

5.

ERICA (CONT'D)  
But, say he different now about...  
everything. I don't know.

MINNY  
Weird? Your brother is saved. A man  
of the cloth is weird? So when he  
was a goddamn heathen... THAT was  
normal?

ERICA  
(rolls eyes)  
Never mind. I gotta go. I'll be  
back in a hour or so.

MINNY  
Don't be late, Erica. You know I'll  
leave you. And anybody think my son  
is gonna get caught back up in some  
bullshit again, come see me first.  
All that mess is in the past. He  
did his time.

Minny shoots a glaring look at Earl

MINNY (CONT'D)  
Paid his dues and gave his life to  
ministry like Malcolm X or  
something. Sometimes a time out is  
a blessing.

Earl LAUGHS. He gets up.

EARL  
Time out is the best thing you said  
all morning.

Earl exits the kitchen. Erica LAUGHS, checks her phone.

ERICA ROMAN  
Oh my God! They shot Pastor  
Mumford! Last night! He's dead!

End

CUT TO:

INT. BRUCEY B HOUSE -- BEDROOM -- DAY

~~Robert Bruce, AKA BRUCEY B, early twenties, slight frame with  
braided hair and tattoos, smokes a BLUNT. His apartment story  
window overlooks the Pastor Mumford crime scene. His eyes  
grow wide as he sees Detective McDonald asking people  
questions. He draws his PHONE from his pocket and dials...~~

CUT TO:

6.

EXT. THE "ROMAN FORUM" PIZZERIA -- DAY

~~Randal Scott, AKA SKINNY, early twenties tall and slim, eats  
a slice of pizza, leaning against a TRUCK with a logo on the  
side that reads "ROMAN FORUM PIZZA," talking to an old black  
man.~~

SKINNY  
~~I keep telling you he got Covid or  
some shit~~

OLD BLACK MAN  
~~When he coming back around then?~~

SKINNY  
~~It's the same shit! Where you think  
he get it from!? Cop or not? Let me  
finish my breakfast, man.~~

OLD BLACK MAN  
~~You know you always been a ignorant  
arrogant shoe-head muthafucka!~~

~~Skin bursts into laughter as the old black man hands him  
money.~~

~~Skin gives him a VILE of crack from his pocket.~~

~~Skin's phone RINGS. It reads "Brucey." He answers.~~

SKINNY  
~~Talk to me.~~

~~Skin listens closely. Shocked, he chucks whats left of his  
slice on the ground, goes to the driver's side door, and  
jumps behind the wheel of the truck.~~

BACK TO:

INT. BRUCEY-B HOUSE -- BEDROOM

BRUCEY-B  
~~Bro. Bad news outside of Victory. --  
-- Yeah, I'm serious. There is a  
dead dude in the alley across from  
the church.~~

~~Brucey-B hangs up phone and continues smoking, looking out  
the window.~~

~~PORSHA WILLIAMS, mid-forties with slim frame and light sk:  
bursts into bedroom.~~

