

NOONIE

Alright baby I'll be home in a
little bit.

An unmarked police car sits across the street. Inside, DETECTIVE DANA MALLOY (40s, Hispanic woman) leans back in the driver's seat. Her hair is tied back in a loose bun, strands falling as though she's given up caring. Her eyes are sharp, cynical, watching everything with the patience of someone who doesn't trust anyone. The police radio crackles faintly.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Unit 12, shots fired near 115th.

Responding units en route. Dana doesn't move. Her focus is on the rec center lot where NOONIE is walking. He sees her and they lock eyes. She takes a sip from her cup of coffee, eyes narrowing. You can see NOONIE's agitated, but tries not to let her see it and he continues on to his car as she finally drives off. He opens his trunk and in anger throws his bag in. He slams it shut.

BEGIN FLASHBACK...

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EXT. HOUSING PROJECT - COURTYARD - DAY (1982)

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TEEN NOONIE (17) opens a car trunk and takes out a football. The day is lively. Kids run between homes in laughter. Radios blare from open windows above. Neighbors stand out chatting. TEEN NOONIE walks shoulder-to-shoulder DARIUS (17) and their friend BRIAN (17, Black teen), bigger build, wide smile. They're hyped.

BRIAN

(Laughing, tossing the
football in his hand)

Noon you really outta here man?
College ball at SIU. What they
payin you?

TEEN NOONIE

We don't get paid dummy.

BRIAN

Then you goin for the girls?

TEEN NOONIE

What you mean? Girls come to me! I
ain't chasin no chicks! Right
Darius!

DARIUS
You ain't chasin no money either.
He'll be back Brian, watch.

TEEN NOONIE
Only if I can get whoever cookin
that chicken right now.

They all laugh and agree. They cut across the courtyard, voices bouncing. A few younger kids trail behind, looking up to them like kings. The day feels like a celebration. Then pop! A sole gunshot cracks the air. The sound freezes everything. Then kids scatter. Screams erupt. Windows slam shut. TEEN NOONIE, BRIAN, and DARIUS do their best to see where the shot came from.

Pop! Pop! Pop!

More gunfire erupts. TEEN NOONIE dives, pulling BRIAN down. DARIUS takes off running. The smaller kids shriek, sprinting toward stairwells.

TEEN NOONIE (CONT'D)
(Shouting)
Down! Stay down!

Bullets keep flying, metal chewing brick, glass shattering. It's chaos, then nothing.

BRIAN clutches his side, blood spreading fast through his shirt. His wide grin is gone, replaced by panic.

BRIAN
(Voice weak, gasping)
Noon... Noon,...

TEEN NOONIE'S hands press against the wound, blood seeping between his fingers.

TEEN NOONIE
(Urgent)
Oh shit! Brian! Don't move, don't
move. I got you.

The courtyard is still alive with screams. Dre's hand grips TEEN NOONIE'S wrist, trembling. His eyes flutter.

TEEN NOONIE (CONT'D)
(Urgent shouting)
Somebody call 911! Somebody!

TEEN NOONIE shakes his head violently, pressing harder on the wound. His voice cracks.