

EXT. CENTENNIAL PARK - TYRA MOORE CAMPAIGN STAND - MORNING

PEDESTRIANS populate the large and spacious park, playing with their dogs and children, enjoying the sun. On a side walk there is a table with a sign that reads: REGISTER TO VOTE HERE.

The table is surrounded with VOLUNTEERS that wear VOTE TYRA MOORE FOR GA GOVERNOR as they interact with various people. ANDRE COLEMAN [18], young and black, stands at the table with a huge smile on his face, taking in everything.

Andre's phone vibrates, text after text. TRAVIS WILLIAMS [38] approaches the table and takes notice of Andre's phone.

TRAVIS

Seems like you're a popular guy
today huh?

Andre breaks out of his day dream. Travis references his phone.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Let me guess, your mom?

ANDRE

Ever since I got up this morning,
she's been telling me how proud she
is that I'm volunteering and trying
to make a difference.

TRAVIS

Well your mom is right. This is a
very important election and we need
all the help we can get.

Travis grabs another stack of flyers and a water bottle out of a cooler.

ANDRE

There's been a 7% increase in fatal
shootings since the implementation
of the campus carry gun laws. 1 in
every 33 black men are incarcerated
for drugs. Those are just two
things on a very long list of
reasons why we need change.

Travis smiles and nods, very impressed.

TRAVIS

Sounds to me like we need you on the front lines campaigning with us. Let's get you an iPad and get you talking to people.

Andre grabs an iPad and follows Travis into the crowd of people.

IN A NEARBY BUILDING WINDOW a FIGURE/CHARLIE NORTON [31] opens the window and sets down a large duffel bag. They remove pieces of equipment and assemble together into a sniper rifle.

They attach the stock, and scope, and load the magazine. They lean into the weapon, adjusting the scope as they peer into it looking onto the park below.

ON THE GROUND, Andre and Travis approach a couple, Travis letting Andre take the lead.

IN THE BUILDING WINDOW the scope scans through the crowd near the table, moving from one target to another.

ON THE GROUND Travis looks past the couple and smiles.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

It's about time you got here.

Travis gestures for Andre to continue without him as he passes the couple.

IN THE BUILDING the scope follows Travis as he walks toward a WOMAN with dark hair in a pinstripe suit. The Figure takes a deep breath as they rest their finger on the trigger.

ON THE GROUND Travis approaches the Woman reaching out for a hug - BANG! Blood splatters on Travis's face as the woman collapses to the ground.

Everyone scatters, screaming and panicking, looking for cover. Travis stands, unable to move. Andre notices him and runs for him.

Travis looks up at the building and sees a scope glint from one of the windows. Andre grabs his arm and starts to drag him. BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Bodies drop left and right. Sirens echo in the distance as they draw near.

Travis and Andre lay on the ground in a pool of blood. Andre's phone lies next to him.

It lights up with a text from his mother that reads: "You are really making a difference, sweetie! "

EXT. PLAYGROUND - MORNING

LAYLA DRAKE [late 30s] sits on a park bench watching her son, JAMES [8], play with his cousin, TYRONE [9]. She smiles, enjoying the peace. Her phone rings, screen displays the name ERIC. Her smile fades as she ignores the call.

MYAH STEWART [early-mid 30s], Layla's younger sister, takes a seat next to her handing her a coffee.

MYAH

You know you'll have to talk to him at some point.

LAYLA

(deflecting)

I'm surprised Tyra didn't need you at the office this morning.

MYAH

You and me both. She said that we need to cherish these moments with our kids while they are young because once they are teens, it's a nightmare.

LAYLA

Ain't that the truth.

Layla raises her cup to take a sip, then pauses.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

Did you make sure they put-

MYAH & LAYLA

(in unison)

Exactly four creams and five sugars and two shots of espresso.

They share a smile.

LAYLA

Just how dad used to like it.

Layla looks off, watches the boys play.

MYAH

Are you going this weekend?

LAYLA
I'm not sure.

MYAH
Com'on Layla. It's been twenty-five years. You only went to his grave when we buried him.

LAYLA
You mean the empty casket we buried, because they said his body was unrecoverable?

Myah rolls her eyes.

MYAH
Let's not do this today.

LAYLA
Can't you understand, he loved his job more than he did us?

MYAH
He loved us.

LAYLA
If he did, he would've stayed. He wouldn't have gone on that mission and-
(beat)
He would still be alive.

MYAH
This coming from the woman who followed in his footsteps and went into the military and now battles it out on the streets with terrorists.

Layla rolls her eyes as James and Tyrone run up, out of breath. Layla and Myah crack smiles, but James and Tyrone sense the tension.

JAMES
Mommy, can we get ice cream.

LAYLA
Ice cream?! It's a little early for ice cream isn't it?

Layla's phone rings, it's Eric again. Layla declines, but James notices.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
(off of James)
You know what, one scoop of ice
cream doesn't hurt.

James perks up. Layla and Myah get up when Layla's phone rings again, this time it's work. She answers.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
Drake. Alright, I'll meet you
there.

Layla hangs up, and kneels down to James, James pouting his lips.

JAMES
Don't go mommy.

LAYLA
You know I have to, sweetie. I'll
make it up to you, I promise.

She gives him a long hug.

JAMES
Make sure you come home.

Layla looks at Myah who breaks eyes contact with her.

LAYLA
You know I always do.

She gives him a kiss.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
(to Myah)
Do you mind?

Myah gets a call from Tyra.

MYAH
(into phone)
Hey, Tyra. I'll be right there.

She hangs up.

MYAH (CONT'D)
(interrupting)
I'll drop him on my way to the
office. Go.

Layla exits.