

MOE

Tell her I said hello. How's your son? How old is he now?

CORY

He...

The door swings open the DEALER storms in quickly ducking the an aisle.

Moe and Cory exchange a look of vexation with one another.

CORY (CONT'D)

Give me 20 on 5 and I'm about to grab a couple snacks.

Cory shops the store looking over items, the Dealer keeps his head low trying to hide around the shelves a petrified look on his face.

Cory grabs his items and heads back to the front of the counter. He now notices the police outside scrambling through a book back.

CORY (CONT'D)

This it.

MOE

40 dollars.

Dealer rushes to the front of the counter.

BEAT.

DEALER

Bro I need a favor.

CORY

What's up?

Dealer pulls out a sack of HEROINE his pants.

DEALER

Throw that shit in your bag I'll pay for all this.

CORY

I can't do that bro.

DEALER

Come on my nigga how much you need?

CORY

You do the same.

Cory and Dealer jump into the car pulling off.

INT. CAR - DAY.

The car rides a few blocks down in silence, DEALER keeps looking into the review mirror expecting to be tailed, but they never are. He takes a deep breath of relief, and cheering and screaming.

CORY cracks a smile chuckling.

DEALER

My motha fucking nigga!

Dealer and Cory slap five.

DEALER (CONT'D)

You told them niggas come look, I was about to get the fuck on! I ain't gone lie to you. That was some real shit though my nigga, told them bitches come on with it! That fuck them up. You a real nigga.

CORY

Don't worry about it bro.

DEALER

Forreal though, what I owe you?

CORY

Don't worry about it you good, man.

DEALER

You can pull over up here and let me out.

Cory car comes to a stop at a corner.

Dealer grabs the HEROINE out the BAG, he goes into his pocket pilling off \$500 dollars.

DEALER (CONT'D)

It's a shop over on 7 mile that charged me like 350 probably a little over to fix my starter. Go fuck with them on me my nigga you just save my life.