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# B.M.F.

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## BLACK MAFIA FAMILY

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Episode 101 (Pilot)

"See It... Touch It... Obtain It"

Written by

Randy Huggins

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**BMF: Episode 101**  
**"See It... Touch It... Obtain It"**  
6th Studio-Network Draft  
November 19, 2019

**CAST OF CHARACTERS**

Demetrius Flenory (Meech)  
Terry Flenory  
Lamar Silas  
Lucille Flenory  
Charles Flenory  
Kato  
B-Mickie

Bryant  
Dink  
Fonz Dirty  
Hoop  
Jay-Mo  
Kwamé  
Los  
Monique  
Mr. Ryan  
Nicole  
Pat  
Rhonda  
Slick  
Sparks  
Terry Jr.  
Whitlow  
Older Meech  
Older Roland  
Young Meech  
Young Terry

**MINOR CHARACTERS**

Dawg  
Deborah Griffin  
Doorman  
Female Paramedic  
Jeremy  
Male Paramedic  
N.D. Cop

**O.S.**

P.A. Announcer

**FEATURED EXTRAS**

Assailant  
Pumpkin

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**INTERIOR LOCATIONS**

BIG CONEY ISLAND RESTAURANT  
CLUB TABOO  
COBO ARENA  
    - AUXILIARY ROOM  
    - LOCKER ROOM  
    - GYM  
FLENORY HOME  
    - DINING ROOM  
    - LIVING ROOM  
    - KITCHEN  
    - MEECH & TERRY'S BEDROOM  
HOSPITAL MATERNITY WARD  
    - RHONDA'S ROOM  
MEECH'S MERCEDES-BENZ  
MONIQUE'S HOUSE  
    - BEDROOM  
    - ENTRY WAY  
PAT'S BARBERSHOP  
    - BACK ROOM  
RHONDA'S MOTHER'S HOUSE  
ROLAND'S PORCH / EDESEL STREET  
SOUTHWESTERN HIGH SCHOOL  
    - CLASSROOM  
    - GUIDANCE OFFICE  
TERRY'S MERCEDES-BENZ

**EXTERIOR LOCATIONS**

BELLE ISLE PARK  
CLUB TABOO  
COBO ARENA  
    - ENTRANCE  
ECORSE REC CENTER  
    - STREET  
FORT WAYNE PARK  
GAS STATION  
KEMENY PARK BASEBALL FIELD  
MONIQUE'S STREET  
TERRY'S MERCEDES-BENZ



"We didn't choose the hustle.

The hustle chose us.

It was the only way to better our living situation  
and end poverty right then and now!!"

- Demetrius "BIG MEECH" Flenory

1 **EXT. ROLAND'S PORCH/EDSEL STREET [FLASHFORWARD] - NIGHT (FF1)** 1

**SUPER: 2005** In darkness, we HEAR Young Jeezy's "SOUL SURVIVOR" PLAYING. We SEE AN ECU of a SHINY OBJECT: AN 8-INCH DIAMOND ENCRUSTED EMBLEM that reads: "BMF."

GO WIDE: We see the emblem is on an ICED-OUT CHAIN worn by a MAN moving through an abandoned lot. Streetlight hit the MAN'S FACE: It's DEMETRIUS "BIG MEECH" FLENORY, 37, black, light-skinned, a leader in any era. He looks like a God.

ROLAND (O.S.)

I know that ain't my nigga.

Meech flashes his trademark smile as his childhood friend ROLAND WEST, 38, black and affable, flies off the porch to bro-hug him in the center of the street.

MEECH

Rollie-Roll, whattup doe?

ROLAND

Ain't shit. How long it's been... two-three years?

MEECH

Feels good to be home. The Hole still looks like... The Hole.

Roland nods his head "YEAH." There's no denying that. He takes a good look at Meech, can't believe his eyes.

As Meech smiles and daps Roland again, we PRE-LAP: Roger Troutman's "I HEARD IT THROUGH THE GRAPEVINE."

2 **EXT. ROLAND'S PORCH/EDSEL STREET [FLASHFORWARD] - NIGHT (FF1)** 2

An hour later, the street is flooded with people and jammed with CARS BLARING THEIR TUNES. Meech is on the porch staring out at HUNDREDS OF NEIGHBORHOOD FOLKS now gathered.

Roland cheeses at Meech, who is overwhelmed by all of this.

MEECH

I ain't expect all the pageantry.

ROLAND

Ain't nobody ever gonna top the shit you and T did. Especially not no black niggas from Southwest Detroit... Y'all like kings and rock stars all rolled in one!

Meech stares out at all the well-wishers and party-goers --

MEECH (V.O.)

Given everything that's happened,  
people always ask me if I have any  
regrets. And the thing is? I  
don't... I mean, obviously, I gave  
up a lot...

As Meech glances across the street at his childhood home --

MEECH (V.O.)

Being back across the street from  
where I grew up made me realize  
just how much...

3 INT. FLENORY HOME - KITCHEN [FLASHBACK] - DAY (FB1)

3

CLOSE ON: A LARGE POT OF WATER on a *CLICKING* STOVE. *Gas hisses*, but there's no flame. A LIT MATCH is held to the base but it dies before catching.

MEECH (O.S.)

Dumb ass can't even light a stove.

YOUNG MEECH, slim and charismatic, is gobbling up cereal. He's watching YOUNG TERRY FLENORY, quiet but shrewd, struggle at the stove in a T-shirt and tighty-whities.

TERRY

Five dollars say you can't either.

MEECH

You ain't got five dollars.

Meech gets up, draped in his WENDY'S UNIFORM, to help. He pulls out HIS OWN LIGHTER and flicks at the base a few times. Then WHOOSH! FLAMES FLY UP, singeing his hand.

MEECH (CONT'D)

Shit!

LUCILLE FLENORY (35), religious and strong-willed, enters.

LUCILLE

Told you about using that language  
in this house. And Terry -- why  
aren't you dressed?

TERRY

We ain't got no hot water. I was  
trying to boil some, but Meech  
almost blew up the house.

Meech shoves Terry for that.

LUCILLE

Quit horsing around before you're  
late for your first day at the job.

Lucille fixes the back of his collar. Meech is not thrilled.

TERRY

Momma, we're outta milk again too.

LUCILLE

Don't act like you were born with a  
silver spoon in your mouth. Use the  
rest of your brother's.

Terry looks at the used cereal milk in Meech's bowl, gross.

4 EXT. GAS STATION [FLASHBACK] - DAY (FB1)

4

Meech exits the bathroom in jeans and a PISTONS T-SHIRT as he  
stuffs his WENDY'S UNIFORM in a backpack.

TERRY (O.S.)

So now you lying to momma's face?  
You ain't going to work at Wendy's.

He looks up to see Terry standing in front of him.

MEECH

Why the hell you care?

TERRY

Because when momma puts you out,  
I'ma be the one ya' dumb ass calls  
to throw some food down.

MEECH

I'ma be straight with you, T. I'm  
about to clock major dollars so we  
can stop sharing clothes and milk.

TERRY

You going to work in a rock house?  
(off Meech's nod)  
I wanna go with you.

MEECH

Hell nah, I ain't dragging yo'  
Poindexter ass nowhere with me.

Meech tries to shove Terry along. But he does not budge.



TERRY

Don't be putting your hands on me!

Terry pushes him back. A shoving match ensues just as a CLEAN-ASS MERCEDES-BENZ rolls up. Terry and Meech stop fighting to stare in amazement as the car rolls to a stop.

TERRY (CONT'D)

That's my car.

MEECH

No it ain't, fool. It's my boss's and one day I'ma have one just like it. S.T.O. -- See it...

MEECH AND TERRY

... Touch it... Obtain it.

As they pound fists, the WINDOW ROLLS DOWN. Their future boss and mentor PAT, 48, street-smart and SLICK DRESSED, hollers out.

PAT

Meech, are you coming or what?

MEECH

Go to school, T.

Meech heads to the Benz, hops in. He stares out at Terry, who looks sad and devastated watching Meech pull off without him. After a beat, the Benz stops. Meech opens the passenger door-- As Terry smiles and runs towards the car, we FREEZE FRAME.

MEECH (V.O.)

Letting my brother in the car with me that day took us on a journey beyond our wildest imaginations. We built our own family and lived like kings -- partying, traveling, smashing broads, eating good, and rocking fly shit, in the coldest whips and cribs around the globe. I ain't even gonna lie, if I had to do it all over again, I wouldn't change a muthafucken thing!

We UNFREEZE -- Terry hops, in excited to begin this journey with Meech, who closes the door and the car peels away. OFF MEECH AND TERRY staring out the window into the horizon--

SMASH TO TITLE:

**BLACK MAFIA FAMILY**

5 EXT. COBO ARENA - DAY (D1)

5

**SUPER: TWO YEARS LATER: DETROIT, 1980-SOMETHING**

Meech's BRAND NEW SILVER MERCEDES-BENZ pulls up. Terry exits, adjusting his EXPENSIVE WATCH. A beat later, Meech hops out the driver's seat. Both D-boy fresh. Terry in a crisp denim outfit, Meech in LEATHER pants, a SILK shirt, MINK jacket, PATENT LEATHER ADIDAS and BIG DOOKIE ROPE CHAIN on his neck.

MEECH

Why they call this meeting?

TERRY

Probably want us to fall back.

MEECH

That ain't happening.

Terry agrees and pounds fists with his brother.

MEECH (CONT'D)

But why'd they choose here?

TERRY

I picked the spot. City Championship's today so the place's crawling with cops, which means Twelfth Street won't be strapped.

MEECH

Thought of that all by yourself?

Terry nods, basking in the glory. He knows this was a good idea even if his big brother won't acknowledge it.

6 INT. COBO ARENA - ENTRANCE - DAY (D1)

6

Fans pour through the security at a packed arena. Meech pulls off his belt as they approach the metal detector --

MEECH

Gotta get butt-naked to get in here.

TERRY

Don't act like ya' freaky ass don't want to. Probably got on a G-string or some shit.

MEECH

Know you ain't talking with them tighty-whities you be wearing.

Terry smiles, sees some FACTORY WORKERS in line across from them in flannels and boots. An N.D. COP waves them through.

N.D. COP

It's simple. All metal in the tray.  
You walk thru the metal detector.

Terry sees a FIDGETY FACTORY WORKER pull out a wad of cash. He places more items in the security tray: Lotto tickets, gum, a USED CHORE BOY and A ROSE IN A GLASS -- drug paraphernalia.

TERRY

Think them factory dudes smoking.

MEECH

I'ma start calling ya' ass the  
Nostradamus of crackheads.

TERRY

I'm saying, that might be a market  
we can tap into.

Meech steps through the metal detector, eyeing some CUTE CHEERLEADERS. As Terry joins him to retrieve their things --

MEECH

And I'm saying if they'd've had  
hoes this fine when I was in  
school, I wouldn't've dropped out.

TERRY

Right. Like your grades ain't have  
shit to do with it?

As the COACHES and PLAYERS from SOUTHWESTERN HIGH SCHOOL'S BASKETBALL TEAM exit the locker room, doing a RHYTHMIC TEAM CLAP. Terry spots the TEAM EQUIPMENT MANAGER, CARLOS "LOS" HUERA, 15, Latino, nerd glasses, who brings up the rear --

TERRY (CONT'D)

Gimme a minute...

Before Meech can question where he's going, Terry heads off --

7 **INT. COBO ARENA - LOCKER ROOM - DAY (D1)**

7

Terry follows Los to a supply chest in the back.

LOS

I got the balls, tape, water...

TERRY

C'mon, Los, stop fucking around.

Los smiles and pulls a bag from the equipment chest. He hands it to Terry, who pulls out a SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIAL HANDGUN.

LOS

You're not gonna use that, are you?

TERRY

I will if you don't stop getting on my damn nerves.

OFF TERRY, smiling and extending a crisp HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL:

8 INT. COBO ARENA - GYM - DAY (D1)

8

Terry sees MR. RYAN, 55, White, burly, in the front row. Mr. Ryan is Southwestern's guidance counselor, who can spit every RUN-DMC verse. He eyes Terry, gives his outfit the once-over.

TERRY

C'mon, Mr. Ryan, you know I bleed blue and gold.

MR. RYAN

Can't tell from that outfit.

(off Terry)

Ms. Winston says you're crushing it in her class.

TERRY

I'm tryin'.

MR. RYAN

Baby's due any day now, right?

(off Terry nodding "YES")

Lemme know if you need anything.

TERRY

Aaight. Thanks, Mr. Ryan.

Mr. Ryan nods and Terry heads up to his seat just as --

PA ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Welcome to the Detroit Boys High School Basketball Championship...

Terry climbs the bleachers and sits beside Meech.

MEECH

Where was you at?

TERRY

Getting pressed by Mr. Ryan, who agreed with me -- ya' grades sucked.

MEECH

Fuck that fat muthafuckah. C'mon,  
it's showtime.

Meech looks across the bleachers as THREE THUGGISH-LOOKING  
GUYS in PURPLE AND GREY head around the court. They get up.

9 INT. COBO ARENA - AUXILIARY ROOM - DAY (D1)

9

Meech and Terry meet with the 12th Street Boys. Their leader,  
JAY-MO, Black, 24, wiry, stands out front. WHITLOW, Black,  
22, lanky, and SLICK, 28, Black, facial hair, flank him.

JAY-MO

The Fifty Boyz ain't from Ecorse,  
but you carved out a space for  
yourselves. So we gave y'all a  
pass. But now I hear y'all setting  
up shop a pinky toe from us.

Terry stays silent -- observing.

MEECH

Polk Street was uncharted territory  
until we planted our flag. Now you  
want us to move?

JAY-MO

If y'all don't step the fuck off,  
bodies gon' drop.

MEECH

Jay-Mo, it's enough food for us all  
to eat. If we squash bullshit like  
this and pool our resources, we'd  
be like the Bonannos, Gambinos and  
the rest of the Italian mob.

JAY-MO

Only a young, arrogant fuck like  
you would come up with some "We Are  
the World" shit like that.

MEECH

I'm talking about a way for both of  
our crews to make more together  
than we are right now as rivals.

Meech sees Whitlow's QUIET NOD, his interest piqued, but --

JAY-MO

Meech, this ain't no negotiation.  
If we see y'all on Polk again, we  
going to war. Flat out.

TERRY

Then let's go. I ain't moving for  
these fucken cowards.

JAY-MO

Look here Young Skywalker, I  
suggest you listen to Obie-Wan and  
keep shit peaceful. Or you may have  
to start walking y'all old girl  
home after her shift at Wendy's.

TERRY

Fuck you, nigga!

Terry pulls his gun and aims it at Jay-Mo. The 12th Street  
Boys react, surprised. Meech is just as shocked.

MEECH

C'mon, T. Put that shit away.

TERRY

Not 'til they show some respect!

Meech sees this is going sideways. Quickly --

MEECH

Know what, Jay-Mo? As a show of  
good faith, and because my super  
passionate brother pulled his gat,  
I'ma let ya'll have Polk Street.

TERRY

What the fuck, Meech?

Jay-Mo regards Meech, also surprised.

JAY-MO

And as a token of appreciation,  
I'ma look the other way on this.  
But don't do no shit like this  
again, or we won't be able to put  
the genie back in the bottle.

Terry responds by grabbing his crotch at Jay-Mo as a sign of  
disrespect. OFF MEECH, shaking his head at his crazy brother.

10 INT. FLENORY HOME - MEECH & TERRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (N1)

10

Meech and Terry enter with purpose, mid-argument.

MEECH

We never agreed to bring a gun to a goddamn meeting.

TERRY

Meech, I'm strapped at every meeting we've ever gone to.

This is news to Meech, who plops down on his bed as the shot WIDENS -- we see the full scope of their room. MICKEY MOUSE CURTAINS on the windows. Two single beds with STAR WARS SHEETS. This is no gangster lair. It's just an innocent, unremarkable bedroom. The juxtaposition is jarring.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Your ass always think you can talk your way outta shit. But I'm trying to win by any means necessary.

MEECH

My mouth's gotten us this far.

TERRY

We looked like fucken hoes -- to some muthafuckahs who used to call themselves "The Raphaels."

MEECH

Who gives a damn? Long as we get paid and stay ahead of they ass.

TERRY

How the hell we gonna do that if you gave up Polk Street? That's over fifty percent of our revenue.

MEECH

T, our crew ain't big enough to go to war. War means bodies. Bodies bring cops, and cops kill business.

(beat, then Meech shifts gears)

What we do have is a product that creates its own demand. Nobody's giving up as much love as we are, and our price is right. Baseheads gonna find us wherever we go. Long as we got my vision and your brains, can't nobody mess with us.

TERRY

That's fine in theory, but the product ain't ours.

MEECH

What the hell you talking about?

TERRY

Told you, getting dope on consignment from Pat means we rentin'. We'll never maximize our full earning potential, until we start buying our own shit outright.

MEECH

Aaight, fine. But first ya' ass need to get that damn gun out the house.

TERRY

There you go again, trying to tell me what to do.

MEECH

Terry, just do the shit. Dayum!

Just then, the door opens. Lucille enters. Terry quickly conceals the gun in their closet.

LUCILLE

Dinner's ready. Make sure you wash your hands before you come down.

The boys sigh relief as she exits. Now we know: Meech and Terry are hustlers on the make, operating from their parent's house.

11 **INT. BIG CONEY ISLAND RESTAURANT - NIGHT (N1)**

11

A refurbished diner. CHEESY MUSIC PLAYS. LAMAR SILAS, 30s, Black, bug-eyed, wearing a DOO-RAG, with a disposition that says "I'm About To Kick Some Ass," stands at the register. JEREMY, 28, clean-cut in a BOW TIE, takes his order.

LAMAR

Loose burger, side of chili-cheese fries with extra cheese.

JEREMY

Sorry, we changed our menu. We only sell Coney dogs now.

LAMAR

Where's Duka? The manager.



JEREMY

Oh, you must mean Daniel. He moved to our new location in Novi. But I'm Jeremy, and I'll be happy to take your order.

LAMAR

Coneys belong downtown. Loose burgers for the 'hood. Some shit ain't s'posed to change.

JEREMY

Sir, I'm sorry. How about you step aside until you're ready to order?

Quick as a cobra, Lamar grabs Jeremy's head, SLAMS it on the counter and holds it there. Patrons GASP IN AWE. Employees stand back. Lamar sees a frightened WHITE GIRL, 6, pigtails, in line with her MOM.

LAMAR

Y'all might wanna head to Mickie D's for a Happy Meal or something.

The Girl's Mom drags her out. As more customers follow --

JEREMY

I just took over a few weeks ago.

LAMAR

Well, that explains things. You don't know any better. Are you even from Ecorse, Jeremy?

JEREMY

No. But take whatever you want.

Jeremy's eyes start to well up. After a beat, Lamar has a change of heart and lets him go.

LAMAR

I'm a changed man, Jeremy. Tell Duka: Lamar Silas is back in town. Next time I'm here, I expect things to be back to the way they were.

Lamar exits. REVEAL Jay-Mo and Whitlow sitting in a booth, having witnessed the whole exchange. PRE-LAP -- the METALLIC TWANG OF A STEEL GUITAR BEING PLAYED in the distance.

12 INT. FLENORY HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT (N1)

12

Meech and Terry enter. Their sister NICOLE, 12, smart and smart-mouthed, is mixing ketchup and mayonnaise to make French salad dressing as the steel guitar continues.

NICOLE

Daddy's playing guitar, which means he's getting ready for a revival.

MEECH

Damn thing's giving me a headache. But this right here... is like heaven.

Meech exaggerates a sniff as Lucille brings the lasagna.

NICOLE

Oh my god, what a kiss-ass.

LUCILLE

(to Nicole)

Want me to wash your mouth out?

NICOLE

Meech and Terry say way-worse all the time and get away with it.

Lucille ignores her as she struggles to loosen up the lasagna. Meech motions to an UNOPENED BOX OF POTS AND PANS sitting near the wall. As the STEEL GUITAR STOPS PLAYING:

MEECH

Why don't you use the new pans I bought? They're non-stick.

LUCILLE

So is this one.

(it's not)

Why you didn't bring Nessa over?

MEECH

Lori's father took 'em out for dinner.

LUCILLE

Well, make sure you bring my grand-baby by to see me next weekend.

CHARLES enters, pulling off a GENERAL MOTORS FACTORY SHIRT. He puts on a new one, a MAINTENANCE WORKER TOP. He's a man coming from one job, going to another. Lucille greets him with a kiss. He sits at the head of the table eyeing Meech.

CHARLES

What'd I tell you about looking  
proper at the dinner table?  
(off Meech removing his chain)  
Bow your heads. Whose turn is it?

NICOLE

Think it's Meechie's.

CHARLES

Terry, say the blessing.

As the family bows their heads, Meech is a bit thrown by this  
slight. He eyes Terry, who smirks, slightly rubbing it in.

TERRY

God... Thank You for allowing my  
family to fellowship at something  
outside of a funeral or a holiday.  
Bless this food and the hands that  
prepared it. We pray in Your name,  
Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

Beat. Then Charles takes first dibs at the lasagna and --

NICOLE

Oh yeah Ma, don't forget. I need  
money for the school field trip.

LUCILLE

We'll talk about it later.

NICOLE

That's what you said last week.

Lucille and Charles trade looks. Meech notices.

MEECH

Don't trip, Nicki. I got'chu.

CHARLES

We're not taking your money.

MEECH

Pops, it's just a field trip.

CHARLES

I said, we're not taking your  
money. And neither are you, Nicole.

Nicole drops her fork and sits, pouting at the table.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Terry, how was school today?

Meech rolls his eyes. If they only knew that after school Terry was wielding a gun at a bunch of drug dealers.

TERRY

Good, real good. I might get first chair in debate club this year.

CHARLES

I take it we're gonna see your name on the Honor Roll again?

Meech can't take it anymore.

MEECH

My stomach's kinda queasy. I'ma get some air.

He gets up, as his pager BUZZES. He checks it, sees Charles eye the pager, shake his head...

LUCILLE

Don't forget, you got kitchen duty tonight.

Meech doesn't answer, just goes...

13 **INT. PAT'S BARBERSHOP - BACK ROOM - NIGHT (N1)**

13

We're in a PLAYER'S LAIR with a POOL TABLE, TVs, SOFAS and a FISH TANK. James Brown PLAYS. The door buzzes open. Pat is shooting pool. His second-in-command, SPARKS, 30, beard, tattoo on his neck, plays against him.

SPARKS

I got twenty on this shot.

Sparks puts TWO TEN DOLLAR BILLS on the table as Meech enters. Pat RAISES the back of his STICK as if he is going to hit the cue ball straight down. He comes down on it and the cue ball goes around Spark's ball to sink Pat's object ball.

MEECH

Illegal, but sweet.

PAT

Ain't that the game we in? Nine ball, corner pocket.

(to Sparks)

Or you wanna gimme more money?

Sparks raises both hands, surrenders. Pat shoots a soft, controlled shot, then turns to Meech.

PAT (CONT'D)

Know why I called you here, young blood?

Meech watches the cue knock in Pat's object ball and smiles.

PAT (CONT'D)

I heard you gave up territory to them Twelfth Street Boyz.

(off Meech's surprised look)

Know I hear everything that happens out here.

MEECH

Wasn't much I could do, or we was gonna be poppin' off.

PAT

This the streets we talking about. If somebody step on your toes, don't move aside. You back their ass up.

MEECH

So you think we shoulda fought 'em?

PAT

Hell yeah. And you need to be smart about it, so you don't get knocked.

MEECH

What if there's another way?

PAT

Rules always been the same, Meech: You need to handle this, and fast, because Lamar Silas just TD'ed.

MEECH

Old head who used to run Ecorse?

Pat nods his head "yes" as he moves around for next shot.

SPARKS

Didn't he kidnap that rapper?

(off Meech's shrug)

Strung him up naked near a bee's nest, let him get stung 'til his broad coughed up the loot.

MEECH

You making this nigga sound like  
the boogeyman or some shit.

PAT

Point is, the competition's  
thickening. You need to do whatever  
you gotta do to protect your shit  
from the vultures and wolves.

(off Meech's look, then)

And you damn well better not fall  
behind on paying me back, either.

MEECH

You know I got you.

Meech turns to leave.

PAT

One more thing, Meech: Make sure  
you and your brother come dressed  
to kill at my party.

MEECH

C'mon, Pat. Outside of you, T and I  
gonna be the flyest cats up there.

Pat smiles and daps up Meech, who turns to head out with a  
look on his face that tells us that he's not happy.

MEECH (V.O.)

Pat put us on and taught me and T  
everything we know. I never  
questioned him about anything, but  
this time, things just didn't feel  
right.

14 **EXT. ECORSE REC CENTER - NIGHT (N1)**

14

Meech's Benz pulls up in a lot overlooking a large field. He  
gets out and walks towards a battered, baseball field.

MEECH (V.O.)

I ain't wanna fall in the typical D-  
boy trap.

15 **SIMULATED MONTAGE**

15

Meech RAISES HIS GUN AND FIRES -- BOOM!

MEECH (V.O.)

You know the kind, where I beef out  
with Jay-Mo and shoot him.

Jay-Mo, arm in a sling, HOLDS HIS GUN UP AND FIRES. Meech gets hit in the head. His body falls to the ground -- BOOM!

MEECH (V.O.)

Then he comes back and kills me.

As Terry HORIZONTALLY SPRAYS AN UZI ACROSS THE SCREEN -- BRRR!

MEECH

Then Terry merks his ass. And Jay-Mo's kids go after him.

**END MONTAGE.** BACK TO SCENE

MEECH (V.O.)

I wanted to do things different. I had to think outside the box.

A massive brick building in the background. TWO BASEBALL FIELDS, TENNIS and BASKETBALL COURTS are on the fenced-off field. This is the ECORSE RECREATIONAL CENTER. B-MICKIE, 19, a street lifer and philosophizing stoner, approaches.

B-MICKIE

Whattup doe?

Before Meech responds, Terry walks up with FONZ DIRTY, 23, all muscles and attitude, and KATO, 19, a Southern Belle with grit, dressed down like the boys. They all greet each other.

MEECH

This may be a new location for us.

FONZ DIRTY

Ain't this Twelfth Street's turf?

TERRY

Technically, but you see any of them around?

B-MICKIE

They know it's dead up here too. We'd do better by the courts.

MEECH

Too many kids. We gotta be outta sight from everybody.

KATO

Everybody except her.

DEBORAH GRIFFIN, 40s, no bullshit, is heading towards them.

MS. GRIFFIN  
You can't be over here.

MEECH  
Come on, Ms. Griffin. We just  
trying to get enough people to  
start a friendly game.

MS. GRIFFIN  
I know what game you're up to,  
Meech. Get off my property right  
now before I call the police.

KATO  
For what? We haven't done anything.

MS. GRIFFIN  
Leave. Now.

She walks back to the parking lot. Meech watches her go.

MEECH  
Don't trip. I know how to handle  
her ass.

16 **EXT. KEMENY PARK BASEBALL FIELD - DAY (D2)**

16

Meech watches a YOUTH BASEBALL TEAM wrap up practice and  
charge into a huddle. Their coach, BRYANT, 34, Black,  
linebacker build gone soft, holds his hand out. Players put  
their hands on top of his.

BRYANT  
Alright, I want the same intensity  
at tomorrow's game. Tigers on  
three. One... two... three --

THE TEAM  
Tigers!

As Bryant and his players retrieve their things, he finds  
Meech waiting just outside the fence near the dugout.

MEECH  
That pitcher's got some heat. Kinda  
reminds me of somebody.

BRYANT  
You were a good athlete, Meech. But  
your focus was all over the place.

As the players exit the field, Meech grabs the bat bag and  
helps Bryant carry the equipment back to his truck.



MEECH

I'm thinking of starting a game up  
at the Ecorse Rec Center.

BRYANT

You got enough people over there  
interested in playing?

MEECH

It's baseball. People go where the  
game is. Problem is, ain't no  
shelter on that field, so it can  
get kinda hot.

BRYANT

How much shelter you need?

MEECH

Just the dugout and bleachers.

BRYANT

What you gonna do about the umpire?

MEECH

Was kinda hoping you could help me  
with that as well.

Bryant locks eyes with Meech and sighs.

BRYANT

You're asking for a lot.

MEECH

I got faith in you, Coach.

Meech loads the bat bag into Bryant's truck and heads off.

17 **EXT. BELLE ISLE PARK - DAY (D2)**

17

CLOSE ON A PAIR OF HANDS holding up a RATTLE, BLANKET AND  
PACIFIER SET. We're at a picnic baby shower, the SKYLINE OF  
DOWNTOWN DETROIT sits in the background.

RHONDA (O.S.)

Oh my god, so cute!

This is RHONDA, 19, Black, smart, loyal, a quick-witted sack-  
chaser, eight months pregnant. She sits with FRIENDS and  
FAMILY opening presents. She looks up to see Terry arriving,  
clearly late, carrying a stroller in its box. It's not  
wrapped. B-Mickie and Fonz Dirty stand by the car. Rhonda  
holds up the pacifier set to show Terry...

RHONDA (CONT'D)  
Look what Aunt Jo got us, babe!

Terry gives the present a brief once-over.

TERRY  
That's cool. But check this out.

He sets the stroller box down triumphantly. EVERYONE OOHS AND AAHS. Terry preens.

TERRY (CONT'D)  
Most expensive one they had.

RHONDA  
(leans in for a kiss)  
Wow. Thanks, baby.

TERRY  
Where's my momma?

RHONDA  
She said she was gonna be late.

TERRY  
Alright cool. Have fun.

He turns to go...

RHONDA  
You're not staying?

TERRY  
At a baby shower??

Rhonda hauls herself up, motions him to the side.

RHONDA  
You gotta stay. I told everyone you were coming. Some of these people have never met you.

TERRY  
Rhonda, ain't no way I'm sitting here, yapping with a bunch of girls and opening baby presents.

RHONDA  
Thought we're doing this together.

TERRY  
You got all your girls here.

RHONDA

But not my momma. Terry, I was  
really counting on you.

Terry sees B-Mickie and Fonz Dirty clocking him.

TERRY

Look, I'm sorry your momma ain't  
here. But this ain't me. I'll  
hit'chu later.

Disappointed and embarrassed, Rhonda watches Terry leave,  
then turns to her friends and tries to put on a good face.

18 **INT. FLENORY HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY (D2)**

18

Meech enters, arms filled with bags of TAKE-OUT CHINESE FOOD,  
and is confronted by his parents, who are on the couch.

LUCILLE

Demetrius, we need to talk.

MEECH

Can I put this food up first?

CHARLES

Boy, sit down.

Meech sets the bag on the table and sits across from his  
parents. Charles LIFTS a pillow and pulls out TERRY'S  
HANDGUN. He puts it on the table in front of the Bible.

LUCILLE

I was doing laundry when I found  
this in your closet.

No response. What can Meech say?

CHARLES

You a policeman now? Or some kind  
of secret agent? Them men need  
weapons to do their jobs. What kind  
of job you got that you need a gun?

Charles stands and hovers over Meech, becoming more angry.

LUCILLE

Charles.

CHARLES

We got us a man here, Lucille. He  
don't need his momma to protect  
him. Boy don' got himself a gun!

MEECH

It ain't like that.

CHARLES

Then what's it like, Demetrius?  
'Cause right now I don't think I  
want you around my kids no more.

MEECH

You found a gun, and I ain't your  
child? Is that what you're sayin'?

LUCILLE

No... That's not what he's saying.

CHARLES

Don't speak for me. My tongue fine.

Terry walks into the house and sees all the commotion.

TERRY

What's going on?

CHARLES

I'm throwing your brother out for  
bringing a goddamn gun in my house.

Terry sees HIS GUN on the table, shoots a look at Meech.

MEECH

Aiight, Pops, I'll be out. But  
y'all gonna be following in my  
footsteps.

CHARLES

What the hell you talkin' bout?

LUCILLE

Nothing. Stop all this foolishness.

Too late. Meech goes for the gusto and marches over to the  
CABINET. He pulls out a PINK LETTER MARKED "URGENT."

MEECH

Our house's in foreclosure because  
we're behind on the mortgage.

This is news to Charles, who glares at Lucille. Meech had no  
idea she was responsible, and he just threw her under the bus.

CHARLES

How's that possible, Lucille?

MEECH

Here, Pops. This should get us  
outta whatever jam we're in.

Meech pulls out a WAD OF CASH. Charles SMACKS THE BILLS out  
of his hand. Reflexively, Meech throws a punch, but misses.  
Charles COLLARS HIM and SLAMS MEECH INTO THE WALL. Lucille  
SCREAMS. Terry and Meech try to loosen his grasp.

LUCILLE

Let him go, Charles!

TERRY

Dad, you're hurting him!

CHARLES

(to Meech)

If you ever raise your hands at me  
again, I'ma treat you like a nigga  
out in the streets. Understand me?

Finally, Charles releases Meech.

LUCILLE

C'mon, take my hand. Everybody.  
(off Meech and Charles)  
Now! We need to pray.

Lucille grabs Charles's hand. Terry reaches for Meech, but he  
pulls away.

MEECH

I'm outta here.

LUCILLE

Demetrius...

As Meech storms out, we PRE-LAP "DO ME BABY" by Prince.

19 **INT. MONIQUE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT (N2)**

19

It's dark. Meech is naked, on his back, as MONIQUE, 31, cute,  
dark and curvy, rides the shit out of him. She leans in over  
his face and slips her tongue in his mouth, passionately  
kissing him before rising back up.

No fake orgasms here; this is hot and heavy sex. They MOAN,  
as their bodies buck and writhe before finally collapsing on  
the bed together. As they catch their breath --

MONIQUE

Go 'head, beat your chest.

MEECH

Girl, you silly as hell.

Monique grabs her negligee and slides out of bed. As she heads to the bathroom, she playfully beats her own chest like King Kong, like she just conquered Meech. Both bust out laughing.

MONIQUE

And just think, my sister was talking shit about me hooking up with your young ass.

MEECH

Age ain't nothing but a number. But I feel like I needed that more than you today.

MONIQUE

I don't get why you stay with your parents as much as y'all fight.

MEECH

That's how we show our love.

MONIQUE

Well it sounds dysfunctional to me.

She returns with a towel to wipe Meech down just as his PAGER BUZZES. He grabs it and checks the number, then --

MEECH

Where's the phone? Gotta take this.

Monique hands Meech CORDLESS PHONE. As he begins punching digits, her DOORBELL RINGS.

20 INT./EXT. MONIQUE'S HOUSE - ENTRY WAY - SECONDS LATER (N2)

20

Monique opens the door to find Lamar at her security bars.

LAMAR

(smiling brightly)  
Miss me?

Monique is taken aback by his presence on her doorstep.

MONIQUE

I heard you were out.

LAMAR

Came straight to see you and Zoë.

MONIQUE

Without calling first? You know what time it is?

(MORE)

MONIQUE (CONT'D)

(before Lamar can respond)

Obviously you don't or you wouldn't have shown up this late on a school night.

Lamar sees Monique's skimpy attire and tries to look inside.

LAMAR

Did I catch you at a bad time?

MONIQUE

Don't show up questioning me. I haven't seen your ass in two years.

LAMAR

'Cause you stopped coming to visit! Look, we can get into all that later. I just wanna see my daughter.

MONIQUE

Lamar, get settled on your feet, then call me and we'll talk about you and Zoë spending time together.

LAMAR

I made something for her.

Lamar extends a BRACELET. It spells "Z-O-Ë." Monique softens.

MONIQUE

That was sweet. Thank you.

LAMAR

She must be big now.

Monique nods "YES." Lamar slides the bracelet between the bars. As she reaches for it, they touch hands and lock eyes. In this moment, she remembers how much he loves his daughter.

LAMAR (CONT'D)

Just give it to her and tell her I said "Hi."

Monique nods, conflicted, and then shuts the door. WE STAY OUTSIDE, with Lamar. He feels spurned, but doesn't push it.

WE GO BACK INSIDE -- to Monique against the door. FUCK. Meech comes out of the bedroom to find her.

MEECH

Everything cool? Who was that?

MONIQUE  
(considers telling him, then)  
Nobody.

MEECH  
Now that "nobody's" gone, we can  
start on round two. Ding-ding.

As Monique smiles and Meech moves in kissing her, we PRE-LAP  
Atlantic Starr's "SECRET LOVERS."

21 **EXT. MONIQUE'S STREET - NIGHT (N2)**

21

HOLD on a SILVER CAR HOOD ORNAMENT OF THE DEVIL FUCKING AN  
ANGEL FROM BEHIND. The camera PANS UP on a white 1982 Chevy  
Camaro.

This is Lamar's car and we find him stretched out in the  
driver's seat listening to the radio as he SINGS --

LAMAR  
*Sittin' at home / I do nothing all  
day / But think about you / And  
hope that you're okay...*

Something catches Lamar's eye. He sees... Meech exit  
Monique's house. They kiss, then Meech heads up the block to  
his Benz. As Monique goes back inside, Lamar STARTS HIS  
ENGINE.

Meech walks to his car -- as TIRES SCREECH and Lamar speeds  
directly at Meech. He tries to jump out of the way, but  
Lamar's Camaro CLIPS HIM. Meech lands awkwardly.

As Meech struggles to get back up on his feet, the Camaro  
PEELS BACKWARDS and SKIDS TO A HALT.

LAMAR (CONT'D)  
Stay away from my chick, or next  
time I won't miss your ass!

Meech watches the Camaro speed away --

MEECH (V.O.)  
I ain't never been scared of a man,  
but Lamar was a legend. He used to  
push heroin Downriver 'til he got  
busted on an assault charge.

Over a SERIES OF IMAGES [MONTAGE]-- We see **STOCK FOOTAGE** of  
an ESTABLISHING SHOT OF A PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL.



MEECH (V.O.)

His lawyer ran an insanity defense,  
which got him four years in the  
nuthouse instead of the big house.

-- We see **STOCK FOOTAGE** of President Reagan signing a bill at  
his desk in the Oval Office.

MEECH (V.O.)

Then Reagan started emptying mental  
health facilities.

-- We see DOZENS OF PEOPLE FLOOD OUT A PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL.

MEECH (V.O.)

So the man who used to be the King  
of Ecorse was back home after two.  
And the first thing he sees is me  
with his ex. But the thing he was  
really pissed about was that all  
the corners he used to run were now  
Jay-Mo's and ours.

**END MONTAGE**, as Meech hops in his car and closes the door.

MEECH (V.O.)

I was now dealing with an angry  
lunatic, who'd do anything to get  
things back to the way they used to  
be. All he needed was a crew.

22 **INT. FLENORY HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT (N2)**

22

Lucille is washing dishes. Charles enters the doorway behind  
her and eyes his wife a beat, then --

CHARLES

We need to talk about this damn  
mortgage.

LUCILLE

Okay, let's talk about it, Charles.

The cat's out of the bag. Lucille's had time to process  
things and is ready for her husband.

CHARLES

I bust my ass everyday and give you  
all my checks. How are we behind?

LUCILLE

I pay all the bills. I also buy the  
food, clothes, medicine. And you

(MORE)

LUCILLE (CONT'D)

know what? It's never enough. I'm always robbing Peter to pay Paul.

CHARLES

Why didn't you tell me?

LUCILLE

I didn't want to put more stress on you. Which's why I went out and got the job at Wendy's --

Charles starts to speak but she cuts him off.

LUCILLE (CONT'D)

-- Everything was fine 'til the car broke down, and we had to put it in the shop. Thought I'd be able to catch up, but I wound up falling even more behind.

Charles shakes his head, trying to come up with a solution.

CHARLES

And now we s'posed to pay for Nicole's school trip.

LUCILLE

I'm not punishing her for the mess we're in.

CHARLES

We can't cover it.

LUCILLE

Fine. Then you take your butt up there and see the look on Nicole's face when you tell her she can't go on that trip with the rest of her class. Deal with that, Charles.

(becoming more angry)

Matter-of-fact, here. You can deal with all of this from now on.

Lucille picks up the MORTGAGE PAPER and OTHER BILLS, and tosses them at him.

LUCILLE (CONT'D)

I'm sick of living like this. We should just take Demetrius's money.

CHARLES

The Lord didn't bring us this far to leave our family right here.

(MORE)

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Lucille, look at me.

(off Lucille's look, then)

I'ma figure a way outta this. Like  
I always do.

Charles pulls her into a hug. Lucille reluctantly lets him.

23 INT. MEECH'S MERCEDES-BENZ (MOVING) - DAY (D3)

23

Meech drives, while Terry talks into his BRICK PHONE.

TERRY (INTO PHONE)

Rhonda, I said I forgot, dayum.

I'll get the chunky Skippy tonight.

(being interrupted)

-- I know it ain't easy carrying a  
baby, but it's just peanut butter --

There's a "CLICK" on the line. Terry assumes Rhonda hung up on him and throws his phone down.

TERRY (CONT'D)

That bitch get on my damn nerves!  
Always complaining. Fuck her and  
all her raging hormones. Swear to  
God, sometimes I just want to...

Meech sees Terry's phone is STILL ON and frantically WAVES, alerting him. Shit! Terry freezes, realizing that Rhonda may have heard him, until Meech flags him again and non-verbally coaches Terry to keep talking and pour on the good stuff.

TERRY (CONT'D)

... Grab her and let her know how  
much I love her.

(Meech nods, encouraging more)

I want to build a future with her  
and our kid, and sometimes she  
makes me so mad I just gotta scream  
because she don't know how much I  
really do care about her crazy ass.

Meech nods his head and gives his brother a "THUMBS UP," signifying great job just as --

RHONDA (O.S.)

Terry... Terry... Terry!

Terry picks up the phone, feigning his surprise.

TERRY (INTO PHONE)

RHONDA?... What are you doing on  
the phone?

(MORE)

TERRY (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

(listening, then)

Seriously? Oh shit.

(listening, then)

Okay, we'll talk about it then.

Love you too. Bye.

Terry hangs up the phone and checks to make sure it is off for real this time, then the two brothers bust out laughing.

MEECH

Dawg, you more scatterbrained than a muthafuckah.

TERRY

It's this baby shit.

MEECH

Naw nigga, you doing too much. Trying to go to school, be out in the streets, play Cliff Huxtable.

TERRY

Says the man who barely sees his kid.

MEECH

Fuck you. I love my daughter, which's why I make sure her and Lori got everything they need.  
(off Terry's look, then)  
But I'm in this game fa' real, T. And I don't want nothing I'm doing to affect them. So I keep my distance, which's exactly what I'm telling you to do.

Meech pulls up in front of Terry's school and stops the car.

TERRY

I'm late for class.

MEECH

Dunno why you keep wasting your time with this school shit, T.  
(before Terry can respond)  
Do the math. Say you finish, go to college, and get a good job -- making what? Sixty grand a year? We make that in no time out here.

TERRY

Everything ain't about money, Meech. I wanna be the first male in  
(MORE)

23 CONTINUED:

23

TERRY (CONT'D)  
our family to graduate high school,  
so I can make momma happy.

Terry exits, SLAMS the door. Meech FLIPS HIM THE BIRD.

24 **EXT. STREET/ECORSE REC CENTER - DAY (D3)**

24

Ms. Griffin drives up the block in a 1984 CUTLASS CIERA. She checks her rearview to switch lanes when she notices -- CHERRIES FLASHING behind her from an UNMARKED POLICE CAR. She pulls over and eyes her driver's side window as a PAIR OF BOOTS approach. She rolls the window down. REVEAL DETECTIVE BRYANT, a plain clothes officer and the COACH Meech was with on the ball field.

MS. GRIFFIN  
What's this about?

BRYANT  
You were speeding. License and registration, please.

Frustrated, Ms. Griffin reaches in her purse. Bryant pulls out a SMALL BAGGIE OF COCAINE and leans into her car with it.

MS. GRIFFIN  
That's not mine.

BRYANT  
You're right. It's your son's.  
(off Ms. Griffin)  
Reece is a senior at Saint Martin de Porres. A possession charge'll probably scare any decent college away from admitting him.

MS. GRIFFIN  
You don't scare me with these Gestapo tactics.

BRYANT  
Leave the Rec Center alone, and I'll leave your son alone. Choice is yours, Ms. Griffin.

25 **INT. SOUTHWESTERN HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY (D3)**

25

Students file in. Terry takes a seat beside Los, daps him.

TERRY  
Whattup doe?

LOS

Up all night trying to finish this damn book.

Just then Mr. Ryan, the guidance counselor, enters.

MR. RYAN

Ms. Rose is sick so I'm subbing in.

As the students MOAN, Mr. Ryan tries to spark passion.

MR. RYAN (CONT'D)

Che Guevara looks great on a T-shirt. I know. I own three. But if we're talking real revolution, we're talking Karl Marx.

Mr. Ryan holds up MARX'S CONCEPT OF MAN by Erich Fromm.

MR. RYAN (CONT'D)

I assume all of you did your reading, so let's start with a layup: Do you agree with Marx that man can't see beyond his own material self-interest?

A student, KWAMÉ, 16, imposing, a rival D-boy, speaks up.

KWAMÉ

Descartes said, "I think, therefore I am." Isn't that what separates us from animals? We can do anything we want, if we put our minds to it.

(to Terry)

Like pulling out if you ain't got no rubbers.

The students WHISTLE and holler.

TERRY

You ignorant, fool.

MR. RYAN

Settle down. Let's take this another way. Short-term gain versus long-term gain.

(beat)

How many times have I seen a student drop out, thinking it's better to take a shift at the factory instead of studying a few more years for a better job later?

KWAMÉ

Teen pregnancy's sky high. People  
have to do what they have to do.

TERRY

Hey man, shut the fuck up.

KWAMÉ (CONT'D)

I'm just stating the facts.

MR. RYAN

Mr. Flenory! Do you have a  
rebuttal?

TERRY

You said if a student studies now,  
he'll get a better job later. But  
how you know the job in front of  
him ain't the best he's gonna get?

MR. RYAN

Marx isn't trying to prove that  
investing in the future will always  
be the better outcome.

TERRY

You make it sound like "material  
self-interest" is a bad thing.  
Sometimes that's all we have.  
Sometimes the choice is: eat now or  
eat never.

(the class reacts)

I agree with Marx. Man won't see  
past his own self-interest until he  
knows he's taken care of.

Mr. Ryan eyes Terry a beat. It's clear Terry is talking about  
a lot more than just Karl Marx.

KWAMÉ

I got a question.

(to Terry)

Is your brother gonna babysit y'all  
kid so you can go to class, or you  
gonna drop out too?

Terry has had enough. He moves over to Kwamé, who stands up  
to defend himself but not before Terry shoves his face. Mr.  
Ryan and the students pull them both apart.

26 INT. SOUTHWESTERN HIGH SCHOOL - GUIDANCE OFFICE - DAY (D3)

26

Terry stands by the wall. Mr. Ryan is in front of him.

MR. RYAN

You must be cognitively challenged if you think the best way to handle a dispute in my class is by laying hands on an other student.

TERRY

If somebody's harassing me, what the hell you expect me to do?

MR. RYAN

How many times do I have to say you're the captain of your own ship? Not your parents, not Meech or your environment. It's you and your decision-making that matter.

TERRY

Man, that shit ain't that simple.

MR. RYAN

Terry, you're a good student. You have a chance to go to college and make something of your life, instead of falling in the same traps as your brother. But you have to want it yourself.

(starts to walk away, turns back)  
Next time I catch you fighting in school, I'm suspending you.

27 **INT. FLENORY HOME - MEECH & TERRY'S BEDROOM - DAY (D3)**

27

Lucille sits on the bed, holding a PICTURE OF MEECH. She looks up at him as he enters. He's shocked to see her.

LUCILLE

Do you realize how much we love you?

MEECH

If I'm being honest, it don't always feel that way.

Lucille sighs, this next statement's more difficult.

LUCILLE

I need you to start setting a better example for Terry... Or stay away from him altogether.

MEECH

You think I'm a bad influence?



LUCILLE

Terry's got a baby on the way. He's got his whole life ahead of him --

MEECH

And I don't?

LUCILLE

Your brother's like a sponge. He doesn't listen to me or your father. But he does soak up every thing you say and do.

(off Meech sighing)

Demetrius, your father and I have done everything we can. You're in God's hands now. But you need to leave Terry in ours.

MEECH

If you and daddy believe in the power of God so much, why worry about Terry or the mortgage?

LUCILLE

Don't play with my words like that.

MEECH

You always taught me the Lord works in mysterious ways. I got money. Maybe I'm your mysterious way, ma.

Lucille looks down at the picture she holds, then stands, puts it back on the bureau.

LUCILLE

If you live long enough to see your children make bad decisions -- ones that may even ruin their lives -- you'll understand why I can't accept your money.

With that, she leaves. Meech stares aimlessly after her.

28 EXT. ECORSE REC CENTER - DAY (D3)

28

Meech bangs some RED HOT BETTER MADE CHIPS and GRAPE FAYGO as he and Terry walk towards the bleachers.

MEECH

Why yo' scholarly ass not in class?

TERRY

Just got into it with that nigga,  
Kwamé again.

MEECH

You need to handle your nuisance,  
like I handled mine. You see Ms.  
Griffin ain't out here no more.

They arrive at the bleachers to find B-Mickie, Kato, Fonz and  
A HANDFUL OF CORNER BOYS (including DINK and HOOP) arguing.

FONZ DIRTY

I don't even know why they hired  
this country bitch!

KATO

Only bitch I know is your momma.

The GUYS CACKLE at her retort.

MEECH

What the fuck's going on?

B-MICKIE

Got two soldiers who think they're  
fucken generals.

FONZ DIRTY

Kato's out here slashing  
prices like it's Black  
Friday.

KATO

People don't have the kind of  
money we're charging. I had  
to...

Terry sees the BAGGIE in Kato's hand and snatches it.

TERRY

Our name's the Fifty Boyz. We sell  
fifty-dollar bags of crack all day,  
every day.

KATO

It's slow as shit out here. I had  
to think on the fly to make a sale.

TERRY

This ain't no democracy. Do what we  
say or get the fuck on.

MEECH

Everybody back to work except Kato.

Kato defiantly looks on as all the Corner Boys walk off. B-  
Mickie sits down and sparks up a joint. After they leave --

MEECH (CONT'D)

This organization's got many parts.  
For us to win, everybody gotta play  
their position. Don't ever forget  
that, or you're off this squad.

Meech flicks his hand dismissing her. As she walks off:

TERRY

That's it? You ain't gonna slap her  
hand or nothing?

MEECH

For thinking outside the box?

TERRY

Fifties is our brand, our name. In  
these streets, that's all we got.

MEECH

Look, I made my decision.

TERRY

You ain't even talk to me 'fore you  
came up with the idea to move over  
here. If you had, I would'a told  
you what a dumb plan this was  
without a marketing scheme.

MEECH

Nigga, we slangin' crack, not  
selling no goddamn beer ads.

B-MICKIE

What if Kato's right and the market  
ain't supporting fifties no more?

The men look at each other. Shit. Then:

TERRY

B-Mick... what's the biggest  
flophouse in Ecorse?

B-MICKIE

That'd be Pumpkin's. She like the  
E.F. Hutton of crack: Whenever she  
talk, rest of the baseheads listen.

TERRY

What if we use that extra shake we  
got to cook up a batch? Pull back  
on the soda, don't step on it as  
much, give it a new stamp. Give a

(MORE)

TERRY (CONT'D)

free sample to Pumpkin and let her spread the word.

MEECH

'Bout time you used that big ass head on your shoulders for something other than a hat rack.

TERRY

We wouldn't even be in this mess if you hadn't given up Polk.

B-MICKIE

Do you muthafuckahs ever hug or do brotherly-type shit? Dayum!

MEECH AND TERRY

Shut the fuck up!

29 **INT. FLENORY HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT (N3)**

29

As Terry spreads NEWSPAPER out on the kitchen table...

B-MICKIE

What pot y'all want me cookin' in?

Meech moves to the UNOPENED BOX OF POTS AND PANS.

MEECH

Might as well break these bitches in since momma won't.

As Eric B. & Rakim's "PAID IN FULL" STARTS TO PLAY, we see a

**MONTAGE OF THE GUYS COOKING UP A NEW BATCH OF CRACK --**

B-Mickie smokes a joint, ADDS WATER TO A PYREX DISH, sets it on the stove. He picks up a quarter kilo of powder cocaine.

COCAINE and BAKING SODA are measured into the dish. It looks like they're actually baking a cake, not cooking cocaine.

As the COCAINE MIXTURE cooks, BUBBLING UP, B-Mickie takes it off the stove and STIRS IT WITH A FORK to even it out.

The SOUFFLÉD COCAINE MIXTURE HARDENS AND IS DUMPED ON THE NEWSPAPER. Meech smokes a joint, uses a RAZOR BLADE to cut the hardened soufflé mixture into BIG-ASS ROCKS OF COCAINE.

Terry WEIGHS EACH ROCK ON A SCALE. He puts each one in a SMALL BAGGIE WITH A SCORPION STAMP ON IT.

30 **EXT. ECORSE REC CENTER [MONTAGE] - NIGHT (N3)** 30

PUMPKIN, 28, piercing eyes hungry for the next fix, but still with her nails done right, fires up a rock and nods her head, impressed. Meech and Terry trade smiles, pounding fists.

Fonz Dirty takes a CRACKHEAD'S MONEY and holds up his index finger to Corner Boy Dink, who hands a SCORPION BAGGIE to the Crackhead. B-Mickie sits on the bleachers overseeing it all.

More SHOTS of TIGHT HAND-TO-HAND CASH TRANSACTIONS.

Ms. Griffin sees the HEAVY FOOT TRAFFIC NEAR THE BLEACHERS. She shakes her head, heads inside. Meech daps up B-Mickie.

31 **INT. FLENORY'S - MEECH/TERRY'S BEDROOM [MONTAGE] - NIGHT (N3)** 31

Meech COUNTS STACKS OF CASH. B-Mickie eyes the BLACK INK RESIDUE ON HIS HANDS. That's how much cash they're counting.

Terry is tallying up RUBBER-BANDED STACKS OF CASH in a "TRAPPER KEEPER" notebook. He's adding the money to a DUFFLE BAG in front of their MICKEY MOUSE CURTAINS. Meech smiles at Terry. And, we **END MONTAGE**.

32 **EXT. CLUB TABOO - NIGHT (N4)** 32

A GLEAMING BRAND-NEW TRIPLE BLACK MERCEDES-BENZ 190 pulls to a stop. The PEOPLE in line waiting to get inside stare as Terry hops out of the driver's seat, in his suit and HIGH-END SHADES. Meech exits, marveling over baby brother's new car:

MEECH

Earning potential my ass. This some nigga shit right here.

TERRY

Know I couldn't let you be the only one with a Benz. S.T.O., baby.

MEECH AND TERRY

(pound fists)

See it, touch it, obtain it.

MEECH

We still need to holler at Pat's ass about buying our own shit.

TERRY

I'm not sure bringing it up here's the move.

MEECH

Fuck that. We ain't waiting.

B-Mickie comes around the car just as Fonz Dirty, Hoop, Dink and Kato, who is glammed up, walk up. Everyone is in GOLD CHAINS WITH EMBLEMS THAT READ: "50 BOYZ."

A MIDDLE-AGED HUSTLER, DAWG, 39, approaches, daps Meech:

DAWG (O.S.)

I see y'all over here holding it down. You ever over in the Brewster's, get at me.

Meech nods as DAWG daps Terry, too, then moves off.

TERRY

Who was that sharp-ass nigga?

MEECH

His name's Dawg. Big time player. Never paid us no mind before, but tonight's our coming out party. Everybody gonna know who the fuck we are now after tonight.

They approach the DOORMAN, who smiles and opens the door...

DOORMAN

Welcome to Club Taboo. Enjoy yourselves.

As Steve "Silk" Hurley's "JACK YOUR BODY" PLAYS...

33 **INT. CLUB TABOO - NIGHT (N4)**

33

Total pandemonium. The DANCE FLOOR'S PACKED. Everyone's DRESSED TO THE NINES. Partying without a care in the world.

Meech, Terry, Fonz Dirty and the rest of their crew are whooping it up at the bar. This is the liveliest section of the party. Girls are circling, DOM PÉRIGNON is flowing. And PEOPLE ARE CHEERING Meech on with "GO MEECH, GO MEECH," as he dances in the center of it all.

Lamar, draped in a black doo-rag and black dickie suit, inconspicuously watches from across the bar until --

VOICE (O.S.)

Lemme get two shots of Henny.

Lamar glances over and sees Jay-Mo pull up beside him.

JAY-MO

Heard you were back in town. I'm guessing your pockets are kinda low. Wanna fill 'em, run with us?

LAMAR

You must have me mistaken. I don't run for nobody.

JAY-MO

I'm saying a man of your experience would be welcome in my crew.

LAMAR

Your crew, huh?

The bartender returns with the drinks. Lamar smashes both shots and walks off, brushing pass Whitlow standing behind.

WHITLOW

(to Jay-Mo)

Told you this was a waste. That nigga still institutionalized.

Lamar continues across the party as Grandmaster Flash & Melle Mel's "WHITE LINES" STARTS PLAYING. This kicks the party into overdrive. Everyone SCREAMS.

**BACK TO THE 50 BOYZ:**

MEECH

Make sure everybody got they own bottle!

WAITRESSES hand out BOTTLES OF BUBBLY to everyone in the 50 Boyz's circle. B-Mickie rejoins the group.

B-MICKIE

I paid the D.J. to fix the music.

Meech pounds fists with B-Mickie and hands him a bottle. He turns, sees a CROWD OF GUYS, including Kwamé, surround Terry.

KWAMÉ

(to Terry)

Shit you pulled in class don't fly.

TERRY

You got your Girl Scouts with you now, and I'm supposed to be scared?

As Kwamé and his boys puff up, Meech and the 50 Boyz approach.

MEECH

Is there a problem?

KWAMÉ

This ain't over, T.

As Kwamé and his boys walk off, Meech looks at Terry: WTF?

MEECH

That ol' boy you got into it with  
at school?

(off Terry's nod)

Fuck him. They ain't getting no  
money. C'mon, there go Pat.

Meech and Terry head over to the VIP section. Pat is holding  
court with a CROWD OF PEOPLE until he sees them approaching.

MEECH (CONT'D)

Happy B-day, Pat.

PAT

Oh shit, there go my boys. I want  
you all to meet Meech and Terry,  
the biggest earners in my stable.

Something about that statement doesn't sit right with Meech.  
But he plays it off, hugs Pat anyway. Then greets Pat's  
guests.

MEECH

Can we steal Pat from you for just  
one second?

Pat steps to the side with Meech and Terry, who pulls out a  
THICK STUFFED ENVELOPE.

TERRY

A token of our appreciation for  
everything you've done for us.

Pat touches his heart, then accepts the envelope and pulls  
them both in for a group hug. Then --

PAT

I love you guys.

MEECH

No doubt. Love you too. And we'll  
be through tomorrow to re-up.



PAT

Didn't I just break y'all off a few days ago? Y'all selling too fast.

MEECH

What'chu mean? The object's to get paid, right?

PAT

Get paid and stay outta jail. Don't leave that part out. Keep telling y'all, this game ain't no forty-yard dash...

MEECH AND TERRY

... "It's a goddamn marathon."

The brothers have heard this so much they know it verbatim.

TERRY

Look, Pat. We've taken every precaution you taught us. And we're definitely on point. Matter of fact, we'd like to pick up our two bags and cop a brick of powder.

This is news to Pat, who likes the Flenorys. He sees a lot of himself in them both, but still shakes his head.

PAT

No, I'm not doing that.

MEECH

Why not? We have the money.

PAT

Ever hear the saying "God don't give you more than you can handle?" Far as our relationship's concerned, I'm God, and I'ma have y'all best interests at heart.

MEECH

But Pat...

PAT

Act like this isn't your first time in gators and glad rags, Meech. And stop talking shop at my party.

And with that, Pat turns and heads back towards his guests.

34 EXT. FORT WAYNE PARK - NIGHT (N4)

34

Meech and Terry stand at the waters edge. Terry's Benz parked in the lot behind them.

MEECH

You were right, T. We gotta do whatever we gotta do to win. Flat out.

(off Terry's look)

I'm sick of muthafuckahs telling me what to do. The only way that's gonna change is by becoming bosses.

TERRY

Even bosses got supervisors, Meech.

MEECH

Then we need to be kings, damn it.

Terry locks eyes with his brother.

TERRY

Okay, but if we going to do that, you're gonna need to learn how to listen to people and be more inclusive. Or this'll be a short reign.

(beat, then)

What are we gonna do about Pat?

MEECH

Pat put us on and got us here. So hopefully we'll make him a rich man... But I ain't waiting.

TERRY

Meech...

MEECH

Ain't nobody ever gave nobody shit in this country. They didn't give us our freedom or the right to vote. We fought for it, the same way we gonna have to fight for our independence in this fucken game.

TERRY

... So what are you saying?

MEECH

We're gonna be the Kings, T... Kings of The Muthafucken D.

Meech eyes Terry, who nods. As they stare out at DOWNTOWN DETROIT'S RENAISSANCE CENTER and AMBASSADOR BRIDGE.

MEECH AND TERRY

See it, touch it, obtain it.

The brothers pound fists and continue staring out until Terry's pager goes off. He checks it, sees the 911 PAGE.

TERRY

Shit, it's Rhonda. I gotta go!

35 INT. RHONDA'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT (N4)

35

Reveal Rhonda, on the floor, flanked by a MALE PARAMEDIC and a FEMALE PARAMEDIC. She is giving birth -- screaming and grunting -- as the Paramedics tell her what to do.

FEMALE PARAMEDIC

Breathe, Rhonda!

Terry bursts in the door, startling everyone.

TERRY

What the fuck is going on?

MALE PARAMEDIC

She's having a baby. Who are you?

RHONDA

He's the father!

MALE PARAMEDIC

(to Terry)

Why don't you hold her hand?

Terry stands frozen for another beat.

RHONDA

Terry!

He snaps out of it, goes to Rhonda's side.

MALE PARAMEDIC

Okay, time for another push! Did you guys do Lamaze classes?

(off Terry's nod)

Walk her through it.

TERRY

Okay, baby, I'm here... Breathe.

Rhonda does the breathing. Terry does it too.

FEMALE PARAMEDIC

Almost there, Rhonda. Keep pushing.  
The baby's crowning! Push!

Rhonda screams and pushes, screams and pushes, and... There's the SOUND OF A BABY CRYING. The paramedic cradles THE BABY, lifts him up so Terry and Rhonda can see...

FEMALE PARAMEDIC (CONT'D)

Terry, would you like to meet your son?

TERRY

My son?

FEMALE PARAMEDIC

Why don't you hold him while I cut  
the umbilical cord?

She hands Terry the baby while she cuts the cord. Terry looks down at his newborn child. A look of wonder on his face. OFF TERRY, experiencing his first joys of fatherhood:

36 INT. HOSPITAL MATERNITY WARD - RHONDA'S ROOM - NIGHT (N4)

36

A haggard-looking Rhonda, in bed, and a beaming Terry are surrounded by The Flenory Family. They marvel at BABY TERRY JR. in Terry's arms. Terry hands the baby to Meech, who takes Baby Terry LIKE AN OLD PRO.

MEECH

Hey, little man. Looking just like  
your pops. And his pops.

Meech looks at Charles. Both their eyes acknowledge: "TRUCE."

CHARLES

Got them Flenory feet too, so you know.

LUCILLE

Hush your mouth.

NICOLE

What are y'all talking about?

As they bust out laughing, Terry sits beside Rhonda on the bed watching his family come together over his newborn son.

37 INT. MEECH'S MERCEDES-BENZ - DAY (D5)

37

TWO DAYS LATER. Meech is in the driver's seat. He checks his ROLEX WATCH, then punches a number on his BRICK MOBILE PHONE.

MEECH (INTO PHONE)  
Hey, Rhonda, how you feeling today?  
(he listens and then)  
That's good. My brother there?

38 INT. RHONDA'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - INTERCUT - DAY (D5)

38

Rhonda pulls off her coat and extends a ROTARY DIAL PHONE with a very curly cord.

RHONDA  
Why you lookin' at me like that?  
You know who it is.

TERRY  
(takes the phone)  
Whattup doe?

MEECH  
You supposed to meet me at the spot  
at eleven. It's already ten-forty.

TERRY  
I just got home from the hospital  
with Rhonda and the baby. Gimme  
like an hour or so.

MEECH  
Nah nigga, we gotta meet this dude  
in twenty minutes. Can't be late.

RHONDA  
It's okay, baby. Go 'head, I'm  
good.

TERRY  
You sure? Got everything you need?

MEECH  
Nigga, I just heard Rhonda give you  
the green light. Get your ass up  
out the crib! And don't speed.

TERRY  
Shut up. You ain't my daddy.  
(hangs up, then to Rhonda)  
Sure you gonna be okay?

RHONDA  
Just go, before I change my mind.

Terry kisses her, leans to kiss Terry Jr. in his bassinet.

TERRY

He just smiled at me!

RHONDA

Newborns don't smile. He probably farted.

TERRY

Nuh-uh. That was a smile!

(to Terry)

Hey, li'l man, your daddy loves you. Don't ever forget that.

RHONDA

Oh, I think I left his pacifier in the car. Bring it in before you go?

Terry nods his head as he slides on his leather bomber.

39 **INT./EXT. TERRY'S MERCEDES-BENZ - DAY (D5)**

39

Terry opens the rear passenger car door to check the baby's car seat, then the back seat and floor.

TERRY

Damn pacifier prob'ly in the house.

He slams the back door, opens the driver's door and sits with one foot out as he starts the engine to warm up his car. As 2 Live Crew's "THROW THAT D" BLASTS out --

Terry checks the front seat for the pacifier, then scans the center console -- as a pair of BLACK BOOTS creeps up behind the driver's side. Terry sees the pacifier on the passenger floor and reaches down for it. When he sits back up, he feels a presence on his left side and turns, just as...

A 9MM GUN is pointed at his temple. Before he can respond or react, BOOM! Terry is THRASHED to the passenger's side. As blood spurts out of Terry's head, his eyes shut. AND, WE:

**FADE TO BLACK.**

AFTER A BEAT. OVER BLACK, the RAP MUSIC slowly fades back in.

**FADE TO:**

40 **INT./EXT. TERRY'S MERCEDES-BENZ - CONTINUOUS - DAY (D5)**

40

THE BLURRY LENS slowly focuses on Terry's face. His HAND twitches; ONE OF HIS EYES FLICKERS OPEN. Terry comes to. He VAGUELY touches his temple; his hand is covered in blood. Terry hears a noise, turns to see -- the ASSAILANT, whose

face is covered by a hoodie as he hops in the driver's seat, trying to jack his Benz!

The Assailant notices Terry is conscious and reaches for his weapon. Terry knocks it out of his hand and dives out of the passenger door, COMMANDO ROLLING just as --

The Assailant grabs the weapon, FIRES. BOOM! THE PASSENGER WINDOW SHATTERS. As Terry tumbles to the house. The Assailant hops out and FIRES IN HIS DIRECTION -- BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! We HEAR SHOUTS from the NEIGHBORS: "GET DOWN! CALL THE POLICE!" The Assailant panics and takes off running --

41 INT. RHONDA'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - DAY (D5)

41

Terry barges back in and collapses on the floor beside Rhonda, who shields their baby.

RHONDA  
Terry... Terry!!!

ON A BLOODY-FACED TERRY. He tries to breathe, EYES FLICKERING--

MEECH (V.O.)  
Remember when I said I wouldn't  
change a thing?.. That's a goddamn  
lie. If I hadn't let my brother  
join me in that car, we might not  
be in the position we're in today.

As Terry takes another breath, his eyes close. And, we:

FADE OUT.

END OF PILOT