Dream In the Sky

By

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A deserted abandoned hill. It overlooks the bright vibrant city of Los Angeles. Excess trash is scattered all over the ground.

17 year old KENT BOOKER sits on the top of an old beat up car. His eyes fully engrossed up at the stars. Hes a tall black kid with a smooth athletic build.

KENT (VO)
I don’t know what is... Its like
I’m looking for something.
Something special. A dream, maybe.I
can feel the ambition to find it
running threw my veins. Almost like
a pull of gravity. Its like all of
those lights down there. When there
on you see everything in front of
you, and everything headed from
behind. A story bright and clear.
But when there off, nothing...
There’s a dark cloud blocking
everything, and its rain just
slowly deteriorating all hope and
desire. Just me alone on this dark
road somewhere looking up at the
same sky wondering what? What could
be? What can be? What it is that
I’m looking for, may not a shinning
star that answers all my prayers.
But what ever it is, I know it’ll
make me happy. So I’m after it.

INT. KENT’S HOUSE. BATHROOM. DAY

Kent stands in front of the mirror washing his face.

The sound woman angrily yelling on the telephone from outside echos through out the bathroom.

Kent Grabs a towel, walks out into the living room drying himself.

SHAREE, Kent’s mother a slim Woman in her 30’s, stands in the middle of the hallway screaming into the telephone.

SHAREE
(yelling into the phone)
Fired! All that i put in!
(she listens)
No your not sorry!

(CONTINUED)
She clicks off the off the phone, throws it at Kent who catches it.

SHAREE (CONT’D)
(angrily)
Hang it up!

KENT
(annoyed)
You gonna take me or what mom?

SHAREE
(angry)
Call your brother.

She storms out of room in her angered state.

KENT
(muttering to himself)
See what I can depend on you for, for now on.

INT. ZEEK’S CAR. DAY

ZEEK Kent’s brother drives. Hes a muscular black guy in his late 20’s. He looks all about business as he drives fastly down a residential street.

Kent sits in the back seat.

KENT
Mom got fired.

ZEEK
Had it coming. Cant keep her damn mouth closed for nothin. Wonder who gone pay the rent now... She still talking to that fool around the corner?

KENT
Every once in a while.

ZEEK
I’ll fix that. You let me know if he stops by.

Zeek slows the car, turns into a side street.

KENT
Can I come stay with you? At least until she gets a new job.

(CONTINUED)
ZEEK
Ha, you think you can take me?

KENT
I want to.

ZEEK
You to young to know what you want. You know what its like to live life on the fast lane?

KENT
(puzzled)
What do you mean?

ZEEK
Good, just know its not for you. So leave it.

Zeek pulls over on the side of the road, stares at his watch.

A cherry red low rider pulls up near Zeek’s car. It stops on the side of it, inches away.

POWER an over weight black guy in his mid 30’s rolls down his window.

ZEEK
(annoyed)
Your late.

POWER
(chuckling)
You to funny cuz. Ha you start giving me the work youngin. Then we can talk.

Power looks over at Kent who’s attention is set out side the window.

POWER (CONT’D)
what’s crakin lil man?

Kent ignores him.

POWER (CONT’D)
Ha, I see. Yongins these days, ice cold. Just the way I like em.

ZEEK
(aggravated)

(MORE)
ZEEK (cont’d)
You give me what you came here for,
so you can go back to em alright.
Let’s keep this moving.

Power picks up a bag on his passenger side, hands it over to Zeek.

ZEEK
(examining the bag)
It’s all here?

POWER
You just worry about getting it to
where it needs to be.

Power drives off

ZEEK
(threateningly)
I don’t ever want you talking to
him. I don’t even want you to have
friends that deal with him. You
hear me?

KENT
Yeah.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM. DAY.

A crowded, noisy gym, its filled with students shooting
around, trash talking, showing off there talents.

Kent sits on the floor with his camera filming. Taking
various shots of all the action.

MERCEN a slim tall black kid begins to shoot at a hoop near
Kent. He drains in a long jump shot.

MERCEN
(to Kent)
I thought you were playing this
year?

KENT
I’m long done with that. Now I got
more time to do this. Plus, I’m
getting paid.

MERCEN
Can’t argue with that.

Mercen leaps to basket and finishes with a nice lay in.

(CONTINUED)
MERCEN (CONT’D)
(excited)
You got that Mr camera man? All season long.

KENT
OK, I think I got a little room on this tape for that. Just a little. I’ll catch you later alright.

Kent gets up with his camera walks over to MR. VERON a middle aged film teacher, who sits on the bleachers.

MR. VERON
I Need another half an hour when practice starts.

KENT
OK, Just gonna take a quick break.

MR. VERON
Don’t get lost kent.

The Principle enters the gym threw the side door. Followed by COACH BOONE a healthy looking man in his 40’s, speaks with a southern accent.

Coach Boone blows his whistle, all the students alerts to his attention.

COACH BOONE
(shouting)
Every one trying out, come on over.

All the students huddle around him.

Kent picks up a ball, swishes in a long jump shot, Coach Boone’s eyes move from the crowd to to Kent who swishes in another long jump shot.

COACH BOONE (CONT’D)
(shouting; to kent)
Hey kid!

Kent turns to his direction.

COACH BOONE (CONT’D)
Can you take that shot agin?

Kent swishes in another long jump shot.

JAYCEN a tall skinny black kid emerges from the crowd.
CONTINUED: 6.

JAYCEN
Oh, don’t mind him, He’s off in another world somewhere. But I got 20 and 10 written on my head band coach.

COACH BOONE
Save it for later.
(to kent)
Kid I think you belong over here, maybe we can work something out.

MR. VERON
Oh, don’t mind him he’s with me.

COACH BOONE
He’ll only be a minute.

Kent looks over at Mr. Veron with a look of sympathy as he joins the crowd.

COACH BOONE (CONT’D)
Well alright then. Lets see what you guys are made of.

INT. FILM CLASSROOM. DAY.
A well organized, well kept room, set up like a film set.

Mr. Veron enters the room with a look of disgust on his face.

Kent trails behind him.

MR. VERON
(disappointed)
What were you thinking? Were you thinking? I had high hopes for you.

Kent takes a seat on a desk.

KENT
He’s giving me a spot on the team. I didn’t even have to try out.

MR. VERON
How are you gonna make it as a film maker, when your minds being clouded by hoop dreams?

(CONTINUED)
KENT
I can do both.

MR. VERON
And how do you expect to do that?
I’m gonna need you full time.

KENT
I’m sorry.

EXT. TRACK. DAY.
The teams runs tiredly around the track, under the blazing
the sun.

Coach Boone stands on the bleachers yelling as they begin to
slack off.

JAYCEN
(exhausted)
It’s to hot for this.

COACH BOONE
(shouting)
Complaining like a bunch of old
ladies at a buffet, when find out
there’s no rice pudding. Get it in
gear guys!

Kent stops to catch his breath.

RYAN a skinny white kid stops next to him.

RYAN
You gone keep going?

KENT
(exhausted)
I have to.

RYAN
You didn’t even wanna be on this
damn team... I cant do this
anymore, I’m outy, see you around
the way.

Ryan walks off the track.

COACH BOONE
Look what we got here our first
quitter. This is gonna be a fun day
guys.

(Continued)
Kent starts in Ryan’s direction.

    COACH BOONE
    Hey you keep going.

Kent ponders for a second, looks up at the sky as he walks back on the track, then continues running.

INT. LOCKER ROOM. DAY.

The room is deserted except for Kent who sits on a bench putting on his shoes.

Coach Boone enters the locker room through the back door.

    COACH BOONE
    Tired?

    KENT
    A little, nothing I can’t handle.

Coach Boone walks closer towards Kent

    COACH BOONE
    Guess I gotta work you harder next time. You know I don’t think you ever told me your name.

    KENT
    Kent Booker.

    COACH BOONE
    I think I’ve seen you before. I just moved here. But I’ve seen you play around the neighborhood. And I saw a couple tapes from some of your old games. You got a lot of potential kid. I see something in you that tells me you gonna go far. Well that you can go far.

    KENT
    If you say so.

    COACH BOONE
    (points to his head)
    It’s all in here. You learn it, contain it then go perform it out there on that court. I’ve coached a lot of talented players back in my home state. Some even ended up playing for some top schools. And

    (MORE)

(CONTINUED)
COACH BOONE (cont’d)
I’ve had the ones that ended up in the land of nowhere. All the talent in the world, just don’t know what to do with it.

(points to his head again)
Like I said it’s all in here. You learn and contain everything that I teach you, then you decide where you wanna go with it. Now you seem like a person that wants something special. And if you work hard I’ll make sure that you get it. But let me tell you one thing. That little stunt you tried to pull out there earlier, by walking off with your little friend, better not happen again.

KENT
It won’t.

Kent picks up his book bag and walks to front door.

COACH BOONE
Oh, and one more thing.

Kent turns his attention.

COACH BOONE (CONT’D)
Don’t think for one second I’m gonna go easy on you.

INT. JAYCEN’S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.
The room is filled with teens dancing, drinking and smoking.

Kent stands by the door, with a cup of beer in his hand, he takes tiny sips every now and then.

Ray an overweight white kid stands next to him, half drunk.

A girl on the opposite side of the room checks out Kent who avoids eye contact with her.

Ray begins to check out the girl

RAY
She got a nice frame. You gone holla at her.
CONTINUED:

KENT
I’ve seen better, plus I heard she’s burnt out anyway.

RAY
I don’t discriminate homie, this your last chance. So what you gone do?

KENT
I pass.

RAY
Well aright then.

Ray walks toward the girl.
Kent walks out the front door, takes a seat on the steps.
Power’s low rider pulls into the driveway, Power steps out of the car and walks towards Kent.

POWER
Zeek’s brother ay? Whats crackin lil man.

Kent completely ignores him, doesn’t even give him eye contact.

POWER
(cocky)
You need some work? You ever slang rocks before?
(no answer)
I understand lil man. But if you ever get a change of heart, I’m easy to find.

Power walks up the steps and into the house.
Kent looks up at the stars.

INT. BASKETBALL TEAM BUS. DAY.
Kent sits in the front row, sketching plays on a note book.
Mercen sits next to him, getting slightly annoyed by Jaycen who sits behind him kicking his seat.

MERCEN
(annoyed)
You got one more time.

(CONTINUED)
The kicking continues.
Mercen turns around now aggravated

MERCEN
(aggravated)
You getting any satisfaction?

JAYCEN
Not enough.

Mercen turns back around, glances over at Kent’s notebook.

MERCEN
(to kent)
What you coaching tonight?

KENT
Why not?

JAYCEN
You know he aint got nothin good on that damn paper.

KENT
(defensive)
What you got?

JAYCEN
(cocky)
Oh, we wona go there. I’m thinkin jump step, dribble, dribble
(imitating the shot)
fade away.

KENT
And what do you know, we lose.

MERCEN
Got that right.

JAYCEN
(defensive; to kent)
We’ll see who’s playing today bench boy.

INT. GYM. GAME NIGHT. NIGHT
The stands are packed to capacity with people cheering on the home team as they score point after point on Kent’s team. Who seems to fall more and more apart as the deficit gets larger.
Kent sits on the sideline, starring off from the game to the stands as though he looking for someone.

Coach Boone paces back and forth on the sideline, until he finally blows his whistle.

The team huddles around him on the sideline.

    COACH BOONE
    (annoyed)
    Where getting man handle out there guys. Whats going on? Pressure, run in transition, get some stops. Now get back in there and cut this lead down.

The team runs back onto the floor, there spirits slightly lifted.

Kent looks at the coach in disappointment.

    COACH BOONE (CONT’D)
    You just wait your time. It’ll come soon.

Kent’s team begins to show sings of life as they battle back into the game, slowly chipping away at the score. Tension begins to rise as the score gets closer and time ticks away. The home team now leads by only a point, and the clock is in its final seconds.

Mercen leaps towards the basket and picks up a charge causing him to foul out of the game.

    COACH BOONE (CONT’D)
    (angry)
    Damn it.

He blows his whistle, the team huddles around him.

    COACH BOONE (CONT’D)
    (intense)
    Alright guys, this is our last play. Were bringing it up the court and taking it straight to hole, no fouling. Now get out there and lets win this.

    MERCEN
    (concerned)
    Who’s coming in for me?

Coach Boone looks over at Kent who’s eyes are focused on the stands.
COACH BOONE
Kent get out there.

Kent runs on the floor with the rest of his team. His team in bounds the ball.

Kent takes the ball up the court speeds past 2 guards, The game clock seconds flying away with every dribble. He glances over at the stands. Then turns his attention back to game now disappointed, misses a quick desperation shot.

The game buzzer sounds the crowd erupts in cheers and celebration.

Kent’s team mates faces sink to the floor.

Coach Boone kicks a chair in his now furious state.

Kent walks with his head down avoiding eye contact with every one.

Mercen walks up to him pats him on the back.

MERCEN
Don’t even sweat it.

INT. LOCKER ROOM. NIGHT.

The team changes back into there street cloths, the room is very quite as disappointment fills there faces.

Kent enters the locker room followed by Coach Boone who’s yelling furiously.

COACH BOONE
(angry; to kent)
What kind of shot was that? You call that offense?

KENT
huh?

COACH BOONE
Yeah that’s right I’m talking to you Booker! This isn’t the NBA! Your not playing for no damn pat Riley! Until you prove to me that you can hit that shot, you take it to the hole!
KENT
I’m sorry, it wont happen agin.

COACH BOONE
Oh it wont.

Coach Boone walks out of the locker room.

JAYCEN
Who won the game for us now.

KENT
(aggravated)
Shut it.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT. NIGHT.
The lot is quite and deserted.
Mercen leans against brick wall smoking a cigarette.
Kent walks out of the gym through the back door, sees Mercen.

KENT
You headed home?

MERCEN
Nah, coach wants to go over some tape with me.

KENT
You know if you were out there, I would of passed you the ball.

MERCEN
Like I said, don’t sweat it. Forget about coach. All he cares about is that score board lighting up.

KENT
All I want from him’s just another shot.

MERCEN
Starting point guard?

KENT
Maybe.
MERCEN
(smirking)
Ha, you telling me I gota guard my spot. But hey I’m open for the competition. I understand, Its that last year. Then shit, no more ball, no nothin. At least for me, Unless we win.

KENT
States?

MERCEN
Yeah states. We’d be set for life.

KENT
Sounds like somethin to work for, I’ll catch you later alright.

MERCEN
Alright I’ll see you.

Kent start walking away.

INT. KENT’S KITCHEN. NIGHT.
Sharee sits at the kitchen table in the darkness.
Kent walks in from back door.

SHAREE
(aggravated)
I’m getting sick and tired of you walking on in here this time of night.

Kent flicks on the light.

KENT
Coach brought us back to the school so we could shower.

SHAREE
(aggravated)
I’m sure he pick up a phone and let the parents know whats going on.

KENT
(defensive)
Well next time I’ll let him know.

He opens refrigerator, takes out a bottle of soda.

(CONTINUED)
KENT (CONT’D)
We lost, since you didn’t ask.

SHAREE
That’s to bad, I hope that fed you.

She gets up from the table walks out of the kitchen.

EXT. ZEEK’S HOUSE. BACK YARD. DAY.

The yard is messy and very junky. Lawn chairs, weights, and trash is scattered every where.

Zeek sits at a fold up table paying cards with SHELDON and ACE, there 2 black guys in there late 20’s, They both like that they have served time.

Kent sits on a weight bench catching his breath after an intense set. He wipes the sweat from his face with his shirt.

Zeek slaps a hand of cards down hard on the table.

ZEEK
(cocky)
Jack! I win agin, now give me my money.

He grabs a bunch of crumbled singles from Sheldon’s end of the table.

ACE
Cuz, I’m shuffling next time.

ZEEK
(defensive)
The hell you trying to say?

Sheldon glances over at Kent who’s now doing push ups on the ground.

SHELDON
Don’t he know how damn hot it is?

ZEEK
That’s a worker for you. Watch and learn.

SHELDON
Never complain when that money flowin in.

(CONTINUED)
ZEEK (defensive)
You tell me when that is.

KENT
(to zeek)
I need a spot.

ZEEK
Yall to two clowns work on gettin your money back.

Zeek gets up from the table walks over to Kent.

ZEEK (CONT’D)
What we got here? you ready?

KENT
Yeah.

He lays down on the bench, pushes the bar off the bench and does rep after rep, He struggles on the last one.

ZEEK
Push!

Zeek helps him put the bar back into place.

ZEEK (CONT’D)
You good?

Kent sit back up, nods his head.

ZEEK (CONT’D)
What happened with your game last night?

KENT
We lost.

ZEEK
I was headed that way but, something came up. You know how it is.

KENT
(annoyed)
That’s every time.

ZEEK
(defensive)
And every times just as important as the last... You play at all?
KENT
We probably would of won if I
didn’t. Coach gave a me a shot, and
I messed up.

ZEEK
Well he need to give you another
one.

KENT
Wish it worked that way.

ZEEK
Then you gota fight. If you don’t
get what you want in this world,
You battle for it. And if still
nothin, shit, just leave it alone.

KENT
I cant do that.

ZEEK
Oh you’ll see how easy it is. You
got all the answers now. I give you
a couple years, shit a couple
months you’ll see.

Zeek rubs Kent’s head and walks back over to the table.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM. DAY.
The teams runs suicides tiredly.
Coach Boone stands on the sidelines yelling.
Jaycen walks tiredly up and down the bleachers with two
dumbbells at his side.
Kent enters the gym threw the side door in street cloths.

COACH BOONE
Look at what the damn wind blew in.

KENT
I’m sorry, I got caught up in
something.

COACH BOONE
You know I said that if you work
with me, This wont be so bad. And
there’d even be a prize at the end.
But this, you showin up when you
(MORE)
COACH BOONE (cont’d)
feel like it. I don’t know Booker. Jaycen come down and pass the
dumbbells over to Booker.

Jaycen walks slowly down the bleachers over to Kent, drops
them at his feet and lets off a sigh of relief.

JAYCEN
I can feel my hands agin.

COACH BOONE
(to kent)
Get going.

Kent glares at him as he walks over to bleachers.

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT. NIGHT.
The court sits behind an auto the shop, the court is old
beat up, run down, the paint on the black tops faded,
patches of grass are scattered around the black top.

Kent practices intensely on his jump shot.

Mr. WILLIAMS stands in the doorway of his auto shop watching
Kent as he practices, He’s a black man in his 50’s, slightly
over weight.

Kent leaps to the basket, slams the ball in.

MR. WILLIAMS
(muttering)
Whoa.

He walks over to the court.

MR. WILLIAMS
With finishes like that you’ll wake
up everyone in the neighborhood.

Kent turns to his attention startled.

KENT
(startled)
I’m sorry. I’ll leave if you want
me to.

MR. WILLIAMS
No, No, Hell practice all night.
Unless you wona come inside.
KENT
Sure.

INT. AUTO SHOP. NIGHT.

The shop is unorganized and very messy, tools and car parts lay in puddles of oil on the floor.

Kent walks across the floor, fully cautious of the puddle on the floor, takes a seat on a chair.

Mr. Williams walks out of his office, with a soda, hands it to Kent.

MR. WILLIAMS
So what brings you here this time of night?

KENT
Some extra practice.

MR. WILLIAMS
Oh yeah, what’s your name by the way?

KENT
Kent Booker.

MR. WILLIAMS
I know you. You play with my boy mercen. And I saw your work at that film festival last summer. Now that was impressive.

KENT
Thanks.

MR. WILLIAMS
What do you know I’m looking at the master of all trades.

KENT
There both a work in a progress.

MR. WILLIAMS
Well you keep at it, and I’m sure great things are to come. You know I cant remember the last time I saw a kid playing over here. How’d you find out about this place?

(CONTINUED)
KENT
My brother used to bring me here all the time. It’s the only safe place around this time of night.

MR. WILLIAMS
Damn little bastards broke my window the other week... But you know I sit here every night because I work nights nowadays, see I don’t get a lot help in this place.

KENT
I could help out, I need a job anyway.

MR. WILLIAMS
You willing to work hard?

KENT
Always.

MR. WILLIAMS
Then my doors always open... But yeah I sit here and watch you every night. And I gotta say, you’ve got something kid. It’s pretty special to watch you out there. High light of my day at least. Keep giving me something to look forward to.

KENT
I won’t let you down.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM. DAY.
The team stands in the middle of the gym in a straight line.

Kent stands at head of the line with aggravated look on his face.

Coach Boone walks up and down the line.

COACH BOONE
We’ve got opponents today that are gonna pound on us like pit bulls. Inner city street thugs. Now I’m not gonna stand here and preach about how much of a terror these kids are. But what I am gonna say is that our game is not gonna change because it. We’re gonna fight
COACH BOONE (cont’d)
for every rebound every possession.
If I see so as much of a hint of
intimidation, don’t bother coming
back here.

He stops in front of Kent.

COACH BOONE
You plan on letting them intimidate
you?

KENT
No.

COACH BOONE
(coldly)
Then you tell me what the hell is
wrong? If you need a shoulder to
cry on, your in the wrong place.

KENT
(annoyed)
Are you gonna play me tonight?

COACH BOONE
You think you deserve to play
tonight. Honestly. Hit those
bleachers and we’ll if you get any
minutes.

Kent glares at him as he walks to the bleachers.

INT. ZEEK’S CAR. DAY
Zeek drives.
Kent sits on the passenger side playing with his camera.

KENT
Where we going?

ZEEK
To visit an old friend... You talk
to your coach?

KENT
He wouldn’t listen if I did.
Besides, we kind of got into it
practice today.
ZEEK
You gotta man up Kent. I’m serious, you can’t be a little bitch kitten in pit bull world. You’ll get tore up every time. And the whole damn world will watch and laugh while it happens.

KENT
He made me look stupid in front of every one.

ZEEK
And that because you let him. Now from what your tellin me. It ain’t all right with this homie. But that doesn’t mean you give the chance to run all over you. The moment someone try’s that with me. It’s problem solved. Ima handle mine. You to young to understand that now but you will, soon.

EXT. CEMETERY. DAY.

A quite empty old cemetery, The grass is yellow, The tombstones are worn away.

Zeek walks across the cemetery followed by Kent, He stops in front of a old worn tombstone.

Kent leans against a cross, looks at watch bored and annoyed.

KENT
(annoyed)
You brought me here, for this?

A moment as Zeek stares at the grave.

ZEEK
Good old tony... He use to be one of my boys from back in the day. Man that boy was always happy, always smiling. He always use to walk with his head deep in the clouds. Had so many dreams and high hopes, always use to be the good one. Did what ever he was told. Got the best grades. Just a good cat, that didn’t belong anywhere near a trouble maker like me... He use to

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
ZEEK (cont’d)
box at that old gym around the
corner from my old house. He sure
knew he was the best, couldn’t tell
him nothin. Always said he was
going pro. Knocked out everyone in
the hood. It got to the point where
he ran out of cats to fight. And
The last time he stepped in the
ring was the only time I wasn’t
there. Shit I’ll never forget it. I
had some beef with some homies
around the corner. They rolled up
at the fight... And... They shot
him thinking he was me... You know
I use to wake up every morning, and
just wondered, Why? Why him instead
of me. He had everything in the
world going for him. What did I
have but felony charges. And who
know what, I woke up, took a deep
breath, and realized the what this
worlds all about. Good things for a
selected few. And the rest of us,
we just walk threw the motions just
waitin to be picked off just like
he was.

KENT
(defensively)
I’m not walking threw the motions.

ZEEK
(aggrevated)
No you walk with your head in the
clouds just like he did. And I’m
telling to you raw and straight, it
aint gonna get you anywhere.
Remember that.

INT. GYM. GAME NIGHT. NIGHT

The crowd stands on there feet cheering loudly as they await
tip off.

Kent sits anxiously on the bench.

Coach Boone scan over his play book.

The games tips off, FORWARD from the home team gets the
ball, takes it aggressively down the court, dribbles it
between Mercen’s legs and banks in a shot.
The home team contentious to score easily rallying the crowd up more and more with every basket.

Coach Boone paces the sideline with his head in his hands.

TOUGH GUARD from the home team, drives past Mercen slams the ball in.

Coach Boone now frustrated blows his whistle, the team huddles around him.

COACH BOONE
(frustrated)
Guys what are we doing here? Were letting them take it straight to us every time. I told you don’t let these kids intimidate you. Now go back out there and fight for every procession.

KENT
Coach I can fix this, I see what there trying to do.

COACH BOONE
No you get nice and compy just where you are.

Kent watches angrily as the team runs back out on the floor.

TOUGH GUARD drives to basket for a strong slam.

Mercen Leaps in front of him banging against his body in mid air.

TOUGH GUARD tumbles to the floor. He quickly bolts up off the floor furiously, lunges over to Mercen in his state of rage but team mates hold him back.

TOUGH GUARD
(angry)
Bitch we gone see you in the parking lot!

Coach Boone looks on disgusted with his team.

KENT
(annoyed)
Coach can I come in?

Coach Boone looks up at the big deficit on the scoreboard, then at MILLES and then Kent as though he’s weighing his options.
CONTINUED:

COACH BOONE
Milles get out there.

KENT
(aggravated)
Coach?

Kent glares at Milles furiously as he runs onto the floor.

KENT (CONT’D)
(angry)
Coach, how long are we gonna do this?

Coach Boone ignores as him as he focuses on the game.

COACH BOONE
Jaycen! Pressure!

Kent’s blood begins to boil as watches Milles out on the floor. He jumps up off the bench and runs over to Milles in his now furious state.

He tackles Milles to ground, Starts ripping Milles’s jersey in full rage.

The home team looks on laughs and cheers at all the on going action.

KENT
(furious)
You can’t take my spot! You Can’t!

Mercen pulls Kent off of him.

Kent holds up the ripped up jersey.

KENT (CONT’D)
(angry)
It's mine! You got that It's mine!

Coach Boone watches on furiously, snaps his clip board in half, tosses it on the floor.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM. NIGHT.

The entire team runs suicides.

Kent walks tiredly up and down the bleachers with two dumbbells at his side, still furious from the game.

Coach Boone paces up and down the sideline in attempt to calm himself.

(CONTINUED)
COACH BOONE (CONT’D)
(angry)
You guys wona lose, lose on your own time. Not in this gym, not in my jersey.

He turns to Kent he struggles up and down the bleachers.

COACH BOONE (CONT’D)
(angry)
And if you wona fight. To let off some rage from whatever the hell is going on in your life. You can step to me anytime.

Suddenly hit by a thought he turns around scan the gym.

COACH BOONE (CONT’D)
Where’s Mercen?
(to Kent)
Go find him. And hey, Come back.

INT. LOCKER ROOM. NIGHT.

TOUGH GUARD and FORWARD pound on Mercen furiously, kicking and punching him.

TOUGH GUARD
(angry)
You aint talkin that tough shit now huh?

Kent walks into locker room, see’s Mercen getting beat up in the back.

KENT
(Startled)
What the hell?

TOUGH GUARD
(startled)
Shit lets bunk.

Tough guard and Forward take off out the back door.

Kent runs after them but they get away. He walks over to Mercen who’s coughing up blood.

KENT
You alright?

(CONTINUED)
MERCEN
(coughing)
It aint nothin... they gone get there’s.

KENT
I’m gonna get you out of here.

INT. HOSPITAL. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

The Corridors quite, and the mood is pretty calm occasionally a nurse or a doctor walks by.

Kent sits on a bench out side of a room playing with his camera.

An OLD WOMAN sits next to him crying, her face buried in her arms.

Kent look over at her curiously, He turns his camera on and points it toward her, he covers the light so the woman doesn’t notice shes being filmed.

An OVER WEIGHT DOCTOR walks out of a near by room to the old lady. OVER weight doctor whispers in her ear.

The two slowly walk together down the hall way, the old woman’s crying gets more intense as they get further away.

Mr Williams walks out of a near by room followed by a NURSE.

Kent flicks off his camera, follows Mr. Williams down the hallway.

NURSE
I’ll call you tomorrow and let you know how he’s doing, OK.

MR. WILLIAMS
Alright.

NURSE
Have a nice night.

MR. WILLIAMS
I’ll try if its possible.

The nurse walks away.

KENT
Is he gonna be okay?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: 29.

MR. WILLIAMS
Should be fine. They just won’t wanna watch over him for a night.

He glances over at Kent’s camera.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT’D)
You better put that thing away before someone see’s it. If you were here hurt you wouldn’t wanna have someone filming you.

KENT
I’ll never end up here.

MR. WILLIAMS
You never know Kent. You never know. Not in this day and age.

INT. ZEEK’S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Zeek sits on the couch watching an old cartoon. He laughs as he watches it.

Kent enters the living room, takes a seat on a chair.

ZEEK
(laughing)
You see this shit?

Kent ignores the TV.

ZEEK (CONT’D)
This is the OG classics from when I was little.

KENT
My friend got beat up last night after the game.

ZEEK
That’s life brother.

KENT
(annoyed)
What do you mean life?

ZEEK
People get beat up everyday around here. What do you want me to do about it?

(CONTINUED)
KENT
(annoyed)
He was a loyal friend does that mean anything?

ZEEK
You know how many of my friends that done been beat up, stabbed, buried in the ground?

KENT
I could of been with him you know.

ZEEK
That’s a whole other story brother.

Zeek’s girlfriend TEA walks in the room dressed to impress, her hair, makeup, cloths, everything’s perfect.

Zeek stares her up and down.

ZEEK
Where the hell you going?

TEA
Out.

ZEEK
With what money?

She puts her hands on her hips, looks at him with in disgust.

TEA
(annoyed)
The money you owe me.

ZEEK
I don’t see you pushing any baby carriages.

TEA
(disgusted)
You know what, I don’t need this.

She walks out the front door.

ZEEK
Never get a girlfriend, stay as single for as long as you can.

He continues watching the cartoon.
ZEEK (CONT’D)
Look at this, Imagine if life was like this. Think, you sure as hell wouldn’t be sittin over there with that puss on your face. And id be swimming in the doe. You could learn something this Kent.

Kent gets up from the chair walks out of the living room aggravated.

EXT. PARK. NIGHT.

A dark and quite park, The swings creak steadily from the wind blowing against it.

Mr. Veron talks to a group of film students at a table.

Kent sits alone at a table, fiddling with his camera while, looking up at the sky quizzically.

MR. VERON
(to the film students)
Alright guys, go wait by the van.

He walks over to Kent.

MR. VERON (CONT’D)
Nothing like a man on his own mission.

Kent quickly turns on his camera starts filming to sky in attempt to hide the fact that he was slacking off.

MR. VERON (CONT’D)
No use in starting now it’s time to go.

He takes a seat next to him looks up at the sky.

MR. VERON (CONT’D)
This would be the perfect night shot.

KENT
I know.

MR. VERON
I use to get criticism all the time for using them.

(CONTINUED)
KENT

Why?

MR. VERON
Brings the mood down a bit. It's a beautiful world out there and people won't see it with bright light shining down on it.

KENT
It's not always so bright though.

MR. VERON
I know... You know I had a lot of high hopes for you Kent. I always wanted you to pick up where I left off.

KENT
Told you I was sorry... He promised me a lot of things.

MR. VERON
Like what?

KENT
(defensive)
A future maybe. Last time I checked you weren't giving those out.

MR. VERON
A true teenager, got all the answers. You know you had a good shot at one though, you still do.

KENT
(curious)
How?

MR. VERON
If your willing to work hard, and put everything else on the side. I can get you into one of the top film making programs around.

KENT
What do I have to do?

MR. VERON
You put something together, in the coming weeks, something good. And I'll see what I can do.
KENT
You mean it?

MR. VERON
I give you my word.

EXT. TRACK. DAY.

The track is empty except for Kent who runs intensely under the blazing sun.

Zeek and Ace sit on the bleachers smoking a joint back and forth. Zeek stares at Kent clueless as he runs.

ZEEK
I don’t understand what it is with him. Not for nothin. Shit just kills me.

ACE
What ever it is pass it my way.

ZEEK
Like Toni all over agin. He works harder than anybody I know. Anybody, and the shits not gonna get him nothin and that what kills me.

ACE
True, You right.

ZEEK
Ive seen him practice all day without sleep, then start on something else. One day I asked him, what are trying to do? What hell are you after? All he said was that its a dream and wanted me to be with him ever step of the way.

ACE
That’s deep.

ZEEK
I cant even look out for myself good enough, to even expect to be hear the next day.

ACE
Tune his ass up.

(CONTINUED)
You tune yourself up home boy. And make my drop offs money startin run dry. To fast.

Kent stops at the finish line to catch his breath, He looks at the sun, then continues running.

Zeek shakes his head clueless.

INT. JAYCEN’S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Hip hop music blares from the speakers, the room is filled with teens dancing.

Kent walks in threw the front door, Walks to the back corner of the room.

Milles, Jaycen and Ray sit on chairs against the wall. Ray drinks cup after cup of beer, he’s clearly drunk.

RAY
What’s up big k?

Kent takes a seat on a chair.

KENT
Nothing, I’m cooling.

Jaycen glances at ray as he downs another cup.

JAYCEN
What the hell you trying to do?

RAY
Get off me. I know what I’m doing.

JAYCEN
Somebody must be driving you home.

RAY
That’s why I got my boy big k.

KENT
You about to have yourself in minute if you down another cup.

Jaycen turns his attention over to Milles who’s plays with a basketball.
JAYCEN
(cocky)
You play that damn so much but the closest you ever get to court is the bench.

MILLES
Talk all you want, I aint bitin

RAY
Bite on this.

He pours a cup of beer down on Milles’s sneakers.

Milles bolts up from his chair furiously, Kent quickly gets up and holds him back.

KENT
We not gonna do this, Keep the hostility at low.

JAYCEN
What the hell you doin? You was beating his ass in the middle of the court a week ago.

KENT
(defensive)
You want me to turn to you? I don’t think so.

Kent lets Milles go walks away.

EXT. JAYCEN’S HOUSE. DRIVEWAY. NIGHT.

Kent’s sits on top of car filming the action going on in the house.

Milles leans against a truck on the opposite side of kent dribbling a basketball.

MILLES
You waitin on them.

KENT
I gota drive em home.

MILLES
You they guardian or somethin?

(CONTINUED)
KENT
Somethin like that. He gets pissy drunk so I drive em home so he wakes up the next morning.

MILLES
Ha, the whole world could use someone like you. And I mean use literally, no offense.

KENT
Guess so... You know, I’m sorry about what happened during the game.

MILLES
Don’t even sweat it. You dream about this. I’m just here.

KENT
Please, they dream about this. The coach, them. I don’t know what I dream about. I’m trying to figure that out more and more everyday.

MILLES
I see you all around the town that thing, that’s not what you want.

KENT
Don’t know where it’ll bring me you know.

Kent places the camera down pointed in Milles direction.

MILLES
Sky the limit you know that. All the shit you take for granted could fall out tomorrow you know. Then that shot will be gone.

KENT
Not if you don’t let it.

MILLES
There aint shit in this world that you can control. Not even yourself. You know I was all county quarter back.

KENT
(curious)
All County, when was this?

(CONTINUED)
MILLES
Yup, just last year. Funny how shit happens so fast. Had all the colleges everywhere sending me letters, wanting me to play ball for em. Everything was going just the way me and my father dreamed it would.

KENT
What happened then? Why you here?

MILLES
I started getting sick, real sick. I thought it was nothing until my game started suffering. My doctor said I had leukemia.

KENT
(shocked)
What? How are you doing this then?

MILLES
You ever get that feeling? Like a crazy high, that beat?

KENT
I know.

MILLES
That’s why I do it, even if I cant QB anymore, and all my dreams went down the tube. That’s what keeps me fighting. I’ll never let my spirit die.

Jaycen helps a drunk stumbling Ray out the front door and over to his car. He lets him go in front of Kent who catches him from falling.

JAYCEN
Hes all yours.

INT. KENT’S KITCHEN. DAY.

Kent sits at the kitchen table eating a bowl of cereal.

Sharee pours him a cup of milk.

SHAREE
You better hurry up, before you get marked late.

(CONTINUED)
KENT
I’ll be there on time.

SHAREE
Ten minutes?

KENT
I’ll run.

SHAREE
I’m telling you Kent. There better
to be one late of that report
card. I don’t know one college
who’s gonna except someone who’s
late.

KENT
(sarcastic)
Really.

SHAREE
You don’t make the rules Kent.

KENT
Were not even on that anymore. How
long are we gonna do this mom?

SHAREE
(defensive)
Do what?

KENT
College is what you want mom.
That’s your dream.

SHAREE
(defensive)
And its the only way your gonna
make it out of here.

KENT
(annoyed)
That’s what you think mom. That’s
all you know, books, grades, That’s
not what I want.

SHAREE
(defensive)
What do you want be like be like
your brother. You see where not
having an education has him right.
KENT
(Muttering)
Where are you right now?

SHAREE
(Angry)
What? I work damn hard to keep this roof over our heads and you know that!

Kent gets up from the table grabs his coat and book bag from the other end of the table.

KENT
Look mom, I’m not gonna do this right now.

SHAREE
(aggravated)
Well you better know one thing. If your gonna be under this roof, you gonna go to school. And if not, you can go head off to live with your brother. And you two can end up in jail together.

KENT
At least he doesn’t dictate my life for me.

SHAREE
Wait and see. I guarantee it.

KENT
Look mom, I’ll catch you later.

Kent Walks out the back door.

INT. FILM CLASS ROOM. DAY.

The room quite and empty except for Mr. Veron who sits at his desk grading papers.

Kent walks in over to Mr. Veron holding his camera.

KENT
Hey, I got something for you.

He takes a tape out his camera, Hands it to him.

(CONTINUED)
MR. VERON
Done already, you still have a few more days. You need em?

KENT
No, I finished it up last night. Don’t wona prolong this any longer. And the suspense is killing me so what's up?

MR. VERON
I knew you had it in you. Imagine if you could pull one of these off, every week.

KENT
I wish I could but I need long term. So what's up with the program?

MR. VERON
Kent your my most gifted student. If we worked together, that would definitely guarantee you something in the end.

KENT
(annoyed)
I’m not looking for another hope right now. Now you promised me something.

Mr. Veron looks sympathetically into Kent’s eyes.

MR. VERON
Look Kent... there isn’t a program but please work with me. We could accomplish great things together.

Kent’s facial expression completely shifts into disappointment.

KENT
(disappointed)
What do you mean there no program? You said you could make it happen, I put a lot into this.

MR. VERON
Which is why you should join me Kent. If you want something out of this you gotta work with me.

(CONTINUED)
Kent’s disappointment shift over to anger and rage as his blood begins to boil.

    KENT
    (angry)
    I don’t wanna join you!

Kent grabs the tape from him and slams it on the floor.

    KENT (CONT’D)
    (threateningly)
    You watch who your playing with.

He angrily storms out of the room.

EXT. PARKING LOT. DAY.

Dark clouds cover the sun as rain drops began to pour from the sky.

Kent sits on the ground soaking under the rain. His face filled with a mix of sadness and anger. He wipes the water from his face. Stomps his feet on the ground in anger.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL. FRONT YARD. DAY.

The basketball team boards the team bus one by one.

Coach boone stands on the front lawn scanning over his play book.

Kent walks towards the bus.

Coach Boone sees Kent, lowers his play book.

    COACH BOONE
    Haven’t see you in a while.

    KENT
    I’ve been busy.

    COACH BOONE
    We’ve been busy too, not winning any games either. You know you asked me before, how long are we gonna do this. That’s a million dollar question kiddo. How long are we gonna do this?
KENT
I’m sorry.

COACH BOONE
I am to. See you around.

He walks on to the bus.

Kent rubs forehead in frustration as he watches the bus drive away.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD. DAY

Light fragments peak the threw holes in the cloudy sky.

Kent lays on the ground filming a group of teens playing tackle football.

Zeek and Ace sit on top of a car.

ACE
I’m trying to get this apartment in East LA by the end of the month.

ZEEK
Have fun landing that.

ACE
As long as I’m straight out here, shouldn’t be a problem.

ZEEK
It’s a cold world out here. I’m finding that shit to be true even more everyday. I took Kent to see tony with me the other day. Everything was the same, same spot, same dead vines growing on it. The same 40 I left from the last time.

ACE
You keep dealing with that sucka power, You gone be right with him.

ZEEK
My work with him’s gonna be done real soon. I got a big pay day comin. All I need is a look out.

Ace’s reads a text on his phone.

(CONTINUED)
ACE
Duty calls, see you around the
away.

ZEEK
Alight.

Ace walks away.

Kent gets up with his camera. Walks over to Zeek, leans
against the car.

KENT
You ever feel like giving up on
something. When in your mind you
know how important it is.

ZEEK
Depends on what it is.

KENT
What if, I don’t know, Its
everything?

ZEEK
Kent what hell are you talkin
about? You don’t have a clue in the
world. You to young to be talkin
all this shit.

KENT
(defensive)
To young to care?

ZEEK
Hell, if times ticking, moneys
fading, shit, id let go to.

KENT
I just feel like I’m after
something, but there always
something in the way.

Zeek shoots him a cocky grin.

ZEEK
Like what?

KENT
I would tell you everything, If I
thought you were going say
something to support me.

(CONTINUED)
ZEEK
(Defensive)
And what the hell is that supposed to mean?

KENT
You know, everything that you say to me I’m against, and other than that. You just wouldn’t understand.

ZEEK
I don’t understand what hell you driving yourself in a grave for. it’s all for nothing.

A moment

KENT
You ever want something more? A big crib, hot car?

ZEEK
Of course that’s what it’s all about.

KENT
I want all those things, I think, But I just wona be happy.

ZEEK
I sure would like to know how you plan on getting those things. Cuz you sure as hell going about it the wrong way. And please believe I’m gonna show you how. And you don’t have a choice neither.

INT. AUTO SHOP. NIGHT.

Kent sweeps the floor.

Mr. Williams walks out of his office over to Kent.

MR. WILLIAMS
I called your mother said you were staying late. She wasn’t to happy.

KENT
She’s never happy about anything.

(CONTINUED)
MR. WILLIAMS
You know I don’t see a sign of joy in you to often.

KENT
(defensive)
Something wrong with me?

MR. WILLIAMS
Oh no nothing personal. Just rambling my mouth a bit.

KENT
(defensive)
But you said what you said.

MR. WILLIAMS
Well I’m just saying. You got your whole life to hurt you know. Your living in the dream years right now. No bills no responsibilities, nothin.

KENT
You know I’m like everybody else. some things just don’t please me like the average kid.

MR. WILLIAMS
I can respect that, a young work horse, just know the futures in your hands boy.

KENT
I like it that way.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM. DAY.

The gyms empty except for Coach Boone who stands on a ladder tieing a basketball net to the hoop.

Kent walks in the gym threw the side door. He immediately turns his attention to Coach Boone.

KENT
Need a extra hand?

Coach Boone shoots him a puzzled stare.

COACH BOONE
You play for this team?

(CONTINUED)
KENT
I’m sorry. I just had a lot of things that I needed to work out.

COACH BOONE
I’ve been hearing that same excuse since the day I met you. What’s gonna happen when it’s too late to be sorry? When all the time is up? And you’ll never get time back. When it’s gone it’s gone. Now you can sit back and bullshit the rest of this school year, and I bet you’ll never have it this easy for you agin. And you know what the million doller bet is?

He climbs down the ladder.

COACH BOONE (CONT’D)
The million doller bet.

He takes out his wallet starts throwing singles on the floor.

COACH BOONE (CONT’D)
Money out my wallet, here your always looking for hand out. You think the world owes you something. But I bet that you will never get another opportunity like this agin for as long as you live. This year is your shot at a future. Now I may be a dumb hick from a small town in Missouri. But I know what goes on around here. The drugs the violence, If you don’t take advantage of this, that’s where your probably headed. You can have all the dreams in the world. But if you don’t protect them and work towards them, and walk around life with a chip on your shoulder feeling sorry. Then guess what?

He knocks down the ladder.

COACH BOONE (CONT’D)
There you have it.

KENT
(defensive)

(MORE)
KENT (cont’d)
What do you want from me? I tried and look where I’m standing right now.

COACH BOONE
That says a whole hell of a lot about what your doing. I smell the obvious in the air right now.

KENT
I’m willing to do what ever it takes coach. But where is it going to get me.

COACH BOONE
I gave you the answer to that question day one.

KENT
Then I guess we’ll have to see.

EXT. PARKING LOT. DAY.
School has just ended, The lots full of kids talking in groups around there cars.

Mercen stands in front of his car working diligently on his car engine.

Kent stands next to him dribbling a basketball.

MERCEN
This thing’s almost fried, I don’t think there’s anything I can do.

KENT
Your dad has enough of them.

MERCEN
My dad doesn’t give me jack. Tape?

Kent grabs the electric tape off the hood and hands it to him.

Jaycen Walks over to Mercen’s Car with a group of friends Chuckling about Mercen’s fixing his beat up car.

JAYCEN
(cocky)
Oh boy, big baller over here.
Cali’s finest, got the hood all up and everything.

(CONTINUED)
Mercen slams the hood down, now aggravated he turns his attention to Jaycen.

MERCEN
At least I got a ride.

JAYCEN
You call that a ride, shit looks like a 40 ounce with 4 wheels on it to me.

Jaycen and the group laugh hysterically as they walk towards the school.

MERCEN
I’m gonna whoop his ass one of these days.

KENT
You let me know when... So what happened at the game last night?

MERCEN
Nothing new or unexpected. What else is new.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM. NIGHT.

The team practices drills poorly, they blow easy plays, miss easy shots.

Coach Boone Stands on the sideline yelling at every mistake.

Kent sits on the bleachers with an annoyed look on his face.

Coach Boone blows his whistle aggravated after seeing enough mistakes. The team huddles around him.

COACH BOONE
(annoyed)
Guys, what are we doing? We’ve run this threw a hundred times and you still cant get it right. I’m beginning to think some of you have given up already. Yeah we’ve lost a few games, But this season is far from over. And if you turn away now all this would be for nothing. All the blood and sweat you laid out on this floor, all for nothing. I came here for a state championship and I’m not settle ling for anything

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
COACH BOONE (cont’d)
less. And if you wona stay on this
team I expect the same attitude. I
want you here everyday giving me a
hundred percent. Now with that
we’ve had an individual who’s taken
it upon him self to show when he
pleases to. Both physically and
mentally. But yet he feels his
efforts have earned him something.

MERCEN
Every one deserves another shot
though. If not, then we all mind as
well put this team in the wraps.

COACH BOONE
Fair, couldn’t be more true. I
respect that attitude. Come on over
Booker.

Kent lets off sigh of relief like a weight has just been
lifted off his shoulder, he walks over to the team.

COACH BOONE
And its not just Booker I see it on
all your faces. I don’t owe you
guys anything but a good coaching
effort. You want something you have
to earn it. Now with that I came
here for a state ring and I’m not
leaving until the jobs done.

EXT. PARKING LOT. NIGHT.

Kent and Mercen walk threw the deserted parking light.

MERCEN
You think we got a chance?

KENT
What?

MERCEN
States.

KENT
I not sure, I’m not much of a
believer with this team.

(CONTINUUED)
MERCEN
Yeah and that’s why were in the position we are right now. No ones has hope.

Zeek’s car speeds into the parking lot.

KENT
(to himself)
Whats this about?

Zeek rolls down his window. His face is filled with rage, And his eyes are bright red as though hes been crying.

ZEEK
(Angry)
Get in!

Kent with a big look of concern runs over to the car.

MERCEN
(shouting; to kent)
Maybe you get it from him, I’m sure he has a lot of hope!

KENT
(shouting; to kent)
Hes all I got!

Kent gets in the back seat of the car.

Zeek steps his foot hard on the gas and speeds out of the parking lot. His eyes are filled with complete rage as he drives recklessly down the street.

KENT
(concerned)
Whats going on?

ZEEK
What do you care? You got your own little search going on. Life’s good for you.

KENT
Of course I care, now tell me.

ZEEK
(Angry)
...They killed him. They really killed him.

(CONTINUED)
KENT
(concerned)
Huh? Who killed who?

ZEKK
(Angry)
That nigga smiled in my face, Right
in front my eyes and knew he was
gonna do it.

He hits the steering wheel in his angered state.

KENT
(Concerned)
Zeek what are you talking about?

Zeek ignores him as he steps his foot harder on the gas
pedal driving even more recklessly down the road, He
approaches an on coming truck head on. He quickly turns his
car missing it by an inch.

KENT
(Frightened)
Zeek!

The truck driver honks his horn rapidly as it drives away.

Zeek pulls into an abandoned bridge overlooking a river,
road work sings are every where. He stops the car. His eyes
began to fill with tears as he reflects on thoughts.

KENT
(concerned)
Please tell me what happened Zeek.

A moment.

ZEKK
(sad)
They killed ace. Shot em in cold
blood. Knew this shit was gonna
happen.

KENT
Shit,man I’m sorry to hear that.
You know I’m here for you Zeek.

ZEKK
I know all about it.

He wipes the tears from his eyes, as he begins to come back
to his rage filled senses. He begins to search rapidly threw
the glove compartment. Until finally he comes across a black
handgun. He stares at it as obsessively.

(CONTINUED)
KENT
(frightened)
What are you gonna do with that?

ZEEK
The only way to solve problems these days. Your gonna have to walk home from here.

KENT
(frightened)
Where are you going with that Zeek?

ZEEK
Where you don’t need to be. Now get out.

KENT
(worried)
I wona go with you.

ZEEK
(aggresive)
Get out kent.

KENT
(worried)
What if something happens to you?

ZEEK
(angry)
Get out!

KENT
(worried)
I cant lose you Zeek.

ZEEK
(angry)
I said get out! What don’t you get!
I don’t need you!

He picks up Kent’s camera and throws it out the window.

Kent’s eyes began to fill with tears.

KENT
(Angry)
What would do I do? I cant lose you!

Zeek points the gun upward, BOOM!! The shot echo’s threw out the bridge.
Kent sits frozen in place completely horrified.

ZEEK
(emotionless)
I said get out.

Kent slowly gets out of the car horrified.

Zeek throws a basketball out the window, speeds away.

KENT
(crying out)
I need you!

Kent picks up the basketball throws it under the bridge in his now angry state, Tears fall uncontrollably from his eyes as he looks down at the river.

INT. LOCKER ROOM. NIGHT.

Teammates sit around the locker room putting on there gear and anxiously awaiting tip off of the game.

Kent sits on a bench putting on his sneakers.

Coach Boone walks in blows his whistle, the team huddles in a circle around him.

Kent walks to back open back door of the locker room, scans the parking looking for some one but finds nothing.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM. HOME GAME NIGHT. NIGHT.

The game is under way, The fans sit quietly and stunned as they witness a blow out in the making.

The visiting team pounds on Kent’s team heavily grabbing every rebound and pile ling on the points.

Kent sits on the sideline watching the game angrily.

Coach Boone stares nervously at his play book. Not being able stand another opposing score he blows his whistle, The team huddles around him.

COACH BOONE
(aggravated)
Guys what the hell are you doing?
Are we going to show up tonight or what? Or are we just gonna hand

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
COACH BOONE (cont’d)
them this game? Because that what it looks like.

KENT
Coach put me in.

COACH BOONE
(angry)
You think you deserve that.

KENT
Since day one. I’m here for a reason coach. This isn’t what I came here to do.

COACH BOONE
That attitude isn’t going to get you anywhere and especially not on my team. Now I’m gonna put you in there right now only because we’ve got nothing going for us right now. But don’t get use to it.

KENT
(enthusiastic)
Yes.

He clenches his fist with aggression and satisfaction.

MILLES
Go make it happen. Here’s your shot.

COACH BOONE
Milles take a seat. Kent your in.

Kent runs onto the floor with the rest of the starters.

Ray picks up a steal, passes the ball to Kent.

Kent speeds down the court, takes a second to view a few holes in the defense, passes the ball to Mercen who lays it in easily.

The crowd begins to slowly come alive as Kent makes another assist to Ray who knocks in a wide open three.

Kent continues to make play after play erasing the score deficit.

The crowd roars wildly after every basket as Kent’s team takes the lead.

(CONTINUED)
Kent speeds down the court with a ball tosses it up to Mercen who slams it in hard.

The game buzzer sounds.

The crowd raises to there feet applauding the victory and Kent’s great performance.

Mercen runs up to Kent in full joy from the victory. Pats him on the back.

MERCEN
(excited)
You had this in you all along?

KENT
I guess so.

INT. PIZZA RESTAURANT. NIGHT.

A local low scale pizza parlor, A WAITRESS periodically tends to a group of guys in the bar section.

The basketball team sits at big table, Eating and chatting cheerfully about the game.

Kent sits away from them on a bar stool, Fully engrossed on a laker game on the TV.

Coach Boone walks up to him takes a seat next to him.

Waitress quickly walks away from the bar to tend to them.

WAITRESS
How may I serve you tonight?

COACH BOONE
Two cokes would be good.

Waitress heads off to prepare the sodas.

KENT
I think they got a shot at the western conference finals this year.

COACH BOONE
Can’t disagree with you on that one.
But hard work and a little extra dedication. They’ll go further than that.

(CONTINUED)
KENT
(annoyed)
Hard work and dedication. You know I run a hundred suicides a day. I practice every night even after we have practice. Then I study, to keep up with my grades so my mom will be happy. Then I deal with anyone else who wants to bring there issues over to me. Oh and of course, then theirs you, and this team.

Coach boone claps his hand with a look of sarcasm.

COACH BOONE
Bravo, I think I should put together a violin ceremony, just for you. Because Kent Booker’s life is so hard that he thinks the world owes him something. That attitude isn’t going to get you anywhere. This is a cold world. And if you think its going to pay you back for hardships then your headed for trouble.

The waitress brings them there drinks.

KENT
(defensive)
And I guess your here to save me right?

COACH BOONE
Maybe so. You know my mother died was I was fifteen. Hit me like a rock. My father worked day and night in a Cole mine, so I had look after my three sisters. And on top of that. I kept up with my school work. All my friends thought it was a waste of time, but at the same time I knew I didn’t want to work in a coal mine. Now I didn’t get into college because I deserved it. I got it because of what I put into it. Now none of this may sound like dream success story. But I’m just letting you know your not gonna get anything in this world that you don’t earn. Now with that performance tonight. I think you’ve

(MORE)
COACH BOONE (cont’d)
earned your self a spot in the
starting line up.

KENT
Really? Or is this just another one
of your games.

COACH BOONE
You earned it. Now All you gota do
is bring it home.

He takes a state championship ring out his shirt pocket,
hands it to Kent who stares it intrigued by it.

KENT
I guess this what its all about.

COACH BOONE
You get one of these and its sky’s
the limit for you. Top schools in
the country, NBA scouts, you name
it. Just clear that head of yours
and act like a champion.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT.
Kent walks slowly down an empty dark deserted street.

Loud cheering can be heard from a boxing gym across the
street.

Kent’s attention gravitates to the noise. He walks across
the street over to the front door way of the gym.

Hundreds of people stand around the ring cheering on a
intense fight.

A tall boxer hits his opponent with s super hard right hook
to the temple. The opponent falls the ground lifelessly.

The judge rings the bell.

The crowd roars estacticly.

ANNOUNCER
(ecstatic)
It’s over! It’s over!

Tall boxer holds up his championship belt.
INT. KENT’S HOUSE. BATHROOM. NIGHT.

Kent stands in front of the mirror studying his reflection.

KENT
(to himself)
Who am I... I’m a champion.

Sharee walks by the bathroom shaking her head disgustedly after just listening to Kent who sees her reflection in the mirror.

KENT
(defensively)
At least I’m good at something. And I’m gonna be about something.

Sharee turns around and barges in his bathroom angrily.

SHAREE
(angry)
Your gonna be about something? Then you tell what this is!

She throws his report card at him.

SHAREE (CONT’D)
(angry)
You tell me what your gonna be about with grades like that! I’m starting to see nothing more in you then what I raised ten years ago!

KENT
(angry)
I told you, I don’t care about what you want for me. Its my life let me live it.

She grabs him by the shirt looks into hos eyes threateningly.

SHAREE
Your gonna do what your told.

She lets him go. Walks out of the bathroom.

KENT
(muttering)
Well see. You watch.
INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM. HOME GAME NIGHT. NIGHT.
The game is underway.

Kent’s team led by kent puts a pounding of the opposing team.

The crowd cheers wildly as Kent converts play after play pile ling points on the score board.

INT. LOCKER ROOM. NIGHT.
The basketball team huddles in a circle. Kent stands in the middle, they cheer a pre game warm up chant in sync together loudly.

    ENTIRE TEAM
    (chanting)
    Lets go! Lets go!

    KENT
    (shouting)
    What are we!

    ENTIRE TEAM
    (chanting)
    Champions!

    KENT
    (shouting)
    What are gonna do tonight!

    ENTIRE TEAM
    (chanting)
    Win!

    KENT
    (shouting)
    Now lets go do this!

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM. HOME GAME NIGHT. NIGHT.
Kent’s team scores basket after basket easily firing up the crowd.

The game buzzer sounds.

The crowd gives Kent’s team a standing ovation.

Coach Boone give kent a thumbs up.
EXT. PARKING LOT. NIGHT.

The lot is empty except for the basketball team, who sprays up Coach Boone’s pick up truck with whip cream in celebration of another win.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY. DAY.

A crowed noisy hallway, the bell has just rung so its filled with kids chatting and heading off to there next class.

Posters of the basketball team fill the walls.

Kent walks down the hallway reading a magazine.

Mercen runs up to him estaticly waving a newspaper in his hand.

MERCEN
(excited)
You see that? You see this? Front cover. 10 and 3 baby. Who’s going all the way this year?

KENT
I know, I know. No one but us. But take a look at this.

He shows the magazine to Mercen.

MERCEN
(reading out loud)
Kobe flies behind the back board in mid air, and feeds the ball to Gasol who slams it in.

KENT
I know I can do that.

Mercen shoots him a awkward stare.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM. HOME GAME NIGHT. NIGHT.

Kent’s teams blows out the opposing team handily.

The crowd raves every minute of it.

Kent takes the ball down the court. He leaps behind the back board in mid air, extends his arm forward towards the basket, passes the ball to Mercen who leaps towards the basket and slams it in.

(CONTINUED)
The crowd get off there seats cheering wildly.

THE CROWD
(cheering)
Booker! Booker! Booker!

Kent cheeses uncontrollably from the cheers.

Coach Boone raises his state ring in the air.

COACH BOONE
(shouting)
Bring it home, Bring it home!

INT. ZEEK’S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

The room is filled with local street friends from there 20’s to 30’s drinking and dancing.

Kent paces in back end of the room, Hes in the middle of an intense street boxing fight with gloves against TALL TEEN.

Dozens of people watch the fight shouting and cheering after every blow.

Zeek stands a few feet behind Kent waving a handful of money in the air as he watches the fight intensely.

Kent Hits Tall teen with hard right hook to the side of the face. Tall teen stumbles back a few steps.

The crowd cheers wildly, Moneys thrown on the floor in Zeek’s direction.

ZEEK
(shouting)
Come on, just how I taught you!

He turns around to the crowd.

ZEEK (CONT’D)
Yall gone have to fork up some more paper. Cuz I’m going all to the bank with my brother. Doing a buck fifty on the freeway.

Kent hits Tall teen with a set of quick jabs.

Tall teen pushes Kent away, causing him to lose his guard for a second, Then he hits him with a huge uppercut to the jaw.

Kent falls flat on his back.

(CONTINUED)
The crowd screams out like a pack of hyenas.

Zeek steps in front of Kent.

ZEEK (CONT’D)
Alright that’s it, fights over.
Yall go find something else to do.

The crowd boos.

Kent slowly gets up his feet, holding his jaw in extreme pain.

TALL TEEN
(angry, to zeek)
I aint with that homie, It aint over! I say round two.

ZEEK
(angry)
I got your round two.

Zeek punches him hard in the temple, causing Tall teen to fall down instantly. He leaps on top of him, punching him in the face in full rage repeatedly.

The music is turned off, as the entire living room now watches the brutal beating.

Power enters the room from the kitchen accompanied by a group of tough looking gang members. He holds a large duffel bag in his hand. His attention instantly gravitates to Zeek Who’s now kicking Tall teen in the stomach. He burst out laughing at the site.

Zeek quickly turn his attention over to him at the first sound of his laugh.

POWER
Whats up cuz? Beatin up on the youngins now huh?

ZEEK
(defensive)
What do you want?

POWER
Business season brother. Streets is hungry people gotta eat.

He drops the bag at Zeek’s feet.

(CONTINUED)
POWER
Handle that for me.

ZEEK
(aggravated)
I said I was done.

POWER
(threateningly)
OK, so when the streets start starving. I’ll tell to knock on this door huh? You want that, The whole blocks looking for you anyway.

Zeek stares furiously into his eyes.

ZEEK
(threateningly)
Get out of here. And take your bag with you.

POWER
Your telling me no? Shit don’t get beside yourself homie. lets look at the bigger picture right now.

He point to gang members.

POWER
Not only do they not get an invitation to your little slumber joint over here. But you aint filling the pockets neither. What do think there intentions are right now. Handle business doggie.

Power walks out of the living room followed by the gang members.

Zeek kicks the big out of frustration.

EXT. ZEEK’S HOUSE. BACK YARD. NIGHT.

Kent sits on a weight bench nursing his jaw with an ice pack.

Zeek sits on the steps smoking a cigarette.

KENT
You know Ive never lost a fight before. I got spaced out thinking

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
KENT (cont’d)
about everything. Home, the team, you.

ZEEK
What the hell you thinking about me for? My life isn’t right at all. Even if I’m here tomorrow, who knows if I’ll still be hear the next day.

KENT
...That night-

ZEEK
Don’t even go there.

KENT
I cant help it. I would given anything in the world to be with you. To save you.

ZEEK
I cant even save myself. What hell you think you can do?

KENT
Just don’t know what id do with out you. Your all that I’ve got in this world, besides a head of dreams.

ZEEK
Dreams of gettin rich, that’s all that matters.

KENT
That’s you zeek.

ZEEK
(defensive)
People that go chasing dreams never end up anywhere but in a world no where. They spend they whole life fightin a losing battle. Until they get knocked down so many times they don’t get back up.

KENT
(aggravated)
You want me to just roll over and die then? I want something out of life.

(CONTINUED)
ZEEK
And you’ll never get it the the way your chasing after it. Now I’m not gonna tell you what to do. Cuz I’m not our crazy ass mother. But in this screwed up world we live this hell we call life. And in life theirs those who understand it and play to there position. And then theirs the ones who walk around the clouds all day fighting for something they aint never gonna get.

KENT
(annoyed)
That crazy talk means nothing zeek.

ZEEK
I know first hand.

KENT
(aggravated)
From tony right?

ZEEK
(defensive)
You witness half shit that Ive seen and been through. You think you can sit here tell me what life is like? You don’t got a damn clue.

KENT
(aggravated)
My eyes don’t see the same things as you anymore.

ZEEK
Yeah, well there gonna meet real soon. Staring right off at the fast lane and big money... I got a big pay day coming soon. And all I need is one more man.

KENT
I cant be a part of that.

ZEEK
We’ll see.
EXT. STREET BASKETBALL COURT. DAY.

The court outlooks a busy shopping area, full of people heading in and out of stores.

Kent and Mercen take turns shooting hoops.

MERCEN
Tomorrows the night.

KENT
(confident)
We’re winning.

Mercen misses a wild shot, quickly retrieves the ball and lays it in.

MERCEN
Came so fast, And it can to fast.

KENT
(confident)
We’re winning.

Mercen misses another shot in his jittery state.

MERCEN
Were d all this come from? I thought you said we didn’t have a chance.

KENT
What else do I got to loose, besides theirs to much at stake.

There eyes suddenly gravitate to a brand new low rider pulling up on the side of the court.

Jaycen steps out of it with a cocky look on his face as he notices there fixed on the car.

KENT
Someones putting in work.

MERCEN
Got that right.

JAYCEN
Don’t stare to hard, the daytons might blind you.
MERCEN
The crack game must be treating you real good homeboy.

Jaycen ignores him, walks over to a man standing on the corner.

MERCEN
What a waste its not even worth it.
If only it was that easy, we’d all be driving around in hot rides.

KENT
I’m gonna have one of those cars. It might take a while but after what ever has to happen, happens. My life will be made.

Kent swishes in a long jump shot.

MERCEN
I’m right there with you Kent, like a tag along. Who knows, we might both end up in the hills someday.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM. NIGHT.
The teams tiredly runs suicides up and down the court.
Kent stops to catch his breath, panting for air.
Coach boone looks at him concerned.

COACH BOONE
Kent. I don’t usually do this but go take the night off. Were gonna need those legs fresh for our big day tomorrow.

EXT. PARKING LOT. NIGHT.
Kent walks out of the gym onto the the deserted parking lot.
On the other end of the lot, Ryan hovers over a car aggressively trying to break the lock open with a long stick. He constantly checks over his over his shoulder in paranoia.

RYAN
(anxiously)
Come on, come on.
The car alarm sounds off.

Ryan immediately runs off down the parking lot. He runs into Kent who’s heading in his direction, trips over his feet and falls flat onto the pavement. He flicks out of a pocket frightened for his life.

RYAN
(frightened)
Get back, get back! I don’t want any problems.

KENT
Who said there was gonna be any.

RYAN
(puzzled)
Huh?

He quints his eyes realizes that Kent standing over him, lets off a sigh of relief.

RYAN
(exhaling)
Man don’t do that me. I smoke to much weed, My nerves are bad. Shit, I though I was about to get my brains splattered all over the floor.

Kent helps him up off the ground.

KENT
If it was my ride, I would of.

RYAN
(frustrated)
Damn, I almost had it to.

KENT
And damn you almost got arrested. That things got low jack written all over it.

Ryan’s eyes move over to a pick up truck.

KENT (CONT’D)
Don’t even think about it. That’s coaches car.

RYAN
I hate that bitch, should slash his tires.

(CONTINUED)
KENT
But you know if you really want
something. Something fire.

Kent walks over to Jaycen’s brand new shining low rider.

KENT (CONT’D)
I would snatch this one.

Ryan stops in front of it memorized by the car.

RYAN
(ecstatic)
You gotta be slangin some serious
rocks to get one of these.

He rubs his hand across the hood.

KENT
This is Jaycen’s ride.

RYAN
I hate that bitch to.

He takes the knife cuts a huge hole across material hood of
the car, leaving a wide opening. He climbs in and hot wires
the car.

KENT
Alright while I’ll see you around
then.

He starts walking away.

Ryan beeps the horn.

RYAN
You wona go for a ride?

EXT. GROCERY STORE. PARKING LOT. NIGHT

Kent and Ryan exit the store eating bags of chips and
drinking sodas. Ryan stops at the car lights a cigarette.

Kent hops in the car from over the top.

RYAN
You know your one the quietest
dudes I ever met.

(CONTINUED)
KENT
I’m always thinkin. You walk in my life for a day and you’ll see what there is to chat about.

RYAN
Everybody got problems.

KENT
And they all come in different sizes to... we got a big tomorrow.

RYAN
(sarcastic)
Yay for the team.

KENT
You never mentioned why you quit.

RYAN
I got more important things in my life. And focused on the prize right now. I’m gonna have one these whips for every day of the week, a big crib. Everything man.

KENT
What do you do?

Ryan tosses the cigarette, starts tapping on the car. He starts beat boxing in sync with the tapping.

KENT
(satisfied)
OK.

RYAN
(smirking)
That was hot right? should of recorded that one.

KENT
So you make beats?

RYAN
It’s not just a beat homie. Only if that’s all you see it as. I call it art work.

KENT
What are you aiming at?

Ryan points to the sky.

(CONTINUED)
RYAN
Straight threw the roof man, Its no joke with me. I’m focused, and hungry.

KENT
I get that feeling.

RYAN
It's hard man, and half the time it's seems pointless. But it's what I live for. I've been getting the run around with music shit for a few years now. But that’s just a little peak into my life. Like I said we all got problems. Just gotta keep your head up.

He hops in over the top onto the drivers seat.

RYAN
Now lets ride.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM. DAY.
Kent and Mercen go over last minute drills with Coach Boone.

Jaycen storms into gym the his face filled with rage, he heads over to Mercen. Punches him hard in the face.

Mercen falls onto the floor.

JAYCEN
(furious)
Bitch!

Jaycen kicks him repeatedly until Kent and Coach boone yank him away from him.

JAYCEN
(furious)
I swear if I don’t get it back I’m gonna smoke you!

COACH BOONE
(angry)
What the hell is going on?

JAYCEN
(furious)
He jacked my ride!

(CONTINUED)
MERCEN
(angry)
I didn’t take nothin!

COACH BOONE
(aggravated)
Guys we can cry about his later!
we’ve got business to take care of
tonight!

JAYCEN
(furious)
Forget about the game, forget about
this team!

He storms over to the door, stops and turns around.

JAYCEN (CONT’D)
(threateningly; to mercen)
And if I see you on the streets its
a wrap homeboy, trust.

He walks out the back door, slams it behind him.

COACH BOONE
(angry)
Damn it!

Kent helps Mercen up off the ground.

KENT
You alright?

MERCEN
Yeah I’m good. He hits like bitch
anyway.

COACH BOONE
Soldiers walking out on me right
before battle. What else is gonna
fall threw the roof?

His eyes move to Kent.

COACH BOONE (CONT’D)
You got three hours to learn how to
be the best damn forward in the
state.
INT. SOUL FOOD RESTAURANT. NIGHT.

A typical mom and pap soul food restaurant. YOUNG WAITRESS takes orders from table to table.

Kent and Zeek sit at a table by front window.

Young waitress Hands each of them a tray of food.

    YOUNG WAITRESS
    You need anything else give me a call.

    KENT
    Why'd you spend all this money on this food? I cant stay long.

    ZEEK
    Just eat what ever.

A moment. As they dig into to there plates.

Zeek’s phone rings, he answers it.

    ZEEK (CONT’D)
    (into the phone)
    Whats happening?

He listens, as Kent begins to look on curiously.

    ZEEK (CONT’D)
    (aggravated; into the phone)
    What? What type of shit is this?

He listens.

    ZEEK (CONT’D)
    (into the phone)
    At the soul food joint, hurry up.

He hangs up the phone. Lets off a sigh of frustration.

    ZEEK
    (angry)
    Shit!

All eyes are now on Zeek in his frustrated state.

    KENT
    (concerned)
    Whats going on?

(CONTINUED)
Head lights shine on the restaurant from a pull a car pulling into the drive way.

ZEEK (CONT’D)
Lets go.

Kent and Zeek walk out of the store into the parking lot.

Sheldon rolls down the window of the car.

ZEEK (CONT’D)
(aggravated)
You planned this shit real good.

SHELDON
We don’t even got the time, so drop it.

Young waitress walks out of the restaurant holding the bill.

YOUNG WAITRESS
Think you forgot something.

Zeek ignores her. Turns his attention to Kent.

ZEEK
Kent get in the car.

KENT
(aggravated)
You know I've got somewhere to be.

ZEEK
(threateningly)
I said get in the car.

YOUNG WAITRESS
(annoyed)
I’m calling the cops.

She walks back into the restaurant.

Kent lets off a sigh of frustration as he gets in the back seat.

Zeek quickly hops in the front seat.

(CONTINUED)
KENT
(aggravated)
I got a game Zeek.

ZEEK
Don’t wona hear it, The games are
over wit, your with me now.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT.
The street is dark except for a dim street light, And a
faint light from a corner store across the street.

Sheldon’s car sits parked on the corner of the street.

Kent and Zeek leans against it, Zeek stares at the store
intensely.

Kent looks away, his face full of frustration.

Sheldon opens the trunk of the car.

A Scared teen sits inside it curled up in a ball tremble
ling in fear. His hands and his mouth are tapped.

SHELDON
I got our key right here.

Zeek walks over to trunk. Stares at Scared teen
suspiciously.

ZEEK
(annoyed)
Sheldon this little niggard aint
watching over no hundred grand.

SHELDON
(aggravated)
I wouldn’t have you going threw
this if it wasn’t legit.

Kent hits in the car in frustration, walks over to trunk.

KENT
(aggravated)
Why am I here?

ZEEK
(annoyed)
Turn your head.

Kent ignores as him he stares angrily into his eyes.

(CONTINUED)
ZEEK (CONT’D)  
(threateningly)  
Do it.

Kent walks to the other side of the car frustrated.

Zeek grabs Scared teen by the shirt collar, stares into his terrified eyes.

ZEEK  
I do not trust this Sheldon. Not at all.

He lets the Scared teen boy go.

SHELDON  
I gave you my word now lets do this before its to late.

ZEEK  
Kent go see if theirs anybody in the store.

KENT  
(aggravated)  
So this is what you had in mind for me?

ZEEK  
(angry)  
Go!

Kent glares at him, then walks across the street into the store.

CASHIER stands behind the register reading a magazine.

Kent scans the front of the store to see no one around. He walks to the back looks around to find no one there either. He walks back to front of the store.

Cashier looks at Kent quizitivly.

CASHIER  
Wait a minute, Your that kid, the star point guard.

Kent looks out the window at Sheldon who stands directly in front of it awaiting a signal.

CASHIER (CONT’D)  
I went to one of your games last week. Where’d you learn to play like that?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

A tears trickles from Kent’s eye as he nods his head at Sheldon.

    CASHIER (CONT’D)
    (puzzled)
    Huh?

Sheldon bolts into the store with a back handgun, he points it at Cashier who trembles in fear.

    SHELDON
    (shouting)
    Move!

He forces the gun against his face.

    SHELDON
    (threateningly)
    Get in the back.

He pushes Cashier forward forcing him to lead him to the back.

Zeek walks into the store holding Scarred teen by the collar.

    ZEEK
    (to kent)
    Stay right here.

He walks to the side of the store, with Scared teen at his side.

BAM! The sound of a door slamming shut echoes threw out the store.

    ZEEK (CONT’D)
    (shouting)
    Hurry it up back there!

Kent buries his head in his arms in attempt to block out of all the chaos.

Zeek knocks over racks of cupcakes and potato chips until he comes across a safe in the wall.

    ZEEK (CONT’D)
    (threateningly; to scared teen)
    Open it.

BANG, BANG, two shots ring threw out the store.

Kent jumps up with a look of horror in his eyes.

(CONTINUED)
ZEEK (CONT’D)

(shouting)
Go keep look out by the car!

Kent walks out of the store to the car. He gets in. Covers his ears with his fingers.

A car pulls up on the side of the store.

Two street thugs step out of the car. They walk into the store.

Kent frantically bangs his hand on the door at the sight of them entering the store.

KENT
(Screaming)
Zeek!

Intense gun fire erupts from inside the store.

Kent who’s eyes are filled with tears ducks down in his seat more frightened then ever.

The guns shot end. And the the store goes completely silent.

Zeek runs out of the store. Carrying a large bag. He quickly climbs into the drivers seat.

Kent jumps up back on to his seat and lets off a huge sigh of relief but still terrified.

Sheldon slowly craws out of the store on all fours bleeding all over the ground.

Zeek stares at him sympathetically but an emotionless rush over takes him.

ZEEK
(to himself)
Sorry.

He starts the engine.

KENT
(concerned)
You cant just leave him.

Zeek ignores him and speeds away.

ZEEK
(cocky)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
ZEEK (cont’d)
Woo, that’s how you do it baby. You saw that?... I didn’t do nothing wrong, nothing.

Zeek unzips the bag with his free hand and holds up a stack of money possessed by the sight of it.

ZEEK
(excited)
You see this! This is what its all about! Forget about family, love, Dreams! Aint nothin in the world better this baby!

KENT
(disgusted)
Let me out.

Zeek abruptly stops the car.

ZEEK
Hurry up.

KENT
(disgusted)
I’m not hesitating this time.

Kent gets out and slams the door.

Zeek speeds away.

Kent looks up at the sky with tears in his eyes.

KENT
Why?

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM. NIGHT.

The gym is deserted, cups, soda cans and popcorn are scattered all over the floor from an earlier game.

Kent enters the gym threw the side door. He flops onto the bleachers, exhausted, upset and stressed. He looks up at the score board to see that his team had won by five points.
INT. RYAN’S CAR. NIGHT.

Ryan drives, Kent sits on the passenger side emotionally exhausted.

Ryan pulls onto a side street. Flashing lights from police cars can be seen from a distance. He looks on quizitivly and drives nearer.

Cops and detectives are everywhere.

    RYAN  
    (curious)  
    What the hell is going on?

Zeek leans over a cop car in handcuffs.

Kent who’s eyes began to fill with tears and sinks in his seat at the sight.

    RYAN  
    That’s your brother.

    KENT  
    Keep driving, please.

EXT. ABANDONED BRIDGE. DAY.

Ryan sits on top of his car smoking a cigarette.

Kent leans on the rail looking down at the water.

    RYAN  
    ...You really cared about him didn’t you?

    KENT  
    One of the only people.

    RYAN  
    I don’t care about a whole lot either. Just my future.

    KENT  
    I wish that’s all I could care about it. And just let everything else in the way go. Now I’ve got no one, nothing, and I don’t wanna do anything at all.

(CONTINUED)
RYAN
...I never liked my father a whole lot. He was never there. But one thing that he said that meant something to me. Was that, if you lose someone you care about. You do what ever it was that would make that person happy.

KENT
He’d be happy with me doing nothing.

INT. KENT’S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Kent walks in the living room threw front door. He hears Sharee screaming on the phone in the kitchen. He walks over to the kitchen, he stops at the entrance to listen.

SHAREE
(screaming; into the phone)
Who the hell do you think you are calling my house from jail!
(she listens)
I don’t care who you wona talk to!

Kent builds up the courage and walks into the kitchen.

SHAREE
(yelling; to kent)
Hear, say a few words to your loser brother!

She hands him the phone.

KENT
(into the phone)
Hey?

ZEEK (VO)
(from phone)
Two weeks and ill-

Sharee snatches the phone from him.

SHAREE
(screaming; into phone)
Happy now! Bye!

She hangs up the phone.
KENT
(aggravated)
What you do that for?

SHAREE
(angry)
I do not want you talking to him
you hear me. I don’t know when he’s
getting out. if he even does. But I
don’t want you around him.

KENT
He’s my brother, and your son.

SHAREE
(angry)
I didn’t raise that. So he’s dead
to me as far as I’m concerned.

KENT
(aggravated)
So what, you want me to do the
same? Just cut him out of my life?

SHAREE
What ever it takes.

KENT
I’m not doing that.

SHAREE
(screaming)
Then get out!

KENT
Maybe I should.

He storms angrily out of the kitchen.

INT. PRISON VISITING ROOM. NIGHT.
The rooms dark and empty in this now late hour of the night.
Kent sits at a table in the back of the room in the dark.
Zeek is aggressively brought into the room by two guards in
shackles.

ZEEK
(aggravated)
My lawyer said she wasn’t gonna see
me until tomorrow.
GUARD #1
Lawyer? You dirty piece of crap.
You don’t have a lawyer.

ZEEK
(defensive)
We’ll see tomorrow.

GUARD# 1 chuckles. The guards let him go in the middle of the room.

ZEEK
(aggravated)
Aint nothing funny. Now what the hell am I in here for?

Zeek looks around the dark room, to see no one but black.

ZEEK
Yall really wona play some bullshit wit a nigga.

GUARD #1
The kid in the back dumb ass.

He flicks on the light.

Zeek rolls his eyes in frustration at the sight of Kent. He walks slowly to the back table, takes a seat.

ZEEK
(frustrated)
What the hell you doing here?

KENT
I had to.

ZEEK
(frustrated)
If your mother finds out you here. She’s only gonna make shit worse for me.

KENT
What happened?

ZEEK
Damn fagot ass bitch Sheldon dropped a dime on me. Should of layed him out when I had the chance. But guess what, they aint found nothing. When I got out of here everything’s made for me.
CONTINUED:

KENT
I couldn’t stop thinking about you.

ZEEK
Please, don’t start that shit, It’s wake up time Kent.

KENT
(aggravated)
You think it’s so easy? Just to loose you. I’m not in good place right now. There aren’t any dreams, I can’t see anything. I need you.

ZEEK
(frustrated)
Don’t fall out on me Kent. My soldiers are gone, Teas probably messing that damn blow agin.

KENT
(saddened)
When you get out.

He turns his head, fighting back tears.

KENT (CONT’D)
(crying)
He’s gonna kill you.

ZEEK
Did he come up to you?

KENT
(annoyed)
What difference does it make.

ZEEK
Stay away from him Kent.
(aggravated)
And please for the last time, dead this crying shit.

KENT
(frustrated)
I’m dead out here.

ZEEK
(angry)
You think I’m alive in here. I want my money. And for these cops and people like you to leave me the hell alone. I raised you better then be some little bitch.

((CONTINUED)
Continued:

KENT
(angry)
What do you want me to be? A killer like you?

ZEEK
(threateningly)
You watch it. I’ll dead you out to boy. You know what, I’m taking my money and I’m gettin the hell out of here.

KENT
(furious)
That’s all you care about! That piece of shit money! What about me? I’m dead out here because of you!

GUARD #1
(shouting)
Hey settle down!

Zeek’s eyes are full of emotionless rage as they focus on Kent.

KENT
You told me so many things. You told me to just end it all, to let everything go.
(crying out in rage)
Told me to give up on all my dreams!

He flips the table over in his now furious vengeful state, tears fall uncontrollably from his eyes.

Guard #1 runs up to Kent, grabs him from behind, Kent fights desperately to break free.

KENT
(screaming)
I hate you!

Guard #2 grabs Zeek aggressively.

ZEEK
(angry)
What the hell you trying to do! You think you about something? You aint about shit! And aint gone be shit! Bitch ass!

(Continued)
KENT
(furious)
I gonna do everything you said I couldn’t do! You’ll see me head straight to the top! While you spend the rest of your life in here! Just wait!

Guard #2 muscles Zeek out of the room.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASS ROOM. DAY.

MR. HILL a middle aged history teacher stands in front of the class room writing on the chalk board.

The class Bordy takes notes as he writes.

Kent sits in back of the room his eyes focused out side window.

MR. HILL
OK that’s enough for today. Well finish up tomorrow. But we gotta couple minutes. So graduations right around the corner. Who wants to share what they’ll be doing after June twenty first?

No one raises there hand.

MR. HILL (CONT’D)
No one has a clue... What about you Ryan?

RYAN
I’m gonna be drivin down the street on twenty fours.

MR. HILL
Not the answer I was really looking for but okay. You’ve got dreams I see. What about you Mercen?

MERCEN
I think I wona head off to college.

Ryan chuckles.

MERCEN (CONT’D)
(defensive)
What do you want to do white boy?
Dance around in rap videos.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

RYAN
(defensive)
Sure as hell aint gonna sittin my white ass in no class room. Book boy.

MR. HILL
OK guys, tone it down a bit.

The bell rings, The class room quickly empties.

Kent drops a book on the floor as he he heads out. He Picks it up.

MR. HILL
What about you kent?

KENT
You don’t wanna know.

INT. WEIGHT ROOM. NIGHT.

A untidy and messy room, rusty weights are scattered all over the floor.

Mercen spots Kent as he benches a heavy load of weight. He racks the bar in place at the end of the last rep.

Kent sits up catches his breath with a look of confusion on his face.

KENT
I don’t see it. I cut the biggest problem out of my life and I still don’t see it.

MERCEN
You don’t wanna see it.

KENT
I do, I just got that feeling. You know that theirs more to this ending. You get me?

MERCEN
You keep thinking like that and you’ll get what your looking for. Alright I’m done for the night.

KENT
I’m with you, tomorrow man, cant take the suspense.

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

MERCEN
Me neither.

He walks out of the weight room.

EXT. PARKING LOT. NIGHT.

Kent and Mercen walk threw the parking lot, Kent looks up at the stars as he walks.

MERCEN
Six hours of sleep, then its the big day. You know I was serious when I said I wanted to head off to college. Just as soon as I get my head clear. No more drinking, smoking, partying.

KENT
Have fun with that.

MERCEN
Wish I could.

KENT
Hold up, look up at the sky.

MERCEN
(puzzled)
huh?

Kent points at the stars.

Mercen looks up.

MERCEN
What kent, what are you trying to say?

KENT
You don’t see it do you. Just look at em.

MERCEN
They just stars Kent.

KENT
surrounded by black.

MERCEN
Where you trying to go with this?
KENT
This is life, the world right over our heads.

Mercen looks at Kent puzzled.

MERCEN
Your losing me.

KENT
All these stars are the people that made it. You know, Hollywood, big paper chasers. And everything in between are the people that fell short. The stars, yeah we see them shining bright just like turning on a TV. Aint that something. You know my place is right up there with em.

Rays car pulls into the driveway stops in front of them. He rolls down the window.

RAY
Camillo’s throwing a party, I heard theirs mad bangin shorties up in there. You tryin to show?

MERCEN
You serious?

RAY
Come get in.

Mercen glances over at Kent, then turns back to Ray.

MERCEN
I don’t know man, tomorrows the big day.

Ryan pulls up on the side of rays car.

Ray holds up a bottle of alcohol to Mercen who lights up at the sight of it.

MERCEN
OK I’m in.

Mercen gets in the car.

MERCEN
Kent you commin?
KENT
No I’m good. Need to keep my head clear.

MERCEN
(shouting)
We aint winning state tomorrow
Kent. Its the day after.

Ray drives off.

RYAN
I wouldn’t of went either.

KENT
I thought he quit.

EXT. RYAN’S HOUSE. NIGHT.
Kent and Ryan exit the house threw the front door.

RYAN
You need a ride?

KENT
Nah, I’ll walk this one out myself alone across the valley. Besides I got a lot to think about.

Kent slaps his hand.

RYAN
Alright man, I’ll see you tomorrow.

Kent turns around and starts walking away.

RYAN (CONT’D)
Wait up. One minute.

He tosses Kent a CD.

Kent catches it and examines it.

RYAN (CONT’D)
It’s the one I’ve been telling you about.

KENT
What I got people giving me there demos now.

(CONTINUED)
RYAN
I put my heart into it. You understand that right?

KENT
A little bit. I’ll catch you later.

RYAN
See you.

EXT. HIGHWAY. NIGHT.
A noisy busy high way, cars speed on by.
Kent walks on the side of the road, with headphones on bobbing his head to a Cd.

FLASH BACK

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASS ROOM. DAY.
Mr. Hill stands by his desk, The bell has just rung everyone has left except for kent who stands in the door way.

KENT
Do you really wona know? Because you’ll never understand.

MR. HILL
I’m curious.

KENT
There’s nothing for me after that date, and honestly. I cant say that I want anything either. Nothing at all.

MR. HILL
I don’t understand you Kent. Not at all. I mean your at the top of my class. And I see you in that gym everyday practicing even after official practice has ended. Now I don’t know If that’s what you wona do. But seeing you do that and the way you go about it. Tells me you have something. You’ve got what it takes to do what ever it is you want to do. There more to this Kent, much more. And you definitely have what takes to get it. And I (MORE)

(CONTINUED)
MR. HILL (cont’d)
    talk to you this way, how I
    wouldn’t talk to anyone else.
    Because you’ve got something a
    little more than them Kent. And its
    a shame you don’t see it.

BACK TO

EXT. HIGHWAY. NIGHT.

Kent walks down the highway listening to a Cd.

    MR. HILL (VO)
    It’s the ultimate escape. That’s
    the beauty of dreams. We as human
    beings walk in search of this
    bright light that tells and gives
    everything. Whatever it is that
    were striving for. We decide what
    that light holds. Whether its love,
    happiness... Sorrow, even dreams.
    It could be anything. And when you
    find it, It’ll change your life
    forever. The question is When?... I
    guess time can only tell.

    KENT (VO)
    What happens when it goes away?
    When someone takes it from you?

    MR. HILL (VO)
    It’ll never leave you if you hold
    onto it.

Mercen drives wildly down the road, weaving through lanes,
Hes clearly drunk.

Ray sits on the passenger side drunk as well.

Kent starts walking across a clear traffic lane, His
attention fully engrossed on the Cd.

Mercen loses control of the wheel then speeds onto the
opposite lane with oncoming traffic.

A large truck nears Mercen’s car. The truck driver see’s
Mercen’s car speeding towards it head first. The truck
driver quickly tries to avoid the collision by swerving onto
the next lane nearing Kent who’s walking straight ahead of
the trucks new direction.

(CONTINUED)
Kent’s sees headlights at his feet as the truck nears closer. He quickly turns his head to truck, Frantically he tries to leap to his side, But its to late.

The truck smacks right into Kent Who flies off flies off the side of the truck in mid air. His body crashes threw the windshield of Mercen’s moving car.

Now uncontroll of the wheel Mercen’s car smacks into the side of the truck. Mercen’s flips over, crashes against a power line.

The truck driver regains control of the truck, Then stops it on the side of the road.

The power line tips off over onto the side of the road.

The truck driver slowly steps out of the truck petrified. He walks slowly to Mercen’s totaled car, stops at the sight of it completely horrified.

OFF-SPEECH TUCK DRIVER
(horrified)
Oh, my... God.

INT. HOSPITAL. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

A crowed noisy corridor. Patients are being escorted down the corridor in all directions, doctors and nurses run around like mad men tending to them.

Kent lays on a stretcher unconscious, His face is badly bruised. His shirt is soaked in blood. His stretcher’s being rushed down the hall way by two nurses.

Sharee trails after the stretcher terrified for her sons life.

NURSE #1
(to sharee)
Mam you cant go beyond this point he’s headed to the ER. He needs surgery.

SHAREE
(yelling)
Hes my son!

Nurse #1 nods at a near by security guard.

The guard stops Sharee in her tracks, She desperately try’s to break free of his hold crying hysterically.

(CONTINUED)
SHAREE
(screaming)
I use to work here!

INT. HOSPITAL. ROOM. DAY.

Kent lies awake on his bed completely stiff, he looks as though he’s had a rough night’s sleep and is in a world of pain.

A YOUNG NURSE brings him a glass of water.

KENT
(in pain)
Can you, open the blinds?

YOUNG NURSE
Sure.

Young nurse walks over the window and opens the blinds, she examines Kent as he stares off out side the window.

YOUNG NURSE
You know your very lucky.

KENT
(in pain)
Do you. Do you see me right now?

He starts coughing then groans in pain.

YOUNG NURSE
Calm yourself. Drink the water. I’m gonna let your mother in right now by the way.

The nurse walks out the room.

Moments later Sharee walks in over to Kent. She looks like an emotional wreck. She lets off to sigh of relief at sight of Kent’s open eyes. But tears quickly follow as she looks at Kent’s painful miserable state.

SHAREE
(crying)
Baby.

She hugs him tightly, Then quickly lets him go after he begins to groan in pain.

(CONTINUED)
SHAREE (CONT’D)
The doctors said they didn’t know if you were gonna make it. I’m so happy your okay. Thank you Jesus.

KENT
(in pain)
No, I’m, I’m not... I’m not okay mom.

SHAREE
(crying)
Please baby, don’t worry, everything’s gonna be fine.

KENT
(in pain)
The doctor, He mentioned something.
About my friends.

SHAREE
(crying)
Honey. They didn’t make it.

INT. FUNERAL. CHURCH. DAY.
The church is full to capacity with family and friends of Ray who’s casket sits in the front of the church under a sea of flowers. The mood is dark and gloomy as the family takes turns giving there last good byes.

Kent sits in the back of the church in a wheel chair next to Sharee. His face is bitter as he looks on angrily.

SHAREE
Come on, Lets go give our condolences.

KENT
(angry)
He killed my friend. Almost killed me. Matter of fact I think he did.

He turns his chair around and wheels him self out of the back door of the church.

Jaycen leans against a rail smoking a cigarette.

Kent stops his chair at edge of a set of steep stairs.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JAYCEN
You not getting that thing down them steps.

Kent turns himself to Jaycen.

KENT
What are you here for?

JAYCEN
Same reason you are? Damn its shame you know. With everything that was comin and all. Aint this a bitch.

KENT
(defensive)
Just leave it.

JAYCEN
True, I aint gota live with it.

KENT
(defensive)
You don’t know nothing.

JAYCEN
(aggravated)
Then forget you then. Watch out for them steps crippled boy.

Kent glares at him furiously as he walks in the church. Kent slowly turns the chair back around, stares from bottom of the steps to his knees. He takes a deep breath lifts his head up and attempts to stand up.

KENT
(groaning in pain)
Argh!

He raise six inches from his chair. His back gives out and he flops back down on the chair aching in pain. A tear trickles from his eye in his now every upset state.

INT. DOCTORS OFFICE. DAY.

Kent sits up on an examination table.

YOUNG DOCTOR stands in front him taking notes on a clip board.

(CONTINUED)
YOUNG DOCTOR
Well I've got some news and some bad news.

KENT
What's the bad news?

YOUNG DOCTOR
Let's see. Well the good news is that you want be needing the wheelchair anymore.

He picks up an x-ray and examines it thoroughly.

KENT
How long will it be before I can play again?

YOUNG DOCTOR
That would be the least of my worries right now.

KENT
(defensive)
Well it's the most of mine. So when?

Young doctor puts the x-ray down.

YOUNG DOCTOR
Your young kid, Just remember that. You've got your whole life ahead of you.

He moves behind Kent and lifts up the back of Kent's shirt.
Kent's back is completely covered in bandages.
Young Doctor checks to make sure there tight and secure.

KENT
It hurts so bad, when the pain starts it doesn't go away.

YOUNG DOCTOR
Your spine's pretty severe. How often do you get these pains?

KENT
Usually at night. Medicine can fix it though right? And I can still play?

Young doctor takes a moment to exhale.

(CONTINUED)
YOUNG DOCTOR
Kent this is a serious injury. We had to surgically pull glass fragments from your spine.

KENT
(concerned)
What does that mean? I can still play right?

YOUNG DOCTOR
Kent you playing basketball agin is out of the question. Were more than likely gonna have to perform another surgery. You may not be able to walk agin.

KENT
(defensive)
What do you mean? I can walk.

Kent stands up.

KENT
See I’m fine.

He starts jumping up and down. He gets a sharp pain in his back.

Young doctor quickly grabs him to stop him from collapsing on the floor.

KENT
(angry)
Leave me, I’m fine!

Young doctor helps Kent back onto the examining table.

YOUNG DOCTOR
(aggravated)
Kent just let it go. For gods sake be glad that your alive.

KENT
(angry)
That’s easy for you to say.

He regains his strength, gets up and angrily storms out of the office.
EXT. HOSPITAL. DAY (RAINING)

The sun is covered with dark clouds, rain pours rapidly from the sky.

Kent storms out of the doctors office, His eyes are filled with tears.

Sharee runs up to him and hugs him tightly.

KENT
(crying)
Mom, I’m dead.

SHAREE
(sympathetically)
Don’t say that.

KENT
(crying)
It should of been me instead of Mercen. He would of pushed threw. I cant do it.

SHAREE
Baby just calm down, please for me.

INT. KENT’S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Potato chip bags and soda cans are scattered all over the floor. The room looks a complete mess.

Kent lays on the couch wrapped in a blanket. His face full of misery.

Ryan walks in the living room from the kitchen.

RYAN
You alright?

KENT
(miserable)
Cant you tell?

RYAN
You need anything? Or is it all over the floor?

KENT
(defensive)
It wouldn’t be there if my legs had life in them.

(CONTINUED)
RYAN
Maybe it wouldn’t be so bad if you
didn’t mope around all day. You
could least try to make something
good out of it.

KENT
(annoyed)
What? You can’t even step to me on
this one so don’t try. You got
everything in the world going on
for you.

RYAN
(aggravated)
You tell me what’s working out for
me?

KENT
(angry)
What’s working out for me! I can’t
feel my back. I feel like shit!

RYAN
(aggravated)
What so that’s something new?

KENT
(angry)
What kind of shit is that? I had
dreams, That aren’t gonna happen
now.

RYAN
If you had dreams to start with.
They’d never fade. You’d keep keep
em alive by fighting and believing.
Even through the worse times. Even
when you have that piece of shit
nobody telling you aint gonna be
nothin’... I got rejected this
morning by another label. You got
no clue how that makes me feel. But
you know what? I’m a fighter to the
end. I’ll die before I give in. I
don’t care if I get rejected by a
hundred labels. I’ll take my dreams
with me to my grave.

KENT
(aggravated)
It’s worth dieing for huh? I gave
everything I had for them. Left
(MORE)
KENT (cont’d)
everything on the line even when people stood in the way. Look what I get back. So have fun walking threw your hard disappointing life.

RYAN
Your hopeless. Your the only person I ever met that I though Id never say that to.

He grabs his coat walks over to the door.

KENT
(angry)
What another studio session?

RYAN
A trip back up to the clouds.

He walks out the front door.

Kent throws a soda can at the wall in his now furious state.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM. DAY.

Kent sits alone in the gym at the top of the bleachers reading a news paper.

Coach Boone enters the gym. He sees Kent and walks slowly over to him. He claps his hands as he moves closer.

Kent lowers the news paper.

COACH BOONE
No matter how hard the battle my soldiers always make it back to the home base. And you, well you were head general of em all... You know it was my dream that you’d bring us home that state ring. So I broke you down when ever I got the chance. To make you a monster, unstoppable. Why’d you let me Kent?

KENT
I’m still trying to find out the answer to that. Everybody has there turn on Kent Booker. Maybe I got sucker written across my forehead... The doctor said that I cant play anymore you believe that?

(CONTINUED)
COACH BOONE
I forfeited that game that would of gotten us into states Can you believe that? I never quit a damn thing in my whole life.

KENT
I quit too, On everything. Its all over for me.

COACH BOONE
(intensely)
You can’t afford to quit. You got to much life in the damn body. Now I don’t know what the hell it is your going threw. But I’m not gonna give in. Forget about doctors I can look in your eyes and tell you’ve still got it.

KENT
Coach I’m done.

COACH BOONE
You bring me an x-ray.

He walks out of the gym.

Kent’s looks around the empty gym. His eyes are suddenly drawn to a film school advertisement on the wall. He rips it down and reads it thoroughly.

INT. FILM CLASS ROOM. DAY.
Mr. Veron sits at his desk fixing a camera.
Kent walks into the room holding an advertisement.

MR. VERON
(surprised)
Kent?

Kent hands him the advertisement.

KENT
Look I need you to tell me everything that you know about getting into this place.

Mr. Veron scans over the paper.

(CONTINUED)
MR. VERON
What? It cost a hundred to get into this place. Not even to mention the skills it takes.

KENT
Just help me, please.

INT. RYAN’S CAR. DAY.
Ryan drives, Kent sits on the passenger side starring off out the window.

KENT
What happens if today’s not your day agin.

RYAN
You know I’ll keep going.

KENT
...I thought about what you said the other night. It’s just that I don’t know what to do or how to think. It’s the first time I’m alone on this path and nothings in the way. I’m just scared of where it’s gonna take me.

Ryan pulls in front of a building.

RYAN
Just do it man. No matter what it is or how hard it is. Just do it. Like no one else will. People respect that.

A moment.

KENT
You waiting to be late?

RYAN
Got that feeling right now.

His fingers shake nervously on the steering wheel.

RYAN (CONT’D)
Shit I hate feeling like this.
KENT
Just do it, like on one else will.

RYAN
Your right.

He opens the door, they both exit the car.

RYAN (CONT’D)
I’ll catch you later than.

KENT
Alright, I’m happy for you. I really am.

RYAN
Thanks. Here goes nothing, wish me luck.

Ryan walks inside the building.

Kent’s smile slowly fades into a frown as anger and jealousy takes him over. He kicks a rock in his angered state.

INT. AUTO SHOP. NIGHT.

Kent sits at a table polishing car parks.

Mr. Williams works diligently on fixing an engine.

KENT
You own this place right?

MR. WILLIAMS
Twelve years.

KENT
Could you invest in something, like a loan?

MR. WILLIAMS
I don’t even have the money to fix the locks on this place. Whats this about?

KENT
I was just thinking about something. This dream that I had.

Tears begin to fall from his eyes as a rush of emotion takes him over.

(CONTINUED)
KENT
(crying)
It's funny cuz, I always ended up doing other things then what I wanted. Then people. Man people they stood in the way. I guess it's my fault cuz I let it happen.

Mr. Williams stops what he's doing and turns to Kent who quickly turns away to hide his tears.

MR. WILLIAMS
(concerned)
Kent if you hurt, You can't fight it.

Kent blocks his face with his arms.

KENT
(defensive)
Who said I was? You don't have a clue.

MR. WILLIAMS
I lost my son Kent, trust me I know.

Kent gets up and walks toward the back door.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
Where are you going? Because the answers not out there.

KENT
I'm going back to what I thought made me happy.

INT. WEIGHT ROOM. NIGHT.

The room is empty except for Kent who squats with a bar loaded with weight on the back of his neck. His face is almost brick red as he struggles with the weight and extreme pain from his back.

KENT
(groaning in pain)
Argh!

Coach Boone runs into the room and immediately turns his attention to Kent.
COACH BOONE
(yelling)
What the hell are you doing?

KENT
(in pain)
Why do you care?

He continues squatting.

COACH BOONE
(yelling)
Put it down!

KENT
(in pain)
I cant.

COACH BOONE
(yelling)
Damn it I said stop!

Kent’s knees suddenly gives out as he attempts another rep. The bar falls onto the floor. Kent lays down on his back throbbing in pain.

COACH BOONE
(furious)
What the hell do you do it for because I sure as hell wona know?!

KENT
(in pain)
Why do you want me to stop now?

COACH BOONE
I spoke to your doctor. I want you to tell me what this is for. Why?

KENT
(in pain)
I got nothing, nothing going for me right now.

He slowly tries to stand up, He groans in pain with every movement.

COACH BOONE
(aggravated)
You never had anything. Except what I wanted you to have. What everybody wanted you to have. If you want something, you gota want it for yourself.

(CONTINUED)
KENT  
(angry)  
I use to feel it, right above my head, Now its not there anymore.  
And You, You promised me to much.

Kent’s face fills with rage as walks slowly towards him nearly stumbling with every step.

COACH BOONE  
You have to put it there.

KENT  
(angry)  
How am I supposed to do that? You promised me the world!

Kent swings at him with all his might. He misses and falls on the floor.

COACH BOONE  
I’m sorry.

He walks out of the room.

KENT  
(screaming)  
I hate you!

INT. CHURCH. NIGHT.

The church is empty except for Kent who sits in the middle of a bench, He closes his eyes.

KENT  
I know we don’t speak a whole lot.  
But please I’m begging you. Make all this go away, please.

The light goes out in the room.

KENT (CONT’D)  
Please.

Power emerges from the side entrance. He flicks back on the lights.

POWER  
Change of heart yet?

Kent quickly turns his attention to him startled.
KENT
What do you want?

POWER
What do you want black man? What ever it is you sure as hell aint gonna get it from this place I can tell you that.

EXT. CHURCH. PARKING LOT. NIGHT (RAINING)

Kent stands next to Power by his car with a look of hopelessness.

Power opens the trunk and takes out a large bag.

POWER
All the joy in the world. That’s what you want right?

Kent looks up at the rainy sky.

POWER (CONT’D)
No, Its not up there. As long as your straight with me. You aint gota hope for nothin. Everything in this world is yours.

Kent looks nervously at the bag.

Power pats him on the shoulder.

KENT
I cant do this. I’m not like him, I’m not like you.

POWER
(defensive)
You breath the same air nigga, and that green smells all in it.

He turns around to get into the car.

Kent throws the bag bag at him then bolts away at full speed.

Power pulls out a handgun and points it at him, He ponders a thought then lowers the gun.
INT. HIGH SCHOOL. CAFETERIA. DAY.

A crowded and noisy room. Dozens of students stand on line waiting for their food to be served.

Kent sits alone at a small table eating.

Ryan walks up to the table with a huge cheesy bright smile on his face. He waves a piece of paper around in his hand.

RYAN
(ecstatic)
I got signed!

KENT
Huh?

RYAN
(ecstatic)
I got signed Kent. Last night they called me, and I got signed.

He hands Kent the piece of paper.

KENT
(reading the paper)
Ruling your kings empire music group.
(surprised)
Shit, you really did it.

He forces a fake smile and gives him a high five.

RYAN
(happy)
I still can't believe it man. I really can't. But I told you, I told you. You do it better than them in a way that won't do it.

KENT
Yeah I know. Now we just gotta work on me, ha lets see how that turns out. But I’m happy as hell for Ryan. I really am.

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT. DAY.

Kent practices on his jump shot cautiously trying not to do too much to aggravate his bad back.
He misses a three then runs up to get the rebound and tries to lay the ball in the basket. He gets a sudden sharp pain in his spine. He passes out instantly. His body falls lifelessly to the ground.

INT. MR. WILLIAMS OFFICE. DAY.

Kent lays on a cot asleep.

Mr. Williams searches threw a draw until he comes across a set of keys.

Kent suddenly wakes up from the noise. He sits up slowly on the cot in pain.

    MR. WILLIAMS
    Rise and shine.

    KENT
    (tired)
    How long have I been here?

    MR. WILLIAMS
    Not to long. You wona go on a road trip?

    KENT
    (tired)
    Do I have a choice?

    MR. WILLIAMS
    Not really. Just know its really important.

    KENT
    (sarcastically)
    Yay, I like those.

EXT. GRASSY FIELD. DAY.

Nothing but grass and dirt can be see for more than a mile ahead.

Kent and Mr. Williams walk tiredly under the blazing sun across the plain. Mr. Williams constantly glances over at a bag that he caries in his hand.

    MR. WILLIAMS
    Alright this is the spot.

They stop in front of a small flower patch.
MR. WILLIAMS (CONT’D)
I use to bring Mercen here when he was little. We use to do so much together.

His expression turns to a state of sorrow. He takes another glance at the bag then over at Kent. Tears began to slowly trickle from his eyes.

MR. WILLIAMS
(saddened)
Kent I’m about to ask you to do the hardest thing, that I’ve ever asked a man to before.

Mr. Williams takes a jar of ashes out of the bag.

Kent starts backing in complete horror at the sight of the jar.

KENT
(frightened)
I cant.

MR. WILLIAMS
(serious)
Kent I need you to do this... The other night. You told me about a dream you had and I thought about it and cried all night.

Tears began falling rapidly from his eyes.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT’D)
(crying)
Now I may be a poor old man with little much to provide. But I damn sure guarantee, that I’ll be there for you every step of the way. I want Mercen’s dreams to live through you. Your like a son to me Kent. So please, ease this burden off my back.

He hands Kent the jar.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT’D)
(crying)
Thank you. I mean it from the bottom of my heart.

He walks away.

(CONTINUED)
Kent studies the jar. He slowly takes the lid off and then he flings the ashes into the air. He sits down and watches the ashes blow around in the wind. Tears began to fall from his eyes as he now looks up at the bright beautiful sky.

    KENT
    If I don’t have it in me right now to do it for me. I promise I’ll do it for you. I swear, I’ll fight.

He clenches his fist and raises it in the air.

INT. FILM CLASSROOM. DAY.

Mr. Veron sits at his desk grading papers.

Kent barges in the room up to his desk in a hurry.

    KENT
    (out of breath)
    Mr. Veron?

    MR. VERON
    What?

    KENT
    A few weeks ago I gave you a tape.

    MR. VERON
    You mean the one you threw at me.

He searches threw his junky desk until he comes across the tape.

    MR. VERON (CONT’D)
    This?

    KENT
    Yeah.

He hands Kent the tape.

    MR. VERON
    What’s this about?

    KENT
    I wona finish the film.

    MR. VERON
    Well then get moving.

(CONTINUED)
INT. KENT’S ROOM. DAY.

Kent opens his closet door and searches rapidly through a pile of junk on the floor, finally after a few moments he comes across a camera.

EXT. STREET. DAY.

Kent rides around on his bike filming the neighborhood. He films houses, buildings, cars, and people.

He stops in the middle of the street and films the bright beautiful sky in all angles.

INT. RYAN’S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

The floor is flooded with teens dancing.

Ryan spins and mixes up his music in a DJ booth, pumping up the crowd.

Kent stands behind him filming all the action.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD. DAY.

The field is quite and empty except for Milles who throws sixty yard bomb passes across the field.

Kent stands on top of the bleachers filming him as he throws.

KENT
(shouting)
I need a good sky shot! Toss a couple over here! Really high though!

Milles throws long high pass over the bleachers.

Kent films the ball as it travels across the bright sky.

Milles catches him off guard and tosses a ball aimed directly at Kent’s head.

The connects square with back Kent’s head.

Milles laughs hysterically.

(CONTINUED)
KENT
(shouting)
Hey you cant assault the camera man! That’s a felony!

EXT. RYAN’S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Ryan sits on his porch studying Kent as he films the sky.

RYAN
Whats the point of doin that?

KENT
I love filming at night.

RYAN
Theirs nothing to see.

KENT
It ties the movie together. I remember when I got my first camera. I couldn’t put it down for a second. I always just wanted to show the world the world threw a camera lense. So people could see how messed up it is sometimes.

RYAN
The worlds fine to me.

Kent puts down the camera.

KENT
That really easy to say, comeing from a person who has everything in the world going on for him.

RYAN
I earned what its goten for me though, every bit.

KENT
I know, I wona earn something to. Even though I don’t see anything in front of me right now. But I feel that its there you know, just waiting for me. And this film school, I think its everything Ive been looking for. Its my shot to go straight threw the ceiling. And the only thing I got towards it is a amazing movie and a dream.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

RYAN
And what makes you think that isn't
good enough?

KENT
I don't know, I'm scared.

EXT. PARKING LOT. DAY.
Kent loads brown boxes in the back of Coach Boone’s truck.
Coach Boone leans against it, dribbling a basketball.
Kent comes across a can of whip cream. He tosses it over to
Coach Boone.

KENT
Who could forget about that night?

COACH BOONE
Didn’t wash it off for a week. You
were so full of life then.

KENT
I guess that was a rare a site for
you... You know I’m trying to get
into this film school. Everything
about it seems right.

COACH BOONE
When did you decide this?

KENT
When I started caring agin. And
this time its my dream. But of
course its another dark road ahead
of me. I don’t got the hundred
grand it cost to get in. And I
don’t even know if they’ll like my
work, but its worth the fight you
know.

COACH BOONE
I guess its my fault your not on
your way right now.

KENT
It’s my fault.

COACH BOONE
You know you never seas to amaze me
Kent. I think you just like getting
knocked down.

(CONTINUED)
KENT
Just always seems to happen that way, but I really honestly don’t know what you want from me.

COACH BOONE
I’ve told you everything to do up to this point. Now it’s your turn to ruin yourself. You know I lied when I said that I graduated high school. I quit to work in the mines just like my old man. Gave up on all my dreams. And not a day goes by that I don’t regret it. But sooner or later you gotta realize that some things aren’t meant to happen.

KENT
If we don’t have dreams, then I guess we should all just roll over.

COACH BOONE
Your right, but I know your not going to get into that school. But I also know that you’ll stop at nothing until you can’t go anymore.

KENT
If this how you gonna walk out of my life, then I’m gonna regret that I ever met you.

COACH BOONE
I’m leaving you with harsh reality. I know it’s cold, it’s tough, but it’s real. It was a pleasure.

He gets in his truck.

INT. KENT’S ROOM. NIGHT.

Kent’s sits at his computer typing.

KENT (VO)
Hi, My name is Kent Booker. I’m a high senior who has a passion for film making. I understand the requirements that it takes to get into this school. And my film making talent is definitely there. What I don’t have is a four point o

(MORE)
KENT (VO) (cont’d)
grade point average. A lot of money or a ton of connections. But I’ll take a moment to tell you what I do have. A film that is sure to blow you away, and a dream. A dream to shoot for the stars. I once read a book about a man who had a dream. Someone turned it into a reality and that man changed the world for generations to come. If someone helped turn my dream into reality, I promise I’ll impact the life of any one who view’s my work. And who knows? Maybe I’ll even change the world.

EXT. POST OFFICE DAY. NIGHT

The street is dark and deserted.

Kent walks up to a mail drop box holding a small box. He kisses the box and hold it up to the sky.

KENT
Please.

He drops the Box in the drop. His eyes gravitate to a dollar bill on the ground then picks it up.

KENT
(staring at the dollar)
But of course life doesn’t give you shit with out this.

INT. ZEEK’S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

The rooms dark and quite as Kent slowly moves around it. He picks up a picture of him and Zeek off the table then puts it down.

INT. ZEEK’S HOUSE. BASEMENT. NIGHT.

Kent walks nervously down the stairs into the dark basement. He holds two candles.

He puts a candle down on a box. Looks around the basement. His eyes stop at the sight of a familiar bag on top of a washing machine.

(CONTINUED)
He walks slowly over to the bag and opens it. His eyes light up as they stare intensely at piles and piles of money.

KENT
(amazed)
Oh my god.

Zeek emerges from the darkness in the doorway of the basement. He moves silently down the steps being careful not to make a sound. He stops feet away from Kent who’s fully engrossed in the bag of money.

Kent suddenly stops, his body shivers as he now feels Zeek’s presence behind him. He slowly turns to Zeek’s cold evil eyes.

ZEEEK
(emotionless)
Give me the bag.

Kent ignores him as he stares deeply into his eyes.

ZEEEK
(emotionless)
Give, me, the bag.

KENT
...I cant.

Zeek takes a gun out of his pocket and points it at Kent’s face.

Kent stands completely unafraid.

KENT
 seriou s)
You gonna shoot me?

Zeek stares evilly into Kent’s eyes

KENT
(angry)
Are you gonna shoot me?!

ZEEEK
(threateningly)
Put it down.

Kent aggressively grabs the bag in his angry state.

KENT
(angry)
I’m better than you and I don’t need you pr your blood money.
He quickly dumps the money out of the bag and drops the candle on top of it.

ZECK
(yelling)
No!

The money lights up in flames. He pushes Kent to the side and desperately tries to put out the flames but he only makes them worse. His desperation turns to full blown rage as the money burns away.

He turns around to Kent who backs away in fear. He leaps on top of Kent tackling him to the ground. He punches him in the face repeatedly like a mad man.

Kent tries desperately to get him off. Finally he builds up the strength and jolts to his side breaking free.

Zeek falls over on the floor. Bumping into a box. A candle falls off of it onto his shirt. The shirt lights up in flames.

ZECK
(yelling)
Shit!

He rips his now burning shirt off and races towards Kent who heads up the steps.

Kent runs into the living room and trips over a bag on the door landing on his side. He kicks a table into Zeek’s legs as he races toward him.

Zeek falls onto the floor nursing his legs in pain

ZECK
(in pain)
Argh!

Kent gets up and runs to the front door. He bumps into a man wearing a ski mask on his out. Kent pushes past him and runs outside.

Power sits in his car across the street. His eyes glued to the house.

Bang! Bang! two gun shot echos threw out the street from inside the house.

Kent takes off at full speed down the street.
INT. KENT’S KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Kent runs inside the house crying and panting for air.

Sharee runs to him from the hallway horrified at by his crying the sight of the blood on his face.

SHAREE
(worried)
Whats wrong? Whats wrong? What happened to your face?

KENT
(crying)
He’s gone mom, Hes gone.

Sharee hugs him tightly.

SHAREE
(sympathetically)
Its okay, I’m here for you.

INT. KENT’S KITCHEN. DAY.

Kent sits the kitchen table emotionally drained.

Sharee sits across from him studying his expressions.

SHAREE
Are you ready to talk to about it?

KENT
No.

SHAREE
Then please answer this question at least. How come you didnt tell me all of this was going on?

KENT
(agravated)
Look mom, I cant do this right now.

SHAREE
Well you let me know when you have the answer.

Kent sits quite for a few moments as he tries to lighten his mood.
KENT
My friend got a record deal this week. He was so happy. I would give anything in the world to be happy with him. I guess that’s the point of life. To be happy.

His eyes start tearing.

KENT (CONT’D)
I don’t really like talking about the accident. But I have to. It was so cold, so much pain. But I kept feeling this warm touch against my face. Like somebody was trying to console me. That touch was part of everything that I’m looking for. As bad as that night was, I can’t help but think in my heart that it was a blessing. I know it sounds crazy, but I didn’t wake up until that night.

(crying)
Mom I know what I want. And I don’t have much of a clue on how to get it. But I’ve got to get it for myself. I’m not used to being on my own. So I know it’s gonna be hard. I’m gonna feel a lot of pain. I’m gonna bleed, I’m gonna cry. But at the same, in the long run. I know I’m gonna be happy.

SHAREE
(crying)
Okay baby.

KENT
I’m not letting anyone stand in the way this time, not even you.

He gets up from the table.

Sharee opens her arms for a hug.

KENT (CONT’D)
I can’t, I need some air.

He walks out the front door and takes two letters out of the mailbox.
INT. GROCERY STORE. DAY.

Kent puts a container of milk on the register. An envelope falls out of his pocket but he doesn’t realize it.

YOUNG CASHIER rings up the milk. He points the envelope on the floor.

    YOUNG CASHIER
    I think you dropped something.

Kent picks up the envelope, notices his names on it and stares at it quizitivly.

    KENT
    Thanks.

EXT. GROCERY STORE. PARKING LOT. DAY.

Kent stands in the middle of the parking lot, reading a letter to himself.

    KENT
    (reading to himself)
    Dear Booker, some dreams do come true, got a little bit of spending cash thought id help you out a bit. Shoot for the stars kid, Coach.

Kent instantly drops the grocery bag on the floor. And takes a another letter out of his pocket. He quickly rips it open and reads it.

    KENT (CONT’D)
    (reading to himself)
    Dear Kent Booker. Your movie brilliant, moving and riveting. You have exceptional talents.

He quickly scans down the rest of the letter.

    KENT (CONT’D)
    (reading to himself)
    Therefor you have been excepted. tuition paid in full by Micheal Boone.

Kent freezes in place after the reading the sentence. He examines the letter in disbelief. Tears began to fall from his eyes as he reads over the line repeatedly.

(CONTINUED)
KENT
(reading; ecstatic)
You’ve been excepted. You’ve been excepted. You’ve been excepted!

Kent looks up at the sky with tears falling rapidly from his eyes.

KENT
(screaming out; at the sky)
Thank you!

He takes off out of the parking at full speed. He runs down street after street in full adrenalin pumping joy. He reaches his house.

Sharee sits on the front porch talking on the phone. Kent runs up to her snatches the phone her and hands her the letter.

SHAREE
(angry)
Baby what hell? You trying to get slapped?

KENT
(shouting)
Read!

He paces around in disbelief as she reads the letter.

SHAREE
(happy)
Oh thank you lord!

She drops the letter and hugs him tightly.

EXT. CEMETERY. DAY.

Kent stands in front Zeek’s grave staring down on it intensely, he drops a flower on top of it.

KENT
I guess in your eyes I never made it. But thanks for the venom. I owe you big time for it.
EXT. RYAN’S HOUSE. STREET. DAY.

Ryan packs boxes in the back seat of his brand new mustang. Kent leans against it, stroking his hands across the hood.

    KENT
    I guess this is it. The American dream. Your going off to be this time producer and I’m going back to School.

    RYAN
    You made it though, we both did.

    KENT
    Almost.

    RYAN
    You happy right?

    KENT
    Yeah, I am happy.

    RYAN
    Then there it is. That’s what it’s all about. You just cant let that stop you from fighting.

    KENT
    Look man, Thanks for everything.

He shakes his hand.

    KENT (CONT’D)
    I mean it.

    RYAN
    See you around the way. Right up there.

He points to the sky.

    KENT
    Sky high, I can do that, you watch all the way up to the stars.

He starts walking away then turns around.

    KENT (CONT’D)
    (shouting)
    Bring me home a Grammy OK!

(CONTINUED)
RYAN
(shouting)
I will!

Kent continues walking away then turns back again.

KENT
(shouting)
And don’t forget about me in your acceptance speech!

Kent looks up at the sky as he continues walking

KENT (VO)
I finally knew what it was. A dream in the sky. So promising and bright. And as long I felt it, nothing in this world can stop me from doing anything.

He jumps up in joy and raise his fist in the air.