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# Next Friday

By Ice Cube

EXT. FRONT LAWN - OVERHEAD SHOT - NIGHT

DEBO is laid out on the grass.

CRAIG (V.O.)

In the movies, when you beat up the neighborhood bully; you suppose to live happily ever after. But around here; that's when all the drama begins...

Blue and red police lights flash over Debo's body. Two sheriffs walk INTO OUR FRAME and stand over Debo. They flash their lights on him.

CRAIG (cont'd) (V.O.)

Last Friday; I got fired for the first time. I got high for the first time. I got shot at for the first time and I kicked Debo's ass for the first time...

They get him to his feet; but he stumbles and falls in the bushes like a knocked out prize fighter. The sheriffs laugh at him.

Debo looks dazed and confused. The sheriffs help him out the bushes and start to cuff him.

CRAIG (cont'd) (V.O.)

I was the man that night; and Debo ended up going to jail for a couple of years. But he told Ezal he was getting out next Friday. He said, when he see me, he was gonna smoke me on the spot...

They walk him OUT OF FRAME...

FADE TO BLACK.

**OVER BLACK:**

CRAIG (cont'd) (V.O.)

And today is next Friday...

SOUNDTRACK!

"New Line Cinema presents, etc., etc..."

**FADE IN:**

EXT. LOS ANGELES - EARLY MORNING

OPENING CREDITS. It's early Friday morning and the sun peeks over the LA skyline. As the city starts to awake and the credits continue to roll;

we see SEVERAL SHOTS of the real people who make up Los Angeles. It seems that they all move to the same beat.

EXT. L.A. COUNTY JAIL - CONTINUOUS

Debo is released from the Twin Towers County Jail. Still in

his orange jumpsuit, he walks right past us and down the street. Everybody clears his path.

SOUNDTRACK still PUMPIN'.

Debo crosses the street passing an old man dancing and directing traffic. Debo stops, the man starts to dance in front of him. He stares for a second, then he's on his way. Still walking tall and hard, he trips over a crack in the sidewalk (losing cool points).

Three little black girls in plaid uniforms practice the latest dance steps on their way to school. Debo is walking towards them. They scream and take off in the other direction. He smiles. Briefly.

Still walking; he stops at a corner. A SA boy waits to cross with his low-rider bike. A Metrolink train passes. After it goes by; we see Debo riding off on the boy's bike. He's on the ground holding his eye.

Debo continues to ride through the city.

He turns a corner or two and comes to a stop at Craig's house.

EXT. JONES' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Jones' dog catcher's truck sits in front of the house. A CHIHUAHUA (like the Taco Bell dog) takes a dump on the lawn. It starts to BARK at Debo. He looks down at the dog and kicks him in the street. The DOG YIPES!  
Debo focuses his attention on Craig's house.

INT. JONES' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The hallway is clear and quiet, until MR. JONES (Craig's father), storms out of the bedroom. He struggles to put on his dog catcher's uniform. He stops at the bathroom door and knocks hard.

MR. JONES

Craig! Craig! Off yo' ass and on yo' feet; this ain't the time to beat your meat!

Mr. Jones laughs at himself.

CRAIG (O.S.)

I'll be out in about 35-40 minutes!

MR. JONES

Hurry up; today is Fri-day! And we gotta hit the high-way!

Mr. Jones continues on his way; dancing to the beat.

INT. BATHROOM - CLOSE-UP ON HIGH TIMES MAGAZINE - CONTINUOUS  
Hands crack open a \$20 sack of bud onto the magazine. A pack of Zigzags fall INTO FRAME. Papers are ripped from the

package.

CLOSE UP ON CRAIG JONES

the doctor of this delicate operation.

CRAIG (V.O.)

Soon as my pops found out what Debo said to Ezal, he wanted me to move with my uncle and little cousin in Rancho Cucamonga. Til' things calm down, or Debo went back to prison. Whichever comes first.

He's sitting on the toilet (dressed: not using it) putting the finishing touches on his masterpiece. He licks, rolls and slides the 'J into the fifth pocket on his Levi jeans.

CRAIG (cont'd) (V.O.)

I feel like the biggest punk around here. I wiped Debo's ass. He should be the one moving.

He exits.

EXT. JONES' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The front door opens. Mr. Jones walks out the door, yelling back into the house.

MR. JONES

Craig! Let's go! I don't wanna hit that traffic.

He steps off the porch backwards and into "fresh Chihuahua shit." He slips and falls on the grass.

MR. JONES (cont'd)

I be got damn.

Mr. Jones gets up. He brushes the grass off his uniform. He looks clean, but when he turns around dog shit is smashed all over his back and butt.

MR. JONES (cont'd)

Craig! Craig!

Craig emerges from the house with his bags in hand.

**CRAIG:**

(irritated)

Here I come!

MR. JONES

(still mad)

Well bring yo' ass on...

Craig slams the door and starts towards the truck.

**CRAIG:**

What's the matter?

MR. JONES

I fell in some mud. Now hurry up!

Mr. Jones gets in the truck. Craig jumps in. They back out and pull off.

INT. DOG TRUCK - MOVING - CLOSE-UP ON CRAIG - CONTINUOUS

He's daydreaming about Smokey.

CRAIG (V.O.)

I didn't wanna leave my neighborhood at all. Especially my homeboy Smokey. But he went to rehab last week. I know I'mma miss him...

Out of nowhere, Debo jumps in front of the truck. Mr. Jones slams on the BRAKES.

**DEBO:**

Craig! Get out the car, boy! This the rematch!

Debo reaches for his shank. Craig turns to Mr. Jones!

**CRAIG:**

Daddy, punch it!

Mr. Jones floors it and hits Debo. He falls over the hood, off the car and in the street. The yellow truck speeds off. Debo jumps up staggering with scrapes and bruises.

**DEBO:**

You know I'mma find you! You can run ya' can't hide!

BACK IN CAR - CONTINUOUS

Craig screams out the window.

**CRAIG:**

You fake ass Suge Knight!

Mr. Jones is a bit shaken up.

MR. JONES

That nigga worst than them damn pit bulldogs or something! That's why moving wit'cha Uncle Elroy and Cousin Day-Day is the best thing for you right now.

**CRAIG:**

(with attitude)

Ya'll making me look like a punk.

MR. JONES

It ain't about being a punk, son. It's about this...

Craig smells something in the air.

MR. JONES (cont'd)

My great, great grand daddy on my Momma side; had a saying... 'See a fool -- leave a fool.' Somebody else a get him. Plus, I don't want that fool shooting at my house trying to hit yo' ass.

**CRAIG:**

What's that smell?

Mr. Jones sniffs.

MR. JONES

Must be your upper lip, 'cause I don't smell nothing.

**CRAIG:**

(holding his nose)

I do.

MR. JONES

What it smell like?

**CRAIG:**

Smells like you didn't fall in no mud.

Mr. Jones grabs the air freshener from under the seat. He starts to spray too much. Craig's window won't roll down.

CRAIG (cont'd)

What's wrong with the window?

MR. JONES

I gotta get 'em fixed. They don't roll down.

**CRAIG:**

All damn.

MR. JONES

Just hold your breath.

EXT. CITY OF RANCHO CUCAMONGA - MORNING

They exit the freeway and pass a sign that reads, "Rancho Cucamonga" (the city away from the city).

EXT. UNCLE ELROY'S STREET - CONTINUOUS

Welcome to the suburbs. Where the "Smiley Happy People" live in peace and quiet.

The neighborhood is full of green lawns and nice two story track homes as far as the eye can see. The yellow truck drives through the streets and pulls up to a cul-de-sac. Mr. Jones BLOWS the HORN.

MR. JONES

Nice neighborhood, huh?

**CRAIG:**

It's alright.

MR. JONES

18-years of chasing dogs; and my lazy ass brother hits the lotto his first time playing. I still can't figure that one out.

**CRAIG:**

Why they got to have the loudest house on the block!

Uncle Elroy's house is royal blue with gold trim. All the other houses are painted in earth tones.

MR. JONES

Ah, son, don't be no hater. You know your uncle ain't got no taste. Just don't let him rub off on you.

Craig grabs his bags.

**CRAIG:**

You coming in?

MR. JONES

No, I'mma go on to work. I don't wanna hear Elroy's mouth. Now listen to me, Craig. It's gonna be different living over here. Don't let your uncle and your cousin get you into no shit. Understand?

**CRAIG:**

Hey, Pops, I'm grown. Can't nobody get me in trouble no more.

As craig gets out; the front door flies open. It's DAY-DAY (22), Craig's crazy younger cousin. He yells back into the house.

DAY-DAY

Daddy, Craig is here.

Day-Day walks out to the car and gives Craig a pound.

**CRAIG:**

What's crackin'?

DAY-DAY

You. Hi, Uncle Willie.

MR. JONES

Hey, Day-Day. Where's yo' big head  
father?

DAY-DAY

There he is.

Just then, UNCLE ELROY (42) hits the door. Dressed in boxers  
and a T-shirt. This is Mr. Jones' (very loud) little  
brother.

**UNCLE ELROY:**

Hey, Debo, heard you running from a ass-  
whippin'?

**CRAIG:**

Naw, it ain't like that.

**UNCLE ELROY:**

If you see that boy again, bite off his  
ear off like Mike Tyson.

**CRAIG:**

Alright, I'll remember that.

**UNCLE ELROY:**

You know me? I would've shot his big  
ass.

(peeking into the ear)

Hey, Willie, how's it going? Still  
steppin' in dog shit every day?

Uncle Elroy laughs. Mr. Jones isn't amused.

MR. JONES

Make sure you look after my son out here.  
Don't get him involved with none of your  
bullshit, Roy.

**UNCLE ELROY:**

Don't worry 'bout nothin', big bro. He  
in the best fuckin' hands in Rancho  
Chocomunga, baby! This my world, you



just a nigga late paying rent. Ain't  
that right, nephew?

Uncle Elroy hugs Craig by the arm.

MR. JONES

Craig, remember what I told you.

**CRAIG:**

I'll remember.

Mr. Jones pulls off. Uncle Elroy yells out to him.

**UNCLE ELROY:**

Send Betty my love.

(to Craig)

Boy you looking good.

(grabbing his bags)

I'mma take these in the house for you,  
man... and when you finish with this cat,  
come inside. I got something to show  
you.

**CRAIG:**

Thanks, Unc.

Uncle Elroy starts towards to the house.

DAY-DAY

You know it's been over a year since we  
kicked it last? Up at the family  
reunion.

**CRAIG:**

I know, that's when Uncle Elroy cussed  
out everybody, and threw up in Aunt  
Faye's backseat.

Day-Day laughs.

DAY-DAY

Yep. I forgot about him cussin' out  
everybody. Damn that was fun.

**CRAIG:**

I know, we had a good time. But ever  
since you guys moved out here, it seems  
like we've lost touch.

DAY-DAY

I know; this a long way from Watts. But  
what I like about living out here is that

you don't hear no helicopters, no sirens,  
no drive-by's, no nothing. Just peace  
and quiet. Listen.

They do. It is quiet, except for a few BIRDS SINGING.

DAY-DAY (cont'd)

Shit sound good, huh?

Just then, a maroon Cadillac low-rider on Daytons rolls up  
the block. It's the Jokers: JOKER (28), LI'L JOKER (21) and  
BABY JOKER (15). They pull into their driveway.

DAY-DAY (cont'd)

Aw damn.

**In SLOW MOTION:**

dog with them named "Cheeco." As they get to the front door  
they all look over at Craig and Day-Day.

Day-Day looks away, while Craig keeps his eye on them. They  
disappear inside.

**CRAIG:**

Who is that?

DAY-DAY

Joker, he just got out of the pen. Li'l  
Joker, he just got out of Youth  
Authority. And Baby Joker, he just got  
out of Juvenile Hall.

**CRAIG:**

They ever let you hit the switches on  
that Cadillac?

DAY-DAY

Naw, them dudes is assholes. Especially  
that dog - Cheeco. Watch this little  
ass, he's sneaky. Plus, I got something  
better than a Cadillac.

They walk over to his black BMW 325i on chrome rims.

**CRAIG:**

This you?

DAY-DAY

(proud)

Yeah, that's me. Just a little somethin'  
somethin' I picked up.

**CRAIG:**

Must be nice. I wish we won the lottery.  
Come up on a million dollars like ya'll.

DAY-DAY

Man, after taxes, lawyer fees, and paying  
off my daddy's bad credit, we didn't end  
up with a million. We bought this house  
and I spent the rest on this. It's the  
bomb, huh?

**CRAIG:**

This my baby. I feel like a new nigga in  
this car. I get mo' phone numbers  
rollin' this, than I ever did on the bus.  
MISS HO KYM (O.S.)

Hi, Day-Day!

They turn to spot MISS HO KYM (67), the old Korean lady who  
lives next door. She's sitting on her porch nursing a cup of  
coffee.

DAY-DAY

(speaking louder and slower)

Hi, Mulan.

**MISS HO KYM:**

Fuck you, Day-Day. Who's ya boy?

DAY-DAY

This my cousin, Craig. He just moved out  
here from L.A. Craig, this is Miss Ho.  
Day-Day smiles at Craig.

**MISS HO KYM:**

My name is Miss Ho Kym. Day-Day just  
trying to be a smart ass. Nice to meet  
you, Craig. Are you 'bout it, 'bout it?

**CRAIG:**

Excuse me?

**MISS HO KYM:**

I said...are you 'bout it, 'bout it --  
rowdy, rowdy?  
Craig can't believe his ears.

**CRAIG:**

Yeah, I'm 'bout it.

**MISS HO KYM:**

Well, then, it's all good. Yo, Day-Day, something is going down with those Mexicans across the street? I've been seeing a lot of activity. They all look over at the Joker's house.

**CRAIG:**

What kind of activity?

**MISS HO KYM:**

Strange activity. I think they running drugs off Tijuana. Day-Day don't believe me.

DAY-DAY

How do you know for sure?

**MISS HO KYM:**

I know everything, playboy. Don't hate, congratulate.

DAY-DAY

I don't have time, Miss Ho, I'll see you later.

Day-Day and Craig start to walk back to the house.

**MISS HO KYM:**

See you later, Day-Day. Come by after work, I got the John Blaze shit for you.

**CRAIG:**

Nice to meet you?

**MISS HO KYM:**

Peace out, Craig.

INT. UNCLE ELROY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Day-Day and Craig enter the house. They still have the furniture from the projects. Craig looks around. He spots at a few hanging pictures.

**CRAIG:**

Man, this a cool house.

DAY-DAY

(picking up a picture)

Thanks, I just wish my mother had a chance to see it.

Mother's picture: she looks like Day-Day with a wig on. She's smiling and holding the winning lotto ticket.

DAY-DAY (cont'd)

But when she found out we won the money, she had a heart attack. You know the story.

**CRAIG:**

Yeah.

A sad moment.

DAY-DAY

Go on and make yourself at home. I'mma go get dressed for work.

**CRAIG:**

Oh, yeah, where you work at?

DAY-DAY

Pinky's Records and Disc in the shopping center. I'mma talk to my boss and see if he got a little position for you. 'Cause you been unemployed for a long time now, Craig.

**CRAIG:**

Thanks for reminding me.

Day-Day exits. Craig is left to look around, until something outside catches his eye.

EXT. HOUSE

It's D'WANA (20), Day-Day's six-month pregnant girlfriend. She's walking on the right side of his BMW. With one hand she waves at Craig...with the other hand she's keying Day-Day's car with the skills of a retarded first-grader.

INT. HOUSE

Craig waves back, but something ain't right. Uncle Elroy steps in with SUGA (39), his nymphomaniac girlfriend. She's wearing a sexy nightie that's a size too small.

**UNCLE ELROY:**

Craig, I want you to meet my old lady, Suga. Suga, this is Craig.

**SUGA:**

Oooh, ba-by!

She gives Craig a big, juicy hug and kiss, grabbing his ass in the process.

SUGA (cont'd)

(hugging and grabbing)

You even cuter than your baby pictures.

**CRAIG:**

Thank you.

**SUGA:**

(whispering in Craig's ear)

You know, I'mma be your new auntie. We can keep it all in the family if you want to.

Uncle Elroy un-hugs them.

**UNCLE ELROY:**

Okay, okay, that's enough. Go put on some damn clothes.

**SUGA:**

(pouting)

Elroy.

**UNCLE ELROY:**

Suga. Go ahead and get us something to smoke on.

**SUGA:**

Okay.

(winking)

Bye, Craig.

**CRAIG:**

Nice to meet you.

Suga walks out.

**UNCLE ELROY:**

Man, that girl's gonna kill me one day.

Viagra ain't working. My back keep going out... she don't never get enough. But check this out. I got to lay some ground rules.

(gets closer to Craig)  
Your my family and I love you. You're  
welcome to anything you want in my home.  
But I don't wanna catch you in the  
refrigerator or in my Suga bowl... you  
feel me knocking?

**CRAIG:**

Yeah.

**UNCLE ELROY:**

Well, let me in.

**CRAIG:**

Uncle Elroy, who's that girl by Day-Day's  
car?

He looks.

**UNCLE ELROY:**

Oh, that's D'Wana. His ex.

(yelling upstairs)

Day-Day, the crazy bitch is back!

Day-Day runs down the stairs to get a look. He's holding a  
piece of paper.

DAY-DAY

Aw, naw.

He runs out the door.

EXT. HOUSE

D'Wana continues her job. Day-Day storms over, waving the  
paper.

DAY-DAY

Girl, you supposed to be 1000 feet from  
my house. What you doing over here?

D'WANA

What it look like I'm doing? You can't  
quit me, I'm pregnant!

DAY-DAY

That ain't my baby!

Day-Day spots the damage. He loses it.

DAY-DAY (cont'd)

(in disbelief)

Oh, my God! What you doing?!

Now he's a madman.

DAY-DAY (cont'd)

Bitch! You keyed my car! I'mma kill you!

Day-Day charges D'Wana. She has her pepper spray ready.

D'WANA

I got your bitch right here.

D'Wana sprays his face orange. He stops in his tracks; grabs his eyes and screams like a woman.

DAY-DAY

Awwwww ....

(staggering)

Awwwww ....

D'WANA

I expect you to return all phone calls and take me to lunch today. I'll be back out here on my break. Nobody quits me.

D'Wana runs to her car. She speeds off. Uncle Elroy goes for the water hose. Craig grabs Day-Day.

DAY-DAY

I can't see! I can't see! Daddy!

**CRAIG:**

Lay down, Day-Day. Stop moving.

Craig puts him on the grass.

DAY-DAY

She pepper-sprayed me, man! She pepper-sprayed me!

**CRAIG:**

I know, be still.

Before he can say another word, Uncle Elroy nearly drowns him with the water hose.

**UNCLE ELROY:**

Boy, you got you a little fatal attraction, huh? I had two or three of them in my day.

Day-Day is drowning.

UNCLE ELROY (cont'd)

Craig, I hope you know how to deal with women better than this fool.

Craig moves the hose.

**CRAIG:**

That's too much water.



Now Day-Day is blind and choking.

**UNCLE ELROY:**

Help him to his feet. Let's get him to the bathroom.

They get him up and into the house.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

They rush Day-Day into the shower.

DAY-DAY

(confused)

Hold on. What you doing?

Uncle Elroy turns on the cold water. Day-Day screams. He tries to get out. They push him back in.

**UNCLE ELROY:**

Wet your eyes, boy. Stay in there for about 20 minutes.

DAY-DAY

20 minutes?

**UNCLE ELROY:**

Yeah, 20 minutes. Trust me. I've been pepper sprayed nine times. 20 minutes.

Uncle Elroy slams the door. Day-Day stands in the shower fully dressed and soaking wet.

UNCLE ELROY (cont'd)

Let me show you my back yard. You know it's bigger than y'all back yard.

They exit, leaving Day-Day in the shower.

EXT. ELROY'S BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS

Uncle Elroy and Craig start to walk around the back yard. In the B.G., we NOTICE giant weed plants everywhere.

**UNCLE ELROY:**

Yeah, you gotta have a little money to live out here, Craig. I never thought I'd be the kinda nigga to move to the suburbs. But as soon as I got my check, I was gone. Paid 230 thousand dollars cash on this house.

**CRAIG:**

You paid cash?

**UNCLE ELROY:**

Cash money. They wasn't gonna stick me with no 30-year payment plan. That's for suckas. They got my daddy like that for a Cadillac years ago. I got the only house on the block that's paid for. That's why I'm the king around here. They walk over to the pool.

UNCLE ELROY (cont'd)

You like that pool?

It's half-full with dirty water. An upside-down lawn chair floats in it.

**CRAIG:**

It's cool, but where's the water?

**UNCLE ELROY:**

Don't need water. We didn't have no pool in the projects...so none of us swim.

**CRAIG:**

Y'all never use it?

**UNCLE ELROY:**

Never...

(humping the air)

But me and Suga can get real nasty in that Jacuzzi, though.

The Jacuzzi water has a purple condom floating in it. Uncle Elroy reaches over and picks it out.

UNCLE ELROY (cont'd)

(shaking the water off the condom)

You welcome get in it anytime you want to. Shit, you my brother's son.

**CRAIG:**

That's okay, Unc. I can't swim, either.

**UNCLE ELROY:**

Good.

EXT. CRACK HOUSE - MORNING

A run-down crack house sits alone in the middle of the block. It looks deserted with chipped paint, overgrown grass and

security bars everywhere. Inside we can hear a FIGHT in progress.

CRACK DEALER (O.S.)

Ezal, I'm sick of you coming around here wit no money.

Suddenly the door flies open and Ezal comes flying out on his ass.

**EZAL:**

I be damned.

He gets up and brushes himself off. He heads back into the crack house.

EZAL (cont'd)

Now look here, man. I'mma preferred customer and I can take my credit card somewhere else.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! Ezal is roughed up some more and flies through the picture window. GLASS rains down.

EZAL (cont'd)

Oh, my neck, oh, my back. Man, I quit!

I'm retired! Officially! Life shouldn't be this hard for a crackhead!

Ezal lays there in pain. Out of nowhere, a bicycle comes INTO FRAME. Ezal looks up at the rider. It's Debo.

**DEBO:**

Where did Craig move to?

**EZAL:**

I don't know, Debo.

Debo rolls on top of him with the front tire. Ezal is smashed and in more pain.

**DEBO:**

What you say?

**EZAL:**

(hurting)

He moved out to Rancho Cucamonga with his cousin Day-Day.

**DEBO:**

Rancho Cucamonga?

**EZAL:**

Yeah.

Debo thinks about it.

EZAL (cont'd)

I can't breathe.

He rolls off of Ezal. Relief.

**DEBO:**

Get on.

**EZAL:**

Man, we can't ride to Rancho Cucamonga on that.

**DEBO:**

Get on!

Ezal hops on the handlebars quick. They start to ride off.

**EZAL:**

Just don't go over the curb.

Debo rides over the curb and into the street. The journey begins.

EZAL (cont'd)

Watch my balls!

INT. DAY-DAY'S ROOM - MORNING

Day-Day's room is junky. Clothes are everywhere. He's putting on his Pinky's Records and Disc T-shirt. Craig comes in.

**CRAIG:**

You straight?

DAY-DAY

Yeah, I'm alright. Is my face still orange to you?

Day-Day's face looks sunburned.

**CRAIG:**

Just a little.

DAY-DAY

I can't taste nothing.

**CRAIG:**

What's the matter with your girlfriend?

DAY-DAY

Man, it's a long story. I met D'Wana three months ago. She had a little pudge in her stomach but I didn't pay it no attention. Come to find out, she six months pregnant. Saying I'm the daddy!

**CRAIG:**

What?

DAY-DAY

Yeah, I broke up with her two Fridays ago and she's been harassing me ever since. She don't care about the restraining order or nothing.

**CRAIG:**

Restraining order? Where the hell you meet this girl?

DAY-DAY

I went back to Watts to sell my old car and met her on the way. Worst day of my life.

**CRAIG:**

Damn, you got a stalker.

DAY-DAY

That ain't the worst part. Her little sister, Baby D. She's the one that gets real physical. But I got a restraining order on her, too.

**CRAIG:**

You got a restraining order on a little girl named Baby D?

DAY-DAY

(very serious)

You don't know Baby D.

He looks at his watch.

DAY-DAY (cont'd)

I gotta get to Pinky's before I get fired like you.

Day-Day exits. Craig is close behind.

EXT. UNCLE ELROY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

As they walk out the front door, someone catches Craig's eye. It's KARLA (23), the Joker brothers' fine sister. She's

leaning against the lowrider, looking into her purse. She waves at them.

**KARLA:**

(friendly)

Hi!

Craig and Day-Day are mesmerized.

**BOTH:**

(waving back)

HEY!

Craig and Karla's eyes meet. She smiles.

**CRAIG:**

Who is that?

DAY-DAY

That's the sister.

**CRAIG:**

Yo know what? I'm starting to like Rancho Cucamonga.

DAY-DAY

I know what 'cha thinking. I thought the same thing. But it can't happen.

**CRAIG:**

Why?

DAY-DAY

Because, it's been a little tension between us ever since they got out the joint and ran their momma crazy. And I'm just trying to keep the peace. We moved out here to get away from that shit.

Day-Day walks over to his Beamer. Craig follows.

CLOSE-UP

Big scratch on the side of Day-Day's car.

**WIDER:**

DAY-DAY (cont'd)

It ain't that bad, is it?

Craig is still looking at Karla.

DAY-DAY (cont'd)

Craig! It ain't that bad, is it?

**CRAIG:**

Yeah, it's bad. And that scratch make it ugly.

Day-Day is starting to get mad.

CRAIG (cont'd)

It's long and crooked...make you not wanna even drive it.

DAY-DAY

Alright, alright... I see what you talking about.

Karla looks at her watch and starts to walk up the street. This is Craig's chance.

**CRAIG:**

Hold up, Day-Day.

He trots after her.

DAY-DAY

Let it go.

Karla is still walking.

**CRAIG:**

Hey! Hey!

She stops and waits for him.

CRAIG (cont'd)

I'm Day-Day's cousin, Craig. What's your name?

**KARLA:**

Karla.

**CRAIG:**

Craig and Karla, damn that sound pretty good together. Where you going?

**KARLA:**

To the Cucamonga shopping center.

**CRAIG:**

Oh yeah, why you walking?

**KARLA:**

My brothers won't give me a ride.

Day-Day is about to have a heart attack. He's looking back and forth between Craig and Karla, and the Joker's house

where somebody is looking out the window.

DAY-DAY

(to himself)

Just get the number and come on. Just  
get the number and come on.

Back at the "Love Connection," Craig has Karla smiling.

**CRAIG:**

You want us to give you a ride?

**KARLA:**

I don't know.

**CRAIG:**

What you mean, you don't know? Just wait  
here.

Craig starts to trot over towards Day-Day. Day-Day is  
frantically waving Craig to hurry.

CRAIG (cont'd)

What are you worried about?

Day-Day's eyes get as big as golf balls.

DAY-DAY

Cheeco!

Craig turns to see the pit bull "Cheeco" running right after  
him.

**KARLA:**

Cheeco, no!

Craig runs right towards Day-Day's BMW.

DAY-DAY

Oh shit, jump!

They both jump on top of Day-Day's BMW with CHEECO coming up  
fast. He's BARKING viciously.

**ACROSS STREET:**

Joker, Li'l Joker and Baby Joker are across the street  
laughing. Karla is embarrassed.

**ON BMW:**

Craig is breathing hard but he's calm, but Day-Day is  
terrified.

DAY-DAY (cont'd)

Hey, Joker! Stop playing, man! Call the  
dog back!



They continue to laugh. Craig pulls his belt off. He swings it and hits Cheeco in the middle of his forehead with the buckle. The DOG CRIES and runs back across the street. The Jokers aren't laughing anymore. Joker stares at Craig. Craig stares back. You can feel the tension. Joker kicks the dog.

**JOKER:**

Get yo dumb ass in the back.

CHEECO HOLLERS. Craig and Day-Day get off the top of the BMW.

DAY-DAY

Look at my roof.

Big dents in the roof of his BMW.

DAY-DAY (cont'd)

Man, why you do that? I told you not to talk to that girl.

**CRAIG:**

Why not? She was cool with it.

Day-Day gets into the car.

DAY-DAY

So.

**CRAIG:**

What you mean, so?

DAY-DAY

If you 'get into it' with them S.A.'s and start a feud, you can always go back to home. I gotta live here. Just remember that.

He slams the door, starts the car and backs up. Leaving Craig standing there. He sees Karla walking away. He looks over at the Jokers. They're still staring hard. Craig just looks away and walks into the house.

INT. UNCLE ELROY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Craig steps into the house.

**UNCLE ELROY:**

Nephew, you got perfect timing...

Uncle Elroy is sitting on the couch. He has a Phillies' Blunt (cigar) in one hand, a razor blade in the other.

UNCLE ELROY (cont'd)

We about to start a little puff, puff

give in this mothafucka. Are you down?  
Suga is sippin' on a glass of wine. She moves over, making room in the middle.

**SUGA:**

(patting the couch)  
Come on, Craig. Sit down right here.  
Craig does. Suga moves closer, boxing him in nice and tight.  
Uncle Elroy licks the cigar.

**UNCLE ELROY:**

I know you smoke weed, right?

**CRAIG:**

Why you say that?

**UNCLE ELROY:**

'Cause your lips is getting black.  
Uncle Elroy takes the razor and starts to cut the cigar the long way.  
UNCLE ELROY (cont'd)  
All I smoke is blunts. Them fuckin' Zigzags don't do nothing for me.  
Uncle Elroy scrapes the cigar shavings into a nearby trash can (that's overflowing with cigar shavings already). Suga presses against Craig.

**SUGA:**

Would you like a glass of wine, baby?

**CRAIG:**

No thank you. It's too early.  
Uncle Elroy stuffs the open cigar full of weed. He's concentrating.

**UNCLE ELROY:**

Boy, I can roll a blunt better than them bitches in Havana. I know Willie don't let'cha smoke in the house, but I'm ya uncle. I don't care how high you get in my house. Long as you let me hit it...  
He licks and rolls.  
UNCLE ELROY (cont'd)  
Look at that.

It's perfect.

**SUGA:**

Fire it up, Roy.

Uncle Elroy grabs the lighter.

**UNCLE ELROY:**

Now I'mma show you the real "Puff Daddy."

He lights the blunt. Craig's watching, so is Suga. Uncle Elroy holds the smoke in for a very long time. Maybe too long... 'cause his eyes start to bulge, and he starts to toke (cough with your mouth closed). And toke. And toke. And toke. It looks like he's about to bust when he lets out a big puff of smoke. Then he starts to cough, and cough, and cough out of control.

Craig and Suga are amazed at this display. Uncle Elroy falls to the floor on his hands and knees. Still coughing. He falls on his back and passes the blunt to Craig.

UNCLE ELROY (cont'd)

(still coughing)

It's the Bombay.

Craig takes the blunt and puts it up to his lips. He hits it, holds it in and looks at Suga. Suddenly, his eyes bulge out and he starts to toke, and toke, and toke, and toke. He starts to cough out of control and he falls next to Uncle Elroy who's still coughing. Craig passes the blunt to Suga, who looks at it for a moment and then looks directly INTO the CAMERA. (As if to say, "Shiiiiiiiiiiiiit.").

INT. UNCLE ELROY'S HOUSE - 15 MINUTES LATER

All three are passed out on the couch. Uncle Elroy is snoring with a little slobber hanging. Craig's knocked out with his mouth open. Suga's head is not secure and she's starting to bob. She bobs so hard that her head falls in Craig's lap. He wakes up and looks down.

**CRAIG:**

Suga.

He looks over at Uncle Elroy who's looking over at him.

**UNCLE ELROY:**

Negro, what the hell you doing to my woman?

**CRAIG:**

(confused and dazed)

I don't know!

**UNCLE ELROY:**

Suga!

**SUGA:**

(face in lap)

Huh?

**UNCLE ELROY:**

What you doing to my nephew?

**SUGA:**

(lifting her head)

Ah, baby...I thought this was you.

(to Craig)

Craig, what are you doing to me?

**CRAIG:**

I don't know, I think I passed out or something. I don't remember.

**UNCLE ELROY:**

Passed out? Can't hang, huh? Boy, I knew you was a lightweight. Passed out on one funky ass blunt. They don't make 'em like they used to, baby.

Uncle Elroy staggers to his feet.

UNCLE ELROY (cont'd)

Come on, woman. I'm faded and feeling X-rated. It's Mr. Nasty time.

**SUGA:**

Mr. Nasty time?

**UNCLE ELROY:**

Mr. Nasty time.

(grabbing his back)

But take it easy on me, girl.

**SUGA:**

Craig, you ain't the only lightweight around here.

Suga takes Elroy's hand.

**UNCLE ELROY:**

Make yourself at home.

They both stumble upstairs leaving Craig all alone. It's too quiet now. He grabs the remote and TURNS ON the TV. Flicks a few channels. He picks up the blunt and the lighter.

**ON TV:**

A public service announcement from King/Drew Rehab Center.

It's SMOKEY!

SMOKEY (V.O.)

Hi, my name is Smokey. And I'm a bud-head. But here at the King/Drew Rehab Center, they help you curve your crave for marijuana but still let you get your drank on.

He lifts a 22 oz. bottle of Olde English.

SMOKEY (cont'd) (V.O.)

It's too hard to stop everything all at once. So some days they let you smoke, but not drank. And other days you can drank, but not smoke. And if you're really making progress, the nurses will get fucked up wit you. Helping you kick the habit by smoking up all yo shit. So come down to the King/Drew Rehab Center and put down the joint, but B.Y.O.B., man!

**BACK ON COUCH:**

Craig is high. He's looking at the TV with a slight smile on his face. It seems like the walls are shaking. He looks over at Suga's glass and her wine is vibrating, like Jurassic Park. Plaster falls from the ceiling. He listens, it's Uncle Elroy and Suga making love.

UNCLE ELROY (O.S.)

Oh, baby, right there. Right there...bite the nipple, baby. Bite it! Bite it! Yeah, mothafucka -- yeah, come on, baby, get busy...

His eavesdropping is interrupted by a loud KNOCK on the door. Craig is so comfortable, he doesn't want to move. The KNOCKING gets LOUDER.

DELIVERY GUY (O.S.)

Delivery!

**CRAIG:**

Hold on.

Craig gets up slowly and starts to clean the area. The

KNOCKING CONTINUES.

DELIVERY GUY (O.S.)

Delivery!

**CRAIG:**

I said hold on!

DELIVERY GUY (O.S.)

Could you hurry up, please... it's kinda hot out here.

Craig stops what he's doing and swings the door open.

**ON PORCH:**

The DELIVERY GUY, a thirtysomething asshole with tight shorts and a buzz cut, is looking into the house.

**CRAIG:**

Can I help you?

**DELIVERY GUY:**

Nice house. Didn't expect you to answer.

You must be one of those entertainers.

What team you play for?

**CRAIG:**

I don't play for no team.

**DELIVERY GUY:**

Come on, jerky, you can tell me. Got a white wife, huh? Blonde bombshell type.

Remember what happen to O.J... what team do you play for? You're not related to the Jacksons, are you?

**CRAIG:**

(in his face)

Naw, I play for the Chocamunga Cracker Killers. You want tickets?

**DELIVERY GUY:**

Okay, buddy. Don't send your entourage out here to do a 187 on me. It's just a certified mail delivery.

He hands Craig a letter.

DELIVERY GUY (cont'd)

Sign here.

Craig signs.

**CRAIG:**

What is it?

**DELIVERY GUY:**

Delinquent Property Tax Notice... I hope the Cracker Killers pay well 'cause if not, back to the ghetto you go. Wife stays here, of course.

He laughs and walks off singing the "Good Times" jingle.

DELIVERY GUY (cont'd)

'...temporary layoffs? Good Times...hustling and surviving... Good Times...ain't we lucky we got'em...' Oh shit!

Cheeco starts to chase him down the street. Craig looks at the notice. "DELINQUENT! YOUR HOUSE WILL BE SEIZED AND AUCTIONED -- TOMORROW AT 9AM PAY TODAY!"

**CRAIG:**

Oh damn.

He SLAMS the DOOR. We FOLLOW Craig upstairs TO Uncle Elroy's room. He knocks softly.

CRAIG (cont'd)

Uncle Elroy?

No answer.

CRAIG (cont'd)

Uncle Elroy, you got a tax notice.

Still no answer. He turns the knob. It's open.

INT. UNCLE ELROY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Craig steps into Uncle Elroy's freak palace. Black lights, candles, velvet posters - the works. There's even a leather fuck swing hanging from the ceiling. Uncle Elroy and Suga are asleep in a leopard-skin waterbed. Craig is amazed. He slowly walks over to the bed. Uncle Elroy is calling the hogs. Snoring.

**CRAIG:**

(whispering)

Uncle Elroy...Uncle Elroy?

He's about to shake him when Uncle Elroy lets out a big grunt. It startles Craig. He looks over at Suga. She's completely under the covers. Uncle Elroy rolls over on his stomach, then he rolls on his back again. Craig shakes him.

CRAIG (cont'd)

Uncle Elroy, wake up. You got a letter today.

No response. Craig tries again.

CRAIG (cont'd)

Unc.

Uncle Elroy jumps up like a hibernating grizzly.

**UNCLE ELROY:**

(half asleep)

Come on here, Suga...

He goes after Craig, who has to fight him off.

UNCLE ELROY (cont'd)

I like it rough now.

**CRAIG:**

Naw, naw! Unc, wake up! It's me! Wake up!

Uncle Elroy grabs him in a bear hug and slams him on the bed. Craig finds himself caught between Suga and Uncle Elroy, but now everything is totally still and quiet. Uncle Elroy starts to snore again. He's asleep. The coast is clear now. Craig tries to make his escape. He crawls over Suga to get away. She grabs him and starts to kiss him.

**SUGA:**

(half asleep)

Ohhh, baby!

Craig breaks away and tries to hurry out the room. On his exit, he hangs himself on the "fuck swing" and hits the floor with a thud. He scrambles to his feet, then he's out of there. Uncle Elroy and Suga lay asleep as if nothing ever happened.

**IN HALLWAY:**

Craig tries to gain his composure. He gets an idea.



EXT. BUSY CITY STREET - AFTERNOON

Debo is riding Ezal on the handlebars.

**EZAL:**

We gotta stop or something, man. My ass is hurting. This handlebar is hard.

Debo keeps riding.

EZAL (cont'd)

Debo! Debo! Now you stuck on stupid.

He finally stops at a pay phone. Ezal jumps off and grabs his ass.

EZAL (cont'd)

My God...gotta walk it out, walk it out.

Man, it's gonna take us a week to ride out there.

**DEBO:**

Shut up! He still eats here every day!

EXT. SANDWICH JOINT - ACROSS STREET - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Jones' dog truck sits in front.

**DEBO:**

Here's the plan. You gonna call over there and say you have a very urgent message for Mr. William Jones.

**EZAL:**

What urgent message?

**DEBO:**

If you shut up I'll tell you. The urgent message is...Drop everything! Craig is in trouble. Come quick, don't call.

**EZAL:**

That ain't gonna work.

Debo slaps him in the back of the head.

**DEBO:**

Just do it.

**EZAL:**

I don't know the number.

Smack! Debo slaps him again.

**DEBO:**

It's on the outside of the building, now  
pick the phone up!  
Ezal picks up the phone. He starts to dial.

**EZAL:**

Hello...Yeah, I got an urgent message for  
a nigga named Mr. Willie Jones.  
Debo slaps him again.

**DEBO:**

William.

**EZAL:**

Yeah, I got a urgent message for a  
customer named William Jones. Drop  
everything, Craig is in trouble. Come  
quick. Don't try to call.  
Ezal hangs up the phone.  
EZAL (cont'd)  
Man, you better stop hittin' on me for I  
do you like Craig did you.

**DEBO:**

Let's go.  
Debo and Ezal run across the street to the dog truck. Debo  
opens the back and lets all the dogs out. They run for it.  
DEBO (cont'd)  
After I get in, close the door.  
Debo is a hard fit. Ezal stuffs him in there.

**EZAL:**

You too big.

**DEBO:**

Keep pushing.  
Finally he's in. Ezal gets in and slams the door shut. Just  
then, Mr. Jones comes running out the joint with a sandwich  
in hand.

MR. JONES

Oh my God!

He gets in and speeds off.

EXT. CUCAMONGA SHOPPING CENTER - AFTERNOON

Cars pull in and out of this 12 store strip mall where Pinky's is located.

INT. PINKY'S RECORDS AND DISC - AFTERNOON

Everything is pink inside this mom and pop record store. The latest RAP HIT PLAYS in the B.G. A few people exit the store with bags.

Day-Day is scanning inventory. A bud-head by the name of ROACH is on top of the counter with his skateboard.

**ROACH:**

Yo, Day-Day! Check me out.

He tries to jump off the counter and land perfectly on his board. Wrong! Off the board and on his ass.

DAY-DAY

Look, Roach, I know you ain't never worked in a record shop before and you're a little excited. But if Pinky catches you doing that X-Games shit off his counter top, we both getting fired. You feel me?

**ROACH:**

I feel you. I've just been practicing that one move all week.

(disappointed)

I thought that was it.

An unhappy CUSTOMER walks in holding a CD without the cover.

CUSTOMER #1

I can't get jiggy with this shit.

(getting loud)

Where is the damn manager?

DAY-DAY

Sir, the manager stepped out for a moment. I'm currently running the store.

Can I see the CD?

The customer throws the CD on the counter. Day-Day picks it up.

CUSTOMER #1

No, give me my damn money back. Right now, and I don't have no damn receipt neither.

DAY-DAY

Okay, sir...but where's the cover?

CUSTOMER #1

I don't have no damn cover.

Craig walks in with the notice in hand.

DAY-DAY

I can't give you your damn money back on this.

CUSTOMER #1

Bullshit! I'll go postal in this mothafucka!

DAY-DAY

Well, you gonna have to go postal then.

The customer KNOCKS over a counter display and then turns to get away.

DAY-DAY (cont'd)

Hey!

Craig bumps him and he falls into the Rap cassette rack.

CUSTOMER #1

I'm sorry! Don't hit me! Don't hit me.

He jumps up and slips on a few more cassettes on his scramble out the door.

DAY-DAY

...and if you come back, it's gonna be worse.

Roach can't believe what just happened.

**ROACH:**

Did you see that? That was a W.W.F. hit right there, huh, Day-Day?

DAY-DAY

Yeah, it was. How you get up here?

**CRAIG:**

I walked.

DAY-DAY

You walked?

**CRAIG:**

Yeah, ya'll got a notice today. It came certified mail.

He gives it to Day-Day.

DAY-DAY

Craig, this Roach. Roach, this is my cousin, Craig.

**ROACH:**

What up, bro?  
Craig nods his head.

**CRAIG:**

I tried to wake up Uncle Elroy but he  
thought I was Suga.  
Day-Day reads the notice.  
DAY-DAY  
You know what this is?

**CRAIG:**

Yeah, that's why I walked down here.

**ROACH:**

What it say?  
Day-Day ignores Roach.  
DAY-DAY  
How can they do this?

**CRAIG:**

I don't know. Did ya'll forget to pay it  
or something?

**ROACH:**

What it say?  
DAY-DAY  
Ever since my momma died the bills are  
always late.

**CRAIG:**

See how much it is?  
Day-Day opens it. A PHONE starts to RING.

**ROACH:**

What is it?  
DAY-DAY  
Don't worry about it, man. Get the  
phone.  
Roach skateboards over to the phone.

**ROACH:**

Pinky's.  
Day-Day reads on.  
DAY-DAY

It says we owe \$3,900...by tomorrow.

**CRAIG:**

Damn...how much money ya'll got left from the lottery?

Day-Day goes for his bank book. He flips a few pages.

DAY-DAY

\$247.

**CRAIG:**

Okay, plan B.

Day-Day is overwhelmed. Roach skates back over.

**ROACH:**

That was a girl on a cell phone. She said she's outside in the parking lot waiting for you to take her to lunch.

Day-Day looks at Craig. He runs over to the door.

OUTSIDE IN THE PARKING LOT

D'Wana sits in her car with her play sister BABY'D (her name does not fit her body).

DAY-DAY

Oh my God. That's D'Wana. And she got Baby'D with her.

Day-Day locks the door and runs into the back. Craig and Roach follow.

**CRAIG:**

What's the matter?

DAY-DAY

D'Wana brought Baby'D up here.

**ROACH:**

That the big one, huh?

DAY-DAY

You damn right that's the big one.

The PHONE starts to RING again. D'Wana and Baby'D are at the door. D'Wana is on her phone. Baby'D starts to knock.

DAY-DAY (cont'd)

Craig, go out there and tell 'em I'm gone.

**CRAIG:**

I ain't trying to get in it.

DAY-DAY

You already in.

The knocking gets louder.

**CRAIG:**

No I'm not.

**ROACH:**

I'll do it.

DAY-DAY

No. You can't handle a girl like D'Wana.

It's got to be Craig.

**AT FRONT DOOR:**

They observe the "Yes We're Open" sign.

D'WANA

That white boy said he was in there.

BABY'D

Day-Day, don't make me break this window!

Craig is peeking out. He hesitates.

DAY-DAY

Watch out for Baby'D.

Craig walks out the back. He steps over the door. Unlocks it, and cracks it open.

**CRAIG:**

Day-Day ain't here.

They don't believe him.

D'WANA

Who are you?

**CRAIG:**

I'm his cousin.

BABY'D

You suppose to work here now or something?

**CRAIG:**

Yeah, I work here now.

D'WANA

We didn't come here for Day-Day.

**CRAIG:**

Yes you did.

D'WANA

No we didn't. We came to buy a CD.

BABY'D

Now move.

Baby'D kicks the door. Craig has no choice but to let 'em in.

D'WANA

Where's that boy that told me Day-Day was here?

**CRAIG:**

I don't know... I think he went out the back.

D'WANA

Can I look for myself?

Suddenly Roach is pushed into the front area.

**ROACH:**

Hey, ladies.

D'WANA

Where's Day-Day?

**ROACH:**

I don't know, he must've left.

D'Wana looks at Baby'D.

**CRAIG:**

I thought ya'll wanted to buy a CD?

BABY'D

I do... can you help me find the jazz section?

Craig looks at Roach for directions. He nods over towards the front of the store.

**CRAIG:**

Right this way. You know damn well you don't listen to no jazz.

Baby'D checks out Craig as he leads the way. D'Wana looks around.

D'WANA

If Day-Day comes back, tell him I came by and need to see him. Lamaze classes are Wednesday.



**ROACH:**

Will do.

D'Wana starts to walk towards Craig and Baby'D.

D'WANA

Come on, 'D, let's go.

But first she doubles back towards the storage room.

**CRAIG:**

Where you going?

D'WANA

Ain't the rest room this way? I gotta pee.

**ROACH:**

Yeah.

D'WANA

Thank you.

As she's walking in the back, Roach realizes his mistake.

BACK STORAGE AREA

DAY-DAY

Shit.

Day-Day makes a run for it. She spots him ducking out the back door.

D'WANA

He's in there!

**INSIDE STORE:**

Baby'D knocks Craig out of the way.

BABY'D

Where is he?

D'WANA

He ran out the door.

Baby'D gives chase with D'Wana, Craig and Roach close behind.

EXT. PINKY'S RECORDS AND DISC - CONTINUOUS

Day-Day runs around the side of Pinky's Records store. He stops to see if anyone is coming. It's Baby'D with the three others trailing. Baby'D is chasing Day-Day all through the parking lot. Craig, D'Wana and Roach stop to watch.

**ROACH:**

Haul ass, dude. Don't stop.

...and he is.

**CRAIG:**

You better stop running from that girl.

DAY-DAY

Fuuuuuuck -- U!

He runs back towards his BMW. The chase continues around his car. Baby'D is starting to tire.

DAY-DAY (cont'd)

I'mma shoot yo' big ass.

D'Wana watches from a distance. Craig and Roach are close.

**ROACH:**

(smiling)

She moves well for a big girl.

Just then, out of nowhere, Karla appears behind them carrying a couple of bags. She taps Craig on his shoulder. He turns around.

**KARLA:**

Hello, remember me?

**CRAIG:**

Hell yeah, I remember you.

**KARLA:**

I'm sorry for what my brother did this morning. They're assholes.

**CRAIG:**

It's cool. You ain't got to apologize for your brothers. They're big boys.

**KARLA:**

I just wanted to give you this.

She hands him a card with her number on it.

KARLA (cont'd)

If my brothers wasn't so over-protective, I'd have you call the house. But for now just page me when you get a chance.

**CRAIG:**

Most definitely.

**KARLA:**

Better sooner than later.

She picks up her shopping bags and walks away. Over at the

**chase:**

breath.

DAY-DAY

Baby'D, you're not going to catch me as usual. So what can we do to end it this time? What you want? Another Big Pun CD? 'Cause I gotta get back to work.

Baby'D looks over at Craig.

BABY'D

Okay, I know what I want this time.

DAY-DAY

Anything you need.

BABY'D

Yo' cousin, Craig. Hook us up.

DAY-DAY

That's it?

BABY'D

Just tell him to come over here and talk to me.

DAY-DAY

And I can go free?

BABY'D

Go, fo' I change my mind.

Day-Day carefully walks back over towards the store. D'Wana pouts and walks towards Baby'D. (If looks could kill.)

**ROACH:**

Great moves, Day-Day.

**CRAIG:**

What happen?

DAY-DAY

We worked out a deal. All you gotta do is go over there and talk to Baby'D.

Craig looks over at Baby'D. She's waiting.

**CRAIG:**

What you mean talk to her?

**ROACH:**

(still smiling)

You know what he mean, dude.

**CRAIG:**

I'm gone.

Craig turns and sprints into the store. Baby'D looks concerned. Day-Day grabs Roach and they run into the store.

BABY'D

I'mma get you, Day-Day! You gotta come out sometimes!

D'Wana hands her a brick.

D'WANA

I told you.

Baby'D screams and throws the brick through Day-Day's WINDSHIELD.

INT. PINKY'S RECORDS AND DISC - CONTINUOUS

DAY-DAY

What was that?

**ROACH:**

(looking out window)

You don't wanna know.

Day-Day is devastated.

DAY-DAY

Thanks a lot, Craig.

**CRAIG:**

I know we cousins and all, but don't try an' hook me up with the big little sisters.

DAY-DAY

Big bitches need love, too, Craig.

**ROACH:**

For sure. That's how I like 'em.

**CRAIG:**

Not me.

DAY-DAY

Are they still out there?

**ROACH:**

Negative...they vamped.

Day-Day starts to walk into the back storage area.

ROACH (cont'd)

Shouldn't we straighten up out here before Pinky gets back?

Day-Day is like a zombie now. He doesn't answer, just keeps walking.

**CRAIG:**

Day-Day?

No answer. Craig looks at Roach. They follow.

BACK STORAGE AREA

Day-Day sits with the notice in hand.

DAY-DAY

Today ain't my day.

**ROACH:**

Bummer, huh? And Friday is suppose to be a kick-ass day.

**CRAIG:**

Yeah it is...the best day before the weekend.

**ROACH:**

That's fuckin' poetic, Craig.

Day-Day is still sad.

ROACH (cont'd)

I know how you feeling. And if I had my bong right now, I'd let you 'toke 'til you choke.' Dude, right here. All out.

No lungs. All I got is this.

Roach pulls out a big, smashed brownie with green shit in it.

**CRAIG:**

What's the green stuff poking out?

**ROACH:**

That's cron-don, sir. My mom hates for me to smoke, so she made me bud-brownies.

Wanna bite?

**CRAIG:**

Naw, I already ate.

**ROACH:**

Come on, Day, try it. For moms.

Day-Day shakes his head. Craig reaches into his fifth pocket.

**CRAIG:**

It ain't a bong but, wa-la!  
He has the joint from this morning.

**ROACH:**

Wo!  
Roach snatches it.

**CRAIG:**

Hey.  
Craig snatches it back.

**ROACH:**

Sorry, bro, reflexes. How did you do  
that?

**CRAIG:**

Black magic.  
Day-Day snatches the joint and puts it in his mouth.  
DAY-DAY  
Give me dat. I'm the one with the  
problem.  
Roach pulls out a mini-skateboard that's actually a lighter.

**ROACH:**

Weed doesn't solve problems. It eases  
the mind, and the soul. Enjoy.  
He lights the joint. Day-Day takes a hit.

**CRAIG:**

I didn't think you smoked bud that much.  
DAY-DAY  
(letting out the smoke)  
I don't.

**ROACH:**

(taking the joint)  
I do.  
DAY-DAY  
Damn nigga, don't Jack the joint. I  
didn't even pass it.

**ROACH:**

(hitting it good)

Sorry, dude.

**CRAIG:**

You better open up a window or something before the smell gets out.

DAY-DAY

Ain't no windows in here.

**ROACH:**

I got an idea.

He hands the joint to Craig. Gets up and closes the door.

Then he grabs the vacuum out of the corner.

ROACH (cont'd)

This is a little theory of mine... it should work.

He plugs in the VACUUM and TURNS it ON. He puts the nozzle in Day-Day's face.

DAY-DAY

Blow.

**CRAIG:**

That ain't gonna work.

**ROACH:**

Fuck yeah.

Day-Day hits the 'J and blows into the nozzle. It quickly sucks up the smoke.

DAY-DAY

(passing the 'J)

It works.

**CRAIG:**

Still gonna smell it.

**ROACH:**

No way. Watch this.

Roach hits the joint harder than anyone else. Smoke starts to come out of his ears. Craig and Day-Day get a kick out of that.

EXT. PINKY'S RECORDS AND DISC - CONTINUOUS

A pink limo pulls to a stop. The chauffeur gets out wearing his suit just a little too tight. He opens the door and a pair of pink boots hit the pavement. The CAMERA PANS UP TO

PINKY (35), the asshole owner.

**PINKY:**

Look, man, you hittin' them goddamn corners too fast. Slow down. I almost spilled my Hennessy on this 300 dollar suit.

He walks over to the door. He thinks it's open. It's not.

PINKY (cont'd)

I be damn.

He shakes the door. It's locked. He looks inside. No one's at the counter. Cassettes all over the floor. Pinky looks around making sure no one sneaks up on him. He reaches under his shirt and pulls out a Glock 9mm. Sticks his key in the door and steps in.

BACK STORE AREA - CLOSE UP - ROACH

is upside down. All the blood has rushed to his head. He has Chinaman eyes and a big smile on his face.

DAY-DAY

Roach, what are you doing?

**ROACH:**

R-U-S-H Intensely.

A big cloud of smoke rolls out of his mouth and he falls and hits the deck.

ROACH (cont'd)

My spleen.

Craig and Day-Day laugh at Roach. The VACUUM is still GOING but the room is very smoky. Craig jumps in.

**CRAIG:**

(unplugging the vacuum)

This vacuum don't work. Where's the restroom?

DAY-DAY

Out the door and to the left.

**ROACH:**

I thought the vacuum would work.

**IN HALLWAY:**

Craig makes a left and grabs the knob. He feels something pressing on the back of his head (gun).



**PINKY:**

(whispering)

Don't move or I'll blow your head smooth off.

Craig throws his hands up.

PINKY (cont'd)

Now back up slowly... and don't say a word.

He obeys. Pinky backs Craig into the store.

PINKY (cont'd)

Get on the floor.

Craig gets down.

PINKY (cont'd)

Little mothafucka trying to rob me.

I'mma show you how I do 'em.

**CRAIG:**

I ain't trying to rob you...

**PINKY:**

Shut up! Fo' I pump this Glock in yo' ass! What did you do wit Day-Day and Roach?

**CRAIG:**

Man, Day-Day is my people!

**PINKY:**

I said shut up! Now who sent you?

**CRAIG:**

Nobody!

**PINKY:**

If you say another word, it's over. I'm not playing!

Pinky starts to pat down Craig's pockets.

PINKY (cont'd)

You ain't got no gun, but where's the weed at? I smell it.

Craig says nothing.

PINKY (cont'd)

I'mma tie you ass up!

Pinky backs up and steps on Roach's skateboard. The gun goes

flying and so does he. Pinky falls on his ass. The 9mm lands in front of Craig. There's a big scramble for the gun.

BACK STORAGE AREA

The mood is serious.

DAY-DAY

I gotta think of a plan to get this money before tomorrow.

**ROACH:**

You could sell your Beamer.

Day-Day gives Roach the evil-eye.

ROACH (cont'd)

My bad.

DAY-DAY

I don't know. I hope Craig got a good idea. We gotta ask him when he comes out. Let's go and clean up before Pinky gets here.

**ROACH:**

Maybe you can ask him to loan you the money.

DAY-DAY

Yoooo, that's it. You ain't as dumb as I think you are, Roach.

**ROACH:**

I know.

BACK INSIDE STORE

Pinky and Craig are still scrambling for the gun. The store looks like a tornado hit it. Twice. Craig comes up with the pistol. Pinky jumps on the ground.

**PINKY:**

Don't kill me.

Craig is exhausted. He stands over Pinky with the gun.

**CRAIG:**

Shut up. I been trying to tell yo' ass that... Day-Day is my cousin. They're right there in the back.

**PINKY:**

Whatever you say, man. I didn't see

shit. The safe combination is 34-5-27.  
Just take it all.  
Just then, Day-Day and Roach come from the back.  
DAY-DAY  
Craig, what the hell are you doing?

**CRAIG:**

Nothing.

**PINKY:**

Day-Day, is this your cousin?

DAY-DAY

Yeah.

**PINKY:**

Good. You fired...and, Roach, your fired  
too.

**ROACH:**

Why me?

**PINKY:**

I smell weed.

He looks up at Craig.

PINKY (cont'd)

And you...you lucky. I was just about to  
get in yo' ass. Now give me my pistol  
back and get the hell out my store.

Craig looks at Day-Day. Day-Day looks back at him. Nobody's  
high now.

EXT. FREEWAY - MONTAGE SEQUENCE - AFTERNOON

Mr. Jones' dog truck is weaving in and out of traffic.

INT. TRUCK - MONTAGE SEQUENCE - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Jones is driving and eating at the same time. He  
finishes off the last few bites of his sandwich.

MR. JONES

Just hold on, Craig. I'm on my way.

INT. BACK OF TRUCK - MONTAGE SEQUENCE

Debo and Ezal are smashed inside the dog cages.

**EZAL:**

Debo! Debo!

**DEBO:**

What?

**EZAL:**

I can't feel my legs no more.

**DEBO:**

Me neither. How far is Rancho Cucamonga?

**EZAL:**

I don't know.

EXT. UNCLE ELROY'S STREET - MONTAGE SEQUENCE

The Beamer pulls into the driveway. Our trio get out with very long faces.

CRAIG (V.O.)

In a strange way, I feel responsible for Day-Day getting fired. If I wouldn't have fought Pinky, and gave Day-Day the joint, he'd still have a job.

Day-Day walks into the house while Craig and Roach stay out on the porch.

INT. UNCLE ELROY'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS - MONTAGE SEQUENCE

Uncle Elroy opens his bedroom door wearing a S&M mask and holding a tube of KY jelly. He removes the mask. Day-Day hands him the notice. Uncle Elroy takes it with his greasy hands.

**UNCLE ELROY:**

Ah damn. Damn.

DAY-DAY

I got fired too.

**UNCLE ELROY:**

What?!

He starts to beat Day-Day with a sex toy.

EXT. FREEWAY - MONTAGE SEQUENCE - AFTERNOON

The dog truck exits the freeway. He pulls into a gas station by the freeway. He stops near the restrooms and jumps out, air freshner in hand. When he gets to the door, it's locked.

MR. JONES

Damn.

He knocks.

MR. JONES (cont'd)

Say, man, hurry up. We got an emergency out here.

No answer. Mr. Jones paces nervously.

MR. JONES (cont'd)

I knew I shouldn't have ordered that extra hot sauce.

EXT. UNCLE ELROY'S PORCH - MONTAGE SEQUENCE - LATE AFTERNOON

Craig and Day-Day are trying to think. Roach is practicing skateboard moves. He's not very good.

DAY-DAY

Man, sit down.

EXT. GAS STATION RESTROOM - MONTAGE SEQUENCE

He knocks again.

MR. JONES

Say, man, what the hell you doing in there? Open the door.

Just then the door opens and out walks MICHAEL JORDAN.

**MICHAEL JORDAN:**

Don't nobody go in the bathroom for about 35, 40 minutes.

Mr. Jones is stunned.

MR. JONES

Hey, you that boy?

Jordan jumps in his car and he's gone. Mr. Jones is happy he's just seen Michael Jordan.

MR. JONES (cont'd)

(smiling)

Ain't that something, Michael Jordan.

He walks in the bathroom.

**INSIDE:**

Reality hits, it stinks up in there. Mr. Jones fronds.

MR. JONES (cont'd)

Oh, Michael, that boy better check his drawls.

He starts to spray.

EXT. UNCLE ELROY'S PORCH - MONTAGE SEQUENCE - LATE AFTERNOON

Craig, Day-Day and Roach are sitting on the porch thinking.

DAY-DAY

What we gonna do?

**CRAIG:**

I don't know yet.

**ROACH:**

I know what I'mma do. Go home and face the music. My dad is gonna kick my ass for getting fired again.

He gets on his skateboard.

DAY-DAY

Alright, Roach, see you around.

**CRAIG:**

Sorry about today, man.

**ROACH:**

Yeah, me too. Later.

He attempts to jump off the porch with his board and lands dead on his ass once again. His board continues to roll.

DAY-DAY

Man, sit down. I can't think with you falling everywhere.

His board continues to roll into the street. At this same time, Joker's low-rider rolls by and breaks his board in two. Roach runs to pick up the pieces.

**ROACH:**

My board!

The Joker Bros. back their low-rider into the driveway. They have no sympathy. Cheeco (the pitbull) is in the back yard. He's happy to see them.

They stroll into the house with three Mexican girls with them. Joker spots our trio looking.

**JOKER:**

What the fuck you looking at?

DAY-DAY

Nothing.

**ROACH:**

You ran over my board!

**JOKER:**

So what? It shouldn't have been in the street.

They disappear into the house.

**BACK ON PORCH:**

Craig has a twinkle in his eyes and Roach walks over, pissed.

**ROACH:**

Who the fuck is that, Day-Day?

DAY-DAY

Let it go, Roach, trust me.

**ROACH:**

I'm not letting nothing go. They killed my board.

DAY-DAY

Let it go!

Craig is looking over at the Joker's house. Baby Joker walks out the front door. He walks over to the rider and POPS the TRUNK.

**CRAIG:**

Wait. Check'em out.

Baby Joker pulls out a chrome hydraulic pump. He carries it towards the house. Cheeco starts to hump his leg.

**BABY JOKER:**

Get down.

Baby Joker drops the pump, something falls out. (We can't see what it is.) Baby Joker quickly puts it back.

**BACK ON PORCH:**

**CRAIG:**

You see that?

DAY-DAY

I didn't see nothing.

**ROACH:**

Me neither.

**CRAIG:**

It's something in that hydraulic pump.

DAY-DAY

Yeah, air.

**CRAIG:**

Naw. I bet'cha it's something better than air.

DAY-DAY

How you know? It could be anything.

**CRAIG:**

I don't know, and it could be anything.  
But I just say we go take a look.

**ROACH:**

I say we go over there and kick their  
asses. I can take the little one.

DAY-DAY

Are you out your mind? I'm not messing  
with them S.A.'s boy. You must be crazy.

**CRAIG:**

Could be. Rather be crazy than homeless.  
Now all we need is a big pack of baloney.  
Day-Day and Roach look at each other.

**BOTH:**

Baloney??

INT. JOKER'S HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

The private party is starting to heat up. Big Joker sits on  
the couch with a PRETTY YOUNG GIRL on his lap. He's smoking  
on a perfectly rolled cone joint. Li'l Joker dances with the  
other girlfriend, as an OLD SCHOOL JAM PLAYS in the B.G. The  
other seniorita is pouring herself a drink.  
Karla walks into the room.

**KARLA:**

I thought you were taking me to see Mama?

**JOKER:**

I'll take you later.

**KARLA:**

When? After you get all drunk and  
loaded?

**JOKER:**

Hey! I said I'll take your fuckin' ass  
later. Now get out of here. You're  
scaring our company.

Karla storms out the room. Baby Joker walks in carrying the  
chrome pump.



JOKER (cont'd)

Get up.

The Pretty Girl moves off Joker's lap.

JOKER (cont'd)

Take it in the room.

Baby Joker carries the pump in the bedroom. Joker is close behind. He SLAMS the DOOR. The Girl dancing with Li'l Joker gets too nosy.

GIRL #1

What was that?

LI'L JOKER

What was what?

GIRL #1

That silver thing.

LI'L JOKER

I didn't see no silver thing, and neither did you.

EXT. UNCLE ELROY'S STREET - CONTINUOUS

Craig, Day-Day and Roach are sneaking across the street towards Joker's house. Craig looks calm. Day-Day looks nervous. Roach eats on a piece of baloney.

DAY-DAY

This ain't gonna work. I'm going back.

Day-Day tries to turn around. Craig grabs him.

**CRAIG:**

It's about to work, just come on.

**ROACH:**

(about to bite baloney)

What about the dog?

Craig slaps the baloney out of his hand.

**CRAIG:**

That's what the baloney's for!

All three kneel down next to a parked car. Day-Day looks sick.

DAY-DAY

Man, I don't think I can do this, Craig.

I got the B-G's.

**CRAIG:**

What's the B-G's?

DAY-DAY

(holding his stomach)

The bubble guts. I'm so nervous it feels like I'mma shit on myself.

**ROACH:**

Try an' hold it, man. Squeeze your ass cheeks together.

DAY-DAY

Butterflies, my ass. I'm about to go home.

Craig grabs Day-Day again.

**CRAIG:**

Look, Day-Day. If we don't go over there and take a look, this might be the last night you got a home. Now trust me.

Day-Day realizes that Craig is right. He takes a deep breath.

CRAIG (cont'd)

Now all we gotta do is find out where the little one put that pump. Take it and see what's in it.

DAY-DAY

You make it sound so easy.

**CRAIG:**

It is easy. You know why? 'Cause they're not expecting it.

Now, Roach, you gotta occupy Cheeco.

Long enough for me and Day-Day to take a good look.

**ROACH:**

Dude, dogs hate me. I don't know why.

Me and K-9's just don't get along.

**CRAIG:**

Well get along with this one.

(pushing Roach)

Go ahead of us. Don't get seen and don't let that mutt out of your sight.

**ROACH:**

Fuck, what's his name?

**CRAIG:**

Cheeco.

Roach crawls away on his hands and knees.

EXT. JOKER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Roach sneaks past Joker's lowrider. He slowly approaches the fence. No sign of Cheeco. Roach opens the pack of baloney and pulls out a slice.

**ROACH:**

(nervous whisper)

Here, Cheeco. Chee-co, here boy. That's a good boy.

It's pitch-black behind the fence, still no Cheeco.

PARKED CAR - SAME TIME

Craig makes a move.

**CRAIG:**

Come on, he should have'em by now.

Day-Day follows.

DAY-DAY

Hurry up. He didn't have that much baloney.

They sneak up to the side of the house. The MUSIC is BLEEDING THROUGH the walls.

**INSIDE HOUSE:**

Li'l Joker is dancing with all 3 girls. They're all getting high and feeling good. One girl has come out of her blouse. The others start to follow her lead.

LI'L JOKER

(yelling towards bedroom)

Hey, homes, you guys better hurry up!

I'mma get greedy.

**BACK OUTSIDE:**

Craig and Day-Day are peeking through the window. Craig moves on. Day-Day is still watching.

DAY-DAY

(to himself)

Look at those tig-ole-bitties

Craig snatches him from the window. They walk over to the fence.

**CRAIG:**

You go first.  
DAY-DAY  
Naw, you go first.

**CRAIG:**

You go first.  
DAY-DAY  
No.

**CRAIG:**

Day-Day, if you don't hop that fence  
I'mma throw you over.  
DAY-DAY  
I ain't scared of you. We ain't little  
no more.  
Day-Day gets ready to fight.

**CRAIG:**

What?  
Craig jumps like he's going to hit him. Day-Day jumps back  
and almost falls.  
DAY-DAY  
I hope to God that dog is happy.

**CRAIG:**

Me too.

**ROACH:**

...is having no luck. Cheeco is nowhere to be found. Roach  
starts to sing.

**ROACH:**

My baloney has a first name. It's C-h-e-  
e-c-o.

We hear a MEAN GROWL out of the darkness. Roach continues.

ROACH (cont'd)

My baloney has a second name it just like  
the first Cheeco.

GROWLING gets LOWER.

ROACH (cont'd)

Oooooohhhh I love to eat it everyday if  
you ask me what I'll say.

We can hear TINY FOOTSTEPS RUNNING at Roach.

ROACH (cont'd)

Cheeco's got to be the dumbest fuckin'  
mutt in the whole wide U.S.A.

CHEECO is running at Roach full speed. He jumps on the fence  
and starts to BARK with everything he's got. Roach drops the  
baloney.

CRAIG AND DAY-DAY

...hear the DOG BARKING and freeze in their tracks. Day-Day  
tries to run. Craig grabs him, again.

**CRAIG:**

Wait.

DAY-DAY

(loud whisper)

Wait for what?

A LOT of BARKING. Nothing coming.

**CRAIG:**

He's still over by Roach.

**ROACH:**

...picks up the baloney and stuffs the whole pack into his  
mouth. CHEECO is SILENCED. Roach is relieved.

INSIDE JOKER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The chrome pump is open and filled with money. Baby Joker's  
pulling out the money while Joker sits on the bed counting  
it. They stop when they hear CHEECO BARKING.

**BABY JOKER:**

Want me to take a look?

**JOKER:**

No, keep working.

In the mirror behind Joker, we see a stick slide through the  
curtain. The curtain cracks just enough to see Craig's eye  
looking in.

Just then, Li'l Joker bursts through the door with his shirt  
off and two half-naked girls on his arms.

LI'L JOKER

Yo, man fuck that shit. Do it later.

It's Friday, time to party, SA.

**JOKER:**

Close the door.

LI'L JOKER

Not until you come party with us, man.  
Baby Joker looks at the girls, then at Joker.

**JOKER:**

Alright, put it in that drawer.  
Joker hands Baby Joker the money. He puts it away. They start to exit the room.

OUTSIDE JOKER'S BEDROOM WINDOW - CONTINUOUS

Craig is still looking. Day-Day is scared shitless. He's looking for Cheeco.

DAY-DAY

(whispering)

What you see?

**CRAIG:**

That pump was full of money. I saw where they put it. Stay right here, I'mma climb in and go get it.

DAY-DAY

Wait here? So Cheeco can bite my ass off? Tell me where it is I'll do it.

**CRAIG:**

No, man, just wait.

Craig climbs in the window. Day-Day holds his stomach.

DAY-DAY

I got the B-G's.

**ROACH:**

... his meat supply is almost gone. He tries to think fast. Cheeco starts to look for more meat. Roach grabs the smashed brownie out of his pocket and throws it to Cheeco. He swallows it in one big gulp. He's looking for more. There is no more. Roach smiles. CHEECO GROWLS.

**ROACH:**

Good boy. Nice dog.

CHEECO'S STILL GROWLING. Suddenly Cheeco falls back on his butt and lets out a slight moan.

CHEECO'S POV

Cheeco is looking up at Roach. He's seeing double, even triple. Cheeco lays down. It looks like he's faded.

**ROACH:**

No lungs, baby. No lungs.

INSIDE JOKER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Craig is in. The bedroom door is cracked. Craig walks over and shuts the door gently. He locks it. Then he creeps over to the dresser. He pulls out the pump and sets it on the bed. He opens it, revealing all the bundled-up money packed in. He starts to stuff it in his pockets.

OUTSIDE JOKER'S BEDROOM WINDOW - CONTINUOUS

Day-Day is trying to keep his composure.

INT. DEN - CONTINUOUS

The SA brothers are having a good time. Joker is getting nasty with one of the Girls. He pulls her by the hand.

GIRL #2

No.

**JOKER:**

Fuck that.

Joker picks her up and carries her to the bedroom. She screams. He laughs. He goes for the door. It's locked.

JOKER (cont'd)

Who locked this door?

Everybody looks confused.

JOKER (cont'd)

Who locked this fuckin' door?!

Joker starts to kick the door.

INSIDE JOKER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Craig hurries to put the pump back. He's about to go for the

**window when:**

can do is go for another door on the other side of the room.

BANG! The door flies open and Craig is out there just in time.

**JOKER:**

I don't want no doors locked around here.

You hear me?

Joker walks in and hits the lights. He throws the girl on the bed.

GIRL #2

Oh, poppy, I like it rough.

**JOKER:**

(taking off shirt)

Good, 'cause that's how you gonna get it.

INT. JOKER'S HOUSE - STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

Baby Joker has his back turned when we see Craig sprint behind him and up the stairs. Baby Joker turns around. He thinks he saw something. He slowly starts to walk up the stairs.

LI'L JOKER

Karla!

INT. KARLA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Karla is in her room working out. Craig runs in. He's shocked to see her. She doesn't see him, but he's frozen. Then she turns around and he startles her.

**KARLA:**

What are you doing?

Think fast, Craig.

**CRAIG:**

Huh?

**KARLA:**

What are you doing here?

**CRAIG:**

I hope you don't think I'm crazy, but I just had to come in here and show you I ain't scared of yo' punk ass brothers...and you wouldn't have be scared of 'em neither if you had a man like me in yo' life.

**KARLA:**

What?? So you snuck in my room to tell me that?

**CRAIG:**

Yes I did. Excuse me.

Her door flies open. Smashing Craig behind it. It's Li'l Joker.

LI'L JOKER

Who you talking to?

Craig looks nervous.

**KARLA:**

Nobody.



LI'L JOKER

I heard a voice.

**KARLA:**

No you didn't. Get out my room. Go back down to your little girlfriends.

Karla pushes Li'l Joker out.

OUTSIDE JOKER'S BEDROOM WINDOW - CONTINUOUS

Day-Day is having a fit.

GIRL #2 (O.S.)

Shut the window.

JOKER (O.S.)

You shut the window.

She does.

DAY-DAY

Oh shit.

Day-Day takes off. He hops the fence in record speed.

**CHEECO:**

...is laying on his back looking through the fence. He's calm and cool now.

**OTHER SIDE:**

Roach is on his back looking through the fence. He hits a joint and blows the smoke into Cheeco's face.

**ROACH:**

...like I was saying. A guy like me, and a dog like you, don't need this bullshit.

We need to be in Maui renting jet ski to fat funks in flower shirts. You feel me,

C?

Cheeco is passed out. Day-Day sneaks around the corner. He whispers.

DAY-DAY

Roach...Roach, come on.

**ROACH:**

Where's Craig?

DAY-DAY

He's inside the house?

**ROACH:**

Why did he go in the house?

DAY-DAY

Don't worry about it. We gotta figure out a way to get Craig out of there. He's probably getting tied up now.

INT. KARLA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Craig is sweating. Karla is standing in front of him.

**KARLA:**

You did all this for me?

**CRAIG:**

Most of it. I just hate to see you in this situation.

**KARLA:**

Thanks for noticing. It used ta be peaceful before they got out. Took over the house and caused my mother's nervous breakdown.

**CRAIG:**

Why didn't she put'em out?

**KARLA:**

Easier said than done. We saved up to get away from them, but they followed us.

**CRAIG:**

I'm sorry to hear that.

Craig walks over to the window.

CRAIG (cont'd)

Can I get out this way?

Karla walks up behind him, looking very sexy.

**KARLA:**

I thought you came up here to see me.

Craig turns around.

**CRAIG:**

I did. Is that door locked?

**KARLA:**

It's locked.

**CRAIG:**

Make sure.

Karla turns around to check the door.

**KARLA:**

You so nervous, I already locked this door.

Craig drops a thick roll of money into her purse. She shakes the knob.

KARLA (cont'd)

See. All locked.

She walks over to him. They're face-to-face.

KARLA (cont'd)

What's your hurry?

**CRAIG:**

I got my cousin Day-Day waiting for me.

**KARLA:**

(getting even closer)

So what? Let's make'em wait.

Craig looks AT the CAMERA.

**CRAIG:**

I be damn.

EXT. JOKER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Day-Day and Roach are at Joker's front door.

DAY-DAY

You wanna knock?

**ROACH:**

Go for it.

Day-Day knocks real soft. Too soft.

ROACH (cont'd)

No one's gonna hear that. The music's playing.

DAY-DAY

'Scuse me, partner, but that's a ghetto knock.

**ROACH:**

This is a knock.

Roach starts to kick on the door with his foot. It's very loud.

INT. DEN - CONTINUOUS

Joker storms in with the AK. Li'l Joker is in the corner with his girl, and Baby Joker is on the floor. Joker TURNS DOWN THE STEREO.

**JOKER:**

You fuckin' lover boys hear that?

**BABY JOKER:**

Hear what?

The KNOCKING continues. Li'l Joker and Baby Joker push the girls aside and jump up. Li'l Joker grabs a big knife. Baby Joker grabs a 9mm. Joker looks at the girls.

**JOKER:**

Don't fuckin' move.

They won't. The brothers run to the door.

**OUTSIDE:**

Roach is still kicking.

DAY-DAY

What's wrong with you, fool. Stop kicking their door. They might think we the police.

The front door swings open and before we know it. Day-Day's got an AK pointed in his face, and Roach is looking at a 9 close up.

**JOKER:**

What the fuck you want?

Day-Day's tongue doesn't work.

DAY-DAY

Uh...um...I mean uh, can we borrow a cup of sugar?

**JOKER:**

What?! This look like a 7-11 or something? Get the fuck outta here!

DAY-DAY

(starts to leave)

Alright, no problem. We gone.

**ROACH:**

Hold on. A man, you broke my fuckin'

board and I don't appreciate it.

Immediately Day-Day and Roach are snatched inside the house, and the door is SLAMMED.

EXT. UNCLE ELROY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Jones' dog truck pulls to a stop. He gets out and runs to the house. He KNOCKS. Uncle Elroy answers. Suga is looking over his shoulder.

MR. JONES

I got your message. Where's Craig?

**UNCLE ELROY:**

I don't know, I didn't leave you no damn message!

MR. JONES

You didn't call the Sandwich Joint with a urgent message?

**UNCLE ELROY:**

Hell naw, Willie. Them fleas and tics must be sucking on yo' brain!

MR. JONES

Somebody left me a message. Well where's Craig and Day-Day?

**UNCLE ELROY:**

I don't know. Suga, go ask Miss Ho Kym if she seen them.

EXT. KARLA'S BEDROOM WINDOW - CONTINUOUS

Craig is about to climb out the window.

**KARLA:**

Next time, page me first.

**CRAIG:**

Okay.

Craig climbs out the window. He loses his footing and free falls into some bushes.

**KARLA:**

You alright?

**CRAIG:**

Yeah, I'm cool. See you later.

He runs past a sleeping Cheeco and hops the fence. Free at

last. He's about to run back across the street when he sees the dog truck.

CRAIG (cont'd)

What is he doing here?

Craig ducks back.

INT. JOKER'S HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

Day-Day and Roach are sitting on a couch looking nervous.

The Joker brothers hold guns on them. The three half-dressed Mexican Girls look a bit scared themselves.

DAY-DAY

Look, man, this is a big misunderstanding. All we wanted to do is borrow some sugar.

**ROACH:**

And some rolling papers.

DAY-DAY

...and some rolling papers, that's it.

We didn't mean to mess up y'all get together or nothing.

(to the Girls)

How y'all doing?

They answer --

**GIRLS:**

Fine.

DAY-DAY

That's good. My name's Day-Day and this is my friend, Roach.

**ROACH:**

(waving)

Hey.

DAY-DAY

Ya'll live around here?

**JOKER:**

Shut up! Both of you right now!

DAY-DAY

(to Roach)

Shhhh! Roach, shut the fuck up.

**JOKER:**

I don't believe this sugar shit.

Something ain't right.

Joker thinks for a moment. Then he turns to Baby Joker.

JOKER (cont'd)

(in Spanish)

Go check on the money.

Baby Joker obeys the order.

LI'L JOKER

Here comes Karla, put the guns away.

**JOKER:**

Keep your mouth shut.

Karla walks back in.

**KARLA:**

Hey, what's going on?

**JOKER:**

Nothing. What you want?

**KARLA:**

Are you going to take me to see Mom?

**JOKER:**

Take your car.

**KARLA:**

'Take your car?'

**JOKER:**

Yeah, and hurry up.

Karla doesn't believe it.

**KARLA:**

Okay.

She grabs the keys off the bar.

KARLA (cont'd)

I'll be back in a bit. 'Bye.

She's out the door. Joker turns to Day-Day and Roach.

**JOKER:**

If everything's alright. We might let you leave, too.

EXT. UNCLE ELROY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The front door swings open. It's Uncle Elroy.

**UNCLE ELROY:**

Craig, where the hell you been?

Mr. Jones pops up. So does Suga and Miss Ho Kym.

MR. JONES

Hold up, Elroy, that's my boy. Craig,  
what the hell wrong with you? Where you  
been?

**CRAIG:**

Have you seen Day-Day?

**UNCLE ELROY:**

No. Thought he was with you.

**CRAIG:**

Daddy, Uncle Elroy, I need your help.

He steps in the house and closes the door behind him.

INT. JOKER'S HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

It's the same scene as before. Two angry Mexicans, three  
half-naked Girls, plus Day-Day and Roach in the middle. Baby  
Joker returns.

**BABY JOKER:**

(in Spanish)

Some of the money is missing.

**JOKER:**

(upset)

What?!?!

DAY-DAY

What?!

(as he looks at Roach)

What that mean?

**ROACH:**

I don't know.

**JOKER:**

It means you Miyateas are staying with  
us.

(to Baby Joker)

Get the duct tape.

(to Li'l Joker)



You know what to do.

Li'l Joker turns to the girls.

LI'L JOKER

Put your clothes back on.

The scared Girls start to dress.

EXT. JOKER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Karla backs up the rider and she's out. The Joker house looks quiet. Then the door opens and three Girls walk out.

LI'L JOKER

Sorry you gotta walk, but I'll call you tomorrow.

The Girls take off down the street. The porch lights go out.

INT. UNCLE ELROY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Craig, Mr. Jones, Uncle Elroy, Suga and Miss Ho Kym are peeking out the window.

**CRAIG:**

You see that?

MR. JONES

I saw it.

**UNCLE ELROY:**

Me, too. You think they're in there?

**CRAIG:**

Yup.

**MISS HO KYM:**

Why for? Them boys are real player haters.

**CRAIG:**

It's a long story. Right now we gotta do somethin'.

MR. JONES

You come way out here to get into more trouble. You could've stayed at home.

**UNCLE ELROY:**

Willie, shut up. Yo' old ass need to get in a little bit o' trouble sometimes.

MR. JONES

(rolling up his sleeve)

Don't get it twisted, Elroy. I ain't

lost none of my street skills.

**SUGA:**

If ya'll don't come back not in ten minutes, I'mma callin' the po'lice.

Craig, Uncle Elroy and Mr. Jones are about to go on a mission.

**UNCLE ELROY:**

Wait a minute. I gotta go get my shit.

Uncle Elroy runs upstairs.

INT. JOKER'S HOUSE - DEN - CONTINUOUS

Li'l Joker is almost finished duct-taping Day-Day and Roach.

Baby Joker holds the AK. Joker paces the floor. Day-Day and Roach try to make peace by singing an old "War" song. Day-Day is serious.

DAY-DAY & ROACH

'Why can't we be friends? Why can't we be friends? Why can't we be friends? Why can't we be friends?'...

DAY-DAY

(still singing)

'I hope my cousin call the C.I.A.'

Joker throws a BOTTLE against the wall. It SHATTERS into a million pieces.

**JOKER:**

Shut the fuck up!

The singing stops.

JOKER (cont'd)

If you don't tell me where my money is, I'mma show you how close we can get.

DAY-DAY

Money? Man, we came over here from some sugar and rolling papers. We was going to get high, and I was going to show this white boy how to make Kool-Aid. That's all.

**ROACH:**

Hey, mister Joker, have a heart, bro.

It's Friday.

Joker walks over to Roach and kicks him in the mouth.

**JOKER:**

I'm hearing a lot of talking, but I'm not hearing the right words.

**BABY JOKER:**

Maybe the other guy took it.

DAY-DAY

Why would he take it? He don't even know you.

**JOKER:**

(thinking)

Shut up! Where's that other miyatea?

EXT. JOKER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Uncle Elroy catches up with Craig and Mr. Jones on the side of Joker's house. He has a big chrome .357 magnum.

**CRAIG:**

That's a nice piece of heat right there.

**UNCLE ELROY:**

Thank you. I only got two bullets in the mothafucka, but it's better than nothing.

MR. JONES

Two bullets? Yo' ass ain't changed.

Back in the day, all I had was a stick.

**CRAIG:**

Come on.

They sneak over to the fence.

**UNCLE ELROY:**

What about that ugly dog?

MR. JONES

I got my mase.

**CRAIG:**

He's on the other side, sleep.

They start to hop the fence.

**ON CHEECO:**

...starts to awake. He tries to stand up and stumbles back on his face. He lets out ANOTHER MOAN.

ON CRAIG AND UNCLE ELROY

Craig is over the fence. Mr. Jones is over But Uncle Elroy is having a little trouble.

CRAIG (cont'd)

Need some help?

MR. JONES

Need to lose some weight.

**UNCLE ELROY:**

Shut yo' ass up.

Uncle Elroy falls off the fence.

UNCLE ELROY (cont'd)

Damn.

Craig & Mr. Jones helps him up. They creep over to the window - the shades are pulled down.

**CRAIG:**

I'm not sure, but I think they're in this room.

INT. JOKER'S HOUSE - DEN - CONTINUOUS

Joker is getting tired of the games. And Day-Day is pleading for his life.

**JOKER:**

Tape his mouth shut.

DAY-DAY

Joker, a man like yourself can do a lot for this community. By letting us go, you can improve black and brown relations.

**ROACH:**

Yeah, brown and white relations, too.

Day-Day looks at Roach.

DAY-DAY

Boy, you gonna get us killed.

Li'l Joker grabs Day-Day and tapes his mouth shut. He does the same to Roach.

**JOKER:**

I'm sick and tired of bullshitting with you guys.

(in Spanish)

Baby brother, go get the chainsaw.

Baby Joker hands him the AK and he's gone. Day-Day and Roach

look terrified. Everything has turned serious.  
INT. MR. JONES' DOG TRUCK - CONTINUOUS  
Debo and Ezal are still asleep. Debo wakes first.

**DEBO:**

Ezal! Ezal!

**EZAL:**

Huh?

**DEBO:**

We must be here 'cause we stopped.

**EZAL:**

Good, let's get out.

They both try to get out. But it's no way to get out from the inside.

**DEBO:**

Hey, how you get out of here.

**EZAL:**

I don't know.

They both start to go nuts on the door.

**OUTSIDE:**

The dog truck is shaking like crazy.

EXT. JOKER'S BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Baby Joker walks out the back door. He stops in the middle of the yard.

**BABY JOKER:**

Cheeco! Cheeco! Here, boy!

No Cheeco. He continues to a shed in the back yard. He goes inside and picks up a chainsaw. On his way out the shed, he's slapped in the face with a "Big Ass Stick." Mr. Jones is working the handle.

Baby Joker is out cold. Mr. Jones stands over him.

MR. JONES

Nigga, you got knock the fuck out.

**CRAIG:**

Yeah, pops!

**UNCLE ELROY:**

Damn, big bro. You swung that like Sammy Sosa.

MR. JONES

The skills are still intact. Now tie his ass up, Elroy.

He does.

INT. JOKER'S HOUSE - DEN - CONTINUOUS

The terror continues.

**JOKER:**

My little brother went out to get my chainsaw. I'mma show you what happens to fools who don't tell me what I wanna hear. You ever see Scarface, mothafucka? Day-Day starts to cry. Roach tries to scream through the tape. Joker turns to Li'l Joker.

JOKER (cont'd)

Go see what's taking him so long.

Li'l Joker obeys. We FOLLOW Li'l Joker THROUGH the house and OUT the back door.

EXT. JOKER'S BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Li'l Joker stands at the back door.

LI'L JOKER

Junior?! Junior?!

No answer. Suddenly he spots something over by the shed. It's Baby Joker all ties up.

LI'L JOKER (cont'd)

What the...

He runs to the rescue. But right before he gets to him, Uncle Elroy jumps out the bushes and takes him. "Ronnie Lott Style." Mr. Jones steps in with the stick. Craig steps in with the rope, and it's over. Uncle Elroy's hurt. It's his back.

**UNCLE ELROY:**

(in pain)

My back.

MR. JONES

What's the matter?

**UNCLE ELROY:**

I slip my disc, again... Oh got damn. Craig goes to assist Uncle Elroy.

**CRAIG:**

Stretch it out.

**UNCLE ELROY:**

Don't move me.

INT. JOKER'S HOUSE - DEN - CONTINUOUS

Joker is pissed.

**JOKER:**

Where are these fucking guys?

He storms out the room. Day-Day and Roach try to escape.

They flap around on the ground like a fish out of water.

EXT. JOKER'S BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

The back door flies open. Joker appears with the AK-47 in hand. He spots Uncle Elroy in the middle of the yard bent over. He lifts the AK.

**JOKER:**

What you doing here?

**UNCLE ELROY:**

I lost something, nigga. What it look like?

**JOKER:**

Looks like a dead man.

Out of nowhere, Craig hits Joker from the back. He flies one way and the gun flies another. Now it's really on! Hand-to-hand combat. Craig vs. Joker. Right vs. wrong. Good vs. evil. You know how it go.

MR. JONES

Go to the body, Craig! Go to the body!

INT. JOKER'S HOUSE - DEN - CONTINUOUS

Day-Day and Roach have made it a little further to the door, but they still look like fish searching for H2O. Uncle Elroy stumbles in. He grabs a knife and starts to cut them loose.

**UNCLE ELROY:**

Boy, Day-Day, I'mma kick yo' ass for getting me into this mess and hurting my back! I moved out here to get away from this kinda shit!

EXT. JOKER'S BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Fight's still on. Craig is giving Joker the ass-whipping he deserves when Uncle Elroy, Day-Day and Roach reach the back porch.

DAY-DAY

Get 'em, Craig!

**ROACH:**

Bite his ear!

**UNCLE ELROY:**

What 'em! Watch 'em!

Joker takes a few more shots from Craig, then grabs Craig around the waist and slams him to the ground. Craig is hurt.

UNCLE ELROY (cont'd)

Get off yo' back, Craig!

Craig struggles with Joker, who now has the devil in his eyes.

**CRAIG:**

Ya'll mothafuckas help me!

Day-Day and Roach look at each other. They rush to Craig's aide. Joker spots them coming, he also spots the AK.

In SLOW MOTION, Day-Day and Roach dive on Joker...at the same time Joker dives for the AK. Day-Day and Roach land on top of Craig and our trio try to hurry to their feet. But as soon as they get up, they're looking down the barrel of an AK-47.

**JOKER:**

(smiling)

Say hello to my little friend.

BOOM!

Debo hits Joker from the back. Joker is out cold.

**DEBO:**

No way, Jose. This one is mine.

Ezal picks up the gun and hands it to Debo.

DEBO (cont'd)

Hi, Craig, remember me?

Craig knows he can't fight a gun. Everybody is helpless. We can hear SIRENS getting CLOSER and CLOSER. Suddenly, out of nowhere...

CHEECO!

The pitbull is back! And he's mad as hell. He runs through



everybody and jumps on Debo, knocking the gun from his hand. Craig and Day-Day jump on Debo. Roach WHISTLES, and Cheeco stops his attack on Debo.

Cheeco runs over to Roach and jumps in his arms. Roach's being licked to death by the pitbull.

DAY-DAY

Finally you got a bitch, huh, Roach?

**ROACH:**

He's a boy, dude.

EXT. JOKER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Out front, three sheriff cars swoop into the driveway. The cops jump out, guns drawn.

EXT. JOKER'S BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Debo and Ezal are tied up next to the Jokers.

**EZAL:**

Mr. Jones, we was just playin'. He made me do it.

Mr. Jones don't wanna hear it. Craig runs into the house. Uncle, Day-Day, Roach and Cheeco look at the five on the ground...it's over, or is it?

SHERIFF #3

Freeze, Sheriff's Department!

The SHERIFFS are on our heroes, guns drawn.

**UNCLE ELROY:**

Wait a minute! I live across the street!

**SHERIFF LADY:**

You do?

**UNCLE ELROY:**

Yeah. Paid cash.

DAY-DAY

They the ones you want.

EXT. UNCLE ELROY'S STREET - CONTINUOUS

Red and Blue lights flash through the neighborhood. Everyone is out their door looking at the action. The suburbs is starting to look like the ghetto for real.

Uncle Elroy is bent over.

**UNCLE ELROY:**

When my back gets better I'mma beat the

black off you, Day-Day.

DAY-DAY

I know. I'm sorry.

**UNCLE ELROY:**

Sorry, my ass.

Suga and Miss Ho Kym come running.

**SUGA:**

Elroy, what happen?

**UNCLE ELROY:**

I threw my back, again.

**SUGA:**

Aw, no lovin' tonight?

**UNCLE ELROY:**

Naw, baby, no lovin' tonight.

**SUGA:**

Come on, baby, let's go in the house.

**UNCLE ELROY:**

For what? We ain't gonna have no house  
after the auction tomorrow!

Everyone is sad.

**ROACH:**

Don't worry, bro, you, Suga, Day-Day and  
Craig can live with me and my parents.

'Til you get back on yo' feet.

**UNCLE ELROY:**

Thanks, Roach, but I can't accept that.

We're moving back to Watts where it's  
safe.

DAY-DAY

Where's Craig?

**UNCLE ELROY:**

I don't know.

MR. JONES

That boy just don't never learn.

EXT. JOKER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Craig steps out of Joker's front door carrying the chrome hydraulic pump.

**CRAIG:**

I love Fridays.

He walks past the cops and crosses the street.

**ROACH:**

There he go.

MR. JONES

What the hell is he carrying?

DAY-DAY

Property taxes, and a new candy-apple paint job.

They greet Craig and all start to walk towards the house.

INT. UNCLE ELROY'S STREET - NIGHT

The "Jefferson's" theme song, "Movin' On Up," PLAYS on the TV. Uncle Elroy is face down on the floor looking at the TV. Miss Ho Kym walks on his back with her shoes off. He moans in pleasure. Mr. Jones eats chicken wings.

MR. JONES

Jump up and down on him.

**MISS HO KYM:**

That's next.

**UNCLE ELROY:**

Don't listen to him. How much we got?

Suga is at the table counting money. She takes a few hundreds for herself.

**SUGA:**

We got forty-seven thousand, three hundred and fifteen dollars.

MR. JONES

Good Lord.

**MISS HO KYM:**

That's a whole lot of scrilla.

**UNCLE ELROY:**

It's gonna feel good to pay my taxes.  
Craig is tending to his wounds.

**CRAIG:**

You're welcome, Unc.

DAY-DAY

What about me?

**UNCLE ELROY:**

You didn't do nothing.

Roach and Cheeco are about to leave. He has a handful of money.

**ROACH:**

Hey, guys, I'm outta here.

DAY-DAY

Thanks for the help.

**ROACH:**

Hey, man, the pleasure's all mine.

Thanks for the dog, and the money. Maybe my dad won't kick my ass tonight.

DAY-DAY

Call me.

**ROACH:**

Okay, later, bro. Hey, Craig, nice smokin' wit'cha.

**CRAIG:**

You too.

MR. JONES

Smokin' what?

**CRAIG:**

Nothing.

**ROACH:**

Later, Mr. Jones. Bye, Suga.

**ALL:**

Bye, Roach.

Roach is gone. Day-Day shuts the door. Miss Ho Kym is finished. She steps off of Uncle Elroy.

**MISS HO KYM:**

All done. Stand up.  
Uncle Elroy gets up. He's better.

**UNCLE ELROY:**

Hey, that George Jefferson shit works.  
Thanks, Miss Kym.  
Uncle Elroy walks over to the table and grabs a stack of  
hundred-dollar bills. He hands it to Miss Ho Kym.

**MISS HO KYM:**

I can't accept.

**UNCLE ELROY:**

You better take this money.  
She takes the money.

**MISS HO KYM:**

(in Korean)  
Thank you.  
(in English)  
I can take a trip back to Korea now.  
Find a freak daddy, bring him back to  
America. Make 'em my bitch.

**SUGA:**

You go, girl.  
Uncle Elroy helps Miss Ho Kym out the door.  
MR. JONES  
Well, we better hit the road, too.  
Craig, get your stuff.

**UNCLE ELROY:**

Well, Craig, you're welcome anytime.  
Suga hugs Craig.

**SUGA:**

Yeah, baby, it's a shame you leavin'.  
Aunt Suga gonna miss yo.  
And the others have to agree.  
DAY-DAY  
You sure you don't wanna stay?

**CRAIG:**

Naw, I'm got live ghetto fabulous. make

sure you get that car fixed.

DAY-DAY

I will. When can I come visit?

**CRAIG:**

I don't know. Probably next Friday.

They're out the door.

EXT. UNCLE ELROY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

As we PULL BACK, all is well inside and outside Uncle Elroy's house. The suburbs are back to normal. They get in the car. Craig looks over at the Joker's house.

ANGLE ON JOKER'S HOUSE

Karla pulls up in the low-rider. They lock eyes and she blows him a kiss. He gives her a wink. They pull off. She goes in the house.

CRAIG (V.O.)

Well, all's well that ends well. Another Friday gone. Another problem solved.

It's a trip to know that things can get crazy in the suburbs, too. I can't wait to get back home...to the peace and quiet streets of South Central.

D'Wana's car pulls INTO FRAME. She stops in front of Uncle Elroy's house. Baby'D jumps out with a brick. She throws it through the back window of Day-Day's BMW. She jumps back in and they're gone...

THE END.