

# INDICTMENT - AUDITION SIDES

ROLE: Dude One

SCENE: EXT. WATTS - PROJECTS COURTYARD - NIGHT

EXT. WATTS - PROJECTS COURTYARD - NIGHT

Dice slap concrete.

Two men jaw one shove away from gunfire.

Church steps between them in his black suit.

CHURCH

Put that away.

DUDE ONE

Move.

CHURCH

No.

DUDE TWO

This ain't your business.

CHURCH

It is now.

Kids upstairs watching.

One of them laughs.

Short.

Mean.

11.

DUDE ONE

Man, don't preach at me.

Church steps closer.

CHURCH

Then hear me anyway.

Put it away and go home.

Long silence.

Dude One pulls his hand off his waistband.

Dude Two backs off first because once one man folds, the other don't wanna be brave alone.

The yard exhales.

A voice comes through the fence behind Church.

PERRY (O.S.)

Marcus.

Church closes his eyes for half a second.

CHURCH

Don't use that.

DETECTIVE PERRY stands outside the chain-link in an unmarked sedan.

Forties.

Tired suit.

The kind of face that got comfortable making bad things sound reasonable.

PERRY

Still don't like your government name?

CHURCH

Still don't like your face.

Perry smiles like that counts as affection.

He slides a cheap burner through the fence gap.

PERRY

When this goes bad, call me first.

Church looks at the phone and does not touch it.

CHURCH

Why would I call you?

12.

PERRY

Because I still answer.

And I can still move paper.

CHURCH

What you want, Perry?

PERRY

Same thing I always want.

To keep you from making it worse.

CHURCH

You don't do nothing free.

PERRY

Neither does anybody else.

Church finally takes the burner because refusing would be louder than accepting.

Perry nods once.

PERRY

Keep it close.

He drives off.

Church stands with the phone in one hand and the courtyard noise rising back around him.

CUT TO: