

FADE IN: EXTERIOR: STEVE'S NEIGHBORHOOD. Camera pans. Homeless men have built a cardboard "village" on rooftops. Then: to edge of roof, where we see a crowd in the street below. As camera zooms in, we pick up a cacophony of sounds. Gradually one sound becomes clearer. The accent is West Indian, and a ground-level camera comes up on two dark, somewhat heavy and middle-aged WOMEN.

WOMAN 1

I think it's a shame, a terrible shame.

WOMAN 2

What happened?

CUT TO: STEVE; he is holding a basketball and is within earshot of the 2 women.

WOMAN 1

They stuck up the drugstore and shot the poor man.

WOMAN 2

Oh, these guns! Is he all right?

WOMAN 1

Miss Trevor say he dead. They had 2 ambulances.

WOMAN 2

Two people got shot?

WOMAN 1

I don't think 2 people got shot, but 2 ambulances came. One came from Harlem Hospital.

WOMAN 2

It's probably those crack people. They say they'll do anything for that stuff.

WOMAN 1

Was he married? I didn't see no woman working in the store.

WOMAN 2

That young Spanish boy? I don't think he married.

WOMAN 1

No, girl, he ain't the owner. The old man owned that place. I think he from St. Kitts.

WOMAN 2

Oh, you know it's a shame. You know it is.