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Gridlock 'd

By Vondie Curtis-Hall

(STRETCH):

getting a penis implant.

(SPOON):

(STRETCH):

They've got these do-it-yourself implants, now.

(STRETCH):

but somebody's got to give you a hand.

(SPOON):

at me for? I'm not touching your dick!

(STRETCH):

(SPOON):

Cookie doesn't want to hear
that shit about your dick. Do you, baby?

Cookie?

Cookie?

Oh, shit! Cookie!

Don't do this to me, baby. Come on! Cookie!

Give me a fucking hand, would you?

- Fuck!

- Shit!

Fuck, fuck!

I knew this would fucking happen!

(SPOON):

(STRETCH):

(TV):

three, two, one... Happy New Year.!

(THUMPING SOUND)

(SPOON):

- **(SPOON):**

- **(STRETCH):**

- (SPOON):

- (STRETCH):

(SPOON):

we've got to put her in the tub.

(THUMPING SOUND CONTINUES)

(TV):

New Year's celebration...

(STRETCH):

the new year. Happy fucking New Year!

(SPOON):

(STRETCH):

(SPOON):

(STRETCH):

I don't fucking believe it!

I knew this shit was going to happen.

I fucking knew it!

Shut the fuck up!

(SPOON):

Cookie... Shit!

- We've got to get her to hospital

- Let's get her out of here.

(STRETCH):

- Hey!

- Fuck!

Fuck you!

Hey, come on!

(STRETCH):

- Who are you calling?

- Ambulance.

(SPOON):

He put me on hold! I can't believe it!

Cookie's fucking dying and he put me on hold!

Have him call back.
Hello? A woman's been shot,
a white woman, OK?
There's black people here shooting,
burning cars and talking about revolution.
You better send some motherfuckers out here!
They're on their way.
Don't worry, baby. They're coming.
(SLEEPILY) Happy New Year...
Dress those wounds!
May I help you?
Yeah, my friend has had a New Year's Eve party
and she had a little too much to drink.
She mixed it with some drugs.
- Overdose, sir?
- Yeah.
- Does she have insurance?
- I don't know.
- Your name, sir?
- EzekielWhitmore.
Fillthis out and bring it back.
My friend's standing here in a coma.
We need to see a doctor right away!
Fillthis out and bring it back.
It's alright, Cookie. OK. It's alright.
Everything's going to be OK.
We're at the hospital
Everything's going to be OK.
- Cn I see a doctor now, please?
- Just a minute, sir.
I need a Social Security number
and a Medicaid number, if she has one.
I'm assuming she does
since you put 'yes' in this box.
A photo ID and the address of her next of kin.
My fucking lady's going to die here.
We need a fucking doctor right now!
If I knew the numbers,
I would've written them down!
- I need a fucking doctor!
- You don't use that language with me.
You don't know me. Where did you get off
talking to me like to some tramp?
Nobody talks to me like that

when I'm trying to do my job,
because you know what? I'd let the bitch die!
- What is wrong, Gloria?
- That man has lost his mind.
Doc, the girl just OD'd
and hasn't said a word in an hour.
I'm as scared as fuck that she's going to die.
Gurney!

(COOKIE SCREAMING)

Get off me! Get off!
Let me go!
Shut up, shut up, shut up!
Shut the fuck up!

(COOKIE):

(STRETCH):

screaming. Then you make all this noise.
What's the matter, daddy?
You could've joined us.
You know I can't get it up in a crowd, baby.
Did you read my new poem?
I'm doing it tonight.
No, not yet.
What the fuck are you watching?
The men had their sex changed,
but now they're lesbian.
What?
The men had their sex changed,
but now they're lesbian.
Wait a minute. A man becomes a woman, yeah?
But he doesn't do it
to sleep with a man as a woman.
He does it to sleep with a woman as a woman.
Right.
So he cuts off his dick so he can sleep
with a woman without the equipment.
Right.
No. He could have saved a lot of money
giving women head and keeping his dick.
But then he wouldn't have been a woman.
Oh, right. Excuse me, I forgot that part.

(TV):

yourbaby's cousin. That's notright.

There are some

crazy motherfuckers in this world.

Where's my veggieburger?

- I don't know.

- I don't know.

Was that a veggieburger?

The shit tastes just like meat.

You greedy bastard. You ate it!

Which one of you fucks ate my veggieburger?

That shit's not funny! I am the vegetarian.

Buy your own fucking food.

(SPOON) :

Don't you just love people who smoke
three packs a day and say, ''I'm a vegetarian''.

Fuck that. You can talk to me about health
when you stop smoking, OK?

Oh, yeah? You talk to me about smoking
when you stop doing blow, asshole.

I win.

(DOCTOR) :

Just call me Spoon.

Stretch.

- Stretch...

- Alexander Rowlam.

Most people call me ''Stretch''.

It's stilltoo early to tell,

but, in all honesty, she may not make it.

We're doing allwe can.

We just have to wait and see.

Cn we see her?

I'm sorry.

Come on with the ''sorry''-shit, Doc!

Cn we see her?

It's not making sense.

It's not making any kind of sense.

(SPOON) :

Huh? What if she fucking dies?

Allthe things we talked about.

The things we wanted to do...

We could even help some people.

And she fucking dies getting high.
I don't want to go out like that, man.
No.
Ever felt that your luck's running out, man?
I mean...
Lately I've been feeling
like my luck's been running out.
Maybe Cookie OD'ing is some kind of sign.
I don't know. You know what I'm saying?
I'm kicking.
I'm kicking. Are you going to help me?
Get the fuck out of here.
I'm serious. I mean...
We don't even get high off the shit any more.
We just do it to keep from getting sick.
That shit ain't fun no more.
Gentlemen. I'm afraid your time is up.

- (STRETCH):

- (SPOON):

(SPOON):

our New Year's resolution this year.
Stretch, I'm serious. I'm kicking
and I want you to do it with me.
Let me think about it.
OK. Brand-new 1,400-dollar video camera,
remarkably well-priced.
- 500 dollars, you can't beat that.

- (D-REPER):

- OK, 400.

- (D-REPER):

- 200?

- (D-REPER):

- 100?

- (D-REPER):

Alright. But you know
this is fucked-up, though?

(D-REPER):

You're giving me 83 dollars for
a 1,400-dollar camera? You're killing me here!
Where's the change? Give me the change.

(D-REPER):

(STRETCH):

(CAR ACCELERATING)

Fuck!

What did you say? My mama's a what?
You said some shit about my mama?
I said, ''Your mama's a junkie, bitch!''
- I kicked the motherfucker.

- (SPOON):

I knocked the motherfucker out.
I didn't need you to hit the motherfucker.
I'd have kicked his punk ass.
Know what I'm ''sizaying''?
- Let go with that Pig Latin shit.
- It's Bop.
- Bop?
- Yeah, from bebop.
Take the first letter and put ''iz'' behind it.
Then you add the rest of the word.
Like ''saying'' will be ''sizaying''.
''Cool'' will be ''cizool''.
You know what I'm ''sizaying''?
- Oh yeah?
- Yeah.
Yeah, that's just cool
I'm writing some of that bop stuff.
Yeah, Cee-Cee's playing
at The Spotnext week.
- Why don't you come check it out?
- What night are you playing?
Wednesday and Thursday.
- I'll be there.
- Yeah, I'm there.
Why aren't you happy to fuck off
right now? Come on, I've got shit to do.
Yeah, go on and get your
little crazy ass out of here, man.

I've been listening to you
talking shit for an hour.

- I've got other customers coming.
- Fuck you!

I've spent my money, I'll sit all day, nigger.
See, I told you. This motherfucker is crazy.
Fucking real crazy.

What the fuck did you call me?
'Nigger.'

Come on, man. This motherfucker
thinks he is black as shit.
Crazy-ass motherfucker.

Yeah.

You better go and get this motherfucker
out of my face before I shoot him.

Come on, Stretch.

Why am I always waiting for you?

For once in your life can you just come on?

I'm coming. I don't know why you're in
such a hurry. You ain't got shit to do.

- See you Thursday.
- Cool

You won't be seeing me for a while.

It's my last day getting high.

- New Year's resolution.
- No shit.
- Yeah.

- That's good, man. I'm real proud of you.

Shit, I need to kick myself, man.

Seems like I've been doing more dope
than I've been selling nowadays.

- **(STRETCH):**

- What about you, nigger?
- Good luck.
- Thanks.

I'll be pulling for you, my man.

Yeah, pull on this.

You've got to chill with that 'nigger'-shit, man.

You're comfortable with me, but don't

call me 'nigger' in front of black people.

They'll ask why I let a honky call me 'nigger'.

Term of fucking endearment.

It'll be a term of you getting your ass kicked.

You can't say that! ''Nigger''! You're not black!

You're going to say that shit

to the wrong person,

- and I swear to God I'll..

- Hey! Don't look up.

That's the guy you hit in the head.

Shit, those are definitely his plates!

- Why don't you go back and kick his ass?

- Fuck you! You think I won't?

Think I fucking won't?

Hey! My friend here was extremely disappointed with his purchase.

He was under the impression that batteries would be included.

(SPOON) :

Let them go.

That was close, way too fucking close.

Think we lost them?

(SPOON) :

Shit, I blew my high!

My last time getting high

and these motherfuckers blow it.

Hi, I'm trying to check on the condition of Ms Barbara Cook.

I brought her in last night.

Actually, it was this morning.

He could have fucking shot us!

(SPOON) :

OK, thanks.

No change. Critical condition.

I think you're right

about this ''luck running out''-shit.

We're fucking broke. Cookie paid the rent for the last three months.

- (STRETCH) :

- Yeah. You're right.

(TV) :

theprivacy ofyourown home, fine,
butbreast-feeding inpublic

is downright disgusting.
This is Skip Woods taking your calls.
When we return. Addicts - do we
really want to give them free needles.
We'll be right back with
'America - Love it or get the hell out'.
I hate that fucking guy.

- **(STRETCH):**

- Yeah?

I'm coming with you tomorrow.

That's good.

JAZZ MUSIC)

Crushed eyes stare

maimed minds wear

badges of intolerance

believing that it's their defence for me

Don't they see there's no hiding?

There's no hiding, yeah

Caged souls cry

black tongues lie

behind walls of ignorance

armed with indifference for me

Don't they see

there's no hiding from me?

There's no hiding from me

There's no hiding from me

So where are you going to go, huh?

(RADIO):

Welcome to 'The Sunrise Party'.

How many of you have already broken

their New Year's resolution. Give us a call

(STRETCH):

a fucking nightmare day, I just feel it.

(SPOON):

I said I'd kick,

but I didn't say I was going to like it.

- Oh, fuck!

- Shit!

I told you we should have left early.

Koolaid, how are you doing, nigger?

What's up, Pecker Wood?

- What are you doing here?
- What are you doing here?
- New Year's resolution.
- Me, too.

What's the point of turning getting high into a job, right? Getting high is supposed to be fun, right?

- What's going up, Spoon?
- How are you doing?

Did you hear about Kosher Dill?.

Oh, man! He got off light and went south.

- With some fine-ass Cuban bitch.
- Really?

I hear you're doing some kind of poetry shit, or something.

Yes, something.

- So how doth that shit be going?
- Good.
- When do the doors open?
- They're already open.

Is this your first time trying to get into rehab?

- Yeah.
- How about you, Grey Boy?
- Yeah.
- Have you all got a Medicaid card?

No.

You've got to have a Medicaid card to get into the programme.

Fuck, I ain't got no fucking Medicaid card.

Am I supposed to get out and get one now? Fuck that! If you sign up for the HIV test, they say they'll get you into the programme sooner. Otherwise, it takes six weeks. I ain't taking no damn HIV test.

(NURSE):

I didn't want to have to do this. What are you going to do? Press the cotton on that spot, please. OK, the results will be in tomorrow, gentlemen. You may go to the front desk to receive your 40 dollars.

Show them this yellow card.
Your name will be placed on
an HIV-tested waiting list.
It'll take a week to ten days to get into detox,
and you'll need to bring in your Medicaid
card at that time. Thanks, gentlemen.

Yeah, thanks...

..for nothing, bitch. I don't know
if I want to kick in ten fucking days.

Let's try St James'.

I want to stop by Mud and pick up some bags.

- It's not even 10 o'clock!

- But I haven't had a blow, yet.

No point in walking around sick.

Might as well save that 'til after detox.

I'm going to need some support
if we're going to do this.

I'm with you.

So, what the fuck happened?

You fucked your shit up.

A couple of motherfuckers
came in here and rushed me.

Pistol-whipped me and shit.

I owed the nigger some money,
but I told him I was going to pay him.

They slapped Cee-Cee around and whatnot.

- Damn!

- I'm alright.

- When did all this happen?

- Last night.

Right after you left.

- Right after we left?

- Yeah.

- So, D-Reper is a drug man.

- Yeah, I guess so.

(LATIN WOMAN):

I've been standing here for three hours.!

You people make me want to drink.

Yno me diga calmate.!

You want to fight with me.

I don't want to hear shit...

- What numbers have you got?

- B 1 and 2.

Fuck!

(SPOON) :

The three of you want to move, please?

Fuck...

Fucking great!

We're going to be here allfucking day.

No, we're not. Just chill

(LATIN WOMAN) :

but I still need your help, goddammit! Shit!

How are you doing, papa? You've got
beautiful eyes. God bless your eyes.

Avanta.!

(TANNY) :

NumberB 57...

Was that audience

fucking great tonight, or what?

(STRETCH) :

(SPOON) :

They ought to be good tonight.

I love it when you've got the audience
in the palm of your hand,
and they're resting there comfortably.

Then, bam! You crush those fuckers.

There's supposed to be some record
executives to check us out tonight.

Yeah? We're going to scare the shit out of them.

How much time have we got?

(SPOON) :

(THEY URINATE)

(COOKIE) :

(TANNY) :

Last callforB 97.

Number98.

- What?

- Your number's already been called, sir.

I was in the bathroom.

I just missed by a couple of numbers.

We're on number 8, sir.

You'll have to take another number.

- You've got to be kidding me!

- **(BLIND MAN):**

- Get back behind the line, asshole!

- I'm offering you a ticket, schmuck.

I always take an extra one for him.

These people are such stone-cold pigs.

- Thanks.

- Anytime, brother.

- **(STRETCH):**

- The centre is now for alcohol abuse only.

We no longer treat drug addiction.

Someone gave you the wrong information.

Fuck, fuck! Did anybody say anything

about St James' being for alcoholics only?

No, they didn't! Now, what do we have to do?

- Temporary Medicaid.

- What?

We go to Welfare, tell them it's an

emergency and we need to get into detox.

Spoon, I'm losing my patience with this shit!

- **(STRETCH):**

- **(SPOON):**

- What's up, fellas?

- Two dogs with everything.

- Two with everything.

- Give me the same with nothing on them.

You want the same

or two dogs with nothing on them?

- Are you a fucking comedian?

- Cn you help me out?

Get the fuck out of here, man!

Oh, man! I'm a veteran,

I've got disabilities, man.

- **(SPOON):**

- Stop busting my customers' balls.

- Get the fuck away from me!

- Yeah, that's nice. I like that.
I'm paying for the white guy.
Thanks.
- Two dogs with everything.
- Thanks.
- Two dogs with nothing on them.
- Get a fucking job!

(GUARD):

No food or beverages.
Right, hold my dogs 'til I come back.
Hold on, I've got to search you. Hands up.
(RINGING NOISE)
What's that?
Chain.
OK, turn around.
Thank you.
Empty your pockets, please.

(GUARD):

Turn around, please.
Thank you.
Thanks.

(SPOON):

She'll pullthrough.
She'd better.
Excuse me, sir. There's no smoking.
Look, bro. I said there's no smoking.

- (WOMAN):

- Happy now?
Hi, how are you doing, beautiful?.
Fine. May I help you?
We'd like to apply for temporary Medicaid cards.
- Are you on welfare?
- No.
You've got to be on welfare to get Medicaid.
The only reason we need Medicaid
is to get on a rehab programme today.
Sorry, but that's still going to take
four to six weeks.
We don't have four to six weeks, ma'am.
Next.

The problem is, it's going to Lansing
and back. These things take time.
Temporary Medicaid cards are issued
only for medical necessities.
Why is everything
such a fucking hassle with you guys?
I sit here in need of help, and you give
me bullshit about ''medical necessities''?
It is a fucking necessity for me
to get into fucking detox
before I kill some-motherfucking-body!
Do you understand what I'm fucking saying?
Yeah, I understand.
Oh, I understand.
Let me see if you understand this, my man:
Rules are rules.
Am I supposed to change them
because you sit across there screaming?
Take a look at you.
You fucking walk in here
after five, ten, however many years,
and because today is the day you decide to kick,
the whole fucking world is supposed to stop?!
Is that it?
We've all been waiting for the day
that you come through that door
and tell us you no longer
want to be a fucking dope fiend! Right?
Get the fuck away from my desk.
My brother, my brother.
Look, it's been a long day.
We're all stressed-out.
We've been getting the run-around
and we really don't know what to do.
Downtown...
Woodward and Jefferson.
Thanks a lot, my brother. Come on, man.
- Fuck it, I need a blow.
- I don't know, Spoon.
I'm just starting to feel a little fucked-up.
- OK.
- We'll be in and out.

(SPOON):

Hey, Mud!

Hey!

Mud?

- What the fuck?

- **(SPOON):**

- Oh, fuck!

- Oh, fuck!

- Don't touch him!

- **(SPOON):**

(SPOON):

- **(STRETCH):**

- **(COOKIE):**

(COOKIE):

- **(COOKIE):**

- **(SPOON):**

- **(SPOON):**

- **(STRETCH):**

(SPOON):

me and Stretch should do it.

- I want to try some.

- No!

- It's New Year's Eve, come on!

- Get the fuck out of here, Cookie.

- You never do blow.

- He gave it to me.

It's mine and I just want to try some.

This shit is fucked-up.

Yeah...

Who do you think it was?

It could have been any-fucking-body.

Why are you still using that spoon

for cooking dope?

The finer shit's evaporating.

You should use a vitamin cap
or cheese cap or something.

(SPOON):

Because aluminium is a better
conductor of heat than steel

- (SPOON):

- Yeah.

Copper would be even better.

I don't really know

where you're going to find a copper top.

I'd go with aluminium.

Fuck aluminium, man.

You get Alzheimer's off it. Old-timers...

Wasn't that what Mohammad Ali got?

He's fucked-up. He used to be so quick...

..fast-talking and shit. It's kind of sad.

He's still got a quick mind.

The shit just comes out a lot slower.

This is some seriously good shit.

I can't believe we found Mud's stash.

- I knew where it was.

- How much was in it?

I don't know... Maybe three ounces.

What? This is all you fucking brought out?

If we're kicking, we don't need it.

Fuck that! What if we don't get

into the programme today?

We're going to fucking need it then.

We could sell it, give it away, anything.

You can't leave three ounces

of free dope sitting in here.

Look, I'm not walking around

with three ounces of dope in my pocket.

- We don't need it.

- Fuck you!

I'll fucking carry it.

Let's just get the dope and get out of here.

No.

- Come on!

- No.

While you're in there, grab me a diet iced tea.

- I can't believe you sometimes!

- What are you talking about?

- I can't believe...

- Oh, shit!

Did you guys hear any gunshots?

- No, we haven't.

- Somebody reported shots from this building.

I didn't hear... We didn't... It was nothing.

What about him? Does he talk?

- How about you? Did you hear anything?

- No.

- What's your name?

- Bob.

- Bob?

- Yeah.

- Do you have a last name?

- Yeah... Most people just call me ''Bob''.

Do you think this is a joke?

Johnson.

I can't hear you.

Robert Johnson.

- How about you?

- John Doman.

- Do you live in this building?

- We were here to visit a friend.

Was I talking to you?

OK, get out of here.

- Hey!

- Oh, fuck...

What's her name?

Your friend in the building. What's her name?

Sharon... Sharon Barnes. Third floor.

The problem is that we've got fundamental differences in our belief systems.

You believe in the good of man, everything's going to work out.

I knowthe world is a fuck-up and nothing's going to work out.

- Don't put your arm on me, man!

- What?

You smell disgusting! Look at your pants. Is that puke on your pants?

- Get the fuck out of here! That ain't puke!

- It sure smells like it.

Fuck you! What's the address?

Medicaid. First and Jefferson.

We were standing on First and there's
Jefferson, but I don't see any Medicaid.

- Excuse me!

- Sorry, no spare change.

I just wanted directions.

Just some fucking directions!

Hey!

Would you come on? Come the fuck on!

- I was a bad-ass builder about 50 years ago.

- Yeah.

How are you doing?

Medicaid, please.

Three lefts, a right and a left. Eighth floor.

Two rights, two lefts and a right?

Yeah. Two rights, three lefts
and another two lefts.

- Bye.

- Thanks a lot.

Hold that elevator!

- **(WOMAN 1):**

- **(WOMAN 2):**

You've got to tell a brother
because they'll be in your...

Excuse me, my sisters. We came here
to apply for temporary Medicaid cards.
They moved out three weeks ago.

You have to go to the new office,
18063, Gratiot.

(PHONE RINGS)

No, they just told us to come here.

We only do referrals here, now. 18063, Gratiot.

So I said to him, 'Help?

I don't need no help. I've got a job.'

(WOMAN 2):

(WOMAN 2):

say something, you know?

- I don't know...

- She couldn't leave it at putting up with him...

Is there anything else?

This fucking country is falling apart, man.
People don't give a shit. It's ridiculous.
The people with these government jobs
sit on their asses, taking their time.
You can't get them to help you,
and if they do, they give you all this attitude
like you're wasting their time.
Excuse me, it's your fucking job!

(STRETCH):

your wages, I'm your fucking boss!
Sometimes you want to reach across
the desk and choke the shit out of them.

(SPOON):

Don't bust my balls because you hate
your job. At least you've got one.
There's a lot of people who can't get one.
And if you do get a job
there's no fucking security.
A friend's cousin's sister's brother-in-law
worked for the same company for 20 years.
Then what happened?
They fired his fucking ass!
Excuse me.
- Hey, I'm talking to you!
- What?
- What?
- I believe you have something that's ours.
- Is that fucking so?
- Yeah, and we'd like to get it back.
I'm sorry, I try not to carry more than
one pair of pantyhose with me.

(HENCHMAN):

Come here, motherfucker!
Come on, get in the goddamn car!

(STRETCH):

Officers, I'm so glad to see you!
- We can't find the...
- ..Department of Social Services.
Yeah, the Social Services.
We asked the kind gentlemen here,

but they can't help us.

- (COP):

- (STRETCH):

Thanks a lot. Mind if we walk with you?

- Maybe you could point it out for us.
- It's around the corner, on the left.
- Yeah.
- You can't miss it.
- Is there a problem?
- No.

(SPOON):

Well, yeah, there is.

How long do you train at police academy for?

What?

I was just wondering how long it takes to become a police officer.

It's just that I'm thinking of becoming a policeman.

Going down, putting an application in...

I wanted to know how long will it take, you know, for me to be able to serve and protect.

- Protect and serve.
- Absolutely.

(STRETCH):

now. Can I borrow yours for a moment?

Fucking guy... Alright.

Here. Personnel's open from eight to four, OK?

Thanks a lot.

You know, you guys are really great guys.

I think cops get a bum rap sometimes.

You are helping out a citizen with directions and employment information.

You guys are great. You're professional

Do you ever hear about guys like you?

The ones who care and want to make a difference?

No, all you hear about are the racists.

The ones who use excessive force.

The ones who are on the take.

The ones who shoot their wives. Never you guys.

Never the ones who truly serve and protect.

- Protect and serve.
- Absolutely.
- You guys are my kind of guys. Nice cops.
- Yeah, thanks...

You're the second set of nice people we've met today. You guys, and those guys. You see those guys? Those guys are really nice guys, too. We asked those guys for directions. They didn't know where Social Security was, but they were willing to help, even drive us. There go some really nice guys.

Well, thanks for everything.

You say it's just around the corner on the left, right?

- Yeah.
- Yeah.

Thanks again. I'm going to look into this. What the fuck was that? That was fucking great! Did you see those motherfuckers take off? Yeah.

What the fuck did they mean by 'give us our shit back?' Probably the fucking dope. What I can't understand is, how the fuck do we leave Mud's, go downtown, come out of Social Security, and have two guys waiting for us talking about us giving their shit back? Doesn't that seem a bit strange to you?

Who gives a fuck? We lost them.

We've only got to get to Medicaid before it closes, because if it doesn't happen today, it ain't ever going to happen.

Yeah.

It's about two blocks that way.

- What time is it?

- 4:

- Let's stop and get some breakfast.
- Yeah.

Ding-ding!

(TV):

with the evening news.

(SPOON):

Knock, knock!

What can I do for you, governor?

- What kind of sandwiches have you got?

- What?

What kind of sandwiches have you got?

(TV):

double homicide has been discovered
near Grant River and Hamilton Avenues.

We now go live to newscaster Alexia
Cruz with resident Patty Robinson.

It makes no sense. If someone called about
gunshots in a rich neighbourhood
they would have been there in a flash.

- Give me a cheeseburger with everything.

- What?

- A cheeseburger with everything!

- How about you, senator?

Give me a BLT!

(TV):

on the floor, shot several times.

The woman was discovered
in the closet, also shot...

- That's Mud's place!

- (TV):

The police think it was drug-related
and are looking for these two suspects.
One African-American and one Caucasian,
encountered by police while leaving
the scene of this horrible crime.

This is Alexia Cruz, Prime Action News.

Back to you, Bill

- What are we going to do?

- They killed Cee-Cee!

- They fucking killed Cee-Cee, too!

- Hey, what the fuck are we going to do?

OK. We've got to get off the fucking streets.

We're going to go in here and talk to somebody about a programme.
We're going to tell them what we have to tell them. Whatever!
We're going to get off the streets today. OK?
Yeah.
Fill this out and bring it back to me.
- Fill this out and bring it back to me.
- Thank you.
Could you put the cigarette out, please?
Fill this out and bring it back to me.

(TANNOY):

Mr Melvin Goldman.
I had a homeboy in high school named Melvin Goldman.
Sure would freak the fuck out of me if he walked up to the counter.

(SPOON):

The first time I got high I was with Melvin. This is one of those rich motherfuckers. The parents had everything. There were always six or eight of us ghetto motherfuckers at his house. I remember one night when his parents were out of town. We were getting fucked-up, smoking, playing pool. We were drinking some 151 proof rum that we got someone to buy for us. And this guy comes in with some white powder, like 'who wants to try?' I didn't know what the shit was. All I had ever done was maybe smoke a joint once. We were young and stupid. And it was fun. So we said, 'Fuck it, let's try some.' Everybody got sick as dogs. The motherfuckers were running around throwing up and shit. And for me... For me that shit was like going back to the womb.

I never felt such peace. I was home.

I was sixteen fucking years old!

Whoo! First you just
got fucked-up on weekends.

Then... Well..

Life is funny, ain't it?

Somehow I don't think
this was my parents' dream for me.

Look at this!

- Get rid of the dope and I'll finish this.

- Yeah.

Mr EzekielWhitmore, please.

- EzekielWhitmore!

- **(SPOON):**

You came too late. It's almost five and
we're not giving out more appointments,
so I'm going to stamp your application this way.

Come back tomorrow. You can
go directly to me without waiting.

I can't wait 'til tomorrow, sir.

Me and my friend need to get to a detox today.

We've been running from office to office all day.

I understand, but the best I can do
for you is give you an appointment,
and even if I did that

you wouldn't get Medicaid today.

You have to come back in ten days
to see an interviewer.

Once they've reviewed your case,
they'll notify you by mail

That can take a month.

So whoever told me about getting
Medicaid in one day was bullshitting me?

I would say that is correct.

Either that, or they were misinformed.

See, the only way to get on
is if you're HIV infected.

- Yeah?

- But you need a letter of proof from your doctor.

I took an HIV test this morning
at the New Centre Clinic.

They told me I could get Medicaid sooner.

- Hm... When will your results be in?

- Tomorrow.

It's like I said. You come back tomorrow.

You come to my desk after you get the results.

That way, you won't have to wait in line.

Yeah. Thanks.

Oh, shit!

(SPOON):

- Stretch!

- **(STRETCH):**

(SPOON):

just came in. We've got to get out of here.

(STRETCH):

(SPOON):

Medicaid the same day? It's all drama!

You've got to be HIV positive

to get on. Ain't that some shit?

(STRETCH):

(STRETCH):

I would have mentioned it before,

but I didn't know how you'd take it.

I've always used my own works, and everything.

- **(SPOON):**

- **(STRETCH):**

(STRETCH):

for me to have to tell her.

You're the first person I ever told.

What the fuck are you doing?

I can't believe you, man!

(SPOON):

and what do you do?

(STRETCH):

flush it down the toilet? Fuck that!

- '5-0s'!

- (COP):

(COP):

and get out of there.!
Move it! Get out of there now, motherfucker!
Wipe it!

(COP):

Fucking junkies, come here! Come here,
motherfucker! Against the wall!
Turn around. Keep them up there!
Do you have any fucking weapons on you?

(BLIND MAN):

to get some attention around here?
Get up!
I'm a human being, too!
Let's get out of here! Come on, move!
We have a situation!

(BLIND MAN):

(BLIND MAN):

the fucking war and it ain't shit!
I'll drag the whole goddamn government down,
before I'll let them take me out like this.
Is this my homecoming?
Is this my fucking ticker-tape parade?
Well, I can't see it!
Incoming!
- Incoming!

- (COP):

- Excuse me?
- Call your dog or I'll have to shoot it.
(WOMAN SCREAMING)
I said you call your dog or he's dead.

(BLIND MAN):

Nixon, come on! Good boy.

(BLIND MAN):

Good, Nixon. Good, Nixon. Yeah.
Yes, yes. Good boy, good boy.
Name, rank, serial number.
Name, rank, serial number.
Name, rank, serial number.
Name, rank, serial number.
Name, rank, serial number.
Name, rank, serial number.
Name, rank, serial number.
Name, rank, serial number.
Name, rank, serial number.
Name, rank, serial number.
Name, rank, serial number.
Name, rank, serial number.
Name, rank, serial number.
Name, rank, serial number.
Name, rank, serial number.
Hi.

(D-REPER):

Move, motherfucker!
Move, move, move, move!
- Have you still got the dope?
- No, I flushed it down the toilet.
Freeze!
They ain't fucking gone!
Stillthink that's not strange?
Yes, it's a little fucking strange.
If they keep shooting,
they're going to get lucky!
You know, you've still got time
to go back and kick his ass!
I'll get him later.
- What are you doing, man?
- Assholes!

(TANNOY):

(SPOON):

Sussex and Alley. Six and Lafayette.
- I've got to stop.
- Come on, they're here!
Shit!
(POLICE SIREN)

(COP):

- **(COP):**

- (COP):

(COP):

Spoon, I've got to do something.

I'm going to fucking die here.

You ain't going to fucking die.

It's just a flesh wound.

You think so? It feels like

I'm fucking bleeding to death.

No, you'll be alright.

OK, it's getting dark.

Here's what we're going to do.

I want you to stab me.

- What?

- Stab me.

Get the fuck out of here! I ain't stabbing you!

If we're in the Emergency Room

we're off the streets.

Once we're in the hospital we can kick, Stretch.

What are you tripping off? I'll be the one cut!

Besides, it's a pocketknife.

I don't feel comfortable with that.

Come on, Stretch. We can't be out here all night.

You're bleeding all over the place.

You've got to go, anyway.

- Where?

- Where what?

- Where do you want me to stab you?

- Oh. Where do you think is best?

If I stab you in the stomach

I might hit some organs and shit.

Yeah, you're right. Not the stomach.

What about the arm?

Nah, too wimpy.

If you turn around I can stab you in the back.

No, you'll fucking paralyse me! Not the back.

OK, my liver is on the left,

the stomach's on the...

No, my liver's on the left, my kidneys

are back here and my stomach's on the right.

No, my stomach's on the...

Or are my kidneys on the left?

I think the stomach's to the left.

I know my lungs are right here and
I definitely don't want a punctured lung.
What about if I stab you between the organs?
Maybe between where
the stomach and the kidneys meet?
Yeah. Yeah, let's do it.

- Right here.

- Yeah.

Wait, wait, wait!

Let's go over there, in the light.

You'll kill me over here.

- Which side did you say?

- This side.

- Right there.

- Yeah. Come on, let's do it.

Aahh! That fucking hurts!

Fuck! Oh, shit, you didn't even
break the fucking skin, man!

- The fucking knife's too dull

- Oh, fuck!

Do it again.

Aahh! Shit!

- Again.

- Again?

Do it again!

Aahh!

Oh, my God!

Shit! Again.

Aahh! Aahh!

Shit! Oh, shit! Okay, O-fucking-kay!

Goddamn! Oh, my fucking God!

- Are you OK?

- **(SPOON):**

- **(SPOON):**

- Looks good, though.

- **(SPOON):**

- Yeah. Yeah, it looks good.

(SPOON):

- **(STRETCH):**

- (SPOON):

(STRETCH AND SPOON ARE GASPING)

(MAN):

Are they 'Code Yellow'?

(PARAMEDIC):

gunshot wound to the arm on one
and several lacerations in the side on the other.
Pick them up and put them over there.

(TV):

A shoot-out with police
ended with
the apprehension of two suspects
apparently linked to
drug-related murders,
including one today in which a man and
a pregnant woman were shot to death
in their East Side apartment.
Alexia Cruz is at police headquarters.
Ballistics found that one of the guns in
the shoot-out was used in today's murders
and is possibly the same gun used
in several recent drug-related killings.
The gun is believed to be registered
to an undercover police officer.
This could be the biggest break yet
in a series of murders
- where millions in drugs and cash...
- Nurse!
..have been stolen
over the last six months.
As you can see, the suspects are
being transferred to the county jail
where they will be held
until tomorrow's arraignment.
Excuse me, gentlemen...

(STRETCH):

(TV):

As you can see, Bill, that's the word here.

This is Alexia Cruz, PrimeAction News.
Back to you in the studio.
Thank you, Alexia. Also in tonight.
A blind Vietnam veteran
accompanied by his guide-dog
went on a rampage today
at a WestSide Social Services office.
The branch,
located at 10863, EightMile Road
sustained an undetermined amount
of damage caused by the veteran,
now identified as James W. Stewart,
and his dog, Nixon.
Miraculously, no one was injured
in this bizarre incident.
Mr Stewart had been recently attempting
to receive benefits with no success.
When asked why the violent reaction,
Mr Stewart simply said.
' 'I was tired of getting the run-around. ' '
A police officer and several
bystanders were hurt during the mle.
Paramedics were called to the scene...
Listen, I've got to see a doctor.
Take a seat, sir. Your name will be called.
Mr Hanser!

(TANNY) :

Mr Larry Williams. !
Larry. !
(STRETCH'S ANSWERPHONE) :
Leave a message after the beep.
Spoon, Stretchie? Pick up!
Are you there? Come on!
Pick up, pick up, pick up.
I can't believe you guys dumped me
in that raggedy-ass hospital
I'll fucking kill you when I get home.
Come on, pick up!
I know you're there listening to me, arseholes.
Are you going to pick up the phone, or what?
We're supposed to see
that record guy tomorrow.
I was thinking that if

we're going to do this record thing,
maybe you guys should start thinking
about kicking, know what I mean?
This could be
a really big break for us, you know.
I just thought tonight is as good a time as any.
Maybe get a clean break for the new year.
A New Year's resolution.
I hear they've got these programmes
that are easy to get into.
What do you think? Hello? Hello?
Shit.
Hell of a way to start the new year.

- (WOMAN):

- (SPOON):

(STRETCH):

(PEOPLE APPLAUDING AND CHEERING)

Land of the free and home of the enslaved
To the concept of time
Six hours, twenty-two minutes,
three seconds
I've been standing in this county line
By the looks of the gridlock outside
it's going to be about 3:3
Everybody rushing from place to place
The looks on their face
no different from mine
Both of us look like
we've just worked a nine-to-five.
What are they rushing
for is my interest
Rushing through trafficjam
to get to emergency room trafficjam
that's supposed to be a free clinic
to hear that you have
or if you don't have insurance
it ain't nothing but the survival of the fittest
What are they rushing for?
Damn, this man at the window is slow
The concept of time has us allfucked
and on top of that life

ain't nothing but a trafficjam
Life is too short, I feeltrapped
Hoping I don't get caught, watch my back
Lost in the traffic, heartless and tragic
Don't want to get my ass kicked
so I walk in a smiley state
Don't make me feelthis way
I tellyou, life is a trafficjam, I'm stuck
When willyou realise you're fucked?
Don't try to change my ways, I'm hopeless,
victims to the games we play.
Stay focused, watch for the crazy ride, don't lie
Hard to the day we die is my life
Tell me if you fear me, I tellyou
life is a trafficjam, sincerely
Stretch your mind, feed your soul
Three voices you can't control
Remember, life is a trafficjam
Life is a trafficjam
Life is a trafficjam
Life is a trafficjam

(BAND):

Life is a trafficjam
(APPLAUSE)
Thanks! Thanks a lot!

On bass:

On keyboards:

Our poet and resident scholar - Stretch.
We're EightMile Road. Look out for us!
We're going to burn the shit down!