



Scripts.com

Red Hook Summer

By Spike Lee

(LOVE TODAY PLAYING)

Boy, get that thing out of my face, please.

Mr. Tk, wait for me.

Yes, ma'am.

Come on.

Come on, babe.

Come on.

WOMAN:

before you break your neck.

It's here.

All right, come on.

What?

Somebody peed in there, a lot.

Silas, come on. Get in there.

They sure did pee in here.

Oh, yes. God is great.

This is your grandson.

This is your grandfather.

He's in good hands, Colleen.

Give me a hug, come on.

Be good.

And do not hesitate to call me for anything.

Do you want to come inside for a minute?

No, thank you. I have Tk waiting for me.

I'm going to take the stairs.

(CHUCKLES)

I love you.

I love you, too.

ENOCH:

(DOOR CLOSING)

Well, come on in.

No TV set?

Don't need one.

Just the devil's words to fill an idle mind.

Where do I sleep with my empty mind?

I'll show you when you get

that thing off your face.

It's not a thing. It's called an iPad 2.

-Well, turn it off, Silas.

-They call me Flik!

What happened to your Christian name?

I rented it out on Facebook.

I do not want to talk to a box,
when I'm meeting my grandson
for the first time.
Now, why don't you call me Big Papa.
Granddad sounds too old.
Why don't you call me Rip Van Winkle.
I'm tired. Where do I sleep?
(SLGHS)
In Atlanta,
my room is four times as big as this.
Well, this is your room.
Got a nice view.
You can see all God's gifts.
You hungry?
I got USA Chicken.
The best fried chicken in all of Brooklyn.
I don't eat fried chicken. I'm vegan.
Isn't Jesus black?
We don't know what color Jesus was.
Why is he white then?
(CHUCKLES) You know,
you are your momma's son.
This is not food.
Come on. We're going shopping.

BOY:

(DAY OR NIGHT PLAYING)
-Can I?
-No.
Come on, I got some people
I want you to meet.
-Sister Shirley.
-Good morning!
-Sister Sweet.
-Hey, Bishop Enoch.
I'd like you to meet my grandson, Silas here.
(ENOCK CHUCKLING)
Well, what do you say, honey?
-Oh, hello.
-(CHUCKLES)
Sister Shirley,
I'm sending him around the church,
will you keep an eye on him for a little bit?
Of course. I'll send Chazz.

Keep them both out of trouble.
Give them some direction.
Good, better, best, never...
Never let it rest, until good gets better
and your better gets best.
Thank you, Sister Shirley.
Is that cornbread, Sister Sweet?
If it was, I'd be eating it!
I'm on my way to work.
I'll see you all Sunday.
Okay, now.
-Need a hand there?
-Yeah, get me on out of here.
-Thank you, baby.
-You have a blessed day now.
-All right. You, too.
-(CHUCKLES)
I bet that is cornbread.
This is the place for it then.
Sweet's cornbread ain't never been strong.
You saying her cornbread's for the birds?
I'm telling you it ain't as good as mine.
You watch yourself with my Chazz now.
No, no, no, Silas, don't even think about it.
Ain't nothing there.
-Hey, Mother Darling.
-Hey, Sister Shirley. How are you, honey?
Mr. Mookie,
do you have a moment for Jehovah today?
-Hell to the no!
-Jehovah loves you!
Mookie, when are you going
to leave Sal's Famous
and come on over to Lil' Heaven, son?
-I gotta get paid!
-(ENOCH LAUGHS)
Mother Darling, I'd like you
to meet my grandson, Silas here.
Your... Silas.
Ooh! What a fine-looking young man.
Ooh, he's a fine-looking man.
Do you want some water, Sister?
I'm going on over to the C-Town.
No, thank you, Bishop. I'll pass.

Well, you know,
it's cool over in the land of Jesus,
where the water is sweet, the air is clear.
Mark says, "A prophet is not without honor."
And it depends on the prophet.

(CHUCKLES)

Good day, darlings.

Have a blessed day, Mother Darling.

(LAUGHS)

Come on, son.

I want you to meet some more people,
the right people, up here in the Hook.

You know,

there's some shady people up here.

This is not Atlanta. You understand?

-Yes.

-Good. Good.

Yeah, I'm going to have to
send you on over to the church

-and do a little bit of...

-Church?

You act like that's a bad word.

What you got against the church, son?

A lot!

It'll keep you out of...

Morning, Bishop Enoch.

Hello, Mr. Kevin.

You guys can go ahead without me,
I'll catch up with you.

-This your grandson?

-Yep!

Well, we're just on our way to swim club,
if you care to join us.

Yeah, sure.

Are you teaching the word
over at that community center yet?

Nope, just swimming.

Well, there's my grandson's answer.

Well, it was nice meeting you.

Have a good day.

And you.

(ALL CHATTERING)

ENOCH:

Those are some nice tennis shoes
you got there.
J's, baby.
A little upgrade from them triple-tied
pleatherjoints you're rocking.
Step your sneaker game up, preach.
Why don't you point them J's
down to Lil' Heaven?
'Cause I'm too busy
hustling out here in hell.
That's right.
Can I speak with you a minute?
No, we good, son.
Hold that. What's poppin'?
All the more reason for you
to come and see us.
-God's got a plan for you, Herbert.
-Hey, yo.

BOX:

ENOCH:

Now, is this what your momma,
Sister Augusta, God bless her soul,
prayed for, for all these years?
Building up Lil' Heaven?
Is this what she wanted for you, son?
First, you can take that claw off me,
preacher man.
And the next time
you mention my mother's name...
No disrespect.
I just wanted you
to meet my grandson, Flik here.
Now he's going to be here
for the rest of the summer.
Okay, I met him.

DEALER:

-God's blessing you every minute, Herbert.
-Yeah, whatever.
You be careful with that thing out here,
you hear me?
What's poppin', my nigga?

MAN:

DEALER:

WOMAN:

how are you doing this blessed day?

See you on Sunday.

(ENOCH SIGHS)

Deacon Zee, this is not a Catholic church.

I know, I was just looking for that mop.

I set it down over here somewhere.

ENOCH:

Come on over here.

(ZEE CLEARING THROAT)

(GRUNTS)

You know,

it's four weeks until Old Timers Day.

And we're gonna have

every old timer back up in here

seeing this place same as it was last year.

Red Hook is booming.

And we've got to boom, too.

We've got to show them old timers

that we're surviving and thriving.

Yes.

You know some people want to

see this place broke up?

Right.

And who wouldn't want the two of us

as the pillar and the foundation

of Lil' Heaven?

Ha! (CHUCKLING)

-I've been praying.

-Mmm-hmm.

And I had a vision.

Well, if a worm crawled into a radish

and didn't know nothing else,

hell, he'd think it was a Georgia peach.

Now what's that supposed to mean?

It means you had a vision last year, too.

The good book says, in Hebrew 11, that,

"Faith is the substance of things hoped for,

the evidence of things unseen."
Have faith!
I had a vision
that a big donor is gonna
be coming to us soon,
somewhere around Old Timers Day.
And he's going to help us
get back on our financial feet.
Well, let's pray he works for Exxon,
'cause we owe six grand
on the heating bill from last winter.
The church van is broke again.
The roof is about to go.
And the plumbing down here would
give the Roto-Rooter man the mumps.
Well, I'm the Bishop man with a plan.
Man plans, and God laughs.
You know, because He's a jokester.
Look, I brought you some help.
This is my grandson, Silas here.
Calls himself Flik.
You know how kids are these days.
Didn't know you had a grandson, Doc!
You look like a real numbers man there, Flik.
You got your little tablet-thing
and everything.
iPad 2!
Oh!
iPad 2.
Let me tell you,
that thing is nothing but trouble.
Now, look, we got to get rolling.
-Spruce this place up.
-Oh, yeah. Oh, yeah.
And take your foot off the gas
with the grape.
Would you, please? Thank you, Jesus.
Bishop, just a taste of stabilizer.
Red.
Jesus juice.
The blood... The blood of Jesus.
I'm hot!
You think this is hot, you ought to try hell.
I'm a heating plant technician.

What's that?
It's a fancy name for a boiler man.
I fire up all the boilers
in these here projects.
Ten hours a day, five days a week,
winter or summer.
The heat don't bother me. Uh-uh.
I got the Lord's fire burning in my belly.
Now that's a smooth, good heat.
Mmm.
Heavenly Father, we thank you
for the food we are about to receive,
for the nourishment of our souls
and our bodies.
Thank you, God, for Jesus,
His holy light, His holy name.
Thank you, God,
for bringing my grandson to me
for the very first time.
Touch him.
Make him whole.
Put your word to him,
lead him to you, your kingdom, your power.
Keep him clean in faith.
In Jesus' name, we pray.
Amen.
I said, "Amen."
Yeah, amen already.
Go on, get that down your little red lane.
I told you, this isn't my food.
My mother brought me my food.
You're working today over at Lil' Heaven.
With Deacon Zee.
If you need me, he knows where to find me.
I didn't come all the way up North to work,
it's my summer vacation!
Your summer vacation has work in it.
Ohh!
What you doing?
Mind your business.
I'm telling!
Tell-tell, you smell.
My grandpa's the Bishop.
-So?

-So what?

Chicken butt! My mom's Sister Shirley.

-She's a trustee.

-What's that?

I don't know,

but it's high up in the food chain.

She buys all the snacks for Sunday school,

knows where every red cent is spent.

She'll know that stuff's missing!

I can replace it.

My mother hooked me up.

Wow! That's a lot of dollar eagles!

I'm Chazz Morningstar.

Where you from? You talk white!

I don't talk white,

I just go to private school in Atlanta. ATL.

I'm Flik Royale.

(ZEE GROWLING)

Come out of there!

Little hoodlums!

I told them niggas to buy GMC!

Now look at it!

Thirty goddamned dollars a share,

and it was selling for 75 cents

before Barack Hussein Obama

bailed them out.

Where's my bail-out?

You ain't got no future!

They done spent it all on Wall Street.

What y'all looking at?

You got a can tied to your tail, too?

Shake a leg. Shake a leg.

Get me that mop by that bucket right there.

SILAS:

I've got to show you something.

What?

-This!

-(SCREAMING)

Take that church rat out, boy!

When I say buy, buy!

When I say sell, sell!

I told them niggas!

No! You nasty!

You better not bring that thing up in here!

Stupid!

It's all right, I'm throwing it out now.

(SCREAMING)

(LAUGHING) Oh!

Mmm.

Slow your roll.

You a strange boy.

Hiding your face behind that box.

Why take pictures of a dead church rat?

Sometimes I like

to take pictures of dead things.

Then you in the right place.

Because everything about this place
is dead.

And that's the truth, Ruth!

And, boy, take that dead,
funky church rat out of here, God damn it,
like I told you the first time! Oh!

(DOOR CLOSING)

ENOCH ON PA:

You see, life is a snare,
but come inside
the sanctified walls of God...
Get the man with the hat on.
Come inside the sanctified walls of God,
you shine your light on the outside.
Mr. Mookie, come to Old Timers Day.
-Hell to the no!
-It figures!

ENOCH:

Ma'am, will you come to Old Timers Day?
No. No, thank you.
-You sure?
-No.
Old Timers Day, in four days.

ENOCH:

for on the third day...
Old Timers Day is four days?
I thought it was just one day.
No, it's in four weeks. It is just one day.

-Yeah, but the kid said four days.
-But the kid has got it wrong.
Old Timers Day was two days,
three years ago.
That was three years ago.
You know,
you're messing up my groove now.
Come here, come here, son, come on.
Mr. Curtis, it was two days...
Take these, and go down
to the other end of the mall.
All right, go ahead.
I don't know what he's talking about,
four days.

ENOCH:

is just look at it.
Old Timers Day.
(ENOCH TALKING ON PA IN DISTANCE)
-Old Timers Day.
-Thank you.
You're welcome.

ENOCH:

if you just have faith,
and believe in Jesus,
then Jesus will carry you on through.
I'm telling you, children,
Jesus will carry you through.
Old Timers Day.
Anybody?
No?
Ooh!
I'm telling!
Bishop Enoch's gonna burn your little butt!
Come on, I was just playing yesterday.
No! You dead rat meat, boy!
Oh, snap!
My mom was on fire about this thing.
I was looking for it all day.
It cost big bucks.
More than that?
I don't know. This was my sister's.
-What's her name?

-Angel Morningstar. She's dead now.
Oh. Sorry to hear about that.
I'm still telling on your butt!
Stop sucking your thumb about it!
I just gave you the stupid thing.
-Apologize!
-No.
I'm telling!
All right, all right.
I'm sorry I chased you out the church
with that dead, stinking, smelly rat.
Once more, with feeling, please.
I'm sorry I chased you out the church
with that dead, stinking, smelly, horrible,
funky, Red Hook, Brooklyn rat, okay?
No!
-Not that way!
-What's wrong?
It's not safe!
That's Blood territory over there.
What's that?
Not a what, a who. They're a gang!
And you don't want to meet them.
Let's go through Paradise.
Yes, but if you come to God,
you come to Jesus,
and take Jesus into your life,
He will show you who you are.
(COLOR OF THE WIND PLAYING)
(CHATTERING INAUDIBLY)
I love wet cement!
I dare you!
Hey!
Are you two out of your minds?
Come on, let's see what you got.
Come here!
Do not come back here!
Go back to your home! And stay there!
(INHALER PUFFING)
Why you playing?
-My hair's all messed up.
-Hey, boy!
Turn that goddamn thing off!
You can't be railing and rooting

round here crazy with this girl.
See, you've done made her sick!
You know Chazz got that goddamn asthma.

SILLAS:

Deacon Zee, I'm okay.
Boy, did you just fall off the turnip truck?
No.
There's 31 of these project buildings,
and an EMS brother told me on the low-low
that 11 children died of asthma
in the last two years.
Know why?
Why?
'Cause of a light bulb.
See, a child has an asthma attack at night,
somebody calls 911
and the EMS guys spend 15 minutes
spinning around the projects
trying to find the address.
Because they can't see it.
And by the time they find it,
the poor child is dead.
You wanna take a picture of dead things,
then you in the right place.
Welcome to the big leagues.

SILLAS:

I wanna go home.
You just got here.
Come here.
Take a look out there.
Look at everything God made for you.
That tree.
That bird.
Sister Sweet.
(CALLING BIRDS)
She feeds those birds every day
before she goes to work.
Pushes herself to the subway.
Now, that's 15 blocks.
Mother Darling,
out there preaching the gospel every day.
Her gospel,

but any word is better than none.
Both their sons died of AIDS.
And look at them.
Still doing God's work.
Now that's inspiration, son.
Red Hook is a window to the world.
A window to God's inspiration.
You can't find no better place to see it
on this God's Earth.
That's not what Deacon Zee said.
Well, Deacon Zee is confused.
(PLAYING A LITTLE TALK WITH JESUS
ON ORGAN)
(SINGING) A little talk with Jesus
makes it right
All right
A little talk with Jesus makes it right
All right
Troubles of ev'ry kind
Thank God I'll always find
That little talk with Jesus makes it right
My brothers, I remember
When I was a sinner lost
I cried, "Have mercy, Jesus"
But still my soul was tossed
Till I heard King Jesus say
"Come here, I am the way"
And a little talk with Jesus makes it right
A little talk with Jesus makes it right
All right
Troubles of ev'ry kind
Thank God I'll always find
That little talk with Jesus makes it right
A little talk with Jesus makes it right
All right
Talking about troubles of ev'ry kind
Thank God I'll always find
That little talk with Jesus
Makes it right, all right

ENOCH:

Thank you, Jesus.
Hallelujah.

WOMAN:

Oh, I'm standing here
with an attitude of love.

ALL:

I'm standing here with
an attitude of gratefulness.

ALL:

Oh, thank God.

ALL:

-I thank God for the rain.

-ALL:

-I thank God for the white snow.

-ALL:

I thank God for the red heat.
(ALL WHOOPING)
Ooh, it's hot up in here, ain't it?

-ALL:

-(ORGAN PLAYING)
Oh, it's hot up in here.
-It's hot all over the city.

-ALL:

-Record heat!

-ALL:

Ain't it record... It's record heat!

-ALL:

You know, just 1 2 blocks from here,
down there at Brooklyn Terminal.

ALL:

Those cruise ships are docked
blowing out thick black smoke,
giving our children asthma
and whatever else
they can poison the air with.
-For them folks, it's cool down there.

-MAN:

Would that somebody walk on down there
to the Queen Mary 2 and say,
(CLICKING TONGUE)

"Excuse me.

(ALL LAUGHING)

"Would y'all mind turning off them engines,
"because it's hot in the Hook?

(ALL AGREEING)

"Or give us some of that cool you got."

ALL:

Right?

But, you know,

we live in a world of "should not be."

(ORGAN PLAYING)

It should not be

that little girls from around here

go to school at 1 2 years old

with classmates who are pregnant.

It should not be!

(ALL AGREEING)

And then they sit

in classrooms of 40 or more,

and have four different teachers in one year,

because the teachers keep quitting.

It should not be!

(ALL AGREEING)

It should not be that radio and television

and videos and movies

define who our boys are.

(ALL AGREEING)

It should not be!

So they put gold in their mouths.

They wear pants that don't fit.

They paint their bodies in tattoos,

so the only job they can get

is pro ball or rap.

It should not be!

You know,

these projects are full of baby mamas.

(CROWD MURMURING)

Yes.

And there's a difference... Listen to me now.
There's a difference between a baby mama
and a single mother.

-ALL:

-Yes.

A single mother is
trying to be with her baby.

(ALL AGREEING)

But a baby mama is
trying to be with whomever else
she can be to forget
that she got a baby at home.

(ALL AGREEING)

And then the baby's gotta deal with
the boy that the baby mama
brings back to the crib.

And he a baby himself,
calling himself a man.

He ain't no man!

And Grandma's raising them all.

When she should be retired,
after a life of long and hard work.

-Slaving from can't see in the morning...

-(ORGAN WALLS)

-...to can't see at night!

-(ORGAN WALLS)

And it should not be!

(ORGAN PLAYING)

But, oh, my God is a great God.

-(ALL AGREEING)

-(PEOPLE CLAPPING)

These young folks,
they don't know theyselves!

But, look here, turn to Luke 9:55-56.

It says, "Ye know not
what manner of spirit ye are of.

"For the Son of man is come
not to destroy men's lives,
"but to save them."

(ALL AGREEING)

All you got to do is come to Jesus.

(ALL AGREEING)

And be saved.

(ORGAN PLAYING)

You know, you won't have
to worry about no gold teeth.
No loose-fitting pants.
No Queen Mary 2.

-We got our king. Jesus. Jesus!

-(ALL AGREEING)

And he'll air-condition your soul!

He'll set you what? Free!

Yes, he will!

He will set you free!

Deacons, Deacons,
bring up the mourning bench.

Mmm. Mmm-hmm.

(CONGREGATION CHATTERING)

ENOCH:

Thank you, Deacons.

It's that time, y'all. On your feet.

There's somebody here

-who needs God.

-ALL:

There's somebody in this holy sanctuary
who needs Jesus in their life.

Come on, now. Step up!

Come on.

You need Jesus.

-Who does that person need?

-ALL:

Jesus in your life.

(ALL AGREEING)

I can't move this person.

I can't tell this soul

to take Jesus into its heart.

That's gotta come from inside.

ALL:

Jesus.

(ORGAN PLAYING SOFTLY)

Oh Jesus, let's hear some noise now.

(ALL CHEERING)

All right, y'all, be seated, be seated.

It's time for that love offering.
We gotta keep this church going now.
We only want that stuff that folds.
Come on now, don't hold out on the Lord.
We wanna bring new folks to the church.
You know, the church,
it seems to get empty day by day,
year by year.
How can we bring these people back?
Come on, y'all, tell me.
What do you want for this church?
What would help you?
Please, somebody, speak up.
-We need a ramp.

-ENOCH:

Sister Sweet says she wants a ramp!
Now, how we gonna
get Sister Sweet a ramp?
-We need a love offering.
-(CONGREGATION APPLAUDING)
We need a ramp!
You embarrassed me.
You need Jesus in your life, son.
If you in pain, he'll heal you.
If you got any suffering,
Jesus is your salvation.
Colleen didn't bring you up in the church?
No.
Sister Shirley says somebody's been
gnawing at the Sunday school snacks.
Know anything about that?
I know about a big dead rat down there.
Do you now?
Ten packs of potato chips.
Now, is that a rat or a pig?
-I don't know!
-(SIGHS)
Let me tell you
about your late Granmama Zimmie.
She was a rocket.
She'd come into church
beating and banging in God's name.
Rolling with that...

You know,
you need to know your history, son.
I know it.
Let me tell you about your daddy, then.
I know him.
This was some time ago,
long before you come to yourself.
I might be old, but I know a thing or two.
And your daddy is not such a bad fellow...
He's dead like Grandma!
-Is he?
-He died in Afghanistan!
Lord have mercy. Bless his soul.
I didn't know, son. I'm so sorry.
But, you know, you have a father in heaven.
Where is He? Is He here?
Is He here?
Is God here?
What's your point, Silas?
You're making friends with the devil,
talking about God that way.
I wanna go home.
I didn't come up here to work all day,
run around with big, dead church rats
and be around these people.
I have a nice house in Atlanta.
Around nice people, too.
Silas.
You starving yourself.
I'm not hungry.
I'm not talking about food.
I'm talking about starving yourself
of the Lord's good nourishment.
Starving yourself of your history.
That's worse than not eating.
Anybody can eat.
(FARAWAY PLAYING)
Your father is weirder than Cee Lo Green.
I hate it here. I want to come home.
Is he spanking you?
No, he's starving me. He took all my food.
Come on now, Silas.
I know your grandfather is not starving you.
Your grandfather is a good cook.

He cooked at all those church functions
I grew up going to.
Every single Sunday.
He gave me the same eggs
and scrapple two days in a row.
Well, you should have eaten it the first day.
I didn't want to eat it the first day,
I wanted my food!
That's your grandfather.
You've got to respect him, okay?
-He has to respect me, too.
-(SLGHS)
He's got you in church every day, huh?
-Yes.
-(CHUCKLES)
Yeah, I remember what that was like.
I was raised in the church, you know.
So why didn't we go to church?
Well, because it's too early.
(BOTH CHUCKLING)
Is it as hot up there
as it is down here in Hotlanta?
No, but it's hot.
Yeah?
Well, listen, summer's gonna fly by, okay?
You'll be home before you know it.
So just... You gotta compromise with him,
he's old-school, okay?
All right.
All right. Now stick your...
Stick your lip back in.
Come on. Smile for me. Let me see.
The bottom lip, stick it in now.
-Come on.
-It is in.
(LAUGHING)
Give me a chat-kiss.
All right.
Wait, I want to ask you
something before we go.
You've got to be honest with me, okay?
Don't lie to your mother.
I'm not.
You messing around

with any of them fast-ass project girls?

No, ma'am.

Hmm.

You know,

there's something you do when you lie.

The left side of your face there

twitched a little bit.

-You being truthful with me?

-Yes.

All right.

-Keep it zipped up!

-Um... What?

You heard me! I know what y'all be doing.

Texting and sexting and all that crazy stuff.

-(SNICKERS)

-Oh, now you laughing?

Uh-huh. See, I know when you're lying now.

I'm not lying.

You better not be lying to me.

I'm not.

All right.

We gotta get off this iChat now.

So... Miss you.

I miss you, too.

Love you.

Love you, too.

Tell your grandfather I said hello.

Sure.

I already told you,
starving yourself of God's nourishment
is a sin unto yourself.

Every sin has its price.

Sweet food for folks who do God's work.

You don't like me.

I don't like myself sometimes, son.

I'm going to work.

You put in some work

over there at Lil' Heaven.

And we'll make a deal

about your sweet things.

And you're right, I do not like you.

I love you.

(TILL THE END PLAYING)

SILAS:

CHAZZ:

Ow!

Flik, hold still when

I'm combing your fro-hawk.

It's as long as your granddaddy's sermons.

What do you know about my granddaddy?

I know a lot about your granddaddy.

I know that he likes my mom.

I see the way he looks at her
when she walks down the aisle.

I see the way he looks at her
while she's sipping her tea.

Boy, you got some deep roots. Deep.

Ow!

(TILL THE END CONTINUES PLAYING)

I double-dare you.

Bite your lip, Mr. Potato Chip.

Hold up, hold up. It's not like that.

No, no, not again!

You are not doing this to me again!

(GRUNTING)

I know you live in the projects!

I know your face!

Hey, lady!

(IMITATING MICHAEL JACKSON'S LAUGH)

-Damn it!

-(YELLING)

Shamone!

Hey!

My grandfather's gonna kill me!

You're so short on luck it isn't even funny.

Who told you to draw a heart
and get us into trouble?

You took my picture!

I thought you liked-ed me.

I never told you I liked-ed you,
since you're so ugly, you can break mirrors.

I wouldn't talk.

You're a fro-hawk-headed,
doodle-face country boy.

You need a knife to get the dirt off your face.
With a face like yours,

your mom should start over.
Go back to Atlanta, you dead-rat-eating...
Girl, where you been?
Showing Flik the 'hood.
-(WHISPERING) Stupid.
-Shut up.
Girl, move!
Flik, why are your Nike's in the sink?
What?
Boy, I don't stutter.
Why you sucking wind like that?
That inhaler costs a ton of money.
You using it up?
What y'all doing?
Running around all wild and crazy? No.
And why are some of the potato chips
and drinks missing?
Somebody's been messing around
in the pantry.
Anybody know who?
The Lord will strike you down if you lie.
God hates a liar!
Well, Sister Shirley,
I was trying to get the place
ready for Old Timers Day
and I had a sudden hankering for some pop.
And then I needed some chips
to salt up my mouth,
since I had all that sloppy sweet in my jowls.
So I sent them over to the Fairway
to replace the stuff.
And I told them to keep it on the low-low.
You know, hush-hush,
because I didn't want you thinking
that I had been, you know,
sipping that essence.
If you get my drift.
You understand what I mean.
Whatever! Chazz, when you done here,
-you bring your little fast behind on home.
-Mmm-hmm.
No tickie, no tackie.
All right. Payback time!
Shake a leg. Shake a leg.

Let's get a-working, get a-working.

Let's go, boy. Let's go.

(GROWLING)

Let's get out of here, boy.

Ho! Grab that... Hurry up, come on.

Boy, the world be going round and round,
and the white man still ahead.

Them Germans got every goddamn thing.

They make good stuff over there.

Cars. Houses.

Them French, too.

Oh, them Frenchies make good stuff.

Wine. Cheese. Champagne.

What do we make?

Rap records!

Hell, niggas buying IKEA right up the street.

Hell, l-key-yo-ass to Rikers Island.

Eighty percent unemployment around here.

Now, see, if niggas had bought Apple,
they'd be rolling by now.

And I told them that!

Way back in the year of our Lord, 2003.

Could have got it for \$7 a share.

Now it's 334 goddamn dollars!

But niggas don't wanna listen!

If she's so mad at him,

why is she helping him?

-Answer me.

-Deacon Zee's her brother.

That drunk's your uncle?

You make me sick.

Stupid!

(I WANT TO BE READY

PLAYING ON ORGAN)

Oh! Hey, children.

(SINGING) I want to be ready

I want to be ready

I want to be ready

To walk in Jerusalem just like John

John said the city was just four-square

Walk in Jerusalem just like John

And he declared he'd meet me there

Walk in Jerusalem just like John

I want to be ready

I want to be ready
I want to be ready
To walk in Jerusalem just like John

ENOCH:

ALL:

Tell all my friends I'm a-coming, too
Walk in Jerusalem just like John

I want to be ready

I want to be ready

I want to be ready

To walk in Jerusalem just like John

Sing it again!

I want to be ready

I want to be ready

I want to be ready

To walk in Jerusalem just like John

Walk in Jerusalem just like John

(CONGREGATION APPLAUDING)

(PEOPLE CALLING OUT IN APPROVAL)

-Yes!

-Praise the Lord!

Bless, y'all. Be seated. Be seated, y'all.

You know, I was reading
in the newspapers today
about everyone's worries.

They're worried about the economy.

They're worried about the weather.

They're worried about the politics.

Always worried about something.

We're worried about

what we should have been doing,

and what we're going to do.

Drowning our sorrows in the wrong thing.

(ALL AGREEING)

Gurgling down the devil's milk

as if man's answers to man's problems

can be solved by anybody else

other than God Himself.

Amen!

Talking about what we would do

if we had some money.

People saying, "Bishop, what we gonna do

about the oil bill?

"What we gonna do about the roof bill?

"The church is falling apart!"

Well, I told you,

you know what you got to have?

-ALL:

-Faith!

Faith!

Now look here.

I had a vision.

I had a vision that God's gonna
send somebody through that door
and he's gonna say, "Bishop Enoch,
you done brought Jesus to me.

"And He's made me feel so good that now
I wanna give His house something.

"I wanna fix up His house.

"I want to make it right. Yes, sir."

But, you know,

when God blesses you,

He ain't always talking about money.

-(ALL AGREEING)

-Oh, no.

You know, some folks
just flew out of the Hook
when they got money.

Talking about a better house,
a better school, a better life.

Well, guess what?

The white folks done moved
right back up in here,
gentrification done reared its ugly head.
And right now we in the belly of the beast!

And now the old timers say,
"Well, I should have known."

Well, if you had Jesus,
you would have known.

Look here, look here,
y'all turn to Matthew here.

1 6:

"What is a man's advantage
"if he gains the whole world,

the whole world,
"and loses his own soul?"
Who are you? Who do you belong to?
Whose house you gonna fix up?
-Come on, tell me, y'all.

-ALL:

Who do you need?

ALL:

Stand up and shake your neighbor's hand
and tell them you love Jesus!

-I love Jesus.

-I know you do, I know you do.

God moves in mysterious ways,
His wonders to perform.

ENOCH:

get the mourning bench down here.

Oh, yes. Oh, yes.

I feel it again.

(CONGREGATION CALLING OUT IN APPROVAL)

Yes.

There's somebody here who needs God.

I said there's somebody here
who needs Jesus in their life.

There's somebody here
who needs God in their life.

Just step forward, son. Don't be afraid now.

Just come on up to the bench.

Oh, yes, there's somebody here.

Oh, there's somebody else.

There's somebody else who needs Jesus.

There's somebody else.

Yes, you wondering why the world's so bad!

There's somebody wondering
why the world is so bad!

Yes, there's somebody here
who thinks that the world is bad.

There's somebody here
who's drowning their sorrows
in the devil's liquid.

Yes, taking their nips and dips,
their nightcaps and ice-breakers.

And before you know it,
that little dip turns into a valley.
So quit that chugging, and get God's loving!
Come home to Jesus!
He is never there when you want Him.
But He's always what?

ALL:

-Yes, yes! Right on time!
-(CONGREGATION APPLAUDING)
Now I'm all sloppy sweet in my jowls!
I need something to salt my mouth up!
(CHUCKLING)
You know, you're stupid,
but Bishop Enoch was too hard
on Uncle Zee.

ZEE:

coming up in this mug
on a white stallion and helping me.
Need every swingin' Willie we can get.
Got boo-koo square feet up in here.
Where's my Wall Street Journals?
I'm investing and digesting.
I'm gonna let white Jesus help me.
I wouldn't give a care
if every nigga,
Puerto Rican and Dominican
broke into a dice game
and crapped all over themselves.
(SHOUTING)
I got a crazy family.
You and me both.
You like Melo?
I love Melo.
"And now, introducing Number 7.
"Standing at 6'8", from Syracuse University,
"Carmelo Anthony!"
(IMITATES CROWD CHEERING)
We live in Apartment 1 C.
The same apartment he lived in
before his family moved to Baltimore.
You lying.
Ask anybody. See if I'm lying.

BOX:

why you touching me? Chill.

-Now get me something to drink real quick.

-WOMAN:

BOX:

WOMAN:

-You heard me?

-Aight.

What you looking like that for?

Get up, move.

And leave that attitude.

(WOMAN MUTTERING IN SPANISH)

Got you, Blood, you know that.

Look at this little nigga again, man.

(LAUGHING)

This little nigga, all in blue.

What's your problem, little man?

Chazz says she lives in

Carmelo Anthony's old apartment. 1 C.

True story.

Seen Melo do work all up in the Garden.

How'd you get tickets?

I'm connected, baby.

You run a couple errands for me,

put you on to get you some.

Put some real dollar eagles in your pocket,

you understand?

I just wanted to put you in my iPad 2.

You know,

ask you some questions and stuff.

I'm doing a documentary about Red Hook.

What kind of questions

you want to ask me, man?

Like, what do you do

that makes my granddaddy so mad?

I didn't do nothing to that old timer, man.

I'm a rapper, that's what I do.

He know that, all right?

That's why I'm out here hustling,

so I get enough dough to make my mix tape.

(ALL AGREEING)

I could shoot your video. Gimme a taste.

"Gimme a taste."

(ALL LAUGHING)

-You'll shoot my video with that?

-Yeah.

-Right now?

-Right now.

Go get 'em!

All right, let's do this.

-You see me? I'm good?

-Yeah.

-Good money?

-Good money.

All right, so look.

(RAPPING) It's hot as hell in this jail cell

Ain't hard to tell

Shit you learn ain't in books, nigga

This Red Hook

Home of my nigga Melo

My crew to be I carry

Pumping D's in the dice to dream cemetery

It's grim work, love

Arming my troops

Talk slick

We make you eat your words

Alphabet soup

So re-group,

before you think you can step...

Wait, hold up, hold up, hold up.

Now, I don't want you biting my shit, man.

It ain't copywritten.

What's that?

Don't matter.

Just burn me a copy real quick.

I can't do it now.

What?

I can't do it now.

ENOCH:

hope to see you up in Lil' Heaven.

All right, I'll do it myself!

No. Why you playing?

Fuck off, little man!

ENOCH:

GANGSTERS:

-Come on, let's go!

-What's wrong with you?

You should know better,
letting him out here without instructions!

He got me on tape!

It's over for him, it's mine now.

It's just for his video.

-His what?

-His video!

Look, I don't want you
out here no more, all right?

Just step off, get out of here.

Next time y'all come out here violating,

-there's gonna be problems.

-Mad problems!

Herbert, you know me all your life.

I've never done you no wrong.

This boy, my grandson here,
he don't know nothing about...

I'll tell you what, I'll buy it back, all right?

I just got paid...

Whoa, whoa.

Let me help you with that, old man.

Oh! Pay day, nigga!

Let me see this.

-God is great.

-Amen.

You better delete it.

Get this lil' nigga out of here.

Wasted my whole childhood in Lil' Heaven.

I'm telling you, old man, next time you
or anybody else from your Jesus sect

come on this court,

I'm gonna cut your eyelids off,

so you can see me clearly

before I blast you straight

to Big Heaven, understand?

And when you get there,

you can tell God you were

sent there by Satan himself!

Now step!
God's loving you every minute, Herbert.
-Whatever!
-Some preacher bullshit.
I love this joint, man. God is love, baby.
The almighty dollar, baby.
(LAUGHS) Know what I mean?
I told you, be careful with that thing!
I thought you said
Box should come to Lil' Heaven.
Well, he ain't coming.
The Lord says,
"Throw out your treasures in heaven,
"even if others don't follow you!"
You heard the man say
he's from Satan himself.
If you're a man of God, aren't you
supposed to take the devil out of him?
Not if it means getting you killed!
I want to go home.
We gonna start all over here, boy.
Bible study, Sunday school!
Right here, right now. Oh, hell no!
Start it right now!
-That's why I don't believe in God.
-You what?
The hell with you, you old, broke-down man!
-Look at you.
-It's all in the book.
It's all in the book, if you'd just look!
You ain't got nothing in this dead-rat hole.
-Lord Jesus...
-My mother hates your guts.
And she hates me, too!
That's why she sent me to you
in the first place!
She's my...
(PANTING)
Chazz.
Chazz!
Shh!
Be quiet, before you wake up my mom!
(WALKING PLAYING)

SILAS:

I only been there twice.
Sometimes I see the people
going there on the water taxi.
And I'm like, "Where they going?"
They seem so busy.
Got stuff to do. Got money.
What we got?
I have plenty.
If it wasn't for people like Box
trying to jump me and kill my grandfather.
Box ain't gonna kill nobody.
He used to go to Lil' Heaven.
Box?
Half them Bloods did, before they got old.
You get to our age
and you get to wondering.
I want to get out of here.
Live in Atlanta like you maybe.
Or go to Africa. Or Cali.
I heard that's nice.
My mom says, "Chazz, trust in Jesus."
And I'm trying.
I just don't see no light.
You see any light?
Who killed Biggie and Tupac?
You're talking crazy! Get away from there!
And you're bugging.
Sometimes I just wanna jump in
and swim to the edge of the world,
just go to blackness.
I wanna stop feeling numb.
I wanna feel pretty.
With nice clothes. And a nice house.
With nice people that love me.
Your mother doesn't love you?
Chazz!
You better back up!
If you ain't got nothing
and don't feel part of nothing,
you feel nobody wants you.
Nobody says, "We don't want you."
They just ignore you.
You're invisible. You don't belong.

You ever get that feeling?
Yeah, since I got here to Red Hook.
Flik, God feels you! He feels your pain!
Jesus Christ!
You sound just like my grandfather now.
All this corny yakking about God
drives me nuts.
My grandfather's a bully and he's got God.
The Bloods run everything
and jack people's stuff
and they had God.
And these white people
in these nice houses,
they don't want us around.
And they have their God.
And you loopy as Froot Loops
and you got God, too.
Let me ask you.
Why does everybody want to go to heaven,
but nobody wants to die?
Very good question.
Didn't mean that!
If you jump, Chazz,
God isn't going to catch you,
is what I meant!
And you better not try it, you crazy girl.
I feel bad for you, Flik.
You got nothing to believe in.
You're headed straight to hell!
No, I'm not. I haven't done anything wrong!
I'll hate you, if you jump!
I swear, I will hate you forever!
That's why I don't believe in God!
He lets too much bad stuff happen!
It doesn't matter. God believes in you.
Chazz!
Psych yo' mind, Frankenstein,
saw yo' face on Channel 9,
make your black booty shine!
Heh! Heh! Heh!
Stupid!
(LAUGHING)
Mmm, mmm, mmm.
Heard through the Red Hook grapevine

about Flik and Box.

Mmm.

Talk about a Judas.

Well, that is not gonna happen again.

I'm reining Flik in.

He's on a short, short leash.

I'll have him so busy running back and forth

between Sunday school

and working at over at Lil' Heaven,

he's gonna be dizzy.

Flik is fine.

He's the best boy

Chazz has ever met around here.

The boy needs God in his life.

He's a 13-year-old boy, Enoch.

They'll be trading spit before you know it.

Now, you can call it courting if you want,

but who you fooling?

You ain't got to tell me about the dangers

of these young people courting.

I raised two.

When you first come here from down South,

after your wife died,

how come your daughter never

come up with you?

She's not saved.

I pray for her every day and night.

My big girl, Angel, she was my first.

Raised her in the Lord's light

from the word go.

Before I could turn my head around,

she got out here on Centre Mall,

got turned out

and came home with that AIDS.

That's not your fault, Shirley.

Oh, yes, it is.

Oh, we talk a good game, you know?

Our generation,

about the good old days

when we was young.

(ENOCH CHUCKLING)

About the days when you could

spank a young'un

and tell them something once

and they did it.
And how we grew up
walking the straight and narrow,
picking cotton, shining shoes
and selling newspapers.
And nobody wore their pants low
and their dresses high.
And there weren't no sissies around
or whatever you call them.
Like our world was so perfect.
It's a lie.
If you and I grew up today
watching the TV 24/7,
we'd be foolish as these young people, too.
More so.
Their morals and their values are low.
You're a good man, Enoch Rouse.
I been watching you a long time.
You're suffering and lonely,
'cause the world has changed
and passed you by.
But God hasn't.
We prayed for a black president
to deliver us,
and we got our wish.
I see our young people
same as they was before,
only now they can say,
"I, too, can be president."
No.
I'm done with that dream.
Not much has changed,
that's the God's truth.
The rich keep getting super-rich,
poor get super-poor.
Don't matter what color they are.
Poor is on the bottom rung the world over.
But God,
God is on the highest rung.
Wake up. Your grandson needs you.
I'm giving him God. That's enough.
I prayed for my Angel till my knees wore out.
Took her to Lil' Heaven every Sunday.
But the Hook got her and she died.

So this time,
I ain't just praying for my Chazz.
I'm watching her school,
her teachers, her friends,
her Facebook, her Twitter.
Ain't nothing gonna slip past me.
I ain't pawning off
my responsibility as a parent
and saying, "She's in God's hands."
She's in my two loving hands.
And with God's help,
I will raise this one right.
By being honest,
and telling her when I ain't sure.
And listening.
I ain't preaching, I'm teaching.
I'm thinking that's the only way,
the only way,
she's gonna be safe and sound.
And you, Enoch,
you ought to do the same.
Because Flik needs a man.
Not a Bishop, not a Bible, but a man.
And when the good man teaches,
the Bible will preach itself.
The Bible worked for my father.
The world is changed.
I've heard you preach
about your late father many times.
About how he pulled himself up
by his bootstraps
like Booker T. Washington.
How would he feel
about the way we are handling
what we have right here?
Hmm.
Shirley, the truth is,
my father never loved me.
I'll never do that again.
-You hate me.
-That's not true.
You hate Box?
I don't hate any of God's children.
Box said he'd kill you!

Box ain't killing nobody.
You know, you worry too much.
And that's what happens
when you don't put God first.
How do you know God's real?
Forgiveness, redemption.
Turning the other cheek.
All them things.
You can't see God's purpose.
But believing in what you don't see
gives you power.
Otherwise, you can't be free.
Are you free?
If you had a window
that you could look out
and see whatever you wanted,
what would you see?
I would like to be looking
out my own window in Atlanta.
My green grass and my big trees.
I'd be looking at
just what I'm looking at now.
Everything is made to God's purpose.
The Statue of Liberty, the East River,
the sky.
There isn't anything
the good Lord has made someplace else
that you can't find right here.
I've seen everything I've ever wanted to see.
Except for one thing.
What's that?
Seeing you kayaking.
What's kayaking?
Kayaking?
It's taking a small kayak
into the water off the Valentino Pier.
You can do that in Red Hook?
You can do whatever you want here.
Can I bring Chazz?
Of course you can.
I think that deserves
a little bit more of your sweet things.
Not too much now.
And a smile. There you go.

We good?

-Good money.

-Good...

(LAUGHING)

(THERE ALN'T NO TURNING PLAYING)

INSTRUCTOR:

You see how the top of your paddle
is facing towards the sky?

-SILAS:

-You want to face it towards the water.

So, go...

Actually, rotate the paddle in your hands
to where the words are facing down.

CHAZZ:

SILAS:

INSTRUCTOR:

pick up the pace a little bit.

CHAZZ:

SILAS:

INSTRUCTOR:

That's good.

SILAS:

INSTRUCTOR:

CHAZZ:

INSTRUCTOR:

-All right, ready?

-SILAS:

INSTRUCTOR:

SILAS:

INSTRUCTOR:

SILAS:

SHIRLEY:

ENOCH:

Kayak Tours Incorporated.
You think they're all right?
Donna and Katie?
I think they're funny buddies,
but they seem all right.
No.
I mean Flik and Chazz.
Yeah, they all right.
Why you here, Enoch?
Smart man like you.
Seems like a fellow with your thinking
could get a bigger church.
Sister Williams always said you had a story.
Suspected it till she died.
But she never did say why.
The trustees were wary
about hiring a pastor without a wife.
Well, they been wary for 15 years.
And Sister Williams, God bless her soul,
she was there for 12 of them.
Oh! She was good to me.
I told her that I was a widower,
when I answered the ad in
The National Black Baptist Newspaper.
You know what she said?
"As long as you got the blood!"
(BOTH LAUGHING)
"As long as you got the blood."
I always wanted to leave the South anyway.
Most black folks these days
is headed in the opposite direction.
Reverse migration.
New York cost too much.
Heading back down South, to our roots.
Well, I ain't most black folks.
No, Enoch, you ain't.

For a man who makes
\$1 50 dollars a week calling folks out,
you sure clam up tight
when your number's called.
Be patient with me, Shirley.
-Let the Holy Ghost work on me.
-Hmm.
Well, He better get moving, Enoch.
Donna and Katie'll be married before we are.
(LAUGHING)
(CHUCKLING)

INSTRUCTOR:

sit up nice and straight,
it's gonna take some of the pressure
off your back.

SILAS:

it hurts your back!

SHIRLEY:

ENOCH:

SHIRLEY:

-Come on!

-ENOCH:

SHIRLEY:

Valentino Pier!

-ENOCH:

-Yes!

Look at him, and he never kayak before.

-It doesn't look like it, they look like pros.

-Look at them.

ENOCH:

SHIRLEY:

ENOCH:

SILAS:

Come on up this way, come on up here.

SHIRLEY:

Come on, baby.

SILAS:

CHAZZ:

ENOCH:

CHAZZ:

SILAS:

ENOCH:

CHAZZ:

(GET ON BOARD LIL' CHILDREN PLAYING)

ENOCH:

Come on, church.

(SINGING) Get on board, lil' children

Get on board, lil' children

Get on board, lil' children

There's room for plenty on board

Get on board, lil' children

Get on board, lil' children

Get on board, lil' children

There's room for plenty on board

The gospel train is coming

I hear it close at hand

I hear the wheels moving

And rumbling through the land

Get on board, lil' children

Get on board, lil' children

Get on board, lil' children

There's room for plenty on board

I hear a train a-coming

She's coming round the curve

She's loosened all her steam and brakes

And straining every nerve

Get on board, lil' children

Get on board, lil' children
Get on board, lil' children
There's room for many-a-more
The fare is cheap and all can go
The rich and poor are there
No second class on board this train
No difference in the fare
Get on board, lil' children
Get on board, lil' children
Get on board, lil' children
There's room for plenty on board
Come on board, lil' children
Come on board, lil' children
Get on board, lil' children
There's room for many-a-more
There's room for many-a-more
(CONGREGATION
SHOUTING IN ENCOURAGEMENT)
(LAUGHING)

ENOCH:

There's room for many-a-more.
Hallelujah!
Y'all, be... Be seated, y'all.
Y'all just too happy up in here.
There's room for plenty more here.
You know, the late Joe Louis used to say,
-"You can run, but you cannot hide."

-ALL:

The Lord is the ram in the bush,
the Almighty, the Redeemer.
He never sleeps.
He never slumbers.
He's always watching.
Put down that reefer!
Put down that bottle!
Put down that remote!
God is on His throne.
Watching, making sure
you do the right thing.
(ORGAN PLAYING)
And we praise God, I'm so glad. I'm so glad.
I know a lot of you have

traveled far to come here today.
And we praise God that you
come back time and time again.
You left, but you've never been far.
-Just around the corner.

-ALL:

-Just around the bend.

-ALL:

But you come back to Lil' Peace of Heaven
time and time again.

Now, why?

Tradition.

And that's what the Lord
has prevailed upon me
to talk to y'all about today.

People say, "Tradition don't work."

Uh-uh.

They say, "Your church is old-fashioned.

"Y'all ain't twittering and twitching
and wiggling

"and face-snagging and back-scratching.

(ALL LAUGHING)

"Y'all ain't on the Internet like us.

"Y'all ain't gangsta like us."

Well, I got news for them.

-Meet my gangsta!

-(ALL CHEERING)

-Meet my Internet!

-(ALL CHEERING)

-Meet my social connection!

-(ALL CHEERING)

-Meet my social network!

-(ALL CHEERING)

I don't care if it's a high church,

a low church,

a black church, a white church,

a church of God in Christ,

a church of flocks and freaks and feathers!

A flock of seven or 7,000.

If it ain't got God in it, it ain't connected!

Hallelujah.

(ORGAN PLAYING)

Thank you, thank you. You got it, Tk.

(ALL CHEERING)

(CONGREGATION SHOUTING

IN ENCOURAGEMENT)

Y'all happy today.

You're happy today!

Feeling good up in here today.

Tradition.

In Matthew 1 5:

"Why do you transgress
the commandments of God

"by your tradition?

"These are the things which define a man."

In other words, he's saying, "Keep it clean."

You know, a few years back,

I had a heart operation.

And they came to me, and they said,

"Bishop Enoch,

when we put you under this anesthetic,

"there's a chance you might not come back."

And I said,

"Well, go on. I'm going on to glory."

And then he came back and he said,

"Bishop Enoch,

"when the surgeon puts his hands

on your heart to fix it,

"it might stop."

I said, "Let it stop.

I'm ready to meet the king. Go on."

But if they had come to me

and said, "Bishop,

"the surgeon has just got off of the toilet,

and he ain't washed his hands..."

Oh, no! Oh, no!

Oh, no!

No, no, no!

You got to wash your hands!

Yes, indeed.

You got to wash your hands.

You see, the Lord says,

"Bring your filth to me.

"And I'll wash your heart.

"I'll wash your soul.

"I'll make you clean.
"I'll scrub the sin from you.
"I'll make you whole.
"I'll make you well."
Tradition! Tradition.
They coming for us now.
Yes, they are.
They're hammering and building
and banging to beat the band
all over Red Hook.
You know, and the black folks is worried.
They come back here saying,
"Oh, Bishop, what's gonna happen
to Lil' Peace of Heaven?"
Well, I tell them,
"We don't know what tomorrow holds,
"but we know who holds tomorrow!"
(ALL AGREEING)
Because we with the man of action!
Come on, gentlemen, get the bench.
Bring out the bench now.
Listen.
We're standing on His everlasting word,
His almighty word, please come to Jesus.
I feel you.
I know there's somebody here,
I know there's somebody here
who needs God.
The Lord will take you... Here we are.
Amen. Hallelujah.
(CONGREGATION APPLAUDING)
-What's your name?
-I'm Hazel.
Hazel. Where you from, Hazel?
I'm from Bed-Stuy.
No more "do or die"?
(LAUGHS) Not anymore.
Thank you for these righteous words.
Have mercy, my Lord.
You see Sister Shirley back there?
Give her your information
and she'll prepare you for baptism
and for Bible class.
Praise God. Praise God.

Does the Spirit move in a mysterious way?

Yes.

Praise God.

I know there's another one out here.

I can feel you outside!

I can feel you, come to Jesus.

Ohh, yes!

You know, I had a feeling about you, son.

Who are you, young man? Who are you?

I'm the man with the special donation
you been praying about.

I thank Jesus that I'm here!

Oh! I told you, Zee, I told you!

That a servant from

God on high was coming!

Praise Jesus!

You don't remember me?

No, sir. But we are blessed to have you.

And glad to welcome you

to the Lord's loving kingdom.

I'm Blessing.

ENOCH:

Blessing Rowe.

From All Souls Missionary Baptist Church.

Waycross, Georgia.

My, my, Waycross, Georgia.

Now that's a mighty long, long way.

Yes, I came a long, long way

to hear the word.

I especially like the Book of Solomon,
second chapter, third verse.

"I sat down under his shadow

with great delight,

"and his fruit was sweet to my taste."

Do you remember that?

(ENOCH STAMMERS)

I teach mostly from

the New Testament these days.

Oh, I know that,

but I remember

your Old Testament preaching.

"O my dove,

"thou art in the secret places of the stairs,

"let me see thy countenance,
"let me hear thy voice, for thy voice is sweet,
"and thy countenance is comely."
You always liked the comely part.
The what?
You know, I think you should leave now.
You don't know me?
I was I 2!
I don't... You need to...
(STAMMERING) Boy, you're wayward!

BLESSING:

In your church apartment, remember?
The Book of Solomon.
"By night on my bed I sought him,
whom my soul loveth.
"Thy neck is like the tower of David."
You need help, son.
And there ain't no harm in needing help.
Go on and lie.
Right there in the pulpit.
Lie, so God can strike you down,
you hypocrite!
You molested me!
I was just a boy!
Go on! Hey, tell them,
Bishop Richard Benjamin Broadnax.
That's your real name, you monster.
I spent 15 years looking for you,
you poisonous bastard!
You're going straight to hell.
The devil will have you.
All right, all right. That's enough!
Go on and deny it.
Say it, in God's name!
Say it here, in God's house!
Enough!
Don't touch me! I was only I 2!
Go ahead! Say it in the name of God!
Say it in God's name!
Listen, all those verses you spouted.
"Behold, thou art fair, my love!
"Let my love come into the garden
and eat his precious fruit."

"My beloved put in his hand
by the old hole of the door,
"and my sweet insides were moved!"
I defecate on you!
You yellow-bellied, black bastard!
Liar, you liar!
Liar, you fraud!
(GASPING)
Chazz, Chazz! Somebody help!

SHIRLEY:

give her some air!
Move out of the way!
Somebody call 91 1 ! Somebody call 91 1 !
All right, all right.

DEACON:

this is a house of worship now.
All right, I'm going.

ZEE:

BLESSING:

You took my faith!
(ALL CLAMORING)
(SCREAMING)

WOMAN:

-Stay out here!
-He's gonna burn in hell!
-Get on away from here!
-He took my faith!
"Beware of false prophets,
"which come to you in sheep's clothing,
"but inwardly they are ravening wolves.
"Ye shall know them by their fruits.
"Neither a corrupt tree can
bring forth good fruit,
"wherefore by their fruits
ye shall know them!"

SHIRLEY:

(MAN SHUSHING)
(WOMAN SHOUTING)

Somebody call 91 1 !
Call an ambulance right now!
The Lil' Peace of Heaven!

WOMAN:

Oh, Lord, help us!

SILAS:

losing your inhaler, then?
Because I could be careless sometimes.
Everybody makes mistakes.

SILAS:

CHAZZ:

to help me find it.

SILAS:

Later for you.

CHAZZ:

SILAS:

CHAZZ:

SILAS:

CHAZZ:

It is true what that man said?
Turn on that little box of yours.
I got something I want to tell you.
You know, they built this place in 1938
for the dock workers,
7,000 of them.
And then they stuffed the poor here.
The Irish first.
The Italians.
The blacks and the Puerto Ricans.
(SIGH)

Folks was supposed to
use this place as a stepping stone.
But then there was no place to step to,
because they gave it all away.

So,
now you part of the problem.
You poor.
And you're a drag on the very society
you helped build up.
So you hide inside your problems.
For years.
Forever.
I came here to hide,
but there was so much beauty,
it didn't seem like a punishment.
But God knows
your deepest darkest secrets.
God turns his light to you.
Jump, man, jump. Go ahead.
(GAME BEEPIING)
Get away.
Thank you for this.
(CHUCKLING)
Oh, yes, there's nothing
too good for my son.
Bishop, I just don't feel this is good.
Don't that feel good?
See, that's God's love, son.
I'm just His messenger.
That's all. It's God's love.
Yeah, I guess so.
But I don't think this is what...
(SHUSHING)
What? You don't like
that CD Walkman I got you?
-Yes.
-Yes.
And that video game?
-Yes.
-Yes.
And them tennis shoes?
-Yes.
-Yes. Yes.
All them come from thy Father.
You see, the good book says,
"My beloved was put in his hands
"by the old hole of the door.
"And my sweet insides were moved."

-Bishop, I don't know...

-Shh!

Now, Blessing, those are God's words.

The Song of Solomon.

God wants us to love.

You see, man's love isn't God's love.

God's love is better.

You remember that verse I taught you?

Yes.

-That special verse I taught you?

-Yes.

Here it is here.

Now, let me hear it.

"By night on my bed I sought him,
whom my soul loveth.

"Thy neck is like the Tower of David."

Oh, I love the Lord.

Yes, that's it. Go on, go on.

Tell me more, go on.

Don't be afraid now.

It's right there in the book.

It's the good book, now go on.

Finish the verse,

and I'll let you play with your game.

"O my dove,

thou art in the clefts of the rock,

"in the secret places of the stairs,

"let me see thy countenance..."

Oh, I love this part.

"Let me hear thy voice,

"for sweet is thy voice,

"and thy countenance is comely.

"Take us the foxes, the little foxes

"that spoil you the vines,

for our vines have tender grapes.

"My beloved is mine, and I am his,

"he feedeth among the lilies.

- "Until the day break..."

- I got you.

- "...and the shadows flee away..."

- That's my boy.

"...turn, my beloved,

- "and be loved like a roe or a young hart..."

- That's my boy.

-"...upon the mountains of Bether..."

-Mmm-hmm.

"I will rise..."

Stop, stop, stop, stop, stop!

All Souls Missionary Baptist Church
covered for me.

They paid Blessing's family
some hush-hush money.

They also gave me a love offering
to go and never come back.

I gave that to your momma.

That's how you got that nice house of yours.

And then we all hid in corners.

All of us.

And we're still hiding.

Well, not all of us.

Silas.

I was a sick man.

But God cured me.

And what he didn't do,

I did with a doctor's help.

And after 15 years, I'm fixed.

And I thank Jesus for it,

'cause I got nothing to hide no more.

But, you.

Where you hiding?

That box?

You hiding behind "Flik"?

You hiding behind your momma?

The loss of your father?

Where you hiding, son?

Look, I got to go back to

Lil' Peace of Heaven

and clean up that mess over there.

I still want to go home.

I imagine you do, son.

We all get home.

Eventually.

(SPIRIT CLIMBING PLAYING)

Preacher man.

I used to pray, too.

My mother,

she was a true Christian, wouldn't you say?

Yes, Sister Augusta was.

You wanna know why I left the church?
It wasn't because my mom got sick and died.
Because I couldn't see
nothing out there for myself.
Trouble never quits out there, you know.
In the Hook, it's like...
It's like giving a Tylenol
to a two-headed baby.
Shit don't work.
The only men we ever saw
trying to do good out there
was you and Deacon Zee.
But Deacon Zee is a drunk.
And, you...
I see now why my mother never trusted you.
(JESUS IS THE LOVER
OF MY SOUL PLAYING)
I used to play the shit out of this thing.
My mother taught me.
Pick him up. Turn him around.
The blood!
That's what all you cock-sucking,
non-profit,
non-tax-paying God-hustlers
is selling, huh?
The blood!
Making a gold-plated living
off of these good people's money.
My mother's money! The blood!
(GROANS)
And to think, all them years
you was sucking them young boys off!
Tax-free!
Get him up. You pedophile motherfucker.
Tell me something, Bishop,
who's the real drug dealer, huh?
The real hustler, huh?
Me or you, huh?
Put him right there.
Come here. Come here.
Look!
I guess it's all good in the end, though, huh?
You can just call on Jesus.
He'll come down

and forgive you for your sins.
And while he's at it,
maybe he'll forgive me for mine, too.
I'm talking to you, Jesus.
Well, in the meantime...
-Stomp him.
-(ENOCH GRUNTING)
Chill, chill, chill, chill.
The only reason why
I'm leaving you breathing
is because of my mother.

Proverbs 18:

"Death and life is
in the power of the tongue."
(TAMBOURINE RATTLING)
(JESUS IS THE LOVER OF MY SOUL
CONTINUES PLAYING)
Bishop, God's gonna sort this out.
I'm praying for you.
Better go to the hospital,
let somebody look at you.
I see you for who you are now.
Satan.
The devil himself.
Lucifer, Beelzebub.
You took that boy's faith!
You took his faith,
and turned him into a monster.
And you'll burn for that!
You gonna burn in eternal hell!
(JESUS IS THE LOVER OF MY SOUL
CONTINUES PLAYING)
(POUNING ON DOOR)

DETECTIVE FLOOD:

recognize anybody?

ENOCH:

No.

FLOOD:

in the basketball court
buying your grandson's iPad back

from one of those suspects three weeks ago.
Detective, I can't even remember
last week's sermon.
Bishop, what happened to your face?
Shaving.
Are you kidding me?
I thought you men of the cloth told the truth.
What about you, little bit?
You see anything?
Hmm?
-Sir, I didn't...
-Why you looking over here?
Look straight ahead.
I didn't see anything, sir.
Okay, let's start again.
Did any one of those suspects
take your iPad earlier this summer?
-Take my what?
-You heard me.
You think I'm talking Brooklyn-ese?
Any one of those suspects
take your iPad this summer?
I don't know anything, sir.
I'm just here for the summer,
visiting my grandfather.
Let's let them go, come on.
Get out of here.
Get home safe, Bishop.

ENOCH:

(SIGHs)
The only thing we're gonna get
out of this case is an empty feeling.
How can we do police work,
when even the preachers are afraid to talk?
The Hook.
Red Hook, baby.
Shit!
(SOFT GOSPEL MUSIC PLAYING)
Bishop Enoch, are you gonna be all right?
Trustees wanna sit with me
first thing in the morning.
For what it's worth, I don't believe a word.
Thank you. That means a lot to me, Tk.

-Going to LaGuardia?
-Yes, sir.
Right.
Come on, son. Gotta roll.
Can't be late for this plane.
And can you please put that thing down?
Hey, Miss Chazz.
You feeling better?
Yes, Mr. Bishop.
Make it quick.
Hey.
Hey, I can't stay long.
My mom don't want me seeing you no more.
I guess I'll have to wait till I'm grown
to see Hotlanta now.
To see me or see Hotlanta?
You know, Flik,
you put the capital "R" in "retard."
I had to do a lot of promising
just to say goodbye to your silly butt.
All right. I'm sorry. I'm glad you're okay.
-Really glad. I'll call you when I land.
-Whatever.
-Later, gator.
-In a while, crocodile.
-Watch your lip.
-Mr. Potato Chip.

ENOCH:

ENOCH:

SILAS:

I do liked-ed you.

SHIRLEY:

Okay, Tk, come on, let's go now.

(WANT YOU TO KNOW PLAYING)

Cut!

(ZACHARY AND THE SCALY BARK

TREE PLAYING)