

MY KINGDOM FOR A HORSE

by

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FADE IN:

EXT - DELACORTE THEATER IN NEW YORK'S CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

An open air theater located near the Turtle Pond in Central Park. The AUDIENCE is intently watching the climactic final act of Shakespeare's Richard III as ONE OF THE ACTORS ON STAGE (playing the character of CATESBY) proclaims:

CATESBY

The king enacts more wonders than a man, daring an opposite to every danger: His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights, seeking for Richmond in the throat of death...

TYRONE JAMES, the African-American actor playing Richard, the Bard's villainous hump-backed king, rages into view, his clothes, face and sword bloody from the battle.

TYRONE (AS RICHARD)

A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!

CATESBY

Withdraw, my lord; I'll help you to a horse.

TYRONE (AS RICHARD)

Slave, I have set my life upon a cast, and I will stand the hazard of the die. I think there be six Richmonds in the field; five have I slain to-day instead of him.

(then; as before, with desperate fervor)

A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!

Waving his sword, Tyrone exits the scene.

OFFSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Tyrone quickly approaches a waiting STAGEHAND, and takes from him a cell phone. While the play continues OFF SCREEN, he punches a number into the phone.

INT - HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Tyrone's brother BEN sits in grim vigil next to the bed where their gravely ill MOTHER lies unconscious.

The cell phone in Ben's pocket EMITS A MUFFLED TONE, and she stirs slightly at the sound.

Ben answers the call in a hushed but urgent voice.

BEN

Tyrone?

(INTERCUT between Ben in the hospital and Tyrone off stage at the theater.)

TYRONE

How is she, Ben?

BEN

It's bad, Ty. She took a real bad turn since you called before. Doctors don't think she's gonna last much longer.

Tyrone reacts visibly to the news.

TYRONE

I knew I shouldn't have gone on tonight. I should've stayed there with you.

BEN

You've never missed a performance, Ty. That means as much to Momma as it does to you. Probably more. What was she always telling us? You remember?

TYRONE

(recalls; wistfully)

Black folks have to be twice as professional as everyone else just to get half as far.

BEN

That's right. And when you were here this afternoon, if she could have spoken, she'd have told you to get out and get your ass up on that stage.

It's all Tyrone can do to keep from breaking down.

TYRONE

I've just got one more scene, then I'll grab a cab and get up there as fast as I can. I'm coming, Ben.

(MORE)

TYRONE (cont'd)
 I'll be there. If she wakes up,
 you tell her. I promise.

Tyrone hangs up, shaken. Our view MOVES IN TIGHTER on his face as the SOUNDS OF STAGE BATTLE INTENSIFY...

CUT TO

EXT - STAGE - NIGHT

Tyrone's Richard is pierced by the sword of RICHMOND. But rather than falling to the ground to die, Tyrone staggers and crawls off stage, much to the confusion of his fellow actors, who then must cover for his departure.

RICHMOND
 God and your arms be praised,
 victorious friends. The day is
 ours, the bloody dog is...uh...he
 crawls off to die...like the dog he
 is...

OFF STAGE AREA - JUST THEN

Tyrone goes quickly to the Stagehand and takes his cell phone from him.

TYRONE
 My wallet.

The Stagehand gives Tyrone his wallet. He tucks the cell phone in the shaft of one of his boots, the wallet in the other, then races out.

EXT - DELACORTE THEATER - NIGHT

Tyrone, still in costume, his face smeared with stage blood, runs from the theater.

EXT - 81ST & CENTRAL PARK WEST - NIGHT

Tyrone exits the park and runs to the street, looking for a taxi. He sees one coming and waves emphatically.

The taxi blows by him and continues uptown on Central Park West. He turns and looks up the street to see if there's another one coming.

TYRONE
 Taxi! Hey!

Another cab roars by without stopping.

Tyrone begins running uptown, periodically turning to look behind him for a cab. He sees another, and hails it frantically...

but it too goes by without stopping for him.

TYRONE
Goddamnit!

About a hundred feet past him, the very same cab comes to a stop for a WHITE MAN AND WOMAN.

TYRONE
What the fuck?...

Tyrone starts to run toward the pulled-over taxi as the white couple climbs in...

TYRONE
Hey!

...but the rear door slams shut and the cab pulls away rapidly before he can reach it. Seething, he watches it roll off into the night.

Then, realizing he's still wearing his hump-back costume and that it's hindering his movement, he pulls off his top and the prosthetic hump underneath.

Now shirtless, he spies another taxi approaching. He waves his costume top and hump to get the driver's attention...

TYRONE
Yo! Taxi! Hey!

...but the cab zooms by without stopping.

TYRONE
Goddamnit! You saw me! I know
you saw me! Fuck!

He tosses his shirt and hump aside and continues running.

A few blocks uptown, sweating and breathing heavily, he tries hailing another approaching taxi.

TYRONE
Taxi! Taxi!

He steps further out into the street, waving his arms and yelling. The cab swerves around him and keeps going...

then pulls over less than half a block past him to pick up A THIRTY-ISH YUPPIE-LOOKING WHITE GUY (JARED).

TYRONE

Hey!

Tyrone runs over to the cab as Jared is about to get in.

Seeing a sweaty, shirtless, blood-smearred, agitated black man coming at him, Jared cringes fearfully.

JARED

What! Don't hurt me!

TYRONE

That's my cab!

JARED

Excuse me?

TYRONE

I said, that's my cab.

JARED

Your cab?

TYRONE

I was right over there. He had to have seen me.

(to the cab driver)

You had to have seen me. Why'd you stop for him and not for me?

The WHITE CAB DRIVER (BOB) regards him sullenly.

BOB

I didn't see you.

TYRONE

Didn't see me? You swerved to avoid hitting me!

BOB

Hey, it's dark. I didn't see ya.

TYRONE

You didn't see me? Or you didn't want to see me?

Tyrone and Bob glare at each other.

TYRONE (CONT'D)

You think I don't know what this is about? Why no cab will stop for me? A black man on Central Park West? But you can't pull over fast enough for this guy, can you?

JARED

Look, I've got to be someplace -

TYRONE

(turns to Jared)

So do I. My mother is in Harlem Hospital, and she's dying. I've got to get there before it's too late. Now, please, if you've got any sense of decency at all, you'll let me have this cab.

JARED

Look, I don't want any trouble. I'll get the next one --

Bob gets out of the taxi, grabs the handle of the rear door and slams it shut.

BOB

Uh-uh, no. No fuckin' way.

JARED

No, look, I said he could have it.

BOB

You don't say shit. This is my cab. I say who goes in it and who doesn't. You got that? Now I pulled over for you. You want a ride or don't you?

JARED

I don't know... The man says his mother is dying -

BOB

Yeah, and he's probably the one that did it to her. Look at him. Anyway, it doesn't matter, cause this cab don't go to Harlem.

TYRONE

You can't refuse to take a passenger to his chosen destination. That's against the law.

BOB

Yeah, but you're not my passenger. Because I don't pick up crazy niggers, and I don't go to Harlem.

Tyrone grabs the front of Bob's shirt, hurls him around and pins him back against the trunk of the car.

TYRONE

Goddamn you! I have no time for your racist bullshit! You will take me to Harlem Hospital! Do you hear me? I've got to get to my mother before it's too late!

INT - POLICE CAR - NIGHT - JUST THEN

The COP IN THE PASSENGER SEAT (FIRST COP) notices the altercation as he and his PARTNER AT THE WHEEL (SECOND COP) cruise slowly along Central Park West. He gestures.

FIRST COP

Hey.

THE COPS' P.O.V. THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD of Tyrone and Bob grappling beside the pulled-over cab.

EXT - CENTRAL PARK WEST - NIGHT - SAME

Tyrone and Bob, in each other's clutches, but with Tyrone on top, looking much more like a dangerous aggressor.

TYRONE

You will get behind that wheel, and you will take me!

The police car stops beside them, and the two officers quickly get out and approach the two men. Their attention is fixed mostly on Tyrone, to whom the First Cop directs his comments.

FIRST COP

Sir! Step away from that man right now.

BOB

For Christ sake, tase the crazy
bastard!

FIRST COP

Do you hear me, sir? Let go of
that man and step back and we won't
have any trouble.

TYRONE

I'm not the one breaking the law
here. All I wanted was a cab to
take me to the hospital!

The officers are utilizing "contact and cover" -- the First Cop initiates virtually all the verbal contact, while the second officer hangs back, keeping his eye on everyone involved and covering his partner.

FIRST COP

Is that where you came from?
Were you in the hospital? Are
you on any medication?

In his current state, Tyrone does evoke the image of an escaped patient.

TYRONE

What? No! It's my mother, she's
the one who's ill!

Jared, lingering near the Second Cop, offers to him:

JARED

I was getting into the cab and he
came running up. I thought he was
going to rob me or something.

SECOND COP

Alright, just stand back, but don't
leave.

The First Cop continues questioning Tyrone, who has relinquished his grip on Bob and taken a step back.

FIRST COP

What happened to your face?

TYRONE

My face?

BOB

Hey, I didn't touch the guy. He was like that when he first came over.

(gestures to Jared)

Ask him, he'll tell you.

JARED

That's right, he was.

FIRST COP

Where's your shirt?

TYRONE

I fail to see the relevance of my shirt or my face!

FIRST COP

You don't see the relevance? You've got blood on your face. Did you have blood on your shirt too?

JARED

He said something about his mother dying.

FIRST COP

Is that true about your mother?

TYRONE

Yes!

FIRST COP

Did you do something to your mother? Is that her blood?

TYRONE

What?!

(then; realizing)

Oh, God, no - this is stage blood.

FIRST COP

Stage blood?

TYRONE

I'm Richard the Third.

FIRST COP

What's your last name, Richard?

TYRONE

No, no, my name is Tyrone!

FIRST COP
I thought you said it was Richard.

TYRONE
No, I mean, I'm playing Richard
the Third. I'm an actor.

FIRST COP
You're an actor.

TYRONE
Yes. Maybe you've seen me. I've
done some television. I did a
Third Watch. And *Law and Order*.
Do you watch that?

SECOND COP
Sure, yeah, we're on it right now.
See, the camera's right over there
in that pretzel wagon.

FIRST COP
(to his partner;
admonishing)
Hey.

TYRONE
Look, I've got no time for this!
I've got to get to the hospital!

FIRST COP
Alright, take it easy, we're gonna
get you to the hospital.

The First Cop speaks into his shoulder mounted speaker mike,
which links him via radio to his station house.

FIRST COP (CONTD.)
Forty-Third, this is car eleven.
We got an EDP for transport...

TYRONE
EDP? Wait, I know what that is!

FIRST COP
Hey, just chill, okay? We're gonna
get you to the hospital --

TYRONE
No, I told you, I was on *Third
Watch*! EDP, I know what that is.
That's an emotionally disturbed
person! You think I'm crazy!

The cops are moving slowly toward him, and Tyrone is moving slowly back and away from them.

FIRST COP

Nobody thinks you're crazy, you just seem a little upset.

BOB

I'm telling you, electroshock the motherfucker!

FIRST COP

(sharply; to Bob)

Be quiet, sir.

(back to Tyrone)

Nobody's going to do anything to you. But you said you wanted to go to the hospital. We're gonna take you to the hospital.

Tyrone sees the Second Cop circling around the front of the cab in an attempt to cut off his escape from behind.

TYRONE

I'm the injured party here, don't you understand? I just wanted a taxi, that's all...!

Tyrone bolts in between two parked cars and across the sidewalk. The cops take up the pursuit, as...

Tyrone leaps onto a bench and atop the stone wall bordering Central Park...

then leaps to the ground below, a ten or fifteen foot drop.

He GRUNTS in pain, then clambers to his feet and staggers off as quickly as he can.

EXT - CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

Tyrone runs toward OUR VIEW and past us, while behind him from over the stone wall the beams of the two cops flashlights sweep back and forth through the trees.

CUT TO

EXT - CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT (A SHORT WHILE LATER)

A police car cruises slowly along one of the automobile paths, its mounted spotlight scanning the bordering woods and foliage. As it moves by and out of sight...

Tyrone emerges from the flora and watches it disappear around a curve. Then he turns and runs in the opposite direction, north toward the 110th Street border of the park.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT - 110TH STREET - NIGHT

Tyrone emerges from the park, looks around tentatively, then spies a taxi cab parked at the curb. He makes for it quickly.

INT - TAXI CAB - NIGHT

Tyrone leaps into the back seat, startling the PAKISTANI DRIVER, who looks at him indignantly in the rear view mirror.

TYRONE

Harlem Hospital, on Malcolm X Boulevard. Please, I'm in a terrible hurry.

PAKISTANI DRIVER

Off duty. You get out.

TYRONE

No, your off duty sign was not on when I got in.

PAKISTANI DRIVER

(hits a button)

Now it is on. You get out.

TYRONE

And I say no, sir, I will not get out. You're going to take me to Harlem Hospital, I'm going to pay you the fare, and then we're going to go our separate ways, just as God and the Taxi Commission intended. Is that clear?

The Pakistani Driver turns in his seat to face him, aiming a snub nose .38 pistol at Tyrone's face.

PAKISTANI DRIVER
 You don't get out, I shoot you
 in the head. Is that clear?

TYRONE
 You're threatening me with a
 loaded gun? I don't believe this!

PAKISTANI DRIVER
 Oh, believe it, black man.

TYRONE
 We're both people of color, sir.

PAKISTANI DRIVER
 Are you saying we are the same? I
 am Pakistani. Are you Pakistani?

TYRONE
 No.

PAKISTANI DRIVER
 Then we are not the same.

Tyrone looks at him sadly.

TYRONE
 Please. I'm begging you. Look at
 me. I'm not armed. Do I sound
 like some kind of street thug? I
 studied at Yale! I just need a
 ride to the hospital.

The Driver is unmoved.

PAKISTANI DRIVER
 Twice I take black man to Harlem.
 Twice I am robbed. One time I am
 shot. Other drivers I know, they
 go to Harlem, to Bronx. They are
 robbed. They are shot. They are
 killed. You have no gun? Then
 your friends wait to rob me when I
 stop.

TYRONE
 That's not going to happen.

PAKISTANI DRIVER
 I know it is not going to happen.
 Because you are going to get out
 of my fucking cab, you black
 fucking man!

They stare at each other for a tense beat.

Then both are startled by a TAPPING on the rear side window, which is cracked open a few inches.

It's a YOUNG WHITE GUY. Longish hair. Jeans. Untucked shirt. He's focused on Tyrone in the back.

WHITE GUY

You gettin' out or what?

Tyrone looks at him, then back at the Driver.

TYRONE

Yes, I'm getting out.

The Driver slips the gun back out of sight as Tyrone opens the door and starts to climb out.

EXT - 110TH STREET - NIGHT

Tyrone gets out of the cab, and the Young White Guy hops in. Tyrone begins to move down the street, looking for another cab.

INT - TAXI - NIGHT

The Pakistani Driver turns off his Off Duty sign and addresses his new fare.

PAKISTANI DRIVER

Where do you go, sir?

The Young White Guy produces a pistol and aims it toward the Driver.

WHITE GUY

Just gimme the fuckin' money, Apu.

EXT - 110TH STREET - NIGHT

Tyrone, a short distance up the street, jumps at the MUFFLED REPORT OF GUNSHOTS as the two men inside the cab shoot it out at point blank range. The windshield and rear window spider-web crack from the impact of bullets -- then, silence.

Tyrone looks to the cab, nervously. Slowly moves up on it. As he draws closer...

he sees the lifeless bloody face of the Pakistani Driver pressed up against the side window.

It's harder to see in the back. He reaches for the rear door handle and pulls it open...

and the Young White Guy falls over and halfway out, limp and bloody, dead from his wounds. His pistol falls from his hands and CLATTERS on the pavement at Tyrone's feet.

A horrified beat, and then Tyrone kneels down, picks up the gun, takes the would-be thief in his arms and lifts him back up into the car. As he checks the guy's neck for a pulse, traffic slows down for a red light up ahead...

and another taxi pulls to a stop right beside Tyrone and the dead Pakistani's cab. The WOMAN PASSENGER sitting in the back seat looks out the side window, just as...

Tyrone turns toward her, covered in fresh blood, the gun in his hand.

It's a pure Hitchcockian moment as the Woman Passenger's eyes widen in horror, and through the window glass we can see her mouth forming the words "Oh, my God!..."

TYRONE

No...no!

Tyrone tosses the gun back into the cab and takes off on a run across 110th Street. We hear...

HORNS BLARING...THE SCREECH OF TIRES...SHOUTS AND EPITHETS...

as Tyrone darts in and out of the traffic and makes for the other side of the street and then east toward Malcolm X Boulevard (aka Lenox Ave.).

FURTHER UP THE STREET, PAST SEVENTH AVENUE

Covered in sweat and blood and gulping for air, he comes to a stop next to a street lamp post. He wraps his arms about it and leans against it to rest, pressing his face to the cool metal. Then he opens his eyes and looks across the street to see...

a hansom cab parked at the curb, with the horse that pulls it munching lazily from a bag of feed.

Tyrone smiles in a sickly ironic fashion. Laughs, even.

TYRONE
A horse! A horse!

Then he spots something better coming along on his side of the street: an ASIAN DELIVERY MAN on a bicycle, peddling in Tyrone's direction with an order of food in his basket.

TYRONE (CONT'D)
...My kingdom for a horse.

Tyrone's eyes alight, he makes a decision...

and then he leaps into the path of the oncoming bicycle and clotheslines the Asian Delivery Man off the vehicle.

The Delivery Man hits the pavement hard, cracking his skull, while the bike rolls a short distance before crashing into a parked car and falling over.

Tyrone kneels beside the unconscious Delivery Man, cradles his head in his hands and lifts it slightly. He lays it back down and looks at his hand, which is wet with the Delivery Man's blood.

TYRONE
Oh God, I'm sorry. I just needed
the bike.

BYSTANDERS looking on are aghast. Tyrone looks up, sees them drawing closer. He rises and begins backing away from them, his bloody hands held up at his sides.

TYRONE (CONT'D)
I didn't mean to hurt him, I didn't
mean to hurt anybody! All I wanted
was a taxi!

Tyrone picks up the bicycle, climbs onto it and rides away from the scene as some of the bystanders go to the Delivery Man's aid.

FURTHER EAST ON 110TH STREET

Tyrone pedals furiously up the street, then turns left onto Malcolm X Boulevard, heading toward Harlem.

BACK AT THE PAKISTANI'S TAXI CAB

Police cars...flashing lights...

We see the Woman Passenger from the other taxi who made eye contact with Tyrone talking and gesturing emphatically to an OFFICER. She makes her hand into a gun, then points in the direction she saw Tyrone running.

EXT - MALCOLM X BOULEVARD - NIGHT

Tyrone crosses 114th Street and enters Harlem.

BACK AT THE SCENE OF THE BIKE THEFT

A CROWD OF BYSTANDERS are gathered around the fallen Delivery Man as a police car pulls up. The COPS get out and approach the group. A BLACK MALE BYSTANDER addresses the Officers, gesturing to explain, and pointing in the direction he saw the attacker flee atop the stolen bike.

EXT - MALCOLM X BOULEVARD - NIGHT

As Tyrone pedals deeper into Harlem..

we are hearing, OVER, the bulletin going out on the police radios:

VOICE ON RADIO

..All units, be on the lookout.
Suspect is a black male, thirty-five to forty-five years old, approximately six feet tall. Dark pants, no shirt. Last seen riding a stolen bicycle east on One Hundred and Tenth Street, west of Malcolm X Boulevard. He is believed to be armed and dangerous..

Tyrone blows through an intersection, passing a police car stopped at the light.

INT - POLICE CAR - NIGHT (JUST THEN)

The BLACK COP behind the wheel and the LATINO COP riding beside him see Tyrone race by.

BLACK COP

D'you see that?

EXT - MALCOLM X BOULEVARD - NIGHT

The police car cruises up alongside Tyrone. The Latino Cop uses the loudspeaker to address him.

LATINO COP
(amplified via
loudspeaker)
You on the bike. Pull over.

Tyrone pedals even more furiously, pulling away from them briefly, but then the cruiser speeds up to draw even with him again.

LATINO COP
(amplified via
loudspeaker)
Hey, asshole, pull over before we
run you over!

Tyrone does not comply. As they come up on another intersection, the light turns red, and Tyrone speeds up to go through it. The cops do the same...

and the rear of their car is CLIPPED by another car going through the intersection. They SKID sideways and BANG against a parked car on the other side of the intersection before the Black Cop driver rights them.

INT - POLICE CAR - NIGHT

The Latino Cop barks angrily:

LATINO COP
Son of a bitch! Get after him!
(grabs the radio)
Thirty-four, we are in pursuit of
suspect heading north on Lenox!

EXT - MALCOLM X BOULEVARD - NIGHT

The police car comes roaring up behind Tyrone.

INT - POLICE CAR - NIGHT

The Black Cop grips the wheel and bears down on Tyrone.

LATINO COP
Cut him off!

EXT - MALCOLM X BOULEVARD - NIGHT

The police car accelerates past Tyrone, then SCREECHES to a stop, spinning sideways right in front of Tyrone's path.

Tyrone tries to stop, but it's too late, as...

he SLAMS into the front right fender of the police car, and is catapulted over the hood and onto the roof of a parked car. He skids across that and tumbles down and out of sight on the other side of the line of parked cars.

The cops get out of their vehicle, weapons drawn, and move cautiously up on the parked cars.

LATINO COP

Get your hands up in the air
where we can see 'em! Right now!

No response. The Latino Cop gestures for them to make their move around the parked vehicle. They do...

and find nothing on the other side.

A FEW CAR LENGTHS FURTHER UP THE SIDEWALK

we see Tyrone hunched over, edging painfully alongside the parked cars. As he gets near the corner...

THE BLACK COP AND LATINO COP

spot him.

BLACK COP

Hey! Stop right there!

Tyrone staggers around the corner...

and sees another cop car, its lights flashing, SIREN WAILING, heading in his direction.

He ducks into a bodega.

INT - BODEGA - NIGHT

Tyrone stumbles roughly into the establishment, closes the door behind him and moves away from it.

The KOREAN OWNER eyes him, grimly suspicious.

KOREAN OWNER

What you want?

TYRONE

A cab...that's all I want. Got one of those in here? A cab? Taxi cab?...

EXT - STREET OUTSIDE BODEGA - NIGHT

TWO ADDITIONAL COPS have joined the Black and Latino officers outside. Their guns are drawn, and they have taken cover.

LATINO COP

Fucker's inside the bodega.

FIRST ADDITIONAL COP

Is it a hostage situation or not?

BLACK COP

We don't know. But we got to assume he's armed. Radio said he shot up two guys in a taxi, then he took out some gook delivery boy on a bike.

It's hard to see into the bodega. Most of the windows are obstructed, and what glass is unobstructed is streaked and dirty. The cops have a vague sense of Tyrone moving around inside, but that's all.

INT - BODEGA - NIGHT

The Korean Owner wants nothing to do with Tyrone.

KOREAN OWNER

You get out now!

TYRONE

That phrase bears the ring of familiarity. I've feel like I've been hearing it all night.

The Korean Owner comes around the counter brandishing a crowbar.

KOREAN OWNER

I tell you to get out!

TYRONE

No! You get out!

Tyrone grapples with the Korean and wrests the crowbar away from him. Now it is Tyrone who raises it threateningly.

TYRONE (CONTD.)
Did you hear me? You get out!
Get the fuck out of here!

EXT - BODEGA - NIGHT

The Korean Owner comes stumbling out of the store...

and nearly has a heart attack when he finds himself facing a bevy of armed policemen, all aiming their weapons at him and SHOUTING. They grab him and pull him to cover.

INT - BODEGA - NIGHT

Tyrone flings the crowbar away in disgust. Then he reaches down into his boot and pulls out his wallet. Opens it.

INSERT: Inside the wallet is a photograph of Tyrone and his Mother, who is beaming proudly beside him.

Tyrone's eyes well as he studies the photograph.

Now the cell phone tucked in his other boot begins to RING. Tyrone answers the call.

TYRONE
Hello?

INT - HOSPITAL - NIGHT

It's Tyrone's brother Ben.

BEN
Tyrone? Where the hell are you,
man?

INT - BODEGA - NIGHT

TYRONE
I'm sorry, Ben. I got held up.

BEN (V.O.)
You got held up?

TYRONE
 I...I couldn't get a cab...
 (a beat; then)
 Am I too late? Is she gone?

INT - HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Much to our surprise, Ben is happy and excited.

BEN
 Ty, it's a miracle. The doctors
 are with her now. She's awake.
 They think she's gonna be okay.

INT - BODEGA - NIGHT

Tyrone is dumbfounded.

TYRONE
 She's gonna be okay? It's a
 miracle?

BEN (V.O.)
 That's right, Ty. It's a miracle.

Tyrone lowers the phone from his ear. Smiles. Begins to laugh.

TYRONE
 It's a miracle...

He moves toward the door, shoves it open...

EXT - BODEGA - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

The door bursts out and Tyrone appears, his open wallet in one hand and the cell phone in the other.

TYRONE
 It's a miracle!

The LATINO COP shouts:

LATINO COP
 GUN!

With that the nervous officers OPEN FIRE...

and Tyrone is struck by a fusillade of bullets, a relentless barrage that hurls him backwards, back into...

THE BODEGA'S INTERIOR

...where he SLAMS VIOLENTLY into a junk food display and is still being struck by bullets as he falls dead on his back to the floor. One last shot explodes through the bottom of his foot...

and then, finally, it's over.

OVERHEAD SHOT - LOOKING DOWN ON TYRONE

The Latino Cop, his Black partner, and one of the other officers move into the bodega and around Tyrone's bullet riddled body, his arms spread out wide, the wallet in one hand and the cell phone in the other.

LATINO COP

Oh fuck! Oh fuck, man!

BLACK COP

Where's the gun? Where's the fucking gun?

LATINO COP

Oh fuck!

BLACK COP

You said he had a gun!

LATINO COP

Oh, fuck man, it looked like he had a gun! What the fuck are we gonna do?

All the while, OUR VIEW HAS BEEN MOVING IN on Tyrone...

then it shifts and GOES IN on the cell phone in the palm of his lifeless hand, from which we hear:

BEN'S VOICE

Tyrone? Must be a bad connection cause I just heard a whole ton of static. There's somebody here wants to talk to you.

MOMMA'S VOICE

Tyrone, honey? It's me, it's your Momma. I'm so sorry about giving you and your brother such a fright, but the doctors say I'm gonna be just fine.

(MORE)

MOMMA'S VOICE (cont'd)
So I don't want you worrying, and
you just get here whenever you can,
alright, baby? There's no hurry at
all...

DISSOLVE INTO:

A MONTAGE OF TELEVISION NEWS REPORTS - CUTTING AND
OVERLAPPING ONE INTO THE OTHER...

detailing the version of events being promoted by the
authorities and the media. The spin is that Tyrone, driven
insane with grief over his mother's illness, and caught up
with the violent, villainous tendencies of the character he'd
been playing, Richard III, snapped and set off on a violent
rampage that culminated in his own demise. Only the most
menacing publicity photos and film clips of Tyrone are used
in the reports to further demonize him, and to diminish the
incongruity of an apparently unarmed man having been struck
down by so many bullets.

OUR VIEW MOVES IN on an electronically altered image of
Tyrone James, manipulated to make him look darker and more
menacing, a'la the O.J. Simpson Time Magazine cover. His
eyes fill the screen as the video degrades, and we...

FADE TO BLACK

THE END