

STREET CINEMA

FADE IN:

EXT. ST JOHN THE EVANGELIST CHURCH - NIGHT

Beneath the imposing Victorian architecture TWO TEENAGE GANGS congregate among the Gravestones.

Bubble jackets and baggy jeans all round. The Gangs are distinguished only by the colour of the bandannas over their faces. One side wears Blue, the other, Red.

There are ten on each side. The youngest is twelve, the eldest, seventeen.

JADEN (19) strides into the middle of them. He's wearing a black baseball-cap with the phrase I Have Issues and a black, skull bandanna over his face.

In one gloved hand a MONEY BOX and in the other a BLACK RUCKSACK.

Two young girls, TANESHA (15) and NEVAEH (14) are filming the action on their Smart-phones.

ON SCREEN: The Red Icon of FACEBOOK LIVE is active. This is going straight to Social Media.

JADEN
We rolling?

Tanesha and Nevaeh nod. Jaden addresses the crowd.

JADEN
You know why we're here. Some Old School duellin', pistols at dawn shit. Whoever wins gets what's in this Money Box, which I'll put in the Church. Who's up for it?

Fourteen-year-old NEDIM, nine stone wet through, steps forward from the Red Team. An older boy of Seventeen, WILIFRED stops him.

WILIFRED
You sure, Nigga?

He nods.

From the Blue side, REECE (17) a tall, muscular teenager steps forwards. His fellow Gang Members pat him on his back and shout encouragement.

The pair face each other. Reece weighs Nedim up.

REECE
You ain't built for this shit.

NEDIM

...And you're an easy target.

JADEN

Oooh, cold, Nigga. Your weapons.

Jaden rests the RUCKSACK on a nearby Gravestone. He takes out Two GLOCK SEVENTEEN HANDGUNS with Suppressors.

Nedim and Reece each take a gun and a handful of clips. They load them inexpertly.

JADEN

They've got Silencers and shit to keep the Fedz away as long as possible. Rules are simple... Duellin' only in the Church. Step outside and it's an instant default. Red starts at the South, Blue the North. Duel begins Midnight. Let your Mandem know. We want some fucking traffic on this one. Let's get Lit!

The pair move off to be with their respective Gangs. Jaden turns to Tanesha and Neveah.

JADEN

Make sure you've charged the batteries for the Cams and Lights. I don't want no amateur bullshit. Make the Church all Cinematic and shit. It'll look sweet online.

Wilifred takes Nedim off to one side, by a large weeping Angel gravestone.

WILIFRED

You good for it?

Nedim nods.

WILIFRED

You sure?

NEDIM

I wouldn't have stepped if I wasn't!

WILIFRED

Chill, nigga. This shit's for real, you know that?

NEDIM

That's why I'm doing it. Get some fucking cred.

Reece sits on a stone wall next to SIMBISO, a mixed-race kid of sixteen. They're surrounded by their Gang.

SIMBISO
Reckon you'll take him?

REECE
When it comes on top, he'll choke.

SIMBISO
You want a jay? Calm the nerves?

REECE
Nah, man. After the show.

Reece checks the time on his phone. 23:47 PM.

INT. ST JOHNS EVANGELIST CHURCH - NIGHT

The expansive space and high Norman Arches are lit beautifully by small LED lights.

Tanesha and Nevaeh check the Gopro cameras they've placed on the Altar and on the back of the Pews.

TANESHA
All set. We're Live streaming.

Jaden puts the MONEY BOX on the abandoned altar. Jaden checks his phone. 23:53 PM.

JADEN
It's showtime.

EXT. ST JOHNS EVANGELIST CHURCH - NIGHT

Jaden faces the excited crowd.

JADEN
Alright, take your positions.

Nedim walks forwards. His fellow gang members show support with slaps on the back and gang handshakes.

WILIFRED
Ya got this, blud.

Simbiso shares a handshake with Reece.

SIMBISO
I'll have the chronic waiting for you. Break a leg and shit.

Reece walks to the rear of the Church, gun in hand, ready.

Nedim's at the front entrance, eyes wide, adrenaline pumping.

Jaden checks the clock: 23:59 and counting. 5,4,3 2,1...

JADEN

Action!

INT. ST JOHN THE EVANGELIST CHURCH - NIGHT

Reece rushes inside behind a stone pillar. Nedim darts behind a stone Baptismal Font.

Reece's fires wildly. Bullets clatter off the stone Font. EMPTY! He reaches for a clip to reload, but the gun's jammed!

Nedim races down the aisle to flank Reece. He fires.

The bullet smashes into the stone pillar, sending pieces of marble over Reece. Nedim sees Reece struggling to reload and makes straight for him.

Reece makes a run for it towards the next pillar.

Nedim fires off a whole clip. One bullet WINGS Reece, sending him spinning to the ground.

REECE

Fuck!

Nedim goes for another clip to finish the job. He fumbles it.

It clatters to the stone floor, and he darts after it.

Reece strains painfully as he tries to reload, using his injured right arm to push the clip into the gun.

Nedim recovers the clip and slides it in. He raises his gun to shoot, but Reece flips onto his back and fires with his left hand.

The bullet tears into Nedim's stomach. He drops to the floor in disbelief, clutching at the wound.

NEDIM

I'm hit. Aagh, fuck, I'm hit.

Reece gets off the floor, blood dripping from his arm and walks over to Nedim.

REECE

I told ya, you ain't built for this shit.

NEDIM

Help me. Get my Mum. Please, get my Mum. MUM! MUM! MU...

Reece empties his clip into Nedim's body.

Tanesha and Nevaeh run inside, filming on their phones.

TANESHA

Oh shit! That was fucking awesome!

NEVAEH

Make sure you get the blood on the floor, it looks cool as fuck.

Tanesha gets a close up of Nedim's dead face and pans to the blood running across the stone floor.

JADEN

Alright, get the Cams. Then let's get the fuck out of here.

Tanesha and Nevaeh rush to take the cameras down.

JADEN

Yo, Reece, get your prize and jet!

Reece walks to the Money box on the abandoned altar. Inside is a SOCCER TRADING CARD signed by Messi and Ronaldo.

JADEN

We taxed it from some cunt. Worth two hundred quid at least.

Reece nods in appreciation and puts it in his pocket.

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Reece's fellow Gang members cheer as he appears. The Red Team look deflated. Wilifred walks to the Church entrance and looks in at his dead friend.

WILIFRED

Shit, Nigga. Rest in Peace.
(To Tanesha)
How many hits?

TANESHA

Three Hundred and Seventy Thousand.
I reckon a mil by tomorrow.

JADEN

Let's get the fuck out of here!

Everyone runs. Wilifred looks one last time at his fallen comrade--

WILIFRED

Got your cred, Nigga, at least.

--then runs out of the Church grounds with the others.

FADE OUT.