

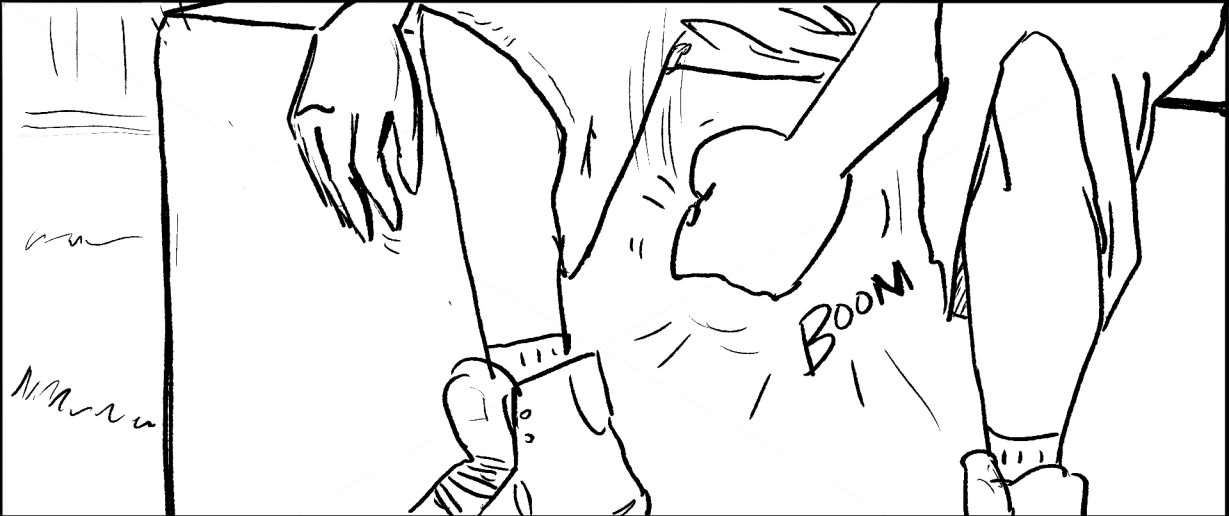


“Blood Brothers”

Storyboards based on a true
personal story.

Storyboards by
Darrell T. Watson Jr.

contact: darrell.trent.jr@gmail.com



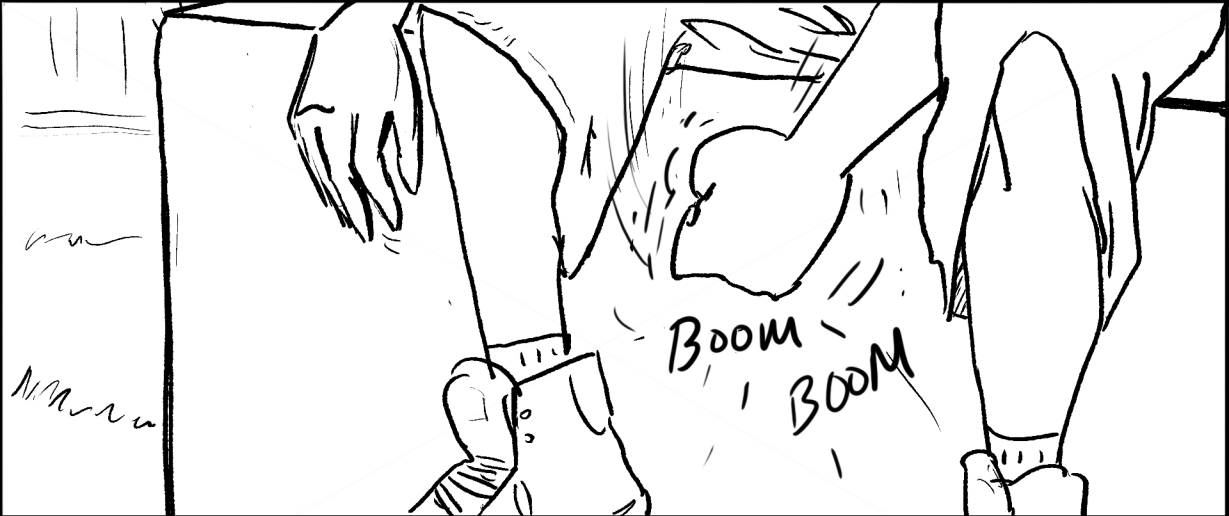
*(MISTER drums a beat while sitting on a **green electrical transformer box.**)*

SOUNDS: BOOM, SLAP, BOOM, BOOM, SLAP..



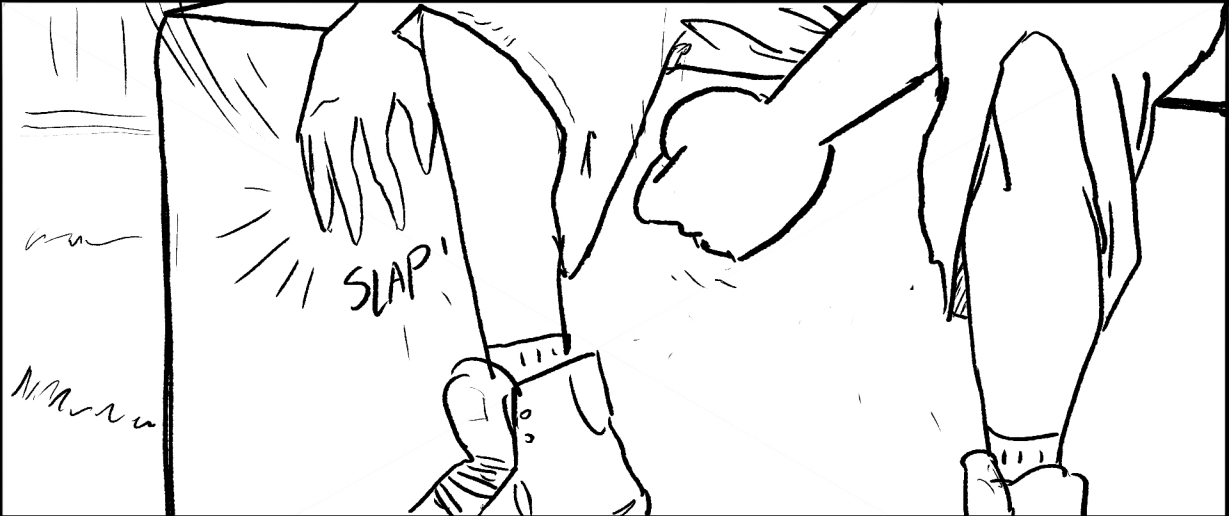
*(MISTER drums a beat while sitting on a **green electrical transformer box.**)*

SOUNDS: BOOM, SLAP, BOOM, BOOM, SLAP..



*(MISTER drums a beat while sitting on a **green electrical transformer box.**)*

SOUNDS: BOOM, SLAP, BOOM, BOOM, SLAP..



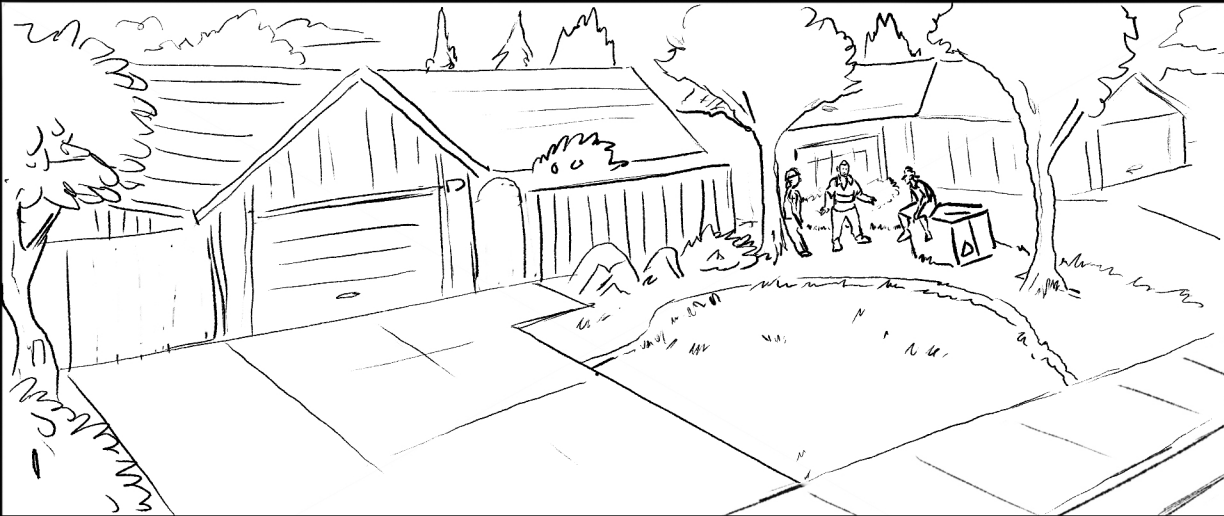
(MISTER drums a beat while sitting on a **green electrical transformer box.**)

SOUNDS: BOOM, SLAP, BOOM, BOOM, SLAP..



(MISTER still drumming): BOOM, SLAP, BOOM, BOOM, SLAP...

BYRON: Keep that beat up... Yeah...uh...yeah...

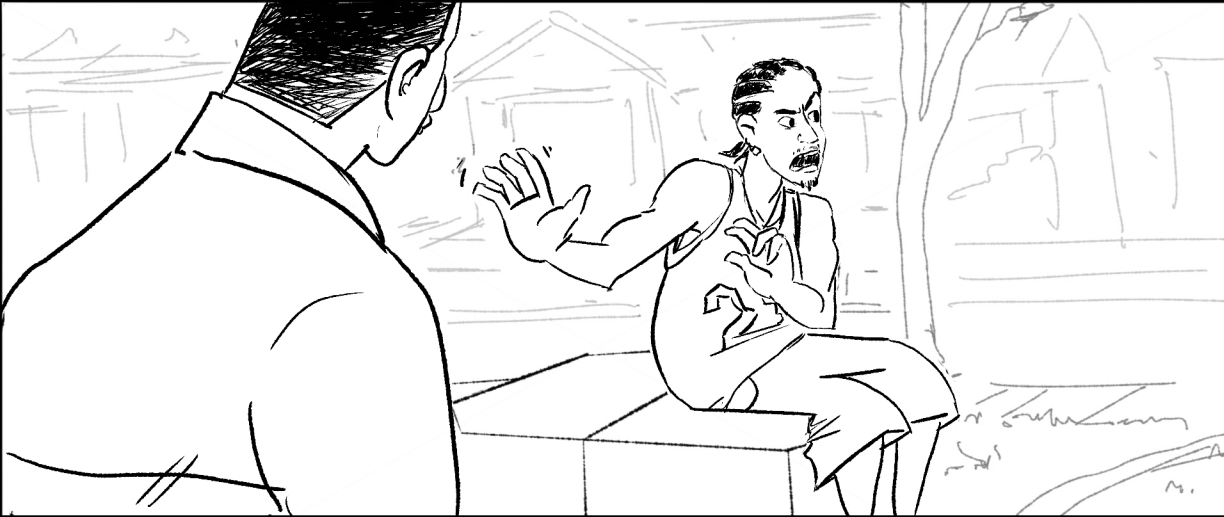


(drumming continues.)

BRYON: (rapping)
Check it... I'm killin' fools...



BYRON: (rapping)
...they have no clue..



MISTER:
Hold on. Hold on...



MISTER:
Who the **** is this dude staring at me?



BYRON:
That's just my brother.



MISTER:
Wat dup, Blood?



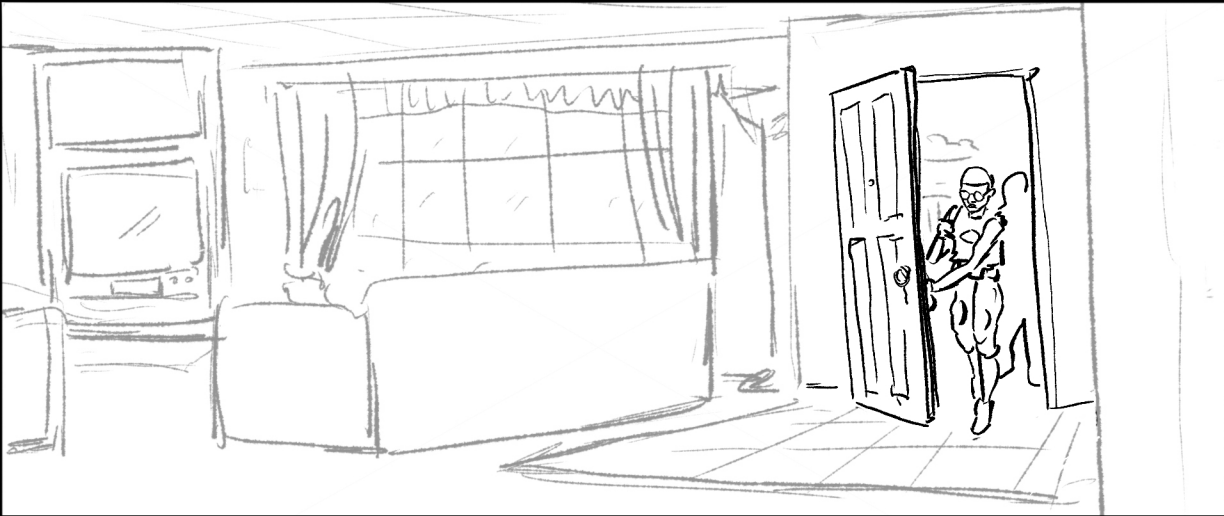
DARRELL:
Sup?

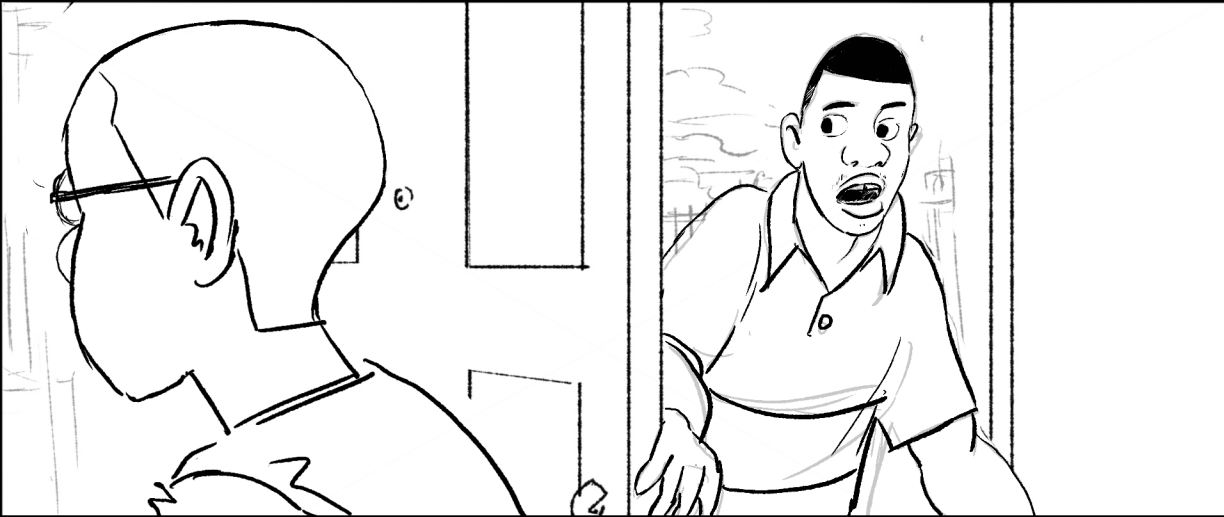


DARRELL:

Eh, Byron, can I talk to you in the house?







BYRON:
Wussup?



DARRELL:
Why are Bloods hanging at our house?

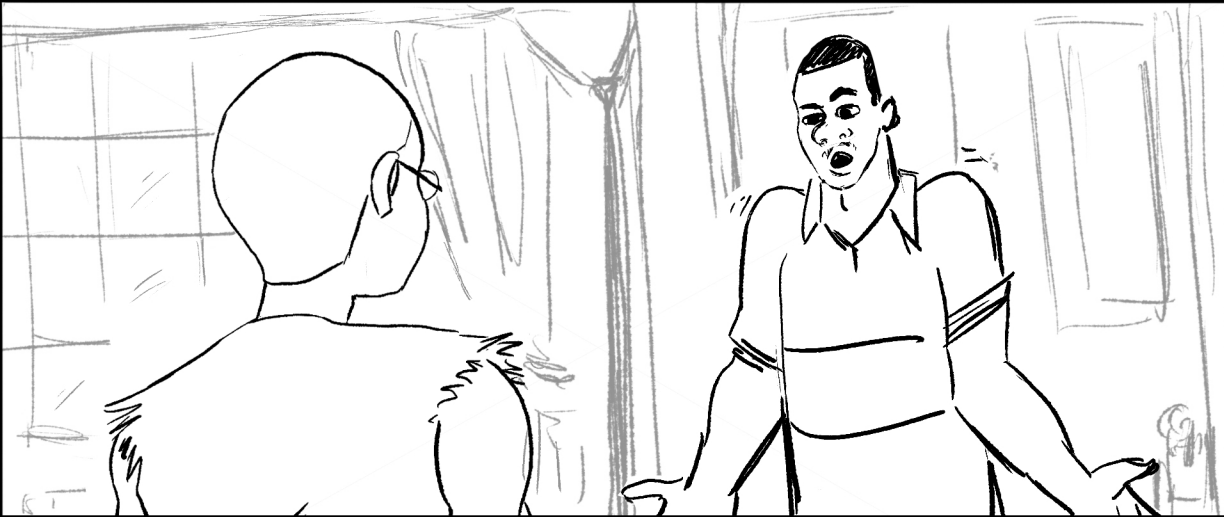


BYRON:

Oh...They got connections for my rap album.



DARRELL:
You know those dudes are gangsters!



BYRON:
So?



DARRELL:
So don't bring them around the house.



BYRON:

I know that technically you're my older brother...



BYRON:

...but I don't play that big brother, little brother *stuff*.



BYRON:
You can't tell me want to do.



(DOOR SLAMS SHUT)



SOUND: (SCHOOL FIRE ALARM)



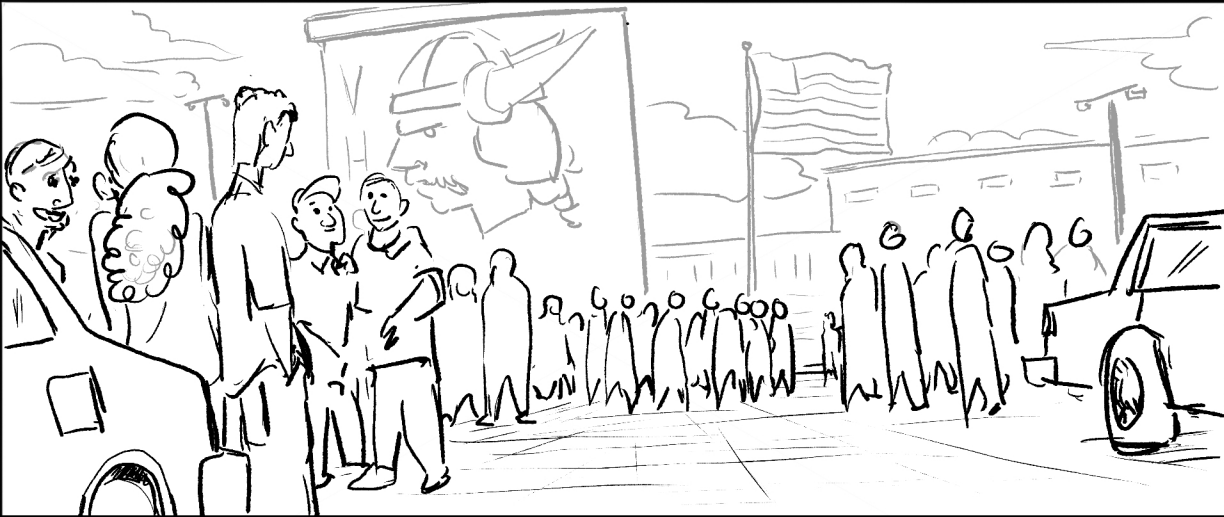
COACH:

This is a drill! Line up ladies and gentlemen!



TEACHER:

Please line up and head to the parking lot.



*Sound: (school parking lot.)
(Student chatter.)*



(DARRELL and **KOKO** chat)

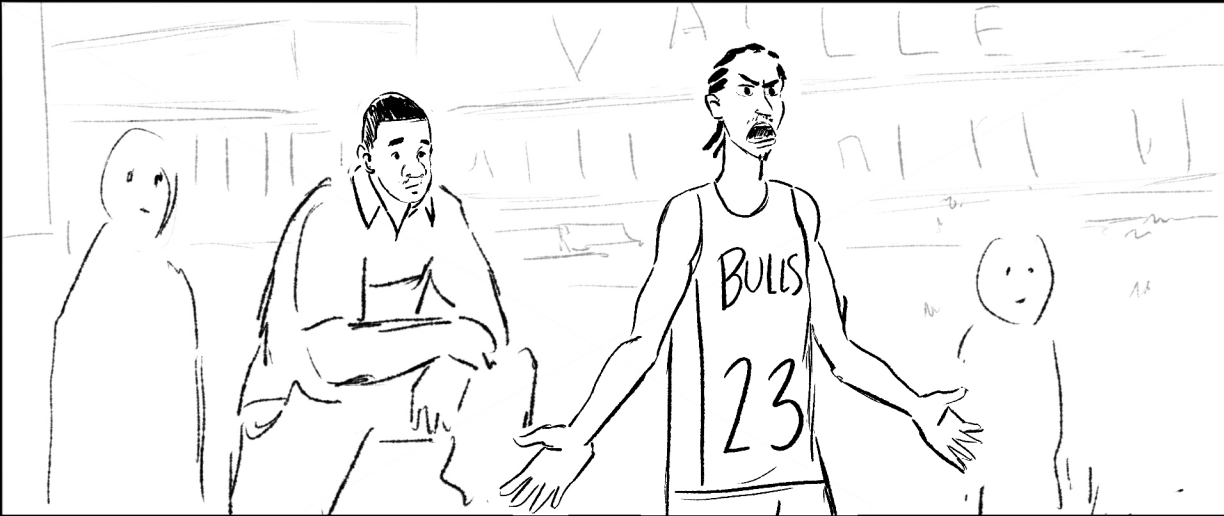


MISTER:

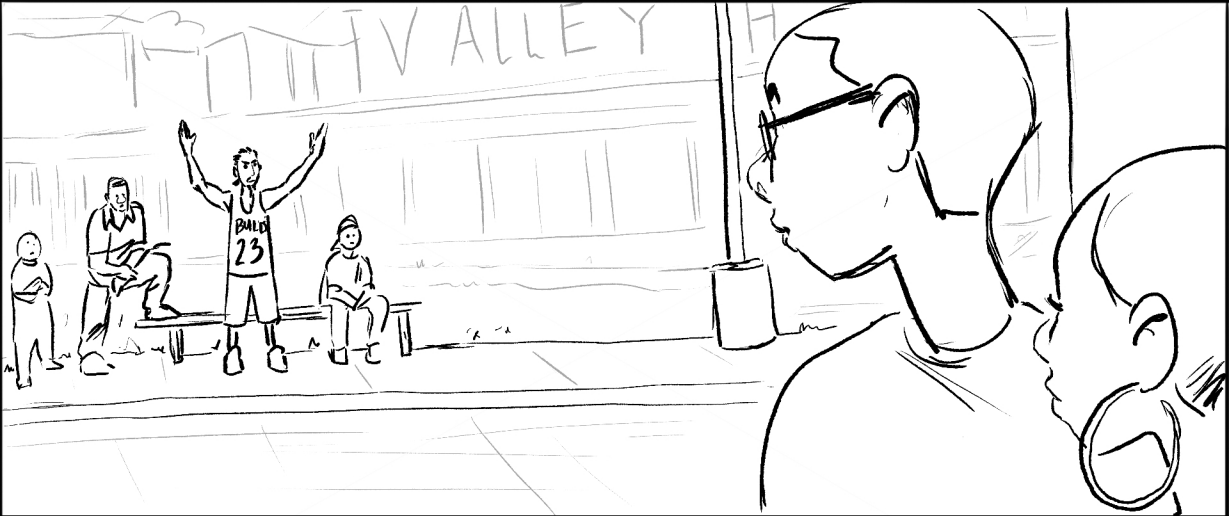
Yo B., is your brother trying to holla at my cousin Koko?



BYRON:
I don't know.



MISTER:
Aye!...

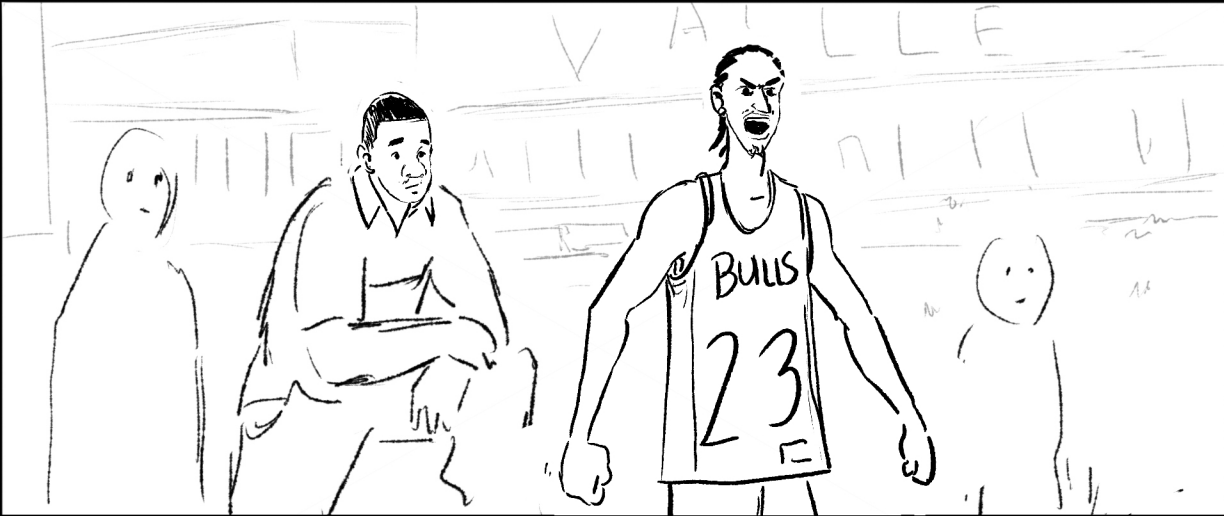


MISTER:
What's up, Blood?



KOKO:

Why is you brother hanging with my thug @** cousin?



MISTER:
Koko, I'm gonna tell your daddy!



(KOKO flips MISTER off)



KOKO:
I'll talk to ya after school.



BYRON:
I'll talk to him.



BYRON:

You know Mister is going to give you hell if you date is cousin, right?



DARRELL:

...



BYRON:
What? You still mad at me from yesterday?



DARRELL:
So you want to be a Blood or something?



BYRON:
Mind your business.



(GODFATHER CHEEK SLAP)

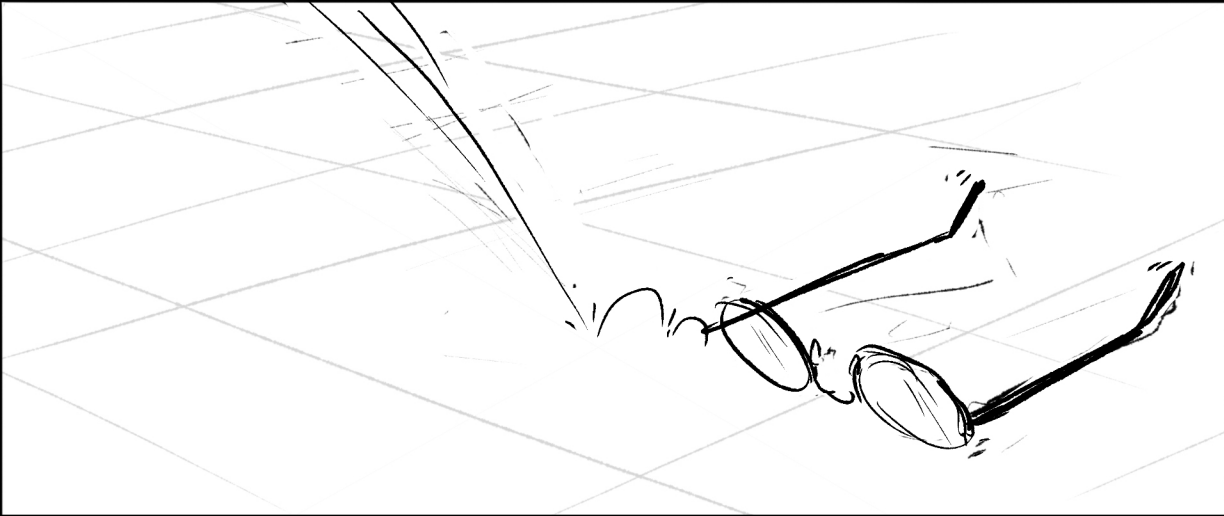


(DARRELL SLAPS BYRON)





(BYRON SLAPS DARRELL BACK HARDER)

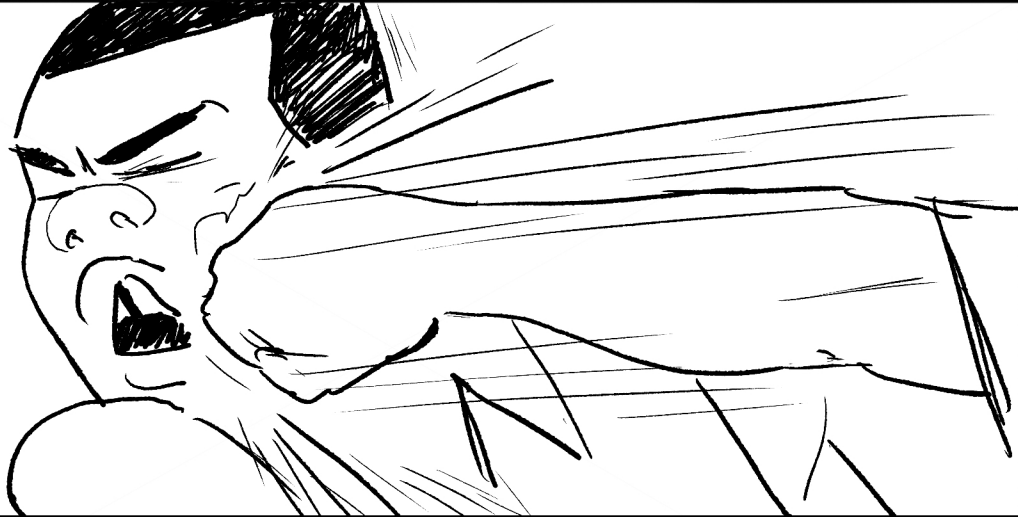


(DARRELL'S GLASSES FALL TO THE GROUND)

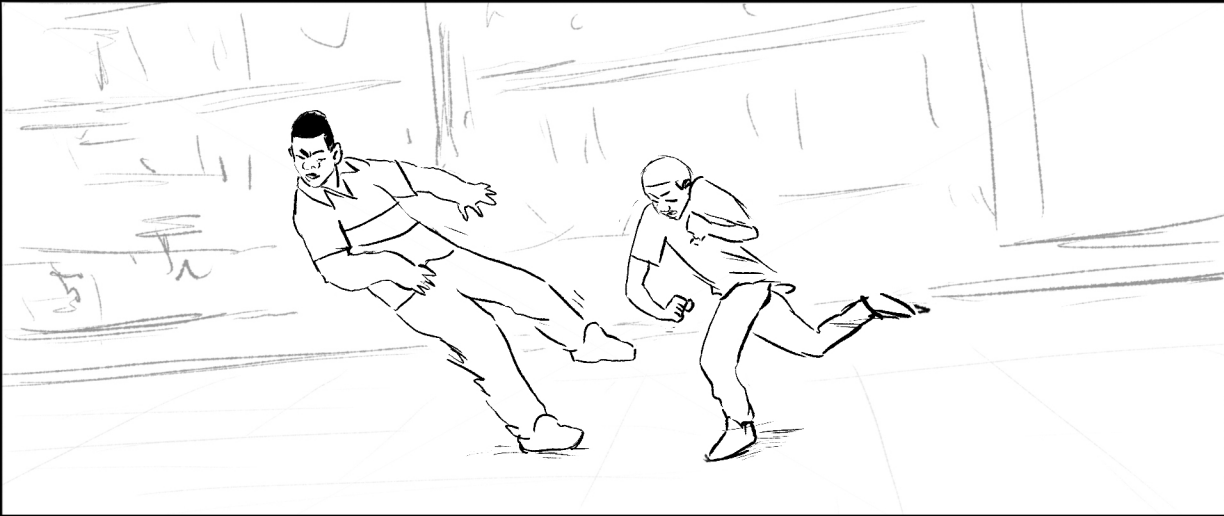


BYRON

What the hell is wrong with you?..



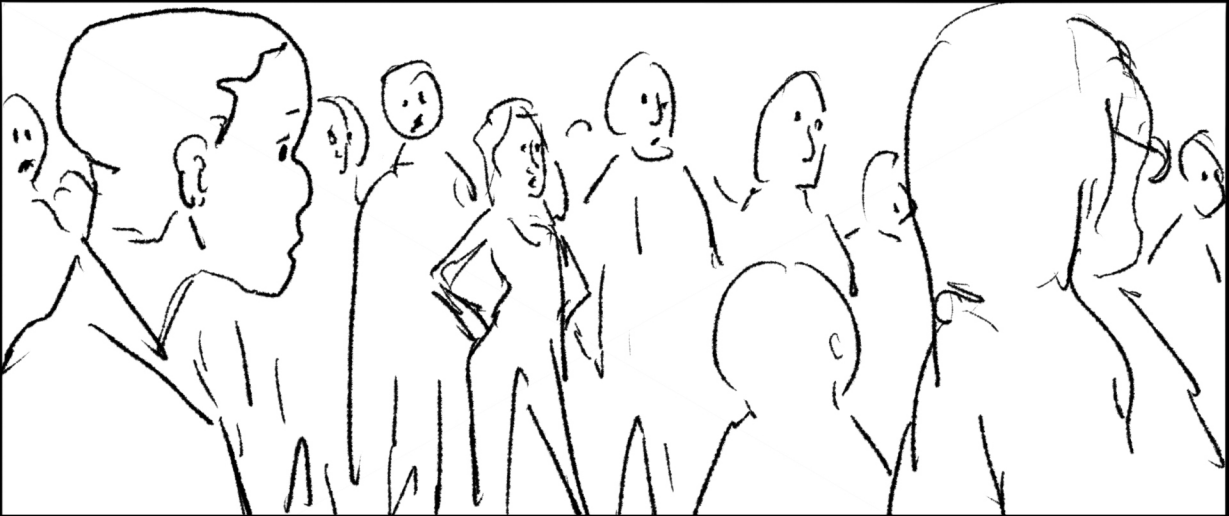
(DARRELL PUNCHES BRYON IN THE FACE)



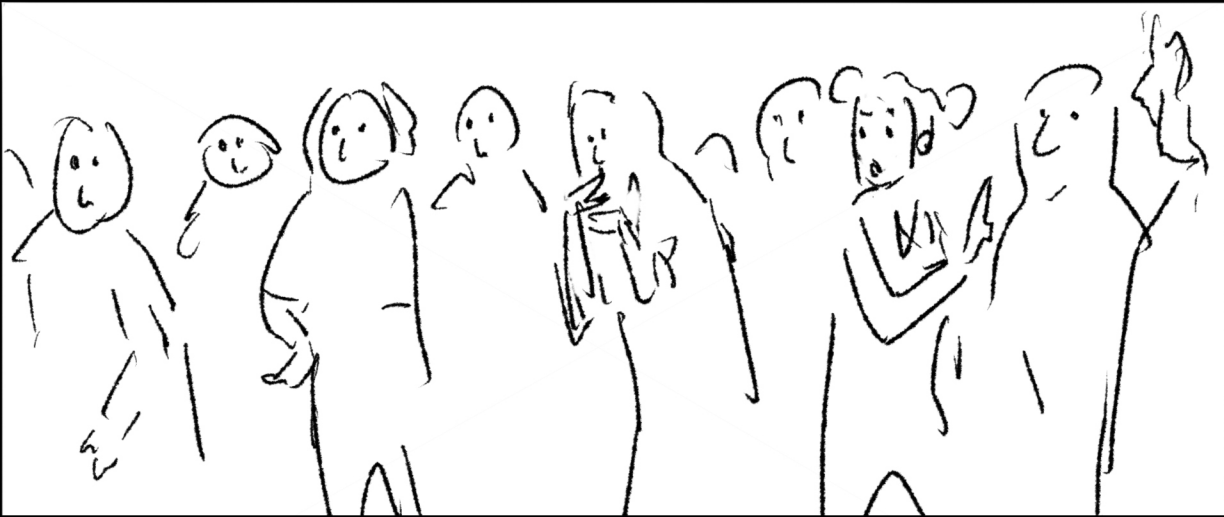




MISTER:
Yo Blood, they fighting!!!



(STUDENT CROWD NOTICES THE FIGHT)



(STUDENT CROWD NOTICES THE FIGHT)



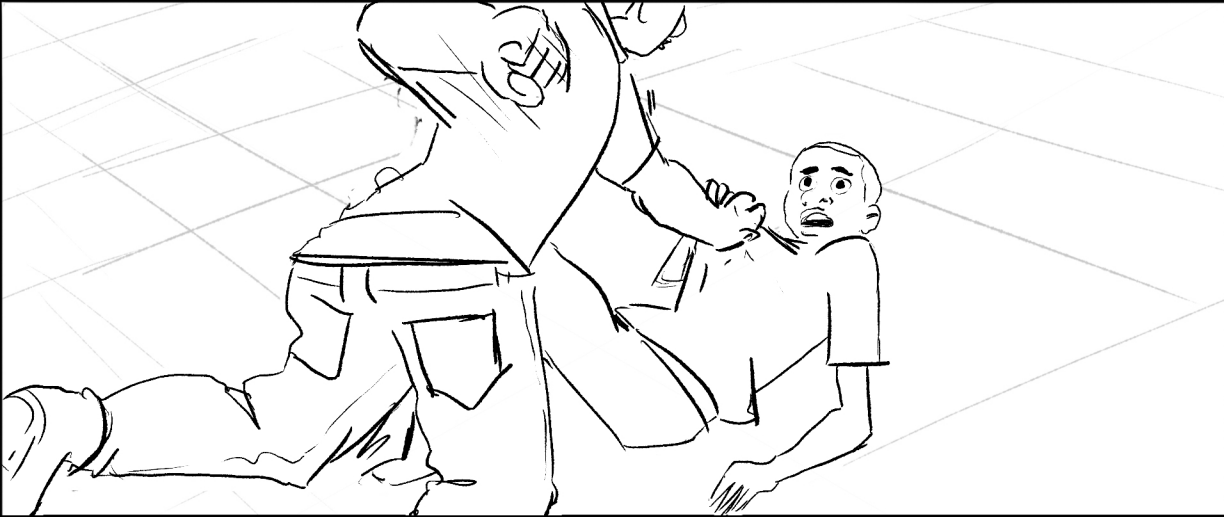
(CROWD OF STUDENTS QUICKLY SURROUNDS THE FIGHT.)

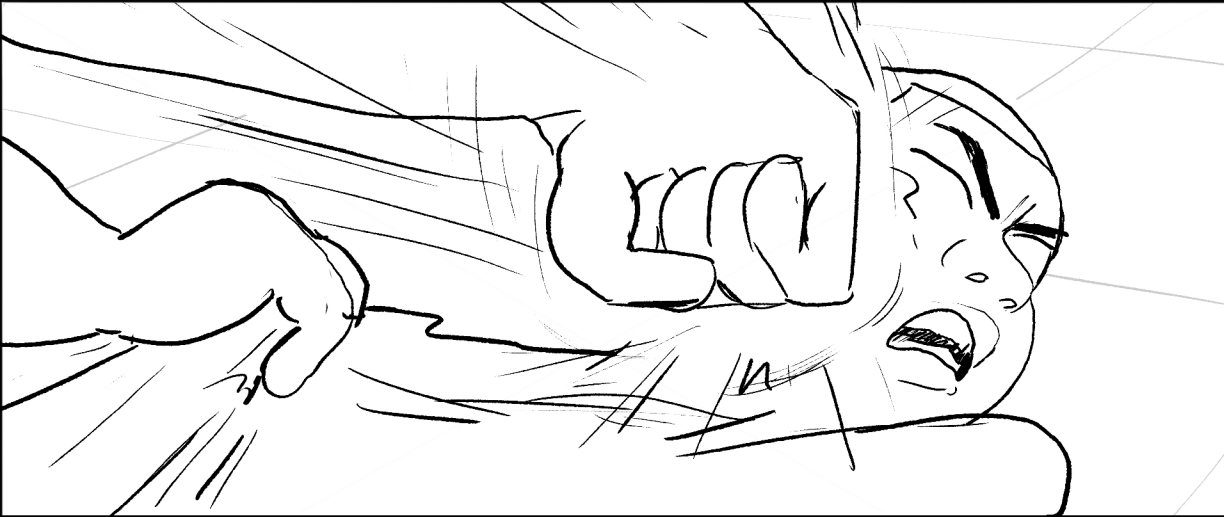


BYRON:
So that's how it's gonna be, Blood?

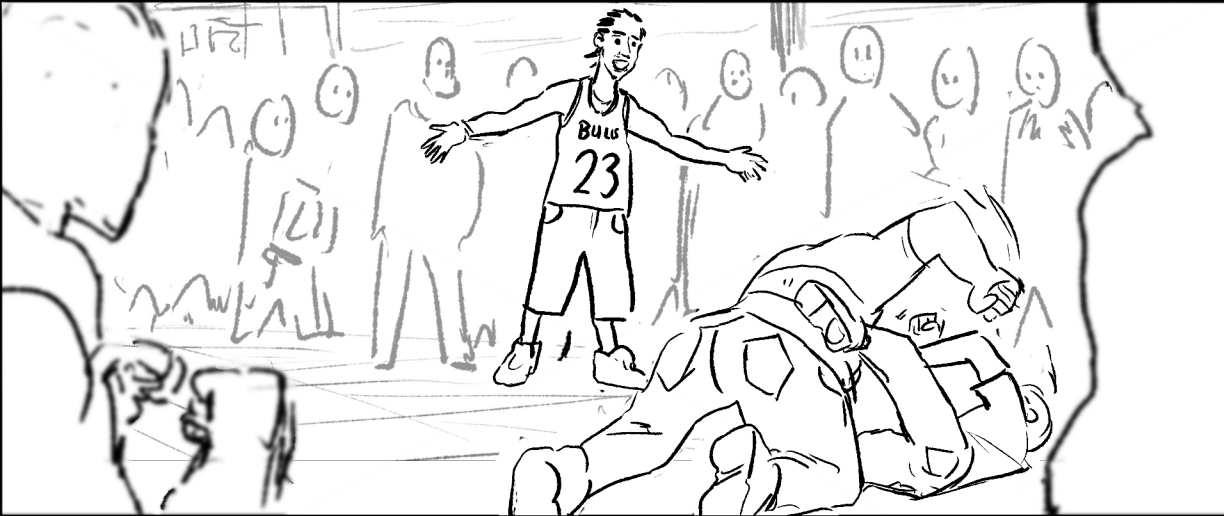




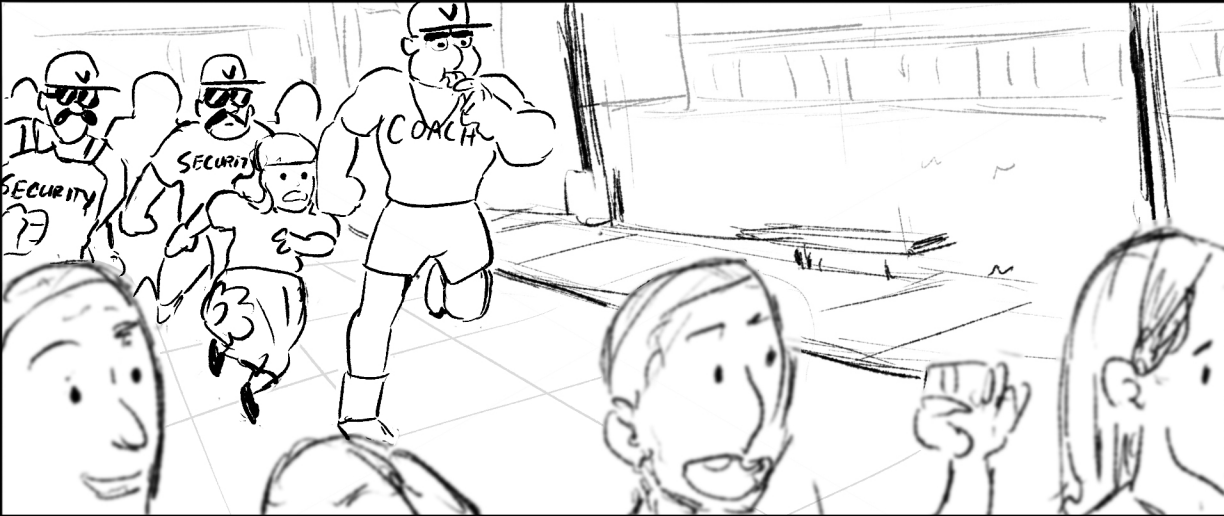






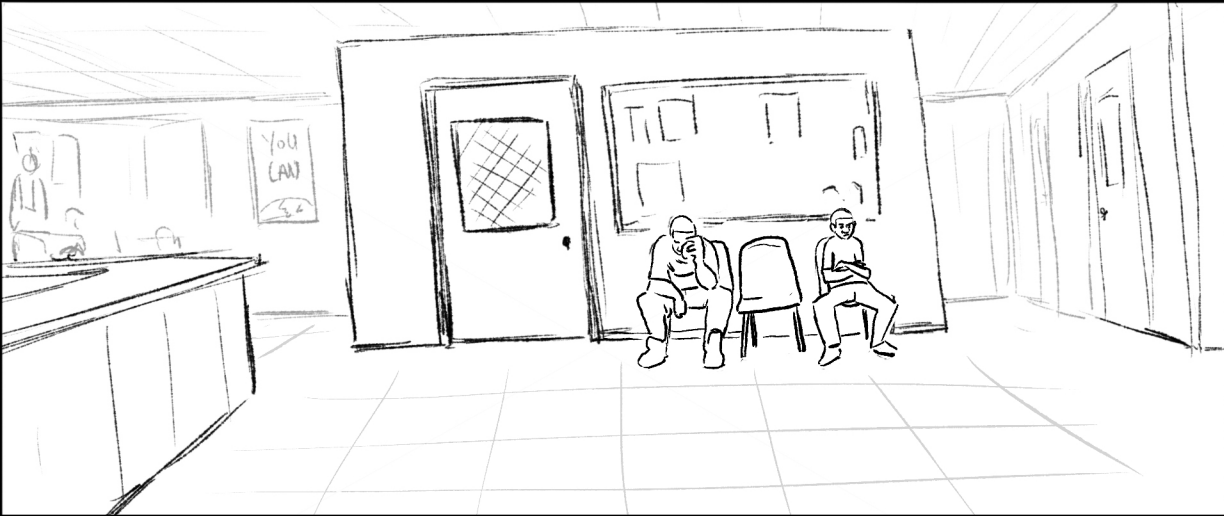


MISTER: (amused)
Let the brothers fight y'all!



COACH BLOWS WHISTLE

(TEACHER and **CAMPUS POLICE** rush to stop the fight)

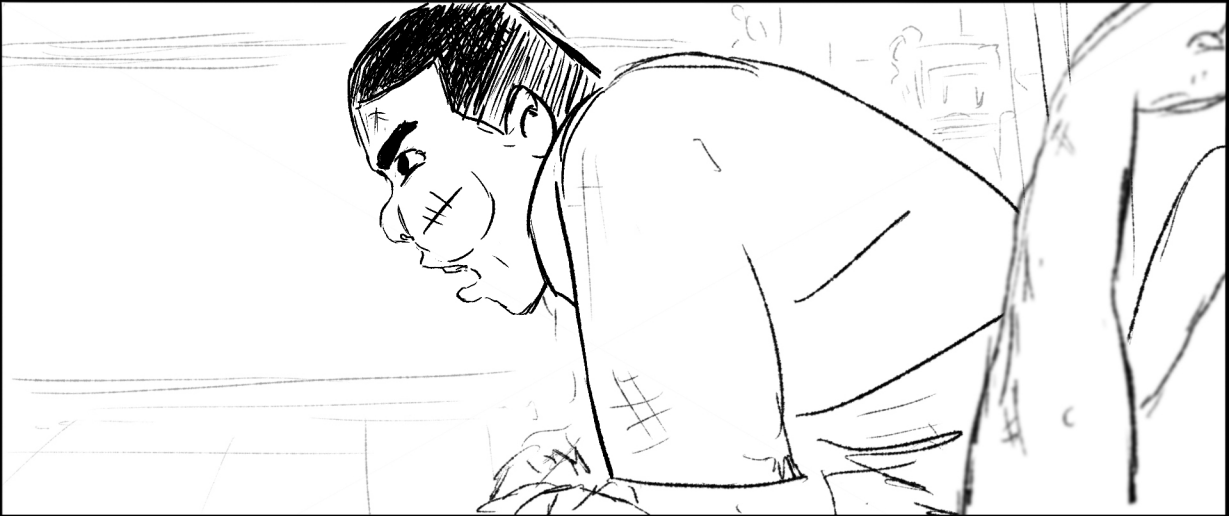




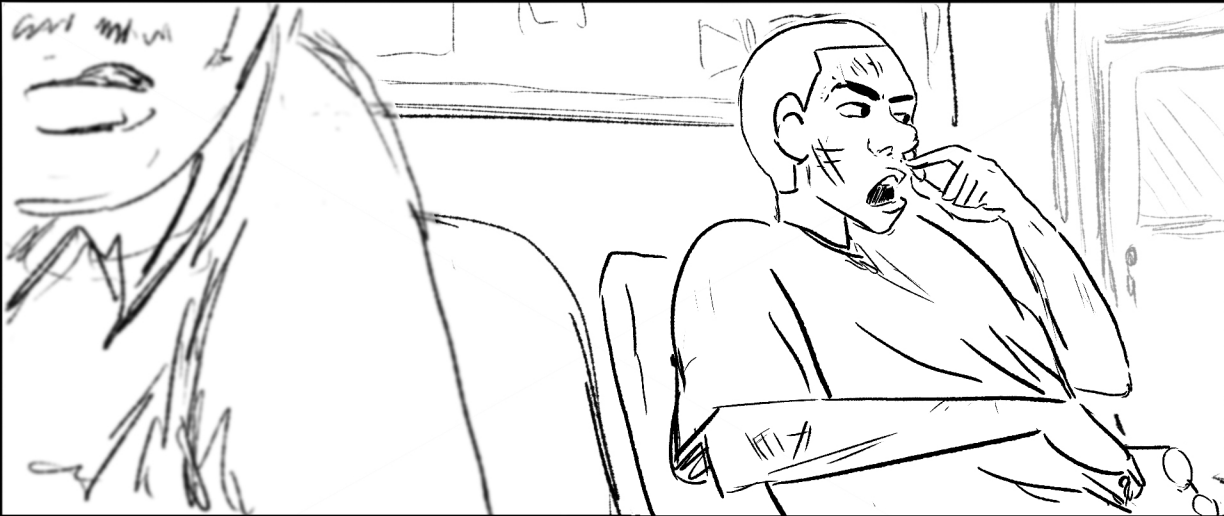
BYRON:
Why did you slap me?



DARRELL:
Why you wanna be a Blood?



BYRON:
Why do you care what I do with my life?



DARRELL:
Because I don't want to see you die over stupid gang *stuff*.



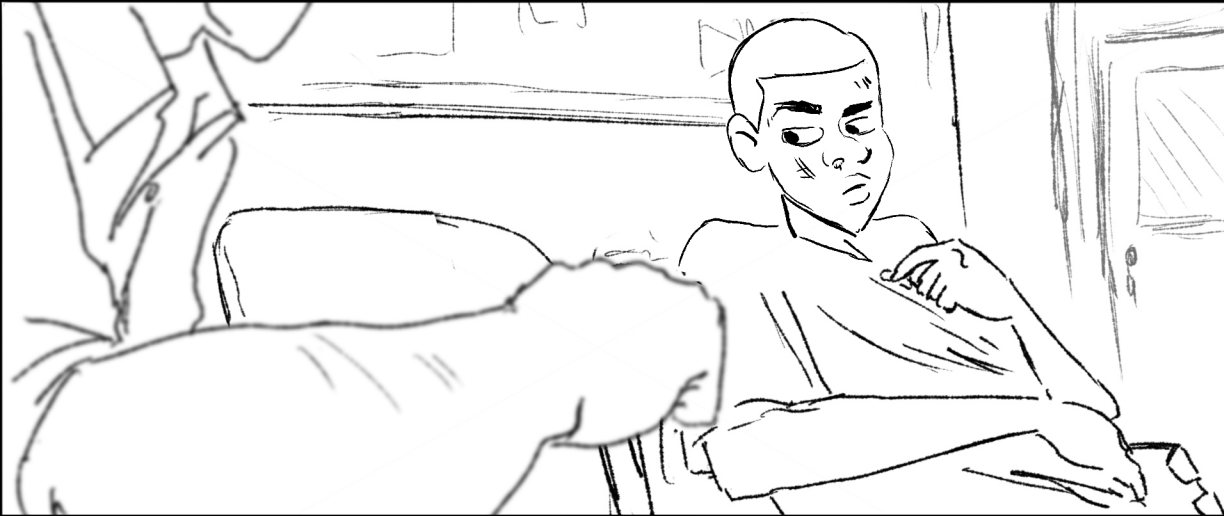
BYRON:
You care too damn much.

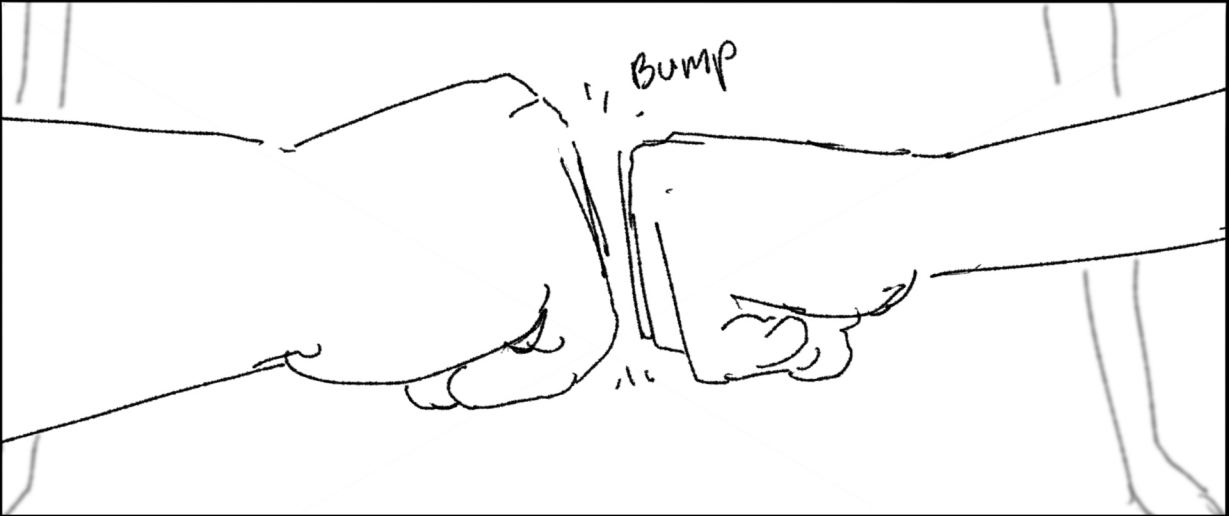




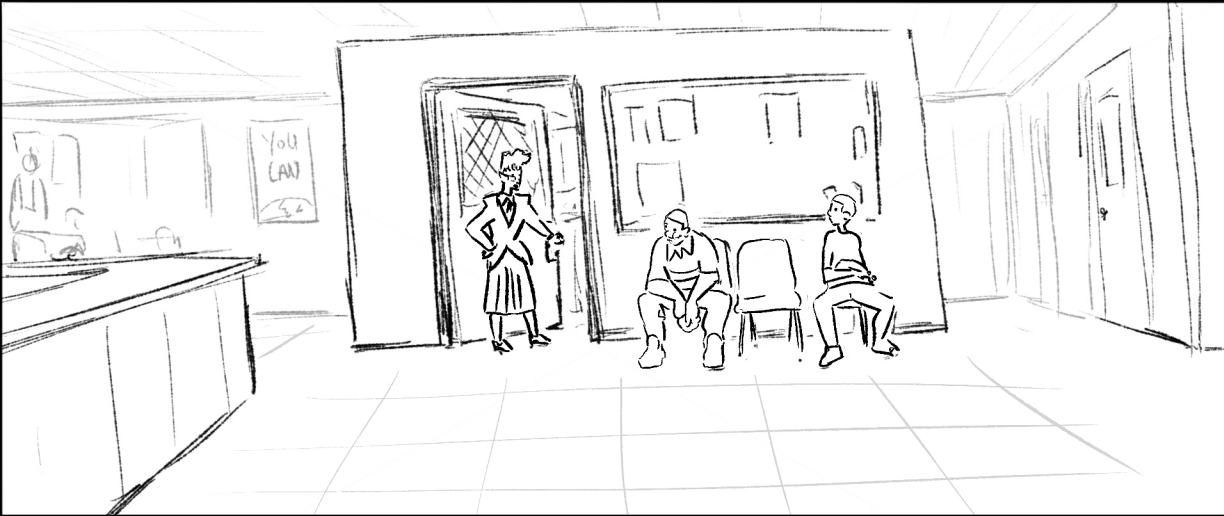
BYRON:
Are we good?







DARRELL: (*BYRON and DARRELL fist bump*)
We good.



PRINCIPAL:
You two. Step into my office, please.



PRINCIPAL:
The normal protocol after a fight...



PRINCIPAL:

...is to suspend you and send you home.

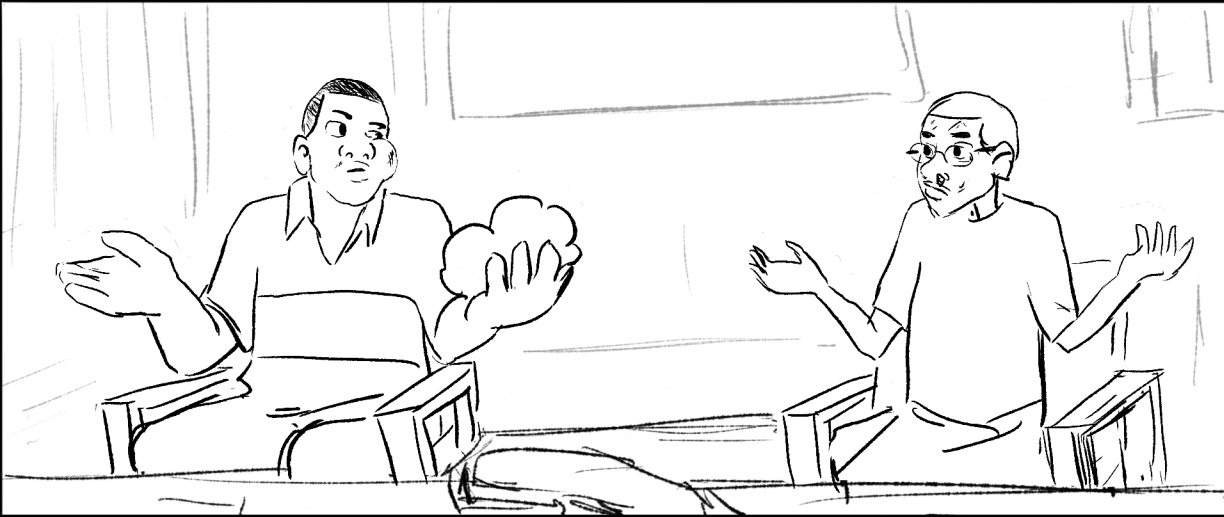


PRINCIPAL:
But how can I responsibly send you home...



PRINCIPAL:
...IF YOU LIVE IN THE SAME HOUSE?!!!







(BYRON and DARRELL laugh together)

THE END