

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Grunge hiphop music is heard as five teenaged boys sit around a table. The restless chatter is very prevalent. True delinquents at play. Each time the sound crescendos we are met with a bottle being spun. Gasps as the bottle just barley misses texts on various pieces of paper. Amir Jacobs (17) looks around nervously. He smiles in excitement but looks hesitant to fully commit to a happy emotion. The bottle slowly lands of the final piece of paper. It reads "Blaze". The group of guys begin whispering. Followed by an evil uproar. Amir looks around in disapproval. Franklin (17) gives a devilish grin around to the faces. He stands up as if he has won the lottery.

AMIR

Fire? Are you guys serious?

Franklin (17) looks at Amir disgusted.

FRANKLIN

You do this every time bro.

AMIR

And every time some dumb shit occurs that typically falls out of our control.

FRANKLIN

You don't have to come Amir.

AMIR

Don't do this.

FRANKLIN

(Sarcastically) I'm just saying I wouldn't want you to miss out on one last night with the boys. After all it is our last go around till college.

Franklin looks at Amir and begins grinning.

AMIR

You're a demon. You know that right.

Both Amir and Franklin look at each other and begin laughing. They know it's time.