

VERVE

Coffee & Kareem

by

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DETROIT, MI.

The asshole of America. Only thing this city has going for it is that it's not located in Florida.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - MORNING

Christmas decorations fill snowy yards of blue-collar homes.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

A stakeout. CHRISTMAS MUSIC PLAYS OVER THE RADIO. An OFFICER watches as a YOUNG BOY exits a house and boards a school bus.

The bus leaves. The Officer kills the engine. Gets out.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

We FOLLOW the Officer as he moves around the side of the house. Proceeds with caution. He reaches the back door.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The Officer sneaks through the house, passing a Christmas tree and several photos of a mother and her heavyset son.

He creeps up a set of stairs. His back against the wall.

HIP-HOP plays from a bedroom. The Officer peaks inside -- a kid's room, covered in posters of rap artist and enough computer screens to run a command center.

The Officer looks to a door at the end of the hallway.

OFFICER

Hello?

VANESSA MANNING (30, African American), who we RECOGNIZE from the photos, stands in the doorway wearing only a T-shirt.

VANESSA

What seems to be the problem,
Officer?

She smiles at OFFICER JOHN COFFEE (35, white) in a moment that could only lead to one thing --

INT. BEDROOM, SUBURBAN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Sex. Business casual. Shirts remain on and there is very little movement. Vanessa gyrates on top of Coffee, whose attention is stolen by a crack in the door.

COFFEE

Did you hear that?

Vanessa silences him with a finger.

The gyrating stops. Vanessa stares at Coffee. The Door has his full attention.

VANESSA

Seriously?

Coffee looks back to her.

COFFEE

You don't think Kareem is here?

VANESSA

What?

COFFEE

Kareem. I Thought I saw Kareem.

VANESSA

Ah, stop repeating my son's name while you're inside of me.

A frustrated Vanessa climbs off of Coffee.

COFFEE

Wait, I'm sorry, I got worried. That could really mess a kid up, walking in on someone going to town on your mom.

VANESSA

What room were you just in?

Coffee hops out of bed, bottomless. He peeks through the door, then closes it.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

He's in school. God, you are so weird about him.

Vanessa walks across the room to a dresser and puts on nurse's scrubs.

COFFEE

The one time I met him, he stared
me down like it was the first day
in the prison yard.

VANESSA

He's nine years old. He's shy.

COFFEE

And how did we just go from that to
this?

VANESSA

'Cause you know I don't fuck around
when it comes to my son, and if we
are going to do this, I have to
know that you can be there for him.
If you're afraid of taking this any
further --

COFFEE

Afraid? I'm a cop. I risk my life
everyday.

VANESSA

None of that matters to me. I just
need to know if you're not serious.
I am too old to mess around.

COFFEE

Look, I know you're old --

VANESSA

Not the response I was looking for.

Coffee walks to Vanessa. Takes her hand and sits on the edge
of the bed.

COFFEE

Nessa, you are the most incredible
woman I have ever met. Seriously.
I've spent the past six months
wondering what you're even doing
with me.

VANESSA

Pickings are slim for single
mothers who work 60 hours a week.

COFFEE

I have a pretty big case load to
handle, but I promise I will make
more of an effort to get to know
Kareem. Okay?

VANESSA

Yeah, okay.

COFFEE

Now, ma'am, I am going to have to ask you to please stop putting your clothes back on.

VANESSA

You are so retarded.

Coffee leans in for a kiss.

COFFEE

Well, you're about to have sex with a retarded guy.

VANESSA

And you killed the mood, again.

LAUGHTER echoes through the house to the open front door.

CUT TO:

C/U - A SMART PHONE: A police department photo of Coffee.

CARLOS (O.S.)

Really? Like fucking fucking?

INT. BATHROOM, PUBLIC SCHOOL - DAY

CARLOS (9), an adorable Latino, passes the phone underneath a stall divider to KAREEM MANNING (9, African American), heavyset, and way too smart for his own good.

KAREEM

I walk upstairs to get my iPad, and there they were. In my house. I'm not so sure it was consensual.

CARLOS

Did you do anything?

KAREEM

I should have beat his ass, but I didn't want to see my mom naked.

CARLOS

True. Shit, if she's gonna date white, she could at least get one with money.

KAREEM

This is how it starts. Next thing you know, this motherfucker is trying to be my dad and shit.

CARLOS

A cop. Could be a career killer too. So, what are you gonna do?

KAREEM

You know that 10th grader who went to juvie for stabbing his wood shop teacher with an Exacto knife?

CARLOS

Yeah, Ricky D.

KAREEM

Yeah. Well, he's been rolling with Orlando Johnson's crew. I told him about my situation and for 20 bucks he gave me an address where they hang out. Told me to talk to this dude Rodney.

CARLOS

Orlando Johnson. Gangster.

KAREEM

Orlando Johnson don't give a fuck. Shit, I bet he'd do it for free.

The BATHROOM DOOR OPENING interrupts them. Kareem shushes Carlos, who puts his feet up on the toilet.

GARY, a sloppy hall monitor, stands outside a bathroom stall.

GARY

Mr. Manning? What are you doing in there?

KAREEM

What does it look like I'm doing?

GARY

Well, it looks like you are eating your lunch.

The stall floor is littered with wrappers and a Juice Box.

KAREEM

I'm taking a shit. And I'm pretty sure it's illegal for you to talk to me while I'm taking a shit.

GARY

Your teacher wants you in class.

KAREEM

Ms. Chu sent you?

(beat)

Shit. Okay, here's what we're gonna do, Gary. Tell her I can't come to class and you found me throwing up because... I was crushing bottles in the VIP with my cousin Kanye -- nah, Lil Wayne. My cousin Lil Wayne. Be subtle with the name drop.

GARY

I'm not going to do that.

KAREEM

Does the school social worker need to know you've been looking at my dick through the crack in the stall?

GARY

Come on man, I really don't want to do this again.

KAREEM

I got pictures of your feet in my area.

Gary sighs, his feet turn away from the stall.

KAREEM (CONT'D)

And tell her I'm working with nine inches. Soft. And feel free to improvise. I trust you, Gary.

GARY

Right.

(turns to the door)

Ms. Chu, Kareem is incapacitated because he partied too hard in the VIP with ah, Keenan Wayans last night. His flaccid penis is nine inches and --

MS. CHU (O.S.)

Thank you, Gary. I heard everything that was said.

Kareem is frozen.

MS. CHU (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Kareem, you have been in there since 3rd period. If you do not present in my class today, I am going to give you a zero. And if you happen to talk to your friend Carlos, the same goes for him too.

A beat. The TOILET FLUSHES. Kareem exits the stall.

KAREEM
Snitches end up in ditches, Gary.

INT. DILAPIDATED TRAP HOUSE - DAY

We MOVE PAST a SWAT TEAM as their leader DETECTIVE CRAIG WATTS (35), bundled in a Detroit police jacket, holds his fingers up for a three count: *One... two...*

INT. DILAPIDATED TRAP HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

-- *THREE!* A battering ram sends the door off its hinges! HIP-HOP BLARES FROM THE RADIO as SWAT storms in.

SWAT TEAM LEADER
Police! Get the fuck on the ground!

CHAOS. Violent. Fast. Dirty. NAKED DRUG CUTTERS tossed around. THUGS thrown to the floor. One DUDE takes a battering ram in the back. Stacks of packaged drugs are discovered.

Watts scans the area, signals for two SWAT OFFICERS to check -

INT. UPSTAIRS, DILAPIDATED TRAP HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

All is quiet. The Swat Officers reach the top of the stairs. A TOILET FLUSH is HEARD.

MAN (O.S.)
I told ya'll bitches to get more toilet paper. Got me walking around with an ass full of shit --

ORLANDO JOHNSON (35, plus sized, African-American), in a wife-beater, towel, socks, and sandals, runs into the SWAT Officers.

ORLANDO
Fuck.

Orlando bulls over a SWAT Officer, who manages to grab his towel before he falls down the stairs, pantsless.

SWAT OFFICER
Get him!

Orlando springs to his feet and makes a run for it.

VIDEO FOOTAGE:

EXT. DILAPIDATED TRAP HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Orlando fights as Officers attempt to restrain him. A HUGE CENSOR BAR covers his genitals, swings violently.

ORLANDO
This shit ain't right! Fuck the police! Worldstar! Worldstar!

CUT TO:

Orlando is detained in the back of a Squad Car. He gives the CAMERA the finger, we ZOOM IN as he mouth's "fuck you".

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
Number one on this years naughty list...

We SHRINK TO PICTURE IN PICTURE in the corner of the SCREEN --

INT. NEWS STUDIO - DAY

As a NEWS ANCHOR sits behind a desk, addresses the CAMERA.

NEWS ANCHOR
Orlando Johnson, who goes by the street aliases O expletive expletive slayer, expletive OJ expletive, Lando Mother expletive expletive Jo-risian, and Da Big Kool aid, a once- promising Detroit hip-hop artist, who's 2002 single *Da Juice is Runnin'* topped the charts, has since struggled and been plagued with several drug-related arrests.

PICTURE IN PICTURE: B-Roll - an album cover, Facebook photos, baby pictures, mug shot, etc.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

His latest, one week ago when he was last seen being carted off by local authorities, where he escaped after holding the transporting officer at gunpoint.

SECURITY FOOTAGE, MUTED WITH TIME-CODE:

EXT. INTERSECTION, CITY STREET - DAY

A police cruiser sits at a red light. The rear window shatters. Orlando Johnson squirms out. His head breaks his fall. Coffee hops out of the front seat. Orlando points a gun at Coffee as muted words are exchanged.

Orlando runs around the car, gets in the passenger seat, and locks Coffee out. Coffee frantically pulls the door handle as the CAR SPEEDS AWAY.

BACK TO SCENE:

NEWS ANCHOR

While the origin of the weapon is unknown, the results are unsettling and calls into question the competence of the Detroit PD. Our own Rick Diamond caught up with Detective Craig Watts for an explanation.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

A REPORTER shoves a microphone at Watts.

WATTS

Well, I can't comment on an open investigation, but I will confirm that the arrest resulted in the seizure of the majority of the city's narcotics trade, which has been disposed of as of this morning. Merry Christmas, Detroit.

Watts shoots a smile at the camera, a politician's charm.

REPORTER

(to camera)

Merry Christmas indeed.

(MORE)

REPORTER (CONT'D)
It looks like we did not end up
with coal in our stockings after
all.

We PULL OUT of a COMPUTER SCREEN into --

INT. BULLPEN, POLICE STATION - DAY

OFFICER PERETTI and a crowd of OFFICERS celebrate Watts'
celebrity.

PERETTI
Like a regular Terrance Howard.

WATTS
You don't think the Merry Christmas
was too much?

OFFICERS
No way/Nah/Not at all.

DETECTIVE SHAW (30s, female) breaks up the party.

SHAW
Sorry to interrupt your acceptance
speech, but he's here.

Watts gets up, flashes Shaw his signature smile.

WATTS
I'll be signing autographs later.

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE, POLICE STATION - DAY

CAPTAIN HILL (60, fatherly, like Roger Murtaugh) reads a
report aloud. Coffee sits across his desk like a scorned
child.

HILL
(off report)
'He then threatened to forcefully
insert his genitals into my rectum,
then place those same genitals in
my mouth.'

COFFEE
I tried to make it sound more
professional in the report. He also
called me a bitch several times --

WATTS
Can't argue with that.

Watts enters, all smiles. Coffee's expression changes, he is stewing. *There is bad blood here.*

COFFEE
What is he doing here?

WATTS
Word on the street is you have some theories on the Johnson case. Thought I could clear up any confusion.

COFFEE
(sighs)
I was just saying that maybe I am not entirely to blame.

WATTS
Really? Then who is? Me? The Captain? Martin Luther King?

Watts points to a picture of Martin Luther King.

WATTS (CONT'D)
Are you blaming the King?

COFFEE
No, I'm not blaming the King --

WATTS
He was left in your custody. Gift wrapped.

COFFEE
He was not searched properly nor was he cuffed from behind.

WATTS
Whoa. Sounds like a full-fledged investigation. You a detective now? Did that happen this morning? While I was incinerating enough powder to start a ski resort? If it's not too late to celebrate, I can bring in the guys, we'll sing that old Irish promotion song.

HILL
Alright. Alright.

COFFEE
Thank you.

WATTS

That's right. Hide behind the Captain.

COFFEE

(unconvincing)

You're lucky he's here.

WATTS

I'm sorry, what was that? Shit, I bet you'd love a shot at me.

(winks at Hill)

Isn't that why you white cops join the force?

Coffee takes the bait. Hill shakes his head.

COFFEE

I'm not a racist. My girlfriend is black and I find that offensive.

WATTS

Really? Name two members of the *Huxtable* family. Just two.

COFFEE

That doesn't prove a thing.

HILL

Enough of this.

WATTS

See.

COFFEE

Carl Winslow.

HILL

(sighs)

That's *Family Matters*.

WATTS

Told you. Racist.

COFFEE

That's bullshit! Captain!

HILL

Alright! Enough. Both of you. Coffee, the Johnson investigation is a matter of Detective Watts and his team. Leave it alone.

Watts leaves the room, laughing. Pats Coffee on the shoulder.

WATTS
Step off my dick, Coffee.

Coffee sits, stewing.

HILL
John, you let a perp escape, midtransport, and then ran away. There is nothing I can do here. As of now, I think it's best that you stay off the streets.

COFFEE
Sir, being a cop means everything to me.

HILL
Well, maybe this will be good. Give you a chance to reevaluate where you want to be.

INT. BULLPEN, POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Watts' fan club of officers continues to bullshit. They are silenced as Coffee exits the Captain's office. *Dirty looks.*

BZZZZZT. Coffee's checks his phone - INCOMING CALL: Vanessa.

INT. LOCKER ROOM, POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Coffee checks if the coast is clear, then picks up the phone.

COFFEE
Hey, I was just thinking of you.

INT. HOSPITAL - SAME

Vanessa stands behind a reception desk, phone to her ear.

VANESSA
Hey! Are you free this afternoon?

INTERCUT COFFEE/VANESSA

COFFEE
I think I'm pretty open. Did you want to hang out?

VANESSA

Great! Okay, I got a text from
Kareem, and he needs to stop at a
friend's after school, and I can't
pick him up because of work, and he
suggested that you pick him up. He
suggested it. Isn't that great?

Dead silence. *Shit.*

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Hello?

COFFEE

Yeah, hello? I think the phone
broke up for a second.

VANESSA

I mean, if you're not too busy.

Awkward beat.

COFFEE

Well, I could have some paperwork,
I gotta check with the Captain.

VANESSA

If you don't want to, just say it.

Even more awkward beat.

COFFEE

No. I do. I do. I felt like, ah,
you didn't want me to.

VANESSA

I just asked you? That doesn't make
any sense. You're being weird.

COFFEE

Sorry, it's just been a weird day
at work. An Officer accused me of
being a racist.

VANESSA

What?

COFFEE

Yeah. I was like, my girlfriend is
black.

VANESSA

You didn't say that, did you?

COFFEE

Nope. Of course not. Maybe.

VANESSA

John, you know I hate that shit.

COFFEE

I know, I know. I'm sorry. I didn't know what to do. Look, I'll pick up Kareem after school. I really want to get to know him.

VANESSA

Really? Are you sure you don't have any paperwork?

COFFEE

(to fake of screen person)
What was that? No paperwork? Copy that.

(to Vanessa)

Looks like I'm free. Just text me the time and place and I will be there.

VANESSA

Great. Thanks, John. This means a lot to me.

COFFEE

Okay, bye!

We STAY WITH Coffee after he hangs up. He takes a long hard look in the mirror -- *What the fuck did I just agree to?*

CUT TO:

C/U - A SMART PHONE: Grand Theft Auto IV. Franklin obliterates police officers with a flurry of hand grenades. The carnage is interrupted by a text from "NUMBER ONE BITCH."

INT. CLASSROOM, PUBLIC SCHOOL - DAY

Kareem thumbs through his phone from the back of a room full of FOURTH GRADERS, who ignore a STUDENT reading her holiday poem. [TEXT MESSAGES are in *ITALICS*]

NUMBER ONE BITCH: *I just spoke to John. He will pick you up from school. Be good! X-Mas is in a week. XOXO Mom.*

KAREEM: *Great! Thanks Mom! Really excited to get to know him!*

MS. CHU (20s, Asian, adorable) stands in front of the class.

MS. CHU

Kareem, did you wish to contribute to Rachel's poem on the joys of Chanukah?

Kareem looks up from his phone. The attention is on him.

KAREEM

Ah, can I go to the bathroom?

MS. CHU

You were just in the bathroom.

KAREEM

Ms. Chu, I would rather not explain the condition behind my excessive bathroom use in front of the entire class and just go, or you can send me to the Principal, who I'm sure would love to hear about your lack of compassion for my situation. Look, the day is almost over and I know you have good intentions --

MS. CHU

If you do not present your holiday poem today, you will be repeating the 4th grade.

Ohhhhhhh's all around. A stare-off. Kareem relents. Walks to the front.

KAREEM

Fine. I'll drop a couple bars for you. You guys are lucky you getting this for free. You ready, Carlos?

Carlos reaches into his bag. Pulls out a set of speakers.

KAREEM (CONT'D)

This is more of a- ah, spoken word.

Kareem stands in front of the room as Carlos plays a DOPE INSTRUMENTAL.

KAREEM (CONT'D)

Yeah, uh, yo, check it-

The Fourth Graders are feeling it.

KAREEM (CONT'D)

It's Christmas time and I'm rapping
 my gift/Got a real fine shorty I
 wanna share it with/It's my love/
 And it's deep and true/ I said Ms.
 Chu, girl dis gift is for you...

The kids love it. Kareem is lost in the moment.

KAREEM (CONT'D)

(faster pace)

You got me fiendin' for sushi/ My
 face wrapped in your coochie/ Yo
 mouth on my dick/ As I suck the
 meat off yo clit/ So good that it
 hurt/ Won't stop till ya squirt/
 Fill my mouth - quench my thirst/
 Cause I know how to please ya/ That
 pussy numb when you cum/ My dick be
 like anesthesia/ Now we fucking -
 and you lovin' the dick/ Got my
 thumb in yo' ass, John Madden -
 Truck Stick/ Then I bust - just
 like in my dreams/ Pull my dick out
 yo pussy and wait 'til ya --

MS. CHU

Kareem. Principal's office. Now.

EXT. PUBLIC SCHOOL - SAME

The parking lot is empty, save for the police cruiser idling.

INT. POLICE CRUISER, SCHOOL PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Coffee reads aloud from his phone:

COFFEE

*If the child acts up, be cool. You
 have to be the adult. Do not get
 drawn into petty squabbling...*

(scrolls down)

*Blah, blah, blah. I'm not taking
 any shit from this kid.*

Coffee looks at the clock then the surrounding area, then
 taps the steering wheel. He takes a long, loud breath.

He picks up his phone, composes a text:

COFFEE (V.O.)

'Hey, Vanessa' No. 'Dear Vanessa,
unfortunately an important case has
resurfaced. A serial murderer is on
the loose...'

INT. HALLWAY, PUBLIC SCHOOL - MOMENTS LATER

Gary escorts Kareem to the principal's office. They pass a group of OLDER STUDENTS.

KAREEM

(to Gary)

Is this what you dreamed of being
when you grew up? Flashlight cop?

The students laugh. Kareem sees the police cruiser outside the doors. Gary gives him an "after-you" wave into the PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE.

Once Kareem's back is turned, Gary flips him off.

GARY

Fuck you.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE, PUBLIC SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Kareem walks into a waiting area.

SECRETARY

Can I help you?

Kareem looks through the door window for Gary; he's gone.

KAREEM

The ah, first-floor bathroom is out
of toilet paper.

(opens the door)

If you could put in a request in
for some two ply, that'd be great.
Shit they got now tears you up.

Kareem is gone before he finishes his sentence.

INT. POLICE CRUISER, SCHOOL PARKING LOT - SAME

Coffee continues to type.

COFFEE (V.O.)

'Sometimes duty calls. The citizens
of Detroit deserve a hero --

Kareem pulls the door handle of the back seat, embarrassed.

KAREEM
Yo, let me in.

COFFEE
Shit.

Coffee scrambles, puts his phone down.

COFFEE (CONT'D)
Why don't you sit up front? The
back is for criminals.

KAREEM
'Cause I don't want to look like a
bitch.

Coffee undoes the lock to the passenger door. Waits with a
smile. Kareem reluctantly gets in the front.

COFFEE
See, it's not so bad up here.

An exchange of forced smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE CRUISER, BAD NEIGHBORHOOD - MOMENTS LATER

As Coffee drives, Kareem's glued to his phone.

Kareem thumbs away at his phone. An obnoxious TEXT TONE,
GUNFIRE, plays with every message. Kareem chuckles as he
reads. (*Emoticons are in *asterisks*.*)

KAREEM: Ms. Chu like it? *black moon face* *phallic eggplant*
teardrop *teardrop hitting yellow smiley face*

CARLOS: Shit got her *Women's Underwear* *Rain drops* What
about the *pig*????

Coffee grows increasingly irritated with each GUNFIRE ring.

KAREEM: He drivin' me to his own beat down!!!

CARLOS: Gangster! *cop* *gun* *knife* *hammer* *syringe*

CLICK. CLICK. CLICK. Kareem takes pictures of Coffee with his
phone. Coffee stares him down. Kareem ignores him.

KAREEM: LMFAO! Has no idea - [Picture Of Coffee] *pig* *pig*
He's looking at me and thinks I don't notice BAHAAHAHAHA.

COFFEE

Hey! Cool it with the phone. Okay?

A beat, then more GUNFIRE TEXT TONES. Kareem ignores Coffee.

CARLOS: *What a *cat*. That mustache look like a landing strip. [Classy picture of Woman's pubic hair]*

KAREEM: *Aight I gg *peace sign* my *brown guy**

Kareem puts the phone away. Long, awkward silence.

COFFEE (CONT'D)

Maybe we could use this time to get to know each other. Why don't you tell me something about yourself?

KAREEM

How much do you make a year?

COFFEE

Ah, well, you have to look at the total package. Flexible hours, health insurance, company car.

KAREEM

You didn't answer the question.

COFFEE

Thirty thousand.

KAREEM

(condescending snicker)

That's what Drake makes in an hour.

COFFEE

There is more to being a cop than the money. You help the community, you're well-respected, there are some pretty cool toys too.

Coffee holds up a nightstick.

KAREEM

You ever see how far back you can get that in your throat?

COFFEE

No, because that's not what it's for.

KAREEM

Or because it tastes like the ass of an innocent black man.

Coffee holds up a Taser that looks like a gun.

COFFEE

For perps that run their mouths too much, this new Taser can knock someone out for up to three hours.

Kareem roots around the glove box, pulls out buried papers: Detective exam prep 2009. A flare gun.

KAREEM

Taser. Cute. They let you have a real gun?

Coffee yanks the items from Kareem.

COFFEE

You shouldn't touch shit that isn't yours. And yes I have a gun, a big gun, and it's very dangerous.

KAREEM

I saw this Nick Cage movie where he's a cop and threatens these hookers with his gun for free BJs and shit, and then fingers a dude's girlfriend right in front of him.

COFFEE

Well, that's not real life, not to mention a good way to contract a sexual transmitted disease.

KAREEM

Not if you get a BJ.

COFFEE

You may want to pay better attention in your health class.

KAREEM

Nothing you couldn't clear up with antibiotics. Even if you go bareback. Can't get AIDS from a BJ.

COFFEE

Do people even live in this area?

Coffee looks around, it's like a third-world country.

KAREEM

Not enough picket fences for you?

COFFEE
You live in the hills.

KAREEM
Yeah, you been there lately?
(points to a house)
This is it right here.

Coffee pulls the car over in front of an old house.

COFFEE
I get it. I'm dating your Mommy and
you don't want me to be your Dad.
Well, don't worry because I don't
want to be. Let's just stay out of
each others shit and well be fine.

KAREEM
Fuck you.

Kareem hops out. Walks away.

COFFEE
That went well.

EXT. HOUSE - SAME

Kareem walks past the house until he is out of view. He pulls out his phone and RECORDS HIMSELF.

KAREEM
(into phone)
This is your boy Kareem and this is
what happens when you fuck with me.

He tucks the phone into his front pocket, filming everything.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - SAME

Orlando Johnson, DEE (30s quiet, psychotic), RODNEY (20, impressionable), and a HENCHMAN surround OFFICER KELLY, who is bound to a chair and missing an ear.

ORLANDO
(loud)
You didn't tell your wife? Write
about it in your diary?

KELLY
I don't keep a diary! And I fucking
hate my wife! I did everything he
asked! Please! I don't want to die!

Kelly starts to sob. Orlando hates this. He turns to Dee.

ORLANDO

Why the fuck you have to cut this
dude's ear off? Shit is disgusting.

DEE

He wouldn't be able to speak if I
cut his tongue out.

ORLANDO

'Cause those are the only two
options?

KELLY

What?

ORLANDO

I WASN'T TALKING TO YOU --
(looks to the door)
Whose fucking kid is this?

The attention shifts to Kareem, who awkwardly stands in the doorway.

KAREEM

Yooooo.

ORLANDO

This your kid?

A crying Kelly shakes his head "no".

KAREEM

Actually, I am here to see you. An
associate of mine, Ricky D, gave me
this address.

(surveys the scene)
I could come back another time.

ORLANDO

I don't know no Ricky D.

KAREEM

Tenth grade. Jefferson High School.
He said ask for Rodney.

ORLANDO

What the fuck Rodney?

RODNEY

I thought it'd be cool to recruit
some younger members. Have someone
under me. Kid hard as fuck too.

ORLANDO

What I tell you about having your
own ideas and shit?

RODNEY

(sheepishly)

Don't have my own ideas and shit.

ORLANDO

I'm supposed to be in hiding, man.
And where is that fucking dog at?
He's supposed to be our lookout.

RODNEY

I left him in the car. It was cold.

Orlando grills Rodney. *Hard*. Kelly's moans grow louder.

KAREEM

Orlando, I came here for help. See,
I got a mess that needs cleaning.

ORLANDO

I ain't no janitor.

KAREEM

Well, I didn't want to spell it out
for you, but since it looks like
you're cool with fucking up cops,
I'd like to add one to the list.

ORLANDO

You need to get out of here.

Kareem removes a sock full of change from his bag.

KAREEM

I got money. And my mix tape drops
soon, my boy Carlos and I are
predicting at least \$50,000 in
sales, which could cover the rest.

ORLANDO

What did this guy do to you?

KAREEM

Remember what went down between Bow
Wow and his limo driver?

RODNEY

He raped you?

KAREEM

Tried. But I didn't let him, 'cause I ain't no bitch. I just want to send him a message. Like Pesci at the end of Casino, except you don't have to kill him. Just paralyze him from the waist down so his dick don't work.

KELLY

PLEASE! I DON'T WANT MY CUT! LET ME LIVE! YOU CAN TELL HIM YOU KILLED ME! I'LL RUN AWAY! YOU'LL NEVER SEE ME AGAIN! I'LL GO ANYWHERE! I'LL GO TO DELAWARE! FUCKING DELAWARE!

INT. POLICE CRUISER - SAME

Coffee scrolls through radio stations, lands on HALL AND OATES' KISS ON MY LIST, and is appropriately excited.

COFFEE

Today just got better.

BZZZT. A TEXT MESSAGE from Vanessa.

VANESSA: *How's it going?*

Coffee contemplates, then types:

COFFEE: *GREAT! He's really warming up to me! *smiley face**

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! GUNFIRE ECHOES in the distance. Terror overcomes Coffee's face.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - SAME

BOOM! BOOM! Dee empties his clip into Kelly.

ORLANDO

The fuck you do that for!? There's a kid here!

DEE

He wouldn't stop screaming.

Kareem backtracks.

KAREEM

(nervous)

Yeah, so, I'm gonna go...

DEE
You ain't going nowhere.

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - SAME

Coffee follows Kareem's footprints in the snow.

COFFEE
(into radio)
Shots fired. I need back up
immediately.

POLICE DISPATCHER (O.S.)
What's your 20, Officer?

Coffee takes cover behind a beat-up minivan. Takes a breath, then -- a huge Pitbull barks and snaps at the window.

COFFEE
Jesus fuck!

Coffee jumps back. Hides behind the doorframe of the --

I/E. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The BARKS continue. The attention shifts from a terrified Kareem to the empty doorway.

ORLANDO
Who's there?

Nothing.

DEE
Come out or we're gonna shoot this
kid.

Coffee is paralyzed with fear on the other side of the wall. He peeks in, sees Orlando and Kelly's body.

POLICE DISPATCHER (O.S.)
Officer what is your location?

Shit.

COFFEE
Ah, this is the police! The kid is
with me!

KAREEM
I'm not with him.

COFFEE

Orlando Johnson, you are under arrest! Now put your fucking weapons on the ground!

KAREEM

This is the guy I was telling you about.

ORLANDO

The dude that tried to rape you?

COFFEE

What?!

Kareem slowly steps backwards to the door.

KAREEM

It was more preemptive, really.

COFFEE

No, I did not try to rape him, I'm dating his mom.

KAREEM

And you thought you could run up in my house and hit that shit?

ORLANDO

Shut the fuck up! And come out from behind there!

POLICE DISPATCHER (O.S.)

Officer Coffee, please confirm your location.

ORLANDO

Coffee? You the dude that --

KAREEM HIGH-TAILS IT THROUGH THE DOORWAY. BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Orlando's crew FIRES as Kareem runs past Coffee.

COFFEE

Hey!

Coffee sprints after Kareem as BULLETS fly past him. A SHOT HITS the RADIO ON HIS HIP.

ORLANDO

Get them!

Dee, Rodney, and the Henchman run outside, guns drawn.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Coffee and Kareem run toward police cruiser.

COFFEE

You seriously tried to have me
killed!

KAREEM

Get the fuck away from me!

Kareem's phone falls out of his pocket. He turns back. Coffee pulls him along. *BOOM! BOOM!* Dee FIRES, HITS the cruiser. They're too close. It's no longer an option. They take a right into a --

EXT. BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS

They run through a row of yards. Rodney and Dee follow. They reach a fence. Kareem can't make it over.

INT. HOUSE - SAME

Coffee and Kareem burst inside, throwing obstacles in their wake. They head through the front door into --

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Kareem stops. Breathes heavily.

KAREEM

This is it. My first heart attack.
I should have paid attention to
those Juvenile Diabetes videos.

ORLANDO (O.S.)

Check the street!

COFFEE

Shit.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Coffee FIRES at random cars. Shoots at the driver's side window of a Buick.

KAREEM

What the fuck? Shoot the bad guys.

We PAN TO Rodney as he exits the house. He heads down the street. The crew spreads out. Orlando arrives.

ORLANDO
You see them?!

Nowhere to be found. Rodney inspects the Buick.

RODNEY
Not over --

INT. TRUNK, BUICK - CONTINUOUS

Coffee has his hand over Kareem's mouth. Frozen.

RODNEY (O.S.)
-- here.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Orlando dials his phone.

ORLANDO
Yo, it's me. We got a problem.

INT. TRUNK, BUICK - CONTINUOUS

ANGRY MAN (O.S.)
What the fuck!? My fucking car!?
Goddamn it! Who did this? Did you
do this?

ORLANDO (O.S.)
Shut the fuck up! I'm on the phone.

ANGRY MAN (O.S.)
Shit. Ah, don't shoot. I didn't see
shit. I'm going to leave.

Coffee and Kareem are silent. The Angry Man enters the car,
STARTS IT and drives off. Distant POLICE SIRENS are heard.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Orlando hops in a beat-up minivan driven by Rodney.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - LATER

Watts kneels over Kelly's body as POLICE OFFICERS file into
the crime scene. Watts looks to Peretti.

WATTS
(defeated)
Call it in.

PERETTI
Copy that, sir.

WATTS
I'm going to need a minute.

Watts heads to a secluded part of the room. He glances over his shoulder and removes Kareem's phone from his pocket.

KAREEM'S PHONE:

We SCRUB THROUGH FOOTAGE OF THE PREVIOUS SCENE, landing on the moment before Kelly is shot:

KELLY
Please! Watts said he would protect me! He said we were partners! He'll cut you out too! The guy is a fucking monster!

Watts presses delete.

INT. BUICK - LATER

The angry man, who we'll call STEVE, for the sake of the actor who plays him, dulls the pain of a broken window by belting out 2PAC'S CHANGES. Nails the background vocals.

The CAMERA TRACKS DOWN the car, seamlessly MOVES INTO the --

INT. TRUNK, BUICK - CONTINUOUS

Coffee and Kareem are crammed into a semi-spoon position. Coffee covers the microphone of his cell.

KAREEM
Back up, yo. I ain't your fucking teddy bear.

COFFEE
When he picks up, I don't want to hear a single fucking word. Not one.

KAREEM
Fuck. You. Move. Over.

COFFEE

Just remember who's the adult here.
And who has the gun.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, POLICE STATION - SAME
OFFICERS comfort Watts. Hill observes.

WATTS

As I cradled Officer Kelly, while
he bled to death in my arms, I made
a promise that I'd get the man who
did this.

PERETTI

Coffee.

ROOKIE

Son of a bitch.

WATTS

That's right. In his final breath,
a whisper, he told me:

(imitates)

'Coffee. It was John fucking
Coffee.'

Shaw enters.

SHAW

We have him on the line.

Officers scramble to man their stations. Watts and Hill
exchange a look.

WATTS

Alright guys, this is it.

Watts hovers over a CONFERENCE ROOM PHONE, nods to an IT GUY.
The IT Guy shoots him a thumb's-up. Watts presses speaker.

WATTS (CONT'D)

Coffee?

COFFEE AND KAREEM'S ARGUMENT CONTINUES OVER SPEAKER PHONE.

KAREEM (O.S.)

Because your dick is rubbing
against my ass.

COFFEE (O.S.)

Then turn towards me.

KAREEM (O.S.)
Dick to dick? I ain't playing tummy
sticks with you, son.

WATTS
(covers the phone)
How long until we get a trace?

COFFEE (O.S.)
I don't even know what that is.

IT GUY
Like 20 seconds?

KAREEM (O.S.)
It's when gay dudes rub dicks and
shoot into each other's belly
buttons.

WATTS
Coffee, can you identify who you
are with?

INT. TRUNK, BUICK - SAME

COFFEE
Hello? Who is this? Am I on
speaker?

INTERCUT - TRUNK/CONFERENCE ROOM

Coffee relents and faces the other way, contorting his body.

WATTS
It's Detective Watts, and I'll be
the one asking the questions.

The Officers share looks of pride -- *You tell him, Watts.*

WATTS (CONT'D)
Now, what is your location?

COFFEE
Watts? I am not sure of my exact
location.

KAREEM
Watts?

WATTS
Convenient.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - SAME

Orlando receives A TEXT MESSAGE as he supervises TOPLESS DRUG CUTTERS, who turn ounces into pounds. He nods to Dee and Rodney.

WATTS: 4th and Grand. *Gun* *Cop*

INT. BUICK - SAME

Steve continues to sing along with CHANGES.

STEVE
Neva be the sayayayame, ah yeah --

Steve TURNS the RADIO DOWN, a commotion comes from the --

INT. TRUNK, BUICK - CONTINUOUS

The wrestling for the phone continues. Kareem beats on the lid of the trunk.

KAREEM
Help! Get me the fuck out of here!
Rape! Rape!

The SOUND OF MOVING PAVEMENT COMES TO A HALT.

COFFEE
Okay. Okay. We're stopping. Shut up. Shut the fuck up. Time out.

KAREEM
Then fucking listen to me. You were talking to Watts, right?

COFFEE
Yes, and my Captain. Who is probably pissed as shit --

KAREEM
Before that cop was killed, he said Watts and him were partners in a drug deal and Watts was the one who cut him out. It sounded pretty dope at the time --

COFFEE
What?! You don't think that was something I needed to know?

KAREEM

I had a different plan for you.

COFFEE

Fuck. I knew Watts was dirty.

(beat)

He could have traced the call!

KAREEM

He could have my phone! They could
find out where I live! My mom!

Both start beating on the trunk, which opens to Steve, who immediately jumps back.

STEVE

What the fuck?!

Kareem climbs out of the trunk, Coffee follows.

COFFEE

Sir, remain calm. This is an
emergency and I am going to need to
commandeer your vehicle.

KAREEM

Commandeer? Man, give us the keys
to your fucking car.

Coffee flashes his badge.

STEVE

Are you serious? I literally just
heard this kid screaming for help.
He said the "R" word, bro.

COFFEE

I can assure you that this is not
what it looks like. He is, ah, my
son. Adopted.

STEVE

That just makes it worse.

KAREEM

I ain't your son, son.
(to Steve)
Give us the keys.

Steve reaches for his phone.

COFFEE

Hey! No! Put the phone on the
ground now!

KAREEM

Shoot him!

STEVE

What the fuck? I'm trying to help you.

KAREEM

Do it!

Coffee reaches for his Taser, *it's gone*. He no has choice but to draw his weapon, and raises his gun.

STEVE

Wow! Okay, I don't know what is going on, but if you buffalo bill this kid, and people find out that I let you go, I'll look like a total asshole.

COFFEE

That's why you want to help?

KAREEM

Buffalo Bill? That a fat joke motherfucker? Give me the keys!

Kareem runs Steve's pockets, tosses the keys to Coffee. He then throws Coffee's phone into the street.

They get in the Buick and take off.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Buick heads down the street. The minivan passes.

INT. MINIVAN - SAME

Rodney drives. Dee rides shotgun, removes his gun.

RODNEY

I've never killed anyone before. I bet it makes you feel like a boss. I smashed a grapefruit with a hammer once- What the fuck is this?

Steve waves them down. Rodney rolls down the window.

STEVE

Hey! A cop and a fat little kid just stole my car! What?

Rodney and Dee exchange a look. Rodney busts a U-turn.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Seriously?

EXT. KAREEM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The Buick is parked outside.

EXT. BACK DOOR, KAREEM'S HOUSE - SAME

Coffee and Kareem anxiously wait.

COFFEE
If we pretend to get along, this
will be much easier for her. Trust
me, I deal with shit like this all
the time.

KAREEM
And you probably run away from shit
like this too.

COFFEE
Running. That must be a foreign
concept to you.

KAREEM
Fuck you.

COFFEE
No. Fuck you.

KAREEM
No. Fuck. You.

COFFEE
No. Fuck. Y-- hey, Vanessa!

Coffee and Kareem put on forced smiles as Vanessa opens the door. Kareem shifts to innocent-kid mode.

KAREEM
Hey Mom. Sorry, I forgot my keys.

Vanessa kisses the top of Kareem's head as he walks inside.

VANESSA
(to Kareem)
That's alright sweetie.
(to Coffee)
(MORE)

VANESSA (CONT'D)
Hey, thanks for picking him up. It means a lot to me.

COFFEE
Yup. He's a great kid. Really.

Vanessa leans in for a kiss. *Denied.* Coffee heads in --

INT. KAREEM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Kareem walks straight to the kitchen table, shovels food onto his plate. Coffee and Vanessa follow.

VANESSA
How was School?

Cue the acting:

KAREEM
It was great. Not as great as the ride home, though. Coffee let me turn on the police siren and took me on a routine traffic stop.

Kareem crams food into his mouth.

VANESSA
Cool. You don't want to wait for our guest?

Coffee puts a hand on Kareem's shoulder.

COFFEE
I'm sure the little fella is just hungry from studying hard today.

KAREEM
And that Michele Obama lunch got school feeling like a concentration camp.

Coffee shoots him a look -- *Really, dude?*

COFFEE
Vanessa, would you mind sitting down?

Coffee holds a fake smile, sits. Vanessa follows, *skeptical.*

VANESSA
Is everything okay?

Coffee and Kareem are all smiles.

COFFEE

(cop like)

Well, we have a bit of a situation here, and it is important that we remain calm --

BZZT. DING. BZZT. DING. RING. Vanessa's phone, Steve's phone, and the house computer go off at once.

Coffee and Kareem freeze as Vanessa lifts her phone.

MULTIPLE TEXT MESSAGES APPEAR ON THE SCREEN:

Amber Alert - Officer John Coffee. Caucasian. Male. Age: 40. Last seen in company of Kareem Manning. Afro-Amer. Male Age: 9. Wanted for homicide and kidnapping a child.

VANESSA

What is this?!

Vanessa stands, sticks the phone out.

COFFEE

Oh shit. Vanessa, I can explain. That's what I was trying to tell you --

KAREEM

(still eating)

Drug dealers and dirty cops want to kill us. It's his fault. We need to get the fuck out of here. I suggest a quick carb load. We don't know when we'll eat again.

VANESSA

What?!

COFFEE

We were supposed to remain calm, you little shit!

VANESSA

Don't talk to my son like that!

KAREEM

Mom, this guy is fucking crazy. My vote is we leave him behind.

COFFEE

Your son is a fucking asshole, a mini black Hitler, who tried to have me killed because he saw us having sex this morning.

Vanessa is in a state of shock.

VANESSA

What?

KAREEM

That's right. And I am pretty sure
that he has sexual feelings for me
too.

COFFEE

Keep shoving food in your mouth,
you fat little shit.

VANESSA

Hey!

KAREEM

I bet you'd rather it be your dick.

COFFEE

(grabs her arm)

Fuck this. Vanessa, we need to go
right now. Pack your shit. We'll
sort all of this out later --

VANESSA

ENOUGH! Do not touch me! I mean it!
(picks up a knife)

I don't know what is happening, but
I am calling the police! Kareem!
Get over here! Now!

COFFEE

Nessa, relax. Tell her to relax.

VANESSA

Do not call me that!

Coffee approaches her. She throws a plate of macaroni at him.

KAREEM

Mom, relax!

VANESSA

I don't want to hear another word
from you either! You're grounded
for the rest of your damn life!

(picks up her phone)

I knew I shouldn't have dated a
white guy! My friend Sharon was
right! You're all fucked up!
Bombers, shooters, Jews --

BZZZZZZZZZT! Kareem shoots Vanessa with Coffee's Taser. She goes down. Hard. Her fall BREAKS A CHAIR into pieces.

COFFEE

Whoa! What the fuck?! You don't tase your mom! Christ. There's a line and that is so far past it.

Coffee yanks the Taser from Kareem. They survey the scene.

KAREEM

You can't reason with a mad black woman. There are like six Tyler Perry movies about that.

COFFEE

Maybe you shouldn't have freaked her out in the first place! Jesus! She threw macaroni at me.

They freeze. VOICES COME FROM OUTSIDE.

EXT. KAREEM'S HOUSE - SAME

Rodney and Dee stand on the front porch. Rodney searches under the mat for the key. Dee SMASHES the WINDOW PANE.

RODNEY

I thought you said I could take the lead on this one?

DEE

I don't have time to fuck around with you, son.

Dee scans the area, opens the door.

INT. KAREEM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Guns are out. Dee signals to Rodney -- *check the living room.*

Rodney takes a present from under the Christmas tree, opens it. A *Jason Statham DVD. Dope.* He pockets it, then heads into the kitchen, where Dee looks out the OPEN BACK DOOR.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Coffee and Kareem cut through the back yard to the Buick. Vanessa is slung over Coffee's shoulder.

COFFEE
Run faster.

KAREEM
(breathing hard)
Keep your hands below the knee.

They reach the Buick. Coffee puts Vanessa's body in the rear seat, then enters. Kareem rides shotgun.

COFFEE
Get down.

Their seatbacks shoot down as Rodney scans the area from the porch, then heads inside.

KAREEM
(whispering)
Where are we going?

COFFEE
(whispers)
I know a place.

Coffee puts the car in neutral, lifts the parking brake. The Buick ghosts backwards down the street.

Rodney and Dee exit the house. Dee makes a call.

DEE
Yo, it's Dee. They're not here.

INT. FRONT DESK, SEEDY MOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

A SEEDY MANAGER sits behind a desk, watches TV. Coffee and Kareem enter.

COFFEE
I need a room and your utmost
discretion in the matter.

SEEDY MANAGER
Discretion is what we offer. Of
course, this may cost a little
extra.

COFFEE
This is a police matter.

Coffee empties Kareem's sock full of change onto the counter.

SEEDY MANAGER

Hey, I'm not one to judge. You can
play police, priest, or Scout
Leader for the next...
(count change)
Two hours and twenty minutes, for
all I care.

Coffee shoot him a "fuck-you" look.

SEEDY MANAGER (CONT'D)
You want the room or not?

COFFEE

Get your mother out of the trunk.

INT. BATHROOM, SEEDY MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Coffee stands over Vanessa's limp body. She is handcuffed to
the handicapped bar, surrounded by assorted snacks,
magazines, and feminine products.

The UNMISTAKABLE SOUND OF FUCKING comes from --

INT. BEDROOM, SEEDY MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kareem has PORN on the TV. Coffee enters, steals the remote,
and FLIPS THROUGH the CHANNELS.

KAREEM

I was covering our tracks, making
it sound like people are fucking.

COFFEE

You're more likely to mask the
sounds of sex with something else.

Coffee ignores Kareem's dirty look, stares at the TV.

ANGLE ON THE TV

A NEWS ANCHOR sits behind a desk, address the camera.

NEWS ANCHOR

The hunt for John Coffee continues
as his latest victim speaks up.

INTERVIEW FOOTAGE OF STEVE PLAYS:

STEVE

I just want to say if things do not turn out well for the kid, I tried everything I could to help him.

NEWS ANCHOR

The child is one Kareem Manning, the son John Coffee's girlfriend Vanessa Manning.

A POLICE SKETCH OF KAREEM. He looks like he's 500 pounds.

KAREEM (O.S.)

The fuck kind of picture is that?

NEWS ANCHOR

Detroit PD has blocked all major bridges and highways and is asking that if you see something, say something --

The channel abruptly changes.

BACK TO COFFEE AND KAREEM:

COFFEE

I need to get to my Captain.

KAREEM

What if he's dirty too? Who knows how deep this goes? Politicians. City officials. Meter maids.

COFFEE

He's not. Trust me.

KAREEM

And then what? It's Watts' word against ours. We need to go on the offensive. Watts has got to go. Kill or be killed.

COFFEE

Shut up and let me think.

Coffee paces. Mumbles to himself. Ignores Kareem.

KAREEM

I'm nine years old. I can't live the rest of my life looking over my shoulder. I know how this stuff works. One day you're taking a shit and there's a bomb on the toilet.

(MORE)

KAREEM (CONT'D)
I can't live with that kind of
anxiety. You know how many shits I
take a day? It's a lot, Coffee.
More than four, less than seven.

COFFEE
I have to find Orlando Johnson.

KAREEM
You think you'll get Orlando
Johnson to talk? He ain't a bitch
like you, Coffee.

COFFEE
He is the only one who can get us
out of this shit and when the time
comes, I'll get him to talk.

KAREEM
No you won't.
(types into phone)
Ricky D.

COFFEE
Who?

KAREEM
He told me about Orlando in the
first place. He checked in 20
minutes ago on instagram. He's at a
party downtown, it looks crazy.

Kareem shows Coffee:

INSTAGRAM PHOTOS: A crazy house party. UNDERAGE GIRLS. Club
lights. It's nuts and *he makes sure we know it is*: #RAGER
#POPINBOTTLES #TYPICALSATURDAY #FTW #H8TERSGUNAH8 #!!!

COFFEE
Alright, if I'm not back in two
hours --

KAREEM
You want me to stay here?

COFFEE
We need to keep your mom safe.

KAREEM
Have you ever seen my mom after she
woke up from being chained to a
handicap bar in a motel bathroom?

COFFEE
No.

KAREEM
Yeah, me neither. And I don't want to be the first. Besides, I am not leaving my life in your hands.

COFFEE
I am not bringing a kid with me on a hunt for the most dangerous drug dealer in the city. Not happening. Get that through your chubby little head. Okay? I am a man and this is where I draw the line. Now let me see that phone.

Kareem gives him a look -- *Nope.*

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A police cruiser creeps down the street, shines a floodlight through an apartment complex parking lot, passing the --

INT. BUICK, PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Seat backs are down as Coffee and Kareem peer over the dash.

COFFEE
Your mom is going to kill me.

KAREEM
I left her a note explaining the entire situation in detail.

Through the windshield an UNDERAGE GIRL finishes a cigarette, heads into an apartment. The MUSIC ROARS through the door.

KAREEM (CONT'D)
So what's the plan?

COFFEE
He is surrounded by drugs, alcohol, and underage girls. I flash the badge, he starts talking.

KAREEM
That's the angle? You're not a cop anymore. You can't hide behind that shit.

COFFEE
(rhetorical)
You got a better idea?

KAREEM
Yeah. We fucking storm the place.
Snatch and grab. Then we bring him
to a construction site and beat the
fuck out of him while I finger his
girlfriends.

A beat. Coffee sighs.

COFFEE
Fine. Deal. But you really have to
go for it. I'm talking three
fingers at least.

KAREEM
Really? Shit, I would have said
four or five.

COFFEE
If you run out of fingers, you can
always use toes right? Ha. My man!

Coffee goes in for a high-five/shake thing. A skeptical
Kareem reciprocates -- in one swift motion, Coffee slaps
handcuffs on Kareem's wrist and the steering wheel.

COFFEE (CONT'D)
That's a stupid fucking plan.

KAREEM
Mother fucker! Let me go!

COFFEE
I told you to stay with your mother
and you didn't listen.
(exits car)
And for your information, no one
wants to get five fingers stuffed
inside of them. Most of the
stimulation takes place on the
surface. There is this little thing
called the clitoris. It's the sweet
spot. Like a hundred little dicks
balled up into one little button.

Coffee closes the door, leaves.

KAREEM
You think I didn't know that? I
knew that.

EXT. APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Coffee stands at the door. Gun out. Ready to storm the place.
MUSIC BLASTS. GIRLS YELL.

COFFEE
(to himself)
Get down. Drop the gun. Drop it.

Coffee puts a hand on the doorknob.

COFFEE (CONT'D)
POLICE! GET --

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The door opens to a SCRAWNY WHITE KID (17 looks 12) and three underage girls in slutty Christmas attire: DUMB BITCH, TEXTER who's glued to her phone, and GIRL WHO NEEDS BETTER FRIENDS.

COFFEE
...down.

They take selfies, staging a far cooler scene. Oblivious to Coffee, who creeps behind them.

A SERIES OF SELFIES: Coffee moves closer in each picture.

COFFEE (CONT'D)
Police!

The GIRLS SCREAM and scramble.

COFFEE (CONT'D)
I'm looking for Ricky D!

Everyone turns to the Scrawny White Kid -- RICKY D.

COFFEE (CONT'D)
Seriously? You're the kid who beat
a murder charge when he was 12?

RICKY D
We didn't do shit yo. It ain't
illegal to party.

COFFEE
This is barely even a get-together,
and none of you are old enough to
be drinking.

DUMB BITCH
 I have a prescription for
 everything I am on.

Coffee pushes Ricky D against the wall.

COFFEE
 Where's Orlando Johnson!?

RICKY D
 Police brutality! Record this shit!

Dumb Bitch rides an exercise ball. Takes out her phone.

COFFEE
 Mam, I am going to need you to
 holster the camera.

NEEDS BETTER FRIENDS
 Do I know you from somewhere?

COFFEE
 No. Now, tell me where Orlando is!

RICKY D
 In Florida, son.

COFFEE
 I'm not fucking around here!

TEXTER
 (still glued to her phone)
 You're the cop who kidnapped that
 kid.

Texter passes her phone around.

DUMB BITCH
 Oh my God, that is him.

COFFEE
 Nope. Not me.

Needs Better Friends shows her phone to Ricky D.

RICKY D
 Are you fucking kidding me?

Ricky D menacingly turns to Coffee.

RICKY D (CONT'D)
 You come up in my spot, and try to
 break up my --
 (counts)
 (MORE)

RICKY D (CONT'D)
Foursome? Don't you know who I am?
I stabbed --

COFFEE
(backing to the door)
Your wood shop teacher. I get it. I
just really need to find Orlando.

RICKY D
Bitch, give me something sharp --
What the fuck are you doing here?

The attention shifts behind Coffee to Kareem, still
handcuffed, with the steering wheel hanging from his hand.

KAREEM
(to Ricky D)
Can you give us a second?

Ricky D nods -- skeptical/confused.

COFFEE
(whispering)
What are you doing? I have this
under control.

KAREEM
(whispering)
No you don't. Give me the keys.

Coffee hands him the keys. Kareem undoes the handcuffs as
everyone stares. Kareem holds Coffee's hand.

COFFEE
As you can see, I pose no threat to
this child --

KAREEM
He's lying!

In a flash, Kareem handcuffs Coffee to a heating pipe.

KAREEM (CONT'D)
He handcuffed me to his car and was
trying to steal muscle relaxers so
he could loosen up my asshole.

Cue the disgusted expressions and grumbles.

RICKY D
Eew man.

COFFEE
I thought we were working together?

KAREEM

Ha! You bought into the whole
Stockholm Syndrome act?

Kareem shoots Coffee a "trust me" look. Hides behind Ricky D.

KAREEM (CONT'D)

Thank God you guys are here.

COFFEE

Yup, I was so close. Almost got
away with it. I love kids.

RODNEY

I'm gonna turn your ass inside-out.

Kareem slips Vanessa's phone into Ricky D's back pocket.

KAREEM

This motherfucker's got beef with
Orlando Johnson. We should let him
sort it out. Marseilles Wallace
style. You go. I'll keep him here.

(gathers Ricky's things)

And stay off your phone, the D's be
creeping.

RICKY D

Right. Aight, I'll be back. Keep an
eye on this mother fucker. And
don't steal nothing.

Ricky D spits in Coffee's face, leaves.

KAREEM

Can we have a second alone? This
has been a real struggle for me and
I want a chance to face my demons
before he gets beaten to death.

NEEDS BETTER FRIENDS

Sure. Is there anything we can do?

KAREEM

Well, now that you mention it, I
can think of a few things. Four or
five to be exact --

COFFEE

How about we face those demons?

Kareem looks at the girls. They walk into another room.
Coffee and Kareem speak in whispers.

COFFEE (CONT'D)
Un-cuff me.

KAREEM
How about a thank you?

Coffee sighs. Takes a breath.

COFFEE
(sincere)
You're right. Thank you. That was
actually really smart.

KAREEM
Before I let you go, there are some
things we need to address.

COFFEE
Seriously?

KAREEM
First, if we survive, I want you to
stay away from my mom. Second, I
want you to take me to a strip
club, and third, I want you to say
that you're my bitch.

COFFEE
(frantic whispering)
I'm your bitch! I'll take you to
the dirtiest strip club in all of
Detroit. There's even an all-you-
can-eat buffet! And if we survive,
we'll talk about your Mom. Deal?

Kareem is satisfied.

EXT. SHADY PARK - NIGHT

Kareem talks on a pay phone as Coffee stands nearby.

KAREEM
(into phone)
Yeah, VanessaManning21 and the
password is Kareemsmom.

INT. CARLOS' ROOM - SAME

Carlos types into a computer, in his pajamas. He navigates a
find my phone app. He shares a room with his HERMANO (6).

CARLOS

Great. Hold on, my neighbor's
internet is shit. Cheap fuck.

INTERCUT CARLOS/KAREEM

CARLOS (CONT'D)

I can't believe you're stuck with
that cabrón.

Kareem watches Coffee as he practices drawing his weapon. He looks ridiculous. Kareem smiles; he's warming up to him.

KAREEM

Yeah, he's a bitch.

Hermano wakes up.

HERMANO

(Spanish with subtitles)

Carlito? What the fuck? I am trying
to sleep?

CARLOS

(Spanish with subtitles)

Shut up, you little bitch.

HERMANO

(Spanish with subtitles)

Fuck you. I'm telling Mom.

CARLOS

(Spanish with subtitles)

You tell on me, I will cut you.

(into phone)

Here we go. 1431 River Street. At
those abandoned warehouses.

KAREEM

Word. Thanks culero.

Kareem hangs up. Coffee and Kareem share a look.

CUT TO:

INT. CUTTING ROOM, DRUG WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

TOPLESS WOMEN cut drugs as Watts walks through the warehouse
with a disgruntled Orlando.

WATTS

How are we doing on time?

ORLANDO

We can pack this shit up as soon as
they're done cutting it.

WATTS

Tell them to hurry up or I'll turn
the heat off again.

ORLANDO

Why we have to step on this shit so
much? It was fine before.

WATTS

Are these your drugs?
(Orlando averts his eyes)
That's right. They were your drugs.
But now they're my drugs. And with
my drugs, I can do what the fuck I
want. The fuck do I care some
Canadian gets a nose full of baby
laxative? More money for me.

The Henchman interrupts. He stands with Ricky D.

HENCHMAN

We got the cop and the kid.

EXT. DRUG WAREHOUSE - LATER

The Buick hides in the woods, the abandoned warehouse in the
distance. Kareem eats fast food.

KAREEM

You know what your problem is,
Coffee?

COFFEE

Let's see: I'm a bitch. I'm a cop.
My dick is smaller than yours.

KAREEM

Well, those things too, but you
don't know how to talk shit.

COFFEE

I can talk shit just fine. Fuck
you. You're fat. I hope you die.

Coffee looks out of the windshield, as HENCHMEN pile into
cars.

KAREEM

Why did you become a cop?

COFFEE

To protect people. Uphold the law.

KAREEM

I bet it's because you got picked on when you were a kid.

COFFEE

That may have been part of it.

KAREEM

Look, I am four feet tall and a hundred and 70 pounds. You know why I don't get picked on? Cause I know how to talk shit. It scares people, throws them off.

Coffee ignores him, watches Henchmen pull away.

COFFEE

That looks like the last of them.

KAREEM

And it's easy. There are really only two things you need to know about talking shit. You need to be aggressive and gay. Really gay, but in a dominant way.

COFFEE

You should not be allowed on the internet.

KAREEM

Suck my dick.

Coffee shakes his head.

KAREEM (CONT'D)

That's the first thing people go to, right? But that doesn't cut it anymore. Look at Mike Tyson, sure he can fuck people up, but when he starts talking about eating people's unborn children, which sounds a lot like taking a cum-shot in the mouth to me, people are frightened.

COFFEE

Noted. I will try to be more gay.

KAREEM

Trust me. I'm a pro at this,
Coffee. One time I was playing Call
off Duty and I got this dude so
crazy that his wife divorced him.

COFFEE

I can't believe I am going to say
this, but I think that is a skill
we can use.

KAREEM

Really?

COFFEE

I've been trained for situations
like this, but the truth is if I go
toe to toe with any of these guys,
I'll probably get my ass kicked.
That's where you come in.

KAREEM

I appreciate your honesty. What do
you want me to do? Be the muscle?
If I can only get my hands on a
couple of grenades.

COFFEE

No. No grenades. Jesus. I'm talking
about using your mouth.
(off Kareem's look)
Not in a gay way. We are going to
work together...

Coffee takes us through the execution of the plan...

EXT. DRUG WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Coffee and Kareem approach, weaving in and out, a two man
team. The music builds in intensity.

COFFEE (V.O.)

First we need to assess the
situation, find out what we are
dealing with...

Coffee signals for Kareem to get a head count. Kareem remains
still. His legs are crossed and he's extremely uncomfortable.

COFFEE

What are you doing?

KAREEM
I really gotta shit.

COFFEE
You can't hold it?

KAREEM

KAREEM (CONT'D)
We just ate \$32 of white castle.
Just give me a second.

Kareem crosses his legs, grimaces, and clenches.

A long Beat.

KAREEM (CONT'D)
Alright, we're good.

The music kicks back in.

COFFEE (V.O.)
Then we find a point of entry...

EXT. DRUG WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Coffee and Kareem wait at the entrance. Coffee gives a silent THREE COUNT with his fingers. *One... two... three --*

KAREEM
Wait, I don't get a gun?

Coffee pulls out a canister of Mace and gives it to Kareem.

COFFEE
Here.

KAREEM
What the fuck is this?

COFFEE
Mace. It's police issue. Can take out a bear.

KAREEM
How close do you have to be for it to work?

COFFEE
It works up to 20 feet, and It'll take up to seven hours to get the sting out of their eyes.

KAREEM

And you just press this button
right here?

COFFEE

Yup.

Kareem points the can of mace at Coffee.

KAREEM

Give me the gun.

INT. DRUG WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Coffee and Kareem enter. Kareem holds the gun, Coffee the mace.

COFFEE (V.O.)

Once we are in, you can do what you
do best...

INT. HALLWAY, DRUG WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Kareem walks down a hallway WHISTLING, an armed guard who looks like WESLEY SNIPES notices.

KAREEM

Yo, Blade! When did you get out?

WESLEY SNIPES GUARD

Fuck you, man, get out of here.

Kareem lures him to an intersection, where two hallways meet.

KAREEM

What happened? "Whistler" ran out
of O-positive? If you're feeling
malnourished, you can suck on these
nuts, son --

CLANK! Coffee hits him with the end of a fire extinguisher.

CUT TO:

Kareem talks shit to an UGLY GUARD. Coffee creeps behind him.

UGLY GUARD

Fuck you say?

KAREEM

I said your breath smells like
multiple brands of dick.

UGLY GUARD
You gonna die --

Coffee nails the Ugly Guard.

CUT TO:

Kareem hovers over Coffee, who is on the ground, has an armed GUARD in a sleeper hold.

KAREEM
Merc him out! Get him!

Kareem throws in a series of kicks. A few land, the others hit Coffee. The Guard finally loses consciousness.

COFFEE
(whispers in Guard's ear)
How'd you like a good-night kiss?

Coffee looks to Kareem for approval. *Nope.*

COFFEE (V.O.)
And remember, there will be a lot
of distractions, but the most
important thing is that we always
stick together...

INT. HALLWAY, DRUG WAREHOUSE - SAME

TWO NAKED DRUG CUTTERS pass as Coffee and Kareem are glued to a wall. Coffee peers around the corner, checks if they are clear. He turns back and Kareem is gone.

COFFEE
(whispers)
Kareem? Kareem? God damn it.

Coffee creeps around the corner into the drug room, where lines of tables are filled with cocaine and cutting agents.

ORLANDO (O.S.)
Bitches clocking out early and
shit.

Orlando enters, takes a drag on a blunt. Coffee is once again on the wall, silent and out of sight.

Coffee closes his eyes and takes a deep breath as we PUSH IN ON his face -- *the moment he's been preparing for.* Coffee opens his eyes -- AND IS FACE TO FACE WITH ORLANDO.

COFFEE ORLANDO (CONT'D)
Orlando! What the fuck?!

Coffee punches Orlando in the face.

INT. BATHROOM, DRUG WAREHOUSE - SAME

Kareem is in a bathroom stall. His eye is pressed against a GLORY HOLE, he watches TWO NAKED DRUG CUTTERS change clothes.

NAKED DRUG CUTTER #1
Any plans for tonight?

NAKED DRUG CUTTER #2
Just going to catch up on my DVR. I have like the entire season of Scandal to get through.

INT. DRUG ROOM, DRUG WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Orlando slams Coffee through a table full of drugs and cutting agents, creating a cloud of powder.

Orlando searches the cloud -- packages of drugs fly through the air and break in Orlando's face.

COFFEE
Take that!

ORLANDO
Stop throwing shit and fight like a man!

Coffee climbs to his feet, punches Orlando. Orlando swings. They circle in a cloud of powder. Neither can see two feet in front of them as punches come out of nowhere.

COFFEE

Orlando connects a hard shot to Coffee. Coffee hits the ground, scrambles under a table and hides.

ORLANDO

Orlando circles the table, as Coffee crawls to the opposite side. Orlando takes out his gun, aims. Coffee springs up, brings the table with him. He shoves Orlando into the wall with the table as Orlando FIRES WILDLY and drops the gun.

They hit the floor. Scramble for the gun. *Bites. Fishhooks. Thumbs in the eyes. It gets real cheap, real quick.*

INT. HALLWAY, DRUG WAREHOUSE - SAME

Kareem follows THE FIGHT SOUNDS. Rushes into --

INT. DRUG ROOM, DRUG WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

As Coffee and Orlando claw at each other and pull hair. Orlando is within reach of the gun when --

KAREEM

FREEZE! I hate that I just said
that.

Coffee and Orlando look up at Kareem, who holds a .9mm.

ORLANDO

Are you fucking serious?

Coffee walks to Kareem and takes the gun. Points it at Orlando. Coffee fist bumps Kareem with his free hand.

COFFEE

Thanks.

ORLANDO

Who gives a kid a gun?

COFFEE

Alright, spare me the lecture.

ORLANDO

People like you the reason the world is so fucked, man. This kid like 10 years old. He's gonna end up in jail one day 'cause of you.

COFFEE

Trust me, I am not the reason he is going to end up in jail.

KAREEM

I'm right here.

Coffee walks behind Orlando, puts the gun to his head.

COFFEE

Besides, it's not even loaded.

Coffee pistol whips Orlando, knocks him out cold.

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE, POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The station is empty. Hill sits behind his desk. Shaw passes.

SHAW
Late night, huh?

HILL
Always. Any word on Coffee?

SHAW
Not since the B&E at his
girlfriend's house, and about a
thousand anonymous tips from the
Amber Alert. Apparently Coffee is
behind every unsolved sex crime in
the history of Detroit.

HILL
Can't say he doesn't have he look.

SHAW
(laughs)
Is it alright if I try to get a
couple hours of sleep?

HILL
Go home Detective. Watts has got it
covered for now.

SHAW
Good night, Captain.

Shaw exits.

INT. PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT

Watts stands with the Underage Girls, with Dee, Rodney, and a shamed Ricky D in tow.

RICKY D
I swear. He was right here.

WATTS
Shut the fuck up. Nobody has shit
to say?

RICKY D
He probabl--

BOOM! Watts shoots Ricky D in the knee. Ricky D hits the ground. Screams. The girls are freaked out. Texter finally glances up from her phone.

WATTS
WHERE ARE THE COP AND THE FAT KID!?

TEXTER
I think they said something about
that seedy motel on 8th Street.

Watts exchanges a look with Dee and Rodney.

RICKY D
You couldn't have said that shit
two minutes ago?!

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The Buick is parked in the snow-covered woods. Its headlights shine on Orlando. He is beat up, covered in powder, and bound to a chair. Coffee stands in front of him.

ORLANDO
Man, I told you, I ain't telling
you shit. So why don't you make
better use of that mouth and suck
my dick?

COFFEE
See my partner over there --

KAREEM
I'm not your partner.

COFFEE
You see, my associate says we
should take this box cutter.
(hold up a box cutter)
Cut right down the seam of your
nuts --

KAREEM
-- turn you into the bitch that you
are.

ORLANDO
Man, you can tough talk all day. I
snitch, I'm as good as dead.

Coffee walks into the darkness to Kareem.

COFFEE
This isn't working.

ORLANDO
No shit it isn't working.

Kareem moves into the light.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

Oh, this your muscle? Why don't you get this little nigga a sandwich?

KAREEM

I'd eat anything to get the taste of your mom's pussy out of my mouth.

ORLANDO

Oh word? You need an anatomy textbook to find it?

KAREEM

Could've used one. I couldn't tell if it was her pussy or her asshole I was eating.

ORLANDO

If I weren't in this chair, I'd be fucking you in your little asshole right now. You and your faggot boyfriend.

Coffee steps up, with a look of determination.

COFFEE

Yeah! Yeah, that's right! Faggot boyfriend! Right here!

Kareem shoots Coffee a familiar "please stop" look. Coffee ignores it and takes the spotlight. Kareem reluctantly moves.

COFFEE (CONT'D)

And you've never seen faggotry like you're going to see right now.

Coffee starts undoing his belt.

ORLANDO

Yo, what the fuck you doing?

COFFEE

See, all this talk about ass fucking has got me turned on, and you're sitting here looking all sexy.

Coffee grazes Orlando's face, then takes off his shoes.

ORLANDO

Yo man, stop playing. What the fuck? Put your shoes back on.

COFFEE

It's harder to cum with shoes on.
Now, let's get down to business.
Enough with this foreplay.

ORLANDO

This shit ain't funny!
(to Kareem)
Tell him to stop.

Kareem shrugs. Coffee tosses Orlando's phone to Kareem.

COFFEE

Record this. And look away. It's going to get real messy.

Coffee unbuttons his shirt. Starts rubbing himself. Kareem is mortified. He turns away as he holds out the camera phone.

ORLANDO

Yo, seriously, I don't want no fucking lap dance!

COFFEE

This isn't a lap dance.

Coffee reaches into his pants.

ORLANDO

What the fuck!? Get your hands off your dick! Hey! I'm serious! Stop!

KAREEM

Jesus.

COFFEE

Tell me what I want to know.

Coffee pulls his dick out, strokes it (we do not see it).

ORLANDO

Yo, for real! Check your boy! Put your fucking dick away, yo!

COFFEE

You might want to close your eyes.
I'm going to ice your face like a cupcake.

ORLANDO
STOP! STOP! I'M SERIOUS!

COFFEE
Don't stop? Oh! Yeah! What are you
and Detective Watts up to?

ORLANDO
HELP! HELP! RAPE! RAPE!

Orlando moves his head as if he has a gun pointed at it.

COFFEE
Tell me who the buyer is! I'm about
to cum! Uh-uh --

ORLANDO
(full-on meltdown)
Alright! Alright! The deal is going
down tomorrow night at the River
Street docks! The drugs they
incinerated was fake. Officer Kelly
was in on it. He made the switch,
then Watts cut him out. Watts is
flipping the shit he arrested me
for and selling to the Canadians.
I've worked for him for years, he
thought I was getting too big and
now he's trying to cash out and
leave me with nothing! My fucking
album made a hundred thousand 10
years ago. That's 10 grand a year.
I can't live off that.

Orlando starts to cry. Coffee stops, zips up.

COFFEE
Gay cop, bad cop motherfucker!

He turns to a horrified Kareem, goes for a high-five.

KAREEM
No. No high-five.

COFFEE
It's gay cop bad cop. Gay and
aggressive. Like you said.

KAREEM
I get it. And that doesn't make me
any less uncomfortable right now.

EXT. BUICK - LATER

Coffee closes the trunk with a shaken Orlando in it.

INT. BUICK - CONTINUOUS

Coffee walks around the front, takes a seat in the car. He punches numbers into a phone. Kareem stares straight ahead.

KAREEM

After all of the fucked-up shit
that's happened tonight, that was
the one.

COFFEE

The plan required a certain level
of commitment. Besides, I'm about
to make it up to you.

(into the phone)

Sir, it's Coffee... Don't talk,
just listen. I have apprehended
Orlando Johnson and, yes, he is in
the trunk of my car. Well,
technically not my car, the car I
stole-- never mind that, I have a
taped confession connecting him to
Detective Watts. Meet me at the
Golden Trough in thirty minutes.
Come alone. We can't trust anyone.

Coffee hangs up and PUTS THE CAR IN DRIVE.

KAREEM

The Golden Trough?

INT. BATHROOM, SEEDY MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The SOUND OF THE TV ECHOES in the bathroom, where the
handicap rail and half the wall lie broken on the ground.

The TV TURNS OFF as we MOVE INTO the bedroom.

Vanessa reads from a note written on a take-out menu:

KAREEM (V.O.)

Dear Mom. If you manage to escape,
I want you to know that Coffee told
me to shoot you with the Taser. I
didn't want to do it, but he said
it was our only option. You have
horrible taste in men and he is no
exception.

(MORE)

KAREEM (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I went with him to find the dirty cops who are after us because he is a huge pussy and probably couldn't do it himself. Do not go to the police. Stay at the motel. It's for your own safety. I'll be back later. Love, Kareem. P.S. Sorry about the bad language.

Vanessa crumples the note and exits the room.

INT. FRONT DESK, SEEDY MOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

A BELL CHIMES. Vanessa walks to Seedy Manager, who watches TV with his feet up.

VANESSA
Excuse me. A man came in here with a little boy. I need to know where they went.

SEEDY MANAGER
Ha, you'd have to be more specific. Besides, we have a pretty strict privacy policy here.

VANESSA
It's an emergency. That boy is my son.

The Seedy Manager chuckles.

SEEDY MANAGER
You let your son hang around places like this? Might want to think about making some better choices.

Vanessa yanks his feet forward, pulling him out of his chair.

SEEDY MANAGER (CONT'D)
Ow, fuck!

Vanessa runs around the desk, springs on top of him.

VANESSA
TELL ME EVERYTHING YOU KNOW, OR I WILL KILL YOU WITH MY BARE HANDS!

The Seedy Manager looks to a .38 underneath the desk. He makes his move. She is quicker. She shoves it in his face.

SEEDY MANAGER

(frantic)

They got a room for a couple of hours. The guy had a creepy vibe, but it seemed like the kid was in control. I really don't know where they went --

The BELL CHIMES. Vanessa silences him with a finger.

Rodney and Dee enter and approach the front desk.

RODNEY

Hello?

Rodney RINGS THE CALL BELL. Vanessa nods to the Seedy Manager: *get up there*. He stands.

SEEDY MANAGER (O.S.)

Hold on. I'm coming.

RODNEY

We're looking for a cop and a little fat kid. We know they were here. Probably had a woman with them. We want to know what room they checked into.

The Seedy Manager's voice raises an octave as Vanessa pushes the gun into his balls.

SEEDY MANAGER

No kids or Cops here. Place is closed for ah, renovations.

RODNEY

Then why are there cars in the parking lot?

SEEDY MANAGER

Probably the Denny's across the street. That Grandslam Breakfast is pretty big around here.

RODNEY

And the keys missing from the wall?

Rodney gestures to a wall of key hooks.

SEEDY MANAGER

That? That's a... ah, plinko board?

Dee pulls out his gun, puts it to the Seedy Manager's head.

SEEDY MANAGER (CONT'D)
Fuck! What the fuck?! Jesus,
everyone's got a gun. I honestly
don't know where they went. They
were in room 2195. Here, take the
keys. Just don't shoot. Please.

Seedy Manager tosses Rodney a key. Vanessa removes her gun.

DEE
You're coming with us. Let's go.

The Seedy Manager reluctantly leads them out. Rodney flips the open sign to closed, something catches his eye. He peers inside at Vanessa's shoes sticking out from behind the desk.

INT. GOLDEN TROUGH - NIGHT

The type of strip club that employs pregnant women. Coffee and Kareem sit at the bar. Kareem eats buffet food and gawks at STRIPPERS who lazily go through the motions.

KAREEM
When do we throw crumbled dollars
bills at them?

COFFEE
Just because these women allow
themselves to be objectified
doesn't mean you have to do it.

KAREEM
You are the only person that can
make looking at titties suck.

COFFEE
I'm just saying that all that shit
you hear rappers talk about is
bullshit. The best way to a Woman's
heart --

KAREEM
Is straight through her pussy.
Gotta have good dick game.

COFFEE
No. Her mind. It's her mind. What
is with your obsession with pussy?

A brief moment of silence. Kareem sighs.

KAREEM

I have a confession to make. About two weeks ago, I shot my first load.

Coffee chokes on his drink.

COFFEE

What?

KAREEM

My first nut. I ejaculated. Blew my nose out of my dick.

COFFEE

I know what you mean, it's just- you're nine years old.

KAREEM

Right, and if I don't get some pussy by the time I hit double digits, I won't be able to live with myself as a man.

COFFEE

That is ridiculous.

Kareem takes offense. Coffee can see his wall going back up.

COFFEE (CONT'D)

I get it. We've all been there before. And if there is anything you want to know, you can ask me. I'm not going to mess with you.

A moment of silence. Kareem can't bring himself to speak.

COFFEE (CONT'D)

I was saying that a woman's mind is the most sensitive erogenous zone.

KAREEM

Erogenous zone? Speak English, man. Cream Pie, Facial, ATM.

COFFEE

All that shit that you watch on the internet. It's just a fantasy.

KAREEM

So, you're saying Asian women don't scream like that?

COFFEE

Well, that I can't say for sure.
It's all about how you talk to
women. You have to be genuine. Get
to know them, find out what their
interests are.

(scans the room)
Excuse me? Ma'am?

THURSDAY, a crusty stripper, walks over.

COFFEE (CONT'D)

My friend here is looking to
practice a little bit with the
ladies.

THURSDAY

Well, the champagne room is \$150,
but that doesn't include extras and
he has to use a condom.

COFFEE

I meant practice talking to women.

THURSDAY

Oh. Right. A talker. You know,
money talks too, sweetie.

Coffee hands her cash.

THURSDAY (CONT'D)

What's your name, sugar?

KAREEM

(suddenly shy)
Kareem. What's yours?

THURSDAY

Thursday.

KAREEM

Tell me about yourself, Thursday.

THURSDAY

Well, I am born and raised in
Detroit. I have an Associates'
Degree in Biology, I was thinking
about being a veterinarian, but I
had dreamed of being a stripper
since I was a little girl.

KAREEM

Wow, interesting. What do you do
for fun?

THURSDAY

Let's see. I like to jog. Catch up
on my Netflix. I'm really into CSI:
Miami. Love Gary Sinise.

KAREEM

Me too. Sinise is the best. How
much to look at your pussy?

THURSDAY

Five dollars.

COFFEE

Nope.

KAREEM

Come on. It's for educational
purposes.

THURSDAY

Yeah --

HILL (O.S.)

What is going on here?!

Hill heads toward them. *Pissed*.

COFFEE

Ah, Captain. I, ah, I have proof
that Watts has been working with
Orlando Johnson. It's all right
here.

Coffee pulls out the phone, tosses it to Hill.

Hill PRESSES PLAY. The RECORDING of COFFEE'S "GAY COP, BAD
COP" INTERROGATION PLAYS ON SPEAKERPHONE.

COFFEE (CONT'D)

You may want to fast forward a bit.

THE "CHIPMUNK" VERSION OF COFFEE'S ANTICS PLAYS IN FAST
MOTION UNTIL WE SETTLE ON ORLANDO'S CONFESSION.

HILL

Jesus Christ.

WATTS (O.S.)

(mocking the Captain)

Oh no, Jesus. Watts is a bad guy.

Watts enters, points his gun at them.

WATTS (CONT'D)

I knew Coffee would hide behind the Captain the first chance he got.
(takes the phone)
I'll take that.

HILL

What's this all about?

WATTS

Motherfucker, you just listened to the recording. You know what this is about. Come tomorrow, my ass is gonna be a millionaire. Ima make Jay-Z look like a Kunta Kinte.

KAREEM

Fuck you.

COFFEE

Yeah, fuck you.

WATTS

Oh, now you gonna talk tough? If you had any balls, you would've hunted me down and shot me in the fucking head. Shit, that's what I would have done.

Watts lifts his gun to Captain Hill's head.

HILL

Watts --

BOOM! Hill's brain paints every Stripper within ten feet in blood.

COFFEE

No! Goddamn it!

Coffee grabs Hill. Kareem is frozen.

COFFEE (CONT'D)

You'll never get away with this.

WATTS

I won't? Really?
(to Thursday)
There any cameras in here?

Thursday shakes her head "no". She's covered in blood.

WATTS (CONT'D)

And how many of you bitches would
testify that this motherfucker
killed the Captain and the kid if I
gave you 10 grand?

The remaining Strippers raise their hands. Thursday included,
followed by an apologetic shrug.

WATTS (CONT'D)

I can pin Kelly's murder on you,
and right now my boys are at that
shit motel you got your girlfriend
hiding at. So, it kinda does look
like I am gonna get away with it.

(off Kareem)

What's up, little man? You look
like you about to cry. Don't worry,
you'll be with your mom soon --

Coffee throws the remains of an ashtray in Watts' face and
shoves Kareem towards the door.

COFFEE

Run! Go!

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! A blinded Watts fires aimlessly.

Coffee is hit in the shoulder. He goes down as Kareem makes
it through the door.

Watts wipes his face with a handful of singles. Coffee works
his way to his feet, Watts kicks him to the ground.

WATTS

This motherfucker.

Coffee struggles, crawls out of the door into --

EXT. PARKING LOT, GOLDEN TROUGH - NIGHT

Coffee climbs to his knees. Watts puts a gun to his head.

COFFEE

Fuck you, Watts.

WATTS

Alright, little man! Onetime offer.
You come out now, we can put the
blame on this motherfucker and you
and your mom can go free. Shit,
I'll even throw in an Xbox One.
Fuck, two Xboxes. I'm Cash rich.

Watts scans the parking lot for Kareem.

INT. GOLDEN TROUGH - SAME

Kareem runs Hill's pockets, takes his car keys. Leaves through a previously opened emergency exit.

EXT. PARKING LOT, GOLDEN TROUGH - SAME

Watts presses the gun to Coffee's head.

WATTS

In three seconds, I'm gonna shoot
this mother fucker in the head,
then the deal is off.

I/E. POLICE CRUISER - SAME

Kareem sneaks into the Captain's cruiser. He holds the Captain's keys. STARTS the ENGINE. Pulls around the corner.

EXT. PARKING LOT, GOLDEN TROUGH - CONTINUOUS

WATTS

One... two... three --

Watts squeezes the trigger as The Police Cruiser tears around the corner and nails Coffee, launching him forward. The GUNSHOT RICOCHETS off the wheelwell, hits Watts in the leg.

WATTS (CONT'D)

Ah, Fuck!

Watts hits the floor as Coffee lands on the pavement. Kareem drives to Coffee, he can barely see over the wheel.

KAREEM

Get in!

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Watts FIRES as Coffee climbs into the cruiser. Kareem STEPS ON THE GAS and SPEEDS AWAY, swerving.

Thursday comes to the door.

THURSDAY

Do I still get my 10 grand?

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Watts FIRES at Thursday. She runs inside. Watts gets up and is on the move.

ORLANDO (O.S.)
Hello!? I heard gunshots!?

Watts FIRES at the Buick trunk's lock, it opens to Orlando.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)
What the fuck, man? You couldn't
have just popped the shit?

WATTS
Get out of the trunk. You're
driving.

I/E. POLICE CRUISER - MOMENTS LATER

The cruiser flies around a corner, sideswipes cars.

COFFEE
Ah, pull over. Please.

KAREEM
We are in the middle of a chase!

COFFEE
I think I'm dying. You hit me with
a car --

WATTS'S CROWN VICTORIA RAMS the cruiser from behind.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Watts fires from his car. Bullets tear
through the rear windshield of the cruiser. Kareem speeds up.

KAREEM
Stop bitching and shoot somebody!

Kareem tries to navigate through the streets and runs over
all sorts of shit: Park bench, Bus station, Dogs.

WATTS (O.S.)
(over P.A. system)
This is the police! Pull your
vehicle to the side of the road!

Kareem grabs the PA mic. Coffee searches for a gun. He opens
the glove box and finds a FLARE GUN.

KAREEM
(over loud-speaker)
Eat a dick, motherfucker!
(to a pedestrian)
Get the fuck out of the way!

A SQUAD CAR joins in on the chase, throws on the SIREN. Pedestrians run for their lives.

ORLANDO
What the fuck is that?

Coffee hangs out the window and FIRES A FLARE. The flare hits the squad car's windshield and BLOWS UP. The squad car swerves, takes out a bus station. Orlando passes on the sidewalk.

WATTS
You're losing them!

ORLANDO
Motherfucker is shooting fireworks at us!

The cruiser has distance, but the Crown Vic is gaining fast.

KAREEM
Keep shooting!

Coffee sticks his body out the window and pulls the trigger as Kareem yanks the wheel, dodging a Pedestrian. Coffee jolts back and FIRES THE FLARE GUN inside the Buick!

COFFEE
Shit!

The FLARE EXPLODES IN THE CAR, the seats catch fire. Coffee tries to put it out. The flames spread. Fast.

COFFEE (CONT'D)
The car is on fire!

Kareem swerves as the trail of smoke clouds Watts' vision.

WATTS
You're losing him!

ORLANDO
I can't see shit!

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Watts FIRES through the smoke.

COFFEE
Slow down! There's an intersection!

A RED LIGHT. Kareem steps on the gas and flies through the intersection.

The Crown Vic follows and is SLAMMED by oncoming traffic.

IN SLOW MOTION, the FIERY POLICE CRUISER flies over a hill.

KAREEM
SHHHHHHHIIIIITTTT!

COFFEE (CONT'D)
FUUUCCCCKKKKKKKK?!

*

Kareem jerks the wheel and they cut across the median into:

A GAS STATION. The cruiser misses the pumps, and steers through the side of a car wash. The flames extinguish. Smoke shoots from each end of the CAR WASH.

A *long beat*. Kareem is about to cry.

KAREEM (CONT'D)
I'm too young for this shit.

MAN (O.S.)
She's gonna blow!

People run as a line of fire makes its way to the gas pump.

COFFEE
DRIVE!

The cruiser peels out as the trail of fire reaches the pumps... *BOOOOOOMMM!! The GAS STATION EXPLODES!*

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Watts watches the explosion from the intersection, unscathed, as Orlando limps out of the car.

Watts rips open the door of a car and throws the DRIVER out as if it were grand-theft auto.

WATTS
(to Orlando)
Hurry your ass up or I'm leaving.

Orlando limps to the car. It takes a while. They take off.

EXT. PARKING LOT, SEEDY MOTEL - LATER

The DESTROYED POLICE CRUISER is parked halfway on the sidewalk.

INT. SEEDY MOTEL ROOM, SEEDY MOTEL - SAME

A WAR ZONE: Broken furniture. Bullet holes. Blood stains. A hole in the bathroom wall. Kareem paces as Coffee sits on the edge of the bed, buries his face in his hands.

KAREEM

(frightened)

We're going to go after them,
right? They have my mom. We need to
act. We need guns. Grenades.

COFFEE

And then what are we going to do?
Storm the place? Kill everyone? A
cop and a fucking nine year old?

KAREEM

Yes. If that's what it takes to get
my mom back.

COFFEE

Look, I know how you feel. I hate
Watts too. But that doesn't mean we
can take on an army of guys. That's
not realistic.

Coffee picks up Kareem's note to Vanessa, reads it, shakes
his head.

COFFEE (CONT'D)

We can tell Watts we have another
recording of Orlando, use it as a
bargaining chip. That will buy us
enough time to go to the police.

KAREEM

If the cops are involved, she is as
good as dead. If you're too much of
a pussy to help, I'll go after them
myself.

COFFEE

I am trying to protect you.

KAREEM

You're trying to protect yourself.

COFFEE

That too. Alright? Now, grow up.
This isn't a fucking game.

KAREEM

I was right, you're just another
fucking pussy with a badge.

Kareem tries to leave. Coffee cuts him off.

COFFEE

I am not going to let you leave
this room, Kareem. I mean it.

KAREEM

Get out of my way.

COFFEE

No.

Kareem tries to force his way. Coffee pushes him back, then
Kareem slaps Coffee across the face.

COFFEE (CONT'D)

Hey! Do not touch me! Now, sit your
ass down!

KAREEM

Don't tell me what to do. You're
not my dad, Coffee.

COFFEE

No shit I'm not your dad. Because
unlike your dad, I am here.

KAREEM

Fuck you. You're just another dude
that dated my mom and ran away as
soon as shit got tough.

COFFEE

You're right. I am a pussy. I am
afraid. I run away from everything.
What did you expect? I'm dating a
single mother with a nine-year-old
sociopath for a son? I probably
should have ran away sooner, broke
up with her the second you entered
the equation. Then I wouldn't be in
this shit. Fuck. I'm sorry we can't
all be as --

(imitates Kareem)
-- big and tough as Kareem
motherfuckin' Manning, son --

VANESSA (O.S.)

Excuse me?

Vanessa storms in.

COFFEE

Vanessa?

-- *SLAP!*

VANESSA

Don't you ever talk to my son like that.

(to Kareem)

You okay, baby?

KAREEM

(fuming)

Yeah.

COFFEE

Vanessa, I'm sorry, I --

VANESSA

Break up with me? Single mother?
You're lucky to be with me.

COFFEE

I -- we -- thought you were dead.

VANESSA

And I thought you were a nice guy.
I told you I don't fuck around when it comes to my son, John. You think I'm going to let some punk kids fuck with me? Come on, baby.

Vanessa grabs Kareem's hand. They leave.

COFFEE

Wait, Vanessa.

INT. WAREHOUSE, DOCKS - SAME

Watts grills Orlando as Henchmen unload drugs from vans.

ORLANDO

I called him like 15 times. It just keeps ringing.

Watts removes his gun.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

Fine. But he's not going to pick up.

Orlando dials, presses SPEAKER. They wait as a TERRIBLE RING-BACK TONE PLAYS ON A LOOP. Like Flo Rida or some shit.

RODNEY
(VOICEMAIL)

Yo, you reached ya boy Rodney. I'll hit a nigga back soon as I'm done doin' dis gangsta shit. PEACCEEE!

Orlando hangs up.

ORLANDO
See, I told you. And I had to listen to that stupid-ass voicemail 15 times.

WATTS
Call him again.

I/E. MINI-VAN/PARKING LOT - SAME

A beat up Dee and Rodney are tied to the rear seats, pillowcases over their heads. Traces of blood seep through.

Rodney's PHONE VIBRATES in his pocket. He worms a hand free, presses ANSWER through his jeans.

RODNEY (O.S.)
(whispers)
Hello? If you can hear me, I am at the Roadway Motel, tied up in a minivan. This crazy bitch said she's going to do some pretty bad things to me. Please help -- shit, she's coming.

ANGLE ON PARKING LOT

Coffee limps after Vanessa and Kareem out of the motel.

COFFEE
Stop! Where are you going?

VANESSA
To the police. I have two boys, gagged and bagged in the car, who have plenty to say.

COFFEE
What about me? What about us?
Kareem?

KAREEM
You'd be better off, remember?

COFFEE
I'm sorry. I didn't mean it. I'd
just been shot. It's all over now.
We're good.
(trying)
Kareem, you're my boy. You know
you're my boy.

VANESSA
Goodbye, John.

Vanessa and Kareem climb into the minivan.

COFFEE
Kareem, please?!

VANESSA
(to Kareem)
Put your seat belt on. And don't
think for a second that I forgot
about the Taser.

Kareem complies, stares blankly out the window. *Upset.*

RODNEY
You a motherfuckin' snitch, son.
Hiding behind yo mom's and shit.

VANESSA
Did I give you permission to speak?

RODNEY
No Ma'am.

Vanessa takes a moment, then throws the car in reverse,
almost hits Coffee. Coffee jumps in front of the car.

COFFEE
I am not going to move until we all
talk about this.

VANESSA
(rolls the window down)
Get out of the way!

COFFEE
I don't care if you hit me. I got
hit by a car 20 minutes ago --

BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP! Vanessa lays on the HORN.

The Seedy Manager steps outside.

SEEDY MANGER
Do you guys mind keeping it down,
bro? There was a noise complaint.

Coffee shoots him a look as Vanessa punches it. Coffee jumps out of the way.

The minivan exits the parking lot. Kareem continues to stare out the window. Coffee chases them on foot.

COFFEE
Vanessa! Kareem! Kareem!

Coffee stops once the minivan is clearly out of reach.

In the distance, the minivan is cut off by a BEAT UP VAN.

COFFEE (CONT'D)
No!!!

A SNATCH and GRAB. Masked Henchmen drag Vanessa and Kareem from the minivan, throw them into the beat up van. A Henchman hops in the minivan and both cars drive away.

Coffee is left in the street, alone.

INT. FRONT OFFICE, SEEDY MOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Coffee bursts through the door, heads to the Seedy Manager.

COFFEE
Give me your phone.

SEEDY MANAGER
Ah --

COFFEE
Motherfucker, if I wanted you to open your mouth, I'd have already pulled out my dick.

The Seedy Manager hands him his phone. Coffee dials.

COFFEE (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Watts? It's Coffee.

PUSH IN ON Coffee.

COFFEE (CONT'D)
(into phone)
This shit ends tonight.

CUT TO:

BEGIN MONTAGE: NWA'S FUCK THA POLICE PLAYS. Coffee gears up.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The Seedy Manager drops Coffee off at his police cruiser. A dick is spray painted on the windshield.

INT. SEEDY MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Coffee gets strapped: clean uniform. Kevlar. Guns. He throws his badge in the trash.

I/E. POLICE CRUISER/STREET - DAY

Coffee picks up Carlos.

INT. SEEDY MOTEL ROOM - DAY

CAMERA PHONE FOOTAGE: Coffee address the camera.

COFFEE
This is John Coffee, formerly of
the Detroit Police Department. I am
recording this video because I want
the world to know what happened
here. This has never been a hostage
situation. Kareem Manning and I
have a very special relationship --

CARLOS
You just made it weird again.

Carlos films Coffee with his iPhone.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - DAY

Coffee pulls up to the police station and drops Carlos off.

COFFEE (V.O.)
We have been working together to
rid the department of corruption,
led by Detective Craig Watts.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Carlos walks through the bullpen. Lands at Shaw's desk. Hands her the iPhone. She presses play.

COFFEE (V.O.)

Who is responsible for the murder of Captain Gerald Hill, kidnapping my girlfriend Vanessa Manning and her son Kareem, and other drug-related crimes. I am requesting tactical units to investigate the River Street docks where a drug deal is taking place tonight.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - DAY

Coffee drives, a man on a mission.

COFFEE (V.O.)

If you decide not to act and I do not make it out alive, this video will be uploaded for the world to see, and you will all look dumb as fuck. Peace, bitches.

INT. SEEDY MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Coffee points his gun at the mirror and SHOOTS.

END MONTAGE.

EXT. WAREHOUSE, RIVER STREET DOCKS - DUSK

The sun sets over the water. Armed Henchmen finish moving packages of drugs onto pallets.

WATTS

The Canadians will be here soon. I want our shit to look professional. C-Murda, tuck in your shirt, you look like an asshole.

C-MURDA reluctantly tucks his long-T into his pants. A BLEEP of a SIREN is HEARD.

All eyes are on the cruiser in the distance. ANOTHER BLEEP.

WATTS (CONT'D)

(to Orlando)

Get the bitch and her kid.

Watts walks out of the warehouse's bay doors. Henchmen join him. They wait in anticipation, *for way too long...*

The cruiser creeps through the docks like a cowboy heading into a final gunfight. It arrives and does a three-point turn, facing the only exit. Stops. Idles.

The LOUDSPEAKER SCREECHES. Henchmen hold their ears.

COFFEE (O.S.)
Send out the Woman and Child.

WATTS
You get out of the car first.

The loudspeaker SCREECHES once more.

COFFEE (O.S.)
I want to see them.

WATTS
Goddamn. Hold your mouth further from the microphone!

Watts nods to Orlando, who nods to Dee. Dee brings out Vanessa and Kareem - bound and beaten.

VANESSA
Get your fucking hands off me!

COFFEE (O.S.)
Vanessa, Kareem, everything is going to be okay. I'm here.

KAREEM
Coffee?

COFFEE (O.S.)
I am really sorry for what I said before, I didn't mean any of it. I want you to know I love --

WATTS
Enough of this shit. They're here.
Get the fuck out of the car.

COFFEE (O.S.)
Once they are safe, I will come quietly.

WATTS
You come with me and give up that recording, then they walk.
(MORE)

WATTS (CONT'D)
That's the deal. Or I'll kill them
both in front of you.

Watts grabs Kareem. Holds a gun to his head.

COFFEE (O.S.)
You think I would come without back-
up? If they don't come out of this
alive, an associate of mine is
standing by to deliver enough
evidence to put you away for life.

WATTS
You don't have the balls.

COFFEE (O.S.)
(over loud speaker)
Oh, I have the balls. I have a pair
of big, green, oval-shaped balls.

Coffee is met with shared looks of confusion. He exits the
cruiser, holding a LIVE GRENADE.

COFFEE (CONT'D)
I meant I have two grenades.

He fishes in his pocket. Removes an additional grenade. Pulls
the pin with his mouth, spits it out. Henchmen stand back.

WATTS
Y'all seriously scared? He's
bluffing! They did the same shit in
Lethal Weapon.

COFFEE
The grenades are real! See, before
I thought I didn't have the
grenades I needed to end this when
I should have. But the thing is I
actually had the grenades all
along, it just wasn't until I
realized I had something worth --

BOOM! Watts FIRES, hits Coffee in the shoulder. A grenade
falls to the ground.

COFFEE (CONT'D)
FUCK! SHIT! RUN! FUCKING RUN!

Coffee kicks the grenade at Watts and the Henchmen.

COFFEE (CONT'D)
Kareem! Vanessa! This way!

Everyone runs except for Dee. Vanessa and Kareem sprint to Coffee. He tosses the other grenade into the warehouse, then pushes Vanessa and Kareem into the cruiser.

DEE
I ain't scared of no grenade --

BOOOOOM! Dee blows into pieces, takes a few Henchman with him. The blast knocks Coffee off his feet.

BOOOOOM! Half the DRUGS EXPLODE in the WAREHOUSE.

Coffee attempts to stand, wavers in and out of consciousness. WHITE NOISE FILLS THE SPEAKERS.

COFFEE'S POV (for the remainder of the scene): SOUNDS ARE MUFFLED. The FOCUS BREATHES. Watts runs up to him.

WATTS
(muffled)
MY FUCKING DRUGS!

The remaining Henchmen point their guns at Coffee as Watts shakes him and repeatedly punches him in the face. In the b.g., Rodney removes Vanessa and Kareem from the Car.

FADE TO BLACK.

VANESSA (O.S.)
Coffee?

INT. SECOND FLOOR, WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

We are CLOSE ON Coffee's face as he regains consciousness.

VANESSA
Coffee?

Coffee sits between Vanessa and Kareem. They are bound to chairs silhouetted by huge bay windows overlooking the water.

COFFEE
I am so sorry about everything.
What I said at the motel was a lie.

VANESSA
(tries to free herself)
John, we really need to focus on
getting the hell out of here while
we have the chance.

COFFEE

Right. The police should be here soon. I had Carlos drop off a video with my testimony of everything.

VANESSA

Carlos.

COFFEE

He's a friend of Kareem's, so I knew he'd be legit. Once I assured him that INS wouldn't be involved, he was happy to help. If we can last long enough, we can make it out alive. Now, I have a gun.

VANESSA

You do?

KAREEM

Where?

Beat.

COFFEE

It's tucked under my genitals -- my dick. It's under my dick. Well, more my balls more than my dick.

VANESSA

Jesus.

COFFEE

Where was I supposed to put it? If I learned anything in the last 24 hours it's that Orlando and his crew are really homophobic.

Coffee scoots towards Vanessa.

COFFEE (CONT'D)

I think you may be able to reach in with your hand and --

KAREEM

Are you serious? The last thing I see before I die is going to be my mom giving you a fucking hand job?

COFFEE

You need to be an adult about this. It's to save our lives.

KAREEM

I would rather die.

COFFEE

Do you want to get it?

Coffee scoots towards Kareem.

VANESSA

Seriously, John? Get over here.

Coffee scoots his chair next to Vanessa.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Honey, we don't have much time.
It's nothing I haven't seen before.

KAREEM

Yeah, me either. Would be the third time today. It's all pink and shit.

VANESSA

What?

COFFEE

Ah, lets try and stay focused here.

Coffee leans forward on his toes. An awkward position. She wiggles her hand in his pants. Kareem closes his eyes.

COFFEE (CONT'D)

Ah, your hands are cold.

KAREEM

If we don't die, I swear to God I am going to kill you.

VANESSA

Where is it?

COFFEE

It may have slid further back, near my asshole. Maybe if you go in from behind...

VOICES ARE HEARD, GROWING CLOSER.

KAREEM

They're coming.

Vanessa pulls out, empty-handed, as Coffee returns to his original position. Watts enters with Orlando, and Henchmen.

WATTS

John Coffee. Blows up half of my drugs and kills my most reliable killer. See, normally I would just kill you. But after your cute little grenade stunt, I can't be sure what other dumb ideas you had. Like going to the Feds!

(punches Coffee)

Internal affairs!

(another punch)

The DEA!

Watts winds up --

VANESSA

Hey! That's enough.

WATTS

Don't think I won't hit a bitch.

KAREEM

Fuck you.

Watts looks at Kareem, punches Vanessa.

WATTS

That's what happens when you talk shit, little man.

COFFEE

I'll tell you whatever you want. Just give me a second to get my thoughts together.

Watts circles Vanessa, runs his gun through her hair.

WATTS

You need something to speed up your thought process?

(to Orlando)

Take this bitch outside and waterboard her.

Orlando shoots Watts a look - *I ain't doing that shit.*

WATTS (CONT'D)

What?

ORLANDO

I mean, I don't even know how to do that shit.

WATTS

Then figure it out. Yelp that shit.

Rodney comes to the door.

RODNEY

The Canadians just pulled up to the docks.

WATTS

My man Rodney.

Watts turns to Rodney, he puts a hand on his shoulder.

WATTS (CONT'D)

It's time for a promotion. From now on, you're in charge of all the killing I don't want to do.

It's a big moment for Rodney. The other Henchmen look on with pride. Orlando rolls his eyes.

RODNEY

I won't let you down.

WATTS

Great. Now take this bitch out back and torture the fuck out of her. Do your worst. I want these motherfuckers to hear it.

(to Henchmen)

You guys work for Rodney now.

RODNEY

What are you waiting for? Take her outside.

Henchmen drag Vanessa away. Rodney and Watts follow.

COFFEE

Vanessa!

KAREEM

Mom!

VANESSA

I'm going to kill all of you!

WATTS

(to Orlando)

You stay here and baby-sit.

INT. MAIN FLOOR, WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Watts and company walk downstairs to the main floor. Rodney leaves with a feisty Vanessa. Watts stops, surveys the area: Henchmen sweep and repackage drugs. A total disaster.

WATTS

Fuck.

Watts exits the bay doors towards --

EXT. DOCKS - SAME

A mini army of FRENCH CANADIANS, armed with automatic weapons and PONYTAILS, dock their barge.

JEROME (90, the bad guy in LETHAL WEAPON 3) addresses them.

JEROME

(in French w/subtitles)

We get the drugs and get out. Any funny business, shoot first, ask questions later. You don't fuck with Canada.

"Qui's" and nods all around. Watts approaches.

WATTS

Bonjour!

JEROME

Where are ze drugs?

WATTS

Right this way, Gentleman.

They pile out of the boat, follow Watts and his Henchmen.

INT. SECOND FLOOR, WAREHOUSE - SAME

Orlando sits across from Coffee and a defeated Kareem, lights a blunt.

COFFEE

Orlando, you can't do this. I know you are not a bad guy.

KAREEM

Yeah, he is. He's a piece of shit.

ORLANDO

Me? If the roles were reversed, I'd be jerking off in this dude's face right now.

COFFEE

I had no other option. And it's not like I finished.

ORLANDO

Shit was unforgivable.

KAREEM

Watts is right. You're soft. You're fucking drake. You're Obama, son.

ORLANDO

Oh, word?

COFFEE

This kid idolized you, Orlando.

ORLANDO

You want to help him? He said that you raped him.

COFFEE

Well, he was understandably hurt after seeing me having sex with his mom. Since then, we've found it in our hearts to forgive each other.

Kareem shakes his head as Orlando takes a drag of his blunt.

ORLANDO

(feeling guilty)

Trying to make me feel guilty and shit.

COFFEE

And I think you could find it in your heart to forgive me too.

Coffee scoots his chair towards the bay window.

ORLANDO

What the fuck you doing?

He slams the back of his head against the window.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

Yo, stop doing that. You're gonna give yourself a concussion.

COFFEE

The truth is that this place is going to be crawling with cops in a matter of minutes. So either way you're going out.

Coffee hits his head, the glass splinters. Orlando takes his gun out, points it at Coffee.

COFFEE (CONT'D)

Now you can keep holding on to the fantasy of being something you're not, or you can decide to man up, stop being a dick, and do what's right.

Coffee hits his head -- THE GLASS SHATTERS.

COFFEE (CONT'D)

The choice is yours...

Coffee falls out the window along with the glass.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

And SLAMS onto the pavement! The CHAIR SHATTERS underneath him. Coffee writhes in pain.

COFFEE

Ow. Fuck. My ass.

INT. MAIN FLOOR, WAREHOUSE - SAME

Watts and Jerome pause midconversation.

JEROME

What ze fuck was that?

WATTS

Probably just a raccoon or something. You have raccoons in Canada?

Watts nods to a Henchman, who leaves to check on it. The Canadians are growing restless.

WATTS (CONT'D)

Where was I? So we had a tiny issue...

EXT. WAREHOUSE - SAME

Orlando points his gun at Coffee from the broken window. Coffee tries to get up. Falls. Baby dear legs.

ORLANDO
Fuck this.

Orlando lowers his gun, heads inside. Coffee stands, reaches deep into his pants, grabs his gun.

INT. SECOND FLOOR, WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Orlando frantically unties Kareem's restraints.

ORLANDO
Shit, all I ever wanted to do was smoke weed and make music. You think I like doing this? I was you one day. A little fat kid. Would sit down and my dick would disappear. Try to act hard so you don't get fucked with, then you have to live up to some bullshit idea of yourself that ain't really you. I get it.

Orlando finishes. Kareem stands.

KAREEM
Thanks. You have an extra gun?

ORLANDO
Fuck no, I don't have no gun for no kid.

INT. MAIN FLOOR, WAREHOUSE - SAME

Watts and the Canadians are midargument. Watts picks up a handful of dirt-filled powder.

WATTS
That's what I'm saying. It's free. I'll charge you for the other shit, but this shit is on the house. It's a deal. There's just a little dirt.

Watts picks dirt from the drugs. They are not impressed. The Canadians speak to each other in French.

ANGLE ON COFFEE

Coffee limps, gun in hand. Creeping behind the pallets against the far wall, no more than 30 feet from Watts.

ANGLE ON WATTS

WATTS (CONT'D)
Are you guys talking about how good of a deal this is?

A SCREAM FROM VANESSA breaks up the argument.

WATTS (CONT'D)
Don't worry about that. That's the bitch that fucked it all up. Shit, I'll throw her in too.

JEROME
Mr. Watts, we respectfully decline ze offer.

Tension. Watts eyes a Canadian with a briefcase handcuffed to his wrist.

WATTS
What about my fucking money?

ANGLE ON COFFEE

Coffee heads into a hallway, in the far left corner of the room, towards VANESSA'S SCREAMS.

We PAN TO the staircase in the far right corner as Orlando and Kareem sneak down. WATTS ARGUES in the b.g.

INT. HALLWAY, WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Coffee moves towards an open door. Clenches his gun.

VANESSA (O.S.)
Let me go, you cocksuckers!

INT. BACK ROOM, WAREHOUSE - SAME

Vanessa's arms are tied, she hangs from an industrial hook.

RODNEY
You thought you were hard, tying me up in that minivan?
(MORE)

RODNEY (CONT'D)

Now you fucking with the man. Ain't
that right, boys?

Rodney's Henchmen nod.

VANESSA

If I get down from here I am going
to choke the life out of you.

The Henchmen are a little intimidated. Rodney checks them.

RODNEY

Punch this bitch until she dies.

INT. HALLWAY, WAREHOUSE - SAME

Coffee takes a breath outside the door. Turns into --

INT. BACK ROOM, WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Coffee fires. The Henchmen go down.

COFFEE

(trying a little too hard)
The only motherfucker hitting that
is 'gone be me!'

VANESSA

What?

COFFEE

Still kind of working on that.

RODNEY

You missed me, motherfucker --

Vanessa wraps her legs around Rodney's neck, chokes the life out of him. Rodney's body drops to the ground. Coffee limps to Vanessa, lifts her off the hook. They kiss.

COFFEE

Thank God you're alive.

VANESSA

Where is my son?

KAREEM (O.S.)

Mom!

Kareem runs into the room. Hugs Vanessa. Orlando follows.

ORLANDO
He's right here, yo.

Coffee and Orlando exchange a look of mutual respect.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)
We gotta get out of here, shit is
about to go off.

Orlando searches for an exit, pulls on the window bars.

The SOUND OF POLICE SIRENS fills the air.

INT. MAIN FLOOR, WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A stand-off. Watts is behind the Canadian with the briefcase, an arm across his neck and a gun to his head. Both crews yell and point guns at each other.

CANADIANS	HENCHMEN
Fuck you/Put your guns down/I'll fucking kill you.	You put your fucking guns down/Fuck you/I'll kill you.

*

Red and blue police strobes spill in from outside.

WATTS
You see that?! That's my back-up,
motherfuckers!

EXT. WAREHOUSE - SAME

SQUAD CARS arrive in droves. A POLICE HELICOPTER shines a spot light on the Warehouse.

INT. MAIN FLOOR, WAREHOUSE - SAME

The STAND-OFF is interrupted by a LOUDSPEAKER:

SHAW (O.S.)
This is the Detroit Police! Come
out with your hands up!

Watts puts his gun against the wrist of the Canadian with the briefcase, SHOOTS it square off.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! YAK! YAK! YAK! Everyone with a gun shoots.

Watts takes cover behind a pallet of drugs. Officers storm the place! Peretti comes in behind Watts.

WATTS

Peretti! Thank God you're here.
Call in the reinforcements. Tell
them to bomb the place.

PERETTI

Whose hand is that?!

The Canadian's hand is still cuffed to the briefcase. *BOOM! BOOM!* Watts shoots Peretti. It's a fucking war-zone.

INT. HALLWAY, WAREHOUSE - SAME

The SOUND OF GUNFIRE RINGS THROUGH THE HALLWAY. Coffee, Vanessa, Kareem, and Orlando search for an exit. *BOOM!* Coffee FIRES A SHOT at a chain-locked door. *No dice.*

COFFEE

Shit!

A HENCHMAN escapes into the hallway and FIRES. Coffee pushes Vanessa and Kareem to safety. Orlando and Coffee FIRE BACK.

BOOM! The Henchman's last shot hits a GAS LINE and it EXPLODES. Orlando is knocked on his ass. Coffee pulls him to his feet.

COFFEE (CONT'D)

Are you guys alright?

VANESSA & KAREEM

Yeah.

Orlando nods. Fire spreads up the walls.

COFFEE

(to Kareem & Vanessa)

Look, I know you're scared. We're
are all scared. But, the only way
out is through there.

They look to the entrance of the main room. A Henchman is shot 3,000 times. *Perfect timing.*

COFFEE (CONT'D)

I promise I am going to get you
guys out of here alive.

KAREEM

What about you?

COFFEE
Stay low and tight to the wall.
Orlando and I will clear a path.
You ready?

Worried nods are exchanged.

COFFEE (CONT'D)
Knuckles.

Coffee sticks his fist out for a fist bump. Kareem accepts.

MUSIC UP: MICHAEL BUBLÉ'S WHITE CHRISTMAS.

INT. MAIN FLOOR, WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

In SLOW MOTION, Coffee, Orlando, Kareem and Vanessa round the corner. Coffee and Orlando mow down anyone in their path.

Booooooooooooooom! Boooooooooooooom! Boooooooooooooom! Boooooooooooooom!

They take cover behind a pallet of drugs as a Canadian with a MACHINE GUN sprays the entire room with bullets. Blood, bodies, and drugs fly in SLO-MO.

The Canadian runs out of bullets.

COFFEE

Vanessa grabs Kareem's hand and they run through the mayhem as Coffee and Orlando head into the middle of the room, FIRING, all of the attention on them.

Booooooooooooooom! Booooooooooooom! Booooooooooooom! Booooooooooooom!

COFFEE (CONT'D) ORLANDO
SUUUUUUUCCCCKKKK MYYYYYYYYY FUUUUUUUCCCCKKKK YOOOOUUUU
DIIIIIIIIIIIIICCCCCKKKKK!! NIIIIIIIGGGGGGAAAAAAA!!

Coffee and Orlando are riddled with bullets.

ANGLE ON KAREEM AND VANESSA

Vanessa and Kareem run to SWAT TEAM OFFICERS at the entrance.

KAREEM
COOOOOOOOOOFFFFFFFEEEEEEE!!!!

SWAT OFFICERS throw tear gas canisters. Coffee disappears in a cloud of gas. Kareem is dragged away by a Swat Officer.

ANGLE ON COFFEE

Coffee and Orlando sit against the wall. Both cry from the tear gas.

COFFEE

I am sorry for everything. The jerking off, all of that stuff.

ORLANDO

I hated you so much for that, but to be honest, I feel like I deserved it.

COFFEE

No one deserves that.

ORLANDO

Like, not unless they want it. Then it's their choice, and it's cool.

Coffee and Orlando laugh/cough. Swat Officers with gas masks storm the place.

COFFEE

You think you can walk?

We PULL OUT TO REVEAL a DEAD SWAT GUY lying next to them.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - SAME

Helicopters shine their lights on Vanessa and Kareem, who are met by Shaw.

SHAW

Are you alright?

KAREEM

Coffee is still in there!

INT. MAIN ROOM, WAREHOUSE - SAME

The FIRE spreads, fast. Coffee sits next to, a now naked, Dead Swat Officer.

Coffee notices a figure in the distance:

COFFEE
Watts!

WATTS
Coffee?

Coffee climbs to his feet as Watts comes out of the smoke. Both beat to shit. They move towards each other, fall before they can make it. Coffee crawls to Watts.

WATTS (CONT'D)
It's you and me, motherfucker.

They trade limp punches. Watts hits Coffee with the briefcase. Coffee gets on top of Watts, head-butts him in the nose. Watts jabs his finger in Coffee's bullet wound. Watts reverses, gets on top of Coffee.

Blood from Watts' nose drips in Coffee's mouth. Watts hits Coffee with the briefcase. Coffee shoves the dead hand in his mouth. SWAT Officers draw their weapons.

SWAT OFFICER
Put the briefcase down!

WATTS
Fuck you --

A huge piece of ceiling comes down on Watts and Coffee.

A DYING CANADIAN grabs the ankle of a SWAT Officer. Reveals a vest full of explosives, pins pulled.

DYING CANADIAN For Canada.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

SWAT runs from the building as The WAREHOUSE EXPLODES.

Everyone watches in horror. Vanessa holds Kareem.

SHAW
I'm so sorry.

FIREMEN rush to the scene. Kareem and Vanessa are escorted away by Officers.

It has hit a real low...

FEATURED EXTRA WHO WILL TRY TO GET
LAID OFF THIS ONE SHITTY LINE

Look!

Cue the DRAMATIC FILM SCORE:

Coffee trudges from the building. If he lives, people probably won't be able to eat around him. He's badly burned. Missing hair. His pants' legs are on FIRE.

A Fireman douses Coffee with an extinguisher. Kareem breaks free from the Cops and sprints to Coffee. Vanessa follows.

Coffee drops to his knees, hugs Kareem and Vanessa.

COFFEE

You crying? Who's the bitch now?

KAREEM

(laugh-crying)

You look like the retarded guy from
The Goonies.

Shaw approaches with a team of PARAMEDICS.

SHAW

Are you alright?

COFFEE

No.

The Paramedics grab Coffee as he passes out.

FADE TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - LATER

Firemen pull bodies from the debris. Coffee sits on a stretcher next to Vanessa. Patched up. Still looks like shit.

VANESSA

You think he's going to be alright?

ANGLE ON KAREEM

Sitting on the back of an AMBULANCE. He eats a burrito while a HOT PARAMEDIC checks his heart rate.

KAREEM

So where are you from, Debbie?

ANGLE ON COFFEE AND VANESSA

COFFEE
I think he'll be just fine.

Coffee and Vanessa kiss.

COFFEE (CONT'D)
What would you say if I asked you
to Marry me --

FIREMAN
We got a live one!

Paramedics rush over as an Officer helps a mutilated Watts
out of the warehouse debris. Coffee stands.

WATTS
Coffee! I'm gonna fucking kill you!
Get your ass out here!

Watts head-butts the Officer and grabs his gun. Watt's eyes
meet Coffee's. Coffee trains his gun on Watts.

COFFEE
Drop the gun! Or I'll shoot!

WATTS
You ain't gonna shoot shit.

We PUSH IN ON Coffee.

COFFEE
Yeah? How'd you like this hot load
all up in your shit?

BOOM!
BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!
BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!
BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!
BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!
BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!
BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!
BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Watts's body is ripped to pieces.

COFFEE (CONT'D)
Nigga.

Everyone stops what they are doing and looks at Coffee -- not
okay. Kareem just shakes his head.

CUT TO BLACK.