

"FRIDAY"

Screenplay By

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1 EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL NEIGHBORHOOD - EARLY MORNING

The neighborhood is peaceful, dew on the grass, birds singing, all well that begins well...we see a pair of messed up Crayons (old shoes) run pass...we see it's Ezal the neighborhood dope fiend...running with one house speaker in one hand and a old record player in the other...he runs pass to kids sitting on the lawn...they watch him run pass.

KID #1

Dang he at it again.

KID #2

I know...my daddy caught him trying to break in my house 2 days ago and beat him up.

KID #1

For real?

KID #2

Yep.

Suddenly the sprinklers come on...the kids get up and run...we see it's Stanley the neighborhood asshole standing in his robe with a half smile on his face.

STANLEY

(under his breath)

Lil' bastards.

2 INT. SMOKEY'S ROOM - MORNING.

The room is junkie...clothes everywhere...old 40oz. bottles laying around... on his wall he has Cheech and Chong and Cypress Hill posters... we move to the bed to see Smokey a skinny tall brother... he's reaching for something... it's a joint...he fires it up...takes a deep hit... coughs alot... blows out the smoke.

SMOKEY

Got to start the day off right.

3 INT. DEEBO'S HOUSE - MORNING

Deebo the neighborhood bully, is asleep with his hand around a shank (a piece of glass with tape around the bottom)...one eye open one eye closed.

4 EXT. CRAIG'S HOUSE MORNING

A regular South Central house on a regular South Central block.

5 INT. CRAIG'S HOUSE - MORNING

5

The camera pans through the living room. We see pictures of the Jones family and also a couple of old boxing trophies.

MR. AND MRS. JONES Craig's parents in there late 40's are sleep. DANA is Craig's sister...she's sleeping with her head propped up on her hand so her hair won't mess up...Craig a 22 year old brother is asleep.

Superimposed on the screen is.

8:27 a.m.

"FRIDAY"

There's a loud knock on the door...and it wakes Craig up...he gets out of his bed...starts to walk toward the door...before he gets to the door he stubs his foot on the dresser.

CRAIG
(real low)
SHIT!!!

CRAIG (V.O.)
It must be Friday.

The knocking continues...Craig opens the door...it's 3 old ladies at the door.

CRAIG
(half sleep)
What's up?

OLD #1
Good morning...are you prepared
for Jehovah's return?...if not I
have a pamphlet showing the.

Craig slams the door in their faces.

6 EXT. CRAIG'S HOUSE - SAME TIME.

6

Outside Craig's door.

OLD #2
Well fuck you then.

7 INT. CRAIG'S HOUSE - MORNING.

7

Craig stumbles to the bathroom half sleep to take that morning release.

8 INT. BATHROOM - CRAIG'S HOUSE

8

Craig is taking a piss when he hears something...it's a soft rhythmic knocking on the wall...he listens for a second...

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

3

as he listens the knocking gets louder he's thinking to himself.

CRAIG (V.O.)
Another earthquake!

Craig runs to the arch of the door and waits. We hear a lamp falling down in the background.

CRAIG (V.O.)
False alarm.

But Craig still hears the knocking.

9 INT. HALLWAY - CRAIG'S HOUSE

9

Craig walks out of the bathroom and down the hall to his parent's room...we still hear the knocking...Craig puts his ear to the door...we hear MR. & MRS. JONES in the room fucking...and the knocking is from the bed post.

MRS. JONES (O.S.)
Oh...Oh...Yes...yes...

Craig starts smiling.

MR. & MRS. JONES (O.S.)
Come on baby, I'm coming, come on baby I'm coming...that's it, that's it, that's it...Got damn yes!

Craig's smile turns into a frown...he stops listening and walks into Dana's room.

10 INT. DANA'S ROOM - MORNING

10

Craig turns on the light...and looks at DANA, his cute 19 year old sister. She's asleep.

CRAIG (V.O.)
This is my sister Dana...she goes to West L.A. college...but she still think she's in high school...cause her major is talking in the hallways.

CRAIG
Dana!...Dana!..

Dana wakes up.

DANA
What?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

CRAIG
Where's my Guess shirt at?

DANA
What Guess shirt?

CRAIG
The black one I let you wear.

DANA
(getting mad)
I don't know...look in my closet.

Craig starts to walk towards the closet.

CRAIG
Why you sleeping like that?

DANA
Cause I don't wanna mess up my hair.

CRAIG
(looking in the closet)
Yo shit's already messed up.

Craig is looking through the clothes.

DANA
You see it?

CRAIG
Nope but I see this.

Craig pulls out some fake hair...and throws it on Dana's bed.

CRAIG
Watch out now!!!

DANA
Craig stop playing you gonna mess it up and turn off the light.

CRAIG
First I'mma find my shirt...I need you to do me a favor.

Dana is getting impatient.

DANA
What?!

CRAIG
Hook me up with Debbie.

DANA
No.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

CRAIG
Why not?

DANA
Hook yo'self up, you been knowing
her just as long as me.

CRAIG
Come on Dana.

DANA
No boy. Plus Joi would kick yo'
ass anyway.

CRAIG
Yeah right.

DANA
Craig get out of here.

CRAIG
Shut up, you need to get up
anyway.

DANA
What time is it?

CRAIG
8:30.

DANA
For real?!...Damn!.

Dana throws off the cover and heads towards the door.

DANA
I'mma be late for class.

Craig is close behind her.

CRAIG
I'm still in the bathroom.

11 INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

11

It's too late Dana has already shut the door.

CRAIG
I hope you fall in.

DANA (O.S.)
Ehh! Craig you nasty...you need
to learn how to put the seat up.

CRAIG
That's what you get.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

Craig walks through the hallway into the kitchen.

12 INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

12

He looks in the cabinet and grabs the Captin Crunch and a big bowl...he pours a big bowl of cereal...then he opens the fridge and grabs the milk...Craig sits down with his big bowl and his milk...he opens the milk and starts to pour, to discover there's only a swallow of milk in the container... Craig just looks into the camera...then he gets up and opens the fridge again hoping to find something else to eat...nothing...he slams the fridge...and Mr. Jones is standing right there looking at him...fully dressed in his dog catchers uniform.

MR. JONES

Everytime I come in the kitchen...
you in the kitchen...in the got
damn frigerator.

Craig just looks.

CRAIG (V.O.)

This is my father...everything was
cool with me and him til I
graduated from high school...now
he can't wait for me to get
out...so he can eat up every
fucking thing.

Mr. Jones walks to the coffee pot...he start to fix himself
a pot.

CRAIG (V.O.)

He use to be a boxer...but in the
riot of '65 a police sicked a dog
on him...bit his hand and messed
up his career...so now he's a dog
catcher.

Mr. Jones turns to Craig.

MR. JONES

Before I went to bed I told you to
take out the trash...didn't I?

CRAIG

Yep.

MR. JONES

Why you didn't do it?

CRAIG

I fell asleep.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

MR. JONES

I wish you was sleep now so I
could wake yo ass up wit a rabbit
punch, have you pissin' blood for
a week.

Craig isn't worried.

MR. JONES (con't)

Just to make you take out the
trash.

Craig grabs the bowl of cereal and is about to dump it in the
trash can.. Mr. Jones looks.

MR. JONES

What you about to do?

CRAIG

Throwin' this away cause it ain't
no milk.

MR. JONES

So what!...don't you know there
are people starving in Africa...
you better eat that cereal.

Craig freezes.

CRAIG (V.O.)

I wonder if people in Africa are
telling their kids that there are
people starvin' in L.A.

MR. JONES (CONT)

You think money grow on trees...
you know how many dogs I gotta
catch for a bowl of cereal?...you
better pour some water in that
shit.

Craig just shakes his head and walks to the living room with
a dry-ass bowl of cereal.

13 INT. LIVING ROOM - CRAIG'S HOUSE MORNING

13

Craig is flipping through the channels when he sees Mexican
aerobics...he can't understand a word but the girls are
dressed real sexy...he turns it down low...and looks around
for anyone coming...then he gets into it...when suddenly.

MR. JONES

What the hell you watching...

Craig turns real fast.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

CRAIG
Nothing...what's up?

MR. JONES
Get up and take out the
trash...man.

Craig gets up to take out the trash...Mr. Jones watches him
go.

MR. JONES
You a little freak...huh?...them
Mexican girls a throw a whammy on
yo'ass.

Craig walks out...Mr. Jones makes sure he's clear...and turn
it back to the Mexican aerobics.

14 EXT. CRAIG'S BACKYARD - MORNING.

14

Craig has the trash can on a dolly...and he walks it to the
front.

15 EXT. FRONT YARD - MORNING

15

He walks the trash pass his father's L.A. County Dog Pound
truck...onto the curb...he starts to walk back up the drive-
way when he sees a little boy on a bike.

CRAIG (V.O.)
That's Lil Chris...he's known for
knocking peoples trash cans over
with his bike ...we call him
Piss...cause he's 11 and still
pees on hisself.

Chris ride up to Craig.

LIL CHRIS
What's up Craig?

CRAIG
Don't what's up me...I'm getting
you for what you did Monday...and
don't knock over my trash cans.

LIL CHRIS
Ain't nobody gonna mess with your
trash cans.

CRAIG
You bet not. You need to be at
school anyway.

Lil Chris rides off. Craig starts to walk up the drive-way
looking at his fathers Dog Pound truck...

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

he tries to look in the back when...

RUFF! RUFF! RUFF!

...a big ass dog scares the shit out of him...Craig continues into the backyard...he stops at the backdoor and hears the sounds of his trash can being knocked over.

CRAIG
(to himself)
Punk.

He walks into the house.

16 INT. KITCHEN CRAIG'S HOUSE - MORNING

16

Mrs. Jones is up starting breakfast...with a smile on her face. She's a nice looking woman, who dresses well.

CRAIG (V.O.)
This is my moms. She's cool,
always got my back.

CRAIG
Hey momma.

MRS. JONES
Oh, hi baby.

CRAIG
What you cooking?

MRS. JONES
Some eggs, bacon, ham, and
leftover pork chops.

CRAIG
Oh yeah...hook it up.

Dana comes into the kitchen.

DANA
Momma you got some panty hose.

MRS. JONES
Yeah...why?

DANA
Cause these panties keep giving me
a Murphy...Look.

Dana turns around and has the deepest Murphy known to man.

MRS. JONES
OOhh child...go look in my
dresser.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

DANA

Okay.

Dana leaves the kitchen.

CRAIG

You tell daddy what happen
yesterday?

MRS. JONES

You know I didn't tell on my
baby...plus he'll just act a fool
anyway with that temper of his.
So you better start looking for a
job, and quick. Cause you know
it's either school or work around
here. Nobody rides for free,
including him.

MR. JONES (O.S.)

Craig!...Craig!

Craig yells back.

CRAIG

Huh!

MR. JONES (O.S.)

Come here!

Craig walks out of the kitchen into the hallway.

CRAIG

Where you at?

MR. JONES (O.S.)

In the bathroom.

17 INT. BATHROOM - CRAIG'S HOUSE - MORNING.

17

Craig enters the bathroom to discover his father on the
toilet...Craig stops...We can tell by the look on his face,
he doesn't want to go in there.

CRAIG

I'll wait till you come out.

MR. JONES

Boy bring yo ass in here...I done
smelt your shit for 22 years...
you can smell mine for five
minutes.

Craig walks in.

MR. JONES

Shut the doe.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

Craig does...Mr. Jones grabs the air freshener and sprays a little...he fans away the smoke out of his face.

MR. JONES

Your momma told me what happen yesterday... that was just stupid!...how you get fired from your job on you day off, man?

Craig shrugs his shoulders.

CRAIG

I don't know.

Mr. Jones strains a little log out and we hear the water splash. Craig frowns. Then he grabs the air freshener himself and then sprays a little.

MR. JONES

Damn....son you need to learn you a trade...now read that piece of paper on the counter.

Craig picks it up and starts to read it...Mr. Jones is still straining.

CRAIG

I don't want to be no dog catcher.

MR. JONES

Why not?...George Clinton was a dog catcher.

CRAIG

No he wasn't.

MR. JONES

Sure he was. Why you think he said, "To the dog catcher, dog catcher, to the dog catcher?"

Craig giggles a little cause he knows his father is wrong.

CRAIG

I don't even like dogs.

MR. JONES

Me neither that the beauty of dog catching... first I catch'em... then I kick the shit out of'em... all day...having a ball... man!... I don't even take a lunch break. Craig starts to walk out.

CRAIG

I don't think so.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

MR. JONES
(getting mad)
Well you better do something
boy...either work or school.
Cause come the end of the month
rent better be in. Or you ain't
gonna be worried about catching
dogs, you be worried about dogs
catching yo ass.

Craig shuts the door...we hear someone knocking on the front
door...Craig looks out the window to see who's at the
door...it's Felisha at the door...the neighborhood hoe and
the top begger.

CRAIG (V.O)
Aw man it's Felisha...hood rat of
the year.

Craig answers the door.

CRAIG
What's up?

FELISHA
Nothing.

CRAIG
Where Debbie at?

FELISHA
At home...Can I use ya'll's
microwave?

CRAIG
Yeah...what you need to cook?.

FELISHA
Some chicken:

CRAIG
Give it here I'll do it.

FELISHA
Naw. I was thinking I could take
it home with me.

CRAIG
My microwave?

FELISHA
Yeah

Craig slams the door in her face...the phone rings.

18 INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

18

Mrs. Jones answers the phone.

MRS. JONES
Hello.

JOI
May I speak to Craig?.

MRS. JONES
Who's calling?

JOI
It's Joi Mrs. Jones.

MRS. JONES
Hold on.

Taking her ear away from the phone.

MRS. JONES
(calling out)
Craig!.

CRAIG (O.S.)
Huh!.

MRS. JONES
Telephone!

CRAIG (O.S.)
Who is it?

MRS. JONES
Joi!

Craig is walking into the kitchen.

CRAIG (V.O.)
That's my woman. Soon as I find
another one I'm quit her. Too
young for the stress.

Craig grabs the phone (NOTE: THIS CONVERSATION IS WITH A
SPLIT SCREEN). Joi is alright looking.

CRAIG
Hello.

JOI
Why everytime I call over there
your momma have to ask who it is?

CRAIG
I don't know.

JOI
Somebody else be calling you or
something?

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

CRAIG

No.

JOI

Well then why?

CRAIG

(getting upset)

I said I don't know...now did you call me to talk about my mother?

JOI

No.

CRAIG

Well then what's up?

JOI

Who the fuck did you go to the show with last night?

CRAIG

What!?!...I didn't even go to the show last night.

JOI

You don't have to lie, Craig.

CRAIG

Ain't nobody lying...I didn't go to the show last night.

JOI

Yes you did...My sister-in-law's baby cousin Traci told my sister-in-law she saw you all hugged up with some trap...now tell me who it was.

CRAIG

Yo sister-in-law's baby cousin Traci didn't see me with nobody!...she a got damn lie!

JOI

You just tell whoever it is I'mma beat her ass when I catch her!

CRAIG

You know what...you too jealous...plus you believe everything you hear...every week it something different!

Another man walks in and sits by Joi on her bed.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

JOI
Yeah what ever...just tell me who
it is.

Craig grows impatient.

CRAIG
It's your sister-in-law.

JOI
I knew that bitch was
scandlous...I'll call you back.

CLICK!

Craig just shakes his head...and looks at Mrs. Jones.

CRAIG
That girl is gone.

MRS. JONES
I don't see why you even mess with
that lil fast ass girl anyway...
You letting that cute girl down
the street go to waste.

CRAIG
I'm trying to get wit her, but.

MRS. JONES
Well, if you got what your father
got. It shouldn't be too hard.

Mrs. Jones cracks half of a smile.

MRS. JONES
I mean, too difficult.

Craig looks in the skillet.

CRAIG
Dang that smells good...when
breakfast gonna be ready?

MRS. JONES
In one minute.

Craig grabs a seat at the kitchen table...Dana walks in.

DANA
How this look?

Spinning around for Mrs. Jones.

MRS. JONES
100% better.

Mr. Jones walks into the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

13

MR. JONES

Don't nobody go in the bathroom
for at least 30 minutes.

Dana picks up her car keys.

DANA

Alright I'm about to go...daddy I
need you to move your truck.

MR. JONES

I gotta get outta here too.
(to Craig)
You heard what I said. Look for
you a job today Craig.

Craig thinks. Mr. Jones and Dana both kiss Mrs. Jones...and
walk out...Mrs. Jones fix a plate and sits down in front of
Craig...Craig looks at her start to eat.

CRAIG

Where's mine?

MRS. JONES

I didn't say I was fixing you
something to eat...this for
me...you better get you some
cereal.

CRAIG

It ain't no milk left.

MRS. JONES

Use water...it ain't gonna hurt
you.

Craig gets up from the table and walks out of the kitchen.

19 INT. CRAIG'S BEDROOM - MORNING

19

Craig enters the room and opens the closet...he's searching
for some gear to wear...he pulls out a shirt and a pair of
pants...then he sets up the ironing board...and turns on the
iron...he turns on the stereo...then he opens the window...
and walks out.

20 INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

20

He fills a dixie cup with water and heads back to his room.

21 INT. CRAIG'S BEDROOM - MORNING

21

Craig enters and pours the water into the iron...then he lays
his pants across the board...about to iron when wet rust from
the iron spills all over his pants.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

CRAIG
Got damn, it.

SMOKEY (O.S.)
Don't you hate it?

Craig looks to see where the voice is coming from...It's SMOKEY his bud-head friend at the window.

CRAIG
You better watch yo' self fool...
sneaking up on people you might
get blasted on.

SMOKEY
With what...your iron?

CRAIG
Naw...this.

Craig pulls out a black .22 out of his dresser.

SMOKEY
What you gonna do with that but
make me mad?...Come outside.

CRAIG
Let me get dressed.

Smokey leaves the window...and sits on the porch.

22 EXT. CRAIG'S PORCH - MORNING.

22

Smokey is chilling on the porch...the street still looks peaceful with a couple of kids walking to school...when we hear music blasting from a out of nowhere...all the kids stop to see where the music is coming from...Smokey gets off the porch to see where the music is coming from...suddenly a SS on daytons come rolling down the street.

SMOKEY
Damn.

The car pulls up in front of Craig's house...Stanley the next door neighbor looks out his window...Big Worm, a big fat brother with a perm is the driver of the car and neighborhood bud seller...gestures for Smokey to come here...Smokey walks out to the car.

SMOKEY
What's up?

BIG WORM
You still ain't sold all the weed
yet?

(CONTINUED)

SMOKEY
Naw not yet.

BIG WORM
You need to hurry up.

SMOKEY
I'm working on it...it'll a be
gone today.

Big Worm just stares at Smokey.

BIG WORM
That's what I'm worried
about...don't get high on my shit
Smokey.

SMOKEY
Who me?...not me. I'm just
chillin'.

Big Worm just stares at Smokey.

BIG WORM
I don't wanna have to fuck you up
today.
(looking at Smokey)
Back up.

Smokey backs up...Big Worm speeds off.

Craig comes out of the house...to see Big Worm pulling off
and Smokey walking back to the porch.

CRAIG (V.O.)
Smokey is my homie...he one of
them crazy brothers who's always
in the mix.

23 EXT. CRAIG'S PORCH - MORNING.

23

Craig gives Smokey a pound (low five).

SMOKEY
What's up?...Why you ain't at
work?

CRAIG
I got fired yesterday.

Craig walks over to the bench press that he has on his front
porch. Smokey moves over to spot him.

SMOKEY
For real?...I thought you had the
day off yesterday?

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

CRAIG

(sitting on the bench)
I did. I went in to get my check.
About to park my moms car when
this old lady cut me off. and I
called her a stupid white bitch.

SMOKEY

So.

CRAIG

It was the bosses great grand
mother. So he fired me on the
spot. Now it's Friday and I'm
stuck with yo'ass.

Craig lays down and starts to lift.

SMOKEY

Damn that's crazy...you got to be
a stupid mothafucka to get fired
on your day off. Pops talking
about kickin' you out again.

CRAIG

Yep.

SMOKEY

Oohh Look!

Craig puts the weights down and sits up to see...DEBBIE, the
finest girl on the block, jogging up the block.

CRAIG (V.O.)

Man; that's Debbie the finest girl
on the block. Niggas been trying
to hit that for years. Watch her.

We see her as she takes beautiful strides in her spandex
outfit. Smokey's looking too.

DEBBIE

(running by)

Hi you guys.

CRAIG AND SMOKEY

Hi.

Craig has to get a glimpse of that ass so he stands up.

CRAIG (V.O.)

Look at that.

Craig's P.O.V. of Debbie's ass.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

CRAIG (V.O.)

Now if a girl ain't got an ass
like that, she ain't got nothin'
for me.

Craig sits back down and starts to lift.

SMOKEY

Man, man, man her momma got ass
too. Just give me 3 1/2 minutes
maybe 4 wit her and she'll wanna
marry me.

CRAIG

Who her momma?

SMOKEY

Yeah. The older the berry the
sweeter the juice.

CRAIG

The blacker the berry the sweeter
the juice.

Smokey think about what Craig just said.

SMOKEY

(shrugging his shoulders)
Yeah, well she black as a
mothafucka too.

Craig shakes his head.

CRAIG

I wonder where she coming from?

SMOKEY

That new health club on 108th.

CRAIG

They opened that already?

SMOKEY

Yep. They hiring too. You should
go up there and see what's up.
Before you have to live with me.

Craig thinks. Smokey pulls out a fat joint and puts it in
his mouth.

CRAIG

Hold up man...my moms is still in
there.

SMOKEY

Oh.

Taking the joint from his mouth.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

CRAIG

She's about to go to work though.

SMOKEY

Alright...I know you don't smoke
bud but I'mma get you high
today...cause it's Friday and you
fired.

CRAIG

What you doing up so early anyway?

SMOKEY

I was trying to catch you before
you went to work...to tell you
what happen to Red.

CRAIG

(sitting up)

What?

SMOKEY

You know that nigga Deebo done had
Red's bike for about 3 weeks...
right?

CRAIG

Yeah.

SMOKEY

Well yesterday we was all kicking
it...me, Deebo, I think Lil Chris
was out there, and a few other
people.

24 EXT. IN FRONT OF DEEBO'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

24

(FLASHBACK) DEEBO is the ex-con and neighborhood terror,
Smokey, Lil Chris who's on his bike and two more brothers we
don't know...are talking when a Ford Escort pulls up with two
men in it...this is RED and his FATHER.

SMOKEY (V.O.)

So Red and his father pull
up...Red gets out and walks over
to Deebo...

Red gets out of the car and walks over to the crowd.

RED

Deebo...man let me get my bike.

DEEBO

What bike?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

RED

My beach cruiser...the one I let
you ride a couple of weeks
ago...the one I've been asking you
for.

DEEBO

Oh! I didn't know you wanted that
back homie... it's in the
backyard... follow me.

DEEBO starts to walk towards the backyard...Red
follows...Red's father looks on from the car...Deebo slows
down so Red can catch up...as soon as Red catches up...Deebo
hits him with a sucker punch...Drops him.

DEEBO

Punk!...that's my bike.

SMOKEY (V.O.)

Deebo drop Red wit one punch...Red
jumps up and run to the
car...Red's father gets out the
car like he wanna do something.

Red jumps up from the ground and runs to the car...Red's
father gets out the car like he wants to do something...Deebo
walks to the middle of the drive-way swing his arms...

DEEBO

(to Red's father)

You want some of this old man?

Red's father stops in his tracks for a second look...

SMOKEY (V.O.)

We all wondering what pops was
gonna do.

Red's father looks at Deebo's size...then he looks over at
Red. Slaps him over the head.

RED'S FATHER

Boy! get your ass in the car...I
don't know why you over here
starting trouble with these
people!... Hurry up!

Both of them jumped in the car and pull off.

25 EXT. CRAIG'S PORCH - MORNING.

25

Craig and Smokey are still on the porch talking.

SMOKEY

They both jumped in the car and
boned out.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

CRAIG
You lying?

SMOKEY
I swear to God...we was rollin'.

CRAIG
Deebo is sick in the head.

SMOKEY
I know. Every since he got open
the pen he thinks everybody owes
him something.

Mrs. Jones comes to the door.

MRS. JONES
Craig!

CRAIG
Huh?

MRS. JONES
You tell that little girl to stop
playing on my phone.

CRAIG
What little girl?

MRS. JONES
Joi! she keeps calling and
hanging up and I know it's
her...cause I star 69'd her.. she
hung up again. I don't like her
disrespecting my house like that.
Now you tell her I said to stop
it. Alright.

CRAIG
Alright!

MRS. JONES
Alright then, and I want these
weights moved to the back.

SMOKEY
Hi Mrs. Jones.

MRS. JONES
Hi Smokey.

Mrs. Jones looks at Craig and goes back into the house.

SMOKEY
What time your mother leave for
work?

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

CRAIG
About 11:30...Why?

SMOKEY
Cause I want to smoke this
joint...let's go down to my house
real quick.

CRAIG
Alright.

They both start walking down the drive-way...Smokey peeps out
the trash cans knocked over.

SMOKEY
Lil Chris got you huh?

CRAIG
(picking up the cans)
Yep.

SMOKEY
Got me too...little pissy punk...
when I catch him I'mma whip him
like I was his daddy.

Smokey lives one house over from Craig they walk on STANLEY'S
grass to get to it...Stanley looks out the window.

STANLEY
Could you stay my grass?

They both look.

SMOKEY
Alright man, sorry.

STANLEY
Thank you.

Stanley slams the window.

SMOKEY
Stanley acts like a little bitch
sometimes.

CRAIG
I know.

26 EXT. SMOKEY'S FRONT PORCH - MORNING.

26

Craig and Smokey walk up...Smokey starts to bam on the door.

SMOKEY
Mom-ma!

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

25

He continues to knock when JOANN Smokey's eastside mother opens the door. She's fat with tight short pants on. Her top is short also, so her fat is bulging everywhere. She has long fingernail and long blonde braids.

JOANN

Damn Smoke...why you out here knocking like da' po-lice...I'm in here on the phone.

SMOKEY

I left my key.

They both follow Joann into the house.

27 INT. SMOKEY'S DEN - MORNING.

27

Joann sits her fat ass back on the couch and continues her phone conversation.

JOANN

Yeah I'm back.

Craig and Smokey enter the Den.

SMOKEY

Sit down...I'll be back.

Craig sits down in front of Joann.

CRAIG (V.O)

That's Joann...Smoke's mother...she be talking shit...just listen.

JOANN

(on the phone)

I told that mothafucka he ain't shit if he couldn't run me to K-mart...he talking about he didn't have no gas...I said mothafucka you got gas to run yo ass anywhere you wanna go!...he was just standing there looking stupid as hell...then I just told him...I said Smokey yo' skinny ass need to do something for your momma sometimes...then he had the nerve to ask his own momma for gas money...yes he did. talking about "My car run on gas not ass, momma" Honey, we get to the gas station and he won't me to pump...yes, and them fucking crackheads surround yo car like roaches...I said get the fuck away from me.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

Smokey comes out the backroom with the joint in his mouth already lit.

SMOKEY
Come back here.

Craig follows Smokey.

28 INT. SMOKEY'S ROOM - MORNING.

28

Smokey's room is filled with Cheech and Chong and Cypress Hill's posters...he has High Times and Low Rider magazines all over the place...Craig and Smokey enters the room.

CRAIG
All you do is smoke weed.

SMOKEY
That's right.

As he hits the joint.

SMOKEY
I had some plants in the back yard but I think that little nigga Ezal snatched my shit...either him or moms got me.

CRAIG
Moms?

SMOKEY
Hell yeah! My moms smoke more bud than me.

Smokey passes Craig the joint...Craig refuses.

CRAIG
How can you sell weed when you smoke so much?

SMOKEY
I don't know...that's my only problem.

CRAIG
Big Worm is going to fuck you up.

SMOKEY
Big Worm ain't gonna do a damn thang.

CRAIG
Alright.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

SMOKEY

You crazy...that fool know what
time it is.. he ain't running
nuthin' but his mouth.

Joann comes in the smoke filled room.

JOANN

Smokey I need you to go to the
store for me...and get me some
cigarettes.

SMOKEY

Alright...give me the money.

Joann hands Smokey 2 dollars.

SMOKEY

Craig...roll to the store with me.

They both stand up...and head towards the door.

29 INT. CAR - MOVING - LATE MORNING.

29

Smokey is driving and jamming to the radio. Craig is looking
out the window. Smokey looks over.

SMOKEY

What's wrong with you.

CRAIG

Nothing...just thinking about this
job.

SMOKEY

Don't sweat it. You can always
work for me.

CRAIG

Shiiitt.

SMOKEY

What you say?

CRAIG

I say shiiitt.

Smokey spots something.

SMOKEY

Look.

Smokey points at the health club on 108th. We see women in
the window working out. There's also a INSTRUCTOR WANTED
sign in the window.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

SMOKEY
You wanna check it out?

CRAIG
Naw.. I ain't no instructor.

SMOKEY
You need to be...as much as you be
lifting them weights.

Craig just looks back at the health club.

30 EXT. KOREAN STORE - LATE MORNING

30

Craig and Smokey pull up in front of the store and
park...they see SMOKED OUT EZAL the neighborhood dope
fiend...in front of the store.

SMOKEY
Look at Ezal's smoked out ass.

Craig looks. They both get out of the car and walk towards
the store.

EZAL
What's up Smoke?...I'll wash your
car for 2 dollars.

SMOKEY
No...cause all you gonna do is
smoke it off.

EZAL
No I ain't...well then buy me a 40
for my birthday.

Smokey think about it.

SMOKEY
Alright...come on.

All three of the guys walk in the store...we notice a sign on
the store "BLACK OWNED"

31 INT. KOREAN STORE - LATE MORNING.

31

The floor looks wet...there's a middle-aged black man wiping
it down with a mop...and a Korean behind the counter with a
"BLACK OWNED" sign behind him...the three walk in...Ezal
looks at the black man mopping...Smokey stops at the counter.
Craig goes for the Cheetos.

SMOKEY
Give me a pack of humps.
(looking at Ezal)
get your beer and come on man.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

Ezal heads for the freezer...Craig joins Smokey at the counter.

CRAIG
Get these for me.

SMOKEY
Add these Cheetos.

Ezal has the 40 in his hand...he looks at the man mopping.

SMOKEY
Come on you little fiend.

Ezal walks a little faster...and when he enters the wet-looking area on the floor...he fakes a slip and fall...but when he falls he make sure the beer doesn't break setting it perfectly upright...Craig and Smokey look...the Korean looks...and Ezal looks at the man mopping...the man looks at Ezal.

MAN
Get up fool...it ain't even wet...I'm waxing.

Ezal gets up like nothing happen.

EZAL
Righteous.

Smokey can't believe it.

SMOKEY
Man what you doing?

EZAL
He didn't have a slippery when wet sign out so I said fuck it.

SMOKEY
You stupid...put the beer on the counter.

Ezal does...and looks at Smokey...Smokey grabs the bag and they walk out.

32 EXT. KOREAN STORE - LATE MORNING.

32

Smokey, Craig and Ezal walk out the store...Ezal walk the other way.

EZAL
Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

SMOKEY

Thanks my ass...you better come around there and wash my car today.

EZAL

I am.

Smokey is about to open his door...Craig is at the passenger door...when 1 white man about thirty-fiveish, walk up to the two.

WHITE MAN

Excuse me huh, blood brother cuzz.

Smokey and Craig turn around.

WHITE MAN

You wanna buy some speakers.

SMOKEY

What?

WHITE MAN

We got some speakers in my van there not hot or anything... wonderful for bumpin' that gangsta shit.

Smokey and Craig look at the White man's van to see another White man in the driver's seat looking back at them.

SMOKEY

No thank you officer...we're into jazz.

Smokey and Craig get in the car.

33 EXT. CRAIG'S BLOCK - LATE MORNING.

33

Craig and Smokey come driving down the street...parking in Smokey's drive-way...they both get out.

SMOKEY

Let me run these in the house.

Smokey walks into the house...Craig is waiting on the sidewalk...looking across the street...he sees MRS. PARKER a older lady that still looks good and still has her shape...in some super shorty shorts...and a T-shirt with no bra...starting to water her grass.

CRAIG (V.O.)

Damn, look at Mrs. Parker with her fine old ass...one day I'mma run up in that... and knock the dust off that pussy.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

Smokey comes out...and looks down the street too.

SMOKEY

Damn! Mrs. Parker got body...one day I'mma run up in that.

They both start walking to Craig's house still looking at Mrs. Parker...She looks up.

MRS. PARKER

Hi boys!

CRAIG & SMOKEY

Hi Mrs. Parker.

SMOKEY

(under his breathe)

When you gonna let me fuck?

MRS. PARKER

What you say honey?

SMOKEY

Oh nothing.

Craig laughs.

SMOKEY

She heard me...huh?

CRAIG

Yep.

34 EXT. CRAIG'S PORCH - LATE MORNING.

34

They both reach the porch...and sit down...looking at Mrs. Parker.

SMOKEY

She just don't know... she need to get some of this young meat... Mr. Parker ain't hitting it right.

CRAIG

She know what she's doing with them little ass shorts on... she know we be looking.

Mrs. Jones comes out the front door.

MRS. JONES

I'm on my way to work...if you leave...make sure you lock up the house. And answer the phone the cable people are suppose to call.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

CRAIG
Alright.

MRS. JONES
(glancing at Mrs. Parker)
Ehh...look at her...she ought ta
be shamed at her self...coming out
the house like that.

Mrs. Jones walks to her car.

MRS. JONES
(yelling to Mrs. Parker)
Hey girl!

Mrs. Parker looks up.

MRS. PARKER
How you doing?!

MRS. JONES
Fine...on my way to work!

MRS. PARKER
Call me when you get home!

MRS. JONES
Okay.

Mrs. Jones gets in her car...starts it up...backs out and
leaves.

Smokey pulls out a 20 sack out of his pocket.

SMOKEY
Do me a favor...go get me a album
cover out the house.

Craig gets up and starts to go into the house.

SMOKEY
Grab your radio too.

CRAIG
Alright.

35 INT. CRAIG'S HOUSE - LATE MORNING.

35

Craig goes to the living room and grabs a old Blow-fly album
cover...he heads back outside when the phone rings...he picks
it up.

CRAIG
Hello.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

CLICK!

Craig grabs his radio and heads back outside.

36 EXT. CRAIG'S PORCH - LATE MORNING.

36

Smokey is still looking at Mrs. Parker...Craig comes back out and hands him the record. Then Craig turns on the radio and starts bumpin' a tape.

SMOKEY

She just bent over twice for me.

Craig hands Smokey the album cover. Smokey sits it on his lap...he pours the weed on the cover...and starts to shuffle it around with the zig-zag package.

SMOKEY

She wants me.

CRAIG

Who?

SMOKEY

Mrs. Parker.

CRAIG

Yeah right.

The jam comes on the radio. Smokey put the album down and jumps up dancing. Craig is lost in a daze.

SMOKEY

Thinking about that rent, huh?

CRAIG

(snapping out of it)

Yeah.

SMOKEY

I'd hate to be in your shoes.

CRAIG

I'd hate to be in your shoes.
Least I got three weeks fo' the
31st...what you gonna do when Worm
ask for his money.

SMOKEY

He ain't no problem...but you and
Ezal gonna be roommates in a
minute.

CRAIG

Shiitt!

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

SMOKEY
What you say?

CRAIG
I say shiiitt!

Smokey continues to dance.

SMOKEY
It was on up at Washington's
dance... you should've came.

CRAIG
Too many kids up there.

SMOKEY
You crazy...them 12th graders be
thick.

CRAIG
I can't fade it. You gonna get
enough of those little high school
girls.

SMOKEY
Shiiit, I can't get enough.

CRAIG
They ain't nothing but car hops.

SMOKEY
Yeah that's what I'm saying...I
just drive by the school with my
door open and them hoes just be
jumpin' in like this.

Smokey acts like he's jumping in the passenger seat of his
car...they both start laughing.

MONTAGE OF: The morning turning to afternoon and Smokey and
Craig are still on the porch. Smokey smokes joint after
joint after joint. MOS of them just talking.

All shot (48 f.p.s.) Craig and Smokey are still looking
across the street trying to see what they can see. Mrs.
Parker is now doing a little gardening work.

And she is working it.

Just then PASTOR CLEVER pulls up in his Caddy...he gets
out...he's in his late 50's...with a old school suit on and
about five big diamond rings.

CRAIG (V.O.)
That's Pastor Clever...the janky
preacher.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

He's walking up the drive way looking across the street at Mrs. Parker.

CRAIG

Here comes the Pastor man, put that up.

SMOKEY

For what?...he probably smokes bud too.

Pastor Clever walks up to the porch.

PASTOR CLEVER

How you doing Brotha Craig?

CRAIG

I'm alright.

Pastor Clever looks at what Smokey is doing.

PASTOR CLEVER

Is Sista Jones in.?

CRAIG

Nope...neither is Brotha Jones, they're both at work.

SMOKEY

(under his breathe)
Where you should be, nigga.

PASTOR CLEVER

Praise the Lord.
(looking at Smokey)
You know son...doing drugs is what we at 74 st Baptist Church call a little sinny.

Smokey pulls out a 20 sack and shakes it in front of the Pastor's face.

SMOKEY

Well around here...we call this a little twenty.

CRAIG

Look! she's bending over again.

Everybody looks at Mrs. Parker with her ass to the sky...even the Pastor.

CRAIG

She thinks she's slick.

The Pastor continues to look.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

PASTOR CLEVER
Sweet Jesus.
(to Craig and Smokey)
Excuse me brothas.

Pastor Clever start to walk across the street towards Mrs. Parker.

PASTOR CLEVER
Sista Parker! may I speak with
you for a minute!?

A low rider with 2 SA's almost hits the Pastor as they pull up and stop...he side-step the car.

CRAIG
Look. Hector almost hit his nasty
ass.

37 INT. LOW RIDER - AFTERNOON

37

HECTOR
(yelling from the car)
What's up Smokey?!

SMOKEY
Fuck you!

Both of the SA's start laughing and they pull off...The Pastor is trying to mack down Mrs. Parker. Holding his hat just above his heart.

CRAIG
Why you don't like Hector?

SMOKEY
Cause I was smoking weed with that
fool one day before ya'll moved
over here.

38 EXT. SMOKEY'S FRONT YARD - INT. LOW RIDER - EVENING

38

Smokey, Hector and one of Hector's friends are sitting in Hector's low rider...smoking bud.

SMOKEY (V.O.)
So I hit it real hard.

Smokey hits the bud real hard.

HECTOR
You better be cool, homes.

SMOKEY (V.O.)
Soon as he said that I start
feeling funny.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

Smokey looks like he's in a daze.

SMOKEY
Man what's this?!

HECTOR
Angel dust, SA.

Hector and his friend start laughing.

SMOKEY (V.O)
Next thing I know I was running
down the street in my draws.

39 EXT. CRAIG'S BLOCK - EVENING.

39

Smokey is running down the street in his draws and converse screaming and scratching like he has a million bugs on him.

SMOKEY
Get 'em off of me!...Get 'em off of
me!

Hector and his friend is running after him...but they're laughing to hard to catch'em...all the neighbors are watching the track meet.

40 INT. DEEBO'S PIGEON COUPE - NIGHT.

40

Smokey is in Deebo's pigeon coupe sweating...in his drawls.

SMOKEY (V.O.)
I'm in Deebo's pigeon coupe
sweating like a slave...and the
only person that could get me out
was my moms.

Joann opens the pigeon coupe and grabs Smokey.

JOANN
Boy get yo' ass out of there.

41 EXT. CRAIG'S PORCH - AFTERNOON

41

Craig and Smokey are still on the porch...Smokey is rolling the joint now.

SMOKEY
So every since that day...I been
like fuck Hector...

Craig starts laughing...but Smokey watches as Pastor Clever and Mrs. Parker walks into the house.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

SMOKEY

Peep.

Craig looks also.

CRAIG

Mr. Parker is gonna come home and
get that ass.

SMOKEY

Yep.

SMOKEY fires up the joint...Suddenly in the background we
hear the sounds of trash cans being knocked over.

SMOKEY

Listen.

The sounds get closer and closer...trash can by trash
can...then we see Lil Chris knocking them over.

SMOKEY

That's Lil Chris...let's get him.

CRAIG

Come on.

They both start running towards Lil Chris and he spots them
coming...he looks and then turns his bike around and starts
to peddle as fast as he can...giving them the finger.

The two are no match for a bike...so they stop.

SMOKEY

Don't let me catch you!

The two are huffing and puffing.

LIL CHRIS

Alright!

Lil Chris is in the wind...Craig and Smokey start to walk
back to the porch.

SMOKEY

I can't wait to catch him!

CRAIG

Me neither...you know what he did
Monday night.

SMOKEY

Naw, what?

CRAIG

I was with Joi in my room and.

42 INT. CRAIG'S ROOM - NIGHT.

42

We hear alot of hard breathing...and we see two bodies moving under the cover...it's Craig and Joi finishing up on some sex.

CRAIG (V.O.)
...we had been digging for about
20 minutes when I look up and...

Craig looks up to discover Lil Chris at his window on his bike.

CRAIG (V.O.)
...see Lil Chris at my window.

LIL CHRIS
Dang...she got some big titties.

Craig is in shock. Lil Chris laughs and rides off...Joi raises up in the bed.

JOI
Who was that bitch?!

43 EXT. CRAIG'S PORCH - AFTERNOON

43

They both reach the porch and sit down.

CRAIG
I had to explain to her who it was
...dick went down and everything.

SMOKEY
I know...distractions are a
mothafucka ...I hate when your
digging and a AIDS commercial
comes on T.V...dick be like
whimpy, whimpy, whimpy.

CRAIG
Yep.

Craig looks up and spots Deebo riding there way. His eyes get big.

CRAIG
Deebo's coming.

Both Craig and Smokey start to take off their gold chains and rings...Smokey pulls his weed out of his pocket...

and hands everything to Craig...Craig puts the gold and weed under a flower pot...Deebo rides up on a beach cruiser.

DEEBO
What up Smoke?

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

SMOKEY

Nothing.

Deebo jumps off the bike and starts to pat down Smokey's pocket for cash.

DEEBO

What you got on the drank?

SMOKEY

I ain't got nothing.

DEEBO

Don't lie...what you got Craig?

CRAIG

I'm broke.

DEEBO

Ya'll some high rollers how could ya'll be broke...okay.

CRAIG

What happen with you and Red?

DEEBO

Ah he a mark...gonna come down here with his daddy...like I'mma give up this bike cause I see his daddy...I wanted to sock both of them...but homie got scared.

(looking at the Caddy)

Who car is that?

CRAIG

Pastor Clever's.

DEEBO

For real...where he at?

SMOKEY

He went in the house with Mrs. Parker.

Before Smokey could say that Deebo had jogged over to Pastor Clever's car and opens the door. He starts to go through his glove compartment. Craig and Smokey watch on.

CRAIG

You got to be low-down to rob a man of God.

SMOKEY

Huh, the man of God been robbin' us all these years.

Deebo jogs back to the porch.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

DEEBO

He didn't have nothing but a whole bunch of motel keys.

Just then Craig's next door neighbor Stanley come out of his front door...car keys in hand...the crew looks.

DEEBO

What's up Stan-ley?

Stanley just looks with a disgusted look on his face...he doesn't reply.

DEEBO

Fuck you then...Fag.

Stanley jumps in his car and pulls off.

SMOKEY

I was just telling Craig Stanley acts real funny sometimes.

DEEBO

Look...he left his window open...come on Smoke let's go in.

SMOKEY

Naw man, stall him out.

DEEBO

Stop being a bitch and come on.

Smokey thinks about it.

SMOKEY

Alright come on.

DEEBO

Craig.. if you see somebody coming...whistle.

Deebo and Smokey start to walk over to Stanley's open window...they get to the window...Deebo raises the window and they both climb in...Craig is watching.

CRAIG (V.O.)

I knew Smokey didn't want to go in there...but peer pressure is a mothafucka.

Craig is looking. He stands up and looks up and down the street, then back at the window.

CRAIG (V.O.)

Damn they taking a long time, they better hurry up.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

Suddenly a car pulls up...Craig is about to whistle...when he see that it's Mr. Parker pulling up in his drive-way.

CRAIG (V.O.)
Oh shit...Mr. Parker.

Mr. Parker jumps out of his car and heads into the house.

CRAIG (V.O.)
It's on now.

Craig's phone starts ringing.

CRAIG (V.O.)
Damn.

Craig gets up and opens the door running in the house.

44 INT. CRAIG'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

44

Craig picks up the phone.

CRAIG
Hello!

CLICK!

Craig hangs the phone up and then he picks the phone up and dials star 69...it's ringing. (NOTE: SPLIT SCREEN - JOI IS AT HOME HUGGED UP WITH ANOTHER GUY)

JOI
(on phone)
Hello.

CRAIG
Don't play on my phone no more
Joi.

JOI
(on phone)
Ain't nobody playing on your
phone.

CRAIG
You better stop.

JOI
(on phone)
If you wouldn't have so many
bitches calling your...

Craig hangs up in her face...and runs through the house to get back outside.

45 EXT. CRAIG'S PORCH - AFTERNOON

45

Craig hears a man hollering from across the street...It's Pastor Clever...he's running with his clothes in his hand from around the backyard of the Parker's house.

PASTOR CLEVER
Lord have mercy! Lord have mercy!

Mr. Parker runs out the front door and grabs a brick out of the flower bed...Pastor Clever makes it to his Caddy and starts it up...Mr. Parker runs across the street and smashes out Pastor Clever's back window with the brick just as he pulls off.

MR. PARKER
GOT DAMN DEVIL!!!!

CRAIG (V.O.)
This is drama.

Suddenly Craig sees Stanley walking up his walk way with a newspaper looking across the street at the drama...Craig looks like he's just seen a ghost.

CRAIG (V.O.)
Over here you don't ever wanna be
caught slippin'...and I'm
slippin'.

Craig is frozen...Stanley's at his front door...he opens it and walks in...soon as he's in Craig let's out the loudest whistle he ever did in his life...the window raises back up and Deebo and Smokey climb out...they close the window and walk back to Craig's porch.

CRAIG
What took ya'll so long?

DEEBO
This fool is scary...he didn't
even.

They hear Stanley's door fly open, they all turn around. Suddenly Stanley walks out of his house and over to the guys on the porch...everybody's looking nervous.

STANLEY
Look guys...I've asked you
nicely... now I'm getting very
irritated...now could you please
stay off my fucking grass...
please!

SMOKEY
Yeah man, sorry about that.

STANLEY
Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

Stanley walks his tight ass back next door...and then he turns on his sprinklers.

DEEBO

What happen out here?

CRAIG

Mr. Parker came home and busted Pastor Clever and Mrs. Parker... Pastor Clever came running out the backyard with his clothes in his hand...Mr. Parker came running out the front door...he grabed a brick out the flower bed and busted out Pastor Clever window and shit... look at the glass in the street.

Smokey looks.

SMOKEY

Damn we missed it.

CRAIG

Yep...but what took ya'll so long?

DEEBO

His scary ass didn't wanna touch nothing...we was in there all this time arguing.

CRAIG

So ya'll didn't get nothing?

SMOKEY

Yeah we got about...200 dollars...huh Deebo?

Deebo starts to get on his bike.

DEEBO

I got about 200 dollars.

Deebo rides off up the street...Smokey is stuck there looking stupid...Craig looks at Smokey...who's looking at Deebo ride off.

CRAIG (V.O.)

Don't call me psychic...but I knew that was gonna happen.

Smokey is mad...he looks at Craig.

SMOKEY

Hand me my stuff man.

Craig goes under the flower pot to get their goods...he hands Smokey his stuff...Smokey starts to put his gold back on.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

SMOKEY

Deebo's a punk...one day
somebodies gonna beat him
down...and I'mma be right
there...to laugh my ass off.

Craig is putting his gold back on.

CRAIG

I've been praying for that day
since the second grade. It ain't
gonna happen...so don't even sweat
it.

SMOKEY

I ain't sweating it. He lucky I'm
faded.

(sitting on the porch)

Hand me that album cover.

Craig hands him the cover...Smokey takes another sack out and
starts to roll one.

SMOKEY

I've been getting high all week.

CRAIG

Big worm be letting you smoke that
much bud?

SMOKEY

Naw, I suppose to be selling,
it...but I'm good for it.

CRAIG

So what you gonna do when he ask
for his money or the bud back?

SMOKEY

I don't know...I guess give him
300 dollars worth a parsley.

Smokey starts laughing...Craig doesn't think it's funny.

CRAIG

Alright man...that fool do not
play.

SMOKEY

He don't wanna bring no noise this
way... plus I got 100 dollars of
his money right here.

CRAIG

But you only got two sacks left.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

SMOKEY

Look man...
(licking the zig-zags)
I got this all under control.

CRAIG

Alright...I ain't trippin'.

Smokey hands Craig the J.

SMOKEY

Fire it up...just once. Stimulate
your mind, man...Try it.

Craig puts the J in his mouth...Smokey hands him a lighter
and he lights it...Craig hits it and passes it to Smokey...
Smokey hits it and passes it to Craig...Craig hits it and
passes it to Smokey...Smokey hits it and passes it to
Craig... Craig hits it and...

CRAIG

Cough!, cough!, cough!, cough!,
cough!

SMOKEY

That's right...give it up.

Smokey laughs...Craig gives him the joint...Smokey hits it.

CRAIG

Cough!, cough!, Damn, Cough!,
cough!

Craig catches his breathe.

SMOKEY

Don't try to hit it so hard.

Smokey hits it.

CRAIG

Cough! I didn't...

Smokey passes it to Craig... Craig hits it and passes it back
to Smokey... Smokey hits it and passes it back to Craig...
Craig looks up...and sees Felisha.

CRAIG

Let me put this out cause here
comes Felisha.

Smokey looks.

SMOKEY

She be begging too much.

CRAIG

I know.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

Felisha walks up.

FELISHA
What's up Smoke.

SMOKEY
Nothing just kicking it.

Felisha sniffs the air.

FELISHA
What ya'll smoking?

SMOKEY
Don't worry about it...what you want?

FELISHA
I wanted to know if I could use your car...real quick.

SMOKEY
What kinda shit is that...most people ask to borrow sugar or milk...you asking to use my car? ...hell naw.

FELISHA
Well then give me a joint.

SMOKEY
Nope...nope...lips and lungs, you never got no money but always wanna suck up everybodies bud...No! get out of here.

FELISHA
Alright I'mma remember that...Craig loan me 80 dollars.

CRAIG
Bye Felisha.

FELISHA
Ya'll stingy...

Felisha walks away with an attitude.

SMOKEY
She a damn pest.

Craig takes a deep breathe.

CRAIG
This bud is kicking in.

Smokey looks at Craig.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

SMOKEY
Don't start trippin'.

CRAIG
I ain't.

Craig is feeling it.

SMOKEY
You know what?...that fool Ezal
ain't came around here to wash my
car.

Craig is feeling it...Smokey looks at Craig.

SMOKEY
Craig!...Craig!

CRAIG
Hold up.
(two beats)
I can hear my heart beating.

SMOKEY
Man you trippin'.

CRAIG
Naw, I feel like my shit is
beating too fast...Shhh!...you
don't hear it?

SMOKEY
I'm telling you it's the cronic.

CRAIG
Listen.

They both listen for a second...then Craig gets up and opens
the door...and walks in...Smokey shake his head...a few
seconds later Craig comes back out.

CRAIG
Did you hear the phone ring?

SMOKEY
You crazy.

Smokey starts to laugh.

CRAIG
Well come in...cause my mouth is
dry.

Smokey gets up and walks into the house.

46 INT. CRAIG'S KITCHEN - AFTERNOON:

46

Smokey grabs a seat...while Craig starts the Kool-aid...he pours the package of Kool-aid in the pitcher...then he fills the pitcher with water...then he looks in the cabinet...he moves a few items around.

CRAIG

Damn!

SMOKEY

What's up?

CRAIG

(still looking)

We ain't got no sugar.

SMOKEY

I got some at home...you want me to go get it?

CRAIG

Yeah.

Smokey gets up...and walks out...Craig walks into the living room.

47 INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

47

Craig grabs the remote and turns on the tube...then he sits down. A family fitness commercial comes on T.V. Craig is watching it thinking about a job.

48 INT. SMOKEY'S KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

48

Smokey grabs the C&H sugar off the shelf...Joann is watching soap operas.

JOANN

Why can't they go buy some sugar?... His momma and daddy work...between them and Felisha tired ass we can't keep nothing in the house.

Smokey walks towards the front door.

JOANN

Tell them I want my sugar back...we ain't made out off money...shoot.

49 EXT. SMOKEY'S FRONT DOOR - AFTERNOON

49

Smokey walks out the house and down his grass towards Craig's house...some school kids are walking home from school they see Smokey walking on the side walk.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

KID #1
There go Big Smokey.

KID #2
Hey Smokey.

SMOKEY
What's up?

KID #1
He hard.

Smokey trys to walk cool in front of the kids when he trips over a crack in the sidewalk...the kids laugh...Smokey trys to play it off and jog his way up to Craig front door...he goes in.

50 INT. CRAIG'S KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

50

Craig is in the cabinets going crazy...Smokey walks in with the sugar.

CRAIG
Man I'm hungry.

Craig grabs the sugar and pours it into the pitch...he starts the stir it with a big spoon.

SMOKEY
You got the munches.

CRAIG
I know...and it ain't nothing to eat in here...neither.

Smokey grabs the cereal off the shelf.

SMOKEY
What about this?

CRAIG
We ain't got no milk.

SMOKEY
So...when we ain't got no milk I use water like everybody else.

CRAIG
Ehh...I ain't that hungry.

Craig taste the Kool-aid...then he looks at the sugar.

CRAIG
Hold up...I know something better.

Craig looks in the bread basket and grabs a loaf.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

CRAIG
You wanna make some sugar
sandwiches?

SMOKEY
Hell yeah!

Craig starts the hook up the sugar sandwiches like it's no
tomorrow.

CRAIG
It's on like donkey kong...How
many you want?

SMOKEY
3.

CRAIG
Don't worry about nothing.

DISSOLVE TO.

51 INT. CRAIG'S LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

51

Smokey is finishing off his last sip of Kool-aid...both
watching T.V. Another family fitness commercial comes on.

CRAIG
Let's go down to the health club.

SMOKEY
Okay.

Before they could get up someone knocks on the door...Craig
gets up and look out the window to see who it is...it's
DEBBIE. Craig opens the door.

DEBBIE
Hi Craig...is Dana home?

CRAIG
No she ain't got home from school
yet.

DEBBIE
Alright tell her I came bye.

SMOKEY
Is that Debbie?!

CRAIG
Yep.

SMOKEY
Tell her to come here!

(CONTINUED)

CRAIG
Smoke wants you.

Debbie walks in the house...and into the living room.

DEBBIE
Hi Smokey.

SMOKEY
A...I thought you had a friend
that wanted to meet me?

DEBBIE
I do.

SMOKEY
Well what's up?...give me her
number.

DEBBIE
Okay.

SMOKEY
First...how she look?

DEBBIE
She's nice.

SMOKEY
She got a big booty?

DEBBIE
Now I don't know about all
that...I don't be looking at no
girl's booty...but just call her
and talk to her.

SMOKEY
Alright give me her number.

Debbie gets a pen and a piece of paper out of her purse...She
writes down the number and hands it to Smokey.

SMOKEY
Is she home right now.

DEBBIE
She should be.

SMOKEY
(to Craig)
Should I call her?

CRAIG
I don't know...call her up.

SMOKEY
Alright let me use your phone.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

RITA
I saw you fighting at Washington's
dance this week...

53 INT. CRAIG'S LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

53

Craig and Debbie continue to talk.

CRAIG
So what's up with your sister?

DEBBIE
Who Felisha?

CRAIG
Yeah.

DEBBIE
What she do?

CRAIG
She be begging all the time.

DEBBIE
She always been like that.

CRAIG
And niggas been saying she a hood
rat and stuff.

DEBBIE
I told her about having sex with
all these boys, but she don't care
I guess.

CRAIG
She gonna mess around and catch
something.

DEBBIE
That's what I told her, and Deebo
be beating her up.

CRAIG
For real?

DEBBIE
He get drunk and start trippin'.
One day he was drunk and grabbed
me. I pushed him off, but...

Debbie just looks down and shake her head.

CRAIG
Did he hit you?

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

DEBBIE

No.

Craig is looking at Debbie. Suddenly Debbie's favorite video comes on the T.V.

DEBBIE

Oohh I like this song.

Debbie and Craig starts to watch.

CRAIG (V.O.)

Damn I gotta fart...and you can't fart around fine girls unless you go with'em...I should go in the hallway or something.

CRAIG

I have to get something out my bedroom.

DEBBIE

Okay.

Craig gets his ass out of there quick. As soon as he leaves she let's out a big ass fart.

54 INT. CRAIG'S KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON

54

Smokey is mack daddy...smiling and shit...NOTE:(IT'S STILL A SLIT SCREEN) We see Rita's silhouette.

SMOKEY

So how you look?

RITA

I look good.

SMOKEY

Describe yourself.

RITA

I'm about 5'2"...light-skinned, long hair, I'm thick, people say I look like Janet Jackson.

SMOKEY

No shit...how much you weight.

RITA

I don't know...I'm thick.

SMOKEY

Well what you doing today?

RITA

Nothing after 7 o'clock.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

SMOKEY
Won't you come over here?

RITA
Alright...you live on Debbie's
street?

SMOKEY
Yep about 7 houses down...at 3709.

RITA
Alright...I'll be there about
7:30.

55 INT. CRAIG'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

55

Craig enters the room with Debbie.

DEBBIE
Can I use your bathroom?

CRAIG
Yeah come on.

Craig walks her to the bathroom.

DEBBIE
Thank you.

Debbie shut the door leaving Craig on the outside. Craig is listening. He hears the water come on.

CRAIG (V.O.)
I wonder why girl always turn the
water on when they go to the
bathroom?

INSIDE THE BATHROOM.

Debbie walks over to the toilet. She pulls down her pants and sits down

DEBBIE (V.O.)
I hope he can't hear me pee.

OUTSIDE THE BATHROOM.

Craig walks to the living room...Smokey walks from the kitchen to the living room with a big smile on his face.

CRAIG
What's up?

SMOKEY
She said she looks like Janet
Jackson...
(more)

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

SMOKEY (Cont'd)
she coming over at 7:30...I'mma
break her 1814 ass off something
proper.

Debbie walks back in the room.

CRAIG (V.O.)
Dang that was quick.

DEBBIE
Ya'll hooked up.

SMOKEY
Yeah we cool.

DEBBIE
Alright I'm about to go.

SMOKEY
My man wants to hook up with you.

DEBBIE
Who?

SMOKEY
Craig.

Craig looks surprised.

DEBBIE
Yeah right...Bye you guys.

Debbie walks out the door. Craig looks at Smokey.

CRAIG
Why you say that?

SMOKEY
Aw man she don't believe me.

They hear a car pull up in the drive-way...Craig looks out
the window...It's Mr. Jones in his Dog Pound truck...he gets
out holding his ass...and limping...he comes in the front
door...and looks at Craig and Smokey.

CRAIG
Daddy what happen to you?

MR. JONES
I got bit by a got damn dog
today... right on my ass too.

CRAIG
I told you.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

MR. JONES
You didn't tell me snic...now
ya'll go outside with all this
noise.

SMOKEY
Hi Mr. Jones

MR. JONES
Boy get out my house.
(to Craig)
I hope you been looking through
the paper for a job.

Mr. Jones limps to the back.

CRAIG
Come on let's go.

56 EXT. HEALTH CLUB - EVENING.

56

Craig and Smokey get out the car and approach the entrance of
the club. They see one of the neighborhood O/G's; LUCKY
standing in front. He's decked out in his prison gear.

Levis with a helluva cuff, Romeos, supa long afro and a blue
shirt.

SMOKEY
Ah man, that's Lucky.

CRAIG
I remember him, he went in when we
was in JR. HIGH school.

SMOKEY
He a straight O/G.

Lucky watch them as they approach.

LUCKY (V.O.)
Look at these two mark ass niggas.

CRAIG (V.O.)
Lucky is hard.

LUCKY (V.O.)
Craig is a buster.

SMOKEY (V.O.)
I know he got bitches.

LUCKY (V.O.)
Smokey look like one of my
bitches.

Smokey and Craig reach Lucky.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

SMOKEY
Lucky what's up?!

LUCKY
Aw ain't nothing to it. Just
pimpin' hoes, slammin' Cadillac
doe's. What's up wit you?

SMOKEY
Nothing.

CRAIG
When you get out?

LUCKY
Today.

CRAIG
You ain't going back, are you?

LUCKY
Hell naw, mothafuckin' deputy
talking about "see you tommorrow."
I said, shiiiittt.

SMOKEY
What you say?

LUCKY
I said, shiiiittt. You ain't never
gonna see me in here again.

CRAIG
That right.

LUCKY
What ya'll doing up here.

SMOKEY
Trying to get him a job.

LUCKY
Alright then. Handle ya'll
business.

SMOKEY
Okay. I'll come by your moms
house and check you out.

LUCKY
Catch ya on the rebound.

They walk towards the front door of the Health Club. Smokey
is scoping out the women working out in the front window.

SMOKEY
I need to come down here everyday.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

They walk in.

57 INT. HEALTH CLUB - EVENING.

57

They walk up to the front counter but the woman behind it is bent over taking care of business and doesn't see them. Just beyond the counter a real fine woman in black and yellow leotards walks past them and out onto the gym floor. Smokey and Craig are amazed.

CRAIG/SMOKEY (TOGETHER)

Damn.

SMOKEY (WHISPERING)

Let's check it out.

CRAIG

Wait...we gotta talk to this lady to get an interview.

Before Craig can finish talking Smokey vanishes into the gym following closely the buxom woman in the leotards. Craig follows Smokey into the gym.

58 INT. GYM FLOOR

58

Men and women are walking back and forth working out on machines. Music is pumping out a disco beat similar to a military march while a macho looking woman leads an aerobics exercise class.

CRAIG

We not suppose to be out here without work out clothes on.

SMOKEY

The way the woman looked at me, it was like she wanted me to take my clothes off.

Smokey is looking. The woman is having a problem setting up one of the machines. She's looking in Smokey's direction.

CRAIG

Let's go back to the front desk and ask about the job.

SMOKEY

Did you see her check me out... it's on now homie.

Smokey approaches the exercise machine where the buxom woman is standing.

SMOKEY

May I help you?

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

WOMAN

Hi...do you work here?

SMOKEY

Yeah...just started today.

She bends over with her ass facing Smokey. She's trying to adjust the machine. Smokey is clockin' that ass real hard.

WOMAN

This thing is too big to deal with.

SMOKEY

(clockin' the ass)

Not too big for me to deal with.

She is still bent over. We can tell Smokey imagination is at work by his facial expressions.

WOMAN

I need you to put it in.

SMOKEY

It's real hard...let me put it in for you.

WOMAN

It slips out everytime I do it.

SMOKEY

That's alright baby...I'll put it back in.

Smokey is going through some of his patented body gyrations with his eyes closed. We see Craig checkin' him out and shaking his head. The Woman turns to see that Smokey is into it.

WOMAN

Ahh...excuse me...what are you doing?

He awakens from his trance.

SMOKEY

Oh nothing...let me show how it works.

Smokey goes behind the machine and sets the pin in the machine at two hundred pounds.

SMOKEY

All you have to do is sit down on this bench and stretch your arms up to this bar and pull down like this.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

Smokey pulls down on the bar but nothing moves. Smokey takes his hands off the bars and rubs them together.

SMOKEY

Gotta get the grip right.

The woman folds her arms. Smokey pulls down on the bar once again with all his might. He grunts, nothing happens, pulls again, his face is all twisted he grunts louder, the bars don't but Smokey's body raises up slightly. It's almost look like he's doing chin ups. Then suddenly a loud fart comes from his pants. He looks at the woman to see if she heard it.

WOMAN

Eehh..

The woman quickly walks away. Smokey smiles as if it wasn't him. He watch her walk off then he sniffs the air. He looks around for a moment then he gets up and walks in the opposite direction.

59 INT. FRONT DESK - HEALTH CLUB - EVENING.

59

Craig is finally talking with the supervisor. She's looking at him like he's crazy.

SUPERVISOR

Just because you lift weights that don't make you a weight trainer.

CRAIG

I know but I'm just trying to come up.

SUPERVISOR

But you have no experience.

Just then Lucky walks up and hands her an application. The supervisor is checking him out. He walks away.

SUPERVISOR

Thank you...see he got experience.
(looking at the paper)
6 years in Folsom, 2 and a half in San Quiton and 18 months in Pelican's Bay. I done a year in prison myself. So when you get the experience needed for this weight training job, come back and see me.

Smokey walks up.

SMOKEY

What's up?

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

CRAIG
Let's roll she trippin'.

SMOKEY
Yeah let's break.

They start to walk out. Smokey turns around.

SMOKEY
(to the floor)
It ain't nothing but fat bitches
in here anyway!

60 INT. FLOOR - EVENING.

60

Everybody exercising on the floor stop. They look at Smokey, then down at their bodies. At the same time everybody start to work out harder and faster than before.

61 EXT. CRAIG'S PORCH - EVENING

61

Craig and Smokey is sitting on the porch.

CRAIG
What happen to that lady you was
trying to mack to.

SMOKEY
I was too deep for her ass. You
know women don't like strong men.

Craig knows that's bullshit.

CRAIG
I should've got a paper when we
was out.

Just then Big Worm's ice cream truck comes around the corner...on Daytons.

CRAIG (V.O.)
There go Big Worm's ice cream
truck ...it's not hard to spot
cause it's the only ice cream
truck I know that sits on Daytons.

All the kids come running out the house...screaming "Wait Ice Cream Man"... Big Worm makes them run an extra half a block...til he gets in front of Smokey's house...he blows the horn.

CRAIG
What you gonna do?

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

SMOKEY

Nothing...he ain't gonna ask for
his money til Sunday.

CRAIG

You sure?

SMOKEY

Positive...let me see what he
want.

Smokey gets up and walks to the ice cream truck...It's a gang
of kids around the truck...even Lil Chris runs out of his
house... Craig is looking.

62 INT. BIG WORM'S ICE CREAM TRUCK - LATE AFTERNOON

62

All the kids are up to the truck...happy as can be. A couple
of kids steal Big Worms chrome air caps off his Dayton's.

BIG WORM (nice)

All right little boys and girls
what can I get for you.

BOY #1

What you got?

BIG WORM

It's written on the side of the
truck.

Boy #1 is looking on the side of the truck...Big Worm is
waiting.

BOY #1

Ugh...ugh...ugh.

He's taking forever.

BIG WORM (mean)

Boy what the fuck you want!?

BOY #1

Give me some chilli Freetos

Suddenly Big Worm spots Smokey.

BIG WORM

(to the kids)

Ya'll back away from the truck!

The kids are confused but they back up.

BIG WORM

Come here.

Smokey steps up.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

BIG WORM
You sell that bud?

SMOKEY
Some of it.

BIG WORM
Well give me the rest...cause
somebody around the corner wants
it.

Smokey's getting nervous.

SMOKEY
Naw, not for real I sold it.

BIG WORM
Well than count out my money.

Smokey's real nervous now.

GIRL #1
Hurry up.

SMOKEY
(to the girl)
Wait!...we handling grown folks
business.

Smokey pulls out 5 20's folded in half...he trys to pull a
fast one...he starts counting.

SMOKEY
20, 40, 60, 80, 100,

Trying to keep going.

SMOKEY
120, 140, 160...

BIG WORM
Wait a minute...that's only a
hundred dollars...stop playing
Smoke.

SMOKEY
(playing it off)
Naw, you know what...you gonna
laugh your ass off...But Craig got
fired yesterday...so we was
talking all day today.

BIG WORM
What this got to do with me!

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

SMOKEY

Huh...let me explain...we was talking over all of our problems...and what happened is...we start smoking bud and shit.

BIG WORM

Don't tell me you smoke up my bud.

SMOKEY

Huh...huh...yeah.

BIG WORM

Look nigga!...I'm coming here at 10 o'clock on the dot...if you ain't here with my money or my bud...I'm kill you and him!

Smokey submits.

SMOKEY

Alright man...I'll meet you right here.

BIG WORM

10 o'clock...that's all I got to say.

SMOKEY

10 o'clock...right here. I won't let you down Worm.

BIG WORM

Get out my face.

Smokey walks away from the truck...the little kids walk back up to the truck.

BOY #1

Can you give me my chilli Freetos?

BIG WORM

I ain't giving you shit...back up away from my truck!

The Ice cream truck drives off...the kids are left hanging.

KID #1

I hate him.

63 EXT. CRAIG'S PORCH - EVENING

63

Craig looks at Smokey walk over to him...and sit down.

CRAIG

What he say?

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

SMOKEY

He said for us to pay him by 10
o'clock or.

CRAIG

What you mean us?

SMOKEY

Nothing, that fool ain't gonna do
nothing.

Just then Debbie walks back over there.

DEBBIE

Craig, I left my purse in your
house...can I get it.

CRAIG

Yeah.

Craig opens the door.

CRAIG

Come on.

Craig and Debbie walk into the house...Smokey still looks
nervous...looking down at the sidewalk...just then Joi pulls
up and get out of her car...she's walking up the drive-way.

JOI

Where Craig at?

Smokey looks up...just then Craig and Debbie come walking out
the house...Joi stops in her tracks she can't believe it...
Craig mouth drops open.

CRAIG (V.O.)

Damn!...of all times to come over.

Joi stares at Debbie as Debbie walks off...then she walks up
to Craig.

JOI

Who's that bitch?!

CRAIG

Who you talking to?!

JOI

I'm talking to you!...who is that
bitch?!

CRAIG

That's Debbie from down the
street!

JOI

So!...What she doing in yo' house?

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

CRAIG
She left her purse in there!...
Look go in my room...I'll be there
in a minute.

Joi walks into the house.

CRAIG
Hey man, you alright?

SMOKEY
Yeah, I'm alright.

CRAIG
Let me go straighten this girl out
real quick...I'll be right back.

SMOKEY
Well I'mma go home and use the
bathroom.

CRAIG
What's wrong?

SMOKEY
(frowning)
My stomach hurt. Them sugar
sandwiches are starting to kick
in.

CRAIG
Come back...cause we gotta think
of a plan.

SMOKEY
I'll be right back.

Craig closes the door...Smokey gets up and starts to walk
home...he walks right across Stanley's grass...Stanley comes
out.

STANLEY
Get off my damn grass.

Smokey keeps walking ignoring him...Stanley turns and walks
away steppin' straight in some dog shit.

STANLEY
Damn it.

Smokey walks up to his front door.

64 EXT. SMOKEY'S FRONT DOOR - EVENING.

64

Smokey starts to knock...there's no answer... he knocks
harder... there's no answer...he holds his stomach and
starts to walk around to the back.

65 EXT. SMOKEY'S BACK DOOR - EVENING. 65

Smokey knocks on the back door harder than the front.

SMOKEY

Mom-ma!

There's no answer...he starts to trot out the back yard.

66 EXT. CRAIG'S FRONT DOOR - EVENING 66

Smokey knocks on the door...a few moments later...Mr. Jones answers the door.

MR. JONES

What you want?

SMOKEY

Can I use your bathroom Mr. Jones?

MR. JONES

What'cha gotta do? Number 1 or Number 2?

SMOKEY

Number 2.

MR. JONES

Oh no, you ain't gonna drop a bomb in here.

Mr. Jones slams the door in Smokey's face.

SMOKEY

Man!

He trots off the porch...holding his stomach.

67 EXT. SMOKEY'S BACK YARD - EVENING. 67

Smokey trots into the back yard...he barely can hold it he sees an old news paper...Smokey grabs it and finds a spot...he looks around pulls down his pants...he gets into it...Then he hears Ezal walking up the drive-way.

EZAL (O.S.)

Smokey!...Smokey!

Smokey doesn't answer.

SMOKEY

Damn.

Ezal knocks on the back door real hard...real hard...no one answers...Ezal turns to walk away when he sees Smokey's hat popping up from the bushes.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

EZAL

A...Smokey what you doing?

SMOKEY

Nothing, man stay over there.

Ezal starts to walk towards Smokey.

EZAL

I thought you wanted me to wash your car?

SMOKEY

Come back later man, I'm serious.

EZAL

Ugh!...you do-doing...huh?

SMOKEY

Shut up, punk!

EZAL

Damn, it look just like dog shit!

SMOKEY

Man, get out my back yard!

EZAL

Alright...give me 2 dollar I'll shovel that up for you.

SMOKEY

Get out!...and you bet not tell nobody... neither.

Ezal leaves.

68 INT. CRAIG'S ROOM - EVENING

68

Craig is still in the room with Joi...Joi gives Craig a hug.

JOI

I'm sorry baby.

CRAIG

Yeah, just don't let it happen again.

JOI

Alright...you gonna walk me out?

CRAIG

Yeah come on.

They both walk out the room...to the front door.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

CRAIG (V.O.)
You know how we do it.

69 EXT. CRAIG'S FRONT DOOR - EVENING.

69

Craig and Joi walk out the door and down the drive-way.

CRAIG
See you gotta learn how to control
your temper.

JOI
I know.

Joi jumps into her car and starts it up...just then Felisha
walks up to Craig.

FELISHA
Can I talk to you for a minute?

Craig walks over to Felisha...Joi gets a shitty look on her
face.

CRAIG
What's up?

FELISHA
Can I borrow ya'll VCR so I can
dub a tape?

Craig just walks back to the car...Felisha gets the
message...Craig reaches the car and tries to give Joi a good-
bye kiss.

JOI
Who is that bitch?

CRAIG
That's Debbie's sister.

JOI
Fuck you Craig...you think you
slick!

Joi puts the car in drive and peels out...Craig just looks.

CRAIG (V.O.)
Damn.

Craig looks up the block to see Smokey coming his way...Craig
waits for him and they both walk up the drive-way the sits on
the porch.

70 EXT. CRAIG'S PORCH - DUSK

70

As Dusk falls on the hood...Craig and Smokey are on the porch thinking.

CRAIG

So what you gonna do about Worm?

SMOKEY

He just talking madness he ain't gonna do nothing.

CRAIG

Alright, now if you wanna handle business we can handle business.

Smokey doesn't say anything. Craig stands up and goes in the house.

71 INT. CRAIG'S ROOM - EVENING.

71

A hand reaches inside of a drawer and pulls out a .22 automatic. We realize it's Craig. Just then his father comes in the door.

MR. JONES

Craig.

Mr. Jones sees the gun and stops in his tracks. Craig looks at Mr. Jones.

MR. JONES

What you need that for?

Craig looks at the gun then at Mr. Jones.

CRAIG

Protection.

MR. JONES

Protection from who?

CRAIG

Anybody who wants to get some.

MR. JONES

You kids today ain't nothing but punks. Sissified. Quick to pick up a gun, and can't even shoot. Scared to take an ass wipin' like a man. Back when I was growin' up (puttin' up his fist) these were your protection. You win some you lose some, but always lived to fight another day; and getting some crack was getting a piece of somebodies ass.

Craig is listening.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

MR. JONES (CON'T)
You a sissy?

CRAIG
Naw.

MR. JONES
(hitting Craig in the
arm)
Show me what you got.

Craig puts the gun on the dresser and starts to slap box with his father.

MR. JONES
Jab, jab.

Craig does.

MR. JONES
Jab, jab.

Craig does.

MR. JONES
Now come wit the right.

Craig does.

MR. JONES
That's it, that's it.

Craig hits Mr. Jones in the gut. Mr. Jones stops in the middle of the match.

MR. JONES
Hold up, hold up don't get carried
away.

Craig puts his dukes down.

MR. JONES
Boy you done picked up over the
years. All that I done taught you
is paying off.

CRAIG
I got a little something.

MR. JONES
That's all the protection you
need. If a man ain't got more
than two hands, he can get his ass
wiped.

Craig takes heed to the advice.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

MR. JONES
Remember that.

Mr. Jones turns and walks out the door. Craig puts the gun away and walk out the door behind his father.

72 EXT. CRAIG'S PORCH - EVENING.

Craig walks back out on the porch with Smokey...Just then RED pulls up in his father's Ford Escort...he gets out and walks to the porch...dressed in his uniform.

CRAIG
What's happening Red?

RED
Nothing...what ya'll doing?

CRAIG
Kickin' it.

RED
Ya'll been out here all day?

CRAIG
Yep...trippin' off everybody.

SMOKEY
Why you didn't fight Deebo yesterday?

RED
Man, I ain't sweating him.

SMOKEY
How's your eye.

RED
It's cool.

Red shows them the eye. it's a little red.

CRAIG
Aw...man.

Red is embarrassed...Hector pulls up in his low-rider...he stops in the middle of the street...gets out and walks to the porch.

HECTOR
What's up Craig?... what's up Red?

CRAIG
Chillin'.

RED
Nothin'.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

HECTOR

A Smokey...sell me a dub.

SMOKEY

I ain't selling you nothin'.

HECTOR

Come on man...let's let bye gones
be bye gones.

SMOKEY

No man...now raise up before
Craig's father come out here.

HECTOR

That's messed up...homes.

Hector starts to walk away...Craig looks at Smokey.

CRAIG

You need to go on and do that.

SMOKEY

Hell no.

CRAIG

Man...money is money.

Smokey thinks.

SMOKEY

Hold up!

Hector stops...Smokey meets him at his car...the transaction
takes place.

73 EXT. CRAIG'S SOUTH CENTRAL NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT.

73

Alls calm as night falls on the hood. The three are still
kicking it.

Suddenly Craig spots Deebo coming on his beach cruiser.

CRAIG

Here comes Deebo give me ya'll
shuff.Craig and Smokey both take off their gold...Smokey pulls one
20 sack out of his pocket and hands it to Craig...Red tucks
his chain in his shirt...Craig puts all of their stuff under
the flower pot again...Deebo rides up.

DEEBO

What's up ya'll?
(looking at Smokey)

Nobody says anything.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

73

DEEBO
What's up Red?

RED
Nothing.

DEEBO
Thanks for the bike.

Red looks down.

DEEBO (CON'T)
What you got on the 40?

CRAIG
I thought you had 200 dollars.

DEEBO
I do...but I wanna spend Red's
money.

RED
I'm broke.

Deebo gets off the beach cruiser...and starts to pat on Red's
pockets.

DEEBO
Give it up...Red.

CRAIG
Come on Deebo stall him out.

Red is backing up.

DEEBO
What you got on the 40, homie?

RED
I ain't got no money...Deebo.

DEEBO
(looking at Red's collar)
You got something.

Deebo pulls Red collar down and snatches his gold chain.

RED
Why you trippin' Deebo?

DEEBO
Shut up punk, for I bomb on you
again.

SMOKEY
That's cold man, go on and give
the man back his chain.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

73

Deebo jumps on the beach cruiser.

DEEBO
What chain?

Deebo rides off...Red is mad...so mad a tear comes down his face.

CRAIG
Deebo be trippin too much.

SMOKEY
I know.

They both look at Red. Red doesn't say nothing...he just jumps in his father's car and speeds off...Craig and Smokey watch.

CRAIG
That's messed up. His grandmoms gave him that necklace.

SMOKEY
I'm telling you...Deebo is out of control.

Dana pulls up in her car...she gets out and walk to the house.

CRAIG
Debbie came by here looking for you.

DANA
What she say?

CRAIG
She just said to tell you she came by.

DANA
Alright.

SMOKEY
Hi Dana.

DANA
Hi Smokey.

SMOKEY
When we gonna hook up.

DANA
Boy please.

Dana walks into the house.

74 EXT. MR. & MRS. PARKER FRONT DOOR - NIGHT. 74

Mrs. Parker runs out of the house screaming.

MRS. PARKER
He crazy!...He crazy!

She runs up the street...Mr. Parker comes out the front door with a hand full of clothes and throws it on the lawn.

75 EXT. CRAIG'S PORCH - NIGHT. 75

Craig and Smokey watch what's going on.

CRAIG
He's going off.

SMOKEY
I would too if I was him...her diggin' out the whole neighborhood, except me.

76 EXT. MR. & MRS. PARKER HOUSE - NIGHT. 76

Mr. Parker walks back in the house...and a few moments later he comes back with another hand full of clothes throwing them on the lawn...and walks back into the house.

77 EXT. STANLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT. 77

Stanley walks out of his house...in his robe...to see what's going on.

78 EXT. MR. & MRS. PARKER HOUSE - NIGHT 78

Mr. Parker comes out with his last hand full of clothes...slamming them on the lawn and walking back in the house slamming the door.

79 EXT. CRAIG'S PORCH - NIGHT. 79

Craig and Smokey are still looking.

SMOKEY
I wonder if she would give me some now?

CRAIG
You stupid.

Dana opens the front door.

DANA
Craig, daddy wants you.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

CRAIG

Look.

Dana looks across the street.

DANA

What happen?

CRAIG

Mr. Parker caught Mrs. Parker and
Pastor Clever in the house
knocking boots.

DANA

No they wasn't?

CRAIG

Yep.

Dana continues to look.

CRAIG

What do daddy want?

DANA

I don't know...go see.

Craig gets up and walks into the house.

SMOKEY

So what's up with me and you,
Dana?

DANA

I'm in there on the phone with
Debbie right now...and she told me
about Rita.

SMOKEY

Rita who?

DANA

Rita that's gonna be here at 7:30

Smokey is stuck.

SMOKEY

Aw girl, that's my friend.

80 INT. MR. JONES BEDROOM - NIGHT.

Mr. Jones is laid in the bed with the remote in his hand
watching T.V...Craig walks in.

CRAIG

Huh?

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

80

MR. JONES

Hand me that T.V. guide off the dresser.

Craig grabs the T.V. guide and gives it to Mr. Jones.

MR. JONES

Thank you.

Craig stands there.

MR. JONES

What you just standing there for?

CRAIG

That's all you wanted?

MR. JONES

Yeah. Get out of here.

Craig can't believe it...walking out the room.

CRAIG

Dana could've done that.

MR. JONES

But I asked you to do it.

81 INT. CRAIG'S PORCH - NIGHT.

81

Smokey is just sitting out there by himself...looking across the street...Craig comes out.

CRAIG

Anything else happen?

SMOKEY

Nope.

Craig sits down and looks across the street...too...out of nowhere we see Ezal run up to the Parker's house and grab and hand full of close...and break up the street.

SMOKEY

(yelling at Ezal)

You little dope fiend!

Ezal runs out of sight.

CRAIG

That's scandalous.

A girl is coming up the street and walks towards the porch.

GIRL

Is Dana in there?

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

CRAIG
Yeah...just knock.

The girl knocks. Dana opens the door.

GIRL
Alright.

DANA
What's up girl?

GIRL
Just getting off that crazy bus...
(walking in the house)
Did you remember to buy the hair?

DANA
Yeah...Craig daddy wants you
again.

CRAIG
Dang!

Craig gets up and walks in right behind the girls.

82 INT. CRAIG'S HALLWAY - NIGHT.

82

Craig walks to his father's room.

83 INT. CRAIG'S PARENTS ROOM - NIGHT.

83

Mr. Jones is laying in the bed...Craig walks in.

CRAIG
Huh?

MR. JONES
Get me some water.

Craig just looks.

CRAIG (V.O.)
I'm kinda glad his ass got bit..

Craig turns and walks out.

84 INT. CRAIG'S KITCHEN - NIGHT.

84

Craig walks in and looks in the cabinet...he grabs a glass
and puts some tap water in it...and walks out.

85 INT. CRAIG'S PARENTS ROOM - NIGHT. 85

Mr. Jones is laying in the bed...laughing at the T.V...Craig walks in and hands him the water...turns to walk out when.

MR. JONES

Come on man, let me get some ice.

Craig turns back around and gets the glass...Mr. Jones is still laughing at the T.V.

86 INT. CRAIG'S KITCHEN - NIGHT. 86

Craig opens the freezer...he grabs some ice when one drops on the floor...Craig looks at it...then he picks it up and puts it in the glass...Craig is smiling.

87 INT. PARENT'S ROOM - NIGHT. 87

Craig walks in and hands Mr. Jones his water.

MR. JONES

Took long enough.

Craig just looks.

88 EXT. CRAIG'S PORCH - NIGHT. 88

Craig steps out...with Smokey.

CRAIG

So what you gonna do?

SMOKEY

Man I don't know.

CRAIG

You want me to ask my sister if she got some money?

SMOKEY

Yeah...see what's up.

A car pulls up in front of Smokey's house.

CRAIG

Is that Worm?

SMOKEY

No, I don't know who car that is.

They both continue to look.

SMOKEY

What time is it?

Craig looks at his watch.

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

88

CRAIG

7:45.

Smokey smiles.

SMOKEY

Oh nigga that's Janet Jackson.

CRAIG

Who?

SMOKEY

The girl Debbie hooked me up
with... I'll be back.

CRAIG

Bring her down here.

SMOKEY

Okay.

Smokey starts to jog down to the car.

89 INT. RITA'S CAR - NIGHT.

89

We can't see Rita's face but we can see Smokey jogging up to
the car...he looks in with a smile...then his smile turns
into a frown.

We see Rita's face...TOE'BACK UGLY.

RITA

What's up?

SMOKEY

Not a damn thang.

90 EXT. CRAIG'S PORCH - NIGHT.

90

Craig is looking at the two from his porch...he sees Rita get
out...and she's big as a house.

91 INT. MRS. JONES CAR - NIGHT.

91

Mrs. Jones drive right pass Smokey and Rita...Smokey has a
sorry look on his face.

92 EXT. CRAIG'S PORCH - NIGHT.

92

Craig watch as his mother pulls up...she gets out...and
starts towards the front door.

MRS. JONES

Who is that fat girl with Smokey?

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

92

CRAIG
He met her today.

MRS. JONES
She's a big one.

CRAIG
For real.

MRS. JONES
Yeah...you been out here all day?

CRAIG
Yep...you know daddy got bit.

MRS. JONES
Bit?...by what a dog?

CRAIG
Yeah.

MRS. JONES
Let me go in here and see what's
going on with this crazy man.

Mrs. Jones opens the door.

CRAIG
I'm right behind you.

93 INT. DANA'S ROOM - NIGHT.

93

The girl is french braiding Dana's hair.

GIRL
Your brother's friend is cute.

DANA
Smokey?...you must be crazy.

Craig walks in.

DANA
You need to learn how to knock.

CRAIG
Sorry.

GIRL
(Picking up the fake
hair)
How long do you want it?

DANA
To my butt.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

93

CRAIG
Dana, loan me 200 dollars.

DANA
For what?

CRAIG
Smokey owes Big Worm 200 dollars.

DANA
No...I need my money to pay her.

CRAIG
She barely started...let her do it
next week. We gotta pay this
fool.

DANA
So...No Craig...and get out of
here anyway... and shut my door.

CRAIG
Alright I'mma remember that...and
that hair ain't even the same
color as yours.

Craig walks out and slams the door...Dana and the Girl checks
the color.

DANA
Is it the same?

GIRL
Yeah...girl he lying.

94 EXT. SMOKEY'S FRONT YARD - NIGHT.

94

Rita is a big one...Smokey's trying to shake her.

SMOKEY
We could kick it...but I forgot I
gotta pick up my moms from work.

RITA
I'll take you to go get her.

SMOKEY
Naw...cause she don't like me to
come get her with nobody.

RITA
Well you want me to wait here for
you?

SMOKEY
Ugh.

95 INT. CRAIG'S ROOM - NIGHT.

95

Craig is laying on his bed looking at the ceiling...the telephone rings...Craig looks worried.

CRAIG (V.O.)

Big Worm is gonna tear Smokey up.

Mrs. Jones comes in.

MRS. JONES

Telephone.

CRAIG

Who is it?

MRS. JONES

That little ole girl.

CRAIG

Tell her I'll call her back.

MRS. JONES

Okay.

Mrs. Jones exits.

96 EXT. SMOKEY'S FRONT YARD - NIGHT.

96

SMOKEY

So after we come from there we might be going to Lancaster...so I don't know when we coming back... or we might even spend the night... ain't no telling.

Rita is getting back into the car.

RITA

Okay...well we'll just hook up tomorrow go to the motel or something...you should write down your number.

SMOKEY

I got your number...I'll just call you.

Rita starts up the car.

RITA

So do I get a good-bye kiss?

Smokey fakes a cough.

SMOKEY

I don't wanna give you my cold...and stuff.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

96

RITA
Yeah, cause I gotta be in a
fashion show Sunday and I don't
wanna be sick...cause colds make
me swell up.

SMOKEY
(under his breathe)
Damn you must got the flu.

RITA
Huh?

SMOKEY
Nothing...you drive careful.

RITA
Alright bye.

SMOKEY
Bye.

Rita drives off...Smokey looks relieved...He starts to walk
up the street.

97 EXT. DEBBIE'S FRONT PORCH - NIGHT.

97

Smokey knocks on Debbie's door...he sees Deebo's beach
cruiser on the porch...Debbie answers.

DEBBIE (O.S.)
Who is it?

SMOKEY
Smokey!

Debbie opens the door.

DEBBIE
What?

SMOKEY
Why you hook me up with that fat
ass girl?

DEBBIE
Who Rita?

SMOKEY
Yeah.

DEBBIE
Rita ain't fat.

SMOKEY
Shiiit!...her ass is wide as a
cattle ranch.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

97

DEBBIE

No she ain't...she's cute.

SMOKEY

Please...she said she look like Janet Jackson.

DEBBIE

No she didn't say that?

SMOKEY

Yes she did...that bitch get out looking like Reggie Jackson.

Debbie starts to laugh.

SMOKEY

Don't laugh.

DEBBIE

I ain't laughing at you...I'm sorry but I thought you was going to like her.

SMOKEY

Yeah right...that girl is twa'up.

DEBBIE

What's twa'up?

SMOKEY

Toe' up real fast...twa'up.

Debbie giggles.

DEBBIE

She gonna probably call me too.

SMOKEY

What Deebo doing here?

DEBBIE

He in there sleep with Felisha.

SMOKEY

Sleep?

DEBBIE

Yeah...I went in her room to get something... and they both where sleep.

SMOKEY

Felisha's fucking Deebo too?

DEBBIE

Yeah, she nasty.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

97

SMOKEY

Where yo moms at?

DEBBIE

She went to Vegas with her
boyfriend.

SMOKEY

Oh...so ya'll just parlaying this
weekend?

DEBBIE

Yep.

SMOKEY

Alright...I'll catch you later.

DEBBIE

Okay then...bye.

SMOKEY

Bye.

Debbie closes the door...Smokey walks off the porch and down the drive-way...then he stops and thinks...then he starts to walk to the side of Debbie's house.

98 EXT. OUTSIDE FELISHA'S WINDOW - NIGHT.

98

Smokey creeps up to Felisha's window...inside the lights are off...he gets on his tippy toes to see if the window unlocked...it is...he slowly lifts the window...he can't see inside because of the curtain...so he picks up a stick off the ground and slowly moves the curtain to take a peak inside...He sees Deebo and Felisha sleep in the bed...there clothes are all over the room... then he spots the jackpot... Deebo pants on the other side of the room...he looks around and slowly climbs in the window.

99 INT. FELISHA'S ROOM - NIGHT.

99

Smokey makes a little noise...and Deebo rolls over...Smokey freezes...then he very slowly starts to walk over to Deebo's pants watching the two sleep...he reaches the pants to find a pair of drawls with shit stains in'em on top of the pants... Smokey has a discussed look on his face...he doesn't want to touch'em...he looks around and grabs a straw out of a glass... and moves the drawls with a straw and puts it back into the glass...Smokey hears something... he turns around to see a leg climbing into the window... Smokey freezes...he keeps looking too see it's Ezal climbing in the window... Smokey walks to Ezal.

SMOKEY

(whispering)

Ezal what the fuck you doing?!

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

99

EZAL
(whispering)
I saw the window open and you
know... what you doing here?

SMOKEY
(whispering)
Man, get out of here!

Deebo lifts half way up...half way sleep.

DEEBO
Who is that?

We look back at the window and Smokey and Ezal are
gone...Deebo doesn't see anybody...he looks around...
confused...his mouth is dry... he grabs the glass with the
straw and takes a sip.

100 INT. CRAIG'S ROOM - NIGHT.

100

Craig is watching T.V. when he hears a knock on the
window... he gets up to look...it's Smokey.

SMOKEY
Come outside.

CRAIG
Okay.

101 EXT. CRAIG'S PORCH - NIGHT.

101

Smokey walks up and sits down...Craig comes out.

CRAIG
What's up?

SMOKEY
I almost had the money.

CRAIG
How?

SMOKEY
Deebo was sleep over at Felisha's
house... and I snuck in to get
the money out of his pants when
Ezal come climbing in the window
too...I was gonna beat his ass but
he ran.

CRAIG
Why didn't you go back?

SMOKEY
Cause Deebo woke up.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

CRAIG

Oh...he didn't catch you?

SMOKEY

Nope...but he might of went back to sleep.

CRAIG

Let's go see.

SMOKEY

Come on.

As soon as they get up...Deebo rides by on his bike...Smokey and Craig sit back down.

CRAIG

Oh well forget that plan.

SMOKEY

Damn...what time is it?

CRAIG

8:50.

SMOKEY

I'mma just go in the pad...when moms come home.

CRAIG

Where she go?

SMOKEY

I don't know.

CRAIG

You want me to go get my gat or you wanna just go in the house?

SMOKEY

Hell naw, this my hood ain't nobody gonna run me up in the house like a bitch...I'm Smokey...I ain't scared of Worm...fuck Worm!

Suddenly Lil Chris sneaks up by the porch on his bike.

LIL CHRIS

Boo!

Smokey and Craig both jump...Lil Chris laughs and trys to speed away.

SMOKEY

Punk!...let's get him.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

Smokey and Craig chase after Lil Chris...they catch him down the street.

SMOKEY
Got you.

LIL CHRIS
Quit playing.

Smokey takes off his belt.

SMOKEY
Hold'em Craig.

LIL CHRIS
Quit man! stop!

Smokey starts to whip him...Lil Chris is hollaring.

SMOKEY
This for knocking over my trash
you pissy punk.

Smokey is still whipping him...Lil Chris starts crying.

CRAIG
(laughing)
Alright man that enough.

Craig let's him go...Smokey stops hitting him...Lil Chris runs away.

LIL CHRIS
Punk!

SMOKEY
Yeah, but we got that ass.

Smokey and Craig walk up the street laughing.

CRAIG
We finally got him.

A car comes slowly down the street...Smokey peeps it out.

SMOKEY
You know this car coming?

Craig looks.

CRAIG
No...but they driving slow as
hell.

SMOKEY
Keep on bellin'.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

They keep walking the car keeps creeping...Suddenly the car speeds up.

We don't see Craig and Smokey...all we see is a tree...the car drives pass the tree...

and Craig and Smokey come from behind the tree.

SMOKEY

Let's go in your house and wait
for my mother to come home.

CRAIG

Alright.

They start when a car comes from the other direction.

Smokey and Craig disappear.

The car passes and they come from behind a parked car.

SMOKEY

Let's hurry up.

102 INT. CRAIG'S ROOM - NIGHT.

102

Craig and Smokey walk in...and sit down.

CRAIG

Why you leave your key?

SMOKEY

I don't know...slippin'.

CRAIG

Damn, I wish you didn't slip
today.

SMOKEY

You!

DISSOLVE TO.

Craig looks on the clock...it reads 9:27 p.m.

CRAIG

Try calling your moms.

Smokey picks up the phone and dials...it's ringing but no
answer...Smokey hangs up.

SMOKEY

Nobody answered.

DISSOLVE TO.

The clock it reads 9:55 p.m.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

102

CRAIG
Try again.

SMOKEY
Alright.

Smokey trys again...no answer...he hangs up.

SMOKEY
Damn!, she home all day
everyday...but now she wanna hang
out.

DISSOLVE TO.

The clock it reads...10:17 p.m...The lights are off...Smokey
is looking out the window.

CRAIG
Is he out there?

SMOKEY
I don't know...I can't see your
bushes are in the way.

Smokey turns from the window.

SMOKEY
I'mma call again.

Smokey picks up the phone...and dials...it rings.

JOANN (V.O.)
Hello.

SMOKEY
Momma?

JOANN (V.O.)
What?

SMOKEY
Where you been?...I was locked
out.

JOANN (V.O.)
Over Stella's house...I told you
to get your key...and why didn't
you put up them trash cans?

SMOKEY
I don't know.

JOANN (V.O.)
I had to put'em up myself and
almost stepped in some dogs shit
in the backyard.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

101

SMOKEY
Well here I come.

JOANN (V.O.)
Okay.

SMOKEY
Bye.

CLICK!

Smokey hangs up.

SMOKEY
She there...let me out.

CRAIG
Hold up...I'mma walk you down
there.

Craig grabs his .22 out of the dresser and puts it in his pocket.

CRAIG
Come on.

They both walk out the room.

103 EXT. CRAIG'S FRONT PORCH - NIGHT.

103

They both walk out the house...Craig locks the door...they start to walk down the drive-way...both of them are looking around...now their on the sidewalk...they don't see nothing.

SMOKEY
He ain't even out here...I knew he
didn't wanna get wit Smoke-dog...

Suddenly we hear gun shots...it's coming from a car a house down from Smokey's house...Craig and Smokey start to run the other direction...the car starts to speed towards them...gun shots still ringing out from the car...they run up a drive-way and hit a fence the car stops.

CRAIG
(huffing and puffing)
You see'em?

SMOKEY
(huffing and puffing)
Yeah they stop.

Craig pulls out the .22...jumps on the fence and lets off 5 shots at the car...he jumps back down...7 more shots hit the fence from the car.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

103

CRAIG

Shit!

SMOKEY

Here they come!...come on.

Craig and Smokey get up and run and hit another fence...one of the shooters jump on the fence with a .45 and let off 6 shots.

SHOOTER

Shit!

He runs and jump in the car and they speed off.

104 EXT. NEXT BLOCK OVER - NIGHT.

104

Craig and Smokey come running out of someones backyard... their running down the street... a car hits the corner... Craig and Smokey jump in the back of a truck and lay down... both huffing and puffing.

SMOKEY

You got anymore bullets.

CRAIG

Nope.

The car slows down and shines a flashlight out of their window like the police.

SMOKEY

Is that them?

Craig peeks...then he puts his head down real quick.

CRAIG

Yep...just kick it.

The car creeps pass the truck with the flash light...Craig and Smokey are nervous.

105 EXT. CRAIG'S BLOCK - NIGHT.

105

Everybody is starting to come out there houses. Stanley, Joann, Mr. Parker, Deebo, Ezal, Mr. Jones, Mrs. Jones, Dana, and the Girl doing her hair.

MRS. JONES

What happen?

STANLEY

I don't know I just heard the shooting.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

105

DANA
Momma where Craig at?

MRS. JONES
I don't know...run down to
Smokey's house and see if he's
down there.

Dana runs down to Joann who's in front of her house.

DANA
Joann is Craig down here?

JOANN
No...I thought he was up
there...Smokey just called me...
and said he was coming home... he
never made it.

DANA
No...they ain't at my house.

Across the street Deebo is sitting on his beach cruiser
talking to Ezal.

DEEBO
I heard a mothafucka letting
off...I was like damn!

EZAL
Who you think was shooting?

DEEBO
Probably them West-side niggas...I
don't know.

Dana yells from across the street.

DANA
Deebo!...you see Craig and Smokey
around here?

DEEBO
Earlier!

Dana walks up to her house.

MRS. JONES
What did she say?

DANA
She haven't seen them. Deebo
neither.

MRS. JONES
Damn! see why I say tell us where
you going before you leave the
house...call Joi.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

105

Dana walks in the house.

MR. JONES
Hard head make a soft ass.

Suddenly Debbie is walking down the street she looks pissed off. She walks right pass the Jones family.

DANA'S FRIEND
You seen Craig.

DEBBIE
(stone face)
No.

Debbie keeps on walking. She's on a mission. She walks right over to Deebo. Just then Smokey and Craig come running around the corner. Dana's friend sees them.

DANA'S FRIEND
There they go.

Craig sees a pissed off Debbie walking over to Deebo.

CRAIG
Hold up Smoke, lets see what's up.

Deebo is on his beach cruiser, when Debbie walks up.

DEBBIE
Who you think you are?!

DEEBO
Girl what you talking about?

Craig and Smokey reach the confrontation.

DEBBIE
You know what I'm talking about
you big ass punk!

The Jones start to make their way across the street to see what going on also.

DEBBIE
You hit my sister like she was a
man!

DEEBO
She shouldn't have touch my pants
when I was sleep!

DEBBIE
My sister ain't gotta steal from
yo' broke ass, mothafucka!

Stanley is looking from across the street and so is Joann.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

105

DEEBO

You better take yo ass across the street!

DEBBIE

I ain't scared of you! You might have all these nigga scared of you, but I ain't!

Craig looks helpless. Deebo gets off his bike and walks up in Debbie's face. Debbie is looking up to him.

DEEBO

You better take yo' ass across the street.

DEBBIE

FUCK YOU! You lucky I ain't no man or I would kick yo ass!

Deebo slaps Debbie.

DEEBO

Bitch shut up!

The neighborhood is shocked. Debbie grabs her face, she's about to cry. Then she spits in Deebo's face. Deebo socks her in the mouth. Debbie falls to the concrete. Craig can't believe.

CRAIG

Deebo you trippin'!

Deebo turns around and looks at Craig. Everybody looks on.

DEEBO

What you say nigga?

Craig is a little scared.

CRAIG

Man that's a female.

Deebo walks up into Craig's face. Mr. Jones looks on.

DEEBO

Shut up you little punk ass nigga; fo' I drop you like I did this bitch.

CRAIG

(submitting)

I don't wanna fight you, Deebo.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

105

DEEBO

I know you don't wanna fight me.
(mushing Craig in the
face)
Cause yous a bitch too.

Just then Craig begins to wipe Deebo's ass. Mike Tyson style. With rights and lefts, jabs and upper-cuts. Deebo comes back with a couple of punches himself. It's a brawl going back and forth. The neighborhood is going crazy. Deebo looks like his going to win. Just then Craig throws a series of punches (ON THE ROCKY TIP) to win the fight. It's a work of art.

MR. JONES

That's right! That's right!

Mr. Jones is too happy.

MRS. JONES

(hitting Mr. Jones)
Stop mettlin'.

SMOKEY

Work his ass Craig!

Deebo falls to the sidewalk...knocked out...mouth bloody...Craig reaches down into Deebo's pocket and pull out Red's chain.

CRAIG

Now who's the bitch, now? Bitch!

The neighborhood can't believe it...Craig walks over and picks up Debbie.

CRAIG

You alright.

DEBBIE

Thank you.

Smokey walks over to Deebo.

SMOKEY

That's what you get.

Smokey reaches in Deebo's other pocket and grabs out 200 hundred dollars.

SMOKEY

(looking at Craig)
We got it.

CRAIG

That's right.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

105

EZAL

Let me get some of that?

SMOKEY

Hell naw.

Craig is walking Debbie home. They see the police roll by with Lucky in the back seat.

CRAIG (V.O.)

After all these years...Deebo finally got his ass whipped...by the flyest nigga on the block...me!

DISSOLVE TO.

106 INT. SMOKEY'S ROOM - NIGHT.

106

Smokey is on the phone...talking shit.

SMOKEY

Yeah I got your money nigga...and I don't appreciate you sending your punk ass friends to shoot at me and my homeboy...Them fools almost got dealt wit.

BIG WORM (V.O.)

Fool, I didn't even send nobody over there...I was just playing wit you.

Smokey thinks.

SMOKEY

Well I got your money anyway.

107 INT. CRAIG'S ROOM - NIGHT.

107

Craig is just sitting in his room...he gets up and walks out into the hallway.

CRAIG (V.O.)

Well Friday pretty much ended like it started.

He walks pass his mother's room...Craig listens...he hears a buzzing noise.

MRS. JONES (O.S.)

Oh that's it! That's it...Get it...get it...get it...get it!

Craig gets a frown on his face.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

CRAIG (V.O.)
Moms was doing her thang.

MR. JONES (O.S.)
Craig come here.

CRAIG (V.O.)
Pops was doing his.

Craig enters the bathroom to see Mr. Jones on the toilet again.

MR. JONES
Shut the doe.

Craig does.

MR. JONES
Have a seat.

Craig leans against the sink.

MR. JONES
See son you need to tell somebody
when you leave the house...Say you
would've got killed tonight...you
know how much a funeral run these
days...Huh?

CRAIG
No.

MR. JONES
About 4000 dollars...I ain't got
no 4000 dollars...we would've had
to pretend like we didn't know
you...understand?

CRAIG
Yeah.

MR. JONES
Alright then...keep yo' ass in the
house.

Craig turns to walk out.

MR. JONES (CON'T)
Oh yeah, some lady from a health
club wants you to call her
tomorrow.

Craig walks out the bathroom...and down to Dana's room.

CRAIG (V.O.)
And Dana is doing her thang.

Craig opens the door to discover Dana still sleeping on her
hand... French braids half done...

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

Craig just closes the door... and walks to his room... hitting his toe on the dresser.

CRAIG

SHIT!!

Craig grabs his toe for a second then he lays down... on the bed... with just his night lamp on.

CRAIG (V.O.)

Me and Debbie are hooking up tomorrow night to house sit...since her moms is in Vegas.

108 EXT. DEEBO'S HOUSE - NIGHT.

Deebo is still layed out.

CRAIG (V.O.)

And I think Deebo is still knocked out.

Ezal is standing over Deebo. Showing him what he should have done.

EZAL

What you should've done was bob and weave, bob and weave.

Deebo is still out. Ezal looks around and then starts to take off Deebo's shoes.

109 INT. CRAIG'S ROOM - NIGHT.

Craig is on his bed thinking.

CRAIG (V.O.)

To some of ya'll...Friday is just another day...but around here if you make it home safe on a Friday you better thank the Lord ...cause tomorrow you gotta do it all over again.

Craig hits the night light...it's PITCH BLACK...the only thing you see on is the clock by the bed...it reads...11:59 p.m...the phone rings.

CRAIG (V.O.)

Hello.

JOI (V.O.)

Why you can't call nobody back?... and which hoe you messing with had somebody shoot at you?...

(more)

(CONTINUED)

Reel

JOI (Cont'd)

I don't know why I go with your
stupid ass anyway.

CRAIG (V.O)

Bitch!...it's quits!

The clock hits 12:00 a.m.

THE END

Credits roll.