

After a few minutes Lucky walks in the door.

LUCKY

Toodles!

TOODLES emerges from one of the back rooms.

TOODLES

What's good Luck? I thought you got scooped up by the boys.

LUCKY

Nah. I just been staying out the way while we regroup.

TOODLES

Regroup? Shid we good over here. I just got the re-up while you were M.I.A.

LUCKY

That same stepped on shit White Boy was slangin?

TOODLES

If it ain't broke don't fix it. Besides, work is work. Any real hustler know that.

LUCKY

Yeah I feel you. But we ain't gotta settle for this stepped on bamma shit. I got a plug with them westside niggas. With the purity of they shit, we'll be bringing in tripple what we're making now.

TOODLES

Them the niggas that killed White Boy and now you trying to do business wit them. We need to be lighting they ass niggas up not working for them.

LUCKY

Well killing niggas ain't never put no money in my pocket. And if you want me to be honest, I thought about putting a bullet in White Boy annoying ass a couple times my damn self, so I ain't bout to loose no sleep for the dearly departed. It all about the pape for me.

TOODLES

What about loyalty?

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LUCKY

I'm loyal to them dead presidents and they loyal to me. I ain't trying to be at war with nobody. I'm just trying to get paid. If that ain't what you on that's cool, but I'm out.

Prepared to walk away, Lucky turns his back to Toodles. Toodles pulls out his gun and aims it at Lucky's back. Lucky catches a glimpse of the gun in the mirror.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

I was hoping that we could break bread together.

TOODLES

I ain't workin with a nigga working with the opps.

LUCKY

Now you won't have to.

TOODLES

I always knew you were disloyal.