

Trick tosses a laugh at Jazzie, heads for his car. She closes the door. Amare steps into the driveway as Trick is about to back out out. The car rolls; Trick slams the brakes as Amare cuts tight in front of the bumper.

TRICK
(angry)
Watch where you goin!

AMARE
(stepping closer, a controlled
edge)
Watch where you drivin!

TRICK
You walked yo dumb ass right behind me.

Trick leans out the window.

AMARE
(humbled)
Damn you right. My bad. I wasn't paying
attention big dog. My apologies.

TRICK
You got it. .

The tension frays but Amare keeps moving, closing the gap.

AMARE
(quick, casual)
Yo, what time you got?

Trick glances at his watch – a single heartbeat's distraction. Amare snaps. He draws something cold from his pocket and locks eyes with Trick. The world tightens: idling engine, gravel underfoot, a distant dog barking.

Trick's smile dies. He freezes.

AMARE (CONT'D)
Grab yo keys and step out the car.

Trick thinks about his options momentarily.

AMARE (CONT'D)
Don't do it nigga. At this range you'll
have two to the head before back tire
touches the street.

Trick moves slowly, hands visible, and steps out. Amare levels the weapon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRICK

Bro don't I know you?

AMARE

Nah you don't know me. Empty your pockets. Now. Take off the watch, the chain - everything.

Trick swallows, fingers trembling. He unclasps jewelry, drops a wallet and a small bundle of cash. Amare keeps his voice flat, businesslike.

AMARE (CONT'D)

Now give me your keys.

TRICK

(pleading)

Please - don't take my car.