

TEEN #1

You know what it is. Soldiers can't
step outta line.

Another TEEN #2 (16, Black boy) steps up and whispers into the
other one's ear.

TEEN #2

Malik just pulled up.

TEEN #1 throws a towel down at DARIUS who is still reeling in
pain on the concrete floor. Someone stops the music on the
boombox. Above the brief silence are heavy footsteps walking
in. YOUNG MALIK (20s, Black man), walks in and the circle
parts the way for him. He makes his way over to the sole
chair in the room and sits down. His eyes mean business. He
nods to TEEN #1 to continue.

TEEN #1 walks over to TEEN NOONIE now who is fighting back
the urge to swing on everyone. TEEN #1 shoves him.

TEEN #1

You think you smarter than
everybody, huh?

TEEN NOONIE holds his ground, eyes locked, not flinching.

TEEN NOONIE

Never said I was smarter. Just not
stupid.

The shove comes again. YOUNG MALIK leans forward, intrigued.

TEEN #1

You callin me stupid!

TEEN NOONIE raises his voice just enough to cut through.

TEEN NOONIE

You don't make money if you swing
at every target. We fight...we lose
time. We lose time, we lose money.

TEEN #1 reaches back to swing a punch. YOUNG MALIK stops him.

YOUNG MALIK

Yo!

TEEN #1 holds his punch. MALIK waves him off with the rest of
the crew. As they all exit, TEEN NOONIE bends down to help
DARIUS up. YOUNG MALIK rises out of the chair and walks
toward TEEN NOONIE.