

MILKSHAKE

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Registered WGA

INT. OLD FASHIONED STAGE

Circa 1900.

A white man in a top hat introduces the final act of a black face performance.

TOP HAT MAN

In the spirit of true minstrelsy,
you have again shown that laughter
is the wine of life.

Some 50 performers stand and break out into song.

Roll credits to the music.

An average American teenage boy begins to speak. His name is JOLIE.

JOLIE

(V.O.)

All my life, my parents have told me I'm smart and talented. That I can be anything I wanna be when I grow up. Getting into the West Branch Magnet Program was supposed to be some kinda honor. They probly thought I'd grow up to be a doctor, or a lawyer, or scientist that cures cancer and junk. I mean for me school has always been a breeze.

EXT. SUBURBAN HIGH SCHOOL - CIRCA 1990

Now in the *mid-90s*, for our story present day.

JOLIE

(V.O.)

But when I look around, I just feel surrounded by dorks.

Angle on an old school hoop on the horizon. A kid silouettes against the sky lays the ball in.

JOLIE

(V.O.)

All I want, is to be like the kids on varisty, who live in the Maple Ave towers.

EXT. MAPLE AVE TOWERS - DAY

A part of a suburban neighborhood lines with huge apartment buildings.

JOLIE

(V.O.)

The maple ave kids are coming up from nothing. I mean, their only shot at college is balling. And they've got girls blowing up their pagers twenty-four seven.

Black kids play ball apartment buildings towering over them.

INT. BASKETBALL GYM

The young naive face of Jolie in the midst of tryout.

JOLIE

(V.O.)

I pray to God I make varsity. I'd do anything to be like the Maple Ave. kids.

Montage of tryout - Jolie the only white kid among them. Suicide drills. Push ups. Machine gun defensive stand exercises. Scrimmaging. Jolie is just a breath behind everyone at pretty much all of them.

And now Jolie is at the line. A classic american basketball tryout drill. Miss and you run.

All the players but Jolie watch from the baseline.

Jolie lines up his shot carefully.

He glances at the coach who holds a clipboard.

Jolie fires. For a split second it's dead on but then it bricks wildly.

The kids take off running.

COACH

That was terrible.

INT. HENRIETTA'S GOLDEN BEDROOM - MORNING

Sounds of a high pace video game begin.

JOLIE, in his tighty-whities, plays Sonic on a Sega Genesis. Also on the bed, black girl HENRIETTA AARONSON tries to do her homework.

HENRIETTA

Do you think you're gonna make
varsity?

Jolie drops his controller and tears up.

HENRIETTA

School is so wack.

Jolie composes himself.

JOLIE

I support you no matter what. But I
can't be changin' no diapers.

Henrietta looks defeated.

Jolie pauses Sonic. Curls up with her.

JOLIE

(voice over, whisper)

I've been fucking Henrietta for a
while. She's the best. She's
pregnant with someone else's baby
but I'm cool with that. In fact, I
think that's why I like her so
much. She's kinda thugged out.

Jolie rubs her stomach.

JOLIE

Your stomach's smooth.

Henrietta pops up.

HENRIETTA

Not now Jolie.

JOLIE

I think you look more beautiful
like this than anything. I wish you
could be this way forever. We'd be
so happy like this.

A drop of sweat runs down Henrietta's face and lands on a
sheet of paper full of algebra equations.

JOLIE

I love you.

INT. HENRIETTA'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Jolie, now clothed, bounds down the stairs with bookbag and basketball.

JOLIE
Hey, Mr. Aaronson.

MR. AARONSON
(emerging from kitchen)
Hey.

JOLIE
You got my check?

MR. AARONSON
Shit man, those hours really add
up, hun?

Mr. Aaronson grabs his checkbook off the top of the TV and heads to the kitchen.

JOLIE
I guess.

Jolie flips on the TV and catches a little of the OJ Simpson trial.

JOLIE
(V.O)
Henrietta's adopted. She lives in a
big house like me. Her parents pay
me to tutor her in geometry. She's
kind of an outcast. I think that's
why we click. Plus, our moms both
work for the same law firm. They
fly all over the country doing
somethin'.

Mr. Aaronson flips off the TV.

MR. AARONSON
What a mess... So, how do you think
she's doing? Is she gonna pass?

JOLIE
(stumbling)
Uh, I don't know. Maybe.

Mr. Aaronson tenses up, then relaxes again and hands over the check.

MR. AARONSON
I don't get it. She was always a great student.

JOLIE
(searching for word)
...you know... Geometry's a hard thing. Algebra leads to it and if you dont get that then-

MR. AARONSON
(interupting)
Yeah yeah I guess so. Well, you do what you can.

JOLIE
Yea.

MR. AARONSON
Peace out.

JOLIE
Thanks.

EXT. WEST BRANCH HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

The bells RINGS. Ethnic murals line some of the walls, others are just the old school red brick.

JOLIE
(V.O.)
My great great grandfather was a famous black face performer.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Changing classes. Kids of all shapes, sizes and colors. Jolie emerges among them.

JOLIE
They used to call him the greatest performer of all time. But now. Kids at school have never even heard of him. I mean not even magnet kids in AP history have heard of him.

INT. AP ENGLISH CLASSROOM

Jolie and his best friend HAROON are in the back. Haroon's a scrawny Afghan boy with glasses.

Haroon glances at his bulky calculator watch and raises his hand.

HAROON
Hey, can I be excused for the
Million Man March?

JOLIE
Hey, can I use the bathroom?

The teacher MR. MCCARTY already has the passes raised.

INT. YELLOW HALLWAY

Empty except Jolie and Haroon.

HAROON
Dude, don't they post who made the
team today?

JOLIE
Naw, not till Monday they said.

HAROON
Alright man, have a good day at
school.

JOLIE
Yeah right.

HAROON
See ya.

They smack a secret handshake and Haroon exits.

Alone, Jolie looks longingly out the window.

JOLIE
Lucky bastards.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT

Haroon waves good-bye to Jolie.

Minority kids are hopping into cars with their march signs,
psyched to be getting out of school.

JOLIE
(voice over, whisper)
This sucks. All the minorities get
an excused absence for the Million
Man March.

An almost white looking kid enters the frame.

JOLIE

(V.O.)

But me, I'm stuck in school like a
bama.

Haroon waves a last goodbye from his Nissan Saturn.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY

Jolie - still looking enviously out the window.

JOLIE

(V.O.)

I wish I was one of them. I wish I
was one of them. I wish I was one
of them. Fuck.

INT. HENRIETTA'S GOLDEN BEDROOM - DAY

Henrietta rocks out to her walk-man while jamming on some
homework.

Jolie's in his underwear again playing Sonic.

JOLIE

(V.O.)

I'm supposed to tutor Henrietta
every Sunday. She's getting an F in
math. She knows how to do it
though. She's flunking on purpose.

Jolie looks back at Henrietta and smiles to himself.

JOLIE

(V.O.)

She's so gangster.

INT. HENRIETTA'S LIVINGROOM - LATER

Jolie, clothed, bounds down the steps again, this time two at
a time.

EXT. TOWN ESTABLISHING SHOTS

Suburban homes with large apartments towers in the
background. The school is in the more urban part of town.

EXT. WESTBRANCH SCHOOL GYM

The doors spray-painted "thug life."

EXT. WEST BRANCH HS TRACK AND FIELD

Jolie and Haroon sit on the hill doing homework.

HAROON

Hey you heard Fransisco got
arrested?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BLAIR BLAZER GYM

FRANCISCO, bare chested, struggles against a security guard.
He looks directly into the camera.

FRANSISCO

I'm innocent, this is bull shit!

BACK TO:

EXT. CRUMBLING CONCRETE BLEACHERS - THAT MOMENT

HAROON

Over some pictures on the Internet.

Jolie looks confused.

JOLIE (O.S.)

Oh you mean like netscape?

HAROON

(laughs)

Yea.

Haroon gets up to leave.

HAROON

Yo dont forget I need my computer
homework back by Monday.

JOLIE

I got you. Dont forget to get me my
bio homework back.

HAROON

Yea duh.

The walk into the distance.

JOLIE

(voice over, whisper)

My great great grandfather had a song, Hallelujah I'm a Bum. Tupac had a song, I'd Rather Be an N.I.G.G.A., so we can get drunk and smoke weed all day. I always thought they were really similar.

INT. WEST BRANCH BIO CLASS - LATER

Haroon and Jolie in identical poses.

HAROON

Yo. I gotta take a massive dump, will you guard the door while I'm in there.

JOLIE

Yea.

They raise their hands - again in identical positions.

INT. BATHROOM

Haroon in the stall taking a dump.

Jolie at the urinal - simultaneously pounding a Sunkist and taking a whiz.

HAROON

I'm taking the most epic shit. Oh! Dude! Don't they post who made the team today?

Jolie looks suddenly worried. It dawns on him. He rushes off.

HAROON

Don't forget I need my computer homework back? Jolie!?

INT. D HALL

Jolie rushes toward the camera.

JOLIE

(V.O.)

As a white boy at West Branch I'm just not cool.

He's zeroing in on a wall full of sports posters - at it's center a golden piece of paper labled "THE TEAM."

JOLIE

(VO)

But making the team would change my
life forever.

Jolie looks down the list.

JOLIE

(V.O.)

It's my one shot to fit in with the
Maple Ave kids. To actually be
somebody!

Jolie's face brightens.

Jolie walks past it and does a double take.

It's the list.

CLOSE ON JOLIE'S EYES: pure intensity.

He stands motionless, holding his breath, reading.

Then leans back, covering his dropped jaw.

JOLIE

(voice over, whisper)

Making the team, felt like the most
important thing in my life.

Jolie takes off running down the hall past a mop leaning
against the wall.

JOLIE

(voice over, whisper)

As a white boy I just didn't fit
in, not in Takoma Park. But now...

Jolie becomes a black silhouette against a row of windows.

JOLIE

(voice over, whisper)

I was practically black.

EXT. SPARSE WOODS - DAY

Jolie, in his gold Webber jersey, hops in the woods. He wears
large purple ankle weights, and "Jump Soles" (clunky and
clumsy looking work out shoes).

JOLIE

(voice over, whisper)

I even ditched class to work on my
hops.

Exhausted, Jolie gathers his basketball and backpack and leaves.

A metro train roars past in the background.

INT. JOLIE'S JUNKY BASEMENT - NO WINDOWS

Jolie is bench pressing and Haroon is spotting.

A single florescent fixture hangs overhead.

HAROON

Man, I can't believe you made the team.

Jolie finishes his set. Pops up.

JOLIE

I was the last bama on the list! If Francisco hadn't been arrested I'd still be a loser! I'd be just another Joe Shmoe Lame-oh geek in the Blair High School Magnet.

CLOSE ON HAROON: his face slowly falls.

JOLIE

Oh hey, can your mom give you a ride home later. There's something I gotta do.

HAROON

Oh... Yeah. Yeah. That's cool.

They rotate positions - we see that Jolie has only been lifting 5 lb. weights.

JOLIE

2.5's right?

HAROON

Yeah.

Jolie leans down on the bar and grins to himself - still on cloud nine.

EXT. STREETS OF TAKOMA PARK - DAY

A shiny cherry-red '93 Nissan Quest approaches.

JOLIE
 (voice over, whispering)
 Tupac. Biggie. Snoop Dog. Easy-E.
 Dr. Dre. Suge Knight. Mr. T.

The Quest pulls to the curb - Jolie and his Dad inside.

JOLIE'S DAD
 Alright bye. No injuries.

Jolie hops out in black and red basketball gear - black headband, black Jordans, even black socks.

JOLIE
 Alright, bye Dad.

A clunker 90s cell phone rings. Jolie's Dad answers.

JOLIE'S DAD
 Hey, you back from the hill? What happened?

EXT. SMALL CLEARING IN THE WOODS

Henrietta sits alone on a stump listening to her Walkman.

Jolie bounds down a path startling her.

HENRIETTA
 It smells like dog shit in these woods, Jolie. Why'd you want to meet out here anyway?

Jolie chokes up.

JOLIE
 Wow. That is pretty bad. It smells like a dead mouse or something.

HENRIETTA
 You dont want to be seen with me do you? Cus I'm pregnant.

JOLIE
 ...what? No.

Henrietta softens.

HENRIETTA
 You wanna make out with me?

JOLIE

Yea but, I can't. Not no more. We can't be hanging out any more. You understand though right?

HENRIETTA

...Why?

JOLIE

Henrietta, I told you. I made the basketball team. I'm a Blazer now.

Henrietta looks crest fallen.

JOLIE

L...

Jolie hacks up some spit.

JOLIE (CONT'D)

Look. If I make the NBA I'm gonna take care of you and your baby. We're gonna live in a big house in Potomac. Be rich, have maids. That's the reason I'm doing this. Can't you see that? Can't you be happy for me?

Henrietta shakes her head in utter disappointment.

She drops Jolie's basketball and walks off.

Pregnant, her ass might be a little bigger than before.

Then she stops and turns.

Jolie spins his basketball on one finger.

JOLIE

Do you need a token for the bus or some junk?

Crushed, Henrietta leaves.

Jolie watches her descend through a romantic archway of brush - a blacktop and basketball hoop in the distance.

JOLIE

(voice over)
I felt bad but,

Jolie darts up the hill - basketball in hand.

JOLIE (CONT'D)
 (voice over)
 Henrietta had rich white parents.
 And after I made the team

CLOSE ON: his black shoes and socks.

JOLIE (CONT'D)
 (voice over)
 I realized, compared to me she
 wasn't thugged out at all. She was
 just bad at Algebra.

Jolie disappears into the woods.

JOLIE (CONT'D)
 (voice over)
 For a while I was worried her Dad,
 Mr. Aaronson, would be mad.

Jolie runs past a jungle gym with a little boy hanging from
 the monkey bars.

JOLIE (CONT'D)
 (voice over)
 But he was cool. He even offered me
 20 bucks to mow the lawn. So,
 everything worked out.

Jolie jogs past a pregnant woman.

JOLIE
 (voice over)
 I guess.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT (BUT NO WINDOWS)

The blazers dress after practice, everyone chatting among the
 many aisles. But Jolie is all alone in an aisle by himself.

Jolie slams the locker door.

INT. BASKETBALL GYM - NIGHT

Jolie is deep on the bench.

The acoustics are bad. The semi full bleachers fill the space
 with echoes.

The crowd is various shades of black. A lot of them have
 their feet kicked up.

Classic red versus blue.

The action on the court is fast paced. The players are disciplined, setting screens and running concrete plays.

WENDEL, a guard, pulls up for a shot - swish.

The cheerleaders get excited.

The home score flashes red and reappears as 86 to 52. A blow out.

The team of Blair Blazers sit together, their heads moving in unison, following the action.

At the end of the bench are ARIUS and Jolie. ARIUS, covered in sweat, is a tall thin, care-free, light-skinned black kid. He has a huge scar on his head, a thick red headband and band-aids over his earrings.

Jolie is bone dry and still in his warm up suit.

ARIUS

Now it comes with two free controllers and the game.

JOLIE

(not paying attention)
Oh yeah.

ARIUS

Yeah. We were playing that joint at my place and one of the cheerleaders was all confessing how cute she thinks you are.

JOLIE

(excited)
Which one?

ARIUS

(points to the cheerleader bench)
Christine Ortanyez.

Jolie focuses in on a particularly cute Panamanian cheerleader - CHRISTINE ORTANYEZ.

JOLIE POV: slow motion of Christine - taps her palms and does a leg kick then looks directly at us.

COACH DALE

Jolie!

Jolie flinches.

Coach Dale - in a fine suit and gold rimmed glasses - glares.

COACH DALE (CONT'D)
Get Pistol.

Jolie rips off his warm-ups in a panic. The shirt gets stuck over his head, then he trips over his pants.

His teammates look on with various expressions of concern and laughter.

A cheerleader from the opposing team points and giggles.

REDHEAD GRUNGE KID
(O.S.)
Unsnap it!

Struggling, Jolie frees himself.

Coach Dale shakes his head and so does the fat black man directly behind him. Their expressions match exactly.

The old white referee blows his whistle hard - game over.

All the Blazers start high-fiving each other but Jolie.

INT. JOLIE'S MESSY ROOM - NIGHT

A six foot long poster of a '91 Lamborghini Countach covers the wall. A Nerf basketball hoop hangs on the closed door.

Haroon is dressed up as a woman, using a wig, socks as breasts, and a sheet as a skirt.

HAROON
Come on man, we've gotta nail the Marion Barry skit tomorrow or I'm gonna get a B in English.

JOLIE
I don't feel like it. I told you.

Jolie throws an African hat and tap shoes off his bed and they smash against the wall.

HAROON
Dude, it's was just a preseason game, come on.

JOLIE
Man, if I can't get in when we're up thirty in the preseason then I'm never gonna play.

Jolie pulls off his jersey and throws it down. He picks up a switch blade and looks at his warped reflection.

HAROON

He tried to put you in the game.

JOLIE

Yeah, for thirty seconds.

There's a knock on the door.

Jolie wipes a teary eye and straights up.

ELLIOTT, Jolie's oddly old dad - enters with a bright orange Nerf ball off the bedside table.

ELLIOTT

Three. Two.
(pump fake)
One.

Elliott dunks and freezes in mid air.

He makes the sounds of a sold out crowd, animatedly, in a comforting way.

The kids smile.

ELLIOTT

Come on, Haroon. Let's get you home.

JOLIE

Already?

Haroon follows him down the steps.

HAROON

Elliott, will you go over this skit with me. I think you'll really like it and I need to practice or I'm gonna get a B in...

There voices fade into silence.

Jolie stands alone, grabs a dumb bell and does a few curls. He pushes it up his bicpt with his hand so that it looks bigger.

INT. HENRIETTA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jolie climbs in through the window.

The only light in the room comes from the Sega on pause.

HENRIETTA
I knew you'd be back.

JOLIE
Because you know I love you.

Jolie kissed her with lots of tongue.

HENRIETTA
Whatever.

JOLIE
What?

Jolie smiles.

JOLIE
You're the best. I love you forever
Henrietta.

HENRIETTA
You promise.

JOLIE
I promise to God.

HENRIETTA
Are you gonna help take care of my
baby?

JOLIE
I'd do anything for you.

Jolie turns off the TV, and in the near darkness of just a
night light quietly mounts her.

HENRIETTA
Wait. I want you to know... There's
some stuff. I feel like you're the
only one I can trust, the only one
I can talk too. Like about when I
ran away, and let those kids take
photos of me. I couldn't tell
anyone but you. You know that
right?

JOLIE
I know. They were just photos.
Everyone makes mistakes.

Henrietta caresses his face and they kiss.

HENRIETTA

(voice over)

Jolie's stupid. He'll believe anything. But I like him. I've been failing algebra just so he can tutoring me.

EXT. HENRIETTA'S MOONLIT HOME

The automatic sprinkler goes off.

HENRIETTA (CONT'D)

The thing is. He's not like other guys. I mean, he's on the team, but he's not really a cool kid. I've always hated the cool kids.

Jolie steps off the porch and trips on a crack in the sidewalk.

INT. DIMLY LIT GIGANTIC AUDITORIUM - DAY

The theater class is spread out, bored and chatty. In the distance a girl is practicing dance steps on stage.

Christine walks down the aisle and sits next to Jolie.

CHRISTINE

Hey Jolie. Have you seen this article?

Jolie is dressed in basketball attire - it's a game day. Christine is in her hot cheerleader uniform.

JOLIE

What? No. Lemme see.

She hands Jolie a newspaper. Their hands touch briefly, they lock eyes - a moment passes between them.

JOLIE

Wow. I heard Francisco got arrested but I didn't know he made the paper.

CHRISTINE

I heard he got arrested because him and a bunch of other kids banged that pregnant girl Henrietta for a dollar or something.

A REDHEAD dude with an orange hoody turns around with a spoonful of green Jell-O, eating from his Tupperware bowl.

REDHEAD GRUNGE KID
A dollar total. Or a dollar each?

CHRISTINE
Each, I hope.

JOLIE
(disturbed)
That's a rumor, duh. They just took photos.

CHRISTINE
How do you know? Were you there?

JOLIE
I heard.

REDHEAD GRUNGE KID
Believe what you want man. That chick got gang banged! Turned out by mad dudes like a straight porno scene.

Jolie, lost in thought. The bell rings.

INT. HISPANIC HALL

Dim. No windows.

Hispanic kids line the lockers.

Pants sag and Spanish is heard.

One black kid from the team, Arius, looks in a locker mirror and puts on cologne. He has a gold cross and greasy hair.

ARIUS
Jolie. I heard your old girl is a straight chicken-head.

JOLIE
Who?

ARIUS
You haven't heard?

ARIUS
Heard what?

ARIUS
That Maple Ave shit. You haven't seen the porn video with your girl Henrietta?

JOLIE

I'm not with that girl man. I just tutor her in Algebra.

ARIUS

Chill brother. I'm just saying...

MR. APPLEBAUM overhears this.

MR. APPLEBAUM

What are you boys buzzing about? Maple Ave this.. Maple Ave that..

ARIUS

You can take the niggas out the ghetto but you can't take the ghetto out the niggas.

MR. APPLEBAUM

Come on Arius. I know you've got somewhere to be.

Still stunned by the rumor, Jolie follows the steady flow of kids out a single door to the:

EXT. EAST SIDE OF THE SCHOOL - DAY

The sun backlights the school.

Jolie emerges from the school. Christine catches up to him.

CHRISTINE

Jolie, aren't you headed to computer class?

JOLIE

What? Yeah.

CHRISTINE

Is everything alright? You look kind of stunned or something.

JOLIE

What? No. I just. The sun was in my eyes.

CHRISTINE

Oh.

JOLIE

What's up?

CHRISTINE

I am totally struggling with my program this month, do you think I could look at your code?

JOLIE

My programming skills aren't that good. But we can copy Haroon's code and just change the variable names.

CHRISTINE

Really?

JOLIE

Yea.

CHRISTINE

Cool. Thanks.

Christine gives Jolie a hug.

Henrietta walks past and gives Jolie an eye. Jolie pretends not to notice.

From afar the kids look like ants walking in lines to and from the portables (trailer classrooms).

A school bell rings.

EXT. CONVENIENT STORE

Henrietta approaches the Redhead Grunge Kid. They're both skipping class.

HENRIETTA

Hey, can I bum a cigarette?

REDHEAD GRUNGE KID

Aren't you pregnant?

HENRIETTA

Whatever.

Henrietta rolls her eyes and starts to walk away.

REDHEAD GRUNGE KID

Hold up. Here.

HENRIETTA

Thanks.

Henrietta lights up.

REDHEAD GRUNGE KID
Fuck it, right?

HENRIETTA
Yea. I guess so.

INT. BACK OF CLASSROOM

Working in groups.

HAROON
Dude, Christine's been jocking your
nuts lately. What's up with that?

JOLIE
I don't know man. I think she's
into me.

ANYA
She's probably just using you for
my code.

HAROON
It happens to me all the time.

ANYA
You wish.

HAROON
Even if she does like you dude,
you'd have to be loco to get with
her.

Jolie looks over at Christine on the other side of the
classroom. Christine smiles back.

HAROON (CONT'D)
Her last boyfriend Raymond -

CUT TO:

EXT. STUDENT PARKING LOT - SUN SET

Raymond, a cool Hispanic boy perched on a metal railing,
cranes his head around and we see he's got a black eye and
smokes a Camel.

HAROON
(O.S., CONT'D)
Has been having sex since junior
high.

Ray hops off the railing, puts his arm around a girl and kicks over a trash can as they walk into the sunset.

BACK TO:

INT. DIM BASEMENT CLASSROOM - THAT MOMENT

VLAD

That's nothing. Ray's been suspended three times. They found a gun in his locker. And he has no blood parents. You don't want that kind of sloppy seconds. It's big trouble.

JOLIE

Hmmm.

VLAD

You would be the man, though. I'd give you that.

HAROON

Yea, that's true. You would be the man.

ANYA

Why? What does that have to do with anything?

All the boys roll there eyes.

IN SLOW MOTION Jolie turns to look at Christine, this time with his hoody up. Turning back he knocks his notebook off the table - papers scattering, a can of Sour Cream Pringles spilling.

Christine notices the commotion, laughs kindly. He smiles back.

EXT. DUSTY MULTIPURPOSE FIELD - SUNSET

CRACK - the sound of softball being hit.

The girls team warming up.

Jolie and Christine sit on small metal bleachers.

CHRISTINE

You guys have the late practice today, huh?

JOLIE

Yeah.

CHRISTINE

Well Coach Dale asked me to tape the next game - you wanna see the camera we're using? It's in the small gym.

JOLIE

Oh yeah. All the way past C hall.

CHRISTINE

Come on. I know a short cut through parenting class.

JOLIE

Through parenting class? Let's just go the long way.

CHRISTINE

Come on. Don't be such a goody goody. The teacher doesn't care. Trust me. She's like a hundred years old, she gets it. It's just an excuse to have free baby sitters for all the teen moms. And that's a good thing.

She grabs his hand and leads him.

INT. PARENTING CLASSROOM

Jolie and Christine cut through the chaotic after school 'class.'

Henrietta is there, looking bored, and playing with a toy toddler.

Henrietta gives Jolie a suspicious look.

Jolie waves nervously.

CHRISTINE

Are you friends with her? That's the girl I was telling you about.

JOLIE

I just tutor her in Algebra. You know how we need community service hours to graduate, well...

INT. BLAZER GYMNASIUM

A mural of fire emblazons the walls.

A second floor balcony - overlooking the court. A space for storing of moldy old trampolines and gymnastic junk.

JOLIE

It's hot as a mug in here.

Christine flips on a giant standing fan.

CHRISTINE

Stand in front of this. God that feels good.

Her hair and cheerleader skirt blowing back. Jolie stands next to her.

Christine gracefully gets on her knees. Beat.

CHRISTINE

The camera's under here. Come on.

She crawls under the trampoline, through the glittery tassels hanging around it's edges.

Jolie hesitates then follows but we stay behind. A pom-pom and a basketball rest in the foreground.

JOLIE

(voice over)

The season hadn't even started and my life had changed forever.

Just below the tassels Christine's top lands on the floor.

JOLIE

(voice over)

I swear, exactly when we kissed someone yelled score.

Kids of all shapes and sizes rush the court below with hockey sticks. Haroon and Vlad and Benjamin and Anya, and the Redhead Grunge Kid and Ray among them.

REDHEAD GRUNGE KID

Score! Score! Score!

RAY

Shut your hole!

JOLIE
 (voice over)
 It felt like a million bucks.

Haroon pumps his fist yes as someone gets a shot past the goalie in warm ups.

Christine fixes her hair and walks out with a VHS camcorder.

JOLIE
 (voice over)
 I felt guilty cuz of Henrietta, but
 as Tu Pac says, "Only God can judge
 me."

Jolie stands behind, in the doorway, fixing his belt and getting a touch of wind from the fan.

JOLIE
 (voice over)
 I did wonder if Henrietta's Dad,
 Mr. Aaronson, even knew she was
 pregnant.

Jolie takes a last glimpse of the intermural floor hockey game below them.

JOLIE
 (voice over)
 But for some reason it just never
 came up.

Jolie ducks into the stairwell.

Then all the lights go out.

Blackness.

Hold.

Haroon walks into a small shaft of light that goes unseen until it has his face to land on.

HAROON
 (off camera)
 Would someone please stop messing
 around and put the lights on. This
 league is for serious players only.

Haroon puts on his RoboCop goalie mask. BAM! He is body checked to the floor.

RAY
 Boom! Step aside, nigga.

Haroon slouched against the wall - blood dripping from his temple.

HAROON
(cringing in pain, almost crying)
Oww, man. I think you broke my wrist.

RAY
Tell your boy Jolie to lay off my girl Christine. Every time he makes a move on her I'm gonna eat your ass for lunch.

HAROON
(beginning to cry)
What? Why me?

INT. HAROON'S HOME - AFTER-SCHOOL DAY

Haroon, and Haroon's older brother ZEKE are rummaging the kitchen cabinets for snacks. Haroon's arm is in a cast for the rest of the movie.

ZEKE
Hey, are there anymore Handi-Snacks or did you take the last one?

The doorbell rings.

EXT. HAROON'S HOME

Jolie and Haroon smack their secret handshake.

They cross the lawn with Zeke.

HAROON
Dude, before I show you this internet stuff at my Mom's place we gotta talk about this Raymond situation. Ray said he's gonna eat my ass for lunch every time you mess with Christine.

Haroon grabs a key from under the doormat of the second home.

JOLIE
Yea he's just afraid to step to me directly because he knows varsity has my back. Don't stress though. He's just a bully.

Haroon open the door to:

INT. HAROON'S DIMLY LIT SECOND HOME - DAY

Thick curtains are drawn, most of the place empty but a small computer station is in the corner.

HAROON

Don't stress? He broke my arm man.
How is anything under control?

JOLIE

Ray is just a bully. All you have
to do is hold your ground a little
probably.

Jolie fakes like he gonna punch Haroon and Haroon flinches.

JOLIE

He'll back off.

HAROON

What? Are you serious? He blind
sided me. How am I supposed to hold
my ground?

JOLIE

Come on dude, isn't that why you
always carry that Batman figure
around?

HAROON

What?

JOLIE

Because Batman's the only superhero
that is just a regular guy.

HAROON

Batman is a cartoon. This TOY is
for inspiration. We're talking
about real life. Are you loco?

JOLIE

Fine, then just stay close to me
and the team will get your back, I
swear.

HAROON

Pinky swear. No leaving me behind
at lunch now that you're all tight
with the team or nothing.

JOLIE

Done.

Haroon has fires up a video game on the PC.

HAROON

Cool. Now let's conquer titen again. I think we can break the high score.

ZEKE

Seriously.

INT. RUSTY OLD HIGH SCHOOL WEIGHT ROOM - DAY

Every kid on the team but Jolie is wearing light tan, suede Timberland boots.

WENDEL

What's up?

JOLIE

Hey.

ARIUS

What's up Jolie.

JOLIE

What's up?

MERLY

What's up? What's up with you?

JOLIE

What's up?

CODROY

What's up?

JOLIE

What's up?

SURGIO

Chillen.

WENDEL

Peace, nigger.

Jolie pauses for a second then half smiles.

Haroon's face turns red as a cherry as he "maxes" on the bench.

JOLIE

See man. Ray can't mess with us now. We're rolling too deep.

Haroon looks around, the whole basketball team is working out.

MERLY leg presses a massive amount of weight.

HAROON
(dons his sombrero,
spreading a genuine
smile)
Yea. I guess your right. Junior
year's actually gonna be cool. And
I love spirit week. Merly, did you
bring a hat for hat day?

MERLY
Yea.

Merly stops his leg presses - pulls on a black ski-mask.

MERLY
Hey, Jolie. Want to give us a lift
to Taco Bell for lunch?

JOLIE
Yea. No prob.

HAROON
Cool man.

EXT. STUDENT PARKING LOT - DAY

Kids from the team pile into Jolie's Toyota Camry.

Six are already in the ride, Haroon tries to squeeze in.

MERLY
You want my spot?

HAROON
Ummm. Naw. Naw. I'm cool.

MERLY
You sure?

JOLIE
Jump in the trunk dude. It's not
far.

HAROON
You think so?

MERLY

That's ridiculous. Let's just bring you back something? What do you want?

HAROON

Uh. Just like a couple burritos. Here's a ten?

MERLY

No worries. I got you.

HAROON

Oh thanks man.

MERLY

No prob.

Marly closes the door. Haroon stands alone in the parking lot in his sombrero.

Jolie waves as they drive off.

JOLIE

I'll bring you some cinnamon twists too!

Haroon looks around and sees Ray staring at him from the top of some steps.

Haroon looks scared, tips his sombrero to hide his face.

INT. TOYOTA CAMRY - DAY

Jolie drives his teammates, all eating Taco Bell.

Go-go music blasting.

In the rearview mirror a Cop emerges.

MERLY

The cops just followed us from the left turn only lane.

ARIUS

I knew it. Did you see his face?

MERLY

That dude is always messing with us.

EXT. STEEP STREET

The kids hang out outside the car with one of the cops.

Merly with the other Cop by the cop car.

The argument between Merly and the Cops escalates. Merly prevents the cops from grabbing his empty looking bookbag.

Merly takes off sprinting between two of the houses.

The cops hustle after him, their large belts bouncing.

Jolie and the other kids stunned.

WENDEL

He's still dealing nickel bags I bet.

ARIUS

Naw man. It's because of that video. The Maple Ave thing...the one with Jolie's girl Henrietta.

JOLIE

She's not *my* girl.

ARIUS

That's not what she said before she started sucking everyone's dicks... Don't believe me. Y'all can see the VHS.

Arius pulls out his gold cain.

Jolie looks intensely shocked by this offer.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL-- MAIN OFFICE

The kids that were out to lunch are waiting in line getting slips for being late.

The Administrator returns with PRINCIPAL GANUS, a 350 pound black man who looks like an ex-football player.

PRINCIPAL GANUS

Arius. This is your fifth detention this semester. That means in-school suspension for the week. Starting now.

ARIUS

What!? Did you hear what happened
to us? We got harrassed by the cops
man!

Arius follows Ganus into the bowels of the main office. The Administrator takes another call, and the coast is suddenly clear.

Jolie and Wendel scope out an escape route - the security guard no longer at the door.

JOLIE

Come on man. Coast is clear.

They peek into the hallway and see security round a bend.

Jolie and Wendel run as quietly as possible in the opposite direction.

SECURITY GUARD

Wendel! Get your ass over hear.

WENDEL

What? What about Jolie?

SECURITY GUARD

He's in the magnet program. His
teacher will handle it.

Jolie doesn't dare look back.

JOLIE

(voice over)

And just like that, with Marley
arrested and Arius doing in-school,
I might just get some playing time?

INT. TRIG CLASS

Haroon enters and sits next to Jolie.

Haroon has double fresh black eyes.

The teacher and classroom is quite and dont even pay any attention to Jolie entering.

HAROON

I thought you said Ray wasn't gonna
mess with me man?

JOLIE

Woah. Dude. Are you alright?

HAROON
Do I look alright?

JOLIE
I'm sorry man.

HAROON
That's all you got?

JOLIE
No. Come on man.

HAROON
You said I just had to hold my
ground.

JOLIE
Well at least you've still got your
teeth.

HAROON
You're an asshole.

JOLIE
Let me get you back. Come to the
movies with me tonight dude. The
new Ice Tea flick is out. The
tickets on me. Coke, popcorn, the
whole nine.

Haroon rolls his eyes and shakes his head.

HAROON
The whole nine? It's a movie.

JOLIE
It's an Ice Tea flick and it's
gonna be tight as a mug.

Haroon looks disgusted and offended.

INT. DARK GHETTO MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Henrietta leans in close to Jolie's ear. They whisper to each other:

JOLIE
We had an early game today against
Paint Branch. And I scored 3
points.

HENRIETTA

You know I saw you with that
Cheerleader.

JOLIE

Come on. Enough with that. I washed
my hands already. So I can please
you.

HENRIETTA

Just tell me yall are hooking up.
It's OK if you are. I just want the
truth.

JOLIE

You want the truth. How is this?

Jolie reveals a plastic case meant for baseball cards. Out of
it he slides a small newspaper cut out.

A picture of Francisco getting arrested with the headline
'Sex Video Arrest.'

HENRIETTA

(ashamed)

Yeah. Francisco got arrested. What
about it?

JOLIE

I thought you said you didn't fuck
any of them.

HENRIETTA

I didn't.

JOLIE

Did you suck their dicks?

HENRIETTA

Jolie. It's none of your fucking
business.

JOLIE

Well everyone at school says you
did. And now they're saying there's
a video and that's why Francisco
and Merly got arrested.

HENRIETTA

They're not arrested. They got
questioned and shit and then they
got suspended.

JOLIE
How do you know?

HENRIETTA
Because I hear all the Maple Ave
stuff.

Haroon pretends to watch the movie but is obviously
uncomfortable.

HAROON
Shhh. It's getting good you know.

Henrietta and Jolie whisper more quietly.

HENRIETTA
Look, that's all beside the point.
Whatever you heard about me at
school, they don't know shit. It's
a lie. I already told you. I ran
away from home. That's it. Now
leave me alone.

JOLIE
Why did you let them take pictures?

HENRIETTA
I told you. I needed money.

JOLIE
For what?

HENRIETTA
Duh, an abortion. Does that make
you feel better. But I decided I
want this baby Jolie. I want a real
family. So I went to Pizza Hut for
dinner instead. The one on
University Boulevard, do you want a
receipt or something?

JOLIE
Where did you sleep that night?

HENRIETTA
I told you. I slept at the ATM
machine. Now stop it.

Henrietta is on the verge of tears and it cracks Jolie.

JOLIE
Dang. I know. I'm sorry. I'm such
an idiot.

HENRIETTA

But I love you. I just want to be with you now. And put all that in the past.

JOLIE

Why didn't you come to me then?

HENRIETTA

We had just met.

JOLIE

I know. Damn it. You could have slept on my couch, easy. My parents wouldn't have even cared.

We hear a killing on the screen.

They kiss.

The color cast on them shifts from a blue to a red. Jolie reaches under the starter jacket that lies across her lap.

HENRIETTA

Jolie. No.

JOLIE

You lied to me.

HENRIETTA

I didn't. I would never.

JOLIE

How do I know?

Henrietta guides his hand up between her legs and she closes her eyes, succumbing to his fingers.

HENRIETTA

Don't you trust me?

From behind them they are silhouettes against the Ice-T action pic "Surviving the Game."

A baby is crying somewhere in the theater.

The red light cast on them begins to flash rapidly. In and out of blackness.

Jolie peaks at a boy one seat away. (Jolie's basketball is in the seat between them, with Haroon's Batman toy sitting atop it.)

Henrietta breathes hard.

Jolie bites his lower lip.

ANONOMOUS MAN
 (O.C. yelling at the
 screen)
 Don't mess with his boy? You're
 gonna get it now! Un-hun!

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

JOLIE
 Haroon and I better get going. We
 gotta finish our Magnet project for
 R&E.

HENRIETTA
 Jolie, my Dad is picking us up. I
 thought you were gonna help me
 study?

JOLIE
 I would but I can't. This is like
 the biggest project of the year.

HENRIETTA
 I have a huge test tomorrow and if
 I don't pass this class I have to
 go to summer school.

JOLIE
 I know but Mr. Donaldson just
 assigned a huge thing-

HENRIETTA
 Haroon. Would you mind letting me
 talk to Jolie in private?

EXT. BEHIND THE MALL DUMPSTERS

HENRIETTA
 The only time we go out is to the
 movies, and you're always late, and
 it's always the late show.

JOLIE
 What are you talking about?

Henrietta rolls her eyes and looks upset.

HENRIETTA
 Jolie. I saw Christine was all over
 you at school.

JOLIE

She's just like that. She's a cheerleader.

HENRIETTA

Tell me something. What do you really want to do with your life?

JOLIE

What do I want to do?

HENRIETTA

Why do you repeat everything I say?

JOLIE

What do I wanna do? I mean, you know that, right?

HENRIETTA

You're five-eight.

JOLIE

Spud Web was five seven.

HENRIETTA

Jolie.

JOLIE

What?

Henrietta's father Mr. Aaronson, rolls up in a VW van and speaks from the window.

MR. AARONSON

So what's happening kids? Haroon said you guys were talking about important stuff?

HENRIETTA

Dad, we're fucking studying here! Do you mind?

MR. AARONSON

In the parking lot? I just wanted to see if you guys needed anything. I made Rice Krispy treats. They're still hot.

He showcases a saran wrapped tray.

HENRIETTA

Dad, have you seen how fucking fat I am!?

MR. AARONSON

Henrietta. Just because you don't want any doesn't mean Jolie doesn't. Tutoring is hard work, after all.

(to Jolie)

I tutored high school kids in Oakland in the 60's, and -

HENRIETTA

Dad, we all know the story of you saving kids in the ghetto, ok?

MR. AARONSON

Jolie, are you hungry?

JOLIE

Uh-

HENRIETTA

Jolie's bailing, Dad. Come on.

Henrietta hops into the Van.

MR. AARONSON

Oh. Well. That's cool. That's cool.

Henrietta looks bummed. She cups her stomach and looks at it. Then scowls at Jolie.

JOLIE

I'm really sorry, Mr. Aaronson, but-

HENRIETTA

Dad. Just drive please.

MR. AARONSON

No worries, Jolie. Catch you later.

Mr. Aaronson makes the West coast gang sign as a friendly gesture as a good-bye as he drives off.

Jolie and Haroon watch them leave.

INT. METRO - NIGHT

The train rumbles along.

HAROON

So you've been tutoring her in Algebra and that's it?

JOLIE

Yea.

HAROON

Whatever man.

JOLIE

What?

HAROON

I was sitting right there.

JOLIE

So?

HAROON

So man. I saw what was going on.
I'm not an idiot.

Jolie is silent.

HAROON (CONT'D)

You're ridiculous. I gotta jump
off.

JOLIE

What? I thought we were gonna play
street fighter?

HAROON

I can play dune at home on my PC.

JOLIE

What are you scared I'm gonna smoke
you like a blunt again?

HAROON

You wish. You can't touch my
skills.

JOLIE

I'd turn you into a straight
dikfor.

HAROON

What the hell is a dikfor?

JOLIE

You don't know what a dick's for!?
You fucking homo-thug!

Jolie jumps on the seat and shoves his crotch in Haroon's
face - thrusting hard. Several passengers laugh.

HAROON

Oww! Dude, you're peeling off my scab. Get off me! You know you've been a real jerk lately.

JOLIE

Damn, Ray really smashed your face didn't he?

HAROON

I think you're an asshole for lying to Henrietta and Christine.

JOLIE

I never lied to them.

The metro rumbles to a stop.

JOLIE

(cont)

I love them both.

Haroon exits.

Jolie looks longingly out of the window as the train pulls off.

INT. GYMNASIUM - LATE AFTERNOON

Post practice:

COACH DALE

Kiss! Can anyone tell me what KISS stands for?

Coach Dale underlines "KISS" on the blackboard.

All the bleachers are pushed in. The team gathered on the floor in practice jerseys. Five starters in white. The rest in red. All downtrodden.

Wendel wipes sweat off his chin.

Coach Dale eyes them down. Two dishevelled white assistant coaches flank Dale. A fat black man in a sweat-suit also hangs around, an unofficial assistant coach.

ASSISTANT #1 wears a gray sweat suit. ASSISTANT #2 sports a wrinkled dress shirt and tie. Both don clip boards and red whistles.

No one moves.

Jolie hesitantly gestures.

Coach Dale nods.

JOLIE

Uh, Keep it simple stupid.

COACH DALE

Why are you mumbling? Speak up.

JOLIE

Keep it simple stupid.

COACH DALE

That's right. Keep it simple stupid.

The team stares blankly.

COACH DALE

Ya'll screw up and say, "But I *thought...*"

(beat)

Kiss.

(beat)

Keep it simple. You guys are thinking too much on the court. Stay aggressive and maybe we'll have a chance of beating Springbrook without Francisco and Merly. We're short handed, especially at guard positions, so everyone has to be ready to play, especially you Jolie. You're as good as anybody on this team. I've seen you play great when we scrimmaged with JV.

(beat)

And everyone, no more bringing your stuff in a plastic bag. Get a real bag. Something canvas. Use an old backpack if you have to.

EXT. GYMNASIUM - DUSK

A few boys from the team and a few girls from the cheerleader squad are hanging around a track and field practice visible in the distance.

JOLIE

Arius, man. When can I see the VHS tape you mentioned?

ARIUS

What? Oh, it got erased. Didn't you hear the cops are on to the whole thing?

JOLIE

Yeah, but-

ARIUS

Man, Francisco is in the papers. You haven't seen?

(turns and tugs at a cheerleader)

Come here, girl. Sit on my lap.

Wendel lights a cig.

Jolie lays a towel over his head and turns to Wendel.

JOLIE

Henrietta didn't really fuck any of them, did she? I mean she was just posing nude for some photos, right?

WENDEL

Well, they just paid her to do a little strip tease or whatever but things escalated.

JOLIE

How can it just escalate?

WENDEL

How did World War 2 escalate? It just did. Someone pulled out his junk teasing her, and then she started messing around with her tongue on his balls, just laughing and stuff. And it just went from there.

JOLIE

Dude? If this is a psych, you got me. OK? Just tell me the truth.

WENDEL

I'm not lying. I'm dead serious. You can see for yourself.

JOLIE

It got erased I thought.

WENDEL

The original did. But Arius has a copy.

Jolie tugs on his underarm hair, worried.

They look over at Arius who is daydreaming.

ARIUS

(to himself)

Boooooom.

WENDEL

Arius!

Arius snaps out of it.

WENDEL

What happened to your head man?

ARIUS

The doctors said I was crazy so they took a little piece of my brain out.

WENDEL

No they didn't.

ARIUS

Yes they did. Look.

Arius shows off the top of his head

JOLIE

Damn.

CLOSE ON: Arius's brutal scar in his head. Arius pushes at it with his fingers.

ARIUS

See how soft it is?

JOLIE

Yeah.

Arius laughs. Looks around to make sure no one's listening in.

ARIUS

Come by Coach Dales office tomorrow at 3 o'clock.

(MORE)

ARIUS (cont'd)

While he's gone opening up the weight-room I'm showing the tape for five bucks a head. You have never seen anything like this, I promise you.

A yellow Geo Jeep with 5 very thugged out kids rolls up.

ARIUS

Arright y'all.

Arius gives them the finger from the packed with 6 Jeep as it speeds off (Geo's are equipt with only 4 seats)

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Everyone working away - Haroon and Jolie seated in the back with a giant stand alone magnifying glass.

The teacher MR. APPLEBAUM puts a paper on Jolie's desk labeled B+, then Haroon's, labeled B-.

HAROON

B minus!? Are you serious?

MR. APPLEBAUM

Watch the language Mister Mochtarzada.

HAROON

Did you even read this shit?

MR. APPLEBAUM

Thin ice Haroon.

HAROON

Come on Mr. Applebaum? The whole undercover hooker bust opening in this thing is genius.

MR. APPLEBAUM

It's not accurate Haroon. The OJ trial didn't begin until long after the Marion Barry bust.

HAROON

Duh. Everybody knows that. It's not an Encyclopedia. It's a story.

MR. APPLEBAUM

Haroon. This is a current events history class. I think you missed the point of the assignment.

HAROON

I think you missed the point of the story! The events were mixed up *because the character is mixed up.* You think I don't know -

MR. APPLEBAUM

Enough !

Stunned, Haroon walks back to his desk.

HAROON

(under his breath)
...fucking idiot...

MR. APPLEBAUM

Detention. Today.

The bell rings. The clock shows 3 o'clock sharp.

HAROON

Fucking dick-face man, it's not fair!

Haroon brushes his notebook and pencils onto the floor in frustration.

JOLIE

Shit man. I'm sorry dude. You deserved an A. It was tight as a mug.

HAROON

Don't placate me asshole. You didn't even read it like you said you would.

Haroon holds up his cast.

HAROON

It's just a broken arm and a couple black eye. Nothing to worry about right? Go hang with your stupid team.

Jolie looks at the clock as the room empties.

Jolie sheepishly leaves Haroon alone with Mr. Applebaum.

INT. HALLWAY

Jolie walks down a packed hallway and ducks into an office door.

As Coach Dale leaves his office Arius catches the door. The team slips in one by one. All hanging out nearby.

INT. BASKETBALL COACH OFFICE - DAY

Pictures and trophies are all over the cramped room, spanning decades.

The team and a group of cheerleaders are hanging out waiting for the video.

Arius pops the tape in.

ARIUS

Look, look, look. Look. Right here,
I told you.

Ad-lib hollers.

Some laugh.

ARIUS (CONT'D)

I told you she was turned out.

CHRISTINE

(to Jolie)

Damn.

JOLIE

Aw, man.

ARIUS

Hold up, I gotta rewind to the
funny part.

CHRISTINE

What a slut! That's that girl you
tutor right?

JOLIE

(stunned)

Yea. ...Henrietta Aaronson.

ARIUS

I told you! I told you! I told you!

Jolie looks devastated. The picture in a backwards blur -
rewinding, we can make out Henrietta.

ARIUS

Shhhhhh. Shhhhh. This is it.

On the television is Henrietta.

GUY BEHIND THE CAMERA

What's the password?

(beat)

Lemme see them shits again.

ARIUS

When he grabs her tits it looks like he's assessing a race horse. He's like - lemme check out this specimen.

Everyone laughs but Jolie.

GUY BEHIND THE CAMERA

What would your daddy say if he saw this?

HENRIETTA

(affecting a sexy voice)

He'd knock me out for the rest of my life.

The kids in the room break out into ad-lib excitement.

ARIUS

Pause it. Pause it. Pause it. Look. Right there. That's Francisco in the back.

In the background of the video is a doorway to a hallway, and crouched on the floor as if waiting for a long time, is Francisco.

CHRISTINE

Coach Dale is coming. I'm serious. He's coming now.

Wendel flips on the Sega Genesis. John Madden '95 appears on the screen.

Christine and Wendel each grab a controller.

Coach Dale enters.

COACH DALE

No weightroom today guys, we got some studying to do. This is a copy of last years Springbrook game. Get comfortable, this could be a while.

The cheerleaders gather themselves.

Coach Dale tries to insert the game tape but the VHS of Henrietta is still inside. He ejects the mystery tape, looks at it, unlabeled, and puts it in his bag.

COACH DALE

(cont.)

Girls, you are welcome to watch but please keep it down, we have our work cut out for us.

The cheerleaders leave, Christine the last to straggle along, grabs Jolie's hand briefly on the way out.

Coach Dale turn off the lights and presses play on the game tape.

Arius considers swiping the VHS. So does Jolie. But there's no opportunity.

The low quality recording of a game plays: one pixilated, long take.

The blue team scores. The white team - THE BLAZERS - in-bound the ball, and the camera pans following the action. The video as primitive as it gets.

Jolie is in a daze about what has seen with Henrietta.

Coach Dale pauses the tape.

COACH DALE

Now what was wrong with that shot?

(beat)

Jolie?

ARIUS

He shot on the first pass of a half court set.

COACH DALE

Are you Jolie?

ARIUS

(scowling at the coach)

Do I look like white to you?

Beat.

Coach Dale assails Arius, wrestling him into a hold on the floor.

COACH DALE

How does it feel?

ARIUS
Owww. My arm.

The other players stand back feeling awkward about the semi-abusive coach.

COACH DALE
How does it feel?

ARIUS
Ah. Ah. Ah.

COACH DALE
Look in my eyes. How does it feel?

ARIUS
Ahhhhh!

COACH DALE
If I ever see you back away from a rebound again I'm gonna bench you for the season. You wont play one second the whole year. You got that boy?

Arius pinned and cringing squirms, eyes tearing, shirt bunching up and revealing a tatoo on his back for "Maple Ave."

While everyone's distracted Jolie eyes the bag with the VHS, inching closer. Just as he's about to make his move the coach release Arius and sits back down.

Then he pounces on Arius again and Jolie quickly grab the tape.

ARIUS
Ahhhhh!

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Rain pours.

Jolie sits on a stump, drenched and pounding a can of Coca-Cola and holding a basketball.

Henrietta comes timidly down the path with an umbrella and flashlight, removing her Walkman headphones.

HENRIETTA
Jolie, you are soaking wet. What's going on? Why did you want to meet here in the middle of the night?

JOLIE

This. This tape is going on. I saw it. The whole team saw it.

Henrietta is silent.

JOLIE

You lied to me. Why?

Jolie puts the VHS on the stump and smashes it violently with his basketball. Then he pulls the tape out of the VHS cassette and throws it into the air dramatically.

JOLIE

Don't you have anything to say?!
Don't you?!

HENRIETTA

What the fuck?

Silence.

JOLIE

How could you lie to me like this?
How could you make a fool of me
like this?

HENRIETTA

How could I tell you when you never
listen?

JOLIE

Why? Why not? I love you.

Jolie hugs her.

HENRIETTA

Sometimes love is not enough.

Jolie just looks at her.

Jolie is dumb struck.

Henrietta hugs him.

HENRIETTA

I just couldn't tell you about
Maple Ave., Jolie. I just couldn't
let you down. Your a Magnet kid.
Your smart. Your excellent at
computer, math and science. You
don't understand where I'm coming
from. What's important to me.

Henrietta hides her face in his shoulder.

JOLIE

I think we shouldn't see each other anymore.

HENRIETTA

I think you're right.

JOLIE

You do?

HENRIETTA

(tearing up)

Yeah. This time I think you're actually right.

JOLIE

Kiss me one last time.

A beautiful silhouette kiss against the dark blue sky in the rain. Jolie's basketball in a glistening puddle. Magnetic tape from the VHS strewn about.

HENRIETTA

I never meant any of that to happen. Things just got out of control.

JOLIE

I'll tell your Dad I'm not your tutor anymore.

HENRIETTA

Thanks. Oh, and here. I want you to have this back.

Henrietta ejects her tape from her Walkman.

JOLIE

What's this?

HENRIETTA

It's Milkshake. The 95 R&B mix you gave me at our second tutoring session.

JOLIE

Oh. One of those tracks isn't even out yet though.

HENRIETTA

Yea, I know. And some are older. It's kind of fucked up.

JOLIE
Just like us I guess.

HENRIETTA
Just like everyone.

Jolie looks at the mixtape and Henrietta leaves him standing alone in the rain in the woods.

FADE OUT.

BLACKNESS

Hold.

INT. FOOTLOCKER

As Chris Rock would say, Jolie, Christine and Haroon are in the mall 'white people used to go to.'

Jolie takes a suede Timberland boot off the shelf.

JOLIE
Dude, I was thinking about getting some Tims.

HAROON
So what?

JOLIE
So you haven't noticed all the kids on the team wear them?

CHRISTINE
Duh.

HAROON
Man, with sandals you never have to tie your shoes. That's all I'm saying.

Jolie sizes up the boot next to his foot and looks in the mirror.

JOLIE
Do you have these in a size ten.
And bring a what -
(looks to Haroon)
Size 7? Yeah size seven for Haroon.

Footlocker kid nods and goes.

HAROON

I told you, man, I don't want Tims.
I'm a sandals guy. Like Jesus. And
Muhammad.

Haroon sits down defeated and looks in the mirror.

CHRISTINE

You'd look good in them, Haroon.
You should try them on. Come on. Be
cool.

Haroon looks at his toes, wiggles them.

Christine and Jolie french kiss as the Footlocker Kid returns with three boxes of shoes, stopping short to watch Jolie and Christine make-out. Haroon looks away sheepishly.

Begin the make out montage:

EXT. BLAZERS GYM PARKING LOT - DUSK

Run down gravel plot built to fit fifteen cars. Empty except for Jolie and Christine.

Wendel and Arius driving off in a bright yellow Geo jeep packed with 7 other kids.

Christine and Jolie are french kissing. Both wearing their Timberland boots.

EXT. BEAUTIFUL CEMETERY - NIGHT

On the bank of a stream.

Jolie unzips Christine's daisy dukes under the moonlight and traces her exposed skin with the tips of his fingers.

EXT. EMPTY "SAFEWAY" GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Drizzling.

Jolie's Toyota Camry is fogged up, and there are feet in the window.

INT. TACO BELL - NIGHT

Jolie and Christine are kissing.

CASHIER

Anything else with that?

We see Christine slip Jolie a lot of tongue.

EXT. TACO BELL PARKING LOT - DAY

Jolie and Christine walk out of the bell.

MR. AARONSON

Jolie.

Jolie turns to see Mr. Aaronson and Henrietta in their VW van. Henrietta sits all the way in the back wearing headphones.

JOLIE

Mr. Aaronson.

HENRIETTA

Dad.

MR. AARONSON

What's up? You kids want anything from the Bell.

JOLIE

We just ate. But thanks.

MR. AARONSON

OK, well. We're on for this Sunday right?

JOLIE

Oh. Uh, Henrietta didn't tell you? I, uh, can't tutor anymore.

MR. AARONSON

What? Uh, why not? Your Dad hasn't mentioned, uh.-

JOLIE

No, it's just, the team. Basketball is taking up so much time now is all. Getting ready for the playoffs and everything. Honestly, I'd be so tired I wouldn't even be any good.

MR. AARONSON

Dang, Well are you still gonna mow the lawn at least?

JOLIE

I could probably recommend someone. My buddy Haroon's older brother maybe.

The car behind them in line honks loudly.

MR. AARONSON

What's his number? Lemme grab a pen.

(shuffling through the glove box)

You sure you don't want a bean burrito or anything?

JOLIE

No. I'm good. It's-.

Honk!

HENRIETTA

Dad!

MR. AARONSON

I'll get it from your dad.

Jolie waves.

Henrietta glares at Jolie as they drive off.

CHRISTINE

Wow. She really hates you or something.

JOLIE

What do you mean?

CHRISTINE

Don't pretend like you didn't see that evil eye she gave you.

JOLIE

What evil eye?

INT. TOYOTA CAMRY

Parked.

CHRISTINE

You know their's a rumor going around that you were hooking up with her?

The engine roars to life.

JOLIE

Who? Henrietta?

Jolie blasts the AC - blowing their hair back.

Christine kills it.

CHRISTINE
Some people even say you're still
hooking up.

JOLIE
Henrietta Aaronson?

Jolie notches up the AC a touch.

JOLIE
I tutored her in algebra. Her dad
is a long time friend of the
family.

Jolie leans over and kisses Christine.

CHRISTINE
I was gonna say. Because she's
kinda pregnant.

JOLIE
I know, right. You'd have to be
twisted to get down with that.

Jolie bites into a bean burrito, some beans spilling down his
cheek.

INT. JOLIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Redman's Whatever Man is playing.

Jolie makes out with Christine.

CHRISTINE
Do you have a jimmy?

Jolie searches through his sloppy dresser drawers.

JOLIE
(voice over)
I never had to use a condom with
Henrietta.

CHRISTINE
Hurry up.

JOLIE
Dang. I don't see one here.

CHRISTINE
What?

JOLIE

Well maybe we can just do it a
little bit.

CHRISTINE

No way.

Christine rolls over.

Jolie is still for a moment.

JOLIE

(whispers)

I won't even do it. I'll just feel
it.

Jolie nestles close to her.

Beat.

The sheets move.

Christine lightly moans.

CHRISTINE

(barely audible)

Oh.

The covers begin to shuffle

CLOSE ON: Jolie's closed eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FANTASY SMOKE FILLED BASKETBALL COURT

A spotlight Jolie dribbling down a seemingly endless court.

Faint roars of an unseen sell-out crowd cheer him on.

JOLIE

(voice over)

In my head I kept thinking about
dribbling a basketball down an
endless basketball court, playing
point guard in the biggest game of
the year. The Springbrook game.

A spotlight Christine does a cartwheel followed by a split.

JOLIE

(voice over)

That kept me focused so I wouldn't
bust in about two seconds.

Jolie looks down at his soiled pants, forgetting his basketball that bounces off into darkness.

JOLIE
 (voice over)
 I was gonna pull out but...

Three old white referees, also spotlit, are blowing their whistles and pointing furiously at Jolie as they charge closer, revealing they all have the face of Mr. Aaronson.

BACK TO:

INT. JOLIE'S BEDROOM - THAT MOMENT

Jolie's face of extreme worry.

JOLIE
 Uh, I better not keep going.

CHRISTINE
 (under her breath)
 Oh. Fuck.

Silence.

Christine takes a few second to cool off.

CHRISTINE
 Have any music we can listen to?

JOLIE
 Yea.

Jolie grabs some sheets around him and walks over to desk with CDs and junk. In a sneaky manor he grabs a tissue and wipes himself clean, then grabs a Handi-Snacks wrapper and throws them in the trash together.

Then he pulls out an All Eyes on Me CD. We get a long close up of the cover.

The music begins to play.

Jolie and Christine cuddle.

CHRISTINE
 Do you ever wish you were Tu Pac?

JOLIE
 No. Do you?

CHRISTINE

Actually yeah. Sometimes.

JOLIE

Really? Shit, so do I. All the time.

CHRISTINE

I can't believe he shot those drunk cops and then the cops' guns turned out to be-

JOLIE AND CHRISTINE

-stolen.

CHRISTINE

Yeah. So cool right.

JOLIE

So SO cool.

Jolie and Christine kiss.

EXT. TACO HUT AT FOUR CORNERS - DUSK

The crossroads. Two huge four lane roads cross to form a massive intersection. Behind it, a Taco Bell parking lot full of cars.

A short line at the 'Drive-Thru.'

Kids from the team are hanging out by Jolie's Toyota Camry.

JOLIE

(voice over)

As the season rolled on, the Taco Hut became the spot to be. Some days I would just look around and soak it in. I couldn't believe I was even here.

ARIUS

That looks like one of them locks you can just bust with your hands.

They eye a girly looking chain that locks a new forest green girls mountain bike to a bike rack.

WENDEL

I don't think so. The rack thing's not, like, stuck down.

Arius contemplates breaking the lock. He sips the last of his huge soda, the cup still heavy from ice, and launches it over a few parked cars. It crashes loudly in a dumpster.

ARIUS
Arright ch'all.

Arius walks away toward the rack.

He yanks the new shiny green mountain bike with two arms up toward his chest. The entire bike rack jerks off the ground but the lock doesn't break.

Arius walks on like nothing has happened. Disappears among the parked cars - the sun setting behind them.

INT. BLAIR BLAZERS HIGH SCHOOL FOYER

A large entrance-way with drop ceilings, a black floor, and red trim.

The Blazers Emblem is mounted high. A giant copper shield divided into four, like something out of a gladiator movie.

It's lunch period and kids from the team are hanging out. Jolie, Haroon, Vlad and Christine are nearby.

CHRISTINE
(whispering)
Jolie. I have to tell you something. Wanna go outside for a sec?

JOLIE
(eyes on Ray approaching)
Sure.

Ray, walking past, intentionally brushes Haroon with his shoulder. Haroon drops his Handisnacks - his crackers crumbling across the floor.

RAY
Dead man.

ARIUS
You're not gonna do shit.

RAY
This aint about you.

ARIUS
Man just chill out.

RAY

Fuck you.

ARIUS

You're just rude. That's why your Mom beat your ass growing up.

RAY

Keep talking about my Mom nigga. I'll smash your fucking nigga lips in.

In a flash Arius wrenches Ray by the collar, swings him around into the tall windows and they slam into them.

ARIUS

Say it again.

Ray throws a punch and a fight breaks out. Kids come running to watch from different classrooms.

Arius gets Ray by the collar again and swing him around into the window but this time they fall through the glass.

Ray lands on his back outside. Arius falls forward hanging half out of the window and glass punctures his gut.

ARIUS

My fucking gut. I'm bleeding all over my fucking Guess. My Guess shit man!

RAY

Ah fuck man. I'm OK. I think I'm OK.

A large crowd has gathered around the blood and broken window in the aftermath of a fight.

ARIUS

Ah shit, man! Ahhh! My fucking gut is burning!

JOLIE

Holly shit. You need help. Someone call an ambulance.

HAROON

Whoa dude. That is a lot of blood. Where is he going?

JOLIE

I dunno.

Arius hobbles around leaving a trail of blood on the linoleum tiles as Principal Ganus and Mr. Applebaum appear on the scene and hold him up.

PRINCIPAL GANUS

An ambulance is on the way.

Arius is hobbled out. Ray is shepparded off by Mr. Applebaum..

A trail of small spats of blood across the linoleum floor.

Principal Ganus is surveying the scene with a few of the kids who were present.

INT. PACKED BLAZER GYM - NIGHT

The crowd is filled with energy.

Brightly lit. A home game. Everything is red, white, and black.

The glossy floor shines like it has just been polished.

Go-go music, blasting over the sub-par audio system, fades out.

The fifteen Blair Blazers in their red and white warm ups have taken center court for a ritual.

Huddled in a pack, hunched over and jumbled together with their arms around each other, swaying back and forth, they get pumped up:

WENDEL

Who's house?

WHOLE TEAM

OUR HOUSE!

WENDEL

Who's house?

WHOLE TEAM

OUR HOUSE!

WENDEL

Who's house?

WHOLE TEAM

OUR HOUSE!

Ad-lib hollers in excitement as the huddle breaks and they head for the bench.

Players wipe the soles of their shoes on the way over.

COACH DALE
OK, starting five. Let's go.

Five players shed their warm ups and gather on the bench. Jolie is one of the starters.

COACH DALE
OK, we're gonna come out in a
twenty-two going black on made
buckets. Wendel and Jolie up front.

Everyone puts their hands in together in a circle.

COACH DALE
Defense on three.

WENDEL
Defense on three. One! Two! Three!

LATER

The bench players have formed an entry way for the starters to take the court.

On a crappy microphone:

ANNOUNCER
Starting at point guard. Number
twenty two. Joel "Jolie" Jolson.

Jolie trots the isle of his teammates. Wendel stoically slaps fives and gives pounds as he takes center floor.

He takes in the experience - looking at the huge crowd in the stands around him. All applauding.

Jolie's smile fades, and we see he has spotted Henrietta in the crowd, and not far from her - Christine.

Whistle!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BLAZERS GYM - GAME TIME

The noises of the game and crowd are very frantic and everything is fast paced.

Coach Dale looks at the clock - 30 second left, Blair is down 1 with the ball.

COACH DALE

Jolie! Get back in the game! Take
Pistol.

Jolie barrels toward check-in ripping off his warm-ups (top and bottom), squats at mid court - the buzzer sounds - he taps Pistol an underhand five.

JOLIE

Who you got?

Pistol points at a huge BLOND DUDE who pounds his chest ferociously.

A buzzer indicating a substitution.

Jolie is passed the ball - he puts a quick move on his man, jab step and cross, slicing through the lane. He fakes a pass behind his back and goes up for a lay up when his shot is blocked and he is slammed violently by a help-side defender.

The ref blows his whistle hard and gestures - calls a foul.

Jolie is on the ground in pain, holding his hand, wincing.

INT. JOLSON'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jolie still in his basketball attire, looks down over a large bandage on his thumb.

The microwave buzzes.

ELLIOTT

That was a great move you made. You would have been on the line for two if that guy didn't injure you.

Jolie pushes his food away.

JOLIE

Owwwww! My thumb. Sharp pain just shot all the way threw my neck.

ELLIOTT

Are you alright?

JOLIE

Yeah.

ELLIOTT

More ravioli or anything. I could microwave some more.

JOLIE
No, I'm good.

INT. HENRIETTA'S HOME - DAY -- STAIRWELL

HENRIETTA
I don't care if I go to Summer
School!

Crumpled on the steps, Henrietta shrieks again.

HENRIETTA
This shit is meaningless! Who gives
a crap!?

A paper on the floor is marked with a big fat red F with a
circle around it.

A note is paper-clipped to the corner of the page.

Henrietta shrieks again - launches her TI-81 Calculator at
Mr. Aaronson, who dodges and it breaks a few plates that were
on display.

Mr. Aaronson acts fast.

MR. AARONSON
(mumbling)
You're gonna break this thing.

He checks the calculator and bee lines for the phone.

MR. AARONSON
(genuinely amazed by her
anger)
Unbelievable.

He dials - in the background kitchen Henrietta's STEP-MOM
rises and comes to check out the commotion.

STEP-MOM
(O.S.)
Did Henrietta just break my
grandmother's China?

MR. AARONSON
(grabbing the phone)
Shhhh.

Henrietta's shriek carries over into:

INT. LIVINGROOM

Jolie and Elliott eat ice cream - they both look very tired.

Jolie lies on the couch, still in uniform.

The late nights lurid news plays on a small white television.

MALE NEWS ANCHOR

(on the television)

They said 'had they known it was
Jordan's Dad they never would have
done it...'

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR

If only they had seen the license
plate... Airness, they might have
known.

On the TV: Jordan's Dad's Red Lexus 400, parked, now with a
smashed back window as well. The shot zooms into the license
plate - AIRNESS.

The phone rings.

Elliott checks the circa 90's caller ID - a separate box
wired to the phone.

ELLIOTT

The Aaronsons? At this hour? Should
I get it?

JOLIE

I don't know?

ELLIOTT

(answers)

Hello.

EXT. JOLIE'S HOME - NIGHT

Jolie in his uniform and Timberland boots, and his Dad
Elliott in boxers, a T-shirt and barefoot, run to the
minivan.

ELLIOTT

They think only you can talk her
off the ledge.

Jolie looks like a deer in headlights.

JOLIE

Why me?

ELLIOTT

That's what she said.

JOLIE

Really? Dang.

ELLIOTT

Well she's not literally on a ledge. Figuratively. Do you know what figuratively means?

JOLIE

Duh. Come on, Dad. Just drive.

They hop in the van.

EXT. STREETS OF TAKOMA PARK

The drive past a sign that symbolizes 'Caution, Kids at Play.'

INT. HENRIETTA'S LIVINGROOM

Jolie, still in his pajamas, walks up the steps then stops to look down them with frightened hesitation in his eyes.

The four parents look up - some give a few encouraging nods.

MR. AARONSON

You don't have to do this.

JOLIE

Don't worry, I know how to help Henrietta get her shit together.

ELLIOTT

Jolie.

JOLIE

Dad. Come on. You know what I mean.

INT. HENRIETTA'S BEDROOM

Total darkness. No TV. No overhead light. Both kids are wearing white.

Henrietta's stands in front of a mirror, face wet and red from crying.

Jolie hugs her from behind.

JOLIE

Henrietta, your Dad showed me the test. It was bad, but if you get an A on your last exam you'll still pass.

He flicks on a soft warm lamp and kisses her neck.

JOLIE (CONT'D)

You just gotta learn to distribute.

HENRIETTA

You really think I don't know how to do that shit?

JOLIE

What?

HENRIETTA

That test isn't why I was so mad.

JOLIE

What is it then? You can talk to me. You can tell me anything.

HENRIETTA

I wasn't invited with you guys to the Tyson fight tomorrow. The one on pay TV. I heard everyone was going and I just flipped out. I mean what's the deal?

JOLIE

What? You mean the Bowe fight?

HENRIETTA

Yeah. Bowe, Tyson, whatever. The point is the whole team's going.

JOLIE

Yeah. It's pretty much just a team thing though.

HENRIETTA

No it's not. Wendel, Arius, and Codroy are all bringing girls.

JOLIE

Oh. I didn't know that. Well, why don't I just call you when I figure out what time we're going.

HENRIETTA

Well the fight is at eight, right?

Henrietta puts her hand on his leg.

JOLIE

Is it?

HENRIETTA

Yeah. And everyone's going to Muhammad Ali's Rotisserie Chicken at City Place.

She slides her hand up.

JOLIE

Oh.

HENRIETTA

Yeah.

JOLIE

Well, I don't know. You have a lot of studying.

Uneasy with her advances, Jolie plucks a Cliff Livingston basketball card off the wall.

JOLIE

Cliff Livingston. I forgot about that guy.

Henrietta goes for a kiss.

JOLIE

Henrietta. Come on? We're not together anymore.

HENRIETTA

(suddenly angry)

You know Spud Web only gets a roster spot because he's a circus freak. He shouldn't be there, and that's why he sells tickets. Don't you get it. He's not good, he's just a draw. Is that what you want to be, a circus freak?

JOLIE

He won the dunk contest. The guy's a beast. You're way out of your league.

HENRIETTA

The league is about making money. Jolie, the only reason you even got on varsity is because your Dad paid for the new uniforms. You never would have made it even with Francisco getting arrested. Don't you realize that?

JOLIE

No he didn't.

HENRIETTA

Yes he did. They cost over two thousand dollars. How could you not know that? I mean you made Varsity at Blair after being cut from JV last year. When have you ever seen that happen?

The news hits Jolie hard.

JOLIE

That's not true. Where did you hear that?

HENRIETTA

My Dad talking to your dad on the phone in the kitchen.

Jolie looks at his bandaged hand - lost in deep depressing thought.

Henrietta leans into Jolie. Strokes his leg. Jolie, defeated, leans into her comforting arms.

HENRIETTA

I still love you, though. None of that matters to me.

Henrietta kisses him.

He kisses her back.

Henrietta's father knocks.

HENRIETTA

Dad, we're studying here! Do you mind?

MR. AARONSON

(off screen)

Sorry. I just wanted to see if you guys needed anything.

Silence for a moment as the kids are frozen, then we hear him head down stairs.

Jolie lies down and Henrietta spoons him. They cuddle.

EXT. HENRIETTA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A full moon illuminates: Jolie leaves with his Dad and a big fat rice crispy treat in his mouth.

They pass a Black Volvo and an old Red Volkswagen Bug and Golden Retriever sleeping in the yard.

They hop into the Minivan. Jolie takes a big bite of the rice crispy treat as they drive past a "speed hump" sign.

JOLIE

(voice over)

It must have been good for
Henrietta too, because afterwards,
she didn't mention joining the team
to the Bowe fight, she didn't
mention Christine, she didnt
mention nothing.

As they drive off Jolie looks back at Henrietta's home getting smaller and smaller. A speed hump sign in the foreground, and a basketball hoop set up on the street.

JOLIE

(voice over)

Still though, I was worried she'd
show anyway. If she did, I didn't
know what I was gonna do.

EXT. CITY PLACE MALL - NIGHT

Wide, dark, empty streets, lit up by pools of light from street lamps.

Haroon and Jolie cross to: Muhammad Ali's Chicken, a restaurant with TV's in the windows, and a color scheme of red, black, and white.

HAROON

So she was just pissed because you
didn't invite her to this?

JOLIE

Yeah.

HAROON

But it sounds like she was really
freaking out. I mean you said she
smashed their PC.

JOLIE

Yeah, when I first got there she
didn't even have any clothes on.

(MORE)

JOLIE (cont'd)
She threw her pajamas into the
fireplace. I swear to God.

HAROON
I don't know. I mean maybe
something more is going on?

They pass a BLIND BLACK MAN in a black suit poking around a
seeing-eye stick, trying to orient himself.

HAROON (CONT'D)
I mean, she's pregnant and it
sounds like she's keeping the baby.
Like she's fulfilling some need or
something.

JOLIE
Yeah - the need for something.

They cackle.

HAROON
You wear a condom right?

JOLIE
I don't have to. She's pregnant.

They laugh harder.

HAROON
Ah man. Ah man. That is crazy.

INT. CITY PLACE MALL

They enter and their demeanors shift - they both affect
bravado.

HAROON
(softly)
Have you ever been here?

JOLIE
(softly)
Not for a fight?

INT. MUHAMMAD ALI'S CHICKEN

Haroon and Jolie walk threw looking for their friends; we
take in the setting as they do.

An old dude finishes a coke through a straw; we hear the loud
bubbling noise. The giant plastic cup has a picture of
Muhammad Ali in his prime.

B & W Muhammad Ali posters fill the walls. Ali stands in glory over his unconscious opponents, or lays blows to their faces, sweat frozen in the air as it flies from their bodies.

The food is laid out cafeteria style. The tables and booths are a step above any fast food joint. Televisions hang from every angle, some even face the streets to attract pedestrians.

On every television, without exception: a boxing match. Bowe versus a large white guy, Golota.

Watching are about a hundred and fifty black people of all ages, mostly male, packing the restaurant.

The crowd subdued by the early rounds.

Jolie finds his friends from the team and their girlfriends lining the shiny metal railing that guides people along the buffet style assortment of chicken and biscuits.

Jolie is the only white person in the whole spot.

CHRISTINE

Hey.

JOLIE

Hey.

CHRISTINE

Did you see those guys who killed Jordan's Dad got life?

JOLIE

Yeah. I did.

CHRISTINE

They said, if only they had seen the license plate, Airness. They --

JOLIE AND CHRISTINE

Never would have done it.

HAROON

Dude, my dad just 911-ed me.

JOLIE

When did you get a pager?! That is tight, dude.

HAROON

Last week. You just haven't been around that much.

Haroon peels off as the crowd ad-libs excitement. Jolie looks to the match.

We see the fight itself, close up on the television:

Bowe has Golota cornered.

A couple of blows are deflected and Golota, the lug, clinches Bowe in a bear hug.

Disappointment from the crowd.

WENDEL

A sucker move.

The crowd roars again, but this time they rush to the windows - jostle for a view of the street where:

INT/EXT. MUHAMMAD ALI'S CHICKEN

Two black kids wrestle on the sidewalk.

We see Haroon behind them on the pay-phone, watching.

The kids fighting have jeans that are falling off and one of them has lost a gym shoe.

In the windows everyone cheers them on, pounding the Plexiglas. Including Jolie and Christine.

Above them in the windows are two televisions of the fight, that face the street. In the TV, the boxers and the referee shuffle aimlessly around the ring.

The kids on the sidewalk are scrappy; they grab and stretch at shirts; neither can escape the others' grasp.

They reach a stalemate, knotted awkwardly and exhausted; fury replaced by heavy breathing; one has a bloody nose and a huge scratch on the cheek

FIGHT KID 1

You ripped my Polo shit,
motherfucker! You ripped my Polo
shit!

FIGHT KID 2

You scratched my face, nigger!

The crowd watches the stalemate and the cheering and pounding mellows, slowly they bore, returning to their seats.

Suddenly on the television there is a whirlwind of action and punches are chaotically thrown by both fighters.

The crowd erupts at the televisions.

The kids on the sidewalk remain tangled, breathing hard.

On television Golota throws a combo of blows below the belt and Bowe tumbles to the mat. The referee jumps and waves furiously at the penalty which he reports to the judges in a series of arm waves and animated hand signals.

We see the people in the front rows at the boxing match, almost all white, and wearing glamorous suits and dresses.

The patrons go berserk.

Extreme close-up on the replay: Golota pounding Bowe in the nuts; Bowe's face distorted in pain.

Ad-lib excitement from everyone but Jolie who is looking over at the entrance.

JOLIE

(voice over)

Strangely Henrietta never showed. I should have been relieved, but instead I felt awful. It was like yesterday we were in love and today she didn't even care I was with Christine.

They all look at the TV - Golota has won - his arm is raised, he's the new champion of the boxing world.

EXT. BLAIR BLAZERS GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

The little gravel parking lot is filled to the brim. Kids of all shapes and sizes are gathering. Some carry signs. Most are wearing red and white.

The opposing school kids wear blue.

COACH DALE

(O.S.)

This is what it all comes down to.

EXT. NEARBY SUBURBAN STREETS

The streets lined with cars.

Kids and parents walk in droves.

COACH DALE

(O.S.)

This is where we find out what we're made of.

EXT. TICKET BOOTH WINDOW IN GYMNASIUM

The line spirals around the corner and down the steps.

COACH DALE

(O.S.)

What we have trained for, not just
this season, but for you seniors,
the last four years.

CLOSE ON: A ticket torn at the door. One in a long line.

INT. BLAZERS WEIGHT ROOM

Coach Dale is directly in front of a stand alone chalk board.

COACH DALE

(O.S.)

Is it unfair that we drew
Springbrook in the first round?
Yes. Random seeding is only because
the sorry white schools complained
to the school board about always
losing in the first round. When I
was younger the regular season
meant something around here.

Coach Dale begins diagraming the board.

COACH DALE (CONT'D)

But that means nothing now. We
gotta go out and play no matter
what. We're gonna open in a one-
twenty-two. Wendel on the ball,
Pistol on the two. Falling back
into the half court, we go one-
twenty FIVE. Forcing left. Trap and
take the throwback.

(suddenly disturbed)

Where's Jolie?

ASSISTANT COACH

He's such a goof ball, man. This is
the playoffs. Where is he at?!
Who's seen Jolie?!

INT. LOCKERROOM SHOWERS

Three Cheerleaders drag Jolie, with his bandaged thumb, to
the showers. Jolie looks genuinely scared.

JOLIE

Ms. Bart. I know you're the cheerleading coach and all, but this really better be important. I'm supposed to be in the weight-room by now.

CHEERLEADING COACH

You're injured. And like I said, this is more important than any basketball game. This is life or death Jolie.

They arrive at the last shower stall - Christine on her knees in tears.

JOLIE

Christine?

Jolie steps into the shower.

The Coach leaves them alone.

CHRISTINE

Jolie. I haven't had my period in three months.

She sobs.

Jolie gets on his knees.

JOLIE

Well, maybe you should get one of those things and check it out.

CHRISTINE

A pregnancy test?

JOLIE

Yeah.

CHRISTINE

I did.

(she cries)

I'm pregnant with your baby.

She cries and shivers.

Beat.

JOLIE

No worries. My Dad will let me put it on his credit card. Trust me.

She cries.

Suddenly Jolie has a face of determination. He unwraps his bandaged thumb and throws it on the floor.

CHRISTINE

Oh God. I'm sorry.

JOLIE

No. It's not your fault. I gotta run though. Let's talk about this after the game, OK? The team needs me.

Christine nods but clearly wants to refuse.

CHRISTINE

What for? You're injured anyway.

JOLIE

I'm ok though. I can play through it. do you understand. I just gotta do this?

CHRISTINE

What? I just told you I'm pregnant with your baby. Doesn't that mean anything.

JOLIE

Tonight I'm gonna play for you and our baby.

Jolie kisses her and runs off.

INT. WEIGHTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jolie sneaks in.

Coach Dale notices.

ASSISTANT COACH

Jolie! Where the hell have you been!?

JOLIE

I got stuck with no toilet paper, coach.

ASSISTANT COACH

Damn man. This is the biggest game of the year.

JOLIE

I know. It wasn't my fault. I gotta be light on my feet.

ASSISTANT COACH

You make me sick.

COACH DALE

Bring it in.

JOLIE

My hand is all better. Look.

Jolie takes a ball from an assistant coach and pounds it showing no sign of pain. Then palms it in his bad hand.

Dale stares at him like he's a fool.

WENDEL

Let's go baby! Bring it in.

The coaches exit, and the players quiet down for a quick prayer.

TEAMMATES

Hail Mary Full of Grace, the lord is with you, blessed are you among women, and blessed is the fruit of your womb, Jesus. Holy Mary Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen.

ARIUS

Domination baby! Domination!

The team snaps into game mode forming a single file line.

The two assistant coaches scramble in with game balls and hand them off to the first and second players in line. Jolie ditches his practice ball and files in.

The players start clapping in rhythm. One. One, two. One. One, two.

JOLIE

(voice over)

That night. I never played. None of us did. Because there never was a game. Before the opening tip even kicked it off a fight between schools broke out in the crowd. Some fired a gun twice, and all hell broke loose.

EXT. GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

All of Wayne Avenue fills with police cars.

Mobs of kids and parents and players flee the scene. Among them are all the characters we know.

WENDEL and WENDELS MOM duck into their old Buick.

Christine's and CHRISTINE'S MOM run for their Lexus.

Mr. Aaronson and Henrietta run for their VW van.

HAROON'S DAD and ZEKE and Haroon sneaks him off to the gold 80's Nissan hatchback.

Jolie and Elliott run and duck behind the red Nissan Quest mini van.

ELLIOTT

Jolie, are you OK?

JOLIE

Yeah. Was that gun shots?

ELLIOTT

I don't know. Stay down just in case.

From the van, Jolie and Elliott see Francisco, Arius and Hunio all running into the woods among the chaos.

INT. MAIN OFFICE

Lined with windows, yields a view to an empty hall.

Jolie sits, waiting...sees Christine and a couple other cheerleaders, no longer in uniform, pass by. Jolie waves and Christine holds up both hands as if to say "come on" and continues walking...

Suddenly a group of black girls come barreling down the hallway like they are possessed.

They are followed in droves by other minorities.

Black girls bounce up and down and cry and paw at each other.

Black boys and kids of other races, not quite as ecstatic but still amazed join the celebration.

A couple of kids are slammed loudly against the window in the excitement.

Through the glass Jolie can hear:

BLACK GIRL
We won! We won! We won!

SUPERIMPOSE in the top left corner in white letters: OJ Simpson was just found not guilty.

The hallway is growing into total commotion and chaos.

Jolie walks through the doorway into the hall and the camera follows without a cut.

Jolie looks out of place as he takes it all in.

The wild scene rages.

Jolie looks back into the main office.

Ray comes out of Principal Ganus's door. His eyes red from tears, he curses to himself.

Principal Ganus emerges, acknowledges the commotion in the hallway.

PRINCIPAL GANUS
What the hell is going on out there?

JOLIE
OJ Simpson....not guilt.

Principal Ganus is stone faced. He gestures Jolie into his office.

Ray brushes shoulders with Jolie.

RAY
You're dead.

PRINCIPAL GANUS
Look who you're stepping to, Ray. A little white boy?

Ray blows it off.

PRINCIPAL GANUS
(beat)
Jolie. Come with me.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE

PRINCIPAL GANUS

Look. I'm not proud of what happened in that gym.

Surrounded by proud school ornaments and paraphernalia.

Jolie sits alone in a chair, an empty chair adjacent him.

PRINCIPAL GANUS

Everyone who was caught fighting is being suspended for a minimum of three days. And that includes most of the team. But a suspension for you would only tarnish the reputation of the Magnet program. So...

Principal Ganus thumbs through a manila envelope.

PRINCIPAL GANUS

You're going to do this school a favor,
(beat)
at the international math meet.

He hands Jolie a form.

PRINCIPAL GANUS

You were great your freshman year. Your calculus teacher tells me your still great, but for some reason you quit.

JOLIE

I made JV that year.

PRINCIPAL GANUS

Well, there's going to be no rematch of the Springbrook playoff game. Both teams are forfeiting. So now you've got plenty of time, that's for damn sure.

JOLIE

They're not rescheduling our game? That's insane.

PRINCIPAL GANUS

The math team needs you Jolie. We're on the verge of nationals.

(MORE)

PRINCIPAL GANUS (cont'd)
 This year we settles for nothing
 less than number one, second to
 none.

(beat)
 In whole numbers.

The principal laughs at his own joke.

PRINCIPAL GANUS
 You can go now.

Stunned, Jolie grabs his bag and heads for the door.

PRINCIPAL GANUS
 Oh, one more thing. You will also
 join the team for an additional 40
 hours of community service, as part
 of the new "Adopt a Highway"
 Program. It's part of the team
 punishment.

INT. BALZERS HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

JOLIE
 It's not fair man. I mean everyone
 got suspended on the team but me.
 Just because I'm in the Magnet.

HAROON
 Wake up dude. Life's not fair. Who
 ever said it was.

JOLIE
 Are you sure you wanna do that?
 We're in the middle of C hall.

HAROON
 I told you. I don't give a fuck.

JOLIE
 Really? On Mr. Applebaum's door?
 Yall have been warring. He's gonna
 know it was you.

HAROON
 So what?

Haroon pulls out a spray-paint can and writes the words
 'Thugg Life' over Mr. Applebaum's classroom door and wall.

JOLIE
 (soft)
 Jesus Christ, man.
 (MORE)

JOLIE (cont'd)
You just sprayed painted 'thugg
life' on Mr. Applebaum's door.

HAROON
I know. Duh.

They admire the work for a moment. Then run for cover.
They burst through an exit and out into the blinding light.

EXT. SCHOOL ZONE

Haroon and Jolie run into the teachers' parking lot ducking
between cars as they catch their breath.

JOLIE
You could get suspended for that.

HAROON
Who cares? What does school even
matter?

JOLIE
What's gotten into you?

HAROON
I don't know.
(beat)
Maybe my parents are getting
divorced and you don't even know
about it.

JOLIE
Are you serious?

Haroon draws the spray can like he's about to go to work on
the cars, but Jolie fights him for it.

HAROON
Gimmie my spray-paint! Owww. Fuck
you.

JOLIE
It's for your own good. This car
belongs to Principal Ganus.

They stair each other down.

HAROON
I swear, of all the things you have
to worry about.

JOLIE
What's that supposed to mean.

HAROON
Come on dude.

JOLIE
Come on what?

HAROON
Are you numb? The whole school
knows Christine is pregnant with
your baby.

JOLIE
Dude. It's not like that. She's
gonna get an abortion. She comes
from a wealthy family.

HAROON
So what if she does. Doesn't it
mean anything to you?

JOLIE
I don't know. I don't know what it
means. It just happened.

Jolie ponders the situation. Haroon shakes his head.

Jolie pulls out a magic marker and begins to write on the
car.

HAROON
Magic marker? That is so lame.
Don't get me started.

Haroon pops the top of his spray can and begins to shake it.

INT. JOLIE'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

Lit by a TV, the room could be it's own apartment.

Wendel sleeps with a Super Nintendo controllers in his laps,
on a futon. Arius, Codroy and a few kids from the team are
asleep all around the room.

JOLIE
(V.O.)
Once everyone heard that I got
Christine pregnant, it was like I
was the coolest kid in school.
(MORE)

JOLIE (cont'd)

All the kids from the team wanted to hang at my place while my parents were gone. And even some cheerleaders came too.

Christine and Jolie make-out, lying on the floor/power pad.

JOLIE

(V.O., cont.)

I told them all it was Haroon who spray-painted 'Free Mike Tyson,' and even he was cool too.

Haroon, half asleep, sparking the tail end of a blunt.

JOLIE

(V.O., cont.)

We even smoked a blunt. It was our first time getting blazed and drunk.

Soda cans, crumbs, bags of chips, and other treats and wrappers are scattered around.

On the television: the audience laughs wildly at a Monkey doing sign language on the Carson show.

JOHNNY CARSON

(on television)

What's he saying now? What's he signing?

The guest interprets.

GUEST

(on television)

He wants to say he loves you all, and he wishes he could hang onto these people a little longer, connect with them a little deeper, before it's all over.

The Carson crowd laughs wildly.

Jolie's hand slides up Christine's skirt.

CHRISTINE

(whispering)

Jolie! No way. Not until you know what.

JOLIE

(whispering)

Don't worry.

CHRISTINE

(whispering)

When? You've been saying you're gonna get your Dad's credit card for like a month. Time is of the essence here, duh.

JOLIE

(whispering)

I told you I'm on it. First thing when my parents get back. But this is the best time to do it because we dont have to wear a condom. Come on, let's go upstairs. Trust me.

He reaches back up her skirt.

CHRISTINE

(whispering)

No means no, Jolie.

Christine pushes him away.

Haroon comes out of the bathroom.

HAROON

(whispering)

Dude. I am blazed out of my mind right now, but I think someone's hiding in your shower?

JOLIE

(whispering)

Forreal?

HAROON

(whispering)

Yeah, dude. Check it.

Jolie grabs a portable phone, bracing himself for battle.

INT. BATHROOM

JOLIE

Who's there?

HENRIETTA

Jolie.

JOLIE

Damn Henrietta. You scared the shit out of me.

HENRIETTA

How could you?

She opens the curtains.

JOLIE

What? What are you doing in my
basement bathroom?

HENRIETTA

I'm catching you cheating with
Christine! You asshole!

JOLIE

Shhh. People are sleeping.

HENRIETTA

Don't lie to me. You think I don't
know shit. She's pregnant with your
baby.

JOLIE

Whao.

HENRIETTA

You think the Maple Ave. kids don't
hear mad junk about the Magnet
kids.

JOLIE

Henrietta, relax.

HENRIETTA

I know about all that stuff, how
y'all hooked up during floor hockey
intramurals under the trampoline.
Everything. You think I don't have
friends? I have friends!

Henrietta starts crying.

JOLIE

Come on, I know you have friends
Henrietta.

HENRIETTA

You think I'm a fool? I watched you
make out with her on the Power-pad
two second ago!

Crying, Henrietta exits.

The basketball team and cheerleaders have woken up from the
argument, and are now enraptured by the drama.

Jolie and Haroon looks like dear in headlights.

CHRISTINE

All this time you've been hooking up with some pregnant girl failing out of school. I am so fucking humiliated right now. Don't you ever, ever, ever so much as speak to me again. Come on girls.

Christine and three other cheerleaders leave the party.

WENDEL

Damn Jolie, all the girls just bounced.

ARIUS

Yea, let's get out of here.

The kids from the team leave and Jolie and Haroon stand alone.

HAROON

Damn man. I better go too. This shit is too fucked up right now.

Jolie stands all alone.

EXT. MAPLE AVE - NIGHT

The street sign reads Maple Ave.

It is lined with tall apartment buildings. Government housing. Bus stops. And cheap liquor stores and sub shops.

Jolie walks down the street.

JOLIE

(V.O.)

The next day I found out Christine had the abortion on her own. She said she asked the doctor to see the fetus.

Jolie approached one of the apartment buildings.

JOLIE

(V.O., cont.)

The doctor said she wasn't supposed to showed it, but did anyway.

Jolie buzzes up to an apartment.

INT. MAPLE AVE APARTMENTS - NIGHT

ELEVATOR

Jolie rises.

JOLIE

(V.O., cont.)

Christine said the dead fetus
looked like a baby squirrel. Like
the ones that fall out of the nest
and are on the sidewalk dead with
no fur yet. I guess it went well
though.

ARIUS'S APARTMENT

The living room of a small dim one bedroom.

Sensual R&B tunes play softly from a small radio.

JOLIE

(V.O., cont.)

After that Arius said not to worry
about anything. That Christine
would be cool, and Henrietta was
just fucked up anyway.

A gold cross hangs on the fake wood paneling with some framed
family photos at a summer bar-b-que, a wedding, and the
beach.

JOLIE

(V.O., cont.)

He even invited me back to his
place. It was the first time I had
ever been to Maple ave.

Four kids from the team are playing cards around a coffee
table for one dollar bills sitting mostly on a puffy floral
patterned couch covered in shinny plastic.

JOLIE

(V.O., cont.)

Everybody played this ghetto
version of Jin Rummy called 'Tunk.'

They all wear Addidas flip flops with socks and name brand
sweatpants (Hillfiger, Nautica, Polo, etc.). Some of the kids
have on athletic shorts on under their sweatpants,

In the background, Jolie has a gray ratty hoody on, and is hunched over and old PC computer with Arius, a beer-bellied, balding black dude who is smoking a cigarette and has no shirt on.

WENDEL

Jolie, you want in?

Everyone else, other than Jolie, is also shirtless. The kids have exquisite ABS, the kind you see on television.

JOLIE

Naw. I gotta see this.

ARIUS

Ok. Here it goes.

Close on:

An arrow clicks on the play button, but the image stays frozen: a low res picture of a bare ass black man mounted military style on a black girl.

The image moves for a brief moment. We hear a grown with half a thrust, and the image freezes again.

Then it reverts to the beginning image.

JOLIE

Wow.

ARIUS

Yeah. This is the future right here.

JOLIE

Why wont it go play or whatever?

ARIUS

Bandwidth.

JOLIE

(confused)

Oh yea.

Jolie tokes a blunt.

Arius takes a last puff and puts it out.

A little cute six year old girl comes out of the bedroom with a sheet of paper and pencil.

CUTE GIRL

Arius. Who was the first president
of the United States?

ARIUS

Uh, George Washington.

She runs back into the bedroom.

ARIUS

So. That's what it's all about. I'm
a capital venturist man. Internet
porn is the future of sexual
healing. Henrietta was just the
first of many. It's big business.
Dollar bills man.

Jolie looks on, stoned. Not sure what to make of it all.

EXT. THE BELTWAY - DAWN

A six lane highway banks a sharp curve. It's raining lightly.

On the shoulder of the highway are kids from the Blair
Basketball team picking up trash with pokers. They are spread
out - a kid every 25 yards or so - and together they extend
clear around the curve and out of sight.

Jolie pokes a Coke can.

Jolie plucks the can off the end metal nail and realizes he
also stabbed the tape liner notes of MC Hammer's "Please
Hammer Don't Hurt'em." There is a picture of Hammer on the
cover.

The coach sits in a nearby van with its lights on, parked in
the shoulder. He sips hot coffee, watching.

Jolie looks closely at the tape insert.

It's a picture of Hammer but someone has scratched out his
eyes with a pen. And the poker has put a hole through his
face.

JOLIE

(voice over)

I wasn't sure what to make of it
all. Why Henrietta's parents never
know she was pregant until too
late? Or why I never said something
myself? It was like none of it
really mattered, or was even real
at all, until it was too late.

CLOSE ON: An old PC monitor. A picture slowly emerging from a blurry pixilated square of colors.

JOLIE

(voice over)

After that I used the internet to find a bunch of places that would take Henrietta's baby up for adoption. It wasn't easy, but I found all the information right from Haroon's basement, using Netscape.

The picture of a couple materializes: hopeful parents and their profile.

INT. HAROON'S SECOND HOME - DAY

HAROON

This couple looks good.

JOLIE

Yeah, yeah, yeah. They're perfect. All I have to do is convince Henrietta.

HAROON

Are you guys still on good terms?

JOLIE

I don't know. Our sessions are in the kitchen now.

Adreseis enters.

ADRESEIS

We got the trampoline set-up. Come on.

They make their way to the back yard.

EXT. HAROON'S BACKYARD - DAY

Haroon's brothers have set up a trampoline to dunk on an adjustable rim lowered to 8 ft.

The younger brothers do an awesome array of dunks. Jolie and Haroon sit on the side.

JOLIE

(bummed)

It's weird, I don't really care if
I make the NBA anymore.

HAROON

Really? What do you care about
then?

JOLIE

I don't know.

Haroon's youngest brother runs, bounces, and does a 360 jam.

Haroon's Dad emerges from the house.

HAROON'S DAD

Good one, Adreseis!!

Haroon turns.

HAROON'S DAD

I've made some grill cheeses! Come
and get it!

HAROON

Sweet! Now that Mom moved out we
always eat American. You wanna eat
with us?

JOLIE

I do but there's something I gotta
do.

HAROON

Oh yeah. That's right. Well, good
luck with it all.

INT. HENRIETTA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Henrietta lies on the bed studying.

Mr. Aaronson enter.

MR. AARONSON

Hey Henrietta. Jolie is here. He
brought over a gift.

HENRIETTA

Oh yeah. Let him in.

JOLIE

Hey. What's up? Uh. I brought over my Super Nintendo. I thought the baby might want it.

HENRIETTA

Did Jaguar 64 finally come out?

JOLIE

No. Come on. I'm just trying to show you I actually care.

Mr. Aaronson smiles and leaves, closing the door lightly behind him.

Jolie hands over the Nintendo.

JOLIE

And I brought this too.

Jolie pulls a jersey out of a paper bag.

HENRIETTA

Your practice Jersey!

JOLIE

Yeah. I'm not gonna need it anymore so.

HENRIETTA

Really? Why not?

JOLIE

I'm not playing next year. I want to focus on my studies.

HENRIETTA

Jolie. Thank you.

(smells it)

It smells like you. Someday little Benny will wear it. That's what I've decided to name him, Benny.

JOLIE

Oh. Wow. Well. Uh, before you name him, I was kinda thinking maybe we could discuss, uh,

HENRIETTA

What?

JOLIE

Well,

(Jolie sits next to her)

(MORE)

JOLIE (cont'd)

I was also thinking maybe we could talk about the possibility of you giving up your baby for adoption?

HENRIETTA

Jolie. How could you even say that? I've wanted a family of my own, a real family, since as long as I can remember. There is no way I could ever give little Benny away. Ever. In a million years. Do you understand that?

JOLIE

Well. Yeah. I guess so. But at the same time, it just doesn't seem like the smartest thing. I've already found a really wealthy, well educated, good meaning couple who'd like to meet up with you about it.

HENRIETTA

Never. No way Jolie. End of discussion.

JOLIE

Don't you even want to think it over for a few days? I mean, look how lucky your parents are to have you. You'd be making some couple just as happy. And your child would have more opportunities. I mean you're still in High School, know what I mean?

HENRIETTA

Jolie, I can't even believe you're suggesting that? Dont you see how racist that is?

JOLIE

What?

Jolie is silent.

HENRIETTA

Now do something to cheer me up. I am totally offended you wanted to give away my baby.

Jolie sits in silence for a moment, pondering his situation.

He stands up and heads to the door, demoralized.

Then he turns and looks at Henrietta on the bed.

Jolie looks at her bulging belly, much of it exposed.

BLACKNESS

HOLD

Credits roll to Micheal Jackson's Billy Jean.