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He Got Game

By Spike Lee

Shuttlesworth!

Shuttlesworth!

- What's up, bro?

- Game's over. Warden wants to see you.

The warden?

What's this all about?

Don't know nothin'.

Don't wanna know nothin'.

He tells me to get you,
so I get you.

Thank you, Books.

You may wait outside.

Jake, please sit down.

Sit down.

I was told you were
on the court.

Yes, sir.

I try to stay fit, trim.

You know, everything like that.

Keep my mind occupied.

As you already know, you've picked
the perfect recreation.

Dr. James Naismith

knew what he was doin'.

- It's a great game, isn't it?

- Basketball, yes.

- You played some?

- Uh, yes, sir, when I was younger.

- You know, I put in a little work.

- I coach my son's team.

I ran a neighborhood center.

Let's go. Show me that.

Oh, good!

That's good, but you crossed over.

You still bailed out.

- You coached?

- Nah, nothing like that there.

You know, I see somebody out there,
a little kid who needs some help.

I work with him,
give him a few tips.

- Which hand did you shoot with?

- Right.

- Which hand are you

supposed to be shooting with?

- Left.

But nowadays, uh,

Warden, they--

these kids ain't gonna listen

to nothin' you say, you know.

They think they know it all.

All they wanna do is dunk and--

you know, everything like that.

Their fundamentals is, uh--

is, like, sorely lacking.

That's strange.

I haven't had that problem yet.

Yeah, well, you--

The kids are smart.

They know they don't listen to you,

they end up in here with me.

I never thought about it like that.

Did you vote for Governor Pernell?

Uh, nah, I ain't never voted.

No matter. What does matter

is Governor is a big,

huge, fanatical

basketball fan.

He played himself--

four years, varsity, at Big State.

Good, not great athlete.

He's the biggest supporter

Big State has. Bleeds red and white.

Yeah, yeah, yeah. I think I saw

something like that about him on TV.

Do you have a son named

Jesus Shuttlesworth?

Yes, sir.

Is your son considered the number one

high school prospect...

in these United States

of America?

Some people rate him

that high, some don't.

- You know, two, three, six.

- Come on, Jake. Come on.

Don't be modest. You oughta be proud.

You oughta be proud as a peacock.

I always been proud of my son even
before he was the number one prospect...
in the whole entire world.

- You aren't modest, after all.

- God is working with me on that, sir.

The governor's made a request
that your son, Jesus Shuttlesworth,
seriously consider enrolling
in his alma mater, Big State.

If you persuade your son
to do this,
the governor's given me
his word...
he'll do everything
in his power to...
cut your time here short,
considerably.

The governor can do that?
He can--

- He can do that.

- I'm lookin' at 15, Warden. I mean--
This is for real, right?
You can make the governor
very happy.

He's got a great reputation
for never forgetting anyone
who's done right by him.
He's also never forgiven anyone
who's done him wrong.

Can't do nothin' in here, though.
I mean, behind these--
Behind these bars, you know,
these walls and everything like that,
I mean, something
like this here...
can't be worked out
over the phone or--

We have to get started right away.
The NC two - A deadline for kids
to declare is one week away.

- One week?

- Seven days.

Everything's been arranged.

- It's all been worked out.

- The Bulls ain't got nothin',
especially against
the Knicks.
All you ever talk about is
Jordan this, Jordan that.
Guard!
You do your part, you deliver your son,
- Guard!
- Governor Pernell will do his part.
- Guard!
- What the hell's goin' on in there?
You'll have to excuse
the temporary discomfort,
but we can't trust
in your abilities as an actor.
There's little margin
for error.
Let's go, Doc!
Hurry up.
Where you takin' him?
- What's wrong with this inmate?
- I don't know.
- Food poisoning?
- Are you sure?
I don't know.
He just rolled him in.
I want this inmate
quarantined immediately.
- Looks like he ate some
of this fine prison cuisine.
- I can't take a chance.
Last time something like this happened,
half the prison population got sick.
- He's quarantined now. He's contagious.
- God!
One last thing.
Don't try any funny business.
Any shenanigans, the deal is off.
Any shenanigans, the deal is off.
Can't you make him shut up?
- The guy's in pain.
- Then give him something.
We got two more hours to go.
Man, I don't wanna hear that shit.

Two parole officers
will be assigned to you.
- Spivey, he's a black man.
You should like him.
He should like you.
Your other chaperone is Crudup.
Quiet. But, as my father told me,
it's the quiet one's you have to watch.
Spivey, I'm sick
as a dog, man.
Here. Drink that.
Drink it.
Spivey and Crudup,
two of the best,
handpicked by me.
If necessary, these men have
been given a green light to shoot.
We don't give a shit about you,
or you being sick as a dog.
You wanna throw up, let us know.
We'll pull over.
You puke back there,
my main man Crudup will see to it...
that you lick it
all back up,
every single
nasty-ass drop.
You understand,
my brother? Capisce?
Yeah, capisce.
Can you pull over?
Please?
Remember what my main man Spivey said.
Don't get any in the car.
- Not a drop, not a speck.
- Don't move too fast
- What up?
- Let's keep control
- What's up, bro?
He's always singin'.
- You know, right?
- Yo, I sound good though, man.
Better take this court over, yo.
- We gotta play for real.

- And don't be confused
You just have
to be willing
- Willing to end the-- Aw!
- Shit!
Check out Rodman here.
Hey, yo, yo, yo!
We got next!
- Gonna kick these motherfuckers' ass.
- For real.
Play ball!
Big man.
- Look at the pants on that kid, man.
- Let's go, baby.
- That's off.
- Break!
Let's go, let's go,
let's go, G!
Hey!
- Bring it on now.
- Move it by yourself. Come on.
- Block it.
- Whoa!
Aw, shit!
- I got it.
- Come on, come on, come on, come on.
Come on! I'm open.
- Ah, that's our ball.
- Nice shot, Johnny!
Whoo-hoo!
Good pass, James!
- Just let me know.
- What's the score?
Let's go, Boog!
I got it.
I got hops, baby! I got hops.
Center court.
You got it. You got it.
- Let's go, Boogs.
- Come on, baby. Let's go, baby.
Get ready to help out, Booger,
before we get beat. Just steal.
Show me something, kid.
I got it! All the way!

Fly! Alley-oop!
Show time!
Yeah! We're the Lincoln Railsplitters,
baby! What, what, what, what?
You didn't read the paper
that day, son?
Aw! Railsplitters!
That's right.
So Jesus
has led the Railsplitters...
to the Promised Land despite
being down late the second half.
Coach Cincotta's team
refused to die.
They come back to win it,
and there's bedlam at the Garden.
Number one.
The game brings me
love, peace and happiness.
My name is Sip Rodgers.
I go to Abraham Lincoln High School.
I play the two-spot.
We're the Railsplitters,
and nobody's fuckin' with us.
Basketball is like
poetry in motion.
Just comin' down the court,
you got a defender in your way.
You take him to the left.
You take him back to the right.
And he's fallin' back,
and you just "J" right in his face.
And then you look at him,
and then you say, "What?"
Basketball's the birthplace
of all of my dreams,
of everything that I wanna be, of
everything I wanna accomplish in life.
I feel handsome when I'm on the court.
I feel like I'm somebody.
The way this goes down
is simple
From this day forth
anything dealing with rap stay off

This the play-offs
No payoffs, strictly skills
If your brain's insane
then stick to your deals
In this field it ain't about sellin'
a mil wit' the run of the mill
So just be tellin' it real, it ain't
like a third-time felon's appeal
Till a god schools 'em
and tells 'em the deal
I'll allow you to write
maybe allow you to bite
If you down to fight the power
here's the power to fight
I overpower the mic
Hit the crowd wit' da bomb diggy
Ring the alarm
Now the squad's wit' me
From way back I shown no weakness
when I speak this
Mentally strong to keep this hit
and my speech is given
Now listen from the beginnin'
till I reach the endin'
My short story's winnin'
and keep the beat spinnin'
You know the name, P.E.
You know the game, P.E.
We ain't for the fame
We for the change
Word is Bond, I wake up every day
wit' my game face on
You know the name, P.E.
You know the game, P.E.
We ain't for the fame
We for the change
Word is Bond, I wake up every day
wit' my game face on
We back harder than ever
Follow my lead
Through the fast lane
in the game
This is Mr. Shuttlesworth.
His key?

You ain't ready to get it, I don't
know why they keep askin' for it
Is this guy gonna mean
any trouble?
Nah, he's not
gonna mean any trouble.
If you somewhat sure
Hip-hop's like a chess game
Discussing the war, strategize
Move like masterminds
- So where y'all stayin' at?
- Marriott, mid-town Manhattan.
That's what I figured. Why aren't
I stayin' down there with y'all?
Only place
on Coney Island, my man.
Why waste all that valuable time
commuting back and forth...
when you can walk
to see your son right from here?
You also don't have a choice.
The way I see it, this is better
than your room at the hoosegow.
- This is the Ritz to you.
- I ain't mad at nobody.
You understand
what I'm sayin'?
Yeah. Yeah, this is
better than the Marriott.
Keep your hands still.
There you go.
- All right. Sit down.
- Huh?
You heard what the fuck I said.
I said sit down!
There's a couple of things
I think we better go over.

Number one:

You ain't on vacation.
You're not a free man.
In the eyes of the law,
you are still a convicted felon.
Your ass is ours.

You understand that?

- Do you?

- Yeah, I over-stand it.

- Then answer us when we speak to you.

- I understand it, over-stand it.

The sooner you do

what you gonna do,

the better it will be

for all concerned parties.

Mr. Shuttlesworth,

you are now wired.

It's a letter of intent

for your son to sign. Take it.

In here there's some money.

Get some clothing.

Toothpaste, deodorant,

personal effects, whatever have you.

Take a shower. Wash your ass.

Give me your right leg.

Just in case you get any smart ideas,

we will track you down.

And when we find you,

we will shoot you dead.

- You have to check in with us daily.

Plus, when we page you, you have to

return our call within ten minutes...

or there's gonna be

hell to pay.

Yeah. So y'all gonna be

following me everywhere I go?

No, we're not gonna

follow you.

We're gonna get you a passport,

plane ticket and a VISA card.

Of course we're gonna be around.

What the fuck you think we're gonna do?

- So how long I got exactly?

- You got till midnight Sunday.

- I guess I better get working.

- That would be the best thing to do.

And we will see you tomorrow.

-Yeah, I bet you will.

- How's the tummy?

Great. Everything's lovely.

Nice seein' you gentlemen.

- Just in case.

- Thank you.

It's open.

Shit.

Thank you, Jesus.

Thank you.

If man is the father

the son is the center of the Earth

In the middle

of the universe

Then why is this verse

coming six times rehearsed

Don't freestyle much

but I write 'em like such

Amongst the themes

controlled by the screens

What does it all mean

all this shit I'm seein'

Human bein's

screamin' vocal javelins

Sign of a local nigga

unravelin'

My wanderin'

got my ass wonderin'

Where Christ is

in all this crisis

Hating Satan

never knew what nice is

Check the papers

while I bet on ices

More than your eyes can see

and ears can hear

-Year by year all sense disappears

- Know y'all did your homework.

- Nonsense perseveres

Prayers laced with fear

- What's up?

Beware:

is near

It might feel good

It might sound a little somethin'

But damn the game

if it don't mean nothin'

- What's up?

- What is game, who got game

- I saw you running.

Don't even try to play it off.

If you would've been on time,
there would've been no need to run.

- The bus would've come sooner,
I would've been on it.

- I didn't tell you?

The B-36 don't come
until I get here, Lala.

You know I got it like that.

Why you gonna play me
like that?

- You played yourself, faded yourself.

- That's crazy.

Oh?

You're lucky the bus is here,
late like you.

People use

Even murders excused

So, uh, have you narrowed down
your choices yet?

Not yet.

You gonna let me in
on your secret?

You know I'll never keep
anything from you, never.

Folks don't even
own themselves

Anyway, there's this guy
that I know that I want you to meet.

Who's the guy?

He's a friend of the family.

His name is D'Andre Mackey.

- What does he do?

- D'Andre's an agent.

You know I ain't supposed to be talking
to no agent. That shit is illegal.

All he wants to do is talk to you for
five minutes, see where your head is at.

My head is on my shoulders
and gonna stay there.

I'm not fucking
with no agents, Lala.
Who got game
Where's the game in life
Jesus, please?
I got game
She got game
- Please?
- They got game, he got game
Come on. He's a friend
of the family.
- Five minutes of your time.
- So?
It's just five minutes of your time
before you make your decision.
Come on. Please?
I don't know.
Let me think about it.
-I'll see you fourth period, all right?
-Sounds good.
Mmm. Mmm.
- I'll be so happy
when this stuff is over with.
- It won't be long now.
What do you got? A Monday morning

10:

- Yeah.
- Have you made a decision yet?
You know what?
That's the thing that's bothering me.
And you know what? You're my coach,
right? I mean, I don't mind.
Every time I walk down the hallways,
"Where you goin'?"
Where you goin'? Have you chosen a
school yet? Are you going to the NBA?"
I'm gonna tell y'all
Monday morning.
- I'm tired of hearing that.
- I can understand that.
Look, maybe it's in your best interest
to take it as a compliment.
People really do care about you.

People don't care about me.
They care about themselves.
They're just tryin' to get over, tryin'
to get a piece of Jesus, that's all.
Not everybody's a scumbag.
Some are-- don't get me wrong--
but not everybody. Okay?
When are you gonna make
a decision?
Sometime between now and
Monday morning, 10:00 a.m.
I still have a lot of thinking to do.
I have to weigh my options.
- You got my home phone number, right?
-Yeah, I got it.
You call me anytime.
I don't care how late it gets,
you wanna talk this thing through.
Jesus, I always thought of you
as a son. You know that, right?
Yeah, I know that too.
You remember what I told you?
You remember?
- I remember. You tell me every day.
- What? What did I say?
I know what you told me, Coach.
I know, I know.
It'll make me feel good
again, all right?
This is gonna be the most
important decision in your life.
- Hi, young man.
- I'm John Thompson
from Georgetown University.
Hello. I'm Dean Smith, the basketball
coach, University of North Carolina.
I'm John Chaney
from Temple University.
I'm Roy Williams
from the University of Kansas.
I'm Coach Noland Richardson,
the University of Arkansas.
I'm Lute Olson, head basketball coach
at the University of Arizona.

- And this will be--
- The most important decision--
- In your life.
This will be the most important
decision in your life.
Coach, I understand
the magnitude of this decision.
God bless you, son.
I believe you do.
Baby, I love you
You havin' a good time?
You havin' a good time?
Because you look so good.
Mmm, you look so good.
So you like the wig?
- I love it!
- You look great!
You look fuckin' wonderful!
You know what? You look like
Kim Novak from what movie?
- Vertigo.
- Vertigo, baby, I tell ya.
So what do you wanna do
for your birthday? It's your day.
I wanna go on the Cyclone.
I wanna go on the Turbo-Jet.
- I wanna go on the Wonder Wheel.
- Damn!
Brother?
Do you know me?
Do you know my lady?
No, I don't think so.
Well, brother, you lookin' at us with
all that fuckin' familiarity and shit.
Mind your own business, man.
Yeah, you right.
Obviously, I'm wrong, brother.
It's my mistake, uh--
No disrespect.
I don't want no trouble, my man.
Bitch, what--
Get your motherfuckin'--
I gotta meet your brother.
Please let me meet your brother.

I have to meet him. We'll talk about
this tomorrow. See you later, Mary.

See you, Sarah.

Miss Shuttlesworth.

Boo Boo.

- It's okay.

- Daddy.

How're you doin', baby?

Oh! My little woman.

- Daddy.

- How're you doin', baby?

Look at you. You done all grown up
and everything like that.

That's what I keep trying
to tell him.

- How's he doin'? How's your brother?

- Bossy as usual.

He's supposed to be bossy
and everything like that.

He's supposed to be,
taking care of his little sister.

Daddy, when did you get out?

Last night.

Look. Come on.

Let me walk you over to Uncle Bubba
and Aunt Sally's house.

We don't live there anymore.

He moved us out.

- Where you all live at?

- O'Dwyer Gardens.

Uncle Bubba

hasn't changed a bit.

So who payin' the rent?

- My brother.

- Your brother?

- He workin'?

- Naw.

-How long y'all been livin' around here?

-About a year.

- A year?

- Yeah.

That's good. How're you doin'
in school? You doin' all right?

- I got an "A" in Science.

- In Science, yeah? What you studyin'?

- Oh, cells or somethin'.

- Cells?

Yeah, me too.

- So, this is our building.

- Right here?

Yeah.

It's all right.

This is pretty nice, actually.

So--

You ain't gonna

invite me upstairs?

I don't know if I should.

I could get in trouble.

- With who?

- You know who.

All right.

Tell you what.

I'll leave before he come,

all right?

All right, Boo?

Okay.

What's in the bag?

Toothbrush, toothpaste. An afro pick?

Underwear?

Skittles, Daddy!

Ha-ha!

You figured I forgot, huh?

- You went shopping?

- Yeah, a little bit. Who this, baby?

That's Lala.

Lala Bonilla, Jesus's lady.

Lala Bonilla.

Daddy, how'd you get out? I thought you were gonna be away a long, long time.

Can Daddy's little Boo Boo

keep a secret?

Yeah.

I'm out on a-- what you call like a...

work release program, baby,

where's if I--

- Well, I got a week to do a job.

- Meaning?

Meaning if I do a good job,

I can get out sooner than expected.

- What kind of job do you have to do?

- I can't tell you that yet.

Because I'm too young.

I cannot wait until I'm 18.

I am tired of people telling me
that I'm not old enough.

"Can't do this. No, no, honey,
can't do this. You're too young--"

Hold on, hold on.

Sit down.

Look. Number one, you ain't too young.

You're a young woman.

It's just that I could...

get in trouble.

- Now, you don't want your daddy
to get in trouble, do you?

- No.

I don't want you getting into any more
trouble. I know it wasn't your fault.

I know you didn't mean it.

You don't know what

that means to your daddy.

Now, let's hit them Skittles.

Your brother, he's doin'

all right, huh?

- He is so good.

- Yeah?

He is better than good, Daddy.

You should see him play.

He's a zillion times better

than when you last saw him.

- Remember when he used to be
so weak on his left hand?

- Yeah.

Naw, now he can handle it
with both.

- And he can shake so good.

- Can he?

I bet he can finally beat you.

You think so?

-Yeah, he probably can.

You've reached Mary and Jesus.

We're not at home.

- Leave a message at the beep.
It's me, baby. It's Lala.
Hello, son.
Mary, what did I tell you
about letting strangers in the house?
- He's not a stranger. He's our father.
- I don't have a father.
- Hey, wait a minute--
- Daddy, he's trippin'.
Trippin'? We'll see who's trippin'
later on tonight.
- What did I tell you about
talking to strangers anyway?
- "Don't do it."
- And why?
- Because it may cause us harm.
So why did you let
this stranger in our house?
Mary, do you hear me talking to you?
Don't play deaf.
Mary, do you hear me talking to you?
Don't play deaf.
I'm not standing here for
my health, and you ain't deaf.
- Don't talk to your sister like that.
- Am I talkin' to you?
Matter of fact, I don't
even know why you're here.
Mary, answer me right now.
I won't do it again,
I promise!
It's time for you
to get to steppin'.
And I'd appreciate it if you don't
ever walk through that door ever again.
All right.
Look, I need to talk to you.
- Why?
- I just need to. When can we talk?
I don't know.
I'm usually around.
- Where you gonna be at?
'Cause this is kinda urgent.
- I'm usually at the Garden.

- All right.
- All right.
- I'll see you down there.
- Yeah, you can see me there.
Enjoy the Skittles, baby.
Now you enjoy walkin'
out that front door.
- Where you think you're goin'?
- Help!
Get in there!
Open the door!
- Who's tryin' to break the door down?
- Booger!
What's up?
Hey, how y'all doin'?
- Not good.
- What's wrong, dear?
- Guess who showed at the apartment?
- Who?
- Daddy.
- Lord have mercy!
- Booger, take your cousin in your room.
- Go in the room.
Come on, Mary. Um--
You can play with
my Sony Playstation.
- Good, 'cause I can always beat you.
- I'm gettin' good at--
Sit down, son.
When did all this happen?
- About half an hour ago.
- What did he say? What does he want?
He says he wants to speak to me.
He says it's urgent.
- It don't make no sense.
- It makes perfect sense.
He smells the money.
What I'd like to know, how does a
convicted murderer get out so quick?
How can this happen?
He's not even eligible for parole yet.
He told Mary that he was out
on a work release program or something.
The man escaped

just like Shawshank.

Clint Eastwood in Escape From Alcatraz.

The Fugitive.

- He wasn't acting like no fugitive.

- We should call the cops.

- Yeah.

- We ain't gonna do no such a thing.

I think you need to go
and talk to your father.

He ain't my father,
all right?

I know how you feel, son,
but the fact remains he is your daddy.
But as your legal guardians as appointed
by the court in the state of New York,
I feel you need to involve us
more in your life.

Jesus, we're family.

Your mother-- Martha,
my sister-- I loved her.

We feel responsible
for the both of you.

I made a promise to your mother
that if anything ever happened to her,
that we would be there
for the both of you.

You hear me, Jesus?

Like I said, son, you need to talk
to your daddy, see what he has to say.

I told him I'd be here
at the Garden.

Before you go now, I want you to use
some of my John the Conqueror root.

This is what my daddy brought
up here from Mississippi.

Now, you rub some of this here between
your wrist and your elbow, see,
just like this here.

- Now, this'll fix you up real good.

- Oh, Bubba.

Don't nobody care nothin'
about your country, backward old root.

-This mojo works! It worked on your ass!

-Hmph!

- No, thanks, Uncle Bubba.
- Suit yourself.
- You make a decision yet?
- No, not yet.

Your Aunt Sally feels bad that we aren't being included in such an important decision.

He does not speak for me!

You do what you feel is right.

- Thank you, Aunt Sally.
- Will you be quiet, please?

What they offerin' you, boy?

What they gon' give you?

- Full athletic scholarship.
- Whoo! That's wonderful!

Full athletic scholarship, that's all?

No money, no cars, no job for your family?

- No school say nothin' like that.
- See, I don't believe that.

You're tryin' to hold out on us.

- Holdin' out?
- You're tryin' to cut us out the deal.
- What deal?
- The deal is about to go down!

I hear things.

No, you ain't hear that.

Think of your Uncle Bubba, your Aunt Sally.

I think it's only right that we be compensated for sacrifices...

we made when we took y'all in.

Bubba! I don't want any part of this.

I'm goin' into the bedroom.

Good. Take your big ass on in the bedroom, then.

Why you gotta talk to Aunt Sally like that? I thought we were family.

- We are family. Blood, thick as thieves.
- I don't even know why I--

My controls ain't workin'.
It's stickin' or something.
I'm the bomb. I'm the bomb.
Say it. I'm the bomb.
Mm-hmm, yo, I'm the bomb.
You know I'm the bomb, right?
Now, we put out
a lot of money for y'all.
All I'm asking is that you
let me wet my beak a little bit.
- Wet your beak?
- Wet my beak, son.
You didn't see The Godfather 11?
The man was called The Black Hand.
- I suspect you already
got a deal in place.
- What kind of deal?
The kind of deal that would enable you
to get your own apartment,
pay rent, pay Ma Bell,
pay Con Ed, buy clothes, furniture
with no visible means of income.
You ain't got no job, son!
No J-O-B!
Don't try to play me for no fool now.
- Am I making this clear?
- Yeah, you're making it very clear!
When I really get paid, I ain't gonna
lose track of you and Aunt Sally!
I'm gonna take care of you,
with interest if you want!
I ain't too old to have dreams.
Is that what you think?
I still got dreams.
I got plans too. Big plans.
- Now, why should me and
your Aunt Sally get cut off?
- Anything else, Uncle Bubba?
-Yo.
-Yeah!
- Check 'em.
- Ahh!
These are the new Jordans.
That's it, huh?Yeah.

How much these cost, man?

- 139, 150 with tax.

- One-fi'ty? Where the holes at?

They're on the inside.

You gotta lace 'em up that way.

- Do that for me, man, all right?

-Yeah, no problem, man.

Let's get rid of this first.

139!

It's arthritis.

You know, I got that, uh...

arthritis thing happening.

Yeah? My brother's got

the same arthritic condition.

- Really?

- Only it's his left ankle.

-It's going around here in Coney Island.

-Yeah, yeah. It's contagious.

- Like the plague.

-Yeah.

Damn, what's he doin' here?

Hello, Mr. Shuttlesworth.

Since when do you start

calling your uncle Mister?

Hello, Uncle Jake.

- Huh?

- Hello, Uncle Jake.

- How you doin'? You all right?

- Okay.

- How's your game?

- Okay.

- That left hand comin'?

- Okay.

- Schoolwork?

- Okay.

All right.

So it look like you, uh--

look like you grew a little bit.

- You think so?

- Oh, no doubt.

- You ain't clownin' me, are you?

- I wouldn't clown you, son.

I know you grew--

What, a couple, three inches?

- Yo, for reals?
- It's the truth.
I'm--
That's the best news
I've heard in weeks.
All right. Well, cool.
I'm gonna let you two talk,
you know, get reacquainted.
Hey, you eatin'
them vegetables, boy?
- Always, man. Hey, welcome back.
- All right.
- All right.
- So you got new Jordans, I see.
Yeah.Yeah, yeah.
Yeah, a little somethin', son, you know.
So you ready?
One-on-one?
Still can't beat your pops?
No, thank you.
- You ain't no competition.
- I ain't no competition?
- Naw.
- Son, l--
- If your mother could see--
Hey, all right. I'm sorry, all right?
Hey, wait a minute.
That's the wrong way to start
a conversation with me.
All right. Hold up, hold up.
Look, you get
any of them letters?
Yeah, I got
your stupid letters.
I tore 'em up too.
- What about Mary's?
- I tore those up too.
All right. Since you too scared
to play me, can we talk for a moment?
- Talk about what?
- A lot of things.
I gotta ask you a few questions,
you know, catch up on things.
Look, I don't have a lot of time,

so make it quick.
I got even less time,
so I'm gonna make it real quick.
I read all about you,
everything like that, and, uh--
Game really developed.
All the hard work done paid off.
I'm proud of you, son.
I mean that.
I know these are
tough times for you now.
So I figure, hey, you know,
you might need some fatherly advice.
- From who?
- From me.
- About what?
- About, number one,
where you gonna go to school.
- Have you made a decision?
- Aw, damn! You too?
I already know
what you're about to say.
"This is about to be the most
important decision in your life."
That ain't what I was about to say.
I'm gonna ask you--
I'm just hopin' that you
ain't compromisin' yourself, son.
I know what's going on. I know people
are offering you all kinds of things.
I just don't wanna see you beholden
to somebody for something you done took.
- Something I took?
- Yeah.
What do you expect? I gotta
take care of Mary, nobody else but me.
I refuse to let Mary grow up
in the same apartment with Uncle Bubba.
Look. All I'm sayin' is--
I would like to know where you're goin'.
- What difference does it
make where I'm goin'?
- I would like to know.
I don't know yet.

I have to weigh my options.

- You got any idea?

- Like I told the rest of the world, I don't know yet.

I pray that you understand...

why I pushed you so hard.

It was only to get you to that next level, son.

You's the first Shuttlesworth that's even gonna make it out these projects.

I was the one who put the ball in your hand. I put the ball in your crib.

- I ain't no baby no more.

- All right.

Why the hell did you name me Jesus anyway? What type of name is that?

- It's a biblical name.

- No kiddin'.

- You don't like that name?

- I never liked my name.

- You ain't never told me.

- I used to tell Mommy a lot of things.

- Why you ain't never tell me?

- You haven't been around lately.

I used to hate for Mom

to call me in to come in for dinner.

Jesus! Jesus!

You're lucky my dribble's got--

- Dusted in for the N.B.A.

- Shut up! You look like--

- You look like a cockroach.

- Cockroach?

Cockroach this then.

Cockroach this.

That way. That way.

You just can't shoot the darn fool.

- Ooh, shoot it? Shoot it?

- Yeah, shoot it.

Jesus!

- Jesus! Jesus!

- Jesus!

Jesus, time to come in and eat.

Bring your cousin Booger with you.

Could I just finish

one more shot, please?

- No! I said now, and I mean it!

- Come on.

People used to think she was
some type of religious freak,
catchin' the Holy Ghost.

Save me, Jesus!

Save me, Jesus!

- Just stop, Booger! That ain't funny!

- Well, it's funny to me.

Funny to me, just like you pickin'
and eatin' your boogers all the time.

- I don't eat my boogers!

- Yes, you do!

Man, you never seen me
eat my boogers.

How many you see me eat?

One, two or three?

I came to this court by myself.

Why you gotta follow me?

- Maybe I wanted to play with Jesus.

- Jesus!

Jesus! Jesus!

- Jesus!

- Look at that.

Moses parted the Red Sea,
not Jesus.

- Moses, Jesus, whatever.

- Whatever?

Whatever.

Everybody and their mama's running
around sayin' they're born again.

Especially all

these athletes and entertainers.

They get caught smokin' crack
in the hotel with ten whores.

All of a sudden they have a religious
experience? They find Jesus, all right.

What's wrong with finding Jesus, huh?

What's wrong with that?

How come you never hear Jesus being
praised in the losers' locker room then?

- They're probably cursin'

that motherfucker out.

- Hey, wait, wait, wait.

- First, number one--

- God ain't shit.

Number one, why you gotta use

all this kinda language?

You some kind of heathen now?

You don't make no mistakes?

You be out here shootin', but you

don't miss no shots ever? Ever?

People make mistakes. People veer off
the path. So what? God forgives them.

- Has God forgiven you

for killing my mother?

- I pray that He has.

- I believe He has. When will you?

- Never.

All right.

Well, hey, look.

- Hey. Shit.

- "Thou shall not kill."

- Isn't that from the Good Book?

- That's in the Good Book. So?

So what? Ain't nothin' I can do, son,
that can bring your mother back.

What you want me to do, huh?

Did you even love my mother?

Yes, I loved her!

I loved her more than life itself.

You sure did have

a hell of a way of showin' it.

When you goin' back anyway?

Yo, I got next.

I got next game, bro.

I wanna go eat.

Jesus, you off

the phone yet?

Hey.

You been on the phone

all night.

All these schools callin', we need
to just get another unlisted number.

- It still gets out.

- I'll be so glad when

all this stuff is over.

- I know you will.

- How long's it gonna be?

- Monday morning.

- Praise the Lord, and thank you, Jesus.

You think that's funny, don't you?

- I like teasing you.

- I know you do.

Everybody says I'm gonna be rich,
won't have to worry about a thing.

- Did your father tell you that?

- No, but everybody else in the world.

Everybody else

in the world don't know.

Everybody says you're gonna play pro
ball and have your own Nike sneakers...

and star in commercials

and make mad loot.

So much money that we won't be
in Coney Island no more.

What did I tell you about listening
to what people say?

I hear what you say, but if
everybody's sayin' the same
thing, it's gotta be true.

Uncle Bubba even said you were
gonna buy him and Aunt Sally
some new house in Long Island.

He asked me if I want

to go house shopping with him.

Looking for a big old house, too,

with, like, a green lawn and grass...

and lots of trees

and even a swimming pool in the back.

- Uncle Bubba told you that?

- Mm-hmm.

- I'm gonna have to talk
to that uncle of yours.

- All the kids in school say,

- I'm gonna have to talk
to that uncle of yours.

- All the kids in school say,
since I'm gonna be
so rich and famous, that...

I'm not gonna need to go
to school anymore...
'cause I already know how to count
and I'm just wasting my time.
If I hear you talkin' like that again,
I'll kill you myself!
Dang! Let go of me!
All those kids don't mean shit!
I'm raising you, nobody else!
- Get off of me!
- We're not rich.
We don't have no money.
We don't have shit.
If those were really
your friends, they wouldn't be
filling your head with bullshit.
I didn't say I believed it. I just said
that that's what people are saying.
- Can't believe you listen
to that bullshit.
- Fine! I'm sorry, all right?
Goodness!
You never tell me nothin'.
You never even have time for me no more.
Well, it's gonna be over
Monday morning, okay?
I'm really trippin'.
I'm sorry. I apologize
for putting my hands on you, okay?
I'm just-- I'm afraid.
Me too.
I mean, I just want
the best for both of us.
And, you know, Mommy,
she wanted you to go to college.
All these people around here, half
these people aren't going to college.
Mommy wants you
to get your degree.
Why is Daddy here?
Why did he come back?
He's not gonna be here
much longer.
But, Jesus,

I miss him so, so much.

- Go to sleep.

- Good night.

Hello, everyone. I'm Robin Roberts.

Welcome to Sports Center.

Tonight, our feature is
about a biblical player--

the Chosen One, the second coming,
the resurrection,
the salvation.

ESPN gets religion as we follow a day
in the life of Abraham Lincoln senior...

Jesus Shuttlesworth, the number one
basketball prospect in the country.

Jesus of Coney Island.

Jesus is the best thing to happen to the
game since the tennis shoe was invented.

Jim Faen from Mount

Saint Mary's used to say,

"He gives me a tingle,"

and I think that's what Jesus does.

He makes you excited

to watch him.

Whew! Jesus Shuttlesworth.

He's the next phenom!

He's awesome, baby, with a capital "A"!

The guy's unbelievable!

He's a P.T.P., a prime time player!

He's the 3-S man!

Super, scintillating, sensational!

He's a high riser!

His game has got

everything you need.

He can defend.

He can run. He can finish.

He likes to play in a crowd,

and he can pass the basketball.

He makes people better.

He's the real thing.

He's able to do some of the things

that most coaches talk about,

and that is being able

to be a triple threat.

If that's something that we

as coaches have used for many years-- dribble, pass and shoot. Pure shooter, fearsome defender, a great player. He was coming down for a fast break, and the defender went for the ball. He brought it behind his back and switched it over to his right hand. It went through his legs. Defender came up and kind of stutter-stepped a little bit, pulled back and rang the three. This kid might be ready for the big leagues. He plays to win, and a lot of people play to play. This guy plays to win. He understands that if he performs better, they are going to win. But he knows how to pass. He plays with his teammates. He has all the attributes that go into being a winner. When I watched Kenny Anderson's stuff, - I'd never thought I would see anybody better than those guys. - Shit. But along came Jesus. There are very few players that give you 40 minutes of everything. Michael Jordan'll give you 35. But 40 minutes of everything he's got... because of what he's overcome in his life. In terms of dealing with his sister, and all of the pitfalls that come with being in a deprived situation. And in a situation that's void of any kind of leadership other than his own, he's had to be very, very self-reliant. Now, with kids as good as he is, he's

probably receiving a lot of pressure...
to go into the N.B.A.
because so many kids are doing it.
When you see a kid with this kind
of talent, it's almost normal for him...
to take that into consideration with the
kind of money that they're getting now.
But I would tell him that he needs to go
to college and get an education...
so that he'll be able to save
the money that he has.
My mother, she always
told me that, that...
it was great to be a superstar athlete
and to be able to make it to the N.B.A.
But... I mean, you're nothing
without your education.
And, you know, ever since day one,
she wouldn't let me play basketball.
She wouldn't let me play in the garden,
from day one, unless I did my homework.
That's right.
I think when April 11th comes,
I just wanna let my hair down,
kick my feet up
and have a good time.
Just go hang out with my boys
back in high school:
- Sip, Booger, Lonnie, Mance.
- Lincoln! Linc-- Linc-- Lincoln!
- Man, those are my partners.
- My name is Sip!
Whether east or west!
-Yeah!
- I rock this joint!
-Yeah!
- With the most finesse. Roll call!
Lincoln! Linc-- Linc-- Linc--
Lincoln! Roll call!
- My name is Jesus.
-Yeah!
- I am the man.
-Yeah!
- What's up with these questions...

-Yeah!
about my plan?
I think it would just be
a sin that...
you know, come...
two months from now,
when I graduate,
my mother, she won't be able
to attend my graduation...
because, of course, she passed.
What most impresses me
about Jesus Shuttlesworth...
is the foresight
of his parents...
to name him appropriately
as the world's greatest.

- Jesus.

- Jesus.

- Jesus.

- Jesus.

- Jesus.

- Oh, Jesus!

- Jesus.

- Jesus.

- Jesus.

- Jesus.

- Jesus.

- Jesus.

- Jesus.

- Hallelujah, Jesus! Hallelujah!

He got game.

Who brought you this Victoria's Secret
bra-and-panties shit?

Bitch, where do you get
this shit from? You crazy?

-Bitch, are you outta your fuckin' mind?

- Dakota.

- I'm sorry.

Damn!

I'm sorry, baby.

The director is God.

You have no vision from nobody.

You tryin'

to antebellum my ass.

You tryin' to fuckin'
plantationalize on me, ain't ya?
Bitch, this ain't Gone With The Wind.
You ain't Scarlett O'Hara!
I ain't Rhett Butler!
Bitch, I'll kick your ass.
Take that goddamn shit off.
Fuckin' with me.
Who the fuck
you think you are?
I'm sorry.
Bitch must be crazy.
Chillin' me with some goddamn shit
from some other motherfucker.
Who the fuck
does she think she is?
I can't believe that bitch
did me like this.
Hello?
You all right? I heard
a lot of noise next door.
I thought maybe you need some help,
or something like that.
Here, let me help you up.
- What the hell do you want?
- It's all right. Come here.
I won't hurt you.
Come here.
You can walk? You all right?
Yeah. I need... some help!
You weren't knocking on that door
while I was getting my ass beat.
- Yeah, well, I didn't want to get
all up in your business--
- Smart, huh?
- My God, it's funny, isn't it?
- Y'all got some ice around here?
Oh, the sink doesn't work. There's
some cold water in the bathroom tub.
Oh, God.
At least I still got my teeth.
- Put this right here.
- Thanks.
Yeah. Right there.

I seen you around, you know.
- I noticed you right away.
-Yeah?
- You don't belong here.
- Oh, yeah? How can you tell that?
You don't seem like
the type of guy that would be here...
in this house of ill repute.
My name's Dakota.
You ever been there?
- Where?
- Dakota.
Oh, no, no, no.
I ain't never been nowhere.
I'm from upstate New York.
- I'm, uh, Jake. Jake--
- Please, no last names.
In my line of work,
last names aren't needed.
You're actually better off
without them.
- Why he beat you like that?
- Because he can.
And why you let him though?
Look. Are you trying to get
inside my head or something?
- You trying to see how I think?
- Naw.
You think you're
real slick, huh?
Naw, I just, you know--
I just want to get
to know you or something.
Look, I'm not a crack 'ho, okay?
I don't do drugs.
-I ain't accusing you of nothing, baby--
-Good.
I just want you to know--
I don't do drugs. I'm clean.
Right.
You still didn't answer
my question though.
Why you allow this, this,
this... pimp, you know, to just--

- His name is Sweetness.

- Is what?

- His name is Sweetness.

- All right.

All right.

Why you allow Sweetness...

to, you know, more or less,
just beat you down?

A lot of reasons.

- Mm.

- Take your pick.

Shoot.

I love him. He loves me.

I'm his number one money-maker.

I'm his bottom bitch.

Uh, low self-esteem.

I was abused as a child.

And, you know, I deserved it.

It keeps me in line.

And he always says he's sorry.

You know,

we're going to get married...

once he saves up enough money
to get out of this...

sh-shit-hole.

Here, let me freshen

that up for you.

So what about you?

I mean, look.

That's one of my problems,

or one of my many problems.

I tell people my whole life history and

I don't even know a thing about them.

Ah. Well, I told you

my first name was Jake,

and, uh, I got two children.

Got a son.

His name is Jesus,

and, uh, got a daughter

named Mary.

Are you, like,

religious or something?

Oh, most definitely. Most defin--

Well, more so like, uh--

Well, spirituality too.
You really think
you're slick, huh?
I'm not talking anymore
about me until you...
start talking some more
about you.
All right. Well, um...
I like you, you know, uh,
fa-- uh, Dakota.
And, uh...
I think that, uh...
I can help you.
You know, trying
to fuck me isn't going to help me.
- Okay?
- I ain't talking about
nothing like that.
Why do you all men think...
dick is the cure-all?
I don't know about all men,
but I don't even think like that.
- Oh, no?
- No.
- You got a dick, don't you?
- Without a doubt.
- You got balls, don't you?
- Both of them. Both of them.
You really
think you're slick, huh?
No. I don't think
nothing like that.
So you want to know
something about me, or not?
I'm sorry.
I talk too much.
That's what Sweetness always says.
Where's my wig?
Damn!
- You lost your wig?
- Where's my wig?
Oh, man.
Look under the bed.
Bingo. There it is.

- Thanks.
- All right.
Anyway, uh, l, uh...
have a wife--
had a wife named Martha...
and, uh...
I love her very much.
Uh, I took her life.
I murdered her, and, uh...
I'm serving time
for that right now.
I still got a ways
to go, and, uh...
I guess it's like God is paying--
making me pay for my sins.
Fuck you.
Okay? You killed your wife?
I don't believe you.
Well, it don't matter, but,
you know, it's true, uh...
I'm on a kind of a...
work release program.
Well, here we are, huh?
Both fucked-up people.
...kept his mouth shut before the game.
Let's go to the Garden.
First quarter, Knicks up one.
Jordan for three?
Boo-yeah!
M.J. got much game.
Beaucoup game
in the first quarter alone.
- Jesus.
- I don't know yet.
- No, it's me, baby. It's Lala.
- What time is it anyway?

It's like 1:

I'm really sorry it's so late,
but I really have
to speak to you.
- Honey, I really need you to meet with
that guy I was telling you about.
- Who?

- He still wants just
five minutes of your time.
- What's his name again?
D'Andre Mackey.
He's a good brother also.
- He's a good brother?
-Yeah.
I don't know.
I was dreaming.
I don't know, Lala.
I'll get in trouble
for this.
Look, I told you he's a really
good friend of the family,
and... it would mean
a lot to me.
So, please?
All right, all right. Just let
me go back to sleep, okay?
- Okay. I'll arrange everything.
- I'll see you tomorrow at school.
Good night.
- Jesus?
- What?
- I love you.
- I love you too.
So, what did he say?
He's down whenever
you want to meet.
Let's go, Shuttlesworth!
Yeah, I'm coming,
I'm coming.
- Morning, Jake.
- Hey, what's happening?
What time is it?
Time for you to get
your ass out of bed.
You see, if I was you, I wouldn't
spend too much time sleeping.
-Well, you ain't me, is you?
-That's right. I haven't killed anybody.
- Yet.
- Why you got to take it there, Spivey?
Come on, everybody, let's be friends.

You know, it's
Tuesday morning, and time is flying.
You trying to make me feel better?
I know what day it is.
I don't want you to lose track of time.
You see, we're on a tight schedule.
We can all go back early,
if you just...
decide to give it up.
Throw in the towel.
You know, you haven't had
too much success with your son yet.
- Have you?
- Come on now. Leave the man alone.
It's not over till it's over,
till the fat lady sings.
That's right. That's right.
So since I'm on the clock,
if you two gentlemen don't mind,
can I get on with my day?
We're leaving.
- Just doing our job, baby.
- We all happy in our work, ain't we?
Y'all want some breakfast?
Naw, naw, naw. We had the continental
over at the Marriott.
- Yeah? Ain't as good as this though.
Give me one at a time,
one at a time.
- Can I have your autograph?
- Back up.
Hey, yo, back up! Hey, back up,
back up! Let the man breathe.
Give him some air.
Yeah, yeah, yeah. That's right.
You want his autograph now, 'cause it's
going to be worth big money real soon.
Now go on.
Hey, man, back up!
Here you go.
Here you go, partner.
Take it easy, Booger.
It's gonna be all right.
I'll take care of you,

all right? See?

I wonder where the hell

this bus is. Damn!

- For whom the final bell tolls

- Whoo!

- Big Time, what's up, baby?

- What up, J-man?

- You got it.

You not rolling public transportation
with all these knuckleheads.

Big Time Willie, that's what I've been
trying to tell him but he won't listen.

- I like to ride the bus.

These are my people.

- Hey, what's up with Jake?

- These are my peeps right here.

-Yo, man, it's your pops.

How are you doing, son?

Can I talk to you for a second?

- One-on-one--

- Naw. Boog, get in the fucking car.

We late for school.

Get in the fucking car, now.

- Son--

- Hey, don't push me, man.

- Can I talk to you, son?

- I don't know. You'll see me around.

- Just off the back--

- Bye, Uncle Jake.

Go ahead. Take off.

- Smack me if I'm wrong--

- Big Time!

So you want me to talk
to your pops, man?

He's stressing you out, I see.

I'll talk to him, man. I'll handle him.

Just give me the word.

I can handle my own
business, all right?

Yeah? You can handle it?

All right, J-man, handle it.

You know, your pops,

bugged out as he is right now,

back in the day,

he could play some ball, yeah.

Did you know that? Huh?

Did you know that?

- He knows.

-Yeah. Let's slide off to A.C., J-man.

- What's up, Jesus!

- Atlantic City, my treat.

- We got school.

- J-man.

- A.C.--

- Like my cousin said, we got school.

Right. My bad, my bad.

Hey, can't be fucking with
y'all's education, right?Yeah.

- So where you going to school, man?

You made up your mind?

- Not yet.

Look, you pygmy motherfucker--

- I'm not a pygmy.

- You want to walk to school?

Big Time, it's cool.

I'll kick your ass

out to the curb right now.

I mean, my bad and all, my bad,
but don't make me get violent
early in the morning.

- Really. I ain't had my coffee.

- Be cool, all right?

You know it's no coincidence
motherfuckers don't be fucking
with you, right?

Starting beefs with you,
starting shit with you.

You know.

- As jealous as niggers is
around here, like that nigger.

- Jesus!

Look, the reason
why nobody...

fucks with you is 'cause Big Time Willie
put the word out, all right?

- Oh, you did?

- Big Time Willie told motherfuckers...
they be fucking with the J,

they're gonna wake up dead
in the Atlantic Ocean.
Look, I hate to break it
down to you this way,
but it's not 'cause
they love you, man.
Huh? The bigger a nigger get up in this
motherfucker, the more they hate you.
All right? I mean,
you can play ball and all that,
but, shit, that don't mean shit
to these niggers 'round here;
put a cap in your ass.
Just on G.P. That's on the strength.
So you gotta watch your back.
- Oh, so I should thank you then, huh?
- I don't give a fuck.
I just want you to know
what the tick-tock is.
He knows.
Yeah.
You know, a lot of great ballplayers
came out of Coney Island,
but most of them
didn't amount to shit.
- What about Stephan Marsbury?
He made it.
- Oh, true that, true that.
-Yeah, but he's one of the few.
- If he can make it out here, so can I.
-Yeah? You're gonna make it?
-Yeah, I'm gonna make it.
You're gonna make it out like the rest
of these niggers out here, in a casket.
First thing that's gonna take you out
is these drugs they got for you.
And you got the cocaine,
heroin, crack cocaine.
You got the uppers, the downers,
the chiva, crystal meth.
Acid.
We got the nicotine for you.
Huh? You don't want
none of that?

And don't forget about
the alcohol, baby.
Yeah, we got that malt liquor,
a.k.a. "liquid crack."
Get that motherfucker.
Just for you, black man.
You see that shit be advertised
up and down Park Avenue?
Fuck, no!
Why do you fuck with me,
you fucking bitches?
I keep telling y'all,
stop fucking with me.
Oh, and they got the other
thing for you, man.
Yeah, I almost forgot.
They got that pussy.
- Give it to me, James.
- Take it.
I know you know how to
spell that, don't you?
- I do.
- How you spell it?
- P-U-S--
- H.I.V.
- Oh, baby, fuck me hard.
- Look at 'em come.
He think 'cause he got that ball skill,
he goin' up in the N.B.A., he immune.
How you gonna be immune to pussy?
Pussy be talking to you, Jesus.
Pussy be saying,
pussy be saying,
"Come on in, Jesus.
Just a little taste."
How you gonna be immune
to that shit?
- Feel so good.
- All that titty up in your face.
All that good ass.
How you gonna be immune to that thigh?
All those lips, all those hips?
All those honey dips?
Come on, man. Be real.

That shit will fuck
a nigger up quick.
Deadly combination.
You know what I'm saying?
And I didn't even mention
the bloodsucking leeches.
Oh, yeah.
The newfound family.
Pygmy buzzards be hovering over you
trying to get that loose change.
You know what I'm saying?
Huh?
They talking about "I love you."
"Oh, I love you."
- I love you.
- Oh, I love you, Jesus. Oh, I love you.
- You know I love you.
- I love you.
Te amo. Jess, te amo.
Aye, qu fiebre.
Come on, man.
I need some money.
- I love you so much.
- I need some money.
- Hook a brother up.
- Give me some money.
I need some cash.
I'm gonna get these Nikes.
- I can't have anything but the best.
- This Hilfiger sweater--
-Don't you want me looking good for you?
-I need some money.
- I love you.
- Hook a sister up. I need some money.
I need some Similac for my baby.
I need some Pampers for my baby.
I need some Dolce Gabbana for me.
I need some Chanel.
I need some Fendi.
Come on.
- Mira, papi. Big Time!
- What's up? How you doing?
Dnde estabas t anoche,
chico?

- Let's go, Sip.
- Here you go. Come get it.
Come on, slide through.
Slide through, slide through.
- Here you go. I got, I got you.
- Come on, come on.
- Pass, Sip.
- Yo, pick that up, G.
- Goddamn, man!
- Good block, baby.
- Ball out, man.
- What?
- What you mean, what?
You fouled the fuck out of me.
- That was our ball!
You fouled me. It's the only way
you're gonna block my shot anyway.
You fouled me, you fouled me.
Boo-hoo!
- Always crying.
- You the crybaby, you little
church-going motherfucker.
That's why I don't like
playing with your ass, son.
You swear you Jordan up in this piece.
You foul motherfuckers too.
- Man, shut your--
- Fuck the call.
- Give me the damn ball!
- Here, you want the ball?
Go get it!
- Oh, shit.
- Oh, shit.
- Yo, I made that shit.
- That's a million-dollar shot, baby.
- Goddamn!
- Jesus!
- Coach is back.
- I need to see you in my office now.
- So what's up, Coach?
- You know, I don't want
to keep busting your balls,
but you got any idea where you're
going to go with this thing?

I mean, kid,
an inkling, anything?
- Naw, I don't know yet.
- You're not holding out on me, are you?
No, Coach, you know I wouldn't do that
to you. I just don't know yet.
I'll know on Monday morning.
I still have to weigh my options.
Do me a favor.
Go lock the door.
Lock the door.
- Sit down.
- What's that?
Sit down, Jesus.
Sit down.
It's, uh-- it's a little
package to help you...
-maybe make your decision before Monday.
-I don't need that.
Buddy, you know what this is?
- What?
- That's \$10,000.
Huh? Take it.
10,000 "braziuls."
Hey, hey, you know how much
Hilfiger this buys?
Come on.
It's yours. Don't be
afraid of it. Take it.
- I can't take that.
- What do you mean? You been taking it.
- I can't take it.
- You've been taking, kid.
You told me before that it was
just a loan, didn't you?
You're talking semantics here.
Jesus, the fact remains, you took
the do-re-mi, pal. Think back with me.
You remember that little problem
you had with Calculus?
You remember the grade
you couldn't get?
Coach bumped that up a bit for you.
You passed the course, didn't you?

- Yeah.
- Your "dusanikbats" uncle.
You had to get out of his house.
Within one week, a truck came and
moved you and your kid sister out.
I ever bring that up?
Never a word out of me.
Always there for you.
Am I lying? Come on, kid.
Come on, please, will you?
I'm not asking you to commit a homicide
here. I'm asking you to just give me...
a little bit of information.
I need something-- anything.
I ain't got nothing
to say, Coach.
When I was a kid, my mother used to
go, "Arthur, you're a capo tost."
- You know what a "capo tost" is?
- Naw.
It means you got a head
like concrete.
I think me and you, we suffer from
the same affliction. I swear to God.
Kid, on the court, you're the most
coachable kid I ever had.
I never had a boy
that could respond like you.
Off the court,
I can't tell you a damn thing.
This is your money.
Hey, this is yours.
- I don't need that money, Coach.
- Tell me something.
I got Calculus.
You forgot something.
Yeah.
Mm, right there.
Oh, yeah.
- Mr. Shuttlesworth, how are you?
- I'm fine. How are you?
- Dom Pagnotti. Pleasure to meet you.
- Nice to meet you.
- Hello, Lala.

- Hello.
- D'Andre, what's up?
- How you doing?
- Why don't we go inside?
I'll show you my house.
- We'd love to.
- Wow. This a phat crib.
- Ain't it?
- What do you think?
- You have a really nice home.
Thank you. I just did it.
Built it from scratch.
- It's gorgeous.
- Thank you.
Why don't you and Lala make
yourself at home and let me
and Jesus discuss some business.
This right here
is a 355 Ferrari Spider, \$130,000.
You're looking at
a 12-cylinder Mercedes, 600 SL--
\$135,000.
Now, if you want the best,
Jesus, you come right this way.
A quarter-million-dollar
Lamborghini Diablo.
- Take a look inside, Jesus.
- You can get a house
with a quarter million dollars.
Not the house
I'm going to get you.
- You like music?
- I love music.
- Has a \$30,000 stereo system.
State of the art.
- \$30,000?
30,000. That's a small trailer home
in North Carolina...
you got playing music
for you right there.
Now, Jesus,
I know you like Lala.
Whatever may be may be.
But you can look like Buddy Hackett...

and drive down a street with this
and have 40 girls chasing you.

I want to show you my court.

Oh, so you just got the court
built inside the house, huh?

- Of course.

- Let's go one-on-one.

- Let's see what you got.

- What I got?

- Let's see what you got.

- I got--

So you in the Mafia.

Down with Gotti, huh?

Mafia? Gotti?

Just because I'm an Italian American
doesn't mean I'm involved with the mob.

I'm the best at what I do.

I'm a sports agent.

Now, I don't know

if you realize this,

but several NBA teams

are interested in you right now.

At this point in time,

I can't tell you who,

but I will tell you

they are contenders.

Now, I know you've considered
jumping straight to the pros.

The money is there.

I have the contacts.

So apply for the NBA draft now.

Right here, Jesus,

is a contract.

This makes me your agent.

This allows me

to represent you.

I will take you to the top.

I can't do that right now.

I have to weigh my options.

- How much does your watch cost?

- 89.95.

89.95. Right here...

is a platinum

and diamond Rolex.

The best you can buy.
Gold? Forget about it.
Silver? Forget about it.
You have platinum and diamonds. That's
like having speed and power in the NBA.
And, Jesus, that watch is a gift
from Dom Pagnotti to you.
- Keep it.
- Oh, I bet there's strings
attached, too, huh?
There's no strings, no rubber bands.
There's nothing attached at all.
That's a \$36,000 watch. That's like
having a Corvette on your wrist.
- You keep that.
- I can't take this.
- Why not?
- It's illegal. I can't take it.
I don't see anyone here.
Just me and you.
- There's nobody here,
but it's still illegal.
- You know what, Jesus?
I'll keep it. The money
you and I gonna make together,
you could buy 20 of them
if you want.
Yeah, that's all good
and everything, but when I'm ready,
- I'm thinking about hiring
a brother to represent me.
- Yeah? Why's that?
I just feel comfortable
with a brother.
All right, Jesus,
let me ask you a question.
- What color is this?
- It's green.
You're black, I'm white,
this is green.
When making a business decision,
the only color that matters is green.
Now, do you consider yourself
a man or a boy?

- Of course I consider myself a man.

- Okay.

Because men make decisions
with their mind.

Boys make decisions
with their heart, Jesus.

- My partner D'Andre, he's black.

- No!

So it really doesn't matter.

You have the best
of both worlds.

You need to sign with me,
and you need to sign with me now.

-You talk a great game.

-Jesus, this isn't a game. This is life.

I can bring you
to the Promised Land,
but what you need to do, Jesus,
is give me the opportunity...
to show you how good I am.

Dear Jesus,
your daddy and I hope you're fine.

"I thought it might be
a little hard for you...

"being away from home for--
for the first time.

I had no idea that--"

I didn't even know
they had basketball camps.

Thank God I got you out of Coney Island
for at least a week this summer.

"You're really serious
about this basketball,
and that's good."

However, I do wonder sometimes...
whether it's you or your father
that wants to pursue this.

I know he drives you
too hard.

That's right. Come on,
come on. Work, baby.

You got to work harder
than the next man, right?

It's the will of the man;

it ain't the skill of the man.
He can't play you.
He can't do nothing with you!
We the only two people up. Me, you and
Michael Jordan. That's the only people.
Everybody else in the world is asleep.
What you think Jordan doing right now?
He lifting weights right now.
We out the projects, baby.
We out the projects.
Where we gonna live at, son? Where
we living at, yo? Where we living at?
Huh? We living on East Side.
Where we at?
We're up on the Upper West Side?
Central Park West somewhere?
- Where we gonna be at, huh?
What you gonna buy Mama, son?
- House.
Come on.
A big house, right?
How many bedrooms?
How many bedrooms?
- How many she want?
- As many as she wants.
Don't never let them see you weak.
Let me tell you something.
- Don't never let them see you weak.
- This is for everything.
You miss, you know
you givin' me ten pushups, right?
You know if you miss, you
give me ten pushups, right?
- All right, show me what you got.
Concentrate.
Four... three... two--
That's what I'm talking about. That's
what I'm talking about. Are you tired?
Jesus Shuttlesworth, he got game.
He don't get tired.
- Are you tired? You tired?
- Uh-huh.
"But, son, your father
does love you dearly."

- You should have seen your boy today.
- What did he do?
- What'd you get them for, son?
- About 34 points.
- Thirty-four.
- Thirty-four points?

You got 34, but one time

he went up, I was like, "Oh, my boy."

- I thought he was gonna dunk.

He just kept going.

- Really?

He kept going. He's almost getting the rim now, or the net, anyway-- the net.

- That's my baby.

- That's right. My boy.

"Have fun at the camp,
and remember--"

Use basketball as a tool.

"Love, Mommy."

"P.S.-- Your sister
misses you badly."

And when you get home,
please be nice to her.

Big brothers have to protect
their little sisters.

Come on, baby.

- Don't hold back, baby.

- Oh, oh, yeah, oh.

No, baby, come on. Don't hold back.

Come on, baby.

Oh, yeah, baby.

Fuck me now.

Fuck me. Oh, yeah.

Yeah. Come on, baby.

Come on, baby, come on.

Fuck me, baby.

Where them elbows at?

Give me the elbows. Make me pay for it.

Make me pay if I get too close.

Make me pay!

Yes. All right,
good shoot! Oh!

- All right.

- All right, that's two.

- Two-zip.
- Two-zip.
I'll give you ten.
He's cheating, Jesus.
Come on now. Play ball.
Just 'cause a man bigger than you,
don't mean he better than you.
Whoo-hoo!
Play some "D" now.
Get up on him, Jesus.
Money.
What's that, baby?
- Ask Goose.
- What was that, ten-one?
- Ten-two? Butter.
- Luck.
You ain't ready for me.
Come on, Jesus.
Get up on him, Jesus.
- Check it out.
- Check 'em.
- Don't push me.
- So what I push you? So what?
You're gonna get mad
when you get pushed?
What, you wanna quit
when you get pushed?
- Oh!
- Take your shot.
I could take you out
your game that easy, huh?
So somebody gets up on you.
So what?
- Stop pushing him, man.
- You got to deal with that, son.
You mad? That's all the players got
to do to you, is make you mad, huh?
All they gotta do is make you mad
and you'll give up, won't you?
'Cause when you get mad,
you can't play.
'Cause when you get mad,
you can't make a shot.
Come get it now.

I ain't taking it easy on you.

I told you I ain't taking it easy
on you. Where you at, boy?

J-J, come on,

give the guy a break, man.

Come on,

go strong, Jesus.

- Why you cheating, man?

- How did I cheat?

- Don't tell me how to raise my son.

- Stop pushing me.

So I'm pushing you. So what?

Show me what you got.

Stop pushing me.

- Take it! Take it!

- Go strong, baby.

- Like nobody's better than you!

- I'm supposed to be scared?

Yes. That's what

I'm talking about.

No matter what I say to you, I ain't
got nothing to do with your game.

It's between you
and the rim.

Don't be afraid of nobody.

That's right.

Elbow me if--

Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!

- Go strong.

- Get out of here.

Go get it, the ball.

Go get it.

- Whoa, whoa.

- Get up.

- Foul, man!

- All right, you got foul. No harm.

Respect my call. Besides, that wasn't
a foul. That was attempted murder!

What you mean, respect your call?

Ain't nobody even hardly touch you.

- What you trying to prove?

- Just get up, boy, and stop
crying. Give me the ball.

- Give me the ball, man.

- What you doing?
- Check it out--
- Hey, respect my call.
- Besides, that wasn't a foul--
- Don't start yelling at me, boy.
No harm. No foul.
Are you hurt? You bleeding?
What you think? I want to see
you get pushed like that. Ow!
- You gonna cry now or something?
- Why you got to push-- Whoa!
- Take the ball out. Huh?
- Man, I quit, man.
- Man, I quit!
- You quit?
- What?
- I quit. I'm out of here.
Oh, you out of here now. You're
gonna quit like a little bitch, huh?
Big bitch!
You better go
and get my ball!
- I ain't getting a damn thing!
- Jesus!
- Daddy, leave me alone!
- Jake, that's some wrong shit, man.
I'm out of here, man.
Fuck, that's why
he ain't gonna make it.
That's why he
ain't gonna make it.
Damn, I can't believe he threw
that shit over the fence.
What's the matter, baby?
You don't like the food.
The food is fine.
Just not hungry.
- Where's your daddy?
- I don't know, and I don't care.
Uncle Jake must have beat him
in basketball again. Ow!
- Stop hitting on him.
- Tell him to stop then. He
always getting on my nerves.

No, I'm not going
to tell him to shut up,
and these basketball wars between
you and your father have got to stop.
I just asked your son
where you were.
Don't they feed you
at home, Booger?
How you doing, baby?
Your food was getting cold,
so I put it in the oven.
You know, when you threw that ball
over the fence, it got lost.
You know that, right?
Paid my hard-earned money for that
basketball. You know that, don't you?
We can always buy
a new basketball.
Yeah, we don't need
a new ball, okay?
We had a ball already.
Besides, you need to learn how
to respect other people's property.
Ball belonged to me,
not to him.
- Mommy, can I be excused?
- No, you cannot. Sit your ass down.
- I'm finished!
- Yeah, well, you ain't excused though.
- He's done, Jake.
- I ain't done. Sit your black ass down.
And it's time for you to go.
And put the bread back down.
- Trying to sneak bread all the time.
- Bye, Jesus!
I said sit down. I'm your daddy
and you're gonna do what I tell you.
Don't raise your voice.
Do what I tell you to do,
and I'm telling you to sit down.
- So? I'm finished.
- What?
- You hear what I say to you, huh?
- Jake!

- Boy, when I tell you to sit down--
- Get off me!
- When I tell you to sit down--
- Jake, get off him!
- Get up off me!
- Get off him! What's wrong with you?
Are you out of your mind?
Stop it! Please!
Baby?
- Mommy? Mommy?
- Baby?
- Get up. Get up.
- Wake up, baby.
Baby, wake up.
Call 9-1-1, son.
Call 9-1-1. Go ahead.
Call 9-1-1. Go, go.
Come on, let's walk.
I knew you was going to come though.
I appreciate it, though, son.
Yeah, I appreciate you for coming
to meet me and everything like that.
I got this for Mary here. You know,
I thought she might like these here.
My all-time favorite ballplayer
was Earl Monroe.
Earl the Pearl.
Yeah, he was nice. See, everybody
remember him from the Knicks,
you know, when he helped win
that second championship.
I'm talking about when he was with the
Bullets down at Winston-Salem Stadium...
before that game, with 42 points
a game the whole season.
41.6...
the whole season.
But the Knicks, they put the shackles on
him, man, you know, on his whole game.
They locked him up,
like in a straitjacket or something.
When he was in the streets of Philly,
the playgrounds,
he was like--

- You know what they called him?

- What?

Jesus. That's what they called him--

Jesus. 'Cause he was the truth.

Then the white media got a hold of it.

Then they got to call him Black Jesus.

He can't just be Jesus.

He got to be Black Jesus.

You know, but still...

he was the truth.

So that's the real reason

why you got your name.

You named me Jesus after Earl Monroe,

and not Jesus in the Bible?

Not Jesus of the Bible,

Jesus of North Philadelphia.

Jesus of the playgrounds.

That's the truth, son.

The way he dished, the way

he, you know, he spinned.

You know how you do,

coming off and all that. Taw!

I want you to go

to Big State, son.

That's the real reason

why I'm out here.

That's the reason

they let me out.

You find it in your heart to go

to Big State, and, uh...

they may let me out

on an early parole.

-So that's what this is all about, huh?

-That's a part of it.

- Jake, you just like everybody else.

- I ain't like everybody else.

I ain't like everybody else.

Everybody else ain't your father.

Everybody else ain't

bring you in this world.

Everybody else don't care

about you, son.

Like that girl you running with.

You know her, Lay-- Layla?

- Lala!
- Lala. You know her?
- Yeah, I know her.
- Yeah, she know you like a book too.
Many a great man, son,
their downfall was 'cause of a woman.
- You talking about Samson and Delilah.
- Yeah, that's right.
Him too. Him too.
You see I don't cut my hair, right?
So you do know
your Bible, huh?
Look, son, just be careful.
That's all I'm saying to you, all right?
All right?
Do you know if you're
gonna go to Big State?
I mean, is that like a finalist,
or the final four for you?
- They are in my top ten.
- In your top ten?
All right. That's good.
One out of ten, that's--
I can live with them odds.
- What's up, Booger?
- Hi, Uncle Jake.
All right, I'm, uh--
Just give that to Mary.
- What's up, Booger?
- What's up?
She knows it's only a treat.
She doesn't get it all the time.
Just once in a while.
Aww.
- Here you go.
- Thank you.
- Man, thank God it's Friday.
- Friday?
You better thank God
you're here, man.
I'm just glad you was able
to make it, man.
Sorry it was
so last-minute though.

Man, don't be crazy, man.

I know all the schools sweating you.

- How many you visit?

- Four.

You gonna take the extra
ten they gave you?

- You know I don't need no ten visits.

- Yeah, right.

Hi, Chick.

- That was my last one.

- Yeah?

Who was that?

She was sweating you.

You like this?

You like this, don't you?

- Yeah, it's really nice.

- Yeah, I could tell.

This ain't the projects, man. We got
like grass and trees, and fresh air.

This is Morgan.

This is Monty.

- How you doing?

- How you doing, Jesus?

- We'll check you later.

- Later on. Them boys can play, man.

What's up, Chick? Hey, Chick.

Hey, girls, how you doing?

- Hey.

- Oh, man.

Mm!

Goodness. I know the both
of y'all know Jesus Shuttlesworth.

- Oh, my God!

- Oh, my God!

That's not right, Chick.

That's not right, Chick.

Hey, how about Sunday?

Take y'all out of church?

- Wait. You're Jesus of Coney Island?

- Yeah, that's me.

Look, you've got to come
to this school.

With you and Chick, we'll
definitely go to the Final Four.

- Go? We'll win the whole thing.
- That's you, dog.
- You are going to go here, aren't you?
- Well, we hope so.
It's my job to convince him.
And this is his last
visit to any schools.
- Jesus, Tech-U is a really cool place.
You will love it here.
- Really?
- I mean, we really know how to party.
- Oh, you do?
- Uh-oh.
- It's, uh, really cool.
- I hope I see you around.
- All right.
- Bye.
- Bye.
- Bye, Chick.
- Bye, Chick.
Come on. Let's go meet
Coach Billy Sunday, man.
- Forget Billy Sunday.
We need to follow them.
- Man, he's a cool white boy.
Now this is what I'm
talking about. Tech dome, baby!
- Wow!
- Thousands of seats. Crowded, yo.
When they get in here,
they tear the roof off, yo.
See those seats
down there, man?
- Yeah?
- The ones in the front.
That's where all the alumni sit,
with all the money, man.
- Where? Right here?
- Yeah, man. I even got
my favorite seat, right here.
Wait. You can sit on mine.
I'm gonna warm this one up.
Feel that?
Feel the difference?

Now, introducing-- Number 34!
From Coney Island,
Brooklyn, New York--
Jee-suuus Shuttlesworth!
Hello, son.
This is for you.
Coach Sunday.
I hope that Chick here
has been a gracious host.
Oh, Chick has been great.
Good. 'Cause we really know how
to treat our student athletes right.
- Isn't that right, Chick?
- Yeah, oh, yeah.
Coach is telling
the truth, man.
I hope you don't think we're too forward
or aggressive with the highlight film...
- or the jersey.
- No way.
- That's the way we are here
at Tech U. We show love.
- Much love. Much love.
Why beat around the bush?
We scouted you since you were
in junior high school.
We know all about you.
We love you.
You're a great kid. Not only a
great ballplayer, a great student,
but a beautiful human being.
When I read about how you've been
raising your sister all by yourself,
it made me want to cry.
I said to myself,
"That's the kind of young man...
"that will be the backbone
of this great country,
- not just the Tech University
basketball team."
- Tell it.
-You understand what I'm trying to say?
-Yes, sir.
When I heard...

that you were coming to visit,

I got down...

on my hands and knees...

and I prayed to God.

- Chick.

- Right here.

- Dear Lord, please...

- Please.

deliver Jesus to us.

I got down on my knees,

and I asked God...

to let Tech University

be the throne of Jesus.

As you already know, this will be

the most important decision...

of your life

that you'll ever make.

Yeah.

Son... don't blow it.

- Hi, Chick. How you doing?

- Hey, what's up, Molly?

- Hey, Chick.

- What's up, Liz?

- This is Jesus Shuttlesworth.

- Hi, Jesus.

- We're glad you're here.

- We're having a little talk.

Let us finish, and then we can

get up with y'all later. All right?

Okay. All right.

Nice meeting you.

- Bye.

- Nice seeing y'all.

Mm!

Lovely, huh?

Travel in packs too.

Mm!

You hit those?

- About 50% from the field.

- You lying.

You can have the rest.

I swear. Look, man.

We got some serious freaks

up here in this piece, man.

- Oh, Jesus.
- Oh, Jesus.
I was into my black bag
also, man.
Yo, I was keeping beautiful,
fine dark sisters.
Nubian sisters. Africa.
The whole nine. I'm telling you, man.
Well, you know,
I got a lady back in Brooklyn.
- Her name is Lala. We in love.
- I got a lady too.
She at home,
and she ain't here.
And I ain't talking about no love.
I'm talking about...
these white freaks
here at Tech U, man.
They love some ball-playing
brothers, man.
- Let you get your swerve on, man.
- I hear all that, but--
- What about the sisters?
- What about them?
I love them, but they
make you work too hard, man.
Them white girls over there, man,
they do your dirty drawers.
Wash 'em.
Cook for you.
- Give you money, man.
- Nuh-uh!
- Let you drive the Benz
their daddy bought.
- Oh, hell, no!
- They go the extra mile, man.
- You lying.
You see Molly
over there, man?
You can call her up at 4:00
in the morning, man.
"Bitch, get over here.
Let me spank you."
Man, before you hang the phone up,

she beating on the door.

- You don't even got
to kick your own bed out.

- Man, you lying.

- Buck!

- What's up, Buck?

- Peace, bro! Peace.

- What's up, man?

- We need to stay out in the hallway.

- Mm-hmm, mm-hmm.

- Everybody in the hallway.

- This is a party. It's a long hallway.
You're good. Hey, where
the hell you at last night?
Always messin' around.
That's why I can't mess with y'all, man.

- We need to be out here.

- Don't worry about that.
I want you meeting
the assistant coaches.

- What are the assistant coaches
doing in the hallway?

- Yeah. Right here, man.
Lines and choruses
Days full of Doris's
Jesus, say hello
to Buffy and Suzie.

- Don't worry about the names.

- What's up?

Boy. I know you'll
take care of business.
Brooklyn is in the house.
Boy, keep it real.
Keep it real. It's up to you.

- Do what a black man gotta do.

- Where you goin'?

- Be right out here.

- You leavin'?

Holler if you need me, man.
Hey there.

- Sit down. Relax.

- Hi.

- Yeah. Sit down right here.

- Don't be nervous.

Beats in the game of rap, put my soul
in it, care less about the gold in it
Boom the shottie
Got the motherfuckin' paparazzi
- How're you doin'?
- I'm doin' fine.
- Yeah?
- Yeah. How are you?
-Good. How do you like your stay so far?
-It's been wonderful.
He's so nervous.
He's so tense. Very sexy.
I know. Just can't wait till next
season when you're going to school here.
- Can you?
- I can't wait.
- I know. Hmm.
- I can't wait.
Oh, Jesus!
Yes!
Yes, Jesus! Oh!
Eat it!
This guy, he's leaving me now.
He's right there.
And I'm just gonna...
you know, do whatever.
I'll call you later. I'll call
you later. All right. See you. Bye.
Hey, how you doin'? I'm Jake
Shuttlesworth. I'm Jesus's father.
Yeah, how are you?
- May I ask you a question,
talk to you about something?
- About what?
Well, number one, my son, he loves you
very much. You know that, right?
- Yeah. I feel the same way.
- Do you? That's good. That's lovely.
You haven't talked to him today?
Seen him, nothin' like that?
I was talkin' to him last night. He told
me that he was heading outta town today.
I don't remember where he was sayin'
he was goin' 'cause I was half-asleep.

- Nah, I haven't seen him.

- You sure?

- I haven't seen him.

- Okay.

Okay. He's waitin' for you?

- He's my big brother.

- He's your big brother?

Oh, okay. Yeah.

Yeah, I can see the resemblance.

- What are y'all? Dominican? Cuban?

- No.

- Borinquen, baby, thank you.

- Borinquen. Yeah, whatever.

- So, like, listen, Layla--

- Lala.

- Whatever.

- That's my name.

Whatever they payin' you,

I can do better than that.

Pay whom what? You ain't got

no real money anyway anyhow.

You ain't got to say that to me.

School's out. You know what I'm sayin'?

Here's what I'm sayin'.

We can help each other, all right?

You ain't got to play games with me.

Just listen to me for a second.

We can help each other.

If we work together, we can both get

what we want. You know what I'm sayin'?

Look, I don't know who you

been talking to or who you think I am,

but I'm the only one here who really,

really cares about Jesus.

- Is that right?

- Yes.

- Why don't you help me then,

since you really care about him?

- No.

What you need to do is let go of my arm.

Let go of my arm!

- No disrespect. No disrespect.

- Thank you.

I think you heard

what she's saying.

Look, son, why don't you--

What you got there, a Range Rover?

- "Son"?

- Why don't you get in your Range Rover.

- You ain't my pops.

- Don't be trying to blow up the spot!

I'm not trying

to disrespect you--

Huh? I didn't hear what you said.

- What you say?

- D'Andre!

- You can't talk now, huh?

Are you okay?

D'And-- D'Andre?

What do you want, what do you need

What will you find

Don't be afraid, don't fall asleep

Open your mind

I hope this rhyme gets you in time

in space, come to a different place

Will you hear spiritual lyrical

knowledge in your face to face

Like welfare In these rappers' lyrics

they need health care

Does KRS represent heaven

Hell, yeah

Let me take you elsewhere where

you stand is a curse there for sure

Unless you're mature, grow up

If you're immature

then you live in sinister

- Booger. Booger, what's happenin'?

- Hey, hey.

- How you doin', man? You all right?

- Yeah, I'm all right.

- Everything's good?

- Ah, you know, it's all right.

- Yeah. Seen my son?

- No, I ain't seen him.

- You ain't seen him?

- I ain't seen him.

Lyin' motherfucker.

You've seen him. Where he at?

- You're lyin', nigger. Where's he at?

- I'm not lyin', Uncle Jake.

Yeah, all the times you ever been
up eatin' in my motherfuckin' house.

- Where is he at?

- I talked to him yesterday.

- Where'd he say he was goin'?

- Yo, yo! Balloons. Two for a dollar.

- Get the fuck outta here.

- Let go. You're hurting my--

All right. I'm sorry.

You want some of this here?

My bad. It's my bad.

You all right? You straight?

- You got some money?

- No. No.

Public Enemy on the disk

Unstoppable

Runnin' the game Chuck and Kris

- These are good!

- Mm-hmm.

-I can eat 20 of these.

-Unstoppable Public Enemy on the disk

Unstoppable

You don't wanna take the risk

- Hey, Jake.

- Hey.

- How's it goin', my man?

- Oh, good, good.

That's good.

You want a hot dog?

Uh, naw, naw. Yo, uh, Borinquen,
give me one of them orange joints.

- Okay, you got it.

- Yeah, it's, uh--

Not as fast as I expected, but it's
all gonna work out; I feel that.

When's your son

comin' back into town?

Y'all heard about that?

Oh, yeah,

the whole world heard about that.

- Look, I need some money.

- Mm-hmm.

You know, an advance or something like that? I'm broke.

I hope you're not lookin' to buy no plane, train or bus ticket outta here.

-Naw, nothin' like that.

-You're tryin' to pull a fast one on us?

- It's just I met a friend.

- Female friend?

A female friend, and I'd like to take her someplace other than Nathan's.

Invite her up for one of them grilled cheese sandwiches and orange soda.

Now, I know you haven't fell... for that broken-down 'ho you been messin' around with.

- What is a "'ho"?

Is that like a gardening tool?

- 'Ho, man. Whore.

Bitch that sells pussy.

Right, Jake?

She ain't no bitch and she ain't no 'ho.

The lady's name is Dakota. Dakota.

All right, Jake.

You don't have to get defensive.

We know you've been locked up five and a half years. Pussy is pussy.

That's some hard shit, my man, you know?

No poontang in five and a half years.

I know you ain't been out messin' around with them little boys.

- I ain't messin' with no little boys.

- Nobody tossed your salad?

Ain't nobody did a motherfuckin' thing.

- I read in prison...

- I didn't engage in no homosexual activities.

- that the guy who's doin' it--

- Y'all gonna give me the money?

Not the guy who's gettin' it up the old kazoo, but the guy who's doin' it, he doesn't consider himself

to be a faggot.

- Crudup.

- You think that's true?

Crudup. Just make sure
she's clean, my man.

That could be some dirty-ass pussy.

Go and knock yourself out.

Thank you.

It's all the film thing,
baby. It's all the film thing.

You see what I'm sayin'?

Lights, camera, action!

All right, Sweetness.

Here we go, baby.

- I'm makin' you some money tonight.

- Hey, baby.

How much for a blow job?

You wanna go for a ride?

You wanna have some fun?

- I wanna get my swerve on.

- Wanna go out?

Hey, baby,

you wanna party with me tonight?

This is my last 20 bucks.

You take that \$20

back to your wife, honey.

This is your mama you're talkin' to.

Come here, baby.

- Dakota.

- What about you?

- What?

- Let's get outta here.

- Will you beat it. Damn!

- Let's get outta here.

- You are bad for business, okay?

- I got money, all right?

Let's get outta here.

Hey! What's

in the bag, all right?

Man!

Take a seat right there.

Yeah, huh?

Come on. Sit down.

Thanks.

Some of this right there.

For the lady...

and for the man.

- Mm, thanks.

- And for the boys upstate.

- Hey, don't waste it.

- Shit, they need it.

- Cheers.

- Cheers.

So, um...

I like talking to you and all,
but don't let that fool you, you know.

There's no free pussy
around here, no freebies.

Sweetness will have my ass.

How much?

How much you wanna spend?

The whole shot.

How long have you
been locked up?

2,213 days.

That's six years,

23 days...

in the State.

Wow.

How many tricks you turn
in that time?

- All I count is the money.

- Yeah?

Why don't you
just pretend like--

I like you mean it
or something?

- I'm a good actress.

- Are you?

Yeah.

Why don't you
take that wig off...
and be real for a minute.

I guess that's a requirement
of the job, huh? Right?

To be a good actress?

Act like it

means something?

Hmm?
Stand up.
Naw, wait, wait, wait,
wait, wait, wait.
Mmm.
Go slow.
It's a long time,
you know?
Mmm.
Two thousand.
Oh, damn.
Hey, look, why don't we
take this on over there.
Oh!
It's okay.
- It's okay.
- Sorry, l--
No. Nothin'
to be sorry about.
It's been a long time.
Anyway, we got all night.
I'm turning the meter off.
How was your trip, son?
Good.
Whose car is this?
- What, this brand-new Lexus?
- Yeah.
Well, technically,
it's mine.
It's registered in my name,
but it's for you.
- For me?
- How you like it?
LS400.
Look at that.
Power moon roof.
Got that, uh,
vehicle theft deterrent.
That's to deter them Coney Island
Puerto Ricans from stealing your shit.
I never asked for a car.
Did I ever ask for a car?
- I asked for you.
- You must be outta your mojo mind.

If anybody sees me in this car,
that's my ass.
The way it was explained to me, as long
as it's in my name, it's all good.
This shit
is all fucked up.
You gotta take it back,
give it back, do what you gotta do.
I don't even wanna know
who you got it from either.
You don't like the color?
What you want? Blue, black, white?
- You take it back.
- Sh--
- Mm, so how was your trip?
- My trip? Oh, I had a great trip.
Best one, so far?
You think?
I don't know. I mean,
they're all the same,
but you just have a good time
with all of them.
We all do the same things-- go partyin',
meet all the guys, go to classes.
I mean, it was just--
It's off the hook.
- Did you miss me, Jesus?
- Of course I missed you.
That's all I did
was talk about Lala.
Did you meet any women at the parties,
in the dorms and stuff like that?
Did I meet any women?
There were women at this college.
There are women all over the place.
I mean, there's women on the floor,
in the dorms, women in the classroom.
There's a women's basketball team,
track team. Women all over the place.
Of course I met women.
I got introduced to everybody.
I said hello. That's about it.
- So did you fuck anybody
while you were out there?

- Hell, no!
Don't think I haven't heard stories
about these white college bitches.
Me with a white bitch?
They got 'em all lined up,
waitin' to suck your dick.
If my mother ever saw me with
a white bitch, she'd spin in her grave.
Then she's spinning.
She's turnin' over and over and over.
Don't be talking about my mother,
all right? Please.
All right.
D'Andre and Dom need to know something.
Goddamn.
I should've known.
- What?
- This whole world is bugged.
And you're in it with 'em.
You're in cahoots with D'Andre and Dom.
Don't even lie.
Tell me the truth.
I knew that ever since
I left that house.
Ever since I walked in the house,
as a matter of fact.
And why shouldn't
I get paid, huh?
Why shouldn't Lala get something
outta this? Everybody else is.
I can't believe this.
I really can't.
Well, you believe it.
I believed you when you said...
that you would never
leave me, Jesus.
And I believed you when you asked me
to get that abortion.
When you begged me
to get that abortion, I believed you.
- We both agreed on that.
- I wanted that child.
- I wanted to know
what you think because it's--

- What I think?
A baby's gonna hurt
my chance of going to college.
I mean, the top schools,
they're gonna be scared away. Damn!
I'm too young. You're too young.
We ain't ready for nothin' like this.
How did we get pregnant anyway?
Let's talk about that.
Are you sure?
I'm not getting pregnant
now, papi.
I just wanna
feel you inside of me...
without a jimmy.
"I can't get pregnant, papi.
I wanna feel you
inside of me, papi."
- Isn't that what you said?
- Lala has to look out for herself.
Lala played herself,
that's what she did.
And don't think I don't know about
that D'Andre kid either.
- Did you fuck him?
- So what?
At least I can admit it.
- Oh, so it makes it all right
that you admit it--
- I'm not saying it's all right.
I'm just saying that there's a reason
and I can at least admit it.
- That don't mean shit.
- That don't mean shit?
- Go fuck all of Coney Island.
- Well, you know what?
If it don't matter,
then why are you stressing?
- You're gonna wake up a whole
bunch of angry black folk.
- I don't give a fuck!
You know
you're gonna leave me.
This is gonna last while you're off

to college for a year?
You want me to live in Lala-land?
Is that what it is?
How do you know?
Tell me how you know.
- I know 'cause I ain't stupid.
- You went to a fortune teller?
You don't know shit.
You don't know what's gonna happen.
Jesus, I have read
all about...
those high school sweethearts
who get left behind.
I have seen that movie
many a time.
I told 'em nobody can tell Jesus
what to do, but they fucking insisted.
If they were stupid enough
to give me money...
to use some kind of influence
over you that I never possessed,
so be it.
They put the money in my hand
with the promise of more to come.
Just like
everybody else.
Jesus, you have
no problems.
Your life is set.
You got no worries.
- I have nothing.
- Yeah, right.
You're gonna honestly lie
dead to my face and tell me...
that it was gonna be forever
and you were gonna take care of me...
and that I had no problems
or no worries?
- That wasn't hard for me.
- Oh, my God.
Come here.
That's it. Come here!
Good riddance.
What's up, son?

So, this is it, yo?
Judgment day?
Father and son?
Jake and Jesus?
So you ain't gonna
say nothin' to me. Okay.
I ain't got no more time to be tryin'
to beg your forgiveness or nothin',
so I'll make this
real simple.
This right here,
it's a letter of intent...
for you to sign
to go to Big State.
Right?
Right there.
I'll play you,
one-on-one, to 11.
I win, you sign.
You win, you do what you wanna do.
Tear it up, whatever.
I go back to Attica, 'cause I know
that's what you really want. Right?
- You wanna play me one-on-one?
- One-on-one.
- If I win, you get the hell outta here?
- I ain't stuttered, son.
- The hell outta my life?
- Forever.
- I'll take the bet. You're on.
- Bet.
You wanna take them shines off,
that gold?
You gonna take
that LoJack off?
It don't come off, son.
Check.
Aah!
That's one.
- That's the only basket
you gettin' all game.
- Check.
One.
I can count.

That's one.

Two.

Two-one. That's somethin'
you taught me.

That's right.

I taught you well, son.

A lot of things you learned from me.

This your ball?

- What you stallin' for?

- Everything you got you got from me.

Everything you got.

- Let me show you what you taught me.

- Yeah, show me. Show me!

Show me!

I didn't teach you that,
though, did I?

That's somethin'

I didn't teach you.

- That was luck.

- That's somethin' you gotta
learn on your own.

Give it up. Give it up.

Oh, why you do--

Oh, yeah!

Who taught you that one?

I think I'll go around again.

- Yeah!

- It's your ball.

Mmm, I feel refreshed.

You better shoot it. That's a brick.

All right, we gon' cut out
all that lucky shit.

- What's that?

- That's three.

- You gon' play me?

- Yeah. I'm just warmin' up, baby.

I give you that.

- You better play some defense.

- I give you that.

Don't give me too many.

Yeah. Where you at, baby?

That's my rock.

Yeah, that was luck, anyway.

That's luck too, baby.

- Just call me the leprechaun.
- That's your last basket.
Yeah. I'm a lucky Negro.
You ready?
All right.
Oh, I forgot.
Payback is a bitch, huh?
Yeah.
Oh, don't get mad. You're the one
that taught me to be a good sportsman.
Ball up.
What you want,
the jump shot dunk?
What?
Huh?
- Bottoms.
- What's that?
- Seven to a lucky five.
- Seven to a lucky five.
- Eight-five.
- Eight-five.
I'm about to send you
down there with them.
- Nine-five.
- You quittin'?
- I can take a loss.
- You just gon' give up, huh?
- I ain't givin' up.
- You just gon' give up.
I'm teachin', brother. I'm teachin',
son, like I always taught you.
Oh, you tired?
Get that outta here.
You're earnin' these two.
Ohh!
I thought you lifted weights
in Attica, in the joint. Huh?
Point game.
Just play the game.
Just play the game?
I learned that from you.
You better "D" up, Jake.
Point game.
This is your last chance.

Come on, move away.
Ohh!
Ohh!
Aah!
Game time.
What you lookin' around for?
That's game-- 11-5.
Jake.
Somebody call a stretcher.
Stick a fork in 'im.
He's done.
Take your old ass
back to Attica.
All right.
What?
Make you feel like a man now?
Huh?
Maybe you could stop hatin' me.
Is that gonna bring
your mother back?
- Maybe we could start bein'
father and son again.
- You ain't my father.
Let me tell you somethin'.
You look out for yourself.
You look out for your sister.
You ain't got to worry
about me no more.
But you get that hatred
out your heart, boy,
or you gon' end up
just another nigger,
Iike your father.
It's your ball.
Well, Jake, I think it's time
for all of us to go back home.
- Okay.
- No. No, Jake.
Turn around.
Let's go.
Let him go. Huh?
Jesus.
Jesus!
I'm gonna read a, uh,

prepared statement from Jesus.

"I'm sorry for not bein'
with you this morning,
"but under the circumstances my family
and I have chosen to be alone.
"This past week has been
a very difficult week for me.
"I've done a lot of praying
and have asked for guidance from above.
"And I do believe that God
has shown me the way.

"My sister Mary
will be coming with me.
"She will attend seventh grade
at a neighboring junior high school.
"This September I will
be enrolled at Big State University...
- on a full--"
- on a full athletic scholarship."
- Yes!
- Bullshit!

Later!

This shit is bogus.
The boy did not go for the bucks.
Hold on.
"This is the right place for me.
"In closing, my family and I send
our prayers out to my father.
"May God bless him.

Yours, truly,
Jesus Shuttlesworth."

"Jake Shuttlesworth...
- "a... convict--
- Convicted.
- convicted mur... der..."
- Murderer.

Gimme the paper, man.
You're irking me with that shit.
About to graduate,
you can't even read, dumb ass.
Can too read. Miss Janus says
I got problems readin' out loud.
- He's just nervous.
- Man, fuck that, Sip. Finish readin'.

Gladly.

"The father of the number-one basketball prospect Jesus Shuttlesworth...

"was captured last night in the Coney Island section of Brooklyn, New York...

- "after a week-long manhunt.

- What?

"He had escaped the maximum security Attica State Penitentiary...

"seven days before.

No official word yet on how he escaped."

How could Uncle Jake have escaped when they let him walk out the front gate?

There's gotta be some truth to it if it's in the papers.

Oh, come on, man!

Yo, Shuttlesworth.

Warden wants to see you now.

He say what this is about?

Things didn't work out exactly as we planned, but the governor got what he wanted.

I'm happy for him.

Why do you think my son did it?

I haven't had the pleasure of meeting your son as yet. I can't speculate.

- Maybe someday you'll get to ask him that in person.

- Someday.

And when will that be, Warden?

The governor has yet to inform me.

For your information, technically...

you did not get your son to sign the letter of intent.

Hopefully that's not gonna make a difference.

- We need some time.

- Well, I got that, huh?

Dear Jesus, ever since you was born

I been pushin' you,
tryin' to make you the best ball player
that you could possibly be,
tryin' to make you the ball player
that I never was.

I finally came
to the realization...
that I was pushin' you
further and further away from me also.

I believe that things
gon' work out for the best for you,

- Jesus was a name.

- for Mary.

You got the game.

Sip, sip, sip on this.

Your great-grandfather always used to
tell me that you keep tryin' on shoes,
sooner or later you gon'
find a pair that fit you.

The... farmhouse...

Well, I'm here to testify
that I found a pair.

House. O-U-sss...

They hurt like hell, son.

- I love you.

- "I love you, son."

Your father,

Jake Shuttlesworth.

Five, four, three, two, one.

And the crowd goes wild.

Uh-oh. He's heatin' up.

You can't stop him.

You can only hope to contain him.

Jake, stop!

Stop right there!

Turn around!

Do it now, or you're a dead man!

Turn around and back up!

Yeah, that's right,

this cut goes out to all y'all...

that's been missin' us for mad years.

One love, yo. Hey, that's right.

He's got game.

P.E., 1998.

If man is the father
the son is the center of the earth
In the middle
of the universe
Then why is this verse
comin' six times rehearsed
Don't freestyle much
but I write 'em like such
Amongst the themes
controlled by the screens
What does it all mean
All this shit I'm seein'
Human bein's
screamin' vocal javelins
Sign of a local nigga
unravelin'
- Uh-huh
- My wanderin' got my ass wonderin'
Where Christ is
in all this crisis
Hatin' Satan
never knew what nice is
Check the papers
Well, I bet on ices
More than your eyes can see
and ears can hear
Year by year
all the sense disappears
Nonsense perseveres
Prayers laced with fear
- Beware Two-triple 0 is near
- It might feel good
It might sound
a little somethin'
But damn the game
if it don't mean nothin'
What is game, who got game
Where's the game in life
Behind
the game behind the game
I got game, she got game, we got game
they got game, he got game
It might feel good
It might sound a little somethin'

- But fuck the game
if it ain't sayin' nothin'
- Damn
Was it somethin' I said
Pretend you don't see
so you turn your head
Race scared of his shadow
Does it matter
The thought of reparation's got him
playin' with the population
Nothin' to lose
Everything approved
People use
Even murders excused
White men in suits
don't have to jump
Still 1,001 ways
to lose with the shoes
God takes care
of old folks and fools
While the devil takes care
of makin' all the rules
Folks don't even
own themselves
Payin' mental rent
to corporate presidents
- My man, my man
- One out of one million residents
Be a dissident
who ain't kissin' it
The politics
of chains and whips
Got the six missing chips
and all the championships
What's love got to do
with what you got
Don't let a win get to your head
or a loss to your heart
- Word
- Nonsense perseveres
Prayers laced with fear
Beware
Two-triple 0 is near
It might feel good

It might sound a little somethin'
But damn the game
if it don't mean nothin'
What is game, who got game
Where's the game in life
Behind
the game behind the game
I got game, she got game, we got game
they got game, he got game
It might feel good
It might sound a little somethin'
But fuck the game
if it ain't sayin' nothin'
Yeah, that's right.
Everybody got game.
But we just here to let you all know
that P.E. is in full effect...
from right now
till the year 2000.
Hey, yo, my man, sing it.
There's something happening here
- Yeah, yeah.
- What it is
Ain't exactly clear
There's a man
- With a gun over there
- Yeah, that's right. Ha-ha!
Tellin' me
I got to beware
It's time we stopped, children
What's that sound
Everybody look
what's goin' down
Hey, yo, I don't think
they heard you, Stephen.
Kick it to 'em again one more time.
It's time we stopped, children
What's that sound
Everybody look
what's goin' down
Thought of that millennium
just be killin' 'em
And that's scary
Like lies buried in a library

I ain't even gotta ask it
And who's underpaid that
got fouled at the basket
I can't blame the M.V. who be
gettin' all the Benjies
And takin' them grants
for granted
Last I checked pyramids
wasn't built like projects
Or on them
government checks, uhh
Modern-day thugs
ain't got no guts
Pardon the expression
And the governor nuts
Last time in a church
be the last time in a church
Dead pledge allegiance
to CDs and movies
Leavin' reality
Believe in fantasy
Bleedin' fatalities
Too many formalities
Prayers laced with fear
Beware
Two-triple 0 is here
It might feel good
It might sound a little somethin'
But damn the game
if it don't mean nothin'
What is game, who got game
Where is the game in life
Behind
the game behind the game
I got game, she got game, we got game
they got game, he got game
It might feel good
It might sound a little somethin'
But fuck the game
if it ain't sayin' nothin'
Ahh, ohh, what's that sound
- I got game, she got game
- Everybody knows
- We got game, they got game

he got game

- What's going down

Ahh, ohh, what's that sound

- I got game, she got game

- Everybody knows

- We got game, they got game

he got game

- What's going down

Ahh, ohh, what's that sound

- I got game, she got game

- Everybody knows

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Ahh, ohh

What's that sound

Everybody knows

what's going down