

7.

BRUCEY-B (CONT'D)  
Damn! A knock would be nice.

PORSHA  
Boy, I'm late for work. And what I tell you about smoking weed in my house?

BRUCEY-B  
My bad Ma. Long night yesterday

PORSHA  
Yeah you see that white policeman out here harassing everybody? He'll mess around and get somebody else killed too.

BRUCEY-B  
Killed?

PORSHA  
Yeah. That man in the alley on Weber Street.

BRUCEY-B  
There's always bodies on Weber Street. It's fucking Zombie land.

PORSHA  
Nah, it wasn't no overdose. They say they shot the pastor. With election time coming they may actually have to solve one this time.

BRUCEY-B  
Good luck with that one.

PORSHA  
I gotta get to work. What's your plans for today?

BRUCEY-B  
Just work. Skinny on his way to scoop me.

PORSHA  
Ok. Be safe out there. Your food is in the microwave and tell Earl I said hello.

They hug as she exits

8.

PORSHA (CONT'D)  
Love you boy

BRUCEY-B  
Love you too ma. Thanks.

End

Brucey-B stares back out the window.

McDonald is gone and the crowd is dispersing.

The EMTs finish loading the dead man into an ambulance, which pulls off.

The streets are empty.

Rap music rolls.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - DAY

~~BLACK CADILLAC TRUCK. Myron Anthony, aka M.A, mid-forties, imposing, well-muscled, listens to a POLICE SCANNER, and drives.~~

~~Earl Roman is in the back seat.~~

EARL ROMAN  
~~M.A, turn that cops shit off and please just put it on W-U-F-O~~

M.A.  
~~You got it boss.~~

~~M.A. Makes the switch and Earl hears something on the radio~~

EARL ROMAN  
~~Turn it up~~

~~Voice coming from the radio...~~

RADIO VOICE #1(O.C.)  
~~Crime is no longer king of the east side. The people have spoken and the criminals that plague our city days are numbered. My "See Something, Say Something" program has already brought crime down by 23% if re-elected we will finish this.~~