

HANGIN' OUT WITH THE HOMEBOYS

A Screenplay by Joe Vasquez

Revised Draft  
3/21/90

FADE IN:

EXT. SOUTH BRONX STREETS - DAY

Various streets are seen, from the squalid to the very clean, in different neighborhoods throughout the South Bronx, as CREDITS begin the film. Finally, our attention settles on the exterior of a supermarket.

INT. SUPERMARKET

A young Hispanic man of twenty stands in an aisle, wearing an apron, stamping different cans of foods with a price tag. A title appears on screen - "JOHNNY." This title soon fades out and another appears: "11:15 AM." This title now fades out.

An older man in a similar apron, PEDRO, walks up to JOHNNY.

PEDRO

Hey, Johnny, I had my son get an application from his college. I brought it in for you to look at.

JOHNNY

Oh, Pedro, I don't know, man. I really don't think I'm the college type, ya know?

PEDRO

Kid, whatta ya wanna do? You wanna end up like me? Workin' here your whole life. Be smart, Johnny. Be smart while you're still young.

Suddenly, JOHNNY's attention is distracted by a beautiful brunette woman that has entered the aisle. This is DARIA. She picks some fruit from the produce section. PEDRO notices JOHNNY's look.

PEDRO

Johnny, forget her. She's got you runnin' in circles, playin' her games. There are more important things to think about in life.

JOHNNY

Yeah, but God, I've actually got her talkin' to me in full sentences, now.

PEDRO

Johnny, to get a girl like that,  
you need money. Stop even dream-  
in' about it. It won't happen.  
Not even in your wildest dreams.  
If you were to take my wildest  
dreams and put them together with  
your wildest dreams, it still won't  
happen. And believe me. I'm an old  
man. My wildest dreams are pretty  
wild. Naked women jumpin' off  
chandeliers, all kinds of shit.  
So just forget it!

PEDRO walks off. JOHNNY shakes off what he was just told,  
pulls a comb out his back pocket, straightens up his hair,  
then walks over to DARIA.

JOHNNY

(Shyly)

Hi, how you doin'?

DARIA

Oh, hi Johnny. How you've been?

JOHNNY

I'm doin' alright. Haven't seen  
you in the store in a while.

DARIA

Ahhhh, I've been feelin' lazy,  
ya know? Not wantin' to shop.

JOHNNY

Yeah, yeah. I know that feelin'.  
Listen, Daria, I was wonderin'  
if you were doin' anything tomor-  
row night, 'cause if you're not -

DARIA

No, sorry. I've got plans.

JOHNNY

(Disappointed)

Well, then maybe another time.

DARIA

Yeah, sure. Another time. Well, let  
me move on. I'll be seein' ya.

DARIA starts to walk off, but then turns to face him.

DARIA  
Maybe next week, okay?

JOHNNY's face lights up.

JOHNNY  
Yeah, okay. Maybe next week.  
(Tries not to look desperate)  
Well, I'll have to check my schedule,  
of course, but it sounds fine.

DARIA  
(Smiling)  
Okay, bye.

DARIA leaves the aisle.

JOHNNY  
Okay. Take it easy.  
(To himself)  
I'll get her. I'll get her.

CUT TO:  
INT. WELFARE OFFICE - LATER THAT DAY

Our CAMERA travels down a few aisles of desk, where welfare workers and recipients discuss their problems. CAMERA stops and focuses its attention on one Black male individual of 22 years, who sits at one of the desk. A title appears over the face of the recipient: "WILLIE." The title soon fades out, and another appears: "1:45 PM." This title now fades out.

CASE WORKER  
Look, Mr. Stevens, we're quite fed up with your behavior. We've sent you to several work programs, and you never show up. If you don't want your welfare checks terminated, you better straighten up!

WILLIE  
This is because I'm Black, right?

CASE WORKER  
What are you talking about?

WILLIE  
Look, you can be straight wit' me. You actin' like this, because I'm Black, right? Come on. You can be honest.

CASE WORKER

Fine, then I will be honest. I'm actin' like this, because you're a bum.

WILLIE

I'm a bum? I'm a bum! Look, You just callin' me a bum because I'm Black, right? Come on, you can be honest, c'mon.

CASEWORKER

What is your problem?

WILLIE

Because I'm Black, I have to be a bum, right? If I was a White guy, I'd be an eccentric, right? C'mon, right?

CASEWORKER

No. If you were a White guy , you'd be a white bum.

WILLIE

That's not funny.

CASEWORKER

It wasn't meant to be. Look, I think the reason you're not going to our work programs is because you don't want to be involved in them, which would simply lead to the termination of your checks.

WILLIE

(Sarcastically)

No, whatever gave you that idea? I love your work programs. Especially the one you sent me on last week. Ya know, the one where I was suppose to clean toilets. I love that! Really! Honest! I do it all the time at home. I love doin' that kinda stuff. I mean, that is what you would expect a Black man to do, isn't it?

CASEWORKER

(Angrily)

This conversation is over. I'm sending you to one last program. It's in Brooklyn.

WILLIE

Brooklyn! That's like the other side of the world, man!

CASEWORKER

If you don't go, your case will be terminated.

WILLIE sulks.

WILLIE

This is because I'm Black, right?

CUT TO:

INT. TELEPHONE MARKETING SERVICE - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

CAMERA pans past several telephone operators on the telephone.

OPERATOR #1

Yes, we have all kinds of magazines in our selection, sir. Even magazines specific to your occupation.

OPERATOR #2

Even magazines specific to your occupation, sir. What is your occupation?

OPERATOR #3

All kinds of magazines, sir. Even magazines specific to your occupation.

Finally, the CAMERA settles on another operator; a young, Black man of 23 years. A Title appears: "TOM." It soon fades out, and another re-appears: "4:10 PM." This title now fades out.

TOM

(Bored, on phone)

Yes, sir. All kinds of magazines, sir. Even magazines specific to your occupation. What is your occupation, sir?

(Suddenly, his eyes light up)

You're a producer? Really? You mean like movies? . . . Well, listen. My name is Thomas Mcneil, and I'm an actor. Yeah, really . . . What I've done? . . . Well, did you see "Rain Man?" Well, I was up to play a waiter in that, but then they wrote out the scene . . . Yeah, really. . . . Ha? . . . Look, forget about the magazines. Trust me, they suck, but listen, why don't you let me get your address and I can send you a picture and resume.

At this moment, an older fellow in a jacket and tie walks by TOM. This is obviously a SUPERVISIOR.

TOM

(On phone)

Oh, yes, they're excellent magazines. And we have all kinds of magazines in our selection, including magazines specific to your -

The SUPERVISIOR has disappeared around a corner.

TOM

Look, will you forget about the stupid ass magazines. Who gives a shit about the -

Again, the SUPERVISIOR walks past.

TOM

excellent magazines that we have in our selection. Yes, even magazines specific to your occupation, sir.

The SUPERVISIOR again walks off.

TOM

Listen, man. I'm givin' you the offer of a life time. To represent a hot, new, undiscovered talent. Hello . . . Hello. Shit!

TOM hangs up the phone angrily. He looks down at an endless computer print-out list of phone numbers that lies in front of him, then sneakily looks around the office to see if anyone is watching.. He now pulls out a book from under his desk, whose title reads "A Guide To Motion Picture Producers." He quickly opens it, and starts to dial another phone number from out of the book.

TOM

(On phone)

Hello, sir, I'm calling you from Publishers Inc. I have been instructed to let you know that we have a wide selection of magazines for you to subscribe to, sir. Even magazines specific to your occupation. What is your occupation, sir? . . . Oh, you're a producer. Really. You mean like movies?

CUT TO:

INT. TENEMENT BUILDING - BEDROOM - DUSK

Our CAMERA pans over to a dresser and focuses on its mirror, which holds small pictures of different young women. There must be at least thirty pictures surrounding the framework of the mirror. The CAMERA pans to a bed, where a man's body lies, back to CAMERA, covered by a sheet. Title appears: "FERNANDO." The title is immediately crossed out in red marker, and under it, a new name is written: "VINNY." Title soon fades away, and a new title appears: "7:59 PM."

CAMERA moves into a clock radio beside the bed, which changes from 7:59 to 8:00, and burst forth loud, throbbing disco music. VINNY quickly jumps up and turns off the radio, revealing that he is wearing dark, black sunglasses in bed. He sluggishly sits up in bed, and pulls off his shades, revealing his Hispanic, 25 year old face. He reaches over to his telephone, which sits on a night table near him. The phone receiver is off the hook. He places it back on, and it immediately rings.

He answers it.



VINNY  
(Drowsily)

Hello . . . Oh, Candy, how you  
doin', baby? Yeah . . . Ha?  
Tonight? Oh, baby, I can't tonight.  
I'm hangin' out with the fellas.  
. . . What? When did I promise  
tonight! . . . Oh! Well, baby, you  
can't count anything I say when  
were doin' that . . . Hello?

VINNY shrugs, hangs up the phone, and begins to rise from the bed when the phone rings again. VINNY sits back down tiredly, and answers it.

VINNY

Hello . . . Oh, Wendy. Hey, baby,  
how you doin'? Ha? . . . Tonight?  
. . . Oh, baby, I can't tonight.  
What? C'mon, baby, when did I say  
that? When did I promise tonight?  
. . . Oh, figures! Well, look,  
I'm sorry, I can't. . . I can't.  
. . . Yeah, I know what I said,  
I lied, whatta ya want! . . .  
Hello?

VINNY sighs, then again starts to rise from the bed, and again, the phone rings. VINNY groans angrily, grabs the phone, and savagely throws it against the wall. He lets out a sigh of relief from the joys of silence, then rises out of bed and exits his bedroom.

BATHROOM

VINNY steps in front of a mirror. He watches his tired, razor stubbled face intensely.

VINNY

Goddamn, bro, what the hell happened  
to you?

He grabs a can of shaving cream, and starts to spray it wildly all over his face. The doorbell rings. VINNY exits the bathroom, with an entire face full of shaving cream.

LIVING ROOM

VINNY opens the front door. It's WILLIE, who at first, gasp in horror at the sight of VINNY's face.

VINNY

It's me, man!

WILLIE

Oh, Thank God! At first I thought  
White people moved into the neigh-  
borhood!

VINNY walks back to the bathroom, with WILLIE following  
behind.

BATHROOM

VINNY continues to shave, while WILLIE stands in the  
doorway.

WILLIE

Ayyy, man, I'm a little short on  
cash tonight. I was hopin' that  
you could lend me a few bucks.

VINNY stares at him coldly.

WILLIE

C'mon, just a few dollars.

VINNY

How much money you owe me already?

WILLIE

I don't know, man.

VINNY

Well, think. Try and figure it out.

WILLIE

I don't know. What? Twenty - thirty  
dollars?

VINNY

Four hundred, thirty six dollars  
and forty seven cents.

WILLIE

Well, who's counting?

VINNY

Certainly not you, mother fucker!

WILLIE

Well, what do you care anyway, man?  
You don't work for it. You get it  
from your girlfriends.

VINNY

What the fuck difference does it  
make where I get it from. That's  
how much you owe me!

The doorbell rings again.

WILLIE

Be honest wit' me. You doin' this  
because I'm Black, right? Right?

VINNY

No, I'm doin' this because you're  
an ugly mother fucker, now do me  
a favor and get the door for me,  
will ya.

WILLIE

(Upset)

Yeah, yeah.

WILLIE exits the bathroom.

LIVING ROOM

WILLIE opens the front door, revealing a young woman of 20,  
holding a pan covered with aluminum foil. This is SARA. She  
looks surprised when she sees WILLIE.

SARA

Oh, ahhh, I'm looking for Vinny.

WILLIE

Who?

SARA

Vinny. The guy who lives here.

WILLIE

Oh, well, you must mean Fernando,  
yeah!

VINNY enters the living room, clean shaven, with a towel  
wrapped around his neck.

VINNY

(Angrily)

No, she means Vinny, man! Vinny!

WILLIE thinks to himself a moment, then chuckles, finally  
understanding what's going on.

WILLIE

Oh, right, right. Vinny, right,  
okay, okay.

VINNY lets her in. SARA stares weirdly at WILLIE for a brief moment, then gives VINNY a quick kiss on the lips.

SARA

(To VINNY)

Look, I bought you dinner. It's  
Pork chops with yellow rice. I  
made it myself.

VINNY grabs the pan from her.

VINNY

Oh, baby, that's so sweet of you.  
So nice. I wish everybody treated  
me that nice.

VINNY walks over to the refrigerator, opens it, and reveals about two dozen different pans of different shapes and sizes, all covered with aluminum foil. He squeezes hers in amidst the crowd.

VINNY then walks about the apartment, gathering his clothes together, and getting dressed as he speaks to her.

VINNY

You know, sweetie, I was wonderin'  
if you could give me a couple of  
bucks tonight. I'm a little short.

SARA

Well, I thought we were staying  
in tonight.

VINNY

No, I'm hangin' out with the  
fellas.

SARA

Well, you said we were gonna be  
together tonight.

VINNY

When did I say that?

SARA

(Blushing)

You know when you said that.

VINNY smirks.

VINNY

Oh, right. Right. Well, I kinda ran into a little problem, ya see, Willie's father here is really sick, so all the fellas were, ahhh, gettin' together tonight and gonna visit him, right, Willie?

WILLIE

Ha? Oh, yeah, yeah. Doctors say he's gonna die, 'cause he ain't got no friends visitin' him, so that's why we goin'. We gonna save his life.

SARA looks confused.

VINNY

Willie's so stunned with what's goin' on, he starts actin' a little strange sometimes.

WILLIE

Yeah, that's right, Fer-, Fer-  
. . . Vinny.

VINNY

(To SARA)

See what I mean.

SARA

Oh, you're so sweet. How much do you need.

SARA opens her purse.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

WILLIE and VINNY head up the sidewalk.

VINNY

(Angrily)

What's a matter wit' you? Are you stupid, dumb, retarded, or all of the above!

WILLIE

What? I didn't do anything!

VINNY

You didn't do anything? Man, you did enough. For now on, do me a favor, okay? If I ever ask you a question, just nod. Please don't open your fuckin' mouth!

WILLIE

I was just tryin' to help, man.

VINNY

Yeah, well, that's the problem! Don't help, alright! Don't help, 'cause when I need help from you, that's when I know I'm in trouble! For now on just nod, man. Don't say a word, just nod!

WILLIE

Yeah, yeah. Okay. Okay!

VINNY

Alright, let's cut the shit. Where we goin'?

WILLIE

I wanna go and pick up Johnny.

VINNY stops WILLIE in the street.

VINNY

Johnny! Johnny!!! Do we have to hang out with that sad sack mother fucker again?

WILLIE

Yo, man, he's my best friend, alright!

VINNY

Yeah, man, I know that, but every time we hang out with the fuckin' guy, he's so goddamn depressin', man! It's like fuckin' hangin' out with Mr. Spock, bro. I can't take it!

WILLIE

Yo, man, if Johnny ain't goin', then I ain't goin', 'cause that's my boy, alright!

VINNY and WILLIE again start to walk up the street.

VINNY

Yeah, alright, okay, man. Just do me a favor, alright. Tell the fuckin' guy to lighten up, bro, 'cause I don't wanna hear it tonight, alright.

WILLIE

Yeah, yeah! Okay, Fernando, take it easy.

VINNY again stops WILLIE in the street.

VINNY

And that's another thing, man! You know by now better than to call me Fernando, bro! Especially, E - SPESH - ALLY - in front of a girl, okay. You know better than that. You call me Vinny. You understand! Vinny!

WILLIE

Yeah, okay, okay! I've got it! Vinny! I'll call you Vinny Pantangelelli if you want, okay!

VINNY

You don't have to go overboard, okay! You don't have to go overboard! You just call me Vinny, and that's that, okay! 'Cause if I hear another one of you guys call me Fernando again, I'm gonna have a fuckin' heart attack, okay!

CUT TO:

INT. SUPERMARKET

This is the same supermarket that opened the film. VINNY and WILLIE walk up to JOHNNY, who's pulling off his work apron in the center of an aisle.

WILLIE

Yo, bro!

VINNY

Yo, man!

JOHNNY

Ayyyyy, how you doin', man! What's up, Willie? How you doin', Fernando?

WILLIE looks over at VINNY. VINNY smirks.

VINNY  
(To JOHNNY)

It's Vinny, bro. Remember? Vinny.

JOHNNY  
Oh, yeah, right, okay. So what  
you fellas doin' down here?

WILLIE  
Yo, man, it's Friday. It's hang  
out night, bro! We gonna have  
some fun.

JOHNNY  
Awww, man, I don't know, ya know?  
I feel kinda depressed tonight,  
ya know?

VINNY looks at WILLIE and smirks.

VINNY  
Well, there you go, man. You don't  
wanna take a chance on ruinin' his  
depressed state for the evening,  
right?

WILLIE  
Would you do me a favor, Vincente,  
and stay outta this! I'm talkin'  
to my friend here, alright!

VINNY  
Yeah, I know that, bro, but you  
shouldn't have to twist his arm  
to make him go, ya know? If he  
don't wanna go, then let him be!

WILLIE  
You finish?

VINNY  
Yeah, I'm done . . . I mean, ya  
know, that's just the way I think  
personally, ya know? If the guy says  
he don't wanna go, then there's  
gotta be a reason for it, whatever  
it is.



WILLIE

I'm glad you feel that way, now  
could you go stand over there or  
somethin', while I talk to my  
friend!

VINNY

Yeah, sure, no problem.

VINNY starts to walk off to a corner, but as he walks he  
comments.

VINNY

I mean, damn, you shouldn't have  
to force the guy, ya know. Damn!

WILLIE smirks, then faces JOHNNY.

WILLIE

C'mon, man, it's not gonna be the  
same without you.

JOHNNY

Awww, I don't know, man. I gotta  
work early tomorrow. I'm helpin'  
to open up the place, ya know?

WILLIE

Look, man. If you're not thinkin'  
of yourself, think of me. Please  
don't leave me alone with that  
clown all night.

WILLIE points to VINNY. JOHNNY laughs.

JOHNNY

Okay, man. You've got me! Let  
me go and check out.

WILLIE smiles, slaps him five, and JOHNNY walks off.  
VINNY walks back over to WILLIE.

VINNY

So that's it, man. He's not goin'?

WILLIE

No, man. He's goin', he's goin'.

VINNY

(Surprised)

He's goin'?

WILLIE

Yeah, man. He's goin'.

VINNY

(Upset)

I'm just gonna say one thing, okay,  
and I want you to listen to me.

WILLIE

Oh, c'mon, bro.

VINNY

No, I'm serious, man. I want you to  
listen, alright?

WILLIE

Yeah, alright, alright.

VINNY

Okay, now good. Pay attention. You  
wanted him to come, right? Did you  
hear what I just said. I said YOU  
wanted him to come. Not me, not  
anybody else, just you, am I right,  
ha, ha?

WILLIE

Yeah, so. Get to the point.

VINNY

Okay, the point is this: You wanted  
him to come, then you're responsible  
for him!

WILLIE

What?

VINNY

You heard me! You're responsible for  
him! If by any chance, I should have  
a depressing, boring evening because  
of him, then you are responsible.

WILLIE

Oh, please!

VINNY

I'm very serious, man. I'm serious!  
If by any chance he should do some-  
thing to screw up my evening in one  
way of another, you're responsible for  
him. You hear me? You are responsible!  
YOU!

JOHNNY can be seen in b.g. walking towards WILLIE and VINNY, when PEDRO, from the opening of the film, gently pulls him over to the side.

PEDRO

Here's that application, Johnny.

JOHNNY

Ahhh, Pedro, I really don't know, ya know.

PEDRO

Look, take it, will ya.

He stuffs the application into JOHNNY's jacket pocket. JOHNNY laughs, then walks off, again heading towards his friends, who are still having a dispute.

WILLIE

(To VINNY, seeing JOHNNY coming)  
Yeah, yeah, okay, shut up!

JOHNNY finally reaches them.

JOHNNY

Alright, guys, c'mon. Where we goin'?

WILLIE

We're gonna pick up Tommy.

JOHNNY

Alright, let's go. C'mon, Willie.  
Let's go, Fernando.

JOHNNY walks ahead of them, exiting frame, as VINNY stares glaringly at WILLIE.

VINNY

YOU! . . . YOU!

WILLIE

Alright, alright, c'mon!

They both follow JOHNNY and exit frame.

CUT TO:

INT. TENEMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - LATER THAT NIGHT

VINNY, WILLIE, and JOHNNY walk towards a door at the end of

the hall.

JOHNNY  
Did anybody call Tom, to let him  
know we were comin'?

WILLIE  
Nahhh, but I'm sure it's cool.

JOHNNY  
Somebody should have called.

They reach TOM's front door.

VINNY  
Okay, shhhh. Watch this, watch this!

VINNY bangs on the door.

VINNY  
OPEN UP! IT'S THE POLICE! OPEN UP!

TOM (O.S.)  
(Coming from int. apt.)  
Who? What? Who is it?

VINNY  
IT'S THE POLICE! OPEN UP! WE KNOW  
YOU'VE GOT THAT NINE YEAR OLD GIRL  
IN THERE, OPEN UP!

TOM opens the door. He looks frightened at first.

TOM  
What? Ha?  
(Seeing his friends)  
You? Ya big, imitation, Italian  
mother fucker. Come in, man.

They all enter the apartment. TOM is topless, with a towel hanging around his neck.

TOM  
What you guys doin' here?

WILLIE  
It's Friday night, homie. Hang out  
night.

TOM  
Ahhh, you guys should take the time  
to call people before you go to their  
house, man.

JOHNNY sits at the kitchen table.

JOHNNY

Oh-oh! Ya see. I told ya.

VINNY

(To TOM)

Why, what's up?

TOM

I made some plans tonight with my lady, fellas.

VINNY

Oh, c'mon, bro!

WILLIE

C'mon, man. Don't you wanna hang out with the fellas?

TOM

Yeah, man, well maybe if you guys would have called me earlier, I could have called off my plans, but it's too late now.

JOHNNY

I told you guys. I told you. You should have called,

VINNY smirks at JOHNNY.

WILLIE

Well, if you not goin', you not goin'. I guess that's it.

WILLIE sits on a nearby sofa.

VINNY

What do you mean 'that's it, that's it.' That's bullshit, man.

TOMMY walks into a nearby bathroom and shuts the door.

JOHNNY

Well, like you said before, ya know. You shouldn't have to force somebody if they don't wanna do somethin', right?

VINNY

Look, this is different, okay. Tom has to come, alright. He has to!

JOHNNY

Why?

VINNY

Because Tom has somethin' that you, me, and Willie don't have all put together, okay!

WILLIE

What's that?

VINNY

Tom . . . has a car!

VINNY bangs loudly on the bathroom door.

VINNY

C'mon, man! You've gotta come, bro!

WILLIE and JOHNNY stare at each other in disbelief. TOM exits the bathroom, now wearing a dress shirt.

VINNY

C'mon, man. You gonna tell me you gonna give up a night on the town for some girl!

TOM

She's just not some girl, man. She's great. Wonderful! I've gotta tell you guys. This time, I really think it's love.

VINNY

Oh, fuck, man! When the hell did cupid shoot you in your ass! I can't believe this! You gonna give up a night of hangin' out with your homeboys here, your bestest friends for years and years, to go and hang out with some ugly girl.

TOM

Who said she was ugly. She's a beautiful girl. Incredibly beautiful.

VINNY

Oh, c'mon, man. I know your taste in woman. She probably looks like a duck.

TOM

Huh, that's what you think, man. The girl is so fine, once you see her, you'd be beggin' to drink her bath water, mother fucker.

VINNY

Oh, yeah, oh yeah! Okay, right here.  
Right now, here it is! Right here!

VINNY pulls out ten dollars from his pocket.

VINNY

Here it is! Ten dollars. I've got ten dollars right here that says the girl is ugly. Uggggg - Leeee! Can you back that up, ha?

TOM

Yeah. Yeah. I can back that up!

VINNY

Good, okay. Who's wit me here? Who?

WILLIE and JOHNNY stare at each other, unsure of what to think.

VINNY

C'mon, guys. You know Toms taste in women, now, c'mon! Be serious. Remember that west Indian girl he use to be with? Remember how fine he said she was? Remember when we finally got to meet her. She looked like one of those zombies they be bringin' back from the dead in Haiti. Remember that! Or what about that Jewish girl. Remember her? He kept tellin' us how fine she was, and then one time he bought the girl to my house, and the girls nose was so big, she couldn't barely fit through my door, remember that? Ha?

WILLIE and TOMMY again stare at each other, then . . .

WILLIE

I've got ten dollars that says she's ug-gg-lee, with a capitol ug-gg!

JOHNNY

Ten dollars right here on the ugly person, right here.

VINNY

Alright, alright.

WILLIE

Yo, you take I - owe - you's, right?  
Or in this case: I - owe - urggghhh's!

TOM

Yo, man, that's thirty dollars I've gotta back up here.

VINNY

Well, you the one sayin' she's so fine, right? What's a matter? Afraid she's ugly, and you gonna loose?

TOM

No, man, the girl is fine, but the thing is that everybody's got a different opinion of what 'fine' is. How we gonna work this?

JOHNNY

We all judge her, man. Just like Miss America.

TOM

Oh, man, that ain't fair. You guys are in the contest!

WILLIE

Everybody will just have to be honest, that's all. We'll be honest.

VINNY

Yeah, that's all. And we'll all vote. On a scale of 1 to 10, your girlfriend has to be at least a 9.

TOM

Nah, man! A 9? That's too high!

VINNY

Well, you said she was fine, didn't you! Weren't you the one who said she's so fine!

TOM

A 9 is too high, man! She gotta be at least a 5.

WILLIE

Nahh, no way. No way.

JOHNNY

A 5? My grandmother's a 5 . . .  
And she's dead.



TOM

Well, a 9's too high, man. It's too high.

WILLIE

A 7. She has to be at least a 7.

VINNY

Okay, I'll go with that.

JOHNNY

Yeah, that's cool. That's fair.

TOM

I don't know, man. That's still kinda high.

VINNY

Oh, c'mon, man! She suppose to be so fine, right?

TOM

Yeah, okay, alright. A 7. Okay, a 7.

VINNY

Alright, let's go!

CUT TO:

INT. PROJECT BUILDING - LONG CORRIDOR - LATER THAT NIGHT

TOM leads JOHNNY, WILLIE, and VINNY up the hallway, to his girlfriends apartment. TOM knocks, and his friends stand silently nearby as a young Black woman of 20 opens the door. Her name is VANESSA. She's dressed in a robe, with a towel over her head.

VANESSA

(In a nasal voice)

Oh, hi, honey. How are you.

VANESSA notices his friends, and they all smile simultaneously.

TOM

Baby, what are you doin'. Why ain't you dressed. I thought we were goin' out.

TOM moves in to kiss her, but she pulls back.

VANESSA

Oh, don't. I'm really sick. It just came over me this mornin'.

TOM

Damn, well, you should've called me.

VANESSA

I know, baby, but I was sleepin' all day, and I just forgot.

TOM

(Disappointed)

Well, I guess that means tonight is off, ha?

VANESSA

I'm sorry, baby.

TOM

Well, alright, okay. I hope you feel better. Take care, bye.

VANESSA

Bye, baby.

VANESSA shuts the door. TOM turns to face his friends.

TOM

She's beautiful, ain't she?

VINNY

She looks like a duck. Where's my money?

TOM

Man, what you talkin' about, man. She's gorgeous. C'mon, Willie, man, tell him.

WILLIE

Well, I give her a 6.

TOM

A 6? A 6! Where you keep your eyes? In your ass!

WILLIE

That's what I honestly feel, chief.

TOM

Nahh, man, c'mon! That's not fair!

VINNY

C'mon, bro. Cough up the dillies.

TOM

Wait a second, wait a second! That's two for your side, but I say she's gorgeous, so that's one for me. Now Johnny here is the decidin' vote.

JOHNNY

(Nervously)

Oh, c'mon, guys. Don't do that.

VINNY

Go 'head, Johnny. Just tell him the girls a dog and we collect our money.

JOHNNY

Oh, man. I really don't wanna be the decidin' vote, ya know?

VINNY

Will you just go 'head, man!

JOHNNY

Well, I, I really didn't get a good look at her, ya know?

TOM

Well, that's it. He didn't get a good look at her, so we're all even.

VINNY

Bullshit we're all even! Bring her back out here!

TOM

What? That's stupid! I'm not gonna bring her back out here!

VINNY

Fine, then we won, cause it's still two against one.

TOM smirks angrily, pauses, then turns back to his girl-friends door, and knocks again.

WILLIE

(To JOHNNY)

Now, Johnny, take a good look this time, alright.

VINNY

Yeah, please. 'Cause if we have to bring this girl out here one more time after this, we gonna scare the whole neighborhood to death!

TOM gives VINNY a dirty look, as VANESSA opens the door once again.

VANESSA

Hey, sweetie, what you still doin' here?

TOM

I was just worried about you, ya know, baby.

VANESSA

Oh, you're an angel.

TOM

You need anything from the store, baby? Aspirin, or anything?

TOM gently caresses her cheek, but the caress turns into a gentle shove, to reveal more of her face in the direction of JOHNNY.

VANESSA

What, what are you doin'?

TOM

Nothin', baby. Just admirin' your smooth, beautiful skin.

VANESSA

(Romantically)

Ahhh, you're such a romantic. No, I don't need anything, baby. Thanks anyway. I just wanna get back to sleep.

TOM

Okay, darlin', you go and do that.

VANESSA

Okay, lover. Bye.

She again shuts the door.

TOM, WILLIE AND VINNY all stare at JOHNNY.

JOHNNY

Ahh, man. C'mon, guys!

WILLIE  
Just answer honestly, man. One to  
ten. Whatta ya think?

There is a long pause, then . . .

JOHNNY  
Ahh, well . . . I guess an 8.

TOM  
(Excitedly)  
ALRIGHT! ALRIGHT! Let's hit the town  
fellas, let's party!

TOM heads down the hall. JOHNNY shrugs, and follows, leaving  
WILLIE and VINNY alone.

VINNY  
You are responsible, man! You! You're  
responsible for him! You!

WILLIE  
Oh, c'mon, man!

VINNY  
I'm serious! You are responsible!  
You!

VINNY walks off. WILLIE sighs, then follows.

CUT TO:  
INT. CAR

The car radio is blasting pop music, as the car drives  
through traffic with TOM at the wheel, and VINNY sitting  
beside him. WILLIE and JOHNNY sit in the back seat. They all  
drink out beer cans.

TOM  
So, what's the first stop?

VINNY  
Wherever the girlies are, bro.  
Wherever the girlies are.

WILLIE  
Yo, guys, listen. I hope you go  
some place cheap, 'cause I ain't  
got much money.

TOM

Yo, man, why don't you tell the truth for once in your life.

WILLIE

Alright, fine. I ain't got no money.

JOHNNY

Yo, bro, it's alright. We'll just all chip in like we always do.

VINNY

No, man. No way. Not for me. I've had it with that.

JOHNNY

Why not, bro? Willie would do it for you, if he had it.

VINNY

That's just the fuckin' problem, bro! Willie never has it. That boy never has any money. He never has a fuckin' dime. I'm tired of it!

WILLIE

That's because it's a Black thing, man. I'm a Black man being oppressed by the White man. They tryin' to keep me down!

VINNY

Man, you keepin' down your own goddamn self!

WILLIE

You see, that's what the White man would want you to think. They brain-washed you pretty good, man!

TOMMY

Ahhh, c'mon, Vinny. It's like our ritual, man. How can we get through a Friday night, without givin' some money to Willie?

VINNY

Nahhh, no more. That's it. That boy's always gotta come to us for somethin'. He's always gotta say 'put me down, man! Give me some, bro!' Nahhh, no more. I'm not havin' it. Get a job if ya have to, but you ain't comin' to me no more!

WILLIE sulks, and JOHNNY notices this.

JOHNNY

(To VINNY)

Do you have a job, man, ha?

VINNY

We're not talkin' about me, we're talkin' about him.

JOHNNY

Well, I'm askin' you, homes. Do you have a job?

VINNY

It's none of your business if I have a job or not, alright!

JOHNNY

That's because you don't have a job. That's because all the money you have, and all the meals you eat, you've gotten from poor innocent women.

VINNY

Man, there is no such thing as a innocent woman.

JOHNNY

Yeah, to you there's not.

VINNY looks out the car window. His eyes buldge at the sight of two pretty young Hispanic GIRLS walking up the sidewalk. Both girls must be about 16, but their bodies are extremly well developed.

VINNY

Oh, my God! Look at that shit! You gonna tell me that shit looks innocent to you! Slow down the car.

TOM slows down, as VINNY shoves his upper body out the window.

EXT. CAR - STREET

TOM slows down the car, driving alongside the GIRLS, as VINNY calls out to them.

VINNY

Yo, baby! Talk to me, baby! Talk to me!

The GIRLS giggle to themselves.

VINNY

Hey, what's your names? I'm Vinny. I'm from Italy.

GIRL #1

Yeah? What part of Italy.

VINNY's face goes blank. He searches for an answer.

VINNY

Italy, Italy. You know? Where all the Italians come from.

The GIRLS giggle again. In the car, JOHNNY's eyes roll in disgust.

VINNY

Hey, why don't you come in for a ride.

GIRL #2

No, thank you.

VINNY

Come on, babies. You could sit on my lap. Come on, c'mon!

The GIRLS soon reach the front of a broken down tenement building, where a fat, hairy middle aged Hispanic MAN meets them, and leads them into the building. He looks at VINNY with complete hatred.

MAN

(Furiously; with Spanish accent)  
What you doin'! You tryin' to pick up my daughters, ha!

VINNY stares at the hairy ape in shock.



MAN  
Ha? Hey! You tryin' to pick up  
my daughters, ha! Ya son of a  
bitch, ha!

VINNY swings back in the car, as the MAN starts to quickly  
walk towards the car.

INT. CAR

Everyone is laughing hysterically.

VINNY  
(To TOM)  
Yo, man, get the fuck outta here!

TOM  
(Laughing)  
No, man. I like this neighborhood.  
Let's stay.

VINNY  
Man, move the fuckin' car, man!

TOM laughs loudly, until he sees, in his rear view mirror,  
the MAN grab two large bottles out of a nearby garbage can.

TOM  
Oh, shit!

TOM hits the gas hard.

EXT. CAR - STREET

The car flies down the street as the MAN fires the two  
bottles into the air. They miss the car by inches, as it  
turns onto another street.

INT. CAR

TOM  
Yo, Vinny, man, if those bottles  
would've hit my car, I woulda kicked  
your ass!

VINNY  
Yo, bro, it wasn't my fault.

WILLIE  
It was your fault, 'cause you  
the one that made that crazy  
Puerto Rican come over.

JOHNNY

Ayyyy, ayyy, ayyyy! Watch it with that stuff, alright.

WILLIE

What stuff? All I said is crazy Puerto Rican.

JOHNNY

Ayyy, man, watch the way you talk about my people, alright!

(To VINNY)

Damn, man, you hear the way he's talkin' about us?

VINNY shrugs his shoulders.

JOHNNY

You don't care, do you?

VINNY

What, man. What am I suppose to say to that?

JOHNNY

You don't care because you don't think you're Puerto Rican, do you?

There is a moment of silence.

VINNY

Why you wanna fuck wit' me, man? What the hell I'd do to you, bro! Leave me alone, please!

There is another moment of silence.

TOM

He thinks he's Italian.

VINNY

No, I don't think I'm Italian, alright! I don't think I'm Italian! I know what I am. Ask anybody, okay. Ask Willie. Hey, Willie, tell them I know what the hell I am!

WILLIE

Well, man -

VINNY

(Interrupts)

What I'd tell you before, Willie?  
Ha? Remember? What I'd tell you  
before? In the street.

WILLIE thinks for a brief moment, then turns to look at  
JOHNNY. He nods his head vigorously.

VINNY

Thank you, thank you. There you have  
it! Now just leave me the fuck alone!

WILLIE

How come you don't like it when  
people call you Fernando?

VINNY

How come you don't like it when  
people call you an ugly mother  
fucker!

JOHNNY

You will just deny that you're a  
Puerto Rican. Go head. Say it. Say  
'I'm a Puerto Rican.' Go 'head.

VINNY

(Quietly)

Look, I don't have to say shit to  
you, now leave me alone.

JOHNNY

Say it. Say 'I'm a Puerto Rican.'

VINNY

(To WILLIE)

Willie! You see this shit, Willie!  
You see this! You know who's respon-  
sible for this shit right here,  
right, Willie? Ha!

JOHNNY

Why did you tell those girls you  
were Italian?

VINNY

You wanna know why, ha! You wanna  
know why?

JOHNNY

Yeah, I wanna know.

VINNY

Fine, I'll tell you! It just so happens at this moment in time, all women are goin' crazy for Italian men, okay!

JOHNNY

What?

TOM

Get the fuck outta here!

VINNY

It's true, man. Woman think they're great lovers. They're crazy about 'em. So that's what I'm gonna be! Now, when the day comes that somebody else takes over that role of drivin' woman crazy, let's say the Black man, then that's the day that I'll become Ossie "mother fuckin'" Davis, but until that day, I'm Vinny, alright!

WILLIE

Man, you are crazy!

TOM

Yo, any of you guys got any more brews back there?

JOHNNY

Nahhhh, we're out.

TOM

I'm gonna stop. We'll get some more, alright.

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. DELICATESSAN - MOMENTS LATER

The fellas stand to the side of the deli, in front of an old burnt out, boarded up tenement. They are gathering up their money. In the distance, the sound of a dog barking can be heard.

TOM

(To JOHNNY)

Put in another dollar, man.

JOHNNY

Yeah, here.

JOHNNY hands TOM the dollar.

VINNY  
Here's two from me.

VINNY hands TOM two dollars.

TOM  
(To WILLIE)  
Damn, man. You don't have nothin',  
man. You can't even put in fifty  
cents?

WILLIE pulls out the insides of his pockets. They're empty.  
He shrugs.

TOM  
Damn, man. You pitiful!

WILLIE  
C'mon, fellas. Put me down.

VINNY  
I'll put you down. You an ugly  
mother fucker. How's that?

Everyone, but WILLIE laughs.

TOM  
Vinny's buggin'.

TOM walks off, entering the deli.  
At this moment, a pretty Black WOMAN walks past VINNY's  
path.

VINNY  
(To WOMAN)  
Oh, baby, oh! I'm over here, Come  
on! Come to your uncle Vinny!

The WOMAN continues to walk off, ignoring him.

VINNY  
(To the fellas)  
Oh, man. Did you see that?

WILLIE  
Yeah, man. That was a fine African  
American woman.

VINNY  
Did you see the body on that thing?

JOHNNY

Yo, Vinny, man, you're crazy. You keep messin' with all those girls, and one day, you gonna come down wit' some strange disease.

VINNY

No, bro, not me. Let me show you somethin'.

VINNY digs into his breast pocket, and pulls out a condom.

VINNY

You see this? Ha? Do you see this?

JOHNNY

Yeah, I see it.

VINNY

You know what this is?

WILLIE

Of course he knows what it is. Everybody knows what it is.

VINNY

Okay. Then what is it?

JOHNNY smirks angrily, feeling that VINNY is insulting his intelligence.

JOHNNY

It's a condom.

VINNY makes a loud buzzing sound, as if this was a game show, and JOHNNY answered incorrectly.

VINNY

Wrong! This is more than just a condom. It's a super condom. This condom here has an ingredient called noxinol 9. You hear me. Noxinol 9. Who ever you with, and whatever they got, forget it! This shit will knock it right out. You could fuck an elephant with this condom.

JOHNNY

I'm sure you have.

VINNY

Please, please. Let's not bring your woman into the conversation.

WILLIE laughs as TOM exits the deli, holding a bag.

TOM

Yo, fellas, let's hit the road.

TOM looks off across the street. He sees a slick looking black jeep pull up to the curb, blasting music. A young man on the curb walks over to the jeep, and hands the driver an envelope. The man walks off.

TOM

Yo, who's that over there? Is that Louie - Louie?

VINNY

(Excitedly)

Yeah. Yeah! That's him.

VINNY leads the troops across the street, walking up to the jeep. Louie - Louie, a young, Black man of 24, sits in the drivers seat. He's decked out in gold chains, gold rings, and a silk suit.

VINNY

Louie - Louie! What's up, man!

They all "slap five."

LOUIE - LOUIE

Yo, fellas, what's happenin', what's happenin'!

JOHNNY scans LOUIE - LOUIE from head to toe. He doesn't seem impressed, like the rest of his friends.

TOM

Lulu, what's the deal! What you doin' around here, man?

LOUIE - LOUIE

Ahhh, nothin' much, homeboy! Just workin', Just workin'.

VINNY

Yo, bro, you know if anything's goin' on tonight? Any parties anywhere? Anything?

LOUIE - LOUIE

Nah! Not in the boogie down Bronx, homeboy. Not tonight. The Bronx is dead. Y'all should check out Manny Hanny.

TOM

Yeah? Manhattan's happenin' tonight?

WILLIE

Yo, man, I don't wanna go to Manhattan, man.

LOUIE - LOUIE

Yo, Manhattan is where it's at, homie! That's why I don't even be hangin' in the Bronx no more, chief! Manhattan is the life, bee!

WILLIE

(To the fellas)

Nahhh, Let's just hang in 'da Bronx, y'all!

LOUIE - LOUIE

Well, whatever, whatever, home piece! I gotta tip. I'll check y'all later.

TOM

Alright, Lulu!

VINNY

Later, bro!

LOUIE - LOUIE drives off in his jeep.  
VINNY, WILLIE and TOM start to walk off.

TOM

That's a cool dude, man!

VINNY

Lulu is bad, jack! That boy's got dollars! He's got dollars on his dollars!

JOHNNY stands alone for a brief moment, staring at the jeep as it disappears around a corner.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

VINNY and TOM ride upfront, while WILLIE and JOHNNY are in the back. The radio is blasting as usual, as VINNY pulls the beer cans from the six pack and starts to hand them out.



VINNY

Alright, here we go all around.  
One for Johnny. Can I check your  
I.D. please?

JOHNNY smirks, as he takes his beer.

VINNY

Okay, one for Willie, who didn't  
put in a fuckin' dime as usual.

WILLIE smirks, as he takes his beer.

VINNY

And one for my man Tom, here.

JOHNNY

Yo, wait a second, man. How many  
beers have you already had tonight,  
Tommy.

TOM

I don't know, man. Two or three.

JOHNNY

Well, you shouldn't drink another  
beer if you drivin', bro.

TOM

What? Please! Vinny, give me the  
damn, beer.

VINNY nearly hands it to him, but JOHNNY reaches over the  
seat, and pulls it out of his hands.

JOHNNY

(To WILLIE)

You not suppose to drink and  
drive, bro.

TOM

Homeboy, if you don't give me that  
damn beer, you gonna be drinkin'  
and walkin'.

VINNY

Here, bro, we've got six of them.  
Please!

VINNY hands TOM another beer. JOHNNY sighs as TOM opens it  
and takes a sip.  
WILLIE looks out the window. He looks excited at something  
he notices.

WILLIE

Oh, shit! Look at that, man!  
And Louie - Louie said there's  
nothin' happenin' in the Bronx!

They all look out the window, into the direction that WILLIE has pointed out.

Their P.O.V. reveals a group of nicely dressed, pretty Spanish girls, walking up the street, heading towards a tenement building.

VINNY

Oh, my God!

VINNY starts to stick his head out the window.

TOM

Yo, man, yo, wait! Before you say anything, please make sure that there are no big, fat, hairy motherfuckers, holdin' beer bottles out there, alright!

VINNY

(Laughing)

You gotta be fuckin' kiddin' me, man.

EXT. CAR

VINNY sticks his head out the window and howls like a dog. WILLIE laughs hysterically, then soon joins him. The girls quickly rush into the nearby tenement.

INT. CAR

VINNY

(To TOM)

Oh, bro! Pull over, bro! Please, pull over!

EXT. CAR - STREET

The car pulls over to the curb. They all step out of the car and walk up to the front of the tenement. They all look up, in the direction of where they hear loud salsa music.

VINNY

Shit, man, where's the music comin' from?

WILLIE

It's from right there. See that light in the third floor window.

VINNY

Oh, man. They're havin' a party.  
Let's go. C'mon.

TOM

How you gonna get in the door?  
Nobody knows you up there.

VINNY

Look, I'll just knock on the door  
and say Jose sent us.

JOHNNY

Jose? Who the hell is Jose?

VINNY

It's a Puerto Rican party. There's  
gotta be a fuckin' Jose up there  
somewhere.

TIME CUT:

INT. TENEMENT

The boys climb the stairs to the third floor, letting the music that echoes through the hall lead them.

JOHNNY

It's comin' from over there.

JOHNNY points to a door down the hall. They all walk towards the door. VINNY knocks, and a pretty young Spanish woman opens the door. Behind her, we can see a party in full swing. She looks at the fellas suspiciously, not recognizing any of them.

WOMAN

Ahh, can I help you?

VINNY

Yeah, ahhhh, Jose sent us.

The entire male crowd behind the WOMAN abruptly stop dancing and look towards the door as though their names had been called.

VINNY stands silently, waiting for her response.

WOMAN

Ahhh, yeah, well, okay. Come in.

VINNY

Thank you.

They all enter the apartment.

INT. APARTMENT

The guys all gather into a corner.

WILLIE

Man, I hate house parties. I always feel like I'm trapped in a closet.

VINNY

Bro, you the last one who can say anything, 'cause you ain't got no money. You got in the party, and it's free, so just shut the fuck up!

WILLIE smirks.

WILLIE

Man, where's the food.

VINNY

You can look for the food. I'm gonna look for the woman.

They both walk off in opposite directions, leaving TOM and JOHNNY together.

TOM

Damn, I love latin music, man.

JOHNNY

Yeah, well, go 'head, bro. Go and dance.

TOM

Well, that's the problem, guy. I love the music, but I could never dance to it. I just can't get it, ya know?

JOHNNY

Well, I'll show you, bro. Watch me.

JOHNNY does a few steps.

JOHNNY

C'mon, try it. C'mon.

TOM

Nahhh, man, nahhh. That's okay.

JOHNNY

Come on, bro? Give it a try.

TOM

Nahhh, man, I'm afraid to.

JOHNNY

Why, man?

TOM

Well . . . 'Cause that's how it's starts.

JOHNNY

That's how what starts?

TOM

You know, Johnny. That's how it starts.

JOHNNY

No, I don't know. Tell me. That's how what starts?

TOM

Well, it starts with the dancin', ya see. Then if I like that, the next thing you know, I'll be dressed in polyester suits, with bell bottoms, and eatin' rice and beans.

JOHNNY stares at him in disbelief.

JOHNNY

Yo, man, I take that as a racist statement.

TOM

Yo, it's not a racist statement, man. It's a fact. I just don't look good in bell bottoms.

Our attention shifts to VINNY, who is eyeing a WOMAN who's walking by him. VINNY reaches out and grabs her by the waste, rudely interrupting her walk.

VINNY

Hey, sweetheart, how you doin'?

She jumps nervously at his attack, then violently pulls away from his clutches. She glares at him nastily, as she walks off.

VINNY

God, some woman are so rude!

He walks through the crowd, until he sees another attractive WOMAN. He stops beside her.

VINNY

Hey, you are a very attractive person.

The WOMAN smirks, then walks off.

VINNY

(To himself)

But on the other hand, so am I.

Our attention now shifts to WILLIE, who is standing over a table covered with food. He is trying everything. Soon, three SPANISH GUYS surround him. They stare at him from head to toe.

SPANISH GUY #1

Hey, man. Who invited you here?

WILLIE

Urrrr, Jose, man.

SPANISH GUY #1

Jose?

WILLIE

Yeah. Jose.

SPANISH GUY #2

Ayy, bro, which Jose, ha? Point him out.

WILLIE

Well, I, I, ahhhh, I haven't seen him yet. Maybe he's late himself, ya know?

SPANISH GUY #2

What's his last name? This Jose?

WILLIE

Oh, errrr, I, I can't remember.

They SPANISH GUYS start to crowd in tighter around him.

WILLIE

Ahhhh, It must be, ahhh, Rodriguez.

SPANISH GUY #3

There's no Jose Rodriguez here.

WILLIE

Oh, no. Did I say Rodriguez? I  
meant Himenez . . . or was it Suarez?

Our attention shifts back to JOHNNY and TOM. TOM is dancing  
latin style, with JOHNNY leading him.

JOHNNY

Yeah, that's it. You've got it.  
You've got it. You gettin' it.

TOM

Oh my God! I could feel my pants  
expanding at the bottom already.

JOHNNY

Come on, bro. Cut that shit out.

TOM

Yeah, am I doin' good, really. Am  
I rockin' it.

JOHNNY

Oh, yeah, you've got it. Keep it  
movin'. Keep that waist movin'.  
You've got it.

TOM

Oh, yeah, buddy! Man, you're pretty  
good at this. You should go out there  
and grab yourself one of those little  
Spanish mamas, and get down. Ya never  
know, you might meet your future wife  
out there tonight.

JOHNNY

Oh, I'm not goin' that far, man.  
I've already got somebody else in  
mind, ya know.

TOM

Oh, really? You too, ha? Who is she?

JOHNNY

Oh, a nice girl, bro. Sweet, innocent.  
virginal.

TOM

Oh, no. Not her again. You've been  
talkin' about her for weeks. You still  
ain't get that booty yet?

JOHNNY

Hey, a girl like that takes time. She's a shy, sensitive thing.

TOM

Damn! The girl is innocent, virginal, shy, and sensitive. I don't know about you, but to me, she sounds like a drag.

Our attention again shifts to VINNY. He's talking to a pretty young WOMAN in a corner.

VINNY

Yeah, so after I finished law school, I decided, why dedicate my entire life to just one thing, ya know. Why not do something else in my spare time, right? Something just to fill in those dull spaces in between, like on weekends, or days off, ya know. So that's when I became an astronaut.

WOMAN

Right. Come on. You're shittin' me.

VINNY

Hey, would I shit on you? No, really. I've been up in the space shuttle. What you doin' next weekend? You want me to take you up for a spin?

Our attention again shifts to WILLIE, who is still surrounded.

WILLIE

It was Mendez, man. Mendez.

The SPANISH GUYS don't respond.

WILLIE

Or was it Perez . . . No, no. It was Vasquez. Yeah, that's it. Jose Vasquez.

SPANISH GUY #1

Yo, you know what I think, bro? I think you full of shit, Black boy.



WILLIE  
 Black boy? Black boy!  
 (Laughing)  
 Is that what you think I am. No,  
 no, no, no, no, man! I'm not Black.  
 I'm a Dominican!

SPANISH GUY #2  
 You're a Dominican?

WILLIE  
 . . . Si.

There's a brief moment of silence, then -

SPANISH GUY #1  
 Get the fuck out! Let's go!

The SPANISH GUYS start to violently shove WILLIE across the room.

TOM and JOHNNY see this and rush over. Soon, a fight is breaking out. People run for cover, as the SPANISH GUYS battle TOM, WILLIE and JOHNNY.

VINNY, still talking with the WOMAN in the corner notices the event, and immediately runs to his friends aid, but soon, the SPANISH GUYS start winning the battle and start to shove the fellas out the front door.

INT. TENEMENT - HALLWAY

The SPANISH GUYS shove WILLIE, TOM, JOHNNY, and VINNY down the stairs, nearly making them tumble over one another.

EXT. TENEMENT - SIDEWALK

The SPANISH GUYS toss the fellas onto the curb.

SPANISH GUY #1  
 If you guys come back here, I'm  
 gonna get my gun next time!

The SPANISH GUYS re-enter the building.  
 WILLIE, TOM, JOHNNY, and VINNY rise back to their feet.

VINNY  
 (Yelling)  
 Goddamn, man! What the fucks a  
 matter with you guys!

The fellas all look at each other confused.

VINNY

Well, what the hell you'd do in there!

TOM

What?

JOHNNY

Who?

VINNY

Well, you fuckin' guys had to do somethin' to get your asses kicked out!

WILLIE

(Shouting)

DAMN, MAN! YOU WANNA KNOW WHAT I DID, MAN! HA! YOU WANNA KNOW WHAT I DID! I WAS BORN BLACK, MOTHER FUCKER! THAT'S WHAT I DID!

Everyone becomes silent.

VINNY

Look, don't start with your Black shit again, okay!

WILLIE

(Shouting)

MAN, THEY THREW ME OUT THE GODDAMN PARTY BECAUSE I WAS BLACK, ALRIGHT! BECAUSE I WAS FUCKIN' BLACK!

Everyone becomes silent.

VINNY

What? You mean, well, You mean they -

WILLIE

Yeah, man. That's it! That's your people for you!

JOHNNY

Yo, wait a second, bro! I was in there too alright. I was fightin' for you, so don't give me that shit now, okay?

WILLIE looks confused and scared.

WILLIE

There was no reason for that shit,  
man. I didn't do shit! Nothin'!

No one says a word.

CUT TO:  
INT. CAR

Everyone is silent. The positions have changed. TOM is still at the wheel, yet WILLIE sits beside him. JOHNNY and VINNY are in the back seat.

JOHNNY

Yo, man, you okay?

WILLIE

(Obviously still upset)  
Yeah, man.

TOM

Yo, stop thinkin' about it, alright.  
They were just a bunch of assholes.

EXT. CAR

The car makes a turn, and drives up onto a bridge.

INT. CAR

WILLIE

(To TOM)

Wait a second. Where you goin'?

TOM

I'm drivin' into Manhattan.  
Louie - Louie was right. The  
Bronx is wack tonight.

WILLIE

Well, once you pass Harlem, you  
can let me out, man.

TOM

Why, man. What the hell you got  
against Manhattan?

WILLIE

Look! I wait all week to hang out with you guys. I'm usually in my damn, funky apartment all day and night, doin' nothin', bored to death. I'd die for these Fridays, man, but I wanna hang out with my homeboys, not a bunch of White people from Manhattan.

TOM

Well, I'm goin' into the city, and that's that, man. So grow up and deal wit' it!

WILLIE sulks.

EXT. CAR

The car drives off the bridge. They are now in Manhattan.

TIME CUT TO:

THE STREETS OF MID MANHATTAN

A quick montage, set to a throbbing disco beat, is seen featuring the glitzy places in midtown Manhattan: The Gucci building, The Russian tea room, Trump tower, etc.

INT. CAR

WILLIE looks out the window. He frowns, taking in all the decadence.

VINNY

Alright! Manhattan. Let's get some rich White woman!

WILLIE

Yeah, you need a rich White woman. That'll make you feel just great, won't it!

VINNY

You damn right, homeboy! There's no shame to my game.

TOM

Yo, fellas, yo! You see that buildin' right there. I auditioned for a part in this t.v. show right there last week.

JOHNNY

Yeah, so what happened?

TOM

They loved me. They told me I was the best thing they've seen in a long time.

VINNY

They told you that?

TOM

Yeah.

VINNY

YOU!

TOM

Yeah, me! What's a matter wit' me?

VINNY

You want me to answer that?

TOM

Man, fuck you, man. When I was in college, I was the best actor in my acting clas, man! They looked up to me like I was, like I was William Shatner, man!

JOHNNY

College? I didn't know you went to college, Tommy.

TOM

Yeah, I've got my degree and everything.

JOHNNY

Did you like it?

TOM

Nahhhh, man. It sucks.

JOHNNY

(Disillusioned)

Oh . . . Well, what sucks about it?

TOM

I don't know, man. It just sucks. It's like a big stall. A big nothin'.

VINNY

Yo, bro, I agree wit' Tommy, man.  
I went to college.

JOHNNY

(In near shock)

You! You of all people went to  
college?

VINNY

Yeah. I went to college. I'm a  
college man. And I gotta tell ya:  
It was the most miserable, frus-  
trating, humiliating two weeks of  
my entire life!

JOHNNY stares at VINNY in disbelief, then ignores him,  
focusing strict attention on TOM.

JOHNNY

Well, look , man, if you met somebody  
who said he was thinkin' of goin' to  
college, what would you tell him?

TOM

I'd tell him not to waste his time.  
Why waste time goin' to college,  
gettin' that stupid degree, and then  
goin' out into the world, and still  
gettin lousy jobs, with lousy pay.  
It's not worth it, ya know what I  
mean?

JOHNNY

(Saddened)

Yeah . . . I know what you mean.

VINNY

(excitedly, looking out window)  
Yo, fellas, look, look, look! Look  
where we're at!

Everyone looks out the windows.

Their P.O.V. reveals all the strip joints, peep shows, and  
dirty movies on the strip called forty second street and  
eighth avenue.

WILLIE, TOM and VINNY's eyes bulge as if they have seen a  
feast. JOHNNY is lost in his own thought.

CUT TO:  
INT. PEEP SHOW

The four fellas walk towards the peep show booths, where a large sign reads "Live Girls - 25 cents. One person to a booth."

WILLIE  
Anybody got a quarter?

JOHNNY  
I've got a quarter.

VINNY  
Come on.

They all walk towards the rear. VINNY opens up a booth, and looks around, to make sure no one sees him leading the four fellas into this tiny peep show booth. They are all trying to squeeze in, and VINNY is helping by shoving them in from behind.

TOM  
Hey, watch it.

WILLIE  
Oww!

Now that VINNY has secured them in place, he squeezes in, shutting the door behind them.

INT. BOOTH

It's a tight fit, but everyone is in there.

VINNY  
Yo, put in the quarter, man.

WILLIE  
(To JOHNNY)  
Hey, man, move your leg, guy!

JOHNNY  
I'm tryin' to get in there, so  
I can put the quarter in.

TOM  
Yo, man! Somebody is rubbin' up  
against me, and I don't like it!

VINNY  
You wanna borrow my condom, with  
noxinol 9 on it?

They all laugh, except TOM.

TOM

Yo, man, that ain't funny!

TOM suddenly jerks forward, as if someone pinched him.

TOM

Ayyy, man, watch that!

He accidentally hits JOHNNY, making JOHNNY drop his quarter.

JOHNNY

Oh, great. Thanks, Tom.

WILLIE

What happen?

JOHNNY

I dropped the damn quarter. It's laying by Tom's foot.

VINNY

Tom, bend over and pick up the quarter, man.

TOM

Fuck you.

WILLIE

C'mon, man!

TOM

Fuck you. I ain't bendin' over in here. Forget it!

JOHNNY

I think I can reach it, bro.

JOHNNY tries to bend over, but he can barely move.

TOM

Watch your hands, man.

VINNY

Yo, this is gettin' stupid! Everybody get out the goddamn booth, c'mon, let's go!

VINNY opens the door, and everyone but JOHNNY shoves their way out the booth.



VINNY  
 (To JOHNNY)  
 Okay. You got the quarter?

JOHNNY bends over and grabs it.

JOHNNY  
 Yeah, I've got it.

VINNY  
 Okay. Now, everybody get back in  
 the fuckin' booth.

Again, VINNY shoves them in, one by one, then he himself enters, shutting the door behind him.

VINNY  
 Okay, let's go.

JOHNNY inserts the quarter into a slot, and a small plate slides up, revealing a window to peep through. Through the window is a naked woman.

VINNY  
 ALRIGHT!

TOM  
 Ahhh, my lady got a better body  
 than that.

WILLIE  
 (To JOHNNY)  
 Oh, she is hot, man. Too bad  
 she's White.

JOHNNY  
 (Laughing)  
 You are crazy, Willie.

VINNY  
 Oh, man, look at that one in the  
 back there!

Everyone ignores VINNY's suggestion, because they're all too busy looking at the nude woman that is near them. That is, everyone but JOHNNY. JOHNNY takes a peek at the woman in the background, and his jaw drops open. It's DARIA, from the opening of the film, strutting around topless.

The plate starts to come back down, covering the window.

WILLIE  
 Ahhhhhhhhh!

VINNY

Oh, man, what a rip-off. That was too quick.

JOHNNY angrily shoves his way through everyone, reaching for the door.

TOM

Yo, guy, watch it!

WILLIE

Johnny, owwww, my foot!

VINNY

Yo, man, what the hell! Yo!

INT. PEEP SHOW - (OUTSIDE THE BOOTH)

JOHNNY storms out the booth, and rushes off the premises. All the guys follow.

WILLIE

Yo, Johnny, hey.

TOM

Yo, man! What's up?

VINNY

Damn! I knew that boy was scared of pussy, but this is ridiculous!

CUT TO:  
INT. CAR

Again, the car is silent. Everyone looks at JOHNNY, who's sitting beside WILLIE in the back seat, with a sour look on his face.

VINNY sits beside TOM, who is at the wheel, sipping on a beer.

WILLIE

Yo, man. You wanna talk about it, ha?

JOHNNY doesn't respond.

WILLIE

Whatever it is, it can't be all that bad!

JOHNNY turns away, staring out the window.

WILLIE

What happen? Did Vinny fart in the booth?

VINNY looks over at WILLIE.

VINNY

Ha, ha! Very funny. I'll tell you what happen. The boy saw a pussy and went into stitches. Watch. He'll never recover.

TOM

(Laughing)

Man, you are too much, Vinchenzo!

VINNY

Yo, I'm not playin' around. I bet you that's what happen.

WILLIE

C'mon, homes, Johnny has seen a pussy before, I'm sure, okay?

VINNY

Yeah? I bet you he hasn't.

TOM

C'mon, man. Everybody over 18 has seen a pussy.

VINNY

No, not everybody, bro. There are a lot of real late bloomers out there. I bet you I'm right, ha? I bet. Watch.

VINNY turns to face JOHNNY. He points his index finger, and creates an imaginary vertical line, than horizontal line in the air.

VINNY

Okay, Johnny, now which way does a pussy go. This way, or that way.

JOHNNY ignores him, as TOM starts to laugh.

VINNY

C'mon, man. Which way.

TOM laughs hysterically.

TOM

Vinny, you are crazy!

TOM takes a long gulp on his beer, not paying attention to the road. When he does look forward, his eyes bulge in terror.

EXT. CAR

The car slams face forward into a brick wall. Smoke starts to pour from the hood, as the car horn sounds continuously. The surrounding area is desolate.

INT. CAR

Everyone is shaken, but no one has been hurt. They all look in near shock. TOM hits the horn a couple times, and it stops.

JOHNNY

(Sternly to TOM)

You fuckin' asshole! You could've killed us all!

JOHNNY quickly exits the car, and sits on the curb, away from the fellas.

TOM looks at WILLIE and VINNY. They are still shaken up. TOM tries to start up the car again, but it's dead.

TOM

Ahhh, shit! Fuck!

EXT. CAR - STREET

TOM steps out of the car, and the others follow. He opens the hood letting out a stream of more smoke.

VINNY

Damn. You really fucked it up, ha?

TOM

(Angrily)

God damn it! Shit, man! This sucks!

WILLIE

Well, it was fun while it lasted.

TOM

I've gotta find a phone, and call a towin' place. Shit!

TOM starts to walk off. VINNY leans on the car.

VINNY

Ahhhh, man!

VINNY and WILLIE both look over at JOHNNY, who sits quietly, yet angrily, on the curb.

VINNY  
(To WILLIE)

You see that. He's gonna start now with that depression shit! Watch. I'll give him 5 minutes before he starts talkin' about who's starvin' in China, and shit.

WILLIE  
Oh, man. Leave him alone.

WILLIE walks over to JOHNNY at the curb. He sits beside him.

WILLIE  
You alright, man?

JOHNNY  
(Angrily, yet quietly)  
That asshole could've killed us, man.

WILLIE  
Alright, man. Take it easy. We're all okay. We're alive. It's cool.

JOHNNY starts to calm himself down. His face reads as though his chain of thought has shifted from anger, to sadness. There is a moment of silence.

JOHNNY  
Yo, Willie, you ever knew somebody, and thought that they were different from the rest of the world . . . You thought they were better, and then you just come to find out that they're not. They're actually worst.

WILLIE  
Who you talkin' about, Fernando?

VINNY  
(Calling out from b.g.)  
Vinny, bro! The name is Vinny!

WILLIE  
(To VINNY)  
Yeah, man, we got it! We got it!  
Now shut the fuck up!

JOHNNY

(To WILLIE)

No, man. I'm not worried about that clown . . . It's a girl, man. A girl I was once crazy about.

WILLIE

Well, what made you think of her?

JOHNNY

I saw her tonight. She was workin' in the peep show. She was naked.

WILLIE

Ooooooh . . . Is this the innocent and virginal girl you've been tellin' us all about for weeks?

JOHNNY

Yeah. That's the one. Daria.

There is a moment of silence.

WILLIE

Well, how'd you know she was innocent and virginal?

JOHNNY

What do you mean?

WILLIE

Well, did she come up to you and tell you she was innocent and virginal?

JOHNNY

Of course not. Who the hell would do that?

WILLIE

Yeah, man, but that's what I'm tryin' to say, man. You can't hate the girl 'cause she's not what you want her to be. You're the one who created this great big fantasy in your head about what she is. She never came up to you and said she was those things.

JOHNNY

Well, the way she acts, I just thought -

WILLIE

Yeah, but that's what you're thinkin'. You can't blame her for what you're thinkin'. Stop tryin' to turn this girl into somethin' she's not. You either accept her for who she is, or you find somebody else, ya know what I mean?

JOHNNY nods.

WILLIE

She's probably still a good person, man . . . You know somethin'? If I was a girl, and still hated workin' the way I do now, I could see myself naked up on some stage, shakin' my butt all over the place. Fuck that! You can make a lot of money doin' it, and it sure beats cleanin' toilets.

WILLIE and JOHNNY laugh, then rise from the curb. They walk toward the car, where a tow truck has just pulled up beside it. A MAN steps out of the truck and walks over to TOM. He hands TOM a business card.

MAN

Here. We're open 24 hours, so call later tonight; and we'll let you know an estimate, okay?

TOM

(Depressingly)

Yeah, thanks.

The MAN starts to hook up the truck to the car. VINNY, WILLIE and JOHNNY all walk over to TOM.

WILLIE

Well, man, what's up? What's the next move? We headin' to the subway?

TOM

Yeah. That looks like the move.

CUT TO:  
INT. SUBWAY STATION

The fellas walk down a staircase, and head towards the turnstiles. They take a brief look around, then all jump the turnstiles.

SUBWAY BOOTH CLERK  
Hey! Pay your fare!

WILLIE  
The fare ain't fair, man!

Suddenly, from out of a corner room, bust forth two POLICE OFFICERS. The fellas try to run, but the officers quickly round them up, and shove them into the room.

TIME CUT:  
INT. ROOM

The fellas are seated, with the POLICE OFFICERS standing above them.

POLICEMAN #1  
Okay, fellas, let me see some I.D.

They all pull out their wallets, find a piece of Identification, and hand it to the OFFICERS. The OFFICERS immediately start writing tickets.

WILLIE  
Oh, man. What a night.

VINNY starts to chuckle. Soon, JOHNNY joins in.

POLICEMAN #1  
Is there somethin' funny, here?

TOM  
(To his friends; scared)  
Yo, man, why don't ya'll cut it out!

They laugh even harder now.

POLICEMAN #1  
You think this is amusing?



TOM  
(Whining)  
Ya'll gonna get us in trouble,  
man. Why don't ya'll cut it out!

The chuckling soon ends.

POLICEMAN #2  
Thomas Mcneil.

TOM  
Yeah?

POLICEMAN #2  
What's your profession?

TOM  
I'm an actor.

VINNY  
Can't you tell. He's acting terrified.

They all chuckle again, except for TOM.

TOM  
Yo, Vinny, man! Why don't you stop  
that shit, man! Damn, Vinny!

Soon, they become quiet again.  
The POLICE OFFICERS whisper to each other for a moment, then  
soon they hand out tickets to everyone but VINNY. They both  
walk over to VINNY and stand directly over him.

POLICEMAN #1  
Do you know why I haven't given you  
a ticket?

VINNY  
Because you think I'm pretty?

The OFFICERS exchange looks.

POLICEMAN #1  
I have an I.D. in my hands that  
has your picture on it, but says  
Fernando Cuervas.

VINNY  
Yeah, so?

POLICEMAN #1  
We just heard your friend over  
there call you VINNY.

The guys all look at one another.

VINNY  
Yeah, well, that's like a nickname.

POLICEMAN #1  
I don't believe you. This is a  
fake I.D., isn't it?

VINNY  
No, it's not a fake I.D. My name  
is -  
(He reluctantly says it)  
Fernando Cuervas.

POLICEMAN #1  
I don't believe you.

VINNY  
Look, man, you can ask anybody,  
alright. Willie, will you tell  
him my name is . . .  
(He struggles to say it)  
Fernando.

WILLIE starts to speak, but then thinks for a moment. He  
then nods his head vigorously, without saying a word.

VINNY  
(To himself)  
Asshole!

\*POLICEMAN #1 studies VINNY's I.D. carefully.

POLICEMAN #1  
(Looking at I.D.)  
What's your nationality?

There is a brief silence. VINNY looks over at his friends,  
who are leaning forward in their seats, paying strict  
attention.

VINNY  
I'm Puerto Rican.

WILLIE  
Oh, my God!

JOHNNY  
I thought I'd never live to hear  
him say it.

POLICEMAN #1  
(Looking at I.D.)  
What's your address, Fernando.

VINNY winces from hearing the name.

VINNY  
It's two, three, four, Willis  
avenue.

The POLICEMAN nods.

POLICEMAN #1  
Why did your friend call you Vinny?

VINNY  
It's just a nick-name, that's all.

POLICEMAN #1  
From Fernando to Vinny. Wouldn't  
it be somethin' more like, ahhh,  
Fermin, or Furball, or somethin'?

WILLIE and JOHNNY struggle to hold in their laughter.

VINNY  
(To POLICEMAN #1)  
No. It's Vinny. It's just a nick-  
name.

POLICEMAN #1 walks over to TOM.

POLICEMAN #1  
Is he tellin' the truth.?

TOM  
(Scared)  
What, man? I ain't do nothin', man!

POLICEMAN #1  
I didn't say you did anything. I  
asked you a question. Why do you  
call this guy Vinny, if his name  
is Fernando?

TOM  
Oh. Well, ahhh, ya see, he, ahhh,  
he thinks he's Italian.

POLICEMAN #1  
(Laughing)  
He thinks he's Italian.

TOM

. . . Yeah.

The OFFICER walks back over to VINNY.

POLICEMAN #1

So, you think you're Italian, ha?

VINNY smirks.

POLICEMAN #1

Well, let me tell you somethin'.  
I'm Italian, okay. See that name.  
(Points to name plate on uniform)  
Sannanelli. I'm Italian, and I'm  
gonna tell ya that no matter what  
you do, or what you say, you could  
never be an Italian. Scum like You  
could never be in with the same kinda  
company as me, you understand that?

VINNY is angry, but stays silent.

POLICEMAN #1

Kids got a lot of nerve. Look at ya.  
For one thing, you don't look like  
an Italian. And then, you don't act  
like an Italian.

WILLIE

(Under his breath)

He don't smell like an Italian.

POLICEMAN #1

(To WILLIE)

What was that?

WILLIE

Nothin'. Nothin'.

POLICEMAN #1

You could never be an Italian. Re-  
member that, okay. Never. I'm gonna  
write you out a ticket now, alright?

VINNY

Thank you. I'm thrilled.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY CAR

They all sit quietly in the car. JOHNNY, and WILLIE are  
holding in their chucckles, until . . .

WILLIE  
(Quietly)  
Fernando Cuervas!

WILLIE and JOHNNY laugh.

JOHNNY  
Ferrrrrrr-minnnnnn!

TOM starts to chuckle.

TOM  
Just call him 'Furball,' for short.

VINNY  
You havin' fun, ha? You havin'  
a good time?

They all laugh.

VINNY  
(Imitating TOM)  
Yo, man, cut that out, man. You  
gonna get us in trouble! I'm scared  
to death, man. Soon, I'm gonna piss  
on myself, man.

TOM looks away angrily, but WILLIE and JOHNNY laugh.

TOM  
Yo, I just didn't wanna go to jail,  
alright?

WILLIE  
Nobody was gonna take you to jail,  
man.

TOM  
Well, I just ain't wanna take no  
chances, alright. You know how that  
shit is. Three years from now, when  
I become a big movie star, I'll see  
my mug shot on the cover of the  
national enquirer, with a story about  
how I bent over and picked up the soap  
in prison, and shit, ya know?

VINNY  
Well, you ain't got nothin' to  
worry about, 'cause you ain't  
never gonna be a big movie star.

TOM

Yeah? That's what you think.

At this moment, a shabby looking MAN enters the subway car. He's holding a cup.

MAN

Hello. I usually don't go around beggin', but I need some money to get somethin' to eat. Any change that anyone can spare will be greatly appreciated.

The MAN walks through the car. No one gives him money.

VINNY

(To WILLIE)

You see that, man. You lookin' at your future there, man.

TOM laughs.

WILLIE

What?

VINNY

That's right, man. That 'put me down, give me some' mentality, bro. That's exactly how you gonna wind up, homie.

WILLIE rises to his feet.

WILLIE

(Sternly)

You think that's funny, man?

JOHNNY

C'mon, Willie, bro. He's just goofin' on you, 'cause you goofed on him.

WILLIE

(To JOHNNY)

No, man! You don't play like that!

(To VINNY)

I can't laugh off somethin' like that, man. You think I like bein the way I am, man. You think I like bein' scared, wonderin' all the time how I'm even gonna make it through a god-damn week. You think I enjoy that? I didn't ask to be this way. This isn't who I wanna be! This is the way God made me! I was born this way. . . We all were.

Everyone is silent, as WILLIE sits back down.

TOM

C'mon, man. Let's stop this morbid shit, please. I'm already depressed enough, wit' losin' my car, I don't need any more depression, ya hear what I'm sayin'?

Everyone tries to lighten up a little. TOM rises from his seat.

TOM

Come on, fellas. Whatta ya say we do a jammy, ha? C'mon.

They all look at each other, then start to chuckle a bit.

TOM

C'mon. Go 'head, Willie. You can play victim. Go 'head.

WILLIE let's a smile slip out, then nods. He rises from his seat, exiting the subway car he is in, and entering another. He continues going through the cars, but our attention stays on the other fellas.

TOM

Damn, Vinny, man. You shouldn't have said all that stuff, guy.

VINNY

I know, man. I know. I'm sorry, bro.

JOHNNY

You shouldn't tell us your sorry. You should have told him.

VINNY

. . . I can't do that, man. He knows I'm sorry. That's good enough. C'mon. Let's do a jammy.

The fellas all rise from their seats. They walk through the subway cars, following WILLIE's path.

ANOTHER SUBWAY CAR

They enter a new car, which is somewhat crowded. Something strange has happened to the fellas. They have transformed into tough looking hoods, as they "bop" through the train, resembling a small gang.

WILLIE sits in the foreground, with his legs stretched out broadly. He ignores them completely. As TOM, VINNY and JOHNNY strut towards him, TOM nearly trips over WILLIE's legs. TOM and WILLIE exchange angry looks. It seems as though they are strangers.

TOM

Yo, man, what's up with that!

WILLIE

Yo, man, you talkin' to me? Do I know you, lizard breath.

People in the subway car begin to look nervous. They all exchange frightened looks with one another.

TOM

(Very seriously)

Lizard breath? Lizard breath.

There is a brief moment of silence.

TOM

You Dareth to talketh to me in such outrageous fashion! What if I was to fuck you up!

WILLIE

Yeah! I like to see you do it.

People in the car start to slide away in their seats.

TOM

Well, whether it is nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of -

VINNY

Man, cut the bullshit, and fuck that boy up!

JOHNNY

Word! Kick his ass!

WILLIE

Fuck you all!

TOM, VINNY and JOHNNY jump on WILLIE and start to throw punches.

Everyone in the car runs for safety, in the corners of the subway car, as the boys wrestle WILLIE to the ground.



TOM  
I'm gonna kill you! Kill you!

The passengers stare on in shock, as TOM grabs WILLIE by his neck, and apparently starts to strangle him. WILLIE coughs and chokes, then falls dead to the floor. After a moment, they all rise to their feet smiling and face their audience.

TOM  
(In English accent)  
Ladies and gentleman, thank you for attending another performance of ghetto theatre. Please return next week when we will perform our rendition of Romeo and Latoya. Thank you.

CUT TO:  
INT. DINER

The four guys sit at a table. Everyone, but WILLIE, has a plate of food in front of them. WILLIE freely picks french fries from everyone's plate, as they all eat and talk. Everyone's energy is high.

TOM  
Yo, did you see me in there! I was stunning, man! Brilliant!

VINNY  
Oh, man, you over-acted, man!

WILLIE  
I was the one that did great, man!

TOM  
What! You gonna dare try to compare your performance to my performance!

VINNY  
Man, your shit was fake, bro! What was all that Shakesphere shit.  
(Imitates TOM)  
I twitheth to yander about.  
(He returns to himself)  
What was all that bullshit!

TOM  
Man, you don't know nothin' about actin', man. You don't know nothin'.

VINNY

Well, obviously, you don't know nothin' either, 'cause I never see you makin' no money off the shit.

TOM

Yo, guy, that comes in time, man.

VINNY

Well, you've been talkin' about it for a long time already.

TOM

Ahh, man, forget it.

TOM looks away, upset.

JOHNNY notices this, and confronts VINNY.

JOHNNY

What's a matter with you, man?  
What is it with you?

VINNY

What?

JOHNNY

What is it? Do you feel like you're so perfect, that a beam of light shines down on you from God, but for everybody else, we're all fucked up!

VINNY thinks deeply about that for a moment.

VINNY

(Very seriously)

Yeah. I feel that way sometimes.

JOHNNY stares at blankly.

JOHNNY

You're unbelievable, man. Sometimes I'm surprised that we're even your friends.

VINNY

Well, if you don't wanna be my friend, you can just get up and leave, bro, 'cause I really don't give a fuck.

JOHNNY stares at him.

JOHNNY  
You're an asshole.

VINNY  
Excuse me! Excuse me!! I'm an  
asshole! No, you're the asshole!

JOHNNY  
No, bro. You are the asshole!

VINNY  
Man, your mothers an asshole!

VINNY jumps up from his seat, and JOHNNY does the same to defend himself, but before the two can tangle, TOM and WILLIE pull them apart.

VINNY  
(Under his breath)  
He's the asshole. His father's an  
asshole!

At this moment, two very pretty young, woman enter the bar. They look like the "cool, village" types. Their names are OONA and LILA. OONA is White, and LILA is Black. VINNY's eyes bulge in excitement at the sight of them. They walk past his table, and sit at the table behind him, where a WAITER immediately walks over.

WAITER  
Menus?

OONA  
No. Just two coffees. Thanks.

The WAITER walks off.  
WILLIE, TOM and JOHNNY watch to see if VINNY will make a move. Of course, he does. He rises from his table, and sits across from the girls, at their table.

VINNY  
Hi, how you doin'?

They turn their heads and ignore him, so VINNY directs his attention to only one of them: LILA.

VINNY  
So, being that you are the most  
beautiful woman sittin' at this  
table, what I'm gonna do is devote  
all my time and attention to you.

LILA smirks.

VINNY

Hey, c'mon now. So, what do you like doin' for fun? Ha, hey? C'mon, do you go to the movies?

They both continue to ignore him.

VINNY

Have you seen me in the movies, ha? You ever see me in the movies?

LILA

Why? Are you a movie star?

VINNY

No. I go to movies.

LILA smirks, then rises from the table and walks over to the counter, where she sits. OONA tries to join her, but VINNY grabs her hand gently.

VINNY

Look, now that I got rid of her, we could talk alone, 'cause you're the one I really had my eyes on the whole time.

OONA

No, thanks. I have herpes.

VINNY reaches into his breast pocket and pulls out his condom.

VINNY

Hey, wit' noxinol nine. Knock that shit right out.

OONA pulls away, annoyed. She joins her friend at the counter. She sits one chair away from JOHNNY. She starts to look over at JOHNNY, wondering if him and VINNY are of the same character. A WAITER sits two cups of coffees in front of the woman.

OONA

(To JOHNNY, suspiciously)  
Is he a friend of yours?

JOHNNY

Ahhh, well, no, not really.  
He's no friend of mine.

OONA

(Relieved)

Oh, that's good to know, 'cause  
he's a real asshole.

JOHNNY

Yeah, well, I tried tellin' him  
that a few minutes ago, but he  
wouldn't believe me.

VINNY, seen in b.g., starts to look highly upset.

OONA

(Smiles)

Well, I guess we think alike.

JOHNNY

Well, either that, or the whole  
world must think he's an asshole.

OONA

(Laughs)

No, c'mon. Somebody must love him.

They both turn and look at VINNY, who is now fuming. They  
turn back and face each other.

JOHNNY & OONA

(Simultaneously)

Nahhhhhhhhh!

They both laugh, then silently stare at each other. Their is  
something romantic in their glance.

OONA

What's your name?

JOHNNY

Oh, ahhhh, Johnny. Johnny.

OONA

Hi, I'm Oona.

JOHNNY shakes her hand gently.

JOHNNY

Hi. Nice to meet you.

The fellas exchange looks.

VINNY lays his head on the table, rolling his eyes in  
disbelief.

OONA  
(To JOHNNY)  
Do you live around here?

JOHNNY  
Oh, no. No way. I could never afford  
to live down here.

OONA lays down a few dollars on the counter for the WAITER.

OONA  
You look familiar to me. Have I  
seen you before?

JOHNNY  
No, I don't think so.

OONA  
(Sneakily)  
Didn't I see you in here once with  
your girlfriend?

JOHNNY  
No, I doubt that.

OONA  
(Happily)  
So, you don't have a girlfriend?

JOHNNY  
No, not really. Well, I kinda have  
my eyes on somebody, but I don't  
know if you could call her my girl-  
friend.

OONA  
(Disappointed)  
Oh. It figures. All the really nice  
guys are taken.

JOHNNY  
(Trying to keep her interest)  
Well, I don't know if you can  
really say I'm taken.

OONA  
Well, you just looked kinda familiar,  
that's all. I thought I've seen you  
some place before. Maybe I did, I  
don't know.

JOHNNY nods as OONA takes a sip on her coffee, then -

OONA

Ahhh, look. Lila and I are goin'  
to shoot some pool around the corner.  
You wanna come?

JOHNNY is caught off guard. He doesn't know how to answer.

JOHNNY

Ahhh, well, ,I, ahhhh . . .

OONA

Look, I don't wanna marry you. I  
just wanna play pool with you. Come  
on.

OONA rises from her seat, and her friend LILA follows.  
JOHNNY looks around the diner, wondering what to do, when he  
catches TOM waving him on to go. JOHNNY shrugs his  
shoulders, then follows OONA and LILA out the door.  
VINNY, WILLIE and TOM, for a brief moment, all stare in  
amazement at each other, then immediately jump up from their  
seats, throw some cash on the table, (except for WILLIE of  
course,) and rush out the diner.

EXT. STREET

WILLIE, TOM, AND VINNY look up the sidewalk, where they see  
JOHNNY, OONA and LILA enter a building. The fellas quickly  
rush over and peek in.  
Their P.O.V. reveals a pool room like they've never seen  
before. Downtown, trendy, filled with a cross of people  
ranging from Punks to Yuppies.  
They all enter.

INT. POOLROOM

The fellas walk over towards the bar. VINNY finds himself  
standing beside LILA, who is sitting at the bar. VINNY  
abruptly switches places with WILLIE, positioning himself  
beside TOM and leaving WILLIE facing LILA.  
JOHNNY and OONA, who are standing near a pool table, select  
pool cues and start to play.

OONA

You rack 'em up.

JOHNNY

Okay . What are we playin'?

OONA

Eight ball.

JOHNNY smiles, impressed that a "girl" knows how to play eight ball.

JOHNNY

Okay.

JOHNNY places the balls in the rack, then removes the rack. OONA hits the balls, breaking them apart like lightning. JOHNNY shakes from the thrashing sound, as balls fall into pockets everywhere. He looks up at her in amazement.

OONA

Hey, I didn't invite you to play pool, so I could loose.

JOHNNY laughs.

OONA

How old are you, Johnny?

JOHNNY

I'm twenty.

OONA stops playing and looks up at him.

OONA

(Smiles)

Yeah? Me too.

JOHNNY smiles.

OONA

Whatta ya do, Johnny?

JOHNNY

Well, nothin', really, Iguess.

OONA

Oh, c'mon. You gotta do somethin'.

JOHNNY

(Somewhat embarased)

Well, I work at a supermarket. That's about it.

OONA notices his insercurities.

OONA

So, what's a matter wit' that?  
It pays the rent, right?

JOHNNY

(Smiles)

Right.



Our attention shifts to LILA, who's sipping on a drink at the bar. WILLIE is blatantly staring at her. She looks at him, and he continues to stare. He has a slight look of disgust on his face.

WILLIE

You know you're perpertratin' a fraud, right.

LILA

(Confused)

Excuse me?

WILLIE

I said, you're perpertratin' a fraud.

LILA

(Defensive)

What is that suppose to mean!

WILLIE

That means you're over here dressin' like a white person, hangin' out wit' a white person, I mean, Goddamn, you even smellin' like a white person.

LILA

Are you tryin' to say I'm an uncle Tom?

WILLIE

Nahhh, nahhhh. It's more like . . . An aunt Tomasina.

Our attention focuses on another pool table, where two very trendy, villiage types are playing pool. Their clothes look as though they were brought from an antique store. Their haircuts look as though they've cost hundreds of dollars. VINNY walks over beside them, and stares in disbelief. He circles them, not even attempting to be discreet. Soon, they notice him.

TRENDY TYPE #1

What on earth are you looking at.

VINNY again glances at them from head to toe.

VINNY

Nothin' much.

VINNY walks over to another pool table, where other trendy types are playing. This is a male and female couple. They're both dressed completely in black, and wearing very pale make-up, making them almost look like "the undead".

VINNY

That's very nice. What is that?  
Is that the "I wanna suck your  
blood, but I'm too busy playing  
pool" look?

The couple looks over at VINNY, but then continue playing, ignoring him.

VINNY

Okay, that's cool. You ain't gotta  
answer me, you ain't gotta answer  
me. That's just fine. Okay.

VINNY walks off.

Our attention again focuses on OONA and JOHNNY, just as JOHNNY misses a shot on the pool table.

OONA

You don't play this game much,  
do you?

JOHNNY

Nahhhh. Not really.

OONA sets up her next shot, and slams a couple balls into holes all around the table.

JOHNNY

Well, I can see you do.

OONA

Ya know, this year, I paid for half  
of my college tuition by beating  
the pants off of guys who thought  
they were hot shit.

JOHNNY laughs.

JOHNNY

So, you're a college girl, ha?

OONA sets up another shot.

OONA

That's right.

JOHNNY thinks for a moment, wondering if it's appropriate to ask her a question.

JOHNNY

I know some people who told me college isn't everything it's cracked up to be. They said it's a big waste of time. What do you think of that?

OONA looks up from the pool table.

OONA

What idiots said that?

JOHNNY

Well . . .

(He looks around)

those idiots over there.

JOHNNY points to a corner of the bar, where VINNY has just walked up to TOM. OONA sees them.

OONA

(laughs)

Oh, it figures.

OONA shoots, again sending balls flying into holes everywhere.

We again shift our attention to WILLIE and LILA at the bar.

WILLIE

The White man is just tryin' to devise new ways everyday of how to keep down the Black man, and you're over here hangin' out wit' one. You ain't no real sister.

LILA

Yeah, well then you ain't no real brother. 'Cause all you doin' is talkin' a good game, but you haven't done a damn thing about it.

WILLIE

What? What you talkin' about?

LILA

I'm talkin' just that. What are you doin' about it?

WILLIE

Well, whatta ya mean, 'what am I doin' about it.' What am I suppose to be doin' about it?

LILA

Well, have you gone to any demonstrations?

WILLIE

Well, no, not really.

LILA

Well, have you signed any petitions, or joined any organizations?

WILLIE

Well . . . No.

LILA

And you're gonna come up to me and say I'm perpertrating a fraud. Man, you're the one that's perpertratin' a fraud!

WILLIE doesn't know what to say.  
Our attention shifts over to VINNY and TOM.

VINNY

Okay, I want you to realize that there is something very strange going on here, okay. Something very strange.

TOM

Whatta ya mean?

VINNY

Well, look at this situation, here. This fuckin' place is like a hang out for weirdos, okay. But weirdos that have a lot of money or some-  
thin'. Then, out of this whole weirdo place, there are maybe two good look-  
in' chicks in the whole place, right. And then guess what? Out of those two chicks, one happens to be wit' Johnny, and the other one's wit' Willie? No, no, no, no, no! There is definitely something very strange going on here!

We again shift to JOHNNY and OONA. OONA knocks in a few balls, leaving only the eight ball on the pool table.

OONA

There she is. The eight ball.

OONA sets up for her final shot.

JOHNNY

Well, it was a fun game while it lasted.

She looks up at him, then back at the ball. She thinks for a moment, then relinquishes her shooting stance, and instead faces JOHNNY.

OONA

I'm not gonna knock it in.

JOHNNY

Why not?

OONA

Because if I knock it in, the game will be over

JOHNNY smiles.

OONA

We'll finish this game another time.

JOHNNY

(Blushing)

Okay. If you say so.

OONA

(Smiling)

Yeah. I say so.

They stare at each other. The attraction is strong. OONA reaches into her pocket book and pulls out a match book and a pen. She starts to write on the match book cover.

OONA

Look, I wanna give you my number. I know you have your eyes on somebody else, but how are we ever gonna finish this game, unless you can contact me, right?

JOHNNY

(Smiling)

Right.

OONA

So, let's just say we're friends, how's that sound?

JOHNNY

That sounds really nice.

She hands him the match book cover.

OONA

And please, make sure you call  
the right number.

JOHNNY

Ha?

JOHNNY looks down at her number on the match book. He then turns it over, and sees the other side is an advertisement with a naked woman for a porn phone line. It reads "call 555 - SLUT." JOHNNY laughs.

JOHNNY

Don't worry. I'll call the right  
number.

OONA walks over to LILA, who is still sitting beside WILLIE.

OONA

Come on. Let's go.

LILA

I'll never forgive you for leaving  
me alone with this guy, never!

They both head for the exit.

JOHNNY

(Calling to OONA)

Hey.

OONA turns to face him.

JOHNNY

Did you ever remember where you've  
seen me before?

OONA

(Confused)

What?

JOHNNY

Remember? You said I looked familiar.

OONA

Oh.

(She smiles sneakily)

I've never seen you before.

JOHNNY smiles, and once again they stare at each other romantically, then her and LILA exit.

VINNY walks over to JOHNNY.

VINNY  
So, what happen?

JOHNNY places the match book cover in his jacket pocket.

JOHNNY  
She's gonna be my friend.

VINNY  
Friend? What's this friend stuff?  
What's that?

JOHNNY  
Friend. A friend.

JOHNNY walks off, out of frame.  
VINNY mouths the word "friend" to himself, not understanding.

CUT TO:  
EXT SIDEWALK

The guys walk up a lonely sidewalk.

TOM  
Fellas, it's two o' clock. Whatta  
ya say we call it a night.

VINNY  
I can't believe this is happening.

WILLIE  
Yeah, man. I'm kinda beat.

VINNY  
I must be in the fuckin' twilight  
zone.

TOM  
What's your problem, now?

VINNY  
We have met nobody tonight. We have  
gotten no phone numbers.

JOHNNY  
I got a phone number.

VINNY  
Yeah, and she's gonna be your  
friend. Golly wilikers! Gee,  
that's just great, Opie!

JOHNNY smirks.

VINNY

Look, fellas, it's onlytwo in the mornin'. There are women out there. Real women. Women with tits. Believe me, I know. I've seen them. Fellas, you can't go home.

WILLIE

Come on, man. We all had a good time. Let's call it a night.

VINNY

Yo, fuck a good time. I want some pussy.

TOM

Yo, I'm tired, man. We had our fun.

VINNY

Yo, fuck fun, I want some pussy.

JOHNNY

Ayyy, man. You seen me playin' pool in there. I looked like Tom Cruise in that movie 'Color of money.'

VINNY

Yo, fuck Tom Cruise. I want some pussy.

TOM

Come on, guy. I don't think much else exciting can happen tonight, ya know what I mean?

TOM suddenly stops walking, amazed by something he sees off screen. Everyone notices this, and follows his stare.

TOM's P.O.V. reveals his girlfriend, VANESSA, across the street, holding hands with another GUY as they exit a restaurant. The GUY walks into the street to try and hail a cab.

TOM's face turns cold. He starts to quickly walk towards her, crossing the street, and the fellas follow.

WILLIE

Yo, Tommy, man, try and be cool, alright, c'mon!

JOHNNY

Tom, this ain't worth no fight. Just be mature about it, okay?



VINNY

Tom, don't do nothin' crazy, please!  
No girl ain't worth it, bro!

TOM rushes up to the couple and pushes them apart.

VANESSA

Tommy, what - you - Tom!

BOYFRIEND

Who the hell is this guy, baby!

TOM

Baby! Baby!!

VANESSA

Tommy, stop it!

TOM

So, you're sick right! You look  
really fuckin' sick, ya know  
that!

BOYFRIEND

What is this? Get away from her!

WILLIE, JOHNNY and VINNY pull TOM away. TOM restrains himself a bit, calming down.

TOM

(To the fellas)

Okay, I'm alright. I'm alright.

There is a moment of silence. TOM and VANESSA exchange looks.

TOM

(To VANESSA)

So, do you, ahhhh, do you wanna  
talk about this, or somethin'?

VANESSA

C'mon, I mean, where we gonna  
talk around here?

TOM

Anywhere . . . Please.

BOYFRIEND

Baby, who is this guy?

VANESSA studies TOM's sad face.

VANESSA  
(To TOM)

Okay.

(To BOYFRIEND)

Look, let me have a minute with him.

BOYFRIEND

You know this guy?

VANESSA

Yeah.

BOYFRIEND

Well, ya know, if there's somethin'  
goin' on here, then -

VANESSA

C'mon, please.

BOYFRIEND

. . . Okay. Go 'head.

TOM

(To VANESSA)

Look, let's go someplace where we  
could talk in private, okay.

She nods, and TOM leads her around the corner.  
WILLIE, JOHNNY and VINNY follow shortly behind.

TOM

Fellas, please!

JOHNNY

Oh, sorry.

VINNY

Sorry, man.

WILLIE

Oh, okay. Sorry.

The fellas turn their backs to TOM, but still stand in place  
near him.

TOM

(To VANESSA)

Look, let's go in that buildin'  
there.

TOM and VANESSA enter a nearby building and stand in the  
lobby.

INT. BUILDING

At first, there is complete silence between them, then -

TOM

So, what happened?

VANESSA

Nothing happened, Tom. I still like you.

TOM

You like me? A week ago you told me you loved me.

VANESSA

I thought I did. I'm sorry.

WILLIE, VINNY and JOHNNY peer sneakily through the front doors window pane. TOM looks over and notices them, and they quickly pull their faces away from the window. TOM sighs.

TOM

Look, let's go upstairs.

TOM and VANESSA climb a staircase to the next floor.

TOM

Damn, Vanessa, I don't understand! I know I cared about you. I don't know what's happened. I thought you cared about me, too!

VANESSA

Tommy, I'm not tryin' to hurt you, really. I really like you, and that's why it was so hard to tell you.

In the lobby of the building, WILLIE, TOMMY and JOHNNY quietly, sneakily, enter the building, and listen to the conversation going on above.

TOM

So, what was all that sick stuff all about.

VANESSA

I'm sorry. I just couldn't - well -

TOM

You couldn't tell me.

VANESSA

Look, Tommy, I'm not tryin' to be  
a bitch, ya know?

BELOW ON STAIRCASE -

VINNY

(To WILLIE)

She's a bitch!

ABOVE ON STAIRCASE -

TOM

You aren't fair. I've been totally  
faithful to you.

VANESSA

Tommy, I really like Frederick.

BELOW ON STAIRCASE -

VINNY

(Snickering)

Frederick?

The fellas giggle.

ABOVE ON STAIRCASE -

TOM

So, that's it. You've made your  
decision.

VANESSA

I'm sorry. Really.

She kisses him on the cheek, then heads down the staircase.

BELOW ON STAIRCASE -

VINNY, JOHNNY, and WILLIE, hear VANESSA's footsteps, and try  
to rush out the front door, all bumping into one another.  
They all get stuck in the door for a brief moment, but then  
soon manage to get out.

ABOVE ON STAIRCASE -

TOM sits silently on the stairs and holds his head between his legs for a moment. He tries to regain his composure, then slowly rises to his feet, and heads down the staircase.

EXT. BUILDING

TOM exits the building. He looks around for his friends.

TOM's P.O.V. reveals VINNY, JOHNNY and WILLIE standing far in the distance, across the street. They all wave to him.

TOM walks over.

VINNY

So, what's up, bro? You all straight or what?

TOM

(Quietly)

I'm a sucker, man. I'm a big sucker.

TOM leads them up the street. Everyone is silent for a brief moment.

WILLIE

So, we goin' home, or what?

JOHNNY

Yeah, man, let's go home.

TOM

No, man. I'm not goin' home.

VINNY

Well, then where you goin, bro?

TOM

I'm goin' there.

TOM points to a bar across the street.

TIME CUT:

INT. BAR

They all enter the bar. TOM sits at the bars counter.

TOM

(To BARTENDER)

Let me get a beer. Budweiser.

The BARTENDER fulfills his request.

VINNY and JOHNNY stand behind TOM, while WILLIE takes a seat at the bar.

VINNY

(To TOM)

Look, man, It'll take some time,  
but you'll get over this bro. We  
always do!

TOM doesn't respond.

JOHNNY

(To TOM)

You'll be alright, man. You'll be  
okay. What you need to do is just  
go home, and chill out for a little  
while, man.

VINNY

No, man! What he needs right now  
is the exact opposite. He needs to  
go out there tonight and meet a new  
girl. It'll show him that there are  
more woman out there, man, and  
prettier woman, too! 'Cause I gotta  
tell ya, that Vanessa was no big  
deal, Jack!

JOHNNY

Man, he don't need that right now.  
What he needs is to be alone, to  
think things over.

VINNY

How the hell you know what he needs?  
You never went through what he's goin'  
through! You never had a girl in your  
life!

JOHNNY

So now we gonna get back into that  
shit, again!

VINNY

That's right. Look at you tonight  
in that pool room. That girl looked  
like she was ready to sit on your face.  
And what happen? She's gonna be your  
friend. Man, you wouldn't know what  
to do with a woman if she was standin'  
in front of you naked. Now, me, I've had  
women, okay? I know exactly what Tom  
is goin' through.

JOHNNY

Yeah, but you never gave a shit about any of 'em! So, really you have no idea what Tom's goin' through either!

VINNY

What? You think I've always been like this? Ha? No way, bro! I use to fall head over heels in love, man. Head over heels. What I'd get for it every time? Kicked in my ass, that's what! Hurt! I use to line up lookin' like Tommy here. All pitiful and shit!

TOM looks up at VINNY. He smirks.

VINNY

But, nahhh! No more! I've had it! Ain't nobody gonna hurt me in that kinda way anymore! Nobody! If anybody's gonna do the hurtin', it's gonna be me!

TOM

(To BARTENDER)

Get me another beer, man.

JOHNNY

(To TOM)

C'mon, man. You don't need all this. Let me take you home.

VINNY

Man, leave the guy alone! Let him have a few brews, loosen up a bit, then we hit another dance club, and let that boy loose!

WILLIE

Look, man, it's almost three in the mornin'. Fuck dancin'. Let's go home.

JOHNNY

Yeah, really.

VINNY

Look, you guys don't wanna go, then you can go home, but me and Tommy are goin' wild tonight!

JOHNNY

Tom's goin' home, bro!

VINNY

That's what your washed up, virgin ass thinks! It's three in the fuckin' mornin', we haven't fucked one fuckin' girl, and your ready to go home to bed. Fuck you! Go! Who needs you here anyway!

TOM

(Shouting)

AYYYYYYYY! WHAT IS THIS SHIT! THIS IS MY MOMENT HERE, OKAY! I'M THE ONE UPSET HERE, ALRIGHT! I'M THE ONE THAT NEEDS MY FRIENDS AROUND ME TO CONSOLE ME, OKAY! THIS IS MY MOMENT! MINE! CAN'T YOU GIVE ME MY FUCKIN' MOMENT WITHOUT ONE STUPID FIGHT!

TOM sits back down at the bar. There is a moment of silence.

VINNY

That's right. That's right. It's Tommy's moment. All of us forgot about that. It's Tommy's moment. He's feelin' bad, he's feelin' depressed. What Tommy wants to do is what we should be doin', right?

WILLIE and JOHNNY look at each other for a brief moment, then nod in agreement with VINNY.

VINNY

Okay, good. I'm glad you see it my way.

(To TOM)

Okay, Tom. What's up? What you wanna do? It's your moment now. Do you wanna go home all alone, be depressed, feelin' sorry for yourself, bein' miserable, or you wanna go out to a club, meet a new girl, screw the hell outta her, and forget all about ugly Vanessa's stink ass. Now, c'mon! Whatta ya wanna do?

There is a long moment of silence, then. . .

TOM

(Coldly)

I wanna get some pussy!



VINNY  
 (Loudly)  
 ALRIGHT, HALLELUJAH!

WILLIE  
 (Quietly to JOHNNY)  
 Oh no! I think he created  
 another Vinny.

CUT TO:  
 EXT. HUGH DISCO

The four guys walk up to a BOUNCER at the entrance of the  
 disco.

VINNY  
 (To BOUNCER)  
 Hey, man, what's the cover charge,  
 tonight?

BOUNCER  
 All you guys are together?

VINNY  
 Yeah, we're together.

BOUNCER  
 Okay, I wanna see three pieces of  
 I.D. from everyone.

WILLIE  
 Three pieces of I.D.? Who the  
 hell carries three pieces of I.D.?

TOM  
 Word! When the cops busted us,  
 we only needed one piece of I.D.

BOUNCER  
 Fellas, you blockin' the door.  
 Please leave.

WILLIE  
 This is racist bullshit, man!

JOHNNY  
 I think I might have three pieces  
 of I.D. What do you guys have?

TOM

Yo, you could have a signed statement from God, and you still ain't gettin' in there tonight.

JOHNNY

Yeah? Well, let's see.

(To BOUNCER)

Here ya go, bro. I've got three pieces of I.D.

JOHNNY holds up his I.D. cards, but the BOUNCER just takes a very quick glance at them.

BOUNCER

No, fella. None of those are valid I.D.

WILLIE

Yo, this is racist fuckin' bullshit!

TOM

(To WILLIE)

C'mon, man. Let's go.

WILLIE

(Shouting)

NO! THIS IS BULLSHIT AND I'M NOT GONNA TAKE IT ANYMORE!

BOUNCER

You better put that dog on his leash, before I hurt him.

VINNY, TOM, and JOHNNY grab WILLIE to restrain him.

VINNY

C'mon, man. Take it easy!

They start to drag WILLIE away from the club.

WILLIE

(Shouting)

YO, FUCK YOU, MAN! AND FUCK YOUR CLUB!  
I'M ORGANIZIN' A MARCH ON THIS MOTHER  
FUCKIN' PLACE! I'M CALLIN' AL SHARPTON  
TOMORROW! WE GONNA BE ON YOUR ASS, BOY!  
WATCH COME MONDAY, SUCKER!

They all drag WILLIE around the corner.

VINNY

Goddamn, bro! Take it easy!

WILLIE

I'm serious, man! I'm callin'  
fat Al's ass now, man. Where the  
fuck is a phone.

TOM

Yo, chill out, man! Damn!

Standing by a nearby lamppost is a middle aged black man.  
He's a rastafarian, with long dreadlocks.

RASTA

Psssssst.

The guys look behind them, noticing the RASTA.

RASTA

Come here, man.

The guys look at each other, wondering what to do.

RASTA

Come on, man.

They all walk over to him.

RASTA

You guys want to get into the  
club, tonight, man.

VINNY

Yeah.

RASTA

I can get you in, man. I know  
a way.

TOM

Yeah, how?

RASTA

It'll cost you 5 dollars a piece, man.

JOHNNY

Oh, c'mon!

RASTA

It'll cost you 18 at the door,  
my brother. And that's if they  
let you in at all, man.

JOHNNY

Yeah, and what happens if your way  
doesn't work?

RASTA

Then I give back your money, man.  
I'm not a crook. Just a businessman.

VINNY

Everybody get up five.

WILLIE

Errrr, Fellas, I don't really have,  
ya know -

TOM

Yeah, man, we know, we know. I've  
got you, man.

WILLIE

Thanks, homeboy.

Everyone, but WILLIE, hands money to the RASTA.

RASTA

Okay, now let's go party.

The RASTA leads them up the sidewalk, and into a dark alley  
nearby.

IN THE ALLEY

The RASTA stops in the center of the desolate alley and  
pulls a garbage can over, placing it directly under a fire  
escape. He stands on the garbage can, lifting himself up  
onto the fire escape.

RASTA

C'mon.

TOM

Now, what is this?

RASTA

You guys want to get in or not?

The guys look at each other, then start to follow the RASTA.  
The RASTA man leads them up the fire escape to a door at the  
top. He slowly cracks the door open, then looks around  
inside.

RASTA

Okay, you guys are in the clear.  
Go 'head.

The fellas go through the door, leaving the RASTA behind.

INT. HUGH DISCO

The fellas go through a short dark corridor, letting the sound of music guide them. Soon, they enter the club, with huge smiles on their faces.

TOM

Alright.

JOHNNY

Word! Let's have a good time.

TOM

Yo, fuck a good time. I want some pussy.

WILLIE

C'mon, man, let's have fun.

TOM

Yo, fuck fun. I want some pussy.

JOHNNY

Yo, you think any famous movie stars come in here? You think Tom Cruise could be in here?

TOM

Yo, fuck Tom Cruise. I want some pussy!

VINNY

(With pride)

That's my boy! Let's go!

VINNY leads TOM deeper into the club. They both start to come on to every woman they see.

VINNY

Yo, baby, yo! Why don't you let me hypnotize you a little bit, baby.

TOM

Hey, Momma, hey, momma, you lookin' so fine, I'm gonna die!

JOHNNY walks up to the bar with WILLIE.

JOHNNY

Hey, it's my treat, Willie. What you want?

WILLIE

Ah, let me get a screwdriver.

JOHNNY

(To BARTENDER)

We'll have a screwdriver and a Tom Collins. How much is that?

BARTENDER

That'll be 15 dollars.

JOHNNY

(Stunned)

15 what?

BARTENDER

15 dollars.

JOHNNY

15 dollars for two drinks? Goddamn, what you put in them, diamonds?

BARTENDER

You want the drinks or not?

JOHNNY

Nahhh, I'd rather die of thirst.

Our attention shifts over to VINNY and TOM.

VINNY

Okay, bro, you wanna get some ladies tonight, right, ha?

TOM

Yeah, yeah.

VINNY

Okay, the first thing you gotta do is come up with an image, alright. You gotta have an image. From now on, we're gonna call you-  
(Thinks briefly)

Nunzio.

TOM

Yeah, okay. That's good. That's good!

VINNY

Okay, now here's the strategy.  
If you talk to five thousand  
women every day, one's gotta come  
through, you understand?

TOM

Yeah, got it. Got it.

VINNY

Now, that'll be 7 in a week, 14  
in two weeks. 21 in three weeks,  
and, ahhh, . . . ahhhh, 34 in four  
weeks, you've got it.

TOM

Yeah, yeah, right, okay, okay.

VINNY

Okay. Good luck. You're on  
your own!

They both walk their separate ways.  
Our attention shifts again to WILLIE and JOHNNY, who are  
soon approached by the RASTA.

RASTA

Hey man, how you enjoyin' yourselves,  
my brothers?

JOHNNY

Hey, how you doin'? We're havin' a  
good time, the only thing is that  
the goddamn drinks are too expensive.

RASTA

You want a drink, man? That's no  
problem. I'll tell you what, my  
brother. I'll get you any drink  
you want. Just 2 dollars a piece.

WILLIE

You mean to tell me you can do that?

RASTA

That's right, man.

JOHNNY

How the hell you do that?

RASTA

Ayy, man, I make a deal with ya!  
You don't ask me how I do my stuff,  
and I don't ask you where you get  
the money to pay for me to do my  
stuff.

The RASTA walks off.

Our attention shifts over to VINNY, who is now alone and  
cruising through the club. He walks up to a young WOMAN.

VINNY

Baby, you know when I saw you, I  
just had to stop and talk to you,  
because you're the only one I could  
possibly even -

VINNY looks over her shoulder and suddenly notices another  
young WOMAN who is much prettier than the woman he's talking  
to now.

VINNY

Excuse me.

He walks over to the other WOMAN.

VINNY

Baby, you know when I saw you, I  
just had to stop and talk to you,  
because you're the only one I could  
possibly ebeb -

VINNY stares at another WOMAN, out of the corner of his eye.

VINNY

Excuse me.

He walks off, towards his new victim.

Our attention shifts to TOM, who walks up to a young LADY.

TOM

Hello, darling, you are looking  
quite lovely tonight. Would you  
like to dance?

LADY

(Nicely)

No, thank you.

TOM shrugs and walks up to another WOMAN.



TOM

Hey, how'd you like to join me  
in a dance, sweetheart?

WOMAN

No, thank you.

TOM stands there silently, staring at her. He soon moves on  
to ask another, his spirit being broken.

TOM

Hi, there. You look nice tonight.  
Would you like to dance?

YOUNG LADY

Yes, I'd love to.

TOM

Yeah? . . . Well, who said I wanted  
to dance with you?

YOUNG LADY

You just did.

TOM

Yeah, well I don't. So bug off, baby!  
How you like that?

The YOUNG LADY stares at him weirdly, then walks off.

TOM

Bitch!

Our attention again focuses on WILLIE and JOHNNY, who are  
both sipping on drinks..

WILLIE

Yo, man, I'm gonna walk around.  
Check out the place, ya know?  
You wanna come?

JOHNNY

No, man, I'm goin' to the bathroom.  
I'll see ya later.

WILLIE

Alright, man. Catch you later.

The two walk separate ways.  
Our attention shifts back to Tom. He's standing beside an  
attractive WOMAN.

TOM

You think I wanna dance with you, don't you? Well, guess what, big head? I wouldn't dance with you even if you didn't look like a sabertoothed tiger, bitch! What you think of that?

The WOMAN walks off frightened. TOM notices a telephone in the corner and walks over to it. He pulls out, from his pocket, the card from the tow truck man who took his car. He inserts a quarter into the phone, and dials. At this moment the RASTA walks by TOM and recognizes him. He stops, unnoticed by TOM, and waits for him to finish his phone call. The RASTA looks around the disco. The RASTA's P.O.V. reveals VINNY in the distance coming on to some girl. The girl hits him with her umbrella. The RASTA laughs to himself.

TOM

(On phone)

Yeah, hi. This is Thomas McNeil. You have my car there. You picked it up tonight. They told me to call. It's a 1980 Ford. . . Yeah, that's it. . . No. . . Well, when will it be ready? . . . Ahhh, shit, okay thanks.

He hangs up, then turns and notices the RASTA.

TOM

Hey, what's goin' on?

RASTA

Ayy, man, how ya doin', man?

TOM

Ahh, not so good. I was hopin' on gettin' my car back tonight, so I could drive the fellas home.

RASTA

Oh, yeah? Well, where you live, man?

TOM

Up in the Bronx.

RASTA

I'll tell you what, my brother. I'll drive you and your boys up to the Bronx for 10 dollars. What you say, man?

TOM

10 dollars? Man, do you have a normal job or what?

RASTA

I'm a businessman, my brother, a businessman. 10 dollars. Whatta You say?

Our attention focuses on VINNY once again. He looks about the club, almost as though he has run out of women to talk to, when suddenly his eyes bulge with delight, from someone he sees off screen.

VINNY

(To himself)

Oh, yeah, oh, yeah. That's mine. Easy bait, ya know it.

He walks up to her.

VINNY

Now, baby, you know you gotta give me a dance, right?

Her head turns to face him. It's DARIA.

DARIA

Sure, love to.

Somehow, the clubs music seems to get louder and soars through their scene.

VINNY grabs DARIA by her hand and leads her to the center of the dance floor. Their dance is steaming with sexuality. They rub and grind, every move is a sexual suggestion. Soon, a crowd starts to develop around them to watch the "HOT" dance.

TOM, who's now walking with the RASTA, notices the crowd circling someone on the dance floor.

RASTA

Oh, man, what's goin' on there?

TOM

C'mon, let's see.

RASTA and TOM pull into the crowd. They see VINNY "gettin' down."

RASTA

Ayy, it's your homeboy.

TOM  
 Alright! Tear it up, VINNY!

WILLIE, from another corner of the club, notices the crowd also. He walks over to see the event. He smiles widely as he notices VINNY.

JOHNNY exits the bathroom. He notices the crowd and laughs to himself. He talks to some GUY standing near him.

JOHNNY  
 Hey, what's goin' on?

GUY  
 (Laughing)  
 Some guy is practically fuckin' some girl on the dance floor.

JOHNNY  
 (Amused)  
 Yeah!

JOHNNY heads over to see the action. As soon as he gets close enough to see, his smile turns into hatred.

VINNY is grinding against DARIA's backside. DARIA and VINNY now dance a few steps from each other, creating a distance between them. VINNY drops to his knees, and starts to propel his body towards her. His head is bobbing back and forth, and like a guided missile, he knows exactly where he is headed - for DARIA's crotch.

JOHNNY's eyes widen as VINNY continues to move forward, moving his neck like a pigeon, getting closer and closer by the second to his destination. JOHNNY almost can't look anymore, but at the same time, can't turn away.

VINNY, now inches away from his goal, makes the final plunge. He thrusts his head forward into DARIA's crotch. JOHNNY quickly runs forward, grabs VINNY by his hair, and pulls his head out of her crotch.

VINNY  
 (Upset)  
 Johnny, what the hell you doin'?

VINNY quickly sticks his head back into her crotch. JOHNNY again pulls his head out.

VINNY  
 Johnny, get the hell outta here.

VINNY again thrusts his head into her crotch. JOHNNY again pulls his head out and this time drags him across the floor a bit.

JOHNNY  
 Stop it, goddamn it! Shit!

VINNY rises to his feet.

VINNY

(Slowly)

Are you stupid or what? You want  
me to kick your ass, man!

JOHNNY

Go 'head, man. Try it, bro, go  
'head.

DARIA is watching on in near shock.

DARIA

Johnny, what are you doing?

JOHNNY

What am I doing? What am I doing?  
What are you doing?

DARIA

What are you talking' about! You  
don't own me!

DARIA walks off as WILLIE and TOM rush over to break things  
up. The RASTA is close behind them.

WILLIE

C'mon, fellas, stop it!

VINNY

I'm gonna kick his ass!

VINNY lunges at JOHNNY, but is pulled back by his boys.

JOHNNY

Fuck you! Fuck all of you!

JOHNNY rushes off.

VINNY

(Shouting)

YOU KNOW WHO'S RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS  
BULLSHIT, RIGHT, WILLIE! HA! YOU  
KNOW WHO THE FUCK IS RESPONSIBLE!  
YOU ARE, MOTHER FUCKER! YOU ARE!

TOM

Yo, man, cool out, man!

VINNY

Let go of me, man. He ain't gettin'  
away with that shit!

WILLIE  
Yo, man, chill out, homie!

VINNY  
Get off me, man.

TOM  
We'll let you go when you say  
you're cool.

A brief moment of silence passes, and VINNY pretends to have calmed himself down.

VINNY  
Okay, man, I'm fine. I'm fine.

TOM  
You sure, ha? Ha?

VINNY  
Yeah, man, get off. I'm fine! I'm  
cool.

His buddies release him.

VINNY  
Okay. I'm cool.

VINNY walks off. His friends watch him leave.

RASTA  
Man, that's heavy shit, man!

EXT. HUGH DISCO

VINNY steps out the front door. He looks around. VINNY's P.O.V. reveals JOHNNY heading up a lonely sidewalk. VINNY quickly rushes over, catching up with him, but JOHNNY continues walking.

VINNY  
Hey! Hey!!!

JOHNNY  
Stay away from me, man. Get away  
from me!

VINNY  
What was all that bullshit about,  
man? What was all that shit, ha?

JOHNNY  
I said stay away from me, man.

VINNY roughly grabs JOHNNY by his arm to stop him.

VINNY

Hey, bro, I'm talkin' to you!

JOHNNY

You grab me like that one more time  
and you gonna be sorry.

VINNY

Why, man? What you gonna do, man!  
You ain't gonna do a fuckin' thing!

JOHNNY

Listen, man! That girl you was dancin'  
with was the girl I'm crazy about,  
okay? That's the girl I care about.  
I'm very angry, man, so for your own  
good, get the fuck out my face.

JOHNNY continues walking, heading towards a tunnel that is  
the underpass for a highway. VINNY pursues.

VINNY

That's the girl you crazy about? Her!  
That's the girl you've been talkin'  
about all night! That's the girl that  
you gave up a chance on meetin' two  
beautiful blond babes tonight? For that  
slut.

JOHNNY

Shut up, man! She ain't no slut!

JOHNNY and VINNY enter the tunnel.

VINNY

She's not a slut! She's not a slut!  
The fuckin' girl works in a place where  
she'll show you her full pussy for 25  
cents. 25 cents! She could at least  
charge a full dollar, but no - for 25  
cents.

JOHNNY

Man, leave me the fuck alone, man. I'm  
warning you.

VINNY again grabs him, but this time by the collar.

VINNY

You warnin' me? You warnin' me! Mother  
fucker, I warn you, you don't warn me!

JOHNNY

Get your hands off me, man!

VINNY

Why? What you gonna do! You gonna kick my ass, ha! You gonna kick my ass.

JOHNNY

Get off of me, man.

VINNY

Go 'head, man, kick my ass, man!  
Go 'head, kick it!

JOHNNY kicks VINNY in the groin, knocking him over and down to the ground in pain. JOHNNY continues walking, as VINNY slowly, painfully, rises to his feet.

VINNY

Oh! Oh! You in a world of trouble now, mother fucker! I'm gonna beat the shit out your ass tonight, mother fucker!

VINNY starts to rush up to JOHNNY. He again grabs him by his collar.

VINNY

Come here, man, come here.

JOHNNY stares at him a deadly stare.

VINNY

You wouldn't dare!

JOHNNY again kicks him in the groin. Again VINNY falls, and again JOHNNY heads up the sidewalk. VINNY, again, rises to his feet and continues to pursue.

VINNY

Oh, mother fucker! Oh, you a dead mother fucker, now! Oh shit!

VINNY catches up with him, again grabs him by his collar with what little strength he has left.

VINNY

You - You -

JOHNNY stares at VINNY coldly.



VINNY  
(Pleading)

No - Don't!

JOHNNY gives him another hard thrust in the groin. VINNY hits the pavement. He's out cold. JOHNNY continues to walk on, out of the tunnel, leaving VINNY alone on the sidewalk.

CUT TO:  
EXT. GAS STATION - DUSK

An old jeep pulls into the gas station. RASTA, WILLIE and TOM are inside.

RASTA  
Just got to put some gas in her,  
man, and we'd be on our way.

TOM  
Yeah, I'm gonna get out and stretch.

WILLIE  
Me too.

They all step out of the jeep. They all seem tired. RASTA pays a clerk in a nearby booth, then grabs a gas pump and starts to fill up his car.

TOM  
Man, I can't believe fuckin'  
Johnny and Vinny cut out on us,  
man! They left us alone in the  
goddamn club.

WILLIE  
I'm just afraid for Johnny, man.  
I hope Vinny ain't do nothin'  
stupid, and wind up hurtin' him.  
Man, why do things have to get so  
complicated?

The RASTA hears them speaking, and joins in the conversation.

RASTA  
Complicated? Things are never complicated,  
my brother.

WILLIE  
Yeah, right.

RASTA

No, I'm serious, man. Nothing is complicated, man. We all know the difference between right and wrong. When something gets complicated it's because you're doin' somethin' wrong.

WILLIE stops and thinks about that for a moment.

RASTA

Live a righteous life, my brother. Live the kind of life that Jah would want you to lead, and that way, you would always be happy, man.

TOM

Man, you need money to be happy..

TOM's head falls on the hood of the jeep. He's half asleep.

RASTA

Ahhh, that's a lot of hogwash, my friend. How many rich people have killed themselves. I don't have enough fingers and toes to count them, man. Money, woman, cars - all that is nonsense, man. Happiness starts in your heart and your mind, and then when the other things come along, like money, women or cars, then you can add them to your happiness, but you're not dependant on those things for happiness. Because what happens when you loose all your money, your women, your cars? Then what? You loose your happiness? Nonsense, man. Happiness starts with you. You must love yourself before anything else.

The RASTA places the pump back.

WILLIE thinks deeply about what the RASTA has said.

The RASTA walks back over to him. He points to the sunrise, which is casting a purple haze across the sky.

RASTA

You see that? That is the single most beautiful thing on the planet, man. And it's free. You don't need no money to enjoy that. You don't have to be with a women to enjoy that. And you don't need a car to enjoy that. It's absolutely free.

WILLIE stares at the sunrise.

RASTA

Look at that, man. Look at it.  
Take in it's beauty, my brother.  
Take in it's majestic power.

We cut to a C.U. of the sun, casting colors across the sky, blazing it's orange face brightly.  
The RASTA enters his jeep, and watches the sun from there.

WILLIE

(To himself; a natural high)  
Yeah, man, yeah. Look at all the color, man. Look at that! That's beautiful, man. Hey, Tommy, hey! You see that Tom?

TOM's head pops up from the jeeps hood.

TOM

What? What is it?

WILLIE

Look, man. Look at that.

TOM

What, man? What?

WILLIE

That, man.

TOM

What? The sun?

WILLIE

Yeah, man. Look at that.

TOM

Man, you woke me up to see the sun.

WILLIE

Well, look at it, man. Look at all the colors. Look at the way it's risin' up in the sky. Look at the golden light it's throwin' on all the buildings. Ain't that beautiful, man?

TOM looks for the beauty, but doesn't see any. He looks at WILLIE weirdly.

TOM

Man, do me a favor. Don't drink  
when you hang out wit' me anymore,  
alright?

TOM lies his head back on the car and falls asleep.  
WILLIE continues to watch the sun.

WILLIE

Man, look at the way the orange turns  
into red, then into purple, then it  
kinda blends into the sky. And look at  
the clouds around it. They're all filled  
with orange light. That's cool, man,  
that's real cool.

RASTA

It certainly is, man. It certainly is.

CUT TO:

EXT. TENEMENT BUILDING - DAY

JOHNNY walks up the sidewalk, then enters the building.

INT. TENEMENT APARTMENT

JOHNNY enters the apartment and walks down a small hall. He passes a bedroom with its door open, and his MOTHER, a chubby woman of 45, can be seen in b.g., sleeping in bed, wrapped in a sheet. He continues to walk through the apartment, heading towards his bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM

JOHNNY enters. He looks at a clock that sits on a table. It's 6:45.

JOHNNY

Ohhh, shit!

JOHNNY takes off his jacket, and switches into a pin striped cloth vest, which has a supermarket logo on it. He then grabs his jacket to hang it up in the closet, and from his pocket falls out a matchbook cover. It reads "call 555 - SLUT." He picks it up and turns it over. He stares at OONA's name lovingly. He thinks for a moment and then reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out a folded up sheet of paper: The college application. JOHNNY unfolds it, and glances over it from top to bottom. There is a brief moment of indecision. He continues to read it for a moment, then grabs a pen from the top of his dresser. JOHNNY lies down on his bed and starts to fill it out.

CUT TO:

EXT. TUNNEL - BRIDGE UNDERPASS

VINNY wakes up and struggles to his feet. He walks out of the tunnel, and into the sunlight. The sunshine makes him wince, and he covers his eyes, almost as if he's a vampire. He immediately pulls out a pair of black sunglasses and puts them on. He starts to head up the sidewalk, when a beautiful blond woman walks by his path. VINNY thinks for a quick second, then immediately follows after her.

VINNY

Yo, baby, you lookin' mighty good  
this mornin'. What's your name,  
sweetheart. Oh, come on, you don't  
have to be like that. Talk to me  
baby - (etc., etc., etc.)

FADE OUT.

THE END