

King Of Atlanta
by
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Untitled Folder

g Scene 1

INT. T'S BEDROOM – EARLY MORNING

Dimly lit room. A desk lamp casts a soft glow. Posters of rappers and dream cars line the walls. T (16), headphones on, leans back in his bed, lost in his own world.

ON THE SPEAKERS:

(T's recorded song plays)

□ “They never saw the grind, but they talkin’ ‘bout the shine...” □

T nods along, eyes heavy, mouthing his own lyrics. His voice slowly fades behind the track. He drifts off.

MONTAGE – NIGHT TO MORNING:

The track continues softly as the clock ticks past midnight.

T shifts in his sleep, still wearing headphones.

The early morning sun begins to creep through the window blinds.

INT. T'S BEDROOM – MORNING

SUDDEN KNOCK. The door swings open.

MOM (O.S.)

T! Wake up, baby—you're gonna miss that bus!

T startles awake, groggy. The music is still playing faintly. He rips off his headphones, blinking into the light.

T

Huh? What time is it?

MOM (from the hallway)

Time to get movin'! Let's go!

T jumps out of bed, scrambling to find clothes, still half-asleep. He glances at his phone, rewinding the track one last time, smiling at his progress.

T (murmurs)

I'm gonna make it with this...

CUT TO BLACK.

Scene 2

INT. BIGGS' BEDROOM – EARLY MORNING

Dark room. A video game controller rests on Biggs' chest as he sleeps hard, mouth slightly open. His blanket is halfway off the bed. Light from the hallway seeps under the door.

SFX: LOUD BANGING ON THE DOOR

KENNY (O.S.)

Yo, Biggs! Get up, man! You gon' be late again!

No movement from Biggs. Still knocked out.

SFX: DOOR BURSTS OPEN

Kenny (17), Biggs' energetic older brother, storms in followed closely by their father, Marlon (mid-40s), gruff but loving, in work clothes holding a coffee mug.

MARLON

Biggs! Up. Now! Ain't no reason for you to be sleepin' like you payin' rent here.

Biggs stirs, groaning, pulling the blanket over his face.

BIGGS

Five more minutes...

KENNY

Five more minutes? You said that yesterday—and missed the bus! Again!

Marlon walks over and snatches the blanket off.

MARLON

Boy, if I gotta come in here one more time, I swear you gon' be catchin' the school bus in pajamas.

Biggs finally sits up, hair messy, eyes barely open.

BIGGS

Alright, alright—I'm up...

KENNY (grinning)

You better be. I'm not writing another fake tardy note for you.

Biggs swings his legs off the bed and grabs a t-shirt.

MARLON (walking out)

Bathroom's free. Clock's tickin'. Don't play with me this morning.

KENNY (yelling from the hallway)

And brush your teeth this time, bro! Last week was tragic!

Biggs sighs, smirks to himself, then gets up and shuffles toward the hallway.

CUT TO BLACK.

Scene 3

INT. GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

The front door opens. KING (17), quiet and observant, steps inside. He carries a small duffle bag. The scent of baked goods lingers in the air.

DOROTHY (early 70s), his warm and spirited grandmother, sits in her favorite armchair knitting. Her face lights up when she sees him.

DOROTHY

Well, look who it is! My baby boy—come give your grandma some sugar.

King smiles and walks over, hugging her tightly.

KING

Hey, Grandma. Missed you.

DOROTHY(holding his face gently)

You get taller every time I see you. Go on and put your things down. Your father's in the den.

King's smile fades slightly at the mention of his father.

KING(quietly)

Oh... okay.

He nods and walks slowly down the hallway, each step a little heavier. He stops just outside the den doorway.

INT. DEN – CONTINUOUS

BRIAN (late 40s), King's father, sits in a recliner watching TV. He glances over and sees King standing there. Their eyes lock for a brief second. The room goes quiet.

A long pause.

BRIAN

Hey, King.

King hesitates. His jaw tightens. He opens his mouth to respond—then stops. His eyes drop. The tension fills the room.

Without a word, King turns around and walks away, back toward the hallway.

INT. LIVING ROOM – MOMENTS LATER

Dorothy watches King pass by, sensing the weight he's carrying.

DOROTHY

You alright, baby?

King forces a small nod, avoiding her gaze.

KING

Yeah... just tired.

He walks off toward the guest room, leaving the silence behind him.

CUT TO BLACK.

Scene 4

INT. FAMILY HOUSE – HALLWAY – MORNING

Steam seeps from under the bathroom door. The shower runs inside. Outside, TINA (22), dressed in a robe with her hair tied up and holding a makeup bag, paces anxiously. She knocks rapidly on the door.

TINA

Ali! Come on! I you I have a job interview this morning! told

INT. BATHROOM – CONTINUOUS

ALI (17), laid-back and unbothered, stands in the mirror, toothbrush in hand, vibing to music on his phone. He yells through the door, mouth full of toothpaste.

ALI

I'm almost done! Five more minutes!

INT. HALLWAY – CONTINUOUS

Tina groans dramatically, glancing at the time on her phone.

TINA

You've been in there for twenty, Ali! I swear, if I miss this—

ALI (O.S.)

Can't rush greatness, sis.

TINA(desperate)

I will literally give you twenty dollars to get out. Right now.

INT. BATHROOM – CONTINUOUS

Ali freezes. Slowly lowers the toothbrush. Smirks.

ALI

Twenty?

TINA (O.S.)

Cash. Right now. Just get out.

Beat. The shower stops. A second later, the door unlocks and swings open. Ali steps out with a towel over his shoulder, smug.

ALI

Pleasure doing business.

Tina slaps the cash in his hand and pushes past him, storming into the bathroom.

TINA

And next time, I'm charging rent for my schedule! you

ALI(calling out)

And I'm charging extra for priority access!

Tina SLAMS the door. Ali grins and walks off, counting the money.

CUT TO BLACK.

Scene 5

INT. T'S BEDROOM – MORNING

T (18), standing shirtless in front of a mirror, pulls a hoodie over his head. His room is a typical teen mess—clothes on the floor, sneakers by the door, a half-eaten bag of chips on the desk. Music plays low from a speaker.

His mother, KATHY (mid-40s), stands in the doorway with arms crossed, dressed in work clothes, holding a coffee mug. Her tone is firm but full of concern.

KATHY

So what's the plan, T? You just gon' keep dressing up to go nowhere?

T rolls his eyes slightly but keeps getting dressed.

T

I'm going to meet up with Trey. Chill for a bit.

KATHY

"Chill for a bit." That's all you ever do lately. You got time to hang out, but not time to find a job?

T puts on his shoes, avoiding eye contact.

T

I'm looking... just ain't found nothing yet.

KATHY

Ain't found or ain't trying hard enough? 'Cause there's places hiring everywhere. Gas stations. Grocery stores. Even that little smoothie place on 8th.

T

I'm not trying to work at no smoothie spot, Ma.

KATHY(stepping into the room)

Then what you trying to do? Huh? You grown now, T. You eat like a man, sleep like a man—time to work like one too. are

T sighs and grabs his phone, slipping it in his pocket. He speaks under his breath.

T

You act like I don't know that...

KATHY

Then show me something! I'm not gonna be the only one in this house sacrificing. You got dreams? Cool. But dreams don't mean nothing if you sleepin' through life.

T finally looks up at her, quiet. Kathy softens just a bit, but holds her ground.

KATHY (cont'd)

One foot in front of the other. Start somewhere.

T nods slightly, then brushes past her toward the hallway.

T

Alright, Ma. I hear you...

KATHY(calling after him)

Hearing me and something ain't the same! doing

The front door opens and closes off-screen. Kathy takes a slow sip from her mug, staring out the bedroom window.

KATHY (softly)

Lord, guide that boy.

CUT TO BLACK.

Scene 6

INT. HALLWAY – OUTSIDE BATHROOM – MORNING

TINA (22), still in her robe, hair tied up, makeup bag under one arm, paces outside the bathroom door with growing impatience. She taps her foot, glancing at her phone. Time is running out.

TINA

Ali! This is not a game! You said five minutes—tenminutes ago!

INT. BATHROOM – CONTINUOUS

ALI (17) stands in front of the mirror, putting lotion on his face with slow, dramatic care.
Music

still plays faintly from his phone.

ALI (loudly, through the door)

Relax, Tina. Gotta keep the skin fresh!

INT. HALLWAY – CONTINUOUS

TINA (muttering)

I swear, I'm about to break this door down myself.

SUDDENLY, the door creaks open. Ali steps out, toothbrush in his mouth, looking way too proud of himself.

ALI

You happy now?

TINA (pushing past him)

Move! I've got twelve minutes to turn into a whole professional.

She slams the door behind her.

ALI (calling through the door, teasing)

You're welcome! Bathroom feels extra clean now... I did you a favor!

TINA (O.S.)

You left toothpaste in the sink again, you menace!

Ali smirks and walks down the hallway, casually flipping the \$20 bill Tina gave him earlier.

ALI (to himself)

Easiest money I've ever made.

CUT TO BLACK.

Scene 7

INT. T'S BEDROOM – EARLY MORNING

The room is slightly messy—clothes on the floor, open backpack on the bed, and SHOES scattered all over. T (18), half-dressed, rummages through the pile while RILEY (12), his energetic younger brother, sits cross-legged nearby holding up random shoes like a personal assistant.

RILEY

What about these? They still look clean!

T glances at the sneakers Riley's holding—one has a ripped tongue and the other is missing a lace.

T

Riley, those look like they fought in a war.

RILEY(laughing)

They still got grip though!

T tosses a shoe over his shoulder in frustration.

T

Man, where's my black Forces? I had 'em right here last week.

RILEY

You wore those to the park on Saturday, remember? Stepped in dog poop?

T(groans)

Ugh, right. And Mom still ain't let me bring them back in the house...

Riley digs deeper into the pile and pulls out another pair—sleek white sneakers, slightly creased but still wearable.

RILEY

What about these? They still pass the hallway test.

T takes them, inspects them, then nods slowly.

T

A little crease... but yeah. These'll do.

RILEY(grinning)

Told you. I got the eye, bro.

T puts them on, ties them quickly, then grabs his hoodie off the bed.

T

Good lookin' out. You might actually be useful in the mornings.

RILEY(mock proud)

I accept payment in snacks and extra controller time.

T(laughs as they head toward the door)

We'll negotiate on the way to the kitchen.

They exit the room, brothers in sync, ready to tackle the day.

CUT TO BLACK.

Scene 8

INT. BIGGS' BEDROOM – EARLY MORNING

The room is dimly lit by early sunlight leaking through half-closed blinds. A small desk fan hums in the corner. BIGGS (16), tall, lean, and quiet in demeanor, stands in front of a full-length mirror, finishing getting dressed.

He slides on a black hoodie, pulls it down tight, and adjusts the collar. Then, he steps into his sneakers, tying them with practiced ease.

He takes one final look at himself. Straightens his posture. Flattens a wrinkle in his shirt.

He stares at his own reflection—eyes serious, thoughts clearly racing behind them.

Beat.

He picks up a chain from the dresser, places it over his head, lets it rest just right on his chest.

Leaning closer to the mirror, he brushes his hair a few quick strokes, then wipes a speck off the corner of the glass with his sleeve.

One more deep breath. A subtle nod to himself.

BIGGS (softly, to himself)

Let's get it.

He grabs his phone and backpack from the bed, slings it over his shoulder, and walks out the room, closing the door behind him.

CUT TO BLACK.

Scene 9

INT. LIVING ROOM – LATE AFTERNOON

The TV is on low. BRIAN (late 40s) sits on the edge of the couch, sorting through paperwork with a worn look on his face. A coffee mug rests near his feet. Sunlight filters through the blinds in stripes.

Footsteps approach from down the hall. KING (17) enters slowly, hands in the pockets of his hoodie, face unreadable.

Brian glances up, surprised to see him.

BRIAN

You good?

King doesn't answer right away. He stops a few feet in front of his father, takes a deep breath, and pulls a folded wad of cash from his pocket. He holds it out in silence.

BRIAN(tense)

What's that?

KING

...It's yours.

A heavy pause.

KING (cont'd)

I took it yesterday. From your jacket.

Brian sets the papers aside and stands slowly, eyes locked on King—not angry, but disappointed.

The kind that stings deeper.

BRIAN

Why?

KING(quietly)

I don't know. I thought I needed it. But it didn't feel right. Not after.

Brian steps closer. The money is still in King's hand. Neither move.

BRIAN

You could've just asked me, King. You ain't gotta take from me—we don't do that in this house.

KING(nods, eyes down)

I know. I messed up.

Brian takes the money gently, but keeps his eyes on his son.

BRIAN

It's not about the money. It's about trust.

KING(looking up, sincere)

I'm trying, Dad. For real.

A beat of silence. Brian studies his son, then gives a slow nod.

BRIAN

Trying's a start.

He reaches out and pats King on the shoulder—firm, but not cold.

BRIAN (cont'd)

You hungry?

KING(small smile)

A little.

BRIAN

Good. Come eat something before I change my mind.

They walk toward the kitchen together—tense air softening just a little.

FADE OUT.

Scene 10

INT. LIVING ROOM – MORNING

BIGGS (16), fully dressed, backpack slung over one shoulder, walks briskly toward the front door. He's clearly in a hurry to leave. His parents, MARLON (mid-40s) and SHARON (early 40s), sit at the small dining table sipping coffee, watching him like hawks.

SHARON

Biggs, hold up a second.

Biggs sighs quietly, stops at the door but doesn't turn around.

BIGGS

I'm gonna be late for school.

MARLON(firm)

You got five minutes. Sit down.

Biggs reluctantly turns and walks halfway back into the room, just standing. Hands in his hoodie pocket.

SHARON

You ever think about applying to that new grocery store on 3rd? They're hiring.

BIGGS(shrugs)

Not really. I got school.

MARLON

School's good. But school don't cover your phone bill. Or your lunch money. Or that new pair of sneakers you keep eyein' online.

SHARON(calm but direct)

We're not sayin' get a full-time job. Just start somewhere. Show some initiative.

BIGGS

I didn't even turn 17 yet.

MARLON(pointed)

You didn't, but you eat like a grown man and sleep like one too. Time to contribute a little.

SHARON

Nobody's asking you to carry the house. Just start building your own. Little by little.

Biggs shifts his weight, clearly hearing them, even if he doesn't want to admit it.

BIGGS

I'll look... this weekend or something.

MARLON(raises eyebrow)

That better not be code for "never."

BIGGS(muttering)

It's not.

SHARON(gently)

We love you, baby. We just want to see you take responsibility—before life forces you to.

Beat. Biggs finally nods.

BIGGS

Aight. I hear y'all.

MARLON(softening)

That's all we're asking. Go on now—don't miss that bus.

Biggs opens the door and steps outside.

SHARON (O.S.)(calling after him)

And bring back some applications if you pass anywhere hiring!

BIGGS (O.S.)

No promises!

Door closes. Sharon and Marlon exchange a look over coffee—equal parts frustration and pride.

FADE OUT.

Scene 11

INT. FRONT HALLWAY – MORNING

T (18), dressed and ready, stands near the front door. KATHY (mid-40s), his mother, approaches him with a warm smile. She wraps her arms around him in a quick hug.

KATHY

Be good today, alright?

T hugs her back and gently kisses her on the cheek.

T

I will, Ma. Don't worry.

He pulls away, reaching for the door handle. Kathy watches him, then calls out as he starts to leave.

KATHY

Hey—where are your school books?

T pauses, glancing back over his shoulder.

T

Uh... I'll grab them later. Forgot 'em this morning.

KATHY

You better not be slippin', T.

T(smiling)

I got it. Promise.

He steps outside and closes the door softly behind him.

CUT TO BLACK.

Scene 12

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - MORNING

BIGGS (16), *backpack slung over one shoulder, walks purposefully down the sidewalk. The sun is just rising, casting a golden glow. He spots T (18), KING (17), and ALI (17) hanging out near a corner lot, chatting and laughing.*

Biggs quickens his pace, a slight smile breaking through his usual seriousness.

T

Yo, Biggs! You made it!

KING

What took you so long?

ALI

Man, you know we don't start without you.

Biggs joins the group, nodding as they bump fists in greeting.

BIGGS

Let's get this day started.

They exchange determined looks—ready to take on whatever comes next.

CUT TO BLACK.

Scene 13

EXT. ALI'S NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

T (18) walks down a cracked sidewalk, earbuds in, hands in pockets. As he nears ALI'S house, he slows down, sensing tension.

Across the street, ALI (17) stands facing JASMINE (16), his baby's mother. Their voices are raised, body language tight and frustrated.

ALI

I'm telling you, Jas, I'm doing my best!

JASMINE

Your best ain't good enough! You promised you'd be there!

Ali's hands clench into fists. Jasmine's eyes flash with hurt and anger.

T watches from a distance, conflicted but cautious.

T(to himself)

Damn... not again.

He takes a deep breath, debating whether to step in or keep walking.

CUT TO BLACK.

Scene 14

EXT. CITY STREET – MORNING

KING (17) strides down the block toward T, ALI, and BIGGS gathered by a chainlink fence. He's confident—until four figures step out of a doorway.

ZOE (19), leader, steps forward; RIO (18) looms beside her; MONTE (20) and VICK (18) flank them. All wear matching jackets with a stylized Haitian flag crest.

ZOE

Well, well—if it isn't King. Thought you'd skipped town.

KING(pauses, cool but wary)

Zoe. Didn't know you cared so much where I was.

RIO(snorts)

Save it. You owe us, nigga.

MONTE

Word is you beat Zoe's ass at Nae's party last week.

VICK

And we ain't feeling you lying and shit.

King's jaw tightens. He glances back at his friends—just out of earshot.

KING

So nigga.

ZOE

Everyone in the neighborhood knows you cap.

Rio shoves King's shoulder. King stumbles but keeps his balance.

KING

Don't touch me.

Monte steps closer, fists curled.

MONTE

Or what? You gonna run to your homeboys.

At that, T and Ali break from the group, rushing forward.

T

Back the fuck up.

ALI

Y'all gotta chill. Back up.

Zoe smirks, sizing them up.

ZOE

Two more? That's cool.

RIO

You boys got a death wish?

T squares his shoulders.

T

We got each other's backs. Leave him alone.

King stands tall beside them as Biggs joins at their rear.

ZOE(to her crew)

Let's fuck they ass up.

Before fists fly, Ali steps forward, voice low but firm.

ALI

We right here my nigga.

Beat. Zoe exchanges a look with Rio, Monte, and Vick. She steps back.

ZOE

This ain't over, King. We gone cross paths again.

The gang spills back into the doorway. Their forms recede into shadow as King and his crew watch.

T(relieved)

You aight?

KING

Yeah. Thanks.

They exchange nods. United, they turn and walk off together down the block.

CUT TO BLACK.

Scene 15

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD CORNER – MORNING

T, KING, and ALI lean against a street sign at the corner, arms folded, trading glances.
The sun casts long shadows across the pavement.

T

You sure he's coming?

KING

Biggs always shows. He's punctual, unlike someone I know. (glances at Ali)

ALI

Hey, I was held up. You trying to spin that into something?

They laugh. Footsteps echo down the street.

BIGGS (O.S.)

Morning, fellas.

BIGGS walks up, adjusts his backpack strap, then nods to each of them.

T

There he is.

BIGGS

What's the word?

King shrugs, smirking.

KING

Just debating where we hitting first.

ALI

Court. I need to get that three-pointer off my chest.

T

You've been talking smack about my shot since last week. Let's see it.

BIGGS(to Ali)

You ready to be humbled?

ALI

Humble me? Please. I'll have you crying "my bad" by the third.

T steps between them, grinning.

T

Alright, trash talk champions—how about we grab some breakfast first? My treat if you beat me at HORSE.

KING

Now you're scared.

BIGGS

Breakfast sounds good. I'm starving.

ALI

Bet. Loser buys the snacks.

They bump fists in agreement.

T

Let's roll, crew.

The four friends walk off together down the block, voices rising in friendly banter as they head toward their morning routine.

CUT TO BLACK.

Scene 16

EXT. LOCAL GAMBLING HOUSE – AFTERNOON

A weather-worn building with flickering neon: "Lucky Seven." A few hustlers loiter outside. BIGGS (16), T (18), ALI (17), and KING (17) approach, glancing around nervously.

T

You sure this is legit?

KING

As legit as it gets 'round here.

BIGGS

Let's just win some quick cash and bounce.

INT. GAMBLING HOUSE – CONTINUOUS

Smoked hazed air. CARD PLAYERS and dice rollers crowd low tables under a single bare bulb. A

DEALER (40s) at a craps table nods at the boys as they step up.

DEALER

You boys looking to play? Minimum twenty a roll.

Ali peeks at his wallet; T hands over two twenties.

T

We'll take it.

They start rolling dice. Chips clack. King wins a small pot; Ali loses and swears under his breath. Biggs watches, impressed.

BIGGS

That's how you do it—light on your feet.

Sirens wail in the distance, growing louder.

ALI

Shit—what's that?

The Dealer's face tightens. He leans in low.

DEALER

Cops. Everybody down!

RED AND BLUE LIGHTS flash through grimy windows. The Dealer yells:

DEALER (cont'd)

Hit the back door—now!

T

Move!

They scramble out from the table, grabbing their chips. Panicked PLAYERS shove past them toward the rear exit.

INT./EXT. BACK ALLEY – MOMENTS LATER

They spill into a narrow alley. KING looks back: a SQUAD CAR screeches in front, doors flinging open. TWO OFFICERS leap out.

KING

Split up—meet at the corner!

T, Ali, and Biggs nod, then bolt in different directions down the alley.

King dashes toward a chain-link fence, vaults over it as the officers shout.

OFFICER 1

Hey! Stop!

Just as King lands and disappears into a side street, we...

CUT TO BLACK.

Scene 17

EXT. BACK ALLEY – AFTERNOON

Biggs (16) sprints down the narrow alley, glancing over his shoulder. POLICE OFFICER 1 (30s) and OFFICER 2 (late 20s) pursue, guns holstered but ready.

OFFICER 1

Stop right there!

Biggs skids to a halt against a dumpster, breath heaving. He raises his hands.

BIGGS

Please—

Officer 2 cuffs him swiftly.

OFFICER 2

You're under arrest for illegal gambling.

Biggs' eyes dart down the alley as the other boys' footsteps echo in the distance.

BIGGS(quietly)

Damn...

Officer 1 hauls Biggs to his feet.

OFFICER 1

Let's go.

They lead him away. CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE STREET – CONTINUOUS

T (18), ALI (17), and KING (17) burst out of a side gate, adrenaline pumping. Two MORE OFFICERS emerge behind them, shouting.

OFFICER 3

There they are! After them!

T skids around a parked car, Ali vaults over a low wall, King darts between houses.

T

Split up—same corner in ten!

KING

Move!

They peel off in different directions. Officer 3 chases T; Officer 4 pursues Ali. King disappears down a narrow passage.

CUT BETWEEN CHASE BEATS:

T leaps over a fence, rolls, scrambles back up.

Ali ducks into a construction site, weaving between scaffolding.

King scales a chainlink fence into a residential yard.

Sirens wail; officers keep pace, determined.

OFFICER 3(into radio)

Suspects splitting—request backup!

Final beat: the three friends vanish into the city's maze of streets, leaving the officers at dead ends.

CUT TO BLACK.

Scene 18

EXT. POLICE STATION – EARLY EVENING

T (18), ALI (17), and KING (17) lean against the low stone wall outside the station's front doors. Streetlights flicker on. Their breath puffs in the chill air. They trade nervous glances.

KING

He should've been out by now.

ALI(checking his watch)

It's been over an hour.

T

They're just processing the paperwork. He'll be out.

They fall silent, tension thick in the air. A squad car pulls up; OFFICER 1 steps out and walks toward the group.

OFFICER 1

You three waiting for your friend?

KING

Yeah. Everything okay?

OFFICER 1(nodding)

He's been released. Go on in.

The officer gestures toward the open doors. T, Ali, and King exchange relieved looks, then hurry inside.

INT. POLICE STATION LOBBY – CONTINUOUS

BIGGS (16) steps out of a holding-room door, shoulders slumped but grinning when he sees his friends.

BIGGS

I'm free.

T

Let's bounce.

ALI

You good?

BIGGS(shoulders shrug)

Yeah—let's just get out of here.

They gather around Biggs, bump fists, then head for the exit as a group.

EXT. POLICE STATION – MOMENTS LATER

The four burst back into the chilly night, moving quickly down the sidewalk.

KING

Circle back at the corner?

BIGGS

Sounds good.

T claps Biggs on the shoulder as they blend into the street.

T

No more gambling houses for you, man. Heard?

BIGGS(laughing nervously)

Heard.

They disappear into the city lights together.

CUT TO BLACK.

Scene 19

EXT. CITY STREET – NIGHT

Streetlights glow as T (18), KING (17), ALI (17), and BIGGS (16) stroll down a bustling sidewalk. Cars hum by; distant music pulses from a club. They're wrapped in hoodies against the cool night air.

T

Alright, so—there's this rapper contest Friday night at the Uptown Theater. Cash prize, studio time. I'm thinking... I'm gonna enter.

King and Biggs exchange skeptical looks.

KING

You? Onstage? Man, you ain't even got a set together.

BIGGS

Yeah, bro—last time you freestyled, you tripped over your own words.

T slows, staring at the neon signs overhead, undeterred.

T

I've been writing. New material. I've been practicing. This is my shot.

Ali glances at T, reading his determination.

ALI

You serious?

T

Dead serious. I'm tired of just talking about it.

KING(shrugs)

Contest ain't free, you know. Entry's fifty bucks.

BIGGS

And crowds ain't gentle. They'll eat you alive if you're off.

T takes a deep breath, fists unclenching.

T

I know the risk. But if I bomb, I bomb. At least I tried.

Ali steps closer, clapping T's shoulder.

ALI

Look—if you're in, I'm in. I'll help you prep. I believe in you, man.

King and Biggs pause, watching Ali's sincere nod. T looks relieved.

T

Thanks, Ali. Means a lot.

KING(softening)

Alright, alright—if Ali's backing you, I'll lend a hand too.

BIGGS

Yeah... I guess. But you better bring it.

They fall into step together again, the city lights reflecting their renewed energy.

T

Cool. Let's start writing tomorrow.

ALI

Bet. You got this, bro.

They turn the corner into a side street, voices fading under the night sky—four friends ready to chase a dream.

CUT TO BLACK.

Scene 20

INT. URBAN CLOTHING BOUTIQUE – AFTERNOON

Racks of fresh streetwear line the walls. A single SALESCLERK (20s) is folding tees behind the counter. T (18), KING (17), ALI (17), and BIGGS (16) enter, scanning the displays.

T(quietly)

Alright, we're on a clock. I need something that pops on stage.

KING

That leather jacket over there—bold move.

King nods toward a sleek black jacket. Ali sidles up to a rack of distressed jeans.

ALI

These'll do. Loose fit, got that dozen-pocket look.

Biggs eyes a stack of graphic hoodies.

BIGGS

And this one—bright red. He'll stand out under the lights.

T grips the jacket's sleeve, hesitates.

T

I'm nervous... you sure this won't set off alarms?

ALI

We move fast. I'll grab tomorrow's practice hoodie as a decoy.

Ali drapes a less-expensive hoodie over the top of T's pick.

KING(smiling)

Distract the clerk. I got the pants.

King tosses a pair of jeans into his backpack. Biggs steps forward toward the hoodies.

BIGGS

On three. One... two... three.

They each slide their chosen item under the racks—Ali drops the decoy over T's jacket to cover it. The Salesclerk looks up as King casually walks by.

SALESCLERK

Can I help you find—

ALI(smiling warmly)

Yeah, just browsing. Thanks.

Biggs bumps into a mannequin, sending it clicking softly. The Salesclerk turns; T gives a casual nod.

T

All good, thanks.

Salesclerk returns to folding. The four slip toward the exit, backs straight, avoiding eye contact.

EXT. CLOTHING BOUTIQUE – CONTINUOUS

They spill onto the sidewalk. T holds up the jacket, grinning wide.

T

This is fire. You guys are lifesavers.

KING

Just don't trip on stage in it.

BIGGS

Yeah—next time, just buy it, man.

They laugh and melt into the street, ready for T's big night.

CUT TO BLACK.

Scene 21

EXT. CORNER BAR – NIGHT

A neon “OPEN” sign flickers over a weathered doorway. KING (17), ALI (17), BIGGS (16), and T (18) approach.

KING

You sure this place sells singles?

ALI

They do. One sec—I'll be right back.

Ali ducks inside. The others linger under the dim streetlight.

INT. CORNER BAR – CONTINUOUS

A small, grimy bar. The BARTENDER (40s) polishes a glass. A lockbox full of cash sits on the counter. Ali steps up.

ALI

Hey, man—got any singles?

BARTENDER

Yeah, but it's last call.

He hands Ali a pack. Ali pays, pockets a single cigarette. At that moment, a HOODED ROBBER (20s) bursts in, brandishing a pistol.

HOODED ROBBER

Everybody down! Now!

The Bartender freezes; Ali jumps back. T, King, and Biggs rush inside.

T

What the—?!

Robber's eyes dart. He levels the gun at the group.

HOODED ROBBER

I said down! On the floor!

Ali crouches behind the counter. King and Biggs sink to their knees. T raises his hands, palms out, calm but terrified.

T

No one needs to get hurt. Just take what you want and go.

The Robber glances at T—something in T's steady gaze gives him pause.

HOODED ROBBER

Shut up. Bartender, empty the register.

The Bartender fumbles with the lockbox. T edges backward, hands still high.

T(softly, to the Robber)

Look, man—this isn't you. You can walk out right now.

The Robber hesitates, finger trembling on the trigger.

HOODED ROBBER

Stay where you are!

Bartender hands over the cash. The Robber stuffs bills into his hoodie.

T

It's over. You don't have to do this.

The Robber's face flickers. He lowers the gun slightly.

HOODED ROBBER

You... you really think so?

T nods. The Robber turns abruptly toward the exit—intended victims frozen in shock.

EXT. CORNER BAR – MOMENTS LATER

T bursts through the door just as the Robber disappears into the night. Sirens wail in the distance.

T(calling back)

It's clear! Let's go!

Ali, King, and Biggs stumble out, shaken but unharmed. T leads them away as red-and-blue lights flash behind.

ALI

Man... thanks for—whatever that was.

T

Just glad he didn't hurt anyone.

KING

You okay?

T

I'm fine. Let's get out of here.

They melt into the darkened street, leaving the bar—and its near-tragedy—behind.

CUT TO BLACK.

Scene 22

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET – NIGHT

T, KING, ALI, and BIGGS walk in a loose formation, street lamps casting pools of light on the sidewalk. They approach Biggs' house at the end of the block.

BIGGS

Home stretch, fellas.

As they near the yard, ALI suddenly stops short, eyes fixed on the porch steps of the house next door.

T

What's up, Ali?

ALI's face tightens. On the porch, JASMINE (16) stands close to a TALL GUY (18), laughing and leaning in as if whispering something private. The Tall Guy's body language is possessive.

ALI(quietly)

That's... Jasmine. And that's not my friend.

KING

Damn. She moved fast.

Biggs and T exchange a look. Ali's shoulders slump.

T

You okay?

ALI(bitterly)

Yeah... yeah, I'm fine. Just didn't expect to see that.

BIGGS

Do you want to go talk to her?

Ali shakes his head, stares at the pair.

ALI

Not tonight.

King steps beside Ali, placing a hand on his shoulder.

KING

C'mon, man. Let's get you home.

They continue past the house, leaving Jasmine and the Tall Guy behind. Ali lags slightly, staring back once before pushing forward.

CUT TO BLACK.

Scene 23

INT. BIGGS' KITCHEN - NIGHT

A small kitchen bathed in warm overhead light. A skillet sizzles on the stove; the aroma of fried chicken and rice fills the air. BIGGS (16) sets plates on the table. T (18), KING (17), and ALI (17) take seats around it.

BIGGS

Alright—dig in. We got food, now let's talk cash.

ALI(tucking in)

So T's rap contest is one option. Prize money plus studio—worth a shot.

T

Exactly. Fifty bucks to enter, but I'll cover it if you all spot me.

KING(eyeing his plate)

And what if you flop? We out fifty, no studio time.

T

I won't flop. I'm airtight.

BIGGS

What about flipping those phones? I know a guy who'll buy 'em cheap.

ALI

Risky. Cops clamp down on that stuff.

KING

Better than spittin' bars for fifty bucks. And no frontin'—you ain't ready.

T bristles at King's challenge.

T

You know what—I've been grinding all week. You just like tearing people down.

KING

I'm just real. Don't need everyone hyping me up.

An awkward pause. Biggs scoops rice onto his plate, watching them.

BIGGS

Yo, calm down. We're brothers—focus on a plan.

T

Fine. But we do this my way. Uptown contest, then—

KING

Then we back out if it's lame. Don't make promises.

T

Don't talk over me!

King pushes his chair back, standing abruptly.

KING

I'm not your echo!

T stands too, chest to chest with King.

T

You got a problem with me stepping up?

Ali stands hurriedly, trying to intervene.

ALI

Stop—this ain't worth it.

KING(shoving T lightly)

Stay in your lane, man.

T shoves back. The two grapple, chairs clattering. Biggs jumps up.

BIGGS

Knock it off!

Ali pulls King away as Biggs grabs T's arm.

BIGGS (cont'd)

We're family. We don't do this.

T and King stare at each other, breathing hard. Ali places a calming hand on King's shoulder; Biggs does the same for T.

T(softly)

Sorry, man.

KING(nods)

Me too.

They both crouch, retrieving fallen plates. Biggs exhales, resetting the table.

BIGGS

Everybody cool? We got money to make, not fights.

T & KING

Cool.

They sit, the tension eased but still simmering, as they return to their food and plans—stronger for the momentary clash.

FADE OUT.

Scene 24

EXT. BIGGS' HOUSE - NIGHT

T (18) steps off the porch, shoulders heavy. He glances back at the warm glow inside, then steels himself and walks down the sidewalk.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Streetlamps cast pools of light as T makes his way between houses. Crickets chirp. He checks his phone, then pockets it and continues.

EXT. BRIA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

A cozy bungalow with curtains drawn. T approaches the front door, hesitates a beat, then knocks.

INT. BRIA'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BRIA (17) hears the knock, sets down a book, and moves to the door.

BRIA

T?

She opens the door. T stands on the porch, uneasy but relieved by her smile.

T

Hey. You awake?

BRIA(softly)

Always for you. Come in.

T steps inside; Bria closes the door gently behind him.

Scene 25

INT. BRIA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The door opens and T (18) steps inside, closing it quietly behind him. BRIA (17) and DONAVAN (18), her ex, stand facing each other amid scattered textbooks and a flickering lamp.

DONAVAN

You promised you'd call me back! What happened?

BRIA

I was busy, Donovan! You know how my week's been.

T freezes in the doorway, silent. He watches as Donovan steps closer to Bria, voice raised.

DONAVAN

Busy? You're never too busy for anyone else!

BRIA(voice trembling)

Not everyone treats me like I'm still yours!

Donavan's jaw tightens. He swings his gaze past Bria and locks eyes with T.

DONAVAN

Oh... you brought him here? Your new boyfriend?

T remains still, hands in his pockets, expression calm but protective.

BRIA

Donavan, please—this isn't the time.

DONAVAN

I'll leave. Don't expect me to wait forever.

He shoves past Bria and heads for the door. Bria watches him go, shoulders shaking.

DONAVAN (O.S.)

Goodnight, Bria.

The door clicks shut. Bria exhales and turns to T, who steps fully into the room.

BRIA

I'm so sorry you had to see that.

T(softly)

It's okay. You alright?

Bria nods, wiping her eyes. T moves to her side, offering an arm.

T (cont'd)

Come on. Let's sit.

They sink onto the couch together as the room settles into a gentler quiet.

FADE OUT.

Scene 26

EXT. CITY PARK BENCH – EARLY MORNING

T (18) and ALI (17) sit on a bench overlooking a small basketball court. Dawn light filters through the trees. Both have notebooks and pens in hand.

T

Morning, Ali. You ready for today?

ALI

Yeah. I mapped it out last night. We meet Biggs and King at Biggs' place in an hour, right?

T(nodding, flipping open his notebook)

Exactly. I wanted to go over the agenda before we loop them in.

Ali leans forward, pointing to a sketch in T's notebook.

ALI

First: finalize your set list for the contest. Next: discuss the flips—phones or clothes? And then: budget for your entry fee and any gear.

T(checking off items)

Set list is almost locked. Got “Hustle in My Veins,” “City Lights,” and “Never Fold.” Might add a short freestyle if we have time.

ALI

Freestyle is a great crowdpleaser. Keeps it raw.

T

Cool. After that, I want to pitch a side hustle—like Biggs said, flipping phones through my cousin's guy. King's contacts can help on that.

ALI

Got it. And the entry fee's fifty. We'll need at least seventy to cover extras—water, snacks, tip the DJ if needed.

T

Right. I've got twenty from last week's odd jobs. You cover twenty?

ALI(smiles)

You know it. I'll Venmo you the cash.

T jots in his notebook.

T

Perfect. Last point: set a time to meet at Biggs'. No distractions. We need everyone focused.

ALI

I'll text them now. "Crew meeting at Biggs' at ten." Clear and simple.

T

Thanks, Ali. You always keep me straight.

They bump fists.

ALI

Teamwork, man.

They rise, slinging backpacks over shoulders.

T

Let's roll. Big day ahead.

ALI

Let's get it.

They walk off together, determined, as sunrise breaks over the city skyline.

FADE OUT.

Scene 27

INT. T'S BEDROOM – AFTERNOON

T (18) steps through the door, backpack slung over one shoulder. Sunlight filters through blinds onto a cluttered desk piled with notebooks, pens, and a small speaker. He sets his bag down, exhales deeply.

T(to himself)

Alright... let's get this right.

He powers on the speaker. A beat begins to play—a steady, head-nodding rhythm. T grabs a notebook and flips to a marked page.

CLOSE ON NOTEBOOK:

Lines and crossed-out lyrics, a new verse half-written.

T taps his pen, then begins writing furiously. After a moment, he pauses and reads aloud quietly:

T(softly)

“Under city lights, I write my fight... claims I’m down, but I ignite...”

He nods, scribbles an edit, then hits “record” on his phone. He stands, clears his throat, and launches into his verse over the beat:

T (rapping)

“Called me dreamer, now I’m steamin’,

Tonight’s my night—no more schemin’...

Mic in hand, I stand demanding,

Crowd’s command, I’m expanding...”

He finishes, stops the recording, and listens back through headphones, frowning slightly.

T

Too rushed. Need more space.

He rewinds the track, toggles the tempo slightly slower, and tries again. This time, his flow is smoother. He smiles and writes a few more lines.

T(grinning)

That's it.

He pauses the music and sets up two water bottles on the desk. He leans back, closes his eyes, and takes a deep breath. Then he leans forward and hits play once more, rapping along, fully in the zone.

MONTAGE (INTERCUT):

T practicing in front of a mirror, hand gestures in time with the beat.

T marking off lyrics on the notebook, crossing out words and rewriting.

T nodding in approval as he reviews a new vocal take on his phone.

END MONTAGE

The beat fades out. T lowers the headphones, exhales with satisfaction, and glances at the clock: evening light now streams in.

T

Not bad. Tomorrow, I run this for the crew.

He taps his notebook, picks up his pen, and begins refining the next verse under the warm glow of his desk lamp.

FADE OUT.

Scene 28

INT. UPTOWN THEATER AUDITION ROOM – AFTERNOON

A modest stage is set against a brick wall backdrop. A row of judges—HOST (30s), DJ SPIN (40s), and MC LACE (25)—sit at a folding table with clipboards. T (18) stands off to the side, notebook in hand, nerves and excitement flickering on his face. A small crowd of hopefuls mills about.

HOST

Up next: T, right?

T steps forward, offering a deep breath and a nod.

T

That's me.

MC LACE(smiling encouragingly)

Show us what you got, T.

T presses play on his phone. The beat drops. He steps into the light, eyes focused, and begins:

T (rapping)

“Under city lights, I write my fight—

They say dreams die, but I ignite...”

He moves with confidence, voice crisp. Judges exchange impressed glances as T delivers his polished verses, pausing for a controlled freestyle bridge.

T (freestyle)

“Pressure builds diamonds—you know the drill—

Crowd's in the palm—just need the will...”

He finishes with a flourish, lowering the mic. Silence hangs for a beat—then applause from judges and onlookers.

DJ SPIN

Whoa. That flow was tight.

MC LACE

You held the stage like you owned it.

The Host stands, extending a hand to T.

HOST

Congratulations, T. You're in. We want you on the competition lineup.

T's face lights up, disbelief giving way to joy.

T

For real? Thank you—you won't regret this.

HOST

Show up Friday at 7 PM. Be ready to light it up.

T beams, gathers his notebook, then turns to leave. He nearly collides with Ali, who steps into the room, grinning widely.

ALI

You killed it! I heard the clap from outside.

T fumbles his phone, excitement bubbling.

T

Man, we're really doing this.

They bump fists as T exchanges a final nod with the judges.

HOST (O.S.)

See you Friday, T!

T and Ali head toward the exit, energized and determined.

CUT TO BLACK.

Scene 29

EXT. CITY PARKING LOT – EARLY EVENING

T (18), notebook tucked under his arm, approaches KING (17), BIGGS (16), and ALI (17) leaning against a parked car. The sun is dipping low.

T

Yo, I got in. They want me Friday at 7—

T beams. King and Biggs exchange congratulatory nods, but Ali's gaze drifts to his waistband.

KING

That's dope, bro! We knew you had it.

BIGGS

Studio time, man. Real talk.

T(to Ali)

You too quiet—

Ali slips something from his jacket: a small pistol. T's smile falters.

ALI

Forget that contest. We got a better plan.

T

What are you talking about?

ALI

Corner store on 5th—easy fifty bucks, quick in, quick out. I brought heat.

T steps back, stunned.

T

You serious? You want to rob a store?

KING(alarmed)

Ali, man—

BIGGS

We're supposed to be riding with T, not riding dirty.

Ali levels the gun at them, voice low.

ALI

We need money now. No more waiting on rap contests or flips. You in or out?

T's hands shake, notebook slipping to the ground.

T

I can't. I got an audition—

ALI

Audition don't pay rent tonight. Decide.

King places a hand on Ali's arm, Biggs grabs T's shoulder.

KING

Ali, put the gun away. We got other options.

ALI(snaps)

Options don't feed you fast.

T kneels to pick up his notebook.

T

I'm out. I'm done with this.

Ali's eyes flash. King moves to shield T.

ALI

Fine. Get lost then.

T stands, stepping back, as Ali storms off. Biggs and King pull T aside.

BIGGS

You okay?

T(quietly)

Yeah... but we gotta help him before he messes up.

They watch Ali's figure disappearing into the dusk—T clutching his notebook, torn between two paths.

FADE OUT.

Scene 30

INT. UPTOWN THEATER – BACKSTAGE – NIGHT

T (18) steps offstage, adrenaline still pumping. He's sweaty but euphoric, clutching his notebook. KING (17) and BIGGS (16) rush up.

KING

Yo, you killed it, man! The crowd was hype.

BIGGS

Studio time is ours—congrats!

T grins, still catching his breath.

T

Thanks, guys. I can't believe it.

He glances toward the exit where ALI (17) waits in the shadows. Ali's expression is tense.

T (cont'd)

Where's Ali?

KING

He said he'd meet us out front.

EXT. UPTOWN THEATER – ALLEY BEHIND THEATER – NIGHT

T, King, and Biggs emerge into a narrow alley. Ali steps out from behind a dumpster, pistol tucked in his waistband.

T(frowning)

Ali, what's up? You look—

Ali cuts him off, voice low.

ALI

We still on for the corner store?

T

Corner store? But the contest—

ALI

You already got your prize. We need cash now. No more waiting.

Biggs and King exchange uneasy glances.

KING

Ali, man... you sure?

ALI

Positive. Let's move.

T(defeated)

I... I'll come with you.

Ali nods and gestures for them to follow down the alley.

EXT. CITY STREET – CONTINUOUS

The four slip out of the alley, crossing the street toward a small, neon-lit corner store. T's notebook is still in his hand, page marked "Contest Friday," but he follows, conflicted.

BIGGS

You really gonna do this after tonight?

T(quietly)

We need the cash.

EXT. CORNER STORE – SHORTLY AFTER

The storefront is dim. Ali pushes the door open—bell jingles. T, King, and Biggs file in behind him.

INT. CORNER STORE – CONTINUOUS

BARTENDER (30s) stands behind the counter, wiping a register. Ali steps up, gun in hand.

ALI

Open the register. Now.

T hangs back near the door, eyes downcast. King scans the aisles; Biggs looks terrified.

BARTENDER(hands trembling)

O-okay... just don't shoot.

He opens the register; Ali grabs a fistful of bills.

BIGGS(whispering to T)

Man, this feels wrong.

T(whispering back)

I know...

Sirens suddenly wail in the distance. Ali's head snaps up.

ALI

Move!

They bolt toward the exit, bills in hand.

EXT. CORNER STORE – NIGHT

The four sprint into the street as police lights glow closer. They scatter: King and Biggs dart left;

T and Ali veer right.

T

Why did I let this happen...?

He glances at the stolen cash, regret in his eyes, as they vanish into the night, two paths—music and crime—colliding in his world.

FADE OUT.

Scene 31

EXT. BACK ALLEY – NIGHT

Footsteps pound against pavement. T (18), KING (17), ALI (17), and BIGGS (16) sprint down a dark alley, breathing heavy, wide-eyed, and panicked. The glow of police sirens flashes in the distance.

BIGGS(out of breath)

What the hell just happened, man!?

ALI

He shot him... King, what did you do!?

King stops suddenly, clutching the gun in his hand, still shaking. T turns to face him, furious and stunned.

T

You weren't supposed to pull the trigger!

KING(shaking)

He moved—I panicked. I didn't mean to—

ALI(pacing)

We were just supposed to take the money and get out. That was it! Now it's murder, bro. That's life!

BIGGS

Y'all didn't see his face... the way he dropped...

T slams his fist against a nearby wall, overwhelmed.

T

This was never the plan. I was just on stage hours ago. Now I'm running for my life?

ALI(to King)

You messed up. And now we're all in it.

KING(voice cracking)

I didn't want to... I swear I didn't mean to...

T(low, cold)

Intent doesn't matter anymore. Somebody's dead.

A long, heavy silence settles between them.

BIGGS(quietly)

What do we do now?

T

We lay low. We don't talk to anyone. We don't split up. And we pray nobody saw our faces.

ALI

I'm not going down for this, man...

KING(almost whispering)

Neither am I.

T stares at each of them, the weight of what just happened sinking deeper into his chest.

T

Whatever we were before this... it's gone now.

They disappear into the shadows, four boys with their lives forever changed, fleeing a decision that can't be undone.

FADE OUT.

Scene 32

EXT. DARK ALLEY – NIGHT

The crew—T (18), KING (17), ALI (17), and BIGGS (16)—dash into a narrow, trash-strewn alley. Their breaths are ragged. Sirens scream in the distance. The glow of streetlights casts jagged shadows on the brick walls.

ALI(spinning around, furious)

What the hell is wrong with you, King!? You SHOT him!

KING(defensive, still gripping the gun)

He moved too fast—I thought he was reaching!

ALI

You were never supposed to use it! We were in and out—now it's MURDER!

Ali marches up to King, hand out.

ALI (cont'd)

Give me the gun. Now.

KING(shakes head, backing up)

No. I ain't handing this over. I need it—what if they find us?

T

Bro, listen to him. You're not thinking straight!

BIGGS(nervous, scanning the alley)

Y'all, we need to get off the streets, not fight each other!

ALI(stepping closer, angrier)

You already did enough damage. Hand. It. Over.

KING(growling)

Back up, man!

Ali lunges for the gun. They wrestle—grappling and shoving, the others shouting in panic.

T

Yo! Stop! Chill!

BIGGS

Let it go, King!

*The scuffle turns violent. The gun goes off—**BANG!**A sharp crack echoes through the alley.*

Ali stumbles back, clutching his side. Blood stains his hoodie. He collapses against the wall and slides down.

T(horrificed)

ALI!?

BIGGS(yelling)

You shot him! You SHOT ALI!

KING(frozen, shaking)

No... no, no, no... I didn't mean to... I didn't—

T rushes to Ali's side, pressing his hands to the wound. Blood seeps through his fingers.

T

Stay with me, Ali. Stay with me, bro!

Ali gasps for air, eyes wide and fading.

KING(backing away)

I didn't mean it... I didn't mean it...

BIGGS(shouting)

Drop the gun, man! Look what you did!

King drops the gun. It clatters to the concrete. He stares at his hands, as if seeing them for the first time.

Ali slips unconscious. T lowers his head, overwhelmed with emotion.

T(softly)

We're falling apart...

In the distance, the sound of approaching sirens grows louder. No one moves.

FADE TO BLACK.

Scene 33

EXT. UPTOWN THEATER – NIGHT

The building buzzes with energy. Spotlights dance across the night sky. A crowd gathers outside for the main event of the rap competition. T (18), BIGGS (16), and KING (17) walk up the sidewalk, T clutching his notebook, trying to focus.

BIGGS(low voice)

You sure about this? After everything?

T(nods)

We made it this far. I need this stage... one last time.

KING(uneasy)

Let's just get in, do it, and bounce.

As they near the entrance, a pair of UNMARKED POLICE CARS screech to a stop. OFFICERS flood out, surrounding the boys with weapons drawn.

OFFICER 1

Hands in the air! Now!

T, BIGGS, and KING(in unison)

What the—!?

OFFICER 2

Don't move! You're persons of interest in an active investigation.

T freezes, eyes wide. King slowly raises his hands. Biggs follows suit, trembling.

BIGGS

This can't be happening...

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

A stark, cold room. A metal table, two chairs. T sits alone, eyes down, hands cuffed. DETECTIVE RAMIREZ (40s) enters with a file in hand. He tosses it on the table and sits.

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ

Tariq Bennett. You had one hell of a night.

T doesn't respond. Just stares at the table.

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ (cont'd)

Corner store on 5th. Clerk's dead. Security footage shows four young men matching your crew's description. Then, one turns up shot in an alley. Ring any bells?

T(quietly)

It wasn't supposed to happen like that.

INT. POLICE STATION - SEPARATE INTERROGATION ROOM

KING sits with his head in his hands. DETECTIVE MOORE (50s) circles him slowly.

DETECTIVE MOORE

Ali's in critical condition. You want to explain why your prints are on the gun?

KING(cracking)

He grabbed me. I didn't mean to... It just—went off.

INT. POLICE STATION - THIRD INTERROGATION ROOM

BIGGS stares straight ahead, trying to stay calm. His knee bounces under the table.

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ (O.S.)

You had a chance to walk away. Why go back?

BIGGS

We were just kids trying to make money... but it went too far. Way too far.

INT. HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

T, King, and Biggs now sit together in silence. The weight of the moment hangs heavy. Sirens wail outside in the distance.

T(softly)

I just wanted to perform... make something real.

KING

Now it's all real.

No one speaks. The metal door slams shut behind them as the lights dim.

FADE OUT.

Scene 34

INT. FUNERAL HOME – LATE AFTERNOON

Soft organ music plays faintly in the background. The room is dimly lit, somber. Rows of seats face a closed casket adorned with white lilies and a large photo of ALI (17), smiling in better days.

T (18), KING (17), and BIGGS (16) walk into the funeral home together, all wearing black. The weight of the moment sits heavy on their faces.

Family and friends fill the room, whispering condolences. Ali's mother sobs softly in the front row. A PRAYER LEADER stands off to the side, flipping through a small Bible.

INT. FUNERAL HOME – VIEWING ROOM – MOMENTS LATER

T and Biggs approach the casket with lowered heads. King hangs back slightly, staring at the floor. T places a folded note near the photo frame on the casket table.

T(softly, under breath)

I'm sorry, bro... we should've stopped it. All of it.

BIGGS(choked up)

He ain't deserve this, man. None of it.

They step aside. KING slowly approaches the casket. He stares at Ali's picture, expression unreadable. After a long silence, he speaks just loud enough for them to hear.

KING

I still can't believe it. I don't even know what happened that night... it all moved too fast.

T shoots him a cold look, jaw tightening.

T

You serious right now?

Biggs glances between them, uneasy.

BIGGS

T...

T(firmly, low)

He's acting like he don't remember. Like he didn't pull the trigger.

KING(quietly, defensive)

I said I don't know how it happened. I didn't mean to...

T(cutting him off)

But you did. And now he's in a box.

Ali's mother turns slightly at the raised voices, so Biggs quickly steps in.

BIGGS(whispering)

Not here. Not now. Let's not do this in front of his family.

They back away from the casket. T walks off toward the rear of the room, needing space. Biggs follows. King stays planted, staring at the floor again, haunted.

INT. FUNERAL HOME – HALLWAY – MOMENTS LATER

T leans against a wall, fists clenched. Biggs stands beside him, quiet.

T

I should've never walked into that store with them. None of us should've.

BIGGS

We can't change what happened. But we can decide what we do next.

T nods slowly, wiping his eyes.

INT. FUNERAL HOME – VIEWING ROOM – LATER

King sits alone in the back row now, staring straight ahead. People file past the casket quietly. A tear finally falls down his cheek.

KING(to himself)

I'm sorry, Ali...

He folds his hands together, guilt eating away as the service continues.

FADE OUT.

Scene 35

INT. T'S BEDROOM - EVENING

The room is dimly lit by a desk lamp. Posters of rappers and scribbled lyrics are taped to the walls. T (18) sits on the edge of his bed, holding an envelope. He's quiet, reflective.

There's a knock at the door. T looks up.

T

Come in.

RILEY (12) walks in slowly, clutching a comic book. He hesitates near the doorway.

RILEY

Mom said you were back. You okay?

T nods, pats the bed beside him. Riley walks over and sits down.

T(gently)

Yeah... just been thinkin'. Lot's happened.

RILEY

Is it true? About Ali?

T lowers his head. A long pause.

T(softly)

Yeah, it's true.

Riley stares at the floor, unsure of what to say. T reaches into his jacket and pulls out the envelope. He holds it out.

T

Here.

RILEY

What's this?

T

Money. From the rap contest. I won.

RILEY(eyes wide)

You actually won?

T smiles, faint but proud.

T

Yeah. And I want you to have it. For school stuff... or sneakers... whatever you need.

RILEY(shaking his head)

But it's yours. You earned it.

T

I did. And I want it to mean something. Not just another story we tell about what been. could've

Riley clutches the envelope, eyes misting.

RILEY

Thanks, T.

T pulls him in for a hug, holding him tight.

T

Just promise me one thing, alright?

RILEY

What?

T

Stay out of the mess I got caught in. Be smarter. Do better.

Riley nods, hugging him tighter.

RILEY

I will.

They sit in silence, the weight of the world outside, but something solid between them inside.

FADE OUT.

Scene 36

INT. HIGH SCHOOL – BACK HALLWAY – LUNCH PERIOD

The bell rings. STUDENTS flood the hallways. T (18) walks alone, backpack slung over one shoulder, moving past familiar faces. A few students glance at him, whispering. He keeps his head down until he sees KING (17), leaning against the lockers near the stairwell.

T approaches slowly. King looks up, their eyes lock. A heavy silence lingers.

T

We need to talk.

KING(nodding)

Yeah... I figured.

T glances around, then jerks his head toward the stairwell door.

T

Let's not do this out here.

INT. STAIRWELL – CONTINUOUS

Quiet. Empty. T sits on the bottom step. King stays standing, pacing slightly before finally speaking.

KING

I know what you're thinking. And you're right.

T

You don't know what I'm thinking.

KING(pauses)

I know I messed up. Bad. I've been thinking about that night every second since it happened.

T(calm but firm)

Ali's dead, King. And we're still walking around like we didn't watch it happen.

KING(voice cracking)

I didn't mean to shoot him, man. I didn't. I was scared, he grabbed me—

T

You brought the gun.

King turns away, ashamed.

T (cont'd)

We were supposed to be brothers. Music, plans, hustle—but that? That night? That wasn't us.

KING(quietly)

I know...

T(stepping forward)

I'm not covering for you anymore. If the cops come back around... I'm telling the truth.

KING(swallows hard)

You gonna turn me in?

T

I'm not turning you in. I'm turning in. I was there. I let it happen. That guilt's been eating me alive. myself

A long beat of silence. King nods slowly, tears welling in his eyes.

KING

Maybe... maybe I should too.

T

That's on you. But if we keep running, all we're doing is letting Ali stay gone for nothing.

KING(quietly)

I miss him.

T

Me too.

They stand in silence together. The sound of distant laughter and footsteps echoes above them, but the weight in the stairwell remains heavy.

T (cont'd)

You still got time to do something right. Don't waste it.

King looks at him, nods once. T picks up his bag and heads for the door. King stays behind, alone with his thoughts.

FADE OUT.

Scene 37

INT. BRIA'S LIVING ROOM - EARLY EVENING

Soft music plays from a speaker in the background. The room is cozy—photos on the walls, scented candles flickering. T (18) lounges on the couch, scrolling on his phone. BRIA (17) walks in from the kitchen, carrying two plates of food.

BRIA

Here—made your plate.

T

(barely looking up)

Cool. Thanks.

Bria sets the plates down and sits beside him. A moment passes. She glances at him, noticing his mood.

BRIA

You good?

T (shrugs)

Yeah. Just tired of people, that's all.

BRIA

Something happen?

T

Nah, just tired of getting judged. People look at me like I'm the villain. Like they don't know what I've been through.

BRIA (gently)

T... you been carrying that chip on your shoulder since before all this started. Maybe you need to let some of it go.

T (sharp)

You don't get it. Nobody gets it. You don't know what it's like walking around with everyone waiting for you to slip.

BRIA (sits up straighter)

I'm not "everyone," T. I've been here. But you keep lashing out at me like I'm the problem.

T (defensive)

So now I'm the bad guy?

BRIA (frustrated)

No—but your attitude? It's too much. I can't be your punching bag every time you're mad at the world.

T stands up, pacing.

T

Man, forget this. I knew coming here was a mistake.

BRIA (firmly)

You're right. Maybe it was.

He stops, looking at her—hurt and defensive.

BRIA (cont'd)

I think you should go, T.

A beat. T stares at her, then grabs his jacket and slings it over his shoulder.

T (softly, almost regretful)

Fine.

He walks toward the door. Bria watches, eyes full of sadness but standing her ground.

T (cont'd)

Call me when you realize who's really on your side.

BRIA

I've always been on your side. That's the part you don't see.

T hesitates at the door... then leaves without another word.

FADE OUT.

Scene 38

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET – AFTERNOON

It's quiet. KING (17) walks alone, hands in his pockets, hood up. He turns a corner and stops—facing ZOE, RIO, MONTE, and VICK: members of the Haitian gang. They fan out slowly, boxing him in.

ZOE(smirking)

Look who it is... King with no crown.

KING(defensive)

I'm not looking for trouble.

RIO

Trouble found you.

MONTE

You disappeared after Ali dropped. Streets been talkin'.

VICK(stepping closer)

We ain't forget what you owe.

Suddenly, one of them shoves King. Another punches him in the stomach. He stumbles, but holds his ground. He glances up—and sees BIGGS (16) and T (18) down the block, watching.

Biggs hesitates. T shakes his head, and they both quietly turn and keep walking.

KING(calling out, betrayed)

T! BIGGS!

They don't look back.

King's face twists with rage. He reaches down to his ankle, pulling a small pistol from inside his shoe. The gang notices.

ZOE(backing off)

Yo, chill—

King aims directly at Zoe, shaking with adrenaline.

KING

You think this is a game!?

Zoe takes off running into a nearby alley. King sprints after him.

EXT. ALLEYWAY – MOMENTS LATER

Zoe runs into a dead end, gasping. King enters the alley, gun raised, eyes wild.

ZOE(desperate)

You don't gotta do this, King—

KING

Nobody had my back. Not even them. You think I'm just gonna take that?

Zoe raises his hands slowly.

ZOE

You shoot me, there's no coming back. You know that, right?

KING(whispers)

Too late for coming back.

A single shot echoes through the alley. Pigeons scatter from a rooftop.

EXT. STREET CORNER – SAME TIME

Biggs and T hear the shot. They freeze. Biggs looks sick. T clenches his jaw, refusing to turn around.

BIGGS(softly)

He did it.

T

Yeah.

EXT. ALLEYWAY – MOMENTS LATER

King stands over Zoe's body, chest heaving. His hand trembles as he lowers the gun. The weight of what he's done hits him.

His eyes fill with rage and regret. He looks toward the mouth of the alley—alone again.

FADE OUT.

Scene 39

INT. RANSOM'S HOUSE – NIGHT

A rundown apartment. Dim lights. Smoke lingers in the air. Loud rap music hums from the next room. T (18) steps inside cautiously. The door creaks shut behind him.

T

Ransom?

A moment later, RANSOM (mid-20s, rugged, intense) emerges from the kitchen with a bottle in hand. He gives T a cold, curious look.

RANSOM

Didn't expect to see you here, youngin'. What's up?

T(nervous, but determined)

I need something. For protection.

RANSOM(chuckles)

Protection? Ain't that what fists are for?

T(serious)

Not out there. Not now.

Ransom studies him for a beat, then nods slowly. He walks to a cabinet, opens it, and pulls out a small lockbox. He sets it on the table between them.

RANSOM

You sure this is the route you wanna go?

T(quietly)

No. But I ain't tryna end up like Ali. Or worse.

Ransom opens the box—inside is a compact handgun, wrapped in cloth. T stares at it, tense.

RANSOM(leaning in)

Once you touch that, it changes things. You stop being a kid and start being a target.

T

I already feel like a target.

RANSOM

You got beef?

T(nods slightly)

King made a move. Now there's talk. Haitian gang's out. I don't know who's aiming at who no more.

RANSOM(sighs)

Then maybe what you need ain't a gun. Maybe you need to disappear for a minute.

T shakes his head.

T

I got too much to lose now. Music. Riley. If it comes to me or them... I'm not going first.

Ransom stares at him, then slides the cloth-wrapped gun across the table.

RANSOM

It ain't loaded. Magazine's in the box. Safety's here.

T picks it up carefully. The weight is heavy in his hand.

RANSOM (cont'd)

This don't make you stronger. Just more dangerous.

T nods, tucks the gun into his jacket, and stands up. He hesitates at the door.

T

Thanks.

RANSOM(lighting a blunt)

You ain't gotta thank me. Just don't make me read about you tomorrow.

T exits, the door clicking shut behind him.

EXT. STREET – NIGHT

T walks alone under a flickering streetlight. The weight of the gun—and his decisions—pressing down on every step.

FADE OUT.

Scene 40

INT. LOCAL ARCADE – LATE AFTERNOON

*Bright lights flash across the walls. The sounds of games, buttons clicking, and kids laughing echo through the room. KING (17) stands alone in front of a retro**fighting game cabinet**, eyes locked on the screen. His jacket is tossed over a nearby stool. The screen reads: "ROUND 2 – FIGHT!"*

King mashes buttons, jaw clenched. The opponent on screen lands a combo.

GAME VOICE (O.S.)

"K.O.!"

The screen flashes. "YOU LOSE."

KING(mutters)

Man, come on...

He hits "RETRY."

MONTAGE:

King presses buttons harder.

He narrows his eyes in concentration.

His character loses again. "YOU LOSE."

He punches the side of the machine lightly. Starts again.

Another loss. "YOU LOSE."

He growls in frustration.

KING(under his breath)

This game's rigged, man...

He slams his hand against the buttons.

KID (O.S.)(from behind)

Yo bro, you good?

King whips around, eyes flaring.

KING

Mind your business!

The kid backs off. King turns back to the screen—his reflection looking back at him in the glass. Sweat on his brow. Tension in his jaw.

He suddenly punches the machine hard—enough to make it rattle—then grabs his jacket, breathing heavy.

KING(low, to himself)

I don't lose.

He storms out of the arcade, shoving the door open with force. The lights and noise fade behind him.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE ARCADE – EVENING

King walks fast, hands in pockets, frustration simmering like a storm just beneath the surface.

FADE OUT.

Scene 41

INT. BRIA'S FRONT PORCH - EARLY EVENING

The sky is tinted orange as the sun begins to set. T (18) stands on the porch, nervously shifting from one foot to the other. He knocks gently on the door.

A beat. Then it opens slowly. BRIA (17) stands in the doorway, arms folded, cautious but not cold.

BRIA

Didn't expect to see you.

T

I know. I had to come back. I needed to talk to you.

BRIA(quietly)

You weren't exactly calm last time.

T

I know... and I'm sorry for that. For the way I snapped. You didn't deserve it.

A pause. She steps aside slightly.

BRIA

You wanna come in?

T

Just for a minute.

INT. BRIA'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

They sit on the couch. T leans forward, elbows on his knees, struggling to find the words. Bria watches him closely.

T

Things have been spiraling lately. I've been holding a lot in. About King... about everything.

BRIA(softening)

What happened?

T(sighs)

After Ali... King changed. He's not thinking straight. Got caught up with the wrong people.

That gang—the Haitians—jumped him. He... he lost it.

BRIA

What do you mean "lost it"?

T(looks down)

He chased one of them into an alley. Pulled a gun. I wasn't there, but I know what happened.

Bria sits back, stunned.

BRIA

T... that's serious. Is anyone—?

T

Gone. Yeah. King crossed a line, and now we're all just... walking on the edge.

A long pause. The room is still except for the hum of the fridge in the kitchen.

BRIA(gently)

And you? Why come here now?

T

Because you're the only place that still feels right. Even when I'm wrong.

Bria looks at him, guarded but moved.

BRIA

I don't want to see you become like them. You still got something to fight for.

T

I'm trying. I really am. I just... I needed you to know the truth. No more lies. No more fronts.

Bria reaches out, placing her hand on his.

BRIA

Then start by doing something different. Be better than what's behind you.

T nods slowly. He squeezes her hand, a quiet moment of understanding passing between them.

FADE OUT.

Scene 42

EXT. ABANDONED PARK LOT – DUSK

The sun dips low behind the trees. A cold wind passes through the empty lot. BIGGS (16) walks briskly, hands in his hoodie pocket. He turns a corner—and stops. KING (17) stands ahead, leaning against a rusted bench, waiting.

BIGGS

King?

KING(smiling faintly)

'Bout time you stopped avoiding me.

BIGGS(cautious)

I wasn't. Just been... laying low.

KING(approaches slowly)

You think I don't see the way you and T been moving? Like I'm the problem?

BIGGS

You pulled the trigger, King. Twice. First Ali... then Zoe. How you think we supposed to act?

KING(snaps)

You think this world plays fair!? I did what I had to do. You don't get to judge me.

BIGGS(firm)

We were your boys. And you're spiraling. This ain't about survival anymore—it's pride.

King gets close—too close. Biggs tenses. King lifts his shirt, revealing the handle of a gun tucked in his waistband.

KING

Maybe you forgot who kept you safe out here.

BIGGS

Or maybe I finally realized you ain't safe to be around.

King draws the gun slowly, pointing it at Biggs.

KING

Say that again.

Biggs doesn't flinch.

BIGGS

This who you are now? Pulling guns on the people who grew up with you?

A long, painful silence. King's hand trembles. His face twitches between anger and grief.

KING(quietly)

I didn't mean for any of this to happen.

BIGGS(calmly)

Then put it down, bro. Before you do something you can't take back.

King stares at him... then at the gun...

TENSE BEAT.

We hear a sudden sound—a gunshot rings out offscreen.

EXT. STREET NEARBY – MOMENTS LATER

T (18) hears the shot in the distance as he walks. He stops in his tracks. Looks toward the sound.

His face goes pale.

T(under his breath)

No...

EXT. PARK LOT – MOMENTS LATER

King stands alone, breathing heavy. The gun dangles in his hand. Sirens can now be heard in the far distance.

FADE OUT.

Scene 43

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD BASKETBALL COURT – LATE AFTERNOON

The sun is setting. A few LOCAL TEENS hang out by the court—playing dice, sharing snacks, and talking trash. Among them are DRE, MALIK, and JAYLEN—all around 16–18. The sound of a basketball echoing on pavement fades as KING (17) approaches, hoodie up, expression tight.

DRE

Yo, look who crawled out the shadows.

JAYLEN

We thought you vanished after Zoe caught that bullet.

KING(serious)

Had to handle some things. But I got something y'all need to hear.

The boys look up, intrigued.

KING (cont'd)

Y'all still thinking T's the golden boy? Mr. Rap Contest, Mr. Loyalty?

MALIK

What you getting at?

KING(steps closer, lowers his voice)

Ali didn't just get caught up. He didn't get hit by accident. T did that.

The crew goes quiet. Dre stands up straight.

DRE

What?

KING

Yeah. They were arguing in the alley that night. Real bad. T tried to take the gun from Ali—next thing you know, bang. He panicked, made it look like I did it.

MALIK

That don't sound like T...

KING(pressing)

You think I'd lie about that? I was there! But he turned the story around. That's why he's been keeping his distance—guilt eating him alive.

JAYLEN

Damn... He really did that?

KING(coldly)

Ali was like my brother too. You think I'd cover for someone who took him out?

The guys exchange uneasy looks. Doubt spreads like wildfire.

DRE

Man, if that's true... T's foul.

KING

I just thought y'all should know who he really is.

King backs away, hoodie still up, disappearing into the shadows like a ghost.

EXT. STREET – NIGHT

Word has already started to spread. TEENS whisper outside corner stores. Someone posts a vague message on social media:

“Never trust a snake in the crew. Truth coming out.”

Meanwhile, T walks down the block with headphones on—unaware of the storm that’s about to hit.

FADE OUT.

Scene 44

EXT. WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD – NIGHT

*The city streets are dim and quiet. Streetlights flicker. T (18) moves quickly, hood up, scanning corners, alleys, every shadow. He’s tense, eyes sharp.**

T (V.O.)

Rumors hit faster than bullets. One second I’m grieving Ali, next I’m dodging ghosts. King lied. And now, everyone’s looking at me like I pulled the trigger.

T walks past a small park, peering into the darkness. He turns the corner and stops a RANDOM TEEN on a bike.

T

Yo, you seen Biggs?

RANDOM TEEN

Not since this afternoon. Thought he was with you.

T(gritting teeth)

Nah. He wasn’t.

T keeps moving. Thunder rumbles in the distance. He glances down an alley, then turns—

CLICK.

A gun is cocked behind him.

KING (O.S.)

Looking for somebody?

T freezes. Slowly turns. KING (17) stands a few feet away, gun raised, eyes cold.

T(calm but stern)

You really out here pulling heat on me?

KING

You turned the crew against me. Started spreading lies.

T(snaps)

You flipped the truth, King! Told the block I killed Ali!

KING(stepping forward)

You did. You killed our trust. That's worse.

*T's eyes dart. He waits for the moment—then SWATS the gun upward. It goes off—**BANG!**—but misses. The gun clatters across the pavement.*

They wrestle briefly before T BREAKS FREE and takes off running.

EXT. CITY ALLEYS – NIGHT – CONTINUOUS

Rain begins to drizzle. T runs through narrow back alleys, vaulting a fence, breathing hard.

KING chases close behind, yelling after him.

KING (O.S.)

You ain't running from what you did, T!

T slips on wet pavement, catches himself, then keeps going. He darts through an old parking lot, between dumpsters, pushing crates down behind him to slow King's pace.

KING(furious)

You think you can outrun this!?

T's chest heaves as he runs harder, now approaching a busy street.

T (V.O.)

This used to be family. Now it's war.

EXT. STREET CORNER – NIGHT – CONTINUOUS

T makes it to the corner and blends with a small crowd outside a corner store. He ducks low behind a car, trying to catch his breath.

King bursts out of the alley, looking left and right—but can't spot T.

He slams his fist against a pole in frustration, then disappears into the shadows.

T stays hidden, soaked, rattled... but alive.

T (V.O.)

He won't stop. And now... I can't either.

FADE OUT.

Scene 45

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING – ROOFTOP – NIGHT

Wind HOWLS across the rooftop. A light rain falls. The city glimmers in the distance, blurred by fog. T (18) bursts out the rooftop door, his chest rising and falling from the chase. His shirt is damp with sweat and rain.

A moment later, the door SLAMS open again – KING (17) steps out, wild-eyed, face twisted with fury.

KING

You runnin' from me now?

T(firm)

I'm done running.

KING

After everything I did for you... for the crew?

T(steps forward)

You pulled a gun on me, King. You lied on me. You killed Ali and blamed me.

KING

You weren't supposed to have the spotlight. You were supposed to have my back!

King charges. They COLLIDE in the middle of the rooftop, throwing punches, tackling each other to the wet gravel.

A BRUTAL FIGHT unfolds – fists slamming, knees driving, grunts and gasps cutting through the wind.

*King swings. T ducks. T tackles King near the edge. The momentum is too much –**King slips and tumbles backward—his body tipping off the edge of the roof.***

KING

Ah—!

He manages to catch the ledge with one hand. T scrambles to the side and grabs his arm, stopping him from falling.

T(panicked)

I got you! Hold on!

KING(dangling, terrified)

Don't let go, man! Please!

Rain pelts them both. T's hands are slick. His grip trembles. King's shoes scrape the wall beneath him, desperate for footing.

KING (cont'd)

I didn't mean to... I didn't mean for Ali... I messed everything up.

T(straining)

We can fix it. Just hold on!

King's hand starts to slip. T's fingers are barely hanging on.

KING(voice cracking)

I'm sorry, T...

T

KING!

*And then—**his hand slips free.**

King FALLS.

The fall feels like slow motion. A sickening silence follows as T stares, frozen in shock.

EXT. ALLEYWAY BELOW – CONTINUOUS

King's body hits the ground. Still. Motionless.

EXT. ROOFTOP – CONTINUOUS

T collapses to his knees at the ledge, rain soaking him completely. He doesn't move. Just breathes. Barely.

T (V.O.)

We were brothers once. Now there's no going back.

FADE OUT.