

JUST ANOTHER DAY

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INT. MR. DE LUCA'S MANSION: BATHROOM / THE POKER ROOM - DAY

MUSIC CUE: "TONY BENNETT - RAG TO RICHES"

FRANKIE (35) flushes the toilet, shakes his pecker, zips up his pants and steps out. He walks into a dark game room with low lighting filled with a group of successful rich men from the Giorgio Crime Family sitting at the POKER TABLE. He throws his suit jacket over the back of his chair before sitting down and picks up his cards laying flat. MR. DE LUCA (57), an older white man with white hair slick back with grease and slender frame sits with his arms folded and a tooth pick in his mouth, MR. VALENTINO (62) round figure with big steel frames glasses sitting on his big nose, suspenders over his white Tom Ford dress shirt, and a Salvatore Ferragamo watch on his arm. LOUIE, (31) sits at the table finishes his glass of Bourbon and places on the coaster, & STEVE (38) looks through his hand and then checks out his opponents. PAUL stands behind the bar cleaning shot glasses while the FEMALE SERVER deliver drinks to the poker table. Classic music play in the background with VINTAGE FURNITURE all around. They sit at the poker table in FANCY SUITS with a lot of money on the table in CHIPS. Louie smokes a cigar and the sexy young server hands Mr. De Luca a drink before walking to Frankie.

FEMALE SERVER

Can I get you anything? Drink,  
cigar?

FRANKIE

(Italian Accent)  
I'll take a cigar for now  
sweetheart.

Frankie check his cards.

MR. DE LUCA

(Italian Accent)  
Frankie! You kept your mouth shut  
and for that...You'll be handsomely  
compensated from the commission.

FRANKIE

(Italian Accent)  
I thought things with the family  
would be different when I got out.

MR. DE LUCA

(Italian Accent)  
We don't turn our back on our own  
son. Loyalty is everything in this  
family. Always remember that!

FRANKIE

(Italian Accent)

And that's why I'm still here. But  
a better welcome home party  
should've been at the strip club.  
Nothing beats perky tits over a  
nice drink. You know what I mean?

MR. DE LUCA

(Points cigar)

Well you know that's gonna raise  
Giorgio's blood pressure. How we  
gonna explain that one to the  
misses?

MR. VALENTINO

(Italian Accent)

They don't call me the Tony the  
bull Giorgio for no reason. I'm not  
afraid of anything.

MR. DE LUCA

(Italian Accent)

More like a baby cow. Can you still  
get it up?

MR. VALENTINO

(Italian Accent)

Alright! Alright! Cut it out Vito.  
I still have som big balls between  
my legs buddy. Just ask my ole  
lady.

MR. DE LUCA

(Italian Accent)

Hey Tony! You know your wife has  
eyes and ears everywhere. I  
wouldn't bring up her name around  
the safe space.

(Looks around)

Somebody better check the doors.

FRANKIE

(Italian Accent)

I've seen her make grown men cry.  
You got a real on boss!

LOUIE

Enough with the small talk. I'll  
raise you boys on that note.

MR. VALENTINO  
(Italian Accent)  
She's tough as nails but I still  
wear the pants in my marriage.

FRANKIE  
(Italian Accent)  
Last thing I wanna hear is a mob  
boss getting pinched by his own  
wife for going to the strip club.

Everybody LAUGHS.

LOUIE  
I'd hate to see it in the  
headlines.

FRANKIE  
(Italian Accent)  
You boys might as well pack up and  
go home. That pot is mine.

STEVE  
(Knocks the table)  
I'm out. You can have it.  
(Throws card in)

MR. VALENTINO  
(Italian Accent)  
I call your bluff fellas.

Giorgio knocks cigar ashes in the TRAY.

MR. DE LUCA  
(Italian Accent)  
Keep talking like that. And you're  
gonna lose a lot more than you ask  
for Frankie.

Costello slides cards in and folds.

FRANKIE  
(Italian Accent)  
The only thing I ever lost in my  
lifetime was my virginity.

MR. VALENTINO  
(Italian Accent)  
We'll see on your next move.

FRANKIE  
(Italian Accent)  
Don't worry about my hand. Worry  
about your wallet Mr. Valentino.

MR. VALENTINO  
Spoken like a good con man.

Giorgio looks around the TABLE and tries to read people's  
FACES. Frankie checks his card. He places his card face down  
as the server walks back over with the CIGAR BOX.

FRANKIE  
(To the server)  
Thanks! Now beat it sweet tits.

The server walks away with the cigar box. Frankie pulls out  
the clipper and cuts the ends off the cigar. He puts the  
cutter down and reaches for the lighter. Frankie lights the  
CIGAR and pulls on the cigar.

LOUIE  
Same ole Frankie.

FRANKIE  
(Italian Accent)  
Now let me tell you a little story  
that happened to me when I was in  
the joint.

LOUIE  
(Fold his arms)  
Prison stories.

FRANKIE  
(Italian Accent)  
So I got a nice plate in front of  
me right! Got it from this old  
bitch I was fucking in my hay day.  
Everyone else is eating shit stew.  
Some guy from across the table  
goes...who the fuck does this guy  
think he is? Now! Everyone is the  
mess hall is looking at me like  
this, they looking at me like that.  
So I finally say what the fuck are  
you guys looking at? Everyone goes  
back to their regular schedule  
program.

Paul wipes down the bar table while the server grabs another  
drink. She puts drink on the wooden coaster.

LOUIE  
They look at you like that in the  
shower too huh?

FRANKIE  
(Italian Accent)  
A-h-h-h! Get the fuck outta here.

STEVE  
(Italian Accent)  
Right! I was gonna say that too.

FRANKIE  
(Italian Accent)  
You made one hell of a drink Lou!  
You should make one for ole time  
sake.

LOUIE  
What the fuck I look like! Your  
errand boy? I moved up the ranks.

FRANKIE  
(Italian Accent)  
Relax Lou. Didn't mean to pinch a  
nerve. Sheesh! Too much emotion at  
this fucking table.

BIRDMAN, a black man in his late 40s with a sharp tailor-made  
suit walks in with a briefcase and his body guard MAINO by  
his side.

BIRDMAN  
Did I come in at a bad time?

MR. VALENTINO  
(Italian Accent)  
No! No! Not at all. We're just  
doing a little celebrating is all.

FRANKIE  
Who's this guy?

MR. DE LUCA  
(Italian Accent)  
This is my client. Mr. Stone, how  
does it feel to be in the major  
leagues?

BIRDMAN  
Business is good so I can't  
complain.

MR. DE LUCA  
(Italian Accent)  
Yeah I noticed. Nice ole mansion  
overlooking the city now.

BIRDMAN  
Yes! And worth every penny.

MR. DE LUCA  
(Italian Accent)  
How much did you paid for that thing?

BIRDMAN  
Too much fucking money.

MR. VALENTINO  
(Italian Accent)  
You know what they say. You can't put a price tag on comfort in this life.

Frankie holds his EMPTY GLASS filled with ice.

FRANKIE  
(Italian Accent)  
Hey doll face. Can I get anotha?

The server takes the glass and walks towards the bar.

BIRDMAN  
Well I can't stay too long. I have to get back to business.

MR. VALENTINO  
(Italian Accent)  
A man about his money. I can respect it. That's how I was growing up.

MR. DE LUCA  
(Italian Accent)  
Hard to find nowadays. All these kids wanna do is sit in front of a screen.

GILLIE waits outside in the driveway of Mr. De Luca's mansion in a ROLLS ROYCE. The SPIRIT OF ECSTASY pops out the hood ordainment. Maino opens the FRONT DOOR for Birdman. Birdman stand there for a moment looking around. They pull out to the right. A BLACK SUV pulls in from the left into Costello's driveway.

INT. LOS ANGELES COUNTRY PRISON - DAY

DARIUS sits in his bed reading "THE ALCHEMIST" while a pile of other books sit on the ground. A CORRECTIONAL OFFICER walk up to the cell with WAYNE also known as (INMATE 52973).

The door opens and the officer unlocks the cuffs on Wayne's arms. Wayne walks over to his living quarters and sets up his bed with his back turned to Darius.

DARIUS  
Inmate five-two-nine-seven-three.

WAYNE  
(Turns his head)  
You talking to me?

DARIUS  
That's the numbers on your  
jumpsuit.  
(Closes his book)

WAYNE  
It's Wayne. Let's get that  
straight.

DARIUS  
Not in here. You go by the strips  
on your suit. We just numbers in  
here.

WAYNE  
Are we gonna have a problem homie?

DARIUS  
Nope, don't plan on it.

WAYNE  
Good! Cause I hope you're not one  
of those talkative motherfucker.

DARIUS  
Nah. I'm one of those self-educated  
motherfucker. Reading is  
fundamental.

WAYNE  
I see! You read a lot of book OG.

He looks at all the BOOKS on the ground.

DARIUS  
So what you in here for?

WAYNE  
I pulled a gun on an undercover  
cop.

DARIUS  
Shit! You're lucky you're not dead.



WAYNE

What about you?

DARIUS

It's a dog eat dog world and two big fish can't swim in the same pond. Everybody plays the same game. But only a few know the rules. Long story short, I went down for the man I thought had my back. Sold me out and I went down for the crime.

Another officer walks down the walkway with his night stick in his hand. He walks up to Darius's cell and taps on the CELL DOOR with the night stick.

CORRECTIONAL OFFICER

Alright Darius! Times up.

WAYNE

You getting outta here?

DARIUS

Looks that way. Lost track of time.

(Grab & throws book)

Wayne catches the book. Darius put his arms through the opening get cuffed. The officer opens the door and they walk down the cell block. Darius stands outside the facility in his civilian clothes. Darius looks back at the prison gates as the taxi pulls up. He walks up to the cab and opens the back door.

EXT. STREETS OF SOUTH CENTRAL: COMPTON - DAY

Darius rides in the back of the TAXI CAB towards his neighborhood. A few PALM TREES stand tall in the SKYLINE. A group of MEN play 5 on 5 basketball game at the LOCAL PARK. Kids play in the PARK while little girls jump rope. A guy does an drug exchange on the BLOCK. They pass the local CORNER STORE where old man walks out with a BROWN PAPER BAG with a 40oz inside it. A group of YOUNG GANGSTERS play craps against a BRICK WALL with a mural. A bunch of Luck's homies sit in their pimped out CARS in the parking lot socializing. The taxi cab passes the LENNOX CAR WASH and a LA OFFICER patting down a suspect on the block. The cab driver makes a turn and pulls into Darius' hood. Darius pays him and he walks over to a CAR sitting under a BLUE TARP. Darius pulls the tarp off revealing a CUSTOM 1971 BUICK RIVIERA LOWRIDER.

After he gets in, he reaches for the HEAD VISOR and the keys drop in his lap. He goes to fix the REAR VIEW MIRROR and notices something missing. He opens the GLOVE BOX compartment and sees a PISTOL next to his FUZZY DICE. He grabs the dice and puts it on his mirror. He cranks it and the car comes to life. The radio turns on as he give it some gas. The RADIO comes to life.

MUSIC CUE: "NIPSEY HUSSLE - HUSSLE IN THE HOUSE"

After leaving the CAR WASH. Darius has the windows down with his arm on the window nodding his head. The FUZZY DICE rock back and forth in the mirror. He cruises back through South Central. He pulls up to a RED LIGHT and a LAPD CROWN VICTORIA pulls up slowly next to him. The officers look over and the LIGHT turns green. The DAYTONA RIMS rotate as he pulls off. Darius turns into ROSCOE'S CHICKEN & WAFFLES parking lot to grab food.

INT. ROSCOE'S CHICKEN & WAFFLES - DAY

Darius sits at the TABLE eating with his arms out showing off his TATTOOS. PINKY, a young redbone in her early 20s with a few tattoos who work for a tattoo magazine in LA stares at him with her CAMERA on the table. She finally gets up with her camera and walks up to him.

PINKY

(Points)

Do you mind if I take a picture of  
your arm?

Darius looks at his ARM.

PINKY (CONT'D)

You don't talk much? Do you?

DARIUS

No, I don't...How can I help you?

PINKY

Tattoos usually have a story. I'm a  
photographer for Think Ink  
Magazine.

DARIUS

Have a seat young lady.

She sits down and pulls the camera from around her neck to place on the table.

INT. BIRDMAN'S ROLLS ROYCE / BIRDMAN'S BUSINESS - DAY

Birdman fixes his TIE. The CENTER CAP on the wheels stay stationary while the ROLLS ROYCE drives down the road. Birdman's BUSINESSES and OPERATION all over city are running at full capacity. CARGO WORKERS load up a 747 FREIGHTER CARGO PLANE. A GIANT WAREHOUSE by the docks where 10 CARGO VANS sit against the loading dock of the warehouse. A SIKORSKY S76 flies through the skyline with JADE, a young Vietnamese baddie with long jet black hair and a floral dress.

RED, a man with no emotion, tall, and muscular rides a RED NEIMAN MARCUS LIMITED EDITION MOTORCYCLE zipping through California traffic. LUCK a young skinny light-skinned man leaves a local rim shop with a new set of wheels on his brand new ESCALADE. Luck's men work on DIFFERENT CARS in the CHOP SHOP prepping, stripping, and loading them in SHIPPING CONTAINERS. MACK walks down the sidewalk, presses the key fob, and opens his car door to his YELLOW FERRARI. The D.G.I HELICOPTER lands at a HELIPORT as Jade is assisted out the helicopter by the co-pilot. She walks in her tight fancy JAPANESE DRESS and gets into a nearby BLACK LIMOUSINE. Down by the TRAIN YARD, one of Birdman's employees wearing a VEST with a clipboard in his hand with the manifest.

BIRDMAN (V/O)

After a couple years of hard work.  
I'm an icon...a legend...a ghost to  
some and a tyrant to others. It  
wasn't easy building my empire, I  
had to cut loose ends and build new  
bridges. Met some very successful  
people along the way and played my  
cards right. I can't say it was all  
sunshine and rainbows. Did bump  
into some legal troubles but my  
lawyer got me out of it. And  
now...no one can touch me. Not even  
God himself.