

The Rock of the Hood: The Legend of 'Shnu Dawg'

CAST: The Players, Ballers, Pimps,
Hustlers, Poppers, and Superstars:

Siegfried:	Vishnu a.k.a Shnu Dawg
Gunther:	The Dream a.k.a. Dre
Hagen:	Beanie Man a.k.a. Charlie 'Hustle'
Alberich:	Earl, the 'Goat'
Brunnhilde:	Coko a.k.a. Dazzle
Gutrune:	NeNe a.k.a. 'Candi'licious
Waltraute:	Aisha a.k.a. Soul 'Sis'
Three Norns:	First through Third 'Pe-We' dealers
Three Rhinemaidens:	Superstars Halle, Nia, and Yolanda
Bassals &: Women	Brothers, Players, Poppers, Stars from around the way
Motan:	Player Pat a.k.a. 'Silky' Draws

Check this out: This translation is my very own personal transcription of the Opera 'Twilight of the Gods' from Richard Wagner's famous Opera compilation, The Ring of the Nibelung (Andrew Porter's version). This transcription is very personal to me in that the reader will be able to visualize and feel some of the events that I experienced. Also, it allows for the interested individual, who has walked in similar basketball shoes as mine, to understand Wagner's opera on a more down to earth level. This version is meant strictly for study and entertainment; it should not be used as an operatic experience. The transcription is not word for word but allows the reader to grasp a parallel conceptual understanding of the story line. Some of the situations are made up and can just be fantasy; don't take the translation as my life story. Also, it is not a mockery of the opera and thus, there are no puns intended. As I have studied the opera, I have been able to realize its situations, theories and characters within my lifestyle and background. For instance, the assigned names given to Wagner's characters have been nicknames given to my past and present friends, enemies, and lovers. Also, the scenes occur on various basketball courts that I have played on in the past. The Rock (basketball) emulates the 'Ring'. Since this is my text, various dialects of real life English have been used (ex. ebonics) in its format. A glossary of terms (look for italicized words) for easier comprehension is included at the end. More than anything, I have compiled a highly developed entertainment guide to the opera with informal style and language. Now its time to sit back, relax, sip some lemonade and enjoy my version.

Just to let you know (PREFACE)

Prelude: On Countryside Basketball Court

It's 2 'n the morning. The sound of sneaks caressing the court and P.J. Screw bumping out the trunk of someone's candy-painted Chevy is so familiar to the hood. Three We-Go dealers appear on the scene, looking on to the late night game. They sport starched out and creased pants, color-coordinated shirts and shoes, and diamonds in their gold teeth. They are leaning up against their Cadillac parked nearby discussing business secretly. They are on lean.

1st We-Go: What's that gleamin'?

2nd We-Go: Naw, that's just some headlights.

3rd Ye-Go: Man, it's still dark. Pass me some of that drank.

2nd Ye-Go: Yeah fool

1st Ye-Go: (walking 5 feet to the basketball sidelines, and pouring some of his 40 on the concrete out of respect)

Man I use to be the baller out right chea! Thought I was gonna make it to the Pro-court, Inshalla. This sip is for 'Silky'. Ya'll remember him off of 5th ward. He used to do brothers on the courts. That fool could shoot that rock too, dawg. That boy played for A-town on that \$115 mill contract, getting paid. Remember they found out 'bout that ceefa he was smokin'. He fucked up, man. A year later, he was playin' in the minors till he pulled his groin. I haven't seen him since. We use to kick it hard.

2nd Ye-Go: Man, that boy was cold, dawg! I tried to guard him one time. All he did was put them Nike signs on my forehead. Brother would be doing 360's, windmills, and shit. Cool ass negro, always cuttin' for me when them haters would try to jack me for my gold. He was a good student, too. Talking bout he was gonna be the first black president. That boy was always preachin' 'bout religion. It's so fucked up what money and fame will do to ya. I ain't complaining though. I'm still makin' my green, and I'll always be the same old G. Here let me pour some of this shit out on the slab for him.

3rd Ye-Go: Man, now he runs that club 'Chocolate Town' on the Northside. But he be messin' with the wrong type of brothas runnin' illegalized snow, but makin' millions in the process. Man, he be trustin' too many people with that shit. He gonna get played if he don't watch out! I think some shit's 'bout to go down about that beef with Too Short.

1st Ye-Go: Damn, is that the laws?

2nd Ye-Go: You're trippin'. Speakin' of man, that boy Silky should have never put Short in the pen, man. He don't know who he dealin' with.

3rd Ye-Go: Yeah, let me pour some liquor on the slab for that boy.

1st Ye-Go: I tell ya one thing, that boy gave a lot of us hope, boy. Damn shame, another one

part of this system. Now it's nothin' but scrubs on this court. Shit will never be the same like back in the day when we use to run these courts.

2nd He-He: Whatever dawg, my boy Shnu dawg got some skills, and he fixin' to wreck shop if he keeps his mind right. Just pass that boy the rock and ya'll find out. He'll make it to the Pro's.

3rd He-He: Whatever man, I got to go get some dough from Loqueisha, she workin 3rd street fool. Close the trunk and let's roll.

They all leave the scene in the 'Tar, jammin' Screw on their Pioneer 12 inch speakers.

It's 2 'n the evening. The sun is scorching down. Almost everybody in Houston is chillin, watchin' Jerry Springer on C.H. The rising hood star, Shnu Dawg is smothering in heat, practicing his jay from the 3-point line at Creekside Pavillion. He's got on the new Allen Iverson basketball shoes, and the Nick Van Exel, Lakers jersey. Between his hand, he massages the old grip-less, leather-face of the Rock in a rolling cyclical pattern. Coko enters the scene, talking passionately to her man. She's wearing some new Nike sneaks with a sport's bra and University of Texas basketball shorts that she borrowed from her man.

Coko: (Reminiscing in desire). Say beau, last night was the bomb! We had it goin' on in the back seat of your Regale. We straight knocked them springs right out! Let me know if you need some more sugar.

Shnu: Yeah, you know it girl. I got to keep it real! You had it goin on, for real, with them strawberries and whipped cream. But you know I need you there for me. I love ya. You're my heart and soul. You gotta let me know if you ever need anything.

Coko: (Playfully stealing the basketball)
Baby, I'm so glad you saved me from that house and let me move in with you. Just that alone shows me your love. That house is crazy with my momma struttin' all her stuff for those perverted men who visit. You know I love ya for that and always will.

Shnu: (Playfully, and flirting with childlike affection). Baby, hand me that rock. It means a lot to me. Did you know I won it from Magic Johnson at his hoop conference contest when I was 12?

Coko: (Laughing and shooting the ball with unbalanced coordination. She makes the

basket, and then turns with prideful, enchanting eyes to her lover.) I heard the stories honey, but you still can't handle me!

Shuu: (with sarcasm and licking his lips as he stares her up and down)

You're probably right 'bout that.

(They both laugh at this seductive gesture as Dazzle shows her shy nature with her dazzling roko eyes)

Say girl, you know I got to go down to Alief. My homies are talkin' 'bout hustling some chumps for some change. (Dazzle sighs in disapproval). Don't trip baby and give me that look, you know I need the cheese to buy some groceries for you and I. We ain't got nothing in the icebox at the crib. Let me go out and do my thang. Is that all right with you?

Coko: Yeah, you know I'm down for you. I just get worried sometimes about the thugs out there. I'll be chillin with my sis, Aisha. Just hit me on the pager when you need me. Remember, 929-~~COKO~~!

Shuu: (Seeing his homeboy Kid Sid roll up in the Geo Tracker, decked out ghetto style.

Kid Sid starts honkin' for him to come)

Slow your roll, Sid. I'm comin'! (He turns back to Coko)

Girl, keep this rock. I want you to have it. You know you are everything to me. I would even give this up for you! My mom told me me one thang before she died and only now, with you in my life, I feel her on this. "If I were your teardrop I would roll down your face and onto your lips; but if you were my teardrop, I would never blink!" (Kisses her delicately as if he tastes rose pedals. Then he turns away and shouts to Kid Sid to hold up while running after him. He swings the candy-painted door and they roll off into the gleaming sun)

Coko: (gazing with pleasure and solitude between the Rock and her departing lover, respectively. She shouts.)

Bye baby! Do well and be safe please!

(Now eternal loneliness looms over her body. Yet, she is pleased that she has the very best of her lover. She realizes that this is the best thing she has ever attained in

her pathetic excuse for a life. Slowly she bounces the Rock in (Heffa bliss)
Now, I have your heart. What more can I ask for?

Act One

Alief Pavillion Court- Rust metal backboards and slightly bent rims weaken the effectiveness of the unskilled. Only the big time players can come here to test their stamina. Mess around on this side of town and you might end up with bullets, laying in the gutter somewhere. It's all about pride!

Scene 1- The Dream appears on the scene along with Beanie Man. NeNe, Dre's sister, also came along to watch the ballers perform. It is early and no one is at the court yet except for some kids. As Dre is stretching out, the Beanie Man is conversating with him from the edge of the court.

The Dream: (With pride) Who's the man? I'm even better than Michael Jordan.

Charlie Hustle: Dawg, I wish I was taller so I can be as good as you. Damn mama for giving you all the good genes.

The Dream: Whatever, bro! At least you have the good grades. You need to keep your mind in them books.

Charlie Hustle: (Downplaying the praise by switching the subject). Say fool, you need to try to holla at some of these females that come to the courts. On the real, I think I know one girl you can get at.

The Dream: Yeah, like who?

Charlie Hustle: That girl everybody calls Dazzle. That yellow bone is fine as hell, and I bet she would probably try to hit you up if you play your cards right.

The Dream: I'll think 'bout it. You know how I start to slip every single time I'm around a sexy star.

Charlie Hustle: I think I know somebody that might hook you up bro.

The Dream: Who?

Charlie Hustle: That fool Shnu Dawg from around the way. He's a player for real. He knows a lot of these hoes.

The Dream: What makes you think that he's got more ladies than me?

Charlie Hustle: (With sarcasm) Brother, please. That fool is a basketball star, he even showed me his autographed Magic Johnson rock that he won. Whoever holds that rock is invincible on the basketball court.

The Dream: He won that competition from back in the day?

Charlie Hustle: Yes sir, and ever since then these ladies be flockin' to him.

The Dream: So you think he can holla at that girl.

Charlie Hustle: With no work!

The Dream: What makes you think he would want to help me out.

Charlie Hustle: I heard he's got a thang for your sister but never tried to holla. You can hook them up.

'Candi'licious: Fuck you Beanie. Why you got to play with me like that? You know he wouldn't want to talk to me.

Charlie Hustle: (leaning over to NeNe's ear from behind her) Remember that purple chronic in the trunk. Trust me, you can play with him with that shit. He'll come right at cha. (moving slightly away from NeNe and addressing both of his relatives) Wait till that fool shows up here. We'll give him something to smoke on.

'Candi'licious: (Addressing Beanie) I'm glad mamma gave one of us the brains. (Reaches out and gives him a hug).

The Dream: So you say he'll come here.

Charlie Hustle: Don't worry about it, I set it up for a hustle game. Just put a little money to loose on the table. As a matter of fact, he's on his way.

Scene 2- Shnu Dawg and Kid Sid roll up on the parking lot. Beanie Man, dressed in his silk suit, goes out to greet them.

Charlie Hustle: What's up fool! (Beanie man gives both of them the player's hand shake as Dre looks on. Dre is preparing to meet the rumored Shnu-Dawg. They approach the basketball court)

Shnu: Say, where's this fool Dre I hear so much about.

The Dream: Lookin' for me!

Shnu: Yeah, I'm lookin for ya. I hear you're the star on this side of town. People even talking bout some Inshalla deal you got goin' on. So what's up with them pro scouts. You think you can hook me up, partner!

The Dream: We'll see, It all depends on what you can do for me, homie. So what's up, you just gonna stand there or are you gonna play with the big tymers out here! (Passing Shnu Dawg a basketball).

Shnu: Yeah, I can kick it with ya'll fools till the real competition shows up (in jest). (Now turning to Beanie) Say, how did you know who I was?

Charlie Hustle: I hear the rumors, fool.
(While Siegfried is playing one on one basketball with Dre, Beanie walks to his ride along with NeNe)

(Both Dre and Shnu Dawg are talking trash back and forth)

The Dream: Your mamma dresses you funny. (As he slides by Shnu with a crossover dribble for the easy lay up)

Shnu: You can't fade me! (jumping in the air with an incredible turnaround fade-away shot and making it)

The Dream: You can't see me, get your vision checked, fool.

Shnu: I'll give you something to see, my highlight reels.

The Dream: Punk, I do chumps like you every day. (Blocking Shnu Dawg's attempted dunk)

Shnu: Watch this! (Quickly stealing the ball from Dre and bringing the ball from behind his back for the easy lay in).

The Dream: Please, do you know who I am? (Shooting the outside open 3-pointer and making it).

Shnu: Raise off my nuts bitch! (Shnu Dawg takes to the air with a 360 clocked slam dunk to end the game)

The Dream: Yeah, whatever, you just got lucky!

Shnu: And you know this.

The Dream: Ho Beanie, give him that \$1000 bill fool.

Charlie Hustle: (Handing him the \$1000) Here you go playa. Go get yourself some new gear to wear. Say, by the way I heard you won some Nikes in that contest.

Shnu: Yeah, I left them at some court on accident. They ain't worth shit anyway because they lost all their grip.

Charlie Hustle: I heard you also won Magic's old jersey. You know if you wear that thing, it makes you look bigger.

Shnu: Yeah, but why would I need to look bigger. See I even beat Dre, and he's a lot bigger than me.

Charlie Hustle: So what else did you win?

Shnu: Just an autographed old basketball.

Charlie Hustle: And where is that rock?

Shnu: I gave it to this girl I cut for.

The Dream: Man, I can't believe you beat me. I'll look in on that scouting agent for ya, playa.

(NeNe reappears on the court, dressed in some cut shorts and a tight fit safin white shirt with no bra underneath. Her ass is all stickin' out along with her chest. In her hand she's got some purple chronic rolled up in a plastic bag.)

'Candi'licious: (Addressing Shnu Dawg) Hey, what's up! I'm Dre's sister. Here's some special chronic. My bro want's you to smoke with us. Can you dig it?

Shnu: Yeah, girl. I'll smoke with ya'll. You know I can't be disrespectful.
(Takes a toke on the reefa, and then all of a sudden is feeling it in his lungs and chest. As the smoke blows on its way to his mind, he starts to forget things, especially about Coko. All of a sudden, he's is struck with an urge to converseate with NeNe)
Say Dre, what's your sister's name? (Saying this real slowly)

The Dream: NeNe

Shnu: What's up girl, can I talk to you for a minute, or are you gonna stand there and act shy. (NeNe, all embarrassed runs away into the parking lot).

(Shnu Dawg addresses Dre) So what's up, you got a girl?

The Dream: Na man, there's this one yellow bone from around the way, but I don't think she's interested.

Shnu: Man whatever, I probably know her too. Why you got to say all that?

The Dream: Man I heard she's a superstar and I heard you got to approach her with some fight lyrics to catch her attention. I don't know if I can risk my pride in that shit!

Shnu: Let me know who she is fool. She can't be that tight! I'll help ya out.

The Dream: Then hook me up with that girl Dazzle I hear so much about.

Shnu: (Not recognizing what he's doing because of the effects from the special marijuana)
Yeah, I'll holla at that girl for ya when I go back to my hood. Let me holla at your sister then, fool.

The Dream: Yeah, for sure, here's NeNe's cell number (passing a slip of paper with the phone # written on it.) But how are you gonna hook me and that yellow bone up.

Shnu: Man, I'll just wear my jersey to look as big as you and then ill wear a hat and some fake facial hair to hide out. Then, I'll say some sweet lyrics to make her knees weak, fool.

The Dream: All right then, let's swear to it. If you fuck this up, you get the bullet. And if I try to trick you, then I'll get my fate too. (They both smoke to it)

Shnu: Man, I got to go. It's getting late and I got to work in the morning. Let me see if I can catch that yellow bone for ya tonight.

The Dream: All right then playa, keep it real!

Shnu: For sure! (Shnu Dawg leaves with Kid Sid who has been playing with some chumps on a side court nearby the entire time)

'Candi'licious: (Coming back from the parking lot) Did Shnu leave? Why so soon?

Charlie Hustle: Because he wanted to bring that yellow-bone to your bro. Don't worry girl, he got your digits before he left. He was anxious to get them too.

'Candi'licious: That's my man. (in admiration)

Charlie Hustle: (Aside to himself) Man, if Shnu brings Coko to Dre, then I can get that rock and be a basketball star. These fools just don't know what I have in store. (Laughing in self merriment)

Scene 3- Back on Countryside Basketball Court, Dazzle has come back to the court in hopes of finding her man Shnu Dawg. She sits on the sidelines staring at the rock thinking of him. She hears the song '4 page letter' approaching her from out someone's car stereo

Coko: I wonder who that could be?

Aisha: (from the distance) Dazzle! Coko! Where are ya?

Coko: That's my sister. Aisha, I'm over here! What did you come here for?

Aisha: I needed to talk to you sis.

Coko: Say you know, even though mamma and papa don't like me and kicked me out of the house, I'm happy girl. I've got a real man and he takes care of me proper like. So, you can save your pity for someone else.

Aisha: I snuck away from Pat's house just to come speak to you girl. So, stop being so silly.

Coko: You sound like you're worried sis. I guess that means Papa didn't forgive me for dropping out of school.

Aisha: Some things are more important than getting in trouble with Dad.

Coko: What's more important? Are you O.K.?

Aisha: That house is all fucked up man, and it's getting worse.

Coko: Like what?

Aisha: Dad lost his job and started drinking a lot. You know about that. Then mama cheated on Dad with another man because Dad was treating her wrong. Now everything is fucked up. And our sister's and bro's are all talkin' bout leaving our house. But our family has had that property for about 100 years now. I don't want to lose that. We've already got some man from the bank threatening to take it away from us.

Coko: After Dad kicked me out, I don't care any more. The brother's and sisters can take care of themselves. Besides, I'm tired of that place anyways.

Aisha: At least for me, sis, do what I tell ya. Throw that rock away. (Pointing at the old rock) I talked to a psychic and she told me that if you don't throw it away, something real bad will happen. (All lies)

Coko: Whatever girl, you're trippin'! Do you know what this means to me. My bean left it for me as a token of his love. But then again, you've never been in love so you must be jealous.

Aisha: All right then, don't listen. Shuu Dawg was trying to talk to one of my home girls, NeNe, the other day. I'm telling you, that brotha ain't about shit. You better watch

out before you get played. I'm out of here! (She leaves)

Coko: Yeah, go ahead and walk away you scandalous girl. Nobody is going to steal my man from me. This rock is mine. (She sees a car roll up. Thinking it is Shnu, she runs out to greet him only to end up disappointed that it isn't him) (She realizes that Shnu is not coming to get her like he said he would on the phone. Now, she begins to believe in what her sister, Aisha said was true. Why would her loving sister make up such an elaborate tale?)

Shnu: (A loud voice coming from the window of the suburban) Say girl, are you the one they call Dazzle?

Coko: Yeah, that's me. Who want's to know?

Shnu: (Disguised as Dre, with a low basketball logo fitted hat on, some makeup for facial hair, and wearing the old Lakers jersey). Don't you know baby. I'm the man, girlfriend. But you can call me Dre

Coko: Yeah so

Shnu: So let me talk to you for a minute!

Coko: (In revolt against her current boyfriend, she walks over to the window of the candy painted suburban) Yeah, wuz up!

Shnu: Say listen, I'm not going to try and impress you girl. I just wanted to let you know that I've been watching you for a while, and I can see you're heart is in dismay. My only hope in this world is to bring you a brighter day. I see you around all the time. Finally, I've come correct and approached you about this passion of mine. So don't let me down girl, let me take you out to eat at least tonight. Could I please borrow a little bit of your precious time? That's all I ask for, sweet lady.

Coko: (She soaks all this in. At the same time, she hurts from the fact that Shnu left her there in the cold when he said he'd be there around 9 p.m. She wonders if Shnu is out creeping with that other female, NeNe. Jealousy, hatred, and hurt all fill her heart all of a sudden) If you shoot this shot from half court, then I'll be yours.

Shnu: I don't know if I can, but I'll try. (He gets out of the car and they both walk

towards the basketball court. He laces his shoes up, dribbles the ball around a little bit and then approaches the half court line. Nervous, he calms himself with a deep breath as Dazzle looks at him with innocence. He takes two steps and then pushes the ball forward in a perfect cyclical pattern. The ball falls onto the rim and rolls around. They both watch in awe. Then the ball falls slowly through the net.)

Yeah, who's the man? (Dancing and chanting in response to his accomplishment).

Coko: Damn, I was just playin'. I didn't think that you would really make that.

Shnu: Yeah but I did girl. So what's up. Are you gonna let this Casanova wine and dine you, or are you gonna play me for a fool?

Coko: Naw, I stick to my word. I guess I'll have to go with you. But, you get only one chance to make it right. So you better not fuck up. Don't take me for a sister who likes to eat at JHOJ. (she gathers her stuff and they both walk off together towards the car).

Shnu: (As they are walking away, they are talking) So what kind of food you like? Chinese? Italian? Mexican? It's all good, girl. Don't worry I got plenty of ends to satisfy you. Whatever you need, I'm going to handle it!

Later on that night Shnu Dawg switches places with Dre in the bathroom of the 69 motel room. Before he leaves, he informs Dre of the poetry that he sung to attain such a female as Dazzle so that Dre would know where he stood in the process. He gives Dre the keys to Dre's Suburban that he borrowed earlier in the day for the project. Also, he steals the enchanting rock autographed by Magic Johnson. However, he still is not aware of its magical powers. Slowly he slithers out the window of the bathroom and disappears off into the streetlights with his extra .45 gun just in case the jackers from around the way try to mess with him.

ACT 2

Scene 1- The scene takes place at Alief Pavilion Court. It is about 3 in the morning. No one insane is up, especially in this part of the hood. Only the hustlers, pimps, hoers, and addicts roam the streets fiending for their desire whether it be money or pleasure. The basketball court is completely dark except for a little light coming from a small lamp in the corner bathroom of the pavilion. No one is at the courts, except for one dreadful plotting soul, Charlie Hustle. He is reclining on a bench thinking to himself as his infamous father Earl 'the Goat' appears on the scene.

Earl: Why you still awake boy?

Charlie Hustle: What's goin' on Earl?

Earl: Have you been thinkin 'bout what I told you?

Charlie Hustle: Yeah

Earl: Remember 'bout what I told you 'bout the rock. If you possess that rock, you will make it to the pros and everyone else will hate you in envy. Damn, Player Pat stole that rock from me and gave it to Magic Johnson. That's how Magic went to the pros and became so popular, and I was left here to kick boots in the dust. Everybody knows about me son. Everybody knew I should have made it to that Lakers team in 1984. There was only one spot left on that team and Magic Johnson got it because of that rock. Fuck him, and fuck all of Player Pat's family and click. We're goin' to rise once again, boy. You heard me?

Charlie Hustle: Don't stress. I got it all covered. Once Shmu hooks my boy Dre and that yellow bone Dazzle up, then I can easily get that rock from her. Even if I have to force my gat down her throat, I'll get that rock. And then, everybody will recognize this baller in the mix. They said I was too short to play and they would laugh at me when I would want to run a pickup game with them. Watch out, man. They don't know nan. I'm 'bout to make a come up! Soon, I'll be the one clownin'!

Earl: Alright then kid. I see you got your priorities straight. Don't flex over it too much. Get some sleep. You're gonna need it. Just promise me you'll pay them back for me.

Charlie Hustle: Shit, I'm in this for me. And if it brings all of them hoers down, then you can join me and we'll blaze up to our success!

Scene 2- The next day on the same Alief Pavillion Court. The time is about 5 p.m. This is when the true ballers come out to test their handles and shots on the court. You have to have real money to play out here. None other than Charlie Hustle dominates the gambling of these courts. Everybody knows Dre on these courts. If Dre steps on this basketball court with his Reeboks on, then it's pretty much all over. Only the bravest and the loyal come here to play in Dre's presence. Recently, there has been lots of talk about top pro recruiters attending the processions of the court to watch Dre play. There is about 25 people waiting to play pickup games on the 4 available courts. The Hustlers, Gangsters, and Pimps are all either leaning on or in their candy-painted cars with chromed out rims. Everybody is jammin' some sort of screw tape in their radio. There are also a lot of females around, ranging from superstars to boppers to hoers. In this situation there is a lot of macking going on.

Shmu: (Shmu Dawg, dressed in his cheap Dre imitation, appears with his homies out of nowhere on to the scene.)

What's up Beanie Man?

Charlie Hustle: Man, I didn't think you would want to come back on this side of town, playa.

Shmu: Yeah, well you know I had to take care of some business for my man Dre.

Charlie Hustle: I see you trying to look like my boy Dre. So you hooked Dre up with that girl, Coko.

Shmu: You know how I do it. Where's that fine lady NeNe?

Charlie Hustle: Say NeNe, come over here. (Shouting across the court)

(NeNe appears anxiously. She is smiling as she approaches Shmu Dawg and Beanie)

'Candi'licious: Whats up?

Shmu: Say girl, I hooked your brother up with that girl Coko. So, now it's me and you babe!

'Candi'licious: For real?

Shmu: Now you're my girl.

'Candi'licious: So, Dazzle is with my bro?

Shmu: You know this!

'Candi'licious: But my brother couldn't have hollered at her, he's too shy!

Shmu: Yeah, so I hollered at her instead, looking like your brother.

'Candi'licious: She didn't recognize you?

Shnu: I'm the master of disguise. (With a cocky attitude)

'Candi'licious: But she wanted you. Did you sleep with her? (In confusion, and anger)

Shnu: Wait a minute babe, you know I wouldn't do that to you. In the middle of the night, me and Dre switched places back at the motel without her knowing. I let you're brother know what I told her so far and he handled it with ease. You're brother's a pro. Then I went back to my crib and slept. The first thing I did today was to come here to see you. You should be happy!

'Candi'licious: I'm happy. But I'm scared of you, boy!

Charlie Hustle: Wait, I think I see Dre's Suburban pulling up in the parking lot.

Shnu: See, what did I tell ya. I bet he brought Dazle with him.

'Candi'licious: Let's go see what's goin' on with them. (She starts to walk away towards the Suburban)

Shnu: (Grabbing her arm from behind and holding her tight in a swaying motion. She likes this sudden affectionate gesture, and she giggles with approval.) Leave them alone, you nozy girl. Come over here and chill with me. (Leading her to a nearby bench while still clasping to her from behind) They'll come over here. Who knows what those two lovebirds are doing up in that ride.

Scene 3-

Charlie Hustle: (Beanie Man runs on to the basketball court and interrupts the current game in which most of Dre's Southwest H-town click is playing basketball. He furthers his attention by stealing the ball and not allowing the other homeboys to play)

(Out of enthusiasm and with attitude) Give me that ball!

All, Hus, Pop, etc.: (Not all simultaneously, one by one) What the fuck Beanie? Get the fuck off the court? Raise up off the court, man! Give me that ball! You better stop trippin' before I get my fuckin' gat! (Other hustlers, and hoes from the sidelines join the scene to see what's going on. Curiosity intrigues the entire group)

Charlie Hustle: Say bitches, shut the fuck up and listen to what I have to say.

Al, Hus, Pop, etc.: (Only one at a time) This better be quick, fool. We tryin' to make some real money!

Charlie Hustle: (With pride and jest) You bitches wouldn't see real money even if I flashed it before your eyes! (Flashing his diamond studded Rolex watch in front of the players) Now listen to what the fuck I got to say.

Al, Hus, Pop, etc.: (In awe of the watch, one by one) That's clean, man! Where did you get that ho? You been pushing stones once again, Beanie?

Charlie Hustle: A true hustler never reveals his secrets. Now shut up and listen. It's about our boy Dre.

Al, Hus, Pop, etc.: (In panic, one by one showing their devotion) What the fuck happened? Did them Northside fools get at him? Man, let's ride and get at them hoers? Did them five-O's mess with him?

Charlie Hustle: Naw, man. Nothing like that.

Al, Hus, Pop, etc.: (Only one) Then what's gain' down?

Charlie Hustle: That boy Shuu Dawg came through for him! He hooked Dre up with that girl, Dazzle. Ya'll remember her. That fine ass yellow bone from around the way! She could be a fuckin' supermodel like Halle Berry. Man, our dawg got a 'boofi'full girl now fellas. Lucky motherfucker!

Al, Hus, Pop, etc.: (Another one) That's tight, fool! But why the fuck you got to interrupt our game. You could have told us that later.

Charlie Hustle: Yeah, but Dre just pulled up with Dazzle. We need to go check our homeboy out. At least, we need to smoke somethin' to that shit!

Al, Hus, Pop, etc.: (Agreeing with each other, one by one) Man let's go out to the parking lot. Yeah, let me holla at my boy Dre. That's my dawg, makin' a come up in this world!

They all head out to the parking lot, stoppin' by their cars to get the weed to smoke to. The scene is thick with smoke as one by one the players start to blaze up the greenery. Cadillacs, Benzes, Chevrolet droptops and Navigators fill the parking lot with that A-town music. Neon lights and chrome grills and rims illuminate the parking lot.

Scene 4- Dre sees his homeboys causing havoc in the parking lot and steps out of the

Suburban to greet them. The brotherly love he receives by the players one by one overwhelms him. He never knew he was this important. He is grinning with a smile upon his face. In his mind he thinks, 'Today is a good day'.

Al, Hus, Pop, etc.: (One by one, giving Dre praise and the player's handshake) What's up Dre? We heard 'bout you! I see you trying to make a come up. Can I just say, she's lovely fool.

The Dream: Yeah man, you know I'm the man! She's the bomb, isn't she? (Looking for approval and receiving it) Man, ya'll just don't know. She's the essence of flawlessness. Ya'll brothers better treat her right or you'll hear from me!

Al, Hus, Pop, etc.: (Only one) That's my dawg!

The Dream: (Dre and Dazzle approach the basketball court followed by the others. Dre spots Shnu Dawg leaning on the park bench with his sister on his lap and starts to approach them with his new girlfriend) Say fool, what's up? (Giving Shnu dab) I see you with my sis. It's all gravy baby! Shnu Dawg and NeNe, Dre and Coko!

Coko hears this and turns around only to realize that her ex-boyfriend is holding another female. And even as much as she refused to believe the rumors, the view affirms her deepest fears. Sorrow melts her heart as she loses her composure and pushes Dre away to the point where he is no longer touching her. Some of Dre's homeboys are observing the scenery at the same time still smoking on that greenery.

Al, Hus, Pop, etc.: (Only one) What the fuck is wrong with her? Why she trippin' all of a sudden?

Shnu: Say girl, what's wrong with you?

Coko: You with her? (Puzzled)

Shnu: Yeah, this is my girl, NeNe.

Coko: Don't act like you don't know me, you triflin ho! I can't believe this is happening to me! (She grows very excited, and all of a sudden, she faints and falls to the ground)

Shnu: Man, hold you're girl up before she hurts herself! (Quickly noticing to Dre)

Coko: (Regaining her consciousness and seeing the rock underneath Shnu's arm) That's my rock! Shnu Dawg!

Al, Hus, Pop, etc.: (Only one) What the hell is goin' on?

Charlie Hustle: Man, she's got something on her mind, players. Let her speak!

Coko: I've been looking for that ball, and I remembered seeing Dre steal that ball from me. So how did you get it?

Shnu: I don't know what the fuck you talkin' 'bout! This is my rock!

Coko: (Looking at Dre, angrily) If you stole that ball from me, you better get that back from him!

The Dream: I didn't give him anything! Do you know what you saying?

Coko: (Still looking at Dre) So, what did you do with my rock? (Looking to the crowd) Now, I know! (Pointing at Shnu) You stole that from me! Don't lie!

Shnu: (Getting a firm grip of the rock) Man, I don't know what you saying. I didn't steal this! Ya'll know, I won this in that Magic Johnson shout-out competition back in the day. Everybody knows about that.

The Dream: Say baby, do you realize what you saying? If you're straight with this, then there's nothing else to talk about. Shnu fucked up and he'll get the gat.

Coko: Yeah, I'm damn sure! How can all ya'll sit here and see this shit goin' on? Fuck all of ya'll!

'Candi'licious: He didn't do you wrong! (In defense of her man)

Coko: (Talking to herself) First he leaves me and now he's goin' to act shady. Kill that bastard!

The Dream: Calm down!

Coko: Fuck all of ya'll! That brother was my man. We fucked only 2 nights ago!

Shnu: Bitch please! She don't know what the fuck she's talkin' 'bout! I've been chillin' on this side of town with my homeboy Dre for the last 3 days or so! If you don't think so, I left my basketball sneakers at Dre's house day before yesterday. Ya'll know I wouldn't go no where without access to my one and true love.

Coko: Whatever, he's probably got other shoes to play basketball in, anyways!

Pl, Aus, Pop, etc.: Man, did you fuck that girl?

The Dream: Tell me this shit isn't for real! She's lying, isn't she?

Pl, Aus, Pop, etc.: Yeah fool, you better swear on a gat!

Shnu: Give me a fuckin' gat! I'll show you I'm for real.

Charlie Hustle: Man, here's my gat. Put it in your mouth and swear that if you lie that bullet will dig deep in your chest sooner or later.

Shnu: Give me that fuckin' ho. (He does as Beanie Man suggests) This is my word!

Coko: Fuck you, you trillin' ho! That bullet's goin' to get at ya, you best believe it!

M, Hus, Pop, etc.: That's some real shit!

Shnu: Dre, look after your girl. How can you let her call you out like that? (Pulling Dre to the side) I guess my disguise wasn't complete! Don't worry 'bout it, she'll stay with you when all is said and done. (Addressing everybody once again) Man, she's just fired from all that work my boy Dre put in last night (laughing in spite). Come on, some one pass me some sticky green and let's blaze to my new prospect in the parking lot. (Indicating to NeNe)

They all follow Shnu slowly but surely. Coko stays behind in sorrow. Also, Charlie Hustle and the Dream stay behind deep in thought about the recent events.

Scene 5-

Coko: (In sorrow and self-pity) How can he do that to me? I loved him. That was my man. I gave him my heart and soul, and I thought he gave me his by giving me the rock. Who can help me now?

Charlie Hustle: Don't worry about it girl. I feel your pain. I can help ya get revenge!

Coko: On who?

Charlie Hustle: That lying bastard!

Coko: You can't mess with him. Do you know who that is? Did you see the kind of games he played with me. He's too strong for ya!

Charlie Hustle: But he gave his word on my gat.

Coko: Nowadays, word ain't shit. You got to have better plans to mess with him.

Charlie Hustle: I know he's the man on the basketball court, and he rolls tight with his crew. But, I know I can trick that fool. He'll fall to my gat.

Coko: Yeah, but I know for a fact that if he's on the basketball court, you can't fuck with him because his boys will be around protecting him.

Charlie Hustle: You tryin' to say I can't handle this.

Coko: Naw, I'm just saying you got to get him away from the basketball court. He's pretty much invincible on the court.

Charlie Hustle: My gat can take care of its business. Location? Don't worry 'bout it. I got this shit handled.

(Facing Dre) Bro, get up and help your beautiful girl. Don't worry, now you got her. That's what counts.

The Dream: Man, I can't believe it! (Still in shock from the previous events)

Charlie Hustle: I know.

Coko: (Pointing at Dre) You're just a coward. How can I be with someone who doesn't even give a fuck about what that shiesty punk did to me. You don't love me! You're nobody!

The Dream: Come on girl. Don't say all that! I'm still in shock too. That fool swore that he won't fuck with our agreement. I think he screwed me.

Charlie Hustle: You damn right he screwed you! That bitch has to die or else both of you are just goin' to be some tricks all your life. It's all about respect.

The Dream: His life!

Charlie Hustle: That's the only thing to reclaim your pride.

The Dream: But we swore on some chronic. We're supposed to be brothers.

Charlie Hustle: He called that shit off. His guts must pay with this bullet. (pulling a bullet out of his gat)

The Dream: He called it off?

Charlie Hustle: My messin' with you.

The Dream: He fucked me?

Coko: Both of ya'll got me caught up in this drama. And both of you don't seem to give a damn about the way I feel! Something has to be done, so I can at least hold my face high once again.

Charlie Hustle: (To Dre secretly) I'll smoke that fool and you can get a hold of the rock and Inshalla powers, bro.

The Dream: (whispering back) Coko's rock!

Charlie Hustle: The Magic Johnson autographed rock. The one and only.

The Dream: (Now back to both of them) So you want to handle this. We've come to the conclusion.

Charlie Hustle: He's finito, bro!

The Dream: But my little sis loves that fool! I can't do that to that fool.

Coko: Shut up! She stole him from me with her wicked shit! She doesn't deserve him. Fuck her!

The Dream: Watch out girl! That's my sister. But since he hurt you, I can't let this shit pass. I think I love you girl! I'll revenge you! But Beanie's got to do this dirt secretly because I don't have rage enough to hurt my younger sister's heart. That girl's been through a lot already. If I take his life, then I can never be her brother again.

Charlie Hustle: That's for real. I'll take care of it. We'll do this murder Friday night (the next day) when we're at Chocolate Town. (club on the Northside of Houston) With all those strobe lights on the dance floor, he won't know what him and his homies can't watch his back either. And believe me, I'll find a reason for him to dance on that wood. (Talking to himself in laughter) Watch, I'll get my revenge too!

All three of them discuss Beanie's plans even further. Anger, frustration, and self pity still preside over the trio. Something big is about to go down. The plot is larger than all three. Murder! Redrum! 187! 6 feet deep! Whatever you might call it. They all know its magnificence and start to take on some reefa to clear their fear-clogged throats and minds. Even with all this stress, they all follow the based out sounds out to the parking lot to take part of the ghetto masquerade.

ACT 3

Scene 1- Outside the club Chocolate-town, the superstars Halle, Nia, and Yolanda stand in a group by themselves. They have just climbed out of a black stretch Rolls Royce with the original white-wall wheels. It is Friday night. These superstars are praised by all of the players across H-town. They

move together everywhere they roll to. All of them stay in the rich side of town, River Oaks. It is quite odd to see all of them at this thuggish club. Their power is quite forceful. If one were to slightly mess with her hair with her hand, men who watch in admiration would fall to the ground from the seductive gesture. A lot of men would pee in their pants when they are spoken to from the voluptuous lips of a superstar. They can't handle it. Only the players with the tightest, cleanest, freshest poetry can attain enough strength to bare the enchanting witch-like powers from these superstars. They are known as superstars because when the players lay down at night to sleep they gaze up at the superstars in the sky and dream of these women. They all have been asked by the club manager to dance inside the steel cages inside the club. The steel cages are located next to each other and are all mounted on a platform about 3 feet higher than the dance floor. Everybody knows they get paid top dollar everywhere they go. Players from all around H-town attend the nightlife at Chocolate-town just to view the refined lines of these beautiful creatures sway to the beats mixed by Houston's very own personal Dee-Jay Madd Hatta. The three take their places around 10:00 p.m.

(Simultaneously as they are dancing, they converse.)

Halle: Damn girl these cages are filthy!

Nia: Yeah, but old boy is goin' to pay us some real paper tonight.

Holanda: Yeah, It's definitely worth it!

Halle: These people are disgusting! Look, everybody's wearing starched out jeans and gold teeth. Aggh!

Nia: Stop complaining, you never appreciate things!

Holanda: For real, ever since that old basketball was stolen from Wilt Chamberlain's House and we lost our jobs as his personal secretaries, you've been mad at the entire world.

Halle: Whatever! Wilt Chamberlain is the greatest basketball player ever. And each of us got almost \$5 million each just for attending to the house. We use to be able to drive all of his 34 cars, and stay at the finest resorts across America. Damn this shit!

Nia: Yeah, we had it good, but we lost it!

Holanda: Yeah, we should have never let that character Earl 'the Goat' steal the rock from us. Our only job was to protect that basketball because that basketball was the one he scored his 10,000 record setting points in Inshalla.

Nia: Yeah, but we can't gloat over it now. I need this money to get my nails done.

Hopefully one day we can find that rock again. Maybe, we can trick one of these so-called players to find and give it to us!

Halle: Fuck, we had it good! (In self denial of her current situation)

The crowd on the dance floor starts to part slightly as none other than Shuu Dawg and his click enter followed by Dre, Charlie Hustle and the Southwest crew. They are all ushered to a special reserved section with 4 tables off into the corner. Only the highly respected can evoke this honor from the club owner. Their ladies are nowhere to be found. The player's rule is that you never bring your girl to the club just in case you find something else (another prospect) to be able to please you through the night. If not, you can always revert to your girl for attention. This rule is understood. Soon, many stars (not superstars, these are a level lower), boppers, and hoers are crowding the tables only after they are selected by the click to be company. After a couple of shots of Henesy 80 proof, Shuu realizes he needs to find a bathroom and starts to stray away from the group. His search falls short in front of the metal cages, as he is mesmerized by the grooves of the superstars. The superstars realize that they have caught his eye, and one even points to the magical rock that Shuu Dawg carries with him at all times. They all become excited and arrange for a sexual plan of attack to pursue the treasure.

Shuu: Damn, where's the bathroom in this mug! (Noticing the superstars) Man, hold up! These superstars are happenin'!

Halle: Lookin' for me sugar.

Nia: Say, why you look so upset?

Holanda: Did someone do something to you?

Halle: Don't worry boy, you know I got your answers.

Shuu: Yeah, where the fuck is the bathroom?

Nia: Well, if I help you, what can you do for me? (licking her lips)

Shuu: I don't have much to offer someone as fine as you, princess.

Holanda: (Feeling on his chest) Well, what about that old basketball in your hand. You see, my younger brother has been complaining about not having a ball to play with.

Halle: Yeah babe, we'll treat you right. You just got to know what to do. (pointing at the basketball)

Shuu: Come on girls, stop trippin'! I had to go through hell in a basketball competition to win this rock. A bit of passion is not enough! You got to do better than that!

Nia: Babe, why you being so mean?

Holanda: So cheap too!

Halle: Yeah, don't you know that women like us get plenty of men. Show us some attention!

Shmu: (Not knowing that he is a little tipsy of the alcohol, he slips this comment out of his mouth. True players don't reveal their home base.) My girl would kill me if she knew..... Shit!

Nia: So what, you on lock-down?

Holanda: What she gonna do to you, whip you with a belt? (rhetorical question with laughter)

Halle: Yeah, does she like that kinky shit? (laughing also)

Shmu: Fuck you hoers! I was goin' to give it to ya'll so that we can bump, grind, wine and dine at my personal after-party. But now that you scandalous tricks reveal your true colors, I'm goin' to just chunk the deuce and move right along with my pretty peanut butter complexion. Don't worry about me, hoers come dine a dozen.

Halle: You know what, you're right! You do have a pretty brown skin tone. Makes me just want to unnnnn!

Nia: You must be a real skilled baller. I see you sittin' in the special corner section of the club.

Holanda: (Shyly and quietly as if to be barely heard. As she says this, she bounces her rear 3 inches away from Shmu's face) I bet you know how to wax that ass too. Too bad! (They laugh all together)

Shmu: Say babe, don't hate! Show a brother some love and I'll surely give this old thing to ya. (rolling the ball on his index finger)

Halle: Yeah, well go ahead and keep it.

Nia: And learn what harm it will do to you! You'll get really messed up for life with that rock.

Holanda: Yeah!

Halle: I'm telling you, we'll ease your mind from the curse.

Shmu: (Smiling, thinking this is all a joke) Yeah, like what?

Nia: Man, you know Magic Johnson had that rock before you. Look what happened to him.

Shnu: What you talkin' about?

Holanda: That fool messed around and got Aids!

Shnu: So you're trying to tell me that holding this rock is goin' to get me Aids. (laughing in disbelief)

Halle: Naw, but you'll have die painfully, if you know what I'm sayin'.

Nia: Yeah, Magic Johnson got that shit right after that last pro championship he won. He was so disheartened that he wanted to give it away.

Holanda: Yeah, you could even die over it! All we know is the rock is cursed!

Shnu: Ya'll are a mess! Just scandalous!

Halle: Yeah, you need to give that rock to us if you don't want to be in an uncomfortable situation, casanova. It might even happen tonight.

Nia: Yeah, we surely wouldn't want to see a pretty brother like you go out like that.

Holanda: You know we got your back. We're just tryin' to look out for ya. So let us have it, honey.

Shnu: Ya'll hoes are just plain deceiving. Do ya'll know who the fuck you are talkin' to? I bang a lot of ladies. I'm Shnu Dawg, the one and only. Everybody wants to be like me. Every time I get on the basketball court, my competition shudders and their ankles brake when I display my skills. Raise on up, hoes. I'm goin' to find a bathroom. If one of you ladies want to come home with a true baller, just holla at me. You know where to find me, off in the special corner section with my trill homies. (He walks away) (Asking himself a rhetorical question) Why must all women be so shady! That's messed up!

Halle: Say girls, what are we going to do?

Nia: I guess he'll just have to learn the hard way.

Holanda: Damn shame, you try to help a brother out, and they just act like they re on top of the world and they don't need help.

Halle: We're going to get that ball somehow. He'll die tonight!

The Superstars all return to their dancing. Concerned expressions cover their faces. Shnu Dawg rolls off to the bathroom. He feels hesitant and tipsy at the same time. Flashbacks of the threatening conversation conquer his mind, but he tries to play it off like it was nothing. After he finishes with the utilities, he walks over to the sink, washes and wipes his hands, and then stands there for a moment staring at his intoxicated reflection in the wall mirror. He has no idea what's about to confront him. He gains his composure and then walks out of the bathroom with that gangsta strut, full of pride!

Scene 2- Shnu Dawg returns to the special reserved table. The ballers are all sitting around talking about last night's L.A. Lakers vs. Houston Rockets basketball game.

Charlie Hustle: Say man, where did you go?

M, Hus, Pop, etc.: (Only one) Yeah fool, you disappeared on us.

Charlie Hustle: You're missing out on the conversation.

Shnu: Well, I had to take care of some business.

Charlie Hustle: Man, we've been drinking for real.

Shnu: Say, somebody loan me a couple of \$20's. I forgot my wallet at the crib and the night is still young. This player needs to get faded.

Charlie Hustle: Come on fool, you're part of our crew. You drink with us. Here you go. Here's a bottle of Crystal. (He passes the bottle over to Shnu with an evil look in his eye.) Say, what's up with them ladies over there? I hear you have lots of game, so why didn't you pull one of them hoes?

Shnu: Man, forget about them ladies.

Say Dre, what's up? You ain't drinking. Man, here have some of this. (He passes the bottle to Dre)

The Dream: Well, you know, I'm just chillin' in the mix. (Deep in thought)

Shnu: Come on fool. Don't disrespect me like that. You got to drink with me.

The Dream: (Taking a chug on the bottle) You know I'm fair game.

Shnu: Yeah, well getting back to your question Beanie, I've messed with better-looking ladies than them over there. That's just too much work. Right now, I just don't have the patience. I've been many places and seen and did a lot of things that men

only can dream of. Man, I've had my stories, especially with basketball! (Nostalgia)

Charlie Hustle:

What's on your mind, player?

The Dream:

Yeah, big baller!

Shnu:

Just thinkin' back to the past. Well, I learned how to play basketball on my own. My father left when I was 3 and I never knew him. My mama died a couple of years ago. Too bad, she worked 2 full-time jobs just to raise me right. I took to the thug life, just like ya'll fools. The streets ain't a home for nobody. As time went by, I got street smarter and stopped dealing that shit. I stuck to my game on the court and here I am. Ya'll should have seen me in that Magic Johnson competition back in the day. I just had to let them know that I'm the man on the court. I've got skills. I'm goin' to make it to Inshalla and make my mama proud. I'm coming out players. (Cocky attitude) Ya'll better recognize my presence right now while I'm hangin' out in the hood because in a little while it's goin' to be nothing but marble floors and spiral staircases. Just wait and see.

Charlie Hustle:

So what about the rock and that Lakers jersey? (He passes the crystal bottle to Shnu Dabug after taking a chug of it and conspicuously inserting some LSD into it)

Shnu:

(Looking into the Crystal bottle playfully. He doesn't notice the LSD drug in the drink. He drinks out the bottle not realizing that he is about to be completely vulnerable) What about it? I won it fair and square. Ever since then, haters are out to try and kill me. My own homeboy Cela tried to hit me with that thang. He fucked around and got himself six feet deep by my crew. No one messes with me or my shit. Other than that, only one real valuable thing came out of that competition. (Highly hallucinating. The drug starts to reveal all of Shnu's falsehoods through it's retrieval of the truth) I met that fine lady, Dazzle through Magic Johnson at Magic's after-party. The next day, me and that girl wrote our names on the stone. That is my baby! You should have seen what we did to my couch! You know I handled my business. (Reminiscing and bragging.)

The Dream:

Man, what the fuck?

Charlie Hustle:

Fuck you, bitch! You get the fuckin' gat down your tonsils!

Quickly, he pulls out his 9-millimeter gun from the inside of his belt located near the crotch area. With swiftness, he flashes the chrome-plated gun in proper position about 3 feet away from Shnu Dawg's face. Shnu is slow to react because of the intoxication. He starts to pull out his forty-five from his side, only realizing that he doesn't have it. Somewhere in the mix, Beanie stole it because now, he is holding it in his other hand up in the air. Quickly, Shnu looks for his homeboy Kid Sid only to find that Sid is already dead lying on the floor in front of him. He is shocked. He has that intoxicated sad look on his face. Some of the crowd drops to the floor. Others are running. Still others are dancing without knowing what's going on because of the blasting music. As Beanie pushes down his index finger and releases the bullet he named for Shnu through Shnu's open throat, others start to panic, and the blood spews all into the champagne glasses and stains the drinks fiery red.

Charlie Hustle: Never let me catch you slippin' without your protection, you drunk bastard! You should have known by now!

M, Hus, Pop, etc.: (Couple of hustlers) What the fuck? You just killed Shnu Dawg!

M, Hus, Pop, etc.: (Couple of others) Oh, Shit!

All of the hustlers, players, and pimps gather around to witness the drama. They all stand amazed, with puzzled expressions and actions.

Charlie Hustle: The fake get my gat! He swore to this metal (pointing to his gun)

He slowly walks away, like a true hustler and exits the club to catch some fresh air and relieve the devilish action that he has just taken. Dre and other stand over the body. Shnu, however surprising, is not completely dead.

Others are supporting him. A slow, painful death is his fate.

Shnu: (Yelling out in regret) Sorry Dazzle baby! I loved you! You know that. I am a victim of my love for ya'. And as I lean here dying, know that I'm not scared because now I know I had the best a woman has to offer,..... her heart! I feel your breath deep in my chest, precious. Let me go! I'm ready to go!

Shnu sinks back and dies. The others stand in sorrow. Under command, Dre's players carry Shnu outside the club to the curbside. The superstars already stand outside, frightened like little schoolgirls. Others ladies and gents follow the body to the curbside. It is about 2 in the morning. The street is dark as fuck. Only the neon lights from the club shimmer off the concrete to provide lighting for the pathetic procession.

Scene 3- There are plenty of ladies and gents who have already been standing outside in

conversation. They also join the crowd to see what's going on. Among these, are Dazzle a.k.a. Coko and her girls. They slowly respond to the actions of others and start moving away from Coko's pink, convertible '69 Cadillac parked further down the curb towards the drama. Also, outside are 'Candi'licious and her crew. They stand from afar and watch. Beanie, full of pride, boasts loudly about his accomplishment.

'Candi'licious: What the hell is goin' on? (Seeing Dazzle and stating in spite) Is that Dazzle, that ho! Could someone tell me what's happening? I don't like this.

Charlie Hustle: Yeah, I smoked that fool. I'm the man! No one can fuck with me! Bow down! You should have known by now who I am! I'm your worst nightmare! (He sees NeNe and approaches her.) Say girl, you better get up and tend to your so strong man. (Mocking her)

'Candi'licious: I didn't know he is here!

Charlie Hustle: Yeah girl, he's all here. All in pieces! I bet he can't play anymore basketball with no eyes!

'Candi'licious: (Terrified) What?

Charlie Hustle: Yeah, someone smoked him in the club. (Lying)

The Dream: (walks over to his sister) Say, listen to me! Let me talk to you for a minute.

'Candi'licious: (Crying) My man Shnu is killed. No. I don't believe it! Stay away from me bro, you killed everything I've ever wanted. Someone please help me! Murderers! Murderers! All of ya'll!

The Dream: Slow your roll! Don't blame me. Blame Beanie. He was the one who stole on that boy.

Charlie Hustle: Yeah sure, blame me for everything!

The Dream: Yeah, fuck you man! Always causing trouble. (Clinging on to his sister)

Charlie Hustle: Yeah so what I killed that fool 'cause he swore on my gat and he fell by his own fate. Now, I get the rock! I'll make it to Inshalla and show all of ya'll what I can do in the pros.

The Dream: That rock is my sisters! It belongs to Shnu's girl.

Charlie Hustle: Not if I have anything to say to it.

The Dream: Oh yeah, like what? (Steps up to Beanie, two inches away from his face).

Dre pushes Beanie back. Beanie with a quickness pulls out a 7 inch switchblade from his pocket, pushes the button, and attacks Dre. Dre tries to pull out his gun but is too slow. Beanie stabs him in the chest, and moves the inserted knife towards Dre's crotch. Then he pulls it out and slashes Dre's throat. Blood falls all over Beanie's face, NeNe's face and the concrete.

Charlie Hustle: I said the rock is mine!

'Candi'licious: (Shes screams) Murder! Redrum! Murder!

Meanwhile back at Shnu's body laying on the curbside in the middle of a whole bunch of people, Dazze discovers Shnu's body, falls on top of the deceased and starts to cry out loud.

Coko: (Crying) Listen to me! All of ya'll fucked up! How can you not see this coming! My baby! (Looking up) Lord, why do you hate me so!

'Candi'licious: (Coming over to Shnu's body) Fuck you bitch! Who do you think you are? Coming to our side of town and messing everything up. This is your fault only!

Coko: (Sympathetic in defiance) I had him first. He was my man!

'Candi'licious: What? (She looks and points back at Beanie) I gave him that purple chronic because you told me so. (now pointing at Dazze) I didn't think that she would be the one Shnu would end up hurting! It's all messed up! (Drops to her knees) Lord, forgive me!

Coko: (speech-like while everybody else is standing still in silence) Let my beau rest in peace, lord. He was a kind man. Always loved to give candy to kids. He had so much heart. Please welcome him through your gates. No one deserves to live here. All of you are sorry excuses for life. I was the only one who truly cared for him. But he deceived me, why do I love him still. He screwed me over! But it can't be, he was always so kind to me. He gave me his rock to show his love. I thought I had his heart. 4 years together and he never broke a promise to me and never cheated on me. Can I forgive him? Even as much as I hate this shit I'm living I must forgive him. He gave me everything I've ever wanted. He showed me hope. Now,

without him, I'm hopeless. What kind of fucked up shit is this. How can ya'll deceive me like you've done? Love is something personal and special. Jealous, that's what all of you are. Ya'll can't see anybody happy! Always trying to pull people back to this ghetto shit when they try to make a change! Fuck all of your pride! Fuck that rock! I'm going home to my baby. He still loves me! I still have his heart! I can't live without him! I don't know how! Ya'll will pay for this!

She grabs one of the player's Nazi guns from his side and starts to blaze away into the crowd killing about 15 people and injuring about 12 more. Then while holding the rock in her hand, she blows her brains out. People are running, and now the police are on the scene. In reaction to the gunfire, the police start firing away killing 10 more people. Gunfire is still going on. In the meantime, the ball steadily rolls from Dazzle's hand towards the middle of the street. The three superstars, who hide behind the parked pink Cadillac realize Dazzle left her radio on and thus Dazzle left the keys in the ignition. Noticing the rock rolling into the street, they quickly grab it, jump into the convertible, and start to pull away from the curb. Beanie Man starts to run after them.

Charlie Hustle: (He yells out running after them) Give me that rock! It's mine.

Suddenly, he trips on his own shoelaces. Beanie starts to get up with his newly injured knee, still reaching his hand out for the rock. A few seconds after, a bullet from an officer takes his life as it pierces his skull. Blood and bodies now cover the entire scene. Everybody else has run away. The only ones left are the cops standing there to witness the gruesome fates of young lives. They've smelt the decaying bodies before. This is only common to them in the hood.

THE END