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Boyz n the Hood

By John Singleton

Them niggas around the corner
tripped out, man.

- Fuck that shit, man!

- Let's go. I'll take my car.

Oh, fuck that. We should've
let these niggas have it.

- Just pull up, just pull up.

- Get your shit ready, nigga.

Damn!

These niggas here?

All right, hold up.

Get ready, get ready.

Look out, nigga! What's up, punk?!

Possible 187 at corner of
Crenshaw and Century.

They shot my brother!

- Tre, you do your homework?

- What homework?

- Yeah, I did it.

- Can I copy it?

Hell, no. Too bad,

you should've done it.

- Did you hear the shooting last night?

- Yeah, I got under my bed.

Man, you a scaredy-cat.

My mama say, "A bullet
don't have no name on it. "

I ain't afraid. My brothers
been shot and they still alive.

They lucky.

Y'all want to see something?

What?

I ain't saying what.

Want to see it or not?

Is that blood?

What happened?

Somebody got smoked. Look at
the hole in the wall, stupid.

Least I can tell my times tables.

Look! Why is the blood
turning yellow?

That's what happens when it
separates from the plasma.

So that's how the settlers

survived that long hard winter...
...that took so many of their lives,
is by eating foods...
...that were given to them,
like the turkey and the squash...
...and all the foods that we think of
as our traditional holiday meal.
And that's why we celebrate
Thanksgiving...
...to commemorate the unity
between the Indians...
...excuse me...
...the Native Americans...
...and the early English settlers
who were called... Class?
Pilgrims.
That's right, the Pilgrims.
Very good.
The penguins!
Who said that?
- Mr. Styles.
- That's me.
How is it you always have
something funny to say?
Because I'm a comedian.
Would you like to come up
and teach the class?
Yeah, I can do that.
Very well, come on up. Instruct us.
- What's the basis of your lecture?
- What?
What are you going to talk about?
I'd tell you if you let me talk.
- What's the name of this place?
- That's Africa. I know that.
Right, that's Africa.
Did you know that Africa is where
the body of the first man was found?
My daddy says that's where
all people originated from.
That means everybody's really
from Africa. Everybody.
All y'all. Everybody.
I ain't from Africa.

I'm from Crenshaw Mafia!
Like it or not, you from Africa.
I ain't from Africa. You from Africa.
You African booty-scratcher!
Quiet.
Punk, I'll kick your ass.
That's enough.
Count to 10 and be quiet.
I'll get my brother to shoot you!
Get your brother, bitch!
I'll get my daddy. Least I got one.
I ain't your bitch.
Ain't nobody's bitch, bitch!
Are you listening to me?
Sit down, now! That's enough!
As I said, he's highly intelligent.
He has an enormous vocabulary.
It's just that...
Yes, go on.
It's just that he has
a very bad temper.
It's extremely difficult for him
to interact with the other children.
Perhaps I could recommend therapy
or a child psychologist.
No, thank you.
We can manage just fine.
Is there some problem in the home?
Are you employed?
That's none of your business, but...
...I am employed, and I'm studying
for my master's degree.
- Then you are educated.
- Are we gonna talk about me or my son?
I'm sorry.
Well, we'll be happy to see Tre
back in class on Tuesday.
His suspension was only
for three days, you know.
- No. You won't be seeing Tre again.
- And why is that, may I ask?
- Tre is going to live with his father.
- His father?
Yes, his father. Or did you think

we made babies by ourselves?
- You tell her go jump in the lake?
- What was our agreement?
What did we put down in writing?
"I, Tre Styles,
being of sound mind and body...
...agree not to get into any disputes,
physical or verbal...
...for the rest of the school year.
If I do not conform to this...
...I will go to live with my father,
Mr. Furious Styles. "
"Signed... "
Oh, now, who wrote this?
"Tre Styles. "
You have to work on your handwriting.
Bean pies. World-famous bean pies.
Like a bean pie, mister?
I just don't want to
see you end up dead.
Or in jail.
A drunk, standing in front
of one of these liquor stores.
Can you understand?
Look at me. I'm serious.
I love you.
You're my only son.
How you doing?
- I'm fine. How about yourself?
- I'm living. That's enough for me.
Well, here he is.
- What's the matter? You can't say hi?
- Hi, Daddy.
Go ahead, talk to your friends.
- What's up, Tre?
- What's up, Doughboy?
Well, there goes your son.
You wanted him, you got him.
Why you trying to make this so easy?
Well, it's like you told me:
I can't teach him how to be a man.
That's your job.
So it ain't no weekly thing
no more, huh?

You staying for good?
Chris, you know Tre, right?
Remember, we were playing ball?
Yeah. You the one collect
all those comic books.
You living here now?
Thank you, Reva.
Furious.
- Take care of my baby.
- He is my baby too.
You still collect comics?
This fool got more comics
than a motherfucker.
- Tre, come here.
- Watch my stuff.
What up, Tre?
What's up, Rick?
Well, it looks like you got
all your friends over here.
When you coming to pick me up?
Listen...
...this is just a temporary thing.
When I graduate, I'll get a better
job, a better place to stay.
Maybe a house?
Then you can come back, and things
will be better. Okay?
Okay, Mom.
Okay. Can I have a kiss?
- Love you, love you.
- Me too. Bye, Mommy.
- Doughboy, staying out of trouble?
- I ain't got no troubles.
- You got some troubles?
- Lawn trouble.
- Why don't y'all rake these leaves up?
- How much?
I'll give you \$5
for the whole lawn.
Five dollars. Man, that ain't shit.
- I can make more doing nothing.
- Oh, yeah? Doing what?
He work for his uncle.
That's too bad. I guess I just

have to get my son to do it for me.

Do what?

Want you to rake up these leaves
off the lawn.

Boy, don't look at me funny if I
ask you to do something. Take this.
There's two trash bags right there
on the ground. See y'all later.

Damn, your daddy mean.

He's worse than the bogeyman himself.

Gotta do all these leaves.

Who he think you is, Kunta Kinte?

- Later, Tre.

- Later.

What you mean, a bogeyman?

There ain't no such thing.

- Yeah, there is.

- Lf there is...

...I'll bet you Hulk
could whip his ass.

Yeah, later.

Tre, I gotta lay down
the rules of the house.

Same thing as weekends,
you remember?

All right, what are they?

Clean the bathroom sink,
floor and tub.

I gotta clean that tub?

Yeah.

Clean my room and water the lawn.

Dad, can I ask you something?

What do you have to do around here?

I don't have to do nothing around here
except for pay the bills...

...put food on the table and put
clothes on your back, you understand?

Glad I don't have to pay no bills.

You may think I'm being hard
on you right now, but I'm not.

I'm trying to teach you
how to be responsible.

Your friends across the street,
they don't have anybody to show them.

You gonna see how they end up too.
I'm glad you're here, Tre.
You're a prince, you know that?
Yeah. You're the prince...
...I'm the king.
Right now, the king says it's time
for the prince to go to bed.
So get yourself together.
I'll see you in the morning, okay?
Oh, shit!
Somebody must've prayed for that fool.
- I swear I aimed right for his head.
- Should've blew it off.
Don't say that.
Don't say that.
It'd be contributing to killing
another brother.
Man, where are these fools?
We've been waiting out here
for almost an hour.
- We got a call of a burglary here.
- That was about an hour ago.
We didn't ask you that.
Yeah, well, I told you.
Besides, I don't like having
my son out in the cold.
Just tell me what happened, sir.
Somebody broke into the house.
I fired at him with my piece,
and he ran away.
- You didn't get him?
- Lf I did, he'd be laid out here.
- Is there anything missing?
- No.
Good, no need to make out a report.
- Got a 415 on Florence
between Vermont and Normandie.
Too bad you didn't get him.
Be one less nigger out here
we have to worry about.
Hey, little man, how you doing?
Go on in the house, Tre. Go on.
- Something wrong?
- Something wrong? Yeah.

It's just too bad you
don't know what it is...
...brother.
Ice-cream man!
Wait up!
What's up?
You ain't shit.
You just like your daddy.
You don't do shit and you never
gonna amount to shit.
All you ever do around here
is eat, sleep and shit.
Look at this place. Way y'all act,
y'all must think I'm the maid.
- Is that it? I gotta go.
- Hell, no, it ain't it!
It ain't it till I say
it's it, damn it!
Cigarette.
Don't get smart with me, I'll knock
your ass in the middle of next week.
Where you going, you little
fat fuck? You ain't got a job.
Who's that little fucker on my porch?
Oh, you're Furious' little boy, huh?
Boy, you look more and more
like your daddy every day.
So tell me something.
How come he don't play cards
with us no more?
I don't know.
I know he don't think
he's better than us.
Too busy shooting at people.
I heard what happened there
the other night.
He still got that same girlfriend?
Excuse me, Mama.
- Why do you always play football?
- Because that's what I want to do.
That's right.
I heard Furious shot
at somebody last night.
- He get him?

- No.

Who is that?

That's my lady, homie.

Her name's Brandi.

She ain't your woman. She's my woman.

- How, when she my lady?

- She's my wife.

I stick my ding-a-ling in her
every night, so that makes her mine.

Get your ass in here and quit
looking at them boys!

Punk!

Faggot!

Get off me, with your big

Get off!

Man, forget that girl.

Come on, let's go see Chris.

- Where's my ball?

- Man, don't bring that ball.

Me and my daddy going fishing.

We ain't gonna stay long.

- Where's he live?

- He don't live far.

Rick, why you have to bring that ball?

I ain't saying nothing if it get took.

Y'all want to see a dead body?

Yeah.

Tre's daddy blasted
at somebody last night.

Really? What kind of gun
your daddy got?

I think it's a 357 Magnum.

Really? I got a deuce-deuce.

My brother gave it to me
before he went to jail.

I got it under my bed. Want to see?

It's loaded too.

It's up in here.

Damn!

It smell like a dog died.

- Look like Freddy Krueger got him.

- He stink.

That's how they smell after a while.

I wonder why it take them people

so long to pick him up.
Yo, man, I ain't going up in there.
- Oh, man.
- Damn, it's stinky in this motherfucker!
- Hey, throw the ball.
- You ain't gonna see it again.
Don't you know this is a dead body?
Yeah, I know that shit!
He ain't bothering you,
so don't fuck with him!
Throw the ball, little man.
I ain't gonna take it.
Chris, tell him I ain't
gonna take his ball.
I got enough money to buy me
a hundred balls. Shit!
Man, I told you not
to bring that ball.
Thanks, cuz.
Yo, dog.
Throw the ball.
Shit.
Let's start the game, man.
Man, you stupid! Don't have no sense.
Told you not to bring that ball.
Wait till I tell Mama.
Man, shut up. I don't care.
Tell Mama.
Y'all leaving?
Hell, no.
Give me my brother's ball back!
- No, no!
- Come on, man!
No, don't say nothing.
You're gonna lose, man.
- Give me my brother's ball back!
- What'd you say, fat boy?
- Give me my brother's ball back be...
- Before what?
What your fat ass gonna do?
Yo, Rock! Give the little
nigga the ball back.
Stupid motherfucker!
I was gonna give it to you too.

Man!
Hey, man, I got a football.
I never use it myself.
- I give it to you when we get home.
- He ain't gonna want it.
His daddy gave him that ball.
Wish I could kill that motherfucker.
Yo, Rock, give me the ball.
Give me the fucking ball!
Hey!
Hey, little man!
Catch!
Man, you sorry.
- I'm going to the store.
- Why? You ain't got no money.
I'm going anyway.
- So you a leader or a follower?
- I'm a leader.
Okay, then. What's the three rules?
Break it down for me. And, hey...
...think before you answer.
- I got it!
Always look a person in the eye.
Do that, they respect you better.
Two was to never be afraid
to ask you for anything.
Stealing isn't necessary.
And the last one, I think, was...
...to never respect anybody
who doesn't respect you back.
That right?
Yeah. Yeah, you got it.
What do you know about sex?
- I know a little bit.
- Oh, yeah? What little bit is that?
I know, I take a girl...
...stick my thing in her...
...and nine months later
a baby comes out.
You think that's it?
Basically, yeah.
Well, remember this:
Anyone fool with a dick can make a baby, but
only a real man can raise his children.

I wasn't but 17 when your mother
was pregnant with you.
All of my friends was dropping out
of high school...
...hanging out in front of liquor
stores, getting drunk, getting high.
Some of them was robbing people.
Some of them was even killing people.
Hey, you remember my friend Marcus?
He got into robbing people,
wanted me to join him...
...but I said, "No,
I'm getting ready to have a son. "
I knew you'd be a boy.
I wanted to be somebody
you could look up to.
So I guess that's why
I went to Vietnam.
Don't ever go in the Army, Tre.
Black man ain't got
no place in the Army.
Damn!
Why'd you get it all over me?
- Don't do that no more, that's nasty.
- What?
Oh, wait! Listen to this song!
I love this song!
Things are gonna get easier
Ooh, child
Things'll get brighter
Ooh, child
Things are gonna get easier
Oh, damn!
Looks like they going to juvie.
No, man. They going to the gates.
- Yo, man, what happened?
- They were stealing.
Someday we'll walk in
The rays of a beautiful sun
Someday when the world
Is much brighter
Ooh, child
Things are gonna be easier
Ooh, child

Things'll be brighter
Ooh, child
Things are gonna be easier
Ooh, child
Things'll be brighter
Someday, we'll get it together
And we'll get it undone
Someday
Come on, Tre. Let's go, son.
Come here, Rick.
Come on, man.
Come here, man. Look at all
these people back here.
There you go!
Want to learn how to barbecue? Huh?
You're not watching this meat.
You just standing here poking at it.
- Give him to me, Ricky.
- Shanice, I got him.
Go on back to your friends.
- He's wet. That's why he's crying.
- He ain't wet. Now, go on back.
- Okay.
- Listen, I'm sorry. Come here.
See? That's how y'all got that one.
Ricky, you make sure
she taking them pills.
I don't want a bunch of these around.
I'll be the one
taking care of them.
- I'll put him to bed.
- Go on to Grandma.
It's all right. All right,
okay, shut up, come on.
And flip that meat over.
I'm winning.
Domino, motherfuckers.
What you say about that?
Fool, that ain't shit.
I beat your ass three times already.
That's just once.
Let's play again.
Fuck that, I don't want to play no more.
Let's bust some spades.

- Yeah, I'm with that.

- Bust some spades?

Cool.

- Know how to play spades, Dook?

- Something like that.

I have something to suck on.

Here, cut that, G.

I want one of them hootchies
over there.

Dooky, you full of shit. No bitch
gonna give your ugly ass no pussy.

I bet I get more pussy than you.

Yeah.

You get dopehead pussy.

I get more pussy than your
wannabe mack-daddy ass...

- Who you calling wannabe mack daddy?

- You, nigga!

No-pussy-getting motherfucker!

Fucking them dopeheads,
you stupid-ass nigga.

You don't know what I be getting.

Don't be fucking no dopeheads.

I let them suck my dick,
but I don't fuck them.

They got AIDS and shit.

You can catch that shit from letting
them suck on your dick too.

Thank you.

But I ain't sick.

I ain't all skinny and shit.

What you mean, you ain't skinny?

Motherfucker's skinny enough to
hula-hoop through a Cheerio.

You ain't got to be skinny or sick.

You could die in five years from it.

- Mark ass.

- Y'all trying to scare me.

Can you really get it from
letting them suck it?

Mark.

Tre? How you doing, baby?

- Fine.

- Good, you just in time for the food.

I'm bringing out
the rest of the things.
Potato salad. You name it, we got it.
- Everybody's here, so have a good time.
- Okay.
Oh, and Tre? Baby, do me a favour.
Talk to Darin for me.
Talk to him seriously, you hear?
I am so sick and tired of him
going in and out of there.
Maybe some of what you got
will rub off on him.
Okay.
What's up, Dough?
Oh, shit! What up, G?
Tre, love in effect.
Yo, what's up, Tre?
- What's up, Chris?
- Heard you're like Mr. GQ Smooth now.
- Working over at the Fox Hills Mall.
- I get discounts on clothes, you like?
You look like you selling rocks.
- Tre, you be slinging that shit?
- No, I don't be doing that shit.
Couldn't anyway.
Pops'd kick your ass.
You know, I'm out of the pen now.
Trying to keep my ass out this time.
- That's what we here to celebrate.
- Yeah.
Damn, brother, how did you get so big?
Pumping iron and eating, man.
Nothing else to do in
the motherfucking pen.
Three hots and a cot,
know what I'm saying?
Rest of the time I was
reading and writing my girl.
- Reading?
- Yeah, motherfucker.
I ain't no criminal.
I can read, bitch.
Who is that, Shanice?
That's Tre, Ricky's best friend.

He was best friends with Doughboy
when they was little.
They be trying to act
like they brothers.
Girl, he is fine!
I'd like to rush that!
- He go to Washington?
- He go to Crenshaw.
I seen him before.
He work at the Fox Hills Mall.
Do he got a girlfriend?
Yes.
Jamaica, girl, I was scoping
on this ho's man.
He fine, anyway. You better watch
his ass. Somebody might steal him.
All right, y'all, come and get it!
- Do you live here?
- Okay, girl. Sorry-ass niggas.
Come on.
Why don't y'all act like gentlemen
and let these ladies eat first!
Yeah, you act like you ain't
never had no barbecue before.
Let the ladies eat.
Hos gotta eat too.
Wait, nigga, who you calling a ho?
I ain't no ho.
Oops. I'm sorry, bitch.
- Hey, hey, watch your mouth.
- Just playing.
All right, enjoy.
And be nice.
Get out of the way!
You still up here?
- Hi.
- Hello.
So why haven't you called?
Just one minute.
What's up, my brother?
She wants to talk to you.
- I know. I'm just taking my time.
- Oh, I see.
- You trying to run that game on her.

- Yeah, how am I doing?

Well, you're doing just fine.

- Except for one thing.

- Yeah, what's that?

She left.

What?

- Damn!

- That's all right.

Hey, hey, hey.

Ain't this a bitch?

Wait! Wait!

- Don't worry about it. I got her.

- Is she all right?

All right, G.

Sheryl! Come on!

Keep your baby out the street.

She gonna get hit one of these days.

You got some blow? You got some rock?

- I'll suck your dick.

- Just keep the baby off the streets.

And change her diapers.

Girl almost smell as bad as you.

What up, punk? What up, fool?

Mark.

- What is that? Barbecue?

- Yeah.

- I know you didn't bring me no swine.

- No.

Mrs. Baker told me

to bring you a plate.

- Brenda, huh?

- Yeah.

She might've had a chance

if she didn't talk so much.

Let's see.

She ain't lost her touch.

She still can make some barbecue.

Hey, Pop, can you fix my fade

back here? And up here?

I'm eating.

After you eat.

Yeah.

Yeah, real close.

So I can brush it, you know,

hook up some waves.

Something wrong?

Nope.

What's the problem?

You're getting old, Pop.

- I'm getting old?

- Yeah.

I'm getting better, young brother.

You getting old.

- You older than dirt.

- I'm older than dirt?

- Yes.

- I am but 17 years older than you.

Your friends, they got fathers
in their 40s and 50s.

These cats are great big...

Just slobs, man.

- You know, bellies out to here.

- Yes. That's gonna be you!

That's gonna be you, man.

Big old fat, juicy roll...

...double-jelly-roll belly. Right?

Sitting in a rocking chair,
reading the funny papers!

Then your grandchildren will be
running around, saying:

"Granddaddy, give me something.

Give me a dollar. "

You think so, huh?

Yeah.

Wait a minute, man.

What's all this about grandkids, man?

You using the rubbers I gave you?

I ain't ready to be a granddaddy,
all right? I just...

I ain't ready for all of that.

Don't worry.

I can take care of myself.

Why are you sweating me, man?

Tre, close the refrigerator.

Close it. Come here.

What?

All right?

What? I stink now?

I got something on me?

- You had some pussy yet?

- What?

- You had some pussy yet?

- Yeah! Yeah!

When?

- What?

- When?

All right, all right.

Just sit down for a second.

Go on, sit down, now.

It was a Sunday, right? Rick and I
were kicking it up on Crenshaw.

This group of females
rolled up in a Rabbit.

Everybody trying to bum-rush them.

Trying to jib and all, right?

Man, there was this one girl
everybody was trying to rush.

Baby was fine!

Body was booming,

like right out of Jet centerfold.

So I'm, like, eyeballing her.

She walks right up on me and
busts out, "Is this your ride?"

Then I say, "Yeah, you want to go
for a ride with me?"

She says, "No, I want to drive it. "

I say, "Can you drive stick?"

She says, "I can learn
if you teach me. "

I go into my mack-daddy mode because
I'm getting a woody in my sweats.

I says, "Why don't you give me your
number, I'll call you for a lesson. "

She does.

About a week later,

I'm over at her house.

Her mom and grandma
are leaving for church.

I walk right up to the door, man.

As soon as I go inside, boom!

We go at it, nonstop.

Kissing, hugging, right?

So I pick her up, take her upstairs.
Well, about 20 minutes into it,
Mom and Grandma's come home.
Seems Grandma forgot her purse.
Wanted to make sure she has something
to put in the collection plate.
Yeah, I guess she could smell the sex
in the air or something, right?
She starts straight
towards Tisha's room.
That's the last I ever saw of Tisha.
I call her once in a while...
...but when I do, her mom or grandma
say, "She can't talk right now.
She busy, doing the dishes. "
- What'd you use?
- I used the number she gave me.
Why are you sweating me?
I had to use nothing.
She said she was on the pill.
How many times I tell you?
If a girl's on the pill...
...you use something anyway.
A pill ain't gonna keep
your dick from falling off.
I don't know why you insist on
learning things the hard way...
...but you gonna learn.
Oh, yeah, you gonna learn!
Clean up that hair.
What's up, man?
- What the fuck is wrong with you?!
- What?
You slamming my door like
some gorilla on a football field!
- Damn, nigga, what's wrong with you?
- Nothing.
Guess what, man?
- Recruiter from SC's coming tonight.
- Cool.
You know, man,
I never lied to my father.
Never?
Well, almost never.

Where's all this coming from?
I lied to Pops yesterday.
Told him I weren't no virgin.
Well, you ain't a virgin, is you?
Is you?
Well, technically speaking,
I haven't.
You know, I fingered
a couple of honeys...
...and sucked on some titties,
but I ain't never stuck it in.
Why not, man?
- You really want to know?
- Yeah, I asked you, didn't I?
I was afraid.
- Shit!
- Get off me.
- See, man? Shut up. Shut up.
- What you doing, man?
What you afraid of, man?
Of being a daddy.
Oh. Well, yeah.
But I'm getting old now, see?
And now that I want to slap some skins,
Brandi ain't even down for it.
- Even with a jimmy she ain't down.
- Is that right?
- I don't see that.
- Why the silent treatment?
You haven't talked to me in five days!
You tell your father to say
you're not home.
- Then you take the phone off the hook!
- Well, I been busy.
Oh, well, don't give me no bald-ass
excuse for a lie like that!
What did I do that was so bad that
you just had to stop talking to me?
See, you know what you did.
See, you gotta get with the program.
I told you about that. I'm Catholic,
and it goes against my morals.
Yeah, but Catholic girls are supposed
to be one of the biggest hootchies.

- When you bust a cap on somebody?

- I bust a cap like, blam-blam.

Damn! God!

Come on, fuck him up, man!

Fuck him up!

You say you want to wait till
you get married first, right?

No, look at me. Right?

Yeah.

And I say that I'm gonna be
the one who marries you.

So it don't make no difference
when we do it...

...we still gonna get married, right?

Yeah, but I'm going

to college before I marry...

...and there ain't no guarantee
that I'm gonna marry you!

Bad shit!

Hey, hey, yo. Yo, bonita.

Damn, look at that ass.

Chica bonita. You come to my casa
and let's do the loco thing.

Hey, Dooky, this fool trying
to speak Spanish...

- That shit worked.

- What up, baby?

So let me knock the stuffing
off that Egg McMuffin.

You got a phone number?

- You haven't even given me a ring!

- I ain't ready for all that yet!

But you're ready to act
like we are, though?

- What your man say?

- Don't touch me.

All right.

- You make me sick, man.

- I know, but I missed you.

I missed you too.

I missed you too.

He still ain't fucked her yet.

You better take your ass
to the store with that.

So you gonna give me
the skins or what?

No, that's not all I think about.

Yeah.

- Okay. Pop!

- Yo!

Brandi's mom say you're cute!

Ask her how come she don't say hi
when I speak to her.

He say, "How come she don't say hi
when he speak to her?"

Yeah.

Hey, I'm supposed to be talking
to you, not passing messages.

If my daddy mess with your mama,
we gonna be brother and sister.

Then we have to do that incest thing.

What?

No, no, I'm just kidding.

Wait, hang on, I got another call.

Who this?

Oh, hi, Mama.

Yeah. Hang on, I got Brandi
on the other line, okay?

So you gonna give me
the skins or what?

Tre, this is your mother.

I'm sorry, Mama.

Hang on for one second. Okay.

Brandi?

Yeah, I'm gonna call you back.

Okay.

Hi, Mama.

"Who this"?

What kind of way is that
to answer the phone?

I'm sorry, Mama.

- Why didn't you come by this weekend?

- I was cooling with Rick.

You can cool with
your friends anytime.

The weekends are supposed
to be our time together.

Have you thought about

what we talked about?
Yeah.
And?
I don't know yet.
Let me speak to your daddy.
Pop!
Telephone!
Who this?
Hey, how you doing?
Yeah.
Yeah, we talked about that.
Yeah, well, look...
I know you don't agree with me,
but I think it's his decision.
Look, I don't...
No, I don't think that's necessary.
Look, Reva.
Reva, this is bullshit.
I'm sorry,
but I think it's ridiculous.
There's no reason for him
to come live with you now.
He's not a baby!
No, no, wait a minute.
Why you got an attitude?
I don't have an attitude.
You have an attitude!
We have gone through this a thousand
times. I always tell him...
...use a rubber!
You know, use a rubber...
Watch me shoot this motherfucker.
Look.
Yeah.
- Taken off the motherfucking set.
- Hey, yo, Monster, man.
Don't be cussing so motherfucking
loud. My moms don't like that shit.
Come on, man, move the plastic.
You're sitting on the good part.
Damn!
Darin?
See, now I gotta hear this shit.
Darin!

- What?
- Get them drive-by shooters out of...
Damn! Moms be fucking
with his ass without fail.
She ain't like that with Rick, though.
Because they got different daddies.
Y'all got to get the fuck out.
My brother got company in a minute.
- See that? I didn't get my turn.
- It's Monster's fault.
Come on, man. Fix that shit, man.
What up, man?
What up, dude?
Who that?
Anybody know where Ricky Baker lives?
That's my brother! He live here.
Hey, yo, Rick!
The man here to see you!
Stop.
Stop. Hold still. Be still.
There, I got it.
Yo, Rick!
Get your ass out of there.
Ricky, come on out of
the bathroom, baby.
Check this out.
Here come the reverend.
So what college you from?
I'm from USC.
You got to have a scholarship
to go to SC?
No, but it helps.
Can you hook me up with a scholarship?
- What do you do?
- I used to play baseball.
Shut up, man.
Don't you know
the man's about business?
Move, nigga. Move, punk.
Move.
Y'all be the fuck quiet.
Hello.
I'm Lewis Crump.
You must be Ricky's mother.

Brenda.

And this is my other son, Darin.

- Hello, Darin.

- What's up?

Can I get you something to drink?

- Coffee, water, soda?

- No, thank you.

We met at the game against Washington.

I remember. That was a good game.

You picked up 276 yards in that game.

- That's impressive.

- Thanks.

Well, why don't y'all sit and talk?

Hey!

I want you to know we're interested
in you coming to the campus.

Get a good look around, you know,
a feel for the school as a whole.

Here's my tape.

That was against Banning
my junior year.

Man, we lost that year,
but I did pretty well in yardage.

They had the best defence
in the city that year.

Big country booty!

Big country titties!

- Boo-ya!

- That's what I'm saying.

From eating all that corn bread
and shit, I guess.

Shit. Me, I go to college
just for the hos.

You don't go there to talk to bitches.

You're supposed to be
learning something.

Can't learn shit, talking
to no stupid-ass bitch.

- Yo, check out that 808.

- Damn, that shit bumping.

What are you interested in
beside playing ball?

- Like, what you mean?

- I mean...

...what do you want to major in?
What kind of degree would you pursue?
I'm just asking because
there's a strong possibility...
...that you won't go into
the NFL after college.
Just a fact. It happens.
Yeah, I heard that before.
Actually, I was thinking
about majoring in business.
I got this friend, Tre, who's always
talked about going into business.
Plus, I like computers.
Maybe I could do that.
What do you think?
Young brother, I think you can do
anything you put your mind to.
I tell you where y'all need to go.
Where they got more women
than anywhere. Fine ones too.
- Crenshaw on Sunday nights.
- No.
- Street races on Florence?
- No, nigga. Y'all way off.
I give y'all a hint.
Everybody's been there.
Where?
Where, nigga? Spit it out!
The church.
Oh, shit!
Nigga, please! Ain't nobody going
to church to catch no bitches.
I should roll your ass up off
this porch for that stupid shit.
So basically you have
a 2.3 overall GPA...
...according to the classes
we require.
All you have to do
is take the SAT test.
Yeah.
I heard about that test.
The next one's being offered,
let's see...

...early October.

Are you gonna take it?

I guess so. I can't get into college without it, right?

Just remember, all you have to do is get over a 700.

- Okay.

- Come here. Come here!

I'm sorry, I'm trying to give him a bath. Come here.

Your little brother?

No, that's my son.

Well, I'll look forward to talking to you again.

We'll also arrange that tour for you.

Thank you, Mr. Crump.

You bet, Ricky. Bye-bye.

You gonna give me a scholarship?

Because I want to go to college too.

- Man, shut the fuck up.

- Fuck you, nigga.

It's my porch.

You can take your dumb ass home.

My baby is going to a university.

I always knew you would amount to something.

I did.

When you were little, you used to always run around with that football.

I'm proud of you, baby.

- Thanks, Mama.

- You make your mama proud.

May I have your attention?

The SAT test will be administered in this room.

When you receive your test book, please keep it closed on your desk.

Read the directions on the front cover of your test book.

Use a number two pencil in marking your answer sheet.

Ink or ballpoint pen is not to be used.

If you do not have

a number two pencil with you...
...raise your hand and keep it up.
We'll pass a pencil out to you.
During the time allotted for a section,
you may work on that section only.
If you finish a section
before time is called...
...you may not go back to a previous
section or on to the next one.
You have 30 minutes for section one.
Open your test books and begin work.
- This it?
- Yeah.
Damn!
- Baby got more cakes than Duncan Hines!
- Damn.
Bet you buy the chip.
Don't worry, the interest rate hasn't
moved two percent in five years.
- "Furious Styles Financial. "
- Talk to you later.
So how you guys think
you did on the test?
All right, I guess.
Those tests are culturally biased.
The only universal part is the math.
You boys must be hungry.
I'm real surprised to see you.
Came to see you.
See how you doing.
How's business going?
Well, there's always business,
just not always in here.
What do you do, Furious?
You help people get money
for homes or what?
Well, there is no "or what. "
That's what I do, Rick.
- You boys want to see something?
- Do we have a choice?
No.
I don't know about all this.
Got us walking around Compton and all.
Rick, it's the '90s.

We can't afford to be afraid
of our own people anymore.
Would you two knuckleheads come on?
I want y'all to look at that sign.
See what it says?
"Cash for your home. "
You know what that is?
- It's a billboard.
- Billboard.
What are y'all, Amos and Andy?
Are you Steppin' and he's Fetchit?
I'm talking about the message.
What it stands for.
It's called "gentrification. "
It's what happens when property value
of a certain area is brought down.
- You listening?
- Yeah.
They bring the property value down.
They can buy the land cheaper.
Then they move the people out, raise
the value and sell it at a profit.
What we need to do is keep everything
in our neighbourhood, everything, black.
Black-owned with black money.
Just like the Jews, the Italians,
the Mexicans and the Koreans do.
Ain't nobody from outside bringing
down the property value.
It's these folk!
Shooting each other and selling
that crack rock and shit.
How you think crack gets
into the country?
We don't own any planes.
We don't own no ships.
We are not the people who are flying
and floating that shit in here.
Every time you turn on a TV,
that's what you see.
Black people selling the rock,
pushing the rock. Yeah, I know.
It wasn't a problem when it was here.
Wasn't a problem

until it was in Iowa...

...and on Wall Street where
there's hardly any black people.

If you want to talk about guns...

...why is it that there's a gun shop
on every corner here?

- Why?

- I'll tell you why.

Just like there's a liquor store on
every corner in the black community.

Why? They want us to kill ourselves.

You go out to Beverly Hills,
you don't see that shit.

They want to us to kill ourselves.

The best way to destroy a people is to
take away their ability to reproduce.

Who is it that's dying out here on
these streets every night? Y'all.

- Yeah.

- Young brothers like yourselves.

What am I supposed to do?

Fool roll up, try to smoke me?

I'm gonna shoot the motherfucker
if he don't kill me first.

You doing exactly

what they want you to do.

You have to think, young brother,
about your future.

Damn, man.

You know, Furious is deep.

- He used to be a preacher?

- He ain't never been no preacher.

Just reads a lot.

My brother should've heard that, man.

Would've done him some good.

Where he at?

Where else, man? Up on Crenshaw
with the rest of them fools.

- Let's go.

- Cool.

- What up, Monster?

- What up, nigga?

Goddamn, there's a lot of fuckers here.

Don't be using God's name in vain.

What?

Man, shut up.

Yo, man, you believe in God?

Yo, why the fuck y'all get
so damn religi-fied lately?

Fool, I wasn't even talking to you.

This is an A and B conversation.

You can see your way out of it.

You can see your way out
of my ride...

...and we'll see your crippled ass
walking home.

Man, look. Do I believe in God?

Yeah, I guess I do.

How else can you have the sun, moon
and stars and shit like that?

Sun, moon, stars, quasars.

Motherfucker sound like Elroy Jetson.

There ain't no God.

If there was a God, why He be letting
motherfuckers get smoked every night?

- Babies and little kids, tell me that.

- You tell me this, nigga.

How you know God's a He? He could
be a She. You don't know that.

For one thing, you don't know what
the fuck I be motherfucking knowing.

I read about this shit
when I was in the pen.

It was this book, right,
and it was telling...

...life in the perspective
if God was a bitch.

Said if God was a bitch, there wouldn't
be no nuclear bombs, no wars...

...because that ain't
in a bitch's nature.

Why every time you talk about a female
you say bitch or whore or hootchie?

- Because that's what you are.

- Nigga, fuck you.

Hey, hey.

What's up?

What up, D?

- What's up, Mon?
- What's up, man? Hey, Tre.
What's happening?
- Where y'all coming from?
- Compton.
What y'all doing over here, man?
We're kicking it. Philosophizing
on God, church, bitches and all.
I'm schooling these niggas
on the aspect of religion.
- Religion?
- And on factual, actual studies.
You know what I'm saying?
- Y'all coming from Compton?
- Yeah.
- I thought you were scared of Compton.
- Rick was a shivering bitch, boy.
It was deep, though.
You should've been there, man.
Pops was talking, speaking, man.
Speaking the truth and shit.
Your pops is like
motherfucking Malcolm Farrakhan.
Man, what's wrong with you?
Fuck you looking at, nigga?
I'm still trying to find out, nigga!
We got a problem here?
We got a problem here?
We got a problem, nigga?
- What up with this?
- Put the gun away.
Can't we have one night
where nobody gets shot?
Shut up, bitch.
Bitch, I'm gonna fuck you up!
Let's get that bitch!
Fuck you like that.
Ferris always trying
to start some shit.
Nigga can't fight, so he always trying
to find some excuse to shoot somebody.
That's why fool be getting
shot all the time.
Trying to show how hard they is.

Ignorant.
Fool, shut up.
You be doing that shit too.
I know.
Hey, man, come on. Let's go!
I'm getting the fuck out of L.A.
Fuck this shit. Fuck it.
You can't go nowhere without
it getting all shot up and shit.
Shit!
Shit! Fuck!
Driver! Put your hands
on the steering wheel!
- Got any drugs or weapons on you?
- No.
I didn't do nothing.
You think you tough.
You think you're tough, huh?
You scared now, huh?
I like that.
That's why I took this job.
I hate little motherfuckers like you.
Little niggers, you ain't shit!
Think you tough, huh?
I could blow your head off,
and you couldn't do shit.
How you feel now?
What set you from?
Look like one of them
Crenshaw Mafia motherfuckers.
No, you probably one of them
Rolling 60s, huh?
a possible 187 in blue WW...
...at corner of
Florence and Vermont.
Again, a possible 187 in blue WW
at corner of Florence and Vermont.
Stay out of trouble.
You gentlemen have
a nice evening now, you hear?
Hi.
- I thought something happened to you.
- Ain't nothing gonna happen to me.
I'm tired of hearing them

shooting all the time.

- What's wrong?

- Nothing.

I'm tired of this shit.

Those two motherfuckers.

I could kill all these motherfuckers.

I'm sick and fucking

tired of this shit!

I'm fucking sick of this shit!

I'm so fucking tired of this shit!

Fuck this shit!

Stupid motherfucker!

Fucking fuck you! Fuck you!

I wish I could kill all you!

Come on at me, motherfucker!

What's so funny?

I never thought I'd be crying

in front of a female.

You can cry in front of me.

What do you think about...

...people getting married

while they're still in college?

Are you trying to ask me something?

No.

I just wanted to know what you thought

about that kind of situation.

I think it can be good

if two people really love each other.

Really?

Yeah.

You sure you're down for this?

Yeah. Are you?

Yeah.

I mean, yes, I am.

I don't want to get pregnant.

You won't.

Hi. I'm looking for a Miss Devereaux?

- She's right over there.

- Thank you.

Hey.

Hi.

You look nice.

Thank you. So do you.

Thanks.

Thanks for coming.

So...

So this is...

...definitely you.

And what's that supposed to mean?

I thought we were

gonna talk about Tre.

Espresso, please.

Caf au lait, please.

I bought him some shoes yesterday.

Why are you always buying him stuff?

Can't I be nice to my son?

Do I have that right?

Yes, but he has a job. You don't

have to always buy him stuff.

Look...

...did he tell you he wants

to move in with Brandi?

Yeah. So?

"Yeah. So"?

So don't you think that's a bad idea?

I think that Tre is old enough

to make his own decisions, Reva.

You're his father. That means you

were supposed to guide his decisions.

What have I been doing

for the last seven years?

- Not that, evidently.

- Listen, Reva...

...it's time for you to let go.

I know you want to play the mommy...

...but Tre is a grown man now.

He's not a little boy anymore.

That time has passed, sweetheart.

You missed it.

Excuse me, I'm getting

some cigarettes.

You're not getting off that easy.

Sit your ass down.

Excuse me?

I said sit down before I raise my voice

and make a fool out of both of us.

Okay.

Now it's my time to talk.

Of course you took in
your son, my son...
...our son...
...and you taught him to be a man.
I'll give you that...
...because most men ain't man enough
to do what you did.
But that gives you no reason,
do you hear me, no reason...
...to tell me that I can't be
a mother to my son.
What you did...
...is no different from what mothers
have done from the beginning of time.
It's just too bad
more brothers won't do the same.
But don't think you're special.
You may be cute, but not special.
Drink your caf au lait. It's on me.
Everybody in the mall was running.
Bitches running out of Contempo's.
Fuckers throwing cookies
out the cookie shop.
Niggas was getting their bail on. I
was smoking every fucker that came in.
I thought I'd let y'all know that.
Understands me?
What's up?
You missing all the action.
Niggas getting smoked and shit.
Who's them niggas?
Man, pick Chris up.
Punk might start trippin'.
That's those fools from Crenshaw.
Damn, I ain't even got my gat.
Motherfucker ain't got
nothing better to do.
Twenty-seven years old. Still
fucking motherfuckers our age...
...with his old ass.
What's up?
Anyway...
...I saw you roll out of Brandi crib
at 2 in the motherfucking morning.

Yo, man, that's my business.
Handle your shit, G.
- Peer pressure, man.
- Handle your shit.
Don't be like this motherfucker.
This motherfucker got babies,
in-house pussy.
Let me do shit like that,
Ma would be like:
"I ain't having it. "
Ricky.
Ricky!
You know you heard me.
Huh? What?
I need you to go get some cornmeal.
Yeah. I'll go in a little while.
If you want to land a good job, you
have to know what most employers want.
Like how to motivate yourself.
How to lead others.
How to perform under pressure.
You can learn these things in the Army.
No matter what career you choose...
...you'll really be ready
to take off.
Ricky, get up and go now.
I can't finish
frying the fish without it.
Boy, go get this girl some cornmeal.
You ought to be happy
somebody's cooking for your ass.
- Give me some, Dook.
- Here, take it.
- What's up?
- What's happening?
D, go to the store for me
and get some cornmeal?
Nigga, I ain't the one she told
to go get it. She's your wife.
She ain't my wife, man.
Shit.
Might as well be,
y'all got a family and shit.
Tecmo Bowl-playing motherfucker.

Fuck you, man.
Go to the store with me.
Sure, let's do it.
What?
Don't fuck me, fuck your wife.
That's why you got a baby.
You better get out
of my face, all right?
What's up with Brandi?
- Hey, you a punk, man!
- Hey, yo, yo. Wait a minute.
Wait!
This is family business.
Let 'em fight.
Y'all are brothers!
You ain't supposed to be fighting.
You been a punk from day one.
Mama's boy!
Get him, Dough.
Let 'em fight, man.
Brenda, Ricky and Doughboy
are out here fighting.
Cut that out. Get off of him.
Get off of him!
Damn.
- What you hit me for?
- You all right?
Yeah, I'm all right.
I'm all right!
What you hit me for?
It's the test scores. Ricky!
Ricky, baby, your test scores!
What you hit me for?
Why you hitting me?
Yo, Dough. Why she hit you?
Shut up, man.
Fuck all that shit.
I'm going into the fucking Army.
- That's all there is to say.
- You're doing what?
Man, what are you, a damn fool?
They say I can learn
to work on computers.
Plus, they'll give me

money for college.
Listen to you.
You sound like the commercial.
They don't tell you that
you don't belong to you no more.
You belong to them, the government.
Like a slave or something.
My daddy told me a black man...
...has got no business, no place
in the white man's Army.
I heard all that.
I got a little boy
to think about, okay?
I don't want to be like my brother.
Hanging out and not doing shit.
End up dealing 'caine, just like him.
I want to do something with my life.
I want to be somebody.
Listen, let me tell you something.
When you join that Army,
you ain't gonna be nobody.
Yo, you got any change?
No, I ain't got no change. See?
What up?
Yo, chief. Here you go.
Hey, no problem, bro.
You win anything?
Wait a minute, man.
I'm still trying to find out.
Shit. Nothing.
- What?
- I said nothing. I didn't win.
You gotta be Mexican
to win that shit.
Man, I win this lottery, I won't
have to worry about a damn thing.
Don't have to worry about no colleges,
no 700 on no SATs. Not a damn...
Look.
There's that motherfucker
from the other night.
Okay. When I say "cut,"
we'll cut through these houses.
Cut!

Punk ass.
Get him, man, get him!
Let's get him.
Go around the corner.
Cut 'em off. Come on, go!
Shit.
Fucking mangy mutts!
Come on.
I got you. I got you.
- Come on, let's go.
- Hold on, man.
- What are you doing?
- I gotta drain the weasel.
If that motherfucker roll up on the set
one more time, I'll blast his ass.
Shit! Rick!
What a relief and shit.
- Let's go.
- Wait a minute. Let's split up.
I don't think we should do that.
I think it'd be better
if we're together.
Them fools ain't gonna do nothing.
They just showing out and shit.
- I'll meet you at your house.
- Cool. I'm out of here.
Come on, man.
Ricky!
Ricky.
Help me! Help me!
Somebody help me!
Ricky!
Shit!
Watch his head. Don't hurt him.
Don't hurt him, man.
Be careful with him.
Watch his head.
He's dead.
Let's take him home.
Mama!
Mama!
Mama!
No!
Ricky! Oh, my God, no!

Not Ricky!
What y'all doing now?
Ricky?
Oh, my God.
Ricky? Ricky, baby, get up.
Get up. Wake up, baby.
Ricky, get up. Get up.
It's all right. Get up, baby.
Get up. Tre, what happened?
What happened to him?
Give me the baby. Give me the baby!
Don't touch him!
Don't you ever touch him!
He don't need to be seeing this!
Ricky, please wake up!
Mom.
- What did you do? What did you do?
- It wasn't my fault.
- What did you do?
- Mama, I didn't do nothing.
Oh, my God! What did you do to him?
What did you do?
What did you do? You did this!
You did this! I'll kill you!
You did it! I know you did it!
You did it! Yes, you did!
I told you!
Oh, God! Oh, God!
Oh, my God!
Ricky, baby! Ricky!
Meet me at my house in five minutes.
Tre, what happened?
- Talk to me. What happened?
- Go home.
- What happened to Ricky?
- Go home.
Talk to him.
Something happened to Rick!
I don't know. He just got shot.
Something happened to Rick!
Brandi, I want you to calm down and
I want you to go home. You hear me?
- You hear me?
- Yes.

I'll take care of him.
He'll be all right.
Tre, what are you doing?
Oh, you bad, now, huh?
You bad. You gotta shoot
somebody now, huh?
Well, here I am.
Come on, shoot me.
You bad, right?
Look, I'm sorry about your friend.
My heart goes out to his family,
but that's their problem.
You my son. You my problem.
I want you to give me the gun.
I see. You want to end up
like little Chris in a wheelchair?
Right? No, no, you want to end up
like Doughboy, huh? No?
Give me the motherfucking gun, Tre!
You're my only son, and I'm not gonna
lose you to no bullshit, you hear?
I love you, man.
Go clean yourself up.
Go on.
Tre.
Tre!
Damn.
Shit!
Yeah.
Let me out.
Dough...
...let me out.
Where these motherfuckers at, man?
Been out here damn near three hours.
It's colder than a motherfucker
out here too.
Let's go eat.
Cool.
When you gonna get your hair cut?
It look like something from 1983.
Ain't nobody cutting my hair.
I'm like Samson.
My strength is in my head.
What's up with the babe

you been talking to?

- Fuck that bitch.

- You scared?

- He ain't scared, he just young.

- And dumb.

I'm putting ketchup on this.

Why you put all that ketchup on it?

Why you worried about it, fool?

These my fries.

We going to see your girl?

No, I'm going to see my girl.

You going home.

There they go, right there.

Turn off the lights.

Hit the lights, nigga.

Take your ass home

and watch some videos.

Home with your mama.

Check that motherfucker out.

Let's get the fuck out of here!

Don't follow me. Go your own way.

- What the fuck?

- What the fuck you doing?

This motherfucker's crazy!

Goddamn, man. And I'm on parole.

Ain't this about a bitch!

What the fuck you doing?

Shit!

Yo, Dough. Let's bail, man.

- Let's go, man!

- Come on, nigga, now!

Man, what the fuck?

Oh, shit!

Let's get the fuck out of here.

Let's go, man. Let's go!

Fuck you, man!

Fuck you!

Turn your punk ass over.

I didn't do it, man.

I didn't pull the fucking trigger.

What the fuck you doing?

Come on, man.

Well, fuck you!

Dough, let's bail, man.

Man, let's move!
- Let's go!
- What the fuck you doing?
- Let's bail, man!
- Let's go, man!
Come on, nigga, let's bail!
Damn! Come on!
Shit, let's get out of here.
Here come the fucking police.
Get your ass in.
What's up?
Yo, cuz.
I know why you got
out of the car last night.
You shouldn't have been there
in the first place.
You don't want that shit
to come back to haunt you.
I ain't been up this early
in a long time.
Turned on the TV this morning.
Had this shit on about...
...how we're living
in a violent world.
Showed all these foreign places.
How foreigners live and all.
I started thinking, man.
Either they don't know...
...don't show...
...or don't care about
what's going on in the 'hood.
They had all this foreign shit.
They didn't have shit
on my brother, man.
I ain't got no brother.
Got no mother, neither.
She loved that fool
more than she love me.
Doughboy.
You got some blow? Got some rock?
Get the fuck out of my face!
Keep them goddamn babies
out the street.
Did y'all get 'em?

I don't even know
how I feel about it neither, man.
Shit just goes on and on, you know.
Next thing you know,
somebody might try to smoke me.
Don't matter, though.
We all gotta go sometime, huh?
Seem like they punched
the wrong clock on Rick, though.
Yeah.
I gotta go, cuz.
Hey, Dough.
What's up?
You still got one brother left, man.
Thanks, man.
- Later, G.
- Later.