

WOO

by

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rewrite

by

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EXT. FT. GREENE BROOKLYN - DAY

A MAN and WOMAN string red, white and blue streamers from light pole to light pole, blocking off the street for a block party. The Intruders' "Cowboys to Girls" blasts from the oversized speakers. CAMERA RISES with the music. Brooklyn swirling below, up, up, up to...

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - DAY

A series of colorful black velvet portraits. An easel of a more sedate work. Music continues as we move to the other side of the fire escape through the door and join...

INT. TUBBY'S - DAY

FANTASIA (O.S.)

"I remember when we used to play
shoot 'em, shoot 'em up, bang, bang,
baby..."

TUBBY BATES (late 50s) at work on his latest masterpiece. He steps back to admire his black velvet portrait as the arms of a woman encircle him. This is FANTASIA (40s) She adds more acrylics to his stash. Tubby turns and faces camera.

TUBBY

That's turning out all right.
(to audience)
I'm doing a portrait of me and my
woman. Watchu think.
(shows picture)
Fantasia Scott... Fine woman too...

TUBBY

(continuing)
My daughter Darleen - She's all grown
now; turned into a real heartbreaker.
Sweet as she wanna be too -

FANTASIA

- But she's definitely spoiled.

TUBBY

She hasn't warmed up to Fantasia yet
but that'll come; It's been just me
and Darleen for so long... she just
needs some time.

Fantasia walks over and kisses Tubby.

FANTASIA

Alright, baby, I'm out of here. See
'ya later.

TUBBY

Fantasia thinks Darleen needs to find
herself a decent fella.
(more)

TUBBY (cont'd)

But, the poor child is an "idiot magnet." The last one had more gold in his mouth than Fort Knox... I wish for once she could find herself a man who would take a little time with her. I tell you, the man who figures that out is gonna have himself a prize...

Tubby looks up. A painting overlooks his work area. It's another black velvet portrait - a little girl of about ten. Even for a child her spirit and beauty is classic.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A huge plaster red, white and blue Liberty Bell fills the screen and then lifts slowly, revealing behind it the ankles, the legs, bit of thigh and a swinging short skirt. A HANDSOME MAN, key in hand, stands in front of his yellow Cornische mesmerized by Woo. Overhead, a crew of MEN hoisting the bell stop midway, following the motion of Woo. One of the crew strains for a better look and loses control of one of the strings. The plaster bell falls. The Handsome Man turns back to where his car should be and his car totalled by the fake liberty bell. It crumbles.

Woo continues to walk and we see her through the eyes of all who cross her path, but we don't see her.

A HOMELESS WINDSHIELD CLEANER washes a windshield, still squirting the windshield, he turns intoxicated by Woo's walk. The driver shouts as the cleaner continues squeezing the plastic pump, spraying the driver's face.

A WOMAN (50s) wearing a sundress, high heels and a wide Carmen Miranda straw hat smiles at Woo.

WOO (O.S.)

Oooh, I like that hat.

WOMAN

Lookin' sharp yourself, sugar.

Woo walks.

EXT. BODEGA - SAME

A man stands there about to hand his girlfriend a bouquet of flowers. Instead, he sees Woo and reflexively hands them to her. The girlfriend slaps the guy.

WOO (O.S.)

Thanks, babe.

She continues to walk, the flowers swinging by her side.

EXT. ROCKEFELLER CENTER AREA/CAFE - DAY

It's lunchtime in midtown Manhattan and we find ourselves at a small outdoor cafe. Girl and guy watchers are everywhere as office types try to take advantage of their brief moment in the sunshine. A shapely leg dominates the frame. It's Woo. She sits at an outdoor cafe with her cousin CLAUDETTE (24).

CLAUDETTE (O.S.)
You quit again!!

Woo rummages through her itsy bitsy knapsack and pulls out a bottle of nail polish.

WOO (O.S.)
It's the Fourth!! And, I'm a four.
I can't work on my day. Celestial
said it's bad karma right now,

Woo kicks off her sandal and puts her foot on a chair.

CLAUDETTE
This is the fifth job in five
weeks! - is that red plum?

WOO (O.S.)
Uh-huh.

She opens the bottle and begins to paint her toes.

CLAUDETTE
- that's pretty - You can't quit your
job on a whim because a numerology
report tells you not to work on your
"number."

WOO (O.S.)
Now, Claudette, the world is based on
numbers...

A WHEEL CHAIR BOUND VET wheels up to the table and addresses Woo. We see him from her point of view as his eyes take in her face, her body. He flashes toothy grin.

VET
Lord, have mercy, Jesus....
(to Woo)
that polish sure does make your toes
beautiful. Makes me want to paint my
own toes. I would too, "if I had my
legs." I sure would.

WOO (O.S.)
... They make up the universe. Don't
put that energy out there.

CLAUDETTE

The numbers beside my bank account
are the only numbers I'm worried
about.

VET

Your feet remind me of my wife's
feet, "God rest her soul." You mind
if I just kiss one your toes, it
would make my day.

His eyes are on Woo's half-painted toes. Woo begins to
extend her foot.

CLAUDETTE

Girl, are you crazy. You don't know
where that old man's lips have been.
Roll on out of here, old man.

Woo pulls her foot back.

VET

Why don't you tend to your damn
business. You just jealous 'cause I
don't want to kiss them big ass
crusty toes you got.

CLAUDETTE

Shut up. Roll on out of here old man!

VET

Don't you talk shit to me. What you
need is your ass kicked I would do it
too, "If I had my legs."

He rolls off.

WOO (O.S.)

Take off early. It's a holiday. We
can hang before we go to the party.

CLAUDETTE

(hesitating)

Lenny and I have a date... so -

ANOTHER GUY WALKS OVER TO WOO AND CLAUDETTE.

WOO (O.S.)

You know you ain't right!

GUY 2

Did it hurt?

WOO (O.S.)

What?

CLAUDETTE

- Lenny promised me a very special experience this evening and, well, you know how it is ...

GUY 2

When you fell from heaven?

WOO (O.S.)

Angels don't feel pain, darling.
(to Claudette)

He'll come home with the same tired bucket of chicken and bottle of "Boone's Farm" he always brings when ya'll have a "date." By 9:30pm ya'll will be playing "Where's Willie" and by 10pm he'll be sleep. Some evening.

CLAUDETTE

Can I spend some time with my man please?

Guy 2 has slinked off only to be replaced by GUY 3.

WOO (O.S.)

(to Claudette)

You gotta come to this party with me. I don't think I can get through it by myself. No telling what he'll pull this time.

GUY 3

I don't mean to interrupt but I just want to ask you one question. Can you think of any reason why we shouldn't hook up tonight?

WOO (O.S.)

Because you're wearing your little brother's suit.

CLAUDETTE

Why the drama? It's just a party.

WOO (O.S.)

Last time we had a revival at one of his "parties." Come on cuz, you're supposed to be there for me.

CLAUDETTE

I am. But, Lenny bought me a new teddy girl... Look, I'll meet you at the party later, ok? I have to get back to work. Talk to you later.

Claudette gathers her lunch and walks off. Woo jumps up. One foot on the chair, hand waving a polish brush.

WOO (O.S.)
That's just great Claudette. Let me suffer at the party, alone, stranded without back-up!!

GUY 4
Pssst. Psssst.

Guy 4 is in view licking his lips.

GUY 4
(continuing)
I'll back you up baby,

Woo's hand comes up in a halt sign.

WOO (O.S.)
Are you spitting at me?!

EXT. GRANT'S TOMB - AFTERNOON

Betty Carter belts out "Most Gentlemen Don't Like Love" as we find ourselves at the summer concerts at Grant's Tomb, Harlem.

VENDORS LINE Riverside Drive offering a range of Afrocentric materials from African masks to fish dinners and lemonade to Fourth of July t-shirts, sparklers, firecrackers.

THE PLACE IS PACKED with a mixture of culturally correct fans of "the music," and people looking for something do on the Fourth. Of course - most folks have come not to hear the jazz but to check out the sights at this uptown pickup spot.

The few hundred who sit, taking in the show are dwarfed by the thousand or so who mill about trying to decide who is right for them. The CAMERA picks up an ATTRACTIVE BLACK WOMAN as she walks with her girls.

FRANKIE (O.S.)
Check out homegirl in the jeans man - why do the fine ones always hang with a crew of bats?

ROMAINE (O.S.)
No competition. Pssst, Miss....!?

The camera quickly pans to another ATTRACTIVE SISTER.

HOP (O.S.)
Look at the body on this woman...

ROMAINE (O.S.)

Check her feet though. She must wear
a twelve...!

The CAMERAS quickly pans again to reveal the fellas: LENNY, ROMAINE, FRANKIE, HOP, and a somewhat annoyed TIM JENKINS - all black men in their late twenties. Lenny's a "no-nonsense" type of guy. Pragmatic and to the point he's a man with an agenda. Romaine is a ladies man; if only in his mind. Frankie's the guy that's always got an angle. A cerebral brother, Frankie can scheme his way out of anything while Hop's brains appear to be in his pants. He's guided by his "little soldier" and, at the moment, the antics of Hop and company are beginning to annoy Tim, the only one with a overstuffed briefcase at his side, as he tries to catch the music. He frowns at his boys antics...

HOP

Check her out Lenny! Girl got more
ass than the law allows!

LENNY

Where!?

TIM

Do ya'll mind? How come every time
we come here ya'll spend all night
talking drag.

FRANKIE

Shit, Tim, only reason half of these
sisters are up here is because
they're looking. You think they
dress like this just to come sit in
the park?

TIM

Maybe they just like the music.

Another ATTRACTIVE WOMAN moves into Tim's eye-line. She stares at him and Tim averts his gaze. She indicates for her girls to wait.

ROMAINE

How you sound man...? You can't even
hear the music.

LENNY

This brother don't know nothing about
women man. He makes Erkel look like
Denzel.

TIM

Speak for yourself.

LENNY

I got a woman.

ROMAINE

When's the last time you had a date
Tim?

LENNY

Five months ago; and that was by
accident! I'm telling you, since
Denise left his ass, cosign spends so
much time home alone we need to call
him MaCauly Culkin.

TIM

Don't call me cosign!!!

FRANKIE

You need to go on and get over that
man.

TIM

I get mine so fuck ya'll. And, and
not by screaming out all types of
dumbs shit at any woman who passes
by. Dignity brothers.
(pounding his chest)
Dignity.

Lenny and Romaine look at each other for a beat, then -

HOP

Check out the ass on that broad!
Excuse me darling...!!

ROMAINE

Lookahere, lookahere...!!!

TIM

Can't ya'll just chill for once? Get
off on the vibe, the groove, the
sounds. Betty's just like an
instrument - listen to her voice.

Romaine watches as Tim listens passionately to Betty Carter, he's overtaken by the music. Tim's eyes slowly make their way back to the woman. She's smiling, giving him the "come hither." He looks back to his boys.

ROMAINE

Your words have been well spoken, my
brother. We will leave you to
sojourn with your jazzical
expressions, whilst we venture forth
into the land of the "Poo Nanny."
Peace to you, my Sensitive One.

The fellas give an African call and laugh as they walk off.

LENNY (O.S.)
 Bear the standard for us all my
 African Delight.

Tim looks up at the woman. H stands. She looks back... He tries to move his foot, but is paralyzed by his fear of rejection. He loses his nerve, he starts brushing his pants and sits down. She rolls her eyes and walks away.

Tim returns to his concert and sips his cola as a provocatively clad Sister sits down next to him. Tim never had a chance...

SISTER
 Is this seat taken?

TIM
 Oh, definitely... not.

As he nervously rises to let her pass, Tim's and her feet get tangled in the chair and she goes sprawling. He tries to help her up.

TIM
 (continuing)
 So, uh.... how about that number?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TIM'S APT. BLDG. - EVENING

Tim walks down the street, headed for his apartment building as the evening shadows begin to fall.

As he draws closer he notices a ragtop Jeep parked out front. In the Jeep sit TWO OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN Tim has ever seen.

Tim's stride slows as he nears the car and, involuntarily, his jaw drops. Before he knows it, he's come to a complete stop.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN #1
 Are you all right?

TIM
 Huh...? Oh, uh...6:30- OH! Yes...
 I... I'm fine.

They look at him. A voice calls to Tim.

DARRYL (O.S.)
 What's up Tim?

Tim turns to find DARRYL RHODES emerging from the brownstone. Darryl (28) is the attainable Denzel Washington. They just don't come any smoother. And, he doesn't even try - Darryl just has it like that. Otherwise, he's a down to earth brother.

TIM
Hey Darryl...

DARRYL
Yo man, I gotta run these ladies home; can you do me a favor?

TIM
Uh... what kinda favor?

DARRYL
Keep a listen out for Portia ok?
(sotto)
She had a little too much to drink...

Darryl heads for the Jeep.

TIM
Portia...?

DARRYL
I put her in the shower so she should be cool. Be back in a minute.

The ladies welcome Darryl to the car as the radio booms and the Jeep pulls off. Tim is amazed.

TIM
He's just the man!

INT. TIM'S APT. BLDG., HALLWAY - EVENING

Tim walks and stops outside Darryl's apartment door. He knocks.

TIM
Portia... You ok in there?

Tim hears a glass and a bottle clink and giggling behind the door.

PORTIA (O.S.)
(giggling)
Yeah, I'm fine...

TIM
Darryl will be back in ten minutes.

PORTIA (O.S.)
Uh-huh.

Something hits the floor hard.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TIM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tim walks in. Drops his briefcase by his desk. On the center of the desk is a New York State Bar Exam schedule and application. Tim picks it up, studies it for a moment, then crumples it up. He tosses it to the side.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE UP on a TELEVISION SET which is currently showing a commercial from a local shoe store; "Shoes and Shit." The channels change past several other mundane bits of programming.

VARIOUS ANGLES around the room revealing lonely, empty apartment ending on the wall clock which reads "7:21"...

ANGLE on Tim's unfinished dinner which sits on the living room table. We pull out to reveal Tim who sulks on the sofa, remote in hand. He's lifelessly watching the channels flash by.

TIM

"Home Alone" my butt...

ANGLE ON the telephone as Tim picks up the receiver and dials.

JULIE (O.S.)

Hello?

TIM

Julie...? Hi!

JULIE (O.S.)

Who is this?

TIM

It's me, Tim..., from work...? The guy who knocked over your files... you said I could take you out and make it up to you.....?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Who the hell you talking to?!

JULIE (O.S.)

(to voice)

Nobody baby!

(to Tim)

I told you to page me...!

She abruptly hangs up.

NEW ANGLE as Tim talks to the next girl.

TIM
Michelle! I was wondering what you
were doing tonight...?

MICHELLE
Who is this?

TIM
Ha... that's funny. Listen, what do
you say we- hello? Hello?

Tim stares at the phone. Tim hangs up. It suddenly rings. He
scrambles to pick it up.

TIM
(continuing)
Hello?

WOMAN
(sultry)
May I speak with Tim please.

TIM
This is Tim.

WOMAN
Timothy Alan Jones?

TIM
Yes.

WOMAN
Good looking, sexy Timothy Alan Jones
of Brooklyn?

Tim sits upright.

TIM
This is Tim.

WOMAN
(excited)
Timmy on 6th between Washington and
Lafayette in Park Slope, Brooklyn?

TIM
(drawn in)
Yeah, baby, that's me.

WOMAN
(fire to her voice)
Timmy that lives at 212 6th Avenue?

TIM
That's right.

WOMAN
You still work at Dunn, Brook &
Gavel, so, I can see you?

TIM
Everyday, every night.

WOMAN
I've been looking for you, baby.

TIM
You have?

WOMAN
Uh-huh... I want you darling.

TIM
You do?

WOMAN
You wanna know why?

TIM
Yeah.

WOMAN
BECAUSE YOU OWE 6 MONTHS BACK
PAYMENTS ON THAT LITTLE RED CORVETTE
AND WHEN I FIND IT I'M GONNA TAKE IT
AND THEN I'M GONNA TROUNCE YOUR
CREDIT RATING. YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO
BORROW TIME!!

TIM
That's not my car!! It's Denise
Mitchell's car. She drives it.

WOMAN
I don't care who drives it, Timothy.
Your name is on the loan, and Denise
hasn't made a payment. You should've
cut that bitch off when you had the
chance. Deal with it, cosigner.

Click.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TIM'S APARTMENT - SAME

The clock reads 8:17pm. Light from the tv dances across his face as he slouches on the sofa, eyes blank. As his hand slowly inches towards his crotch the telephone rings.

TIM

Hello?

LENNY

Tim, thank God! You gotta do me a favor man. I need for you to hang out with Claudette's cousin tonight.

INT. CLAUDETTE'S APT. - NIGHT

The lights are dim. A mood has been set. On the kitchen table is a bucket of chicken and a bottle of cheap wine. Lenny sits at the table, drumming his fingers impatiently. Tapping his foot.

We cut between the two locations as the conversation flows.

TIM

Did you say "need?"

LENNY

Yeah man!

(sotto)

Look, Claudette and me are kinda trying to get our own thing going on you understand? We ain't really trying to hang out.

TIM

So, why don't she just go on home?

LENNY

I don't man, she don't want to be alone; what difference does it make. You ain't doing nothing!

TIM

I know you though man...

LENNY

You big "Dusty Dick" havin' - I'm trying to hook you up nigga!!! You think I had to call your sorry ass?! Fuck it then...!

A sandal flies across the room, hitting Lenny in the back of the head.

WOO (O.S.)
 Stop tryin' to hook me up with one of
 your sorry ass friends, Lenny!

Lenny cups the phone.

LENNY
 (to Woo)
 You better stop throwin' shit at me.

TIM
 What was that?

LENNY
 Nothing.

Camera moves to the other room. Behind a newspaper, flipping through pages is Woo. She's sitting with Claudette, reading the events listed.

WOO (O.S.)
 There's a festival at the spot. We
 could check out the fireworks. What
 d'ya think?

Lenny motions for Claudette to kick Woo OUT.

CLAUDETTE
 I think we're gonna stay in for a
 little bit, Woo. Why don't you call
 Lamar?

WOO (O.S.)
 He got too possessive. I had to drop
 him. He wanted me to carry his
 customized pager.

Woo's pager goes off...

CLAUDETTE (O.S.)
 Who was that?

WOO
 Keith. Naaa.

CLAUDETTE (O.S.)
 Then go home. Have some down time
 for once in your life.

WOO (O.S.)
 It's the Fourth! I'm not going home!
 There's too much to do tonight.

CLAUDETTE (O.S.)
 You can go to Tubby's early.

WOO (O.S.)
 I'm not going there without backup.
 No telling what he'll pull. Why
 don't ya'll come with me now.

CLAUDETTE (O.S.)
 Because I want to spend time with my
 man. Get a clue, Woo!

Woo and Claudette overhear Lenny talking in the background.

LENNY
 (angry desperation)
 Just talk to her Tim!

TIM
 Lenny, I don't -

LENNY
 - JUST TALK TO HER MAN!!! Hold on.
 WOO!!! Get the phone!!!

WOO (O.S.)
 Who is it?!

Lenny walks into the room. Woo is still behind the paper reading.

LENNY
 A brother who would love to take you
 out this evening.

She flips a page.

WOO (O.S.)
 I don't feel like no mess Lenny.
 You've already ruined my night as it
 is.

LENNY
 Girl take the phone!

LENNY
 (continuing; to Tim)
 Her name is Darleen man. We call her
 "Woo."

He puts the phone over the paper.

ANGLE ON TIM

TIM
 Who?

WOO (O.S.)
 Woo. Who is this?

TIM

Uh... Tim... Lenny was saying you
might like to hang out this evening.

WOO (O.S.)

Are you asking me if I'd like to go
out?

TIM

Uh...

WOO (O.S.)

Hello... HELLO?!

TIM

Would you like to go out?

WOO (O.S.)

It depends...why?

TIM

I don't know... could be your lucky
night... could be my lucky night.

WOO (O.S.)

Yeah, right. Could be my lucky night?
When's your birthday.

TIM (O.S.)

September 20.

WOO (O.S.)

Virgo.

INSERT:

Woo's finger runs down the horoscope and lands on her sign
Aries: "Flirtation lends spice. You will be invited to
attend party tonight. Virgo by your side."

WOO (O.S.)

(continuing)

Aaaaa... Where do you live?

TIM

Park Slope. I can -

WOO (O.S.)

I'll be there in an hour.

She hands the phone to Lenny.

TIM

Hello?

LENNY
Big Tiiiiiiiiimmmmm. Youda man...

TIM
Yeah, say man, what's up with her?

LENNY
I'll check you bruh. Peace!

ANGLE ON a puzzled Tim as Lenny hangs up.

INT. TIM'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tim moves quickly into the living room, adjusting his clothes as he goes. He's changed into his evening wear and now begins to set the stage for Woo's arrival. Tim moves to a magazine basket and roots around on the bottom.

Removing two or three old "Essence" magazines, Tim arranges them on the coffee table, replacing the "Players" and "Sports Illustrated." He grabs a copy of Waiting to Exhale from the magazine basket and considers it.

TIM
Naaa. Too much. Now, for a little music.

Tim looks through his music collection. His most recent record is "Don't Worry Be Happy." He checks his watch. It's 9:23pm.

EXT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

We're tight on Tim's hand as it knocks on Darryl's door. A few faint giggles flutter from behind the oak and Tim cocks an ear. The DOOR OPENS revealing a STUNNING WOMAN who holds a cocktail shaker and wears a glittery Independence Day top hat. Tim is frozen in his tracks.

STUNNING WOMAN
Can I help you?

TIM
...is Darryl home...? It's Tim from across the hall...

STUNNING WOMAN
Come in "Tim From Across The Hall."

Tim follows the woman into the apartment.

INT. DARRYL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Chilly Wayne Shorter type jazz engulfs Tim as he follows the woman inside. It's like entering another world. Darryl has hooked his place up - nothing too opulent but very nice.

A REEL TO REEL slowly spins in one corner filling the spacious room with Isaac Hayes' "Never Can Say Goodbye." Darryl is the mack and tonight he's in full effect.

Tim looks around as the Stunning Woman heads back to the bar area. It's like stepping into a James Bond movie.

STUNNING WOMAN

"Tim From Across The Hall " is here, baby.

DARRYL (O.S.)

Hold on a second Tim...!

STUNNING WOMAN

Can I get you a drink Tim?

TIM

Uh... well, uh...

Another ALLURING WOMAN emerges from the kitchen holding a ladle.

ALLURING WOMAN

Will you be staying for dinner?

Tim scratches his neck. It's getting hot.

TIM

Dinner. Nah.

A WOMAN walks over to Tim, a bit tipsy. It's Portia.

PORTIA

Thanks for checkin' up on me earlier.

TIM

Yeah, that's what neighbors are for.

She walks off. Darryl's the embodiment of cool as he enters, silk robe flowing.

DARRYL

What's up Black Man? So, you met Portia.

TIM

I, uh... yeah.

An incredibly VOLUPTUOUS WOMAN enters from the bath area wrapped in something, looking like the Statue of Liberty. Tim almost faints...

VOLUPTUOUS WOMAN

Do you want your shave before dinner Darryl?

DARRYL
Yeah, baby. I'll be there in a
minute.

(to Tim)
What can I do for you man?

Tim's eyes can't take in enough of the room at once.

DARRYL
(continuing)
Tim..?

TIM
Right - I... got this woman coming
over in a bit and I was wondering if
you had any ... uh...

The Stunning Woman giggles.

STUNNING WOMAN
You're a cutie pie.

Tim blushes.

DARRYL
Pointers? Tim.

TIM
Music I could borrow.

DARRYL
Oh, right, right. What kind do you
need? A little romance?

TIM
Nawww... whatcha got..? I'm just
meeting her.

The ALLURING WOMAN comes from the kitchen holding a spoonful
of sauce over a napkin as Darryl checks his collection.

ALLURING WOMAN
(to Tim)
Taste this...

She holds the spoon to his lips and Tim awkwardly takes a
taste. She feeds him like a baby.

TIM
Mmmmm. It's incredible.

ALLURING WOMAN
You should stay for dinner. Don't
know what you're missing.

DARRYL
 (handing Tim a tape)
 Here you go Tim.

TIM
 Thanks Darryl. I appreciate -

Tim checks the tape's label. It reads "For the Panties." He looks at Darryl who winks at him.

TIM
 (continuing)
 "For the Panties?"

DARRYL
 Isley Brothers; can't miss. By the time you get to "Make Me Say It Again Girl" you should be naked.

TIM
 Word...?

DARRYL
 Hey, the Isleys ain't no joke. Here.
 Darryl tosses Tim a small toiletries bag.

DARRYL
 (continuing)
 One of my "field kits." Four miniatures of Hennessy, a joint, incense cones, edible body oils... Just the essential really. It goes with the tape...

Tim is dumbfounded.

TIM
 ... thanks man...

A voice calls to Darryl from the bathroom.

VOLUPTUOUS WOMAN (O.S.)
 Darryl, the bath water's getting cold.

DARRYL
 (showing Tim out)
 Be right there baby.
 (to Tim)
 What can you do? I hope everything works out for you.

STUNNING WOMAN
 Hey "Tim From Across The Hall!"

TIM

Yeah?

STUNNING WOMAN

"Pop That Thang" baby!

She salutes Tim with a wink as Derek closes the door.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Tim stands for a beat, trying to regain his senses.

TIM

It's like living next door to "Derek
Flint"....

INT. TIM'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Tim sets the kit aside and puts the tape in the stereo. As the music comes on he leaps back to his sofa, trying to get into this best "casual" pose before Woo arrives. Tim goes through a few poses before deciding on one and holding it.

ANGLE ON THE FRONT DOOR as the CAMERA DOLLIES IN tight.

SWEAT BEADS on Tim's forehead as he waits for the doorbell...

THE DOOR SITS SILENTLY and then... THE BELL SOUNDS.

INT. TIM'S DOOR/FANTASY - NIGHT

Tim opens the front door to reveal some off the wall babe who introduces herself as Woo. The more offbeat the better.

INT. TIM'S APARTMENT - SAME

The DOORBELL manages to sound impatient as it brings Tim back from his fantasy. He can't delay any longer.

INT. TIM'S FRONT DOOR - SAME

Tim presses his eye against the peep hole and can't believe his eyes. He steps back from the door, rubs his eyes, and takes another look. Tim's eyes weren't fooling him.

THE DOOR opens up to reveal Woo who stands wearing a clingy knit dress... beautiful! A half-empty bottle of champagne in one hand, a full bottle in the other. She looks Tim over.

WOO

Are you Timmy?

TIM

Say, wha ...

WOO

I'm looking for Tim Jenkins; is that you?

TIM

Jenkins... no, I'm Titty - uh Booby -

Woo stares at him.

WOO

Talk much?

TIM

Uh, yes Timmy... Jenkins, yes. I'm him... And you are?

WOO

The woman you've been waiting for I hope. Woo. Can I come in?

TIM

By all means.

As she passes, Tim looks to the heavens mouthing "thank you." He can't stop himself from staring as she moves inside.

INT. TIM'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Woo crosses into the living room, looking the place over as Tim pauses on his way to the bathroom. He notices the "Players" magazine lying on his toilet seat. Tim's eyes widen in horror as he inconspicuously tries to get to the bathroom.

TIM

UH...!! I uh... just gotta finish getting dressed....

WOO

Take your time. Nice place.

INT. TIM'S BATHROOM - SAME

Tim stashes the magazine and tries to tidy the bathroom up a bit but his sweaty palms aren't making things easy. The hormones are definitely flowing. Tim can't take his eyes off the woman and, as he tries to light some incense, he manages to set his toilet paper on fire. Tim tries to remain casual as he fights to get the fire under control.

TIM

Thanks, make yourself comfortable.

WOO (O.S.)
 Hey listen, I'm sorry if I came off
 kinda crazy at first when we talked.
 Lenny just pisses me off sometimes.

TIM
 No problem...

WOO
 Anyway, I brought champagne. I hope
 you don't mind but I had a little
 before I came.

TIM
 That's quite all right. I'll just
 have to drink faster...

Woo's laughter pulls Tim from the bathroom. The woman has a
 beautiful smile.

WOO
 A sense of humor, I like that...
 Most brothers take themselves so
 seriously.

TIM
 (sensing an
 opportunity)
 You'll never catch me doing that!

Woo breaks up again, giving Tim more confidence.

TIM
 (continuing)
 I like a good laugh every now and
 again. Life's too short, you know?

WOO
 I heard that. It's about trying to
 have some fun.

Tim has moved back to the stereo and turns the Isley's tape
 up a bit as Woo pulls a plastic champagne glass from her
 purse.

TIM
 Nothing wrong with having a good
 time...

Woo's eyes catch his; she studies him with a playful smile.

WOO
 Nothing at all... You look like you
 got it going on a little bit...

TIM
I'm... flattered.

WOO
And, I'm thirsty! I'm gonna have
some more champagne. Promise you
won't try and take advantage...

TIM
Me? Never... but save me some!

WOO
If you're slow, you blow!

They giggle as the silly cross talk continues. Her drinking
and laughter has made Tim much more at ease. Too at ease...

TIM
Is that right...? This is funny...

WOO
What's funny...?

TIM
I don't know... I would think
brothers would be lined up to get
with a sister like you...

The light and jovial mood hangs in the air as Woo moves
closer to Tim.

WOO
"A sister like me?" What's that
supposed to mean?

TIM
Uh... I was just -

WOO
And why would brothers be "lined up?"
Do look like I'm giving something
away?

TIM
What I meant was -

WOO
(smirking)
It didn't take you but five minutes
to size things up did it?

TIM
I was only saying -

WOO

Is that all ya'll ever think about?
Can't you just meet a woman and have
a good time? Does it always have to
be about sex?

TIM

Well uh...

WOO

Never mind. I should have known
better than to expect anything more
from one of Lenny's friends.

Somewhat embarrassed, Tim really tries to play it off but
finds himself getting caught up in her beauty once again.

TIM

I just meant that you uh - I mean you
certainly have the tools to... - But,
I never -

Woo picks up the "Field Kit" and looks through it.

WOO

Uh huh. And what's this? Your
little "Freak Kit?"

TIM

It uh... it came in the mail...

WOO

Just stop...

Woo starts to leave. Tim's sweating bullets by now.

TIM

Wait a minute, wait a minute! Look,
I swear I didn't mean anything by it
ok? Really.

Woo considers his apology.

TIM

(continuing)

Of course... Some brothers can see a
beautiful woman without losing their
cool, you know what I'm saying?

WOO

Yeah, I think I do.

TIM

I mean, I was just telling the fellas
this afternoon - no need to always
act like a dog.

WOO
Oh were you?

TIM
Yeah! Believe me, it's not even like that... heh... You might as well be my sister...

Woo stares at Tim for a moment, a scheme flashing through her mind. Her mind made up, she continues.

WOO
Fine... Mind if I change this music?

TIM
Go right ahead...

Tim realizes he almost blew the mood and steps back into the bathroom with the kit. Woo fishes in her purse for a tape.

INT. TIM'S BATHROOM - SAME

TIM
"Field Kit" right.

He catches Woo's reflection in the mirror. She's at the stereo sipping champagne.

Woo touches the binder of a thick law book.

WOO
So, you're a lawyer?

Tim watches Woo run her hands over her hips, smoothing her dress. The woman put the "S" in sensual.

TIM
Uh-huh.

WOO
Criminal, corporate, real estate?

TIM
Right.

Woo notices a framed picture has been laid face down. She checks it out - it's a shot of TIM AND HIS EX, red car in the background - in happier times. Woo smiles to herself.

WOO
Your place is really neat. A regular Felix Unger aren't you?

Tim adjusts the bathroom mirror so he can see her better. Prince's "Insatiable" fills the room as Woo sips her champagne.

TIM
Well, I try...

WOO
I always thought he was a little
soft...

Woo let's Tim dangle on the line for a beat then laughs.

WOO
(continuing)
I'm just playing with you.

TIM
That's funny - listen Darleen -

She turns so that her reflection stares Tim in the face.

WOO
Call me "Woo," everybody else does.

TIM
Woo..? Ok, Woo, how about we -

WOO
Are you gonna spend all night in
there?

As though someone turned on a switch Woo subtly begins to go into her provocative mode as she casually strolls about the apartment, looking things over. Even her walk is seductive. She's got Tim off balance - and a bit nervous. But, Tim can't let this opportunity slip by. Tim joins her.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Woo's making herself comfortable on the sofa. Perhaps a bit too comfortable, more of a presentation really.

WOO
Mind if I get comfortable?

TIM
...please do...

WOO
You know, it's funny... I had a sofa
just like this... but it got burned
up...

TIM
I'm sorry?

WOO
My ex set it on fire, do you believe
that? He was crazy...

Woo removes her shoes. The woman is effortlessly sexy and Tim drinks her in with his eyes.

WOO
(continuing)
You don't mind if we talk about him do you?

TIM
Your ex-boyfriend? No...

WOO
That's sweet; you really are a gentleman. Why don't you open that other bottle of champagne.

TIM
One bottle of champagne coming up.

Tim grabs the second bottle and works on the cork as Woo finds an excuse to show off a little more leg. His eyes are immediately drawn to her thighs.

WOO
It sure is nice to be with a guy who isn't all about the sex for a change.

Tim struggles with the cork.

TIM
Well, you know how it is...

WOO
Sex is probably the last thing on your mind. Am I right?

The cork pops from the bottle and the champagne foams out.

WOO
(continuing)
Am I right Tim?

TIM
You right!

Tim begins to pour the champagne as Woo sparks the joint from the "Field Kit" and takes a deep hit. She stares into the flame of her lighter, entranced, as Tim offers her a glass.

TIM
(continuing)
Here you go - Woo?

No response. She's gone away, into the light.

TIM
 (continuing)
 What.... what are you doing?

WOO
 Do you have a girlfriend Tim?

TIM
 Excuse me...?

Her eyes move from the fire directly to his.

WOO
 (laughing)
 I get soooooo tired of all the games.
 We never say what we really want. Be
 serious; what was the first thing you
 thought about when I walked in here?
 It was getting me into bed, wasn't it?

Tim does a slow take to CAMERA. He has no response.

WOO
 (continuing)
 I mean you had your lights down low,
 your little music playing... You can
 tell me - that way we don't waste so
 much time.

Woo let's the light go out then looks at Tim seductively.

WOO
 (continuing)
 I mean... if that's all you want -
 here it is.

Woo stands and takes a step towards Tim, her eyes fixed on his. She puts the joint in his mouth.

TIM
 Whatchu doing?

Woo touches his ear and lets her hand stroke his neck, and slide down the collar of his shirt.

WOO
 Haven't you always wanted to get with
 a "girl like me?"

Woo-is unbuttoning Tim's shirt. Tim looks around the room as though someone were there who could explain this woman's actions to him. He laughs nervously.

TIM
 Girl, you don't need to drink, 'cause
 you really start tripping.

Woo unbuttons the last button and puts her hand under Tim's tee shirt, strokes his stomach. She yanks the strap of his belt until the buckles comes undone. Tim stands there, transfixed.

WOO
Put out my fire Tim...

She unbuttons the top button of his pants.

TIM
S-s-s-s-s-say what...?

WOO
You heard me.

She eases closer, her lips at his ear.

WOO
(continuing)
Put. My. Fire. Out!

TIM
Oh, shit.

Woo steps back. Tim's pants drop to the floor.

WOO
Gotcha.

A KNOCK at the door and Tim jumps out of his skin.

TIM
Oh, shit...

WOO
(cracking up)
You better get that.

She disappears into the bathroom.

FRANKIE
Open the motherfuckin' door. We know
your ass is in there.

Tim shuffles to the door pulling up his pants, buttoning his shirt, flustered, confused and a little pissed.

INT. TIM'S DOORWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The door opens to reveal Frankie, Hop, and Romaine, the crew, dressed for a night out. Tim still has the joint in his lips.

ROMAINE
Yo man, what's up?!

Tim's shirt is buttoned with three extra buttons at the end.

TIM
Hey...fellas...

FRANKIE
Are you smoking a joint brother?

HOP
Awww, shit. McCauly got the party
going on right here!

The three try to enter.

TIM
Hold up, hold up! I'm kinda busy
right now...

Romaine looks at Tim's clothes.

ROMAINE
What's up with your shirt man?
(beat)
Tim trying to get some trim ya'll!
Who you got in there, "Ugly Rita?"

TIM
Fuck you, ok? I have plans.

Woo comes up behind Tim, putting her arms around his waist.

WOO
(nonchalant)
What happened to that joint Tim? Oh,
more company...

The fellas stand transfixed as Woo takes the joint and dances
back into the living room to look for her shoes. Tim smirks
at the fellas in his moment of payback.

TIM
Look, I'ma have to catch up with
ya'll later. You know how it is.

FRANKIE
Who the hell was that?

TIM
Nobody....

WOO (O.S.)
Aren't you going to invite your
friends in Timmy?

The fellas bum rush their way past Tim. Romaine looks at Tim.

ROMAINE

Timmy?

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Woo's adjusting her dress as the fellas enter and drink her in with their eyes.

HOP

And this is...?

TIM

Woo; the fellas; fellas, Woo.

HOP

"Woo.....!?" Oh, I like that. I like that a lot! Woo. Woooooo. Hah, hah.

Woo's not amused. Hop shuts up.

TIM

We were just leaving guys so.....

ROMAINE

Really? Perhaps we'll join you.

He smiles at Woo. Woo smiles back.

TIM

Naaaaah, we were just going to see a movie or something, pretty dull...

Tim hustles Woo towards the bedroom.

WOO

What are you doing?

TIM

Go on and finish getting dressed. You know how I hate to miss the beginning.

Tim slams the door behind her.

INT. TIM'S living room - SAME

Tim returns to the fellas.

FRANKIE

Now, Tim, you know that's too much woman for you. You got to crawl before you can walk.

Tim smugly straightens up the sofa, hinting at the great sexual conquest that never happened.

TIM
"Home Alone" huh...?

ROMAINE
Did you fuck her?

TIM
Come on man, watch your mouth! Why are you trying to get all in my business?

HOP
She's a whoe ain't she? Tim done paid some whoe to come up in here and do some old wild shit.

TIM
I'm not going to tell you again man, be cool. She's not a whoe.

FRANKIE
Does she do parties?

TIM
She's not a whoe.

ROMAINE
Well, she's either gotta be crazy or getting paid to be in here with you, fine as she is.

There's a LOUD CRASH in the bedroom and everybody rushes to the door.

INT. TIM'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The fellas arrive in the doorway to find Woo sitting on the bed. A bottle of Tim's cologne, "Grey Flannel" has been thrown against the dresser mirror.

WOO
You use... "Grey Flannel."

The fellas exchange baffled glances.

TIM
Yeah....?

WOO
It was... my cousin's favorite...

TIM
Well... it is a popular fragrance -

Woo doesn't hear him.

WOO

Izzy was a construction worker... You know the thing they use to push the beams into the ground...?

HOP

A pile driver?

WOO

Drove him thirty feet under. They struck water trying to get him out.

Hop snickers and Woo freezes him with a hard glare.

HOP

Sorry...

WOO

I'll be ok... Just give me a minute.

TIM

Sure...

Tim shares a baffled look with the fells and they turn to go..

WOO

(pointing to cologne)

TAKE THAT WITH YOU!!

TIM

I got it, I got it!!

INT. TIM'S living room - MOMENTS LATER

The fellas reconvene in the living room and Romaine looks at Frankie. They nod in agreement.

ROMAINE/FRANKIE

Crazy.

FRANKIE

(to Tim)

You might want to get your money back on that one...

TIM

She's a little high strung.

ROMAINE

"High strung!" She's crazy as a roach!

HOP

Straight up. Yo, they probably buried my man in a hat box.

The fellas laugh and head for the door...

FRANKIE

We'll be at the club when you're done
with "Sybil."

TIM

Ya'll are just jealous.

ROMAINE

Whatever... We wouldn't be your boys
if we didn't pull your coat.

FRANKIE

Just remember my Sensitive One...
dignity...

The fellas exit and Tim turns to find Woo standing in the
bedroom doorway, a scowl on her face. He stops short.

WOO

I don't appreciate being referred to
as a "whoe."

She goes back into the bedroom. Tim's been busted and has
that sinking feeling as he stands for a moment, then follows
her.

INT. TIM'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Woo's getting herself back together as Tim stands
uncomfortably.

TIM

Woo...

WOO

And, they didn't bury him in a
hatbox. Obviously this ain't working
so I'll leave ok? You go hang out
with your friends.

She crosses back to the living room. Tim stands for a moment,
feeling lousy about his comments. He follows.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

TIM

Look, I'm sorry...

WOO

(heading for the door)
Don't worry about it.

TIM

Listen, we just got off on the wrong foot. Can we start over?

Woo ignores him while checking herself at the hallway mirror.

TIM

(continuing)

Woo... I'm apologizing ok? We still haven't gone out. Let me make it up to you.

WOO

Why?

TIM

Because... I'd like to. I don't want you to think I'm like my boys - I mean they're my boys, but....Please let me take you to dinner.

Woo thinks a beat. She checks her watch.

WOO

On one condition. Go to a party with me?

TIM

A party? Sure...

Woo considers the proposition, then...

WOO

Ok. Come on.

She's out the door leaving Tim playing catch up once again.

TIM

What was all that "gotcha" shit about?

EXT. TIM'S CAR - NIGHT

Tim is trying to drive and Woo is looking into her tiny purse pulling all sort of things, including a change of clothes.

WOO

(laughing)

I'm sorry but you kinda brought that on yourself.

Woo pulls a little mini skirt under her dress.

TIM

What are you doing?!

WOO

Changing.

She slides the skirt up. Tim's watching her legs and then looking back to the road. He nearly misses and elderly woman who gives him the finger.

WOO

(continuing)

As soon as I walked in the door you thought you were gonna get over didn't you? Had you're little Isley Brothers playing; your little "sex kit" handy.

A truck driver is next to Tim's car is looking down into the window.

TIM

You've got a lot of nerve pulling a stunt like that! If I was a different type of brother you might have a serious problem...

The truck driver blows his horn.

DRIVER

You need some help over there!

TIM

Yo, man go make your deliveries.

WOO

I just called your bluff, that's all.

Woo is pulling a glittery tank top over head, while taking off the dress.

TIM

Look, I came on cool.

WOO

You came off like a wanna-be-mack and I came on exactly like you were hoping I would and, do you know what? You couldn't handle it.

INT. LENNY'S APT./BEDROOM - NIGHT

We're in the bedroom with Claudette who's clad in a bizarre looking teddy. She stands in front of the mirror, a frown on her face as she fights to adjust her teddy. Lenny calls to her from the living room.

LENNY (O.S.)
 How you like that teddy baby; you
 big sexy bowl of puddin'...

Claudette's eyes roll back into her head as she tries to
 convince herself she's having a good time.

CLAUDETTE
 It's beautiful baby...
 (aside)
 The only thing worse than one of
 Lenny's predictable ass evenings...
 is Woo being right about one of
 Lenny's predictable ass evenings.

LENNY (O.S.)
 I'ma go ahead and crack another
 bottle of that good Boone's Farm
 wine! You want blueberry or peach?

CLAUDETTE
 (eyes to heaven)
 It's all good...
 (aside)
 So what if Lenny's a little
 predictable? Predictability can be
 a good thing...

LENNY (O.S.)
 Say, baby, did you eat the last "Hot
 Wing?"

CLAUDETTE
 (eyes to heaven again)
 No, Lenny...
 (aside)
 I'm not gonna feel bad about spending
 time with man! 'Cause, when you get
 right down to it -

Claudette finishes adjusting her teddy and dabs at her makeup.

CLAUDETTE
 (continuing)
 It's better to have a predictable man
 than no man at all. Right?

LENNY (O.S.)
 Come on baby. "Willie's" waiting on
 you.

She rolls her eyes heavenward one final time then heads out.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BELLADONNA - NIGHT

A STROLLING ACCORDION PLAYER plays the theme from "The Godfather" as we find ourselves in the outdoor cafe of this old school Italian eatery. It's a family establishment and fairly upscale - jackets are required.

The eatery is celebrating the Fourth Italian style and is colorfully decorated. There are ice carved statues of liberty, paper mache decorations, and a generally festive air to the place.

The CAMERA tracks along through this upper crusty type crowd, coming to rest at Tim and Woo's table which shares a cramped space with a fire extinguisher. The door leading inside the restaurant bangs Tim's chair as he tries to read the menu.

WOO
Great table...

TIM
It's the best I could do without a reservation. But you'll love the food.

Woo checks out some of the other patrons. Mostly stiff upper east side types.

WOO
These folks look like they're a laugh a minute... I wonder who died?
(to accordion player)
YO, My man...!!

ACCORDION PLAYER
Yes, senora?

WOO
Do ya'll know "Knee Deep"?

ACCORDION PLAYER
(to his boy)
"Knee Deep...?"

His boy shrugs.

WOO
I'm just playing. How about "Candy?"

ACCORDION PLAYER
Ahhh...

He launches into the song as Woo turns back to Tim.

WOO
Does this place serve spaghetti?

TIM
 "Spaghetti?" This is the best
 restaurant in Little Italy. You can
 have any dish you can imagine
 authentically prepared. Let me order
 for you.

WOO
 Go, right ahead.

WAITER
 May I take your order?

Tim jumps at the opportunity to impress Woo. Unfortunately,
 his Italian is horrible and as Tim fights his way through the
 order.

TIM
 Indeed, you may. I'll have the pollo
 a pappardelle fungus... uh...
 gratiscratchy... gratiscootchie...

WAITER
 Number thirteen sir?

TIM
 Uh... yeah. And, the lady will have
 uh...

Tim sheepishly points to an item on the menu.

WAITER
 #23, very good. Some wine?

TIM
 Uh...

Without batting an eye...

WOO
 Uno botillia di chianti per favore;
 Conti Capponi cento nove otanta-
 due.

WAITER
 Excellent selection madame.

Tim's caught short by her expertise as Woo's attention
 drifts...

ACROSS THE STREET where a WEDDING RECEPTION is in progress.
 Woo watches the happy couple pose for pictures. A beautiful
 multi-level cake majestically sits near a table loaded with
 beautiful gifts.

TIM
So, you let me embarrass myself, and
you know Italian.

WOO
(shrugs)
Picked it up when my Dad's group
toured Europe.

TIM
Your dad's a musician?

WOO
He was a singer.

WOO
(continuing)
You never answered my question. Do
you have a girlfriend?

Tim misreads the question and tries to throw his little rap.

TIM
Well, uh... not right at the moment.

WOO
A lawyer, and you're not taken?

TIM
Available.

Woo whips out the photograph of Tim's ex that was in his
apartment.

WOO
Who's this?

TIM
Where'd you get that?

WOO
I'm asking the questions here. This
your ex or is this your girlfriend?

TIM
None of your business; give me that!

WOO
Ah-hah, dodging the question.
Hostile witness!

TIM
Yes, it's my ex ok?

The waiter arrives with the chianti and begins to pour.

WOO
Like 'em chunky, huh?

Tim snatches the picture from here.

TIM
You can't just take things from
someone's apartment.

WOO
Lighten up...

She turns to the waiter and makes a reference to Tim in Italian. The waiter looks at Tim for a beat, then bursts into laughter. Tim's face burns a bit as Woo and the waiter snap on him in Italian. The waiter has to dab at his eyes with a towel, he's laughing so hard. He gives Tim a pat on the back as he moves on.

TIM
Very funny...

Woo's attention drifts back across the street to the wedding reception as she sips her wine. She's grown pensive.

WOO
Are your parents still married, Tim?

TIM
Yeah... 30 years?

WOO
That's good. Think your father could
ever love another woman as much as he
does your mom?

TIM
I beg your pardon?

Woo recognizes a friend going in to the reception and let's out a yell - much to Tim's dismay.

WOO
Never mind... TOOKIE!?!??

Patrons begin to stare at Woo and Tim.

TOOKIE
Hey girl!

Tim can only flash an uncomfortable smile at the stuffy surrounding patrons.

WOO
(to Tim while rising)
Come and get some cake with me.

Woo is up and gone; headed across the street.

TIM
Woo...! We'll lose our table -

Tim grabbing waiter.

TIM
(continuing)
We'll be right back...

He follows Woo across the street.

INT. WEDDING RECEPTION - MOMENTS LATER

A Jamaican flavored wedding reception is in effect and a romantic reggae ballad fills the air as the bride and groom have their dance. Woo enters and is immediately swallowed by the event. Tim scopes the scene as he tries to catch up with Woo who heads for the cake table.

TIM
Woo, come on!

A HAND SLAPS Tim up 'side his head.

TOOKIE (O.S.)
You got a lot of nerve showing your
face around here Eric!

Tim wheels to find TOOKIE, an angry looking sister, staring him in the face.

TIM
What the hell is your problem?!

TOOKIE
Woo, what's the matter with you? Why
are you still going out with this...
"nigga!"

WOO
Tookie, get yourself some glasses
girl, this is not Eric.

TIM
You're damned right! Who's Eric!?

WOO
Somebody, I used to date.

TOOKIE
Fool, is crazy paranoid.

Tookie's eyes are crossing as she tries to focus.

TIM
Well, I'm not, ok?!
(to Woo)
Would you get your cake please? I'm
going back to our table, if we still
have one.

WOO
All right, all right.

Tim heads back to the restaurant rubbing his head as Woo
suppresses a laugh.

TOOKIE
A little stuffy ain't he?

WOO
Will you wear your glasses, girl.
You're always doing that.

TOOKIE
You know, I can't go in for auditions
wearing glasses.

Tookie hands Woo the wedding program.

TOOKIE
(continuing)
Can you read the wedding program to
me?

EXT. BELLADONNA - MOMENTS LATER

Tim sits back at his table, still sulking and nursing his
head. He watches Woo as she and Tookie share a laugh outside
the reception. Woo has a comfortable quality about her and
her smile lights up the room. Her eye catches Tim and she
winks, throwing him a playful smile.

TIM
What am I doing here?

Tim's attention is caught by a particularly FINE SISTER. He
tries to look on the sly, and they make eye contact.

ANGLE ON the woman at the other table as she gives Tim a
little rhythm. Woo arrives back at the table with her cake.

WOO
I brought you a piece.

Tim still tries to maintain his eye contact with the woman as
Woo blocks his field of view.

TIM
Huh? Uh, no thanks. I uh... I don't
want to spoil my appetite...

WOO
(playful)
Come on, a little taste won't hurt...
Sorry, about Tookie. She's just
watching my back.

TIM
Is Eric the guy who set your sofa on
fire?

WOO
No, that was Brishawn. He was drunk
one night and decided he wanted to be
a fire eater.

Woo pauses in the middle of her story, checking out the
action.

AS TIM GRINS back at the woman, a forkful of wedding cake
splats against his face.

WOO
(continuing)
Would you like a better view?

Somewhat to Tim's surprise, Woo is upset by his flirting and
flips through her menu. Tim looks on somewhat sheepishly.

TIM
She looked familiar...

WOO
It's so nice to be out with a real
"gentleman"...

Tim squirms in his seat.

TIM
I'm sorry.

An awkward moment. They sit. Woo begins to fidget.

She goes back to the menu, flipping through it a little. Her
elbow bumps against the fire extinguisher. She grabs at it
trying to move it out of the way.

WOO
Can they move this thing?

TIM
Will you leave that alone...

WOO

It's in the way. There's no room here.

The surrounding patrons look in in disdain as Woo tries to reposition the extinguisher. She just doesn't have enough elbow room. The waiter returns with part of their order as Woo grabs the extinguisher. The very snooty maitre'd walks by.

MAITRE'D

Miss, please don't tamper with the fire extinguisher.

WOO

How am I supposed to eat like this? I mean why do we have to have the funky table?

TIM

Woo...

MAITRE'D

As you can see we're full tonight.

WOO

So, seat the black people at the punk table, is that it?

TIM

Woo...

WOO

Excuse me, but I'm asking him a question a question. You could have at least cleaned it up! We don't have utensil's, no bread, no water. I was a waitress for three weeks and I know you can do better than this.

TIM

Woo -

At that point TWO WAITERS emerge from the kitchen carrying a HUGE CAKE in the shape of Italy and decorated in red, white and blue.

WOO

And, what is this string?

Woo is referring to some strings that hang down the wall near her seat. Now, she is fascinated and as she pulls them things seem to happen in SLOW MOTION...

THE STRINGS secure TWO PAPER MACHE DECORATIONS that decorate the area.

As he pulls the string, Woo releases the decorations which SWINGS from the ceiling like pendulums.

TIM's head follows the SWINGING DECORATION as it

SMASHES into the head of one of the WAITERS, sending him flying into the ACCORDION PLAYER who is sent sprawling against an UPRIGHT PIANO with such force that he launches it towards the ICE SCULPTURES.

TIM has a kind of numb expression on his face as he watches...

THE PIANO rocket through the room, taking out both SCULPTURES and anyone who's near them...

TIM's eyes widen as...

THE PIANO continues on to smash through the FRONT WINDOW of the establishment. It eventually comes to rest against the Bride and Groom's limo... across the street.

TIM's EYES blink in slow motion - he can't believe it.

EXT. BELLADONNA - MOMENTS LATER

Voices rumble from within the restaurant as Woo and Tim are "escorted" out.

TIM

No, but hold on though, you don't have to put your hands on me... Hey, you DON'T have to put your hands on me! Last time you get my business!

A piece of cake flies out the door and hits Tim in the face.

TIM

(continuing)

All right, ok... it's like that?

Wiping the cake from his face, Tim turns to find an angry Woo glaring at him.

WOO

Give me a quarter.

Tim is thoroughly baffled by Woo's comment.

TIM

What?!

WOO

Look, I'm about three seconds off of you as it is. Do you have a quarter or not, I gotta make a phone call.

TIM
Yes, I have a quarter. Ask for it!
You know, "may I..."

WOO
I did. Give me a quarter.

TIM
Gimme got hit by a truck.

Woo looks at him.

WOO
Do. You. Have. A. Quarter?

TIM
Yes. I. Do.

WOO
May I have it?

TIM
Please.

WOO
Please.

Tim searches through his pockets and holds out a quarter.
Woo reaches for it and Tim pulls back.

TIM
Ah-ah-ah-ah. Thank you?

She snatches the quarter from him before he can react.

WOO
You're pushing it. If you'd like to
go back there and hook up with your
girl, feel free.

She heads towards a pay phone.

WAITER (O.S.)
Excuse me...

Tim turns to find the Waiter who holds a check.

WAITER
Your check sir. I also took the
liberty of wrapping your "pollo a
gratiscatchie."

Tim pays the waiter and checks his watch which reads 11:22pm.
He looks back to Woo who is fully involved in her phone
conversation. She's beautiful and very animated as she
speaks. Woo spots Tim looking and rolls her eyes.

Tim heads for her.

EXT. TELEPHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

Tim approaches in the background as Woo talks on the telephone.

WOO

... Well she's your "friend"... I don't know that woman...! No, I don't think so...! How can you say that...? I know how long it's been... That's between you and her, ok? Don't think I don't know what's going on... I said I'd be there didn't I...?

Woo notices Tim has been listening to her conversation.

WOO

(continuing)

Do you mind?

Tim moves off a few steps, effected by what he's heard. He stands there and notices across the street a red sportscar at a stop light. He looks closer and recognizes the car as Denise's.

TIM

DENISE!!

Woo turns in the booth and watches Tim take off in a sprint chasing the car in hot pursuit.

ROMAINE (O.S.)

Yo, cosign! What's up?

Tim, still running, runs head-on into the fellas.

FRANKIE

You running from that nutty girl?

HOP

Man, that looks like the cosign ride.

Hop points down the street. Romaine looks at Tim who is huffing and wheezing, completely out of breath.

ROMAINE

Man, Tim, you need to handle your business. I don't care how good the lovin' is, I wouldn't sign for no car.

Everyone breaks up except Tim.

FRANKIE

And, if, she dumped me? I sure as hell would get that ride back.

TIM

Fuck ya'll.

FRANKIE

So, where's Psychology Today's covergirl?

TIM

She's not crazy.

FRANKIE

If you say so, but I seen the sister run from a bottle of cologne.

Tim starts walking back toward Woo. The guys following him.

TIM

I think ya'll owe her an apology.

HOP

Nigga, please...

ROMAINE

That woman ain't gonna give you nothing but a hard time.

FRANKIE

For real. Now are you ready to roll or what. Salsa night at Lincoln Center. Hot Puerto Rican Chicas.

Tim looks at Woo who hangs up the phone and checks her watch. She's clearly upset by the phone call. She tries to calm herself down before joining Tim.

TIM

No, I think I'ma hang out a little bit longer.

HOP

Bring her along then, Tim, hell, you can always lose her in the crowd! It ain't that deep brother.

ROMAINE

We ain't really trying to hang...

Tim glances at Woo again. She really is beautiful.

TIM

(to Woo)

Everything all right?

WOO
Yeah, but I'd really like to be doing something fun right now.

TIM
What a coincidence - my friends just invited us out.

FRANKIE
Say what?!

TIM
They figured it was the least they could do after some of the comments they made. Right fellas?

ROMAINE
Not exactly -

Tim shoots Romaine an elbow to the ribs.

ROMAINE
(continuing)
I mean... I thought ya'll were going to get into something else...

TIM
Not at all. Woo, are you down?
Salsa Night at Lincoln Center.

Woo looks at Tim and his crew for a beat, then back to the telephone booth.

WOO
Salsa Night? Why not? Can't wait to see ya'll try to salsa. That's something I gotta see.

EXT. LINCOLN CENTER, SALSA NIGHT - NIGHT

The drums are rolling, horns blaring, Puerto Rican Flags waving. The floor is packed with people dancing to the Latin sounds. In the middle of the floor is Woo spinning on the floor with an ANTONIO BANDERAS WANNABE who knows what he's doing, and Woo does too. She's waving for Tim to join her, but he sits back at the bar watching her. The song finishes and Woo comes off the floor waving her hand. Tim gives Woo his seat.

WOO
(to Tim)
Whew! It's hot out there tonight.
You should've come out there with me.

The fellas stand a few feet away, checking out the action. Singles of both sexes line up at the bar. The hunt is on!

HOP

Check her ooooooooouuut! Como se
llama, mamasita!

ROMAINE

Ummmmmm... Somebody's getting licked
tonight ya'll...

Woo can only roll her eyes.

WOO

Do you mind "Rogaine?"

ROMAINE

That's "Romaine."

WOO

Whatever...

(to Tim)

You got some crew...

TIM

They're not that bad...just doing
what guys do.

WOO

Right.

Frankie stops a passing Latina beauty.

FRANKIE

Excuse me miss, I'm conducting a
survey. What would you say is the
most sensitive area on your body?

PASSING BEAUTY

(spanish)

Uh... my neck?

FRANKIE

Hmmmmmm, not your breasts?

PASSING BEAUTY

No...?

FRANKIE

I'm sorry, you'll have to move on.
Excuse me miss...

Woo can only shake her head.

WOO

I don't believe I'm sitting here.
This is exactly where I didn't want
to end up! Bartender! Let me get
another beer!

TIM
Was uh... was that your boyfriend on
the phone back there-? Not that I'm
trying to get in your business...

Woo stares at Tim for a beat, adding to his awkwardness.

WOO
(to bartender)
Where's my beer?

TIM
(to himself)
Great, a blind date who's still
"Waiting to Exhale."

Hop is impressed by a passing woman.

HOP
Damn girl! I'd like to pour you in
a bowl and lick you right up!!

That's Woo's final straw.

WOO
(to Tim)
Oh, my God!

TIM
Just ignore them...so, what - you
ain't gonna tell me who was on the
phone?

ROMAINE
Hey baby?! Come on over here and let
me show you my "Tootsie Roll" girl!

WOO
THAT'S IT!

TIM
Woo...

She puts her beer on the bar. She transforms before the
fellas very eyes... into one of them. She's the embodiment
of the lounge lizard. She walks over to Romaine and palms
his ass.

ROMAINE
Hey!

WOO
Ooooh, all muscle, to grip. Just
like I like it.

Another woman passing stares at Romaine's butt, approvingly.

WOMAN
Colas buenas.

Romaine covers his ass and Woo's eyes land squarely on his crotch.

WOO
(loud)
You packin' baby, or just happy to see me!

The fellas can only stare at this perfect recreation of themselves. They look around to see who's watching. A few look on and giggle.

FRANKIE
Tim, you need to get your woman under control.

Tim leans back against the bar. He's enjoying it, chuckling.

TIM
Under control...? Shit, man, you kiddin'?

Woo leans over to a few women who've joined her at the bar to dissect the guys. She looks Hop up and down like he's not even there.

WOO
(to Woman loudly)
Bet he could work it all night!

A crowd has gathered and is being quite entertained. Meanwhile the fellas cheeks are burning. Three pairs of angry eyes bear down on Tim mid laugh. He straightens up.

TIM
Woo, ex-nay on the elling-yay...

WOO
Rogaine, you a stud for hire?

ROMAINE
That's "Romaine."
(to Tim)
Later for this. Look, Tim, you gonna hang out with us or what?

Woo laughs a little.

WOO
Oh, can't you take a joke? No hard feelings. Truce. Let's dance. O.k.?

She cha-chas up to him and pulls him by the hand onto the dance floor. Romaine softens a little. This is what he wants. Tim stands back and shakes his head.

TIM

Poor Romaine. He's in trouble now.

Woo puts her arms around Romaine.

WOO

I think what you really want to do is merengue, salsa, puchunga, cha-cha. C'mon hombre, let's go.

ROMAINE

Yo, maybe this isn't a good idea.

She pulls him onto the dance floor. The music pulls Romaine in. 'Caught up in the mood, Romaine thinks that he's workin' it, and Woo leads him on. Woo grabs his hands and before he knows it, he's being pulled, twirled, turned and pushed, trying desperately to keep up as she is dancing away. Woo twirls Romaine. His back to her, he's trying his best to salsa, but he's really pissing off some "serious" dancers who are about to go "West Side Story." Romaine turns around and discovers that he's on the dance floor alone. His boys pointing at him, laughing. Woo walks over to Tim

WOO

Can we go. We've gone to your spot; your boys' spot. Let me take you to my spot.

Their eyes meet. What is Tim to say.

EXT. SOUTH STREET SEAPORT - NIGHT

This busy Manhattan area is overrun with people at the outdoor cafe's celebrating the Fourth. A very upscale black tie event is going on at one edge of the seaport, with very rich and very drunk people dancing in tuxes and gowns. At the edge of the seaport is an older building. It hasn't quite made it successfully through renovation. It's windows are draped with red, white and blue banners for the celebration, but it looks like a Red Cross building in the midst of a war. Standing at the doorsteps are Tim and Woo.

WOO

Stay here. I have to get the key.

TIM

I'll come with you.

WOO

I can't show you where Celestial's hiding place is.

TIM
Where are you going?

She's gone.

MALE VOICE
Pst. Pssst. Hey, brother.

Tim turns around to see a figure standing in the shadows. He's not even sure if there is anyone actually there. Tim stiffens.

TIM
Who's that?

MALE VOICE
A friend. Is that Woo with you?

TIM
Yeah...

MALE VOICE
(utmost sincerity)
Maaaaannn..., so you're goin' out with Woo. I'd take the chance if I could. I'd risk it all for a night with that girl. But, caution my brother. A penny can be good luck or bad, and the same with a dime like Woo. Brothers who go out with her either hit the number or get hit by the number two; you either see heaven or you go to heaven; one brother hit the lottery when he went out with her; another brother got hit by the number two bus coming out of a club with - never saw it coming. You never know what you're gonna get.

TIM
Wait a minute. What're you trying to -

WOO (O.S.)
Tim, c'mon. We're in.

Tim turns to Woo who is conspicuously sneaking into the building. He turns back to the man who has vanished. She grabs his hand and yanks him inside.

INT. BUILDING - SAME

Danger zone area. A condemned building. Plaster is raveling off the walls. All the beams and frame are visible as well as the ancient pipes and heating ducts. There is, however, the throbbing faint sound of bass in the background.

WOO

The elevator's not working. We have to take the stairs.

TIM

What a surprise.

WOO

Hold the attitude, please.

Tim follows Woo through a fire door that is hanging on its hinges. He looks up. From what he can see in the dim light, the stairs are steep and rotting. Woo starts up the steps. Tim follows with trepidation, his hands against the wall. No sooner does he walk from one step to the next than a step falls in.

TIM

You know, we can go somewhere else to see the fireworks.

WOO

Can you be quiet for a moment.

A mouse scurries over his foot. Tim shouts and races up the stairs leaving Woo in the wind. He gets to the top of the stairs and Woo joins him.

WOO

(continuing)

Little uptight, aren't we?

EXT. BUILDING PENTHOUSE LOFT - SAME

Every skyscraper is visible, the Empire State Building is lit up in red, white and blue. The most incredible view of New York City that can be imagined. The only problem is that this penthouse is not finished. The roof is merely an exposed frame without a roof; there aren't any windows; and the floor has occasional gaps; and exposed wires. The place is decorated with wire models dressed in clothes designed from brownpaper bags. Odd cut glass chimes dangle from the wooden beams overhead. Murals cover one wall. The mural separates and Woo walks through the door with Tim behind her. Tim is blown away by the view. The other three walls are an open view to the city. Tim looks around, afraid that he'll step through one of the holes in the floor. Woo walks to the edge-of the loft, leans against one of the beams.

WOO

Now, see this is the spot. Look at the city.

Not a better view of New York. Woo is almost both serene and ecstatic.

WOO
(continuing)
Isn't it beautiful?

She sits down on one of the throw pillows on the ledge.

TIM
Isn't it a little dangerous up here?
The winds shifts a little and a
brother could end up flying off the
roof.

She turns around.

WOO
Can't you just enjoy the moment.

Tim scratches his neck.

TIM
Enjoy the moment? There are holes in
the floor.

WOO
Now, see, you are so busy looking at
the negative, you can't enjoy the
positive.

TIM
Right.

WOO
Now, just take a moment, come over
here.

Tim looks down.

WOO
(continuing)
Don't look down! Just come over here
and sit with me.

Tim eases over.

TIM
If I don't look down I'll fall
through the floor.

He makes it over to her and slowly but surely sits down. Woo looks around. She's quiet for a moment.

WOO
Tell me it isn't beautiful.

Tim looks around. He must admit the view is spectacular.

TIM

I must admit it is beautiful.

WOO

Got your mind off of being called
cosign?

TIM

You heard that?

WOO

I saw you running after a car.

TIM

The woman in the picture -

WOO

Your girlfriend.

TIM

My Ex - she needed a car and couldn't
get the loan because of her credit -

WOO

- And you walked in like Braveheart
and cosigned for her car, and she
left you holding the pen and the
checkbook.

TIM

I thought things were gonna turn out
differently with us.

WOO

Yeah, it hurts when you think you can
trust someone and they do something
that you'd never expect.

TIM

I know, say what you want about me,
but when I care about somebody I want
to help them. I guess I just got
burned.

WOO

You have to take a chance on love.

TIM

So, that's the way you look at it?

WOO

Yeah. You have to love to live.

Woo looks at Tim. He ponders the thought. She understands. She takes his hand. He looks at her. The first firework lights up the sky. Woo screams and stands up. She runs to the side of the building.

WOO

(continuing)

Look at that! I love fireworks!
They shoot up - and then the colors,
the design - it can be anything...

She's so ecstatic watching them that Tim is caught up in it also. He's looking at her. He stands to join her. She turns lighting a pack of firecrackers and throws them to the ground, sending Tim, jumping. The sky erupts in a storm of color. A floor plank caves in.

WOO

(continuing; shouting)

Now, this is having a good time!

Tim looks at her with trepidation.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Tim and Woo are walking toward his car. The street is over run with Independence celebrators. A group of people stand around a SIDEWALK MUSICIAN playing the sax.

VOICE

Tim!

Tim looks up and sees one of his co-workers. He tries to turn the other way. Woo looks at Tim who seems strangely uncomfortable.

CO-WORKER

Glad to see you got out. Thanks for
your help on the brief this morning.
That research was just what I needed
to seal the case.

Woo is looking at Tim.

CO-WORKER

(continuing)

Next week - you and I - do or die -
you're gonna pass that bar exam.
Third one is a charm!

He pats Tim on the back and his friends take off. Woo turns to Tim.

WOO

Third one's a charm?

TIM
Well... I haven't passed the bar yet.

WOO
So.... you're not a lawyer?

TIM
I'm not quite a lawyer.

WOO
Then what are you?

TIM
I'm a law clerk.

WOO
So... you thought you were gonna impress me by lying?

TIM
Well, yeah...no. I mean, not really.

WOO
So, what were you doing?

TIM
Well, I was just kinda going along...
Wait a minute. What the hell is this? The Spanish Inquisition. You ain't exactly Mary Magdalene.

WOO
Well that ain't the point.

Woo walks off and Tim follows her.

SMASH CUT:

INT. FRANKIE'S APT. - NIGHT

Frankie and Hop are engaged in a fierce game of "NBA JAMS" on the Sony Playstation as the fellas pause for a late night snack. They're still dressed for a night out on the town. This is just a pit-stop. Romaine looks on, rambling like a jealous old man.

ROMAINE
I knew that sister was gonna be trouble the minute I saw her. Tim can't handle a sister like her. The brother spends so much time acting like he doesn't have a dick, he don't know what to do on the rare occasion he get's a chance to use it.
(more)

ROMAINE (cont'd)

Now, me, I would have told the sister how it was gonna be straight off and, if she wasn't with it - peace. That's the only way to deal with a female, am I right fellas?! Hey, I got winners.

FRANKIE

Ro, I know we ain't gonna stay here and play video games all night again. I know that.

HOP

Yeah, man. I told you I got us on the list for that party.

ROMAINE

Let me just play the Knicks...!

EXT. 23 GREENE STREET - NIGHT

Tim pulls up to the camera as we shoot through the windshield.

TIM

So, what is the point?

Tim puts a club on the steering wheel. They get out the car.

WOO

You didn't have to lie.

Tim clicks his alarm.

TIM

Ok. You're right... But, it wasn't really a lie... it was more like a white lie. I never said I was a lawyer. I just agreed with what you said.

WOO

A lie is a lie.

Tim walks around the car, pulling the car door handles, checking to that the doors are locked. Woo is looking at him like he's crazy. He checks his alarm again.

WOO

(continuing)

Don't you want to put on your indestructible Batmobile car shell now... Just to be sure.

INT. FREIGHT ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Tim closes the gate on an old freight elevator which lurches upward. The place feels haunted and Tim's a little nervous.

TIM

You sure there's a club in here?

WOO

Positive. What's the matter?

TIM

I didn't notice anybody outside.

WOO

It's private.

TIM

Oh... I don't hear any music.

WOO

Listen, if you don't believe me -

TIM

I didn't say that -

WOO

Then relax!

At that point the elevator doors open and loud Hip Hop music blasts into the car, damn near pushing Tim back against the wall. Woo slides open the gate and is out the car.

TIM

Got damn!

INT. HIP HOP CLUB FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

A large and very imposing brother greets them at a red rope set up at the club's entrance. The foyer of the club is littered with b-boys and girls, in the latest hip-hop gear. Most of the guys look fairly menacing, the girls, too for that matter but, at least they're fly. Everybody appears to have a cellular phone of some sort. There is a performance area and a group tries out some new material as the best dancers in the city work on new steps. Woo has moved out in front of Tim who is stopped by a meaty paw to the chest.

BEAST

Can I help you?

During the ensuing conversation, the brother will continually let other folks through the barrier as he interrogates Tim.

TIM

Naww, I'm with the uh...

Tim looks around for Woo who is nowhere to be seen.

TIM
(continuing)
... the uh... sister who was just...

BEAST
I don't think I know you man; you'll
have to leave.

TIM
No see, there was a sister with me -

BEAST
Well, she ain't with you no more.
Flow man.

PATRON #2
Beeeeeeast, whatup?

BEAST
Whatup nigga?

PATRON #2
Youda man..

BEAST
No, youda man.

TIM
Excuse me brother -

BEAST
Yo man, walk! You shoul'da hung out
man; I had to cut that babe loose.

PATRON #2
She homeless money?

BEAST
On the corner singing "la de de, la
de da."

They burst into laughter. Tim is getting a little tired of
the situation.

TIM
Look man, I'm sure she just went on
in. Why don't I just -

BEAST
What you been drinking, "St. Ide's"
or something man? I told you to
saddle up!

TIM
Wait a minute, I'm just -

BEAST
You just about to get bitch slapped!

TIM
Why we gotta go there? Look, what's the cover? I'll pay it and go on in.

BEAST
Oh, you one of them talking niggas, huh?

TIM
"One of them talkin' niggas...?"

Beast grabs Tim by the collar as Woo calls to Tim from the club side of the rope.

WOO
Tim! Stop playin' around!

TIM
Will you talk to this man!?

BEAST
You know this punk!?

TIM
(barely audible)
Who you calling a punk?

Beast is still holding him by the collar. He grunts at him.

WOO
Beast, leave him alone. I told you he was coming in with me.

BEAST
I thought you said you had to go pee.

Tim's feet still dangle in the air. He fights his way free of Beast's grasp.

TIM
What's wrong with you man?!

BEAST
Relax, ain't nobody crumple your leisure suit.

Tim walks through the barrier, glaring at the bouncer.

WOO
Come on Tim. Try to stay with me ok?

INT. HIP HOP CLUB FOYER - NIGHT

As they walk Tim tries to fix his tie and get a word in edgewise to Woo who get's stopped every three steps by someone. She has gone into kissy touchy mode.

TIM
Why'd you leave me out there?

WOO
Hey, Cedric!

CEDRIC
What's up, babydoll? You hanging tonight?

WOO
Maybe, if I can get a drink.

CEDRIC
What you want?

WOO
Champagne would work. I'll see you at the table.
(to Tim)
I thought you were behind me.

TIM
Well, I wasn't. I almost had to slam that fool.

WOO
I'm sure he's still out there if you feel that strongly about it.

TIM
I don't want to hurt nobody.

WOO
Shanaaaaay, I see you girl! Where'd you get that dress, that is slammin'.

SHANAY
Right out of my mother's closet.

Shanay's date is giving Woo the eye and she notices. Tim finds himself becoming a little jealous as Woo continues to flirt.

WOO
That is working. Who's this?

SHANAY
This is Reggie.

WOO
 (rubbing his arm)
 Hey Reggie... Girl you ought to know
 better than to bring this good
 looking man in here.

SHANAY
 (removing her hand)
 Well, I didn't know you'd be in
 tonight.

They laugh. Tim is getting annoyed.

WOO
 Where ya'll sittin'?

SHANAY
 In the back, by the speaker.

Shanay and Reggie walk.

TIM
 You mean we can still get closer to
 the speaker?

At that moment the music changes and Woo undergoes another
 metamorphosis. Kind of a cross between an orgasm and eating
 something that tastes really good.

WOO
 Oh shit!

TIM
 What...? What is it?

WOO
 That. Is. My. Song.

Tim does a take to camera as Woo begins to dance. He watches
 her, uncertain if his next move. The woman has him totally
 off balance.

TIM
 Well, would you like to dance?

She slows her vibe.

WOO
 No.

TIM
 You don't want to dance?

WOO
 I said no. It's too crowded.

TIM
We could just dance right here.

WOO
(vibing)
It's too late now.

TIM
I'm sorry? It's too late. The
record is still on.

WOO
But, the moment is gone. I wanted to
dance but, instead of just taking me
onto the floor, you had to conduct a
survey. I don't feel like dancing
with you now.

TIM
Oh, I see. How 'bout next time, I
grab you by the hair and pull you on
the floor.

Woo stops cold in her tracks.

WOO
I'm not the one who ruined the moment
ok? If you didn't have to analyze
everything we might be having a good
time. You know what your problem is?
You think too much.

TIM
Better too much than not enough.
Maybe if you thought before just
flowing, you wouldn't end up with the
brothers you end up with.

The words are out of Tim's mouth before he can stop them and
they hit hard. She studies him, as his words sink in.

WOO
Case in point.

Woo walks away leaving Tim standing in his tracks, trying to
play it off.

TIM
Yeah... I'll be at the bar.

WOO (O.S.)
Whatever.

Tim works his way back towards bar...

INT. BAR - MOMENTS LATER

... And plops down on a stool. Tim catches a glimpse of Woo across the room. She's apparently gotten over the argument already and playfully laughs with some other brother; a short little fella. Occasionally she will shoot Tim a glance. She has him totally off balance and Tim finds himself getting angry.

TIM

Un real...!

A CUTE HOOCHIE TYPE plops down on the stool next to him.

HOOCHIE

What's your name?

TIM

"Sucker," youknowwhatimean? I mean she practically stripped me - What the hell was I supposed to do? I'm a man!

HOOCHIE

I can see that you are baby. And I'd be happy to help you work out whatever your problem is, just as soon as you buy me a drink - Bartender...!

TIM

I'm sitting home minding my own business, you know?

HOOCHIE

(to Bartender)

Let me get two champagnes... and whatever he's gonna have.

BARTENDER

No more champagne. I got spring water and melted ice.

HOOCHIE

You ain't got no liquor?

TIM

(to Bartender)

I mean, I don't need his charity! I know plenty of women, understand? PLENTY! "Home Alone..."

BARTENDER

Spring water and melted ice.

TIM

What...?

HOOCHIE

I need me a drink.

(to Tim)

Come on out to the car with me baby.
How much money you got?

BARTENDER

If ya'll ain't drinking you gonna
have to move on.

TIM

Hold up, hold up! Can't ya'll see a
man is in crisis? I'm on the "Date
From Hell!"

HOOCHIE

So, just get rid of her baby. If you
got a bottle of Remy and a blanket we
can have us an evening.

TIM

Why am I talking to you?

(to Bartender)

Brother, help me out. If you were
out with a sister who was pure ego,
right... but, still, there was
something about her...

BARTENDER

What's she got, big titty's or
something?

Tim stares at the bartender for a beat.

TIM

Never mind brother... never mind.

Tim turns back toward the dance floor and spots Woo in a
corner of the club. Her playful conversation with a short
brother has turned into a heated exchange. Tim doesn't like
the feel of it.

TIM

(continuing)

Excuse me...

INT. REAR OF CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

As Tim pushes his way through the small crowd he can hear a
familiar voice rising above the chaos - Woo's.

WOO (O.S.)
 Get offa me LaMaar!!! I told you I'm
 not wearing that customized pager.
 We're over!

Tim breaks through the crowd to find Woo throwing half
 finished drinks at LAMAR (20s), her most recent ex boyfriend,
 who's holding a plastic customized pager. His confusion is
 quickly turning to anger.

LAMAAR
 (grabbing her arm)
 Wait a minute girl, let me talk to
 you!

WOO
 Get your hands off of me, nigga, I'm
 not under house arrest.

TIM
 (stopping her)
 Woo? What's going on?

LAMAAR
 What the fuck do you have to do with
 it nigga?!

Tim moves between Woo and Lamaar.

TIM
 We got no problem here, man.

LAMAAR
 So, who are you, the fucking
 regulator? THIS IS MY WOMAN FOOL!

WOO
 (over Tim's shoulder)
 Ex-woman Lamar! You need to get with
 that!

LAMAAR
 Don't make me ask you again Woo...

Tim almost doesn't hear the words come from his mouth...

TIM
 Brother, you need to back off. The
 sister is with me.

Woo looks at him as though seeing him for the first time.
 For once, he's done something that's caught her by surprise.

LAMAAR
 You gonna be a hero and get yourself
fucked up.

TIM

Look -

The brother sucker punches Tim, sending him crashing to the ground. LaMaar thrusts his hand inside his suit jacket - sending everyone in the area diving for cover.

VOICE

HE'S STRAPPED!!!!

Tim sees his life flash before his eyes as the LaMaar's hand slowly emerges... Everyone holds their breath as LaMaar produces...

A BREATH FRESHENER. He gives his mouth a few short squirts.

WOO

(helping dazed Tim)

You ain't have to hit him!

LAMAAR

You lucky I ain't hit you!

Beast pushes his way through the crowd.

BEAST

What the fuck is going on?

(to Tim)

You started her off didn't you
Leisure Suit?!

TIM

This brother here -

BEAST

I don't want to hear it! I told you
about this shit Woo; it's always
something with you. You and Sammy
Davis get the fuck out!

WOO

Fine, come on Tim!

TIM

Yeah, but he -

BEAST

FLOW MAN!

He issues them toward the door. Tim talks to anyone who will listen as they go. The club is virtually silent.

TIM

I just wanted to get out of the
house, you know...

INT. FREIGHT ELEVATOR - NIGHT

From inside the elevator we see Beast slam the gate as a crowd watches the doors close.

ANGLE ON TIM who stares incredulously at Woo. She's standing a bit sheepishly in the corner. For the first time, she seems a bit uncomfortable.

TIM

You got me again, didn't you? I see what's happening... Lenny put you up to this didn't he? He found the finest woman he could and he wants to see how much shit I'll take before I say fuck it, right? Well, you win. I can't take no more.

EXT. 23 GREENE STREET - NIGHT

ANGLE ON TIM as he exits the building, looking back at Woo.

TIM

I don't even know your real name. Woo. It's cool. You're crazy fine, though. I'll give you that. Hop in, I'm taking you home.

Tim freezes in his tracks. We pull out to reveal a BIG EMPTY SPACE where Tim's car was. All that's left is his alarm system which lies on the ground. Tim is speechless; devastated. He squeezes his arming unit and the alarm beeps.

TIM

(continuing)

Aaaaaaahhh!!!!!!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The police station is near deserted save for a few cops milling about and an auxiliary police woman who sits behind a counter talking on the phone. Tim and Woo enter.

CRAYOLA

Uh uh, 'cause ReShay told me that LaNay was with him... Bullshit!

TIM

Excuse me -

Crayola motions for him to be quiet. A male officer walks over to Woo.

OFFICER #1
 (to Woo)
 Are you being helped?

WOO
 I'm just waiting on a friend.

OFFICER #1
 Would you like to see the facilities.

WOO
 Sure.

CRAYOLA
 (shoving forms at Tim)
 Fill these out and have a seat. Uh
 uh girl! You talking about Chantay's
 party... I'm talking about Krylonda's
 party...

WOO
 (to Tim)
 I'm going to check out the cells.
 Wanna see?

TIM
 No, I don't.

WOO
 Fine. Might help you on the bar
 exam, Mr. attorney.

She walks off to the back with the officer.

TIM
 I'll remember that. Excuse me, if I
 could just talk to you for a minute -

CRAYOLA
 Hold on Purina... What?

TIM
 My car was stolen, about a half hour
 ago -

CRAYOLA
 Have you reported it?

TIM
 ... That's why I came here...

CRAYOLA
 Why you wait so long?

TIM
 I didn't; it just happened -

CRAYOLA

You said a half hour ago.

TIM

Well, it took a minute to walk - Is there somebody I can talk to?

CRAYOLA

You got the wrong forms. Purina, I call you back. Yeah, I'll be there... well call me back... just use 911, I'll get it.

She walks away from the counter leaving Tim with his mouth hanging open.

WOO (O.S.)

Yo, Piccolo!

Tim looks around in disbelief to see Woo at the end of the hall talking to someone in a cell.

PICCOLO

Whatup!

WOO

What you doin' in here? I just saw you last week.

PICCOLO

Soon as I dropped you off, they picked me up. I hadn't driven a block.

WOO

I told you to deal with that registration, man.

PICCOLO

It wasn't the registration. It was the 20 nine millimeters I had my back. I hit a pothole and my trunk popped open when the cop cruised by. But, I'm gonna beat the wrap.

WOO

Handle your business. I'm gonna see the line up room.

Tim turns back to the counter. Another officer walks behind the counter.

TIM

Excuse me, could you -

OFFICER #2

The desk assistant will be back in a second pal.

Tim can't believe it. Further behind the counter he can see Crayola holding forms in one hand, a soda in another, and laughing with some other officers. Tim looks at his watch... it's 1:45am.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FRONT DESK - NIGHT

The wall clock reads 2:24am. Tim appears to be the only person in the station. Crayola returns.

CRAYOLA

I need to see your registration.

TIM

It was in the car. I keep it in the glove compartment.

CRAYOLA

Well, that's dumb. You leave your license in there too?

TIM

Look, it's been a long night. All I want to do is report a stolen car and get out of here, ok? Now, can I please talk with somebody that has their G.E.D.?

CRAYOLA

I ALMOST GOT MY G.E.D. MOTHERFUCKER SO YOU CAN KISS MY ASS!

TIM

SO POINT ME TO SOMEONE WHO GOT IT!

CRAYOLA

Oh no you didn't!

TIM

I'm sorry. I just -

Woo and Officer #1 come from the back.

CRAYOLA

I don't give a damn if you don't ever find your raggedy ass car!

OFFICER #1

What's the problem Crayola?

TIM
I've been in here forty-five -

CRAYOLA
This smart ass nigga don't know what
to say out of his mouth.

TIM
If you'd do your job -

OFFICER #1
Shut up man. What he do?

CRAYOLA
Stolen car.

The Officer collars Tim, slamming him against the wall.

OFFICER #1
You stole a car?

TIM
No, she... my car... I'M IN HELL!

OFFICER #1
Let's see some ID brother.

Woo rounds the corner holding her mug shot, chatting with
another male officer. She spots the nearly incarcerated Tim.

WOO
What's wrong Jamil?

OFFICER #1
Don't worry about it baby.
(to Tim)
You have the right to remain silent...

WOO
Tim, aren't you finished yet?

OFFICER #1
You know this guy?

WOO
He's all right. He just don't know
what to say next sometimes.

OFFICER #1
Well, if you say he's cool.

Officer #1 releases Tim who slides to the ground in a heap.

TIM
It's the "Twilight Zone..."

OFFICER #1

Listen, baby, I gotta jet. We'll
keep an eye out for your car hear?

WOO

Thanks a lot.

OFFICER #1

Come and visit anytime.

(to Tim)

Fuck over her and it's your ass.

TIM

Thank you.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

We're in close-up on Woo as she bangs her shoe against the wall, adjusting the heel. Tim looks on blankly - he's almost gone away; to that special place.

WOO

Are you ok...?

TIM

Am I ok? No, I am not "ok," ok? I
am definitely not "ok?!"

WOO

This hasn't exactly been a dream date
for me either ok? Stop crying.

Tim's composure has a definite crack in it.

TIM

Stop cr--!!

(to anyone who will
listen)

I need to go home. That's what I
need -

WOO

What you need is to lighten up! If
you weren't so uptight maybe you
wouldn't get into so much trouble.

TIM

Oh, excuse me, I'm the one who's
causing the trouble, I see. You had
nothing to do with any of it?

WOO

Something like that. Glad you're
finally on the same page.

Tim looks at her in disbelief.

TIM

I see what the deal is with you;
You're too fine for your own good.
Yeah; people probably been telling
you how good you look all your life
and now you believe the hype. Well,
I'll give it to you; you're
attractive - but you "ain't quite all
of that."

WOO

Is that right? That must be why
you're still hanging around huh?

Tim brings himself under control. He fishes in his pocket
for some bills and hands them to Woo.

TIM

I give up. Listen, you can catch a
cab to your party, ok?

She pushes the money back.

WOO

Don't worry about it.

ANGLE ON a car as it pulls up to a light. It's Tim's boys.

TIM

Yo fellas! Ya'll headed uptown?

The crew sees Tim standing with Woo and runs the light,
almost smashing into another car as they go.

ANGLE ON Tim who looks at Woo uncomfortably.

TIM

(continuing)
Well... nice meeting you.

WOO

You too.

Tim begins to walk away from Woo, leaving her standing alone.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

As Tim walks on, a voice speaks to him.

TIM'S CONSCIENCE (O.S.)

Now yo know you ought to go back
there man.

Tim turns to find his CONSCIENCE, (a fantasy character who
looks remarkably like BILLY DEE WILLIAMS).

TIM
Hey... aren't you Billy Dee Williams?

TIM'S CONSCIENCE
No, I'm your conscience.

TIM
My conscience looks like Billy Dee?

TIM'S CONSCIENCE
Think of me as the part of Billy Dee
that's in you.

Tim considers it.

TIM
Works for me...

TIM'S CONSCIENCE
You're going after her right?

TIM
Hell, no.

Passerby stare at Tim as he talks to himself.

TIM'S CONSCIENCE
Why not?

TIM
Have you been paying attention to
tonight's festivities? This ain't
"Mahogany" man. I got enough
problems without having some crazy
babe on my hands.

TIM'S CONSCIENCE
Spend some time with the woman; get
to know her. That won't kill you.

TIM
How do you know that!

TIM'S CONSCIENCE
If you like her brother, don't let
her get away.

Tim stops and looks at his conscience.

TIM'S CONSCIENCE
(continuing)
You'll regret it for the rest of your
life. Maybe you're what she needs.
Maybe, she's what you need.

Tim considers the words of his conscience for a beat then turns back towards the police station.

TIM

Hey Woo?

She's gone. He turns back to his "conscience" who is also gone. Tim stands alone for a beat then heads towards the subway.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A midnight blue sedan with an American flag and Reggae flag on right and left headlights cruises.

INT. GYPSY CAB - NIGHT

The cab driver's dreads extend over the back of his seat. A mad hatter's hat perched on his head. Chicken feet and red, white and blue rosary beads dangle from the rearview mirror. An odd trinity picture of Haile Selassie, Bob Marley, Madame Levoux is painted on the top of the inside of the cab.

WOO

What a baby. All night long, complaint after complaint. Damn, recall hotline. So... the night didn't go so smoothly. He's the one that lied about being a lawyer. He just couldn't take time to enjoy the moment. That's his real problem.

CABBIE

But, you like him just the same.

WOO

He kinda grows on you like a chia pet. After a while, it looks like a real plant.

She throws a firecracker out the window.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CLAUDETTE'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark... We hear voices talking...

CLAUDETTE (O.S.)

Come on baby...

LENNY (O.S.)

"Where's my mon-ay...?" I said,
"Where's my mon-ay!?"

CLAUDETTE (O.S.)

Lenny...

LENNY (O.S.)

You're rushing me...! I can't concentrate!!!

CLAUDETTE (O.S.)

I promised Woo we'd be there...!

LENNY (O.S.)

ALL RIGHT!!!

THE LIGHTS COME ON REVEALING Lenny who stands at the foot of the bed wearing a Pimp Cape, gartered high top dress socks, platform shoes, a super bad fedora... and g-string! Claudette lies on the bed in her teddy, a disinterested look on her face and a box of sex toys at her feet.

LENNY

That girl is a got damned jinx!!!

Claudette heads into the bathroom suppressing a giggle.

CLAUDETTE

Hurry up and get dressed!

LENNY

(calling after her)

I vote we stay home!!! THE GIRL IS DANGEROUS!!!

Lenny angrily begins to get dressed.

LENNY

(continuing; to camera)

Claudette and I used to hang with Woo all the time. But, it got to the point where we'd be verbally assaulted, chased, shot at - and this was by her date!

CLAUDETTE (O.S.)

Lenny...

LENNY

It's like brothers get around her and lose their brain! We were out one time and this kid walked up to her buck naked. Buck Naked, with a flower in his teeth! youknowhati'msaying? It's a zoo!!

CLAUDETTE

That's not her fault.

LENNY

All I'm saying is, things "just happen" to her... for no apparent reason. And, if you're with her, they happen to you too. Claudette can tell all the warm stories she wants but I'll tell you the real reason we call her "Woo." Hang out with her one time... End of the night you'll be shaking your head saying "wooooo..."

CLAUDETTE

That's not even funny Lenny...

INT. DISCO - NIGHT

The CAMERA BOOMS DOWN from the top of the night club revealing Frankie, Hop, and Romaine who are at the rope, pleading their case to BARRY, a beefy security type.

HOP

Look man, I told you I'm a friend of Yerby's.

BARRY

And I told you, Yerby ain't here tonight. This is a private party.

FRANKIE

(to Romaine)

I told you he couldn't get us in.

Hop continues his negotiations as a cab pulls up and Woo exits.

ROMAINE

Great, "Carrie's" back...

WOO

Well, if it isn't the "He Man Women Hater's Club."

BARRY

(removing the rope)

How you doing Woo?

WOO

Hey, Barry. Having trouble fellas?

BARRY

You know these guys?

WOO

Don't you recognize them? That's Moe, Larry and there's Curly. Where's Tim?

FRANKIE

He's your date. Let's roll ya'll.

WOO

Wait a minute. Wait a minute. You guys can come in with me.

ROMAINE

Why...?

At that instant a group of UNBELIEVABLY VIVACIOUS WOMEN go inside. Romaine's jaw practically falls off. He looks at Woo.

ROMAINE

(continuing)

Why not? We're with her!

The fellas bum rush their way past security.

INT. DISCO - MOMENTS LATER

Woo and the Fellas walk through the hallway towards the TECHNO and HOUSE music that blasts from upstairs. Along the way the guy passes several ladies who chat noisily. They are all decked out in Frederick's of Hollywood type sleazy evening wear, with a Fourth of July kinda flair. A few Dolly Madisons and Betsy Rosses in the house for the Missed Revolution Contest. The vibe is almost fraternal.

ANGLE ON THE GUYS as they look from woman to woman - all of which return their stare. A broad smile creeps across Hop's face.

HOP

Good googa-mooga...

ROMAINE

Yo... What uh... what kind of party is this?

WOO

(smiling)

What do you mean?

FRANKIE

It's some hard looking sisters in here...

ROMAINE

And big...

HOP
 Shiiiiit, ya'll are tripping. Some
 of these females got it going on.
 Time to go to work.

Hop heads into the crowd and the crew begins to follow. As
 he goes, Woo spots one of her friends talking across the room.

WOO
 Celestial.....!

CELESTIAL (late twenties), sort of a flower child born a few
 decades too late, waves her girl over. Woo heads over
 leaving Romaine and Frankie who look around for a beat, then
 follow Woo.

INT. ACROSS THE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The fellas absorb the sights all the way over to Celestial.
 There's definitely a different vibe here.

CELESTIAL (O.S.)
 Woo....! How have you been girl?!

WOO
 I been looking all over for you. Can
 we talk?

CELESTIAL
 Sure. Who are your friends?

A startled Woo turns to find Frankie and Romaine hovering
 nearby.

WOO
 All right fellas, I got you in.
 Goodnight.

ROMAINE
 There's definitely a vibe in here.

Frankie has been checking out Celestial's shirt which appears
 to be made from a paper bag.

FRANKIE
 I don't mean to be rude but is that
 a paper bag you're wearing.

CELESTIAL
 As a matter of fact it is. I'm a
 designer. I believe in taking what's
 in nature and using it.

FRANKIE
 I see. Tell me, why... why paper?

CELESTIAL
 Because, it's recyclable. Washing
 clothes pollutes our environment with
 all those phosphates. These just
 throw away.

ROMAINE
 What do you do when it's cold?

CELESTIAL
 Oh, you just wear like aluminum foil
 or "Saran Wrap" underneath.

FRANKIE
 Makes sense to me.

WOO
 Girl, didn't you get my page?

CELESTIAL
 Oh, I got a new number; let me give
 it to you.
 (she tears a piece of
 her shirt off)
 You got a pen?

ROMAINE
 (sotto to Frankie)
 It's a whole nest of them...

Woo and Celestial exit as Frankie and Romaine continue to
 watch the women with suspicious eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Tim walks along a fairly deserted street, looking for a
 subway station and talking to himself. THUNDER RUMBLES in
 the night sky and it begins to rain.

TIM
 Great... Next time just stay home ok?
 Just stay home.

There is a SCUFLING sound behind him and Tim turns with a
 start. Nothing back there but the eerie night time shadows.
 As he picks up his pace a bit, Tim get's a little nervous.

TIM
 (continuing)
 Why are the police stations always in
 the worst part of town?

There's ANOTHER SOUND and Tim turns again - nothing there.
 Tim's beginning to sweat more as he looks around.

TIM
 (continuing; loudly)
 Sure am glad I took those Kung Fu
 Lessons... Yeah... a man would have
 to be pretty crazy to mess with a
 twelfth degree black belt...!!!

Tim turns again in Kung Fu stance to find himself facing a
 SHORT HOODED FIGURE.

TIM
 (continuing)
 A little warm for the hood ain't it
 shorty?

SHORTY
 Give me your money.

Tim begins to laugh. Slowly at first then building to near
 hysteria until a LARGE OBJECT seems to block out the street
 lamp, it's shadow falling across Tim's face.

TIM
 ... oh shit...

In front of him stands, quite possibly the TWO BIGGEST
 BROTHERS he's ever seen.

BIG BROTHER #1
 The brother asked for your money.

TIM
 Oh, he said money! I must have
 misunderstood...
 (pointing)
 DAMN, SHE GOT A FAT ASS...!

The crew looks around for the ass in question, giving Tim a
 chance to make a break for it! He takes off down the
 street - the trio on his heels!

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Tim runs back to the police station and struggles with the
 doors which have been locked. A posted sign reads "Use Third
 Street Entrance." He looks in and sees Crayola at the desk.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

From behind the desk we see Tim as he frantically gestures at
 the door. Crayola spots him then gives him the infamous
 "poot you" wave; playing him off. Tim hurls her an expletive
 then bounds off - the trio in close pursuit.

EXT. SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

Tim streaks down the stairs of the subway.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

He rapidly passes through a turnstile and onto a waiting train. As the crew comes down the stairs and arrives at the train's doors they close with a melodious tone, leaving them stranded outside. Tim is safe! He uses this opportunity to gloat.

TIM
YEAH SISSY!! Yo, you and your
girlfriend can kiss my ass!!

In the middle of his tirade the train lurches forward, travels a few feet, then stops. Tim's eyes widen as the crew outside wonders what's up. To Tim's chagrin, the melodious tone returns and the subway car doors slide open bringing him face to face with the crew who simply smile at him. They rush the car and Tim scrambles to get out, just ahead of the Shorty his boys. He rushes up the stairs.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Tim emerges from the subway and looks around for a new way to go. He runs down an alley, vaulting into a dumpster to try and elude the crew.

INT. DUMPSTER - NIGHT

Inside the can we hear the voices of Shorty and his boys as they pass by the dumpster. Tim waits a beat, listening hard for any sign. Nothing. He slowly opens the dumpster lid only to find himself face to face with Shorty and company.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

They stare at Tim as he produces some cash.

TIM
Well, what do you know? \$20. It's
yours...

THUNDER CLAPS as Tim's yanked into the night by two huge arms.

INT. DISCO - NIGHT

The THUNDER CLAPS carry into the disco as Romaine and Frankie guardedly stand off to the side sipping their drinks. Their eyes dart back and forth as they keep a watch on the women in the club.

The CAMERA PANS to find Celestial and Woo sitting at a small table. The club is busy tonight and people buzz around.

Woo's thoughts are elsewhere as Celestial tries to make conversation.

CELESTIAL
Didn't you say there was a party tonight?

WOO
Yeah...

CELESTIAL
You going?

WOO
Yeah, yeah...

CELESTIAL
Sorry, I asked... Say who were those guys you came in with?

WOO
Friends of my date.

CELESTIAL
Oh, yeah, I got your note that you stopped by the loft. How romantic. Where is he?

WOO
I don't know.

CELESTIAL
You lost your date?

WOO
It was mutual.

CELESTIAL
Well, if those were his boys he must have been a stud.

WOO
(small laugh)
Actually, he was the pick of the litter.

CELESTIAL
Cute?

WOO
Not bad.

CELESTIAL
So, why ya'll split up girl?

WOO

He was one of those types that has to analyze everything. Completely incapable of a spontaneous moment. From the minute we met 'till we got to the police station his little brain was just working...

CELESTIAL

Why were you at the police station?

WOO

(nonchalantly)

Hiscargotstolen - I mean this guy was impossible -

CELESTIAL

Hold up - his car got stolen?

WOO

Yeah, but he'll get it back. It was a good thing we had to leave the club when we did -

CELESTIAL

What do you mean you had to leave?

WOO

Well, after the fight they kinda kicked us out.

CELESTIAL

What was he fighting about?

WOO

Girl, you know how LaMaar is. He can't take "drop dead" for an answer -

CELESTIAL

He fought LaMaar... over you?!

WOO

Well... yeah, kinda... It was more like a "one guy getting punched out" kinda thing but -

CELESTIAL

So what exactly are you saying is wrong with this brother?

WOO

(convincing herself)

He was just... he didn't...

Woo looks for the words as her girl stares for a beat.

CELESTIAL

Shoooot... after some of the men I've seen you with girl, he sounds like a winner to me.

WOO

Believe me... he was no prize...

CELESTIAL

Are you sure you even took the time to notice?

Woo thinks about this for a second.

WOO

Yeah... but he... he was so uptight.

CELESTIAL

Well, you can come on a little strong... Look, if you don't want to deal give me his number. Now, come on, why aren't you in a hurry to go to this party?

WOO

No reason...

The club has gained intensity as a line dance rocks the floor. As Woo ponders Celestial's words, a frantic hand taps her on the shoulder. She turns to find Romaine and Frankie pointing to a passing party goer.

ROMAINE

Yo... now, that's a dude!

WOO

What?

ROMAINE

That was a dude in that dress.

WOO

They're all guys Rogaine, damn. Glad you could join us.

Woo rises and heads for the door.

CELESTIAL

Where you going?

WOO

I gotta find somebody.

She breezes by Frankie and Romaine who look around the club with new eyes. Hop flows by with a group of "ladies." He's having the time of his life.

HOP
I brought one for both of ya'll!
Partay!!

Hop freaks with the "girls" as his boys look on in horror.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WHITE CASTLE - NIGHT

REGGAE MUSIC plays from behind the counter. This is the last outpost of White Castle - a franchise so far removed from the White Castle organization that it's made it's own rules and the people who work here reflect that. A withered ketchup stained Happy Fourth of July sign hangs over the counter advertising a "Two For One Special."

A haggard looking Tim ducks in from the rain. He passes a WEST INDIAN BROTHER who eats at a nearby table. The wall clock reads "3:23am." A VAGRANT watches Tim's every move as an ANGRY LOOKING SISTER smokes a cigarette at another table. Tim goes to the counter and stands for a beat - no one responds.

TIM
Is anybody back there? Yo!?
(to sister)
Excuse me - does anybody work here?

The sister crosses behind the plexiglass enclosed counter. She's the counter person but she's dressed in street clothes. She puts on a wilted paper hat with a miniature flag hanging from the side.

SISTER
Whatchu want?

TIM
Uhh... Are you uh...

SISTER
I'm back here ain't I.

TIM
Where's your bathroom.

SISTER
We ain't got one.

TIM
Well, can I get some napkins? I'm
just trying to dry off a little.

SISTER
You have to order something to get a
napkin.

TIM
 Look, I've got about a dollar in
 change and a token. I really just
 need a napkin.

The sister just stares at him.

TIM
 (continuing)
 Ok... it's like that? Let me get the
 two for one special.

SISTER
 Special's over. Ended at midnight.

TIM
 Then let me get a burger.

She rolls her eyes crosses to the microwaves. Tim turns to
 come face to face with the vagrant.

VAGRANT
 Can you stake me to a burger.

TIM
 I can't do nothing for you man.

VAGRANT
 You eating a burger though, right?

TIM
 I really ain't in the mood for this
 ok. I'm having kind of a bad night.

VAGRANT
 You having a bad night? I'm having
 a bad life nigga!

SISTER
 (forking over burger)
 39 cents.

She hands him one napkin.

TIM
 Could you spare another napkin,
 sister?

SISTER
 One burger, one napkin.

Tim is starting to reach the break point.

TIM
 Oh, ok bet...

Tim dabs at himself with the napkin, trying his best to get dry. The Vagrant stares at him with soulful eyes and Tim hands him his withered little burger.

WEST INDIAN BROTHER

Say, brother, wasn't you at the spot earlier; yeah, you and that girl Darleen. What they call her?

TIM

Woo...

WEST INDIAN BROTHER

Right, Woo. That babe is a trip man, but she got the crazy chassis though. That's your lady?

Tim considers the question for a beat. Then, almost sadly...

TIM

Naww man.

WEST INDIAN BROTHER

The broad is with a different cat every week. Girl got all you niggas jumping.

TIM

(annoyed)

I wouldn't know hoss.

SISTER

Maybe, she gets tired of the same weak ass brothers all the time.

WEST INDIAN BROTHER

I think she's a little simple. You know... in the head. Lights on, nobody home...?

Each barb from the brother is pissing Tim off a little more though he tries not to show it. It's as though this man were his darker side.

TIM

(testy)

Look brother, she's all right!

WEST INDIAN BROTHER

She don't come off all right... body like that; it ain't even right.

SISTER

What the hell does her body got to do with anything?

WEST INDIAN BROTHER
 Everything. Body like that'll get a
 girl in trouble if she ain't got it
 going on upstairs. And, her light
 bulb's a little dim; am I right man?

TIM
 Why don't you be cool "G?"

WEST INDIAN BROTHER
 She's nuttier than a Christmas
 fruitcake.

SISTER
 Ya'll still push up on her though.

WEST INDIAN BROTHER
 'Cause she got the frame, baby.
 That's something you wouldn't know
 nothing about.

SISTER
 Fuck you. Ya'll are all fools.
 That's why she runs through you like
 water.

WEST INDIAN BROTHER
 Shiiiiit... She can pop whatever
 crazy shit she want to after she been
 taxed. Am I right, bruuuh?

Tim's heard enough. He heads for the door...

TIM
 You know brother, you really need to
 learn some respect for women. You
 fucking it up for the rest of us.
 (sotto)
 Fucking dog...

VAGRANT
 Yo man, you done with that napkin?

Tim shakes his head and walks out.

SISTER
 And, you can get the hell outta here.

VAGRANT
 It's raining out there.

SISTER
 Not you. Him.
 (pointing to West
 indian brother)
 No pets allowed.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The rain has stopped as Tim steps back outside; the brother's still ringing in his ears. Unfortunately, he stands too close to the curb and, as a Gypsy cab roars by, a wall of water douses him from head to toe!!! Tim stands in shock, the water dripping from his eyebrows, as the cab comes to an abrupt halt then slams into reverse. It speeds backwards, coming to a stop next to Tim who is livid!

TIM
ARE YOU CRAZY!!!!???

The rear window rolls down and Woo calls to him.

WOO
Need a lift?

Tim can only raise his eyes heavenward.

TIM
Why?

INT. GYPSY CAB - NIGHT

Inside the cab, a romantic ballad plays as the Cabbie hands Tim some facial tissue.

CABBIE
Sorry about that puddle. You
shouldn't stand so close to the curb.

TIM
I'll remember that...

Tim dabs at himself with the tissue.

TIM
(continuing)
Thanks uh... thanks for picking me up.

WOO
No problem.

The two of them sit somewhat uncomfortably.

CABBIE
Having a little spat, huh?

TIM
Excuse me?

CABBIE
 Little spat? Don't worry, it'll
 pass. They always do.
 (to Tim)
 Do like me; say you're sorry and get
 it over with.

Tim looks at Woo who seems to feel just as awkward as he does.

CABBIE
 (continuing; prodding)
 Go on...

TIM
 (to Woo)
 Listen, uh... perhaps, to some, I may
 seem a bit... "temperate" but...

Woo stares at him, a fairly unimpressed look on her face.
 Tim glances at the cab driver who prods him on.

CABBIE
 Go on...

TIM
 Look, about what I said back there...
 I'm sorry.

He waits for a response from Woo. There's nothing.

TIM
 (continuing)
 Well...?

WOO
 What do you want me to say?

TIM
 Don't you have anything that, maybe,
 you'd like to share with me?

WOO
 Ummmm... nope. You pretty much
 covered it all.

The cabbie tries to suppress a laugh. Tim can't believe it.
 He moves as far away from Woo as the seat will allow.

TIM
 You can drop me anywhere around
 here...

Woo bursts into laughter.

WOO
 I'm just messing with you.

CABBIE

Ahhhh that's nice... How long ya'll
been married?

TIM/WOO

We're not married...

They catch each others glance and can only laugh
uncomfortably.

CABBIE

What? You been looking all over Ft.
Green for this guy and ya'll ain't
even married?

WOO

Just drive the car.

TIM

You've been looking for me? Why?

WOO

You were supposed to be escorting me
to a party, remember?

TIM

Look, I'm wet, it's late... You been
talking about this party all night
and we haven't gotten there yet, so...

WOO

You'd really be doing me a big favor.
Come on, you might just have a good
time.

This is the first sincere thing Woo's said all night and Tim
notices. He can't figure this woman out.

TIM

I'll go on one condition.

WOO

What?

TIM

Outside the restaurant, who were you
talking to on the phone?

WOO

Come to the party with me and you'll
find out.

TIM

That's what I'm afraid of...

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The gypsy cab creeps down the street. Traffic is backing up as "The Midnight Revolutionary Parade," marches down the street.

INT. GYPSY CAB - NIGHT

TIM
Where is this party.

WOO
Ft. Greene.

TIM
(to Cabbie)
Why don't you turn down here. I know a short cut. Two lights down make a right and then your next left.

The cab makes the first turn.

WOO
Do you know where you're going?

TIM
Yeah.

WOO
Are you telling the truth or are you trying to impress me?

TIM
I'm telling the truth.

WOO
Sure, you're not telling another white lie?

TIM
No, I know somebody who lives around here.

EXT. ADELPHI STREET

The red car sits there, sweet and innocent on a lonely street. At the end of the street the reggae and American flag pendants turn the corner. The midnight blue sedan travels by the red corvette.

TIM (O.S.)
Aw shit, there it is.

The cab stops.

INT. CAB - SAME

WOO
That's the car you've been looking
for all night! Shit, let's get it.

TIM
I don't know... I don't have the
keys, anyway.

WOO
Hold up! This girl took you for the
car, jacked your credit, dissed you
with your boys, then dumped you.
What's there to think about? This
car is more yours than hers, anyway.

Cabbie leans into the conversation.

CABBIE
I got a slim jim right here.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR - SAME

Cabbie and Tim trying to get the slim jim to work, without
much success.

WOO
What's up.

TIM
(frantically)
It's not working... It's not working.

Woo sees people walking down the steps

WOO
Somebody's coming.

Tim looks up.

TIM
Shit, it's Denise.

Tim, Cabbie and Woo drop down and crouch behind the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. DENISE'S BUILDING - SAME

Denise closes the door, locking the door, standing at the top
of the steps with her girls.

DENISE

Girl, I had him chasing me down the street. I slowed down a few times to let him catch-up then pulled off just to watch him run. Girl, you know all you have to do is find those soft, gullible brothers - tell them you love them and you're set for life.

Girls start laughing.

DENISE

(continuing)

Damn, I forgot the tickets.

The girls walk back upstairs into the building.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR - SAME

Tim stands up with a new and angry resolve.

TIM

(to Cabbie)

Say, brotha - You know how to hot-wire a car.

CABBIE

Hell, yeah.

WOO

Oh, shit. It's on now.

Tim picks up a brick.

TIM

Woo, step back.

Tim throws the brick and busts the window. The car alarm goes off. Tim and Woo hurriedly jump in the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. DENISE'S BUILDING - SAME

Denise and her girls walk down the steps talking.

DENISE

What the hell -

EXT. CAR - SAME

The cabbie is working the wires, finally gets the car started. He jumps out and hops in his cab as Denise runs down the steps toward the car.

WOO (O.S.)
 You picked the wrong brotha to play
 this time!!!

Woo blows the horn as she and Tim wave from the car as it
 zooms off. Denise runs after the car.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BATES APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Woo and Tim pull up in red corvette.

INT. BATES APT/FOYER - NIGHT

The Moments' "Love Machine" kicks in as we find ourselves in
 the foyer of the apartment Woo shares with her father Tubby.
 A party is in full swing and it has a distinct seventies
 flavor. But this isn't retro - it's the real deal! Tubby
 and his crew are celebrating and this is their music. Tim
 can't believe his eyes.

TIM
 This is the party you been talking
 about?

WOO
 Yeah... ?

TUBBY (O.S.)
 That you baby?!

WOO
 Yes!

TUBBY (O.S.)
 Who's that you got witchu?

WOO
 Just a friend.

TIM
 Who's that?

WOO
 That's my heart. Go on in and say
 hello...

Woo heads towards the back.

TIM
 Wait a minute, where are you going?

WOO
 I gotta pee.

Woo is off to the bathroom leaving Tim alone.

TIM
Woo...!

TUBBY (O.S.)
Come on in here boy. Let me look at
you!

TIM
Ain't this a bitch!
(eyes to heaven)
I haven't been through enough that I
gotta meet her boyfriend now...!?

INT. BATES APT/FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

THE PARTY IS JUMPING! A reel to reel slowly spins as the middle aged crowd gets down to the soul sounds of the seventies; grooving the old fashioned way! It's a comfortable room, dominated by quite a few black velvet painting - mostly of nude and semi nude black women. The furniture is Early Eighties at best; a gold record hangs on one wall, various framed photos on another; lot's of memories.

Tim moves down the hallway and pulls back the beaded curtains revealing...

Tubby Bates who stands in the middle of it all. He's playing host and, as Tim approaches he's sure this is Woo's boyfriend.

TUBBY
Jimmy Bates; call me Tubby.

TIM
I'm Tim. You uh... you have a lot of
black velvet.

TUBBY
Painted them myself.

TIM
Really? That's wild...

TUBBY
What's wild about it?

The familiar tone strikes Tim as a bit odd and he decides not to press the issue. No way is he going there again.

TIM
Uh... Great party! What's the
occasion?

TUBBY

Me and my girlfriend are having a party for some old friends.

TIM

You and -

(sotto)

Damn - this is where Woo's head is..

TUBBY

Yep! Matter of fact my girlfriend oughta be around here someplace.

TIM

She just went to the bathroom.

TUBBY

You met her?

TIM

Uh... yeah. We met earlier this evening.

TUBBY

Say what?

Woo approaches.

WOO

Hey Daddy.

TIM

"Daddy...?"

She kisses Tubby on the cheek.

WOO

Tim, this is my father; Daddy, this is Tim.

TUBBY

Whatchu mean, ya'll met earlier this evening?

TIM

Uh -

TUBBY

FANTASIA?!

FANTASIA SCOTT (40s) a very voluptuous black woman dances over. A dead ringer for Pam Grier, Coffy was fly back in '76... she's still got it goin' on in the 90's!

FANTASIA

Yeah, baby?

TUBBY
Whatchu doing meeting some young
nigga "earlier this evening?!"

FANTASIA
What?

TUBBY
Do you know this boy?

FANTASIA
(squinting)
No... but he reminds me a little of
Sammy Davis though.
(noticing Woo)
Hey, Darleen.

WOO
(nonchalant)
...Hi..

FANTASIA
We were wondering if you were gonna
make it.

WOO
I'm here...

Fantasia looks at Woo for a bit then decides to make nice.

FANTASIA
I'm gonna check on the kitchen.

She walks back toward the kitchen.

TUBBY
Now, what the hell are you talking
about ya'll met earlier?

TIM
Huh?

TUBBY
Don't touch those greens.
(looking at Woo & Tim)
She's just an idiot magnet...

Tubby walks toward Fantasia. Tim turns to Woo.

TIM
That's your father.

WOO
Has been for quite some time. Why
are you tripping?

TIM

I just thought that... Well when you were on the phone it sounded like...

WOO

If I was dealing with someone why would I ask you to come to this party with me? I'm gonna step into the kitchen for a moment.

Woo walks off.

INT. BATES APT/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Enchantment's "Where Do We Go From Here" drifts through the apartment as Tim wanders into the living room and finds himself staring at Tubby's gold record. BOBBY (50s), an old crony of Tubby's, and Fantasia are having a conversation as they drink.

FANTASIA

Naaaw Bobby, Willie Hutch did "The Mack," Roy Ayers did "Coffy."

BOBBY

Well, who did "Black Caesar?"

FANTASIA

The Godfather, man!

BOBBY

Listen to that music man. We worshipped our women. Romance, that's what our music was about. Ya'll don't know nothing about that today.

TIM

You were a singer?

BOBBY

Yeah, Tubby and me had a little group back in the day; mostly ballads...

FANTASIA

Kind of a 70s doo wop type of thang. You had groups like the "Moments," the "Stylystics," "Bloodstone," the "Delphonics,"; come on now you ain't that young.

TIM

What were you called?

BOBBY

"The Sophistophonics."

TIM

That's a mouthful.

TUBBY

Yeah. I told him it was too much.
Had an album though - "Come Get Into
The Sultry Soul of The
Sophistophonics."

TIM

What was that?

TUBBY

Too long, I know. I told 'em.
(he points to his
gold record)
Had a hit though. Remember "I Need
to Get Me A Woman -"

TIM

"- Cause It's Cold Outside."

TUBBY

Yeah, that's the one! Made it to
number one on the "Soul Brother"
chart.

TIM

Uh-huh.

FANTASIA

Tubby's got a copy around here
somewhere. Where'd you put it,
sweetheart?

Fantasia gets up to look for it. Tubby follows her every
move. Tim watches with a smile.

TUBBY (O.S.)

Don't get them out of order, baby.

Tubby helps as Fantasia flips through the records.

FANTASIA (O.S.)

I know, darling - funk soul, love
soul, dance soul, revolutionary soul,
just soul all around. That's my
Tubby.

Fantasia and Tubby share a warm embrace. Tim looks and sees
Woo leaning against the kitchen door watching Tubby and
Fantasia. For the first time, she looks terribly unhappy -
heartbroken. She walks into the kitchen.

INT. BATES APT/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Fantasia enters the kitchen to find Woo cracking some ice trays. There is an awkward pause as the two women look at each other.

FANTASIA
How's it going Darleen.

WOO
You tell me.

FANTASIA
It's great.

Another uncomfortable beat as both women look for something to say. There's a definite chill in the air.

WOO
You seem to be enjoying yourself.

FANTASIA
Look, Darleen, both of us are far too old for me to come in here and try to be your mother -

WOO
I know that's right.

FANTASIA
(ignoring the comment)
- but you're much too old to be acting this childish. I'm happy, your Dad's happy, and, we're gonna be together, like it or not. You're twenty-four years old and you need to just get over it.

Fantasia grabs a bottle of champagne and walks out the kitchen, leaving Woo standing there. She throws the ice trays into the sink, mad as hell, then finally walks out the kitchen. She looks at the crowd.

INT. BATES APT/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The place is packed with Fantasia and Tubby's crew. Old school and proud of it, their laughs are full bodied, their glasses never empty. Tim sees Woo and waves for her to join him as Tubby calls Fantasia over to the mic.

TUBBY
Fantasia and I really appreciate all our old-school friends comin' out tonight to celebrate with us. We have a little announcement we want to make.

Woo looks on.

WOO
(sotto)
Here we go again.

TUBBY
Last night I asked the most beautiful
woman in the world, my heart, my
soul, my Fantasia to be my wife and
by the grace of God she accepted.

Guests start clapping, shouting congratulations and Tim
watches as Woo stands there stunned.

TUBBY
(continuing)
And, that's not all of it... We're
movin' to Taladega, Alabama.

ANGLE ON WOO. Her face crumbles. She runs out the door as
Lenny and Claudette walk in. Tim looks up.

TUBBY (O.S.)
We're gonna start a catfish farm.

A HAND SMACKS TIM upside the back of his head!

TIM
What the - !

Tim wheels around to find Claudette glaring at him while

CLAUDETTE
What did you do to my cousin, Tim!?

TIM
What did I do?! I gotta go.

Tim walks out the front door to look for Woo. Claudette and
Lenny walk into the party.

CLAUDETTE
(embracing Tubby)
Hi, Uncle Tubby. Congratulations!!

TUBBY
Thank you baby... Say what happened
to that other boy you were seeing...
had that "scary" curl... Head looked
like a melted afro.

LENNY
(sheepishly)
That was me Mr. Bates...

TUBBY

Oh yeah... Well, I'm glad my niece got you straightened out. The Bates women have been known to do that, you know.

CLAUDETTE

All right...

EXT. FT. GREENE PARK - NIGHT

The park is littered with Fourth of July decorations. Tim walks through a bit apprehensively. Every few steps a firecracker goes off and Tim is checking his back, but a sixth sense tells him that if he follows the sound he'll find Woo. In the middle of the park on the stage, sits Woo. Every few seconds, she'll pick a firecracker from her horde, light it and throw it.

TIM

Woo...

Back turned to him, she doesn't look up.

WOO

Enjoying the party?

TIM

Yeah, you know, it's a lot of fun. Your dad's a trip. He was telling me about some of the guys you used to date... Must've been tough on him worrying about you - anybody can see you're his prize.

She turns around with tears in her eyes.

WOO

My mother used to be his prize also. She just died six years ago. How can he be over her already?

TIM

Just like you told me, We're here to live, to love, to be loved. Fantasia can't be the woman your mother was but she's the woman that he loves, and that loves him now. His life can't just stop Woo, just like you told me. He needs to love to keep living.

The tears begin to fall from Woo's eyes, and without a thought, Tim embraces her. And, for the first time in a long time, Woo feels safe. They hold for a moment, and Woo pulls back and wipes the tears from her eyes.

WOO
(playful)
"Mr. Analyst" aren't you...?

TIM
You should be happy your dad found
somebody.

WOO
I really am.

TIM
He's a really lucky guy.

WOO
Yes, he is.

TIM
And, he's still got you.

Woo studies Tim for a beat, considering his words. He's looking at her. A smile creeps onto her face. They turn and walk out the park.

TIM
(continuing)
I haven't been doing too well tonight
huh?

WOO
Yeah, but you're getting a whole lot
better.

TIM
You know, there's a lot more to me
than an analytical mind... just like
I'm sure there's more to you.

WOO
There's a lot more - for the right
person.

TIM
Well, let's see... you wrecked my
house, got me tossed out of
"Tillie's," embarrassed me in the
club, got me beat up, car stolen...
I figure that at least entitles me to
a closer look.

WOO
Why is that?

TIM
'Cause I'm still here.

Woo smiles.

WOO
So you are...

Their eyes lock.

TIM
Hi, my name is Tim.

WOO
(smiling)
My friends call me Darleen.

TIM
Friends...?

WOO
Friends...

He leans in and kisses her gently.

INT. BATES APT/LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Tim and Woo walk inside as Tubby and The Sophistophonics are on stage.

TUBBY
This is the song that put us on the top of the soul charts, "Got To Find Me A Woman." I'd like to dedicate this to Fantasia.

Tubby and the Sophistophonics perform. Tubby singing to Fantasia. Woo walks over to Fantasia.

WOO
You really do make him happy.

Fantasia hugs Woo.

INT. BATES APT/LIVING ROOM - LATER

Woo is sitting with Claudette and Lenny. Tubby walks off stage and motions Tim toward the sofa to sit with him. Tim notices the chair is a bit charred.

TIM
What uh... happened to your sofa?

TUBBY
One of Woo's crazy assed friends thought he could eat fire... Head went up like a match...

Tim realizes Woo's fire story was true. Tubby looks him over.

TUBBY
(continuing)
You don't wear "Grey Flannel" do you?

TIM
No.

TUBBY
Good man. Woo told you about her
cousin Izzy? Terrible thing...
smashed him right into the ground...
You know they struck water trying to
get him out...?

TIM
Yeah, Woo was saying that.

TUBBY
Lookahere son, I'm gonna be straight
with you. When Darleen's mama passed
I promised her I'd raise our child
the best I could. She always had her
mama's looks and when she got a
little body on her... well, let's
just say she's always been popular
with the young men. She's had enough
knuckleheads in her young life
understand? They start off good
enough, but, like I tell Darleen, it
don't never take a dog too long to
start barking. I'm gonna tell you
like I've told every other boy that's
sat on this couch... That's the most
beautiful woman in the world. Treat
her right, hear?

TIM
Yes, sir.

Tim looks up for Woo who is talking to Claudette and Lenny.

CLAUDETTE
Girl, did that boy make you upset.

WOO
No, Lenny, you finally did something
right.

LENNY
Does that mean I can finally get my
groove on in peace?!

Woo looks up for Tim.

INT. BATES APT/FOYER - NIGHT

A gleeful howl goes up in the living room as Eddie Kendricks' "Keep On Truckin" fills the air. Woo's eyes light up as she spins in the direction of the music and looks for Tim.

WOO

(mouthing to Tim)

That. Is. My. Song.

Tim has learned his lesson. He pulls her onto the floor.

INT. BATES APT/LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Claudette has taken the liberty of livening things up and clearing a space on the dance floor as a dance line is created. Tubby and Fantasia are the first down the line, working their bodies like they just don't care!!

Claudette drags Lenny down the line and, before the next pair can start out, Tim cuts in, dancing his BUTT OFF. (ok, so he's more like a cross between "Rerun" and "JJ" but, in his mind, he's getting off). Head back, sweat flying he's "Shabado" re-incarnated! The crowd loves it and Woo can't believe her eyes. She finds herself laughing at Tim's antics alongside her step-mother to be. For a moment, there's a truce.

TIM

Wwwwwwwoooooooooooooooo!!!!!!

WOO

Hold on now...

Tim pulls her into the line and starts to work it.

WOO

(continuing)

You're not bad when you get started.

TIM

You ain't seen nothing yet.

TUBBY

(to Woo)

Get a new man and forget all about me, huh?

As Fantasia looks on, Tubby smiles at Woo and they embrace.

WOO

Never... congratulations, Daddy.

(to Fantasia)

To both of you.

She hugs Fantasia. Tubby grins at his daughter.

TUBBY
You think you could get your old man
a plate of greens?

WOO
(smiling at Fantasia)
If your woman doesn't mind.

FANTASIA
Are you kidding? Knock yourself out.

TUBBY
Don't forget the hot sauce.

Woo heads for the kitchen.

TIM (O.S.)
And the vinegar.

Woo looks at Tim.

TIM
Maybe, I should come with you. Make
myself a plate.

WOO
Uh-huh. C'mon.

INT. BATES APT/KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Woo is fixing a plate of greens for Tubby. She hands Tim a
plate.

WOO
Now, if we're gonna be friends you're
going to have to stop looking at my
breasts when you're talking to me.
My eyes are up here, ok?

TIM
Who was looking at you ti- breasts...?

WOO
You're practically drooling on me.

TIM
I was not!

WOO
Please... And, I'll fix you a plate
on occasion but don't expect it.

TIM
Ok, ok.... Do you cook?

WOO
Do you?

TIM
On occasion.

WOO
Same.

Tim is scooping a helping of greens on his plate, and is making a mess.

WOO
(continuing)
You're getting all juice no greens.
Here...

TIM
Then help me get the greens, baby!

WOO
Move out the pot and I will.

She takes the spoon and does it for him. She hands him the plate. Tim takes it and starts digging in. She looks at him.

TIM
Thank you?

WOO
You're welcome.

TIM
You're talking about manners...

Tim follows her out to the fire escape.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT

The two continue what is sure to be a running conversation as the sun comes up and they eat their greens. The new day is breaking as The Stylistics' "Stoned in Love With You" kicks in.

TUBBY (O.S.)
WOO! WHAT HAPPENED TO MY GREENS?!

... and CREDITS roll.