

Amongst Us
By
James Abney

WGA: 2054098

James Abney
jabney1@gmail.com
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BLACK

TITLE CARD: "There are times when explanations, no matter how reasonable, just don't seem to help." - Fred Rogers

FADE IN:

EXT. ALLEY, NIGHT

We slowly move in towards a puddle resting in the middle of an abandoned alley. A full moon is reflected.

SPLASH!

A sneaker tears through the puddle, it's owner, KEVIN (20s), an overweight black man, running for his life. As he turns the corner, he realizes he's trapped; a dead end.

Two more sets of shoes splash the same puddle, closing in on Kevin.

He desperately looks around, a door, anything to hide behind, but there's nothing. He's trapped.

He turns to face the source of the chasing footprints; JOHN (20s) and DUVANE (20s), both "corner kid" looking black men.

JOHN
Look what we got here.

DUVANE
Dead end nigga.

Kevin, out of breath, prays for a miracle.

KEVIN
Please, I can get you da money.

JOHN
Ain't bout the money, bout the fact
you think you can do what you did.

DUVANE
Can't let niggas know Duane can be
got like that.

As John and Duvane slowly approach the petrified Kevin, John pulls out a PISTOL.

KEVIN
Please...

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

It's done.

As John raises the pistol, we see Kevin's eyes lower to something creeping up behind his two attackers. It appears more animal than man.

KEVIN

What the...?

John turns his head to see a BEAST leap at him, sinking its teeth into his jaw.

Blood squirts on the wet pavement as John can only moan in pain.

DUVANE

Fuck!

Duvane tries to defend his partner, but is quickly thrown against the adjacent brick wall. A trickle of blood pours from his wounded head.

Kevin, realizing the opportunity, puts away his fear and sprints down the alley and away from the carnage, turning the corner.

SPLASH!

As his shoe hits the puddle, he trips, falling to the ground. As he gets back up, he comes face to face with the BEAST, growling.

From the POV of the beast we pounce on the screaming Kevin...

EXT. CITY PROJECTS, STREETS - DAY

The streets, teething with poverty and addicts, are nothing more than a playground for the players of this brave, but not new, world.

Corners, each with a different crew, peddling drugs with luminescent names.

DEALER #1

Got your MOAB's right here.

DEALER #2

Blue caps, get ya blue caps.

(CONTINUED)

DEALER #3

WMD's.

After scoring their fix, the addicts scatter like rats to their version of home, only to come back out at night when their fix is back.

We see one WOMAN (late 30s), wipe her nose as she impatiently waits for her fix.

WOMAN

(to Dealer #2)

But I can get you the rest tomorrow, I swear.

DEALER #2

You get what you pay for or fuckin nothin at all.

His PARTNER (18), walks up and hands the Woman 2 capsules. She looks down at it, clearly wanting more.

DEALER #2

This ain't no dine in now fuck off.

She scurries away as more, just like her, take her place in line.

EXT. CITY PROJECTS, HOME - DAY

The dilapidated home is better than most, but still nothing more than an eye-sore.

AUDIO (O.S)

Aaaooooooooo!

INT. HOME, LIVING ROOM - DAY

The TV blares a cartoon wolf, as we slowly reveal the unkempt living room. Beer bottles, burnt tin foil, pizza boxes. And it's King, JAVON (30s), who sits in his ancient Lazy Boy recliner, passed out.

A hand slowly reaches for the controller, turning the channel to the History Channel. Footage of WW2 comes on as the volume is quickly turned down. The owner of the hand is KENNY (18), a kid smart enough to know he's too good for his current situation, but too scared to do anything about it.

The keys rattle in the front door as the WOMAN walks in. The Woman is Kenny's mother, TRISHTAN. Javon is her boyfriend.

(CONTINUED)

TRISHTAN

I'm back!

She closes the door and hears the TV, it clearly being something she knows Javon wouldn't watch.

TRISHTAN

Javon!

Javon jolts awake, slowly realizing where he's at and what's on TV.

JAVON

Goddammit Kenny, what I tell you about changin my programs.

KENNY

Cartoons?

JAVON

Give it hear.

He motions for the remote as Trishtan gets settled.

KENNY

But it's my turn.

JAVON

Boy, until you get the money to buy your own damn TV, there is no your turn.

Javon snaps his fingers. Kenny reluctantly gives him the remote and heads to his room, while Trishtan takes his place on the couch and begins to feed her and Javon's fix.

JAVON

Only two?!

TRISHTAN

You only gave me a \$10 spot.

JAVON

Bitch I gave you \$20!

TRISTHAN

(shaking her head)

Maybe you dropped it...

Javon goes through his pockets, looks around his throne, not finding any extra cash.

(CONTINUED)

JAVON
Well it ain't here!

Kenny walks back in, now wearing a red hoodie, and heads out the front door.

TRISHTAN
Baby, let's just smoke this and I'm
sure we'll find it...

JAVON
You callin me a liar!?

SMACK! Javon slaps Trishtan as Kenny closes the door.

EXT. CITY PROJECTS, STREETS - DAY

Kenny, closes his eyes, takes a deep breath. Relieved to have left his personal hell behind for just a moment, yet scared to face his internal hell in front of him.

As he throws his hood on, he walks briskly down the street, passing several "stoop kids" sitting on STOOP #1.

STOOP KID #1
Look at this faggot.

STOOP KID #2
Kid can't even look us in the eyes.

STOOP KID #1
Broke ass nigga!

As we see him pass Stoop #1, it's revealed that the kids ignore him; all the insults are in Kenny's un-confident head.

STOOP KID #1
All I sayin is if a faggot ass
nigga wanna get his dick sucked in
the pen fine, but no way we seein
eye to eye when he get out and
lookin to make some bread. You
feel?

Stoop Kid #2 nods as Kenny continues his journey towards the CORNER STORE, the only place he feels safe and un-judged.

As he passes the 2nd stoop, the voice creeps back in.

(CONTINUED)

STOOP KID #3
Yo, heard this kid still ain't
popped his cherry.

STOOP KID #4
Give his mom a \$10 spot and she'd
change that.

Again as Kenny passes Stoop #2, we see that the kids are
ignoring him, not even giving him a glance.

STOOP KID #3
Pop pop pop, got em while he was
still inside the bitch.

STOOP KID #4
All cause a missing \$10 spot?

Kenny approaches the Corner Store and walks in.

INT. CORNER STORE - DAY

The OWNER (50s), a friendly older black man, smiles as his
favorite customer walks in. The store only offers minimal
items; a few canned goods, cold drinks and some snacks.

CLING!

OWNER
Kenny my man, how we doin'?

Kenny puts down his hood, finally feeling safe.

KENNY
Same shit different day.

OWNER
Amen brother.

He heads to the cooler towards the back of the store.

OWNER (O.S)
Your usual Mountain Patch?

Kenny stops, reaches into his wallet and pulls out \$10 in
cash (the missing money from Javon). He grins and looks at
the name brand section.

Two bottles of Sprite, three bags of candy and a pack of
beef jerky gets tossed on the counter. The Owner looks down
in surprise.

(CONTINUED)

OWNER
Well where'd you find that golden
ticket Charley?

Kenny chuckles as the Owner rings it up.

OWNER
That'll be \$8.97.

Kenny hands him the \$10 bill as he bags up the snacks.

KENNY
Keep it.

The Owner gives him a "are you serious?" look.

KENNY
I won't need it.

OWNER
Well then can you do me a favor?

Kenny gives him a "sure" head nod.

OWNER
If you see the real Kenny can you
send him my way?

Kenny laughs as he grabs the bag.

KENNY
Figured you could use it to print
out some more ads. Any luck?

OWNER
(shaking his head)
Nah, I'm startin to think the
worst.

KENNY
I'm sure he'll show up.

The Owner reluctantly nods as we see a MISSING DOG AD posted
on the bullet proof glass.

OWNER
Same time tomorrow?

Kenny heads for the door but stops, looks back.

KENNY
Don't think so...

CLING!

EXT. CORNER STORE, ALLEY - DAY

Kenny sits in the alley behind the Corner Store. The telephone poll nearby is filled with MISSING DOG postings. Some newer than others, but about 5 different dogs.

Kenny opens one of the bottles of Sprite.

KENNY (V.O)
Today is finally the day.

He takes a sip, enjoying it much more than he normally does.

KENNY (V.O)
You're almost there.

As he looks at the sky, daydreaming of a better life, he hears the all too familiar voice of his crush. He quickly glances over to see LANA (18), an attractive down-to-earth girl, walking down the alley.

She talks loudly on her phone, overly laughing at everything; a typical for girls her age. She locks eyes with Kenny.

LANA
(into phone)
Hey I gotta jump off, you gonna be around later? (beat) Cool, I'll hit you up after.

Lana hangs up the phone and puts it in her pocket, tosses back her hair; clearly wanting Kenny to talk to her as she passes.

KENNY (V.O)
You and Lana? Hah! In your dreams.

She glances at Kenny as she slowly approaches, her grin turning into a smile.

KENNY (V.O)
But seeing how this is your last day...

Mere steps away, Kenny finally gathers the courage to stand up, quickly finding the strength in his wobbly legs. Lana slows down, gives him an opening.

(CONTINUED)

KENNY
(nervous, very nervous)
Ah, hey Lana, what's up?

Lana, clearly happy yet surprised, smiles.

LANA
Ya know, same shit different day.

KENNY
(nodding)
Amen brother, I mean sister.

She laughs.

LANA
What about you?

KENNY
Nothin, just chillin.

Lana nods, this being the awkward moment in every first time conversation between crushes.

KENNY
Say, are you going to Jerome's party on Friday? I was thinking maybe we could...

Lana bursts out laughing.

LANA
I'm sorry, I couldn't take it any more.

She pulls out her phone, it being on SPEAKER.

PHONE (O.S)
Hahaha, what a loser!

This hits Kenny in the gut, but he tries to play it off.

LANA
I told you right? Guy thinks I be seen in public with him? Shiiit.

She walks away from Kenny as he sits back down, defeated.

FLASHBACK:

Lana glances at Kenny as she slowly approaches, her grin turning into a smile. The previous confrontation only a figment of Kenny's imagination.

(CONTINUED)

Unsure of what to do, Kenny decides to take a sip from his Sprite, hoping it'll be the excuse for not speaking up.

LANA

Hey Kenny.

Disappointed, Lana pulls her phone out and begins to dial as she continues down the alley. Kenny shakes his head.

KENNY (V.O)

They are right, you are a pu...

VOICE (O.S)

Ssy on that one, damn.

Kenny looks up and sees his best friend and only white guy in the neighborhood, SHOOTER (19). Shooter is the definition of a "wanna be gangster" having no clue that he will never in fact be one.

SHOOTER

How's it hanging nig?

He slaps handshakes with Kenny.

KENNY

I told you about that nig shit.

SHOOTER

Ah calm down, you know I just be playin.

KENNY

Playin or not, any other brother hear that they gonna kick your ass.

Shooter blows it off as he clears a seat next to Kenny.

SHOOTER

Oh shit look at you. Who you hold up?

KENNY

Javon.

Shooter laughs as he opens the 2nd bottle of Sprite, not even asking.

SHOOTER

And you're worried about *me* playin, what you gonna do when he finds out?

(CONTINUED)

KENNY
(looking off)
By the time he does, it won't
matter.

They drink in silence, Shooter clearly having something he wants to bring up.

SHOOTER
So you think about that thing we
talked about?

Kenny continues to look forward.

KENNY
Yeah.

SHOOTER
And?

KENNY
(shaking his head)
I can't.

Shooter gets up, irritated.

SHOOTER
Come on bro, this ain't like that
other shit I nagged you about, it's
just a side deal...

KENNY
I haven't kept my head outta the
game this long just to end it with
some wannabe gangster with an itchy
trigger finger.

SHOOTER
Bro it ain't like that I told
you...

KENNY
Especially just for a few
g's. Fuck that.

Shooter pauses, thinks to himself.

KENNY
Just drop it. Few days you'll
forget and something else'll...

SHOOTER

No forgettin this one, it's a once
in a lifetime score...

As Shooter's voice fades out, Kenny begins to recollect the day.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. CORNER STORE, ALLEY - DAY

Lana walks down the alley, smiling at Kenny as he gives into fear and remains quiet.

EXT. CITY PROJECTS, STREETS - DAY

The stoop kids glare at Kenny as he walks by, hiding in his hoodie.

INT. HOME, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Javon snaps his fingers, motioning for the remote.

FLASHBACK END

EXT. CORNER STORE, ALLEY - DAY

Shooter's voice comes more into focus as Kenny comes out of his daze.

SHOOTER

They ain't even strapped, I mean...

KENNY

Fuck it, I'm in.

Shooter is shocked, half thinking it's a joke.

SHOOTER

Don't blue ball me bro.

KENNY

I ain't.

Kenny looks up at Shooter; he's all in.

SHOOTER

That's what I'm talkin about!

Shooter excitingly shakes hands with Kenny.

(CONTINUED)

SHOOTER
You ain't gonna regret this.

KENNY
One rule.

SHOOTER
Shoot.

KENNY
No guns.

Shooter loses his grin, this not being part of his original plan.

KENNY
I'm serious. And when we scope it out, if it ain't feel right we drop it; no questions.

Shooter slowly nods.

SHOOTER
Deal.

Kenny checks the time on his cellphone.

KENNY
I gotta get back.

SHOOTER
Say less.

Kenny finishes his drink, places the snacks into his pockets, puts his hoodie back on.

KENNY
Playground, 11pm?

SHOOTER
Word.

They shake hands as they begin to part ways.

SHOOTER
And bro, you ain't gonna regret this I promise.

INT. HOME, LIVING ROOM - DAY

The TV blares cartoons as Trishtan and Javon are passed out on the couch. Their lunch on the coffee tables consists of bent spoons, needles and tinfoil.

Kenny walks in, shaking his head, expecting nothing less from his worthless mother.

INT. HOME, BEDROOM - DAY

Kenny closes the door and leans his back on it, taking another deep breath. He's almost done.

His room is neat and orderly, despite there not being much to it. A mattress on the floor, a half broken nightstand and a closet with no door containing the 3 pairs of clothes he owns. It's clear that he's the only organized person in the household.

He takes his hoodie off and tosses it on the bed and opens the nightstand and grabs a PEN and RED NOTEBOOK. There are several pages with writings on them, but we can't read them. He turns to a fresh page and begins to write.

KENNY (V.O)

It was never a question of if; only when. I've been planning this for a long time, so please don't think I acted irrationally or without thought. I've been on this trek since I "tore through your womb like I tore through your dreams" as you so hatefully put, and we've finally reached it's peak.

FLASHBACK:

INT. HOME, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Kenny's mother sits on the couch as Javon beats Kenny with a belt. Kenny reaches out for his Mother's help but she ignores him.

KENNY (V.O)

Life is a battle and I have the scars to prove it...

FLASHBACK:

EXT. CITY PROJECTS, STREETS - DAY

Kenny walks past the stoops as ALL 4 STOOP KIDS yell inaudibly and toss trash at him.

KENNY (V.O)
Both inside and out.

INT. HOME - NIGHT

Kenny walks into the living room, his Mother and Javon still passed out.

KENNY (V.O)
*And I know you'll call my act
selfish, make it about yourself and
get high off the pity; just another
drug to you. But know this...*

Kenny lifts the cushion on the recliner, revealing a REVOLVER. He grabs it and checks the chamber, 6 bullets.

KENNY (V.O)
I did this for you.

Kenny aims the gun at his Mother.

KENNY (V.O)
*My way of making sure your line,
your disease, never walks these
streets again.*

Kenny holsters the gun, slid between his jeans and his back. He walks over and places the NOTE on top of the TV.

As he opens the door, it now being night, he turns back towards his Mother and Javon. A smile slowly creeps across his face.

KENNY (V.O)
*My only regret is that I didn't do
it sooner.*

EXT. PLAYGROUND, TREE - NIGHT

Broken 40's and litter surround the dimly lit playing field. Unkempt swings and a seesaw surround the rusty monkey bars.

Kenny stands under a large tree as Shooter approaches. A FULL MOON sits in the sky.

(CONTINUED)

SHOOTER
My homie!

KENNY
Keep your voice down.

SHOOTER
Chill bro.

Shooter goes to shake hands with Kenny, but Kenny glares at him.

SHOOTER
Fine...

Kenny obliges his handshake.

SHOOTER
So what'd you do the rest of the...

KENNY
The plan.

SHOOTER
I told you, it's all under con...

KENNY
Tell me or I walk.

Shooter spits, frustrated.

SHOOTER
I wouldn't have to if you'd a
listen to me last week.

KENNY
Shooter...

SHOOTER
Okay okay.

EXT. PLAYGROUND, SIDEWALK - NIGHT

About 30 yards from the playground, 50 yards from the tree. The path would normally be well lit if it weren't for the numerous broken bulbs laying on the ground; a perfect place to do a deal with minimal exposure.

SHOOTER (O.S)
*So word got to me that every Monday
night these two niggas...*

(CONTINUED)

KENNY (O.S)
What I say...

SHOOTER (O.S)
*Guys, wannabe gangstas, do the same
ol routine.*

GANGSTA #1 (20s), wearing low hanging jeans, wife beater and black durag, struts with GANGSTA #2 (20s), wearing jeans and a black hoodie, down the sidewalk.

SHOOTER (O.S)
*They do their pickup at 11pm sharp,
and when they on they way back to
the crib, they stop at the
playground and get some action.*

KENNY (O.S)
Action?

EXT. PLAYGROUND, TREE - NIGHT

Shooter turns around to greet SHAWNI (30s), a local hooker. She's dressed in black stockings, short skirt and red blouse.

KENNY
You're shitting me.

SHOOTER
What up my girl!

SHAWNI
Hey sweetie.

Kenny shakes his head, rethinking his decision.

SHOOTER
And I believe you know Kenny.

SHAWNI
Not yet but I sure can.

She licks her lips as she looks at him. He politely waves.

KENNY
So you were saying.

SHOOTER
Shit yeah, so...

EXT. PLAYGROUND, SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Gangsta #1 and Gangsta #2 stand underneath one of the lone working light poles. From the darkness approaches Shawni.

SHAWNI
There be my boys.

Both guys chuckle as Gangsta #1 hands the BACKPACK to Gangsta #2.

GANGSTA #1
Won't be just a minute.

SHAWNI
Uh uh sweetie, I gotta date tonight so I gonna have to take you both at the same time.

Both of them look at each other, unsure.

GANGSTA #2
Ahhh...

SHAWNI
Oh come on, it ain't my first and sure as hell won't be your last.

KENNY (O.S)
You're kidding me, this is our plan? How do we even know if they'll go for it again?

SHAWNI (O.S)
Sweetie, trust me. I got em hooked.

Shawni grabs both Gangsta's hands and leads them to the large tree.

EXT. PLAYGROUND, TREE - NIGHT

Shawni lights a cigarette as Kenny has questions for Shooter.

KENNY
So we just grab the pack when they're...

He motions towards Shawni.

(CONTINUED)

SHOOTER

Yeah bro, told you it was solid.

KENNY

And they ain't strapped? They ain't gonna turn over the blocks looking for this money?

SHOOTER

Nah man, this be the best part; the pack only gots Monday's score, so when it do got got it only be a large at most. Nothin to turn the projects over for. (beat) Bro, you watchin The Wire too much.

Shawni laughs.

KENNY

You positive?

SHOOTER

They visit the trap house Sunday night for the weekend scores, and those boys ain't be playing, strapped to the nines. This Monday crew, only gettin the scrapes that scored late night Sunday and early Monday.

Kenny thinks to himself as Shawni finishes her cigarette.

KENNY

How you'd come up with this plan?

Shooter grins, looks at Shawni.

SHOOTER

The Wire.

Kenny chuckles, thinks to himself. As Shooter waits with anticipation, Kenny gives him a nod.

SHOOTER

Let's do this.

EXT. PLAYGROUND, SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Gangsta #1 and Gangsta #2, dressed similarly as before, walk down the street. Unlike before, they are walking with a purpose.

(CONTINUED)

Out of the darkness Shawni approaches, just like they planned.

SHAWNI

There be my boys! Come give me some sugar.

GANGSTA #1

Not tonight.

Both guys walk right past her, surprising her and causing her to chase after them.

SHAWNI

What you mean? I thought I did you good last time, both of ya.

GANGSTA #2

We said not now, gots to be somewhere.

Gangsta #1 looks around, almost sensing something is different.

EXT. PLAYGROUND, TREE - NIGHT

Under the tree, Kenny gives Shooter a look.

KENNY

What the hell's going on?

SHOOTER

I don't know, Shawni says they always stop.

EXT. PLAYGROUND, SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Shawni speeds up and gets in front of both Gangstas.

SHAWNI

Well how bout two for one? I need the money and I've been looking forward...

GANGSTA #1

What the fuck I say?!

Gangsta #1 shoves Shawni and pulls out a PISTOL. He aims it at the terrified Shawni.

(CONTINUED)

GANGSTA #2
Yo bro not here.

GANGSTA #1
Go feed ya snatch somewhere else
bitch.

Gangsta #1 puts his gun away as both Gangstas continue their walk. Shawni walks away in the opposite direction, looking towards the hidden tree with a "sorry" look.

EXT. PLAYGROUND, TREE - NIGHT

Kenny hits Shooter on shoulder.

KENNY
I thought you said they weren't
strapped?

SHOOTER
They ain't! This whole thing is
fucked.

Kenny thinks to himself as Shooter paces around.

SHOOTER
Fuck it, we come at them next week
maybe then they won't...

As he turns towards Kenny he can only see his back as Kenny briskly walks towards the two Gangstas.

SHOOTER
Kenny!

Kenny pulls out his pistol.

KENNY (V.O)
What the hell are you doing?!

Kenny shakes the thought from his head, begins to pump himself up as he continues towards the two Gangstas.

KENNY (V.O)
*Now's when you decide to man up for
once? Now?!*

Shooter watches in anticipation, nervousness.

KENNY
(to himself)
It's my last chance.

EXT. PLAYGROUND, SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Gangsta #2 holds the backpack as Gangsta #1's eyes are ahead, searching for anything out of the ordinary. Unlike before, they are both focused.

Kenny, just out of the eye line of them, picks up a 40 and tosses it over their heads and to the left of them.

CRASH!

They both look in that direction, Gangsta #1 going for his pistol, but...

WHAM!

Kenny gun butts Gangsta #1, sending him the ground. His pistol falls onto the street. Gangsta #2 turns to see a hooded figure pointing a gun at him, unable to get a good look at his face due to the shadows.

KENNY

The bag.

GANGSTA #1

Ah fuck...

Gangsta #1 pulls his hand from the bloody head wound.

KENNY

I ain't gonna ask again.

CLICK!

Kenny pulls the hammer down, not fucking around.

Gangsta #2 reluctantly tosses Kenny the bag.

KENNY

Toss your piece onto the street.

GANGSTA #2

I'm not...

KENNY

Nigga you think I'm playin?!

Kenny inches closer with the loaded pistol. Gangsta #2 shakes his head and pulls his piece, tossing it onto the street near the other one.

(CONTINUED)

KENNY
Now turn around.

Gangsta #2 turns around and faces the street (back towards the tree and playground).

KENNY
Turn around and I put one in your chest.

GANGSTA #1
Fuck you nigga!

KENNY
Same goes for your boy.

Gangsta #1 continues to look down, towards the street. Blood drips from his wound.

A few moments pass, both of them not hearing anything.

GANGSTA #1
Fuck this.

He turns and sees Kenny is gone. Both Gangstas rush for their guns and sprint towards the playground.

EXT. PLAYGROUND, TREE - NIGHT

We can see both Gangstas, backs to us, facing the streets as Kenny sprints towards Shooter.

SHOOTER
Holy shit! You fucking animal!

KENNY
Shut the fuck up and climb.

Kenny throws the backpack around his back as Shooter looks on in confusion. We see both Gangstas get up and start heading their way.

Kenny climbs the tree and reaches down for Shooter as the Gangstas get closer.

KENNY
Come on man!

SHOOTER
Fuck!

(CONTINUED)

Shooter grabs Kenny's hand and he lifts him to the branch. With the darkness and brush they are nearly impossible to see.

SHOOTER

What...

KENNY

Shhhh.

Both Gangstas run by, not even thinking to check the tree.

GANGSTA #2

They could be anywhere!

GANGSTA #1

You wanna tell Duane that?!

They head off into the distance, eventually turning down an alley.

With the coast clear, Kenny drops to the ground, followed by Shooter.

SHOOTER

Holy shit man, what got into you?!

Kenny opens the backpack and looks inside.

KENNY

Fuuuck...

SHOOTER

What?

KENNY

How much you say would be in this?

SHOOTER

Large at most, why?

Kenny reveals the open backpack as Shooter shines it with his phone's flashlight; several stacks of \$100 bills, WAY more than \$1,000.

SHOOTER

Holy shit, we rich!

KENNY

(to himself)

No wonder they were strapped.

(CONTINUED)

Shooter is like a kid in a candy shop, looking through all the bills, completely unaware of the danger in stealing this much money.

KENNY
Shooter listen to me.

SHOOTER
I'm gonna buy so much blow...

KENNY
Listen!

Kenny snaps the backpack from Shooter.

KENNY
This is serious, they are gonna be looking everywhere for this.

SHOOTER
So?

KENNY
That means you can't be spending any of it.

SHOOTER
Fuck that.

KENNY
I'm serious. You go flashing money around and your fucked.

Shooter comes down from his high, begins to understand.

SHOOTER
Can I get a taste though, just to get me through the week.

KENNY
I'll do you one better.

Kenny zips the backpack up and tosses it to Shooter.

SHOOTER
You serious?

KENNY
Yeah man, you hold onto it.

SHOOTER
Don't you want just a little...

KENNY

No point.

Shooter gives him a confused look.

KENNY

Trust me.

Shooter shakes his head.

SHOOTER

We split it fifty fifty.

KENNY

Don't forget about Shawni.

SHOOTER

What the fuck she do?

KENNY

What the fuck you do? Besides, you want her talking?

SHOOTER

True dat.

Kenny shakes Shooter's hand, then hugs him.

KENNY

Take care of yourself.

SHOOTER

I'll holla at you later.

Shooter walks away.

KENNY

And Shooter?

He turns to face Kenny.

SHOOTER

Yeah?

KENNY

Nevermind.

Shooter walks away, leaving Kenny alone in the park. Looking around, he begins to laugh to himself. Proud for the first time in a long time.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - NIGHT

Kenny walks towards the swing set, taking his hoodie off. He folds it up, like a pillow, and places it on the ground directly behind one of the swings. He then sits in the swing, facing the opposite direction.

KENNY (V.O)
You did it, you actually did it.

Kenny smiles, looks down at the pistol.

KENNY (V.O)
Any last words?

Kenny thinks to himself.

KENNY
It was hell while it lasted.

He raises the gun and sticks it in his mouth, pulls back the hammer. A single tear drips from his eye as his finger slowly presses down on the trigger, until...

AAA0000000!

Kenny turns towards the howl, ripping the gun from his mouth. Is he imagining things?

He shakes it off, composes himself and places the gun back into his mouth...

AAA0000000!

The howl is much closer this time, causing Kenny to stand up and take the gun out, now in a defensive stance.

KENNY
Who's there?!

SNAP!

Kenny jolts his direction to the sound of the twig breaking, feeling surrounded, in danger.

KENNY
Shooter, this ain't funny man.

From the POV of an animal, we creep towards the unsuspecting Kenny.

(CONTINUED)

KENNY

Whoever you are I'm strapped, so
don...

The animal, a BEAST, finally comes into view of
Kenny. We've seen this beast before.

KENNY

What the fuck?

From the POV of the beast we RUSH towards Kenny, within
striking distance in seconds.

Stunned, Kenny drops the gun. He kneels down, quickly
grabbing it, and raises the gun; but it's gone.

He looks around, aiming the gun in every direction.

KENNY

Calm down Kenny, it's just your
imagination.

He slowly backpedals towards the sidewalk. As he looks
around he sees no sign of the beast.

KENNY

See, you're al...

CRUNCH!

The animal leaps onto Kenny, digging it's teeth into his
fleshy shoulder. Kenny screams in pain, blood rushing out
of the fresh wound. As he goes to point the gun at the
beast's head, the beast knocks it out of his hand and
underneath the swing set.

Kenny kicks the beast, buying him just enough time to
scramble towards the gun. He grabs it and turns to face a
wall of white TEETH.

BANG! BANG!

INT. HOME, BEDROOM - DAY

Kenny wakes up from the nightmare, soaking wet, clutching
his shoulder. Was that really just a dream?

He jumps up and looks at his shoulder in the mirror;
nothing. He sees his red hoodie on the ground. He quickly
goes through it, finding no gun, no sign of last night.

He grabs his phone and texts Shooter.

(CONTINUED)

KENNY (TEXT)
Yo, meetup in 1hr? The store?

Kenny sits down, still calming down from the nightmare.

SHOOTER (TEXT)
Finally!

INT. HOME, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Kenny, now dressed in yesterday's outfit, walks past his passed out Mother and Javon. He looks for the NOTE but is unable to find it. He's startled as a wolf cartoon blares on the TV.

WOLF (ON TV)
Aaaoooooo!

Kenny stops, thinks to himself; it really was a dream. He chuckles to himself as he walks out.

EXT. CITY PROJECTS, STREETS - DAY

Kenny goes to put his hoodie on, his normal routine, but he stops. Something's different, he doesn't need his security blanket anymore.

As he walks down the street, he pays no attention to the Stoop Kids as he passes. Kenny even turns and stares down a few of them, unafraid for the first time in his life.

EXT. CORNER STORE, ALLEY - DAY

As he turns the corner, Shooter is already there waiting.

SHOOTER
Yo there he be! I've been worried
about you.

They shake hands.

KENNY
What do you mean?

SHOOTER
I ain't heard from you in days
nigga.

(CONTINUED)

KENNY
(laughing, confused)
I just saw you last night.

Shooter gives him a "are you serious" look.

SHOOTER
You been celebrating with your
mom's stash bro?

Kenny gives him a confused look.

SHOOTER
I ain't seen your ass in two days,
not since...that thing.

It dawns on Kenny that not only was the heist real, but he's been asleep for 48hrs.

KENNY
What day is it?

SHOOTER
Hump day, my favorite day.

Shooter laughs at his joke as Kenny comes to terms with the recent news. Shooter can tell something's off.

SHOOTER
You alright bro?

Kenny looks down at the ground, shaking his head, confused.

SHOOTER
Well I know what'll cheer you up.

Shooter leans over and grabs a hidden BLACK BAG and tosses it to Kenny.

KENNY
What's this?

SHOOTER
Your cut.

Kenny looks in the bag and sees stacks of cash. He quickly closes the bag and shoves it into Shooter's chest.

KENNY
Are you crazy?

Kenny steps towards Shooter, now in his face.

SHOOTER

What? I split it into thirds like you said, you can even count it...

KENNY

I don't give a shit about the count, what I do give a shit about is you carrying around a bag full of guilt two days after a huge score went down.

Kenny backs away as Shooter realizes his mistake.

KENNY

Think!

Shooter, defeated, looks down at the ground.

SHOOTER

Sorry bro, I just thought you'd want your cut is all.

KENNY

(to himself)

I was never about the money.

SHOOTER

Huh?

KENNY

Nothing. (beat) What's the word on the street?

Shooter relaxes, no longer in trouble.

SHOOTER

Duane's crew been hittin the corners hard, askin for names.

KENNY

Ours come up?

SHOOTER

Nah, we too low key.

Kenny points at the bag in Shooter's hand.

KENNY

Keep it that way.

SHOOTER

No doubt.

(CONTINUED)

KENNY
And please tell me you haven't
already spent your cut?

Shooter laughs.

SMASH CUT:

FLASHBACK:

INT. SHOOTER BEDROOM - DAY

A large PLASMA TV, still in the box, lays on the bed. Next to it lays a large bag of WEED.

SMASH CUT:

EXT. CORNER STORE, ALLEY - DAY

Shooter straightens up.

SHOOTER
Nah, I did like you said.

KENNY
Good. And stay away from that
playground, don't want anyone
getting any ideas.

SHOOTER
Shit, with all the pigs bein around
that ain't no thing.

Kenny is confused.

KENNY
Police?

SHOOTER
Yeah, oh shit you didn't hear huh?

Kenny shakes his head "no."

SHOOTER
Bro check this, after our whole
thing went down, cops got called on
some gunshots in the
playground. No big deal
right? (shakes his head) Boys in
blue show up and find Little Kev,
dead with two shots to the dome,
but ass naked.

(CONTINUED)

KENNY
Wait, Little Kev from...

SMASH CUT:

EXT. ALLEY, NIGHT

Kevin, on his knees after tripping, looks up to see the
beast staring at him.

SMASH CUT:

EXT. CORNER STORE, ALLEY - DAY

Shooter nods.

SHOOTER
Yeah man, been a minute since we
seen him. We all thought Duane's
crew had him offed.

Kenny tries to compose himself, clearly not taking the news
well.

SHOOTER
You aight?

KENNY
Yeah I'm just, think I'm coming
down with something. I'll holla at
you later?

SHOOTER
Cool, maybe we hit up that party at
Jerome's?

KENNY
(mind elsewhere)
Word.

They shake hands.

EXT. CORNER STORE - DAY

As Kenny walks past the store, towards home, Shooter heads
into the store.

INT. CORNER STORE - DAY

The Owner waves at Shooter, another regular, as he approaches the counter.

CLING!

OWNER
What can I do you for?

SHOOTER
Get two packs of black and milds
and a lighter?

As the Owner turns to grab the items, Stoop Kid #1 walks in. He pays no attention to Shooter and heads to the coolers.

CLING!

OWNER
That'll be \$10.50.

Shooter places the bag on the ground and reaches in his pocket, pulling out a \$20 bill.

OWNER
Got a twenty.

The Owner opens his register and hands Shooter his change, but one of the quarters drops to the ground. As Shooter goes to catch it, his foot knocks over the bag, spilling a few of the bills onto the floor.

SHOOTER
Shit.

He quickly grabs the bills and tosses them back into the bag.

OWNER
Son if you're that worried about a
quarter, maybe you aren't spending
your money wisely?

The Owner chuckles as he motions towards the 2 packs of Black and Milds.

SHOOTER
Yeah.

As Shooter exits the store, we see Stoop Kid #1 behind him, having seen the whole thing. He takes out his cellphone and begins to text.

INT. HOME, BEDROOM - DAY

Kenny quickly closes his door as beads of sweat pour from his brow. He tosses his hoodie to the floor and frantically paces around his small room.

KENNY (V.O)
*You really thought it was a dream
 didn't you?*

Kenny tries to shake this new, confident voice, from his head.

KENNY (V.O)
*Something like that couldn't happen
 right? This is some real Vampire
 in Brooklyn shit.*

SMASH CUT:

FLASHBACK:

EXT. PLAYGROUND - NIGHT

Kenny screams in pain as the beast snaps down on his shoulder. Blood spews out.

SMASH CUT:

INT. HOME, BEDROOM - DAY

Kenny sits down, closes his eyes, tries to compose himself, but has no luck.

We slowly hear the TV volume in the living room turn up, to a near deafening level.

We see the sweat bead up on his forehead, hearing it as it drops to the floor.

The hairs on Kenny's forearm raise.

KENNY
 Can you turn it down!

Kenny jolts the door open and looks into the living room; the TV is off and it's empty. But where is the noise coming from?

(CONTINUED)

He shuts the door and sits back down on his bed, looking out the window. He sees his NEIGHBOR (60s), at home, watching TV in her living room. Is that what he's hearing? But that's not possible?

We see Kenny's ear flick, as if tuning into the area around him. We hear kids outside playing, an ice cream truck down the street, people talking down the block.

Frustrated, confused, scared, he falls onto his bed and covers his head with his pillow, trying to silence the noise.

INT. HOME, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kenny wakes up to a knocking on his door.

KNOCK! KNOCK!

TRISHTAN (O.S)
Kenny you got a visitor.

Kenny reluctantly gets up and heads to the door.

KENNY
(to himself)
Shit my bad Shooter, I passed out...

When he opens the door he sees Lana.

KENNY
Oh, ah...

LANA
Hi.

TRISHTAN
What I tell you bout visitors after dark?

Kenny rolls his eyes and motions for Lana to come in. He quickly shuts the door.

KENNY
Sorry about that.

Lana looks at Kenny as he nervously sits down, then stands back up, unsure of what to do.

(CONTINUED)

LANA
Sorry for just coming over, but you weren't answering you phone and...

KENNY
All good, what's up?

She walks around his room, looking through his various things.

LANA
You hear about Duane's crew?

KENNY
No I mean kind of. Part of the game.

LANA
True, but I didn't know you had signed up.

She gives him a cute glance. Kenny begins to blush.

KENNY
Nah, that life ain't for me.

LANA
That's not what I heard.

KENNY
Oh really? What did you hear?

Lana sits down next to the standing Kenny, motions for him to sit next to her.

LANA
I heard you've got the biggest balls on the block...

KENNY
Ah...

LANA
And I wanna see em'.

She slowly drops to her knees in front of Kenny. She reaches for his jeans.

KENNY
What are you...

LANA

Relax, I know what I'm doing.

She pulls his jeans down and begins to give him head. As he looks down, her head bobbing up and down, he closes his eyes in pleasure.

LANA

You like that baby?

KENNY

Yeah.

TRISTHAN (O.S)

You're mamma's little boy ain't ya?

Kenny looks down and see's Tristhan's bloody face staring at him.

KENNY

Fuck!

INT. HOME, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kenny jolts awake, kicking away an invisible Tristhan. He slowly comes down from his panic as he realizes it was another nightmare.

He checks his cellphone, noticing he has several missed calls from Shooter and one new voice mail from an UNKNOWN CALLER.

His bed is a pool of sweat as he slowly gets up and heads to the kitchen.

INT. HOME, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kenny pours himself a glass of water as he listens to the voice mail.

VOICEMAIL (O.S)

Hello Kenny this is Detective Spingola with the LAPD, and I need to ask you a few questions. Please call me back as soon as you get this at 383....

Kenny's heart begins to pound as the voice fades away, instead us hearing the thumping of his panicked heart.

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

(CONTINUED)

He quickly calls Shooter. Something's wrong, he can feel it in his gut.

SHOOTER (PHONE)
Detective Spingola...

Kenny hangs up, knowing the truth; Shooter is dead. He grits his teeth in anger, in pain.

CRASH!

He looks down and sees the glass of water, in pieces on the floor, and his hand bleeding.

KENNY (V.O)
Look at what you did.

Kenny bends over to clean the mess.

KENNY (V.O)
This is nothing compared to the mess they made of Shooter...

Kenny tries to push the voice from his head.

KENNY (V.O)
*But who are you kidding, you've only got one question on your mind.
(beat) Did he talk?*

Kenny tosses the shards of glass into the trash can. He looks down at his hand and sees DARK HAIR hidden underneath his fresh cuts. Curious, he begins to slightly peel back his skin, revealing another layer of DARK HAIR.

KENNY
What the hell?!

He stops, too scared to continue. What is happening to him?

SMASH CUT:

INT. SHOOTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Shooter gets punched in the face. He falls to the ground, blood pouring from his mouth.

SHOOTER
Kenny!

SMASH CUT:

INT. HOME, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kenny's phone rings, unable to waken him from his deep sleep.

RING!

SMASH CUT:

INT. SHOOTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Another fist slams Shooter's bruised face to the ground...

SMASH CUT:

INT. HOME, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kenny's phone continues to ring.

RING!

SMASH CUT:

INT. SHOOTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

A foot kicks Shooter in the gut. He spits out blood and teeth.

SMASH CUT:

INT. HOME, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kenny turns in his sleep, but doesn't waken as the phone rings one last time.

RING!

The phone displays the message "MISSED CALL."

SMASH CUT:

INT. SHOOTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Shooter looks up at his attackers. They pull out a GUN.

SHOOTER
Please no!

BAM!

(CONTINUED)

SMASH CUT:

INT. HOME, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kenny clenches his teeth in anger, blood pouring from his cut lip, unaware of his newly found strength, and pain.

KENNY (V.O)
*There it is, there's that
anger. That passion for
destruction. Let it out.*

Determined, pissed, Kenny heads towards his room...

INT. HOME, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

But is stopped by Javon who is standing in his way.

KENNY
Out of the way Javon, I'm not in
the mood.

Javon grins, unafraid.

JAVON
Not like you be the other night?

Kenny is confused, but this quickly goes away as Javon pulls out the NOTE.

JAVON
"My only regret is I didn't do this
sooner?"

This hits Kenny right in the gut, not only forgetting about the note, but Javon having read it.

JAVON
You think your life be so tough? Go
to school, listen to your momma,
live here for free. (beat) Why
ain't you done it?

Kenny doesn't have time for this, not now.

KENNY
What do you want?

JAVON
I mean, I counted the shells, you
shot at something...

(CONTINUED)

He pulls out the REVOLVER.

JAVON
Ain't got the stomach for it?

Kenny shakes his head in anger, in disappointment.

JAVON
Like ya daddy?

This awakens something in Kenny, he turns his head in confusion.

KENNY
What'd you say?

JAVON
Trishtan never told ya did she?

Kenny clinches his fists.

KENNY
Tell me what?!

JAVON
Your daddy didn't abandon y'all,
he...

Javon pretends to blow his head off with the revolver.

KENNY
You lie!

JAVON
Say what you want, but I ain't no
liar.

KENNY (V.O)
*You know he's right, you've always
known.*

Javon looks on confused.

JAVON
What did you say?

KENNY (V.O)
*The doubt, the self piteousness;
all diseases passed onto you from
him. But unlike him, you've got a
second chance.*

JAVON
Are you fucking high? Is that
where my stash has been goin each
night?

Kenny, for the first time, is finally composed, calm. As he looks up at Javon, we see his eyes are BRIGHT YELLOW. He growls.

JAVON
Back the fuck up...

Javon raises the gun, but Kenny is too fast.

SLAM!

Kenny tackles Javon to the ground, sending the gun towards the front door.

KENNY
Now it's my turn!

WHAM!

Kenny begins to beat Javon in the face with his fists. His hits are gruesome, powerful. Blood squirts onto Kenny's grinning face, the couch, the floor. After awhile it sounds like Kenny is punching nothing but a wet rag.

As Kenny slowly gets up, proud of his work, we see the front door open and Trishtan standing there. She drops the night's score to the ground.

TRISHTAN
Javon!

As Kenny goes towards her, she steps back, horrified. She looks towards the gun a mere meter away.

KENNY
Mom, don't.

She looks down at Javon, she's made her mind up. She rushes for the gun, but by the time she bends over to grab it, Kenny kicks it out of the way. He now towers over her.

He shakes his head in disappointment.

KENNY
You always did chose him.

TRISHTAN

Kenny, don't, we can fix this, I
can be better...

KENNY

Shooooosh.

He places his bloody finger on her lips as she tears up.

TRISHTAN

Javon told me the truth, about dad.

Trishtan gulps, knowing the anger that must be building up
inside her menacing son.

KENNY

After all this time, I blamed you.

Kenny chuckles to himself, the irony.

TRISHTAN

Baby listen...

KENNY

(looking at Javon)

You let a wolf in this house, you
stood by as he abused both of us...

Kenny begins to tear up. Trishtan shakes in terror.

KENNY

But all this while, it was me who
you should have been afraid of.

TRISHTAN

Kenny please, I was nothing without
him.

Kenny grabs his mothers throat, slamming her onto the couch.

TRISHTAN

Kenny!

She slashes at Kenny, exposing even more of his hidden true
self.

KENNY

Don't worry, you'll be with him
soon.

Kenny chokes the life from his mother, her flailing arms
finally giving rest and falling by her side.

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

INT. HOME, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kenny awakens, fully dressed in jeans and a red hoodie; his normal outfit. He grabs his phone and silences the alarm. Was it another dream?

INT. HOME, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

As Kenny makes his way to the front door, we see Javon's bloody corpse on the floor, Tristhan's cold body on the couch. It wasn't a dream.

Kenny places the revolver in his hoodie and walks out the front door.

EXT. CITY PROJECTS, STREETS - DAY

Kenny walks with a purpose, confident.

STOOP KID #1
You here what this kid did? Nigga cold.

STOOP KID #2
Nobody fuckin wit him.

Kenny looks forward, paying them no attention. He's focused on revenge.

STOOP KID #3
Yo Kenny comin!

STOOP KID #4
Fuck this.

Both Stoop Kid #3 and #4 get up and hurry inside. Kenny pays no attention.

Kenny turns the corner, passing the store, and heads past the playground. The homes here are more dilapidated, almost making his seem normal.

BARK! BARK!

Two pit bulls crash against the fence, screaming at Kenny as he passes. It's the fear he tells himself.

Bass is thumping through cheap speakers four blocks away, but Kenny can hear it crystal clear.

A couple argues from an unknown home, screaming at one another.

(CONTINUED)

A hobo lights up a pipe in an alley nowhere in sight.

These sounds fade as Kenny approaches the TRAP HOUSE. He knows Duane is inside.

EXT. CITY PROJECTS, TRAP HOUSE - NIGHT

Kenny stops, standing on the sidewalk. He closes his eyes.

SMASH CUT:

INT. TRAP HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

DUANE (30s), a large, intimidating black man, wearing a wifebeater, pours himself a drink. He's celebrating.

He cheers Gangsta #1 and Gangsta #2, the backpack of cash sits on the table next to them.

DUANE

You done good, real good.

GANGSTA #1

Fo sho, made that nigga beg.

GANGSTA #2

Nobody be fuckin with you no more.

They all laugh.

SMASH CUT:

EXT. CITY PROJECTS, TRAP HOUSE - NIGHT

Kenny opens his eyes, yellow again. He clinches his teeth, his fists in anger, adrenaline. He looks up at the sky, a HALF MOON begins to appear from behind the clouds.

KENNY (V.O)

Time to let him out.

Kenny walks towards the porch as GANGSTA #3, guarding the front door, gets in his way.

GANGSTA #3

Fuck off nigga.

He pulls up his shirt, revealing a PISTOL.

(CONTINUED)

KENNY

I need to talk to Duane.

GANGSTA #3

And I need my dick sucked, but you
don't see me...

WHAM!

Kenny punches him in the throat, sending him to the ground,
gasping for air. Kenny takes the pistol and tosses onto the
street.

KENNY

Duane!

INT. TRAP HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Duane looks up, surprised. Who would have the balls, the
stupidity?

DUANE

Who da fuck?

Gangsta #1 and Gangsta #2 jump up, guns in hand, and rush to
the front door.

EXT. CITY PROJECTS, TRAP HOUSE - NIGHT

The front door opens, Gangsta #1 and Gangsta #2 point their
guns at Kenny, the source of the voice.

GANGSTA #1

You gotta death wish nigga?

KENNY

No, but he might.

Kenny pulls out his revolver and points it at Gangsta #3's
head.

KENNY

Where's Duane.

GANGSTA #2

He ain't here.

CLICK!

He pulls back the hammer.

(CONTINUED)

KENNY

Duane! Don't you wanna meet the actual kid that stole your package, made you look like a bitch?

Both Gangsta #1 and #2 share a confused look as the front door opens to reveal Duane, pistol in hand.

DUANE

Who da fuck you be?

Kenny pulls down his hoodie, his yellow eyes almost glowing in the dark.

KENNY

Let's find out.

BAM!

Gangsta #3's head explodes onto the sidewalk as all three men jump back startled. Kenny sprints towards the playground as all three men aim their guns.

BAM! BAM! BAM!

KENNY (V.O)

Slow down, give them a chance.

They all seem to miss, but quickly chase after him towards the playground.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - NIGHT

Kenny sprints towards the large tree, taking his hoodie off and tossing it to the ground.

KENNY (V.O)

Lambs to slaughter.

Duane, Gangsta #1 and Gangsta #2 see the hoodie and stop, looking around.

DUANE

He around here somewhere. (beat)
You hear that! We comin for you nigga!

Gangsta #1 sees a bullet hole in the sleeve of the hoodie. He shows it to Duane.

(CONTINUED)

GANGSTA #1
We tagged em.

DUANE
Find his ass, but you let me pull
the final trigga.

Both Gangstas separate, covering more ground. Duane slowly moves towards the playground, letting his men due the dangerous work.

INT. PLAYGROUND, BRUSH - NIGHT

We see Kenny, hidden in brush a mere 30 yards away from the large tree.

KENNY (V.O)
Are you ready?

Kenny looks up at the sky as the clouds part, revealing a HALF MOON.

KENNY (V.O)
Cause they ain't.

Kenny grips his heart, falls to the ground. He screams in agony, his blood boiling.

His bony legs jolt out of his jeans, tearing them to shreds. His nails catapult into claws, tearing skin away.

Kenny's stares up at the half moon, his nose more of a beast than man, as he jaw contorts to reveal a line of razor sharp teeth.

GANGSTA #1
Yo he's over here, told you I
tagged em!

Gangsta #1 and #2 both run towards the source of the screaming.

Duane laughs to himself as he slowly makes his way.

As Gangsta #1 and #2 cut through the brush, they arrive to find nothing; only two torn shoes and bits of torn jeans. Where is Kenny?

From the POV of Kenny, just like the beast, we seem him stalking his prey.

(CONTINUED)

GANGSTA #1
(looking at torn shoes)
What the fuck?

As Gangsta #2 comes to look, we see Kenny, TRANSFORMED into a half man half wolf, sneak up behind him and throw him into the brush.

GANGSTA #2
AHHHHHHH!

Gangsta #2 screams in pain as Kenny bits his neck, spewing blood.

Before Gangsta #1 can get to him, all he can see is Gangsta #2's torn throat and lifeless body. Now it's only 2 on 1.

Duane slowly creeps up on the scene, clearly frightened.

DUANE
(to Gangsa #1)
Yo where's...

Kenny jumps from the brush, CLAWING Gangsta's #1's nose off. Blood spews as he screams in agony, confusion.

BANG! BANG!

Duane fires but misses the quick beast, hiding again in the brush. Duane slowly makes his way towards Gangsta #1 who is still screaming in pain.

BANG!

Duane puts him out of his misery.

DUANE
Now it's just you and me.

Police sirens can be heard in the distance, Kenny knows he needs to hurry.

KENNY (V.O)
No time to savor this one...

The POV of Kenny sprints near Duane, nipping at his ankles.

DUANE
(checking the rounds in his
pistol)
Come out and fight like a man!

KENNY (V.O)
So just give him the taste...

As the red and blue lights can be seen speeding down the block, Kenny leaps out and BITES Duane's shoulder.

CRUNCH!

DUANE
Ahhh, you motha fucka!

BANG! BANG!

Kenny yelps as he sprints away, having been hit again.

As Duane gets up and goes after him, he stops and drops his gun; the police are there waiting.

POLICEMAN #1
On the ground now!

DUANE
He attacked me!

The half moon hides behind the clouds again.

EXT. PLAYGROUND, TREE - NIGHT

Stumbling and falling against the trunk, Kenny, now transformed back to his normal self, watches the Policeman haul off the screaming Duane.

For the first time we see Kenny truly smile, proud of himself.

KENNY (V.O)
You did good.

As he looks down, we see three BULLET HOLES in his chest, the mutation back to human life now allowing him to feel pain. Blood pours from all three wounds, he doesn't have much time.

He glances over at the swing set, where this all began. He chuckles to himself, the irony.

His eyes close for the final time, as he slides down the trunk and into the dirt.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN:

EXT. PLAYGROUND, SIDEWALK - DAY

A NEWS REPORTER (40s), stands near a bench, the taped off playground behind her.

NEWS REPORTER

Neighbors say three men chased their assailant into the playground behind me, where two of them were killed, the third wounded and was transported to a nearby hospital. Authorities say he is currently in stable condition.

We see Police Officers trying to keep neighbors out of the crime scene.

NEWS REPORTER

The assailant succumbed to his wounds and was found by police officers shortly after they arrived. He is yet to be identified. This is the tenth gang related shooting in the last 5 months, all taking place within six blocks of where I stand now. Sources believe this may be an ongoing turf war...

FADE TO BLACK

TITLE CARD: 1 WEEK LATER

FADE IN:

INT. TRAP HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Duane paces around the kitchen, talking on his cellphone. Beads of sweat drip off his forehead.

DUANE (PHONE)

I don't give a fuck about no plea, he attacked me!

He listens to the voice on the phone.

DUANE (PHONE)

Nigga you my lawyer, find a way!

He angrily hangs up and tosses his phone onto the table. He heads towards the bathroom.

INT. TRAP HOUSE, BATHROOM - DAY

He lowers his shirt and looks at his shoulder; no wound. He opens the medicine cabinet, grabbing a bottle of PILLS. He quickly takes two.

As he closes the medicine cabinet, we see a TRANSFORMED KENNY in the reflection. Duane turns as Kenny attacks...

FADE OUT:

THE END