

THE NEW WAVE

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Original Concept

OVER BLACK

SOUND of a war zone, yelling, gun fire and explosions.

EXT. MIDDLE EASTERN VILLAGE - NIGHT

Bullets fly hitting nearby surfaces - EXPLOSIONS in the distance. RA'SHEL "RAH-RAH" JACKSON (30s, Black female) dressed in fatigues and holding an assault rifle, takes cover behind a stone house - catching her breath.

She exchanges her magazine, as a highly trained operative would, and surveys her equipment on her person, mumbling.

She leans against the house - a voice crackles through comms.

TRE (V.O.)
How's it looking Captain?

Rah-Rah smirks.

RAH-RAH
You're overwatch, you tell me -
that's your job.

TOP OF ROCKY HILL

TREVON "TRE" RICHMOND (30s, Black male) in fatigues and a ball cap, lies flat on his belly on top of a tan cloth, holding a sniper rifle. His muzzle trained on a small Arab village below.

He peers through the scope with one eye, the other closed. He cracks a smile and scoffs.

TRE (V.O.)
You know what I mean.

Rah-Rah takes inventory of her lethals and crashers. She has one of each and her face conveys she might be in trouble.

TRE (V.O.)
Well...

Rah-Rah forces a smile.

RAH-RAH
I'm sitting pretty. I'll make it
out of this with a story to tell.

Tre chuckles.

TRE (V.O.)
You're a fucking liar.

RAH-RAH
Well, keep me from being a liar.

TRE (V.O.)
Yes, Ma'am.

He adjusts his positioning, turns his cap backwards and peers down his scope.

BANG! A BODY, from the main street, drops at Rah-Rah's feet. She looks it over.

BODY

Wearing an Abaya, a Kalashnikov AK-47 at its side.

Rah-Rah looks up to the mountain and gives a thumbs up.

SNIPER SCOPE P.O.V.: Crosshairs sway slightly, Rah-Rah stands next to the downed body with a hand raised and thumb up.

TRE
(to self)
Yeah, I do my job very well, thank
you very much.

Rah-Rah places her assault rifle in the low ready position
PEBBLES SHUFFLE from behind her-

She spins to her right, draws her side arm and aims down her sights. Gun trained on a-

CHILD (6, Middle Eastern, female), wide eyes, mouth agape, frozen in place. She holds a homemade doll.

TRE (V.O.)
What's going on down there? I don't
have a visual.

WOMAN (late 30s, Middle Eastern) approaches, catching up to Child, and wraps child in her arms.

RAH-RAH
It's a kid and her mom.

Woman frantically speaks in Arabic.

Rah-Rah holsters her weapon and displays both of her hands to Woman and Child.

TRE (V.O.)
I'm not liking this.

RAH-RAH
(to mother and child)
Sorry. I thought you were someone
else. Look, it's okay.

She takes a step forward and kneels.

RAH-RAH
(Speaks in Arabic)
You're safe. I'm not going to hurt
you, or your mother.

Child responds in Arabic.

CHILD
She's not my mother.

Woman glances to her right for approval.

Confused, Rah-Rah looks in the same direction.

WINDOW OF SMALL HOUSE IN THE DISTANCE

Flashlight rhythmically flickers.

Rah-Rah looks at Woman, who smirks and then at Child who
looks around confused. Rah-Rah glances at the homemade doll.

HOMEMADE DOLL

Plastic explosives dressed in doll clothing!

WOMAN
(Chants in Arabic)
To cleanse the world of your evil,
I give our lives.

She shoves Child forward—

SLOW MOTION

Child stumbles towards Rah-Rah.

RAH-RAH

Inhales a deep breath, her eyes bounce left to right,
assessing the situation.

CHILD'S HANDS

Right hand holding the explosive doll and the other empty.

WOMAN'S HAND

Reaches into her garment—

CHILD'S FOOT

Steps on a rock - ankle rolls—

Rah-Rah exhales—

SLOW MOTION ENDS

Rah-Rah grabs Child's right wrist with her right hand, spins her around and slaps the doll out of Child's left hand, sending it towards Woman.

She pulls Child in to cover her, but before she can—

BOOM! Rah-Rah and Child are thrown from behind the stone house, into the main street.

SOUND MUFFLED

Small debris shower their still bodies. Smoke and dust fill the area.

TRE (V.O.)
Shit! Captain! You good?! Captain
talk to me!

RAH-RAH

Motionless - on her back covered in dust and debris.

TRE (V.O.)
Come on! You are tough as shit,
this ain't how you going out!

Rah-Rah stirs - snatches her sidearm from the holster, sits up and surveys the area pointing her weapon in every direction.

It's clear, no threats present.

She COUGHS and holds her left hand to the back of her head - her hand covered with blood. She's disoriented, looking on the ground for something - She finds it.

Rah-Rah wobbles to her feet, resting her hands on her thighs. She hobbles a few steps and falls to her knees.

She stares at the ground in front. On the ground—

Child lies face down in a pool of blood.

A HAND reaches out to touch Rah-Rah's shoulder-

MATCH CUT TO:

A HAND

Touches Rah-Rah's shoulder-

Rah-Rah snaps to, grabs the hand and twists the person into a submission hold. Pull back to reveal:

INT. BUS - PRESENT - NIGHT

Stopped, bright interior, illuminated by florescent lights and nearly empty. A camouflaged backpack sits next to Rah-Rah. DEVON BARBER (30s, Black male) winces in pain as he is held in a finger submission hold by Rah-Rah.

DEVON

Ow, ow, ow, okay, okay! I was just trying to wake you up.

Rah-Rah releases him - Devon steps back nursing his hand.

DEVON

Damn. Just wanted to let you know we reached the last stop.

Rah-Rah blinks out of self-defense mode, looks at Devon and cracks an apologetic smile.

RAH-RAH

Sorry about that. Thanks.

Devon returns a smile.

DEVON

You're welcome.

Taken by Rah-Rah's beauty, he relaxes, leans on a seat and gives a coy smile.

DEVON

Military huh? How is it being in a relationship and serving?

Rah-Rah raises a brow - don't test your luck.

RAH-RAH

I only apologize once.

Devon moves off of the seat and steps towards the rear exit doors.

DEVON

Okay, maybe another time. You can't blame me for trying.

RAH-RAH

Oh, I don't. I know what's in front of you.

She cracks a smile, Devon chuckles and exits the bus. Rah-Rah grabs the camouflaged backpack and also exits the bus.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Graffiti walls and litter serve as a backdrop to tents aligned on the sidewalk and a few persons belonging to the houseless community openly using drugs.

Rah-Rah stands in a cone of light under the street lamp.

The bus pulls away. Rah-Rah looks around before throwing her backpack on and marching in the opposite direction of the bus- POLICE SIREN wails in the distance.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Dimly lit, smooth HIP-HOP/R&B MUSIC sets the tone. PATRONS converse, laugh and drink. A TABLE near the back of the bar is a bit more lively.

TABLE

Five filled shot glasses sit in the center. A bowl of mixed nuts and a few partially drank beers sit near the edge. Abandoned nuts and water rings are scattered. Sitting at the table, engage in ADLIBBED conversation:

LURIAH "LULU" DAVIS (late 20s) beautiful, Black, female wearing an unzipped black jumpsuit and a white tank top smiles as she sits on the back of a chair with her feet on the seat and elbows on her knees.

CHAUNCEY RESHAWN JACOBS "CJ" (30s) handsome, Black, male, built for pro football dressed in jeans and a graphic t-shirt. He slouches back in his chair, his right arm hanging over the back - deep scars all over his hand.

He gazes at LuLu.

LuLu notices C.J.'s gaze, smiles, shakes her head and returns her attention to the conversation.

C.J. redirects his attention to the conversation as well.

JAMAL "J.B." BRAZEAL (late 20s) handsome, Black, male with a muscular built, wearing sweat pants and a graphic t-shirt. He engages in playful, but determined conversation with Tre who we met earlier in the war zone.

BAR DOOR

Opens and enters Rah-Rah. She removes her backpack scans.

LULU

Looks up from the conversation and see's Rah-Rah at the door - she lights up, raising her arms.

LULU

Captain!

Rah-Rah smiles and approaches the table.

The rest of the table looks up and shouts ADLIBBED greetings and cheers. They stand and give her hugs.

RAH-RAH

Stephen's running late?

The group becomes somber. A few look away.

TWO MINUTES LATER

Glumness stains their faces as they sit around the table, each holding a full shot glass.

J.B.

We signed up to give all that we could for our country-

C.J.

We actually signed up because the other options were gang banging or drug dealing.

Everyone laughs.

LULU

Facts!

J.B.

You right. But eventually we saw a reason bigger then ourselves.

The laughter dies down and the group silently agrees. J.B. raises his shot glass and the group raise theirs.

J.B.

To Stephen. Showing us that our individual work, leads to a collective impact.

EVERYONE IN GROUP

To Stephen!

Everyone throws back their shots and slam their glasses on the table. They break into ADLIBBED conversations. Tre takes a sip of his beer and looks over to—

RAH-RAH

Staring into a colorful mixed drink. She stirs it with a straw and takes a sip.

Tre approaches.

TRE

How we doing?

Beat.

RAH-RAH

We lost another one. Our last tour and we lost another one.

She shakes her head.

TRE

I know.

RAH-RAH

We fought for a country that doesn't love us, but loves what we can do for it. Maliyah and now Stephen has died for this same country who—

TRE

They never felt that way.

RAH-RAH

Yeah.

(beat)

But I do.

LuLu looks over to Tre — they lock eyes. He nods — a silent message. She approaches.

TRE

What do you want to do Captain?

LuLu leans on Tre's shoulder. J.B, and C.J. approach.

J.B.

Awww shit. What are we about to get into now?

Rah-Rah stares into her drink and takes another sip. She looks up to everyone.

RAH-RAH

I don't know yet.

A sense of relief comes across the group.

C.J.

Didn't we spend our time handing out food to the homeless last time we came home?

LuLu looks to C.J. raises her eyebrows and nods.

LULU

Yeah, I remember that clearly.

TRE

Ain't nothing wrong with doing a little good.

C.J.

Yeah, a little good. On my way here, I got off the bus and saw the same homeless dude I served last year asking for money.

Rah-Rah turns to C.J. with a glare.

RAH-RAH

That night he didn't go to bed hungry, right?

C.J.

Yes, Captain.

Beat.

RAH-RAH

But, you're right - I hear you. It wasn't sustainable.

Rah-Rah dives back into her colorful drink. C.J. looks to everyone confused - everyone returns the same confused facial expression.

J.B.

Did you just agree to C.J.'s rant?

LuLu stares with wide eyes and open mouth.

LULU

Yes, nigga she did.

LuLu cuffs her hands to her mouth and yells to the room.

LULU

Hell has frozen over!

Rah-Rah smiles. Everyone else bursts into laughter - the party has been rejuvenated.

HOUR LATER

C.J., Tre and J.B. throw darts on the far side of the bar. LuLu and Rah-Rah sit at the table nursing drinks.

AT THE TABLE

LuLu and Rah-Rah laugh. LuLu sets down her drink and looks over to the boy's dart game.

LULU'S P.O.V.: Tre stands at the dart line, C.J. and J.B. on each side of him. Tre turns and looks at Rah-Rah, then looks around her area.

LuLu smiles, turns to Rah-Rah and stares.

RAH-RAH

What?

LuLu squints and twists her lips.

LULU

You sleeping with Tre?

Rah-Rah chuckles.

RAH-RAH

Girl stop. Why you ask that?

LULU

He's just been acting a little clingy. You don't see it?

Rah-Rah takes a sip.

RAH-RAH
 Yeah, he blames himself for me
 nearly getting blown up. I told him
 that wasn't on him, but-

Rah-Rah looks over to the dart game.

RAH-RAH
 Give it some time- it'll pass.

LuLu looks over to the dart game and is brought back-

RAH-RAH
 Since we prying, what's up with you
 and C.J.?

LULU
 Nothing. We just flirt.

RAH-RAH
 That boy love him some you - since
 middle school. He ain't your type?

LULU
 He's perfect. I'm just not ready to
 settle down. I got my whole life
 ahead of me.

Rah-Rah nods and takes a drink-

LULU
 Anyway, you need to get you some,
 cause you moody.

Rah-Rah nearly spits out her drink from laughing. She smiles
 and glares at LuLu.

LULU
 I'm just saying what everyone else
 is thinking.

Rah-Rah locates a napkin on the table and wipes her face and
 table as she swallows the drink in her mouth. The boys return
 to the table in a rowdy fashion and sit.

RAH-RAH
 Okay, let's hear it.

C.J. smiles ear to ear.

C.J.
 I want to thank God and LuLu for
 giving me the strength and accuracy
 needed to pull off this upset.

Rah-Rah and LuLu chuckle.

RAH-RAH

Y'all won't hear the end of that.

LULU - smiles and stares at C.J. - she softens.

Tre turns to J.B.

TRE

You supposed to be the ninja of the group and you lost. Can't you throw Chinese stars?

LULU - snaps out of her stare.

C.J. - glances at LuLu and then returns his attention to the conversation. He missed his chance to connect.

J.B.

Yes, I can throw shurikens. Both those are technically darts. You're a sniper - isn't your motto "hit the target no matter what"?

Everyone laughs.

J.B.

Maybe if you weren't distracted...

LuLu shakes her head at J.B., mouthing the word no.

J.B. notices and stumbles finishing his sentence.

J.B.

...looking around the bar for girls, you would've hit your mark.

He takes a big drink leaving Tre confused. J.B. looks at his watch.

J.B.

I think it's time to call it a night. We got our counseling session early tomorrow morning.

Everyone stands.

C.J. drinks what's remaining in his mug of beer, slams his mug down and responds sarcastically.

C.J.

Oh yay! "Day one". Been looking forward to this since deployment.

Tre pats C.J. on his back, playfully comforting him.

TRE

Oh it's gonna be okay big baby.

C.J. pushes Tre's arm off of him and they horseplay.

LULU

C.J. is right. "Day one" is always the hardest.

RAH-RAH

Which is why we are going to need to sleep.

She side eyes C.J.

RAH-RAH

Right, C.J.

Everyone Ooos - he's in trouble.

C.J. chuckles, but it was clear he understood whatever was underneath that comment - he nods.

The group packs up and approaches the bar door.

BAR DOOR

Opens and a rowdy, crew of six, decked out in blue enter. Of the six, SWERVE (21, Black male) appears to be in charge. They approach the tables.

THUD! - Rah-Rah and Swerve collide into each other.

SWERVE

Watch it.

RAH-RAH

My bad.

Rah-Rah and the group continues towards the door-

SWERVE (O.S.)

Dizzy, drunk bitch.

LuLu, C.J., Tre and J.B. stop in their tracks. A member of Swerves entourage taps him on the shoulder. They turn around to see the group stopped at the door.

SWERVE

What? You telling me she ain't a dizzy bitch?

The entourage laughs. J.B., Tre, C.J. and LuLu turn around and faces them. Swerve steps up and Rah-Rah walks in front of her group and is face to face with Swerve.

SWERVE

You better get the fuck out of my
face - I'll hit an old bitch.

He flinches towards Rah-Rah - She doesn't blink.

Swerve glances back to his entourage-

He throws a punch at Rah-Rah with no warning.

RAH-RAH - slips the punch and closes the distance.

She smashes her right hand into his nose and grips his face, slips her right leg behind him and pushes him backwards. His feet is in the air as she smashes the back of his head into the ground.

SWERVE

Face down, bloody nose, out cold.

Swerve's entourage look around at each other confused. They step forward and Tre steps forward. O.S. GUN COCKS. Everyone stops moving.

BARTENDER

Behind the bar holds a pistol aimed at the confrontation.

BARTENDER

I know most of ya'll are packing,
but I swear I'm taking at least
four of y'all out this bitch. Cut
the shit. Spend money, or get the
fuck on.

RAH-RAH

Sorry. We were leaving.

Rah-Rah turns and approaches the exit. Her group follows. LuLu and C.J. share a glance - that was weird.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Cars illuminate the dimly lit area as they pass by the old wooden and brick outer shell of the bar. The group exits with Rah-Rah leading.

Ray-Rah walks away and raises a finger in the air.

RAH-RAH
What time is counseling?

The group mutters, ELEVEN-HUNDRED HOURS.

They watch Rah-Rah as she walks away.

LULU

Smiles and nods.

LULU
We might actually have some fun
this time back.

She turns and walks away. Tre lingers as the rest of the group follows her.

INT. RAH-RAH'S APARTMENT - THIRTY MINUTES LATER

Dark, moonlight pushes through the drapes to reveal a couch, end table and lamp. The front door opens.

The porch light illuminates Rah-Rah as she enters. The room is vanilla, no pictures hanging up and the only pop of color comes from a throw blanket.

She closes the door behind her, throws her backpack on the couch and continues to walk.

RAH-RAH'S BEDROOM

Blue ambient light from outside, creeps in through the window. A queen bed, night stand and dresser furnish the room. Bland with a woman's touch.

She throws herself on her bed.

NIGHT STAND

An alarm clock and a FRAMED PHOTO of LuLu, C.J., STEPHAN (mid-20s, Black male), MALIYAH (mid-20s, Black female), J.B. and Tre. They pose at the same table in the bar they hung out at tonight. Looks like it was a great night.

Rah-Rah reaches for the alarm clock, sets it for 7:00AM, and pulls the covers over her as she lies still.

RAH-RAH
Stares at the wall, wide awake.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - MORNING

The sun is sharing its warm glow as the streets are coming alive. A few people walk the sidewalk as cars pass by. Rah-Rah, wearing running shoes, joggers, fitness top and a fitted hat, jog the street.

She stops at a corner, jogging in place waiting for the crosswalk. A MOTHER (30s, Black female) and DAUGHTER (10 years old, Black female) approach her. Daughter smiles and stares at Rah-Rah.

Rah-Rah returns a smile and waves, Daughter waves back. The crosswalk signals for Rah-Rah to cross-

A BLUE OLD SCHOOL CAR - dark tints, playing heavy bass trap music, peels out-

BANG, BANG, BANG! Rah-Rah lowers to the ground. She scans trying to determine where the shots came from.

RAH-RAH

Ducks and reaches for her sidearm - nothing is there. She stands.

RAH-RAH
Everybody okay?!

The blue old school car peels out and speeds away.

A WOMEN SCREAMS! Rah-Rah turns around with urgency.

CROWD

Stands surrounding a WOMAN CRYING. Rah-Rah makes her way through the crowd until she finds her self in the middle. She stares, frozen.

MOTHER

Sits with spread legs, crying hysterically. Daughter's body lies across her lap, her head cradled in Mother's arm. Her hand pressed firmly against Daughter's chest as blood seeps between her fingers.

Blood is everywhere.

Rah-Rah is heartbroken. It's the same mother and daughter that passed her on her jog. She rushes to Daughter's aid and checks her pulse from her neck.

MOTHER

Help my baby please! I'm applying pressure – am I doing this right?

RAH-RAH

Yes. Don't let up.

Tears run down Mother's face, she struggles to catch her breath as she watches Rah-Rah – placing the little hope she has in her hands.

Rah-Rah's eyes water as she adjust her fingers to locate a pulse. She lowers her fingers from Daughter's neck. Mother and Rah-Rah's glance meet. Rah-Rah shakes her head – O.S. SIRENS BLAIR.

Mother cries hysterically as Rah-Rah holds Mother's head to her chest. A tear runs down Rah-Rah's face as she fights the flood from coming. She wipes the one that got away from her cheek and whispers something to Mother.

Mother nods.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER – GATHERING SPACE – HOURS LATER

A large room with linoleum flooring and dim lighting. Sun light leaks in from the windows on the wall. Spare tables and chairs line the wall – a small circle of six chairs occupy the center of the room.

CIRCLE OF CHAIRS

LuLu slouches in a chair, J.B. sits at attention, Tre's preoccupied by something in his head, C.J. scrolls on his phone, one chair is empty and the other is occupied by KAYLA GREEN (late 40s, beautiful, Black female) dressed business casual, wearing eye glasses, holding a note pad and pen.

SUPER: 11:25AM

KAYLA

Just as a reminder, when we start session we won't be on our phones.

C.J. looks up.

C.J. P.O.V.: Kayla stares directly at him.

C.J. smirks, raises his eyebrows and gives Kayla a thumbs up before returning his attention to his phone.

LULU

looks around the room as if she is trying to find something. She looks around at everybody.

LULU

Does anyone else feel that breeze?

C.J., J.B. and Tre look around as if they are trying to feel it.

KAYLA

It's the side door over there.

Kayla points to the side of the room - LuLu looks-

SIDE OF THE ROOM

Dusty chairs, tables and boxes block a nearly unidentifiable door.

LuLu shrugs her shoulders.

LULU

I knew I wasn't tripping.

O.S. FOOTSTEPS approach - everyone excepts C.J. looks in the directions of the footsteps.

C.J.

Eleven hundred hours.

C.J. turns around and sees-

RAH-RAH

In her blood stained running outfit.

C.J.

What the fuck?!

Everyone except Kayla jumps out of their seats and approach Rah-Rah.

RAH-RAH

It's not mine.

Relief washes over the group. Rah-Rah takes a seat. Everyone looks at each other and sits.

Kayla reads the room and turns to Rah-Rah.

KAYLA

I'm glad that you are physically okay and able to join us.

(MORE)

KAYLA (CONT'D)

It seems you've been through a whole ordeal this morning. One that has everyone concerned about you.

Rah-Rah looks around the group and sees the concern on her friend's faces.

KAYLA

Would you like to share Rah-Rah?

Rah-Rah stares emotionless at Kayla – something bubbling from inside. Silence engulfs the room and patience right along side it.

RAH-RAH

A little girl, walking with her mother, was shot and killed in a drive-by shooting this morning.

Saying it out loud makes her eyes well and her nose scrunch.

Fists clench, heads bow and eyes search the floor. The group balancing emotions.

RAH-RAH

I know where it came from.

The room shifts.

RAH-RAH

I know exactly what the car looks like and there won't be too many that look the same.

The group glances at one another. Tre's eyes wide, more worried than the rest. He looks at Kayla for support.

RAH-RAH

We can make this right for that mom and her daughter. Right now.

Her fist balled, fingernails digging into her hand – she shakes from frustration. Her other hand rubs her leg, where her sidearm would be.

Kayla leans forward and reframes.

KAYLA

If you do that... You'll be no better than them. It'll just be another mother crying for her baby.

Rah-Rah's hand slides from the side of her leg to her lap. Her head bows – her gaze on her lap.

KAYLA

And you become part of the problem
and not the solution.

Anger leaks from Rah-Rah's hard facade.

RAH-RAH

So I'm supposed to be patient and
wait for cops to catch who did it!
I'm done being patient.

KAYLA

Then don't be patient. Be precise.

She shares a glance with Rah-Rah before she stands in the
middle of the circle and speaks to the group.

KAYLA

Not everything can be solved with
violence.

J.B.

Uhhh, yes it can. Violence is
highly effective.

KAYLA

Fine, not everything needs violence
to be solved.

J.B. contemplates and begrudgingly nods in agreement.

KAYLA

For example, after six months, I
finally received a Block Grant to
help address gang violence and
increase positive educational
outcomes in urban areas. If it
turns into bodies, the city shuts
down. If it turns into numbers,
they fund it.

She looks around the room.

KAYLA

That's how this has to be solved -
cause if you hit someone, they'll
want to hit you back. But if you
help someone, they'll take it.

LULU

So, what now then?

KAYLA

Rah-Rah, did you talk to the officers on scene?

RAH-RAH

I gave them a description of the vehicle.

KAYLA

Then I would start there. As a civilian, sometimes doing something about it; is speaking up, checking up on the case, or demanding justice.

The group looks at each other.

KAYLA

Go! We'll meet up next week.

Rah-Rah and Kayla share a look. Rah-Rah nods and Kayla nods back. The groups stands and exits the room.

INT. POLICE STATION - LOBBY - THIRTY MINUTES LATER

PEDESTRIANS come and go, some sit in chairs along the wall, while a MAN and WOMAN stand in line at the front desk. Rah-Rah and the group enter observing their surroundings as they stand in line.

A couple OFFICERS escort DODGY CHARACTER inside. They approach a door labeled, "AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY"

Rah-Rah glances at the Dodgy Character's cuffed hands.

DODGY CHARACTER'S CUFFED HANDS

Twists and pulls - they're now barely in cuffs.

Rah-Rah looks ahead.

RAH-RAH

Head on a swivel.

The group snaps into a discrete circular formation, observing the people in the room.

RAH-RAH

Spill the tea.

C.J.

South - Southwest corner clean.

LULU
Possible situation back of the room
or
(smiles)
he's just packing like that.

GUY WITH BULGE in his pants sits in a chair, suspiciously holding his phone to his face, watching Dodgy Character.

J.B.
North is clean, but I'll keep eyes
on the couple.

TRE
West is good.

Beat.

RAH-RAH
LuLu, cover the bulge on my move.

LULU
Yes, Captain.

Rah-Rah steps out of line and follows the officers escorting Dodgy Character—

Dodgy Character frees himself from the handcuffs, pushes one of escorting officers down and makes a run for the exit—

Rah-Rah spins around a pedestrian, reaches out and grabs the back of Dodgy Character's shirt, causing his feet to fly in the air and slams him on his back.

The pushed officer pulls himself off the ground and draws his weapon and point it at Rah-Rah—

—Tre quickly disarms the officer and places the officer's gun back into the officer's holster. The officer looks into his holster and then back at Tre.

The other officer draws his weapon and points it at Tre. Four other officers run out and draw their weapons on Tre as well. He places his hands high above his head.

GUY WITH BULGE

Reaches into his pants—

LuLu slides into the seat next to him, presses her body against his and slips her hand into his pants. She talks, flirtatiously, in his ear.

LULU

So it is a gun. You shouldn't keep
a loaded weapon this close to your
lil man.

The gun clicks. Guy With Bulge gulps.

LULU

Oops, I think I just turned the
safety off. Now, you weren't going
to shoot this place up were you?

Guy With Bulge shakes his head.

GUY WITH BULGE

No.

LULU

Good.

A smile grows on LuLu face.

LULU

Oh, and now you're happy to see me.

INT. POLICE STATION - DETECTIVE UNIT - TEN MINUTES LATER

Desks with built in filing cabinets are paired in twos and
spread out amongst the floor. A guest chair is placed on the
side of each desk.

Detectives and officers move about chaotically - PAPER
SHUFFLING, PHONE CALLS and other busy office sounds dominate
the area. Rah-Rah and the group are huddled at a desk near
the middle of the room.

DESK

Rah-Rah and J.B. stand, CJ sits on the corner of the desk and
LuLu sits in the guest chair. They're engaged in ADLIBBED
CONVERSATION.

CJ knocks a name plate off of the desk. He bends over, picks
it up and returns it to the desk.

NAME PLATE: "Det. Richard Whatley".

DETECTIVE WHATLEY (O.S.)

That's why it's called a desk and
not a chair.

CJ jumps up off the desk.

CJ

My bad.

Everyone turns towards DETECTIVE Whatley (late 50s, Black male). He smiles and the group smiles back - they all know him. Rah-Rah is the first one to give Detective Whatley a hug and the rest of the group followed.

DETECTIVE WHATLEY

I should've known it was ya'll
causing a ruckus in the lobby.

They laugh.

RAH-RAH

Are they going to release Tre?

DETECTIVE WHATLEY

Yeah. It's either that or the
officer gotta admit that he got
finessed non-violently.

CJ

Right.

DETECTIVE WHATLEY

All witness statements corroborate
that he was part of the solution
and not the problem. He should be
released in the next ten to fifteen
minutes. The officer is moving real
slow. I mean his pride was hurt.

CAPTAIN O'HARA (60s, white male) approaches the detective's desk.

CAPTAIN O'HARA

Is this the group of heroes?

DETECTIVE WHATLEY

Yes, sir.

Captain O'Hara shakes all of their hands.

CAPTAIN O'HARA

I can't thank you all enough. You
saved us from public humiliation
and scrutiny. Don't worry your
friend, he's being processed for
released as we speak.

RAH-RAH

Thank you, Captain.

CAPTAIN O'HARA

My pleasure. I'll let you all get
back to your conversation.

Captain O'Hara nods to Detective Whatley who nods back as the captain exits. Detective Whatley sits in his chair and ushers to the group.

DETECTIVE WHATLEY

Get a chair - grab one of the guest
chairs. They ain't using them.

The group, except LuLu, collect chairs and pull them up to the desk. They catch side-eyes from nearby detectives who chairs they snatched.

DETECTIVE WHATLEY

Okay, so how ya'll doing?

RAH-RAH

Good.

She looks to everyone, who agreeably nods, then returns her attention to Detective Whatley.

RAH-RAH

We just finished our last tour.

DETECTIVE WHATLEY

Well shit! Congrats.

Everyone smiles and takes in the congratulations.

RAH-RAH

I wish we were here to catch up,
but we wanted to see if we could
get some info on a shooting that
happened this morning.

The smile on Detective Whatley's face fades.

DETECTIVE WHATLEY

The little girl, Kieliah.

He opens the filing cabinet, thumbs through some files, pulls out a manilla folder and opens it.

DETECTIVE WHATLEY

I saw your name pop up on the
witness statements.

He sighs.

DETECTIVE WHATLEY

We are nowhere closer than we were this morning – in fact we had some witnesses recant their statements and the corner store's security footage conveniently wasn't recording during the shooting. People are scared.

Rah-Rah shakes her head in disappointment – the group feels the same way.

LULU

What happened to the neighborhood?

DETECTIVE WHATLEY

Frankly, they pushed all of us in one spot and forced us to fight over resources.

CJ

Damn.

DETECTIVE WHATLEY

Yeah, and as you know we're under staffed and only respond after the fact. Wish we had a group like ya'll on every corner out there.

He chuckles. Rah-Rah stares off, contemplating.

J.B

Word is you're the head of the gang task force now. How's that going?

DETECTIVE WHATLEY

We get lucky and catch some of the dumb younger ones who try to do the shit they see on T.V.

CJ chuckles, clears his throat and removes the smile from his face.

DETECTIVE WHATLEY

Other than that, they're recruiting faster than we can catalog who's gang affiliated, or related.

(beat)

They got some babies pulling triggers.

RAH-RAH

How young?

DETECTIVE WHATLEYW

The youngest we detained was ten or eleven years old.

Everyone is taken back with the news.

DETECTIVE WHATLEY

Justice for Kieliah is a must but honestly, if we don't find a way to curve this gang violence there will be many more innocent lives lost.

The phone on his desk rings.

DETECTIVE WHATLEY

One second.

He answers it.

DETECTIVE WHATLEY

Detective Whatley. Yeah. Okay, I'll be right over.

He hangs up the phone.

DETECTIVE WHATLEY

Another shooting, I gotta go. Sorry, but I'll call if something comes up. We gotta catch up.

Rah-Rah nods. Detective Whatley stands and hurries away. Everyone from the group stands except for Rah-Rah, who's contemplating. LuLu comes from behind and wraps her arms around Rah-Rah's neck.

LULU

Come on. Let's go to Mr. Burger, on me.

Rah-Rah stands and they exit.

EXT. FOOD CART POD - MR. BURGER CART - 2 HOURS LATER

Orange patio bulbs illuminate the pod. Cart goers enjoy their meals and conversations on the outdoor seating benches while others stand. Rah-Rah, LuLu, CJ, JB and Tre sit together laughing. J.B looks to Rah-Rah.

J.B.

Doing too much never works out.

He turns to Tre.

J.B

Look, you wouldn't have been in jail if you wasn't showing off.

TRE

It was a holding cell and he pointed a gun at Rah-Rah.

Tre's clearly offended from the joke.

C.J.

Okaaay.

CJ turns to Rah-Rah.

CJ

You trying to tell me that you didn't feel like you were on your Batman in there?

Rah-Rah smirks.

RAH-RAH

Alright, a little.

The group breaks into celebration.

RAH-RAH

And LuLu was on her Cat Woman.

The group breaks into celebration again. LuLu takes a bow, owning the compliment. CJ scoots closer to LuLu.

CJ

Wait, now! Which Cat Woman?

She straddles CJ, nearly touching nose to nose and runs her fingers behind his ears.

LULU

A little bit of Michelle...

She places her lips close to his ear and says sultrily...

LULU

...and a whole lot of Halle.

CJ closes his eyes, taking in the moment. He's frozen. LuLu smiles, stands and returns to her seat. Everyone laughs at CJ.

RAH-RAH

You are such a tease.

JB

For real, you know he crushing.

CJ smiles, takes a breath and opens his eyes.

CJ

I think, I just had an accident.

Everyone groans - ewww!

TRE

That's nasty bro, I'm eating.

Everyone LAUGHS.

TRE

So, is that what we're doing?

LAUGHING dies down.

RAH-RAH

What?

TRE

Playing Batman in the hood.

Tre looks at everyone for an answer as the rest of the group contemplates.

LULU

We could.

Beat.

Rah-Rah scoffs.

CJ

Right, we just need the Black signal.

CJ throws his hat up in the air. The group laughs, returning their attention to their food, but entertaining the idea.

CJ

Well, LuLu I'm always down to assist you if you want practice your Cat Woman.

Everyone LAUGHS. Rah-Rah and Tre throw fries at CJ and JB shoves him. LuLu shakes her and continues to eat.

LULU

You too much.

CJ
 What?! I'm just playing.

EXT. RAH-RAH'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Dark and still. Sounds of URBAN CITY STREETS fill the air. A porch light illuminates the walkway and door.

Rah-Rah approaches, reaches in her pockets and grabs her keys— she drops them.

She sighs, picks them up and unlocks her door.

DEVON (O.S.)
 Well I feel safer in the
 neighborhood now.

Rah-Rah turns around to Devon holding a bag of groceries with keys in hand. She shakes her head.

RAH-RAH
 Did you seriously follow me?

Rah-Rah pockets her keys and approaches Devon.

He takes a step back and holds his keys up.

DEVON
 Whoa, whoa. Look, I live here. I
 moved in a month ago.

He jingles his keys. Rah-Rah stops.

DEVON
 Apartment one-twenty.

Rah-Rah turns and enters her apartment. Devon smiles.

DEVON
 You don't trust anything, huh?—

DOOR SHUTS — Devon's eyes squint and says to himself.

DEVON
 She was really going to beat me up?

He scoffs and walks away.

INT. RAH-RAH'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Warmly lit and necessarily furnished — Rah-Rah sets her keys on the coffee table and approaches the kitchen—

KNOCK, KNOCK – she stops on a dime. A smile of annoyance creeps on her face, but is washed away with an eye roll.

FRONT DOOR

Swings open.

RAH-RAH

You know this is stalking – Oh.

MRS. WILLIAMS (70s, Black female) humorously shocked stares back at her. They hug.

RAH-RAH

Sorry Mrs. Williams. I thought you were somebody else.

MRS. WILLIAMS

It's fine, sweetie. I'm glad you are back and not in a box.

Rah-Rah smiles.

RAH-RAH

Yeah, I was one of the lucky ones.

Beat.

MRS. WILLIAMS

I heard about Stephen. God rest his soul. Bernice came into the coffee shop just, in pain. Nothing hurts like having your baby die before you do.

Rah-Rah stares off, nodding agreeably. V.O. MOTHER'S CRY for her daughter killed in the drive by, plays in her head.

MRS. WILLIAMS

I had to tell Bernice, it's okay to mourn those we lost, but we can't question God's plan.

RAH-RAH

Even if it's a little girl who gets shot and killed?

Mrs. Williams nods matter-of-factly.

MRS. WILLIAMS

I heard you were there. Everything happens for a reason.

Rah-Rah smirks and shakes her head – *that is so cliché.*

MRS. WILLIAMS

Okay, fine. That little girl could've been shot at any time, on any day, but it happened after you came back and when you were there.

Rah-Rah contemplates.

MRS. WILLIAMS

We are all here for a reason sweetie. We just don't know what that reason is. Some of us to make change, and others to motivate them to make that change.

Rah-Rah's eyes bounce side to side as if she is connecting the dots. Mrs. Williams gives her a hug. Rah-Rah snaps back.

MRS. WILLIAMS

It is so good to see you.

RAH-RAH

You too.

They release the hug.

MRS. WILLIAMS

And Devon is a nice young man. Don't be too mean to him.

Rah-Rah smiles and chortles.

RAH-RAH

So you saw that—okay, I won't.

MRS. WILLIAMS

Good! Cause I think y'all would be cute together.

RAH-RAH

Mrs. Williams—

Mrs. Williams walks away and Rah-Rah smiles.

MRS. WILLIAMS

What? I think ya'll would. Oh and I'll bring your favorite cookies tomorrow. No more excuses about staying in shape now.

RAH-RAH

Okay.

Mrs. Williams turns and leans in — spilling the tea.

MRS. WILLIAMS

(low)

I think Devon like 'em thick.

Shocked, Rah-Rah chortles and Mrs. Williams walks away.

MRS. WILLIAMS

Love you, Rah-Rah.

RAH-RAH

Love you too.

She grins, then closes her door.

INT. RAH-RAH'S BEDROOM - HOURS LATER

Rah-Rah's lies on her side, asleep in bed. She stirs-

START DREAM SEQUENCE

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - DAY

Bright and sunny day, PEOPLE walking and talking, while a large group barbecues. A good time is had by everyone as they participate in various activities. Rah-Rah stands at the park's entrance, smiling. This is what she fought for.

BLACK MAN (30s) holding his DAUGHTER'S hand strolls past Rah-Rah and greets her.

BLACK MAN

How are you doing, sista?

RAH-RAH

I'm great my brotha. How you doing?

BLACK MAN

Never been better. If you getting food, you better hurry before they eat all the mac & cheese.

RAH-RAH

Good looking out.

The man walks away and Rah-Rah approaches the barbecue.

BLACK MAN (O.S.)

Excuse me, you dropped this.

Rah-Rah turns around and Black Man hands her something.

RAH-RAH

Thank you.

Black Man jogs back to his Daughter.

RAH-RAH'S P.O.V.: The Daughter's clothing is now tattered and torn – she has a BULLET HOLE IN HER HEAD. Black Man obstructs her view for a second – she back to before.

Rah-Rah blinks and squints. She shakes it off and looks down at her–

HAND

Carrying a pistol.

Disoriented, she looks up for Black Man – he's gone.

Rah-Rah turns towards the barbecue–

The sky is now gloomy and the barbecue area is destroyed. No adults are sight, just dead children slumped over or lying on the ground – riddled with bullets.

Rah-Rah checks the pistol's magazine – it's empty.

MRS. WILLIAMS (O.S.)

All these dead babies.

Rah-Rah spins around–

Face to face with Mrs. Williams – half her face shot off.

MS. WILLIAMS

Be precise!

Rah-Rah jolts.

END DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. RAH-RAH'S BEDROOM – NIGHT

Rah-Rah slings up sweating, her eyes locked on a spot in her bed – she contemplates.

Then jumps out of bed.

LIVING ROOM – A FEW MINUTES LATER

In the dark, Rah-Rah lies on the couch, on her back. Her head on a pillow, propped up by the couch's arm. A laptop sits on her stomach, the light illuminating he face.

Her eyes bounce around as her fingers type and swipe the screen – she's locked in.

She picks up her cell phone and makes a call.

RAH-RAH

Kayla, sorry for calling so late,
but I need your help. I got an
idea, but first I got some
questions about that block grant
you got.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER – GATHERING PLACE – DAY

Florescent lights give off an asylum feel in the dimly lit room. LuLu, C.J., J.B., Tre and Kayla sit in a circle in metal worn chairs. One seat is empty.

Anxiety rules the room. The group fidgets, glancing at one another. Kayla observes the room and then looks at the—

CLOCK: "eleven forty-five"

Kayla sighs.

KAYLA

Well, she had a pretty late night.
I know she had an agenda, but until
she gets here does anyone want to
share anything—

GROUP

No!

CJ

It's nothing personal. This just
isn't the usual day for our
sessions. We gotta get prepared.

Kayla nods, pulls out her notebook and begins to write—

Rah-Rah enters wearing a t-shirt under a bullet proof vest, cargo pants, combat boots and her hair up. She carries two large duffle bags, one over each shoulder.

Kayla's jaw drops – she sets her notebook and pen down.

All eyes on Rah-Rah's approach.

A sly smile grows on LuLu's face.

Rah-Rah throws the duffle bags to the floor. J.B. closes his eyes and lowers his head.

J.B.

Shit. Rah-Rah, what is this?

LuLu bubbles with excitement, on the edge of her seat.

RAH-RAH

Suit up. We heading out.

LuLu jumps out of her seat, dashes and slides to the duffle bags. She unzips them, digs through them – pulling things out.

LULU

Oh, we're about to go wreck some shit huh?

LuLu throws on a bulletproof vest.

KAYLA

Shit, I have to report this. You didn't mention going to war.

TRE

Rah-Rah, you serious?

RAH-RAH

You know LuLu is dramatic. I didn't pack for war.

She looks at Kayla.

RAH-RAH

Relax, we are not an imminent danger to ourselves, or others.

KAYLA

Did you look up what to say to me?

C.J.

If we got vests, then we're expecting to be shot at.

Rah-Rah gives C.J. a look that says – *duh*.

C.J. shrugs.

C.J.

Whatever.

He stands up, approaches the duffle bag and joins LuLu in digging through them. Tre and J.B. stands up and joins them as well. Kayla's eyes are wide and her mouth agape – she watches the group ruffle through the duffle bags.

RAH-RAH

Listen up. We don't carry real guns. Ever.

Tre pulls out a hand gun and examines it.

TRE

Pellet guns?

RAH-RAH

Nobody's child is dying. No more crying moms.

He shrugs with acceptance.

TRE

That's fine, I get it. We gotta keep it fair.

KAYLA

Wait! How in the hell did you all go from questioning this to joining in?

Kayla looks around waiting for a response—

KAYLA

This is that hive mentality I was talking about during your last stint at home, that everyone was in denial about!

THE GROUP

Continues to gear up – Kayla's words fall on deaf ears.

Annoyed, Kayla blurts out.

KAYLA

Fine, then I'm coming too!

A bulletproof vest zips through the air and slides to her feet. She picks it up.

RAH-RAH

I knew you would say that, so I brought an extra.

Kayla looks around with uncertainty and puts on the vest.

KAYLA

Can you please tell me what we about to do?

(MORE)

KAYLA (CONT'D)

Remember, if this turns into bodies
it's over. No funding. No second
chances.

Rah-Rah turns towards Kayla.

RAH-RAH

We're about to change the city.

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

Light vehicle and foot traffic on the urban city block. MELO
(teenage, Black male) sits on his bike at the corner talking
on the phone.

COMMUNITY CENTER DOOR

Flings open - Rah-Rah, LuLu, C.J., J.B., Tre and Kayla exit.

TIME SLOWS DOWN

Everyone struts with purpose and confidence except for Kayla
who is looking around as if she hopes she doesn't see anyone
she knows.

Melo watches them in curious amazement.

TIME RETURNS TO NORMAL

Melo keeps his eyes glued on the group.

MELO

Bro, I'm gonna call you back.
Something about to go down. I'll
post it, chill.

He hangs up the phone and pedals his bike in the groups
direction.

SIDE STREET (TEN MINUTES LATER)

THE GROUP

Walks with intention and behind them, Melo lags behind
strolling on his bike.

MELO

Holds the handle bars with one hand, while his other records.

C.J. cracks his knuckles and stretches his neck.

C.J.
So, who we seeing first?

RAH-RAH
I figured we start with the gangsta
we know.

C.J.
Please don't say, Big Cuzz.

The silence answers the question.

C.J.
Really?!

C.J. shakes his head.

TRE
Let it go bro. He whopped your ass
in middle school—

C.J.
He jumped me in middle school. Tell
the whole truth, don't be half
ass'n the story.

J.B.
Wasn't it because you were looking
at his girl?

C.J. ignores the question.

J.B.
Oh that's right, LuLu was his girl
back then.

C.J. nods — *that's fucked up, you brought that up.*

C.J.
Just know, if you couldn't throw
hands like you do, I would fuck you
up right now.

Rah-Rah holds in her laughter with a smile, everyone else
chuckles. They turn the corner onto an unsavory block.

At the end of the block, a driveway to a large apartment
complex serves as the only road in and out of the apartments.

Rah-Rah stops — the group halts.

RAH-RAH
Kayla.

Kayla hurries to the Rah-Rah's side.

KAYLA

Yeah.

RAH-RAH

Probably best you stay here.

She gives Kayla a glance of warning. Kayla nods.

KAYLA

Be careful.

RAH-RAH

I will. I'm just going to negotiate
what we talked about last night.

She smiles and Kayla smiles back.

Rah-Rah leads the group down the middle of the street toward
the apartment complex. Kayla watches as Melo glides past her.

MELO

Skids to a stop, throws down his bike and aims his phone at
the group. He zooms in.

MELO

Oh, shit.

THE BLOCK

Thirty-five CRIPS (teens to 30s, Black males and females)
clustered in small groups – draped in blue. Some on porches,
out front rolling dice and drinking alcohol, hanging out in
cars, and cutting the shit.

CRIPS

Turn and watch Rah-Rah and her group close in on the
apartment complex. C-REX (30s, Black male, built like a
truck) steps off a neighboring porch.

C-REX

Yo, cuz! Ya'll know where the fuck
y'all at right?!

Rah-Rah and the group ignores him, continuing their approach
to the apartment complex. The other CRIPS step off of
neighboring porches, exit cars and halt their crap game –
they walk towards the street.

BUNNY (20s, Black female) keeps pace with the group via the
sidewalk.

BUNNY
Cuz, the bitch is bold though.

C-Rex looks to the others.

C-REX
These muthafuckas deaf, or they
want the smoke.

CRIPS become rowdy.

Swerve exits one of the houses and scans – he sees Rah-Rah. His jaw clenches and his eye brows slant. He pulls a pistol from his waist and charges forward.

BUNNY

Looks over and sees Swerve approaching. She intersects him, stopping him, standing face to face.

Bunny stares at Swerve – his eyes on Rah-Rah.

BUNNY
You missed your chance– and you
know you can't shoot here unless
they the ops.

SWERVE
They are the fucking ops!

BUNNY
No! They're your ops.

Swerve contemplates and puts away his pistol. He jogs towards the action and yells.

SWERVE
Fuck'em up, cuz!

C-Rex jogs within ten feet of the group then speeds walks towards J.B. The group keeps their eyes forward.

J.B.
Captain?

RAH-RAH
Don't hurt him too bad.

C-Rex grabs J.B.'s shoulder – J.B. stops, faces C-Rex and swipes C-Rex's hand off his shoulder.

C-Rex scowls.

C-REX

On Crip!

He swings a powerful right hook – J.B. ducks it.

C-REX

Unleashes a flurry of punches.

J.B. – not amuzed, dodges each punch and in-between punches counters with a backhand slap.

C-Rex is bewildered. Stunned – *what the fuck just happened.*

SWERVE (O.S.)

He hoeing you cuz!

C-Rex, with something to prove, reaches back and throws another powerful right hook–

J.B. hits him with two surgical jabs and moves slightly to the side as C-Rex falls face first.

The Crips let out a collective OOHOO.

J.B. catches up with the group who never broke their stride.

Bunny and a few crips rush to check on C-Rex – he's unconscious, cheek smooshed on the pavement.

BUNNY

He slept cuz! Fuck that, we stomping these niggas out.

ALL THE CRIPS pursue the group.

EXT. CRIP APARTMENT COMPLEX – CONTINUOUS

At the entrance, BIG CUZZ (50s, Black male, draped in blue) sits at an outdoor card table rolling a blunt, talking to a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN sitting next to him.

BIG CUZZ

I'm good at everything I do baby.
I'll show you why they call me Big
Cuzz after we finish this blunt.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

Oh, you will?

BIG CUZZ

I mean shit, I can show you now.

He looks up to see Rah-Rah and the group staring at him.

Big Cuzz leans to the left, looking behind the group.

BIG CUZZ'S P.O.V.: a horde of angry crips, led by Bunny and Swerve, in pursuit.

BIG CUZZ

Maaaaan, what the fuck is this?

Ten other crips approach from behind Big Cuzz and Beautiful Woman. The crips surround the group and draw their weapons—

The group draws their weapons and form a circle around Rah-Rah. J.B., C.J., LuLu and Tre hold a pistol in each hand covering every angle.

Big Cuzz sets down the blunt and stands to his feet.

BIG CUZZ

Chill, cuz!

He looks at the crips.

BIG CUZZ

Put those shits away.

Crips put their guns away, except for Bunny and Swerve.

BUNNY

They knocked out C-Rex cuz.

Big Cuzz shoots a glare at Bunny and Swerve. They put away their weapons. Big Cuzz shakes his head.

Rah-Rah's group holsters their weapons.

Rah-Rah walks through the circle towards Big Cuzz — the circle opens up to let her through.

RAH-RAH

It's been a minute, Byron.

BIG CUZZ

Come on Rah-Rah, shit.

RAH-RAH

Big Cuzz.

Big Cuzz sits down at the table and continues to roll up his blunt.

BIG CUZZ

What you want?

RAH-RAH
I need a favor from you.

Big Cuzz looks up at Rah-Rah, her face is all business. He hands the blunt to Beautiful Woman.

BIG CUZZ
Finish that for me sweetheart?

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
I gotcha, daddy.

Big Cuzz smiles at Beautiful Woman, looks at Rah-Rah, stands and walks away.

BIG CUZZ
Come holla at me.

Rah-Rah follows Big Cuzz, who walks out of ear shot of everyone else. Rah-Rah's group stays in their formation while the Crips ADLIB TAUNTS AND THREATS.

BIG CUZZ
What's up?

RAH-RAH
What the fuck happened?

Big Cuzz nods regrettably.

BIG CUZZ
You talking about that little girl
who got shot?

Rah-Rah nods.

RAH-RAH
That and what the fuck happened to
the neighborhood.

Big Cuzz puffs out his chest.

C.J. – takes a step in Rah-Rah's direction–

Rah-Rah holds her hand towards C.J. – he stops and resettles in his position.

BIG CUZZ
Look cuz, you don't get to vanish
for years at a time and act like a
nigga was keeping house for you.

Rah-Rah sighs, looks around and focuses on Big Cuzz.

RAH-RAH

You right. So tell me, what the hell happened to the city.

Big Cuzz deflates his chest.

BIG CUZZ

Besides the white folks doing the shit they do.

(beat)

It tried to keep the peace. We made Alberta street a gun free zone, but these young niggas out of control. That little girl dying is a perfect example.

Rah-Rah glances back.

BUNNY AND SWERVE

Observe Big Cuzz's conversation - eyes peering, focused.

BIG CUZZ

I'm still trying to find out who the fuck made a move without my say-so. I'mma make an example outta they ass. What's this favor?

RAH-RAH

I need ya'll to lay low for a while.

BIG CUZZ

The fuck you do! I may not have given the order, but I ain't no bitch either. I-

RAH-RAH

Hear me out. Would ya'll stop selling drugs and shooting at people and shit, if I found a way to get ya'll paid?

Big Cuzz twists his lips.

BIG CUZZ

Cuz, you talking some minimum wage, employment program shit?

RAH-RAH

Naw, I'm talking fifty to sixty thousand a year just to hang out and help an old lady take out her trash, type shit.

Big Cuzz contemplates.

BIG CUZZ
For everybody?

RAH-RAH
Jobs would look different based
criminal history, but yeah- for
everybody who works.

Beat.

BIG CUZZ
I'm listening.

RAH-RAH
I need ya'll to lay real low for a
week max, until I can talk to the
bloods about-

BIG CUZZ
Whoa, cuz. What the fuck?

RAH-RAH
Look, I'm talking about a treaty
where everybody eats and we don't
have to shoot each other.

Big Cuzz looks around at his members.

RAH-RAH
You can be the start of Black peace
in the streets and responsible for
feeding your whole set legally.
That ain't never been done before.

Big Cuzz nods - interested.

RAH-RAH
I want more for us as a people and
I can't handle going to another
kid's funeral.

Big Cuzz contemplates.

BIG CUZZ
Let me get back to you.

RAH-RAH
Let me know by tonight. Tomorrow we
talk to the bloods.

BIG CUZZ
 Shit, ain't gonna be no talking.
 They antsy as fuck – I heard they
 almost shot the mailman yesterday.

Rah-Rah nods and walks away–

BIG CUZZ
 Wait.

Rah-Rah turns around and approaches Big Cuzz.

BIG CUZZ
 C-Rex is going to want to get some
 payback. Who knocked him out.

RAH-RAH
 J.B.

BIG CUZZ
 Shiiit. That nigga had hands since
 elementary school.

Rah-Rah leans in closer to Big Cuzz and whispers.

RAH-RAH
 Tell him he lasted twenty seconds
 against a military trained
 operative, which is ten seconds
 more than any professional ever
 has. That'll make him feel good and
 give him a little street cred.

Big Cuzz nods and smiles.

BIG CUZZ
 Coo. Hey, if this shit don't work
 I'm gonna have to do something big
 to make the gang right. Talking
 taking over hoods, lots of bodies
 type shit. You dig?

Rah-Rah nods and walks to the center of her group – they turn
 and walk away through the crowd of crips.

Bunny turns to Swerve – whispers.

BUNNY
 If this peace shit sticks, all the
 work we put in won't mean shit.

Big Cuzz sits back at the table – Swerve runs up.

SWERVE

Those muthafuckas just get to walk away cuz? They had fucking pellet guns! Orange tips and all cuz!

Big Cuzz looks at Swerve.

BIG CUZZ

Lil cuz check me out. Them niggas is special ops army niggas. They would've fucked some shit up with rubber bands and paperclips – sit down and learn something.

SWERVE

If you scared cuz–

Big Cuzz jumps to his feet.

BIG CUZZ

Ain't nobody scared cuz! This ain't no video game though either! But if it was muthafucka, we playing Grand-theft Auto and those muthafuckas are Call of Duty.

Big Cuzz sits down.

BIG CUZZ

Get the fuck up out my face with that shit.

Swerve walks away, pride hurt.

BIG CUZZ

Gather up cuz! We got some business to discuss.

The Crips close in on Big Cuzz and the card table.

THE BLOCK

Rah-Rah and the group walk out of the complex and down the street they came. Kayla stands waiting for them.

KAYLA

How did it go?

RAH-RAH

Mmm, I think it went well.

Tre taps Rah-Rah on the shoulder and points with his head across the street. Rah-Rah turns.

RAH-RAH'S P.O.V.: Melo stands across the street aiming his phone camera in her direction. He notices her looking, stuffs his phone in his pocket and rides off on his bike.

TRE

Want me to go after him?—

RAH-RAH

Naw, let him record. Now we got receipts.

They walk away — out of the neighborhood.

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER — TWENTY MINUTES LATER

Normal neighborhood street and foot traffic, PEDESTRIANS going about their day.

Rah-Rah and the group enter through the community center's side door. Kayla trails behind them looking over her shoulder.

In the distance, Melo sits on his bike, recording them on his phone as they enter the center. He turns the camera on himself.

MELO

You just witnessed THE NEW WAVE run up in the Crip's hood. Is there a new boss? Or was that payback for something? Either way, you saw it here first...

His eyes shift, he contemplates and faintly smirks.

MELO'S PHONE SCREEN: Melo is centered with his arm extended, he's clearly holding the phone on himself.

MELO

...on Hood News. We cover politics to scrapping with no capping. I'm out.

He twists up his lips and throws up the piece sign.

MATCH CUT TO:

PHONE SCREEN: Video of Melo with his lips twisted up holding up the piece sign. A finger taps the screen, pausing it and pulls away.

Pull back to reveal—

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - DETECTIVE UNIT - CONTINUOUS

Detective Whatley sits at his desk staring at his phone.

He shakes his head.

DETECTIVE WHATLEY

Shit, Rah-Rah. What are you guys up to?

He looks scans for witnesses of him watching the video before he turns back to his cell phone and contemplates.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - GATHERING SPACE - MOMENTS LATER

Everyone takes off their gear, weapons and utilities, placing them in separate piles.

LULU

How you feeling about it?

RAH-RAH

I think meeting with Big Cuzz first was the right move.

TRE

It felt like Afghan a little bit.

J.B.

Yeah, I felt the changing of the guard vibe.

C.J.

Either that, or the two hardheaded ones were just stubborn and dumb.

Kayla throws her bullet proof vest into the pile.

KAYLA

Umm, after what I saw-

Everyone looks to Kayla. She scans everyone, stares at J.B. then scans everyone else.

KAYLA

I think J.B. needs to come in for one on one sessions.

Everyone, but J.B. laughs.

C.J.

You talking some real deep discussion there.

J.B. playfully throws blows into C.J.'s torso.

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - TEN MINUTES LATER

The group exits and forms a circle in front of the door.

Rah-Rah looks at everyone.

RAH-RAH

Tomorrow we talk to the bloods. We don't get a pass, or a familiar face on this one. Kayla, you gotta sit this one out completely.

Kayla nods.

TRE

I'm assuming we doing this with no casualties.

RAH-RAH

Your assumption would be right. Hear me, we will not take a Black life in this fight. Period. We can't fight against killing if we doing the killing.

The group nods.

RAH-RAH

So tomorrow, we going in hot, but non-lethal. See you all at 800 hours. Get some sleep - I need ya sharp.

The group gives ADLIBBED RESPONSES, before breaking out of the circle and splitting up. C.J. turns, contemplates and jogs after LuLu.

C.J.

Wait up.

STREET

Rah-Rah glances back to see C.J. walking with LuLu. She turns back around and walks away. A smile creeps on her face - her PHONE RINGS.

She looks at the unknown number and answer it.

RAH-RAH

Hello?

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - DETECTIVE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Detective Whatley sits back in his chair with his feet on his desk, holding his cell phone to his ear.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

DETECTIVE WHATLEY

Hey, Rah-Rah - Detective Whatley.
Um I just saw a video that looks
like you guys went to war with Big
Cuzz and an army of Crips. The New
Wave huh?

RAH-RAH

I'm sorry the what?

DETECTIVE WHATLEY

Is that what y'all going by?

RAH-RAH

What's uh New Wave?

DETECTIVE WHATLEY

Y'all look like the modern day
Black Panthers.

RAH-RAH

Oh, I like that.

DETECTIVE WHATLEY

You wanna tell me what your plan
is?

RAH-RAH

Not yet.

DETECTIVE WHATLEY

You don't think you're gonna run
into the Blood's camp like that
too, do you?

RAH-RAH

We got it. Can you keep law
enforcement out of the area?

DETECTIVE WHATLEY

Ha! That's the easiest job ever
because police don't go over there!
Things have changed since you last
were here. Ya'll grew up with Big
Cuzz, so-

RAH-RAH

We got it.

DETECTIVE WHATLEY

Please don't leave bodies for us.

RAH-RAH

(laughs)

No bodies.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - DETECTIVE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The office is BUZZING WITH EXCITEMENT - Detective Whatley takes his feet off of the desk and sits up. A CROWD has formed a few desks down, at the desk of DETECTIVE RAMSEY (50s, white male).

DETECTIVE WHATLEY

(to self)

Shit.

DETECTIVE RAMSEY

Whatley, you gotta see this shit!
Aren't these your visitors from the
other day.

Detective Whatley turns his head and intentionally speaks into the phone.

DETECTIVE WHATLEY

Be careful, talk later.

He hangs up the phone, stands and approaches Detective Ramsey's desk.

DETECTIVE WHATLEY

Hey, this better not be an all
Black people look alike moment.

Members from the crowd at the desk look at Detective Ramsey, he's visibly nervous - looking at staring members of the crowd and fidgeting.

DETECTIVE RAMSEY

I'm-I'm not saying it's them; I'm
just-just checking - and since you
know them it only makes sense to
ask you.

Crowd turns back to the computer screen, satisfied with his response.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Rah-Rah places her phone away – PHONE NOTIFICATION DING. She pulls her phone back out and looks at.

RAH-RAH'S PHONE: Text notification. A link pops up. A finger taps on the link. The video of their excursion plays.

Rah-Rah chuckles, exits out of the screen and places her phone away.

She continues down the street.

EXT. RAH-RAH'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - THIRTY MINUTES LATER

Sun is setting, PEDESTRIANS are walking to and fro as kids play tag. Rah-Rah approaches, dodging a kid being chased by another. She smiles, watching them.

DEVON (O.S.)

You have a real pretty smile.

Rah-Rah turns to her right – Devon stands holding a laundry basket full of clothes, smiling. Rah-Rah chuckles and shakes her head.

RAH-RAH

You still trying to get at me?

Devon steps forward, invited by Rah-Rah's question.

DEVON

Wow, we are full of ourselves huh?
I'm just being neighborly.

Rah-Rah raises her eyebrows, amused.

RAH-RAH

Oh, well thanks for the compliment
neighbor. Have a good night.

Rah-Rah turns and walks away–

DEVON

But, I mean I could be neighborly
and get at you at the same time. I
got great multitasking skills.

Rah-Rah chuckles and turns towards him.

RAH-RAH

Alright – shoot your shot.

Devon sets down his laundry basket – challenge accepted.

DEVON

I will.

He brushes off his shoulder and approaches her with a playful 90's pimp walk. Rah-Rah chuckles.

RAH-RAH

You stupid – you gonna blow it.

He smiles, and proceeds walking normally. He's face to face with Rah-Rah and extends his hand.

DEVON

Hi, I'm Devon.

They shake hands. Devon doesn't let go and Rah-Rah doesn't pull away.

RAH-RAH

I'm Ra'Shel, but people who know me call me Rah-Rah.

DEVON

Oh, I got the government name.

Rah-Rah – all smiles.

DEVON

Seriously. I know your defense is top ranked and I only got one shot, but I would hate myself if I didn't give it to you straight – no matter how weird it might sound.

Rah-Rah's smile slowly fades as she tunes in.

DEVON

I went to wake you up on that bus and when I got close enough to see your face, I froze. I thought to myself, how can so much beauty belong to one person and how blessed a person must be to have the pleasure of standing next to that beauty every day.

Rah-Rah's eyes soften, her body language opens up and her shoulder relaxes. Devon shot his shot and it was nothing but net.

DEVON

I would love to be that blessed,
but for now I would be honored to
take you to dinner.

Rah-Rah nods her head.

RAH-RAH

Okay.

Devon smiles, releases Rah-Rah's hand and pretends to shoot a
basketball, keeping his arm in the air. Rah-Rah smiles, rolls
her eyes and shakes her head.

RAH-RAH

I take it back.

DEVON

I'm just joking. What does your
tomorrow look like?

Rah-Rah contemplates and remembers.

RAH-RAH

I got plans tomorrow and I'm not
sure how long it's going to take.

Devon squints.

DEVON

Okay, the day after?

Rah-Rah sucks her teeth and shakes her head.

RAH-RAH

I plan to meet with my therapist
about something and it's a whole
day kind of thing.

DEVON

You know I'll keep going until we
reach today of next year right?

Rah-Rah smiles.

RAH-RAH

The next day I'm free - lets do
dinner on that day.

DEVON

It's a date.

He smiles, walks back to his laundry basket, picks it up and
approaches Rah-Rah.

DEVON

I would love to talk more about things, but...

He passes Rah-Rah, who watches him walk past her.

DEVON

I got laundry to do and it's an all day thing.

He looks back at Rah-Rah, smirks. She smiles and stares at him as he walks away.

From a neighboring window, Mrs. Williams smiles as she watches Rah-Rah walk away beaming from ear to ear.

EXT. URBAN STREET - NIGHT

Under a cone of light from the streetlamp, Bunny and Swerve stand on the corner.

Two unidentified figures approach them from the darkness. Bunny clocks them and gestures with her head - Swerve turns, spots them and meets them half way digging in his pocket.

Bunny plays lookout.

The unidentified figures are DISHEVELED MAN and DISHEVELED WOMAN. Disheveled Man pulls out a ball of crinkled bills and survey's the area before handing it to Swerve.

Swerve studies the bills before pulling something from his pocket, and handing it to Disheveled Man. The couple walk away scanning the area.

Bunny clocks movement half a block down-

BUNNY P.O.V.: WOMAN (30's, Black and exhausted) exits a beat up car, wearing black slacks with a white dress shirt - black apron in hand. She slams her car door and lets her hair down as she approaches an apartment.

Bunny glares at the Woman.

Swerve returns to Bunny and hands her the crinkled cash. Bunny takes the cash, but her scowl remains pointed.

In the distance a shadowy figure watches, turns and exits.

Headlights sweep past - blinding white-out-

BEGIN DREAM SEQUENCE

EXT. ACTIVE WAR ZONE - MIDDLE EASTERN VILLAGE - NIGHT

EXPLOSION - bullets wiz through the air hitting nearby surfaces. Smaller and distant EXPLOSIONS play the background.

SNIPER SCOPE P.O.V.: Rah-Rah, dressed in fatigues and holding an assault rifle, takes cover behind a stone house.

TOP OF ROCKY HILL

Tre, in fatigues and a cap, lies flat on his belly on top of a tan cloth, holding a sniper rifle. His muzzle trained on a small Arab village below.

TRE

Peers through the scope with one eye, the other closed. He cracks a smile and scoffs.

TRE

How's it looking Captain? Captain?

He sets the rifle down and approaches the stone house.

The streets are silent. The sound of war has come to an end. He pulls his pistol and continues his approach of the stone house-

BOOM! Debris flies into the main street.

He holsters his weapon and dashes behind the stone house.

BEHIND STONE HOUSE

Smoke and debris make it hard to see, but a young girl's and woman's body are identifiable on the ground.

Tre enters and coughs, covering his mouth while looking around. He sees a body in fatigues laying face down on the ground. He drops down and reaches for the body.

TRE

Captain!

He turns the body over and the face is blown off-

END DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. TRE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

-Tre sits up, breathing heavily. He swallows, takes a deep controlled breath.

His room, generic and bland with a bed, dresser and night stand that has an alarm clock, a small black book and a small pencil.

Tre turns to his-

NIGHT STAND

He grabs the black book and pencil.

Tre writes in the black book - illuminated by moonlight.

INT. CRIP APARTMENT COMPLEX - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cool blue light from the T.V. illuminate the room as Bunny and Swerve sneak in the door, containing their laughter. Swerve smacks her on the ass. Bunny shushes Swerve and they chuckle.

They turn towards the T.V. and freeze - Big Cuzz sits on a chair facing them with a pistol on lap. The pistol gleams from the T.V.

SWERVE

Shit, Cuz. You scared the fuck out of me. Why you up like somebody's dad.

Big Cuzz's face emotionless.

BUNNY

What's up?

Big Cuzz places a hand on his pistol.

BIG CUZZ

How much y'all make out there.

Swerve releases a nervous chuckle.

SWERVE

Fuck you talking about?

Big Cuzz picks the pistol up off his lap.

BIG CUZZ

Cuz, you know I hate repeating myself.

BUNNY

We just reup'ed before this good citizen shit and we needed to get this work off real quick, don't trip-

Big Cuzz aims the pistol at Bunny.

BIG CUZZ

Bitch, say another muthafuckin word.

Bunny doesn't flinch, or show fear - ice in her veins.

Swerve steps in front of her.

SWERVE

Come on, Big Cuzz. We couldn't sit on that shit-

BIG CUZZ

But that's exactly what the fuck I told you to do! Now you fucking with gang's money because you wanted to get a few fucking rocks off.

He stands and walks closer with the gun on Swerve.

SWERVE

Look man, I fucked up. Here.

He pulls crinkled money from his pockets and hands it to Big Cuzz - Big Cuzz stares at before snatching it.

Big Cuzz signals with the pistol for Swerve to move - Swerve steps aside.

Bunny's brows are pointed downward and her nose crinkled - hate in her eyes.

They stare at each other - beat.

Bunny reaches in her pocket and Big Cuzz aims with more precision.

Bunny pulls out crinkled money and throws it Big Cuzz. She turns and exits the apartment - Swerve follows her.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Bunny stomps down the street, fuming - Swerve close behind. He grabs her arm.

SWERVE

Chill.

She snatches free.

BUNNY

Chill?! That bitch ass senior citizen as nigga just hoed you.

SWERVE

Aye, fuck you. He didn't hoe shit-

Bunny shoves him.

BUNNY

Yes he did!

She points a finger in his face.

Swerve looks for a response and resorts to drawing his pistol and stomping towards the Crip Complex.

SWERVE

I'm not a bitch!

Bunny rushes and grabs him.

BUNNY

You'll run in there and get shot before you even aim at Big Cuzz. Stop. I know you're man. I'm just mad.

She wraps her arms around his neck and kiss his lips, calming him down. Nose to nose, she looks in his eyes.

BUNNY

But he's fucking with our money. Him and that Rah-Rah bitch need to go.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - DETECTIVE FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Detective Whatley sits at his desk mulling over a case file.

He overhears TWO OFFICERS walk by engaged in conversation.

OFFICER 1

The streets were empty tonight.

OFFICER 2

Yeah. That was the easiest shift I ever had- You respond to anything?

OFFICER 1
Someone running a light.

They chuckle.

OFFICER 1
But don't jinx it.

They exit as Detective Whatley sets down the case file and contemplates.

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY

The sun peers over the East side illuminating everything in gold. Vehicle and foot traffic crawl as the city comes to life. Melo waits next to his bike, on his phone, propped on the wall.

MELO'S PHONE: video of the groups excursion to see Big Cuzz. Underneath the video "55k views and 4k comments". A finger scrolls down on the screen revealing comments. Comment - "Is that a new gang?"

Melo shakes his head and puts his phone in his pocket. He looks around, sighs, hops on his bike and pedals away-

Rah-Rah turns the corner carrying a couple large duffle bags. Melo passes her and skids to a stop. Rah-Rah continues walking, a faint, private smile touches her lips.

Melo parks his bike against a chainlink fence and pulls his phone out - he starts recording.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - GATHERING SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Dimly lit, metal chairs in a circle - Kayla sits in one of the chairs.

Rah-Rah enters, drops the bags on tables and empties their contents - Kayla approaches.

RAH-RAH
You do remember we got something to do and you can't go.

KAYLA
I remember. But I had to unlock the door right?

They smile at each other.

RAH-RAH

Thanks again for answering the phone in the middle of the night and working on that with me.

KAYLA

I got you. This is not where I thought things would go from your idea. But, I see the vision.

(beat)

Oh, you mentioned applying for other grants. What did you have in mind?

RAH-RAH

It's a lot to go over now, but I got a whole plan written out. You free later today, or tomorrow?

Kayla leans in.

KAYLA

You know I am.

J.B. and Tre enter with duffle bags and approach the tables.

TRE

Y'all must be talking about statistics or the importance of communication.

J.B.

Probably both.

They chuckle, drop off their bags and join the circle.

C.J. enters laughing, carrying a duffle bag.

C.J.

The things that get nerds excited.

He drops his duffle at the table and approaches the circle.

LuLu enters carrying two duffle bags – approaches the tables.

LULU

You got a thing against people being smart?

She drops her duffle bags on the tables and joins the circle. Everyone glances at C.J. with a smirk on their face, awaiting his response.

LULU
I like statistics.

She sits next to C.J. looking for a response. C.J. looks around the room for support. He looks at LuLu, pretends to press eyeglasses up the bridge of his nose and says in his best nerd voice.

C.J.
I like stats too.

Everyone laughs – LuLu playfully shoves C.J. He gestures to LuLu – *my bad*.

Kayla looks over to Tre.

KAYLA'S P.O.V.: Tre yawns and blinks his eyes repeatedly.

Kayla approaches Tre and bends over on the side of him.

KAYLA
Hey, same dream?

Tre nods and Rah-Rah approaches the front of the room.

RAH-RAH
Okay, heads up.

Laughing and conversations halt – all eyes are on Rah-Rah.

She paces.

RAH-RAH
This isn't going to be like the last time.

INT. BLOOD APARTMENT COMPLEX – LIVING ROOM – CONTINUOUS

The room is trashed; littered with alcohol bottles, clothing, and blankets. The worn furniture is illuminated by the sunlight that creeps through the blinds and the large 55" television.

RAH-RAH (V.O.)
Yesterday, we were just down the street in our neighborhood – trespassing on Crip's territory that we grew up with.

LARGE 55" TELEVISION: the video game Madden 2026, paused in the middle of a game between the Dallas Cowboys and the Kansas City Chiefs. The Chiefs are winning.

RAH-RAH (V.O.)

This isn't that. By now, everyone has seen the video of us confronting the Crips online.

KITCHEN

STRIPES (25, Black male, wearing a N-95 mask, white T-shirt and a red Kansas City Chiefs hat) sits behind a long table, watching his cell phone.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - GATHERING SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Everyone sits in the circle attentive and hanging on every word Rah-Rah says.

C.J.

Looked more like a highlight reel for J.B.

The group chuckles and Rah-Rah smiles. The room is silent once again, awaiting Rah-Rah's words.

INT. BLOOD APARTMENT COMPLEX - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

LONG TABLE

Drug scale placed on the left near a mountain of bagged pills. In the center, a pill press and a mountain of white powder. On the right a few hand guns and loose bullets.

RAH-RAH (V.O.)

They know we're coming and they're not welcoming us with balloons and party favors. I guarantee they are getting ready for war.

Stripes brow wrinkled and eye brows slanted - he is not happy. He slams his phone on his table and looks around with frustration before slapping the table three times.

STRIPES

Let's go, let's go, let's go!
What's the fucking hold up?

Young men and women dressed in red, rush around with weapons in hand.

LONG TABLE

People grab hand guns.

RAH-RAH (V.O.)

Them taking us out says to social media that they're the superior gang, and will serve as a hell of a recruitment tool for them too. Read the situation and act accordingly.

Stripes stands, oozing of power and dominance – his white T-shirt tucked in the front revealing his golden glock.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER – GATHERING SPACE – CONTINUOUS

Rah-Rah looks to the group. They return the glance – silent confirmation of understanding.

RAH-RAH

We know what we're up against and we know what we gotta do. No bodies, stay alert. Gear up, we leave in fifteen.

The group stands and approaches the tables engaging in ADLIBBED conversations. Kayla watches Rah-Rah as she stares at the ground in deep thought.

Beat.

Rah-Rah stands, forces a smile and approaches her team. She engages in the ADLIBBED conversations. Kayla pulls out her notebook and writes something in it.

INT. CRIP APARTMENT COMPLEX – CONTINUOUS

Twenty to thirty crips hang out – some playing Playstation's 2K, some shooting dice and others are engaged in ADLIBBED conversations and drinking malt liquor from the bottle.

Big Cuzz sits on the floor with his back against the couch, between a BEAUTIFUL BLACK WOMAN's legs getting his hair braided.

Bunny and Swerve approach.

SWERVE

Yo, Big Cuzz, you really serious about this stay in the house shit?

BIG CUZZ

Nigga, I said that's what we doing right?

(beat)

Then I was serious.

BUNNY

So, that bitch runs up on us and tells us to stay inside and we just listen? I ain't been on house arrest since I was fourteen and-

BIG CUZZ

And now you on house arrest again! Cuz, you better get yo bitch and your broke ass out my muthafucking face.

Swerve nods, fighting to hide his anger from showing on his face - brows struggling not furrow. He and Bunny exit.

BATHROOM

Plain and on the unkept side. Swerve bursts through the door and kicks the small trash can under the sink. He rests his hands on the sink as he stares down the drain. Bunny enters and shuts the door.

SWERVE

Fuck that old ass nigga, Cuz! You right.

He reaches for the gun tucked in his waistband and turns towards the door-

Bunny blocks Swerve - placing her hand on his, preventing him from pulling his gun out.

BUNNY

Not here. Not now.

Swerve's breathe is ragged and his face is nose flared, but her removes his hand from his gun.

BUNNY

You know what peace makes us?

Swerve calms a notch.

SWERVE

Employed?

BUNNY

Exactly.

(beat)

I didn't go through the shit I went through for ten years to get a paycheck and a damn vest.

SWERVE

Once peace is real— nobody moves
up. No bodies. No rank. No crown.

BUNNY

Yeah. Once peace is real— nobody
needs us. We're regular state
assistance ass niggas.

Swerve's eyes widen — Bunny's words struck something.

She caresses his head, slowly pushes her face towards his,
kisses him on the lips, pulls back and smiles.

BUNNY

I'm not dying regular.

He rips her pants off, cups her ass with both hands and
scoops her up. They kiss as he turns around, sitting her on
the sink. She tugs at his pants, gestures as to put him
inside her and moan.

He pulls her hair back, forcing her to look up while he
forcefully thrusts his hips back and forth.

HALLWAY - BATHROOM DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Dingy tan walls and peeling paint. Bunny's screams and moans
penetrate the door. Crips walk past unfazed.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BLOOD APARTMENT - HALLWAY - BATHROOM DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Dingy tan walls. Two Bloods walk past the door with pistols
in hand. The TOILET FLUSHES and the door opens. APOSTLE (late-
teens, Black male) dressed in red exits, looks to the left
and then walks to his right with purpose.

STRIPES

Hurry your shitty ass up, Blood!

APOSTLE

I'm coming, nigga!

EXT. BLOOD APARTMENT COMPLEX - MOMENTS LATER

One hundred Bloods stand outside, in a circle, of the unkept
complex. Stripes stands in the center looking around at
everyone with pride.

STRIPES

Look around! They can't tell me
shit about how we step, blood! We
don't need AR-15s with numbers like
this! We a fucking army, Blood!

The crowd hoots and hollers in celebration.

STRIPES

If you see anybody that is
unfamiliar, or don't belong!
(beat)
Stop them, then pop them.

The crowd hoots and hollers again—

STRIPES

Let's fuck'em up!

The crowd continues to hoot and holler as they disperse.
Stripes, Apostle and a small crowd enter the apartments. FOUR
BLOODS stand around the complex entrance door.

PARKING LOT

Forty bloods in groups of four, spread out across the large
lot among the sprinkle of parked cars.

OUTSKIRTS OF THE APARTMENT COMPLEX

The grounds are uncared for with wild bushes, uncut grass and
weeds springing from the sidewalk. Litter, graffiti and
abandoned vehicles lace the streets.

A group of four bloods approach, engaged in banter — BLAZIN
(mid-20s, Black female) one of the four. In the distance
BANG! — CAR ALARM BLARES. Banter stops, they're alert. They
take off.

MINUTE LATER

They reach the car with the blaring alarm and stop running.
Blazin waves her arm to grab the groups attention, then
points. They all stare at the car.

Four bloods sit unconscious on the ground, leaning against
the car.

Blazin and the others approach cautiously.

BLAZIN

Yo, Blood. Fuck y'all doing?

She reaches out and shoves one of the unconscious bloods – they fall over bumping into another one, causing a domino effect–

Blazin and the three with her, jump back.

BLAZIN
Shit! Kill this alarm.

Her team pops the hood of the car and disconnects wires – alarm stops.

She approaches one of the downed Bloods and checks for signs of life. She looks up at the group she came with.

BLAZIN
They alive. Them muthafuckas here
Blood! Shit, come on!

She stands up and jogs away, her group follows.

APARTMENT COMPLEX ENTRANCE – MINUTES LATER

Blazin and her group approaches the door, with their heads down and out of breath. Ten bloods run outside.

BLAZIN
They took out four of us Blood!
They somewhere in the complex!

The ten bloods run past her and scatter.

Blazin and her group enter the building – behind them C.J. walks in with a large duffle bag and shuts the door. Blazin and her group look up to reveal–

IT'S RAH-RAH, LULU, J.B. AND TRE!

FLASHBACK – THREE MINUTES AGO

Blazin and the three bloods in her group lie slumped against the apartment complex building, nearly naked. Four unidentified individuals walk away from them wearing their clothing.

END FLASHBACK

Rah-Rah, LuLu, Tre and J.B. take off the clothing they stole off of Blazin and her group. C.J. drops the duffle bag, digs inside and throws everyone a vest, pellet guns and other equipment.

The group gears up.

TRE

I was hoping for another walk and talk situation.

Tre yawns.

J.B.

He tried to shoot me!

LuLu rubs J.B.'s back.

LULU

Sorry, less attractive people are more prone to getting shot at.

Tre chuckles and J.B. shrugs LuLu's hand off of him.

J.B.

Toxic.

Rah-Rah turns to C.J.

RAH-RAH

You got this?

C.J., down on one knee inserts a portable door jammer under the apartment complex doors.

C.J.

Oh, yeah I'm good. Ya'll go ahead, I'll buy you time.

He digs in the bag and takes out a drill and a couple Job Site Office Door Locks.

Everyone checks their equipment and weapons. Rah-Rah cocks her pellet guns and places one in a holster.

RAH-RAH

Let's go.

Rah-Rah, LuLu, J.B. and Tre scale the apartment stairs in a single file SEAL TEAM formation.

C.J. - drills one side of a Job Site Office Door Lock into the wall-

APARTMENT COMPLEX DOOR

RATTLES - THUD. Rattles again.

RANDOM BLOOD (O.S.)

The door's, Blood!

BLAZIN (O.S.)
They blocking the fucking door!

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Ten Bloods stand around the door puzzled. Blazin dressed in her undergarments.

BLAZIN (O.S.)
Knock this shit down!

Bloods kick and ram the door.

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX DOOR - CONTINUOUS

C.J.'s eyes - wide, he stares at the door as the kicking and ramming continues. He grabs the second Job Site Office Door Lock and drills it to the wall. He sings to himself.

C.J.
I hear you knocking, but you can't
get in. Keep on knocking and I'll
say it again-

STAIRWELL

Rah-Rah and the team climb the stairs in formation - each with their weapon trained on a specific area.

They reach the top floor landing, each tapping another as they step on the last stair.

HALLWAY

They make their way down the hall, tactically. Tre's attention and weapon is pointed to their six-

BLOOD MALE 1 and BLOOD MALE 2 walk out of an apartment in ADLIBBED CONVERSATION. They walk down the hall in the opposite direction.

Rah-Rah holds up a fist-

The group halts.

Rah-Rah crouches, then the group crouches.

The Two Blood Males enter into another apartment.

Rah-Rah and the group watch the apartment door - still, silent, focused.

Rah-Rah opens her hand – holds up two fingers and gestures them to the left.

LuLu and Tre, remaining crouched, shuffle to the left wall.

BLOOD MALE 1 (O.S.)
You so scared of getting smacked in
2k you forgot the controller Blood?
You scary as fuck.

BLOOD MALE 2 (O.S.)
You know you can't see me – fuck
you mean?!

Blood Male 2 enters the hallway shaking his head. He walks towards the apartment they first came out of–

He sees Rah-Rah and the Group!

BLOOD MALE 2
THEY HERE BLOOD!

He pulls a glock out of the front of his pants and lets off a shot – he misses.

Rah-Rah and the team spray him with multiple shots.

Blood Male 2 drops the gun yelling in pain – he crawls back into the apartment.

O.S. rustling, guns being cocked and heavy footsteps over shadows Blood Male 2's yelling.

Rah-Rah and LuLu try to open the apartment doors next to them – THEY ARE LOCKED!

A group of Bloods, armed to the teeth, exit an apartment from further down the hall looking in the opposite direction.

RAH-RAH
Backside breach!

Blood Male 1 exits the apartment with an uzi–

TIME MOVES SLOW

Tre and J.B. push off the wall and crisscross pasts each other towards the apartment doors opposite of their position.

BLOOD MALE 1

Sprays the uzi at Rah-Rah and the group – clearly untrained. The bloods, further down the hall, turn in the direction of Rah-Rah and the group and raise their weapons.

TIME RETURNS TO NORMAL

Tre and J.B. CRASH into the doors, busting through them. Rah-Rah and LuLu enter behind them as all of the Bloods in the hall shoot in their direction.

Rah-Rah and LuLu, across the hall from each other, are seated posted at the entrance of the doors. LuLu chuckles.

LULU

This shit is way more fun than last time.

Rah-Rah smiles and shakes her head. She looks to Tre who is getting off the ground.

RAH-RAH

Clear it.

Tre aims his weapon and moves deeper into the apartment.

LuLu looks at J.B.

LULU

Clear it.

She smiles.

J.B. aims his weapon and moves deeper into the apartment.

Rah-Rah and LuLu lay outside of their doors and shoot a volley of pellets at the Bloods – MOANS AND METAL HITTING THE FLOOR (O.S.). They stylishly slide back into their apartments. LuLu refills her gun.

LULU

Just a couple of boss bitches handling business.

She yells to the Bloods.

LULU

YOU HEAR THAT?! THIS A FUCKING MONDAY FOR US!

APARTMENT RAH-RAH AND TRE OCCUPY - LIVING ROOM

Tre's weapon is trained as he approaches the couch in the living room. He looks around, opens a closet, peaks inside leading with his weapon then closes the closet door. He approaches the kitchen-

RATTLE (O.S.) - he spins around and stares at a door, listening. RATTLE (O.S.) - he creeps to the door, grabs the door knob and twists stealthily. He pushes the door open-

BARK, BARK, GROWL - a pitbull, that looks like it only eats steroids, restlessly tugs on a thick chain that is connected to the base of the toilet.

The pitbull continues to bark. Tre shuts the door.

APARTMENT LULU AND J.B. OCCUPY - LIVING ROOM

J.B. opens a door, leading with his weapon - it's a bathroom. He looks behind the door before shutting it-

POT HITS THE GROUND in the kitchen. J.B. turns and creeps towards the counter. Something is moving behind the counter. J.B. slides over the counter and lands next to the oven, weapon trained on what's behind the counter.

J.B.'s intense face softens and he holsters his weapon.

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Barricaded and being rammed from the outside.

C.J.
Just chill, y'all ain't getting
back in here.

Blazin (O.S.)
Blood, fuck this! Blow this
muthafuckin door off the building!

GUNS COCK (O.S.) - C.J.'s eyes go wide.

He runs towards the stairwell and takes cover on the floor in front of the stairs. BANG, BANG, BANG! Pieces of the door are peeled off by the barrage of gun fire.

Gun fire cease, C.J. peeks around the stairway banister and sees the hands of Bloods pulling the door apart.

C.J.
Fuck.

He looks up the stairwell and yells.

C.J.
We out of time!

He digs into his pocket and throws an object at the door before running up the stairs.

BANG! – it's a concussion grenade. Bloods at the door MOAN AND GROAN IN DISCOMFORT.

HALLWAY

Bloods are still shooting at LuLu and Rah-Rah, while others are reloading their guns.

APARTMENT DOORWAY LULU AND J.B. OCCUPY

LuLu is humming a song as pieces of the doorway are being chipped away by gun fire. She returns fire then takes cover while continuing to hum the song.

J.B. approaches crouched.

J.B.
We got a situation.

APARTMENT DOORWAY RAH-RAH AND TRE OCCUPY

Rah-Rah is seated by the door frame and Tre stands at the door frame. He peaks out and fire three shots – TWO THUDS (O.S.) of something hitting the ground and METAL CLANKS (O.S.) on the ground.

Rah-Rah looks at Tre confused.

TRE
I shot them in the neck. They won't die, but it will feel like they might.

Rah-Rah smirks.

LULU (O.S.)
Captain, we got an issue.

Tre looks over to LuLu.

LULU
We got a little girl in here.

Rah-Rah looks concerned.

LULU

She ain't hurt, but we got her
taking cover in the tub. Time we
move this along.

Rah-Rah nods in agreement. She yells.

RAH-RAH

C.J.! We got an innocent in the
line of fire, so we speeding this
up. We need some fireworks please!

C.J.

Gotcha!

STAIRWELL

A concussion grenade flys up into the—

HALLWAY

Rah-Rah and LuLu roll out the doorways while J.B. and Tre
shut the doors. The concussion grenade bounces at the feet of
the Bloods.

BLOOD MALE 1

Oh, shit!

BOOM! The concussion grenade goes off. Bloods drop to the
floor and against the wall disoriented MOANING and GROANING.

The door to the apartments that JuJu and Rah-Rah occupy fly
open.

Rah-Rah, LuLu, Tre and J.B. step out of the doorways wielding
duel pellet pistols. C.J. steps up the stairs wielding duel
pellet pistols as well. They approach the Bloods letting
loose a flurry of pellets.

On the ground in front of them, twenty Bloods sprawled out on
the floor, barely moving and moaning in agony.

RAH-RAH

LuLu, Tre and C.J., hold this
position. J.B. on me.

TRE

You sure you don't want me with
you?

C.J., J.B. and JuJu recoil, confused and glance at one
another — *did he really just ask that.*

RAH-RAH

J.B.

Rah-Rah walks into the main apartment where the large group of Bloods came out of, J.B. follows.

LuLu, Tre and C.J. train their weapons on the downed bloods.

LULU

Looks at Tre, then turns her attention back to the Bloods on the ground.

C.J.

Now there is a whole heap of y'all coming up those stairs, so we gonna need y'all to stand up.

The bloods on the ground move to stand up.

MAIN APARTMENT

J.B. leads and Rah-Rah follows close behind-

A random Blood comes around the corner swinging a bat. J.B. grabs it, disarms the Blood, drops him with a punch, drops the bat and continues walking. Stripes sits at a table at the end of the room.

TABLE

Golden glock rests next to an ash tray.

J.B. and Rah-Rah approach Stripes.

Two Bloods, holding knives, come out from hiding and rushes J.B. and Rah-Rah. J.B. ENGAGES THEM in a fight - dodging and striking them with finesse. Rah-Rah walks past them, as J.B. creates a path for her simultaneously while fighting.

One of the Bloods try to stab Rah-Rah as she walks by - J.B. grabs his hand, disarms him and pulls him back into the two on one fight. Rah-Rah doesn't break stride, or eye contact with Stripes.

She sits across from Stripes.

STRIPES - smiles and nods.

STRIPES

So y'all The New Wave huh?

RAH-RAH
I just want to talk and I hope
you're willing to listen.

STRIPES
Talk?! This shit don't look like
talking, Blood.

SIDE ROOM DOOR - creaks open. MALE IN RED exits aiming a gun
at Rah-Rah. He approaches her from the side.

RAH-RAH
Y'all shot first and we responded
as...

She glances over her shoulder then looks to Stripes.

RAH-RAH
... gently as possible. But I
promise you, all souls are
accounted for.

Stripes contemplates.

STRIPES
Talk, Blood.

The Male In Red aims at Rah-Rah's head-

SWOOSH! A knife flys through the air and sticks the Male In
Red in the hand. He drops the gun and screams in pain.

Stripes jumps.

STRIPES
Fuck, blood!

Rah-Rah's attention stays on Stripes.

RAH-RAH
Look, I had this same conversation
with Big Cuzz. I'm trying to get
you all paid fifty thousand a year
legally, but I need a pause on the
killing and illegal shit. Can that
happen?

Stripes looks at Male In Red rolling on the ground in pain
and looks up at Rah-Rah.

HALLWAY TO MAIN APARTMENT - FIVE MINUTES LATER

C.J., Tre and LuLu hold a couple member of the Blood gang in
front of them as shields.

OTHER SIDE OF THE HALLWAY

Thirty-five Bloods armed with guns, bats, poles, knives stand in opposition.

BLAZIN

You ain't safe, bitch! We gonna fuck you up sooner or later – can't stand there all day.

MAIN APARTMENT

Stripes exits.

STRIPES

Put it away, we got some shit to meet about.

Rah-Rah and J.B. exit. Rah-Rah gives a head gesture to C.J., LuLu and Tre – they release their hostages.

BLAZIN

These muthafuckas got us fucked up Stripes! They ain't–

STRIPES

Blood, don't make me repeat myself in this muthfucka!

Bloods lower their weapons confused.

STRIPES

Make a fuckin path!

Bloods move to the side of the hall opening up a path in the center. Rah-Rah puts a hand on Stripes shoulder.

RAH-RAH

I'll be in touch. You got my number if you need anything.

Rah-Rah walks away and her group follows. J.B. stops next to Stripes and speaks loud enough for only him to hear.

J.B.

Your mans in there needs to go to the hospital in the next hour or so. He should be good though.

Stripes nods and J.B. walks away.

The sea of Bloods part as Rah-Rah and the group make their way down the hall and stairwell. Bloods stare at them with contempt.

EXT. BLOOD APARTMENT COMPLEX - TWO MINUTES LATER

Rah-Rah and the group walk out of the building emotionless. They're dirty, but unharmed. A flock of Bloods exit behind them, watching them leave.

ON THE CORNER FACING THE BLOOD APARTMENT COMPLEX

MELO

Holds his phone, recording Rah-Rah and the group.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - GATHERING PLACE - DAY

Rah-Rah and the group stand at the table as they remove their gear and weapons, placing them in their respective duffle bags. Rah-Rah empties her pistols and places them in a duffle bag. She walks away from the table and approaches the exit.

RAH-RAH

Tre.

C.J., LuLu and J.B.'s eyes are locked on the table as they take off their gear. Tre glances at them, sets his airsoft pistol down and follows behind Rah-Rah.

C.J., LuLu, and J.B. watch him exit.

HALL - CONTINUOUS

Rah-Rah paces, irritated. Tre enters - Rah-Rah is in his face.

RAH-RAH

What the fuck was that?!

GATHERING PLACE - CONTINUOUS

C.J., LuLu and J.B stare at the exit.

RAH-RAH (O.S.)

When I give an order you follow it!
I don't give a fuck about your
opinion. We had combatants firing
live rounds and you want to ask if
I'm sure?!

C.J. chortles and LuLu elbows him in the ribs. He holds in his laughter and places a hand on his ribs.

HALL - CONTINUOUS

RAH-RAH

What happened on our last mission overseas is history!

Tre stands at attention.

RAH-RAH

It wasn't on you and I walked away from it! If you still feel away about it, I can promise you that doing the shit you just did, is not how you make it right. That better be the first and last time. Am I understood!

TRE

Yes, Captain.

He contemplates as Rah-Rah walks by him.

GATHERING PLACE - CONTINUOUS

O.S. FOOTSTEPS approach - C.J., LuLu and J.B. jump back to removing their gear and weapons. Rah-Rah enters passing the group.

Tre returns to the table and continues to remove his gear.

RAH-RAH

It don't take that long to remove your gear. Y'all nosey.

C.J., LULU, J.B. - smirk while removing their gear.

CIRCLE OF CHAIRS

Kayla sits facing the table of gear and weapons. She smiles and shakes her head. Rah-Rah sits next to her.

KAYLA

I'll assume it went according to plan since you all are back?

Rah-Rah nods.

KAYLA

You feeling up for talking about this plan you got?

Rah-Rah smiles, stands and walks away. Kayla watches her. Rah-Rah returns pushing a large whiteboard on wheels and carrying a black laptop bag. She sets the bag down and picks up a black dry erase marker.

RAH-RAH
Okay, think of it as a structure.

She draws four long vertical rectangles.

RAH-RAH
These are the pillars.

She writes in the pillars.

RAH-RAH
To change our neighborhood into a
community, we're going to have to
focus on these four.

ON LARGE WHITE BOARD: inside pillar one, "Community Health".
Inside pillar two, "Community Wealth". Inside pillar three,
"Community Safety". Inside the fourth pillar, "Community
Intellect".

J.B.
So, this the long game.

Rah-Rah draws a triangle that rests on the pillars and
writes, "Community" in the center of it. J.B. joins the
circle and the rest of the group follows. Rah-Rah sets down
the dry erase marker.

RAH-RAH
Right now, for obvious reasons, the
most urgent of those four pillars
is community safety.

LuLu grabs the laptop out of the black bag, opens it up and
starts typing. Rah-Rah looks at LuLu.

RAH-RAH
Open the document labeled
Community. It's on the desktop.

LULU
Got it.

Rah-Rah turns her attention to the group.

RAH-RAH
Kayla was already awarded a block
grant to support gang violence
prevention, which falls under
community safety. We just did that.
You pay us that money and we donate
it back to address the next pillar.

C.J.
How much was that grant for?

Rah-Rah smiles.

RAH-RAH
Five point five million.

J.B.
Damn.

C.J.
I'm going to keep my share.

LuLu glares at him.

C.J.
I'm playing.

Rah-Rah picks up the dry erase marker.

RAH-RAH
We are going to pay fifty bloods
and fifty crips, I'm talking the
shooters and brawlers, to provide
community security.

BEGIN FLASH TO FUTURE

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - GATHERING SPACE - DAY

Bright and vibrant. Bloods and Crips occupy opposite sides of the room, leaving an empty aisle of space in the middle. Rah-Rah, J.B. and C.J. stand in the middle next to a large white board. Big Cuzz and Stripes stand next to them.

LARGE WHITE BOARD

A picture of the neighborhood outlined with red and blue boundaries.

On the right side - "RULES" "1 - no guns and no fighting amongst each other, between each other, or against each other". "2 - you see a crime, report it to 911". "3 - your community is bigger than your ego or pride". "4 - no engaging in illegal activities". "5 - you break the rules you risk your money and everybody else's".

KAYLA (V.O.)
This isn't cash-in-hand. Payroll
runs through a nonprofit fiscal
sponsor. Miss a training.
(MORE)

KAYLA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Miss a shift. Catch a charge—
(beat)
—your check stops. No appeal.

The Bloods and Crips are rowdy — looks like they are in a heated disagreement. LuLu and Tre walk into the room with large duffle bags. The Bloods and Crips calm down.

J.B. (V.O.)

Then they'll test it.

RAH-RAH (V.O.)

Let them fuck around and find out.
First one who tests it becomes the
example.

LuLu and Tre trail down the cleared walkway wearing black shirts that have print on them — "COMMUNITY FIRST" and a logo of the outline of their neighborhood. They set the duffle bags down at Rah-Rah's feet.

KAYLA (V.O.)

This isn't permanent. It's a pilot.
Ninety days. One viral screw-up and
the city yanks the shield.

Rah-Rah looks to Big Cuzz and Stripes. They both open the bags and pull out black shirts with "COMMUNITY FIRST" print on them.

RAH-RAH (V.O.)

Because of that — no firearms.
None. They're security, not
soldiers.

TRE (V.O.)

And if they bring one anyway?

RAH-RAH (V.O.)

They're done. Fired. Publicly.

They smile, put on the shirt over their clothing and pass out shirts to their hood.

C.J. (V.O.)

What about the ones who ain't
shooter, or brawlers.

END FLASH TO FUTURE

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER — GATHERING PLACE — DAY

Dimly lit. Rah-Rah stands in front of the large white board.

RAH-RAH

Those are usually the ones who joined to belong somewhere. They are how we tie pillar three to pillar four – Community Intellect. We get them back in school.

BEGIN FLASH TO FUTURE

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

C.J. and three other volunteers stand behind a large, black table engaging with youth. A banner hangs from the table.

BANNER: "WELCOME BACK – YOU'VE BEEN MISSED".

A long line of youth wait to reach the table.

RAH-RAH (V.O.)

We take the remaining five hundred thousand dollars and pay for tutoring and incentives for going back to school and doing it right.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - LUNCH ROOM - DAY

Twenty-five Black students sit at various areas working out of text books as ten Black adults walk the room helping and monitoring.

RAH-RAH (V.O.)

We will be applying for a couple educational support grants. One, will provide a two to one student to tutor ratio after school.

INT. COMMUNITY COLLEGE - LIBRARY - DAY

Adults sit at tables in front of computers - they appear to be challenged by what they are doing on the computer. Two adults walk the area checking in with the adults who sit in front of a computer.

RAH-RAH (V.O.)

The second one will be focused on parent/adult education. They will learn how to support their child's education, complete their GED or certificate programs, and complete a financial literacy course.

(MORE)

RAH-RAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And yes they will receive a stipend
to participate.

One of the adults in front of a computer raises their hand
and a walking adult comes to their aid.

J.B. (V.O.)
I'm going to guess that this will
tie into wealth?

END FLASH TO FUTURE

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - GATHERING PLACE - DAY

LuLu types and looks up at Rah-Rah.

RAH-RAH
You see the vision J.B.

The group looks at each other. Kayla is wide eyed, on the
edge of her seat.

RAH-RAH
I got a total of four separate
grants that will support home
ownership and generational wealth.
Parents and adults will have to
complete the financial literacy
course, which has a focus on home
ownership, before being able to
participate in this one.

TRE
We talking about a couple thousand
dollars towards a downpayment?

Rah-Rah smiles.

RAH-RAH
I'm talking fifty thousand dollars
towards a downpayment and taking
care of closing costs. We could
only serve a hundred families a
year though.

The group nods, impressed.

RAH-RAH
I'm still working on this one, so
if you got any ideas or know of any
loop wholes let me know.

TRE
Shiiit! I'm getting excited.

The group chuckles.

KAYLA
Then there's Community Health.

Rah-Rah nods.

RAH-RAH
Mental health and recovery
services. Gonna need you to spear
head that one.

Kayla smiles.

KAYLA
I got some ideas.

BEGIN FLASH TO FUTURE

EXT. MENTAL HEALTH & RECOVERY CENTER - DAY

A crowd of people are gathered at what appears to be an opening ceremony. A podium, a large red ribbon stretches out in front of what looks like a large apartment complex that has a large sign planted in the ground.

LARGE SIGN: pristine with African flag colors - large words, "A HAND UP" and in smaller words underneath that, "Mental Health & Recovery Center".

A number of well dressed people and the group are there on the other end of the ribbon. Kayla holds a large pair of scissors - smiles on everyone's faces. Kayla cuts the ribbon and everyone claps and cheers.

END FLASH TO FUTURE

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - GATHERING PLACE - DAY

Kayla nods with a smile on her face.

RAH-RAH
This ain't the program. The
ceasefire is just proving the
neighborhood's ready for one. Okay,
well let's get to fleshing this all
out and find this money.

C.J. stands up and pulls his phone out of his pocket.

C.J.
I'll order some food.

He makes a call as he walks out of the circle of chairs.

The group engages in ADLIBBED CONVERSATIONS about the plan and grants.

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - LATER - NIGHT

Dark, lite by sporadic street lamps and the headlights of the occasional passing vehicle. Rah-Rah and the group exit saying ADLIBBED GOODBYES before going in separate directions.

KAYLA
Rah-Rah!

Rah-Rah turns around.

KAYLA
Can we meet at eleven to finish up, instead of eight? I need all my sleep.

RAH-RAH
That works—

UNIDENTIFIED GUY (O.S.)
Move out the way, little nigga.

Rah-Rah and Kayla look across the street to see Melo recording and following CRIP GUY. They cross the street to investigate.

MELO
Yo—why you strapped?

Crip Guy sees Rah-Rah and Kayla — he freezes. Rah-Rah approaches, calm and controlled.

RAH-RAH
Hand it over.

Crip Guy hesitates.

RAH-RAH
Or I'll tell Big Cuzz you fucking with his money.

He hands it over.

Kayla looks at Melo.

KAYLA
You still recording?

Melo nods.

Kayla turns towards Crip Guy.

KAYLA
When the Community First Program
starts, you won't be participating.

Crip Guy explodes.

CRIP GUY
I was protecting myself!

Rah-Rah unfazed.

RAH-RAH
Big Cuzz told you not to leave. You
broke the rule. That's the job.

In the distance UNIDENTIFIED FIGURE in jeans and a black hoodie watch Crip Guy storm off and everyone else walk their separate ways.

INT. CRIP APARTMENT COMPLEX - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bunny and Swerve are laid up watching the social media post of Crip Guy being stripped of his pay.

BUNNY
See? It's just a leash.

Swerve stares at the screen, nodding in agreement.

EXT. BACK STREET - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Dark, barely lit by random porch lights. Rah-Rah walks in the street surrounded by parked vehicles. Unidentified Figure trails twenty-five yards behind her.

Rah-Rah squints, listening to the extra set of FOOT STEPS behind her. She turns the corner.

Unidentified Figure jogs to hurry and round-

THE CORNER

Rah-Rah is gone! Unidentified Figure scans the area.

-SLAM! Unidentified Figure is slammed against a parked car and punched in the gut. Unidentified Figure hunches over and coughs. Rah-Rah removes their hood. The figure looks up - it's Big Cuzz!

BIG CUZZ

Damn, Rah-Rah - what the fuck?

RAH-RAH

You a whole man, following me around in the dark wearing a hoodie and you questioning me?

Big Cuzz holds his stomach and stands erect.

BIG CUZZ

My bad, I didn't think of it like that. I just wanted to give you a heads up.

Rah-Rah's interested.

RAH-RAH

You couldn't have called?

BIG CUZZ

Naw.

Big Cuzz looks around and walks into the shadows. Rah-Rah follows close behind him.

BIG CUZZ

Remember those two who pulled guns on y'all first?

Rah-Rah nods. Big Cuzz takes another look around.

BIG CUZZ

Swerve and Bunny. I'm hearing shit, so watch your back.

Rah-Rah contemplates.

RAH-RAH

Thanks. Appreciate that.

Big Cuzz nods, walks away, and winces in pain.

BIG CUZZ

Damn cuz, you bruised my intestines or something - shit.

Rah-Rah chuckles.

RAH-RAH

Ice and heat. Twenty minutes on,
twenty minutes off.

Big Cuzz exits unevenly. The smile on Rah-Rah's face fades. She contemplates before leaving.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD BACK STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Off of a main street, dark and poorly lit. A couple cars are parked on the curb. Rah-Rah walks in the street, she's half way down the block. She peers down the street.

RAH'S-RAH'S P.O.V.: Devon stands on the corner - Swerve approaches Devon.

Rah-Rah takes cover behind a car.

Devon daps up Swerve and engages in ADLIBBED CONVERSATAION.

RAH-RAH

peaks around the parked vehicle, watching them.

RAH-RAH'S P.O.V.: Devon looks around suspiciously while in conversation. He points in the direction of their apartment complex. Swerve daps him up again and exits.

Rah-Rah clenches her jaw and shakes her head. She stands and continues walking home.

EXT. FOOD CART POD - DAY

The sun shines brightly on the seven food carts that feed the lively crowd of PATRONS sitting, coming and going. In the center is a bright red cart with a large sign on top "A Whole Brunch of Stuff".

A WHOLE BRUNCH OF STUFF

A few picnic tables sit in front of the cart and at one of the picnic tables Rah-Rah and Kayla sit, staring at a laptop and eating chicken and waffles. Across from them - TWO CRIPS.

KAYLA

I think it looks good. It explains the purpose of the grant, how the money will be used and how it fits in the overall plan and sustainability of the community.

RAH-RAH

Good. This is feeling right-

BASS RATTLES from the street – everyone turns to see a RED SUV with dark tints pull up to the curb. The music lowers and the door opens.

Stripes exit and walks up to A Whole Bunch of Stuff. The Two Crips watch him – their faces twisted.

Patrons back step – their gaze bouncing back and forth between Stripes and the two crips. Tension thick.

Stripes waits at the food truck – the vender passes him a bag of food and before he walks to his vehicle he stops and gives Rah-Rah pound.

STRIPES

Don't forget about us now.

RAH-RAH

We're gonna connect tomorrow.

STRIPES

Coo.

He continues to the red SUV, gets in, the music turns up and the red SUV pulls away. Patrons are baffled.

Kayla scans the crowd's faces of amazement and then looks at two crips, who fidget and scan the area.

KAYLA

That's definitely a first.

Rah-Rah smirks – accomplished.

KAYLA

But this is fragile. One spark and this whole city burns-

Melo rushes in frantic and out of breath holding his phone.

MELO

Rah-Rah. They posted a video.

He pushes the phone to her face.

SWERVE

(on the phone)

On the dead homies – that peace shit dead. The New Wave gets one of ours hurt? We get one of theirs in the dirt.

BUNNY

(on the phone)
 Fake soldiers, using pellet guns
 and shit. Fuck that bitch, Rah-Rah.
 I need that from you ASAP.

MELO'S PHONE: under the video, "1K views" – "200 comments".
 tagged are "bloods", "crips", "fuckthatbitch".

MELO

It's only been up a couple hours.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER – GATHERING PLACE – DAY

The team sits around the circle.

C.J.

These clowns are jeopardizing
 everything! My mom is actually
 thinking about reopening her store
 after I told her of your plan.

Rah-Rah contemplates with her elbows on her knees.

J.B.

I can take them out – greater good
 and all–

Rah-Rah sits up.

RAH-RAH

They may be ass backwards, but
 we're not killing our own to save
 our own. As long as Big Cuzz is in
 control we got buy in from
 everybody else. Let them talk.

The team looks away in disagreement and disapproval – but
 that's the order.

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER – MOMENTS LATER

Rah-Rah exits with the team. They walk in the opposite
 direction as she does – she stops and watches them. This is
 the first time they walked away together. She bares it and
 continues on her way.

Devon waits on the corner, nervous.

DEVON

Rah-Rah.

Rah-Rah walks past him.

DEVON

Hey, I thought we were past the cold shoulder and playing hard to get stage of things.

She turns and faces him.

RAH-RAH

You don't really know me, so you don't know how hard it is for me to trust people. I thought you got the hint by how hard it was for me to even agree to a date, but apparently not.

She continues down the street.

Devon grabs her arm – Rah-Rah deflects his hand and shoves him away. She points at his face – a warning.

DEVON

My bad, I wasn't trying to grab you like that. I-I just want to talk- What did I do?

RAH-RAH

I saw you last night. You're fucking buddies with Swerve! So, you banging or selling?

DEVON

It isn't like-

Rah-Rah pushes him – her emotions flood, her eyes well. Heart break and betrayal.

RAH-RAH

I watched a little girl who looked like me and my best friend, die from a gunshot wound due to a fucking drive by shooting where she was the only one hit!

DEVON

I'm sorry, I had nothing to do wi-

RAH-RAH

She lost her life, her future! Her parents lost a daughter – grandchildren. The community lost a gem!

Devon lowers his head before he responds.

DEVON

I'm not a gangbanger. Swerve forced me to run small errands for him to protect our apartment complex. I did it before you moved in. I came here to tell you about it.

Rah-Rah's shakes her head.

DEVON

I was scared to tell you because, you're a soldier and I didn't want to look weak - but I was going to. I swear. Look, he has a damn arsenal and got some crips backing him too. They're planning something tonight. Swerve talks like he's in running the show, but Bunny- she's worse.

RAH-RAH

You should've told me.

DEVON

I'm telling you now.

Rah-Rah wipes her face - facade of strength reactivated. She walks away, cold.

EXT. STREET CORNER BLUE ELECTRIC FORD MUSTANG - NIGHT

FEW PEDISTRIANS walk the street, a FEW YOUTH play in a nearby yard. A Blue electric Ford Mustang pulls up to the light.

INT/EXT. BLUE ELECTRIC FOR MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

Black leather seats and interior with blue trim, matching the paint job. Big Cuzz rides passenger seat rolling a blunt and Beautiful Woman, from the apartment complex, drives.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

I need to get me one of these when I finish this last semester.

BIG cuzz

Why? When you can drive mines whenever you want to. I'm going legit baby.

Beautiful Woman chuckles.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

We'll see.

A blue old school car pulls up coming from the opposite direction, the same car responsible for the drive by that killed the little girl.

Big Cuzz stares out the driver's window.

It's Bunny – in the backseat two crips.

BUNNY

Cuz, I was just looking for you.

BIG cuzz

What's up?

BUNNY

Shiiit... not you–

Bunny and the Two Crips draw down, unloading their clips – BANG, BANG, BANG. Big Cuzz ducks behind Beautiful Woman. Semi-auto and automatic gunfire go on for what feels like a minute – blue old school car SKIDS away.

HORN BLARES from the–

BLUE ELECTRIC MUSTANG

Riddled with bullets, Beautiful Woman's head rests on the horn. Big Cuzz slumped. Their bodies, punctured and bleeding.

SIRENS WAIL in the distance.

EXT. RAH-RAH APARTMENT COMPLEX – SAME TIME

Rah-Rah approaches her front door, eyes red and dried tears drawn on her cheek. She digs in her pocket–

PHONE RINGS – she answers. Her face sinks.

Her keys crash to the ground.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER – GATHERING PLACE – DAY

The team and Kayla, sit in a circle. Quiet. Somber.

LULU

Have you heard anything?

C.J. glances at Lulu before staring at the ground.

RAH-RAH

He's hanging on. The woman he was with... she didn't make it.

Beat.

C.J.

The bloods are gearing up for war. They say they didn't do it, but we know what it looks like. The community's on edge.

J.B.

Big Cuzz ain't in control anymore.

The team scowls and fidgets anxiously.

Kayla clocks it.

KAYLA

This is the moment we talked about. Don't let the war decide who you are.

She looks around the room at the team. Silence.

Tre looks over to Rah-Rah.

TRE

We handle Swerve tonight. Direct action. People gonna start buying the bullshit he selling.

J.B.

We can do it clean. Tactical, controlled.

C.J.

I'm not doing no damn pellet guns this time. His ass needs to go.

RAH-RAH

We are not spilling blood-

C.J.

Swerve isn't playing the game no more!

He jumps out of his seat.

C.J.

We saw this shit coming and we know how this shit goes!

(MORE)

C.J. (CONT'D)

If they're pulling hits on their own crew then they don't give a fuck about civilians! Don't forget the little girl whose death set all this in motion.

Rah-Rah looks at C.J. – brows furrowed.

J.B. shoves C.J. towards the exit.

J.B.

You went too far–

C.J.

Fuck that!

They exit.

Beat – silence devours the room.

LULU

Captain... tell us the call.

Kayla interjects.

KAYLA

You go after them, the treaty collapses. You wait... more innocent people die.

All eyes rest on Rah-Rah.

RAH-RAH

I can feel it.

She clenches her fists.

RAH-RAH

I can feel myself slipping back into who I was over there.

Tre steps forward.

TRE

Then we won't kill. And you won't go in alone.

He locks eyes with Rah-Rah – a gesture of silent support.

J.B. and C.J. enter – C.J.'s head hangs low.

All eyes turn towards C.J.

Beat.

C.J.
 Sorry, Captain – I was trippin.

He shares a glance with Rah-Rah and she nods, accepting his apology.

C.J.
 It's just – we didn't survive hell
 to come back and get killed at
 home.

Still contemplation falls over the group.

RAH-RAH
 No– you're right. But we also
 didn't survive hell just to come
 home to it either.

C.J. nods and the group agrees with gestures...

LULU
 Let's suit up and go get his ass.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Dimly lit and quiet.

Five silhouettes in ski masks move military-style through the neighborhood, dodging civilians and on the lookout.

Melo films quietly in the shadows from across the street.

INT. THREE STORY VACANT BUILDING - LATER

Blue bandanas, paraphernalia and fresh ammo everywhere. The team enters stealthily, weapons drawn, heads on a swivel.

A large map, taped to a wall: "MY HOOD NOW" written at the top. A small section circled in blue. The word "Op" written above the circle.

The team fans out, securing the floor. Rah-Rah and Tre approach the large map – FEET SHUFFLING and Swerve speaking from above.

SWERVE (O.S.)
 (entertaining)
 ...on the dead homies, shit about
 to change and y'all about to watch
 this shit live.

They glance up.

Tre hones in on the map.

TRE

We're not squashing beef. We're
stopping a fucking uprising.

RAH-RAH

They getting ready for retaliation-

Rah-Rah rhythmically taps on her gear. The team falls back to her. She signals to the ceiling. The team falls into formation and follow her deeper inside.

SECOND FLOOR

The team creep up the stairs, weapons strategically trained-

TING-TING of a single bullet hitting the ground-

Rah-Rah raises a fist - the team halts.

She leaves the group and checks out a nearby room-

The door slams behind her - LOCKS.

The team rush to the door.

TRE

Rah-Rah!

RAH-RAH (O.S.)

I'm good - go on without me. I'll
catch up with you guys in sec.

ABANDONED ROOM

Rah-Rah has her weapon trained towards the door.

Bunny blocks the door - her weapon trained at Rah-Rah.

They circle each other - unblinking.

RAH-RAH

Was this supposed to be a trap?

BUNNY

The trap is for your squad. This is
your viral ass whopping.

She sets down her gun.

BUNNY

You come back here fucking up shit.

Rah-Rah lowers her weapon – Bunny puts her hair in a ponytail.

RAH-RAH

I came home and saw shit was fucked up.

Rah-Rah sets her weapon down.

BUNNY

(chuckles)

You fight for a country that never gave a shit about you. I fight for a block that never protected me. Looks like we're the ones who's fucked up.

Rah-Rah's gaze falls to the floor – Bunny has a point.

Bunny sets her phone on a table, leaning against a wall.

BUNNY

You more than me. You walking and talking with lover boy, but you ain't fuck? You either scared of the dick or damaged.

Rah-Rah scowls.

RAH-RAH

You been watching me?

Bunny turns towards Rah-Rah – a sly grin grows on her face.

BUNNY

He didn't beat it up... but I'm about to.

She approaches Rah-Rah in a boxers stance – Rah-Rah rolls up her sleeves and assumes a fighting stance.

Bunny feints a left jab–

Rah-Rah goes to block it–

Bunny tags her with a stiff right – Rah-Rah steps back and wipes the blood from her lip.

BUNNY

Golden Gloves bitch! Yeah, I got brains and hands. Oh, you thought this was going to be a walk in the park huh?

Determined, Rah-Rah approaches – they continue to scrap.

Bunny lands a number of combinations and evades being grappled.

BUNNY'S CELL PHONE: records live – comments and emojis scroll down the screen.

THIRD FLOOR – SAME TIME

Swerve and his SHOOTERS engage in a firefight with The New Wave – live ammo against Tracer BB rounds.

Each group peaking and firing purposeful shots. The New Wave strategically disarming the shooters, one by one, with precision and laying suppressive fire on their downed weapons.

ABANDONED ROOM – SAME TIME

Rah-Rah and Bunny – worn, bloodied and bruised, although Rah-Rah looks to have received the worst between the two.

Bunny feints a left jab again and swings a right hook–

Rah-Rah headbutts her fist – breaking her hand.

Rah-Rah delivers a powerful punch to Bunny's face, forcing her to stagger backwards.

Dizzy, concussed – Bunny grabs her gun.

Rah-Rah rushes her – BANG! Rah-Rah slaps the gun in time, forcing the shot to veer left.

They wrestle for the weapon.

Rah-Rah headbutts Bunny in the face – she relinquishes grip on the gun and falls to the ground.

Rah-Rah, unrecognizable – something primal and conditioned in he eyes, follows her to the ground and places the muzzle between Bunny's wandering, concussed eyes. Rah-Rah's breathing – ragged and shaking.

BUNNY

It was supposed to be you bitch!
But Swerve can't shoot worth a
shit. That little girl caught the
bullet that had your name on it.

Rah-Rah's eyes well, her nose crinkles and her finger trigger finger moves to the trigger.

Beat.

BUNNY
Fucking do it!

TRIGGER

Rah-Rah's finger slowly squeezes the trigger, pulling it back until it hit its final point of resistance – she holds it there a heartbeat, then two.

BUNNY'S CELL PHONE: rapidly DINGS from notifications.

Rah-Rah snaps out of it – she contemplates.

She releases the tension on the trigger– delivers a blow with the pistol – knocking Bunny out.

Rah-Rah turns towards the phone, unloads the clip, and pops a bullet out of the chamber. She places the gun in her waist and exits.

THIRD FLOOR – SAME TIME

Shooters guns liter the floor at the end of the hall. The New Wave shoots the guns on the ground – pushing them out of the doorway. A Shooter reaches for a gun and his hand is lit up with BBs – he withdrawals in pain.

Rah-Rah marches up the stairs.

LULU
Come on out Swerve! Y'all ain't got
no more guns–

SWERVE
Bitch, I'm still holding! Fuck you!

He reaches around the corner and blindly shoots twice–

Bullets nearly miss Rah-Rah as she continues to approach – the team watches Rah-Rah not break her stride.

TRE
Bro! You running out of time.

SWERVE
Shut the fuck up! I got nothing but
time!

Rah-Rah reaches the doorway where Swerve's in.

Swerve clocks her and aims the gun in her face – Rah-Rah stares down the barrel.

FLASH CUTS

- WAR ZONE: Child holding bomb doll. Explosion. Blood.
- CITY STREET: The little girl shot. The mother screaming.
- STEPHEN'S PHOTO.

Fear and fury flash on her face—

She quickly disarms Swerve and drops him with an elbow.

The surrounding Shooters flinch and put their hands up—

The New Wave team approaches — Melo close behind them recording.

C.J. turns around.

C.J.

What the hell you doing in here?

MELO

It was getting quiet—figured it was safe enough.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

THE COMMUNITY surrounds the building — sirens WAIL in the distance.

The New Wave and Melo exit the building — C.J., Tre and J.B. carry duffle bags of weapons—

They drop the bags — The Community cheers.

Police pull-up in numbers — red and blue lights flashing.

Car doors shut — COPS approach The New Wave and draw their weapons.

OFFICER

Hands in the air!

The crowd becomes agitated—

DETECTIVE WHATLEY

Stand down, Officers!

He enters with Melo on his side. They stand between the police and The New Wave.

DETECTIVE WHATLEY

This young man has video proof that these guns aren't there's and that no crime was committed. In fact, look around...

The Cops look around them at The Community.

DETECTIVE WHATLEY

This wasn't vigilante justice. This was community defense.

The Community agrees with ADDLIBBED shouting. The cops look at each other, holster their weapons.

MELO

The criminals are inside.

The Cops hesitate to act.

DETECTIVE WHATLEY

What are we waiting for? Let's go!

The Cops draw their weapons and rush into the building.

MELO

There's one beat up on the second floor too!

The bloods show up, making their way through the crowd – a sea of red.

Stripes emerges from the crowd, Rah-Rah meets him and daps him up.

STRIPES

Okay, you got hands.

They chuckle.

STRIPES

Me and Big Cuzz put money on you.

He holds up his phone – Big Cuzz on Facetime.

BIG CUZZ

You should've pop that bitch!

RAH-RAH

We can't change shit, by doing the same shit.

Big Cuzz agrees with his head gesture.

BIG CUZZ
Karma's a muthafucka though.

Cops escort The Shooters to squad cars in cuffs. Among them, Swerve and a confident Bunny.

BUNNY
You ain't got shit on me!

DETECTIVE WHATLEY
We do have you for attempted murder
and assault, recorded on live
stream for starters. You're man
gonna talk.

Bunny's confidence cracks.

Rah-Rah stands tall – watching them, The New Wave, Detective Whatley, Melo, Big Cuzz and Stripes watch them shoved into squad cars.

Squad cars pull away.

DETECTIVE WHATLEY
I do gotta take you down to the
station to be questioned.

Rah-Rah nods.

BIG CUZZ (V.O.)
Rah-Rah.

Rah-Rah holds the phone to her face.

BIG CUZZ
There wouldn't be no truce without
you. Tell us what's next, Captain.

The Community turns towards Rah-Rah – her team stands behind her and the Detective Whatley close by.

Melo records.

Rah-Rah breathes.

RAH-RAH
Next? We work on getting the
Community First Program started and
build something worth protecting.

Crowd murmurs.

Rah-Rah is escorted into Detective Whatley's car.

The community cheers Detective Whatley's car pulls away from the war zone.

INT./EXT. DETECTIVE WHATLEY'S CAR - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Rah-Rah stares out of the passenger window - she locks eyes with a MOTHER OF THREE, in the rear of the crowd, holding a BABY while TWO YOUNG CHILDREN play tag, running in circles around her.

Mother Of Three gives a grateful nod to Rah-Rah and she returns a nod.

Rah-Rah looks in the side mirror at the shrinking crowd before grinning.

FADE TO BLACK.

SUPER: THE NEW WAVE IS JUST GETTING STARTED.