

"SEX, GUNS AND ROCK N ROLL"

A tribute to the 1980's music scene.

Written by

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SEX, GUNS AND ROCK N' ROLL

FADE IN:

SUPERIMPOSE: SEATTLE, 1985

INT. CHEVROLET MONTE CARLO - DAY

EARL ROLLINS, 30, pimp, drug dealer, brilliant entrepreneur, cruises in a purple Monte Carlo.

His cousin, MARCUS BROOKS, fresh out of the penitentiary with bulging prison muscles, rides shotgun.

Earl slows as he drives past a SMOKE MART.

A MAN loiters by the front door.

MARCUS

Dat Homeboy?

EARL

Yeah, that's DEVON.

MARCUS

Roll up heah.

Earl rolls up and parks.

Marcus puts his hood up and steps out. He holds a paper bag containing an empty malt liquor bottle.

EARL

Get the money.

Marcus gives a nod.

EXT. MINI MART - DAY

Marcus watches Devon from a distance.

When the parking lot empties, Marcus walks with a drunken stagger towards the Smoke Mart door.

As he passes Devon, Marcus lands a powerful sucker punch on the side of his head with the malt liquor bottle.

Devon goes down.

Marcus swiftly rifles through the unconscious man's pockets, checks his boxer shorts and socks, then strolls back to Earl's Monte Carlo.

INT. MONTE CARLO - DAY

MARCUS

Go! Ha! I played that dumbass Mutha fucka. Nigga must be smokin' his shit tho, all he got was two bags, some chump change and dis sick ass blade.

Marcus pushes a button on the knife, a five inch blades shoots out and Glints in the moon light.

Earl produces a glass pipe, loads it with crystal meth, takes a hit, then passes the pipe to Marcus.

- END -

