

# Booty Call

An American Saga, Based on a True Story

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SUPERIMPOSE IN WHITE LETTERS AGAINST BLACK SCREEN:

"THE DOUBLE DATE"

INT. HARLEM SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

Two dudes are talking as they wait for the downtown "A" train. RUSHON and his best pal, BUNS, are 25, Black with a hip-hop flair except that Buns' hair is dyed blond and he's wearing green contact lenses.

BUNS

Yo, yo, yo, Rushon, man I'm not down with this blind date stuff.

RUSHON

Buns, man, I said the girl is fine. All that... and a bucket of grits. Fine.

A woman, who is obviously a PROSTITUTE walks by. Buns disengages from Rushon and turns to the prostitute.

BUNS

(to Rushon)

Hold that thought...

(then, to prostitute)

Hey, babe. You just what I been looking for.

PROSTITUTE

You got \$100?

BUNS

I got \$200 if I can get it like I want it.

PROSTITUTE

How you wanna do it...?

BUNS

(furtive whisper)

On credit...

The woman slaps the shit out of Buns. Buns puts his hand on his cheek and turns back to Rushon. Rushon is laughing his butt off.

BUNS

(continuing; without missing a beat)

Define "fine", you understand what I'm saying, what this woman

(MORE)

BUNS (cont'd)

be lookin' like? I don't wanna be stuck up in a restaurant with no hamhock eatin', wildebeest. I got standards to uphold. I got to regulate.

RUSHON

What about that bottom dweller you left the party with last week?

BUNS

That woman musta put something in my drink, man, I usually wouldn't mess with no catfish lookin' girlie.

RUSHON

Yeah, right Buns. Batman's got Cat Woman, you got Catfish Woman. The girl had whiskers, Buns.

BUNS

Magic Shave don't work on everybody. Plus it was three in the mornin'.

RUSHON

What's time got to do with it? This girl was ugly all around the clock, 24-7-365.

BUNS

After three in the mornin' all my standards go out the window. I make my booty calls at two AM. If I can't get a booty call, come three AM you liable to see me with anything. Blind, crippled, ugly... infected. But, gettin' back to the matter at hand, is this girl fine? I don't wanna be eatin' my shrimp fried rice across the table from Shabba Ranks.

RUSHON

This girl looks a lot better than Shabba Ranks.

BUNS

You making me nervous, Rushon.

RUSHON

When the last time you looked in the mirror? You ain't no Denzel Washington - Rico Suave lookin' brother, yo'damn-self. I'm sure you scared a few women and a whole lotta babies in your life.

SFX: a baby starts to cry, his mother distances herself from Buns.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

BUNS

Just tell me what this girl looks like. How fine is she?

RUSHON

She's so fine I'd give her six quarters for a dollar. Girl's so fine I'd drink a whole tub of her dirty bathwater. She's probably finer than any girlie you been with.

BUNS

Speed bag titties?

RUSHON

What are speed bag titties?

BUNS

You know...

Buns makes like he's punching a speed bag.

RUSHON

You want to get to know this woman or punch her breasts.

BUNS

Gonna try to do both...

RUSHON

Mathafuckers just don't come none ignorant than you, Buns.

BUNS

(concerned)

My mom said the same thing to me this morning.

(Beats)

I got serious problems going out with a girl named "Listerine". I'm thinking muthafuckin' mouthwash. How come our people come up with all these whack names for they kids, man? This girl got to go thru life named after a mouthwash.

RUSHON

It's Lysterine with a "y".

BUNS

(facetious)

Oh, a "y", well that makes all the difference in the world, don't it?

RUSHON

Come on, man, "i", "y", that ain't the point. The point is you're doing this for me, your boy. I've been dating Nikki for seven weeks and --

BUNS

(interrupting)

Seven weeks! And you ain't terrorized that ass yet? Damn!

(singing)

"They call me Mr. Pitiful..."

RUSHON

I like her, so I've been taking it easy.

BUNS

Looka here, this is how I peep the sit'ation: You too sensitive, man. Ain't got enough player in your ass. If it was me, I would not let the sun rise over the East River without bouncing that ass, TO-NIGHT, my nigga, TONIGHT. If she says you can get some tomorrow...say No!! Nah. Tonight this is a one time offer, TONIGHT, BABY. Tomorrow is too late.

RUSHON

I'ma bust it tonight. I know it  
and she knows it. That's why  
she's bringing Lysterine along,  
to run interference. That's why  
I need you to short-stop  
Lysterine before she can short-  
stop me. You do that and I swear  
to the Goddess of Booty I'll be  
Kickin' it before the sun rises.

They slap hands.

RUSHON

(West Side Story)

Tonight, tonight, gonna bust that  
ass tonight...

BUNS

(continuing)

You better take that bite tonight  
not tomorrow...

They laugh.

BUNS/RUSHON

(their anthem)

Booty Call!

They slap a dap.

CUT TO:

INT. NIKKI'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

NIKKI AND LYSTERINE 24, are applying makeup. Both are very  
attractive women, much more refined than Buns and Rushon.

LYSTERINE

So Rushon's friend is cute,  
right?

NIKKI

(evasively)

Cute enough.

LYSTERINE

No, girl. You said he was cute.

NIKKI

Look, girl, I'm not asking you to  
have the man's baby, just run  
some interference for me.

64

LYSTERINE

He does have blond hair and green eyes, though?

NIKKI

I said it, didn't I? Blonde hair and green eyes. Now hurry up, we're late already.

LYSTERINE

Make 'em wait. Rushon's waited seven weeks...seven more minutes isn't gonna make a difference.

(applying eye liner)

Actually, you should give him some, boy put up with your crap for seven weeks, he deserves pu-na-ni.

They laugh.

NIKKI

(brushing her hair)

If I didn't like him so much I would have given him some three weeks ago. I just don't want to sleep with him and then have the relationship fizzle.

LYSTERINE

I heard that.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHINATOWN - NIGHT

Buns and Rushon are walking.

BUNS

Just keep your eyes on the prize. You don't want to suffer the same fate as Floyd.

RUSHON

Floyd? Harold's retarded brother?

BUNS

Yeah, big old waterhead boy... Floyd.

RUSHON

What happened to Floyd?

BUNS

Well you know Floyd is damn near thirty-eight years old now.

RUSHON

Damn, and he's still retarded?

BUNS

Mental retardation is not something you grow out of.

RUSHON

A-duh, I was joking, Buns.

BUNS

ANYWAY. Floyd started having bad stomach problems all of last year so Harold took Floyd's big hydroencephalitic waterhead ass to the doctor. The doctor said ain't nothing wrong with this man a little pussy wouldn't cure. You understand, since Floyd is retarded he ain't never learned how to masturbate, so all deeze nuts started backing up on Floyd's ass.

RUSEON

(grabbing his stomach, feigning pain and discomfort)

Deeze nutz.

BUNS

That's right. The doctor told Harold to get that waterhead boy some pu-na-ni before the nigga busted a gasket. He got Floyd laid, his first piece, the boy came in six seconds...

(demonstrates)

...but he kept coming for the next forty-five minutes, bouncing that big waterhead off the walls, the floors, the ceilings.

Rushon gives Buns an incredulous look.

BUNS  
 If I'm lyin' I'm dyin'. Just  
 remember, tonight.

RUSHON  
Tonight.

RUSHON/BUNS  
 Tonight...  
 (starting to sing)  
 gonna bust that ass tonight,  
 gonna take that bite tonight not  
 tomorrow...

Song continues with more improvised lyrics.

CUT TO:

INT. NIKKI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Nikki and Lysterine dressed and ready to leave.

NIKKI  
 No matter what, you can't leave  
 me alone with Rushon, okay?  
 (sexy smile)  
 He's not the only one suffering  
 with the seven week itch.

LYSTERINE  
 (Re: Nikki's smile)  
 Rushon sees you with that look,  
 your suffering will be over.

Nikki immediately changes her expression as they exit.

CUT TO:

INT. HO GARDENS CHINESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Rushon and Buns enter the restaurant. The maitre'd escorts  
 them to their table.

RUSHON  
 ...then we're straight? After  
 dinner you break off to  
 Lysterine's apartment and Nikki  
 and I catch up on some lost time.

BUNS  
...if Lysterine's fine I go to  
her apartment, hitch look like  
Aunt Esther... I'm back on the A  
train moving uptown.

CHAN, an effeminate Chinese waiter approaches. Hands on hips.

CHAN  
(stutters mildly)  
My name is Chan. I-I w-will be  
serving you th-th-this evening.  
A-A Y-You ready to order?

BUNS  
I'm ready to wash your saliva out  
my face...

RUSHON  
We're waiting for our dinner  
guests.

BUNS  
Bring me one of those nasty-ass  
Chinese beers.

CHAN  
(to Buns, off the blond  
hair)  
I th-think y-your hair is three  
things: F-f-fab-ou-lous.

BUNS  
(mimicking the waiter's  
lispy stutter)  
Y-y-y-on j-j-just bring me some  
noodles and sweet'n sour sauce.

CHAN  
Oh, ni-nigga p-p-pleasee.

Chan walks away - Rushon and Buns look at one another then  
explode into laughter.

RUSHON  
Oh, no, that muthafucker didn't  
say that.

BUNS  
Chan must be hanging with the  
Black gay boyz.

RUSEON

(feigned come-on)

...yeah, boy that blond hair makes you look like a mocha-mix Madonna, even I been thinking about tapping that Dennis Rodman looking ass.

BUNS

Stop mouthing that dumb shit.

Buns notices two women NIKKI and LYSTERINE walking across the street. Buns eyes them as they approach the restaurant.

RUSHON

There they are... Now, Buns act like you have some sense, like you had a mother. Like you were born, not mixed up in a test tube. These girls got alotta class.

BUNS

I'll be cool. Just remember...

RUSEON

...Tonight!

They slap hands then snap their fingers.

BUNS

Rushon, yo man, let's move over to a table with better light.

RUSHON

There's nothing wrong with the light.

BUNS

I need better light. I'm tired of hooking up with these women in muted light, I need to get a good look at this biddie. Anybody can look good in dim light. How many times have you met a girlie at a club and under those disco lights girlfriend is lookin' - good-like-a-motofucker. The next day you happy n'shit, go to pick up the girl at high noon and a pure D booger bear climbs into your car.

Buns shivers at the thought.

RUSHON

The girl is fine, Buns.

BUNS

Yes, walking across that street she looks presentable, but it's dark out there and dim in here. I believe in a nigga's right to know what he's feeding.

Lysterine and Nikki enter the restaurant and approach the booth. Rushon rises, kisses both women. Buns tilts the lamp shade to get a better look at Lysterine.

NIKKI

Lysterine, this is Rushon's friend...Buns.

Lysterine gets a glimpse of Buns. Checks out the dyed blond hair, the lizard-locking contact lenses.

Rushon kicks Buns under the table to prompt him to stand.

Lysterine has this numbing, angst-ridden expression on her face. She begins to walk away.

NIKKI

(to Rushon)

Excuse us...

(catches up to Lysterine)

What are you doing?

LYSTERINE

Did you see that amphibious nigga? Looked like The Creature from the Black Lagoon.

NIKKI

It's just dinner, some egg rolls, moo shoo pork and we outta here. Do this for me.

CLOSE ON BUNS

BUNS

(whispering to Rushon)

Bitch ain't with my shit, Rushon.

RUSHON

No, man. She's on you. She's just nervous, blind date, y'understand.

BUNS

Honey looked at me like I was the creature from the black lagoon. I don't love these hoes, I'm doing this for you, nigga.

Buns defiantly rises to exit but Rushon pushes him back into his seat.

RUSHON

Take that chill pill, Buns. You doing this for me, word is bond.

(whispers, pulls Buns in close)

Listen to me Buns, Lysterine is a freak for a dark skin'd brother.

BUNS

For real though?

RUSHON

You could probably take the boots tonight.

(points to the wall clock)

By midnight you'll be knocking them boots, Buns.

Buns hugs himself as if he were making love to a woman...starts making the sound of singing bed springs.

CLOSE ON NIKKI AND LYSTERINE

LYSTERINE

I thought you said he had blond hair and green eyes.

NIKKI

(pointing to Buns)

That's not blond enough for you?

INSERT - Buns' blond head, bobbing and weaving as he and Rushon continue to plot.

LYSTERINE

You know what I mean: natural blond hair of northern European persuasion.

NIKKI

Lysterine, you know you like those dark complexioned brothers, you got a weakness, girl..

LYSTERINE

Dark niggaz give me the blues.

NIKKI

Everybody's got a weak spot. Who knows...you and Buns may hit it off.

LYSTERINE

Buns...you blind date me with a common street hood, a loaked-out G, named Buns. Have you lost your mind, girl. I can't get with a nigga named Buns. I can't have babies by a man named Buns. I can't take a common breakfast pastry to my office Christmas party. "This is my husband... Buns."

NIKKI

(pulling her back to the table)

You just need to chill and get your butt in that booth. Besides if you had a baby by Buns, you could rightfully say "I got a little Bun in the oven".

LYSTERINE

(cold sneer)

Thanks for bringing that oversight to my attention. Buns is starting to look better already.

NIKKI

Do this for me.

CUT TO:

Lysterine sliding into the booth next to Buns. She goes out of her way not to make any eye contact with Buns.

BUNS

So what'zup!

Lysterine slowly, painfully turns to the glowing Buns.

LYSTERINE

Nothing.

Rushon puts his arm around Nikki. Lysterine moves away from Buns. Buns cuts an angry glare at Rushon.

An awkward silence befalls the foursome for several beats until: Chan the waiter returns. He seems jealously perturbed now that Buns is in the company of a woman.

CHAN

Are we ready t-t-to order?

BUNS

Let me have some shrimp fried rice.

RUSHON

Make it two.

LYSTERINE

(sotto voce, to Nikki)

Can't black people order something other than shrimp fried rice?

NIKKI

Prawns in garlic sauce...

CHAN

And y-y-you Ms. Thang?

LYSTERINE

Ms. Thang???

CHAN

D-don't s-s-start no s-s-shit, won't n-none.

Lysterine and Nikki laugh.

CHAN

(continuing)

Now y-y-you eating or just looking?

LYSTERINE

Okay, boyfriend, I want a lobster tail in butter wine sauce and we girls want a bottle of Moet.

BUNS

Damn, girl. Why you gotta order the most expensive thing on the menu?

LYSTERINE

Rushon, would you regulate your boy before I have to handle him.

BUNS

The lobster don't even have a price, it says "Seasonal." You know what that means? "Seasonal" means a nigga pays 28 dollars and Rushon, I don't even like this b-b-bit...woman.

(to Lysterine)

You order lobster and Moet on old Buns. You know what that means?

LYSTERINE

What does that mean?

BUNS

Come midnight I'm taking the boot.

Buns slaps a BABY BOOT key chain on the table. Lysterine arrogantly places her AMEX platinum card on the table next to it.

LYSTERINE

This is an American Express Platinum Card...Buns, I could buy and sell your ashy black, impoverished, blue collar ass.

BUNS

(out done)

Aw'ight, then. Long as you can hold your own.

LYSTERINE

I can hold my own.

Chan exiting.

CHAN

N-now, w-we got drama...

Buns removes his wallet and throws a gold card on the table.

NIKKI

What's that?

LYSTERINE

(examines the card)

It's a gold Texaco card.

BUNS

That's right and I can buy all the gas I want, in all fifty states. Eleven foreign countries. You ain't the only one with Platinum privileges.

RUSHON

What you need a gas card for...nigga don't even own a car..

The girls laugh.

BUNS

Why you sweating me Rushon. For your information I laid away a '68 Chevy Super Sport, 427 cubic inches, twin cam..

LYSTERINE

Sounds like a man who has some doubts about his manhood, those souped up cars are just extensions of your penis or...lack thereof...

BUNS

Babydoll, I'm packing more meat than Local 105 of the meat cutters union.

Lyst looks coldly to Nikki.

LYSTERINE

Are we having fun yet?

RUSHON

(breaking the ice)

Lysterine, where'd you go to school at?

LYSTERINE

Smith.

BUNS

Your old bourgsie ass went to Smith High? You don't seem like you went to Smith. That's a Project high school.

LYSTERINE

Smith College. It's one of the seven sisters. I attended prep school in Switzerland.

BUNS

Well, go the fuck on with yo' bad self.

LYSTERINE

Listen, this is turning into the blind date from hell. This man is ignorant and just plain ghetto, Red Hook, deep in the projects... immature.

BUNS

You callin' me immature?

LYSTERINE

That's right.

BUNS

Hey, ain't but one thing I can say to that.

LYSTERINE

And what's that?

Buns blows a big wet immature raspberry at Lysterine.

BUNS

Rushon, I never wanted to meet this bitch.

Lysterine grabs a knife and stabs it right between Bun's middle and ring fingers. Buns, calmly moves his hand clear of the knife and counts his fingers. Buns suddenly finds Lysterine more appealing and smiles at her. Lysterine glares back.

RUSHON

Girl's got some shit with her, Buns.

Nikki breaks in.

NIKKI

How about if we start over? Act like this never happened.

BUNS

(too sincere)

I think that's a good idea.

Buns turns toward Lysterine and extends his hand.

BUNS

Buns is my name.

LYSTERINE

(playing along)

Hi, I'm Lysterine.

BUNS

Mint or the regular nasty mouthwash.

Lysterine takes a swing at him but he ducks. Rushon holds her from swinging again.

RUSHON

Buns!

BUNS

Okay, for real.

(extra nice)

What do you do for a living, Lysterine?

Nikki encourages Lysterine with a look to please play along.

LYSTERINE

(to Nikki)

Fine.

(to Buns)

I'm in arbitrage at a London-based investment banking firm on Wall Street, Baker Ramsloyds...Buns.

BUNS

Well, go the fuck on.

Off Rushon and Nikki's look.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - A LITTLE LATER

Chan brings the food. The lobster is very colorful, garnished with pastel flower petals, a real delight. Rushon and Buns looks down at their sorrowful fried rice delivered in carry-out cartons.

RUSHON

Why our food gotta come in a carry-out carton? We order to-go?

CHAN

We don't m-m-ake no money on fried rice.

Buns takes the champagne bottle and twists the cork off with the greatest savior faire, until the cork pops him in the eye.

Buns pats the table like a blind man, he's seeing big blue dots in his blurred vision. Lysterine laughs.

NIKKI

Are you okay, Buns?

BUNS

I'm fine, I usually drink wine with an aluminum cap. This cork shit is old school, they need to come into the 90's. Get hi-tech.

NIKKI

What kind of work do you do, Buns?

Buns and Rushon watch the women feast on their respective lobster and prawns.

BUNS

I go to community college full time and I work full time mixing paint at the hardware section in Sears.

Lysterine laughs, chokes on her lobster.

LYSTERINE

Oh, I'm sorry. What are you majoring in at community college?

BUNS

Paint mixing.

Lysterine laughs, again chokes on her lobster. Nikki kicks her under the table. Buns calls Chan, the waiter, back.

BUNS

(continuing)

Look, man, we ordered "shrimp"  
fried rice. I don't see any  
shrimp up in here.

CHAN

(looks closely)

...there is one shrimp...and  
there is another.

BUNS

(holds up a parsley)

And what's this green  
leafy...flowery stuff?

CHAN

That's p-par-pars--paarsley...  
it's garnishment... makes your  
food look good.

BUNS

Nah, five more shrimp would make  
my food look good.

Buns notices an aged, white haired Chinese gentleman dining at the next booth. He is chain-smoking Chesterfields. Rushon smells the cigarette smoke. Lysterine notices it too.

LYSTERINE

Cigarette smoke can really spoil  
the dining experience.

RUSHON

Not when all you got is fried  
rice...

BUNS

...served in cartons...

Lysterine pushes the smoke away with her hand.

BUNS

(continuing)

You want me to say something?

NIKKI

He probably doesn't speak English.

Buns rises to approach when Lysterine grabs him. She looks at the Chinese man. Becomes alarmed.

LYSTERINE

Buns, sit back down.

BUNS

I'm just going to--

LYSTERINE

Sit down!

(whispers)

You ever hear of John Gotti. Well that's the godfather of the Leuang Triad, the Chinese Mafia.

RUSHON

That old geezer?

NIKKI

Look, we live in Chinatown, we know what we're talking about. That's the notorious Ug Li.

LYSTERINE

He runs Chinatown.

BUNS

Well I'm the notorious Sam Sneed and Ug Li gotta put his Chesterfield out.

Buns approaches the Chinese godfather. Chan hurriedly comes to Buns' side, pulls him aside by the arm.

CHAN

Y--ou y--you n--n--no want to fuck with Ug Li, Chinese god--d--d--f--f--father.

Buns breaks Chan's grasp, wipes the spit out of his eye, and moves forward. He bows reverently to the aged mobster. Buns begins to speak in impeccable Mandarin. Rushon, Nikki and Lysterine look on in amazement.

Buns is actually having a conversation in Mandarin, with the godfather. Ug Li sounds just like Brando in the Godfather but in Chinese. Politely Ug Li puts out his cigarette and bows in deference to Nikki and Lysterine.

Buns slides back into the booth, starts sucking up his fried rice like nothing happened. He then looks at Lysterine and smiles cockily.

BUNS

I know you're impressed...  
Thought I was just a common  
street G, huh?

LYSTERINE

(in Chinese with  
subtitles)  
Oh, I still do...

Buns smiles. Lysterine smiles back. For the first time they are smiling at the same time.

RUSHON

I didn't know you spoke that yang  
talk. Buns.

BUNS

(mouthful of fried  
rice)  
I couldn't talk it to your  
monolingual ass.

NIKKI

Where'd you learn Chinese?

BUNS

Kung Fu movies. My dad used to  
watch Kung Fu movies on TV.

RUSHON

But they got subtitles...

BUNS

Yeah, but our TV didn't have no  
vertical hold. So, I got in the  
habit of just listening to those  
Kung Fu videos, and little by  
little I began to understand  
those muthafuckers. One day I  
went to pick up some shirts at  
the Chinese laundry and all that  
fucked up shit that use to sound  
like ching, chow, ping, wing, was  
making sense to me.

LYSTERINE

Why didn't you just buy a new TV?

BUNS

Ain't everybody got an American Express card. Theys some po' peoples out here... We put a new TV on lay-away once, but when my pops missed some of them six dollar payments they took the TV out of lay-a-way and sold it.

RUSHON

Probably to somebody with an American Express card.

BUNS

This situation exemplifies the evils of the capitalist system, little po' niggaz with no TV..

Rushon takes a bite of food.

NIKKI

(to Rushon)

How's the shrimp?

BUNS

Boy ain't found a shrimp yet.

Rushon looks around in his fried rice for a beat.

RUSHON

There's one...

(to Nikki)

I want you to have this...

Rushon gingerly lifts the shrimp to Nikki's lips with his chopstix. Buns rolls his eyes at this gesture.

BUNS

Damn! Boy is pitiful...

NIKKI

You need to pay attention and learn, maybe one day you'll do something gallant and romantic...

(looks at Rushon

lovingly)

...like Rushon...

BUNS

Please... Nigga give up one nasty old, crusty-ass shrimp and all of sudden he's Billy D. Hell, Billy D ain't even Billy D anymore.

LYSTERINE

There's that common street G. again...

BUNS

(in Chinese)

Was anyone talking to you?

Lysterine shoots back in Chinese. Buns retorts in Chinese. They escalate into an argument in Chinese. The Chinese patrons in the restaurant are aghast. Chan hurries to the table.

CHAN

No f-f-fighting in restaurant.  
cost extra to f-f-fight in  
restaurant.

Buns and Lysterine say the equivalent to "fuck you" in Chinese. Chan responds in kind - now all three are arguing in Chinese. Rushon looks at Nikki

RUSHON

Well... I guess dinner is over...

CUT TO:

EXT. CHINATOWN STREET - NIGHT

Rushon and Nikki walk holding hands. Buns and Lysterine are on either side of the couple. They approach an apartment building.

RUSHON

(to Nikki)

Ain't that yours and Lysterine's building?

Nikki doesn't answer. She just looks at Lysterine as if to say "here it comes." They walk a few more steps until Rushon stops.

RUSHON

(excited as if coming  
upon a great idea)

Hey, I got an ideal! Let's go in.

NG.  
NIKKI

But -  
RUSHON-

NIKKI  
Keep walking.

RUSHON  
Wait, that wasn't the whole idea.

NIKKI  
Fine, what else?

Rushon is on the spot. He quickly looks to Buns for help but all he gets back is a smile sayin "you're on your own."

RUSHON  
(uncomfortable laugh  
then quietly suggestive)  
Baby, I can't, we amongst  
company.

NIKKI  
Keep moving!

BUNS  
(sotto singing)  
"They call me Mr. Pitiful"

Rushon shoots Buns a look. They start walking again.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHINESE MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

They walk toward the theatre. A sign in front of the theater reads "10 HOUR KUNG FU-ATHON". Buns wants to go in.

BUNS  
...what's wrong wit'chall? This  
is great!  
(to Nikki)  
Nikki, you want to see these  
movies, don't you?

RUSHON  
(to the girls)  
Excuse us...

Rushon grabs Buns by the arm and walks him away from the girls.

RUSHON(CON'T)

What the fuck you doing, man?  
We're supposed to be knocking  
boots, not watching some damn  
Kung Fu movies.

BUNS

But this is history, Rushon!  
(points to posters)  
Look at this line up... Johnnie  
Chan, Johnnie Chow... Johnnie  
Chiu... Johnnie Chu... The Lone  
Wolf... Bruce Lee...  
(trying to appeal to  
Rushon's negritude)  
Man, they even got Black Belt  
Jones... C'mon, man.

RUSHON

Remember, tonight?

Buns is torn. He looks at Rushon, back to the Johnnies, then  
back to Rushon.

BUNS

This is a pain that will not  
quickly heal.

Buns takes one last look over his shoulder as they walk on.

CUT TO:

INT. POOL HALL - NIGHT

Rushon and Buns look on as Lysterine expertly runs the last  
few striped balls off the table. Lysterine looks to Nikki  
and winks as she sinks the eight ball and wins. Rushon gives  
Buns some money. Buns adds Rushon's to his and hands it to  
Lysterine, who splits it with Nikki.

BUNS

I was hoping to win my fried rice  
money back.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POOL HALL - A LITTLE LATER

Lysterine moves effortlessly around the table. She plants  
her crotch on the corner and stretches to make a combination.

LYSTERINE  
Learning anything Buns?

Lysterine spreads across the table, stretching to make a difficult shot. Buns ogles over her thigh muscles flexing, her taunt stomach balancing her toned alignment of the shot.

LYSTERINE  
Nine off the eight, in the corner.

BUNS  
(sotto)  
You go girl.

LYSTERINE  
Can you hand me a bridge.

Buns grabs the bridge and breaks it in two.

BUNS  
It's broke.

Buns smiles and Lysterine smiles back as she sexually stretches out again.

BUNS  
I love this game.

CUT TO:

INT. DANCE CLUB - CHINATOWN - NIGHT

Rushon, Nikki, Buns and Lysterine are dancing. Rushon and Buns make eye contact. Rushon points to his watch then adds a pelvic thrust to his dance step. Buns shrugs his shoulders. Rushon is frustrated then realizes Nikki has watched the whole thing. Rushon forces a smile.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DANCE CLUB - A LITTLE LATER

Everyone looks on as different guys get out on the dance floor and do fancy steps - showing off - challenging one another. Buns pushes everyone out of the way and jumps out on the floor. He does a few fancy impressive steps, slides, spins, then does a flip that ends on the floor in a split. It's quite impressive - only problem is... Buns lands on the family jewels much much harder than he intended to. SPLAT!!!

Everyone in the crowd GASPS in sympathy, especially the men - imagining the pain in Buns' loins... Buns' eyes cross in

pain as he sucks in a deep breath. He looks at Rushon, Nikki and Lysterine.

BUNS  
(high voice)  
Help...

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Rushon, Buns, Nikki and Lysterine are standing in front of apartments 4-A and 4-B which are across to one another. Nikki takes out her key as she moves towards apartment 4-A. Rushon gives her a quick kiss on the back of the neck.

NIKKI  
Rushon, we're not up here to fool around.

RUSHON  
You're right. Let's just get Buns off his feet. A quick rest, then we're out of here.

BUNS  
(to Lysterine; pointing at her door)  
That's your crib.  
(suggestively)  
Have I told you 4-B is my favorite number?

NIKKI  
He sounds fine.

Buns "GROANS."

RUSHON  
(feigning concern)  
He needs to get off his feet.

Nikki hesitates. Buns "GROANS" even louder. Nikki relents and turns her key. We hear the loud CLICK of the door unlocking. Rushon and Buns covertly exchange smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. NIKKI'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Very cute apartment tastefully designed. KILLA, Nikki's little Charpei pup starts sniffing around Buns.

Rushon steps up his amorous assault on Nikki's defenses by nibbling softly at her ear. Nikki weakens. Part of her wants Rushon to stop nibbling, part of her wants Rushon to nibble on.

NIKKI

Come on, Rushon, you promised...

Killa continues to sniff Buns.

BUNS

Could you get this dog to stop sniffing me? Put him in a closet or something...

NIKKI

Killa lives here, you visiting, Buns.

Rushon puts on a Barry White CD that he pulls out of his jacket pocket. They all sit at the table.

NIKKI

(continuing)

Put something slamming on. Why you playing Barry White?

RUSHON

Barry White's the man, the Icon of Love.

LYSTERINE

More like the walrus of love...

NIKKI

It ain't that kind of party, Rushon. Buns needed to sit so we're gonna play some cards and then your ass is going home.

Buns laughs. Rushon eyes Buns.

RUSHON

What's so funny, G?

Buns wipes the big grin off his face.

BUNS

Yo, nuthing, man. I'm just coolin'.

Buns laughs again. Rushon frowns then motions Buns surreptitiously towards Lysterine's apartment with his head. Buns doesn't react so Rushon kicks him on the shin and foot.

BUNS

Nigga, please! Stop kicking me on my feets. I got corns, and bunions...why you think they call me, Buns. Buns is short for bunions.

NIKKI

Buns and Lyst want to play cards, Rushon.

RUSHON

Buns don't want to play no cards.  
(pointedly)  
Do you, Buns?

BUNS

Naw, man. Just chill, the girl made it perfectly clear, Rushon. You ain't taking that nookie ride, not tonight. So stop kicking my feet under the table.

Rushon looks at Buns like the traitor that he is.

BUNS

(singing to Rushon)  
"They call me, Mr. Pitiful..."

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NIKKI'S APARTMENT - A LITTLE LATER

Everybody's shoes are off. All but Nikki look bored. Buns is feeding Killa, snacks under the table. Killa licks Buns' fingers. Nikki lays down her last card. Everyone else throws their last card on the table.

NIKKI

I made my bid again! This is fun, huh? Rushon, you're not concentrating, your mind's a million miles away...

BUNS

(sotto)

...In Cootchieville, USA.

LYSTERINE

What are you thinking about,  
Rushon?

RUSHON

I'm thinking, why can't a guy and  
a girl who have been dating for  
seven weeks start making love,  
enjoying intimacy.

NIKKI

Maybe the girl wants a more  
profound relationship...maybe the  
girl is not interested in casual  
sex.

LYSTERINE

Maybe the girl wants a deeper  
commitment...maybe the girl wants  
a soulmate.

NIKKI

Maybe the girl's got some soul  
searching to do...

BUNS

Maybe the girl's got a nigga  
uptown packing ten inches, all  
night long.

LYSTERINE, RUSHON,  
NIKKI

Buns, shut the fuck up.

BUNS

I'm talking about Shaft...

LYSTERINE, RUSHON,  
NIKKI

...just shut yo' mouth.

BUNS

Well, I think it's a legitimate  
question. Any honey going out  
with me for seven weeks is gonna  
be hiding salami, waxing the  
cucumber, backstroking 'cause  
Buns don't play that.

Nikki quickly gathers up the cards and quickly begins to deal them out again. Rushon gives Buns a look, another cue. Buns does a fake yawn. Really hams it up with another lazy, fake, protracted yawn.

BUNS

Whoa, boy... It's getting late.

LYSTERINE

That's the truth.

Nikki shoots Lysterine a look "traitor."

LYSTERINE

(continuing)

It is.

RUSHON

Lysterine, you ever make a brother wait seven weeks to get up on that thang?

NIKKI

Why you asking her? Lysterine ain't made a man wait 45 minutes...the girl's a bono fide ho.

BUNS

(craning his neck like a periscope)

Ho! There's hoes in this howlse? Mercy!

LYSTERINE

(heated)

No, I have full confidence in my sexuality. If I want to get busy I just do it. I don't toil over it like some prudes I know...

BUNS

Shall I suit up?

NIKKI

I'm not a prude. I just don't wanna rush into sex.

Nikki and Lysterine shoot each other looks.

RUSHON  
 (breaking the tension)  
 Who's deal?

UNDER THE TABLE Trapped in Nikki's apartment when they'd rather be home alone...Buns and Lysterine begin to play "footsie."

Rushon picks up on this and starts rubbing his foot gently against Nikki's. She smiles and reciprocates. EVERYONE pretends to be looking at their cards while getting deeper into the footsies.

NIKKI  
 I bid a five no trump...

RUSHON  
 You got it...

UNDER THE TABLE Buns' foot is gently caressing Lysterine's foot. She likes this, she smiles shyly at Buns. Buns winks at Lysterine as only Nikki continues to aggressively play out her cards. Nikki withdraws her foot - gives Lysterine a look. Lysterine also withdraws her foot.

CLOSE ON BUNS' foot moving searchingly for Lysterine's foot like a blind man patting in the dark. Everywhere he puts his foot there is no Lysterine.

NIKKI  
 Your play Buns.

BUNS  
 (distracted)  
 Uh-huh...

Buns absently throws a card out as he continues to search for Lysterine's foot. Finally he locates the foot and begins to caress her foot against his. He smiles and winks at her.

UNDER THE TABLE and unbeknownst to Buns, he is caressing Rushon's foot. Rushon thinks that Nikki is caressing his foot. Rushon smiles at Nikki, Nikki doesn't read why he would be smiling. Nikki taking Rushon's hand which in turn cause Rushon to caress Buns' foot more lovingly.

LYSTERINE  
 (chiding, reminding  
 Buns to play)  
 Buns...

BUNS

(as he plays a card)

Oh, yeah, right, right...

Rushon continues rubbing the foot. He smoothly passes his foot over Buns' big, ashy, nasty looking foot with big ass yellow toenails. Suddenly the foot doesn't feel so good to RUSHON, the skin is rough and coarse.

WE READ the state of mild confusion on Rushon's face. He rubs his big toe against Buns' big toe. He watches Buns swoon, smile and wink at Lysterine - big toothy smile.

BUNS

Damn, baby. Yo' foot feels good.

At this instant Rushon begins to figure out what might be happening. He thinks the unthinkable. The mere thought of Buns' foot touching his own makes Rushon sick to his stomach.

Rushon peers hesitantly under the table the way one might identify a loved one's body at the morgue:

CLOSE ON Buns' big ass, ugly, CRUSTY, alligator foot caressing his own. Rushon SCREAMS. Jumps up from the table. This scares Buns and causes him to drop his cards. Some of them go under the table.

RUSHON

Get yo' ashy, jungle rot-  
alligator foot off of mine, fool.  
Big, nasty, ugly-ass feet, with  
toenails the size of fifty-cent  
pieces. Yo' feet look like they  
belong to a demon, the undead,  
Nosferato, muthafucker. They  
ain't human feet, Buns. You ever  
hear of Dr. Scholl's?

BUNS

You got a lot a nerve, nigga...  
You need to trim your big-ass toe  
nails 'fore you cut a hole in  
your girl's carpet.

NIRKI

C'mon... Get your cards so we can  
play, Buns..

Buns gives Rushon a look then goes under the table - on his hands and knees. As Buns picks up his cards, Killa comes under the table begins to lick Lysterine's toes.

LYSTERINE gets a big smile on her face, the toe licking is making her very amorous. She of course thinks Buns is licking her toes.

UNDER THE TABLE Killa continues to lick away. CU: LYSTERINE as she sucks in a deep breath.

LYSTERINE  
(to herself)  
Hummmmmmm... Oooooo.

UNDER THE TABLE, Buns, still on his hands and knees, turns around to pick up the last of the cards. Killa sticks his nose in Buns' ass. BUNS eyes widen as he smiles with delight.

BUNS  
(to himself, sotto)  
It's all good.

Killa sticks her nose in Buns' ass again, then runs from under the table. Buns turns and sees Lysterine's foot near his ass. CU: BUNS

BUNS  
(continuing; sotto)  
I knew it...someone call the police, we got a Love Gangster and she's all the way live.

Buns comes back up to the table but not before bumping his head. Lysterine and Buns smile at one another knowingly.

LYSTERINE  
Nikki, I think I left some Pop Tarts in my oven, I need to run over to my place. You know Buns, my kitchen is antique white and I can't seem to match any paint samples that fit my antique white kitchen walls. D'you think you could take a look at it?

BUNS  
(throws his cards down)  
I sure as fuck could.

Buns and Lysterine get up from the table.

NIKKI  
Wait a minute! Play your hand.

BUNS/LYSTERINE

We just did. We out.

NIKKI

Wait!

(terse whisper)

I can't be alone with Rushon.

LYSTERINE

He really likes you. Be with him.

(Mike Myers/Richman)

Go, talk amongst yourselves.

Buns and Lysterine pick up their shoes and quickly exit the apartment.

Rushon rubs his hands together in anticipation as he moves from the table to the couch. Nikki realizes that what she has been avoiding all evening has finally happened - she and Rushon are alone... Nikki sits beside Rushon as she turns on the TV with a remote.

A National Geographic special on sex in the animal kingdom flickers on the TV screen. WE SEE a series of animals mating. Antelopes, elephants, lions etc... Rushon sits up suddenly very attentive - as is Killa, who perks up his ear, and watches with a cocked head like the RCA dog.

A muted, droll, British BBC VOICE drones on antiseptically about the relative mating habits of the animals.

BRITISH VOICE(VO)

The lion mates up to twenty times a day in mating season. The Hippo, though not as prolific, is none the less as enthusiastic... watch carefully as the four thousand pound hippo knocks those boots...

The image of Hippos making love comes on the TV screen.

RUSHON

Wax that four thousand pound ass.

Killa, who has gotten excited from watching the Hippos, begins to hump Rushon's leg.

NIKKI

(embarrassed)

Killa! Stop that!

Nikki pushes Killa away from Rushon.

RUSHON

That's alright...  
 (glances at animals  
 continuing to mate on  
 TV)  
 ... he's only human...

Rushon pets Killa who wags his tail. Nikki likes this. She softens.

NIKKI

How come you didn't pet Killa  
 when Buns was here? I think he's  
 a bad influence on you.

RUSHON

Don't come down on Buns, he's had  
 a hard life. You know he was a  
 crack baby, raised by wolves in  
 Central Park

NIKKI

Boy's been on the paint fumes too  
 long.

Rushon takes her hand.

RUSHON

Nikki, we been going out for  
 seven weeks. We've eaten Italian,  
 Thai Ethiopian, Greek, Jamaican,  
 Fygmy. We've read poetry to one  
 another...Taken moonlit walks  
 together, midnight swims by  
 starlight together...Fought off  
 carjackers...together, even  
 survived your sister's  
 cooking...together.

Rushon humbly kneels at her side.

RUSHON

(continuing)

Like a vision of love...You came  
 from above... delivered on the  
 wings of a dove... like an  
 oracle... serene, across the hall  
 from the fair Lysterine... you've  
 made my life a dream... you are  
 my everything...you are my  
 all...your love makes me stand

(MORE)

RUSHON (cont'd)  
tall... but baby, it's time for  
that booty call.

Nikki smiles that sexy smile we saw before.

RUSHON  
Alright!

Rushon takes the cue and they begin to make-out.

BRITISH VOICE(VO)  
...but like most in the animal  
kingdom, once the mating is  
complete the male goes on his way  
looking for his next conquest  
while the female is left alone to  
bare and raise their offspring.

Nikki breaks free of the embrace. Rushon quickly changes  
channels but it's too late the mood is broken.

RUSHON  
Aw, man...  
(sotto)  
I hope Buns is having better luck  
than I am.

JACK CUT TO:

INT. LYSTERINE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

TOOTSIEROLL. The music is pumping, thumping, funky... Buns  
and Lysterine are furiously groping one another. Clothes  
start RIPPING OFF.

BUNS  
Baby, tell me what you like?

LYSTERINE  
(hesitant)  
No, you might think I'm a freak.

BUNS  
(kissing her)  
I'm already thinking freak, so  
let's do what you like...

LYSTERINE  
It really turns me on when a man  
can...can... do imitations...  
impressions.

BUNS  
Imitations?

LYSTERINE  
Yeah, like, ah, eh, you know  
powerful men, men of authority...

BUNS  
(imitating a flawless  
Jesse Jackson)  
The hands that once picked  
cotton, can now pick the  
president.

This turns Lysterine on, she becomes palpably more excited.  
Buns senses he's found her weak spot.

BUNS  
(more Jesse Jackson)  
Yes, peoples, we was in the out  
house, now we can take the white  
House.

CUT TO:

INT. LYSTERINE'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Buns and Lysterine are knocking pots and pans out of the way  
as they make love on the kitchen counter with reckless  
abandon.

LYSTERINE  
Do more Jesse Jackson...

BUNS  
(imitating Jackson)  
...I'm going to wax this ass all  
the way to Hymietown.

CUT TO:

INT. NIKKI'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rushon can HEAR pots and pans falling over in Lysterine's  
apartment. He knows Buns is getting it on.

RUSHON  
Buns is popping that cootchie and  
I'm sitting here watching simple-  
ass Latoya Jackson on Your  
Friendly Psychic...maybe I should  
call the psychic to find out when  
we gonna kick it.

NIKKI

Yo, you don't have to be here,  
you can leave.

RUSHON

I enjoy sitting here with you...  
I enjoy Killa, humping my ankle.

He tries to kiss her. She resists.

CUT TO:

INT. LYSTERINE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Buns and Lyst continue to knock over pots and pans as they  
escalate.

BUNS

(as ELMER FUDD)

Ooooooo, this is weally, weally  
good. I just wish that cwazy,  
wascally wabbit could see me now  
(calling out)  
Oh, Mr. Bunny Wabbit... Now you  
know, "What's up"!

LYSTERINE

Ohh, ooh, Buns your "Mike Tyson"  
turns me the fuck on.

BUNS

Baby, that's Elmer Fudd, Tyson is  
an octave higher.  
(imitating Tyson but it  
sounds just like Elmer  
Fudd)  
Now W-robin this wrooty is  
wwreally, wreally good but you  
ain't getting the house or the  
Bentley.  
(back to himself)  
Now, that's Mike Tyson.

Lysterine attacks him.

- - CUT TO:

INT. NIKKI'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rushon looks dejected. Nikki looks at Rushon then kisses  
him.

RUSHON

Yeah... This is more like it.

Rushon pulls Nikki onto the couch. Nikki and Rushon get more and more excited as they continue to kiss. Nikki breaks away.

NIKKI

Rushon I need to ask you something.

RUSHON

Can't it wait?

NIKKI

No.

(a beat)

If I -- No, if WE do this. What happens then?

RUSHON

(kissing her neck)

The earth will move. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back...

NIKKI

No. I mean what happens to our relationship?

RUSHON

(kissing her ears)

You'll be my woman... we'll be married in a small chapel... we'll have two point five kids, a house with a white picket fence and live happily until one day... you'll catch me in bed with a bow-legged midget, at the Motel 6... and cut my ass.

NIKKI

... you know I own a gun...

RUSHON

You'll be my one and only love.

Nikki's defenses are all gone. She wants this now as much as Rushon does. Nikki embraces Rushon and they begin to kiss and grope. Nikki stops. Rushon is about to burst.

RUSHON

(continuing; excited)  
What? What? What now, goddamnit?

NIKKI

Do you have a condom? I love sex,  
but I don't want to die for it.  
Don't wanna expire from desire.

Rushon quickly pulls his wallet out of his pocket.

RUSHON

I got a condom. I got a condom.  
(takes a condom out of  
his wallet and holds it  
up)  
See. It's right here. Just let me  
get it out.

Rushon rips open the condom package. The slippery condom  
slips from his hand to the floor where Killa snaps it up.

Rushon chases Killa under the table and across the floor. He  
catches Killa and tries to take the condom out of his mouth.  
Killa growls and won't let go.

He pulls the condom up. Killa is lifted off the floor.

Killa finally lets go of the condom. It snaps back up and  
slaps Rushon on the hand - stinging him - "OW". Rushon  
proudly displays the condom now wet with Killa's saliva.

RUSHON

I got it!

NIKKI

Don't even think it...

RUSHON

(off her look)  
Right.  
(selling)  
Listen, I think we can get by  
just this once without one.

NIKKI

Your eyes may shine, your teeth  
may grit, but none of this prize  
will you get - until you have a  
brand new, non-lubricated,  
electronically tested,  
individually rolled and sealed...  
condom.

His last try.

RUSHON  
(Re: condom)  
You know they say a dog's mouth  
is cleaner than a human's.

She just looks at him.

RUSHON  
(continued)  
Okay... Give me a minute.

CUT TO:

INT. LYSTERINE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Buns and Lysterine are working it while Lysterine sits on the TV.

BUNS  
(as RICHARD PRYOR)  
Damn, baby... Your pussy got a  
name? 'Cause I'd like to thank it  
formally.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Rushon tiptoes into the hallway. He hears noises of passion emanating from Lysterine's apartment. He puts his ear to the door.

On the other side of the door he can HEAR Buns and Lysterine making passionate love. Buns and Lysterine are screwing against the other side of the door. This time Buns is imitating perfectly - Homer Simpson.

BUNS  
Oh, Marge, dack! Marge you got  
some good ass cartoon pussy,  
girlfriend.

LYSTERINE  
(imitating Marge  
Simpson)  
...oh, Homie, Homie.

FROM THE CAMERA ANGLE WE SEE both sides of the door.

Rushon is confused, dumbfounded by this Homer and Marge imitation he is hearing.

BUNS  
(from the other side of  
the door)  
Marge, grab my butt cheeks...  
(suddenly Buns' voice)  
Damn', not so hard.

LYSTERINE  
(a la Marge Simpson)  
Like this Homie?

BUNS  
(as Homer)  
Ah, Dack...suki, suki, now Marge.  
You doing it, you doing, you  
doing it well.

RUSHON  
(as he knocks)  
What the fuck are ya'll doing!  
Buns! Buns!

Buns\Lysterine freeze in silence. Buns crosses his lips with  
his index finger. Silence.

RUSHON  
(continuing)  
I know you're there, I heard  
you... Homer.

More silence. Rushon goes back to Nikki's apartment.

RUSHON  
(continuing; pissed  
off)  
Buns you ain't shit!

BUNS  
(again, as Homer  
Simpson)  
Oh, yes I am...

CUT TO:

INT. NIKKI'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Nikki and Rushon.

NIKKI  
They were making love?

RUSHON

They were doing the nasty as  
Marge and Homer Simpson.

NIKKI

Lysterine is a little kinky.

Nikki picks up the phone and dials.

CUT TO:

INT. LYSTERINE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

She and Buns are in the throes. She reaches for the ringing  
phone, knocks it over.

BACK TO:

INT. NIKKI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

NIKKI - Over the phone WE HEAR: Tootsie-roll... Rushon and  
Nikki listen perplexed. They hear more imitations.

LYSTERINE (VO)

Do Martin Luther King.

BUNS (VO)

Bitch, is nothing sacred?

LYSTERINE (VO)

Just do him!

BUNS (VO)

(perfect MLK imitation)  
...like any man I would like to  
live a long life...longevity has  
it's place. I may not get to the  
mountain top with you, but I do  
have a dream...I'ma be dead in  
the romp shaker.

NIKKI

Lysterine, what are you doing?

Lysterine picks up the phone.

INTERCUT:

LYSTERINE

(breathlessly aroused)  
Nothing...

NIKKI

(maternally)

I know you're not having unprotected sex with Martin Luther King. The Surgeon General advises all of us that unsafe sex can be deadly.

LYSTERINE

Dr. King's about to rock my world.

NIKKI

Have you gone and lost your mind? You don't know where Buns came from, you don't know that nigga from a can a paint, you better get a condom.

LYSTERINE

Aw, Nikki...

NIKKI

Take a good hard look at Buns and tell me you don't need a condom...

Lysterine looks at Buns. Reptilian eyes, blonde hair. A beat.

LYSTERINE

Buns, do you have a condom?

BUNS

(as Tony Montana)

Condom!?! I don't got no condom! I don't got to show you no stinkin' condom!

CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN - SUPERIMPOSE - "GOT A CONDOM?"

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Rushon is waiting on the sidewalk outside the building. Beats later a rather irate Buns bursts thru the door. Slamming it. An angry tenant yells out the window - "Stop slamming the door"

BUNS  
 (to Rushon)  
 This wouldn't happen if you'd be  
 a man and start regulating  
 yo'shit.

They begin to walk the half a block to a mom and pop store.

CUT TO:

INT. NIKKI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

SPLIT SCREEN - Nikki and Lysterine are on the phone.

LYSTERINE  
 So you're going to do it?

NIKKI  
 I'm ready.

LYSTERINE  
 Damn, make him buy you something  
 first.

NIKKI  
 In the middle of the night?

LYSTERINE  
 I know a jeweler who'll make  
 housecalls.

NIKKI  
 What's Buns buying you...besides  
 a condom?

LYSTERINE  
 All I'm saying is before you can  
 be sure Rushon's the "one" you've  
 got to make him prove himself...

Nikki thinks about this...

LYSTERINE  
 (continues)  
 So you want me to call that  
 jeweler or what?

CUT TO:

INT. MR. WOO'S STORE - NIGHT

An old Chinese man has just hung the "CLOSED" sign on the  
 door. Rushon opens the door.

CHINESE MAN

We closed.

RUSHON

Yo, yo, c'mon man I just want to buy some condoms.

CHINESE MAN

No, condoms for Yo. Who are you?

The man calls back into the store.

CHINESE MAN

(continuing)

Yo, Yo, come here.

A beautiful young Chinese girl appears. Her name is YO.

CHINESE MAN

(angry in Chinese with subtitles)

Yo, where do you know these men from?

BUNS

(in Chinese with subtitles)

Hey, yo, man. We don't know her, we just want some condoms.

YO

He's saying "yo, like yo man, he's not calling my name.

CHINESE MAN

Oh. I understand.

BUNS

I got to knock them boots, Yo.

Buns and Yo exchange sexy looks. Chinese Man shoot Buns a look.

BUNS

It's just an expression.

RUSHON

We need some condoms... the best you got.

CHINESE MAN

Lamb skin, very sensitive, twelve pack. Leaves some feeling for your Jimmy. Just thirty eight dollars.

RUSHON

\$38.00!!!

BUNS

I don't need twelve, just one or two...

CHINESE MAN

No, can't break the box, only have twelve pack. Twelve condoms not much, you look like an all night man.

RUSHON

Damn, you gonna take all a nigga's money, G.

CHINESE MAN

I'm Woo, Gi is my cousin. You want them boots or what?

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Buns and Rushon at their respective apartments. They look at their watches.

BUNS/RUSHON

TONIGHT!

Slap a high five and go in.

CUT TO:

INT. NIKKI'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rushon enters. Romantic music is playing. Lights are down. Candles flicker. Nikki approaches in a negligee.

They begin to kiss passionately. He opens her robe. They fall back onto the sofa, things start heating up. Heavy petting and breathing. Rushon stops.

NIKKI

What's wrong?

Rushon pulls the open box of condoms out of his front pocket and puts them on the table.

RUSHON

The cardboard was sticking me.

Rushon and Nikki start again. Nikki looks over at the box on the table. She stops and reaches for one.

RUSHON

Let the party begin.

NIKKI

What kind of condom is this?

(reading)

Oh, no. No way! This is lamb skin. Don't you listen to the Surgeon General? Lamb skin condoms don't protect you against transmission of the HIV virus.

RUSHON

(hot, bothered, horny  
desperate.)

Baby, baby please, I'm down on my knees. A condom is a condom.

NIKKI

Wanna get AIDS!! Baby, just go back to Mr. Woo's and get latex.

Rushon gets up as does Nikki, who begins slipping on her jeans over her negligee, this alarms Rushon.

RUSHON

What are you doing?

NIKKI

(watching Rushon  
closely)

While you're out, I'll walk Killa...

RUSHON

(grabs the leash)

I'll do it.

NIKKI  
 (impressed)  
 You're so sweet. Take care of my  
 baby.

RUSHON  
 I thought I was your baby?

NIKKI  
 Okay... take care of my baby...  
 BABY.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Rushon knocks on Lysterine's door as he holds Killa by the  
 leash.

RUSHON  
 Buns. C'mon, G, I need those  
 condoms, gonna take them back to  
 Mr. Woo's.

CUT TO:

INT. LYSTERINE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Buns and Lyst are throwing down, lots of bed springs. Short  
 stroking. They hear Rushon's urgent KNOCKING.

RUSHON  
 (from the hallway )  
 Buns, man. I need your share of  
 the condoms. These are lambskin  
 condoms! From lambs...

BUNS  
 (imitating a lamb)  
 Baaaahh.

Phone RINGS.

BUNS (CON'T)  
 Don't answer.

Lysterine answers the phone.

LYSTERINE  
 (into phone)  
 Uh, huh... uh, huh... Okay.

Lysterine hangs up. Buns can see by Lysterine's changing expression that the party is again on hold.

BUNS

I spent \$38 on condoms. Girl, call your sister, your secretary, if you got a stuffed animal get it, because I'm busting something up in this muthafucker tonight.

LYSTERINE

Buns, chill, baby. We're going to do this... I'm going to turn you every which way but loose... After you get a LATEX CONDOM.

BUNS

(composed)  
... aw'ight!

LYSTERINE

And bring your lunch, we gonna be here awhile.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Rushon is waiting, Buns comes out, slams the door, and Killa barks.. Chinese tenant yells out in Cantonese.

BUNS

You a chump, lame-ass, soft punkass...

Buns starts rattling off Mandarin vitriol he's so angry.

BUNS

(continuing, in English)  
Nikki says jump and you say how high. You that girl's organ grinding porch monkey. Even walking her wrinkled-ass dog. You a chump...

RUSHON

An contraire, I'm walking her dog to keep her from putting her clothes back on. I'm regulating, playing her.

BUNS

Oh, now you a rocket scientist,  
huh...?

They come to Mr. Woo's store but it's closed, dark as night.

RUSHON/BUNS

Damn!

Buns looks down and Killa is again sniffing him.

BUNS

Dog, you better stop that. I'm  
so past my point even you're  
beginning to look good to me.

Killa "yelps" and backs away.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. GOOD-TO-GO MIDNIGHT

Rushon and Buns enter the 7-ELEVEN-type convenience store.  
Rushon recognizes one of two Pakistani clerks. SINGH.

SINGH

(heavy Pakistani  
accent)

Rushon!

RUSHON

Yo, Singh, my nigga. Why ain't  
you at the Good-to-Go on 125th  
Street?

SINGH

I'm a floater, I work Harlem,  
Coney Island, Bed-Stuy,  
Chinatown, Bunt's Point, Hell's  
Kitchen, Red Hook, I don't care.  
I'm a floater...

ARMED

My friend, no dogs allowed.

Buns takes the leash and starts bumping into shelves as if he  
were blind.

BUNS

This a seeing-eye dog, man.

AKMED

See-his-wrinkled-ass outside to  
the curb.

Rushon takes Killa outside, ties him to a parking meter then  
comes back into the store.

RUSHON

I want some latex condoms. Make  
sure they're latex.

SINGH

(rapidly)

I got Trojans, Life-style, Ginza,  
Booty Call, Back-door Man, Kiss  
of Mint, RamRod, LubeJob, InDeep,  
JoyTrail, Buckwild and Goodyear  
Eagles.

BUNS

Goodyear makes condoms, now?

AKMED

Non skid, all weather, positive  
tract maxi-tread.

RUSHON

Give me a pack of the  
Goodyears...

BUNS

...and a pack of the BackDoor  
Man.

AKMED

(even thicker accent;  
to Buns)

I think that one is for gay men,  
my friend.

(off the blond hair)

But I don't know, you could be a  
doodoo chaser. A Sodomite. Blond  
hair and all.

BUNS

Nah, man, I ain't no rump ranger.  
C'mon, give me a pack of  
the...the Booty Calls. The blond  
hair is a statement of my fashion  
liberation.

ARMED

Like I said, a Sodomite...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Rushon and Buns are headed back to the apartment.

BUNS

Yo, Rushon...yo, what's a Sodomite?

RUSHON

It's like a termite...only bigger.

BUNS

Oh. Oh. I thought it was Dolemite's cousin.

Buns and Rushon continue down the street. Rushon stops.

RUSHON

Oh, Damn! We forgot Killa.

Rushon and Buns turn around and look back towards the front of the Good to Go, WE SEE the parking meter and the chewed leash... Killa freed himself.

CUT TO:

INT. NIKKI'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

SPLIT SCREEN - Nikki is on the phone with Lysterine.

NIKKI

...that's right, he's out there, right now, taking care of Killa.

LYSTERINE

Looks like old Rushon has "wormed" his way right in.

NIKKI

My man earned what I'm gonna give him.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Rushon looking concerned. Buns kisses his hand, smacks his lips.

BUNS

Boy, you can KISS that pussy  
good-bye.

No Killa anywhere - then a loud HONK of a truck airhorn. At the end of the bloc, Killa has jetted out into the street. ANGLE ON Buns and Rushon, flabbergasted. The truck passes right over Killa. They breath a sigh of relief then run after Killa. Killa runs into an alley. They've lost him again.

BEATS then they hear another glaring HORN. The car screeches to a halt and a frightened Killa runs. They frantically chase the streets after him until they arrive at

THE HOLLAND TUNNEL

Buns and Rushon get and "Oh shit!" looks on their faces then rush into the tunnel after Killa.

In the tunnel Buns and Rushon leap and dive over trunks and hoods, dodging trucks and taxi cabs as they run after Killa, who is scampering dangerously under the tires of the vehicles in the tunnel. Rushon dives for Killa and... just misses him. Rushon is pulled out of the path of an on-coming truck by Buns. HONK!

They continue to chase Killa. They run pass the border line between New Jersey and New York. Buns stops in his tracks on the New York side. Rushon looks puzzled.

BUNS

I got warrants in New Jersey,  
can't do it.

Killa appears - running back the other way - into New York.

RUSHON

Guess Killa got Jersey warrants  
too.

Buns dives to tackle Killa, the dog puts a vicious move on Buns, who hits his head against a stalled car.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLAND TUNNEL - NIGHT

LONG SHOT of Killa running out the tunnel chased by Buns and Rushon.

CUT TO:

EXT. CANAL STREET - NIGHT

Buns and Rushon are TIRED, all run out. They are looking around for Killa. They pass a Chinese restaurant with hanging Peking ducks. Buns goes to the window.

RUSHON

(looking at hanging  
ducks)

Damn, that looks like Killa.

BUNS

You think Nikki wants takeout?

They hear the ROAR of a garbage dumpster truck. They turn, see Killa, tired, panting, but right under where the truck is about to drop the dumpster. "Oh, no!" The DUMPSTER DROPS NOISILY. Buns and Rushon walk sadly to the dumpster, lower their heads. Beats of funereal silence.

CUT TO:

EXT. NIKKI'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Rushon and Buns, looking dejected, approach the building.

RUSHON

This is what we do... we tell  
Nikki Killa is with you and  
Lyst... until I knock them boots.

BUNS

My name's Bennet and I ain't in  
it.

RUSHON

You are in it. If Nikki's crying  
over her dead dog, she's gonna be  
crying on Lysterine's shoulder,  
which means...you ain't getting  
nothing...

BUNS

And you a dead man walking.

A few beats of silence. They get to the door. Rushon looks as if he doesn't want to go in. Buns takes him by the arm and is about to lead him in when they hear barking. "yip", "yip". They look down.

Sitting by the door is Killa. He is almost black with dirt from the dumpster. Rushon snatches Killa up, shakes some of the dirt off, and enters the apartment with a big smile on his face.

CUT TO:

INT. NIKKI'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rushon enters and collapses on the couch. Killa collapses in the corner. Nikki enters from the bedroom.

NIKKI  
What took so long?

Taking in how disheveled both Rushon and Killa are.

NIKKI  
(continued)  
What happened?

RUSHON  
We started to play and lost track  
the time. Killa is one frisky  
pup.

Killa lifts his head and barks.

KILLA  
(subtitles)  
Nigga, break yourself...

Nikki crosses to Rushon.

NIKKI  
You still in the mood?

RUSHON  
Hell, yes!

Rushon takes her in his arms and kisses her. Passion builds. Rushon caresses her breasts, slides down her abdomen, kissing every inch as he goes. He kisses her between the legs.

NIKKI  
Ah, ah... excuse me... Ah, eh...  
what are you doing?

RUSHON

(sultry whisper)

Baby, I'm going downtown on the "A" train, if you get my drift. I've been wanting to do this for seven... long... weeks...

Rushon resumes kissing her stomach, he sinks lower, then lower.

NIKKI

Wait! Stop! You can't do that without protection...you need a dental dam. We have to protect against the exchange of fluids.

RUSHON

Where the hell am I gonna find a dental dam?

NIKKI

Safe sex, Rushon. Check in my kitchen, get some Saran wrap.

Rushon anxiously moves to the kitchen, rips thru several drawers before laying hand to the Saran wrap. He opens the box, smiles until he sees that the box is empty.

RUSHON

It's empty.

NIKKI

We need to be safe

RUSHON

I ain't got to go downtown, you know?

NIKKI

OH, YES YOU DO...

She kisses his neck, his chest, his shoulders...he melts in her embrace.

RUSHON

(weakly, high voice)

Okay...

He gets up toward the door. Nikki picks up the phone.

RUSHON  
Who are you calling?

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Rushon and Buns exit the building. Buns is so mad he can't speak. He utters a few harsh syllables. Slams the door. The same irate Chinese tenant yells out again. They're on their way back to the Good-to-Go.

CUT TO:

INT. GOOD-TO-GO - 2 AM

Rushon and Buns enter. Singh greets them on their second visit of the night.

RUSHON  
Singh, where's your Saran wrap.

SINGH  
In the back, to the right, beyond  
the hardware section.

Rushon and Buns go to the section, can't find Saran Wrap.

RUSHON  
(yelling out, stressed)  
Singh, you out of Saran wrap...

SINGH  
Get the Glad Cling Wrap, same  
thing.

BUNS  
Are you sure?

SINGH  
Yes.  
(sotto)  
You goddamn butt-plugs.

Rushon returns to the counter. Singh and Ahmed study the Glad Wrap. They smile, say something in their native tongue. Rushon and Buns can tell they are the brunt of their Pakistani joke.

SINGH AND AHMED  
(singing)  
You got to lick it...before we  
kick it...yeah, you gotta lick  
it, before we kick it...

RUSHON

Hey, hey, hey! It ain't about that, fellas.

SINGH

Why would you be purchasing Glad wrap at two in the morning if you didn't have to....

SINGH AND ARMED

(singing)

...lick it...before we kick it...gotta to make it nice wet so we can kick it. Bada, da, da, da...bada, da, da, da...got to (they snap their fingers) work it....gotta get it nice and wet so we can kick it.

BUNS

You see, this is why I favor immigration reform...you fresh off the boat, can hardly speak the language, and here you're fucking with people already...

ARMED

My friend, my friend, we only pulling your arm...

REVEREND PEABODY, enters, age 48, conservative stern preacher man. Rushon recognizes him and tries to duck out of sight. Too late. Reverend Peabody spots Rushon.

REVEREND PEABODY

Rushon? Is that you, Rushon?

RUSHON

Oh, hi, Rev. Peabody...

REVEREND PEABODY

Boy, what you doin' out this late? Ain't nothin' up this late but the devil...

(looks at Buns)

...and the devil's helper.

BUNS

Hey, you up, Rev...

## REVEREND PEABODY

Don't blaspheme, boy. There's a special place in hell for Blasphemers.

## SINGH

(to Reverend Peabody)  
I'll be right with you, sir. Soon as I ring up this Glad Wrap for Rushon.

Rushon tries to signal Singh to be cool. Too late.

## REVEREND PEABODY

(suspicious)  
Glad Wrap? At two in the morning?

## SINGH AND ARMED

(singing)  
You got to lick it, before we kick it...

## REVEREND PEABODY

I think you plannin' on eatin' more than a sandwich, boy.

## RUSHON

No, really, Reverend, I...

## REVEREND PEABODY

It's bad enough that you're planning to fornicate, don't compound the sin by lying. Lies are the oil that grease that one way track to hell.

(preaching)

Condoms and Glad Wrap have their place in the pantheon of safe sex, but there's only one sure way to be totally safe. Abstinence and purity...

## ARMED

...and sexual frustration.

## REVEREND PEABODY

I know sometimes it seems like that little furry devil is calling your name. "Come get me, come get me. Bite me Rushon. I'm juicy... I'm hot... I'm ready..."

BUNS

(like a parishioner)

Well...

Rushon shoots Buns a look. Rev grabs a newspaper rack, puts it in front of him like a pulpit.

REVEREND PEABODY

(still preaching)

That's when you've got to be strong, that's when you've got to show some resolve, that's when you--

A WOMAN in a tight dress, who is obviously not Mrs. Peabody, steps into the store which her hand on her hip.

WOMAN

(interrupting)

Say, Rev, we gon' do this, or what?

REVEREND PEABODY

(busted)

Ah, heh, heh, heh... be right with you, darlin'...

(to Singh)

Let me have a pack of breath mints... the strongest you have.

Singh gives the Reverend the breath mints. The Reverend pays for them.

REVEREND PEABODY

(smiling)

You gentlemens have a good evening.

(to woman as he exits)

You ready for some absolution, girl?

Reverend Peabody exits the Good To Go with the Woman. Rushon can only shake his head as he pushes the Glad Wrap towards Akmed

SINGH

Listen, my friend, go back to the shelf and get the 12-inch Glad wrap, you don't need the 18-inch width...save the money... unless of course this is a big wide-bodied jumbo-bitch. In that case, 18-inches is the way to go.

Makes sense to Rushon and Buns. They take back the 18 inch box, locate a 12 inch box. Rushon and Buns return toward the counter. To find a robbery in progress. A hold up man has a small 22 pointed at Singh and Akmed.

HOLD UP MAN

...you carried-breath Pakistani  
piece of Tandoori crap, empty all  
that money into the bag...

AKMED

I'm Punjabi...not Pakistani

HOLD UP MAN

Like I give a damn.

Rushon and Buns quietly back track. They look around in the hardware section, looking for something to use as a weapon. Rushon picks up a plunger. Buns shakes his head "no."

They both spot the display of forty ounce bottles of beer at the same time. They look at one another and shake their heads "yes." They both pick up a forty ounce and hold it by the neck.

Rushon and Buns stealthily move toward the counter, forty ounces in hand, eyes peeled to the robber.

The robber sees Rushon and Buns approach on the CLOSED CIRCUIT TV. He spins around.

ROBBER

Thirsty?

Rushon and Buns, caught, drop their bottles at the same time - SPLAT.

Their eyes suddenly grow wide with terror. Not because of the robber, but because Singh and Akmed have reached under the counter and picked up wicked looking automatic weapons.

Rushon and Buns, who are in the line of fire, wave their arms trying to signal to Singh and Akmed not to shoot. The robber gets an "Oh,oh..." look on his face. Too late

Singh and Akmed seize this moment to blast at the robber. POW! POW! POW! Singh and Akmed fire random shots in every direction. Buns dives to the floor. Bullets are flying everywhere. POW! POW!

A rack of condoms is hit. It spins around, spewing condoms all over the store. Some of them fall on Buns' head.

Shelves and merchandise explode as the bullets shatter everything in their path. POW! POW! POW! POW! POW! POW!

All through the shoot-out Rushon is ducking and screaming as the bullets whiz past him. The robber stands there with his shoulder hunched up around his neck. Frozen in place. We see the shoot-out from EVERY ANGLE including on the CLOSED CIRCUIT BLACK AND WHITE TV.

POW! POW! CLICK! CLICK! No one was hit in the fuselage of gunfire. Singh and Akmed are out of bullets. They stand there for a beat amidst the gunsmoke like a Punjabi John Travolta and Samuel L. Jackson. Then they quickly load more banana clips into their weapons and cock them - ready to fire again.

The robber, who has been frozen stiff with fear throughout the gunfire, turns and fires at Singh and Akmed with his small 22 - papi! The bullet misses them, and ricochets around the store - ZING, PING, TING, BING, then ZIP, nicks Rushon's leg before lodging in the counter..

RUSHON

Ow!

Rushon touches his leg and sees a little blood.

RUSHON

(continued)

Muthafukah!

Rushon hauls off and punches the robber WHAP! He knocks the robber out.

Akmed turns to Singh ala Samuel Jackson and John Travolta.

ARMED

(accent)

I think I must get out the convenience store business...I'm tired of shooting muthafuckers every Saturday night.

SINGH

(accent)

What are you going to do, Akmed?

AKMED

I don't know. Just walk the earth...contemplate shit...like Caine in Kung Fu.

SINGH

You need some nachos and a 32 oz.  
Big Boy. We're Punjabi,  
Akmed...this convenience store  
shit is in our DNA. The  
contemplative life would bore  
you.

ARMED

Perhaps you are right. A shoot-  
out every now and then is quite  
exhilarating.

Rushon looks around for Buns.

RUSHON

Buns! Buns! Where are you, man?

We SEE movement under the stuff from the soap counter.

BUNS

I'm over here crying like a bitch  
with a Brillo Pad stuck up my  
ass...

Singh rings it up.

SINGH

Brillo Pads are \$2.99... anything  
else?

Rushon grabs up the Glad wrap. Akmed CLEARS his throat.  
Rushon looks back at him with an inquiring glare. Akmed  
CLEARS his throat again as Rushon pushes the door open.

ARMED

(accent)

The Glad Wrap is \$3.99.

RUSHON

I saved your lives and you gonna  
hit me for \$3.99 for the Glad  
Wrap.

ARMED

(accent)

If it wens up to me you would  
have it free, I would give you  
the 18-inch size. But Good-to-Go  
corporate headquarters.... they  
run a tight ship - we got to  
account for every penny, G.

SINGH

(accent)

Take it, free...we'll EAT the  
loss.

AKMED

(high fives)

Singh, you mafucka, that was a  
good Punjabi pun, nigga.

Rushon and Buns walk out of the store as Singh and Akmed  
sing.

SINGH AND AKMED

(singing)

You gotta lick it, before we kick  
it.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Buns and Rushon each have a roll of Glad Wrap under their  
arms.

CUT TO:

INT. LYSTERINE'S APT. - NIGHT

Buns enters Lysterine's apt.

BUNS

Aw'ight, I got the Glad wrap.  
You know how to use this stuff?

LYSTERINE

Nope.

BUNS

What you make me go get this  
foolishness for?

LYSTERINE

Nikki's the queen of safe sex,  
I'll call her...

Buns rips the phone out of the wall.

BUNS

(as he rips phone out)  
Not on this phone!

CUT TO:

INT. NIKKI'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rushon falls out on the bed as he triumphantly holds up the Glad Wrap.

RUSHON

I got it! We can do this thing.  
Come sit next to me.

Nikki, who is dressed in a dainty camisole sits next to Rushon on the bed.

NIKKI

You're right. We've both waited  
long enough. Too long.

Nikki gives Rushon a passionate kiss.

RUSHON

Bring it on.

Nikki kisses Rushon again.

NIKKI

I'm going to get ready.

Nikki bounces into the bathroom with the raw sexual energy of a horny 24 year old. Rushon rubs his hands together.

RUSHON

Yes! Here it is! Can't keep a  
good man down. I'ma Turtle Wax  
that ass! Mop and Glo.

Rushon opens the Glad Wrap.

RUSHON

(continuing)

All I got to do is get this Glad  
Wrap on.

(singing, bobbing his  
head, happy)

"You've got to lick it, before we  
kick it..."

Rushon, unfamiliar with the ways of safe sex wraps the Glad Wrap around his head a few times until he is virtually mummified.

He continues to wrap until his entire head is wrapped, eyes, ears, chin - except for a little opening in front that allows him to flick his tongue in and out - like a snake. The wrap begins to cling, very tightly.

Rushon tries to cut the Glad Wrap on the side of the box, he drops the box. The roll comes out of the box and wheels across the floor. Rushon tries to pull the roll back by reeling in the wrap. He only succeeds in wrapping the Glad Wrap around his hands until he looks like he's wearing Glad Wrap boxing gloves.

Rushon brings the Glad Wrap up to his mouth and tries to bite it. It won't break.

RUSHON  
(continuing)  
Ughhhh! Ughhhh! Ughhhh!

Rushon tries to bite the wrap again.

RUSHON  
(continuing)  
Ughhhh!

The wrap on his hands adheres to the wrap on his face pulling it down over his mouth, and cutting off his air supply.

RUSHON  
(continuing)  
Mfffft! Mfffft! Mfffft!

Rushon tries to pull the Glad Wrap off his head, but his hands, which are also covered with Glad Wrap, can't get a grip. Rushon stumbles around the room trying to get a breath.

RUSHON  
(continuing)  
Mfffft! Mfffft! Mfffft!

Rushon stumbles into a dresser and sees his reflection in the dresser mirror - it scares the shit out of him.

RUSHON  
(continuing)  
MFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFT!!!

Rushon falls back on the bed. He is out of air - he can only moan softly.

RUSHON  
(continuing)  
mft... mft...

Nikki opens the door to the bathroom and stands there dramatically. She has on a sheer shorty night gown - and we can see every contour of her nubile young body as she stands there in silhouette.

Then she notices Rushon lying on the bed wrapped in the Glad wrap and barely moving - like some insect that's been cocooned by some giant Glad Wrap spider. Rushon is slowly suffocating.

RUSHON  
(continuing)  
mft...

NIKKI  
Rushon!

Nikki rushes over to Rushon and sticks her fingernail in the indentation made by Rushon's desperately sucking mouth. When her finger breaks through the Glad Wrap it's sucked into Rushon's mouth. Nikki has to struggle to pull her finger out of Rushon's mouth. Finally it comes out with a loud wet POPI

WHOOSH! Rushon sucks in a huge amount of air. Sits up violently, gasps for air. Nikki unravels the Glad Wrap from Rushon's face and hands.

NIKKI  
(continuing)  
You're supposed to wrap it around my pelvic area, not around your head, ya big dummy! You scared me to death.

RUSHON  
(eyes crossed, stupid expression on his face)  
I waxed that ass didn't I? Was it good for you?

NIKKI  
We haven't done anything yet. You almost died. You're the only man in the world dumb enough to do something like this.

Buns BURSTS thru the door - covered with Glad Wrap and suffocating. He's knocking over furniture, arms flailing. Nikki runs to his rescue, tackles the panicked Buns like a drowning swimmer, pushes him on the bed next to Rushon, who rips the asphyziating plastic from his face.

NIKKI  
(continuing; turns to Rushon)  
I stand corrected.

Buns heaves for air. Lysterine enters. She looks at Buns.

LYSTERINE  
 Waiting to exhale, Buns?  
 (sotto to Nikki)  
 Two dumb mutha's...

Buns pulls the remaining Glad wrap off.

LYSTERINE  
 (continuing)  
 ...now this is a Kodak moment.

Nikki and Lysterine look at Rushon and Buns - laying on the bed still partially wrapped in Glad Wrap and out of breath. The two women laugh. This pisses Rushon and Buns off.

BUNS  
 Oh, now ya'll gon' laugh at us?  
 Ain't that a bitch. Ain't no  
 girl in the world worth being  
 laughed at.

LYSTERINE  
 (laughing)  
 Come on, Buns, you guys look  
 funny.

Lysterine and Nikki giggle. Buns and Rushon stand as they remove the last of the Glad Wrap.

RUSHON  
 No... Buns is right. We ain't  
 gonna stand here and be laughed  
 at after all we've been through  
 for ya'll ...  
 ...coming all the way down from  
 uptown...

BUNS  
 (ohming in)  
 ... ate fried rice while ya'll  
 dined on lobster and prawns ...

RUSHON  
 ... Buns damn near lost his  
 family jewels ...

BUNS  
 ... spent thirty eight dollars on  
 condoms we couldn't use ...

RUSHON

... damn near had heart attacks  
chasing Killa through the Holland  
Tunnel ...

Nikki looks at Killa who buries his head ashamed.

RUSEON

... and get caught in a damn  
robbery ...

BUNS

... bullets flying everywhere...

RUSHON

(indicates thigh)  
... I even got shot in the leg  
trying to please you, shit...

Nikki and Lysterine are shocked. They look at Rushon's pant  
leg.

NIKKI

(very concerned)  
You've been shot!

RUSHON

It's okay... just a scratch.

Shows it to Nikki.

NIKKI

We've got to get you to a  
hospital...

RUSHON

Tomorrow. Tonight, we got some  
business to take care of up in  
here.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - 3:00 AM

Nikki and Lysterine attempt to hail a taxi. Buns is sleepy,  
yawns, lies his head on the hood of an old Buick. Rushon is  
just pissed.

LYSTERINE

Black folk can't get a taxi after  
midnight.

BUNS

Why I got to be here?

NIKKI

Your friend is bleeding.

BUNS

Nigga gonna bleed whether I'm here or not. At least one of us could be sleeping.

LYSTERINE

Rushon is your friend.

BUNS

A real friend would've waited 'till daybreak to get shot.

Rushon puts too much weight on his leg, gets a shot of pain.

NIKKI

Baby, you alright?

RUSHON

I'll be alright when we finish what we started. Lets go back upstairs.

Another two cabs pass them by.

BUNS

Yo' leg hurt, boy?

RUSHON

Yeah, but I'm cool.

Another cab pulls to the curb until he sees the fares are black, then he takes off.

BUNS

Back in the day you could shoot an old-school nigga five, six times before he'd even think of going to the hospital. They don't make 'em like they use to, Rock Hard.

More cabs pass by.

NIKKI

This is ridiculous. We're not going to get a taxi.

RUSHON

They won't stop for a black man.

BUNS

Would you stop for a bleeding nigga? I wouldn't...better get on that Number 42 bus.

LYSTERINE

Look, Buns, you and Rushon go hide behind those garbage cans.

BUNS

Why a bro'man got to hide behind a garbage can to hail a taxi? I got dignity.

NIKKI

It's the politics baby. Take your dignity and yo' black ass behind that garbage can.

Rushon and Buns crouch behind a set of garbage cans. Nikki steps back into the street, hails a taxi which pulls to the corner in three seconds flat.

Nikki and Lysterine get in the cab. Lysterine in front, Nikki in back. They hold the doors open and gesture for Rushon and Buns, who dash into the street.

Through his rear view mirror the Russian cabbie see Rushon and Buns running towards the cab. He is alarmed by the two black men rushing the cab. Thinks he's going to be robbed.

IN A PANIC the Russian grabs his .44 Magnum and jumps from his cab. Screaming in Russian and backpedaling from his car, he fumbles with the gun, POW! A shot goes wild.

Rushon dives into the backseat as Buns ducks into the driver's seat - stomach down. He leans over and mashes on the accelerator with his left hand as he steers blindly with his right. The cab zigzags away as the Russian fires. POW! CLICK! The gun jams.

The cabbie chases the cab for a beat then throws the jammed gun at it. The gun hit the ground and goes off. POW! Just missing the cabbie, who jumps out of the way. PING! He screams something in Russian.

CUT TO:

EXT. 7TH AVE SOUTH - MINUTES LATER - NIGHT

Buns is driving, Lysterine is riding shotgun.

BUNS

I'm moving back to Africa, 'shit  
is ridiculous.

In the BACKSEAT Rushon has his head nudged in Nikki's lap.

NIKKI

Baby, I'm sorry about tonight.

RUSHON

Me too. I wanted this to be our  
special night; the beginning...  
our sexual awakening. Cold  
champagne, sultry candlelight,  
Johnny Gill...

(singing)

Put on that red dress...I'm gonna  
make love to you... my...my...my,  
you sure look good tonight.

BUNS

Rushon, are you delirious or  
what? Regulate yourself man.

CUT TO:

INT. TAXI (MOVING) - NIGHT

Buns sees a white couple hailing a taxi. He can't resist this  
opportunity to make some money. He pulls to the curb.

LYSTERINE

What are you doing?

BUNS

What's it look like?

NIKKI

Get us to the hospital.

BUNS

Nikki, chill, boys been bleeding  
all night, ten more minutes ain't  
gonna make a difference. He done  
coagulated by now.

The white couple climb in. Buns takes off.

WHITE MAN

Whew...rough getting a taxi tonight.

BUNS

You too, huh...

WOMAN

Sherry Netherlands...

BUNS

(turning to the backseat)

...am I supposed to know where this bitch lives? This is New York, this is a big city, folks. If you don't know, you better ask some-body...

WHITE MAN

(arrogantly)

...Sherry Netherlands is not a bitch...

BUNS

Well, I don't personally know the ho. She could be...

WOMAN

Sherry Netherlands is next to the Pierre.

BUNS

I don't know where-the-fuck Pierre lives...this is a big city. Is he related to The Donald? Does the nigga have a last name?

LYSTERINE

Buns, the Pierre is a hotel, so is the Sherry Netherlands, 59th and 5th.

BUNS

Well nowww we cooking...wit gas...that's all ya'll had to say.

Buns is driving along humming. Everyone else is silent. The white couple look over at Rushon's wounded leg. Rushon holds up a strip of four condoms.

RUSHON  
Condom? They latex, surgeon  
general approved.

Nikki elbows Rushon in the ribs.

WHITE MAN  
(to Lysterine)  
Aren't you Lysterine...? You  
sell securities for Baker  
Ramsloyd...

LYSTERINE  
(hiding her face)  
That's another Lysterine.

RUSHON  
That's the fresh, minty, plaque  
removing kind... this is the  
cock-blocking Lysterine...

EXT. 57TH STREET - 5:30 AM,

Buns pulls to the corner, cranks his meter.

LYSTERINE  
Buns, the hotel is two blocks  
north of here.

BUNS  
I know this...but to come down  
5th Avenue I got to go up Central  
Park West and cut thru the park  
and I ain't doing this. Plus  
Herbie, here looks like he could  
take a couple pounds off that  
ass.

WHITE MAN  
It's fine, it's fine. How much do  
I owe you?

BUNS  
Fiddy dollars...

WHITE MAN  
What? I've never paid that much  
to taxi up from Chinatown.

BUNS  
You ain't never had an English  
speaking cabbie, with verve,  
style and flair, either...

WOMAN

Just pay the man, Richard.

The man pays Buns as the couple exits the cab. Two transvestites approach the cab. One of them NYQUILLA comes to the window.

NYQUILLA

Chelsea Hotel...and make it quick.

BUNS

Hey, Nyquilla.

NYQUILLA

Buns, is that you? What you doing driving a cab, hoy?

LYSTERINE

It's long story, listen we got to go.

BUNS

Nyquilla, this is Lysterine. Ya'll funny-name folk could open up a drug store. Lysterine aisle five, Nyquilla aisle six.

(turns to backseat)

Rushon, look who here, man!

Buns gestures to Nyquilla, big ugly transvestite.

RUSHON

Buns, how do you know this... him-it? I always suspected you was a punk, Buns.

BUNS

You know him too, that's Gary Bullock, we went to Boys High together.

NYQUILLA

Who you calling a Him-It?

RUSHON

Damn, that's Gary Bullock, he use to go both ways... middle linebacker and center.

BUNS

(to Rushon)

Yeah and you use to have your hands all up his butt, when you was quarterbacking.

NYQUILLA

(sultry)

And you had real nice hands, Rushon. Soft, bet you used Noxema, huh?

NIRKI

He does have nice hands. doesn't he.

OTHER TRANSVESTITE

(appearing at Rushon's window)

For real though.

NYQUILLA

My football days are behind me but Rushon you still looking good, maybe we can get together and run some of those wideouts.

OTHER TRANSVESTITE

For real though...

RUSHON

Man, Gary, what happened to you...you was a helluva linebacker...busted much ass. Now YOU...YOU...

NYQUILLA

I was just a cheerleader stuck in a linebacker's jock strap, Rushon, but now I know WHO I AM - and I can still bust some ass, honey.

OTHER TRANSVESTITE

For real though.

Lysterine picks a lead pipe up from beneath the drivers seat and menacingly shows it to BUNS.

BUNS

Gotta go, gotta go...step back from the vehicle.

Nyquilla drops her purse, bends over revealing a little butt crack over her spandex pants. Buns, Lysterine and Rushon all go...ANWWWVW!

BUNS

(continuing)

Nyquilla, get yo'nasty ass out the street and stop showing butt-crack, girl.

NYQUILLA

Crack kills but not this crack, honey. You go on with yo'deep-dish chocolate ass, looking all good n'shit wit that blond hair. Buns I could suck you up with a straw.

Nyquilla kisses the windshield leaving a big ass lipstick stain on the window.

BUNS

See you when I see you.

Without looking Buns begins to pull out. A recklessly speeding car swerves and screeches to avoid them. We hear a loud CRASH. A lone bent hub cap rolls back in front of the cab.

BUNS

One man's tragedy is another man's opportunity.

Bun's heads toward the sound of the crash

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM ENTRANCE 5:45 AM

Bun's cab pulls up; like clowns in a circus, eight people climb out of the cab, most of them wounded. Lysterine gives Bun a "Have you no shame" look.

The people head straight for the ER. Buns catches up with them.

BUNS

(stopping hurt people)

Naw, my Nubian brothers and sisters, this ain't no ambulance! You gots to pay me.

The wounded, the bloodied, the broken of bone, all go into their pockets to pay Buns for the ride.

HEAD WOUND

(points to his friend)

He got my back, man.

BUNS

Naw, man, he ain't got you... pay me, cuz.

A man rushes out of the ER, frantic...

ANXIOUS HUSBAND

I need a wife, my taxi is having our baby and I'm at the wrong goddamn hospital.

BUNS

I'm off duty...dude.

ANXIOUS HUSBAND

Please bro'man.

BUNS

I'm off duty, but I'll sell this old Checker to Ya.

ANXIOUS HUSBAND

How much?

BUNS

Two fiddy.

ANXIOUS HUSBAND

One fifty...

BUNS

You don't want to see your baby being born... do you...

ANXIOUS HUSBAND

Okay, okay, two hundred...

BUNS

Let's get it on.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - 5:45 AM

It's a busy NYC emergency room attending to the usual types of emergency maladies - cut fingers, stab wounds, gunshot

wounds, delusional psychos etc... Everyone there is in some kind of pain and wants service NOW!

The jaded ADMITTING NURSE, who has lived through exactly seven thousand, three hundred and forty-six such nights, has seen far too much pain to ever again be bothered by it in this life time.

Her philosophy is simple: If you have insurance you are a good person who deserves immediate attention. No insurance, sit your ass down and wait.

Rushon, Nikki, Lysterine and Buns approach the admitting counter.

ADMITTING NURSE

Got insurance?

A beat as Rushon looks at the others. Rushon swallows hard.

Buns surreptitiously slips Rushon his medical insurance card. Rushon hands the card to the nurse. The nurse looks at the card.

ADMITTING NURSE

(reading card)

Sears...

(in awe)

Now we can party...

(sticks her pencil in  
the hole in Rushon's  
pant leg)

...oney, we gonna fix that  
thigh, and a fine thigh it is.

NIKKI

We need to see a doctor.

ADMITTING NURSE

So be it!

The nurse picks up a mic.

ADMITTING NURSE

(continuing; into mic)

I need service at the admitting  
counter STAT!

Two male nurses appear, as if out of nowhere. One helps Rushon into a wheel chair. They push Rushon away. Nikki waves good-bye. The male nurses quickly pushes Rushon into an observation room marked "PRIVATE"

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

The male nurses lift Rushon onto an observation table. A beat later, an absolutely beautiful DOCTOR enters, stethoscope, neatly pressed, tightly fitting white physicians' jacket, big brown eyes, cleavage. This is DOCTOR RENEE MOORE. Rushon is impressed.

Doctor Moore sits down at a computer and pulls up Buns' file. Looks at computer then at Rushon, her eyes dart back and forth between the computer screen and Rushon.

RUSHON

Are you my doctor?

DOCTOR MOORE

Yes, Dr. Moore.

RUSHON

(to himself off her  
build)

You got that right.

DOCTOR MOORE

(reading the file)

Thank you.

Rushon busted.

DOCTOR MOORE

(continues)

Mr. Buns, what's your first name?

RUSHON

Isn't it in there?

DOCTOR MOORE

Yes, but I can't believe a human  
being would have this first name.  
Come on, what is it?

RUSHON

(hopelessly guessing)

Ah... Honey Buns...?

Doctor Moore looks at him suspiciously.

DOCTOR MOORE

It says "Butter Buns" here. Your  
mother's name is Honey Buns.

RUSHON  
 (to himself)  
 Damn! I can't believe that  
 nigga's named Butter Buns...

DOCTOR MOORE  
 What is your father's name?

RUSHON  
 (tentative)  
 Sticky?

DOCTOR MOORE  
 (shooting back)  
 Wrong, Hot! You're not really  
 Mr. Butter Buns, are you...?  
 (looks at Rushon)  
 You know it's a federal crime to  
 use someone else's insurance...

RUSHON  
 You know, my leg is feeling much  
 better.

Rushon quickly exits the room.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Rushon, limping, approaches Buns, Lysterine and Nikki.

RUSHON  
 Let's go.

NIKKI  
 What happened?

RUSHON  
 They could tell from the file  
 that I wasn't Mr. BUTTER Buns.  
 (to Buns)  
 Butter?

NIKKI  
 (Re: leg)  
 You're still bleeding.

RUSHON  
 I came here like you wanted, now  
 let's get back to your place like  
 I want.

LYSTERINE

(laughing)  
Did he say Butter?

BUNS

Oh, I don't think you want to  
play the name game.

NIKKI

We're not going anywhere 'til you  
get that leg fixed.

BUNS

Y'all got more rules than Sunday  
school. Wait here.

Buns exits heading toward the supply closets.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - MINUTES LATER

Bun's returns pushing a wheel chair, having put on a doctor's  
white jacket, stethoscope, some latex gloves and what other  
paraphernalia he can lay hands on. Buns looks like a doctor.

He pushes Rushon into the wheel chair, grabs a floating  
orderly and commands him to bring Rushon into the triage.

LYSTERINE

Damn Buns, you look good in that  
white jacket.

BUNS

(terminator II)  
I'll be back...

The orderly rolls Rushon down the hurried corridor of medical  
emergencies. Rushon slaps Buns a congratulatory low five for  
getting him admitted, albeit, by questionable means.

BUNS

(continuing; to an ER  
nurse.)  
Nurse, take this patient, I have  
a code blue in berth four.

NURSE

(reading Buns' name  
tag)  
Yes Dr. Zevroloswki...

Buns glances at the name tag he's wearing. The nurse begins to treat Rushon's wound. Buns eases back thru the corridor until he's grabbed by a uniformed security officer. Beats. Buns senses trouble.

GUARD

Doctor... Dr. Moore needs some help in number two.

BUNS

Let's get it on...

Buns moves down the hall with the aplomb of Ben Casey and Marcus Welby. He turns into the wrong triage berth.

GUARD

Berth Two, not three.

Buns enters the right berth. A pregnant woman is on her back, in pain. Doctor Moore is there. Buns eyes her with a devilish glint in his eyes. His eyes seem to fixate on Dr. Moore's cleavage...and nice cleavage it is as we remember from Rushon's experience.

BUNS

Okay, doctor, what do we have here?

DOCTOR MOORE

My residency is in emergency peds...I have no training in obstetrics...this patient is multi-gravida experiencing aggravated lateral distension with strong likelihood of an oblique inguinal hernia impacting the peritoneum and the epigastric artery...

BUNS

(eyes peeled to her cleavage)  
You ever hang out at Nell's on ladies night?

- - CUT TO:

From across the hall Rushon sees Buns attempting to treat the pregnant woman.

BACK TO:

Buns observes the patient - makes his diagnosis.

BUNS  
Watch and learn...

DOCTOR MOORE  
I'd learn a great deal more if  
your eyes weren't fixed to my  
cleavage.

BUNS  
Doctor, I wasn't looking at your  
cleavage.

DOCTOR MOORE  
You most certainly were.

BUNS  
No, I was looking at that nasty-  
ass spider crawling up your  
jacket.

Dr. Moore screams as the spider crawls his eight spindly legs  
up her neck. She knocks the spider into a nurse's lap, the  
nurse, in turn, knocks the spider onto the pregnant woman's  
cheek. Buns calmly removes the spider. Rushon rolls his  
wheelchair up to Buns.

RUSHON  
(terse whisper)  
Buns, what in God's name are you  
doing?

BUNS  
(sotto)  
I ain't missed an episode of ER  
yet, I can do this, Rushon.  
(spreads the woman's  
legs open in a cold,  
doctorly manner)  
It's all right here, I know all  
this shit.

The pregnant woman cries out in pain.

NURSE  
Who is this patient, Doctor?

BUNS  
I don't know, nurse, but he's  
pulling on my jacket.  
(furtive whisper;  
schizophrenic ticks)  
{MORE}

BUNS (cont'd)  
 I think he's from the...  
 (more cockeyed ticks)  
 ... psycho ward. Straight  
 jacket'll keep him in check.

The nurse summons the guard who pulls Rushon away.

RUSHON  
 No, you don't understand. Buns is  
 a lunatic... he isn't a doctor...

NURSE  
 (patronizingly)  
 "Buns is a lunatic." What do you  
 mean? What type of bun?  
 Hamburger, hot dog bun. Sticky  
 bun?

GUARD  
 Sir, you just calm down,  
 everything's gonna be alright.

RUSHON  
 (manic)  
 Listen to me! The boy mixes paint  
 for a living. Nigga works at  
 Sears. Don't let him operate on  
 that poor woman.

NURSE  
 Sir, we're going to calm you  
 down.  
 (to another intern)  
 Ten cc's of Thorazine.

INTERCUT:

Rushon on a gurney, they're holding him down as the intern  
 injects 10cc's into his vein. Rushon is zoned, dazed...

BACK TO:

BUNS is holding the pregnant woman's hand.

BUNS  
 I'm just waiting for the  
 contractions to come at ten  
 second intervals. Everything  
 looks good... What are you doing  
 next week? Ever been to Nell's  
 on Ladies night? Call me. It's  
 gonna be aw'ight.

Buns steps back to the end of the bed. Looks at his team.

BUNS  
(continuing)  
Okay peoples, I'm going in...

FADE OUT:

SUPERIMPOSE: DEEZE NUTZ

FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Rushon is asleep on his stretcher. Nurses and doctors scurry by. An orderly pushes another patient into the corridor to the right of Rushon. A beat later another stretcher is wheeled out and left on the other side of Rushon.

On the stretcher is an Older Man, 50ish. Rushon looks at the Older Man in his blurred vision. The Older Man looks at Rushon.

OLDER MAN  
What you in for, boy?

Rushon is in a drug induced stupor.

RUSHON  
(drug stupor,  
gibberish)  
Ueio,e:ke aico eidi.

OLDER MAN  
You lucky. Just crazy. I got Blue balls...testicular cancer.

ANOTHER PATIENT  
Wow, what are they going to do?

OLDER MAN  
(sighs)  
Cut 'em off...

Rushon and four other patients on stretchers all gingerly reach for their testicles as if they were synchronized swimmers.

OLDER MAN  
(continuing)  
They going to cut off my Jimmy.  
Too much sex, not enough  
condoms...

A male nurse comes up, takes Rushon's chart and the Older Man's chart and makes lab entries on the charts.

Doctor Moore glides by. All the men raise up off their stretchers to look at her. As he watches Doctor Moore, the male nurse switches Rushon's chart with the Older Man's then puts the charts back on the wrong beds.

The male nurse walks away. A beat later a FEMALE nurse comes into the corridor and looks at the Older man's chart, attached to Rushon's stretcher.

She pushes Rushon away. Rushon is still groggy, he lays back and doses off as the nurse pushes him thru the corridor. She pushes him thru double doors. Rushon had a dope-induced smile on his face until he sees the words OPERATING ROOM on the door. He leans forward to read the chart, he has the old man's name and vital statistics. Then Rushon reads: Testicular surgery.

As Rushon is pushed into the operating room he grabs anything he can - other beds, people, bed pans, furniture, he even pulls an intravenous tube out of someone's arm.

FEMALE NURSE

What is wrong with you, relax.

RUSHON

This is a mistake.

FEMALE NURSE

Everyone gets a little nervous about this procedure but it's going to be alright. There is life after castration.

RUSHON

You don't understand...

To no avail. Rushon is wheeled into the operating room.

CUT TO:

Lysterine, looking for the guys, passes the berth just as BUNS pulls the new baby from his mother's womb. Lyst's mouth falls open, in total astonishment, she is speechless. The medical team lets a collective sigh of relief at Buns' brilliant treatment. They did have their doubts.

MOTHER

Is it a boy or a girl?

A male nurse comes up, takes Rushon's chart and the Older Man's chart and makes lab entries on the charts.

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MOTHER

Is it a boy or a girl?

Buns lifts the baby up; the baby pees in Buns' face. Buns is pissed. He balls his fist and snarls at the baby ala Muhammed Ali.

BUNS

I pity the fool that pees in my face. Test tube baby!!!

The nurse takes the baby and places it in the mother's arms. Buns sees Lysterine and exits the room.

NURSE

(sotto)

Dr. Zevroloski is brilliant but so arrogant.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Buns and Lysterine approach Nikki who is chatting up a tall, handsome doctor, ERIQ LASALLE from ER. Eriq is flirting and definitely on the make. Buns interrupts and throws Nikki a look.

BUNS

Yo, man, I got a complication in berth 3, can you cover me?

ERIQ LASALLE

(to Buns)

...I'm not actually a doctor I just play one on TV.

{back to Nikki  
flirtatiously}

But you can see me as the saviour, in "Jesus Does My Hair."

{then}

It's a combination of "Beauty Shop" and "Your Arms Are to Short to Box With God."

LYSTERINE

Why would you waste your time doing a chitling circuit play?

BUNS

I heard about that, it's supposed to be good. It's about Jesus coming back as a hairdresser. Perming, weaving...corn rolling... evangelizing.

NIKKI

Buns, you got blood all over you.

BUNS

I just delivered a baby...  
Ya'll want to help me find  
Rushon... or what?

(suspicious look at  
Eriq)

He's either in triage or the  
psycho ward.

NIKKI

(concerned)

Psycho ward?

BUNS

I had to have him straight  
jacketed.

They head off.

ERIQ LASALLE

(snaps fingers,  
disappointed)

Damn...!

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM TWO - NIGHT

Rushon, who is almost under, is on the operating table being  
prepped by a couple of nurses. Dr. CUTTER comes to Rushon.

DR. CUTTER

Just relax,  
(looking at the chart)  
Mr. Markowitz, we've already  
started the anesthesia. You  
haven't eaten in the last twelve  
hours, right? Just relax, count  
backwards from one hundred.

The second anesthesia is taking effect on Rushon. Even  
though he's groggy Rushon tries to get off the table.

RUSHON

(blurred speech, slo-  
mo)

Don't... take... my... Jimmy.

A male nurse comes up and reads Rushon's chart.

MALE NURSE #3

Lets see... Oh! Testicular oncology. Ew!!! And he's so young, but we gotta take deeze nutz.

DR. CUTTER

Okay, people, he's out cold...let's rock and roll... Scalpel.

The O.R. nurse places a sharp, shiny, menacing scalpel in the doctor's open hand. He rears back and gets ready to slice. Rushon is taped to the bed, IVs and oxygen tubes spill out from his body but he still musters the energy to whisper.

RUSHON

(West Side Story)

...gonna tap that ass tonight.

DR. CUTTER

Hey, this guy is still conscious...hit him with another dose...he's trying to say something.

MALE NURSE #1

(heterosexually challenged)

I love that, it's from West Side Story.

DR. CUTTER

Shoot him up again because when I take "deeze nutz" he's gonna feel it and boy is it going to hurt.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Nikki walks down the corridor past the OR, from the corner of her eye she sees the shiny reflection off the surgeons scalpel. Nikki peers into the OR, sees they're about to operate on Rushon.

Nikki dashes into OR, grabbing the surgeons wrists just before the incision.

NIKKI

This is my boyfriend, what are you doing?!

DR. CUTTER

His chart indicates an  
anastomized testicular tumor.  
Now if you'll excuse us -

Two male nurse grab Nikki and move her toward the door.

DR. CUTTER

(to his staff)

Wives and girlfriends always take  
this operation the hardest.

Cutter moves in with a scalpel. Nikki yelling for him to  
stop. Finally, just before the door closes, she blurts out.

NIKKI

He doesn't have insurance.

CUTTER FREEZES.

Before the sound of Nikki's words have left the room Cutter  
and his nurses are gone.

Nikki smiles toward Rushon who smiles back.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAWN

Rushon is resting peacefully in his hospital bed. Nikki is  
curled up in a chair sleeping. There is another PATIENT in  
the other bed who is wrapped in bandages from head to toe,  
like a mummy, suspended in orthopedic traction. Even his  
penis is wrapped like a mummy's.

Rushon slowly awakens. Groggy from the anesthesia... Rushon  
puts his hand beneath his blanket - gingerly pats himself  
until he finds his private parts intact - BIG SMILE.

RUSHON

Deeze nutz! They're still here.

This awakens Nikki. She goes to Rushon's bedside.

NIKKI

Hi, baby.

RUSHON

Nikki. Baby, am I glad to see  
you. A guy could go his whole  
lifetime lookin' for a good woman  
and come up with dust. Look at  
me. I just want to say...

(MORE)

RUSHON (cont'd)  
 (remembering)  
 Has the sun rose yet?

NIKKI  
 (looks at him curiously  
 then goes to the  
 window)  
 It's just coming up.

RUSHON  
 (sotto)  
 I got to do this NOW.  
 (continuing)  
 Come here.

Nikki leans over. Rushon kisses her. Nikki kisses back. Soon, Rushon has pulled Nikki up on the bed with him. The passion grows in intensity - then Nikki stops.

RUSHON  
 (continuing)  
 What? Why you stoppin'?

Nikki nods towards the mummified man in the other bed.

NIKKI  
 We're not alone, Rushon.

RUSHON  
 Baby, that dude is out. That  
 jackleg nigga's dead to the  
 world. Look at him.

NIKKI  
 Wait a minute.

Nikki tiptoes over to the mummified man's bed and looks at him. She pokes him gently - no response. The mummified man's eyes are closed. Nikki locks the door then goes back to Rushon's bed. As soon as Nikki walks away the mummified man's eyes OPEN. Nikki sits on Rushon's bed.

RUSHON  
 Told you.

Rushon pulls back the covers on the bed.

RUSHON  
 (continuing)  
 Come on under here.

NIKKI

You got a condom?

RUSHON

I'm laid up in the hospital,  
nearly got my Jimmy cut off,  
where Ima get a condom from.  
Baby, please, please don't do  
this to me.

NIKKI

Nothing's changed, Rushon. No  
glove...no love...

Rushon grabs a latex rubber glove, secrets it beneath the covers.

RUSHON

I got a glove...you want Saran  
Wrap?

Rushon grabs another glove, pulls it over his head. With the glove stretched tightly over his face, pulling his eyes into narrow slants Rushon looks like a bank robber with five fingers growing out of the top of his head. With a pair of scissors Nikki cuts a slit for his mouth.

RUSHON

(continuing)

I got Saran Wrap. We good to go.

NIKKI

I don't think so.

RUSHON

Baby, I've been trying to get a  
condom and Saran Wrap for you for  
the last 8 hrs. You got to come  
correct now. Please. Let me use  
my glove.

Nikki looks back at the mummy. Thinks about Rushon's proposition, a devilish look seeps in her face.

NIKKI

What if the nurse bursts in?

RUSHON

(off the glove)

I got a finger for her too.

Nikki slaps the taste out of Rushon's mouth.

RUSHON  
 (continuing)  
 Damn! Don't forget Ima patient up  
 in here, can't be pimp-slapping  
 me.

Nikki opens her dress sexily. The time is NOW. She begins  
 to straddle her legs over Rushon. Suddenly he stops her.

RUSHON  
 (very sincere)  
 Wait... You know Nikki, as much  
 as I want this and I DO want  
 this... if any part of you still  
 wants to wait...I just want you  
 to know...

Nikki gives Rushon her "I want it NOW" sexy smile we saw  
 before.

RUSHON  
 Baby, don't say another word.

Rushon takes her too him. Nikki straddling. Her pelvis,  
 begins to grind.

RUSHON  
 Oh, ooh, ahhhh, ugh, ahhh,  
 ooooh, psssss...oh, baby, roll  
 it....

NIKKI  
 (whispering)  
 Be quiet!

Another couple of seconds then -

RUSHON  
 Ooooh, eeesh, aaaaah, youuuuu.  
 Shit!

CU of mummified man shaking his head.

NIKKI  
 You didn't ejaculate did you?

RUSHON  
 Eh, well, ugh, yeah.  
 (defensively)  
 Bnt I was holding that one since  
 last night. Besides it ain't the  
 quantity it's the quality.

NIKKI  
 (lovingly)  
 I understand.

MUMMIFIED MAN  
 (to himself)  
 Damn! My crippled ass could've  
 rolled in that cootchie longer  
 than that. I heard of premature  
 ejaculation but, nigga, goddamn.

Back to Rushon and Nikki.

NIKKI  
 (doesn't want to  
 believe this has  
 happened)  
 Rushon, he was watching us the  
 entire time...the whole three  
 seconds.

MUMMIFIED MAN  
 (singing)  
 You better lick it now that you  
 done kicked it.

Nikki and Rushon look at one another, laugh.

MUMMIFIED MAN  
 (continuing)  
 I'm in traction but girl, I can  
 suit up if speedy ain't doing his  
 job.

Rushon tosses a box of Kleenex at the mummy man.

RUSHON  
 Let's go find us some privacy.

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCHO WARD - MORNING

A guy who walks with a "Thorazine. Shuffle" approaches an  
 orderly.

TAKASHI  
 ...I need another Thorazine.  
 shot... I'm hearing voices  
 again...

BOOTSIE  
Is it the Devil again?

TAKASHI  
No. This time it's Marge and  
Homer Simpson and they're doing  
the nasty...

BOOTSIE  
(laughing)  
Yeah, right...

ANGLE ON CLOSET DOOR

LYSTERINE  
(as Marge Simpson)  
Oh, Honey... bounce it, bounce  
it!

BUNS  
(as Homer Simpson)  
Doh! Oh, Marge, I'll bounce it  
you better bounce it back.

LYSTERINE  
(as Marge Simpson)  
Rock my cartoon world...

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - JUST PAST DAWN

Nikki and Rushon in bed kissing, their passion building  
toward a crescendo...seven weeks of pent up lust, overflows  
like a breaking dam.

CUT TO:

EXT. TWO BLOCKS AWAY 7TH AVE - MORNING

A demolition crew is about to dynamite an old hotel building.  
Over a bull horn we hear the construction supervisor.

VOICE  
...Clear the street... five...  
four...

INTER CUT:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

Nikki and Rushon are screwing like two jack rabbits on  
methamphetamines, panting, breathing very hard, whispering  
nasty sighs of passion to one another.

BACK TO:

Demolition crew:

VOICE

...three...two...one...okay Pete,  
let her blow...

INTER CUT:

Nikki and Rushon reaching climax. The bed shakes, a sonorous, earthquake-like shattering. The glass panes tremble and clank.

RUSHON

...oh, baby...I love you.

NIKKI

Don't stop, doing...it doing...  
it and doing it well.

RUSHON

I'm representing Queens, she was  
raised up in Brooklyn.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEMOLISHED BUILDING - MORNING

Comes apart, caves in from floor to floor until the shell is  
only a big heap of dust and gravel.

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCHO WARD - MORNING

From behind the closet.

BUNS(VO)

...Rushon done tapped that ass!

LYSTERINE(VO)

Excuse me, who said you could  
stop?

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

Rushon is lying with Nikki comfortably in his embrace. He  
still has the latex glove on his face as he gingerly goes to  
smoke a post-coital cigarette.

NIKKI

You know the surgeon general  
warns that everyday 500 Americans  
die from smoking-related  
illnesses.

Rushon deadpans to the CAMERA AS WE...

FADE OUT:

THE END