

first draft
revised 6/17/89

HOUSE PARTY!

by

Reginald Hudlin

PROLOGUE/DREAM SEQUENCE

A loud funk BEAT reverberates on the soundtrack over black. Opening credits begin to roll. On the third loud thump,

CUT TO:

EXT. ONE STORY HOME. NIGHT.

Establishing shot of a typical house. Blinding arc lights are shining through the windows and smoke is seeping through the bottom of the doors. Main Title appears, and credits continue.

The camera slowly tracks forward toward the front door of the house. Every time the beat drops, the camera shakes like there was an earthquake tremor.

As the camera approaches, the front door swings open and the camera is flooded with blinding light and smoke. Plunging forward, the camera comes upon a jam-packed mass of dances moving as one.

As the music builds, the camera tilts up as the dancers raise their hands. As the music peaks, the roof blows off the house and arcs into the night sky like a bottle cap. The loud noise of the explosion ends, leaving the quiet sounds of the night. These sounds dissolve into the tap of a ticking clock.

CUT TO:

INT. KID'S BEDROOM. MORNING.

Extreme close up of Kid's eyes snapping open as his alarm clock roars.

Close up of KID'S hand swatting the clock off.

Downstairs, a deep voice bellows:

POP

Darryl! You awake?

KID'S eyes gently close.

KID'S bedroom door bursts open. Kid's POP, an imposing figure just in from working the night shift, leans in to wake his son.

POP

Breakfast is on the table, boy.
Eat that shit before it gets cold.

KID, a handsome 16 year old, struggles to pull himself upright.

KID

It would help if you wouldn't call
it shit, Pop.

CUT TO:

INT. SHOWER. SAME TIME.

Med. shot of KID standing in shower, still half asleep. He turns on the water - the knob cranks loudly. In slow motion, a cascade of water hits his face. The sound effect is exaggerated so it sounds like Niagara Falls.

CUT TO:

INT. KID'S BEDROOM. SAME TIME.

Close up of KID'S fingers snapping on the radio. Now energized, he quickly dresses to the beat. His clothes are neatly laid out and well pressed - he has a strong sense of style.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN. SAME TIME.

Downstairs, a bountiful breakfast is spread across the table. POP, despite his gruffness, obviously takes care to make sure his son eats right. KID shakes his head at the wide assortment, knowing he can't eat it all and make the bus the school. He takes a piece of toast and is about to head out the door.

POP
(O.S.)

I know you gotta make the bus, but
eat something.

Caught again by omnipresent POP, KID sits down and gulps down what he can with one eye on the clock.

KID

Alright Pop.

In mid-bite, KID remembers he needs permission to go out tonight.

KID

Hey Dad!

No response. KID calls out again, then goes upstairs.

KID

Hey, Pop, Play - I mean Gene's
giving a party tonight, and I
wanted to...

KID enters his father's room. It is a cyclone of dirty clothes, old newspapers and magazines. POP has collapsed on the bed and is snoring laboriously. KID unlaces his work boots and takes them off his feet.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL CLASSROOM. LATER THAT DAY.
Full frame of a hilariously out of date sex-ed film plays in class. All the kids in the film are lily-white, as the voice-over intones solemnly about venereal disease and "physical hygiene". We hear off screen jokes about the film.

MR. BLANK, the white science teacher, tries quiet the class.

MR. BLANK
Keep it down, people.

PLAY, KID and BILAL whisper to one another in the back of the class.

KID
What do you mean I can't rap at
your party?

PLAY
You have no talent as a rapper,
Kid. Frankly, you suck.

KID
I suck? Bilal and I turn parties
out. Right, B?

BILAL pretends not to be paying attention.

PLAY
You clear parties out. Your voice
drives people home. You're my boy,
Kid, but if anybody's gonna bust
the mike at the set, it will be me.

KID
But we're a team! How you gonna
hire him without me?

BILAL looks at KID like "speak for yourself".

PLAY
Who said anything about hiring?

BILAL
(loud and excited)
You think I'm working for free?

The film ends and the lights snap on. The fellas quiet down.
HERMAN wakes up and wipes his mouth. SUNNI, sitting next to him,
points for all to see "drool pool, drool pool".

Suddenly the portable screen winds itself with a loud SNAP.

MR. BLANK

Bilal! What is the "withdrawal method?"

EVERETT'S hand shoots up urgently. BILAL is caught off-guard.

BILAL

That's easy. That is when you withdraw from sex completely.

KID and PLAY look at each other incredulously, then burst into laughter, as does the class.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA. LUNCH THAT DAY.

The fellas are at a table together eating lunch. BILAL is trying to ignore PLAY'S hustle.

PLAY

You know you want to DJ the gig, I don't know why you're pretending to hold out.

PLAY drains his milk carton and, without looking, tosses it over his shoulder.

CUT TO:

MR. WILSON, a mean looking bald headed teacher (a Marvin Hagler type) who is supervising the cafeteria. His eyes scan left and right as he stands next to a large garbage can near the entrance. The milk carton arcs perfectly across the length of the cafeteria and lands in the garbage can while MR. WILSON is looking the other way.

CUT TO:

BILAL

I don't spin for free anymore. Plus, you never provide transportation. How am I supposed to get my turntables, records and speakers over there?

PLAY

No problem - I got the house keys and the car keys. My folks are out of town. Down south. Now it's my house.

PLAY dangles them in front of BILAL.

KID

Let me rap and we're consider it.

PLAY

Kid, you got gonged at the school talent show. Why you want to embarrass yourself again?

KID

I've been practicing. I got fresh rhymes. Check this one out:

Before he can speak, BILAL puts his finger over his mouth, telling him to hush. Then he turns to back to PLAY.

PLAY

Think about the def women I'll be hooking you up with. This ain't no tackhead party. Women like -
(looks around the room) - that!

BILAL and KID turn to see SIDNEY and SHARANE enter. They are indeed fine. Even the SCHOOL JANITOR is getting an eyeful.

KID is particularly entranced by SHARANE. The din of the cafeteria fades away as she passes.

PLAY

Watch - this is how it should be done.

PLAY takes off in pursuit. He slips his arm around both women.

PLAY

I assume you two will be in attendance at the throwdown body slam def jam of the year.

SIDNEY

Have you heard anything about a party tonight Sharane?

SHARANE

No - at least not any good ones.

They both slip of his arms.

PLAY

C'mon now - forget it, I'm not beggin' you.

SHARANE

You have before.

SIDNEY

And you will again.

PLAY backs away, tries to put on a front for his watching friends.

PLAY

Yeah, that's right, 10:30, you know the address (wink) - and bring your friends.

SHARANE

Don't try to loud us like we going.

SIDNEY

Everybody knows what time it is.

PLAY

Like I said, 10:30.
(shoots a nervous look at his friends)

CUT TO:

At the table, BILAL is nodding his head at PLAY'S antics. Meanwhile, KID is reaching for one of his tater tots. Just as he is about to reach it, BILAL stabs at KID'S hand with a fork. KID pulls away just in time, and the fork is impaled in the table. KID picks up his plate.

KID

since you're not in a sharing mood,
guess I have to get some myself.

BILAL

Give the ladies my regards while
you up there.

As KID slides his chair back, he bumps into the chair of STAB, who is sitting with his partners in terror, ZILLA and PEE WEE. These are three of the biggest, meanest high school recidivists imaginable (with their bowling ball muscles and gloopy jheri curls, they look like Full Force).

The chairs colliding caused a drop of milk to fall from the milk carton posed at STAB'S lips. Close up of this drop hitting the tray in slow motion with a huge SPLASH sound effect.

STAB turns to KID with murder in his eyes. KID'S expression shows he knows death's a possibility.

KID

Sorry, Stab, really sorry - no,
don't get up, I'll get you another
milk - I'll pay for it myself.

KID quickly moves away.

BILAL

Damn, Kid, you sho ate some cheese
for Stab and his boys.

KID

So if I rumble with them, you got
my back, right?

BILAL

Of course!

KID shoots a skeptical look at BILAL as he walks away.

As KID moves toward the serving line, he passes HERMAN, who is
asleep at one table.

SIDNEY AND SHARANE

Hi Kid.

KID is about to overload.

SHARANE

Are you finished eating? We were
going to sit with you.

KID

Oh, yeah? I'm, uh, gonna sit down
a little longer so you should -
hey, are you really not coming to
the party tonight?

SIDNEY

Why? Should we?

KID

(trying to affect cool)
Well, it's up to you. If you
weren't going, then I'd probably
skip it too.

SHARANE

Well, you should go.

SIDNEY

We'll probably see you there.

SHARANE

Maybe.

They walk away. KID is in a daze. Once their backs are turned, SIDNEY and SHARANE giggle to one another.

SIDNEY

You shouldn't tease boys like that.
He's really nice.

SHARANE

You started it.

KID, blissfully unaware, turns to return to his seat, floating on air - and bumps into a trio of massive chests. STAB, ZILLA and PEE WEE.

STAB

That's twice.

STAB grabs KID by his collar.

ZILLA

Little man, if you got a
sleepwalking problem, we can fix
it.

PEE WEE

Yeah - break your legs.

STAB

I'll hit you so hard I'll break
your rib cage. I've done it
before.

ZILLA

He'll do it again.

KID

Get off me - you wrinkling my
school clothes.

STAB tosses him loose.

STAB

What's the matter - your mamma
don't have an iron? Tell her she
can work for me and save up to get
one.

KID'S eyes glass over. A line has been crossed. KID reaches into a serving bowl of jello and tosses it at STAB. STAB, ZILLA and PEE WEE duck and it just misses the back of MR. WILSON'S head. MR. WILSON sees it spatter and cling to the wall and quickly turns to find the source.

STAB charges KID. KID throws a punch - STAB catches it in mid-swing. KID tries to kick him. STAB grabs his leg with his other hand.

MR. WILSON is coming to break it up, but it's too late. STAB tosses KID up in the air.

STAB

Pull!

Like a skeet shoot, ZILLA pounds KID in the chest while he is in mid-air. KID'S chest raps around ZILLA'S fist and is stuck. To remove KID, ZILLA mops KID across a table full of lunch trays.

CUT TO:

A teacher is giving a test in a classroom across from the cafeteria. When he sees the fight break out, he runs out of the room to help. Once he leaves, the students scramble to his desk to look at the answer key.

CUT TO:

MR. WILSON pulls ZILLA and PEE WEE off KID like they were overstuffed dolls. Just as the two teachers pull STAB away, PLAY and BILAL show up.

PLAY

What - it's over already?

BILAL

We had your back, Kid.

KID is dragged off to the principal with STAB.

KID

Yeah, way back.

CUT TO:

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE. A FEW MINUTES LATER.
STAB and KID are seated in front of the PRINCIPAL, a matronly looking white woman. MR. WILSON stands between two seated combatants. Both KID and STAB are resentful about being judged by a white woman, but STAB is even more sullen and completely unrepentant.

KID

I'm sorry I almost hit Mr. Wilson on the back of the head with the jello fruit cup, but Stab called my mamma a 'ho, and I don't play that. My mamma's dead.

PRINCIPAL

I'm very sorry about your mother, Darryl, but you can't go around getting into fights because you have a chip on your shoulder.

KID can't believe what she's saying.

PRINCIPAL

You're a good student, so I'm going to send you back to class. But your father will be notified.

KID winces in anticipation of the misery he will receive.

PRINCIPAL

And as for you, young man, I am tired of seeing you in this office. Could you tell me why in God's name would you call his mother a garden tool?

KID and STAB look at each other - they can't believe what she said.

MR. WILSON's eyes roll to heaven.

Camera tilts up to clock on wall. Time reads 12:45.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. KID'S HOUSE. SAME TIME.

KID stands on the porch, just home from school. He is debating whether to enter.

KID

How mad could he be? Maybe the school didn't even call him.

KID checks the mailbox. Empty.

KID

Maybe if he's mad now, he'll be over it by 9:00 p.m.

KID bucks himself up and enters. Cautiously, he checks the living room by the door. The TV (with broken aerial) is on, but

his father isn't there. KID sneaks through the otherwise silent house room by room, like he was looking for a hiding ax murderer.

He enters the kitchen. There's no one sitting at the table, but there is an open letter sitting on the table. It looks official but it is too far away to make out where it's from. Just as he is about to reach it, a LOUD BUZZSAW NOISE starts. KID jumps ten feet into the air.

He turns to find his POP on the other side of kitchen, mixing a protein drink in the blender. POP, surprised by KID'S yell, turns to KID and smiles.

KID quickly glances back down at the letter. It's from a college, not his high school.

POP

Darryl! Glad you're home! I need to talk to you. Sit down.

KID thinks everything is okay but is still suspicious. POP pours himself a glass of the mixed liquid.

POP

I'm making myself some Dick Gregory. You want some?

KID nods no, sticks his tongue out in disgust. POP joins KID at the kitchen table.

KID

Uh, excuse me Pop, is that the only mail you got today?

POP

Some bills. Why, you want to pay them?

The camera tracks in on the ringing telephone. KID tries to mask his terror. He breaks for the phone but it is closer to POP, who leans back in his chair and answers it before he can reach it.

POP

Hello?....oh, hi Bilal, hold on - it's for you.

KID

(relieved)

I'll take it upstairs.

CUT TO:

INT. KID'S BEDROOM/BILAL'S ROOM. SAME TIME.

KID is on the phone with BILAL. BILAL'S room has crates of records, two turntables and a mixer, and speakers of varying sizes piled together.

BILAL

Kid, have you talked to Play?
I've been trying to call him but
nobody answers his phone.

CUT TO:

INT. PLAY'S HOUSE. SAME TIME.

PLAY is cleaning up the house with the stereo blasting so loud he can't hear the phone ringing. The vacuum cleaner is roaring while he dances with it to the pounding hip hop beat. Sometimes the "upright" vacuum is a dancing partner that PLAY spins and dips, other times it's a mike stand that he kicks over, spins and catches.

CUT TO:

INT. BILAL'S ROOM/KID'S ROOM. SAME TIME.

BILAL

He was supposed to come by and pick
up the equipment.

KID

Naw, He ain't called me. I'm
sweating this pink slip from
school. If my Pops finds out I was
in a fight, I will definitely be on
punishment.

BILAL

If you ain't got a letter yet, then
they'll probably call the house
after five. That's when they
expect your parents to be home from
work.

KID

Shit! What do I do?

BILAL

Leave the house now - don't come
back till after the party.

KID

I still gotta get dressed. I can't
come to the set stankin'.

BILAL
Just throw some Brut on.

POP
(O.S.)
Darryl! Get off the phone and come
down here!

KID
Gotta roll. See you tonight.

KID hangs up and looks down from the top of the stairs.

POP
Darryl, please don't tie up
the phone line talking with
your little friends tonight,
ok? I'm off tonight but I might
get a call for some overtime.

KID nods ok wearing a pained smile.

KID
Uh, Pop, there's a, uh, party
tonight, at Play's, I mean Peter's
house. Can I go?

POP
On a school night?

KID
Dad, I will definitely be back by
curfew.

POP
Well, I don't work tonight, I was
going to rent a video for us, but
if you want to you can go -

KID is about to cheer in ecstasy.

POP
- AFTER you finish your chores.
Dishes, garbage out, homework...

KID
(again, pained smile)
No problem, Pop.

CUT TO:

INT. PLAY'S HOUSE. SAME TIME.

The music is still blaring. PLAY is on a stepladder putting his mother's good glasses in a high cabinet. He is putting cheap plastic cups in their place.

PLAY

...sheet, niggas ain't gonna break
up my mamma's stuff...let 'em try
and fuck up this plastic....

The record ends. This is good timing - the phone rings, and for the first time, PLAY can hear it. He is precariously balanced on the ladder, and debates whether it's worth getting down to answer the phone, but decides to anyway.

PLAY

Play Allen in the place to be.
Whot up?

BILAL

(O.S.)

That's what I'm asking you! The
place to be is my house an hour ago!
If you want a DJ you better stop
smoking that crack and drive your
mamma's raggedy-ass Chevy over here
and pick me up.

PLAY

Kid, man, I'll jet over there in a
second.

BILAL

(O.S.)

If you want Kid call him. If you
want a DJ, quit fucking around.

PLAY hangs up. He walks off screen, grabs his jacket, and as he passes the phone again he looks at it, then stops to make another phone call.

PLAY

Hello, Tawatha? This is Play.
Just calling to see if you were
coming tonight....you're not? Why
you doggin' me?....A ride? Uh,
well - buses running. Hey, don't
hang up!....Alright, I gotta make a
run, if you don't mind being here a
little early I'll pick you
up....yeah a ride home too...

PLAY makes a face like "don't bet on it".

PLAY
...get dressed now - I'll be there
in a minute.

PLAY hangs up. He leaves the frame, then reenters, pauses.

PLAY
Do I really want to see Tawatha
tonight?

PLAY picks up the phone and makes another call.

PLAY
Hello, LaDonna?

CUT TO:

INT. KID'S BEDROOM. SAME TIME.
KID'S textbooks are open. He is writing a book report on "The
Pit And The Pendulum" but there is only one line written.
Realizing he is stuck, he pulls out a notepad filled with rap
lyrics and starts writing more. He pauses to check the time:
4:59.

CUT TO:

INT. KID'S LIVING ROOM. SAME TIME.
Close up on a fake pendulum clock striking five p.m.. It emits a
cheesy electronic chime. Meanwhile, POP is trying to fix some
unrecognizable small engine while watching TV.

CUT TO:

INT. KID'S BEDROOM. SAME TIME.
KID leaves his room, and gently pushes the upstairs phone off the
hook. He sits back down, looking at the receiver. Pregnant
pause.

Downstairs, the doorbell rings.

POP
Kid! Answer the door!

Upstairs, KID panics. He puts the phone back on the hook. As he
runs downstairs, the telephone rings. He starts to run back up
the stairs.

POP
I'll answer the phone - you get the
door.

KID freezes on the stairway as the phone rings and the doorbell buzzes.

POP

Boy, are you retarded?

POP strides over and answers the phone. KID looks to the door, and sees an envelope slide through the mail slot. He goes over to pick it up. His father is talking on the phone, but watching him pick it up. It's from his school. His father hangs up the phone.

POP

They said no overtime tonight. Who was that at the door?

KID turns, face drained of life. He hands his father the letter and walks like a dead man up to his room. As he walks up the stairs, he can hear his father rip open the letter.

CUT TO:

KID'S BEDROOM. SAME TIME.

KID is sitting on his bed, head in hands. He hears his father mutter curses and he treads heavily up the stairs. POP stands in the doorway, brimming with anger.

POP

Can you explain this?

KID

He called mamma out a name.

POP

It's been long enough, I don't want you using your mother as an excuse to get into trouble.

KID

I'm not, Pop, it's...

POP

Then why didn't you tell me about it when you got home? Why were you trying to hide it from me?

KID

I didn't think it was that important...

POP

Your school certainly did. Well you can spend your time thinking about

(CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

priorities after you finish your homework.

KID

You said I could go to the party -

POP

The same hoodlums you got into a fight with today will probably be there tonight. You don't need to be looking for trouble.

KID

It's not gonna be that type crowd. Pop, everybody is gonna be there -

POP

I don't care if the whole city is going - you ain't. What happened the last time you went out? Huh? You didn't get in till I was fixin' to go to work!

KID

Pop - I promise I will be back by curfew. All I want to do is go to a party and hang with my friends -

POP

Friends! A bunch of girl crazy reefer smoking hoods! You ain't grown and neither are your friends. It might be different if Gene's parents were gonna be there. But I know they work the night shift like me - hey, in fact, they just left town, didn't they? Heh, heh, you all think you're slick, right?

KID

You gonna make me a social misfit.

POP

Boy, I am trying to make you a responsible person since you can't seem to be responsible on your own.

KID

I am too -

POP

You do that by keeping your mind off the girls and on the books so you don't (CONT'D)

(CONTINUED) make the same mistake I did.

KID is hurt, eyes shift down. POP does the same, then speaks.

POP

I-I'm sorry I said that.
But you still AIN'T GOIN'!

POP slams door.

Wide shot of KID, sitting in his room, all alone.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. BILAL'S PORCH/FRONT YARD. NEAR DUSK.
BILAL checks his watch. He is totally disgusted. Finally, PLAY pulls up in his mother's Chevette. There is a girl, LADONNA sitting in the passenger seat. She stays in while PLAY gets out, all smiles with BILAL. They talk on the porch.

PLAY

What's up, cuz? Thought I wouldn't make it? You know I -

BILAL

Who's that in the car?

PLAY

A honey I'm bringing for the party. That's mine but they'll be more for you my -

BILAL

Is she gonna walk there or what? We got a lot of stuff and we can't fit it and three people in that little ass car.

Pan shot of crates of records, turntables, mixer and huge speakers. It looks like a job for a moving van.

PLAY

What do you mean? We got all kinda space. You don't know how to load stuff scientifically -

CUT TO:

PLAY brutally shoving speakers into trunk. Sides are scratching.

BILAL

Arrgh! Stop, you tearing up my shit!

PLAY

I almost got it -

Another hard shove and it fits in. Close up of the sides of the speaker being skinned like an apple.

PLAY

Alright, let's go.

BILAL is near catatonic. He follows PLAY to front of car. The entire car is packed to the brim. The back seats are filled from floor to ceiling. BILAL opens the passenger door in front and LADONNA is buried under a huge speaker and stack of albums.

LADONNA

Play, I do not appreciate how you treating me.

BILAL

Damn, there ain't no room! Where am I supposed to sit?

PLAY looks over the car, can't find a space.

PLAY

I think you right, Bilal. I tell you what - I'll run this stuff over to my crib real quick and be right back for you.

BILAL

Be right back? Kiss my ass! You gonna take my equipment and leave me?

PLAY

What else can I do?

BILAL

Kick this bitch to the curb and let me ride with my stuff. I'm the DJ.

LADONNA

Your mamma's a bitch you snaggletoothed...

PLAY

Man, I can't do that. That would be too cold. Besides, she already packed in there real nice.

PLAY slams passenger door while LADONNA is still cussing out BILAL. The slamming door makes her cry out.

PLAY

I owe you, I fucked up once today,
I swear to God I will be right
back.

PLAY awkwardly slides behind the wheel between all the stuff spilling over into the drivers seat. No matter how he adjusts his rear view mirror, he can't see. LADONNA continues to curse out BILAL non-stop.

BILAL continues to protest and cuss while PLAY drives away, yelling promises of a speedy return to BILAL.

CUT TO:

EXT. PROJECTS. SAME TIME.

SIDNEY is arriving at SHARANE'S building. Residents sit in mismatched kitchen chairs drinking Kool Aid out of jelly jars outside the two story buildings. One resident is carrying old furniture out of their house to sit by their garbage can. SIDNEY knocks on the screen door. The screen itself is busted out. SHARANE'S older brother, wearing a cap but not a shirt, answers the door and lets her in.

SIDNEY

Sharane ready?

OLDER BROTHER

Naw, wait downstairs.

CUT TO:

INT. SHARANE'S APT. SAME TIME.

The OLDER BROTHER returns to the telephone by the door while SHARANE passes through the kitchen to the cramped living room. The furniture is covered with plastic slipcovers. The entire family seems to be in the living room watching TV. The room is dominated by UNCLE OTIS, who is grossy overweight, like a fat man in a circus. There are brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts and cousins of every age and physical dimension, although none match the 800 pound girth of Uncle Otis.

Almost as wierd as Uncle Otis is GRANDMA, who is lying stiffly across the couch like a mummy. She stares at the TV as if she could be dead.

SIDNEY says hi to everyone. The kids say hi back, the adults nod and GRANDMA does nothing.

SHARANE is sitting at the top of the steps, finishing up her nails.

SHARANE
Let's go outside while my nails
dry.

SHARANE holds her hands by her shoulders and fans them so they will dry. She motions with her elbow for SIDNEY to open the front door for her.

CUT TO:

EXT. PROJECTS. SAME TIME.

As they exit, two people sitting in kitchen chairs go inside, and the girls take their seats.

WOMAN #1
I'm coming back out.

SHARANE
You move, you lose.

SIDNEY
I don't know if I like my outfit.

SHARANE
Why? You matching.

SIDNEY
That's what I mean. Sometimes I
think I match too much.

SHARANE sucks her teeth, dismissing the idea.

SHARANE
You want some Kool Aid?
(yells inside)
Peanut! Bring us two glasses of
Kool Aid.

A little boy looks out through the hole in the screen door.

PEANUT
Ain't no more.

SHARANE
Make some.

CUT TO:

INT. SHARANE'S KITCHEN. SAME TIME.

Inside, PEANUT is making Kool Aid. He is choosing between different packets. He yells out to SHARANE.

SHARANE
Sharane! Grape or red?

SHARANE
(O.S.)
Red!

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM. SAME TIME.

UNCLE OTIS
Peanut! Fix me some Dick Gregory!

CUT TO:

EXT. PROJECTS. SAME TIME.
SHARANE is still fanning her hands.

SIDNEY
Who is supposed to be there
tonight?

SHARANE
The usual stumblebums - Play,
dragon breath Bilal, your man Kid.

SIDNEY
Kid? That's your man. I don't
know why you play him off since you
know you like him.

SHARANE
He's kinda cute, but so young
acting. He needs to stop hanging
with his crew so hard and grow up
some.

CUT TO:

INT. SHARANE'S KITCHEN, SAME TIME.
PEANUT is pouring a whole pound of sugar into the Kool Aid mix.
SHARANE enters, but doesn't comment. That is the correct recipe.

SHARANE
Lemme get my jacket and I'm ready
to jet otta here. You can drink
that Peanut, we gotta go.

SIDNEY rubs her mouth.

SIDNEY
You all make teeth hurt just
thinking about drinking that.

SIDNEY waits in the living room while SHARANE runs upstairs. The whole family seems engrossed in some moronic TV show. PEANUT enters drinking a glass of Kool Aid.

SHARANE comes back downstairs, ready to go. Tells everyone goodbye, hugging the littlest ones, who give her a big hug in return. Everyone, young and old, says goodbye to them.

SHARANE

Bye grandma.

GRANDMA blinks three times. SHARANE whispers to SIDNEY as they exit.

SHARANE

Three blinks means have a nice time.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS. EARLY EVENING.

PLAY is driving down the road with his overloaded car. He keeps having near accidents when he tries to change lanes without seeing what's behind him.

PLAY

How you doin', baby?

Buried under a ton of equipment is LADONNA, who is in a painfully awkward posture.

PLAY

You still breathing?

At that moment, PLAY accidentally hits a deep pothole. The shock shakes the heavy speakers to further down on LADONNA'S head, bending her neck into an even more excruciating position.

LADONNA

Ow!

PLAY

Cool, don't worry honey, we'll shake it loose at the party.

CUT TO:

INT. KID'S BEDROOM. LATER THAT EVENING.

Close up of the outer doorknob to KID'S room. It slowly turns, and the door cracks open, then squeaks as opens wider and KID's head slowly rises into the frame. His eyes cut left and right. He tiptoes out, stuffing his lyrics into his pocket.

Shot from the ground floor, KID sneaks down the stairwell. he throws a large shadow behind him. He pauses, peers downstairs.

From KID'S pov, POP is asleep in the living room that he must pass to get the door. The television blares on, his repair project still in pieces on the floor in front of him.

KID smiles, then continues downstairs.

Wide shot of hall leading to door - from POP's pov. KID sneaks across, half tiptoeing, half moonwalking. He passes the living room, then pokes his head back in just to make sure.

POP is still snoring away.

KID, more confident than ever, heads out the door. We hear the heavy front door squeak open, and the light from the porch light stream in. KID tries to close the door as carefully as possible. But it unintentionally slams anyway.

On the slam, close up of POP sleeping. The second after the slam, jump cut extreme close up of POP'S eyes snapping open.

Exterior wide shot of KID taking off down the street like a thief in the night.

FADE TO BLACK

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. BILAL'S PORCH. NIGHT.

BILAL, totally demoralized, sits on his porch staring into space.

Finally, a pair of headlights pull into the drive. It's PLAY. he runs up to the porch.

PLAY

Ready to go?

BILAL

I ain't going.

PLAY

C'mon man, we're late, we gotta -

BILAL

Listen what I'm telling you I have been waiting on this porch for an hour to tell you one thing - I - AM - NOT - GO - ING.

PLAY

Just listen to me -

BILAL

This is why I don't spin for free -
niggas don't appreciate shit for
free...

PLAY walks BILAL outside, but BILAL keeps declaring he will not
DJ the party.

PLAY

Look in that car.

Close up of the faces of the four girls in the car. Some are
very cute, some not so cute but trying hard.

PLAY

Too many for me to handle. They're
all going to the party, and they all
want to meet the DJ. Rap to them now
on the way over and get the jump on
the other niggas.

BILAL arches his eyebrow at PLAY, skeptically.

BILAL

That's supposed to convince me?

CUT TO:

INT. CAR. SAME TIME.

BILAL climbs over girls to sit in the middle of all of them in
the back seat.

BILAL

Look out ladies, here comes B Love.

BILAL squeezes between two women.

BILAL

How you all doing?

One of the women is SUNNI, the same girl who pointed out HERMAN'S
drool in school earlier that day. She smells something and leans
away from him.

GIRL

Unnh, dragon breath.

PLAY starts the car and everyone is pushed back into their seat
as he peels out.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS. NIGHT.

KID is making his way to PLAY'S house. Behind him, a pair of headlights flash on and the police car slowly pulls up beside him. Inside the cops' faces cannot be seen.

COP #1

Where do you think you're going?

KID

Why do you want to know?

COP #2

We'll ask the questions, you answer 'em.

KID

(chastised)

Yes sir.

COP #1

Wanna check him for I.D.?

COP #2

Naw, let's get some doughnuts.

COP #1

Watch yourself, understand?

KID

Yes sir....(as they drive off)...I understand Larry Davis ought to pump you full of lead and fry you for the bacon...

KID is so angry and distracted he doesn't pay attention as he crosses the street and is almost hit by a car. He bangs on the hood.

KID

HEY! Watch where you're -

Inside the car are STAB, ZILLA and PEE WEE. First they are angry, but when they see who it is, an evil grin spreads over their faces.

STAB slams the "pedal to the metal" but KID dives from in front of the car to avoid being flattened. KID lands on the hard concrete by the curb. His lyric sheets have fallen out of his pocket. KID looks up to see STAB'S car backing up furiously to run him over.

KID leaps to his feet but looks down and sees the lyric sheets in the street. He bends down to grab them and moves away just in time. KID starts running in a zig zag pattern down the street with the car backing up furiously in pursuit. The car then makes a hard 180 degree spin and takes off after KID in earnest.

KID turns and runs in the opposite direction, cutting across lawns so they can't drive next to him. STAB, ZILLA and PEE WEE get out of their car to chase KID on foot.

KID climbs over and hides behind a tall fence. He tries to hold his breath (which he has precious little of anyway) as they pass by, looking for him.

KID glances over and sees through a window of the house he's hiding at. Inside a couple is making love. KID'S eyes widen.

STAB and ZILLA figure out where he is hiding, and silently climb over the fence. The car parks on the other side of the yard, also hidden by the fence.

KID is entranced by the erotic scene. The sounds of the couple moaning with pleasure mix with the grunts and climbing sounds of STAB and ZILLA as they try to climb the fence. Halfway across, they see KID unaware of their approach.

Suddenly, the guy making love looks up and sees KID spying. He reaches into a drawer and pulls out a pistol.

KID runs straight up the fence on sheer momentum.

STAB and ZILLA see KID take off, then turn to see the naked man with a gun about to shoot them.

KID lands on the roof of PEE WEE'S car and keeps running down the streets with STAB and ZILLA behind him. A shot rings past their ears.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUNKIN' DONUTS. SAME TIME.

When the COPS hear the shot they drop their donut holes, hit the sirens and tear off in the direction of the shot.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET. SAME TIME.

KID pauses at a street corner, exhausted. He looks up to see PLAY and BILAL, with a car full of women, drive by. He tries to flag them down, but he is too out of breath to yell.

CUT TO:

INT. PLAY'S CAR. SAME TIME.

BILAL

Wasn't that Kid?

PLAY

Was it? I gotta get back to my party - there's no room anyway.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET. SAME TIME.

KID sees the reflection of red and blue lights in the windows across the street. He knows the cops are about to turn the corner. He dives into tall hedges, which are so thick he bounces back. He dives again, and with a pained yell, makes it through. Unknown to KID, however, his lyric sheet gets stuck in the bushes.

On the other side of the hedges, a Black sorority alumni chapter is having a black tie dinner/dance. Middle aged men in tuxedos and society matrons in long gowns are coolly grooving to a 1950's version of "High Heel Sneakers".

KID glances around and spots an elderly gentleman sitting by the stereo system, happily tapping his foot. There are two turntables (although only one is used) and a microphone. The opportunity to perform makes KID forget his pursuers.

A waiter carrying a tray of hors d'oeuvres eyes KID suspiciously.

WAITER

May I help you?

KID

I'm with the DJ.

KID picks an hors d'oeuvre, then two more, and heads across the dance floor. He clearly doesn't belong there but gets right into the spirit of things, doing the twist and other Cosbyesque parodies of "old folks dancing" as he squeezes between couples.

STAB and the gang peek around and over the bushes, looking for KID. They see him picking out two records, an old Duke Ellington and a Olatunji album from the 60's, and giving the skeptical old DJ quick lessons in mixing.

Both records are put on and the funky percussion and mellow horn lines mix well. KID hooks up a mike and, after a little feedback, climbs up on the service table and starts rapping to the crowd.

KID

One two one two! How is everybody out there? I'm your MC, and what I wanna know is, what's your favorite zodiac sign?

The crowd is baffled by what's going on.

KID

Uh, hit it, gramps.

The old DJ starts scratching the two records. People in the audience are irritated by the sound, but the old DJ is very proud of his success on his first attempt. Once the funky beat kicks in, several of the old couples start dancing.

GUEST

I didn't know you booked live entertainment, Mildred.

MILDRED

I didn't.

GUEST

Here comes some more of them.

STAB and his crew are making their way through the crowd towards KID. Right before KID is about to start performing, he spots the approaching hoods. He ditches the mike and tries to get lost in the dancing crowd. The old DJ is getting into it more and more and starts slapping on other old records, making a 1940's mastermix. Everyone is up and getting loose. KID ducks behind dancing couples, trying to avoid his pursuers. But the dragnet is closing and soon KID is backing up to the DJ table. Just as he narrowly avoids getting grabbed by ZILLA he bumps into - someone who doesn't move. The music abruptly stops. KID turns around. It's MILDRED, the hostess of the party, with her hands on her hips and plug to the stereo in her hand.

MILDRED

Who are you young man and who are you here with?

KID points to the DJ. The OLD DJ shrugs his shoulders apologetically. MILDRED really gives the evil eye to KID.

The GUESTS gather around, some supporting KID, others not. "Leave him alone Mildred, he did your tired party a favor" "Check his pockets for silverware"

"I've got a daughter he'd be perfect for - she's a little chubby but very personable..."

STAB bursts through the crowd and starts choking KID. He pins him to the DJ table, KID'S head between the two turntables. The OLD DJ breaks a record over STAB'S head. STAB pauses and looks up like "was that supposed to hurt?". Meanwhile, ZILLA and PEE WEE hold the rest of the crowd back.

STAB
I'm gonna hit you so hard your
momma's gonna cough blood.

That is the one word that gets KID fighting mad. As STAB draws back, KID drops to one knee and punches him solidly in the groin. STAB folds like a wallet.

Before PEE WEE and ZILLA can turn around, KID leapfrogs on their shoulders into the crowd. Like a stage diver, KID uses the unsuspecting bystanders to pad his fall. One fatherly-looking GUEST take the brunt of it, and both fall to the ground with the GUEST on the bottom. KID apologizes and takes off running again, with ZILLA and PEE WEE on his tail.

Still bent over, STAB pushes through the crowd to join in the chase. As he watches KID, PEE WEE and ZILLA disappear behind the hedges, he trips over the same GUEST that KID landed on. He gets back up and limps to the thick shrubbery, trying to find his friends.

STAB
Zilla? Pee Wee?

Suddenly two pair of uniformed arms reach through the hedges and snatch him through. It's the COPS.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET. A FEW MINUTES LATER.
KID, STAB, ZILLA and PEE WEE are all spread eagle on the sidewalk. COP #1 casually sits on the hood of the car, with his gun pointed at their heads. COP #2 is trying to get a complaint from MILDRED, but she is too turned off by the attitude of the COPS to cooperate - even though one of the GUESTS is applying ice to his nose. COP #2 returns, resigned.

COP #2
Too scared to make a statement.

ZILLA and PEE WEE wink at STAB, smiling.

COP #1
Alright, punks, you got lucky
tonight. But if I see you again,
I'll use your ass for road tar.

All four stand up slowly, eyes on the pistol as it is holstered. As KID stands, he notices his lyric sheets stuck in the hedges. While no one is looking, he quickly plucks them and stuffs them in his pocket right before the cops turn around. KID smiles and walks in the direction of the party. STAB and the hoods try to follow.

COP #2

Uh-uh. You walk that way.

ZILLA

Man, you can't tell us -

STAB silences ZILLA and reluctantly leads his crew in opposite direction.

As KID gets further away, he picks up speed.

CUT TO:

INT. PLAY'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Hardcore funk music is kicking hard in a room packed full of hot, sweaty, ecstatic teenagers. Everyone's hands are in the air.

CUT TO:

Right outside of PLAY'S front door, which fills the frame. Music is muffled but still loud. A fist enters the frame and knocks on the door. The door swings wide. It's PLAY, dressed festively for the party, reveling in his role as host.

PLAY

Welcome to the place to be.

GROOVE, CHILL and HERMAN (yawning) enter. They all dap with PLAY.

PLAY

Groove, Chill, Herman, glad you all could make it to the gig.

PLAY

(mumbles to himself)

Too many hardlegs in here already.

The doorbell rings again. PLAY swings the door open wide again. It's a couple, CLINT and BENITA.

PLAY

Clint, my holmes, whot up?

CLINT

Play, I want you to meet my lady,
uh, um....

BENITA

Benita.

PLAY kisses her hand.

PLAY

I hope I get the chance to dance
with you tonight.

CLINT

Yeah, we'll see about that.

CLINT pulls her by her arm into the party. BENITA flashes
another smile at PLAY over her shoulder.

The doorbell rings again. PLAY opens the door again - it's KID.
PLAY greets him with a smothering hug.

PLAY

Oh man, I can't believe you made
it. Chili Dog! What about your
Pops?

KID

You know how it is. If you already
in trouble, you might as well have
fun. A beatdown is a beatdown.

PLAY

I hear ya. C'mon lemme announce
you...YO EVERYBODY! Look who just
fell into the gig!

With PLAY'S arm around his shoulder, KID moves through the crowd,
dapping with the fellas, winking at the ladies.

KID moves on to the DJ table, where BILAL is mixing. BILAL pulls
a pair of records out his crates. KID tries to see what they
are, but their labels have been covered with black tape.

BILAL

Covered the labels, so niggas can't
bite my style.

BILAL'S back is to the turntables as he expertly rocks the
platters back and forth on the turntables while manipulating the
mixer. He scratches in the new groove and the crowd sighs in
delight.

KID

Oooh, that's smooth as hell. So
you brought the mike, right?

BILAL

Uh, yeah, but it's really for Play.
It's his party, and he said he was
the only one gonna rap...

KID

That mumblemouth monotone - I been
practicing, I got def lyrics.
Listen to this -

BILAL raises his hands like "I'm not in it", then returns to the turntables. KID reaches for his lyric sheets, which he can't find. He digs in all his pockets, then sighs with painful resignation - somehow he lost them.

BILAL is now wearing handcuffs while he mixes to demonstrate his virtuosity at scratching in a new beat. Each section is a new song, like "Pump Up The Volume".

GROOVE dances so aggressively with LASHAY that he pins her against the wall and falls into a chair lining the wall. He continues to dance, spinning around and shaking his butt. She slides away from him while his back is turned. He is too self-absorbed to notice.

Close up of BILAL'S hands scratching to a new beat, now with his arms through a stepladder between the two turntables.

SIDNEY and SHARANE are dancing facing each other. They have boys in front of them, but the guys cannot keep up with the girls, who are really dancing with each other. They have what looks like an elaborate choreography routine that they are performing to perfection. The hapless two guys, dancing back to back, turn to each other and exchange mutually sympathetic looks.

Close up of BILAL'S hands scratching to a new beat. His nose is to the turntable, and just as he drops the needle, someone bumps the table and the records scratches.

The entire room turns and gives the DJ and evil look, then returns to dancing.

BILAL reaches over the DJ table and taps CHILL, who bumped the turntable, on the shoulder.

BILAL

Yo man, don't bump the turntable.

CHILL

Play something I could dance to and
I wouldn't.

Pissed, BILAL returns to his mix. Just as he mixes in a new record, CHILL bumps the table again. BILAL'S head snaps up in anger.

The crowd sneers at the DJ table again. Someone in the back mutters "kill the DJ". BILAL taps CHILL again.

BILAL

Yo man what I say? Don't bump the
turntable. I'm trying to mix.

CHILL

You call that mixing? I'm helping
you out.

LASHAY comes up to PLAY pulling her sweater and fanning her tongue.

LASHAY

Play, don't you have any
refreshments? Some soda or potato
chips? Something.

PLAY responds in mock horror.

PLAY

Oh, wow, you shoulda got here
earlier. We had a whole bunch of
liter bottles and bags of chips,
but I guess niggas already done
went through it.

LASHAY

Shoot! I always get here too late
for the snacks.

PLAY

Tell you what though, there's a
confectionery right down the street
if you really want a soda.

As she walks away, PLAY mutters.

PLAY

...your mamma should feed you
before you leave the house, this
ain't a soup kitchen...

PLAY passes EVERETT the nerd, who is asking a row of girls sitting along the wall for a dance. Although each girl tells him no, he keeps asking, oblivious to failure.

CUT TO:

INT. THE NEXT DOOR NEIGHBORS. SAME TIME.

MRS. STRICKLAND is awakened by her husband, who is still looking out of the window, phone in hand. He is dialing the cops.

MR. STRICKLAND

Hello, police?

MRS. STRICKLAND

Walter...what are you doing?

MR. STRICKLAND

You see what time it is? These kids are disturbing the peace.

MRS. STRICKLAND

You woke me up, not them.

CUT TO:

INT. PLAY'S PARTY. SAME TIME.

GROOVE is rapping to SUNNI.

SUNNI

Why you keep your coat on the whole party? Ain't you hot?

GROOVE

Naw, I'd rather have it when I go. My shit got stole last time I took it off at a party.

SUNNI

People always think the worst...

GROOVE

All piled up on the bed? Hell naw. Niggas come in wearing pleather and come out wearing leather.

GROOVE is tapped on the shoulder by CHILL, who is pointing out someone on the opposite side of the room.

LADONNA, who still has a crook in her neck, passes by.

CHILL

Yo LaDonna, what's up baby? You looking real good tonight. How about giving me those digits?

She blows him off with a shrug and a hand brush while trying to straighten out her neck. CHILL tries to play it off.

GROOVE points out SHARANE making her way through the crowd. As she enters the foreground, she walks into a flattering spotlight.

CHILL

Aw, Sharane, she real fine. She's on.

GROOVE

Finest lady in here.

CHILL

That ain't hard to be, but still.

GROOVE

Yo, I'm going to get that number.

CHILL

Hold up man, you ain't got no rap.

GROOVE

She don't know that.

GROOVE goes to ask SHARANE for a dance. He is cut off by PLAY, who moves between them and puts his arm around her, escorting her to the dance floor.

GROOVE

Hold up man, you cock blocking me.

PLAY

Get down, boy, this is me. We used to go together in third grade.

SHARANE

I don't remember that.

PLAY

It was only for three days. I was your man from the candy land. Then you dumped me.

PLAY and SHARANE are dancing across from KID, who is dancing with a GIRL with a perpetually MEAN FACE.

KID keeps staring at SHARANE. She finally glances his way. He smiles and arches his eyebrows. She stares at him impassively. Encouraged, he licks his lips. The MEAN FACED GIRL cranes her neck into KID'S face to recapture his attention. SHARANE turns back to PLAY. KID smiles happily, thinking he's made progress.

CUT TO:

EXT. STAB'S CAR. SAME TIME.

STAB checks his rear view mirror. The police car is driving behind them.

STAB

When is that gonna stop sweating us?

Finally, the police car turns off. After a pause, STAB makes a screeching 180 degree turn and speeds in the opposite direction.

STAB

Let's make it a surprise party for that punk.

CUT TO:

INT. PLAY'S PARTY. SAME TIME.

BILAL is asking SIDNEY to dance.

BILAL

Tally ho, let's go.

BILAL extends his hand. SIDNEY looks at his hand with a frown and continues to frown as she looks up to his face.

BILAL slowly turns his wrist to play as if he extended his hand to read his watch.

BILAL

The time? It's uh...

SIDNEY

I'm sorry Bilal, but I just finished dancing.

BILAL

Why girls get tired so quick?

SIDNEY

It's too hot in here.

(fans herself)

I know my hair is through.

BILAL

C'mon, put some use to those corns
on your feet.

SIDNEY

Maybe later, ok?

BILAL

You done turned down thirty niggas.
Don't make me walk all the way back
there after climbing from around
the DJ table and crossing the room
OBVIOUSLY to ask you to dance.
I'll be the object of ridicule.

SIDNEY

There are a lot of girls who aren't
dancing.

Pan of desperate looking girls with big lonely eyes.

BILAL

Do you wonder why? They are
homely. They need to be home
getting lots of beauty sleep.

SIDNEY

And what do you think they say
about you?

BILAL

You heard something?

SIDNEY tries to end conversation to move away from his dragon
breath.

SIDNEY

Um, no...is Sharane calling me?

As SIDNEY gets up, she passes KID and PLAY, who are talking but
stop to watch her pass, then resume their conversation.

PLAY

Who you scouting? Sidney? Sharane?

KID smiles guiltily.

PLAY

I think you should concentrate on
Sidney. I think I'm gonna scoop
Sharane.

KID is upset by this comment, but says nothing.

PLAY

Lemme tell you, with a father as strict as you got, you don't want a girl who lives in the projects.

KID is baffled by this logic.

KID

That's ill, man, just because she lives in the projects -

PLAY

Naw, you're missing my point. You can't bring a girl over your house and have any privacy, right? You got no car, no motel money, nothing like that, right?

KID reluctantly agrees.

PLAY

Go to a girl's house in the projects and there's always somebody home. You don't want to be spending your dates in the living room watching TV with Uncle Sanfus, right?

KID sees the image and shudders.

PLAY

But a girl like Sidney - only child, parents got a house with a REC ROOM. Man, a rec room! Get her down in that basement, got a couch and everything - it's over!

KID

Man, why you playing me?

PLAY looks offcamera, is alarmed, and runs off.

PLAY

Hey - don't touch that! Just because you don't have nice stuff at your house don't mean -

KID exits to kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. PLAY'S KITCHEN. SAME TIME.

KID walks in on CHILL and GROOVE talking. GROOVE is drinking from a small "airline" size bottle of gin.

GROOVE

Whew! You want some?

KID

Naw, you better slow up yourself.
That monkey oil will mess you up
tough.

GROOVE

Kid, you my man but you're a
square. Gin will keep your dick
hard. Give you Mandingo meat.

CHILL

Yo Kid, I see you doing that new
step. Bust it for me right quick.
I ain't got it all the way suave
yet.

KID tries to beg off, but CHILL insists. After checking to see if anyone is looking, KID start to demonstrate the new dance. CHILL gets behind him, copying. KID corrects mistakes while he's doing it. GROOVE, getting uncoordinated from the effects of drinking, joins in best he can, looking like a parody of the dance. Soon KID is getting loose and CHILL is getting it pretty good too.

The fellas are so preoccupied dancing they don't notice SIDNEY and SHARANE spying on their impromptu dance lesson. They are pointing and giggling.

SIDNEY

This ain't aerobics class.

CHILL is totally caught off guard. He immediately stops dancing and tries to hide his face. But KID is jamming too hard to care and GROOVE is too drunk to care.

KID

You can't do it.

The girls hear the challenge and step into the kitchen to accept it. CHILL gets back in gear and the girls and the guys are facing off, moving back and forth the long kitchen area trying to outdo each other doing the new dance. KID and SHARANE grin in each other's face as they sweat, enjoying the competition. It's a magic moment, when dance mixes with romance.

They back into the dance floor, where they make a space. The music is jamming hard. BILAL is tearing up the turntables.

Men are cheering the fellas, women the girls.

The heat and violent movement is too much for GROOVE. Close up him as he sweats, eyes roll back up in his head and falls backward off screen with a BOOM. PLAY hops into his place without missing a step.

BILAL

Switch!

And everyone changes partners. Now KID is dancing with SIDNEY and PLAY with SHARANE. KID gets the same positive vibrations from SIDNEY that he was from SHARANE. Both are attractive, and KID plays them both.

BILAL

Switch!

Everyone changes partners again. KID is now dancing with another cute girl, also smiling at him.

BILAL

Switch!

KID switches, but ends up with the MEAN FACED GIRL. BILAL goes back to mixing. That was the last "switch".

KID

(stage whisper)

Bilal! Yo, Bilal! Switch again!

The MEAN FACED girl rolls her eyes indignantly.

KID looks on sadly while SIDNEY dances with SPANKY and SHARANE dance with PLAY, who keeps whispering in her ear and making her laugh.

When the record ends, SHARANE pulls SIDNEY aside.

SIDNEY

Did you see how Kid was dancing all up on me?

SHARANE

On you? He was all up on me.

SIDNEY

I thought you didn't like him.

SHARANE

He's cute. You the one didn't like him.

CUT TO:

INT. KID'S LIVING ROOM. SAME TIME.

POP keeps glancing at the clock. He gets up, puts on his coat, takes it off again.

POP

...he'd halfway fix it if he got back by curfew.

Long minutes drag by. Finally, the clock chimes on the hour.

POP

Ok, that's it.

Gets up puts on coat, then sits back down.

POP

Five more minutes.

He waits a few seconds, then can't take it.

POP

That's enough.

He grabs his coat and heads out the door.

CUT TO:

INT. PLAY'S PARTY. SAME TIME.

KID is leaning against the mantle, rapping to SHARANE and SIDNEY. He has the attention of both of them. He doesn't know who to rap to.

KID

Sharane AND Sidney. The two finest women in here. How could a man choose?

SHARANE

He better choose right.

KID is clearly on the spot, he clears his throat.

KID

Damn, it's like that, huh?

SHARANE expressions says "that's right". SIDNEY is turned off by SHARANE'S competitive attitude.

KID

You're wild Sharane. I like that sweater.

SHARANE

Thanks.

KID

I like them jeans, too.

SHARANE

Thank you.

SIDNEY sees the choice has been made and quietly steps back and away.

KID notices and regrets the cold-bloodiness of the situation, but the damage is done. He keeps rapping to SHARANE.

KID eyes a cheap gold necklace she's wearing.

KID

So when you gonna let me sport that gold?

A popular record comes on.

SHARANE

Naw, I don't - OOOH! That's my jam!

BILAL calls KID.

BILAL

Kid! Check this mix out!

KID turns in direction of BILAL. As soon as he turns around, five hands enter the frame, asking SHARANE to dance. She marvels at the variety of choices, then picks one. All others pull away, except for one that lingers, balls into a fist, then withdraws. When KID turns back around to ask SHARANE, she is already on the floor.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET. SAME TIME.

Kid's POP is walking down the same streets KID was sneaking through on his way to the party. An ominously familiar pair of headlights appear behind him. The COPS cruise alongside him.

COP #1

Hey you! Where are you going?

POP

Is there a problem, officer?

COP #2

Again with the questions? What is this, Jeopardy?

The COPS stop and get out of the car. POP, disgusted by the harassment, pushes his coat back to rest his hands on his hips. When the COPS see the motion, they reach for their guns. POP freezes his motion.

POP

There is nothing in my hands or pockets - so why are you reaching for your guns?

COPS glance at one another.

COP #1

There's been a report of a public disturbance in this area.

POP

Then you should respond to the call, unless you have any cause to question me further, officers ...O'Malley and...Smith, badge numbers -

The COPS spin around and get back in their car.

COP #2

We don't have time for this bullshit.

The COPS turn on their red and blue lights and speed off.

COP #1

What was the address of that complaint again?

COP #2

"Out of control party on 1756 Piggot Avenue".

CUT TO:

INT. PLAY'S PARTY. SAME TIME.

KID sees a row of ladies seated on a couch on the opposite wall. A row of extended arms enter the frame one after the other asking each lady to dance. The ladies accept and the camera tracks forward as they are pulled up one after another like a Busby Berkeley dance routine.

But the last lady on the couch, SIDNEY, turns down her invitation. It was the same hand that lost out with SHARANE and it lingers, balls into a fist, and withdraws like before.

KID stokes his chin, appraising situation. SIDNEY looks over to KID with an inviting expression. Encouraged, KID flips up his collar and pimps over to SIDNEY. She is smiling at him, he is smiling in return. Soundtrack music swells with excitement.

KID

Wanna dance?

SIDNEY

No.

KID'S face freezes. For a second, all sound drops out and a wail of agony is heard in the distance. Then normal motion and sound resumes. He shakes it off, then continues to rap.

KID

Are you sure you don't wanna dance?
This is the jam.

SIDNEY

Quite sure.

KID

Well, do you mind if I sit down
next to you?

SIDNEY

Free country.

KID plops down, causing both SIDNEY and himself to bounce on the couch.

KID

When I say you turn down that other
guy I knew the odds were that you
wouldn't dance with me either -

SIDNEY

Don't take it personal. I didn't
take it personal that you asked me
after you asked Sharane.

An awkward silence.

KID

Sidney....

KID is trying to think of small talk.

KID
...what's your middle name?

SIDNEY
LaToya.

KID
Sidney, that's a name, I mean
that's a nice name.

SIDNEY thinks this boy is wierd and starts looking for SHARANE.

KID
You still don't wanna dance?

SIDNEY
I'm still tired. My feet -

KID
You should tell Mom to get you a
bigger size shoe. Hey, really like
that outfit. Is it Pierre Cardin?

SIDNEY
No.

KID
I thought so.

CUT TO:
BILAL announcing the next record.

BILAL
Alright fellas, it's time to go to
work.

A slow romantic ballad comes on.

CUT TO:
KID feeling even more pressured, but getting nowhere.

KID
You sure you don't wanna dance?

SIDNEY
Maybe on a fast record. I don't
like slow records.

Unexpectedly, SHARANE plops down next to SIDNEY. The GUY she was
dancing with is still following her.

SHARANE

Hey girl, what's up?
(notices guy is still hanging
around)
Can't you see I'm talking to my
friend? I said no!

GUY crawls off.

SHARANE

I am worn out! I should've sat out
that last one like you did.

KID

I can't believe you're tired,
Sharane, 'cause you always act good
to go. I mean, energetic. I'm not
trying to come off -

SHARANE

It's alright.

SIDNEY

You about ready to leave?

KID senses a disaster about to happen.

KID

You can't leave until you give me
what you owe, Sharane.

SHARANE has a skeptical look.

KID

One mo', just one mo' dance.

SHARANE

I'm sorry Kid, it's getting late.

KID

Then let's dance right now. I don't
like to dance on slow songs, but if
you promise not to grind on me,
I'll make an exception.

SHARANE reluctantly agrees, thinking how bad could it be.
SIDNEY'S face shows she clearly disapproves of the idea.
KID stands, extends his hand and pulls SHARANE to her feet.

CUT TO:

INT. PLAY'S PARTY. SAME TIME.

Close up of a pair of hips slow grinding to a sensuous groove. The room is bathed in a red light.

Close up of a couple, CLINT and BENITA, tonguing down like no tomorrow. The slurping sounds of their deep kissing is amplified. Then CLINT looks up and declares:

CLINT

There's too much light in here!

The crowd purrs with approval. Montage of hands turning off lights, pulling cords out of sockets to deepen the mood.

One of the hands turns off a lamp right beside HERMAN, who is asleep on a couch as usual.

CLINT

Yeah, that's more like it.

CLINT resumes tonguing down with his girl. More slurping sounds.

Close up of BILAL fervently rapping as he dances with SUNNI.

BILAL

...you're so soft and comfy, just
like my hush puppies. And like
my down jacket, you're so warm
and fluffy inside...

SUNNI rolls her eyes. She is nauseated.

BILAL

... it makes me wanna squeeze
tighter and start to sing:

(badly off key)

"always and forever, each moment
with you, is just like a dream to
me, that somehow came true..."

As he sings, she blows a bubble. At the end of the second verse, it pops.

KID is slow dancing with SHARANE. KID is really into it, trying to nuzzle her. She is bemused by his efforts at seduction.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. PLAY'S DOORWAY. SAME TIME.

Same close up shot of door, with PLAY swinging door open wide. He stops opening door once he sees who it is. His smile drops

and he tries to close it real quick but a muscled arm catches the door before it can shut.

From the reverse angle we see PLAY trying to shut the door on STAB, ZILLA and PEE WEE, who are trying to bum rush the party.

PLAY
(yells to crowd)
HEY FELLAS!

STAB
What's the problem?

PLAY
No hoods in this gig. This is a private party. Gwan somewhere. Go rob a liquor store or something.

STAB tries to reach around the door to grab PLAY.

STAB
Quit playing man.

PLAY
Hold up now.

CHILL, BILAL, CLINT and KID arrive to back PLAY up. The hoods, seeing they are outnumbered, stop pushing.

PLAY
If I'd known you were coming, I would've bought a metal detector.

Hoods and fellas strike b-boy poses, trying to intimidate each other, like a face off before a boxing match.

CHILL
Yo, don't touch my body.

ZILLA fakes a punch, to see if anyone will blink or flinch. The fellas really don't want to fight but they are not giving up ground.

STAB
Aw, forget you and your lame set.
You ain't nothin' but a dirt bomb.
Belt buckle head.

Hoods walk off. Having won, PLAY swings a kick in their direction once they are well out of the way. The fellas finally exhale.

PLAY

And stay out, before I call your parole officer.

STAB turns, and the fellas strike tough poses again.

STAB

That's cool Play, you'll get yours.
But the punk I really wanna fuck up
is your little faggot friend hiding
behind you.

All the fellas turn and look at KID. KID has an expression like
"don't look at me".

STAB

If you were a man you'd step
outside so we could settle this
right now.

KID

Sorry Stab, I'm busy inside right
now with your girl on my lap -
sucker.

STAB is enraged and trucks for the door, crew in tow.

THE FELLAS

Close the door! Close the door!

They all quickly slam and lock the door. They lean against just
in case. The door shudders when the hoods slam into it, but it
holds.

After waiting a few seconds, PLAY and the fellas peek out of a
nearby window. They see STAB rubbing his head in pain, walking
away from the house in a slight daze. They all exhale again.

CUT TO:

INT. DJ TABLE. SAME TIME.

While BILAL spins, SHARANE fondles the microphone in her hands.

SHARANE

What did you bring this for?

BILAL

Both Play and Kid have an urge to
make a fool of themselves in
public.

SHARANE smiles, pressing the head of the mike to her lips.

PLAY

Let me show you what I can do with
that, baby.

PLAY reenters the room and takes the mike from SHARANE, and
gestures for BILAL plug it into the sound system.

PLAY

Ahem, ONE TWO ONE TWO! Is
everybody having a good time
tonight?

The crowd roars in approval. KID gazes at the mike longingly.

PLAY

Then let me hear you scream!

Everyone lets out a bloodcurdling yell.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET. SAME TIME.
STAB opens his trunk.

PEE WEE

We ain't lettin' them off that
easy, are we?

STAB hands ZILLA a baseball bat, and PEE WEE and iron pipe. When
he closes the trunk, ZILLA has a gas can in his hand. They walk
back toward the house.

ZILLA

I get it. We use these when they
come runnin' out the burning house!

CUT TO:

INT. PLAY'S PARTY. SAME TIME.
PLAY is leading the crowd in a popular party chant:

PLAY

The roof, the roof, the roof is on
fire...

ALL

We don't need no water let the
motherfucker burn!

PLAY AND ALL

Burn, motherfucker, burn!

CUT TO:

EXT. PLAY'S HOUSE. SAME TIME.

STAB pours the gasoline along the side of PLAY'S house.

STAB

Anybody got a light?

A blinding flashlight beam hits STAB'S face. The trio turn, startled. It's the COPS, guns drawn.

COP #1

Or did you mean Bud lite?

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE CAR. A MINUTE LATER.

STAB, ZILLA and PEE WEE are handcuffed and their heads are being shoved into a police car. COP #1 is about to radio the station.

COP #2

Hold on, don't call it in. Why bother with the paperwork. We can handle this ourselves.

COP #1 smiles, and they both get into the car.

COP #1

We told you boys to stay out of trouble. I guess you need convincing...

COP #2

Let's take 'em down to the docks. Nobody will hear them scream.

CUT TO:

INT. PLAY'S PARTY. SAME TIME.

PLAY is starting to get loose. He is enchanting the crowd with his rapping, especially SHARANE. SIDNEY is impressed, but cool.

PLAY'S FIRST RAP

When PLAY finishes, the crowd "barks" in approval. He sets the mike down, and SHARANE offers her cheek to kiss. Instead PLAY steals a kiss on her lips. The crowd "ooohs". She is embarrassed and playfully swats him away, but both of them are laughing.

SIDNEY

She's so fast.

KID is crushed. PLAY is cheesing happily. The mike lies on the table. BILAL glances at KID, reading the hurt expression on his face. Slo-mo shot close up of SHARANE.

KID picks up the mike.

PLAY

Oh, lawd.

Several other people in the room grimace in anticipation. First KID has the mike too far from him and when he talks, he can't be heard. The crowd yells "louder". Then he moves too close and there is loud feedback. BILAL covers his eyes.

KID

I know I might not have the best reputation, but I've been practicing, and if I hadn't lost my lyrics...

The crowd mutters with boredom.

KID

...uh, Bilal? Just hit it.

BILAL drops a funky beat and KID launches into his rap.

KID'S FIRST RAP

Although KID is nervous his lyrics and delivery are good. The crowd is very skeptical but line by line is won over. Both SIDNEY and SHARANE see KID in a new light. Tentatively impressed.

PLAY

Amazing - he doesn't suck.

KID receives polite applause when he finishes. KID and PLAY exchange smiles as he hands the mike back to him.

PLAY calmly cues BILAL and rips into a ferocious rap, challenging KID as rapper, a man and a human being. He delivers one devastatingly funny line after another, hammering away at KID's rapping skills, romantic failures and, the last straw, his mean and overprotective father.

PLAY'S SECOND RAP

SHARANE tries to catch herself from laughing in KID'S face, but can only keep apologizing to him after each verse shreds KID naked. SIDNEY grimaces at the bloody attack. KID himself is almost in a state of shock.

When PLAY is finished, the mike is smoking. KID pulls himself together and looks out at the crowd, still drying the tears of laughter from their eyes.

KID glances back at BILAL, who pulls a special record - no label - out of the crate. They nod knowingly.

When the beat drops, KID explodes in performance. He paces the room as he unleashes a dizzying flurry of comebacks to answer PLAY'S attacks. The crowd is awed by KID'S grace under pressure. PLAY is caught even more off-guard than KID was - he's a hard puncher, but with a glass ego.

KID expounds on PLAY'S shortcomings until there is no contest - he has won the battle. The crowd roars.

CUT TO:

INT. NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE. SAME TIME.
Hearing the ecstatic yells from the party next door, the MR. STRICKLAND snaps out of bed.

MR. STRICKLAND
The cops were just there!

MRS. STRICKLAND
Go back to sleep, Harry.

CUT TO:

INT. PLAY'S HOUSE. SAME TIME.
The crowd is chanting for an encore.

SHARANE
Mmm-mm-mm! And so cute too!

SIDNEY
You weren't saying that a minute ago.

SHARANE
Everyone's got to prove themselves.

The crowd keeps calling for more. KID turns embarrassed, sharing a knowing smile with BILAL. KID alternately calls for order and encourages more applause. Then he launches in another number which, like Parent's Just Don't Understand and Just One of Those Days, tells the story of an underdog in a humorous way.

While KID raps, BILAL is lifted vertically by his boys to demonstrate his skill on the wheels of steel.

KID'S THIRD RAP

PLAY tries to get the attention of SHARANE who is swooning over KID. He looks to SIDNEY to explain SHARANE'S state of wonder, but SIDNEY can only shrug.

Beaten, PLAY squeezes through the crowd swaying and laughing at KID's routine. As he is about to enter the kitchen, he trips. He sees that he has stumbled over GROOVE'S unconscious body, liquor bottle still in hand. PLAY looks down on GROOVE disgustedly.

PLAY

Damn Groove, why you got to play
the alky role at my party?

CHILL bumps the DJ table again. BILAL starts climbing over the table to get at SPANKY.

BILAL

I told your monkey ass...go over
there, way over there. You bump
this table again and I'll kick your
heart out.

PLAY heads over to defuse the confrontation. He throws his arm around CHILL'S shoulder and guides him to the other side of the room.

PLAY

Damn, Chill, help me haul this fool
home.

They pick him up by the arms and carry him out the door.

PLAY

Damn, Chill, why don't you go see
Miss Rudolph and do something about
those big ass feet you got? Stick
them paddleboats in some blue
piss...

As KID winds up his performance, he maintains eye contact with SHARANE. When he finishes, he tries to make his way through the crowd of admirers, dapping with buddies, smiling politely at unattractive girls who are flirting with him. Finally he reaches her. She offers her cheek to him. KID tries to steal a kiss on the lips but she catches him. So instead he gives her the most passionate kiss on the cheek ever. Her eyes pop.

SHARANE

Are you ready to go home now?

KID

Uh, yeah, sure!

SHARANE

Good, because Sidney told her parents she was staying over my house but now she says she wants to go home before they come back from a party to make her look good.

This rapid fire convoluted explanation goes right by KID but he's ready to go along with whatever she says.

KID

Yeah, I got to be headed back myself soon. I got curfew -

SHARANE

Curfew?

KID

Well, it's not really like curfew, it's that my Pops is uh...

SHARANE

Do you know where Play went?

KID is crushed.

KID

Uh, I think I saw Spanky and Play carrying Tony home.

SHARANE

I was just asking because he promised us a ride home.

KID

I wouldn't mind walking you all home. Not as good as a ride but -

SHARANE

alright then, let's go. I think Sidney's ready to leave.

SIDNEY is on the side of the room, trying to play off that she is jealous. EVERETT is about to ask her to dance when she gives him a look that keeps him moving past.

SHARANE takes KID by the hand and leads him upstairs to the bedroom where the coats are. They pass SIDNEY.

SHARANE

Kid says he'll walk us home. We'll get the coats from upstairs.

Calls to them as they walk upstairs.

SIDNEY

You don't want to wait for Play?

No response.

SIDNEY

Don't be all day up there.

SIDNEY sits at the bottom of the stairwell, sulking as she watches people slow dance.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET. SAME TIME.

Too far away for them to see each other, POP passes PLAY and CHILL huffing and puffing as they carry an unconscious GROOVE by the armpits, his feet dragging down the streets.

When PLAY and CHILL arrive at GROOVE'S house, they prop him up between the screen door and the front door. Once they balance him so he'll stay up, they ring the doorbell and run like hell. Camera goes wide as they split. The dog inside the house barks and we see a light go on in the front room. A parent asks "Groove - is that you?".

CUT TO:

INT. PLAY'S PARTY. SAME TIME.

BILAL runs over to the DJ table, puts on another record, then runs back over to his dancing partner.

BILAL

And here's another slow jam...

Yet another ballad is played. She checks her watch and rolls her eyes.

There is a loud knock on the door. EVERETT answers and POP enters, marching past him.

POP

Is my boy here?

EVERETT

No sir. Who is he?

POP brushes past him and enters the party during the midst of the slow jam session.

SIDNEY is shocked, but plays it cool.

EVERETT leans out the door.

EVERETT

Plaaaay....?

POP sees someone who looks like his son from behind and pulls him around.

POP

Boy, didn't I tell you...

GUY

I didn't know it was your daughter...

GIRL

It's not my father...

POP releases him and roams through the crowd for KID. He spots BILAL.

POP

Bilal, your his friend - where is he?

BILAL

I haven't seen him, sir.

Points to SUNNI, who he's dancing with.

POP

What about her?

BILAL

She don't know nothing.

POP

Does she have a mouth?

Terrified, she nods her head no.

POP moves around some more.

CLINT

Why don't you go home and watch the late show, Pops?

POP overhears the remark and goes to confront CLINT.

CLINT

Oh oh.

POP
Did you say something?

CLINT
Not from me.

POP
What's your name?

CLINT
Clinton.

POP
Clinton what?

CLINT
Clinton, uh, X!

POP
Clinton X?

CLINT
Yes, Clinton X. I am a Muslim.

POP gives up on the party, and is headed back out the door when he notices SIDNEY on the steps.

POP
Move out my way, girl.

SIDNEY
But sir, Peter put me here to keep people from going upstairs. His parents just got new carpeting and he didn't want a whole bunch of people wearing brogans with shit - oh pardon my language, sir - half-scraped off the sole walking around up there.

POP looks down. That pretty much describes the boots he has on.

POP
Nobody's been up there?

SIDNEY
I don't play.

POP weighs the likelihood of her telling the truth versus the condition of his boots.

POP

I'm not gonna waste my time playing games...the boy has to come home some time, and I'll be there.

POP exits house, slamming door in his wake.

After waiting a beat to make sure he's really gone, SIDNEY heads upstairs to warn KID.

CUT TO:

SIDNEY walking around upstairs, trying to find SHARANE and KID. She opens one door and barges in on a couple (off camera). The couple is not disturbed by being caught kissing passionately and neither is SIDNEY.

SIDNEY

Uh, sorry.

She closes door, then opens it again.

SIDNEY

Excuse me again - where is the coat room?

Rather than stop kissing, they both point down the hall.

CUT TO:

In the coat room, KID is helping SHARANE with her coat. As he puts in on, he tries to embrace. Smiling, she deftly slips out of it.

SHARANE

Calm down, Kid. Remember your nickname. You have to take things slow at first.

She takes his hand and holds it. KID is frustrated but is ready to jump through whatever hoops she wants him to. He tries to slowly move in for a kiss.

SIDNEY enters the room.

SIDNEY

Kid, your -

She is embarrassed and angry to catch them almost "in the act". KID is really frustrated.

KID

What?!

SIDNEY turns spiteful.

SIDNEY

Oh, nothing. I was just coming for my coat.

SHARANE

We were about to get it.

KID

(mumbles)

And now I'm not.

SHARANE

I think we're all ready to go now.

KID

Let's head out the back way. I promised Play I'd help him clean up. I don't want to bump into when I leave.

SIDNEY

Yeah, you'd bump into a lot of trouble going out the front door.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLAY'S HOUSE. SAME TIME.

The trio of KID, SHARANE and SIDNEY exit out of the back door. The camera tracks backward alongside the house (where we see the party still rocking through the first floor windows) to the front door, where PLAY and CHILL are returning.

CUT TO:

INT. PLAY'S DOORWAY. SAME TIME.

PLAY

Holding down the fort, Everett?

EVERETT

Well, yeah, but...

PLAY

Is Sharane here?

EVERETT

She's upstairs but -

PLAY

Hold that thought Ev. On my way back I thought of a rap that will definitely get me over. Bilal's playing slow jams (CONT'D)

(CONTINUED) too? Hell yes!

PLAY runs upstairs.

CUT TO:

INT. PLAY'S BATHROOM. SAME TIME.

CLINT and GUY are both in the bathroom mirror, preening themselves and assessing the party.

GUY

Yo, this set is jamming, the freaks are out - yo, Leslie's friend is trying to talk to you.

CLINT

I can't talk to nobody with this zit on my lip.

GUY

You better do something about it quick - get some Oxy-Wash or somethin' 'cause she's fine as shit...a band-aid, or somethin'-

CLINT

Well, it's kinda dark down there, maybe I'll just play it off like this...

CLINT Covers his lip with his hand. GUY notices a diamond stud in CLINT'S ear.

GUY

Damn is that a real diamond - who hooked you up?

CLINT

Hundred percent, hundred percent... my Mom got it for me...

THE VERY TALL TEEN enters. GUY and CLINT smell him before they see him.

GUY

God damn what's that smell?

TALL TEEN

I jetted over here from the courts...

CLINT

You were dancing with women
smelling like that?

TALL TEEN
...played five games...

CLINT
Next time throw some water under
your arms.

GUY
Here you need this -

They hand him an industrial sized bottle of Brut, which he douses
himself with liberally.

PLAY pokes his head in, then enters. All greet him with high
fives. Soon he is poking his head in the mirror too.

PLAY
Yeah fellas, ya'll didn't take all
the ladies while you were gone?
Damn, one of you smell like oxen.

GUY
This nigga here.

PLAY
Yo, I hope you all kept an eye on
my shit when I was gone 'cause I
don't want to get taken off...

CLINT
Yeah, there's was some niggas
lookin' at your shit heavy...

PLAY
And don't get no cucka bugs on the
sink while you combing your hair-

CLINT
You bring some more women while you
were out?

PLAY
Yeah, but they're for me. I got to
have me some pleasure too -

PLAY looks down at the (off camera) toilet.

PLAY

HEY - who broke the toilet?

Silence.

ALL

I don't know.

GUY

It was like that when I came in here.

PLAY

God damn.

CLINT

It's was probably that nigga in the leather jacket. He looked like he could shit some bricks -

GUY

- neck like Mike Tyson.

PLAY

See that's what I hate, niggas want to party but once they get in your house, niggas will fuck you up.

TALL TEEN

Look at the log in that mutherfucker...

PLAY

I got to do something before my Moms gets home.

GUY

I wish I could help you but I can't get my kicks dirty.

CLINT

Yeah, man, I'm getting out of here.

PLAY

Alright, alright, see the next time I throw a party.

GUY

Sorry man, my kicks -

PLAY

Forget the kicks. Just don't come asking me for no party.

TALL TEEN

That shit's starting to come out!

GUY

I see you downstairs.

CLINT

Alright get out, the party's over, out -

ALL

Alright...

PLAY

Don't say nothing to me no more, I don't care if you see me on the street don't say nothin'...

CLINT

Why you gotta get an attitude? We didn't even do it -

PLAY

I didn't ask you all that. When I need help and you ain't even hooking me up -

CLINT

We can't do -

PLAY

Get OUT. GET OUT.

All exit, leaving PLAY alone in the bathroom. Downstairs, the music is uptempo again.

PLAY

Bastards.

PLAY turns, jiggles the toilet handle. Nothing.

PLAY

Damn.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHARANE'S PROJECTS. SAME TIME.

KID and SHARANE are walking and talking together. SIDNEY is walking in front of them.

KID

So what are you doing Friday?

SHARANE

I don't know, I'll call you tomorrow.

SIDNEY rolls her eyes when SHARANE says that.

SHARANE

A lot of boys get nervous when they come to the projects.

KID

Why would they be punks like that?

SHARANE

Well, after Mr. William's son went crazy and started sniping people from the roof, some people drop me off on the corner and tell me to call them when they get home.

KID tries to laugh off the story, then checks the rooftops on either side of him.

KID

I shouldn't even be making plans for this weekend - depends if my father takes me off punishment for getting in trouble in school today.

SIDNEY bites her lip to keep from telling what happened tonight.

SHARANE

Well, Friday may not be good for me, either. Anyway, I'll see you in school tomorrow.

They stop at her door. KID leans in for a good night kiss. SHARANE leans away, then nods to SIDNEY, who has her back turned and arms crossed.

KID

C'mon now.

SHARANE

Don't beg. Later.

KID
(sighs)

Goodnight.

She enters her house. SIDNEY turns around.

SIDNEY
Sharane - ?

They enter the house together.

SIDNEY
Be right back.

KID is left outside as the door closes.

CUT TO:

INT. SHARANE'S APT. SAME TIME.

UNCLE OTIS is in the kitchen, making some dick Gregory drink as a midnight snack. He quickly retreats to the living room, where the rest of SHARANE'S family is in their pajamas asleep in the same positions they were in earlier.

SHARANE and SIDNEY whisper loudly to each other in the kitchen.

SHARANE
Do I detect jealousy?

SIDNEY
Why are you teasing him like that?
"Let's get together Friday?"
Didn't you tell that to Play tonight?

SHARANE
One of them will be in trouble, one
will be available. Just playing
the averages.

SIDNEY
But they're friends.

SHARANE
Yeah, the cute ones travel in
packs, don't they? I don't know
why they let Bilal hang out with
them.

SIDNEY
I can't believe you're actually
acting like this.

SHARANE

I believe the shit I talk. Life is short. If you want something, let the chips fall. You just mad 'cause you didn't catch one tonight.

SIDNEY

And that may not be an accident. You didn't like him until he was up on me.

SHARANE

He was up on me first.

SIDNEY

That's why I didn't talk to him even though you were playing him. Then you put it all in my face. I'm otta here.

Reaches for doorknob.

SHARANE

Well, he's still got to walk you home. If you think I'm doing him wrong - try and take him.

SIDNEY

I'm not like you.

SHARANE

That's why you're mad now.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHARANE'S APT. SAME TIME.

KID is sitting in one of the kitchen chairs outside the house. He looks at the mattress, washing machine and other bizarre items someone has sat out for the garbagemen. He checks the roof for snipers. Then he looks down and finds a jar of Kool Aid that someone in SHARANE'S family was drinking earlier. The sugar has settled to the bottom, looking like an inch of sediment.

SIDNEY exits, and marches past KID without speaking.

KID

Hey what's wrong?

KID follows her.

SHARANE

You don't have to walk me home. I can get there by myself ok.

KID

I don't mind.

SIDNEY

I kind of do mind.

KID

You've been beefin' at me all evening. What did I do to you?

SIDNEY looks at his face, which is genuinely trying to understand. She looks and keeps walking. KID follows.

SIDNEY

You didn't do anything. I just want to be alone.

KID

Well, I don't think that's a good idea, so I'm gonna just bug you all the way home.

SIDNEY

I think you ought to be heading home yourself.

KID

Why? If you're in trouble, don't spend your time thinking about how much more trouble you will be in if you have more fun. I can only die once.

SIDNEY

Yeah, but punishments are forever.

KID

That's the truth. One time my Pop said I couldn't go out for a month because I stayed out too long at a party. Every time I think about it I get depressed.

SIDNEY

Yeah, I guess you should think about it when the time comes.

KID

My Pop is cool but he's little overprotective.

SIDNEY

Um, yeah, I heard about your mother passing...I'm sorry...

KID

Thank you, that was a while ago...doesn't seem like it...uh, what do your folks do?

SIDNEY

My Dad manages a grocery store.

KID

Damn, I bet you all be snackin' back. Chips and dips for days.

She laughs.

SIDNEY

And my mom works at the bank in bookkeeping.

KID

That's hip. So you definitely got a job when you graduate.

SIDNEY

Yeah, but I'm going to college.

KID

Me too. I'm already checking out schools.

SIDNEY gets fired up by the subject.

SIDNEY

Aren't those application forms confusing? Especially for the Ivy League schools.

KID is suddenly intimidated.

KID

I-I think you're a little further along in it than I am.

As they walk down the block, they continue an animated conversation.

CUT TO:

INT. PLAY'S PARTY. SAME TIME.

The party's over, the lights are on. Except for one couple still slow dancing to no music, people slowly file out. Guys are making last minute attempts to get phone numbers.

GUY

You got a pen? Somebody got a pen in here.

CLINT

Write it in blood.

GUY

If Play could read and write, I bet I could find a pen in this house.

CUT TO:

HERMAN is still dead asleep on the couch, head cocked back and mouth wide open. CHILL is sitting beside him, upset that the party's over. Then he notices HERMAN'S state. CHILL takes a napkin, tears off a little strip of it, balls up the strip, then drops it into HERMAN'S mouth. HERMAN'S adam's apple bobs, but he doesn't wake up. So CHILL balls up another one, and drops that one in. HERMAN still doesn't wake up. So he drops another one.

CUT TO:

BILAL is giving his number to SUNNI.

BILAL

You not gonna tell me your phone number?

She shakes her head no.

BILAL

I shouldn't have framed that question in the negative. I tell you what, if I give you my number will you call me?

SUNNI

Uh, ok.

BILAL

You don't inspire confidence but here -

He jots down his number on a napkin.

BILAL
- please don't blow your nose on
this later. You gonna call me?

She nods yes.

BILAL
For real?

She smiles and leaves.

BILAL
She is gonna flip that shit out the
window.

CUT TO:
Now a crowd has gathered around HERMAN as CHILL drops more and
more little balls of paper in his mouth. The crowd lets out a
little "ooh" with each new piece. There are so many pieces in
HERMAN'S mouth that a little paper ball mountain is growing out
of his mouth.

GUY
Herman's a cavity creep.

LADONNA
Look, his teeth are crooked too.

BENITA
That's why he drool so much.

CUT TO:
LEON runs to BILAL desperately.

LEON
Bilal, you are the only person here
with a pen. Can I -

BILAL
The only person?

LEON
Yeah, and I need -

BILAL pounds his DJ table and stands on a chair.

BILAL
We have here a reliable Bic pen
full of ink for those seven magic
digits you desire most. What do I
hear for an opening bid?

All the guys pull him down and wrestle the pen from him.

BILAL

Get off me, man, get off me!

CUT TO:

PLAY is at the top of the stairs, throwing people their coats. Some are landing on peoples heads. He just wants them out. EVERETT comes up the stairs.

EVERETT

Play, I gotta tell you -

PLAY

Tell me tomorrow, Everett, and thanks for you help.

PLAY tosses EVERETT'S coat in his face. PLAY runs down to make up for it, helping EVERETT put his coat on while leading him out the door.

PLAY

Sorry Everett, but niggas got me mad. But you're cool with me.

EVERETT

But Kid's Dad -

PLAY

Yeah, where is that nigga Kid? He said he would help clean up after and he went left on me. I thought he was down. Peace, Ev.

PLAY sends EVERETT out the door, and starts looking for KID.

CUT TO:

Close up on outside of PLAY'S front door. Fist knocks on door. PLAY opens the door - a couple stand at the door, ready to party.

ALBERT

I know it's not over yet.

The latecomers get pitying looks as folks walk by them.

PLAY gives them a plastic smile, then drops it.

PLAY

Think so?

PLAY slams the door in their face.

PLAY

That was wrong.

He thinks about it, then shrugs his shoulders and walks away.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF SIDNEY'S HOUSE. SAME TIME.
KID and SIDNEY are talking and laughing.

KID

...I didn't know girls knew about
Bilal's breath too!

SIDNEY

Everybody be talking about it in
the locker room. How he oughta
sell his turntables and give it all
to a dentist who can hook him up.

They check the driveway. No car.

SIDNEY

Good. I beat them home. This way,
I can look like I wasn't afraid
after all.

KID

Man, women be scheming on a level
men don't have a clue about.

There's a long pause. They look at each other smiling.

KID

I'm glad you let me walk you home.
You're real down, Sidney.

SIDNEY

You're pretty chill your damn self,
Kid.

Playfully hits him on the shoulder. Another long pause. Her
eyes cut away from him. He moves closer. She doesn't move away.
He moves in to kiss her. Suddenly, SIDNEY turns.

SIDNEY

Did you kiss her?

KID

Huh?

SIDNEY

Tonight - did you kiss Sharane?

KID

Uh, naw, I didn't.

SIDNEY

But you wanted to.

KID

Well...but I didn't. And I didn't know you like I know you now.

SIDNEY

So...I'll see you later.

KID

Yeah, ok....tomorrow. If you can open your eyes tomorrow.

SIDNEY

I would invite you in but, it's kinda late, and you need to get home, and my parents are gonna be arriving soon, and...

KID

No, I understand, no problem...

There's an awkward silence. Neither wants to leave each other.

CUT TO:

INT. SIDNEY'S BEDROOM. FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER.

KID and SIDNEY are rolling around on SIDNEY'S bed, kissing passionately. They are tumbling so furiously that they almost fall off the bed. KID has to support them from the floor with one hand, while holding SIDNEY in the other.

KID'S hands are all over SIDNEY. While kissing, she keeps one eye on his hands as they move toward the buttons on her blouse, debating whether she should let him go that far. He unbuttons a few, then she shrugs her shoulders and concentrates full time on kissing while he pets her.

Slow motion shot of her blouse coming off, the fabric gently falling from her shoulders. KID'S eyes are fat.

Back to regular time of him struggling with her bra, unable to get all three hooks open. She is giving him looks like he's simple while he flashes and embarrassed grin and tries to maintain the mood.

She takes off his hat as they kiss on the bed, laying it on her nightstand, covering her clock.

Close up of her feet as she kicks her shoes off.

Abruptly, SIDNEY stops kissing.

SIDNEY

Kid, wait. I think we should talk.

KID can't believe it. He's brimming with desire. He's trying not to shout at her.

KID

W-why? No.

SIDNEY

What are we doing here?

KID

Very good, until you wanted to talk.

SIDNEY

A few minutes ago, you were making a date with my best friend. Now here we are, doing this...it's not right.

KID

Not right? I'll tell you what's not right. The way you two keep fronting on me.

SIDNEY

So all you want is some sex and will rap to friends trying to get it.

KID

I'm not forcing you to do anything. If you want me to leave...

Grabs his hat as if about to leave, but can't pull it off. he's begging and kissing her again.

KID

Please, Sidney, please - what are you asking me?

SIDNEY

I'm not asking for anything. It's about what you want.

KID

This is a trick question, right?

SIDNEY reconnects her bra. KID is hurt by the loss. KID he hugs her romantically.

KID

Sidney, I ain't gonna lie. I am attracted to the both of you. But if I have to make a choice, and that's definitely what you are insisting on before we go any farther, I've got to say you are who I want as a friend.

SIDNEY has a look on her face like - "are you rejecting me"?

KID

And I think if you go with somebody, you should be friends and lovers.

SIDNEY is moved by his words. She kisses him lightly.

KID

So now that we're friends, let's get with the lovin'.

She jumps out of his grab. He chases her around. They laugh as they run around the room and he finally catches her. Together they sink into the bed again.

The mood turns serious. He starts unbuttoning her blouse.

KID

Now I have a question for you -

She smiles seductively.

KID

- you on the pill, right?

SIDNEY

Naw. I don't do this regular.

KID

How about a diagram?

SIDNEY

You mean Diaphragm. No, and no sponges either. Don't you have a whachamacallem in your wallet?

He snaps his fingers yeah, then pulls out his wallet.

KID
Forgot, it's been in there a
while...

When he pulls it out, it has melted together into a glop.

KID
Damn. Too long.

SIDNEY
Now what?

KID
Heh, have you ever...

SIDNEY
No, I don't do that.

KID sighs.

KID
I don't even know why I asked that
question. Most guys wouldn't even care
if you had birth control or not.

SIDNEY
And that's why I like you. They'll
be other times.

KID
But those will be a long time from
now.

A car pulls into the driveway.

KID
Yep, that's what they call me:
Sorry Kid.

SIDNEY
That's not what I call you.

She kisses his cheek.

Car doors slams.

KID
Aw shit.

KID puts on his clothes while she strips.

KID
What are you doing?

SIDNEY
I'm supposed to be in bedclothes.

KID
I don't know whether to watch or
run.

CUT TO:
SIDNEY'S parents entering the front door. They are shedding
their coats. Sidney's father is the GUEST that KID punched.

MOM
I don't even know how those
hoodlums got into the party. You
should have pressed charges.

DAD
Not with those cops. Now if I saw
those kids in the street, man to
boy, that be different. I'd...

CUT TO:
KID opens SIDNEY'S bedroom window and looks out. It's two
stories straight down.

KID
What do you do in case of fire?

SIDNEY
Back stairs.

CUT TO:
While the parents head up the main stairs, SIDNEY and KID head
down the back ones. The back stairs are an obstacle course of
junk: dirty clothes, garden tools, hardware, bicycles, curtains,
appliance boxes, etc. They must step over and around this
confusion as fast as possible without making noise or tripping
and falling.

MOM
Did you hear something?

DAD
They were playing that music so
loud I can't hear myself anymore.

CUT TO:
SIDNEY kisses KID goodbye at the back door, then pushes him out.

SIDNEY

See you later.

SIDNEY closes the door, quickly pours herself a glass of water, then shuffles as she looks for her parents.

SIDNEY

Momma...?

MOM

(O.S.)

Sidney? Are you here?

SIDNEY

Yeah, I stayed home after all.

DAD

(O.S.)

That's my girl....

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET. SAME TIME.

KID cuts through an alley, then resumes a relaxed gait when he makes it to the street sidewalk. When he puts his hands in his pockets, he feels around, then pulls out - his lyric sheet. He smiles, stuffs it back in his pocket, and contemplates the evening.

KID

I think she was jerking me...but she seems so for real. Is she gonna tell Sharane...this is a trip...I can't wait to tell Play - they both dig me!

As he walks, a car approaches down the street. KID is to preoccupied to pay attention.

KID

...I'll stop by, help out for a minute then head back to the crib...

Inside the car, STAB, ZILLA and PEE WEE are massaging their sore sides.

ZILLA

Damn, how your ribs feel?

PEE WEE

Those bastards treated us like a damn xylophone.

STAB

Oh, shit, look!

Points to KID, walking ahead of them.

ZILLA

Bet! After them rubber hoses, I definitely feel like kicking somebody's ass tonight!

The window of the passenger side of the car rolls down. STAB leans out of the window, holding a baseball bat. ZILLA leans out of back seat window on the other side while PEE WEE drives.

STAB

Now step on the gas, Pee Wee.

When the engine roars, KID turns and sees STAB with the bat cocked. ZILLA starts pounding on the roof of the car.

STAB

I'm gonna give you an express ride home, punk.

KID takes off running.

PEE WEE and ZILLA chant "home run, home run!" while banging on the side and roof of the car.

STAB

Hey, don't fuck up my car with this bangin' shit.

KID runs toward a shotgun house and lets himself in the front door. In the living room, there is an open casket wake in progress. KID keeps running through the next door to the bedroom where a foursome of mourners are playing cards. KID keeps running through the kitchen, where an old man is soaking his feet in epsom salts. KID grabs a chicken leg from the overflowing serving table and eats while he runs.

He emerges out the back door and cuts down alley. STAB'S car is already in the alley, ready to continue the chase. KID yanks garbage cans to the left and right of him to impede the car hot on his tail. As he reaches for his sixth one, he sees a huge rat growling at him from the lid. KID screams in horror. The rat leaps at him. KID ducks so the rat, who was going for his throat, overshoots him.

STAB, ZILLA and PEE WEE get out of their car to chase KID on foot. He takes off down the alley, with them following. But when ZILLA and PEE WEE see the huge rat in their path, they jump back in fear. STAB looks at them disgustedly, then swings his bat lightning fast and kills the rat. They continue chasing KID.

As KID runs down the alley, it seems every fenced in yard has a barking angry dog that snaps at him as they run by.

A pair of BURGLARS running the opposite direction down the alley pass KID. One crook is pushing a shopping cart with a 26" television and a life sized teddy bear in the basket. The second crook is carrying a VCR, with the cables still attached to the television. The second crook also has a vacuum cleaner tucked under his arm and is wearing a woman's hair dryer on his head like a helmet. Both hoods keep looking back nervously and running for dear life.

As the purloining pair pass STAB and the crew, ZILLA notices the second crook is hopping because he is missing one fancy addidas sneaker.

ZILLA

What happened to homey's other shoe?

KID, slowing down as he looks back at the escaping pair, is wondering the same question - what are they running from? KID looks down the alley and sees a great dane with an addidas in its mouth galloping his way. He gasps.

As the BURGLARS emerge from the alley, they run into the COPS, who are drawing their pistols from behind their open car doors. The BURGLARS stop in their tracks and immediately raise their hands in surrender. This allows the heavily laden shopping cart to keep rolling down the street toward the police car, dragging the VCR with it.

KID, unable to run forward or back, looks around for shelter. Desperate, he spots an abandoned refrigerator and climbs inside. The dog, determined to catch the crooks, runs past KID but brushes against the door and it slams shut.

KID

(O.C.)

Oh shit.

When the shopping cart hits the grille of the police car, the huge teddy bear springs out of the car and knocks COP #2 down. Meanwhile, the huge television set rolls across the hood, breaks through the windshield and lands in the driver's seat.

COP #1 looks at the windshield in horror. The BURGLARS see this as their opportunity to take off.

CROOK #1
Let's get otta here!

The second crook is scared until he sees the Great Dane emerging from the alley heading right toward them. They both break for it. The first crook doubles back to grab the vacuum cleaner, the second crook pulls him away.

COP #2 springs up, straightening his uniform after his teddy bear mauling. When he sees the windshield, he is horrified as well. When they turn to see the pair peeling shoe leather down the street with he dog in hot pursuit.

COP #1 takes aim down the street and squeeze off a shot. The bullet ricochets off the second crook's hair dryer/helmet. The impact throws him off balance, but he keeps thankfully pats his headpiece and keeps running.

COP #1
Damn! Out of range.

COP #2
How could he run that fast with one shoe?

When they reach the end of the block, a bus pulls up to the bus stop and they get on board. The doors slam shut just in time to stop the Great Dane from entering.

CROOK #1
You got change?

CROOK #2 roots in his pockets and pulls out coins for the both of them. Everyone on the bus stares at the hair dryer and his missing shoe.

CROOK #2
What chu' looking at?

CUT TO:
STAB and his crew saunter around the refrigerator.

STAB
Pray tell, where could Kid be now?

ZILLA
I didn't know you lived in a icebox Kid, but I guess that makes sense looking at your haircut.

PEE WEE

I know what we should do. Let's uh, let's uh, put the refrigerator in the trunk and drop it off in the river.

STAB

(STAB pats PEE WEE'S head)

Pee Wee! Your heart is good, but your brain is tiny. That would be murder. We're not underage anymore. No more juvenile court.

STAB sees a garbage truck is headed down the alleyway, laughs and daps with his friends. They watch and laugh as the refrigerator is tossed into the dumpster. KID is yelling but can't be heard over the noisy mechanisms of the truck as it loads and drives off.

When the garbage truck passes the COPS, the DRIVER surveys the damage and asks:

DRIVER

Want us to take that off your hands, officer?

COP #1

This is police evidence!

The DRIVER shrugs and pulls away. As STAB and his crew emerge from the alleyway laughing, their mirth is abruptly ends when they see the COPS staring at them evilly.

COP #1

This is getting to be a habit.

The COPS pull out their nightsticks. STAB starts rubbing his ribs in unpleasant anticipation.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY DUMP. AN HOUR LATER.

An expansive dump with mounds of garbage as far as the eye can see. The truck stops, deposits its load (including the refrigerator), and pulls off.

The refrigerator tumbles, then lands upside down. It sits silent for a moment, then there is banging from the inside. The door finally swings open. It swings so hard it slams shut again.

KID

Damn.

He bangs on the door again, and finally it opens. He is upside down, cramped in the box. Stiff and sore, he climbs out and looks around. The odor is terrible and landscape nauseating. There is no sign of anyone around except for the garbage truck, already down the road - too far to even call to. Resigned, he starts walking toward the entrance.

There is a growl behind him. KID turns slowly. A junkyard dog, a mean german shepherd, is on his trail. He walks slowly, and the dog trails. He speeds up, and the dog does the same. He breaks into a run and the dog takes off after him. KID covers the substantial distance from his "drop off point" to the gate in no time and keeps on running down the road. The dog stops at the gate and watches him continue running without looking back.

Wreaked with exhaustion, he glances back and sees the dog has given up the chase. He is embarrassed, and although no one is around to see it, he tries to play it off.

Stuck on a lonely road, he walks and hitchhikes. A few trucks roar by, but none stop. Finally a pickup with a full rifle rack and an American Flag on the aerial slows down. KID gives silent thanks.

Inside are a pair that look like Charles Manson look-alikes. "Helter Skelter" is blasting on the radio. The cab is littered with empty beer cans.

MANSON

Wanna ride?

KID politely demurs, then continues walking down the long and winding road. He walks for a while, with no traffic in either direction. Finally, a pair of headlights approach behind him. He sticks out his thumb again.

As the car slows and pulls over in front of him, KID'S enthusiasm drains again. It's the COPS, with STAB, ZILLA and PEE WEE in the back seat.

COP #1

Looks like we got them all now.

CUT TO:

INT. JAIL. A FEW MINUTES LATER.

KID is put into a large holding tank with filled with prisoners of various types - pimps, junkies, brawlers, mass murderers. There are a few whistles and kisses blown when he enters the cell. KID finds a seat on a bench as STAB and his crew enter after him.

STAB

Move over, dammit.

STAB and his crew scoot KID over to get a seat on the bench.

KID

Stab, we've had our share of static with each other today, from the lunchroom on, and it's not getting us anywhere except here, where neither of us want to be.

STAB is listening carefully.

KID

I think it's time we stop fighting each other and start working together for all of us to get out of here tonight. How about it?

KID extends his hand to shake. It is not met.

STAB

Fuck you, punk.

STAB turns and starts a conversation with his boys. KID takes his hand hanging in mid-air and runs it through his hair, trying to play off the dis.

A cluster of hardened men with bodybuilder physiques whisper among one another in the far corner of the cell. One man recognizes STAB.

BRUTUS

Stab! What you doin' here?
Thought you was a juve.

STAB

Hey Brutus! When did you get out of the pen?

The two dap and STAB and his crew join the other men in conversation. It is clear STAB, ZILLA and PEE WEE are teen versions of these older men.

Meanwhile, KID notices a pay phone in the cell. Right now, there's someone using it, yelling to their bail bondsman about accepting jewelry currently in the pawn shop for payment. KID tries to wait as patiently as he can for the fellow on the phone to give up is futile negotiation.

When he finally finishes, KID quickly reaches for the phone but is cut off by a big guy, who gives KID a condescending look for even trying to go before him. The big guy dials, but the line is busy. He slams the receiver down so hard KID thinks its going to break. He walks away, steaming.

KID checks to see if anyone else is going to bogard, then goes for the phone again. He puts in his quarter, then pauses think before he dials. Finally, he makes the call.

CUT TO:

INT. KID'S LIVING ROOM. SAME TIME.
The phone rings once in KID'S house.

CUT TO:

INT. JAIL. SAME TIME.
KID hangs up the phone before anyone can answer. Then he redials.

CUT TO:

INT. PLAY'S PARTY. SAME TIME.
PLAY is seeing the last of the guests to the door. They are a trio of cute girls.

PLAY

Goodnight, hope you had a nice
time, heh heh, heh heh...

They exit with no response. He closes the door.

PLAY

...ahem.

He looks around. The place is empty, but it is also a mess.

PLAY

Damn. Niggas sure fuck up your
house.

PLAY starts going around, picking up cups, etc.

PLAY

Sure were some scrappy niggas here
tonight...fucked up my house...

Finds the toilet seat under the couch.

PLAY

...broke my toilet.

The telephone rings.

CUT TO:

INT. JAIL. SAME TIME.

KID

PLAY! This is Kid, man I'm in prison...no, not at home, I'm in jail for real - I need you to come bail me out...I don't know how much you need, bring as much as you got. Is anybody else there you can borrow from?

CUT TO:

INT. PLAY'S HOUSE. SAME TIME.

PLAY

Just Bilal breaking down his equipment, but that nigga stay broke ...Don't worry about it man, I swear to God we are on our way right now... just don't drop the soap while you in there, 'cause I know them lifers are in there looking at your booty.

CUT TO:

INT. JAIL. SAME TIME.

While KID frantically talks, he notices STAB is pointing him out to his gangster friends, and making gestures with his mouth and hands which he doesn't think are about rapping on the mike.

KID

Like I need you to tell me, that's why you can't be on C.P.T. on this man, I need you on Japanese People Time....are you gonna be here? ...I'm serious...ok, bye.

KID finishes the call to face the hard stares of the wall of gangster before him. Then, they all break out into song - crooning "Daisy" to KID. One by one, they walk over, surrounding him.

BRUTUS

Hey, "Daisy". Heard you got a reputation at your school.

KILLER #1

Sweetest meat around.

KILLER #2

When we get finished, Daisy, you'll be even sweeter.

BRUTUS
We'll have you shaving your legs...

KILLER #1
...wearing earrings...

KILLER #2
...sitting down when you pee...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET. SAME TIME.
PLAY and BILAL are driving frantically through the streets. The back of the Chevette is full of stereo equipment. BILAL is counting money.

PLAY
How much we got?

BILAL
Think they'll take a check?

PLAY
Shiiiiit! We gotta take up a collection from some of those bums at my party!

BILAL
You think they are gonna give you money after you kicked them to the curb?

PLAY
How about them girls who left early with Kid?

PLAY makes hard right, pulls into the projects, stopping in front of SHARANE'S house.

BILAL
You go get her. It was your idea. I got to watch my equipment.

PLAY
The equipment is in my car. That's why I got to watch it all. Just hurry up man, for Kid's sake.

BILAL sighs and mutters to himself about Play always talking him into stuff as he walks about back.

At the back window, BILAL sneaks up to it (glancing upwards for snipers) and quietly raps on the window, hoarsely whispering SHARANE'S name. No reply. He knocks and calls a little louder. Suddenly an upper window flies open. SHARANE looks down at BILAL.

SHARANE

Boy are you crazy?

BILAL

Kid's in jail. We need your help!

SHARANE

Why should I get in trouble just because he got in trouble?

BILAL

He didn't do anything wrong. Besides, we're his friends. All we need is bail money.

SHARANE

What do you mean "all" we need is bail money"? He got a daddy.

BILAL

His daddy will beat his ass if -

SHARANE

He shoulda thought of that before he broke the law. I like Kid, but damn....

SHARANE closes the window and goes back to bed. BILAL calls for her to return. Still no response. He bangs on the window. But before he can call her again, the curtains suddenly SNAP open, and a shirtless 800 pound mountain of a flesh, UNCLE OTIS, is staring angrily at him. He is terrified and takes off running.

When PLAY sees BILAL in the rear view mirror bolting in terror he starts up the car and starts pulling off. BILAL must catch up to the car and hop in.

BILAL

Why you gonna try and leave without me?

PLAY

I saw you running like hell, no sense in us both getting our asses kicked. You got some money?

BILAL

Naw she -

PLAY slams on the brakes, gets out.

PLAY

Wait here.

Behind the house, PLAY calls for SHARANE. Her head pops out of the window again.

SHARANE

I told you - oh, hi Play.

PLAY

Hey, baby, what you doing in bed?
The party ain't over yet. After we
get Kid out we all going to White
Castle, or House of Pancakes.

SHARANE

I don't know, it's late...

PLAY gives her a look.

SHARANE

...O.K., wait out front.

PLAY

Don't forget your purse.

CUT TO:

INT. JAIL. SAME TIME.

The gangsters continue to threaten KID. KID is trying to maintain a poker face but tears are rolling down his cheeks.

BRUTUS

Do you know what this man has done
here? Tell 'em, Hatchet.

HATCHET

Cut a man's heart out.

BRUTUS

Check that out. And this man here?
What did you do, Pookie?

POOKIE

Beat a police sergeant with his own club.

BRUTUS

And didn't run after he did it.
Nah!

Everyone amens Pookie's cool.

KID

And what did you do?

BRUTUS

I used to run a day care center.

BRUTUS flashes an evil grin at KID.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET. SAME TIME.

SHARANE, PLAY and BILAL (in the back seat nearly buried under all his equipment) are driving in the Chevette.

SHARANE

I called Sidney on her line before
I left. She wants to come too.
She'll be waiting for us.

BILAL

You got any other girl friends you
can call?

SHARANE

Bilal, did anybody ever tell you
your breath stink?

PLAY pulls over by SIDNEY'S house, and she comes from around back
any quickly hops in the car, sharing a seat with SHARANE.

SIDNEY

Girl, I got some stuff to tell you.

SIDNEY whispers into SHARANE'S ear. PLAY tries to lean over and
listen, but SHARANE cuts him a look and he leans back.

SIDNEY whispers some more. SHARANE is startled.

SHARANE

You did what?!

SIDNEY whispers some more. SHARANE whispers back. They both nod
to one another.

SHARANE

That was kinda cold-blooded,
Sidney....

SIDNEY gives her a look like "look who's talking".

SHARANE

... but whatever, I'm not gonna
make a big deal about it...

SHARANE turns to PLAY, who is trying to flirt. She blows a kiss
his way.

CUT TO:

INT. JAIL. SAME TIME.

The gangsters are gathered together, drawing straws to see who
gets KID first. KID sits on the bench, terrified. In
desperation, he turns to an old DRUNK who is sitting next to him.

KID

Is there anything I can do to stop
this?

DRUNK

Well, Richard Pryor said when he went
to prison he kept folks laughing to
keep their minds off his booty. You
know any jokes?

KID nods no.

DRUNK

Then you better do something.

As the winner has been designated and moves forward to claim his
prize, suddenly KID breaks out in an accapella rap. It's a funny
song which lampoons the homoerotic urges of his "suitors" and
contrasts the tough posturing of rap with the terror of his
predicament. It is such a bizarre response to their intended
attack it takes them all off guard.

As KID gets into his jailhouse rap, the old DRUNK starts
hamboning to keep the beat. Soon prisoners in other cells are
laughing at the comic verses and are clapping their hands to the
groove. Someone even breaks out a harmonica and starts riffing.

By the end of the song, the whole jail is in concert. Prisoners
are drumming on bars and pots and pans. KID is too entertaining
to everybody for the gangsters to rape - at least till the song
is over. When KID runs out of breath and ideas, BRUTUS and the
boys start making moves toward him. So he wakes the DRUNK, who
was about to nod off, and starts rhyming some more, getting the
crowd back on his side.

Finally, the GUARDS enter, and the room abruptly falls silent.

GUARD

Alright, songbird, you hit the right note. You've made bail.

KID happily exits the holding tank. But before he leaves the hall, he delivers one more stinging verse to STAB and his boys, then leaves.

KID enters the lobby and sees: BILAL (smiling at him while trying to work a crook out of his neck) -- PLAY (grinning, with his arm around SHARANE) -- and SIDNEY. Warm loving smiles all around.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET. A LITTLE LATER.

The happy quartet are driving home (with a smiling but lonely BILAL in the back seat). SIDNEY sits in KID'S lap while SHARANE and PLAY share driving duties. The dashboard is littered with White Castle boxes.

PLAY

...with that kind of motivation you could have rapped all night, huh?

KID

I'm just glad you all came through for me.

PLAY

How I gonna let my home slice down?

PLAY is about to dap with KID but he sees KID and SIDNEY lost in each others eyes, kissing tenderly. BILAL manages to squeeze a hand through the equipment to the front and dap PLAY.

PLAY

Thanks for not leaving me hanging.

CUT TO:

EXT. PROJECTS. A MINUTE LATER.

The car pulls over in front of SHARANE'S house. SHARANE and PLAY get out. PLAY is trying to get a kiss but SHARANE is deftly avoiding him.

PLAY

So, uh, you wanna go out next week?

SHARANE

Sure, give me a call.

PLAY

So what's up, you gonna leave me...

SHARANE waves goodbye and enters her house. PLAY looks around to see if his boys saw anything, then reenters the car wiping his mouth.

PLAY

Any lipstick left on me?

BILAL and KID are impressed. SIDNEY is skeptical.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDNEY'S HOUSE. A LITTLE LATER.

The car pulls over in front of SIDNEY'S house. SIDNEY and KID get out.

PLAY

Don't slob too loud when you kiss
goodbye. We don't wanna wake
anybody up.

Standing outside the car, the pair exchange a passionate kiss. Inside the car, BILAL and PLAY stoop to see the action through the window. KID get back in the car while SIDNEY disappears around the house.

Everyone is silent as the car first drives off, then the trio all start yelling and slapping five.

BILAL

KID KID KID! This has been your
night.

PLAY

You dirty dog, that must have been
a hell of a walk home.

KID says nothing but wears a big grin.

PLAY

Aw man give me the play by play.
What color were the panties?

KID

We were into it, but we didn't, you
know...we made an appointment for
later...

PLAY

What, she was on her period?

KID

Naw, we...

PLAY

I know you had privacy. My crib -

KID

Naw, we didn't have no birth control.

PLAY

Hold up. She was down, I know you were down, and you didn't only because you didn't have no birth control?

BILAL keeps trying to interject a comment, but every bump on the road shifts the weight of the equipment on him, cutting him off.

KID

Hey man...

PLAY

FINE Sidney, good hair, def body, that's who we talking about?

KID

That's all you into, good hair def body.

PLAY

What are you talking about? I look at her face too!

KID

I ain't about no babies.

PLAY

Man that's her problem! You the man. She supposed to take care of that stuff, or pay the price.

KID

How can you say that?

PLAY

You are so naive.

KID

You're a fuckin' dog, what you're saying. That shit's cold.

PLAY

I'm a dog. You know who you sound like. Your Pops, that's who...

Suddenly KID becomes conscious of time. He checks his watch.
PLAY slows down, parks in front of KID'S house.

PLAY
...fuck it man, it ain't that
important. Let's chill and...

KID is already half out the door.

KID
Naw, I got to punch the clock.
It's way way way past the hour.
Rap to you later. Peace, Bilal.

PLAY
Hold up, man, tell me about -

The door shuts.

PLAY
Stupid motherfucker.

CUT TO:

INT. KID'S HOUSE. VERY LATE AT NIGHT.
KID creeps back into his house. The front door creaks when it
opens. He pokes his head through, then enters.

He checks the living room. No one there. TV off.

He starts up the stairs. The middle step creaks at his step. He
freezes. No other sound. He walks all the way up, throwing a
large shadow behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. KID'S BEDROOM. SAME TIME.
Quickly pulls off his shirt and pants, revealing a pair of bright
red underwear.

Just as he is climbing into bed, a deep voice speaks.

POP
I wouldn't do that just yet.

KID turns. POP is in the doorway, armed with a thick leather
belt.

POP
Because your ass is mine.

Close up of KID'S face filled with terror.

CUT TO BLACK

MUSIC, END CREDITS.

EPILOGUE/END CREDIT SEQUENCE

As the last of the end credits over black end, return to

EXT. POLICE STATION. NIGHT.

The two COPS exit the station. They hear a strange sound. Looking up, they see the roof from the prologue flying through the sky. Close up of their terrified faces as the shadow falls over them. Before they can react, the roof lands on them like a 16 ton weight from Monty Python. After the crash, nothing is heard but the quiet sounds of the night.