

AMBER

(working title)

Written by
Johnny Sánchez

Inspired by a True Story
and the novel
That White Girl by JLove

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Contact: Johnny Sánchez
JohnnySanchez@mac.com
(212) 358-5258
www.AmberTheFilm.com

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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

CLOSE UP OF: A TEENAGE GIRL'S FACE.

This is AMBER (17, Caucasian). Her façade reflects a stereotypically wholesome, All-American, white girl. Amber is sitting up on her bed, in pajamas, staring off into space.

Her cell phone's alarm rings, disrupting whatever thought she was having. Snapped back to reality, Amber grabs her cell phone; it's old and cracked. She shuts the alarm off, opens her social media, scours photos. Selfies of SMILING TEENAGE GIRLS, wearing pretty clothes and makeup, pop up.

Amber scoffs, shuts her phone off. She gets up out of bed, grabs a towel, and walks to her bathroom. Her bedroom is revealed. An old, shabby teddy bear lingers on a chair. A raggedy Irish desk-flag stands half perched on a shelf. 1990s hip-hop posters hang prominently, adorning the walls.

INT. LIVING ROOM/DINING AREA - MORNING - LATER

Sunlight barely peeks through closed blinds, and hits the corner of a wobbly dinner table. Discolored walls loom over old furniture. Dirty ashtrays, and clothes strewn around.

Amber dashes in, dressed. Her clothes aren't expensive, she doesn't use much makeup, but she struts with a level of confidence. As she passes through the very cramped and dirty living/dining area, she grabs a backpack and headset.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Dirty dishes everywhere. Amber searches for a clean bowl, sort of finds one. She grabs a box of cereal, pours it into the bowl. She opens the fridge, grabs the milk. But the milk is empty. She grabs a spoon, eats the cereal dry.

On the refrigerator hangs a notepad that reads: *"Working doubles again. Food's in the fridge. - Mom"*. Amber grabs the notepad's marker and writes: *"Need milk."* She goes back to eating the bowl of dry cereal. -- Silence, as her tacit look betrays and reveals a fractured, pained spirit.

EXT. AMBER'S HOME - SAME MORNING - MOMENTS LATER

Amber steps out, puts on her headset. Rap music leaks out.

EXT. WORKING CLASS RURAL NEIGHBORHOOD - EARLY MORNING

Amber walks past a HANDFUL OF LATINO MEN playing dominoes in front of a bodega, SEVERAL BLACK MOMS pushing baby strollers through rural styled projects, POOR WHITE FAMILIES sitting on the front porches of their dilapidated, Victorian homes.

Mountains everywhere. Rural and urban lifestyles clash. This is Aurora, Colorado. Middle-America.

INT. PUBLIC HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - SAME DAY - MORNING

A racially, economically diverse public school. Caucasian is the minority here. TEENS play, run about noisily. It's mayhem. But Amber is by her locker, keeping to herself, listening to music alone. These kids are not her element. No one interacts with her. Suddenly, loud voices break out.

TAMMY (O.S.)
Yo', you stink!!

CHAVEZ (O.S.)
Yeah, did you shit in ya' pants!?!

Amber faces the commotion. TAMMY (17, African-American), an upper-middle class, yet tough girl, and CHAVEZ (17, Latino), a wanna-be street thug, surround A FRESHMAN (Latino, 14). The Freshman looks trapped between them both. KIDS (of all ethnicities) quickly gather round to witness the "exciting" events. Seeing this, Amber squints, removes her headset.

TAMMY
You need a shower, ya' stinky ass!

CHAVEZ
Stinky ass, she called you a stinky ass! Oh, I'm gonna die! Oh, God!

Tammy and Chavez laugh, the gawking KIDS laugh along too. The Freshman hides his head, embarrassed. He looks like he might cry.

Seeing the boy's reaction, Amber quickly steps into Tammy and Chavez's circle. All the gawking KIDS surround them.

AMBER
Chavez, leave him alone!

TAMMY
Bitch, mind ya' own business.

AMBER
Bitch, stop picking on him!

CHAVEZ
 (points at Amber's sneakers)
 Oh, shit, Tammy, look!! White girl
 is wearing knockoff's of ya' kicks.

AMBER
 No, I'm not.

CHAVEZ
 Yeah, you are. -- Tammy, come here.

Chavez signals for Tammy to stand by Amber. Like a deer in headlights, Amber stiffens. Tammy stands side by side to Amber. To undiscriminating eyes, the sneakers are the same.

CHAVEZ (CONT'D)
 Look at ya' kicks -- now peep hers.
 Her logo is badly stitched on, like
 some poor motherfucker in China,
 with arthritis and shit, sewed it
 on by hand. -- Yo', they're fake!

They indeed look different. All The KIDS laugh, and immediately start taking photos of Amber's knockoff sneakers with their cell phones. Amber's face is turning angry, red.

CHAVEZ (CONT'D)
 Blanquita, don't try to be some
 white savior.

TAMMY
 Facts, worry about ya' own problems
 and get a real pair of sneakers!

Amber's hand rolls up into a tight fist. Tammy spots this.

TAMMY (CONT'D)
 Go ahead, bitch. I dare you.

All the KIDS are eyeballing them. Amber seems ready to punch Tammy, but just then MRS. GREENE (African-American, late 40s/50s), a no-nonsense public school teacher, appears.

MRS. GREENE
 Hey, break it up, you two!!
 (but no one moves)
 Would you like to end up in the
 Principal's office, after school?

Beat. Tammy gives Amber a look of disdain. Tammy then turns to Mrs. Greene.

TAMMY
 See you in class, Mrs. Greene.

Tammy, Chavez and all the KIDS head off. Amber and the Freshman remain behind with Mrs. Greene. Mrs. Greene looks at Amber, frustrated. Amber knows she has to say something.

AMBER

Mrs. G, I didn't start it, she did.

MRS. GREENE

Did I ask for your excuses?

AMBER

But she was bullying him.

FRESHMAN BOY

Yeah, she called me a stinky ass.

Mrs. Greene does her best to keep a straight face at this.

MRS. GREENE

(to the Freshman)

Sticks and stones.

(off his stupefied look)

Jesus, I need to spell everything out to this generation. It means, if words control you so easily then everyone else can easily control you. -- Now, get to your class.

Tail between his legs, the Freshman heads off to his class. Beat. Mrs. Greene shifts her attention to Amber.

MRS. GREENE (CONT'D)

As for you, fighting doesn't solve a thing. Two wrongs don't make a right. Now, get in my class.

Amber steps into the classroom. Mrs. Greene follows behind.

INT. MRS. GREENE'S CLASSROOM - SAME DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Mrs. Greene is writing on the chalkboard, and teaching class. Amber feels someone looking at her, it's Tammy. Tammy smirks at her, subtly giving Amber the middle finger.

Amber takes a deep breathe, just sucks it up, doesn't respond back. The school bell rings. Students rise and depart.

As Amber exits, she eyes a brochure on Mrs. Greene's desk. It reads: "*DISCOVER WHAT YOU ARE CAPABLE OF, BECAUSE YOU MATTER.*" Happy, well-to-do, young adults grace the cover of the brochure. They face a college campus. Amber takes it.

Mrs. Greene sees her take it, but says nothing. Amber exits.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - STAIRWELL - SAME DAY, LATE AFTERNOON

Amber sees JOSH (17, Caucasian) hanging out by the stairs alone. Josh wears very high end, stylish, preppy clothes.

JOSH

I heard about what happened with Tammy and Chavez. They're idiots.

AMBER

Whatever.

JOSH

They're right though; your sneakers are busted ass, cheap knockoffs.

AMBER

Fuck you, asshole.

JOSH

Hey, I'm just trying to help you.

AMBER

Well, I don't need your help.

JOSH

You sure?

He open his backpack, reveals a golden light brown, Play-Doh looking powder. Like dried crumbs from a brownie, or a pie.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Full-melt bubble hash. Indica-Sativa hybrid, extract from bud. Not trim. Ninety-nine percent melt rating. The finest of the fine.

AMBER

I ain't got money to buy from you.

JOSH

I know. I used to be broke like you, remember? But look at me now, I'm slaying it. -- You've always been nice to me, I wanna help you out. Think about it, this goes for fifty bucks a gram. Hey, you could do this too. -- Plus, I wanna see Tammy and Chavez shut the fuck up.

AMBER

Oh, ah. -- Look, I appreciate the offer. I do. But I can't do this.

JOSH

Amber, trust me, this sells itself. I usually work the boy's bathroom, but it's broken today. But if I could set up shop in the girl's bathroom, I'd be making that guala. -- You know what, cause I like you, I'm gonna give you a free sample.

Josh divides a gram of the bubble with a fingernail, puts it in a tiny ziploc bag, and holds the bag up for Amber to see.

JOSH (CONT'D)

One gram supercharges four blunts, don't burn it all at once. -- Treat it like caviar. -- My gift to you.

AMBER

Josh, cut the bull shit. Why you doing this?

JOSH

I told you, I wanna help you out.
(off Amber's skeptical eye)
OK, OK. I get a bonus for spotting new recruits. So, I'm always on the lookout. -- Hey, we all gotta make that money, right?

Josh smiles, gives her the bag. A GROUP OF ETHNICALLY DIVERSE PREPPY BOYS (17, 18 years old) walk in.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Time to get paid. -- Gentlemen, I have a fresh batch here.

Like giddy kids in a candy shop, each Preppy Boy pulls out a fifty dollar bill. Amber pockets the bubble, and exits.

EXT. AMBER'S HOME - SAME DAY - EARLY EVENING

No one is home, lights are out. Amber approaches the door.

The NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR (Male, 35, Caucasian) peeks out his window. Amber can feel his gaze on her. He purposefully scans her up and down. Amber flips him the bird, turns away, stumbles for her house keys, and quickly enters her home.

INT. AMBER'S BEDROOM - SAME DAY - EVENING - MOMENTS LATER

Amber rushes in, throws off her backpack. She doesn't turn the lights on, approaches the window and peeks outside.

She sees the Neighbor still standing by his window. But he's now looking straight towards Amber's bedroom. He eyeballs her in the shadows, lasciviously winks at her.

On that, Amber forcefully shuts her curtains closed.

She falls to the floor, the darkness and silence enveloping her. She sits alone, rolled up into a ball of angst.

She's clearly in pain. Beat. She takes out her phone, looks up her dad's number. His contact appears on her phone's screen. She glares at it, hesitates. Will she dial him?

She looks up another number instead - "JUAN". She wipes her tears, regathers herself, dials out. It rings, he answers.

AMBER

Juan... -- where ya' at?

The unspoken pain in Amber's eyes begins to dissipate.

EXT. ALLEY WAY - THE WRITER'S CORNER - LATER - EVENING

JUAN (17, Latino), a bandana over his face, backpack at his feet, empty spray cans on the floor, is doing a wild style graffiti masterpiece. A '*Siete 4 Life*' (aka Seven 4 Life) tattoo peeks out of his T-shirt's neckline.

Amber arrives. Sensing her presence, Juan removes his bandana. He turns and sees her. And even though Juan smiles joyfully at her, it's evident he lives and breathes the streets. Passion and energy ooze from this kid.

EXT. ALLEY WAY - THE WRITER'S CORNER - MOMENTS LATER

Juan spray paints in a flow. Amber smokes a joint, passes it to him. Juan takes a hit. As he hands her back the joint, he notices that she looks a bit down. Beat. He goes back to spray-painting, casually glancing back at her.

JUAN

What's on ya' mind?

AMBER

Nothing.

He stops spray painting, and takes one long look at her.

AMBER (CONT'D)

I don't wanna talk about it, OK?

He shrugs at this, jumps back to spray-painting. His graffiti work is dynamic. Beat, Amber watches the colors and shapes for a moment, engrossed by it all -- and then...

AMBER (CONT'D)

I don't know, I'm thinking, maybe I should go away to college.

JUAN

What? No. Don't do that shit.

AMBER

Juan, I hate it here. I wanna get away. I wanna leave this fucking place. I wanna do something with my life. I wanna be someone, you know..... and college helps with that.

JUAN

(imitating her voice)

"And college helps with that." You sound like a freaking commercial.

(beat)

My cousin went to a fancy ass university, graduated top of her class. Ya' know where she is now? Back home, doing survival jobs. No one hired her after she graduated... no one. Worst part, she owes hundreds and thousands of dollars in school loans. Shit, she's a slave with a diploma. Did your commercial tell you about that too?

He finishes his piece, and takes a step back to reveal it. The piece says 'SINNER'. His graffiti work is captivating, vibrant, and filled with angst. He grabs a new spray color.

JUAN (CONT'D)

You know why I dropped outta school? We're just numbers to them. - So don't fall for it, don't buy into "*the college makes you someone*" bullshit. They'll take ya' money and spit you back out. -- Yo', you really wanna be someone? Be you! Be independent! Don't join the system. Do ya' own thing.

On that, he quickly steps back to the wall, and adds a final finishing touch to the piece, underlines the word 'SINNER'. Juan finishes his masterpiece, puts his spray can down. Beat. Amber is mesmerized with his graffiti work.

JUAN (CONT'D)
 (throws her the spray can)
 Your turn.

AMBER
 Juan, I can't write like you.

JUAN
 A'ight, my young padawan, who's in control, you or the can?

AMBER
 (by rote)
 Me, I am. I control the can.

JUAN
 OK then. -- What's graffiti about?

AMBER
 It's about what you feel.

JUAN
 And don't ya' forget it. -- What you feeling right now?

AMBER
 I don't know. - I wish I had money.

JUAN
 No, no, no.... what do you *feel*?

AMBER
 I feel fucking angry.

JUAN
 (pointing)
 Put that on the wall.

She steps up, does a quick tag of her graffiti name: corazon. She finishes it, steps back. Juan shakes his head.

JUAN (CONT'D)
 Uh-uh-uh, grammar. Like I taught you.

She adds an accent over the letter "O", to properly spell out the word *corazón*. Beat, as Juan takes it in. Her graffiti isn't awe-inspiring, but it has potential.

JUAN (CONT'D)
 Not bad, not bad. You'll get better with more practice. -- Yo', this bubble is strong. Can you get more?

AMBER

Yeah.

JUAN

A'ight, good to know. - Let's roll.

Juan starts shoving everything away in his backpack. As he packs, clothes fall out of his bag. Amber eyes the clothes.

JUAN (CONT'D)

My mom kicked me outta the house -- again.

Juan springs up to his feet, heads off. Amber follows him.

EXT. STREETS - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Juan and Amber dart through graffiti filled alleys.

AMBER

Where you staying at?

JUAN

T's crib.

AMBER

-- When are you gonna introduce me to T and ya' crew?

JUAN

You ain't ready for that.

AMBER

Yo', I was born ready. I can even do graffiti and shit.

JUAN

One, you still got a lot to learn. Two, don't piss me off. Hip-hop and banging are two very different things, and you know that.

Just then, out of nowhere, a GRAFFITI WRITER (19, Asian) tough and angry, jumps in front of Juan and blocks his way. Amber freezes, Juan keeps cool.

WRITER

I been looking for you! You slashed my burner!!

JUAN

Dude, that shit wasn't a burner, it was a throw-up with a fill-in that you put over my piece. Bitch, you crossed me out first, I returned the favor... ya' fucking toy.

On that, the Writer swings. But Juan evades, counters with a punch that lands so hard it almost knocks the Writer down. Juan promptly removes his backpack, ready to throw down. But the Writer reveals a knife, cuts Juan's leg. Juan falls.

The Writer goes to stab Juan again, but Amber throws Juan's backpack at his head. The Writer turns, faces Amber. As he goes to step to her, a gun is shoved to the back of his head.

T'S VOICE (O.C.)

That's my family you fucking with.

The Writer turns, sees T (early 30s, African-American) sitting on a low-rider bicycle (aka Krank Cycle, Gangsta Cycle, Chopper Cycle). And although he's chill, he's clearly not someone to mess with. He's got a tattoo with the number seven proudly shown on it. Beat. T props his gun closer.

Next to T, on a less "pimped" up bike, but still somewhat gangsta bike, is OMAR (17, African American), handsome and gentle eyes. Hanging off his bike's handle bars are two dice. One die reflects the number one, the other die reflects six. Add both up, and they equal the number seven.

WRITER

Fam, this ain't about banging.

T

I ain't ya' fam.

WRITER

I'm just saying, I ain't stepping to you or ya' crew. T, this here... is only between writers.

Cocks his gun.

T

Ya' fuck with him, ya' fuck with me.

Omar steps in, mediates.

OMAR

(matter-of-fact, to T)
T, this fool meant no disrespect.
(firmly, to the Writer)
Tell him you meant no disrespect!

WRITER

I... I didn't mean any disrespect.

T

Run, bitch.

With that, T lowers his gun. The Writer runs off.

OMAR

You a'ight?

JUAN

Yeah, fool barely cut me.

OMAR

You lucky we was passing through.

JUAN

Yo', for real.

Juan gets up, exchanges a ceremonious handshake with Omar and T. Amber is still shocked from everything she witnessed.

T

Ya' ain't get ya' ride back yet?

JUAN

Ain't going back to my mom's house.

OMAR

It's a nice bike though.

JUAN

Fuck it, I'll get a new one.

T

We on our way to get some giggle juice for the kickback tomorrow.

Amber loudly clears her throat. T turns to look at her.

AMBER

There's a kickback? -- Can I go?

JUAN

Uh... this is Amber. She's fam.

But Juan is not pleased. T takes one step closer, as if sniffing her out. She doesn't move. T turns to Juan.

T

She can come. -- We gotta roll.
See you back at the crib.

T and Omar give Juan a goodbye fist-pound. Omar smiles bye at Amber. She smiles coyly at him. Juan peeks this interaction, and senses their subtle exchange.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT - SECONDS LATER

Juan and Amber turn a corner. Juan limps.

AMBER

Yo', that was crazy. We were talking about T and, BAM, he popped outta nowhere! It's like... speak of the devil. -- But Omar, he looks normal though. -- Ya' know, like he don't look like a gangster.

JUAN

Gangster, who says that anymore? You sound so white sometimes you worry me.

AMBER

Well, sorry for being white.

JUAN

Just don't act stupid, OK?

AMBER

Ah, just don't insult me, OK?

JUAN

Amber, get it straight. Omar's a G and T's an O.G. -- Got it?

AMBER

Yeah, got it! -- Now get this, stop hating on me for being white.

JUAN

News flash, I'm Latino! That means I got Indigenous blood, Black blood and White blood in me. So, no, I ain't hating on you for being white. -- Just don't make me look bad, OK? Specially around my crew.

AMBER

Whatever. Look, I gotta go. My mom's gonna be home soon. - See you at the kick back tomorrow night.

JUAN

I don't think you should come.

AMBER
But T invited me.

But Juan just stands firm, silent.

AMBER (CONT'D)
Come on, Juan, don't be like that.
-- Please, I wanna go.

He doesn't budge. She shakes her head, scoffs. Her head held high, she walks off. After a moment, Amber hears Juan calling her name. He's still standing where she left him.

JUAN (O.S.)
Yo! --- Amber! --- Corazón!!

AMBER
What?!

JUAN
I'll see you tomorrow!
(off her look)
I love you, you're my lil' sister.
We fight and we get over it, right?

Amber shakes her head. Should she kill him or love him?

AMBER
-- Yeah, I love you too.

JUAN
A'ight, fam. See ya' mañana.

AMBER
See you mañana, fam.

Amber walks off, and smiles to herself as she leaves.

INT. AMBER'S BEDROOM - NEXT DAY - MORNING

Amber wakes up, rolls over and grabs her cell phone. She checks her social media, sees her name tagged on a post.

The post is mocking her sneakers. It has tons of likes. Beat. She removes her name from the post. In the distance, an alarm clock goes off. Amber gets up.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The door is ajar. Amber enters, turns the alarm off. On the bed lies BETH (40s/50s, Caucasian) asleep. She's a real salt of the earth woman. Strong, weathered, light-grey hairs.

Her visible wrinkles tell a story -- she's an overworked, under-slept and undervalued woman. Beat. Amber stares at her mom for a moment, then sharply nudges her to awake her.

AMBER

Mom, get up. You're gonna be late.

But Beth pushes Amber's hand away. Amber shakes her head, and looks around the messy room. Beat. On the nightstand, under a cigarette pack, Amber lays eyes on a pink note that says: "**OFFICIAL THIRTY-DAY NOTICE**". She grabs, reads it.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Within thirty days of this notice,
your total past-due balance must be
paid in full or we will initiate
foreclosure. -- Is this for real?

Beth buries her head into the pillow, blocking Amber out.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Mom, you never told me about this!
Why didn't you tell me about this!?

BETH

Stop yelling, why are you yelling!?

AMBER

This isn't monopoly money! We
could lose the house!

BETH

Fine, I won't sleep! Happy now!?!

Being awoken, Beth sits up on the bed, reaches for her smokes and lights a cigarette. Beat, Beth looks exhausted.

BETH (CONT'D)

Amber, why do you think I'm working
doubles... for fun!?! -- This is why
I never told you, I got enough
stress as it is. I don't need
yours too.

Amber takes in her mother's exhaustion, and desperation.

AMBER

Can you borrow the money?

BETH

Who am I gonna ask? Who's got
sixty-two hundred dollars for me?

AMBER

Wow, mom. How did that happen?

BETH

(a little too harshly)

Young lady, it costs money to live.

(gently)

The mortgage on my own is hard, you could ask your father to help us.

AMBER

I ain't asking him for shit.

BETH

Hey!

AMBER

Mom, we can figure this out on our own. Screw him, we don't need him.

Beat. Beth doesn't disagree.

Beth gets out of bed, grabs her nurse's aide work scrubs laying on the floor, and starts getting dressed in a hurry.

BETH

I already busted my butt to get three thousand, three hundred and fifty-four dollars of it already.

AMBER

OK... so you need about twenty-eight hundred more.

BETH

You were always good at math. --
The bank wants every penny of it,
or they'll still foreclose.

Beth walks over to her dresser, which is in a huge disarray. She scours for an item, but can't find it. Amber spots what she's looking for, hands her the hairbrush. Beth starts brushing her hair.

AMBER

I'll go to the mall, get a job.

BETH

Baby, that's a lot of money.

AMBER

Like you said, every penny counts.

Beth finishes doing her hair, looks at Amber in the mirror.

BETH
Wear a skirt.

AMBER
I hate skirts.

BETH
Dressing proper makes a difference.
And wear the shamrock earrings.

AMBER
They're cheap looking.

BETH
They're good luck, and I bought
them for you.

AMBER
Fine. - Can I at least use the car?

Beth tosses Amber the car keys. Amber departs. Once alone,
Beth reads the pink notice - and smokes.

INT. MALL - PARKING LOT - LATE AFTERNOON - SAME DAY

Amber exits the car. It's an old, beat up 1980s family
station wagon, with worn-out simulated woodgrain and all.
But she's as dressed up as can be, in a mini-skirt and her
sneakers. She's also wearing the shamrock earrings.

INT. MALL - SNEAKERS STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Amber talks to a MANAGER (Female, 30s) who shakes her head
no. On her way out, Amber ogles a cool pair of sneakers.

She grabs them and peruses the price tag. It reads: \$150.

She puts the sneakers back where they were, leaves the store.

INT. MALL - A GIFTS AND CARDS STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Amber has filled out a job application and, all smiles, she
hands it to an APATHETIC TEEN EMPLOYEE. But Apathetic Teen
just shoves it in a folder with dozens of other applications.

INT. MALL - RETAIL CLOTHING STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Amber sees a "Help Wanted" sign, enters and approaches a MALE
MANAGER (40s). Busy with paperwork, he doesn't look at her.

AMBER

Hi, I saw your help wanted sign.

Hands her an application, still doesn't look at her.

MALE MANAGER

Fill it out, bring it back.

Amber takes the form, steps outside.

INT. MALL - CLOTHING STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Amber hands the completed application back to the Manager. He barely glances at it, then finally looks up at her.

MALE MANAGER

You have no prior work experience.

AMBER

No. But I'm a fast learner.

MALE MANAGER

(reading her application)

-- You're a senior in high school?

AMBER

Yeah.

MALE MANAGER

Uh-huh, uh-huh. -- Got a boyfriend?

AMBER

Sorry, what?

MALE MANAGER

(he shifts in his chair)

Look, I'll be honest. You seem like a nice girl, but you need... *experience*. More importantly, you need referrals. This is a man's clothing store, can you handle adult, male customers? I mean, I don't know. Get some references first, and *maybe* I can hire you.

Shaking her head, she trudges out of the store annoyed. As she exits she mouths the word "asshole" to herself.

INT/EXT. BETH'S CAR / STREET CORNER - SAME DAY - NIGHT

Amber pulls up to the street corner in her car. Juan jumps in, and sees her clothes.

JUAN

Why you dressed like that? -- Yo',
whatever happens, don't make me
look bad tonight.

AMBER

I never make you look bad. I make
you look good.

JUAN

Amber, ya' look like the poor
version of Miley Cyrus.

AMBER

Dude, I was looking for a job. OK?

JUAN

A job? That shit's part of the
system! -- Forget it, just drive.

Amber bites her lip, and just drives.

EXT. NORFOLK GLEN NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - LATER

Amber pulls up in front of a small, white house in need of
repair. The front yard's grass struggles to grow. They exit
the car. Juan looks at her clothes again, shakes his head.

JUAN

Lemme go in first.

Juan heads straight into the house, Amber walks behind him.

INT. T'S CRIB - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Amber enters behind Juan. The room is barely lit, heavy dark
curtains block out any light from the outside.

T's bike rests by a black leather chair, and a large sofa.
But no one is in the living room. Music is heard coming from
another room. Juan proceeds further into the house, Amber
follows him.

INT. T'S CRIB - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The music gets louder. Shadows everywhere. Several loud
male voices are heard. Amber is taking it all in.

INT. T'S CRIB - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Juan enters the brightly lit kitchen. A CREW of young people, Omar among them, are hanging. T at the stove, is cooking burgers. Music is loud. The CREW greets Juan.

LIL D' (16, African American), nicely ironed clothes, cap tilted at a perfect angle, greets Juan warmly, and offers him some food that's already prepared and set on the table.

JADA (17, African-American), tough, reserved, and the only girl in the room, approaches Juan and greets him with "love".

RAY (late 20s/early 30s, African-American), a serious hard-core thug, also gives Juan some "love".

Amber steps out of the hallway's shadows, into the brightly lit kitchen. Omar sees her and smiles warmly. But the rest of the CREW stops frozen when she appears. She's clearly the only white person here. Seeing their reactions, Juan gently grabs Amber and leads her inside.

JUAN

Everyone, this is Amber. She got some grand-daddy bubble.

The crew looks to T. He gives Amber a silent "wassup" nod of recognition. The room resumes back to normal. Juan keeps introducing Amber around.

INT. T'S KITCHEN - SAME NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

A few sit at the tiny dinner table, others eat standing. Standing off to the side, Amber eats too. T hands Amber a Philly blunt. She puts her food down, gets to her task.

She balances the blunt in one hand, expertly cuts it open with one fingernail, and pours out the tobacco. She grabs a plastic honey bear bottle, puts honey into the paper. T tosses her buds, she spreads them in the blunt.

Last ingredient, bubble hash. She takes out the bubble from her pocket, evenly sprinkles 1/2 a gram of it over the buds, then licks the cigar paper and rolls the blunt with one hand.

Impressed with her rolling skills, T nods in approval. T lights the blunt, smokes and passes it around.

Everyone takes a hit. The blunt goes from Lil D', to Jada, to Amber, to Ray. But Ray gives Amber a scowl that says: "I'd never smoke with you", and just takes a swig from his beer. Omar, who witnesses this, gently grabs the blunt from Amber's hand and smokes. He winks at her, she smiles.

INT. T'S LIVING ROOM - SAME EVENING - LATER

Rap music plays low. Lil D' does the 7's Walk, a nimble movement of his feet. He couples the walk with gang hand signs, aka Stacking. Jada drinks beer, watches Lil D'.

Amber sits alone on a rickety couch, surveys the room, scans the scene. Off to the side T, Omar and Juan talk. As Juan talks to him, T assesses Amber. She gets self-conscious, tries to stay cool. Realizing she's the only one not wearing jeans, she subtly tries to adjust her skirt.

On the other end of the room, she notices Ray staring at her as he sits alone. There's an intimidating vibe to him. Just then, T sits next to her, blunt in hand.

T

Juan tells me you've known each other for a good minute.

AMBER

Since seventh grade. People always think we're dating, but he's family.

Silence. T studies her. He takes a hit off the blunt.

T

... Why didn't you run when you saw that kid pull out a knife?

AMBER

I won't lie, I was scared, I wanted to run. But I had to stay for Juan, and that's 'dat.

T

And that's 'dat.
(passes Amber the blunt)
This bubble is top shelf. Where'd ya' get it?

AMBER

Ya' know, from friend of a friend.

T

Keeping ya' sources on a hush-hush, I like that. -- Can you get an O'?

AMBER

That's a lot. I mean, I'm doing math in my head. Fifty bucks a gram. So an ounce wholesale is nine hundred, right?

(MORE)

AMBER (CONT'D)

Yo', you got nine hundred bucks
laying around, yeah, I'll get ya'
an ounce.

She passes T the blunt back. He takes another hit.

T

Juan's right... you a'ight.

He gets up. Amber tries to play it cool, adjusts her skirt.
Ray is off by himself, still giving her unwelcome looks.

INT. T'S CRIB - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Music is heard coming from the first floor. Amber steps out
of the bathroom and into the hallway. She sees an ajar
bedroom door, approaches it and peaks inside the room. This
room looks different than the rest of the home, which is
messy and lived in. The room is empty, walls and floors
completely white. Not a speck of dust, spotless and clean.

OMAR (O.S.)

It's the clean room.
(she jumps)
Sorry, didn't mean to scare you.

AMBER

Nah, I was just... the clean room?

OMAR

Yeah, we pack stuff up in here. So
we gotta keep it clean.
(he gently shuts the door)
Wanna see my room?

She follows Omar down the hallway. He smiles, leading her.

INT. BEDROOM - SECOND FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Three mattresses with no bed frames lay on the floor. Omar
sits on one of the mattresses, Amber stands on the other side
of the room, by the door. He points to the mattress he's on.

OMAR

Sit over here.

AMBER

I'm OK.

OMAR

A'ight, if you say so. But, just
so you know, that's Ray's side.

On that, she quickly moves to where Omar is sitting at.

AMBER
Ray seems kind'a...

OMAR
He's like that. Anyway, that's
Ray's side. That's Juan's side.

A poster of Marcus Garvey hangs over Ray's side of the room,
and a poster of Che Guevara hangs over Juan's side.

OMAR (CONT'D)
And this is my side.

Omar's side has no posters, just a tiny shrine of photos next
to his mattress. With his hands, he draws out his side.

OMAR (CONT'D)
This, here... this is my room.

He smiles. She smiles. She then sees a photo on his shrine
of T standing next to a MAN (30s, African-American).

OMAR (CONT'D)
That's my dad.

AMBER
T and your dad are friends?

OMAR
Yeah, my dad was an O.G. He and T
started the 7s together. But those
punks from Third Ave killed him.

AMBER
-- Where's ya' mom?

OMAR
Never met her. Guess you could say
I was born into this. -- That's me.

AMBER
I'd never guess that about you.

OMAR
Why, cause I don't look or act like
a G? --- Yeah, Juan told me you
said that.

He smiles warmly at her. She shakes her head, embarrassed.

OMAR (CONT'D)
Don't judge a book by its cover.

AMBER

True, true. -- But you really don't
act like a G.

They both giggle. She smiles sweetly at him. He nods, smitten by her. There's a palpable chemistry between them. Silence, as they both feel and experience this moment together.

After a beat, Juan enters. Interrupting their moment. They try to play it cool, like nothing just happened between them.

JUAN

¡Mi gente! I'm high as fuck. --
Yo', Amber, I gotta talk to you.
(beat, off her look)
In private.

Juan exits. Amber goes to say bye to Omar, but she's not sure how to. Should she kiss him on the cheek, or just hug him? It gets awkward, as they bump into each other a little.

Amber makes an executive decision, and decides to just hug him. But Omar accidentally brushes a slight kiss onto her cheek. Not sure if he made the right move, he bites his lip. As she heads out, Amber turns back to face Omar and smiles at him one more time. He gleams from here to the moon.

EXT. T'S STREET - NIGHT

Juan walks Amber to her car. Juan is in sprightly spirits.

JUAN

T liked you. He liked that bubble
too.

On that, Juan reaches into his pockets and reveals a big wad of cash. It's a stack, all in ten and twenty dollar bills.

JUAN (CONT'D)

Nine hundred. -- For the O'.

AMBER

Uhhh.

JUAN

What?

AMBER

Uh, I never bought an ounce before.

JUAN

Yeah, but you bought drugs before.

AMBER

Juan, I... I can't get that for him.

JUAN

Amber, I vouched for you.

AMBER

Just let me think about it, a'ight?

JUAN

You begged to meet my crew, and you told T if he had the cash you'd get the O'. -- If you ain't worth ya' word you ain't worth shit.

AMBER

Yeah, but... I don't know about this.

JUAN

What's there to know? You need money, you know that much. Yo', you do this and T's gonna pay you. -
- Cash-money.

(off her pause)

I don't get you. -- T even told me to break shit down to you... but whatever, forget you. -- Go back to the mall and go get a *regular* job.

Juan turns around, heads back towards the house, leaving her. Beat. She looks down at her "fake" sneakers. Another beat.

She then runs to Juan, stops him before he gets in the house.

AMBER

Bro', I *am* ready. -- Talk to me.

Juan turns around, faces her again, and silently scrutinizes deep into her eyes. Beat. She doesn't move, receptive to his scrutiny. He nods, relaxes, and dives into his speech.

JUAN

Colorado is overflowin' with legal weed. The dispensaries here can't sell it fast enough. That's where we come in. On the sly, our crew sells their overflow in Texas where it ain't legal... and costs more. That bubble you got is top shelf. The dispensaries we deal with don't even got that grade of bubble. T wants our guy in Texas to try it. If he likes it we sell it in Texas and, yo', we can make bank.

He puts the stack of nine hundred dollars in her hand. Amber beholds the cash in her palm.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - STAIRWELL - NEXT DAY - AFTERNOON

As before, Josh is at the staircase. Amber approaches him, unzips her backpack, and reveals the nine hundred dollars in cash. He smiles.

EXT. MADAME BOVARY'S, PSYCHIC STORE - SAME AFTERNOON

It looks like a trap for the gullible who seek fortune telling. Josh opens the door, Amber follows him inside.

INT. MADAME BOVARY'S, PSYCHIC STORE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

A BIG MAN (40s, MIDDLE EASTERN) sits in a chair. He sees Josh, solemnly nods hi. Josh nods back to him, turns to Amber.

JOSH

Wait here.

Josh pushes beaded curtains aside and disappears into another room. Amber looks at the Big Man, smiles. He doesn't smile.

Amber glances around, takes in the environment, when suddenly MADAME BOVARY (40s - 60s, any ethnicity) appears in front of the beaded curtains; as if she just popped out of nowhere. Bovary transcends time and space, wears a head wrap and robes like a "typical" fortune teller. Josh stands behind Bovary.

MADAME BOVARY

My God-son tells me you have a proposition for us.

Amber reveals the cash. Madame Bovary sees it, approaches Amber. Madame Bovary looks deep into Amber's eyes. Beat. Madame Bovary then takes Amber's hand, and reads her palm.

MADAME BOVARY (CONT'D)

You got fire, I like that. But your fire is both your strength and your weakness. Learn to overcome the limits of positive and negative reactions, and you'll be fine.

Madame Bovary pulls the beaded curtains, leads Amber inside.

INT. MADAME BOVARY'S MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Inside the main room are all the tools of a psychic. The crystal ball. The third eye picture, looking down from the ceiling. A table in the middle of the room, for readings.

Madame Bovary opens another curtain, reveals a side door. She opens the door, reveals paraphernalia laid out on tables.

Scales, vials, empty zipper bags, and also drugs. Weed, mushrooms, FECO (the oils), Molly. Lastly, the Bubble Hash.

MADAME BOVARY

From psychic to psychedelic.

Amber hands her the cash. Madame Bovary nods to Josh, who weighs and cuts up some bubble hash until the scale says one ounce. He puts that in a ziploc bag, and hands it to Amber.

AMBER

I hope to do this on the regular.

Amber shakes hands with Madame Bovary. Amber puts the bubble in her backpack, and heads out.

CUT TO: MONTAGE

INT. T'S CRIB - LATER

Amber hands the bubble to T. He just nods, and gives her two crisp one hundred dollar bills. Amber turns to Juan, and flashes him the money. She is all smiles, Juan smiles back.

INT. AMBER'S BEDROOM - NEXT DAY - EARLY MORNING

Amber is dressed for school, laces up her sneakers. But it's a new pair of sneakers, the same pair she ogled in the mall.

INT. AMBER'S HOME - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Amber sees her mom's door ajar, looks inside and sees her mom is still deep asleep. Amber wakes her mom up, then leaves.

INT. MRS. GREENE'S CLASSROOM - SAME DAY - HOURS LATER

Mrs. Greene teaches. Amber is in class. Tammy and Chavez see Amber's new sneakers, and purse their lips at her.

INT. PUBLIC HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - SAME DAY - EARLY AFTERNOON

At her locker, Amber reads the college brochure. Josh appears. Amber hides the brochure, shuts her locker. Josh compliments Amber on her new sneakers. Amber smiles.

INT. T'S FRONT PORCH - AFTERNOON - SEVERAL DAYS LATER

Amber, Juan and Omar are smoking a joint, passing it around. All three of them sit outside.

OMAR

Why are we alive?

JUAN

Ah, shit, you're stoned.

OMAR

But for real, why does the world exist? Who invented all of this?

AMBER

(laughs)

You're stoned right now, really stoned.

OMAR

(giggling)

Yeah, true, but don't you think about that kind'a stuff?

JUAN

Only bougie white people, with nothing to do, think about that.

OMAR

Dude, I'm thinking about it.

AMBER

Why they gotta be white? Why can't they be Latino?

JUAN

Don't get me started on bougie Latino. They're the worst, I hate 'em. Really, really hate 'em.

OMAR

Bro', you're so angry. Chill out.

AMBER

For real, most people smoke weed and relax. But you, you get angry.

JUAN
(sincerely, reflective)
I do, I get angry. Really angry.

Amber and Omar laugh at Juan's sincerity. Juan laughs too.

JUAN (CONT'D)
I admit it, I got issues.

They laugh even harder. The laughter subsides.

AMBER
Honestly though, I do think about
that shit... like, what's life about?

JUAN
(giggling)
Yeah, you think about that shit
cause you're white and privileged.

AMBER
(stops laughing)
Fuck you. I ain't privileged, I'm
broke.

JUAN
(serious again, not joking)
Just cause you ignore ya' white
privilege, don't mean it don't
exist.

AMBER
Juan, you're fucking up my high.

JUAN
(starts laughing again)
I know, I'm sorry. I'm angry, I
know.

Amber tries not to laugh, but she's unable to resist Juan's contagious laughter and cracks up again. Omar also joins in.

T enters, he's in business mode. Everyone stops laughing.

T
Our Texas connect got the bubble.
It tested at ninety percent THC.
Highest grade in the game, and all
natural too. No chemicals. He
wants a pound. So I gotta meet the
source.

AMBER
T, that's my personal contact.

T

A pound is what... eleven G's, twelve G's... wholesale? I gotta personally make sure this whole deal is gonna be on the up and up. - Don't worry, make the intro, you'll get ya' cut.

Beat. Amber nods, looks for her phone, and makes the call.

EXT. STREETS - LATE AFTERNOON - DAYS LATER

T rides his bike, with Juan standing on the back pegs. Omar rides his bike, with Amber standing on the back pegs. They are rolling through the streets of Aurora, Colorado.

INT. MADAME BOVARY'S FOYER - SAME DAY - MOMENTS LATER

T, Omar and Juan silently wait. The Big Man watches them. Beat. His hand, slow and steady, goes under the table. A triple barrel shot gun peaks out. T sees it.

T

A three barrel shotgun.

BIG MAN

Made in Turkey.

T

Gotta visit Turkey.

BIG MAN

Well?

T

Right.

T knows the deal. He opens his jacket, slowly reveals his gun, and carefully places it on Big Man's table.

BIG MAN

Thank you.

T

No problem.

After a beat, Bovary appears and signals for T to follow her. T motions for Omar and Juan to wait, he struts in.

INT. MADAME BOVARY'S MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Madame Bovary directs T to a chair. He sits down.

MADAME BOVARY

Your palm, please.

T obliges. She studies his palm.

MADAME BOVARY (CONT'D)

Your ring finger's longer than your index. You're a risk taker. -- OK, let's talk numbers.

T

One pound for eleven G's. If it all goes as planned, I'll consider being a regular customer.

MADAME BOVARY

How regular?

T

Ten pounds, every two weeks. One hundred G's.

MADAME BOVARY

The bubble is my own secret recipe, so I have one condition.

(points to Amber)

I deal only with her, no one else. She helps avoid unwanted attention. --- Deal?

Beat. T extends his hand. They both shake on the deal.

INT. T'S LIVING ROOM - SAME DAY - LATER

Juan is on his cell speaking in Spanish. Amber watches him, bated breath.

Except for Ray, whose gaze remains solely focused on Amber, the whole crew is also silently watching Juan.

JUAN

Es un día soleado y despejado, todo marcha bien. -- ¿En una semana?

Perfecto, primo. Acá lo esperamos.

(he hangs up, faces T)

He'll be here next week... with the eleven G's.

T smiles. He turns to Amber, gives her two hundred cash.

T

That's for making the intro.

Amber looks at the cash, then at T. As he shuffles off, T sits down on his leather chair. He's still smiling. This is the first time Amber's ever seen him smile, and it'll probably be the last.

INT. T'S LIVING ROOM - SAME DAY - HOURS LATER - NIGHT

The whole crew is hanging out, drinking 40 ounces of beer. Everyone, except for Ray, is lounging in a group together and playing some kind of game. Music plays on low.

Ray just watches it all, off to the side.

JUAN

I pick Batman.

AMBER

I'm Wonder Woman.

JADA

I'm Nubia. -- Her and Wonder Woman are sisters.

AMBER

Really?

JADA

Yep.

T

I'm Black Panther.

LIL D'

A'ight, I'm Spider-Man.

OMAR

OK. -- I'll be Chilly Willy.

JUAN

Chilly Willy? Never heard of him.

OMAR

He's a penguin.

LIL D'

A superhero penguin?

OMAR

Nah, just a penguin.

JADA

The game is superheroes, niggas who kick ass and get shit done.

OMAR

Chilly Willy The Penguin gets shit done. He's from the North Pole, where it's hard to survive. And there's this dog, Smedley, who stops Chilly Willy from getting what he wants. But Chilly Willy is laid back and shit. He picks his battles, you know. Without him beating anyone up, he gets shit done. And he's cute as hell too.

AMBER

He sounds cool.

T

No. Superheroes are cool.

OMAR

I rather be someone real.

JUAN

Dude, Chilly Willy ain't real.

OMAR

He's more real than a superhero, he has to survive without superpowers.

T

Whatever, the Black Panther is gonna kick Chilly Willy's ass.

OMAR

He's cute. He won't wanna kick his ass, he'll wanna take care of him.

AMBER

What game are we playing again?

JADA

I don't know. I forgot.

Everyone laughs. Seeing this, Ray yells above the music.

RAY

Jada, I'm hungry!! You got ends?

JADA

Do I look like ya' bitch to you?

Ray then looks over at Juan, but Juan brushes him off.

JUAN

Nigga, you still owe me money.

RAY
 (laughs it off)
 You all some stingy motherfuckers.

Amber reveals twenty dollars, quietly offers it to Ray.

RAY (CONT'D)
 Did I ask you for anything?
 (turns his back to her)
 T, the security camera at the 5th
 Street store is still broken.

T
 A'ight, let's hit it.

As the crew exits, Amber doesn't move. Juan approaches her.

AMBER
 What're we doing?

JUAN
 It's a shopping-free, it'll be fun.
 Come on, let's go.
 (beat, off Amber's pause)
 Amber, don't make me look bad.

On that, Juan exits. After a beat, she follows everyone out.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE/DELI - MOMENTS LATER - SAME NIGHT

The Crew pulls up in front of the tiny store on their bikes. This time, Amber is on the back of T's, Juan on the back of Omar's. As everyone gets off their bikes, T pulls out a gun. Amber sees this and stops cold. T is very chill.

T
 Ever held one of these before?

She just shakes her head no.

T (CONT'D)
 Hold it firm, and point. -- Firm.

He holds it firm for her to see, and then puts the gun away.

T (CONT'D)
 You and Jada go in first.
 (off Amber's hesitation)
 Wait for me by the cash register.

She looks at Juan, he nudges his head for her to go in. She turns to the door, opens it and goes in. Jada is behind her.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE/DELI - CONTINUOUS

An EMPLOYEE (50s, Caucasian Male) works the store. Amber enters. He smiles, she uneasily smiles back. A second later Jada enters, the Employee smiles at her too. Amber walks to the counter, waits. Jada goes to the aisles, looks around.

After a beat, Lil D' enters, then Omar, then Juan, then Ray-Ray. As the men enter slowly, one by one, fear begins to cross the Employee's face. T enters last, approaches Amber and all matter-of-fact calmly hands her the gun. Beat.

Amber stiffens up, its weight is heavier than she imagined.

T
(tilts head, indicates
towards Store Employee)
Like I said. -- Firm.

She gazes at the gun in her hand, it's shaking. Then just as quickly, she aims it at the Employee. She holds it steady.

AMBER
Hands on the counter, now.

With the gun trained on him, the Employee does as told. T nods stoically, and goes and joins the rest of the gang.

The crew ransacks the whole store, quickly moving through all the aisles, grabbing all kinds of items for themselves. In a matter of seconds their hands are filled with batteries, deodorant, sodas, candy, condoms, magazines, alcohol, etc.

RAY
Jada, don't forget your tampons.

JADA
Yeah, and don't forget the
mouthwash for your doo-doo breath.

The crew laughs. Hoping no one sees him, Ray grabs mouthwash. Amber keeps the gun pointed at the Employee. He stands still, his eyes filled with a mix of fear and rage.

AMBER
Put the money in a bag.

Employee follows her orders. As the Employee stuffs a paper bag full of cash, Juan charges up to the front and bolts out. Omar, Jada, Lil D' and Ray dart out of the store as well.

But T just strolls, waltzing out with his head held high. The Employee places the full bag of cash on the counter.

Amber steps up close to grab it. But as she reaches for it, a photo of the Employee with a little girl comes into view.

A flood of feelings betray her, her hands start shaking again. The Store Employee notices this.

STORE EMPLOYEE

You don't have to do this.

She snaps back, firmly thrusts the gun to his face again. He freezes. Beat. Amber grabs the bag of money, and heads off.

INT. T'S LIVING ROOM - SAME NIGHT

Music plays low. Amber sits alone in thought. T approaches her, puts his hand out. She quickly plops the bag of cash and gun in his hand, happy to be rid of both. T counts the cash, gives her a cut. Without looking at it, she just pockets it. T meanders over to his chair, sits.

Off to the side, Ray has watched this whole exchange. After a beat, he exclaims out loud to the whole room.

RAY

T!! -- I gotta know!

T

Know what?

RAY

Why da' fuck you letting this white girl up in here, chilling with us!?

LIL D'

Yo', she's fam. It's all good.

RAY

Fam? This cracker ain't my family. T, I think ya're slippin'.

T

Slippin'? Nigga, you think you in charge, telling me how to run shit.

RAY

She got no reason to be here!

T

Nigga, we're expanding our game!

RAY

Fuck that, I flip pillows and bowls like there's no tomorrow!

(MORE)

RAY (CONT'D)

We don't need no white bitch. --
Yo', T, for real... I think you got a
thing for white bitches.

T slams the music off, everything halts. Party is over.

T

Nigga, you got a problem with me?

RAY

I got problems with her! Can you
guarantee she ain't a snitch!?

JUAN

Nigga, kill that noise, my word is
bond. I don't bring rats around.

OMAR

I vouch for her too.

Beat. Ray fumes at Omar, fires back.

RAY

I don't trust *her*! She could fuck
up our whole game. For all I know,
her daddy could be a cop.

Everyone looks over at Amber. On this, she steps to Ray.

AMBER

Fuck that... my dad's not a pig.

RAY

Shut up, I *ain't* talking to you.

AMBER

You're talking about my family.

RAY

Yeah, bitch, cause this is *my*
family. I'd kill and die for 'em!
What would you do? -- You listen to
our music, "*hang*" in our hood, wear
our clothes... but you not one of us.

AMBER

Oh, these are ya' clothes? -- I
don't see ya' name on them!!

RAY

Bitch, get it straight, I see you.
You're a culture vulture, a white
hoe preying on us.

AMBER
I ain't no hoe!

RAY
Go back to where ya' come from, you
and fucking Donald Trump!!

Ray turns, stomps off. Beat. The whole crew watches Amber's every move. She knows she has to do something.

AMBER
Look at you, getting all worked up
over me. An itsy bitsy white girl.

Ray flips right back around, faces Amber.

AMBER (CONT'D)
Do I threaten you that easy? Dude,
I wear whatever the fuck I wanna
wear and listen to whatever the
fuck I wanna listen to. You don't
like it? Too bad, I'm here to rep.

RAY
Bitch, you ain't got cred to rep.
(turns to the whole crew)
Who says this white bitch is down!?

T
I say the white bitch is down!

Beat. T turns to Amber, fixes his gaze on her.

T (CONT'D)
You better be ready.

EXT. T'S BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

The crew has formed a circle, Ray stands alone in the middle of the circle. Off to the side, Juan talks to Amber.

JUAN
You don't have to do this.

AMBER
Relax, I won't make you look bad.

JUAN
Amber, he's gonna fuck you up. And
I can't do nothing to protect you.

AMBER
Just shut up and tell me the rules.

JUAN

Pick up all the pennies, all seven
of them. And never leave the
circle.

Amber looks at the circle. Juan sees her taking it all in.

JUAN (CONT'D)

Amber, all ya' pain, all the anger
you got... put it all in the circle.

Amber glares daggers at Juan. He knows to keep quiet.

AMBER

Fuck you.

She walks over to the circle, steps inside, faces Ray.

T

Juan, bless her in.

Juan points to Jada and Lil D', they get into the circle.
It's Ray, Jada and Lil D' facing Amber inside the circle.
Beat. Ray throws seven pennies to the ground, and smirks.

The fight begins. Ray swings first, Amber quickly ducks.
He misses. But Jada appears right beside her, lands a punch.
Undeterred, Amber swings back and hits Jada in the stomach.
As Jada bends in pain, Amber goes to get a penny. But as she
reaches for it Ray kicks her, knocking her to the ground.

But Amber doesn't give up, and attempts to grab a penny. As
she lunges for it, Lil D' forcefully shoves her. But Amber
is still able to make it, and she grabs her first penny.

JUAN

Amber, there's two more behind you!

As she turns BAM! Ray punches her face, knocks her down.
Holding her mouth in pain, she slowly but surely gets up.

Once on her feet, Amber reveals three pennies in her left
hand, she snatched three of them in one swoop. She puts all
three pennies with the other penny in her right hand, showing
her total is four pennies in hand. Ray doesn't look happy.
As Amber smiles, Jada jumps on her, knocks her to the ground.
Both girls tumble. Amber overpowers Jada, pushes her off.

Amber reaches for a fifth penny, clasps it in her hand. But
as she goes to reveal it she meets Ray's foot, kicking her
across her face. She falls, dropping the fifth penny.

T

Doesn't count. Pick it up again.

She's bleeding, but not giving up. She lunges for the fifth penny again. Lil D' grabs her. She breaks free, reaches for the fifth penny once more. But Ray steps in, blocks her. She spots another penny, lunges and grabs that one instead.

Amber sees the sixth penny. Lil D' swings at her. But Amber ducks, avoiding him, and follows with a kick to his balls. As Lil D' falls, Jada grabs Amber by her hair. But Amber is able to trip Jada over, and Amber seizes the sixth penny.

JUAN

Amber, just one more.

Jada and Lil D' are on the ground. Amber turns back for the last penny. Ray is still in front of it, blocking it.

She looks at the six pennies in her hand. Beat. Amber steps up to Ray, tries to push past him. But he's too strong. She swings around to the side, he stops her again. She tries another tactic, punches him all over. Nothing, he's a rock.

She's tired. Beat. Ray responds with one direct punch to her stomach, knocking the wind out of her. The pain is too much, she falls onto Ray. But he doesn't catch her and, instead, moves over to let her fall.

She drops, facedown, arms stretched. She's passed out. Juan and Omar have no words. Silence. Ray grins to himself. After a beat, her hands go limp and reveal her open palms. In one hand, she clutches all the seven pennies.

JUAN (CONT'D)

Holy shit, she did it! She fucking did it!! She got 'em all.

Ray's grin melts away.

INT. AMBER'S BEDROOM - SAME NIGHT

Amber lays on the bed. Omar places an ice pack over her lip.

JUAN

You gonna be a'ight?

Amber nods. Juan turns to go. Omar gets up to leave too. But as Omar stands up, Amber clutches his arm. Juan catches this, just shrugs and heads off. Beat. Omar sits back down.

AMBER

I had to do it. I had to.

With that, she closes her eyes.

INT. AMBER'S BEDROOM - HOURS LATER - NIGHT

She's deep asleep. Omar sits quietly by Amber's side. He looks at the clock. It's 12:09 AM. He turns to her, covers her up with a blanket, kisses her forehead and leaves.

INT. AMBER'S BEDROOM - NEXT DAY - MORNING

Amber's alarm goes off, she wakes up. She's a mess. Bruised and beaten, she struggles to get up. She holds an icepack.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Amber looks in the mirror. A black eye, swollen lip, and other cuts and bruises cover her body. She holds back tears. She spots a note from Juan taped to the mirror. It reads: *"Look under the bed. - Juan"*.

INT. AMBER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Amber looks under her bed, finds a bag, opens it. Inside are random items: Vitamins C and K, Neosporin, cayenne pepper, one cut up papaya, and one cut up pineapple. She grabs her cell phone, dials. Juan answers.

AMBER

(hard for her to speak)

Found... ah... your bag.

JUAN (V.O.)

A'ight, take those vitamins and eat all the fruits. It'll help you heal fast. -- And do ice therapy.

AMBER

I can't let my mom see me this way.

JUAN (V.O.)

Trust me, do what I said, it'll heal fast. - Amber, last night, ya' did me proud. I love ya', girl.

(beat)

Yo', did you hear me?

AMBER

I heard you. -- Lemme talk to Omar.

JUAN (V.O.)

A'ight, one sec. -- Omar, for you.

OMAR (V.O.)

Hello.

AMBER

My mom... ah, she works all day.
 (trudges through the words)
 So, uh... if you wanna come by
 later... ah, uh... it's cool.

OMAR (V.O.)

A'ight, lemme tell Juan.

AMBER

No, just you.

Amber hears Beth approach her bedroom.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Gotta go.

She hangs up, quickly hides Juan's bag and the icepack under the bed. Then runs into the bathroom, shutting the door.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Amber catches her reflection in the mirror again. Beat. She then hears Beth enter her bedroom.

INTERCUT BETWEEN: AMBER AND BETH

Beth enters Amber's room, she wears her nurse's aide uniform.

BETH

Amber?

AMBER

In the bathroom.

BETH

What're you doing today?

AMBER

Homework. It's Saturday, you know.

Beth sees Amber's brand new sneakers laying on the floor.

BETH

Where'd you get these sneakers?

AMBER

Ah, I forgot to tell you... I got a
 job this week.

BETH
You did? That's great. -- Where?

AMBER
You know, uh.... Aurora Mall. It's just a stupid retail job.

BETH
A job is something to be proud of.

Beth waits for a reply, but nothing.

BETH (CONT'D)
Amber, did you hear me?

AMBER
Yeah, it's an honest living.

BETH
-- Honey, are you OK?

AMBER
Yeah, sorry, I'm still... waking up.

BETH
OK. -- I have to run, I'll be home by midnight. I left food in the fridge. - And, sweetie, please save your money. We need it. Love you.

Amber listens as Beth leaves. The front door opens and closes. Amber walks out of the bathroom.

INT. AMBER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Amber glimpses out of her window, and spies her mom's car driving off. She exhales relieved. The Neighbor looks out his window, Amber shuts her curtains fast before he sees her.

INT. AMBER'S BEDROOM - SAME DAY - HOURS LATER

She nurses her wounds with an icepack, a roll of toilet paper to her side, eating the fruits Juan left her. She skims the college brochure, flips to the Tuition/Fees page and reads:

UNDER-GRAD NONRESIDENT, OUT-OF-STATE BASIC TUITION: \$18,236.
Followed by the further cost of **FOOD AND HOUSING: \$15,826.**

Finally, she sees the **PER YEAR TOTAL: \$34,062.** On her phone's calculator, she multiplies **\$34,062** by four. The calculator shows the four-year Grand Total of: **\$136,248.**

She stares at the two hundred dollars T gave her, resting close by. She grabs the cash, puts it in the shoebox then places the college brochure on top. She closes up the shoebox, and then hides it at the bottom of her closet.

INT. LIVING ROOM / DINING AREA - SAME DAY - HOURS LATER

Amber's books are laid out before her, she's studying and doing homework, the ice pack on her face. Doorbell rings.

Amber gets up to check the door. She looks through the peep hole. It's Omar. She freezes. The doorbell rings again.

AMBER

Coming. -- One second.

She does her best to quickly tidy-up. Puts her school books away, throws the dirty clothes in a corner, and removes dirty ashtrays. On a wall mirror, she catches her bruised face. She tries to at least fix her hair but then realizes she's still in pajamas. It's useless, she gives up on cleaning up.

She approaches the front door, speaks through it.

AMBER (CONT'D)

I look like shit.

OMAR (O.S.)

I doubt that.

AMBER

(hard for her to speak)

No, seriously.

OMAR

I don't care. Anyway, that's not why I came.

AMBER

Why'd you come?

OMAR

Cause you invited me.

AMBER

I didn't think you'd actually come.

OMAR

Well, I did. -- I'm here. -- So...
are you gonna open the door?

Beat. Resting nearby she sees sunglasses, and puts them on. She takes a deep breath and slowly opens the door.

Omar enters, Amber tries to hide her bruised face. They both stand there in awkward silence. Beat. He breaks the ice.

OMAR (CONT'D)

Your house looks different in the day. Ya' turn to show me ya' room.

AMBER

What is this kindergarten? Show me yours, I'll show you mine.

He nods playfully. She shakes her head.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Great.

Amber grabs her icepack and her roll of toilet paper, and leads him towards her bedroom. He follows her.

INT. AMBER'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Amber enters, picks up the mess along the way. Omar follows behind her. She sits on her bed. Omar's eyes wander around her room. He takes in the hip-hop posters.

AMBER

You probably expected Taylor Swift.

OMAR

Taylor Swift is cool.

AMBER

(laughs)

Don't make me laugh, it hurts.

OMAR

What, I actually think she's cool.

AMBER

Shut up, silly.

He looks around some more, and sees the Irish desk-flag. Next to the Irish flag, he sees a photo of Amber with both of her parents. He picks it up, studies it, then puts it back. He sits on the bed next to her, takes in her bruises. Beat.

OMAR

Why'd you wanna join our crew?

AMBER

I won't lie, I need the money. But it's more than that, you know.

(MORE)

AMBER (CONT'D)

-- It's like, when I'm with the crew I feel like I'm with...

OMAR

-- Family?

Beat, she nods. And then swirls right back into her point.

AMBER

But Ray's an idiot, calling me a culture vulture. I can't rep, I can't wear what he wears. He's a fucking jerk.

OMAR

He's just saying we invented this culture, have respect for it.

AMBER

(jiggles her toilet paper)
OK, then respect my toilet paper.

OMAR

What?

AMBER

A white dude invented this, if you disrespect it you're co-opting it.

OMAR

(laughing)
That's not how it works.

She stares daggers at him, he stops laughing.

OMAR (CONT'D)

You know, you and Ray are actually the same. He thinks he's right and you think you're right.

AMBER

He called me a white hoe!

OMAR

OK, OK, I hear you... but hear me out. --- After last night, it's official. You're family. You're in. We're on the same team now. That includes Ray too... OK?

Beat, she takes in his words, facing him. Silence, their chemistry returns... and they both know it. -- LOUD TRASH CAN noises are heard outside, their moment is interrupted.

Amber jumps up, peeks out the window. She seems worried. Omar registers her concern.

OMAR (CONT'D)
Everything OK?

AMBER
Yeah, it's just... it's my neighbor taking out trash. That's all.

But Amber is still by the window, frozen. On this, Omar gets up and moves towards her, but she quickly stops him.

OMAR
What's going on?

AMBER
Nothing, he's just an asshole.

She won't let Omar near the window.

OMAR
Did he do something to you?

AMBER
No.
(beat)
It was a long time ago, forget it, OK? -- Just forget it. -- I'm here with you right now. And I... I feel good. I feel good with you.

She smiles. He smiles back, subsiding. Beat, as they silently take each other in again. It's beautiful, both of them alone. He moves in to kiss her. But she steps back.

OMAR
Sorry, I thought... -- Sorry.

He sits down, stares at the floor. She quietly watches him. After a moment she sits down next to him, puts her hand over his. She lifts up her sunglasses, then kisses him. As she kisses him the bruises hurt. He adjusts to not hurt her.

INT. AMBER'S BEDROOM - MANY HOURS LATER - SAME DAY - NIGHT

Amber is asleep on her bed, and in Omar's arms. They're both fully clothed. A car is heard entering the driveway, and wakes Amber up. She groggily opens her eyes, looks at the clock. It reads 12:24 AM. Amber hears the front door slowly open. Suddenly it hits her, and she bolts up right away.

AMBER
(shaking Omar)
Get up, get up.

OMAR
What?

AMBER
My mom.

Omar leaps right out of the bed, stumbles a bit and freezes.

AMBER (CONT'D)
Shh. --- Bathroom, bathroom.

She points to the bathroom door. Omar dashes in there. On that, Amber hides under the covers. Beth appears, turns on the overhead lights. She is dressed in her work scrubs.

BETH
Honey, you awake?

AMBER
I'm sleeping.

Beth lingers by the doorway.

BETH
This won't take long. -- I've been wanting to tell you in person all day... you're right, we can do this, we can figure this out together.

AMBER
Great, thank you. Good night.

BETH
I just wish my little girl didn't have to grow up.

AMBER
Moooo, I'm not a little girl.

Beth steps forward, approaches Amber's bed.

BETH
You'll always be my little girl.

AMBER
Seriously, you're waking me up. --
And I gotta work early tomorrow.

Beth quickly takes a step back.

BETH

OK, OK. Go back to sleep.

(beat)

I love you, and I'm proud of you.

Beth turns off the overhead lights and leaves.

Once she's gone, Amber pulls the sheets off and looks up at the ceiling, exhales deeply. Omar steps out of the bathroom. Silence.

CUT TO: MONTAGE

INT. AMBER'S BEDROOM - NEXT DAY - MORNING

The clock reads 7:00 AM. Amber watches an online video that shows how to conceal bruises and black-eyes with makeup. She carefully follows the instructions, starts applying makeup.

The toilet flushes, Omar steps out of the bathroom. She looks up at him in the mirror's reflection.

Beat, as Omar looks at the mirror and discerns her makeup. It fully conceals all her bruises, he nods in approval.

INT. LIVING ROOM / DINING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

On her way out, Amber drops a note on the dinner table that reads: "*Mom, I work all day. Don't wake me up tonight.*"

EXT. AMBER'S HOME - DOORWAY - CONTINUOUS

Amber and Omar spot a **FIFTEEN DAY FORECLOSURE NOTICE** taped to the front door. Amber rips the notice down, trashes it.

As they get on Omar's bike the Neighbor looks out the window. Amber sees him, gets uneasy. Omar catches her reaction.

OMAR

Is that the guy?

Amber nods. Omar boldly approaches the neighbor's house. Seeing Omar, the neighbor quickly shuts his curtains close. Amber grabs Omar by his arm, and calms him down. After a moment, they both jump on his bike and ride off.

EXT. STREETS - DAY - SAME DAY

Omar and Amber are on his bike, rolling through the streets.

INT. T'S CRIB - SAME DAY - LATER

The whole crew is present. T is flanked on both sides. Ray stands to his right, Juan and Omar stand to his left. Amber is on one knee, head bowed, facing the whole crew.

T steps up to Amber, reveals a brand new cap with an image of dice on it. The dice add up to seven. He hands it to her. This whole interaction feels very ceremonious. Amber takes the cap, and beholds it.

EXT. DARK STREETS - DAYS LATER

Amber, Omar and Juan walk through graffiti filled alleys. Amber wears her new cap with the dice on it.

JUAN (V.O.)

Ya' officially a Seven, don't wear anything that equals three again.

AMBER (V.O.)

I wear shirts with shamrocks on them. You know, the plant with three leaves on it, for good luck. I'm Irish, I gotta wear a shamrock.

EXT. ALLEY WAY - WRITER'S CORNER - SAME DAY - HOURS LATER

Amber and Juan do a huge graffiti piece of the numeral "7".

JUAN (V.O.)

You wanna get shot? Three is Third Ave Gang. Seven is us, Seventh Ave Gang. Anyone wearing a shirt with anything on it that equals a number three, they walk down seventh ave, my hood, they'll get dropped.

The number seven shines big and bright. Omar smiles.

INT. AMBER'S BEDROOM - DAY

Amber at her closet, finds a shirt that says "*Kiss me, I'm Irish*" with a shamrock on it, and she throws it in the trash.

JUAN (V.O.)

I'll shoot 'em. Don't wear anything that equals three again.

She then sees the shamrock earrings. Beat, as she looks at them and then tosses the earrings into the trash as well.

INT. AMBER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Amber kisses Omar, wears a shirt with the number seven on it. They both start to undress.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - ROOF TOP - DAYS LATER - SUNSET

Juan, Omar and Amber watch the sunset. Juan raises his arms, as if shouting to the world.

JUAN

When I die, show no pity. Send my
soul to gangster city!!

Amber and Omar join in, all their voices blending into one.

JUAN (CONT'D)

Put guns across my chest, and tell
the world I did my best!!

AMBER

Put guns across my chest, and
tell the world I did my best!

OMAR

Put guns across my chest, and
tell the world I did my best!

END MONTAGE

INT. T'S CRIB - CLEAN ROOM - DAYS LATER

Lil D' and Jada wear surgical gloves. Lil D' also wears a t-shirt that says: "720 got the best 420". Jada holds a metal tin box of chocolates. The whole crew is present again.

AMBER

I can't believe this works.

JADA

It's about calculated risks.
Chances of getting caught driving
across state lines are way bigger.
Show her, Lil D'.

Lil D' carefully and meticulously opens up the chocolate box.

LIL D'

Tin boxes don't puncture easy, and
cover up smells. Use gloves, and
always keep this room 100% clean.

Lil D' takes out the chocolates, tosses them onto a plate.

JADA

We eat 'em later. But not in here.
Nothing in here, not even smoking.

Jada grabs a portion of bubble hash. With a knife, she cuts it up into pieces and rolls each piece into little balls. She puts each little ball of bubble where the chocolate was. Jada then grabs the saran wrap machine, seals it up.

LIL D'

After it's air tight, put ammonia
or bleach... citronella also works...
all over it. Wipes off the traces.

Lil D' grabs a wet brush, and spreads a liquid all over the box. He then puts the box inside a U.S.P.S. shipping box.

JADA

Send it Next Day Air to a real
address, but a fake person. If it
don't arrive on time it means the
Feds are tracing it. So no one
accepts it, no one gets arrested.

Jada holds up the shipment. It's sealed and ready to go.

T

Juan's cousin gets here tomorrow.
He's gonna wanna know that you also
know how to do this. Practice it.

The crew steps out. As everyone heads out, Amber stops Juan.

AMBER

Your cousin?

JUAN

Yeah, he's our connect in Texas.
Thought you knew that.
(off her head shake)
My bad. -- Anyway, his sister's the
one with all the school loans. She
needed more money, so she works
with him now. Ha, ha. Money,
money, money. Be ready for mañana.

Juan hands her a box of chocolates, and leaves. Everyone is gone. Amber stands in the clean room alone, holding the box.

EXT. AMBER'S HOME - SAME DAY - NIGHT

Amber and Omar pull up on Omar's bike. The Neighbor peeks out his window, Omar spots him looking at them.

OMAR
Yeah, I'm back again. And I'mma
keep coming back!

The Neighbor shuts his curtains. Amber laughs. Omar and her enter her home.

INT. AMBER'S BATHROOM - NIGHT - SAME DAY

Amber removes her makeup. The bruises are still slightly visible, but faded. Amber looks at herself in the mirror.

INT. AMBER'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Amber sleeps with ice over her face, Omar sleeps next to her.

EXT. PUBLIC HIGH SCHOOL - NEXT DAY - MORNING

Amber rides on the back of Omar's bike. He drops her off.

INT. PUBLIC HIGH SCHOOL - MRS. GREENE'S CLASSROOM - SAME DAY

Mrs. Greene hands back math test results, Amber receives her score. She got a perfect 100% score. She then peeks over Chavez's shoulder, and sees he got an "F" score on the math exam. Amber smirks to herself.

INT. T'S LIVING ROOM - SAME DAY - HOURS LATER - EVENING

Jada is doing her hair and facing a mirror resting on a make-shift dresser placed by the wall. Amber enters, sees her.

AMBER
Oh... hey.

JADA
Hey.

Jada keeps doing her hair. Moment of silence.

AMBER
-- Where's everybody?

JADA
Went out. They'll be back soon.

Jada finishes doing her hair. Her cornrows look amazing.

AMBER
It looks nice.

JADA
I can do your hair up.

AMBER
Nah, it's OK. But thank you.

JADA
Girl, trust me, I'll make it look
real nice. -- I got you.

Jada rises, signals for Amber to sit. Amber shrugs and sits.

INT. T'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jada is fixing up Amber's hair.

JADA
How come we never talk?

AMBER
I don't know.

Beat. Jada's fingers move expertly through Amber's hair.

JADA
My moms was the only girlfriend I
ever really had.

AMBER
Oh, where she at?

JADA
Jail. She got busted for doing
drugs.

AMBER
Oh.

JADA
Actually, I had one other
girlfriend before, but she was
snotty and shit. I was only
friends with her cause she was the
only other black person at my
school.

AMBER
Where'd you go to school?

JADA

Montana, lived there for a minute. But, girl, they got no black people there. Her and I were the only ones. I was like, holy shit, another black person. So we became friends. But like, only for a month.

AMBER

Why, what happened?

JADA

She was rich, lived in a mansion and shit. Made fun of my clothes, said that me being poor was embarrassing to her. At first she was like, black power and black people gotta stick together. But then, cause I don't got Gucci or Louis Vuitton, she stopped hanging with me. Whatever, I never had any girlfriends anyway. So fuck her.

AMBER

We can be friends.

JADA

You ain't rich, are you?

AMBER

No.

Jada smiles, she's doing Amber's hair. Amber sees it, it's a few braids. Just then Ray, Omar, Lil D' and Juan enter with bicycles. Ray notices Amber's hair, Omar notices it too.

OMAR

Looks good, baby girl.

Ray shakes his head, heads off to his room. Juan enters last... with a bicycle that seems a little used.

JUAN

Yo', check out my new ride. Actually, it's used. But I got a great deal on it. Bought it from this old Korean dude. After I fix it up, it's gonna look great.

Juan's cell phone rings. He answers it.

JUAN (CONT'D)
 Primo. -- Yeah. -- See you soon.
 (to the room)
 Yo', my cousin and T are almost
 here. Let's get ready.

INT. T'S CRIB - MOMENTS LATER

T enters with CIENFUEGOS (Latino, 40s), who wears nice sweat pants, sneakers, and carries a stuffed gym bag at his side. Ray walks up to Cien, greets him with a brotherly hug.

RAY
 It's been a minute.

CIENFUEGOS
 Good to see you, brother.

Jada and Lil D' also hug Cien. Cien then sees Omar.

CIENFUEGOS (CONT'D)
 Omar, look at you, taller than me
 now. Shit, Ray, you're right,
 brother. It has been a minute.

Last but not least, Cienfuegos greets Juan.

CIENFUEGOS (CONT'D)
 Primo, ¿cómo estás?

JUAN
 Bien, ya tú sabes.

CIENFUEGOS
 ¿Y mi tía?

JUAN
 Me botó de la casa.

CIENFUEGOS
 Again? -- Coño.

Behind Juan Cienfuegos spots Amber.

CIENFUEGOS (CONT'D)
 (to Juan, re: Amber)
 ¿Está es la blanquita?

JUAN
 Amber, my cousin... Cienfuegos.

AMBER
 Hi.

Cien goes into his gym bag, pulls out an opened box of chocolates and hands it to Amber.

CIENFUEGOS

A'ight, let's get down to business.

On that, T starts leading everyone upstairs. They follow.

INT. T'S CRIB - CLEAN ROOM, SECOND FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Amber finishes resealing the metal tin box of chocolates, and hands it to Cienfuegos. He inspects the box. Cien looks over at T, and nods. Cien then tosses Amber the gym bag.

CIENFUEGOS

If the pound arrives without any problems we're in business.

Cien, Ray and T exit. Amber unzips the gym bag, sees a note with a Texas address, and under the note rests eleven thousand in cash. She looks at Omar and Juan, they smile.

INT. T'S BATHROOM - SECOND FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Amber washes her hands. She stops and looks inside the gym bag again. It's a lot of cash. She looks at herself in the mirror, and breathes deeply. Silence. Her phone rings, interrupting. It's Beth. She gathers herself, answers it.

AMBER

Hey, mom. -- At work. -- Overtime. -
No, it's OK, I can take the bus
home. -- You're already driving to
the mall? -- I need twenty minutes.
-- I gotta clean up, punch out. --
Yeah, I heard you, the parking lot..
Twenty minutes, OK? -- I gotta go.

(She hangs up)

Fuck.

Amber zips up the gym bag, rushes out of the bathroom.

INT. T'S CRIB - FIRST FLOOR - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Amber is looking for the guys, but it's dark and no one is around. When suddenly, she hears voices coming from the kitchen. She can clearly hear what they're talking about.

CIENFUEGOS (O.C.)

You didn't tell her?

T (O.C.)
I will, when the time's right.

RAY (O.C.)
Don't tell her.

Amber steps out of the darkness, and into the brightly lit kitchen.

INT. T'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Amber enters loudly, making her presence known.

AMBER
Don't tell me what?

The three men see Amber. Silence. Cien breaks the ice.

CIENFUEGOS
Y'all gonna handle this?

T remains silent.

AMBER
I thought we were family.

Beat. Juan and Omar appear behind Amber, they sense tension.

JUAN
Everything OK?

T
Amber, we'll talk about this later.

AMBER
OK, take your time.

She casually tosses the gym bag, drops it next to Cienfuegos, and turns around to start to walk away.

T
You need this.

AMBER
(over her shoulder)
So do you.

T
(trying to stop her)
... We're going legit.

RAY
Nigga, don't do this!

T

She's gonna eventually find out!

AMBER

Hello, I'm still here!

OMAR

Everybody, stop! Chill out!!

Omar gets everyone's attention, they stop. Omar resumes.

OMAR (CONT'D)

Thank you. -- Amber, legal weed is a two billion dollar industry, and we want a piece of the pie. But some people are making it hard.

RAY

Nigga, you mean white people! Tell it like it is!

(turns, pointedly to Amber)

Your people made weed illegal. Now that it's legal again, y'all making it hard for us to go legit.

Cien hands Ray a beer, gently grabs his attention. Cien looks at T. T nods, gives the OK. Cien faces Amber.

CIENFUEGOS

We need eight hundred G's to open a dispensary. But we got a plan. The eleven G's is all my savings. Buy the pound with it, send it to that address. No more, no less. If my contacts see that we can do this, they'll lend me a hundred G's to move the bubble for real. Shit, within a year we'll pay them back and we'll have enough profit to buy into the legit game. -- We're gonna open legit shops all over Colorado. We're gonna own our own shit.

RAY

Cien, ya' got a criminal record? You totally clean?

(off Cien's silence)

Exactly, you can't get a legal license!

CIENFUEGOS

My sister can get the license. If they say no to her, then blanquita... sorry... Amber can do it for us.

RAY

Blanquita is gonna save us!!

CIENFUEGOS

I never said nothin' about that.

RAY

That's what it sounds like to me.

CIENFUEGOS

Then let me spoon feed it to you!
 Either we... black, brown, white,
 yellow, red... purple, pink, blue,
 whatever the fuck... come together to
 work the system in our favor, or
 it'll divide us and it'll work us.

RAY

We go legit, we work for the man!

T

Nigga, you already work for him!!
 How many times you been locked up?!
 How long you and I been at this
 game!? Look around, we're too old
 for this, this is a young person's
 game. You wanna cash out? A'ight,
 we gotta do whatever we gotta do.

Ray shakes his head. T has spoken. Silence. Beat. Amber approaches Cien and T, she picks up the gym bag.

AMBER

I'm in. -- I gotta go. I gotta
 meet my mom at the mall in...
 (looks at her cellphone)
 Shit... fifteen minutes.

T

You won't make it in time.

RAY

--- I know a short cut.

Ray puts his beer down, exits. Amber looks at Omar. He silently nods as if to say: "You'll be OK, go". Amber exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. MALL - PARKING LOT - SAME NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Ray and Amber pull up on his bike. Beth isn't there yet. Amber gets off the bike. Ray lights a blunt. Amber grabs the gym bag, but Ray seizes her arm -- halts her.

RAY

Blanquita, do you know where the word marijuana comes from?

AMBER

Ray, I ain't got time for this.

RAY

Relax, ya' mom's ain't here yet. Anyway, if ya' serious about going legit with us... you gotta know this.

She bites her lip. With his gaze on her, he takes a big hit.

RAY (CONT'D)

'Til a hundred years ago Anglos only called this cannabis. Back then alcohol was illegal. But when alcohol became legal again the Feds needed a new thing to outlaw. J-O-B's were at stake. So a Fed, Harry Anslinger, decided to ban cannabis. Know what he did? He took the word *marihuana* from the Mexicans, and started an anti-cannabis campaign with it. He used that word to turn cannabis into something bad, dark and foreign. -- He said...

(imitating a white man)

"Marijuana smokers are Negroes, Hispanics and Filipinos... it makes darkies think they're as good as white men."

(he laughs, then gets serious again)

He actually said that, and scared Anglos all across America with his racist plan. Cannabis was banned. And now, the word marijuana is part of English. Understand, blanquita?

AMBER

Yeah, I understand. You hate me cause I'm white.

RAY

Hate you? Nah, that'd be giving you too much power.

(MORE)

RAY (CONT'D)

I don't hate you. But you don't know, you got no clue. My people been locked up and killed over this. Now that it's legal again you wanna come in and make bank with it, you wanna take over? We kept the game alive, so you best appreciate our history.

Beat. Silence. Beth's car pulls up. Amber turns, struts off, and heads to her mom's car. Ray watches her.

INT./EXT. BETH'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Beth, at the driver's seat, smokes a cigarette. She sees Ray in the distance. Amber gets in the car.

BETH

Who is that boy?

AMBER

He works in the mall.

Beth eyes Ray suspiciously, and then begins to drive off. Ray is still watching them as they leave, smoking his blunt.

INT/EXT. CAR (MOVING) - STREET CORNER - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

At a red light, Beth smokes her cigarette, sees graffiti on a wall. Amber sees it too. It's her graffiti piece *Corazón*.

BETH

This town is getting ruined.

AMBER

Mom, it's modern day hieroglyphics. It's art.

BETH

That's not art -- and it's ugly.

AMBER

Okay, whatever, I don't care.

BETH

Young lady, don't dismiss me. Let's be very clear... one, graffiti is illegal and, two, it ruins private property.

AMBER

OK, if you wanna gonna go there.
One, someone stole the land. And,
two, they're making us pay to live
on it. -- Graffiti is one way to
claim back what they stole from us.

Beth takes a drag off her cigarette, calculates her response.

BETH

Sweetie, where'd you get that from?

AMBER

I don't know, it's obvious. We're
always paying the bank. If we
don't, they'll take away our home.

BETH

Amber, we have to work hard to earn
things.

AMBER

Yeah, earn back what the rich steal
from us... can we change the subject?

BETH

No. -- You think graffiti's good?

AMBER

Mom, it's no big deal. OK?

BETH

No big deal? -- Young lady, how is
graffiti claiming something back
when it actually destroys it?

AMBER

Why's everyone picking on me today?

BETH

I'm just talking. You can't talk
with your mother anymore?

AMBER

OK, fine... painting over a wall says
that this isn't theirs. It's ours.

BETH

That's absurd. Only delinquents do
graffiti. Delinquents!

AMBER

Are you happy with how things are?!
-- I'm not. I'm tired of it all!

BETH
Amber, I raised you better than
this. I taught you to be grateful.

AMBER
What should I be grateful for?
Really, tell me... I wanna know.

BETH
For starters, our home.

AMBER
Hello!! It's not ours, it's the
banks!

BETH
Don't get smart with me!

AMBER
I'm not, I'm pointing out facts!

BETH
Watch your tone or I'll ground you!

AMBER
(chuckles at Beth's threat)
When? You're never home. You're
always working to pay the bank.

BETH
I don't know what's going on with
you, maybe I give you too much
freedom. Even the way you're
dressing lately, I don't like it.

AMBER
What's wrong with how I dress?

BETH
You look like one of those kids
from the streets.

AMBER
You mean black kids?

BETH
I never said that.

AMBER
But you meant it.

BETH
OK, you just want to argue with me.
This conversation is over.

AMBER

You're the one who started arguing!
Why'd you have to pick me up for
anyway?!? I can take the bus home!

BETH

It's late, I want you to be safe!

AMBER

I'm almost eighteen! -- Actually, I
should have my own car by now.
But, no, I don't have a car...
'cause I got nothing!

BETH

And no one owes you anything!!

AMBER

I should have my own car by now!!

Beat. Beth suddenly pulls over, takes the car keys out of
the ignition and holds them up for Amber.

AMBER (CONT'D)

What're you doing?

BETH

It's yours.

AMBER

No, I ain't taking it. -- For real,
mom, how are you gonna get to work?

BETH

I'll car pool with Suzie. -- Like I
said, you have to work hard to earn
things. You're working hard,
right? OK, if that's what this is
about, it's yours. You earned it.

Beth puts the keys in Amber's hand, relinquishes them, then
gets out of the car and strolls over to the passenger's side.

Amber clenches the keys. Beth reaches the passenger side,
Amber scoots into the driver's seat... but not before she
carefully tosses the gym bag to the back of the car. Beth
gets in the passenger seat. Amber turns the car on, drives.

INT. MADAME BOVARY'S - MAIN ROOM - NEXT DAY

Josh counts the cash. He finishes and nods to Madame Bovary.
Madame Bovary smiles, hands the pound of bubble to Amber.

INT. T'S CRIB - CLEAN ROOM - SAME DAY

Amber, Jada and Lil D' pack the bubble into a chocolate box.

INT. POST OFFICE - SAME DAY

Amber wears sunglasses and gloves. At the automated machine she pays for Next Day Air, puts the postage on the box, deposits it and trudges out.

EXT. POST OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Amber gets in her station wagon. Juan, Omar, Ray and T sit in the car. T hands her several one-hundred dollar bills.

T

If it arrives, you get the rest.

She counts the money, \$500. She pockets it, starts driving.

INT. CAR (MOVING) - STREET - MOMENTS LATER - SAME AFTERNOON

Amber drives. In her rear view, she sees cop lights flash. She moves over to the right lane to let the cops pass, but then realizes she's the one being stopped. She gets tense. T sees what she sees and quickly hides his gun under the seat. Ray does the same.

AMBER

I was going the speed limit.

T

Pull over. Stay mellow, keep cool.

Amber pulls over. Cop car pulls up behind. TWO OFFICERS (one White, other Black), who look like intimidating state troopers, step out their car and strut over to Amber's car. As Amber sees them approaching, she quickly takes off her cap, tosses it in the back, T-Dog hides it.

WHITE COP

License and registration, please.

Amber produces the papers. Black Cop sees a tattoo on T's arm, displaying the numerical seven. T and him lock eyes.

BLACK COP

Whose car is this?

AMBER

My mom's.

WHITE COP
-- Wait here.

Both cops return to their vehicle. Amber and the guys sit silent, tense. After a beat, both cops return.

BLACK COP
Fellas, sit tight. Young lady, I
need you to come with us.

Amber exits her car, and follows both cops to their car.

EXT. CAR - STREET - LATE AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

White Cop leads her to the back of their patrol vehicle.

WHITE COP
Get in the back.

INT. POLICE VEHICLE - BACK SEAT - LATE AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

The first thing Amber notices is that the back seat of the cop car has been manhandled, so much so that the rips are clearly evident and the inside white cushion is coming out.

BLACK COP
You like hanging out with gang
members?

Amber remains silent, she doesn't reply.

WHITE COP
Hey, he asked you a question.

AMBER
Sorry, but I was going the speed
limit. Why did you stop me?

WHITE COP
Why do you think we stopped you?
(beat, off her silence)
OK. Unbutton your shirt now.
(off Amber's look)
We need to know you're not armed.
Open it, or I'll check you myself!

She does as told, unbuttons her shirt. Both cops see her exposed chest, then silently look at each other. A silent understanding between them. Black Cop turns back to her.

BLACK COP
What do you have under your bra?

Amber freezes, nonplussed.

WHITE COP

He keeps asking questions, you keep not answering. That's very rude. Unfasten it, or I'll rip it open.

AMBER

Your body cams are recording this.

BLACK COP

Oh, these? Turned them off. We can turn them off anytime we want.

Amber looks at the door, but there are no door-handles. She's locked in. The reality of it hits her, she stiffens.

WHITE COP

Relax. I'm sure a white trash whore like you is used to this.
(turns to his partner)
You got this?

BLACK COP

Yeah, you did it last time.

White Cop shrugs, smiles. Black Cop steps out of the front seat to get in the back seat with Amber. As he reaches to open her door, a call interrupts over the police dispatch.

DISPATCH (O.S.)

All units, eleven-ninety nine, corner of Main and 16th. Officer needs assist, shots fired. Repeat, all units, Main and 16th. Shots fired. Officer needs assist.

Both cops halt, they know they have to answer the call.

WHITE COP

Copy. Unit 143 on its way.

Black Cop swings the back door open, grabs Amber's arm.

BLACK COP

Make sure they go back to their neighborhood, you go back to yours.

EXT. POLICE VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

Amber quickly saunters out of the vehicle, heads to her car. As she walks over to her car, she buttons up and closes her shirt. Her angry and pained face says it all.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

The guys sit in silence, Amber gets in the driver's seat. No one says a word. Beat. Amber sits with them in silence. The tension is so thick it can be cut with a knife.

T

We good?

AMBER

Yeah.

The cops loudly switch on their sirens, and take off like a bullet. Beat. Amber turns the car on, begins to drive.

EXT. T'S PORCH - SAME DAY - HOURS LATER - EARLY EVENING

Amber and Omar are alone. Omar paces back and forth, angry.

OMAR

You let 'em treat you that way!?!

AMBER

I didn't let them do anything. I was locked in the back of the car!

OMAR

You should'a told me this sooner!

AMBER

How? I was in the back of their car!

OMAR

You could'a yelled for help!

AMBER

The windows were locked, no one could hear me! -- Don't turn this around, this is not my fault!

OMAR

I would'a come out with guns blazing and fucked those cops up!

AMBER

And they would've killed you!

OMAR

They can't treat you that way!

AMBER

Well, they did treat me that way.
What're we gonna do? Respond all
angry, like Juan does, and maybe
get us all killed in the process?
No, we gotta pick our battles.

OMAR

What?

AMBER

Pick ya battles, like Chilly Willy.

OMAR

What're you talking about?

Amber paces, looks around, kicks a railing.

AMBER

I don't know, maybe T and Cien are
right. Money's power. OK, let's
open a dispensary. -- Once we got
money we can take the system down.

OMAR

(he laughs at her)
That sounds stupid.

AMBER

And your idea isn't stupid? Hello,
you wanted to get us killed! --
I'm trying to come up with ideas
that *don't* get us killed.

OMAR

I can't believe you used Chilly
Willy against me.

AMBER

Well, you don't always sound
stupid.

OMAR

I love you.
(off her look)
That sounded stupid.

Omar turns away. She grabs him, looks deep into his eyes.

AMBER

--- Omar, I love you too.

OMAR

You do?

AMBER

Yeah, we're in this together. You mean a lot to me.

OMAR

How much?

Beat. She looks up at the sky.

AMBER

Look up at the sky.

He looks up. It's a clear beautiful, vast sky with a sunset.

AMBER (CONT'D)

That's how much. From now on, that sky belongs to you.

As they look up at the sky, the colors become magical. Like graffiti. Amber embraces Omar. A moment of silence then..

AMBER (CONT'D)

Wait, I got it, I'll get a business degree and help run the dispensary.

Something has clicked in Amber's brain.

INT. AMBER'S BEDROOM - NEXT DAY - AFTERNOON

Amber opens the shoebox. Over the college brochure she has clipped a note, the amount of \$135,848 is written on it. She takes \$500 out of her pocket, and separates \$400 from it.

She then writes the amount of \$400 onto the note, and stores the \$400 inside the shoebox. She hides the shoebox back up.

INT. MRS. GREENE'S CLASS ROOM - NEXT DAY - AFTERNOON

Mrs. Greene is at her desk, reading student reports. Amber enters, a college application is in her hand.

AMBER

Mrs. G, I need help with this application. I want to major in business, but the school I wanna apply to is thirty-four thousand dollars a year. But it looks like I don't qualify for financial aid.

MRS. GREENE

That's impossible.

AMBER

I know but, apparently, my mom made two thousand dollars more than usual. She was working overtime. So we're poor, but not poor enough. It's all such B.S. Anyway, I was thinking, maybe you can help me find a scholarship instead.

MRS. GREENE

Scholarships are tricky.

AMBER

But I got good grades.

MRS. GREENE

Yes, that's true. But less "fortunate" people are the ones who are usually considered first.

AMBER

You mean, someone who ain't white?

Beat.

MRS. GREENE

Amber, there are small, local schools. And they're affordable.

AMBER

Did you go to a small local school? Oh, right, you went to Harvard. I remember now. Oh, and ya' family's also rich. That's what you told us. -- But I'm sure you *still* got some kind'a scholarship, right?

MRS. GREENE

Amber, what do you want from me?

AMBER

I want to go to a good university.

Beat. Mrs. Greene nods. On that, Amber sits down next to her, and hands her the application. Mrs. Greene peruses it.

INT. MRS. GREENE'S CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mrs. Greene is helping Amber fill out the application.

MRS. GREENE

Right here, tell them what kind of business you want to own someday.

AMBER
 A weed dispensary.
 (off Mrs. Greene's look)
 What, it's legal now.

MRS. GREENE
 Yes, but I just.... I've never seen
 that in an application before.

AMBER
 I'm entrepreneurial.

MRS. GREENE
 Entrepreneurial? Lordy, Lord.

Amber gets a text from Juan: "*Package arrived. We in business.*" She smiles, continues filling out the application.

INT. T'S CRIB - NEXT DAY - MORNING

Amber walks up to T. He holds a big bag of cash.

T
 A hundred G's. - Don't let me down.

AMBER
 Have I ever let you down?

Beat. He hands her the bag.

INT. MADAME BOVARY'S - MAIN ROOM - SAME DAY - MORNING

Amber enters. Madame Bovary rises and greets her.

INT. POST OFFICE - SAME DAY - MOMENTS LATER - LATE MORNING

Amber goes through the normal routine, except with a slightly bigger shipping box. As before, she wears sunglasses and stylish gloves that aren't too overtly colorful or obvious.

EXT. EMPTY PARKING LOT - SAME DAY - EARLY AFTERNOON

Amber's car moves in a jolty way. As if the person driving doesn't know how to drive.

INT. AMBER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Music plays on the radio. Omar is in the driver's seat, his eyes focused attentively ahead.

Amber in the passenger seat, her eyes also focused ahead - but for different reasons. The car swerves around, Omar almost crashes into a trash can.

AMBER

Turn, turn. -- No, the other way.

Omar suddenly brakes the car, hard.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Stopping is good too.

OMAR

This is easy, I'm ready for the highway.

AMBER

You almost killed a trash can.

OMAR

I missed it by a mile.

Omar starts adjusting the rearview mirror. But he adjusts it by flicking the little tab under the mirror upwards.

AMBER

You're not ready for the highway.

OMAR

Yes, I am.

AMBER

No, you're not. And how you adjust the mirror proves it even more.

OMAR

Baby girl, I know what I'm doing.

AMBER

No, you don't. This knob is for nighttime. When the car behind you has its high beams on, you flick this up and it gets rid of the glare. The knob is only for that, not anything else. - Class is over.

Amber steps out of the passenger seat, walks over and opens the driver's door for Omar.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Get out.

OMAR
Did we just have our first official
argument?

AMBER
Yes.

Omar steps out. Embraces her.

OMAR
That means we're like a married
couple now.

AMBER
OK, fine, you can drive on the
highway.

OMAR
Really?

AMBER
No. Get in the passenger seat.

OMAR
Oh, we're definitely like a married
couple now.

She shakes her head, smiles. He gets in the passenger seat.

INT. CAR - SAME DAY - MOMENTS LATER - LATE AFTERNOON

Amber drives. Omar and Juan are with her. Music plays.
Amber parks the car across the street from a BICYCLE STORE.

EXT. STREET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

They all jump out of the car. As they walk across the
street, Juan hands Amber a written list. She glances at it.

AMBER
What, a seat? --- And grips?

JUAN
Yeah, aluminum ergonomic ones.

AMBER
Motherfucker, anything else?

Omar laughs.

JUAN
A headlight, it's on the list.

AMBER

We got money, let's buy the shit.

JUAN

Yeah, but don't you wanna have fun?

He's right. She smirks and nods.

JUAN (CONT'D)

A'ight then, let's go on a shopping-free.

Omar winks at her, she shakes her head, smiles. On that, the boys enter the store. Amber waits outside. Silence.

An interracial couple mosey on by (CAUCASIAN MALE, AFRICAN AMERICAN FEMALE / late 30s), they're holding hands in love. Amber sees them, and smiles. The couple keeps walking. After a moment, Amber enters the store.

INT. BICYCLE STORE - LATE AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

Inside, Amber marks Juan and Omar together at an aisle. She immediately walks to another aisle, and passes a SECURITY GUARD (Latino, 30s). She smiles at him, he smiles back.

The Guard keeps an eye on Juan and Omar. Amber reaches an aisle, looks at the bike accessories. Suddenly, she hears a loud commotion and sees Omar and Juan dash out of the store. The Security Guard quickly runs out after them.

Amber starts shoving accessories into her clothes, anywhere she can. Adrenaline kicks in, she moves fast, like she's almost enjoying it. She finishes and heads out of the store. The OWNER (40s, Asian) looks at her. Amber stops.

AMBER

Those boys stole something.

STORE OWNER

Thank you, I'll call the police.

Amber smiles, and advances out the door.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Amber's clothes are so exaggeratedly overstuffed with stolen items, it's practically comical. She gets in her car.

INT/EXT. AMBER'S CAR (MOVING) - STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Amber drives past the Guard, he doesn't notice her. He's too busy chasing Omar and Juan, who've outpaced him. Amber makes a left turn, pulls up to a corner. Juan and Omar run up and jump in. They laugh victoriously at the Security Guard. The Guard gives up, doubles over trying to catch his breath.

INT. CAR (MOVING) - MOMENTS LATER - LATE AFTERNOON

Juan looks at all the items.

JUAN

Wooden grips weren't on the list.

AMBER

They're for Omar.

OMAR

I love you, baby girl.

AMBER

I love you too.

Juan rolls his eyes. A rap song comes on the radio.

JUAN

Yo', this is my jam. Turn it up!

They blast the music, as they drive through the streets.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT/EXT. BETH'S CAR - MOVING - SAME DAY/HOURS LATER - NIGHT

The car buzzes alive with Amber, Ray, Omar, Juan and T inside. They're all drinking and partying. Everyone is boozed-up, even Amber is drinking while she's driving.

INT/EXT. BETH'S CAR - MOVING - SAME NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Ray yells out the window, his adrenaline on high gear.

RAY

Sevens, nigga!! SEVENS!!

Amber smirks cockiness and over self-confidence exude from her. They reach a red light. As they wait for it to change, MEN wearing apparel with the number three appear on a corner opposite from them.

RAY (CONT'D)

Threes.

T

I see them.

THE THREES are on "gangsta" bicycles. One of them whistles loudly for more Threes.

Reinforcements emerge on the opposite corner. The 7s are blocked in, on both sides.

Amber's smirk changes to fear. Ray goes for his gun.

RAY

Let's blast these punk ass bitches.

Omar stops Ray.

OMAR

Nigga, this is their territory.
We're outnumbered.

Omar is right, they're outnumbered. The light turns green. No one makes a move. T makes an executive decision.

T

Amber, keep cool. -- Just drive.

Amber slowly goes past the green light. Everyone's eyes stay honed in on their enemy. But Amber's eyes are on the road.

INT/EXT. BETH'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

In the car's rear view mirror, The Threes get smaller and smaller. As the Sevens drive off, one of The Three Block's SHOUTS OUT INSULTS at them. Ray is fuming.

Amber exhales relieved. Omar grabs her hand, reassuring her.

INT. T'S CRIB - OMAR'S BEDROOM - NEXT DAY - AFTERNOON

Omar and Amber sit on his bed, eating a pint of ice cream together. He playfully spoon feeds her.

OMAR

You ever think about your dad?

AMBER

Nah, when he left my mom, I was like fuck him. I don't need him.

Beat, she looks straight at him.

AMBER (CONT'D)
But if you ever leave me for
another woman I'll kill you.

OMAR
Don't worry, I won't. Specially
cause I don't wanna die.

AMBER
Good, my evil plan is working.
(mocks evil laugh)
Bwahahaha.

Omar giggles, she smiles. He keeps tenderly feeding her.

AMBER (CONT'D)
You miss your dad?

OMAR
Yeah. He was more than just my
dad, he was my best friend.

He spills ice cream on her clothes. He grabs a napkin,
tenderly wipes her shirt. She watches him clean her shirt.

AMBER
I love you.

OMAR
I know.

AMBER
Shut up. My turn, close your eyes.

He happily obliges, closes his eyes. She grabs the spoon,
seductively feeds him.

AMBER (CONT'D)
You want kids?

OMAR
A whole tribe of 'em. -- I think
our kids would be really cute.

AMBER
Our kids... You get an extra treat
for that. Keep your eyes closed.

She kisses him. He relishes the moment.

They're about to start making love when T knocks, enters.
They sit up.

T

The ten pounds arrived. Get ready
to make real bank.

(beat, turns to Amber)

Oh... I heard ya' wanna get a
business degree?

OMAR

I told him.

T

Think you'll get in?

AMBER

Yeah, my teacher is helping me fill
it out.

T

A business degree is handy down the
line. -- If you get in, Cien and me
will help you out with the tuition.

T meanders out.

OMAR

Damn, now I wanna go to college.

AMBER

You shouldn't have dropped out.

As punishment for her comment, Omar starts tickling her hard.

INT. AMBER'S BEDROOM - DAYS LATER - EARLY MORNING

Amber enters, goes to her closet, finds the hidden shoebox.
Then pulls out a huge wad of bills from her pockets, counts
the large stack of money. It's several thousands of dollars.

She hides less than half of the cash in the shoebox. And on
the note with \$400 written on it, she writes \$2,100 more.
The note shows \$2,500 saved. She hides the shoebox back up,
grabs the other remaining half of the cash, exits with it.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Beth is cleaning the dishes. Amber enters and places the
cash on the kitchen counter. Beth stops what she's doing.

BETH

Where'd you get this?

AMBER

From work. Two thousand, eight hundred fifty, every penny of it.

BETH

How much do they pay you?

AMBER

You know, regular.

BETH

What's your hourly wage?

AMBER

What, is this not enough?

BETH

It's more than enough.

AMBER

So then what's the problem?!

BETH

It's just... it's a lot more than I expected. It's all of it.

AMBER

Yeah, it's all of it 'cause I worked overtime... OK? -- And I still did my homework. -- But you know, it sounds like you don't want this.

BETH

No, no. Of course, I want it. I just... I never expected my daughter to pay my bills.

AMBER

It's our bills, mom, remember? We're in this together.

BETH

You're right, I don't know why I'm being weird. I'll go to the bank today, and pay everything off. -- Thank you, baby.

AMBER

Well, that's what I'm here for, mom. -- OK, I gotta run to school.

Amber leaves. Beth holds the money in her hand.

EXT. WRITER'S CORNER - SAME DAY - EARLY EVENING

Amber and Juan are each doing a graffiti piece, Omar watches.

Amber's piece says: "*MODERN SLAVERY: Work 5 days a week to pay banks.*" Next to Amber's piece, Juan's piece says: "*I Write Shit on a Wall. You Write Shit on the Internet.*"

Amber's cell phone rings. It's her mom. She signals for Omar and Juan to be quiet. She answers the call.

AMBER

Mom, hi. -- Which store? -- Ah, you know, the clothing store on the 3rd floor. -- Are you at the mall?! -- I'm not yelling, I'm just... it's my day off. -- No, I don't work today. -- I'm studying at the library. -- Yes, it's still open. Look, I'll be there in 10 minutes. -- Yes, mom, I'm coming to get you. -- Just leave the store, now.

(she hangs up)

Fuck... I gotta go.

She leaves, rushed.

EXT. MALL - PARKING LOT - LATER - SAME EVENING

Amber pulls up. Beth approaches the vehicle.

AMBER

Aren't you supposed to be at work?

BETH

Well, hello to you too.

AMBER

Mom, what are you doing here?

Beth gets in the car, digs into her purse and pulls out a bank statement. She hands it to Amber.

BETH

I left early to pay the bank, came to show you this. Baby, we did it.

AMBER

Yeah, mom, we did. This is great.

BETH

By the way, a funny thing happened when I went into your store.

AMBER

Oh, yeah?

BETH

Yeah, the manager didn't know who you were.

AMBER

Ah, yeah, that's weird. -- You sure it was the right store?

BETH

The clothing store on the third floor.

AMBER

Mom, I work on the second floor.

BETH

Amber, you said third.

AMBER

I said second. Mom, I know where I work. You were in the wrong store.

(beat, off Beth's look)

What? You wanna go back inside and talk to my manager?

BETH

Sure, maybe he can give me a job.

(off Amber's look)

I'm kidding, why are you getting so upset?

AMBER

Cause it's not my fault you went into the wrong store. You've been acting weird since I gave you the money this morning. -- Well, you're welcome very much.

On that, Amber tosses the bank statement back to Beth. Beth takes in a deep breath. Measures her response.

BETH

Wow. You're overreacting.

AMBER

Wow. No, I'm not. I thought you'd be happy to pay the bank. But, no, it's like you came here to make me feel like I'm bad, or something.

BETH

Amber, are we going to argue again?
 Seriously, what's going on?

AMBER

Nothing, nothing. I just feel like
 whatever I do you're not happy.

BETH

Amber, how can you say that?

Beth looks into Amber's eyes - hoping to reassure her - but not sure exactly what she's reassuring.

BETH (CONT'D)

Honey, you make me happy. And I'm
 proud of you. Amber, I love you.

After a beat, Amber quickly turns away from Beth's gaze.

Beth sits muddled by this whole exchange.

Amber puts the car in gear, begins to drive.

INT. MADAME BOVARY'S - DAYS LATER - MAIN ROOM

Madame Bovary hands Amber ten pounds of bubble. Amber goes.

EXT. MADAME BOVARY'S - CONTINUOUS

Outside, Amber sees two AFRICAN AMERICAN MEN (20s) with the number three on their clothes. It hits her, these are The Threes she saw before. One of them is tall, the other short.

TALL GUY

Nigga, this shit's selling for
 sixty-five bucks a gram in Texas.
 We sell it for fitty, we still make
 profit and take over. She can have
 twenty pounds ready by tomorrow.

Amber tries to walk past them, unnoticed. But it's too late.

SHORT GUY

Yo', you a Seven?

AMBER

What?

Short Guy goes for the gun in his waist, and steps to Amber.

SHORT GUY

Bitch, ya' heard me! Why the fuck
you wearing that for?!

He points to Amber's jersey -- it has a seven on it, and her cap has the dice that add up to seven on it as well. Amber is scared. But the guys don't actually recognize her.

TALL GUY

Leave this white bitch alone, she's
nobody. Let's handle our biz.

Short Guy stares her down.

SHORT GUY

You can get shot for wearing them
numbers, stupid bitch.

Both guys stroll right into Madame Bovary's. Amber turns the corner, and gets into her car. Beat. Her hands are shaking.

INT. T'S CRIB - CLEAN ROOM/SECOND FLOOR - SAME DAY, LATER

T checks the bubble. Ray helps him. Amber watches.

T

It's all there. Pack it up.
(notices Amber is silent)
Wassup, something on ya' mind?

AMBER

Madame Bovary is working with Third
Ave. They wanna drive prices down,
push us outta the market, and take
over. I overheard them. They're
buying twenty pounds tomorrow.

RAY

You sure?

She nods. Silence, as Ray and T look at each other in thought. Just then, the rest of the whole crew enters.

LIL D'

Wattup?

AMBER

... Threes are dapping with Madame
Bovary. They were there today.

JADA

T, we gotta do something. They're
fucking with our money.

AMBER
She's right, T.

Beat. Ray steps up close to Amber, lifts his shirt up, and points to a scar on his abdomen. It's a deep wound.

RAY
A bullet... came out the other side. Omar's dad wasn't as lucky, they killed him. He gave his life for our hood. -- Blanquita, this ain't ya' hood, you can go home if you want to.

Beat. Ray's eyes pierce through Amber, the crew watches.

AMBER
I'm down. I'm here to rep.

On that, T heads downstairs. The whole crew follows him. Amber is the last one out.

EXT. MADAME BOVARY'S - EVENING

It's past "business hours". Amber, T, Omar, Ray and Juan are huddled in the car, parked on a side street, away from view, "scoping" it all out.

RAY
Their crib is past the boulevard.

T
That's where we'll hit 'em. I'll ride shotgun. Omar in the back. Juan and Ray on bikes, to distract them. Amber, don't wear ya' numbers tomorrow. Go in, play dumb, and confirm the twenty pounds are there. -- A'ight, let's roll.

Amber turns the car on, drives.

INT. T'S LIVING ROOM - SAME DAY - NIGHT - HOURS LATER

The crew is gathered. They're drinking, partying.

JADA
I was fourteen, she was twenty. Bitch was older than me and she was like...
(imitates grumpy, old man)
"Gimme your coat!"...
(MORE)

JADA (CONT'D)

She sounded like a man and shit. -- I was like, "*But my dad gave it to me.*" -- She punched me. I swear to God, I saw stars. I fell down, rolled up into a ball and let her beat me up 'til she got tired and left. Yo', I had never owned anything expensive before, my dad paid four hundred for it. I wasn't gonna let her take it from me. I had bruises, I was dirty, buttons were missing, I was bleeding. It was ripped, it had holes in it. But when I got back up, I was proud cause I still had my four hundred dollar coat on.

She smiles big, victorious. The crew laughs.

LIL D'

Bitch, you stupid.

JADA

It's a true story though.

JUAN

You ever saw her again?

JADA

Nah, someone shot her after that.

As the crew laughs, Amber just leaves. Omar and Juan catch this. Juan looks to Omar. Omar gets up, follows Amber out.

EXT. T'S PORCH - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Amber is out on the front porch, thinking. Omar approaches. Beat. She looks at him, contemplatively.

AMBER

Are you scared?

OMAR

I won't lie. -- Yeah, I am. -- Baby girl, even Ray's scared. But, yo', dat's street life. Pretending not to be scared when you are.

AMBER

I don't have a good feeling about this.

OMAR

We lose the bubble, we lose it all.

(beat)

Don't worry about the crew. Stay home tomorrow, I can do it for both of us. I got it, OK? - I love you.

She ponders his offer for a moment. Beat. She kisses him, walks to her car and drives away. Omar watches her go.

INT. AMBER'S LIVING ROOM - SAME EVENING - LATER

Amber enters. Beth is watching television.

BETH

You're home early. How was work?

AMBER

It was OK.

(beat)

Mom, what did you do when you lost everything you had?

BETH

You mean, like when your dad left?

AMBER

I guess, I don't know.

BETH

What is it, baby? What's wrong?

AMBER

I just... I wanna go to college, I wanna start my own business but...

BETH

You do? Baby, that's great.

AMBER

But what if I worked hard only to lose it all, what do you do then?

BETH

I see. -- Well, baby, when your dad left your grandmother, may she rest in peace, said "*if someone wants to take your shirt away give them your coat too*". So I let your father go. I lost him to that woman, and let her take him away from me.

(MORE)

BETH (CONT'D)

But I won't make that mistake again, I won't let anyone else take the things that are mine away from me ever again.

(beat, lights a cigarette and smokes it)

You know, you'll be the first one in our family to go to college. You can do it, baby. I know you can.

Beth smiles at her. Beat, as Amber process it all. Beth turns back to her TV show. Amber heads to her bedroom.

EXT. T'S CRIB - FRONT PORCH - NEXT DAY - LATE AFTERNOON

The whole crew is out on the front porch already. Amber pulls up in her car, gets out and walks over to them. Omar and the crew see her. As she reaches the porch, Omar trots over to her, pulls her off to the side, and talks privately.

OMAR

Baby girl, I told you... I got this.

AMBER

I know, but we're in this together.

Beat. Omar smiles, she smiles back. T approaches, hands Amber a gun. She nonchalantly puts it in her pants' waist. Except for her cap, her clothes don't have numbers on them.

T

Jada, Lil D'... guard the crib.

Jada and Lil D' nod. Omar and T pile up into Amber's car. Ray and Juan get on their bikes, and ride ahead.

EXT. STREETS - SAME DAY - LATE AFTERNOON - MOMENTS LATER

Various images of them riding through the local streets of small town Colorado. The mountains before them.

Amber with the guys in the car, Juan and Ray following on their bicycles. The tension rises.

EXT. STREET - SAME DAY - LATE AFTERNOON - MOMENTS LATER

At a major boulevard, T points and shows Juan and Ray where to hide. He then signals for Amber to keep driving.

EXT. MADAME BOVARY'S - MOMENTS LATER

Amber parks the car around the corner, just like before.

T

Do what ya' always do, and be cool.

Amber silently nods and gets out of the car. But as she goes to get out, T stops her. He motions for her cap. She realizes he's right, takes it off and throws it in the driver's seat. She then heads over to Madame Bovary's.

INT. MADAME BOVARY'S - CONTINUOUS

Amber enters. The Big Man looks at her.

AMBER

I gotta get some extra product.

Big Man notices a bulge sticking out of her waist, stops her.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Oh, yeah, I bought it for protection. You know how it is.

She takes the gun out, hands it to him. Amber enters past the foyer, into the main room, where Madame Bovary welcomes.

MADAME BOVARY

Pleasant surprise.

AMBER

Yeah, I ah... I need an extra pound.

MADAME BOVARY

(all smiles)

I'm tapped out for the day, honey.

Amber looks over, sees about 20 pounds of bubble on a table.

MADAME BOVARY (CONT'D)

That's reserved, but tell you what.

(grabs 1/4 pound of bubble)

My gift. On the house. And come back in 2 weeks, and I'll have your regular order plus the extra pound.

As always, Madame Bovary is very friendly. But she also gently leads Amber out towards the foyer. Amber follows her.

INT. MADAME BOVARY'S - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

As Amber is exiting, the Threes are entering. They spot her. Everyone plays cool, carefully calculating their next move.

TALL GUY
Madame Bovary.

MADAME BOVARY
Gentlemen.

SHORT GUY
Hey, white girl, you ain't wearing
them numbers no more.

TALL GUY
(to Short Guy)
I told you she was a poser.

Beat. Short Guy notices the bubble Amber is holding.

SHORT GUY
Good amount of bubble for a poser.

MADAME BOVARY
It's just a quarter pound. It's
nothing.

SHORT GUY
You got a crew?

Big Man puts a finger on the trigger. Madame Bovary watches.

AMBER
Nah, I go to a private school. I
sell this there, on my own.

TALL GUY
I wish I went to a private school.
Get high with white, bougie bitches
while they suck my cock.

SHORT GUY
Nigga, if ya' black baby momma find
you fucking a white bitch she'd
fucking kill you.

TALL GUY
Fuck that bitch, I do what I wanna
do.

Both Threes laugh. The Big Man laughs too, releasing his
finger off the trigger. Amber and Madame Bovary just smile.

AMBER

See you in a couple of weeks.

As Amber struts out...

TALL GUY

Don't forget, white girl. We got
some black coal for you.

Amber walks out.

EXT. MADAME BOVARY'S - CONTINUOUS

Amber sees a THIRD GANGSTER (Male, 20s, African-American),
sitting on his 'gangsta' bike, keeping an eye on the other
two bikes. Amber walks past him, remaining inconspicuous.

She reaches her car, gets into the driver's seat.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Omar and T are huddled inside, heads down.

AMBER

It's all there. Twenty pounds.

T

A'ight, keep ya' eye on them.

Silence. After a beat, Short Guy and Tall Guy step outside
of Madame Bovary's. Each guy gets on a bike, and all three
men head off. As they ride past Amber, she taps T. T sits
up. Omar rises too. Amber turns the car on. T stops her.

T (CONT'D)

Keep ya' distance.

Amber silently nods. She drives.

INT/EXT. CAR (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Silence. Amber drives several blocks, all three Threes are a
good distance ahead of them. T dials out on his cell.

T

Ray, they're two blocks from you.
Come up on their left.

Amber reaches the main boulevard, and hits a red light.

She stops the car, her hands wrung tight around the steering wheel. T holds his gun, ready. Omar sits focused. The Threes cross the main boulevard, start to get far ahead.

OMAR

They're gonna reach their turf.

T

(to Ray, on his cell)

Ray, we gotta hit 'em now.

(hangs up, turns to Amber)

Amber, fuck the red light. Go!

But Amber isn't moving.

T (CONT'D)

Amber, go! -- Go!! -- Yo', drive!!

With that, Amber guns the car past the red light. On that, Ray and Juan pull out from their hiding places, and crash their bicycles up against the Threes. As all the Threes fall off their bikes, they immediately go for their guns.

T (CONT'D)

Stop the car! Stop!!

Amber stops. T and Omar jump out, join Ray and Juan. GUNSHOTS ring. Threes and Sevens shoot at each other, it's mayhem. A bullet flies near Amber. Omar checks on her.

OMAR

You OK?

AMBER

Yeah. We gotta get the bubble.

Amber gets out, grabs the 20 pound bag of bubble, throws it in the car. Short Guy recognizes Amber, steps up to her.

SHORT GUY

You fucking white bitch.

Short Guy pushes Amber against the car, ready to shoot her. But Juan jumps in to defend Amber, gets into a scuffle with Short Guy. Ray and T are busy shooting back at Tall Guy. Omar is in a hand to hand brawl with the other 3rd gangster.

Juan wrestles toe-to-toe with the Short Guy. But Short Guy fights back, overpowers Juan and grabs Juan's gun. Amber reaches for her gun, but it's not there. She forgot it at Bovary's. Short Guy shoots Juan in the neck. He starts bleeding.

Amber's world suddenly comes crashing down. All she sees is Juan bleeding, falling. Short Guy turns, aims his gun at her.

Ray quickly runs up, shoots Short Guy. Short Guy dies. MANY NEIGHBORS look out their windows, calling the police. Tall Guy is critically wounded by a gunshot, he lays on the ground bleeding. The Third Guy is knocked out, but fine otherwise.

Silence. Then the mayhem returns. Amber runs up to Juan. He's on the ground, shot in the neck, and choking up blood. He can't talk. Juan is quickly dying.

AMBER

No, no. Juan, get up. Get up!
Call 911!! Call an ambulance!!!

OMAR

Amber, we can't call anyone.

AMBER

Call them! He's bleeding!! Juan,
please breathe. Juan, please wake
up. This isn't happening! No, no!

But Juan has died in her arms. She holds him, as she cries.

RAY

T, we ain't got time.

T

We gotta go.

AMBER

Omar, we can't leave him here!

RAY

Bitch, get in the car.

OMAR

Don't talk to her like that!

RAY

Nigga, you wanna go to prison?

OMAR

Amber, we gotta go.

But Amber is desperate.

AMBER

No, we can't leave him. We can't
do this. Please, Omar, please...

RAY

We can't do nothing, he's dead!

Ray goes to grab the car keys from Amber.

AMBER

Get off of me!

RAY

Give me the car keys!!

Amber throws him the keys.

AMBER

Go ahead. Get out of here. You don't care! You never cared!!

RAY

Fuck is wrong with you, bitch?

T

Omar, we gotta go.

But Omar won't budge either. He's staying with Amber.

OMAR

I can't leave.

T

Nigga, we gotta go. Now!

OMAR

I won't leave her! Just go, leave!

T takes the car keys from Ray. They both drive off. Once alone, Omar and Amber hear sirens in the distance.

OMAR (CONT'D)

Baby girl, we gotta go.

Omar pulls Amber away from Juan's body. She reluctantly goes. They each grab bicycles and pedal away, scrambling. As they ride out, Omar throws his gun away.

EXT. STREET - EARLY EVENING - SAME DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Amber is numb, and in no condition to be riding a bike. Omar sees this, gets off his bike, jumps on hers. She has blood all over her shirt. As Omar pedals, she sits in the back.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Omar pedals. She sits on the back, clutching him tight.

AMBER

Omar, stop... stop!

He stops suddenly, jolting them. She points to the blood, panicked. Juan's blood soaks her shirt. She has no words.

OMAR

OK, OK, I know, I know. You gotta breathe. Amber, we don't have time. When they find Juan's body they'll know it was us. We gotta get back to the crib, grab the bubble and money... and skip town. Just breathe, OK? -- Breathe.

Amber nods, gathers herself. Omar starts pedaling again.

EXT. T'S STREET - LATER THAT SAME NIGHT

As Omar and Amber turn the corner, they notice T's house surrounded by COPS. Omar stops. They see Ray, Lil D' and Jada being arrested. But T is nowhere in sight.

AMBER

Where's my mom's car? And where the fuck is T?

OMAR

Shit, we're fucked.

AMBER

My house. No one will find us, and I got money there.

Omar turns the bike around, pedals away from the police.

EXT. AMBER'S HOME - DRIVEWAY - LATER THAT SAME EVENING

Omar and Amber pull up on the bicycle, Amber jumps off.

OMAR

(pointing at Amber's shirt)
Amber, the blood.

Omar takes his shirt off, puts it over her shirt. Amber heads to her front stoop. But as she approaches her home a cop car speeds in, screeching, pulling up to her driveway. Omar sees the cops, tries to run for it.

But the car has strategically blocked his way. Two COPS (40s, Latino and Asian) jump out and grab Omar.

The porch light pops on. Beth steps outside and sees Amber, the sirens, and Omar getting handcuffed. It all happens very fast. She turns to Amber. The Asian Cop approaches Beth.

ASIAN COP

Ma'am, are you Ms O'Neal?

Beth does not respond. The Latino Cop has restrained Omar, and is shoving him in the back of the police vehicle.

ASIAN COP (CONT'D)

Ma'am, are you Beth O'Neal?

BETH

Yes.

ASIAN COP

Your license plate and vehicle were reported at a crime scene.

BETH

Amber, honey... who is that boy?

ASIAN COP

Is this is your daughter?

BETH

Yes, officer, but what's going on?

ASIAN COP

Someone fitting her description was also reported at the crime scene.

BETH

Officer, this is all a mistake. --
Amber, tell him it's all a mistake.

But words are caught in Amber's throat, she can barely speak. Omar sits in back of the cop car, handcuffed behind his back.

ASIAN COP

Ma'am, she has to come with us. --
You'll have to come with us too.

Omar looks at Amber, she looks back at him. Beth slowly starts adding up what's happening before her.

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER THAT SAME EVENING - NIGHT

Omar enters escorted by cops. The whole crew is already there, reined in. They see Omar, handcuffed and shirtless. Amber follows behind Omar, Beth is next to her. Amber wears Omar's shirt. Except for Amber, everyone is handcuffed.

RAY

Amber, don't say nothing. Nothing!

ARRESTING OFFICER

Shut up! Process his weapon.

The arresting officer throws Ray's gun onto the counter, and violently pushes him into a room. The reality hits Beth.

INT. POLICE STATION - DETECTIVE'S OFFICE - LATER - NIGHT

A DETECTIVE (50s, Caucasian), stands flanked by the cops who arrested Omar. He faces Amber, she's seated. Beth is at his side talking, pleading with the Detective. He just listens.

AMBER (V.O.)

I kept quiet. The whole crew kept quiet, no one said anything.

The Detective and Amber stare at each other, not flinching.

AMBER (V.O.)

But they found fingerprints, and guns. Everyone was arrested.

Past glass doors, Amber sees Omar being processed into the system. He's still shirtless. Their eyes lock. Silence.

AMBER (V.O.)

Everyone... except me.

BLACK OUT

INT. MRS. GREENE'S CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON - DAY

Mrs. Greene teaches class. Amber just looks out the window.

AMBER (V.O.)

My mom pleaded with the cops. She said I deserved a second chance.

INT. PUBLIC HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - SAME DAY

Amber sees VARIOUS YOUNG TEENAGE COUPLES (of all ethnicities) holding hands, kissing each other and being happy.

AMBER (V.O.)

That I wasn't a gangster, I was different. She fought for me, and they let me go.

EXT. ALLEY WAY - WRITER'S CORNER - NIGHT

Amber does a graffiti masterpiece, a beautiful bright shiny portrait of Juan's and Omar's faces. The graffiti words underneath their faces say: *"Statistics for the System"*. Amber steps back, and looks at the finished masterpiece.

AMBER (V.O.)

But no one fought for Omar.

EXT. WRITER'S CORNER - JUAN'S 'SINNER' MASTERPIECE - NEXT DAY

Next to Juan's masterpiece, Amber spray paints the words: *"I Miss You"*. She then places the spray can on the ground, next to many lit candles others have left behind. Amber leaves.

INT. AMBER'S BEDROOM - DAY

On her laptop, Amber reads a news article. The article's title reads: 'SMALL TOWN, BIG PROBLEMS'. It goes on to say:

Big city gangs are a reality in our small city, but today Aurora fought back. Members of the 7s, an active and violent black street-gang, are behind bars. Their members include several males and one female, whose activities have cost taxpayers millions of dollars and countless lives.

Amber exhales deeply. She closes her laptop, exits her room.

INT. BETH'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Beth is making the bed. Amber enters, and silently helps Beth out with the sheets. They finish setting the bed.

AMBER

Mom, can you drive me to visit Omar today?

BETH

No, and I'm taking the car to work.

AMBER

I love him.

BETH

He's not my problem, you are.
Amber, I don't have a lot, but I
bust my ass and work hard for you.

AMBER

I know, mom. I know.

BETH

So then why did you do all of that?

Amber doesn't say anything. Beat.

BETH (CONT'D)

All the signs were there but... --
Maybe this is all my fault.

AMBER

Don't say that.

BETH

Then whose fault is it?

Amber doesn't say anything. Beat.

BETH (CONT'D)

I have to go to work.
(beat)
It'll take a while before I can
trust you again, don't let me down.

Beth rises, exits. Leaves Amber alone in the bedroom.

INT. CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - SECURITY POINT - MOMENTS LATER

VISITORS, mostly Black and Latina women, are walking through
the metal detectors. Amber is on line with everyone.

The metal detector beeps. A FEMALE VISITOR is instructed to
remove her jewelry. She does as ordered and is let through.

Amber goes through the metal detector next, nothing beeps.
But a FEMALE CORRECTIONAL OFFICER (Black, 40s) stops her.

FEMALE C.O.

Your chest is exposed.

Confused, Amber looks at her chest then back at The Female
C.O. On that, the C.O. impatiently points to a board hanging
prominently up on the wall, it lists the VISITOR'S CODE.

A long list of prohibited things is written on it including:
*"Any clothing that exposes chest, back, thighs, midsection or
 any other large amount of flesh is prohibited."*

AMBER

But I don't have another shirt.

FEMALE C.O.

Not my problem. Cover ya' self up,
 or you're not coming in. -- Next.

Amber stands frozen, not sure what to do.

FEMALE C.O. (CONT'D)

Move, you're blocking the way.

Amber moves. The NEXT FEMALE VISITOR passes through. Amber
 walks to the Visitor's Lockers. An OLDER BLACK WOMAN quietly
 approaches Amber and offers her one of her extra sweaters.

OLDER BLACK WOMAN

(off Amber's look)

It's OK, take it. I know how it
 is. The first time I visited my
 husband, I made the same mistake.

Amber takes the sweater. On the sweater it says *"Happy Saint
 Patrick's Day"*, with the obligatory shamrock displayed on it.

INT. CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - VISITING HALL - LATER, SAME DAY

A big, expansive hall. CORRECTIONAL OFFICERS, mostly Latino
 and Black (40s/50s), guard the space. VISITORS AND PRISONERS
 sit at their respective tables.

Amber wears her Irish sweater. A food vending machine stands
 tall behind her. As she sits, she eats snacks from the
 vending machine.

Omar doesn't eat the food and just sits still, seems changed.

Like a hardened young man, the life sucked out of him. Both
 his and Amber's hands rest on the table, opposite each other.

AMBER

I can get you something else.

Omar shakes his head no. Silence.

AMBER (CONT'D)

They found my mom's car in Texas.
 Guess T got away with it all. The
 money, the bubble. Everything.

(MORE)

AMBER (CONT'D)

(beat)

Omar, I'm gonna wait for you.

OMAR

I don't wanna talk about this.

AMBER

But we can make it work. I'll write you every day, you can call me... I'll visit you during school breaks.

OMAR

Amber, please.

AMBER

No, listen. I can get a job and save up. That way, when you get out, I'll have a place for us. Omar, we can do this. We can even get married while you're in here.

OMAR

(raising his voice)

They gave me sixteen years, sixteen! I'll be thirty-four years old when I get out! Thirty-four!!

A CORRECTIONAL OFFICER (40s, Black) spins around - looks right at Omar. Beat. Omar gets quiet. Beat. Silence. Amber reaches out to touch his hand, but Omar pulls it back.

AMBER

I feel like you hate me now.

Beat. He finally nibbles on some of the snacks, she watches.

OMAR

Ever heard of The Israelite Church of God in Jesus Christ?

(off her head shake)

I hadn't either, but I met one of the guys in here. A Black Hebrew Israelite. He told me I belonged to the Tribe of Judah. Said I'm a king chosen by God, but my power was taken away from me by white people. Whitey's the devil, and inherently evil. And Africans, who weren't slaves in America, are the devil's accomplices for selling us off to slavery. Only Black Americans, whose ancestors were slaves in America...

(MORE)

OMAR (CONT'D)

plus Native American people and Latino people... are the *only* true, chosen ones. And now we gotta fight back and reclaim what's ours.

Beat. He shifts in his chair.

OMAR (CONT'D)

Listening to him talk about taking back what's ours, I'll be honest, I felt powerful. -- You're out there, I'm in here. Think about it, I got plenty of reasons to hate white people. I got reasons to hate you.

AMBER

Omar...

OMAR

I'm not done. Don't interrupt me.

She stops herself, her eyes tear up.

OMAR (CONT'D)

You told Juan you ain't privileged. Bullshit, this system is all about privileges. Some got more than others, but we all got some and we all want more of it. That's when it hit me, the Black Hebrew Israelite guy ain't eradicating shit. He wants a system where he's on top. If he's in control, he's good. The two cops who harassed you got they own club with they own privileges. And they abused that shit. Me, I had thug privileges. Thug powers to rob and hurt people. So, no, I ain't a victim. But you, you got a second chance. I didn't.

He lets this land on her. She falls back into her chair.

OMAR (CONT'D)

I picked my battles, and I picked wrong. I'm man enough to admit I did what I did. But what about you, whatcha gonna do? You gonna say what happened to you is luck?

Beat.

AMBER

What do you want me to do?

OMAR

Stop denying the truth, admit it.

AMBER

OK. -- I admit it. I get to go home and you don't. I get to go home cause I got privileges. White privileges. That's the truth.

Silence, as she lets this land. A long pause, and then...

OMAR

What you do with that truth -- that's on you now.

AMBER

Omar, I love you.

OMAR

-- We can't be together.

She cries.

After a beat, he reaches out and grabs her hands. Silence. They hold hands, staring at each other, not letting go. For a moment it feels as if it's just the two of them together again. No one and nothing else around them. Just both of them, alone. As they behold each other their love starts to feel pure again.

Then abruptly...

CORRECTIONAL OFFICER

Ladies and Gentlemen, visiting hours are over. Prisoners, remain seated, hands on the table.

With this order, Omar lets go of Amber's hands, then places his hands on the table for the Correctional Officers to see.

Omar and Amber face each other, but are not able to touch again. The line between outside and inside is reestablished, they are clearly worlds apart.

CORRECTIONAL OFFICER (CONT'D)

Visitors, head towards the exit.

Amber and all the VISITORS (mostly Black and Latina women) rise and gather in a huddled group by the doorway. THE PRISONERS (mostly Black and Latino men) remain seated at their respective tables.

Once the Prisoners and Visitors are set apart, the Officers start doing a head count of everyone.

They finish the head count and the Visitors are escorted out of the Visiting Hall. Amber turns to Omar, she looks at him a last time and exits.

The following text appears on screen:

SUPER: To this day, Amber's name is not listed on any police records detailing the criminal activities of her gang.

Through the door's window, Omar can see Amber walking further and further away - until she is no longer visible.

The Prisoners are still seated at their tables, not moving.

CLOSE UP ON: OMAR SITTING ALONE AT HIS TABLE

SUPER: Omar was transferred to a maximum security prison.

Silence.

The Correctional Officers instruct the Prisoners to line up in a perfect, orderly file. All Prisoners do as told. Once lined up in one line, the Prisoners are shuffled out of the Visiting Hall, until the hall is completely empty.

Silence.

The still, hollowness of this expansive hall is felt.

FADE OUT