

KITCHEN - WIDE

The kitchen is a clutter of empty takeout containers and makeshift security - a heavy chair propped against the inside of the back door. GAGE steps in. AMARE, cold and composed, follows close behind, a pistol in his hoodie pointed at Gage.

TYRONE stands with pistol in hand, guarding the basement door, leaning on the frame like he owns the place. His gaze snaps up when Gage and Amare enter.

GAGE

Where's Virg? Both of ya'll supposed be in here guarding the basement.

TYRONE

He just went in the back knockin off some shorty.

GAGE

How the fuck she get in the house?

TYRONE

He know Demarr stay on tip so he made the bitch climb through the back window. She ain't have no bread to pay her rent so he got her earning the money the old fashion way.

GAGE

I know he ain't got no crackhead in a stash house?

TYRONE

I don't think so. She to thick to be a crackhead.

They laugh, a harsh, brittle sound that scrapes against the room.

TYRONE (CONT'D)

Who you?

GAGE

This Mare. Rah got me showing him around.

TYRONE

Ain't you supposed to be outside with Demarr guarding the front of the house?

GAGE

Yeah but the nigga got sick, so Rah wants you to come out there with me. He wants him to guard this door for now.

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TYRONE

Rah ain't told me nothing.

GAGE

Cause he told me to tell you.

TYRONE

Man I don't know.

Tyrone eyes Gage, then Amare, then drops his gaze and fumbles for his phone on the counter. The motion is slow, clumsy.