Executive Producer: Courtney A. Kemp
Executive Producer: Curtis "50 Cent" Jackson
Executive Producer: Sascha Penn
Executive Producer: Bart Wenrich
Executive Producer: Shana Stein
Executive Producer: Mark Canton
Executive Producer: Chris Selak
Executive Producer: Kevin Fox
Co-Executive Producer: Mike Flynn
Co-Executive Producer: Tash Gray
Co-Executive Producer: Santa Sierra
Director: Rob Hardy

POWER

BOOK III: RAISING KANAN

EPISODE 210

"IF Y'DON'T KNOW, NOW Y'KNOW"

WRITTEN BY

SASCHA PENN & NAJA RAYNE

* COLLATED *

WHITE PRODUCTION DRAFT: 02/15/22
BLUE REVISIONS: 02/20/22
PINK REVISIONS: 02/22/22
YELLOW REVISIONS: 02/23/22
GREEN REVISIONS: 02/28/22

Copyright © 2022 Lions Gate Television Inc. All rights reserved. No portion of this script may be performed, published, sold or distributed by any means, or quoted or published in any medium, including on any website, without prior written consent. Disposal of this script copy does not alter any of the restrictions set forth above.

POWER BOOK III: RAISING KANAN

#210 "If Y'Don't Know, Now Y'Know"
Green Revisions
02/28/22

REVISION HISTORY

WHITE PRODUCTION DRAFT: 02/15/22

BLUE REVISIONS: 02/20/22

Revised Pages: 2, 2A, 3, 5, 13, 14, 15, 20, 24, 26, 29, 34, 35, 36, 37, 41, 44, 47, 49, 50, 51, 53, 55

PINK REVISIONS: 02/22/22

Revised Pages: Day/Night Breakdown, 17, 19, 20

Note: Scenes 11-14 have been changed from NIGHT 2 to DAY 2

YELLOW REVISIONS: 02/23/22

Revised Pages: 40, 40A

GREEN REVISIONS: 02/28/22

Revised Page: 27

POWER BOOK III: RAISING KANAN

#210 "If Y'Don't Know, Now Y'Know"
White Production Draft
02/15/22

CAST LIST

RAQUEL "RAQ" THOMAS
KANAN STARK
MARVIN THOMAS
LOUIS "LOU-LOU" THOMAS
LAVERNE "JUKEBOX" THOMAS
DETECTIVE MALCOLM HOWARD
KADEEM "UNIQUE" MATHIS
DETECTIVE SHANNON BURKE
SHAWN "FAMOUS" FIGUEROA

WORRELL
JULIANA AYALA
ZISA
KENYA PIERCE
SAL BOSELLI
DETECTIVE ADINA FOYLE
SAM
DUKE
JAMES BINGHAM
BORN READY
JOAQUIN
TRAYMONT STINSON
ABRAHAM DREW
DETECTIVE GARCIA
COREY
DARIO
CARMINE
STEFANO MARCHETTI
DEMO
BANK MANAGER
BASEHEAD #1
BASEHEAD #2
GUARD
OTHER WOMAN
OLD GUY
GIORGIO

(CONT'D ON NEXT PAGE)

CAST LIST (CONT'D)

WORKER #1
WINNER
NEWARK WORKER
OLD CRACKHEAD
GOOMBA #2
MAN #2 (PEDESTRIAN from Episode 204)
WHITE GUY #1
RAQ'S BODYMAN
GERONIMO
DAY
TAI
HENCHMAN
40s HALLWAY WORKER

GROWN KANAN (V.O.)

POWER BOOK III: RAISING KANAN

#210 "If Y'Don't Know, Now Y'Know"
White Production Draft
02/15/22

LOCATION/SET LIST

INTERIORS

40 PROJECTS
APARTMENT

ABANDONED HOUSE

BAISLEY PROJECTS
7TH FLOOR HALLWAY
8TH FLOOR HALLWAY
STAIRWELL
UNIT 807

BURKE'S CAR

CARVER FEDERAL SAVINGS BANK

COFFEE SHOP

COLOMBIAN RESTAURANT

CRACK HOUSE

EL MALECON RESTAURANT

FAMOUS'S APARTMENT BUILDING
FAMOUS'S APARTMENT

HARLEM PRECINCT
HOLDING CELL

HOWARD'S CAR

HOWARD'S HOUSE
LIVING ROOM

INTERIORS (CONT'D)

LAMONT'S DINER

"LOU'S CAR" (DRIVE-BY)

MARCHETTI'S TROPICAL FISH

"MARVIN'S CAR" (DRIVE-BY)

MARVIN'S HOUSE
HALLWAY
JUKEBOX'S ROOM
LIVING ROOM

NEWARK PROJECTS
APARTMENT

OLD GUY'S APARTMENT

PIERRE HOTEL
LOBBY

RAQ'S NEW HOUSE

RAQ'S TOWNHOUSE
DINING ROOM

RECORDING STUDIO

SHITTY HOUSE

TAMERLANE SOCIAL CLUB

(EXTERIORS ON NEXT PAGE)

LOCATION/SET LIST (CONT'D)

EXTERIORS

BAISLEY POND PARK

BURKE'S CAR

CRACK HOUSE

HARLEM CHURCH

HARLEM PRECINCT

HOWARD'S CAR

MARCHETTI'S TROPICAL FISH

NEWARK STREET

RAQ'S TOWNHOUSE

STREET CORNER

TAMERLANE SOCIAL CLUB

POWER BOOK III: RAISING KANAN

#210 "If Y'Don't Know, Now Y'Know"
Pink Revisions
02/22/22

DAY/NIGHT BREAKDOWN

NIGHT 1 Scene 1

DAY 2 Scenes 2-**14***
NIGHT 2 Scenes **15***-17

DAY 3 Scenes 18-25
NIGHT 3 Scenes 26-49

1 **INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - NIGHT (N1)** 1

SAM huddles in the corner with a FELLOW CRACKHEAD (this guy could be 30, or he could be 75).

GROWN KANAN (V.O.)
Never got into dope. Never wanted nothin' or nobody controllin' me but me. Ain't no pipe gonna tell me what to do. Ain't no heron gonna have me stickin' up fools on the first of the month.

Sam takes a hit off a pipe, breathing it deep into his lungs.

GROWN KANAN (V.O.)
When them drugs get hold of you, they grab you by the muhfuckin' throat and take everything you got until ain't nothin' left but what you holdin' in your grimy-ass hand.

He exhales.

GROWN KANAN (V.O.)
And you still keep smokin'. 'Cuz that shit your whole damn life. You either high or tryin' to get high. Ain't nothin' else.

Sam closes his eyes and enjoys it. He's just passing the pipe to his partner when... BOOM! BOOM!

GUNSHOTS ring out.

The other guy CATCHES TWO SLUGS TO THE CHEST.

He's deader than dead.

Sam looks up to see MARVIN, still-smoking GAT in hand, standing in the doorway.

MARVIN
Tryin' to do right up in this muhfucka and look what you done made me do.

Sam's immediately terrified.

SAM
Marvin! My man! My brother! I was just about to get back on that bus, man! Got my ticket and my snacks and-

Marvin cuts him off.

MARVIN
Couldn't've been any clearer, nigga. I said go and don't never come back.

Sam pleads.

SAM
I'm gone now, Marv. Swear to God. You won't never see Sam not never again. Just gonna be a rumor on these streets. A ghost. Just some old, crackhead niggas on the corner kinda remember but mostly forget, man.

There's a mournfulness to Marvin here. Sadness. Regret. Resignation.

But nevertheless, he trains his gun on Sam.

MARVIN
That bus done came and went, brother.

Sam knows it's over for him. He looks over and sees the pipe that his dead colleague dropped when he got shot.

SAM
Lemme get this last hit then.

Marvin nods.

Sam picks up the pipe, ignites his lighter and takes a long, last pull. Sucks that shit all the way down to his toes.

As he exhales, he smiles.

SAM (CONT'D)
You know I used to be an accountant?

Sam smiles at the memory.

SAM (CONT'D)
Downtown. Price Waterhouse. Had my C.P.A. and all that.

Marvin's hearing him but not listening.

SAM (CONT'D)
Ain't that something? Muhfuckas trusted Sam here with they money. Had me countin' that shit!
(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)
Addin' it up! Nigga even had his own cubicle!

Sam delivers a short eulogy for himself.

SAM (CONT'D)
Took one pull of that crack rock, though, and all that shit went up in smoke. And here the fuck we are.

MARVIN
Here we are.

SAM
Life crazy, Marvin. You go around one corner, and you can't never go back again. Sometimes I think that I never had-

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Sam's done thinking.

Marvin stares down at his handiwork for a beat.

GROWN KANAN (V.O.)
Everybody talk about them crossroads down south where you sell your soul to the devil. Fuck that. I seen the devil posted up on Guy Brewer, and that nigga ain't buyin', he sellin'. You pay him that dime, he take your soul. And he ain't givin' that shit back. It's his and his for good.

And then he exits.

2 **INT. LAMONT'S DINER - MORNING (D2)** 2

With her BODYMAN nearby, RAQ sits alone in a booth. She's deep in thought. On the one hand, she's on the verge of an exponential expansion of her business. At the same time, though, her conflict with the Italians and the fracture in her relationship with Kanan casts a dark cloud over everything.

With WORRELL in tow, UNIQUE approaches.

Raq's Bodyman steps in and blocks his path, but Raq gestures to him to let Unique through. He sits down across from her.

UNIQUE
You a wild girl, Raquel Thomas.

RAQ
I'm about my business, 'Nique. It's all these other niggas out here wilin'.

'Nique can't help but respect and appreciate Raq's resolve.

UNIQUE
Sal Boselli comin' for that ass.

RAQ
And I'm bettin' you told 'em where to find me.

No. Not at all.

UNIQUE
I ain't a nigga who tells, Raq. Not who I am.

Raq knows Unique lives by a code.

UNIQUE (CONT'D)
But Sal comin'. No question. And there gonna be blood in our streets.

Facts.

RAQ
Our streets and their streets.

Raq assumes that what she says here will get back to Sal, so she talks like she's speaking to him.

RAQ (CONT'D)
I ain't never been scared of that. Is what it is.

Raq locks eyes with Unique.

RAQ (CONT'D)
Once all this Jersey shit's over and done with, I'm gonna be worldwide. New markets, new opportunities, new money. Could use heads who know this work and how to move in this world.

'Nique knows what this is.

UNIQUE
You want me to hustle for you.

RAQ
You already hustlin' for me. I'm offerin you somethin' bigger than that. This the ground floor, and we goin' nowhere but up.

He takes a beat.

UNIQUE
Know what? I'ma pass, baby. Respectfully and all that. It's just a nigga like me ain't built to be nobody's employee. And Worrell and I about to move onto greener pastures and shit anyway. Put up our own shingle so to speak. You know how we do.

She does.

RAQ
Hope your business don't bump into mine. 'Cuz my elbows real sharp these days.

He chuckles and studies her for a beat.

UNIQUE
They broke the damn mold when they made you, girl.

Unique likes Raq. Can't help himself.

UNIQUE (CONT'D)
You ever catch feelings for me, Raq?

Raq gives a laugh.

RAQ
This nigga talkin' crazy now.

Not at all.

UNIQUE
I mean, most romance start in the office. Heads bumpin' into each other at the water cooler and whatnot. Just wonderin' if you ever favor a nigga that way.

With anyone else, Raq would think this is a joke. But she knows Unique well enough to know that he's serious.

And the truth is that she has been attracted to Unique, but she'd never admit that to anyone. Including herself.

RAQ
We ain't got no water cooler, 'Nique. And last time I checked, we was tryin' to kill each other for a hot minute.

Fair.

UNIQUE
You know what they say. It's a thin line...

He stands.

UNIQUE (CONT'D)
Stay up, baby.

RAQ
Always.

OFF RAQ, watching Unique and remembering all the times that maybe she was feelin' him...

3 **INT. FAMOUS'S APARTMENT - DAY (D2)** 3

KANAN and FAMOUS pass a blunt between them.

FAMOUS
If you gonna keep campin' out here, I'ma need you to kick in, man. 'Cuz I been able to scrape together enough for another week or so, but it lookin' mad shaky after that.

Kanan exhales a cloud of smoke.

KANAN
I hear you, brother. Thing is, my pockets ain't exactly fat these days neither.

Famous takes a deep hit.

KANAN (CONT'D)
What you think about gettin' back on the corner?

FAMOUS
And sellin' what? That ass?

Kanan's not talking about mix tapes.

KANAN
I can get us work. But you gotta be down for the crime.

Famous is still skeptical.

FAMOUS
Fifty-sixty pieces like we did before ain't gonna pay these bills, nigga. We need more than that.

KANAN
I got it.

For real?

FAMOUS
Raq gonna just give that shit to you?

KANAN
I don't need her to give me nothin'. That shit mine.

Damn.

KANAN (CONT'D)
Shit <u>been</u> mine.

It's like that?

4 **<u>INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY (D2)</u>** 4

LOU sits at the board and goes through the day's mail. It's mostly garbage until he gets to the latest statement from Carver Federal Savings Bank. He opens it, pulls out the paperwork and then...

LOU-LOU
(off the statement)
What the fuck?

Something's not right. But before he can scrutinize the statement more closely, ZISA enters.

ZISA
Lemme get in that booth.

Lou wasn't expecting her.

LOU-LOU
I thought we were gonna take a couple weeks off ‘cuz of Cartier.

ZISA
I only said that because my parents got all scared that him getting shot had something to do with this music business.

It did.

ZISA (CONT’D)
But I told them Cartier made enemies everywhere. And nobody’s gettin’ murdered because of a fuckin’ song.

Not yet. But they will.

She tosses Lou a cassette tape.

ZISA (CONT’D)
Made a beat for myself.

Lou’s impressed.

LOU-LOU
Check you out.

ZISA
I’m an artist, Lou. A creator.

With Cartier out the mix, Zisa has a liberty she hasn’t experienced before. She’s feeling herself.

ZISA (CONT’D)
Recognize.

Lou’s impressed by her confidence.

LOU-LOU
Word.

As Zisa heads for the booth, Lou puts the cassette in a nearby tape deck and presses play.

As the beat bumps out the speaker -- think “Real Love” by Mary J. Blige -- Lou glances at the banking statement once again and then moves it to the side of the board for later.

He speaks to Zisa in the booth.

LOU-LOU (CONT'D)
Let's do this then.

OFF LOU, gettin' to work but still slightly distracted...

5 **EXT. HARLEM CHURCH - DAY (D2)** 5

COREY, who we last saw kissing Jukebox rather unsuccessfully after their date together, exits the church with a GROUP OF KIDS. He says some farewells...

COREY
I gotta go get these shoes for work. I'll hit you later.

Some daps are exchanged, and Corey heads up the block. He's just about to put his headphones on, when someone taps his shoulder from behind.

He turns around just in time to CATCH A STRAIGHT RIGHT to the face courtesy of one LAVERNE "JUKEBOX" THOMAS. It's a hell of a punch to take, especially when you're not expecting it.

Corey is staggered, but he doesn't go down.

JUKEBOX
You thought you could just play me like that, snitch-ass muhfucka?

Corey rubs at his jaw.

COREY
You crazy fuckin' bitch.

JUKEBOX
That whole date was a set-up that you, my moms and the church cooked up.

Corey continues to check to see if his jaw is broken.

COREY
Sister Kenya asked me to do it. Told me she was worried about choices you makin'. Wanted me to see if you like niggas.

Corey tries to play the tough guy.

COREY (CONT'D)
And like I told her, you just a dyke-ass bitch, who too ugly to get with me anyway.

Jukebox THROWS ANOTHER STRAIGHT RIGHT INTO HIS FACE.

JUKEBOX
I got your dyke bitch right here!

And this time, he GOES DOWN.

Juke stands over him and unleashes a TORRENT OF KICKS on this asshole.

JUKEBOX (CONT'D)
Can I get with you now, nigga?!

MORE KICKS.

JUKEBOX (CONT'D)
Can I get with you now?!

He covers up to protect himself, but some of these kicks are getting through. To his ribs and legs and gut.

Corey's just about to submit when a POLICE CRUISER pulls up and TWO UNIFORMED COPS jump out and GRAB JUKE.

JUKEBOX (CONT'D)
We all good! We just kickin' it! We just friends, man! That's my guy!

Juke smiles.

JUKEBOX (CONT'D)
Just showin' him love!

The cops THROW JUKE ONTO THE CRUISER'S HOOD.

JUKEBOX (CONT'D)
We all good! Tell 'em, Corey! This is just how we do!

Now on his feet, and bleeding from his mouth and nose, Corey isn't co-signing Juke's version of the events.

COREY
She jumped me, man. Bitch sucker punched me from behind.

Juke laughs.

JUKEBOX
Not even, son! Pussy-ass nigga saw me coming and still couldn't do shit about it!

Juke is still smiling and talkin' shit...

JUKEBOX (CONT'D)
Bitch-ass muhfucka!

As she's thrown into the cruiser.

6 **INT. SHITTY HOUSE - DAY (D2)** 6

BURKE steps into this obvious smoke spot and finds the usual COLLECTION OF BASEHEADS strung out and lounging.

They're all so high that they don't notice her.

BURKE
Hey! Listen up! I'm lookin for Sam! Any of you seen him around?

No response.

BURKE (CONT'D)
I'll get a wagon out here and haul all of you in. Has anyone seen Sam?

ONE OF THEM speaks up.

BASEHEAD #1
Fuck Sam.

That feels like progress. Sort of.

BURKE
You seen him recently?

BASEHEAD #1
Nigga's pockets was all fat the other day and he didn't share none of that love with nobody. Greedy-ass muhfucka.

Interesting.

BURKE
Where's Sam been smoking?

BASEHEAD #1
House at 107 and Inwood. They all sedity over there and shit 'cuz the spot got a heater. Gotta know you before they let you in. Fuck all them and, like I said, fuck Sam.

A lead. Burke couldn't be happier.

BURKE
You got an exact address?

ANOTHER BASEHEAD chimes in.

BASEHEAD #2
It's sixteen hundred Smoke Spot Way, bitch! Home to the fuckin' Fiend family! You a muhfuckin' cop and you don't know what a crack house look like? Fuck outta here!

The heads in here might all be high, but they know when someone's been clowned. There's some LAUGHTER from the peanut gallery.

BURKE
Thanks for your help.

BASEHEAD #2
Fuck you, Five-O.

And with that, Burke exits.

7 **EXT. MARCHETTI'S TROPICAL FISH - DAY (D2)** 7

Located on Liberty Avenue in Howard Beach, this small fish store doesn't warrant much attention...until we see SAL BOSELLI, DARIO and a HANDFUL OF OTHER LACKEYS pull up in front and step inside.

8 **INT. MARCHETTI'S TROPICAL FISH - DAY (D2)** 8

As Sal, Dario, and a HENCHMAN enter, they're greeted by A GUY WORKING AT THE REGISTER (twenties, big, beefy, worked out). He reaches under the counter for a gun that he conceals. For now.

GIORGIO
Can I help you?

Sal looks over at him.

SAL
Here to see Stefano.

From a corner in the back of the store.

STEFANO MARCHETTI (O.S.)
They're okay, Giorgio.

Sal gestures to his guys to sit tight.

SAL
Stay here.

He heads toward STEFANO MARCHETTI (seventies), who's feeding the fish in one of the many aquariums here.

The two men greet each other with kisses on the cheeks.

STEFANO MARCHETTI
Swear to Christ you got taller. That possible? You still fuckin' growin', you cocksucker? Or am I just gettin' shorter?

Stefano's just fuckin' around.

STEFANO MARCHETTI (CONT'D)
Fuck me. That's gotta be it. I'm shrinkin'. Son of a bitch. I knew it.

SAL
You keep gettin' more handsome, though, Stefano.

STEFANO MARCHETTI
I ain't fallin' for that greasy New Jersey bullshit of yours, Sally. Got out of the shower and caught myself in the mirror. My balls look ten years younger than my fuckin' face.

Sal laughs.

STEFANO MARCHETTI (CONT'D)
On a far more serious note, I was saddened to learn of the loss of your son. That's unbearable.

SAL
His mother and I will miss him for the rest of our lives.

Stefano nods.

STEFANO MARCHETTI
Of course you will. No child should pre-decease their parent.

Sal nods.

SAL
I appreciate your kind words, Stefano. I'll pass them along to Teresa.

STEFANO MARCHETTI
Please.

Sal pivots to business.

SAL
So I got an issue in your neck of the woods here, Stefano. And it could get a little hairy. But I didn't wanna get loud until I checked in with you first.

Stefano's already been made aware.

STEFANO MARCHETTI
She visited me.

Huh?

SAL
Who?

STEFANO MARCHETTI
The tootsie roll from Jamaica.

Sal can't believe his fuckin' ears.

SAL
She came here?

Indeed.

SAL (CONT'D)
Fuckin' stones on her.

Sal's incredulous...and furious.

SAL (CONT'D)
Please accept my apologies for the bother. I didn't want this to be a concern of yours.

STEFANO MARCHETTI
Too late for that, Sally.

Truthfully, Stefano doesn't really respect Sal, but they are part of the same "family," and that counts for something.

STEFANO MARCHETTI (CONT'D)
She told me about your disagreement, and I told her what I'm going to tell you: I want no part of the mulignans. This is your problem, not mine. Our trash goes out to Jersey, Sally, not the other way around.

Stefano makes it plain.

STEFANO MARCHETTI (CONT'D)
Take care of this. Quickly and completely. And then stay on your side of the fuckin' river.

Sal nods.

SAL
You won't hear about it again.

He heads for the door.

STEFANO MARCHETTI
By the way, your dark friend bought herself a twenty-nine gallon tank and a few bags of Bettas [pronounced BAYTUHS], swordtails and Oscars.

Sal takes a beat to process this and then...

SAL
Lemme get the biggest tank you got.

Stefano's made a sale. He smiles.

STEFANO MARCHETTI
Giorgio, show Mr. Boselli to the Aqua Dream.
(to Sal)
Three hundred and ninety four gallons. Big enough you could raise fuckin' Flipper in that thing.

OFF SAL, gettin' suckered and following Giorgio...

9 **INT. BAISLEY PROJECTS - UNIT 807 - DAY (D2)** 9

As WORKERS serve the day's customers through the door, Kanan approaches the table that's holding the G-packs. He grabs a couple and puts them into his bag.

He's just zipped up his backpack when...

MARVIN
Fuck you doin', Kanan?

Kanan is completely unfazed and unapologetic.

KANAN
Gettin' work.

Marvin is stunned by the audacity of his nephew.

MARVIN
Gettin' work. Is that what you call it? 'Cuz to me, it look like you stealin'. And I know it ain't the first time you done it neither. We had a light count a while back. I'm thinkin' that was you.

It was, but Kanan doesn't give a fuck.

KANAN
How the hell am I gonna steal from myself? This shit belong to me.

He brushes past Marvin and heads for the door. As he waits to be let out...

MARVIN
Your moms gonna need to know.

Kanan looks back at his uncle.

KANAN
I don't give a fuck what she knows.

He exits.

OFF MARVIN, not at all sure what to make of that exchange...

10 **INT. OLD GUY'S APARTMENT - DAY (D2)** 10

DETECTIVE GARCIA stands in the middle of this cramped, studio apartment that's filled with shit. Whoever lives here is a hoarder. Of everything. Old electronics, magazines, loose wires, vacuum cleaner hoses... It's all here.

And the owner of all this garbage (OLD GUY, sixties) sits on a folding chair in the middle of this mess. We recognize this guy: He lives across the hall from FREDDY, the kid Famous shot in 209.

DETECTIVE GARCIA
Were you here at the time?

OLD GUY
Maybe.

This guy's not going to be helpful.

DETECTIVE GARCIA
Did you see or hear anything?

OLD GUY
Like what?

<u>This</u> muhfucka.

DETECTIVE GARCIA
Mr. Ventura, there was a kid shot to death just a few feet away from where I'm standing right how. If you were here, you would've heard something.

He shrugs.

OLD GUY
I guess. I don't remember.

This fool's a dead end.

DETECTIVE GARCIA
Because that's easy to forget: Someone gettin' shot outside your fuckin' door.

Garcia hands him a business card.

DETECTIVE GARCIA (CONT'D)
If anything happens to come to you, reach out.

Garcia heads for the door and exits, but we STAY WITH THIS HOARDER, who looks at the card and then tosses it into a corner of this fuckin' disaster of a space.

11 **<u>INT. RAQ'S TOWNHOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY (D2)</u>** 11

Raq, Lou and Marvin sit at the dining room table and go through the state of the union.

RAQ
'Nique ain't know nothin'. And I didn't tell him shit.

MARVIN
That nigga don't care about nobody but 'Nique.

True.

RAQ
Can't blame him for that. I just wanted to make sure he ain't throwin' in with these salami niggas.

Moving boxes cover the space. Raq's packing up for the new house. (We see the aquarium she bought from Stefano in evidence.)

RAQ (CONT'D)
I got these shooters comin' in to put in this work with you tonight.

Marvin and Lou exchange a look that makes it eminently clear that they aren't happy to hear any of this. Raq clocks it.

RAQ (CONT'D)
And I got assurances from the don out at the fish shop in Howard Beach that he wouldn't step in, so ain't no cavalry ridin' in to back these fools. No 'Nique, no other macaroni muhfuckas. It's us and them. Straight up.

Raq breaks it down.

RAQ (CONT'D)
Look, I ain't even gonna lie. Shit gonna get worse before it get better. That's the rhythm and flow of this shit. Always has been. And it ain't always predictable. Always twists and turns. But once we show these muhfuckas who we are, nobody gonna fuck with us again. Not here, not there, not anywhere.

Raq is brimming with confidence; Marvin and Lou are not. But they remain quiet.

RAQ (CONT'D)
In the big picture, this shit ain't even a bump in the road, brothers. It's a lane change. That's all. Foot's still on the fuckin' gas.

OFF LOU AND MARVIN, not wanting to be on this ride...

12 **EXT. CRACK HOUSE - DAY (D2)** 12

With POLICE CRUISERS surrounding the outside of this decrepit home, DETECTIVE MALCOLM HOWARD steps inside.

13 **INT. CRACK HOUSE - DAY (D2)** 13

With OTHER COPS milling around and collecting evidence, Burke stands over Sam and his friend's corpses.

She looks up and sees Howard approaching.

BURKE
Executed. Both of 'em.

Howard doesn't see it that way.

DETECTIVE HOWARD
Execution feel like a stretch to me. They crackheads. They most likely got killed for crackhead shit.

Burke is beside herself. The conspiracy theorist in her is working overtime. In her mind, Howard got word that Sam was going to talk about the night of the shooting, and Howard had him killed.

Of course, she's right. But she doesn't know that.

BURKE
Sam was gonna go on the record about your shooting.

DETECTIVE HOWARD
He already did. He didn't have shit to say.

Burke's angry.

BURKE
He remembered something the other day. Said he bumped into the shooter around the neighborhood, and it kicked somethin' open in his head.

DETECTIVE HOWARD
Listen, I liked Sam. Hell, over the years, muhfucka gave me some solid intel. But he wasn't what anyone would describe as a reliable fuckin' witness.

More importantly, though, Howard tries to suss out where Burke is headed with all this.

DETECTIVE HOWARD (CONT'D)
And what you tryin' to say anyway, Burke? That Sam catchin' these slugs is connected to my shooting?

BURKE
I don't know. You tell me. Is it connected?

Burke's playing a dangerous game.

DETECTIVE HOWARD
Fuck does that mean?

For a moment, Burke considers unloading everything she's learned: his son, his connection to Raq, the child they had together... But she stops herself because that would be showing her hand, and that would be dumb. Very dumb.

BURKE
Fuck this.

She storms out.

OFF HOWARD, knowing that the problem that is Burke is getting more and more pressing...

14 **EXT. RAQ'S TOWNHOUSE - DAY (D2)** 14

Meeting concluded, Raq exits the house with Lou and Marvin.

She walks over to her SECURITY TEAM (BODYMAN and THREE OTHER DUDES, armed and dangerous) sitting in a car parked in front of her house and knocks on the window.

RAQ
(to the security guys)
You guys good? You hungry?

As she talks to them, we FIND MARVIN AND LOU.

LOU-LOU
(to Marvin)
Yo. I'll catch up with you later.

Their eyes meet, and Marvin can feel the heaviness in Lou.

MARVIN
You aight?

Lou doesn't want to be back in the middle of all this shit.

LOU-LOU
Nah. Not at all.

As Lou heads to his car, Raq returns to Marvin. She sees Lou dippin', which reminds her that he's still...unreliable.

RAQ
(re: Lou)
Remember when your little brother was that nigga we could count on.

Determined to be a better version of himself, Marvin sticks up for Lou.

MARVIN
Still is. Just doesn't want no one else to get hurt. That's all.

Raq's surprised to hear that coming out of Marvin's mouth.

RAQ
Since when you takin' up for your little brother? Kid left you holdin' the bag more than anybody.

MARVIN
He didn't hesitate after that muhfucka took a shot at me, though.

Marvin doesn't want to talk about Lou.

MARVIN (CONT'D)
Kanan came through Baisley today and grabbed up a bunch of work.

The mere mention of Kanan grabs Raq by the throat.

MARVIN (CONT'D)
Called him out on it -- said I was gonna dime 'im out to you -- and he didn't give a fuck. Just kept goin'.

Raq isn't even sure how to react to this news.

RAQ
How much he take?

MARVIN
Couple g-packs.

She chews on it for a beat and then...

RAQ
I'll deal with Kanan. You just focus on the business at hand. Show these Italians we ain't fuckin' around.

OFF MARVIN, desperately trying to be right in a world that's always wrong...

15 **INT. HOLDING CELL - NIGHT (N2)** 15

Jukebox sits on a bench amongst a GROUP OF OTHER FEMALE DETAINEES. They're an eclectic bunch.

A GUARD approaches.

GUARD
Laverne Thomas.

JUKEBOX
Yeah.

He unlocks and opens the door.

GUARD
You been D.A.T.'d.

Juke's been sprung. She gets up and heads for the door.

JUKEBOX
By who?

GUARD
How the fuck would I know?

As Juke walks out of the cell and heads for the exit, one of the OTHER WOMEN here calls to the guard.

OTHER WOMAN
(to the guard)
When am I gettin' sprung?

GUARD
When someone actually gives a fuck about you.

The guard shuts the door and heads off.

16 **EXT. HARLEM PRECINCT - NIGHT (N2)** 16

Freshly liberated, Jukebox looks around to see who's here to greet her? Is it Raq? Lou? *Marvin?*

BURKE (O.S.)
Laverne.

Jukebox turns, sees Burke and all her optimism vanishes.

JUKEBOX
Of course it's you.

BURKE
What can I say? Guess I'm your guardian angel.

Fuck.

JUKEBOX
White cop's my guardian angel. That shit don't sit right.

Burke smiles.

BURKE
Betcha it sits better than that holding cell.

Facts.

BURKE (CONT'D)
Look, Laverne. I've helped you outta some jams - like this one, for example - and now I need you to return the favor.

This already sounds bad.

BURKE (CONT'D)
I need you to tell me: Is Detective Howard your cousin Kanan's father?

The consummate pro, Jukebox plays this off with a laugh.

JUKEBOX
So the white cop my guardian angel, and the Black cop Kanan's daddy. You figured it all out.

Burke's not fuckin' around. She asks again.

BURKE
Is Howard Kanan's father, Laverne?

JUKEBOX
Kanan daddy's DefCon. That's why his last name's Stark.

Burke can't tell if Juke is lying to her, and there's no way to prove that she is so this is just another dead end.

JUKEBOX (CONT'D)
Look, you've helped me out some shit, and maybe I do owe you, so I'ma help you out here.

Burke is all ears.

JUKEBOX (CONT'D)
Your own peoples comin' for you, Detective. You need to watch your back.

Huh?

BURKE
I don't know what that means.

JUKEBOX
It means maybe them niggas you ride with ain't checkin' for you the way you think they are.

Burke is still confused by the specifics of what Jukebox is saying but the warning is not at all lost on her.

JUKEBOX (CONT'D)
Means you got a target on you just like rest of us out on these streets. And that's all I can say.

They LOCK EYES for a pregnant beat.

JUKEBOX (CONT'D)
Thanks for the assist up in there.

Burke's mind is racing.

BURKE
Don't mention it.

Juke heads off but we STAY WITH BURKE, who's reeling...

A17 **EXT. NEWARK STREET - NIGHT (N2)** A17

We see THREE CARS we don't recognize creeping quietly down the block.

We GO INSIDE THE FIRST CAR in this small caravan.

B17 **INT. "MARVIN'S CAR" - NIGHT (N2)** B17

With TWO OTHER GUYS IN THE CAR WITH HIM (ONE GUY AT THE WHEEL; THE OTHER GUY RIDING SHOTGUN), Marvin sits in the backseat, CHECKS HIS UZI and then PUTS A SKI MASK ON.

He's serious as a heart attack.

And then we GO FROM THIS CAR TO...

C17 **INT. "LOU'S CAR" - NIGHT (N2)** C17

Sitting in the backseat of the second car is Lou, who's also checking his weapon. And we can see that he's not happy to be here. Not at all.

He reluctantly PUTS ON HIS SKI MASK and readies himself.

17 **EXT. TAMERLANE SOCIAL CLUB - NIGHT (N2)** 17

A HANDFUL OF MADE GUYS loiter around outside of Tamerlane, smoking cigarettes and passing a flask around.

CARMINE
I took Washington and the points. Fuckin' game goes to OT and Knicks win by eleven.

As he talks, the three cars drive down the block toward them.

GOOMBA #2
That's five in a row for them. Startin' to think they might be real after all.

The men notice the cars, but in the dark, they don't see the GUYS HANGING OUT THE WINDOWS until they're close, and by then it's too late.

Lou, Marvin, and the other shooters in their respective cars, as well as THE GUYS IN THE THIRD CAR, **BLAST.**

As the BULLETS FLY, the goombas DIVE FOR COVER, but there's nowhere to hide.

CARMINE escapes injury, but the balance of the men -- SIX OR SEVEN GUYS -- catch slugs.

As the cars SQUEAL AWAY down the block, Sal and DARIO EXPLODE out of the Tamerlane and, with guns in hand, see the casualties. Sal's men just got hit and hit hard.

SAL
MOTHERFUCKER!

OFF SAL, looking up the block at the fleeing vehicles and knowing exactly who's behind this...

18 **EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY (D3)** 18

Kanan and Famous slang on the corner.

A CUSTOMER rolls up on Kanan, who takes the money...

KANAN
No shorts, no shorts.

And then flashes three fingers to Famous who walks over to a garbage can and reaches into what seems to be a discarded brown paper bag and pulls out THREE VIALS OF CRACK. He hands the pieces to the customer, who lingers for a minute.

KANAN (CONT'D)
(to the customer)
Cop and move, cop and move.

As he heads off, Famous approaches Kanan.

FAMOUS
I thought your moms wanted everybody off the corners.

KANAN
Fuck my moms.

Damn. Fame's never heard Kanan talk about Raq like that.

KANAN (CONT'D)
I ain't worried about her, and you ain't neither.

ANOTHER CUSTOMER approaches.

KANAN (CONT'D)
How many?

OFF KANAN, back on the grind...

19 **INT. CARVER FEDERAL SAVINGS BANK - DAY (D3)** 19

Founded in 1948, and named after George Washington Carver, Carver Federal Savings is the largest Black-owned financial institution in the United States.

With bank statement in hand, Lou sits on the customer's side of the BANK MANAGER'S desk. As he looks around the bank, the manager returns with some documentation.

BANK MANAGER
Sorry for the delay. Took me a minute to find the paperwork. Like I said, it's not often that someone comes into our bank and says that there's *too much* money in their account.

Lou's not an idiot.

LOU-LOU
I'm not sayin' it's wrong, I just wanna know where it came from.

The manager hands the document over to Lou.

BANK MANAGER
Your former partner, Mr. Camacho, sold fifteen percent of his share of your business to an outside investor.

He points at the document in Lou's hand.

BANK MANAGER (CONT'D)
You're looking at the amendment to the bylaws of the corporation that * Mr. Camacho and this investor signed and notarized.

Lou recognizes the "investor's" signature right away.

LOU-LOU
You gotta be fuckin' kiddin' me.

He's not.

BANK MANAGER
The agreement that was struck between the parties specified that, in the event of Mr. Camacho's death or incapacitation, his portion of the company would be offered to this investor for purchase at the current valuation. The proceeds of said purchase would go to Mr. Camacho's mother after the requisite fees and taxes were subtracted.

This is getting worse and worse.

BANK MANAGER (CONT'D)
That sale went through a few weeks ago.

The bank manager gets out of his chair, comes around the desk and looks at the document over Lou's shoulder.

BANK MANAGER (CONT'D)
The buyer's name is...

He scans the amendment looking for the name, but Lou already knows.

LOU-LOU
Raquel Thomas.

Lou tosses the page on the desk and gets up from his seat.

BANK MANAGER
Ms. Thomas now owns Mr. Camacho's share of Bulletproof Records.

He looks up at Lou.

BANK MANAGER (CONT'D)
Occurs to me you two share a last name. Any relation?

In a state of both rage and disbelief, Lou stares at this for a beat and then exits without saying another word.

20 **INT. PIERRE HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY (D3)** 20

With her Bodyman lingering in the background, Raq and Marvin are already here as TRAYMONT STINSON and ABRAHAM DREW, Cartier's distribution network down in Washington, D.C., and Baltimore, sit down across from them.

Raq is beaming. She's got the world on a fuckin' string.

RAQ
Y'all hit that Russian Tea Room yet?

TRAYMONT STINSON
Only fish Abraham fuck with is that Filet-O'-Fish.
(re: Abraham)
This a low rent nigga over here.

ABRAHAM DREW
I like my shit fried.

Raq moves onto the business at hand.

RAQ
My brother Marvin and I are here to kick this shit the fuck off. With Cartier out the way and Abraham here free and clear of that gun charge, ain't nothin' else stoppin' us.

Raq's ready.

RAQ (CONT'D)
You tell me how big a package you need and you'll have that shit by end of the week.

Traymont and Abraham exchange a loaded look, and Raq immediately senses that something is amiss.

RAQ (CONT'D)
(off the look)
Fuck was that? What's goin' on?

Traymont cuts to the chase.

TRAYMONT STINSON
We don't need your package. We good.

RAQ
Fuck you mean, you *good*? How the fuck you good without me? I cleared the decks for this shit. I put the whole shit together.

Raq's been played.

TRAYMONT STINSON
The point of gettin' rid of Cartier was to cut out the middle man. And that's all you'd be in the deal. You just someone else between us and the dope, takin' money out our pockets. We don't need that. We don't need you.

Abraham chimes in.

ABRAHAM DREW
And we heard you got problems with the Italians anyway. We don't wanna get in the middle of all that.

RAQ
Where the fuck you heard that? Who talkin' to you about the Italians?

Marvin knows.

MARVIN
They went around us.

Raq turns to her brother. He's right. Of course he's right.

RAQ
You muhfuckas cut your own deal with Joaquin.

As Traymont and Abraham stand up, Traymont tosses Raq an envelope full of cash.

TRAYMONT STINSON
That's for Cartier and for gettin' Abraham up off that case. We even.

Raq looks up at him and with rage radiating off of her...

RAQ
Nah. We ain't even until I fuck you the way you just fucked me. And my meat way bigger than yours, nigga.

Traymont smiles.

TRAYMONT STINSON
Good luck.

Traymont and Abraham exit but we STAY WITH RAQ, who's seeing red...

21 **INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY (D3)** 21

JUKEBOX sits across from JAMES BINGHAM in an Upper East Side coffee shop.

JUKEBOX
I don't know what that cop's doin', but I do know that none of what he told you is true.

JAMES BINGHAM
This is why you wanted to meet?

Yes.

JAMES BINGHAM (CONT'D)
I know you're scared, Laverne. I know the police can be intimidating and corrupt and unfair. Especially in communities like yours. But that's exactly why you need to help me make certain that Detective Burke doesn't do what she did to Nicole to another young girl.

James hasn't heard a word Juke's said.

JAMES BINGHAM (CONT'D)
She exploited you both and plied you with drugs. Drugs that killed my daughter.

Juke's had enough of the bullshit.

JUKEBOX
Detective Burke didn't do nothing to Nicole and me. And she didn't give her those drugs.

She comes clean.

JUKEBOX (CONT'D)
Nicole found those rocks in my bag, Mr. Bingham. She took them without me knowing and she smoked them.

Boom.

JAMES BINGHAM
I don't believe that, Laverne. I think you're so terrified of the police and you'd rather lie and implicate yourself rather than confront them.
(MORE)

JAMES BINGHAM (CONT'D)
I'll protect you from them. I won't let them do anything to you.

He just doesn't get it.

JUKEBOX
I don't wanna say it anymore than you wanna hear it, but I'm telling you the truth. Nicole got that shit from me. And I can't be a part of lyin' on that cop.

Jukebox gets up.

JUKEBOX (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, Mr. Bingham. About Nicole. About everything.

And with that, she exits.

OFF JAMES BINGHAM, still not believing Juke but, for the first time, accepting the possibility that she's telling the truth...

22 **I/E. BURKE'S CAR - DAY (D3)** 22

As Burke drives up the block, she drives past Kanan and Famous slanging on the corner.

BURKE
You gotta be shittin' me. This fuckin' kid.

She rips a U-turn, drives up on Kanan and exits her car.

23 **EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY (D3)** 23

The sight of this cop sends Famous running, but Kanan stands his ground.

BURKE
You and I need to talk.

KANAN
I don't talk to police.

Burke throws Kanan up against the wall and starts to put cuffs on him.

BURKE
Then I'll talk.

She turns him around and escorts him toward the car.

BURKE (CONT'D)
And you'll listen.

Burke shoves Kanan into her vehicle.

24 **INT. COLOMBIAN RESTAURANT - DAY (D3)** 24

JOAQUIN and JULIANA are at their usual table eating when Raq enters. She's intercepted by GERONIMO, Joaquin's bodyguard.

RAQ
Need to talk to him.

Marvin and her Bodyman trail behind Raq.

Joaquin gestures to his man to let Raq through.

RAQ (CONT'D)
That was my deal, Joaquin. I brought it in, I set it up. How you just gonna cut me out?

Before Joaquin can respond...

JULIANA
It was me.

Oh fuck.

JULIANA (CONT'D)
Your friends came to the store to talk to me. We discovered that there was a way for us to work together without you that was better. For everyone.

Correction.

RAQ
It's not better for me.

Juliana could give a fuck.

RAQ (CONT'D)
All due respect, this isn't how business is done. We don't sell out our partners.

Raq turns to Joaquin.

RAQ (CONT'D)
I know you know how this shit work, Joaquin. You need to check your cousin.

He does, but he's not going to contradict Juliana.

JOAQUIN
I trust Juliana and her business sense.

RAQ
This ain't business, though. She still angry about me gettin' with 'Nique after he grabbed her up. That's what this shit about.

Raq throws out a threat.

RAQ (CONT'D)
I can find another connect, Joaquin.

Juliana steps in for Joaquin again.

JULIANA
Then find one.

Damn.

Marvin senses that this is going to a fucked up place, so he steps in.

MARVIN
We done here. Let's bounce before we say or do somethin' we gonna regret.

JULIANA
You should listen to your brother.

It's amazing how quickly friends turn to enemies.

RAQ
You fightin' above your weight class, Juliana. And when you punchin' up, it ain't about whether you can throw, it's all about how you take.

And with that, Raq exits with Marvin and her Bodyman in tow.

But we STAY WITH JULIANA AND JOAQUIN, who's concerned that perhaps his cousin doesn't understand the full scope of what she's started.

JOAQUIN
La vieja es peligrosa.
[She's dangerous.]

JULIANA
Yo también pues.
[So am I.]

Joaquin chuckles.

OFF JULIANA, feelin' herself...

25 **EXT. BAISLEY POND PARK - DAY (D3)** 25

Burke marches Kanan back to the scene of the crime, the location where it all went down on that fateful night.

To Kanan's surprise, she takes off the cuffs. He's not sure what's going on here.

BURKE
So this is where you shot him.

Uh-oh.

BURKE (CONT'D)
This is where you shot Howard.
Your father.

Kanan laughs nervously, but the truth is that he's shaken. Burke's figured it all out.

Kanan covers.

KANAN
What the fuck are you talkin'
about?

BURKE
I know everything, Kanan.

Kanan's shrewd enough not to fall for this shit.

KANAN
I don't know what you think you
know, but you don't.

Burke drops some science. And history.

BURKE
Howard was working as an undercover when he met your mom. She worked as an informant for him, and their relationship turned into something else and you came along.

KANAN
DefCon's my father. Everyone know it.

Burke calls bullshit.

BURKE
Everyone thinks it. But you and I know better. And so do your mother and Howard.

Kanan isn't sure where this is headed.

BURKE (CONT'D)
Is that why you shot him? Because you found out he was your father? Because I know it's not a good look to be a cop's kid. Even worse when your mom was a snitch.

Burke is taking some big swings here, hoping to agitate Kanan enough for him to say something in anger that confirms all her suspicions.

And for a beat, it looks like he's taking the bait.

KANAN
Yo. There lines that don't get crossed. Not even by police. Sayin' shit like that out loud-

But then he catches himself.

KANAN (CONT'D)
Fuck it. You just talkin' shit. Like all cops do. Lyin' to get in niggas' heads so we get scared and cop to shit that ain't even real.

Burke sees that she needs more leverage.

BURKE
Fine.

She grabs him, turns him around and pushes him toward the fence.

BURKE (CONT'D)
Up against the fence. I'm arresting you for possession and sale.

He struggles against her as he tries to put his arms behind his back.

KANAN
But I ain't got shit on me!

BURKE
Then I'll flake you!

Kanan continues to struggle.

KANAN
This is bullshit!

BURKE
Then tell me what I wanna know!

In one motion, Kanan turns around and PUSHES BURKE TO THE GROUND. For a moment, he freezes. Stunned at what he's just done.

BURKE (CONT'D)
Now you really did fuck up, Kanan.

And just like that, Kanan RUNS.

BURKE (CONT'D)
Kanan!

He keeps running.

BURKE (CONT'D)
You can run, but I know where to find you, Kanan!

But Kanan doesn't hear her because he's already gone.

26 **INT. MARVIN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (N3)** 26

Marvin steps into his house and collapses on the couch. Exhausted from twenty-four hours filled with death and drama.

He's just put his feet up on the couch when he hears a noise coming from upstairs. He pulls out his gun and heads off to investigate.

27 **INT. MARVIN'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT (N3)** 27

Gun in hand, Marvin creeps slowly down the hallway toward Jukebox's room, where he can hear someone shuffling through shit. He walks quietly.

And then Marvin sees that that "someone" is none other than Jukebox herself. He immediately puts his gun away.

28 **INT. MARVIN'S HOUSE - JUKEBOX'S ROOM - NIGHT (N3)** 28

Jukebox is in the middle of hanging up her clothes when Marvin enters.

MARVIN
What's goin' on?

Juke decides to make Marvin work for it.

JUKEBOX
Nothin'. What's goin' on with you?

MARVIN
Thought someone was robbin' the spot.

She continues to fuck with him.

JUKEBOX
Why would I rob my own house?

MARVIN
Right. Of course. My bad.

Thoroughly confused but not wanting to say anything to fuck this up, Marvin turns to leave...but he can't help himself.

MARVIN (CONT'D)
Just so I know, when you say "my own house," that mean you live here again?

JUKEBOX
I'm tired of sleepin' in that lumpy-ass bed at Aunt Raq's.

This makes Marvin happy.

MARVIN
That shit was my bed whole time I was growin' up.

Juke laughs.

JUKEBOX
No wonder you're such an asshole.

Now Marvin laughs.

MARVIN
That might be it.

But he's genuinely happy that Juke's back. Thrilled, in fact.

MARVIN (CONT'D)
Gotta go do this run. You wanna hit Lamont's after?

JUKEBOX
No doubt.

Marvin nods. This feels good. As he heads out...

JUKEBOX (CONT'D)
By the way, where's LT?

The dog.

MARVIN
I wasn't around enough for him. Mutt got lonely and anxious and shit. Ate through three pair of my gators. Took him upstate to a breeder who linked him up with a bitch he could f-

He stops himself.

MARVIN (CONT'D)
LT got himself a girlfriend, a family and a big-ass yard.

Jukebox nods.

JUKEBOX
Happy for LT. That was nice of you.

MARVIN
We gotta take care of each other, Juke. We all we got.

Facts.

As Marvin exits, we GO WITH HIM, and we see that he's a little emotional. This is a big deal for him.

Fuck the Italians and Traymont and Joaquin and Juliana. Nothing else matters but his daughter.

29 **INT. RAQ'S NEW HOUSE - NIGHT (N3)** 29

Furious at the latest turn of events, Raq takes in her new home. This was supposed to be her victory lap. A gleaming monument to her limitless future. Now, it feels like a reminder of her failure. A check she wrote that she can't cash.

A VASE HOLDING SOME FLOWERS -- a housewarming gift from Cheri the realtor -- sits on the counter. Raq stares at it for a beat, and then picks up the vase and THROWS IT AGAINST THE WALL.

SMASH! The shit shatters; pieces of it fly everywhere.

Raq takes in the damage she's done for a beat and then, from behind her...

LOU-LOU (O.S.)
When were you gonna tell me?

She turns and sees Lou standing there. She knows exactly what he's talking about, and she wants none of it.

RAQ
Can't do this with you tonight, Lou.

Lou's not hearing her.

LOU-LOU
I just come from the bank.

Clearly, Lou's not getting the message, so Raq decides that if he really wants to do this, she'll take out her anger on him.

RAQ
Aight, nigga. Let's do this same shit again then. What you got?

Lou jumps in.

LOU-LOU
You in the label now.

RAQ
I been in the label, Lou. Your piece was always my piece. Now I got Crown piece too.

Lou activates Raq's anger in a way that no one else can.

RAQ (CONT'D)
I keep tellin' you -- we keep
havin' this same conversation --
but you don't wanna hear me.
(MORE)

RAQ (CONT'D)
Everything you have is something I gave you. You hear what I'm sayin', baby brother? You don't own shit. You rentin' from me, Lou.

This eruption has been in the works for quite a while.

RAQ (CONT'D)
I've bought and sold you hundred times over, son. You just too up in your own shit to see it.

LOU-LOU
Wasn't up in my own shit last night when I lit those Jersey muhfuckas. Wasn't up in my own shit when I hit Kanan's boy. And I know wasn't up in my own shit when we all put down Scrap.

That's not how Raq remembers it.

RAQ
I put Scrap down, nigga. You didn't have the heart for it. And you wanna know somethin', Lou? I fucked that shit up.

What?

RAQ (CONT'D)
Turns out Scrap wasn't no snitch. It was his mama. Hittin' him like that was a mistake.

Fuck.

RAQ (CONT'D)
And I gotta live with that. I gotta accept that loss and move the fuck on. Could you do that? Could you carry that? Because that's what I do, nigga. That's the job. Because if I don't do that, y'all don't eat.

Raq's just tired of Lou's bullshit.

RAQ (CONT'D)
We keep doin' this, Lou-Lou. Goin' over the same shit. Talkin' the same talk. And then you gonna say how you done, and how you gonna walk away.

Damn. She's hittin' hard.

RAQ (CONT'D)
It's just noise, Lou. Shit you say to make yourself believe somethin' gonna happen that never gonna happen. You ain't goin' nowhere, 'cuz there ain't nowhere for you to go.

Wow.

RAQ (CONT'D)
I keep waitin' for you to figure it out. To see what's as obvious as the nose on your muhfuckin' face. But I guess you ain't never gonna see it, so I'm gonna say it out loud for you, so we can stop havin' these talks 'cuz I'm real fuckin' tired of 'em. So lemme make this shit plain. Real simple.

Raq goes for broke.

RAQ (CONT'D)
I own you, nigga.

Raq brushes past Lou and exits. She's done here.

30 **INT. HOWARD'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (N3)** 30

Kanan sits across from Howard.

DETECTIVE HOWARD
So you pushed her over and bounced?

Clearly, Kanan's just told him about his interaction with Burke.

KANAN
She was gonna run me in on some bullshit so she could keep pressin' me on you and my moms and what happened.

Uh-oh.

KANAN (CONT'D)
She know everything, man.

Maybe.

DETECTIVE HOWARD
If she knew everything, she wouldn't be runnin' up on you like this. She *think* she know shit. She still trying to make sure she right before she run with it.

KANAN
Well, I'm runnin'. 'Cuz I got the most shit to run from.

Howard's mind is racing.

DETECTIVE HOWARD
You, me and your moms need to talk. All together. Face-to-face. Get our story straight and come up with a plan. No more bullshit.

OFF KANAN, not sure what's scarier: Burke confronting him in the park or being in the same room with his mother and father...

31 **INT. EL MALECON RESTAURANT - NIGHT (N3)** 31

Located on Amsterdam Avenue, El Malecon serves some of the best Dominican food in the city.

Burke sits across a table from ADINA FOYLE.

BURKE
All I'm saying is that, if something happens to me, it's not gonna be what it looks like.

Burke is scared.

BURKE (CONT'D)
Howard's setting me up.

Foyle thinks Burke has lost her damn mind. She tries to ground her.

ADINA
And you're thinking all this because of something a fuckin' high school girl said to you.

BURKE
She knows shit, Adina.

Burke chuckles wryly at Juke's reach and wisdom.

BURKE (CONT'D)
And most of the time, she's right.

Burke's really gone down the rabbit hole here.

ADINA
So what do you think Howard's planning?

BURKE
I don't fuckin' know, Adina.

Burke's panicking.

BURKE (CONT'D)
The more I know, the less I know.

OFF FOYLE, not sure whether her girlfriend is being prudent or paranoid...

32 **INT. RECORDING STUDIO - NIGHT (N3)** 32

Lou walks into the studio where he finds Zisa on the couch, working on lyrics.

ZISA
There you are. Been waitin' on you.

She gets up from the couch.

ZISA (CONT'D)
Need to get back in the booth.

Lou's not working tonight. In fact, he's not working here ever again.

LOU-LOU
I'm not workin' up in here. Not tonight. Not ever again.

It's like that?

LOU-LOU (CONT'D)
Grabbin' up my records, and I ain't never comin' back. Bulletproof can burn to the ground far as I care.

ZISA
What's happenin', Lou?

LOU-LOU
Same shit that's always happenin'.

Simply put...

LOU-LOU (CONT'D)
My sister.

Lou starts to collect his shit.

33 **INT. BAISLEY PROJECTS - 8TH FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT (N3)** 33

Marvin makes his way past a SMALL STREAM OF CUSTOMERS to the apartment door.

BORN READY, who's manning the gate, knocks on the door for him.

BORN READY
Marv here.

The door opens and Marvin steps inside.

34 **INT. BAISLEY PROJECTS - UNIT 807 - NIGHT (N3)** 34

Marvin enters to find DAY, TAI (from 203) and the usual COMPLEMENT OF WORKERS running the business.

MARVIN
Gimme the day's mathematics.

Time to do the count.

35 **INT. NEWARK PROJECTS - APARTMENT - NIGHT (N3)** 35

As THEIR EMPLOYEES serve CUSTOMERS, Unique and Worrell sit on the couch and preside over the work in Newark.

Unique gazes over and sees some OLD CRACKHEAD beefing with ONE OF THESE WORKERS.

OLD CRACKHEAD
I paid you for three and you gave me two!

NEWARK WORKER
I gave you three! You just too fucked up to count that high!

Unique yells to his guy.

UNIQUE
Fuck that nigga doin' back here, man?! Get him the fuck outta here!

Chastened, the worker shoves the crackhead toward the door.

NEWARK WORKER
You heard him. You gotta go.

We GO BACK TO UNIQUE and WORRELL.

UNIQUE
(to Worrell)
You notice that all these crackheads be sorry-ass, old niggas?

No.

WORRELL
I try not to notice crackheads, man.

Exactly.

UNIQUE
But that's what I'm talkin' about, man. These crackheads the damn neighborhood punchline. Young niggas clownin' the fuck outta them.

WORRELL
Nobody wanna be a crackhead, man. Shit's a bad fuckin' look.

Facts.

UNIQUE
Which means this shit about to be played out, Worrell. If only old heads fuckin' with it, crack dyin'.

Ever the entrepreneur, Unique senses a shift in the economic winds.

UNIQUE (CONT'D)
The business is changin', my nigga. We gonna need to change with it.

OFF UNIQUE, always a step ahead...

36 **INT. 40 PROJECTS - APARTMENT - NIGHT (N3)** 36

With TWO OF HIS GUYS playing dice against the wall and serving the SCANT CUSTOMERS coming through, DUKE counts up the day's receipts.

The guy throwing the dice (WORKER #1 from 207) throws a three. Loser.

WINNER
Gimme that money!

He snatches the cash from the floor.

WORKER #1
We ain't even close to done, muhfucka! You up!

Duke's annoyed by their noise.

DUKE
Yo, man! I'm tryin' to do this count! Shut the fuck up!

Duke starts counting again.

37 **INT. TAMERLANE SOCIAL CLUB - NIGHT (N3)** 37

The club is pretty empty tonight. Not a lot of guys around.

A COUPLE DUDES AT THE BAR and TWO OLD GUYS playing chess over in a corner.

We FIND SAL sitting alone with a drink in one hand and a cigar in the other. He's deep in thought. He takes a pull off his drink and then heads over to the jukebox.

He scans the selections and then settles on The Four Seasons' "December, 1963 (Oh What A Night)," which serves as the soundtrack for the following events...

38 **I./E. HOWARD'S CAR - NIGHT (N3)** 38

KANAN and HOWARD ride in silence towards Raq.

Howard steals a glance at a tense and brooding Kanan in the passenger seat.

39 **INT. RAQ'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT (N3)** 39

Surrounded by the boxes that are just another reminder of her dashed hopes and dreams, Raq smokes.

She takes a long drag off her cigarette.

A40 **INT. TAMERLANE SOCIAL CLUB - NIGHT (N3)** A40

As The Four Seasons continue to croon, Sal shoots pool by himself.

40 **INT. 40 PROJECTS - APARTMENT - NIGHT (N3)** 40

Duke is still counting the money while his colleagues continue to throw dice in the corner.

They're interrupted by a KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

DUKE
(re: the knock)
See who the fuck that is.

The guy who lost earlier heads to the door and looks through the peephole and obviously sees someone he recognizes.

WORKER #1
This nigga forgot his damn keys.

He's just opened the door when it is KICKED OPEN and HIS COLLEAGUE FALLS INTO HIM.

He doesn't even have time to react when a SHOOTER STEPS IN...

WHITE GUY #1
Greetings from Sal Boselli.

And STARTS FIRING. BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

BOTH OF THESE WORKERS are GUNNED DOWN immediately.

Meanwhile, our WINNING DICE PLAYER reaches for his gun, but doesn't get to it in time. BOOM! He's SHOT DEAD by a SECOND SHOOTER.

IN THE MONEY ROOM, Duke FLIPS OVER THE TABLE for cover, BLASTS THE FIRST SHOOTER and STARTS TO TRADE FIRE WITH THE SECOND GUY, but he's quickly PUT DOWN by a THIRD SHOOTER.

In short order, Sal's guys have killed everyone in here.

A41 **INT. TAMERLANE SOCIAL CLUB - NIGHT (N3)** A41

Meanwhile, Sal continues to shoot pool, stopping occasionally to take a sip from his drink.

41 **INT. NEWARK PROJECTS - APARTMENT - NIGHT (N3)** 41

The gate in the hallway is open and a WORKER is handing a G-PACK TO ANOTHER GUY as Unique steps out of the money room and into this small corridor.

He's just taken a step toward the living room when the door to the apartment is BUSTED OPEN by a GUY WITH A BATTERING RAM.

In the blink of an eye, a SHOOTER steps into the space and BLASTS THE TWO WORKERS.

At the same time, a SECOND SHOOTER steps inside to the kitchen and SHOOTS A GUARD positioned there. The second shooter has just put this guy down when he looks into the living room and sees Unique, who SHOOTS HIM DEAD.

Having dispensed with that guy, Unique steps to the hallway just in time to see Worrell GUN DOWN the first shooter, but Worrell's victory is short-lived because the guy with the battering ram is now holding a gun and he SHOOTS WORRELL IN THE CHEST.

He goes down. Hard.

Unique SHOOTS that guy and then turns to check on Worrell.

The expression on Unique's face tells us that Worrell is in a very tough spot.

A42 **INT. TAMERLANE SOCIAL CLUB - NIGHT (N3)** A42

And still, the music plays and Sal shoots pool.

42 **INT. RECORDING STUDIO - NIGHT (N3)** 42

With Zisa's help, Lou grabs up records from the shelves here.

Suddenly, the door BLOWS OPEN.

TWO OF SAL'S MEN EXPLODE INTO THE SPACE with SHOTTYS bucking shots. BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Buckshot hits everywhere, BOUNCING OFF THE BOARD and SHATTERING THE RECORDING BOOTH GLASS.

Zisa's HIT and GOES DOWN as Lou PULLS HIS GUN and FIRES BACK.

He's able to TAKE OUT BOTH GUYS before rushing over to Zisa.

She's dead.

A43 **INT. TAMERLANE SOCIAL CLUB - NIGHT (N3)** A43

Pool. Music. Sal does what he does.

43 **INT. BAISLEY PROJECTS - HALLWAY - NIGHT (N3)** 43

The elevator dings to a stop.

As soon as the doors slide open, CARMINE and a TEAM OF SAL'S MEN step out, OPENING FIRE ON THE HALLWAY.

ONE OF THE GUARDS and MULTIPLE CRACKHEADS are HIT. They GO DOWN.

But Born Ready is able to RETURN FIRE and KILLS ONE OF THE SHOOTERS. In the process, Ready TAKES A BULLET HIMSELF and TAKES COVER down the hallway and around the corner, bucking off his gun toward the shooters as he moves.

44 **INT. BAISLEY PROJECTS - UNIT 807 - NIGHT (N3)** 44

Marvin hears the gunfire, pulls out his gat and screams to his guys.

MARVIN
Throw everything down the drop!

As the workers collect the cash and crack and drop it down the chute to the unit below, Marvin opens the door to the apartment and peers down the hallway.

He sees Ready FIRING AT THE SHOOTERS and keeping them at bay for now.

Sensing an opportunity for escape, Marvin yells to the workers.

MARVIN (CONT'D)
Ready and me gonna cover you! Go for the back stairs!

Marvin provides COVERING FIRE -- BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! -- as the other dudes in the apartment race out of the apartment and down the hallway.

Marvin steps into the crib to reload and then leans back into the hallway to continue firing. As he does, he exchanges a look with Ready.

It's clear that Ready isn't gonna make it -- he's too badly wounded. He nods at Marvin, who nods back and then makes a break for it.

As Marvin races down the hallway, Ready is killed.

For his part, Marvin is just about to round the corner when -- BOOM! -- he gets HIT IN THE SIDE. He's staggered, but continues to the stairs.

45 **INT. BAISLEY PROJECTS - STAIRWELL - NIGHT (N3)** 45

Grievously injured, Marvin stumbles down the stairs. He tries to move as fast as he can, but he's in a lot of pain.

He makes it down the first flight of stairs when he hears the men enter the stairwell from above.

CARMINE (O.S.)
I hit him! He's not goin' nowhere!

Just to slow them down, Marvin FIRES A COUPLE SHOTS toward the men. There's no hope that he'll hit them, but it will buy him a little more time.

Marvin exits at the stairwell and enters into...

46 **INT. BAISLEY PROJECTS - 7TH FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT (N3)** 46

Marvin trips and stumbles down the hallway to their apartment on this floor. He BANGS ON THE DOOR.

MARVIN
(quietly)
Yo! It's Marvin! Open up!

No answer.

He KNOCKS AGAIN.

MARVIN (CONT'D)
Open up!

Everyone in here bounced as soon as they heard the gunfire.

Marvin, too fucked up to run, looks down the hallway toward the stairs. It's just going to be a matter of moments before Sal's men show up.

We hear the door to the stairs open, and Marvin raises his gat, ready to go out in a blaze of gunfire. And then...

DEMO (O.S.)
Yo!

Marvin turns and sees DEMO (the ornery resident in the wheelchair in 203), in an apartment doorway.

He gestures to Marvin to come inside.

DEMO (CONT'D)
I gotchu.

Sometimes the good we do does come back.

Marvin stumbles into Demo's apartment just as the men come down the hallway.

CARMINE
He's not here.

MAN #2
We'll check the floor below.

And with that, they exit.

As the music ends, we GO TO...

A47 **INT. TAMERLANE SOCIAL CLUB - NIGHT (N3)** A47

Sal sinks the last ball and finishes his drink. He stares straight ahead, thinking about the night's work.

47 **EXT. STREET / RAQ'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT (N3)** 47

KENYA walks down the block toward Raq's house.

She passes by RAQ'S SECURITY DETAIL parked in front of the house, opens the gate and walks up to the front door.

She nervously wrings her hands, working up some courage to do this. And then she knocks on the door.

48 **INT. RAQ'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT (N3)** 48

Raq is putting some last shit in boxes when she hears that someone's at the door. She grabs her gun, walks up to it and sees that it's Kenya.

She puts her strap in her waistband and opens the door.

KENYA
Raquel, I know this is awkward and maybe even inappropriate, but I felt like I needed to speak to you mother-to-mother. Yesterday, Laverne assaulted this-

But Raq's not hearing her.

RAQ
Where my guys? They just let you walk up in here like this?

Raq looks past Kenya toward the car and sees that her men are all SLUMPED OVER. Dead. Shot in the back of their heads by bullets that came through the rear window.

She GRABS KENYA BY THE ARM to pull her into the house.

RAQ (CONT'D)
Get down!

But it's too late. Kenya is THROWN FORWARD to the floor by the force of MULTIPLE GUNSHOTS to the back.

With slugs slapping all over, Raq retreats into the house.

Dario and the HENCHMAN step through the front door, SHOOTING in her direction.

Raq pulls out her strap and BLASTS back, killing the henchman.

But Dario RETURNS FIRE and HITS RAQ IN THE SHOULDER.

She falls backwards, gun flying out her hand from the force.

She's fucked.

Dario stands over her, and she stares up at him as he trains his gun right between her eyes.

DARIO
Shoulda stayed where you belong.

Raq stares fire back at him. She's not scared. Not at all.

RAQ
Just do what the fuck you gonna do.

Raq's gonna go out the same way she came in. Hard as hell.

Dario squeezes the trigger and a SHOT rings out.

And for a fleeting moment, we think we just saw Raquel Thomas take her last breath. For a beat, we process the unbelievable reality that South Jamaica's just lost its gangster queen.

And then Dario staggers. Stumbles. Falls face first onto the ground.

And as he clears Raq's line of sight, she sees someone standing behind him holding a smoking gun. She's been saved.

And holding the gat that's just given her new life is none other than...***KADEEM "UNIQUE" MATHIS***.

Their eyes lock and a knowingness passes between them.

An understanding that can only exist between people who come from the same place at the same time and see the world in the exact same way.

The smallest of smiles creeps across Unique's face.

UNIQUE
Southside.

Word.

And with that, Raq gets up off the ground.

GROWN KANAN (V.O.)
The game fuck up a whole lotta shit. Turn friends into enemies and enemies into friends.

She collects her gun and heads for the door with Unique right behind her.

49 **EXT. RAQ'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT (N3)** 49

Outside, Howard drives up to the house.

GROWN KANAN (V.O.)
But one thing it can't never change is where you from. That shit run thick like the blood in your veins.

As Howard and Kanan exit the car, we start to PULL UP AND AWAY.

GROWN KANAN (V.O.)
It's like that D.N.A. in you.

Raq and Unique emerge from the house.

GROWN KANAN (V.O.)
Tells you who you are, who you gonna be and how you about to move through the fuckin' world. And not nothin' or nobody can never change that.

They head toward Kanan and Howard.

GROWN KANAN (V.O.)
See, I know where I'm from.

And while words are clearly being exchanged between the two parties, we can't hear them.

GROWN KANAN (V.O.)
Question is, where the fuck you from?

But we sure as hell wish we could.

END OF EPISODE