

FADE IN

1 INT. SUPERMARKET. MORNING.

17 year old NICK JOSEPH (AKA TINO, AKA LONE RANGA) is alone in the rear section of a supermarket viewing items in a display refrigerator. He is slightly built and dressed in a dark shirt, white vest, "sagging" blue jeans, and white sneakers. He has a black bag over one shoulder, a black and white Trucker hat turned backwards on his head, and a gold chain with a gun pendant around his neck.

Nick looks over his shoulder then quickly slips two packets of bacon under his shirt. An attractive 17 year old woman comes over to view the display items and he smiles at her, pretending to fix his shirt as he pats his loot in place.

NICK  
Morning, Butterfly!

The young woman smiles back and Nick swaggers to another shelf, takes some sugar, and goes to the cashier. He waits behind a customer for his turn and glances at the clock on a wall, which displays 11:20 am. As he opens his wallet to pay a small photo falls out, face down. Nick picks up the photo, glances at it briefly, and returns it to the wallet. He pays for the sugar, puts it in his bag, and starts to leave.

At that moment MRS. PARIS, a 40 year old Store Manager dressed in a dark pantsuit, appears in the background. She signals to FRANK, a burly 50 year old in a Security Guard's uniform who has a taser in a belt holster. Frank nods and intercepts Nick, taking him aside as Mrs. Paris comes forward.

PARIS  
Sorry Sir, but we saw something suspicious from our cameras and need to search you.

Nick sucks his teeth.

NICK  
What I do nuh? What I do?

Frank glowers.

FRANK (TO NICK)  
Shut up and let us see your damn bag!

(CONTINUED)

Frank grabs Nick's bag and turns it over on a counter. The sugar, a loaf of bread in a plastic bag, 2 oranges, a folded knife, a rolled up poster in a rubber band, and a CD falls out. Frank frisks Nick roughly and smiles as he retrieves the 2 bacon packs. He hands them over to Mrs. Paris, holding Nick by the arm.

PARIS  
Good job, Frank!

Nick picks up his items and returns them to the bag. He looks at the bacon in Paris's hand then lowers his eyes and hangs his head. He speaks in a contrite tone.

NICK (TO PARIS)  
Give me a break, Boss Lady, I doh  
want to go jail...I only take that  
because I hungry.

PARIS.  
You should have thought of this  
before! Frank, bring him to the  
office while I call the police.

She starts dialing on her cell phone as she walks away.

FRANK  
You playing sorry now but I suspect  
you tief us last month too. Anyway  
this time we catch you red handed -  
let's go!

Frank tugs at Nick's arm and they start walking away. After a few steps Nick pulls away. Frank retrieves his taser with his free right hand and points it at Nick menacingly.

FRANK  
What happen, you want to play hero?

Nick smiles, lifting his free palm to chest height as if to fend Frank off. He assumes his "street voice".

NICK  
Whoa, Toy Police - hold your  
donkey. This nigga's just pulling  
your chain!

FRANK  
Toy Police?? Boy hold your mother  
cu...!

He stops and glances at nearby customers to see if anyone had heard the unfinished expletive. He replaces the taser in its clip and balls his fist threatening at his side.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

You lucky it have people around or  
I would teach you some manners.  
Let's go, damn tief!

Frank pulls at Nick's arm, almost dragging him away.

2

EXT. SUPERMARKET. MORNING.

A short while later a marked police van drives up to the supermarket's parking lot under overcast skies, and 2 persons get out. The pair is led by SERGEANT BRIAN HENDERSON, a stern faced, physically fit 45 year old in well-pressed dark pants, shiny black shoes, light colored shirt and a tie. He is clean shaven with a bald head. He has a pistol in a waist holster on his right side and a cell phone in a belt clip on the left.

His companion, 35 year old CONSTABLE ANGOL is of average appearance, and is wearing a Police Constable's uniform.

They enter the store and are directed to the Manager's office by a staff member, where they knock and enter. Inside Nick is on a chair in a corner, with Frank sitting alertly close by.

Mrs. Paris is using a tablet at her desk on which is a desk plate with "Mrs. Glenda Paris, MANAGER" written. Towards the side are a bank of surveillance monitors.

On entering Henderson glances at the corner and sees Nick.

SERGEANT HENDERSON

Nick, you again?

Nick looks down at the floor. Henderson turns to Paris.

SERGEANT HENDERSON

Good Morning, Mrs. Paris, I am  
Detective Sergeant Brian Henderson.

He goes over and shakes her hand firmly.

SERGEANT HENDERSON

And this is Constable Angol. Please  
give him your statement while I  
speak with this young man.

PARIS

OK Sergeant. And you can return to  
your post now, Frank.

(CONTINUED)

Frank nods and leaves as Angol takes his notebook and starts talking with Mrs. Paris, writing occasionally. Henderson goes over to sit next to Nick, pulling the chair closer. He lowers his voice slightly.

SERGEANT HENDERSON

When are you going to stop stealing things all over the place, Tino? This is getting out of hand now!

Nick responds in similar fashion, with street twang.

NICK

To be straight up I tired with this small time shit for real, Sarge, so I plan to up my game soon. Eyeball this!

With a smile Nick removes his hat and points to the words "I Wanna Be A Gangsta" printed in ransom-note style lettering at the front. Henderson recoils.

SERGEANT HENDERSON

You can't be serious - that's even worse!

Nick sucks his teeth, replaces his hat, and looks away. Meanwhile Constable Angol closes his book, takes the bacon which Mrs. Paris gives him in a clear plastic bag, then joins Henderson. He hands the bacon to Henderson.

CONSTABLE ANGOL

I think I have enough for now Sarge. You can always check back with Mrs. Paris if anything else is needed.

Henderson stands and his voice returns to normal.

SERGEANT HENDERSON

Fine, now lets get this guy to Headquarters. We'll be in touch, Mrs. Paris...Have a good day.

PARIS.

Same to you, Sergeant.

SERGEANT HENDERSON

Come on Tino, let's go.

Nick starts to walk away with the policemen then stops, and addresses Henderson, again changing his speech style.

(CONTINUED)

NICK

Please give me a minute, Sir.

Henderson creases his brows as Nick removes his hat and returns to stand in front of Paris, his back to the policemen. He looks remorseful and speaks contritely.

NICK

I just want to tell you that I not blaming you, Mam - I know you only doing your job. But I only wish my mother was pretty like you and had a big job too...Then I wouldn't have to steal when I hungry.

Nick wipes the edge on his eye with the back of one hand while holding the hat in the other. He walks away without awaiting a reply. Paris looks at his departing back thoughtfully as the trio leaves, unable to see the sly smile now on Nick's lips.

3 EXT. OUTSIDE SUPERMARKET. SAME TIME

Nick swaggers between the two policemen as they head to the van in the supermarket's parking lot, with Angol holding on to one arm and Henderson carrying the bacon. Angol looks up at the overcast skies.

CONSTABLE ANGOL

Looks like it's going to rain.

Henderson looks up, purses his lips, and nods. Nick looks up then turns to Henderson, reverting to his street voice.

NICK

And Sarge, stop calling me Tino in front of other peeps, OK? My street name is Lone Ranga - R, A, N, G, A!

Henderson raises his eyebrows and look at Angol. They both shake their heads as they continue walking to the van.

4 INT. CELL AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS. AFTERNOON.

Nick is in a cell at Police Headquarters talking with 2 young men. A policeman comes over and unlocks the cell door.

POLICEMAN

Nick Joseph? Come here, Sarge wants you in his office.

5 INT. SERGEANT HENDERSON'S OFFICE. AFTERNOON.

The policeman accompanying Nick knocks on Sergeant Henderson's office door and enters. Henderson is writing at a tidy desk, on which is a picture frame close to the edge on one side. In the frame is a photo of 3 smiling persons - a younger looking Henderson together with Nick as a boy and his mother JOAN NELSON. On the other side is a desk plate with "Brian Henderson, DETECTIVE SERGEANT" written, and a calender clock which displays 2:37 pm.

The policeman salutes smartly.

POLICEMAN

Here is the Offender you requested  
to see, Sergeant!

SERGEANT HENDERSON

Thank you Corporal - you can leave  
us now. Have a sit, Nick.

The policeman salutes again and leaves, closing the door softly. Nick swaggers to the chair indicated and slouches, looking down at the floor. Henderson stands and goes to look out of the windows at the falling rain.

SERGEANT HENDERSON

I hope this rain stops soon.

He tugs his lips to one side as he returns to his seat.

SERGEANT HENDERSON

You have received another lucky  
break, Tino. I just got a call from  
Mrs. Paris at the supermarket...She  
said she had a change of heart and  
decided not to press charges. So  
you are free to go.

Nick looks up and smiles broadly.

NICK

Dat spiffy - my voodoo work again!  
But no cookies for putting me in  
the pen, Dog.

SERGEANT HENDERSON

I've already told you not to call  
me "Dog", OK? And you know it's my  
duty to arrest anyone who breaks  
the law...even family!

Nick glances from the photo on the desk to Henderson.

(CONTINUED)

NICK

I hip to this Sarge. But why not throw a bone to your fam before they have to swipe grub to be all good, eh?

Henderson stands and leans forward slightly, his hands on the desk.

SERGEANT HENDERSON

You're still using that same lame excuse to justify your actions? As I've told you many times before you have 2 alternatives to your current situation...either return to live with your grandmother in the country, or come to live with me!

In fact I just moved to a new location in Good...

Nick's cuts him off, his face hardening in anger.

NICK

You know straight up that just not on, Sarge! I will never ship out to the sticks now I is a big dog - that just too village! An' I can never stay at your crib (wherever it is!) because you will treat me like a rug-rat. You'll want to control how I talk, what gear I wear, what rappers I check out, an' so on...And you not even my Old Man!

Henderson glowers.

SERGEANT HENDERSON

You are back to this crap again? And what has your worthless father ever done for you, eh? As I've told you many times before, if you continue like this you will end up in prison for a long time just like him in Antigua right now!

I am sure your mother would agree with me too because...

Nick stands and glares at Henderson angrily.

(CONTINUED)

NICK

Look Sarge - leave my Queen out of this, OK? In fact I bailing out right now...I eh need no more blabber!

Nick starts turning to leave but swivels back as Henderson slaps his desk forcefully, causing the picture frame to fall to the floor on its back, the front glass broken. Henderson snarls at Nick.

SERGEANT HENDERSON

Then hear me well, Tino. You better stop this petty crime bullshit at once, because it can affect my pending promotion to Inspector! If I catch you stealing again I promise it won't be easy like this and earlier times. The gloves are off now, Boy ...

He jabs his index finger towards Nick aggressively.

SERGEANT HENDERSON

...so you better clean up your act  
- or else!!

Nick snarls back.

NICK

Or else what, Sarge - you'll beat me like when I was small? I can never forget all the blows you give me already, you know, but when I become a gangsta one will be able to touch me...Not even you!

Henderson seems to deflate as he walks from behind his desk to stand in front of Nick. His face displays concern as he looks into Nick's eyes searchingly.

SERGEANT HENDERSON

What the devil has gotten into you, Tino? Why don't you stop this street life crap and return to the person you used to be?

Nick pouts and looks at the fallen picture. Henderson follows his gaze then returns his focus to Nick's face. He places his hand on Nick's shoulder hesitantly.

(CONTINUED)

## SERGEANT HENDERSON

In fact you can make a start by cutting out this "Sarge" nonsense, and like before call me Unc...

Nick cuts him off, still looking at the picture on the floor. His lips tremble slightly with emotion.

## NICK

That was another time!

He shrugs off Henderson's hand and steps back.

## NICK

I'll see you around...Sarge!

Nick salutes in a sloppy parody and swaggers to the door. He opens it and exits, slamming the door shut behind him. As the door closes the screen splits.

On the Left Nick looks over his shoulder at the door, stops and exhales. He takes his wallet from his pocket and opens it, removing the small photo which had fallen in the Supermarket, and looks at it. It is a smaller version of the picture in Henderson's office. He passes his index finger over the faces in the photo tenderly, slowly shaking his head from side to side. His eyes redden, and he wipes the edges with his finger. He replaces the photo, returns the wallet to his pocket, then walks away with hanging head.

On the Right Henderson looks at the door sadly, shakes his head slowly from side to side, picks up the picture frame and returns to sit behind his desk. He looks at the picture through the shattered glass, tenderly tracing the faces of the persons with his finger tip. His eyes redden and he wipes the edges with his handkerchief, then blows his nose into it. He sighs, places the broken frame face down on the desk, and resumes what he had been writing earlier with a determined expression.

END SPLITSCREEN.

6

EXT. OUTSIDE HENDERSON'S OFFICE. SAME TIME.

Nick walks away from Police Headquarters in light rainfall, his head bowed. After a few strides he lifts his head, turns his hat around, and resumes his customary swagger. As he goes he mumbles to himself and occasionally nods as if resolving something in his mind.

7 EXT. NICK'S NEIGHBORHOOD. LATE AFTERNOON.

A week later Nick swaggers through his neighborhood of Tarish Pit, a low-income or "ghetto" housing area, at dusk. He passes some people gambling with cards by the roadside, while a few persons look on. SANDRA, a 42 year old female card player, sees Nick passing and calls out to him.

SANDRA

Nick, I hear Babylon hold you again  
the week that pass. When you going  
an' stop this play-play ting, man?

JOMO, a 45 year old man who is another card player, joins in.

JOMO

Yah man! If is tief you want to  
tief why you doh come with me on a  
serious mission?

NICK

Jomo, the Breaking News is I decide  
to leave that small time shit  
behind and move to higher heights -  
but you know I run alone! And  
Sandra, I gonna to be a gangsta  
soon, and that will stop your  
piss-talk for sure!

SANDRA

You, a gangsta? Man you making me  
pee myself!

They start laughing and nudging each other derisively.

NICK

Crack up now, but all-you will toot  
my horn one day! Remember Lone  
Ranga say so!

The players laugh even louder and the onlookers join in. Nick makes a "Stick it Up" gesture towards them and swaggers on his way.

8 EXT. NICK'S NEIGHBORHOOD. SAME TIME

Nick continues walking and a short while later sees BENTLEY, a 55 year old dread-locked man dressed somewhat stylishly, standing in the shadows near a house. He is a drug and gun dealer. Nick looks over his shoulder then walks over to Bentley.

(CONTINUED)

NICK

Aye Bentley, give de blood two  
5-bags.

They exchange money and weed.

BENTLEY

Ranga, you still want the thing we  
talk about nuh?

While speaking he looks around then opens his shirt, showing Nick a pistol stuck in his waistband. Nick licks his lips, rubbing the gun pendant on his chain with his fingers.

NICK

How you mean, Father! I tell you I  
want a strap like that because it  
is the real gangsta badge...How  
much for it?

Bentley closes his shirt and pats the gun underneath.

BENTLEY

As is you I'll take 500, and for  
another fifty you getting some  
bullets too.

NICK

That is a super discount but tings  
kinda tight now. I'll check you  
next week or so.

BENTLEY

Nah man, that to late. Another man  
already agree to give me 700 for  
the package, and he say he will  
check me in a day or two. So who  
come first getting it - you know  
how it go.

NICK

That crystal...Then Lone Ranga will  
just have to move like lightning!  
Peace, Father!

Bentley smiles and they fist bump, then tap clenched fists over their hearts twice. Nick continues on his way and stops at a small shack nearby. He unlocks the door and enters.

9 INT. NICK'S HOME. NIGHT

Nick is at a table cutting up weed and watching a "Gangsta 4 Life" music video on the TV. He is in a dimly lit, sparsely furnished house, whose walls are decorated with gun and gangster pictures and posters. There is a framed photo of Nick's mother on a wall, next to a photo of Nick in a gangster pose above a "Lone Ranga" sign (modified from "Lone Ranger"). A small clock on the table shows 7:25 pm. Nick looks up at the TV.

NICK

Yah, that's my fav video...I really like the flow!

He starts repeating lines from the song and gesturing, Gangsta style.

"Gangstas love guns  
fancy wheels an' bitches  
Though we sure hate the fuzz  
an' all low life snitches  
Gangstas don't run  
real thugs don't surrender  
if you come for me  
you will die, Mothafucka!"

On the last 2 lines he forms a pistol with his fingers and pretends to shoot at the TV. His cell phone rings and he turns down the volume of the TV with a remote. He answers gruffly.

NICK

Lone Ranga say talk!

10 INT. JOAN'S HOME IN GUADELOUPE. SAME TIME

42 year old JOAN NELSON, Nick's mother, is sitting on a couch in a well lit modest front room. She looks attractive in a floral print dress with straps, light make-up, gold earrings, and her hair tied creole-style. There is a double hearts picture frame on a wall with a smiling photo of Nick (dressed conservatively) at the top, and in the bottom a smiling picture of Joan and a man standing by a French street sign. A "Je t'aime Guadeloupe" poster is on another wall, while a TV in the background is showing French programming and graphics, with the audio barely discernible.

Joan raises her eyebrows slightly.

MOTHER

Lone?...Where Tino?

INTERCUT

(CONTINUED)

Nick smiles and his voice changes.

NICK

Oh, is you, Mama. That's Tino...How are you?

Joan sighs deeply.

MOTHER

A-a, how your voice does change so?...I fine but my heart heavy, *Mon Cher*. I couldn't call you before, but Uncle tell me last week you was in *twaka* with police again.

Joan's voice catches a little and she wipes her eyes as she looks at his photo on the wall.

MOTHER

What I going to do with you, *Zafant Mwen*? The way you going on you will end up in jail like your genal father, and then what I going to do, eh?!

NICK

Doh cry Ma - I wouldn't go to prison! I only take some food because my belly was boiling.

Joan stands, wagging her finger.

MOTHER

Take?...*Voler* you mean! But even you hungry you cannot just take people fings, *En Lore*! God knows I raise you up better than that!

I so wish I was around to guide you, but as you know I had to come to Guadeloupe to find a job, and try to make a life for myself!

Nick lips tighten in a grim smile.

NICK

I not blaming you for that, Ma - you only do what you had to do. An' anyway I big enough to run fings for myself.

(CONTINUED)

MOTHER

Sa say ou ka dit, but that's not  
what I seeing, *kamem!* By the way,  
you get the fings I send for you?

Nick stretches one foot forward and looks at his shoe.

NICK

Yes Ma, thanks. The shoe fitting  
well, and the clothes OK too.

MOTHER

Sa Bon. I'll try to send some  
euros next week, although things a  
little tight now.

Nick shakes his head emphatically, stoking his gun pendent  
unconsciously.

NICK

Nah Ma - you doh need to *forcé*  
yourself. I working on a new plan  
now so I OK.

Joan brings her hand to her heart and smiles eagerly.

MOTHER

You get a job then...Or you going  
to live with Unc...?

Nick interrupts, shaking his head with a frown.

NICK

No Ma, you know how jobs scarce  
around here. And I tell you already  
I cannot live by mister - he'll  
just cramp my style.

Joan pouts and shakes her finger.

MOTHER

You too like your own way, that's  
your problem! Anyway I just hope  
whatever you planning wouldn't lead  
to more trouble...In fact promise  
me that wouldn't happen, Tino.  
*Pomete mwen!*

NICK

I have to go now, Mama. I have to  
check something there.

Joan sighs deeply.

(CONTINUED)

MOTHER

*Eh bien* if you want to go I cannot stop you. I'll call you next week to see how your plan coming on... And remember I love you, *Dou-Dou*.

NICK

I love you too Mama...Ba-bye.

END INTERCUT

Nick ends the call, stands, and looks at his mother's photo on the wall. His voice returns to "street style" but with a slight catch, as if seeking support or consent from the picture. He gestures in Gangsta style while speaking.

NICK

Ma I couldn't fess up, but like you Lone Ranga must do what he must do! I fake you - I need dough real bad especially now I decide to end that petty crime shit...And I do that because I eh want to foul up Sarge runnings, you know, so you and him should be glad!...But I eh want nobody else to get that strap from Bentley before me so I have to start my new game plan now!! So pray for me, Mama...Pray for your son.

He crosses himself, sits, turns up the volume of the TV, and rolls a joint as he watches the last screen of the video which displays the following:

"I Know everything happens for a reason, but sometimes I wish I knew what that reason was"

He nods pensively manner as he reaches for his lighter.

11 EXT. HOUSE TARGETED FOR BURGLARY. NIGHT.

Later that night Nick, dressed in dark pants, black hood T-Shirt, a black bandanna around his neck, and carrying his bag, watches a darkened house from the cover of some bushes. He speaks softly to himself as he checks the time on his phone, which displays 1:15 am.

NICK

Yah, that's much better than operating in the day...Once I find a empty crib I'll move in and out

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NICK (cont'd)  
in a jiffy, then fly back to my pad  
with no tracks for Sarge and his  
posse to follow!

He takes some small stones from his bag and throws them at the bedroom window. A light comes on and a man peers out.

NICK  
Shit!

He stays in hiding until the lights goes out then leaves.

12 EXT. HENDERSON'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Nick watches another house from the bushes and mumbles.

NICK  
That's my third try...If I eh bingo  
this time I done for tonight!

He again throws some small stones at the bedroom windows, which produces no reactions from the inside. He repeats his actions, waits a while, then pulls the bandanna over his nose and the hood over his head. He goes to the front door, breaks the glass, opens it from the inside and enters.

13 INT. HENDERSON'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Nick peeps in the rooms carefully to confirm they are empty then enters the largest one. He pulls down the bandanna from his nose, and trains the light from his small torch on the top of the bedside table. He smiles as he sees some money folded with a telephone bill, and a broken gold chain nearby.

NICK  
Crisp! At least my grub sure.

He pockets the money and chain, then forces open a locked bottom drawer of the table with the knife from his bag. He exclaims softly when he looks inside, his face assuming an almost reverential expression. He lifts a pistol from the drawer with both hands as if it was an offering.

NICK  
Thank you Jah - I get what I really  
want, and I eh even have to pay  
Bentley! Now I am a gangsta for  
real!

(CONTINUED)

Nick kisses the gun and seems to enter a trance as various images merge in his thoughts in a confused reddish haze.

MONTAGE:

- 1) Pistols discharging, twisting, turning and flying around
- 2) The word "Gangsta" in various styles
- 3) A Gangsta holding 2 guns
- 4) The word "Gangsta" above a red hoodie
- 5) A flashing poster of Longer Ranger holding a gun
- 6) A "Respect Me" poster with the original face periodically interchanging with Nick's and a skull head, like masks slipping on and off.
- 7) Lines from the "Gangsta 4 Life" song magically appearing in dripping red paint on a weathered wall:

"Gangstas don't run  
real thugs don't surrender  
if you come for me  
you will to die, Mothafucka!"

END MONTAGE.

Nick starts pointing the gun at imaginary targets in the room and whispering "Die, Mothafucka!" over and over.

After a few seconds he hears the sound of a vehicle parking outside and its door opening and closing, as well as the sound of rainfall. He pulls the bandanna over his nose and moves towards the front in an attempt to leave, while holding the gun by his side. A shadowy figure opens the front door against the backdrop of falling rain and enters with a drawn gun. Nick begins to back away. The man sees Nick.

MAN

Freeze - don't move!

Nick raises the gun quickly and squeezes the trigger twice, speaking with his voice muffled by the bandanna.

NICK

Gangstas nah surrender - die,  
Mothafucka!

(CONTINUED)

Only clicks come from Nick's gun. Simultaneously the man moves quickly to one side, crotches slightly, and discharges 3 shots in quick succession. The bullets tear into Nick's chest. He sinks bleeding to the floor.

The man turns on the light - it is Sergeant Henderson. He comes forward carefully and pulls down the bandanna on the face of the person on the floor. He eyes widen in disbelief.

SERGEANT HENDERSON

Tino? Oh God no...NO!!!

Nick's face creases in pain and surprise. He responds in a weak low voice.

NICK

Unc...uncle???

Moving with urgency Henderson quickly holsters his gun, takes his cell phone and dials. He sinks to one knee and squeezes Nick's hand.

SERGEANT HENDERSON

This is Sergeant Brian Henderson.  
There has been a terrible accident  
at my home at 25 Nelson Lane in  
Goodwill. Please send an ambulance  
at once - and a Crime Scene team!

He places the phone on the floor and strokes Nick's arm. There's a catch in his voice.

SERGEANT HENDERSON

I'm so sorry Tino...so very sorry!

He wipes the edge of his eyes with his handkerchief. Nick responds with great effort.

NICK

Not your fault...Unc...Uncle...I  
didn't know it was...your...home or  
I never would...

SERGEANT HENDERSON

That's what I was trying to tell  
you the other day but you didn't  
give me a chance.

NICK

Bad luck then...But Uncle...you see  
I become...a...gangsta..for true?

Nick smiles weakly. Henderson wipes away a tear.

(CONTINUED)

SERGEANT HENDERSON

But the price was too high,  
Tino...much too high.

He takes the gun on the floor by the trigger guard with his handkerchief, looks at it briefly, then returns it carefully to its original position.

SERGEANT HENDERSON

That's my spare gun. Lucky for me  
you didn't remove the safety or it  
could have been me lying on the  
floor.

Nick voice weakens even more. Henderson leans forward to hear him.

NICK

Then...maybe it...better  
so...Uncle. I should have  
...listened...to Mama...and you.  
Uncle..tell Ma...tell Mama  
I...sorry!

Nick coughs blood, shudders slightly and stiffens. Henderson closes Nick's staring eyes, and sits next to the corpse on the floor. He wipes the edge of his eyes with his kerchief.

SERGEANT HENDERSON

You wanted to live like a gangster  
Tino, and instead died like one...  
But how am I going to tell my  
sister that I killed her only son?

He shakes his head sadly and strokes Nick's lifeless hand as the sound of sirens grow louder, mixed with the sound of falling rain.

FADE TO BLACK.