

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.~~