

NIA (CONT'D)

I don't bother you bout it but I
get nightmares too. (Pause) Ya
mama, our girls...

NOONIE

Nia stop I ain't tryin to hear all
this.

NIA

No! No you need to hear this. It's
been hard for all of us! You aren't
the only one dealing with
nightmares Noon. But we still here!
We all still here Noon.

NIA grabs NOONIE'S face and turns it toward hers. She shifts
her tone to be more gentle.

NIA (CONT'D)

We here...because you didn't give
up. You didn't give up before. You
didn't give up in prison and you
can't give up now.

NOONIE

I'm tired of fightin ghosts Nia.

NIA

Maybe it's not about fighting them
Noon. Maybe it's about showing
people we can still do good amongst
them.

NOONIE turns back forward and begins to process what she just
said. He looks at the clock and it reads 3:48am.

BEGIN FLASHBACK...

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INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT (1982)

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The clock in the waiting room reads 3:48am. TEEN NOONIE (17)
sits in his shirt still stained with BRIAN'S blood. In the
distance, TEEN NOONIE eye's BRIAN'S MOM (30s, Black woman)
crying in the hallway, coping with news that her son is dead.

YOUNG MALIK (20s) walks in and sits next to TEEN NOONIE. He
never looks TEEN NOONIE in the face. Both gaze at BRIAN'S MOM
in tears.

YOUNG MALIK

I inspect what I invest in. Just
checkin on you.