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Do the Right Thing

By Spike Lee

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Forty Acres and a Mule Filmworks, Inc.

YA-DIG SHO-NUFF

BY ANY MEANS NECESSARY

WGA #45816

"The greatest miracle Christianity has achieved in America is that the black man in white Christian hands has not grown violent. It is a miracle that 22 million black people have not risen up against their oppressors--in which they would have been justified by all moral criteria, and even by the democratic tradition! It is a miracle that a nation of black people has so fervently continued to believe in a turn-the-other-cheek and heaven-for-you-after-you-die philosophy! It is a miracle that the American Black people have remained a peaceful people, while catching all the centuries of hell that they have caught, here in white man's heaven! The miracle is that the white man's puppet Negro 'leaders,' his preachers and the educated Negroes laden with degrees, and others who have been allowed to wax fat off their black poor brothers, have been able to hold the black masses quiet until now."

--THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MALCOLM X
TITLES--WHITE ON BLACK

PLACE:

Brooklyn, New York

CUT TO:

TIME:

Present

CUT TO:

WEATHER:

Hot as shit!

CUT TO:

INT:

EXTREME CLOSE UP

WE SEE only big white teeth and very Negroidal (big) lips.
MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY

Waaaake up!

Wake up! Wake up! Wake up!

Up ya wake! Up ya wake! Up ya wake!

CAMERA MOVES BACK SLOWLY TO REVEAL MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY, a DJ, a radio personality, behind a microphone.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY

This is Mister Señor Love Daddy.

Your voice of choice. The world's only twelve-hour strongman, here on WE LOVE radio, 108 FM. The last on your dial, but the first in ya hearts, and that's the truth, Ruth!

The CAMERA, which is STILL PULLING BACK, shows that Mister Señor Love Daddy is actually sitting in a storefront window. The control booth looks directly out onto the street. This is WE LOVE RADIO, a modest station with a loyal following, right in the heart of the neighborhood. The OPENING SHOT will be a TRICK SHOT--the CAMERA PULLING BACK through the storefront window.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY

Here I am. Am I here? Y'know it. It ya know. This is Mister Señor Love Daddy, doing the nasty to ya ears, ya ears to the nasty. I'se play only da platters dat matter, da matters dat platter and that's the truth, Ruth.

He hits the cart machine and we hear a station jingle.

VO:

L-O-V-E RADIO.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY

Doing da ying and yang da flip and flop da hippy and hoppy
(he yodels)

Yo da lay he hoo. I have today's forecast.

(he screams)

HOT!

He laughs like a madman.

INT:

An old, grizzled man stirs in the bed, his sheets are soaked with sweat. He flings them off his wet body.

DA MAYOR:

Damn, it's hot.

INT:

CAMERA MOVES IN ON a young man sitting at the edge of a sofa bed.

CLOSE UP--HIS SMALL HANDS

WE SEE him counting his money. This isn't any ordinary counting of money, he's straightening out all the corners of the bills, arranging them so the bills--actually the "dead presidents"--are facing the same way. This is MOOKIE. Once he's finished with that task, counting his money, he sneaks into his sister's bedroom.

INT:

CLOSE UP--JADE

JADE, Mookie's sister, is fast asleep. Mookie's fingers ENTER THE FRAME and start to play with her lips. Jade pushes his hands away. Mookie waits several beats and he continues. Jade wakes up--mad.

JADE:

Don't you have enough sense not to bother people when they're sleeping?

MOOKIE:

Wake up!

JADE:

Wake up? Saturday is the lone day I get to sleep late.

MOOKIE:

It's gonna be hot today.

JADE:

Good! Leave me alone when I'm sleeping. I'm gonna get a lock on my door, to keep ya ass outta here.

MOOKIE:

Don't ya love ya brother Mookie anymore? I loves ya, Jade.

JADE:

Do me a favor. Go to work.

MOOKIE:

Later. Gotta get paid.

He plants a big fat juicy on his sister's forehead.

EXT:

A 1975 El Dorado pulls up in front of the neighborhood pizzeria--Sal's Famous Pizzeria.

From out of the car comes the owner, SAL, a slightly overweight man in his early fifties, and his two sons, PINO, 22, and VITO, 20. It's time for them to go to work at Sal's Famous Pizzeria in the heart of Black Brooklyn. Sal's sits on the corner of The Block. The Block being where this film on the hottest day of the summer takes place.

Pino kicks a beer can in his path into the gutter.

SAL:

Pino, get a broom and sweep out front.

PINO:

Vito, get a broom and sweep out front.

VITO:

See, Pop. That's just what I was talkin' about. Every single time you tell Pino to do something, he gives it to me.

PINO:

He's nuts.

SAL:

The both of youse, shaddup.

VITO:

Tell Pino.

PINO:

Get the broom.

VITO:

I ain't getting shit.

SAL:

Hey! Watch it.

PINO:

I didn't want to come to work
anyway. I hate this freakin' place.

SAL:

Can you do better? C'mere.

Pino is now silent. Sal walks over to him.

SAL:

Can you do better?

(he pops Pino upside
the head)

I didn't think so. This is a
respectable business. Nuthin'
wrong with it. Get dat broom.

PINO:

Tell Vito.

VITO:

Pop asked you.

SAL:

I'm gonna kill somebody today.

EXT:

Mookie comes down his stoop and walks to work.

EXT:

The Block is beginning to come to life. Those unlucky souls
who have to work this Saturday drag themselves to it, and
the kids are out on the street to play in the hot sun all
day long.

EXT:

Mookie stops to say hello to MOTHER SISTER. She leans out
her window on the parlor floor. In the summertime, the only

time when she's not perched in her window is when she's asleep.

MOTHER SISTER:

Good morning, Mookie.

MOOKIE:

Good morning to you.

MOTHER SISTER:

Now, Mookie, don't work too hard today. The man said it's gonna be HOT as the devil. I don't want ya falling out from the heat. You hear me, son?

MOOKIE:

I hear ya, Mother Sister. I hear you.

MOTHER SISTER:

Good. I'll be watching ya, son.
Mother Sister always watches.

INT:

Mookie enters the pizzeria and Pino is on him before the door closes.

PINO:

Mookie, late again. How many times I gotta tell you?

MOOKIE:

Hello, Sal. Hello, Vito.

SAL:

How ya doin', Mookie?

VITO:

Whaddup?

MOOKIE:

Just coolin'.

PINO:

You're still late.

SAL:

Pino, relax, will ya.

PINO:

Here, take the broom. The front needs sweeping.

MOOKIE:

Wait a minute. Wait a minute. I just got here. You sweep. I betcha Sal asked you first anyhow.

VITO:

That's right.

PINO:

Shaddup, Vito.

MOOKIE:

Fuck dat shit. I deliver pizzas. That's what I get paid for.

PINO:

You get paid to do what we say.

MOOKIE:

What we say. I didn't hear Sal say nuthin'.

Pino looks at his father. He wants to be backed up on this; all he gets is an amused look, and a smirk from Vito.

PINO:

Who's working for who?

There's a knock on the door and Da Mayor enters.

SAL:

Come on in, Mayor.

DA MAYOR:

Good morning, gentlemens. It's gonna be a scorcher today, that's

for sure. Need any work done
around here?

Sal looks at Pino, who reluctantly gives Da Mayor the broom.

DA MAYOR:

It will be the cleanest sidewalk in
Brooklyn. Clean as the Board of
Health.

Da Mayor almost runs out of the pizzeria in his hurry; soon
as he finishes he'll be able to get a bottle.

PINO:

Pop, I don't believe this shit. We
runnin' welfare or somethin'?
Every day you give dat bum--

MOOKIE:

Da Mayor ain't no bum.

PINO:

Give dat bum a dollar for sweeping
our sidewalk. What do we pay
Mookie for? He don't even work. I
work harder than him and I'm your
own son.

MOOKIE:

Who don't work? Let's see you
carry six large pies up six flights
of stairs. No elevator either and
shit.

SAL:

Both of youse--shaddup. This is a
place of business.

VITO:

Tell 'em, Pop.

PINO:

Me and you are gonna have a talk.

VITO:

Sez who?

PINO:

Sez me.

SAL:

Hey! What did I say?

MOOKIE:

Who doesn't work? Don't start no
shit, won't be no shit.

SAL:

Mookie, no cursing in the store.

MOOKIE:

Talk to your son.

EXT:

Da Mayor sweeps the sidewalk, happy as can be. As soon as
he finishes he can get that money and get that bottle.

EXT:

A group of youths sit on a stoop, waiting for someone. They
are CEE, PUNCHY, and the lone female, ELLA.

ELLA:

What's keeping him?

PUNCHY:

You call him, then.
Ella stands up and yells.

ELLA:

Yo, Ahmad!

PUNCHY:

I coulda done dat.

ELLA:

Yo, Ahmad!
She looks up into his window, then sits down.

ELLA:

Punchy, if ya want to do some more

screaming, be my guest. I'm too
through.

The door swings open at the top of the stoop and AHMAD
appears.

AHMAD:

Who's yelling my name?

ELLA:

Punchy told me to.

AHMAD:

Don't listen to him, it will get ya
in trouble.

ELLA:

Heard that, Punchy.

Ahmad sits down with them.

AHMAD:

Ella, you have a brain, use it.

In the BG, we hear the dum-dum-dum of a giant box. The
sound gets louder as the box gets closer. The youths look
down the block and see a tall young man coming towards them.
He has a very distinct walk, it's more like a bop. This is
RADIO RAHEEM. The size of his box is tremendous and one has
to think, how does he carry something that big around with
him? It must weigh a ton, and it seems like the sidewalk
shakes as the rap music blares out. The song we hear is the
only one Radio Raheem plays.

MEDIUM SHOT--RADIO RAHEEM

Radio Raheem stops in front of the group, looks at them, and
turns down the volume. It's quiet again.

RADIO RAHEEM:

Peace, y'all.

ELLA:

Peace, Radio Raheem.

CEE:

Peace.

10.

PUNCHY:

You the man, Radio Raheem.

AHMAD:

It's your world.

CEE:

In a big way.

Radio Raheem nods and turns up the volume. Way up.

AHMAD:

My people. My people.

EXT:

Radio Raheem waves to Mister Señor Love Daddy as he walks by.

INT:

Mister Señor Love Daddy gives Radio Raheem a clenched-fist salute.

EXT:

Da Mayor walks into a newly opened fruit and vegetable deli stand that is owned by Koreans.

INT:

Da Mayor is looking for his beer in the refrigerated cases, his ice-cold beer.

DA MAYOR:

Where's the Bud? Where's the Bud?

KOREAN CLERK:

No mo' Bud. You look what we have and buy.

DA MAYOR:

No more Bud. What kind of joint is this? How come no mo' Bud? Doctor, this ain't Korea, China, or wherever you come from. Get some Budweiser in this motherfucker.

KOREAN CLERK:

You buy 'nother beer.

DA MAYOR:

Alright. Alright. Y'know you're asking a lot to make a man change his beer, that's asking a lot, Doctor.

EXT:

Da Mayor has his can of beer (not Budweiser) and the brown paper bag is twisted into a knot at the bottom. He stops and takes a long swig.

MOTHER SISTER:

You ole drunk. What did I tell ya about drinking in front of my stoop? Move on, you're blocking my view.

Da Mayor lowers the can from his mouth and looks up at his heckler. It's obvious from the look on his face he's heard this before. Da Mayor contorts his face and stares at her.

MOTHER SISTER:

You ugly enough. Don't stare at me. Da Mayor changes his face into a more grotesque look.

MOTHER SISTER:

The evil eye doesn't work on me.

DA MAYOR:

Mother Sister, you've been talkin' 'bout me the last eighteen years. What have I ever done to you?

MOTHER SISTER:

You're a drunk fool.

DA MAYOR:

Besides that. Da Mayor don't bother nobody. Nobody don't bother Da Mayor but you. Da Mayor just mind his business. I love everybody. I even love you.

MOTHER SISTER:

Hold your tongue. You don't have that much love.

DA MAYOR:

One day you'll be nice to me. We might both be dead and buried, but you'll be nice. At least civil.

12.

Da Mayor tips his beat-up hat to Mother Sister and takes a final swig of beer just for her.

INT:

An elderly Puerto Rican woman, CARMEN, is telling off her daughter TINA in Spanish. Tina, having heard enough, closes the door on her mother's ranting and raving.

ANGLE--TINA

Tina bends down and scoops her baby son HECTOR up from the bed and holds him for dear life to her breasts. She talks to her son while walking around the room.

TINA:

Hector, I shouldn't be telling you this but you would find out sooner or later. Ya father ain't no real father. He's a bum, a two-bit bum in a hundred-dollar world. Your father is to the curb. You're smart. I see that look on ya face. You're saying if he's such a bum why am I with him? Good question. Like I said before, you're no dummy. He talked his way into my panties, I thought being a mother would make me happy, make me whole. He's a mistake, but you are not.

Tina kisses her son. Tina is seventeen years old, another teenage parent.

EXT:

Every day on this corner, summer or winter, spring or fall, a small group of men meet. They have no steady employment, nothing they can speak of; they do, however, have the gift of gab. These man can talk, talk, and mo' talk, and when a bottle is going round and they're feeling "nice," they get

philosophical. These men become the great thinkers of the world, with solutions to all its ills; like drugs, the homeless, and AIDS. They're called the Corner Men: SWEET DICK WILLIE, COCONUT SID, and ML. All three are sitting in folding chairs up against a wall in the shade.

ML:

The way I see it, if this hot weather continues, it will surely melt the polar caps and the whole wide world--the parts that ain't water already--will be flooded.

13.

COCONUT SID:

You a dumb-ass simple motherfucker. Where did you read that?

ML:

Don't worry about it. But when it happens and I'm in my boat and ya black ass is drowning, don't ask me to throw you a lifesaver either.

SWEET DICK WILLIE

Fool, you're thirty cents away from a quarter. How you gonna get a boat?

ML:

Don't worry about it.

SWEET DICK WILLIE

You're raggedy as a roach. You eat the holes out of donuts.

ML:

I'll be back on my feet. Soon enough.

SWEET DICK WILLIE

So when is all this ice suppose to melt?

INT:

Customers are in Sal's; it's lunchtime and it's fairly busy. Sal puts a hot slice down on the counter in front of BUGGIN' OUT, a b-boy.

SAL:

You paying now or on layaway?
Buggin' Out looks at the slice.
BUGGIN' OUT
How much?

SAL:

You come in here at least three
times a day. You a retard? A buck
fifty.
BUGGIN' OUT
Damn, Sal, put some more cheese on
that motherfucker.
14.

SAL:

Extra cheese is two dollars.
Y'know dat.

BUGGIN' OUT

Two dollars! Forget it!
Buggin' Out slams his money down on the counter, takes his
slice and sits down.

ANGLE--TABLE

All around Buggin' Out, peering down from the WALL OF FAME,
are signed, framed, eight by ten glossies of famous Italian
Americans. WE SEE Joe DiMaggio, Rocky Marciano, Perry Como,
Frank Sinatra, Luciano Pavarotti, Liza Minnelli, Governor
Mario Cuomo, Al Pacino and, of course, how can we forget
Sylvester Stallone as Rocky Balboa: THE ITALIAN STALLION,
also RAMBO.

CLOSE UP--BUGGIN' OUT

He looks at the pictures hovering above him.

BUGGIN' OUT

Mookie.

CLOSE UP--MOOKIE

MOOKIE:

What?

CLOSE UP--BUGGIN' OUT

BUGGIN' OUT

How come you ain't got no brothers
up?

CLOSE UP--MOOKIE

MOOKIE:

Ask Sal.

ANGLE--PIZZERIA

BUGGIN' OUT

Sal, how come you ain't got no
brothers up on the wall here?

SAL:

You want brothers up on the Wall of
Fame, you open up your own business,
then you can do what you wanna do.
My pizzeria, Italian Americans up
on the wall.

15.

VITO:

Take it easy, Pop.

SAL:

Don't start on me today.

BUGGIN' OUT

Sal, that might be fine, you own
this, but rarely do I see any
Italian Americans eating in here.
All I've ever seen is Black folks.
So since we spend much money here,
we do have some say.

SAL:

You a troublemaker?

Pino walks over to Buggin' Out.

PINO:

You making trouble.

BUGGIN' OUT

Put some brothers up on this Wall
of Fame. We want Malcolm X, Angela
Davis, Michael Jordan tomorrow.

Sal comes from behind the counter with his Louisville
Slugger Mickey Mantle model baseball bat. Vito is by his
side, but Mookie intercepts them, and takes Buggin' Out
outside.

SAL:

Don't come back, either.

BUGGIN' OUT

Boycott Sal's. Boycott Sal's.

EXT:

MOOKIE:

Buggin' Out, I gotta work here.

BUGGIN' OUT

I'm cool. I'm cool.

MOOKIE:

Come back in a week, it will be
squashed.

They give each other five.

16.

INT:

Mookie enters.

SAL:

Mookie, if your friends can't
behave, they're not welcome.

MOOKIE:

I got no say over people.

PINO:

You talk to 'em.

MOOKIE:

People are free to do what they
wanna do.

SAL:

I know, this is America, but I
don't want no trouble.

EXT:

Mookie walks down the block with pizza box in hand when he
sees Da Mayor sitting on his stoop.

DA MAYOR:

Mookie.

MOOKIE:

Gotta go.

DA MAYOR:

C'mere, Doctor.

Mookie turns around and goes back.

DA MAYOR:

Doctor, this is Da Mayor talkin'.

MOOKIE:

OK. OK.

DA MAYOR:

Doctor, always try to do the right thing.

MOOKIE:

That's it?

DA MAYOR:

That's it.

17.

MOOKIE:

I got it.

INT:

Mookie is hiking up a flight of stairs.

ANGLE--STAIRCASE

He puts the pizza box down and takes a breather.

CLOSE UP--MOOKIE

Sweat drips off his face.

ANGLE--MOOKIE

He bends down to pick up the pizza box and tackles the last few flights.

CLOSE UP--DOORBELL

Mookie pushes the buzzer.

ANGLE--DOOR

A young Puerto Rican woman opens the door.

NILDA:

I hope it's not cold.
Mookie hands her the pizza.

MOOKIE:

No, it's not cold. Twelve dollars
for the pie.
Nilda hands him a handful of singles. Mookie looks at the
crumpled mess. Nilda attempts to close the door, but
Mookie's foot says, "Hell no."

MOOKIE:

Hold it. Let me count this first.
First he straightens out the dollars, then counts the bills.

MOOKIE:

You're short.

NILDA:

I counted the twelve dollars myself.

MOOKIE:

Twelve is right, but no tip.
18.

NILDA:

No tip.

MOOKIE:

Look, lady. I carried your pizza
up five flights of stairs and shit.
The cheese didn't slide over to one
side like it sometimes does with
delivery people who don't care. I
do care. May I get paid?
Nilda looks at him and sees right away he's not going
anywhere.

NILDA:

Wait here.

MOOKIE:

I'll wait.
Nilda goes into the apartment and we hear her talking in
Spanish to a male.

ANGLE--MOOKIE

Mookie bends down to tie his sneakers.

ANGLE--DOOR

Nilda reappears and holds out a lonely lone dollar for him.
Mookie has her hold it out for awhile, then he takes it.

MOOKIE:

Gracias mucho.

Nilda slams the door.

MOOKIE:

A dollar! Cheap bastard! Your
pizza is gonna be fucked next time.

EXT:

Jade sits down next to Mother Sister on the stoop.

MOTHER SISTER:

Jade, you're late.

JADE:

I know, Mother Sister, but I'm here
now. Where's the stuff?

Mother Sister hands her a bag that is at her side.

19.

MOTHER SISTER:

Seen your brother, just walked by.

Jade unwraps a head scarf from around Mother Sister's head
and a full head of long black hair falls to her shoulders.

JADE:

This might take some time.

MOTHER SISTER:

I got nowhere to go. We haven't
had a good sit-down for a long while.

Jade begins to part, grease, and comb out Mother Sister's
hair.

MOTHER SISTER:

Tender-headed runs in my family.
You tender-headed?

JADE:

Yeah, me too.

MOTHER SISTER:

That's why I don't fool with it.
Only let you touch it...Ouch!

JADE:

Sorry, comb got caught.

MOTHER SISTER:

Be gentle, child. Mother Sister is
an old woman.

JADE:

How are you holding up in this
weather?

MOTHER SISTER:

I'll do.

JADE:

I don't know why you still haven't
bought an air conditioner.

MOTHER SISTER:

Don't like 'em. A fan will do.

ANGLE--DA MAYOR

Da Mayor stands in front of the stoop, he's smiling for days.
20.

DA MAYOR:

I didn't know you had such beautiful
hair.

ANGLE--STOOP

MOTHER SISTER:

Fool, there's a lot in this world
you don't know.

CLOSE UP--DA MAYOR

DA MAYOR:

I'm not stopping. I'm on my way.
The Mayor tips his hat and heads up the block.

ANGLE--STOOP

JADE:

You are too cruel to Da Mayor, it isn't right.

MOTHER SISTER:

I'm not studying no Mayor. Besides, he reminds me of my least favorite peoples. My tenants and my ex-husband--Goddamn-bless his soul. They both laugh.

MOTHER SISTER:

Number One:

rent-paying trifling Negroes in this house. Every year I keep threatening to sell it.

JADE:

And move to Long Island...

MOTHER SISTER:

And move to Long Island. Number

Two:

property, all my money in his scheme to build a Black business empire. Needless to say what happened, this house is it, all I got. I'm too through with yar people.

CLOSE UP--JADE

JADE:

Whew!

21.

She looks up at the white-hot sun.

CLOSE UP--MOTHER SISTER

She does the same.

X CLOSE UP--THE WHITE-HOT SUN

HOT, HOTTER AND HOTTEST MONTAGE

Right now, folks, we're gonna suspend the narrative and show

how people are coping with the oppressive heat.
People are taking cold showers.
Sticking faces in ice-cold, water-filled sinks.
Heads stuck in refrigerators.
A wife tells her husband, "Hell no, I'm not cooking. It's too hot. The kitchen is closed."
Men downing six-packs of ice-cold brew.
Faces stuck directly in front of fans.
A young kid cracks an egg on Sal's Cadillac. The moment the egg hits the car hood it starts to cook. The kid looks directly INTO THE CAMERA and smiles, then looks up to see Sal, mad as a motherfucker, chasing after him.
And how can I forget the papers, the newspaper headlines.

New York Post:

New York Daily News: "2 HOT 4 U?"

New York Newsday: "OH BOY! BAKED APPLE"

New York Times: "RECORD HEATWAVE HITS CITY"

EXT:

CLOSE UP--JOHNNY PUMP

POW! A powerful gush of water flies out RIGHT AT THE CAMERA. Ahmad has just turned on the johnny pump and the white stream of water flies across the street.

This attracts all the people of the block. It's a chance to cool off and momentarily beat the killer heat.

ANGLE--CEE AND PUNCHY

They both scrape beer cans on the sidewalk.

22.

ANGLE--ELLA

She stands with caution away from the fire hydrant. Ella does not want to get wet.

ANGLE--CEE AND PUNCHY

They're still scraping away.

ANGLE--STREET

Folks, young and old, begin to get in the water and play.

ANGLE--CEE AND PUNCHY

Both now have cans with the ends scraped away, and go to the johnny pump. Punchy bends down behind the hydrant and places the can over the water. The can now directs the water into giant streams.

ANGLE--ELLA

Ahmad sneaks up behind Ella and picks her up. She's kicking and screaming furiously.

ELLA:

Ahmad! Put me down! Put me down!

I can't get wet! I'm not playing!

Ahmad is not having it. He carries a kicking Ella into the middle of the street in direct line of fire.

AHMAD:

Yo!

ELLA:

No!

They both are hit with a blast of water and are soaked to the bone. Ella starts to punch Ahmad, and chases after him.

ANGLE--STREET

We hear the familiar rap music of Radio Raheem's box.

CLOSE--RADIO RAHEEM

Radio Raheem is too cool. By the way he's dressed, it could be fall, not the hottest day of the year. But you could never tell it from him. He's too cool.

CLOSE--RADIO RAHEEM

23.

Raheem looks at Cee, he wants to get by and he doesn't want to get wet either. And if his box gets wet, somebody is gonna die. Cee knows this too.

ANGLE--JOHNNY PUMP

Cee stands in front of the hydrant, blocking the water so Radio Raheem can pass.

ANGLE--RADIO RAHEEM

He slowly bops across the street as all eyes watch. When he's clear, Cee moves and the water gushes out again as folks play.

ANGLE--STREET

We hear a car horn blowing. People move out of the way as the vehicle speeds through the spray.

ANGLE--WHITE CONVERTIBLE

An older man, CHARLIE, stops his white convertible and blows his horn.

CHARLIE:

I'm not playing. There's gonna be trouble if you fuck around.

CLOSE--CEE AND PUNCHY

PUNCHY:

Go 'head. You got it. You got it.

CLOSE--CHARLIE

CHARLIE:

This is an expensive car.

CLOSE--CEE

CEE:

You won't get wet.

ANGLE--HYDRANT

Both Punchy and Cee sit in front of the hydrant once again, blocking the water.

ANGLE--WHITE CONVERTIBLE

The car cautiously eases forward. Charlie doesn't trust Cee and Punchy at all.

24.

CLOSE--CHARLIE

CHARLIE:

I'm warning you.

CLOSE--CEE AND PUNCHY

PUNCHY:

C'mon.

CEE:

Hurry up. We ain't got all day.

ANGLE--STREET

The people all move to the car, for they know what is about to happen.

ANGLE--HYDRANT

Cee and Punchy leap off the hydrant, unleashing a jet blast that flies directly into Charlie's car. The whole block is dying.

ANGLE--STREET

Charlie pulls his flooded car over to the curb, jumps out, and runs to get hold of Cee and Punchy. Of course, he's slow, as the kids turn into track stars and make like Carl Lewis.

ANGLE--STREET

Charlie, a wet mess, tries to buy some sympathy from the folks; none is to be bought.

CHARLIE:

I'm fucking soaked. If I ever
catch those fucks they'll be sorry.

Cocksucking sonabitches!

The ranting continues, and people laugh at him.

CHARLIE:

You people make me sick.

A cop car screeches to a halt in front of the man. Two
officers, LONG and PONTE, get out.

CHARLIE:

Officers, I want an arrest made.

Now.

25.

OFFICER PONTE:

What happened?

CHARLIE:

Two Black kids soaked me and my car.

It's fucking ruined.

OFFICER LONG:

Where are they?

CHARLIE:

Where are they? What kind of
fucking asshole question is that?

They ran the fuck away.

OFFICER PONTE:

Do you wish to file a complaint?

CHARLIE:

A complaint. I want those fucks
locked under the jail.

Officer Long goes into his car and gets a wrench.

ANGLE--JOHNNY PUMP

Officer Long turns off the hydrant, then puts the cap back on.

OFFICER PONTE:

This hydrant better not come back
on or there's gonna be hell to pay.

CHARLIE:

What about my car? I want justice.
Officer Long sides up to Da Mayor who's been looking on.

OFFICER LONG:

You know anything about this?
Da Mayor is quiet.

CHARLIE:

He knows. He's a witness. They
all know. He saw the whole thing.
Officer Ponte goes to Da Mayor's other side.

OFFICER LONG:

Who were the punks?

DA MAYOR:

Those who'll tell don't know.
Those who know won't tell.
26.

OFFICER PONTE:

A wise guy.
Mookie emerges from the crowd and leads Da Mayor away from
the interrogation.

MOOKIE:

Let's go, Mayor.

OFFICER LONG:

Keep this hydrant off. You want to
swim, go to Coney Island.

CHARLIE:

He's leaving? What about me?

OFFICER PONTE:

I suggest you get in your car
quick, before these people start to
strip it clean.
The man looks at the crowd of Blacks and Puerto Ricans
around him and he considers what he just heard.

OFFICER LONG:

Let's go, break it up. Go back to your jobs.

OFFICER PONTE:

What jobs?

Both cops laugh.

ANGLE--STREET

Charlie drives away, fuming.

INT:

Cee and Punchy look down from a roof on all the havoc and confusion they've started. Both laugh.

INT:

Mookie enters.

SAL:

Mookie, what took you so long? I got a business to run.

MOOKIE:

Run it then.

27.

SAL:

Here, this goes to the radio station. He gives Mookie a bag full of food.

VITO:

Pop, I'm gonna go with Mookie.

SAL:

Good, make sure he don't jerk around.

PINO:

Yeah, hurry back, it's getting crowded.

EXT:

Vito and Mookie walk down the block.

VITO:

Mister Señor Love Daddy is cool.

MOOKIE:

Ya like him, huh?

VITO:

Yeah.

MOOKIE:

Y'know, Vito, I know Pino is ya brother and shit, but the next time he hits ya, the next time he touches ya, you should "house him." Kick his ass.

VITO:

I don't know.

MOOKIE:

If you don't make a stand, he's gonna be beating ya like a egg for the rest of your life.

VITO:

That's what you think?

MOOKIE:

That's what I think.

VITO:

I don't like to fight.
28.

MOOKIE:

Do it this one time and he'll never touch you again.

EXT:

Mookie and Vito wave at Mister Señor Love Daddy through the storefront window and he buzzes them in.

OMIT:

INT:

Mookie and Vito very quietly walk in; the man is on the air.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY

Peoples, my stomach's been grumbling
but help has arrived. My main man
Mookie has saved the day, straight
from Sal's Famous Pizzeria, down
the block. Come up to the mike,
Mookie.

Mookie goes to the mike.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY

C'mon, don't be shy. Mmm, smells
good. This is ya Love Daddy
talkin' to ya, starvin' like Marvin.
Say something, Mookie.

MOOKIE:

Mister Señor Love Daddy, I'd like
to dedicate the next record to my
heart, Tina.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY

Alright. Let me play this record
while I go to work on my chicken
Parmigiana hero with extra cheese
and extra sauce.

He hits the cart machine...

VO:

I just looove you so much Mister
Señor Love Daddy. WE LOVE RADIO,
108 FM.

...then cues up the record.

29.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY

Here ya are.

(he hands Mookie a
twenty-dollar bill)

Keep the change.

MOOKIE:

That's right on time. This is my
friend, Vito. His pops is Sal.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY

Tell ya father he makes the best
heros in Brooklyn.

VITO:

I'll do that.

MOOKIE:

We're outta here.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY

Thanks for stopping by. WE LOVE
Radio, 108 FM.

EXT:

On a stoop, a group of Puerto Ricans sits talking, drinking
cerveza frío, and playing dominoes. One of their cars is
parked near the stoop, and blasts salsa music.

ANGLE--RADIO RAHEEM

As usual we hear the rap music of Radio Raheem, but
underneath the salsa music. Radio Raheem does not like to
be bested; the salsa music from the parked car is giving him
competition, this is no good. Radio Raheem stands in front
of the stoop and raises his decibel level.

ANGLE--STOOP

The Puerto Rican men look at him, then begin to yell at him
in Spanish. There is a standoff, the rap and salsa clashing
in a deafening roar. One of the men, STEVIE, gets off the
stoop and goes to the car.

ANGLE--CAR

Stevie turns the car radio off.

CLOSE--RADIO RAHEEM

Radio Raheem smiles, nods, turns his box to a reasonable
listening level, and bops down the block. Radio Raheem
still the loudest. Radio Raheem still the king.

30.

STEVIE:

You got it, bro.

ANGLE--STOOP

The men curse in Spanish and shake their heads in
bewilderment and Stevie turns the salsa back on.

EXT:

Vito and Mookie see Buggin' Out on their way back to Sal's.

MOOKIE:

You the man.

BUGGIN' OUT

You the man.

MOOKIE:

No, you the man.

BUGGIN' OUT

No. I'm just a struggling Black man trying to keep my dick hard in a cruel and harsh world.

Buggin' Out gives Mookie five and a menacing look at Vito.

MOOKIE:

Vito is down.

EXT:

Buggin' Out is walking down the block when CLIFTON, a yuppie, accidentally bumps into him, stepping on his new sneakers.

CLOSE--BUGGIN' OUT

He looks at his sneakers.

CLOSE--SNEAKERS

There is a big black smudge on his new white unlaced Air Jordans.

ANGLE--BUGGIN' OUT

He runs down the block after Clifton.

BUGGIN' OUT

Yo!

Clifton turns around.

31.

BUGGIN' OUT

Yo!

CLIFTON:

Yes?

BUGGIN' OUT

You almost knocked me down. The word is "excuse me."

CLIFTON:

Excuse me. I'm very sorry.

BUGGIN' OUT

Not only did you knock me down, you stepped on my new white Air Jordans that I just bought and that's all you can say, "Excuse me?"

This commotion has attracted a crowd, including Ahmad, Cee, Punchy, and Ella.

BUGGIN' OUT

I'll fuck you up quick two times.

HERE WE GO!

BUGGIN' OUT

Who told you to step on my sneakers?

Who told you to walk on my side of the block? Who told you to be in my neighborhood?

CLIFTON:

I own a brownstone on this block.

BUGGIN' OUT

Who told you to buy a brownstone on my block, in my neighborhood on my side of the street?

The crowd likes that one and they laugh and egg him on.

BUGGIN' OUT

What do you want to live in a Black neighborhood for? Motherfuck gentrification.

CLIFTON:

I'm under the assumption that this is a free country and one can live where he pleases.

32.

BUGGIN' OUT

A free country?

AWWW SHIT! Why did he get Buggin' started?

BUGGIN' OUT

I should fuck you up just for that stupid shit alone.

Buggin' Out looks down at his marred Air Jordans. The crowd, smelling blood, wants to see some.

AHMAD:

Your Jordans are dogged.

CEE:

You might as well throw 'em out.

PUNCHY:

They looked good before he messed them up.

ELLA:

You used to be so fine.

AHMAD:

How much did you pay for them?

CEE:

A hundred bucks.

AHMAD:

A hundred bucks!

BUGGIN' OUT

You're lucky the Black man has a loving heart. Next time you see me coming, cross the street quick.

AHMAD:

He's dissing you.

BUGGIN' OUT

Damn, my brand-new Jordans. You should buy me another pair.

CLIFTON:

I'm gonna leave now.

BUGGIN' OUT

If I wasn't a righteous Black man you'd be in serious trouble.

SERIOUS.

33.

The crowd gives their approval.

BUGGIN' OUT

Move back to Connecticut.

INT:

Mookie and Vito enter the shop.

SAL:

I should have Vito go with you all the time.

PINO:

Yeah, no more ninety-minute deliveries around the corner.

MOOKIE:

Pino, I work hard like everybody in here.

VITO:

He's right.

PINO:

C'mere.

(Pino smacks his brother)

Don't get too friendly with da Mook.

SAL:

That's gonna be the last time you hit Vito.

MOOKIE:

Smack him back.

PINO:

What?

MOOKIE:

Remember what I said.

Vito stands frozen in front of his brother.

PINO:

Are you gonna listen to this Mook?

Listen to him tell you to smack me?

Your only brother?

Vito walks away and Mookie is disgusted.

PINO:

I didn't think so.

34.

EXT:

Officers Ponte and Long drive down the block and at the corner they stop, glare at the Corner Men.

CLOSE--OFFICER PONTE

CLOSE--SWEET DICK WILLIE

CLOSE--OFFICER LONG

CLOSE--COCONUT SID

ANGLE--POLICE CAR

OFFICER PONTE:

What a waste.

ANGLE--CORNER

Sweet Dick, ML, and Coconut Sid stare right back at the cops.

ANGLE--POLICE CAR

It drives off.

ANGLE--CORNER

COCONUT SID:

As I was saying before we were so rudely interrupted by the finest.

ML:

What was you saying?

Coconut Sid blanks.

SWEET DICK WILLIE

Motherfucker wasn't saying shit.

ML:

Look at that.

COCONUT SID:

Look at what?

ML points across the street to the Korean fruit and vegetable stand.

ML:

It's a fucking shame.

SWEET DICK WILLIE

What is?

35.

ML:

Sweet Dick Willie.

SWEET DICK WILLIE

That's my name.

ML:

Do I have to spell it out?

COCONUT SID:

Make it plain.

ML:

OK, but listen up. I'm gonna break
it down.

SWEET DICK WILLIE

Let it be broke.

ML:

Can ya dig it?

SWEET DICK WILLIE

It's dug.

CLOSE--ML

ML:

Look at those Korean motherfuckers
across the street. I betcha they
haven't been a year off da
motherfucking boat before they
opened up their own place.

CLOSE--COCONUT SID

COCONUT SID:

It's been about a year.

CLOSE--ML

ML:

A motherfucking year off the
motherfucking boat and got a good
business in our neighborhood
occupying a building that had been
boarded up for longer than I care
to remember and I've been here a
long time.

CLOSE--SWEET DICK WILLIE

SWEET DICK WILLIE

It has been a long time.

36.

CLOSE--COCONUT SID

COCONUT SID:

How long?

CLOSE--ML

ML:

Too long! Too long. Now for the life of me, I haven't been able to figger this out. Either dem Koreans are geniuses or we Blacks are dumb.

This is truly a stupefying question and all three are silent. What is the answer?

COCONUT SID:

It's gotta be cuz we're Black. No other explanation, nobody don't want the Black man to be about shit.

SWEET DICK WILLIE

Old excuse.

ML:

I'll be one happy fool to see us have our own business right here. Yes, sir. I'd be the first in line to spend the little money I got.

Sweet Dick Willie gets up from his folding chair.

SWEET DICK WILLIE

It's Miller time. Let me go give these Koreans s'more business.

ML:

It's a motherfucking shame.

COCONUT SID:

Ain't that a bitch.

EXT:

Da Mayor sits on his stoop and a kid, EDDIE, runs by.

DA MAYOR:

Sonny! Sonny!

Eddie stops.

DA MAYOR:

Doctor, what's your name?

37.

EDDIE:

Eddie Lovell.

DA MAYOR:

How old are you?

EDDIE:

Ten.

DA MAYOR:

What makes Sammy run?

EDDIE:

My name is Eddie.

DA MAYOR:

What makes Sammy run?

EDDIE:

I said my name is Eddie Lovell.

DA MAYOR:

Relax, Eddie, I want you to go to the corner store. How much will it cost me?

EDDIE:

How would I know how much it's gonna cost if I don't know what I'm buying?

DA MAYOR:

Eddie, you're too smart for your own britches. Listen to me. How much do you want to run to the store for Da Mayor?

EDDIE:

Fifty cents.

DA MAYOR:

You got a deal.
He gives Eddie some money.

DA MAYOR:

Git me a quart of beer, Budweiser,
say it's for your father, if they
bother you.

Eddie runs down the block just as Ahmad, Cee, Punchy, and
Ella pass him.

38.

AHMAD:

Who told him he was Da Mayor of
this block?

CEE:

He's self-appointed.

ELLA:

Leave him alone.

PUNCHY:

Shut up.

DA MAYOR:

Go on now. Leave me be.

AHMAD:

You walk up and down this block
like you own it.

CEE:

Da Mayor.

PUNCHY:

You're old.

AHMAD:

A old drunk bum.

Da Mayor stands up from his seat cushion on the stoop.

AHMAD:

What do you have to say?

DA MAYOR:

What do you know 'bout me? Y'all
can't even pee straight. What do

you know? Until you have stood in the doorway and heard the hunger of your five children, unable to do a damn thing about it, you don't know shit. You don't know my pain, you don't know me. Don't call me a bum, don't call me a drunk, you don't know me, and it's disrespectful. I know your parents raised you better.

The teenagers look at Da Mayor.

ELLA:

He told you off.

Da Mayor sits back down on his seat cushion on his stoop.

39.

INT:

ANGLE--PAY PHONE ON WALL

Mookie is on the phone.

MOOKIE:

I know I haven't seen you in four days. I'm a working man.

TINA (VO)

I work too, but I still make time.

MOOKIE:

Tina, what do you want me to do?

TINA (VO)

I want you to spend some time with me. I want you to try and make this relationship work. If not, I'd rather not be bothered.

MOOKIE:

Alright. Alright. I'll be over there sometime today.

TINA (VO)

When?

MOOKIE:

Before I get off work.

TINA (VO)

Bring some ice cream, I'm burning
up. Do you love me?

MOOKIE:

Do I love you?

CLOSE--SAL

SAL:

Mookie, get offa da phone.

CLOSE--MOOKIE

MOOKIE:

Be off in a second. Tina, I
dedicated a record on Mister Señor
Love Daddy's show to you.

TINA (VO)

Big deal.

40.

CLOSE--SAL

SAL:

Mookie! How is anybody gonna call
in?

CLOSE--MOOKIE

MOOKIE:

Big deal? If that's not LOVE, I
don't know what is.

CLOSE--PINO

PINO:

You deaf or what?

CLOSE--MOOKIE

MOOKIE:

Gotta go. See ya soon.

(he hangs up)

Everybody happy now?

The phone rings right away and Pino picks it up.

ANGLE--PINO

PINO:

Sal's Famous Pizzeria, yeah, two
large pizzas, pepperoni and

anchovies, hold on... See, Pop,
Mookie fucking talking on the phone
and people are trying to call in
orders. He's making us lose
business.

CLOSE--SAL

SAL:

Mookie, you're fucking up.

PINO:

Twenty minutes.

(he hangs up the phone)

How come you niggers are so stupid?

CLOSE--MOOKIE

MOOKIE:

If ya see a nigger here, kick his
ass.

CLOSE--PINO

41.

PINO:

Fuck you and stay off the phone.

CLOSE--VITO

VITO:

Forget it, Mookie.

ANGLE--PIZZERIA

MOOKIE:

Who's your favorite basketball
player?

PINO:

Magic Johnson.

MOOKIE:

And not Larry Bird? Who's your
favorite movie star?

PINO:

Eddie Murphy.

Mookie is smiling now.

MOOKIE:

Last question:

rock star?

Pino doesn't answer, because he sees the trap he's already fallen into.

MOOKIE:

Barry Manilow?

Mookie and Vito laugh.

MOOKIE:

Pino, no joke. C'mon, answer.

VITO:

It's Prince. He's a Prince freak.

PINO:

Shut up. The Boss! Bruuucce!!!!

MOOKIE:

Sounds funny to me. As much as you say nigger this and nigger that, all your favorite people are "niggers."

42.

PINO:

It's different. Magic, Eddie, Prince are not niggers, I mean, are not Black. I mean, they're Black but not really Black. They're more than Black. It's different.

With each word Pino is hanging himself even further.

MOOKIE:

Pino, I think secretly that you wish you were Black. That's what I think. Vito, what do you say?

PINO:

Y'know, I've been listening and reading 'bout Farrakhan, ya didn't

know that, did you?

MOOKIE:

I didn't know you could read.

PINO:

Fuck you. Anyway, Minister Farrakhan always talks about the so-called "day" when the Black man will rise. "We will one day rule the earth as we did in our glorious past." You really believe that shit?

MOOKIE:

It's e-vit-able.

PINO:

Keep dreaming.

MOOKIE:

Fuck you, fuck pizza, and fuck Frank Sinatra, too.

PINO:

Well, fuck you, too, and fuck Michael Jordan.

CUT TO:

RACIAL SLUR MONTAGE

The following will be a QUICK-CUTTING MONTAGE of racial slurs, with different ethnic groups pointing the finger at one another. Each person looks directly INTO THE CAMERA.

CLOSE--MOOKIE

43.

MOOKIE:

Dago, wop, garlic-breath, guinea, pizza-slinging, spaghetti-bending, Vic Damone, Perry Como, Luciano Pavarotti, Sole Mio, nonsinging motherfucker.

CUT TO:

CLOSE--PINO

PINO:

You gold-teeth, gold-chain-wearing,
fried-chicken-and-biscuit-eatin',
monkey, ape, baboon, big thigh,
fast-running, three-hundred-sixty-
degree-basketball-dunking spade
Moulan Yan.

CUT TO:

CLOSE--STEVIE

STEVIE:

You slant-eyed, me-no-speak-
American, own every fruit and
vegetable stand in New York,
Reverend Moon, Summer Olympics '88,
Korean kick-boxing bastard.

CUT TO:

CLOSE--OFFICER LONG

OFFICER LONG:

Goya bean-eating, fifteen in a car,
thirty in an apartment, pointed
shoes, red-wearing, Menudo, meda-
meda Puerto Rican cocksucker.

CUT TO:

CLOSE--KOREAN CLERK

KOREAN CLERK:

It's cheap, I got a good price for
you, Mayor Koch, "How I'm doing,"
chocolate-egg-cream-drinking, bagel
and lox, B'nai B'rith asshole.

CUT TO:

44.

INT:

CLOSE--MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY

Yo! Hold up! Time out! Time out!

Y'all take a chill. Ya need to cool that shit out... and that's the truth, Ruth.

CUT TO:

CLOSE--WHITE-HOT SUN

INT:

Mookie picks up his two pizza pies for delivery.

MOOKIE:

Sal, can you do me a favor?

SAL:

Depends.

MOOKIE:

Can you pay me now?

SAL:

Can't do.

MOOKIE:

Sal, just this once, do me that solid.

SAL:

You know you don't get paid till we close tonight. We're still open.

MOOKIE:

I would like to get paid now.

SAL:

Tonight, when we close.

Mookie leaves.

EXT:

Mookie walks down the block. The streets are filled with kids playing. WE SEE stoop ball, double dutch, hand games, bike-riding, skateboarding, etc.

ANGLE--MOOKIE

45.

Radio Raheem approaches Mookie.

MOOKIE:

Whaddup. Money?

RADIO RAHEEM:

I was going to buy a slice.

MOOKIE:

I'll be back after I make this
delivery.

RADIO RAHEEM:

On the rebound.

Mookie stares at the gold "brass knuckles" rings Radio Raheem wears on each hand. Spelled out across the rings are the words "LOVE" on the right hand and "HATE" on the left hand.

MOOKIE:

That's the dope.

RADIO RAHEEM:

I just copped them. Let me tell
you the story of Right-Hand--Left-
Hand--the tale of Good and Evil.

MOOKIE:

I'm listening.

RADIO RAHEEM:

HATE!

He thrusts up his left hand.

RADIO RAHEEM:

It was with this hand that Brother
Cain iced his brother. LOVE!
He thrusts up his right hand.

RADIO RAHEEM:

See these fingers, they lead
straight to the soul of man. The
right hand. The hand of LOVE!
Mookie is buggin'.

RADIO RAHEEM:

The story of Life is this...
He locks his fingers and writhes, cracking the joints.
46.

RADIO RAHEEM:

STATIC! One hand is always fighting
the other. Left Hand Hate is
kicking much ass and it looks like
Right Hand Love is finished. Hold
up. Stop the presses! Love is
coming back, yes, it's Love. Love
has won. Left Hand Hate KO'ed by
Love.
Mookie doesn't know what to say, so he doesn't say anything.

RADIO RAHEEM:

Brother, Mookie, if I love you I
love you, but if I hate you...

MOOKIE:

I understand.

RADIO RAHEEM:

I love you, my brother.

MOOKIE:

I love you, Black.

INT:

Radio Raheem enters Sal's with music blaring.

RADIO RAHEEM:

Two slices.

SAL:

No service till you turn dat shit
off.

RADIO RAHEEM:

Two slices.

PINO:

Turn it off.

SAL:

Mister Radio Raheem, I can't even hear myself think. You are disturbing me and you are disturbing my customers.

Sal grabs his Mickey Mantle bat from underneath the counter. Everyone, Sal, Vito, Pino, Radio Raheem, and the customers are poised for something to jump off, STATIC.

CLOSE--RADIO RAHEEM

47.

He smiles and turns off the beat.

RADIO RAHEEM:

Two slices, extra cheese.

CLOSE--SAL

Sal puts Mickey Mantle back into its place.

SAL:

When you come in Sal's Famous Pizzeria, no music. No rap, no music. Capiisce? Understand?... This is a place of business. Extra cheese is two dollars.

INT:

Mookie hands the pizzas over and takes the money and counts it.

MOOKIE:

Thanks.

EXT:

Mookie walks, says hello to the people he knows.

EXT:

Mookie runs up stoop.

INT:

We hear a key in the door, the lock turns and Mookie enters.

MOOKIE:

Jade.

JADE (OS)

I'm in here.

INT:

Jade sits in a chair directly in front of an air conditioner going full blast.

JADE:

How come you're not at Sal's?

MOOKIE:

I'm working.

48.

JADE:

Is this another one of your patented two-hour lunches?

MOOKIE:

I just come home to take a quick shower.

JADE:

Sal's gonna be mad.

MOOKIE:

Later for Sal. Y'know, sometimes I think you're more concerned with him than me.

JADE:

I think no such a thing. Sal pays you, you should work.

MOOKIE:

Slavery days are over. My name ain't Kunta Kinte. Sis, I don't want to argue, stop pressing me.

JADE:

I just don't want you to lose the one job you've been able to keep, that's all. I'm carrying you as it is.

MOOKIE:

Don't worry 'bout me. I always get paid.

JADE:

Yeah, then ya should take better care of your responsibilities.

MOOKIE:

What responsibilities?

JADE:

I didn't stutter. Take care of your responsibilities. Y'know exactly what I'm talking about.

INT:

Mookie turns on the shower and screams; the water is ice cold.

EXT:

Mother Sister sits in her window looking out at the block.
49.

EXT:

Da Mayor has fallen asleep sitting on his stoop. His hands loosely hold a brown paper bag that is tightly twisted around a beer can.

EXT:

Sweet Dick, ML, and Coconut Sid each hold an umbrella for protection from the hot and harsh rays.

EXT:

Ahmad, Punchy, Cee, and Ella sit on a fire escape, trying to keep still, trying to find a cool spot in the shade. No one says a word.

INT:

Sal takes a seat at one of the tables.

SAL:

I'm beat.
Pino sits down next to his father.

PINO:

Pop, I think we should sell this place, get outta here while we're still ahead...and alive.

SAL:

Since when do you know what's best for us?

PINO:

Couldn't we sell this and open up a new one in our own neighborhood?

SAL:

Too many pizzerias already there.

PINO:

Then we could try something else.

SAL:

We don't know nuthin' else.

PINO:

I'm sick of niggers, it's a bad neighborhood. I don't like being around them, they're animals.

50.

VITO:

Some are OK.

PINO:

My friends laugh at me all the time, laugh right in my face, tell me go feed the Moulies.

SAL:

Do your friends put money in your pocket? Pay your rent? Food on ya plate?

Pino is quiet.

SAL:

I didn't think so.

PINO:

Pop, what else can I say? I don't wanna be here, they don't want us here. We should stay in our own neighborhood, stay in Bensonhurst.

SAL:

So what if this is a Black neighborhood, so what if we're a minority. I've never had no trouble with dese people, don't want none either, so don't start none. This is America. Sal's Famous Pizzeria is here for good. You think you know it all? Well, you don't. I'm your father, you better remember that.

INT:

Mookie pulls the shower curtain back and steps out.

INT:

Mookie sits on his bed, still wet.

ANGLE--JADE

JADE:

Hurry up and get dressed.

MOOKIE:

I'm coming.

JADE:

I'm going with you.

51.

BUGGIN' OUT BOYCOTT MONTAGE

EXT:

BUGGIN' OUT

Da Mayor, we need your leadership.

DA MAYOR:

Doctor, what are you talkin' bout?

BUGGIN' OUT

I'm organizing a boycott of Sal's
Famous Pizzeria.

DA MAYOR:

Keep walkin', Doctor. I don't want
to hear none of your foolishness.

CUT TO:

CLOSE--CORNER MEN

ML:

No!

COCONUT SID:

No!

SWEET DICK WILLIE

Hell no! Goddamnit. Sal ain't
never done me no harm. You either.

CUT TO:

CLOSE--BUGGIN' OUT

BUGGIN' OUT

Would you like to sign a petition
to boycott Sal's Famous Pizzeria.

CUT TO:

CLOSE--AHMAD, CEE, PUNCHY, and ELLA
They DOG him out (ADLIB)

CUT TO:

CLOSE--BUGGIN' OUT

BUGGIN' OUT

I'll do it without your help.
52.

EXT:

Buggin' Out waves at Mister Señor Love Daddy as he walks by
the storefront.

INT:

Buggin' Out sticks his head in and yells:

BUGGIN' OUT

Sal, we're gonna boycott ya fat ass.
Before Sal and his two sons can answer, Buggin' Out is gone.

EXT:

Buggin' Out has one foot up on a fire hydrant and tries to clean his soiled Air Jordan.

ANGLE--JADE AND MOOKIE

Jade and Mookie walk up to Buggin' Out.

BUGGIN' OUT

It's so nice to see a family hanging out together.

MOOKIE:

We're not hanging out. I'm being escorted back to work.

JADE:

That's not even true. I just want a slice.

BUGGIN' OUT

Jade, you don't know this, but I'm organizing a boycott of Sal's Famous Pizzeria.

JADE:

What did he do this time?

BUGGIN' OUT

Y'know all those pictures he has hanging on the Wall of Fame?

JADE:

So?

BUGGIN' OUT

Have you noticed something about them?

53.

JADE:

No.

MOOKIE:

(interjects)

Yo, I'm gone.

JADE:

I'll see ya there.

BUGGIN' OUT

Peace.

Mookie leaves.

BUGGIN' OUT

Every single one of those pictures
is somebody Italian.

JADE:

And?

BUGGIN' OUT

And I--we--want some Black people up.

JADE:

Did you ask Sal?

BUGGIN' OUT

Yeah, I asked him. I don't want
nobody in there, nobody spending
good money in Sal's. He should get
no mo' money from the community
till he puts some Black faces up on
that motherfucking wall.

Jade looks at Buggin' Out like "Are you serious?"

JADE:

Buggin' Out, I don't mean to be
disrespectful, but you can really
direct your energies in a more
useful way.

BUGGIN' OUT

So, in other words, you are not down.

JADE:

I'm down, but for a worthwhile cause.

BUGGIN' OUT

Jade, I still love you.

54.

JADE:

I still love you too.

INT:

SAL:

Mookie, you are pushing it. You're

really pushing it. I'm not paying you good money to fucking jerk me around.

Mookie has nothing to say.

SAL:

You're gonna be in the street with the rest of your homeboys.

PINO:

'Bout time, Pop.

ANGLE--DOOR

Jade enters, and Sal looks up. He stops blasting Mookie and a very noticeable change comes over him.

SAL:

Jade, we've been wondering when ya would pay us a visit.

JADE:

Hi, Sal, Pino, Vito.

JADE:

What's happening, Jade?

JADE:

Nuthin' really. How are you treating my brother?

SAL:

The Mook? Great. Mookie's a good kid.

PINO:

Pop, stop lying.

SAL:

Shaddup! Jade, what can I fix you?

JADE:

What's good?

55.

SAL:

Everything, but for you I'm gonna make up something special. Take a seat. There, that's a clean table.

Sal moves behind the counter and goes to work. Pino and Mookie look at each other in agreement, neither likes what he has seen. This happens to Sal every time Jade is in Sal's Famous Pizzeria.

ANGLE--TABLE

Vito sits down with Jade.

JADE:

You still letting Pino push you around?

VITO:

Who told you that? He doesn't push me, who told you, Mookie tell you that? I hold my own.

JADE:

Forget about it, Vito. Forget I even brought it up.

VITO:

Pino picks on me, but I don't let him push me around. Mookie tell you that?

JADE:

Alright already.

EXT:

The once white-hot sun is now turning into a golden orange glaze as it begins to set. Ahmad, Cee, Punchy, and Ella dance on the roof around a box that is turned into WE LOVE. Each one is trying to come up with some new moves, a new dance, and a name for it.

EXT:

Radio Raheem is walking down the block and there is something wrong, something is not quite right. AHA! His music is not loud; the rap song begins to drag and finally stops altogether.

CLOSE--RADIO RAHEEM

He looks at his box and presses the battery level indicator.

56.

CLOSE--BATTERY LEVEL INDICATOR

The needle doesn't move. His batteries have had it.

INT:

CLOSE--RADIO RAHEEM

RADIO RAHEEM:

Twenty "D" Duracells.

CLOSE--KOREAN CLERK

KOREAN CLERK:

Twenty "C" Duracells.

CLOSE--RADIO RAHEEM

RADIO RAHEEM:

D, not C.

CLOSE--KOREAN CLERK

KOREAN CLERK:

C Duracell.

CLOSE--RADIO RAHEEM

RADIO RAHEEM:

D! D! D! You dumb motherfucker.

Learn how to speak English first. D.

Radio Raheem points to the D batteries behind the counter.

CLOSE--KOREAN CLERK

KOREAN CLERK:

How many you say?

CLOSE--RADIO RAHEEM

RADIO RAHEEM:

Twenty! Motherfucker! Twenty!

CLOSE--KOREAN CLERK

KOREAN CLERK:

Motherfucker you.

Radio Raheem has to laugh at that one.

57.

RADIO RAHEEM:

Motherfucker you. You're alright.
You're alright. Just gimme my
twenty Duracells, please.

EXT:

Da Mayor is looking at a bunch of cut flowers when Radio Raheem comes out with batteries in hand--finally.

EXT:

ANGLE--WINDOW

Mother Sister is sitting in her window as usual.

ANGLE--STOOP

Da Mayor walks up the stoop with a bunch of fresh-cut flowers in a discarded wine bottle for a vase.

ANGLE--DA MAYOR

Da Mayor holds them out for Mother Sister, who does not acknowledge him at all.

DA MAYOR:

I'd thought you might like these...

I guess not.

Da Mayor takes a seat on the stoop and puts the flowers to his face.

DA MAYOR:

Ain't nuthin' like the smell of
fresh flowers. Don't you agree,
Miss Mother Sister?

Mother Sister does not answer. He puts the flowers down.

DA MAYOR:

Summertime, all ya can smell is the
garbage. Stink overpowers
everything, especially soft sweet
smells like flowers.

He looks up at Mother Sister who immediately turns away.

DA MAYOR:

If you don't mind, I'm gonna set
right here, catch a breeze or two,
then be on my way.

Da Mayor looks up at the setting sun.

58.

DA MAYOR:

Thank the Lord, the sun is going
down, it's hot as blazes. Yes Jesus.

CLOSE--SUN

The sun is an orange and purple glaze.

EXT:

Radio Raheem is back in action. He's alive, he's bad and he
got his twenty "D" Duracell batteries, his box is kicking.

ANGLE--CORNER

Radio Raheem bops by Coconut Sid, ML, and Sweet Dick Willie.

CLOSE--COCONUT SID, ML, and SWEET DICK WILLIE

All three shake their heads in bewilderment as Radio Raheem
goes by.

ML:

What can you say?

COCONUT SID:

I don't know how he does it.

Sweet Dick Willie gets up from his chair and goes to the
corner, zips down his pants, and urinates.

SWEET DICK WILLIE

ML?

ML:

What?

SWEET DICK WILLIE

ML, hold this for me.

Sweet Dick Willie and Coconut Sid laugh.

ML:

That's OK. At least my moms didn't
name me Sweet Dick Willie.

Sweet Dick Willie zips up his pants and returns to his seat.

SWEET DICK WILLIE

Why you gotta talk 'bout my moms?

ML:

Nobody talkin' 'bout ya moms.

59.

SWEET DICK WILLIE

I didn't say nobody, I said you.

ML:

Sweet Dick, I didn't mean it like that.

SWEET DICK WILLIE

Yes you did.

COCONUT SID:

Squash it.

ML:

I just wanted to know who named ya Sweet Dick Willie?

SWEET DICK WILLIE

It's just a name.

COCONUT SID:

And what does ML stand for?

ML:

ML stands for ML. That's it.

SWEET DICK WILLIE

Naw, that's some stupid shit. Now you know how I got that name.

ML:

Negroes kill me, always holdin' onto, talkin' 'bout their dicks.

COCONUT SID:

I don't know 'bout you, but it's too hot to fuck.

SWEET DICK WILLIE

Never too hot, never too cold for fucking.

EXT:

An old Puerto Rican man rings a bell as he pushes a cart on wheels. On the side of the cart is hand-lettered HELADO DE COCO, and a big block of ice rests on top surrounded by different colored bottles of flavors.

ANGLE--CART

A group of kids eagerly waits for the ices. The man scrapes the block of ice, puts the shavings in a paper cup, and drowns it with syrup.

60.

ANGLE--DA MAYOR

Da Mayor is walking down the street.

ANGLE--MISTER SOFTEE TRUCK

We hear the familiar tune from the Mister Softee truck as it comes down the street.

ANGLE--EDDIE LOVELL

Eddie, the young kid who earlier ran an errand for Da Mayor, looks up from the sidewalk where he's playing and runs out into the street in pursuit of Mister Softee.

EDDIE:

Ice cream. Ice cream.

Eddie is running in pursuit of the truck, unaware of the oncoming speeding car.

ANGLE--DA MAYOR

Da Mayor sees speeding car bearing down on Eddie.

ANGLE--STREET

Da Mayor runs across the street and knocks Eddie down, out of the way of the car. Both are thrown as they are hit by the reckless driver.

CLOSE--EDDIE AND DA MAYOR

Eddie is crying as Da Mayor picks him up.

DA MAYOR:

Doctor, you know better to run out in the street... Stop crying, son.

ANGLE--STREET

A crowd gathers.

DA MAYOR:

Doctor, there's nothing to cry about. You're OK.

A woman in her twenties, LOUISE, Eddie's mother, breaks through the crowd and hugs her baby.

LOUISE:

What's wrong?

61.

EDDIE:

Mayor knocked me down.

LOUISE:

You should be ashamed of yourself.

DA MAYOR:

Ma'am, the boy is just scared to death. What actually happened is that I was minding my business when I saw your son about to be run over. I ran into the street to save him and I had to knock him down to keep the both of us from getting hit.

The crowd agrees "That's the way it happened," and Louise stands up.

LOUISE:

Eddie, is that the truth?

Eddie is quiet.

LOUISE:

Eddie, you hear me talkin' to you?

Eddie is still mum.

LOUISE:

I'm talkin' to you, boy.

DA MAYOR:

Miss, the boy is fine.

WHAP! Louise hits Eddie on da butt. Eddie starts to dance, as his mother hits hard; she's heavy-handed.

LOUISE:

What I tell you 'bout lying?

WHOP!

LOUISE:

What did I tell you 'bout playing in the street?

WHAP!

EDDIE:

Mommy! Mommy! I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

WHOP!

62.

LOUISE:

Get upstairs now.

Eddie runs away.

LOUISE:

And when your father comes home,
he's gonna wear ya little narrow
behind out too.

DA MAYOR:

You didn't have to hit your son;
he's scared to death as it was.

LOUISE:

I appreciate ya helping my Eddie.
I truly do, but I'll have nobody
question how I raise him, not even
his Daddy.

DA MAYOR:

You're right.

Louise goes away, probably to give her son another
"whooping." Da Mayor tips his hat to her.

INT:

Sal sits at a table talking to Jade as she finishes her
"special" slice.

JADE:

Sal, that was delicious.

SAL:

Anytime.

Vito, Pino, and Mookie look on, watching Sal have the time
of his life.

JADE:

Thanks.

Jade gets up and Mookie helps her.

MOOKIE:

I'll see you out.

JADE:

See ya around.

SAL:

Don't wait too long to come back.
63.

EXT:

Mookie takes Jade by the hand and pulls her out of view from Sal.

ANGLE--MOOKIE AND JADE

MOOKIE:

Jade, I don't want you coming in here no mo'.

JADE:

Stop tripping.

MOOKIE:

No, you're tripping. Don't come in Sal's. Alright, read my lips.

JADE:

What are you so worked up about?

MOOKIE:

Over Sal, the way he talks and the way he looks at you.

JADE:

He's just being nice.

MOOKIE:

Nice!

JADE:

He's completely innocent.

MOOKIE:

Innocent!

JADE:

I didn't stutter. You heard me.

MOOKIE:

You should see the way he looks at you. All Sal wants to do is hide the salami.

JADE:

You are too crude.

MOOKIE:

I might be, but you're not welcome here.

64.

JADE:

Stop trying to play big brother. I'm a grown woman. You gotta lotta nerve. Mookie, you can hardly pay your rent and you're gonna tell me what to do. Come off it.

MOOKIE:

One has nuthin' to do with the other.

JADE:

Oh, it doesn't, huh! You got your little 250 dollars a week plus tips...

MOOKIE:

I'm getting paid...

JADE:

...peanuts.

MOOKIE:

Pretty soon I'll be making a move.

JADE:

I truly hope so. I'm tired of supporting a grown man.

INT:

CLOSE--MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY
MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY

As the evening slowly falls upon us
living here in Brooklyn, New York,
this is ya Love Daddy rappin' to
you. Right now we're gonna open up
the Love Lines. Hello, you're on
Love Daddy's Love Line. No names,
please. Let's keep it anonymous.

FEMALE VOICE #1 (VO)

Hi, Mister Señor Love Daddy. I'd
kiss your feet every morning,
that's how much I love you.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY

How nice of you.

FEMALE VOICE #2 (VO)

I think you have the sexiest voice
in the world. All you have to do
is talk.

65.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY

Love Line, you're on.

FEMALE VOICE #3 (VO)

You give me fever.

(she moans)

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY

She's feeling it.

FEMALE VOICE #4 (VO)

Love Daddy, I'd work in Mickey D's
24, 7, and 365 just to call you my
own. Give you all my money, honey.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY

That was the last call for tonight
on Mister Señor Love Daddy's Love
Line. I love you. You I love.

EXT:

Da Mayor is walking by Mother Sister in her window when she
calls him.

CLOSE--MOTHER SISTER

MOTHER SISTER:

Mister Mayor, I saw what you did.

ANGLE--DA MAYOR

Da Mayor stops and looks at her. A smile comes to his face;
after eighteen years has he finally broken down her defenses?

CLOSE--MOTHER SISTER

MOTHER SISTER:

That was a foolish act, but it was
brave. That chile owes you his life.

CLOSE--DA MAYOR

DA MAYOR:

I wasn't trying to be a hero. I
saw what was about to happen and I
reacted, didn't even think. If I
did, I might not have done it in
second thought. Da Mayor is an old
man, haven't run that fast in years.

(MORE)

66.

DA MAYOR (CONT'D)

I went from first to home on a bunt
single, scored the winning run, the
bottom of the ninth, two out,
August 1, 1939, Snow Hill, Alabama.

(he is warming up now)

Maybe I should be heroic more often.

CLOSE--MOTHER SISTER

MOTHER SISTER:

Maybe you shouldn't. Don't get
happy. This changes nothing
between you and me. You did a good
thing and Mother Sister wanted to
thank you for it.

ANGLE--STOOP

DA MAYOR:

I thank you.

MOTHER SISTER:

You're welcome.

Da Mayor tips his hat.

INT:

Mookie enters.

MOOKIE:

Sal, I don't care if you fire me
this exact minute, leave my sister
alone.

SAL:

Mookie, I don't know what you're
talking about, plus I don't want to
hear it.

MOOKIE:

Sal, just do me a favor, leave Jade
alone.

SAL:

Here, you gotta delivery.
Mookie takes the pie and looks at the address.

MOOKIE:

Is this the right name and address?
67.

SAL:

Yeah, do you know 'em?

MOOKIE:

No, just checking.

INT:

Mookie rings the bell and a fine Puerto Rican sister answers
the door.

MOOKIE:

Delivery from Sal's Famous Pizzeria.

TINA:

What took you so long? Is it hot?

MOOKIE:

Hot. Hot.

TINA:

Come in then.

INT:

Tina watches Mookie watch her. When she's through watching, she takes the pizza from his hands and puts it on the floor. Mookie grabs her and starts to kiss. Tina is Mookie's woman, the one he's been on the phone with earlier. We've heard the voice and now SEE the person.

MOOKIE:

Tina, you are too slick.

TINA:

How else was I going to get you here? I haven't seen you in a week.

MOOKIE:

I've been working hard, getting paid.

TINA:

Where's the ice cream? The Häagen-Dazs butter pecan?

MOOKIE:

Shit! I forgot.

TINA:

Your memory is really getting bad.

MOOKIE:

I just forgot.
68.

TINA:

And I really wanted some ice cream too.

MOOKIE:

I can run out and get it.

TINA:

No! No! You won't come back either.

MOOKIE:

I can't be staying long anyway.

TINA:

How long then?

MOOKIE:

Long enough for us to do the nasty.

TINA:

That's out. No! It's too hot!
You think I'm gonna let you get
some, put on your clothes, then run
outta here and never see you again
in who knows when?

MOOKIE:

A quickie is good every once in a
blue moon.

TINA:

You a blue-moon fool.

MOOKIE:

Then we'll do something else.

TINA:

What else?

MOOKIE:

Trust me.

TINA:

Trust you? Because of trusting you
we have a son. Remember your son?

MOOKIE:

Trust me.

Mookie pushes Tina back into her bedroom.

69.

INT:

Mookie sits Tina down on her futon bed, turns off the
lights, and turns on WE LOVE RADIO as Mister Señor Love
Daddy serenades them with slow jams.

MOOKIE:

I'm gonna take off ya clothes.

TINA:

Mookie, I told you already it's too fucking hot to make love.

MOOKIE:

Why you gotta curse?

TINA:

I'm sorry, but no rawness is jumping off tonight.

MOOKIE:

No rawness.

He laughs his sinister laugh.

ANGLE--MOOKIE AND TINA

Mookie unsnaps her bra, then pulls her panties off. Tina is naked as a jaybird.

MOOKIE:

Tina, you're sweating.

TINA:

Of course I'm sweating. I'm burning up. It's hot, moron, only a hundred degrees in here.

MOOKIE:

Lie down, please.

He gets up.

INT:

Mookie walks into the kitchen and sees CARMEN, Tina's mother, fixing some food on the stove.

MOOKIE:

Hello, Mrs. Rampolla.

Carmen stares at him, it's a look that would definitely stop traffic, she mutters some Spanish and goes into her bedroom, slamming the door behind her.

70.

ANGLE--MOOKIE

He opens the refrigerator and takes out all the trays of ice.

INT:

Mookie sits down on the bed with a bowl filled with ice cubes.

CLOSE--TINA'S FOREHEAD

Mookie rubs an ice cube on her forehead.

TINA:

It's cold.

MOOKIE:

It's 'pose to be cold.

TINA:

Later for you.

MOOKIE:

Meda. Meda.

TINA:

What?

MOOKIE:

Tina, you don't have a forehead,
you got a eight-head.

CLOSE--TINA'S NECK

Mookie rubs an ice cube on her neck.

CLOSE--TINA'S LIPS

Mookie rubs an ice cube on her full moist lips, then puts it
in her mouth.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (VO)

Yes, children, this is the Cool Out
Corner. We're slowing it down for
all the lovers in the house. I'll
be giving you all the help you
need, musically, that is.

CLOSE--TINA'S THIGHS

He rubs an ice cube up and down her thighs.

MOOKIE (VO)

Thank God for thighs.

71.

CLOSE--TINA'S BUTTOCKS

He rubs an ice cube on her round, firm buttocks.

MOOKIE (VO)

Thank God for buttocks.

CLOSE--TINA'S BREAST

He rubs an ice cube on her breast.

MOOKIE (VO)

Thank God for the right nipple...

Thank God for the left nipple...

Both Tina and Mookie are dying. Mookie now has an ice cube on the left and right nipples and WE SEE before our very own eyes both get swollen, red, and erect.

TINA (VO)

Feels good.

MOOKIE (VO)

Yes, yes, Lord. Isn't this better than Haagen-Dazs butter pecan ice cream?

CLOSE--TINA'S MOUTH

Mookie kisses her.

MOOKIE:

I'll be back tonight.

INT:

Officers Ponte and Long are awaiting their orders.

SAL:

It's almost ready.

OFFICER LONG:

What time you closing tonight?

SAL:

Ten.

Sal goes over to the oven, takes out their food and wraps it up.

SAL:

Here you go.

72.

OFFICER PONTE:

What do we owe you?

SAL:

Nine-fifty.

OFFICER PONTE:

Here.

SAL:

Thanks. Enjoy.

OFFICER LONG:

Vito, Pino, see ya later.

The officers leave just as Mookie enters.

MOOKIE:

Sal, if you want me to deliver any faster, get me a jet rocket or something, cuz I can't run with pizzas, all the cheese ends up on one side and shit.

SAL:

I didn't say nuthin'. You must have a guilty conscience. What are you guilty of?

MOOKIE:

I'm not guilty of nuthin'.

SAL:

You must be guilty of something or you would have never come in saying the things you said.

MOOKIE:

C'mon, Sal.

SAL:

Where we goin'?

While Sal laughs at his corny joke, Pino pulls Vito into the back.

INT:

PINO:

Vito, I want you to listen to me. I'm your brother. I may smack you around once in awhile, boss you around, but I'm still your brother.

VITO:

I know this.

PINO:

I love you.

VITO:

I'm listening.

PINO:

Good. I want you to listen.

VITO:

Jesus Christ on the cross, I said
I'm listening.

PINO:

Good. Vito, you trust that Mook
too much. So does Pop.

VITO:

Mookie's OK.

PINO:

You listening to me?

VITO:

Stop busting my balls. I said I'm
listening ten fucking times already.

PINO:

Mookie is not to be trusted. No
Moulan Yan can be trusted. The
first time you turn your back,
boom, a knife right here.

(Pino gestures)

In the back.

VITO:

How do you know this?

PINO:

I know.

VITO:

You really think so?

PINO:

I know so. He, them, they're not
to be trusted.

VITO:

So what do you want me to do?
74.

PINO:

Be on guard. Mookie has Pop conned
already, so we have to look out for
him.

VITO:

I like Mookie a lot.

PINO:

And that's exactly what I'm talkin'
'bout.

SAL (OS)

Vito! Pino! Let's go.

PINO:

Be right there, Pop. Listen to
what I said.

VITO:

You don't listen to me, never have.
Just run your big fucking mouth
always playing big brother. You
don't listen, but Mookie does.

HOT CITY NIGHT MONTAGE

THE BLOCK. WE'VE SEEN it at daytime, but now WE SEE it at
night. Even though the white-hot sun is gone, nonetheless
the heat is still stifling. And in a peculiar, funny sort
of way, it's worse. You expect it to be hot during the
light of day when the sun is beating down on the cement and
tar, but at night it should be considerably cooler; well,
not tonight, it's hot. All the residents of The Block: the

Corner Men, Mother Sister, Da Mayor, Jade, etc., all the people WE'VE SEEN throughout the day are now coping with the night-time heat, plus it's humid as shit. Everyone is outside, sitting on stoops, on cars and you know the kids are playing, running up and down the block. Now it's the hottest night of the year.

EXT:

Buggin' Out sits down on a car next to Radio Raheem; as usual, his box is blasting.

BUGGIN' OUT

How you be?

RADIO RAHEEM:

I be. I'm living large.

BUGGIN' OUT

Is that the only tape you got?

75.

RADIO RAHEEM:

You don't like Public Enemy? It's the dope shit.

BUGGIN' OUT

I like 'em, but you don't play anything else.

RADIO RAHEEM:

I don't like anything else.

BUGGIN' OUT

Check this out. Y'know Sal's.

RADIO RAHEEM:

Yeah, I know dat motherfucker.

BUGGIN' OUT

I'm trying to organize a boycott of Sal's pizza joint. Ya see what I'm saying?

RADIO RAHEEM:

I almost had to yoke him this afternoon. Tell me, tell me, Radio Raheem, to turn my music down. Didn't even say please. Who the fuck he think he is? Don Corleone

and shit.

BUGGIN' OUT

He makes all his money off us Black people and I don't see nuthin' but Italians all up in there, Sylvester Stallone and motherfuckers. Ya see what I'm saying, homeboy?

RADIO RAHEEM:

Talk to me.

BUGGIN' OUT

We shouldn't buy a single slice, spend a single penny in that motherfucker till some people of color are put up in there.

RADIO RAHEEM:

That's what I'm talkin' 'bout.

That's what I'm talkin' 'bout.

BUGGIN' OUT

You got my back.

76.

RADIO RAHEEM:

Ya back is got.

BUGGIN' OUT

My brother.

RADIO RAHEEM:

My brother.

INT:

Vito, Pino and Mookie are cleaning up.

MOOKIE:

Sal, it's almost quitting time so please start counting my pay. I gotta get paid.

Sal is looking into the cash register.

SAL:

We did good business today. We got a good thing going. Nothing like a family in business working together.

One day the both of you will take over...and Mookie, there will always be a place for you at Sal's Famous Pizzeria. Y'know, it should be Sal's and Sons Famous Pizzeria.

ANGLE--VITO, PINO, AND MOOKIE

All three look at each other. The horror is on their faces, with the prospect of working, slaving in Sal's and Sons Famous Pizzeria, trapped for the rest of their lives. Is this their future? It's a frightening thought.

ANGLE--DOOR

Ahmad, Cee, Punchy, and Ella enter.

SAL:

We're about to close.

AHMAD:

Just four slices, regular slices.
Please. To go!

SAL:

OK, but that's it. It's been a long day.

Mookie goes over to the table where Ahmad, Cee, Punchy, and Ella sit.

77.

MOOKIE:

Look, I want you to get your slices, then outta here. No playing around.

AHMAD:

You got it.

MOOKIE:

Good. No joke. We all wanna go home.

OH NO! We hear the dum-dum-dum of Radio Raheem's box. As everyone turns their heads to the door, Buggin' Out and Radio Raheem are inside already. We have never heard the rap music as loud as it is now. You have to scream to be heard and that's what they do.

SAL:

What did I tell ya 'bout dat noise?

BUGGIN' OUT

What did I tell ya 'bout dem
pictures?

SAL:

What da fuck! Are you deaf?

BUGGIN' OUT

No, are you? We want some Black
people up on the Wall of Fame.

SAL:

Turn that JUNGLE MUSIC off. We
ain't in Africa.

Ahmad, Cee, Punchy, and Ella start to dance while Mookie
takes a seat, the impartial observer that he is.

BUGGIN' OUT

Why it gotta be about jungle music
and Africa?

SAL:

It's about turning that shit off
and getting the fuck outta my
pizzeria.

PINO:

Radio Raheem.

RADIO RAHEEM:

Fuck you.

78.

SAL:

What ever happened to nice music
with words you can understand?

RADIO RAHEEM:

This is music. My music.

VITO:

We're closed.

BUGGIN' OUT

You're closed alright, till you get

some Black people up on that wall.

Sal grabs his Mickey Mantle bat from underneath the counter and brings it down on Radio Raheem's box, again and again and again. The music stops.

CLOSE--RADIO RAHEEM'S BOX

Radio Raheem's pride and joy is smashed to smithereens. It's going to the junkyard quick.

ANGLE--PIZZERIA

There is an eerie quiet as everyone is frozen, surprised by the suddenness of Sal's action, the swings of his Mickey Mantle bat. All look at Radio Raheem and realize what is about to happen.

ANGLE--RADIO RAHEEM

Radio Raheem screams, he goes crazy.

RADIO RAHEEM:

My music!

Radio Raheem picks Sal up from behind the counter and starts to choke his ass. Radio Raheem's prized possession--his box, the only thing he owned of value--his box, the one thing that gave him any sense of worth--has been smashed to bits. (Radio Raheem, like many Black youth, is the victim of materialism and a misplaced sense of values.) Now he doesn't give a fuck anymore. He's gonna make Sal pay with his life. Vito and Pino jump on Radio Raheem, who only tightens his grip around Sal's neck. Buggin' Out tries to help his friend. Mookie just stands and watches as Ahmad, Cee, Punchy, and Ella cheerlead.

79.

EXT:

The tangled mass of choking, biting, kicking, screaming confusion flies through the door of Sal's out onto the sidewalk.

CLOSE--EDDIE

The kid yells:

EDDIE:

Fight! Fight!

CUT TO:

CLOSE--DA MAYOR

He looks up.

CUT TO:

CLOSE--MOTHER SISTER

She looks up.

CUT TO:

CLOSE--SWEET DICK WILLIE

He also looks up.

ANGLE--STREET

The people on The Block run to Sal's Famous Pizzeria to see the STATIC.

ANGLE--SAL'S FAMOUS PIZZERIA

Radio Raheem, Buggin' Out, Sal, Vito, and Pino are still entangled, rolling around on the sidewalk, but now before an entertained crowd of onlookers:

ANGLE--DA MAYOR

DA MAYOR:

Break it up. This is crazy.

The fight continues. Da Mayor is smart enough not to get in the middle of this war. We hear sirens, somebody has called DA COPS.

ANGLE--STREET

80.

The cop cars come right through the crowd, almost running over some people. The cops get out with nightsticks and guns drawn. WE RECOGNIZE two of the faces, Officers Long and Ponte. Any time there is a skirmish between a Black man and a white man, you can bet the house on who the copes are gonna go for. You know the deal! Buggin' Out is pulled off first, then Vito and Pino, but Radio Raheem is a crazed man. It takes all six cops to pull him off Sal, who is red as a beet from being choked.

ANGLE--COPS

Handcuffs are put on Buggin' Out as he watches the other cops put a choke hold on Radio Raheem to restrain him.

ANGLE--RADIO RAHEEM

Radio Raheem is still struggling, then he just stops, his body goes limp and he falls to the sidewalk like a fifty-pound bag of Idaho potatoes.

ANGLE--STREET

Officers Long and Ponte kick him.

OFFICER LONG:

Get up! Get up!

Radio Raheem just lies there like a bump on a log.

ANGLE--CROWD

The crowd stares at Radio Raheem's still body. He's unconscious or dead.

CLOSE--OFFICER LONG

OFFICER LONG:

Quit faking.

ANGLE--STREET

The officers all look at each other. They know, they know exactly what they've done. The infamous Michael Stewart choke hold.

OFFICER PONTE:

Let's get him outta here.

The officers pick up Radio Raheem's limp body and throw him into the back seat. Buggin' Out is pushed into another car. The cop cars speed off; in their haste to beat it, they have left the crowd. It's at this point the crowd becomes an angry mob.

81.

ANGLE--MOB

The mob looks at...

ANGLE--MOB POV

Sal still on the sidewalk, being helped to his feet by Vito and Pino, who are in bad shape themselves.

ANGLE--MOB

The mood/tone of the mob is getting ugly. Once again they have seen one of their own killed before their eyes at the hands of the cops. We hear the murmurs of the folks go through the crowd.

VOICES OF MOB:

THEY KILLED HIM

THEY KILLED RADIO RAHEEM

IT'S MURDER

DID IT AGAIN:

JUST LIKE THEY DID MICHAEL STEWART

MURDER:

ELEANOR BUMPERS

MURDER:

IT'S NOT SAFE
NOT EVEN IN OUR OWN NEIGHBORHOOD
IT'S NOT SAFE

NEVER WAS:

NEVER WILL BE:

The cops, in their haste to get Radio Raheem out of there,
have left an angry mob of Black folks with a defenseless
Sal, Vito, and Pino.
The mob looks at them.

VOICES OF MOB:

WON'T STAND FOR IT

THE LAST TIME:

FUCKIN' COPS

THE LAST TIME:

IT'S PLAIN AS DAY
DIDN'T HAVE TO KILL THE BOY

HIGH ANGLE:

Mookie looks at the crowd and notices he's on the wrong side.
He leaves Sal and his two sons.

ANGLE--STREET

Da Mayor walks in front of the crowd.

82.

DA MAYOR:

Good people, let's all go home.
Somebody's gonna get hurt.

CROWD (OS)

Yeah, you!

DA MAYOR:

If we don't stop this now, we'll
all regret it. Sal and his two
boys had nothing to do with what
the police did.

CROWD (OS)

Get out of the way, old man. You a
Tom anyway.

DA MAYOR:

Let 'em be.

ANGLE--STREET

Mookie picks up a garbage can and dumps it out into the street. He walks through the crowd, up to Da Mayor, Sal, Vito, and Pino.

CLOSE--MOOKIE

He screams.

MOOKIE:

HATE!!!!

SLOW MOTION:

Mookie hurls the garbage can through the plate glass window of Sal's Famous Pizzeria. That's it. All hell breaks loose. The dam has been unplugged, broke. The rage of a people has been unleashed, a fury. A lone garbage can thrown through the air has released a tidal wave of frustration.

ANGLE--STREET

Da Mayor pushes Sal, Vito, and Pino out of the way as the mob storms into Sal's Famous Pizzeria.

INT:

The people rush into Sal's Famous Pizzeria, tearing it up.

CLOSE--CASH REGISTER

The cash register is opened. WE SEE only coins, Sal has the paper.

83.

EXT:

Da Mayor leads Sal, Vito, and Pino back to his stoop where they watch in horror.

SAL:

There it goes. Why?

DA MAYOR:

You was there. First white folks they saw. You was there.

PINO:

Fuckin' niggers.

INT:

Someone lights a match. WHOOSH!

EXT:

Sal's Famous Pizzeria is going up in flames and now it's a carnival.

MOTHER SISTER:

Burn it down. Burn it down.

One might have thought that the elders--who through the years have been broken down, whipped, their spirits crushed, beaten into submission--would be docile, strictly onlookers. That's not true except for Da Mayor. The rest of the elders are right up in it with the young people.

INT:

CLOSE--PHOTOS ON WALL OF FAME

The photos of famous Italian-Americans are burning.

EXT:

The mob now moves across the street in front of the Korean fruit and vegetable stand. Sweet Dick Willie, Coconut Sid, and ML stand at the head of the mob.

ML:

It's your turn.

CLOSE--KOREAN CLERK

He's scared to death, as the mob is poised to tear his place up too. The clerk wildly swings a broom to hold them off.

84.

KOREAN CLERK:

Me no white. Me no white. Me

Black. Me Black. Me Black.

CLOSE--ML

ML:

Me Black. Me Black.

The mob starts to laugh; they feel for him.

ANGLE--MOB

SWEET DICK WILLIE

Korea man is OK. Let's leave him alone.

ML:

Him no white. Him no white.

COCONUT SID:

Him Black. Him Black.

EXT:

Sal, Vito, and Pino look on as Sal's Famous Pizzeria goes up in smoke.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE--VITO

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE--PINO

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE--SAL

EXT:

ANGLE--STREET

Jade is running through the mob, looking for her brother.

JADE:

Mookie! Mookie!

ANGLE--MOOKIE

Mookie is running around with the rest of the mob.

ANGLE--STREET

85.

The wail of fire trucks and police sirens is now added to the night.

EXT:

The mob moves back to in front of Sal's as the fire trucks and police, in full riot gear, pull up in the street behind them.

POLICE LOUDSPEAKER (VO)

Good people. Please disperse.

Please disperse.

The firemen rush to hook up their hoses, the police force themselves between the crowd and the burning Sal's Famous Pizzeria.

POLICE LOUDSPEAKER (VO)

Please disperse! Please disperse!

The mob doesn't listen, they will not be moved. The mob will not be moved until they see Sal's Famous Pizzeria burn to the ground.

ANGLE--SAL'S FAMOUS PIZZERIA

The firemen douse the pizzeria, trying desperately to stop the fire from spreading into the adjoining buildings.

POLICE LOUDSPEAKER (VO)

Good people, we're giving you one more warning. Please go back home.

CLOSE--MOOKIE

MOOKIE:

This is our home.

CLOSE--MOTHER SISTER

MOTHER SISTER:

This is our neighborhood.

ANGLE--MOB

It will take force to move this mass of people.

POLICE LOUDSPEAKER (VO)

You've had your warning!

POW!

The hoses are turned on the mob.

86.

WE SEE Mookie, Mother Sister, Sweet Dick Willie, ML, Coconut Sid, Jade, Ahmad, Cee, Punchy, and Ella, etc., go down before the powerful blast of the firehouse.

Now we've come full circle. We're back to Montgomery or Birmingham, Alabama. The only thing missing is Sheriff Bull Connor and the German shepherds.

It would take force to move them and that's exactly what the mob got. People are trying to hold on to each other, cars, railings, anything to keep from being swept away.

EXT:

Da Mayor, Sal, Vito, and Pino watch in disbelief. It's unbelievable what is happening before their eyes.

CUT TO:

THE STREET--NIGHT

THEIR POV:

People are screaming, kids and women are not being spared from the brute force of the firehoses either.

EXT:

WE SEE the reflection of the fire in the storefront window as Mister Señor Love Daddy looks on.

EXT:

ANGLE--JADE AND MOTHER SISTER

Jade and Mother Sister try to hold on to a streetlamp as a gush of water hits them; their grips loosens, the water is too powerful, and they slide away down the block and Da Mayor runs after them.

INT:

CLOSE--PHOTOS

Some burnt photos on the floor.

CLOSE--MICKEY MANTLE BAT

The Mickey Mantle bat burns.

CLOSE--RADIO RAHEEM'S BOX

Radio Raheem's box has melted into a black mass of goo.

CLOSER--RADIO RAHEEM'S BOX

87.

As WE MOVE IN TIGHTER ON the melted box, we begin to hear the rap song that we've hear throughout. All other sound drops as the rap song gets louder and louder until it's deafening.

ANGLE--SMILEY

Smiley sits up from where he hid during the burning and looting of Sal's Famous Pizzeria. Smiley looks around and goes directly to the smoldering Wall of Fame. He stands there. Smiley pins one of his Malcolm X/Martin Luther King, Jr., cards to the Wall of Fame.

CLOSE--PHOTO

CLOSE--SMILEY

We're on Smiley's face and a smile slowly travels across. It's the first time Smiley has smiled in years and nobody is there to see this event.

FADE TO BLACK:

THE MORNING AFTER

FADE IN:

EXT:

The CAMERA, FROM HIGH ABOVE, CRANES DOWN ON The Block. The

sidewalk is deserted, broken glass is everywhere, and it looks exactly as how one expects it to look, the morning after an uprising.

The CAMERA NOW MOVES IN ON the WE LOVE storefront where Mister Señor Love Daddy is in his familiar place behind the mike.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY

My people. My people. What can I say? Say what I can. I saw it but I didn't believe it. I didn't believe it what I saw. Are we gonna live together? Together are we gonna live? This is ya Mister Señor Love Daddy here on WE LOVE RADIO, 108 FM on your dial, and that's the truth, Ruth.

CLOSE--MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY

88.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY

Today's weather.

(he yells)

HOT!

CLOSER--MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY

He screams:

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY

WAKE UP!

CUT TO:

INT:

Mookie jumps out of her bed; Tina sleeps by his side and their son Hector is between them.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (VO)

WAKE UP!

MOOKIE:

Fuck! My money!

TINA:

Where are you going?

MOOKIE:

To get my money.

TINA:

Mookie, you must think I'm stupid or something. You're gonna run outta here and I won't see your black ass for another week.

MOOKIE:

Tina, it's not like that. Mookie is putting on his clothes.

TINA:

You don't care about me and you definately don't care 'bout your son.

MOOKIE:

Tina, I'll be right back.

TINA:

Be a man.

MOOKIE:

I am a man.
89.

TINA:

Act like one then. Be a man.

MOOKIE:

Later.

TINA:

You're to the curb. You better step off. Get a life.

Mookie leaves.

MOTHER SISTER'S BEDROOM--DAY

Da Mayor wakes up in Mother Sister's big brass bed (she was born in it). At first he has no idea where he's at, then sees Mother Sister sitting down across the room smiling at him.

MOTHER SISTER:

Good morning.

DA MAYOR:

Is it a good morning?

MOTHER SISTER:

Yes indeed. You almost got yourself
killed last night.

DA MAYOR:

I've done that before.

Da Mayor gets up out of her big brass bed.

DA MAYOR:

Where did you sleep?

MOTHER SISTER:

I didn't.

DA MAYOR:

I hope the block is still standing.

MOTHER SISTER:

We're still standing.

Da Mayor and Mother Sister both look out the parlor window
to see THE BLOCK and Mookie.

EXT:

Mookie walks up to Sal's Famous Pizzeria as it still
smoulders in the morning light. Sal emerges from the
wreckage; he looks like he might have slept there.

90.

SAL:

Whatdafuck do you want?

MOOKIE:

I wants my money. I wants to get
paid.

Sal looks at Mookie in disbelief.

SAL:

Mookie, I always liked you. Not
the smartest kid, but you're honest.
Don't make me dislike you.

MOOKIE:

Sal, I want my money.

SAL:

Don't even ask about your money.
Your money wouldn't even pay for
that window you smashed.

MOOKIE:

Motherfuck a window, Radio Raheem
is dead.

SAL:

You're right, a kid is dead, but
Mook, this isn't the time.

MOOKIE:

Fuck dat. The time is fuckin' now.
Y'know I'm sorry 'bout Sal's Famous
Pizzeria, but I gotta live, too. I
gotta get paid.

SAL:

We both do.

MOOKIE:

We all know you're gonna get over
with the insurance money anyway!
Ya know da deal.

SAL:

Do we now?

MOOKIE:

Quit bullshitting.

SAL:

You don't know shit about shit.
91.

MOOKIE:

I know I wants to get my money.
Sal has had it.

SAL:

How much? How much do I owe you?

MOOKIE:

My salary. Two-fifty.

Sal pulls out a wad and quickly peels off hundred dollar bills.

SAL:

One, two, three, four, five.

Sal throws the "C" notes at Mookie, they hit him in the chest and fall to the sidewalk.

SAL:

Are you happy now? That's five
fucking hundred dollars. You just
got paid. Mookie, you are a rich
man, now ya life is set, you'll
never have another worry, a care in
the world. Mookie, ya wealthy, a
fuckin' Rockefeller.

Mookie is stunned by Sal's outburst. He picks up the bills.

SAL:

Ya just got paid, so leave me the
fuck alone.

MOOKIE:

You only pay me two-fifty a week.

(he throws two "C"
notes back at him)

I owe you fifty bucks.

SAL:

Keep it.

MOOKIE:

You keep it.

SAL:

Christmas came early.

Both look at the two hundred-dollar bills on the sidewalk
and refuse to pick them up. It's a stalemate.

92.

MOOKIE:

This is the hottest Christmas I've known.

Mookie counts his money.

SAL:

It's supposed to be even hotter today.

MOOKIE:

You gonna open up another Sal's Famous Pizzeria?

SAL:

No. What are you gonna do?

MOOKIE:

Make dat money. Get paid.

SAL:

Yeah!...I'm goin' to the beach for the first day in fifteen years. Gonna take the day off and go to the beach.

MOOKIE:

I can dig it. It's gonna be HOT as a motherfucker.

SAL:

Mookie?

MOOKIE:

Gotta go.

SAL:

C'mere, Doctor.

Mookie turns around and goes back.

SAL:

Doctor, this is Sal talkin'.

MOOKIE:

OK. OK.

SAL:

Doctor, always try to do the right thing.

MOOKIE:

That's it?

93.

SAL:

That's it.

Mookie thinks about it, looks at the two "C" notes still smiling up at him. He quickly scoops them up.

MOOKIE:

I got it.

EXT:

HIGH ANGLE:

As Mookie turns and walks away, Sal goes back into Sal's Famous Pizzeria to salvage what is salvageable, and The Block begins to awake from its slumber, ready to deal once again with the heat of the hottest day of the year.

FADE OUT.