

**BOLDEN**

I got some cigarettes from a guy who told me he was in on a drugstore robbery up on Malcolm X Boulevard. I knew a dude got killed, and I was thinking of trading what I knew for some slack.

**PETROCELLI**

As a matter of fact, didn't Mr. Zinzi also try to use that information himself?

**BOLDEN**

He called a detective he knew.

**PETROCELLI**

Can you name the person involved in the robbery?

**BRIGGS**

Objection! He can testify to the conversation—not the robbery, unless he was there.

**PETROCELLI**

Withdrawn. . . . So who gave you the information that he was involved in a robbery?

**BOLDEN**

Bobo Evans.

**Camera pans to KING, who gives BOLDEN a dirty look.**

**CUT TO: EXTERIOR STOOP ON 141ST STREET. There is a small tricycle on the sidewalk. It is missing one wheel. The garbage cans at the curb are overflowing. Three young girls jump rope near the trash.**

**JAMES KING and STEVE are sitting on the steps. A heavy woman, PEACHES, sits slightly above them, and a thin man, JOHNNY, stands. He is smoking a blunt.**

**KING (almost a drawl)**

I need to get paid, man. I ain't got nothing between my butt and the ground but a rag.

**STEVE**

I hear that.

**PEACHES**

You can't even hardly make it these days. They talking about cutting welfare, cutting Social Security, and anything else that makes life a little easy. They might as well bring back slavery times if you ask me.