

# INDICTMENT - AUDITION SIDES

ROLE: Baby World

SCENE: EXT. HAWAIIAN GARDENS - KING LIQUOR - NIGHT

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CHURCH (V.O.)

Our Father, who art in heaven,  
hallowed be thy name.  
Thy kingdom come,  
thy will be done on earth as it is  
in heaven.  
Give us this day our daily bread.  
And forgive us our trespasses,  
as we forgive those who trespass  
against us.  
And lead us not into temptation,  
but deliver us from evil.  
Amen.

Sodium-orange streetlights hum over a half-dead KING  
LIQUOR sign.

A payphone stands by the wall. A dented sedan idles at the  
curb.

YOUNG WORLD leans on the passenger door, fresh hoodie, too  
proud of himself. BABY WORLD stays by the trunk, watching  
Young and the street.

Inside the store, a TV laughs at nobody.  
Young checks himself in the window.

YOUNG WORLD

Tomorrow I'm pulling up clean.  
New paint, new shoes, all that.

BABY WORLD

You said that yesterday.

YOUNG WORLD

Tomorrow for real.  
Baby's phone buzzes.

LILYNX.

She turns the screen so Young can see it.

BABY WORLD

That girl gon get you caught up.

YOUNG WORLD

She like me.

That's not a crime.

A Honda rattles by. Then the lot goes quiet.

2.

Headlights sweep across the asphalt. A black car rolls in  
and stops.

Young grins at it.

YOUNG WORLD

Y'all need something?

The rear window lowers.

Baby recognizes the car a split second before the shots.

MUZZLE FLASH.

FLASH. FLASH.

Young jerks hard, hit twice.

Baby turns to run and catches one across the jaw. Her

phone skids across the concrete.  
Glass pops. The sign dies. Shell casings hit the ground.  
Then silence.  
The black car turns out and leaves.  
Young claws at the pavement, trying to breathe. Baby  
twitches once and stops.  
Across the street, CHURCH grips the wheel of a beat-up  
Impala. Early 30s. Black suit. Bible on the passenger  
seat.  
He stays still and studies the lot: shell angle, tire  
mark, broken phone, dead camera over the door, movement in  
an upstairs window.  
Police lights flare two blocks away.  
Church reaches for the Bible, stops, and looks at his  
burner.  
UNKNOWN NUMBER.  
YOU SEE THAT?  
He kills the screen and watches the block turn blue.  
He watches the windows wake up.  
He watches people start guessing before the bodies stop  
moving.  
CHURCH (V.O.)  
By then I knew it wasn't random.  
I just didn't know which one of us  
opened the door.  
(MORE)

3.  
CHURCH (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Young moved too loud. Hot Shot  
trusted every room.  
Baby knew things fast. Christie  
disappeared.  
Jamal stayed too calm. Perry stayed  
too close.  
A circle.  
CUT TO:  
SUPER: ONE WEEK EARLIER  
CHURCH (V.O.)  
A week earlier, everybody still  
thought we had time.