

C.R.E.A.M.
BY DUTCH

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A tricked out Impala sits in the parking lot with its lights out, bumping rap music, the driver MAC, bops along to the beat. He is typing on his iPhone. We SEE that he is posting a selfie to Instagram of him holding a gun.

MAC

Yeah, this shit gangsta.

An Escalade pulls into the parking lot and kills its lights as it pulls up drivers' door to drivers' door with Mac. The driver, DETECTIVE KEVIN CARTER, lowers his window. Mac does the same.

CARTER

What up?

MAC

Shit.

They look at each other, sizing each other up.

CARTER

We gonna eye box or do business?

MAC

Yeah, when you get out of the car.

Carter chuckles, shrugs, then gets out. Mac gets out, with a gun in his hand, down by his leg.

CARTER

Damn Homey, its like that?

MAC

It ain't like nothin. Just makin sure it stay that way. You got the money?

Carter holds up a wad of money.

CARTER

Cash rules, my nigguh, I thought you knew. You got the stuff?

Mac tucks the pistol then takes Carter's money and counts it.

MAC

You short fifty.

CARTER

Put it on my tab.

MAC

(Smirks)

You lucky I like you.

Mac reaches inside his car and grabs a paper bag, then hands it to Carter. He opens it and pulls out a Ziplock bag full of cocaine.

CARTER

Beautiful. My man.

Carter puts Ziplock in his pocket then extends his hand for Mac to shake. When Mac extends back, Carter grabs his wrist, spinning him hard and fast to face the car, while putting a pistol to the back of his head.

MAC

What the fuck?! Don't tell me you a jackboy!

CARTER

Naw nigguh, worse!

Carter pulls his detective shield/chain from under his shirt and holds it in Mac's face.

MAC

Shit!

CARTER

Exactly, and you up to your ears in it, unless you give me some names!

MAC

I don't know nobody!

CARTER

Sure you do. I follow you on Instagram. You follow all the dope boys on your page. Don't you know gangstas don't tweet? Whose your connect?

Mac doesn't respond.

CARTER

You're a two time felon. The coke is the least of your worries. Let's talk about possession of firearm by a felon. You lookin at a long time, Mac. Help yourself.

MAC

Fuck!

CARTER

Talk to me.

MAC

Smalls.

Carter spins Mac around, facing him, pinning his back against the car.

CARTER

Smalls?

MAC

He on my page, too!

CARTER

Tweet, friend, like, I don't care what you do, but you better get me Smalls.

MAC

Yeah.

Carter playfully smacks Mac's cheek.

CARTER

Welcome to the team.

Mac watches Carter pull off, then gets on his phone.

INT. TRAP HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

THREE DUDES are smoking blunts, playing a FIRST PERSON SHOOTER VIDEO GAME and counting money. DUDE #1's phone rings.

DUDE #1

Yo.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

MAC IS ON THE PHONE.

MAC

Put Smalls on the phone. This Mac.

INT. TRAP HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

DUDE #1 passes the blunt to Dude #2.

DUDE #1

Smalls up in some guts. What up?

INT. TRAP HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

SMALLS and TAMIKA are having sex.

MAC (OS)(ON PHONE)

Shit crazy. I need to holla at him.

EXT. TRAP HOUSE NIGHT

THREE MASKED ROBBERS are creeping out of the shadows of the trap house's backyard. There is a JASON MASKED ROBBER, a FREDDIE KRUEGER masked robber and a SCREAM MASKED ROBBER. All are armed with automatic rifles.

DUDE #1 (OS)(ON PHONE)

Shit, the bitch hollerin' now.

MAC (OS)(ON PHONE)

Tell Smalls get at me asap.

JASON MASKED ROBBER

Like taking candy from baby.

SCREAM MASKED ROBBER

Let's make a movie!

The three robbers move in for the kill.

INT. TRAP HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

THREE DUDES are laughing and smoking, totally oblivious to what's brewing on the outside.

INT. TRAP HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE UP of TAMIKA'S face in a state of sexual bliss.

EXT. TRAP HOUSE - NIGHT

CLOSE UP of automatic rifle being cocked.

INT. TRAP HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE UP of FIRST PERSON SHOOTER VIDEO GAME.

EXT. TRAP HOUSE - NIGHT

POV is like that of the FIRST PERSON SHOOTER VIDEO GAME except this time, it is real because it is the POV of the ROBBERS, guns aimed and quickly approaching the door. We SEE his foot come into view as he kicks in the door.

CUT TO BLACK SCREEN

We HEAR the door get kicked in, gunshots, screams and yells.

ROBBER(OS)

Get down! Don't move!

DUDE 2

Yo chill! Chill!

We HEAR more gunshots, a woman screams, more sounds and then it all goes silent abruptly, as if someone has cut off the volume.

A BEAT.

We HEAR a loud buzzing sound.

INT. BARBER SHOP - NIGHT

CLOSE UP of a pair of clippers being used to cut someone's hair. Camera pans back and we see the barber is GRAMPS, an older man. He is cutting CARTER'S hair. The barber shop is empty except for the two of them.

CARTER

Ai-ight old man, keep my line tight.

GRAMPS

(chuckles)

Call me old man again, and the line at your wake gonna be **long**.

They laugh.

GRAMPS

Just like your daddy. Swear you God's gift to women.

Carter glances at a faded picture on the wall of his father in his army uniform.

CARTER

Gramps, you've been cutting hair since I was a kid. When are you going to retire?

GRAMPS

When The Lord calls me home to give **him** a haircut.

Carter laughs.

GRAMPS

Hell, the Bible say He had hair like wool. Now I **know** he need a shape up!

CARTER

Gramps, you crazy.

Barber looks at Carter. He can sense something is wrong.

GRAMPS

Boy, you okay?

CARTER

Yeah. Yeah, I'm good.

GRAMPS

You know I'm proud of you, right?

CARTER

Thanks, Gramps.

GRAMPS

This community need some heroes they can look up to. Somebody with some damn sense. Believe me, your father would be proud too.

CARTER

(Mumbles)

Not if he knew everything.

GRAMPS

Don't you go beatin' yourself up. We all make mistakes, junior.

CARTER

Yeah, but mine cost me my family.

Barber takes smock off of Carter and looks at him.

GRAMPS

You're a good man, Carter, but you've gotta stop living in the past. You have to move on, stop hiding behind your job and live life again.

CARTER

I'll try, Gramps.

They hug. Carter's phone rings. He answers.

CARTER (ON PHONE)

Yeah?...Where?... I'm on my way.

EXT. TRAP HOUSE - NIGHT

CARTER pulls up and steps out of his Escalade. Several police officers are moving to and fro, administering the crime scene. The house is cordoned off with yellow tape. Carter ducks under the yellow tape and enters.

INT. TRAP HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

More police are taking pictures and doing the forensic work on the two bodies in the living room sprawled out. Blood covers the walls. Carter approaches a female officer taking pictures of dead Dude #1.

CARTER

Looks like a war zone.

FEMALE OFFICER

You should see the back.

CARTER

There's more?

FEMALE OFFICER

(Nods)

Detective Banks is back there now
with the lone survivor.

Carter steps into the hallway where there are two more bodies. One laying towards the back and the other, naked except for his boxers, laying facing the front of the house, a gun in his hand. Two officers are taking pictures. Carter stops and looks at the boxer clad body.

CARTER

Smalls.

He shakes his head and enters the bedroom.

INT. TRAP HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

DETECTIVE BANKS is standing over TAMIKA, who is wrapped in a blanket and sitting on the edge of the bed, holding a Cup of coffee. In the corner, he notices a safe with its door wide open and the insides empty.

BANKS

Carter. Glad you could make it.

CARTER

What you got?

BANKS

Four dead. Empty safe. Empty stash.
She's the only one that survived.
Her name's Tamika.

CARTER

Tamika, how are you?

(CONT'D)

Tamika shrugs, sips her coffee, scared to death.

TAMIKA

Okay, I guess.

CARTER

What can you tell me about what happened? Any idea who it was?

Tamika is hesitant to speak. She looks to Banks, then back to Carter.

BANKS

She said it was somebody called The Cream Team.

CARTER

Cream Team?

TAMIKA

Th-that's what they said.

CARTER

Tell me what happened.

TAMIKA

Th-they came in....

FLASHBACK - INT. TRAP HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

TAMIKA and SMALLS are having sex. They hear the door getting kicked in.

SMALLS

Shit!

Smalls jumps up, pulls up his boxers and grabs his gun.

TAMIKA

Baby!

SMALLS

Wait here!

He runs out the door. More gunshots. Tamika runs and hides in the closet.

TAMIKA (OS)

So many gunshots. I got scared and hid in the closet.

A moment later, the three robbers come in with DUDE #3, (he is the other body in the hall) They have him by the collar. POV is that of Tamika's through the crack in the closet door.

TAMIKA (OS)

They made Ty open the safe.

We SEE the safe being opened, inside, there are stacks of money. Jason masked robber shoots dude 3 in the face. We don't see the body fall because its out Tamika's POV. We SEE Tamika jump at the sound of the gunshot. The Freddie Krueger masked robber looks over at the closet, while the other two robbers fill their duffel bags with money.

TAMIKA

When they shot Ty, I jumped. I guess I made a noise, because the one in the Freddie mask came to the closet.

The Freddie Krueger masked robber opens the closet. They look at one another. Tamika looks at the gun in the robber's hand.

TAMIKA

H-He looked at me. I thought he was going to kill me -- One of the others asked what was up, wanting to know why he opened the closet. The others couldn't see me -- I thought he was going to kill me -- then he just closed the door.

BACK TO ORIGINAL SCENE

CARTER and BANKS look at one another, then Carter turns to TAMIKA.

CARTER

Did you recognize anything about them? Voices? Any tattoos? Anything?

TAMIKA

(Shakes her head)

Like I said, they were wearing masks and hoodies.

Carter hands her his card.

CARTER

If you think of anything else, anything at all, give me a call, okay?

TAMIKA

(Crying)

Okay -- I'm sorry I can't help more.
Smalls didn't deserve to die like
that.

CARTER

Don't worry. We'll find them.

EXT. TRAP HOUSE - NIGHT

CARTER and BANKS are standing outside.

CARTER

Something doesn't feel right.

BANKS

You think she had something to do
with it?

CARTER

They kill everyone in the house
except her? Then the whole story
about opening the closet door -- I
don't know.

TAMIKA is being led out of the house by two EMS
workers. Her and Carter's eyes meet as she gets in the
back of the ambulance.

CARTER

She's definitely a pretty girl, but
in this game, pretty girls can do
some ugly things.

BANKS

Well, she's clean. We don't have
anything we can hold her on.

CARTER

Just keep her on the radar.

BANKS

What about this Cream Team thing?
Should I look into it?

Carter is back pedaling away.

CARTER

Trust me, I'm already on it.

EXT. CONDO - NIGHT

MPV pulls into the garage, then the door slowly comes
down behind it.

INT. CONDO LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The three robbers walk in. INCH, had the Jason mask, while BOOM has the Scream mask in his hand. The THIRD ROBBER is heading down the hallway, back to the camera, then goes in the back room and slams the door. Boom and Inch are both carrying duffel bags.

INCH

(to Third
Robber)

Yo Cream! Fuck wrong wit you?!

BOOM

Yo what's wrong! The fuck is on your mind, yelling out Cream Team like that?!

INCH

Man, everybody was fuckin dead! Who they gonna tell!?

BOOM

(Shaking his
head)

You stupid as hell, yo.

INCH

I'm stupid?! Naw, you and Cream just gettin soft! Look at this!

Inch dumps the money and drugs out of his duffel bag.

INCH

Do that look stupid?! I set this lick up!

BOOM

(Sighs)

Look Lil'Brah --

INCH

Don't Lil Brah me! We the Cream Team! Respect mine or here go the Tech nine, remember?!

BOOM

You gettin sloppy.

INCH

(Chuckles)

Naw, I'm bout to **get** sloppy, ya heard? I'ma get gee'd up and go see what this city all about. You comin?

BOOM

Naw.

Inch grabs two stacks of money off the floor.

INCH

Like I said -- soft.

(Yells down
hallway)

I know you hear me Cream! Soft! I'm
outta here.

Inch walks out of the room. Boom just shakes his head.

EXT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

INCH pulls up in a Benz. He gets out, blinged up and looking good. His swag is on one-thousand as he bops inside like he owns the world.

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

We SEE GIRLS working the pole.

We SEE close up of a jiggling ass as a STRIPPER walks by INCH.

Camera pans to Inch as he is making his way through the crowd. Females are eying him, and a few dudes are grilling him, but none move like they want a problem.

We SEE two dudes, JAY and BLACK sitting at a table in the back. They are watching Inch as he takes a table.

JAY

Who that lil' nigguh?

BLACK

I never seen him before.

JAY

Fuck around and nobody ever see him
again.

Jay and Black chuckle and dap each other up.

We SEE waitress bring Inch two bottles of Ace of Spades. Inch is trying to get her to give him a lap dance, but she giggles and walks away.

JAY

Nigguh ballin, huh?

BLACK

Looks like we just found dinner.

JAY

Really though.

TIME LAPSE

INCH is drinking and getting a lap dance from the stripper named DREAM.

Inch is drinking some more, turning the bottle up, gangsta style.

FLASHBACK INT. PRISON BUS - DAY

INCH and about forty other young black men are sitting on the prison bus handcuffed, grim faced and angry. The scene is in black and white.

BACK TO SCENE

We SEE JAY and BLACK eying Inch hard.

We SEE INCH smoking a blunt, kicked back Big Willie style.

FLASHBACK INT. COURTROOM - DAY

INCH is standing before the judge.

JUDGE

Young man, you are a menace to society!

INCH

(Smiles)

Fuck you.

BACK TO SCENE

INCH is making it rain on the strippers, including Dream. Money floats everywhere. JAY and BLACK are watching, hatred in their faces. Inch peeps them watching, smirk, but turns away.

FLASHBACK INT. PRISON CELL -NIGHT

We SEE INCH doing push-ups, his muscles taut and his body slick with sweat.

CLOSE UP of his face as he strains.

CLOSE UP of his back, flexing with every push up.

We SEE Inch sharpening a shank on his floor, so hard, sparks fly from the friction of the steel against the concrete floor.

BACK TO SCENE

DREAM walks by INCH. He reaches out and stops her.

DREAM

Hey baby, you tryin to go to VIP?

INCH

Next time. Right now, I need a favor. Don't look now, but I need to know who those two dudes are sitting by the pool table.

DREAM

(Sucks her
teeth)

Nobody. Just Jay and Black, jack boys from Decatur. Be careful, they put a boy in the hospital last week.

INCH

Just what I need to get off some stress. Listen, get your phone and wait for me out back. I want you to get it all on tape but **don't** get me in the shot, understood?

DREAM

Wait, what? My phone? I --

INCH

Just trust me. And remember, **don't** shoot my face.

DREAM

What are you gonna do, New York?

INCH

(Sinister smile)

What I do best.

EXT. STRIP CLUB PARKING LOT- NIGHT

INCH staggers out of the club drunkenly. A few beats later, JAY and BLACK come out behind him.

JAY

That nigguh drunk as hell!

BLACK

Yeah, caught his ass slippin.

We SEE Dream slip out of the back door, and post up in the shadows of the building, camera pointed at Jay and Black. Jay and Black run up on Inch. We SEE Inch smile to himself, seconds before they reach him. In one smooth motion, his drunkenness disappears and he spits out a razor, spinning and slicing Jay across the face, while pulling out his gun with his other hand. He does it so quickly, that Black never has time to get off a shot before he finds himself looking down the barrel of Inch's gun. We SEE Black's hand go limp and the gun fall to the ground.

JAY

(on the ground)

My face! My face!

INCH

Cream Team, bitch ass niggah!

We SEE Dream's POV through her iPhone as Inch unmercifully beats and stomps both Jay and Black. Then Inch stops and aims the gun at them.

INCH

Now strip!

Jay and Black look at each other through swollen eyes.

TIME LAPSE

Jay and Black are shivering as they stand there in their boxers. Inch has on Jay's chain and Black's watch.

INCH

I like this chain. You wasn't rockin it right. Now beat it. Run!

Inch fires a shot by their feet and they take off running. Dream is laughing as she tapes their escape.

DREAM

Instagram is going to love this!

FLASHBACK - (DREAM SEQUENCE) INT. CAR - DAY

CARTER, his wife NINA and four year old daughter MYA are driving in the car. Their voices are inaudible, but their happiness is obvious, as they laugh, talk and interact.

INT. CARTER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Close up of CARTER'S sleeping face, relaxing slightly.

FLASHBACK - (DREAM SEQUENCE) INT. CAR - DAY

CARTER pulls into the parking lot of a convenience store. He pecks NINA on the lips and winks at MYA in the backseat, making her giggle. He gets out.

We SEE Carter in the store buying some juices. He glances at Nina and Mya in the car. She smiles. We SEE a dark sedan skid into the parking lot. Carter looks up just in time to see a gunman jump out, but we don't see the gunman's face.

INT. CARTER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Close up of CARTER'S sweating face, anguished.

FLASHBACK - (DREAM SEQUENCE) INT. STORE - DAY

CARTER yells nooooooo! But the sound of his voice is inaudible. He runs outside and looks in the car at his dead wife and daughter.

INT. CARTER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

CARTER sits up abruptly, tears streaming his face. He covers his face in his hands.

CARTER

Damn.

He looks at the picture of Nina and Mya on his nightstand.

CARTER

It should've been me.

INT. SHOWER - NIGHT

CARTER is showering.

FLASHBACK - EXT. CEMETERY - DAY(RAINY)

CARTER and his friend, MIKE, stand at Nina's grave.

CARTER

I'm getting out of the game.

MIKE

But a cop?! You gonna be a cop?!

CARTER

I owe it to Nina and Mya.

EXT. PARK - DAWN

CARTER is jogging. He hears his GRANDFATHER'S VOICE in his head.

GRAMPS (VO)

You're a good man, Carter, but
you've gotta stop living in the
past.

We SEE Carter watching the sunrise, contemplatively.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. MAC'S BEDROOM - MORNING

CARTER is standing over MAC who is stone sleep in his
bed, snoring. Carter shakes his head, then bends down
next to Mac's ear.

CARTER

(In Mac's ear)

Boo!

Mac jumps up, shook and anxious, looking around until
he finally realizes Carter is standing there.

MAC

What the hell?! How you get in here?

CARTER

You lucky, Mac. I could've killed
you.

MAC

For what? You the police.

CARTER

You sure?

Mac just looks at him, not knowing what to say.

CARTER

Smalls is dead.

MAC

Why you lookin' at me like that?

CARTER

Because I don't believe in
coincidence, Mac. One minute we're
talking about setting him up, then
he's dead? What would you think if
you were me?

MAC

I ain't have nothin' to do wit it!

CARTER

Make me believe you, or I'll arrest
you for Murder One.

MAC

Mur-

Mac tries to stand. Carter pushes him back down.

CARTER

Sit down. Talk. What do you know about the Cream Team?

Mac looks at him.

MAC

I know a lot. Jackboy crew from up top -- New York somewhere. They go hard and play for keeps. Why you ask? They the ones killed Smalls?

CARTER

You tell me -- 'cause you just got a promotion -- to the homicide division.

MAC

Come on, man. I ain't sign up for this! The Cream Team are straight killers!

CARTER

Then you better find 'em quick. I'll be in touch.

Carter walks out. Mac shakes his head.

MAC

What the hell I done got into?

EXT. JAZZ CLUB - NIGHT

CARTER is walking in, but his attention is on his phone. DETECTIVE BANKS is on her way out. They run into each other.

CARTER

Excu -- Banks?

Carter looks her up and down because she is dressed attractively, not in her normal professional attire. She is gorgeous.

BANKS

Surprised?

CARTER

There's no crime scene in there somewhere, is it?

BANKS

Haha, very funny. For your information, I do have a life outside of homicide.. unlike **some** people.

CARTER

(Chuckles)

Ouch. Actually I'm here to get a life. Can I buy you a drink?

BANKS

Next time. I'm late for a date. Call me.

Carter watches her walk away, admiringly.

CARTER

Nice.

INT. JAZZ CLUB - NIGHT

CARTER enters, weaving between tables behind a WAITRESS until he reaches an empty table. The band onstage is playing the blues. The Waitress brings him a beer. He relaxes into it, leaning back and taking in the scene, the vibe, the music, the atmosphere. Then he stops. Looks. Focuses. We SEE the profile of CHARISMA. She resembles his dead wife Nina.

FLASHBACK - INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

NINA looks back over her shoulder, and smiles.

BACK TO SCENE

CHARISMA looks over her shoulder the same way. She smirks then turns her attention back to the music, snapping her fingers and swaying sensually in her seat. Carter watches her for a moment. He gets up as if he's about to leave. Stops. Looks back at her. She is lost in the music. He turns back and approaches her table.

CHARISMA

(Chair dancing;
eyes closed)

Are you just gonna stand there staring?

Charisma cracks an eye and a smile.

CARTER

I was just sitting over there -- you're beautiful.

CHARISMA

You get a C for originality, but an
A for honesty. Join me?

CARTER

(Sits down)

I'm usually not this tongue tied.

CHARISMA

I'm usually not this friendly.

(Shakes her
drink)

Blame it on the alcohol. I'm
Charisma.

CARTER

Kevin.

They shake hands. Charisma holds up her glass. The
waitress sees her.

CHARISMA

Hold up your bottle. It's on me.

CARTER

(Holds up beer
bottle)

Thank you.

The waitress brings over their drinks. Charisma holds
up her glass to be toasted.

CHARISMA

To not drinking alone.

Glasses clink, they drink. She looks at him with a
curious smile.

CARTER

What?

CHARISMA

No.

CARTER

No?

CHARISMA

No, I don't have a man. And no, I
don't care if you have a girl. I
like to skip the subtleties.

CARTER

Quickest line between two points.

She smiles. She gets it. We SEE a CLOSE UP of Carter's clean nails. We SEE a CLOSE UP of his white teeth, then the sensual spread of his lips into a smile. We SEE a CLOSE UP of her lips.

CHARISMA

I want to dance.

CLOSE UP of his eyes. CLOSE UP of her eyes.

BACK TO FULL SCENE

CARTER

Its not that kind of club.

CHARISMA

It is now.

She holds out her hand. He takes it. They get up and embrace, slow drag. Their eyes carry the conversation for a beat, then a few other couples get up at their table and dance.

CHARISMA

See? Sometimes we just need a reason to let go.

CARTER

What's your reason?

CHARISMA

(shrugs)

Fuck it.

CARTER

(laughs)

Hell of a reason.

CHARISMA

I believe a person should say fuck it at least three times in life. The first time is always a mistake. The second, a memory that you will always cherish. And the third time, because life is too short to let that particular moment slip away.

CARTER

So what number is this?

CHARISMA

I've lost count.

She kisses him.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The club melts away, blurring and transforming. Now they are in a motel room, still kissing, only more passionately.

We SEE clothes coming off, the CLOSE UP of brown skin to brown skin, his tongue across her stomach, her nails dug in his back, various positions blur together creating a mosaic of love making. Camera pans to window for a shot of the full moon.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Camera pans down from the shot of the full moon from previous scene to alight upon a shot of a small apartment complex. CLOSE UP of front door. A beat. TAMIKA answers the door. POV is of the PERSON at the door, so we never SEE who it is, only Tamika speaking directly to the camera.

TAMIKA

'Bout time. I was beginning to think y'all wasn't gonna pay me.

Tamika turns to walk away from the door.

TAMIKA

Shit, I played my part, now it's time to --

We SEE a gun being raised into the frame by the PERSON with a gloved hand. Tamika cowers.

TAMIKA

Noo --

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

An old man MR. WENDELL, is in his kitchen feeding his cat. We HEAR three gunshots.

MR WENDELL

Lord ha' mercy --

He shuffles to the back door where he has a clear view of Tamika's apartment. He sees the PERSON come out of Tamika's house, their head is covered with a hood, wearing all black clothes. Mr. Wendell sees it all, watching the person disappear into the shadows.

INT. MOTEL - MORNING

CARTER wakes up. He looks around and sees that he is alone. He is slightly upset by the revelation until he sees a piece of paper on top of his phone. He picks it up.

CHARISMA (VO)

No, it wasn't a dream. 555 --

CARTER

(chuckles)

Yeah.

He starts to get up, but his phone rings. He answers.

EXT. TAMIKA'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - MORNING

BANKS is on the phone while several police officers move to and fro in the background.

BANKS (ON PHONE)

Its your lucky day. Breakfast on me.

INT. MOTEL - MORNING

CARTER is looking at himself in the mirror.

CARTER(ON PHONE)

What're we having?

EXT. TAMIKA'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - MORNING

BANKS (ON PHONE)

Murder.

TIME LAPSE

CARTER pulls up and goes inside the open door of Tamika's apartment.

INT. TAMIKA'S APARTMENT - MORNING

CARTER walks in to find BANKS standing over TAMIKA'S sheet covered body.

BANKS

You were right.

CARTER

About?

BANKS

Take a look.

Carter squats down and peeps under the sheet.

CARTER

Unfortunately.

He stands back up.

CARTER

How do we know its connected?

BANKS

We don't, but I'd take the odds.

Carter nods. A FEMALE OFFICER walks up.

FEMALE OFFICER

Excuse me, Detective?

BANKS

Yes?

FEMALE OFFICER

I think I may have found a witness.

BANKS

(curious timbre)

A witness?

FEMALE OFFICER

I went door to door to see if anyone had seen or heard --

BANKS

Who told you to do that?

FEMALE OFFICER

No one, ma'am, I just took the initiative --

CARTER

Good job. We're on our way.

Female officer walks away. Carter turns to Banks.

CARTER

You okay?

BANKS

Fine. I just don't need any rookies fouling up my investigation.

They walk off camera.

INT. MR. WENDELL'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

MR. WENDELL opens door for CARTER and BANKS.

CARTER

Mr. Wendell?

MR. WENDELL

That was my daddy, but he dead. I reckon I'm all that's left.

He steps aside so they can enter, then closes the door behind them.

MR. WENDELL

Coffee?

CARTER

No, sir.

BANKS

I'm fine, thank you.

MR. WENDELL

Y'all sure? Freshly brewed.

CARTER

I just had a cup.

MR. WENDELL

Used to be a time when folks didn't mind hospitality. Shame we can't --

CARTER

I'll take mine black.

BANKS

Me too.

MR. WENDELL

Come on in the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

CARTER, BANKS, and MR. WENDELL all sit at the kitchen table with a cup of coffee in front of them.

MR. WENDELL

I don't get many visitors these days with my daughter gone off to New York.

CARTER

I see. Ah, Mr. Wendell, you told the officer --

MR. WENDELL

Your parents living?

Banks suppresses a smile, Carter suppresses his impatience.

CARTER

Yes sir.

MR. WENDELL

You visit them?

CARTER

Every chance I get. You said you saw someone exit Miss Jefferson's apartment -- next door?

MR. WENDELL

I did, right after I heard some gunshots.

CARTER

How do you know they came from that particular apartment?

MR. WENDELL

(Slightly
offended)

Cause I can hear.

CARTER

I just meant --

MR. WENDELL

I know what you meant, just like I know what I heard. She got shot didn't she?

CARTER

I -- umm -- yes she did.

MR. WENDELL

Guns make noise, don't they? Well, that's what I heard.

CARTER

Can you describe the person?

MR. WENDELL

Not too clearly. It was dark.

CARTER

Is there anything about him you can tell us?

MR. WENDELL

For starters, it wasn't no him.

Carter looks at Banks, who has her eyes on Mr. Wendell.

CARTER

How can you be sure? You just said it was dark.

MR. WENDELL

Son, I've been around a long time. Believe me, I know a woman when I see one. Don't no man walk like that!

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - MORNING

BANKS and CARTER are walking away from Mr. Wendell's apartment.

CARTER

So what do you think?

BANKS

I think he's old, lonely, and seeing things in the dark he wants to see.

CARTER

He sounded pretty sure to me.

BANKS

Picture him on the stand. He already said it was dark, and the only thing we have to go on is his opinion of a woman's walk?

CARTER

Yeah, I see your point. Still, we need to keep an open mind, no?

BANKS

I agree.

Carter's phone rings.

CARTER (ON PHONE)

Yeah.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MORNING

MAC is standing by his car, looking around.

MAC (ON PHONE)

You know where the old flea market is?

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - MORNING

CARTER stops walking and listens.

CARTER (ON PHONE)

Why?

MAC (OS) (ON PHONE)

Not on the phone.

Carter looks at his watch.

MAC (OS) (ON PHONE)

Believe me, it'll be worth your
time. Come alone.

CARTER chuckles.

CARTER

Since when do you make the rules?

EXT. PARKING LOT - MORNING

CLOSE UP of MAC.

MAC

Since I found the Cream Team.

TIME LAPSE

CARTER pulls into the parking lot. He stops by Mac's car. MAC thunks his cigarette away then gets in Carter's passenger seat.

CARTER

This better be good.

MAC

Don't worry I got the goods, but
before we get into all that, I need
a favor.

Carter justs looks at him, poker faced.

MAC

Just hear me out. Child support is
on my ass. Shit been hectic. I mean,
I'ma pay, just not right now, and I
don't want to go to jail.

CARTER

So let me get this straight, you
want me to help you be a dead beat
dad?

MAC

No, **you** want **me** to help **you**. I can't
do that from jail, now can I?

They look at each other for a beat.

CARTER

Just give what you got.

Mac hands him his phone.

MAC

This.

Carter looks at the phone. We SEE the video of Jay and Black being beaten and robbed.

CARTER

This is the Cream Team?

MAC

Naw, the nigguh doin' the ass kickin is.

CARTER

I can't see him.

MAC

You ain't. You just hear him. Listen.

Mac rewinds the video and turns it up. We HEAR:

INCH (OS) (Barely audible)

Cream Team, bitch ass nigguh!

MAC

He said Cream Te-

CARTER

I heard him. This is all you got?

MAC

Its a start. What **you** got? I already heard about Tamika. Hell, I coulda told you she had somethin' to do with it. The bitch was triflin', always settin' niggus up. That's how the Cream Team operates. They get broads to set up licks. This here club is out east, called Player's Choice. I wouldn't be surprised if they were next to get hit.

Carter looks at the video again.

CARTER

I could've found this myself.

MAC

But you didn't. I mean, are you even on Instagram?

Carter doesn't respond.

MAC

Exactly. You woulda never found it.

CARTER

I'll keep Child Support at bay for six months, Mac, no more.

MAC

Hey that's all I need! You know Mac love his kids!

Mac gets out.

CARTER

Everybody wants something.

MONTAGE W/ MUSIC

- a) We see Cream Team, masked up and rushing up in the Player's Choice, fully armed. It is before opening so only THE OWNER, the STRIPPERS and the BOUNCERS are there.
- b) We see CARTER looking at the JAY/BLACK video on his laptop, studying it. Insert close up of date video was posted.
- c) We see a BOUNCER reaching for his gun but is blasted off his feet by CREAM
- d) We see CARTER pause the tape and enlarge it until he can see INCH'S sneaker clearly. It's a limited edition Jordan's sneaker.
- e) We see all the STRIPPERS laying face down. DREAM glances up at INCH. she winks
- f) We see CARTER finds the Jordan's on line

CARTER

Only six sold, huh?

- g) We see Cream Team force OWNER in to the money room. The room is stacked with one dollar bills. They start putting money in army duffel bags.
- h) We see CARTER online researching who bought the six pairs.
- i) We see Cream Team leaving with six stuffed duffel bags. OWNER is tied up on the floor.

OWNER

Fuck!

INT. CARTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

CARTER is typing on his lap top. An OFFICER knocks then sticks his head in the door.

OFFICER

Looks like The Cream Team struck again.

Carter stands up and grabs his holster on his way out the door.

CARTER

Where's Detective Banks?

OFFICER

On another case.

CARTER

Damn.

INT. THE PLAYER'S CHOICE - NIGHT

CARTER walks in. POLICE are all around, talking to witnesses and assessing damage. Carter sees the OWNER holding his head, talking to an OFFICER.

CARTER

Are you the owner?

OWNER

Who you?

CARTER

Detective Carter.

OWNER

Ain't much to detect. Three masked muh-fuckas with guns laid me down and took my shit!

CARTER

We're going to need more than that. Do you have surveillance cameras?

OWNER

Of course I do. What they gonna tell you I didn't?

CARTER

I'm more interested in the tape for a night about a week ago.

Owner looks at Carter, puzzled.

INT. OWNER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

OWNER takes CARTER over to a bank of surveillance screens.

OWNER

What night you looking for?

CARTER

The 17th. Friday.

Owner keys in the information.

OWNER

Had this put in about a month ago.
Cost me a grip. Here we go. What you
want to see?

CARTER

I'm going have to ask you to leave.

OWNER

Leave? You want me to step out?

CARTER

Do you want to find the guys who did
this?

OWNER

Absolutely.

CARTER

Then you're going to have to trust
me. If word of what I'm looking
for got out, it **will** blow the
investigation.

Owner looks at Carter for a beat.

OWNER

You think it was an inside job,
don't you?

CARTER

I'm not liberty to say.

OWNER

I figured as much. Just promise me
one thing.

CARTER

If I can.

OWNER

After this is all said and done, I
want to know who it was.

CARTER

You will.

Owner walks out. Carter turns to the screen. We SEE shot of surveillance camera when INCH walks in the club. Carter accelerates the speed of the tape. We SEE Inch and DREAM talking, then Inch leaves and Dream goes to the back door.

CARTER

Bingo!

INT. OWNER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

DREAM is sitting in front of the desk. CARTER is sitting on the corner of the desk. He just looks at her. The silence is making Dream uncomfortable.

DREAM

You ain't gonna say nothin'?

CARTER

Do you know why I wanted to see you last? Why I talked to all the other girls before you?

DREAM

Look, I ain't got no time for games.

CARTER

I wanted to protect you.

DREAM

Protect me? Protect me from what?

Carter holds up his phone, SHOWING a picture of TAMIKA, dead and bloody. Dream flinches at the sight.

CARTER

This. Oh, you know her, huh? Don't lie, I can see it in your eyes.

Dream glares at him.

CARTER

She set up a robbery for The Cream Team, too. Now she's dead.

Carter swipes to another picture of another dead girl on his phone. Its obvious the pictures are having an effect on Dream.

CARTER

This is -- I mean -- **was** Simone.
More of Cream Team's work. Pretty,
huh?

DREAM

What's they got to do wit me? I
don't know no Cream Team.

CARTER

Oh no? Then I'm sorry for wasting
your time. All I know is, whoever
set this robbery up -- won't live to
see the sunrise. Good luck.

Carter stands and heads for the door. Dream's
expression bespeaks her inner conflict. Carter opens
the door.

DREAM

(Blurts out)
I needed the money.

CARTER

What?

Dream stands up and approaches Carter.

DREAM

They said they'd give me five
thousand. I need it because my
daughter --

CARTER

I'm not interested in your sob
story. I'm interested in the Cream
Team. You either help me or go to
jail. Your choice.

DREAM

They'll kill me.

CARTER

They kill you if you don't listen to
me. So what's it gonna be?

DREAM

What you want me to do?

INT. CREAM'S CONDO - NIGHT

BOOM and INCH have all the money spread out on the
table. It looks a mountain of money stacks.

BOOM

No wonder nobody ever robs a strip club. All these fuckin ones!

INCH

Shit, eighty-grand is eighty-grand, i don't give a fuck if its in pennies!

BOOM

Fuck eighty-grand grand, I ain't robbin' no more strip clubs.

INCH

Ay yo, Cream! You ai-ight in there?!

We HEAR a toilet flush. CREAM comes out of the bathroom. The camera is behind Cream, who has on a hoody, so we cant' see who it is.

INCH

You good?

Camera is in front of Cream. Cream removes the hoody and we see Cream is Charisma.

CHARISMA

Why wouldn't I be?

BOOM

Lil' brah right, sis. You look pale a hell.

FLASHBACK - INT. BATHROOM - THIRTY SECONDS EARLIER

CHARISMA is throwing up in the toilet.

BACK TO SCENE

CHARISMA

Ya'll trippin. How much we get?

INCH

Eighty.

CHARISMA

Crumbs.

INCH

Crumbs make cake.

BOOM

This spot getting dry. Its time to move on.

INCH

We shoulda went to Miami.

CHARISMA

I'm not ready to go yet.

BOOM

Big sis --

CHARISMA

Did you hear what I said? What y'all need to be worryin' about is taking care of Inch little girlfriend.

BOOM

(Shakes his
head)

Whatever, man. Come on Inch.

Boom and Inch walk out. Charisma waits until the door closes then she picks up her phone, smiling to herself.

EXT. PLAYER'S CHOICE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

CARTER is walking to his car. His phone rings. He answers.

CARTER (ON PHONE)

Yeah?

INT. CREAM'S CONDO - NIGHT

CHARISMA (ON PHONE)

Do you want to play a game?

EXT. PLAYER'S CHOICE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

CARTER stops walking and smiles, looking around.

CARTER (ON PHONE)

A game? I wish, but now isn't a good time.

CHARISMA (OS)(ON PHONE)

Now is all we have.

BLACK SCREEN

A beat of silence.

CARTER(OS) (ON PHONE)

I'm listening.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

CHARISMA is walking down the street in a very revealing outfit. CARTER is walking behind her at a stalker's pace, watching her stop at shop windows, pretending he isn't there.

CHARISMA (OS)

Have you ever seen a woman on the street that you just had to have? That you wanted to fuck -- You don't want to know her name, her game or her situation, you just want to taste her.

CARTER (OS)

I have.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

CHARISMA is walking into a motel room. CARTER comes up a few moments later and watches her disappear inside the room.

CHARISMA (OS)

Would you follow her?

CARTER (OS)

Yes.

CHARISMA (OS)

Anywhere?

CARTER (OS)

Everywhere.

BLACK SCREEN

CHARISMA giggles, slightly distorted by an echo.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

CARTER comes to the door. It is slightly cracked. He pushes it open. Its dark. He sees the dress and stilettos Charisma was wearing on the floor. He smiles. He closes the door. We SEE CHARISMA emerge from the shadows behind the door and wraps her arms around Carter.

CHARISMA (OS)

Then you'd find out, you were the one being stalked.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. SMALL HOUSE - NIGHT

BOOM and INCH pull up to the house, get out and go to the door. Inch knocks while Boom looks around.

BOOM

She don't live wit nobody?

INCH

Naw. Just her daughter.

BOOM

She better hope she at the babysitter.

Inch knocks again.

BOOM

Fuck she at?

INCH

(Looks at watch)

I told her to be here so she could get paid. It ain't like a broad to miss money.

Inch takes out his phone and calls. It rings twice then goes to voice mail. Inch texts. We SEE the text:

WHERE U @?

INT. MOTEL - NIGHT

DREAM is looking at the same text. She cuts off her phone, puts it on the dresser, leans down and kisses her sleeping daughter then lays down beside her.

INT. MOTEL - MORNING

CHARISMA wakes up, looks up and sees she is alone, but she hears the shower. She smiles and lays back.

CHARISMA

(Yelling)

You should've woken me up, I would've joined you.

CARTER (OS)

Snooze you lose!

She giggles, then stretches luxuriating in the moment. She rubs her belly and smiles.

CHARISMA

Hurry up, I gotta tell you something!

She leans up and sees his clothes on the chair. She grabs his shirt, but when she pulls it, his detective chain falls and hits the floor, face down. She picks it up and sees it's a detective shield. She gasps.

CHARISMA

What the hell?!

She drops the shield on the bed, then snatches up her dress, putting it on quickly. CARTER steps out of bathroom wearing only a towel around his waist.

CARTER

Where you goin? I thought we going to get some breakfast?

CHARISMA

I -- umm -- something came up.

CARTER

Came up? Charisma, are you okay?

She doesn't respond. He takes her by the arm gently.

CARTER

Did I do something wrong?

CHARISMA

I have to go.

Charisma walks out, leaving him standing there, perplexed. He spots his shield on the bed, looks at the door, then back at the shield.

INT. CHARISMA'S CAR - MORNING

CHARISMA gets in the car and slams the door. She is visibly upset. She can't get the key in the ignition. Out of frustration, she slaps the steering wheel, then hits it several more times.

CHARISMA

A cop?! A cop?! I'm pregnant by a cop?!

INT. MAC'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

MAC comes to the door, rubbing his eyes as if he just woke up. He opens the door. CARTER and DREAM were standing there.

MAC

Man, not again.

Carter pushes past him, followed by Dream. Mac looks out the door, peeps around then closes it behind them.

MAC

You shoulda called. And whose she?

CARTER

Your new partner.

MAC/DREAM (simultaneously)

Partner!?

They look at each other, disapprovingly.

CARTER

(to Mac)

You don't want to go to jail --

(to Dream)

And you don't want to die. Seems like a partnership to me.

MAC

This some bullshit.

DREAM

For real.

CARTER

You two finished? Good. This is what yall gonna do.

EXT. DINER - DAY

INCH is getting out of his car. He looks around and puts on his shades before approaching the door of the diner.

CARTER (OS)

Dream, you call your boy.

DREAM (OS)

Inch?

CARTER (OS)

Yeah. Have him meet you at the Kleft Diner. Tell him your cousin from Decatur wants to meet him.

Inch is walking into the diner. Carter is in his car, shaded and sunk low in the seat, watching his every move.

DREAM (OS)

What about?

CARTER (OS)

Mac, you her cousin. You tell him you got a lick for him.

INT. DINER - DAY

INCH is sitting in the booth, facing the door, while DREAM and MAC sit across from him.

INCH

What kind of lick?

MAC

(Sips his soda)

A five million dollar lick.

INCH

Five million?

Inch looks at Dream then back at Mac, laughing.

INCH

You got a five million dollar lick?
Yo Dream, who the fuck is this
nigguh?

MAC

You heard of Boo Nice?

INCH

Who ain't? Muhfucka like god down
here.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

A van pulls up. Several heavily ARMED MEN jump out and take up positions as OTHER DUDES bring out large bags of money.

MAC (OS)

Every Thursday like clockwork, his team gathers up all the money from all of his trap houses and brings it to a warehouse on the edge of town. They have a lot of guns, but the money is all there for the taking.

BACK TO THE SCENE

INCH

How you know about this?

MAC

(Smiles)

Cause I'm one of his guards.

INCH

Okay, I like it. Let me run it by my peeps. If it is what you say it is, then you just made yourself two-hundred grand richer. If it ain't, you just made yourself dead.

MAC

Then I got nothin' to worry about because it is what it is. And I just made myself **three-hundred** grand richer.

INCH

(chuckles)

You got a number?

EXT. DINER - DAY

INCH is walking to his car. CARTER is laying low, waiting for him in his car.

CARTER

Here we go.

Inch gets in his car. Carter starts his car at the same time that Inch does. Inch pulls out.

CARTER

Take me to your leader.

EXT. STREET - DAY

INCH makes a right turn. A couple of cars later, CARTER makes a right turn behind him.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - DAY

INCH makes a left. CARTER makes a left.

EXT. CREAM'S CONDO - DAY

INCH pulls into the parking lot and parks. CARTER drives by and pulls over near a wooded area on the edge of the complex. He jumps out and dips into the wooded area to watch Inch enter the condo.

CARTER

Got you, you son of a bitch!

Carter is about to leave when the front door opens. He waits to see who's coming out. A beat, then CHARISMA comes out of the condo.

CLOSE UP of Carter as his face distorts with painful disbelief.

CARTER

No no, fuck no! It can't be!

INT. CARTER'S CAR - NIGHT

CARTER is driving. His expression is blank.

CARTER (OS)

Gramps, if you had to choose between your heart and your duty, which would it be?

GRAMPS (OS)

The heart never chooses otherwise, once it has chosen.

INT. BARBERSHOP - NIGHT

CARTER is standing by the barber's chair, while GRAMPS is sweeping.

CARTER

But what kind of cop would I be if I don't do my duty?

GRAMPS

What kind of man would you be if you weren't true to yourself?

CARTER

(Shakes his head)

Sometimes I don't know who I am anymore.

Gramps puts his hand on his shoulder.

GRAMPS

This is about a woman, isn't it?

Carter nods. Gramps smiles.

CARTER

She's in a lot of trouble, Gramps. I don't want to see her go down.

GRAMPS

Sounds to me like you're not the one that needs to make that decision.

Gramps goes back to sweeping. Carter thinks.

INT. MAC'S APARTMENT - DAY

CARTER is standing, while MAC is sitting on the couch.

CARTER

You told him what?!

MAC

You told me to get in with him.

CARTER

I told you get in, not promise him five million dollars -- which you don't have! Are you crazy!?

MAC

Look, if I didn't bring something to the table, not only would he have walked away, but he probably would've shot me on the spot for wasting his time. **You** put me in bed with these niggahs, so don't blame for doin' what I had to do to make shit work!

CARTER

So what happens when you get to this warehouse and there's no five million dollars?

MAC

Then you better get there quick and save my ass!

Carter shakes his head.

INT. CREAM'S CONDO - NIGHT

INCH, BOOM and CHARISMA are sitting around the living room. Inch is smoking a blunt.

CHARISMA

I don't like it. Too many ifs -- too many variables -- too many things could go wrong.

BOOM

That's with any lick.

CHARISMA

Twice as much here.

INCH

Five mill is worth it. You always talkin' about goin' legit, well, here's our chance.

CHARISMA

What do we know about this Mac dude?

INCH

He knows if he cross us, we'll kill him. What else we need to know?

BOOM

Plus we got the perfect cover, Cream. They'll never see it coming.

CHARISMA

(Sighs)

We do this, it's over. No more licks. Agreed?

INCH

No more?

BOOM

Damn big sis, you drive a hard bargain.

CHARISMA

Give me your word.

BOOM

My word, yo.

INCH

Damn yo -- okay. I promise.

Charisma's phone rings. She looks at the number, stare at it a beat, then gets up.

CHARISMA

I have to take this.

EXT. POOL PATIO - NIGHT

CHARISMA walks out on the patio, then answers.

CHARISMA (ON PHONE)

Carter --

INT. CARTER'S CAR - NIGHT

CARTER is driving.

CARTER(ON PHONE)

I have to see you.

EXT. PATIO - NIGHT

CHARISMA takes a deep breath.

CHARISMA (ON PHONE)

What about?

CARTER(OS) (ON PHONE)

Listen, I don't know what I did
wrong, but I have to see you.
Please, its important.

Charisma shakes her head, fighting back tears.

CHARISMA (ON PHONE)

I can't. Kevin --

INT. CARTER'S CAR - NIGHT

CARTER (ON PHONE)

Please.

A beat.

CHARISMA (OS) (ON PHONE)

Where?

CARTER (ON PHONE)

Where are you now?

EXT. POOL PATIO - NIGHT

CHARISMA (ON PHONE)

Not here. Do you know where Douglas
Park is? Be there in 15 minutes.

She hangs up, sighs, and then walks back inside.

EXT. DOUGLAS PARK - NIGHT

CARTER pulls up from one direction, and CHARISMA pulls
up from the other. They pull up almost nose to nose,
symbolizing the coming confrontation. They get out.
Carter approaches, embraces her, then tries to kiss
her, but she turns her face.

CARTER

You're killing me, baby. What happen
to us?

She steps back out of his embrace.

CHARISMA

Us? I'm not an us type of girl.

CARTER

Your mouth is saying one thing but
your eyes are saying another.

CHARISMA

Kevin, believe me, you **really** don't
know me. Trust me.

CARTER

Maybe I know more than you think.

CHARISMA

You called me out here for games?

CARTER

No. To tell you the game is over.

CHARISMA

What are you talk --

CARTER

I know, Charisma. I know all about The Cream Team. I know you're involved. I just hope you're not in too deep.

CHARISMA

Yeah, and I know you're a cop!

CARTER

I never tried to hide that!

CHARISMA

You never told me either! What, were you some kind of undercover? Somebody to play with my emotions so you could take me and my brothers down? Huh? Well here I am!

(Extends her
wrists)

Arrest me!

CARTER

I didn't come here because I'm a cop. I came because I'm in love with you.

CHARISMA

Love? Please, you don't even know the half.

CARTER

I just want to help.

CHARISMA

Help what?! Help your newborn child be born in a jail cell!

As soon as she says it, she regrets telling him.

CARTER

What did you say? You're pregnant?

CHARISMA

Just forget it. I should've never
come here.

She turns to walk away. He grabs her wrist, but with
her other hand she pulls a gun from the small of her
back, snatching away simultaneously. Carter pulls his
gun just as quickly. They have their guns in each
other's face.

CARTER

This is what it has come to?

CHARISMA

I told you, you don't know me.

They glare, guns aimed. Tense moment.

CARTER

Okay -- I'm putting my gun away.

Carter puts his gun back in his waist. Charisma keeps
her gun in his face.

CARTER

If you're gonna shoot, shoot.

CHARISMA

(Fighting back
tears)

Don't tempt me! I can't believe this
shit! I'm in love with a cop!

Her tears fall freely. Carter steps forward.

CHARISMA

Stay away from me.

CARTER

I can't --

(Embraces her)

I just can't.

She embraces him back, crying on his shoulder. He
brings her face to his.

CARTER

You have to walk away now, no more
robberies, no more murders. Let me
help you.

CHARISMA

It's not that simple.

Charisma musters a smile, kisses him, then steps out of his embrace. She begins to step backwards to her car.

CHARISMA

We're on opposite sides of the fence, baby.

CARTER

Charisma, don't do this -- It's a set up, okay?! I set it all up!

CHARISMA

But who's setting who?

She opens her door.

CARTER

If you're there -- I have to do my job.

CHARISMA

And if you're there, I have to do mine.

They look at each other for a beat.

CARTER

I love you.

CHARISMA

I love you, too.

Carter watches her pull away, seemingly, for the last time.

FADE TO BLACK

MONTAGE W/ MUSIC

- a) CARTER putting on his bulletproof vest
- b) CHARISMA lacing up her boots
- c) CARTER putting his detective shield around his neck
- d) BOOM, INCH and CHARISMA load up their automatic weapons
- e) CARTER is getting in his car
- f) INCH carries a large duffel bag, while he, BOOM and CHARISMA are getting a van and pulling off

INT. CARTER'S CAR- NIGHT

CARTER is driving. BANKS is in passenger seat.

BANKS

Are you sure this is going to work?

CARTER

It has to, or my snitch is a dead.

BANKS

And you're sure the warehouse is going to be empty? I don't want any surprises.

CARTER

Naw, its all a set up. Once we get there, we'll have the Cream Team red handed.

BANKS

I hope you're right.

CLOSE UP of Carter.

CARTER

Me too.

EXT. WAREHOUSE LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

Several DUDES are standing sentinel with automatic rifles at the ready. One of them on guard is MAC. The camera pans across warehouse to the small office where BOO NICE is sitting with several money machines going full blast. We SEE three shadows creep out of the darkness. Its the Cream Team.

CHARISMA

Surprise, niggahs!

She opens fire with a barrage of automatic gunplay.

GUARD #1

Oh shit!

TWO GUARDS are killed from behind. Camera pans to the left and we see it is Mac who killed them.

INT. CARTER'S CAR - NIGHT

CARTER pulls up and sees the gunfight erupt.

BANKS

Surprise!

FLASHBACK - EXT. DOUGLAS PARK - NIGHT

CLOSE UP of CHARISMA

CHARISMA

Who's setting who up?

BACK TO SCENE

CARTER

I've been set up!

He gets on his radio.

CARTER (ON RADIO)

All available cars, officer needs
assistance --

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Bodies of guards are laid out everywhere, as MAC,
INCH, BOOM and CHARISMA run up in office, where BOO
NICE has been shot up. Boo Nice lays on the floor,
blood coming out of his mouth.

BOO NICE

M-M-Mac, you a dead man.

POV of man on the floor looking up at the semi-circle
of the Cream Team and Mac standing over him.

MAC

Naw, you are!

Mac shoots Boo Nice twice.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

POLICE pour into the scene as BANKS and CARTER move on
to the loading dock.

CARTER

You cover the exit, I'm going in!

BANKS

Be careful!

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

BOOM shoots another GUARD as the Cream Team comes into
the scene. They are all carrying duffel bags full of
money, along with the duffel bag Inch brought to the
scene. INCH gives MAC a gangsta hug.

INCH

Damn son, you wasn't lyin!

MAC

And just imagine, the police the
ones who gonna help us pull it off!

Boom, Inch and Mac laugh. CHARISMA looks at her watch.

CHARISMA

Stop playin, its time to suit up.

Inch opens the duffel bag.

BOOM

Ay yo, Mac, your man was right
though.

MAC

Huh?

Boom shoots Mac dead.

BOOM

(Chuckles)

You are a dead man.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

CARTER creeps through the shadows. He hears voices. He
sees two OFFICERS with their backs to him. He comes
out of the shadows.

CARTER

Officers, be careful. The Cream --

Officers turn around, its INCH and BOOM. Carter's eyes
get big as he looks at Boom. CLOSE UP of Carter's
eyes. CLOSE UP of Boom's smirk.

FLASHBACK - EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

It's the day Carter's wife is killed. When Carter
looks up and sees the gunman, he sees Boom's face. He
is the man that killed his wife.

BACK TO SCENE

CARTER swings his gun up into aiming position.
CHARISMA, dressed like a cop too, sees Carter.

CARTER

You!

CHARISMA

Nooo!

She jumps in front of the bullet. It catches her high
in the chest. She falls to the ground.

CARTER

Charisma!

He runs to her, then cradles her head in his lap. Inch and Boom point their guns at him.

CARTER

(Crying)

Charisma, please! I'm so sorry,
please, not again, not again!

He looks up and sees Inch and Boom aiming at him.

CARTER

Fuck you! What you waitin for!? Do
it! DO IT!!!

Carter sees why they haven't puled the trigger, as BANKS steps out of the darkness, her gun aimed out in front of her.

CARTER

Banks! Call an ambulance! Arrest
them! This is the Cream Team!

BANKS

(Laughing)

I know.

Carter starts to see the reality of the situation. Inch and Boom keep their guns on him. They smile.

CARTER

Banks?

BANKS

Bet you didn't see this coming.

FLASHBACK - EXT. JAZZ CLUB - NIGHT

BANKS is at the table with CHARISMA. Banks kisses Charisma on the cheek, then walks out. This is when she bumps into CARTER coming in.

FLASHBACK - INT. TAMIKA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

BANKS has just come in and is walking behind TAMIKA. Banks raises the gun.

FLASHBACK - EXT. TAMIKA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

BANKS is coming out of the back door. Her walk is sexy as she disappears in the shadows, oblivious to the fact that MR. WENDELL sees her.

MR. WENDELL (OS)

Don't no man walk like that!

BACK TO SCENE

CARTER

You?

BANKS

Surprised? You on the wrong team,
baby. I tried to bring you home, but
you didn't peep game.

CARTER

You don't have to do this.

BANKS

You did it to yourself.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

We SEE the flashes of light that are the gunshots
shooting CARTER.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

INCH and BOOM, dressed as police, carrying the duffel
bags, walk right past the incoming the POLICE rushing
in, not knowing the robbers are walking out.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

CHARISMA is in the bed, eyes closed, hooked to
machines.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

CARTER is laying the bed, hooked to machines as well.
BANKS stands outside his room looking in at him
through the window. An OFFICER walks up to her.

OFFICER

I'm, sorry about your partner.

CLOSE UP of Banks.

BANKS

So am I.

CUT TO BLACK SCREEN

We HEAR a heartbeat for five beats, then the sound of
flat line.

FADE OUT.