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Morris From America

By Chad Hartigan

You see what I'm saying?
Yeah, it's pretty good.
Pretty good?
It's kind of slow.
What's slow?
The flow's slow?
No, the beat...
Is slow.
It's minimal.
There's a difference.
It's not overpowering
the rhyme.
All right,
it's supporting the rhyme.
That's what a good beat
is all about.
Well, I guess.
You feel me?
It's got no hook.
Get out of here
with that no-hook shit.
This ain't pop.
It's music right here,
boy.
It's boring.
Bor--
go to your room.
You grounded.
For what?
Because you like
terrible music.
You can't
ground me for that.
I can't? So you
make the rules now?
Is that
what I'm hearing?
Stop making
them noises
with your mouth.
What is that?
Oh, ok, you know what?
I can't hear it, because
this sick-ass beat!

Unh! Whoo!
Tell me you
can't dance to that.
You definitely
can't dance to this.
Double grounded.
Keep talking,
and see what's up.
Seriously,
go to your room.
All right,
you're ungrounded.
Let's go out.
I think she put
the wrong flavor
in my ice cream.
But do you like it?
Yeah.
So you win.
You got a whole new
flavor to like.
But if I go back
and I want it again,
the problem is
i don't know what the name
of the flavor is.
Well, what did you
order this time?
Vanilla.
Ok, so just say vanilla.
Come on. Tell me more
than just "nichts."
Ok...
This...
Is a special
activity program
for teenagers
at the youth center.
They have football.
American football?
No. Soccer.
They have--
and you want me to go here?
You can learn German

with me,
but you need to practice
your German with people
your own age.

Why?

Because I said so.

Because you
can make friends.

I don't need friends.

Everybody needs friends,
Morris.

If you don't like it,
you can blame me.

I don't like it.

Ja.

Hey!

Nah, I'm good.

Ah, American.

Hey.

Kobe Bryant?

No.

Yeah.

Morris.

Morris. I'm katrin.

How old are you?

15. How old are you?

I don't think
this is true.

So where are you going,
14-year-old Morris
from America?

Oh, um...

Um...

I was going
to see this castle.

Oh, really?

Yeah.

Why is that?

Because I go this way
to my house,
so we cannot
walk together.

Oh.

So I'll see you

another time.
Ok.
This, I believe.
Want me to do you next?
Hell, no.
You messed
my hairline up
last time.
So you don't want to
walk around looking fly
for these German girls?
Oh, I can't talk to you
about girls now?
Ain't no girls
to talk about.
First you get
the hi-top fade.
Then you get the girl.
It's the first rule
of the game, son.
When I was
out here playing
and, uh, y'all
were in the states,
your mom did not
trust German girls.
She could trust me,
but she could not trust
them German girls, man.
She always thought
they'd be after me. Heh.
Were they?
Hell, no.
Not even one.
Oh, you know what?
Stop for a second.
Here.
What's this?
That was in the box
your grandma sent.
Just a hot rapper
from the Bronx
around '93 freestyling.
Who?

Me.
That's funny?
My own blood
laughing at me.
I should take it back.
You used to rap?
Man, don't sleep
on your old man, son.
I had sick flow
with this freestyle shit.
Probably still do.
How am I supposed
to play this?
Gotta get you a boom box.
Walk around the square
bumping that,
blow these
Germans' minds.
They still sell those?
I have no idea.
Maybe I'll find one
in a museum.
Hey, uh, I like--
you see that boy?
Ja.
Ok.
Yo, Kobe Bryant!
No food here, Kobe,
so good-bye.
Hey. You know, there is
a party under the bridge.
A body?
A party.
Oh, a party.
You want to come?
Tonight?
Tomorrow.
I think you should come.
Are you
gonna be there?
Ja.
Ok.
Cool. Give me your phone.
Ok.

... "inviting"?

Inviting? Like in what sentence?

Like, "thank you for inviting me."

Are you invited to something?

Maybe.

I get invited to things all the time.

How come you don't invite me?

Because you're old.

I'm old?

How old do you think I am?

Mm, I don't know. 40?

40?

Is this how you talk to all the ladies?

You are a genius, Morris,

but you're not very charming.

Man, forget charming.

I'm gangsta.

'Cause all the gangsters drink hot chocolate with one marshmallow?

One marshmallow is a gangster move.

Ok.

Teach me how to be charming.

I can teach you how to say, "charming."

Do you have a boyfriend?

Why?

You want to take an old lady like me out on a date?

No.

Good,

'cause I have one, yes.

What's his name?
Lukas.
Is he cool?
He's really cool, yeah.
He's in New York,
though.
Where in New York?
The west village.
Man,
fuck the west village.
Language, please.
I miss him. Heh.
He's, uh,
learning English there,
like you're
learning German here.
Cool.
So...
Ehh.
Morris gentry.
Uh...
Hallo.
Hallo.
Uberraschen?
Surprise.
Hallo!
Mo.
You know
what time it is?
No.
You have your phone?
Yeah.
So you have a clock.

It's 12:

Where you been?
Nowhere.
Morris,
where have you been?
I went to a party.
You told me
to make new friends.
Yeah, make some friends,
but let me know.

Leave me a note.
I'm sorry.
"Pop, going to a party."
Boom. Easy.
Five seconds.
That way, I don't have
to wait up all night
thinking about
what kind of shit
could be happening
to you out there.
This ain't
Richmond no more.
You get that, right?
Yeah, I get it,
every fucking day!
Hey!
All right,
chill with that.
I'll chill, too.
Is that all?
You pee your pants?
Hey!
Hey!
Hey.
You're mad at me?
Come on.
It was for fun.
You were supposed
to shoot me back.
You know,
i give you the gun,
and so you
shoot me back.
It's like
a water fight.
They don't have this
in America?
They do.
Ok, so you don't
need to be mad at me.
Look, you and your friends
just like to fuck with me.
I get it.

Just a bunch
of German dickheads.
I'm not gonna sweat it.
"German dickheads."
I like this.
So we are friends?
We are not friends.
Yes, I will show you
that we are friends.
How?
I don't know.
What do you want?
Do you have a boom box?
I don't know
what this is.
Something to play...
This?
Ah, yes.
Come in.
Sit down.
That's my dad.
No. Your dad
is a rapper?
No, not now,
but I guess
he used to for fun.
Nah. Those are
not his rhymes.
That's biggie.
He's just--
he's just rapping
somebody else's shit.
Can you rap?
Can I rap?
Come on.
Quit sleeping on me.
I got sick flow,
freestyle shit.
Know what I'm saying?
Not at all.
I'll show you sometime.
I don't really
listen to rap.
Who do you listen to?

Like techno
and electro swing.
I like to dance,
you know?
I hear black people
are good dancers.
Is this true?
Well, I don't really dance.
You don't dance,
and you don't
play basketball?
So none
of the sayings
are true.
Do you have
a big dick?
What?
Is your dick big?
I don't know.
Like this?
Katrin!
Hallo.
I should go.
Don't worry about her.
No. I really should go.
Ahh!
What you doing up
early on a Saturday?
Just woke up.
I feel that.
What you
want to do today?
It is
beautiful outside.
I'm going
to the youth center.
What? For what?
Hang out with my friends.
Aw, friends?
Look at you.
Boy, you're making 'em
faster than I am.
Hanging out with friends.
Going to parties.

Slinging that
big ol' dick around.
I see how it is.
Why you gotta talk
about my dick, dad?
'Cause if that thing
gets any bigger,
I'm gonna start
charging it rent.
That's why.
For real, though, what time
you going over there?
You wanna see a movie
or something first?
I'm going right after
i finish this.
Well, shit, man.
What am I supposed to do?
You wanna drive me?
Morris.
Well, one of
the younger kids
found something
in the back woods
and brought it to me.
Marijuana.
So?
Is it yours?
No.
Did you give it to any
of the other kids?
Man, why don't you ask
the other kids?
Ok.
Asshole.
Hey.
Hey.
Yo, big Mac!
You have a talent?
He can rap,
freestyle shit.
Rapper?
Ok.
I'm not doing

that talent show.
Why?
I don't want to.
Are you scared?
Nah.
I just don't have anything
to prove to these people.
German dickheads.
I would like
to see you rap.
This'll be a good one.
Weg.
Are we done?
Why? You have
more important things to do?
I gotta practice.
No. There's
a talent show tomorrow.
And you're in it?
Doing what?
Hit it.
Stop.
Yeah.
Let's go.
Yeah, yeah.
Come on.
Yeah.
I can't do it
right now.
It's ok.
Hey, don't forget
to ask your dad
to sign these off.
Ok.
Thank you.
Uh-oh.
Ooh-ee!
See? I'm nimble with it.
Uh-huh.
Come on. What you got?
Man...
That ain't nothing.
Huh?
Uh-huh. Uh-huh.

Mm.
Yeah!
Well, congratulations.
Uh-huh.
Yeah. Um, it's not over
till the fat lady sings, ok?
And let me just show you.
Not only am I nimble,
i am quick.
I'll get it.
Rematch.
Your dancing
messed it up.
Hi, Morris.
Hello, inka.
Uh, is your dad here?
Yeah. Um...
I gave him the forms.
That's ok. Um,
I need to talk about
something else.
Excuse me.
Hey.
Hi.
Hi.
Is something wrong?
I was wondering if we
could talk for a second?
Uh, go hang
in your room, mo.
Good-bye.
Ja.
Oh.
Ja.
Und, um...
You read through
his book?
He was telling me
about a rap he was gonna do
at a talent show,
so I read it.
I'm sorry.
It's a--it's a part
of the curriculum

to bond with the student
and to...

Look out for warning signs
warning signs?

Warning signs
about what?

Many things, like, uh,
misogyny and--
or violence or--
does mo

seem violent to you?

No, but this should--
how 'bout this?

You worry
about mo's German,
and that's it.

I'll worry about
mo's everything else.

Ok.

Ok?

How's his German?

Its good.

Good.

I'm gonna go then.

Thank you.

Wait a sec.

If you want me
to keep signing these
so you can graduate...

I suggest...

You mind
your own business.

Ok.

What'd she want?

"Fucking all the bitches
two at a time.

All you can take
for just 10.99."

How does that hook go?

Do it for me.

Why?

'Cause I said so.

Fucking
all the bitches

two at a time.
All you can take
for just 10.99.
Mom's on the pipe,
and pop's on death row,
so who gives
a shit if I fuck
all these hos?
You ever fuck bitches
two at a time?
I'm asking.
Have you ever fucked
bitches two at a time?
No.
What?
No.
Why are you mad?
You curse all the time.
I ain't mad at you
for writing them rhymes
because they're explicit.
I'm mad at you
for writing those rhymes
because they're bullshit.
That's the best you got?
I was
just playing around.
Let snoop dogg
rap about fucking bitches
two at a time,
'cause he's
done that shit, ok?
You need to be rap about
what's really goin' on
with you. You feel me?
So I should
rap about getting
yelled at by you?
Nobody want
to hear that shit!
Oh, you think you know
what people want to hear?
Just like you think
you know what it's like

to fuck two women at once?
You don't know shit.
And until you know shit,
you need to rap about
how you don't know shit,
because that is garbage.
At least my shit
is original.
What you mean?
I listened to your tape.
That's
the real bullshit.
You heard the tape?
Yeah,
and it's just you
rapping biggie's rhymes.
What?
Why do I wanna hear
a tape of you
rapping "juicy"?
'Cause that's
a hot fucking song.
And I probably killed
my own shit on side two.
Hey, we are not done!
Why do i
have to hear about you
being in a talent show
from some lady at my door?
This isn't even
for the talent show,
and it's not even
finished yet.
Well, finish it
by writing some rhymes
from your brain
and not your dick.
You're 13 fucking years old!
Yo, mc big Mac.
Ok.
Whoo!
All right, let me
get some claps, y'all.
All right, no claps. Ok.

I'm gonna kill you,
bastian!
Hey!
Thank you.
You're finished!
Hey! Hey!
Let me go!
Let me go!
What does that mean?
Speak English!
Hey!
I like
your freestyle.
Thanks.
Mr. gangster, you want
to get out of here?
You're not doing a talent?
My talent is leaving.
Ok.
Ok.
Hell, nah.
Why do you live
in Germany?
My dad works here.
He works
for the soccer team.
He's a player?
No. He used to be a player,
but he's
on the coaching staff.
Really?
But the team
around here is not
very good, you know?
Well, I still think it pays
better than in America.
I don't know.
He played here,
so I guess he works here.
Was your mom mad
about me being over?
Probably.
I don't care.
My mom is a bitch.

Your mom's nice?
Yeah, she's nice.
Lucky.
Hey, wanna hear
an impression?
What is an impression?
You know who Jay-Z is?
He is married
to Beyonc.
Yeah, it's ya boy.
Jay to the izzo
in the house.
Hova!
And this is like Jay-Z?
You don't know
what he sounds like?
Not really.
Damn.
That was
a badass impression, too.
You need to learn
some Jay-Z.
Here.
Give me earbuds.
No, for you.
Oh.
I like this.
Yeah?
Who was that guy you
left with the other day?
What?
The other day.
You left with someone
on a bike.
Ah, per.
He's in university.
He asked me to a party
tomorrow night.
You want to go?
It will be fun.
My friend Nadine
brings ecstasy.
You know?
We could all do it.

I don't know.
This is my stop.
Good-bye.
Ja?
Ja.
Mo!
Mo, you in here?
Got something for you.
Peace offering.
Mo, pull your--
put your pants on.
I'm coming in, man.
Huh.
I wish you were here.
Shit's starting
to get real.
Hallo?
Curt--ahem. Carlos.
Carlos? Mm.
America?
Do you want me
to speak English?
No, no, no.
I want you
to speak German.
Ok.
Um...
I'm not sure.
Uh, no, not really.
Ok.
I think
I'm gonna bounce.
Bounce?
Leave.
Why?
I'm not
feeling great.
I'm not ready to leave.
Well, I am.
I got a headache.
Let's dance.
Nah. Nah.
I don't want to. No.
Come on.

I don't dance.
No. No.
All right. All right.
Yes.
A few classmates
were there.
It was good.
Cool.
The best part
of the party, though,
was when these two kids
started dancing.
They were good.
They were, like,
in the middle
of the room.
They were dancing
like no one
was watching,
like this.
Have you ever
seen anybody dance
like this, Morris?
Are you gonna fucking
snitch on me again?
What did I say?
Language.
Here.
I'm not gonna
snitch on you again.
Ok? I understand it's
none of my business.
But I wanna
tell you something.
You are young.
Believe it or not,
you are young,
and there's
no rush to be old.
Trust me.
Nobody dances like you
at these parties.
You know?
They all dance boring.

Now don't rush
to be boring.
Be young.
Be you.
Ok.
You make
a very cute couple.
We're not a couple.
'Cause you're single
and unattached?
I'm not a player.
I just crush a lot.
What?
Nothing.
Doctor,
they're chasing us.
Hmm.
Hey.
Hey.
What you watching?
TV.
How was the movie
last night?
Fine.
I was thinking maybe we
could go to one together.
I don't know
if they, uh--
hey. I don't know what's
going on with you, man,
but, um,
we need to talk.
I know you got banned
from the youth center.
Why you out here
causing trouble?
I didn't do anything!
Those people
were out for me!
I believe
that could be true.
So believe it.
All right.
You're saying it

to my face, so I believe it.
But just know
it won't take much
for some people out here
to give you
some serious shit.
You understand
what I'm saying?
So don't be out here
looking for it.
I'm not looking for it.
I gotta go out of town,
to Berlin.
I'll be gone overnight.
I know I told you
i wouldn't be traveling
until the season started,
but I have to go. I'm sorry.
But you been acting
like a real big man
around here lately,
so I'm gonna treat you
like a big man, ok?
You think you can handle
being here by yourself?
Here by myself
all day.
I'm serious.
I trust you.
Ok.
My man.
Psst!
Katrin.
Oh.
Hey.
Were you texting me?
Uh, no. Per.
Oh, because I lost
my phone at the party.
No. Per's djing
in Frankfurt tonight.
Per's a dj?
Yes.
What's his dj name?

Per.

Well...

I was gonna see if you
wanted to chill tonight.

Uh, no. I have to go.

It's a big show,
opening for a u.K. Band.

But, uh, you can come
as well if you want.

Nah.

It's not far.

They play
the show tonight,
and we
come back tomorrow.

Nah. I can't just
leave town like that.

You will get in trouble?

No, it's just I don't
have a phone or any money.

Ah, I understand.

You are boring.

Well, if I'm boring,
why do you even
want me to come?

You are also funny.

Hey!

What did he say?

He said,

"i play the flute,
and I'm stupid."

So I hear you're
wanted by the cops?

Nah.

He's a gangster,
gangster rapper.

Oh, you rap?

No.

Yes.

No. Not for real.

I still need
to see you rap.

What was that?

A surprise.

Ah, no. Mm-mmm.
Last time you had
a surprise for me,
I ended up
with a wet dick.
Chuck Morris, it's me.
Tried the cell first,
but you didn't answer.
Hope everything is cool.
I'm bored in my hotel room,
and all they got
on the TV is
"fatal attraction," dubbed.
You probably don't even
know what that is.
You better not, actually.
Anyway, give me a call
so I don't worry. Peace!
What does that mean?
In five minutes,
you will go out and rap,
freestyle shit.
What?!
Surprise.
Hell, nah!
I'm not going out there.
Why? You can finish
from the talent show.
Fuck that.
What?
Feel dizzy as shit.
I want to see you rap.
M to the motherfucking g.
All right, I'll do it.
Yes! I think
you go now!
Now?
Give it up! Give it up
for my man Morris!
Yeah!
My god!
Did you see that shit?
It was so great!
So...

Come here.
Oh, Morris.
You will be ok sleeping
in the other room
with Franz?
Good night,
Mr. gangster.
Close the door, yeah?
Ooh. Ja.
Katrin.
Morris?
Hey.
Don't touch me!
Per!
I'm sorry.
He was nice to you.
So did they say if
they were coming back?
Mm, I don't know.
I woke up,
and they were gone.
You were in my bathtub.
So they might have
gone back to Heidelberg?
Heidelberg?
No, definitely not.
Um, they maybe
went to stuttgart.
That's where
they play tonight.
Stuttgart?
Yeah. You didn't get
the tour schedule?
What was your job
at the tour, anyway?
Just hanging.
Rock-'n'-roll.
Inka meinart.
It's Morris.
Morris?
Your number
came up unlisted.
Yeah.
I'm at a pay phone.

I'm in Frankfurt.
In--you're in Frankfurt?
Look, I'm sorry
to ask this,
but can you pick me up?
What happened? Are you ok?
Everything is straight,
but, um,
I just got
stranded here, and...
I just need a ride.
Ok. Uh, do you want me
to call your dad?
Nah, nah, nah,
nah, nah, nah.
Um, I already
called him.
He's in Berlin.
He asked me to call you.
Everything is cool.
I just need a ride.
Um, well, it's gonna take me
a while to get there.
So, just where are you?
I'm at...
Dornbusch.
All right. Stay there.
Ok.
Thanks.
Where's your cell phone?
It was stolen.
You get roughed up?
Last time I was
in Frankfurt was 2001.
You know, your mom
was studying in Munich,
and I was still
in the Bronx, but i
flew out to visit her.
Cost me a fortune,
and I had never been
out the country before.
I didn't know
any German.

I didn't know shit.
I didn't even
know your mom
for three months,
so it was like--
it was
a crazy thing to do.
But I wanted
to surprise her.
You know,
real baller move.
But when
i got to the airport--
heh--i couldn't
understand anything,
where to go,
what the signs said,
nothing.
So this British couple
that was on my flight
told me how to get
to the university,
and they
bought my bus pass.
I didn't even
ask them to do that.
But I get
to the university,
and I find out
that she and her class
had all gone
to Frankfurt
for the weekend.
Frankfurt?
Where the hell
is Frankfurt?
Again, this nice couple
i met at the university
told me how to get
to Frankfurt.
They said they
were going that way,
and they
offered me a ride.

I didn't
really trust 'em.
I didn't really trust
any Germans,
but they were
straight up,
you know,
took me to Frankfurt
and became two
of my closest friends
to this day.
Britt and Saul.
You met 'em
when you were six.
You probably
don't remember.
Anyway, I wandered
around the streets
of Frankfurt
for four full hours.
I mean,
I'm dipping into
restaurants and bars,
hostels looking for her.
I finally saw her.
She was standing
on the corner,
hailing a cab,

3:

She stuck out
almost as much as I did,
but she was also
the flyest girl
in that entire country,
I mean, knock you
on your knees fine.
You know
what I'm saying?
Her mouth dropped
when she saw me.
Her jaw--daah--
to the ground, man.
I walked up to her.

I'll never forget this.
First thing she said
when she saw me,
you know what she said?
She said,
"please tell me
you not here for me."
And then
she jumped on me.
She--she grabbed me.
She hugged me.
It was like a scene
from a movie, you know?
That's the end
of a chick flick
right there.
We stayed
the whole weekend
in Frankfurt,
and I never
took my flight
back to New York.
Love will make you
do some stupid shit, mo,
and I'm not trying
to keep you from
experiencing that shit.
I'm not trying
to keep you from
experiencing anything.
My job is
to raise you right,
and it's hard, man,
especially
if you not gonna be
on my team, you know?
I know
i put you in the fire
by bringing us here,
and you might be
still mad at me
about that,
but I make
the best decisions

i can for you.
Period.
I was in Berlin
interviewing for a job
with their team
to get us out of here.
I didn't want
to tell you,
because who knows
if I'll get it or not.
But I'm trying,
you know,
'cause it's hard
out here for me, too.
You gotta remember
we in the same boat.
So get on my team, man.
Tell me what's going on,
and I'll be there
for you.
We the only
two brothers
in Heidelberg.
We gotta stick together.
Know what I'm saying?
How'd you know
it was a girl?
It's always a girl, mo.
I do hate it here.
My man.
I know.
But check it.
I know you don't want
to hear this right now,
but one day, when you
lighting the hip-hop
world on fire,
it'll be 'cause you have
a unique perspective.
And when you collecting
all your source awards,
you'll thank me.
Source awards?
Mm-hmm.

Is that as far as I get
in your dreams?
All right. All right.
You right.
Can I get a grammy
or something?
Nobel prize!
How 'bout that?
Thank me in that speech.
So I'm not in trouble?
Hah!
Oh, no, you grounded
like a motherfucker.
Mmm!
That is delicious!
Right.
Marvelous!
Someone's
in a good mood today.
Yep.
Not grounded anymore.
Oh. You a free man?
What are you gonna do?
Whatever I want.
So you're not angry
at me anymore?
Nah.
Sweet.
Don't trust you, though.
No?
Don't trust
no German women.
I ain't German.
What?
I'm not German.
Do you even
speak German?
Well, I guess then it's
a good time to tell you
I'm not gonna be
your tutor anymore.
Why?
Because I'm graduating.
So we--we can't pay you

or anything?
I don't know German
well enough to stop.
Well, you can
pay someone else,
but not me, 'cause I'm
moving to New York.
For your boyfriend?
And for me.
Damn.
Language, mister.
"Damn" isn't language.
You gonna miss me?
No, not a bit.
Little bit?
All right.
Dear Mr. gangster,
I am writing you
from Dusseldorf.
Per played a show here
last night,
and we have a few more days
before we go to hannover.
I'm very sorry
we left you in Frankfurt,
but I think this was
the best thing to do.
So maybe I'm not sorry.
But I'm sorry
i did not say good-bye,
because I'm not sure if I'll
becoming back to Heidelberg.
You made me see how everyone
there is just dickheads.
Per is talking
about moving to Berlin
and wants me to move in
with him. Isn't that great?
Anyway, I wish
you could write me back,
but I don't have an address,
so just think of me
sometimes, ok?
Oh, p.S.

I listened to some Jay-Z.
Pimps and ladies
brushing shoulders.
Cool song.
And your impression
was really good.
I'm happy I've met you,
Morris from America.
Enjoy the picture.
Love, katrin.
That bunny-ear-giving
motherfucker.