefe slides one locker stack and it opens to a staircase. Keefe, Lane and Kaufman descend the stairs.

INT: BASEMENT- VALLEY HYDRAULICS- CONTINUOUS

A light automatically comes on. There are large containers of cocaine neatly stacked side by side from ceiling to floor. Easily twenty tons. On a table there are stacks of cash rolled neatly into bundles. On a nearby wall there are several high powered weapons and handguns.

Keefe surveys the cocaine and cash.

Keefe's phone rings. The caller ID says ZIPP.

TO Phone:

KEEFE D

Hello.

ZIPP

Big homie! I got something for us.

KEEFE D

Ok. Come out and lets talk.

ZIPP

Come out!? He's coming to you.

KEEFE D

Say no more.

EXT: WEST HOLLYWOOD - GREENBLATTS DELI - DAY

A black Limo is parked in the back lot. Keefe D., Lane, Carter, and Kaufman pull up in a white Caddy.

INT: WEST HOLLYWOOD - GREENBLATTS DELI - CONTINUOUS

P. Diddy sits in a back booth. Keefe D joins him. B. Lane sits in a chair outside the both facing both men. Kaufman and Carter stands on the outside of the booth listening.

P. DIDDY  
 (to Keefe D)  
 The man I been hearing about.

KEEFE D  
 (looking around)  
 Ah... that would be me!

Diddy looks around at Keefe's crew.

P. DIDDY  
 Man you got the secret service with  
 you or what.

Both men chuckle. A waitress drops 3 menus on the table.

WAITRESS GREENBLATTS  
 Anything to drink?

KEEFE D  
 I'll have an iced tea.

P. DIDDY  
 Same.

B. LANE  
 A beer.

WAITRESS GREENBLATTS  
 You have I.D.?

B. LANE  
 What!?

KEEFE D  
 (to waitress)  
 He'll have what we're having.

Waitress smiles.

KEEFE D (CONT'D)  
 (to P. Diddy)  
 Have you had the sandwiches here? A  
 niggas whole family could eat one  
 sandwich.

P. DIDDY  
 Nigga I'm from New York! Deli is my  
 middle name.

All three men laugh.

KEEFE D  
 I'm not hungry.

P. DIDDY  
 (to waitress)  
 We'll order later.

Waitress walks off and returns with three large drinks and a plate of pickles.

KEEFE D  
 Ricky, you and Carter grab another table. Ya'll can order something if you hungry.

P. DIDDY  
 My guy Zipp get at you?

KEEFE D.  
 Yup.

P. DIDDY  
 (beat)  
 Niggas out of control out here!

KEEFE D.  
 Niggas out of control everywhere!

Keefe lights a joint.

P. DIDDY  
 Come on man... your boy attacking family now, threatening family. Nigga I got kids, ya know. You got kids. If you mad at me, hit me. This nigga violating all the rules. You a gangster, you know I'm right.

Keefe inhales then blows out smoke.

KEEFE D.  
 Man I'm not here to judge. I don't know why y'all beef'n like that, but it's all business to me. Let's discuss business.

P. DIDDY  
 Can you handle it?

KEEFE D  
 Nigga I run the West!

P. DIDDY  
 That's what I was told. But...I hear you got the Feds on you.

KEEFE D

The Feds only care about drugs,  
they don't give a damn about niggas  
gett'n at each other.

P. DIDDY

Word.

P. Diddy shifts in his seat.

P. DIDDY (CONT'D)

How much this gone cost me?

KEEFE D

To handle it right, it's gonna be  
two m.

P. DIDDY

Damn! I here niggas doing hits out  
here for five Gs.

Lane weighs in.

B. LANE

Nigga is you crazy? You ain't  
shopp'n at Target, or Pic and Save  
nigga. You think this shit is  
negotiable nigga!? It Ain't!

Keefe D chuckles.

P. DIDDY

(to LANE)

Nigga who's talking to you!?

Lane becomes visibly upset and places his hand near a bulge  
in his waist.

KEEFE D

(to Lane)

Chill, lil' homie. Wait at the car  
for me.

KEEFE D (CONT'D)

(to Diddy)

Man be careful while you out here,  
the lil' homies, they kinda don't  
give a fuck. Remember, You in the  
Wild West dog.

P. Diddy nods, B. Lane leaves the table.

KEEFE D.  
(to P. Diddy)  
If you lookin for a deal, nigga you  
wasting my time! Keep your little  
money!

Keefe puts out his joint and raises to leave.

P. DIDDY  
(beat)  
Hold up homie. Lets talk seriously.

Keefe turns back.

KEEFE D.  
Start talking nigga.

P. DIDDY  
I need this shit done without any  
possible connection to me. I don't  
want my name mentioned! Even if the  
Feds lock you up, my name stays out  
of it. And I'm willing to pay for  
that.

Keefe takes a seat.

KEEFE D.  
Keep talking.

P. DIDDY  
I want this shit done in a way that  
it sends a message

KEEFE D.  
What message?

P. DIDDY  
Don't fuck with the East!

KEEFE D.  
Understood.

P. DIDDY  
And I want both them niggas gone.  
Feel me? Both!

KEEFE D.  
Price just doubled.

Diddy's eyes opened wide and his head goes backward.

KEEFE D. (CONT'D)  
These ain't no every day niggas.

Keefe looks away, then directly into P. Diddy's eyes.

KEEFE D. (CONT'D)

2m each. And you never have to worry about it. 2 up front, balance on the back.

P. DIDDY

When, where and how?

KEEFE D.

I just gave you the price, pay up and it happens.

INT. LOS ANGELES - WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Keefe D and four of his men sit around a large table snorting cocaine and smoking weed.

KEEFE D.

(to phone)

It's on!

Keefe hangs up.

JUMP CUT TO -

INT. WHITE CADILLAC - NIGHT

Four heavily armed men drive at a high rate of speed while passing a joint around and holding their weapons.

EXT. SUNSET STRIP - CONTINUOUS

The Sunset Strip is in full effect. Brightly lit billboards and bumper to bumper traffic. A Giant Tin watershed has been turned into a supper club. The House of Blues. The marquee says 2Pac. Its hip hop night.

NEW ANGLE - A WHITE CADILLAC

Speeding on a back street avoiding traffic, the Caddy takes a wide right going around other cars and barely missing a pedestrian. The car parks adjacent to the HOB parking lot.

EXT. HOB - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The men surreptitiously move towards parked cars for cover.

INT. HOB - STAGE - CONTINUOUS

2Pac is on stage, Snoop Dogg joins him. Drunk and high people are dancing and having big fun. It's pandemonium. The music stops and both rappers drop their mikes, concert is over. 2Pac and Snoop, surrounded by security make their way to the rear exits.

EXT. HOB - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Out of nowhere, several armed security officers walk towards the House of Blues. Garcia and Sullivan sit nearby in an unmarked car watching. Security hides in-between and behind cars with weapons ready. As a massive crowd exits the HOB Keefe and crew approach. 2Pac and Suge exit with a surging group around them. Suddenly, shots are fired. Keefe and his men realize that they are the targets and fire back. Hundreds of rounds are exchanged while people scramble for cover. 2Pac and Suge nervously duck for cover, then run back inside the venue. Carter is hit and falls to the ground. The sirens are getting louder and louder. All gunmen take off running. The white Cadillac speeds off.

The EMT workers load Carter's body in the ambulance. He's been shot.

SULLIVAN

VOICE OVER:

From this point forward, words would be replaced with action and conciliation with assassination.

END.

