

POWER

BLACK. FORCEFUL HIP-HOP MUSIC BEGINS ("NY"), builds...

INT. GHOST'S PENTHOUSE - CLOSET

IN CLOSE ANGLES AND CUTS, a well-built black MAN gets dressed. We are behind him and don't see his face-- just the perfect line of his fresh fade as he puts on A CUSTOM SHIRT. A CLOSE ANGLE on his monogrammed CUFF begins a SERIES OF FLASHES as he adorns himself with status symbols we recognize: the knot of a ZEGNA TIE-- A flash of his PATEK PHILLIPE WATCH-- A BRUNO MAGLI SHOE.

As the music builds we SMASH TO:

INT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

A midnight-blue MAYBACH 57S pulls up to the curb. LOW ANGLE on the pavement, as we see the Christian Louboutin-clad heels of a WOMAN walk toward the back door. The door is opened by an unseen chauffeur. She gets in and our Bruno Magli MAN gets in after her. As the car door closes we MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. TRUTH NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

The Maybach door opens, the Bruno Magli shoe hits the pavement, and the camera pans up to FIND JAMES "GHOST" ST. PATRICK, our hero-- as handsome and debonair as a black James Bond. He surveys the crowd waiting outside a mobbed Manhattan club. Ghost turns and offers his hand to his woman-- and we see his platinum-and-diamond wedding ring as he helps her out of the car. This is his wife, TASHA, the perfect sum of street + money-- think Mary J. Blige, but so fine it hurts. As she gets out of the car, she pauses, straightening her Cavalli dress. She whispers in his ear:

TASHA

Tell me I'm beautiful.

GHOST

You know you are.

Tasha beams as Ghost lets her walk ahead of him. For a second, CAMERA LINGERS ON their chauffeur, SHAWN (20, lean, black), who watches Tasha's ass as she and Ghost walk down the red carpet toward the club. They are recognized immediately: a BOUNCER clears a path as they glide past the people waiting in line. Ghost nods to MAX, the doorman (30, Prada body, Prada suit) who presides over the crowd with unparalleled skill. Max opens the door for Ghost and Tasha, touches his radio:

MAX
Boss is here.

His radio message is picked up by a second bouncer inside the club --

INT. TRUTH NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

BOUNCER #2
You hear that, y'all? Boss is here.

And as he opens the doors, ANGLE ON Ghost and Tasha as "I WANT YOUR LOVE" begins and they enter the most beautiful nightclub you've ever seen: plush leather banquettes surrounding a glimmering dance floor. We TRACK Ghost as several bouncers guide him through the crowd, cutting away to see the "Boss is here" protocol:

-- a BARTENDER hears the radio message and turns around, opening a special refrigerator. He pulls out a \$1000 bottle of champagne...

-- a WAITRESS sets a tray with crystal champagne flutes... and we're...

-- WITH GHOST as the music pulsates and we take in the gorgeous, dancing crowd. The party of the century and we can only wish we were there. Ghost and Tasha pass various CELEBRITIES and PRO ATHLETES having a good time, they accept handshakes, pounds and kisses. Ghost makes eye contact with several floor manager types, greeting them with a nod.

-- the WAITRESS maneuvers expertly through the crowd, holding the tray of champagne and glasses.

-- GHOST and TASHA arrive and are seated last, King and Queen at a booth of waiting guests. The waitress arrives and puts down the tray in front of GHOST, who pours himself a drink as the others' glasses are filled by a coterie of stunning COCKTAIL WAITRESSES, one at each place.

He holds his glass high in a toast-- everyone clinks glasses. He does not drink.

As the congratulations wash over him, the faces and voices of the people surrounding him fade into a kind of white noise. Ghost sits, looking out over the crowd. He smiles, briefly.

INT. UNDERGROUND LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

QUICK CUT of a WOMAN's face. Eyes wide with fear. HEAR the faint beat of the club's music as a MAN'S HAND (white) comes into frame, touches the woman's cheek.

INT. TRUTH NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Ghost walks through the club, passing the main bar, where BARTENDERS are pouring drinks with deliberate speed. The women's room door opens, offering a glimpse of a lesbian COUPLE, inside, fucking against the wall. Two other WOMEN tumble out of the restroom, white powder still under one woman's nose. Ghost signals a bouncer.

GHOST

Those girls. Find out where they got it and kick him out. No one fucking sells their shit in my club.

BOUNCER #3

Should I kick the girls out too?

GHOST

(with a laugh)
Nigga, you crazy?

Ghost watches the women laughing, blending into the happy crowd, short skirts, titties bouncing.

INT. UNDERGROUND LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

QUICK CUT of that same terrified woman-- the club's music still playing far in the background. It's clear now that the woman's lying down on cement. Her right BREAST is EXPOSED. The same white hand from before strokes her breast, lingering at the nipple. Her eyes follow the hand. A TEAR rolls down her cheek.

INT. TRUTH NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Ghost comes back to his table, where Tasha is entertaining their guests. He kisses her on the cheek.

GHOST

Everyone having a good time?

TASHA

Everyone except you. Why don't you sit down with me, relax?

GHOST

Not yet. I gotta handle some details.

He starts to turn away, but she grabs his hand.

TASHA

Don't you have people for that?

GHOST

Customer service, Tasha. I do this part myself.

He slips his hand from her grasp and splits. Tasha watches him go, resigned. Then, she waves a waitress over, with a practiced smile:

TASHA

More champagne. More vodka. More everything.

As her guests toast her order: "That's what I'm talking about," "You know that's right," etc, we smash to:

INT. UNDERGROUND LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

The HAND caresses the woman's leg, traveling up to the inside of her thigh. It pulls up her skirt, revealing her panties. Blue lace. Cheap. We do not see her face-- just the area between her navel and her upper thigh. Vulnerable. Unprotected. Exposed. We HEAR a muffled sob.

INT. TRUTH NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Ghost ascends to a high banquette and approaches his club manager, JOSH KANTOS (30, Massapequa goes to Wharton, always moving-- like a shark). The two men talk as they look over the dance floor and VIP.

KANTOS

Headcount's at 200 and it's not even midnight. Fire Marshall told us to keep it under 150, so if he shows up we're fucked.

GHOST

Place is fucking bananas.
(considers him)
You might be worth your paycheck.

KANTOS

Best goddamn nightclub opening the whole year. My whole database turned out.

GHOST

Max has your list at the front.
We'll see who showed and who didn't.

He moves to get a different vantage point. Kantos turns to follow, but a WAITRESS steps between them with a magnum of champagne service, headed for VIP.

A group of MODELS follow her, heat-seeking missiles for the big wallet at the end of the rainbow. Kantos catches up--

KANTOS

I told people how hot it was gonna be, but I can't make 'em show up.

GHOST

Yeah, that's right. But when this shit hits Page Six tomorrow they'll call you to make sure they can get in next week. And that's when you tell them the guest list is full.

KANTOS

Look, Boss, my VIPs are used to easy access wherever I work.

GHOST

Which makes you a hooker.
(off his look)
You know the right people. This place is bangin' tonight. But we stay in business if we keep the music hot, the women hotter, and make it near impossible to get in this fucking door.

KANTOS

Even for the VIPs?

GHOST

Fuck your VIPs. We're gonna redefine the word.

INT. UNDERGROUND LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

The HAND brushes a tear off of the terrified woman's cheek, and we FOLLOW it to her tormentor's mouth as he tastes the tear. This is EDDIE (30s, white.) Eddie pulls down the woman's panties as she sobs, unable to stop herself now.

EDDIE

Isn't it a shame, Miguel? I told her not to make a goddamn sound.
(to Victor, offscreen)
Sit him up!

REVEAL MIGUEL ALVAREZ (20s, badly beaten) as two young SOLDIERS, VICTOR and DARIEN, sit him up from where he was lying in his own blood. FIND a tattoo on Miguel's arm, the word "Maria" in script, flanked by angel's wings. **All lines in bold are Spanish:**

MIGUEL

Stop, please. Stop. Please... Leave her alone.

EDDIE

Two keys, Miguel. Forty stacks and a pound of smoke. You think you can fucking steal from me and just walk the fuck away?

MIGUEL

Maria did nothing. She knows nothing! I stole from you. I did it!! Please...

(a primal moan)

It's not her fault.

EDDIE

You're right there, Miguel. It's not Maria's fault. It's yours. But you had your chance to make this right. All you have to do is tell me where you hid my shit. Who you gave it to.

(shaking his head)

He's not listening to me, Maria.

You talk to him.

MARIA

Miguel, tell him what you did with the drugs and the money! Tell him, please... Please....

Eddie looks at Miguel expectantly. Miguel is close to giving it up... you can feel it in the air. But then:

MIGUEL

I'm sorry, Maria. I'm sorry.

Eddie leaves Maria's side for a second and crosses to Miguel. Whispers in his ear --

EDDIE

Don't worry, Miguel. I'm gonna give her the night of her life. And you're not gonna miss a second.

Off Miguel, in agony --

INT. TRUTH NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Over the sounds of "Remarkable", A MONTAGE of Ghost tending to the details:

-- Ghost in one end of the VIP section, gladhanding a table of BLACK PRO ATHLETES. Two METHUSELAHS of ARMAND DE BRIGNAC (ACE OF SPADES) CHAMPAGNE arrive with huge sparklers, followed by a mix of gorgeous big booty BLACK GIRLS AND LATINAS.... Ghost accepts a pound and a hug from one of the athletes as he delivers what they want...

-- Ghost signals the lighting booth, and on a music cue, the lights go crazy and balloons drop from the ceiling. Ghost looks on as the groups of young, hot CELEBUTANTES react to the pounding beat and head to the dance floor...

-- Ghost mixes a group of blonde, leggy MODELS, a table of JAPANESE HIPSTERS, and giant bottles of sake and vodka...

-- Ghost studies a table of POWER LESBIANS-- dressed to the nines, fly as all hell-- as they order more and more shit. With a nod and gesture to a bouncer, he moves them to a better table, high in VIP, in view of the dance floor. As the music pounds and bubbles float through the air, the men at the tables near them gawk, then try to join in....

And in the center of it, Ghost observes, drinking it all in. His club. People enjoying themselves. Spending money. Getting fucked up and getting ready to get fucked.

SHAWN (O.S.)

Boss. Hey, Boss.

Ghost turns around to see Shawn standing behind him.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Eddie needs you. Downstairs.

As Ghost reacts-- WTF? -- and starts moving, FIND Tasha in her booth, looking on as her husband disappears with Shawn...

INT. UNDERGROUND LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

Eddie kneels on the platform, using his hands to spread Maria's knees, caress her thighs. He inhales. Eddie catches Miguel turning away.

EDDIE

This is the man you were going to marry, Maria? A coward who can't even watch what he did to you.

(to Victor and Darien)

Make him watch!

The soldiers twist Miguel's arms and head so it's physically impossible for him to look away. Miguel closes his eyes.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Bitch! Look.

Eddie cocks his gun, and the sound makes Miguel's eyes snap open with fear. Eddie spreads Maria's legs with one hand and inserts the gun barrel in her vagina with the other.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

If you close your eyes again, *Míjo*,
I'll pull the trigger.

Ghost enters to find Miguel bleeding and beaten, Eddie with his gun inside a sobbing, half-naked woman --

GHOST

What the fuck is going on?

EDDIE

Ghost, meet Miguel Alvarez and his fiancée, Maria. Cruz was driving his route when this motherfucker jumped him. Beat him unconscious.

GHOST

Cruz? So he got--

EDDIE

The shit and the money. A whole day's paper.

GHOST

We get it back?

EDDIE

No. He handed it off before Victor here tracked him to his place. Found him in bed with her. No ink, won't say who he rolls with. I thought you'd want to teach him a lesson in person.

GHOST

Why'd you bring the girl?

EDDIE

He needed some persuasion to talk.

Ghost looks at Maria, then looks at Miguel. Surveys the situation. A half-second of mental math, then, quick --

GHOST

(into Eddie's ear)
We gotta let her go.

Maria watches Ghost, eyes wide. Ghost and Eddie -- intense:

EDDIE

What the fuck are you talking about? He took what's ours, now I'm taking what's his.

GHOST

Think, Eddie. This girl has brothers or cousins -- somebody that gives a fuck about her. You fuck with her and they come running looking for her. They come with machetes or they come with guns-- Trinitarios, Kings -- people we deal with, or worse, people we don't. Overnight we're in a war because you think with your dick.

Eddie thinks. Then he takes the gun out of Maria and puts it back in his pocket.

EDDIE

Get dressed. Say goodbye to Maria, Miguel.

Maria backs away, sits up, grabs for her clothes. Ghost looks at her.

GHOST

Go home, take a shower. I'm gonna send Victor here with you. You give him these clothes, you go to work tomorrow like nothing happened, you understand? If somebody asks you and Miguel broke up.

(a slight edge)

You were never here. You've never seen any of us before. Do you understand?

Maria nods and Victor steps forward, takes her arm.

GHOST (CONT'D)

(to Victor)

You stay until she gets out of that shower. Burn her clothes.

Victor leads Maria away. She looks back at Miguel for a last moment, at his tattoo, then looks away with disgust. Victor takes her out the street door, into the night.

Ghost watches her go, then takes off his jacket and unbuttons his shirt, laying them carefully to the side. He gloves up--

GHOST (CONT'D)

You're not lucky enough to have found my money man by chance, Miguel. Somebody told you where to go and who to hit. So it's simple. We let Maria go. Tell me who set this up, who told you what to do, and I'll let you go, too. Maybe you can patch things up with her. Women can forgive.

Miguel stares straight ahead. Giving nothing.

GHOST (CONT'D)

They tell you who you were stealing from? Did they tell you who the FUCK you were stealing from?

Ghost makes a fist -- and on his first PUNCH, SMASH TO:

INT. TRUTH NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Kantos comes up the stairs to Ghost's VIP banquette. He doesn't see Ghost, so he taps Tasha on the shoulder.

KANTOS

Mrs. St. Patrick. Have you seen the Boss? Want to show him the numbers so far tonight.

TASHA

No. But you can show them to me.

KANTOS

I don't know if--

TASHA

You can show them to me.

Reluctantly, he hands her the post-it note, and she reads it.

TASHA (CONT'D)

That's all?

KANTOS

Um, actually, Mrs. St. Patrick, we're having an amazing night. Like, off-the-charts.

TASHA

If you say so.

KANTOS

I think the Boss will be very happy when I find him. You sure you don't know where he went?

TASHA

Nope. But wherever he is, I'm sure he's working.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

THWACK. Ghost slams Miguel's head into the pavement. He's a bloody, fleshy mess, bones broken in his face. Eddie and Darien kick Miguel, his moans and screams a world away from the club upstairs. Ghost sweats with exertion, seeing that Miguel will not give.

GHOST

The problem is, Miguel, you are suffering from a serious case of misplaced loyalty. Whoever put you up to this doesn't understand you. But I do.

Ghost gets closer to Miguel, looks him in the eyes.

GHOST (CONT'D)

You're trying to make money, to support your family the only way you know how. But these vatos, they sent you out to steal from the wrong motherfuckers tonight. Either they overestimated you or they underestimated us -- but they left you hanging out to dry.

Ghost holds out his hand to Eddie, who hands over his gun.

GHOST (CONT'D)

I can give you your whole life back, Miguel. Like this all never happened. You can come work for us.

MIGUEL

If I speak, my family will not be safe.

GHOST

We can make this right, Miguel.

Miguel, body broken, has his resolve intact. With effort--

MIGUEL
 (English, clear)
 I am not afraid of death.

GHOST
 I am not afraid to kill you.

And BOOM -- he shoots Miguel in the head.

GHOST (CONT'D)
 Clean that up.

Ghost hands the gun back to Eddie. To Darien:

GHOST (CONT'D)
 I want the shit spotless. Like it
 never fucking happened.

Ghost grabs his shirt and jacket and heads for the door.
 Eddie falls into step beside him as they go into:

INT. TRUTH - TUNNEL

The underground hallway that leads from the loading dock to
 the freight elevator. Florescent light. Walking together:

GHOST
 This shit makes no sense. We got
 nineteen drivers delivering product
 tonight, right?

EDDIE
 Twenty, cause Sabueso caught a
 bachelor party and had to stay on
 to deliver.

GHOST
 And this motherfucker here hits
 Cruz when he's holding the money
 from all the day runs, plus weight.
 If they hit him 20 minutes later,
 after he's done the drop at the
 house, they get nothing. What does
 that tell you?

EDDIE
 This asshole was working with one
 of our people.

GHOST
 Or someone who knows our fucking
 business: the Trinis, the Bloods,
 the Latin Kings...

EDDIE

They've been happy with the deal we struck. We pay the toll, our drivers can roll through their territory, no problems.

(shakes his head)

Can't see why they'd want to fuck with us. When we told them about this high-end call-out shit, they were happy to let us take the risk.

GHOST

Until now. Maybe they're sick of standing on corners like dinosaurs. Maybe they want a bigger piece.

EDDIE

If the Kings or the Trinis were trying to take us down, they'd hit all our people. All at once.

GHOST

Which means we gotta pull everybody off the street. Now.

EDDIE

Close the store?

GHOST

Can't afford to get hit again.

(off Eddie's face)

We don't know who to hit back, and we can't stand around with our dicks in our hands waiting for the other guy's next move.

A beat. Eddie knows Ghost is right.

EDDIE

I'll make the call.

GHOST

You can have the Green Room in VIP. Keep an eye on shit from here tonight.

Eddie nods and heads back to the loading dock. STAY WITH GHOST and BEGIN a long TRACKING SHOT as he arrives at the --

INT. TRUTH - FREIGHT ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

We STAY WITH him, REAL TIME, as he re-dresses himself, buttons his jacket, not a stitch out of place. He gets off the elevator --

INT. TRUTH - HALLWAY/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

-- and walks down a cement hallway. With each step, the throbbing beat of the music gets louder, until--

INT. TRUTH NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

-- Ghost steps out onto the floor, in dead center of his packed club. As he surveys the scene a WAITRESS walks past him with a huge bottle of sake. He stops her cold.

GHOST

Table 45 was drinking Wataribune Sake. Take that back to the bar.

(before she goes)

And when you're done, flip the bottles at 72, 68, and 64. They all need to order another round.

WAITRESS

I think they're slowing down.

GHOST

Then get'em up and out. There's people outside who want to give us their money. Go.

She heads off in a hurry. Off Ghost, back in his element as master salesman, not skipping a beat...

EXT. TRUTH - NIGHT

Eddie stands outside, up against back of the building. It's as quiet and dark as the front of the club is vibrant and bright. He dials his cell:

JULIO (O.S.)

Hello?

EDDIE

Where you at?

INT. JULIO'S CAR - NIGHT

The other side of the conversation. JULIO (30), a strong, streetwise Puerto Rican drives on the West Side Highway.

JULIO (O.S.)

Gonna meet up with 'Bueso when he's done, get his stack, make the drop at the house.

EDDIE
 Change of plans.
 (fuck)
 Close the store.

JULIO
 What? Everybody?

EDDIE
 Shut it all down. Now.

Eddie hangs up. STAY WITH Julio as he hangs up. FOLLOW his eyes to his backpack, SEE it's full of cash. He heads for the highway exit, redialing his cell, while "Shooting Guns" begins to surge:

INT. MANHATTAN STRIP CLUB - PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

SABUESO (20, slim Latino male), counts cash as a suited white GUY, 30s, waits. His boys (suits) are getting lapdances from various strippers in the background.

STRIP CLUB GUY
 This enough to keep the girls
 happy? We've got a long night ahead
 of us.

Sabueso finishes counting, smiles. He reaches into his pack, pulling out packets of white powder and pills. But suddenly Sabueso's phone BUZZES. He looks at a text -- reacts, oh shit -- and then smoothly puts the drugs back in his pack and hands the guy back his money.

SABUESO
 I gotta go.

STRIP CLUB GUY
 Wait, where are you going? Dude,
 I'm the best man. What the fuck am
 I supposed to do now?

Sabueso doesn't turn around. He just heads out of the building and onto the sidewalk. Off Sabueso, as he blends into the crowd... SMASH TO:

INT. POSH MIDTOWN HOTEL - NIGHT

LILIANA (26, petite Latina, cocktail dress) gets on an elevator, pushes PH. A group of drunk, partying TWENTYSOMETHINGS get on, give her a look when they realize she's headed to PH too. They smile at Liliana, who feels her phone buzz. ANGLE on her purse, full of pill packets, as she pulls out the phone, checks it -- reacts, fuck.

The elevator doors open on the 6th floor to let some people on and Liliana slips off. She moves quickly down the hall and into the stairwell, heading down to the street, SMASH TO:

INT. QUEENS TUXEDO SHOP - NIGHT

In the back room, MARCUS (30s, black) runs stacks of money through an auto-counter, then slips bands around them. He's workman-like, precise. This is the "house," where Ghost and Eddie's drug money is counted before it gets laundered. James is wearing SMS Audio headphones, but sees his phone buzz on the table. He picks it up, checks the text, and clears the money off the table into a small bag. He stands on his chair, moves a ceiling tile, and off his face as he hides the bag from view, SMASH TO:

INT. BRONX WALK-UP APARTMENT - NIGHT

FELICIA (22, tough, smart, black girl) hangs up her cell and turns toward her dining room, full of women packaging cocaine, pills, and weed into individual units of sale. "Shooting Guns" drowns out her words as the other women stop what they're doing and grab their purses. Felicia throws the drugs into a pack, then opens the door and they leave, single file, abandoning the apartment... SMASH TO:

EXT. PORT NEWARK - ELIZABETH MARINE TERMINAL - NIGHT

DAVID, (27, black) stands outside a shipping container with uniformed CUSTOMS OFFICER. The officer opens the container and shows David several keys of cocaine, wrapped for him to take delivery. David pulls a wad of cash out of his jacket and begins to count. The Customs Officer's greedy eyes glow, but then David's phone buzzes. He shakes his head at the customs guy and repockets the cash. As both men walk away and the music gets louder... SMASH TO:

INT. TRUTH - NIGHT

... where "Shooting Guns" carries us back into the club, where the crowd on the dance floor throbs with the music. We FIND Ghost as he joins Tasha in the VIP section, back at their banquette.

TASHA

Everything ok?

GHOST

Yeah. I'm good. You having a good time? Entertaining our guests?

TASHA

It's late, baby. Why don't we go home now?

Her implication is clear. And she is fine. But:

GHOST

Take the car and send Shawn back for me. Eddie and I have to work tonight.

TASHA

Eddie's here?

GHOST

I'll tell him you said what's up.
(to a passing bouncer)
Can you take my wife to the door?
'Night, T.

Off Tasha, dismissed, as the huge Bouncer clears her path through the crowd...

INT. TRUTH - MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Eddie washes his hands, a bit of blood turning the runoff water pink against the white sink. Eddie does a quick line of coke, then exits the men's room into--

INT. TRUTH - NIGHT

-- where he makes his way across the floor, headed for the VIP section. He's admiring the women when one in particular catches his eye -- Tasha, on her way out of the club.

EDDIE

Wow Tash, you look great.

TASHA

(hugging him)
Eddie. Looks like you really cleaned up for the occasion.

She indicates his LeBron X sneakers, jeans, and leather jacket-- not exactly dress code for the high-end environment.

EDDIE

You know how it is. I don't have a girl to dress me, so I make do.
You're leaving?

TASHA

Yeah. Gotta get up with the little one tomorrow morning. Tried to get Ghost to come with me.

EDDIE

He and I gotta talk.

TASHA
Everything alright?

EDDIE
It will be.
(then)
I'll see you soon, okay?

TASHA
Oh don't I know it. If you ever
meet a woman who can cook, I'll
probably never see you again.

They laugh, a real fondness between them.

TASHA (CONT'D)
Well, I'd better--

EDDIE
Yeah. See you later.

We STAY WITH TASHA as she heads out to the curb...

EXT. TRUTH - NIGHT

... and stops to look at the people waiting in line to get
inside, half-smiles. Shawn is waiting at the curb. He opens
the back door.

SHAWN
You goin' home now, Mrs. St.
Patrick?

TASHA
Where else would I go?

Off Tasha as she gets in the car, her smile fading...

INT. TRUTH - NIGHT

Ghost stands with Kantos. Across the room, he sees Eddie
working his way through the crowd. They make eye contact.
Eddie nods, and Ghost nods back. SWITCH TO Eddie's POV as he
moves past the tables near the DJ, and up behind the stage...

INT. TRUTH - GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

... to a lush, fully-stocked bar-within-a bar. The Green
Room, a VIP's VIP. A bouncer ushers him inside. As the door
opens, we catch a flash of young, lithe REDHEADS sitting at a
low table, drinking champagne.

REDHEAD

Someone named "Ghost" told us to
wait for you here?

Off Eddie's smile...

EXT. TRUTH - NIGHT (4AM)

Ghost stands across the street from the front of the club,
watching the last of the crowd tumble out into the night.
Eddie approaches.

EDDIE

Been lookin' all over for you.
Everyone got clear. No problems.
Nobody tried shit.

GHOST

Didn't want to miss this part.

Bouncer #1 shuts the door behind the last stragglers. The
lighted "Truth" sign goes out.

GHOST (CONT'D)

All the hustling. All the work. It
brought us here. For kids that grew
up like us, to make something, in
the city. Ain't no small shit.

EDDIE

We lost forty stacks tonight before
we closed the store, plus whatever
we lost since.

(lightly)

We make up for that selling drinks?

GHOST

You know it ain't about that.

EDDIE

It's gonna be about our ass when
Lobos finds out we left his product
sitting in a shipping container,
losing money by the minute.

(then)

You know he sets fire to people,
right?

GHOST

That guy was fucking his sister.

(but)

I'm gonna bring him his money.

EDDIE
Outta your own shit?

GHOST
Unless you'd like to contribute?

Shawn pulls up at the curb in the Maybach.

EDDIE
Yeah, I got half. But it's out at
my mother's.

GHOST
Give it to me tomorrow night.
You'll come for dinner.

EDDIE
Thanks for the girls, by the way.
Kept me busy while I was waiting
for our people to check in.

GHOST
(as he gets in the car)
You ever gonna get over that
redhead shit?

EDDIE
Probably not.

Both men burst out laughing. As the Maybach pulls away...

EXT. GHOST'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT (3AM)

ESTABLISH Ghost's building, a gorgeous titanium and steel TriBeCa high rise, overlooking the Hudson. (Think the Richard Meier buildings on Perry St.) Doctors, lawyers and stockbrokers share Ghost's roof-- but he's in the penthouse.

INT. GHOST'S PENTHOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON the elevator, which opens directly into Ghost's penthouse apartment. The doors open and Ghost walks down the hall, a glass and marble cathedral for the worship of money. No expense has been spared.

INT. GHOST'S PENTHOUSE - CLOSET

Ghost undresses, removing his finery: each piece we saw in a flash in the opening. The watch goes back in the automatic winder. The shoes back in their space in the closet. Ghost sees himself in the mirror, his eyes fixed on the blood on his undershirt, the tank stained with the remnants of Miguel. He's almost forgotten -- we've almost forgotten-- but there it is, undeniable.

Ghost strips off the tank and balls it in his fist. He walks down the hall into --

INT. GHOST'S PENTHOUSE - OFFICE

Ghost enters his pristine male domain. He presses a button concealed in a drawer and a cabinet face slides back, revealing a safe. Inside, there are several neat stacks of cash, passports, a slim photo album. Ghost grabs a stack of cash, and puts it in a small bag (also kept in the safe). He hides the tank top in the back of the safe. As he closes the safe door, we SMASH TO -- BLACK.

INT. GHOST'S PENTHOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM (DAY 2)

BUZZ. Ghost's cell vibrates on the nightstand next to his head. BUZZ. He opens his eyes-- fuck, 7:30 already -- silences it. He feels Tasha shifting in bed next to him, looks at her. Even half awake, she's beautiful.

TASHA

When'd you get home?

GHOST

Late.

She touches his face, his neck.

TASHA

You know, I could help you. If you let me.

GHOST

Tasha--

She finds him with one hand under the covers.

TASHA

Let me.

Ghost breathes in, then kisses her, shifting his body on top of hers, taking control. What starts slowly turns into hardcore fucking as he releases the stress of the previous night into her body, Tasha meeting him more than halfway. He FLASHES quickly to Maria, to Miguel, to the sparklers on the Magnums of champagne in the club -- then pulls his focus back to Tasha, flipping her face down, ass in the air. They collapse together, sweaty, exhausted. A beat, then --

GHOST

I gotta get up.

TASHA

No.

GHOST

Got to, baby.

He kisses her and heads for the bathroom, leaving her fucked out on the bed, happy.

INT. GHOST'S PENTHOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Tasha cooks breakfast while her mother ESTELLE (50s, boughetto), feeds Ghost and Tasha's two-year-old daughter, YASMINE. Tasha's elder daughter RAINA (13, not beautiful) comes in, carrying a stack of books.

RAINA

(strong belter)

"Don't tell Mama what you know! You can ask my papa, here and now, 'cause he's my agent anyhow..."

TASHA

Raina. What are you doing?

RAINA

I'm rehearsing. Don't you remember, auditions for the eighth-grade play are next week?

TASHA

I meant with that outfit.

ESTELLE

It's really not flattering to your shape, baby.

Raina looks down at her skinny jeans and Frank Ocean tee shirt. She's a typical pubescent black girl -- butt too big, boobs too big -- with no swagger to pull it off.

ESTELLE (CONT'D)

What about that nice dress I bought you? It covers your thighs.

RAINA

Nobody wears dresses at school, Big Mama.

TASHA

If you look good, it doesn't matter what everybody else is wearing, girl. You'll see.

Raina heads off to change. Ghost comes in, carrying the money bag from the prior night.

Yasmine sees her father and runs away from Estelle. He picks Yasmine up and kisses her, then kisses Estelle's cheek.

GHOST
Good morning, Estelle.

ESTELLE
(coolly)
Morning.

Ghost and Tasha exchange an eye roll over Estelle's head, her passive-aggressive attitude well known between them. Ghost's cell BUZZES, and he returns the baby to her grandmother. He checks the number and reacts -- fuck. He steps out into --

INT. GHOST'S PENTHOUSE - HALLWAY

Reflective surfaces split Ghost's image as he takes the call.

GHOST
Lobos.

INT. BLACK SUV - DAY - INTERCUT

FELIPE LOBOS (45, fit, manicured) sits in the back of a custom-outfitted SUV, better dressed than Ghost.

LOBOS
Ghost. All goes well with you?

GHOST
Yes. And you?

INT. GHOST'S PENTHOUSE - KITCHEN - INTERCUT

Ghost's son TARIQ (15) enters, full of unearned swagger and dressed to impress. Overhearing Ghost:

TARIQ
I got Spanish homework due Tuesday,
maybe Dad can hook it up?

TASHA
You need to do your own work, boy.

TARIQ
How does he know Spanish, anyway?

ESTELLE
Yes, Tasha. How does he know
Spanish?

TASHA
 (giving Estelle a look)
 I don't know. He learned before we
 met.

She shuts the door between the hall and the kitchen, giving Ghost his privacy.

INT. GHOST'S PENTHOUSE - HALLWAY

Back with Ghost, in the hall.

GHOST
We still meeting up?

LOBOS
**Yes, yes. But not this morning.
 Come for lunch. James Hotel. 12:30
 so I can take a fucking nap before
 I go home. Can't sleep on fucking
 planes.**

GHOST
We will be there.

LOBOS
**Ah, of course, you'll bring
 Eduardo. See you then. Oh, and this
 number is dead now.**

STAY WITH LOBOS, as he expertly opens the phone, removing the SIM card. He crushes the SIM card in his fist, and opens the window, letting the shards fall into the street.

INT. GHOST'S PENTHOUSE - HALLWAY

Back with Ghost, who turns back into the kitchen, preoccupied. The elevator DINGS, out in the foyer.

GHOST
 Gimme some of them eggs, T.

Tasha dishes him a plate and Ghost sits to eat. Shawn enters from the foyer and Tariq reacts with a smirk.

TARIQ
 (under his breath)
 Shouldn't the help use the back
 entrance?

Only Shawn hears him -- and looks at Tariq, who smiles widely. Tasha smiles genuinely, oblivious to the exchange.

TASHA

Shawn. It must be 8:15. You want some breakfast? There's more than enough to go around.

Shawn accepts a biscuit from Tasha, and as she turns back to the stove, checks her curves in her tight sweatsuit. Ghost checks Tasha out, too, makes a decision:

GHOST

Shawn. Change of plans. I'm taking my wife shopping.

INT. BARNEYS NEW YORK - DAY

As "You Mean the World" begins, we're caught in the whirlwind glamour of Ghost and Tasha in Barneys, fucking the place up:

IN THE SHOE DEPARTMENT, as she tries on teetering Louboutins and Jimmy Choos;

IN ACCESSORIES, where she picks out a new Gucci bag, checking it out against her body in the mirror;

IN JEWELRY, where she slips on a new bracelet;

And we LAND in Ready-to-Wear, where Ghost sits presiding over the area outside the women's dressing rooms. He is surrounded by trademark lavender shopping bags. SALESGIRLS flit about, aware of the presence of a big wallet.

SALESGIRL #1

What is he, a rapper?

SALESGIRL #2

I don't recognize him.

Salesgirl #2 walks past Ghost with a few dresses on hangers. We might see the labels -- Cavalli, Narciso Rodriguez, Proenza Schouler -- we might not. She knocks on a door.

SALESGIRL #2 (CONT'D)

You need any help, ma'am?

For answer, Tasha emerges in a Herve Leger bandage dress, so tight and so bright you can see it from space.

SALESGIRL #2 (CONT'D)

Wow. Um, that fits perfectly.

TASHA

I'll need shoes, a bag to go with it. Maybe a coat... can you show me some options?

Salesgirl #2 scurries away. Tasha looks at herself in the mirror, likes what she sees. To Ghost:

TASHA (CONT'D)
What do you think?

GHOST
Put the other one back on.

TASHA
Baby, this is the hottest dress in the store--

GHOST
Let me see the other again.

She goes. Ghost's cell BUZZES:

GHOST (CONT'D)
Ed. He wants to have lunch instead.
I'll pick you up. 12:30. Awright.

He hangs up. Salesgirl #2 returns, arms full of accessories for the Leger: shoes, a clutch, a jacket.

SALESGIRL #2
Mrs. St. Patrick, you'll love--

But Tasha comes out in a black Bottega Veneta corset dress. Still sexy, but far more high-end and mature.

GHOST
(to Salesgirl #2)
Wrap it up.

TASHA
This is old lady, baby. The blue one is more me.

He crosses to her, stands behind her in the mirror.

GHOST
When you come to the club tonight,
you need to look like you own the
place, not like you're trying to
get in for free.
(realizing)
You've got a track loose back here.
(to the salesgirl)
Can you wrap this up, please?

Off Tasha in the mirror, looking for the loose weave track...

INT. KATE O'NEILL'S HOUSE - BABYLON, LONG ISLAND - DAY

Eddie opens the front door and steps into the living room of a good sized colonial house. The curtains are drawn and the only light in the room emanates from a television tuned to a syndicated judge show.

Eddie cocks his head, but the TV makes the only sound. Silent as a cat burglar, he closes and locks the door behind him, then moves down the hall to -

INT. KATE O'NEILL'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

-- where he goes down the stairs and heads straight for a stand-alone deep freezer. We expect him to open it, but he reaches under it:

ANGLE ON the underside of the freezer, revealing twenty duct-taped packets fixed to the bottom. Eddie's fingers grab two packets.

He stands up and shoves the packets in his jacket pocket, flips off the lights and heads upstairs.

INT. KATE O'NEILL'S HOUSE - DAY

Eddie's moving down the hall toward the front door when a woman's voice from the dark stops him cold:

KATE
Eddie? Is that you?

EDDIE
(a moment, then)
Yeah, Ma. It's me.

KATE
You were just gonna leave without saying anything?

EDDIE
Why aren't you at work? What are you doing here sitting in the dark?

KATE
I got a migraine. Last couple of days. You would have known if you had called me.
(then)
Turn on the light. Let me see you.

Eddie turns on a light, revealing his mother, KATE O'NEILL (54), formerly gorgeous, now steeped in cigarettes and disappointment.

The living room is over-decorated, with QVC angel figurines lined up on every available surface. Kate reaches for her eyeglasses on the table next to her, but her hand is shaking.

EDDIE

Ma, what's wrong with your hand?

Kate quickly hides her shaking hand under her blanket, almost knocking over a framed 8 x 10 of herself as a beautiful Atlantic City showgirl with flame red hair.

KATE

My nerves are bad, that's all.

(then)

You got anything on you to help me calm down? I know you do.

EDDIE

No, Ma. No.

KATE

I just need something to feel better. You do want me to feel better, don't you?

Off Eddie, fuck--

INT. JAMES HOTEL - ELEVATOR - DAY

Eddie and Ghost get in and ride next to each other. Eddie reaches into his jacket and hands Ghost the two packets of cash from Babylon. Ghost tucks them inside his bag.

GHOST

You tell your mom I said hello?

EDDIE

Didn't come up. Sorry.

A beat. The two friends ride in silence.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

She's gettin' worse, you know? I can't be out there all the time--

But Eddie's cut off by the sound of Ghost's cell. BUZZ. BUZZ. Ghost looks at it.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Lobos? He better not be changing the fucking time again.

GHOST

Kantos. Let me just see what he wants. What's up?

INT. TRUTH - DAY - INTERCUT

Kantos moves through the kitchen.

KANTOS

You recognize the name Simon Stern?

GHOST

No. He want on the list or some shit?

KANTOS

He's one of the biggest nightlife investors in New York. He saw the Page Six write-up about the club. Wants to sit down. Day after tomorrow.

Eddie gives Ghost a look: "Get off the phone."

GHOST

I don't know. Got a lot of shit on my plate at the moment.

KANTOS

It's a big deal. He only talks to the major guys. With Stern behind us, we could open clubs in Miami and Vegas end of next year.

The elevator stops, and Ghost and Eddie approach the door of Lobos's suite.

GHOST

I'll call you back, man.

Ghost hangs up, his mind reeling a bit from the idea. Eddie crashes into his thoughts.

EDDIE

What's his problem now?
(before Ghost can answer)
You know what? Nevermind. We've got real shit to do.

Eddie knocks on the door. Off Ghost, switching gears...

INT. JAMES HOTEL - PENTHOUSE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Eddie and Ghost sit at a dining table in a suite at the St. James hotel. Lobos holds court across from them, with his bodyguards present. Lobos speaks English for Eddie's benefit.

LOBOS

You have my money, of course.

Ghost brings out the bag he packed the night before. Lobos hands it to one of his men, OMAR, who takes out the money and begins to count in a whisper.

LOBOS (CONT'D)

Not out loud. What are you a grade-school child? Javier, you do it.

And JAVIER takes over. As he counts, the air is tense--

GHOST

It's all there.

But Lobos wants for Javier's signal. When it comes:

LOBOS

Now that the business is out of the way, we can eat and enjoy ourselves.

GHOST

There's something you need to know, *Jéfe*. We got hit last night.

EDDIE

Asshole got one of our guys. Cleaned him out.

LOBOS

You caught this man?
(off Eddie's nod)
You got the money back, the drugs?

GHOST

No. He stashed them. Or gave it to his partner to hide.
(then, as Lobos stands)
The thing is, the way it happened? His information was too good. He knew who to hit, where and when. Until we know how he got his information, we're exposed.

LOBOS

And he didn't talk.

EDDIE
Unfortunately for him.

LOBOS
Unfortunately for you.
(without anger)
You took your men off the street.

GHOST
Had to. No choice.

LOBOS
You're losing about \$1000 an hour.
Glad to see you knew enough not to
let it affect our pay schedule.
(with a sigh)
When I hired you to be my New York
distributors, you guaranteed me a
certain level of professionalism.

Eddie starts to respond, but Ghost stops him with a look.

LOBOS (CONT'D)
You told me the Kings, the Bloods,
the DDP, none of them were worth my
time. I believe your exact words
were: "They're gangs. We're a
business." You said only you could
reach the kind of high-end
clientele that would pay premium
rates for my product.

GHOST
We have a plan to fix the
situation.

LOBOS
Good. Then you don't have time for
lunch. Have a good day, gentlemen.

Dismissed, Eddie and Ghost stand up to leave. Eddie heads out
the door. But Lobos holds Ghost back --

LOBOS (CONT'D)
**You know, you get this under
control, you could have your own
cartel one day. You live in the
countryside, take up watercolors
while your men take on all the
risk. You do business two, three
days a year.**
(then, a light threat)
(MORE)

LOBOS (CONT'D)

**You don't, I'll have to take my
business elsewhere. And then, what
use will I have for you?**

GHOST

We'll get it done.

LOBOS

I know you will.

Lobos pats Ghost on the shoulder and lets him pass. The door closes behind Ghost. A beat, then, to Javier--

LOBOS (CONT'D)

**Tell the pilot we're not leaving
tonight.**

INT. JAMES HOTEL - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Ghost and Eddie emerge into the daylight. Shawn is waiting at the curb, as is Julio, behind the wheel of a fully restored late 1960s Mustang. Julio gets out, tosses Eddie the keys.

GHOST

See you tonight.

(then)

Watch your back.

EDDIE

You too, motherfucker.

Eddie walks past Julio, who now gets in the passenger seat.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Full detail right? Even the trunk?

JULIO

Especially the trunk.

EDDIE

Good. 'Cause I hate the smell of
blood.

And as the two cars pull away from the curb, Maybach first, CUE the opening beats of "COMPLICATED"--

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - DAY

Follow each of them, split-screen, as they head through the city of New York in different directions. The cars wind their way out of Manhattan, over the bridges and through the neighborhoods of the outer boroughs -- Eddie to Brooklyn, Ghost to the Bronx.

People react as the Maybach rolls through the projects and the Mustang waits at a stop light outside a bodega... STAY WITH the Maybach as it turns up a side street and parks at a typical city playground. Slide, jungle gym, kids drawing in chalk on the concrete. The MUSIC ends.

Inside the car --

SHAWN

What do we do now?

GHOST

We wait.

Off Ghost, calm --

EXT. BROOKLYN ROW HOUSE - DAY

Eddie pulls up in the Mustang, parks outside a row house with kids playing in the street out front. Julio and Eddie walk up the front stairs, knock on the door. A twelve-year-old GIRL, MAGDALENA, opens the door.

JULIO

Your big brother home?

The girl eyes Eddie with suspicion, then closes the door.

MAGADALENA (O.S.)

**Tell Anibal a white man is asking
for him.**

There's indecipherable shouting from inside, then the door opens again.

MAGADALENA (CONT'D)

(to Eddie)

Come this way.

Eddie and Julio walk through the living room and the kitchen. The old women are cooking, but the young women -- gorgeous and businesslike -- are counting money at the kitchen table. Magdalena leads Eddie and Julio into the backyard.

EXT. BROOKLYN ROW HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

A string of lights is hung around the fence -- red, white, blue, and lime green. Eddie's is the only white face we see anywhere. Magdalena points to a group of men playing Dominican Dominoes at a card table under the lights. Eddie walks down into the backyard and ANIBAL, the corpulent leader of this set of Trinitarios, looks up.

ANIBAL
Eduardo. Where's Ghost?

EDDIE
 He sends his regards. And our toll.

Eddie hands Anibal an envelope. Anibal counts, and smiles.

ANIBAL
 You play dominoes?

EDDIE
 It's not a social visit, Anibal. We got hit last night.

ANNIBAL
 I didn't hear that.

EDDIE
 Not a word?

ANIBAL
Nada.

EDDIE
 A score like that somebody will brag about. You'll hear something.
 (then)
 Fifty stacks. Seventy-five if you bring him to us alive.

ANIBAL
 It means that much to you?

EDDIE
 If it's one of your people, you can kill him yourself. We just want to watch.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

Ghost sits with Latin King Inca CARLOS "VIBORA" RUIZ. Ruiz watches his daughter on the swings. Shawn watches from the Maybach keeping an eye on Ghost and on Ruiz's men, across the way in a black SUV.

RUIZ
If I knew who ordered it, he'd be dead already.

GHOST
What?

RUIZ

We got hit too.

(off Ghost's surprise)

**Money man. Same as yours. Angel.
They shot him in the back of the
head. Got a baby on the way.**

GHOST

That's fucked up.

Ghost gives Ruiz the toll envelope. Ruiz looks inside.

RUIZ

**A man of your word. Your people's
safety in my territory is
guaranteed.**

Ruiz rolls up his shirt, revealing his Latin King tattoos.

RUIZ (CONT'D)

**I know you work with other crews.
But we gotta dead this before it
goes further. I could lend you some
men, extra protection--**

GHOST

**If our people ride together, I'll
lose the trust of the Trinis and
the Bloods.**

RUIZ

Can't trust them anyway.

GHOST

**Eddie and I are neutral. You know
that. But maybe there's something
else we can work out.**

Off Ghost, coming up with a plan...

EXT. JAMES HOTEL - DAY

Lobos's black SUV is waiting as he comes outside with his men. Javier opens the door for Lobos, who gets inside. As the SUV pulls away from the curb, FIND another car, parked a block away, pulling out into traffic. The driver is a Latino male THUG in a sweatshirt and sunglasses, hood pulled up over his face. There's a TEARDROP TATTOO on his cheek. He follows the Lobos SUV as it turns uptown....

INT. GHOST'S APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - EVENING

Eddie sits at the table with Tasha, Raina, Estelle and Tariq. The baby (Yasmine) is already down for the night.

RAINA

It's the lead, Uncle Eddie. If I get it, it'll be like, a huge deal 'cause I'm only in seventh grade.

EDDIE

Well I'm sure you've got the best singing voice in the whole place, Baby Girl.

RAINA

When are you gonna stop calling me that? I'm not the baby any more, Yasmine is.

EDDIE

I was there when you were born. You'll always be Baby Girl to me.

TASHA

Tariq, you're quiet tonight.

TARIQ

Leave me alone, okay Mom?

GHOST

(as he enters)

Don't take that tone with your mother, boy.

Tasha stands to greet him, get her kiss. It's like the room exhales when he arrives. He hands Raina a small box.

GHOST (CONT'D)

I got you a good luck charm for your audition.

RAINA

You remembered! Wait, Daddy are these real diamonds?

GHOST

What do you think?

TASHA

You keep this up, you're gonna spoil her rotten.

GHOST

You don't complain when I do it to you. Fix me a plate, okay? Eddie and I are gonna talk in the office. We got work to do.

Off Tasha, shut out, as she goes to fix the plate...

INT. GHOST'S PENTHOUSE - OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Eddie sits across from Ghost, who eats.

GHOST
Kings got hit too.

EDDIE
(Wow)
No shit.

GHOST
Ruiz got a full shipment of weapons from his Florida connect last week. Our drivers can have full use until this shit blows over. Or until we catch the motherfucker. He offered to have his people ride with ours.

EDDIE
Fuck that.

GHOST
(in agreement)
Fuck that.

EDDIE
The guns though, that could work. I know you don't like it--

GHOST
Police stop a driver carrying recreational weight and some cash, that's one thing. With a gun in the car, you're lookin' at intent to distribute plus the weapons charge.

EDDIE
You got a better idea? 'Cause we gotta open up the store or Lobos will move on. Not to mention our people off the clock, and our customers finding new places to cop.

GHOST
Let's say we find the motherfucker. If it's one of Anibal's people, or the Bloods, whoever. Then what?

EDDIE

Then it's on. We take down their whole fucking crew. Show them show everybody you can't fuck with us. Like the old days.

GHOST

But we were young then. Mobile. I got too much shit going on now to go into hiding. The kids. The club.

EDDIE

Oh so now the club dictates what we do with the real business, instead of the other way around?

(then)

We opened that club to have a high-volume cash business to clean our money. Period.

Ghost looks at Eddie, decides to say it--

GHOST

What if it could be more than that, Eddie? What if it's our retirement plan?

EDDIE

You mean we grow up, go legit, and live happily ever after?

(he laughs)

We've been hustling together our whole lives. I love this shit. So do you. So focus up.

In the hallway outside the office, REVEAL Tasha, listening at the door. She hears Eddie stand and she moves down the hall.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I say we take Ruiz up on his offer. Put the boys back out on the street and if anybody steps, they light the motherfucker up. Agreed?

GHOST

(a beat, then)

Yeah.

EDDIE

We'll go out and get the guns from Ruiz tonight. I'll set it up.

GHOST

Go without me. Take Julio.
(off Eddie's look)
I gotta handle a few things at the club. If you want a place to clean our money long-term, it's gotta stay open, right?

EDDIE

Now that's the motherfuckin' hustler I know talking.

A pound, a hug. But off Ghost, frustrated, as Eddie leaves...

INT. GHOST'S APARTMENT - MASTER BATH - EVENING

Ghost finds Tasha sitting at her vanity.

GHOST

I'll see you at the club later. I'm going now. Gotta make sure everything's set for tonight.

TASHA

Can't that new white boy do that? You pay him enough.

Tasha guides Ghost's hand inside her robe.

GHOST

It's a business, baby. It needs attention 24-7.

TASHA

So do I.
(as he pulls away)
Ghost, what's up? You and Eddie behind closed doors, you running around with this club.... You okay?

GHOST

(a beat, then)
When we met, what did you think I was gonna be?

TASHA

The biggest goddamn drug dealer in New York City.

GHOST

You never thought about more?

TASHA

What more? You talkin' about the club as more? I saw the money you made last night. That's not more, it's less.

(puts her arms around him)

You are the best at what you do. We have everything. I just want it to stay this way.

Just like Eddie. Ghost gets up to leave.

GHOST

I'll send Shawn back for you.

Off Ghost as he walks down the hall, face set...

INT. TRUTH - LATER

Kantos is talking to a bouncer when Ghost walks up.

GHOST

Everything set for tonight?

KANTOS

Yes. Of course. Guest list is locked, live act is upstairs eating, and we're getting the decorations finished up now.

The two men reach the club floor, decorated for the party with balloons and streamers. Crew members set microphones and amps on the stage. The place looks like a totally new club.

GHOST

There's gonna be a lot of beautiful women in this place tonight. Tell the bouncers not to get distracted.

Ghost is quiet for a moment. His club is fly and he knows it.

GHOST (CONT'D)

You said the investor guy's name is Stern? The one who called.

KANTOS

Yes. Simon Stern.

GHOST

I'll meet him. You'll come with me.

KANTOS

Not Mr. O'Neill?

GHOST

Wanna see what the cat has to say
before I bother Eddie with it.

Off Ghost, splitting his worlds...

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Eddie and Julio ride in Julio's SUV. They pull into an empty parking lot and stop directly next to a tremendous white escalade. Eddie gets out in the middle, meets Ruiz, who gets out of the Escalade with one of his soldiers. He sees Eddie and Julio, frowns slightly.

RUIZ

Where's Ghost?

EDDIE

He sends his respects. He's working
another hustle tonight.

(off Ruiz's look)

Without you, we can't get this kind
of firepower overnight. You sure we
can't thank you?

Eddie opens his coat, shows Ruiz a thick stack of bills.

RUIZ

Catch the motherfucker. That'll be
thanks enough.

He gestures to the back of the Escalade. Eddie walks back with him. Ruiz presses the automatic open button on his keyfob and the Escalade's back gate slowly opens, revealing an arsenal of weapons. Off Eddie's face reacting happily to the sight, "Get Busy" begins:

INT. GHOST'S PENTHOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tasha stands in front of the mirror, wearing the black Bottega Veneta corset dress, as instructed. Makeup right, weave tightened up-- she looks the part. Tasha grabs her clutch and turns to leave but thinks better of it and whips back around to the mirror, adjusting the top of the dress to show maximum cleavage....

INT. TRUTH - NIGHT

As Ghost watches, DARRELLE REVIS and his entourage arrive, walking through a gauntlet of waitresses holding Champagne bottles with sparklers. They are guided to their VIP table as the waitresses step back, revealing a room full of beautiful women dancing and partying. LINGER on the women, then FIND Kantos as he pulls Ghost aside...

INT. OAXACAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Lobos has dinner with a group of Latino men in suits. He laughs, talking with his mouth full of food, totally relaxed. In the reflection of a saint painting on the wall, REVEAL the TEARDROP THUG, watching Lobos from across the restaurant...

INT./EXT. TRUTH - NIGHT

"GET BUSY" continues as Tasha enters the club with a nod from Max the doorman. She stops, reacting to the redecorated club and the crowd: at the young girls in tight, bright dresses and the men dancing with them, moving to the pounding music. She stops a bouncer.

TASHA

Can you find my husband for me?

BOUNCER

(into the radio)

Anybody got eyes on the boss?

Tasha looks up at Revis and his friends in VIP, covered in girls and alcohol and having a great time. Tasha runs her hand over her black dress, feeling invisible.

BOUNCER (CONT'D)

The Boss is prepping the live act now. Can I take you to your table?

He indicates a table upstairs with a bottle of champagne chilling on ice, away from the action. Tasha looks, then:

TASHA

I know where he'll get to me a little sooner.

And she heads right into VIP, into the Birthday party in full swing. As she works her way up to Revis's table....

INT. TRUTH - NIGHT

Ghost and Kantos walk and talk, high above VIP.

KANTOS

He brought back up dancers who were not in the contract.

GHOST

We got extra spotlights on hand?

Kantos sees Tasha pouring drinks with the birthday boy.

KANTOS

Isn't that your wife, down in VIP?

But Ghost doesn't respond. Instead he's staring at a beautiful WOMAN (30s) entering the club with her friends. As she walks across the floor, heading for a banquette--

KANTOS (CONT'D)

Mrs. St Patrick. Right there...

But Ghost abruptly walks away to follow the other woman. She's making her way through the dance floor-- faces, bodies, hands, drinks, all coming between him and his view of the woman's face.

-- ACROSS THE ROOM IN VIP, Tasha sees Ghost crossing the room toward her, eyes focused. She pours herself another glass of champagne, waiting expectantly for him to arrive. But he walks right past her, his eyes focused on something, someone else entirely! Off Tasha as she realizes and turns to follow his gaze...

-- BACK WITH GHOST, chasing his target. The music is loud, he begins to sweat. She disappears.

GHOST

(to himself)

There's no way it's her.

But then, above him at a booth, she sits down at a table and we know from his face: it is most definitely her.

INT. TRUTH - NIGHT - BANQUETTE - MOMENTS LATER

Ghost arrives at a table of four women, each dressed to kill.

GHOST

You look as good as I remember.

ANGELA VALDES (30s) looks up. She's beautiful -- and shocked.

ANGELA

Jamie?

Ghost breaks into a big grin -- the first real smile we've seen from him. She grins back.

GHOST

Nobody calls me that any more.

ANGELA

What are you doing here?

GHOST

I own this place.
 (signalling a waitress)
 The real question is, what are you
 doing here?

ANGELA

My girls brought me. This is Kayla,
 this is Cintia... Genesis here
 knows somebody who got us on the
 list. This is Jamie St. Patrick, my
 first real boyfriend, from about a
 hundred years ago.

GHOST

James.

Kayla and Cintia wave hello, impressed. Genesis, weaved out,
 nails did, laced and thirsty, holds out her hand.

GENESIS

Nice to meet you. My boy said this
 place would be hot and he was
 right. This one didn't believe me,
 though. We had to drag her ass out
 the house.

The champagne arrives and Angela's girls coo, impressed, as
 it's poured. Genesis takes a big, free, sip--

GENESIS (CONT'D)

And this shit is good, too.

As Angela's friends start talking amongst themselves...

ANGELA

This place is amazing, Jamie. But
 I'm not surprised. I always thought
 you'd make something out of
 yourself.

GHOST

You're the one who left South
 Jamaica for some fancy high school
 out of state. What was that place
 called?

ANGELA

Choate.

GHOST

And then Princeton, right?

ANGELA

I can't believe you remember all that. What about you? You go to school?

GHOST

Naw. No money for nothing like that. What did you do after? Didn't come back to Queens.

ANGELA

Law school.

(off his reaction)

Stop. I'm still the same 'round the way girl I always was.

GHOST

Sure don't look like it.

ANGELA

You either, Uptown. Nice suit.

They share a smile, the teasing part of their old dynamic. She holds his gaze. A moment between them. A BOUNCER interrupts:

BOUNCER #2

Boss, Konstant's about to start onstage.

GHOST

(eyes still on Angela)

What?

BOUNCER #2

The live act.

GHOST

(to Angela)

I'm sorry. I've got to--

ANGELA

I understand. You've got a club to run. It was good to see you.

GHOST

Hey, I ain't lettin' you get away that easy. Give me your number.

Angela hesitates -- a little. Then, what the hell?

ANGELA

(As Ghost types)

212 - 555 - 4780.

Ghost takes Angela's hand and holds it for a second, grazing her fingers with his own. ACROSS THE CLUB, Tasha watches the whole exchange, burning at the obvious intimacy. She doesn't know who Angela is, but it's clear that ain't no random ho.

GHOST

I'll call you.

Tasha watches Ghost walk away from Angela and head for the stage. She gets up from the table and heads directly for the door, down the stairs. She almost knocks Kantos over as she tries to pass him, but he stops her.

KANTOS

Mrs. St. Patrick. You're not leaving, are you? The live performance starts in a few minutes, and I'm sure the Boss wants you to be here--

TASHA

(dialing phone)

Shawn. Meet me out front. I'm leaving.

Off Kantos as she leaves...

ANGLE ON THE DJ as the lights change, plunging the room into color and the DJ lowers the music:

DJ

Ladies and gentlemen. I'd like you to direct your attention to the stage for tonight's intimate live performance.

ANGLE ON THE STAGE as rap artist Konstant comes out, with a nod to Ghost. The crowd roars, and Konstant begins a silky, sexy hip-hop track that carries us into...

INT. GHOST'S MAYBACH - NIGHT

Shawn drives with Tasha riding in back, alone. The partition is opaque. He can't see her. She looks out into the night. It's New York and there are a few people left on the streets-- some criminals, some citizens, the night still alive. Tasha lowers a mirror and looks at herself in the black dress, checks out her reflection. She does not cry.

INT. TRUTH - NIGHT

Ghost looks at Angela's table -- it's empty. She and her girls must be somewhere in the crowd, but it's too dark to find them.

His eyes fall on his private booth and realizes for the first time that Tasha is not there. Off Ghost, turning back to the stage, as the music continues...

INT. GHOST'S MAYBACH - NIGHT

Tasha takes a breath, then closes the mirror. She presses a button and clears the electro-transparent glass, removing the visual barrier between herself and Shawn. Shawn looks up and sees Tasha removing her panties slowly, opening her legs. She lowers the top of her dress, exposing her breasts and then begins to touch herself, holding Shawn's gaze through his rear view mirror. Shawn's palms begin to sweat. A taxi merges in front of him and Shawn realizes he's unsafe at any speed. He pulls the car over, then keeps his hands on the wheel as he watches Tasha bring herself to orgasm. Tasha feeds off his gaze, rocking and moaning with pleasure.

Done, she pulls her dress back up. Shawn starts the car. She touches the control, and the glass goes opaque. From Shawn's face, beads of sweat on his forehead...

EXT. TRUTH - NIGHT

... and the sexy song ends. Konstant revs up into a club banger, and Ghost watches as the crowd goes apeshit, dancing. His phone BUZZES with a text from Eddie: "Done." Ghost types "4AM," then puts his phone away and turns back to the packed club. The CAMERA PANS the room in his POV, then swings around to reveal we're --

INT. WAREHOUSE - OFFICE - EARLY MORNING (DAY 3)

- and Ghost, wearing a different suit now, stands at the window overlooking the warehouse floor. He watches as his drug couriers (about 20 mostly brown and black MEN and WOMEN, including Sabueso and Liliana) receive weapons from Julio. Eddie steps up next to him, into the shot.

GHOST

Julio told'em to check the guns?

EDDIE

First thing I said to him.

The couriers smell the guns, check the barrels. Camera LINGERS on Liliana, as she expertly handles her weapon. A chorus of "clean," "never been fired," "fresh" in English and Spanish as each checks. Julio looks up at them, nods. In JULIO'S POV, we look up to the office and realize -- Ghost and Eddie are hidden from view.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Think it bothers them? That they don't know who they're working for?

GHOST

You think the fry cook at Burger King knows the fucking CEO? They wouldn't know that motherfucker if he walked in and asked for extra ketchup.

(then, off Eddie's laugh)

Don't forget, one of these motherfuckers might be the reason Cruz got jumped in the first place.

EDDIE

Let's hope he or she is afraid to get shot.

GHOST

We'll know soon enough.

(then)

Time to make the donuts.

INT. WAREHOUSE - FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Julio gets a text from Eddie: "Do it." To the couriers:

JULIO

Keep the heat out of sight. If someone's tracking us, we want them to try some shit. Now get to work.

The drug couriers get in their cars and roll out, STAY WITH Sabueso as he drives out --

EXT. NEW YORK STREET/ INT. SABUESO'S SUV - DAY

FOLLOW Sabueso's SUV as he heads back toward Manhattan. He dials through the Bluetooth in his car.

SABUESO

Yo, Kendall. It's 'Bueso.

KENDALL (O.C.)

Where have you been? I've been texting you for two days.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET/ INT. SABUESO'S SUV - MOMENTS LATER

He parks, then takes off his cap. He puts on a pair of glasses, grabs his backpack from the backseat -- superman's reverse transformation from Ghetto thug to -- as we see the sticker on the back of his bag -- NYU student.

INT. UPPER EAST SIDE APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Liliana walks in and heads for the elevator. A uniformed DOORMAN stops her.

DOORMAN

Excuse me, miss?

LILIANA

**The Levins are expecting me. 38B?
I'm the new housekeeper.**

INT. UPPER EAST SIDE APARTMENT - DAY

Liliana rings the doorbell and a Jamaican WOMAN holding a white toddler opens the door.

GARDENIA

Where you been hiding, girl? The
Mrs. can't get out the bed.

Liliana follows Gardenia down the hall to the master bedroom. A thin, beautiful woman is lying in bed.

GARDENIA (CONT'D)

Mrs. Jessica, the girl is here.

JESSICA

Oh thank God. When you didn't
answer your phone yesterday--

LILIANA

Sorry about that.
(opening her pack)
Won't happen again.

Jessica smiles as Liliana unpacks powder and pills.

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Angela gets dressed in front of the mirror. She gives herself a once-over, turns to the side, examining her body.

ANGELA

Not bad for twenty years later.

She hears a clattering SOUND off-screen -- WTF? -- and heads for the kitchen, tucking her blouse into her pencil skirt.

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY

Angela walks through her neat, comfortable place into the kitchen where GREG KNOX (35, all-American, hyper-fit) scrambles egg whites.

GREG

You missed our run this morning.
When you didn't show up and you
didn't answer your cell, I thought
maybe something was wrong.

Angela digs her phone out of her clutch from the previous
night. Sure enough five missed calls -- all from Greg.

GREG (CONT'D)

I got here and you were asleep, so
I thought I'd make breakfast.

ANGELA

I thought we said that key was just
for emergencies.

GREG

Which this could have been. You
want some turkey bacon?
(off her face)
Come on, Angel, most women would be
flattered.

Greg puts the plate down in front of her at the table.

ANGELA

You're right. I'm sorry. You just
startled me, is all. Thank you.

She kisses him, but he breaks the kiss to answer his buzzing
cell. Angela picks up a slice of whole-grain toast, watches
him read the text.

GREG

I gotta go. See you later?

He kisses her goodbye. Off Angela, as she watches him go...

INT. EDDIE'S CAR - DAY

Eddie drives Ghost into the city. Ghost looks out the window
at some kids hanging out on the corner. Eddie sees them, too.

GHOST

Angela Valdes came into the club
opening night.

EDDIE

From freshman year of high school?
Wow. What's that--

GHOST

Twenty years. Twenty-two.

EDDIE

How'd she look?

(off Ghost's reaction)

That good, huh? She married, have kids now?

GHOST

No ring. Didn't say nothing about kids.

EDDIE

You tell her about yours?

GHOST

Well, we didn't talk that long--

EDDIE

Ohhhhh shit--

GHOST

What's that supposed to mean?

EDDIE

It means, what are you thinking about doing?

(eyeballs Ghost)

When that girl moved away, she seriously fucked you up. I was there, remember?

GHOST

That was a long time ago.

EDDIE

Tasha's a good woman, man. Why you wanna go sniffing around pussy from high school?

GHOST

First of all, I can't believe you're starting some shit about monogamy. You got more bitches than the goddamn pound. But second, I know Tasha and I got a good thing. I'm not gonna fuck that up.

(then)

Just got me thinking about the road not traveled, that's all.

EDDIE

The road not traveled? You are a rich, successful motherfucker. What the fuck more do you want?

GHOST

I want to see how Angela turned out.

EDDIE

You already saw how she turned out. Anything else is just you trying to heal some wounds from childhood.

GHOST

(a beat, then)

You need to stop watching that Dr. Phil shit.

EDDIE

The man knows what he's talking about!

Eddie pulls up outside the club. Ghost can't help but laugh.

GHOST

So long, motherfucker.

(then)

Keep me posted.

Off Ghost, as Eddie drives away from the curb--

INT. BOXING GYM - DAY

Latino MEN of all shades and sizes work out with jump ropes and heavy bags. A couple of pairs are sparring on the floor while two guys spar in the ring. FIND LOBOS, crossing the floor with Javier.

LOBOS

Are you sure this is the place?

JAVIER

Yes. In the office.

And they arrive at a door marked Private. Javier opens it for Lobos who steps in to find...

INT. BOXING GYM - OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

... Ruiz, Ghost's supposed ally, waiting for Lobos with two of his Latin Kings. Hands on guns. The mood is tense.

LOBOS

You are "Vibora" Ruiz?

RUIZ

Good to meet you, Señor. You said you are having problems with your current distributor?

LOBOS

He is not as... reliable as I once thought.

Ruiz smiles, but he is still suspicious.

RUIZ

So you call Puerto Ricans? You're the first Mexican I've known to do that. Forgive my surprise.

LOBOS

I do business with niggers. At least you and I speak the same language.

(they smile)

I don't care who your mother fucked. I want to make money.

Ruiz considers Lobos for a beat, then gestures to the table.

RUIZ

Shall we talk business, then?

As they sit, LAND ON a door, a small piece of wood stuck in to keep it open a crack. TRACK through the crack to...

INT. BOXING GYM - HALLWAY - DAY

... where TEARDROP THUG watches the meeting through the door.

INT. TRUTH - DAY

Kantos is checking the front bar when Ghost enters.

KANTOS

Didn't expect to see you so early.

GHOST

Had some business to take care of this morning.

KANTOS

Actually, I'm glad you're here. I need to show you something downstairs on the loading dock.

The loading dock. Fuck. He forgot all about that shit.

GHOST
On the loading dock?

KANTOS
Yeah. Something weird. I think we
need to call the police.

Off Ghost, fuck, as Kantos leads the way...

INT. TUNNEL - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Ghost and Kantos walk through the tunnel.

KANTOS
I've been in the club business ten
years-- I know you can't trust
cops. But shit like this you need
to get them involved.

GHOST
(with an easy smile)
I'm a black man, so you know I hate
cops. But I hear you.

As Kantos reaches the door, Ghost lets him go first. His
smile fades. As Ghost follows Kantos, REVEAL Ghost holds a
gun, low, partially covered by the arm of his jacket.

INT. UNDERGROUND LOADING DOCK - CONTINUOUS

Ghost enters the loading dock, which appears to be spotless.
But Kantos is heading over to a corner, focused on the floor.

KANTOS
Take a look at this, Boss. What the
fuck do you think happened here?

Ghost follows Kantos's gaze down to the cement, where several
seals and liquor labels are stuck to the cement.

KANTOS (CONT'D)
We don't open those seals until we
get the boxes upstairs. If that
shit was taken off down here, it
means somebody's stealing alcohol
on its way in.

Ghost relaxes and pockets the weapon.

KANTOS (CONT'D)
No wonder we almost ran out of Ace
of Spades last night. You want me
to call the police?

GHOST

Why don't we talk to the employees first? Hate to get the cops involved if we can just fire the person and never see them again.

KANTOS

You don't want to press charges?

GHOST

May not be necessary.

KANTOS

I'm gonna review the liquor receipts. Unless you want to do that yourself?

GHOST

No, you go ahead. I've got a phone call to make.

INT. GHOST'S PENTHOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Tasha is getting dressed: skintight jeans, bright-colored low cut sweater, spike-heeled boots. Her best friend, LAKEISHA GRANT (30s, doing her best) holds up a Gucci purse.

LAKEISHA

Can I borrow this?

TASHA

No way, girl. That's new. But the Louis, you can have that.

LAKEISHA

(picking up an LV tote)
Damn, Ghost keeps you laced. I'll take your hand-me-downs as long as you're giving them out.

(trying it on)

You hit the lottery, girl. Niggas don't like to get married any more. And certainly not rich niggas.

TASHA

He wasn't rich when I met him. That was a long time ago now.

(then, sitting on the bed)

You know, Keisha, clothes and bags are nice, but... I mean, there are some things about Ghost--

LAKEISHA

You don't have to play modest with me, Tasha.

TASHA

I'm not playing modest--

LAKEISHA

I'm not gonna die of jealousy over here. Especially if you're through with these pumps.

(looking at them)

What size shoe do you wear again? I don't get this European shit.

Tasha's phone RINGS. She checks it: "Ghost."

TASHA

Hey, baby.

INT. TRUTH - HALLWAY - DAY

Ghost walks down the hall, on the phone.

GHOST

You out shopping with LaKeisha yet?

TASHA

We're still at the house.

GHOST

Good. I got something in the oven I need you to take care of.

(off her silence)

Tasha? You heard me? I need you to take it out before it burns.

TASHA

Yes. I got it.

(for LaKeisha's benefit)

Thank you, baby. I'll see you tonight.

LAKEISHA

What was that?

TASHA

He left me some extra money to go shopping. I'll just go get it. I'll be right back.

LAKEISHA

See what I mean? You hit the motherfucking lottery.

But Tasha's already gone, down the hall to..

INT. GHOST'S PENTHOUSE - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Tasha presses the button in the drawer, opening the panel that reveals the safe. Tasha kneels in front of the safe and opens it. She reaches for a stack of cash, neatly counting herself 10K to go shopping. But she doesn't close the safe. Instead she reaches further, in the back, looking for something. Suddenly she stops-- found it. Tasha pulls the "hot" thing out of the "oven:" Ghost's bloody tank from the opening night of the club. Off Tasha...

INT. LOWER EAST SIDE APARTMENT - DAY

Sabueso knocks on an apartment door. We hear the peephole cover as it's pulled back, then the door opens. Liliana ushers him in, takes his backpack and dumps the money on the table, where Julio is loading money into a green duffle bag. Julio nods at Sabueso, who nods back.

INT. QUEENS TUXEDO SHOP - DAY

Julio enters the back room, where Marcus stuffs a series of narrow manila envelopes with bills, then seals them. He then stacks the envelopes into a blue duffle. Marcus zips the duffle closed and hands it off to Julio, who gives him the green duffle in exchange. As Julio leaves, Marcus opens the green duffle and starts running the money through the auto-counter....

EXT. NEW YORK STREET/ INT. EDDIE'S CAR - DAY

Eddie pulls up at the curb, and Julio gets in the car. Eddie grabs and opens the blue duffle, seeing the envelopes inside.

INT. GHOST'S MAYBACH - DAY

Ghost rides in the back, with the partition open. Shawn clocks Ghost dialing his phone, watches him.

GHOST

Angela?

INT. ANGELA'S OFFICE - DAY - INTERCUT

A small corporate office. Angela closes her door for privacy.

ANGELA

Jamie?

GHOST

You surprised I called? I told you
I wasn't gonna let you get away,
and I meant it.

(then)

What are you doing?

ANGELA

Right now?

GHOST

Right now.

Angela looks at the pile of paper on her desk.

ANGELA

I'm working. I have to give a
presentation to my whole department
today.

GHOST

And if I know you, you've been
studying on that shit for weeks.
Come on, girl. You gotta eat lunch.

Angela catches her reflection in her office window-- flushed,
blushing, a giddy teenager again. Off Angela's excited grin --

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

White tablecloths, crystal stemware. Ghost and Angela finish
lunch at a secluded table. The tone is light, but the heat
between them is palpable -- eyes lingering, fingers almost
touching on the table.

ANGELA

Sometimes I still feel weird in
places like this. You ever feel
like that? Like people are gonna
come kick you out, tell you to go
back to Queens?

GHOST

Not anymore. And if you ask me, you
fit in just fine.

(off her smile)

You been in New York, under my nose
this whole time?

ANGELA

No. Actually just moved back a
couple months ago. I'd been in
Philly, but I got a promotion.

GHOST

Congratulations. Guess we'd better get something bubbly to celebrate.

ANGELA

Second time in two days you're trying to buy me champagne.

GHOST

I ain't buyin' shit. This champagne's on you, Big Time.

She laughs. It feels good to be around him again. Too good.

GHOST (CONT'D)

Not trying to get you drunk. It's just a habit from the club.

ANGELA

You finally got your nightclub. Your dad would have been proud.

GHOST

I told you about my father?
(a moment, then)
I didn't remember I told you that.

ANGELA

He had a jazz club uptown, right?

GHOST

For a couple years. Before he died.
(moving on)
You have a good time last night? I couldn't find you after the show started.

ANGELA

You looked for me? Sorry. I had to get up early this morning. But it's a beautiful place, Jamie. You should be really proud.

GHOST

It's a lot of work. Eddie thinks I spend too much time there--

ANGELA

Eddie? Eddie O'Neill? You still hang out with him?

GHOST

Yeah, he's my partner in the club. What, you surprised we still tight?

ANGELA

Well, yeah. Eddie... it was like he wanted to be in the streets. With you, I don't know, I never thought that's who you really were, even back then. I always wondered... if you'd done Prep for Prep with me, gone to school...

(embarrassed)

I guess I had big plans for you.

GHOST

Like what?

ANGELA

Like who you are now.

(formal voice)

"A successful Manhattan businessman."

(they both laugh, then)

A good man.

He takes that in. Her eyes fall on the Patek Phillipe.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

With a very big watch. I gotta go.

They stand up. He leans in to kiss her on the cheek, but then puts his arms around her, hugging her close. CLOSE ON Angela, as she feels his body against hers and breathes in his smell, familiar and exciting. She hates to break away:

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Hey, you still remember the Spanish I taught you?

GHOST

A little.

(she smiles)

When can we do this again?

ANGELA

I'll call you.

Off Ghost, as he watches her leave...

INT. TRUTH - KANTOS'S OFFICE - DAY

Kantos opens the safe in his office and pulls out the cash dumps for the previous two nights-- in the exact same manila envelopes we saw at the tuxedo shop in Queens.

He pulls a lockbag out of the safe and puts the cash inside. He writes out a cash declaration -- \$26,873 -- then grabs a deposit slip and fills it out, with full name and signature.

EDDIE (O.C.)
Don't fill out the total.

Kantos looks up with a start to see Eddie standing in the doorway, holding the blue duffle bag.

KANTOS
Why not?

EDDIE
I'm going to confirm your count at the bank.
(indicating the lockbag)
I'll take that.

Kantos hands it over, pissed.

KANTOS
Every club I've ever managed, I always do the deposit.

EDDIE
There's a first time for everything. Deposit slip?

KANTOS
I already signed it. You want a fresh one?

EDDIE
Nah, I'm sure yours'll turn out fine. Look--
(as he turns to go)
Ghost hired you on your reputation. But I don't know you yet.
(off Kantos's face)
That's not a problem, is it?

Kantos makes a calculation; he doesn't know Eddie, either.

KANTOS
No. It's not.

Eddie leaves with a wave. Off Kantos, feeling disrespected...

INT. ANGELA'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM

Angela comes in, still flushed from lunch with Ghost, and sits next to her boss, FRANKIE LAVARRO (50s, lesbian, sexy.) The room is coming to order, with most seats full.

FRANKIE

I was about to send out a search party. You're never late.

ANGELA

I know, sorry. Lunch ran long.
 (off Frankie's look)
 Frankie, I know you went out on a limb for me. I'm not gonna blow it.

Angela takes out her binder, clearly labeled ANGELA VALDES, ASSISTANT UNITED STATES ATTORNEY, and finds her remarks.

FRANKIE

If you do, it's both our asses.
 (checks her watch)
 Where are these FBI bozos? Never think we can start a party without them. I'd better get up there.

Frankie stands and goes to the lectern. As she passes the door, it opens and several FEDERAL AGENTS enter, with FBI jackets and full credentials displayed. We recognize one of them: Greg, Angela's boyfriend. He sits next to her, gives her a cool, professional nod. A whisper:

ANGELA

You're on this now?

GREG

Just got assigned. If I request reassignment they're gonna ask why.

ANGELA

It's not a problem.

But her face says otherwise. Greg clocks this, but before he can say anything more, Frankie begins the meeting.

FRANKIE

I'm Francesca Lavarro, Chief of Criminal Division. Along with my deputy, AUSA Angela Valdes, I'll be heading up this task force. Our goal is the apprehension and prosecution of one of the most notorious drug traffickers in our hemisphere, a Mexican national named Felipe Lobos.

Frankie hits a button, displaying a PHOTO of LOBOS on the monitor behind her.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Agent Medina, can you come up and bring everybody up to speed on Lobos's movements here in New York this week?

AGENT JUAN JULIO MEDINA enters and takes the lectern. Dressed in a suit, with his close-cropped hair exposed, we don't recognize him -- until we get close and see the teardrop tattoo on his face. That's right-- TEARDROP THUG is a Fed.

TEARDROP THUG/MEDINA

Lobos landed at Teterboro airport on Tuesday. Once a year he comes to New York to visit his banker and his American attorneys. He did make those appointments, but also a third, to meet this man--

(displays photo)

Carlos "Vibora" Ruiz.

GREG

Inca of the Due Loco set of the Latin Kings.

TEARDROP THUG/MEDINA

We learned: 1) Lobos has one single distributor for his product in New York City; 2) He is not entirely happy with this distributor; and 3) the Kings are too low-rent for Lobos. Their customers can't afford his product-- and he was not shy about saying that to Ruiz. He did not give a fuuuuck.

The room laughs. Medina heads back to his seat, and Angela takes the lectern. She avoids eye contact with Greg.

ANGELA

We have permission from the Mexican government to detain and prosecute Mr. Lobos-- if we can build a compelling case against him.

FRANKIE

We can't touch him unless we know we can put him in jail.

ANGELA

Who can give us the names, places and dates to convict Lobos? His New York distributor. Unfortunately, we have no idea who that is.

(MORE)

ANGELA (CONT'D)
 (distributes a document)
 We do have a profile of the type of
 criminal we're looking for. He's a
 highly-organized individual, with
 an established network in place.

As Angela's briefing continues, we see:

INT. EAST SIDE TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Sabueso walks up a staircase to the master bedroom.

ANGELA (V.O.)
 Lobos's product is high-grade,
 extremely potent and expensive. So
 this guy has rich customers-- high
 net-worth individuals willing to
 pay for a pure high.

He enters to find an orgy in full swing, naked, copulating
 YOUNG WOMEN as far as the eye can see. An older MAN hands him
 an envelope stuffed with cash.

INT. CHEMICAL BANK - DAY

Eddie stands at the commercial TELLER, emptying the lockbag.

ANGELA (V.O.)
 He already knows how to move money
 through the system.

As he hands her the deposit slip for \$44,873, signed by
 "Joshua Kantos"...

INT. GHOST'S APARTMENT BUILDING - BASEMENT - DAY

Tasha teeters on the concrete in her Louboutin boots.

ANGELA (V.O.)
 Is violent enough to control his
 territory...

Tasha opens her Vuitton bag and pulls out Ghost's bloody
 tank. She opens the door marked "Incinerator" and puts the
 shirt inside. As the light of the fire glows on her face --

INT. GHOST'S PENTHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A beautiful room. The family all together, hanging out.

ANGELA (V.O.)
 ...but still has something to lose.
 Something Lobos can threaten to
 keep him in line.

Tariq fires up his iPad and sticks in his headphones, while Raina does homework and Estelle plays with baby Yasmine.

ANGELA (V.O.)

So why is Lobos looking to replace him? What could have gone wrong? There must be some element out of his control.

INT. LOWER EAST SIDE LOFT - DAY

Liliana gets on a large freight elevator. She checks her pack-- full of cash-- and sends Julio a text: **I'm coming in.** The elevator stops and a young COUPLE gets on, holding hands and making out. Liliana smiles at them, but then notices a tattoo on the GUY'S hand. She moves to get off before the doors close, but the GIRL yanks her back, grabbing at her pack!!!

Liliana grabs her weapon, and pulls the trigger, but it JAMS! What the fuck? Liliana thinks fast and pistol-whips the girl, but the guy's on her in a FLASH--

INT. TRUTH - DAY

Ghost enters the empty club space, cleaned and decorated for that night. He begins to climb the stairs to the top of VIP.

ANGELA (V.O.)

Whatever the reason, this problem between Lobos and his local guy is exactly what we need to exploit.

Ghost reaches the top and looks down, over his domain.

ANGELA (V.O.)

Because the man we're looking for is in grave danger. From Lobos and from us. We can give him a way out, but only if he decides to take it.

He feels weight in his pocket and pulls out his gun-- which he almost used on Kantos. He considers the gun for a second as he stands in the middle of his legit dream, torn between his two worlds. His phone RINGS. We're TIGHT on his face as he answers:

GHOST

Ed. What's up?
(then)
I'm on my way.

END OF PILOT