

THE DAY I WALKED AWAY
(A Gangsta Rom-Com)

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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

SEMI-DARKNESS. SNORING SOUNDS cut through the silence of the early morning, like loud farts in the library.

A brown arm droops over the side of the BED. As it dangles, a COCKROACH, on steroids, approaches it. In a flash, the huge roach climbs up the hand ... And arm.

The man flinches, then turns his head to see it crawl past his elbow and bicep. He jumps, yelps and whisks the scuzzy bug off of him.

It lands on a DRIVER'S LICENSE on the TABLE by the bed. The face matches the man, 'TODD HOWARD'.

TODDOW
Little fucker!

Murder on his mind, TODDOW, (40's), DO-RAG askew, swats a SHOE at it but it runs off. Shaken but still sleepy, he turns the other way and stretches out. Now face to face ...

... with a mound of SHED SNAKESKIN. He recoils backwards.

TODDOW (CONT'D)
What the fuck?

Something stirs UNDER THE COVERS. The shirtless hunter, reaches behind himself blindly and grips the first thing his hand touches.

He raises it to strike the thing under the sheets. Toddow's young, brown eyes, alert for the snake.

He glances at his weapon of choice. It is a large, black ... DILDO? As his hands grip the base, the head of the rubbery phallus wobbles back and forth. Hie eyebrow raises.

TODDOW (CONT'D)
Where this come from?

Toddow whacks it across his palm. THWACK. Seems to have good hammer action.

TODDOW (CONT'D)
Guess it will do.

Movement under the covers again. He prepares to deliver the black-dick smackdown. Just then, MOZAMBIQUE (20) a babe with serious hotness, peers from under the blanket. Total shock.

TODDOW (CONT'D)
Whoa! Who the fuck are you?

MOZAMBIQUE
Dumb ass. I'm Mozambique! From
the club? Last night? Hello?

Her African accent hits him unexpectedly. As does her inner fire. She is not to be messed with, but he does anyway.

TODDOW
Excuse me. You speaky English?

Wide awake from the insult, her eyes narrow like a tigress.

MOZAMBIQUE
What? I got you some speaky
English, muthafuck! How dare you.

TODDOW
Look lady. I have a situation on
my hands.

MOZAMBIQUE
No, you have fake dicky in your
hands. Me didn't know you be the
gay boy. If you wanna use that wit
me, you betta nice up.

TODDOW
Yeah, whatever. Stay still.

Toddow continues the hunt.

MOZAMBIQUE
Where me Mista Bones? You seen
him? Where he be?

TODDOW
What? You mean I brought a dude
home too? Eccch.

Toddow looks at the dildo and tosses it on the bed as he cringes, grossed out.

MOZAMBIQUE
No mon, Mista Bones be my snake.
He be here? You seen him?

TODDOW
You brought a snake in this
muthafucka?

Toddow snatches the rubber cock again, looks around.

MOZAMBIQUE

He be me pet python. Me pet. He
be okay. Unless you bop him head
wit that fake dick. Then, me no
know ... but I bop you next.

Toddow continues to scan. Focused.

MOZAMBIQUE (CONT'D)

Put it down. The one God gave you
be just fine.

He smiles at her as his eyes give her the once-over. She
flips back the blanket and sits up. Mozambique's hot body
shines forth. Pupils enlarge, saliva drips.

TODDOW

Damn baby. You look like dark
chocolate dipped in homemade fudge.

MOZAMBIQUE

I let you take a bite, but we find
Mista Bones first.

They both look around the bedroom. Toddow's eyes are super-
glued to her sexy body. Then seems to search his memory.

TODDOW

I don't know what it is, but I
can't remember anything about last
night. What club did I meet you
at? What exactly happened?

MOZAMBIQUE

We both tell you not-a smoke dat.
But no, you big gangsta, huh? You
look for Mista Bones, I tell you
what I know.

FLASHBACK

INT. TOPLESS BAR - NIGHT

The NIGHTCLUB is as hot, sweaty and stacked as their DANCERS.

Mozambique sits next to a blond dancer who has a SNAKE TATTOO
on her leg. On her other leg is the name, ANNA CONDA (20's).
They sip cold DRINKS as sizzling HIP-HOP rages.

ANNA CONDA

I told his sorry ass, if my snake
isn't welcome here, neither am I.

MOZAMBIQUE

Way to tell him, girl. And them
always want us to be touching their
snakes, but them sissies be scared
of ours.

ANNA CONDA

Ain't that the truth. Most of them
got worms instead of snakes anyhow.

They laugh. In through the door comes Toddow with a
BRIEFCASE. Iced up and pimped out. Both ladies take notice.

ANNA CONDA (CONT'D)

Looks like we got us a big time
player in the house.

MOZAMBIQUE

Good. Me hope him bring that phat
stack of benjamins. Me go on-stage
next. I'll go get Mista Bones for
this dance.

ANNA CONDA

You go, Mo'. Clean his pockets out
good. We need to make rent, girl.

The song ends and the DEEJAY (30's) breaks in. The DANCER on-
stage gathers her dollars and exits.

DEEJAY

Alright. Let's here it for Stevi
Kicks. What a lady huh? Next,
coming to stage, we have our hot
African import, Miss Mozambique.

Toddow glances over and takes a seat right in front of the
stage. Slow, SEXY MUSIC PLAYS as she comes out. MISTA
BONES, a PYTHON, is around her neck, her torso and halfway
down her leg.

She takes the stage like a slow-burning fireball. Her exotic
outfit and tight body has Toddow transfixed. Soon the top
pops off. Toddow inhales her femininity.

Before he can exhale, she pops it, drops it and locks it ...
All up in his face.

TODDOW

Damn. Girl.

He gets up, digs in his pocket, then makes it rain on her.
She is barely seen through the SHOWER OF DOLLAR BILLS.

She ends the song by making it clap ... Just inches from his hungry face.

The SONG ENDS. Mozambique scoops up her earnings as the club applauds her.

DEEJAY

Whoa! Is that the baddest lady
outta Africa since Cleopatra or
what? Yeah. Let's hear it for
Mozambique.

As she leaves the stage, Toddow motions for her to have a seat near him. She glides to the chair, eyes locked on him.

DEEJAY (CONT'D)

Next up. The blonde heartbreaker,
welcome Miss Anna Conda.

Table-side, things heat up as Toddow fishes for the big catch.

TODDOW

Girl, you shake that shit like you
mean it. I never seen you around
here before, you must be new.

MOZAMBIQUE

Yeah, that's me roommate on stage.
Our first night here. Me love it.
What be your name, playa-mon?

TODDOW

My peoples call me, Toddow. I'm
the one Ice Cube wrote the song
about, baby.

MOZAMBIQUE

So, you be all that? I be looking
for a real man, Mista Toddow. You
be real, or you just be talking
shit, mon?

TODDOW

I'm as real as the butt cheeks you
were grinding in my face. When you
gonna let me take you out?

Mozambique throws the sexiest smile in her arsenal at him.

MOZAMBIQUE

If you be a true playa, let me see
you make it rain on Miss Goldilocks
there.

Toddow winks at her, then approaches the stage. As Anna Conda writhes on the stage floor with her ALBINO SNAKE, Toddow makes it rain on her naked body.

ANNA CONDA

Me and my snake, Sunshine, thank you. Hey Mo', he's a good one, You snatch him up or I will.

MOZAMBIQUE

Okay mon, you prove you-self to me. But, huh, what you do to get that money, honey?

She purrs up one side and down the other. His RINGING CELL PHONE cock-blocks the moment.

MOZAMBIQUE (CONT'D)

That be your other woman?

TODDOW

It ain't about bitches, it all about business, baby.

Mozambique continues to slink against him. Toddow talks gruffly into the phone.

TODDOW (CONT'D)

Yo, what up? You here, Chico? Cool. I'll meet you in the john.

CHICO (20), white guy who looks like an Ivy League loser, glides into the bathroom, with his backpack.

TODDOW (CONT'D)

Damn, that's Chico?

MOZAMBIQUE

Him don't look like a Chico to me.

TODDOW

Yo, babe, stand by the door and keep an eye out for me.

Toddow rolls out. His eyes scan the scene.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Toddow opens the door with force. Chico is so startled, he turns around as he is still peeing. Toddow barely sidesteps the shower.

TODDOW

Watch it! Hey, you seem a little jumpy, son. You okay?

CHICO

Yeah, yeah. I'm fine.

TODDOW

You Chico? You sure don't look Mexican to me.

Chico flushes, zips, then turns to face Toddow. The PISS TRICKLE down the front of his pants makes Toddow divert his eyes and subvert a laugh.

CHICO

My family is from Spain. Mexico? Those savages are lucky my people beat some civilization into them.

TODDOW

Okay conquistador, you got my money? I got some booty waiting.

Chico slings the BACKPACK off his shoulder. Sweat glistens on his forehead. Toddow looks around carefully.

He takes out a 'Croc Dundee' sized KNIFE and bars the door with it. Chico flinches as he drives the tip into the wood.

TODDOW (CONT'D)

Let's do this.

Chico holds up the bag for Toddow.

CHICO

Here. It's all there.

Toddow peeks in the bag. Nods in agreement.

TODDOW

Right.

Toddow places the briefcase next to Chico's feet. Chico quickly picks it up and heads towards the door. Toddow watches him like a parole officer.

CHICO

Okay. Later man.

TODDOW

Hold up. Ain't you gonna check it?

CHICO
No need. Got to go.

The volume of Chico's sweat doubles instantly.

TODDOW
Sure dude, I guess we're done here,
but ... just one more thing. Next
time bring a briefcase or some
shit. I look like a fucking
schoolgirl with this thing.

Toddow slings the backpack around comically. A STACK OF
BILLS flies out and hits the floor.

TODDOW (CONT'D)
See? This shit ain't even secure.
What the -

Toddow picks up the bundle. Looks at it closely. Sandwiched
between the real bills is CHILDREN'S PLAY MONEY. He frowns.

CHICO
I got to go.

Chico dashes to the door.

TODDOW
Where you got to go so fucking fast
my friend?

Chico struggles but finally pulls the blade out of the door
jam. He holds it up to Toddow.

CHICO
Get back or I'll cut you man. I
mean it!

Toddow smiles in disbelief.

TODDOW
Wait. You mean to tell me you'd
gut me with my own knife? That's
cold-blooded. You serious?

CHICO
You're godanm right! I'll kill you
where you stand unless you back
off. Got it, Bro?

In a split second, Toddow pulls out his HANDGUN and aims it
at Chico's face.

TODDOW

I'm kinda glad you wanna kill me.
That way I don't feel so bad about
blowing your head off in this
muthafucka.

Chico freezes up like testicles on an ice cube.

CHICO

Yo dude, I was just-

TODDOW

Drop my knife, bitch. Now!

Chico lets the blade fall to the floor.

CHICO

It's cool man.

TODDOW

No dude! Far from cool. I'm
Toddow, bitch! Your punk ass gonna
try to run game on me? Fuck you!

Toddow puts the barrel to Chico's temple.

MOZAMBIQUE (O.S.)

Toddow? You okay?

CHICO

Yo man. I'm sorry. Please.

TODDOW

You got three choices. Choice one,
I pump this Glock and splash your
brain juice all over this
shithouse.

Toddow sustains his intensity.

TODDOW (CONT'D)

Choice two. I torch that pretty
ride of yours. Porsche ain't it?

CHICO

Yes, sir.

Chico oozes rivers of sweat.

CHICO (CONT'D)

No, senor. Please.

TODDOW

Well, I guess that leaves option three. Yo, Mozambique. I'll need your help with something.

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

A BLACK HOOD covers a head. Through the windows, dirty slums. Several thug types strut by. Toddow whispers in the ear of the hooded person.

TODDOW

You can pick up your car keys and cell phone at the bar. I put them in your ride.

Chico's worried voice is hear from under the hood.

CHICO (O.C.)

Come on, dude. This ain't cool. I'm real sorry. Please don't.

Toddow lifts the hood. Chico is painted up like a girl. Thick make-up, eyelashes, bright lipstick, the works.

TODDOW

Most gangstas would-a just peeled your cap back in the shithouse. You better be happy I let you live.

MOZAMBIQUE

Him a cute little bitch. He be sure to find some friends tonight. What say you Mista Bones?

From the backseat, Mozambique lifts the cage. The snake flicks his tongue at Chico.

TODDOW

Even the snake thinks you're a hot bitch. Maybe I should pimp you out for a while.

CHICO

Please. I will never do it again.

TODDOW

Not to me you won't. Here ... You may need this.

Toddow slaps a tube of K-Y Jelly in his hand.

EXT. GHETTO SIDEWALK - NIGHT

The pimped out Cadillac with Toddow, Mozambique and Mister Bones pulls away from the curb. Chico. In second-hand stripper outfit, tries to cover himself.

CHICO

No! You can't leave me here.

TODDOW

(through car window)

For wasting my time and trying to gank me, I'm taking your cash and them fancy sneakers of yours. Have fun ... Conquistador.

The Caddy takes off down the street as Chico tries to run behind it. He stumbles in HIGH HEELS AND WIG, as Toddow and his woman laugh their asses off. The car accelerates away.

INT. CADILLAC - MOMENTS LATER

Toddow drives up a-ways and parks within viewing distance of Chico, 'redux'.

TODDOW

Yo, I gotta pull over and watch this shit.

As Chico walks, ghetto eye gawk. KIDS LAUGH. A gang of HOMEBOYS he passes, decide to follow behind him as they chuckle. He increases his pace. They do the same. Panic sweeps his face. Toddow loves it.

TODDOW (CONT'D)

Don't walk faster, fool. Brothas love it when it jiggles.

EXT. SIDEWALK - SAME

A car slows down as it nears Chico. The gang members halt their pace. The window comes down and a JAPANESE MAN (40's) calls him.

JAPANESE MAN

Hey, baby. How much?

CHICO

Give me a ride. Quickly!

JAPANESE MAN

Me no tootie-frooti. You a man. Go
find a republican congressman.

The car screeches away. Chico runs after it.

CHICO

Please! Please! I do sucky fucky.
Whatever. Come on.

A booming voice comes from the GANGLER (20's).

GANGLER

Sucky fucky? Boys, this is our
lucky night. Get 'em. Welcome
that bitch to the hood.

The gang members sprint after Chico. He runs as fast as he
can in his dress without tripping or shitting himself.

Toddow and Mozambique drip tears because they laugh so hard.
Toddow looks his date over as they share this special moment.
They stop laughing and lock eyes. Toddow strokes her hair.

TODDOW

Looks like little sister there is
gonna have a romantic evening.
What about us?

MOZAMBIQUE

What about that shit you still got?
Maybe me can get it sold for you.
For a small fee, of course.

TODDOW

I like how you think. Let's go.

EXT. OUTSIDE EZ-BREEZE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The Caddy pulls up to the crass ghetto crib. Two dark
skinned black men stand at the gate.

INT. CADILLAC - SAME

Mozambique prepares to exit the car.

MOZAMBIQUE

This place belong to me brother.
Them call him EZ-Breeze. Me
cousins here too. I check on deal
and me be right back.

TODDOW

Me and Mista Bones will be waiting.

She gets out. Toddow watches as her cousins greet her and one escorts her inside the house.

TODDOW (CONT'D)

Bonesy, Bonesy. What up, brotha?
How you living? High five?

Toddow puts his hand up for the high-five. Although in his cage, the snake snuggles close to him.

TODDOW (CONT'D)

If I touch you, you ain't gonna
bite me right?

Toddow eases his fingers through the cage and strokes the top of the snake's head. It seems to like it. So does Toddow. He smiles.

TODDOW (CONT'D)

Hey, you're pretty tight Mista
Bones. I hope your mommy will be
rubbing up on my snake later.

Toddow is startled by a voice.

MOZAMBIQUE

Glad me two boys be friends now.
Come in. Me brother, he do that.

INT. EZ-BREEZE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Toddow and Mozambique are greeted at the door by the blackest men in the entire world. They smile and escort them into the living room.

AFRICAN MUSIC and CHEETAH SKINS play heavy in the room's vibe. The air, thick with INCENSE SMOKE. EZ-BREEZE, (late 20's) sporting GOLD TEETH AND TRIBAL SCARS emerges from the back room. Outfit of choice? Robe.

MOZAMBIQUE

Toddow, me want you to meet me
brother, EZ Breeze.

The men shake hands.

TODDOW

Glad to meet you, Homes.

EZ-BREEZE

Me glad to meet yo too. Mo' been
telling lots about you. Me
interested in what you got. Lemme
see it.

He motions for Toddow to sit in a chair. Toddow sits and
grabs for his briefcase. As EZ-Breeze sits opposite from him
on the sofa, his genitals become accidentally exposed. Toddow
turns away and averts his eyes as they speak.

TODDOW

Well. Okay then.

Toddow looks uncomfortable.

EZ-BREEZE

Something wrong my friend?

TODDOW

No. Well, kinda. Your shit is
hanging out, bro. I really don't
need to be seeing that shit when
I'm doing a deal.

EZ-Breeze is speechless, then busts out in a loud laugh that
sounds like Idi Amin on holiday with his hookers.

EZ-BREEZE

Poor Americans. In Africa, we are
not ashamed of our bodies. Be
proud of your manhood. Or do you
have one to be proud of?

He spreads his legs farther. Toddow covers his face.

TODDOW

Yo dude, I'm not from Africa, or
San Francisco. I'm sure you're
proud of it but I think you should
cover it up before someone trips
over it and falls down.

Another hearty African laugh. EZ Breeze gathers his robe and
puts a pillow over his prestigious package.

EZ-BREEZE

I like you, mon. You so so funny.

MOZAMBIQUE

Brother, please, it is getting
late. Me have to feed Mista Bones
before him swallow up a schoolboy.

EZ-BREEZE

Okay woman. Let's see the goods.

Toddow opens the case. EZ Breeze samples it and smiles. He motions for another African to step forward. He opens his briefcase and counts out stacks of money for Toddow to see. They trade cases and shake hands.

TODDOW

Good doing business with you, EZ.
That should put some nice change in
your pocket. Maybe buy yourself
some boxer shorts.

EZ Breeze lets loose with another African belly buster. He pulls a joint from his robe and offers it to Toddow.

EZ-BREEZE

You kill me, mon. Me love it.
Here my friend, have summa this.

TODDOW

Good shit?

EZ-BREEZE

The best, my friend. We call it
the Nigerian Knockout. Better than
the best dispensary shit, mon.
Wait till you get in bed to smoke
it. Real talk, Brudda.

TODDOW

Ain't no weed on this Earth that
bad. Sheeiit. I don't care if
it's from the Lost City of
Atlantis. I'm like Bob Marley's
baby brother. I been around.
Thanks, bro. Much appreciated.

EXT. EZ-BREEZE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Toddow and Mozambique wave goodbye as they pull away.

INT. CADILLAC - MOMENTS LATER

The car turns a corner and the couple smiles at each other.

TODDOW

That turned out fly. Thank you.

MOZAMBIQUE

Me think it time to get me cut, and
show me butt. Ya think?

TODDOW

Rhyming huh? Check me. Butt,
butt, booty-boo, butt, butt,
booty. I'll take you home and do
my duty.

Mozambique smiles.

TODDOW (CONT'D)

What a night, I tell ya. Where
was I, oh yeah, I was trying to
talk you into doing one of them
buck-naked tribal dances for me.

MOZAMBIQUE

Ha. You think you can handle all
of this?

She mimics Vanna White as she highlights the sweets.

TODDOW

You Africans kill me. Trust me,
Zulu princess. I can handle you.
And handle this too.

He pulls out the Nigerian Knock-out joint that EZ-Breeze gave
him. He lights it, puffs hard, then starts choking on it.

MOZAMBIQUE

Slow down with that, mon. Didn't
me brother say wait til you get
home? Anyway, you no answer me.
Can you handle this or do me need
'deel-doe'?

TODDOW

It looks kinda hot. I might need
some oven mitts, but yeah, I can
handle all that shit. When you
loosen up that loincloth, you'll
find out soon enough.

He takes another toke, followed by another choke.

INT. TODDOW'S BEDROOM - LATER

A BIGGIE SMALLS poster presides over the gansta-esque aura
of the room. Sounds of scuffling feet. Deep breathing.

The door swings open. Mozambique half carries Toddow into the bedroom. He laughs to himself incoherently. Mozambique flips him into bed. He lands like a six-foot amoeba. She shakes her head in disgust.

MOZAMBIQUE

I be right back, lubba-man.

She leaves the room and comes back with Mista Bones in his cage. Exhausted, she slams the cage down on the top of the dresser. Unknown to her, the jolt loosens the cage's lock.

TODDOW

Zoom, zoom, zoom and a boom, boom, boom, heh-heh.

MOZAMBIQUE

Shut up you crazy mouth. Me told you not to smoke that. Now, look at you.

TODDOW

Yo, yo. Boom-boom me, baby.

Mozambique looks at him skeptically.

MOZAMBIQUE

You sure you can do it?

TODDOW

I'm Toddow. Ya know. TAH-DOW!
POW! I'll blow it up.

She smirks at him, then digs in her purse and pulls out a CD.

MOZAMBIQUE

You wanna see tribal dance, boy? I put this song on. It move me.

Mozambique starts the music. African rhythms make the booty pop instantly. She gyrates with moves she must have picked up from her snake. She looks around and sees his eyes glued to her. Now she really lets go. Later she looks back ...

TODDOW

Zzzzzz ...

MOZAMBIQUE

Some lubba-man you are. Oh well.

She grabs the dildo from her purse and hops under the blanket. She goes to hug him and feels wood.

MOZAMBIQUE (CONT'D)
Well, at least them important parts
be wide awake. Why waste it?

Mozambique tosses the dildo away, straddles him and smiles.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. TODDOW'S BEDROOM - DAY

Mozambique studies him as he tries to clear the cobwebs.

MOZAMBIQUE
So then me wake up with a crazy man
with me dildo in his hand.

TODDOW
Yeah, yeah. I remember now.
What's in that herb, gunpowder?

Mozambique laughs and points to herself.

MOZAMBIQUE
Everything from the Motherland is
the best in the world. Believe
that.

TODDOW
Speaking of the riches of the
Motherland, what did we do with the
money? I don't remember.

She pulls out a suitcase from under the bed and pops it open.
Toddow stares at its contents and grins.

MOZAMBIQUE
You gave me a twenty percent cut
last night. Other wise, it be all
there, partner.

BOOM. Suddenly the snake cage crashes to the floor. The
tail of Mista Bones disappears behind some clothes.

MOZAMBIQUE (CONT'D)
There he be. I get him.

She dashes over, cannot find him. Toddow grabs the dildo.

TODDOW
What you mean? He was just there?

A loud BOOM-BOOM, knock on the bedroom door, then it is opened. BIG DAWG's (30's) body fills the doorway. Toddow's right-hand man, ready to protect him.

BIG DAWG
What was that? You okay?

TODDOW
Big Dawg. Yeah, I'm okay. Just a snake got loose in the room.

Big Dawg looks over and sees Mozambique half dressed.

BIG DAWG
Oh, that snake. You had me worried.

TODDOW
No man, a real snake, yo. A six foot python. He got out of the cage last night.

Next into the room stumbles IKE (30's), forty-ouncer in hand.

IKE
Somebody say a fucking snake is loose?

TODDOW
Ike, it's cool. No big deal. He was over there.

Ike pulls his Glock and starts shooting up the place. POW, POW, POW, POW, POW. Mozambique screams. Toddow yells.

TODDOW
Stop! Cut it out! What the fuck.

Ike sweats, eyes bulge as he continues to pull the trigger, long after the bullets have run out. CLACK, CLACK ...

TODDOW
Are you fucking out of your mind?
Your stupid ass is gonna bring the cops here.

IKE
S-s-snakes? I hate fucking snakes!

TODDOW

Great. Now because your pussy-ass
don't like snakes, we gotta go on
lock down. Come on, let's move
some ass.

Toddow springs up, pulls BOXES, BAGS AND SUITCASES from
various hiding places in his bedroom and puts them on a pile
on the floor.

TODDOW (CONT'D)

Clean up the living room. You know
the drill.

Big Dawg and Ike scatter. Shortly after they leave, POLICE
SIRENS are heard in the distance.

TODDOW (CONT'D)

Shit. Give me a hand with this
baby.

Mozambique helps him pull back some LOOSE FLOORBOARDS. They
stuff the illicit luggage into the floor and the replace the
boards. They roll the bed over the hole as the SIRENS stop
outside the house.

TODDOW (CONT'D)

Y'all alright out there?

BIG DAWG (O.S.)

We cool.

TODDOW

Listen up. Just keep your cool,
woman. I got to handle some
business.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

LOUD KNOCKS rattle the front door. Toddow peeks out the
nearby window.

EXT. PORCH - DAY

Officer DOUGHTY (30') in military haircut and matching scowl,
right hand on GUN. An angry man who craves confrontation ...
and his power to use lethal force.

Officer ROSE (20s), in a haircut almost as short as Doughty,
looks tense and serious. A sweetness lurks under her tough
exterior.

DOUGHTY
This is the police. Open up.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Toddow does a final look-around and says a silent prayer.

TODDOW
Okay. Let me unlock it.

Toddow unlocks a dozen DEADBOLTS on the ghetto door before it finally opens. The officers enter. Doughty carries attitude the size of a million gorilla turds, and just as foul.

DOUGHTY
Why did it take your black ass so long to open the door?

Officer Rose bristles at the language, but since it is black man-to-black man, she flows with it.

ROSE
Answer him.

TODDOW
Yes, ma'm. See those locks? I need them to keep out the bad girls so that when a nice lady like you stops by, I'm still pure.

DOUGHTY
Pure bullshit. That's the only thing pure about you.

ROSE
We had reports of shots fired. Was anyone hurt?

TODDOW
No ma'm, just the walls.

Doughty peeks around corners. He eyeballs Big Dawg and Ike.

ROSE
You live here? What's your name?

TODDOW
They call me ...
(singing)
Toddow, Toddow, Toddow ... how ya like me now?

DOUGHTY
Your real name asshole.

TODDOW
You know my real name. We went to high school together.

DOUGHTY
I went to high school. You skipped classes so you could play gangsta boy all day.

TODDOW
All day ... and all night too.

Doughty reaches for his HANDCUFFS.

DOUGHTY
You better tell her your name before I cuff you, put you in my squad car and beat your ass all the way downtown.

TODDOW
The only way you could whoop me is in handcuffs.

Doughty advances towards Toddow, steamed.

ROSE
Okay fellas. Cool it.

TODDOW
My pleasure, ma'am. My name is Todd Howard by the way. Pleased to meet you.

DOUGHTY
Anytime punk. Sweet talking her won't save you. I was a guard at Guantanamo. I'm a bad ass.

Toddow smiles and shakes his head.

TODDOW
You were probably the pervert that oiled up the prisoners before they were forced into naked pyramid position. You're still mad that I stole your girlfriend, huh? What was her name anyway ? Uh, ...

Veins protrude from Doughty's forehead.

DOUGHTY

You ruin her life and forget her name? It's Mary Beth you fucking prick. I'll kill you.

TODDOW

Just one moment.

Toddow reaches over and flicks a SWITCH. Several VIDEO CAMERAS come to life around the house.

TODDOW (CONT'D)

Okay. I'm back. Could you repeat what you just said to me Officer Doughty?

Doughty sneers at the cameras and back at Toddow.

DOUGHTY

I have nothing to say to you. Carry on, Officer Rose.

ROSE

I'll question the suspect. You can take a look around for anything that looks suspicious.

DOUGHTY

I pray I find something. Anything.

TODDOW

Officer Rose, the shots were fired in my bedroom. And, oh yeah, the gun discharged there too. Ha. Small joke there.

She giggles a little. Toddow looks back over his shoulder at Doughty, winks at him.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Toddow swings open the door. Straight ahead, Mozambique looks for her snake. Bent over, haunches up. Her Zimbabwe is exposed.

ROSE

Oh my.

TODDOW

No. Don't turn away. It's a thing of booty, I mean beauty.

The headphones Mozambique wears, keeps her oblivious to the colorful commentary and lustful eyes ... of them both?

TODDOW (CONT'D)

Yes, ma'm. Mama Africa right there. In the flesh, for real. We all came out of it and I had the good luck to cum in it.

ROSE

Ha ha. I bet that felt good.

TODDOW

Maybe you can join us next time.

ROSE

You realize that I'm a cop right?

TODDOW

Cops need some good lovin' too.

ROSE

Amen to that, brother. Now, tell me what happened.

She talks to Toddow but focuses on Mozambique's African bush.

TODDOW

Well, this young lady here lost her python snake. It's like ten feet long. Another friend heard the snake was loose and the dummy tried to shoot it. Here's the gun.

She looks at the gun on the dresser. Next to it is a large empty snake cage. She lightly touches it.

ROSE

Still warm. Self-defense, huh?
Got a license for that?

Toddow whips it out. She reads it. She then nods.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Seems in order. Want me to call animal control?

TODDOW

No. If anything can bring a snake out, its them big chocolate cheeks right there.

ROSE
 Maybe I should double check.
 Excuse me, Miss?

Still engrossed in her search, she doesn't hear.

TODDOW
 Yo! Mo'! Over here.

She removes the headphones and turns around. Mozambique seems shocked to see someone there.

MOZAMBIQUE
 Oh. Hello.

TODDOW
 This here is Officer Rose. She wants to know if you want to call Animal Control to help you find Mista Bones.

MOZAMBIQUE
 That be okay Officer. I'll find him on me own. Him like to hide.

Officer Rose glides over to her and pulls out her business card. She holds it out for her.

ROSE
 Well, hon. If you change your mind, or if you need anything ... and I mean anything, you call me.

MOZAMBIQUE
 Sure, uh, no problem.

The women exchange sexy glances. Doughty bursts in.

DOUGHTY
 Rose, we gotta go. Bank robbery on Central Avenue. We are the closest unit to the scene.

ROSE
 Nothing going on here. I'm right behind you.

TODDOW
 I'm pretty handy with a gun. Want me to supply backup?

DOUGHTY

Hell no. But, if they need a
hostage I'll give them your
address.

MOZAMBIQUE

Miss Rose. Be careful now.

She touches Officer Rose on the shoulder and smiles. Rose
melts in her holster.

ROSE

I'll be fine. You call me, okay?

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The crew watches from the window as the squad car pulls away.
They high-five each other. Smiles turn to shock as the next
car pulls up. MRS. HOWARD (60's) exits, frown on her face.

TODDOW

Oh Shit! It's my moms. Take your
places. Hurry up.

Toddow flicks on ESPN and everyone dashes for a seat. They
try to look natural. LOUD KNOCKS on the door startle them.

BIG DAWG

Wheww. She's mad today, y'all.

MRS. HOWARD (O.C.)

Open up this door, boy. Now!

Toddow springs up and dashes to the door. He then tries to
play-off his fear as his friends snicker.

TODDOW

Right away, mama.

As he swings open the security door, Mrs. Howard stands
before them. Classy, sassy and probably gassy.

MRS. HOWARD

You wanna tell me what the hell
the police was here for?

Just then, COODUMS, a small monkey appears on her shoulder.
She holds the LEASH in her hand.

TODDOW

Ma, why did you have to bring
Coodums with you?

MRS. HOWARD

Don't you worry about Coodums.
He's my little man. Ain't you,
baby. Him so cute. He goes
anywhere I feel like taking him.

She strolls in eyeballing everyone. The monkey too.

MRS. HOWARD (CONT'D)

Now answer the question. What the
hell is going on here?

She waits for an answer. Her head swivels as she puts her
hand on her hip. The monkey then imitates the act. Toddow
and others try not to laugh. She then takes some CHEW
TOBACCO, stuffs it in her jaw. It affects her speech.

MRS. HOWARD (CONT'D)

Well, boy. Say something.

TODDOW

It was nothing, really.

MRS. HOWARD

Nothing? Boy, I'll slap you so
hard that I'll knock your eyeballs
to where your nuts should be.

BIG DAWG

Wheww.

MRS. HOWARD

Shut your stupid-ass up. All you
worthless behinds need to be
somewhere working at this time of
day. Shiftless bunch of no-good
scondrels. Why the cops here, boy?

Coodums jumps down and starts to run wild in the house. Mrs.
Howard sits on one of the RECLINERS. Underneath the chair,
Mista Bones repositions himself to watch the monkey.

TODDOW

Okay. They were here because a gun
went off. They checked. It's
okay. Nobody went to jail. Self-
defense.

MRS. HOWARD

Self-defense from who?

Coodums puts on Toddow's newly acquired SNEAKERS and
comically walks around the house.

TODDOW

It's more like self-defense from what, rather than who.

MRS. HOWARD

Todd Horatio Howard. I ain't Batman and you sure ain't the Riddler. Answer my questions straight up, you understand?

Coodums goes over to Big Dawg, pees on his leg.

BIG DAWG

Awww. Mrs Howard. Your little gorilla just peed on me.

MRS. HOWARD

Yo gotta stop being a little bitchass around Coodums. He senses that kinda thing.

BIG DAWG

But he peed on me.

MRS. HOWARD

Big deal. A little monkey piss ain't killed nobody. You just still mad cause he drank down all that whiskey last time.

Mrs. Howard points to the METAL SPITOON. Toddow springs up and slides it over to his mom. She launches a NASTY GLOB into the bucket from a fair distance, then wipes the rest from her chin.

TODDOW

Good shot. I'd say that's a three-pointer.

BIG DAWG

That was twelve year old Scotch.

Coodums runs and jumps into Mozambique's lap.

MRS. HOWARD

Same shit. Now see, he gets along fine with Miss Big Legs here. What be your name girl?

Mozambique bats her eyelashes as she pets Coodums.

MOZAMBIQUE

Me name be , Mozambique, ma'am. Me
from Africa. When me little girl,
me have pet monkeys too.

Mrs. Howard takes out her SNUFF BAG and jams another pinch in her jaw, eyes locked on Mo. She nods towards her son.

MRS. HOWARD

That you?

Toddow looks a bit embarrassed, then smiles at Mozambique.

TODDOW

Yes, momma.

Mrs. Howard plays catch and release with another loogie jumpshot. It just barely makes it into the bucket. A SLIME-TRAIL from the near miss trickles down the side.

MRS. HOWARD

Nice piece, son. You outta hang
onto that one. Looky that.
Coodums likes her too.

Coodums energetically humps her leg then runs off.

TODDOW

Come on. He'd hump a werewolf's
leg if it stood still long enough.

MRS. HOWARD

Leave my Coodums alone. Tell me
what the hell y'all been shooting
up this house for.

TODDOW

Well ...

Coodums jumps from a shelf and crash lands in Mozambique's PURSE. All are startled. Coodums springs up suddenly. In his hand, a TAMPON. He squeals with excitement.

He runs along the back of the couch, swinging it wildly. He then unwraps the tampon and chews it with his primate teeth.

BIG DAWG

Toddow. You better tell your
little brother to chill.

Coodums somersaults onto the edge of a table. He pulls the string on the 'manhole cover'. Harder and harder, til it finally goes, POP. Coodums screams. Then falls off the table backwards, and out of sight.

The room vibrates with laughter. Coodums plays dead for a moment. Mrs. Howard gags on her tobacco wad.

MRS. HOWARD

Poor baby. See if he's alright.

Ike nudges him with his foot. The monkey is limp.

IKE

I think he's dead.

MRS. HOWARD

Oh no. Touch him see if he's warm.

Ike reaches down, rubs his tummy, nothing. Suddenly, Coodums springs to life, crawls up Ike's arm and sits on top of his head in seconds. Ike is startled and scared.

IKE

Ahhh! Get this thing offa me.

Everyone else in the room is about to piss themselves from laughing so hard. Ike jumps up and tries to shake off the grip of the mini-ape. Finally, Coodums leaps from his head and bounds into the kitchen.

TODDOW

Ha. What a trip. I'll go get him.
I'll be right back.

MRS. HOWARD

Naw, you sit your ass down here and tell me why a gun got shot off in the damn house. Send Ikey to get him. Show us how it's done.

IKE

Not me. Ain't happening.

BIG DAWG

I'll get him.

KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Big Dawg peers around, no sign of Coodums. Suddenly the monkey leaps out from behind the REFRIGERATOR with a screech. In his hand, a large BAG OF MARIJUANA. It spills all over as he runs with it.

BIG DAWG

Oh shit.

Toddow peers in and sees the problem. Big Dawg chases the monkey around comically.

TODDOW

What's going on in there? Oh no.

BIG DAWG

I'm on it.

TODDOW

Don't let his ass outta that room.

MRS. HOWARD

What you doing to my baby in there?

TODDOW

Nothing mama. We'll get him in a minute. Be right back.

Toddow gets to the kitchen just as Big Dawn grabs a BOTTLE OF BANANA FLAVORED RUM. He whispers to Toddow.

BIG DAWG

I bet King Kong junior will love this shit. All monkeys do.

TODDOW

Cool. Get him and then clean up this mess. Pronto and shit. I'll stall my moms.

Big Dawg pours out a cupful and entices Coodums to drink it. As Coodums comes closer, he drops the bag and goes for the booze. Big Dawg snatches the baggie up, as Coodums sniffs, then chugs the rum.

Coodums looks puzzled for a moment, scratches, then does three backflips in a row. He sprints into the living room, cursing loudly in his chimp language.

LIVING ROOM - SAME

Coodums dashes in, snatches a BOTTLE OF WATER Ike is about to drink and slams it down in desperation.

IKE

Thieving ass chimp. I was thirsty.

TODDOW

He only drank half. Be a real man and drain that sucker. Just a little baboon spit.

As the room chuckles, Coodums disappears behind the couch.

TODDOW (CONT'D)

Anyway moms, what happened was that babygirl here has a pet snake. It got loose.

MRS. HOWARD

Big snake or little snake?

MOZAMBIQUE

He a big boy, mum. A python.

MRS. HOWARD

You catch it?

IKE

Not yet.

MRS. HOWARD

You mean to tell me you gotta big ass python snake running around loose in this raggedy house?

TODDOW

Yeah but -

Mrs. Howard rockets up from her seat. She lunges her hand into her over-sized bosom and pulls out a GUN. She looks all around herself, eyes wide, handgun shaking. Mrs. Howard spits a brown glob of tobacco towards the bucket. She misses. She doesn't care.

MRS. HOWARD

I saw that Samuel Jackson movie. That belly-sliding bitch ain't gonna get me.

She waves the gun more wildly than ever now. Everyone takes cover. Mozambique peeks out from behind the recliner.

MOZAMBIQUE

No mum. He nice snake. Me call him Mista Bones.

MRS. HOWARD

Bones huh? Well, if he bites me, that's all they'll find left of you. Understand?

Coodums comes out from behind the couch. He coughs, then BARFS all over the floor. Everyone is grossed out. Coodums rolls himself under the chair Mrs. Howard sat on.

The monkey looks behind him. Mista Bones flickers his tongue at him and seems to smile.

Coodums screams and catapults himself onto the shoulder of his busty mamma in one leap. He clings to her, shaking.

MRS. HOWARD (CONT'D)

It's okay baby. It's okay. We're getting the hell outta here in the name of sweet Jesus himself.

Mrs. Howard re-holsters the gun between her tits. The old lady and her fur-covered toddler, hustle ass to the door. On the way, Mrs. Howard smacks Toddow on the back of the head.

MRS. HOWARD (CONT'D)

Clean your act up, boy. Your brother never gives me the blood pressure problems you do. That's a nice girl there but you need to talk her into buying a puppy.

Mrs. Howard fires another tobacco torpedo. It misses the bucket. So what. She gives everyone the evil eye, then slams the door behind her. Toddow breathes a sigh of relief.

TODDOW

Damn. That was a close one.

BIG DAWG

Yeah. That goddamn monkey almost got your ass busted.

TODDOW

For real. And my moms is hating on me even without that shit. Sometimes I wish I had a nine to five joint so she'd just stay off my back. But, I don't ... so, fellas. Let's do some business.

The crew smiles and then goes about pulling out sacks of baggies, scales and stacks of cash.

BIG DAWG

Good thing nobody stopped by when your moms was here.

TODDOW

Right. Too early in the morning for Rastas and most crackheads are just going to sleep now. Hey, any y'all heard from them bitches yet?

IKE
Hollywood is on the way.

A KNOCK AND A GIGGLE is heard outside the door.

TODDOW
That's them, Ike. Let them in.

Ike opens the door wide and smiles. In strolls three babes with the 'booming-est' bodies around. The first hottie that struts in, is the rose of the reservation, SOAKING WET (20'S). She gives a huge roll of cash to Toddow.

SOAKING WET
Hey, hey. What's up my second nation people?

IKE
What you mean by that?

TODDOW
Native Americans are the first nation people.

SOAKING WET
That's right. And everyone else is second nation and most of y'all should be deported.

A cafe au lait toned sista marches in. The High Queen of Bad Attitude, CHANTE BOUCHE (20), is unmoved.

CHANTE BOUCHE
Nobody care about that shit. Y'all got your ass kicked by white boys, just like everybody else. First Nation, Last Nation, whatever. We all niggas now. Y'all got some food in this bitch?

SOAKING WET
Yeah, I got some food. You can eat the fudge outta my Navajo butthole, Miss Bouche.

TODDOW
I'd pay to see that.

CHANTE BOUCHE
Nasty bastard. I might take her up on that as hungry as I am. Feed me something, nigga. I ain't playing. Is this 'starve-a-bitch-to-death day' or what?

TODDOW

There's some shit in the kitchen.
Do I look like Chef Boyardee in
this bitch?

Chante flips him off then tosses a wad of dollar bills to
Toddow. He counts it and smiles.

TODDOW (CONT'D)

Righteous. Where is Hollywood?

SOAKING WET

She's on the front porch with Ike.

On the way to the kitchen, Chante Bouche runs into
Mozambique.

CHANTE BOUCHE

And so what is your name girlfriend
and what are you to my man?

TODDOW

Her name is -

CHANTE BOUCHE

Something wrong with this bitch
that she can't talk for herself?

TODDOW

Ho! You back talking me? Huh?
You hungry huh? I'll jam my foot
up your ass so hard, your
intestines will be hanging off your
bottom lip.

CHANTE BOUCHE

Hey. We're cool, daddy. Is she a
new girl, cousin or what?

MOZAMBIQUE

You can call me Mozambique. That
be me stage name.

Chante Bouche makes a face when she hears the accent.

CHANTE BOUCHE

Oh, I get it. This is Hotel Rwanda
now. Don't you worry girl. We'll
hide you good. Don Cheadle is on
the way.

TODDOW

That shit is wrong girl and you know it. Stop fucking with my company.

CHANTE BOUCHE

Fine, fine. I'll go make me a sammich. She bring any barbequed zebra meat with her?

TODDOW

Chante.

She struts her evil ass into the kitchen.

CHANTE BOUCHE

Okay. I'm gone.

TODDOW

I'm sorry, Mo'. I've had pitbulls with hemorrhoids that were more lovable than that bitch.

Ike ushers HOLLYWOOD (20's) inside. The tall, dark chocolate morsel waves at everybody but tries to hurry to the kitchen.

TODDOW (CONT'D)

Hey Hollywood. Girl, you forget something?

HOLLYWOOD

Oh yeah. Sorry daddy.

She pulls a thin stack from her pocket and puts it in his hand. He looks at it like it was an under-sized fish.

TODDOW

Yo, hold up girl. This is all you got? Why them other hoes got so much more?

Toddow stands up. Looks her in the eye.

HOLLYWOOD

I don't know.

TODDOW

I'll ask you once. And you better tell the truth. You holding out on me, woman?

His eyes burn into hers. Ike looks nervous.

HOLLYWOOD

No daddy. I'm straight.

Toddow scowls for a moment, then breaks a smile.

TODDOW

I didn't think so. Grab a plate
and make sure Chante ain't stealing
shit.

HOLLYWOOD

Okay daddy. Thank you.

She hurries into the kitchen, Ike in her wake.

BIG DAWG

Yo man.

TODDOW

I gotcha dawg. Can't trust these
bitches any farther than I can
throw their skankish asses. Enough
delays. Let's get paid.

BIG DAWG

Smooth.

TODDOW

I'll take the green window, you run
that white bitch.

BIG DAWG

Done.

Toddow opens the green-trimmed security window on the north side of the house. Big Dawg opens the white-trimmed window on the south side. The windows are one way mirrors with a small hole at the bottom to slide cash and products.

TODDOW

Yo Mo', check this out. You can
let your brother borrow this setup.
Welcome to the drive-thru. May I
take your order?

MOZAMBIQUE

Drive-thru? Like when me buy
cheeseburgers?

TODDOW

Exactly, Boo. Check it. Want
herb? Go to the green window. For
Yayo, you go white. The best thing
is they never even see my face.

She looks out the window to see how the driveway splits and goes around the house and back onto the main road.

MOZAMBIQUE

Dem dispensary ain't even got dat.
You smart little gangsta boy, huh?

Before he can answer, a car pulls up. A DREADLOCK brothaman (30's) rolls down the window of his car.

DREADLOCK

Brudda, brudda. How you be?

TODDOW

I'm sweeter than Beyonce's left
nipple be. What can I do you for?

DREADLOCK

Me take a haff, mon.

Todddow reaches into a suitcase and pulls out a bag of herb. The dreadlock slides fifty dollars through the hole. Toddow takes it, then pushes the product out.

TODDOW

Thank you my man. You gave me too
much. I'll get you some change in
a minute.

DREADLOCK

Wow. Cool. Last time I was here,
that other brother charge fifty.
He say it be better smoke, but it
was 'bout the same.

Toddow slides the ten dollars to him. He is not happy.

TODDOW

Who said that?

DREADLOCK

Fuck if me know. I can't see none
y'all. Him have kinda high voice.

TODDOW

Thank you, brother. Take another
ten to make up for the last time.

DREADLOCK

I ain't complaining. It's cool.
You got the fattest bags and flyist
ganja for miles. mon. Even at
fifty, it okay, ya know?

TODDOW

I insist. You opened my eyes to a little situation here.

Toddow slides the money through. The Dreadlock hesitates before he takes it.

DREADLOCK

Me no forget this. Jah bless you wit a golden heart. Remember mon, when the game not fun no more ... we could use a brudda like you on this side of the window.

The car pulls off with the Dreadlock waving with gratitude.

MOZAMBIQUE

Him right. You be a natural leader. What you planning after this thing done?

TODDOW

What makes you think I'd ever get tired of this? It's paradise.

Another car parks next to the window. Behind the car a long line forms. A HIPPIE CHICK (30's) rolls down her window.

HIPPIE CHICK

Hey guys, I'll take the usual.

Toddow smiles, pulls out a larger bag. She slides her cash through the opening. As they make the transaction, Toddow sees a beat-up jalopy weaving down the road. It suddenly veers -- and smashes into his Cadillac.

A Latino DRUNK DRIVER, stumbles out of the car. Shakes his head. Rubs his belly and barfs where? Yes, the Cadillac.

TODDOW

Hey asshole! You hit my car!

DRUNK DRIVER

Sorry senior. No insurance. But I tink it still run. Later, Homes.

The Drunk Driver jumps back in his car, starts to pull off.

TODDOW

Watch the window, Mo'. I'm gonna beat every last drop of liquor outta his ass.

EXT. TODDOW'S HOUSE - SECONDS LATER

Toddow and Big Dawg sprint outside as the car starts to drive away. He picks up a rock and heaves it at the vehicle. It shatters the driver's side window. The drunk sideswipes two other parked cars on the street. The jalopy stops.

Toddow hauls ass towards the car. The driver has trouble restarting the hooptie. Toddow gets closer. It finally starts. The driver screeches away just a few feet before Toddow can touch the back bumper. Toddow gasps for breath.

TODDOW

One day ... fucker ... I swear.

BIG DAWG

Got away huh?

TODDOW

Yeah ... for now.

Toddow walks back to his car with Dawg Big, heartbroken. He stops and stares at the twisted metal and vomit.

BIG DAWG

How bad is it?

Toddow goes closer, he makes a face and turns away in disgust. The caddy now looks more like a 'baddy'.

TODDOW

It's fucked! Oh man. That fucker is gonna pay. Goddammit!

BIG DAWG

I'll help you find him. I'll even help you dig the grave.

TODDOW

As if this car thing ain't bad enough, fucking Ike is ripping off my paper, for real.

BIG DAWG

Stupid fucker.

TODDOW

Overcharging when he's serving and putting the sweet part in his pocket. I wouldn't doubt if he was part of setting me up last night.

BIG DAWG

You got jacked last night?

Big Dawg stops in his tracks, shocked.

TODDOW

Not the kid. Hell no. Little fucker tried though. Made him pay, big time. I'll tell you about it later. Shit has been crazy lately. I don't know the fuck is up.

BIG DAWG

Nothing you can do about it. Whatever you decide to do, I'm down with you. Come on in and have some cold beer and a hot hookah pipe.

INT. TODDOW'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Toddow walks in the door. Mozambique gives him a big hug and kiss. Big Dawg goes in the kitchen and comes back with a few COLD BREWS.

MOZAMBIQUE

Me so sorry, baby. You get it fixed. It will still be pretty. Don't worry your mind.

Big Dawg hands him a beer.

TODDOW

Thanks. Both y'all.

BIG DAWG

No probs. I better get back to the window, the line is getting long.

TODDOW

Word. Yo Ike. Get your stank ass outta the kitchen and watch the green window. I got issues in this bitch. Hurry up.

Ike comes out of the kitchen. Hollywood clings to him like a gauze pad.

SOAKING WET

Sorry about your car, daddy. What do you do now?

TODDOW

If there was ever a time to get high, this is it. I'll call my insurance later.

Toddow goes to the closet and pulls out an eight-hosed hookah pipe, made of gray glass.

TODDOW (CONT'D)

Mozambique. I'd like you to meet my friend, Squidward.

MOZAMBIQUE

You crazy mon.

CHANTE BOUCHE

I was wondering what a bitch had to do around here to catch a buzz. Throw him a bag of that shit, Ike.

TODDOW

Naw, keep that shit for sale. For what I been through, I need that 'grandaddy purp'.

He opens a safe inside the closet and pulls out a bag of marijuana. Toddow extracts a bud the size of a baby's fist and slams it into the bowl of the hooka. He offers a hose to Mozambique, Hollywood, Soaking Wet and Chante Bouche.

CHANTE BOUCHE

Hell no, that shit is too strong. Put my ass to sleep last time. Woke up and ate everything in the house. Gimme a rock. Y'all can play Bob Marley.

Toddow nods to Big Dawg. He passes her a jumbo.

TODDOW

I don't want you getting crazy on that shit. You got in a fight last time and I had to cut you off for a week. Remember?

She waves him off and stuffs her glass tube.

MOZAMBIQUE

Fire up that good shit, gangsta boy.

CHANTE BOUCHE

This shit is good too. Try it.

MOZAMBIQUE

Me no get down like that.

CHANTE BOUCHE

You too good?

TODDOW

Chante.

She gets up and takes her addiction to the chair far away.

HOLLYWOOD

Here's a lighter.

Toddow torches the bowl as all three grab their hoses. The thick smoke bellows up. Mozambique inhales, then coughs.

TODDOW

Grandaddy spanking that ass, huh?

She smiles, drinks some water, then gets back to emptying out that fancy pipe. Next Soaking Wet starts coughing. Mozambique passes her the water bottle.

MOZAMBIQUE

Ah sista, have summa this. What be your name again?

SOAKING WET

My name is Soaking Wet. Sometimes they call me Ess-Dub.

MOZAMBIQUE

How did you get that name?

TODDOW

Eat her pussy and find out. Bring your snorkel gear.

Everyone laughs. Soaking Wet throws a pillow at Toddow.

MOZAMBIQUE

Oh my.

BIG DAWG

Squirty Gerty, in the house.

Soaking Wet takes another draw from the grey monster, then lets out a cloud of smoke as she giggles.

SOAKING WET

It's a gift. I call it, Sugar Water. Sweet like honey, Boo.

MOZAMBIQUE

Wow, nice trick girl. Me wish me could squirt them, like them like to squirt on us. Seems only fair.

TODDOW

I wish I could talk her into giving lessons. We'd make millions.

BIG DAWG

Yeah man. Hoes be walking around in diapers and shit. We'd be slippin' and slidin' around in pussy juice like it's an ice rink.

MOZAMBIQUE

Me rather see you selling that poonanny juice than selling them rocks. Don't you ever wonder if the crack money be really worth it?

TODDOW

No. I don't wonder shit. I know my hustle is worth it. Look at that cash rolling in. Delicious.

Big Dawg and Ike have the benjamins stacked high.

MOZAMBIQUE

It is nice to see how you can run a business. You got skills. Ever think of going straight, mon? You be smart, Gangsta Boy.

TODDOW

If I didn't sell it, they'd just buy from somebody else. I don't hook up kids, pregnant bitches or fools on parole. My rules.

BIG DAWG

Yeah, we're like the 'family values' dope dealers.

POW! Everyone pulls out a hand gun at the exact same time. Mozambique is shocked.

Toddow looks out the window Big Dawg works from. The BACK TIRE of his car blew out. They put their guns away.

MOZAMBIQUE

That was not fun for me, gangsta boy. Why don't you start a dispensary or something that involves less guns.

TODDOW

I'd love to start my own bud hut,
but they want a fucking fortune to
start one of them shits. I don't
need them bitches, anyway.

CHANTE BOUCHE

What you need is a new ride. Look
at that nasty thang. I can't be
seen in that. You best cough up
some cab fare or some shit.

TODDOW

If I ever catch that bitch who hit
my car, I'll kick him in the face
till my shoelaces turn red.

Pissed, Toddow plops on the couch and grabs the REMOTE. The
TV springs to life.

CHANTE BOUCHE

Yeah, that's what I'm talking
about. Put on a good movie. I
wanna watch some shit blow up.

TODDOW

Blow up these nuts, woman. I'm
watching the news.

INSERT - TV

News footage of wounded people carried on stretcher. A
building in rubbles in the background.

ANCHORMAN (V.O.)

Another car bomb exploded near
Kabul, Afghanistan today. Seventy
are dead. Hundreds are reported
injured from the blast.

CHANTE BOUCHE

That shit is depressing. Why we
gotta watch that crap?

TODDOW

You wanted to see some shit blow
up. This is the for-real shit.
Seventy muthafuckas, wow. That's a
shitload of blood and guts.

BIG DAWG

Damn, that's almost two football teams, Shit is ill, son. Why it like that?

TODDOW

Bunch of sissy-ass bitches hiding behind bombs. Why kill up all them innocent folks? Sad. Fuckers need to get pimp slapped.

Toddow demonstrates his technique on an UNFORTUNATE PILLOW.

CHANTE BOUCHE

Tell ya what. You invade my shit and I'll fight til my last breath to make sure you pay the price.

TODDOW

They ain't even killing the right people. Here's my point. What they are getting, can't compare to what happened to black folks and we never threw no bombs. Suicide vest? Us? Bitch, please. Try a nigga's life.

BIG DAWG

Testify brother, yeah.

SOAKING WET

Or an Indian's life. We got so tired of the white man trying to kill us, we beat him to it and just commit suicide now. What kinda shit is that?

Toddow stands up and gets animated.

TODDOW

You damn right. Both our people been through invasions, got beat down, slayed in their sleep and raped in the ass. Who we bomb?

CHANTE BOUCHE

Our-damn-selves.

TODDOW

That's the sad part.

CHANTE BOUCHE

Them camel kissing bitches ain't
come no-where's close to the
killings we been living through.

TODDOW

At least the gang-bangers 'try' to
kill the right person. Them
terrorist fools kill anybody who
happens to be there. Women,
children and all. And don't give a
fuck in the least.

The TV screen shows footage of children being pulled from the
rubble and others in pain.

BIG DAWG

Yeah, that's some coward shit, for
real. Especially killing kids.

Toddow takes his piece out, kisses it.

TODDOW

Let them fuckers try that whack
shit here. Whoa.

BIG DAWG

Yo man, cover my window. I gotta
piss so bad I might need two
toilets.

Toddow smiles and waves him on to go. He has a seat and
looks over just as Ike pockets some cash. He rubs his heater
as he looks at him.

TODDOW

I might be flushing more than piss
around this bitch.

MANNY (TEEN) walks up to the window and his baby face, looks
like it has yet to see a razor.

MANNY

What up, O,G,? I need to get some
of them fat rocks.

TODDOW

Don't think so little Homey. You
too young to buy here. You look
like you're still fucking with
sippy cups. Go home to mommy.

MANNY

No man, for real. I can be a gangsta. Give a brotha a break.

TODDOW

I'll break that ass if you don't get away from my window. Where's your momma? She know you are here?

Manny avoids eye contact.

MANNY

Yeah. Kinda. You're Toddow right? She needs help and said you might be able to do something.

TODDOW

Your momma knows me? What's her name?

MANNY

Carmen. Carmen Durango. She said she went to high school with you. Can you help us?

TODDOW

Carman, huh? That was my girl back in the day. I'll help her out. I'll take your little ass home so she don't have to add bail money to her other problems. Let's go.

Big Dawg returns and takes the window.

EXT. TODDOW'S HOUSE - DAY

Manny sulks as Toddow meets him outside. Toddow walks him over to his car, then sees how messed up it is.

TODDOW

Shit. I forgot that asshole rammed my car earlier. Well, let's see if it will still start.

MANNY

It looks like crap. And it smells like puke.

TODDOW

Yeah. You picked up on that real fast. Get in.

Manny tugs at his door and almost falls down opening it. As Toddow gets in, closes the door, the side mirror falls off.

INT. CADILLAC - SAME

Toddow looks depressed as he sits there and stares into space. He tries to start it. Nothing. He rolls his eyes. He tries it again and it sputters to life.

The once proud vehicle clinks and clanks its way down the street. Smoke and steam drift out from under the hood. Bystanders look at it and laugh.

MANNY

Whoever hit you wasn't playing around, huh? You got jacked up real good.

TODDOW

Yeah, thanks. If I ever catch that ass, he'll wish he was a mid-term abortion. So you wanna be a gangsta? You crazy or what?

MANNY

I wanna get paid sweet. Have the honeys and be able to quit that stupid school. Gangsta is the way.

TODDOW

And you really believe being a gangsta is living good?

Toddow laughs hard. He slaps the dashboard and the knobs for the air conditioner falls off.

MANNY

Hell yeah. You had one of the finest whips in the City till it got slayed today. Plus I'd be able to beat down that fool messing with my mom. Send him running.

TODDOW

Carmen? Who's giving her shit?

MANNY

She met some fucking illegal from Bolivia named Rey. He was okay at first. Then he started taking mom's checks. Now he yells at her, even hits her.

TODDOW

No shit? Why didn't you bust his head open while he was sleeping?

Manny swallows hard. Looks away.

MANNY

I tried, man. He put a knife to my throat and ...

TODDOW

It's cool, little man. I see what's up. Yeah, I know how to deal with bitches like that.

MANNY

That fucker just takes all our money and drinks all day. All the utilities are off now. That's why you should hook me up. I can't take a shower and the ridge is empty.

TODDOW

Get out of here with that shit.

MANNY

How else do I stop him from killing her? I'll sell a few bags of shit, Then I can buy a gun, a car bomb, or whatever will work. You're a gangsta. Nobody messes with you right?

TODDOW

Gangsta life ain't paradise. Bitches wanna kill me everyday. Folks I trust, steal from me. My moms is hating on me, The cops, shit. This life is sickening.

Manny shifts in his seat to look dead at Toddow.

MANNY

So then, why do you do it?

Silence. Toddow clears his throat.

TODDOW

Uh, lately I wonder about that my damn-self.

MANNY

It's that gray house up ahead.

The bashed-in Cadillac pulls over a few houses down.

INT. CARMEN'S HOUSE - DAY

Manny enters first. He flicks the light switch, nothing turns on.

MANNY
Sorry. No lights.

TODDOW
Damn, forget the lights, How about
some air conditioning in this
bitch.

CARMEN (30'S) enters the room angry. Her dark eyes focus on her son and not the company, who stands behind him.

CARMEN
How many times did I tell you not
to invite people over? Huh? No
electric, no water. How can you
embarrass us like that?

TODDOW
Baby girl. If you was living in a
cave with bat shit dripping from
the ceiling and rat shit on the
floor, you got nothing to be
ashamed of.

Toddow steps from in back of Manny and grins at Carmen. She looks confused for a moment, then it hits her.

CARMEN
Todd? No way. Why are you here?
I look terrible.

Carmen primps her hair and acts giddy.

TODDOW
You best stop tripping and give
your homeboy a big ass hug.

She dashes over and gives him a bear hug, hinting of desperation. The hug lasts longer than normal. Carmen looks up to him, tears in her eyes. She stands in the sunlight that shines through the security windows.

Her eye is swollen and there are many bruises on her arms. Carmen smiles through tears.

CARMEN

It's so good to see you again. We had such a good time in high school. I wish we could go back to those days.

TODDOW

Yo baby, by the looks of them bruises I'd think you'd be glad to be anyplace other than here. What's up with the battle scars?

She hangs her head and fights back more tears.

CARMEN

I met this guy. He's a monster. I can't get rid of him.

Toddow puts his arm around her. She weeps uncontrollably.

TODDOW

I tell ya what. First things first, right?

Toddow reaches in his pocket and pulls out a wad of greenbacks.

TODDOW (CONT'D)

Yo, you think five hundred dollars will get your shit turned back on?

CARMEN

Yes. Yes it would. You'd do that for me?

TODDOW

Manny. Take this money. Get your electric and water back on, then come back and give your moms what is left, understood?

MANNY

Yessir. Thanks, Toddow. Really.

TODDOW

No problem, dude. I'll talk to my high school sweetheart here and see what else I can make better around this joint. Okay, get going, dude.

MANNY

I'm going. Thanks again.

A grateful Manny exits. Toddow turns to face Carmen and her flimsy dress.

TODDOW

Look at you, girl. The years have
been goody good to you.

Carmen smiles flirtatiously. She caresses his shoulder.

CARMEN

We have a lot of catching up to do.

TODDOW

What about the monster?

CARMEN

He won't be back for hours. I want
to be loved by a real man again.

Toddow pulls her tight.

TODDOW

I got you covered baby girl.
Chocolate covered.

Carmen squeals from the excitement as he runs his fingertips
down her body.

SUPER - AN HOUR LATER

Toddow buttons up his shirt as Carmen hugs him in her robe.

TODDOW

We need to do this more often.

CARMEN

I'm yours forever. Just let me
know when you need me.

They share a kiss. Outside, they hear a car DOOR SLAM.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

Oh no. He's back. Quick, hide.

TODDOW

Hide? You're kidding, right? Did
you see a tampon fall outta my
skirt or something? I'm a gangsta
baby. Whupping ass is what we do.

Toddow flexes his muscles as he looks out the window to see
REY (40'S) exit the car. Toddow's eyes grow large.

FLASHBACK

INT. TODDOW'S HOUSE - DAY

Toddow looks out the window as his car is hit by a drunk driver. The driver gets out, pukes on the Caddy. It is the same guy, Rey.

DRUNK DRIVER

Sorry, senor. No insurance, but I tink it still runs.

BACK TO SCENE

He looks back to Carmen.

TODDOW

That's Rey?

She nods yes. Toddow smiles like the Grinch when he was plotting to plunder Whoville.

MOMENTS LATER

Rey's keys jingle at the door, he enters and stumbles his drunk ass towards Carmen. She looks nervous.

REY

What you looking at, bitch? Huh?
Why ain't my food cooking? Feed me
before I smack that stupid look off
your face.

Toddow moves in behind him and slams his jaw with a thunderous right hook. He is rocked to his knees.

TODDOW

You mean like that? Damn, didn't
work. You still look stupid.
Double dose?

Toddow holds his hair with his left hand and sends his righty square into his face. Rey gets put flat. He tries to crawl away as he looks back at Toddow.

REY

Who are you? What you want?

TODDOW

I'm the exterminator. And bitch,
you ain't nothing but a bug to me.

REY

Carmen! Go next door. Call policia. Ahora.

TODDOW

No lights, no water and now no phone. Why would she help you? All you provide around here is your pitiful tough guy act, bad breath and a dick the size of an under-sized toddler.

Rey points to Carmen and yells.

REY

Bitch, I said get your ass out there and call the police. Why are you just standing there?

TODDOW

Because she ain't your dog no more. You're done. Loser. Get out! Pick up your shit in the morning. It will be on the curb.

Rey struggles to raise himself up.

REY

I kill you. I kill you both.

TODDOW

If bad breath would kill me, I'd be in the morgue already. Whatcha do? Lick a monkey's asshole on the way home? Pew.

Rey charges him, head first. Toddow sidesteps him. His head rams into the side of the couch. He moans in pain.

TODDOW (CONT'D)

If only I had a Matador outfit on. That would have looked cool.

REY

I kill you. I kill ...

Rey lurches forward, not with a punch. Worse. Steady streams of hot vomit. It hits Toddow full force as he stands there in disbelief.

TODDOW

What the fuck? First on my Caddy and now on me? Uhh, it stinks!

REY

That was your car? Hahaha.

As Toddow struggles to take his shirt off, Rey sucker punches him in the eye. Toddow staggers backwards, lands against a wall. Rey smiles at him. Carmen goes to Toddow, helps take off the gooey shirt.

REY (CONT'D)

Ha ha, senior. That bitch. She is mine. And so is your ass.

Toddow shakes off the cobwebs. He feels the swelling start around his eye.

TODDOW

The only ass you'll see of mine is when I shit right down your throat.

Rey charges him again. This time Toddow dives at his knees. Ray trips over him and slams his head into the wall. A hole is left. Rey is groggy. Toddow takes his shirt and rubs it all over Rey's face and stuffs some in his mouth.

TODDOW (CONT'D)

You wanted dinner? Eat!

Rey digs in his boot and pulls out a knife. He swipes it at Toddow but he jumps back in time. Toddow stands in front of Carmen. Rey spits out the shirt.

REY

Now ... you die.

TODDOW

Remember when you said you didn't have insurance when you hit my car today? Well ... I do.

Toddow pulls his handgun out and shoots him in the leg. POW!

REY

AYYY! DIOS MIO!

TODDOW

Did you learn the value of having insurance yet? That was to 'insure' your ass don't move till the cops come. Maybe we should call La Migra instead. Send you back home so your momma can shoot your stank ass too.

CARMEN

You should have blown his balls off. Garbage like that shouldn't be allowed to ever cum again.

Rey tries to pull himself toward her, seething.

REY

Come here, bitch. Let me put my hands around your neck just one more time.

Toddow hands the gun to Carmen.

TODDOW

I gotta go before the cops come. It's legal and registered. If this fool gives you any --

BLAM! She shoots the other leg. Rey cries and twists in pain. Carmen spits on Rey. No pity. She takes aim again.

TODDOW (CONT'D)

Damn girl! Don't kill him, yet. We want him healthy for that jailhouse gang-bang he'll be hosting between his cheeks.

CARMEN

All the beatings. All the humiliation. Not enough bullets in this gun to get the justice I deserve.

TODDOW

I bet that's right. Hey, I can't go out like this. That asshole got some clothes I can wear that don't smell like cheap beer or puke?

Carmen points to some folded clothes on the couch.

CARMEN

He's not half the man you are. So it might be kinda tight.

TODDOW

Hey, isn't that what you said today right before we did the nasty?

CARMEN

You are so bad. Put them clothes on before the cops get here.

(MORE)

CARMEN (CONT'D)

Show this Bolivian garbage what a grown man's dingaling looks like.

TODDOW

No thanks. He might want to be my girlfriend after that.

Toddow picks up the clothes and steps into the bathroom.

REY

You be my girlfriend one day, senior. I put hole in you myself.

TODDOW (O.S.)

You better shut up before I let her shoot you again.

CARMEN

I just love your gun, Mijo. So black and hard, it feels so good to hold it tight. Oh, and I like this Glock too.

TODDOW (O.S.)

Good one, Boo. Hey, what's up with these clothes? I can't outside like this.

Toddow ocomes out. Carmen tries to hold back a chuckle but Rey laughs so hard that his gunshots spurt blood. Toddow stands before them in puffy red shorts that look like diapers on him. The polo shirt is way too short, his belly exposed.

TODDOW (CONT'D)

Yo, this ain't me. Just let the cops shoot me naked.

CARMEN

Don't worry baby. You can drive home, no one will see you. I'll clean your good clothes and bring them tomorrow. You better go now.

Sirens are heard in the distance.

TODDOW

You don't have to tell me twice. Come here.

Toddow gives her an erotic kiss and Rey turns away, bitter.

CARMEN

Thank you for saving me, Toddow.
It will always be warm and juicy
for you.

EXT. CARMEN'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Toddow slams his shades on and rushes over to his crusty Caddy. Little kids laugh at his outfit as he flutters by them. He opens the car door.

TODDOW

Ha ha. Very funny. I hope you
choke on your Bubble-Yumm.

INT. CADILLAC - MOMENTS LATER

Toddow's car wheezes and creaks as it ambles down the road. Two cop cars pass him going the opposite way, sirens screaming. In the second car is Doughty and Rose. Rose smiles and waves, Doughty sneers. Toddow mumbles.

TODDOW

Doughty, ya punk bitch. Don't
shoot yourself in the dick. It's
hard to do surgery holding a
magnifying glass.

The car clanks and rattles louder. A loud POP is heard. The Cadillac slows down.

TODDOW (CONT'D)

Oh Shit! You kidding me? Come on,
baby. Don't do this shit to me.
No, no. Please.

Smoke streams from under the hood. Toddow pulls over to the side of the road. The car backfires, then dies.

TODDOW (CONT'D)

Gimme a fucking break.

He punches the dashboard, knobs fall off.

TODDOW (CONT'D)

Lovely. What a day. Now how the
fuck do I get home?

He sees a tow truck coming and smiles. He grabs his wallet.

TODDOW (CONT'D)
Cool, I'll just get towed, it can't
cost too much. Oh fuck! Carmen.

The wallet is empty. He almost cries as he watches the tow truck drive past. Down the street, a bus lumbers towards his direction. He eyes the change in his ashtray, then grabs it.

TODDOW (CONT'D)
No choice like a muthafucka, huh?

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Toddow dashes to the bus stop in his geek suit. People laugh at him on the way. He barely makes it to the bus before it pulls away.

INT. BUS - SECONDS LATER

Sweat drips as he pays the fee. The testosterone laden, female BUS DRIVER (50's) looks at him curiously.

BUS DRIVER
Nice outfit.

Toddow takes the insult in stride, sits in the middle of the bus. The bus is empty except for three rough looking females in the back. The most butch one, QUINESHA (40's), stands up. PRINCESSA (30's) and Z.Z. (20's) giggle.

QUINESHA
What we got here, ladies? Look at
them clothes. You gotta be
shitting me. Come sit back here,
pretty boy. I need some laughs.

TODDOW
No, I'm okay.

QUINESHA
Aw, he's bashful ladies. That's
alright, Tinkerbell. We'll come
over to you.

Quinesha leads her crew to Toddow. She sits in front of him. Her other girls sit behind him. Quinesha turns to face Toddow and smiles devilishly.

QUINESHA (CONT'D)
So what's up, sugar pants? Not
used to being in this position,
huh? How's it feel?
(MORE)

QUINESHA (CONT'D)

Ain't this what you do to bitches?
It's called 'pushing up on 'em',
right?

TODDOW

Look. I'm not the kinda guy you
want to be fucking with. Do you
know who I am?

QUINESHA

I know what you was. Some pitiful
ass, gangsta wanna-be. I wasn't
impressed then and I ain't
impressed now.

TODDOW

Yeah, whatever. Why don't you and
the 'dyke-enstein monsters' go
sprinkle each others doughnuts
somewhere else.

Z.Z.

That's no way to talk to a lady.
You been abusing women all these
years. Maybe we should teach you
some respect.

PRINCESSA

Looks like somebody already fucked
that eye up. One of your hoes rise
up and give Mack Daddy a black eye?

Z.Z. throws some paper garbage at Toddow. It bounces off his
head. Toddow gets up to address the matter and hears a gun.
He looks over to see Quinesha packing.

QUINESHA

This fucking no good pimp. He
wouldn't know how to treat a woman
right if his life depended on it.
Guess what? His shitty life
depends on it today.

TODDOW

Fine, bitches. Very funny. Shoot
me, muthafucka. Go ahead. Worse
day of my life.

Quinesha smiles. Puts the gun to his temple.

QUINESHA

Poor baby had a bad day.
Boofucking-hoo.
(MORE)

QUINESHA (CONT'D)

It's more fun to see you squirm
than to bust a cap in your faggot
ass anyway.

PRINCESSA

Ain't pimps supposed to have money?
You better cough up dinero, puto.
From here, it looks like you got a
bulls-eye on your balls.

TODDOW

Hey, don't attack the sack. The
only cash I had, I left behind in
my pants. This guy was beating up
his woman. I whupped his ass but
he threw up on me. These are his
sorry clothes.

PRINCESSA

What a gentleman. How could you
shoot him in the balls after that?

QUINESHA

You right. Forget his nuts, I'll
blow his dick off.

She moves the gun closer to his groin.

TODDOW

It'll take more than one bullet to
kill this anaconda.

QUINESHA

I got a full clip, bitch. That's
enough bullets to turn your crotch
into a pussy.

Z.Z.

A bloody pussy too. Now, make
quick with the cash, asshole.

Toddow looks at the bus driver. She turns away.

QUINESHA

Don't look for mama to help you.
She's one of us.

TODDOW

I ain't got shit. Look at me. I'm
fucked up.

They look at him then huddle up and whisper. Gun aimed.

QUINESHA

Since you saved a sister today, we won't take your manhood, but we gotta take something. We decided on them sweet looking kicks.

TODDOW

You're bullshitting, right? What the fuck do I walk home in?

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The bus pulls away. Toddow snarls at it. On his feet, only socks. The 'sneaker-snatchers' laugh and wave at him from the bus window. He gives them the finger. Quinesha opens the window.

QUINESHA

Ha ha. Fuck you, asshole. Tell your hoes you got jacked by some bitches. Let's see how long you be pimpin' after that.

TODDOW

I ain't done with you bitches. Believe that.

As he talks smack, he realizes he's stepped in something. He looks down to see his socks covered in dogshit. He lifts his foot for closer examination. Fresh poo drips off it.

TODDOW (CONT'D)

Fuck me! I hate this day, I hate it. Just kill me Jesus and get it over with.

He gags on the smell as he carefully peels his socks off. He flings them to the side. Gingerly, he walks home barefoot.

INT. TODDOW'S HOUSE - DAY

Toddow walks in and turns around to face his house guests. At first silence, then everyone in the house doubles over laughing.

TODDOW

Yeah, yeah. Very funny muthafuckas.

BIG DAWG

What happened, man? You got fucked up ... bad. Wheww.

TODDOW

I don't want to talk about it. I just wanna change out these fucking clothes, burn them and forget this day happened.

MOZAMBIQUE

You be smelling like poop, gangsta boy. Me start shower for you.

TODDOW

Nothing like some mothering from da motherland. I'd love that, boo.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

Toddow wipes the steamy mirror so he can see his robed self clearly. He touches his swollen eye. He looks at his feet, twists his body to try to smell it. He falls over onto the tile floor. Toddow gets up quickly.

MOZAMBIQUE (O.S.)

You okay, gangsta boy?

TODDOW

I'm fine. Go find that snake. I gotta dyke I want to feed him.

He goes back to the mirror, grabs toothpaste and then picks up his toothbrush. Toddow doesn't notice the large cockroach nibbling on the bristles. As the toothpaste is about to be applied, he sees it and quickly tosses the brush away.

TODDOW (CONT'D)

Ahhh! You fucker.

Mozambique sticks her head in the room.

MOZAMBIQUE

You be screaming like you dick got bit off, mon.

TODDOW

Fucking cockroach was on my toothbrush. Yuck. I'm gonna send that little bastard to cucuracha heaven.

He picks up the toilet bowl brush and goes-a-hunting.

MOZAMBIQUE

In Africa, me people hunt lions, not little bugs.

TODDOW

Well, I hunted down the fucker that threw up on my car. Whacked his ass with more than a turd brush, too. Not only did I get him arrested, that shithead got a taste lead in his ass to remember me by.

MOZAMBIQUE

You shot him?

TODDOW

Just a little.

MOZAMBIQUE

Gangsta boy. That not nice.

TODDOW

Actually I beat his ass, then he puked on me. Then, he got shot ... Somehow. A couple times.

Mozambique shakes her head in disbelief.

TODDOW (CONT'D)

He deserved it, damn woman beater. I gave his lady the gun and she shot him too. It was a heartwarming moment.

MOZAMBIQUE

Damsel in distress that boy's mama?

TODDOW

Yeah, an old friend of mine.

MOZAMBIQUE

Then you save two people.

TODDOW

(beat)

I guess.

MOZAMBIQUE

You be hero, gangsta boy. I see it in you. You do big things one day.

Toddow smiles. He looks in the mirror, sees his reflection. His mood changes instantly.

TODDOW

Shit. I'm a ghetto pimp and a muthafucking hustler. Hell, that's all I need to be.

MOZAMBIQUE

You don't believe that, mon. Me don't neither.

TODDOW

What are you saying?

MOZAMBIQUE

Me think the eyes of the snake are clouded over. Him ready to shed.

Silence. Toddow looks at her funny. Just then her cell phone rings. She looks at it.

MOZAMBIQUE (CONT'D)

It be EZ-Breeze. I gotta get this. Oh yeah, Big Dawg, Soaking Wet and Chante went to look for Blue, your other girl. Her no show up yet.

TODDOW

Okay.

She answers the phone. Toddow resumes the hunt.

MOZAMBIQUE

Hey me brotha. Talk to me.

The muffled sound of EZ Breeze talking excitedly is heard through the phone.

MOZAMBIQUE (CONT'D)

Okay. Okay I tell him.

She hangs up the phone. Toddow almost falls as he peers behind the toilet for his insect foe.

TODDOW

Tell me what?

MOZAMBIQUE

Him say he almost sold out already. Not even 24 hours. Best shit he ever sold. Him say the whole Westside be walking around like zombies today. All cuz of you.

He looks back at her, blank stare.

MOZAMBIQUE (CONT'D)

Zombies, mon. Don't that make you happy? Him want more.

TODDOW
Zombies. Yeah, I'm so proud of
myself. I could just shit.

Toddow storms out of the room. After he is gone, Mozambique
smiles. She goes after him.

LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Toddow looks out the windows. People and cars are lined up
around the block. He peers at their diverse but weathered
faces. He sighs.

TODDOW
Zombies. Sometimes I think I do
more harm to the hood than Al-Queda
ever could.

MOZAMBIQUE
You say something?

TODDOW
Uh, naw. Where the fuck is Ike?

He looks around. Not in living room or kitchen. Toddow
stands by his bedroom door, listens. He hears MOANS and
GIGGLES. He listens closely, Mozambique too.

IKE (O.S.)
Oh baby, you feel so good. Just a
week more of working for this
asshole and jacking his shit, we
can get our own place and run him
outta business.

HOLLYWOOD (O.S.)
Yeah. He's so dumb, he won't know
till it's too late. Just like Blue
did him. He's probably done
fucking that Zulu bitch in the
shower. You better hurry and bust
that nut.

Toddow hangs his head in sadness and rubs his eyes.

MOZAMBIQUE
You okay?

The sounds of sex, amplify.

TODDOW
No, but I will be in a minute.

Toddow quickly tip-toes to the hall closet. He pulls out his shotgun and goes toward the room.

MOZAMBIQUE

No mon.

TODDOW

You don't understand. We been friends since junior varsity hoops. At least I thought we were.

BEDROOM

BOOM! The door gets kicked wide open. Toddow stands before them, 'shot-gunning'. They scramble to cover themselves.

TODDOW

Get the fuck out my house. Get the fuck out my life ... and don't come back. Ya heard? Move!

IKE

Just checking out the fringe benefits, man. What's the problem?

TODDOW

Stealing my muthafucking money is the problem. Now git.

HOLLYWOOD

Don't shoot us. I didn't mean it, daddy. Please.

TODDOW

After the day I had, trust me, you better just climb the fuck out my bed and make tracks to safety.

IKE

Okay. Okay, homey. Toss me my drawers, I'll be out the door.

TODDOW

No clothes. Pick that shit up in the morning after I check the pockets, ya theiving bastards. Use them sheets for now.

IKE

Bro'. Come on.

TODDOW

Move.

They quickly wrap themselves and are marched out of the bedroom. Hollywood whimpers.

HOLLYWOOD

Please Toddow. We been through so much together, don't.

TODDOW

Jesus and Judas went through some shit together too. Didn't stop that fucker from stabbing him in the back. Just like you did, me.

EXT. TODDOW'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The door opens. Ike and Hollywood are pushed outside as they tightly grip their sheets. Toddow is behind them, armed.

TODDOW

Get out. Y'all look like klansmen that don't know how to dress right.

The people waiting for service see the commotion.

HOLLYWOOD

Don't kick me out, Toddow. Where can I go dressed like this?

A FILIPINO GUY (20's) in the herb line, revs the engine of his 'Fast and Furious' sports car.

FILIPINO GUY

Since you are all gift-wrapped already, let me take you as a early Christmas present. I'll hook you up. Manila style.

She looks at Ike, he nods. Hollywood prances over to the car and gets in. The Filipino Guy flashes a peace sign at the guys and pulls off.

IKE

What about me?

TODDOW

Go ahead. Sell your pussy too. I don't care. Just get the fuck out.

IKE

Fine. I'll be back for my shit in the morning. I'm gone.

The customers laugh as he trudges off down the road looking like black John Belushi in a toga. Toddow addresses the customers in line.

TODDOW

Hey everybody. We're done for the day. Go home. As y'all can see, I've had some technical difficulties. Try tomorrow.

Some just pull away. Some are angry. An OLD MAN (late 60's) on foot rushes up to Toddow.

OLD MAN

Hey. Hey Todd. Let me get some of them rocks right quick.

TODDOW

Todd? Where do I know you from, grandpa? You look so familiar.

The old man sticks his chest out.

OLD MAN

All rise for the Pledge of Allegiance.

TODDOW

Principal Paulson? Good God, what happened to you? Ya look like shit warmed over.

OLD MAN

Funny. That's how I feel too. Look let me slide on a few rocks. I'm a little short today.

TODDOW

My rule is not to sell to minors, pregnant bitches or old folk. Especially if they were my teachers. You should lay off that shit, pops.

OLD MAN

Come on. Ike sold to me. If I was short, he'd hook me up if I hooked him up. Know what I mean?

The old man tries to smile sexy at Toddow through rotted and missing teeth. He then winks at him for good measure. Toddow turns away and his body shutters in disgust. He makes a funny face that only Mozambique can see.

TODDOW

Yeah, I know exactly what you mean.
Urggh. Yo, I used to look up to
you. If I give you some money, do
you promise to stay off the shit
and get your grill fixed?

OLD MAN

Oh yeah. Yeah, of course.

Toddow peels off a few hundred into his sweaty palm.

TODDOW

Go get yourself straight. I never
want to see you 'round here again.

OLD MAN

Yessir, Mister Todd. I'll put this
money to good use. God bless ya,
boy. Wheww-ho.

The addicted educator almost skips down the street in joy.
Mozambique goes to Toddow.

MOZAMBIQUE

That was nice, but me know him on
way to buy rock some other place.

TODDOW

Sometime I see what this shit does
to people. Good people, turned to
garbage. I'd love for the man to
change his life, but I'd be happy
if he just buys some toothpaste and
a brush. I owe him that.

Mozambique gives him a kiss on the cheek and they head back
into the house. The grounds are empty now, except for a ten
year old boy named ANDRE.

ANDRE

Yo, Toddow. What up?

TODDOW

Hey Andre. How them grades coming?

The kid quickly pulls a paper from his pocket, hands it over.

ANDRE

I got all 'A's again. You know
what that means.

Toddow looks it over and grins.

TODDOW
Good job, little homey.

Toddow pulls out fifty dollars and puts it in his hand.

ANDRE
Well alright.

TODDOW
Fifty, just like we agreed. Did
you tell the other kids on the
block about my offer?

Andre smiles, then whistles. A dozen kids come around the corner proudly displaying their report cards. Toddow rolls his eyes as Mozambique giggles.

MOMENTS LATER

Toddow gives pay-out to the last kid in line.

TODDOW
Forty-six, forty-seven, huh, Mo'
let me borrow three bucks, I'm
tapped out.

MOZAMBIQUE
No problem.

She digs in her purse and hooks the last kid up. He smiles then runs off to catch the other kids.

TODDOW
Damn. I gave away more money today
than I make in a weekend.

MOZAMBIQUE
But don't it feel good?

TODDOW
Ask my broke ass tomorrow.

A squad car approaches, berries flashing, it stops. Officers Doughty and Rose exit. Rose smiles at Mozambique.

DOUGHTY
Mr. Howard. You're going for a
ride downtown. Seems your gun was
used in a shooting today. I saw
you in the vicinity myself.

TODDOW

I let her borrow my gun to protect herself from a woman beating asshole. Officer Rose, you saw her bruises? I didn't break the law.

ROSE

I just wish you gave her a shotgun instead. He's right, Doughty. We don't have anything on him and that scumbag's rap sheet was longer than a roll of two-ply toilet paper.

DOUGHTY

Fuck that. I say we bring him in.

A call comes through from dispatch, Officer Rose walks away to answer it.

DOUGHTY (CONT'D)

Its been a long time coming, but today, you get yours. Even if you are innocent as virgin wool, I know some bull-dyke lesbians on the force who'll beat your ass good.

TODDOW

Oh really? I didn't know your momma was a cop too.

DOUGHTY

Why you bastard! I should -

ROSE

Doughty. Code red. We gotta roll. There's been an escape at the holding center.

DOUGHTY

One day your luck will run out, asshole. I'll be back.

Doughty and Rose hustle back to the car. Rose winks at Mozambique. She smiles back.

TODDOW

Take your time. I don't want you to wear out your welcome.

Doughty sneers at him, then peels out as he drives away.

TODDOW (CONT'D)
He's an idiot but Officer Rose,
she's sharp, and she's right about
one thing.

MOZAMBIQUE
What be that?

Toddow turns to her and puts his arms around her waist.

TODDOW
You are so damn sexy even other
girls wanna take a bite.

MOZAMBIQUE
You crazy, mon.

Mozambique's cell phone rings again.

MOZAMBIQUE (CONT'D)
It EZ Breeze again. Yeah, what it
be, brotha? Really now? Oh me
God. Okay, okay. Bye.

TODDOW
What's wrong?

MOZAMBIQUE
Him say FBI found bomb in the
Uptown Mall. Them think the
terrorists be local. My God, mon.

TODDOW
They best not fuck with Toddow.
Yo, I'll go to the garage and get
the A-K. You go in the house.
I'll be right back.

He pats her fanny as she slips into the crib.

INT. TODDOW'S GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Toddow moves a huge piece of plywood to the side. Behind it
is a locker with a combination lock. He spins the lock. It
falls free. He opens the locker door. Inside is a shotgun,
an AK-47, rounds of ammo, a Kevlar vest and a sneaker box.

TODDOW
Try that Jihad shit in my hood
bitch. They'll rename your ass
Osama Bin-Bleedin'.

He puts on the vest, then opens the sneaker box. In it are grenades. He smiles.

TODDOW (CONT'D)
Glad I bought you bitches. I might
be inviting you to the dance later.
For now, I just need Miss Bessie.

He snatches the assault rifle, puts some clips in his pocket and locks the stash back up.

EXT. TODDOW'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Toddow locks up the garage and turns towards the house. The sound of screeching tires causes him to face the low rider car as it barrels down the street. Windows come down, hand guns stick out. All nozzles aim at him.

TODDOW
Oh shit!

Toddow manages to load one clip before the bullets start flying by his head. He takes cover behind the garage. The car stops. He hears men speaking Spanish. He peers at them.

REY
Hey senor. I took your advice and
got some insurance this time. You
like it, no?

Several other men in the car fire at him.

TODDOW
Impressive, diablo. Tell me, do
your boys have to hold you up when
you piss? Cuz with them holes we
blew in your legs today, you sure
ain't standing.

REY
Very funny, senor. After we are
done, you will have to sit down to
pee, like a little girl.

Several thuggish types exit the vehicle, well armed.

TODDOW
Sit on this, diablo.

Toddow fires the AK-47. It sprays the windshield. The gunmen scramble back to the car, shooting wildly.

REY

Why be so difficult, senor?

He points for his men to encircle the garage. Toddow shoots at the feet of one guy trying to sneak up on him. The gunman dives behind the car for cover.

TODDOW

We can do this all day. Or at least till the cops come. I gotta feeling they are looking for you.

REY

Yes. I am loved by everyone, except you my friend. Come on out here. Let me give you a hug.

Rey's thugs open fire again. As Toddow reloads, a slug hits the barrel of the rifle. It is now useless.

TODDOW

Fuck. Now I gotta get to my stash.

He gets up to go in the garage, bullets zing by him. He aborts the mission.

TODDOW (CONT'D)

Shit! That was close. Now what?

Rey starts to sing an old Commodore's song.

REY

Just to be close, to you, senor.
Just for a moment, well-well, just
till I kill you-hoo. Just to be
close, to you. Can you feel it?
It's amor, senor. Kissy, kissy.

Rey motions for his men to advance. From the car, he takes aim at the side of the garage. A glimpse of the bright silk shirt Toddow was wearing is seen. Rey points to it. The henchmen aim at it.

REY (CONT'D)

Adios, senor.

All guns fire at Toddow. The shirt is ripped to threads, and so is the empty chair it was draped across.

REY (CONT'D)

Damn it. Stop. It's not him.
Look for him. He can't be far.

Toddow watches the action from behind a truck in the driveway next door. They search the bushes and even kick in the garage door. SIRENS are heard in the distance.

REY (CONT'D)
Vamanos. Get him later.

Toddow smiles and exhales. Just then, his cell phone rings. All eyes turn toward him.

TODDOW
Shit.

REY
Get him.

Toddow sprints down the street while Rey's thugs are still trying to get in the car. He answers the phone while running down the street.

TODDOW
Yo, Blue. Baby, is that you?

BLUE (O.S.)
Fuck you, Toddow. I ain't your baby no more. I found me a real pimp who's better than you'll ever be. You remember the Male Man?

TODDOW
Look, Blue, fuck that shit. I'm getting shot at. Call the cops.

BLUE (O.S.)
If you was a real gangsta, you wouldn't need no piggies to cover your back. That's way I left your pussy ass. Be a man for Godsake.

The low rider storms down the road. Bullets whiz by him.

TODDOW
I gotta poem for you. Hey Blue, fuck you and your new nigga too.

BLUE (O.S.)
Yeah nigga? I gotta poem for your punk ass too. It goes like this -

CLICK. Toddow ends the call.

TODDOW
I ain't got time for that shit.

Toddow ducks down an alley, then another. He tries to catch his breath against a fence. He sees them drive by on the street slowly. He crouches down low. Suddenly, his cell phone rings again. They look his way. The chase continues.

TODDOW (CONT'D)

What the fuck you want bitch? Stop calling me.

BLUE (O.S.)

First you hang up on me, now you call me a bitch? Let me tell you something muthafucka. Nobody tells me what to do. I hope they shoot you, right in the -

CLICK. Toddow tosses the phone.

TODDOW

That hoe is gonna get me killed.
Oh no, my client phone numbers.

He goes back to retrieve it. Just as Toddow reaches to grab it, a hot slug hits it dead on. It explodes inches from his hand. Toddow jumps back.

REY

Oh no. Now he can't call his
mommy. Poor baby. Shoot him.

Toddow dives behind a dumpster as shots ring out. He lands on something and squashes it. He looks down to see a dead rat with blood pouring out of its mouth. He grimaces. Toddow then flings the rat by its tail at the car.

TODDOW

I don't want you boys to miss
dinner on account of me.

Seconds later the headless body of the rat lands near Toddow.

REY

Oh, that was delicious, senior.
How very thoughtful. Please. You
have the rest. I can't think of a
better last meal for you.

TODDOW

Sorry. I'm allergic to rats and
something else, oh yeah, bullets.

Toddow steadies himself then leaps on top of the dumpster then hops over the nearby concrete fence that is the border for someone's backyard. He feels a bullet graze his Kevlar vest in the process.

FIRST BACKYARD

As soon as he hits the ground, he dives into some thick bushes nearby. Rey's thugs soon peer over the top of the wall. Their eyes get big. They scramble off the fence as fast as they can. Seconds later, the car peels off.

Toddow breathes a sigh of relief. He looks puzzled, then turns towards where the thugs were looking. Two things strike him. One is that a Middle-Eastern man is getting bombs strapped to his body. You just don't see that often.

The other thing is that the reason Rey's thugs made a quick exit is because ten other Middle Eastern men had their guns pointed at the wall. Now all guns are trained on Toddow.

TODDOW

Uh, hello guys. Thank you. They were gonna kill me.

Suddenly a knife is put to Toddow's neck from behind.

TODDOW (CONT'D)

Okay. Who's the party pooper?

The KNIFE GUY (40's) speaks with an Arabic accent through his scraggly beard.

KNIFE GUY

This infidel has seen Allah's plan.
He must die.

The other men cheer in Arabic. Their attention is directed to an old man whose back is to Toddow.

TODDOW

Hey Ayatollah. Gimme a break.
Just a little ghetto drama. Let me walk. I didn't see shit. I mean anything, sir. We do that all the time here in the hood. Gun? What gun? I ain't seen no gun.

The AYATOLLAH (70's) turns to face him. His eyes are cold and his body is worn.

AYATOLLAH

Bring the infidel to face me.

Toddow has to walk tip-toed as the knife is held tightly to his throat. The ihadists laugh at him. He is now face to face with the Ayatollah.

TODDOW

Ah-Salami-Lakey. I ain't hating on Allah. I buy bean pies, Final Call magazines. All that.

AYATOLLAH

Silence.

The Ayatollah looks him up and down. Toddow stands there, muddy, bloody and scruffy.

AYATOLLAH (CONT'D)

Bullet proof vest? So you are police? Speak before you die.

TODDOW

Me? A cop? No way, my brother. They call me, Toddow. Ghetto hustler. I sell weed, rocks, pussy and even guns. I got this on because as you saw, a bunch of fools are trying to shoot me.

KNIFE GUY

I have seen this infidel driving around in his big car before. I believe he speaks the truth.

AYATOLLAH

I see. Well, Tah-Dah, since you are not an enemy to Allah ... we will let you go. But first, you must donate your vest to our cause.

TODDOW

You got a deal, oh High One.

The Knife Guy stands down and allows Toddow to remove the vest. He is now bare-chested. The Knife Guy puts it on.

TODDOW (CONT'D)

Nice fit. Hey fellas, its getting dark out and cold. Got any extra shirts or jackets around?

Toddow notices his neck was nicked by the blade that was to his throat. A stream of blood trickles down his chest.

KNIFE GUY

Give him that one there. My sister
left it last week.

It is a very feminine Arab-style blouse. Everyone laughs as
he puts it on. He looks silly.

TODDOW

Gee. How do I thank you enough?

AYATOLLAH

Tell no one what you saw or your
life will be ours.

KNIFE GUY

He is nothing more than a common
street nigger. No one would
believe him anyway. Go. Sell more
crack to the other Godless black
devils around here. Be gone.

The Knife Guy pushes him to the ground and laughs. All the
others join in. Humiliation is on Toddow's face. Suddenly,
the Knife Guy throws his blade and it sticks in the ground,
near his head.

AYATOLLAH

Go!

Toddow gets up and runs towards the fence next door.

KNIFE GUY

Run! That's right. If you get
home early you still have time to
sell your sister as prostitute
later tonight.

That gets a big chuckle from the Jihad jamboree. Toddow
scales the wall fence that borders the next backyard. When
on top, he decides to 'keep it real' and lashes out.

TODDOW

I just heard from Allah. He said
to go fuck yourselves.

He jumps the concrete fence and lands ...

SECOND BACKYARD

... on the other side. He tries to catch his breath.

TODDOW

Trying to punk me? I'm Toddow,
muthafucka. Who fucks with me?
Nobody.

He hears a growl. Toddow looks over to see a Doberman, big teeth dripping with saliva and poised for action.

TODDOW (CONT'D)

That includes dogs, bitch. You
best go find some Alpo and chill.

The dog chomps at his ankle but misses.

TODDOW (CONT'D)

Its like that, huh? Look, I ain't
Michael Vick. I like dogs. But
don't push it.

Toddow turns to walk away. The Doberman bites at him. Toddow turns to see some of his blouse in his mouth. A nearby blanket on the clothesline catches Toddow's eye.

TODDOW (CONT'D)

I'm done fucking with you.

Toddow grabs the blanket and does a matador move as the dog charges. He gets the dog tangled in the blanket and wraps the canine up and ties off his squirming bundle.

TODDOW (CONT'D)

Welcome to the ghetto rodeo, bitch.
Wheww. I could use a goddamn nap
right about now.

Just as he lets out a big exhale, three other Dobermans come around the corner, full gallop.

TODDOW (CONT'D)

Maybe later.

He sprints through the backyard towards the property of the neighbor on the other side.

Two men in Speedos relax next to a hot tub adorned with German and Gay Liberation flags. It is located on the other side of the house. They see Toddow run across their backyard. The BEARDED GERMAN (40's) is intrigued.

BEARDED GERMAN

Oh look. A black transvestite.
What a cutie in the booty, yah.

The other German nods his approval. The Bearded German calls to Toddow in his thick accent.

BEARDED GERMAN (CONT'D)
Over here licorice boy. Come play
with us, no? Come back.

Toddow ignores them and jumps the hedges that separates the property and disappears from their sight. Behind him, the Dobermans remain in pursuit.

BEARDED GERMAN (CONT'D)
Oh no. He upset the puppies.
Let's get him.

The dogs jump the hedges. The Germans, wearing only tiny Speedos, flip-flops and pink towels prance over to the property line.

BEARDED GERMAN (CONT'D)
Wheww fun. Just like Ah-nold. I'm
coming licorice boy. I hope the
Dobies don't bite his wiener off.
What would we do for desert?

THIRD BACKYARD

Near the house, three women sit at a picnic table, listen to LOUD RAP MUSIC and drink forty-ouncers. As Toddow gets closer, he sees they are the broads who jacked him on the bus. On the table are his much traveled fancy sneakers.

Unnoticed because of the loud music and approaching twilight, Toddow comes up on their blind-side. Still at full speed, he snatches the shoes he once owned and darts towards the road.

TODDOW
Thanks for watching these for me.

QUINESHA
You? Why you muthafucka. Your ass
is dead. Yo Z.Z., get my gun.

As they get up to chase Toddow, they are knocked around by Dobermans in pursuit.

QUINESHA (CONT'D)
Yahhh! What the fuck?

In the distance, the comically running Germans yell to her.

BEARDED GERMAN
Get him, sister. Him hurt mine
puppy. I want to spank him.

Z.Z. digs out the gun from a purse and hands it to Quinesha.

QUINESHA
There won't be any ass left to
spank, or shit out of either.

She slams a fresh clip into the weapon.

BEARDED GERMAN
I'll bake you cookies if you let me
fuck it first.

QUINESHA
Deal. Let's get 'em.

The three gangsta dykes and the two German 'girlie boys' all
run towards the street. Fire in their eyes.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Toddow runs full steam down the road, sneakers in hand. His
torn blouse flutters in the wind. He hears the dogs and
looks back to see them on his trail. Behind the dogs, a five
person freak show follows on foot.

TODDOW
You gotta be kidding me.

The dogs get closer. Toddow goes into the road and darts
through traffic to try and lose them. He doesn't. One car
seems to speed up as he runs ahead of it. The fancy Lincoln
pulls up and bumps his hip. Toddow goes sprawling.

TODDOW (CONT'D)
You fucking asshole!

The car pulls over in front of him and stops. The Lincoln's
elaborate paint job spells out the words, MALE MAN across the
back. Toddow picks himself up, ready to fight.

BLUE (20's) emerges from the passenger seat and walks towards
Toddow. Her super dark-black skin, has a bluish tint under
the street light. Mozambique's deep African hue looks like
Mariah Carey compared to her. She laughs at him.

BLUE
Nice blouse, you pitiful
muthafucka. Look at you.
(MORE)

BLUE (CONT'D)

Shit is sad, son. I'm glad I got me a new man now. You're done.

TODDOW

Look bitch. Get me outta here. I got some issues.

BLUE

You look like a gay runaway slave and nigga, I ain't Harriet Tubman.

He points down the road. The dogs and lynch mob are gaining ground on him.

BLUE (CONT'D)

Yo Male Man, check this out.

The car door opens and a pair of alligator shoes hits the ground. A mink and bling covered pimp walks over to Toddow. The MALE MAN (30's) is kinda short, but as heartless as they come.

MALE MAN

Look at this sorry ass nigga here. Boy, I remember when you used to be the shit. Now, I don't whether to fucking laugh at your ass or cry.

TODDOW

Bro, I need a ride real bad. I'll pay. Let's just get going.

Male man sees the oncoming horde.

MALE MAN

Fine nigga. Hook me up with a 'C' note, we're outta here.

Toddow reaches in his pocket. He gave his money to Principal Paulsen and the kids.

TODDOW

I'm short right now but I'll hook you up at the crib.

The pursuers are getting close. A shot rings out and zings by Toddow's head. Male Man and Blue make tracks back to the pretty Continental.

MALE MAN

In that case three hundred and you ride on the back of the car with your broke ass.

TODDOW

Done. Get me outta here.

Male Man gets in and guns the Lincoln as Toddow attaches himself to the back of the car. The dogs are just yards away. Male Man rolls down the window and shouts to Toddow.

MALE MAN

Blue said she wants to have some fun with you first.

The dogs charge the back of the car. They snap and lunge at Toddow as he tries to fight them off with his sneakers. Male Man and Blue laugh their asses off inside.

TODDOW

What the fuck man, what you waiting for? This shit ain't funny, yo.

Toddow climbs on the roof to avoid sharp teeth but he almost gets hot lead instead. A bullet leaves a large exit wound in his sneakers.

MALE MAN

Okay okay, nigga. Hang on.

The Lincoln peels out and Toddow almost falls off the top of it but hangs on, even as a Doberman rips a pant leg off. They drive off but the dogs are still close.

TODDOW

Let's go, let's go!

MALE MAN

Nigga, you telling me what to do? Bitch I will put this muthafucka in reverse so the white boys can fuck you and the dogs eat whatever's left over. You better show me some love in this bitch.

TODDOW

Nigga, please.

After a few seconds, Male Man decelerates and the dogs are snapping at Toddow's ankles again.

TODDOW (CONT'D)

Okay, shit. You are the man. You're doing a great job. Please get me home alive ... sir.

MALE MAN

That's better.

Male Man puts pedal to metal. The beasts, the bitches and the girlie-boys finally give up.

EXT. TODDOW'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The Male Man-mobile pulls in front of Toddow's crib. Male Man and Blue get out. Toddow still is epoxied to the car.

MALE MAN

Lawd have mercy. Blue, don't look at this nigga, turn away. He's an embarrassment to players everywhere. Get off my car and get my money bitch. What the fuck.

Toddow peels himself off of the vehicle. He stands but hobbles a little. He looks at the once fancy sneakers full of bite marks, dog saliva and even bullet holes. He tosses them over his shoulder into a trash can.

TODDOW

Once I go in that house, I ain't coming out again for a week. Phone, please.

Male Man shakes his head no, then points to Blue. She acts flustered but gives it to him anyway. He dials.

TODDOW (CONT'D)

Big Dawg. Oh man, its so fucking good to hear your voice again. I need you to bring me three 'C'notes and a jacket. I'm on the sidewalk, out front ... okay, cool.

He hangs up. Blue puts her hand out.

BLUE

My celly.

TODDOW

Look Blue. No hard feelings. It was a pleasure working with you.

MALE MAN

How sweet. Where the fuck is my violin? You don't talk to no hoe like that. You're washed up. About as soft as a big, fat titty.

TODDOW

Washed up. Maybe washed out too. How would I retire if I wanted to?
(MORE)

TODDOW (CONT'D)

I been in the game since high school. How does that work?

From the look on his face, a soft spot seems to have developed in Male Man. He motions Toddow to the side so he can speak privately.

MALE MAN

Look man. I always thought when I retire, my next stop would be the morgue. You are a smart brother. All these years, never popped once. Whatever you do, you'll be pimping the shit outta that too. Yo, keep the money. I gotta jet. You ever need a loan or something, call me, but don't let these bitches know.

They exchange the soul brother/Mack Daddy handshake, Then Male Man orders Blue into the car with his finger.

TODDOW

Thanks. Peace.

BLUE

Where's the money? You ain't got it yet.

MALE MAN

Bitch, shut up and get in the car.

Big Dawg comes outside. He halts when he sees Blue, then almost faints when he sees the condition Toddow is in. Big Dawg reaches for the piece that is in the small of his back.

BIG DAWG

Toddow. We gotta problem here or some shit?

TODDOW

No problem, homey. Just saying good bye to some friends. Bring that jacket on.

BIG DAWG

Sure thing. Hey, Blue, you okay. Soaking Wet, Chante and me was looking all over for you.

BLUE

I'm fine Dawg. Thank you. Tell the girls I'll call them later.

Big Dawg hands the jacket to Toddow. He rips off what is left of the blouse and stuffs it in the trash can. He puts on the fly jacket.

TODDOW
Much better.

Male Man and Blue get in the car and it heads off.

BIG DAWG
What the fuck happened to you, 'G'?

TODDOW
It's a long story and I just wanna get in the house before more dumb shit jumps off. Is Mo' there?

INT. TODDOW'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

As Toddow walks through the door, all conversations cease.

TODDOW
What y'all looking at?

MOZAMBIQUE
Thank God you okay. Me worry so.

SOAKING WET
Damn, I was worried too.

CHANTE BOUCHE
Not me. Fuck you, Toddow. I knew this big dick-ded muthafucka would show up.

TODDOW
Thanks for the love, and for whatever Chante calls that bull shit of hers. At the mo-mo, I need something to eat in this bitch. Anybody cook?

Toddow heads for the kitchen.

BIG DAWG
Yeah man. Your girl there hooked up some kinda spicy 'scrimp' thing. Shit was nice.

TODDOW
Girl, you shake booty like that and can cook too? Mmm-mm-mm.
(MORE)

TODDOW (CONT'D)
Hey, if y'all need me I'll be in
the kitchen hurting myself.

KITCHEN

Toddow inhales deep, then smiles.

MOZAMBIQUE
Smell good?

Mista Bones sticks his head out from under the refrigerator.
He flickers his tongue.

TODDOW
It smells great. You look even
better, sweet sista. I can't tell
you how many times I almost died
today. Makes you appreciate stuff.

MOZAMBIQUE
So me heard.

He tenderly grabs her by the waist and pulls her closer.

TODDOW
And I appreciate you, sister.

They kiss and it's more than a sexual thing. The two smile
at each other afterwards.

MOZAMBIQUE
Get you some food, gangsta boy.

Toddow grabs a bowl. As he sticks the ladle into the African
cuisine, that same large cockroach runs from the inside of
the pot, up the side of it and onto the stove.

TODDOW
Oh fuck no!

MOZAMBIQUE
What's wrong.

Toddow takes off his shoes and looks for him.

TODDOW
That fucking roach again. This
time the fucker dies. Ruin my
dinner muthafuka?

Toddow swats on the stove with all his might.

MOZAMBIQUE

Baby, be careful. Where it be? Me
no see it.

Everyone from the living room comes into the kitchen.

TODDOW

You think I'm crazy or some shit?
Huh girl? Ah, there's that bitch
right now.

Toddow focuses his eyes near the cooking pot but in a place
that is obscured by other objects on the stove. The hefty
cockroach seems to laugh at him.

CHANTE BOUCHE

I don't see nothing either. His
fool ass probably bought some of
that LSD from the white boys again.

TODDOW

Fuck you, Chante. I'll show you
his squished ass on the bottom of
my shoe, then I'll feed him to you.

CHANTE BOUCHE

Now I know your ass is tripping.

Toddow slams down the shoe near the pot. The pot flips and
the food gets all over him.

TODDOW

Fuck! Well, at least I got that
muthafucka this time.

He lifts up his shoe. Nothing but 'scrimp' sauce. He can't
believe his eyes. He looks around frantically for the roach.
His friends look at each other, concerned.

Unnoticed, the cockroach runs along the floor. Mista Bones
strikes at him but misses. The snake goes back in hiding.

SOAKING WET

I'll help you clean up.

MOZAMBIQUE

I'll help you get outta them
clothes. You need rest.

TODDOW

I don't need rest. I need food
that some cockroach didn't drag his
balls across yet. And stop looking
at me like I'm crazy. Okay?

Mozambique comes over and rubs his shoulders.

MOZAMBIQUE

Me believe you. Now, what you
wanna me cook for you?

TODDOW

The only thing I trust to eat in
this house that ain't got that bug
crawling through it is your pussy.
I'm ordering a pizza. Big Dawg,
let me use your phone. Mine, kinda
got lost.

BIG DAWG

Sho' thang.

TODDOW

Cool. I'm gonna order an extra
large, change into my sweats and
chill like a glacier. By the way
ladies, y'all ain't gotta work
tonight. I declare a holiday.

CHANTE BOUCHE

Holiday? Hoe holiday?

TODDOW

Call it what you want, baby girl.
I just found out that we lost Blue,
forever. It's my fault. I don't
tell y'all how much I love each of
you. Now is the time.

CHANTE BOUCHE

You okay, Toddow? I fuck wit you,
but you know I love you too daddy.
When is this holiday of yours over?

Toddow stares at her, then looks away.

TODDOW

The way I'm feeling right now,
might be the rest of my life.

BIG DAWG

What?

Toddow closes his eyes and shakes his head.

TODDOW

This has been the very worst day of
my life. I think it happened for a
reason.

(MORE)

TODDOW (CONT'D)

I see what other people think of me
and what I do. It ain't pretty.

SOAKING WET

Fuck them. You're a good man. You
always had our back and I'm down
with you til the end. Promise me
you'll rest and think about it
first, daddy.

Big Dawg opens a beer and slams a swig.

BIG DAWG

Sounds like my brotha needs some
good booty. Any volunteers?

All three ladies raise their hands with enthusiasm.

TODDOW

God bless all you sweet pussy
muthafuckas. Really, it touches
my heart.

CHANTE BOUCHE

Your heart? Let me touch that dick
and put a smile on your face again.

Toddow and the rest, chuckle.

TODDOW

Cool. I'll eat, wash up, then see.

BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Toddow closes the door behind him and smiles. He whips off
the jacket and grabs a fly sweat-suit from the closet. He
pauses in front of the mirror. Touches the scar and dry
blood on his throat.

TODDOW

You trying to tell me something
God? If you are, could you be a
little more gentle next time? This
fucking hurts.

He grabs a bottle of 'Patron Tequila' from the dresser and
pours some on a cloth. Toddow puts the cloth to the wound.
He winces in pain.

TODDOW (CONT'D)

Wheww. Goddamn. Them Al-Queda
cocksuckers got an ass whupping
coming to 'em.

(MORE)

TODDOW (CONT'D)

They can bet their momma's stank-ass, swoll-up, camel-humping pussy on that.

Toddow finishes changing clothes and goes to the mirror again. He admires himself.

TODDOW (CONT'D)

Retire? Me? I'm Toddow muthafucka.

He combs his hair and studies his face.

TODDOW (CONT'D)

If you want me to go God. It's cool. I guess. But what the fuck else can I do to live?

Toddow looks over at his BIGGIE and TUPAC posters.

TODDOW (CONT'D)

And I want to live.

He puts the comb down, grabs the tequila and takes a gulp.

TODDOW (CONT'D)

I can't take another day like this one. Where'd all this bad luck come from?

Toddow puts the bottle on the floor near him and starts to change his socks. He happens to look over and see the large head of the big snake coming towards him.

TODDOW (CONT'D)

You? Ya' know, all this bad shit started since you been in my house.

He reaches in his dresser drawer and pulls out a handgun.

TODDOW (CONT'D)

Maybe I can end all this shit. Right now.

He draws a bead on Mista Bones as he crawls closer. Suddenly he lunges at the tequila bottle and pulls back. In his mouth is the large cockroach. Evil roach legs struggle in vain. Toddow watches as he chomps him down, whole.

TODDOW (CONT'D)

Well excuse me for rising up on you like that brother. You ain't so bad after all. Probably that shit-eating roach.

(MORE)

TODDOW (CONT'D)

Good kill, Mista Bones. Knowing that fucker, he'll send his roach-ghost after me.

BOOM, BOOM. The knocks on the front door are extra hard.

DOUGHTY (O.S.)

Open up. This is the police.

TODDOW

Sounds like the roach sent his daddy instead.

Toddow stands. He thinks about bringing his piece, but instead, puts it back in the drawer.

TODDOW (CONT'D)

No. I ain't going out like that.

KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Toddow walks by his friends. Fearless look on his face.

MOZAMBIQUE

Police here, gangsta boy.

TODDOW

Before I go, I need to give you something from the heart.

He spins to look at Mozambique. A passionate kiss is dealt out by the gangsta.

MOZAMBIQUE

Whoa. Where did that come from?

TODDOW

From the heart. I just said that. It was long overdue. I think I got some strong love for you, Boo.

She gently rubs his cheek. Both eyes lock in love.

MOZAMBIQUE

Not as much as I do for you. Especially this version of you. Get rid of them cops. I'll have something special for you when you get back.

After a peck on her forehead, Toddow heads towards the door.

TODDOW

I like that. Bring 'em on.

(beat)

Hey, Mista Bones showed up. He's near the bed. Give him a hug for me.

LIVING ROOM

Toddow hurries to the door and opens it. Officer Doughty is all smiles as the squad car lights flash behind him.

DOUGHTY

I've been waiting for this day, Howard. You are going down hard for this one, scumbag.

Toddow tries to hold a poker face.

TODDOW

Ain't did nothing wrong, Officer. What's the charge?

DOUGHTY

You've been selling crack. Haven't you, Mr. Howard.? That's a felony. A long, long time behind bars and even longer when you are somebody's bitch. Know what I mean?

Doughty chuckles at his own joke. The laugh sounds like a cross between a hillbilly and Urkel.

TODDOW

Stop bullshitting me, man. What proof you got?

DOUGHTY

What proof? Why not the word of one of this community's most honored men.

Doughty steps aside and an old man is behind him. It is Principal Paulsen. He avoids eye contact and looks scared. The old man has been cleaned up, shaved and in a clean suit that is too large for him.

TODDOW

Principal Paulsen? No way.

DOUGHTY

Actually there are three, ways.
Way too overdue, way too true, and
my favorite. Way too fun. Ha.
Your eyes just gave it away Mack
Daddy. You are fee-fi-foe-fum
fucked now. And I'm the one
bringing you down.

TODDOW

I didn't sell nothing to this man.
Sir, please tell him.

DOUGHTY

You don't have to say a word to
that scumbag, Mr. Paulsen. He
needs to be put away like an
animal. The world will be a better
place in the long run.

TODDOW

If you are here to arrest me, why
don't you have back-up?

Doughty pulls a gun, puts it to Toddow's temple.

DOUGHTY

It's like this, home-o. I don't
need no one else. If things go the
easy way, you go to jail and I
become a detective. If you start
shit, I give you a third ear-hole
and retire you for good. What's it
gonna be?

Toddow smiles, unafraid.

TODDOW

It's gonna be sad for you when I
sue your ass in court. Yo, Big
Dawg. We got all this on tape?

BIG DAWG

Sorry man, something is wrong with
the camera outside.

With gun still on Toddow, Doughty reaches in his pocket and
throws several electrical wires on the floor.

DOUGHTY

My bad. Those wires by the door
looked tacky. My apologies. Let
me give you a nice bracelet to make
up for that.

Doughty pulls out some handcuffs.

TODDOW

Oh come on now. This is bullshit
and you know it. Principal
Paulsen. How can you do this to
me? You know it's a lie.

The old man turns from his glare. Doughty presses the gun
harder to his head.

DOUGHTY

It's over punk. Kiss this life
good-bye. If I were you I'd put my
wrists out. That fucker behind the
gun looks like he'd enjoy shooting
you too much.

Doughty's smile is blood-thirsty. A fast moving little truck
pulls up in the driveway. Out jumps Officer Rose in street
clothes. She storms over to the porch.

ROSE

I knew you'd be here. Drop the
gun. Now! I know what you're up
to. It won't work.

DOUGHTY

Back off. My bust, sister.

ROSE

I was there when you busted the old
man, washed him up and threatened
this statement out of him. I'll
testify to it. The only one
getting busted will be you.

Doughty, angry and lost for words for a moment, does not
lower the gun.

DOUGHTY

You'd defend this asshole? You
know what he does to women? He's a
no good pimp. Just maybe he didn't
sell to the old man, but I
guarantee he sold to somebody.

ROSE

Since this is all bullshit, where's
the proof. You need evidence, not
theater. Let him go.

DOUGHTY

You want proof? Call the police dogs down here. There's probably so much shit in here their noses will catch on fire.

Toddow looks a bit nervous.

ROSE

You call them. You let that Bolivian escape, I'm sure the station would be glad to hear from Mr. Fuck-up again.

TODDOW

Officer Rose. I almost forgot. The Bolivian tried to kill me after he escaped.

ROSE

Why'd he do that?

TODDOW

That's not the important part. The thing is, when he was chasing me, I found the hide-out of the Jihad terrorists.

DOUGHTY

Liar. Don't believe him.

Toddow points to the knife mark on his neck.

TODDOW

Believe this. One of them crazy fucks thought it was funny to almost cut my head off.

Rose moves Doughty's gun away from Toddow's head as she stares down her fellow officer.

ROSE

You want these assholes to bomb another mall? Maybe something worse this time? Let him speak.

TODDOW

They were the real deal. Talking that jihad shit with guns and bombs to back it up. I think they will strike soon.

ROSE

Why do you say that?

TODDOW

They were strapping explosives to some punk bitch when I was there. If we hurry, maybe we can stop them. I'm sure they are serious.

DOUGHTY

You saw them, huh? Why did they let you live?

Toddow looks a bit embarrassed.

TODDOW

They saw me as a joke. A loser criminal. They, ha, they even said I'd sell my sister as a prostitute. Yeah. They saw me as a stupid, worthless nigger, no one would believe. But they didn't count on how American this brotha is.

Toddow looks at them both. Sincerity in his eyes.

TODDOW (CONT'D)

Are they right? Will you believe me, or not?

Officer Rose grabs him by the arm and pulls him towards her car. Doughty lets her.

ROSE

Show me.

INT. ROSE'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Toddow is in the passenger seat as Officer Rose drives. He looks behind to see Doughty's squad car behind them.

TODDOW

You need to tell Officer Yahoo to turn off the berries. These guys are a little on the edge.

Officer Rose grabs the walkie-talkie.

ROSE

Hey, kill the light show. We don't know what we are heading into. I called for back up, but it might take them a while.

Officer Doughty is heard on the walkie-talkie.

DOUGHTY (O.S.)

Don't tell me how to do my job. We don't need back-up for this goose chase anyway. Just remember that after this is over, Mr. Howard there is my bust. Mine, understand?

ROSE

Whatever. Just don't get us shot up because you think you are Joe Testosterone.

Toddow looks out the window and sees Quinesha and her fiendish friends tossing a football and draining 'forties'. Next door, the German Tinkerbells splash each other in the hot tub. They come to a stop at the next house over.

TODDOW

This is it. Now what?

Doughty raps on the window. Officer Rose rolls it down.

DOUGHTY

This ain't no Al-Queda cell. Look at it. Manicured lawn. Whitepicket fence. I'll go knock and settle this crapola so I can come back here and take Mr. Big Pimping down to the pokey.

ROSE

Why don't you wait for back-up?

DOUGHTY

Because it's all bullshit. Watch.

Doughty ambles up the walkway to the front door. Halfway to the door, two windows open and the business end of AK-47s stick out. Doughty spins on his heels and heads back to the squad car. The guns open fire. He dives behind the car.

ROSE

Holy shit. Get down.

She covers Toddow just as a bullet comes through the window. It hits her in the shoulder.

TODDOW

Oh no! Rose. You okay?

ROSE

Get me outta here.

Toddow pulls her out the driver's seat and out the passenger's door as bullets zing by.

EXT. ROSE'S TRUCK - SAME

He sets her next to the tire. Toddow looks over to see Doughty in the fetal position. Piss stain on his pants.

ROSE

If you run, I can't blame you.
And I sure can't stop you.

TODDOW

Looks like your tough guy pussied out. Rose, I ran enough. Gimme your gun. I will stay and fight.

She slowly hands it over.

ROSE

You don't have to do this. You could die. Back-up will be here soon.

TODDOW

If they hit the gas tank, we won't be here to see back-up. After I spank some jihad ass, promise me a date, and yes, Mozambique's fine ass will be there too.

Blood drips down her arm.

ROSE

Get me outta here alive and I'll do you both on You-Tube.

TODDOW

A show-off, huh? I like that.

One bullet hits the windshield and scatters glass over them.

TODDOW (CONT'D)

Time to earn that pussy.

He winks at her, stands up and fires back. He shoots into the open window upstairs. Both the gun and the shooter topple to Earth. Several cop cars arrive. The remaining sniper rattles the cars with bullets.

ROSE

You got one. That's at least a blow job.

TODDOW

If I don't get an all-out, juicy
ass, threesome ... My heart will be
broken.

ROSE

Get busy, Romeo.

Toddow peeks over the car hood. The Ayatollah, the Knife Guy
and the nut with the bombs taped to his balls, sneak out the
side door. Toddow smiles.

TODDOW

Get the satin sheets ready.

Toddow fires. The terrorist's eyes grow big as they see the
bullet head straight for bomb-boy's rib cage.

BOOM! The three disappear in a huge fireball. Toddow covers
Officer Rose with his body as debris falls.

Several more police cars pull up. Some are FBI. The POLICE
COMMISSIONER (50's) scurries over to Officer Rose and Toddow.

POLICE COMMISSIONER

Officer down! Get a paramedic,
now! You okay, Officer Rose?

ROSE

I'll be fine, sir.

A medical team dashes over to her and addresses her wound.
The top cop looks over and sees the freaked-out Officer
Doughty and his strategically placed pee stain.

POLICE COMMISSIONER

Good shooting there, Buddy. You
saved the lives of two of my
officers. You're a hero, son.
You'll get that million dollar
reward for this one. Hey, I didn't
catch your name.

Toddow smiles wide.

SUPER - A YEAR LATER

MONTAGE - VIDEO COLLAGE

Toddow and crew celebrating in front of his medical marijuana
dispensary, named, TODDOW'S, HOW DO YOU LIKE ME NOW?

Inside, Soaking Wet, Chante are bud tenders. Principal Paulsen is a greeter and Big Dawg and EZ Breeze are managers.

Wedding reception for Toddow and Mozambique. His crew, now in gowns and tuxedos, toast them. Coodums the monkey, gets loose and makes a mess.

Toddow and Mozambique at their fancy home, with a newborn. His crew has a baby party for them. Happy, Toddow holds the baby. It pukes on him. He makes a face, then smiles.

FADE OUT.