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She 's Gotta Have It

By Spike Lee

I want you to know the only
reason I'm consenting to this
is because I wish
to clear my name.
Not that I care what people
think, but enough is enough.
And if in the end, it helps some other
people out, well, then, that's fine, too.
I consider myself normal,
whatever that means.
Some people call me a freak.
I hate that word.
I don't believe in it. Better
yet, I don't believe in labels.
But what are you gonna do?
This was the deal.
I believe that there is only one
person, one person in this world,
who is meant to be your soul
mate, your lifelong companion.
The irony is rarely do
these two people hook up.
They just wander
about aimlessly.
But if you're lucky, and you do
find that person, you can't blow it.
Nola was that person.
Deep. Do you really
mean what you say?
I swear to God on my
grandmother's bible.
Where are you going?
To get the candles.
Are you sure
you have enough?
Do you smell them?
What?
The candles,
they're scented.
Yeah, it smells good.
Now, why don't
you undress?
I love you.
Me?

Uh-huh.

I'm running on E.

You're always running on E.

What can I
do for you?

A massage?

You want a massage? You got it. Uh-huh.

How does that feel?

You have
the serious touch.

A lot of men I've dealt with don't
know a thing about a woman's body.

Is that right?

Uh-huh.

But not you.

Sweetness.

Uh-huh?

Why can't we be like this in my place?

I can only do it
in my own bed.

It has magical powers?

Uh-huh.

Must be the mattress.

Night-night.

Nola and I used to be roommates,
until we had this slight falling out.

No, actually, it was
a big falling out.

But we're okay now, we're still
friends, but not roommates.

I had a boyfriend, and sometimes
he would spend the night,
usually on a weekend.

But Nola! Jesus,

I couldn't keep track.

I'd get up in the morning and I'd run
into all these strange men in my bathroom.

When we talked

about it, she said,

"Look, I found the place, so
if you can't hang, leave. Bye. "

So, I said bye

and I got this studio.

Now, I haven't

spoken to her in a while
and I kind of miss her.
In my experiences, I've found two types
of men, the decent ones and the dogs.
It seems that men are taught not
to be in touch with themselves,
with their true feelings, but
the things that they do say? Weak!
You so fine, baby, I'd drink
a tub of your bath water.
Congress has just approved me
to give you my heat
and moisture seeking
MX missile.
I just wanna rock your world.
Baby, it's got to be
you and me.
You may not
realize it tonight,
but you are sending out
some very strong vibes.
May I continue?
Well, you're lonely, you're alone,
you're sad, you're confused, you're horny.
You see, you need a man
like me to understand you,
to hold you, to caress you, to love you.
You need me.
What's your number?
I know I only saw you for the first time
in my life a minute ago, but I love you.
I know I only saw you for the first time
in my life one minute ago, but I love you.
I love you.
Look, baby, let's go to my house
right now. Let's do the wild thing.
I mean, let's get loose.
I got my B.A. from Morehouse,
my M.B.A. from Harvard.
I own a new BMW 318i.
I make 53 thou a year after
taxes, and I want you to want me.
Girl, I got plenty
of what you need.

Ten throbbing inches of USDA,
government inspected,
prime cut grade A tube steak!
One guy was different.
Nola, I don't want to chance
not seeing you again.
Whatever you wanna do,
I'll do,
wherever you wanna go,
I'll take you.
Will you see me?
And that's how we met.
Are you
following me?
You were
following me.
Oh, I was, but I was minding my
own business waiting for the 41 bus
when you walked by.
I know it sounds corny,
but, if I didn't follow you,
I might not ever
see you again.
You're right.
That does sound corny.
Was it worth it?
I don't know.
Following me and me following
you and you don't know?
It's too early to tell.
What's your name?
Nola.
Jamie.
You know, following me
around could be dangerous.
You look pretty safe.
Nola, I don't want to chance
not seeing you again.
Whatever you wanna do,
I'll do,
wherever you wanna go,
I'll take you.
Will you see me?
You will?

What about Nola Darling?
What do you want to know?
I thought she was a freak.
You know, freaky-deaky? You
ask why'd I continue to see her?
Do I look like a retard? I'm
not crazy. The sex was def.
Nola had the goods
and she knew what to do.
Look, all men want freaks. We
just don't want them for a wife.
You got it?
Yeah, I got it.
Dag!
You know, Nola, it took you
long enough to invite me up here.
I don't let just
anybody up here.
Am I supposed to be anybody?
You're not anyone,
that's why you're here.
Yeah, it took
long enough.
That's nice.
Thank you.
My birthday's May 19.
Do you know what that is?
The 19th of May?
Am I supposed to know?
You're supposed to know.
I'm supposed to know.
Yes.
Why?
It was Malcolm's birthday.
The 19th? Of May? Yeah.
Uh-huh. Uh-huh.
That's cool.
He was down by law.
This whole place
is yours, huh?
Whole place.
I likes, I likes.
What's the rent?
It's cheap.

Yeah?

Yeah.

You know, we could put a divider right here, and you'll have a roommate, me.

You'll never know

I'm here.

You're right,

I'll never know.

How come every time

I let a guy up here,

the first thing they

want to do is move in?

Well, you work, you got a nice crib and you're fine.

What makes you think I want somebody to take care of?

I didn't say that. You know, I didn't say that. I pay my own way.

I'm not looking for no meal ticket.

So, what do you do?

What's your job?

I'm a layout/paste-up artist.

I do mechanics for magazines, you know.

Yeah, yeah, yeah,

I know what that shit is.

There's something about you.

About me?

Uh-huh.

Good or bad?

I haven't figured it out yet.

You'll let me know though, right?

You'll be the first to know. You'll let me know?

You'll let me know?

Uh-huh. Yeah.

You'll let me know?

Sure.

You'll let me know?

Yeah.

Good.

It was bad enough, Nola
and all her male friends,
but there was also this one
particular female who was after her,
and that was a bit much.
I had my suspicions
about their relationship,
so I asked her point-blank
if anything was happening.
She said no.
I know you're thinking how do I
know she was telling the truth.
Well, Nola couldn't lie,
even if she wanted to.
It wasn't her nature.
She could be brutally honest.
You're not born lesbian
or heterosexual.
Both traits are within us. We all
have the potential to go either way.
At a young age, I knew where my
preference was and I pursued it.
Nola may have been
straight as an arrow.
I just want her
to be open-minded.
Check it out. Then decide. That's all.
You didn't
have to come.
Hey, when you said
you were ill, I flew over.
Summer colds
are the worst.
You're a sweetheart.
Hmm.
This has lots of
lemon and honey in it.
Mmm.
This is good.
Thanks, doll.
Girl, you shouldn't be bedridden
and nobody looking after you.
It's not that bad.
Jamie comes by every day.

Jamie?

I'll be up and around
in a couple of days.

Okay.

Hey, what's on your mind?

What's it like to
make love to a woman?

What's it like?

You heard.

Why do you ask?

When you want to find out something,
you ask somebody who knows.

I'm curious.

How curious?

Relax. You got
the wrong idea.

Do I?

I think you have the answer
to your question already.

Come on, someone who likes
sex as much as you do?

Well, what makes you
say that?

I have eyes.

Oh, I forgot about
your lesbian radar.

You've never had
a woman before?

Are you deaf?

Come on,
tell me something.

I can tell you
what it's not.

It's not some musty man pounding
away inside of you a mile a minute.

And what's wrong
with that?

I'm sorry,
go ahead.

I'm through.

That's it?

That's the best I can do for now.

If you want to find out, it's on you.

And I still say

you're not Miss Naive.
I am when it comes to that.
I know you.
Drop it, Opal.
It's dropped for now.
You'll come around.
You think so, huh?
I'll get it.
Okay.
Who?
It's me.
And who are you?
Hi.
Hi.
I bought you
some groceries.
What a nice surprise.
I want to give you a big fat juicy kiss,
but I don't want you to get my cold.
Come here.
This is better
than any medicine.
Opal was nice enough
to sit with me all day.
Thanks. But I'll
take care of her now.
Opal, you're welcome to stay
as long as you wish.
Sweetheart, I just want her to know
that if she wants to leave, it's okay.
It's no bother. Nola and I
have a lot of fun together.
What kind of fun?
Fun fun.
We do.
We better let Nola
get some sleep.
I'm going to stay
with her. Goodbye.
I like nursing Nola.
You like to nurse?
Go to the hospital.
Close the door
on your way out.

Do I threaten you? Afraid
Nola might seek other things?
Other things?
Opal, you're a
very beautiful woman.
I wouldn't have never
thought that you were gay.
How one looks
has no bearing.
I guess that's true.
You're learning.
Goodbye, Opal.
Jamie, it's not over yet.
Wake up.
I'm sick.
I know, sweetheart.
Wake up.
Where's Opal?
Well, I'll be
a son of a bitch!
What are you doing?
What are you
talking about?
What's up with you and Opal?
We're friends.
What kind of friends?
Oh, come on.
She's interested in me,
but I told her
it's not like that.
You told her that?
Uh-huh.
Well, I don't like her.
She's done nothing.
I bet she dogs me out
every chance she gets.
She only has good things
to say about you.
Is that right?
Mmm-hmm.
I still don't like her.
Don't be silly.
Come here.
I was the best thing that

ever happened to Nola Darling.
Ask her,
she'll tell you that herself.
Why, she worshipped me.
Oh, we were
something else together.
When we walked down the
street, heads turned.
We were one stunning couple.
She was a little rough when I
first started going out with her.
Typical Brooklyn tackhead.
But I refined her.
I encouraged her
to read more,
took her to the best of places,
exposed her to new ideas.
Why, you should have seen
the way she dressed.
It was I who made her
a better person.
I molded her.
Greer Childs
was the sculptor,
and Nola Darling was
but a mere lump of clay.
Poor Nola.
She got led astray
by common street trash.
All of my hard work undone.
If she'd have only listened to
me and moved out of Brooklyn,
why, we'd be together
this very day.
It's so
uncivilized over there.
I've never seen anybody who liked to
look at themselves more than you do.
Don't you ever get tired?
Never happen, baby.
I bet if you could
marry you, you would.
Is there a crime in a man
taking good care of himself?

One, two, three, four, five.
Aren't you gonna join me, honey?
I'm working.
You know, the minute you
get fat, I'm leaving you.
You know,
if you weren't fine,
I wouldn't even
bother with you.
Don't hurt yourself.
Honey, I don't see
why you ordered that salad.
This steak looks
absolutely delicious.
You know, for someone
who's such a health nut,
it's odd you still
eat red meat.
Hey, I like meat,
I eat meat.
Why don't you order
chicken or fish?
Why?
Because you say so?
Keel over from a heart attack,
see if I care.
Well, are your two
hoodlum friends veggies?
I don't know
any hoodlums.
Oh, come on. Jamie
and that lunatic Mars.
You know, he doesn't even
tie his sneakers.
They're neither hoodlums nor
lunatics, so leave them alone, okay?
Nola, will you
forget about them?
Honey, you and I can really
do a lot in this world.
For the love of God, I don't even
see what you see in those two.
I'm everything
that you need.

You are tripping.
Hmm.
One.
Two.
Three.
Four...
Hey, honey,
I got a call from the agency.
And?
Greer Childs is gonna grace
the cover of GQ magazine.
Really?
That's great.
When did all this happen?
This morning.
I'm happy for you.
Honey, my career is really taking
off, and I want you by my side.
Shh. Don't say another word.
I ain't no psychiatrist,
but I believe one of the reasons Nola
Darling was doing all that boning...
What? Having sex.
Boning.
Anyway, like I was saying,
I think she was doing this
because she probably had a bad
relationship with her father.
He wasn't around. She was
looking for him. Serious.
Anyway, I told her
I wasn't her pops.
She was also greedy.
I wrote that for her.
Nola's my only child.
She's a normal daughter.
She hate that word "normal. "
Jessie, my wife,
and I tried to expose her
to everything
that we could afford.
Piano lessons,
ballet lessons, everything.
And each summer

we'd send her away to camp.
But Nola never was one who could keep
her mind on any one thing for too long.
Every month it would be
something else.
But we didn't mind.
We still tried
to encourage her.
Jessie, my wife,
she's at work now.
We both tried to show Nola as much
love and affection as we could,
and then some.
You asked me earlier if I remember
anything strange about her.
She did crawl backwards
till she walked.
I always remember
music in our home.
I would go to sleep
and wake up to it.
My father would be at that piano
day and night, night and day.
And sometimes my mother
would sing with him.
I stopped taking lessons when I
realized the discipline it takes.
I would never practice.
I do wish I had
a brother or a sister.
Sometimes I got lonely
being the only child.
Nola Darling is having herself
a big family when the time comes.
Five rusty-butt boys!
Happy birthday,
sweetheart.
Thank you. And I have
another surprise for you.
Tell me.
Turn around.
If I told you, it wouldn't be
a surprise, now turn around.
Turn around and close

your eyes. No peeking.
My eyes are closed. I want you
to click your heels together
three times and
repeat after me.
"There's no place like
home. " Oh, come on.
Come on, now, just one surprise.
"There's no place like home. "
This better be good.
It's going to be.
Two, three.
There's no place like home.
There's no place like home.
Hit it.
There's a girl
that I once knew
Who often had
a friend or two
She gave them time,
love wit and rhyme sublime
They would come
from far away
And often gather
there all day
To show their love
and see which one would stay
But to her it mattered not
For loyalty was not her lot
Her answer was for
not for them to know
There she goes
on her merry way
Though she's only
queen for a day
Boy and girl
often take this whirl
So you'd better mind
what you say
My advice to you, my friend,
is try to find what it's about
And then you take
into account your role
Do not take some sugar in your

mouth that may be sweet to you
But bitter in
your stomach later on
What is good for you
may not be good for me
So different stroke
for different folk
Could be a real good rule
There she goes
on her merry way
Though she's only
queen for a day
Boy and girl
often take this whirl
So you'd better mind
what you say
Now it's time to bid adieu
It's been a pleasure
knowing you
I'll see you when it's time
to meet again
This is the sweetest birthday
I've ever had. Thank you.
Where'd you get
them from?
I know the dancer.
It's beautiful.
Make a wish.
How much did you
put out for the dance?
Not much.
Jamie, I loved it, but I know
it cost you. You didn't have to.
I'd starve a week
for you any time.
Let me give you half.
Uh... No.
Are you sure?
Sweetheart,
it won't break me.
Suit yourself.
Would you get
that for me, please?
Yeah.

Give me.
Good evening.
Yo! Happy birthday,
Nola. It's me, Mars.
Thank you.
But I'm sleeping.
Sleeping?
This is your birthday, Nola.
Let me ride my bike over there.
In five minutes we can celebrate.
It is late. Come on, call me in
the morning. I'm really tired.
In the morning it won't
be your birthday, Nola.
It's not my birthday
now, if you notice. Nola.
What?
Nola?
What?
Just let me smell it.
You are ill.
Please, baby. Please, baby.
Please, baby. Baby, baby, please!
Good night.
Good night? Wait, wait
a minute. Is Jamie there?
Fuck that girl.
What up?
Yo, Roxanne! What up?
I've been thinking about you.
Who was that?
Mars.
What did he want?
He wanted to come over and wish me happy
birthday, but I told him it was too late.
Too late?
Why didn't you tell him
you were with me?
What do you see in Mars?
I don't consider myself a
poet, but I do like writing.
And Nola likes poetry.
So I would write her poems
whenever she needed them.

The first one was the best.
"Remembering the first time my eyes
found you gives me a private joy
"As deliberate and provocative
as the privacy of your touch
"You see, you have me now, as you easily
had me that first warm day in spring
"Elegant and rich you seemed
"Majestic in persona,
vulnerable in form"
"I was taken
"I have since been inspired
by your needs and courage
"and made full by the
warmth of your laughter
"You have allowed and guided
me into your heart gracefully
"Timing, you say?
Yes, timing
"The eternal rhythm
of natural love"
That's the worst piece
of shit I ever heard!
And Nola fell for it, too.
I don't wanna badmouth the brother,
but his poetry is not the answer.
Jamie ain't got no rap.
He's like ice cream
on a summer day. Soft.
Now, if Nola
had been righteous
and correct the way
she's supposed to have been,
she would have
known true love. Mine!
Nola. Nola. Nola. Nola.
Stop, stop, Nola, stop! Stop!
Nola, are you up?
Yes, I'm up.
You awake?
I'm awake.
You up?
I'm up, Mars.
Can I ask you a question?

Yeah, go on.
It's okay?
It's okay.
Yeah, okay.
Am I as good as
Jamie or Greer?
That's the dumbest question
you've ever asked me.
Dumb?
You know, I've been
thinking... Don't think.
Nola, I think I love you.
I know I do.
We are not in love.
We're in like.
You know, I warned you from the
beginning, but you wouldn't listen to me.
If anything you're in love with my
love-making. So don't mess it up.
Don't mess it up?
Squash it then, okay?
It's squashed.
It's squashed?
Yes.
Good. Later for you.
Nola.
Nola.
What?
Did I ever tell you about the
time I used to be a superhero?
No, I must have missed
that one. Missed that one?
Yeah. I'm gonna tell you anyway, okay?
Okay?
Yeah.
Okay. Don't peek.
No peeking at all.
Okay, turn around.
I used to be Panty Man.
You smell something?
Now, do Jamie or Greer
make you laugh like this? Huh?
No, they don't, but they don't put
my panties on their heads, either.

That's true.
You know, if I can make a babe
laugh, I'm over like a fat rat.
And when they
stop laughing, I book!
Uh-huh. We shall see.
Yeah? I leave.
You know, it's been a while since you
greased my scalp, you know. Hint, hint.
Go get the comb and the
oil, and I'll do it for you.
You'll do it?
Yeah.
Yeah? Okay.
When was the last time
you washed your hair?
The other day.
The other day?
It's not clean?
Mmm-mmm.
It's dirty? It's got an
awful lot of dandruff.
God.
I just washed it.
Okay.
You know, Nola?
What?
You should trust me
with your secrets.
Why should I trust you?
If you can't trust Mars
Blackmon, who can you trust?
Trust you with what?
You know, your secrets. Your
stuff, like Jamie and Greer.
Not again.
You know, I don't see what you
see in those two Joe neckbones.
Have you ever taken a look
at Jamie's head?
He has a fucking 16-piece
Chicken McNugget head.
And Greer? Look at his hair. He's got
that slicked-back shit! What is that?

Lower. Right here. Right here. There?
Yeah, right there.
There?
Yeah. Ah.
This is better than boning.
Oh, really?
Yeah, serious, get rid of
those two Joe neckbones.
You're finished.
Finished?
Finished.
You did the whole scalp?
The whole scalp.
You greased it?
I greased it.
Okay, thank you.
Nola.
What?
Did I ever tell you about the time
I used to dance with Alvin Ailey?
No.
I thought I did.
No! You danced with Ailey.
Yeah, I didn't tell you that? We used
to... We had this special African move.
It was like this.
Somebody come and
get this sick child.
Stop.
Stop. Stop what?
Who is that?
Who cares?
You want me to
answer it for you?
Yeah.
I got sick and tired of
feeling like a spoke in a wheel,
which is what I was.
To Nola, we were all interchangeable,
simply parts of a whole.
And it didn't matter who, just
as long as it was a warm body.
Nola had no devotion,
allegiance, or loyalty whatsoever.

When she whispered...
Jamie, they don't matter, don't
matter at all. You're the one I love.
...that was no
consolation at all.
That "You can't tell the players
from the scorecard" shit had to go!
When we'd be making love,
I found myself wondering
who or what other men
had been in this bed with her
besides the two I knew about,
doing things to
what I felt was mine.
I had did enough sharing to
last me for the rest of my life.
Nola hurt me to the core,
but she's gotta have it.
One day you're gonna wake up in
this bed, and I'm gonna be long gone.
Do you take me for some
kind of fool or something?
No!
Idiots like
your two friends.
Greer!
What am I supposed to do?
Wait around while you sleep with
Jamie and Mars, of all people?
I never asked
you to wait!
I think
you're sick.
Now, I'm not saying that you're a nympho,
a slut, or a whore, but maybe a sex addict.
If I'm a sex addict, then why
don't you leave me the hell alone?
Nola, I care!
Now, you need
professional help.
A nice lady doesn't go
humping from bed to bed.
Will you please
go see a doctor?

Can you be quiet
for a minute?
Okay, fine! I won't say
anything again, then.
If I'm a sex addict
then I'm going cold turkey!
Greer Childs, you're
numero uno on my list.
Me?
You.
Why me? Now, honey, don't do anything
rash like going on cold turkey.
This has to be handled
very delicately.
I'm the one you should keep. Trust
me. I know what I'm talking about.
Baby...
Don't touch me.
Get off me!
Nola Darling came to my office a
confused and frightened young lady.
It seems as if one of her male
friends told her she was sick.
She started
seeing me once a week.
Gradually she opened up and that's
when we started to make progress.
My whole area of sex therapy is
about trying to get to the feelings.
He can't... I'm as honest
with him as I can be.
I tell him
that's his problem.
Nobody sat down with him and
told him, this is what I'm doing.
Well, Nola, some types
of excessive sexual activity
have all the signals of being an
addiction and can be treated in a fashion
similar to other addictions,
like alcoholism and gambling.
Your friend, if you
choose to call him that,
confuses a healthy sex drive

with sickness.
I am no addict.
Well, it's beyond sex, Nola.
It's something else.
What we're all looking for in this brief
life can be described by the word love.
Do you hear me?
If what you want is total
female sexuality, be honest.
The beautiful sex organ is between
your ears, not between your legs.
I didn't hear from Nola,
so I called her,
and she said she had
regained her self-confidence.
Well, I would have preferred
one or two more sessions,
but she felt
it wasn't necessary.
Nonetheless, in my opinion, Nola
Darling is a healthy human being.
A female doctor?
What does she know?
I didn't need a degree to
know that the girl needed help.
He was the one
with the problem.
The fact is he couldn't
handle it. He got turned out.
Lord, thank you for the food
we are about to receive,
for the nourishment of our
bodies. For Christ's sake, amen.
Amen.
Before we enjoy this meal,
I'd like to know whose
brilliant idea this was.
Who invited you?
And who invited you?
I invited all of you fools.
You were gonna meet sooner or
later, so why let it be an accident?
Maybe she's right.
Let's just enjoy today.

Thank God we all have a lot
to be thankful for.
Like what?
Well, our health
and our careers.
Our careers? Greer, I haven't
had a job in two years.
\$50 sneakers
and I gots no job.
Tell me how to do it when times
is hard. Start serving your plates.
Jamie, would you serve
the turkey for me, please?
Sure, dear.
What would you like,
white meat or dark meat?
Man, give me the dark, okay.
Give me some more meat, man.
Those are baby slices.
I'll give you more later, Mars. Hmm?
White, please.
Figures.
This is the first
Thanksgiving I've ever cooked.
The first?
Yeah, the first?
Honey, this food is
absolutely delicious.
Thank you.
Don't listen to him.
It's better than delicious.
Honey, for dessert, try some
of my homemade sweet potato pie.
You'll love it.
Also I brought bottles of
Martinelli's sparkling cider.
Wait, wait, wait, wait.
I didn't know.
I didn't know I was
supposed to bring something.
Nola, why didn't you tell me?
You didn't have
to bring anything.
It's okay?

It's okay.
But I didn't bring nothing.
You're fine.
It's okay?
Yeah.
Hey, Nola, did I ever tell you
about the time I met Jesse Jackson?
No.
I didn't tell you?
No.
I thought I told you.
Tell me now.
Yeah, it was like
five years ago, you know?
I was walking down the street
and I saw Jesse Jackson.
Oh, shit, I couldn't believe
that. I went over to talk to Jesse.
I said, "Jesse. " You know, we
talked... I said, "Jesse, you know,
"one day you'll make a good
President of these United States. "
Look what happened.
He ran.
It was me, Mars Blackmon.
I gave him the idea,
"Run, Jesse, run. "
It was my idea,
"Run, Jesse, run. "
Lies! Lies!
Greer, who you
calling a liar?
You heard what I said.
I believe you.
Thank you, Nola,
it's the truth.
Who'd you vote for?
Ronnie baby?
Why do you always stick up for
this... This chain snatcher?
Chain snatcher?
I didn't snatch this.
I bought this.
This is 18-karat gold.

I did not snatch this! What do
you know? You're a Celtic fan.
Nola, what did you expect to accomplish
by bringing us all together like this?
To share
Thanksgiving with me.
Wait a minute, wait a minute,
wait a minute.
Jamie, let's settle this
between you and me.
Once and for all,
man to man.
What about me?
What about you?
You ain't down, so chill.
I don't believe you.
This is a quarter
here, right? Right?
I don't believe this.
Heads? Tails.
Call it in the air, okay?
You gonna call it
in the air?
Yeah, Mars. You gonna
call it? You gonna call it?
In the air, right?
Can't live without a head.
Heads?
Tails, you lose.
Nola, will you tell these two
gentlemen now, it's time for them to go?
My fate decided by
the flip of a coin?
How much longer must I tolerate these
ignorant, low-class ghetto Negroes?
Who are you calling an ignorant,
low-class, ghetto Negro?
Word!
Please.
Lucky for you Nola is here,
because I'm gonna have to hurt you.
Oh, I'm shaking.
You'd be hurt serious.
If you don't stop, I'm throwing

the whole lot of you out!
Sweetheart,
the food is quite good.
Nola, is this the first
Thanksgiving you cooked?
Very first.
The first? The very first?
Uh-huh.
It's good. This is the
first, though, right?
The first.
Okay.
Honey, this food is indicative
of marrying material.
Marrying material?
Nola Darling would never
marry a non-modeling,
non-weightlifting pseudo
black man like yourself.
That's it. I've had it.
Pass the cranberry sauce.
Cranberry sauce?
Greer's finished.
You know, Jamie, you're okay. You know,
I've been thinking, I'm gonna hook you up.
With Nola, you get
four days, I'll get three.
That's mighty black of you.
But I get the weekends,
though.
I never liked
this game.
No wonder. You know, it does take
some semblance of intelligence.
Intelligence? Nola, will
you talk to this guy?
Greer.
Talk to him!
Would you please not start?
I'm gonna have to hurt you, man!
Talk to this guy.
I'm sorry.
Mars, it's your turn, play.
It's just a game!

I'm gonna have to hurt you now.
"Insidious. " Gonna have to diss you.
Okay, this is a triple
letter score join. Right here.
That is not a word!
It is a word.
I challenge you. "Gonna"?
G- O-N-N-A is not a word.
"I'm gonna kick your ass. "
It's a word!
Illiterate, barbaric fool!
Look it up, look it up!
I quit, I quit!
Likewise.
You fake
Billy Dee motherfucker.
Sore losers.
Nola, there's nothing as
pitiful in life as a quitter!
No wonder
he can't find a job.
If I'd have known that all three
of you grown men were gonna...
See, I told you it's a word.
...behave like children, I would have
rather had a quiet meal by myself.
I'm going to bed. Good
night! You all make me sick!
Oh, honey, don't personalize this
just because you invited this...
Hey, what's this "Honey"
shit, man?... idiot.
Oh, honey, will you come back? Because
of you she left! Because of you.
Due to your temper tantrum,
you have ruined my evening.
Ruined a perfectly
good Thanksgiving.
Wait a minute,
both of you just stop.
Or you can get your coats
and take this noise outside.
Jamie, if you're staying, I'm staying.
Who are you,

Henry Kissinger?
So I guess we're gonna be
one big happy family.
I doubt it.
Mars, you dry off the table,
and you dry the dishes
and I'll wash them.
No, no, no, no,
no, that's out.
Well, do you have a
better idea? Yes, I do.
I'm washing my one fork, my one
plate, my one knife. That's it. Later.
Makes sense to me.
There goes
that home wrecker.
Home wrecker.
I know she's trying to
steal my man.
No-good, sleeping-around
stank bitch!
You know, I don't blame Greer, I
blame her. She knew he was mine.
If Nola had loved Jamie,
it would have been different!
Love? Oh, come on, she just
fucks them and leaves them!
It's sisters like her
who are corrupting our men.
The few good ones left.
I'll be damned if
she takes Mars from me,
I'm four months pregnant!
Mmm-hmm.
The decent black
men are all taken.
The rest are in
prison or homos.
I've gone to bed alone
too much already!
I'm from Brownsville.
We don't play that shit!
So, what should we
do to her?

Let's set the bitch on fire!
Your fucking days
are over!
Miss Girl will never
steal another man again.
Fire! Fire! Fire!
It was a bad dream, sweetheart,
a nightmare, that's all.
These three girls were trying to set
me on fire, they wanted to kill me.
They were the girlfriends
of you, Mars and Greer.
But it's over now, darling,
it's all right, relax.
Okay.
I had trouble
sleeping myself.
Why?
I just have some things
on my mind, that's all.
Have we decided
on a film yet?
Oh! I forgot to tell you. I have
to help Mars look for an apartment.
An apartment?
Mmm-hmm.
What about the movie?
We were, but he called me at the
last minute, he really needs my help.
Needs your help?
Nola, Mars is supposed
to be a grown man.
Next you're gonna tell me you have
to hold his dick when he takes a piss.
Think what you want.
You know why
I couldn't sleep?
I've started to see
another woman.
Oh, don't put it off on me.
Oh, you can do what you
want but I can't, huh?
Well, how holy
do I have to be?

I've tried to understand you, Nola.
But I'm beginning to feel like a fool.
Who is she?
The dancer.
I knew it.
You don't know nothing...
Her?... and you got
no right to be upset.
I know, but I am.
So, how long have you been
seeing Miss Danskin?
Two weeks,
but I ain't like you.
I can't spread myself between
three or four different people.
Meaning?
Meaning you have
to make a decision.
What's her name?
Ava.
Now go back to sleep and
give it some serious thought.
Well, I'm so glad you found time
in your busy schedule to see me.
I've been running.
Yeah. Well, so have I.
You know, people do make time for things
that they feel are important to them.
Ever since that Thanksgiving dinner,
I've lost a lot of respect for you, Nola.
I didn't care for you telling
me that I was sick, either.
Can we just get back to the
way it was between you and I?
I've got a job in the Caribbean for
two weeks and I want you to come.
When?
Next week.
Oh, everything has been taken
care of. It won't cost you a cent.
Thinking?
Greer?
Uh-huh?
To tell you the truth, I don't know if I

could stand being alone with you for two weeks.

Well, that's

a nice thing to say!

I'm being honest.

Do you realize how many women

would jump at the invitation

I've just extended you?

I only talk to fine women.

Why are you pressing me?

Because I've got to know.

Do you have to know this second? Yes.

The answer is no.

But there's no rush.

Take a couple of days. Think

it over and then let me know.

Greer, let me explain

something to you.

That's the last time

I wanna hear that tired story

about you only talking

to fine women.

Let it rest.

No matter what

I said to her, she...

What's up?

Man, are you still talking

with them about Nola Darling?

Uh-huh.

Yeah?

Yeah.

You sure? Let me say a couple

of things to them, okay?

Go ahead.

I forgot about it.

Of all Nola's many faults,

none got me more pissed

than her not being

where she's supposed to be.

Never happened to me.

Never happened to you?

Jamie, who's telling this?

You.

So why don't you let me tell

it? The girl is not dependable.

Nola is dependable.
Dependable?
Nola's about dependable
as a ripped diaphragm.
Hey, wait. Hold it, hold
it, man. Watch your mouth!
Man, making a date with her,
it's 50-50 she shows at all.
Last year I had two tickets to the play-off
game, the Knicks against the Celtics.
I asked her if she wanted
to go. She said okay.
You know,
I waited outside the Garden
for the first goddamn two
quarters, and she never showed?
And guess what?
What?
Bernard King
scored 35 points.
Oh, I remember that game,
Bernard was pitching a bitch!
You remember that game? Bernard
was serving the whole Celtic squad.
Even jammed in
Bird's ugly mug.
A vicious death-defying Brooklyn
Bridge high-flying 360 slam dunk.
Wait a minute, man.
The white boy is bad, and
you got to give him credit.
Larry Bird is the best
player in the NBA. The best?
He's the best in the NBA!
The best?
The best.
The best?
He's the ugliest motherfucker
in the NBA, that's what he is.
That's too bad, man.
She never made a move
like that on me.
You know how you did that?
You know how you got it over?

It's because you're taller
than me. You're taller than me.
You're six feet. I'm kind of
small, that's why Nola dogged me.
There was many a time Nola came
through on the clutch for me.
Yeah. I'm tired of talking
about Nola Darling, man.
I thought you said
enough already.
The sister was bogus.
Twenty-four seven,
365. Bogus.
Are you finished?
I'm leaving, okay?
You're leaving? Yeah,
man, I'm booking. Later.
You gonna leave
me hanging, Jamie?
Okay. Call me
sometime, okay?
Jamie, call me, right?
Yeah, man.
We'll go to a game?
Yeah, man.
You call me?
You call me?
This guy.
Sweetheart,
what are you searching for?
Do you honestly ever think
you're gonna find it?
Whatever.
What kind of answer is that?
I hope I find it.
Whatever it is you're
searching for? Mmm-hmm.
I'm gonna ask
you one more time.
Have you made up your mind?
Jamie, I love you,
but it's not the right time.
It can't be right now.
When is the right time?

Soon.

Soon? Fuck soon! I've been hearing that shit from day one! I still want to see you.

One day you're gonna regret this.

I don't believe in regrets.

Hi, Jamie.

You can have her.

Jamie just stormed right by me.

It wasn't the first time, but it might have been the last.

Hey, what happened?

Nola, you can tell me.

That bad, huh?

Opal, can I have my hand back? I'm not in the mood.

You shouldn't let anyone upset you like this.

I'm not gonna bite.

Is this that bad?

I can make you feel good.

Opal, it's time for you to leave.

Are you sure about that?

Jamie?

I want you to come over, it's important.

Forget it, Nola.

It's very important.

Please come over.

Why don't you call Mars or Greer?

I don't want to talk to Mars or Greer. I need to talk to you.

All of a sudden, huh?

Jamie, I wouldn't bother you unless I really had to.

Leave me alone, Nola.

All right. But it

better be an emergency.

Where you going?
A friend is in need.
Well, I won't be here
when you get back.
I knew you'd come
if I asked.
What's so important?
I need you.
Is that what you
got me out of bed for?
I thought
something was wrong.
I need you! And all the men in Brooklyn.
That was before,
I can change.
Once a freak,
always a freak.
You don't mean that,
Jamie, take it back.
I ain't taking
a goddamn thing back!
You don't mean it!
I don't?
Come here. Kiss me.
Come on.
I love you.
You don't love me!
Make love to me.
You don't want me
to make love to you.
You want me to fuck you!
Is this the way you like it?
Huh?
Is this the way you like it?
Does Greer do it like this?
What about Mars?
Who else? Who else?
You're hurting me!
Whose pussy is this?
Whose is it?
It's yours!
Here I am trying to
dog you the best I can.
And what bothers me

is I enjoyed it.
I still don't practice
enough like I should.
Sounds fine to me.
Anything would sound fine to
someone with untrained ears.
I am not that bad.
So, why are you
showing up today, Nola?
I've been thinking about you.
I haven't heard from you in
ages, and you got my number.
You have mine, too.
Well, I guess
that makes us even.
Look, Clo, I've been thinking
about you, so here I am.
I know.
Well, what happened
between you and Jamie?
Dag! You know me better
than I know myself.
I only lived with you
for two years, Nola.
I know.
That's why I'm here.
So, let's hear it.
I think I might have
really fucked up this time.
This time?
Clo, I need your help,
and you're playing.
Okay, I'm sorry.
I never saw Jamie
act like this before.
He hates me.
Come on, I don't think
he hates you, Nola.
I'm telling you,
he does.
Well, I don't even wanna try to guess
what you did to make him feel this way.
It was the same stuff,
my other friends.

Except, I guess,
not anymore, huh?
Well, I don't know
what to tell you.
Nothing?
Don't be a stranger.
You know where I live.
Listen, I don't wanna sit around
here and let you get me all down.
You wouldn't let me
if I tried. Sorry.
Nope.
I miss my roommate.
So do I.
You do?
Mmm-hmm.
Okay, I'm gonna
get back to my music.
Okay, I'll be quiet.
You know, in retrospect,
I can now see that Nola saw
Mars, Jamie and myself as a whole.
Not as three separate
individuals but as one organism.
We let her create a three-headed,
six-armed, six-legged,
three-penised monster.
And it was all our fault.
Baby, you're late.
What happened?
I'm sorry,
it couldn't be avoided.
Listen, let's go into
Manhattan and have brunch, okay?
I'm sorry, Greer, I can't.
Why not?
I won't be
seeing you anymore.
Are you going away?
No, I'll still be here.
Am I supposed to
cry or something?
You're not supposed to cry.
Well, I hope not because I

don't shed a tear for nobody.
Can we end this
pleasantly?
I'm being pleasant. You're cutting
your own throat and you know it, honey.
Goodbye, Greer.
Yeah, okay, fine.
Hey, I'm not pressed.
There are plenty of fine,
super-fine women in Manhattan.
You never did have enough
drive or ambition for me.
You don't wanna be somebody!
I am, so forget you!
Keep your tight
ass here in Brooklyn!
I'm gonna get me a white girl. You
could have had it all! Forget you!
It's not gonna work, Mars.
It's not gonna work?
What's not gonna work, Nola?
You and me.
You and me?
What about me and you?
Me and you is not
gonna work, either.
That ain't
gonna work, either?
No. Who's it gonna work with, Nola?
Jamie, if he'll have me.
Jamie? Nola, what do you mean
it's not gonna work? It's working.
These things take time.
I'm sorry, Mars.
You're sorry?
Do you know,
when I woke up this morning
I had a feeling I was
gonna have to slice you.
You can't axe me first,
I axed you.
What's the matter?
Nothing's the matter.
I'm not funny anymore?

It's not that.
You're always funny.
I'm always funny. Then
what the fuck is it, then?
I don't love you.
You don't love me?
Nola, what's love got
to do with anything?
Goodbye, Mars.
Goodbye?
When my last girlfriend tried to pull this
same shit, I dumped her right in this pier!
You know you wanna laugh.
It's time for you
to grow up.
Grow up?
Yeah.
Bye.
Bye?
You know, Nola,
you done me wrong.
Please, baby. Please, baby. Please,
baby. Baby, baby, please! Nola!
I tried calling you
at home.
I knew you'd be here.
I've made that decision.
It's you I always wanted.
What about Mars and Greer?
One on one,
you and me.
I've been thinking.
I need to chill
for a while.
I'm talking about sex.
I've decided
I need to be celibate.
Celibate?
You know.
But why now?
To cool out.
Give myself a rest.
A rest?
I'd rather not

get into it.
Don't you think that your near-rape
of me was a good enough reason?
I never did a thing like that
before in my life.
You're always searching, Nola.
For what I'll never know.
I do need understanding
from you.
But you go from one
extreme to another.
There's no middle ground
with you. No stability!
Why am I so lucky?
And what am I supposed to do
while you're being a nun?
See your dancer friend.
That was nothing.
It won't be that long!
I'm moving forward, Nola.
I don't deserve this.
I love you.
Nola!
You mess up
one more time...
That celibacy thing didn't last
too long. Who was I fooling?
As for Jamie,
I just got a little crazy.
I should have never gone back
in the first place.
It was a momentary weakness.
He wanted a wife, that mythic
old-fashioned girl next door.
But it's more than that. It's
about control. My body, my mind.
Who was gonna own it?
Them or me?
I am not a one-man woman.
So there you have it from a number
of people who all claim to know
what makes Nola Darling tick.
I think they might know
parts of me.

Slate in, mark it.

Dad.

Bill Lee.

Okay.

Action.

Joie Lee.

Mark it.

Raye Dowell.

Say it again.

Raye Dowell.

Action!

John Canada Terrell.

Tell us one of
those stories, Tommy.

Well, when I was
a little boy about 12,
my daddy called
me to his side,
he said,

"Son, you're growing up now.

"So what you wanna
do with yourself?"

I said, "Well,

Daddy, I wanna be a man. "

He said, "Well, you know how
to be a man, you got to cry. "

I said, "I don't wanna cry. " He
said, "But sometimes you got to cry.

"It don't matter. "

Tommy Hicks.

Slate.

Tracy Camilla Johns.

Action! Spike Lee.

Cut!