

ASHLEY

Okay, Mr. Jode.

Dahlia smiles and nods.

MIKE

We'll do that. Don't be a stranger.  
Or do.

Uncomfortable, Parker exits.

38 INT PARKER'S CAR - SOUTH SIDE STREETS - NIGHT 38

Parker drives through the streets, his mind churning on Ashley and Dahlia's situation.

Something's wrong. He feels it in his bones as he pulls up to a gas station.

39 EXT. CITGO GAS STATION - DAY 39

FLASHBACK

Little Parker seated in backseat watches as his father stumbles back from the liquor mart of a gas station carrying a six pack and bag stockpiled with booze.

END FLASHBACK

40 EXT. CITGO GAS STATION - NIGHT 40

Parker turns off his car, drowning out the memory. He's about to get out when he spots the two *Shady Teens* who stole his stereo walking out of the convenience store.

He pops the glove box. Grabs his gun.

PARKER

Put your goddamn hands up right  
now!

The two teens are caught off guard as they see Parker with his gun aimed at them. His anger has bubbled over.

The Short Teen drops the brown-bagged forty he was drinking as his hands shoot up. The bottle smashes on the ground below. Parker startled by the sound accidentally fires a shot off in the air.

TALL TEEN

What the fuck. Are you crazy! You gon drill us out here?

The Tall Teen puffs his chest out.

PARKER

Put your fucking hands up!

He relents. Hands go up.

The gas station attendant, FRANKIE, an old timer, confused by the situation.

FRANKIE

What the hell you doin', man? Leave them kids alone. I'm callin' the police.

PARKER

Yeah. Good. Call the cops! They stole my shit.

SHORT TEEN

No! No, we cool, Frankie! No need for that! Go back inside!

Frankie, muttering profanities, reluctantly goes back inside.

PARKER

At least one of you has half a brain. Alright empty your pockets and put your money n shit on the ground.

TALL TEEN

Man, fuck you!

SHORT TEEN

You a crooked cop or somethin'?

PARKER

I'm a social worker.

TALL TEEN

Show me your badge.

SHORT TEEN

What kinda social worker does this shit?

PARKER

We can square this up right now man  
to man or you can enjoy your time  
in lock up.

TALL TEEN

Man you so tuff, can we feel your  
muscles?

SHORT TEEN

(to his friend)

Let's just do this, I ain't tryin'  
to catch a case. This be some  
bullshit right here.

PARKER

Yeah, it is some bullshit you  
stepped in n now your stuck. Flip  
your pockets inside out.

Both comply.

PARKER (CONT'D)

Alright, back it up.

They take a step back as they drop their wallets, a quarter  
bag of weed, and a cell phone.

Parker snags the weed and wallets. He rifles through them,  
removing the cash and the ID cards, before tossing them  
aside.

He counts the cash, stuffs it into his pocket, and examines  
the ID cards. He looks at the taller teen.

PARKER (CONT'D)

Jamal Washington.

Then looks at the shorter one.

PARKER (CONT'D)

Tavian Lewis. Well, the good news  
is that you boys made the right  
decision and didn't get shot. The  
bad news is that there's only \$83  
bucks here, which isn't nearly  
enough to cover my window or my  
stereo. That means I'll have to  
come back and see you until I have  
enough to cover my expenses.

TALL TEEN

Give our ID's back, man.

PARKER

This your address? I'll see you in a week. I'm holding on to them as collateral. Time to go.

They turn and start to walk off. Tall Teen turns back, gesturing pulling a trigger.

TALL TEEN

I'm gonna clap-you-up one of these days, motherfucker.

Parker holds up the ID cards.

PARKER

Great, I'll return your IDs then.

41 INT. CITGO CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

41

POPPY RADIO TRASH plays through the store's speaker system. Parker walks up to the counter.

PARKER

You like weed?

Frankie looks at him questioningly.

FRANKIE

Yeah, sure.

Parker puts the sack of weed on the counter.

PARKER

Let me get a bottle of that Jameson, and three of those Tanqueray airplane bangers. Put the rest on pump one.

Parker hands over forty dollars. Frankie stares at him, then relents. He's seen crazier in this neighborhood.

FRANKIE

Yeah, alright.

PARKER

Keeping these streets safe ain't all it's cracked up to be, for a cracker. Don't let anyone tell you different.