Poetic Justice

By John Singleton
FADE IN:
1 INT FANCY NEW YORK APARTMENT--DINING ROOM--NIGHT Where we see a romantic scene played out between a man and a woman. Both are white. The couple have just finished a candlelit dinner.

BRAD:
She nods her approval.

PENELOPE:
He grins.

BRAD:
He goes over to the stereo to turn it on. The Isley Brothers' "Between the Sheets" emanates from the speakers. Brad crosses to the couch and into a position in which to kiss Penelope. He does, and the sound of "Between the Sheets" is invaded by the remix of A Tribe Called Quest's "Bonita Applebum."

2 EXT. COMPTON DRIVE-IN THEATER DUSK:SFX
Two lines of cars wait to enter the drive-in. The heavy bass sounds of hip-hop music mingle in the air with that of the many window speakers that plag the movie. In the background we can see the couple in the previous scene kissing on a large movie screen. An LAPD helicopter flies overhead, transcending us into the next shot. Welcome back to South Central Los Angeles.

INT. COMPTON DRIVE-IN THEATER-DUSK SFX
Overhead we see a shaft of Light coming from the drive-in's projector. As we move past a few cars, their inhabitants are all in various threes of sexual foreplay. Some are kissing; others are actually making love. All the windows are steamed up. We hear the voices of the females as the men grunt, groan, moan, and beg over their bodies. Love is in the air.

CAR #1:

CAR #2 (softly):
CAR #3 (with heated passion): Ohhhh! Oh, yes, ohhh! Oww! I'm sticking to the seat.

We come to last car, whose windows are crystal clear. Things are just beginning to heat up between the couple inside the car. The woman is an "around the way" honey with soft brown skin, full brown eyes, and nice delicious full lips. This is Justice, who at seventeen is still looking for her place in the world. The lucky man kissing her is her boyfriend, Markell, a small-time drug dealer and former gangsta. Justice reluctantly accepts his advances, but she ain't having it. There is a window speaker, from which the sound of the movie Alters into the car.

MARKELL:

JUSTICE:

MARKELL:
He goes to kiss her again. This time, it's a nice, long, juicy powerhouse kiss that causes the Richter scale to jump two points. Justice appears obviously affected. She asks the inevitable question.

JUSTICE:

MARKELL:

JUSTICE:
MARKELL (looks around): Now?

JUSTICE:
There is a pause. He thinks.

MARKELL:

JUSTICE:

MARKELL:
Justice looks dissatisfied.
MARKELL:

JUSTICE:
Markell 's face drops.

JUSTICE:
Markell relents and gets out of the car. He takes two steps, turns on a heel,
and leans into the car again.

MARKELL:
when I was in
tha county jail, you wrote me a lotta sweet poems.
Justice grins. Markell smiles and blows her a kiss good-bye.

4 LNT.COMPTONDRIVE-IN CONCESSION STAND--NIGHT
There are only a few customers in line; all are Black or Hispanic. Markell gets
in line, and time slows down. We notice the abruptness
of the popcorn popping like gunshots, the sound and motion of the gurgling
Orange Bang machine, and two thugs who stand in the corner talking to each other. Markell seems noticeably nervous at their presence.

THE COUNTER Where Markell finally arrives at the front of the line.
THE CORNER Where one of the two thugs looks across the room at Markell. For a
moment it looks as though he recognizes Markell.
He turns back to continue to talk with his friend. A fight breaks out in another
corner, and everyone's attention is drawn in that direction.

BACK TO COUNTER Markell completes his transaction amidst the mayhem and walks
away popcorn in hand. In the corner, the thug
looks back toward the counter. On his face we see he now recalls where he has
seen Markell before.

5 INT/EXT COMPTON DRIVE-IN---THE CAR--NIGHT Markell comes back to the car, glancing behind his back every so often.
MARKELL (looking over his left shoulder): I think I saw these fools that Pete
and I got beef with.
Markell turns to notice that Justice is not in the passenger seat. Justice leans
up from the back seat to kiss his cheek and tenderly run
her fingers around Markell's neck and shoulder. We notice her long fingernails.
Markell laughs and places the popcorn on the dashboard. Our attention is drawn to the passenger window, where the drive-in speaker hangs. Romantic movie music flows into the car. On the driver's side the window is open. Suddenly, a pistol is placed next to Markell's head. Time slows down. The gun is fired. Justice screams. The popcorn scatters, and the passenger window breaks from the traveling bullet. Time resumes. Justice's screams turn to a whimper. There is blood on her hands. The drive-in speaker has now fallen on the passenger seat. We hear the romantic movie playing in the background.
OVERHEAD As we PULL UP and away from the car. There are people running and screaming in every direction, and cars are leaving. These sounds overlap into TITLE CARD: POETIC JUSTICE: The sun rises behind the logo.

DISSOLVE TO:
leaves of a tree to see a garden of stones, concrete symbols of souls long past. There is one lone figure standing before a grave. We recognize this person as Justice. We also hear Justice speak in voice over. Over the following images she recites the first of many poems that move this story forward. BURN

17V:

JUSTICE (V:
soul a home. Where water is not thirsty. And bread loaf is not stone. I came up with one thing. And I don't believe I'm wrong. That nobody. But nobody can make it out here alone.

DISSOLVE TO:
women. Ah of them are dressed in white smocks and
are standing over the heads of other women who are seated in reclining beauty chairs. We hear the instructor giving a lesson in hair coloring. We end on Justice listening attentively and primping the hair of the woman in her chair.

**JUSTICE (V.O.):**
out here alone. There are some millionaires with money they can't use. Their wives run round like banshees. Their children sing the blues."

**DISSOLVE TO:**
Where Justice puts some model heads into the trunk of her car.

**9 EXI:**
past the frame, left to right. MONTAGE OF IMAGES We see various images of life in the Crenshaw district of South Central Los Angeles. Some are static; others are hand-held traveling shots, docu style.

**10 EXT. LIQUOR STORE--DAY**
There are images of people protesting a Korean liquor store, some protestors flash signs that read Bw BLACK/RECYCLE BLACK WLLARS.

**11 EXT. DONUTSHOP--DAY**
We see a Cop come out with donuts and coffee for himself and his partner.

**12 EXT. LEMERTPARK--DAY**
A group of young men are curbside being interrogated by the LILPD. Nearby a brother with a video camera begins to record. He is chased away by the police. In between some of these images, we SUPERIMPOSE the heads of some women being done. Over these images we continue to hear Justice's voice reading poetry. She is driving to work.

**JUSTICE (V.O.):**
of stone.
But nobody. No nobody. Can make it out here alone.
Alone, all alone. Nobody, but nobody. Can make it out here alone. Now if you
listen closely, I'll tell you what I know. Storm clouds are gathering, the wind is gonna blow. The race of man is suffering, and I can hear the moan. Cause nobody. But nobody. Can make it out here alone."
We see Justice's car pull to the curb. It is a 1992 Honda Accord, complete with nice rims and tinted windows. The license plate reads
2 FUNKY.
13 INT JUSTICE'S CAR--DAY
JUSTICES NOTEBOOK Where we see Justice write the last stanza of the poem.

JUSTICE (V.O.):
out here alone."
She closes her notebook. The cover reads NOTES OF A POETIC JUSTICE.
14 EXT CITYSTREET--DAY Where Justice exits her car. She uses her automatic lock system, which sounds off "armed" when it locks. As she walks up the street, we see the same brothers established in the previous montage on their knees, with their hands behind their heads. Justice walks past them without acknowledging their condition.
15 INT. JESSIE'S BEAUTYSALONAND SUPPLY--DAY Hair, nails, curlers, and combs. A woman picks up a phone and says, "Jessie's Beauty Salon and Supply. " We have invaded this place on Friday, the busiest day of the week. We see many women of various ages, shapes, and sizes receiving hair care from different stylists. No two heads are the same. Our attention and ears are drawn to the loud voice of one young woman who sits on the waiting couch flipping through a Black hair magazine. She has short-cut hair and eyes, nails, and temper of a Siamese cat. This is lesha. She is talking to Heywood, who is a spiritual person. He is so cosmic that his sexuality is often questioned. Nearby at another booth is Dexter, another male stylist who is very straight. His dick has guided him into the world of cosmetology.
HEYWOOD (over images of nails, hair, etc.): I know whatcha mean. I don't understand some of these women. I don't see how they can allow themselves to be so disrespected! My body is my temple! And a temple should never be defiled. Especially not in this case. I love myself.

Dexter shakes his head in shame at Heywood. He is massaging the head of one fine-ass sistah. She smiles. Dexter suavely bends down and says, "You like that don 't cha. "She nods in approval.

IESHA:

She's a cat. Got her going around wearing sunglasses, and you know how she like braggin about her pretty green eyes. So you know what's up with that. Top it off, she still in love with the nigga. Justice walks in.

JUSTICE:

IESHA:

JUSTICE:

lesha nods a yes.

JUSTICE:

lesha holds up a bag of synthetic hair. Justice walks toward her station, saying "Hello" to the other stylists on the fly.

16 INT. THE BABYROOM--DAY Where we notice a large playpen with four babies. All are dressed in Baby Guess, Air Jordans, and Fila. One baby plays with a beeper that goes off as he puts it in his mouth.

This is the Baby Room, where the women leave their children when they get their hair done. Start this shot off with a fine-ass sistah with a baby in hand walking over to the crib.

THE DOORWAY Where we see a little boy about twelve years old standing in the middle of these children. This is Baha, the errand boy of the shop. Baba sits playing a Sega Game Gear, looking up from time to time.
time out the window and at the fine women that pass
by. Some of the older children attempt to distract him from his game.

BAHA:
Here she
comes!

THE SALON Where all the stylists and customers turn. They know what that
means.

17 EXT JESSLE'S SALON--DAY We see a hand with keys in the frame. The owner
of
these keys presses a button, which turns on
the car alarm. The license on her car reads Ms. BOOTE. At leg level we
swing
around to walk toward the salon. In front of the door
stands a Panhandler with a sign in hand.

PANHANDLER:

JESSIE (O.S.):
out from in
front of my shop.
We move past the Panhandler and toward the front door of the shop.

17A INT JESSIE'S SALON--DAY BACK TO DOORWAY Where we see Jessie open her
Fendi
purse to send Baha on an errand. Since
we are at chair level, we notice her shapely bottom half. She got much ass!

IDEA
start on her purse being opened, then PAN over to
Baha as we hear Jessie offscreen.

JESSIE (O.S.):
get me a
Honey Bun and a pack of-

BAHA (taking the money): Big Red. Yeah, I know.

WIDER As we see Baha take off for the store and Jessie turned around
calling to
him.

JESSIE:
She turns back around, and we see her face. Jessie is the owner of this
shop.
She is the queen of the hootchies in tha hood. Her attire
puts the E in ethnic, as she is wearing the hottest, most expensive outfit
that
can be bought at the Fox Hills Mall. She takes off her sunglasses, and we can see her face.

JESSIE (in a good mood): Good morning, everybody.

ANOTHER ANGLE As Jessie walks across the room and to the corner. All the women in the shop are looking at her funny.

JESSIE (sweetly): What?! What? (vicious) What y'all looking at? I know I'm Ane, but damn! Get back to work.

THE SALON Where everybody goes about their business.

17A CONTINUED THE SINK Iesha's head is in the sink. Justice is shampooing and conditioning her hair. Iesha's eyes are closed to keep the suds from stinging them.

JUSTICE:

IESHA:

JUSTICE:

fivehour job

anyway--you might as well just chill.

Justice walks away.

IESHA:

cold.

THE COUNTER Where Justice joins Jessie, who is busy checking the receipts of the morning.

JUSTICE:

JESSIE:

They both start laughing. A Delivery Man arrives with boxes of shampoo. A few sistahs throw him an interested eye. Jessie is checking him out also,

JUSTICE:

y'all go?

JESSIE:

stylists)

Y'all make sure to fill out them receipts!
JUSTICE (laughing): They still got them red walls?

JESSIE:
filling out
them receipts?

JUSTICE:

JESSIE:
time you been
there?

JUSTICE:
17B INT JESSIE'S BEAUTYSALON--DAY
DOORWAY Where we see a brother, Rodney, come in with this woman.

RODNEY:

JESSIE:

RODNEY:

HEYWOOD (O.S.):
Some people laugh. We see the Woman. She got about as much hair as a Snap.

JESSIE:
Why you
keep wearing these hats? What you hidin?! Ooow,
keep it on.
JUSTICE (pulling her hat on): Stop.

JESSIE:
I'm tired.
Got a poem for me today? Lord knows I need one.

JUSTICE:

JESSIE:
mine. You
still in mourning? Sportin black, don't make time to
do your own hair. Lookin tore up from tha floor up. You can always tell
when a
woman ain't givin up no coochie.
JUSTICE:
right now.

JESSIE:
know how to
pick 'em.

CUT TO:
small U.S.
Postal Mail jeep turn in the street and come to
the curb. We hear the heavy bass beat of hip-hop coming from the jeep.

JUSTICE (O.S.):
19 INT. POSTAL JEEP--DAY Inside the jeep a hand presses the stop/eject on
the
recorder and flips the tape.
19A EXT. CITY STREET--DAY THE GROUND Where the jeep door opens and a pair of
sharp
Nikes come out. We travel up to reveal
the face of a young Black brother, twenty-two years, well built, rough
looking,
a close fade under a cap that reads U.S.MAIL. This is
Lucky. Not your everyday postman, but just another hard-working young South
Central brother trying to make that hard-to-come-by
daily dollar. ANOTHER ANGLE As Lucky gets his bag and walks toward the
salon
entrance.
PANHANDLER (singing): Hey, hey wait a minute, Mr. Postman! Mr. Postman, got
some
spare change?

LUCKY:
ass a job
application!

CUT TO:
in the
sight of all these fine, beautiful sistahs. This is his
favorite part of his route. One or two women pass in front of him.
ANOTHER ANGLE Lucky makes his way to the counter, where he gives the mail
to
Justice, who is organizing the outgoing mail.
Jessie sits nearby.
LUCKY:
Lucky looks at Justice, trying to make eye contact, which she skillfully avoids.
JUSTICE'S P.O.V.: Lucky's hands pull out mail and place it on the counter. 36, 48, f.p.s. Justice is licking stamps and placing them on outgoing envelopes. Lucky notices her sexy tongue.

LUCKY:
angry. . .
You must ain't got no boyfriend 'cause you always angry!
Justice finally looks up. Blank eyes. Blank face. No interest whatsoever. Then her face breaks out into a mischievous smile. She looks Lucky up and down, checkin him out.
JUSTICE (with attitude): What do you want? What do you want from me?

LUCKY:

JUSTICE:
Lucky looks around.

JUSTICE (sexy):
Lucky leans in closer.
JUSTICE (coolly): Let's cut to the chase. What do you reeaally want? ... You wanna smell my poonani?
Lucky is taken aback. Surprised.

LUCKY:

JUSTICE:
said he wanna smell my poonani!
JESSIE (coolly, smoking): Really.

JUSTICE:

JESSIE:
Jessie coolly walks from behind the counter and comes face to face with Lucky. She leans in close to his face and blows air into his
face. Lucky is surprised. Justice and Jessie start laughing. Justice hands Lucky
the outgoing mail and walks across the shop to attend
to lesha's hair. She laughs her ass off. Lucky coolly closes his mailbag and
walks out of the salon. Jessie looks at his exit and then in
Justice's direction. She just smiles in amusement and puts out her
cigarette.
Same ole, same o'.
21 EXT. JESSIE'S SALON—DAY Lucky exits the salon, retaining his cool
despite
being dissed.
LUCKY (Under his breath, looking back): Crazy Black bitches.
The Panhandler comes nearby. Lucky reaches into his pocket and gives him a
quarter.

LUCKY:
jeep and
drives off.

DISSOLVE TO:
A TIME CLOCK CLOSE: A second hand flows past the frame. The minute hand is
steady. The hour hand clicks to 4:30 P.M. A time
card is placed in. Someone is checking out. THE HALLWAY Where we see Lucky
is the
one checking out. We PUSH IN to him as he
takes his card out and places it in a slot on the wall. He then goes in his
pocket to pull out an envelope.
The ENVELOPE As it is opened, we can barely see that it is a paycheck.
ANOTHER ANGLE As Lucky notices the amount of the check. He looks
frustrated.
Offscreen We hear the clock tick once more.
Lucky looks around to see if anyone is watching. Then he hits the clock,
breaking the glass.
23 INT. BATHROOM—DAY A DUFFEL BAG Being stuffed with a postal uniform. A
handpulls out a baseball cap.

24 EXT:
clothing. As he
walks up the hall and into...
25 INT. THA SORTIN ROOM—DAY
We start on a large CLOSE UP of George Bush's face. Suddenly, it is hit
with
many darts. Maybe a shot on dart P.O.V., as in Robin Hood.

WIDER Where we see that we are in a Sorting Room. This is the place where mail is sorted by ZIP code. There are eight guys at work. Three are brothers; the other five are Hispanic. Chicago and a Mexican dude, E.J., are playing darts.

**CHICAGO:**
E.J. goes up to the dartboard, to which they have taped a picture of George Bush.

**E.J.:**
Lucky comes into the room.

**LUCKY:**
CHICAGO AND E.J.: Fuck you.
LUCKY (gestures to Chicago): What up, souljah?
Chicago walks toward Lucky. E.J. looks a little left out.

**CHICAGO:**
mail carrier.
Still got me waiting, sorting with tha Mexicans.
We see E.J. in the close background nearby, sorting mail with an open ear.

**E.J.:**
At least we got a country.
CHICAGO (whispers): I'm on Oaktown Run tomorrow. Getting a truck ready. Wanna go?

**LUCKY:**

**E.J.:**
Lucky cuts him a dry look that reads "Mind your own business."

**CHICAGO:**
E.J. (now in the middle): What's a yamp?

**LUCKY:**
E.J. calls Lucky a "Puto" and goes back to sorting mail. Lucky and Chicago walk away and talk.

LUCKY (O.S.):

ANOTHER ANGLE:

LUCKY:

me up?

CHICAGO:

LUCKY:

(with pride) Gotta work on our music thang. It's cool, we gettin' paid to go. Gotta go, Loc.

Lucky goes to leave.

CHICAGO:

Lucky turns.

LUCKY:

DISSOLVE TO 26 EXT THA PROJECTS—DAY WIDE As Lucky comes to the curb and gets ready to exit his car. In the far background, we see and hear another car coming up.

27 LVT GANGSTA RIDE—DAY From the inside of the car, we roll up on Lucky getting out of his car. WE get the feeling something drastic is gonna happen. 36, 48, f.p.s. Time slows down. Lucky turns around just as the car stops.

ANGLE On Lucky, as he turns and attempts to see who is in the car. It turns out to be some of his old friends.

LLOYD:

LUCKY:

LLOYD:

In his lap we see a gun.
LUCKY:
BACKSEAT GANGSTA: Who's that?
Everybody just turns and looks at him. Ne shrinks back into the back seat.

LLOYD:
today... ...
Remember Lerek?

LUCKY:

LLOYD:
thu niggas
that got him.
Lucky nods.

LUCKY:

LLOYD:
Lloyd smiles ironically.

LUCKY:
They drive off. Lucky turns and walks into tha projects
28 EXT. J-BONE'S PORCH—DAY Lucky walks up to a porch where we see a tall, slender, light-brown brother wearing no shirt and smoking ajoint. This is J-Bone, Lucky's old friend. So close are they that they have children by the same woman. J-Bone is standing on his porch enjoying the afternoon sun and a cool Santa Ana breeze. We hear a jet fly overhead. We hear a fly-ass beat flowing from someone's apartment window.
J-BONE (Greeting): Mr. Postman! Working muthafucka!

LUCKY:

J-BONE:

LUCKY:
They pause for a moment. J-Bone's attention has wandered across the way.
ACROSS THE WAY We see an Old Woman toiling in her garden. In the projects older folk respect their small spaces by making them as comfortable as possible. Some playing children run through this shot.
BACK TO PORCH:

J-BONE:

MS. JACKSON Looks up toward J-Bone. Her face does not register the slightest hint of a positive response to J-Bone's greeting. In fact it says, ,,Go to hell. " Ms. Jackson tells one of the kids, a young boy, to go inside. Upset and reluctant, the boy complies with his grandmother's wishes.

THE PORCH:

LUCKY:

J-BONE:

a bitch?
(reminiscing) ... Anyway, so you here to check on Keisha, huh?
They start walking.

LUCKY:

J-BONE:

some clothes.
Take her to the Slauson Swap Meet, Fox Hills Mall, get her what ever she need.

LUCKY:

A crack addict walks toward J-Bone. He makes a quick transaction.

J-BONE:

Besides, she call me Daddy sometimes anyway.
J-Bone walks on ahead. Lucky seems a little miffed. They walk upstairs to Angel's apartment.
INT. ANGEL'S PLACE--DAY Where Lucky and J-Bone enter. There are two small children on the floor watching television. One is a girl, the other a boy. The girl is six years old, and the boy is four. This is Keisha and Antonio. On the screen are afternoon cartoons.

LUCKY:
J-BONE:
LUCKY (gestures to his child): Hey, little girl!
Keisha runs up into her daddy's arms.

LUCKY:
Keisha timidly points to Lucky, who smiles and looks at J-Bone.

J-BONE:
hooka.
As if on cue and "on cue" we see a young woman of about twenty-two enter the room. Her face looks like that of someone who is entering the threes of what will be a hard life. Despite this, she retains a beautiful but very uninnocent look. This is Angel.

ANGEL:
LUCKY:
second look at her)
We notice the unusual color of her lipstick and her nervous twitching. Angel begins rearranging things on her already-cluttered-up coffee table.

LUCKY:
You ain't been basing, is you? (to J-Bone) Has she? J-Bone doesn't say anything.

ANGEL:
can't tell me shit. (darts back toward the bedroom)

ANGEL 5 P.O.V.:

LUCKY:
The bedroom door is slammed shut. Lucky lets his little girl out of his lap and loose.
LUCKY:  
to live with  
my momma.

J-BONE:  
know.

LUCKY:  
gotta stop  
drinking this shit. Fuckin wit my brain.  
From outside someone calls J-Bone. He reluctantly leaves the cartoons to sell  
some more crack. Lucky starts to take notice of all the clutter on the coffee table. Downstairs, J-Bone makes a transaction. We see a piece of a crack pipe under the hair of a Black baby doll. This catches Lucky's attention. Lucky picks it up and notices Angel's lipstick is on its tip. He looks from J-Bone outside toward the bedroom. Then he gets up and walks in that direction.

29A INII:  
the door.  
Inside Angel is just covering herself up after being with a gangsta. Lucky closes the door.  
IDEA. Start shot of Lucky opening the door then PAN OVER to reveal Angel and the Gangsta surprised then PAN back to Lucky's reaction and he CLOSES the door.

29B INT. ANGEL'S PLACE--DAY THE HALLWAY As Lucky takes a moment to think. He walks off.  
THE LIVING ROOM Lucky picks up Keisha

LUCKY:  
Suddenly, Angel bursts from the bedroom, cursing and talking shit.

ANGEL:  
fuck I can do!  
Who the fuck I can see!

29C EXT. ANGEL'S PLACE--DAY OVERHEAD Outside, downstairs, J-Bone begins to take notice of the storm brewing in the apartment. He looks up toward the noise.
ANOTHER ANGLE: ON CRANE
Where J-Bone runs around and up the stairs as
we CRANE UP with him and past the front of
the apartment to see Lucky and Angel, perfectly framed in a window, arguing
up a storm.
INT. ANGELSSPLACE-DAY BACK TO LIVING ROOM
As Lucky and Angel go at it. Lucky has
Keisha in hand. J-Bone enters the
apartment and comes in between the two of them.

LUCKY:
little girl
around here?! (to the guy) What you looking at
nigga?

GANGSTA #1:
ma face
before I get my strap!

J-BONE:

LUCKY:

GANGSTA #1:
Lucky throws the Gangsta a funny look. Then, breaking the first rule of the
street, he turns his back on him to continue arguing with
Angel.

GANGSTA #1:
Gangsta #1 sucka-punches Lucky. And they both start a big fight in the
middle of
the small apartment. J-Bone joins the fight, on
Lucky's side.

J-BONE:
Lucky and J-Bone kick his ass. Tha Gangsta is out cold. From the fire and
light
in Lucky's eyes, we can see shades of his previous
life. He and J-Bone stand back to admire their handiwork. Outside we can
see a
crowd has gathered from the noise.
LUCKY:
Keisha.
Later, Bone.
Lucky walks off, daughter in hand.
30 EXT. ANGELS PLACE--DAY As Lucky, daughter in hand, quickly emerges.
Behind him Angel throws a verbal arsenal of dirty insults and threats such as "Fuck you, niggs!" "You don't make no money, anyway!" "How you know she your baby?" etc. As Lucky walks, we lower Angel's voice and hear another one of Justice's poems.

JUSTICE

(V.O.):
tomorrow's ruin. Left knows not what right is doing. My heart is torn asunder.
In a time of furtive sighs. Sweet hellos and sad goodbyes. Half truths told and entire lies. My conscience echoes thunder.

DISSOLVE TO:
INT. JESSIE'S SALON--LATE AFTERNOON
As we see Justice standing over her notebook reading a poem to Iesha while putting the finishing touches on her head. The salon is nearly empty. Jessie is sitting at the counter. Heywood is on the phone.

JUSTICE:
fun. Happiness,
it's race has run. Then pain stalks in to plunder."
(closes the notebook) So what you think?

IESHA:

JUSTICE:
Iesha's beeper goes off.

IESHA:
Iesha gets out of the chair and goes to the receptionist's phone. Heywood is on the phone. His face is so serious. Jessie quickly points Iesha in the direction of the pay phone on the wall. Iesha sighs and walks that way.

JESSIE:
IESHA (O.S.):
Justice begins cleaning up her station.

THE COUNTER:
Where Heywood gets off the phone. From the look on his face he has heard some terrible news.

JESSIE:
Heywood crosses over to the couch, where he sits with his head down. Jessie goes over to console him.

THE WALL PHONE Where lesha is on the phone with Chicago.
IESHA (with attitude): What you want? Ah, huh. Ah, huh. Yeah, I'm wit it. We got a hair show to go to up there anyway.

CHICAGO (O.S.):

IESHA: friends?
Justice and lesha make eye contact. Both smile. Suddenly in the background on Justice, we see and hear police lights converge on some brothers across the street. This catches Justice's attention.

BACK TO COUCH Where Jessie is still consoling Heywood. Behind them out the window are the police.

JESSIE:
getting outta here tomorrow.

JUSTICE (walks up): What's wrong?
Heywood gets up and walks away. Jessie stands. Justice joins Jessie at the window. Both stand in profile. Red and blue flashes of light flow across their faces. There are people leaving the shop throughout this scene.

JESSIE:
JUSTICE (demure): Yeah. I'ma play with Lisa and Gena's heads. If they like it, they like it. If they don't, they don't.

JESSIE:
going.
Justice nods. Jessie notices the stress on her face.

**JESSIE:**
enough to be
that. But we pretty close, and sometimes we talk like
sisters. I just gotta tell ya, baby ... you gotta move on. ... A man ain't
nothin but a tool. You got to know when to take 'em out tha box
and when to put 'em back in. And if ya lose one--well, you just ...go get
another. ... Take a chance, do somethin different for a
change. There's always another man somewheres out here. (looks out the
window)
You gotta know sometimes you gonna lose one.
(matter offactly) Like a blow dryer or a good brush. What I gotta do? Play
Momma
to everybody in this shop?
Justice thinks, looks down for a moment, then out the window once more.
BACK TO
THE STALLS Where we see Dexter, Heywood,
and four other stylists: Marine, Colette, Lisa, and Gena.

**DEXTER:**
alla time!
**HEYWOOD** (coolly): Calm down. Calm down. Here it is. I borrowed it for a
wrap I
had to do this morning.

**DEXTER:**

**HEYWOOD:**
you crying
over it like a bitch?

**DEXTER:**

**HEYWOOD:**
Gloves. You
catchin me on tha wrong muthafuckinday.

**MAXINE:**
borrow
everybody else's stuff alla time. (looks over his tools) Like
my brush right here.
Maxine walks away. As she does, we notice the round beautiful fullness of
her
bootay. Her hair is dyed blood red.

**DEXTER:**
Mmm-mmm.

**HEYWOOD:**
JUSTICES STALL Where she and lesha meet up once more. Iesha begins playing with her new braids in the mirror.

**JUSTICE:**

**IESHA:**
hair) This is good now. I don't haveta be messing around with it. Just walk out the house--ya know.

**JUSTICE:**

**IESHA:**
Iesha keeps fixing her hair. It is apparent that she is luring Justice's curiosity. Justice takes the bait.
JUSTICE (pulls lesha's hand away from her head): No, I don't. And stop messing with it. What's a run? He ain't no slanger is he?

**IESHA:**
Justice gives her a frustrated look.

**IESHA:**

**CUT TO:**
32 EXT THE POST OFFICE--DUSK Where we see Chicago point at a truck and sign a rec order. "That one," he says. He is brushing his head with a flat brush and arguing with an Oriental co-worker.

**IESHA (V.O.):**
on Century and Van Ness. Well, every so often he and his friend at work, they have to drive up to Oakland in this mail truck, see.

**IESHA:**
JUSTICE (her interest apparently lost): Yeah.
In the background the other stylists are leaving. A few of them say goodbye to
Justice before they go. Justice resumes cleaning her station. Her interest in iesha's proposal is lost.
IESHIA (attempting to persuade): Well, we get in this mail truck and we drive up
the coast, get drunk, eat Mexican food, and just have a good time. It's fun! (seeing no effect) You ain't having it, huh?

JUSTICE:
like riding in some mail truck? What you doing seeing some mailman, anyway? You know they don't make no money! What he gonna do for you?
Mail your bills for free?!
Iesha folds her arms in defiance of Justice's comments.

IESHIA:
no fun no more? Girl, the world is just one big place waitin for us to go out and fuck up in it. You gonna end up being a straight spinster.
We see Justice's face. She is definitely looking more hardened. Iesha pulls a wad of money out of her pocket and gives it to Justice.
IESHIA (walking out): Later. Thanks. You a Straight Buster!
Jessie comes up.

JESSIE:

JUSTICE:
We hear on the salon's radio the beginning of "What You See, Is What You Get!"

JESSIE:
on, let's close up.
We PAN over to reveal Heywood dancing. He goes over to Jessie, and they start to dance. Justice is left standing alone.

DISSOLVE TO:
and Heywood close the shop. Justice pulls the iron gate
closed and secures its front. Jessie locks the locks. A car cruises by, and we hear some bumping sounds of hip-hop music coming from the inside speakers as well as the voices of some brothers shouting out compliments to these two beautiful sistahs. We also hear Heywood go on about how he loves himself, how life is beautiful. He tells Justice, "See, that's your problem, Justice. You don't love yourself."

**DISSOLVE TO:**

34 INT. Justice's Home--NIGHT It looks though it was decorated by her grandmother, which in fact it was. We notice a portrait of an elderly woman with similar features as Justice. There are also more than a few clocks around, one grandfather clock and a large twenty-four-hour sandclock are prominent. Justice has nothing but time on her hands. The air is full of ticking mingled with the sound of the outside streets. We dissolve through these images and slide into ... 35 INT. BATHROOM--NIGHT We START outside the doorwity and SLOWLY MOVE IN, invading Justice's privacy. Justice is busy rolling her hair in the mirror. She is alone. She looks at her face in the mirror. She is a mess. She lets her mind wander as she looks at the cold tile floor. Suddenly, Justice thinks she hears something. PAN from mirror to her face as she hears the sound. 36 INT.HALLWAY--NIGHT Where Justice quietly stalks. She is nervous as hell. The sounds of the clocks become more prominent as she moves forward. Justice's P.O.V. moving forward, as she walks down the stairs. THE DOORWAY Where Justice stands. Someone is on the other side. We hear a slight scratch, then silence. Quiet tension. This is broken up by the sound of a friendly meow. Justice opens the door, and a big white cat enters.

**JUSTICE:**
She picks him up. Pets him, then he pulls away with a screech and runs offscreen. 36 CONTINUED JUSTICE: Yeah, you just like a boy. I should have you fixed.
THE LIVING ROOM Where Justice picks up the remote control to turn on the television. On the screen is Bet's Midnight Love. There is a montage of romantic R&B videos. A flash of static and we ...

CUT TO:
a smooth,
close, sexy Ragamuffin dance. We hear some Ragamuffin music in the background.

37A INT.: dissatisfied. She turns the television off. Across the room we see Justice sitting at the piano. She looks bored. CLOSE On the piano keys as Justice presses a low-note key. The sound transcends us into the next scene.

DISSOLVE TO:
looking through a collection of 45 records. She picks out one.
THE RECORD PLAYER As the record begins to spin. The first few bars of Stevie Wonder's "I Never Dreamed You'd Leave in Summer" float into the air.

JUSTICE:
looking
kitchen.
38A INT. JUSTICE'S HOME--NIGHT VARIOUS ANGLES Of the empty rooms within the house.
38AA INT JUSTICE'S KITCHEN--NIGHT Where she makes popcorn. Pours it in a bowl, then pours tabasco sauce on it.
38B EXT. JUSTICE HOME--NIGHT THROUGH THE WINDOW FROM OUTSIDE From a voyeuristic
POV we see Justice grooving to the music and eating her popcorn. She picks up a candy bar off a table.
38C INT. JUSTICE'S HOME--NIGHT HACK INSIDE Justice stops dancing, candy bar in her mouth. She looks around for a moment and then into a mirror. Everything seems hue, then out of nowhere she bursts into tears. She cries a few tears for a few seconds, then wipes them away.
THE TELEPHONE Justice picks up the receiver and enters some digits.
39 INT. IESHAS APARTMENT—NIGHT We see a pair of lips that turn out to be a telephone as lesha picks up the receiver, and we follow it to reveal her and Chicago in bed together, Iesha lies on her stomach with Chicago on top. Tha skins are defnitely on. Chicago is wearing nothing except it Chicago Bulls fisherman's cap. Ragamuffin music is playing in the background mon.

IESHA:
Somethin wrong?

40 INT. JUSTICE'SHOME—NIGHT

JUSTICE:

40A INT. IESHAS APARTMENT BEDROOM—NIGHT BACK TO IESHA

CHICAGO (whispers): Get off tha phone. Get off tha phone. (louder) She busy!

IESHA: reaches into a bag of Fritos) Listen, J, I'm kinda busy. Could you call me back later?

JUSTICE (O.S.):
Iesha hangs up the phone.

CHICAGO:
IESHA (getting up): What you mean? You wasn't doing nuthin anyway!

41 INT. JUSTICE'SLIVING ROOM—NIGHT Where she sits. Her eyes wander around the room and then rest on her cat across the way. The cat looks back at her, then turns around and walks away into the hallway. Justice shakes her head. Then her eyes settle on something else.

THE COFFEE TABLE Where we move up on her notebook.

JUSTICE As she wipes a few more tears away and reaches for her notebook.

42 INT. LUCKY'S HOUSE—NIGHT A NOTEBOOK As we see it being opened. Its pages are ratty. We notice its pages are colored with children's drawings: a family, a dog, a house.

THE LIVING ROOM Where we see Lucky lying on the couch like a potato watching television. In the foreground Keisha lies on the floor drawing in her notebook.
ON TELEVISION Is one of those Tom Foo Infomercials. He's that Chinese guy who sits on a boat with a lot of pretty women (ah white) and says, "You can be rich too. " We can't tell if Lucky is looking at this or is lost in his own thoughts. He mumbles a rhyme about Black business versus Korean exploitation.

KEISHA As she looks at the screen. We hear a helicopter go overhead as its spotlight flows into the room. Keisha reacts to it with indifference and continues to draw. Lucky calmly cuts his eyes in that direction. The Light gets his attention and prompts him to get up and make a phone call.

LUCKY:
42B INT. COUSIN KALIL'S SOUND LAB: OAKWVD-NIGHT Where we travel past a ringing phone and some sound equipment to reveal a picture of a young man. Our attention settles on his eyes. This is Lucky's cousin, Kalil.

SUDDENLY WE HEAR THE SOUND OF GUNSHOTS.
43A INT LUCKY'S LIVING ROOM--NIGHT BACK TO LUCKY He takes his ear away from the phone and looks in the direction the shots were coming from. There is some question as to which end of the telephone the shots came from.
CLOSE On Lucky's face. He looks up in the direction of the gunshots and down on the floor.

THE FLOOR:
LUCKY (hanging up phone): Go to bed. Keisha gets up and goes toward the bedroom. Lucky looks at her exit, then goes toward the window and looks outside the blinds. On the TV in the background is the Life Alert commercial, 'i've fallen and I can't get up." We see Lucky through the blinds in the foreground and the TV in the background.
THE DOORWAY Where a woman enters. She is a short, medium-size woman, with a pretty but hardened face. The light in her eyes says she still has some humor left. This is Annie, Lucky's mother. She has
a bag
of groceries in hand.

LUCKY:

ANNIE:

are you going
up north to see Kalil this weekend?

LUCKY:

Tryin to
hook somebody up to listen to these tapes--so I won't
haveta be doing this post office shit no more.

ANNIE:

friends? Be
glad you got an honest job. And don't be wearing out
your welcome, going to Oakland every other weekend. You know how your Aunt
Audrey can get!

LUCKY:

THE KITCHEN Where Annie enters and begins to load the refrigerator up with
goods. Lucky comes into the background.

LUCKY:

Annie begins to glow with the mention of her grandchild.

ANNIE:

LUCKY:

Annie reacts to this.

LUCKY:

A pause. Silence. Neither of them says anything. Lucky begins to walk back
toward the living room.

ANNIE:

Lucky turns around. He thinks.

44 INT KEISHA'S ROOM--NIGHT

CLOSE:

On Keisha in bed under covers.

CUT TO:
LUCKY:
He walks away.

44A INT LUCKY'S LIVING ROOM--NIGHT BACK TO THE LIVING ROOM Where Lucky gets closer to the television and turns on the Sega Genesis Joe Montana Football Game. He begins playing.

ANNIE (O.S.):
raising kids!
You need to quit playing them video games and figure out what you gonna do with your life. Time ain't forever!

LUCKY'S FACE:
beats get louder and louder, then boom! We smash cut to...

45 INT. JUSTICE'S HOME--MORNING MONTAGE Of Justice preparing to go on the trip to Oakland. The music we hear comes from her living room stereo.

46 INT JUSTICE'S BEDROOM--DAY Where she throws her Louis Vuitton luggage bag. Several articles of clothing follow into the bag.

47 INT. JUSTICE'S LIVING ROOM--DAY THE TABLE Where Justice arranges her cosmetology tools by order of preference and priority. We hear her mumble "I need this, and this, and this. "

48 INT. JUSTICE'S SHAT ROOM--DAY Whene we see Justice look around in a room full of hats. She picks up a baseball cap with her name JUSTICE On the front.

48A INT JUSTICE'S LIVING ROOM--DAY ANOTHER SETUP: THE LIVING ROOM She runs frantically into frame. We quickly MOVE into her as she turns around and thinks for a moment.

49 EXT JUSTICE'S HOME--DAY THE FRONT PORCH Where Justice fills a large dog bowl full of Meow Mix cat food. Her cat comes into frame at her feet and begins surveying this feast. When Justice goes back inside, her cat is joined by no less than eight other neighborhood cats.

49A INT. JUSTICES HOME--DAY Justice turns off the stereo and grabs her keys.

50 EXT. JUSTICES HOME--THE FRONT WALKWAY--MORNING Where Justice walks in a quick
hustle toward her car. She turns off the alarm with a key-chain button. The car shouts out in an electronic voice, "Disarmed"

ANOTHER ANGLE As Justice tries to start up her car. It won't start. She hits the dashboard in frustration and thinks for a moment.

51 INT JUSTICE'S HOME--DAY THE KITCHEN Where we see Justice on the telephone. We hear the phone ringing on the other end.

52 INT. JESSIE'S APARTMENT-DAY JESSE'S ANSWERING MACHINE Which clicks on. We hear some smooth R&B music, then Jessie's voice. Over this we see the following images.

JESSIE (V.O.) (sexy voice): Hi. This is me. If you don't know who me is, then you have no business calling me.

THE LIVING ROOM Where we see Jessie's meticulous but uniquely furnished apartment. Her place is just like her: polished, and all about the look.

JESSIE (V.O.) If you do know who me is, then you can do me a favor.

JESSIE'S BEDROOM Where we see her large ornate bed. What tales it could tell if it could speak.

53 EXT. JESSIE'S APARTMENT-DAY Where we see Jessie leaning up against her car, a 1992 Lexus. She takes the last toke of her cigarette and throws it on the ground and extinguishes it with her sharp-ass shoes. In the background we hear Heywood say, "We been waiting for half an hour. She ain't coming! Let her catch up!"

Jessie gets in the car and drives away as Justice's voice clicks in on her machine.

JESSIE (V.O.):

JUSTICE (V.O.) Jessie, it's me, Justice. You there? Well, I'm running a (she decides it's futile) Shit!

53A INT. JUSTICE'S HOME--DAY BACK TO JUSTICE'S HOME

ANOTHER ANGLE As she hangs up the phone. She thinks for a second, then dials some more digits.

JUSTICE:
EXT. JUSTICE'S HOME--DAY

Where Justice and Iesha walk past Justice's car.

IESHA:

nothing like this.

Justice gives her car a kick and the alarm goes off. She quickly turns it off with her key. As they walk out, we follow with them until we let them cross and are on their backs to reveal the truck, which is a 1990 Ford-made U.S. Mail truck. It is all white with the government seal painted on both its sides. Justice stops in her tracks.

JUSTICE AND IESHA As Justice takes in the sight of the truck, Iesha is all smiles, in contrast to Justice's discomfort.

JUSTICE:

IESHA:

They walk toward the truck, and we see Lucky in the front seat. Lucky switches his US. Mail cap to a more comfortable Sox hat. He smiles at Justice. Offscreen we hear Chicago in the back of the truck.

CHICAGO (O.S.):

from Compton!

How she gonna be from Ethiopia and have a kid named Lammar?

LUCKY:

Justice walks back to Iesha on the side of the truck.

JUSTICE:

IESHA:

Cow!

55 INT. THE TRUCK--DAY

Where Lucky looks back at Chicago.

CHICAGO:

LUCKY:

on Fifty-fourth.

THE PASSENGER DOOR Where Justice and Iesha get into the truck. Lucky goes back
into his quiet, cool, unassuming mode. Iesha is all smiles as she does the introductions.

**IESHA:**
JUSTICE (with attitude): Hi.

**LUCKY:**
THE BACK SEAT Where we see Iesha and Chicago.

**IESHA:**

**CHICAGO:**

**IESHA:**
Lucky starts up the engine.

56 EXT THE TRUCK--DAY We see the front of the truck: Ford symbol all up in our faces. We PAN past the US. Mail symbol.

57 INT. THE TRUCK--DAY Lucky shifts into first gear as we TILT UP and he smiles at Justice. JUSTICE Who is not amused. She puts on sunglasses.

58 EXT. THE TRUCK--DAY
WIDE As we see the truck turn in the street to make a U.

59 EXT CRENSHAW BOULEVARD--DAY Where we see the truck go up the street and end on a Crenshaw sign. They are leaving their part of the city.

60 INT. THE TRUCK--DAY From inside we see the overpass of the 10 freeway come up. INSERT The 10 freeway West.
A TRAFFIC LIGHT Which we hear and see turn red.

61 EXT. CORNER OF ADAMS AND CRENSHAW--DAY Where we see the truck come to stop.
THE TRUCK Where Lucky waits for the light. He looks over on the other side of the street.
THE BUS STOP Where an Old Woman gets her pocketbook stolen.
BACK TO LUCKY Who makes an expression that reads "Oh, well." There is no shock on his face. That's the way of the world, as Earth, Wind and Fire says.

62 EXT. THE TRUCK: BACK--DAY Iesha and Chicago affectionately play with each
other, Iesha gives him a couple of love taps.
CHICAGO (laughs): You can't make your mind up whether you wanna kiss me or hit me, huh? That your way of saying you like my ass?
IESHA (jokingly): I don't.
CHICAGO (makes a muscle): Feel that. Feel that muscle. That's man stuff.

IESHA:
Chicago grabs one of her breasts.

IESHA:

ANGLE ON JUSTICE Who glances behind her back at Iesha and Chicago and then into the sideview mirror once again.
62A OMIT TIME SLOWS DOWN 63 EXT.: THE TEN FREEWAY-DAY MONTAGE OF ROAD SIGNS Of various signs along the 10 freeway At first we go past signs that read LA CIENEGA, CENTURY CITY/BEVERLY HILLS, then we begin to read 405 NORTH SACRAMENTO. Different shots of the truck traveling between dissolves.
64 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY--DAY We start on a car as it comes in the other left-hand lane, and as it goes past, we WHIP PAN with it to reveal the truck. Lucky and Justice are in the front seat. Justice is obviously bored out of her mind. Lucky adjusts his vision from the road to her in an attempt to grab her attention.

65 INT. THE:
the corner of his eye. Justice is looking out at the road. Her face is concealed behind sunglasses. We cannot tell if she is lost in the scenery or in her own world. THE BACK Where Chicago and Iesha are asleep. Iesha is cradled in his arms. FRONT SEATS Where there is virtual silence. All we can hear are the sounds of the engine, the road, and other passing cars. Lucky attempts to break the ice.

LUCKY:
Justice doesn 't saty anything.

LUCKY:
JUSTICE:

LUCKY:
Justice remains silent. She continues looking out the window.

LUCKY:
Justice turns around. Lucky has gotten her attention.

JUSTICE:
LUCKY (matter of factly): I said you a mean bitch.
JUSTICE (taking off her glasses): No, nigga! You don't call me no bitch! You don't know me! You don't know nothing about me!

LUCKY:
to act all courteous and shit, and I gotta call you a bitch to even get your damn attention!

JUSTICE:
respect! If I'm a bitch, yo momma's a bitch!

LUCKY:
about you! Think you too fine to talk to nobody! L.A. bitches! I'm tired of'em!
Justice is fuming now.

JUSTICE:

LUCKY (coolly):

JUSTICE:
66 EXT. ROADSIDE--DAY Where we see the truck pull to the side of the road. The passenger door opens, and Justice gets out, bag in hand.

LUCKY:
them big-ass thighs of yours some good anyway! Cottage cheese
legs! Justice turns, fuming mad. The last thing you should joke about with a woman is her weight, even if she has a nice body.

JUSTICE:
some niggas
to fuck you up!

THE BACK OF THE TRUCK Where lesha wakes up from the sound of Justice and Lucky arguing. She mumbles, "What's going on?!"

JUSTICE:

LUCKY:

JUSTICE:
This exchange goes on one more time, then Lucky cuts it off by abruptly closing the passenger door in Justice's face. Iesha pokes her head up from it.

IESHA:
LUCKY (shifting into first gear): I'm leaving that bitch!

IESHA:
middle of nowhere?! Chicago! Chicago, wake up!

67 EXT:
the road and drive off as we COME DOWN to reveal Justice. She is pissed off beyond pisstivity!

68 INT THE TRUCK--DAY Where we see Lucky driving. He is pissed off also. He is thinking heavily about his actions.

IESHA (O.S.):

CHICAGO (O.S.):

IESHA (O.S.):
nowhere! Chicago comes up close to the back of Lucky's head.
CHICAGO (O.S.): Lucky sighs and looks into his side mirror.

WIPE: 69 EXT. DESERT ROAD--DAY: MINUTES LATER Justice is in the foreground, and the truck is following along in the background. Iesha is trying to convince her to get into the truck.

IESHA: said he'd apologize. LUCKY Looks at Iesha. His face is about as nonapologetic as you can get. Ain't no apologies jumping off today.

IESHA: Justice walks past a big diamondback rattlesnake. She is so mad, she doesn't even notice it, Iesha plays it off and continues to call Justice. IESHA (turns to Lucky): Justice! She get kinda stubborn sometimes. Stop the truck. The truck stops, and Iesha gets out. Chicago gets into the front seat. WIDE As we see Iesha get out of the truck and walk over to her friend. Lucky exits the driver's side and goes to the back of the truck. THE BACK OF THE TRUCK Where Lucky opens the wide doors to let Justice and Iesha into the back. Justice and Iesha come around the corner. The latter holds a consoling arm around her friend's shoulders. Justice and Lucky come face to face. JUSTICE (looks up and then with a mean face): You still gonna get fucked up! Iesha smiles and tries to laugh it off. The two women climb inside. Lucky begins to close the door, but not before giving his comeback to Justice's threat.

LUCKY: 70 INT. ROADSIDE--THE FOREST--DAY 71 INT. JESSIESCAR--DAY HOOTCH MONTAGE We see a pair of nails being Aled
with a nail filer. A compact mirror, where we see eye shadow being applied to a beautiful brown eye. A PAIR OF NAILS Are being painted bright red. The hand is brought up to reveal they belong to Colette. She admires her handiwork.

71A EXT ROADSIDE--THE FOREST--DAY HEYWOOD Walks up looking through the viewfinder of a small videocam.

VIDEOCAM P. O. V: Where we see Jessie in the foreground standing next to her car. In the far background we can hear the rest of their party off in the woods. We should get the idea some of them are taking a leak.

JESSIE:

HEYWOOD (V.O.):

JESSIE:

HEYWOOD (V.O.):
flashes on the screen in the left-hand corner.) It's on. Showtime!

Jessie proceeds to act a fool and show off in front of the camera.

JESSIE: a toke of her cigarette) In the wilderness. The wild blue yonder. In the background we can see Dexter come out of the trees zipping up his pants. He calls back in the trees to one of the women.

DEXTER: hope it don't bite your big ass!

JESSIE: Heywood laughs too, offscreen. He drops the camera. WIPE: 72 IXT. THE TRUCK--DAY Where Lucky and Chicago ride along in the front seat. Chicago is driving with one hand and brushing his head with the
other. Chicago starts humming a few bars of a song. Lucky joins in with a bass beat from his mouth. We soon recognize the theme from Sanford and Son.

73 EXT. THEROAD–DAY We see the truck drive along.

74 INT:

CHICAGO:

LUCKY:

CHICAGO:

LUCKY:

CHICAGO:

of Red Bull.

LUCKY:

stupid muthafucka!
The truck makes a funny noise.

CHICAGO:
Lucky pulls a knob. The car makes another weird noise. Chicago and Lucky look at each other, bewildered.

BACK OF TRUCK Justice and lesha look at each other. Justice is making shapes with a piece of string.

LUCKY:

CHICAGO:
Lucky gives him a look that reads "You stupid muthafucka." CUT TO: 75 EXT. ROADSIDE COFFEE AND GAS–DAY Where we see the truck pull into one of the stations. In the background we see an eighteen-wheeler semi truck pull into the other side. ANOTHER ANGLE As Lucky hops out of the truck. He walks toward the back of the truck, just as lesha and Justice open the back doors. We hold on them for a moment.
IESHA:
They walk past as we follow them and end on Chicago.

CHICAGO:
Cheetos!
The girls walk on. Iesha waves off Chicago.

LUCKY (O.S.):
Try to stay
on schedule for a change. Fuck that CP time!

THE PUMP:
gloves are taken
off, revealing worn callused hands. The same
hands unscrew the cap off the truck's massive gas tank.
TNE SIDE OF THE GAS PUMP THE' PUMP Where we see Lucky's hand grab the handle.
Another hand grabs at the same time.
LUCKY Looks up to see. A large white Trucker. Checked shirt, suspenders,
big
leather boots. There is a short moment between Lucky
and the trucker.

LUCKY:
The Trucker nods, indicating that he doesn't. He continues to study Lucky.
OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE PUMP Where Lucky inserts the nozzle into the tank and
begins to pump the gas.

CUT TO:
is selecting
liquor.

IESHA:
freezer, see if
they got some Super Socko. ... Hey, they don't have
Old E! Y'all don't have no Old English?
THE COUNTER Where the cashier throws his hands up, indicating that they
don't
carry.

JUSTICE:
neighborhoods?
IESHA:
a Miller Light.

JUSTICE:
drink. You heard what your man said.

IESHA:

JUSTICE:

IESHA:
You know he start stuttering when he lying and shit.

CUT TO:

CHICAGO:

ANGLE

LUCKY:

CHICAGO:

LUCKY:
up?
77A EXT. ROADSIDE COFFEE AND GAS--DAY BACK TO STORE

IESHA:

JUSTICE:
77B EXT ROADSIDE COFFEE AND GAS--DAY BACK TO PUMP

CHICAGO:
can't get enough o' me.
77C EXT ROADSIDE COFFEE AND GAS--DAY BACK TO STORE

IESHA:
You know what a preemie is? Two-minute brotha.
Justice laughs.
77D EXT.:

LUCKY:

CHICAGO:

LUCKY:
tha poon!
He glances across the pump. THE TRUCK Where the Trucker stands patiently with
his arms folded.

LUCKY:
The Trucker waits. Arms folded.

77E EXT ROADSIDE COFFEE AND GAS--DAY BACK TO STORE
JUSTICE Is at the counter.

JUSTICE:

IESHA:

JUSTICE:
She points to a display where we see some toy water guns.

IESHA:
The cashier has finished. He has a total.

CASHIER:
Justice walks back over to the counter.

JUSTICE (O.S.):
too.

CUT TO:
burst out of
the store laughing. She turns and begins
squirting water at Iesha. We travel with them back to the truck as Iesha
playfully squirts Chicago. He starts running after her. He
catches her, and they affectionately play with each other. The contrast of their
play to the tension between Lucky and Justice is
apparent. They share a quiet, uncomfortable glance. Justice gets into the
passenger seat.
LUCKY (to Chicago and Iesha): Get in tha truck! We don't have all day!
Shit! I gotta be somewhere.
He walks around the side of the truck. THE PUIMP Where the Trucker begins pumping his gas.
79 EXT. ROADSIDE COFFEE AND GAS--DAY Where we see the truck take off once more.

80 INT:
it. Chicago looks bored. Iesha is mixing the gin with the Super Socko.

IESHA:
She hands him the Super Socko. Chicago takes a squig.

IESHA:
Chicago takes a couple more drinks. He checks for the level of Socko left. Iesha takes the bottle back and fills it with gin. She then proceeds to shake it up.

CHICAGO:
He looks in the bag.

IESHA:
Chicago looks frustrated. Iesha has finished her concoction. She samples her work. Taking a small sip from the bottle.

IESHA:
She passes the bottle to Chicago, who takes a sip. Over their drinking we hear Justice's voice.

JUSTICE (V.O.):
others sweet. A wine which has few .. ."
81 INT. THE TRUCK: FRONT--DAY JUSTICE'S NOTEBOOK Where we see her hand write.

JUSTICE (V.O.):
Justice is lost in thought. Where to go from here? LUCKY Takes notice of her writing out of the corner of his eye. JUSTICE Notices Lucky looking at her periodically. She takes particular
of his dirty nasty fingernails.

**JUSTICE:**
Lucky looks at his fingernails. He seems kinda self-conscious and moves his hands to another part of the steering wheel.

**LUCKY:**
JUSTICE (a beat): Stuff.
There is an uneasy space of time between them. They look at each other out of the corner of their eyes. They almost make eye contact.

82 EXT THE ROAD--DAY Where we see the truck zoom up the road and into the distance. **DISSOLVE TO:**
83 INT. THE TRUCK--DAY THE BACK Where Chicago and Iesha settle in the back seat letting the liquor take its effect.

**CHICAGO:**

**IESHA:**

**CHICAGO:**

**IESHA:**
The more I teach you the dumber you get. (does a double take and smells the air) Mmmmm. S'mthing smell good.

THE FRONT FROM THE OUTSIDE: DRIVER'S SIDE Where Lucky and Justice sit.

**LUCKY:**
Justice samples the air with her beautiful nose.

**JUSTICE:**
Chicago comes up front.

**CHICAGO:**
LUCKY:
FROM THE INSIDE OF THE WINDOW We see a sign which reads JOHNSON FAMILY REUNION.

IESHA:
JUSTICE (with open eyes): Oh shit! Look!
ANOTHER ANGLE As we see a virtual ocean of Black faces in the distance. There is a gathering of some kind going on in a large park by the side of the freeway. We start on this image, then PAN over to reveal the truck moving forward.
84 EXT. THE TRUCK--DAY As we travel alongside the truck as we see it in relation to the reunion. Note Three Levels: Truck in f.g. Trees in m.g./People in b.g./Characters speak in Long Shot.

CHICAGO:

LUCKY:
always gotta be thinking about eating?! You eat too much anyway. That's why you head so big. Hair look like taco meat.
85 EXT. THE TRUCK--DAY As the truck stops and everybody gets out and walks toward the gathering of people. Iesha lags behind and takes the last couple of sips from her drink. She takes one long last hit.
86 EXT THE JOHNSON FAMILY REUNION--DAY WIDE As we START on Lucky, Justice, and Chicago, and Iesha running to catch up. They are walking forward just as we SWING behind them and CRANE UP to reveal a banner that reads JOHNSON FAMILY REUNION.
MONTAGE OF IMAGES We see people talking, playing games, some hugging, reunions between relatives, old mixing with the young, some dancing and a lot of food being cooked. This is the Johnson Family Reunion. We emphasize this last image of food being cooked.
LUCKY AND CHICAGO Look at each other. Their intentions are obvious.

IESHA:
Catches up as we PULL BACK with her, to reveal all four of them.
IESHA:

CHICAGO:

JUSTICE:

LUCKY:
ANGLE Where we see a brother who is walking through the crowd obviously drunk.
He is about thirty years old and has a beard. He is also talking very loud greeting everyone around him. Everyone around seems to be amused by his antics. He is known as Cousin Pete.

COUSIN PETE:
(sees a couple of line women standing together) Mmmm, how you doing? We related, huh?
The woman nods yes.

COUSIN PETE:
laughs and moves on)
'I'he crowd parts to reveal him as he walks toward the foursome.

COUSIN PETE:
pretty girlfriend here. Y'all make a good couple.
JUSTICE'S FACE As she reacts to being called Lucky's girlfriend.

COUSIN PETE:

LUCKY:

COUSIN PETE:
name, sweet li'l West Coast thang?

JUSTICE:

COUSIN PETE:

JUSTICE:
Cousin Pete:

Justice:

Iesha (putting on airs) Iesha. And this is my husband, Chicago.
We see subtle eye contact between Iesha and Justice.

Chicago:

Lucky:

Cousin Pete:

Family.
They begin to walk, Cousin Pete leading the way.

Another Angle:

Justice,
Iesha, and Chicago to the Johnson family. He
Introduces a few relatives, then we switch to a P.O.V. shot and we Go Past
Their
Faces and see them as he says their names. We end
On three old ladies sitting at a picnic table.
Cousin Pete (V.O.): This is Aunt Jessica, Uncle Herb, Aunt Aida Pearl,
Uncle
Fred and his wife Wilma, Cousin Isaac, Cousin
James, Cousin Kwame, the Kids, I don't know all of they names, and sitting
Here
Is Aunt June, Aunt May, and Aunt April. The
Bench Where three old women sit: Aunt April, Aunt May, and Aunt June. From
Their
Faces we can tell they are full of opinions.

Cousin Pete:

Iesha and Chicago go to sit down on the bench across the table from the
Three
Old women. Iesha sits in Chicago's lap.

Lucky:

Cousin Pete:

Lucky and Justice walk toward the tables with food.

Angle:

Iesh (wit to sarcasm): Goodbye. Don't they make such a nice couple?
JUSTICE Turns and throws lesha a nasty look and continues walking with Lucky.

BACK TO TABLE Where lesha and Chicago settle. They are both thoroughly amused by the game they are playing. The both a them then turn to notice

THE STERN FACES OF THE THREE OLD WOMEN We PAN past the stern faces of Aunt April, Aunt May, and Aunt June. We rest on June's face as she speaks...

AUNT JUNE:

IESHA AND CHICAGO Look at each other.

IESHA:

AUNT JUNE:

IESHA:

AUNT MAY:

IESHA:

The three women are quiet for a moment.

AUNT MAY:

IESHA:

AUNT APRIL:

IESHA (looks at Chicago): Six months. Aunt June's hawklike eyes probe Iesha.

AUNT JUNE'S P.O.V.: We see lesha's hand on Chicago's shoulder. Then we TILT UP to reveal her face. She looks at her hand searching for a ring.

IESHA:

WIDE Of the table. You could cut the tension in the air with a knife.

AUNT JUNE (to Chicago): You don't mind if she don't wear your ring? IESHA (answers for him): No, he don't mind.

AUNT MAY:

real man always answers for himself.
CHICAGO (a beat): No. No—I don't mind. The three women shake their heads. One says, "Shoot, my husband kill me if I didn 't wear no ring. "

CUT TO: Lucky is filling his plate with food. Justice is nearby. Next to her is a woman with a baby. The woman is trying to fix a plate of food and hold the baby at the same time.

JUSTICE:

LUCKY: Justice notices the woman having trouble juggling baby and plate.

JUSTICE:

WOMAN: Justice takes the baby in her arms. Lucky looks at her out of the corner of his eye and continues surveying the food.

JUSTICE: We see the baby's face. She is a black angel. LUCKY (with sarcasm): You be seeing them professional men, huh? Doctors, lawyers, pharmacists. (tastes something, then adds) Street pharmacists? Justice looks at Lucky, then down at the baby.

LUCKY: Justice says nothing. The Woman finishes fixing her plate.

WOMAN:

JUSTICE:

WOMAN: The Woman walks off to a table and sits with another group of relatives.

JUSTICE:
LUCKY:

JUSTICE:
Lucky begins to walk.

ANOTHER ANGLE:
background
we see kids playing, and some old men
throwing horseshoes, etc.

LUCKY:

JUSTICE:
Lucky looks at her for a second, stops walking, and walks on.
LUCKY (changing the subject): Anyway! You got any kids?
JUSTICE (vehemently): Hell, naw. I don't like kids.
They arrive at some chairs and sit down.

LUCKY:
ever been to
one a' these?

JUSTICE:
that close.
LUCKY (looking around): Well, I never seen this many Black folks in one
place
where there wasn't no fight. Hmmm. ... Now what
about these street pharmacists you useta go out with?

JUSTICE:
boyfriend--my first
love.

LUCKY:

JUSTICE:
 livin don't
make 'em a bad person. Some people don't choose their
path in life. They let other folks write their story. Most of them in jail
now.
(adds)
There's some fine niggas in jail.

LUCKY:
JUSTICE:

LUCKY:

JUSTICE:

LUCKY:

CLOSE:
JUSTICE (a beat): You getting too personal. ... Oh what do you know. You don't
even keep your nails clean!
She gets up and walks awtty. Lucky just looks at her, grins, and shakes his head.

DISSOLVE TO:
DIFFERENT IMAGES Kids playing. Two little boys fight and are broken up by Cousin
Pete, who says, "Y'all family. Don 't fight. "
OLD MEN THROWING HORSESHOES. Some young people are dancing. A few older folk
join in on the fun. Lucky and Chicago
playing a game of spades with Cousin Pete and another man. Iesha going to an ice
cHEST to get a Bacardi Cooler. Justice playing with
some children. The three old women sitting like statues. Lucky and Chicago
winning a hand, then starting the game up again. Cousin Pete shouts out, "Awright then, let's play for money, play for money!"
Iesha getting another drink. Justice resting on the beautiful
green grass as a little girl puts a flower in her hair. Suddenly, she turns to
notice something. One of the old women taps another as all
three direct their attention toward Iesha, who is talking to some brother, a
fly-looking Johnny Gill type. There is definite interest in both their eyes. Justice looks from this sight over toward Chicago.
THE CARD TABLE Where Chicago notices this also. He is pissed. Offscreen, someone
asks him to deal his hand. He does so, never
taking his eyes off of ...
IESHA AND JOHNNY We PAN from Iesha's drunken smiling face to the handsome
face
of Johnny.
THE OLD WOMEN Are having a field day. All three of them are talking away and
looking out the corner of their eyes.
JUSTICE Gets up from the children and walks over toward lesha. WIDE As
Justice approaches lesha and Johnny.

JUSTICE:
RACK TO CARD TABLE Where we MOVE IN on Chicago's face.

LUCKY:
HACK TO SHOT Where lesha pulls away from Justice and goes back to talking with
her new friend.
CHICAGO Gets up and throws his entire hand down. We PAN OVER to Lucky, who
takes off his hat and scratches his head.
LUCKY (under his breath): Oh, shit!
WIDE SHOT As Chicago walks into the shot toward lesha and Johnny. lesha looks
over at Chicago nonchalantly. She doesn't even acknowledge his presence. Chicago grabs her arm. Iesha pulls away and tries to
resume her conversation. Chicago pulls her again, and lesha walks away toward the parking lot. Johnny tries to interfere and Chicago pushes him. She begins cursing loudly, making it more of a scene than it already was. Chicago and the brother get into a fight. Several family members attempt to break it up.
JUSTICE Is embarrassed. She looks over at Lucky.
LUCKY Looks back at her. Their eyes meet.
LUCKY (to the card group): Y'all don't mind if I take some food to go, do you?
THE TABLE Where the old women sit.

AUNT JUNE:

CUT TO:
road, then
ZOOM as the truck goes up into the
distance. We hear lesha and Chicago arguing.
89 INT. THE TRUCK--DAY LUCKY Is driving once more. He taps his fingers on
the steering wheel and looks over at JUSTICE Who looks at him shakes her head and looks out the window.
THE BACK Where Chicago and Iesha are going at it. Swinging insults like swords.

CHICAGO:
muthafuckin problem?
Why you disrespect me like that, huh?! Why you disrespect me?

IESHA:

CHICAGO:

IESHA:
then! Step tha fuck off! 'Cause I ain't in the business of keeping niggas when they don't wanna be kept! All that talking--do it while you walkin.
THE FRONT Justice is fed up. She looks over at Lucky.

JUSTICE:

90 EXT. RESTSTOP--DAY Where the truck pulls over in line with a row of ten-wheelers.
91 INT. THE TRUCK--DAY THE BACK

CHICAGO:

IESHA:

CHICAGO:
You an alcoholic bitch!
They continue arguing back and forth.

91A EXT:
THE PASSENGER DOOR Justice hops out of the truck and goes toward the back. THE BACK Of the truck, where Iesha (bottle in hand) opens the door.
JUSTICE (coolly): C'mere. I gotta talk to you.
Iesha faintly sees the anger on Justice's face but is not aware that it is
directed toward her.
IESHA (sweetly and drunk): What's wrong, J? Lucky talking shit again? I'ma fuck him up! Where he at?
Justice lures Iesha out to the middle of the parking lot. The latter is holding her stomach. A few truckers walk past to notice the two girls arguing. Iesha begins to convulse, then she throws up on the ground. She calmly and coolly accepts a tissue from Justice, then says ...

IESHA:
Justice grabs the bottle out of Iesha's hand.

IESHA:
JUSTICE (smashes the bottle on the ground): This is the problem! (pushes Iesha in anger) You acting like a stupid bitch, Iesha! A stupid, alcoholic bitch! I'm tired of seeing you get drunk! That's why I don't go nowhere with you--'cause you get crazy! You just like my damn ... momma was.
Iesha looks at her angry friend as if stunned. Actually, she is drunk. Iesha sways back and forth as if in a daze. She begins crying.

IESHA (crying):
Justice's anger gives way to compassion. She hugs her friend. WIDE SHOT As they hug each other and an eighteen-wheeler pulls out and away. ANOTHER ANGLE As the large truck goes past, to reveal the women once more.

JUSTICE:
you gotta chill on the liquor. Iesha continues to cry, mumbling in a drunken tone about how much she values Justice's friendship: "You helped me when I had that abortion," etc. Crying gives way to sniffles, and Iesha tries to regain her composure. She turns around to see ...

REVERSE ANGLE THE TRUCK Where Lucky and Chicago sit by the front of the
Chicago is looking at Iesha.

IESHA'S FACE As she wipes her tears away and stands up straight. She looks in her Fend bag to pull out some tissue, maintaining her dignity in front of the men.

IESHA:
Justice looks at her friend and almost cracks a smile. They walk off toward a restroom.
JUSTICE (playfully): Cow.

IESHA:

BACK TO TRUCK:

LUCKY:

CHICAGO (upset):
in the field. Get my nuts close to nature and shit.
As they walk off.

DISSOLVE TO:
early-model 1 980s car pull up the driveway.
Out the passenger door springs a twelve-year-old Black girl. This is Justice, seven years younger. She runs toward the house. The driver of the car is Geneva, Justice's grandmother.

GENEVA:
grocery bags!
THE STEPS Where Young Justice reluctantly shrugs her shoulders and walks back toward the car.

GENEVA:
Alfrieda!
Frieda! Go tell your mother to come here!
The little girl takes off.

93A INT JUSTICE'S HOUSE--DAY THE STAIRS As Young Justice shoots up the stairs.
938 INT JUSTICE'S HOUSE--DAY THE TOP OF THE STAIRS
Justice the adult woman arrives at the top of the stairs.

**YOUNG JUSTICE:**
93C INT. JUSTICE'S HOUSE--DAY AN OFFICE ROOM As Justice looks in. No Momma here.
93D INT. JUSTICE'S HOUSE--DAY JUSTICE'S MOTHER'S BEDROOM No one here.
93E INT. JUSTICE'S HOUSE--DAY THE BATHROOM We see Justice walk forth. She slows
down as she discovers ANOTHER
ANGLE As we move toward the body of a woman collapsed on a tile floor of the
bathroom.
YOUNG JUSTICE'S FACE She screams!
93F INT. JUSTICE'S HOUSE--DAY BACK TO KITCHEN As Justice's grandmother hears her
screams.
93G INT. JUSTICE'S HOUSE--DAY THE TILE FLOOR We see an opened bottle of pills.
Different angles of pills on the tile floor.

[**Idea:**
background]
OVERHEAD Justice's grandmother grabs Justice and discovers the body.
ANOTHER
ANGLE As Justice is pulled away. Geneva turns
her face away from the horror of Justice's dead mother and into the hallway
mirror. Justice covers her face up, then slowly looks at
her reflection. The light behind her changes, and we are back into ...
94 INT. REST STOP BATHROOM--DAY Justice looking at herself in the mirror. A
beat. Ilesha comes out of the stall behind Justice
and taps her shoulder.
ANOTHER ANGLE As Ilesha walks past and we end on Justice.

**IESHA:**
95 EXT REST STOP--DAY: MINUTES LATER A BENCH Where Lucky sits eating some
leftover barbecue. Music is playing from his
small boom box. Chicago is lost in thought. He is visibly shaken by the recent
events. He looks out along the road and then down toward the ground.

**LUCKY:**
don't want her to know you upset! Be cool!

CHICAGO'S FEET Where his shoelaces are untied.

**CHICAGO:**

**LUCKY:**
way.

**CHICAGO:**
Chicago bends down to fasten his shoes. Lucky looks at him and shakes his head. Then he looks up to notice
CHICAGO'S P.O.V.: LOW ANGLE While he is down on his knees, Justice and Ilesha walk up. Chicago looks up and sees Justice, who walks away to reveal Iesha. Iesha mumbles the "shake it to the east/shake it to the west" cheer.

WIDE As Justice sits on one side with Lucky. Iesha puts her arms around Chicago's neck and gives him a kiss. Justice and Lucky look at this exchange out of the corner of their eyes. CHICAGO As he attempts to stay angry in light of this loving treatment. He looks over at Lucky.

CHICAGO (uncomfortable): Is it good?

**LUCKY:**
Justice looks away, listening to the music.

**JUSTICE:**

**LUCKY:**

**JUSTICE:**

**LUCKY:**
see now. We got this music thing going.

CHICAGO (sarcastic): It's all right.
LUCKY:
say?! At least
the nigga's creative!

CHICAGO:

LUCKY:
even get into
the union. What you got?

CHICAGO:

JUSTICE:

CHICAGO:
There is a pause. No one but the air moves. Iesha is restless. She gets up.

Sobriety gives way to silliness. She stands and begins
stomping on the ground and slapping her legs. She continues to do the
"shake it
to the east/shake it to the west" cheer.
IESHA (to Justice): Remember this?! Audubon Junior High?! "Shake it to tha east,
shake it to tha west--it really doesn't matter who
shakes the best!"
Justice joins in. The Two Guys just look at them crazy.

CUT TO:
through the
back. Everybody seems to be in a good mood.
Iesha is telling a joke.

IESHA:
brother goes
up to the gate. The angel at the gate says, "How
many times did you cheat on your wife?" The brother says, "I never cheated
on my
wife." So the angel checks the book and says,
"You're right." So the brother rolls on into heaven in a Rolls-Royce.... So

another brother comes in and he says, "I can't lie. I cheated
on my wife once." So the angel checks the book, and he rolls on into heaven in a
Cadillac. ... So then this other brother comes in and he's a straight-up hoe, and he tells the angel, "Well, I can't remember how many times I cheated on my wife." So he goes and rolls into heaven on a bike. So now he's in heaven and he's just pedaling along, and he rolls by the brother in tha Rolls, who is crying. So the brother on the bike says, "Why you crying? You rollin through heaven in a Rolls-Royce." And the brother in the Rolls says, "I just passed my wife on roller skates!" Everybody laughs.

JUSTICE:
manicure. Plenty men do it. Football players, basketball players. They all come in the shop.

96A EXT THE ROAD--DAY

LUCKY (V.O.):
Where we see the truck shoot up past a beautiful California backdrop.

97 EXT ALICE'S RESTAURANT--DAY Where we see Jessie's Lexus roll up, as well as the other car with the girls inside.

HEYWOOD (V.O.):

JESSIE (V.O.):
the menu.
They get out of the car and walk toward the restaurant.

THE TERRACE:

BI KER:
He picks up a bottle of Evian and takes a squig.

97A IN'I1 ALICES RESTAURANT--DAY ANOTHER ANGLE: JESSLF'S P.O.V. V As we go into the cafe on the backs of Heywood and Dexter, who part to reveal a cafe full of bikers, motorists, and a Waitress. Jessie looks her up and down. The sound of Steely Dan's "No Static at All " flows through the room. There is definitely a bohemian atmosphere here.
REVERSE ANGLE:
(instantattitude) How many?

JESSIE:

WAITRESS:

JESSIE:

WAITRESS:
THE TABLE Where a man begins setting the table.
DEXTER (to Heywood): Man, why you always rubbing your stomach?

DEXTER:
hungry.

JESSIE:
to eat.
Besides, these folks need to see some Black people Sometimes. Wake 'em! Pick'em up! Give something interesting to talk about.
THE TABLE Where they arrive and pick up menus. Jessie begins to look in a menu as she notices behind her a couple, white, twentysomething, who are arguing. Everybody else at the table looks over at the couple too. Jessie ignores this and begins to select from the menu.

HEYWOOD:

MAXINE:

JESSIE:
You know they food don't have no taste to it. She looks in her purse, pulls out a pack of cigarettes, picks one out, and lights up.
ANOTHER TABLE Where the Waitress takes another order. She keeps looking toward
DEXTER:

MAXINE:
come and
tell you to put it out.
We see the Waitress at the other table. She is definitely looking in Jessie's
direction.

JESSIE:
WAITRESS'S P. O.V: The Waitress begins walking toward Jessie. At the end of the
shot she comes to the front of the table, just as
Jessie lets out a cool puff of smoke and gives a look as if to say "What the
hell you want?"

HEYWOOD:
ANGLE The Waitress arrives at the table.

WAITRESS:
environment.
THE KITCHEN Where we see Arlo Guthrie flipping burgers on the grill and
smokin a
joint.

BACK TO SCENE:
JESSIE (ignoring her): I'm almost Anished. Gotta satisfy my nic-fit. Be
done in
a sec.

WAITRESS:
JESSIE (looks up): Well then, you can just stand there and wait until I
finish
my smoke.

WAITRESS:
JESSIE (turns around to the other table): You mind?
The couple nods they don't mind.
JESSIE (to her entourage): You mind?
Everybody at the table nods their approval.
JESSIE (sarcastically): Thank you.
The Waitress storms away as if she has been personally insulted.

**JESSIE:**

warp.

They all laugh loudly. Jessie continues to smoke.

**BACK TO TABLE:**

**DEXTER:**

**JESSIE:**

ain't

Mississippi. (opens her purse) You see that?

We see a .38 pistol inside her purse.

**JESSIE:**

remember what

I did to that nigga in Riverside that grabbed my booty?

Heywood (changing subject): I wonder what happened to Justice?

**COLETTE:**

**JESSIE:**

there's a

girl who's got some problems.

**98 INT:**

different

beautiful tropical fish.

**JESSIE (V.O.):**

ain't seeing

nobody ...

We cut to a dolphin swimming toward frame, then PAN over to reveal Justice looking through an underwater viewing room.

**JESSIE (V:**

toward ...

LUCKY Who is looking in another tank. He turns to look at Justice.

**98A INT. ALICES RESTAURANT--DAY**

**BACK TO CAFE** Jessie pauses. Thinks. Puts out her cigarette and turns toward the Waitress.
JESSIE:

CUT TO:

beach, dunes, flat sand. We PAN to reveal the mail truck parked on the sand. In the distance are four Agures. Justice, Lucky, Lesha, and Chicago. No one speaks. Everybody is doing their own thing. All we can hear is the voice of the Pacific Ocean. Justice sits on the sand, sifting it through her hands like a funnel. We hear her thoughts as she looks out onto the ocean.

JUSTICE (V.O.):

and realize that no matter how famous you are, or how much money you make, you should know that you will never be as important as the ocean. ... Damn, why didn't I go to college? Grandmomma would roll two times in her grave if she saw me now. (looks toward Lucky) Hmmm, he look kinda good. I know he got a kid, though. Look at him. He look like the type that got a baby stashed away somewheres.

Lucky and Chicago are throwing rocks, seeing who can make a rock skip the farthest. We hear Lucky's thoughts.

LUCKY (V.O.):

should get that number, see how that bootie works. ... I wonder what Kalil's doing? Lesha is playing in the warm sand. She has dug a hole and has placed her feet into it.

IESHA (V.O.):

cleaners. ... Oh, I know what I gotta do when I get back. I gotta call Terry with his fine ass. Ask him to take me shoppin. Chicago is throwing rocks in the water.

CHICAGO (V.O.):

just go and get me another bitch. I'm a good-looking nigga. I got a
Chicago turns to look at lesha. Note: Chicago in foreground, Iesha in background.
IESHA Looks up at Chicago as if to say, "What the fuck you looking at?"
Chicago turns back around to continue throwing rocks.
Iesha turns to Justice.

IESHA:

CUT TO:
expanse of
California farmland. 101 INT: THE

TRUCK--DAY:
bored.
Iesha's legs and arms are folded. Chicago gets up and looks into a bag and pulls out a couple of letters. He begins to open a few of them. lesha looks surprised.

IESHA:

CHICAGO:
mail anyway.
(reads) A love letter.
He smells the paper.

CHICAGO:
the way you smell.
Iesha sits across the way. Arms folded.

IESHA:

CHICAGO (reading letter): "I can't wait to see you again. My heart arches with every day that you are gone. I had a dream last night, you were here, with me." (reads on to himself)

IESHA:
Chicago looks up for a moment, then back to the letter.

IESHA:
be alone for
a while. Find myself and shit. Chicago keeps reading the letter, acting like this isn't affecting him. Iesha snuggles into a corner and closes her eyes. Chicago looks over at her sleeping.

**DISSOLVE TO:**
dancers on a stage, people shopping at booths, carnival games. The air is alive with the sounds and smells of an African market festival. What follows is a Felliniesque scene on the Afrocentric tip. The sounds of African drums fill the air. Between the dialogue some striking visuals are intercut.

**ANGLE** As we see Justice and Lucky walking together. Justice is taking in the sights and sounds of her environment. She is almost childlike but very much an alive woman for once. She is blowing soap bubbles. Lucky seems lost in his own thoughts.

**JUSTICE:**

**LUCKY:**
much shit going down there. This is the only time I get to think. Or when I'm with my cousin and shit.

**ANOTHER ANGLE** Where we notice both Iesha and Chicago are not walking together.

**IESHA:**

**CHICAGO:**

**BACK TO JUSTICE AND LUCKY**

**JUSTICE:**

**LUCKY:**

**JUSTICE:**

**LUCKY:**
JUSTICE:

LUCKY:

JUSTICE:

LUCKY:

JUSTICE: minute, I get all the pussy." Stuff like that.

LUCKY: They stop to notice. A large Black bald muscular brother standing before one of those amusement things where you hit a peg with a sledgehammer and it goes up to a certain height. Several spectators are waiting to see the man hit the peg.

JUSTICE:

LUCKY: THE STRONGMAN Hits the peg! It flies up!

JUSTICE (V.O.): have something to say. Somethin different, a perspective. The peg hits a bell, under which is written in red letters the word REVOLUTION.

JUSTICE: They turn to walk out of the crowd.

LUCKY:

JUSTICE:

LUCKY: She says nothing.
touched
Justice)
CHICAGO Stands in a crowd. We are looking over his shoulder at lescha
throwing
baseballs into holes. She wins a little bear, which
brings a smile to her face. When she notices Chicago looking at her, it
turns to
a frown. Chicago then turns to look in Lucky and
Justice's direction.
LUCKY AND JUSTICE They are interrupted by Chicago's shouting.
CHICAGO (shouting): Why do we keep stopping? Don't we have a schedule to keep
to?
LUCKY (shouting): We got plenty o' time. What you worried about, nigga? We always do this.

CHICAGO:
procrastinating. (joking) You keep trying to gib to that bitch!
That's tha problem.
JUSTICE (ignoring Chicago): There's a fruit stand over there. I wanna get some
plums. (walks away)

CHICAGO:
Lucky just gives him a look. Then he turns, and ... ANOTHER ANGLE Lucky and

Chicago in a crowd of people. Chicago walks away,
frustrated, as we PULL BACK and around to see the source of the drums we have
been hearing through this entire scene. It is the Last
Poets, beating out the last couple of lines to "Niggas Are Scared of Revolution.
"
BLACK MANL "But I'm a lover too! I'm a lover too! I love niggas! I love to see
them walk, talk, and shoot tha shit! But there is one
thing about niggas I do not love! Niggas are scared of Revolution!"
The crowd applauds.

DISSOLVE TO:
Justice bite
into a plum with her juicy lips.

LUCKY:
JUSTICE:

LUCKY:
Justice rubs the plum back and forth between her hands and kisses it up to God.
Lucky looks on in amazement. All that is left is the seed, which Justice holds up proudly. She laughs.

DISSOLVE TO:
through a field. She walks slowly, almost dreamlike. Over this we hear Justice's voice reading a poem. It is "Phenomenal Woman. "Suddenly, a zebra (yes a zebra) walks into the shot. First one, then another, then another. Soon there is a herd. Now we know we are in a dream--Until we hear Lucky's voice shout out.

LUCKY:
WIDE Where we see the truck at the top ofa hill that overlooks a field, in which we see Justice walking among African zebras.
Chicago and Iesha get out of the truck and look down. Lucky has the hood up and is checking the engine.
JUSTICE (shouting): I wanna pet one of them!

ON THE HILL:

IESHA:
BACK TO FIELD Where Justice pets one of the animals.

LUCKY:
have a some kinda private zoo there.

CHICAGO:
Chicago looks at lesha. She senses she is being watched, then she looks over at him and walks away. He follows her.
THE ROAD Where we see the truck by the road with the castle in the background.
lesha has walked to the back of the truck. Chicago comes around the corner and tries to talk to her. He tries a smoother approach.

CHICAGO (smoothly): So you wanna quit me, huh?
He puts his arms around her waist.

CHIAGO:
She turns around to face him, and they kiss.

CUT TO:
still kissing. They are getting hot and heavy. Iesha is still doing this with some reluctance.
THE FRONT Where Justice and Lucky sit. They are chummy-chummy now; they talk like old friends.

JUSTICE:
got killed, though. Tried to jack the wrong person.

LUCKY:
He laughs. Justice doesn't find it funny.

JUSTICE:
Lucky looks at her.

LUCKY:

JUSTICE:

LUCKY:
Justice has no reply. Lucky changes the subject.

LUCKY:

JUSTICE:
a chance to.
There is a somber moment. Lucky understands, vaguely. They hear a moaning sound.
Justice motions for Lucky to be quiet. She peeks through the curtain.
THE CURTAIN Where Iesha is now on top of Chicago. Riding him. Slowly she
moves back and forth, her legs around his waist. Suddenly, something is wrong. Iesha gets up.

THE BACK Where we see Iesha looking frustrated.

IESHA:

CHICAGO:
IESHA (louder) Fuck that! You can't even hang that long! Couple minutes shit my ass!

CHICAGO:

IESHA:
loudly.

THE FRONT:
at it.

LUCKY:

JUSTICE:

LUCKY:

CUT TO:
pull to the side of the road. Iesha hops out, closely followed by Chicago. We MOVE slowly with them to reveal they have parked next to a cliff that overlooks the Pacific Ocean and some other rocky cliffs. In the distance we see Chicago and Iesha arguing. ANOTHER ANGLE As we see Iesha and Chicago squabble. We cannot hear them shouting at each other over the loud ocean waves crashing among the rocks below the cliff. The wind is blowing with a strong force. THE TRUCK Where Lucky and Justice sit. Justice is watching. Lucky minds his own business. He glances at his nails. THE ROCKS Where we see the waves crashing against the side of the cliff, eroding
its sides bit by bit. We juxtapose images of the waves to the ballet of Iesha and Chicago arguing. He pulls at her. She pulls away, etc. Their dialogue is drowned out by the sounds of the raging ocean. Iesha gets fed up and walks toward the truck. ANOTHER ANGLE As we come down and follow Iesha. We can fully hear them arguing now.

IESHA:
mean shit!
Think you buff! I wish I never met your sorry ass!
Sorry muthafucka!
Chicago takes his brush out of his back pocket and begins brushing his head. He is trying to maintain his cool because they are now in front of Lucky and Justice.

IESHA:
dick can't stay hard five seconds. Watcha do, take steroids?!
We see Iesha's mouth in CLOSE UP. She continues to lay on the insults as we SLOW DOWN TIME. Chicago continues to brush his head. He concentrates on looking at Iesha's mouth running a mile a minute.

REAL TIME:

IESHA:
This catches Chicago's attention. He stops brushing his head, and calmly walks toward Iesha, as we PULL BACK with him to an over-the-shoulder with Iesha. JUSTICE Is wondering what will happen next. CLOSE. ON CHICAGO'S FACE He is angry. CLOSE. ON IESHA 'S FACE Who gives him a look that reads, "You ain 't gonna do shit!" She continues to taunt him. ANOTHER ANGLE Lucky, as he turns away.

LUCKY:
SLOW MOTION As Chicago slaps tha shit outta Iesha. Her back is to CAMERA so that we can see the fury in Chicago's face.
BACK TO NORMAL SPEED Iesha reels back, then recovers. She touches her mouth. There is blood on her hand. She looks up toward Chicago. We see fire and fury in her eyes, and then... IESHA GOES MUTHAFUCKING CRAZY!!!

IESHA:
Iesha charges toward Chicago with fury. Hell hath no fury like a Black woman's scorn. Iesha and Chicago fight. Each is cursing at the other. To our surprise this is no one-sided battle: Iesha is holding her own.

She hits Chicago square on the chin with a wild punch.
Chicago reels back in shock and continues fighting.
Justice is going crazy. She doesn't know what to do.

JUSTICE (to Lucky): You just gonna let 'em fight?!

LUCKY:
Wild with frustration, Justice gets out of the truck and walks toward the fighting couple. Lucky gets outta the truck.

CHICAGO AND IESHA The tide has turned on the fight--Chicago is kicking Iesha's ass now. She swings a wild punch, and he connects with a direct hit. Chicago drops back to get his bearings. We see Justice come up in the background. Boom! A foot slams between Chicago's legs. Chicago grabs his crotch in pain. He slowly turns, then charges Justice. They tumble on the ground, and he reels back to hit her.

LUCKY (O.S.):
ANGLE On Lucky, who walks toward us with anger.

LUCKY:
her!

CHICAGO (getting up): What's wrong you?

LUCKY:

CHICAGO (pushes Lucky): Aw, punk. You just saying that shit 'cause you strung out over this bitch! Moralistic muthafucka!
Lucky walks closer to Chicago and socks him in the stomach. He folds like
a set
of new French doors.

LUCKY:
tha git and
you wouldn't haveto hit your girl. Punkass. (helps
Justice up) Get up. You all right?
Justice murmurs a "yes" and walks over to attend to Iesha. Lucky is left
standing alone. He thinks.

JUSTICE AND LESHA Where Justice helps her friend up Iesha is scratched. She
continues to curse with a bloodied mouth. Iesha pulls away, attempting to continue fighting, only to be restrained by Justice.

IESHA (crying):
call Dooby,
I'ma call Monster Loci They gonna shoot that nigga.
He ain't nobody's daddy!
Lucky looks over at Iesha. He doesn't notice Chicago getting up and
charging
him. Lucky and Chicago get into a brawl. They tumble and wrestle, punches are thrown, kicking, all the elements of a good scrap.

Lucky prevails. He gets up.

LUCKY:
CHICAGO (coughing): You can't leave me! We got a job to do!

LUCKY:
work at no
muthafuckin post office all my life! Shit! Catch a bus to 'Frisco.'We only forty miles away.
He walks away. Justice and Iesha are getting into the truck. Chicago suddenly
becomes apologetic.

CHICAGO:
hoes! Why
don't leave them, dude?! Why you tripping?!

WIDE As the truck drives on, leaving Chicago on the road. A duffel bag is thrown
out the window. Chicago continues to shout out at
Justice looks up from holding her crying friend. She has noticed the truck has stopped moving.

Justice:  

Iesha:  

Justice:  

107 EXT THE TRUCK--DAY OVERHEAD: ON CRANE We see Justice get out of the truck as we DESCEND to let her pass, then go
back UP to reveal they are on an,ther peak overlooking the Pacitic Ocean. We see Lucky sitting on the grass i, the far distance. Justice walks out to talk to him. A blanket drapes her shoulders. ANOTHER ANGLE As we see Justice come forward and drop down to sit next to Lucky. There is a pause. Neither one of them saiys anything. All we can hear is the sounds of the ocean and the sea gulls. Justice attempts to break the ice. JUSTICE (laughs): They was gonna break up anywag. (reminiscing) I remember when I was little and my uncle Leon used to come around and give me and my cousins change. He would go to the liquor store, buy a forty-ounce of beer, then throw us the change. And I'd always ask for the "big nickel." I couldn't pronounce quarter, so that's what I'd call it. (to Lucky) Yuk, look at them nails. Give me your hand. Lucky gives her his hand. Justice looks in her pocket and produces a nail file. She begins to file Lucky's nails. Lucky shows his discomfort.

JUSTICE: always looking for the big nickel. Anything I did- ride a bike, go to school, do somebody's hair--she'd say "Justice! You still looking for that big nickel?" That was before she died. Lucky looks at the concern on her face.

LUCKY:

JUSTICE: when I was twelve. Suicide. She named me Justice cause she was in law school when she got pregnant with me. ... I'm all alone. I got a cat, though.

LUCKY: Justice looks at Lucky's nails. Their eyes meet. They kiss. Justice looks
at Lucky's nails. Tilt to nails, clean, filed. Tilt up, they kiss.
108 INT. THE TRUCK--DAY Where we see Iesha inside. She has cried herself to
sleep.
108A EXT. THE ROAD--DAY THE GRASS Where Lucky and Justice continue to kiss.

Justice stands up for a moment, looks off into
the distance. We hear her thoughts over the following images.

JUSTICE (V.O.):
follow you
beyond this rage of poetry. The she opens the blanket
up like a cape and surrounds Lucky. The make love.

JUSTICE (V.O.):
love of loss
of love. For me, give me your hand.
WIDE As we see them against the backdrop of the grass and the beautiful
Pacific
Ocean. The blanket erupts with the ripple of their
bodies.

DISSOLVE TO:
109 EXT. THE ROAD--DAY Where we see the truck shooting up the pacific Coast
Highway
110 INT. THE TRUCK--DAY Where Lucky and Justice ride on. Suddenly something
catches Justice's eye.

JUSTICE'S P. OV:
theater. She
and Lucky exchange a glance.

DISSOLVE TO:
another, then
another Then we see a whole hill
covered with windmills. We see the truck coming through the hills. The
hills are
revered with windmills.

DISSOLVE TO:
the road,
then PAN with it to REVEAL a sign that reads YOU ARE NOW ENTERING OAKLAND.

**DISSOLVE TO:**
along.
LUCKY'S P.O.V. Where he sees a big brawl in the street. Docu-style realism sets back in. BACK TO TRUCK Justice turns to Lucky and smiles. Lucky just looks at her. Then he lowers the boom.

**LUCKY:**
Justice turns her attention out the window. She sighs. She can sense this is gonna be something heavy. **JUSTICE'S P.O.V.: Subjective to objective, then reveal Justice. There is a car accident in the street.**

**JUSTICE:**

**LUCKY:**
should know before anything else happens.
114 EXT. OAKLAND NEIGHBOURHOOD--NIGHT Where we see the mail truck turn a corner and go up a street. In the far distance we can see the red lights of an ambulance.

**115 INT:**
face. He ignores them and pulls to the curb.

**JUSTICE:**
the beginning?

**LUCKY:**
gonna ... hold on, let me just check in with my cousin. He gets out of the truck. **115A EXT OAKLAND NEIGHBOURHOOD--NIGHT A WALKWAY Where Lucky gets out of the truck and walks up to his Aunt Audrey's house, notebook in hand. He is on cloud nine and in the best of spirits. People are running past him and down the street toward the ambulance and police lights.**
BACK TO TRUCK Where Justice and Iesha emerge.

IESHA (stretching:) What we doing here? How come we didn't go to the hotel? Shit, I'm tired.

THE DOORWAY Where Lucky arrives to notice that it is open. Empty. Dark.

LUCKY:
He goes in. ANOTHER ANGLE: NEW SHOT As Lucky comes back out and looks down the street. He senses something wrong.

Lucky hops off of the porch and runs with the rest of the crowd down the street.

We follow with him some ways then swing around in front of him. Lucky pauses in shock. We hear screams. Lucky comes forward as we move with him to reveal his cousin Kalil on a bloody stretcher, his aunt Audrey frozen in shock, and a crowd of spectators standing around. Lucky makes his way to his aunt, and they embrace. CLOSE UP: LUCKY As he looks up from his aunt toward the ambulance.

In the background an attendant is trying to get some information from Lucky and his aunt. They say nothing. Also we hear the various voices of people in the crowd with a thousand explanations of what happened. TIMESLOWS DOWN JUSTICE AND IESHA Walk up. Both stand there in shock. We frame up Lucky holding his aunt in the foreground, with the two women in the background.

116 INT. AMBULANCE DOOR P.O.V. Where the door is closed and the truck moves away, revealing Lucky and his aunt still embracing. He leads her toward her home.

DISSOLVE TO:

sits in the next seat. Solemn. Iesha is in the back quiet and frozen.

118 EXT. OAKLAND HOTEL--NIGHT We see Jessie come down some stairs and enter some change into a cigarette machine. It takes her change, she hits it a couple of times, and a pack comes out. THE PARKING LOT The truck comes into the lot, and Justice and Iesha hop
out.
Lucky comes around from the driver's side. Iesha looks as though she wants to say something to Lucky, but she can't bring out the words.

IESHA:
Lucky has no reaction. Iesha backs up and reluctantly walks away, leaving Lucky and Justice alone.
LUCKY Walks over to the front grill of the truck and sits down.
JESSIE As Iesha walks past her, and she watches and waits to talk to Justice.
JUSTICE Follows him and sits next to him. She puts her arms around Lucky and tenderly kisses him. She kisses his neck, face, etc.
The music gets higher. Everything is romantic, then Lucky puts his head down then looks back up.

LUCKY:
wit you.
He walks away.
JUSTICE (confused, shocked): What?!

ANOTHER ANGLE:
up and back away from Justice. Leaving her standing there alone. She walks toward the hotel and Jessie.

JESSIE:
JUSTICE (pissed off): Know what you talking about before you judge. They walk on.

JESSIE:
Justice just turns to look at Jessie, then she walks on.

DISSOLVE TO:
TRUCK--NIGHT Lucky opens the back door, and we see him and a Dockworker talking. Several workmen begin unloading boxes and bags off the truck.
DOCKWORKER (filling out a form): I thought there was supposed to be two of you?
LUCKY:

DOCKWORKER:
LUCKY (taking the form): I don't think so!

120 INT JUSTICE'S HOTEL ROOM--NIGHT There is a conference going on. Justice, Iesha, Jessie, and Heywood are present. From the looks on their faces, we can tell what the topic of discussion is: men.

Iesha is holding a cold towel to her eye.

HEYWOOD:
She takes the towel away. We see her eye. It's a small shiner.

HEYWOOD:
IESHA (looks at him like he's crazy): It ain't.
Jessie looks at Iesha's eye.

JESSIE:
got this thing
where she don't think a man loves her unless he beats her.
Anyway, this nigga went off on her once, and her eyes were so big. You know them Dunkin' Donuts?

HEYWOOD:

JESSIE:
on both
eyes, and that's what she looked like. You young. You gonna learn. Don't fight no man with you fists--you fight him in his wallet. Now instead of swinging on 'em, you shouda gave him some, let 'em go to sleep, reached into his wallet, and took his credit card.

HEYWOOD:

JESSIE:
utteringpast
stories. Iesha cuts them off.

IESHA:
Jessie turns and stops.

**JESSIE:** lesha's eye) 
Men ain't shit. 
Jessie and Heywood start laughing again.

**JUSTICE:** 
Jessie stops laughing.

**JESSIE:**

**JUSTICE:**

an ass outta you and me.

**JESSIE:**

about the world. 
Justice's face, as Jessie's words sink in.

**JESSIE:**

These little young girls don't know they cuchie from a hole in the wall. Shit, I just rest and dress, honey. Love don't live here anymore. Justice returns to consoling her friend, but we can tell her mind is miles away.

**JUSTICE:**

She helps her with the towel on her eye. THE DOORWAY Where Colette sticks her head in.

**COLETTE:**

Justice turns around, Iesha is cradled in her arms.

**JUSTICE:**

**DISSOLVE TO:**

makeshift recording studio. We see a four track, a drum machine, a keyboard, two turntables, a large boom box, a rhyme dictionary and thesaurus, and a ton of records. The walls are covered with the faces of the heroes of hip-hop. Posters of Public Enemy, KRS-One,
EPMD, and everybody else who is truly down. Among the mess Lucky spots a tape that reads LUCKY’S NEW BEATS. He pops it in the box.

We hear the beat. It is a smooth, Loc’d out gangsta groove. Lucky listens for a moment, then presses STOP OR the box. He thinks for a moment, then hits his hand on the desk and stands. Then he sits once more to think. Like "The Thinker."

DISSOLVE TO:
hue as a new day arrives, and we see Lucky, who has apparently fallen asleep in the chair. He awakes. He sits up, leaving an afterimage of his sleeping self on the chair. When he stands, it disappears! He smells the air: Food. We hear children playing upstairs.

122 INT. AUNTAUDREY'S KITCHEN--DAY Where Aunt Audrey is cooking up a storm: A real southern breakfast. We see eggs, bacon, fried chicken, biscuits, etc. Aunt Audrey is cooking to keep her mind off of the death of her firstborn. Also in the kitchen is Uncle Earl, Audrey's brother Tequan, her second son Shante, her daughter, and a few other family members young and old.

AUNT AUDREY (manages a smile): Morning, Lawrence. You hungry, baby? C'mon over here and get you somethin to eat. Lucky goes over to the table.

LUCKY:
Audrey has no reply to this.

THE STOVE:
out to drain on some paper towels. She pauses for a moment and attempts not to lose her composure.

UNCLE EARL:
Audrey sits down across from Lucky. She looks as though she is in a daze of depression. Her gaze finds Lucky.
AUDREY:
make them
tapes. They was trying to do something with they
lives. Something constructive instead of destructive.
She laments for a moment.

AUDRY:
beat)
Lawrence, I want--I want you to know you my favorite
nephew. Your mother, even though we sisters, we don't always get along. I was
always happy you and Kalil were more like brothers
than cousins. Family should stick together no matter what.

LUCKY:
SHANTE (nonchalantly): Sell it.

LUCKY:

SHANTE:

LUCKY:
people try to
build and do somethin, somebody gotta come along
fuck up shit?!

AUDREY:

LUCKY:
SHANTE (sarcastic): Like what?
AUDREY (looks over to stove): Shante! Turn the fire off. Take them wings
out the
skillet and drain off all that oil. My blood pressure's
bad enough as it is. (turns back to Lucky) Anyway, what would you do with
it?
LUCKY (looks around): Use it.

CUT TO:
his cousins
loading the equipment back into the mail
truck. Aunt Audrey gives Lucky a hug before he gets into his truck. Over
these
images we hear Audrey's voice.
AUDREY (V.O.):
chance to
realize his dream don't mean you can't do what you
gotta do.
Lucky starts un the truck
123A EXT. THE ROAD--DAY Traveling montage on the road. Beautiful sights of California.

DISSOLVE TO:
truck while it
is moving. The truck speeds up, and goes
into the distance. We hear Justice's voice: another poem begins.
125 INT. THA HAIR SHOW--DAY As we TRAVEL through the Oakland Hair Show from
a
docu-style perspective. Heywood is
behind the camera. There are many exhibits on display. We see new products
being
introduced Salesmen on different montages
peddling everything from mousse to gels to tools. Our attention is drawn to the
various hairstyles present and the reactions of the
characters to being filmed. We see Jessie and entourage walking through the
crowd having a good time. She is pointing at people and
making comments. Heywood points the camera at Dexter: "Sexy Dex. "
Eventually we
see Justice. She is attending to Lisa and Gena's
hair, as well as the hair of two other women. They're her models, for her
hairstyles. There are many other stylists doing other people's
heads also. Justice is noticeably nervous at being recorded She tells
Heywood to
turn that shit off. End of docu-style. THE RUNWAY
Where we see the models come forth. Our attention is drawn to their heads
as we
notice their beautiful intricate hairstyles The
hairstyles are like sculpture. A TABLE OF JUDGES Watches the models as they come
forth.
126 EXT. THE DESERT--DAY Where we see Lucky walking along the road in the
desert. The truck is nearby in the distance. He is
thinking.

126A INT:
begin to talk
and review their notes.

**DISSOLVE TO:**
representatives from
different salons. Justice receives a trophy
and is congratulated by Jessie and company. She holds it up for all to see. But
she is not happy. She smiles an uneasy grin.

1268 EXT HIGHWAY-DAY We end on an image of the truck going across the horizon.

**FADE TO BLACK:**
127 INT. JESSIES SALON--DAY MONTAGE We see hair and nails being done.
Everything
seems normal once more in the shop. A
voice changes the mood.

**RITA (V.O.):**
them eyes
outta your head!

**THE STYLLSTS** Look up. **WAITING BENCHES** Where two women sitting across from each
other are looking at each other like cats
in a fight. The first one is Rita, the second one is Simone. Simone is kinda
prissy. She talks to her friend next to her.

**SIMONE:**
stay away from
James.

A **HAIR STATION** Where Jessie is doing someone's head.

**JESSIE:**
out in the
street. I got enough problems as it is.

**RITA (stands up to leave, looks at Simone):** Yeah, bitch, you can say what you
want. But remember this, every time you kiss him, you
tasting my pussy!

127 CONTINUED JUSTICES STATION Where she stands attending to a client's head.
Her face looks much as it did at the beginning
of the film. Only this time she is made up more. Justice finishes the woman 's
head and begins cleaning up.
THE DOORWAY Where Rita leaves, and Lucky enters with Keisha in hand. He is dressed in very casual attire. As soon as he enters, his presence is felt by every woman in the shop. Justice looks up and, noticing Lucky, excuses herself from her client and goes over toward the counter.

LUCKY'S P.O.V.:
around to see the reactions from the other women.
BACK TO LUCKY Who reaches the counter and casually leans against it, looking at the other women. His gaze reaches a couple of them, who instinctively look away. He turns to face Justice.

LUCKY:
JUSTICE:

KEISHA:
They shake hands.

JUSTICE:

KEISHA:
Lucky and Justice just smile.
LUCKY (motions toward the couch): Mind if we sit down?
ANOTHER ANGLE As the party of three all sit down. Simone and her friend sit across from them. Both women are nosy and attempt to listen in on the conversation between Lucky and Justice.

LUCKY:
mistake.

JUSTICE:

LUCKY:

JUSTICE:
They look at each other. Get closer. They kiss. The kiss is initiated by Justice, which surprises Lucky.
THE SHOP Where Jessie and the rest of the salon look equally surprised.
JUSTICE:
LUCKY (looks at nails): I wonder why? (to Simone and party) What you looking at?
Justice's gaze turns away from Lucky to Keisha.

JUSTICE:

LUCKY:

JUSTICE:
ANGLE As Justice guides Keisha toward her station. She sits Keisha in the chair
and proceeds to analyze what can be done with her hair.
THE COUCH Where Lucky looks at Justice playing with his daughter's hair. There
is a glazed look on his eyes.
LUCKY'S P. 0· V.: MOVIN TOWARD JUSTICE As he/we see Justice skillfully
workin on Keisha's hair. We hear Justice's voice over as she says another poem. At the end of the poem, Justice looks up toward Lucky/us. She smiles.

THE END: