

Fallen Starr

By

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Based on real life, bitch...

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EXT. INNER CITY STREET CORNER. DAY.

In the middle of the day, a guy stands in solitude listening to some tunes through a single ear bud. His senses are keen as he carefully and constantly scopes out his surroundings. In the distance, he can see a stranger approaching but can't make out any specific details other than his arm in a sling. The stranger makes a B-line for our guy, who tries not to notice. The stranger approaches.

STRANGER

Sup?

Our guy turns toward him and a look of confusion crosses his face. He scans the area in which they stand, hoping to find someone else he maybe addressing. Our guy tries to avoid eye contact and only nods his head in response.

STRANGER

You selling?

Again, our guy hesitates to respond.

DEALER

Not a dealer.

STRANGER

Of course not..but if you were, how much for a gram?

DEALER

Don't know what you're talking about.

STRANGER

I think you do.

The drug dealer looks back at him in disbelief. The buyer keeps glaring back in defiance.

STRANGER

What? You want me to tell you how I'm not a cop? 'Cuz I'm not.

DEALER

You're not? Prove it.

STRANGER

Look.

With his good arm, he lifts up and shirt as best he can and spins around.

(CONTINUED)

STRANGER

See? No wire, no nothing.

DEALER

That's cool.

STRANGER

So, can you help me out or not?

The dealer thinks for a bit.

DEALER

Nope. Can't help you.

The rejection is too much for the buyer who brandishes a gun from his arm sling.

STRANGER

Then I guess I'll have to just help myself. Give it up, bitch!

The dealer puts both his hands up and backs away slowly.

STRANGER

You gonna turn me down, when I got good money to pay? It didn't have to be this way, but you fucked it all up!

DEALER

OK, fine. Everything I got is over there behind the steps. Take it and go, just be cool.

The dealer goes to where the drugs are and grabs a small concealed package. While his attention is diverted, he dealer pulls out a handgun from his concealed ankle holster.

DEALER

Temple City Police! You're under arrest! Drop the weapon and the drugs, and get on your stomach. Now, on your stomach.

The buyer drops everything, lays on his stomach and laces his fingers behind his head. Two late model vans race up to where they are standing and a flurry of police hop out to subdue the buyer.

COP 1

Hold it right there. Stay down.

CUT TO:

EXT. INNER CITY STREET CORNER. DAY.

The buyer sits on the curb in handcuffs while two chatting cops look on.

COP 2

Overheard your conversation...wanna tell me why you went off script?

UNDERCOVER COP

He's different.

COP 2

Excuse me? There is no different...They're all the same.

UNDERCOVER COP

Not this guy.

It dawns on Cop 2.

COP 2

So, you know him. Family? Old classmate?

UNDERCOVER COP

We served together.

COP 2

That's no excuse and you know it.

UNDERCOVER COP

Staff Sergeant Alexander Starr, USMC. We were in the desert together. He saved my life. So forgive me, for not following your script to a fucking tee.

He walks away and looks on as his old friend is put in the back of a squad car.

UNDERCOVER COP

Sorry Alex. Just trying to return the favor.