

CLOCKERS

Fourth Draft
June, 1994

Richard Price and
Spike Lee

40 Acres And A Mule Filmworks Inc.

EXT. PROJECTS - DAY

1

We are in Brooklyn, New York in one of the many Housing Authority cluster of buildings that are across the City. They are called the PROJECTS.

LONG LENS:

Go (17) Black, skinny and THUMPER, white, middle aged NARC are in position. It's a race. They both are at the start line in the middle of the street. Behind them and on the sides are THE CLOCKERS (drug dealers) and THE FURYS (NARCS), yelling encouragement.

CLOSE - SERVICE REVOLVER

BIG CHIEF

On your mark, get set, GO!

ANGLE - GO AND THUMPER

Go -- shot out of the starting block like a cannon. He's jetting. Thumper is being dusted, he's huffing and puffing but it's no contest. Maybe Jimmy the Greek and Al Campanis were right, African-Americans are quicker, faster and stronger because we're from the deep dark continent -- AFRICA, the JUNGLE, those muscle twitches will do it everytime. We had to run from lions, tigers and shit.

ANGLE - FINISH LINE

Go breezes in, he's the winner by at least half a block. He jumps up and down celebrating, and is congratulated by his homies.

GO

We're free for a week, a week.

ANGLE - THUMPER

He's dying as he lumbers in. His face is beet red and he looks as if he's having a heart attack. His fellow NARCS go check him out to make sure he's alright. Go shakes his head.

GO

Too Black! Too Strong!

THUMPER

Good race. A bet is a bet and a man isn't a man if he doesn't keep his word.

The Narcs look disgusted, the Clockers jubilant.
A small victory for the home team.

2 INT. ROCCO'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

Homicide detectives, ROCCO KLEIN, age 50, and 35 year old LARRY MAZILLI driving through the hood. Murder, Mayhem, Madness, that's all they see 24-7-365, that's all they know. Rocco is driving.

MAZILLI

Rocco, let's just suppose,
hypothetically speaking of course.
if I was fucking you who is the
MO? You, since you're getting
it up the old kazoo or me since
I'm giving it to you up the old
kazoo?

ROCCO

What kind of question is that?

MAZILLI

I wanna know. I never understood.

ROCCO

We'd both be HOMO's as far as I'm
concerned. You would probably
give me the BIG A.

MAZILLI

No I wouldn't. I practice safe sex.

Mazilli's beeper goes off, cutting off his joke.

MAZILLI (contd)

Who is it this time?

He takes the beeper off his hip and reads the number.

MAZILLI (contd)

Fuck, Francine.

ROCCO

Your girlfriend?

MAZILLI

My fiancée, I'm not marrying her
though. I should have never given
her my beeper number, shit.

ROCCO

Maybe you should focus on fucking
Francine the fiancée instead of your
partner. Focus, today's word.

3

EXT. ROCCO'S CAR ON STREET CORNER - DAY

3

Rocco pulls over at a corner, eyeballs a Black teenager. He's trying hard not to look back at the unmarked Plymouth Fury. All young Black males are suspects, all are guilty until proved innocent is the code.

MAZILLI

Yo is holding. Guilty! I know that guy.

ROCCO

YO! YO!

Rocco points at the suspect.

MIKE slowly walks over to the car. HE wears a New York Knicks cap sideways.

MAZILLI

Mikey baby, come on over, don't be shy.

ROCCO

Where do you guys get those hats with the bills over the ear like that? I look all over for them, alls I can find are the ones with the bills in the front, they don't sell 'em like that where I live.

MIKE

Where do you live?

ROCCO

Long Island.

MIKE

All you got to do is turn them sideways.

ROCCO

Oh yeah? Me and my partner are looking for this guy, he wears two hats, one on top of the other, you seen him?

MIKE

No, but I seen the guy with two heads.

ROCCO

Yeah.

MAZILLI

Where did he go?

MIKE

He went thataway, but he was wearing only one hat.

CLOSE - ROCCO AND MAZILLI

They're not smiling. They stare at the kid who stares right back, a smartass YO!

4 EXT. ROCCO'S CAR ON STREET CORNER - DAY 4

ANGLE - CORNER

The Plymouth Fury drives off.

5 EXT. PROJECTS BENCH - DAY 5

CLOSE ON FIVE BLACK TEENAGERS

STAN

Chuck D is the best.

SCIENTIFIC

Fuck a Chuck D. Chuck D ain't shit.

GO

He's outta here and so is Speech.

SCIENTIFIC

How can Chuck D and Speech be the hardest rappers when they ain't shot nobody?

GO

Word. Ya gotta be hard.

SCIENTIFIC

If a nigger ain't been to jail, raped or slapping bitches around, shot or killed somebody, he ain't hard. And I'm not buying shit that ain't hardcore.

GO

Now Tupac, Snoop Dog, Dr. Dre, real hardcore. They down.

SCIENTIFIC

Don't give a fuck, sell more records that way.

STAN

Anyway, I like the positive brothers.

STRIKE

Squash it. We got business.

6 EXT. STREET BY PROJECTS BENCH - DAY

6

LONG LENS:

- 1) LOUIE, a white teenager, walks over to Horace and holds out 20 bucks.
- 2) Horace looks to Strike who looks to Go who's on the corner, the lookout. Go nods to Strike who nods to Horace who takes the money and yells out "2-0" to an apartment window.
- 3) SKILLS, the dope mule, emerges from a building and drops a crumpled paper bag in a garbage can.
- 4) LOUIE snatches the bag and jets to his ride.
- 5) GO, the lookout, sees the Fury.

GO

5-0. 5-0. One time. One time.

- 6) The Plymouth Fury's fly in, and the plainclothes cops get out.
- 7) Mike drives off, just getting away.
- 8) The bench. Strike's squad sits there as the knockos move in.
- 9) STRIKE'S POV
- 10) A set of empty windows in one of the buildings. He looks skyward for someone.

7 EXT. PROJECTS BENCH - DAY

7

ANGLE - BIG CHIEF

The captain leans over Strike.

BIG CHIEF

OK, Strike. Where's the dope?

Strike rises from his perch, holding a chocolate Yoo-Hoo bottle, extends his arms outward for a frisk. If he's done it once, he's done it a million times.

BIG CHIEF (contd)

Gimme them vials. I know you carrying. Collars for dollars.

ANGLE - GO AND THUMPER

Thumper is frisking Go.

GO

What happened to our bet?

THUMPER

What bet?

GO

C'mon, Thumper. I beat you. You lost. The bet was if I lost we would stop clocking for a week, if I won you would lay off for a week.

THUMPER

All bets are off. Collars for dollars.

GO

You ain't righteous.

BIG CHIEF

Open up, Strike.

Strike opens his mouth as Big Chief searches inside for the goods.

STRIKE'S POV

In SLOW MOTION, a Black Lincoln Continental rolls by. The driver is RODNEY -- Strike's boss. He smiles, moves on.

MR. WILLIAMS

Officer, you checking that boy's teeth like a slave owner. This ain't no slave auction.

BIG CHIEF

Sir, shut the fuck up before I take your Geritol.

The older man quickly moves on.

BIG CHIEF (contd)

Drop your draws, dicky check spread those cheeks.

Strike, about to explode, unzips.

BIG CHIEF (contd)

I really don't like doing this.

Strike tries to remain calm as Big Chief checks inside his Calvin Klein boxer shorts.

ANGLE - STRIKE'S POV

Once again he looks skyward. This time an older woman looks down. She shakes her head then goes back in, disgusted.

BIG CHIEF (contd)

Let's see under ya balls.

THUMPER

Strike's balls. Strikes and balls.

BIG CHIEF

Holy Cow, 3 and 2 full count, the bases are loaded. Jesus Christ, Strike, you got some bacon strips in there.

THUMPER

Where's your personal hygiene?

Strike can't hold it any longer.

STRIKE

You a damn lie. I change my underwear every day. I'm always clean. You lyin'.

Strike pulls up his pants.

BIG CHIEF

Let's go.

Strike inhales, he knows what's coming. Thumper slams Strike between the shoulder blades, a love tap, a good bye smack, it's a ritual and it still hurts.

THUMPER'S POV

A paranoid scan of the project windows, he's definitely a target.

A crowd of kids surround Thumper.

KIDS

Me. Me. Use me this time.

Thumper quickly picks up one and puts him on his shoulders as he heads for his car. The kid has just been used as a human shield against flying objects.

ANGLE - FURY

Thumper quickly puts the kid down, jumps in and throws him a quarter. The kid picks it up and runs away.

The Fury's pull out.

CLOSE - STRIKE

Strike is seething on his bench.

STRIKE

I don't have the stomach for this
no more.

8 OMIT 8

9 INT. RODNEY'S LINCOLN - NIGHT 9

Strike rides shotgun as he holds a hand to his stomach as they drive past the bodegas, Chinese take outs, smoke shops and liquor stores.

STRIKE

I don't have the stomach for this
no more.

RODNEY

You see a doctor yet?

Strike winces, he's in pain.

RODNEY (contd)

That Yoo-Hoo shit is what's
killing you.

RODNEY'S POV

On each corner, young Black males call out Rodney's name. He's the man, he knows it. These kids look up to him, they work for him, he's their meal ticket. He has the gusto.

STRIKE

Rodney, I can't take it much longer.

RODNEY

Maybe you don't have to take it
much longer.

10 EXT. AHAB'S PARKING LOT - NIGHT 10

The Lincoln pulls up into CAPTAIN AHAB'S, a fast-food joint. WE SEE a 30 foot high revolving whale (MOBY DICK) with a harpoon in it.

The car is parked so a full view of the AHAB'S is possible.

CLOSE - STRIKE

He watches DARRYL ADAMS, the manager of AHAB'S through the glass.

STRIKE

What you mean by that? Maybe you don't have to take it much longer.

RODNEY

Who's that?

STRIKE

Darryl Adams.

RODNEY

Darryl Adams is a thief. He lays back in the cut, pass some baggies, rakes in the dough, it's nice indoor work, clean and safe.

STRIKE

You got him sellin' ounces. Why him? How come not me?

RODNEY

Because you're like my son, man. Strike, my son.

STRIKE

If I'm your son, how come my black ass is on those benches?

RODNEY

That boy is a thief. He got to be got.

STRIKE

Got?

RODNEY

Got with a Gat.

Strike stares at Rodney. He realizes what Rodney is asking him to do.

STRIKE

Can't you get Errol for this?

Rodney mimes shooting a needle in his arm.

RODNEY

Errol gave himself the virus.

STRIKE

AIDS?

RODNEY

He took the A train. Besides, can you see Errol in there selling whalers, fries and ounces?

Rodney looks at Strike.

RODNEY (contd)

You want to get off the benches,
then deal with it.

11 EXT. AHAB'S PARKING LOT - NIGHT

11

Strike is in the parking lot. He paces, mutters to himself. He tries to hype himself up, get geeked. Can he do it? Should he do it? He's never killed anyone before, not yet anyway.

STRIKE'S POV

The interior of Ahab's. Darryl moving in and out of view. No customers, no workers, just him as he's closing up.

CLOSE - STRIKE

He's buggin', he doesn't know what to do, which way to turn, he hears music.

STRIKE'S POV

Across the street is a BAR, THE COOL BREEZE BAR where the music is coming from.

12 INT. COOL BREEZE BAR - NIGHT

12

Strike enters the blue haze and heads for the bartender DAVIS.

STRIKE

You got any Chocolate Yoo-Hoos?

DAVIS

No, we don't got no damn Chocolate Yoo-Hoos, this is a bar, son.

VOICE (OS)

Whaddup?

Strike turns and sees VICTOR, his older brother by 2 years.

STRIKE

Oh snap.

They give each other some dap. Victor's not drunk yet but on the way. Both brothers are dressed in Nikes, jeans and T-shirts. Next to Victor is his gym bag, his uniform of Hambones, a fast food joint is showing.

STRIKE (contd)

Big brother, I was just thinking
about you.

VICTOR

Yeah? I think of you too.

STRIKE

Good.

Victor is doodling on a napkin, he looks at his brother,
something's up.

STRIKE (contd)

You know that Ahab's there?

He points across the street.

VICTOR

The competition.

STRIKE

You know that guy in there, Darryl?

VICTOR

Darryl?

STRIKE

He's bad people.

DAVIS

Try this. Sweet.

The bartender plops down a glass of Coco Lopez mix.

VICTOR

How is Darryl bad people?

Strike takes a sip of his drink.

STRIKE

He beat up this shorty named Charise.
She's only 16, came in for a job.
He took her into the back office,
told her to slob his johnson. She
said no, he slapped her around.
The brother is foul.

Victor knows his brother is lying.

VICTOR

A woman-beater.

STRIKE

Yep.

VICTOR

A dope dealing woman beater.

STRIKE

I don't know about all that.

Victor plays with Strike.

VICTOR

A Captain Ahab's no managing, whaler
with extra cheese-woman beating,
dope dealer.

STRIKE

Her mom's is all heated. She
wants the big payback. See him
dead. Charise is her only child.

VICTOR

Got to be got.

STRIKE

Well.

VICTOR

Gat ya. Comin' at ya. Chrome
to the dome, wet 'em.

STRIKE

Vic, why you fucking with me?
I'm talking some serious shit
here.

VICTOR

I do know this guy?

STRIKE

Who?

VICTOR

My man.

STRIKE

Who dat?

VICTOR

My man! A friend of a friend.
He can do the job, he'll do it
for me.

STRIKE

How much?

VICTOR

Nuthin'. So what's the deal?

Strike looks at his brother.

VICTOR (contd)

I'm listening. What do you want me to do?

STRIKE

Nuthin', man, nuthin'. Stay cool. I gotta jet.

VICTOR

New York Ninja's.

STRIKE

Say what?

He looks at the napkin Vic has been doodling on.

CLOSE - NAPKIN

We read -- WASHINGTON WARRIORS, DALLAS DEVASTATORS, CLEVELAND CATASTROPHIES, MINNESOTA MARAUDERS, ROCHESTER ROOTY-POOTS.

STRIKE

You still doing that Around Ball shit?

VICTOR

That's right. Around Ball. The new sport for the 21st century, a fast paced, lively hybrid between dodge ball and soccer.

STRIKE

Keep dreaming.

VICTOR

Laugh if you want to. I bet people laughed at Dr. Naismith when he hung up that peach basket or Abner-Doubleday when he invented baseball.

STRIKE

How's my nephew?

VICTOR

I miss them, I miss my kids.

STRIKE

So go home if you miss your kids.

13 EXT. COOL BREEZE BAR - NIGHT 13

Strike comes out, heading directly for Ahab's, he holds a Daily News in front of him.

CLOSE - DAILY NEWS

Strike grips a .25 between the folded newspaper.

14 EXT. AHAB'S FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - NIGHT 14

Strike knocks on the door. Darryl sees it is him and unlocks the entrance.

DARRYL

Black, we're closed. Besides, I thought you didn't eat this shit cuz of your stomach.

CLOSE - STRIKE

While Darryl laughs, he's speechless.

15 INT. ROCCO'S CAR PARKED ON SIDE STREET - NIGHT 15

Rocco and Mazilli are parked on a side street, both are eating dinner; fat hero sandwiches with Cokes.

ROCCO

Do you know that more YO's get killed on Thursday nights than any other time of the week?

MAZILLI

I never noticed.

EOCCO

Cuz it's like the longest time away from the last paycheck so everybody is all strung out.

Rocco's beeper goes off.

MAZILLI

Can't even get a meal in.

Rocco looks at the number on the beeper.

16 INT. ROCCO'S CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT 16

They drive down Myrtle Avenue, still eating.

MAZILLI

It's probably a fuckin' triple header outdoors in the mud, sixty casings around and a big herd of Nubians steppin' all over everything.

Mazilli hands Rocco a miniature bottle of vodka.

ROCCO

Thanks.

They both twist off the caps and toast.

MAZILLI

I always did like them airplane bottles.

Both drown 'em.

17 EXT. AHAB'S PARKING LOT - NIGHT 17

The Fury stops right under the Moby Dick sign, Rocco and Mazilli get out.

18 EXT. AHAB'S PARKING LOT - NIGHT 18

It's a block party, better than the movies, TV or even the news, real live VIOLENCE. Everyone is looking forward, craning necks, trying to get the 411. Who shot who and why? People are laughing, having a good ole time.

WE SEE Mazilli slide off as Rocco slips into the rear of the crowd, playing dumb.

ROCCO

What the fuck happened?

CHUCKY, a Black male, answers without looking.

CHUCKY

Oh snap, that ol' boy got shot up, man ...

ROCCO

Who did? ...

Chucky turns to Rocco, makes him as a cop.

CHUCKY

I wasn't here, so I couldn't really talk intelligently about it.

ROCCO

Yo, I wouldn't want you not to talk intelligently.

CLOSE - ROCCO

He slips Chucky his card on the DOWN LOW at hip level.

ANGLE - YELLOW CRIME SCENE TAPE

The tape keeps the crowd from a bloody lump under a bloody white sheet.

Rocco breaks through the crowd, slips under the yellow tape, he's holding his steel forensics suitcase.

BARTUCCI

Welcome, my friends, to the show that never ends.

ROCCO

Bartucci, what you got?

Bartucci checks his notes.

BARTUCCI

We got us a Black male dead man, Darryl Adams, twenty-two, night manager. The kid was out here by the door talking to a male, pop pop poppity pop, Adams goes down, shooter does a Carl Lewis. We got four casings by the body and that's all she wrote.

ROCCO

Robbery?

BARTUCCI

Too fast.

ROCCO

Drugs? Was he a scumbag?

BARTUCCI

I never seen him before.

EXTREME LOW ANGLE - COP FACES

Cops, sport jackets and uniforms, faces all white, all looking down at the body. Moby Dick whirls above their heads.

CLOSE - ROCCO

Rocco pulls the bloody sheet off the body and makes the introduction.

ROCCO

Boys -- Darryl Adams. Darryl
Adams -- the boys.

CLOSE - DARRYL'S EYES

Half-open, glazed over.

ANGLE

Rocco slips on a pair of rubber gloves, and pops a few rubber bands in his mouth (a nervous ritual for him), noisily crunching them. He begins to process the body.

Rocco slides one eyeball all the way open.

ROCCO

Hello in there.

Rocco touches a bullet dent on a gold .357 Magnum medallion still hanging around Darryl's neck, then traces an invisible path with pinkie from the ruined medallion to the small entry wound under the kid's chin. Rocco points to a bud of BRAINS sprouting from Darryl's head -- THE EXIT WOUND.

ROCCO (contd)

The kid had brains.

DETECTIVE #1

Good thing he was wearing his gold.

ROCCO

Bing, bing, bing. Ricochet Rabbit.

DETECTIVE #2

I still think it was the food here.

Rocco opens his shirt, finds an entry wound on the solar plexus, a little welt.

ROCCO

Door number two.

Rocco picks up his hand, displays another entry wound in the center of his palm.

DETECTIVE #3

He slapped him five.

DETECTIVE #4

Hands up.

Rocco sees MOE, the fingerprint man.

ROCCO

Moe, my main man. I need blood and prints off this door here.

MOE

Fuck you ... we'll get half the YO's in Brooklyn off that door.

ROCCO

I love my job too!

Rocco continues his probe of the body. He's conducting a rude, penetrating scalp massage with all ten fingers, pulls down his pants, probes groin, armpits, prints him up with bloody coins. Rocco is really crunching those rubber bands now.

ROCCO (contd)

Where's the fourth entrance?

Rocco rolls the body over, face down. He pulls up his shirt, sees a gaping wound.

ROCCO (contd)

That's the exit ... but where's that entrance?

He probes the buttocks, and calves.

ROCCO (contd)

Come out, come out, where ever you are. Motherfucker, where you at? Shit.

Rocco spits out the rubber bands, and rises.

Mazilli comes in from the shadows. Rocco holds his blood-stained hands away from his sports jacket.

ROCCO (contd)

What does the grapevine say?

MAZILLI

Nada. Was he clocking?

Rocco shrugs.

MAZILLI (contd)

You check the pockets? Let me show you how it's done, Sonny Boy.

Mazilli rolls the body over with his foot, Darryl stares up at Moby Dick.

MAZILLI (contd)
Sonofabitch. That's Darryl Adams.

ROCCO
Who?

MAZILLI
He used to work in Rodney's candy store last year, saw him all the time.

ROCCO
If he was working for Rodney he definitely was clocking.

Mazilli straddles the body and does the pocket, and pulls out a FAT wad of cash.

MAZILLI
Clocking like a motherfucker.

EMS ATTENDANT
You guys finished?

MAZILLI
Ho!

Rocco looks down at the body. Mazilli has squeezed the cheeks to expose the teeth. A bullet is trapped in his gums.

MAZILLI (contd)
Marvello the Magician. Catch a bullet with his teeth.

The EMS Attendants put the body in a bright orange body bag, the show is over -- for now!

ANGLE

Rocco, forensics case in hand, ducks under the yellow tape and goes through the crowd.

He bumps into Strike who stands before him in shock.

ROCCO
Beep-beep.

Strike comes out of his trance, takes a swig of his Yoo-Hoo, and steps aside to let Rocco by.

ROCCO (contd)
Thanks.

19 EXT. DARK SIDE STREET - NIGHT

19

Strike's Accord pulls up in front of RODNEY'S PLACE.

Strike exits, he's shaky.

ERROL

You got fiddy bucks?

Strike quickly turns to see ERROL BARNES standing in his face. His arms are folded, his face is dead, he's what you call "death on a stick." Strike sees the butt of his "GAT" sticking up from his dirty stonewashed jeans.

ERROL (contd)

All I find, all I keep.

Errol pats Strike's front pants pockets.

20 INT. RODNEY'S PLACE - NIGHT

20

Rodney is holding class. He lectures five new recruits, five young Black impressionable males, unfortunately who see Rodney as a role model. They sit on Rodney's broken down pool table which is in the middle of his funky, broken down store. Rodney holds a cue stick as a pointer.

Strike enters, bugged out. Rodney continues his School of Hard Knocks.

RODNEY

Charles, how many pair of sneakers you got?

CHARLES

Six.

STRIKE

Yo! Rodney!

Rodney ignores Strike.

RODNEY

Six. How many feet you got? See what I'm sayin'? Y'all just throw the money away. Make ten, spend ten. Niggers do that, wake up broke every day of his life. That's because they don't believe in themselves, be thinking like a 2 minute clock instead of the long haul, long term, the FUTURE.

The 5 homies are in awe, "where do we sign up" is all over their faces.

RODNEY (contd)

Now if you work for me, shit be different. Saving crazy money, buy your Moms a house in Strong Island.

CLOSE - STRIKE

His face tells us, he can't wait that much longer.

ANGLE - RODNEY AND 5 RECRUITS

RODNEY

Everybody stick out your hands, palms down.

They do as they're told.

RODNEY (contd)

What do you see?

RECRUITS

BLACK!

RODNEY

You should be seein' GREEN!

21 EXT. STREET CORNER OUTSIDE RODNEY'S - DAY

21

STRIKE

You heard?

RODNEY

I ain't heard nuthin'.

STRIKE

You told me, Rodney ...

RODNEY

All's I hear is that Ahab's looking for a new night manager.

Strike falls silent, he's been "caught up."

RODNEY (contd)

Yep, we'll chill a week or two, let shit die out, be workin' still out of the candy store, you on the benches, but Ahab's is the joint. We're gonna mix up shit with the food traffic, it's gonna be sweet. We do too much business for the candy store, crowd of black, white customers, out of state license plates,

(MORE)

RODNEY (contd)

somebody drop a dime in a hot second, call 911. And me with my jacket, I can't go to jail. Ahab's is a nice front.

22 EXT. PROJECTS BENCH - DAY

22

CLOSE - STRIKE

His face looks old, like he hasn't slept in days.

All the other squad members are milling around, looking at catalogues, F.A.O. Schwarz, Hold Everything, Hammacher Schlemmer, Train Collectors. They're poring over them, open-mouthed like it's Penthouse.

HORACE

Look at this car. Seven thousand jammies ... for a kid, stick shift and shit.

SKILLS

How's that train set you got, Strike?

SCIENTIFIC

Choo-Choo Charlie.

STRIKE

Every man should have a hobby. What's yours? Collecting welfare checks?

The squad laughs.

SCIENTIFIC

Strike, why you gotta dog me like that? Do I talk 'bout your train crazy self?

STRIKE

No! Cuz I'd kick your motherfucking ass.

STRIKE'S POV

CLOSE - TYRONE

A 12 year old boy, laughing at him through a fence near the benches.

STRIKE

Who you laughin' at? ...

Quickly Strike is grabbed from behind in a killer bear hug.

ANDRE
One-time says freeze.

Strike struggles, splashing himself with his Chocolate Yoo-Hoo.

The squad laughs as Strike turns around, fists balled, only to see ANDRE THE GIANT, a huge Black male, goateed knocko.

ANDRE (contd)
What's up, mastermind?

Andre finger walks Strike's clothes in a casual frisk.

Strike's beeper goes off, quickly Andre snatches, reads the number coming in.

ANDRE (contd)
Rodney rang?

STRIKE
You oughta know.

He continues his frisk.

ANDRE
Y'all hear that noise 'bout Darryl?

A chorus of sad sounds.

ANDRE (contd)
Yeah, well, I had to tell his Moms and Pops last night, that ain't no joke. Makin' notifications. I hate it.

Andre steps back from his search. Strike's clean as always.

STRIKE
Rough.

ANDRE
I just hope I never have to notify any of your parents, leave this shit alone.

ANDRE'S POV

CLOSE - TYRONE

ANDRE (contd)
Little man, what did I tell you
(MORE)

ANDRE (contd)
'bout bein' around these knuckle-
heads? I'm watchin' you all.

ANGLE - ANDRE AND STRIKE

He picks up Strike's train catalogue.

ANDRE (contd)
How's the train's comin'?

Strike looks away.

23 EXT. PROJECTS BENCH - DAY

23

Strike is alone, business is at a lull, and he's rubbing at the turbulence going on inside his stomach. As he knocks back a trusty Chocolate Yoo-Hoo he sees:

CLOSE - TYRONE

He leans on a chain fence, still staring at Strike.

STRIKE
What you looking at?

Tyrone is frozen.

STRIKE (contd)
C'mon over. Yeah, you!

Tyrone slowly comes to Strike and his bench. Strike grabs a handful of naps.

STRIKE (contd)
When's the last time you seen the
barber?

24 INT. BARBERSHOP - DAY

24

ANGLE - TYRONE'S MIRRORED FACE

He looks at himself, as CHERRY, the barber, puts the cloth around him. Strike gives directions.

STRIKE
Git rid of all those naps, bring it
down about 3/4's. Hook it up.

CHERRY
3/4's. Cool.

25 INT. BARBERSHOP - DAY 25

MONTAGE

Tyrone gets his "cut."

26 INT. BARBERSHOP - DAY 26

CLOSE - TYRONE

He likes it.

Suddenly, his face is illuminated by the flash of a Polaroid camera.

CLOSE - CHERRY'S HANDS

The Polaroid is push-pinned into a gallery of other satisfied customers.

27 INT. FOOTLOCKER - DAY 27

Strike and Tyrone walk in.

STRIKE

Those sneakers you got, gotta go.
What size you wear?

TYRONE

Seven.

Strike turns to salesperson.

STRIKE

Can we see the black Jordans, size 7.
Sneakers do make the man.

Tyrone is beside himself.

28 INT. THE WIZ - DAY 28

Strike and Tyrone are in "Nobody Beats The Wiz" store,
in the video game department.

STRIKE

What's the game you want?

TYRONE

Oh sweat. It's GANGSTA made by SEGA.
It's dope, it's dope. It's got MAD,
CRAZY graphics.

Strike to salesperson:

STRIKE

You got GANGSTA?

29 EXT. DRIVEWAY IN FRONT OF STRIKE'S HOUSE - DAY 29

Strike parks.

30 EXT. INSIDE STRIKE'S CAR BY HIS BUILDING - DAY 30

Strike turns off the ignition, Tyrone is going crazy over his new video game GANGSTA. It's about a gangsta rapper who is trying to get out of the hood. You lose it if you don't get out, succumb to crime, get shot, drugs etc. You win if you escape the hood. Gangsta rap music also accompanies this game.

CLOSE - STRIKE

Strike looks down upon this kid, he's totally involved with GANGSTA. Tyrone is rapping along with the gangsta rap from the game.

STRIKE

Hey.

Tyrone keeps playing.

STRIKE (contd)

Hey!

He grabs the GANGSTA.

STRIKE (contd)

You could say thank you.

TYRONE

Thanks.

STRIKE

What's your name anyway?

TYRONE

Tyrone. Tyrone Jeeter, and you're Strike.

STRIKE

Awright, get out of the car, go home.
Little gangsta.

Tyrone gets out of the car, and Strike watches him walk away in the REAR VIEW mirror. Every 5 feet Tyrone turns around to look back at Strike, he's still playing his Gangsta Sega game.

CLOSE - STRIKE

Strike dials a number on his cellular phone.

STRIKE

Mommy, yeah, it's me. Can I speak to Victor? ... OK. Tell him to call me please. Mommy, Mommy ... Shit.

She has hung up on him.

31 EXT. PROJECTS - DAY

31

MONTAGE

The Projects are at peace, just waking up. The good folks, dressed in their Sunday best, are coming out of the cluster of buildings on their way to church.

32 EXT. PROJECTS - DAY

32

ANGLE - IRIS

IRIS JEETER is Tyrone's Moms. She's in her late twenties dark complected and attractive, a dynamo. She drags a reluctant Tyrone by his church suit towards THE BENCH.

IRIS

Who did this?

She palms Tyrone's head, his "cut."

IRIS (contd)

Who's trying to be my kid's daddy and gave him this haircut?

Iris looks at a wall of silence, Strike and the squad are not stupid, Iris is not to be played with, she has a no bullshit reputation.

IRIS (contd)

So nobody don't know nuthin'? Y'all ain't nuthin' but a bunch of good for nuthin' death dealin' trash. If I find out who's messin' with Tyrone I'm gonna shoot you in the ass, my damn self. And don't let me find Andre either.

Iris takes Tyrone with her to church. Strike and the squa don't say a word until she's out of sight.

SCIENTIFIC

She better not be talking to me like that!

STRIKE

Scientific, shut the fuck up.

33 EXT. DIVINNESS BAPTIST CHURCH - DAY 33

A great big building on a residential block, this church used to be a synagogue, but that was back in the day before the neighborhood you might say "changed."

34 INT. DIVINNESS BAPTIST CHURCH - DAY 34

Sunday service is over, the church is empty, except for a small group in the first pew.

CLOSE - THREE BLACK MEN

WE SEE REVEREND PAUL, BILL WALKER -- an ex-cop who is now one of the Deacons of the church, sit on either side of Victor.

ANGLE - ROCCO

ROCCO

So, Victor -- let's take a ride.

Reverend Paul stands up.

REVEREND PAUL

Can we talk first?

35 INT. DIVINNESS BAPTIST CHURCH - DAY 35

CLOSE - ROCCO AND REVEREND PAUL

They are off to one side, speaking in whispers.

REVEREND PAUL

Victor, that young man has two jobs, two kids, been comin' to service every Sunday for a year, never ever in trouble, never been arrested, nuthin'. You hear what I'm sayin'? Straight as an arrow. Don't make no sense, no sense at all.

ANGLE

Mazilli, hand on Victor's shoulder, escorts him to the door, his beeper goes off also. He quickly turns it off.

ROCCO

Reverend, there's gotta be an explanation. We'll get it straight.

BILL WALKER

Don't forget this.

Walker hands Rocco something wrapped in silver foil.

CLOSE - ROCCO'S HANDS

He unwraps the "GAT," the murder weapon.

36 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

36

Rocco and Victor sit across from each other in a tiny room, 2 chairs, table, harsh lighting -- that's it.

Rocco takes notes.

ROCCO

So where'd you get the gun?

VICTOR

I found it under a chair in the restaurant one night when we was cleaning up.

ROCCO

You always carried it?

VICTOR

Yeah, made me feel safe.

ROCCO

Let's start from the gitgo ...

VICTOR

Detective ...

ROCCO

Rocco, please.

VICTOR

Rocco, like I said, I had some drinks at Cool Breeze.

ROCCO

Some?

VICTOR

Like two or three. I usually go in there after most work nights.

ROCCO

How long were you in there?

VICTOR

'Bout eight-thirty to 'bout ten, see my shift at Hambones -- I'm a manager -- don't end till ten. I wasn't feelin' good that night so I left early.

ROCCO

You weren't feeling good so you went to Cool Breeze? You had an argument? A headache?

VICTOR

Just tired, man.

ROCCO

G'head.

VICTOR

I left Cool Breeze, was walkin' home, took a shortcut through Ahab's and the guy -- flexed, jumped out on me. I got scared and you know the rest.

ROCCO

Tell me, Victor.

VICTOR

I shot him down.

CLOSE - VICTOR

He's trying to avoid looking directly into Rocco's eyes.

37

EXT. PROJECTS BENCH - DAY

37

Tyrone holds a Chocolate Yoo-Hoo just like Strike, he's back from church. Andre stands over him.

ANDRE

I likes that cut, Little Man.
Who hooked you up?

Tyrone is silent. Andre looks at THE BENCH.

ANDRE (contd)

Who gave Tyrone this haircut?

Mum's da word.

Andre looks back down at Tyrone, at his side, reaches and takes the Chocolate Yoo-Hoo bottle from him, evidence like a mug.

CLOSE - CHOCOLATE YOO-HOO BOTTLE

slowly being whacked against a bench slat like a drum machine, the bottle held by a thick finger plugged into the mouth.

WE SEE Andre face to face with Strike, all up in his face.

ANDRE

You use to have a good head on you before Rodney got ahold of it.

STRIKE

I still do.

ANDRE

Ronald, I've tried to look out for you since you been yay high. You didn't, don't want my guidance fine, it's your life. But I'm gonna tell you something ... you even glance in the direction of that kid Tyrone, I'll fuck you up so bad you'll wish I had killed you. Do we have an understanding?

38 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

38

Victor is starting to get angry.

VICTOR

I told you already ... The guy came out at me, I was scared, BAM, then I ran.

ROCCO

You mean BAM BAM BAM BAM.

VICTOR

What?

ROCCO

Four bullets in the body. Where did you carry the gun?

VICTOR

In my gym bag.

ROCCO

What else you carry in it?

VICTOR

My Hambones uniform ... a sandwich from home ... I don't eat Hambones myself, quiet as it's kept.

ROCCO

Wait a minute. The guy jumps at you, you step back, reach in the gym bag with the uniform and the sandwiches and whatnot, found the gun, aimed, squeezed off 4 rounds. C'mon, is this what you're telling me?

Rocco's waiting.

ROCCO (contd)

Victor?

He's still waiting.

39 INT. ANDRE'S FURY - DAY

39

Andre is driving fast, Strike sits next to him, handcuffe

ANDRE

Where's my mattresses?

STRIKE

What?

ANDRE

I told you 'bout my mattresses for the kids. They keep asking me, "Andre, you say we gonna have a tumlin' club, we need us some mattresses." I say, "Strike's buying them, he promised." If you wanna clock out here, you gotta pay, otherwise Rodney's gonna have somebody new. I'm asking you one more time, Ronald.

STRIKE

The store was closed. Jewish holiday.

ANDRE

What Jewish holiday?

STRIKE

One of them, pick one. Tomorrow, I swear I'll swing by tomorrow. Andre, these cuffs are too tight.

ANDRE

Me and you usta be tight.

STRIKE

Am I under arrest?

ANDRE

What for?

STRIKE

Then uncuff me please and let me out.

Andre pulls over, takes out his keys and uncuffs Strike.

ANDRE

You don't have to live like this. Don't you want to go someplace you've never been before? There's a whole world out here. You love trains but you've only ridden a subway.

Strike opens the door, gets out and books. Andre calls after him.

ANDRE (contd)

Get those mattresses for my kids.

40 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

40

ROCCO

OK ... So when was the last time you were in Ahab's?

VICTOR

Why you playin' with me?

ROCCO

Sorry, stupid question. Before that.

VICTOR

Never.

ROCCO

Never? You live so close, you never walked by on a hot day with your two kids and stopped in for a soda?

VICTOR

With my two kids! I never see my two kids. I'm always working. When I get home I'm exhausted. My wife says, "So quit a job you got two." What does she think I got two jobs in the first place for? I'm trying, really trying to move us out of the Projects. I'm working, saving, trying to make it -- trying to make those "ends."

ROCCO

Victor, listen to me.

Rocco leaves his chair, goes around the table and kneels next to Victor.

ROCCO (contd)

You're a good, decent, church going, God fearing kid, and if you did pull the trigger there has to be a reasonable answer other than what you've told me here. I have to ask myself why would Darryl the night manager at Ahab's try to rob you in his own parking lot? So I think it had to be personal.

VICTOR

I never saw him before in my life.

ROCCO

He flexed. You shot.

VICTOR

I'm through with it. I told you what happened. I gave you the gun, what else do you want?

ROCCO

The truth, Victor, if the guy threatened you, your family, anything, this helps you. You were buggin', can't sleep, can't eat. This can help you in court.

Rocco is all over Victor who is squirming like a rat caught in a trap. He's almost crying, he's gonna give it up, as Rocco waits.

ROCCO (contd)

Self-defense, huh. I want to see what you see.

He holds out the mirror so both faces ARE SEEN.

ANGLE - ROCCO AND VICTOR IN MIRROR

ROCCO (contd)

I don't think I look that fucking stupid.

41 EXT. PROJECTS BENCH - DAY

41

Strike sits on his bench reading the Daily News.

CLOSE - NEWSPAPER

Headline: BROOKLYN MAN HELD IN FAST FOOD SLAYING

The paper is crumbled and tossed away.

STRIKE

In the fucking papers.

SCIENTIFIC

Your brother Vic is legit, what happened?

STAN

Got 5 jobs and shit.

STRIKE

He has two jobs, two kids and a wife.

GO

One time. One time.

They all look.

ANGLE - STREET

Rocco and Mazilli getting out of the Plymouth Fury.

CLOSE - BENCH

All stare at the cops. Strike has booked, vanished.

42 INT. PROJECTS LOBBY LOOKING OUT TO BENCHES - DAY 42

Strike lurks in the hallway of an adjacent building and runs into Tyrone. They watch Rocco and Mazilli head into another building.

STRIKE

Follow them.

Tyrone tries to race out but is held back by Strike.

STRIKE (contd)

On the down low. Go!

Tyrone is gone, seriously on his first assignment.

43 INT. PROJECTS ELEVATOR - DAY 43

Rocco, Mazilli and Tyrone in the elevator, silence except for the rap music from GANGSTA being played by the kid.

Rocco, suspicious, studies the kid.

MAZILLI

Black, is that Nintendo or Sega?

TYRONE

Sega.

MAZILLI

You look like you've mastered that game, what's it called?

TYRONE

GANGSTA.

ROCCO

What ever happened to Tiddly Winks?

MAZILLI

Rocco, don't you know this is the new sensation across the nation? Black, where you goin'? You didn't push a floor.

TYRONE

My friend's house.

He sees "11" already lit, then pushes "10." Mazilli points his finger gun at Tyrone, fires and smiles.

MAZILLI

Everybody wants to be a GANGSTA.

44 INT. VICTOR'S APARTMENT - DAY

44

Rocco and Mazilli sit in a small apartment. SHARON -- Victor's wife -- sits in front of the TV with her two kids, IVAN and MARK. They are watching "THE BOX," a music video channel where you can call in the videos you want to see for two-fiddy.

CLOSE - TV

The latest, newest, hottest GANGSTA RAPPER is firing all types of guns in an arsenal that would make RAMBO envious.

ANGLE - GLORIA

Victor's mother stands by the door.

ROCCO

What's his bail?

SHARON

50 thousand.

ROCCO

No ten percent?

GLORIA

All cash.

ROCCO

It'll come down in two weeks.
Did you know he had a gun?

SHARON

Everybody has a gun.

ROCCO

Did he ever have a drinking problem?

SHARON

He only drank at night.

MAZILLI

That makes two of us.

ROCCO

Illegal drugs?

GLORIA

He's as clean as the Board of Health.

MAZILLI

Ain't we all.

ROCCO

Did he have any new friends recently?
Hangin' out with new people?

GLORIA

Not that I know of.

Mazilli gives Rocco the "let's go" look. Rocco ignores it and goes over to the window.

45 INT. VICTOR'S APT. - DAY 45

ROCCO'S POV - STRIKE'S EMPTY BENCH

46 INT. VICTOR'S APT. - DAY 46

This is the window Strike is always looking up to.

ROCCO

Look, people, I'm trying to help you, help your son, help your husband. As far as the Prosecutor's office is concerned the case is closed. Done. Finito. But I stand here, Victor's got a nice home, mother, wife, two fine kids, something's not right. And when I'm working on something I gotta make it right. That's my job. Make a wrong right.

GLORIA

I use to watch TV all the time and that also means I watched a lot of commercials. When you see new cars, new clothes, whatnot, you want that stuff. Even if you don't have the money that doesn't stop you from wanting the good things. I usta think if I could just be a contestant on "Let's Make A Deal" with Monty Hall, I would pick the right door. Win my new refrigerator, my car, new home, my \$100,000 grand prize plus a two week vacation to Hawaii, everything would be alright for my family. I'd make wrong right.

She goes over to the mantle and takes two pictures off it, and holds them out for Rocco.

GLORIA (contd)

These are my two boys. Victor and Ronald.

Rocco looks at the pictures.

GLORIA (contd)

Victor is a beautiful, hardworking son. He don't lie. If he said he did it, then he did it. Why don't you believe him?

SHARON

Ronald is Strike. He ain't no good at all.

GLORIA

He just chose the wrong door.

ROCCO

Mrs. Dunham, can I borrow these? I'll return them promptly. People don't like looking at mug shots.

Gloria nods.

MAZILLI

I loved "Let's Make A Deal," too ... never pick Door #2, the BOOBY PRIZE.

MAZILLI

Strike!

ROCCO

You know him?

MAZILLI

He use to work in Rodney's store last year with Darryl. Now he runs that crew on the benches.

ROCCO

He clocks for Rodney, just like Darryl? Let's bring him in.

MAZILLI

For what? Victor gave it up, he confessed, murder weapon too.

ROCCO

Maybe this kid Strike leads us to Rodney. What about him? He's a known killer.

MAZILLI

Everytime somebody gets whacked around here Rodney's name comes up. What about those pit bulls that were being poisoned? Everybody and their mother swore on a stack of Bibles it was him. But Rodney was doing time in Sing Sing.

ROCCO

So now the fuck is clean?

MAZILLI

I'm not saying all that, this just doesn't smell like Rodney.

48 INT. PROJECTS LOBBY LOOKING OUT TO BENCHES - DAY 48

Rocco and Mazilli exit and head back to their Fury.

ANGLE - TYRONE AND STRIKE

Strike is still lurking, as he watches the cops drive off.

STRIKE

Whaddup?

TYRONE

Forty Dumont, eleventh floor.

STRIKE

Aw shit. Did they say anything?

TYRONE

Asked me about Gangsta.

STRIKE

Anything else?

TYRONE

Nah.

STRIKE

Awright. You did good, go play
GANGSTA or something, disappear.

Tyrone does as he is told.

Strike stands there for a beat, when WHOMP. Andre's heavy paw is on his shoulder and spins him around.

ANDRE

Who you hiding from?

STRIKE

Why you sneakin' up on me?

ANDRE

Leave the kid alone.

STRIKE

You tell him that.

ANDRE

So how you feel 'bout ya brother?

STRIKE

It's messed up.

Strike gasps and clutches his stomach.

ANDRE

Heard he 'fessed up too. You visit
him?

STRIKE

I'm going. I'm going.

ANDRE

You need to get that checked out.
And my kids thank you from the bottom
of their hearts for the mattresses.

49 INT. COOL BREEZE BAR - NIGHT

49

ANGLE - ROCCO AND DAVIS THE BARTENDER

Rocco slides a picture across the bar to Davis.

DAVIS

Yep ... he was in here once.

ROCCO

Once?

Davis passes the photo around to the regulars who all squint and nod.

DAVIS

Boy was in here Friday, he had one drink.

ROCCO

One drink? Wasn't drunk?

DAVIS

Nope.

ROCCO

Alone?

DAVIS

Came in alone, might have had a conversation, can't recollect.

ROCCO

Do you recollect the shooting across the street?

DAVIS

Hell yeah, who do you think called the cops? ... So that's who you're looking for.

ROCCO

Would you happen to remember if the kid was in here before or after that?

DAVIS

He was in here before. You know how I know? Cuz I was watchin' him, cuz I never saw him before, was jumpy. Thought he might have been one of those stick up kids. I was happy when he left.

Davis spins the picture across the bar so that it lands in front of Rocco.

DAVIS (contd)
Black on Black.

CLOSE - ROCCO

ROCCO
Jesus Christ!

Rocco looks at the picture for the first time.

CLOSE - PHOTO

It's Strike. Rocco pulled out the WRONG PICTURE. Strike, not Victor. He's asked all the RIGHT questions about the WRONG guy. He tries to play it off and slides Victor's picture down next to Strike's.

ROCCO (contd)
What about him?

CLOSE - PHOTO

Victor, Strike -- brothers, both smiling up at us.

DAVIS
Oh yeah, Victor, a regular. What's with him?

50 INT. RODNEY'S LINCOLN - NIGHT

50

Strike sits in front with Rodney, Errol leans between them from the back seat.

RODNEY
How come you didn't tell me your brother did it?

STRIKE
You said you didn't want to know nuthin'.

RODNEY
Is he gonna keep his mouth shut?

STRIKE
I don't know if he even did it.

Rodney gently takes Strike by the jaw, eye to eye.

RODNEY
One mo' time. Is he gonna keep his mouth shut?

51 INT. HOMICIDE OFFICE - NIGHT

51

CLOSE - PHOTOS

VICTOR AND STRIKE ON DESK

Rocco covers Victor's mug with his meaty hand, WE STILL SEE Strike.

ROCCO

Came in one time only on the night of the shooting, has the jumps, never sat down, left sober before the shooting. Yo got a three year jacket-possession, possession with intent, possession of an unlicensed firearm, and assault.

Mazilli's hand lifts Rocco's off Victor's and puts it on Strike's, WE STILL SEE Victor.

MAZILLI

Has a few schnorts over his limit, gets fried, walks out of Cool Breeze with the heater in the gym bag, pops the first guy who steps on his Nikes. That's the way these Nubians do ... Gets religion, comes in, gives it up. Pack it up, close it down. Let's go home, it's over.

ROCCO

C'mon, Mazilli, wise up. Can't you see what they're trying to pull? Yo says he's the shooter, walks in with no record, two jobs, model citizen, claims self-defense. Who's gonna argue? Now the other one -- Strike, if he tried that shit they would throw away the key. He's a known scumbag. No wonder this confession sounds like horseshit, he's lying, wasn't even there. Yo is taking the weight for his innocent brother.

MAZILLI

Getthefuckouttahere. Because of brotherly love? Fear? Money?

ROCCO

These two played me. Played me like the New York Mets ... and the Mets suck.

MAZILLI

Fuck the Mets. Rocco, listen to me. Even if this Victor kid is selling us a line of shit on the tape, which is what they all do anyhow, even if they're giving it up, this is still a good, solid "Closed by Arrest." And if I'm wrong? If Rodney or Strike conspired in on this? I don't give a fuck, cuz we got the shooter.

ROCCO

And I still think we locked up the wrong brother.

52 EXT. PROJECTS BENCH - NIGHT

52

Strike and his squad.

SCIENTIFIC

Naw, man, word up, anybody can squeeze off an OOWOP.

He mimes shooting an Uzi.

SCIENTIFIC (contd)

Victor ain't no different.

STRIKE

Wait a minute, motherfucker, you ever shoot a OOWOP? You ever kill someone?

SCIENTIFIC

Not yet, Black, but if you don't get out of my face ...

HORACE

Hold up, kill that noise.

CLOSE - STRIKE

He's got those OH-SHIT eyes.

ANGLE - BENCH

Rocco is on him.

ROCCO

How ya doin', fellas? Hey, look who's here, Ronnie Dunham. Big man.

STRIKE

Ronald?

Rocco extends his hand for a shake, Strike's not having i

ROCCO

I'm Rocco Klein from the Prosecutor's Office ... you got a minute?

Strike looks at his squad, then reluctantly steps down from his perch. Rocco directs him to a spot about twenty feet from the bench.

ROCCO (contd)

I'm working the Darryl Adams job, ya brother, you know. How's he doing?

STRIKE

Haven't seen him yet.

ROCCO

That's no joke in there. You been in.

STRIKE

Just overnight on a confusion.

Strike's eyes focus on Errol Barnes, Rocco turns also and sees him leaning against a car holding a package.

ROCCO

Errol, I thought you were dead.

ERROL

I'm kicking Death in the ass.

Errol spits on the ground.

ROCCO

Mr. Barnes waiting for you?

STRIKE

Not me.

ROCCO

I'm not happy about this. Ya brother 'fessed up but it's some bullshit explanation. Ronnie, you know what he told us?

STRIKE

How would I know? I wasn't there.

ROCCO
Wasn't there?

STRIKE
Where he told you.

ROCCO
What do you think happened?

STRIKE
You got me.

Rocco looks at Strike like "keep it up, keep playing."

ROCCO
You think him and Darryl Adams
had some static? A beef.

Strike shrugs.

ROCCO (contd)
Do you know Darryl Adams?

STRIKE
No.

Rocco knows he lied.

ROCCO
You didn't know Darryl Adams?

STRIKE
Unh-unh.

Strike's fumbling and bumbling, he knows he just fucked
up BIG TIME.

ROCCO
When was the last time you saw
your brother?

STRIKE
Been a while.

ROCCO
Week? Month? Year?

STRIKE
Yeah.

ROCCO
Which one?

STRIKE
Two months.

Rocco has caught lie #2.

ROCCO

Two months.

A beeper goes off.

ROCCO (contd)

You wanna get that?

STRIKE

It ain't mine.

Rocco looks down on his hip, the kid is right.

ROCCO

What do you know? ... Ronnie, I was looking for some help, some insight. Victor's got those two nice kids, your nephews.

STRIKE

Maybe the guy was a crackhead.

ROCCO

Darryl? A crackhead? Says who?

STRIKE

No one ... around, you know, I mean, you know what I'm saying.

ROCCO

Lookit ... here's my card, you hear anything, boom, pick up the phone.

STRIKE

Sure.

ROCCO

Good. I'll be seeing you, Ronnie.

Rocco leaves past Errol, to his car.

ANGLE - STREET

Rocco drives off.

ANGLE - THE BENCH

Errol limps over to Strike sitting on his perch.

ERROL

What he want?

STRIKE

Nuthin' ... 'bout my brother 'n'
shit.

Errol hands Strike the package he's been holding.

ERROL

This is from Rodney, he says whack
it up for ounces, he'll hit you
later.

53 INT. NARCOTICS UNIT SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

53

The Narcs are processing a few petty drug busts.

ANGLE - SERGEANT OF THE UNIT (JO-JO) AT HIS DESK

ROCCO

Jo-Jo, you know Rodney Little?

JO-JO

Sure.

Mazilli's beeper goes off. He reads the number.

MAZILLI

Fuck me. Jo-Jo, can I borrow
the phone?

JO-JO

Yeah, that one over there.

Mazilli goes to another desk and dials.

ROCCO

Rodney's got this Yo,
Strike ...

JO-JO

The Yo that drinks Yoo-
Hoo? I know him.

ROCCO

I'm working on some-
thing and I need Yo to
talk to me.

(Rocco hands a
stack of his
business cards)

MAZILLI

Hello, Francine. I'm fine.
What do you want? Baby,
you are driving me crazy,
driving me crazy, driving
me nuts. You are hindering
me from doing my job ...

(Mazilli is listening
now)

MAZILLI (contd)

I know you only beep me to
make sure I'm alright and I
haven't been shot but you
can't worry about that. The
danger goes with the job.

(Mazilli holds the
phone away from
his ear)

ROCCO (contd)

Do you think you can
lay a card or two on
him for me?

(Jo-Jo looks at
the cards on his
desk)

ROCCO (contd)

Need him to start
sweating.

JO-JO

What are you gonna do
for me?

ROCCO

Nothin' you don't do
for yourself.

54

EXT. PROJECTS BENCH - NIGHT

54

CLOSE - STRIKE

WHAM. Strike's face is smashed into a brick wall, pushed
there by Jo-Jo as he does his pat-down from behind him.

JO-JO

Strike, this is a new day. Dinkins
out, Rudy in. Law and order, cut
the budget, party's over, crackdown
on crime, squeegee men, drugs, niggers
and spics and the homeless, so what's
happening?

STRIKE

Not a thing, officer.

JO-JO

Call me Jo-Jo. Like Jo-Jo White,
only I'm not Black. You like the
Boston Celtics?

STRIKE

Don't like sports.

JO-JO

You can't dunk a basketball? C'mon,
all of you can do that, straight from
the cradle. Oh well. Strike, the
reason I dropped by is that I like
you, I really do. Tomorrow night
is knocko night. We're comin' down

(MORE)

JO-JO (contd)

on these projects like a fuckin' broom. So if I was you, I'd take my homies say nine o'clock out for some Yoo-Hoos till eleven, eleven-thirty. Bet?

STRIKE

Bet.

JO-JO

I look out for you, you look out for me.

Hint. Hint. Strike gets it.

STRIKE

You look like five hundred.

JO-JO

Good, that's a start. Every week I'll look out for you, tell you when we're hitting. Week in, week out. You look out for me.

STRIKE

Cool.

JO-JO

My man Kirby.

Jo-Jo points to a fellow Narc, standing by their van.

JO-JO (contd)

He'll double back in thirty minutes, lay it on him. Tell your friend Rodney I got some good stuff he could use, finest-highest quality.

Strike looks at Jo-Jo in disbelief, this guy is suppose to be the upholder of the law? Everybody is on the take, everybody is trying to get paid.

Jo-Jo finally steps back, smoothes Strike's shirt for him and pats him on the shoulder.

JO-JO (contd)

Peace out. Oh.

Jo-Jo bends down and picks up Rocco's business card.

JO-JO (contd)

I think you dropped this.

Strike looks at the card.

CLOSE - CARD

ROCCO KLEIN
KINGS COUNTY PROSECUTOR

Strike looks up as the Jo-Jo van rolls off.

ANGLE - STREET

Rocco's car engine turns over and he pulls out. He doesn't look at Strike but makes no attempt to hide himself.

55 INT. ATLANTIC AVENUE JAIL - DAY

55

Strike is last on a long line of people -- relatives, wives, mothers, kids and brothers -- all are Hispanics or African-American. He thinks to himself either we're the only ones committing crimes or the cops just don't arrest white boys or they make bail.

CLOSE - STRIKE

He pulls out a crumpled piece of paper, the Daily News article about his brother.

ANGLE - VICTOR AND STRIKE

They stare at each other over the divider.

Victor looks messed up, jail has a way of doing that.

VICTOR

Somebody tried to cut me with a razor!

He points to a small gash on his cheek.

VICTOR (contd)

Stole my sneakers, too.

Strike holds up the article.

STRIKE

You made the papers.

VICTOR

You gotta get me outta here.

STRIKE

What's the bail?

VICTOR

Fiddy thousand.

STRIKE

No cash option?

VICTOR

My lawyer says maybe in a week,
that ten percent thing.

STRIKE

What the fuck happened?

Victor ignores that one.

VICTOR

Don't let Moms visit me anymore,
she gets upset and it just brings
on her asthma attacks.

STRIKE

Moms can take care of herself,
you just watch your back. Maybe
Rodney got some juice in here,
tell motherfuckers stop fucking
wit' ya.

VICTOR

Maybe.

STRIKE

You be outta here soon.

VICTOR

Ronnie, jail ain't for me.

CLOSE - VICTOR

He rubs his cut cheek.

56 EXT. 8TH STREET STRIP OF STORES - DAY 56

ANGLE - "TO BIND AN EGG"

A small Japanese brick-a-brac shop.

57 INT. BIND AN EGG STORE - DAY 57

KIKI, a small Korean woman, is the owner; she stacks
books as her Puerto Rican security guard PEDRO stands at
the door.

CLOSE - KIKI

KIKI

When I read about it, my heart was
broken. Victor is a sweetheart.

ANGLE - ROCCO AND KIKI

ROCCO

Was he ever late for work?

KIKI

Never. Like Swiss movement.

ROCCO

Did he ever steal?

Kiki gives Rocco that look.

ROCCO (contd)

Get any visitors?

KIKI

No.

Rocco shows her Strike's picture.

ROCCO

Seen him in here?

KIKI

No.

The door buzzes. Pedro looks to Kiki. It's three Black teenagers who want to come in. She gives him the "no way" look.

ANGLE - DOOR

The trio keep buzzing.

KIKI (contd)

There's a high school around the corner, y'know. They see the store through the window, Oriental, automatic they think we sell Kung Fu Ninja stuff. They got sticky fingers, I was being robbed blind, that's why I hired Victor and put in the buzzer system.

The trio kick the door one good time before giving up and leaving.

KIKI (contd)

See what I mean? Victor was my buffer, he could talk and reason with them.

ROCCO

Anybody ever threaten him?

58 INT. BIND AN EGG STORE - DAY

58

FLASHBACK

We hear the door buzzer.

CLOSE - KIKI

The "no way" signal.

He nods. He's dressed in the same security attire as Pedro.

ANGLE - FRONT DOOR

Victor opens the door half-way, blocking the entrance. He stands in front of EARL, an angry Black teenager.

VICTOR

May I help you?

EARL

Yeah, let me the fuck in. It's a store, isn't it? People buy shit in a store, right?

VICTOR

What do you wish to buy?

EARL

I wish to buy what you got?

VICTOR

Maybe we don't have it.

Earl steps back and sizes Victor up.

EARL

So you the security house nigger? They rent you by the hour?

VICTOR

I'm trying to help you out.

EARL

Fuck dat!

Earl steps up to Victor's face, he's livid.

EARL (contd)

Cuz I'm Black, dat mean automatically I'm gonna steal something? Nigger, I wanted to buy a gift for my Moms' birthday, but you

(MORE)

EARL (contd)
 ain't shit and neither is this
 bullshit Chinese store.

Earl produces a crisp, new hundred dollar bill.

EARL (contd)
 This is what I think of you.

He spits into the bill, crumples it up and flings it in
 Victor's face, it falls to the sidewalk.

EARL (contd)
 There, I just rented you for a
 week. I'm coming back to shoot
 you dead. Word to the Mother.

CLOSE - CRUMPLED \$100 BILL ON SIDEWALK

KIKI
 A hundred bucks. A drug dealer
 probably.

ANGLE - VICTOR AND KIKI

Still at his position, on guard. Kiki comes out from
 where she was watching the confrontation.

KIKI
 Victor didn't even look at the
 money.

59 INT. BIND AN EGG STORE - DAY

59

ROCCO
 That kid ever come back?

KIKI
 No ... If it means anything,
 Victor was the nicest, kindest
 person I've worked with.

60 EXT. 8TH STREET STRIP OF STORES - DAY

60

Mazilli and Rocco on 8th Street.

ROCCO
 Told you.

MAZILLI
 So what.

ROCCO

Maz, you've become jaded. I would even go as far to say sometimes you're naive about the streets.

MAZILLI

Me naive? Just because a Nubian got a job, wife, two kids, dog, a goldfish and a bank account, he can't be a shooter? You're the one who is naive.

ROCCO

What about the Jollis case? You remember that?

Mazilli is silent.

ROCCO (contd)

Let me remind you. Four years ago a 12 year old Black kid Jeff Jollis gets stabbed by three 12 year old white kids. You knew they did it, and they knew you knew. But they wouldn't rat each other out. You want to finish the story?

Mazilli says nothing.

ROCCO (contd)

Everybody is telling you let it go, let it slide, that'll be one less mook that will breed. I even forget about. But you wasn't hearing it. It became your mission. Four years later, one of them slipped up and you were there.

Mazilli smiles.

MAZILLI

I did get those little fuckers, didn't I?

ROCCO

Maybe this is my mission.

61 INT. STRIKE'S HALLWAY - DAY

61

Strike is pushing Tyrone ahead of him towards his apartment when an older Black man, MR. HERMAN BROWN, comes out of his door.

STRIKE
Hey, Mr. Herman Brown.

MR. HERMAN BROWN
Hey, Mr. Dunham.

STRIKE
Tyrone, this is my landlord,
Mr. Herman Brown.

TYRONE
Hi.

MR. HERMAN BROWN
Pleased to meet you, young man.

STRIKE
Tyrone is my little brother.
Anybody bother you, let me know.

MR. HERMAN BROWN
I got something for those crackheads,
my damn self.

Mr. Herman Brown looks at Tyrone.

MR. HERMAN BROWN (contd)
Youngman, do like your big brother
and leave those drugs alone.

62 INT. STRIKE'S APARTMENT - DAY

62

The apartment is of medium size, what attracts Tyrone right away is Strike's Lionel train set. He has an elaborate set-up on the dining room table. Tyrone can't believe his eyes, he's never seen one like it before. As he is about to turn it on ...

STRIKE
Don't touch my trains. I'll break
your fingers.

63 INT. STRIKE'S BEDROOM - DAY

63

Tyrone watches as Strike weighs out an ounce of coke, then spoons in laxative, mixing it onto a triple-beam scale. Strike is all business as he does this.

STRIKE
The profit's in the cut ... always
remember that.

Tyrone is all EYES.

STRIKE (contd)

If I ever see or even hear about
you messin' with this, sniffin'
or piping up ...

Strike reaches under the bed mattress, pulls out a
small .25 automatic and flashes it to Tyrone.

STRIKE (contd)

I'll put a cap in yo ass. This
ain't no TV, movie violence shit.
Real bullets hurt, real guns kill
you dead.

Tyrone is all ears.

STRIKE (contd)

This is a .25 automatic. I keep
this for ill niggers like this
guy Errol. He'd kill you as soon
as look at you. When he shoots
a motherfucker they never find
the body, just the blood stains.
If he ever creeps up to me, I'm
gonna "gat" him. You should do
the same. Aw, you think because
you're 12, little and shit he
wouldn't do you. Sheeet. I think
he killed himself a 10 year old
just last year.

Tyrone is freaked.

Strike chops up some rocks to make another ounce and
puts the .25 between them.

STRIKE (contd)

You probably thinking about what
Mr. Herman Brown said. He's old
and po'. This here is mo' money.
How do you think I got that FAT
train set in there? From this
white stuff right here. Any nice
stuff you want out here, that shit
cost. That's real.

Tyrone looks at the .25.

STRIKE (contd)

Shorty, you're smart, answer me this.
My boss buys him a kilo for twenty-
two thou that bottle up into thirty-
five hundred ten dollar bottles.

(MORE)

STRIKE (contd)

Boss takes sixty percent of the seventeen thousand profit, leaves up seven thousand dollars, fifty percent of which is mine, is how much money for me?

TYRONE

Thirty-five hundred.

STRIKE

My man Shorty, keep hitting those books. If I ever see you playing hookey I'll put a cap in yo ass.

Strike picks up the gun and puts it back under the mattress, then goes back to the cutting and bagging of the dope.

STRIKE (contd)

You get all straight A's in school I'll get you your own Lionel train set, it's a good hobby. You got a hobby?

64 EXT. STREET CORNER OUTSIDE RODNEY'S STORE - DAY 64

Strike drops the dope in a garbage can and heads across the street to Rodney's Place.

65 INT. RODNEY'S PLACE - DAY 65

WE SEE FOUR WHITE TEENAGERS retrieve the dope, get in their car, drive out from RODNEY'S FRONT WINDOW.

STRIKE

That cop Jo-Jo says he has some weight for you to buy.

RODNEY

Forget him.

STRIKE

He shook me down for five hundred too.

RODNEY

Your problem, not mine. Errol told me you talked to that Homicide cop. How'd that go?

STRIKE

Awright.

RODNEY
Awright or all right?

STRIKE
Awright, all right.

Rodney gives Strike a long stare.

RODNEY
I ever tell you about the first
time I killed somebody? Errol
made me do it, cuz it was three
guys burned us on some bogus dope.

CUT TO:

66 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

66

FLASHBACK

Two bullet riddled bodies are laying on each other.

RODNEY (VO)
Errol has already killed the other
two and we got the third guy.

A young and healthy Errol (PRE-AIDS) stands over the
third guy who is kneeling before him.

RODNEY (VO contd)
He's crying like a baby, tears,
snot flying and shit. Errol turns
to me and says ...

CLOSE - ERROL

ERROL
You got to cap him or I'm gonna
cap you.

CLOSE - RODNEY

Terror stricken; Errol has his sawed off shotgun in his
face.

RODNEY (VO)
See, Errol didn't want me walking
'round knowin' what he done did
without nothin' personal hangin'
over my head too.

CLOSE - ERROL

ERROL
Cap him.

CLOSE - RODNEY

Rodney raises his .45.

RODNEY (VO)

Otherwise, I might give him up
someday, you understand.

CLOSE - THIRD GUY

He closes his eyes, Rodney pulls the trigger. Boom.
Boom. Two shots to the dome and the guy falls over
into a pool of blood.

67 INT. RODNEY'S PLACE - DAY

67

CLOSE - STRIKE

RODNEY (VO)

See, that's why I wanted you a
little bloody on the Darryl thing.
Yeah, ol' Errol, had a sawed off
shotgun right in my mug, my best
friend too.

Strike burps, presses his hand to his mouth.

CLOSE - STRIKE

He's burped up some blood.

RODNEY

You OK?

68 EXT. PROJECTS SIDEWALK - DAY

68

Strike, head down, hand pressed to mouth, he's still
burping up blood.

ROCCO

You OK?

Strike doesn't answer.

ROCCO (contd)

To be honest, I don't really give
a fuck, because you lied to me.

STRIKE

About what?

ROCCO

You said Darryl had a drug problem,
a crackhead. I asked around, the guy
was clean as the Board of Health.

Strike clutches his stomach.

STRIKE

I was like speculating.

ROCCO

Well, that's some nasty-ass speculating.

Strike burps some more blood up into his hand.

STRIKE

You were asking me questions,
I tried to answer.

ROCCO

Then you said you never met him.

STRIKE

Naw, well ... maybe by eye.

ROCCO

Just by eye. You and him never
had any static?

STRIKE

No.

ROCCO

So there's no way that Victor could
have been cutting through that
parking lot in the dark and Darryl
would've mistaken him for you, like
there goes that motherfucker Strike?

STRIKE

No.

ROCCO

Cuz you and your brother, you guys
probably look like two peas in a
pod.

STRIKE

So what you trying to say? It's
hard to tell Black people apart in
the nighttime.

ROCCO

Hell, I can't even tell you guys
apart in the day.

Strike chuckles.

ROCCO (contd)

Anyways, you and your brother close?

Strike sees Tyrone watching him.

STRIKE

Not really.

ROCCO

Oh I forgot. Long lost brothers.
When was the last time?

STRIKE

A month.

ROCCO

Strike, you told me two months
before.

STRIKE

If you remembered, why you asking?

ROCCO

You know what Alzheimer's is?

STRIKE

Some kind of beer?

ROCCO

Wise guy, you visit him yet?

STRIKE

Yeah.

ROCCO

He's claiming self-defense.

Rocco shakes his head.

ROCCO (contd)

He goes to trial with that,
those two nice kids of his?
By the time he'll be getting
out, they'll be going in.

STRIKE

It ever occur to you that he didn't
do it?

ROCCO

You know who did?

Strike doubles over, once again clutching his stomach.

ROCCO (contd)

Who did it?

STRIKE

I gotta go, I'm sick.

ROCCO

Here's my card.

STRIKE

I got two already.

ROCCO

Ronnie, I'll be seeing you around.

Rocco walks off, Strike doubles over for the final time, as he looks up he sees his squad and Tyrone staring at him.

STRIKE

Fuck you lookin' at?

Strike falls to the ground, out.

HORACE

Oh shit.

SCIENTIFIC

I told you 'bout that. Beaming up to Scotty. You pipin'?

69 EXT. PROJECTS SIDEWALK - DAY

69

ANGLE - WHITE RUBBER GLOVES

Strike is rolled over and put on a stretcher as he screams bloody murder.

70 INT. AMBULANCE AT PROJECTS SIDEWALK - DAY

70

Two medics -- FRANK and AL -- work on Strike.

FRANK

You hit that pipe today? Didn't Mama tell you not to do drugs? See where it got you.

AL

Where do you live?

STRIKE

I'm dying!

FRANK

Eighty palp.

AL

Get the pressure pants. Where
does it hurt?

FRANK

Talk to us ... where do you live?

STRIKE'S POV

WE SEE a concerned Andre.

STRIKE

Andre ...

ANDRE

I'll give you all that, now let's
get to Woodhull.

Andre closes the door.

The ambulance screams away.

CLOSE - TYRONE

He's troubled, his big brother is going to the hospital.

71 EXT. AHAB'S PARKING LOT - DAY

71

Under Moby Dick spinning around, the four White teenagers who copped the coke are wolfing down Captain Ahab's whalers, fries, everything.

CLOSE - REAR LICENSE PLATE - CONNECTICUT

ANGLE - Jo-JO AND TWO OF HIS GUYS

They stand behind the luxury sedan, looking at the out of state license plate, then move around it.

ANGLE - INSIDE CAR

The teenagers stop eating.

Jo-Jo knocks on the driver's window, and it slides down.

JO-JO

Nice. Power windows, cellular
phone, dual air bags. I bet
your Mommy and Daddy spent a nice
penny on this.

The other narc leans in on front passenger window.

JO-JO (contd)

Connecticut license plates, nice car in the middle of the jungle, eating this shit, something feels fishy ... no pun intended. Who has the drugs?

All at once the four teenagers point at each other; they gave it up, they're scared shitless.

Jo-Jo and his mates are dying laughing.

72 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

72

Strike lies in a bed. The hospital is so crowded he and some unlucky others have to sit in the hallway.

ANGLE - WEST INDIAN DOCTOR

DR. PERCY

Young man, do you know how much blood we took out of your stomach?

Strike has no idea, he's just looking at the tube that's going into his arm.

DR. PERCY (contd)

Two liters.

STRIKE

What I got? Cancer?

DR. PERCY

You have a bleeding ulcer. Do you know what that is?

STRIKE

Ulcer?

DR. PERCY

You under pressure?

STRIKE

Yeah.

DR. PERCY

What kind of pressure?

STRIKE

Black male pressure.

DR. PERCY

I know exactly what you mean.

73 EXT. WOODHULL HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - DAY

73

A weak and shaky Strike leaves the hospital. He holds a bag of medicine and still wears his plastic I.D. bracelet. Lo and behold, Rodney's Lincoln pulls up in front of him and he pops open the door.

RODNEY

Get in.

74 INT. RODNEY'S LINCOLN - DAY

74

STRIKE

How did you know when I was coming out?

RODNEY

Don't you know I know everything? Didn't I tell you to see a doctor? Didn't I tell you to stop drinking that Chocolate Yoo-Hoo shit? Didn't I? Didn't I?

STRIKE

You did.

RODNEY

Strike, how can you be so smart and so stupid? ... I heard that Homicide came back on you yesterday.

STRIKE

He's fishing.

ROCCO

You and him fuck buddies?

Rodney laughs.

RODNEY

I'm just messing with you. We got another big order.

Strike looks through a bag with his prescriptions in it.

RODNEY (contd)

Crack is like truth serum, that shit will truly expose who you are. If you happen to be a low-life rat bastard motherfucker that would sell his newborn for a suck off that glass dick then crack will bring it into the light. I don't care if you're Black, White, Chinese,
(MORE)

RODNEY (contd)

rich or po'. You take that first hit and you'll be on a mission. And that mission won't end until the house, loved ones, money is gone, or finally you in jail or dead. That's why I'll never go out of business, I'm a great business man with a great product, only in America.

CLOSE - STRIKE

Strike for the first time, truly, I mean truly, sees Rodney as the monster he is.

75 INT. STRIKE'S HALLWAY - DAY

75

Strike stands and watches as Tyrone struggles with the keys.

STRIKE

Naw, that's the car key ... The gold one.

ANGLE - HERMAN BROWN

He sticks his head out of his door.

STRIKE (contd)

It's OK. You can go back in. Anybody bother you let me know.

Herman Brown waves, then disappears behind his closed door

76 INT. STRIKE'S BEDROOM - DAY

76

TYRONE

You OK?

STRIKE

Just a bleeding ulcer.

TYRONE

What's that?

STRIKE

Just don't get one.

Strike opens the bottom dresser drawer. It's filled with color-coded baggies.

CLOSE - TYRONE

All eyes.

STRIKE (contd)

Not only must you have a good product, but you also got to promote and market yourself. That's why on Wednesdays, 4-7 p.m. we have two for one, happy hours. We also sell Jumbos, Redi Rocks, Starter Kits. Gotta use catchy names. Len Bias, Kurt Cobain, River Phoenix, Freddy Krueger, Jason, Chucky, people like that shit.

Strike looks at Tyrone.

STRIKE (contd)

Shorty, you listening?

TYRONE

Yes, I'm listening.

STRIKE

Don't foget what color I ask you for. When you leave, you better lock the locks, don't run, and don't mess with my trains when I'm not around. Be efficient, in and out, clean.

Tyrone flops on Strike's mattress.

STRIKE (contd)

What did I tell you about jumping on my bed? This isn't no trampoline.

Strike lifts the corner of the mattress and points to his .25 hidden underneath.

STRIKE (contd)

Put a cap in yo' ass.

TYRONE

I won't jump on your bed.

STRIKE

Go into the bathroom, I got something for you.

Tyrone does as he's told.

77

INT. STRIKE'S BATHROOM - DAY

77

In the bathtub is a new bike, with a bike lock also.

STRIKE

It's for you. If you're gonna
be working for me, you gotta be
moving quick.

CLOSE - TYRONE

TYRONE

My Moms wouldn't buy me one, was
afraid somebody would snatch it.

STRIKE (OS)

I guarantee, no one will try that
but I would leave it here at night,
you know how she is.

TYRONE

Good idea. Thanks a lot, Strike.
Can I ride it now?

78 INT. RODNEY'S PLACE - DAY 78

Rodney laughing with a FAT WHITE GUY -- ADOLPH. Strike
sits silent.

Rodney nods to Strike, who jets.

79 EXT. STREET CORNER OUTSIDE RODNEY'S PLACE - DAY 79

Strike walks, and Tyrone comes flying down the block on
his new bike and hits the brakes, skidding.

STRIKE

Awright, tear it up, just got that
bike. Two blue.

TYRONE

Two blue.

Tyrone takes the keys and he's gone.

80 INT. HAMBONE'S RESTAURANT - DAY 80

This is where Victor used to work, it's noisy, smoky and
packed.

IN SLOW MOTION, Victor walks, holding a tray with three
jumbo sodas, he has a big forced smile on his face.
We hear JESUS -- Victor's co-manager.

JESUS (VO)

You see these antique car prints?
The hanging vines? The old style
(MORE)

JESUS (VO contd)
 ceiling fans? All Victor's ideas.
 Victor always said we got to make
 this place -- Hambones -- feel like
 somebody's home. See, Victor
 treated people with respect.

CLOSE - JESUS

JESUS (contd)
 The workers, the customers, even
 the clockers. Like, OK, you asked
 me about last Friday night?

IN SLOW MOTION

ANGLE - A TABLE ACROSS THE ROOM

Three young clockers, laughing, signifying, etc.

JESUS (VO)
 We got there three monicons trying
 to set up shop -- I'm going for my
 Louisville Slugger, but Victor
 says ...

CLOSE - VICTOR

VICTOR
 Naw, Jesus, wait up, wait up.

IN SLOW MOTION

Victor approaches with three jumbo sodas on tray and
 places it on table.

ANGLE - TABLE

Victor sits down with them.

VICTOR
 I'm sorry, but you brothers can't
 clock in here. This is a family
 place, so please respect that.
 Here, take a jumbo soda.

Victor hands out the sodas. The clockers look at each
 other then at the sodas.

VICTOR (contd)
 And I would appreciate it very much
 if you would leave the premises when
 you finish the jumbo sodas, Coke,
 Orange and Root Beer.

ANGLE - JESUS

Jesus is 30, cock strong, Puerto Rican. He watches Victor from the counter area, and his trusty Roberto Clemente Louisville Slugger is ready if need be. He has Victor's back.

JESUS (VO)

Usually, they would just be happy to get the free jumbo sodas.

ANGLE - TABLE

CLOSE - CLOCKER'S HAND

T goes into his pocket and pulls out a FAT wad of moolah.

JESUS (VO contd)

Leroy pulls out this roll and says:

CLOSE - T

T

My boss says he'll pay you three hundred a week if you let us set up here.

CLOSE - VICTOR

Angry face.

ROCCO (VO)

What he say?

JESUS (VO)

See, Victor puts please and thank you in every sentence because he says courtesy breeds teamwork so it was either ...

VICTOR

No, please, thank you.

JESUS (VO)

Or ...

JUMP CUT TO:

CLOSER - VICTOR

VICTOR

Please, no, thank you.

81 INT. HAMBONE'S KITCHEN - DAY

81

Hambone's greasy kitchen. Rocco and Mazilli talk to Jesus.

ROCCO

So Hay-sus.

JESUS

I pronounce it Jesus.

ROCCO

I just feel more comfortable calling you "Hay-sus."

MAZILLI

Anyway.

ROCCO

So was that why Victor left early Friday night?

MAZILLI

Said he wasn't feeling well.

JESUS

Wasn't feeling well? Would you feel well after working 65 hours a week in here? It can definitely make you sick. You ought to try it sometime.

82 EXT. PROJECTS BENCH - DAY

82

Strike and his squad on the J-O-B. Some low key sales are going on.

ANGLE - STRIKE

Strike on his perch, holding a new bottle of Vanilla flavored Mylanta.

STRIKE'S POV

WE SEE Tyrone walking towards him. He holds small brown paper bag in front of him.

TYRONE

Strike, take this.

STRIKE

Get outta here.

TYRONE

It's yours.

TYRONE'S POV

WE SEE Strike sit up, eyes open, then jumping off his perch right as Iris comes swinging.

In shock, Strike puts up his hands to defend himself.

IRIS

You keep the hell away from my son. What did I say?

A crowd instantly forms -- as always -- STATIC.

CLOSE - TYRONE

He's embarrassed.

STRIKE

Don't you ever put ya hands in my face.

IRIS

I'll put my hands where the hell I want to. You stay away from him. And stop buying him shit. Boy, get upstairs.

Tyrone runs back to his building.

STRIKE

I didn't buy him shit.

IRIS

The haircut, those Nikes, that Sega game and I've seen him on a bike too. But you were too slick to let him bring that home.

STRIKE

Lady, you better get out my face.

IRIS

You don't scare me. But Andre will definitely scare you, you narrow ass death, dope dealing faggot.

Iris takes another swing at Strike.

STRIKE

Get Andre, and I'll call the cops too, get you locked up for aggravated assault. How you like that?

ANGLE - STRIKE AND ROCCO

As Strike says this, he turns and JUMPS. Rocco once again has caught him on the sneak tip: He's all in his face.

ROCCO

Now you beating up on defenseless women? What gives?

STRIKE

She attacked me.

Iris has stormed off to somewhere.

ROCCO

I tried to treat you like a man, with respect and courtesy.

Strike looks at his squad on the bench, and the crowd that is still there, they both stare.

STRIKE

What?

ROCCO

So why don't you treat me with the same respect? Strike, I'm no fool. I got some years in on this j-o-b.

STRIKE

Rocco, I don't know what you're talking 'bout.

Strike starts to look upward at the hi-rise projects, as Rocco swoops down for the kill.

ROCCO

You told me you didn't know Darryl Adams. Not only did I find out you know him, but you worked a whole year with him in Rodney's place. You forgot huh?

Strike starts to fumble and bumble.

STRIKE

Oh wow, naw, it's like, yeah, I gets confused. Thought you meant this other Darryl.

ROCCO

What other Darryl? And if you knew some other Darryl you still should

(MORE)

ROCCO (contd)
have said, "Yeah, I know him,"
right? Am I right?

STRIKE
Silk ... that's what we call the
other Darryl.

ROCCO
Another thing. You also said you
hadn't seen your brother in two
months, got mad at me because I
didn't remember. I go into Cool
Breeze, and the bartender I.D.'ed
you in there Friday night, same night
as the shooting. He even remembered
the drink he made for you. Does
Pina Colada mix straight out of a
can jog your memory, you lying cock-
sucker?

Strike starts to look up at his mother's windows. She's
not there.

ROCCO (contd)
Why the lies? The deceit?

STRIKE
It's my brother.

ROCCO
Your brother made you lie?

STRIKE
I'm trying to help him.

ROCCO
Explain how you being a lying
cocksucker helps him. Tell me.

Strike is mum.

ROCCO (contd)
Tell me something.

STRIKE
You trying to pin this on me?

ROCCO
I didn't say that. You said that,
I just asked you why you lying?

STRIKE
You're getting me all confused,
stepping on my own words.

ROCCO

Me? Strike, you played yourself.

Strike takes a long swig of Mylanta.

STRIKE

Please, stop fucking wit' me.
Arrest me or leave me the fuck
alone.

Strike puts out his hands for the cuffs.

ROCCO

Tell me what you know.

STRIKE

Am I under arrest?

ROCCO

No.

Strike puts his hands down.

ROCCO (contd)

If I arrested you, we couldn't
have these conversations.

STRIKE

It's over.

ROCCO

Fine. But if you still want to
sell your shit out here without
Jo-Jo and his crew putting their
hands in your pockets every two
seconds, you better take a ride,
right fucking now.

The crowd has grown, and the vibe has also picked up also.
Strike is starting to pace.

ROCCO (contd)

Let's go.

STRIKE

Ain't going nowhere with you.

ANGLE - ANDRE AND IRIS

Both are flying towards him. Andre is HOT.

CLOSE - STRIKE

Strike looks from Rocco to Andre to Rocco and back to
Andre.

83 INT. ROCCO'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

83

CLOSE - ROCCO

He drives with Strike in the passenger seat, nothing is said.

84 EXT. PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

84

Rocco's car pulls up into the parking lot.

ROCCO

You want a hero or something?

STRIKE

Can't eat that stuff.

He holds up his bottle of Mylanta. Strike stares at the building.

STRIKE (contd)

I'm not going in.

ROCCO

No?

STRIKE

Nuthin' to say.

ROCCO

Oh well, I was praying you could help me out, to tell you the truth I've come completely around to your way of thinking on this.

STRIKE

What's my way of thinking?

ROCCO

I know your brother is an innocent man, just like you do. And if Victor was my brother and I knew what you know. Every day of my life would be a living hell.

Strike is stunned, he gets out of the car.

ROCCO (contd)

What can we do about this, Ronnie?

STRIKE

Do about what?

ROCCO

On the up and up, all bullshit
aside, you, me, Victor, we all
know who did Darryl Adams.

STRIKE

Who?

ROCCO

Who do you think, Ronnie?

Strike is mute. ROCCO EXPLODES.

ROCCO (contd)

YOU. You did it. I know it.
Your brother knows it and you
fucking know it. What's the
thinking, Vic will get off on
self-defense because he's got
no record? Bullshit. His life
is over and I know it's rough out
here for young Black males, racism,
prejudice, no jobs, discrimination,
slavery, single parent family,
drugs, bad education, genocide,
and crooked cops but you're still
a low down, cold blooded, evil
junkyard nigger. You're the KING
SNAKE, like I've never seen in my
life. What did you do? Offer him
money? Who the fuck you kidding?
You're not the Mafia, the junior
Mafia, not even a small time
dope dealin' gangsta like your
friend Rodney Little. You're
nuthin' but a skinny ass king
snake motherfucker. You think
you're HOT SHIT, but you ain't
nuthin' but a little cold fart.

STRIKE

You don't know a damn thing about
me. You ain't nuthin' but a
racist ass-nigger hating cop who
don't know nuthin' about what's
out here, about who I am and about
nothing about what the fuck happened.

ROCCO

SO TELL ME WHAT THE FUCK HAPPENED?

STRIKE

Get me a lawyer.

ROCCO

Victor is on the straight and narrow, one of the few decent ones, but you know what else? I don't give a shit about him and I definitely don't give a shit about you. And I don't give a shit about that dead mother-fucker Darryl Adams either. But what I do give a shit about is my name and it's not Patsy Fool. You and your brother trying to use me? Me? I read you like a Marvel Spiderman comic book. I been inside your bald pea brain since you were born. You don't use me. I use you.

Rocco steps back.

ROCCO (contd)

Ronnie Dunham, my main man, have another card.

85 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

85

ROCCO'S POV

WE SEE Strike walking away from being grilled when Rodney's Lincoln pulls up alongside of him.

ANGLE - STREET

Strike keeps walking, Rodney gestures for him to get in.

Rodney stops the car ahead of Strike, gets out, opens the passenger side door and Strike finally gets in.

ANGLE - ROCCO AND MAZILLI

Both watch Rodney drive Strike away.

MAZILLI

I'm changing my thinking Rodney is the guy on this one.

ROCCO

Fuck Rodney. This Yo thinks he's gonna Okey doke me. He's going down, down for the count.

86 INT. RODNEY'S LINCOLN - DAY

86

RODNEY

You were supposed to be at my spot an hour ago.

STRIKE

What was I 'pose to do? Tell that Homicide I can't hang round, got to bag some ounces for my boss Rodney Little?

RODNEY

Did he arrest you?

STRIKE

No.

RODNEY

Tell him to fuck himself. What he want?

STRIKE

The same.

RODNEY

Did he ask about me?

STRIKE

Unh-uh.

RODNEY

I never said nuthin' to you about shooting nobody. All I said if you want Darryl's spot you got to go get it yourself, shit, I didn't even say that.

STRIKE

Fuck you, Rodney.

Rodney reaches out, grabs Strike by the hair and yanks his head down into his crotch so that Strike's POV is looking straight up at the steering wheel and Rodney's nostril flaring MAD face.

STRIKE'S POV - RODNEY

Rodney drives with his left hand as he pulls the car off the street and presto, chango, a .38 is pressed against Strike's nose.

CLOSE - STRIKE

He is laid out, head in Rodney's lap, Nikes sticking out window.

CLOSE - RODNEY

RODNEY

Who you talking to like that?

(MORE)

RODNEY (contd)

Are you crazy? Boy, I'll kill ya ass. I ain't one of your little crew niggers sitting on a project bench. I'll put this gun into your bad breath smellin' mouth, pull the trigger and splatter ya brains all over my Corinthian leather interior and this is a new car so you know I don't give a fuck. Do you understand?

Strike nods.

RODNEY (contd)

And one thing, if I ever hear bout you talking to that Homicide Rocco one more time, I don't care if he asks you the time of day, if I ever hear my name come up at all on this, I'm gonna know it was YOU, and you are 187, dead, on the strength. Word is bond. Do you understand?

Strike nods again.

RODNEY (contd)

Fuck around if you want to.

87

EXT. STRIKE'S BUILDING - DAY

87

Errol has Tyrone bent over Strike's parked car.

A terrified Tyrone still holds that brown paper bag.

ANGLE - STREET

Rodney and Strike pull up.

RODNEY

Look at this.

Tyrone slides away out of the car and Errol sandwich and tears down the block.

CUT TO:

88

INT. INSIDE STRIKE'S CAR BY HIS BUILDING - DAY

88

Strike sits in his own car, while Rodney and Errol huddle in the Lincoln which is behind him.

WE SEE Errol open the passenger door, get out and walk up to Strike's car.

ANGLE - ERROL

He takes a package out of his jacket and hands it to Strike.

ANGLE - RODNEY

Rodney leaves his car and walks up to Strike's window.

RODNEY

That's a half there. Whack up
5 ounces with a three cut in it,
bring it to the store.

Strike listens.

RODNEY (contd)

You better lose that kid if I
was you.

STRIKE

Don't even talk to him no more.
He's outta here like a roach.

RODNEY

Good move. His Moms will fuck you
up quick.

Rodney has a hearty laugh, Errol is giving Strike that death stare.

CLOSE - STRIKE

Shit is getting hectic.

89 INT. STRIKE'S BEDROOM - DAY

89

Strike has all his drug stuff out as he cuts and weighs Rodney's five ounces.

ANGLE - STRIKE

Strike suddenly remembering all that shit he's mired in gets up and pulls up his mattress. His "gat" is gone.

STRIKE

Who stole my gun? Damn!

90 INT. RODNEY'S PLACE & OUTSIDE THROUGH WINDOW - DAY

90

WE SEE Rodney sweeping up his funky store, he stops and goes to his window, where WE ALSO SEE Strike drop a bag in a garbage can. Strike walks off and he's passed by the same four White boys from Connecticut. They look around,

the coast is clear, then they get the drop from the garbage can. Rodney continues to sweep.

ANGLE - DOOR

Rocco and Mazilli walk in. Rodney puts down his broom.

RODNEY

Hey, Rocco, what you need?

ROCCO

I needs you.

RODNEY

For what?

ROCCO

I got me a warrant.

RODNEY

Search?

ROCCO

Arrest.

RODNEY

Arrest me for a broom?

ROCCO

You sold to an undercover, you stupid bastard.

RODNEY

Who set me up?

ROCCO

Now you know I can't tell you that.

RODNEY

Mazilli -- tell me something.

MAZILLI

All I can say is we were asked to make the arrest because they knew you would come peacefully with us.

ROCCO

Right, Rodney?

RODNEY

I always wanted to ask you, Rocco Klein. What are you? Eye-talian or a Jew? You can't make up your mind?

ROCCO
Racial diversity.

MAZILLI
You know what that means?

ROCCO
Get your shit, lock up and
let's go.

RODNEY
— Didn't mean anything by it.
Just wondering.

Rodney starts to gather his things.

RODNEY (contd)
I'm just a business man, a business
man trying to make a dollar.

91 INT. STRIKE'S APARTMENT - DAY

91

CLOSE - LIONEL TRAIN SET

Two trains, one a passenger and the other a freight train,
go around the tracks.

The dresser drawers have been emptied of all the dope
stuff and the safe is empty. On the floor is a thirty-nin
gallon Hefty bag filled with scales, bottle of laxatives,
colored masking tapes, all the stuff.

ANGLE - STRIKE ON HIS BED

He's writing a note.

STRIKE (OS)
Dear Mr. Herman Brown. How are
you? I had to leave suddenly.
Don't be worried, I'll be OK.
You have been a wonderful landlord.
Take care and don't let anybody
bother you. P.S. If my little
brother comes around, he can have
my trains. Everything else, keep
what you want, throw the rest out.
God bless you, Ronald.

Strike folds up the letter and puts it in an envelope.
He thumb tacks it to the door.

CLOSE - TRAINS

They go around the tracks.

CLOSE - STRIKE

Strike counts a FAT stack of cash. At \$5,000 dollars he stops, puts a thick rubberband around it, puts it in a manila envelope and writes his mother's name on it. The remaining money, equally large, he stuffs in his front pants pocket.

CLOSE - TRAINS

They go around the tracks.

ANGLE - STRIKE

Strike surveys his dwelling, picks up the Hefty bag and lifts up the mattress one more time.

The gun hasn't materialized. It's still missing.

ANGLE - TRAIN SET

Strike flips a track switch.

CLOSE - FREIGHT TRAIN

CLOSE - PASSENGER TRAIN

CLOSE - FREIGHT TRAIN

CLOSE - PASSENGER TRAIN

The two trains are heading in the same direction. KA-BOOM, it's a head-on collision, as both locomotives crash into each other and jump the tracks. It's a big pile up. SLAMTRAK, 50 dead, hundreds injured, details at 11.

ANGLE - DOOR

Strike leaves his apartment, leaves his life. He's on the STRAIGHT AND NARROW, RIGHTEOUS.

92

INT. BUREAU OF CRIMINAL IDENTIFICATION - DAY

92

Mazilli, Rocco and Rodney stand at the fingerprinting station.

CLOSE - RODNEY

He rolls his own fingers on an I.D. card.

RODNEY

Mazilli, who served me up?

He shrugs.

RODNEY (contd)

You better not tell me, save me
from a homicide charge.

MAZILLI

Hey, don't tell us in advance.
We like to figure these things
out.

93 EXT. STRIKE'S BUILDING - DAY 93

Strike heads for his car and drops the Hefty bag in a
garbage can. -----

94 EXT. SCHOOLYARD - DAY 94

Sharon, Victor's wife, is playing handball with her two
sons, Ivan and Mark.

STRIKE

Sharon.

She turns and sees her brother-in-law through the chain
link fence.

SHARON

Go play on the monkey bars.

The kids run off, as she approaches Strike.

STRIKE

Victor get his bail down yet?

SHARON

Yep, five thousand.

Strike looks around, sees no one lurking.

STRIKE

This is five, right here.

He squeezes the envelope through the fence.

STRIKE (contd)

Give this to Mommy. Tell her
to get her son out of jail. Don't
tell her it came from me.

SHARON

You going somewhere?

They look at each other.

SHARON (contd)

Strike, you should really talk to
your mother.

95 INT. JAIL INTAKE CENTER - DAY

95

Crowded, sweaty, funky, Black and Hispanic prisoners.

ANGLE - CELL DOOR OPENS

Rodney is ushered in. Door closes.

Mazilli and Rocco stand outside the bars.

RODNEY

Mazilli, who served me up?

MAZILLI

Rodney, what do I look like?

Mazilli leaves, Rocco motions for Rodney to come near.

Rocco whispers:

ROCCO

Yo, genius, who do you think?

Rodney steps back as the image of Strike comes before him.

ROCCO (contd)

He's in a jam. Must have been
the Chocolate Yoo-Hoo.

96 INT. STRIKE'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

96

CLOSE - STRIKE

He looks into and adjusts his rear view mirror.

CLOSE - REAR VIEW MIRROR

WE SEE ROCCO LOOKING DEAD RIGHT AT HIM

Strike puts a tape into the cassette player.

Strike drives over the Brooklyn Bridge, FDR Drive, outta here.

CLOSE - STRIKE

He looks into and adjusts his rear view mirror.

CLOSE - REAR VIEW MIRROR

WE SEE VICTOR LOOKING DEAD RIGHT AT HIM

Strike kills another Chocolate Yoo-Hoo, his stomach is on fire.

CLOSE - STRIKE

He looks into rear view mirror.

CLOSE - REAR VIEW WINDOW

WE SEE TYRONE LOOKING DEAD RIGHT AT HIM

Strike drives up the Major Deegan Expressway, New York State Thruway, on the road to who knows where but far from Brooklyn, outta here.

CLOSE - STRIKE

Tears are starting to fill his eyes as he looks into the rear view mirror.

CLOSE - REAR VIEW MIRROR

WE SEE RODNEY GLARING AT HIM

ANGLE - I-95 TOLL PLAZA

Strike pulls over to a shoulder before going through the toll booth which is on the border between New York and Connecticut.

CLOSE - STRIKE

He looks into and adjusts his rear view mirror for the final time.

CLOSE - REAR VIEW MIRROR

WE SEE GLORIA, HIS MOMS STARING AT HIM WITH THE WORLD'S MOST HEARTBROKEN LOOK, YOU KNOW IT'S THE KIND OF GUT WRENCHING PAIN THAT ONLY A SON OR DAUGHTER CAN INFLICT ON HIS/HER MOTHER

ANGLE - STRIKE

Strike turns off the music and dials on his cellular phone

CLOSE - STRIKE

STRIKE

Hello, who's this, Ivan or Mark?
Hi, Mark, this is Uncle Ronnie.
What? Uncle Ronnie, let me speak
to Mama ... Hello, Mommy, it's
Ronald. I'm sorry. I want to
see you. Please let me come upstairs,
you've banned me from the apartment
too long. In an hour. I love you.

Strike hangs up. He can't leave without saying goodbye to his mother. It's back to Babylon, at least for a hot minute.

97 INT. STRIKE'S HALLWAY - EVENING

97

Tyrone knocks on Mr. Herman Brown's door.

TYRONE

Hi, Mr. Herman Brown. Remember me? I'm Ronnie's little brother Tyrone.

MR. HERMAN BROWN

How are you, son?

TYRONE

Fine. I can't find Ronnie and my bike is inside. Do you think you could open the door so I could get it?

MR. HERMAN BROWN

I don't think he would mind at all. Let me get my keys.

98 INT. STRIKE'S APARTMENT AND HALLWAY - EVENING

98

ANGLE - STRIKE'S DOOR

Mr. Herman Brown unlocks the door. Tyrone right away notices by the disarray of the place that Strike has jettied.

ANGLE - TYRONE

He stands over the train wreck and looks upon it.

ANGLE - HALLWAY

Mr. Herman Brown relocks the door. Tyrone has his bike and he hands Mr. Herman Brown the envelope Strike left for him.

TYRONE

Ronnie left this for you.

MR. HERMAN BROWN

Thank you, young man.

99 INT. JAIL INTAKE CENTER - NIGHT

99

The chaos from the previous time we were here has subsided. Almost all the prisoners are sleeping,

two cops are at the intake desk but deep in one corner some prisoners are huddled.

ANGLE - BULLPEN

Rodney kneels rapping to five Black teenagers. He's giving them his spiel, he's recruiting and they're lapping it up.

RODNEY

First and foremost I'm a business man. I make sales. I handle product. I deal in inventory. I work long hours but I'm getting PAID. But how you young brothers gonna be where I'm at if everytime you make a hundred dollars you go out and buy a hundred dollar pair of sneakers? How many sneakers you got?

Rodney points to the kid closest to him: SOLO.

SOLO

3 pairs Nikes, 3 pairs Pumas.

RODNEY

How many feet you got?

SOLO

You right.

RODNEY

You strong young Black warriors come work for me shit will be blowing up. Crazy mad money, buy your Moms a house in Strong Island.

COP #1

Rodney!

The officer at the intake desk gestures for Rodney.

100 EXT. PROJECTS BENCH - NIGHT

100

Strike pulls up in his Accord. All of his squad sit on the benches like bumps on a log. They all stare at him as he exits car.

STRIKE

What you sittin' around for?

SCIENTIFIC

Rodney got locked up.

STRIKE

Locked up for what?

STRIKE'S POV

He sees Tyrone, riding in circles behind the bench area, patting his stomach as if he's signaling Strike.

CLOSE - STRIKE

He's yelling.

STRIKE

Little boy, get outta here. I had a change of heart. I ain't making you into no little gangsta. Go play with some kids your own age, ride your bike, play your Sega, do something, leave this alone.

ANGLE - TYRONE

Tyrone throws up his hands in frustration, and rides into his building.

ANGLE - BENCH

STRIKE

What did Rodney do?

The squad moves all at once off the bench.

ROCCO (VO)

Hey, Ronald.

Strike turns to face Rocco, who looks happy as a clam.

Rocco extends his hand.

ROCCO (contd)

Put it here, pal.

Strike, not knowing what else to do, accepts Rocco's handshake. Caught off-guard, he realizes it was the wrong thing to do.

ROCCO (contd)

So you wanna play me? Well, buddy bcy, you're playing in the Big Leagues now.

STRIKE

What you talkin' 'bout?

ROCCO

Ya boss is in the joint and I
just came by to thank you.

Strike struggles to free his hand, Rocco ain't letting go.

STRIKE

Fuck you, Rocco, you can't pin
that on me.

Strike eyes his squad who are taking in every word.

ROCCO

Oh no? All I know is that Rodney
makes bail tomorrow -- he'll be back
out on the street, what do you think
your homies will tell him?

ANGLE - SQUAD

Their mouths are open in disbelief, Strike dimes, squealed
on Rodney. STITCHES FOR SNITCHES.

STRIKE'S POV

The sky and the windows of the projects. It looks to him
like there is a face sticking out of every window and
they're all looking down at him. The whole world is
watching him being set up by this crazy homicide.

ROCCO (contd)

If I was you, (which I'm glad I'm
not), I'd fly down to the
Prosecutor's Office right this
minute, work something out to
get my ass protected.

STRIKE

Man, I don't even mess around no
more. I ain't dealin'.

ROCCO

Ronald, do yourself a favor, tell
me what really happened on that
Ahab's thing, how ya boss Rodney
pressured you into doing Darryl.

Strike doubles over, his stomach again but Rocco has that
death grip on his hand.

ROCCO (contd)

Nobody wants you on this. We
understand you had no choice.
Rodney had you scared to death?
Kill or be killed, right?

STRIKE

Man, you just got me killed over some dumb shit, cuz you don't even know what the fuck you talkin' about.

Rocco finally lets go of Strike's hand.

STRIKE (contd)

Black man say he didn't do something, you don't believe him.
Black man say he did do something you still don't believe him.

Rocco slides Strike another card.

ROCCO

Have a good life.

Rocco walks. Strike gathers himself, faces the hanging judges.

STRIKE

YO! YO! That homicide is buggin'.
Word up.

Their faces say GUILTY.

SCIENTIFIC

You lying ass punk ass bitch.

Strike and Scientific go at it.

101 INT. JAIL INTAKE CENTER - NIGHT

101

Rodney slides a cop a twenty dollar bill.

CLOSE - RODNEY

In a corner of room, on pay phone Rodney makes his twenty dollar call.

RODNEY

Errol.

102 INT. VICTOR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

102

Sharon opens the door and Strike comes in. It's been two years since he's been in this apartment where he grew up.

SHARON

Your mother is sleeping.

STRIKE
I won't wake her up.

SHARON
She cried herself to sleep.

STRIKE
I know. I know.

103 INT. JAIL INTAKE CENTER - NIGHT 103
CLOSE - RODNEY ON PHONE

RODNEY
Errol. I'm in the joint.

104 INT. GLORIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 104
Strike quietly tiptoes over to his sleeping mother.
CLOSE - STRIKE

He looks at his Moms then gently kisses her.

RODNEY (VO)
It's Strike. Do him.

ERROL (VO)
Done!

104A INT. VICTOR'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY 104A

It's the crack of dawn and Strike is sprawled out on his mother's sofa. He opens his eyes and his two nephews, Ivan and Mark, are plopped down right in front of the TV, glued to it. They are watching the BOX, hypnotized by the fat beats.

CLOSE - TELEVISION

Once again it's another rapper, this time rapping about chopping off heads of people who dis him with a sword.

CLICK! The screen goes black.

ANGLE - TELEVISION

Strike has turned the television off.

STRIKE
Ivan and Mark, go back to bed.
It's too early for television,
you sit too close to it anyway.

105 EXT. PROJECTS BENCH & STREET NEARBY - DAY

105

Strike leaves his mother's building.

SCIENTIFIC
Errol find you yet?

STRIKE
What he want?

SCIENTIFIC
Errol's looking for you.

ANGLE - TYRONE

He rides his bike with one hand, the other one holds that brown paper bag extended to Strike.

STRIKE
Did Errol say what he wanted?

Before Scientific can answer, he wheels on Tyrone on his bike and yells in his face.

STRIKE (contd)
You a kid. This is grown up stuff. Leave me the motherfuck be. Go ride ya bike. Bye. Damn.

Tyrone, crushed, pedals away.

Strike resumes with Scientific:

STRIKE (contd)
Did Errol say what he wanted?

SCIENTIFIC
Maybe he wants to play with your train set!

CLOSE - STRIKE

The whole world is coming down atop of him.

106 EXT. PROJECTS BENCH & STREET NEARBY -- DAY

106

ANGLE - STREET BY BENCHES

Strike walks around the corner to where his car is parked.

STRIKE'S POV

Errol Barnes is leaning up against the car door, and WE CAN SEE that big gun butt sticking out of his waist, he's not hiding it either.

CLOSE - STRIKE

He ducks behind a parked car.

STRIKE'S POV

Riding his bike and heading toward Strike's car is Tyrone. He still grips that brown paper bag and he's rapping that CYPRESS HILL song -- HOW I JUST COULD KILL A MAN to himself.

TYRONE

I'm ignoring all the dumb shit yo cause
nothing is coming from it
I'm not gonna waste no time fucking
around my gat straight humming
it's humming coming at ya
sorry I had to gat ya
time for some action, just a fraction
of friction
I got the clearance to run some interference
into your satelight shining a battle light
Son got the gat and I know he'll gat you
right
Here's an example just a little sample
how I just could kill a man.
Here is something you can't understand.
how I just could kill a man.
Here is something you can't understand.

Errol steps out in front of Tyrone's bike, who hits the brakes.

ANGLE - ERROL AND TYRONE

Errol trying to scare Tyrone, shows him his gun stuck in his waist, and moves forward.

Tyrone whispers:

TYRONE

How I just could kill a man.

Tyrone with hand inside the brown paper bag shoots Errol.

Errol and Tyrone stand there for a beat.

STRIKE

Oh God. Oh God no.

WE SEE Errol drop dead. Tyrone, in shock, rides off on his bike. He still holds Strike's missing gun.

LADY IN WINDOW

Oh Jesus. Oh Jesus.

107 INT. JUVENILE HALL - DAY

107

On a bench, Iris crying openly hugs her son Tyrone.

ANGLE - ANDRE AND ROCCO

Andre shows Rocco the brown paper bag. WE SEE the hole where Errol's bullet flew out, and the .25 automatic inside it.

ANDRE

Over here.

CLOSE - ANDRE AND ROCCO

They stand in a tight corner, out of earshot of Iris and her son.

Andre has never asked Rocco for anything before in his life but this is going to be the first time right now.

ANDRE

I've known that boy Tyrone in there since he was a baby, family too, all decent people. Whatever happened was some serious mistake. Tyrone has never been in trouble before. I mean he's like eighty-fifth percentile in this national education test. Now his life could be ruined, please help him and his Moms on this statement, y'know what I'm saying.

ROCCO

I'll take care of it, don't sweat it.

ANGLE - IRIS AND TYRONE

She's still crying.

IRIS

Is my boy going to jail?

ROCCO

Would you permit me to talk to him?

Iris looks to Andre. He nods, it's OK.

IRIS

If my son talks to you, does he still have to go to jail?

108 INT. JUVENILE HALL - INTERVIEW CUBICLE - DAY

108

Rocco sits facing Iris and Tyrone. Andre loiters outside -- half in, half out.

ROCCO

Tyrone, you know what you did,
don't you?

Tyrone is mute, she holds him close.

IRIS

Yes he does.

ROCCO

You know it was wrong?

IRIS

He knows.

ROCCO

OK. We got that out of the way.
You did wrong but you were scared,
you couldn't help it?

Tyrone nods.

IRIS

My son was terrified.

ROCCO

Tyrone, you're a good kid, but
it's tough growing up in the
Projects. Drugs, crime, peer
pressure. I hear you're real
intelligent. Don't your friends
make fun of you when you get
straight A's, speak correct
English, attend school, don't
hang out?

CUT TO:

109 EXT. THE PROJECTS - DAY

109

Rocco is in the middle of the Projects, it's busy, things are jumping and he walks and talks, speaking to the CAMERA, speaking to Iris and Tyrone (and the audience also). The residents continue as if he's not there, and he's not.

ROCCO (contd)

Don't they call you a white boy,
don't they call you soft because
(MORE)

ROCCO (contd)
 you ain't hanging with them hard?
 I know they do, but all you want
 to do is the right thing. But
 they keep threatening you, threatening
 your mother, so you get a gat.

Rocco pulls out the murder weapon, the gun that killed
 Errol.

ROCCO (contd)
 So you too can be hardcore,
 protect yourself, and your mother.
 Shit is real.

CUT BACK TO:

110 INT. JUVENILE HALL - INTERVIEW CUBICLE - DAY 110

CLOSE - IRIS

She nods in full agreement.

ROCCO (contd)
 Do you know the man you shot?

CLOSE - TYRONE

He stares at Rocco.

CLOSE - ROCCO

ROCCO (contd)
 That was Errol Barnes, a stone
 killer, once even killed a kid
 your age.

CUT TO:

111 EXT. PROJECTS BENCH & STREET NEARBY - DAY 111

Rocco walks alongside Tyrone as he rides his bike into
 Errol. THIS IS A FLASHBACK but with Rocco commentating.

ROCCO (contd)
 So here you are riding your bike,
 minding your own business, you have
 a gun but it's for protection.

CUT BACK TO:

112 INT. JUVENILE HALL - INTERVIEW CUBICLE - DAY 112

Tyrone lifts his head for the first time off his mother's
 shoulder.

ROCCO (contd)
All of a sudden, there's Errol ...

CUT TO:

113 EXT. PROJECTS BENCH & STREET NEARBY - DAY 113

Tyrone is face to face with Errol. Rocco stands to the side.

ROCCO (contd)
... that kid killer coming right at you.

CUT BACK TO:

114 INT. JUVENILE HALL - INTERVIEW CUBICLE -- DAY 114

CLOSE - TYRONE

He's getting into this now, he leans forward.

CLOSE - ROCCO

ROCCO (contd)
He has this horrible look in his beady eyes. You see him reaching for that .38 stuck in his waist, you know he's gonna gat you, then who would protect your mother?

CUT BACK TO:

115 EXT. PROJECTS BENCH & STREET NEARBY - DAY 115

Errol, Tyrone and Rocco.

ROCCO (contd)
You never fired that gun before, but Errol was about to pull that trigger.

CUT TO:

116 INT. JUVENILE HALL - INTERVIEW CUBICLE - DAY 116

CLOSE - TYRONE

He can see Rocco's description.

ROCCO (VO)
You're scared but it's either him or you. All you want to do is ride your bike ...

CUT BACK TO:

117 EXT. PROJECTS BENCH & STREET NEARBY - DAY 117
 Errol, Tyrone and Rocco.

ROCCO (contd)

... but this killer is standing
 in front of you reaching. There
 is no time to think.

CUT TO:

118 INT. JUVENILE HALL - INTERVIEW CUBICLE - DAY 118
 CLOSE - ROCCO

ROCCO

His finger is on the trigger, BOOM.

Iris and Tyrone stand up.

ROCCO (contd)

The gun just appeared in your hand.

Tyrone bursts into tears and they hug each other for dear
 life.

TYRONE

Mommy, that's what happened.
 That's what happened.

ROCCO

That's what exactly happened.
 And when I ask you what happened
 with the tape recorder on, that's
exactly what you're going to tell
 me. Right? Because you always
 tell the truth.

Both mother and son nod.

ROCCO (contd)

One last thing we need to know,
 again -- tell the truth. Where
 did you get the gat?

Tyrone looks down at the floor.

TYRONE

I found it.

Rocco and Andre exchange glances.

ROCCO

Where did you find it?

TYRONE

In the bushes.

ROCCO

What bushes?

TYRONE

Bushes around where I live.

Tyrone can't look Rocco in the eyes. Rocco looks at Iris for help.

IRIS

The truth.

TYRONE

I borrowed it by accident.

ROCCO

From who? Remember, you always tell the truth.

TYRONE

I borrowed it by accident from Strike.

ANDRE (VO)

Motherfucker.

All turn as Andre kicks the door and storms out on a MISSION.

TYRONE

I was trying to give it back to him but he doesn't speak to me anymore. I keep trying, he keeps igging me.

CLOSE - ROCCO

ROCCO

Well. What do you know?

119 EXT. PROJECTS BENCH - DAY

119

There is a big crowd around the bench, EMS paramedics are standing over Strike who is doubled up in pain, he's had another attack.

ANGLE - ANDRE

He pushes his way through and jumps all into Strike's ass.

People know Andre so they move back and gawk. Even the EMS paramedics watch, nobody wants to fuck with Andre, not at this moment, not now.

Andre is livid, he has lost control and Strike is getting the results.

Andre lifts Strike by the back of his shirt and runs him into the bench; his own bench, his own perch.

ANGLE - CROWD

They stand mute in amazement.

CLOSE - ANDRE AND STRIKE

Strike makes gagging noises as Andre pushes his throat into the top bench slat helped by his huge mitt on the back of Strike's head. Andre is in a mouth foaming rage.

STRIKE

What did I do? Get offa me.

ANDRE

You ruined that boy's life, you're a motherfucking blood sucking parasite drug dealer and you're a cancer to the Black community. And I've heard that old tired argument that we don't grow poppy fields in Bed-Stuy, Harlem or Compton. That Blacks don't have the boats, planes, money or resources to bring that poison into our communities but that is no fucking excuse. I'm not hearing that bullshit no more. Fuck dat noise. Fuck what the White man has done or is doing. We gotta take responsibility for what we do. And I'm damn sure gonna make sure you take responsibility for your bullshit.

STRIKE

Andre, I'm done with that.

ANDRE

You are gone from here, gone from these Projects, gone from these streets, gone from New York.

STRIKE'S POV

He looks upward, skyward at his mother's window and finally sees her, she's looking down. Her heart is breaking -- again.

Andre whispers into Strike's ear.

ANDRE

If I ever see you again, I'm gonna kill you. I'll shoot you five times in the dome, put a gun in your hand and say you raised up on me for this beat down you just got. You understand that?

STRIKE

Yo ... Andre.

VOICE FROM WINDOW

Yo, Andre, ease up, man, ease up.

VOICE FROM WINDOW #2

Stop, you're gonna kill that boy.

VOICE FROM WINDOW #3

Nah, fuck dat, kill his drug dealin' ass. Kill him, kill all of dem.

Andre still whispering:

ANDRE

You ruined Tyrone's life and now you gotta pay.

ANGLE - ANDRE

He yanks Strike up off the bench slat, races him through the crowd and slams him into the door of his own Accord. His squad, his boys laugh right in his face.

SCIENTIFIC

Yo, Andre, you ain't gonna stomp him too?

With a backhand from Andre Scientific goes flying.

ANDRE

Anybody else want some?

Nobody says a word, nobody wants to fuck with Andre. Not now.

ANGLE - STRIKE

As Strike struggles to his feet and tries to get into his car he sees Rodney. Rodney is all smiles, he's parked behind the Accord waiting for his turn at Strike.

120 INT. STRIKE'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY 120

Strike looks into the rearview mirror first at his badly swollen face then at Rodney's Lincoln who is dead on his ass. He can run but he can't hide from Rodney.

121 INT. HOMICIDE OFFICE - DAY 121

CLOSE - WARRANT

Rocco is typing out a warrant.

WE SEE Strike's name. WE SEE the charges -- illegal possession of a firearm.

WE SEE the name of the complaining officer -- Rocco Klein.

Rocco yanks the warrant from the typewriter, marches through the office heading for the street to get a judge's signature.

122 EXT. ENTRANCE TO HOMICIDE BUILDING - DAY 122

ANGLE - ROCCO AT BUILDING ENTRANCE

Rocco pushing through warrant in hand, crashes into Strike coming into the building looking for Rocco to get away from Rodney.

ROCCO

Hey, look who's here!

He waves warrant.

ROCCO (contd)

I was just coming to get you.

Rocco finally notices Strike's face.

ROCCO (contd)

Andre or Rodney?

Strike pushes past Rocco into the safe building.

ANGLE - RODNEY

WE SEE Rodney, arms crossed, in the parking lot standing next to his Lincoln.

ROCCO (contd)

Rodney, take a number, you're next.

123 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

123

Now it's Rocco versus Strike across the table.

STRIKE

What Tyrone do that for?

ROCCO

The boy did it for you, he was protecting your back. Rodney ain't no dummy, he sent Errol after you and this poor fuckin' kid stepped into the breach like David and Goliath and now he's a 12 year old murderer. You must be one hell of a guy, everybody protecting your back, Tyrone, your brother Victor. But you know what? They all went down protecting your back from the same guy.

Rocco points to out the building.

ROCCO (contd)

Rodney is still out there. I'm the only friend you got.

Strike looks up at Rocco.

ROCCO (contd)

That's right, me. But you got to play your cards right. He's out on bail, he doesn't want to do any serious time on that dope charge. He knows how it goes. He'll say, "Yo, fellas, you cut me some slack, I'll give you the real shooter on that Ahab's 'jammie.'" And when we come to get you, what are you gonna say, "It wasn't me, it was him"? Too late, bitch. Rodney came in first, you slow, you blow. Nobody will believe you then.

STRIKE

Why'd you have to come up and shake my hand in front of the whole world? And I had nuthin' to do with what Tyrone did.

ROCCO

Ronnie, now's your time. All's you got to do is tell me the truth.

(MORE)

ROCCO (contd)

And don't tell me Rodney pulled
the trigger if he really didn't,
we need the truth.

Strike massages his banged up knee. Rocco is praying
that he suckered Strike into a confession.

ANGLE - WINDOW

Mazilli is looking in.

ROCCO (contd)

Did you shoot Darryl Adams?

CUT TO:

124 EXT. AHAB'S RESTAURANT PARKING LOT - NIGHT 124

CLOSE - STRIKE

Strike shoots at Darryl Adams once.

CUT TO:

125 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 125

CLOSE - STRIKE

Back in room with Rocco.

STRIKE

No.

Rocco bites his lip, that's not the answer he wants.

ROCCO

Who did?

STRIKE

Scientific.

CUT TO:

126 EXT. AHAB'S RESTAURANT PARKING LOT - NIGHT 126

CLOSE - SCIENTIFIC

Scientific shoots Darryl Adams two times.

CUT TO:

127 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

127

CLOSE - ROCCO

Back in room with Strike.

ROCCO

Who in the fuck is Scientific?

STRIKE

He's in my crew.

ROCCO

Did you see him kill Darryl?

STRIKE

No.

ROCCO

Did he tell you he killed Darryl?

STRIKE

No.

ROCCO

Did anybody else see him kill
Darryl?

STRIKE

I don't know.

Rocco yells:

ROCCO

Did he tell anybody else he killed
Darryl?

STRIKE

I don't know.

Rocco is about a second from jumping across the table.

STRIKE (contd)

It was Errol Barnes.

CUT TO:

128 EXT. AHAB'S RESTAURANT PARKING LOT - NIGHT

128

CLOSE - ERROL

Errol shoots Darryl Adams three times.

CUT TO:

129 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

129

Rocco dragging Strike to the door.

ROCCO

Let's go. I'm gonna hand-feed you to Rodney myself, you lying cock-sucker.

STRIKE

Get off me. Get off me.

ANGLE - MAZILLI

At window looking in, he's dying laughing.

ANGLE - ROCCO AND STRIKE

Strike gives it one last try, he's clutching Rocco's jacket.

STRIKE

It was some guy named My man.
I swear to God, my brother said
My man would do it.

ROCCO

My man?

STRIKE

I didn't have the heart to do Darryl. Victor said, "My man" would do it. We was in Cool Breeze but I thought Victor was jivin'. Next thing I know Darryl is done, maybe Victor was so drunk he did tell "My man."

ROCCO

Bullshit. Let's go see Rodney.

ANGLE - DOOR

STRIKE

Mommy.

Strike and Rocco are stunned. Mrs. Gloria Dunham walks in, she's shown in by Mazilli, who looks at Rocco "he should hear this." Sharon has accompanied her also.

ANGLE - GLORIA

She begins to talk.

GLORIA
Victor called me from the bar.

CUT TO:

130 INT. COOL BREEZE - NIGHT 130

CLOSE - VICTOR

He calls from a pay phone at Cool Breeze.

VICTOR
I think I'm gonna do something
bad. I got to. I just can't
take it no more. I'm tired. I'm
just so tired. Somebody's gotta
pay.

CUT TO:

131 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 131

CLOSE - GLORIA

Back in room.

GLORIA
He comes in the house like an
hour later.

CUT TO:

132 INT. VICTOR'S APARTMENT INTO BATHROOM - NIGHT 132

Victor runs into the apartment and heads straight for the bathroom.

ANGLE - TOILET

Victor vomits into toilet.

GLORIA (OS)
Victor, what did you do?

VICTOR
I shot somebody. I'm losing my
mind. I shot somebody. It was
me or him. Me or him.

Victor continues to vomit.

GLORIA (VO)
All night he's throwing up.
(MORE)

GLORIA (VO contd)
I don't even know if that other
boy is dead lying in an alley.

CUT TO:

133 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 133

CLOSE - GLORIA

GLORIA

The next morning he says he can't
get out of bed, legs are cramped,
he can't walk.

CUT TO:

134 INT. VICTOR'S BEDROOM - MORNING 134

CLOSE - VICTOR

VICTOR

Mommy, it was like a dream, I just
squeezed the trigger, he went down
so hard.

135 EXT. AHAB'S RESTAURANT PARKING LOT - NIGHT 135

FLASHBACK - VICTOR SHOOTING DARRYL

Now we finally see what really happened.

Darryl gets "gatted" four times. The last one he catches
in his palm, his hand was raised. Darryl jerks back then
hits the pavement dead.

CLOSE - VICTOR

Victor stares down at Darryl's body like in a trance.

CUT TO:

136 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 136

CLOSE - GLORIA

GLORIA

I worked my fingers to the bone to
bring my two sons up right. I tried,
God knows I tried.

She starts to break down.

STRIKE

Mommy, I'm gonna help Victor.
I'm gonna help.

GLORIA

Maybe I didn't do enough, maybe
I did too much.

STRIKE

Mommy, did you get the money from
Sharon?

Strike's words prompt Gloria to walk towards him. She opens her purse, takes out Strike's envelope and slaps him across the face with it.

Five thousand dollars in small dope-sale bills go flying all over the interrogation room.

Neither Rocco nor Mazilli move.

Strike, feeling guilty like a motherfucker, kneels down on his one good knee and gathers up the blood money.

CLOSE - GLORIA

She looks at Rocco.

GLORIA

My son told you it was self-defense,
believe him.

137 **EXT. STREET OUTSIDE PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE - DAY**

137

Strike, limping, beaten and swollen, walks down the steps, he is closely followed by Rocco and Mazilli. Suddenly Strike stops.

STRIKE

God.

ANGLE - STRIKE'S ACCORD

Rodney has jacked his car up. All the windows are smashed and major dents are all over the body. Mazilli moves in closer for inspection. Rodney has spray painted "BITCH YOU IS DEAD."

MAZILLI

Yo, Strike, your boy Rodney took
a piss in your car.

STRIKE

God.

Rocco walks Strike to his Fury.

ROCCO

So, Ronnie, where do you want to live?

MAZILLI

Rocco, if I think what I think you're gonna do I wouldn't think it.

ROCCO

Don't think.

A beeper goes off. Mazilli and Rocco automatically look at Strike, it's not him.

ANGLE - MAZILLI

Mazilli looks at his hip, takes the beeper; reads the number, he's livid.

MAZILLI

Goodbye, Francine the fiancee.

He winds up and throws the beeper over the roof of the building across the street.

ANGLE - CAR

Rocco pushes Strike into the passenger seat.

ANGLE - ROCCO'S PLYMOUTH FURY - DAY

STRIKE

Where we going?

ROCCO

We is going to the Port Authority bus terminal.

STRIKE

Please take me to Penn Station.

ROCCO

Same difference.

138 EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - DAY

138

WE SEE the Fury drive over the Brooklyn Bridge.

139 EXT. ROCCO'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

139

They are caught in midtown traffic.

140 INT. ROCCO'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY 140

Neither one says a word, just stares straight ahead.

141 EXT. PENN STATION - DAY 141

The Plymouth Fury pulls up.

STRIKE

Tyrone, does he get bail?

ROCCO

No bail on juveniles. His mother has him until the trial.

STRIKE

What's he gonna get?

ROCCO

Maybe a half year in the Youth House if he's lucky.

Strike holds his stomach.

STRIKE

Rocco, before I get out I would like to know why were you so Gung Ho about this shit? With most cops, niggers killing niggers -- no big thing, blase, blase. What was so special about Darryl Adams, my brother and me? Tell me.

CLOSE - ROCCO

Rocco can't answer him.

ROCCO

If I ever see you again, I'll book you for criminal solicitation and conspiracy to commit murder. I'll let Andre beat you down again, then pick up Rodney on the same charges and I'll make sure you two share the same cell, the same fucking bed. Do you understand me clearly?

STRIKE

Yes, I understand you clearly. I just want to thank you for getting me outta town.

A beeper goes off in the car.

STRIKE (contd)

It ain't mine. I stopped that.

Rocco looks at the number on his hip.

ROCCO

Get the fuck out.

Strike gets the fuck out and Rocco peels away.

142 INT. PENN STATION - DAY

142

Strike is at the AMTRAK window.

STRIKE

Washington, D.C., Nation's capitol,
Chocolate City.

Strike drops some cash on the counter, and the clerk
moves to his computer console.

STRIKE (contd)

Nah, nah, wait up, wait up.
Make it Philadelphia, City of
Brotherly Love.

The clerk gives him a look.

CLERK

You sure?

STRIKE

Yeah I'm sure. Whoa, hold up,
hold up. Give me that joint.

Strike points to a poster behind the clerk for See The
USA Tour Plan.

STRIKE (contd)

That's what I want. I want to
see the U-S-of-A. Gimme one of
those jammies.

143 INT. ROCCO'S CAR - DRIVING - WEST SIDE HIGHWAY - DAY 143

Rocco's driving. His beeper goes off again, but we
hear the POP, POP, POP of gunshots instead. He checks
his beeper, the number at his hip.

144 EXT. LIMBO - DAY

144

SURREALISTIC SEQUENCE

Rodney and Andre have hundreds of kids, young Black
impressionable boys standing in the front of them.

They are making a choice, which path to follow in life.

They stand alongside Rodney or Andre. Unfortunately, it's sad to see more than half of the Black youth make the wrong choice.

145 INT. AMTRAK TRAIN - DAY 145

Strike looks out the window.

146 EXT. ATLANTIC AVENUE JAIL - EVENING 146

Victor is greeted by his mother, wife and two sons as he is finally released on bail. One hugging Black mass.

147 EXT. PROJECTS - EVENING 147

THE SHOW THAT NEVER ENDS

Rocco pulls up to a festive crowd that borders on the yellow crime tape.

WE SEE another young Black male shot up on the sidewalk. It's another senseless murder.

BLACK ON BLACK VIOLENCE - SELF-PERPETUATING GENOCIDE

WE SEE Mazilli joking with several other White homicides and cops.

COP #1

They should blow these Projects to Timbaktu.

MAZILLI

Why bother? They kill themselves anyway, like one of those self-cleaning ovens.

COP #2

Right. No Mess. No Fuss.

ANGLE - ROCCO IN FURY

He watches all this. He's got mucho years on the job, just hang in there and he's done, he's retired and off to Arizona, Florida or wherever retired Detectives retire.

ANGLE - TOWARDS THE FESTIVE CROWD

He slides up to an onlooker: Chucky.

ROCCO

What the fuck happened?

Chucky is the same person Rocco questioned for Darryl Adams.

CHUCKY

Oh snap, that ol' boy Scientific got shot up, man.

ROCCO

What's a Scientific?

148 INT. IRIS' APARTMENT, TYRONE'S BEDROOM - EVENING 148

ANGLE - TYRONE'S BEDROOM

Tyrone happily plays with Strike's Lionel train set, Iris looks on in the background.

WE SEE the passenger train go around the tracks.

MATCH CUT TO:

149 EXT. AMTRAK TRAIN - EVENING 149

ANGLE - WINDOW

Strike looks out the window upon a beautiful TECHNICOLOR sunset.

CLOSE - STRIKE

He smiles to himself. This is the first day, the beginning of his NEW LIFE. Strike is riding on his first train -- destination: PARTS UNKNOWN and this might just be the happiest he's ever been.

150 EXT. AMTRAK TRAIN - EVENING 150

The magic train snakes through the heartland.

STRIKE (VO)

God help me.

FADE OUT.