

AN OCCURRENCE ON OWL STREET

Based on S5 Episode 22:
An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge

by

John Staats

FADE IN

EXT. INNER CITY SIDE STREET - TWILIGHT

Most shops on the street are closed for the night except for a convenience store and liquor store. All the stores have roll-down steel bars or doors for security.

Three BLACK TEENS stand on the corner. The two males are in high school Varsity jackets and the girl is dressed modestly. They show each other their cellphones, point, and laugh at the latest posts.

The convenience store door opens with a jingle and out steps JACK, a 37 year old black man. Jack has a plastic bag in one hand and is searching for his keys with the other.

He gets to the drivers door and places the bag on the roof. Both hands frantically pat down his denim jacket and trouser pockets for his keys.

He looks in the car and his keys are in the ignition.

JACK

Aw, shit.

His driver side window is partially open and he thinks a moment before sliding his beefy arm through the narrow gap.

Jack wriggles and shifts to reach inside. Just as his fingers touch the inside door handle-

WOOP-WOOP!

A police cruiser pulls up and stops behind the car with red and blue rollers flashing.

JACK

Shit. Shit.

Two uniformed POLICE OFFICERS (one white + one black) step out of the cruiser. One officer draws a taser and the other unclips his gun holster.

OFFICER 1

Hands where we can see them!

OFFICER 2

(into lapel mic)

Dispatch, we've eyes on a possible
10-17 auto. Requesting back up at
1962 Owl Street.

Jack raises his left hand high and struggles to pull his right arm from the window. It's stuck.

The officers approach slowly from behind.

JACK

It's okay, officer. It's my car.

OFFICER 1

Let's see that other hand, asshole!

Jack panics and yanks hard on his arm. As his arm pulls out, the metal button on his denim jacket catches the edge of the glass and it shatters.

The sound of glass startles the officers and the taser fires. As Jack is shocked, they tackle him to the ground.

JACK

It's my car, man!

OFFICER 1

Shut up!

Jack struggles as they wrench his arms behind his back.

JACK

C'mon, man! Check the registra-

An officer puts a knee to his neck and Jack can't talk.

The three teens from the corner have come closer to watch. The girl has her phone out to record the scene.

TEEN 1

Dude! It's his car! We seen him drive up in it!

Jack arches his back and gets a breath.

JACK

Oh, God.

The knee returns to Jack's neck. His face slowly turns blue.

In one last heroic effort, Jack bucks and the officer rolls off his back.

Jack springs to his feet and sprints down the street.

TEEN 2

Run, man, RUN!

The officer gets to his knees, draws his pistol and fires multiple gunshots.

ON JACK

Bullets whiz by but miss Jack as he runs for his life.

Jack turns down an alley and jumps a fence. He hides behind a dumpster to catch his breath.

Dogs bark and sirens wail in the distance.

He takes out his cellphone and touches the MESSAGING icon. He scrolls through the contacts and, when he taps on HOME, a picture of his wife and daughter appear.

Jack types out a short text: 'ON MY WAY HOME BABE'. Send.
Time to go. He gets up and sprints down to the end of the alley. He stops at the corner to look both ways.

An older black MAN walks towards him. Jack looks puzzled.

JACK
(whispers)
Uncle Dave?

The man does not respond and walks past Jack.

MAN
You better get going, Jack. They're
comin' for ya.

JACK
What are you-

MAN
Take Serling Avenue. You can do it.

Jack shakes his head as if to clear up confusion. He looks again and the man is gone.

Jack runs down to the end of the block and turns at the Serling Avenue sign post.

This street is rundown and darker. Sirens get closer and he ducks under an overhang.

A cruiser drives by slowly. The spotlight pans from side to side. When it reaches the end of the block, Jack takes off.

He darts from shadow to shadow. He approaches and cuts through a playground.

He runs past a vacant swing set and jungle gym. He hears the CREAK-CREAK-CREAK of bouncing springs and ducks for cover behind a bush.

He pokes his head up and looks around. There's a young black BOY (8) riding a spring mounted horse.

Jack makes his way over and crouches next to the boy.

JACK
Hey, boy, what're you doin' out so
late?

The boy doesn't look at him and continues to bounce along.

JACK
I used to play here when I was a
boy, too. I'd ride that horse like
there was no tomorrow.

The boy stops abruptly and points off to his right.

BOY

You best take Enrico, Jack. You're
runnin' outta time.

The boy resumes his ride.

Jack opens his mouth to speak, stops, and decides to just drop it.

JACK

I'm gone.

Jack runs and jumps the playground fence, crosses the street and turns at the corner of Enrico.

He runs hard and fast. He sees no one else on the street. He turns to look behind him and the street lamps turn off one by one. The darkness is catching up.

It's getting colder. His every breath a billow of fog.

Jack stops at the bottom of some steps that lead up to a brownstone apartment building.

He's breathing hard and wipes sweat from his forehead. He looks up to the only window with a light still on.

JACK

I'm home, baby.

He runs up the steps two at a time and enters the building.

INT. BROWNSTONE - CONTINUOUS

Inside, all his neighbors are there to welcome him and cheer him on. A varied assortment of young and old. Jack feigns recognition in their greeting.

They're dressed in clothing from recent decades of fad fashion: Disco era; 80's fabulous; 90's grunge, etc.

A cheery looking FAT MAN with an Italian accent pats him on the back.

FAT MAN

You're almost there, Jack. They're
waiting for you.

Jack sprints up the stairs. Each floor with filled with more friends and family to root him on.

A tall, thin, black woman with an afro and bell bottoms raises her arms in excitement.

AFRO GIRL

You go, Jack!

At the top of the next flight, he stops at apartment 309. He wipes off more sweat and adjusts his clothing.

He opens the door.

JACK

Babe? I'm home.

His wife and daughter round the corner from the end of the hall. He crouches down and his daughter runs for his outstretched arms.

Just before she reaches him, he starts to move backwards as if being pulled by an invisible force.

EXT. INNER CITY SIDE STREET - NIGHT

An officer has a knee on Jacks neck. There is no more struggle. The life has gone from his eyes.

FADE TO BLACK