

13     **INT. TAVON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

13

Inside two men are playing cards in a connecting room. **TAVON** (25) sits alone in the main room reading court documents. Mitch enters.

**MITCH**

122             Them two nerdy niggas is back. And do  
                  you want something from Pizza Kings?  
                  Bout to make a run.

122

Tavon looks past Mitch at the two men outside. Mitch turns and looks back.

**MITCH (CONT'D)**

123             They clean.

123

Tavon returns to the papers. In a low cold disconnected tone of voice as he reads.

**TAVON**

124             Moe beat it. Both joints had switches  
                  on em, and he beat it.

124

**MITCH**

125             Damn, know what that means.

125

Tavon has a crazed look come across his face.

**TAVON**

126             Find him.

126

**MITCH**

127             Don't have to, he's at his mom's  
                  house. You want me to call?

127

**TAVON**

128             Naw, I got it.

128

Tavon looks at the paperwork some more.

**TAVON**

129             Who he hire?

129

**MITCH**

130             If I'm not mistaken he got ol boy you  
                  hired to get Bigs off last year.  
                  Lattimore.

130

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CONTINUED:

131                   **TAVON**                   131  
Good, call him. Tell him to hit me  
asap.

132                   **MITCH**                   132  
No question. Oh and Lip came back. He  
outside asking for work again. I ain't  
know if you wanted to throw him a  
bone.

Tavon ignores it as if Mitch said nothing at all.

133                   **TAVON**                   133  
Lemon pepper.

134                   **MITCH**                   134  
Extra crispy.

Mitch opens the door. The two men enter. Tavon leans back.  
Waits. Guy 2 attempts to start his best over rehearsed  
presentation. He looks at Tavon.

135                   **GUY 2**                   135  
What do you like to be called?

Tavon says nothing. His eyes go back to the papers he was  
reading. Guy 1 reads the room. He jumps in and gets to the  
point.

136                   **GUY 1**                   136  
We're trying to buy the old Murphy  
store. But he won't sell.

137                   **TAVON**                   137  
Why?

138                   **GUY 2**                   138  
Why won't he sell or why we want to  
buy it?

Tavon never says a word he keeps reading his papers. Guy 1  
gives Guy 2 a look as if this isn't going well.

139                   **GUY 2**                   139  
Electronics. Repairs. Phones. Gaming  
systems.

(CONTINUED)

Guy 1 doesn't say another word. Tavon stops reading and looks up. He sees them both just standing there not saying a word. Tavon understands they don't want to speak in front of anyone. Tavon looks over at the two men playing cards.

They stop playing and leave without another word. As they exit Tavon looks over at Mitch.

As Mitch exits Guy 1 hands Mitch an ink pen.

Mitch puts it in his pocket and keeps going. The door closes. Tavon turns his attention back to the guys.

Tavon remains still.

Guy 1 puts his laptop on Tavon's table. A map appears. We see a **DOT** moving out of **TAVON'S HOUSE**. Guy 1 presses something. We suddenly hear Mitches voice outside talking to people.

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MITCH (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
eat? (pause) Pizza King. (pause) Go  
get it than.

Guy 1 smiles.

**GUY 1**  
149           That's it. We can put it in anything           149  
              electronic.

Guy 1 places a tiny tag on a T.V. stand in front of Tavon.

**GUY 2**  
150           Untraceable. That's why Murphy's is           150  
              important. It's in the middle of  
              everything.

A knock. Lip enters. Tavon's cold glance preening at him. In  
a cold emotionless tone.

**TAVON**  
151           What I tell you Lip?           151

Lip feels a little uncomfortable. This isn't how he pictured  
everything in his head. Nervously he says to Tavon.

**LIP**  
152           I know but I need work. I wasn't           152  
              trying to play off what you said or  
              nothing. I'm just ready.

Lip pulls out his phone, flips through the photos and hands  
it to Tavon.

ON THE SCREEN —

Lip proudly posing with a sawed-off shotgun. Tavon studies  
the photo. Not impressed. Slowly, his eyes rise to Lip.

**LIP**  
153           I'm ready. I'm harder than you think.           153

Tavon stands. Moves closer.

**TAVON**  
154           For which part?           154

Lip's confidence flickers.

(CONTINUED)

155 Huh? 155

**TAVON**

156      You hard, huh Lip?      156

157                    **LIP**                    157  
I'm just trying to...

**TAVON**

|     |                                                                                                                                                        |     |
|-----|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| 158 | When I was about your age, I had to<br>sit downstairs while dude after dude<br>came to our house and went upstairs<br>with my mother. Mostly hustlers. | 158 |
|-----|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

|     |                                                                                                                          |     |
|-----|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
|     | <b>TAVON (CONT'D)</b>                                                                                                    |     |
| 159 | She was gone. Them drugs had her.<br>Sometimes I wouldn't have food. No<br>bath. Nothing. For so long I'd lose<br>count. | 159 |

|     |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |     |
|-----|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
|     | <b>TAVON (CONT'D)</b>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |     |
| 160 | One day, one of them came through. He<br>didn't go up stairs. He came in the<br>living room where I was. He put his<br>gun down. Pulled out a bag of money<br>and started counting. Never even saw<br>me standing there. He was just<br>counting. stacks and stacks of money. | 160 |

**TAVON (CONT'D)**

161            He never saw it coming.            161

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Silence.

**TAVON (CONT'D)**

162 I wasn't trying to be hard. I was just 162  
so hungry.

Tavon points his finger like a gun and puts it to Lips head.  
Tavon makes a jerking move as if the gun has been fired.

**TAVON (CONT'D)**

163 Two things happened after that day. 163  
Men kept coming through that door. But  
none of them ever made it upstairs.  
You know why?

GUY 1 is completely caught in the story.

**GUY 1**

164 You killed 'em. 164

Guy 2 immediately nudges him. Tavon doesn't even look at Guy  
1. His eyes remain on Lip. Lip studies him. Something clicks.

**LIP**

165 Because you stayed hungry. 165

Tavon's expression changes slightly. Lip realizes he's right.

**LIP (CONT'D)**

166 You stopped seeing them as people. 166

A beat.

**LIP (CONT'D)**

167 You saw 'em as food. 167

Silence.

Tavon stares at Lip. Lip said something Tavon wasn't  
expecting. Tavon slowly takes the phone from Lip's hand.  
Looks at the picture again. Then he deletes them. Lip  
watches. Tavon hands the phone back.

**TAVON**

168 Stop acting like dinner. 168

Tavon returns to his chair. He grabs the tag and studies it.  
And just like nothing ever happened says.

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**TAVON (CONT'D)**

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169         So, it's a bug.                                     169
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Guy 2, still shaken from what just transpired, forces himself to respond.

**GUY 2**

170           It's, ummm, yeah, but umm, it's more           170  
than that. It's information.

**GUY 1**

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171      Information is king.                                     171
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Tavon sits the tag down on the T.V. stand sits back and starts to look over his papers again.

## TAVON

172 I already have people for all that. 172

**GUY 1**

[illegible]

A beat.

**GUY 1 (CONT'D)**

174 ...and knowing everything. 174

Tavon thinks about that. He slowly picks up the tag. He studies it. He looks at Guy 1 & 2. Just then his phone rings.

## TAVON

175 Hello, (beat) yeah hold on. 175

Tavon starts to rush the guys out so he can take the call. He stops Lip from leaving.

## TAVON

176 I'll be in touch. 176

He hands the tag back.

**TAVON (CONT'D)**

177 Take it. Wouldn't want you 177  
accidentally bugging me.

Guy 1 grabs the tag and shakes his head.

**GUY 1**

178 That's not. 178

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pause and exhales as if he's a little frustrated.

**GUY 1**

179                   That's not how it works.

179

Tavon closes the door.

**CUT TO:**