

MOVING DAY

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET

In front of a Bronx home, two MOVING MEN engage in a heated argument with a COP behind a van filled with furniture.

Among the ONLOOKERS passing by: DONOVAN JAMES (30's). Unnerved by the escalating argument - the fit African American's gate slowly changes its fast pace to a slow, deliberate, suspended stride.

BANG! A single bullet to the temple. Blood splatters. One of New York's finest goes down. Donovan stops in his tracks.

JESSE (30's), average height and build, gives Donovan a dead stare. There's an awkward moment of silence before:

Donovan hauls ass down the street toward a car where his wife, PAULETTE, (30's) waits.

DONOVAN'S CAR

Paulette, witnessing the shooting, instinctively checks on their daughter, SOPHIE (15).

Blissfully unaware, Sophie scrolls through her news feed on social media, bopping her head and destroying the words to Beyonce's Formation song streaming into her headphones.

Paulette reaches across the driver's side, starts the car and opens the door. Donovan jumps in and hits the gas.

Sophie's head jerks backward. Her headphones fall off.

SOPHIE

Dad! What are you doing?

STREET

JESSE, steps directly into Donovan's path. He aims his gun, through the windshield at Donovan.

DONOVAN'S CAR

Donovan slams on breaks. Paulette and Sophie brace themselves. The car abruptly stops.

STREET

The shooter's partner, RICK (20's) a lanky, disheveled looking guy, tromps toward the car.