

RICO

Because we're losing sixty percent of all loads at this point. Sixty percent. Miami's a shit show.

MILLER

What do you need?

RICO

It's not what I need, I just fly the stuff. The whole trade needs a new hub. California's the future. What my clients want is a runway in LA, but like I told all of them, it's impossible. Too tight.

Rico lights up the joint, takes a big hit.

MILLER

What type of cut would someone be looking at if they could provide safe passage into LA?

RICO

What do you know about airports?

MILLER

Don't worry about what I know. Just set a meeting.

Rico shrugs, then hands Miller the joint, who looks down at his watch, making note of the time.

INT. FRANKLIN'S HOUSE - DAY

SUBTITLE: South Central Los Angeles

In THE KITCHEN, Franklin eats cereal from a box in his boxers and a white tanktop while his mother, SHARON "CISSY" SAINT, 42, a beautiful African-American woman in a pantsuit, gathers herself for work while on the phone with her boss, MR. TULFOWITZ, a property owner she manages apartment buildings.

CISSY

Yes, sir. I'm stopping by the Crenshaw property first, and if 108 doesn't have rent, I'm serving him with an eviction notice today.

(beat)

Don't worry, I'll have a new tenant in there within a week, one who pays on time. It's my pleasure, Mr. Tulfowitz.

Snowfall

FYI

1/1

She hangs up, looks at Franklin.

ST-7

CISSY

That man don't care about nothing else but getting his money! You think any more about getting back in college?

Franklin's reaction lets us know they've had this conversation before.

FRANKLIN

Momma. You gonna start now? It's summer, and I got a job.

CISSY

I'd hardly call hanging out at that liquor store with those Koreans a job. And regardless, any knucklehead can have a job, you need to think about a career, Franklin. The Koreans got they own business, Mr. Tow got his! Think bigger. Do better than me!

FRANKLIN

Why, so I can be stressed out like you all the time?

She gets pissed.

CISSY

Now see, I would slap your handsome face but I just got my nails done! You're too smart to be wasting away around here, there's a big world out there. You know what upward mobility is?

FRANKLIN

Mom, I'm just playing. I'm all about upward mobility.

CISSY

Don't sass me, boy, you better figure out something soon. I sent you to that school in the valley so you could see there's more to life than hanging around the neighborhood just getting by.

Franklin smiles, talks softly and sincerely to his mother.

2/11

FRANKLIN

You really think that's what I want? Just to get by? You think I like seeing you coming home from work everyday, exhausted?

(seriously, with conviction)

I'm gonna be somebody, and I'm gonna take care of you someday, soon.

CISSY

That's all fine and Jim Dandy Fried Chicken, but without a plan, a man will always just be a boy.

FRANKLIN

(with confidence)

I've got plans. Trust me.

CISSY

Alright, but plans and dreams are two different things. Remember that. My most important job is to make you a man, Franklin. I gotta go. Love you, baby.

end

He digests this as Cissy puts on her business face, opens a drawer, places a GUN in her briefcase, then leaves.

INT. FRANKLIN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Franklin walks into his room, pulls a CIGAR BOX from under his bed, opens it, revealing a BAG OF WEED.

He pulls out a handful and places it on a TRIPLE-BEAM SCALE, measures out 28 grams, then puts the weed in a baggie.

He closes the CIGAR BOX, puts it under his bed, then exits.

EXT. FRANKLIN'S HOUSE - DAY

Franklin walks out the door, where he meets up with his best friend/next door neighbor we met earlier Leon, who stares at something across the street.

Franklin turns, notices his neighbor ANDRE WRIGHT, forty-five, built like a brick wall, watering his lawn.

Behind Andre exiting the house is his stunning daughter, MELODY WRIGHT, 16, face of an angel.

Franklin

Sc. 2
45.

ROB (CONT'D)

And we wanna keep this party going
all night long.

FRANKLIN

So...what you need from me, man?

ROB

You said last time, that if you
don't have it, you can get it,
right?

FRANKLIN

Right. But if you want coke, it's
gonna take me a couple days.

Rob looks over at Bridgette, who beckons him with her eyes,
jonesing for more.

BRIDGETTE

(to Rob)

You said we'd have enough to
freebase, Rob.

Rob hushes her, causing Franklin to be curious. Bridgette
stares up at Franklin.

FRANKLIN

What's that?

Bridgette grins at Franklin, Rob notices.

ROB

I don't really have a couple days,
bro. But I know a guy out here.
My parent's dealer. But...

FRANKLIN

But what?

ROB

It's just, apparently the guy's a
bit of loose cannon, and...

FRANKLIN

You're too afraid to go get it?

ROB

Something like that.

FRANKLIN

So, send the black guy, right?

ROB

It ain't like that.

FVI

Snowfall

4/11

FRANKLIN

It isn't?

ROB

Alright, maybe a little.

Rob smiles. Franklin grins.

FRANKLIN

No problem. I'll be the black guy!
I'm always the black guy, right?
That's cool. Let's go.

Rob's surprised.

ROB

Seriously, just like that?

FRANKLIN

Just like that. I ain't afraid of
some valley coke dealer.

Rob looks over at Bridgette, who grins deviously. Bridgette
and the rest of the girls are impressed.

BRIDGETTE

You're a boss, Franklin.

FRANKLIN

(to Rob)

Yeah, but it's gonna cost you.

ROB

Charge me whatever you want, it's
worth it.

Everyone looks at Franklin, the party's hero.

EXT. AVI'S HOUSE - DUSK

Rob drives a red convertible with Franklin in the passenger
seat and three blonde girls in the backseat.

They park in front of a large house. Rob pulls out a two
hundred dollar bills and gives them to Frankie.

ROB

This guy is legitimately insane, so
just get in and get out.

Franklin seems unfazed.

5/11

FRANKLIN

I got it.

Franklin gets out of the car and walks up to the house, knocks on the door. He HEARS A SMALL DOG BARKING inside.

AVI (O.S. INSIDE THE HOUSE)

(yelling)

Shut up or I'm going to stab you!

Franklin looks back at Rob, shrugs, then knocks again. Eventually the door opens, revealing an Israeli man, AVI DREXLER, forty-three, clearly high out of his mind and fighting off a TINY CHIHUAHUA who nips at his leg.

AVI

Here!

Avi pulls a DOG BISCUIT FROM HIS POCKET, throws it, and the dog runs off. Avi looks up, sees Franklin.

AVI

What are you selling?

Avi looks around.

FRANKLIN

Nothing. I'm here to buy.

Surprised, Avi looks out at the convertible, notices Rob.

AVI

You with them?

FRANKLIN

Yes, sir.

After quick consideration, Avi is amused.

AVI

Is that the Volpe kid?

(off Franklin's nod)

I love Mr. Volpe. And he sent you up here because he's afraid? Right?

(off Franklin's grin)

What a pussy. In my country, we kill people like him.

Avi smiles. Franklin grins back.

AVI

Well, come inside then.

Franklin looks back at Rob, then enters the house.

INT./EXT. AVI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Avi paces nervously while Franklin stands, watching Avi curiously.

AVI
I don't sell coke to kids.

FRANKLIN
Do I look like a kid to you? I'm a grown ass man.

Avi looks him down, unimpressed for the moment, dismisses him.

AVI
Yeah, well I don't sell two hundred dollars worth of coke.

FRANKLIN
What do you sell?

AVI
I sell kilos, to people with money.

FRANKLIN
Well I got two hundred cash, and a car full of rich white kids whose parents you already do business with.

(takes a breath)
Front me a key, and I'll turn it around, quick.

Avi laughs at this suggestion.

AVI
What makes you think I'd just give a kid your age fourteen thousand worth of product?

FRANKLIN
Because motivated salesmen are hard to find, and you're looking at me in my eyes and I'm telling you, with God as my witness, I'll get you your money. I got family in the game, I know what happens to people who don't pay their debts.

7/11

Avi stares him down, now is impressed. Holds tension, then...

AVI

I don't like complications...but I guess if you don't come back, I can always get the money from the parents. Mr. Volpe is a trusted customer.

He looks at Franklin very seriously.

AVI

I'll only say this once. Do not fuck me. You've got twenty-four hours to bring me back my cash.

FRANKLIN

Fine, but make it twelve g's.

Avi can't believe this fucking kid.

AVI

Thirteen.

They shake hands. Avi pulls a pre-wrapped brick of coke and hands it to Franklin. Franklin gives him the two hundred dollars.

AVI

You've got chutzpah, kid.

FRANKLIN

I dunno what that means, but my name's Franklin.

AVI

Ok, Franklin. I'll see you tomorrow, otherwise, I'll see you after that.

~~Franklin walks out of the house with a look of seriousness.~~

INT. ROB'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Franklin watches curiously as the kids go nuts on the coke, especially the women. He's offered some, politely declines.

He notices that Rob and a friend take the coke to the kitchen and begin cooking up the cocaine into "Freebase" while Bridgette and the girls watch, waiting impatiently.

8/11

LOUISE

You sure? Fine.

She gets up, then explodes out the front door.

THROUGH THE SCREEN, we see Louise PUSH the girl off the porch, then beat the living shit out of her on the front lawn while Jerome's boys laugh their asses off.

JEROME

(to Franklin)

Come peep this. Look at your Auntie. She a wild cat, that's why I love her! You need a woman like that to watch your back.

Franklin joins his uncle at the door. They both shake their heads. Louise throws a final punch that knocks the woman out cold on the lawn, then hurries back into the house, annoyed.

LOUISE

That's the last time, Jerome. I ain't gonna be fighting your fights for you forever.

Jerome kisses her lovingly.

JEROME

Thanks, baby.

She sits down just in time for her show to start again. Jerome looks at Franklin.

JEROME

I'll be right back with the stuff.

Louise looks over at Franklin.

LOUISE

Freebase? Don't fuck with that shit, boy. Ain't nothing good ever come from base, and that's me saying it.

Franklin considers this as Jerome comes back in the room with Franklin's weed.

START—

FRANKLIN

Can we talk? In private.

Jerome stands up, motions for Franklin to follow him to the kitchen.

9/11

INT. JEROME'S HOUSE - THE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jerome plops down at the kitchen table.

JEROME
What's up?

FRANKLIN
I got something I need to move.

JEROME
What you got?

Franklin opens his BACKPACK, throws the KILO on the table.

JEROME
Boy, you know I'm in the smack
business. What you doing with this
much coke? You rob somebody?

FRANKLIN
I got a new friend.

JEROME
You got a connect? You?! My
nephew? Damn!

FRANKLIN
Just under a key.

Jerome laughs it off.

JEROME
Get the fuck out of here!

Jerome can see that Franklin's serious.

JEROME
How the fuck you get a key of blow?

FRANKLIN
Told you. My friend.

JEROME
Shit...lemme meet your friend, tell
'em your uncle wanna be down.

FRANKLIN
Lets just handle this, I got twelve
hours to turn this over.

Jerome is taken aback by this.

10/11

JEROME

Oh, nephew's growing up now, huh?
So, you got a connect, and you
ain't gonna tell me who it is, but
you need me to help you get rid of
it? That the score here?

FRANKLIN

If you don't wanna help, I'll
figure it out on my own. I'm
coming to you first, figure we
could split the profits.

JEROME

That's what you figure, huh? Big
boy?

Jerome shakes his head.

FRANKLIN

This is business. I ain't going to
be working at the liquor store
forever, and there sure as hell
ain't no career in my future. I'm
good at flipping shit, I saw an
opportunity and took it. You know
how I can move it or no?

end-

Jerome thinks, nods. He will help.

~~EXT. MANSION - NIGHT~~~~An insanely large Beverly Hills mansion hosts a huge party.
Moviestars, musicians, wealthy people, all funnel inside.~~~~In front of a long line of limos and fancy cars, a stretch
limo approaches the valet. The valet opens the door.~~~~Out steps Manuel, Avi, Lucia, Gustavo, Miller and their
party.~~~~INT./EXT. THE BOOM BOOM ROOM - NIGHT~~~~Jerome leads Franklin into the BOOM BOOM ROOM, a night club
owned by a man he used to do business with but had a falling
out with, BJ, early 50's, a mack-type hustler who uses his
club as a way to launder his income from drugs and
prostitution.~~~~The place is littered with prostitutes, BJ holds court at a
table full of WOMEN IN HEAVY MAKE-UP. We see he has a long
coke pinky nail, and is clearly shocked to see Jerome.~~

1/1