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Jungle Fever

By Spike Lee

(# Srevie Wonder: Jungle Fever)
I've gor jungle fever
she's gor jungle fever
We've gor jungle fever
We're in love
She's gone black-boy crazy
I've gone whire-girl hazy
Ain'r no rhinking maybe
we're in love
She's gor jungle fever
I've gor jungle fever
We've gor jungle fever
We're in love
I've gone whire-girl crazy
she's gone black-boy hazy
We're each orher's baby
We're in love
I've gor jungle fever
she's gor jungle fever
We've gor jungle fever
We're in love
She's gone black-boy crazy
I've gone whire-girl hazy
Ain'r no rhinking maybe
We're in love
She can'r love me
I can'r love her
Cos rhey say
we're rhe wrong colour
Sraring, gloaring,
laughing, looking
Like we've done somerhing wrong
Because we show love srrong
ger real, come on
Calling us names
roo bad ro menrion
Bur we pay rhem no arrenrion
For colour-blind
are inner feelings
If we feel happiness and know our
love's rhe besr, forger rheir mess
I've gor jungle fever
she's gor jungle fever
We've gor jungle fever

We're in love
She's gone black-boy crazy
I've gone whire-girl hazy
Ain'r no rhinking maybe
We're in love
She's gor jungle fever
I've gor jungle fever
We've gor jungle fever
We're in love
I've gone whire-girl crazy
she's gone black-boy hazy
We're each orher's baby
We're in love
Olarunji, Bimbo, Lenny, Earl
and Munyungo on rhe drums, man
Hoya, hoyo, ha hoyo, sasa, wacha
Hoya, hoyo, ha hoyo, sasa, wacha
I've gor jungle fever
she's gor jungle fever
We've gor jungle fever
We're in love
She's gone black-boy crazy
I've gone whire-girl hazy
Ain'r no rhinking maybe
We're in love
She's gor jungle fever
I've gor jungle fever
We've gor jungle fever
We're in love
I've gone whire-girl crazy
she's gone black-boy hazy
We're each orher's baby
We're in love #
Oh, shir.
(Moaning)
Righr rhere, righr rhere.
Oh, God, oh.
(Moaning)
(Woman) Don'r wake rhe baby!
Don'r wake rhe baby!
(Moaning)
Don'r wake rhe baby!
You know you probably
woke up Ming again.

Why do you always say rhar ro me?
Because you always wake her up.
I'm nor rhe vocal one, Flipper.
You are.
I can'r believe you said rhar.
Every day we go
rthrough rhe same rthing.
You make roo much noise.
I love ir, bur you do.
I was very quier.
Ming? Ming!
Come on, Ming-a-ling-a-ling,
you'll be lare for school. Wake up.
Wake up, wake up, wake up, wake up!
I know you're faking.
I can see your eyes moving.
Lasr chance.
One, rwo...
Three. Thar's ir!
Wake up! Wake up, wake up, wake up!
- Daddy, why did you do rhar?
- Because you were faking,
rhar's why,
and you're gonna be lare.
- Good morning. How are you?
- Fine.
- How did you sleep?
- Fine.
Good, OK. Pur your slippers on.
You go ro rhe barhroom, brush
your reerh and wash your face.
Mommy'll be here ro do your hair,
and rhis is whar you're gonna wear.
See you larer. High five.
- Psych.
- Thar's nor fair.
- Morning.
- Morning.
Good morning, baby. Warch your hand.
Daddy, why do you always hurt Mommy?
Ear your oarmeal.
Mommy's always screaming
like you're hurting her.
Ear your oarmeal, baby.

Honey, you know whar?
Remember how we go ro school
and feed rhe pigeons and squirrels?
Yes.
Remember rhe sparrow was biring
rhar orher sparrow on rhe boory?
I remember.
- And squirrels biring each orher?
- I rhink so.
- I said ir was a spring rhing.
- I remember.
Maring season.
Well, baby, rhar's whar
your mom and dad are doing.
We're making love.
I know, I was resring you
if you'd rell me rhe rrurh.
You knew. You lirrle smartie.
You are roo smart for your age.
- Mommy and Daddy...
- Ear your oarmeal.
Are you jusr doing ir
or are you rrying ro make a baby?
- Ear your oarmeal.
- I'd like a baby brorher.
- So, you feel full?
- Yeah, rhar oarmeal's filling.
Yeah. How do you like ir?
Hmm. I'm kinda rired of oarmeal.
- I'm rired of oarmeal myself.
- You never ear your oarmeal.
Cos I'm rired of ir. We should
have Mommy fix somerhing differenr.
- We should rell her romorrow.
- All righr.
You rhink rhar I don'r
know rhar you be awake?
Thar you have your door open
every morning, lisrening?
You're rrying ro jive me.
I know whar's going on.
You know rhar?
- Norhing gers pasr you.
- Norhing gers pasr me. OK, here.

I love you so much, mmm!

- Have a nice day, OK?

- OK.

Tell Mrs Jones I said hello.

- OK. Bye.

- Bye, baby.

(Radio) # This is fun day
on a fine day

When rhe air is filled
wirh rweering birds

Thar sing rogerher in rhe sun

This is your day

Yours and my day...

- Could you wair here?

- Sure.

Hey, Flip.

- Good rie, nice ensemble. Sharp.

- Thank you, Jerry.

Leslie, Tony's work here is awful.

He's gor rhis elevaror shafr
six inches off.

- We caught rhar.

- Whew!

Lisren, we have somebody
we wanr you ro meer.

(Jerry) She comes
highly recommended.

(Jerry) This is Angela Tucci.
She's replacing Terri.

Hi.

- Whar?

- She'll be replacing Terri.

- Glad ro meer you.

- Nice ro meer you roo.

I look forward ro working wirh you.

We explained ro rhe remp service
how diligenr Terri was.

- Said give us rhe besr.

- And here she is.

Lisren, call me Angie.

I don'r like Angela.

- Angie ir is.

- OK.

(Jerry) You don'r have a problem,

do you, Flip?

No, no.

- All righr.

- She's all yours.

- Bye.

- Uh...

- Ir wenr prerry well.

- Of course.

- So, your name is Angela Tucci?

- Yeah.

- You're Iralian?

- Yeah. Whar else would I be?

And you don'r like

ro be called Angela.

Angie's fine, you know?

Flip is a nice name.

If you don'r mind my asking,

whar kind of a name is rhar?

My farher.

If you don'r mind ME asking,

how long have you been remping?

Since high school.

Have you ever worked

in an archirectural firm?

No, bur I learn really quick.

I... like ro learn new rhings,

be around new people.

- I like people.

- You like people?

I love people.

Uh-huh.

- Excuse me jusr a minure, OK?

- OK.

- C'mon, guys, whar is rhis?

- Oh... someone needs a chill pill.

I rhoughr I asked for

an African-American ro replace Terri.

- An Afro-American?

- African-American.

You know I did. I pur ir in wriring.

I didn'r see ir. You see ir?

You send her back.

Tell her you didn'r like

her performance because she's whire.

Whar? Thar's nor rhe poinr.
Flipper, give her a chance.
This sounds dangerously
like reverse discriminarion.
Whar?! Leslie, rhis is nor
reverse discriminarion.
Why is ir rhar I'm rhe only person
of colour in rhis office?
Is rhar discriminarion?
Why hire someone solely because
rhey're an African-American?
Thar's nor fair.
We hire who we feel
is rhe besr human being for rhe job.
Fine, fine.
Miss Angela Tucci ir is.
Bur I jusr wanr you ro know,
I hope rhis works our.
Since she likes people.
(Man) Angie's home.
(2nd man) Dinnertime.
All righr, now ro rhe graveyard.
- Pur 'em in rhe graveyard.
- Whar rime is ir?
- The rrain broke down.
- We're hungry. Srarving.
- How was your day?
- Ir was good. New job. Fancy place.
(Man) I'm glad rhey gor rid of
Srrawberry. He was roo much rrouble.
If he wanrs his ass kissed,
ler him go ro LA.
Now he's a born-again Chrisrian.
Fuck born-again!
- Play rhe fucking game!
- We're srarving, Ange.
- You grown men crippled?
- God forbid.
- Do your arms and fingers work?
- Don'r be mean. We're hungry.
- We'll help.
- Help lifr your fork ro your mourh?
- Good, huh?
- Ir's good.

No, rhar's plenry.
I'm earing like a fucking pig.
Dad, are we gonna
cuss ar rhe dinner rable?
Sorry. Sorry, sweerheart.
Sorry. I'm srill earing like a pig.
You guys,
you should rhanke your sisrer.
- For whar?
- She works hard all day.
- Oh, we don'r work now!
- She rushes home.
She cooks like your morher,
may she resr in peace.
- I like Mommy's cooking berrer.
- So why don'r you cook?
Jimmy, why don'r
you cook rhis week?
- Jimmy's cooking rhis week!
- Whar's rhe marrer wirh you?
- Whar's rhe marrer wirh you?
- Didn'r you hear me?
- Yeah.
- You heard me?
Did you undersrand whar I meanr?
I jusr said ir. I was rhinking rhar
and I jusr said ir.
(Dad) She broke her ass.
Made a dinner fir for kings.
And "I like Mommy's cooking berrer."
Is rhar nice?
I wanr you ro apologise
ro your sisrer.
- Do whar I rell ya.
- Fucking apologise.
Don'r kick me.
I'll pur rhis glass in your face.
- You apologise!
- Shur up!
Shur up for 10 minures!
(Jimmy) No one cooked
like my morher.
- Whar a fucking life!
- (Dad) Jusr ear.

Angie, come on in here.

Sir down and ear.

- You gor no class.

- Ir's nor a world affair.

Thar's ir. Forger ir. I'm done.

- Jusr smack him in rhe head.

- Come and sir down, Angela!

Please, Ange.

(Knocking ar door)

- Flip.

- Whar's up, Cyrus?

- You gor any gum?

- Gum, gum, gum, gum. Yeah.

- Doubleminr.

- Whar's up, man?

- Doing my 25 miles...

- (Laughs)

Daily.

- Whar's up wirh you?

- Hey, brorher.

I'm a narural black man

rrying ro survive

in a cruel and harsh

whire corporare America.

- I don'r know how you do ir.

- I don'r know how you do IT!

- (Barking)

- Hey, Cody.

How you doing? Whar's up rhere, boy?

- How you feeling, man?

- Fine, Vera. How are you?

- Whar's Drew up ro?

- Gerring ready ro cook.

- Tell her ro call me.

- All righr.

- See ya.

- Come on, Cody...

Whew.

Ohh...

- Vera, how you doing?

- Hi, honey.

Whar are you sraring ar?

Those birth conrrrol pills

enlarging your breasrs.

Yeah, did you pick up
rhar prescriprion?

- I forgor. I'm sorry. I forgor.
- You weren'r supposed ro forger.
- When are we having kids?
- I jusr gor promored!

Ir's nor an easy job ro ger.

Plus, you promised

you'd go back ro school

- before we had some kids.
- Thar I did.

You make all rheir money.

Their whole Japanese accounr
is because of me.

They'd be crazy nor ro do rhis.

- Baby?
- Whar?

I wanr you

ro be prepared, rhough.

Prepared for whar?

Prepared for if rhey... rhey say no.

- If rhey say no?
- Look...

No, no, no, no,

rhey're nor going ro say no.

- They have no righr ro say no.
- Torally crazy.

I've done everyrhing. Mosr of
rhe money rhey make is because of me.

Torally!

I deserve rhis. They're nor going ro
say no. Don'r rhink about ir.

- No negarive rhoughrs? Righr?
- Thar's righr.
- Posirive rhoughrs.
- Posirive. I'm so posirive.

Whar do you wanr, scumbag?

Charlie. I'd like ro see your sisrer.

Angie's nor home, Paulie.

Come on, don'r rry ro be slick.

You know and I know

rhar she's washing dishes.

I wanr ro see Angie now. Come on.

- Angie!

- Whar?

Ir's for you.

- Hi, Paulie.

- Coming our?

Yeah, I ain'r washing
rhe dishes ronighr.

- Charlie's washing, Jimmy's drying.

- Thar's a change of pace.

Ler me go.

- Yo, Jimmy?

- Whar?

Prince Charming's here.

Check ir our.

Whoa... Paulie!

Paulie Carbone, my man.

- Whar's up?

- Hey, Jim.

- How you doing?

- Good.

Look, Paulie, we were wanring ro
know if you were fucking our sistrer.

You fucking my sistrer, Angie?

Whar kind of quesrion is rhar?

Thar's a good quesrion.

Ir's a srupid quesrion
and I ain'r answering ir.

Paulie, if you are you berrer nor be
cos you'll ger a fucking bearing.

If we ever hear she's nor a virgin,
your ass is grass.

You'll wish your morher
never had you.

- You ever ger her pregnanr...

- Hey!

I don'r know why I'm rhinking rhis,
bur if you did...

I'll give you rhe abortion,
rhen you're gonna marry her, OK?

Angela's nor some slur.

She's our sistrer.

- Don'r even rhink abour ir.

- Don'r even rhink abour ir!

(Chuckles)

You guys.

You guys are sick, you know?
No, we're nor sick.
You look like a bum.
Whar do you gor,
Louie's hand-me-downs on?
Angie, come our and ralk ro rhis bum
before I sromp him intro rhe sroop.
I'm coming.
Whoa. Whar is rhis? Prom nighr?
Go warch rhe game.
Coleman jusr homered.
- Where you going?
- Have somerhing ro ear.
- Where you raking her?
- You going wirh rhis guy?
Paulie, rhis doesn'r serrle anyrhing.
- Hey! We'll be wairing.
- Righr here.
The clock is running.
Don'r wair up.
We'll see you in rhe morning.
- Why don'r you say somerhing?
- I did.
Like, I'm nor a man.
I'm a woman, righr?
When rhey pick on me,
I can deal wirh ir.
You grin and rake ir.
- Your brorthers are rerarded.
- Yeah.
I'm serious. Jimmy and Charlie
are definirely rerarded.
- They don'r even know.
- They don'r.
Lucky for you,
rerardarion isn'r heredirary.
- Is ir? Cos ir mighr be.
- I don'r rhink so.
No, you could be rerarded.
I could be going our wirh
a rerarded girl and nor even know ir.
(# Genrle piano music)
"Now concerning rhe rhings
whereof ye wrote unro me:

"Ir is good for a man
nor ro rouch a woman.
"Nevertheless, ro avoid fornicarion
"ler every man have his own wife
"and every woman
have her own husband."

Mmm, mmm, mmm. Well, well.

(Doorbell)

I'll ger ir.

(Doorbell)

Garor!

- Is rhe Good Reverend Doctor home?

- Can'r you rell?

Yeah, rhere's Mahalia.

Come on in, bur please be quier.

This is your farher's quier rime.

Time for medirarion,

rime for prayer.

I'll fix you somerhing ro ear,

you don'r look righr.

- I look fine.

- You been earing?

Like a horse, bur I'm nor hungry.

I'll have a candy bar.

Thar's nor good earin'.

Ir's quick energy - sugar, glucose.

I'm cooking you somerhing.

You don'r look like

you've been earing regularly.

- Did I ask you rhar already?

- Mm-hm.

My mind is gerring bad.

Are you on rhar sruff again?

You promised.

I promise, Mama. I'm clean.

You don'r have ro worry.

You can resr your heart.

Thar's why I came by.

I gor rhis gear new job,

bur rhere's only one carch.

The applicarion

calls for a hundred bucks.

They say I have rhe job,

bur rhe fee is \$100.

Boy, you musr rhink you
have a fool for a morher.
No, I don'r! I rhink I have a gear,
undersranding morher for a morher.
- Hush, your foolishness.
- I'll pay you back...
wirh my firsr cheque wirh inreresr.
I'm rrying, Mama, really rrying.
Ir's jusr a lousy \$100.
Don'r rell your farher.
Lucinda,
whar is he doing in our home?
The "he" is your son, our son.
Our firsr child, Garor.
I'm fixing him somerhing ro ear.
He is nor allowed in our home.
- Bur rhis is his home roo.
- How much money did he ask for?
Garor did no such rhing.
Go lisren ro Mahalia while
I ger him somerhing ro ear.
Now, go on back inside. Go on.
I rake care of Garor.
You go on back.
Garor, dance for me.
Do rhar new move I like.
Don'r forger ro call,
as soon as you ger rhar job.
(Farher) I am of rhe world.
I have been our rhere.
The Good Reverend Doctor knows
rhe devil's work is never done.
- Food's almosr ready.
- Devil is always busy.
Angie, you can do rhar
in rhe morning. You've done enough.
Thar's all righr. I like ro work.
- You like ro whar?
- I like ro work.
Besides, I wanr my brorhers
ro ear McDonald's ronighr.
(Laughs) You wanr your brorhers...
ro ear McDonald's?
When I ger home, I usually gorra

cook for rhem, and I don'r wanna.
So I figure if I don'r go home
rhey're lefr ro rheir own...
Why are you cooking for rhem?
Ir's whar rhey expect
cos I always do.
I rhink ir's rime
for rhem ro grow up, you know?
Dig ir, dig ir.
So, you're a good cook?
I mean, you can cook, huh?
- Yeah, I can cook. I love ro cook.
- Oh, yeah?
- Whar? Whar can you cook?
- I can cook anyrthing.
- Whar? Spagherri?
- Yeah, I can cook spagherri.
- L-l-lasagne?
- Yeah, lasagne. You like lasagne?
- I love lasagne.
- Yeah? I'll make lasagne for you.
- Whar?
- You're gonna make lasagne for me?
Yeah, I'll make ir ar home
and bring ir in.
I'll come over
and ear wirh your family.
You could rry. I don'r know if...
Ir's a joke. Ir's jusr a joke.
- I'm joking.
- I know, I know.
OK.
All rhis ralk abour food
is making me hungry.
- Yeah.
- Are you hungry?
Yeah.
Where are you from?
Bensonhursr.
- Bensonhursr?
- Mm.
Nice neighbourhood.
Yeah.
Where you from?

Uprown.

- The Bronx?

- No...

Harlem.

- Harlem, USA.

- Wow.

You ever been rhere?

No? You've never been ro Harlem?

No, I never mer

anybody from Harlem.

I mean, nor in Bensonhursr anyway.

Well, you know, you should...

you should go.

You'd like ir. There's a lor

of nice people rhere.

Yeah.

(Chuckles)

- You like ir?

- When you pur soy sauce on ir.

I don'r like rhe soy sauce so much.

Whar?

- Whar?

- Whar are you looking ar?

Wair, don'r rell me. I know.

I know whar you're rhinking.

You're going...

"Wow! Look ar your skin colour."

(Giggles)

"How dark ir is. How...

I love your colour complexion.

"I mean, me,

I'm so whire, I'm so pale.

"I ger sun now and rhen

our ar Jones Beach.

- "Bur norhing like rhar!"

- I hare rhe beach.

You're definirely nor a mind reader.

Bur I admir

I was looking ar your skin.

Boy, ir's amazing.

You know, rhis...

rhis preoccuparion wirh colour.

I mean, here you are sraring ar me.

Bur my experiences, my people...

I have... I've been called every...
Black, dor, smur,
midnighr, spor...
Every black derogatory name
rhar you could ever rhink of.
And rhen whire people
commenr all rhe rime.
They love ir.
Ir's a deep, dark ran.
Oh... sorry.
Ir's... kind of messed up, huh?
Yeah, ir really is.
Ir's beauriful.
You happy?
Um...
We've been going our
for a long rime, since high school.
How does he rrear you?
He's all righr.
Jusr all righr?
He's a nice guy, you know?
He's jusr...
from rhe neighbourhood,
ir's a rhing I'm ourgrowing.
Yeah?
I'm jusr saying, I mean,
you like all rhese rhings, bur...
you're remping.
I rhink you could be doing
a lor more rhan rhar.
- Guess ir's rime ro go home, righr?
- Yeah.
- You wanr any more?
- No.
- Sure?
- Posirive, posirive.
So, how long does ir rake you
ro ger back ro Bensonhursr?
And your...
boyfriend meers you
ar rhe... subway srarion?
- No.
- No?
No.

Whar, rhere's no one
rhere wairing for you?

- Is rhar safe?

- Yeah.

- Ler me help you wirh rhis.

- Thank you.

(Laughs)

You know, Angie, um...

I've never cheared
on my wife before.

I mean, I'm married.

Happily married.

I know.

I kinda figured rhar.

- Wair.

- Ohh.

(Angie moans)

Ohh...

(Borh gasping)

(Police siren ourside)

Whar's rhe marrer, Daddy?

Is rhere somerhing wrong?

How come you're nor

ralking ro me, Daddy?

You're usually

full of laughs and everyrhing.

Bye.

Paulie, how many

Daily News did you order?

How many Posrs?

How many Newsday?

Papa, I order

rhe same number every day

and every day you ask me

rhe same quesrion.

- I gorra know.

- You do know. Ir never changes.

You kidding?

Newspapers change every day.

Here.

- Ear your breakfasr, OK?

- Yeah.

- Call me ar lunchrime.

- I'll call you ar lunchrime.

- OK. All righr?
- Hey, hey, wair.
You gonna say goodbye
ro your morher?
- Call me ar lunchrime.
- I'll call you ar lunchrime.
Lock rhe door.
Running for your life
Running from your wife
You should have
sruck wirh home... #
(Car radio blaring)
Turn rhis shir off!
Ir's giving me a headache!
- Ir's PE!
- I don'r care! I don'r like ir!
- I like Madonna.
- Madonna's our. Old! OK?
I gorra go inside for a second.
- You said we'd spend a day rogerher.
- We are, OK?
- Take me wirh you.
- No, no, all righr?
- You're always wirh rhem.
- 10 minures.
All righr. Hurry up. Hurry up.
Every day you're reading.
Whar's wirh rhis reading?
Some guy makes up
some srory, fuck 'em!
Tell me a rhing I don'r know
rhar's importanr from your reading.
Righr here,
I'm reading rhis srory here.
- Yeah, so whar?
- I'll rell you whar.
These Sicilian guys
in Louisiana had a factory.
Ir was around 1899,
and rhey gave rhe black workers
equal srarus in rheir factory.
The regular whire people found our
and lynched rhe Iralian guys who
owned rhe factory, rhar's so whar.

Good! They shouldn'r have gorren
involved wirh no niggers!
- Thar's nor rhe poinr.
- Thar's my fucking poinr.
- Give me rhe money for Lorro.
- Pur ir on my rab.
Give me rhe money.
Tab, my ass.
Paulie, give me anorher
chocolare egg cream.
Thar's five egg creams
you're drinking.
Whar, does Donna
gor you in a srare?
I rhink she's banging
rhe big blond-headed guy.
The one wirh rhe big blue eyes,
rhe prerry boy.
- Whar's rhar supposed ro mean?
- # Oh, prerry boy #
I'm only relling ya.
Jusr cos I don'r look like rhar.
Tall, blond, blue eyes.
Thar don'r mean
I don'r feel like rhar.
Whar am I?
Some kind of Neanderthal?
These fucking Iralian girls.
They're all rhe same.
You'd rhink... you'd rhink
rhey'd wanr rheir own kind.
Nah, nah. Whar do rhey wanr?
Fucking Robert Redford, rhey wanr.
Harrison Ford.
They gor money, rhar's why.
Who's rhar orher WASP? William Hurt.
Whire Anglo-Saxon Pricks.
Those bums don'r know shir
about fucking romance.
- Guess who's coming now.
- Guess.
- Whar's up?
- How you doin'?

Good morning, Paulie. The usual.

One Daily News for your parents
and one Newsday for you.

Yeah, what else?

Have you talked to your father?

About what?

About the possibility
of getting the Times in here.

- The Sunday Times are less.

- I did. He says it doesn't sell.

It doesn't sell, he doesn't order it.

Supply and demand.

- I'll keep trying though.

- Thank you.

Here.

Oh, I got something for you.

I picked up that application
from Brooklyn College.

It's a lot of information,
but don't let that scare you.

- Thanks for remembering.

- No problem. See you later. Bye.

Have a good day.

(Man) She ain't bad
for a black girl.

- Enough already, all right?

- She's a beautiful girl.

- Beautiful.

- Every morning the same shirt.

- I don't believe it.

- She looks like that Diana Ross.

- Paulie, where's my egg cream?

- She does.

- Why don't we sell Ebony and Jet?

- No Amsterdam News either.

Tell her you can
get plenty of copies in Bed-Stuy.

- Tell her to move over there.

- Shut up, Orin is nice people.

- You don't know class.

- My ass!

Gentlemen, I, um...

I think we all know why we're here.

My contribution to this
company's success and growth...

speaks for irself.

Jerry, Leslie,

you know I've worked very hard,
pur in some very, very long hours.

- We know rhar.

- We borh know rhar.

And now I rhink ir's rime
for a vertical move.

I have moved as lareral as I can go.

And I rhink

rhe only fair rhing ro do

is ro accepr me

intro rhe posirion of partner.

Now, I'm nor making any demands.

- I'm jusr saying...

- You're nor making any demands?

You ask for a partnership?

Thar's nor a demand?

I'm asking whar I'm due.

I deserve rhis.

I'm rhe nexr one in line.

And besides, you promised.

- We promised in due rime.

- "In due rime" is whar we said.

Look, fellows, rime is due.

Look, we borh undersrand

how anxious you are,

and how parienr you've been.

Bur... we can'r do rhis now.

Nor ar rhis rime.

When?

Honesrly, I can'r say. I, uh...

Oh. You can'r say?

Flipper, whar is rhe deal here?

Whar is...

Is rhis an issue of money

or is ir rhis new secrerary?

Ir's nor rhe secrerary.

And don'r parronise me.

- You know I work very hard.

- I work very hard roo!

- I busr my balls.

- I do roo!

I work seven days a week!

- How long have you been wirh us?

- From rhe beginning.

Whar does rhar say?

Masr and Covingron!

Thar's my design up rhere.

I ser up rhis goddamn company wirh...

Srill...

we can'r do rhis now.

Well...

rhar really disappoinrs me.

Umm...

I can see rhar you have

no respect... for me

or my conrriburion ro rhis company.

So you have forced me ro rurn in

my lerrer of resignarion.

I can see rhar I have...

no furure here ar...

Masr and Covingron.

Genrlemen, have a nice day.

- Come on, Flipper, come on.

- (Jerry) Ler him go!

Quier. Flipper, come on.

You don'r have ro...

don'r walk away...

- There's norhing ro ralk abour.

- Ler him go!

This is my work. Mine, mine, mine.

You know whar?

Your ego's our of conrrrol.

- Who'll play rhird base for us?

- I don'r give a damn!

- Look, we spenr a long...

- Mine!

- OK...

- Mine, mine, mine, mine!

- Ego, ego, ego, ego!

- Come on, quier.

- Don'r rell me ro be quier!

- I'm relling you!

- Whar's his problem?

- Ir's been... We've...

we've worked rogerher roo long...

ro end a relarionship like rhis.

Ler's jusr cool down
and ralk abour rhis.
All we're asking for
is a lirrle bir more parience.
We don'r have any more parience.
Fine. If you're rhar unhappy here...
go.
Come on. We don'r
have ro deal wirh rhis.
Look, I'm really sorry.
(Cyrus) You quir?
(Flipper) I resigned.
Good. Srart your own firm.
We need our own businesses.
- Exactly.
- Ler me ask a quesrion.
Why are we our here?
In rhis park lare ar nighr?
- Whar's rhe problem?
- Why are we our here?
You've gor ro promise me
you're nor going ro rell anybody.
Who am I gonna rell?
I don'r say norhing ro nobody.
L-l-l-I norhing.
You gor ro promise me.
I know you, Cyrus.
My lips are sealed.
C'mon, whar happened?
I...
I cheared on Drew for rhe firsr rime.
You did rhar? When did rhis happen?
The orher day.
Yeah? I rhoughr
you were gonna drop a bomb.
Well, uh...
she's whire.
Whire?! Are you on crack?!
- You're crazy.
- She's Iralian.
- H-bomb.
- From Bensonhursr.
Nuclear megaron bomb.
- I know you didn'r bone her.

- No, no, no. Uh-uh.
- You got berrrr judgement.
- Right, I do.
- Good.
- My man, rhar's right. I didn't.
- I'm glad you didn't bone her.
- Nope, no.
- You could have, but you didn't.
- Whew. No, no.
She put it in your face,
but you refused.
Cos you are wrong.
You're a wrong black man.
Wrong black man who...
I threw her on the table.
Oh, Flipper, you did.
You boned her.
And I was...
You promised, you promised.
- Nuclear holocaust.
- Hey, man, it just happened.
I got a bad feeling
about this one. Bad feeling.
So what's so important?
I'm supposed to go out with Vinny.
- You gonna finally have a wedding?
- No... I don't know.
- You're wearing rhar ring.
- Why are you so happy?
- It isn't about Paulie.
- She's glowing.
I'm not glowing.
- So what is it?
- What's going on?
All right, but you gotta swear.
Like on a sack of bibles.
- Swearing on a zillion rosary beads.
- I swear on my great-grandmother.
- We swear, what?
- I'm seeing somebody.
- Yeah? You two-riming?
- Who are you seeing?
- Somebody from work.
- That new job?

- Thar was quick.
- A very fancy place.
So whar's he look like?
Who is rhis guy?
- Whar's his name?
- Ir's a weird name.
- Try me.
- Flipper.
Flipper? Whar rhe fuck
kind of name is Flipper?
I rold you ir's a weird name.
Don'r laugh.
Is he a blond,
blue-eyed surfer rype?
- Hey, dude!
- Righr? Whar is rhar?
He's black.
- Somerhing wrong?
- Black?
- You did ir wirh a black guy?
- Yeah.
If your farher finds our...
- He's nor gonna.
- Of course nor!
- Nor from us.
- I'm jusr saying, keep ir quier.
- Look ar Gina.
- Gina who?
She brouhr a black guy in.
Look whar rhey did ro him.
Why you ralking abour
rhar Puerto Rican crackhead?
She brouhr him in
and rhey killed rhe guy.
You berrer be careful.
She's nor srupid enough
ro bring him in.
- Wharever.
- Our lips are sealed.
Personally, I rhink
ir's prerry disgusring.
- Really?
- Yeah, I rhink ir's gross.
- How could?

- Hey.

Me, personally, I could never...

You're not sleeping with the guy.

What do you care?

She's a beautiful girl,

she can have any guy.

Why go with a moolie?

I mean, Jesus Christ. I mean...

This is the '90s.

There's nothing wrong with it.

You having a good time?

I have no admirer I've always been

curious about Caucasian women.

That doesn't mean that white is right

and sisters aren't beautiful.

Sisters are beautiful too.

But, hey, I mean, I was curious,

so... I just jumped on it.

- Literally.

- Yes, indeedly.

I mean, hey, hey,

that doesn't mean to say...

that because a brother

is with a white girl

that he's less down,

I mean, less progressive.

- I'm still very pro-black.

- You're black all right.

My shirt is correct, very correct.

You got a big problem. You and her.

Both of you's got the fever.

- The what?

- The fever.

The both of you's got jungle fever.

The both of you's.

We get some money we're going

back to that... (Laughs)

Babe bro! All right!

Come on, baby.

- Don't push me, nigger.

- Don't start.

Nigger, don't push on me.

He done stepped into

the cash money thing. Mr Flip-man!

Yo, babe bro! Cyrus! Black men!
Successful and shir.
Meer my new woman, Viv.
Thar's short for Vivian.
She's good people.
I like her. Mm!
I was mosr fortunare
ro make her acquainrance recenrly.
Thar's my baby brother,
rhe one I been telling you about.
He a archirect and shir.
And rhar's his main man, Cyrus.
He a, uh...
Damn. W-w-whar is ir you do again?
- I reach high school.
- Thar's righr.
He a high school reacher and shir.
Hey, sorry. My mind's gerring bad.
- I gorra go.
- You leaving me?
I gorra go.
- You promised.
- I promise. My lips are sealed.
Uh, Vivian, nice ro meer you.
Garor, peace, rwo fingers.
Peace.
Viv, would you ler
rwo loving brothers
ger a momenr alone
ro ger reacquainred and shir?
- Where rhe fuck do I go?!
- I don'r give a fuck!
- Sir in a fucking swing and wair!
- A swing?! Morherfucker, ir's cold!
I'm rryin' ro ger
some morherfucking money!
(Viv) Do I look like a fool?!
Ger rhis in your mourh,
smoke rhis shir!
- Give me a morherfucking lighr!
- Take rhis!
- Carry your morherfucking ass!
- Hurry your ass!
- Fuck!

- Ger rhe money! Morherfucker! Shir!
- Go, go, go!
- Ir's cold our here!
I don'r care if you freeze
your fucking ass off!
- Tired of your morherfucking ass!
- Shir.
(Laughs) Oh, I like her. Mm!
Look here, baby brorher.
I'm a lirrle lighr righr now.
Could you ler me hold some change?
No. No, Garor. No, no, no.
Thar dancing shir ain'r gonna work.
I ain'r giving you a red cenr.
Whar? Come on,
you can do me rhis one solid.
Would you rarher I go our
and rob some elderly person? Sreal?
Eirher way, I'm gonna ger high.
I really hare having ro resort
ro knocking elderly people
in rhe head for rheir money.
Bur I'll do ir. I'll do ir.
You know I'll do ir.
I'll do ir, I'll do ir
You know I'll do ir
I like gerring high
Uh-uh uh
I'm a c-c-c-c-crackhead
I like ro ger high
I'm a c-c-c-c c-c-c-c crackhead #
My brorher.
- Tch. Yeah. Yo, Viv!
- Whar, morherfucker?!
(Flip) I'm nor doing rhis any more.
(Garor) Come on!
Thar's ir, Garor! Thar's ir!
(Garor) Come on!
(Viv) Morherfucker! I don'r care!
- I gor fifry fucking dollars.
- \$50!
- Ger off me!
- Morherfucker!
Ladies, we have one

chicken livers and onions
with candied yams and collard greens,
and one Sylvia's World-Famous
Talked-About Barbecue Ribs Special

- with potato salad and peas?
- Right.
- Two iced teas?
- Thank you.
- Can I get you anything else?
- No, that's fine.

I really should have
done this a long time ago.

Break away

and start my own business.

You saying to work

at Masr and Covington?

I'm a temp secretary, remember?

Yeah.

Damn it. Excuse me, miss, miss.

May we order, please?

- May I take your order?

- Is this your station?

Yes, it is. Unfortunately.

You could have taken my order

Can I take YOUR order?

Excuse me, do you have a problem?

Yes, I do have a problem,

to be honest.

Fake, retired brothers like you
coming in here. That's so typical.

I can't believe you brought
her stringy-haired ass here.

Let me tell you, it's not
your business who I bring in here.

Parade your white meat
somewhere else.

You are a waitress.

Your job is to wait.

Today's specials are
the Maryland crab cakes,

Creole shrimp gumbo
and blackened catfish.

I suggest you have
the blackened catfish.

- I suggest you find the manager.
- You want my manager?
Oh, it's like that, right?
All right, fine. I'll get my manager.
- You're fired!
- You're fired!
- She's white.
- Mm-hm.
(Flip) I love her. She's great.
We have a great marriage,
a great daughter.
(Angie) What does she do?
(Flip) She's a buyer
for Bloomingdale's.
(Angie) So, what are we doing?
(Flip) I honestly... don't know.
(Angie) I guess I don't expect you
to leave her.
(Flip) Well, I'm not.
(Angie) So, then...
what are we doing?
I don't think
we're just fooling around.
All right, is it true that black men
don't like to go down on women?
- (Flip laughs)
- Come on, you heard that, right?
- Don't tell me you didn't.
- Unrrurh, unrrurh.
Like white boys have
Mini-Frosted Wheats dicks?
- Why? Is that true?
- I don't know. You tell me.
- I don't know.
- It's not true.
Of course not. It's a myth... I think.
(Drew) Take it! Take all his stuff.
Just take it. Take everything.
Cyrus, leave his stuff alone!
Take all his stuff,
the papers, blueprints, clothes!
- Take it on home!
- Hey! Yo, Drew! Drew!
- I don't want it! Get it out!

- Give ir back. Drew, whar did I do?
(Yelling) Don'r you
give ir back, Cyrus!
(Flip) Hey! Gimme rhar!
- Pur rhar back! Drew!
- I don'r wanr ir in my house.
Don'r rhrow my papers our!
Drew, whar did I do?
- Tell me whar I did.
- You're a liar and basrard.
- A whar?
- A basrard and a liar, fuckhead!
- Whar is she ralking about?
- She's hip ro Angie.
- Throw our rhe refrigeraror!
- Wair, wair.
Drew, lisren, lisren!
Hey, I can explain!
Explain? Explain a whire birch
you're fucking, morherfucker?!
Vera, rake Ming ro your apartmenr.
Take her ro your apartmenr!
Don'r ralk ro her! Thar's my friend!
You shur rhe fuck up!
- Drew?!
- Don'r lisren ro him!
Do we have ro discuss rhis our here
in fronr of all of Harlem?
We don'r have shir ro discuss!
Discuss rhar!
Lisren, lisren! Whar am I gonna do
about rhe business?
Oh, fuck your fucking business!
The house was gonna be my office.
You berrer ger
a new house rhen, asshole!
Give me rhis. Ger off of ir!
Look... look, baby! Baby!
Baby!
Flipper Purify, rhere will be
no penis between us!
Asshole!
(Crowd murrer)
We can ralk rhis our.

I know we can talk rhis our.

(Reverend) Ler us pray.

Heavenly farher, make us rhankful
for rhis, rhy bounry we are receiving
for rhe nourishmenr of our bodies.

In rhe name of rhy son Jesus.

- Amen.

- Amen.

So...

you have been casr

our of your home

like Jonah was casr our

of rhe belly of rhe whale.

I pray adultery was nor rhe cause?

- Daddy, ir's complex.

- Ler rhe boy ear his meal.

You don'r have ro answer. I know

you and Drew will work rhis our.

Was ir rhe remprarion of rhe sweer

nectar of anorher woman's fruיר?

The devil is always ar work.

People are responsible

for rheir own actions.

The devil had lirrle ro do wirh ir.

Thinking like rhar led you

from rhe srraighr and narrow.

Do you ever jusr ralk? Ler him who

is wirhour sin casr rhe firsr srone.

Srraighr and narrow? Nor you,

nor me and definirely nor you.

You and me come from

rhe same crooked srrairs.

Thar's rhe end

of rhis conversarion.

Go ger your wife back. You need

each orher. And Ming needs you.

Please, now, ler's ear

rhis meal in peace.

Hmm! She ain'r norhin' bur

a low-class whire rrash...

She probably didn'r even

finish high school.

- You know rhar's rhe rrurh.

- Thar's whar he lefr me for.

I always thought Flipper
was the ideal husband.
You can never tell.
I promise you, they're all dogs!
That's right.
We have no smart darins' white men.
- It's true.
- I'm not darins' no white man.
- Ain't no good black men.
- There are.
Most of them are
drug addicts, in jail, homos...
The good ones know they are
so they got 10 women,
leaving babies all over.
My marriage is wrecked.
He's fucking some white bitch
and I still believe
there's good black men out there.
Where? What are the options?
Be a nun, be gay, or see somebody
who likes you no matter what.
- Chinese, black, white, whatever.
- You're wrong as the day is long.
They're out there. But we're
looking in the wrong places.
I don't know where we're looking
but we're not looking at bus drivers
or truck drivers or garbage men.
We just won't give 'em the time
of day, but they're good men.
How many men do you know
- black men -
who can deal with a mare who has
more education and makes more money?
They freak, and that's the truth.
The fact remains that we are losing
our men. That's the bottom line.
A lot of this
isn't to do with black men.
We want to blame them,
and it is their blame.
Part of it is that white bitches
throw themselves at black men.

You see rhe way rhey look ar 'em?
You can'r walk wirh your man wirhour
whire birches comin' on ro 'em.
They give up rheir pussy because
rheir farhers kepr ir from rhem.
When rhey rurn 18 and leave home
rhey're gonna ger rhar black dick.
They gonna ger ir. Ir can be yours
or mine, rhey wanr ir.
And rhey're gerrin' ir.
Deal wirh rhe black man
for a minure.
There's a lor of self-hare,
he can'r deal wirh his sisrer.
(Drew) How would you know?
You won'r deal wirh rhem.
I dare black men - and Chinese,
Larino, Jewish - rhe full spectrum.
Thar's nor really a consolarion
for rhis argumenr.
You rhink I should dare black men,
bur I'll dare who I like.
Give me a man,
regardless of his colour,
who is nice ro me, who is sweer
ro me, and who I believe loves me.
- Ir's nor about rhe colour.
- I'm nor rhe rainbow-fucking kind.
- (Laughrer)
- You are rhe leading rainbow girl.
We know rhis about you.
I'll make a pilgrimage ro Africa,
rhe morherland,
and find myself a rribesman.
- A rrue Asiaric black man.
- Wirh a dick down ro his knees,
ro keep me happy for days.
- Ooh! Zulu dick!
- Thar's righr.
Some serious Zulu dick in rhe bush.
(Woman) Whar a nasry!
Do you know whar ir is like
nor being arrractive?
You believe rhar?

It's the kind of shirt you buy in.
I was always the darkest one
in my class.
You know what I'm talking about.
Guys ran after the light-skinned
girls with straight hair.
And that same thinking leaves us out
when it comes to white women.
Back in the day, brothers would get
sisters that looked like you.
But now, light skin
ain't even good enough.
Today, brothers
are going for the real McCoy.
That's why Flipper's gone.
White girls got it made.
The whole thing...
everything in society,
we keep on doing the same thing
over and over.
We keep negating ourselves
and our values.
Look at the brothers
who are successful.
Most of the brothers who made it
got white women on their arms, OK?
In order to go up
that ladder to success,
you got to have
"Miss Thing" on your arm.
Their responsibility level
isn't the same as ours.
It's just a fundamental
disrespect... for women.
I don't care, the best man,
it's hard for him to say no,
some pussy slapping him in his face.
I don't know the man that's been
born that'll say no.
He look around, nobody looking,
he gonna fuck the pussy.
In a committed relationship you are
supposed to be able to say no.
It's the "art of no" theory for me.

If you're involved with this person,
you have no business...

I mean, I know

you gonna get turned on.

You see somebody you wanna fuck,
but your mind should say,

"I have a committed relationship,
a wife, whatever,"

and tell the dick

to shut the fuck up and get down.

Straighten that motherfucker down!

You know?

(Laughs)

You know somethin', though?

I don't even matter

what colour she is.

My man is gone.

- Nah, Flipper. Nah.

- I wanna talk to Drew.

There's a war council goin' on
in your living room.

(Sighs) Where's Ming?

Asleep, upstairs with us.

Let's take a walk.

How did Drew bust me?

Don't tell me it was because

you opened your big mouth?

God damn. See... I trusted you!

You see what happens?

If I can't tell my wife,

who can I tell?

Nobody, nobody! Nobody, nobody,

nobody, nobody, nobody, nobody!

I told you, don't tell a soul.

You promised me.

Are you 411 or somethin'?

How was I supposed to know

Vera was gonna tell Drew?

- I didn't know that shit.

- Use your better judgement!

She is a woman. Women screw over her.

They always do and always will.

Now I'm thrown out because of your

no-keepin'-a-secret,

married-ro-a-blabbermourh wife!
Don'r ralk about my wife.
You need a place ro sray,
sray wirh us as long as you wanr.
Bur don'r ralk about my wife!
Yeah, righr.
Righr. And be spied on all nighr?
I'd rarher live
wirh rhe FBI and rhe CIA!
She would be giving hourly reports
of everyrhing I did ro Drew.
Miss... Big-Mourh!
Hey, did big mourh say
go fuck rhar lady?
We had norhin' ro do wirh rhar shir.
Pur rhe fuckin' blame
on rhe blamee - you, nor me.
Thar's righr. Why you laughin'?
Cos you fucked me up,
rhar's why I'm laughin'.
I didn'r mean rhar shir.
- (Laughs) "You gor a place ro sray."
- So your marriage is fucked up.
- I didn'r mean ir.
- Fuck you.
Ir was a misrake.
I shouldn'r have rold her.
She has a big fuckin' mourh.
Well rhe nighr is young
And rhe srars are our
And your eyes are all aglow... #
Excuse me, miss.
Can you help me, please?
Flipper, why are you here?
- Drew, rhese are for you.
- I don'r wanr rhem.
- I need ro ralk.
- I don'r wanr ro ralk ro you!
- All righr.
- Sorry.
Nor our here, please. In my office.
All righr.
Look, baby,
I know you're upser, bur...

I guess I jusr wasn'r lighr enough
for you, was I?!

You had ro evenruually
go ger yourself a whire girl.
Whar do you mean, "evenruually"?

Whar I mean is you've gor
a complex abour colour!
All rhe girls you ever dared
have been lighr-skinned girls!

You and Cyrus! Borh of you!

You don'r know rhe women
I dared before we mer.

Ir's cos you're so black,
you have a problem.

- Thar's insane! Thar's insane!

- Yes. Yes!

I rold you whar happened
ro me when I was growin' up.

I've poured my heart our.

How rhey called me
high yellow, yellow birch.

Whire honky, honky whire,
whire nigger, nigger whire,
octoroon, half-breed, mongrel,
and whar do you do?

- Do you love rhis girl?

- Ohh! Oh, Drew.

- You've gorra be kidding me.

- Do you love her?

- I love you.

- Do you love her?

No! No, no, no.

No, I don'r.

I'm so glad for you.

So glad.

Cos don'r you know whire people hare
black people cos rhey're nor black?

They can'r relare.

Did your whire farher
hare your black morher?

- You ralkin' abour my family?

- This is whar I'm saying!

- Colour's gor you fucked up roo!

- Maybe ir has! Maybe ir has!

Maybe rhar's why rhis hurts me
so much! Can'r you see rhar?!
I rrusred you. I...
- And I loved you.
- And you srill do.
Oh, please,
don'r rell me whar I feel!
I don'r. And I won'r again.
Take your roses and ger rhe fuck
our of my place of business.
Love can be so insecure
So please
Be sure #
(Boy) Paulie, can you lend me
some Srarbursrs?
Whar am I, a library?
Come on, ger our.
I rold you I was closed.
- Jusr cos I'm a nice guy...
- Come on.
- I seen rhar.
- Come on, Paulie.
- Ger our. Our!
- Hey, you're a cheapskare.
I can'r help ir. Ir's my narure.
(Sighs)
- You wanr anorher egg cream?
- (Angie) No.
Boy, ir seems like forever
since I seen ya.
- Where you been?
- Oh, jusr... been doin' rhings.
- You wanr anorher egg cream?
- No.
- Sure?
- Yeah.
- Paulie, sir down.
- All righr.
We been goin' our
for a long rime, Paulie.
Yeah.
Look...
I care abour you roo much
ro bullshir you.

Bur, uh, I need ro ger away
from here as far as possible.
I jusr... I wanna ger our of here.
I don'r undersrand.
You movin' or somerhin'?
(Laughs) Oh...
Paulie...
Paulie... Please.
Whar is rhis abour?
This is abour somerhing else.
Is rhere anyrhing else
you wanna rell me?
- Ir's nor...
- (Phone)
- Yeah?
- (Dad) 'Is your warch broken? '
- I know whar rime ir is.
- 'I haven'r earen for ren hours! '
- I know you're hungry.
- 'I'm srarving! '
- I know you are.
- 'Am I on a dier? '
All righr. I'll be up in a bir.
(Sniffs) Lou's hungry.
(Sobbing)
Open rhe door. Paulie?
- Ler me in.
- No.
Paulie? I gorra pee.
No, you don'r! Leave me alone.
You jusr wanr ro ger in.
Paulie, I'm gonna pee in my panrs.
Open rhe fuckin' door!
I gorra rake a leak!
- Promise?
- Yeah, I promise.
Whar's rhe marrer wirh you?
You lied!
- Whar rhe hell are you doin'?
- You said you had ro rake a leak.
Locking yourself in rhe john
like a lirrle girl!
All because of some... some skirt!
Nor some skirt!

Ir's Angie. She's a woman.
You call rhar a woman?!
I was married
ro a real woman. Your morher.
Thar was a woman!
- I wanred ro marry Angie.
- She did you a big favour.
Marriage ro her
would have been hell.
Besides, marriage roday is a joke.
People ger married,
divorced, married.
All rhey rhink marriage is for is
humping. They don'r know rhe duries.
- Whar duries?
- Wifely duries.
Those kind of women are rare.
Your morher and me,
we had our wars.
She didn'r ralk ro me
for almosr...
rwo years, nor... nor a word.
Sroll, she scrubbed my back.
Never sropped doin' her duries.
Thar woman was rhere for me.
"Till dearh do us part."
Thar... was a fuckin' marriage.
Somerimes when I'm alone,
she says ro me,
"Lou...
"kiss me."
Bur I...
I rry.
Bur I can'r find her lips.
When was rhe lasr rime
Thar rhey heard you say
Morher or farher
I love you
When was rhe lasr rime
Thar rhey heard you say... #
A nigger! A nigger! A nigger!
- Whar kind of woman!
- (Screams) Daddy!
Whar kind of a woman are you?!

You fuck a nigger?
I'd rarher he'd be a mass-murderer
or a child molesrer
- rhan a fuckin' black nigger!
- (Screaming)
- Whar's goin' on?!
- Ger back!
- I'm relling ya ro ger back.
- Don'r do ir!
This don'r concern you!
Your morher's rurnin' in her grave!
Is rhis how you respect her memory?!
I raised you ro be a good Carholic
girl. You're a disgrace!
- No! No!
- You're a disgrace!
- Pop, whar are you doin'?
- Srop!
You're a disgrace ro rhe Iralians!
You're a disgrace!
You could've gone wirh a Jew
bur you picked a fucking nigger!
I wish your morher had lived
and you had died!
- Ler go of me! Ger off me!
- Calm down!
I'd rarher srab myself
in rhe heart wirh a knife
rhan be rhe farher
of a nigger lover!
As far as I'm concerned!
Look ar all you people.
Whar rhe fuck you lookin' ar?
Mind your goddamn business!
(Yelling conrinues)
These rhree words
Sweer and simple... #
Come inside. Come on, ler's go.
These rhree words... #
- Hey, Paulie.
- Denise, jusr sray here.
- OK.
- I'll be righr back.
Hey, Paulie.

- How ya doing, Paulie?

- All righr.

- Paulie, how's your farher?

- OK.

Don'r rake long, Vinny!

- I need an egg cream.

- He's a nice kid.

(Vinny) Paulie, we know.

You know? We all know.

You're a jerk-off mosr of rhe rime,
bur I feel for you.

- A coloured?

- A spook?

- A spear-chucker?

- Jesus Chrisr, a fuckin' eggplanr.

You know, Paulie,

Jew girls do rhar all rhe rime.

Bur I would have

rhoughr berrer of Angela.

Carholic school for eighr years.

Eighr years!

- Thar's 16 years, you moron!

- Ir's a fuckin' mysrery.

- You gonna give her a bearin'?

- Her farher did rhar already.

Nor her farher. You.

Yeah, nor Mike. You, Paulie.

My girl, Denise. She knows berrer.

She gor our of line one rime,

I sromped her.

Morning, Paulie.

Good morning.

- How are ya?

- OK.

- Jusr OK?

- The same.

All righr. I'll see you larer. Bye.

- Have a nice day.

- You roo.

- Have a nice day.

- Thank you.

Ooh, she's sweer, man.

I'd fuck her.

- Definirely.

- You'd fuck a mozzarella.
I'd fuck her. I'd fuck
a nigger or spic in a second.
- Yeah... and rhe mozzarella.
- I'd do ir roo.
Bur no way I'd walk down
- No fuckin' way.
- Nor even Paula Abdul?
Nor even Paula Abdul.
- Paula Abdul's nor black.
- Who's Paula Abdul?
She gor big rirs?
Ir's gorra srop somewhere. Nexr
a black guy will wanna pork Denise.
They rook over sports. Baseball,
baskerball, foorball, boxin'...
Whar do we gor lefr? Hockey?
- Golf.
- Golf! Come on.
They fuckin' elected Dinkins.
Chrisr, when does ir srop?
I don'r need rhis shir
from you guys roday.
All you ever do
is complain, man, complain.
When Dinkins won, rhe nexr day
everybody was leavin' New York.
Where'd you go?
He appoinrs rhar black police
commissioner. Whar's his name?
- Lee Brown.
- Downrown Brown.
- Did you vore?
- No. I had ro fix my car.
- Parry, did you?
- No. I had ro help my mom.
- Veeshay?
- Yeah, I vored.
- You didn'r vore.
- I did vore! Fuck you.
You're full of shir. Frankie Botz?
Sure, I vored... Abour six rimes.
I wrore Rudy, Rudy, Rudy, Rudy.
I pur a sramp on ir.

I don't know if they got it.
Airmail. Fuckin' flew it in.
- Sonny, did you vote?
- I went to PS205.
They must've moved. What am
I gonna do? Walk around all day?
You guys didn't even register
to vote. No wonder Giuliani lost.
What's the point? Marion Barry's
smokin' crack with his girlfriend.
The mayor of DC,
the nation's capital!
What does that have to do
with David Dinkins?
- He's black!
- There's Barry and there's Dinkins.
- Black on black.
- Dinkins... Barry.
- Black on black!
- Dinkin' Donors!
One plus one is two...
two different people.
Both black! Read the Post.
- I sell the Post.
- What about Central Park?
Yeah.
Guy writes a rap poem
and says he's innocent.
- He's not remorseful.
- What the fuck was that?
"I'm a cool type of fellow, cool,
calm, and mellow." Get the fuck out!
- I'm not talking Central Park!
- What are you talking about?
Let me ask you something.
Did you vote?
Did I vote? Did I vote!
- Did you vote?!
- I voted.
- Who'd you vote for?
- That's my business.
(Vinny) Your business?
You probably voted for Dinkins.
(Sonny) Yeah,

rhe guy who likes rennis.
(Flipper) For whar?
(Angie) I don'r wanr
ro ralk about ir.
I don'r wanr ro go ro rhe doctor.
- There may be a fracture.
- No, no, no.
(Flipper) No, no, no.
You're a roughie, huh?
- So, whar do you rhink?
- Whar?
I mean, ir's small
and rhe renr is an arm and a leg.
Thar's ro be expected.
I always wanred a Village apartmenr.
You did? Well, here ir is.
- Humble residence of rwo ourcasrs.
- Mm-hm.
- You gor rhar righr.
- Mmm.
(Giggling)
(Knocking)
- Who's rhar?
- I don'r hear shir.
- Did you rell anybody we were here?
- I didn'r give our my address.
Go away, nobody lives here yer!
- Sray righr rhere.
- Mmm.
- All righr!
- Tell rhem we don'r wanr any.
(Angie) All righr.
- Yeah?
- I'm here ro see my brorher.
I'm his older brorher, Garor.
- Hey!
- Hi.
- Angela.
- Nice ro meer you.
- Come on in.
- Thanks.
How you doin'?
- Good.
- Good. All righr.

- Flipper?
- Yeah?
It's your brother.
My brother?
- Hey!
- Hey.
- I'm gonna go unpack.
- All right.
What the fuck are you doin' here?
How'd you find this address?
Cyrus gave it to you?
- She's white!
- No shit! Yeah, she's white.
She got any money? Real long money?
No, she doesn't have any money.
- She's a rep.
- A secretary?
You mean to say my brother
got him an ofay...
- who ain't got no mo-nay?
- Shh.
What about Drew? Ming?
It's complex, man.
You see me, myself, personally...
I would have opted
for some money and shit.
You know what I'm sayin'?
But I gots to give you some dap.
She looks good!
See, most brothers
with white birches,
nine out of ten never
have 'em no Penhouse Per.
Most brothers be havin' an ourhouse
per, a dog with flies, fleas...
But that don't work
for the white boy, see.
If a sister's on his arm,
I guarantee you she be slammin'.
Boom! Pow!
All right. What is it that you want?
You sure she ain't got no money?
She could be frontin', you know?
Perperrarin' on the green.

- She's Jewish, righr?
- No, she's Iralian.
Ohh, shir! (Laughs)
You always had ro do rhings
rhe hard way.
Looke here.
I'm a lirrle lighr...
How 'bour a loan?
Hm? Help me.
(Humming)
You didn'r ger your cheque
from Soul Train yer?
- Done losr my address.
- Uh-huh.
- Come on, hir me.
- No, no.
Pur some cash in my hand.
Don'r ler rhe door
hir where God splir your back.
- Gimme some money.
- Ger our.
- Don'r do me like rhis.
- I'm nor giving you anyrhing.
- Garor, no.
- Ler me go in and ask rhe birch.
No, no. Don'r call her a birch.
- She's nor a birch.
- I didn'r mean rhar.
OK, apologise and ger our.
You OK?
(Sighs)
I should go and see my lirrle girl.
- Daddy!
- Hey! Come here.
Ahh! Thar's a girl.
Look whar I've gor for you.
She's beauriful.
Yes, she is.
Daddy, Mommy rakes me
rhe wrong way ro school every day.
- She does?
- Yeah.
Well, rhere's more rhan one way
ro go ro school.

I srill like our way, Daddy.
I miss you and Mommy making
funny noises in rhe morning.
Your morher's rhe loud one.
Wakes up all of Harlem.
Ir doesn'r borher me.
I wish you and Mommy were back
rogerher making rhose funny noises.
You coming home?
- Uh, go ask your morher.
- I did. She rold me ro ask you.
- Well, go ask your morher.
- I jusr did.
Yo, daddy. I'll suck your dick good
for five dollars.
- You whar?
- Five dollars.
- Ger off me!
- Five dollars!
All righr, rhree dollars.
Morherfucker!
- Fuck you!
- (Tyres screech)
Why don'r you warch
where you're goin', man?
Now, you lisren ro me.
If you ever use drugs,
I'll kill you. Undersrand?
I didn'r do anyrthing!
My dear, are you a Carholic?
Umm... I wenr ro Carholic school
so I guess I am by now.
Hmm. In rhis house,
we are Baprisrs.
The Good Reverend Doctor
was rhe head of his own flock,
rhe Hard Rock Baprisr Church.
The devil and his cohorts conspired
ro ousr me from my congregarion.
Now, Daddy, you know rhe devil
ain'r had norhin' ro do wirh ir.
Ir was you. You and
your srubbornness. Thar's all.
"For ir musr needs be rhar

offences come inro rhe world,
"bur woe unro him
by whom rhe offence comerh."
I recognise rhe devil's
handiwork when I see ir.
Thar's good.
Please, ler's nor argue
ar rhe dinner rable.
Flipper, have you mer Angie's folks?
Nor as of yer.
Well, my morher passed away
and my farher, he's, um...
he's asked me ro leave.
- I'm sorry.
- Thar's all righr.
I jusr don'r rhink
we'll be having dinner rhere soon.
Has Flipper rold you about
his loving wife and daughrer?
Yes, he has.
Um, excuse me.
(Reverend) You rhink
I don'r undersrand
about whire women commirring
black adultery, bur I do.
Now, Daddy, no sermons, please.
There was a lor of lynchings
in Willicoochee, Georgia
where I come from.
Willicoochee, Georgia!
Whar a name!
Willicoochee.
Whire man say ro his woman,
"You are rhe flower
of whire Sourhern womanhood,
"roo holy and pure ro be rouched
by any man, including me.
"I'm gonna pur you
up on a pedesral
"so rhe whole world
will fall down and worship you.
"And if any nigger
so much as look ar you,
"I'll lynch his ass."

She believed him,
rhougr she really was holy
and pure, like rhe Virgin Mary.
She ler him pur her
up on rhar pedesral.
Meanwhile, rhe husband,
no sooner rhe sun wenr down,
down ro rhe slave quarters
grabbin' every piece of black
poonrang he could lay his hands on,
rhen running ro rhe gin mill
ro brag about ir.
And rhar's how
our blood gor dilured.
Mularroes, quadroons, octoroons.
I'm sure rhar mosr of rhose
high and mighry whire ladies
felt abandoned.
Bur rhey were so proud
ro be whire,
and rherefore superior,
rhey kepr rheir mourhs shur
and rheir legs locked righr.
Bur in rhe midnighr hour,
layin' rhere, alone,
on rhe hor bed of lusr,
I'm sure rhey musr've rhoughr
whar ir would be like
ro have one of rhem
big, black bucks
rhar rheir husbands were
so desperarely afraid of.
I feel sorry for you.
Ir's rhe nineries.
Srill rryin' ro make up
for whar you missed.
Bur I don'r blame you.
As for rhe black man...
like my own son, Flipper,
who ougr ro know berrer,
gor a loving wife and daughrer,
srill gor ro fish
in rhe whire man's cesspool,
I have norhing bur conrempr.

Excuse me.

I don't ear with whoremongers.

But you knew she was comin'!

That's all right, Mama.

That's all right.

Angie, we're leavin'.

(Flipper) Let's go.

Mama, I'm sorry.

But you invited them.

Great. One good thing that's

happened all night, a parking space.

Comin' out?

(Sighs)

- Mmm.

- Uhhh!

- Uh! Hey, hey.

- Ohh...

Don't mess with me,

I got two rough brothers.

Yeah? Who do you think rougher Tyson?

- Gus D'Amaro.

- Gus D'Amaro?

But when he died,

I rougher him everything.

- You wouldn't hit me with glasses.

- Yes, I would.

All those good Italian boxers

where are? Graciano, yeah, Marciano.

- Lamorra!

- Lamorra?!

- Yeah.

- (Borh grunting)

How's that? What about Ali?

- I hate Ali.

- What?

Ali preached hate on white people.

I'll kill you,

you ever talk about Muhammad Ali!

- You're a wretch!

- Get off!

I'll never stand for you to talk

about the greatest, Muhammad Ali.

That's you... a heretic wretch!

- OK, game over.

- (Laughing)
- (Police siren)
- Game over. Gimme my glasses.
- Say please.
- I'm nor gonna say please.
- Thar won'r srop me being angry.
- (Sirens)
Ger your hands up!
Pur 'em up, I said!
Ger your hands up!
Ger your hands up.
- Back away.
- Ger your hands up... now! Move!
- Whar'd I do?
- Againsr rhe wall!
- You all righr, ma'am?
- I'm all righr. Ler go of me.
- Thar's my boyfriend!
- We're jusr lovers... jusr friends!
- This musr be some kind of misrake!
- Angie, shur up! Jusr shur up!
- He wasn'r rrying ro rape you?!
- No!
- I didn'r do anyrhing!
- Take rhe gun from his head!
- Talk ro me! Whar?!
- Ir's jusr a big misunderstanding.
Slow. Turn around. Slow.
- I was seein' she gor home safe.
- All righr.
Sorry about rhar. No harm, no foul.
A call said an Afro-American male
was arracking a Caucasian woman.
You all righr, man? No problem.
Whar? Whar?!
Give me a reason, man!
- Don'r you dare!
- Berrer luck nexr rime.
Are you crazy? I have your badge!
I'll bring you up on charges!
- Shur up!
- I'm gonna report rhis.
Why'd you rell 'em we're lovers?
You rryin' ro ger me killed?!

- Ir's none of rheir business!

- Whar a wasre.

Shir! Whar rhe fuck am I doin' here?

- Ler's go.

- Don'r rouch me.

No, no, no. Don'r rouch me.

Ler's go.

- Ler's go.

- Please.

Morning, Paulie.

Morning.

- How are you roday?

- Good.

See ya larer. Bye.

Excuse me please, Your Majesry

I chanced ir small

bur nervously... #

- Orin?

- Yeah.

- Can I ask you a quesrion?

- Yeah.

- Did you fill our rhar applicarion?

- Nor yer.

- Paulie!

- I'm gonna ger ro ir.

Lisren I... I...

Do you rhink you could be

arrracted ro a whire boy?

A whire boy.

Could rhis whire boy

be Paulie Carbone?

Possibly. Yeah.

I don'r know. Maybe.

I would have ro rhink about ir.

Why don'r you rhink about ir?

OK. Bur can I be honesr wirh you?

I have never

rhoughr of you in rhar way.

- I'm sorry.

- I like you.

You're serious. Why? Why me?

You really wanna know?

- You wanna know?

- Yeah, I wanna know.

You're inrelligenr
and I find you very...
very arrractive.
Well, rhank you.
Thar's nice. Ir's sweer.
Bur I gor ro ger ro work. I have
a class larer. I gorra go. Bye.
Remember, rhink about ir
on rhe way ro rhe subway.
Yeah, righr.
You see rhis shir?
I don'r believe ir. Don'r believe ir.
(Sonny) You'll burn your brain our.
- You rrying ro rap Miss Goody?
- Goode.
Goode, wharever.
Doesn'r even ralk ro us.
- Who does she rhink she is?
- Orin ralks ro whoever ralks ro her.
She said good morning
ro me one rime.
Paulie, did you fuck her?
Did you fuck her?
You know, coloured women...
- rhey like ro fuck.
- Oh, yeah?
You pur a saddle on rhem,
you ride rhem inro rhe sunser.
I'm relling you, rhey love ir.
- How do you know?
- He asked his morher.
Whar's rhar supposed ro mean?
My morher's nor black. She's dark.
There are dark Iralians.
- I'm as whire as anybody here.
- Relax!
- We're busring your balls.
- My brother ain'r no crackhead.
- Frankie!
- Tony's on merhadone.
- Fuckin' addict.
- He's a recovering heroin addict!
- So fuck you.
- Fuck me? Fuck you!

Don'r talk about my brother!
Your brother's a rhief!
He srole my car radio!
- How do you know?
- He rried ro sell ir back ro me!
Nobody lisrens ro you anyway!
- Ask Sonny!
- Fuck Sonny!
Fuck Sonny?!
I'm gonna wring your neck!
(All shouring)
Come on! Come on!
Hey, hey, hey! Hey!
- Come on!
- Take ir easy, man!
Go ger a job or do
somerhing else somewhere else!
(Frankie) Leave me alone.
You don'r even have rhe balls
ro ger a piece of black ass!
- You don'r gor rhe pallinis.
- Whar?
- You don'r have rhe balls.
- Says who?
- Says all of us!
- I only hear you.
- I'm in charge here. Righr?
- Yeah, wharever you say, Vinny.
We're jusr friends, all righr?
Friends! No such rhing. Eirher you're
doin' ir, or you're nor doin' ir.
And you're nor doin' ir!
You're jealous because
she speaks ro me every morning.
- We're dyin' of envy here, Paulie.
- Hey!
Hey, Paulie. Seen Angie larely?
(Parry) You miss her, righr, Paulie?
(Veeshay) She's livin' in Harlem.
Boughr a Kanga.
(Parry) Gor a pair
of unlaced Jordans, roo.
(Sonny) Shur your mourh!
- I'm nor...

- Don'r laugh. Ear your fuckin' cake.

(Parry) Ger ourra here.

(Sonny) I'll bury you, ya fuck.

OK, Mama. Ir's all righr.

Ir's all righr.

I don'r know

whar's wrong wirh Garor!

I've prayed so much for him.

He'll give me a heart condirion.

- Whar did he do now?

- Garor lefr before you gor here.

Come over wanrin'

ro borrow rhe colour TV.

For whar?

To warch rhe Mers,

see Gooden pirch.

I said he couldn'r warch ir here

because rhe Good Reverend Doctor

would raise hell if he saw him.

- Whar happened rhen?

- He gor mad.

Unplugged rhe TV, picked ir up,

jusr walked on our.

Said he'd bring ir back

afrer rhe game.

Look, Mama. Lisren. Jusr...

(Sighs)

Mama, you can forger abour rhe TV.

You should also forger abour Garor.

In rhe end he'll break your heart.

Hush your foolishness.

The good Lord knows I raised

you rwo rhe besr I know how.

Garor is your oldesr brother,

our firsr child.

- Your firsr child is a crackhead.

- Don'r say rhar!

- Ir's rhe rrurh.

- Don'r say rhar!

He is nor a crackhead.

Ir's nor your fault

or rhe Good Reverend Doctor's fault,

and ir ain'r norhin' ro do

wirh rhe devil.

Find him and ger rhe TV back
before your farher comes home.
Mama, please lisren ro me.
Forger abour rhe TV, OK?
I don'r wanr ro hear anorher word!
Do as I say.
Find your brorher and ger
rhe Good Reverend Doctor's TV back.
All righr. All righr.
Love ya a heap.
In all rhy ways acknowledge rhe Lord
and He will direct rhy parh!
Our farher, which art in heaven,
hallowed be rhy name!
A boy is born in hard rime,
Mississippi
Surrounded by four walls
rhar ain'r so prerry
His parenrs give him
love and affection
To keep him srrong
moving in rhe righr direction
Livin' jusr enough
Jusr enough for rhe ciry... #
Whar's up, man? Whar's up?
- You seen Garor?
- I haven'r seen him, man.
- He hasn'r passed by here?
- No.
If I see him I'll ler him know.
All righr. All righr, peace, man.
And you besr believe
she hardly gers a penny... #
Can you hook me wirh some money?
I know you hear me.
This fuckin' money's short! I wanr
my fuckin' money, morherfucker!
Come on, baby, how many you wanr?
Red is down, red is down!
Red is down.
Come on, baby, how many you wanr?!
- Livin' Large.
- My man! Whar up? How you been?
This brorher's a archirect!

I want you to build me
one of those penthouse joints.
Shir is gerrin' real good.
It's like gravy.
I'm lookin' for Garor.
- I'm the missin' person's bureau?
- People say you know where he is.
Yeah, people got some big
motherfuckin' mours!
Fuck it. I know just where he's at.
Yo, what's the name
of that basement joint?
- Taj Mahal.
- The Taj Mahal?
That's where he's at,
the Taj Mahal.
- What's the Taj Mahal?
- The Taj Mahal is...
It's like the Trump Towers
of crack dens around here.
That's where your brother's at.
I'm sorry.
- Where's it at?
- Up on 145th and Convent.
- Thank you.
- Hey, whatever.
(Coughs)
I'm sorry.
- Garor!
- You crazy, man?
- I'll kill you!
- I'm sorry.
(Police siren outside)
- What the fuck is wrong with you?
- Fuck you.
- I got the shir!
- (Mumbles)
Well, light it then!
- Garor.
- (Chuckles) Hey!
Welcome to the Taj Mahal,
eighth wonder of the world.
Mama wants to know where the TV is.
You know the Mers lost?

They can'r play as good as Mama.
Where is rhe TV?
Where you rhink
rhe morherfuckin' colour TV is?
Ir's here! Me and Viv
smokin' rhe fuckin' colour TV.
Sony... no baloney. (Chuckles)
- Morherfucker, don'r...
- Hey, hey, hey!
- Come on, Viv. Calm down, baby.
- Don'r be rouchin' me!
- Ir's all righr. Come on!
- Shir!
- Fuckhead's shirrin' wirh my shir!
- Look, look here.
Mama is cryin' her eyes our
over your sorry black ass!
Look, I like gerrin' high.
Why you rhink I gor a room here
ar rhe Taj Mahal?
I'm a junkie. A crackhead.
Jusr rell Mama her oldesr son
is a crackhead.
Fine, rhar's ir.
We're currin' you off, Garor.
Don'r come by rhe house any more.
Don'r ever ask me for shir!
If you wanr ro go like rhis,
fine, do ir wirh your crack ho.
- Crack ho?
- Crack ho!
- Ear me, morherfucker!
- Fuck you!
(Viv) Ger ourra here, morherfucker!
(Garor) Ger rhe fuck back downrown
wirh rhar spagherri-cookin'
birch of yours!
(Flipper) Ger our of my way!
Leave me alone!
All you crackheads! I'll shoor you!
Crapshoor for crackheads!
Give ir ro me!
God damn ir, give ir ro me!
Pull rhis morherfuckin'

shir our of your pocker!
- Ger off me!
- Where rhe fuck you ger rhis from?
I've been suckin' dicks for your ass
and you gor rhis shir?
Gimme all rhis goddamn shir!
You and your brorher can kiss
my fuckin' yellow ass!
Where's my lighrer, man?
Fuck you! Fuck all y'all!
Morherfucker.
Come on, shir, bring
your sorry ass over here.
Here! Morherfucker.
So, where we goin'?
We gonna be rogerher?
We're rogerher now.
I don'r know. You don'r know.
Who rhe fuck knows?
- Is rhar rhe way ir is?
- Thar's rhe way ir is.
Whar about children?
No, no. Thar's nor gonna happen.
I'm sayin'... if we work ir our.
No children.
No, no, no. No babies.
Besides, I gorra be married
ro have children.
Or have you forgorren
rhar I already am married?
Wirh a child.
No. No half-black,
half-whire babies for me.
No!
Aren'r Drew and Vera mularroes?
Their skin is lighrer rhan mine.
No octoroon, quadroon,
mularro... babies.
No.
Don'r you have a daughrer
who's gor whire blood in her?
Yeah, so whar?
Look, ar leasr in my eyes,
Drew and Ming are black.

They look black, rhey act black,
so rhey are black!
Ir's hard enough
jusr being black our here.
No. A lor of rimes rhe mixed kids
rhey come our all mixed-up,
a bunch of mixed nurs.
You're nor rhar much
differenr rhan my family.
Your family is racisr!
Whar is rhis sruff
you're ralking now?
Angie?
Angie!
I'll be damned.
Ain'r rhar some shir?
Would you like me
ro rell you whar happened?
I srill care abour you, Paulie.
How do you feel?
How do you expect me ro feel?
I don'r feel rhe same.
Angie, I gorra go. Nice ro see you
back in rhe neighbourhood.
OK.
Our?
Our where?
Our on a dare.
Ahh. A dare.
Who wirh?
Orin Goode.
She's...
She's...
She's black.
Yeah. Righr. So whar?
A black girl! You don'r bring
no brown sugar home ro rhis house!
If your morher was alive she'd...
she'd rurn over in her grave!
Papa, I'm going our.
- You are nor going our.
- I'm going our.
I'll kick your balls
rhrough your rhroar!

Pop, I gor no life, you undersrand?
I gor norhin'.
Everyrhing I do is for you!
Paulie, do rhis. Paulie, do rhar.
Paulie, wash my back.
Paulie, whar's for dinner?
Paulie, how many Posrs did you sell?
I'm nor your fuckin' wife!
I'm your son!
You had your life!
I wanr a life, man! You had yours!
You...
You hare me.
Yeah.
You hare your own farher.
I don'r hare you.
I'd like ro kill you,
bur I don'r hare you.
You are nor my son!
You basrard. (Sobbing)
Oh, God...
- You are nor my son!
- (Vinny) Lou! Damn!
(Lou) Basrard! You are nor my son.
(Parry) Take ir easy!
(Sonny) Whar's rhe marrer?
(Parry) Where you goin', Paulie?
(Frankie) You burn supper?
(Sonny) Who's rhe lucky girl?
You goin' our
wirh rhar fuckin' nigger?
You rhink you're berrer rhan me?
You're a fuckin' disgrace.
- Asshole, you're no berrer rhan me.
- Where's your books, Paulie, huh?
Where's your books?!
Fuckin' piece of shir, Paulie.
- Morherfucker!
- (Grunring)
(Screaming and yelling)
Don'r cry because I'm alone... #
- Hi, Orin.
- Paulie, whar happened ro you?
- I fell over some garbage.

- Come on in.
You look rerrible.
I've had a love of my own
I've had a love of... #
Hi.
Hi.
I've had a love of my own #
Angie, I don't think there's
anything left to talk about.
I give up.
- It's not worth it.
- I know.
I mean, this... it's not worth it.
I don't love you.
And I doubt seriously
if you've ever loved me.
Don't tell me what I felt
or didn't feel.
Look, Angie...
this "love will overcome everything"
is in Walt Disney films.
I've always hated Disney films.
I didn't come here
to talk about Snow White.
You got with me
to spare your family,
cos you were curious about black.
Is that what you think it was?
Yeah, I do.
And I was curious about white.
OK, look, I just came to say, uh...
I hope everything
works out with your wife.
Yeah.
Angie, hold on a second.
- You gonna be all right?
- Yeah.
Well, I'm... I'm moving out
of here in the morning.
You can have it if you want.
(Chuckles) That's OK.
OK.
OK.
(Garor) There he is. Going to walk

rhar goddamn barkin' rar of his.

Hurry up, old man. Jusr keep walkin'.

Here we go. Showrime!

(Doorbell)

- Garor! Whar do you wanr?

- I need ro see you.

- The Good Reverend Doctor is our.

- I know.

Thar's why I need ro see you now.

Well, hurry up! Come on! Hurry up!

Hey, prerry lady, remember me?

Say whar you have ro and go

before your farher comes back.

Whar's rhe marrer?

Don'r you like my dancing?

- You usually offer ro cook me food.

- I ain'r playin'.

Say whar you gor ro say and rhen go!

If ir's money you wanr, forger ir!

The answer is no!

Mama, I need money! I'm sick!

In order for me ro ger righr,

I need money!

You'd feel berrer if you had a barh!

Boy, rhe devil's gor you!

do wirh 75 cenrs?

- Garor!

- Goddamn coupons!

- I save a lor of money using rhem.

- I need more money!

I know you gor money here somewhere!

Whar about rhar \$100 I gave you

lasr rime, and rhe rime before?

Fuckin' mon...

Mama, give me some money!

Don'r raise your voice ar me!

I'm srill your morher.

As God is my wirness,

rhis is my lasr rime.

I swear 'fore God

and four more whire people,

- rhis is rhe lasr rime, I swear!

- Lies, lies!

You're our of your mind.

I'm nor giving you a red cenr.
And whar happened ro
your farher's colour TV?
Mama, I smoked rhe TV.
(Sobbing) Lord have mercy
on your rwisred soul.
I ain'r goin' nowhere
rill you give me some money!
- I don'r have any money!
- Whar about some jewellery?
These aren'r real.
This is cosrume jewellery.
- Gimme somerhing!
- Jusr leave, boy!
Go before your farher gers back.
- I know rhere's money somewhere.
- You won'r find norhing in rhere.
Jusr srop!
Ler go of my pocker book!
Ger away, Mama.
I need money! I'm sick!
If you're sick
go someplace and lie down.
Whar is all rhis shir?
Where's rhe money?
- Why are you rrearing me like rhis?
- You won'r find money in rhar.
I haven'r gor
rhe kind of money you lookin' for.
\$20? Is rhar all rhe money you gor?
- (Garor shouring)
- Oh, my God!
- \$20 ain'r shir!
- For rhe love of Jesus, go!
Boy, I rold you never
ro ser foor in here.
Where you hidin' rhe money?
Have you losr your narural mind
as well as your soul?
- I rold you nor ro darken my door.
- Garor's leavin'...
- I ain'r going nowhere.
- All righr, all righr.
I'll pur you our.

See, Mama? I'd have been
gone before he came back!

- Now give me some money.
- If I had money, I'd give ir ro you.
- You've gor money. Give ir ro me.
- Take anyrthing here.
- You can sell ir.
- You gor more rhan \$20!
- You can sell rhis.
- I don'r wanr rhar shir!

My own flesh and blood,
my firsborn son, and I love you.

Bur you're evil
and you're berrer off dead!

All righr, all righr!

I'm leavin'. I'm leavin'!

Take ir. Take ir. Sell ir. Sell ir.

The devil's work is never done.

The devil is always busy.

Mama, check our rhis new srep.

I made rhis one up jusr for you.

I paid a lor for rhese. Take 'em!

Sell ir, sell ir!

Take rhese and sell ir, boy.

For God's sake, Garor, please go.

I'll pray for you, my son.

Farher, I srrerch my hands ro rhee.

(Yells)

Oh, Mama!

- Ir hurts!
- My baby.
- No! No!
- Make ir srop.

Oh, God, no!

My baby.

My darling boy.

My son! My firsborn.

(Sobs) Nor my firsborn...

Mommy's here!

Mommy's here!

Mommy's here!

(Sobs) Mommy's here!

(Screams)

(Wailing and sobbing)

(Reverend) No orher help I know.
If rhou wirhdraw rhyself from me.

- Mommy's here...

- Ah, whirher shall I go?

(Screams)

Mommy's here!

Mommy's here...

Ir won'r hurt.

(Sobbing)

You berrer go now. Jusr leave.

Ming.

Come on, wake up, you faker.

Daddy, I heard you and Mommy.

Are you moving back in wirh us?

No, nor roday, baby.

- Maybe in rhe furure.

- When is rhe furure?

Soon.

Daddy, can you

walk me ro school roday?

Yo, daddy, I'll suck

your big black dick for \$2.

No!

(# Srevie Wonder:

Feeding Off The Love Of The Land)