

MOVE

Written By

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1 LOG LINE: MOVE - (DANCE/DRAMA) - DAREN KAPER AND CLASSMATES,1 *
FIGHT A SCHOOL BOARD INITIATIVE TO EXTINGUISH ARTS PROGRAMS *
FROM THEIR INNER CITY HIGH SCHOOL. THEY TEACH AN ENTIRE *
COMMUNITY TO START A MOVEMENT YOU MUST BE WILLING TO MOVE! *

2 INT. CARTER HIGH SCHOOL - DAY 2 *

Another mundane day at Carter High School. Students sit through tedious classes where monotone professors teach.

3 INT. CARTER HIGH SCHOOL - MRS. DEAN'S HISTORY CLASS - DAY 3

DAREN 'D' KAPER (17), marginalized B-boy, sits bored out of his mind, staring at the clock.

MRS. CAROL DEAN, looking every bit of her tired 56 years, lectures the class full of uninterested youths about the History of America.

MRS. DEAN
... and that's why we have the
constitutionally protected right to
free speech...

She slams a long wooden pointer down on Daren's desk, breaking his trance.

MRS. DEAN
Mr. Kaper?
(beat)
I really hope, *Mr. Kaper*, that you
have some sort of menial skill to
fall back on once you leave this
place. Or maybe you'll just
washout, like everybody else that
tries to skate through my class.

Mrs. Dean turns back to the chalk board to continue her lesson.

DAREN
(mumble)
That's not gonna happen.

The remark stops Mrs. Dean in her tracks. She turns back, surprised.

MRS. DEAN
Mr. Kaper, what did you say?

The students are frozen in silent shock.

DAREN

I said, that's **not** gonna happen.
I've got more than enough skill to
get me where I'm going.

Mrs. Dean, irritated, looks at the young boy curiously.

MRS. DEAN

Oh, is that so? And what skills
could **you** possibly possess that are
viable in this economy?

The class snickers and whispers.

DAREN

Well, I might not be qualified to
teach a High School History class,
but I definitely got what it takes
to make it out there.

Mrs. Dean's expression isn't convinced.

MRS. DEAN

Well, **do** enlighten us, then.

The students giggle at the challenge. Daren is annoyed; he
accepts the dare, stepping to the front of the class. He
points to a comrade, KYLE 'BEAT' STREET (17), Techno-geek in
head phones covered by a hoodie.

DAREN

Beat!

Kyle plugs the Ipod he's been listening to into portable
speakers and a bass infused HIP-HOP TRACK consumes the room.

MUSIC: DANIEL D. - Lullaby

*

Daren begins to pop and lock his body, expertly in sync with
the track. His class mates stare in amazement-- they cheer.

STUDENTS

Go Daren, go Daren!

Mrs. Dean is now livid.

MRS. DEAN

Alright, enough of this non-sense!

Daren's face shows his satisfaction.

MRS. DEAN

(sarcastic)

Mr. Kaper, I hope for *your* sake you get your act together before it's too late... because contrary to what you may think, the world is no playground and if you don't watch it you're gonna find that out the *hard* way... like Christopher.

Daren's face turns to anger at the comment. Mrs. Dean smirks with cruel satisfaction.

MRS. DEAN

Now where were we...

The bell rings suddenly. The students, including a still visibly upset Daren, gather their things and leave.

4

INT. CARTER HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

4

Daren exits the class and sets out down the hallway. Before long, he is tracked down by KENNITH FRAZIER (19), the oblivious super student slacker type.

Kennith slaps his long time friend hard on the back to get his attention.

KENNITH

Wake up, ninja!

DAREN

(furious)

Hey man, what the hell is wrong with you?

KENNITH

(surprised)

Damn bro, what's wrong with *you*?

Daren collects himself.

DAREN

Nothing, man. Just Mrs. Dean messing with me again... said I'm gonna end up like Chris.

Kennith's face turns to 'Oh Damn!'

KENNITH

(joking)

Man, don't worry about her crabby old ass.

You know she been evil ever since
her husband left her. She just
needs somebody to dust them cobwebs
off that tail, that's all.

Daren isn't comforted.

KENNITH
Besides, there's no way you end up
like him. He didn't have options
like you do.

DAREN
What options I got, really?

Kennith hesitates.

DAREN
Exactly, that's what really stung
me, dude. Cobwebs or not, that old
witch is right!

KENNITH
Look man, nobody out there can do
what you do. Aaaand... at the end
of the day *nobody*, not even Mean
Dean can take that from you!

*

Daren reluctantly accepts his friend's notion.

KENNITH
Right?

DAREN
Yeah, I guess you're right.

KENNITH
Damn right I'm right, come on!

The boys fist pound.

5

INT. CARTER HIGH SCHOOL - DANCE CLASS - DAY

5

Hip-hop track plays. Heavy bass pumps out of a set of over-sized over-used speakers.

MR. SHANE MASON, the Dance teacher, a (Early 40's) clean cut Adonis, watches intently. The students stand around in a circle as the music plays.

MR. MASON
Come on, Sabra!

SABRA STUART (17), diva-in-training, steps into the center of the circle, brandishing her free-style dance moves. The students shout encouragement.

MR. MASON
Alright Diego, take it!

Sabra exits the circle. DIEGO 'WIGGLE' SERRA (17), skateboard Vato type, enters.

MR. MASON
Alright, Teddy, get it!

TEDDY '4 REALZ' FIPHER (16), skinny baby-faced dance whiz-kid, enters the circle.

MR. MASON
Let's go, D!

Daren steps into frame, contorting his body to the beat. He performs an amazing freeze move and finishes winded from sheer effort.

MR. MASON
Alright, that's what I'm talkin' about!

Mr. Mason high fives his students.

MR. MASON
Okay, just keep running today's set in your spare time and next class we'll add to it. I'm proud of ya'll... class dismissed.

The exhausted students begin to gather their things.

Mr. Mason resets the audio system. Daren approaches.

DAREN
Hey, Mr. Mason?

MR. MASON
Daren... man, you're getting better every time I see you. Pretty soon Imma run out of stuff to teach you, y'know!

DAREN
Thank you.

MR. MASON
What can I do for you?

DAREN
I just wanted to ask you...
(hesitation)
... is this it?

MR. MASON
It?

DAREN
I mean, is this **all** there is out there for us? Like, didn't you ever want to do something with your talent... something other than teaching a bunch of ghetto kids?

Mr. Mason turns and looks curiously at Daren.

MR. MASON
Yeah, I guess I had plans to make it big out there some kind of way. I chased after stardom, because I thought that's what I wanted.

DAREN
So?

MR. MASON
So... after years of fighting for fame and fortune, I finally figured out that there were bigger battles and better rewards... Soooo, here I am, fighting for you guys!

DAREN
So, you just gave up... on your dream?

MR. MASON
No... my dreams haven't ended, they've just been refined.

Mr. Mason pats Daren on the shoulder.

MR. MASON
Don't get it twisted D, I live my dream every day I set foot in this room. Thing is, my path doesn't have to be yours. Don't let anybody tell you not to reach for them stars... and trust me, eventually you'll find **exactly** where you need to be... okay?

DAREN

Yes sir.

MR. MASON

Go on, get outta here!

Daren leaves. Mr. Mason appears reflective. He goes back to setting the sound system.

6

INT. CARTER HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

6

Daren steps out of class.

Kennith is in the hallway harassing DENISE MOTT, (16) year-old temptress fashionista.

DENISE

Kenny, you know I can't do that...
I got a man!

KENNITH

Who, that fool Jacob?

DENISE

Yes, same as the last four times
you've asked me.

KENNITH

See, but that's alright, cuz I'm
better than him anyway. Shoot, if
you told him we hooked up, he'd
probably give you a pound.

Kennith mimics a fist pound with himself.

DENISE

So you've said, but I'm not one of
those chicks whose gonna fall for
those lines, buddy.

Denise slaps Kennith on the chest, friendly like.

KENNITH

Well damn girl, what kinda lines
you wanna hear... I got all kinds?
Besides, that dude's only a
Sophomore anyway... you need to
treat yourself, baby.

DENISE

Yeah, about that, are you planning
on graduating this time?

KENNITH
Maybe, with the proper motivation?

Kennith stares her down flirtatiously.

DENISE
Daren, would you please get your boy?

KENNITH
Hey, don't try to turn my bro on me!

DENISE
Whatever.

Denise walks away.

KENNITH
Alright, keep playin... one day imma stop askin!

DENISE
You promise?

Daren approaches Kennith.

DAREN
(sarcastically)
You almost had her that time, man.

KENNITH
You think?

DAREN
(laughing)
Come on, man.

They depart.

7

EXT. CARTER HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

7

The boys emerge from the school. Students are departing for the day. Some congregate in small groups.

DAREN
Man, that girl is never gonna give it to you!

KENNITH
You crazy... that lame ass jock strap Jacob, is missing like a chromosome or something.

She gotta see that. Trust me, she's just waiting for the right situation... I'll have her ass by the end of the semester.

DAREN
Spell Chromosome.

KENNITH
Man, shut up!

DAREN
I'm just sayin, bro.

KENNITH
Whatever man, so we meeting at the Boogie, at 10:30 right?

An apprehensive Daren nods in agreement. The boys fist pound. *

KENNITH
Oh and umm don't forget that other thing...

DAREN
What?

KENNITH
(laughing)
These nuts!

Kennith knocks Daren's cap off his head and quickly jumps on the school bus.

DAREN
Dick!

Daren retrieves his hat and begins walking home.

8 EXT. IMPOVERISHED NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

8

Daren walks home through a dilapidated ghetto. A sea of abandoned boarded up slums. Vagrants case the streets.

Daren puts on his headphones to drown out the police sirens. He focuses on the ground as he walks.

9 EXT. CAR WASH - DAY

9

MUSIC: FUTURE - Mask Off

*

Daren continues to walk past a car wash. Suddenly, a car pulls out in front of him-- a luxury sedan on huge chrome rims with dark tinted windows. The back window rolls down releasing a cloud of thick smoke.

TRE 'MONSTER' BOOKER, (Mid 30's) gold mouthed beast of a man, sits in the back seat puffing a cigar. There are other goons in the car with him.

MONSTER

Well well well, if it isn't little D. What up fam... ain't seen you around much lately. You ain't avoiding me now, is you?

DAREN

(apprehensive)

Hey, Monster. Naw man, I just been real busy with school and stuff.

MONSTER

Fa sho little nigga, reading *is* fundamental...

(beat)

I never got to send my condolences for what happened to your brother. He was a good soldier, a real down dude. These streets is just crazy like that sometimes, ya know?

No response from Daren.

MONSTER

Well, you know if you need anything... the block got yo back, so you don't wanna be no stranger, alright?

DAREN

(apprehensive)

Yeah.

MONSTER

Alright little gangsta, you dismissed.

Daren walks around the back of the car as it pulls away from the car wash.

A small cluttered living room packed with worn furniture, far from elegant.

VIVIAN KAPER, (Early 40's) phlegmatic Sunday school teacher type-- aged past her years, sits on a old reading chair sobbing quietly and staring at a picture frame.

Daren enters behind her position.

DAREN
Hey, momma.

Vivian mops her face.

VIVIAN
(concerned)
You're late.

DAREN
Sorry momma, my study group ran over.

The news stings but she can't protest.

VIVIAN
Well, how was your day?

DAREN
It was... fine.
(beat)
Have you eaten anything?

VIVIAN
(detached)
I had some soup earlier.

There is an awkward pause. Not like it used to be.

DAREN
Okay.

No response as Vivian continues to survey the picture.

11 INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

11

Daren enters and grabs a glass. He fills it with water and stands near the sink sipping. Daren looks in the sink. A curious expression washes his face.

He opens the microwave oven to find a full bowl of forgotten soup and curiosity gives way to a look of sadness.

12 INT. APARTMENT - DAREN'S BED ROOM - EVENING

12

Daren is in his room.

MONTAGE: UNMADE BED // RAP POSTERS // GRAFFITI DRAWINGS // HATS // HOODIES // OLD SCHOOL KICKS // BOOM BOX // BIG HEAD PHONES // SPEAKERS. Typical B-Boy artifacts.

Daren takes a break from studying and leans back in the small chair situated in front of an equally unimpressive desk.

He glances to the side at a twin sized bed, neatly made. There are posters of sports stars on the wall above it and several trophies arranged on a small shelf. His brother's side of the room they shared.

Daren picks up a frame off the desk and stares at the photo in it. A picture of he and his deceased older brother embraced during happier times.

His brother, CHRISTOPHER KAPER, high school champion jock material, would be 21 now had the streets not prematurely claimed him.

13 INT. FLASH BACK - APARTMENT - NIGHT

13

Vivian opens the front door with Daren, then fifteen, not far behind.

Two uniformed officers stand on the door step-- grim faces. They begin to speak but cannot be heard. Vivian buckles and collapses to the ground in grief. Daren's eyes leak.

END FLASHBACK:

14 INT. DAREN'S BED ROOM - EVENING

14

Daren snaps back to reality. He closes his text book and puts on his head phones. The bass filled track consumes him.

MUSIC: 6LACK - Never Know

*

MONTAGE: HE BEGINS A ROUTINE // LIFTING HIS DUMB BELLS // PUSH UPS // DANCING // SIT UPS // MOCK FIGHTING // DANCING // LOOKING IN A FULL LENGTH MIRROR // HE POINTS A PISTOL AT HIS REFLECTION FACE BROKEN WITH MELANCHOLY // HE MIMICS FIRING A SINGLE SHOT.

The phantom shot resonates. BOOM!

15 INT. APARTMENT - VIVIAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

15

The door opens partially. Daren sticks his head in. Vivian is fast asleep. He closes the door.

*

*

*

16

INT. THE BOOGIE - NIGHT

16

Inside, a lively teen club stuffed with zestful youths. Music pumps loudly through large speakers.

The boys walk through the crowd towards the middle stage where they are met by their crew members.

DIEGO

Yo, D... Ken!

Intricate hand shakes are exchanged. GERMAINE 'G.Q' MILLER (17), charming ladies man, greets his brothers in dance.

GERMAINE

Man, it's about time, I thought ya'll wasn't gone make it!

SABRA

You know Kenny... always gotta make an entrance.

Kennith leans close to Sabra.

KENNITH

I'm glad you noticed, baby.

SABRA

Whatever, big head.

Sabra pushes Kenny away.

DJ PHENOM

Alright ya'll... you know what time it is, its the Roll Call ya'll, leggo!

The crowd roars with excitement.

DJ PHENOM

Alright, tonight we got Groove World Order, Rebellious Culture, Lock-out, and the **Reigning Kings of the Ring**, the **New Skool**!

The crews are announced. New School, consists of Daren, Kennith and several of their dance class comrades-- six total.

DJ PHENOM

Okay, ya'll know the rules: Each crew has 3 minutes to show us whatchoo got, so let's get it in!

The beat drops. The crews take turns performing-- Daren's crew goes last. They win yet again retaining their long standing title.

DJ PHENOM

Aww yeah baby, that's how we do it on Role Call Wednesdays... if you think your crew got what it takes, come back next month and show your stuff!

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*
*
*
*

17

INT. BOARD ROOM - DAY

17

*

In a large board room similar to a miniature congressional chamber sit several stuffy lawyer types, all with stern old faces. DOUGLAS GLASSCOE, (Mid 50's) Uncle Scrooge type, sits in the head seat.

DOUGLAS

Order, order!

Douglas slams a gavel against its base.

DOUGLAS

Then it's agreed, in order to offset costs of core studies and athletics programs, we're going to have to make significant alterations to elective classes.

JAMES PIERCE, (Mid 40's) Santa Claus looks, interjects.

JAMES

I still don't see what this will fix. The children in this district are still dropping out in record numbers and those that graduate have nothing to look forward to. And our answer to that is to eliminate the *only* classes they actually want to attend? If anything, we should cut back funding to athletics!

The chamber groans. DAVID PALMER, (Late 40's) shrewd former prosecutor, rebuts.

DAVID

So your counterproposal then, is to cut funding to programs that actually generate revenue into the schools?

The only programs that allow some of these kids to make it out of these neighborhoods? Look Mr. Pierce, I admire your passion and, I'm sure we'd all love to be able to provide these kids with the very best but we've been over this budget a million times and there is simply *no other way!*

NED KINSICK, (Late 30's) status quo yes-man, lobbies on behalf of de-funding.

NED

Ladies and Gentlemen, we can't afford to be idealistic anymore. We are not going to save all these kids, so we need to focus on saving the ones we can.

DOUGLAS

So then, its settled. All in favor of condensing elective programs, show with hands.

90 percent of the suits raise their hands.

DOUGLAS

All opposed.

The rest of the disheartened council members, including James, raise their hands. The last of which is SIMON FRAZIER, (Mid 40's) distinguished business man looks-- Kenneth's father.

DOUGLAS

The I's have it.

Douglas slams the gavel again.

DOUGLAS

Okay, the next order of business is going to be re-zoning efforts for...

FADE OUT.

Daren sits at a table by himself, listening to music through his headphones while eating his portion of regimented gruel.

Kennith appears moments later, in his normal happy-go-lucky mood.

KENNITH
What up, ninja?

Daren removes the headphones.

DAREN
Huh?

KENNITH
Man, you look like steamed shit.
You alright?

DAREN
Yeah, just up late studying for
this test.

Kennith situates his food items in the order he wants to eat them.

KENNITH
(distracted)
Man bump all that. I always wait
til an hour before, then cram... so
it's still fresh.

DAREN
How's that working for you?

KENNITH
What?

DAREN
Never mind...

BRIAN WEST, (17) year old baby Jordan, takes a seat and places his basket ball in the open section of his tray, which moments earlier held the square pizza slice he is stuffing into his face.

KENNITH
Damn, they don't make ya'll give
those back after practice?

Brian gives his friend the middle finger in response. Kennith laughs.

BRIAN
What up, D?

DAREN
Sup?

CHOLETTE PEATRY (17) attractive flour child, slides suspiciously into the seat next to Daren.

CHOLETTE
Did you guys hear... they fired Ms. Guiest?

KENNITH
(cheers)
Yes!

Colette punches Kennith in the arm.

CHOLETTE
Hey!

KENNITH
What? She failed me last year!
Besides, she's only an Art teacher... that's not even a real class!

BRIAN
(jokingly)
Real enough for you to fail.

CHOLETTE
Well, some of us happen to have an appreciation for the fine arts.

DAREN
Damn, she's been here forever... why'd they fire **her**?

Cholette looks around.

KENNITH
Probably molesting students... remember, I told you bout how she was lookin' at me that time.

DAREN
Dude, for the last time that woman was not looking at you!

CHOLETTE
I'm not sure, but I heard her crying in the girls bathroom... then later she was leaving with her box.

BRIAN
Dang, that's cold. I wonder who they gonna get to take her place.

CHOLETTE

Well, they better hurry up, it's
almost mid terms!

19

INT. CARTER HIGH SCHOOL - TEACHER'S LOUNGE - DAY

19

Several of teachers are gathered at a table covertly
discussing recent cut backs and terminations.

BOB CULTRY, (Mid 40's) spasmodic, pink faced sweat rag, Wood-
shop teacher, protests to his comrades. They whisper
emphatically.

MR. CULTRY

This is ridiculous! How the hell do
they expect us to teach like this?

MR. MASON

Hey, just be glad you still *have* a
job... you know they released Grace
today without so much as an
explanation or a Thank You card?

MARY WELLS, (Late 30's) dread headed classical musician
turned teacher, covers her mouth in shock.

MS. WELLS

Oh my God, after 20 years... what's
she gonna do? With all the budget
cuts the states making, she's not
gonna be able to get anything
inside of the city limits.

MR. MASON

Its not even about the money,
teaching was that woman's life...
her whole identity.

TYBERIUS REAGAL, (Early 40's) wiry monarchal extroverted
Drama teacher, interjects.

MR. REAGAL

One might expect that, after so
many years of magnificent service
they would have thought more than
to merely discard her like so much
litter.

Mr. Cultry attempts to down play his confusion.

MR. CULTRY

This is crazy, I thought Congress promised to make an investment into education...

MS. WELLS

I hear there is some big lobby to open up new charter schools South of Twenty, and in order to get Government support they're setting schools in urban communities up to fail.

MR. CULTRY

But isn't that a good thing? New schools means more resources, right? Shoot, maybe even more money!

MS. WELLS

That's just it, they're not trying to replace the schools, they're trying to privatize them... so only certain students are allowed in.

MR. MASON

So that's how trickle down works, huh?

MR. CULTRY

Damn it, I knew I should have taken a position in North Dallas... but I called myself trying to help the less fortunate. Who the hell's gonna help me now?

They look at him crudely.

MR. CULTRY

What, we were all thinking it.

Their faces concede.

MR. REAGAL

So, what should we do?

MR. MASON

What can we do?

Their faces agree.

20

INT. CARTER HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

20

Daren, oblivious to his surroundings, walks down the hall while reading notes from his open binder. He reaches his locker and attempts to place items inside while struggling to keep his place on the page.

BREE

Hey D!

Daren, startled, turns around spilling his notes on the ground. There stands BREE DUNHAM 16 year old socially awkward bookworm with head-cheerleader looks.

DAREN

Oh, how you doin Bree?

Daren bends down to retrieve his notes.

He courses his eyes up her amazing physique, resting his gaze on her impressive lady hump.

BREE

Okay, I guess... stressing over these TAKS tests, you been studying?

DAREN

Pssh me...

BREE

Mom's up my butt about getting into an ivy league school.

DAREN

That butt?...

(they both glance)

... wait, I thought you were going to Howard so you could do the whole Historically Black College ...OOP OOP thing.

Daren mimics the popular HBCU Greek Sorority Delta Sigma Theta Inc. hand gesture. Bree paws at him playfully.

BREE

Be quiet... I am, I just gotta tell my parents.

DAREN

Riiiiight.

Daren stows some of his things in his locker. Bree stares at him sensitively.

BREE

I heard about what happened in Mrs.
Dean's room.

DAREN

Oh, you heard about that...

BREE

She had no right to bring up Chris
like that. I'm so sorry.

Daren stands back up.

DAREN

Yeah, it's alright.

Daren looks uncomfortable.

BREE

How's your mother?

DAREN

She's dealing, I guess... she still
cries a lot, ya know.

BREE

Well, if you ever need somebody to
talk to...

DAREN

(awkwardly)

Yeah thanks, I gotta go... Imma be
late for class.

BREE

Yeah, sure I was just...

Daren walks off, leaving Bree mid sentence. Bree pulls her
foot out her mouth and walks away.

21 INT. FRIENDSHIP WEST BAPTIST CHURCH - SANCTUARY - MORNING 21

The young adult choir sings, 'For Every Mountain'.

Daren sits in the crowd, next to Vivian. A single tear
streams down his cheek but is quickly caught.

22 INT. FRIENDSHIP WEST BAPTIST CHURCH - LOBBY - LATER 22

After the service, Vivian approaches PASTOR FREDERICK D.
HAYNES III, (Late 40's) esteemed Theologian. Daren stands
next to her.

VIVIAN

That was a wonderful message you gave, Pastor.

PASTOR HAYNES

Thank you Sister Kaper, I'm so glad to see you. *

VIVIAN

Yeah, I have to admit it's been rough, but I'm hanging in there by the grace of God. Thank you for your prayers.

PASTOR HAYNES

My pleasure, sister. You know when ever you're ready we could use you back in the book store? *

(to Daren) *

Hey D, how have you been, man? *

DAREN

I'm alright.

PASTOR HAYNES

Good, good to hear. If you need anything you let me know.

DAREN

Yes, sir.

23 EXT. STREET - MORNING

23

Daren looks toward the Car wash in the distance. He pulls the hood of his jacket over his head to disguise himself and crosses to the other side of the street to continue towards the school.

24 EXT. CAR WASH - MORNING

24

The normal car wash activities are under way.

FOCUS ON the luxury sedan. Monster stands near it speaking to one of his customers. He glances across the street and notices Daren-- his face is agitated by the avoidance.

SOPHIA KIRK, (Early 30's) frail drug fiend appears. She is stopped by one of the guards, TONY '40 CAL' DUNN, also (Early 30's) but an urban giant.

SOPHIA

Hey, Monster... Monster?

40 CAL

Aye yo whole up... what the hell
you want?

The woman is obviously suffering withdrawals.

SOPHIA

I just need to holler at Monster
for a second, please.

40 CAL

Yo Monster, you want me to get rid
of this trick?

SOPHIA

Monster baby, I got money for
you...

Monster waves her over. Sophia twitches over to Monster.

SOPHIA

Hey Monster baby, you lookin' real
good... life's treating you right,
daddy!

MONSTER

Yeah whatever, what you want So-
hoe?

SOPHIA

Oh, you know me baby, I just need a
little candy, just to hold me
over...

Monster sticks his hand out.

MONSTER

Money?

Sophia reaches into her pocket.

SOPHIA

Check this out, look what I got for
you daddy...

Sophia produces a lottery scratch off ticket. She hands it to
him.

MONSTER

Yo what the hell is this, what I'm
supposed to do with this shit?

SOPHIA
It's a scratcher, that right
there's worth ten dollars.

Monster draws back and smacks the woman across her face,
flooring her. He grabs Sophia by her neck, pulls out a pistol
and puts it in her mouth-- she whimpers.

MONSTER
What the hell you think, I work for
you now? Get the hell away from me,
you nasty little hype, before I
blow your head clean off your dirty
shoulders!

Sophia cowers away.

25

INT. CARTER HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

25

Daren enters the school. He walks to his locker. Kennith is
nearby, harassing cutie TOSHA MEANS (16).

She pushes him away.

TOSHA
(furious)
Boy, bye! Do I look one of these
thirsty tricks?

She strides away. Kennith brushes off the rejection and
approaches Daren.

DAREN
(sarcastically)
You know, you're getting better at
that.

KENNITH
You're one to talk... you've got
one of the baddest chics here
chasing after you and you won't
even step!

Daren appears confused.

DAREN
What... who?

KENNITH
Who you think genius? Bree.

DAREN
Bree... not even!

Daren closes his locker and the boys start out down the hallway.

KENNITH

Dude, you have to be the most senile seventeen-year-old on the planet... she totally wants your turkey bacon!

DAREN

Your out of your mind, I've known Bree since pre-k...

KENNITH

All that tells me is, you've missed the chance to play house, doctor... and my personal favorite, hide the penny!

Daren stares oddly.

DAREN

Hide the penny, what does that even...

(beat)

look, me and Bree are just friends. Our Moms have Bible study together.

KENNITH

(jokingly)

So... you can play 'Moses and the bush!'

DAREN

(laughing)

Man, you've got issues.

26

INT. CARTER HIGH SCHOOL - AUDITORIUM - DAY

26

Mr. Reagal steps onto the stage in a decrepit Auditorium. The theatre students are seated in the first few rows of the audience. He is holding a script.

MR. REAGAL

Children... *Thespians*, settle yourselves. Due to a shortage in funding the school board, in its infinite wisdom has decided to condense our schedule. As a consequence, this year we will only be allowed to perform *one* theatrical selection.

The students groan in disappointment.

CHARLIE DENTON (17), diamond-in-the-rough super-star-stand-in type, appears disenchanted.

LEEANDER MICHAELS (17) arrogant Abercrombie-spokes-model type, throws his hands up in protest.

LEANDER

(mumble)

Come on man, are you serious?

MR. REAGAL

Children, children, silence! What do we always say? 'In Theatre, there are no surprises, only **opportunities**.' So, for this year's contribution, we will perform what I believe is the greatest Dramatic work ever created... **Othello**!

Mr. Reagal holds the script up.

MR. REAGAL

Alright then, let's get to work!

27

INT. CARTER HIGH SCHOOL - MR. REAGAL'S OFFICE - DAY

27

Mr. Reagal sits at a desk, in a small office spilling over with books and theatrical relics.

There is a knock at the door.

MR. REAGAL

Enter.

Leander enters holding a copy of the script.

MR. REAGAL

Mr. Michaels... how may I help you?

LEANDER

Mr. Reagal, I have an issue, sir!

Mr. Reagal continues to gaze down at his papers.

MR. REAGAL

Imagine my shock.

LEANDER

Well, its this play... the lead.
Well I can't play this part, sir.

It doesn't **fit** me, if you get my drift.

MR. REAGAL

Yes, Mr. Michaels, I realize that. I've chosen Mr. Denton for the leading role.

Leander gasps in shock.

LEANDER

Denton? Charlie Denton? You can't be serious sir. He's a... a **stand in!**

MR. REAGAL

I am quite serious, Mr. Michaels.

Leander is incensed.

LEANDER

You can expect to hear from my father about this, **sir!**

Leander storms out of the office. Mr. Reagal finally looks up.

28

INT. CARTER HIGH SCHOOL - WOOD SHOP - DAY

28

Mr. Cultry assists a student with a power screw driver. Students work at several power-tool stations.

MRS. IDA WINTERS, (Early 50's) type of secretary, enters-- sympathy faced. She whispers to Mr. Cultry, which shakes his demeanor.

MR. CULTRY

Attention students, I need you to turn off the machines and return to your seats. I have to step away from class for a moment, so Mrs. Winters will be sitting in for me. I expect you to be on your best behavior while I'm gone.

Mr. Cultry exits. Mrs. Winters sits nervously at the head of the class of confused students.

29

INT. KENNITH'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

29

Kennith lounges on the couch, eating and watching television.

Simon Frazier, enters. He is reading mail. Simon notices his son loitering as usual-- lets out a sigh.

KENNITH

Hey, pop.

SIMON

Kennith... hard at work, I see.

KENNITH

Yeah.

SIMON

How was school?

Kennith is distracted by the television.

KENNITH

Cool.

Simon walks over and turns off the TV set.

SIMON

You know son, when I started out I didn't have two nickels to rub together. What I did have, was determination and *this*.

He points to his head.

KENNITH

(jokingly)

An S-curl?

SIMON

Kenny, I'm serious. You're my boy and I've tried to give you everything you needed to succeed, but I can't help you if you won't help yourself. Its time you grow up and begin to show some initiative in life. Or else, I don't know...

Simon turns to leave.

SIMON

Oh, by the way... your mother and I will be at the lake house this weekend...

KENNITH

Amber is not my mother. She's the tit-monster **you** married, after you and Mom divorced.

SIMON

Watch yourself, son... you've still
got a **lot** to learn about life!

Simon exits. Kenneth rolls his eyes and turns the TV back on.

30

INT. CARTER HIGH SCHOOL - HOME ROOM - DAY

30

Daren sits in his home room, nervously anticipating the start of testing.

MRS. McKENNA (38) conservative librarian looks, walks slowly around the room passing out exam booklets.

The morning announcements are played over the PA system.

PRINCIPAL KLINE

Attention students... Good morning,
this is your Principal speaking. I
would just like to wish you all the
very best of luck during your TAKS
exams. Being that this is a
shortened day, we require that all
students who finish their exams
before the scheduled release
times... please escort yourselves
to the auditorium and wait to be
released. No loitering in the halls
will be tolerated. Once again, good
luck on your assessments and have a
wonderful day.

MONTAGE: DAREN CRACKS THE SEAL TO BEGIN HIS TEST // STUDENTS
WORK NERVOUSLY AGAINST TIME // KENNETH STARES BLANKLY AT THE
CEILING // A STUDENT PASSING BREAKS HIS TRANCE // STUDENTS
WHO HAVE FINISHED LEAVE // DAREN REMAINS // THE CLASSES
NUMBERS DIMINISH // DAREN STARES AT THE CLOCK // DAREN
FINISHES AND RELUCTANTLY HANDS IN HIS EXAM BOOKLET.

31

INT. CARTER HIGH SCHOOL - DANCE CLASS - LATER THAT DAY

31

Mr. Mason prepares himself to leave class.

Ida Winters enters the seemingly empty room. She calls out in
her soft voice.

MRS. WINTERS

Umm, Mr. Mason?

Mr. Mason emerges from his office.

MR. MASON

Oh, hey Ida... how are you?

Ida's face breaks with sympathy as she approaches.

32

INT. CARTER HIGH SCHOOL - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

32

Mr. Mason sits in front of a large desk. Behind the desk sits PRINCIPAL MELVIN KLINE (early 40s), pretentious scholar elite.

PRINCIPAL KLINE

Thank you for visiting with me Mr. Mason, I understand you're a very busy man. Well, let's just get down to it, shall we?... as I'm sure you already know, the State of Texas has recently been rezoned, to more effectively distribute resources between districts.

Mr. Mason stares suspiciously at Principal Kline.

PRINCIPAL KLINE

As a consequence of the new spending structure, it has become necessary to streamline our operations here.

MR. MASON

Operations? The operation of educating children?

PRINCIPAL KLINE

And being cost effective, of course. At the end of the day, Mr. Mason, the Education system is a machine like any other. Its job is to produce the best students possible given the cost... and like a machine, when there are internal factors hindering productivity, they have to either be fixed or replaced.

Principal Kline smirks as you would expect an Ivy League alum with an obvious superiority complex to. He grabs a pad and pen to take notes.

PRINCIPAL KLINE

That being said, I would like you to explain to me your Dance Program's quantitative benefit to our little Education Machine.

MR. MASON

You want me to convince you not to fire me?

PRINCIPAL KLINE

Well, essentially... Yes.

MR. MASON

Well, Principal Kline, I'd love to be able to tell you what I provide these children in the form of increased confidence or self-esteem could be measured on some sort of standardized testing scale... but quite frankly, it can't. Truthfully, I think that what this class gives these students, is more for the students to assess than some state exam.

PRINCIPAL KLINE

I can understand your perception of what these kids learn from you... however, as the Principal of this school it's my job to differentiate their wants from their needs.

Mr. Mason stands to leave. He stops at the door.

MR. MASON

What these kids *need*, is to know they can dream big. You take *that* away... you may as well send them to slaughter.

Principal Kline looks up from his notes.

PRINCIPAL KLINE

Oh, did you want me to put that in the notes?

Mr. Mason shakes his head in disappointment and exits.

Daren enters a bustling Auditorium full of his schoolmates. He is immediately grabbed around the neck by Kennith.

KENNITH

Do or die?

Daren struggles for a moment, then concedes.

DAREN

Do, man *Do. Damn!*

Kennith releases him and surveys the room. He spots something.

KENNITH

Alright bet, you gotta kiss Dorcus Munt... on the face, in front of *everybody.*

CUT TO DORCUS MUNT (17), Class President bully material, daughter of retired Cowboys' Offensive Lineman, KARL MUNT, speaks amongst a group of oppressed minions.

Daren protests the dare.

DAREN

Dorcus Munt, hell no, man! Choose something else!

KENNITH

Nope, that's the dare, bro. That or I get your Shell-toes.

Kennith points down at Daren's shoes, pristine and rare.

DAREN

Ken, I cut lawns all freakin' Summer for these!

KENNITH

I know, right? And they're gonna look so dope on my feet, too!

Daren looks at Dorcus then at his shoes.

Daren walks hesitantly toward Dorcus. She is at the front of the auditorium near the stage.

Daren looks back at Kennith, observing fixedly near the rooms entrance.

Dorcus is deeply engaged in an overexaggerated story to her squad.

DORCUS
 ... and we stood out at the 50 yard
 line while Daddy's name was
 unveiled in the Ring of Honor...

Daren nervously interrupts.

DAREN
 Umm, Dorcus?

The group turns to Daren.

DORCUS
 Yes?

Suddenly, Daren explodes with excitement.

DAREN
 Oh my God, congratulations on the
 Ring of Honor, that's so amazing!

Daren grabs her face and is able plant a kiss on her cheek
 although she struggles to aim for his lips.

DAREN
 Wow, that's great, okay, bye!

Daren quickly scurries away with 'Bitter Beer Face.'

DORCUS
 Okay, later boo!

FOCUS ON Bree, as he passes her-- shocked and dejected.

*

34

INT. CARTER HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

34

The release bell rings.

Students pour out of the Auditorium in all directions. Daren,
 annoyed, emerges with Kenneth still laughing hysterically not
 far behind.

DAREN
 Bro, get over it.

KENNETH
 (laughing)
 Aww man, I'm sorry, but that was
epic!

DAREN
 Whatever.

KENNITH

So, 'Roll Call' tonight, right?

DAREN

No can do, bro... Moms is all 'Home Land Security' mode lately.

KENNITH

Tell your Mom you staying at my house.

DAREN

Hell naw, she's definitely not gonna go for that.

KENNITH

Look, tell her whatever you want man, we gotta be there to rep or we forfeit '*King of the Ring.*'

Daren looks hesitant.

DAREN

I just don't like lying to my mom is all.

KENNITH

We're kids, we're supposed to lie...

DAREN

(hesitant)

Yeah, alright.

KENNITH

Bet, Later.

The boys fist pound and Kennith climbs onto the bus.

35

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN

35

Daren sits at the kitchen table nervously eating his dinner. Vivian is eating too, however she is preoccupied by a phone conversation she is engaged in. The corded telephone receiver stretches across the table past Daren.

VIVIAN

So you say the group will be studying for the TAKS test? No, I wasn't aware it was next week I guess Daren forgot to tell me...

Daren bows his head at the notion and the grim look from Vivian. She giggles.

VIVIAN

Oh, yeah you're right their brains do seem to get that way at that age...

(giggles again)

... yes, that too.

Daren glances at her oddly.

VIVIAN

Okay, well thanks for the call Mr. Frazier... you have a good evening.

CUT TO:

36 INT. KENNITH'S HOME - SIMONE'S OFFICE

36

Kennith is on his father's office phone. He has disguised his voice to sound older and is impersonating his father.

KENNITH

Oh, no... call me Simon, please.
Alright, you too. Bye.

37 INT. APARTMENT - DAREN'S BED ROOM - NIGHT

37

Daren sits in his room, staring at a small digital alarm clock. The clock strikes 9 PM.

38 EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

38

Daren waits under a dim street light. A luxury BMW sedan pulls up to the curb.

KENNITH

(jokingly)

Hey lil momma... how much?

DAREN

Man, shut up.

KENNITH

Told you it would work.

Daren hops in. They drive off.

39

INT. CAR - NIGHT

39

They drive towards their destination.

DAREN

Dang, your Pops let you take the Beemer? Man you lucky... I wish I had a rich family.

KENNITH

We ain't rich, man.

DAREN

Shoot, you a lot richer than anybody else around here.

KENNITH

Well, like Biggie said, 'More Money, More Problems.'

DAREN

(jokingly)

And like my Uncle Pete always says, 'Lemme hold a dolla lil nikka!'

They laugh.

40

INT. THE BOOGIE - NIGHT

40

Again the club is filled with zestful dancing teens. Music pumps loudly through large speakers. *

This time it appears the champs have been called out by a rival crew to a one-on-one dance battle. *

DJ PHENOM *

Oww it looks like we've got an official 'CHALLENGE'. Kid KurrupTION wants to take on the champs from New Skool. What do you say Champs? *

Daren and Kennith nod to one another accepting the offer. They face off at opposite sides of the ring. The crowd roars around them. *

The beat drops. The crews take turns performing. They win again retaining their title. *

DJ PHENOM

Aww yeah baby, that's how we do it on Role Call Wednesdays...

if you think your crew got what it takes, come back next month and show your stuff!

Daren runs into Bree.

BREE
Hey, Daren.

DAREN
Oh hey Bree, what's up?

BREE
Nothing, just here with some friends.

Bree points to a group of pretty girls nearby. Daren salutes.

BREE
You guys did really good.

DAREN
Oh thanks. I didn't know you even liked dance.

BREE
I love it! You've really got a gift.

DJ PHENOM
Alright fellaz, we about to slow it down so don't miss your chance... grab you something cute and do work.

MUSIC: YUNA FT. USHER - Crush

*

A slow track plays. The young men choose eligible women.

MARCUS JORDAN (17), slick looking weasel of a brother, slides over to JESSIE GOLD (17), true teen temptress and grabs her hand.

MARCUS
Hey sexy!

Jessie looks at him strangely.

JESSIE
Boy, please.

She snatches her hand back.

Daren and Bree stand together, each hesitant to make a move.

DAREN
Do you wanna dance?

BREE
I'm not really any good.

DAREN
Don't worry about it, I got you.

Daren leads Bree to the floor and they dance apprehensively. Other sets of teens grind inappropriately to the music.

Daren and Bree's two step maintains its innocent protocol. As the song lingers they become more comfortable.

Bree rests her head on Daren's chest. The song ends and they part reluctantly.

BREE
Well, I should get back to my girls. Thanks for the dance.

DAREN
Sure, anytime.

Bree disappears into the crowd.

Daren, distracted, turns and bumps into ZAVIAR 'Z-Ro' ROMAN (19) school drop out, who is dancing with ROXANNA LATHAN (18), video-vixen type.

ZAVIAR
Hey, watch where you goin, little punk!

Zaviar has his dance crew 'Code Red' behind him, unnoticed.

DAREN
Oh my bad, bro.

ZAVIAR
I ain't your bro, scrub!

DAREN
Say what?

Kennith steps into the fray. The rest of New Skool back him up.

KENNITH
Hey, whoa fellaz, what's the problem?

ZAVIAR
Damn, if it ain't K-Roc. Man,
they're just letting anybody in
this place now a days.

KENNITH
Zaviar, what you doing here, man?

ZAVIAR
That's Z-Ro to you, chump!

DAREN
Yo man, you gotta problem?

Kennith stops Daren.

ZAVIAR
Is this buster with you, K-Roc?

KENNITH
That's Kenny to you... and yeah,
D's with me.

ZAVIAR
(sarcastically)
That's cute. Well you need to tell
this runt to watch his step before
he get Red Lighted.

Code Red steps up close behind Zaviar. They are wearing
similar red/white swag.

A crowd forms to watch the confrontation. Kennith surveys
Zaviar's squad.

ZAVIAR
That's right, Code Red is back on
the scene... so you and your little
Glee club can either step up **or**
step off!

Daren laughs to himself at the attempted intimidation.

ZAVIAR
You got something to say, kid?

Kennith holds Daren at bay.

KENNITH
(to Zaviar)
Look man, we got better things to
do than teach you fools how to
dance!

ZAVIAR
Well how 'bout this then, buster...

Zaviar pushes Kenneth back and draws a proverbial line in the sand with his foot.

ZAVIAR
I'm calling you out. You think
ya'll got the juice, prove it!

Kenneth's face is aggravated.

KENNITH
(to his crew)
Man, come on ya'll.

Kennith turns and walks away. His crew follows, hesitantly.

41 INT. THE BOOGIE - LOBBY - NIGHT

41

Kennith storms out.

DAREN
Yo Kenny, wait up, man.

The crew catches up to him.

KENNITH
What?

DAREN
Man, what was that? We shoulda
checked them fools!

DIEGO
Yeah man, they was calling us out
in front of everybody!

KENNITH
Man, bump that... we ain't gone
waste our moves on those lames.
They can't hang with us no way!
Besides, ain't no money in it.

GERMAINE
Yeah, but...

KENNITH
I said no, alright!
(to Daren)
Come on D!

Kennith exits the club. The crew is confused.

DAREN
Later ya'll.

Daren leaves to catch Kennith.

42

INT. CAR - NIGHT

42

Kennith drives Daren home. Music plays, but they are silent.
Daren stares at Kennith oddly.

DAREN
So you gone tell me what that was
all about or what? Who are those
dudes and what's their problem?

KENNITH
Nothing man, that's just Code
Red... my old crew.

Revelation wipes Daren's face.

DAREN
You were in Code Red?

KENNITH
I started Code Red... Me and
Zaviar.

DAREN
What happened?

KENNITH
Same old story, Egos. Too many
Chiefs... not enough Indians.
Zaviar was more concerned with
battling me than the other crews.
By the end of it our rivalry
trumped our friendship... and we
couldn't even be cool anymore. So,
I stepped off.

DAREN
So... who was better?

Kennith shoots his friend an awkward look.

KENNITH
Dude, you talkin' to K-Roc. Do you
really have to ask that?

DAREN
 (sarcastically)
 Well, excuse the heck outta me Mr.
 K-Rock-head.

Daren playfully slaps the back of Kennith's head causing him to veer slightly.

KENNITH
 Oh... wait til we get out this car,
 its on!

Suddenly, police lights begin flashing behind the car.

KENNITH
 (nervous)
 Aww man, I can't believe this!
 Dude, put on your seat belt!

DAREN
 Relax bro, you got your license,
 don't you?

43

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

43

The boys have been taken out of the car and have their hands spread on the hood.

OFFICER MEAGAN DRAKE (26) sexy cop costume candidate, and her equally attractive Hispanic partner, OFFICER CASSIDY CRUS (24) are checking the boys' pockets.

OFFICER DRAKE
 Sir, do you know why I pulled you
 over tonight?

KENNITH
 To give me your number, I hope?

OFFICER DRAKE
 Sir, this car was reported stolen
 tonight... can you tell me, how you
 came to be driving it?

KENNITH
 It's my father's car.

OFFICER DRAKE
 Did he say you could take it?

Kennith's face says No.

OFFICER CRUS
In this line of work, that's called
Auto theft.

44 INT. SQUAD CAR - NIGHT

44

The boys are seated in the back of the squad car. They are being taken to jail.

Daren, aggravated, looks over to Kenneth.

DAREN
(whispering)
I thought you said your Pops let
you borrow the car?

KENNETH
(whispering)
No, **You** said he let me borrow the
car... I just let you believe it.

DAREN
(whispering)
What the hell, man! You know I had
to sneak out... my mom's gonna
trip!

KENNETH
It's not that big a deal man. We
weren't out robbing liquor stores
or something. Just chill out...
we're kids, we're supposed to screw
up.

DAREN
Man you just don't get it, do you?
You really need to **grow up**!

Daren closes his eyes and lays his head back in frustration.
Kenneth stares at him reflectively.

45 INT. POLICE STATION - WAITING AREA - NIGHT

45

Simon Frazier waits with his new trophy wife, AMBER NOLAND-FRAZIER, (25) year old Real Housewife kind of woman.

Amber rests her head on Simon's shoulder and speaks in her best 'World's Cutest Little Girl' voice.

AMBER

I'm just saying, babe. You know I love Kenny like he's my own, but I just don't like to see him take advantage of you this way. You really need to put your foot down with him or he won't learn his lesson.

Vivian Kaper sits off to the side rubbing her hands together, absorbed by anger and worry.

The boys emerge from behind a heavy metal door. Kenneth approaches his father.

SIMON

I tell you to behave yourself and you take that to mean, go joy riding?

Kenneth, head down-- doesn't respond.

SIMON

Come on.

Daren approaches his mother. She is still sobbing. Daren places a consoling hand on her shoulder.

DAREN

Momma...

He is silenced by Vivian.

VIVIAN

I don't even want to hear it... just don't!

46 INT. CAR - NIGHT

46

Vivian and Daren drive towards home in tense silence.

47 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

47

The door opens and Daren enters followed closely by Vivian.

VIVIAN

I want you to go straight to your room and don't you even think about turning on that radio... you are grounded until further notice!

That means no parties, after school events and you can forget about dancing!

DAREN

But, Mom that's not fair!

VIVIAN

Well guess what, life's not fair, little boy! I have one son in the grave, and another one determined to follow in his footsteps... that's what's not fair! From now on, you will come straight home from school... no stops, no excuses!

Daren storms to his room. He prepares to slam the door but suddenly--

VIVIAN (V.O.)

And you **better not** slam that door!

Daren shuts the door quietly. He lies in bed, staring up at the ceiling.

48

INT. CARTER HIGH SCHOOL - TEACHER'S LOUNGE

48

The teachers have gathered for their Pre-Thanksgiving Potluck. They eat and converse jubilantly. Principal Kline enters the room, holding a stack of papers.

The teachers calm their jubilation.

PRINCIPAL KLINE

Oh, the Thanksgiving potluck... I had completely forgotten. Maybe its because I've been too focused on keeping this school from being shut down! Perhaps if the teachers I employ cared more about educating their students and less about partying, forty percent of those kids wouldn't have just failed the TAKS exam!

He slams the stack of papers on the table.

PRINCIPAL KLINE

So don't let me stop everybody's good time. I'm sure you'll have plenty of time to celebrate when you no longer have jobs!

Principal Kline storms out.

The teachers hesitantly look at the papers he left behind and their faces show their shame.

49

INT. CARTER - CAFETERIA - TOWN HALL MEETING - DAY

49

Parents and faculty are gathered to discuss issues regarding the school. Principal Kline and several other administrators are convened at the head of the room.

The parents protest loudly. CALINE SMITH (Mid 40's) Mother of two stands.

CALINE

How the hell can you tell us you helping our children by making their classes larger... these teachers can't even control the students they already have!

The crowd clamors.

PRINCIPAL KLINE

Yes, Miss?

CALINE

Mrs. Caline Smith, and my boy is having a hard enough time learning in these over crowded rooms with these beat up books. You tell me how putting more kids in these classes, helps that?

PRINCIPAL KLINE

Mrs. Smith, I want to assure you that I understand your concern and I want you to know that, we are equally vested in the education of these students.

Crowd again clamors.

PRINCIPAL KLINE

But it is important for you, the parents, to understand that the Administration is working **very** diligently with **very** few resources in that effort.

MICHAEL DAVY (Early 50's) Truck-driver father, interjects.

MICHAEL

Aww, that's a load of garbage! What about the funds Congress gives to keep these schools up?

PRINCIPAL KLINE

Yes sir, but those funds have to be distributed between each individual school district...

MICHAEL

So our kids get smashed into classes, while the schools to the North are building new wings, stadiums... adding God damned multimedia libraries? You call that, fair distribution?

Principal Kline appears annoyed.

PRINCIPAL KLINE

It's more complicated than that. Those other schools have influential alumni, boosters, businessmen, people lobbying for them...

Another concerned Father, DONALD IRVING, speaks.

DONALD

Yeah, and we have you... so why aren't **you** doing anything for our kids? Who are **you** lobbying for... and why don't our children deserve an equal opportunity to succeed?

Crowd agrees.

PRINCIPAL KLINE

Look, the simple fact is that there are only so many things in this system we can control. I understand that the system is flawed, however... we have to work from within it, to change things.

Crowd objects. Principal tries to maintain order, but cannot.

50

INT. CARTER HIGH SCHOOL - DANCE CLASS - HALLWAY - DAY

50

Several students are gathered outside the dance class. They appear perplexed. Daren and Kennith arrive.

DAREN

What's going on? Sabra, where's Mr. Mason?

Sabra, sobbing, points to a notice on the door.

The note explains that the Dance Class has been discontinued until further notice. It instructs the children to go to their Home rooms.

Daren's face is in shock.

51 INT. CARTER HIGH SCHOOL - ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - DAY 51

The children have convened in the office. They protest.

MRS. WINTERS

Children, children. Principal Kline is not here at the moment but, if you will just make your way to your Home rooms... I am sure that when he returns, he will sort all this out for you.

They protest louder.

KENNITH

Where's Mr. Mason?

Another student, IVAN STOKES inquires.

IVAN

Yeah, and Mr. Cultry?

Security officers enter the office from an unoccupied door.

MRS. WINTERS

Children, please... I am going to have to insist that you go to your classes!

STUDENTS

(chanting)

Hell no, we won't go!

The security team rushes into the crowd of students.

52 INT. LOCAL NEWS STATION - DAY 52

RICK SANTINO, (Mid 30's) professionally trained actor turned news caster, reports.

RICK

This just in, breaking news at a local high school, where a small riot seems to have broken out. Emily Krueger is on the scene with further details... Emily?

53

EXT. CARTER HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

53

Reporter EMILY KRUEGER (Early 30's) as well, pageant Queen turned reporter, takes over.

EMILY

Yes, Rick... I am standing here in front of Carter High School, in the heart of the Oak Cliff school district. Site of an earlier disturbance today in which children reportedly swarmed the Administration office in protest to the firing of several teachers.

RICK

Oh my! And, were there any arrests made?

EMILY

No Rick... it appears that the Dallas Police were able to quickly disperse the crowd upon arriving on the scene, and no arrests were necessary. I have here with me, Tamisha Williams... one of the students who witnessed the incident...

TAMISHA WILLIAMS, overly emotional (16) year old steps up, sobbing uncontrollably.

EMILY

Tamisha... can you tell us in your own words, what exactly you witnessed here today?

TAMISHA

Yes, Ma'am. We just wanted to know where our teachers were... and they told us not to worry about it, and just go to Home room. So people started chanting and the cops came in and started yelling and pushing us around, and we just...

She breaks down into tears. Emily stares, emotionless.

EMILY

There you have it, Rick. The first amendment, in practice with the generation of the future. It's just lucky the officers were able to step in, before the kids got too out of hand.

Tamisha objects.

TAMISHA

Hey, screw you, lady!

54

EXT. GROCERY STORE - DIFFERENT EVENING

54

Car pulls into the parking lot and parks. Daren and his mother emerge from it and walk towards the store.

Upon entering, Vivian notices there are no shopping carts-- she stops.

VIVIAN

Oh, Daren get us a basket.

Daren heads back to the parking lot and locates a cart. On his way back, he notices a group of kids slightly younger than him near the store.

They have on B-Boy swag and are break dancing on a small piece of linoleum tile. Several people stand around, watching and dropping change into a hat for them.

Daren watches for a moment. A security guard arrives and makes the kids leave. Daren enters the store.

55

INT. GROCERY STORE - EVENING

55

Daren follows his mother around the store loading items into the basket. They stop for a moment at the deli. As she crosses items off her grocery list.

*
*
*

VIVIAN

Okay, we're almost done... I just need you to get me some sweet potatoes and a cabbage...

*
*

DAREN

Yes, ma'am.

Daren walks off. While gathering the items he spots Mr. Mason. Daren approaches.

DAREN
Hey, Mr. Mason.

MR. MASON
Daren, hey how's it going, man?
It's good to see you.

DAREN
So, do you know when they're gonna
let you guys come back yet?

Mr. Mason's face turns to sympathy.

MR. MASON
Yeah, about that, D... It doesn't
look like the school's gonna have
enough money to keep the arts
classes going.

DAREN
What do you mean?

MR. MASON
Unfortunately, there are those out
there who just don't consider the
arts a valuable part of
education... and they're the ones
controlling all the money so...

Daren's face is defeated.

DAREN
So, what are you gonna do?

MR. MASON
Oh, I've got an interview for this
Quality Control Manager gig
downtown so...

DAREN
So you're just gonna give up...
again? You're not even gonna fight?

MR. MASON
Daren, I hope you can believe me
when I say, I would never give up
on you kids and I'll always be
fighting for you. Its just that...
some fights, little brother, are
fixed.

(beat)

*
*
*
*

You take care of the group for me,
man... I'll see you around.

Mr. Mason pats Daren on the shoulder then walks off.

Daren stares at his mentor in disbelief. Suddenly, Vivian
appears. *

VIVIAN
There you are... I've been looking
all over for you. Who was that? *

DAREN
Oh, that's just Mr. Mason. *

Vivian looks again at the handsome well built man. *

VIVIAN
The Dance Teacher? *

DAREN
Apparently not... *

A clearly demoralized Daren walks away. Vivian lingers gazing
at Mr. Mason. *

DAREN (V.O.)
Momma... *

She snaps back to her senses and follows her son. *

56

INT. CARTER HIGH SCHOOL - GYM

56

The dancers have convened in the bleachers of the otherwise
empty gym.

SABRA
So, he's just gonna stop dancing to
take some manager job?

GERMAINE
Least he's got a job, yo!

TYLER
I don't understand how they can
just take away a whole set of
classes... is this happening at
other schools?

KENNITH
Pssh, you kidding... I guarantee
you, they ain't taking nothing from
them rich schools!

TYLER
But that's not fair!

TEDDY
(sarcastically)
Oh snap, living in the ghetto ain't
fair? Shit, that's crazy...
somebody should do something!

Teddy laughs at the absurdity of it all.

TYLER
Shut up, Theodore.

Daren appears frustrated.

DAREN
It's not right. Why don't **we** ever
count for anything? Colleges build
stadiums off the talents of kids
like us, but don't give a damn
about where we came from!

The friends nod in silent agreement.

TYLER
That's why you don't see no cuts to
sports.

KENNITH
Man, ain't no use complaining... it
just is what it is.

SABRA
Yeah, and that's the way it'll
always be if we just accept it. We
gotta make 'em take notice!

TYLER
How?

The group is puzzled by the question. All except Sabra.

SABRA
I have an idea...

Principal Kline emerges from the Main Office along with
Douglas Glasscoe.

Students passing in the halls mind their manners.

PRINCIPAL KLINE

As you can see sir, things here are well under control. The other day's disturbance, was merely an isolated event.

DOUGLAS

Well, that's what I want to hear... it's imperative that we maintain order here. We can't let them hinder our plans.

Principle Kline pauses.

PRINCIPAL KLINE

Them, sir?

DOUGLAS

Yes, them... the outsiders. Look, there are folks out there that just don't understand our objective... they aren't visionaries, like us.

*

PRINCIPAL KLINE

(hesitant)

Yes sir, like us.

Kyle stands near his locker. He hits a button on his Ipod. Music plays from speakers mounted in his back pack.

Suddenly, an unknown individual-- disguised behind a Vendetta mask, peaks out from around a corner. Nearby, another masked individual closes his/her locker and turns around.

They begin to display acrobatic dance moves and are soon joined by three other masked crusaders. The students stop and watch the demonstration. Four more dancers have joined.

DOUGLAS

What is the meaning of this?

PRINCIPAL KLINE

Sir, I assure you that...

Suddenly, Principle Kline realizes that they are surrounded by masked misfits dancing a choreographed number. He tries to grab one of them but is tapped from behind by another.

He turns and is jabbed by yet another. The dancers maneuver expertly through the narrow hall lined with gawking students. They jab, tap and pester Douglas. Finally, the music ends and they vanish as suddenly as they appeared.

58 EXT. CARTER HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - DAY

58

Douglas storms out of the building, closely followed by Principal Kline.

From an upstairs window, the dancers watch as Douglas yells at their cowering Principal. He gets into the back of a town car. The car exits. Principal Kline remains, watching.

The friends celebrate their victory. They depart-- Daren lingers.

MONTAGE: STUDENTS SIT THROUGH CLASSES WITH UNINTERESTED FACES
// DAREN WALKS PAST OVER CROWDED CLASSROOMS // DAREN LIES IN
BED STARING AT THE ARTIFACTS ON HIS WALL // KENNITH SITS ON
THE COUCH WATCHING TELEVISION.

59 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

59

The room is decorated for Christmas. There is a small tree with a few packages under it.

Daren and Vivian sit at a small table with full plates in front of them. Their eyes are closed.

VIVIAN

Oh, gracious and merciful father,
we come to you as humbly as we know
how... we want to thank you for the
food we are about to eat and ask
that it be used to nourish us,
mind, body and spirit.

Vivian sighs and her face begins to break. Her voice trembles.

VIVIAN

We would also like to thank you for
your divine power and ask that, as
you bless and keep us, you continue
to protect those we love and those
we've lost. We ask these things in
the name of your precious son,
Jesus... trusting that even if we
aren't sure why things happen, you
are ever present and interceding on
our behalf. Amen.

Daren stares sympathetically at Vivian. They begin to eat.

60

INT. CARTER HIGH SCHOOL - HOME ROOM - DAY

60

Daren sits in class, looking depressed.

The morning announcements play.

PRINCIPAL KLINE

Good morning students, this is your principal speaking. I want to be the first to formally welcome you back from your Winter vacation and let you know that we are proud to share in this continued learning experience with you. As I am sure you have noticed, by reading your revised class schedules, some of the elective classes you previously chose are no longer available... however, we will offset those courses with several suitable alternatives. Please accept the changes listed at the bottom of your schedules and turn them in to your Home room instructors...

Daren looks at the list. Nothing but sports, AP, and language classes available. Basketball has been pre selected for him. Daren rolls his eyes in annoyance.

MONTAGE: OF DAREN FAILING AT ALL ASPECTS OF BASKETBALL.

*

61

INT. CARTER HIGH SCHOOL - PRINCIPAL KLINE'S OFFICE - DAY

61

Daren, nervous, sits in a chair facing Principal Kline's desk.

The principal thumbs through his file.

PRINCIPAL KLINE

So, Mr... Kaper, how may I help you today?

Daren retrieves the list from his pocket.

DAREN

Well sir, it's this list of classes...

PRINCIPAL KLINE

Ahh, the list... not a problem at all!

You'll just want to return that to
your Home room teacher which for
you appears to be... Miss
Carmichael.

The Principal closes the file with a satisfied smile.

Daren stares blankly at the man who has quickly moved on to
more pressing business.

DAREN

Well that's just it, sir... I think
there's been a mistake.

PRINCIPAL KLINE

A mistake, how so?

Daren hands him the form which he quickly surveys.

PRINCIPAL KLINE

I don't see what the problem is.

DAREN

It's this basketball, sir... I
can't play.

Principal Kline seems puzzled but quickly recovers.

PRINCIPAL KLINE

Oh, I get it...

He scribbles on the paper.

PRINCIPAL KLINE

I should have known better...
you're a Football man. Don't worry,
I'll get Mrs. Winters to change it
in the system immediately.

He hands the paper back to Daren.

DAREN

No sir, I don't play sports.

Principal Kline is confused. He opens Daren's file again.

PRINCIPAL KLINE

But it says here that you passed
Physical Education with a ninety-
five. I'm confused.

*

DAREN

The problem is... I'm not an
athlete, sir. I'm a dancer.

Moment of realization for principal Kline.

PRINCIPAL KLINE

I see.

Principal Kline steps out and sits at the edge of his desk.

PRINCIPAL KLINE

Do you know what my Major in college was, Mr. Kaper? Forensic Pathology.

Daren stares oddly at the man.

PRINCIPAL KLINE

I wanted to be this hot shot Detective... solving crimes like Dick Tracy or one of those CSI guys. When I graduated however, I realized that was just a fantasy... a comic book dream. What I'm saying, Mr. Kaper, is... sometimes in life you just have to...

DAREN

... Settle?

PRINCIPAL KLINE

I was going to say **reassess** your situation. Look, give it a try... who knows, you might just find out that you're good at it. Just look at me.

Principal Kline raises his hands presenting his successful position.

Principal Kline returns to his seat.

PRINCIPAL KLINE

Alright, you have a good day.

Daren, conquered, stands and walks toward the door.

DAREN

(mumbling)

Whatever, **Dick**... Tracy.

Daren closes the door behind him.

62 EXT. GRAVE YARD - DAY

62

Daren stares down awkwardly. We see an engraved placard. The monument reads, 'HERE LIES CHRISTOPHER M. KAPER.'

63 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

63

Daren enters. Vivian sits nervously at the kitchen table smoking a cigarette.

VIVIAN

I thought I told you to come straight home from now on? You're not going to be satisfied until I have a nervous breakdown, are you?

No response.

VIVIAN

God damn it Christopher, why can't you understand that you can't be out in these streets... **it's not safe!**

DAREN

Momma, I'm not Chris.

VIVIAN

Boy, I know who *you* are!

DAREN

Do you Momma? Do you really know me?

Vivian's scowl shows her aggravation.

VIVIAN

Who in the **hell** do you think you're talking to, Daren?

DAREN

Momma, I love you and I know you're in pain... but Christopher is gone and he isn't coming back. Keeping me locked in here won't change that and it won't protect me!

VIVIAN

Daren, you better just shut your mouth, right now!

DAREN

No Momma... you have to hear this!
I miss Christopher too, but it's
not your fault. He chose his own
path and nothing you could have
done would have...

VIVIAN

Shut up shut up... just shut your
mouth!

Vivian slaps Daren. She covers her mouth in shame.

Daren, aggrieved, looks at her as tears well up.

VIVIAN

Oh, baby I'm...

Daren storms to his room. Vivian breaks down in tears.

64

INT. CARTER HIGH SCHOOL - AUDITORIUM - DAY

64

Daren sits in the shadows. He holds his head in his hands.

Several drama students are on stage, rehearsing. Charlie
begins to sing a number from the play 'Stevie Wonder: I Never
Dreamed You'd Leave In Summer', operatically.

Mr. Reagal impatiently stops Charlie.

MR. REAGAL

Alright, alright... that's fine.
Fantastic job everyone, we're going
to pick up where we left off
tomorrow.

The students exit except for Charlie.

Charlie steps to the front of the stage and begins to sing
the song again-- this time with much more soul.

Daren raises his head to observe Charlie. Charlie's eyes are
closed, as he completes his heartfelt rendition. Daren walks
towards the stage, clapping.

Charlie struggles to see the intruder through the stage
lights.

CHARLIE

Who's out there?

Daren steps into view.

DAREN
That was dope.

CHARLIE
Thanks.

DAREN
Why don't you do that in rehearsal?

CHARLIE
(disheartened)
Tried once. They told me this is
theatre, not American Idol.
(beat)
You wanna be on stage, you learn to
play the game.

Daren steps on stage.

DAREN
Man, that's crazy. Mr. Mason used
to always say to let the feeling
move you.

Charlie reflects.

CHARLIE
Mr. Mason? Oh, so you're a dancer?

DAREN
Hells yeah!

Daren busts an impromptu move.

CHARLIE
That was pretty good!

DAREN
Oh, pretty good, huh?

CHARLIE
Yeah, I probably would have done it
a little more like...

Charlie copies the move but adds his own flare.

CHALLENGE ON!

Daren kicks off another set of moves, more difficult. Charlie
copies. The boys begin to battle, each displaying their own
expertise and style. The battle finishes in a tie.

Daren extends his hand.

DAREN

I'm Daren, good to meet you. You pretty fresh.

CHARLIE

Charlie... like wise.

They shake hands.

65

INT. CARTER HIGH SCHOOL - HALL - DAY

65

Kennith rounds the corner on his way out of the school and almost bumps into CARL POTTER Late 40's Janitor.

WILLIE

Whoa there son... slow down before you lose a digit. This thing gobbled up 2 Freshman last week!

He acts as if the buffer is a dog on a leash. Kennith looks at the man strangely.

KENNITH

Yeah, okay?

Kennith suddenly notices a fresh pair of B boy sneakers on the man's feet.

CARL

Hey those are the new 'Glides!' How'd you get those?

Willie looks down.

CARL

Glides? Well back in my day we called these hear sneakers, now you little brats got ya I-phones and your Tweeters and Space-books... you know how we used to Instant message in my day?

He taps Kennith on the shoulder.

CARL

Hello...

The man continues to ramble to himself as he walks away.

Kennith walks towards the school exit after a long day. The halls are vacant of students and faculty. Muffled music can be heard in the distance. The sound catches Kennith's attention. He follows.

66

INT. CARTER HIGH SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - DAY

66

Kennith peeks through a window. The lunch tables have been folded up and pushed to the walls, leaving a large clear area in the middle of the room.

Sabra is performing an emotional freestyle dance number. Her gorgeous body contorts expertly to the beat.

Kennith sneaks in undetected and watches her vigorous exercise admirably. Sabra completes her dance.

KENNITH

Damn girl, I think you just got me pregnant!

SABRA

Oh my God, Kenny... you scared me!
What are you doing in here?

KENNITH

My bad baby girl, I was on my way out and I heard the music. What you doing here... practicing for a show?

SABRA

Yeah right, a show. I'm just working out... this is the only place left with any room anymore. Carl the janitor opens it up for me sometimes.

Sabra blots the sweat from her pretty face.

KENNITH

You really miss dance class, huh?

SABRA

Of course I do, don't you?

KENNITH

Yeah, I guess. I just try not to think about it. Can't miss what you don't remember, right?

Sabra stares at Kennith awkwardly.

SABRA

I guess it's easier for some to forget, than others.

KENNITH

Ain't like we got a choice really,
ya know?

SABRA

No, I don't know! Kenny, one of
these days you're gonna look back
and regret all you missed out on
trying not to care about anything
or anyone!

KENNITH

And what's that supposed to mean?

SABRA

It means, you don't take anything
seriously. Trying too hard to be
hard.

Kennith's face shows his dismissal of the comment.

SABRA

Oh, what... am I wrong? It shows in
everything you do! You know, you
used to really inspire me... the
way you fought to be the best and
make everybody around you the best
they could be. What happened to
that, Kenny?

Kennith is speechless. Sabra grabs her bags and radio. She
starts to walk past him.

SABRA

That's the kind of man a *real* woman
wants.

Sabra's adoration is evident-- even in her ridicule. She
exits leaving Kennith alone to reflect.

After a moment, Kennith snaps into realization.

KENNITH

Yo, Sabra, wait up!

Kennith runs after her.

67

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

67

Daren arrives home. Vivian is waiting for him on the couch.

VIVIAN

Daren, come here, sit down.

Daren obeys.

Vivian's face is nurturing.

VIVIAN

Baby, I just want to say I'm sorry.
I know I haven't been the easiest
person to get along with lately.

(beat)

Seems like all I do now is sit
around all day, wondering what I
could have done differently to
prevent...

Vivian's anguish flushes her face. She forces a smile
through.

VIVIAN

It's just hard for me, baby. But
I've been thinking and you're
right... you aren't your brother.
You are your own amazing person and
I can't shelter **you** from the world
because of **my** fear. God has a
calling on your life, that no one
can interrupt. I want you to chase
your dreams and trust in his plan
for you.

Vivian embraces Daren tightly.

VIVIAN

I love you so much, baby.

DAREN

I love you too, Momma.

68

INT. THE BOOGIE - LOBBY - NIGHT

68

The boys arrive in the busy lobby of the club.

KENNITH

So that's it, and she just let you
go?

DAREN

That's it.

KENNITH

Wow man, you must feel like you
just got off the **Amistad** or
something. You shoulda done that
mess a long time ago.

The boys are greeted by several guards and fans, as they make their way through a security check point.

69

INT. THE BOOGIE - NIGHT

69

The boys make their way into the main area of the club. They head for the dance floor.

DJ PHENOM

Yeah yeah, party people in the
place to be... welcome to The
Boogie, home of the best crews on
the Planet! Now as always we're
here to have a good time and
celebrate life so get on the floor
and do work!

JOSH 'PAC MAN' PARKER (19) a Code Red member, notices his rivals and alerts Zaviar, who is talking to a nearby female. Zaviar is annoyed to see them.

Daren, Kennith and several of their crew members dance in the crowd. Spectators clear a space for them.

Code Red members gather at the edge of the circle and watch. Zaviar motions for Josh to bust a move. Josh enters the circle amidst the rival crew and explodes into a flurry of dance acrobatics.

New School members step back. Code Red steps into the circle with a choreographed challenge.

DJ PHENOM

Oh, what's this? Looks like we got
another challenge! Code Red's
calling out New Skool! What say
you, K-Roc?

*

New School members look on, anxiously hoping their leader will accept the contest. Kennith looks at his crew.

DAREN

Come on man, let's get em!

Kennith nods.

DJ PHENOM

Aww yeah, challenge accepted,
battle on... Lets go!

Track drops. Bass pumps loudly from huge speakers.

New Skool dancers take the floor displaying a unique array of moves. Code Red counters with moves of their own. They trade submissions again.

Finally Kennith and Zaviar face off in a one on one battle royale, resulting in Kennith being narrowly defeated.

DJ PHENOM

Oh, snap! Looks like the Champs
been defeated ya'll... we have a
new King of the Ring. Code Red!
Don't worry bout it K Roc, better
luck next time!

New Skool, defeated, exits the dance floor. Code Red taunts as their victims depart.

Kennith and Daren sit on a sofa in VIP. Kennith is noticeably furious with himself.

DAREN

Man, don't worry about it... they
just got lucky this time! We'll
come back next month with some new
stuff and bust em out!

Kennith isn't comforted.

KENNITH

Man, what's the point?

DAREN

What do you mean?

KENNITH

I mean, what difference does it
make who's better here, man? There
are always gonna be other crews and
battles and at the end of the day,
none of it really matters! We just
a bunch of kids fighting for
respect inside **these** walls... when
we leave here, nothing's different!

Daren looks confused.

KENNITH

Damn D... don't you ever want to
make a difference? But we can't, we
just some God damned...

Kennith swats his drink off of the nearby table. He grabs his head in frustration.

DAREN

What do you wanna do?

KENNITH

Man, I don't know. There's just gotta be more out there, D. There's gotta be!

Daren stares at his friend.

70

INT. CARTER HIGH SCHOOL - MR. REAGAL'S OFFICE - DAY

70

Charlie arrives at the office of Mr. Reagal who is distracted with paper work. Charlie clears his throat, to make his presence known.

MR. REAGAL

Come in, Charlie.

Charlie enters. Mr. Reagal sets his papers aside.

MR. REAGAL

Charlie, I want to commend you on all your effort... you've done everything we've asked of you and really been an excellent apprentice of the arts.

CHARLIE

Thank you, sir.

Mr. Reagal sighs.

MR. REAGAL

Well, it seems that Mr. Michaels has expressed some dissension with our dramatic selection.

CHARLIE

Mr. Michaels? Leander's dad?

*

MR. REAGAL

Yes, Mr. Michael's corporation is one of the few contributors our Drama Department has left, and they are threatening to pull their funding unless the show is... changed.

Charlie stares in silent disbelief.

MR. REAGAL
 I'm afraid my hands have been tied
 by the Board, Charlie. I am truly
 sorry.

*

Charlie wears a melancholy expression.

71

INT. KENNITH'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

71

Kennith flips through the channels, stopping on a familiar movie, "Breakin' 2 - 'Electric Boogaloo". It involves a scene in which the characters are trying to raise money to save their community center from being torn down.

He stares at the screen introspectively.

Moments later, Simon is hard at work in his home office when Kennith enters.

KENNITH
 Dad, you got a minute?

SIMON
 (distracted)
 Yeah, sure son... what do you need?

KENNITH
 Well, it's about what you want me
 to do with my life.

Simon looks up from his papers.

SIMON
 What I want for your life? I just
 want what any father wants, I
 guess. I want to be proud of you,
 to brag about your accomplishments
 to my colleagues.

*
*

KENNITH
 And those accomplishments... what
 if they have nothing to do with a
 board room or some fortune 500
 company? Could you still be proud
 of a son like that?

Simon stares at his son strangely.

SIMON
 Son, it's not for me to choose your
 path. It's my job to support and
 encourage you as much as I can.
 That's what a father does.

KENNITH
Thanks, Dad.

Kennith turns to leave but is halted.

SIMON
Umm Kenny, what exactly did you
have in mind?

*
*

Kennith grins, deviously.

72

INT. CARTER HIGH SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - DAY

72

Daren arrives at his normal lunch table, with Charlie.

DAREN
Hey you guys; this is Charlie from
Theatre. I asked him to sit with
us.

CHARLIE
Hey.

Charlie is greeted by the friends. He and Daren sit.

DAREN
What's going on?

CHOLETTE
Kenny was just telling us his plan
to get back the Arts programs.

Daren looks awkwardly at Kennith.

DAREN
Plan... what plan?

KENNITH
Okay, check this out. I was
thinking... what if we throw a big
fund-raiser?

DAREN
How's a fund-raiser supposed to get
us back the Art Programs?

KENNITH
Simple, we can get all the students
and the community involved... like
a show. Let people know how taking
these programs really effects the
students.

Daren is not convinced.

DAREN

A show... you guys are serious?

KENNITH

Yeah man, a huge block-party type show... with everything, like on those Breakin movies. I'm talking about dancing, singing, drama, art...

*

DAREN

Dude, you know how clicky the kids in this school are... they don't even acknowledge each other! What makes you think they gonna work together for something?

(Daren points)

Look, the Jocks don't fool with the Geeks, Goths hate the Preps. You got Thugs, Foreigners, and of course...

The Ratchet girls, EMANUALLA COLE (18), flamboyant ghetto queen with a baby lump and SHAKARI NEWTON (18) 'Get it girl' side kick, sit at their table people watching and ridiculing their fellow classmates.

A rival classmate passes them. Once out of sight they begin to mock her.

73

RATCHET GIRL VIDEO SKIT:

73

Daren shakes off the unsettling sight of the girls.

DAREN

... them chicks don't like **NOBODY!**

BRIAN

D's got a point... it's hard to get people to make moves now a days even if it's in their own best interest.

KENNITH

That's just MY point. If we can get people from all those different groups to pitch in, then it's not just a Show... **it's a Movement!**

*

CHOLETTE

I can get the art students to participate.

BRIAN

... and I'll get the guys on the team to help out, too.

KENNITH

Plus, I talked to my Pops and check it... I got this petition for the students to sign. He said he'll present it to the school board.

DAREN

(to Kennith)

So we supposed to put on a show because you saw an 80's dance flick?

CHARLIE

I think it sounds dope.

FRIENDS

Yeah!

KENNITH

See? Come on D... we can do this!

DAREN

Alright alright, I guess I'm in.

The group rallies.

KENNITH

But that ain't all. The show alone won't change things. The students also have to prove they can do better in school... by actually doing better in school. Hey you think Bree can get the Egg-heads on board?

*
*
*

They all nod in agreement.

*

DAREN

Okay okay, so where are we gonna have this proposed Show?

The group has no answers.

74

INT. FRIENDSHIP WEST BAPTIST CHURCH - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY⁷⁴

The boys sit at a long meeting table in a medium sized conference room.

Pastor Frederick D. Haynes III, sits at the head of the table.

KENNITH

So you see Pastor Haynes, they've taken away all the art programs and fired some of the best teachers we have...

*

Pastor Haynes's face shows his anguish at the thought.

KENNITH

We know you're busy and normally we wouldn't bother you with this kinda thing, but sir... these classes give the students an outlet to express themselves and it's the only thing that's keeping a lot of them out of the streets.

PASTOR HAYNES

Well fellaz, that is a messed up situation and I *do* sympathize... but what can the church do?

DAREN

We're not asking for money or anything, sir. The students are planning to put on a big show to raise funds and awareness about the issue. All we need is a venue.

KENNITH

We were hoping to use the parking lot.

Pastor Haynes contemplates. His face concludes.

PASTOR HAYNES

Tell you what, boys... you have my full support. You guys work on fund raising and building a buzz in the community... I'll do what I can on my end.

Pastor Haynes stands.

DAREN

Thanks, Pastor Haynes.

PASTOR HAYNES

No problem D, you brothers are more than welcome.

DAREN

Yes, sir.

PASTOR HAYNES

Alright... keep me posted on your progress.

Pastor Haynes shakes the boys hands as they leave.

MONTAGE: THE STUDENTS SOLICIT ASSISTANCE FROM THE SOCIAL GROUPS // SIMON TRIES UNSUCCESSFULLY TO LOBBY THE BOARD MEMBERS // THEY FUND RAISE // DAREN SOLICITS DORCUS' HELP AS CLASS PRESIDENT // THE ART CLASS IS CLEARED OUT // KENNITH RALLIES THE STUDENTS // THE STUDENTS PARTICIPATE IN CLASS // PRINCIPAL KLINE NOTICES // DORCUS TOUCHES DAREN'S HAND FLIRTATIVELY // KENNITH, WATCHING, FROM AFAR LAUGHS HYSTERICALLY // MR. REAGAL ENTERS PRINCIPLE KLINE'S OFFICE// KENNITH SOLO DANCE // STUDENTS ATTEND STUDY GROUPS // THE PETITION IS PASSED OUT // MR. REAGAL EXITS WITH HIS BOX // THE STUDENTS REHEARSE AT THE CHURCH // DAREN SOLO DANCE.

75

EXT. STREET - DAY

75

Daren crosses the street to avoid the car wash. He spots the normal drug dealers hustling. Daren passes seemingly undetected.

The old school luxury sedan on huge chrome rims, slowly pulls up on Daren from behind. The dark tinted windows roll down.

40 CAL

Yo, D!

Monster's goons jump out of the car and force Daren into the back passenger's seat.

At that very moment, Mr. Mason is driving past and sees the confrontation.

76

INT. LUXURY SEDAN - DAY

76

Monster is seated across from Daren.

MONSTER

Daren, you disappoint me, man. I give you an opportunity to work for me and you spit it back in my face.

Oh yeah, don't think I ain't
noticed how you been ducking me
lately, little nigga!

DAREN

Look Monster... I can't work for
you, man.

MONSTER

D, I ain't asking you no more, I'm
telling you... and you **don't** have a
choice! Unless, of course... you
want to end up like your brother.

Daren looks at Monster squarely.

DAREN

What are you saying?

MONSTER

It's a shame, really. I warned that
kid, but he just couldn't keep his
head straight, got sloppy. Late
deliveries... not answering his
phone but I let him make it.

(beat)

Little punk was too busy trying to
be MJ, I guess. Then he committed
the ultimate sin... he lost my
shit! So I had to downsize his ass.

Daren's face shatters.

MONSTER

Now, you gone get out on these
streets and get me back the money
he lost, or else your mom's gonna
be burying another son!

Monster flashes his pistol.

MONSTER

Do we understand each other?

Mr. Mason pulls up in front of the luxury sedan and gets out
of his truck. He approaches the car but is quickly confronted
by the guards.

MR. MASON

Daren, get out of the car!

40 CAL

Beat it Motha fucka, this don't
concern you... this is business!

MR. MASON

I'm not going anywhere. That's my student and he has no business with you!

*

40 Cal punches Mr. Mason in the stomach and places a gun to his head. The window rolls down.

MONSTER

Do this look like high school, Teacher-man?

MR. MASON

Let him go. I've already called the cops and they'll be here any minute.

Sirens can be heard approaching.

MONSTER

(to Mr. Mason)

You just signed your death certificate.

(to Daren)

Yo, get the hell outta my car!

Daren steps out. The guards jump back in.

MONSTER

See you around, Teacher.

They speed away.

Daren assists his injured former teacher.

DAREN

Are you okay?

MR. MASON

I'll be alright... you okay?

Daren nods.

MR. MASON

Come on, I'll drive you home.

They get into Mr. Mason's truck and drive away.

Mr. Mason drops Daren off at his apartment.

The luxury sedan pulls to a stop at a distance. Monster and his soldiers sit in the car watching.

40 CAL
Should we get him?

MONSTER
Naw, I'll handle that punk later.
Follow the Teacher-man.

The sedan sets out after Mr. Mason's truck.

78

EXT. FRIENDSHIP WEST BAPTIST CHURCH - PARKING LOT - DAY 78

The students work to construct the stage. Some paint signs while others carry items.

Daren hammers wooden planks down. Pastor Haynes approaches.

PASTOR HAYNES
Hey D, man you guys are really
bringing this thing together,
aren't you?

DAREN
Yes, sir. This is going to be the
biggest event this community has
ever seen.

PASTOR HAYNES
Well is there anything else you
guys need from us?

DAREN
Actually Pastor Haynes, I talked
with the students about it and
everybody agreed that you'd be the
perfect MC for the show. Do you
think you can host for us?

Pastor Haynes smiles.

PASTOR HAYNES
Well, you know I don't usually like
to speak in front of crowds... but
sure, man, I'd be honored to host.

They shake on it.

Kennith runs up.

KENNITH
D! Yo, D!

PASTOR HAYNES
Kenny, you alright?

DAREN
What's wrong, man?

KENNITH
It's Mr. Mason, somebody beat him
up real bad. He in the hospital
man!

Daren's face drops.

79

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - DAY

79

Several of the Dance students are seated in the waiting room.
DR. ALLEN WUN, (Early 40's) Asian doctor, emerges from the
ICU.

The students stand anxiously.

KENNITH
How's Mr. Mason... is he gonna be
okay?

DR. WOMPLEY
It's too soon to tell right now...
He's stable but we're not out of
the woods yet. The patient lost a
lot of blood and sustained a great
deal of damage to his neck and
spine.

DAREN
When can we see him?

DR. WOMPLEY
The patient is still unconscious,
so I think it's best if we allow
him to rest.

SABRA
(sobbing)
He has a name... **Mr. Mason!**

Sabra buries her face into Kennith's chest.

KENNITH
Please Doctor, we just want to see
him.

Dr. Wompley sighs sympathetically.

DR. WOMPLEY
Tell you what... I can let one of
you in.

Kennith looks around.

KENNITH
Daren should go.

The classmates agree.

80

INT. HOSPITAL - MR. MASON'S ROOM - DAY

80

Daren cautiously enters the room.

Mr. Mason lies unconscious and covered in braces and medical wrapping. Daren stares at the contorted remanence of his once familiar teacher.

Daren's face is a mixture of anger, guilt and bewilderment.

DAREN
I don't know if you can hear me,
Mr. Mason. I'm sorry I got you in
this... but I'm gonna make them
pay. I promise you, they're gonna
pay!

Mr. Mason gives no response.

81

INT. APARTMENT - DAREN'S BED ROOM - EVENING

81

Daren enters his room and looks under his bed. He pulls out a shoe box, which he sits on his bed. Daren opens the shoe box and from it produces a pistol. He checks the ammo-- Full.

Daren hides the gun in the pocket of his hoodie and places the box back under the bed.

Daren emerges from his apartment and walks down the flight of stairs towards the ground level. On the way down he finds Bree on her way up.

BREE
Oh Daren, hey.
(beat)
I just came from the hospital.
Kenny, said you had left so...

DAREN
Well, I'm headed out, so I really
can't talk right now.

BREE
Where are you going?

DAREN
I gotta handle some business.

BREE
You're not going to try to get the
guys that did this, are you?

DAREN
Why shouldn't I, its my fault Mr.
Mason is up in that hospital like
that! I gotta...

Tears well up in Daren's eyes.

BREE
You gotta do what, Daren? You're
going to get yourself killed trying
to get revenge!

Daren pulls out the gun and stares at it reflectively. Bree,
shocked, peers at Daren.

DAREN
Naw, that ain't gone happen. I'm
gonna get them first!

BREE
Daren. Okay, I know you're angry
but please listen to me. Anger
doesn't justify killing someone...
it only makes you just as guilty as
them.

Tears stream from Bree's eyes.

BREE
It would kill me if you got hurt.
Please don't do this... I'm begging
you! I can't lose you.

Bree steps closer and kisses Daren tenderly. The couple
embraces tightly and he cries into her neck as she consoles.

After a while, they walk back up the stairs.

DAREN
Hey, what kind of phone you got?

BREE
Huh?

They enter the apartment.

82

EXT. CAR WASH - MORNING

82

Monster sits in his car. 40 Cal approaches the car.

40 CAL

Monster... you got company.

Monster, who is snacking on sunflower seeds, spits the shells into a cup.

MONSTER

Bring em here.

40 Cal escorts Daren to the car. His headphones connected to Bree's phone which is on his waist. He gets in.

Monster continues to eat.

MONSTER

What do you want?

DAREN

You said Chris owed you money.

MONSTER

Yep, little punk lost a shipment...
owed me 30 stacks.

DAREN

I can work off his debt for you...
so nobody else has to get hurt.

MONSTER

What makes you think you still got
that option?

DAREN

I may just be a kid but I know
about business... I mean, Chris
lost you money, so you killed him.
But that don't get you back your
money.

Monster looks at Daren curiously.

DAREN

I'll work off the 30 grand, and
once I do, I'm out.

MONSTER

Naw little buster, rates went up!
You gotta work off fifty grand,
then I'll **think** about letting you
go!

DAREN

Alright.

MONSTER

Alright, I'll set up the drop. But,
D... you mess this up and it won't
just be Chris's blood on my hands.
I kill you and your whole family!

Daren nods.

MONSTER

Give me a couple days.

Daren exits.

83

EXT. STREET - MORNING

83

Daren walks towards the school. As he does he removes Bree's phone from his hip. We see that a recorder application is running. Daren stops it and plays back part of the conversation.

MONSTER (V.O.)

*...but, D... you mess this up and
it won't just be Chris's blood on
my hands...*

His expression shows his satisfaction.

84

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

84

Daren sits near the desk of Officer Meagan Drake.

MONTAGE: DAREN EXPLAINS HIS SITUATION // MEAGAN CALLS OVER A
HOMICIDE DETECTIVE // DAREN PLAYS THE CONFESSION // DAREN
LOOKS THROUGH A PHOTO LINE UP // HE POINTS OUT THE SUSPECTS.

85

INT. POLICE STATION - WAITING AREA

85

Daren emerges from behind the heavy door again. Vivian and Bree are waiting for him. Vivian hugs her son tightly. Bree grabs Daren's hand.

They exit together.

86 EXT. CAR WASH - NIGHT

86

Monster sits in the luxury sedan parked at the back of the car wash. He checks his watch.

MONSTER

Where the hell is this little nigga at?

87 INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - NIGHT

87

DETECTIVE NORMAN ENLEY (Mid 40's) stoic veteran, waits for a signal.

DET. ENLEY

ALRIGHT LET'S GO, GO, GO!

Suddenly police cars swarm the Car wash. Officers jump out guns drawn. They arrest the gangsters.

Monster is pulled out of the sedan. They place him roughly in back of a squad car. Monster peers at Daren from the back seat.

Daren watches from a distance.

88 INT. CARTER HIGH SCHOOL - PRINCIPAL KLINE'S OFFICE - DAY 88

Principal Kline stares curiously ahead at an unseen person sitting in front of him.

PRINCIPAL KLINE

Pastor Haynes, you are a very fascinating man. I hope you don't mind but in preparation for our meeting, I took the liberty of watching some of your sermons on the youtube... and I was quite impressed. So much passion for social issues, such a champion of everyday people.

Pastor Haynes stares at Principal Kline squarely.

PRINCIPAL KLINE

You and I are very much alike in that way, I think. But for our positions... you lobbying from the pulpit and of course my charge being made in the hallways of academia, we are virtually indistinguishable.

We're both simply proponents of justice for the sheep of our flocks. I also found that, like this school, your facility is in desperate need of some maintenance.

Pastor Haynes grins at the man.

PRINCIPAL KLINE

It's for that reason, I think that we can come to an agreement on exactly how to lead... given our present circumstances.

PASTOR HAYNES

Go on...

Principal Kline smiles triumphantly. He grabs a checkbook from his drawer and begins to fill it out.

PRINCIPAL KLINE

Certainly, a man of action, like me. Well Pastor, I've spoken with the board members and what we propose is this... you cancel this little demonstration at your church in exchange for a sizable donation to your Ministry...

Principal Kline slides the check to the edge of his desk. His grin tightens.

PRINCIPAL KLINE

Anonymously, of course.

PASTOR HAYNES

Of course.

Pastor Haynes looks at the amount written on the check. It is a large figure. Pastor stares at it oddly.

PASTOR HAYNES

There seems to be a mistake.

PRINCIPAL KLINE

Oh, where?

PASTOR HAYNES

In that part of your fool brain that thinks that you can pay me to forfeit my integrity!

The first thing I had to learn in my calling to lead, was how to follow and realize that the one whom I follow provides all the needs of me and my flock according to his riches in glory!

Principal Kline's face is noticeably agitated. Pastor Haynes stands to leave.

PASTOR HAYNES

You know what's really sad? For the amount of money you're willing to pay me to gamble these kids' futures, you could afford to hire twice as many teachers as you've let go.

Pastor Haynes balls up the check and drops it into the trash can on his way out. Principal Kline angrily swats the papers off his desk. He sits in frustrated reflection.

89

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

89

Daren sits watching Television in horror. There is a new report on. Again Rick Santino reports.

RICK

...at the Dallas County Court House where suspect, Trevon 'Monster' Booker, was released today on one-hundred-seventy thousand dollar bond, pending his upcoming case. Lawyers for the defendant say that...

Daren's face shows his dismay.

90

INT. CARTER HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

90

Daren stands at his locker. He transfers items from his bag to his locker. Daren slowly lifts the pistol slightly into view.

Suddenly Kennith appears.

KENNITH

HEY, WUTCHOO DOIN!

Daren is startled and drops the sack. The gun slides out. Daren quickly grabs it and returns it to the bag. Kennith is shocked to see the weapon.

KENNITH

D, tell me that's not what I think
it is!

DAREN

What am I supposed to do? Monster
is out on bail now.... what's gonna
stop him from?

(beat)

Look, don't worry about it.

KENNITH

(whispering)

What the hell do you mean, don't
worry about it? Daren, are you
outta your GeeDee mind?!

(beat)

Gimmie the bag!

DAREN

What?

KENNITH

Give it here!

Daren hands the bag to Kennith who stuffs it in his jacket.

KENNITH

Can't believe you... that's just
stupid, D!

Kennith walks away. Daren looks pensive.

FADE OUT:

91

INT. COURT ROOM - DAY

91

MONTAGE: DAREN IN COURT // DAREN IS SWORN IN // DAREN POINTS
OUT MONSTER AS THE GUILTY PARTY // PROSECUTOR SPEAKS //
MONSTER'S GOONS TESTIFY AGAINST HIM // SOPHIA TESTIFIES.

The prosecution plays the confession recording. Monster's
frustration is evident. He confronts his lawyers in
aggravated whispers. The jury continues to consider the
evidence.

The foreman, RICHARD FICHER, (Late 40's) mailman looks,
stands.

RICHARD

In the case of the State of Texas versus Trevon Booker on the charge of Murder in the first degree, the jury finds the defendant... Guilty as charged.

The court room erupts. Vivian embraces Daren tightly.

Monster is less than pleased with the verdict. He is escorted from the room.

92

INT. HOSPITAL - MR. MASON'S ROOM - DAY

92

The dance students have gathered in Mr. Mason's room. He is conscious and aside from the neck brace and casts on one of his arms and a leg, he is on his way to a full recovery.

The room is decorated festively. They rejoice gleefully.

KENNITH

Man, Mr. Mason... you must have some of that Wolverine DNA in you or something.

TEDDY

Yeah, you look great.

DIEGO

You'll be back poppin and lockin in no time.

They agree.

MR. MASON

Thanks guys, I really appreciate all this.

KENNITH

Aww man, we're just glad your okay. You had us all pretty worried for a minute there.

Sabra interjects.

SABRA

Okay okay, well we all chipped in to get you a little something.

Sabra opens the gift box. It contains a brand new pair of white Air Force One sneakers. They have been signed by all of the dance students.

SABRA

For when you get back on your feet.

MR. MASON

Aww wow, these are perfect, thanks
guys... and girls!

Daren looks uncomfortable. Mr. Mason notices.

MR. MASON

Hey, can ya'll give me and Daren a
minute alone?

KENNITH

(to students)

Yeah, let's hit the cafeteria
ya'll!

The students each congratulate Mr. Mason on their way out.
Daren remains at a distance-- still racked with guilt.

MR. MASON

So, I heard you got those guys put
away for a long time. That was
really brave of you, man.

Daren doesn't respond.

MR. MASON

Look, I know it might not exactly
give you closure, but you did the
right thing. I'm proud of you, D.

Mr. Mason lifts his good arm. Daren moves closer. They fist
pound.

93

INT. CARTER HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

93

Kennith walks down the hallway to one of the rest rooms. As
he walks his classmates greet him and acknowledge their
excitement about the big event coming.

94

INT. CARTER HIGH SCHOOL - BATH ROOM - DAY

94

Kennith washes his hands while looking at his reflection in
the mirror. The door opens. Footsteps approach. The next
mirror over shows the reflection of Principal Kline.

PRINCIPAL KLINE

Mr. Frazier... if someone would have told me at the beginning of the school year that I would have this much trouble from someone like you, I wouldn't have believed it for a second.

No response.

PRINCIPAL KLINE

You must consider yourself quite the revolutionary now... Got the whole community dancing to your little tune, unaware that it won't change a thing. **You won't change a thing!**

KENNITH

(pompously)

Was that it?

Kennith giggles to himself as he exits.

Principal Kline tries to hold his rage. He slams his hand against the wall injuring it. Principal Kline winces in agony.

95

INT. CARTER HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

95

Principal Kline, wearing an arm brace, is accompanied by several officers and a police K9. The dog sniffs Kennith's locker and begins to bark.

They break open the locker. OFFICER CALEB GRECKO, (Mid 30's) Marine special forces looks, grabs a bookbag from the locker and opens it. The officer's face shows revelation. He allows Principal Kline to look inside.

Principal Kline can hardly disguise his satisfaction.

96

INT. CARTER HIGH SCHOOL - PRINCIPAL KLINE'S OFFICE - DAY

96

Principal Kline, internally pleased, sits behind his desk. He stares at Daren and Kennith seated before him. Officers man the door.

PRINCIPAL KLINE

Well, boys... it seems that we have a rather serious problem.

The boys stare curiously at Principal Kline.

PRINCIPAL KLINE

During a routine search of student lockers, our detectives found this in your locker, Mr. Frazier.

Principal Kline holds up a plastic bag containing Daren's gun. The friends are like deer caught in the head lights.

Principal Kline smirks.

PRINCIPAL KLINE

Can you explain why this would be in your locker?

Kennith is a statue.

KENNITH

I... I...

DAREN

Its mine.

The whole room shifts towards Daren.

PRINCIPAL KLINE

What?

Kennith's face mimics the Principal's WTF sentiments.

DAREN

Its mine, I put it in Kenny's locker. He didn't know it was there.

The Principal loses a bit of his glow.

PRINCIPAL KLINE

I see. Well then Mr. Kaper... these gentlemen will need to escort you to the Police station.

*

The officers approach and cuff Daren.

OFFICER GRECKO

Come on, son.

They escort Daren from the office. Kennith remains.

Principal Kline stares squarely at him.

PRINCIPAL KLINE

Don't think you're off the hook, Mr. Frazier.

*

I know you're involved somehow and
I will be addressing this matter
further.

Kennith does not respond.

PRINCIPAL KLINE
You're free to leave.

Kennith exits.

97

INT. CARTER HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

97

Daren is escorted by the officers. Students watch in shock
and confusion.

Bree approaches.

BREE
Daren, what's going on? Daren?

No response.

OFFICER GRECKO
Out of the way, Ma'am.

Kennith emerges from the office. Bree and other friends run
to him.

BREE
(whimpering)
Kenny, why are they taking Daren?
What happened?

KENNITH
Principal Kline had him arrested.
He's trying to shut down the Show
any way he can.

CHARLIE
Damn man, what are we gonna do now?

KENNITH
I don't know... but we're not going
to give up?

DIEGO
Yeah man, but we need D... we can't
do this alone.

Kennith gets an idea on his face.

KENNITH
Maybe we won't have to.

98 INT. THE BOOGIE - NIGHT

98

Kennith wades through the crowd of teens. He approaches Zaviar in the middle of the dance floor but is walled off by Code Red members.

Zaviar turns to see Kennith.

ZAVIAR
What you doing here, little Kenny?
Come to get smashed again?

KENNITH
Look man, I wanna call a truce. We need your help. They tryna take away the arts programs from all the schools in the district.

ZAVIAR
So what? Why the hell should I care if you punks get to color and shit?

KENNITH
Look man, these classes are where a lot of these crews started from. If they take em away what else them kids got?

Zaviar appears irritated.

ZAVIAR
Look dude, I told you... that ain't my concern! Besides, everybody knows real dance comes from the streets anyways! You let that High school musical mess turn you soft K-Roc! You lost your juice!

Zaviar turns his back to Kennith.

KENNITH
Alright fine, if you think I've lost it... then prove it!

Kennith takes off his jacket.

ZAVIAR
What?

KENNITH

You heard me, I'm calling you out!
You and me, right now!

DJ PHENOM

Uh oh, don't look now... I think we
got a challenge on the dance floor!
Mano y mano, who gone step up to
build their rep up?

The crowd focuses in on the dispute.

ZAVIAR

Kenny, you're embarrassing
yourself, man... and for what?

KENNITH

I win, you guys help us with this
show, I lose...

ZAVIAR

You lose... you never set foot in
this place again! YOU DONE DANCING!

*

KENNITH

We talking, or are we battling?

Zaviar points to the DJ. The beat drops.

Kennith immediately attacks with a collage of swift moves.
Zaviar is unimpressed and counters. They go back and forth.

Kennith closes his eyes and allows his body to become the
beat as the music guides him through an impressive array of
free style acrobatics that shock and amaze even Zaviar.

Zaviar must concede victory to his opponent.

DJ PHENOM

OMG, did you see that, I think we
have a winner... K Rooooooc!!!

The crowd roars. Kennith and Zaviar shake hands.

99

INT. POLICE STATION - VISITOR'S AREA - EVENING

99

In a cold, drab room, Daren wearing an orange jail house jump
suit, sits separated by a glass partition from Vivian. Her
face is tear stained.

VIVIAN

They feeding you okay, baby?

DAREN
Yeah, sandwiches mostly.

Vivian fights to keep her composure.

DAREN
Look Momma, I'm sorry all this
happened. I never wanted to...

VIVIAN
Hey hey... don't worry about that
now. You just keep praying and stay
strong in there okay?

Honest tears begin to fall from Daren's eyes.

DAREN
Yes, Ma'am.

VIVIAN
I **love** you.

DAREN
Love you too.

100 INT. POLICE STATION - EVENING

100

A demoralized, Daren is led back to a lone cell.

Officer Meagan Drake recognizes him.

Back in his cell, Daren drops to his knees and begins to
pray.

101 INT. POLICE STATION - EVENING

101

Officer Meagan Drake approaches Officer Caleb Grecko.

OFFICER DRAKE
Hey Caleb, cell fourteen... that's
Daren Kaper. What's he in here for?

OFFICER GRECKO
Oh him... caught with a concealed
weapon in his locker.

Officer Drake reflects for a moment.

OFFICER DRAKE
There's been a mistake. He's a
witness in a homicide case.

OFFICER GRECKO

What?

OFFICER DRAKE

Yeah, the gun was evidence. I asked him to bring it in to me.

OFFICER GRECKO

What the hell Drake, have you lost your mind? Do you know how much trouble you can get in for having a kid carry around a loaded weapon like that?

OFFICER DRAKE

I know, I know, Caleb. Can you please just cut me some slack on this one... please?

Officer Grecko thinks.

OFFICER GRECKO

God damn it, you owe me big...

OFFICER DRAKE

I know, you're totally my hero, babe... thank you so much.

102 INT. POLICE STATION - CELL - MORNING

102

The door opens waking Daren. Officer Drake enters.

OFFICER DRAKE

Hey, thought I told you to stay out of trouble?

No response.

OFFICER DRAKE

I know you lost your brother and I understand you're afraid... but you gotta let that go and leave the Cops and Robbers stuff to the professionals.

Daren's head drops in reflection.

OFFICER DRAKE

Look, I've convinced my superiors to let you go on a warning, provided you lay low from now on. That means. I don't want to see you in here again... or you're done!

Not even for J walking or cursing
in Public... understand?

103 INT. POLICE STATION - WAITING AREA - MORNING 103

Daren enters the waiting area where Bree waits for him.

BREE
You really like this place don't
you?

They hug and kiss. They exit the building.

104 EXT. FRIENDSHIP WEST BAPTIST CHURCH - PARKING LOT - DAY 104

A huge crowd fills the church's parking lot. The street has been sectioned off and several booths line the street exhibiting arts and crafts made by the students. Others offer refreshments and allow community members to sign petitions and contribute support.

The crowd roars with jubilation, as DJ Phenom entertains them.

105 INT. CARTER HIGH SCHOOL - PRINCIPAL KLINE'S OFFICE - DAY 105

Principal Kline, hand in a brace, sits in his office listening to the outside festivities in annoyance.

106 EXT. FRIENDSHIP WEST BAPTIST CHURCH - PARKING LOT - DAY 106

Back stage Kennith and the other students anxiously anticipate the start of the show.

Bree and Daren pull up. Daren is dressed to perform. They race toward the stage.

Pastor Haynes takes the stage.

PASTOR HAYNES
Alright alright alright... Oak
Cliff Texas, how you doing today?

Crowd roars.

PASTOR HAYNES

Okay, for those of you who don't know me, my name is Dr. Fredderick Douglas Haynes the third and I am Senior Pastor of the phenomenal Friendship West Baptist Church aka the **Wild Wild West** where we ain't got nothing but...

CROWD

LOOOOOOOOVE!

PASTOR HAYNES

Love for you, that's right. Well, let me be the first to officially welcome you all to the first Annual Carter Community Block Party put together by our very own students and young folk! Not just to entertain you, but also to raise awareness in regards of the bureaucratic bias and bigoted dealings in the places that are educating our children! Ain't that some mess? As if our kids don't have it hard enough outside the school, they have to deal internally with a school system that's given up on their potential!

The crowd groans.

PASTOR HAYNES

Yeah, and that's what we're here fighting today... so make sure you get involved. We have petition booths, arts and crafts, and of course food too cause I know my people love to eat, alright? So, without further ado, we want to kick this thing off with a prayer song performed for us by an amazingly talented young brother, please show some love for... Charlie Denton!

Crowd cheers.

Charlie approaches Pastor Haynes and accepts the microphone. He closes his eyes and performs a moving rendition of The Lord's Prayer accompanied by the Friendship West OMG Choir.

107 EXT. FRIENDSHIP WEST BAPTIST CHURCH - BACK STAGE - DAY 107

Daren arrives back stage.

SABRA

Oh my God, look its Daren!

Daren is greeted by his comrades.

KENNITH

Man, how the heck did you get out?
You didn't escape, did you?

DAREN

Prayer.

His friends faces agree.

DAREN

So, are we gonna put on a show or
what?

The group cheers.

Local Newscaster Emily Krueger emerges from a news truck
along with her crew. She quickly fixes her appearance before
beginning her report.

EMILY

In three - Two - Well folks, its
been months of hard work and
planning, but finally the students
of Carter High School will get
their day in court as they voice
their plea to Congress through a
unique and artistic demonstration
the likes of which this community
has never seen...

*

MONTAGE: SEVERAL ACTS PERFORM INCLUDING A DANCE COMBINATION
WITH CODE RED CALLING THEMSELVES 'REVOLUTION DANCE CREW' //
STUDENT RAPPERS CONVEY AN INSPIRATIONAL ORIGINAL SELECTION...

108 INT. CARTER HIGH SCHOOL - PRINCIPAL KLINE'S OFFICE - DAY 108

Principal Kline opens his eyes with a look of cognizance. He
grabs his phone.

109 EXT. FRIENDSHIP WEST BAPTIST CHURCH - PARKING LOT - DAY 109

MONTAGE: FANS CHEER // PEOPLE DANCE AND CONGREGATE // PEOPLE
EATING // SIGNING THE PETITIONS // SOCIALLY CONSCIOUS POETRY.

110

EXT. CARTER HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

110

Principal Kline emerges from the school. He is met on his way out by Simon Frazier and a few other board members.

SIMON

You're doing a good thing.

PRINCIPAL KLINE

Yes, Finally...

The group walks towards the church parking lot.

Pastor Haynes returns to the stage.

PASTOR HAYNES

Alright ya'll don't forget to fill out one of these petition forms and support this cause, so we can initiate some positive change in our local schools, okay? Right now we wanna keep this thing going, so everybody put your hands together again for Revolution Dance Crew!

The crew takes the stage again for a choreographed number.

Off stage, the group of Board members approaches Pastor Haynes.

PRINCIPAL KLINE

Pastor Haynes, its good to see you again.

*

Pastor Haynes isn't swayed. Awkward pause. Principal Kline whispers something in Pastor Haynes's ear.

On stage, the dancers finish but remain on stage. Pastor Haynes takes the stage along with Principal Kline.

PASTOR HAYNES

Alright, everybody check this out--
We have here with us Mr. Melvin
Kline, Principal of Carter High
School.

Crowd Boos.

PASTOR HAYNES

Yes I agree, but hold on, because
Principal Kline has a really
important announcement you're gunna
want to hear.

Principal Kline approaches the podium and clears his throat.

The students on stage are confused.

PRINCIPAL KLINE

Umm, Good evening everyone, I am
Principal Melvin Kline.

People stare in silent anticipation.

PRINCIPAL KLINE

Umm yes, well I've been able to
bypass the school board and contact
our Mayor directly, regarding what
we all agree is a total failure to
evenly distribute Congressionally
Budgeted Educational funds between
districts.

Pastor Haynes waves his hand as if to say, 'Go on.'

PRINCIPAL KLINE

The Mayor assures me that he will
personally oversee the immediate
redistribution of assets to focus
specifically on *need*. Also, Mr.
Frazier here, will be submitting
legislation on Monday geared
towards the complete elimination of
lobbying dollars from any Texas
based education platform.

Pastor Haynes waves again.

PRINCIPAL KLINE

And last but not least, we were
able to convince the School Board
to donate a contribution directly
to re-establishing all discontinued
arts programs and the rehiring of
all dismissed teachers!

The crowd roars in celebration.

CREDITS ROLL

MONTAGE: THE STUDENTS REJOICE AND HUG ONE ANOTHER // BALLOONS
AND FIREWORKS FLY // PRINCIPAL KLINE SHAKES DAREN AND
KENNITH'S HANDS // DAREN HUGS HIS MOTHER // KENNITH HUGS HIS
FATHER // DAREN HUGS PASTOR HAYNES // JUBILATION ECHOES THE
COMMUNITY.

CONTINUED MONTAGE OF NEXT YEAR: MR. MASON TEACHES ASSISTED BY
DAREN // MR. CULTRY TEACHES STUDENTS TO USE POWER TOOLS //
CHARLIE PLAYS OTHELLO // KENNITH GOES TO LOCAL COLLEGE //
DAREN AND BREE CONTINUE THEIR ROMANCE // STUDENTS FROM
DIFFERENT SOCIAL GROUPS CONGREGATE // PRINCIPAL KLINE STANDS
IN THE HALL PROUDLY WATCHING HIS STUDENTS.

The Janitor finishes buffing. Suddenly he breaks into a
freestyle dance breakdown and ends with a hand stand freeze.