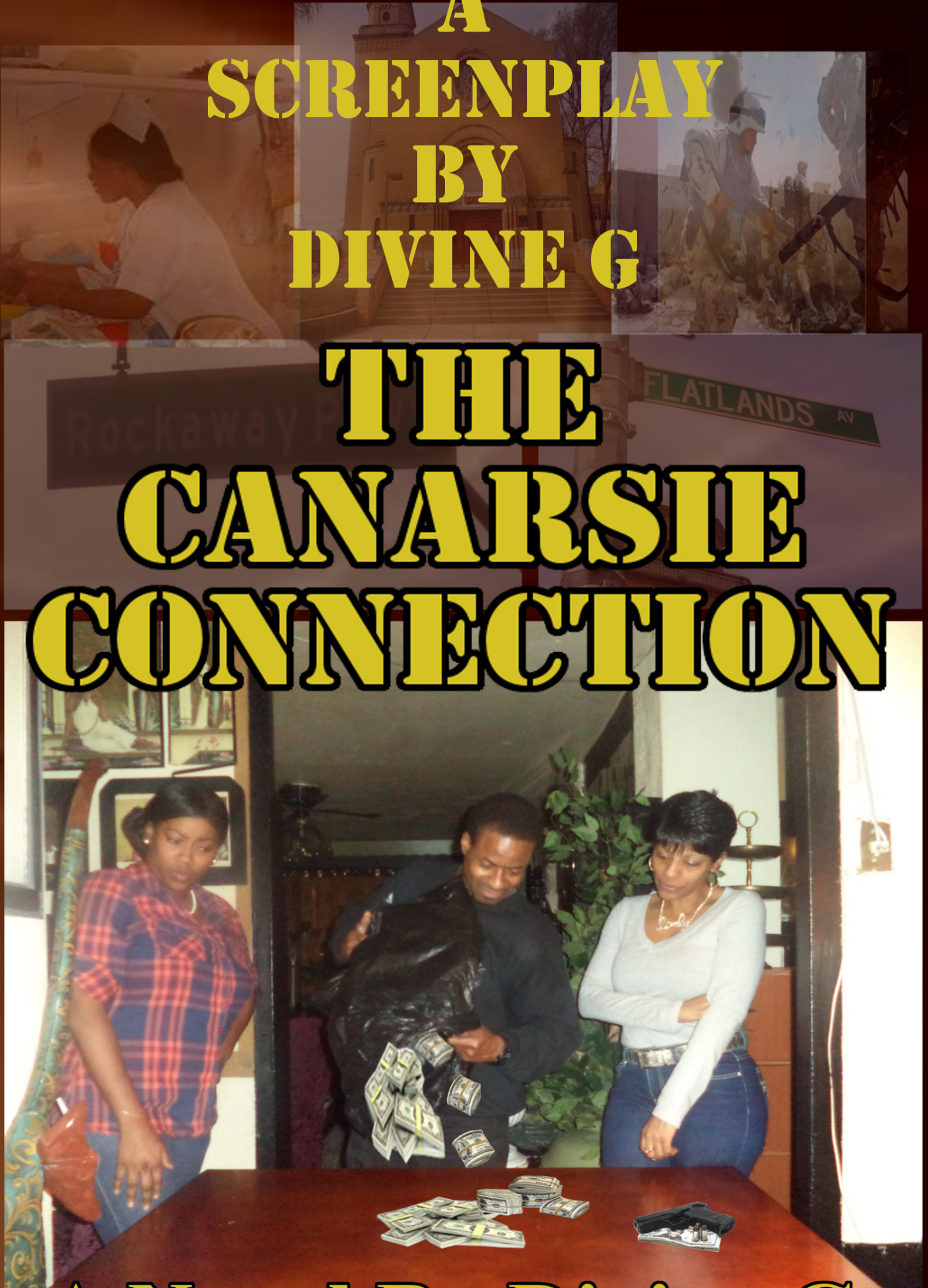


DIVINE G ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTS

A
SCREENPLAY
BY
DIVINE G

THE
CANARISIE
CONNECTION



The Canarsie Connection

written by

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FADE IN:

1 EXT. STREETS OF NEW JERSEY - NIGHT 1

SHAMARA FOX nervously walks slowly down the street as the sickly glow of the street lamps cast an eerie image upon the dilapidated houses. She looks across the street and sees FASHAWN CORCINO, a caramel complexioned big boned sister with hips for days, walking with her hood covering her head, and her hands stuffed in the pockets of her green hoodie.

Shamara sees the house up ahead; she picks up speed and takes a seat on the nearby gray car and waits for the signal. She is visibly shaken, almost terrified.

2 LATER 2

Shamara cuts her eyes and sees Fashawn leaning up against the store gate as two crack-heads scurry pass her. Shamara steals a nervous peek at her watch. She stuffs her hands back inside the pocket, looking around at the windows of the nearby houses.

Shamara pulls the 9mm handgun from her pocket, examines it nervously and inserts it back.

Suddenly, the headlights of a car entering the street sweep over the immediate area. She looks at Fashawn, sees the hand signal and nervously slides onto her trembling feet. She tries to move, but the fear has her stuck. She looks over and sees Fashawn has stopped walking and is staring at her, apparently wondering what she is waiting for.

Shamara sucks in a lung full of air and forces herself to move. When Shamara sees the two thugs getting out of the black Audi, she panics. The nervousness and fear is about to overwhelm her. Fashawn's voice appears inside of her head.

FASHAWN (VO)
If you get nervous and start to
panic, just think about what he did
to your mom and dad!

Shamara pulls the gun from her pocket and takes aim with a trembling hand.

SHAMARA
You know what the fuck this is?!

Fashawn moves rapidly towards the two men with her 9mm aimed.

FASHAWN
Put your fuckin' hands up so I can
see 'em!

Suddenly, one of the men frantically reaches for his weapon and Fashawn opens fire.

Fashawn's first two bullets cut down the reacher while the other bullet strikes Ray Ray in the neck.

The thug who reached for his weapon squeezes off a shot that wheezes pass Shamara.

Shamara hits the deck in utter terror.

Fashawn races over to the back of Ray Ray's car, peeks around the back and sees the two are down. She hears them moaning and briskly moves towards them. She fires a shot to each of their heads, execution style. She yells as she runs toward Shamara.

FASHAWN (CONT'D)
Get the fuck up! Let's go!

Shamara scrambles to her feet and before she is fully standing, Fashawn latches onto the sleeve of her hoodie, and nearly drags her down the street as they fled the scene at breakneck speed.

3 INT./EXT. BLACK FORD MUSTANG - NIGHT

3

Shamara and Fashawn are in the back seat, breathing hard as KENYETTA, a baby-face light brown skin brother with sparkling brown eyes, and a thin goatee, with matching side burns, maneuvers the souped up vehicle down the Newark Streets. A 50 Cent rap song is whispering through the car's stereo system.

FASHAWN
(with a smile)
I'm sorry for yelling at you back there.
(massages Shamara's shoulder)
Don't worry. This is normal.
Killing is not an easy thing. Don't let it discourage you.

SHAMARA
I--I don't know what happened. I swear--I--I don't know.

KENYETTA
I'm not gonna beat you in the head with the I told you so.

He looks at her Shamara through the rear-view mirror.

KENYETTA (CONT'D)
Don't worry about what happened back there; what you went through is the best lesson you can get.

Shamara sucks her teeth loudly and mumbles under her breath.

SHAMARA
Y'all probably ain't train me right.
(moments from crying)

KENYETTA

If you going to play the field, you gotta remember it's kill or be killed.

SHAMARA

I know what time it is, being that you told me that shit a hundred times already.

KENYETTA

And I'll say it another hundred times. I'm just making sure you understand this ain't no movie script where we can call 'cut' and do it over again, if we don't like the results.

FASHAWN

Alright, alright. Your position is well taken, Kenyetta. The hit was a success and that's all that matters. Just make sure you let your man Malik know we serious about that full time spot.

SHAMARA

And especially don't forget the money.

KENYETTA

The money is good. Once Malik confirms the kill, I'll pick up the cheddar. But, I doubt Tommy'll put us down with his team on account of this one hit.

SHAMARA

Well, let him know we can handle whatever he got for us. The next time it'll be different, and that's my word is bond. We gonna get inside, and get close enough to push this Chump's wig back.

Fashawn and Kenyetta catch each other's eyes in the rearview mirror, and they both constrain the smiles tugging at the mouths.

4

INT. TOMMY'S MANSION/LIVING ROOM - DAY

4

TOMMY BOSSETT sits on the sofa next to his seven-year-old son, TOMMY JR., with a joystick in his hands, playing the latest version of PlayStation. The two are really into the game, but Tommy Sr. is having difficulty controlling the karate figure on the TV screen.

TOMMY JR

(laughs joyfully)

I got you again, daddy.

TOMMY

Hey, that wasn't fair. You didn't give me a chance to get ready. How you make the guy jump and kick like that?

TOMMY JR

Naw, I ain't telling you my secrets.

(hits the button to start a new game)

TOMMY SR

Oh, so you gone just beat up on me like that, huh?

Tommy is about to gear up for another game. He turns his head when KAHMEL enters along with MALIK on his trail.

TOMMY

Uh oh, look who just popped up.
(rises to his feet; sits the joystick down on the coffee table)

You know what this means. Yup, it's work time.

TOMMY JR

Yeah, yeah.

Tommy Jr. reactivates button and gets into the game as Tommy exits.

5

INSIDE HUGE STUDY ROOM

5

Tommy enters. There is an assortment of awards and gold records hanging on the wall. Also on the walls are old rap posters; the biggest one of all is the one of Tommy when he was much younger, holding a microphone, while dressed in back in the day hip hop attire with a Kangol hat, Adidas sneakers, and a huge rope gold chains dripping from his neck. At the bottom of the poster in big letters is the statement: More Power to the People.

Tommy goes to his gun cabinet that has shelves full of all sorts of antique weapons. There is an old fashion Tommy Gun from the Roaring Twenties, a Civil War one shot revolver, a complete set of silver plated automatics of all conceivable calibers, a WWII assault rifle, a Russian sub-machine gun, a Japanese WWII handgun and his most precious and prized possession: a gold plated Glock 18 shot 9-millimeter.

Smiling proudly, Tommy retrieves the golden 9-millimeter. He's in a momentary trance as he stares proudly at the weapon. Tommy tucks the Golden 9 in the back waist of his pants and exits.

6 EXT. TOMMY'S MANSION/PATIO - DAY

6

Tommy, Kahmel and Malik are sitting in lounge chairs with ice cold drinks in their hands talking as the early June sun beams down upon the area. There's an in ground pool about fifteen feet away. About several dozen feet from the patio two bodyguards, CADDY and SLICK are dressed in street thug attire and are patrolling the mansion grounds.

TOMMY

So your little killer hood rat crew came through?

(sees Malik nod his head)

And I see they laid down his homey, Snake in the process. We got two for one outta this deal.

MALIK

Yeah.

TOMMY

How much gunplay was there?

MALIK

Wasn't any actually.

(picks up his drink)

Snake busted off a shot and that was all she wrote.

(sips on his glass of Hennessy)

TOMMY

You hear that shit, Kahmel. Them bitches smoked both of them niggas and only one shot was let off. Maybe you should have a sit down with these broads and learn some of their tactics.

KAHMEL

In all fairness, Tommy, they had an advantage from the jump; they were able to get right up on them niggas.

TOMMY

That's right! They got some things y'all niggas around me don't got! Pussies and military training. With this shit brewing between us and Skeeter's click, we need some hitters that can get up on a mufucka. As fine as those bitches are, we'll be able to slide Skeeter's bitch ass right out of the game.

KAHMEL

(defensively)

You might be right, but it's way too early to start counting cash on them.

TOMMY

(stares at Kahmel and then says impatiently)
That's obvious, nigga. What the fuck you think, I'ma just roll these broads up in here without making sure they're down with us 110%?

KAHMEL

Naw, dawg, I--

TOMMY

After all the attempts made on my life, you playin' yourself talking like that, Kahmel. You talking like I'm about to take a chance with a 13 million dollar a year empire just cause a few fine bitches show up on my doorstep. You hear this shit Malik?

Malik cracks a smile while nodding his head, enjoying what Tommy is doing.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

So, basically you think I'm slipping? Is that what you implying?

KAHMEL

Naw, I didn't mean it like that. I'm just doing what I do best and that is watch your back.

Tommy allows a stiff silence to linger in the air.

TOMMY

Now that they passed the first initiation test, I guess we can agree that they ain't no deep-cover agents, or some kinda super snitches trying to slide through the back door of our operation. Dropping bodies like that tells me they the real deal.

MALIK

They just wanna make some money. And they got skills. They're the kind of hitters an organization like ours should bend over backwards to get 'em on our team. You better make sure Skeeter don't get wind of them, because he'll snatch 'em up with the quickness.

TOMMY

Oh, you can believe we ain't lettin' 'em slip through our fingers. If they pass this next test, we'll talk about bringing them in.

(sees Kahmel screw up his face impatiently)

(MORE)

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Be easy, Kahmel. You acting like these broads are about to take your position or something.

KAHMEL

Naw, dawg, it's just that I don't trust these bitches. Out of all the crews getting cheddar in hoods all over the tri-state, why these bitches wanna vibe with us? It just don't feel right to me.

MALIK

What, you don't think the streets are talking? Mufuckas know we the biggest and most organized underworld crew in the tri-state. We got drug and gambling spots, stolen car operations, clubs where a cat can get his shit off. We've reached a level the average crew will never touch. If you were an up and raising hitter, wouldn't you wanna roll with a team like that?

TOMMY

(smiles proudly)

Man, stop acting all sensitive like a little bitch.

(laughs along with Malik despite Kahmel's serious expression)

If these chicks can get us where we need to be and stay where we at, then they will be on this team.

Tommy downs the last of his drink and pours himself another shot.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

This next job is gonna be a lot different from the last one. It's in Cleveland.

MALIK

I'll shoot it pass Kenyetta. Give me a couple of hours and I'll holla at you.

7

INT. FLATLANDS DENTAL CLINIC - DAY

7

Shamara sits behind the admission counter, filling out a patient report. Suddenly, DR. MOORE comes from the back of the Clinic with a folder in his hand. He is a clean-shaven black man with a low cut Afro, a lean physique. He speaks to Shamara as he hands her the folder with a Jamaican accent.

DR. MOORE

I need you to prepare a bill for this patient and send it over to Medicare.

(notices Shamara's fatigued expression)

(MORE)

DR. MOORE (CONT'D)

Hey, Shamara, is everything all right? You look tired.

SHAMARA

I'm fine, Dr. Moore. I had a rough time going to sleep last night. Plus, I'm trying to cut down on my caffeine intake. I didn't have my usual cups of coffee today.

DR. MOORE

You have a few sick days you know; if you ever need to use them, don't be afraid to ask.

He smiles and continues back to his office. Shamara resumes what she was doing.

8 EXT./INT. GRAY TOYOTA - DAY

8

Shamara is cruising down Flatlands Avenue. She cruises past Avenue L, and the street corner bums, hanging out on the corner near the liquor store, drinking beer.

9 LATER

9

Shamara pulls into the mini Shopping Mall parking lot and sees Fashawn is sitting on the hood of a red car smoking a cigarette. The "Seaview Hardware Store" is a few feet away. Shamara brings the car to a stop and Fashawn gets in on the passenger side.

SHAMARA

What's up, Fashawn, I see James cut you loose early today.
(maneuvers the car back onto the Parkway)

FASHAWN

I told him I needed to break out early.
(flicks ashes into the ashtray)
We gotta get ready for this work. Once we get the details of this next run, we gotta get on it. Start organizing shit, so you can pop that cherry of yours.

SHAMARA

Oh, I'm gone be alright this time, bet that. Spark me up one of them cigarettes.

FASHAWN

I thought you said you stopped.

SHAMARA

Yeah, well, I changed my mind. I've decided once I blaze Tommy's bitch ass, that's when I'll stop.

FASHAWN

That's a good motivator.
(lights a cigarette and
hands it to Shamara)
We need to get to the Jersey spot a
little earlier than planned. I'm a
run in, grab my shit, and we can do
the same with you.

SHAMARA

What about Kenyetta?

FASHAWN

I already called him. He was
bitching, but he knows how I do
shit. If there's one thing I
learned from the military, and will
give them big ups for, is they
taught me the 5Ps: Proper planning
always prevent poor performance.

SHAMARA

No more of that booth camp shit
again, please,
(whines playfully)

FASHAWN

The way you was huffing and puffing
when we had to kick up dust the
other night, I'm surprised you
still don't see the need to get
your body right.

SHAMARA

Girl, you know I'm only messin'
with you. And for your information
my body is right.

10

EXT. SHAMARA'S CRIB - DAY

10

As Shamara and Fashawn get out of the hooptie, they hear loud
music; Jay-Z and Beyonce are rapping and singing about being
loyal to each other. Shamara is on fire as she stomps towards
her crib. Fashawn smiles as she follows.

FASHAWN

Why you fuck with this loser ass
nigga, Shamara? Jalil don't respect
you. He ain't got no job, ain't
looking for one, he's ungrateful,
and don't look like he got a
serious pipe game. You need to kick
his clown ass out your piece.

SHAMARA

Not now, Fashawn.
(furiously searches her
purse for her house keys)

11 INT. SHAMARA'S CRIB - DAY

11

Shamara rushes inside and sees Jalil with four other street corner thugs, sitting around on her crush velvet sofa and matching chairs smoking weed and drinking 40s. Shamara stomps over to the stereo as Fashawn leans up against the wall, with her hands snuffed in the front pocket of her black hoodie. The music is abruptly turned off.

SHAMARA
Motherfucker, didn't I tell you not
to play loud music in this
apartment?!

JALIL
Who the fuck you yelling at?!
(springs to his feet)

Shamara rolls her head on her neck while waving her hand in Shanana fashion.

SHAMARA
I'm talking to you! I told you the
neighbors been bitchin' about this
music and you know they called the
police--

JALIL
That don't mean you gotta come in
here disrespecting me--

SHAMARA
Don't fuckin' play yourself, Jalil!
Go on and act like you don't know.
Fuck around and get your fragile
ass feelings hurt in front of your
boys.

Jalil is furious and wants to react physically, but he sees Fashawn standing with her hands in her hoodie pockets.

JALIL
Yo', you need to check your mouth,
Shamara.

SHAMARA
I'm tired of you. Pack your shit
and get the fuck out!

Jalil rushes at Shamara with malice in his heart.

JALIL
What type of bullshit you gettin'
on Shamara--

Shamara pushes him when he gets to close and is about to follow up with a jab to his face until she hears Fashawn loudly injects a bullet into the chamber of her gun. Jalil hears it as well and stops in mid motion when he is about to push Shamara.

FASHAWN

Jalil, what the fuck is so hard about following instructions?

JALIL

(nervously)

Alright, alright.
(inches towards the bedroom)

I'm leaving; you got that. But don't call me when that ass get lonely and you need somebody to scratch that itch.

SHAMARA

(laughs explosively)

That must be some strong shit y'all drinking and smoking. Nigga, don't flatter your fuckin' self.

(says to Jalil's back)

Cause you ain't built like that downstairs.

12 LATER

12

Jalil drags his shit in a garbage bag toward the door with a long face. He stops and is about to say something to Shamara, but she immediately holds up her hand and Jalil zips out the door.

13 EXT. NEWARK HIDEOUT - NIGHT

13

Shamara pulls her hooptie in front of the house. Kenyetta's Ford Mustang is parked in the driveway and she parks in back of his ride. Shamara and Fashawn get out of the hooptie and enter the house.

14 INT. NEWARK HIDEOUT - NIGHT

14

Shamara and Fashawn approach Kenyetta as he is looking over a map. Without looking up, Kenyetta speaks.

KENYETTA

This is the reason why y'all need to move out of Canarsie. Y'all late as usual.

SHAMARA

Shut up, Kenyetta.

|(tickles him playfully).
You know we ain't never leaving Canarsie.

Kenyetta giggles as he wiggles away from Shamara and puts her in a playful headlock.

FASHAWN

Come on y'all, this ain't the time.

Shamara and Kenyetta stop joking around.

FASHAWN (CONT'D)
And for your information, we ain't never leaving Canarsie. We were born and raised there, and will probably die there.

SHAMARA
Unlike you, we ain't into selling out. How accurate is this diagram?

KENYETTA
About as accurate as we gonna get. It's got the Hotel, escape routes, the whole nine.

SHAMARA
Hold up. Come on y'all, I know y'all ain't serious.

Fashawn and Kenyetta look at Shamara as though they have no idea what she's talking about.

SHAMARA (CONT'D)
You know we deal with first things first. What's up with the rest of the money from the last job? Let's close that out before we go diving into this next job.

Kenyetta smiles as he goes to the other side of the room and retrieved the huge brown paper bag.

Fashawn moves the diagram aside as Kenyetta spills the bundles of money onto the table.

KENYETTA
Thirty gees. Spit three ways, that's ten gees each. As you know, Malik got his commission fee of five gees.
(starts stacking bundles)
Each bundle is two gees; everybody gets five bundles.

They all take possession of their bundles of money and put them in individual plastic bags.

FASHAWN
Let's look at the plan. You said this cat is in Cleveland.

SHAMARA
Hold up. Let's deal with first things first. How much are we getting for this run?

KENYETTA
That's why I love you, Shamara. You always keep first things first, especially when it comes to the cheddar.

(MORE)

KENYETTA (CONT'D)

He's giving us 200 hundred grand. I
dropped 80 gees.

(sees Shamara's screw up
her face)

Don't worry, it'll all come back.
In this game you gotta know when to
give a little; in the long run
we'll get a whole lot back in
return.

FASHAWN

Listen y'all, the money is a
secondary issue. We here to punish
this motherfucker. Let's not lose
focus of why we're out here putting
hot ones in a bunch of low lifes
that society won't miss anyway.
Okay, we get 200 hundred grand; we
loss 80 gees.

KENYETTA

You still hitting off that chick in
prison who claims she's innocent?

SHAMARA

Damn right I am. And Wanda ain't
just claiming she innocent. She got
hardcore exculpatory evidence and
these racist ass courts are still
shittin' on her. This money is
gonna help get her a private
investigator.

FASHAWN

Why all this talk about money?
Let's move on.

SHAMARA

I'm also on this money thing
because if one of us get popped,
we're gonna need some serious legal
representation. After them years I
didn't upstate, I learned the hard
way that you get the quality of
legal representation that your
money can buy.

FASHAWN

That's my girl. Now that's the way
we supposed to be thinking around
here. Proper preparation always
prevents poor performance! Now that
that's out of the way, let's get
back to this mission.

15

INT. SHAMARA'S CRIB - NIGHT

15

Shamara is sleeping and apparently having a vicious
nightmare. She's thrashing wildly, mumbling incomprehensible
words that sound like "mom" and "dad". Suddenly, she wakes up
dripping huge beads of sweat and breathing hard. She turns on
the lamp and sits on the side of the bed in deep thought. She
looks over at the picture on the nightstand.