

In 1995, Mayor Giuliani set out to eradicate graffiti in NYC as part of his “broken window” theory.

He created the Anti-Graffiti Task Force, which included the GHOST unit (Graffiti Habitual Offender Suppression Team), a small team of undercover graffiti artists responsible for tracking and nabbing the city’s most industrious offenders.

Since the mid-90’s the Task Force has arrested over 2,800 artists.

Congratulations...

Pigs.

OVER BLACK --

DJ Quik's "Dollaz + Sense" plays as the red glow of an alarm clock pulses:

2:30 A.M.

INT. BRONX APARTMENT - NIGHT

Finally, a lamp turns on to illuminate the face of JACOB "JOCKY" MITCHELL (19). He sits up, rubs his eyes awake and bops to the beat. Go to sleep hip-hop, wake up hip-hop.

He sits on a mattress on the floor, and we PULL BACK to reveal the walls of the room are covered in graffiti -- a vibrant collage of stylized tags, but they all read the same thing: "JOCKY".

Jocky stands up next to his dresser, and only now do we realize he is abnormally short. He throws on some jeans and a hoodie. Yankee hat backwards. Sony Walkman on blast.

Rapping the lyrics along with *DJ Quik*, he grabs his Jansport and reaches into his closet, and proceeds to remove a panel off the wall -- there's a secret compartment.

He turns on a light to reveal a stash full of Krylon spray cans, organized by color.

Jocky grabs **TWO CANS** and throws them in his bag.

INT. NYC SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

Jocky descends the steps into the empty station and waves to a BOOTH ATTENDANT, before blatantly HOPPING the turnstyle.

The Booth Attendant just shakes his head. *Fucking Hoodlums.*

INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

Jocky sits in the empty car, scratching a massive *Jocky* tag into the window with a piece of sandpaper.

He blows the plastic shavings off to admire his work, as we PULL BACK to reveal: *he's hit every window on the train.*

EXT. STRIP MALL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jocky creeps into an empty lot, looks around and lowers his headphones to listen:

The streets are quiet.

He scales a chain-link fence and climbs onto the roof of:

EXT. KENNEDY FRIED CHICKEN - NIGHT

Jocky creeps across the tar roof until he reaches a massive wall covered in graffiti. Prime real estate.

Jocky removes his bookbag, pulls out a spray can, and throws a fat cap in the valve. His heart beats a sick rhythm.

He shakes up the can's internal pea--

And begins.

His style comes alive on the wall in motions that are wild, fresh, free. Zero hesitation. Muffuckas might even say he's *in the zone*.

He switches cans, pops a cap into the valve and outlines the piece. It starts to take form.

A FLASH OF HEADLIGHTS cross the wall. Jocky ducks, watches a car pass by...

All good.

He adds the finishing touches, and at the bottom right corner of his piece he throws up three letters: "B.T.C."

He throws his cans in his bag and zips up.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jocky jumps down from the roof, but as soon as he hits the ground, he hears the sound of an engine.

He turns to see a WHITE HONDA CIVIC idling in the corner. He hurries out of the lot.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jocky hustles back the way he came. Over his shoulder he sees the Honda pull out of the lot and follow him.

Jocky deliberates, then BOLTS!

The Honda floors it -- they're clearly after him.

Jocky runs for his life, cuts down an alley, but reaches a fence with a barbed wire haircut. No way out. *Fuck.*

He sprints back out into the street -- where two HOODED MEN hop out of the car. He tries to escape, but one of them catches him by his Jansport. He wiggles out of it -- but the second one tackles him to the ground, face down.

The Hooded Man shoves Jocky's face into the pavement.

JOCKY

All I got is a Metro card and some cans yo! You could have 'em.

He flips Jocky over, surprised to find the man in a GAS MASK.

JOCKY (CONT'D)

Somebody help--!

The man flicks open a switchblade, presses the blade to Jocky's jawline -- and jerks the blade hard.

Jocky lets out a yelp that turns into a blood-filled gurgle.

The man jumps up and hurries back into his car. The other man steals the two spray cans from the Jansport and discards it.

They speed off, leaving Jocky to bleed out on the sidewalk as his Walkman plays the rest of the song:

DJ QUICK

If it don't make dollars, it don't make sense...

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. INTERLOCHEN ART INSTITUTE, MICHIGAN - QUAD - DAY

Pretty white teenagers play frisbee on a beautifully manicured lawn -- a stark contrast from the gritty Bronx streets. The sheer number of Birkenstocks, khaki shorts, and polos tell us that this is an uppity private school.

We hear the SOUNDS of an aerosol SPRAY CAN and cut to:

A GROUNDSKEEPER methodically cleaning the headstone of:

INTERLOCHEN ART INSTITUTE: *"The art of excellence"*

PROFESSOR GARFINKEL (V.O.)
 Okay my lovely seniors. Does
 anybody know what today is?

INT. INTERLOCHEN - DRAWING STUDIO - DAY

PROFESSOR GARFINKEL (50), an amiable bald man, stands in the front of a spacious studio with massive windows, natural light, expansive views. He addresses his students:

PROFESSOR GARFINKEL
 I'm going to take that as a yes,
 and that you're all just too busy
 to respond.

Each student has their own work space, like a luxury cubicle with a taboret or drawing table instead of a computer.

PROFESSOR GARFINKEL (CONT'D)
 Today marks exactly one month until
 your Senior Thesis Exhibition.

We scan the faces of the ambitious young students, all of whom are deeply enthralled in their work...

PROFESSOR GARFINKEL (CONT'D)
 If for some reason you were not
 aware of this looming deadline,
 come see me in my office and we'll
 find out if Chucky Cheese is hiring
 face painters, 'cause you sure as
 hell won't be graduating.

Until we find **IVY MITCHELL** (18), rockin' a Pearl Jam hoodie, sitting in front of a blank canvas. Instead, she's intensely focused on a sick pen & ink piece in her sketch book.

PROFESSOR GARFINKEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Holy mackerel Ivy, that's the
 greatest thing I've ever seen.

Ivy slams her book shut, looks up to see Professor Garfinkel looking at her blank canvas -- he's being a smart ass.

PROFESSOR GARFINKEL (CONT'D)
 I like what you did with the amount
 of white space.

He looks at Ivy and winks. Ivy smiles.

IVY
 Yeah, I'm calling it, 'Jackson
 Pollock Discovers White Out'.

PROFESSOR GARFINKEL

Your choice in white paint is remarkable. It almost looks like there's nothing on the canvas at all...

Professor Garfinkel looks at Ivy with concern -- he's more of a nurturer than a ball-buster.

PROFESSOR GARFINKEL (CONT'D)

Ivy. You're one of the most talented students I've ever had. But I can't keep passing you based on the work in that sketch book. If you don't present your work at the exhibit, you won't graduate.

IVY

But why do I--

PROFESSOR GARFINKEL

The world needs art, that's why this institution exists. Not that I really give a damn about this school's mission, it's just that...hiding your work away from the world doesn't benefit anybody. You're one of the only kids here that actually has something to say, so say it loud. Don't fucking whisper.

(a beat)

Thirty days, Ivy.

He moves on to the next student's workspace as Ivy stares into her blank canvas.

INT. INTERLOCHEN ART INSTITUTE - CAFETERIA - DAY

Meal time. Dozens of ARTSY TYPES eat, flirt, laugh, talk about art, their lives back home, their plans for the future.

At a small table, Ivy eats alone. A few people say hi, but none of them stay to talk.

Until one KEN DOLL MUFFUCKA approaches with a posse of Sperry-wearing douches.

KEN DOLL MUFFUCKA

Hey Ivy, you coming to my party?
We're going to take my uncle's boat out on the lake...

IVY
I can't. Gotta work on my thesis.

KEN DOLL MUFFUCKA
Bobby's bringing a sheet of 'cid.
Might help get the juices flowing.
(passes his number)
In case you change your mind.

He winks and carries on.

Ivy crumples it up and chucks it. *Puh-lease*. Back to her black book, she picks up where she left off.

INT. INTERLOCHEN - MAIL ROOM - DAY

Ivy unlocks her mailbox, finds an envelope inside. The return address reads: "*Your Handsome Ass Brother, Bronx, New York*"

Ivy smiles, shakes her head. Just as she's about to open it--

MISS REIDY (O.S.)
Ivy?

Ivy turns to find distinguished Headmaster **MISS REIDY** (60s).

IVY
Hi Miss Reidy.

MISS REIDY
Can we talk, dear?

Something about her expression worries Ivy.

INT. MISS REIDY'S OFFICE - DAY

Miss Reidy sits behind her immaculate desk, across from Ivy. There's an awkward tension in the room.

MISS REIDY
How's your senior thesis coming?

IVY
It's coming.

MISS REIDY
That's good. Excited to graduate?

IVY
I guess.

Miss Reidy nods. Takes a long breath.

IVY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, is this like an exit
interview or something?

MISS REIDY
No, it's...I don't really know how
to break this to you, but it's
about your brother, Jacob. He was
killed last night.

Ivy goes white. She's in total shock.

MISS REIDY (CONT'D)
NYPD thinks it was gang-related.

Ivy can't move.

MISS REIDY (CONT'D)
We understand that your father's
incarcerated, making you the only
living relative available to handle
your brother's affairs...

A long moment as the news settles on Ivy.

MISS REIDY (CONT'D)
We're terribly sorry for your loss.
We'll be here to help you through
this, and have decided to grant you
a thirty-day extension for your
senior thesis, should you need it.

Ivy looks up at Miss Reidy, incredulous.

Finally, she stands up and moves for the door. But before she
exits, she stifles her anger and turns.

IVY
Thank you.

INT. IVY'S DORM ROOM - DAY

Ivy's domain. Vibrant oil paints form an overgrown city-scape
- the NYC skyline covered in vegetation - on all four walls.

Ivy sits in bed, zips her packed suitcase, stares down at the
unopened LETTER in her hand. She carefully opens it up:

JOCKY (V.O.)
Dear Sis, Happy belated Birthday...

Ivy is frozen, reading the words of a ghost.

JOCKY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*Sorry for being late, but players
 like me ain't got time for
 chickenheads like you.*

Ivy giggles through teary eyes.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - DAY

Ivy loads her bags onto the bottom of a Greyhound.

JOCKY (V.O.)
*Just playin. I've been busy, lots
 of stuff going on here.*

INT. GREYHOUND BUS - DAY

Ivy stares out the window, watching Michigan disappear behind her. She holds a PHOTOGRAPH in her hand: Ivy and Jocky as young kids, sitting on a motel bed, crayons scattered about the white sheets.

JOCKY (V.O.)
*I know you don't give a shit, but I
 went and saw Dad the other day. Got
 me thinking, maybe you can come
 home this summer and all of us
 could hang out as a family when he
 gets out.*

Next to Ivy in the photo stands her father **QUINCY**, who sports a handlebar mustache and sleeves of tatoos on wiry arms.

JOCKY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Forget all the bullshit for once.

They couldn't look happier, but Ivy folds the picture into a square so that her father's no longer a part of it.

EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE - NEW YORK - DAY

The Greyhound crosses the bridge, the NYC skyline just south.

JOCKY (V.O.)
*Anyway, hope you enjoyed your
 birthday. I miss you, I love you,
 and send me some of your new shit.*

INT. NYC SUBWAY CAR (4 LINE) - DAY

Hispanic folks pack the train, as Ivy looks at the bleak landscape of the East Bronx: grey skies, grey buildings and grey sidewalks -- the graffiti covered rooftops are the borough's only source of color.

JOCKY (V.O.)

*Wanna see what those motherfuckers
are teaching you up north.*

The train stops and Ivy stands up to exit, revealing a *JOCKY* tag etched into the glass behind her.

JOCKY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Your tiny big brother, Jacob.

EXT. 50TH PRECINCT - DAY

Ivy climbs the steps of the brick building, it's big steel door framed by the infamous navy-blue banner: NYPD.

INT. PRECINCT LOBBY - DAY

Hustle and bustle, product of the city's crime rate. Ivy wanders through the station and stands out -- her pace is too slow, her body too fragile for this harsh environment.

She approaches a FROSTY COP behind the check-in counter.

IVY

I'm here about my brother.

Frosty doesn't even look up.

FROSTY

Gotta be more specific than that.

IVY

He was killed last night.

Frosty looks up, guiltily. *Shit.*

INT. LOBBY - LATER

Ivy sits in a waiting area, observing the filthy characters around her. A DETECTIVE approaches with a clipboard and a large PLASTIC BAG in hand.

DETECTIVE

Miss Mitchell?

Ivy stands. The Detective sees the young girl's face, and regretfully informs her:

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Got your brother's death certificate here, as well as his personal effects: a Jansport backpack, a wallet, Sony Walkman and a set of house keys.

Ivy signs and the Detective passes over the plastic bag.

She looks through the plastic at the old Jansport - a look of recognition. She fights back her tears.

IVY

So...any suspects or anything?

DETECTIVE

Unfortunately, no. This kind of thing happens all the time around here. Especially in his scene.

IVY

What scene?

DETECTIVE

Graffiti writers. Most of 'em are harmless, but some of 'em will kill over some wall space. We think it was your typical beef between crews, and your brother got the worst of it.

Ivy shakes her head, confused by it all. She's alone, vulnerable, about to break. The Detective takes notice and pulls her aside.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Listen, when I had to track you down, I saw some of the reports. First the shit with your father, now this...This city's no good. You seem like a smart young woman. If I were you, I'd take care of the funeral, go back to Michigan, and stay there.

The Detective nods, sympathetic, then turns and leaves. Ivy remains glued to the floor, gripping Jacob's things.

EXT. SUBWAY - DAY

Ivy rides the subway uptown, wearing her brother's Jansport.

SUBWAY CONDUCTOR (ON PA)
Next stop, Woodlawn.

EXT. STREET - WOODLAWN, BRONX - DAY

Ivy walks down the street and takes in the old neighborhood; Irish & Puerto Rican flags, corner pubs & piragua stands, ruddy & nutty skin.

Finally, she arrives at a dilapidated apartment house, double-checks the address in Jocky's wallet and pulls out the keys --

INT. JACOB'S APARTMENT - DAY

Ivy hits the lights. It's nothing like the luxury dorms at school; the walls and ceilings are peeling plaster, the furniture looks pissed on, and empty cans of cheap beer line the floor.

She makes her way through the apartment, sees several framed photos of her and Jacob on the coffee table, notices a LUMPY SLEEPING BAG on the couch and continues into...

JACOB'S BEDROOM

She hits the light to Jacob's graffiti haven. It catches Ivy off guard -- she scans the writing on the walls. *Jocky?*

She looks confused, like she's in the presence of a stranger.

CREAK--

Ivy turns. Somebody's in the other room. She grabs a LAVA LAMP off Jacob's dresser and peers out into the:

LIVING ROOM

Sees nothing. She creeps out into the center of the room - lava lamp cocked back - and listens closely...

When a man SUDDENLY sits up from the sleeping bag --

WHAM!

Ivy cracks the lava lamp over the man's head and he crashes to the floor, stuck in the sleeping bag. She grabs a chard of glass and stands above him.

IVY

Who the fuck are you!?

He moans and turns over. His cherub face is not what you'd expect from an intruder or a bum. Meet **TONKA** (19), a goofy hip-hop disciple.

TONKA

Damn son! Was that a lava lamp?

IVY

Who are you?

TONKA

I'm Jocky's boy.

He gets a good look at Ivy, immediate recognition --

TONKA (CONT'D)

You're his sister.

(really looks at her)

God damn, no wonder he kept you a secret. You fine as hell girl.

Ivy cocks back the chard of glass.

TONKA (CONT'D)

Wait! My bad, I'm just playin. They call me Tonka.

IVY

That's a stupid fucking name. What are you doing here?

Tonka tries to sit up, looks at the glass in her hand.

TONKA

You wanna put that down first?

IVY

Why are you here?

He points to a six pack of OLD MILWAUKEE on the table.

TONKA

That. My way of coping I guess.

Ivy lowers the glass, lets her guard down.

TONKA (CONT'D)

I came here to pour one out for Jocky, somewhere the cops won't bother me. Want one?

Tonka cracks a beer off the six-pack. She declines.

IVY

What's "Jocky"?

TONKA

Your brother's tag name. May as well been his real name, it's what everyone called him.

IVY

How long was he gang-banging?

TONKA

Gang-banging?

(laughs)

You spendin too much time at Blockbuster yo. This aint some Boyz N Da Hood shit.

(off her look)

Graffiti crews aint like that. It's about getting ups, repping your shit, looking out for each other.

IVY

So where were you then?

TONKA

Slow your role yo. I'm not a writer, I'm a DJ, and an MC, among other things. Plus, you're his sister. Better question is where the fuck were you?

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK. They both look confused. Ivy goes to the door, checks the peephole. She sees TWO MEN standing outside, BADGES around their necks.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Miss Mitchell, we're with the N.Y.P.D. We'd like to talk.

Tonka is petrified. He grabs his beer and rushes to the window as Ivy reaches for the doorknob -- but for some reason, she stops.

IVY

I could have you arrested right now, you know that right?

TONKA

(softens)

Please don't.

He climbs out and gently closes it behind him.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

IVY
Be right there!

She waits a moment, then opens it to flashed badges.

FAREN
I'm Officer Faren, this is my
partner Officer Casey.

OFFICER FAREN (30s) is the one in charge. He's cool, confident, and unmistakably made in New York. His second-in-command is **OFFICER CASEY** (30s), a chubby dick.

FAREN (CONT'D)
Ivy, I assume. We're here about
your brother Jacob.

IVY
You find his killer?

CASEY
Not yet.

FAREN
Mind if we come in?

Ivy hesitates, then lets them in. They sit.

FAREN (CONT'D)
What do you know about graffiti
writing, miss Mitchell?

IVY
Nothing.

FAREN
You know your brother was a writer?

IVY
That's what I've been hearing.

FAREN
He was good. One of the biggest in
the Bronx. Was on his way to
becoming all-city.

IVY
And?

FAREN

Mayor Giuliani's been cracking down on vandalism, thinks it'll help clean up the city. Officer Casey and I work for the Anti-Graffiti Task Force unit.

IVY

Wait, so are you real cops, or like, traffic cops?

They can't tell if she's being a wise ass.

CASEY

Real as it gets. We're part of the GHOST unit.

IVY

Sounds scary.

FAREN

We're trying to help you.

IVY

Oh really? How?

FAREN

The GHOST unit sends artists undercover to try and nab the city's biggest offenders...I'm guessing your brother didn't tell you we busted him last month.

Ivy looks confused.

CASEY

Got pinned with criminal mischief, other misdemeanors. We gave him a choice: work with us undercover, or spend 90 days in county.

FAREN

He wouldn't have been out until late July.

(a beat)

Said he couldn't afford to miss your graduation.

A punch in the gut.

IVY

Why are you telling me this?

FAREN

Well, we think that with the skills
you've been developing up in
Michigan--

IVY

You offering me a summer job?

CASEY

We're offering you a chance to find
your brother's killer.

FAREN

You work with us, help us identify
these writers, we think we'll be
able to piece together what
happened to Jacob.

The sound of her brother's name hits hard.

CASEY

We know it had to be one of the top
guys who did this to 'em. Only the
kingpins would be willing to kill
over having their identity outed.

FAREN

But they run in a tight circle.
Some guys'll be in the same crew
and never meet in person. Only on
the walls.

CASEY

You could give us a way in.

IVY

I paint landscapes. On easels. I
don't know anything about graffiti.

A beat. Officer Faren stands up and Officer Casey follows.

FAREN

Can't say we didn't try.

Faren passes her his card.

FAREN (CONT'D)

If you change your mind...

They turn and head for the door as Ivy holds the card,
thinking it over.

IVY

I'll do it.

The men exchange looks -- that didn't take much.

FAREN
It could get risky.

IVY
Where do I start?

The cops can sense her determination...

PRE-LAP: *Thumpin' 90's Hip-Hop track.*

EXT. PHUN PHACTORY - HIP HOP FESTIVAL - DAY

FAREN (V.O.)
Phun Phactory. Tomorrow afternoon.
Artists from all over the city will
be there.

The sweltering heat of the NYC summer makes the street sweat. Hundreds of hip-hop heads share blunts and swig from paper bags as they surround the decrepit factory -- which is COVERED IN GRAFFITI -- watching more aerosol artists add to the infamous collection to the sounds of a live DJ.

Ivy stands shoulder-to-shoulder with a crowd of hip-hoppers, looking out at a GRAFFITI WRITER putting the finishing touches on a wildstyle piece. You can't really make out what it says, but it doesn't matter -- it's still dope.

Ivy SCANS the perimeter and notices a several people standing around a collection of dead spray cans, their arms and legs splattered with paint. Other writers.

That's where she needs to be.

She tries to PUSH her way through the crowd, when a gangster BORICUA CHICK shoves her back--

BORICUA
Say excuse me, dumb bitch.

She gets up in Ivy's face, eyes cold as ice. Ivy doesn't like the amount of attention she's getting from the crowd.

IVY
I'm sorry, I was just--

DJ (O.S.)
Ay yo, listen up. This next joint goes out to my homie JOCKY, and the whole B-T-C family. Rest in peace brother.

Ivy looks up to the DJ booth and spots Tonka on the 1's and 2's -- he's speaks into the mic.

TONKA

Hope you in heaven where the
chickens be cluckin on the regular,
jamming out to some LL--

LL COOL J'S "DOIN IT" pumps through the speakers, and all the tension is broken -- the Boricua Chick relents as everybody begins to writhe, hypnotized by the beat.

Ivy looks up at Tonka. He cuts up the beat with confidence -- he's in his element.

Tonka lets the track play, as he steps out of the booth to swig from a 40 of OLD ENGLISH. Ivy tracks him. Finally, Tonka spots her and dances his way through the crowd.

TONKA (CONT'D)

You got some balls, coming to a
party full of *gang-bangers*.

IVY

I'm gonna find who killed Jacob.

Tonka's taken off guard by her conviction.

TONKA

What'd the jakes say to you?

IVY

I'm working with them--

TONKA

Yo!

(yanks her aside)

You gotta be easy. These are cool
peoples but they'll stomp you out
if they hear that. Cops are public
enemy, yo.

IVY

I need you to introduce me.

Tonka shakes his head.

TONKA

Mad reckless, just like your
brother. Go back to school 'fore
you end up like him.

Tonka looks Ivy in the eyes -- he means it.

ENO (O.S.)
Yo Tonka. This music's wack son.

ENO (23), a chubby Dominican, covered in paint down to his chancletas, comes up behind them.

ENO (CONT'D)
You're fuckin with Sev's flow.
Gonna have mah nigga painting
bunnies and butterflies with this
LL Cool J shit, for real.

TONKA
Just cause it ain't bachata don't
mean it's wack.

ENO
Ha! Fuck you nigga. Gimme somethin
hard, gimme that Onyx shit.
(re: Ivy)
Who's this?

TONKA
An old friend. She's cool.

IVY
I'm Ivy.

Eno gives her a pound, not a handshake.

ENO
Eno, B-T-C.

The crowd starts clapping. They all turn to see a PHOTOGRAPHER snapping a photo of a MASKED ARTIST next to his finished piece - being treated like a graffiti king.

Eno throws his hand up to get his attention. The artist approaches, and people get out of his way.

We'll come to know the masked artist as **SEV** (23), and following like a pitbull is **KABO**, an Italian brick shithouse. The Boricua Chick -- **BATH** (18) -- intercepts them.

BATH
Shit looks dope baby.

Bath pulls down Sev's mask to slip him some tongue, and we get a glimpse of his face; the dude is a female's fantasy.

SEV
Hope it's the last time I gotta do
one of those.

Ivy looks to the finished wildstyle piece. It reads: "R.I.P. Jocky" in elaborate lettering.

SEV (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Who's this?

Ivy turns to find Sev standing in front of her. Tonka is about to answer when Ivy chimes in --

IVY
I'm a writer.

ENO
Said she writes Ivy.

BATH
Never heard of you. Where you from?

TONKA
She just moved into the city.

KABO
From where?

IVY
Up north.

BATH
Must be from the fuckin north pole
cause I ain't never seen Ivy.

Eno and Bath crack up.

SEV
Where up north?

IVY
Yonkers.

Tonka reluctantly jumps in.

TONKA
Yeah, she's got ups in Y-O,
Peekskill, all the way to
Poughkeepsie.

BATH
What does that even mean? She
bombin' the side of barns?

The group laughs at Tonka and Ivy. Ivy doesn't get it.

SEV

Be careful round here girl. The
Bronx don't play well with toys.

Sev turns to leave. The others fall in line. When they're gone, Tonka storms back to the DJ booth. Ivy runs after him.

DJ BOOTH - MOMENTS LATER

Tonka packs up his records. Ivy follows him into the booth --

IVY

Tonka! Who were they?

TONKA

Not the people that killed your
brother, that's for sure.

IVY

How do you know?

TONKA

Because that was Sev and the rest
of BTC. That was Jocky's crew, his
peoples. Family don't kill family.

IVY

But Jocky was working with the
vandal squad.

Tonka stops, can't believe it.

IVY (CONT'D)

They think somebody found out that
he was undercover and killed him.

Tonka's mind races...

IVY (CONT'D)

I need to get in with them.

TONKA

You wildin' yo.

IVY

They already think I'm a writer.

TONKA

They think you're a toy -- a
rookie, a joke.

IVY

So I just have to prove them wrong.

TONKA

You're actin like it's easy. You gotta have style, ups, shit takes time. Not mention, they're the sickest crew in the city, muffuckas is major league.

IVY

You could help me.

TONKA

You're buggin.

IVY

Please.

Tonka shakes his head, grabs his box of records and turns to walk away, when Ivy grabs his arm. Tonka sees the sincerity and determination in her eyes.

IVY (CONT'D)

If you actually gave a shit about my brother, you'd help me find out who did this.

Tonka stares into her eyes. Torn...

TONKA

I'll come through your spot tomorrow. Don't hit me with nothing this time.

With that, he leaves. Ivy's got her "in".

EXT. SPUYTEN DIVEL RAIL STATION - DAY

Ivy approaches a bench in the station, where Officer Faren and Officer Casey await, watching the East River whirlpool it's way into the Hudson.

FAREN

What'd you think?

IVY

Bunch of thugs drinking, smoking, writing their names on walls--

CASEY

Didn't find the next Picasso?

IVY

No, but there was one writer-- Sev.

Faren perks up, looks intrigued.

FAREN

President of B-T-C. Definitely a good place to start. He was a suspect in the murder of another young writer named Speck a few years back, but nobody talked. We need names, addresses, photos--

IVY

Photos? *Right*. Excuse me, murderer, mind if I take your photo?

CASEY

You'd be surprised. Lotta guys photograph their work since it's all temporary, just a matter of time until somebody paints over it.

Ivy nods.

CASEY (CONT'D)

So what's your game plan?

IVY

Get some ups.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Tonka cracks open a Bud and sits on the couch across from Ivy. She has a notebook open in her lap, ready for class.

TONKA

Even if we get you ups all over the city, Sev and his crew are still gonna think you're a toy.

IVY

How do you know?

TONKA

Because...

Tonka is reluctant to admit it.

TONKA (CONT'D)

Where you think I got my name?

Ivy doesn't get it.

TONKA (CONT'D)

Tonka Trucks, like the toy. I used to write T-O-N, like "ton", cause my style was heavy and shit nahmean, but not everybody agreed. People started calling me Tonka, so I just embraced it.

IVY

And you're okay with that?

TONKA

It is what it is. I admit I wasn't no *Tracy168*, but even the haters had to admit I had ups.

IVY

Did people think Jacob was a toy?

TONKA

Na, your brother was nasty. Mad crews wanted him to get down, but he didn't care about that. He just loved to write and Sev dug that about him.

IVY

So if I just write a lot, they'll ask me to "get down"?

TONKA

Don't get ahead of yourself. You don't even have a tag name yet.

IVY

It's *Ivy*.

TONKA

Hm, yeah...why don't you use your address and social security number too? This shit's illegal, you know.

IVY

The cops already know I'm doing it.

TONKA

Okay then, *Ivy*.

Tonka gets up and she follows him into

JACOB'S BEDROOM

Tonka points to the tags on the walls.

TONKA (CONT'D)

It all starts with tags. It's the simplest, most popular type of graffiti. Flares, stickies, just writing your shit with marker--

IVY

Like a John Hancock for thugs.

TONKA

I'm not even gonna...The key thing is, you gotta be able to do it fast. Like I said, shit's illegal, so you gotta be efficient and dope at the same time.

Ivy sits down, opens a notebook and pulls out a pen.

TONKA (CONT'D)

'the fuck is that?

IVY

I'm practicing.

Tonka snatches the notebook and chucks it across the room.

TONKA

No point practicing with tools you ain't gonna use.

He tosses her a FAT TIP MARKER, scans the room, then sees his case of OLD MILWAUKEE -- he spills the cans out, rips the box open and hands her the cardboard.

TONKA (CONT'D)

There.

She holds the cardboard in her lap and uncaps the marker -- then pauses to stare at the terrifyingly blank canvas.

TONKA (CONT'D)

What are you waiting for?

A beat.

IVY

Can you get out?

TONKA

Say what?

IVY

I can't do this with you watching.

TONKA

Girl, we're not skinny dipping. You got stage fright?

IVY

No, I just...fucking turn around!

TONKA

You crazy son.

Tonka turns around in his chair, and spots the notebook he tossed. He picks it up, begins flipping through the pages and sees that every single page is obsessively filled with hundreds - *maybe thousands* - of IVY tags.

TONKA (CONT'D)

Yo, this is tight. You did this??

Tonka whips back to find her sitting in the same position, cracking a beer open.

He's confused until he notices the cardboard case is completely littered with IVY tags -- she's done already. On top of that, they're all tight.

TONKA (CONT'D)

Aight. I see whatchu doin.

He grabs his backpack and goes to the closet. Ivy watches him open a secret compartment in the wall (the same one we saw Jocky access in the opening).

TONKA (CONT'D)

We gotta get you a bunch of different versions of your shit.

The compartment is an artist's wet dream: a stack of Krylons arranged by colors of the rainbow. **An immaculate collection.**

TONKA (CONT'D)

You got the tag, now you just need outlines, throw-ups, and a couple nasty pieces.

Tonka begins loading up on cans as Ivy admires the closet.

IVY

That's a shitload of paint.

TONKA

Yeah, I think your brother had aspergers on the low.

(MORE)

TONKA (CONT'D)

Got a couple joints in here that are worth some serious paper. I'm talkin like seventy, eighty bucks on eBay.

IVY

What's eBay?

TONKA

(incredulous)

You a lost cause, yo. I'ma share my knowledge about this graffiti shit, but I ain't got time to teach you about the massive potential of consumer to consumer sales via the internet. That's on you. We out.

Tonka ZIPS up the Jansport.

EXT. RIVERDALE STATION - RAIL YARD - DAY

And UNZIPS it on some train tracks. Ivy stands next to him, staring up at a huge wall smeared with shitty graffiti.

TONKA

Welcome to Toys R Us, my favorite spot. Nobody can see your shit here, except for barges and seagulls--

Tonka suddenly digs into his pocket and pulls out a small TAPE RECORDER. He raps into it:

TONKA (CONT'D)

Barges and seagulls, my style is regal, y'all niggas ain't tough, you just precious like Smeagol.

He hits STOP, pockets it like it's no big deal.

IVY

What the hell was that?

TONKA

My rhyme saver. Don't be jealous.

They come upon a very simple set of bubble letters.

TONKA (CONT'D)

So there's a hierarchy to this shit. It goes tags, outlines and fill-ins. Buffing is only okay if you got a higher card, you feel me?

IVY

Buffing?

TONKA

Going over someone's shit. If you're doing a more complex piece, it's a free pass. But if you buff somebody's piece with a dirty ass tag or an outline, it's straight disrespect. Beef out the fridge. Shankaroni status.

IVY

Gotcha.

TONKA

This here's a hollow, an outline. Gets you more props than a tag, but you really only do it if you don't have time for a throw-up.

Tonka stops in front of another set of bubble letters, but these are "filled in" by a second color of paint.

TONKA (CONT'D)

There's your throw-up.

(a beat)

Fastest way to do it is with--

IVY

Fat caps.

TONKA

You did your research.

Tonka picks up a can and pops a FAT CAP on the top of the canister. He sprays a shitty white outline of "T-O-N". Then starts filling it with an even stream of paint.

TONKA (CONT'D)

Gives you a wider spray. Lets you fill faster. Then you grab your second color...

Tonka drops the can, picks up a second one. Ivy stares at the indecipherable blob of paint on the wall as Tonka swaps caps.

TONKA (CONT'D)

Get a skinny cap, and do the same outline.

He goes over his previous outline, in black. Now the whole thing takes shape. It still sucks, but it's something.

TONKA (CONT'D)
 Boom. That's light work.
 (looks at watch)
 Thirty-five seconds. Your turn.

Ivy is still looking at Tonka's crappy piece on the wall.

IVY
 It's not *that* bad...

TONKA
 Fuck you.

IVY
 No, I'm serious. You're not a
 straight up toy...You're more like
 a recreational gaming device, like
 a Sega Genesis or something.

TONKA
 You got jokes woman. I'm a DJ, not
 a writer. But let's see you try.

He tosses her the black spray can, takes a seat on the train
 tracks to watch. He cracks open a beer.

TONKA (CONT'D)
 Hurry up. You gotta imagine you're
 on 59th and Lex in broad daylight.
 Just gotta throw that shit up real
 quick.

She holds the can up to the wall. Test sprays the cap.

TONKA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Yeah, it works.

She spins around, snaps--

IVY
 Shut up.
 (a beat)
 And turn around again.

TONKA
 Mental case.

He reluctantly abides as Ivy brings the can up to the wall
 and begins.

ON TONKA--

He slowly turns around and watches. By the look on his face,
 he's impressed by her work. He approaches, sipping a beer.

REVERSE ANGLE reveals Ivy painting furiously. She's making everything else on the wall look bad.

She pops the skinny cap on, picks up a NEON GREEN and does an outline. She picks the white can back up, adds a few accents and shadows, takes a step back, and checks it out.

TONKA (CONT'D)

That shit is fire, yo.

IVY

How fast?

Tonka looks at his watch.

TONKA

Fast enough.

GETTING UPS MONTAGE: The following sequence will show Ivy getting ups throughout NYC over a bumpin track.

INT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - NYC

-Ivy steps on a fire hydrant in Chinatown and quickly writes her tag on a stop sign with marker.

-She scratches into bus windows using sandpaper, as Tonka wipes the shavings off a passed out bum.

-Across the street from Yankee Stadium, she busts an outline on a store's metal grate as passersby barely notice.

-Tonka holds Ivy's arm as she hangs down to bomb the outside of an overpass on the Cross Bronx Expressway. Cars rush past.

-Ivy busts a huge burner above the West Side Highway on the legendary Bronx cloisters, next to the city's best artists.

QUICK SHOTS show her tag becoming increasingly more stylized, appearing all over the city, on:

-Mailboxes, lampposts, billboards, highway medians, handball courts, moving trucks, rooftop after rooftop after rooftop.

INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT

Ivy stares out the window at her work, her fingertips and shirt sleeves splattered in paint. Tonka sits across from her, brown-bagging a forty of Old E -- rapping into his rhyme saver:

TONKA

I'm hung real low, just ask my
women, every time I take a shit
it's like my dick's goin swimmin'.

He hits STOP.

IVY

I'd get a new career if I were you.

TONKA

Don't hate. On some real shit
though, your brother ever tell you
about our big plans?

Ivy shakes her head.

TONKA (CONT'D)

It's called Art Battlez, with a Z,
cause it's doper that way. We
wanted to start this thing where
graffiti artists could compete.
Make it less about the street and
more about the skills. And I would
DJ the whole thing, MC that shit.

IVY

How come you guys never did it?

TONKA

We were about to, had stencils
ready to bump and all of that. That
shit you was at the other day, at
Phun Phactory. That was gonna be
the first battle.

(a beat)

But with Jocky gone, it didn't feel
right. So we called it off.

He starts gathering his things. Ivy looks surprised.

IVY

Where are you going?

TONKA

I get off next stop.

IVY

But it's early.

TONKA

We been bombin every night for two
weeks.

(MORE)

TONKA (CONT'D)

We lucky we ain't get bagged yet.
Plus, a pretty mothafucka like me
need his beauty sleep.

IVY

You said BTC would find me.

TONKA

I told you, shit takes time.

IVY

I don't have time.

TONKA

I don't know what to tell you.

Tonka stands, moves to the open doors. Tonka walks out,
thinks of something, then doubles back--

TONKA (CONT'D)

You know, rather than you wasting
your time hitting random spots...

The doors start to close but Tonka holds them open.

TONKA (CONT'D)

Sev goes to Kennedy High School.
Dude's like forty and shit but he's
in summer school. Most of BTC goes
there. School's huge, you could
prolly slip in, bomb that shit from
window to window and somebody'll
notice.

Ivy nods.

TONKA (CONT'D)

I'll pick you up in the morning.

IVY

Pick me up? I thought city kids
didn't know how to drive.

TONKA

Fuck what ya heard. We just don't
have licenses.

Tonka lets the doors close. Ivy smiles, and the train
continues uptown.

EXT. KENNEDY HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

A typical Bronx high school in that it looks like a fucking jail, the students out front like seasoned inmates.

INT. '94 FORD TAURUS - SAME

Tonka pulls up to the curb as Ivy checks out the school from the passenger seat. ROWDY THUGS walk by, as one is playfully shoved onto the hood of the car--

Ivy jumps in her seat.

TONKA

Watch the car! Fuckin Puerto Ricans yo.

(a beat)

You're not Puerto Rican are you?

IVY

Half.

TONKA

You know what I meant though, right? There's Puerto Ricans and then there's like, the Honda Civic, tinted brakelight motherfuckers--

She gets out of the car.

TONKA (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Shit.

EXT. KENNEDY HIGH SCHOOL - MOMENTS LATER

Tonka and Ivy walk together towards the school, where students are filing into the front entrance.

TONKA

Put your hood on.

IVY

Why? It's just gonna draw attention when they ask me to take it off.

TONKA

We got mad ugly people around here. You can't be walking inside with a face like that and not expect people to notice.

Ivy blushes.

TONKA (CONT'D)
Plus, I wouldn't worry about it.

Tonka looks at a SECURITY GUARD at the entrance, who's busy penciling in a Mad Libs workbook. They waltz right in.

INT. KENNEDY HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY

Blanketed in fluorescent light, Tonka leads Ivy down the overcrowded corridor, where the mostly black and hispanic students joke with each other in that rare Bronx manner -- like things could turn deadly at any moment.

A bell RINGS. Students begin filtering into classrooms, and Ivy follows Tonka into the:

STAIRWELL

They start climbing the steps as the last few students shuffle their way to class.

Ivy observes the graffiti covered walls.

TONKA
They put the freshmen in the basement, the seniors on top. The graffiti gets better as you go up.

And it does. We see the styles become more intricate, more defined, until we start seeing names that we recognize:

ENO. BATH. KABO. All over the place.

Then Ivy spots a tag that reads: "OFC is pussy. **BTC ALL DAY.**"

TONKA (CONT'D)
BTC and OFC been beefin for years.

IVY
Why?

TONKA
Oz and Sev were both claimin to be the king of New York. Then Sev shanked one of their peoples. A writer named--

IVY
Speck?

TONKA

Yup, mothafuckas don't play.

Ivy swallows. She's in some serious shit.

IVY

Did he go to prison?

TONKA

Nope. Everybody kept quiet. Nobody wants to be a rat, cause around here, your rep's more important than justice.

A beat.

TONKA (CONT'D)

What are you waiting for?

Ivy looks at the wall, there's a perfect opening for a tag. It's go time. She pulls out a fat marker and writes: *IVY*.

TONKA (CONT'D)

Keep it movin.

HALLWAY - DAY

Tonka peeks his head out into the hall, spots a GUARD strolling away from them. They quietly tip-toe across the hall and scurry into the:

MEN'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

She steps inside and Tonka leans in close.

TONKA

I'll keep an eye out. Hurry up and bomb this shit.

Ivy looks nervous. She heads further into the large bathroom and takes in the walls: tags everywhere.

She takes off her backpack and pulls out a spray can.

IVY

Tonka. I can buffoon this, right?

TONKA

You mean buff. And yes. Hurry up.

She climbs on top of the bathroom sink, reaches high up on the wall and outlines:

I.....V.....Y.....

Tonka peeks out to see the Guard casually making his way back towards them. Tonka turns to Ivy.

TONKA (CONT'D)
Yo, hurry up.

IVY
I'm almost done.

Ivy fills it in. About to change cans, she drops it--

CLANK!

Tonka peeks his head out, then rushes into a bathroom stall.

TONKA
He's coming.

Ivy is freaked - but has to finish. She lays the final outline as the footsteps get closer.

Finally, she jumps down, grabs her bag and rushes into the stall when BANG -- the bathroom door flies open!

IN THE STALL

Tonka and Ivy stand on the toilet seat, frozen in place. Closer than they've ever been, we can hear their heartbeats.

BATHROOM

The Guard rushes inside, tries to open the door to their stall, but it's locked.

To their surprise, he moves to the adjacent one and bursts in. Unbuckles his belt.

IN THE STALL

Tonka and Ivy listen close, in disbelief. Then a BURST OF FLATULENCE solidifies their curiosity. They're safe.

Another BURST. Ivy is trying to keep a straight face, but can't. It makes Tonka smile.

TONKA (CONT'D)
(mouthing)
Let's go.

Tonka opens the stall door and hurries out, but turns to find Ivy going back to put the final touches on her outline.

IN THE STALL

The Guard hears the spraying, quickly gathers TP to wipe.

BATHROOM

TONKA (CONT'D)

Ivy, let's fucking go!

Ivy finishes the piece and runs out, just as the Guard bursts through the door and grabs her --

GUARD

Can't even shit without you vandals
scribbling all over the--

Ivy decks him in the face! She breaks free, heads for the door but her backpack gets caught on the doorknob.

Tonka runs back to help her when the Guard, blood running from his nose, tackles Tonka to the ground in the hallway. Tonka tries to escape, and kicks his way free, but not before losing both of his SNEAKERS.

Ivy is already halfway down the hall, and Tonka joins her -- in slippery white socks -- sprinting past classrooms.

The Guard gets up, grabs his radio and gives chase.

GUARD (CONT'D)

Trouble on the fourth floor! Need
someone at the south staircase.

Students emerge from classrooms to check out the ruckus -- happy to catch the excitement. Some cheer, but most have seen it all before.

Among those apathetic students, is Sev. He can't quite make out who's running away, but we stay with him as he makes eye contact with Bath across the hall.

Bath smiles at him and pops her gum. She motions in the direction of the bathroom.

INT. STAIRCASE - MOMENTS LATER

Tonka and Ivy bound down the stairs, five steps at a time. Ivy is sweating, panting, but she looks alive.

TONKA

My Jordans! My fucking Jordans!

Finally, Tonka and Ivy reach the basement, and burst out the emergency exit.

INT. BATHROOM - SAME TIME

Sev has Bath bent over the toilet, fucking her from behind, when he looks up on the wall to see --

I V Y, the paint still dripping. He realizes the source of all the ruckus, loses his focus temporarily, then gets back to business.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Ivy and Tonka run down the street back to Tonka's car. They throw their shit in, and Tonka gives the hooptie some floor. Ivy checks the rearview.

IVY
Holyshit-holyshit-holyshit! Faster!

TONKA
It's a Ford Taurus, yo!

Tonka runs a light and banks a turn--

But a parked COP CAR sees him do it. SIRENS UP. BOOP BOOP! Tonka and Ivy go white. Tonka checks the rearview, swallows.

TONKA (CONT'D)
We're so fucked.

He pulls the car over.

IVY
It's fine, you just ran a light.

TONKA
Yeah, but I was serious about not having a license.

Fuck.

TONKA (CONT'D)
Should we bounce?

IVY
Are you crazy?

TONKA
You don't understand yo...

IVY
You can't drive off on the cops.

TONKA
Oh really? You just punched one in
the face--

COP (O.S.)
License and registration.

Tonka looks up at the cop.

TONKA
Yeah, that's the thing, officer.
(exhales)
I don't have a license.

COP
That's very unfortunate.
Registration?

Tonka reaches in the glove, passes it over.

IVY
We're good kids officer. Both going
to college in the fall, I'm just
here visiting an old friend and he
wanted to show me the neighborhood.

COP
Then your friend's an idiot. This
is a shitty fucking neighborhood.
(to Tonka)
Who does the car belong to?

Tonka looks frightened.

TONKA
My father.

COP
Your father know you have the car?

TONKA
No.

The cop bends down, gets a good look at Tonka and Ivy.

COP
Here's what I'm gonna do. You look
like good kids. The kind of kids
who don't belong in this
neighborhood.

(MORE)

COP (CONT'D)
So rather than bringing you down to
the station and getting you
processed, I'm gonna let you slide.

TONKA
Officer, thank you so much--

COP
But I still can't let you drive
home without a license.

He pulls out a cell phone.

COP (CONT'D)
What's your father's number?

TONKA
What?

COP
He's gotta come pick up the car.

Tonka's face goes white. He losing control of himself.

TONKA
Please officer. Don't.

COP
What's the number.

Tonka's eyes start watering as he shakes his head profusely.

TONKA
You can't call him.

IVY
Tonka, just give him the number.
It's better than--

TONKA
Shut up!
(to Officer)
You don't understand, sir. My dad
will fucking kill me if he hears
about this...

COP
I'm giving you one last chance.

Tonka looks at the ignition, hysterical.

Ivy sees Tonka's wheels turning -- he really looks like he's
about to do something crazy.

COP (CONT'D)
Step out of the car, son.

The cop opens the door, places his hand on his gun.

Tonka is weeping, heaving.

A VERY. TENSE. BEAT.

IVY
Officer. I have a license, can I
just drive him home?

The cop looks at Ivy, grinds his teeth.

IVY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry he's a moron, officer,
but he was only trying to impress
me. It's our second date, and he
thought that driving me to Orchard
Beach would help him get in my
pants, but that clearly backfired.

She feigns disgust and motions to Tonka, who's still crying.
The Cop looks at him, shakes his head in pity.

COP
Jesus, kid.
(to Ivy)
Get behind the wheel and find some
new friends.

The cops returns to his vehicle as Ivy and Tonka unstrap
their belts.

EXT. CAR - SAME

Ivy and shoe-less Tonka pass one another during the switch,
but Tonka is too embarrassed to look at her. The squad car
pulls past them.

INT. CAR - SAME

They get back inside and Ivy starts the car. She looks over
at Tonka, who's staring out the window. She wants to say
something, but thinks better of it.

They ride along in silence.

EXT. JACOB'S APARTMENT - LATER

Ivy steps out and grabs her backpack as Tonka walks over to the driver's side. Everything about his posture reads shame.

IVY
Hey, it's okay.

Tonka buckles up then waits. Ivy stands there staring at him.

IVY (CONT'D)
Well, what are you waiting for?

TONKA
I'ma wait until you're inside. It's basic fuckin manners yo.

Ivy smiles, then walks away when Tonka calls out--

TONKA (CONT'D)
Ivy.
(she turns)
I'm not a bitch, you know that right?

IVY
I don't even know what that means.
But if you ever wanna talk about it, you know where I live.

Ivy goes to unlock her door, turns to see Tonka still waiting for her. She steps inside, and we hear TONKA's engine rev.

INT. JACOB'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ivy stares at her blank canvas, then looks up at the calendar. The clock. Her fingernails. Anything to procrastinate, when --

DING! Or, rather, the *boo-doo-doo* of AOL Instant Messenger.

Ivy takes a seat in front of an old desktop MAC. An IM appears on screen: "**Accept message from 'KingofNY'?**"

YES. The IM pops up:

KING OF NY
Wats good Ivy?

Ivy types back.

IVY
Who's this?

KING OF NY
 Check the name...You been burnin up
 some walls lately.

Ivy thinks.

IVY
 I don't know what you're talking
 about...

KING OF NY
 Im not a cop. Relax.

IVY
 How do I know that?

KING OF NY
 Cuz we about to bomb the 4 train
 and ur comin wit us.

IVY
 I'd love to! (deletes, rethinks)
 Aight. I'm down.

KING OF NY
 Be at Home Depot on 225th in an
 hour.

IVY
 Okay.

KING OF NY
 Come alone. No toys allowed.

DOOR SLAMS shut. KingOfNY has signed off. Ivy stares at the IM, then pulls out her phone and dials. After several rings:

OFFICER FAREN (O.S.)
 Officer Faren, leave a message.

She hangs up, contemplates her next move, then looks back to IM - she can't pass this up. She grabs her hoodie and leaves.

A beat. She returns a moment later to snatch a DISPOSABLE CAMERA off her desk.

EXT. HOME DEPOT - NIGHT

Ivy approaches a group of people huddled around a beat up Pontiac. They see her coming and Sev turns around.

SEV
 You made it.

IVY
I had a feeling it was you...

SEV
Ain't no other King of New York.
(a beat)
You remember Bath and Eno?

IVY
Yeah, hey guys.

ENO
Wassup, ma.

Bath doesn't even acknowledge her.

ENO (CONT'D)
Seen your piece up in Kennedy. Shit
was dope.

IVY
Thanks.

SEV
You ready to rack?

Rack? Ivy nods, despite her confusion.

INT. HOME DEPOT - NIGHT

They split up near the entrance, but not before Sev whispers:

SEV
Meet you by the paint.

He disappears. Ivy looks at the signs for each aisle, doesn't see "Paint". She sees an Employee walking by...

IVY
Excuse me, would you happen to know
where the spray paint is?

DEPOT EMPLOYEE
Right here.

The Employee points to a towering wall full of spray paint -- but the paint is kept inside a metal cage.

EMPLOYEE
You need help?

IVY
Yeah, could you open this for me?

The Employee looks Ivy up and down -- clearly not a graffiti writer -- and pulls out her keys.

EMPLOYEE

Just slam it shut when you're done.

Ivy nods, grabs a can and checks the price tag as the Employee continues on her way.

Sev rolls up with an empty shopping cart, holding a set of wire cutters. Then he sees the cage open.

SEV

Guess we won't need these.

IVY

How many should we buy? I've got about twenty bucks on me.

SEV

You're funny.

Sev starts shoveling cans of paint into the cart, and Ivy follows suit.

SEV (CONT'D)

I'll bring the car around to gardening.

IVY

What?

He disappears out the front entrance. Ivy stands behind the massive cart and slams the gate closed. She's clearly never stolen anything before -- and looks scared shitless.

She uses all of her body weight to push the cart full of Krylons & Rust-O's. She wheels it through the aisle and spots a sign for "GARDENING".

She checks over her shoulders -- no employees in sight -- then rushes through the doors into the outdoor section, and sees Sev's car sitting there with the trunk open.

She races through the pots and plants and leaves the store undetected. The fuckin 90's, man. The crew begins dumping the cart's contents into the trunk.

Ivy doesn't help, but only because she's in a daze, baffled by how easy that was.

Sev slams the trunk, snapping her out of it.

SEV

You okay?

She nods and they hop in.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Ivy sits in the backseat next to Eno. Bath sits shotgun as Sev drives. He looks at Ivy in the rearview.

SEV

You know bout O.F.C.?

IVY

I've heard of them.

SEV

You a fan?

It's a test. The whole car awaits her response.

IVY

You think I'd be here if I was?

Sev parks.

SEV

Good. Cause we're hittin every car
in their yard tonight.

She looks out to see the Jerome Avenue train yard. Hundreds of silver subway cars parked for the night.

They pop out. Ivy pulls out her phone and quickly sends a text to Officer Joe Faren:

"4 Train Yard with BTC."

She flips her phone closed and follows.

EXT. TRAIN YARD - NIGHT

Bath and Eno climb the barbed wire fence into the yard, climbing over a thick rug they've thrown over the blades. Sev turns to Ivy, her turn.

Ivy starts to climb, slips, but Sev quickly grabs the back of her legs and holds her steady.

SEV

You're aight. Step on my shoulder.

She does, and climbs over the top. She jumps down and lands on her butt, Bath standing above her.

BATH
No fences in Canada?

The tension is palpable. Sev jumps down with no problem.

SEV
You and Eno start with the 6 train,
me and Ivy'll hit the 4's. You see
anyone, flash your light.

He tosses Bath a flashlight, and she reluctantly joins Eno.

SEV (CONT'D)
(to Ivy)
Don't worry about her. She's used
to being the only chick around.
She'll get over it.

Ivy follows Sev.

IVY
There's not a lot of us.

SEV
True, but it's working in your
favor. I don't invite people to
bomb with us unless I trust 'em.
And I figure the NYPD would have to
be retarded to put chicks on ghost
unit.

IVY
(in a deep voice)
Hands behind your back.

SEV
Don't play.

Sev smiles, puts his bag down and pulls out some cans.

IVY
So what's this beef about?

SEV
You here to talk or paint?

Sev motions to the plethora of cans in front of them. This subway car is her canvas to paint.

Ivy picks up a can, looks over her shoulder -- Sev is watching her as he collects some cans for himself.

The stage fright sets in. The can shakes in her nervous hand until she thinks of a way out:

IVY

I should probably hit the other side of the train.

SEV

Nah, this side's better, it's where the platform will be.

IVY

But that's if it's going downtown. When it comes back up, this side will be facing the platform.

SEV

Oh, word...It don't really matter but fuck it, go do your thing.

Ivy takes a deep breathe, grabs her cans and squeezes her way in between cars when Sev speaks up.

SEV (O.S.) (CONT'D)

They killed one of my boys.

Ivy pauses.

SEV (CONT'D)

My boy Jocky. Kid was like a brother to me.

She doesn't know how to respond.

Then her eye catches something up ahead -- Officer Faren and Officer Casey slipping through the fence, guns drawn.

Ivy looks at Sev, and with this new info, changes the plan.

IVY

Cops.

Sev turns, and when they grab their shit and run -- Ivy's phone slips out of her pocket and hits the gravel. She turns to see Sev snatch it up.

SEV

I got it, go.

Shit. The officers give chase. Sev yells out to Eno & Bath.

SEV (CONT'D)

Five-0 five-0!

They sprint through the yard, weaving in and out of trains. Coming to a fence, Sev boosts Ivy over and follows.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Ivy and Sev sprint down the street as they hear police sirens in the distance. Time to split up.

SEV

Don't go back to the car. I'll be in touch.

IVY

Okay.

SEV

You seem real, Ivy. But you ever rat, I'll cut your throat.

Sev races down the street as Ivy lets the menacing words sink in. Finally, she cuts through a backyard and disappears.

INT. IVY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ivy comes home and double bolts the door behind her. She finds Tonka sitting on her couch drinking a 40, watching *Point Break*.

TONKA

There's Johnny Utah. How'd it all go with Bhodi?

IVY

I don't know. They were going to bust Sev but he told me Oz killed my brother.

TONKA

And you believe him?

IVY

Why wouldn't I?

TONKA

Oh, I don't know, cause he's a murderer? And you don't even know his real name? And he looks like Jonathan Taylor Thomas? Some dude left you a message, by the way.

Ivy walks over and plays the answering machine. BEEP:

OFFICER FAREN (ON MACHINE)
 Ivy, been having trouble getting
 through to your cell, called about
 five times. Hit me back or drop by
 the office in the morning. We have
 to talk.

Ivy buries her head in her hands...

TONKA
 What is it?

IVY
 Sev has my phone.

TONKA
 Don't worry, I'm sure if he figured
 it out, he'd already be stabbing
 you by now.
 (looks at watch)
 I'd better get home.

Tonka gets up and stumbles. He's drunk. Ivy goes to catch him
 from falling into the table.

IVY
 You okay? You know...can stay here
 if you want. Might be nice to not
 be alone.

TONKA
 Can I stay in your bed?

Ivy shakes her head in the nicest way possible. Tonka plops
 back down, keeps drinking.

TONKA (CONT'D)
 No doubt. Jocky used to let me
 crash here whenever I needed to.
 I'd just tell him I got locked out.
 I don't think he had any idea what
 was really goin on.

IVY
 What *is* really goin on?

TONKA
 You wouldn't understand.

Ivy sits down next to him, grabs the beer from his hand --
 and takes a hefty drink for herself.

A beat.

IVY

Jacob ever tell you why he never grew taller than five feet?

Tonka shakes his head.

IVY (CONT'D)

I was four years old, Jacob was six, when my dad abandoned us in a motel room for two months. He was on heroin, selling it too, and he only came by once a week to pay the rent and drop off some bread for us to eat. It was never enough. Jacob couldn't stand to see me hungry, so he always gave the loaf to me, and waited for the leftovers. I never ate the crust, so that was his. I was too young to realize how hungry he was at the time, but I can still picture his ribs jutting out of his chest.

Ivy chokes back tears, swigs some more beer.

IVY (CONT'D)

My brother had this box of crayons, and when we ran out of coloring books, we started drawing on the walls. All of them. That's how we kept busy. But when my dad came back, he went beserk on us. Thank God somebody called the cops.

Tonka understands.

IVY (CONT'D)

Jacob was so malnourished he spent two months in the hospital. His growth was permanently stunted.

TONKA

Fuck.

IVY

One of our foster parents took us to Yonkers Raceway, and that's the first time Jacob saw grown men that were his height. The horse jockies. Guess that's where his tag came from.

(she tears up)

(MORE)

IVY (CONT'D)

He told me he'd learn how to ride so he could scoop me up and get us out of this city.

TONKA

You got out though. You're at the best art school in the country.

IVY

It should've been him. He was better than me, he just didn't have the grades. When I got in, we just lost touch. I went to Michigan and left him here to rot.

Tonka feels awkward, tries his best.

TONKA

He talked about you all the time, Ivy. Matter of fact, we were gonna road trip to your graduation, mainly to crush some private school honeys, but he really wanted to see you get that degree.

Ivy chuckles. She wipes tears from her eyes.

TONKA (CONT'D)

So can I sleep in your bed now?

She laughs again. Their eyes meet. It's clear that there's a genuine connection here, despite all of Tonka's clowning.

IVY

Goodnight, Tonka.

She kisses his cheek and crosses the room. Kills the light.

TONKA

How about now?

IVY

Goodnight!

She closes the door.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Ivy lays in bed, listening to Jocky's Walkman and drawing in her blackbook. The Family Photo is tucked into the spine.

We see the early stages of her pen & ink: a stylized version of Jocky & Ivy riding a racehorse across the GW BRIDGE, away from an ominous giant, mile-long arms stretching out above them like tree branches.

INT. IVY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Ivy throws on her shoes and Tonka stirs.

IVY
I'm heading to the precinct. You
can sleep in my bed now.

TONKA
You funny.

IVY
You working tonight?

TONKA
I'm supposed to be. I can ask for
the night off...

She thinks for a moment.

IVY
Yeah, do that.

TONKA
Maybe I will.

Ivy opens the door.

IVY
You have no game.

TONKA
What? I'm playin hard to get yo.

She's gone.

EXT. IVY'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Ivy emerges from her house, and notices that several people in the street are staring up at something behind her.

She turns, to find:

The word "RAT" is spray painted red across her house.

BOOM! -- Somebody tackles her to the ground and immediately starts pummeling her face -- a beating in broad day.

SEV (O.S.)
Ay yo, that's enough.

But the punches keep coming. The attacker's hood falls off and we see the fists belong to Bath.

SEV (CONT'D)
I said chill!

Sev yanks her off and Ivy writhes in pain on the sidewalk.

BATH
Rat puta!

SEV
You wanna tell us who Officer Faren is? And why he called you six times last night?

IVY
He's...just a guy...that I'm talking to.

BATH
She's a lying little slut.

IVY
I can't help it if men want me.

Bath charges again but Sev stops her. She takes a cool-down stroll to the car. Ivy looks up at Sev.

IVY (CONT'D)
I swear to God I'm not a rat.

SEV
Bath thinks you're GHOST squad. And I have every reason to believe her.

IVY
GHOST squad? *Me?*
(Sev is cold as ice)
I'm not a fucking cop. What do I have to do to prove it to you?

Police sirens sound in the distance. Sev's wheels turn...

INT. SEV'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Ivy sits in the back of the car between Bath and Eno. It's silent and awkward, having just been jumped by them.

Sev pulls to a stop and they look across the street: The 50th Precinct.

SEV

Way I see it, you do this, you're not a cop. I got three cans in the trunk. I'd hurry up if I were you.

He pops the trunk. Ivy swallows hard.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Ivy steps out, reluctantly makes her way to the trunk. She grabs a bag of cans, throws her hood on and looks back to see Bath waving in the window, taunting her.

Ivy grits her teeth and crosses the street.

EXT. 50TH PRECINCT - DAY

Ivy posts up against the wall of the precinct. It's a death trap; cops come and go through the entrance just steps away.

She checks the wall, then reaches into the bookbag and pulls out the cans. A moment of hesitation as she looks at the car, the wall, the police. The self-doubt setting in...

IVY

(to herself)

Fuck it.

Quickly, she gets to work on the outline.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

The crew looks out at Ivy busting her outline. Sev taps his fingers on the steering wheel -- feeling her excitement.

EXT. 50TH PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS

Ivy finishes the outline, pops the skinny cap off like a pro and throws on a fatty. She starts to fill. She's in the zone, working quickly, free and effortless in a way that we've only seen once before -- in the motions of Jocky.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

The crew spots a SQUAD CAR approaching.

ENO
Shit, the popes.

BATH
Aww, too bad.

The squad car reaches the station, about to pull into the driveway where Ivy paints. Sev considers his options, then quickly taps the HORN -- giving Ivy a heads up.

BATH (O.S.) (CONT'D)
What the fuck are you doing?

EXT. PRECINCT - STREET

Ivy whips around to the sound and ducks behind a trash bin.

ENO (O.S.)
Sev, I ain't tryin to get bagged.

The squad car parks and TWO COPS hop out. They walk past the fresh paint, oblivious, and enter the precinct.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

They're all slouched in their seats.

SEV
Look at that piece right there.
It's dope. Any of y'all ever bombed
a police station?

The car is quiet.

SEV (CONT'D)
I didn't think so.

EXT. PRECINCT - SAME

Ivy jumps back out and paints wildly. The interruption didn't pull her out of the zone. She bangs out the final outline.

SEV (O.S.)
Almost there...

INT. CAR - SAME

Bath is seething with jealousy in the back seat, watching as Ivy puts the finishing touches on.

SEV

Boom.

Ivy runs across the street and Sev can't help but smile. He rolls down the window.

SEV (CONT'D)

You're not done.

IVY

Huh?

SEV

You forgot to write B.T.C.

Ivy can't believe it. *She's in.*

BATH

What.

IVY

Seriously?

SEV

Welcome to the family, Ivy. Now hurry up.

Ivy shares a look with Sev, then sprints back. She writes "B.T.C." next to her "IVY" piece, then reaches up to write something else: "Oink".

The guys in the car LAUGH.

ENO

Ha! Fuck the piggies mah nigga!

Sev is loving it... Bath is not.

She watches the precinct's front doors open -- **and two cops descend the steps: Officer Faren & Casey.**

Ivy is fucked and doesn't know it. She has a smile on her face as she hurries back towards the car...

Suddenly, Bath lunges from the backseat and PUNCHES THE HORN!

EXT. PRECINCT - SAME

Officer Faren looks up, sees the car filled with hoodlums.

EXT. CAR - SAME

Sev shoves Bath into the back seat.

SEV
What's wrong with you?

ENO
Yo let's bounce!

Sev checks out the window, Ivy is about to walk right into them. He yells out the window --

SEV
RUN!

EXT. PRECINCT - SAME

Officer Faren puts his hand on his gun and Casey turns the corner to find Ivy.

CASEY
Ivy?

She freezes, a deer in headlights.

CASEY (CONT'D)
You were supposed to be here an hour ago.

Then Casey looks at the wall, perplexed. Officer Faren joins them, equally baffled.

FAREN
What in the name of human intelligence are you doing?

INT. CAR - SAME

Sev tries to start the car, but it won't catch.

ENO
Go-go-go!

SEV
(trying the engine)
Fuck...

KABO
They got her.

Everyone watches the scene unfolding across the street. But it looks like more of a conversation than anything else.

ENO

Yo hold up a second...

BATH

Told you.

Sev stops revving the engine. They watch the following:

EXT. PRECINCT - SAME

CASEY

Ivy, we know you've had a rough summer but shit, you fall on your head?

FAREN

What the fuck are you thinking?

Ivy tries not to look at Sev's car. She knows the crew is watching. But her lack of response confuses the officers -- they can tell something is up.

CASEY

Lets go inside and talk, huh?

A beat.

IVY

I'm going to hit you.

CASEY

Excuse me?

IVY

If I do this, I'm in.

Casey tries not to react. Faren eyeballs the car across the street and puts it all together.

FAREN

Jesus. Let her do it.

CASEY

You serious?

FAREN

(to Ivy)

He's gonna try to cuff you, you're going to break free and run.

(MORE)

FAREN (CONT'D)
Hop the fence in the back and we'll
trail the car.

Ivy nods. Faren nods to Casey. Casey reluctantly pulls his cuffs out and approaches.

CASEY
Turn around, hands behind your
back. You have the right to--

BOOM! She knees him in the balls and takes off in a sprint. Casey crumbles to the ground as Faren feigns giving chase.

ENO (O.S.)
DIAAAAABLA! Drive son!

INT. CAR - SAME

Sev tries to start the car again. It catches. Everybody in the car is bugging out -- this chick is legit.

ENO
We out we out!

The car skids off as Sev looks into the rearview at Bath.

SEV
Told you.

EXT. PRECINCT - NIGHT

Faren watches Ivy disappear over the fence, then rushes towards a Crown Vic. Casey still lays on the ground.

FAREN
Get up, let's go!

CASEY
Bitch really got me.

Casey gets up, as Faren tries the car door -- it's locked.

FAREN
You got the keys?

CASEY
I thought you had them.

FAREN
FUCK!

Faren paces back and forth. It's too late -- the Pontiac is long gone. He heads back towards the station, passing by Ivy's piece on the station's wall.

FAREN (CONT'D)
Get this painted over. Now.

CASEY
Me? I just got kicked in the--

FAREN
I said now motherfucker!

Casey cowers at the devil in Faren's eyes.

CASEY
You got it.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Ivy is walking towards the subway when Sev's car pulls up.

SEV
Need a ride home?

EXT. SEV'S CAR - NIGHT

Sev drives, Ivy sits shotgun. There's nobody else in the car.

SEV
You mind if I stop at my house real quick? It's on the way.

Ivy looks uncomfortable.

SEV (CONT'D)
We can smoke a blunt if that'll help you chill out.

IVY
I'm chilled out. I just--

SEV
Don't get gassed, I'm not trying to fuck you.

Ivy is embarrassed for being called out and doesn't know how to react. Sev laughs.

SEV (CONT'D)
You look like you're offended.

IVY
I mean, a little. Why aren't you
trying to fuck me?

Sev looks at her -- an invitation?

IVY (CONT'D)
Don't get gassed, I'm only playing.

Sev likes the moxy.

EXT. SEV'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

They reach the doorstep of a decrepit apartment house. Ivy looks at the house number and takes note: 443.

MAYOR GIULIANI (PRE-LAP)
*I pledged to get serious about
"quality of life" misdemeaors...*

INT. SEV'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

He opens the door to his elderly GRANDMA on the couch, watching a Mayor Giuliani press conference on TV. The headline reads: *"Goodbye Panhandlers"*.

MAYOR GIULIANI (ON TV)
*And today I'm happy to report that
overall violent crime has been cut
in half, and the murder rate has
dropped by over seventy percent.
The squeegee men had to go.*

Sev grabs the remote off the table and changes the channel. He gives his Grandma a kiss on the cheek. She smiles, doesn't mind at all that she's now watching cartoons.

SEV
Just wanted to check on her.

Ivy approaches Grandma.

IVY
Hi there.

SEV
She's deaf. Unless she's been
faking for forty years.

IVY
Who else do you live with?

SEV

Just me and abuela. Never met my dad, and my bitch mom left us a couple of years ago. Had to take time off from school and start hustling.

IVY

You still hustle?

SEV

Nah, not no more. I got out. Did a lot of things I regret, but I was lucky. God gave me a second chance.

They continue into Sev's room. She notices pictures on the dresser, sees one with Sev and Jocky in front of a mural.

IVY

What was Jocky like?

SEV

How'd you know that was Jocky?

A tense beat.

IVY

It says it on the wall behind him.

A closer look reveals it does indeed. Sev brushes it off.

SEV

I would've taken a bullet for that kid. Funny, your style kinda reminds me of his.

IVY

You said Oz killed him?

SEV

Yeah, cut his throat.

IVY

Why?

As Sev tries formulate a response, he lights up a blunt and takes a hit.

SEV

You ever heard of Edgar Degas?

Ivy looks surprised.

SEV (CONT'D)

Don't be so shocked. I went to LaGuardia before I dropped out.

IVY

I didn't say anything.

SEV

Anyway, he's got this painting, I forget what it's called, but it's got these three dudes riding horses and it's beautiful, right. I mean, it's a technical masterpiece, the composition is perfect, but then Degas went in and added one more thing. A fucking pole running vertically through the whole shit, right through the head of one of the horses.

IVY

Thinking outside the box.

SEV

Nah, that dude stomped on the box. People get caught up in rules, you feel me, and then rules become laws that everybody follows, until someone comes along and pisses all over them. They lay down a whole new foundation.

(a beat)

Jocky was that dude. He felt like the rules to this graffiti shit were outdated. So he broke 'em. I'm talking stylistically, territorially, politically, everything. Thing is, you got old school crews like O.F.C. who still think it's about markin territory and hustlin', tryna fight the fact that we're moving forward. They ain't in it for the art.

IVY

Are you?

He passes it to Ivy who tries to hide the fact that she has no idea what to do with it.

SEV

It's more than that. This city, this system, it beats you down from the moment you're born.

(MORE)

SEV (CONT'D)

You know the South Bronx is the poorest district in the country? There's billionaires right across the river but they don't give a shit. We're nobodies. But when we're up on that wall, we're somebody, nahmean. We exist. Getting up on those walls is our way of fighting back, telling the jungle it ain't killed us yet. But shit ain't gonna change if people just think we're vandals. It's a movement, for real. Jocky died for the cause, and if I have to, then so be it.

(sees Ivy struggling)

You ever smoked a blunt?

Ivy laughs, shakes her head no.

SEV (CONT'D)

I should've figured. You country folk probably smoke from glass bowls and bongos huh?

IVY

I've never smoked anything.

SEV

Oh boy, this should be fun.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ivy follows Sev into an empty room -- just four white walls and a wood floor. Sev closes the door behind them.

SEV

Looks normal right?

Sev turns the light off. It's pitch black, until he flips a BLACKLIGHT on and the walls come alive. Artwork painted in UV paint glows from the walls. It's more than just graffiti tags -- these are full on murals.

IVY

Holy shit. This is really good, you did this??

SEV

Yeah. When my mom bounced I decided to fuck with her room, but wanted to keep the walls clean in case she ever came back.

(MORE)

SEV (CONT'D)

(points)

Got some paint over there if you feel like bustin somethin. It's my thing when I get high.

Ivy is high as shit. We can hear her heart thumping. A combo of the weed, the pressure, and hormones.

Sev grabs paint, picks up where he left off on his mural.

SEV (CONT'D)

So, you like art school?

IVY

Who said I went to-?

SEV

School makes you stale, just painting to graduate. That's why I love the streets, there's no classroom, no teacher, no report card. Just you and the walls. You paint like you're scared of getting a bad grade.

(off her look)

At the train yard. I noticed.

Ivy looks worried -- does he know?

IVY

You calling me a toy?

SEV

Na, you just need to stop caring bout what people think. You're an artist. It's your job to not give a fuck.

Ivy hits the blunt, takes this in as she watches Sev paint.

SEV (CONT'D)

You never answered my question though. You like school?

She passes it back.

IVY

I did, in the beginning. I think every artist can develop their craft to a certain extent, but at the end of the day, the universe chooses what message it wants to send through you.

SEV

I like that.

(admires his work)

Sometimes I think the universe wants me to get this stuff out there, you know, to write more than 'Sev'.

IVY

It does.

(a beat)

At least write a proper noun.

Their smiles turn to CHUCKLES and Sev moves closer to Ivy. Real close. He goes to hand her the can of paint.

SEV

Your turn.

And he goes in for the kill. Ivy doesn't pull back, in fact, she attacks with full force.

SEV (CONT'D)

You know, I still don't know your real name.

IVY

It's better that way.

They start ripping at each other's clothes. Sev drops the paint and it SPLATTERS everywhere. Yep, a glow in the dark fuck scene is heating up. Straight 90's, bi-otch!

Ivy jumps up and wraps her legs around Sev's waste. Sev grips her ass, and they tongue each other's throats as Sev lowers her to the floor.

He pulls his pants off and gets on top of her, pinning her hands to the floor, which by now are swimming in a dizzying array of fluorescent pinks, greens, blues. Sev kisses her neck and breasts, goes lower, unbuckles her belt--

IVY (CONT'D)

Stop.

But Sev keeps going. Ivy tries to free her hands, but he's really got her clamped down.

IVY (CONT'D)

I said stop!

Sev looks up.

SEV
Oh shit, you're serious.

Sev lets her go. Ivy scrambles to her feet and buttons up. She grabs Sev's pants and tosses them over to him.

IVY
I'm sorry.

They stand there catching their breathes, the vibe killed.

SEV
All good, we both high as
fuck...Let's just keep this on the
low, cool? Bath will go ape.

IVY
Yeah. Definitely.

HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Sev opens the front door for Ivy. She wipes the paint off.

SEV
You sure you don't want a ride?

IVY
Yeah, I'm fine.

SEV
Ivy.
(she turns)
Don't stress, it ain't that
serious. Either way, you're family
now. You ever need something, just
ask. We take care of our own.

Ivy smiles at Sev and walks down the hall. When the door closes behind her, she reaches into her pocket and pulls out a WALLET. She opens it up to a I.D. Photo of Sev -- she snagged it from his pants.

A closer look at his real name: *Gabriel Vasquez*. Ivy throws it into her backpack and hits the stairwell.

INT. SULLIVAN'S PUB - NIGHT

Ivy enters the dark pub to find Tonka restocking the bar with cans of Old Milwaukee. She approaches with a grin and leans over the bar.

IVY
 Hey, sorry I had to bail tonight,
 but guess who's B.T.C.

Tonka slowly turns around to reveal a badly beaten face. His eyes are swollen and he has butterfly stitches on his nose.

IVY (CONT'D)
 Oh my God, what happened?

TONKA
 I waited up for you, then decided
 to come here. Showed up late.

MR. SULLIVAN (O.S.)
 I'm not paying you to socialize.

Tonka's father, **MR. SULLIVAN**, pours Tullamore Dew for a jaundiced regular, peering down like a hawk.

TONKA
 Sorry dad. I was just making sure
 she's over twenty one.
 (to Ivy)
 You're going to have to leave m'am.

Tonka turns to continue stacking cans as Mr. Sullivan goes back to schmoozing his drunks. Ivy can sense Tonka's fear.

IVY
 You can't let him treat you like
 this.

TONKA
 What am I supposed to do? He's my
 father. I can't just pick up and
 leave.

IVY
 Stay at my place...

TONKA
 Why, so I can keep you company when
 Sev's not around?

IVY
 What?

TONKA
 The cops came by the apartment and
 said you were with him yesterday.

IVY
 Yeah, so? We busted some tags...

TONKA

I'm sure that's not the only thing
he busted.

IVY

Wow, I'd slap you right now if I
didn't think you'd cry like a bitch.

Ouch. Tonka's hurt and it shows. Ivy realizes she may have
gone too far, but just when she's about to apologize--

MR. SULLIVAN (O.S.)

Son, the Guinness is kicked.

TONKA

Yes sir. I'll get right on it.
(to Ivy)
Good luck with everything.

Tonka takes off as Ivy looks at Mr. Sullivan with hatred.

INT. IVY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ivy enters the apartment to find the lights on. Somebody's
cooking in the kitchen.

IVY

Tonka?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

There she is.

Ivy steps inside to find **QUINCY**, her father, wearing an
apron, cooking. He's young, late 30's, clearly had kids
early. His rough exterior makes the apron look silly.

FATHER

Holy shit, you look like an adult.

IVY

What are you doing here?

FATHER

I'm making hamburger pie. I threw
some American cheese on top too,
you always liked that.

He non-chalantly goes back to the kitchen to continue
cooking. Ivy stares at him.

IVY

No thanks.

FATHER

You know, I wanted to help with the funeral and all, but...you know.

IVY

I took care of everything.

FATHER

Buried him up in Woodlawn Cemetary?

IVY

Yep.

FATHER

Good. Nice people there. I used to help dig there in the summers...You doing okay?

She shakes her head.

FATHER (CONT'D)

Gonna take a while to recover, I get it. I miss him like hell.

IVY

I'm not here to recover. I'm gonna find out who killed him.

FATHER

You sound so much like me, it's scary. But, you're not me, and thank God for that.

IVY

Yep.

FATHER

Hey, I'm not trying to start shit. I just don't want you getting into any trouble. I just lost one kid, I don't need to lose another.

IVY

Since when do you care? Maybe if you weren't in jail, you would've been there to help him.

Burn.

FATHER

You've been gone a long time, Ivy. Your brother and I had a good thing going since my last bid.

(MORE)

FATHER (CONT'D)
 Matter of fact, if I didn't love
 Jacob so damn much I wouldn't have
 gotten locked up again.

(a beat)
 You know what I robbed from the
 pharmacy that night? A 250
 milliliter bottle of growth
 hormone. That's it.

Ivy softens, only slightly.

FATHER (CONT'D)
 I been straight for years. I just
 couldn't afford his prescriptions.
 God knows they were my fault to
 begin with, so I did what I had to
 do. I'm tryna get my family back.

She substitutes sadness with rage.

IVY
 It's too late. I want you gone by
 the time I get home.

He nods, and Ivy heads for the door. As she leaves--

FATHER
 I'll get myself a room at the motel
 down on Throgs Neck. When you're
 ready to be a family again, call
 me. You're all I got.

She closes the door behind her.

EXT. SEV'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sev answers the door.

IVY
 Remember when you said that we were
 like family now and if I ever
 needed something...

SEV
 Yeah, I didn't expect you to take
 me up on that in two hours, but...
 what's good?

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Ivy sinks low in the car with Sev and Eno, looking out at
 SULLIVAN'S pub. Mr. Sullivan steps outside to lock up.

IVY
That's him.

ENO
You sure about this?

Ivy nods. Sev and Eno pull ski masks over their heads. Sev reaches into the glove compartment and pulls out a set of BRASS KNUCKLES.

IVY
What's that for?

SEV
You want me to scare him, right?

Ivy nods. With that, Eno and Sev pop out of the car. Ivy pulls a ski mask over her face and follows.

EXT. SULLIVAN'S PUB - NIGHT

Mr. Sullivan pulls down the metal grate halfway when he is SHOVED into it, and bounces right back into a RIGHT HOOK from Eno. Mr. Sullivan goes down and Eno kicks him in the ribs.

MR. SULLIVAN
I have nothing on me. There's money
in the safe!

SEV
You like pickin on people? Huh?

Sev stands above Mr. Sullivan, brass knuckles cocked back.

MR. SULLIVAN
I don't know what you're talking
about.

IVY
You put your hands on your son
again, you're dead.

MR. SULLIVAN
You little fuckin punks. Need three
of you to take me down. I'll kick
the shit outta all of ya!

SEV
Not from a wheelchair.

CRACK! Sev shatters Mr. Sullivan's knee cap with the knuckles. He SCREAMS.

IVY
 (horrified)
 What are you--?

CRACK! Sev shatters the other one. Mr. Sullivan tries to escape, but can only drag along his bottom half like a slug, his legs like Jell-O.

IVY (CONT'D)
 Stop! That's enough!

But Sev keeps going. CRACK! He pummels Mr. Sullivan's hands into the concrete. His knuckles reduced to shredded beef.

Unbeknownst to the crew, Tonka ducks outside from underneath the half-open gate, horrified by the scene.

TONKA
 Dad?!

The crew sees Tonka, and everybody backs off. They turn and jump back into Sev's car.

Ivy watches Tonka rush to aid his father. He SCREAMS for help as the car speeds off. Ivy looks back through the rear windshield at Tonka, who stares at the car as he shrinks away in the distance.

INT. IVY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ivy sits in the living room with the untouched dish of hamburger pie in front of her, flipping channels on the TV, clearly still rattled from the beat-down.

The PHONE RINGS. She doesn't bother to answer it. A familiar voice leaves a voicemail:

PROFESSOR GARFINKEL (ON MACHINE)
*Hey Ivy, this is Professor
 Garfinkel. Long time no speak. Hope
 you're holding up okay. Just wanna
 let you know that I spoke with Ms.
 Reidy about your situation, but she
 wouldn't budge. Unfortunately, we
 can't grant you your diploma this
 semester.*
 (a beat)
I'm sorry Ivy.

BEEP. Ivy stares into space.

Finally, she shuts off the TV and grabs her backpack.

INT. BODEGA - NIGHT

Ivy walks to the counter with two 40's of Old English. The Dominican cashier looks her over.

CASHIER

Six fifty.

She hands him four bucks.

IVY

It says \$1.99 right there on the label.

(in perfect Spanish)

Try that shit with someone that ain't from here, bitch.

She walks out. But then comes back in a minute later.

IVY (CONT'D)

Do you sell pot by any chance?

EXT. HUDSON RIVER - NIGHT

Eyes bloodshot, Ivy smokes from a terribly rolled joint. Old English by her side. She watches the waves hit the shoreline. A brief moment of solace, until she busts out COUGHING.

With some difficulty, she stands up and turns to the wall. She picks up a can.

JOCKY (O.S.)

Hey sis.

She whips her head to find Jocky, in the flesh, sitting down on the train tracks. Whatever she smoked, wasn't just weed.

JOCKY (CONT'D)

You're tripping hard. Can't trust those Dominicans, they sprinkle all sorts of stuff on their weed. Woulda taught you that if I'da seen you more.

IVY

I'm sorry, I--

JOCKY

Na na, no apologizing. You were doing your thing. I just came to paint with my little sister for a minute. Can we do that?

Jocky looks at Ivy, who smiles wide.

IVY
We can do that.

He picks up a can. Jocky starts painting and Ivy joins.

The two of them paint wildly. It's beautiful, surreal, trippy as hell. The painting takes shape as the photograph of them in the motel as children...

JOCKY (O.S.)
We never really talked about that stuff in the motel, but I always wondered if you came to the same conclusion I did.

IVY
What's that?

The mural begins to come alive -- and we see YOUNG JACOB and YOUNG IVY drawing on the walls of the motel room.

JOCKY
You know how they couldn't figure out how we survived so long with nothing? The answer was simple.

They're as happy as two kids could be, despite the circumstances, smiling and laughing at each other's artwork. Ivy looks more closely at the instruments in each of their tiny hands --

IVY
The crayons.

Ivy turns to see adult Jacob beside her, teary eyed, nodding.

JOCKY
They kept us alive.

SUDDENLY, a HOODED FIGURE sneaks up behind him --

IVY
Jacob, look out!

The figure puts Jocky in a headlock, and Ivy is physically restrained by a second hooded figure.

HOODED MAN
Heard you like to paint.

A THIRD FIGURE pulls out a red spray can and begins spraying the paint in Jocky's face, dripping into his mouth and nostrils. He can't breathe --

IVY
Leave him alone!

The hooded man pulls out a switchblade, brings it to Jocky's paint-soaked neck, and just as he's about to jerk the blade:

TONKA (O.S.)
Ivy?

Ivy whips around to find Tonka standing behind her. **There's nobody else around. It was a hallucination gone bad.**

TONKA (CONT'D)
You okay?

Ivy wipes tears from her eyes.

IVY
No. Not at all. Drugs are bad.

TONKA
Well, not all bad. Cause that shit right there is bonkers.

Ivy turns to find the mural on the wall dripping wet with paint -- it's real. They take in the heartbreaking piece.

TONKA (CONT'D)
There's something I gotta show you.

Tonka looks deadly serious.

INT. TONKA'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Ivy sits shotgun, when Tonka re-enters the car, carrying a carton of milk. He passes it to Ivy, still a trippy mess.

TONKA
It'll help you come down.

She opens the carton and starts chugging.

IVY
Tonka, I'm really sorry about--

TONKA
Why'd you do it?

IVY
He deserved it.

TONKA
Oh, you're a gangster now? The doctors said he might never be able to walk again.

IVY
I'm sorry about your dad. But you don't deserve that. Nobody does.

She gets choked up again.

Tonka just watches her from the driver's seat -- she's a mess. Finally, he reaches out and touches her arm. She leans over and hugs him tight.

She cries hard.

A long beat.

TONKA
Ivy.

Tonka pulls away.

TONKA (CONT'D)
I know who killed him.

Ivy looks at him, stomach dropping.

EXT. FDR - NIGHT

Tonka's shitty car pulls to a stop. They get out. Tonka leads the way down a dark alley.

TONKA
Remember when I told you there were a couple of colors missing from Jocky's closet?

IVY
Yeah...

TONKA
Jocky told me he bought them from some old German cat. Discontinued colors. Icy Grape and Jungle Green. Krylon don't make 'em no more, and they're impossible to get your hands on.

They stop in front of a wall. Ivy looks up, horrified.

TONKA (CONT'D)
 During my pops's surgery, I came
 back here to smoke an L and saw
 this...

Reverse angle reveals a gigantic "OZ" piece in the unsettling
 colors of murder: Icy Grape and Jungle Green.

TONKA (CONT'D)
 If this ain't hard evidence, I
 don't know what is.

Ivy turns to walk down the alley, right past Tonka's car.

TONKA (CONT'D)
 Where you goin'?

IVY
 Putting an end to this.

INT. PRECINCT - NIGHT

Faren and Casey look at Ivy.

FAREN
 It's a bit of a stretch.

IVY
 What do you mean? They don't make
 the colors anymore, he bought them
 from--

CASEY
 You have any receipts?

IVY
 No, but I'm sure there's a money
 trail online somewhere...

CASEY
 How do we know this Tonka
 character's a credible source?

IVY
 They were good friends.

FAREN
 Explain the motive to me again? I
 didn't exactly follow.

IVY

(slow, deliberate)

When O-F-C heard about Jocky trying to get Art Battles off the ground, they knew they'd be put to shame skill-wise, so they killed him.

FAREN

Art Battles, is that with a Z? Battlezzz.

Casey and Faren share a laugh.

IVY

Why is that funny?

FAREN

Ivy, you're getting caught up in a scene that doesn't exist. Art contests? Really? These are street thugs, not artists. Even if Oz was a suspect, he's a ghost. We haven't got a single lead as to who he might be. But you have Sev - who, in case you forgot, is a known murderer - within your grasp.

(a beat)

Bring us Sev, or we're going to have to cut you loose for wasting our time.

CASEY

And you don't want that to happen. With all the damage you've done around this city, you're looking at a felony charge.

IVY

What? You can't do that--

FAREN

Get us Sev's information.

(a beat)

We're not asking.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Ivy makes her way to the subway platform, pulls out Sev's WALLET and tosses it into a GARBAGE BIN.

EXT. SEV'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sev and the rest of BTC sit across from Tonka and Ivy in Sev's living room.

SEV

And you're sure about the paint?

Tonka nods.

TONKA

It's on 207th and Broadway. You can go see for yourself.

ENO

We gotta off this dude ASAP.

SEV

We're not killing anybody. This isn't a fuckin gang. And you know Jocky wasn't about that.

BATH

Yeah and look how far that got him.

ENO

Word yo.

SEV

What do you suggest we do? First off, we don't know who the fuck he is. Even if we did, we kill him and then what? I'm not going to prison.

TONKA

You scared?

Sev gets up, and to everybody's surprise, Tonka does too. Tonka's outmatched, but looks fearless.

SEV

What'd you say?

TONKA

I'll slap the duck sauce outta you son.

Sev shoves Tonka into the table, knocking over a bunch of art supplies.

A sole CRAYON rolls under Ivy's sneaker as the scuffle continues. She picks it up, inspects it as the crew tries to break up the fight. The boys yell obscenities at one another until Ivy calmly interjects:

IVY
We battle 'em.

They look at Ivy. *Huh?*

IVY (CONT'D)
Nobody in the city knows who Oz really is, right? But everybody knows he's not to be fucked with. If this guy's all about keeping his rep and being the king of New York, then we just gotta call him out publicly.

SEV
What are you saying?

TONKA
An Art Battle. Challenge him. Go head-to-head on the wall.

BATH
Oz is a gangster for real. No way he's gonna compete in some Nickelodeon shit like that.

IVY
He will if the whole city knows about it. Ego's a bitch for a king.

Sev looks around. Eno's eyebrows raise.

IVY (CONT'D)
We bomb the city. Every billboard, every train, every wall. Call him out. A time. A place. If he doesn't show, every writer in NYC will know he fell off. It's a win-win.

ENO
And then when he shows?

BATH
Yeah, what are you suggesting? We call the cops? There goes our rep.

IVY
(getting emotional)
Who cares if people think we're rats? He's a murderer. He killed our family--

SEV

No cops. No killing. We just take the crown. We do it the way Jocky would've wanted.

(to everyone)

Y'all good with that?

Everybody nods in agreement. Sev looks at his watch.

SEV (CONT'D)

Good. Home Depot's still open.

BOMB THE SYSTEM: The following sequence will be cut to DMX's "BRING IT", showing BTC's city-wide efforts to get the Art Battle off the ground.

EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - NYC

TONKA (V.O.)

We put the word out. Next week at the Phun Phactory. We do it in neutral territory. Each squad gets a wall and the audience will judge.

QUICK SHOTS of B.T.C. tags, pieces, etc, all with a call-to-action that we read in a CLOSE UP of a stenciled piece:

"Art Battlez. July 4th. KING OF NYC: OZ v. SEV"

-ROOFTOP: a TIME LAPSE SHOT of a stretch of rooftops along the 4 train. "BATTLE US" grows along every single rooftop as far as the eye can see, the repetition like Bart Simpson's chalkboard on the roofs of the Bronx.

-SUBWAY: People on the train look out the window with curiosity. "BATTLE US" everywhere. Schoolkids are overheard betting on the different squads.

-HOME DEPOT: Ivy and Sev grab AIRBRUSHES from the shelves and casually walk out through gardening.

-TRACY TOWERS: Sev climbs onto a scaffold hanging from the tallest building in the Bronx, and sprays the largest tag you've ever seen that reads, "Oz V Sev".

INT. SEV'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The whole crew is there. Tonka passes out beers.

SEV

Aight, put em up. Whatever happens tomorrow, we can't forget why we're doing this. For Jocky. Our brother.

They all cheers. Ivy shares a knowing look with Tonka before they drink.

TONKA

I'm out. See you tomorrow.

IVY

Can you give me a ride home?

SEV

You peacin' already? You sure you don't wanna stay and chill?

IVY

Yeah, I'm good. See you in the morning.

This makes Tonka's day. He tries to restrain his delight as Ivy leaves. Sev walks Tonka to the door and stops him --

SEV

Yo. Thanks for helping us out. Jocky always stood up for you, and I never understood why, but, you're good peoples.

He gives Tonka a genuine pound -- like he's family. But as Tonka pulls away, he's not as enthused as you'd expect.

TONKA

Just win tomorrow.

And he leaves.

EXT. SEV'S HOUSE - NIGHT

From across the street, we watch Ivy and Tonka exit Sev's house and walk up the street.

Reverse POV reveals a WHITE HONDA CIVIC watching in the dark.

INT. IVY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tonka climbs under the covers on the couch as Ivy walks to the bedroom.

TONKA

Goodnight.

Tonka expects Ivy to hit the lights. When she doesn't, he looks up at her to find her standing in the doorway, looking back at him.

IVY

You can sleep in my bed if you want.

TONKA

You fuckin wit me?

She shakes her head.

TONKA (CONT'D)

You gonna be there too?

She nods, laughs. Tonka SPRINGS from the couch and nearly falls. His clumsiness makes her GIGGLE, as he rushes past her into the bedroom and dives onto the bed.

She closes the door behind them.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - VARIOUS LOCATIONS - SUNRISE

Establishing shots of the sun rising across the tagged up landmarks of NYC. These aren't necessarily tags from our crews. Just pieces of the collective landscape -- a colorful relief from the bleakness of city life.

-Kids have their morning commutes lit up by tags.

-Hustlers sell bootleg CD's leaning against tagged walls.

-Auto shops lift garage doors covered in vibrant wildstyles.

EXT. PHUN PHACTORY - DAY

People are starting to gather around the landmark. City kids skateboarding, smoking blunts, free-styling.

Ivy and the rest of B.T.C. help Tonka carry a big ass speaker onto the curb. A makeshift DJ booth.

TONKA

Got the whole wall for us. Should be enough space for three battles.

ENO

How long for each one?

TONKA
Twenty minutes.

Bath looks at her watch.

BATH
Sev should've been here by now.

IVY
Tonka, we're taking your car.

Before Tonka can say no, she's already snaked the keys from his pocket. Bath follows.

INT./EXT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Ivy pulls the car to a stop out front of Sev's house. She and Bath notice his front door is wide open. They hop out.

INT. SEV'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bath climbs the doorstep.

BATH
Mi carino? You here baby?

They walk inside to find his grandma is sitting, watching cartoons on full blast. She has no idea they've entered.

Ivy follows Bath down the hallway to his room. Bath pushes the door open and her eyes go wide --

She rushes into the room and SCREAMS. Ivy looks in:

Sev lays dead on the floor, his throat cut from ear to ear.

BATH (CONT'D)
Call the police.

But Ivy doesn't move. She looks up at the wall. Painted in Icy Grape is a CROWN.

BATH (CONT'D)
Call the fucking police!

Ivy, expressionless, pulls out her cell phone and DIALS. She watches Bath kneel down to cradle Sev's dead body, sobbing uncontrollably.

FAREN (ON PHONE)
Officer Faren.

Ivy remains silent, her head spinning...

FAREN (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)

Hello?

And she hangs up.

BATH

They coming?

IVY

No.

BATH

Whatchu mean, no?

Ivy looks into Bath's eyes, shakes her head no.

IVY

We can't call them.

Bath, in a hysterical frenzy, lunges at Ivy, but Ivy shoves Bath her into the wall.

BATH

Gimme the phone.

IVY

Calling the cops is exactly what Oz wants. We call the cops, call off the battle, and Oz wins.

BATH

Fuck the battle, Sev's dead!

Bath charges again, but this time, she grabs Ivy by the neck and pushes her into the wall. Ivy tries to break free, but can't. So she does the only thing she can do -- clamps her hand on Bath's neck and returns the chokehold.

The two girls try to squeeze the life from each other's throats, blood filling their faces until --

Ivy JERKS a knee into Bath. The c-punt. Bath goes down, and Ivy gets a two-handed vice grip around her neck, using her knees to restrain Bath's arms.

IVY

Listen to me. I don't want to do this, but I will choke you till you die if you don't calm down.

BATH
 (muffled)
 Fuck you.

IVY
 I may not have known Sev as well as
 you did, but I know that he
 would've wanted us to go through
 with this. If not for his sake, for
 my brother's.
 (off Bath's confusion)
 Jocky was my brother.

Bath's eyes beginning flooding with tears and she finally
 stops resisting. Ivy releases her grip and Bath GASPS for
 air. Ivy slumps against the wall, exhausted, the weight of
 her secret finally lifted.

IVY (CONT'D)
 Oz killed them both. The cops don't
 give a shit and right now is the
 best chance we'll have of taking
 him down.

Bath crawls to a seated position, and the two girls sit next
 to each other, chugging oxygen.

A LONG BEAT, as the two of them silently get acquainted with
 this new reality. Finally, Bath turns to Ivy, softly:

BATH
 Who's gonna battle Oz?

IVY
 I am.

EXT. PHUN PHACTORY - DAY

The crowd is buzzing with anticipation. A few writers have
 already started painting on the walls, battling one another
 side-by-side. Tonka MC's the whole thing.

TONKA
 CEKS from W.M.F. Kingsbridge going
 up against DOME from T.S.K., The
 Castle Hill crew. North verse South
 right here y'all.

Ivy and Bath join Eno and Kabo, who both notice the
 determination their faces.

ENO
 Where's he at?

Eno notices the blood on Bath's hands.

IVY
There's been a change in plans.

ENO
The fuck is goin on?

Bath pulls Eno aside as Ivy grabs Tonka.

IVY
Tell the crowd that Oz isn't
battling Sev. He's battling Ivy.

TONKA
Wait, what? What happened to Sev?

IVY
He's dead.

Tonka's face drops.

TONKA
Yo wait up. You sure you wanna do
this? Not that I don't think you
could win. But even if you do, you
think he's gonna let you live?

IVY
It's my job to not give a fuck.

Ivy grabs her backpack and approaches the wall. Tonka gets up on the mic.

TONKA
Aight y'all. It's time for the main
event but there's been a change in
plans. Word on the street is that
we got another member of B.T.C.
steppin up to battle on Sev's
behalf. You prolly seen her shit up
on the Brooklyn Bridge, the trains,
and every single rooftop on the
motherfucking 4 line, give it up
for Ivy.

The crowd cheers. Ivy throws on her Pearl Jam hoodie and looks up at the blank wall.

She turns to face the massive crowd behind her, a newfound determination in her eyes -- not afraid of anything.

TONKA (CONT'D)

And she'll be taking on the self-proclaimed King Of New York. The most elusive, ghostly motherfucker the game ever seen. I shit you not, I don't even know if this dude is here right now because I ain't never seen him. So let's try this out. Oz, if you're here, step on up and protect your crown...

The crowd looks around. Buzzing with anticipation.

A LONG BEAT before a lean figure, begins slithering through the crowd. He wears a GAS MASK that conceals his identity.

People in the crowd start turning when they notice him crossing to the wall.

Ivy pulls out her phone -- sends a quick TEXT TO FAREN:

"Oz is here."

She quickly hides her phone, gets her paint ready as the crowd makes way for Oz's approach.

TONKA (CONT'D)

Aight, either Oz is in the building or this dude got lost on his way to Tel Aviv.

Oz looks up at Tonka and gives the "shh" motion with his index finger. The subtlety of the movement makes it all the more intimidating.

Then Oz reaches behind his back, pulls out a gun and --

BOOM! He shoots Tonka, who immediately goes down.

The crowd screams and disperses as Oz turns the gun towards a retreating Ivy.

He can't spot her through the mayhem, and retreats in the opposite direction as SIRENS are heard in the distance.

Ivy hurries to help Tonka, who is hit in the shoulder.

IVY

Jesus, are you okay?

TONKA

Burns like a motherfucker. But the fact that I'ma be able to tell people I got shot kinda makes up for it.

Ivy sees Oz climbing through the fence of the rail yard.

TONKA (CONT'D)

Go. I'll be fine.

Ivy gives chase.

EXT. RAIL YARD - MOMENTS LATER

They creep around the empty trains, as red and blue flashing lights indicate a police presence closing in.

Ivy sees his him on the opposite side of a train.

IVY

That was some pussy shit if you ask me. Shooting somebody in the back. You must be frustrated that you're styles dusty, you fuckin dinosaur.

Some footsteps closing in.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)

Drop the gun!

BOOM! A gunshot.

Ivy ducks and checks the action from underneath the train and sees a uniformed officer on the ground. She crosses to the officer -- a bullet in his head.

She turns to see Oz sprinting down the yard, and grabs the officer's GUN -- clearly never handled one before -- and follows Oz.

A second officer enters the yard, sees his fallen officer, and looks up at Ivy sprinting away, gun in hand.

POLICE OFFICER 2

Stop right there!

The cop breaks protocol, like they all do, and FIRES THREE SHOTS at Ivy. Ivy hops the fence, unscathed.

POLICE OFFICER 2 (INTO RADIO) (CONT'D)

Officer down! Female suspect on the move. She is armed.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Ivy sees the WHITE HONDA CIVIC skid off down the street. Blue and red lights approach, so she hops into a backyard. She emerges on another street, and Tonka's car nearly hits her.

TONKA

Get in.

He pops the door open and hops into the passenger seat.

IVY

We need to take you to the hospital.

TONKA

Na, shit just grazed me. Kinda defeats the purpose of gettin shot but whatever. What happened to the cavalry?

IVY

Let's go find out.

Ivy throws the gun in the glove.

INT. PRECINCT - NIGHT

Tonka follows Ivy into the precinct. She storms past the front desk and into Faren's office, where Faren casually fixes his tie in the mirror.

IVY

Where were you?

FAREN

There she is.

IVY

I told you we had eyes on Oz at and you let him get away.

FAREN

I told you we didn't care about Oz and you didn't listen.

Faren takes a seat and throws his feet up. He looks at Tonka.

FAREN (CONT'D)

Who's this?

TONKA

I'm the guy Oz just shot.

IVY
And then he tried to shoot me and
killed a cop too.

FAREN
Jesus, really?

Faren gets up.

FAREN (CONT'D)
Let me grab Officer Casey and we'll
get down there. You guys stay here.

Faren steps out of the room. Ivy and Tonka stand there and wait. Tonka, nosey as usual, finds the Graffiti binder and sneaks it into his bookbag.

IVY
Tonka, really? Now?

TONKA
Hell yeah. Shit's heroic, yo. Give
all our homies a heads up.

He continues rummaging through shit, then checks behind the desk and his face drops.

TONKA (CONT'D)
Uh...Ivy?

She looks at him, worried by his face. She hurries over and follows Tonka's eyeline --

A GAS MASK and two cans of paint. Guess which colors.

IVY
It's him.

Faren re-enters and the two of them freeze.

FAREN
You guys alright?
(to Tonka)
You look pale, kid. Maybe we should
get you over to the hospital.

Tonka is too scared to speak, so Ivy jumps in--

IVY
Shit, you're right. I'll drive him.

FAREN

No Ivy, I need you with me. Officer Casey's just down the hall, he can take him.

Ivy and Tonka start backpedaling towards the door.

TONKA

Na really though, I'm good. I'll just throw some Neosporin on it, got some butterfly stitches at my crib...

IVY

Yeah, we should do that before it gets infected.

(to Faren)

I'll be right back.

Faren can smell their suspicion, menace in his eyes.

EXT. PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS

They race down the front steps and jump into Tonka's car as Faren exits the precinct to watch them PEEL OFF!

EXT. IVY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ivy rushes inside, Tonka follows.

INT. IVY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ivy grabs her suitcase, starts packing.

IVY

You have any better ideas?

TONKA

I mean, not at the moment. But *Michigan? Really?* We can't just run away, Ivy. They're fucking cops.

FAREN (O.S.)

You should listen to your friend.

They turn to find Faren pointing a black Beretta at them.

FAREN (CONT'D)

Save us a whole lotta money on gas.

IVY

You killed my brother.

FAREN

Jeez, you make me sound like a bad guy. It's not like I enjoyed it. Sev, on the other hand, that was chicken soup for my soul. You see, your boy toy Sev stabbed my little brother three years ago. Went by the name Speck. Killed him and got away with it. So I joined the toughest crew in the city to track him down. You and I aren't that different, Ivy.

IVY

Then why Jacob? My brother was a good kid.

FAREN

He figured me out. Told me he'd keep quiet, but you can't trust a rat. I had no choice.

Faren cocks the Beretta...

FAREN (CONT'D)

Just like I have no choice now.

BAM! A bullet explodes through Faren's forehead -- blood sprays onto Ivy and Tonka -- and he crumbles to the ground.

Quincy stands there, gun smoking, as the amplitude of what he's just done sets in.

The three of them stand there, staring at the dead body, until Ivy speaks up.

IVY

Dad, you gotta get out of here.

Quincy steps over it and picks up the phone. He DIALS.

QUINCY (INTO PHONE)

Hi. I'm at 443 Katonah Avenue. My name is Quincy Mitchell and I just shot a police officer.

He hangs up, crosses to the fridge and grabs a beer. He tosses one to Ivy, who stands next to Tonka, stunned.

QUINCY (CONT'D)

I've got two minutes before I spend
the rest of my life in prison, you
think you could have a beer with
your old man?

Ivy tears up, sits down across from her father.

Tonka stands in the corner, unable to move.

TONKA

Yo...

IVY

How'd you know I was in trouble?

QUINCY

I was at the Battle. Wanted to see
you do your thing. Also, I'm not
much of a graffiti artist, but it
seems pretty stupid to use your
real name.

Ivy chuckles.

IVY

Yeah.

They share a smile and drink their beers -- the first father
daughter moment they've had in years.

TONKA

Guys...

IVY

What?

Tonka reaches into his pocket and pulls out his RHYME SAVER --
and the red light is blinking on. **Faren's whole confession is
on tape.**

Ivy tears up, lunges for Tonka and hugs him tight. Words
can't express her mixed feelings of disbelief, sadness, joy,
utter relief. And neither can her father--

Quincy buries his face in his hands, comes out of it with a
smile on his face. Tonka and Ivy separate, and Quincy slides
the beer across the table to Tonka.

Tonka sits, cracks his beer open, and the three of them revel
in the moment, sipping their beers, but sobering up at the
same time. They look upon Faren's dead body to the soundtrack
of approaching POLICE SIRENS.

PAT KIERNAN (PRE-LAP)
*Two policemen were shot and killed
 in the Bronx last night, and
 officials are saying that one of
 the deceased, Detective Joe Faren,
 took out his fellow officer before
 being gunned down himself.*

EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

PAT KIERNAN, the face of NY1, reports the news. We slowly pull away from the TV which sits inside a store window on Broadway, across the street from CITY HALL.

PAT KIERNAN
*Faren was a part of the Mayor's
 Graffiti Habitual Offender
 Suppression Team, a division
 created to support the city's
 "broken window" approach to
 lowering the city's crime rate.*

There's a mob of PROTESTERS outside. Some signs read: "Cracks in 'Broken Windows'", "Art is not a crime", and "N.W.A. said it best".

PAT KIERNAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
*The murders have sparked further
 debate about the validity of the
 crime-fighting theory, with
 activists and sociologists urging
 the Mayor to re-assess his
 policies.*

The crowd chants vehemently, getting angrier and angrier...

FADE TO BLACK.

1 MONTH LATER

EXT. INTERLOCHEN ART INSTITUTE - DAY

Graduation gowns, comb-overs and unnaturally stiff postures.

MS. REIDY
 And now it's my pleasure to present
 to you, Interlochen's graduating
 class of 1997!

The graduates toss their hats up in the air, but one doesn't. Ivy looks happy, as she turns to the crowd to see her people in the audience, applauding. Tonka. Eno. Kabo. And Bath.

Next to Tonka, standing and clapping, is her father Quincy. He couldn't be more proud. They share a smile, and although they've got a long way to go, it's a promising start.

INT. INTERLOCHEN ART GALLERY - LATER

Professor Garfinkel stands in front of Ivy's thesis -- a series of photographed "Ivy" pieces, news clippings, and sketches from her summer in NYC, entitled. He reads from a written piece that tells her story.

IVY (O.S.)

I swear to God it's all true.

He looks up.

PROFESSOR GARFINKEL

I don't doubt it.

IVY

Thanks for making this happen.

PROFESSOR GARFINKEL

If anybody deserves that piece of paper, it's you. But I'm not going to tell you what I had to do to convince Ms. Reidy...it still gives me the chills.

She laughs and gives him a hug.

PROFESSOR GARFINKEL (CONT'D)

Any thoughts on where you're going to school?

IVY

No, gonna take next semester off, maybe apply to some places in the spring. Haven't thought past that.

PROFESSOR GARFINKEL

Good, that's good. Kids plan so much these days they forget to sit around and do drugs and get kicked out of their parents house for a few years. Its tragic, really.

TONKA (O.S.)

Yo Ivy.

Ivy turns.

IVY
Hey guys, this is Professor
Garfinkel. The only teacher whose
name I'll ever remember.

BATH
A pleasure. She's dope.

ENO
Yeah, good to meet you mah nigga.

PROFESSOR GARFINKEL
Indeed. You all had quite a summer.

IVY
Fuck yeah we did.

TONKA
Yo, that German dude over there
with the bow-tie heard about the
Battle. Said there's a bunch of
graffiti writers in Europe doin the
same shit. He wants to talk about
sending us over there to compete.

IVY
No way, really?

PROFESSOR GARFINKEL
I think you figured out what you're
doing next semester.

Ivy smiles.

IVY
I'm gonna go figure this out.

PROFESSOR GARFINKEL
Do it. And Ivy...
(she turns)
Don't whisper.

IVY
I won't.

PROFESSOR GARFINKEL
What's that?

IVY
I WON'T!

She yells it LOUDER than what these prestigious pricks consider to be acceptable, but Garfinkel loves it.

PROFESSOR GARFINKEL
I DIDN'T HEAR YOU!

Now he's causing a scene and doesn't care.

IVY
I SAID I WON'T!

She turns away and Professor Garfinkel takes it in. A few cardigan-wearing cocks stare at him like he's nuts.

PROFESSOR GARFINKEL
What the fuck are you looking at?

As Garfinkel moves on to peruse the rest of the senior exhibit, we MOVE IN on a familiar photo:

The picture of Ivy and Jacob as kids, in the motel room, next to their father -- unfolded. We move closer and closer until Ivy and Jacob's tiny hands fill the frame, holding onto crayons like life preservers.

FADE OUT.

R.I.P. 5POINTZ