

THE LAST SUPPER

Written by

DERRICK BYRON VERNON JR.

Based on a True Story

Rest in Peace, Stephon Ramsey

3330 S. Midland Dr. Apt# G103 West Haven, UT 84401
385.336.9886
DerrickVernon2324@gmail.com

FADE IN:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY 1

Aerial drone shot of a suburban neighborhood. The camera sweeps over tree-lined streets and houses, finally zooming in on Carl and Charlette's home.

INT. HOME - KITCHEN - DAY 2

The kitchen is small and cluttered with dishes piled up in the sink. A window over the sink lets in a shaft of sunlight, illuminating the tension between Carl and Charlette. Carl's face is etched with worry lines, and Charlette's hands tremble slightly as she leans against the counter.

CARL
(Frustrated)
One of us will have to cut our hours.

CHARLETTE
(Desperate)
But we're behind on payments. We have to keep the apartment.

INT. HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY 3

Michael, a teenager with a kind but concerned expression, enters, sensing the tension.

MICHAEL
(Concerned)
Woah. What's wrong?

CARL
(Sighing)
We can't afford to keep Shania in the Boys and Girls Club, but she can't be home by herself.

MICHAEL
(Resolute)
I can watch her after school until things pick up.

Charlette looks at Michael with a mixture of relief and guilt.

CHARLETTE

(Softly)

Oh, we don't want to keep you from having fun with your friends.

MICHAEL

(Smiling)

It's okay. Really. I want to spend more time with Shania anyway.

The parents look at each other, then nod and hug Michael.

CARL

(Grateful)

Thank you, son.

CHARLETTE

(Reassuring)

This will be temporary.

Charlette moves to the stove, beginning to prepare dinner. The kitchen fills with the aroma of spices and cooking food. Brayden, energetic and beaming, bursts in.

CHARLETTE (CONT'D)

(Scolding)

You're late, Brayden.

BRAYDEN

(Excited)

Sorry. I had a late basketball tryout. And guess what... I made varsity!

The family erupts into excitement, congratulating him.

MICHAEL

(Proud)

I knew you had that tryout in the bag. You worked so hard this summer.

BRAYDEN

(Grinning)

You were right, lil' bro. Thanks for your help.

CHARLETTE

(Gentle)

Well, boys, finish up and get ready for school tomorrow.

CARL
 (Kissing Charlette)
 Love you. Goodnight.

CHARLETTE
 (Smiling)
 I'll be up there once Betty drops
 off Shania. Boys, time for bed.

Brayden and Michael walk off together, Brayden playfully
 ruffling Michael's hair.

BRAYDEN
 (Excited)

Michael, I have my first basketball game during the last
 period.

MICHAEL
 (Nod)
 I'll be there.

BRAYDEN
 (Smiling)
 Cool. See ya then. Night

Charlette stops Michael, her eyes filled with concern.

CHARLETTE
 (Concerned)
 Are you sure you don't mind
 watching your sister after school?

MICHAEL
 (Reassuring)
 Mom, I don't mind. I promise.

The front door opens, and Shania, a lively and
 affectionate young girl, runs in and hugs Michael
 tightly.

CHARLETTE
 (Explaining)
 Shania, Michael is going to pick
 you up after school temporarily.

SHANIA
 (Excited)
 Heck yeah! Michael is fun to hang
 out with.

MICHAEL

(Teasing)

You know what, Shania? You are my favorite sister.

SHANIA

(Giggling)

Silly, I'm your only sister.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 3

The kitchen is dimly lit by a single overhead light, casting a warm glow over the room. The countertops are cluttered with the remnants of dinner - plates, utensils, and a half-empty pot of spaghetti sauce. The sink is filled with soapy water, and the faucet drips rhythmically. The walls are adorned with family photos, and a small calendar hangs near the fridge, filled with notes and reminders.

CHARLETTE, in her late 30s, stands at the sink, her face a mask of exhaustion. She wipes her hands on a dish towel, watching as BRAYDEN and Michael, shuffle out of the kitchen, still bickering softly.

CHARLETTE

Enough, boys. Time for bed. We'll talk in the morning.

Brayden and Michael give half-hearted nods and disappear upstairs. The sound of their footsteps fades, leaving Charlette in a heavy silence. She sighs deeply, turning back to the sink.

She plunges her hands into the warm water, scrubbing a plate absentmindedly. The room is quiet, save for the faint hum of the refrigerator and the occasional creak of the house settling. Outside, the wind rustles the leaves, adding to the night's stillness.

Suddenly, Charlette winces. Her left hand cramps up, her fingers curling involuntarily. She tries to shake it off, but the pain intensifies, sharp and unforgiving. In a moment of distraction, the plate slips from her grasp.

CRASH!

The glass plate shatters against the floor, pieces scattering in all directions. Charlette gasps, clutching her hand to her chest. Tears spring to her eyes, not just from the pain, but from the overwhelming weight of everything.

She leans against the counter, breathing heavily. The sound of the breaking plate echoes in her mind, a stark reminder of how fragile everything feels. She looks around the kitchen, the mess and chaos mirroring her own turmoil. The broken glass glitters on the floor, tiny shards catching the light.

Charlette stares at the shattered pieces, her shoulders slumping. She takes a deep breath, trying to steady herself. The night feels colder, the kitchen darker, as she bends down to pick up the fragments of her broken life.

Michael wakes up from his sleep, startled by the sound of breaking glass from the kitchen. He rushes downstairs, his heart pounding with urgency. Seeing his mom in pain, he rushes to her side, his eyes wide with concern and determination, his jaw clenched as he fights to stay calm.

MICHAEL

(Startled)

You haven't gone to get that hand checked out yet?

CHARLETTE

(Avoiding eye contact)

No, Michael, not yet. It's too expensive.

Michael looks at his mother, concern etched on his face, before turning back to the stairs.

MICHAEL

(Firmly)

You need to get that hand checked out. It looks bad. Goodnight.

CUT TO:

EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT 4

A drone shot follows Brayden, the dark alley echoed with the distant hum of the city, punctuated by the scurry of rats and the occasional drip of water, as Brayden cautiously approached to meet Kirby.

KIRBY

(Excited)

Hey! You ready to make some cash?

BRAYDEN

(Whispering)

Kirby, I don't know about this, man. This place gives me the creeps.

KIRBY

(Calmly)

Chill, Brayden. We've done stuff like this before. Just stick to the plan.

BRAYDEN

(Nervously)

Yeah, but this feels different. I mean, what if something goes wrong.

KIRBY

(Reassuring)

Nothing's gonna go wrong. Trust me. We're in and out, quick and clean.

BRAYDEN

(looking around paranoid)

I can't shake this bad feeling. The alley's so dark, and those sounds... it's like we're being watched.

KIRBY

(Firmly)

Focus, Brayden. If you keep thinking like that, You'll mess everything up. Just breathe and follow my lead.

BRAYDEN

(Taking a deep breath)

Okay, okay. I'm with you. Let's just get this over with.

KIRBY

(Happy)

That's the spirit. Now stay close and keep your eyes open. We got this.

Kirby hands him a gun. Brayden looks startled.

KIRBY (CONT'D)

(Serious)

We're going to do a lick.

Roscoe, standing in the shadows, hands Brayden a mask.

ROSCOE

(Stern)

This is your chance to prove yourself. Show me you got what it takes.

Brayden, freaking out, shakes it off and puts on the mask.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT 5

A Drone shot captures Roscoe leading Kirby and Brayden to a small grocery store. Brayden stops, frightened.

BRAYDEN

(Whispering)

Wait. I know this place. My dad knows the owner.

ROSCOE

(Grim)

Shut up. We're in this now.

Kirby runs into the store, and Brayden follows, dazed.

Kirby holds the old man behind the counter at gunpoint, yelling at him to open the register and get on the ground. Kirby motions for Brayden, who starts putting the money in a bag. Brayden finishes, and they run out.

Roscoe, Brayden, and Kirby run into an empty house, breathing hard. Brayden looks terrified and panicked.

KIRBY

(Threatening)

Keep your mouth shut! You better not say anything to anyone.

BRAYDEN

(Fearful)

I'm not going to say a word!

Roscoe grabs the bag and starts dividing the cash. They looked at each other, Kirby and Roscoe smirking.

ROSCOE

(Approving)

Alright. You did good, Brayden.

Brayden sneaks in through his bedroom window. He hides the gun under the dresser in a sock and lies down for bed.

The family eats breakfast and watches the news. A robbery is being reported.

NEWSCASTER

Two young males with masks. The owner of the store says, "Thank God no one was hurt."

CARL

(Surprised) Wow! That's crazy.

CHARLETTE

(Nods) Yeah, it is.

Kirby pulls up to the house and honks the horn. Brayden grabs his backpack and heads outside. Michael follows.

MICHAEL

(Hopeful)

Can I ride with you?

BRAYDEN

(Awkward)

Maybe next time. See you at the last period.

Kirby pulls away, and Michael starts walking to school. Kirby hands Brayden a bag of fentanyl.

Michael walks down the hall and sees Brayden at a distance, handing a student a bag. He can't clearly see what it is.

Brayden gets grabbed by school officer Chris. Michael runs over.

OFFICER CHRIS

(Angry)

Where did you get this?!

BRAYDEN

(Defiant)

It's not mine!

MICHAEL

(Desperate)

It's mine! I found it while walking to school this morning. Brayden said he would get rid of it for me.

Officer Chris looks at Michael and Brayden, then pockets the bag and releases him.

OFFICER CHRIS

(Warning)

Alright. I believe you. But I better not catch you with anything again, you hear me?

Brayden and Michael walk off together. Brayden puts his arm around Michael.

BRAYDEN
(Relieved)
Nice save, bro. I owe you one.

MICHAEL
(Worried)
What are you doing with that stuff?
I don't want you to get hurt.

BRAYDEN
(Confident)
Don't worry, bro. I've got this. I
was just making a quick buck.

Brayden walks off to class, leaving Michael concerned.

INT. GYM - DAY 11

Michael walks into the gym and up the bleachers.

MICHAEL
(Encouraging) Brayden, don't hold
back!

BRAYDEN
(Nervous)
I'll try; I'm super nervous.

MICHAEL
(Reassuring) You got this.

The game begins. Brayden is nervous, missing every shot, turning the ball over. At halftime, the coach tells the players to hydrate and meet in the locker room. Brayden storms out in the hallway, discouraged.

COACH K
(To Michael)
Hey, can you please talk to your
brother?

MICHAEL
(Nods)
Yeah, I will.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY 12

MICHAEL
(Supportive)
Bro, don't worry. You're going to
bounce back.

BRAYDEN
(Frustrated)
I suck.

MICHAEL
(Encouraging)
I know you can turn this around.

BRAYDEN
(Smiling)
Okay, I'll get back out
there.
(Hugs Michael)
Always knowing what to say.

INT. GYM - DAY 13

Brayden, encouraged by his brother Michael's reassuring words and unwavering belief in him, returns to the gym after storming out, apologizes sincerely to his coach and teammates for his earlier outburst, and steps back onto the court with a renewed determination and a focused mindset.

BRAYDEN
(Apologetic)
I'm sorry for storming off, coach.
I'm ready.

COACH K
(Reassuring)
It's fine, Brayden. Let's get back
to the game.

Back on the court, Brayden is unstoppable. Every shot he takes swishes through the net, his movements fluid and precise. He plays fierce defense, stealing the ball and blocking shots with an intensity that electrifies the gym. The crowd is on their feet, the sound of their cheers reverberating off the walls. The coach watches in awe, his expression a mix of disbelief and pride, while Brayden's teammates feed off his energy, their confidence soaring.

Michael, standing on the sidelines, beams with pride, his eyes glistening as he watches his brother transform into a phenom right before his eyes.

He cheers louder than anyone, his heart swelling with joy and admiration for Brayden's incredible performance.

COACH K (CONT'D)
(Whispering to the assistant
coach)

A prodigy is born!

Brayden walks to Michael and hugs him.

MICHAEL
(Excited)
Congratulations! You exceeded my
expectations, bro!

Kirby approaches from the stands with his friends.

KIRBY
(Grinning)
Nice work, man. We're gonna get big
money at your games.

Michael doesn't understand the reference. Puzzle look on his face.

BRAYDEN
(Smiling)
Don't trip, Kirb, I got you.

KIRBY
(Excitement)
The whole city is going to be put
on notice.

As Kirby slips out of the gym, unnoticed by most, Michael rushes to pick up his little sister Shania, pausing briefly to clasp Brayden's shoulder, his voice filled with pride and admiration as he says, "Good game, Bray." In that fleeting moment, the gym's bright lights seem to dim around them, the echoes of cheering fans and squeaking sneakers fading into the background, leaving only the profound bond between the brothers and the unspoken promise of unwavering support.

MICHAEL
(Clasp Brayden's shoulder)
Alright, I have to go pick up
Shania from school. See you at
home!
(Rushed)

BRAYDEN
(Waved)
See you!

FADE OUT

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - EVENING 14

Michael picks up Shania, who is excited to see him. They walk together, chatting.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - EVENING 15

Aerial drone shot of a suburban neighborhood transitioning from daylight to dusk. The camera descends, focusing on Michael walking with Shania, who is happily skipping beside him.

EXT. ICE CREAM TRUCK - EVENING 16

Michael stops at an ice cream truck parked near the school. The vendor, a cheerful middle-aged man, hands over an ice cream cone.

ICE CREAM TRUCK DRIVER
(Smiling)
Cookies and cream, enjoy!

SHANIA
(Smiling)
Thanks!

Michael and Shania laugh and chat while walking home, the setting sun casting a warm glow on them.

CUT TO:

INT. HOME - NIGHT 17

Michael and Shania play Candyland on the living room table, the board game spread out between them.

SHANIA
(Curiously)
How did Brayden do?

MICHAEL
(Smirking)
First half of the scrimmage was horrible.

SHANIA

(Teasing)

I bet he was bummed out and quit.

Michael, brimming with excitement, can barely contain his enthusiasm as he tells Shania all about Brayden's incredible performance during the scrimmage, his words tumbling out in a joyful rush.

MICHAEL

(Excitedly)

No, he didn't quit. In the second half, he played unbelievably!

Suddenly, gunshots ring out. Michael's face turns pale as he instinctively grabs his scared sister and drops to the ground, shielding her. The room is filled with tension and fear. Michael's phone buzzes. It's his dad.

(Carl and Michael on the Phone, Cameras on Michael during the phone call)

CARL

(On the phone, urgently)

Is Shania okay? The neighbor said they heard gunshots.

MICHAEL

(Trying to stay calm)

We're okay.

CARL

(Relieved)

Your mom will be home soon. Give Brayden a call to see where he's at. I can't get a hold of him.

MICHAEL

Okay, dad, I will.

Michael dials Brayden number, his hands trembling.

(Michael on Phone with Brayden)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(On phone with Brayden worried)

Hey! Are you okay? There were gunshots in our neighborhood, so dad was worried about you.

BRAYDEN

(Concerned)

What For real? I'm okay.

(MORE)

BRAYDEN (CONT'D)
 (Quieter, to someone else)
 I'm leaving to check on my brother
 and sister. There were gunshots in
 the neighborhood.

Time passes. Michael tucks Shania into bed.

MICHAEL
 (Reassuring)
 Shania, it's going to be okay.

SHANIA
 (Holding his hand) I always feel
 safe with you.

MICHAEL
 (Smiling)
 Thanks, sis. I will always make
 sure you're safe.

SHANIA
 (Trusting)
 If you say we are, then I believe
 it. Thanks, bro. You're my guardian
 angel. Night.

Michael smiles, touched by her words, and kisses her
 forehead.

Carl sits, rubbing his eyes and looking exhausted. His time
 card reads that he's been working 14-hour shifts. He and his
 co-workers watch television during lunch.

NEWS REPORTER (ON TV)
 Basketball star Brayden Conrad has
 amazed the city, leading his team
 to a 9-0 start. We have never seen
 anything like it. This young teen
 has 15 colleges looking at him.

CARL
 (Proudly) That's my boy!

CO-WORKER JIM
 (Impressed)
 Carl, have you made any of the
 games yet?

CARL
 (Sighing)
 I haven't gotten a chance to watch
 any of my son's games.

CO-WORKER JIM

(Concerned)

Carl, I neglected my family because
I was a professional musician.

Don't let it happen to you.

CARL

(Troubled)

I understand where you're coming
from, Jim, but I just—

GARRETT

(Cutting in)

Carl, can I see you in my office?

Carl gets up and follows Garrett into his office. Garrett
closes the door behind them.

INT. BOSS OFFICE/ CARL GETTING FIRED- DAY

Carl is pulled into his boss Garrett's office, a sterile,
windowless room lined with filing cabinets and a single,
harsh overhead light casting stark shadows. After being
told he's fired after 15 years with the company, Carl's
face contorts with a mix of shock and betrayal. In a fit
of rage, he knocks papers and a coffee mug off Garrett's
desk, the items crashing to the floor. Without a word, he
storms out of the building, his coworkers watching in
terrified silence, their eyes wide with fear as the sound
of his heavy footsteps echoes through the otherwise quiet
office.

GARRETT

(Grim)

Carl, I'm sorry to say this, but I
have to let you go.

CARL

(Enraged)

What! Are you serious? I've been
with this company for 15 years!

GARRETT

(Apologetic)

I understand, but due to budget
restraints—

CARL

(Furious)

Don't give me that bullshit!

Carl knocks papers and a coffee mug off Garrett's desk, the items crashing to the floor.

CARL (CONT'D)
 (Seething)
 If you think I'm going to take this sitting down, you've got-

GARRETT
 (Calming) Now, calm down, Carl-

CARL
 (Exploding)
 Don't you dare tell me what to do. I don't have to listen to you anymore. Go to hell.

Carl storms out of the office. Garrett sighs deeply.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

The living room is dimly lit, a single lamp casting long shadows across the room. The furniture is modest and slightly worn, reflecting years of family life. Charlette sits on the couch, her face etched with worry. The sound of the front door slamming open startles her, and she turns to see Carl stumbling in, reeking of alcohol.

CARL
 (slurring)
 Charlette... I lost my job today.

Charlette's worry transforms into anger as she stands, her eyes blazing.

CHARLETTE
 (piercingly)
 You come home drunk, Carl? This is how you deal with it?

Carl's face twists in frustration, his movements unsteady.

CARL
 I needed... I needed something. I thought you'd understand!

Their voices rise, each word sharper than the last. The tension in the room is palpable, suffocating.

CHARLETTE

(angrily)

Understand? You think I don't have enough on my plate? You're supposed to be the rock, Carl, not another problem!

Carl's anger flares, and he knocks over a lamp, the crash echoing through the house.

CARL

(yelling)

I've given 15 years to that place!
I needed you to be there for me!

The commotion wakes the children. Brayden and Michael run downstairs, their eyes wide with fear. Shania clings to Michael, who quickly steps between his parents, his face a mask of determination.

CHARLETTE

(Enraged)

Carl, that is enough! Get out of my house, or I'm going to call the police!

MICHAEL

(pleadingly)

Dad, stop! You need to leave. Now please.

Carl's eyes meet Michael's, and for a moment, there is silence. The intensity of the argument lingers in the air, a palpable tension that leaves everyone on edge. Carl's shoulders slump, the fight draining out of him. He turns and stumbles out the door, leaving the family in a strained silence, the echoes of the argument still reverberating through the room.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(Concerned) Mom, are you okay?

CHARLETTE

(Sighing)

Yeah, Michael, I'm okay.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOCAL PARK COURT- MORNING 21

An Eagle eye drone shot captures Brayden practicing basketball alone on an outdoor court, the morning sun casting long shadows. He is determined, sweat dripping from his forehead, every dribble echoing his resolve.

Determined to escape the confines of the ghetto and fueled by anger towards his father Carl after witnessing his fight with Charlette, Brayden rises early each morning to practice on the local basketball court, channeling his frustration into every shot and dribble.

INT. HOME - DAY 22

Michael enters the kitchen, finding Charlette preparing breakfast. He grabs a plate and joins her at the counter.

MICHAEL

(Softly)

Mom, do you think dad will be okay?

CHARLETTE

(Sighs)

I hope so, Michael. He just needs time to figure things out.

MICHAEL

Okay gotta go. Love Ya

CUT TO:

EXT. MICHAEL'S ROUTE TO SCHOOL - DAY 25

Michael walks to school, lost in thought. He passes by a group of kids playing basketball, their laughter and cheers filling the air. He smiles, momentarily distracted from his worries.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY 26

Michael sits in class, trying to focus on the lesson. His phone buzzes with a message from Brayden: "Thanks for being there for me. You're the best brother."

Michael smiles, his resolve strengthened.

FADE OUT

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY 23

Brayden arrives at school. The camera follows him as he walks through the busy halls, students whispering and pointing at him, a mixture of awe and curiosity in their eyes.

INT. SCHOOL GYM - DAY 24

Brayden walks into the gym, where his teammates are already practicing. The coach notices him and nods in acknowledgment.

COACH K

(Loudly)

Alright, team! Let's show Brayden what we've got today!

The team begins intense drills, Brayden leading the charge, his movements swift and precise.

CUT TO:

INT. BRAYDEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 27

Brayden, in a fit of anger, opens a drawer and grabs a gun hidden under the dresser. He carefully opens his window and sneaks out, his face set with determination.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 28

Charlette finishes preparing supper, the aroma filling the kitchen, and calls out to Michael to fetch Brayden, adding that Shania is at her aunt's. When Michael returns with the news that Brayden isn't in his room, a wave of worry washes over Charlette's face, her heart sinking with a mother's instinctive concern for her son's well-being.

CHARLETTE

Tell Go grab your brother and tell him supper is ready.

MICHAEL

Okay.

INT. BRAYDEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 29

Michael bursts into Brayden's room, but it's empty. The window is open, curtains fluttering in the night breeze. Michael runs back downstairs.

MICHAEL
 (worried)
 Mom. Brayden not in his room and
 the window is open.

CHARLETTE
 (Afraid)
 Brayden is on the right path now,
 and I hope he doesn't mess it up.

MICHAEL
 (concerned)
 You want me to go look for him?

CHARLETTE
 (Worried)
 No, I want you to stay here.

In an intense conversation with Michael, Charlette stresses that Brayden needs space to breathe, and if Carl continues down the path of alcoholism, she declares with a heavy heart that she's at her breaking point.

MICHAEL
 Please give him a chance. Dad lost
 his job.

CHARLETTE
 (Upset)
 He needs to stop drinking!

MICHAEL
 (Sympt)
 He will. Also, I'll go with you
 tomorrow to get your hand checked
 out.

CHARLETTE
 Okay, we'll go tomorrow. I'll talk
 to your dad. I love that man.

MICHAEL
 Okay, mom, thanks. I love you.

CHARLETTE
 Michael, you have a gift for making
 everything better.

MICHAEL
 I'm just doing what anybody that
 cares for their family would. Don't
 forget to pick me up for your
 appointment tomorrow.

CHARLETTE

I won't.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - NIGHT 30

Brayden is hanging out with Kirby. They're playing with the gun, examining it under the dim park lights. Kirby passes a blunt to Brayden, who shakes his head.

KIRBY

My Dog. Mr. Superstar.

BRAYDEN

I'm good. I don't smoke.

KIRBY

Yeah, I need my gun I let you use for that robbery.

BRAYDEN

Well I need it. My dad came home drunk and yelled at my mom.

KIRBY

So what you want to do?

BRAYDEN

What you mean?

KIRBY

The gun, foo? You want to go get your dad? I'll go with you.

BRAYDEN

Well, I'm not sure now after I've cooled down. I think I should head home.

KIRBY

Alright, lemme know.

Brayden leaves Kirby and starts walking home alone. Three thugs appear and start following him. Brayden turns to confront them.

MAC

Hey, aren't you the basketball star? Well, your life has expired.

Brayden clutches the gun in his pocket.

BRAYDEN

(Angry)

Back off! I don't want any trouble.

MAC

(Mad)

Shut up! I'm going to deal with you now.

Mac pulls out a gun and points it at Brayden's face. He pulls the trigger twice, but the gun jams. Brayden takes off running.

CUT TO:

INT. HOME - NIGHT 31

Brayden bursts through the front door, weeping.

Relief floods Charlette's face as she sees Brayden rush through the door, his eyes wide with urgency after jumping out the window to escape the intensity of his parents' fight. Their conversation is charged with emotion as Charlette embraces Brayden tightly, her voice trembling with both worry and relief, while Brayden tries to explain his actions amidst his own tumultuous feelings.

BRAYDEN

(Weeping)

Mom, I thought I was never going to see you, Shania, and Michael again. I got myself into some trouble but escaped with my life.

CHARLETTE

(Embracing him worried)

What's going on son? You ok?

BRAYDEN

(Happy to be alive)

Yes I am, mom I'm going to bed. I'm exhausted.

CHARLETTE

Ok, Goodnight.

CUT TO:

INT.SCHOOL. DAY

Charlette picks up Michael from school, the car ride to the clinic filled with the rhythmic hum of the engine, the occasional honk of impatient drivers, and the blur of passing streetlights, tension thick in the air as they navigate the evening traffic towards the clinic.

The nurse runs tests and takes blood from Charlette's left hand. Michael waits in the lobby, playing on his phone, then joins his mother when the doctor comes out with the results.

DOCTOR
(Secretive)
Do you want to go somewhere private?

CHARLETTE
(Okay for Michael to hear the results.)
It's okay; he can hear.

DOCTOR
(Proceed with Caution)
I have good news and bad news. The good news is that if you had waited any longer to get a check-up, you might have had to have your hand amputated.

CHARLETTE
(Aghast)
Are you serious? This can't be happening.

DOCTOR
(Acknowledge Michael's decision)
Your son is a real hero.

MICHAEL
(Nods and worried)
Well, Doc, I don't think I'm a hero.

DOCTOR
(Gives Good News)
Now, the bad news. I'm sorry to say, but you have chondrosarcoma, a type of bone cancer.

CHARLETTE

(Weeping)

Cancer?! No, please tell me this is not true.

MICHAEL

(Shocked but being strong for his mother)

Mom.. We are going to get through this, I promise. Don't worry, I am here for you.

DOCTOR

(upfront)

Charlette, you should start treatment today. We will do the best we can, and there is hope. Please stay strong, and let's fight this disease together.

CHARLETTE

Yes, Doctor, let's start treatment now.

In a sweeping drone shot, we follow Charlette as she is escorted into the clinic room, the camera zooming in on her worried expression as she disappears behind the closing doors. Meanwhile, Michael strides purposefully out of the clinic's front doors, his figure gradually receding into the distance, leaving an empty sense of concern lingering in the air.

INT. BAR - NIGHT 33

Michael walks into the bar and spots his dad. Carl, seeing Michael, lifts a shot glass to drink it, but Michael slaps it out of his hand.

CARL

(Drunk and Upset to see Michael in the bar)

Son, What are you doing here. Go home! How did you get here?

MICHAEL

I walked.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(Furious and weeping) Damn, Dad, you're selfish! Mom has cancer in her hand, Dad! Do you even care!?

CARL
 (Shocked at the news of his
 wife having cancer)
 Did you say cancer?

MICHAEL
 (Sad)
 Yes, Dad, cancer!

CARL
 (Angry with himself)
 No, this can't be.

MICHAEL
 (Upset turns to Sad)
 Mom needs you right now!

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 (Sad)
 She told me that she loves you.
 Please, Dad, do this for me. Let's
 go home.

Michael hugs his dad, and Carl gets up to leave. They hopped in the car.

Carl drives in silence, the weight of the news about Charlette's cancer hanging heavy between him and Michael. The car's interior feels suffocatingly small, filled only with the sound of the engine and the occasional sigh from Carl. Michael stares out the window, his face a mix of anger and sorrow, grappling with the devastating reality that has just shattered their world. The streetlights flicker past, each one marking the distance between the bar and home, a journey made longer by the unbearable weight of their thoughts.

CARL
 (Sigh of relief)
 My teenager son is getting me out
 of a bar.

MICHAEL
 (Compassionate)
 Dad, I love you, and I believe in
 you.

CARL
 (Teary eyes)
 Thanks, son. That means a lot to
 me. How's Brayden doing?

MICHAEL
 He's good.

EXT/INT. HOME - NIGHT 34

Carl and Michael pulls up to the driveway and make their way in the house. Carl walks into the house, grabs Charlette, and holds her tightly. She hugs him back.

CARL

(Whispering)

I'm so sorry. I will never act like a fool ever again.

CHARLETTE

(Whispering)

Please don't tell Shania or Brayden about my cancer.

CARL

(Whispering) I won't.

Michael heads upstairs to Brayden's room to talk with him about their dad.

MICHAEL

(Puzzled)

Brayden, what happened to your face?

BRAYDEN

(Notice his bad decisions)

You were right about Kirby. I need to keep my distance.

MICHAEL

(Encouraging Brayden)

We all slip up sometimes, bro. Dust yourself off and move forward.

BRAYDEN

(Smiles)

Yeah, you're right.

MICHAEL

(Teaching Moment)

I learned a long time ago that failure is final when you don't get back up. Can you talk to Dad, please? He's downstairs.

BRAYDEN

(Sympathize with Michael to speak to his dad)

You know I don't want to, but I will do it for you.

MICHAEL
Thanks, bro.

CHARLETTE
(Excited)
Michael remember it's your night to make
supper.

MICHAEL
(Nervous but destined)
Yes, mom I know. I hope I don't
disappoint.

Carl apologizes to Brayden for arguing with his mother
and they hug and head to the dinner table.

The family sits down at the dinner table. Michael emerges
from the kitchen wearing an apron that reads, "Dab on the
food." He brings out various dishes he prepared.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(Excited)
I made fried chicken, spaghetti,
mashed potatoes, and sweet
cornbread.

CHARLETTE
(Surprised)
It smells really good.

SHANIA
(Shocked of how good it
smells.)
It does. I hope it tastes as good
as it smells.

BRAYDEN
(Hungry)
You know me, I'll eat anything.

CARL
(Grateful)
Smells really good, son.

MICHAEL
(Grateful for his family)
Let me pray before we dig in.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 (Says a prayer from the
 heart)

Dear Lord, I'm thankful for this opportunity to eat this supper with the most important people in my life, my family. I pray that you bless this food and this time that we get to spend with each other. You only know what they truly mean to me. Help us on our journey after this Supper. Let us never lose heart and our trust in God, no matter what happens. Bless the food and the hands that prepared it. Amen!

THE OTHERS

Amen!

The family begins to eat the food, savoring every bite.

CHARLETTE

(weeping then wiping tears
 from her eyes after
 Michael's prayer.)

That prayer was really good. Wow!
 And the food is delicious.

SHANIA

(Enjoyed)

I finished my whole plate. You're a really good cook.

BRAYDEN

(Enjoyed the food)

Supper was off the hook!

MICHAEL

(Grateful)

Thanks, bro.

CARL

Yes, Son great food.

FADE OUT.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT 35

The house is quiet, filled with the soft glow of evening lights. Charlette and Carl tuck themselves into bed, leaving Shania, who is asleep on the couch. Michael sits on the armchair, watching a late-night show.

The flickering TV light casts shadows on his face. Michael looks over at Shania and gently places a blanket over her.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 36

Brayden, descending the stairs quietly, joins Michael in the living room. The ambiance is somber yet comforting.

BRAYDEN

(Happy)

You stepped in and somehow brought us back together like nothing ever happened.

Brayden embraces his brother, a mix of gratitude and admiration in his eyes.

BRAYDEN (CONT'D)

You should pursue culinary studies.

MICHAEL

(Determined)

If my family believes I can do it, then I'll do it.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(Excited)

Hey, bro, I see that you're the #1 high school basketball prospect in the nation.

Brayden's eyes well up with tears, the weight of his brother's support sinking in.

BRAYDEN

(Teary Eyes)

You make me want to be better every day.

MICHAEL

(concern)

Keep away from Kirby; he's no good. I know you got the drugs from him.

BRAYDEN

(Worried)

I owe Kirby some money, but when I pay him back, I'm going to stay away.

MICHAEL

(Upset)

You owe him money?

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(Pleading)

Please bro, just tell Mom and Dad
so they can pay your debt.

BRAYDEN

(Prideful)

I have to handle it on my own. I'm
short \$500, and then I'll have all
the money.

MICHAEL

(Passionate to Help)

\$500, that's all you need?

Michael runs upstairs and grabs a shoebox filled with money.
He rushes back down and hands it to Brayden.

BRAYDEN

(Confused Look)

What's this?

MICHAEL

(Happy)

Your pardon!

Brayden opens the box, eyes widening at the sight of the
money.

BRAYDEN

(Upset)

I am not taking your money!

MICHAEL

(Determined to help his
brother)

Take this money and pay off Kirby!

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Remember our vow right?

BRAYDEN/MICHAEL

(Both Says it With Pride)

I'm my Brother's Keeper!

Brayden reluctantly takes the box, and they hug tightly.

MICHAEL

(Smiles)

Oh, by the way, my friend Karen
likes you.

BRAYDEN

(Blushing)

Yah, I've got no time for girls.

(MORE)

BRAYDEN (CONT'D)
I'm taking a flight to USC this week.

MICHAEL
I wish I could go, but I've got to pick up Shania from school. But good luck, though.
(2Pac's "Me Against the World" chorus plays softly in the background, setting a poignant tone.)

EXT. STREET - MORNING

The sun is just beginning to rise, casting a warm glow over the quiet neighborhood. MICHAEL, walks hand-in-hand with his 8-year-old sister, SHANIA, towards her school.

MICHAEL
(smiling)
Alright, Shania, you have a great day at school, okay?

SHANIA
(beaming)
I will, Michael! See you later!

Michael watches as Shania skips happily into the school building. He then turns and starts walking towards his own school, earbuds in, listening to music. The street is mostly empty, just a few cars passing by.

Suddenly, the distant roar of car engines disrupts the morning calm. Two cars come speeding down the street, weaving dangerously as they chase each other. The sounds of gunfire crack through the air.

Michael barely has time to react before multiple bullets hit him, his body jerking with each impact. The cars speed away, leaving chaos in their wake.

Michael collapses onto the pavement, gasping for air. Blood pools around him, staining the concrete. His eyes dart around, filled with pain and confusion.

A passerby, a MAN in his early 30s, rushes over, dropping to his knees beside Michael. He frantically checks for a pulse and starts performing CPR.

MICHAEL
(weakly, struggling to speak)
Help... Brayden...

The man's face contorts with determination as he continues chest compressions, but it's clear Michael is slipping away. His eyes glaze over, his breath falters, and then he is still.

The morning, once serene, is now filled with the distant wail of sirens and the cries of shocked onlookers. Michael's lifeless body lies on the ground, a tragic victim of senseless violence.

FADE OUT.

INT. CARL JOB INTERVIEW - MORNING 39

Carl exits his interview, looking optimistic, holding a new badge. Charlette finishes her treatment, exchanging smiles with the nurse. Both arrive home simultaneously, greeted by the ringing phone.

INT. HOME - DAY

Charlette answers the phone.

(Voice On Phone)

Hello, is this the residence of Charlette and Carl Conrad?

CHARLETTE

Yes, who am I speaking to?

(Voice On Phone)

This is Officer Scott. Can I have you and your husband come to the police station, please?

CHARLETTE (CONT'D)

(Freaking out)

Yes, we can. Is everything okay?

(Voice On Phone)

I need you two to come right away.

INTERCUT:

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - EVENING 41

Carl and Charlette stand in the stark, cold room of the police station, their hearts pounding with dread as they uncover the body, revealing Michael. Charlette screams, collapsing into Carl's arms. They hold each other, devastated.

Tears stream down their faces uncontrollably, disbelief and agony etched into every line of their faces. The room feels suffocatingly quiet, the world outside fading away as they confront the unimaginable pain of losing their son, leaving them in a state of numbness and overwhelming grief.

CUT TO:

INT. HOME - NIGHT 42

Charlette and Carl sit in Michael's room, surrounded by his belongings, crying. Charlette crawls into his bed, sobbing uncontrollably. There's a knock at the door. Carl opens it to Aunt Betty, who drops off Shania, her face streaked with tears.

SHANIA

(Puzzled)

Dad, why is Aunt Betty crying? I'm going to talk to Mom.

CARL

(Teary-eyed)

No, please don't go up; your mom needs some space. She's not feeling good right now; none of us are.

SHANIA

Dad, what's going on? Where's Michael and Brayden? And why didn't Michael pick me up? He always keeps his word.

CARL

(Weeping)

Shania, I'm sorry to say this...

SHANIA

(Confused of What's going on)

Say what Dad? You're freaking me out now, what is it?

CARL

(Takes a deep breath)

Your brother Michael was shot early this morning, and he didn't make it. He died.

SHANIA

(Crying)

It can't be. I was with him this morning.

CARL
(Sad breaking the news to
Shania)
I'm sorry baby, He's gone.

SHANIA
(In Unbelief)
Michael said he'll always be with
me. You're a liar!

Shania runs upstairs to Michael's room, where Charlette holds her tightly as she weeps. The family, shattered, clings to each other.

CHARLETTE
(Sniffing and eyes teary)
No one says a word to Brayden until
he gets back tomorrow.

They all fall asleep in Michael's bed, the weight of their loss pressing down on them.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES AIRPORT - DAY

The scene opens with Brayden stepping off the plane at LAX. He's dressed in casual yet stylish athletic wear, his duffel bag slung over his shoulder. The sun is bright, and the energy of the city is palpable.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. USC CAMPUS - DAY

Brayden arrives at USC, his eyes widening at the sight of the beautiful campus. The historic buildings, lush green lawns, and bustling students create a vibrant atmosphere.

INT. USC BASKETBALL FACILITY - DAY

Brayden walks into the state-of-the-art basketball facility, where he's greeted by COACH WILLIAMS, a tall, energetic man in his 40s.

COACH WILLIAM
Welcome to USC, Brayden! We're
excited to have you here.

BRAYDEN

(Smiling but Nervous)

Thank you, Coach. It's great to be here.

Coach Williams introduces Brayden to the team. The players are friendly, instantly making him feel at home. They exchange handshakes, high-fives, and a few jokes.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

In the locker room, Brayden sees his name already on a locker, alongside a pristine USC jersey.

TEAM CAPTAIN

(Excited to present a Jersey to Brayden)

We got you a little something.
Welcome to the family, Brayden.

Brayden is touched by the gesture. He changes into the jersey, feeling a sense of belonging.

INT. USC BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

The team hits the court, and Brayden joins in for a practice session. The energy is electric, and Brayden quickly finds his rhythm. He makes impressive shots, showcasing his talent. The team's chemistry is evident, and Brayden feels like he's found his place.

INT. USC BASKETBALL OFFICE - DAY

After practice, Brayden sits with Coach Williams in his office. The walls are lined with trophies and photos of past victories.

COACH WILLIAMS

You fit right in, Brayden. We believe you can take this team to the next level.

Brayden nods, feeling the weight of his decision but also the excitement of the opportunity.

EXT. USC CAMPUS - DAY

Brayden takes a solo tour of the campus. He walks through the library, the student union, and the dorms. Everywhere he goes, students greet him warmly.

He sees students studying, chatting, and enjoying campus life. The sense of community is strong.

EXT. USC STADIUM - DAY

He stands in the empty stadium, envisioning himself playing in front of thousands of fans. The thought gives him chills.

INT. USC CLASSROOM - DAY

Brayden visits a classroom, sitting in on a lecture. He's impressed by the academic rigor and the enthusiasm of the professors.

INT. USC STUDENT UNION - EVENING

As the sun sets, Brayden meets a few student-athletes for dinner at the student union. They share stories, laugh, and talk about life at USC. The camaraderie and support are palpable.

EXT. USC CAMPUS - NIGHT

Walking back to his dorm, Brayden pulls out his phone and calls his little brother, Michael but gets a voicemail. Brayden leaves a voicemail on Michael's phone.

BRAYDEN

Hey Mikey, you were right. This place is incredible. I think I've found my new home. Call when you get this message. K love you bro, I'll be back tomorrow morning.

INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Back in his dorm room, Brayden lies on his bed, staring at the ceiling. He thinks about Michael, his family, and his future. He knows USC is the right choice not only for basketball but also because it's where Michael wanted him to be.

FADE OUT

Brayden's visit to USC is filled with moments of connection, support, and a sense of belonging. The warm welcome from the players, the impressive facilities, and the vibrant campus life solidify his decision.

(MORE)

FADE OUT (CONT'D)

Most importantly, knowing that USC is where Michael wanted him to play makes the choice even more meaningful. Brayden is ready to embark on this new journey, with the memory of his brother guiding him every step of the way.

INT. HOME - MORNING 43

The atmosphere in the home is heavy with an almost palpable sense of despair and disbelief. The air is thick with silence, broken only by the occasional muffled sobs and the creaking of the house settling in the stillness. The usually lively space feels oppressively quiet, with family members moving in slow, dazed motions, their faces etched with sorrow and shock. Photographs and mementos on the walls seem to mock the unbearable reality of their loss.

When Brayden who doesn't yet know walks in, their cheerfulness and oblivion contrast starkly with the suffocating grief around them. They are met with a jarring silence, their bright demeanor fading as they take in the somber expressions and the heavy, somber atmosphere.

BRAYDEN

(Has Good News to tell
Michael)

Where is everyone?! Michael! Guess
what?! Michael!

He runs into Michael's room, not finding him. He tries his parents' door, but it's locked. Frustrated, he heads downstairs for a drink. Charlette and Carl, eyes red from crying, descend the stairs.

BRAYDEN (CONT'D)

(Excited but Confused)

Mom, where's Michael?! I got good
news! I'm going to USC! Aren't you
happy

CHARLETTE

(With teary eyes, trying
not to cry)

We are so proud of you, but we have
to tell you something.

BRAYDEN

(Confused)

What's going on? You guys have been
crying?

CHARLETTE
 (Broken Hearted)
 I don't know how to tell you this,
 but your brother Michael is dead.

BRAYDEN
 (Confused with a serious look
 on his face, filled with
 anger)
 What?! Dead? That can't be. Where's
 my brother?! This isn't funny.

Charlette and Carl embrace Brayden as he breaks down. Shania comes running downstairs and joins them.

SHANIA
 Look out the window! Everyone's
 here!

Carl opens the curtains, revealing the neighborhood with candles and signs saying R.I.P Michael. The family steps outside, embraced by their community. Daniel, the man who tried to help Michael, approaches Brayden.

DANIEL
 (Sad about telling Brayden
 his brothers last words.)
 Hey, are you Brayden?

BRAYDEN
 Yeah.

DANIEL
 Well, my name is Daniel. I tried
 CPR on your brother. I did
 everything I could to help him. He
 did say some words before he
 passed. He said " Help Brayden."

Brayden breaks down again, and Daniel hugs him.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
 Your brother knew you were the one
 who was going to take it the
 hardest. Brayden, you were on your
 brother's mind to the very end.

BRAYDEN
 (Weeping)
 I have to go.

Brayden walks back into the house and heads upstairs.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FUNERAL OF MICHAEL CONRAD - DAY 44

Charlette, Brayden, Shania, and Carl, dressed in black, sit in the front row at Michael's funeral. The room is filled with mourners, all sharing in the family's grief. Brayden looks numb, lost in his sorrow.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY 45

One week after Michael's death, Brayden returns to school. Friends surround him, offering condolences. Kirby slips him a bag of cocaine to numb his pain.

KIRBY

When you need to clear your mind.

Brayden pockets it, walking away. Karen, a popular cheerleader, approaches and hugs him.

KAREN

(Sad and Concern)

I'm so sorry for what happened.

BRAYDEN

(Broken Hearted)

Thanks.

KAREN

Michael was a great friend to everyone, and he was always proud of you.

BRAYDEN

(Soft Spoken)

Michael mentioned you, but I brushed him off.

KAREN

(Want to help Brayden get his mind off his brother)

If you're not busy tomorrow, I would love to go to the carnival with you.

BRAYDEN

(Thinking about the request)

That would actually be a good idea. I need to get my head cleared.

CUT TO:

EXT. CARNIVAL - NIGHT 46

At the carnival, vibrant lights flicker and spin against the night sky, casting a kaleidoscope of colors over the bustling scene. The air is filled with a mix of joyful laughter, the rhythmic clamor of carnival rides, and the occasional burst of music from various attractions. The smell of popcorn, cotton candy, and fried treats wafts through the crowd, mingling with the cool night air.

Brayden and Karen are wrapped in their own world amidst the lively chaos. Their laughter and shared glances create a small haven of happiness, contrasting with the vibrant backdrop. As they walk hand-in-hand, the sounds of carnival games and the whir of the Ferris wheel serve as a temporary distraction, helping Brayden momentarily escape the weight of his grief from losing his brother just a week ago.

BRAYDEN

(Thinking about Michael)

You know, Michael would have loved this.

KAREN

(Happy)

He would. And he'd be proud of you for being here.

Brayden nods, a small smile forming. The camera pulls back, showing the Ferris wheel turning against the night sky, a symbol of the cycles of life and the enduring strength of family and community. They kissed on the Ferris wheel as the Drone Shot Camera zoom out into the dark sky.

FADE OUT.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK 47

The classroom is bathed in soft, natural light streaming through tall windows. The walls are lined with colorful educational posters, and desks are neatly arranged in rows, filled with students absorbed in their work. The quiet hum of classroom chatter and the occasional scratch of pencils against paper create a soothing, yet monotonous backdrop.

Brayden sits at his desk, his gaze unfocused as he stares at the blank page before him. His mind drifts into a vivid flashback, the classroom fading away as memories of Michael come rushing back. He recalls Michael's laughter echoing through the house, their shared jokes, and the comforting presence of his older brother cheering him on from the sidelines of his games.

In the memory, Michael is full of life, his face glowing with pride and warmth. The scene is vivid and nostalgic, a stark contrast to the cold reality of the classroom around Brayden.

Suddenly, the classroom noise filters back into his awareness. Brayden blinks, the harsh reality crashing down on him as he remembers that Michael is gone. The vibrant memories of his brother are replaced by the crushing weight of grief. The cheerful ambiance of the classroom feels distant and surreal, the laughter of his classmates a cruel reminder of the void Michael's absence has left in his life.

CUT TO: FLASHBACK

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - DAY 49

A younger Michael, about ten years old, stands crying, holding his face. Another kid stands nearby, looking guilty. Brayden, slightly older, rushes to Michael's side.

YOUNG BRAYDEN
(Protective)
What happened, Michael?

YOUNG MICHAEL
(Tears)
He punched me!

Brayden's face hardens. He walks over to the kid and confronts him, delivering a swift punch in return.

YOUNG BRAYDEN
(Mad)
Don't mess with my brother. I'm my
brother's keeper.

END FLASHBACK

INT. CLASSROOM- DAY

Brayden snaps back to the present, tears streaming down his face. He quickly gathers his things and exits the classroom.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY 51

Brayden slumps to the ground, his back against the wall, struggling to hold back tears. Karen approaches, concern etched on her face.

KAREN
 (Comforting Brayden in this
 hard time)
 Brayden, are you okay?

BRAYDEN
 (Emotional Anger)
 No, I'm not okay, Karen! I can't
 live like this, acting like
 everything is fine!

KAREN
 (Sad)
 I know it's hard Brayden. Your
 brother would never want you to
 quit on yourself.

BRAYDEN
 (Weeping)
 I only play basketball because of
 him! What's the point? Why does
 this hurt so much?

KAREN
 (Encouraging)
 He would be so proud of you. You
 need to keep his name alive and
 make him proud by not giving up.

BRAYDEN
 (Sniffling)
 I hear you. Sorry for breaking down
 like this.

The bell rings, signaling the end of school. As Brayden
 stands, a student bumps into him hard.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY 52

Brayden, still emotional, loses his temper and attacks the
 student, leaving him bloody. Security quickly intervenes,
 dragging Brayden to the office.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY 53

Brayden sits across from Officer Chris, seething with anger.

OFFICER CHRIS
(Sympathizing)

We all are hurting from the loss of your brother, but we can't be causing problems for others. You have to learn to live without him.

BRAYDEN
(Emotional)

I don't know how to live without him by my side! I don't know how.

OFFICER CHRIS
You are a D1 basketball player and the #1 prospect in the nation. If you give that up, then you have failed Michael! Do you want to fail Michael, Brayden? Well, do you?

BRAYDEN
(Determined)

No! I just don't know how to release this pain I feel in my heart.

OFFICER CHRIS
Would your brother be proud of the man you would become if you quit everything? Don't answer; just ponder on it. You're good to go.

Brayden stands to leave.

OFFICER CHRIS (CONT'D)
Brayden, God knows what he's doing.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY 54

Brayden exits the school and is approached by Kirby.

KIRBY
Roscoe wants to talk with you about something tonight.

BRAYDEN
(Irritated)
Tell him another day; I have a lot on my mind and am not in a mood to talk.

KIRBY
 (Gossiping)
 Okay, Brayden, I heard you guys are
 behind on bills.

BRAYDEN
 (Confused on how Kirby knows
 about his family financial
 issues.)

What? Who told you that?

KIRBY
 Just because you're my homie. Your
 mom came over one day to meet up
 with Roscoe and ask if she can
 borrow some money.

BRAYDEN
 (Puzzled and Angry)
 Why would she go to Roscoe for
 help?

INT. HOME - EVENING 55

Brayden storms into the house, furious. Charlette greets him warmly.

CHARLETTE
 Hey honey, you hungry?

BRAYDEN
 (Furious)
 No!

Brayden rushes upstairs, slamming his bedroom door.

Brayden snorts cocaine, their perception begins to warp. The room seems to spin and tilt uncontrollably, with the walls and ceiling appearing to sway. The buzzing of the light bulb becomes unnervingly loud, and distant sounds—like muffled conversations and the occasional creak of the building—merge into a disorienting cacophony. Their heart races and their senses become hyperactive, amplifying every sound and sensation. Colors and shapes blur together, creating a dizzying effect that is both exhilarating and unsettling. The room feels like it's closing in, the spinning motion leaving them with an uneasy sense of detachment from reality. Then Brayden hears Michael's voice that freaks him out.

MICHAEL'S VOICE
 What are you doing?

BRAYDEN
 (Freaked Out)
 Michael, is that you? Of course, it
 isn't. You're gone.

Brayden sits in despair, with his head down and tears falling on the floor. He lies on bed, closes his eyes and falls asleep.

INT. HOME - MORNING 56

Charlette, Shania, and Carl sit at the breakfast table, silent. Brayden comes downstairs, ready to leave.

CHARLETTE
 (Concerned)
 Where are you going, Brayden? You
 haven't eaten breakfast yet.

BRAYDEN
 (Annoyed)
 I don't know Mom, you should know!

CHARLETTE
 (Confused)
 What do you mean by that, Brayden?

BRAYDEN
 Damn! I'm going to Roscoe's!

Brayden storms out, hopping into a car with his friends.

CARL
 (Upset)
 Charlette, why did you let that boy
 speak to you like that? What did he
 mean by you should know?

CHARLETTE
 (Guilty)
 I don't know, Carl!

CARL
 (Puzzled)
 Tell me what's going on?

CHARLETTE
 (Guilty)
 I have to go to my treatment. Talk
 to you later.

Charlette kisses Shania and leaves. Shania goes to Michael's room, laying in his bed and falling asleep.

INT. SHANIA'S DREAM - DAY 57

In her dream, Shania finds herself in a sunlit, whimsical kitchen filled with warmth and the sweet scent of vanilla. The room is decorated with pastel colors and adorned with cheerful, homemade decorations. Her brother Michael appears, alive and radiant, his smile as bright as it was before his passing.

They stand side by side at a large kitchen counter, covered with bowls of cake batter and various baking tools. Shania and Michael laugh as they mix the batter, their faces lit with joy and carefree delight. Suddenly, Michael playfully scoops up a handful of batter and, with a mischievous grin, flings it at Shania. The creamy mixture splatters across her face and the counter, and she responds by grabbing a spoonful and hurling it back at him.

The kitchen erupts into a lively, colorful mess as they both burst into laughter, covered in splashes of cake batter. Their playful antics and the warm, sunny atmosphere create a sense of blissful innocence, a stark contrast to the grief Shania feels in waking life. The dream feels like a precious, fleeting moment of connection and joy with her brother, wrapped in the comforting embrace of their shared happiness.

CUT TO:

SHANIA'S DREAM ACTED OUT

INT. HOME - DAY 58

Shania wakes up in Michael's bed as Carl enters.

SHANIA

(Sad)

Dad, do you miss Michael?

CARL

(Heart Broken)

(Teary-eyed) Yes, I do so much.

SHANIA

(Emotional)

The last memory we have of him is
our LAST SUPPER

Shania runs upstairs, crying. Carl goes to his room, takes a shower, and breaks down, crying loudly.

CARL
(Crying)
Michael, why did you leave us!?

Shania hears her dad and cries even more, burying her face in her pillow.

INT. ROSCOE'S TRAP HOUSE - NIGHT 59

Brayden enters, greeting everyone. Roscoe calls him into a room with Kirby and a few others.

ROSCOE
Brayden, I'm going to get down to the nitty-gritty. Your mom owes me \$30,000. I've loaned her to keep you guys from losing your place. I told her that she doesn't have to pay it back.

BRAYDEN
(Confused)
Why did you tell her that?

ROSCOE
Because you're going to pay it back.

BRAYDEN
(Confused)
I ain't paying you nothing back!

Roscoe punches and grabs Brayden, putting a gun in his mouth.

ROSCOE
(Furious)
You and your family are going to be with your brother if I don't get my money back.

BRAYDEN
(Angry)
I'll kill you if you bring my brother up again.

ROSCOE
(Upset)
I'll let that slide, but next time, I will blow your head off.

BRAYDEN
Okay, I'll do it. What do I have to do?

ROSCOE

You have 3 more games before the playoffs. I'm betting \$15,000 each game. For a bonus, if you win 3 games, I will tell you who your brother's killers are.

Brayden's eyes darken with determination.

BRAYDEN

You have a deal.

INT/INT HIGH SCHOOL BASKETBALL GAME/ HALLWAY - NIGHT 60

Brayden dominates the game, leading his team by 25 points.

Charlette and Roscoe stand in the bustling high school hallway, the sounds of Brayden's basketball game echoing through the walls. Roscoe, with a determined look, leans in and asks, "Have you told Brayden yet?" Charlette, her face pale and tense, shakes her head, replying, "No, I haven't told him you're his biological father." Roscoe's eyes narrow as he tells her about his plan, "I'm going to bet on Brayden's remaining 3 games to pay off your loan." The fluorescent lights flicker above them, and the scent of popcorn and sweat fills the air, students brushing past in a rush to get to the gym.

Roscoe confronts Charlette.

ROSCOE

So are you going to tell him or not?

CHARLETTE

(Frustrated)

When the time is right then I'll tell him.

ROSCOE

I couldn't care less. Brayden better win all 3 games, or else.

CHARLETTE

(Confused and afraid)

What are you talking about, Roscoe?

ROSCOE

Doesn't matter.

Roscoe grabs and kisses Charlette. She pushes him away. Roscoe smirks and returns to the gym, with Charlette following moments later. She sits next to Carl.

CARL
 (Puzzled)
 What's going on? Is Roscoe causing
 you any problems?

CHARLETTE
 He's always up to no good, but I'm
 fine.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM - NIGHT 62

Roscoe whispers to Kirby.

ROSCOE
 I need Brayden 100% focused because
 the playoffs are where it's at. If
 you give Brayden any more coke, I
 am going to kill you and your
 sister. Do I make myself clear?

KIRBY
 (Scared)
 Yes. I understand.

The game ends, and Brayden's family congratulates him. Brayden looks for Michael, but reality hits him hard. He tells his family he needs time alone.

INT. GYM - NIGHT 63

Brayden shoots jump shots by himself in the quiet gym, each swish of the net a stark contrast to the hollow ache in his heart. As the ball bounces back to him, he thinks of Michael, his brother's absence, a heavy, constant presence that shadows every shot he takes, leaving him heartbroken and longing for the days when they played together.

In the dimly lit, echoing emptiness of the basketball gym, Brayden stands alone at center court, his voice trembling as he vents to his brother Michael, his words reverberating off the silent bleachers and bouncing back to him, creating a haunting reminder of the bond they shared; his eyes welling with tears, Brayden thinks to himself how much he misses Michael's laughter and guidance, feeling the crushing weight of his absence in every corner of the gym.

BRAYDEN
 (Venting Talking to himself)
 Man, bro, this one was for you. I
 can feel you all around me,
 especially on the basketball court.
 I know you would be proud of me.

(MORE)

BRAYDEN (CONT'D)

I want to say sorry, bro. I took some drugs and am trying to stop. I know you hated drugs, and you would always tell me to stay away from Kirby, but I didn't listen. I wish you were here to give me some advice on how to handle this Roscoe situation. Winning is my only option, but I still can't believe you're gone, bro.

(pause)

By the way, how is it up there in heaven? I bet you are playing one-on-one with Kobe Bryant. Tell the Mamba I said Hi. Peace out, bro.

The door creaks open, and Kirby walks into the gym, his footsteps echoing.

KIRBY

What's up, Brayden? Good game.

BRAYDEN

(Questioned?)

Thanks. Why did Roscoe have you in a headlock earlier?

KIRBY

He was playing around.

BRAYDEN

(Can tell Kirby was lying)

That look in Roscoe's eyes told a different story. What's up?

KIRBY

Man, to be honest, you were always a real stand-up dude. People feared you in the hood, but ever since you hung around your bro, you became soft and nice, but that was a good thing. I wish I had a brother that could help me stay on the right track. Michael was special, and I was jealous that he had taken my best friend from me.

BRAYDEN

(Showing Sympathy)

First of all, nobody can take my brother's place, and you're still my best friend. You just started running with the wrong crowd after I got out of the game.

KIRBY

(Smiling, telling Brayden
a story)

I feel you. I miss Michael, too. We
had great memories growing up.

Remember when your brother faked like he
was sick with a fever, and you and I
would give him ice cream and cookies,
only to find out he tricked us by putting
a hot rag on his forehead and kept
heating it up.

Brayden and Kirby burst into laughter, the tension easing.

BRAYDEN

(Smiling)

What happened to us, Kirby?

KIRBY

(Smiles)

I don't know, but we can change the
narrative.

BRAYDEN

Yeah, we can.

KIRBY

(Worried)

Please stop the drugs because mine
and my sister's lives are on the
line.

BRAYDEN

(Questioned?)

What do you mean your life's on the
line?

KIRBY

(Told Brayden the Outcome if
he uses drugs again.)

Roscoe said if you don't stop the
drugs, then me and my baby sister
are dead.

BRAYDEN

(Angry)

What?! I can't believe this is
happening.

KIRBY

(Encourage)

I believe in you, man.

Brayden and Kirby shake hands, a sense of camaraderie restored.

BRAYDEN

(Puzzle)

I have one question. I saw my mom and Roscoe talking in the hallway.

KIRBY

(Sigh)

There are some things I just can't say, or else that's my head. What I can say is that they knew each other way before your dad was in the picture.

BRAYDEN

(Confused)

If they are good friends, why would he want to kill her?

KIRBY

Roscoe only cares about his money. Anyone that comes between him and his money is dead.

BRAYDEN

(Angry and Pissed)

He said he knew who my brother's killer was! Did you have anything to do with that!?

KIRBY

Hell Naw, I didn't have anything to do with that shooting! Michael was a brother to me. Just remember if you want revenge, it's going to come at a cost.

BRAYDEN

(Mad)

I'm willing to pay! I'm going to kill my brother's killer no matter what!

KIRBY

We made a deal with the devil!

BRAYDEN

Yes, we have.

CUT TO:

INT. HOME KITCHEN - MORNING 64

Brayden hugs his mom and dad and then leaves. Carl tells Shania to go to her room for a minute so he and his wife can talk.

CHARLETTE

(Confused Look on her face)

What do we need to talk about,
Carl?

CARL

(Serious Look on his face)

Now please tell me the truth, are
you having an affair?

CHARLETTE

(Upset at the question)

No! Why would you think that?

CARL

(Seen Her and Roscoe talking
in Hallway)

You and Roscoe were talking to one
another in the hallway. How do you
guys know each other?

CHARLETTE

(Honest)

We were good friends in high
school.

CARL

(Puzzled)

Just friends? You were more than
friends.

CHARLETTE

(Afraid to tell Carl)

(Paused)

Okay, Roscoe and I dated before you
and I met.

CARL

(Angry)

Why would you keep something like
that hidden from me? When did you
two stop sleeping around?

CHARLETTE

(Cracked Voice)

I don't know.

CARL
(Upset)
That's a lie. You have to know when
you two broke up.

CHARLETTE
(Frustrated)
We broke up two months before we
got together!

CARL
(Angry and Confused
because of the 2 months)
Two months before we met.

CHARLETTE
(Angry)
I knew you were going to act like
this!

CARL
(Takes a deep breath
before speaking again)
So I wasn't losing it when I saw
you two talking at the game.

CHARLETTE
There is nothing between me and
Roscoe. That was a long time ago. I
haven't seen him since that day.

CARL
(Angry and hurt, with
teary eyes)
Stop lying! I did my investigation
on a payment that was made a few
weeks ago, and the name on the
invoice was Roscoe Douglas. There's
no way this man is giving you
\$30,000 without having sex!
(Weeping and Angry)
Before I leave! One question, and
please don't lie to me. Is he mine?

CHARLETTE
(Confused)
What are you talking about?

CARL
(Sad and Heart Broken)
Is Brayden my son?! We got together
17 years ago in the month of
September, and you had him in April
instead of June.

CHARLETTE
(Weeping in Guilt)
I'm so sorry, babe. Please forgive
me.

CARL
(Angry)
I lost my son and Roscoe still has
his!

Carl storms out of the house. Meanwhile, Shania walks
downstairs.

SHANIA
(Sad look on her face) Mom, is
Brayden my brother?

CHARLETTE
Of course, he is.

SHANIA
(Sad Crying)
I heard everything, Mom. Dad isn't
coming back, huh? I'm still his
daughter.

CHARLETTE
(Hurt)
He's coming back. He just needs
some time to clear his mind.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM- DAY

Shania sits on the couch beside her mom, her small hand
gently resting on Charlette's, offering silent comfort in
the wake of Carl's departure. The room is dimly lit, the
evening shadows creating a cocoon of intimacy around
them. Charlette's face is streaked with tears, her body
shaking with silent sobs, as she processes the
devastating truth that Brayden isn't Carl's son and that
her beloved Michael is gone. Shania wraps her arms around
her mother's shoulders, whispering softly, "We'll get
through this together, Mom," her voice filled with a
tender strength that belies her young age.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL BASKETBALL GAME - NIGHT 65

Brayden is making every shot from the get-go. He glances at the crowd and notices Carl isn't in the stands, but his mom and Shania are. He sees Roscoe, Kirby, and his friends.

Brayden's team is winning by 35 points, and the coach pulls him out to avoid injuries. The bell rings, and the game is over.

BRAYDEN
(Confused)
Where's Dad?

CHARLETTE
(Sad)
He and I had a fight.

BRAYDEN
Over what? Roscoe, huh? That money
you borrowed from him?

Charlette is speechless, and Brayden storms out of the gym.

CUT TO:

INT. BRAYDEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 66

Brayden wakes up in a cold sweat.

BRAYDEN
(Broken Hearted Venting)
Michael! Why did you leave me? I
need you, bro. Please come back to
me.

Charlette stands outside Brayden's room and hears him. She starts weeping.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL BASKETBALL GAME - NIGHT 67

Brayden is struggling in the first quarter, thinking about his dad and brother. His coach tells him to get in the game. Brayden is benched after missing his fifth straight shot in a row during the second quarter. Brayden's team is down by 12, with no answer for the star player on the opposing team.

Brayden becomes frustrated. He tries to call his dad, but it goes straight to voicemail. Brayden looks at the stands and sees Roscoe point at the clock.

Then Roscoe rubs his left ear while talking, a tick that Brayden also has. Brayden notices this and looks confused. Halftime arrives, and the team is down by 18 points. The team goes into the locker room to try to come up with a plan to win the game. Roscoe walks up to Charlette.

ROSCOE

You better make sure your son wins this game or else.

CHARLETTE

What are you talking about?

ROSCOE

I made a bet on Brayden's games. If he doesn't win, it'll be bad news.

She walks off furious to the team's locker room.

CHARLETTE

(pulls Brayden outside the lockers away from everyone)

Brayden! You better not go through with this deal with Roscoe.

BRAYDEN

(Angry)

Roscoe is going to hurt you and Shania if I don't win. He's going to tell me who Michael's killers are!

CHARLETTE

(Weeping)

Please let your brother rest. He's gone, and you have a life to live.

BRAYDEN

(Angry)

I'm going to win this game for Michael! My brother's killer will pay!

(Brayden breaks down crying in anger)

I miss him so much, mom

Charlette grabs him and cries with him.

CHARLETTE

(Weeping)

I miss him, too.

BRAYDEN

So that means I have to win.

Brayden walks into the gym with a determined glare, kisses his right hand, and places it on his shoes in remembrance of his brother. The crowd's murmur grows as he takes his place on the court. Brayden is giving it his all, doing everything he can on the court. His energy is contagious, and the team starts to rally, putting them within one point with 5 seconds on the clock and the ball at the half line. Brayden glances at the crowd and sees a silhouette of his brother Michael and smirks. Brayden gets the ball with 5 seconds on the clock, takes a long three-pointer with the defender contesting his shot; the ball is in the air in slow motion and swish. The gym goes crazy, everyone runs to the court and lifts Brayden up, yelling, "We're going to the playoffs!" Brayden watches someone he doesn't recognize hand Roscoe a suitcase full of money, and they all leave.

CUT TO:

INT. HOME - NIGHT 68

Charlette, Shania, and Brayden are eating dinner at the table with two empty seats. Brayden looks at the seats and sighs.

Charlotte notices how sad he looks.

CHARLETTE

Alright, Shania, go take your bath.

Shania leaves, and Charlette turns to Brayden.

CHARLETTE (CONT'D)

(Nervous about telling him
the truth about his
biological dad)

Brayden, can we talk in the living
room?

Brayden walks into the living room with Charlette.

CHARLETTE (CONT'D)

Son, I have to tell you the truth
about why your dad left. I can see
how it's hurting you not to know.
When I was 16 years old, I had a
high school crush, but he cheated
on me with other girls. We broke up
when I was pregnant with you. My
parents wanted me to get rid of
you, but I refused. I moved out
with friends.

(MORE)

CHARLETTE (CONT'D)

After 2 months, I met your dad, Carl, and he was everything I ever wanted in a relationship. I was too afraid to tell him I was pregnant when we met, so I hid it from him. I did a terrible thing...and I made it seem like it was his. We finally had the conversation, and it broke his heart, so he left.

Charlette starts weeping.

BRAYDEN

(Look of disappointment
and anger on his face)

So you are the reason why Dad left. I knew there was more to the story. So you're telling me that Carl is not my real dad?

CHARLETTE

He is your father, son! Not your blood father, but he's always been there for you.

BRAYDEN

All these years... you lied! How can you keep something like that hidden for so long? Then who is my father!?

(angry with tears falling
down his face)

Who is my father?

CHARLETTE

Roscoe is your father.

BRAYDEN

I hate you, and I'll never forgive you for this!

Brayden storms out of the house.

69 INT. KAREN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 69

He knocks on a window, and Karen opens it and lets Brayden in. Brayden tells Karen everything. They start kissing and then have sex. Fade out, then in on them cuddling.

KAREN

So what are you going to do knowing that Roscoe is your dad?

BRAYDEN

I really don't know, but as weird as it sounds, I'm kind of happy. I always wondered why I never really bonded with Carl like Michael did. Don't get me wrong, he was always there for me, but now I have to confront my real pops and ask him the hard questions. First of all, why he wants to kill us. I see where I get my rage from now.

KAREN

You sure you don't want to talk to Carl? I see him hanging around the bar by my house sometimes.

BRAYDEN

(Frustrated)

No. I'm not interested in talking to him.

(pause)

Okay, Karen, I got to go. I love you. I'll call you later, k?

KAREN

(Smiling) How silly?

BRAYDEN

(Confused)

On the phone of course.

KAREN

(Laughs)

You don't have my number.

BRAYDEN

(Laughs)

Oh yeah, we kind of skipped that part right into desserts.

Karen smiles and grabs Brayden's phone and puts her number in. They kiss and say goodbye to one another. Brayden then leaves and heads to Roscoe's house.

Brayden walks up to the porch, hesitating for a moment before knocking. The door creaks open, revealing KIRBY.

The trap house is a dilapidated structure, its windows covered with makeshift blinds and the air thick with the pungent, acrid smells of weed and cooking cocaine.

The dim lighting casts eerie shadows across the graffiti-covered walls, and the sound of low, murmured conversations mixes with the rhythmic beat of a bass-heavy soundtrack. The floors are littered with discarded paraphernalia, dirty needles, and empty bottles. Thugs lounge on tattered couches, their eyes glazed and movements lethargic, while others huddle around a grimy table, cutting and packaging drugs. The atmosphere is heavy with tension and paranoia, a palpable sense of danger lurking in every corner.

KIRBY

What's up Brayden. Come in.

Brayden steps inside, tension crackling in the air. ROSCOE is seated on a leather couch, a smirk on his face.

ROSCOE

Brayden! Congrats on the game. Don't get comfy, though. The championship is a must-win. I bet 50,000 dollars.

BRAYDEN (MAD)

Forget that for now. I have something else I want to talk about. Why didn't you tell me you were my pops? You left me and my mom with a stranger that became my dad because you didn't want to take responsibility!

ROSCOE

(Upset)

Yeah, you my son, and so what? You think I give a damn? I was a street dude, and I wasn't ready for no kid. But did I leave? No, I stayed close by and kept an eye on you. I had my homies protect you. Why you think these little dudes respected you growing up? Because they knew who your pops was.

BRAYDEN

(Upset)

Wait, what? Kirby, tell me you didn't know this.

KIRBY

(Afraid)

Yeah, I knew. I couldn't tell you.

BRAYDEN

(Angry)

You should have told me!

Brayden pulls out a gun and threatens to shoot Roscoe.

ROSCOE

Put down the gun, son.

BRAYDEN

(Angry)

Son! Don't call me son! Keep your side of the deal! You said you were going to tell me who my brother's killers are!

ROSCOE

I will as soon as you put the gun down.

One of Roscoe's goons sneaks up behind Brayden and tackles him, making him drop the gun. Roscoe picks it up, and his gang starts kicking Brayden in his stomach and ribs.

ROSCOE (CONT'D)

(Furious)

Stop! Stop kicking him, Idiots! He needs to play in that championship game.

Brayden's ribs are hurt, and he is in pain.

BRAYDEN

I'm not going to play.

ROSCOE

If you don't, then your family is going to die one by one. Even that girlfriend of yours.

Brayden is coughing and gasping for air.

ROSCOE (CONT'D)

Get him up and get some ice on his ribs. Stay here until I get back from picking up a package.

HOMIE #1

Okay, OG

Kirby hands Brayden a towel with ice in his to put on his ribs.

KIRBY

You Okay?

BRAYDEN

Yeah, I am. Sorry for getting mad at you, dog. I blacked out. Thanks for everything.

KIRBY

That night, your brother died. Roscoe, me, and Quinn was in...

Kirby stops talking because Roscoe walks in.

ROSCOE

Get up, Brayden, to see how you feel.

Brayden gets up, a little sore but able to play.

BRAYDEN

I told you I am not...

Roscoe puts a gun in Brayden's mouth.

ROSCOE

Not what? Say it, and I'll blow your head off your shoulders. Son, don't make me hurt you. I have a lot of money riding on this game. If you win, then you're good for life, and I'll never step into your life ever again.

Brayden hesitates, but ultimately agrees to play. Roscoe leaves to pick up a package. Brayden is in the bathroom staring in the mirror as he washes the blood off his face.

CUT TO:
FLASHBACK

INT. BRAYDEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK) 71

Young Brayden, about 10 years old, is sitting on his bed, holding a basketball. Michael, a teenager, enters the room with a smile.

MICHAEL

Hey, little bro. You practicing for the big leagues already?

YOUNG BRAYDEN

(Excited)

Yeah! I want to be just like you,
Michael.

MICHAEL

(Taking the ball)

Remember, it's not just about the
game. It's about staying true to
yourself, no matter what.

YOUNG BRAYDEN

You think I can do it?

MICHAEL

(Placing a hand on
Brayden's shoulder)

I know you can. You're a fighter,
Brayden. Never forget that.

Brayden snaps back and walks out the bathroom.

INT. ROSCOE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 72

Brayden prepares to leave, reflecting on Michael's words. He exchanges a moment with Kirby and prepares mentally for the championship game.

KIRBY

(Irritated)

I don't think he can play like
this!

ROSCOE

Did I tell you to speak? When did
you get the balls to speak up
against me and question me?

KIRBY

(Feels sorry for Brayden)

I'm just saying, Roscoe, look at
him. That's your son!

ROSCOE

(Angry)

Kirby if you say another word, your a
dead man.

ROSCOE (CONT'D)

(voice like ice)

You better find a way to play in
this game and win, Brayden.

(MORE)

ROSCOE (CONT'D)
Or I'll come for you and your
family next. Understand?

Brayden, trembling with fear and anger, nods. He glances over at his best friend KIRBY, who is standing nearby, eyes wide with a mix of fear and determination.

 KIRBY
 (Bold)
Brayden... there's something you
need to know.

Brayden looks at Kirby, confused.

 BRAYDEN
What is it?

 KIRBY
 (Telling Brayden Roscoe
 killed Michael)
Roscoe... Roscoe's the one who
killed Michael.

The revelation hits Brayden like a punch to the gut. His face contorts with rage and grief. He turns back to Roscoe, his eyes burning with fury.

 BRAYDEN
 (Emotional and Angry)
You... you killed my brother?

Roscoe smirks, unphased.

 ROSCOE
Yeah, I did. And I'll do the same
to you if you don't pay up.

Blinded by rage, Brayden lunges at Roscoe, grabbing a metal pipe from the floor. Just as he's about to strike, a flickering television in the corner catches his eye. The news is playing a story about a local basketball hero—Brayden's hero. He hesitates, just for a moment, lost in a fleeting memory.

Roscoe seizes the moment. He draws his gun, pointing it directly at Brayden. Kirby, seeing his friend's life in imminent danger, leaps towards Roscoe, trying to wrestle the gun from his grasp.

The struggle is intense, desperate. The sound of grunts and scuffling feet echoes through the trap house. Brayden watches in horror, unable to move, as the gun discharges.

A deafening BANG fills the air.

Kirby staggers backward, clutching his chest. Blood seeps through his fingers. He falls to the ground, his eyes wide with shock, and then... they close forever.

Brayden screams, a gut-wrenching cry of agony and loss. Roscoe, calm and composed, keeps the gun trained on Brayden.

ROSCOE (CONT'D)

Now, where were we?

Brayden's heart pounds in his chest. The reality of his situation sinks in. He knows he's outmatched, but the fire of vengeance burns brighter than ever.

This scene should convey the high stakes and intense emotions, drawing the audience into Brayden's turmoil and the terrifying presence of Roscoe.

Kirby dies. Brayden remains silent. In the corner of his eyes, Brayden sees a newspaper hung up displaying his brother's death. In red lettering across the newspaper, it says, "Wrong Place, at the Wrong Time."

BRAYDEN

(Look Of Revenge on his face)

Pops, I'm going to play.

ROSCOE

(Puzzled)

Why you call me pops? You better not be up to anything.

BRAYDEN

(Manipulative)

Don't trip, I got this. I almost forgot who I'm doing this for.

ROSCOE

(Sigh of Relief)

Okay, you good to go. Remember, you win, then you're free to go. No more harassing you.

Brayden leaves Roscoe's house. Roscoe tells his homie to clean up the house and get rid of Kirby's body.

CUT TO:

INT. BRAYDEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT 73

Karen sits on Brayden's bed as he packs up his stuff.

KAREN
(Rooting Brayden on)
Good luck tonight. I can't wait to
watch it.

Brayden secretly grabs the gun from his bedside table and
shoves it in his gym bag.

BRAYDEN
(Worried for her safety)
Karen, I don't want you to come
tonight.

KAREN
(Confused)
What do you mean, silly? I'm going
to be cheering.

BRAYDEN
(Secretive)
You might see me do something I'm
not proud of.

KAREN
(Scared)
Brayden, you're scaring me. What
are you talking about?

BRAYDEN
(Angry with Sad Emotion mix)
I found out Roscoe killed Michael.
He also killed Kirby.

Karen gasps and holds her face.

BRAYDEN (CONT'D)
He needs to pay.

KAREN
(Questioned?)
What are you going to do?

BRAYDEN
(Relaxed and Calmed)
Something stupid. But I have to do
it.

Karen sees the gun in his bag but doesn't say anything. She
looks heartbroken and gives Brayden a hug and kiss. Knowing
there's nothing she can do to stop him.

INT. SKY SCRAPER COLISEUM CHAMPIONSHIP GAME - NIGHT 74

Brayden is in the locker room, ready for the game. He addresses his team.

BRAYDEN

(Emotional)

Okay, team, I'm going to be real with you. Ever since my bro died, I didn't want to ever touch a basketball again. I told myself that. Michael was my everything. He made an impact in our school and our neighborhood. I wouldn't be here if it wasn't for him. He showed me that failure is when you don't get back up again. See, before he said those words, I was a quitter; I quit everything, but he gave me hope. Every time I ever step into a basketball gym, I will always look in the stands and see my bro cheering me on. My life has took some wrong turns, I got involved in stuff I shouldn't have, I've done things I am not proud of, and I am sorry, team. But tonight, we are all going to be selfish.

BRAYDEN (CONT'D)

It's not about us; It's about Michael. I know this is last minute, but I have some customized jerseys I would like us to wear for this championship game.

Brayden and his teammates burst out of the locker room, their faces set with fierce determination, ready to conquer the championship game. The air is charged with emotion, the weight of Michael's memory driving them forward. Every step echoes with purpose as they make their way to the court, Brayden's heart pounding with a ferocious desire to win for his brother.

The gym is a cauldron of excitement and tension, packed to the rafters with a roaring crowd. Fans wave banners and signs, their cheers deafening as they catch sight of the customized jerseys emblazoned with Michael's face. The sight of the tribute sends a ripple of admiration and respect through the audience, intensifying the atmosphere even further.

On the court, the intensity is palpable. Brayden, the #1 player in the nation, faces off against the best team in the country, his eyes burning with a steely resolve.

The opposing team is equally formidable, their movements sharp and precise. The gym lights glint off the polished hardwood floor, illuminating every swift pass, every powerful dunk.

The crowd is a living, breathing entity, reacting to every play with explosive energy. Gasps, cheers, and collective groans fill the air, blending into a symphony of passion and anticipation. The pressure is immense, the stakes higher than ever, as Brayden and his team fight not just for victory, but to honor Michael's legacy.

As the game progresses, the gym feels like the center of the universe, the intensity of the players mirrored by the fervor of the spectators. Every basket, every defensive stop, every fast break is a testament to their unyielding drive, their determination to seize this moment and make it unforgettable. The championship game becomes more than just a contest; it is a tribute, a battle, and a testament to the power of love and remembrance.

INT. CHAMPIONSHIP GAME - EVENING 75

BRAYDEN

(Weeping)

Please, let's go get it done for Michael. I know he'll be proud of us.

The team cheers and gets crazy with Brayden. They have a mob mentality. They walk out listening to 5ive's "Me and My Brother.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM - NIGHT

The crowd erupts into cheers as BRAYDEN sinks the final basket, winning the high school championship. The scoreboard flashes the final score: 75-74. Brayden's teammates swarm him, lifting him into the air. The atmosphere is electric, with students, parents, and fans celebrating wildly.

ANGLE ON: ROSCOE, a burly man in his 40s, standing in the stands, a smirk playing on his lips. He's surrounded by MEN IN BLACK SUITS, who discreetly hand him a thick envelope. Roscoe's eyes glint with satisfaction as he counts the money.

ROSCOE

(Muttering to Himself)

Easy money.

CUT TO:

SWAT TEAM members in tactical gear, stealthily moving into position outside the gym. They communicate silently, ready to move in. The tension is palpable.

SWAT LEADER (INTO RADIO)
All units in position. Awaiting the signal.

BACK IN THE GYM, Brayden, drenched in sweat and elation, makes his way to the sidelines. He grabs his bag, his expression shifting from joy to grim determination. He unzips the bag slightly, revealing the handle of a gun.

BRAYDEN
(Under His Breath)
For Michael.

The celebration continues around him, oblivious to the impending chaos. The noise of the crowd creates a cacophony that masks Brayden's movements.

ANGLE ON: Roscoe, still in the stands, notices Brayden approaching. His smirk fades, replaced by a wary look. He senses something is off.

BRAYDEN'S POV: The distance between him and Roscoe seems to shrink. His heartbeat pounds in his ears, drowning out the noise of the crowd. He reaches into his bag, fingers brushing against the cold metal of the gun.

Just as Brayden is about to pull the gun out, FIVE SHOTS RING OUT. The sound is deafening, echoing through the gym. The crowd screams and scatters, ducking for cover.

ANGLE ON: ROSCOE, wide-eyed and clutching his chest, collapses to the ground, blood pooling around him. The men in black suits scatter, panic on their faces.

BRAYDEN stands frozen, gun still in his bag, as chaos erupts around him. SWAT TEAM members storm the gym, shouting orders.

SWAT LEADER
Everyone down! Stay down!

The officers quickly subdue the crowd, their focus on the shooter. They wrestle CARL, a middle-aged man with a look of grim satisfaction, to the ground. Carl's eyes meet Brayden's, a silent understanding passing between them.

CARL
(Shouting as he's being cuffed)
That was for my son!

Brayden drops his bag, the weight of the moment crashing down on him. The gym, once filled with jubilation, is now a scene of panic and confusion. Parents clutch their children, students huddle together, and teachers try to restore order.

ANGLE ON: Brayden, standing amidst the chaos, eyes fixed on Roscoe's lifeless body. The adrenaline fades, replaced by a mix of relief and sorrow. He looks up at the scoreboard, the final score still flashing.

CUT TO:

The SWAT TEAM leading Carl away, their faces stern. Brayden watches them go, the noise of the crowd fading into the background.

BRAYDEN
(To Himself)
For Michael.

The camera pulls back, showing the entire gym. The once-celebratory atmosphere now heavy with the weight of violence and retribution. The championship win feels hollow, overshadowed by the bloodshed.

FADE OUT.

BRAYDEN (CONT'D)
(Afraid)
Mom! Shania! Where are you!?

Charlette and Shania run up to Brayden and rush through the doors. They see Roscoe on the hallway floor, bloody and dead from gun wounds. Karen runs up to Brayden. Brayden!

KAREN
Karen hugs Brayden, and he looks bewildered.

BRAYDEN
(Shocked)
Karen, what are you doing here?

KAREN
(Worried)
I couldn't let you do it. I had to get help.

The cops are handcuffing someone. Brayden looks up to see Carl, who is covered in Roscoe's blood. Brayden is in shock, but deep down inside, he feels relief. Carl smiles at Brayden as he walks past his body to go outside.

CUT TO:

INT. HOME - NIGHT 76

Brayden, Charlette, Karen, and Shania are watching TV. The news comes on, saying that Roscoe is dead and was Kirby and Michael's killer. They show the river where they found Kirby's body and the interview where Brayden tells them who it was. Carl was arrested for the murder. The family cuts the TV off.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION INTERROGATION - NIGHT 77

In the dimly lit interrogation room, the atmosphere is thick with tension. The only light source is a single, flickering bulb hanging from the ceiling, casting harsh shadows on the worn, metal table between them. Detective Harris leans forward, his eyes piercing into Carl's, searching for any flicker of truth.

DETECTIVE HARRIS

(intensely)

What's your motive, Carl? Why did you kill Roscoe?

Carl's face is a mask of stoic defiance, his eyes locked in a silent, unyielding stare with the detective. The room is eerily silent, save for the faint hum of the fluorescent light and the distant murmur of the police station outside. The tension is palpable, the air thick with unspoken words and hidden truths.

DETECTIVE

Why did you kill Roscoe Douglas in cold blood?

CARL

(Weeping)

Michael was so good to our family. When I found out that he had died, something died inside of me. He was my son. So when Karen told me who shot my boy, I waited for my opportunity to kill him.

DETECTIVE

Well, Carl, you will be going to prison for the rest of your life. Any last words before we book you?

CARL

I hope he rots in hell.

The END

FADE TO BLACK.