

EXT. RUCKER PARK - DAY

Spectators fill the bleachers and mill around on the sidelines. As much a street festival as a basketball game.

ON THE COURT

Streetball at its most exhilarating. The crowd thrills at every dribble, pass and dunk.

Wally and Vincent watch the action from the baseline under the home team's basket.

WALLY

Nice day. I'm feeling good about this.

VINCENT

Glad you do.

WALLY

You not having second thoughts?

VINCENT

I'm up to fifth and sixth thoughts.

WALLY

Don't stress. You came up with a good plan.

VINCENT

I came up with the only plan.

WALLY

Still a good one.

SOL sits alone in the "HOME" team bleachers.

TRACY stands in the crowd on the baseline. She focuses on SPITFIRE, on his team's bench, medallion sparkling in the sun.

PAT hides under the "AWAY" side bleachers, peers out through the gaps.

PAT

This is bullshit...got me under hear
like a damn rat...

REGINA sits on the front row, away side with LESLIE. Leslie makes a call on her cell.

REGINA

Still can't reach him?

LESLIE

I tried his cell and his house. I'm trying the office now. Maybe he's in the studio.

REGINA

Sure he is.

Vincent scans the court, getting a lay of the land. Exits, security, any trouble spots. His spots Tracy. She catches him looking, gives him a wink before he can turn away.

WALLY

I bet she's a lot of fun.

VINCENT

I bet she's a lot of trouble.

WALLY

Isn't that what I said?

VINCENT

It's almost time. You got a mark?

WALLY

Backpacker, second row from the top.

VINCENT

I see him. Alright, I'll take the Lovebirds in the matching sweatsuits. Third row.

WALLY

If ever some girl gets me to dress like her, I want you to shoot my eyes out.

VINCENT

Consider it done. Let's get to it.

They climb into the bleachers, each of them settling in next to their targets.

A KID, 11 or 12, sits on Vincent's other side, sketches in a notepad. Vincent peaks over his shoulder; the kid has talent.

REGINA makes a call on her cell, her back to the court.

REGINA

Dammit, Scott...

A buzz works its way through the crowd, unrelated to what's going on in the game. Leslie stands, peers through the crowd to find the source of the excitement.

LESLIE

Hey, did you know he'd be here?

Regina snaps her phone shut and turns to see:

AMMO AND HIS ENTOURAGE walking along the far baseline.

The crowd noise increases with every step Ammo takes. It's clear that his path will take him right by Spitfire's spot on the bench.

LESLIE

Oh God, they're gonna fight...

Regina doesn't answer, her eyes locked on Ammo. The crowd is rabid in anticipation of...something.

The PLAYERS on the court split their attention between their opponents and the spectacle on the sidelines.

Just before they reach Spitfire's position, Ammo and his crew move into the bleachers, taking seats two rows up.

The crowd moans in shared disappointment.

LESLIE

Wow, that was-

REGINA

Pointless?

Ammo spots Regina and Leslie, flashes a sly smile and winks. Regina rolls her eyes.

WALLY checks his watch. Its time. He nudges the backpacker.

WALLY

Hey man...

(points out Lovebird Girl)
...ain't that the girl from the club?

BACKPACKER

What?

WALLY

You know the one I'm talking about.

BACKPACKER

I don't fucking know you, dude!

WALLY

Nigga, stop playing. That's her.
Watch...

(shouting to Lovebird Girl)
Hey girl! Hey!

BACKPACKER
Look, I don't know what your problem
is, but you need to leave me the fuck
alone!

Vincent taps Lovebird Girl to get her attention.

VINCENT
Miss, I think that dude back there is
trying to talk to you.

Both Lovebirds turn.

WALLY
Yup, see, I told you that was the same
girl you hooked up with!

LOVEBIRD BOY
The fuck...? What's he talking about,
baby?

Others in their section are turn away from the game, more
interested in the developing drama.

LOVEBIRD GIRL
He's lying!

WALLY
Lying? Is that your man? (to
backpacker) Did you know she had a man?

BACKPACKER
What the fuck are you doing? I don't
know you or that bitch!

Most fans turn focus the argument, the game an
afterthought.

VINCENT
(to Lovebird Boy)
You gonna let him talk about your girl
that way, Money?

LOVEBIRD GIRL
Like Hell he is! Tell him, baby!

Lovebird Boy knows he can't back down now. All he wanted to
do was see the game.

LOVEBIRD BOY
Don't...don't talk to her like that.

BACKPACKER

Whatever, man. I ain't fucking with
y'all.

LOVEBIRD GIRL

He calls me a bitch and that's all you
gonna say? Fuck it...

Lovebird Girl snatches a soft drink cup from someone and
hurls it at the Backpacker. Soda splashes all over him.

Backpacker charges down the bleachers toward her, but her
Lovebird Boy intercepts. The fight's on.

Others in the stands scramble and scurry to get out of the
way or get a better view. As they do, other skirmishes
break out.

SOL stands in the pack watching the ruckus at the other end
of the bleachers.

A MAN IN A YANKEE CAP stands in front of Sol. Sol punches
him in the back of the head.

Yankee cap stumbles then turns ready to strike back, but
pauses when he takes in all that is Sol.

Sol points out a PATSY standing nearby.

SOL

It was him.

Yankee cap knows its a lie, but knows he has no shot at
beating Sol. He buys the lie, and attacks the patsy.

Again, one fight breeds others. Chaos consumes the
bleachers.

On the court game action pauses as refs and security
address the fighting in the stands. The brawl pushes
Spitfire and the other players and coaches off the bench.

Under the "AWAY" bleachers, PAT watches the commotion
build. That's his cue.

He covers his face with a bandana, his eyes with
sunglasses. He digs a black aerosol canister out of each
pocket. Pepper spray.

He runs the length of the bleachers, spraying as he goes.

Soon, everyone in the "AWAY" bleachers begins coughing and
wheezing, stumbling onto the court.

The wheezers mix with the brawlers on the blacktop, the players sucked into the scrum. Bedlam.

REGINA and LESLIE cling to the chain link fence to keep from being trampled.

SPITFIRE, right in the middle of it, fighting to stay upright.

TRACY makes her move, sliding through the riot, jostled some, but never breaking stride.

Within arms distance she reaches for Spitfire's chain. As she gets her hand on the medallion, he turns. Their eyes meet.

Spitfire goes to push her away, but is bumped hard, loses his balance. As he stumbles, the chain comes off in Tracy's hand. She takes off.

Spitfire regains his balance, signals one of his players.

SPITFIRE
(Pointing out Tracy)_
Get her!

A PLAYER from Spitfire's team spots Tracy escaping. He bulldozes after her.

PAT sprints to his van. He climbs in, starts it up and zips back to the court.

WALLY and VINCENT push their way through the crowd.

Vincent spots the artist kid getting knocked around hard. He moves to help him.

Vincent reaches for the kid, but gets shoved. When he looks again, the kid is gone.

Vincent sees the kid's notebook on the ground, trampled. A hand latches onto his shoulder. Wally.

WALLY
Where are you going?

VINCENT
That kid, I was trying-

WALLY
Not why we're here!

Wally pulls Vincent toward the exit. Vincent still looks for the kid, but doesn't see him.

TRACY works through the crowd, the Player gaining.

Ten feet. Six feet. Two feet.

The player reaches out, gets a hold of Tracy's shirt. She tries to pull away but he's too strong.

A huge hand grabs the player's wrist. He turns, just as Sol delivers a jab to his nose. The player sinks into the crowd.

Sol grabs Tracy and leads her through the crowd. Once away from the ruckus, they sprint to Pat's van.