Fruitvale Station

By Ryan Coogler
What's your resolution?
- I'm going to cut carbs.
- Aren't you Mexican?
You can't eat nothin' Grandma makes.
It only takes 30 days to form a habit
and then it becomes second nature.
- Who says that?
- Oprah.
OK. Oprah cool now?
What's yours?
I want to quit selling trees.
- Why are we still here?
- I don't know...
Look at that man
taking pictures and shit.
Sit down! Shut the fuck up!
- Hey!
- Hey, come on, man!
Come on, now!
Protect and serve!
Protect and serve!
- Come on, man.
- Come on now, y'all!
- Really?
- Bitch-ass nigger, huh?
Bitch-ass nigger, aren't ya?
Hey, that's hella fucked up!
That's fucked up!
Let him go! What the fuck?
Hold up, hold up.
Fuck, Sophina. I've been holding, how long?
I don't know.
Every time you touch me,
all I can think about is
how you was touching that bitch.
I'll never hear the end of that shit.
You know what?
You're right. Go.
What I gotta do? Hm?
Fucked with her that one time.
Nah. You got caught... one time.
Are you gonna sit here and tell me
that was the first time
you kicked it with that bitch?
You ain't never
seen her before that, huh?
That shit's over with.
All I want is you... and T.
Forever.
What you mean, forever?
Let me show you.
Daddy?
- Go help.
- Mm-mm. She's asking for you.
- What's up?
- I can't sleep.
It's late.
You want to sleep in here
with Mommy and Daddy?
- Mm-hm.
- Mm-hm.
T, you know better than that.
What time is it?
It's after midnight.
Mommy? Can I have
two fruit snacks today?
No, you can have
an extra apple if you want.
- But, Mommy...
- Don't argue with me, T.
It's too early.
- Oh, come on, we have to go get gas.
- We got enough to get us there.
Shh!
- Good morning, Tatiana.
- Good morning, Mrs. Stacy.
- How you doin' today, Oscar?
- I'm doing good, you?
See? Told you we'd make it.
You're gonna go home and sleep, right?
Nah, I'm gonna head up to the job.
Get some stuff for tonight.
I'd rather die
than come here on my day off.
We're gonna go to 'Frisco, right?
See the fireworks?
Yeah. We'll do that.
- Cool.
- Cool.
All right, let me get in here.
Mm... The back
of your neck is all salty.
- Are you gonna say bye?
- Bye.
Love you, too!
Hello?
Last shot, right here. You sure
you want to work on your birthday?
I'm gonna come get you.
Let's go celebrate.
Well, as tempting as that sounds,
this place would be a mess
without me today.
OK. You still want me to pick up
a couple crabs for later, right?
Yes, and could you pick up
a couple of...
Are you driving?
- Yeah.
- Are you wearing your earpiece?
- Yeah.
- Don't lie to me.
All right, hold on.
- Hello?
- Is it on now?
Yeah.
OK. Yeah. Get me a couple of packets
of dried shrimp.
Stop by on your way
and I'll give you the money.
Don't worry about that.
All right, then,
I'll pay you back tonight.
Come on, Ma. Don't trip.
You ain't payin' for nothin'
on your birthday.
OK, I need to run on in here, baby.
- I'll see you later tonight?
- Yeah.
- I love you.
- I love you, too.
Thank you.
- Osc, what's good boy?
- What's good with you, bruh?
- Yeah, same shit. You looking for Emi?
- Yeah, he here?
I seen that nigger earlier today, bruh.
I don't know where he at now.
- Oh bruh, came to get some crabs, too.
- Crab... Ah shit, that's right.
- It's Ma's birthday today?
- Yeah.
My bad, I forgot.
Tell her I said happy birthday.
- Why don't you come tell her yourself?
- I can't do it tonight, boy.
- I gotta bust some moves.
- You ain't bustin' shit.
What's good for the countdown though?
You know, 'Frisco,
fireworks, the whole shit.
- Feelin' me?
- Yeah, yeah.
Need help?
Uh, yeah. Can I get a pound of your...
Can you show me
what your sole looks like?
Yeah.
- Sole.
- Uh... OK.
What about your catfish? Can I see that?
- Yeah, cat.
- OK, I want to do like, a fish fry.
Are these ones good to fry?
What the fuck, man. It's fish.
You can fry all of it.
Right... Just give me a second.
Yeah. What do you need for Moms, bruh?
Let me get three Dungeness Crab.
From the back, bruh.
Fat ones, too. Don't try and play me.
So, you're having a fish fry
for New Year's or something?
Uh, yeah. Something like that.
Oh, I work here.
I can help you figure it out.
It's my day off.
Um... Well, I'm cooking for a friend tonight before we go to the city, and he loves fried fish, like Southern style...
- Southern. Sounds like he's black.
- Oh, no, he's white.
But he knows a lot of black people, I guess.
Uh-huh.
I don't know what I got myself into.
- Hello?
- Grandma?
Oscar, how you doin', baby?
- I'm at work and I got this...
- You're at work?
- Yeah, Grandma.
- Bye.
No, no, no, Grandma.
It's my day off, all right?
- I'm shopping for the party tonight.
- Oh, I'm sorry, baby.
I thought you were playing on the phone.
Oh no, Grandma.
But I do have this customer here. She wants to have a fish fry, but she don't know how.
You think you can tell her everything she needs to know?
Oh, no problem, baby.
What kind of fish does she want to fry?
Grandma, she don't know.
She don't know what kind of fish she wants to fry?
Nah, Grandma, nah.
Put her on the phone.
- What's her name?
- Grandma Bonnie.
Hi, Grandma Bonnie.
There's Emi's right there, bruh.
... Katie. It's nice to meet you.
- Hey, good morning, Emi.
- Oscar. What's going on?
Trying to pick up some stuff
for my Mom's birthday.
Hope you found everything you need.
Yeah, I just want to talk to you
for a second.
It's a little nuts right now,
holiday and all.
Look, I want to talk about my job.
- The position's been filled.
- Look, look, Emi...
Look, I really need this job, all right?
I was going through some shit before
trying to get back on my feet,
you feel me, but... I need this.
You can start me off with one shift
a week or whatever, I'll be here.
Work me 40 hours, only pay me for 20...
Dude, I hired somebody else.
For me to bring you back, that means
I have to let someone else go.
Someone who's never showed up late once.
I'm sorry, I like you, man...
I need this fuckin' job, bruh.
You want me sellin' dope, bruh?
Oscar...
You need me outside waiting
for you to get done, bruh?
You take care of yourself.
Hey!
I'm an expert now.
See you got everything you need.
I've got everything, thank you.
No problem.
- Here you go.
- Oh.
I'm Katie, by the way.
- Oscar.
- Happy New Year.
- Happy New Year.
- What's up, bruh?
- Emi was good.
- He put you back on?
- Starting next week.
- That's what's up.
Take it easy, man.
We celebrating tonight.
- Can you not be late?
- Don't even worry about that, man.
- Just answer your phone. Be safe, bruh.
- All right. Yep.
- Hello?
- Hey chump, what's up?
- What are you doin'?
- Just got back in from the job.
I thought you was off today?
- I am.
- You call Mom yet?
- Yeah, did you?
- Yeah.
But I got some good news
and some bad news.
Gimme the bad news first.
I'm gonna need some help
with rent this month.
- How much?
- Like, 300.
But I can get you back
in a couple of weeks.
OK, so what's the good news?
- I'm doing overtime tonight.
- Come on, Chantay.
l gotta do t. Plus, Moms understands.
But I need you to get her a card
for me and sign it, all right?
- All right.
- Osc, don't get me no fake-ass card
with no white people on it.
I want a black card.
- All right, I got you.
- All right.
- I love you, all right?
- Love you too, screw up.
Whatever, bye.
What's up with it, Osc?
What's good with it, bruh?
My bad about last night.
Still trying to get that?
Hey, I'm not out that way though.
I'm gonna be in the town all day.
It's cool, I can come to you, bruh.
All right, meet me over here
by the water. Right off the 80.
Gmme about an hour.
 - All right, bet that.
 - Bet.
Yeah.
Hey...
What's up, boy?
What's up, boy? What's up?
Hey! Hey! Hey, slow down!
Hey! Hey! Slow down!
You bitch motherfucker!
Slow down!
Hi. What's up, bruh?
What's up, bruh? It's all right, bruh.
It's all right.
It's all right, bruh.
It's all right, bruh...
You with me, bruh?
Come on, bruh...
Come on.
Somebody help!
Grant, come on.
All right, let me see
your hands... ears...
...your hair... inside your mouth.
All right, turn around.
Bend over, squat.
All right, you're good.
 - Hey baby.
 - Hey Mama.
Happy birthday.
What happened to your face?
You look nice today.
My girls came to see you last night?
 - We played board games.
 - I bet y'all let her win, too.
 - Of course.
 - Y'all hella weak for that.
She'll get no easy wins around me.
 - Mm.
 - What?
Remember that microwave popcorn
you bought a while back?
- Hella good.
- Yeah.

While I was putting it in the bowl, Tatiana just standing there, staring up at me, looking like she wanted something.
OK, then what? Come on, Ma.
She says, "Grandma, do we have any dark butter?"
Dark... What's dark butter?
I'm thinking maybe she watched Food Network or something.
I said, "Sweetheart, what's dark butter?"
And she said, "Well, when my daddy took me to see Wall-E, he asked for light butter. So now I want to try some dark butter this time."
- She too smart...
- This Moms right here?
- She a snitch, too?
- What the fuck you say about my moms?
- Fuck you and this bitch.
- Talking tough with these guards. I'm gonna see your bitch-ass on the outside.
- Bitch-ass Palma Ceia nigger.
- Bitch-ass motherfucker.
- Oscar...
- Fuck DGF!
- Is there a problem in here?
- Oh, fuck you!
- Is there a problem here?
- No, we good.
Yeah, we good for now.
Yeah.
Yeah, fucked up...
Calm down.
Oscar.
What happened to your face?
Dark butter...
She always listenin'.
Too damn smart for her own good.
Pre-school said, we should think about
starting her in school early...
Phina tell you that?
Yeah, we'll put her in private school.
Uniforms.
I was looking at Saint B the other day,
and they got this new thing where
they start 'em off speaking Spanish,
- then they put them back on English...
- I'm not coming here anymore.
What?
I'm not coming here
for these visits anymore.
- This is my last time.
- I know, I know...
I know, this is
the last time for me, too.
I told you that.
I ain't going down no more.
You wanna keep putting Sophina through
this, then you go right ahead, OK?
But Tatiana? That baby
doesn't deserve this, Oscar.
She's too young to know what's going on.
So I guess that's why
she asked me why you love
taking your vacations more
than you like being with her.
- She ain't say that.
- Oh, so I'm a liar now.
Ma, you got to tell her I love her.
- Tell her I...
- Tell her yourself.
The next time you call home,
you tell her yourself.
Or better yet,
let her come visit you here.
Yeah, but I...
She don't need to be exposed...
You already exposed her...
- You already exposed her to this.
- So what, you gonna leave me?
You gonna leave me again?
What kind of mom is you?
You gonna fuck around
and leave me in here?
You ain't never had
my fuckin' back anyway.
I'm in here by myself.
- I love you, Oscar.
- You don't love nothin'.
I do.
And I'm praying for you.
I'll see you when you get home.
Hey Ma, hold up. Let me get a hug, Ma?
Grant, back to the visiting area.
Hey Ma, I'm sorry!
Get the fuck out of here!
Ma, I'm sorry! At least get a hug!
Ma, let me just get a hug!
Hey Ma, I'm sorry!
Get the fuck off me!
Get the fuck off me!
Hey Ma, I'm sorry!
Ma, I'm sorry!
Get the fuck off me!
Get the fuck off me, bruh!
Hey, Ma...!
Shit, bruh. I didn't think
we was ever going to hook up.
- What's good?
- I'm smooth.
I got good news
and bad news, though, my nig.
Don't tell me you ain't got it.
- Sold it to a white boy.
- For real? For how much?
Gave me a rack for it.
I wasn't gonna pay that high.
I still need it, though. What's good?
For the drive up?
Right on, Osc.
No, you're good, bruh.
- You sure?
- Take it.
Right on.
Burn one with your boy
right quick, though.
Nah, it's all you, bruh.
Right on, Osc.
All right, bruh. Be smooth.
Yeah.
Can you take me to my grandma's house
real quick to get changed?
Yeah.
What kind of cake you get?
Carrot cake.
Why you ain't get ice cream?
'Cause it ain't your birthday.
You know, it'd be hella easier
if you had your stuff at my spot, right?
Why don't you just move in?
Maybe when you stop blowing trees
in the car before we pick up T.
Can you roll down the window, please?
Hey T! T! Come here.
- Daddy!
- Hey, what's up, nugget?
Hey, what's up, girl?
How you doin'?
- Good.
- Good?
We played freeze tag today.
Really? Did you win?
- They couldn't catch me.
- Think you fast, huh?
Think you're faster than Daddy?
Mm. Really?
What's that?
Hey!
Undefeated! Undefeated!
You still haven't beaten me yet.
You know that, right?
- Eh.
- Eh.
- What are you doing?
- What do you mean?
- You're going to break this car!
- It'll be all right.
- It's already falling apart.
- I can't lose. Undefeated.
Daddy's 100 and 0.
Big, big, big cheater.
You're a cheater.
I didn't cheat.
How do you know if I cheated or not?
You were sitting in the car.
T, Mommy's a hater.
- Grandma?
- Yes?
Can you watch T tonight?
We want to go to 'Frisco.
Ask your sister.
But Rose got hella kids to watch.
But what's the difference
between watching six kids
or watching seven kids?
- S.
- S.
Daddy, what's that on your shirt?
Daddy had an accident at work.
How is work, by the way?
Work is... work.
I'll be back.
What you think?
It's cool.
Put a shirt on the bed
for you, if you want.
Right on.
Are you all right?
Osc... What's up?
Hm?
Fuck it. I lost my job.
For what?
Being late.
Last couple of days,
trying to get some money.
And they told you today?
On your day off?
Can I keep it real?
They told me two weeks ago.
My bad, Phina.
I thought I was gonna get my job back...
You think life's a fucking joke?
You think you're gonna get fired
and somebody's gonna
give you your job back?
What? What game you running now, Osc?
You ain't shit, you know that?
You lie to me, you lie
to your fucking daughter...
I ain't had to tell your ass nothing.
Food on the table, the lights still on.
I could've kept getting it,
you wouldn't have known shit.
Oh, so you would've just kept faking?
And been out there bustin' knocks,
and doing whatever else,
or whoever else...
You say you want the truth, right?
You ain't even tryin' to hear me.
You ain't even trying to hear it.
You ain't even listening to me.
Not after you lie for two weeks,
get cornered, and don't have a choice.
That's some pussy-ass shit.
What'd you do today? Huh?
I bet you sold that fucking zip.
I dumped that shit, Phina.
That's what I'm trying to tell you.
I'm tired.
Thought I could start over fresh, but...
...shit ain't workin' out.
You threw a whole zip of weed out
and you don't got a job?
I could slap you right now.
What are you gonna do?
Something legal.
Maybe if I could just
not fuck up for 30 days.
That's how long Oprah said
it takes to form a habit, right?
Look at me.
Don't make me have to go
through this shit alone, again.
Get this off. Take it off.
A distinct difference
between "Nah" and "Haa."
Yeah.
Hey, you guys are just in time!
Happy birthday!
Oh, you guys got me a cake, too?
- Yup. Happy birthday.
- Thank you, baby.
Smells good in here.
Here you go.
Look at you...
Hey Grandma.
What's smelling so good?
Oh, Osc...
Baby, you know I only needed two.
You didn't have to spend so much money.
Mama, you don't gotta worry about that.
- Oh...
- OK.
- What's up?
- We're up to no good...
- How you guys doing?
- How you doin', Oscar?
What's going on, Oscar?
- Nothin', hangin' out.
- Yeah?
Get some food. I'm hungry.
Uh-oh, what you got?
Mom's card.
Tay wanted me to go pick her up one.
- There you go.
- Appreciate that.
She's gonna flip out over this one.
- Oh, come on, now.
- That's Chantay there.
We got stuff comin' in.
You want to put it in...
You can't dump it!
No, that's what she told me
when I was this size.
"You can't dump it!"
You know, T,
when your daddy was your size,
just your age, he used to do this
with me and grandma.
Yes, he did, but he didn't do
it nearly as well as you're doing it.
No, he did not. I had to re-crack
everything he cracked.
Sophina, you are in love, honey.
- I am.
- 'Cause he was not a great try.
Who you think gonna win the Super Bowl?
- The Steelers.
- Steelers?
- Yeah, the Steelers. Yeah.
- What?
A Raiders fan cheerin'
for the Steelers.
Yes, a Raiders fan
cheerin' for the Steelers.
Black uniforms,
black players, black coach.
Coach even has a black wife.
I'm going for the Steelers.
You insane!
I know I'm insane.
You know I'm insane?
- It's ready.
- All good!
You ain't goin' to serve us?
I didn't serve you
your whole life, Cephus.
OK, get us somethin' to eat!
Doin' my food dance.
Where my table tray, Wanda?
I got your table tray
at your house, Daryl.
Oh, Cephus, that was you?
That was Cephus,
you know that wasn't me...
I'm sorry, Daryl. I'm sorry.
Here you are, sweetheart. There you go.
You want a little more crab?
I'm good.
Oh, thanks. Thanks.
- None of that.
- All right, you all.
All right, everybody.
Oh, Heavenly Father,
we thank you for having
our family together tonight.
We are blessed that Grandma Bonnie
made her famous gumbo.
In your name, let's feast. Amen.
Amen.
- Happy birthday, Mama.
- Best birthday present.
Thanks for your help tonight.
Come on, Mama.
You ain't got to thank me.
I shouldn't even be letting you do this.
Oh, please. It's relaxing.
Yeah, if you say so.
I say so.
You guys got plans for the night?
Yeah, nothing major though.
Meet up with the fellas,
head out to the city.
You guys going out, out? Or...
I think we're just gonna be low-key.
Catch the fireworks, probably
roll around a little bit after that.
Roll around?
It's gonna be cool, though.
Chill. Plus, Phina's gotta get up
and go to work in the morning anyway.
You guys gonna be drinking?
Mama, they gonna be drinking.
I haven't had a drink since...
- I can't even remember.
- Mm.

Why don't you take the train out there.
That way you guys can drink and hang out
and not have to worry about anything.
Nah, I feel like getting
over there and getting back.
- Not waiting on no train.
- No traffic, either.
You know? You know it's gonna be crazy,
going and coming back.
Yeah, we might take it.
Don't make me follow
you guys to make sure.
Remember prom?
Trying to forget.
We gotta go. We're gonna go, OK?
Honey, thank you.
You good?
- Let me get my stuff.
- Did you say goodbye?
Come here.
- We're outta here.
- I love you.
- All right, now.
- Don't get up, don't get up.
All right, so you going out.
All right, have fun.
Happy New Year.
All right, all right.
- Love you.
- Love you, too.
- Happy birthday.
- Thank you, baby.
- Come here.
- Happy New Year.
Happy New Year.
Let's just call it a night.
I'm going out.
I don't know what you're doing,
but I want to go into 'Frisco.
We can just watch
the countdown from the house.
Mm-mm.
Let's go out. I wanna have fun.
Get drunk.
All right.
- We'll go to the city.
- Yeah?
Yeah.
- Happy New Year!
- Happy New Year!
Oh no! You guys are so strong!
Hi, happy New Year.
Come on, Osc.
I just got them ready for bed.
That tickles! All right, you win!
Guys, let your uncle up. Come on.
- Let your uncle up.
- You win, you win!
Go to bed. Come on.
Ready to go brush those teeth?
- No.
- No?
'Cause if you don't, your teeth is going to rot and your breath's going to start smelling like gumbo.
- You want that?
- Yes.
- No, you don't.
- Yes.
'Cause then the Gumbo Monster will get you!
Daddy! Stop!
Go on.
You had gumbo, too.
Get those chompers in the back.
Mm-hm.
Ahh!
Down low.
You almost got me.
- Ouchie!
- Come on.
My feet hurt.
We're getting ready to take off, OK?
You guys aren't going to sleep over, too?
We already promised our friends we was going to kick it with them tonight.
But we'll be back before you wake up though, OK?
No! Don't go.
I'm scared.
Scared of what?
I hear guns outside.
You know what, baby?
Those is firecrackers.
You're safe inside with your cousins.
What about you, Daddy?
Me?
Baby, I'm gonna be fine.
I'll tell you what, though.
When you wake up in the morning,
we're gonna play Candy Land.
And then guess what
we're gonna do after that.
- Go to the park?
- Better.
Toys"R"Us?
Way better than that.
Why?
I don't know, maybe... Chuck E. Cheese?
- Really?
- I promise.
Daddy's gonna give you hecka tokens
and we gonna play all the games, OK?
And then we're gonna get
your favorite pizza,
and we'll eat it all up.
Even Mommy's
'cause she can't have carbs.
What's a carb?
You ain't got to worry
about that right now.
I love you.
I love you, too, Daddy.
- Sonja... Nigga, I passed...
- Mm-hm. That's two.
I passed her on to you.
I be putting you on her.
I can count all of mine on two hands.
Five-nine.
Where the fuck is nigga Oscar at, bruh?
He came by the job earlier today.
- He's always late, bruh.
- Ah, damn, damn...
Fuckin' around with Sophina,
always, bruh.
Damn, nigga.
That's the downfall of man...
Bitch slowing
a nigga down and shit.
Fuck all that shit,
y'all niggas ready to go?
Hey!
We waitin' on you, nigga!
Of course, it was, man. She had to get her hair and shit and all that.
- You, what up, bruh?
- Late-ass, nigga...
Hey man, it ain't me!
Osc, take a shot for the New Year, nigga!
Yeah...
Happy New Year's, motherfuckers.
Happy New Year to you, too.
I ain't got my ticket.
- Hey!
- Let's go, boys!
Come on, man...
Hurry up, bruh.
Doors close.
- Hi, happy New Year.
- Happy New Year.
What's happenin'?
Make sure you keep your hands to yourself.
Did you know it's illegal to smoke blacks on the BART.
Is that right, Officer?
We're gonna let y'all slide 'cause it's a holiday and all.
You thirsty? You guys good?
Right on, bruh. For sure.
I like your dreads.
Shit, I like your everything.
We need to put it together.
- Oh, we gay.
- No shit?
- Gay, huh?
- Sounds like a coincidence.
We gay, too.
You're not gay.
Hey Osc, bruh. Ain't we gay?
Yeah, they gay as fuck.
Approaching West Oakland Staton.
- Ready?
- Mm-hm.
Sorry folks,
there's gonna be a slight delay.
- We gonna make it.
- No, we're not.
- Yeah, we are.
- What time is it?
- Stop being so negative.
- I'm not being negative.
You know we'll make it.
What's up, bruh?
They're gonna fuck around
and miss the countdown.
We ain't gonna miss shit.
We fixin' to get cracked right here.
Sorry folks.
We're back on our way...
Yeah...
Next stop, Montgomery Staton.
Hey gotta watch?
Turn the music down, bruh.
Ten, nine, eight,
seven, six, five,
four, three, two, one!
Happy New Year!
You gonna get a fresh one!
You gonna get a fresh one!
Oh, my God!
Hey, do you gotta pee?
I gotta find somewhere to pee.
You just left the bathroom.
It's hella dirty in there,
I'm not gonna pee in there.
- Now you have to be hella cold...
- I am hella cold.
And you know what's gonna happen.
- A young man right here.
- See? You are a gentleman.
He's a gentleman.
That purse looks real good on you, too.
You look real good in that purse.
What? Look, as a boyfriend,
it's what I gotta do.
- I gotta pee so bad.
- I know, I know.
Ask the store right here.
What's up, bruh?
You got a bathroom that we could use?
I'm all closed up, man.
And I don't even have
a bathroom for my customers.
But I'm sure you got a bathroom
for your employees, right?
Say, bruh, I ain't rich at all,
you feelin' me?
Here's my last ten dollars.
Now, you can take this ten,
let them use the bathroom,
or you can go home.
When you come back tomorrow,
there's gonna be hella piss here
'cause they ain't gonna pee
on themselves, you feelin' me?
For real?
Look at her.
- Just these two girls?
- Just these two girls.
OK, come on in. Just watch your step.
Thank you.
Don't worry about it, man.
Happy New Year.
Happy New Year.
Please tell me this place
has a bathroom.
What?
She's pregnant.
- OK, come on.
- Thank you.
- Thank you.
- No problem.
- No more.
- That's it.
Promise, last one.
- Thanks a lot, man.
- No problem.
- Appreciate that.
- Yep.
Thought she was gonna
have to go in the street.
We almost had the same problem.
How long you guys been married?
Eight years.
You thinkin' about it?
What's stopping you?
- No money.
- Ah, shitty reason.
- We had nothing when we got married.
- No shit?
I wasn't working at all,
and she's a teacher,
it's practically the same thing,
as far as money goes.
How'd you get a ring?
Uh...
I stole it.
Told you, I didn't have any money.
Used to be good with credit cards.
- I would not go down that road.
- No, bruh. I'm cool on that.
Seriously, but then
I got my business started,
got her the ring she wears now.
- What do you do?
- Got a Web design company.
Hit me up if you ever need anything.
- Peter?
- Yeah.
- Oscar.
- Hi, nice to meet you.
Nice to meet you too, bruh.
Here they come.
- You good?
- Yeah.
- Hi.
- Hi, baby.
It was nice meeting you guys.
- Congratulations.
- Thanks again, man.
- No problem.
- You take care.
Happy New Year, bruh.
- What up?
- We good?
Yeah, man, we gotta get out!
- Now you're talkin' about shit, man.
- Let's go.
Come on.
Next stop, Frutvale Staton.
Sit down.
I'm good, fool. Get a seat.
- You sure?
- I'm good.
I'm gonna go find a seat.
Sure, bruh.
Excuse me.
Hey! Hey! Oscar!
Hey! Katie, from the store.
- Hey, hey!
- How are you?
- I'm good, I'm good. Happy New Year.
- Happy New Year.
Oscar? Oscar from fuckin' Palma Ceia?
What's up with all that shit you were hollerin'?
Look, fuck all that shit, all right?
This ain't the time, bruh.
Fuck that shit, bitch.
This is DGF, motherfucker.
- Oscar, what's up?
- Get Chris for me!
- It's South Hayward, bitch!
- They're jumping Oscar!
- Frutvale Staton.
- Punk-ass Southside niggas...
Fuck them niggas.
There's been an ncedent on the tran.
Stay calm, the police are on ther way.
Please remain calm, the police are on ther way.
Better get the fuck off this train, bruh.
The police, baby.
Get back on the train now.
Meet me in Hayward.
Hey boys, div up. Split up, bruh.
You feel me?
You three, to the wall.
- Get your hands out of your pockets.
- You two, let's go.
Get your hands out of your pockets.
Against the wall.
- Get over there!
- Man, what you talkin' about?
Hey sexy, tell this brute
to calm the fuck down.
- Wow. Like that ain't real police.
- Get down.
If you ain't had that motherfuckin'
badge, bruh, it'd be on, straight up.
If you were involved in the
fight, get off the fuckin' train now!
Don't make me come in there
and pull you off!
- You, off the train.
- Fuck you. I ain't doing shit.
- Get over here.
- What the fuck?
- All right, bruh.
- Sit down with your girlfriends.
- I hear you. I didn't do it, bruh.
- Damn, be cool, man.
You arrestin' us?
'Cause we ain't do shit.
What the fuck, you just gonna hold us?
That's what I've been
sayin' this whole time,
but she don't want to listen
with her cute ass.
- Shut up!
- Damn, kick a nigga...
Where are your friends at, huh?
- We ain't got no friends.
- Got no friends...
I don't know what friends
you talkin' about.
I see one of those punks right now.
On the platform in need of backup.
Whoa, it's cool, bruh.
It's cool, it's cool.
Chill out, just chill, chill...
Stay down! Back up!
Sit the fuck down!
Be cool, man! Be cool!
Hey, don't be slammin' my man!
- Sit down! Sit down!
- All right, be cool!
You good? You good?
You all can't do no shit like that!
- Back down!
- Be cool, be cool!
Hey, don't fuckin' touch him!
- What the fuck is that about, man?
- Get yourself on the ground.
- Get on the ground!
- You want to sucker punch me like that?
- Fuck that, bruh!
- Punk-ass pig!
- You all right?
- Yeah, I'm good.
- What is wrong with you?
- All right, OK. S'up.
Back up! Back up! Get back!
You gonna tase me
if I have my phone?
Yeah, I got your badge number, bruh.
Shut the fuck up
and put that phone away!
Yeah, all right. But why?
What you trying to hide, bruh?
You keep these assholes secured,
I'm gonna check the train for witnesses.
- Punk motherfuckers. Badge...
- I got you.
- Put the fuckin' phone away.
- Get the fuck out of here, bruh.
Fuck these, niggas. This is bullshit.
- Cool, bruh?
- I'm good, I'm good.
We're gonna be good. I'm good.
- Shut up.
- Phina, what's up?
- Where you at? You still on the train?
- Hell no, we still at Fruitvale.
They holding us
and beating on us and shit.
- Who the fuck is beating on you?
- The fuckin' police.
- Get off your phone!
- I'm gonna get us out of here.
- I'll meet you back, OK?
- Osc!
- I love you.
- These bitch-ass police.

It's cool, bruh.

I'm gonna get us up outta here.
- Sit down, sit down!
- Let me talk with you...

Sit the fuck down.
- Jesus...
- Hey, come on, man.
- Fuck this bullshit!
- Sit!

It's cool. You know what, man?

We good, bruh. We good, bruh.

They can hold us as long as they want, but they can't arrest us 'cause we ain't do shit.
- What's that?
- I say we ain't do shit!
- Y'all can't fuckin' arrest us.
- Oh yeah?

Cuff these two assholes, they're going to jail.
- Fuckin' what! You can't arrest us!
- How about that?
- Get on your knees.
- You can't fuckin' arrest me!

Knees, now!
I'm just tryin' to get home, bruh!

We ain't tryin' to go to jail, you feel me?

We just tryin' to get home.

We just tryin' to get home...

Maybe you should've thought about that, before you started acting like a punk-ass bitch.

Don't call my partner no bitch.
You's a bitch-ass nigger, for real.
Did you call me a "bitch-ass nigger"?
- Don't fuckin' say that.
- Bitch-ass nigger, huh?
What the fuck! I ain't do shit!
Fuck!
I can't get his fucking arm!
- Roll over!
- You're on my head, man!
Roll over!
You fuckin'...
You fuckin' shot me, bruh.
You shot me. I got a daughter.
Get up, bruh!
- Get him out!
- He didn't do nothing!
- Go! Go!
- Oscar, get up, bruh!
Call an ambulance!
Man, he's dying, man!
Get this train out of here!
- Back up!
- What the fuck!
Get out of here.
Get the train out of here, now!
Move!
Why isn't this train moving!
- What did you do?!
- Let's go!
Get in there!
Stage fire and medical.
What the fuck happened?
Huh?
Look at me. Can you look at me?
- He shot me.
- You stay right here.
Shot me... I got a... a daughter.
Keep your eyes open.
Fuck.
Come on, talk.
Sophina?
The police, they got Oscar and them.
I heard something and I don't know
if it was a beanbag...
Sophina, honey, calm down.
I can't hear you.
- Is Oscar there with you?
- No, he's upstairs with the police.
But we're downstairs
and we're trying to get up to them,
- and they're not letting us upstairs.
- Did Oscar get arrested?
I don't know, but I think so, Wanda.
OK, I'm gonna call you back.
Who's that for?
- Sorry, who's that for?
- Stay back.
Who's that for?
Who is that for?
Why can't you tell me what is going on?
What is the problem?
Tell me what's going on?
Jason! Jason! What happened?
What happened!
- They fuckin' shot him!
- What happened?
They shot Oscar in his fuckin' back
for no reason, man!
Where is he?
Where is Oscar! Where is he?
Where is Oscar? Where is he!
What is going on?
Where is he?
Oscar, can you hear me?
I have a daughter...
Tape here. Bag him.
- Please...
- That's how you feel?
My boyfriend is...
My boyfriend is up there, OK?
You don't understand. Please...
Please, my boyfriend is up there, OK?
- You need to let me up there.
- Y'all gonna shoot us too?
- Wanda...
- Sophna...
Yeah, been trying to get up there,
and they're not letting me up.
- Where's Oscar?
- Oh, my God... Oh, my God.
What did you do to him?
Did you fucking kill him!
What did you do to him?
We have it, Carlos.
Don't worry, we'll take care of it.
You're all right now.
I need to make sure that he's OK!
That's my fucking
baby's daddy right there!
OK, I need to be next to him!
Where y'all taking him?
- Where are you taking him?
- He's going to Highland.
Get off me!
Wanda, they shot Oscar.
They say he's alive,
but his eyes was closed.
They're taking him to Highland,
you gotta come get us right now.
- I'm on my way.
- Oh, fuck.
What do you got for me?
Twenty-two year old male,
posterior scapula GSW.
He was lying face-down when he was shot.
On three. One, two, three.
- What was his blood pressure?
- Seventy systolic.
- Was he moving his limbs?
- Yes. Moving arms and legs.
I'm gonna need a chest tube.
- Shit.
- We gotta get him upstairs right away.
Excuse me, my son is
Oscar Julius Grant I I I.
He's been shot and
they told me to come here.
- G-R...
OK, he's in surgery.
Go to the ICU room...
- And that is where?
- Right over there.
Oh Lord, please let him be safe.
Get that blood in.
Scissors.
Suction.
Hey... Hey.
- Hey.
- Any news?
No, no news yet.
- Motherfuckers...
- Hey, hey, hey.
Hey, no. Listen, none of that.
None of that.
This is not the time or the place.
OK?
Why ain't they said nothin' yet?
We waitin'.
Come on.
Hey, we gotta keep him positive.
We gotta let these people do their jobs.
He's gonna be fine.
Let's put all our energy
towards Oscar right now.
I know y'all are upset,
but we got to lift him up.
Let's keep him lifted up.
- I don't know.
- It's OK.
- I feel, I feel weird...
- Come on man, calm down.
Y'all heard Mom.
- Ms. Johnson?
- Yes?
- The doctor's going to speak to you.
- How is he?
Ms. Johnson, as you know,
your son's been shot.
Now, we stabilized him,
but he's critical.
Critical, what is that?
Well, he has massive internal bleeding,
and we had to remove the right lung.
His lung? How...
how's he going to be able to breathe?
He's on a breathing machine right now.
So, his breathing is stable.
The main problem
is the internal bleeding.
Damn...
Now, we've had some difficulty
stopping the bleeding,
and getting his blood to clot.
He hasn't fully responded
to the transfusions yet.
But he's gonna make it, right?
He's gonna make it?
I promise you we're going to do
everything possible...
Hey! Hey!
- Please...
- We'll do what we can.
  Please do what you can.
Don't come back out here
without Osc, nigga.
Bring him out, man. Bring Osc out.
We gotta lift him up, y'all.
We got to lift Oscar up.
I can't even believe this,
man, we here, bruh.
- I know.
- I can't believe this.
  Y'all know he's a fighter, man.
- He'll make it.
- Bitch-ass police.
He's gonna be all right.
He's gonna be all right.
Y'all, let's pray.
Let's pray.
Heavenly Father,
we kneel before you
and ask you to put healing
hands around your child.
We ask you, dear Lord,
to operate through these doctors.
Breathe strength into their hands, Lord,
as they work on him.
We're asking you
right now to heal him.
Oh, heal him, dear Lord.  
So we can hold him  
and see his smile again.  
In your name, we pray. Amen.  
He's gonna be all right.  
He didn't make it.  
I need to see him.  
OK, you can see him.  
But they don't want you to go  
to the room or touch him,  
because they ruled it a homicide.  
I need to see him.  
I need to see him.  
- I can take her.  
- OK.  
You want me to go with you?  
No.  
No, that's my baby.  
I told him to take the train.  
I told him to catch the BART.  
I didn't know  
they were going to hurt my baby.  
I should've just let him drive.  
I should've just let him drive,  
but I wanted to keep him safe.  
You gotta let me hug him.  
Please, let me hug him.  
Please. Please...  
He didn't like to be alone.  
Come on, T. Come on, baby.  
We got to go.  
You got to go?  
Shh. Go back to bed.  
Go back to bed, OK? OK...  
Where's Daddy?