

NEW JACK CITY

Written by

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Based on an Original Screenplay "Nicky"

by Thomas Lee Wright

NEW JACK CITY

FADE IN:

EXT. HARLEM BLOCK - NIGHT

A tenement stoop. FOUR 14-YEAR-OLD BOYS -- dressed in long, colorful Bermuda shorts, post-mod Italian P.F. Flyers, Hugo Boss sweatshirts, black leather Mother Africa pendants, and slanted, geometric afros -- are dancing and talking. A slinky, sinister opus of new jack swing kicks from a GHETTOBLASTER on the bottom step.

ANGLE

Across the street from the boys, a group of barechested and bloated middle-aged junkies soap down two Mercedes Benz AMG's (300E). With their fat, balloon-like hands, they fill up their dirty white buckets from a gushing open fire hydrant nearby, wash and worship the autos like golden calves. The boys on the stoop sneer.

MUSCLE BOY ON STOOP

Look at them ducks. Cleanin' up
after the people that killed them.

TALL-SLIM BOY ON STOOP

'Least it's honest, man. They
ain't breakin' no laws.

MUSCLE BOY ON STOOP

You flippin'. But I understand it;
you the one wanted us to get jobs
at McDonald's --

The other boys snicker.

MUSCLE BOY ON STOOP (Continued)

Why go for \$3.00 an hour when you
can make \$500 a day selling rocks
for Nino --

With the exception of the Tall-Slim Boy -- who looks
irritated -- the boys vigorously agree, when --

ANGLE

An unmarked black Plymouth Fury and three white DETECTIVES
spill out; we don't see their faces, as they run toward
the stoop --

The four boys scatter; the junkies panic and run, painting
the street and sidewalk with white suds --

ANGLE

One kid outlaps the cops, and gets away in an alley --

Detective #1 trails the muscular kid --

DETECTIVE #1

C'mere, ya little bastid! Stop!

Detective #1 grabs muscular kid by collar, wrangles him onto the trunk of one of the still soapy Mercedes --

DETECTIVE #1

You ever heard of Nino Brown?

MUSCULAR KID ON STOOP

Fuckin' real I heard've him. One day he paid me \$100 to stand in line and get him some fish and chips, 'cause he didn't want to get out of his Benz.

ANGLE - INSERT

A pair of Air Jordans running up steps into a hallway -- a weathered pair of New Balance follows --

ANGLE

Detective #2 patting down a wiry, very dark-skinned KID who's facing a wall --

DETECTIVE #2

You know who Nino Brown is?

DARK KID

Our team took first place in his basketball tournament last summer, and he brought the whole team red Honda scooters.

ANGLE

The Tall-Slim Kid -- tired of running -- walks up on a stoop down the block, huffing and puffing, as is Detective #3.

CLOSE - TALL-SLIM KID

TALL-SLIM KID ON STOOP

(looks right
IN CAMERA)

Yeah, I know Nino Brown.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TALL-SLIM KID ON STOOP (CONT'D)

He beat this kid who was scramblin'
for him with a Louisville Slugger,
poured gasoline on him and set
him on fire after he shorted him
\$5.00.

(beat; tears
in eyes)

I hope one of you cops will kill
that motherfucker --

BLACK SCREEN - WHITE LETTERING:

"Don't you know that the unrighteous
shall not inherit the kingdom of God?
Don't be deceived: Neither fornicators,
nor idolaters, nor adulterers... nor
abusers of themselves with mankind,
nor thieves... nor drunkards, nor
revilers, nor extortioners, shall
inherit the kingdom of God."

I Corinthians 6:9

SUPERIMPOSE: HARLEM, 1986

The SCREEN IS STILL BLACK. But we hear a voice:

VOICE (V.O.)

Our Father, who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom
come, thy will be done, on earth,
as it is in heaven...

FADE IN:

EXT. HARLEM STREET - NIGHT

Two men are standing on the western corner of 129th
Street and St. Nicholas Avenue. It is summer -- dusk --
Friday night. Commuters on their way home from work.
The two street guys; Guess? jeans, Air Jordan sneakers,
designer rugby shirts. Both have slim attaches under
their arms. They are standing at the bottom of a hill
that leads up to Hamilton Terrace, also known as the
Wild Wild West.

MICHAEL "SCOTTY" APPLETON, the handsome but more threat-
ening looking guy, looks at the slightly younger --
somewhat comic faced -- RENNY "POOKIE" ROBERTSON. As
Pookie bows his head reciting the Lord's Prayer, Scotty
looks on in disbelief and impatience.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCOTTY

It's all there.

Pookie opens the attache.

ANGLE INSIDE ATTACHE CASE

Neat bundles of 20 and 50 dollar bills in rubber bands.

BACK TO SCENE

Pookie nervously looks up at Scotty; he spits a glob of green mucus in Scotty's face, punches him in the stomach, and takes off up the hill. Scotty stumbles -- wipes his face -- gives chase.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Hamilton Park; broken-down swings, teeter-totters, monkey bars. Young children and their teenage mothers watch as Scotty chases Pookie into basketball court.

Pookie pulls a cheap REVOLVER from his pants waist -- FIRES at Scotty -- misses. Mothers grab children to protect them.

ANGLE

Just before Pookie reaches the crowded basketball court, Scotty removes a NINE MILLIMETER from his pant-waist, and SHOOTS Pookie in the ankle. Pookie screams, drops. Attache falls; bundles of money are scattered around the court. The hoopsters look, but -- as Scotty trains gun on all -- no one makes a stupid move. Scotty gathers the money, places it back into the attache. He looks in Pookie's attache -- it's stuffed with newspaper. Pookie calls for help. Scotty goes over and punches him in head and face.

SCOTTY

You think you slick, filthy,
blasphemous, dopefiend muthafucka?
Hawk-spit in my face? And then
try to shoot me, too? Slick this...

VOICE #1

Yo, he's fuckin' that kid up...

VOICE #2

Beatin' his monkey ass...

VOICE #3

Uh-oh, five-oh, y'all.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIRENS SCREAM out, but Scotty doesn't hear them, because he's wrapped up in his assault. Other Guy is screaming for help.

ANGLE - FOUR UNIFORMED OFFICERS

run into the crowded court, and try to yank Scotty off of his victim --

OFFICER #1

Let 'im go, Scotty. You got him, you got him...

SCOTTY

'Eff' that, man. He spit in my face, and tried to rob me --

Scotty is strong; he wrestles away from two Officers, until all four finally pin him on the ground, huffing and puffing.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. MACOMBS BRIDGE - NIGHT

With Yankee Stadium and the Bronx supreme court lying to the east, and Harlem's polo grounds and Sugar Hill neighborhood situated to its west, the Macombs Bridge connects both boroughs at their major arteries. The lights from the highrises on both sides of the city on this clear night look like a string of pearls around the neck of a beautiful black woman.

TRAFFIC PASSING

Not much; it's late at night. Then --

SCREAMING MAN

suspended over the side of the bridge. It is twenty stories down to the water.

The MUSCLE MAN MOUNTAIN holding the SCREAMING MAN is DAVID "Duh Duh Duh" MAN BUTLER. Nino Brown's 25-year-old stuttering force of one. Dressed in subdued Gucci polo shirt and gabardine slacks.

Duh Duh Duh Man has the Screaming Man by his ankles; he is screaming at the top of his lungs.

Screaming Man loses a shoe. Duh Duh Duh holds it in his hand. (NOTE: He will stutter at the director's discretion.)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUH DUH DUH

Damn.

Drops the shoe. Down it goes. SPLISH. The black Harlem River swallows it whole.

Screaming Man now dangles by one leg.

LONNIE "NINO" BROWN gets out of a white Jeep, 27 years old, taut and dangerous-looking man shark dressed in Giorgio Armani sportswear.

He walks to the edge.

NINO

Take off his other shoe.

SCREAMING MAN

Oh, no! Please, young blood!

NINO

Don't start bitchin' up now, Heywood. I told you that you're too old to be smokin' that zootie.

SCREAMING MAN

Oh, please, my God in heaven, Nino, no, please. Give me another chance. I -- I owe out so much money, but I'll pay you! Just give me some time!

NINO

Brothers don't wait to get paid. Money talks and bullshit runs the marathon.

Nino nods. Duh Duh Duh grabs his pant legs. The pants slide off.

Screaming man falls through the dark night. SPLISH. Silence.

Nino walks back to the Jeep. No remorse, it's just a job. Duh Duh Duh looks over the edge.

DUH DUH DUH

Can't see nothin'.

Duh Duh Duh tosses the pants and returns to the Jeep. He and Nino drive off.

ON PANTS

floating south, down the dark currents of the Harlem River.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DEA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

A middle-aged but attractive black receptionist is trying to work at a word processor, but the sound of MALE VOICES ARGUING is distracting her. Receptionist gets up and closes the door to --

INT. WILL MORRISON'S OFFICE - DAY

The door closes softly to the neat and orderly wood-paneled office.

ANOTHER ANGLE

WILL MORRISON -- a graying, handsome and stoic-looking black man in his early 40s -- is the Federal District Attorney, sitting behind his desk and chewing out Scotty Appleton, 25, the young man we met in the beginning of the film. Scotty is answering him, word for word.

MORRISON

You went too far, Scotty. You could've killed that kid.

SCOTTY

(angry)

Fuck him, man; he tried to bust a cap in my ass. And he's a fuckin' drug dealer. I hate drug dealers. Plus, that bastard spit in my face. He's lucky I didn't bodybag him.

MORRISON

I get it -- Scotty Da Nang, huh? That's your problem, I keep telling you, this ain't Vietnam. I was there, you know.

SCOTTY

(sharply)

Was is the operative word. You was there. You sit on your pampered ass in this pretty wood-paneled office, and after a while, you're cut off from the real world. You make decisions from inside a vacuum; I'm telling you, it is Vietnam out there, and I'm a soldier.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Both men just stare at each other. They calm down for a moment.

MORRISON

What do you know about Lonnie
'Nino' Brown and Gerald 'Gee Money'
Wells?

Scotty perks up on hearing both names.

SCOTTY

I never met them, but I know who they are. They call themselves the New Jacks. The Al Capone and Frank Nitti of Esplanade Gardens. Back in the day, those muthafuckas stuck up every A & P, Pioneer, check-cashing joint, and jewelry store in Harlem. When they were about 14 or 15, they robbed and killed this real wealthy old black woman in Esplanade. I hate them with a passion.

Morrison is angry, shaking his head.

MORRISON

Well, my instincts served me right, and it makes my decision even easier. I'm organizing a new drug-fighting unit that I want you to commandeer; T.N.T., or the Tactical Narcotics Team.

SCOTTY

(caught off guard)

Yeah? -- Why me?

MORRISON

Because you're from the neighborhood.

Morrison gets up from his desk to congratulate Scotty, who is visibly pleased. Both men shake hands --

SCOTTY

Thanks. I'm ready to kick serious ass --

MORRISON

You'll have total access to manpower and unlimited resources I just ask you to make your moves by the book. Please.

SCOTTY

I'll try.

EXT. BILL ROBINSON BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

GERALD "GEE MONEY" WELLS, 23 -- Nino's loyal right-hand man -- plays a pickup basketball game, in a run-down basketball court named after the famous hoofer, nestled in a raggedy cul de sac off of 150th and Seventh Avenue. He and his homeboys are geared in designer sweatsuits and \$100-plus gym sneakers.

DOPEBOYS on sidelines -- also dressed in expensive sportswear -- are making \$500 bets, whether or not Gee Money is going to make this jump shot from behind the key. Gee Money sets up... looks at the Dopeboys smiling --

GEE MONEY

Yo, if I make this --

DOPEBOYS

You ain't gonna make it, so just get it over with.

Gee Money lets the orange sphere fly.

It sails in a high gothic arc, kisses the backboard, and sinks through the rusted rim. The Dopeboys are shocked into silence, and mumble obscenities among themselves. Gee Money snickers.

GEE MONEY

Pay the bill, pay the bill. Pay up, ducks.

Dopeboys reluctantly hand over the cash. Gee Money walks over to a park bench to take a breather. He counts up the spoils.

ANGLE - NINO

arrives at the curb in the Jeep. Duh Duh Duh leans on the HORN.

Gee Money looks up, and smiles seeing that it's his partners in crime. He jogs over to the Jeep, and gets in.

Duh Duh pulls off.

INT. JEEP

Nino pats Gee Money on the shoulder.

NINO

Man, you 'member when we played for Reverend Oates on the M.O.A.B. 'Biddy' Squad, Gee Money?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEE MONEY

Yeah, I was 11, and you was 13,
and we were the baddest backcourt
in each-one-teach-one.

NINO

(gets serious)

Yeah, well, that was when we wasn't
makin' no money. And now that we
are, you out here shootin' jumpers
and what not. Business must be good.

GEE MONEY

(grins)

It will be. Peep this out.

Gee Money pulls a tiny vial from the jacket of his sweat-suit. It is filled with small pieces of white-colored rocks, that look like chips of soap. Nino studies the vial, and then Gee Money.

NINO

Base. So what?

DUH DUH DUH

Yo, you know the rules. Us
brothers don't get high.

GEE MONEY

Aw, shut up and drive, ya
non-talkin' bastid.

Nino gives Gee Money a concerned look.

NINO

My brother, my brother. You been
makin' money outside the family?

Gee Money is hurt and offended. As he tries to play it off.

GEE MONEY

I have been doing a little experimentin'.

NINO

How you mean?

GEE MONEY

At the clubs. After some of the
fellas would step away from the
blackjack table, and the bar, and
get ready to buy a fiddy or a hundred
dollars' worth of sniff, I would set
them up with a hit of base in the
back room.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEE MONEY (CONT'D)

And, yo, 15 minutes after leaving
the club, they would be back.
With two or three people with 'em.
And bus' this...

NINO

What?

GEE MONEY

They didn't come back for the
cocaine. They came back to buy
the base.

Nino looks at Gee Money, and then out Jeep's window. He
is in deep thought.

NINO

You soundin' like this is gonna
change the world.

GEE MONEY

I don't know about all that. All
I know is that hardcore, career
dope fiends, and even the coke-
heads like the number runners from
way back -- Cisco Kid and Billy
Bucks -- be comin' into the clubs
to get a taste of the base. They
be goin' crazy over this, Nino.
And the bitches? -- They'll do
anything for it.

(evil smile)

I got my bozack done every day
last week. Several times a day.

Gee Money has Nino's undivided attention.

Nino is quiet for a moment, absorbing everything that
he's just heard.

NINO

Let me think about this.

EXT. HARLEM STREET - DAY

Duh Duh Duh Man and Gee Money are riding in the Jeep.
It is late morning. They cruise steadily, almost slowly.

ANGLE INSIDE ROVER

Gee Money looks out the window, eyeing each street corner
-- east to west -- as if he is looking for someone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUH DUH DUH

So you really think this base is
the new, high-powered shit, huh?

GEE MONEY

No question. We gonna come off,
and in a big muh-fuckin' way, too.
(beat)

Wait-yo, there's Keisha, up there
on the corner of 129th Street.

DUH DUH DUH

Uh-oh. Look like she gettin'
ready to beat somebody down.

ANOTHER ANGLE

A gorgeous, coffee-colored young woman stands in the doorway of a run-down tenement. This is KEISHA LEWIS, 20, a member of Nino's crew. She is sinewy, built like a swimmer.

Keisha is dressed in Polo jeans, Polo rugby shirt, and Polo saddle tan loafers. A beeper, sheathed in alligator skin, rides on her curvy hip. A thick, gold cable hangs around her collarbone. Gold shrimp earrings hang from her earlobes. An exquisite Gucci watch caresses her left wrist, as she argues with TWO young WHITE BOYS in an expensive Volvo, with Connecticut plates. She is holding one of them by the face. The White Boys are terrified.

WHITE BOY #1

Get the fuck off me, you nigger
bitch.

KEISHA

You pale muthafucka, don't play
with me, 'cause I ain't your mom's
bitch askin' me some shit, like,
'Am I selling pussy and cocaine?'

WHITE BOY #1

Right. Just get your fuckin'
hands off me.

Keisha pulls up her shirt and removes a nine-millimeter from the waist of her jeans. Hear White Boys yell like girls.

KEISHA

Shut the fuck up and get out the
car. Both of you! Now!

White Boys get out of the Volvo, whimpering, shaking. They are in their early twenties and dressed like Ivy League preppies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Keisha trains the gun on them. See she is enjoying this.

KEISHA

Is that what you think of all
black women? Nigger bitches?

WHITE BOYS

(sounding like
little girls)

No! No!

KEISHA

Did you know that black women rule
the world? Did you know that I
come from a line of royalty; like
the Queen of Sheba, and Nefertiti?
Did you dumb, racist asses know
that?

WHITE BOYS

(hysterical)

Yes! Yes!

KEISHA

Kill that noise! Get on your
knees, and lick the ground.

White Boys look at each other, bewildered. Keisha CLICKS
the CARTRIDGE of the "nine."

The White Boys seem indignant.

Keisha FIRES a SHOT over their heads; White Boys begin
bowing and licking the ground.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Gee Money and Duh Duh Duh pull up in the Jeep. See and
hear them laughing it up.

Gee Money jumps out of the car and grabs Keisha play-
fully. The White Boys run to their Volvo and speed off.

GEE MONEY

Whas up, baby doll? You tryin' to
put heads to bed early in the
morning, or what?

KEISHA

Tryin' to teach them dumb bastids
somethin' about our history.

GEE MONEY

Get in the car, Miss Garvey. We
got an important meeting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gee Money and Keisha get in the Jeep. They all drive off.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HARLEM NIGHTSPOT - NIGHT

Welcome to the Spotlight on this late August night. Hear the powerful thunder of RAP MUSIC muffled behind the thick oak doors of the club. The entrance under the awning is well-lit.

See the cars pulling up to the entrance of the club; BMW -- Benz -- Jeep. Nattily-dressed teenage boys and girls depart from the expensive chariots.

The MUSIC is LOUD. JUNGLE DRUMS, jungle rhythms, and jungle words. Everything you know and hate about black youth. Old souls with junior high school faces sit at the bar drinking from splits of Dom Perignon and Moet and run head games on the gangster groupies -- "stunts" -- in tight silk skirts.

See bodies twist, gyrate, and contort. Hear the RAP MUSIC speak to the thoughts and intents of even the darkest heart; "Yo, my brother, live fast, die young, and in between, get as much money and sex as you can. Kill all who get in your way." This is the meeting place for a new society, a young and criminal underclass suddenly affluent enough to create their own twisted vision of "The Good Life." These are the dope boys and their dope gals, the young soul servers makin' the crazy money.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

This office/conference room in the back of the Spotlight is plush, but not gaudy. Nino, Gee Money, Keisha, Duh Duh Duh, SELINA, Nino's 28-year-old buxom, attractive Donna Karen-clad girlfriend, and KAREEM AKBAR -- a handsome, shirt, tie, and suspenders type of guy in a cameo afro-cut -- sit around a long, beautiful mahogany-glass-and chrome table.

NINO

(condescending)

You must like slumming, Kareem. What would make a high-class guy like you leave a good computer programming job at Citibank, come uptown and work among a den of thieves.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Laughter from the crew.

KAREEM

A blind man in the dark could see that. Arithmetic and common sense, the difference between the 800 dollars a week and 6,000 a week.

SELINA

My cousin also likes the fact that you're in the tradition of Joe Kennedy.

NINO

Good -- Because you gotta rob to get rich in the Reagan-Bush era. They running a strange program, y'all.

KEISHA

I'm telling you.

NINO

... This is an administration that creates an economic situation -- more poor and disenfranchised people than this country has ever known -- and then pretends it doesn't exist.

GEE MONEY

Meanwhile, the rich get richer...

KAREEM

... And richer...

NINO

But since, Gee Money told me six months ago that the cocaine glut in our clubs could be used to an advantage, Reganomics has given us a hell of an opportunity. A lot of people have given up on hope. And that's gonna make us rich.

See Nino remove a vial of base from his pocket, and place it in the middle of the table.

NINO

In times like this, people wanna get high. Real high. And real fast. Brothers, you are looking at our future.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The vial is passed around the table and scrutinized.

KEISHA

What? People crazy over something that looks like cracked-off pieces of soap?

NINO

Freebase. Cocaine in its most potent form.

Nino goes over to a coffee table and removes a huge leather portfolio. He unzips it, and removes a large, black-and-white photograph of the courtyard of a housing project. The others look on with great interest.

GEE MONEY

The Carter Projects. Up there on 151st and Seventh Avenue. This is a big place, Nino. Whaddup?

NINO

It's about combinatin' and consolidatin', that's whaddup.

KAREEM

I still don't get it.

NINO

Gone are the days of sellin' on streetcorners, in dark hallways, or in the bathroom of some bummy-ass bar. When there's too many different places to look after, too many different things can go wrong --

Nino paces the room like a military strategist --

NINO

We take over the Carter, get the apartments there, set up a safe house to keep the money and guns, a lab to make the base; Kareem is going to hook up a computer system here and in the Carter, to keep track of money, product and workers. We'll have a security force to screen customers, ward off rival crews, and lookouts to alert us of police. One place to sell our product, one place to collect our money. We'll own this fuckin' city.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The brothers look at each other; it dawns on them that this is a brilliant, ground-breaking plan.

KAREEM

It'll be ours; the New Jacks on the street.

NINO

New York City will become New Jack City.

DUH DUH DUH

Youse a genius, Nino. A pure, stone, undulated -- I mean, untalultite --

GEE MONEY

(interrupting)

Man, please shut the fuck up, before you have a seizure, or something.

Everyone laughs.

GEE MONEY

Nino, my brother, it is a brilliant plan. But you know our shit is gonna be good, and when it's good you gonna attract crowds, and crowds is gonna attract police.

NINO

Good question; not just anyone can come in off the street and buy our product. They'll have to join the Cash Money Brothers Club.

KEISHA

(snickers)

Thas kinda wild.

The others laugh. Nino waits for them to finish.

NINO

I'm serious, brothers. We'll charge a \$20 membership fee, and issue a card with an I.D. number coded into our computer system. After they join, they'll only have to pay \$5 a vial.

Again, all the brothers agree that the idea is brilliant.

KAREEM

You are a genius, Nino.

Nino smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NINO

There's only a couple more things
I'm concerned with.

GEE MONEY

What's that?

NINO

The area in front of the Carter
is controlled by Fat Smitty and
his posse.

KAREEM

I understand that Fat Smitty and
his Rasta boys got that locked up.

NINO

Well, it's time to sing that fat
bitch a lullabye. I want that
corner.

KEISHA

(smiles)

Rock-a-bye baby. It's a sure-shot.

GEE MONEY

Fat Smitty is as good as Elvis,
Nino. What's the other thing you
were gonna speak on?

NINO

We need to let the people in the
community know that we don't only
want to feed their hungry souls,
but their bodies and minds, too.

GEE MONEY

(puzzled)

What?

NINO

I was thinking of building a
community center for the Moab
Church. A place where kids could
play ball, get tutored, etc.

SELINA

Reverend Oates is gonna love that.

NINO

I know. And last, but not least,
we need a name for our product.
Something catchy, that people will
recognize instantly.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NINO (CONT'D)

We weren't the first with base,
but we're the first to hook it up
like this, so we need to set
ourselves apart.

KAREEM

What about White Rock?

GEE MONEY

What about how Keisha described
it?

KEISHA

(puzzled)

What, soap?

GEE MONEY

No, cracked off pieces of soap.
Why not just call it Crack, Nino.

CLOSE - NINO

A crazy glint in his eyes. A sly smile.

NINO

Damn. Crack.

EXT. BUSY CORNER (HARLEM) - DAY

Near southern corner of the Carter Projects, cars are pulling up to young men in dreads and multi-colored knit caps; see young men exchange small manila envelopes for cash coming from extended arms from the driver's side of the cars. MARLEY'S "REDEMPTION SONG" wafts from a red Jeep on that corner.

ANGLE

Gee Money's white Jeep pulls up to the corner. Keisha and Duh Duh Duh accompany Gee Money inside.

ANGLE

In front of the red Jeep, a fat but somewhat muscular man in his late 40's, SINCLAIR SMITH aka FAT SMITTY, dressed in work coveralls, slaps around two young salesmen, cursing them out in a thick Caribbean accent.

ANGLE

Gee Money leans out of white Jeep's back seat window, and yells:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEE MONEY

Yo, Fat Smitty. C'mere for a minute. I need to speak with you.

Fat Smitty turns around, angry and confused.

FAT SMITTY

Who the fuck are you?

GEE MONEY

Old man, I'm here to tell you, your services are no longer needed in this community.

FAT SMITTY

What the fuck do you think --

Fat Smitty is furious -- goes on a rampage, yelling, cursing, kicking the white Jeep's doors --

INSIDE JEEP

Gee Money looks at Keisha; she removes her "nine" from the waistband of her pants, clicks the cartridge.

ANGLE

See Keisha open the door of the Jeep, and jump out. Before the bewildered wildman has a chance to react, Keisha puts the "nine" right next to his temple, and pulls the trigger twice.

Blood flies everywhere; it splatters the red Jeep. Fat Smitty falls in the street shaking as if he's having a seizure. Activity on the street is frozen -- some people run for cover. Keisha kicks trembling body of Fat Smitty out of the way, and jumps back in the white Jeep. It jets off. Hear Gee Money's voice as they pull off:

GEE MONEY (V.O.)

Now thas how you kill a nigga, my brothers. Get right up on the muthafucka and bye-yow!... blow his muthafuckin' brains all over the sidewalk. In broad daylight.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MOAB TEMPLE SACRISTY - DAY

Nino with the REV. PLATHELL OATS, who is a handsome and scholarly man with graying hair, keen features and that typical black Southern Baptist voice, in a small office behind the altar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

An elegant oak desk and chair dominate the luxurious space. A sandy shag carpet stretches from one side of the wood panelled wall, to the other.

Nino dumps a plastic bag of neatly bundled \$100 bills on the desk. The Reverend is pleased. Nino smells the bundles of bills.

NINO

I love the smell of money; old money, new money. Just as long as it's real money.

REVEREND

Now that's a sin I haven't heard of, son.

Nino smiles at the Reverend.

NINO

Why you always call me that? I'm not your son.

REVEREND

I don't calls you son 'cause ya mine. I calls ya sun 'cause ya shine.

They laugh.

NINO

Well, this is my charitable donation -- \$400,000 -- to the community; between me and you on the 'Q.T.,' of course.

REVEREND

Of course. Thank you. Now we can finish construction on the community center in less than a year. The basketball courts in Bill Robinson are too raggedy, and the kids need a place to play when it gets cold.

NINO

Bet.

INT. MANHATTAN DEA ORIENTATION ROOM - DAY (SIX MONTHS LATER)

With its blackboard in front of the room, this looks like a clinical classroom full of casually-dressed, but sharp-looking young men and women --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-- they are the Tactical Narcotics Team, or TNT, specially-trained for the new street warfare that has come about as a result of the pending epidemic known as crack.

At the head of the class stands a group of men; WILL MORRISON, the buttoned-down, 40-year-old, Ivy League-educated, black District Attorney.

KIM PARK, the Korean, middle-aged surveillance expert and agent. JERRY HOLBROOK, the tall, white Southern doofus, second-in-command to SCOTTY APPLETON, the 25-year-old hip-hop-looking head of the TNT unit.

MORRISON

You're here because along with your boss, Agent Scotty Appleton, you're going to engineer the dismantling of a new drug organization in Harlem.

He nods to Scotty who steps forward.

ANGLE - AGENTS

CAMERA MOVES among them. HOLD ON them, one at a time.

SCOTTY

About a year ago, the body of Billy Heywood was found washed up along a pier near 125th Street side of the Harlem River...

Scotty signals a projectionist who dims the lights and turns on a videotape monitor --

ANGLE - INSERT

On the TV monitor is the chalk-outlined body of Fat Smitty lying in the street --

BACK TO SCENE

SCOTTY

Almost five months later, the body of Sinclair Smith was found sprawled out on Edgecombe Avenue and 145th Street, with two bullets in his head. Both men were in their mid-to-late 40s, and both men were mid-level drug dealers.

Agents and officers smoke each other over, as Scotty continues to pace among them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCOTTY

Both murders are just two examples of the recent upsurge of violent killings, due to a young Harlem drug consortium known as C.M.B., or the Cash Money Brothers.

A few of the agents begin to snicker.

Scotty steps back to yield to Morrison.

MORRISON

I think you're laughing because you probably have a picture of the stereotypical drug operation run out of some seedy after hours spot, or smoky bar by a big fat black guy in his 50s, with a cigar stuck in his chops. You're dead wrong. The leader of C.M.B., Lonnie 'Nino' Brown, is more brutal and sophisticated than Nicky Barnes ever was.

(beat)

Jack, get the lights.

Projectionist shuts OFF the TELEVISION and turns on the lights.

Scotty and Morrison hand out thick folders to all of the agents.

ANGLE

As the folders are given to the agents, Jerry Holbrook, the tall, blond Southern doofus with a penchant for wise-cracks -- makes eye contact with Scotty.

Holbrook snickers -- Scotty scowls -- Holbrook slowly checks himself, and goes back to his folder.

SCOTTY

(of the folder)

This is 'The Man,' as they say... Lonnie 'Nino' Brown. Former after-hours spot bouncer and stick-up kid, now the leader of the most complex drug organization in the city.

MORRISON

Since Brown and his Cash Money Brothers have marketed freebase cocaine or 'crack' as an affordable drug, we've seen the level of murders in Harlem triple.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCOTTY

Brown and the Cash Money Brothers have also started using a few apartments in the Jimmy Carter houses in Harlem to form a major drug nerve center. People on the street call Nino's territory New Jack City.

MORRISON

That's about as much as we know about him. Your jobs are to build a case that connects Brown to the gang in a direct way.

HOLBROOK

(to everyone)

Shit, this guy is the Rommel of Lennox Avenue.

Holbrook and the other agents laugh. Scotty and Morrison look at him like a jerk -- which he is.

MORRISON

Alright, can it... You won't have time to joke around on the street...

(beat)

We'd like to penetrate Brown's network with informants and agents, before this situation gets out of control.

SCOTTY

Brown is a challenge that will require teamwork and cooperation from everyone in this room...

(looks around)

Any questions?

A pretty and petite black FEMALE AGENT raises her hand.

FEMALE AGENT

Who's supplying Nino?

SCOTTY

We think it's that scumbag Frank 'Frankie Needles' La Ponzina --

MORRISON

(interrupting)

Hey-hey-hey --

(to Scotty)

I told you by the books, right.

Scotty shrugs his shoulders --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORRISON

Frank La Ponzina, first lieutenant of the Armeteo Family, situated on 115th Street in East Harlem. We have wiretaps in Brown's clubs, and Armeteo's Spartan Social Club on 115th Street, but still we're not absolutely sure; but that's what you guys are about to hit the streets and find out.

The agents begin to gather the belongings, and folders; they file out of the room --

MORRISON

... Brown is not going to make it easy for us, nor is he going to wait.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Before leaving, the goofy Holbrook asks Scotty a question, raising his voice from the back of the classroom.

HOLBROOK

Hey, you sure you're the head of this outfit...

Scotty is poker-face; says nothing.

HOLBROOK

... Because I could damn sure mistake you for one of them.

(walking out, under his breath)

Huh, a hip-hop cop. Shit.

Scotty is angry, but he controls himself.

SCOTTY

(to Morrison)

I'm tired of that Bugs Bunny muthafucka already.

MORRISON

Yeah, I know, the guy's an asshole, but he's a good agent.

Scotty gathers his materials, and walks out of the classroom.

SCOTTY

He just better be.

EXT. HARLEM ROOFTOP - ANGLE - DAY

On the roof of a tenement building across the street from the Carter houses, Scotty --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-- dressed undercover as a homeless person -- and Park are taking pictures with miniature cameras, of a crowd gathered in front of the Carter. Scotty is dour, not amused.

SCOTTY

Ten years as a murderous, robbing dog in this community, and now all of a sudden Nino Brown is trying to purchase a conscience. I ain't going for his Robin Hood shit. I remember when he and his boy killed somebody's grandmother.

(beat, mumbles)

Fuckin' front artist.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO CARTER COURTYARD - ANGLE - DAY

Two white mini-vans are surrounded by a huge crowd. Hear jubilant yelling by the crowd, as we see Nino, Duh Duh Duh and Gee Money in front of a row of long tables with cooked turkeys in foil, table-top warming trays with rice, collard greens, pies, cornbread, etc. They are giving out the turkeys and disposable Styrofoam trays of food to the crowd. The action is wild, as each person -- young women with babies in strollers, elderly women and men with canes and folding shopping carts, and young teenage boys -- tries to get a turkey and a tray of food.

ANGLE

Another white mini-van pulls up.

BACK DOORS OF MINI-VAN

swing open; Keisha and Kareem lift plastic wrapped, portable heaters out of the truck, and gently place them on the curb. The crowd spots the other truck, and stampedes towards the heaters.

ANGLE

See bummy YOUNG BLACK MAN -- 24 or 25 years old -- dressed in a grimy-greasy, torn down coat, dirty and tattered jeans, dirty and run down sneakers. His hair is matted.

CLOSE - YOUNG BLACK MAN

It's Pookie, the guy Scotty shot earlier. His eyes are yellowed, his lips are ashen-white.

ANGLE

Pookie, walking with a Ratzo Rizzo limp, pushes and shoves people out of the way who are waiting to get a turkey, he "bogards" his way to the front, facing Nino and his crew.

POOKIE (YOUNG BLACK MAN)

(excitedly)

God bless you, Nino, God bless you. At least, somebody cares about the needy. Can I get a turkey and some food, chief?

Nino is slightly amused.

NINO

Look at you; just look at your funky black ass. First you wanna be a stick-up kid, but you got shot. Now youse a basehead. You all fucked up, Pookie.

POOKIE

I know. I'm very ignorant and socially deprived.

Nino shakes his head, smiling. He gives Pookie a turkey, and a tray of food.

NINO

Here, man. Knock yourself out. If you clean yourself up, I might give you a job.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CARTER HOUSES STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Staircase is dim; littered with small manilla coin envelopes, glassine bags, and what seems like hundreds of miniature vials and tiny colored plastic tops. On the wall is some graffiti -- PAN TO elaborate block lettering that reads "CMB... ON AND ON."

ANGLE

See Pookie and a young but emaciated GIRL on the staircase taking the last drags from a glass pipe.

CLOSE - POOKIE

He's out of it.

ANGLE

Between both dope fiends, is a moldy, turkey, barely wrapped in foil.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POOKIE

You don't deserve this turkey no
more -- I hooked you up for that
last get-high.

Young and emaciated Girl, dressed in a raggedy trenchcoat,
bummy blue prom dress, and bummy Air Jordans -- who is
also in another world -- looks at Pookie as if he's lost
what little mind he has left. We see their high makes
them very hyper, almost maniacal.

SKINNY GIRL

Why I gotta be owin' you -- I just
did you two times on this staircase
... you think I like doin' that? I
was prom queen of King High School.
This is beneath me.

Skinny Girl takes another drag from the pipe. Hear
Pookie laugh.

POOKIE

It's empty...
(condescending laugh)
Muthafuckas kill me talkin' about what
they used to be. Look at you now...

Pookie makes a grab for the turkey -- Skinny Girl snatches
it back.

CLOSE - POOKIE

His eyes light up even brighter. Suddenly, he punches
her in the chest. Hear the THUMP. Skinny Girl jumps
to hit him, but she's too stunned.

SKINNY GIRL

What the -- ?

POOKIE

(irrational)
Didn't I hook you up... didn't I walk
six block up on Broadway to buy this
pipe from a Iranian muthafucka who
couldn't even speak English but still
tried to cheat me outta five bucks...
didn't I still speak to your mother
this morning after she called me
homeless bastard?

SKINNY GIRL

(crying)
Yes...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POOKIE

Then it's my fuckin' turkey.

Skinny Girl tries to grab the turkey. Pookie slaps her in the head, and grabs it back.

INT. CARTER HOUSES MANAGEMENT OFFICE - ANGLE - NIGHT

See Nino, Duh Duh Duh and Keisha in a small, cramped office.

They are circling a very obese black man in glasses; this is the manager of the Carter Houses, RON FRAZIER. Frazier is tied up in a chair that's too small for him, and there's a gag around his mouth. Hear Frazier trying to talk through the gag. Nino pulls it down.

FRAZIER

What you're asking me to do is crazy, Nino. I can't turn over control of Carter over to you.

Nino paces the room. Keisha is gently tapping an expensive-looking leather attache.

NINO

Frazier, my man, my man, you are holding up some real important business.

Duh Duh Duh slaps Frazier very hard across the head.

DUH DUH DUH

... You know? Fuck is wrong with you?

FRAZIER

You guys are asking me to break the law? I work for Feinstein and Associates, you know?

NINO

I'm not asking you to stop reporting to them. I'm just saying -- change a few numbers, a few things here and there...

Frazier vigorously shakes his head in the negative.

FRAZIER

Look, let's just forget about this. I'm not giving you the apartments, I'm not taking your blood money.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRAZIER (CONT'D)

The people in this development have enough trouble paying their rent as it is, without the likes of your kind coming in here to totally destroy things. As head of the Carter Tenant Patrol, I'm ordering you to get out, before I call the police.

Nino and his crew can't help but laugh --

ANGLE

Frazier's bound hands --

KEISHA

(goes for her gun)

How the fuck you gonna call Five-0, and your hands is tied?

Nino grabs her, calms her down. He motions for his people to leave --

NINO

(coldly)

We'll be back.

INT. CARTER STAIRCASE - NIGHT

A crowd has formed at the exit to the staircase; they are watching Pookie and the Skinny Girl fight over the dated turkey. We hear the Skinny Girl screaming as she tossles with Pookie who is overpowering her, by way of sheer madness. The crowd is very vocal.

VOICE #1

Kick him in the nuts, baby.

VOICE #2

Beat her ass, Pook. Take that pussy, too.

VOICE #3

Man, you ain't gotta take that pussy. She'll do the wild thing for \$5.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Pookie is on top of Skinny Girl now, trying to choke her to death.

POOKIE

It's my turkey. My turkey.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly, an attractive, middle-aged black WOMAN breaks through the crowd, and tries to pull Pookie off of the girl.

WOMAN

Stop it! You stop beatin' on her.
I said stop it!

ANOTHER ANGLE

Scotty "Da Nang," dressed as a homeless man, rushes into the stairwell and pulls Pookie off of girl, throwing him up against a wall.

SCOTTY

You beat up a woman for a moldy old turkey? You're a pitiful excuse for black manhood.

POOKIE

(indignant)

Fuck you, you bum-ass, homo, sleepin' on subways and beggin' for money, stink... motherfucker.

(recognizes Scotty)

Oh shit! It's you.

(screams hysterically)

You, this ain't no do do roach mother fucker. He's a cop. He's a cop. He's a cop.

Scotty slaps Pookie upside the head, puts the barrel of the gun in Pookie's mouth. He nervously scans the empty stairway.

SCOTTY

If you don't shut up, I'll blow your fuckin' brains out.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE ENTRANCE OF CARTER - ANGLE - NIGHT

Scotty is forcefully handcuffing Pookie, and about to read him his rights, when Pookie begins to cry and plead.

POOKIE

Please man, I don't want to go back to jail. I don't want to be a crack head. I was wrong beatin' on that girl like that, but I don't have no control over this crack shit. It's taken over my mind, my body -- Please, help me. Please.

ANGLE

Scotty is bewildered, almost frightened. Doesn't want his cover blown. He doesn't know what to make of this situation; so he scowls and plays macho.

SCOTTY

Stop cryin', muthafucker.

(beat)

Alright -- I'll let you go, this time, but I own your little ass. You owe me. You understand?

EXT. HARLEM SUPERMARKET - DAY

A crowd of hysterical people -- mostly young and middle-aged female shoppers with kids and pushcarts full of groceries -- gather around Pookie, who looks comical in a tattered shirt and tie, singing his own words to the "operatic version" of "Sanford and Son."

POOLIE

(really lousy operatic off-key voice)

Well it was me and Freh-ed a working father and son you see -- me and Freh-ed he always hollered at me; and Julio and his goat.

INSERT

Homemade sign that reads: "I WAS THE UNDERSTUDY FOR LAMONT. AS YOU KNOW, THE SHOW WAS CANCELLED, AND MY LIFE HAS BEEN DOWNHILL EVER SINCE. PLEASE HELP A TALENTED ENTERTAINER." A plastic plate filled with a few coins sits next to it.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Out of nowhere, Scotty comes and grabs Pookie by the arm, pulling him off to a corner. Pookie is startled, but regroups quickly --

POOKIE

Thank you. You've been a wonderful audience. By the way, this is my agent, y'all, and he just got me a new T.V. show --

Scotty shoves Pookie up against a wall outside the supermarket. He looks at Poolie like --

SOCTTY

I don't fuckin' believe you, man. You never quit, do you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POOKIE

Man's gotta make a livin' somehow.

SCOTTY

But yo' ass can't sing.

POOKIE

That's your opinion. You can't appreciate true artistry.

SCOTTY

Bullshit artistry, no, I can't.
But later for all this conversation.
It's payback time.

POOKIE

(scared)

You takin' me to jail?

SCOTTY

Either that or work for me.

POOKIE

Doin' what?

SCOTTY

Be my eyes and ears inside CMB.

Pookie looks at Scotty in disbelief.

POOKIE

Fuck that, I'll go to jail.

Scotty takes out his cuffs, and cuffs one of Pookie's wrists, when --

POOKIE

Okay, okay, man. I'll work for you. But only if you promise me, that I won't get killed doin' this.

SCOTTY

I promise you that won't happen.
Check this out. Spoke to this drug counselor at A.R.C., he's expecting your call.

INT. SPOTLITE CLUB - BACK ROOM - DAY

FRANK "FRANKIE NEEDLES" LAPONZINA, 1st lieutenant of the Armeteo crime family, is led into the room alone.

Already waiting at a table is Nino, Duh Duh Duh, Gee Money, and the rest of the Cash Money Brothers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NINO

We're honored.

FRANKIE NEEDLES

(nervously looks
around the table)

I'm honored. Really.

(on the silence)

We understand that you have a
new Peruvian connection.

NINO

(cool)

What about it.

FRANKIE NEEDLES

You did this without notifying Don
Armeteo, who takes such things as
an insult. We also understand
that you have centralized your
operations in one area, as opposed
to street corners we 'leased' to
you, and the clubs -- like
Shagazzy's and the Spotlite --
which we practically gave you.

NINO

Get to the point.

FRANKIE NEEDLES

My point is you guys fuckin' moved
three million dollars in cocaine
every three months with our help.
We never shook you down for the
clubs, nothin'. And now you cut us
out of our agreed upon ten percent?
Well, we have to renegotiate.

NINO

Why?

FRANKIE NEEDLES

Because the risk of things going
wrong is minimal to your organization,
provided you continue to work with us.
And... we know where you go to church.

NINO

(losing patience)

Oh, a threat... I can dig it.

FRANKIE NEEDLES

(looking around, scared)

No threat, of course.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANKIE NEEDLES

(interrupting)

Our snitch was right. Nino and his Cash Money Monkeys are dealin' with those spicaroes up on Broadway and 171st. And he doesn't even deny it. Nor does he accept our partnership anymore.

INT. DEA DOWNTOWN SURVEILLANCE ROOM - ANGLE - DAY

Around a battery of receivers and hi-tech recorders, Scotty and Park listen in on the Don and Frankie, with super thin, state-of-the-art headsets:

DON ARMETEO (V.O.)

Well, you know what I say; you lay down with Peruvian dogs, ya wake up with Spanish fleas. Nino will itch soon, and we'll be there to scratch the hell out of him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COLUMBIAN ROSE RESTAURANT - DAY

ANGLE - INSIDE ISUZU TROOPER

Scotty "Da Nang" sits in funky and dented white Isuzu Trooper, across the street. He is about to doze off, when --

SCOTTY'S POV - GREEN RANGE ROVER

pulls up in front of the Columbian Rose. A non-descript Latino man stands in front of the restaurant, nervously holding a silver halliburton. Nino, Gee Money, and Duh Duh Duh get out of the Rover and go over and greet Latino. Nino exchanges his black halliburton for the Latino's silver one as --

BACK TO SCENE

Scotty snaps pictures with that small camera, smiling --

SCOTTY

I knew it.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Springtime in Harlem. Rush hour... people coming home from work. We MOVE THROUGH a crowd whose attention is riveted on --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Shocking profile of a NAKED FRAZIER, building manager for the Carter, sobbing hysterically, fingers laced behind his head, prodded down the yellow center line of Seventh Avenue near 150th Street, which is teeming with rush hour traffic. He is walking toward a gas station.

Nino Brown, scowling, flanked by Duh Duh Duh and Gee Money.

He has taped the muzzle of a shotgun to the Naked Man's neck, and he's speaking in a real low and sinister voice --

NINO

Now you're gonna give up those
apartments and turn over control of
the Carter to the brothers, right?

FRAZIER

(blubbing)

Yessir, Mr. Brown.

NINO

If you dn't, then -- well... I guess
the shotgun accidentally goes off,
and your head is blown off before you
get your clothes back? Y'unnstand?

FRAZIER

Yessir, yessir...

On-lookers crowd closer for a better view, stunned, silent, utterly intimidated. Duh Duh Duh pushes them back. It's an oddly comic image -- Naked Frazier dancing on the pavement, trying not to set off the gun taped to his neck.

And the macabre mini-parade moves off down the road in full view of everyone in the neighborhood.

Faces of on-lookers say Nino has made his point well.

Our man Pookie, standing amidst the crowd on the sidewalk -- his mouth agape -- has seen it all.

INT. CARTER COURTYARD - ANGLE - NIGHT

See the entrance of the courtyard. It is really busy tonight -- lots of people are coming in and out at a rapid pace, but the movements seem staged, choreographed, designed.

MOVING INTO the courtyard, we see CMB workers everywhere; in doorways, waiting near the entrance, in the windows of apartments; we'll come back to this scene... in the meantime we --

CROSSFADE TO:

INT. DEA HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Pookie is in Scotty's office; he looks nervous.

He is about to run down the CMB operation from memory, which will be flashback scenes.

GO BACK TO:

CARTER COURTYARD

We are hearing Pookie's V.O.

POOKIE (V.O.)

... Yo, man, Nino is a monster; he had a naked man walkin' down 7th Avenue, with a shotgun taped to the back of his head, earlier today.

(beat)

Damn.

ANGLE - COURTYARD - CARTER

See a potential customer arriving at the Carter courtyard entrance -- see customer present a card to a CMB worker --

POOKIE (V.O.)

... It took me some time, but I've been through the whole joint; here it is. First, when you get to the entrance, you got to show a membership card to a runner...

INSERT

White embossed card with a series of numbers under some bar coding that reads: CASH MONEY BROTHERS MEDICINE CLUB --

POOKIE (V.O.)

... Twenty-five bucks a pop. Once you become a member, then it's only \$5 per jumbo -- the big pieces of crack...

SCOTTY (V.O.)

... Like a video club...

POOKIE (V.O.)

... Dig that... Nino got this shit hooked like Mission Impossible.

INSIDE COURTYARD

See CMB worker escorting the customer over to another CMB employee at a bench in the courtyard. Customer is frisked by CMB worker #2.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POOKIE (V.O.)

... Next, you're escorted inside the courtyard, over to this bench where you're searched. If you're clean, you move on to the next checkpoint...

SCOTTY (V.O.)

... What if they find a gun on you?...

POOKIE (V.O.)

... If you're lucky, they only take your gun, beat your ass, and throw you out...

ANGLE

See customer escorted into the well-lit, and clean hallway of one of the buildings. See CMB worker sitting at a table with a computer, and a stamp. The customer hands Worker his membership card; Worker uses a wand plugged into the computer to read the bar-coding on the card. Customer hands Worker a \$5 bill, which Worker drops into a metal cylinder on the side of the desk. Worker stamps the customer's hand, and then speaks into his baseball cap-headset, as we hear the Pook --

POOKIE (V.O.)

... When you get to the next checkpoint, you give another worker -- this Jamaican kid -- your membership card. He checks it, you hand him the money, he stamps your hand, and he calls in your order...

SCOTTY (V.O.)

... Calls in the order to where?...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CARTER HALLWAY - NIGHT

See customer and CMB worker #3 walking into the neat, brightly lit hallway of another building, where customer stops at another table, where CMB worker #4 places customer's hand under an ultraviolet light --

INT. CARTER APARTMENT - NIGHT

See workers in smocks and gloves arranging what seems like thousands upon thousands of crack-filled vials on rows of tables, into specific groups of twenty --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-- when one of the workers gets a call on his headset, he takes twenty vials over to another worker who is sitting at a table next to a thick, iron plate fortified door, which has a slide-away panel built into it --

POOKIE (V.O.)

... Call goes into a place they call 'Macy's'; the place where you actually get the crack. A worker takes you over to 223, where one worker reads the stamp on your hand under an ultraviolet light. From there...

INT. HALLWAY OF CARTER APARTMENT - NIGHT

See customer and CMB worker #3 at the door of "Macy's." Hear worker #3 ring the buzzer in a code -- two long BUZZES, one short -- the panel opens, and the vial is passed through --

POOKIE (V.O.)

... You're escorted up to the second floor, the worker rings the buzzer in this code, a little panel in the door opens, and you get the crack...

DEA HEADQUARTERS

Scotty is shocked, but his bemused look seems as if he's almost impressed by this elaborate setup.

SCOTTY

... I hate to say it, but Nino is a fuckin' genius...

ANGLE - POOKIE

Pookie has a sad smile on his face --

POOKIE

... A mad scientist -- what did Marvin say on that album; '... the boy/ who made slaves out of men...'

Scotty closes his eyes, and shakes his head.

POOKIE

(concerned)

... You alright?...

Scotty snaps out of it --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCOTTY

... Yeah, yeah. So what happens next?

POOKIE

... Well, you can either take your goodies home and get high, or, you can stay at The Enterprise.

SCOTTY (V.O.)

... The what?...

EXT. CARTER COURTYARD - NIGHT

See CMB worker #3 escorting the customer to another courtyard bench, where CMB worker #4 takes the customer to another building across the courtyard --

INT. ANOTHER CARTER HALLWAY - NIGHT

Another well-lit hallway, another CMB worker seated at another table with another ultraviolet lamp. The customer places his hand under the lamp --

CROSSFADE TO:

STANDING OUTSIDE ANOTHER CARTER APARTMENT

Hear CMB worker #4 RING the BUZZER in another code -- 2 shorts, one long -- the door opens, the customer walks in, CMB worker #4 leaves.

INSIDE APARTMENT

A depressing sight. Not that the place is sloppy; it is clean and neat -- fifteen card tables around the room, two chairs to a table. Two small glass pipes, and two small lighter-torches sit on top of the table, along with a high-tech neon light made like a candle. It makes the room look like some sort of weird bistro --

CMB workers patrol the room with automatic weapons, to keep some sense of order -- but all the seated are anesthetized --

PANNING the faces at each table, see dead eyes and dead souls with hollow cheeks sucking on glass pipes -- hear SUCKING SOUNDS -- as the neon highlights each face -- see a variety... elderly men and women, wealthy buppies, teenage girls with CRYING BABIES in strollers near the tables -- like blue ghouls whose eyes sit back in their sockets. See our customer escorted to a table, and get to work, as we hear Pookie --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POOKIE (V.O.)

... On the street, they say when you're smoking crack, that you're beamin' up to Scotty; you're goin' to another world. So they call the apartments in building 225, The Enterprise...

SCOTTY (V.O.)

... They got all the apartments in that building?...

POOKIE (V.O.)

... Yo, man, are you deaf or what? It ain't just a few apartments -- the brothers control the whole joint. Gettin' high is another membership perk; you just show you been stamped, a worker will walk you up to the first floor, buzz the door in a code. Then you walk in, find a table, and talk to Scotty...

DEA HEADQUARTERS

Scotty still can't believe what he is hearing --

SCOTTY

... Okay-okay. But what about the brothers' nerve-center?

POOKIE

... What?...

SCOTTY

... If these guys are using computers, where is their main data bank located -- in which building? And how about where they process the crack, and their safe-house, where do they stash their money, and drugs, and guns, and...

Pookie seems a little irritated --

POOKIE

... Wait-wait-wait a minute, man. I've heard about all that, but I sure don't know where it is, and I ain't about to find out...

SCOTTY

... Gotta find that out, Pook...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pookie, tired of this conversation --

POOKIE

... No, I don't gotta find that
out. I ain't gotta die for
this...

EXT. OUTSIDE CARTER - ANGLE - DAY

See Duh Duh Duh and Nino walking with four brown shopping bags stuffed with neat bundles of money, over to a brand new, green Range Rover. They get inside, put the money in the back storage space, and pull off.

ANGLE - SCOTTY AND POOKIE

trailing the Range Rover in a dirty and dented white Isuzu Trooper. While the Rover is done in the obligatory street-chic-booming system playing Big Daddy Kane, and hidden wirth tinted windows -- The Trooper sticks out because it's trying to kick some weak bass with a tiny AM station turned up full blast.

Dressed in an MCM sweatsuit, and Gucci gold chain, Scotty looks like a new jack. Pookie looks at him, and laughs as Scotty takes copious photos from his mini-camera.

POOKIE

You look like a stick-up kid.

INSIDE TROOPER

There is a noticeable change in Pookie; his hair is combed, face is washed, clothes are a little neater. His eyes are not as yellow.

POOKIE

... I'm gonna die for this.
While you do the 'smile, your
ass is on Candid Camera' shit.

Scotty, who is driving, cracks a smile.

SCOTTY

You ain't gonna die, Pook. At
least not for this. God and old
age have other plans.

(beat; admiring
Pookie)

You look like you making progress,
my man. You look good. Your
teeth are clean. Your breath
don't stink no more.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pookie laughs a little bit, but he is slowly starting to panic.

POOKIE

I'm finally trying to be a God-fearin' man -- I only beam up to Scotty twice a day now -- and I'm about to die playing 'The Untouchables,' and shit.

SCOTTY

You about to make a comeback, champ. You're gonna regain that crown.

POOKIE

Rah-rah, get one for the gipper and all that bullshit.

ANGLE - ROVER

stops at CMB Car Service -- Nino and Duh Duh Duh get out, and go inside the office.

ANGLE - SCOTTY AND POOKIE

park a half block behind.

ANGLE - LATER

Nino and Duh Duh Duh leave office with more shopping bags of money; they get inside the Rover, and pull off. The Trooper follows them.

EXT. SPOTLIGHT - DAY

Rover pulls up to the club on Eighth Avenue and 144th Street.

ANGLE

The Trooper is right around the corner, hiding.

ANGLE - NINO AND DUH DUH DUH

leave the Rover. They go inside the club -- minutes later -- they come out with more shopping bags of neatly bundled money. Both men get in the Rover, and drive off.

See Trooper pull from around the corner, and trail the Rover.

EXT. SHAGAZZY'S - ANGLE - TROOPER - DAY

parked a half block away from the club, as Nino and Duh Duh Duh walk out of the club's doors with more shopping bags of money. They get inside the Rover, and drive off; the Trooper follows them.

EXT. 116TH STREET - DAY

See the Rover driving east, towards Lexington Avenue with the Trooper in pursuit.

INT. ROVER

Duh Duh Duh does a doubletake in the rearview mirror --

INSERT - REARVIEW MIRROR

The white Trooper.

Duh Duh Duh realizes he and Nino are being followed --

DUH DUH DUH
Yo, Nino, that Trooper has been
followin' us since we left
Shagazzy's.

NINO
(calmly)
... Since we left the Spotlite.

ANGLE

Without taking his eyes off the road, Duh Duh Duh reaches under his seat, and grabs a TEC-9 submachine gun, and places it in his lap.

DUH DUH DUH
Stick-up, kids...

NINO
Yeah. Let's turn around and
lullabye those ducks.

ANGLE

Rover makes a U-turn --

SCOTTY
(surprised)
Uh-oh. They made us. We gotta
step, Pookie.

POOKIE
(scared)
And now we fuckin' die!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

See a high speed chase develop on Lexington Avenue --

Both cars run red lights, causing near collisions of other cars in the street --

Both cars fly up the steep hill beginning at 106th and Lexington, a la Bullitt.

INSIDE TROOPER

Pookie is scared out of his wits --

POOKIE

(screaming)

Oh shit! I'm gonna die!

SCOTTY

(absorbed)

Duck under the seat, and hang on...

EXT. LEXINGTON AVENUE - ANGLE - DAY

Both cars are zooming faster and faster down the busy boulevard, dodging in and out of traffic, narrowly avoiding disaster, until --

INSIDE ROVER

Nino grabs the TEC-9 from his lap.

EXT. LEXINGTON AND 86TH STREET - DAY

ANGLE - NINO'S WINDOW

He leans out of window, FIRES off a ROUND -- misses.

ANGLE - POLICE OFFICER

directing traffic; when he sees the car chase and gunplay, see police officer throw his whistle down and run down into the nearby subway station. A crowd forms on both sides of the street, but stands off at a horrified distance --

INSIDE TROOPER

Pookie, squeezed down comically under his seat, is hysterical with panic --

POOKIE

Muthafuckah! You said undercover, you didn't say nothin' about this shit! I gotta live! I gotta get high again! Shit!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Scotty tries to play it cool; he ditches the camera under his seat, and calls in on the two-way radio.

SCOTTY

Base, this is unit one. Subjects have fired on us. I'm trying to lose them. I don't want him to see me.

ANGLE

Just in time, Scotty backs up -- U-turns -- and zig-zags past the Rover. The movement is so sudden, Nino and Dud Duh Duh are taken by surprise. They let them go.

INSIDE TROOPER

Pookie comes out of his frightened fetal foxhole. He's shaking.

POOKIE

Is it over, Clint Eastwood?

SCOTTY

Shut the fuck up.

EXT. CMB-OPERATION - MONTAGE - DAY

(NOTE: There is no dialogue in this montage; instead, we hear Bebe and Cece Winan's "HEAVEN" PLAYING as the montage plays out.)

- A) Nino and Reverend Oates in construction hats, watching construction workers build the community center.
- B) CMB worker sits at his checkpoint, dropping money in the metal cylinder...
- C) A group of protesters outside the 135th Street police precinct, with placards reading "Police don't see that crack is breaking our backs."
- D) A young teen male chokes an elderly, gray-haired woman, in an apartment. He pushes her to the floor. He then runs into the bedroom, and goes to a specific dresser drawer. Teen opens the drawer, spots a photo --
- E) INSERT - COLOR SNAPSHOTS

of the teen in Sunday finest, hugging the gray-haired woman, also in her Sunday finest, standing outside of a Harlem church.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

- F) Nino, Gee Money, Duh Duh Duh, Kareem and Keisha in a Harlem barber shop, getting "CMB" cut on the back of their heads.
- G) Teen tosses the photo to the side. He finds a long brown envelope, and removes five twenty dollar bills ... Meanwhile, gray-haired woman sits on sofa crying, shaking her head...
- H) Kareem drops money into the cylinder...
- I) Rows and rows of long tables laid out with thousands of neatly arranged rows of crack vials.
- J) A classy white yuppie getting his hand stamped at CMB -- yuppie sits at card table with glass pipe stuck in his mouth, face lit in eerie neon, his eyes crazed.
- K) Four teens are engaged in a shootout in front of dilapidated tenement --
- L) Park and Holbrook standing over five kids laying on ground, arresting them.
- M) Kareem drops money into a cylinder...

END MONTAGE.

NINO, DUH DUH DUH AND GEE MONEY

are behind the wheels of white Aston-Martin Lagonda sedans, driving them off of the showroom floor, as white salesman smiles.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SPOTLITE CLUB - ANGLE - NIGHT

See a convoy of BMWs, Bentleys and Mercedes parked in front, and eager -- and expensively dressed -- black teens stop at the entrance of the club and show gold cards to two huge, menacing, doormen --

INSERT - GOLD CARD

reads: The Spotlite, Ltd.

INT. SPOTLITE - ANGLE - NIGHT

The joint is jumping, even more so than we saw in the beginning. The spot is a crowded, young gangsters' paradise.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hear the hip hop pump, jump, and kick the DEEPEST BASS. Feel the wall to wall excitement; see the beautiful young black men and women, dressed to thrill. The lighting is moody, kaleidoscopic, fun house action.

INT. SPOTLITE - ANGLE - GAMBLING ROOM - NIGHT

See a crowd of black and elegant teenage boys -- dressed in suits by Armani, Brioni, and Joseph Abbud -- with their fly Calvin Klein girls, playing blackjack, shooting craps, card-playing, at various areas around the room --

INT. SPOTLITE - ANGLE - OFFICE - NIGHT

PAN the walls of office -- see poster-like black and white photos of the various operations in the Carter Projects. Continue to PAN walls: see a photo of the assortment of luxury cars parked in front of CMB Car Service, see a huge gold plaque stretched across one wall that reads, CMB-ON AND ON.

ANOTHER ANGLE

See all the Cash Money Brothers assembled for a toast; Gee Money, Duh Duh Duh, Keisha, and Kareem. Selina is present, too. All are dressed stylishly -- looking like they were torn right out of the pages of G.Q. and Vogue -- and are here celebrating their huge success in the underworld.

NINO

We got it all, my brothers. The drugs, the gambling, the car service. This is the fruit of hard work, the belief in the entrepreneurial spirit, the new American dream.

KAREEM

Amen to that!

Hear a chorus of Amens.

NINO

(raising a glass)
A toast; to my brothers, in life,
to my brothers, until death...

Everyone raises their glasses. Hear them intone --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVERYONE
To C.M.B.... on and on. I will
treat my brother as I treat myself.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Nino puts his arm around Gee Money, and walks him over to a corner of the room. This is a private conference between the two.

NINO
(smiling)
My brother, my brother, you are a big reason for this success. But this ain't about success. This is about survival. We can't go out like Puss Head and Blackie lying shot in the hallway over a ten dollar bag. We had to be smarter and we had to look out for each other.

GEE MONEY
(appreciative)
I feel the same way, Nino. You know that.

NINO
Nothing or no one will ever come between us. Never, my brother.

They smile and hug each other; pats on the back.

NINO
Let's go out there and get loose, Money.

INT. SPOTLIGHT - ANGLE - PARTY AREA - NIGHT

See Nino, Gee Money, Duh Duh Duh, Selina and Keisha wade through the oceans of revelers and well wishers.

See revelers reach out and touch Nino, as if by touching him, they will be filled with his special street magic. Nino visibly enjoys this adoration.

Now see the crew make their way to a table beside the dance floor where a woman is waiting for them: a lithe, 27-year-old, Amazon-like stripper named UNIQUA FORD.

See Nino and Uniqua make serious, sexually-charged eye contact. It's electric --

Before the crew arrive at the table, Nino yells into Gee Money's ear --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NINO

Yo, that skeezer you're with
tonight?...

GEE MONEY

Uniqua?...

NINO

You fuckin' her correctly, or
what? I know I'd be like... Yo!

Nino gives a vigorous pelvic thrust, to an imaginary
partner; see Gee Money doesn't like what he's hearing.

GEE MONEY

Well... yeah, I've bust them draws
once. But I just met her.

(emphatic)

I need time to get to know her.

NINO

(eyes don't leave
Uniqua)

I heard that, Money.

Nino turns to sit down and talk to other people. Gee
Money stands there for a moment, trying to figure out
what he's going to say. He's pissed at Nino for this.

Duh Duh Duh and Keisha hang alongside.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Frankie Needles and two man-mountains in Armani suits are
sitting at a table next to Nino and Co., eyeing them
intently. There is a small, gift-wrapped statue on their
table.

FRANKIE NEEDLES

Nino, hey, Nino, my ace-boon-coon
-- C'mere for a minute. You too
rich to say hello to an old
friend, now? C'mere.

Nino shows disdain and impatience for Frankie Needles,
but he forces himself to be cordial.

NINO

Well, if it ain't the thinking
man's Rocky. How the fuck are
you, Frankie Needles?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANKIE NEEDLES

Just great. Look, Nino, the Don
and I were thinking, let's let
bygones be bygones. We
congratulate you on your new
success, and as a show of good
faith, here's a gift from the Don.

(beat)

Open it --

Nino gives a curious look to the package, as the brothers
gather around him, bracing for action --

ANOTHER ANGLE

Nino picks up the package, unwraps it, and stares at -- a
porcelain lawn jockey -- noose around its neck -- in big,
white lips and black face --

Frankie Needles and his boys are snickering. Nino is in
shock for a moment --

FRANKIE NEEDLES

To the head nigger in charge --
All the best, babe --

-- And then Nino cracks up with laughter, before SMASHING
the FIGURINE against Frankie's head. He goes down with a
yelp, screaming and bleeding. As two henchmen jump to
their feet...

BIG GOON #1

You little drug-pushing chump
change nigger, you think you can
get away with something like that?

Nino doesn't move -- he looks at his crew and smiles.
All brace for action.

NINO

I just did.

Keisha steps between them.

KEISHA

You better step off, Gigantor.

BIG GOON #1

Why you little black bitch...

Keisha reaches into the jacket of her skirt suit -- about
to pull out her pistol -- but Duh Duh Duh pulls her away.
He goes into action, punching Big Goon #1 in the windpipe
and roundhouse kicks him in the nuts... Big Goon #1 goes
down, yelling in falsetto --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The other big white goon jumps in, but Duh Duh Duh fore-arms him in the nose -- down goes this goon. Duh Duh Duh confiscates the guns of Needles and his henchmen. Bouncers come running. Nino grabs a steak knife off one of the place settings, cuts off Frankie Needles' pony-tail, and throws it in his face.

NINO

(motions)

Get their silly asses outta here.

Bouncers usher them out of the place like so much trash.

Once again, Nino and Uniqua make strong eye contact.

Neither Gee Money or Selina is pleased by this.

EXT. SPRING VALLEY MANSION - ANGLE - NIGHT

See a lush Tudor mansion, surrounded by trees. A man-made pebble-lined brook sits off to the side.

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

See chandeliers, fine crystal, leather and wood -- an authentic, aristocratic English decor.

INT. SCREENING ROOM - ANGLE - NIGHT

Set up tastefully, almost like a mini version of New York's Beekman Theater. It's dark; a movie is being shown --

INSERT

see the ending of De Palma's Scarface, where the corpse of Tony Montana lies near the sculpture with the inscription: The World Is Yours.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As the lights go on, see Nino, Gee Money, Selina, and Uniqua sitting on a beautifully expensive leather sectional sofa, drinking Crystal champagne from crystal glasses, and eating French bread and cheese.

Nino is feeling the champagne, and so is Uniqua. They make it a point to touch each other as they talk. Gee Money is pleasant, but see he is wary of the thing happening between Nino and Uniqua. Selina is stewing, but being very discreet about it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NINO
The world is mine.

GEE MONEY
And the Brothers', too. Don't
leave us out.

UNIQUA
(interrupting Gee
Money)
It is your's, Nino. Only you won't
be as careless as Tony Montana.

Nino takes Uniqua's hand and caresses it.

NINO
(pleased)
Gee Money, I like this girl of
yours.

UNIQUA
(bristles)
He ain't got no papers or a leash
on me.

GEE MONEY
This is true, Nino. But she ain't
nothing to come between us, right?

Nino doesn't even hear Gee Money; he's high and somewhat
rowdy, now. He takes his champagne glass and throws it
against the wall --

NINO
The world is mine!!

He shouts. Selina is taken aback. See Gee Money is
miffed, because Nino is acting like he's out of control.

CLOSE ON UNIQUA

See fire, passion, and opportunity in her eyes. She
gets up, and dances in front of Nino, a slow, seductive,
turn on.

Uniqua slowly begins to strip. Selina and Gee Money
don't believe what they're seeing. Nino is enjoying
every minute of this.

GEE MONEY
Uniqua, what the...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

UNIQUA

(to Nino)

A man like you needs to leave a
legacy -- a mark to let the world
know he was here.

Nino takes a swig from the champagne bottle.

NINO

(slurring a little)

You know you're absolutely right?
Not that I haven't been trying --
right, Selina...

ANGLE - SELINA

is shocked and hurt; she tries to keep a stiff upper lip.
Gee Money is embarrassed --

GEE MONEY

Hey -- Nino...

NINO

She can't have kids...

Selina quietly walks out of the room, tears streaming
down her face -- Nino is unaffected --

NINO

(chuckles)

... She can't fuck, either. Maybe
that's why...

More chuckles.

GEE MONEY

That ain't right, man.

NINO

Well, she can't.

UNIQUA

(totally
insensitive)

That's too bad.

GEE MONEY

You should go get her, man.
Really...

See it finally registers with Nino that he hurt Selina.

NINO

You're right, Money.

Nino goes after Selina.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - ANGLE - NIGHT

Selina is sitting on the bed, crying softly. Nino awkwardly tries to comfort her, but she pushes his hand away. He is offended.

NINO

(sharply, to himself)
Peep this shit out; she's not only frigid, but she's a mean, frigid bitch, too.

SELINA

(getting pissed)
Come on, Nino, you know that's a lie... Let's get to the root of this problem: I won't have your baby until you marry me.

NINO

We already married.

SELINA

No. We have lived together for five years, and... I love you. And now you're beginning to take me for granted.

(sharply)

You didn't take me for granted when I graduated from N.Y.U. and Wharton. Everything was Kool and the Gang back then. When I helped you build this thing.

Nino, angry, slaps Selina and jumps out of bed. She yells, begins to cry. He catches himself.

NINO

Okay, you gave me a sense of responsibility, and you did help me build the brothers.

(angry again)

But look, I was your ticket from a life of boredom. I was your shoulder to cry on, when your rich doctor daddy was too busy making his rounds at Harlem Hospital, when your mother was too busy shoplifting at Bloomingdale's. Don't start throwin' shit in my face, 'cause I'm a boomerang, y'understand?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nino storms out of the room, leaving Selina racking with sobs on the bed. CAMERA FOLLOWS him to the screening room, where he watches Uniqua -- clad in skimpy, red undies, now -- undress and fondle Gee Money, whose eyes are closed. She never takes her eyes off of Nino; in fact, she is undressing him with her eyes.

CLOSE - NINO

A man possessed.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. KOREAN FRUIT STAND - DAY

Directly across the street from the Carter Projects, this is the typical Korean produce store in Harlem; fresh fruit and vegetables, fresh fish, etc.

INT. BACKROOM OF FRUIT STAND - DAY

This is not a backroom at all; this is a high tech surveillance station. See a gaggle of reel-to-reel machines, chlorine-blue VDT screens, TV monitors showing various angles of the entrance to the Carter courtyard, and a few stacked rows of small black boxes that look like stereo receivers.

ANGLE - SCOTTY, POOKIE, MORRISON, PARK, HOLBROOK

Morrison is chewing Scotty out. Again.

MORRISON

There you go again, with your gung-ho Scotty Da Nang act. You not only put this --

(sneers at Pookie)

-- Pookie on the payroll, but now I find out he's a crackhead?

SCOTTY

(pissed)

He's in recovery, I told you. And if you got a better idea than using Pookie to (A) get past the search of the Cash Money Brothers in the Carter Courtyard, because muthafuckin' Bugs Bunny over there --

Scotty points to the goofy Holbrook, who is trying to look defiant but looks like an idiot --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCOTTY

-- Ain't gettin' in, 'cause he's wearin' a big sign that says, 'Hello, I'm a goofy white undercover agent, please kick my ass.' I tell you what, just call up the National Guard so they can storm the Carter and seize it.

MORRISON

(defeated)

You know we can't do that.

SCOTTY

Okay, then. Now you see this ain't no fuckin' movie; this is real life. And using Pookie is a real-life measure. He grew up with Nino, knows the guy, and has established contact. Shit, Pookie's workin' for Nino.

POOKIE

... Yeah, I'm on lookout from seven P.M. to seven A.M., in one of the apartment windows.

(beat; laughs)

They even made me fill out an application; asked if I still got high -- they knew me from before, 'cause I was one of their first loyal customers -- I was wild, too.

Holbrook has a mischievous but goofy grin on his face.

JERRY

Are you still a customer, or what?

See Pookie is unsettled by this remark. See Scotty is pissed --

POOKIE

What is you saying?

JERRY

I'm just saying...

SCOTTY

(interrupting)

... Nothing, Pookie, he's saying nothing at all. He's a silly rabbit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORRISON

Now hold on, Scotty, Jerry has a point. How do we know that Pookie is strong enough to do this? He'll be surrounded by crack. What's to say he won't slip?

POOKIE

Damn, y'all talkin' about me like I ain't even here.

SCOTTY

Look, his counselors at A.R.C. say he's kicked his habit. And Pookie is responsible for bringing us this far. He has an inside to C.M.B. that we'll never have.

PARK

Scotty is right. Without Pookie's help, we would have never been able to set up over here. Let's give him a chance, at least.

Pookie looks pleased. Holbrook is still wary, but keeps his mouth shut.

ANGLE - PARK

walks over to a table and picks up a belt.

INSERT

See a leather belt with a thick rectangular buckle.

The front of the buckle is very shiny and dark, as if it's made of onyx. On the backside of that buckle, are two very thin and long wires.

ANOTHER ANGLE

See all the men look at the belt curiously. Park explains.

PARK

This belt is really a video camera, Pookie. The wires are transmitters, that will be taped to you, just as if you were wired for sound. It will pick your communication to us, in addition to the sound and images around you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JERRY

You're a regular James Bond, Pookie.

PARK

Give it a rest, Jerry.

(beat)

We're really counting on you,
Pookie. You can tie us into their
nerve center and help us destroy
C.M.B.

MORRISON

Let's make this airtight and by
the books. Alright?

ANGLE - POOKIE

tries to look confident, but he also looks a little
fearful.

NOTE: DISSOLVES will be used to transition in and out of
the scenes involving Pookie's infiltration into CMB.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CARTER APARTMENT WINDOW - ANGLE - POOKIE - NIGHT

wearing the CMB baseball cap/headset -- MOVE from LEFT TO
RIGHT in the window --

INSERT

Belt buckle --

EXT. INSIDE CARTER COURTYARD - ANGLE - NIGHT

See a lot of activity; CMB Security patrolling the grounds,
customers, being searched by CMB workers, a variety of
customers moving from building to building --

INT. FRUIT STAND - BACKROOM SURVEILLANCE - VIDEO MONITOR
- NIGHT

displaying all of the goings on in the courtyard --

ANGLE - SCOTTY, PARK, MORRISON AND HOLBROOK

looking at the monitor with pure wonder and fascination.

PARK

Can you believe this? Look at how
smooth it's run. They move people
around like they're on an assembly
line.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORRISON

Scotty outlined the operation in his report, but until you see it, it's hard to believe it. But I'm looking at it. Awesome.

JERRY

Yeah, it's something...

(not satisfied)

... But it's not the big kahuna; getting into Systems and getting those floppy disks with Nino's financial records.

SCOTTY

(sharply)

But it's a beginning. What you got?

JERRY

I got a hunch your mole is gonna blow it, if he doesn't get to this nerve center soon.

See Scotty wants to go off on Holbrook, but he contains himself.

MORRISON

I hate to say it, Scotty, but Holbrook is right. Pookie has been inside for almost three weeks, but we haven't seen the nerve center yet.

SCOTTY

These things take time.

MORRISON

Well -- at least we're inside. But I don't want to give Pookie enough time to screw up.

INT. CARTER APARTMENT WINDOW - ANGLE - NIGHT

See Pookie doesn't like Morrison's lack of confidence in him. He whispers --

POOKIE

I'm getting tired of you stiff-shirt bastards looking to accomplish some self-fulfilling prophecy. If you think you can do a better job than me, then bring your narrow asses in here, and do it. If not, then shut the fuck up, and let me do mine the right way.

INT. FRUIT STAND - ANGLE - BACKROOM SURVEILLANCE, - NIGHT

Morrison and Holbrook look like boys just given a good scolding by their parents. Scotty and Park give each other smiles that say, "Well, he told them, didn't he?"

INT. CARTER STAIRCASE - ANGLE - NIGHT (TWO WEEKS LATER)

See Pookie and Kareem walking up the staircase, to one of the apartments.

KAREEM

I been telling Gee Money how good
a worker you are...

INT. FRUIT STAND - ANGLE - BACKROOM SURVEILLANCE - NIGHT

All the Agents -- Scotty, Morrison, Park, Holbrook -- are watching Pookie and Kareem on the monitor --

KAREEM (V.O.)

(on monitor)

... And how many customers you've
brought in. And you're just a
lookout.

POOKIE (V.O.)

(on monitor)

So what did he say...

ANGLE - SCOTTY

is pleased -- almost gloating in the direction of Holbrook.

SCOTTY

This might be the big kahuna,
gentlemen...

Holbrook is frowning --

INT. OUTSIDE CARTER APARTMENT DOOR - NIGHT

KAREEM

They like shit like that. Anything
that makes them more money, they like.
Mattah fact, you might get a better
position. And that means a bigger
salary.

POOKIE

I'm with that.

ANGLE - KAREEM

RINGS the BUZZER in code -- TWO SHORTS, THREE SHORTS, TWO LONGS -- and a menacing CMB worker opens the door.

INT. CARTER APARTMENT - NIGHT

See computers a battery of telephones, rows of wall charts. Systems.

INT. FRUIT STAND - ANGLE - BACKROOM SURVEILLANCE - NIGHT

See Scotty clench his fists triumphantly. Morrison is pleased and mesmerized, as is Park. Holbrook has a stupid look on his face.

SCOTTY

The big kahuna, baby. Systems.

MORRISON

He's inside, boys.

JERRY

(sarcastically)

Now we'll just hold our breath.

Scotty looks at Holbrook; he just shakes his head.

INT. CMB SYSTEMS ROOM - NIGHT

It's busy in here. CMB workers are all around; on the phones, punching up data on the computer terminals, marking off specific areas on the wall charts with red magic markers.

ANGLE - GEE MONEY

walking around the room, speaking to someone on a cellular phone. As he spots Pookie and Kareem, he terminates the conversation, and walks over to them.

KAREEM

This is the man.

Gee Money hugs Pookie.

GEE MONEY

Mr. Stick-up, what up. You still larcenous, or what?

POOKIE

(laughs)

I wouldn't dare try and steal from y'all; you'd kill me.

GEE MONEY

Nah; we've known each other too long. Plus, you've brought in some good business for us, man.

POOKIE

I can't take all the credit...

INT. FRUIT STAND - BACKROOM SURVEILLANCE - INSERT -
NIGHT

Pookie on the monitor --

POOKIE (V.O.)
... A good product will always
bring out the customers...

INT. CMB SYSTEMS ROOM - ANGLE - NIGHT

Gee Money, Pookie and Kareem in their huddle --

GEE MONEY
Well, we reward our money makers.
I want to move you to another
position.

See Pookie look eagerly around the systems room --

POOKIE
I'd like to take a shot on one
of those terminals.
(lying)
I took computer programming at
City College...

ANGLE

Gee Money studies Pookie --

GEE MONEY
Git the fuck outta here. Really?
You graduate?

POOKIE
Nah -- you know -- people change,
lose interest.

GEE MONEY
So you still on the pipe, or what?

INT. FRUIT STAND - BACKROOM SURVEILLANCE - INSERT -
NIGHT

On the monitor, see Pookie caught totally off guard. He
is really surprised.

POOKIE (V.O.)
(on monitor)
No -- I -- No.

Gee Money is cool, calm.

GEE MONEY (V.O.)
(on monitor)
Good.

ANGLE

See Scotty looks a little worried --

INT. CMB SYSTEMS ROOM - NIGHT

GEE MONEY

... This is not what I had in mind
for you anyway. You're gonna work
in 'Macy's'...

ANGLE

Pookie tries to smile, but he looks apprehensive --

POOKIE

'Macy's'? Really?...

GEE MONEY

That's right. And if you do as
good a job there as you did as a
spotter, well, the sky is the
limit, 'gus.

Pookie looks uncertain.

POOKIE

I feel honored that you have this
confidence in me.

ANGLE

See Gee Money give Pookie a vigorous slap on the back.

GEE MONEY

We take care of our own.

(beat)

You can go back to your post,
now. You'll start in a few days.

Pookie nods to both Gee Money and Kareem, and is about to
leave the systems room, as his transistor picks up Gee
Money whispering to Kareem; Pookie doesn't hear this,
but the cops obviously do --

GEE MONEY

I want you to keep an eye on that
kid.

KAREEM

Why -- what's wrong?

GEE MONEY

He's light fingered, so keep an
eye on the product.

ANGLE

All of the agents look at each other --

PARK

If something happens to that kid,
Scotty --

Scotty looks in the direction of Holbrook --

CLOSE - HOLBROOK

A sardonic smile.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CARTER ROOFTOP - ANGLE - NIGHT

See Gee Money and Pookie shaking hands.

CLOSE - POOKIE

See him sweating, strained, nervous.

GEE MONEY

We take care of our own.

NEW ANGLE

The CAMERA does a 90-DEGREE ARC; Gee Money and Pookie weren't shaking hands at all... Gee Money was holding Pookie over the edge of the roof with one hand --

INSERT

Gee Money releases his grip, letting Pookie fall --

ANGLE

See Pookie falling slowly to the ground. See him open his mouth to scream --

INT. SCOTTY'S BEDROOM - ANGLE - NIGHT

Scotty wakes up in his bed sweating.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. "MACY'S" (CMB SALES APARTMENT) - ANGLE - NIGHT

See CMB workers in smocks arranging the thousands of crack filled vials upon the rows of tables, into the specific groups of twenty.

ANGLE

Pookie one of the workers in his pocketless smock, plastic lab gloves, and CMB baseball cap --

INT. FRUIT STAND - ANGLE - BACKROOM SURVEILLANCE - NIGHT

All of the agents watching the CMB workers on the monitor --

MORRISON

They must move hundreds of thousands of dollars of crack per day.

SCOTTY

My estimate is that C.M.B. is pulling in close to fifteen million dollars a month, just from their Carter operation, alone.

MORRISON

Too bad Pookie couldn't work in systems. We could've seen exactly what the profits are.

INT. CMB SALES APARTMENT - ANGLE - NIGHT

See Pookie looking around nervous, as he gathers the vials together; on the sneak, he carefully removes two vials from the table, opens his mouth, and secretly tucks them under his tongue --

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POOKIE'S APARTMENT - ANGLE - DAY

See the living room; small, cluttered, and dirty. Pookie sits on the second-hand sofa, emptying the contents of one vial into a small glass pipe --

He torches the pipe -- tries to put it to his lips --

INSERT

Pookie's hands are shaking --

CLOSE - POOKIE

Tears streaming down his cheeks --

ANGLE

Pookie holds the pipe for a second -- throws the PIPE and its contents to the floor -- hear it CRASHING -- see Pookie put his head in his hands, and cry --

INSERT

Another vial sits on a worn coffee table in front of him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MADISON AVENUE COFFEE SHOP - ANGLE - DAY

See Pookie and Scotty sitting in a booth, eating some burgers and fries. Pookie seems worried, on edge.

SCOTTY

Hey, man, you can't back down now.
We're almost there... We're gonna
take C.M.B. down.

POOKIE

I'm sorry, homepiece. I'm not
superhuman. This is just too
difficult.

SCOTTY

But you kicked it, man.

POOKIE

No, I just confined it. It's just
like askin' a man who been in jail
for 30 years to keep his dick soft
when he finds a naked girl in his
bed, begging him to bust her out.
You askin' the impossible.

SCOTTY

You can do it.

POOKIE

(total resignation)
I can't.

Scotty's quietly enraged. Teeth are clenched as he speaks.

SCOTTY

You will. I'm gonna fuckin' make
you quit. Know why? 'Cause you
remind me of my brother who died
in 'Nam. He was just like you;
funny, sharp, smart, but he was
always lookin' for the easy way out
of shit, just like you. So when
his homeboys wrote and told him how
easy it was to get pure heh-ron over
there, guess what my man did? My
mother didn't want him to go, but my
brother had my dad fooled, that he
was a courageous, patriotic mother
fucker...

(almost breaking down,
but shows restraint)

His boys said when he walked into the
ambush in Elephant Valley, he had so
much dope in his body, he probably
didn't feel nothing no way. My mother
died from a heart attack a year later...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Scotty gives Pookie a long, almost threatening look --

SCOTTY

You're not gonna let me down.

Pookie stops eating for a moment, and just looks at Scotty.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CMB SALES APARTMENT - ANGLE - NIGHT

See Pookie looking at vial after vial --

INSERT

CAMERA SLOWLY PANS vial after vial -- See vials begin to CROSSFACE INTO other vials, until the white particles begin to make us dizzy --

CLOSE - POOKIE

He's sweating, wide-eyed, and feverish.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POOKIE'S APARTMENT - INSERT - DAY

See six empty vials on the bummy coffee table --

ANGLE

Pookie sits slumped on the sofa, clutching a glass pipe, looking simultaneously crazed and pitiful. Tears stream down his face.

INT. CMB SALES APARTMENT - ANGLE - NIGHT

See Pookie along with the other workers, organizing the vials on the long rows of tables. Pookie is acting very hyper, and very goofy. Hear him whistle the tune, "Whistle While You Work."

INT. FRUIT STAND - ANGLE - BACKROOM SURVEILLANCE - NIGHT

Agents look at each other, as they hear POOKIE WHISTLING, and see the other workers on the monitor look at him strangely.

JERRY

What's going on with this guy?

The agents look at Scotty; see Scotty is frustrated.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORRISON

What's happening with Pookie, Scotty?

SCOTTY

I have no idea.

JERRY

You should; he's your guy. Your plant.

SCOTTY

(sharply)

Hey! Hey! I'm your boss.

PARK

But there is something wrong with your guy, Scotty...

INT. CMB SALES APARTMENT - ANGLE - NIGHT

See all of the workers looking at Pookie like he's crazy now; he's doing some vigorous jumping jacks --

INT. FRUITSTAND - BACKROOM SURVEILLANCE - INSERT - NIGHT

See the CMB sales room pictured on monitor going up and down --

MORRISON

What is this, Scotty, some kind of secret code for help?

JERRY

You know how shiftless some of you people are, incapable of discipline. He's as high as a --

MORRISON

(angry)

What did you say, you asshole?

ANGLE

Holbrook realizes that he's gone too far, but it's too late; Scotty has pounced upon the larger man like a wild animal, knocking him to the ground with several punches. Holbrook's lip and eye are bleeding. Morrison and Park pull Scotty off of him --

MORRISON

Break it up! We have to fight a much bigger war in the streets...

At that moment, all agents are drawn to a VOICE from the monitor.

INT. CMB SALES APARTMENT - ANGLE - NIGHT

Gee Money and Duh Duh Duh have entered "Macy's," and just stand observing Pookie --

GEE MONEY

Hey, fool -- what the fuck are you doing?...

POOKIE

(huffing, puffing)

Well, I'm trying to keep in shape. This is tough job, and you gotta be in shape to do it.

The workers in the room laugh uneasily. Gee Money and Duh Duh Duh are poker-faced.

GEE MONEY

This ain't no gym.

INT. FRUITSTAND - ANGLE - BACKROOM SURVEILLANCE - NIGHT

All of the agents watching the floor of the CMB sales apartment going in and out of the monitor.

POOKIE (V.O.)

(on monitor)

The big Japanese companies like Sony and Toyota do provide an exercise break for their workers...

INT. CMB SALES APARTMENT - ANGLE - NIGHT

Everyone watching drops to the floor for some push-ups.

POOKIE

... They believe a strong body makes a strong mind. These workouts also boost the workers' morale...

See Gee Money and Duh Duh Duh run over and snatch Pookie off of the floor. Gee Money is furious.

GEE MONEY

You must think I'm stupid! You are high, motherfucker.

Pookie looks bewildered; Duh Duh Duh holds him and Gee Money kicks him in the nuts --

INT. FRUITSTAND - ANGLE - BACKROOM SURVEILLANCE - NIGHT

The agents react to the scenes on the monitor --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCOTTY

(panics)

Shit! His cover is blown, we gotta move. Holbrook -- call all of the backup outside of the Carter. Now!

Holbrook does as he's told.

INT. CMB SALES APARTMENT - ANGLE - NIGHT

Pookie doubles over, as Gee Money snatches off Pookie's shirt. He sees the wire, and how it's connected to the belt.

GEE MONEY

Who sent you! Huh?! You Five-O, or what?!

Gee Money rips the wire and belt off Pookie. Belt buckle-monitor falls face-up on the floor.

Pookie cries into monitor --

POOKIE

(on monitor)

Scotty! I told you I was gonna die!

INT. FRUITSTAND - BACKROOM SURVEILLANCE - CLOSE - SCOTTY - NIGHT

He's frightened.

ANGLE

The TV MONITORS CRACKLE, distort, and go black. Agents are startled.

INT. CMB SALES APT. - NIGHT

Gee Money crushing belt buckle with his heel.

GEE MONEY

(nervous, angry)

Duh Duh Duh... we gotta shut this place down, right now. Alert all of the workers at all of the stations inside and out, to shut down and evacuate...

(fuming)

And then take this piece of shit outside and off the premises. Kill him three times.

Pookie tries to struggle, but is no match for Duh Duh Duh, who hustles him out.

SERIES OF ANGLES

shows all of the CMB workers breaking down the operations -- Systems, "Macy's," etc. -- Destroying everything, and scrambling to escape.

EXT. SEVENTH AVENUE AND 151ST STREET - ANGLE - NIGHT

See Scotty and the other agents and uniformed officers scramble to surround the Carter Projects. See and hear POLICE SIRENS race toward the scene.

DISSOLVE TO:

SERIES OF ANGLES

- A) CMB Workers scattering around the various indoor operations, using axes to bust up rooms, tables with crack and vials --
- B) In the courtyard, CMB security hustles customers out of the rear entrance; lookouts disappear from their stations --
- C) Gee Money -- in the systems room -- snatches all floppy disks from a small box.. Kareem takes piles of record books... Duh Duh Duh is pouring gasoline all over the room; once everyone is out, he lights a match --

Flames seem to lick AT the CAMERA.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CARTER COURTYARD ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Scotty and the other agents form a semi-circle, looking down at something --

CLOSE - POOKIE

See his finger stuck in his ear, his hand covering his mouth --

PULL BACK, see Pookie's torso; headless and handless, a few feet away from his head and hands --

SCOTTY

is numb.

SCOTTY

Take it down.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. INSIDE CARTER COURTYARD - NIGHT

Like a scene out of Oliver Stone's Platoon a cadre of more than one hundred TNT agents and uniformed cops storm the Carter.

OVERHEAD SHOT

LOOKING DOWN, a desolate urban village with prisoners of war being marched out.

EXT. BEACH (CANCUN, MEXICO) - DAY

In a word, it's just beautiful. Golden sand, palm trees, beautiful blue water, gold beams of sunshine.

INT. LUXURY HOTEL ROOM (CANCUN) - ANGLE - DAY

Nino and Uniqua are entwined in bed, their bodies naked, limp, and sweating after making love.

A warm summer wind ruffles the white linen sheets on their bed. The PHONE RINGS; Uniqua picks it up.

UNIQUA

Hello?

INT. GEE MONEY'S BEDROOM - ANGLE - DAY

Gee Money is hurt -- angry, hearing Uniqua's voice.

GEE MONEY

I knew I shoulda treated you like a prostitute. You ain't nothin' but a high-priced hoe. Put Nino on the phone, bitch.

INT. CANCUN HOTEL BEDROOM - DAY

Uniqua motions for Nino to take the phone. He doesn't like being disturbed from this relaxing moment --

NINO

Yeah?

GEE MONEY (V.O.)

I know you're having a good time, but we were infiltrated.

NINO

(angry)

What?!

GEE MONEY (V.O.)

We had to shut the Carter down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NINO
I'm getting on the next plane.
Out.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Pookie's funeral is a modest affair. Just a few people; couple of DEA agents, police officers, homeless stand at the gravesite as --

The coffin is lowered into the ground.

ANGLE - LATER

Scotty corrals Morrison away from the others.

SCOTTY
(very sad)
This is all my fault. This kid is dead, and we wound up getting nothing from the Carter --
(beat; tears in his eyes)
Pookie was somebody's son; he belonged to somebody --
(fights back emotional flood)
I'm going undercover. That's all there is to it. I gotta make things right; I can't let Pookie go out like this.

MORRISON
You're taking this much too personally.

SCOTTY
(raising his voice)
I want that bastard.

MORRISON
Chill out -- this ain't the place.

SCOTTY
Plant me, man. I'll nail him. You know this.

MORRISON
It's too risky.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCOTTY

This kid gave his life, and he
didn't have to. I'm going under
-- Game, set, match.

MORRISON

... But he was just a crackhead...

Scotty grabs Morrison by his jacket lapels -- Morrison
doesn't get angry. He slowly removes Scotty's hands --

SCOTTY

Have you lost your mind? He was a
human being.

(beat)

I used him. It should've been me.

Morrison puts his hand reassuringly on Scotty's shoulder.
They look at each other -- Morrison sees the determi-
nation in Scotty's eyes --

MORRISON

I'm sorry. But don't expect me to
blame you for Pookie's death.

(beat)

He wouldn't want you to feel
guilty. Come by tomorrow, and
we'll talk.

INT. SPOTLITE OFFICE - ANGLE - NIGHT

Nino and all of the brothers are sitting at the chrome
and wood table, in a tense meeting. Nino is doing his
usual pacing of the floor. He stops behind the chair of
Gee Money. See Gee Money is wary.

NINO

Gee Money, you fucked up bigtime.
You're incapable of running things.

GEE MONEY

(meekly)

How you gonna blame all that on
me, Nino? Kareem is the one who
brought him to my attention...

Nino whacks Gee Money across the back of his neck. Gee
Money yelps, and jumps to his feet, defensively. Nino
looks at him like he's crazy, as does everyone else in
the room --

NINO

Like you gonna do something?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEE MONEY
(backing down)
We have 300 people working for us.
I can't keep my eye on every single
one of them. Maybe if you was taking
care of business, instead of...

Nino shoots a meancing look to Gee Money --

NINO
Instead of what?...

GEE MONEY
Nothing.

NINO
You know, Money, you slippin'.
You lettin' some petty shit like
who I'm fuckin' affect you, and
that bothers me. It bothers all
of us; we've been infiltrated.

CAMERA PANS all the faces at the table; they know this
confrontation between Nino and Gee Money is private, and
they're embarrassed to be there.

NINO
Brothers, something like this can
never happen again...

Nino looks long and hard at Gee Money; Gee Money wants to
stare him back, but drops his eyes --

NINO
Never.

INT. MR. CHOW'S - ANGLE - NIGHT

Frankie Needles -- minus ponytail -- chief Armeteo family
lieutenant, enjoys his meal with an extremely beautiful
Italian princess.

ANGLE - ENTRANCE

Park and Holbrook enter the restaurant. Park scans each
table until he spots Needles. They walk over to his
table.

ANGLE - PARK AND HOLBROOK

JERRY
Mr. Frank La Ponzina?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANKIE NEEDLES
(suspicious)
Who wants to know?

Both agents display their badges.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DOWNTOWN DEA HEADQUARTERS - ANGLE - DAY

Scotty is in a private conference with Morrison. Scotty looks different; neat five-o'clock shadow, Ralph Lauren leisure wear, Italian loafers, a close but stylish haircut. Morrison admires the disguise.

MORRISON
So... Scotty DaNang is now 'Carlos Rivera.' You look like one of them, my man.

SCOTTY
(affects Spanish accent)
You know us Dominicans, bro.
(normal speaking voice)
Frankie Needles gave up some good information...

MORRISON
We gave the worm a good deal; new name, face, and life.
(beat)
We turned over some of Fat Smitty's old men; we gave them immunity in exchange for them building you up among Nino's people as a reasonable and reliable supplier. You know what to say when you approach them --

SCOTTY
Yeah...

CUT TO:

EXT. BILL ROBINSON BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

It's a beautiful late spring day. Nino and Gee Money are engaged in a fierce one-on-one basketball game. They are pushing, shoving, elbowing each other.

ANGLE

Duh Duh Duh, Keisha, and Kareem look on, a bit embarrassed --

ANGLE

Nino goes up for a lay-up; knocks Gee Money to the ground in the process.

GEE MONEY

Yo! Fuck is up?

NINO

Shut up and play ball.

ANGLE - SCOTTY

Approaching Nino and Gee Money on the court. Nino looks at Scotty -- and then cuts his eye toward the brothers --

BROTHERS

Going for their guns, keeping a wary eye on Scotty --

SCOTTY/RIVERA

(Spanish accent)

... The candy is sweet.

Although Keisha, Duh Duh Duh and Kareem don't take their hands off of their firepower, all of the brothers relax a bit.

GEE MONEY

Mr. Rivera, I presume.

Scotty extends his hand. Before they can shake, Nino knocks their hands away -- Scotty is offended.

SCOTTY/RIVERA

(Spanish accent)

What up, bro'?

NINO

I don't know who you really are, bro', that's what up. I know you're supposed to be this new contact, but I don't trust you. So get the fuck outta here.

Scotty tries to calmly protest, but Nino snaps his fingers, and all the brothers -- even Nino and Gee Money -- train their guns on Scotty.

NINO

Money, I want you to escort Mr. Rivera out of the court and off the block. If he tries anything, lullabye him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gee Money smiles, nods his head. He escorts Scotty out of Bill Robinson, gun in the small of his back.

GEE MONEY

I hear you gotta better deal for product than the Peruvian family.

SCOTTY/RIVERA

(sharply; nervous)

Man, piss on them. They want to monopolize everything. I got connect with this Dominican crew ... Piedra Blanco... They're new and hungry. They'll undercut the Peruvians by 60 percent.

See Gee Money likes what he's hearing --

GEE MONEY

Sounds like a winner to me.

SCOTTY/RIVERA

Me, too.

Gee Money whispers to him, sotto voce.

GEE MONEY

If I decided to swing with your offer, you will cut me a side deal; a twenty percent surplus package of 'product' in addition to what you are giving the Brothers as whole. You will be obligated to report to me, and me only. Gimme your number.

Scotty/Rivera takes down a piece of paper, and jots down a number.

Gee Money takes the number, studying Scotty/Rivera all the while.

GEE MONEY

You may be hearing from us.

Gee Money and Scotty shake hands, and Scotty leaves, as Gee Money watches him closely.

INT. GEE MONEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

High-tech and uncluttered.

ANGLE

Gee Money sits on the edge of the bed, in a silk robe, talking on a European styled telephone --

GEE MONEY

(excited)

... That's right, Nino, I checked him out. He's cooler than a fan and his product is sixty percent less than what the brothers are payin' now. That will free up a lot of money to do more things...

EXT. BMW 750IL CRUISING ON MAJOR DEEGAN EXPRESSWAY - NIGHT

INSIDE BEE-EM

Duh Duh Duh is driving; Nino sits in the front seat, talking on the cellular phone to Gee Money --

NINO

... Like take over another city project. Let's roll with it, and get stronger...

INT. GEE MONEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Gee Money is even more enthused --

GEE MONEY

... Most definitely...

INT. NINO'S BMW - ANGLE - NIGHT

Duh Duh Duh is totally focused on the road --

INSERT - SPEEDOMETER

reads 80 -- then 90 -- then 120 --

NINO

But I'll tell you something, Money --

INT. SPOTLIGHT OFFICE - NIGHT

Scotty -- bare-chested and sweating -- nervously is bound and gagged in a chair, as Keisha and Duh Duh Duh have nine millimeters at each one of his temples.

NINO (V.O.)

If he is a cop, I'm gonna kill him, and then I'm gonna kill you --

CROSSFADE INTO:

ANGLE

Kareem breaking the heel of Scotty's shoe looking for a transmitter --

KAREEM

It's a regular shoe, boss.

ANGLE

Relieved, Scotty laughs through his gag. Reluctantly, so do the others. Nino pulls gag off of Scotty's mouth.

SCOTTY/RIVERA

You watch too much 'Get Smart,' bro'.

NINO

(tickled)

You might be right. But I'm always careful. Now, let's do business.

Nino unties Scotty, shakes his hand.

EXT. BLOCK PARTY - DAY

Early afternoon in June. The construction is finished on the Moab Community Center. Lenox and Seventh Avenues (on 141st Street) have been blocked off for this block party.

ANGLE

As Teddy Riley MUSIC shakes block down, Rev. Oates is giving a speech in front of the spanking new facility draped with brightly colored streamers. Middle-aged and elderly people gather around Rev. Oates as he speaks, but the young adults, teens, and kids eating hot dogs, burgers, and ice cream, begin to gravitate toward an expensively dressed Nino Brown, who is walking into the block with the Cash Money Brothers.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DONUT SHOP - DAY

smack dab in the middle of the block.

An OLD MAN sits at the counter having coffee and a donut. A young black kid sweeps the floor. Two young black KIDS rush in the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIDS

(breathless)

Yo! He's out there! With the
bee-em. Givin' away free stuff!

Kid throws down his broom. SHOPOWNER comes out from the
back.

SHOPOWNER

Who is?

KIDS

The money man! Nino Brown! He's
on the block!

Kid is about to run outside with his friends.

OLD MAN

Git yo' ass back in here.

Reluctantly, Kid comes back inside store. Old Man and
Shopowner move to the window.

THEIR POV

Nino Brown. Surrounded by adoring young fans, he thrives
on the attention, signs autographs. Hands out gift-wrapped
presents.

BACK TO SCENE

Old Man and Shopowner frozen at the window.

SHOPOWNER

Have mercy on us... he's like
Michael Jackson to them...

OLD MAN

What you expect... the papers and
T.V. been playin' him up.

SHOPOWNER

One boy told me that 'Nino is
beatin' the white man at his own
game'...

OLD MAN

Sonofabitch is an embarrassment to
all black people.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHOPOWNER

You know it.

OLD MAN

The white man loves an ignorant bastard like him; one who feeds his people genocide in silk suits and fancy cars.

Shopowner continues staring out.

Old Man removes a German Luger from his jacket pocket; he checks to make sure it's loaded. He slips it back into his pocket.

Shopowner returns to his cash register. Sound of a BELL as the Old Man leaves the shop and walks out into the street. Shopowner watches him go, moved by the truth of what the Old Man said.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Young people gather around. Nino is flanked by the brothers, including Gee Money, Duh Duh Duh and Scotty/Rivera.

Old Man comes out of the donut shop. CAMERA FOLLOWS him TO the edge of the crowd.

OLD MAN

I wanna talk to Nino Brown.

SCOTTY/RIVERA

It ain't like that, popi.

Old Man grabs Scotty by the lapel.

OLD MAN

Tell him I wanna talk...

Old Man releases Scotty who looks at him like he's crazy.

OLD MAN

Right now!!

People take notice.

SCOTTY'S POV - ANGLE

Nino moving up the sidewalk. Duh Duh Duh and Gee Money push through, followed by Keisha and Kareem, who are acknowledging and goofing with the onlookers.

ANGLE - SIDEWALK

Nino, Duh Duh Duh and Keisha see the Old Man.

HOLD.

Old Man pushes quickly for Nino's group. The brothers tighten their group around Nino. Scotty advances on the Old Man.

OLD MAN

I have come to haunt Nino Brown.

KEISHA

(for others)

Haunt yourself, old man.

VOICES

Better step off, grandpa. Fuck around and get your Geritol ass fucked up. Word...

Kareem takes hold of the Old Man's arm. Remarkably agile for his age, Old Man punches Kareem in the mouth.

Screams, shouts, woos. Kareem falls to the concrete.

Several people take hold of the Old Man who keeps screaming at Nino --

OLD MAN

Idol worshipper! You pray to that white genie in the bottle. You're killing people with your white witchcraft, those little devils you put in little bottles. Youse an idolater!

Rev. Oates is embarrassed; he tries to sneak out of the block, but is unsuccessful.

VOICE #1 (O.S.)

What you know about this, Reverend Oates?

VOICE #2 (O.S.)

It's a shame before God; he in league with a drug dealer.

VOICE #3 (O.S.)

... Like shaking hands with Satan...

Duh Duh Duh steps up and smacks the Old Man in the jaw.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICES

Yo, lullabye that old bastard.
Put 'em to sleep.

Nino waves people aside, moves to the Old Man who's
sprawled on the sidewalk. Stands over him menacingly.

NINO

Look at you. In a year or two,
they'll be marking your tombstone.
But I'll be around.

Old Man slowly stands, gathers himself.

OLD MAN

These kids, all these people run up
and gather 'round you like you God
Almighty. Like you love them.
Demons ain't got no love.

NINO

What you gonna give them? Some
of the same empty yang you riffin'
to me? Youse an old fool.

Nino turns and starts to walk away --

Duh Duh Duh blocks the Old Man's path --

INSERT - OLD MAN'S HAND

reaching for gun in his pocket --

OLD MAN

removes rusty German Luger, and is about to fire on
Nino --

ANGLE - SCOTTY/RIVERA

as the Old Man FIRES, runs up behind Old Man and pushes
him to the ground --

Duh Duh Duh, Kareem, Keisha and Gee Money draw automatic
pistols from their pants and train them on the Old Man.

More screams and people scatter in every direction.

SCOTTY/RIVERA

(quietly, to Old
Man)

Don't do that, popi... Come on,
now...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nino swaggers back, staring a challenge at the Old Man.

Beat. Old Man takes his hand off of the gun.

Shop Owner and Kid emerge from his Donut Shop to take the Old Man's arm. Scotty relinquishes his hold as the Shop Owner and Kid escort the Old Man back into the shop.

PULL BACK LEAVING Nino and his crew frozen in a monstrous tableau on the sidewalk -- The rulers of New Jack City.

EXT. ELLINGTON HOUSES - DAY

Afternoon on Eighth Avenue and 131st Street. This cluster of high-rises and townhouse-like apartments roping off a square between Eighth Avenue and St. Nicholas Avenue is not as bummy as the Carter, but it's on the way down.

INT. ELLINGTON APARTMENT - DAY

Seven ladies are processing crack at tables.

Our first view of the actual process of the "cooking."
A nightmarishly efficient procedure.

What we see:

Naked women wearing gloves and transparent, ventilated shower caps, measuring powdered cocaine and pouring it into thin beakers mixed with baking soda; pouring that mixture through strainers, so only the pure cocaine remains. When the mixture cools -- into rock-like balls -- it is cut up with razor blades, and packaged into vials.

See Nino enter with the brothers -- Gee Money, Duh Duh Duh, Keisha and Kareem. Scotty/Rivera is also with them.

NINO

(to everyone)

There will be no fuck-ups this time.

SCOTTY/RIVERA

I love it.

(nods towards
the women)

Especially the view.

Nino smiles and so do the others.

NINO

Rivera, I like 'em to work naked.
That way, there won't be any video monitors.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NINO (CONT'D)
(louder to women)
Faster, ladies. You gotta be
ready by tomorrow...

Nino looks at Scotty/Rivera as if he wants to make sure
of something --

NINO
You sure you gonna be able to
hook us up that fast?

SCOTTY/RIVERA
Without a doubt.

NINO
You heard it, ladies. We got more
product coming. Let's move it.

Gee Money smiles on the sneak, and mumbles to himself:

GEE MONEY
Yeah, I got some product coming,
too, you egotistical bastid.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NINO'S BMW RIDING DOWN LENOX - DAY

Late in the afternoon, Nino and Duh Duh Duh are en route
uptown. They pull up to a stoplight at 135th Street and
Lenox.

ANGLE

On the corner of the Schomberg Library, see a homeless
looking young man sneak up on an elderly woman and begin
to mug her. He slaps her around, but she refuses to
release her pocketbook.

INT. NINO'S BMW - DAY

Nino sees the action; he can't believe his eyes. Duh
Duh Duh reacts, too.

DUH DUH DUH
That's some cold shit.

NINO
Let's go.

Nino and Duh Duh Duh jump out of the car and run over
to the melee in front of the library.

Traffic is held up, a crowd forms.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The homeless crackhead is oblivious as to what is about to happen to him. Elderly woman is screaming for help.

Nino and Duh Duh Duh bum rush the crackhead, pulling him off of the elderly woman; she hobbles away, frightened, clutching her pocketbook.

ANGLE

Nino is whipping the crackhead senseless.

ANGLE

See the crackhead's face is covered in blood. Duh Duh Duh has to pull Nino off of the crackhead. Nino clears his throat, and spits a glob of phlegm onto the crackhead.

NINO

You dirty fucker. That could've been your grandmother.

Nino and Duh Duh Duh go back to the BMW, which has held up traffic. The crowd stares, and we even hear SCATTERED BOOS.

VOICE #1

You brought it here, motherfucker.

VOICE #2

That's your monster, Doctor
Frankenstein.

INT. NINO'S BMW - DAY

Nino and Duh Duh Duh just look at each other, drained, thoughtful. Duh Duh Duh FIRES UP the ENGINE, and says to Nino --

DUH DUH DUH

Damn. They hungry for it.

Nino says nothing. They pull off.

EXT. STRIVER'S ROW - DAY

See Scotty, dressed in impeccable Lauren Polo sportswear, admiring the brownstones and European facades of this well-heeled Harlem neighborhood --

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. P.S. 200 SCHOOLYARD - DAY

Scotty watches all of the beautiful and energetic children romping around in the schoolyard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Scotty leans on the chain link fence, and smiles at all of the electric activity of the youth, until he looks down at his feet -- the smile fades --

INSERT

Empty crack vials, and their colored tops.

SCOTTY

sadly reads his mother's words of wisdom.

An interesting, hand-painted sign on the chain link:

INSERT

"EACH GRADE YOUR CHILD GRADUATES REPRESENTS ANOTHER STEP IN THEIR FUTURE."

- Geneva Appleton
Principle 1964-1973

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SPOTLIGHT - DAY

We're in the continuum of a raucous all-night celebration. Nino is on the cover of New York Daily News as "Mr. Untouchable." All the brothers -- except Duh Duh Duh -- are dressed like they stepped out of GQ magazine. Hear loud HIP HOP, see revelers dance, as if the night has just begun.

ANGLE - NINO

sits at a table with Gee Money and Keisha, totally absorbed into the music.

EXT. HARLEM STREET - DAY

Across the street from the Spotlight, is Moab Temple, the church of Reverend Playthell Oates. He is outside greeting the parishoners on their way inside to worship; the pretty little girls with their cute spring dresses and pink ribbons in their hair. Their beautiful mothers in fashionable Liz Claborne and Calvin Klein dresses. Their handsome dads and brothers in their single and double breasted Polo suits.

ANGLE

See two unmarked cars pull up near the church. Two Italian men get out, in dark glasses, speaking on walkie-talkies.

INT. SPOTLIGHT OFFICE - DAY

Scotty is moving around office, quietly trying not to make any noise. He moves over to the computer system, and looks through a diskette file box --

INSERT

Hand grabs disk marked "Weekly Financial Report."

BACK TO SCENE

Scotty takes disk; continues to look around.

INT. SPOTLIGHT - ANGLE - DAY

As Nino continues to listen to the music, he looks around his table, and notices something is wrong. He sees Gee Money and Keisha, and at another table he sees Kareem, but Duh Duh Duh is missing. He stands up looking around the entire party area, but he still doesn't see his trusted bodyguard-driver. He sits down, worried.

NINO

(to anyone at his
table)

Where's Duh Duh Duh?

KEISHA

(moving to the beat)

He went out for some air. He said
the music was getting too loud.

Somewhat relieved, Nino smiles. Until they all hear GUNFIRE outside the club. All brothers produce guns and run outside.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

GUNFIRE startles Scotty. He draws gun, runs out of office --

EXT. HARLEM STREET - DAY

ANGLE - OUTSIDE

Duh Duh Duh nailed to the church's doors.

ANOTHER ANGLE - OUTSIDE

-- blood and AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE everywhere.

ANGLE

Frightening confusion -- The church people are running for cover, in doorways, in alleys, under cars.

ANGLE - ITALIANS

are really hit men from the Armeteo family, armed with UZIS and AK-47s. They SPRAY the sidewalk with BULLETS.

ANGLE - LITTLE GIRL, MOTHER AND FATHER

get cut down by a stream of BULLETS as they try to run for cover in a doorway.

ANGLE - REVEREND OATES

jumps into a nearby dumpster for cover.

ANGLE - NINO, GEE MONEY, KEISHA, KAREEM, SCOTTY/RIVERA
crouch and line up behind a Jeep, FIRING on the Italians.

ANGLE

In the heat of battle, Scotty realizes he has a clear shot at Nino. He raises his gun, points it at Nino's head -- changes his mind; he RETURNS FIRE at the Italians.

ANGLE - KEISHA

nails one of the Italians with TWO SHOTS that pierce his chest.

ITALIANS

scramble to get back inside their cars and high tail it out of the block.

ANGLE - KEISHA

breaks Rambo-style -- an UZI in one hand, an AK-47 in the other. She runs into the street FIRING at the Italians, savagely taking down two more.

ANGLE - ONE OF ITALIANS

takes careful aim, and CUTS Keisha down in the middle of the street. Blood pours all over her body, as she falls limp in the street.

SERIES OF QUICK IMAGES

Pink Ribbon skids in the breeze.

Mother, father and toddler daughter, lay lifeless and bloody on tenement stoop.

Gee Money cradling Keisha's head in his arms, crying.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nino and Kareem stand in front of Duh Duh Duh whose huge hands have been fastened with large steel spikes to the crucifix imprint on the door of the church... CAMERA PULLS BACK, and it looks as though Duh Duh Duh has been crucified.

Duh Duh Duh is trying to say something; Nino moves in closer --

DUH DUH DUH

(weakly)

They said... Don Armeteo wanted to say... hello...

INT. DEA DOWNTOWN OFFICE - DAY

Scotty hands floppy disk to a visibly-pleased Morrison.

SCOTTY

I could've killed that bastid in the shootout, but I didn't.

MORRISON

He's still gonna fall.

SCOTTY

Fuckin' right. And I'll testify, if I have to. I'm not scared.

(beat)

They've taken over the Ellington already.

MORRISON

That fast? Damn.

SCOTTY

Yeah. I've hooked up with a new shipment. It won't be long now.

INT. REV. OATES' OFFICE - DAY

Nino sits face to face with Rev. Oates; he seems almost remorseful, but not quite.

NINO

I'm sorry, Reverend. I didn't know that was going to happen. As far as the Gathers family funeral is concerned, I've taken care of everything.

ANGLE - REV. OATES

He is frantic; in disbelief.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REVEREND OATES

You think money is going to bring that little girl and her parents back? You think money will keep your soul from hell?

NINO

I don't know... no, it won't...

REVEREND OATES

... This thing has gone too far... In front of the doors of my church, Nino. The house of God. Is nothing sacred to you?

ANGLE - NINO

See Nino is about to lose his temper.

NINO

You hypocrite! What about your soul... You made some money, a whole bunch of money on the construction of that community center.

(outburst)

Money that I gave you, you fuckin' false prophet!

(beat; calms down)

You know, if a man curses like a sinner, and cheats like a sinner, then he must be a sinner. Reverend Oates, I'm a sinner... What are you?

Nino storms out of Rev. Oates' office, and slams the door. Reverend Oates hangs his head in shame.

INT. SPOTLIGHT OFFICE - DAY

ANGLE - NINO

on a cellular phone yelling, surrounded by Gee Money, Kareem, and Duh Duh Duh.

Selina sits off in corner by herself.

ANGLE - INSERT - DUH DUH DUH'S HANDS

wrapped in bandages.

BACK TO SCENE

NINO

(on phone)

... What do you mean, you made me...

EXT. SPARTAN'S SOCIAL CLUB - DAY

A storefront on East 116th Street. A few middle-aged, portly Italian men -- some in silk suits, some in colorful knit shirts and porkpie hats -- sit on lounge chairs in front of Spartan's. DON ARMETEO, in a money-green silk suit, paces the concrete, speaking on a cellular phone.

DON ARMETEO

We made you... We gave you everything... Shagazzy's, the Spotlite, the street corners. You got cute, nigga, and so you had to get spanked...

INT. SPOTLITE OFFICE - DAY

Nino is steamed.

NINO

... I invented crack. I own this city, you fuckin' spaghetti-eatin' slicked-back, greasy-haired bitch --

Nino hears the PHONE CLICK. Don Armeteo hung up. Nino nods to Duh Duh Duh.

EXT. SPARTAN'S SOCIAL CLUB - DAY

Don Armeteo and his men share a laugh about something --

ANGLE

A high-tech MOTORCYCLE ROARS fast down 115th Street --

ANOTHER ANGLE

Two men, dressed in all black, and black hoods -- one literally riding shotgun with his back to the driver, and holding two Uzis -- are zooming down the street.

Before the don and his men in front of the Spartan can react, the motorcycle is on the sidewalk; a TORRENT of AUTOMATIC FIRE kills the don and every single man in front of the club. Burst of blood like red rain pours into the gutter. The motorcycle jets off as quick as it came.

INT. SPRING VALLEY MANSION BEDROOM - ANGLE - NINO -
NIGHT

sits on a lounge near the bed, his black executioner's hood in one hand, a bottle of champagne in the other. His eyes are glazed, he's out of it.

ANGLE - SELINA

an overnight bag in her hand, looks like she's leaving. For good -- which she is.

SELINA

I can't take it anymore, Nino.
You parade that bitch Uniqua in
front of me, in front of everybody,
like it ain't nothing. After all
I've done for you...

(crying)

Why? I love you so much, and you
hate me so much more...

NINO

(trancelike)

I don't hate you, Selina. You
just found out that I'm beneath
you... which I am... Don't drag
this out... Just leave... You
deserve better... I'm scared of
heights...

Selina sobs -- leaves -- slams the door. Nino just sits
in the room, gone.

INT. SPOTLIGHT OFFICE - NIGHT

Nino is screaming on Gee Moey, as Duh Duh Duh, Kareem and
Scotty/Rivera listen uncomfortably.

NINO

These slip-ups is your fault, my
man. You should have seen the
move from Armeteo coming...

Nino gets right up on Gee Money, jabbin' a pointed index
finger into Money's head.

NINO

... You supposed to be watchin'
my back! What I don't see, you're
supposed to see. Instead you
worried about who's fuckin' who...
if you was a real man, that wouldn't
be a problem.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

~~Gee Money jumps up to defend his honor, but Nino force-~~
~~fully pushes him back down in his seat.~~

NINO

Sit your five dollar ass down,
before I make change.

Scotty watches this scenario with great interest.

INT. SPOTLIGHT OFFICE - DAY

Nino and Scotty are in a one-on-one meeting.

NINO

You have supported me like Gee
Money never has. He's supposed to
be my right hand, but I don't
trust him. There's some important
financial information missing
from my office, and I think Gee
Money took it. I need your help,
Rivera.

Nino embraces Scotty. Scotty is appreciative.

SCOTTY

Nino, you do need me, bro. I
wouldn't trust him either. And I
don't know whether you know it or
not, but Gee Money tried to cut a
side deal with me.

NINO

(shock)

What are you saying?

SCOTTY

His stipulation for taking me on
as a supplier, to begin with, was
to cut him a 20 percent surplus on
top of what I supplied the brothers.

NINO

(explodes)

Weasel bastid! Fuckin' back
stabber!

INT. MADISON AVE. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Scotty, Morrison, Holbrook, and Park sit at a table,
drinking coffee, and talking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

~~SCOTTY~~

The brothers are moving 20 kilos from the car service garage, to the Ellington. I won't be there when the deal goes down. Nino will, though. He hates Gee Money, now, and he doesn't trust what he might do. Nino will be there to supervise.

PARK

Be careful, Scotty, this thing is almost over.

SCOTTY

Yeah. I know. I gotta bring it down now.

INT. CMB CAR SERVICE/GARAGE - CLOSE ON SUITCASE OF CASH
- DAY

Hands take pile of cash, riffle the bills to make sure there's money all the way through.

Hands add it to a stack of bills that will go into large suitcase, then trunk of car. PULL BACK.

Kareem is under rear of BMW passing out kilos of cocaine.

Duh Duh Duh helps unload and re-pile cocaine at side of garage.

Nino's hands work on the money.

Gee Money takes a sniff, then a taste, of cocaine.

Other hands unload pouch after pouch of cocaine.

Nino watches closely as packets are loaded into his car.

BMW

is moved out of the garage by Duh Duh Duh who REVS its ENGINE.

Nino and Gee Money walk outside and take over from Duh Duh Duh as others go in vehicles in the background.

Nino suddenly grabs Gee Money by the throat; he's angry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NINO

I know you tried to play me out
like a Nintendo game, you
muthafuckin', back-stabbin' bitch,
tryin' to cut your own deal with
Carlos, but I'm up on your shit,
y'unnstand?!

Gee Money is about to fight back, when he notices something; he breaks away from Nino and leaps out TOWARD CAMERA. He pushes Nino into the warehouse.

GEE MONEY

Ditch it!

Nino hesitates, looks in both directions, runs into the darkness of the warehouse with Gee Money.

Police CARS SCREECH to a halt, surrounding the building, some circling back around to cut it off.

Park, Holbrook and another agent jump from their cars, guns drawn.

ANGLE

Gee Money and Kareem start to run out the entrance and are pursued by law enforcement officers.

ANGLE

Gee Money tries to shoot it out. Brief chase. SHOTS are FIRED. GLASS SHATTERS on new luxury cars, much to Money's consternation. He is suddenly shot in the shoulder, wounded, falls. He is disgusted with himself, with the situation. Reluctantly raises his hands in surrender.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Duh Duh Duh FIRES wildly at a couple of the agents, missing.

Holbrook FIRES at Duh Duh Duh, hitting him twice in the head, once in the chest. Duh Duh Duh falls to the ground, bloody and lifeless.

ANGLE

Others take shelter in their cars, attempt to start them, abandon their efforts and emerge with hands raised.

PARK

seizes command.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARK

Holbrook, you and the other men
stay out here. I'm going inside.

Colleagues scramble as requested.

INSIDE WAREHOUSE

We see and hear FOOTSTEPS. Can't tell who it is.

ANGLE

Now we see Park as he scrambles along the warehouse wall.

PARK

approaches another room as another figure approaches him
from the darkness inside the room. Shrouded in shadows.

Park FIRES AT the CAMERA.

SHADOW

is Nino, spinning, yelling, his hands high in the air.

NINO

Don't shoot! I give up! Don't
shoot!

Nino covers his head, dropping to his knees.

Two or three agents, including Holbrook, converge on the
fallen gang leader. They yank his hands behind him, cuff
him, push him face down on the dirty, oil-stained floor.

NINO

(snorts)

I'll be out in a week.

INT. PRE-TRIAL SCREENING ROOM - CLOSE ON NINO BROWN -
DAY

Nino trying to look calm.

MORRISON (O.S.)

We have tapes linking you to the
drug activity. You are a co-
conspirator in the murder of Renny
'Pookie' Robertson. The Armeteo
family has a contract on you for
the killing of the Don. It's
crumbling, Nino. Turn over the
gang, and you'll be granted
immunity.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PULL BACK to reveal he is being interviewed by the prosecution in a small chamber.

NINO

I don't know what the fuck you are talking about. On the advice of my lawyers, I'll say no more until we go to trial...

PULL BACK FURTHER to show there's not only one lawyer in the room. Nino has employed several lawyers.

INT. DEA DOWNTOWN - DAY

Scotty, Morrison, and Park, in Morrison's office. Morrison looks worried.

MORRISON

I don't think Nino is gonna cooperate.

PARK

But we got him, we got the floppy disk; his girlfriend sang in exchange for witness protection. What more do we need?

MORRISON

His testimony against the Cash Money brothers. And I don't think we're gonna get that.

SCOTTY

I think we can. I got an idea.

MORRISON

What?

SCOTTY

Nino and Gee Money are at each other's throats and I'll play that breach like a piano. There's this girl, Uniqua, that Nino took from Gee Money. If I can convince Nino that Gee Money took her back, and is plotting his overthrow, he'll know that the bond of brotherhood is broken. And then, he'll talk.

Morrison throws his hands up in frustration. He ponders a moment, then agrees --

MORRISON

You better be right about this; I wanna be governor someday.

INT. MCC HOLDING CELL/VISITORS' BOOTH - DAY

Row of glass-walled booths. Visitors on phones peer through transparent dividers at prisoners.

Guard ushers Nino through the maze and we FOLLOW as he takes a seat opposite Scotty.

NINO

Thanks for comin'.

SCOTTY/RIVERA

You knew I would. How you livin' in here, bro?

NINO

I'm livin' small.

(motions Scotty closer)

Have you been keepin' an eye on Gee Money?

SCOTTY/RIVERA

Yeah. He's gonna plot your overthrow while you're in here. I can feel it.

NINO

What makes you so sure?

SCOTTY/RIVERA

'Cause you took his bitch. Now he wants to prove his manhood by stabbing you in the back. And I think he's cut a deal with the feds. He's setting you up, bro.

Nino is furious.

NINO

That fuckin' snake in the grass.

Nino gets up quickly and leaves. Scotty watches him go, pleased his plan is working.

INT. NINO SPRING VALLEY MANSION - ANGLE - DAY

Scotty, Gee Money, with his shoulder in a sling, and a half-dressed and pathetic-looking Uniqua are sitting in the living room. There is a crazed fire in Gee Money's eyes, as he holds court, drinking from a bottle of Crystal --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCOTTY/RIVERA

I had to see you, bro', because I can trust you. I look up to you, Gee Money. We're like family.

GEE MONEY

Well, I'm in charge, now. The feds let me out on bail. Nino is the guy they really wanted. As far as I'm concerned, Nino is going out like a roach.

SCOTTY/RIVERA

You have my loyalty, bro'.

GEE MONEY

Bet to that... and anybody who ain't rollin' with that, it'll just have to roll over them. And...

(drunken, sinister smile)

I want you to be my best man.

Gee Money motions for Uniqua to come to him.

GEE MONEY

We gettin' married.

Scotty smiles innocently, keeping his hands in his dungaree pocket --

SCOTTY/RIVERA

Congratulations...

ANGLE - SCOTTY

is manipulating a micro-cassette in his pocket; see the lit red indicator light is on.

INT. MCC VISITORS AREA - DAY

Nino is sitting down across from Scotty in one of the cubicles; can't believe what he's hearing --

SCOTTY/RIVERA

... That's right, Nino; they gettin' ready to get married.

Nino's eyes are ablaze! He bangs the Plexi-glas so hard, it slightly cracks.

NINO

(low voice)

... No, man.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MCC VISITORS AREA - ANGLE - DAY

In one of the cubicles, Gee Money -- calm, cool, haughty -- faces Nino, who we see is desperately trying to remain calm.

NINO

How you been?

GEE MONEY

Just coolin'. Feelin' good.

NINO

You know, we've forgotten the value of brotherhood... love, trust, honor. Our family has disintegrated into nothing. We've forgotten to treat each other as we would treat ourselves...

Gee Money looks as if his mind was elsewhere --

GEE MONEY

... I'm sorry, what were you saying, Nino? I was thinking about my honeymoon plans.

INT. FOLEY SQUARE COURTHOUSE - DAY

Nino Brown on the witness stand.

CLOSE ON HIS FACE

MORRISON (O.S.)

Where were you born?

NINO

New York City.

MORRISON (O.S.)

Are you married?

NINO

No.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL --

Nino's trial in progress...

Morrison stands before the Prosecutor's table where Park, and an army of Assistant D.A.'s are seated.

ANGLE - MORRISON

walks to where the jury should be sitting. All of the seats are empty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He addresses a video camera perched where the foreman of the jury traditionally sits.

MORRISON

Mr. Brown, you understand the jury is not actually seated in the courtroom, don't you?

NINO

Yes.

MORRISON

Because the court fears for their safety, isn't that right?

GOLDFARB

(objecting)

Objection.

JUDGE

Overruled.

MORRISON

Isn't that right, Mr. Brown?

NINO

Yes.

ANGLE - MORRISON AND NINO

MORRISON

Mr. Brown, you were one of the original founders of the Cash Money Brothers, a narcotics organization involved processing and mass merchandising of crack-cocaine, isn't that correct?

NINO

Yes.

SHOCK CUT TO:

SPECTATORS' GALLERY

All of the brothers are present. Scotty/Rivera sits with them in his guise, in character.

CLOSE - SCOTTY

Half-smile on his face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In b.g., a packed gallery of public spectators. An audible gasp goes up.

MORRISON

Do you see any of the Cash Money
Brothers in this courtroom today?

NINO

Yes.

MORRISON

Will you pick them out, please?

Nino's voice sounds shaky --

NINO

Kareem Akbar, Gerald Wells...

MORRISON

(interrupting)

Describe what they are wearing,
please.

Nino is visibly shaken -- this is the final step of
betrayal. The courtroom is hushed, as he begins to
speak --

NINO

Kareem is wearing the stripped
ruby shirt...

MORRISON

... And Mr. Wells?

NINO

(a beat)

He's wearing the tan double
breasted.

And now we --

REVERSE ANGLE

to FOCUS ON each defendant as Nino mentions him. SLOW
PAN of faces disbelieving of this testimony, that Nino
is squealing...

ANGLE - LATER

Nino slowly shakes his head. He buries his face in his
hands. Morrison smells blood --

MORRISON

Mr. Brown, I'd like you to look
at something...

ANGLE

Morrison walks over to his table, opens his attache and removes a series of 8 X 10 black and white photos; he gives them to Nino on the witness stand.

MORRISON

Behold, Mr. Brown; the fruits of your labor...

ANGLE - INSERT

Each black and white photo is devastating; the outline of a bullet-riddled body in the street, the charred remains of the Carter Projects, the Gathers family lying dead in the street.

Nino grumbles something inaudible.

MORRISON

What's wrong, Mr. Brown?...

Nino lifts his head up: tears stream down his face.

NINO

I'm overwhelmed...

Nino is overcome with emotion, like a little bitch. Judge leans forward.

JUDGE

Mr. Brown, are you alright?

NINO

(halting)

I have every reason... to testify against them... they were never my family; I have no family... I have no reason at all to feel guilty... but it's that seduction...

MORRISON

Seduction, Mr. Brown?

NINO

The street beckoned to me... her criminal voice... it's overpowering ... she offered me possibilities I'd never dreamed of before... When I was 15, I knew trigonometry better than my math teacher...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Old Man removes a rusty German LUGER and pumps THREE SHOTS into Nino's head. Nino slumps over, dead. We hear the Judge BANG his GAVEL, trying to restore order in the courtroom, until the POUNDING becomes FAINTER BY the SECOND.

SILENCE.

FADE TO CRAWL SHEET.

CRAWL SHEET

"Although this is a fictional story, the New Jack City exist in every major metropolis in this country. If we as a nation don't begin to confront the problem of crack and other drugs realistically -- without slogans and promises, but examining what motors the human soul on the course of spiritual self-destruction -- then New Jack City will continue to thrive, and we will be doomed to disappear in the shadows of its demonic skyline."

FADE OUT.

THE END