

A knock. Then another. The door slowly opens. Tavon steps inside. MOE (19) sits on the edge of his bed, casually rolling a blunt. The moment he sees Tavon... His hands stop. Just for a second. He forces himself to keep rolling, pretending nothing's wrong. But the slight tremble in his fingers says otherwise. He looks up with a nervous smile, doing his best to hide the fact that Tavon's unexpected visit has him on edge.

TAVON

466 Damn bra you make me come all the way 466
 out here to celebrate the good news.
 That's not like you.

MOE

467 Yeah I was coming, you know how mom's 467
 is with that cooking. She wanted me to
 stay. She's making my favorite.

TAVON

468 Oh yeah, what's that? 468

MOE

469 Huh? 469

TAVON

470 She's making your favorite right? What 470
 is it?

Moe doesn't say a word. He just sits there. His eyes stay fixed on Tavon. The blunt rests half-rolled in his hands. He tries to keep his composure... but his breathing has become shallow. His fingers tremble ever so slightly. For the first time in a long time... Moe looks genuinely afraid.

TAVON (CONT'D)

471 That was not a hard question. 471

The room grows more tense. Moe knows why Tavon is there. Moe knows Tavon doesn't care about who's in the house. In fact everyone in the house is in danger. Moe decides to cut through the mind games that Tavon is playing.

MOE

472 Look, I'm a keep it a buck. I know 472
 what you're thinking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

473 **TAVON** 473
That would make you telepathic? (beat)
Since you are, I don't have to say
anything else. Read my mind Moe, tell
me the rest.

Tavon calmly pulls his pistol from the waistband of his jeans. He sits down across from Moe. Without taking his eyes off him, Tavon gently lays the pistol on the coffee table.

A beat.

With one finger... He slowly rotates the gun until the barrel comes to rest pointing directly at Moe. Tavon leans back in his chair. Their eyes lock. He doesn't say a word. The look on Tavon's face says it all. **Start talking.** In a shaky tone due to fear Moe begins.

474 **MOE** 474
They offered me a deal. They said if I
do work, I could go home.

Moe wants to stop talking but sees Tavon is not done listening.

475 **MOE** 475
They want a body count.

A beat. Moe clears his throat afraid to say what's next.

476 **MOE** 476
The next time we gotta, deal with a
op. I'm supposed to let em know.

Moe stops talking. Tavon takes a deep breath. Tavon sits his hand on his gun. Moe looks but doesn't beg.

Moe stares at Tavon.

477 **MOE** 477
I wasn't gonna give 'em nothing. I
just needed to get out. That was the
only way.

Tavon studies him.

478 **TAVON** 478
You could've called me. The optics
ain't good right now.

Moe lowers his eyes. That one lands.

(CONTINUED)

480 TAVON I would've handled that. 480

TAVON (CONT'D)

481 But you already knew that. 481

482 **TAVON (CONT'D)** 482

You're gonna go work for Shank.

483 What? MOE 483

484 **TAVON** 484
484 Tell him me and you fell out. 484

	MOE	
485	Nah. Von, we been at war with that man. He find out I'm playing him.	485

TAVON

486 Stop acting like you got a choice. 486

	MOE	
487	That nigga gonna see right through that. He ani't just going to trust me.	487

	TAVON	
488	He going to trust the fact that if we beefing, you gone need that protection. He's going to use that to learn as much about me as he can.	488

(CONTINUED)

MOE
What? I ain't eating that. 498
Tavon keeps eating.

TAVON

Whatever keeps 'em alive. 500

Moe's jaw tightens.

TAVON
No it's not. 502

Tavon stops chewing. Sets his fork down. He reaches toward the pistol... and slowly turns it away from Moe. Toward the bedroom door his mother just left out of. Moe's eyes follow the barrel. His entire expression changes.

MOE (CONT'D)

Leave my peoples out of this. 504

Tavon looks at him.

TAVON

505 Then stop putting them in it. 505

 A long beat.

	MOE	
506	damn, threat Tavon. For real?	506

	TAVON	
507	Nooo, threats leave room for possibilities.	507

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

508 **TAVON (CONT'D)** 508
This here, is an absolute.

Moe looks at Tavon. No argument. No anger. He knows Tavon isn't bluffing. And worse— he knows there isn't another option. Whatever fight Moe had left drains from his face. He lowers his eyes. When he finally speaks, his voice is barely above a whisper.

509 **MOE** 509
What I gotta do?

Tavon takes another bite.

510 **TAVON** 510
That's the spirit.

Moe exhales. The magnitude of how dangerous this will be is written all over his face.

Then—

Tavon moves the plate out of the way, scoots the chair forward a little bit and...

511 **TAVON (CONT'D)** 511
Now let me tell you the part you're
not gonna like.

CUT TO: