KICK ROCKS

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. A MCDONALDS – DAY

Two BLACK MEN, both in their late 30’s, sit across from each other inside of a crowded Mcdonald’s restaurant. CLARENCE PARKER, a seemingly clean cut fellow, sits nervously as he watches every patron who walks in and out of the restaurant.

MELVIN, so he calls himself, appears to be a out of work rapper. Faded gold chain, with a silver Jesus pendant, worn out du-rag with undone braids seeping out from underneath. He looked rough but his teeth were perfect. A gold tooth matched for every white one. He hungrily devours a stack of pancakes that sit in front of him.

A fidgety boy sits at a empty table across from the two men. He’s Melvin’s companion. Clarence watches him nervously as much as he watches the people who come in and out of the restaurant.

MELVIN
Thanks again for the breakfast, man. I ain’t ate all morning.
Ihop... they got nothing on a warm stack of Mickey D hotcakes.

Melvin notices that Clarence is nervous.

MELVIN (CONT’D)
Why you acting all scared, man? We good.

Clarence leans in to whisper.

CLARENCE
It’s just I never done nothing like this before.

MELVIN
You ain’t gotta whisper. Ain’t nobody listening. You acting all scared. It ain’t like I’m about to make you suck on my dick. You ever been to prison?

CLARENCE
What?

MELVIN
Nothing. Now, look, I’ll need a thousand dollar down payment. Can you handle that?
FIDGETY COMPANION (O.S.)
Hmm! Hmm!

Clarence can’t help but look at the kid across the table. Melvin see’s Clarence looking. He turns to the kid.

MELVIN
Yo! Keep your ass still.

Patrons look up at the men. Clarence grows more uneasy.

FIDGETY COMPANION
(rocking back and forth)
Pop tart!

CLARENCE
Is he your brother?

MELVIN
Hell no. My client. My day job. I’m something like a caretaker for autistic kids and shit.

CLARENCE
Oh.

MELVIN
Did you hear what I said about the money?

CLARENCE
Yeah, a thousand dollar down payment. I can do that. But, uh-you ever done this before?

MELVIN
Don’t ask me that.

FIDGETY COMPANION (O.S.)
Pop tart!

Melvin whips all the way around with his backhand in the air as if he were a pimp about to slap a hoe. The kid flinches and shakes.

MELVIN
Yo, say pop tart one more damn time! Go head, say it! You know how I do!

Patrons look and whisper to each other.
CLARENCE
Let’s not bring attention to ourselves.

MELVIN
(back to Clarence)
Yo, chill out, man. You just as fidgety as this retard.

CLARENCE
I’m just nervous and I wanna be careful. I never done any type of arrangement like this before.

MELVIN
Yo, I’m a professional. Did you bring the envelope?

Clarence looks around suspiciously. He then pulls out a yellow envelope and slides it over to Melvin.

Melvin opens it and pulls out a photo and a couple of sheets of notebook paper.

MELVIN’S POV
An old black woman in her 60’s.

Clarence throws his hand on top of Melvin’s.

CLARENCE
Don’t take that out in here.

Melvin stares at Clarence’s hand as it lays on top of his. Clarence quickly removes it.

MELVIN
Yo, man, I know what I’m doing. Relax.

Melvin reads over the notebook paper.

MELVIN (CONT’D)
Valletta Parker. What’cha do to piss this scarey ass dude off?

Clarence lets out a sigh. He wants this meeting to be over.

MELVIN (CONT’D)
Okay. I can do this. When you gonna have my down payment?

CLARENCE
Give me a week.
MELVIN
And the other four thousand?

CLARENCE
When she’s dead.

Melvin returns his face to his breakfast.

CLARENCE (CONT’D)
How are you gonna do it?

MELVIN
(mouth full of food)
Do what?

CLARENCE
You know...

MELVIN
Kill her?

CLARENCE
Yeah.

Melvin licks his fingers in a gross manner by sticking them all the way in his mouth one by one and slowly pulling them out as to savor the taste.

Clarence frowns his face at the sight of it.

MELVIN
Don’t ask me that. As long as it’s done, right?

CLARENCE
Yeah, I guess.

MELVIN
I’m fuckin’ with you man. I’ll tell you how at a later date. Let me go home and think about it; so we can, ya know, derive some type of plan and shit. Do you have a preference how you want it done?

CLARENCE
An accident?

MELVIN
Or... just a random murder. Either way you getting paid, right?

CLARENCE
Yeah, I guess.
Melvin buries his face back into his plate of food. Clarence waits and watches a moment.

CLARENCE (CONT’D)
So are we done here?

Melvin nods yes with a mouth full of food. Clarence rises from the table and is about to walk off but...

MELVIN
(mouth full of food)
Yo, Who’s the mark?

CLARENCE
Excuse me?

MELVIN
(points syrup covered finger tip on the picture)
Who’s the mark? Who is this Valletta Parker bitch that you want me to kill? Your land lady? Your boss?

Clarence swallows deeply. He looks the low rent Hitman for hire in the eyes.

CLARENCE
She’s my mother.

DISSOLVE TO:

39 YEARS EARLIER APPEARS ON SCREEN.

INT. HOSPITAL DELIVERY ROOM

VALLETTA PARKER is seen lying on a gurney, riving in pain and discomfort. She is in labor and about to give birth. A Nurse and Doctor attempt to settle her for the anticipated delivery.

DOCTOR
You’re doing well, Mrs. Parker. We’re almost at an end.
NURSE
Keep pushing, Mrs. Parker.

VALLETTA
I don’t wanna hear that shit! I don’t wanna hear that shit! Just get this little bastard out of me!

NURSE
You’re doing real good, Mrs. Parker. You’re doing real good.
   (looks to a man standing in the corner)
Isn’t she doing good, Mr. Parker?

The man standing in the corner with his hands in his pockets, wearing a RED KANGOL HAT matched with a all RED OUTFIT, is WILLIE P. PARKER.

WILLIE
   (mumbles to self)
Shit, I don’t care if she do bad, it ain’t my damn baby.

NURSE
Sir, get over here and support your wife.

WILLIE
She don’t want me over there.

VALLETTA
No, I don’t want him over here. You keep your black ass over there, Willie.

WILLIE
And this where I’m gon’ stay, shit!

The Doctor gets impatient.

DOCTOR
Ma’am, I need you over here with us.

VALLETTA
I’m over here with you. Where the hell else would I be?!

DOCTOR
We’re almost at an end, and I need you to push as hard as you can.
VALLETTA
I’m pushing as hard as I can, Doctor. Stop saying we almost at an end. It don’t feel like we almost at a damn end!

Valletta gives harder pushes.

As Valletta continues to push, and the Doctor and nurse continue to rally for her support in the delivery, we slowly zoom closer to her belly.

The closer we get, the more muffled the noise gets from all the commotion. Until we pass thru skin and are inside of Valletta’s womb, staring face to face, with the infant to be born.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE OF VALLETTA’S WOMB.

The infant Clarence opens its eyes. It opens its mouth.

CLARENCE
I was born a looser.

The muffled scream of, GET OUT YOU LITTLE BASTARD, are heard from within the womb. Followed by a muffled, PUSH HARDER.

Rumblings and tremors cause for the womb to be disturbed.

The Infant Clarence gives a frightened look.

CLARENCE (CONT’D)
The woman out there, screaming for them to get the little bastard out, that’s my mother, Valletta. The fellow standing in the corner with his hands in his pockets, and who doesn’t really want to be here. Well, that's my reluctant step father, Willie.

The Infant Clarence looks down at the opening of his mother’s vagina.

INFANTS POV

Light pours inside. The light is disrupted by the face of the Doctor, who peeks inside.
DOCTOR
There you are. I see you.

CUT TO:

INT. THE DELIVERY ROOM

The Doctor lifts his head back up.

DOCTOR
I see him, Mrs. Parker. Now, can you give me one good push.

Valletta pants.

VALLETTA
Okay, give me the strength dear lord.

CUT TO:

INT. VALLETTA’S WOMB

The Infant Clarence looks visibly shaken.

CLARENCE
And this is when I get evicted from the womb, and make my unwelcomed entrance into the world... right... about... now...

Valletta gives a yell. The walls of the womb begin to SHAKE.

The Infant Clarence looks around frantically.

The Doctors hands are seen invading through the vagina entrance as it takes a hold of the infants head.

The Infant Clarence lets out a muted yell as its mouth opens. Bubbles shoot from its mouth.

CUT TO:

INT. THE DELIVERY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Doctor extracts the new born baby from out of its mother.

DOCTOR
It’s a boy. Congratulations Mrs. Parker. You’ve given birth to a baby boy.
VALLETTA
Oh, thank you lord. Thank you, Jesus. You have delivered me once again.

The nurse takes the crying baby boy to clean and prep him.
The Doctor washes and dries away his hands.
The Doctor walks over to Willie.

DOCTOR
(extends arm for a hand shake)
Congratulations, Dad.

Willie doesn't return the greet.

WILLIE
Ain’t no need for no congratulatin’. I done told y’all it ain’t my baby.

VALLETTA
Where’s my baby? I want to see my baby now!

The nurse finishes up with the prepping.

NURSE
Okay, here we go, mama. Here is your baby.

VALLETTA
Awe! Thank you!

CLOSE-UP - THE BABY’S FACE WRAPPED UP SECURELY IN A BLANKET.

THE INFANT (V.O.)
And this is me again. The most unloved, unwanted child ever born. And I wish I was never born to this woman.

Valletta looks down on her baby.

VALLETTA
He’s so... he’s so- ugly! What’s this? This ain’t mine!

NURSE
Excuse me?
VALLETTA
No, take this back. This ain’t mine.

NURSE
Ma’am, this is your baby. You just gave birth to him.

Valletta shoves the baby into the nurses arms.

VALLETTA
No, this ain’t my baby. Now take that, wherever you got that from and go get me my baby.

The room is silenced with confusion.

Valletta crosses her arms in defiance.

VALLETTA (CONT’D)
What? Y’all thought Valletta was stupid? Valletta ain’t stupid. I done read about this. Y’all then pulled a switch-a-ruo.

WILLIE
Valletta, what the hell is going on with you now? Ain’t nobody switch-no-ruo. I been standing here the whole time.

VALLETTA
Willie, shut your black ass up! You done let’em walk out with my baby!

WILLIE
I ain’t let nobody do shit.

DOCTOR
Mrs. Parker, this is your son. I assure you, no one has switched children.

VALLETTA
Oh, you insure me. The only insurance I take from a white man is Jesus.

WILLIE
Oh lord, woman the man said assure, not insure.
VALLETTA
Assurance, insurance, offense, defense, I don’t give a good god damn. All I know is this ain’t my baby and somebody need to do something about it.

DOCTOR
This is unbelievable.

VALLETTA
Oh, it’s believable.

DOCTOR
(looks over at Willie)
This is unheard of Mr. Parker. Isn’t there something you can do, sir?

VALLETTA
Willie, you better not say shit. You a dead man anyway for taking their side.

Willie lowers his head to the ground.

WILLIE
I ain’t got nothing to do with this. Y’all have to deal with her.

Willie shuffles quickly out of the delivery room.

The Doctor shakes his head in disbelief as he watches the little man leave.

The nurse stands there with her mouth open. Drool creeps from off her lip and drops into the baby’s mouth.

The baby moves its lips around to taste the drool.

Must not be good drool. The baby lets out a brief cry and baby mumble.

Valletta sits firm with her arms crossed. She refuses to be reasonable.

The Doctor slowly approaches her.

DOCTOR
Mrs. Parker. Please tell me, Please, what can I do to prove that this is your child?

CUT TO:
INT. THE DOCTORS OFFICE

Valletta and Willie are in the Doctors office going over test results.

CLARENCE (V.O.)
And what did she have them do to prove I was her baby. She had them do a DNA test.

DOCTOR
Well, you’ve read the results. Are you satisfied now, Mrs. Parker?

Valletta studies the documents long and hard.

DOCTOR (CONT’D)
I’ve never had a mother, who after giving birth to a child, ask for DNA tests to be sure if the child is hers.

VALLETTA
Well, its a first for everythang, ain’t it? And how I know you ain’t jimmy rig this test?

DOCTOR
The test is conclusive.

VALLETTA
Whatever that mean. Willie, sign the damn birth certificate.

Willie mumbles and sucks his teeth, But does as he is told.

VALLETTA (CONT’D)
Where is the bas- the baby at anyway?

DOCTOR
I’ll have a nurse bring him down.
But Mrs. Parker, what are you going to name your son?

Valletta looks around the Doctors office as if to get an idea for a name.

VALLETTA
Umm...
CLARENCE (V.O.)
She didn’t even have a name for me.
She hadn’t even thought about a name. She had convinced herself that I wasn’t her son. Can you believe that?

Whistling is heard OFF SCREEN

Valletta turns her attention to a WHITE JANITOR who is mopping the floor in the hallway. He seems to be really enjoying his duties.

VALLETTA
Who that funny looking man mopping y’all floor?

DOCTOR
He is mentally retarded, Mrs. Parker.

The mentally retarded janitor looks up and notices everyone in the office staring at him.

RETARDED JANITOR
(jolly and drunken like)
Hi, I’m Clarence.

INT. SCHOOL CLASSROOM
A classroom full of kids all yell in harmony.

CLASSROOM
Hi, Clarence!

CLARENCE PARKER, age 10, stands in front of his peers giving a introduction of himself. He is nervous and unsure of himself.

CLARENCE
And this year, I would like to meet new friends, and... and...

MRS. JADE his attractive and young second grade teacher gives him a hand.

MRS. JADE
How about to learn something?
CLARENCE
Yes. And to learn something. Thank you, Mrs. Jade.

MRS. JADE
Okay. You can have a seat, Clarence. And who’s next?

Clarence wastes no time to get back to his seat.

A CHUBBY WHITE KID brushes pass him in a hurry to get to the front of the classroom.

CHUBBY WHITE KID
Hi, I’m Jack!

CLASSROOM
Hi, Jack!

As Jack gives his introduction, Clarence’s attention is on a fellow classmate that is sitting a couple rows over.

Her name is ERICA HINES. A skinny black girl, with a tight pony tail.

Clarence is head over heels for her. His first crush.

Erica looks over and catches him staring at her with his eyes big and mouth open.

Clarence smiles. All teeth showing.

Erica gives him a funny look.

ERICA
Ewww.

Clarence kills the smile and lowers his gaze at his desk.

INT. THE KITCHEN – DAY

Valletta and her best friend, MARY BURNS, are sitting in the kitchen smoking cigarettes and gossiping.

Valletta looks out of the window

VALLETTA’S POV

Clarence, strolling up the sidewalk heading into the house.

CUT TO:
INT. THE PARKER HOME

Clarence walks into the house and is greeted with ferocious barking by his mother’s one-eyed guard dog, SCROOGE. Scrooge is a yorkie.

CLARENCE (V.O.)
My Mother’s guard dog, Scrooge. The only living thing she loves in life other than my baby sister.

Clarence taunts the dog. This makes the dog angrier.

VALLETTA (O.S.)
Scrooge! Go to hell!

The dog retreats to the back.

CLARENCE (V.O.)
Go the hell is my Mothers command for, Scrooge, shut up and go away.

INT. THE KITCHEN – DAY

Clarence walks into the kitchen. He stops in his tracks.

CLARENCE (V.O.)
Oh lord. She in here with Ms. Mary. Let me speak, then walk on over to grab a kool-aid, and walk out before she rides me about-

VALLETTA
Why the hell you just standing in the door way looking like a dumb ass?

Mary laughs.

MARY
Girl, leave the boy alone. Sometimes you act like the child ain’t even yours.

VALLETTA
Sometimes I wonder if he mines.

CLARENCE
Hi, Mama. Hi, Ms. Mary.
MARY
Hi, baby.

Clarence goes over to the refrigerator and gets himself a kool-aid.

VALLETTA
Is your head getting bigger boy? ‘Cause I swear it seem to be growing larger by the day, or maybe it’s my eyes.

MARY
Leave that boy alone, Valletta. If you didn't want him you should’ve had an abortion.

VALLETTA
Abortion? I tried an abortion... but his ass wouldn’t abort.

Valletta and Mary erupt in laughter.

Clarence just leaves the kitchen, ignoring his mothers rants. He was use to it by now.

VALLETTA (CONT’D)
Whoa, whoa, whoa, where you going?

CLARENCE
To my room. I have homework.

VALLETTA
You can do that shit later. Look in that sink. I thawed some chicken breast out for you to cook me.

CLARENCE
Yes, mama.

Clarence drops his bag and reports to the kitchen cabinets to pull out pots and pans.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Clarence stands on a stepping stool slaving over a hot skillet of greasy chicken breast. He appears to know what he’s doing.
CLARENCE (V.O.)
Mama forced me to learn how to cook at an early age. She had arthritis in her hands. And despite Willie being a cook in the Navy for 20 years, he still couldn't cook worth a damn. So, I had no choice but to learn.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK - INT. KITCHEN - A LITTLE WHILE BACK

We see Clarence attempting to season chicken. Flour, and season are all over the counter.

Valletta supervises at the table. She is smoking a cigarette and playing scratch-offs.

VALLETTA
Now don’t put too much season on the damn chicken, boy. Are you trying to give me high blood pressure before my time?

Clarence wraps the chicken in the plastic bag and begins to shake it. The bag explodes and flour is EVERYWHERE.

Clarence stands there covered in white. He gives his mother a blank look.

VALLETTA (CONT’D)
Don’t just stand there and look dumb, dumb ass! Clean the shit up, and do it again, and again, and again, until you do right.

CLARENCE
Yes, mama.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

We see Clarence, COVERED IN WHITE POWDER, standing on the stool and over a hot skillet of grease. He is holding a slab of chicken breast in the air. Grease pops from the skillet. Clarence is afraid to drop the meat.

Valletta still sits and watches as she smokes. She is now joined by JOY PARKER. Clarence’s annoying 5 year old baby sister.
VALLETTA
What the hell you scared of? Drop the chicken in the grease. And don’t burn it up this time.

JOY
’Cause if you burn it up, you gonna eat it up! Right mama?

VALLETTA
That’s right baby.

CLARENCE
Shut up, Joy!

JOY
You shut up! That’s why you scared of the chicken grease.

VALLETTA
Boy shut the hell up! You don’t tell no woman to shut up. Drop the damn chicken.

Clarence hesitantly drops the chicken into the grease. The chicken sizzles and grease pops from the pan. Clarence screams like a girl and falls off the stool.

Joy points and laughs.

INT. KITCHEN
Clarence, Valletta, Joy and Willie are sitting at the dinner table.

Clarence has a plate full of burned chicken sitting in front of him. He stares angrily at it. The rest of the family is enjoying KFC.

VALLETTA
(to Clarence)
Don’t just stare at it. You burnt it, now eat it.

UNKNOWN VOICE (O.S.)
Pisst.

Clarence looks around. It isn’t his family making that sound.

UNKNOWN VOICE (O.S.) (CONT’D)
Pisst... pisst...
Clarence looks down at the one-eyed dog, Scrooge, who’s tail is wagging as it licks its lips.

    SCROOGE
    If you don’t want it, I’ll eat it.

Clarence eyes get big. He closes his eyes and shakes his head.

    VALLETTA
    Don’t try and give it to Scrooge either. He don’t want that shit.

Scrooge lets out a pout like whine.

INT. KITCHEN

We see Clarence over the stove easing some chicken in the skillet with ease and no fear. He also has other things brewing on the other eyes of the stove top.

    CLARENCE (V.O.)
    With time and plenty of practice, I started getting better.

He turns to his mother for approval. She nods with a cigarette in her mouth as she is playing cards alone.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The whole family is at the table eating Clarence’s dinner. Clarence watches as everyone enjoys it.

He and his mother lock eyes for a moment. Clarence smiles at her. She cracks what seems to be a smile. But then she seems to be looking at him too long. She grabs her mouth and lowers her gaze.

    VALLETTA
    Clarence get out of my damn face and eat.

Clarence kills his smile and begins to eat.

END FLASHBACK.
INT. JOY’S ROOM

Joy is playing with her doll house. Clarence barges inside in a fit of rage.

CLARENCE
Where is he? I know you have him.

JOY
Don’t just come in my room without knocking. I’m gonna tell mama.

CLARENCE
Where is Mr. Froggy?

JOY
(mockingly)
"Where is Mr. Froggy." That’s for me to know and for you to never find out.

Clarence snatches one of her dolls up.

CLARENCE
If you don’t tell me, I’ll snap your doll’s head off.

JOY
You better not or I’ll tell mama!

CLARENCE (V.O.)
“I’m gonna tell mama” was a shield for my sister. It was her protection. A weapon she flashed at me as if it were a pistol. A threat that held weight. And a threat I didn’t trifle with.

Valletta walks into the room. Clarence quickly tosses the doll on the floor.

VALLETTA
What the hell is all this fussing and hollering going on in here about?

JOY
Mama, Clarence came in here threatening me for no reason.

CLARENCE
She has Mr. Froggy hidden somewhere and won’t tell me where he is.
VALLETTA
Boy, I know you ain’t in here
crying over a damn stuffed animal.

CLARENCE
But Mama, it’s Mr. Froggy and he’s
the only friend I got.

VALLETTA
Boy, shut up with all that whining.
Tell you what, take your ass
outside and go make you some real
friends.

Clarence stands there.

VALLETTA (CONT’D)
Go!

CLARENCE
But mama it’s raining.

VALLETTA
It stopped raining. Get out your
sisters room and go outside and
find you a friend.

Clarence lowers his shoulders and head as he walks pass his
mother and goes outside.

VALLETTA (CONT’D)
And don’t come back in my house
until you found one.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE SOMEWHERE - DAY

Clarence sits over top of a sewer gutter as he watches street
debris ride the water into the gutter.

CLARENCE (V.O.)
I did what mama said. I went
outside, but not to find no friend.
What did I need a friend for. Mr.
Froggy was all the friend I needed.
Even if he was a stuffed animal he
still-

VOICE (O.S.)
I wouldn't stand to close to that
gutter if I were you.
Clarence turns to see another Black kid standing behind him mounting a bike.

CLARENCE
Why?

BLACK KID
The IT.

CLARENCE
The IT? Like from the movie?

BLACK KID
Yep. He’s down there. He probably sniffed you out already. He’s just waiting for the right time to strike.

CLARENCE
That was just a movie. And besides, The IT gets killed by those kids.

BLACK KID
True. But all movies are based off of true events that happened in real life. Somewhere in the world, the story of the IT was real. Maybe even in this neighborhood.

CLARENCE
(sarcasm)
Are you serious?

BLACK KID
Yep. Why would I lie about something like that?

CLARENCE
(stands away from the gutter)
Whatever... Where do I know you from?

BLACK KID
(extends hand out)
Charles Luther James. My family calls me CL. We have Mrs. Jade’s class together.

CLARENCE
Oh yeah, CL. My name is Clarence. I stay up the street from here.
I know where you live.

You do?

I know a lot of things. Top secret things. Things we can’t discuss ever, or the CIA might kill me.

Really?

Yep. I know you like the girl that sits across from you.

How do you know that?

The way you stare at her with your mouth open. It’s a dead give away.

Oh, well-

Would you like to be my friend?

Mama always said God works in mysterious ways. I never knew what that meant but I’m guessing this was one of those moments.

Yeah, sure. Hey, would you mind coming with me and meeting my mama?

EXT. CLARENCE’S BACKYARD - DAY

Clarence and his new found friend CL Are surrounded by toys. They’re having some type of war battle with toy solider men inside of a small toy wrestling ring. The boys are having a good time.

Joy comes outside from the back door. Clarence looks up.
Clarence maybe having a toy war with his new found friend, but he knew the real war he dealt with everyday was about to take place. The classic sibling war.

**JOY**
(singing)
It’s play time, It’s play time, la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la!

Joy skips up to the boys and with a swift kick, punts a group of toys about 10 feet away.

Clarence and CL rise to their feet.

**JOY (CONT’D)**
It’s play time. It’s play time, la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la!

She punts another group of toys deep into the backyard.

**CL**
Hey!

**JOY**
Oh, you must be the new friend mama made Clarence get. Hi, new friend.

Joy picks up a toy truck and throws it into the next yard.

**JOY (CONT’D)**
Touchdown!

**CL**
(to Clarence)
You’re not gonna stop her?

**CLARENCE**
I can’t. She’ll tell mama that I hit her, then I’ll get a beating.

Joy continues her la-la-bye of destruction.

**CL**
You have the little sister from hell.

Joy makes a giant leap right onto the wrestling ring. She goes straight thru it.

**JOY**
Oops!

Clarence tightens his fist. He wants to hit her so bad.
CLARENCE
Are you done?

JOY
Where is Mr. Froggy? Play time isn’t the same without Mr. Froggy... Oh, that’s right, you can’t find Mr. Froggy.

Joy gets in Clarence’s face. The siblings are nose to chin.

JOY (CONT’D)
Poor Mr. Froggy. He’s lost out there somewhere, cold, and alone, and maybe hurt. He might be tied up and tortured too. You never know with all the crazies in the world today.

CL (to Clarence)
Who is Mr. Froggy?

JOY
Clarence’s doll baby.

CL
You play with dolls?

CLARENCE
Go home, CL.

Clarence storms into the house.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN

Valletta and her mother, GRANDMA MIDGE, are at the table smoking cigarettes and having lunch.

Clarence barges into the kitchen and parks a seat at the table.

GRANDMA MIDGE
Hey there, boo.

CLARENCE
Hey, Grandma.

GRANDMA MIDGE
Come give ya grandma a hug and a kiss, boo.
Clarence gets up and gives his grandmother a hug and kiss. Valletta rolls her eyes as she takes a pull from her cigarette.

VALLETTA
Why you in here? I thought you was outside playing with that little boy.

CLARENCE
I was until Joy came and started breaking up my toys.

GRANDMA MIDGE
Is that why you look all mad, boo?

Yes.

GRANDMA MIDGE
(to Valletta)
Girl, you need to put a stop to that little girl’s madness. You need to whoop her little ass.

VALLETTA
She’s just a baby.

Clarence cracks a smile.

CLARENCE (V.O.)
I love it when Grandma Midge comes around. Mama’s verbal abuse is on pause. She know Grandma won’t allow it.

GRANDMA MIDGE
I don’t care Valletta. She old enough to get her little ass whooped. You been beating this little boy since he came out the womb.

VALLETTA
That’s because-

GRANDMA MIDGE
Girl, shut-up. We know why that’s because.

Grandma Midge and Valletta give each other a look. Clarence picks up on the secret stare. He’s seen it before. He just wish he knew what it was about.
Valletta puts out her cigarette and gets up from the table.

VALLETTA
Boy, clean these dishes up when your Grandmother leaves.

Valletta leaves the kitchen.

GRANDMA MIDGE
She got a attitude but don’t nobody care. Now, boo, I didn’t want to say this because your mother was in here. But do you wanna know how you stop your little sister from picking with you and breaking your toys?

CLARENCE
How?

GRANDMA MIDGE
(bawls her hand into a fist)
You take a fist, and you hit her one good time.

She taps Clarence gently on the chin.

CLARENCE
But mama will beat me.

GRANDMA MIDGE
So. Sometimes you have to take a beating in order to earn your respect. I promise you, if you hit her one good time, she will never bother you again.

INT. LIVING ROOM

It’s hot. Valletta, Clarence and Willie sit burning up as ANDY GRIFFIN plays on the television set.

Valletta is reclined back in a chair with her feet propped up and waving a TV Guide in her face for air as Clarence slaves over her feet. He attempts to cut her toe nails.

Clarence stops briefly every now and then to wipe sweat from his forehead.
Willie fans air in his face with his Kangol hat. He snickers at Clarence who seems to be struggling with his mother’s feet.

CLOSE-UP on Valletta’s rough looking feet. Toes wiggling.

CLARENCE (V.O.)
I need a pair of garden shears for these things.

Clarence strains as he works hard on the big toe. Willie snickers.

VALLETTA
Boy, you trying too damn hard, use your muscles.

CLARENCE
I am, mama.

VALLETTA
Don’t you cut my skin, or I will cut into your ass.

Clarence digs deep for strength. He successfully cuts the toe nail. It flies off and catches Willie in the eye.

Willie fumbles and drops his hat as he gets the toe nail out of his eye. He grills Clarence.

He picks his Hat up and continues to wave it for air.

WILLIE
Valletta, can we turn on some air, baby? It’s too damn hot to be simmering in this heat.

VALLETTA
Willie shut the hell up. The electric bill high as it is already. We don’t need the air on. We gonna sit here, sweat, and watch Andy.

CLARENCE
Mama, we doing some work in class that the kids have to talk about their dads and-

VALLETTA
Don’t ask me about your father. I told you this a thousand times. Only thing you need to know is he died from the blue balls.

(MORE)
VALLETTA (CONT'D)
So, don’t ask no more about it.
Talk about, Willie.

CLARENCE
But, Willie ain’t my real daddy.

WILLIE
(mumbles to himself)
And don’t you forget that.

VALLETTA
I don’t give a good god damn.
Willie the only daddy you know. Now shut the hell up.

The phone rings. Valletta stops Clarence and hops up to go answer it.

VALLETTA (CONT’D)
Hold on, boy. I gotta get this. It might be Mary with my Avon.

When Valletta is out of frame Willie wastes no time to get in on Clarence.

WILLIE
(speaks in a loud whisper)
I know you threw that big ass toe nail in my eye on purpose.

CLARENCE
(speaks in a loud whisper back)
I didn’t. I can’t help where them things fly. And you over there laughing but you have to ask permission to turn the air on in your house where you pay all the bills.

WILLIE
Boy, shut the hell up and stay outta grown folk business. And use your muscles when you cutting your mama hard ass toe nails.

Willie laughs.

CLARENCE
I’ll tell her what you just said.

WILLIE
You ain’t gon’ tell shit.
VALLETTA (O.S.)
What the hell y’all in there whispering about?!

CLARENCE AND WILLIE
(in harmony)
Nothing!

The door bell rings. Scrooge SHOOTS from the back and baseball slides right into the door. He barks recklessly at the door.

WILLIE
That damn dog possessed.

VALLETTA (O.S.)
Scrooge, go to hell!

Scrooge retreats to the back. Clarence opens the door. It’s CL.

CL
What’s up?

CLARENCE
Come on in.

CL comes inside.

CL
(to Willie)
How you doing, Mr. Willie?

WILLIE
Yeah.

VALLETTA (O.S.)
Who at my damn door?

CLARENCE
It’s CL Mama.

VALLETTA (O.S.)
Who?

CLARENCE
It’s CL, My friend!

CL
Can you come out?

CLARENCE
I don’t know. Let me see.
Clarence walks around the corner. His mother is on the phone.

CLARENCE (CONT’D)
Mama, can I go outside for a while?

VALLETTA
You’re suppose to be doing my feet, but go head. I’ll get Willie to finish up.

WILLIE (O.S.)
Willie will what?

CLARENCE
Thanks, mama.

Clarence returns to the living room.

CLARENCE (CONT’D)
She said yes. Let’s go.

WILLIE
(to Clarence)
What she say Willie was gon’ do?

CLARENCE
Willie has to finish her feet. And don’t forget to use your muscles, old man.

Clarence laughs and he and CL Leave the house.

Willie gets up and hurries to the door.

WILLIE
Boy, get back here. Valletta the boy then went outside.

VALLETTA (O.S.)
Willie, shut the hell up while I’m on the damn phone!

CUT TO:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Clarence and CL, are walking down the sidewalk.

CLARENCE
You ever heard of blue balls?

CL
Nope.
CLARENCE
That’s how my dad died. My real dad.

CL
It sounds like a painful death. I’m sorry to hear that.

CLARENCE
It’s okay. I never met him anyway.

CL
Do you know what a virgin is?

CLARENCE
Yeah, Jesus’s mom was a virgin. It means she was a real good person.

CL
(cocks neck back)
Wrong! You’re a virgin. A virgin is a guy who hasn’t gotten laid yet.

CLARENCE
Only girls can be virgins.

CL
(pats Clarence on the back)
So much to learn young grasshopper.

CLARENCE
Okay, Mr. Know-it-all, are you a virgin?

CL
I ain’t no virgin. I’ve gotten laid.

CLARENCE
What’s laid?

CL
(sighs)
Jesus H. Christ. Laid is when a guy kisses a girl.

CLARENCE
Who have you kissed?

CL
Only half the school. And I know you haven’t kissed anybody so don’t lie. I hate liars.

(MORE)
And moms don’t count. And if they did, the way your mom treats you, I doubt she would kiss you anyway.

Clarence looks around.

CLARENCE
Where are we?

CL
We’re in the neighborhood.

CLARENCE
I know that, but where? Mama don’t let me wander off this far.

CL (mockingly)
“Mama don’t let me wander this far.” When are you gonna grow and become a man, Clarence?

(beat)
Hold on...

They approach a huge tree. CL Looks at his watch. He pulls Clarence behind the tree.

CL (CONT’D)
Stand behind here and look over at that house.

CLARENCE
What’s going on?

CL (looks down at watch)
According to my time piece, we are on Q.

CLARENCE
Your “time piece?”

CL Points ahead. Clarence looks up. Erica Hines walks out of the house and begins to water the plants in front of her yard.

CLARENCE (CONT’D)
How did you know where she lived?

CL
I know everything. I brought you here to talk to her.
CLARENCE
Talk to her about what?

CL
Tell her you love her.

CLARENCE
I can’t do that.

CL
Yes you can. Aren’t you tired of being a virgin? Don’t you wanna get laid?

CLARENCE
Yeah.

CL
Then go talk to her.

CLARENCE
How’d you even know where she lived?

CL
I’ve been spying on her.

CLARENCE
What?

CL
I did it for you. You’re my friend. Now go and talk to her. You only have...

(looks down at watch)
10 minutes or so- maybe less before she goes back inside.

CLARENCE
How do you know that?

CL
I just told you. I’ve been spying on her. Her mom lets her water the flowers every Saturday at this time. Now go already.

Clarence takes a deep breath and lets the air out.

CUT TO:
EXT. IN FRONT OF ERICA’S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Clarence slowly approaches from behind the young lady. He stops about 5 feet away. She doesn't notice him standing there.

CLARENCE
(clears throat)
Hi.

ERICA
(turns quickly)
Who are you?

CLARENCE
It’s me, Clarence.

ERICA
And...

CLARENCE
It’s me... Clarence Parker. We have Mrs. Jade’s class together.

Erica looks behind Clarence and can see CL Peeking from around the tree.

ERICA
Who is that?

CLARENCE
CL. He’s in our class too. You don’t know who we are?

ERICA
I’m sorry. But I don’t notice losers. I have to go.

Erica heads up the steps.

CLARENCE
Erica wait!

She turns to see what he wants.

CLARENCE (CONT’D)
Umm... I love you! And I wanna marry you.

ERICA
Ewww... I’m sorry to disappoint you, Clarence, but I’m waiting to be married to Ronnie.
CLARENCE
Who’s Ronnie?

ERICA

CLARENCE
Oh- yeah, Well, could you at least be my girlfriend until then?

ERICA
(turn your back)
Kick rocks, Clarence Parker.

Erica goes inside leaving Clarence standing in rejection.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

Clarence walks past the tree without looking at CL. He has a blank look on his face like his soul has been ripped out from him.

CL
What happen? What’d she say?

CLARENCE
Why did you bring me here?

CL
‘Cause you’re my best friend. Now, What’d she say?’

CLARENCE
Kick rocks.

CL
Kick rocks? What does that mean?

CLARENCE
If I had to guess... it probably means she hates me. I thought you knew everything. Go home CL.

CL Stops following Clarence and watches as his friend mopes up the sidewalk.

CUT TO:
INT. LIVING ROOM

Clarence sits alone flicking through the stations on the TV. We see Joy tip toeing from behind him. When she gets close enough she drops something into his lap and backs up.

CLARENCE
What are you doing?
    (looks down onto lap)
What’s this?

Clarence’s eyes widen.

CLARENCE’S POV

A tiny shirt that reads: Froggy.

BACK TO SCENE

Clarence leaps over the sofa chair. Joy hauls ass into her room and slams the door.

CLARENCE (CONT’D)
Open this door, Joy! Give’em back to me!

JOY (O.S.)
If you ever want to see the frog again, then come around back. I got something to show you at my window.

Clarence gets on the ground and peeks through the bottom of the door.

CLARENCE
I swear Joy, if you hurt him...

JOY (O.S.)
Times a wasting.

CLARENCE’S POV

We see Joy’s little feet run out of frame.

BACK TO SCENE

Clarence gets back up and heads out the back door.

CUT TO:
EXT. BACK YARD - DAY

Clarence peeks inside of Joy’s window. He can see Mr. Froggy tied up to a bed post.

He is surrounded by Barbie dolls and Teddy Bears.

Clarence bangs hard on the glass window pane.

INT. JOY’S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joy holds court.

    JOY
    Hear ye. Hear Ye. We are gathered here today to decide the fate of Mr. Froggy. He has been charged with high treason and adultery. How do you the court find the defendant, guilty or non-guilty?
    (covers mouth and changes voice)
    Guilty! Guilty! Guilty! Guilty!
    (back to normal voice)
    The guilties have it. The punishment is death. Sorry, frog.
    (looks at Clarence)
    Sorry, Clarence.

Joy reveals a pair of garden shears.

    JOY (CONT’D)
    Death by guillotine.

Joy turns to Clarence again and gives him a vile smirk.

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Clarence bangs the window HARDER.

    CLARENCE
    No! Stop Joy! He’s my friend! Don’t do it!

INT. JOY’S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joy places the frog’s neck in between the shears.
JOY
Any last words, frog?
(mocks the stuffed animal)
Save me, Clarence. Save me, please.

Joy cuts the stuffed animals head off. The head rolls down its shoulders in SLOW MOTION.

EXT. BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS
Clarence yells and bangs the window in SLOW MOTION.

INT. JOY’S ROOM - CONTINUOUS
Joy walks to the window. She grabs for the blind’s cord.

Joy and Clarence stare at each other from each side of the window.

JOY
Court adjourned.

She drops the blinds.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER
Clarence is standing a few feet away from the headless stuffed animal, Mr. Froggy. Joy has tossed him away in the hall.

Clarence stares at the head as it stares back.

Joy comes from out of her bedroom with a huge smile. Clarence tightens his fist. Joy can see this.

JOY
Awww. Are you mad? Are you going to hit me? You wouldn't dare because mama would beat you so good you wouldn't know what to do.

Clarence doesn't speak. He just grills her.

JOY (CONT’D)
If you’re going to hit me, Clarence, then do it. Don’t just stand there like a punk... Clarence-Clarence-Clarence... Did you know mama named you after a retarded janitor? That’s what she told me.

(MORE)
JOY (CONT’D)
Your real daddy was a retarded janitor. And he died of the blue balls. Ain’t it a shame.

CLARENCE (V.O.)
Hit her. She deserves it. Grandma said it was okay.

JOY
Ooh! I can smell your breath. It smells like Scrooge’s butt.

Clarence hears his Grandmother’s voice in his head.

GRANDMA MIDGE (V.O.)
I promise you, if you hit her one good time, she will never bother you again.

JOY
It must suck being you. You don’t have a daddy, and your mama don’t even like you. And you’re ugly.

CLARENCE (V.O.)
I’ve had enough. I’ve had enough!

CLARENCE
(at the top of your lungs)
I’ve had enough!

Everything happens in a series of heart beats.
Clarence cocks his arm back.
Joy’s eyes GROW BIG.
Clarence’s arm comes forward.
We see Joy slide backwards into a wall.
Clarence stands there staring at his fist. He then looks down at Joy.
She lays against the wall holding her chin. She is in shock.

JOY
Did you?

CLARENCE
Did I?

Clarence moves forward in an attempt to aid Joy.
JOY
(backs away into wall)
No.

Now Clarence is in shock. For the first time she is afraid of him.

CLARENCE
I’m... I’m sorry?

Joy looks up at him. It slowly creeps on her that she has just been struck by her brother. Her eyes fill with tears and she gets up and runs into her room slamming the door behind her.

She can be heard crying out loud.

JOY (O.S.)
I’m going to tell mama! I’m going to tell mama!

Clarence talks through the door.

CLARENCE
I’m sorry. You killed Mr. Froggy. And I told you to leave him alone. I’m sorry.

Clarence walks away from the door.

CLARENCE (V.O.)
I think I’m sorry. You did deserve it. You break all of my toys. You’re always mean to me. You’re always telling mama on me.

CLARENCE
(a smile overcomes you)
Nah, I ain’t sorry.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE SOMEWHERE - DAY

VICTORY MONTAGE

Clarence struts confidently down the side walk with a huge grin that won’t die. The air is now fit to breath, now that justice has been served.

He walks past a group of teenage girls.
CLARENCE
Hi, Ladies. Lovely day isn’t it.

He begins to dance a little as he struts. Life can’t get any better at this moment.

He struts past CL’s House. CL Is lying on the ground flat and spread out.

CLARENCE (CONT’D)
CL!

CL
Clarence you gotta help me. I was just abducted by aliens and-

CLARENCE

Clarence steps over CL and continues strutting up the street.

CL rises off of the ground in the back drop.

CL
Where are you going?

Clarence doesn't turn back to answer. He continues his strutting.

Clarence is seen pushing two girls on the swings at the same time. Grinning from ear to ear.

TWO GIRLS
Thank you, Clarence!

CLARENCE
Anything for a couple of pretty ladies.

Erica is surrounded by two guys probably kissing up to her.

Clarence struts up to her. He pulls out a RED ROSE and waves it around as if he is a magician.

ERICA
(to Clarence)
What are you doing?

CLARENCE
This Rose, represents our bond. It represents our love.

(MORE)
When we are together, the pedals of this Rose maintains its strength, which symbolizes the strength of our love. But when we are apart...

Clarence picks a few pedals off of the rose and lets them fall at Erica's feet.

The Rose pedals wither. And the world just isn't right. This Rose, Erica, is for you. Maintain our love.

Clarence hands her the Rose and struts off.

Clarence continues his strutting all the way home.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE OF THE PARKER HOUSE - DAY

Clarence stands in the front yard. He can see his mother's car and Willie's car are both parked in the driveway.

Today was a good day. Maybe when I go in here it won't be so bad. Maybe she will just curse me out. Ain't nothing to it, but to do it.

Clarence goes inside.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKER HOME - CONTINUOUS

Clarence walks into the living room. Willie sits in his recliner watching TV. He pays Clarence no mind. Things are just too quiet until...

Clarence slowly walks around the corner into the kitchen. He slightly jumps when he hears Willie shut the front door. Willie returns to the sofa and props himself in it.
Valletta is doing dishes. She doesn't look up. But she know’s Clarence is standing there.

   VALLETTA (CONT’D)
   You want a piece of that cake Mary baked?

   CLARENCE
   Huh?

   VALLETTA
   I said, would you like a piece of cake?

CLARENCE’S POV

The cake sitting on the table.

   CLARENCE
   Yes.

   VALLETTA
   Well, go ahead and cut yourself a slice.

Clarence looks confused. But he creeps into the kitchen. He does everything with caution. He goes into the kitchen drawer and grabs a plate and a knife. Slowly. Cautiously.

Valletta never looks up. She continues to wash dishes.

Clarence cuts a slice of cake. Slowly. Cautiously.

He cuts into his first piece with the fork. He looks at his mother’s back. Clarence shrugs his shoulders. He smiles. Top of the world.

As he brings the fork to his mouth he PAUSES... and happens to look over at Willie. He catches Willie staring at him while his beer bottle is in his mouth.

Willie quickly turns his eyes away acting as if he wasn’t just staring.

Clarence knows now that something is up. He cuts his eyes at his mother behind him. He lowers the fork. He eases away from the kitchen table.

   VALLETTA (CONT’D)
   So, you think it’s okay to hit girls?

Clarence slowly inches his way out of the kitchen.
Where you think you going?

In SLOW MOTION. Valletta turns around. She brings her wet hands from out of the bubbled water and BEHOLD, she has a LEATHER BELT in her hand.

Clarence runs. Valletta chases.

She swings wildly in an attempt to hit him.

Clarence runs behind the couch. Valletta stands on the other side. DRIPPING WET Belt in hand.

Valletta (CONT’D)
Clarence, you better not make me chase you in here!

CLARENCE
But, mama, she killed Mr. Froggy!

Valletta (CONT’D)
And I’m about to kill your little ass!

Valletta takes a leaping swing at Clarence. She misses.

Clarence moves and goes to hide behind Willie’s recliner.

WILLIE
Oh, hell no! Get’cha ass from over here!

Valletta comes over and swings wildly again.

She knocks the beer out of Willie’s hand.

WILLIE (CONT’D)
Now hold on, Got-damn!

Valletta (CONT’D)
Stop running from me, boy!

CLARENCE
Grandma told me to do it!

Valletta swings wildly again but hits Willie.

WILLIE
What the hell, Valletta! You hitting me!

Clarence looks toward the hall. He dashes from the recliner with hopes on making it to his room.
But out of nowhere, Scrooge trips him up.

Clarence falls to the grown. His ass belongs to Valletta.

She WALES HARD on him with the leather strap as if she is possessed.

Scrooge barks and dances wildly.

Clarence looks at the dog and swears he hears...

**SCROOGE**

Get him! Get him Valletta! Let me bite him. I’ll bite him good!

Valletta is going overboard with the beating. Clarence pleads. Joy comes out of her room. Even she feels sorry for her brother.

Willie grabs a hold of her.

**WILLIE**

That’s enough, Valletta! The boy got what he deserved. That’s enough! You gonna kill’em.

**VALLETTA**

Then let me kill’em! How many times I say it! You don’t put your hand on no woman! How many times I say it!

**CLARENCE**

(crying)

I’m sorry mama! I’m sorry!

**VALLETTA**

Joy, get over here.

Joy stands in shock.

**VALLETTA (CONT’D)**

Joy!

She snaps out of it and walks over to her mother.

**VALLETTA (CONT’D)**

Stand up boy.

Clarence slowly gets up. He’s hurt.

**VALLETTA (CONT’D)**

Apologize to your sister.
Clarence looks Joy in the eyes. Tears cover his face. Joy begins to tear up.

CLARENCE
I’m sorry. I’m sorry.

Joy goes in for a hug. The siblings embrace tightly.

CLARENCE (CONT’D)
I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER THAT DAY

Clarence methodically watches his family from the kitchen as they all sit in the living room laughing at a TV show. He pays close attention at the affection between Joy and Valletta.

CLOSE-ON Clarence’s face.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY (29 YEARS LATER- PRESENT DAY)

CLOSE ON Clarence’s face. PULL BACK and behold a older Clarence Parker.

Clarence mounts a Green and white Honda Scooter Scoopy CHF50. He sports a HUGE WHITE HELMET.

Clarence sits at a red light by himself. A hoard of bikers roll in frame. Some ride alone and some with beautiful women.

They giggle and point at Clarence. Clarence pays it no attention. Then the light turns green.

The bikers REV UP and ROAR their choppers as they zoom pass Clarence who takes his time as his Scooter just buzzes along.

WOMAN’S VOICE (O.S.)
Meter 127... Meter 127 this is base.

Clarence pulls over at a curb and grabs a walkie-talkie that is strapped to his side.

CLARENCE
Meter 127, over.
WOMAN’S VOICE (O.S.)
Meter 127, we have a complaint over
on Baltic and Pacific about a
parking ticket. Could you ride over
and check it out?

CLARENCE
Meter 127 en route. Meter 127 out.

CUT TO:

EXT. BALTIC AND PACIFIC - DAY

A BELLIGERENT WHITE MALE sporting a Hawaiian shirt and khaki
shorts, is giving another Meter officer, STEVE, a hard time.
They’re standing in front of a BEAUTIFULLY POLISHED BMW 745.

Clarence rides in on his scooter.

BELLIGERENT MAN
Oh, great, look at this fucking
guy. Is this your back up?

Clarence gets off of his scooter. He heads over to the
situation.

CLARENCE
What’s the problem, Steve?

STEVE
Well, this guy is upset about-

BELLIGERENT MAN
(to Clarence)
Are you the dick head that wrote me
this ticket?

CLARENCE
Maybe. What's the name say at the
bottom of the ticket?

BELLIGERENT MAN
(looks at the ticket)
C. Parker. Are you C. Parker?

CLARENCE
Yes, I am.

BELLIGERENT MAN
So, you are the dick head. What’s
this bullshit ticket for? I paid
the damn meter.
Clarence stands back to observe the vehicle.

CLARENCE
It appears you’re in violation of code 236 dash 77901.

BELLIGERENT MAN
What?

CLARENCE
Oh, I’m sorry, sir. In layman’s terms, civilian terms, you’re double parked.

The Belligerent man looks around at his car. It doesn't appear to be double parked.

BELLIGERENT MAN
How the fuck did you come to that conclusion? The vehicle in front of me and behind me have enough space to maneuver.

Clarence whips out measuring tape in a wild west, quick draw, type of way.

He kneels in front of the front bumper of the car. The belligerent man kneels next to him to watch.

Clarence measures the distance from the bumper and the white parking line. The bumper is over the white line by a Negro’s hair strand.

CLARENCE
As you can see...

BELLIGERENT MAN
Are you fucking kidding me?

They both rise to their feet.

CLARENCE
Sir, I've been doing this for ten years. And the one thing I know for certain...

The measuring tape recoils back into place. Clarence attaches it back to his utility belt.

CLARENCE (CONT’D)
The measuring tape never lies.
BELLIGERENT MAN
The measuring tape never lies? What is that, your logic on life?

CLARENCE
Any questions, complaints, or concerns about your citation, the directions are on the back. Have a nice day, sir. Let’s go, Steve.

BELLIGERENT MAN
You don’t get any pussy, do you?

CLARENCE
Have a nice day, sir.

Clarence turns his back and begins to walk away. Steve is already on his scooter.

BELLIGERENT MAN
Hey, don’t turn your back on me! Come and take this back!

The belligerent man follows behind Clarence.

CLARENCE
Once it’s in the system, I can’t take it back.

BELLIGERENT MAN
Take it back you cock sucker!

The belligerent man bawls the ticket up and throws it at Clarence’s back.

CLARENCE
You may need that, sir.

Clarence mounts his bike and puts his helmet on. He gestures for Steve that it’s okay to leave. Steve drives off.

BELLIGERENT MAN
You’re such a fucking looser. Look at you! With your yellow shirt and your brown pants and your fucking scooter. Look at that ridiculous helmet. What are you, a fucking storm trooper?

Clarence rides off. After 39 years of living with his verbally abusive mother, he was bullet proof by now to all insults thrown at him.
INT. CLARENCE’S BEDROOM

CLARENCE’S POV

A life insurance policy.

MET LIFE. 200,000.00 DOLLARS. BENEFICIARIES: Clarence Parker and Joy Parker.

BACK TO SCENE

Clarence has a cell phone to his ear. The other end just rings until the voice mail comes on. Clarence hangs up.

He continues to study the document. His phone rings and he answers after the first ring.

CLARENCE
Hello.

CL (O.S.)
So, how’d it go?

CLARENCE
Where did you get this guy from? In fact, never mind. I don’t want to talk about it over the phone.

CL (O.S.)
He’s a professional, right?

CLARENCE
(almost choking on the words)
A professional?!

Clarence receives a beep on the other end.

CLARENCE (CONT’D)
Look, I gotta take this call. We need talk in person about your “professional.”

Clarence takes the other call.

CLARENCE (CONT’D)
Hello...

JOY (O.S.)
You call me?
CLARENCE
Did you know mama had a two-hundred thousand dollar life insurance policy out?

JOY (O.S.)
No. And...

CLARENCE
Two-hundred thousand dollars though. It say here we get a hundred-thousand dollars a piece.

JOY (O.S.)
Are you opening mama’s mail?

CLARENCE
I mean... it was there. I seen it. I opened it. It ain’t a big deal.

JOY (O.S.)
Did you want something?

Clarence waits a beat.

CLARENCE
Never mind. I thought I had to ask you something.

JOY (O.S.)
Bye, Clarence.

Joy leaves Clarence the dial tone. Clarence hangs up.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN- DAY

Grandma Midge is sitting in the kitchen eating. She’s attempting to chew meat but she spits it out like a grinder.

Clarence walks in.

CLARENCE
What’s real, Grandma?

Clarence kisses her on top of the head and haves a seat next to her.

He looks at the chewed up meat piled on her plate.

CLARENCE (CONT’D)
Come on, Grandma.
CLARENCE (CONT’D)
My teeth—my teeth ain’t as strong as they use to be, boo. You did a wonderful job on this chicken but Grandma can’t do nothing but suck on the meat until all the flavoring is gone.

Grandma spits more meat out.

GRANDMA MIDGE
Where’s that dog?

CLARENCE
It’s okay, Grandma.

GRANDMA MIDGE
Speaking of sucking on meat. I bet you ain’t had your little wacker sucked on yet.

Grandma giggles. Clarence is embarrassed.

CLARENCE
Yo, Grandma. This conversation is inappropriate for a Grandma to be having with her Grandson.

GRANDMA MIDGE
So, we grown. Now, I seen this documentary about people like you. It was called, umm... The 40 year old Virgin.

CLARENCE
Okay. For one, Grandma, I’m not 40 yet. For two, I’m not a virgin. And The 40 year old virgin is a movie, not a documentary.

GRANDMA MIDGE
You ain’t gotta lie to your Grandma, boo. If you can’t keep it real with your Granny, then who can you keep it real with?

Valletta walks in.

VALLETTA
(coughs heavily)
Boy, why you ain’t at work?

CLARENCE
I was on my way, mama.
GRANDMA MIDGE
He ain’t no boy. Tell your mama you’s a man. Boo, you got to stand up for yourself.

CLARENCE
(whispers to her) Grandma, last time I took your advice I got the ass whooping of a life time.

VALLETTA
I’ll call’em a man when he get the hell out of my house and get his own place. And I’ll think about calling him a man then.

CLARENCE
(sighs) I gotta go.

VALLETTA
(to Clarence) Where’s my breakfast?

CLARENCE
You said that-

VALLETTA
Make me some damn breakfast!

CLARENCE
But mama, I’ll be late for work.

VALLETTA
I don’t give a good god damn. Would you rather be homeless or jobless?

Clarence pouts. He goes into the refrigerator and takes out food. He takes out pots and pans and turns on the stove.

Valletta coughs. Then she lights a cigarette.

VALLETTA (CONT’D)
That’s what I thought.

Valletta heads into the living room and props her butt into a seat.

Grandma sucks on a piece of meat as if she’s a vampire.

GRANDMA MIDGE
Hmm.
Scrooge trots into the kitchen. Grandma Midge looks up at Valletta who is glued to the television set.

Grandma Midge lowers her plate of spit-out meat for the dog to eat.

GRANDMA MIDGE (CONT’D)
Here you go, pooch. Eat up.

Scrooge goes to town. Clarence watches and giggles. Grandma looks up at Clarence. She gives him a smile as she pats Scrooge on the head.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLARENCE’S MOVING CAR - DAY
A GREEN DODGE SHADOW COUPE pulls into a gravel parking lot.

CUT TO:

EXT. METER ENFORCEMENT HEADQUATERS - DAY
A long trailer sits in a lot. A group of 5 people stand toe to line military style. They are all dressed in YELLOW POLO SHIRTS and BROWN KHAKIS. They also are all sporting HUGE WHITE HELMETS.

A older white male with a pot belly stands in front of them with a clip board. He’s MR. BOB.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE GREEN DODGE SHADOW - DAY
Clarence exits the vehicle. He walks over to the others standing toe to line. He gives them all a look of unworthiness.

CLARENCE (V.O.)
One thing I loved about my job. Power. At home, I’m mama’s punching bag. But here, I’m somebody. And yes, I take out my frustrations from home, on every parking violator I write a citation for, and every worker that I supervise.
MR. BOB
(to Clarence)
Parker, you’re uncharacteristically late.

CLARENCE
(keep your eyes on the recruits)
Sorry, Mr. Bob. My mother needed me. These are the new recruits I assume.

MR. BOB
Yes. I was just about to brief them.

CLARENCE
(reaches out for the clip board. Still Scrutinizing each recruit)
I got it from here.

Mr. Bob hands Clarence the clip board.

MR. BOB
This is Clarence Parker. He will be your M.E.O. Supervisor. Good luck out there today.

Mr. Bob goes inside of the Trailer.

Clarence looks over the pages on the clip board.

CLARENCE
Blah, Blah, Blah. It isn’t my job to read you this. It’s your job to read it. Study it. Learn it.

Clarence tosses the clip board. He begins to walk down the line to observe each recruit.

CLARENCE (CONT’D)
Welcome to the real world people. You are now M.E.O’s. That’s Meter Enforcement Officers. We are the first line of defense out there. Now, I won’t lie to you and tell you that’s it’s easy out there—because it isn’t. You have to be built for this.
(MORE)
You have to be mentally, physically, and intellectually tough to survive this job.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE ON A CITY STREET - DAY

A WOMAN METER OFFICER stands next to a car as she is writing up a citation.

CLARENCE (V.O.)
You have to have thick skin. These people will attack you and try to get you out of your game and bring you down to their level.

A passer byer in a jeep tosses a STRAWBERRY SHAKE and it SLAMS into the Meter officer’s back.

PASSER BYER
Get a real job, Bitch!

CUT TO:

EXT. IN FRONT OF A TROPICAL SMOOTHIE - DAY

A Meter Enforcement Officer has just finished writing a citation for a BLACK HUMMER H3 WITH GIANT RIMS. He is just about to tuck the ticket between the windshield whipper when the owner runs out.

CLARENCE (V.O.)
Never tell them you’re sorry. Never be apologetic. Show no mercy. Believe me, they will show you none.

HUMMER OWNER
Hey, buddy. Come on. I was only in there for 5 minutes.

METER OFFICER
Sorry. You didn’t feed the meter.

HUMMER OWNER
Come on, buddy. Give me a break here.
METER OFFICER
(hand the ticket over)
Sorry. I already wrote the ticket.
Once you write the ticket, it’s in
the system. Sorry.

HUMMER OWNER
(snatches the ticket and
opens it)
What?! 25 bucks? For 5 minutes.
This is bullshit! Who has that type
of money with our economy in the
shape it’s in now, huh?

METER OFFICER
I’m sorry, sir.
The meter officer begins to walk off.

HUMMER OWNER
You’d better run.

METER OFFICER
(turn back around)
Excuse me, sir, you said something
about running.

HUMMER OWNER
Cujo!
A PIT BULL lifts it’s head from inside of the hummer and
begins to bark ferociously.
The hummer owner opens the door.

HUMMER OWNER (CONT’D)
Cujo! Sick’em boy!

METER OFFICER
Aaaaagh!
The pit bull gives chase to the poor meter officer.

CUT TO:

EXT. A INTERSECTION - DAY
Meter Enforcement officer, BRAD, is at a red light. He’s all
smiles.
CLARENCE (V.O.)
Whatever you do. Always remain calm. Always be polite. No matter how hostile they become.

A MUSTANG CONVERTIBLE, carrying 4 BLACK GUYS, pulls up at the red light next to Brad.

BLACK GUY #1
Yo! Did you leave this ticket on my car? Are you...
(looks down at the ticket)
S. Jones?

BRAD
(politely smiles)
S. Jones? Oh, That’s Steve. Steve must have written you that ticket. Steve’s on lunch.

BLACK GUY #2
Oh, he think that shit is funny, dawg! He trying to clown you!

BLACK GUY #1
You think that shit is funny? You trying to clown me?

BRAD
No, no, I’m not clowning.

BLACK GUY #1
Get this motherfucker!

Two of the guys jump from the back seat and after Brad.

BRAD
No, don’t get me!

Brad jumps off his scooter and runs into traffic. The scooter slams to the ground. The two guys are right behind him.

BRAD (CONT’D)
Get Steve! Get Steve! I’ll take you to him!

Black guy #2 jumps out and hops on the scooter.

BLACK GUY #2
I’m gonna take his ride.

BLACK GUY #1
Take his shit, dawg! Take his shit!
The scooter thief rides away with the Mustang following behind.

EXT. METER ENFORCEMENT HEADQUARTERS – DAY

Clarence finishes up his briefing to the new recruits.

CLARENCE
As long as you all follow these simple guidelines as a Meter Enforcement officer. You should have no problems out there. I guarantee it. Now, get yourselves a scooter and make us all proud. Good luck.

The recruits break up and head over to a row of scooters.

EXT. CITY STREET – AFTERNOON

Clarence is writing a citation for a SILVER MITSUBISHI GALANT. Just as he is about to hit enter and print the ticket, the owner, A BEAUTIFUL BLACK WOMAN, rushes to the car.

BEAUTIFUL BLACK GIRL
No, please don’t. I’m here now.

CLARENCE
Sorry, ma’am. You didn’t feed the meter.

Clarence looks at the woman. He recognizes her.

CLARENCE (CONT’D)
Erica Hines?

ERICA
Do I know you?

CLARENCE
We were in elementary school together. I’m Clarence Parker.

ERICA
I remember you. You were the weird kid who would always stare at me.

CLARENCE
Yeah, you remember.
ERICA
I also remember the Rose and the little speech you said to me at the park. I liked that. I thought it was cute.

CLARENCE
Oh, you liked that. It came from the heart.

Clarence stares down at his thumb as it lays on the ENTER key. Then he looks up at Erica’s beautiful face.

CLARENCE (CONT’D)
Hey, what if I did you a favor, if you do me a favor.

ERICA
A favor for a favor.

CLARENCE
Yeah. How about I abort this ticket. And in exchange, you allow me to take you out sometime.

ERICA
Really? Why would you wanna take me out? If my memory serves me correct, I was a jerk to you.

CLARENCE
You were. But now I’m giving you a second chance to redeem yourself.

ERICA
You are a lot cuter now and... Okay, we can do this.

Clarence aborts the ticket.

ERICA (CONT’D)
Thank you, Clarence.

CLARENCE
No problem.

Erica opens her car door. Clarence shuts the door behind her.

ERICA
Can I use that piece of paper to write my number down?

CLARENCE
Yeah, sure.
Clarence hands her the aborted ticket slip.

ERICA
Do you have a pen?

Clarence hands her a pen.

Erica writes her number down. She gives it to Clarence.

ERICA (CONT’D)
Well, I hope to hear from you.

CLARENCE
And you will. I promise.

Erica waves goodbye and drives off. Clarence moon walks to his scooter.

His cell phone rings.

CLARENCE (CONT’D)
Hello... What’s up, man. We need to talk... yeah, I’m close... I was just about to take lunch, so meet me at the Dairy Queen on 5th...
Okay.

Clarence hangs up and gets on his scooter.

EXT. DAIRY QUEEN - AFTERNOON

Clarence and CL are sitting outside at a table. Clarence watches as CL chows down on a Banana split.

C.L.
Why you ain’t eating?

CLARENCE
I’m not hungry. I wanna talk about this...

Clarence looks around to see if anyone may be listening.

CLARENCE (CONT’D)
This Hitman you put me on to.

CL
You still coming with me to my cousin’s wedding?

CLARENCE
I forgot all about that. When is it again?
CL
Damn, Clarence, Tomorrow. Big Shirley will be there.

CLARENCE
You just threw that out there like I'm supposed to be thrilled.

CL
You know and I know, you need some ass. And Big Shirley is one of the fuck-able fat girls. You all stressed out about killing your mama. So I figured you come with me to-

CLARENCE
Hey, keep it down, man. And I know you heard what I said.

CL
Said about what?

CLARENCE
That Hitman. Where did you find him?

CL
Craigslist.

CLARENCE
(beat)
What?

CL
Craigslist. I found him on Craigslist.

CLARENCE
Tell me you lying.

CL
Why would I lie about some shit like that. You said you needed to find somebody to kill your mama-

CLARENCE
(slams fist on table)
Shush! Why you so damn loud with it.
CL
Look, man. You came to me and asked me to find you a guy that do this type of thing. So, I put a ad on Craigslist under the “gigs” section.

Clarence is speechless. He just gives CL a look.

CL (CONT’D)
What? Don’t try and down play Craigslist. Craigslist is like Walmart. It has everything. I do all of my online shopping on there. All of my swag is courtesy of Craigslist.

CLARENCE
But, CL, why would you put in a ad on Craigslist looking for a hitman?

CL
I’m not stupid. I didn’t post it like that. It was coded. Only certain people would pick up on it. Like the guy I found for you.

CLARENCE
I don’t even wanna know what it said. I’m calling the whole thing off.

CL
Relax. I deleted the post after he called.

CLARENCE
I don’t care. Have you actually met the guy? He look like Method Man. A broke ass Method Man. He don’t look professional. I asked you to find me a professional.

CL
Who did you expect? Leon from The Professional movie?

CLARENCE
(sighs)
I’m calling it off. But having that money would’ve been nice. Remember what I told you my dream was as a kid?
Yep.

CLARENCE
Open up my own restaurant, remember? Church-N-Chiken.

CL
Church-N-Chiken. And that’s without the second ‘C’ in chicken.

CLARENCE
Where you can praise God and eat good. And at the same damn time.

CL
Can I get a Amen and a yum-yum.

CLARENCE
This one-hundred thousand dollars can change my life. No more nagging mom, no more of this dead end job.

CL
Your mama loves you. She just has a different way of showing it.

CLARENCE
My mama loves cigarettes. My mama loves scratch-offs. My mama loves my sister. My mama even loves that mangy dog of hers. What My mama don’t love, is me. My 39 years of living, this woman ain’t never told me she loved me.

CL
Well, you know what you have to do.

CLARENCE
Yeah.

CL
So, what time you gonna pick me up?

CLARENCE
Pick you up for what?

CL
What the hell we been talking about this whole time... Other than killing your mama. My cousin’s wedding. It starts at noon.
CLARENCE
Yeah, man. I'll be at your house around eleven.

CL
Bet. Yo, I can't wait for you to meet this new girl I hooked up with. She's banging! And I ain't even lying.

CLARENCE
She got any friends?

CL
Nope.

Beat.

CL (CONT'D)
So, is that a final no?

CLARENCE
I just said, I'll pick you up at eleven.

CL
I'm not talking about that now. The killing your mama thing.

CLARENCE
Oh, that. Yeah, the no is final. I don't trust your "professional."

Clarence looks down at his watch.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)
I have to get back to work.

Clarence gets up and leaves.

CL
Alright, man. I'll try and get in contact with him, cause he ain't got a phone... And don't forget about the wedding!

CUT TO:

EXT. A CITY PARK - DAY

A REVEREND stands in front of the Bride and Groom to be.
THE REVEREND
Do you, uh, Lil D, except...

The Reverend clears his throat. He can’t believe he is doing this but they’re paying him.

LIL D smiles hard at his bride. His bride, MAMA CAKES, returns a grin. He wears a cheap blazer and his jeans are sagging way below his waist.

THE REVEREND (CONT’D)
Do you except, Mama cakes, to be your lawfully wedded... uh, do you except Mama cakes to be your lawfully wedded bitch?

LIL D
Oh, yeah.

The reverend nods his head.

THE REVEREND
And do you, Mama Cakes, except, Lil D, to be your lawfully wedded...

MAMA CAKES
Yes—I-do.

THE REVEREND
Well, with the power invested in me and the state of Virginia, I now pronounce you Husband—

Lil D and Mama cakes both turn their heads quickly at The Reverend.

THE REVEREND (CONT’D)
Oh, I apologize. I just am use to... anyway I now pronounce you, Nigga and Bitch.

Lil D and mama cakes engage in a kiss.

The on-lookers behind them stand up and celebrate.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY PARK – WEDDING – DAY

A live unknown rapper sings NOTORIOUS B.I.G’S ME AND MY BITCH to a group of people dancing.
Clarence sits at a table with CL and his date SHEENA. CL is all over Sheena. Kissing her on the neck and rubbing her shoulders.

Clarence watches from the corner of his eye as he sips a drink.

Clarence takes his eyes away from his table and notices, BIG SHIRLEY eyeballing him from across the room. Clarence feels a chill go up his back.

SHEENA
Boy, you is terrible. Let me go get another drink.

CL
Nah, baby, let me get that for you.

SHEENA
It’s fine. I can handle this. Besides, the way you got me feeling, I need to walk it off.

CL and Sheena give each other a peck on the lips. Sheena wipes the lip stick from CL’s lips and gets up from the table.

CL Watches her leave.

CL
God Damn! I think I’m in love.

CLARENCE
How? You just met her.

CL
So what. This shit happens sometimes. Don’t hate. You been hating on me since we were kids. It has to stop.

CLARENCE
I’ve been hating on you since... whatever. She look good. I’ll give you that. She a little tall though.

CL
She look good, right. You know where I met her? Craigslist. The casual encounters section.

CLARENCE
Hold on. You met her on Craigslist?
CL
I told you, don’t sleep on Craig and the list. When I get home tonight, you better know I’m gonna have them long ass legs in the air. She gonna be calling me daddy.

Clarence and CL look around at everyone.

People are dancing. People are shooting dice. People are playing dominos. Even the kids at the kiddie table are entertained in a game of UNO.

A kid about age 5 rises to his feet and slams his cards on the table.

KID
Uno, fools!

Clarence nods his head and takes another swig of his drink.

CLARENCE
This a ghetto ass wedding.

CL
Yeah, but you know how Lil D do it. But look over there. Big Shirley checking you out.

CLARENCE AND CL POV

Big Shirley waves and blows a kiss.

CLARENCE
I see. How can anybody miss her big ass.

CL
You need to go head and hit that. Stop being scared.

CLARENCE
Damn right I’m scared. And I’m gonna need more to drink than this in order to... do that.

CLARENCE POV

Big Shirley slowly licks her lips.

CLARENCE (CONT’D)
(stands up)
I have to use the bathroom. Go get me another drink, man.
CL
I got you.

EXT. CITY PARK - WEDDING - CONTINUOUS

Clarence is on his way to the portable bathrooms when he is stopped by a familiar, but unexpected, acquaintance.

MELVIN (O.S.)
What up, man.

Clarence lifts his head. His eyes widen and his heart beat races. Melvin stands under a tree smoking a cigarette.

CLARENCE
What-what? Why are you here?

MELVIN
Your boy invited me.

CLARENCE
What?

MELVIN
I’m cool with some of his people.

Clarence can’t believe it. And he didn’t come alone. A person wobbles from around the tree.

FIDGETY COMPANION
Hello. Hello.

MELVIN
Shut up! Take your ass back around the other side of the tree and sit down. Let them ants eat on your ass.

FIDGETY COMPANION
Okay.

The fidgety companion does as he is told.

MELVIN
You got my money?

CLARENCE
Now ain’t the place or the time.
MELVIN
You said next week. That was last week. So, that makes this week, next week. And what your boy talking bout you wanna call it off?

CLARENCE
I’m having second thoughts about the whole thing.

MELVIN
No. You can’t call it off.

CLARENCE
Excuse me?

MELVIN
You heard me. You can’t call it off. We have a deal.

CLARENCE
But she’s my mother.

MELVIN
I don’t give a fuck if was your brother. We had a deal. You pay me 5,000 dollars to kill your moms, right?

CLARENCE
Look-

MELVIN
That was the deal right?

CLARENCE
Can I be honest?

MELVIN
Be honest.

CLARENCE
Look, I don’t want to offend you... but you’re not what I expected.

MELVIN
I’m not what you expected? The fuck did you expect? John Woo, muthafucka? Check this shit out.

Melvin lifts his jacket and pulls out a BLACK REVOLVER.
MELVIN (CONT’D)
What type of muthafucka brings a loaded gun to a wedding?

CLARENCE
Whoa-whoa-whoa!

MELVIN
Huh? I’m not what you expected? You didn’t expect me to pull a loaded gun out on your ass at no wedding either.

CLARENCE
Look, this is a wedding, Melvin!

MELVIN
And it’s about to be a funeral if you don’t quit fucking me, Clarence. Now I need this money. I got five kids.

CLARENCE
Look, put the gun away.

Melvin calms down. He tucks the gun back in his jacket.

CLARENCE (CONT’D)
Thank you. I just can’t do it. I had a change of heart. Can you understand that?

MELVIN
Bullshit. You don’t trust me.

CLARENCE
No and yes, but mainly yes. If this doesn't go right, we both could go to prison.

MELVIN
Let’s just do it for my five kids. They need the money and I need child support to get off my back.

CLARENCE
What? Look, I’m sorry but I can’t.

MELVIN
Forget about it. I told you I was a professional. But it’s obvious you the unprofessional one.
CLARENCE
Let me piss. We can talk when I get back. In fact, come over with me and sit at the table and have a few drinks.

MELVIN
Yeah, whatever. Go do your business.

CLARENCE
Alright, I’ll be back.

Clarence walks away. Melvin finishes his cigarette.
He walks over to the side of the tree where his client sits.

FIDGETY COMPANION
Ouch! Ouch! Ouch!

The fidgety companion smacks his thighs for each ouch.

FIDGETY COMPANION (CONT’D)
(looks at Melvin)
Ants bite me.

MELVIN
Man, get your retarded ass up.

EXT. PORTABLE BATHROOM
Clarence heads toward three porta-johns. The first two he approaches read: Occupied.
The third one reads: Vacant.
He opens it. His jaw drops.

CLARENCE’S POV
Sheena standing up taking a piss. Dick in hand.

SHEENA
Oh...

Clarence is speechless. Frozen with shock. But he can’t close the door.
Sheena wiggles her penis. She then tucks it away and pulls her skirt down. She pulls out a mirror and checks her hair and make up.
Clarence is still frozen.

Sheena comes out of the porta-john. She towers over Clarence.

SHEENA (CONT’D)
You weren’t suppose to see that. I thought I locked the door.

Clarence looks up at her. His eyes barely viewing over her HUGE BOOBS.

SHEENA (CONT’D)
You’re not going to tell, CL, are you? I would like to be the one to tell him.

CLARENCE
No. My-my lips are sealed.

Sheena taps him on the side of his cheek.

SHEENA
Thank you, Clarence.

Sheena walks away. Clarence watches her. Then looks into the porta-john. He nods his head and goes inside.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF PORTABLE BATHROOM – CONTINUOUS

Clarence comes out of the bathroom. He walks over to the tree where Melvin was standing.

No Melvin.

EXT. CITY PARK – WEDDING

CL is at the table with Sheena running game on her.

Clarence comes back to the table. He see’s a lonely drink.

CLARENCE
(to CL)
This mine, right?

CL
(to Clarence)
Yeah.

(back to Sheena)
Now, like I was saying.

(MORE)
CL (CONT'D)
Baby its just a feeling I get about you. It’s something special.

Clarence giggles as he drinks. CL looks at him briefly. But he returns his attention back to Sheena.

SHEENA
I know baby. I feel it’s something special about our connection.

CLARENCE
Big Shirley doesn’t sound so bad right about now.

CL
(to Clarence)
What?

CLARENCE
Nothing.

Clarence looks over at Big Shirley. He downs his drink. He gets up and heads over to her table.

CL
(to Clarence)
Where you going?

CLARENCE
Where no man has gone before.

EXT. CITY PARK - WEDDING - CONTINUOUS

Big Shirley’s eyes widen as she watches Clarence approach her.

CLARENCE
Uh, how you doing?

BIG SHIRLEY
Hi. I’m doing fine.

CLARENCE
Okay.

Clarence fidgets around.

BIG SHIRLEY
You can have a seat.
CLARENCE
Thank you.

Clarence sits.

CL walks behind him and whispers in his ear.

CL
That’s what I’m talking about, boy.
Make her call you daddy tonight.

Sheena tugs at CL’s hand.

SHEENA
Let’s go, baby.

C.L.
Yo, I’m definitely making this
chick call me daddy tonight. You
know what I’m saying.

CLARENCE
You might be the one screaming
daddy to him.

CL
What?

Clarence watches as Sheena tugs impatiently.

CLARENCE
Come here, man.

Clarence hugs CL Tightly.

CL
Yo, man, You okay?

CLARENCE
Be strong tonight.

CL
You acting weird man.

CL and Sheena leave.

BIG SHIRLEY
So, Clarence. What’s up with you?

CLARENCE
Oh, nothing. Just chilling.

BIG SHIRLEY
I heard you were a virgin.
CLARENCE
Huh? Nah, who told you that?

BIG SHIRLEY
Your boy.

CLARENCE
CL? He’s a liar. That’s all right though. ‘Cause all of his lies are coming back on him tonight.

Clarence laughs.

BIG SHIRLEY
What’s funny?

CLARENCE
Nothing. A inside thing.

BIG SHIRLEY
(sighs)
So, you wanna leave here and go with me to my place?

Big shirley licks the rim of her glass.

BIG SHIRLEY (CONT’D)
I have to show you something. And I know you gonna like it.

CLARENCE
(swallows hard)
Okay. Sure.

CUT TO:

INT. BIG SHIRLEY’S BEDROOM

We are in a dimly lit bedroom. Scented candles burn on a dresser. Clarence lays on his back, stripped down to his boxers and socks as he floats on a water bed. SCANDALOUS by PRINCE is playing in the back ground.

Clarence is a bit nervous. But he’s ready for whatever.

Big Shirley slowly opens the bedroom door. She is covered in OVER SIZED LINGERIE that barely fits.

BIG SHIRLEY
You ready for this, baby?

Clarence nods. Big Shirley continues her show with slow sensual dancing.
BIG SHIRLEY (CONT’D)
Do you wanna see me drop this big thang like it’s...

Big shirley quickly turns showing her back side.

BIG SHIRLEY (CONT’D)
... hot?

CLARENCE
(swallows)
Uh, sure. Why not.

Big Shirley dips low and comes up once. She does it twice.

A slight breeze of air passes over Clarence. Enough air that even the candles flicker.

Big Shirley drops low and comes up again, and again, and BOOM!

The room shivers. Big Shirley drops low but didn’t come back up.

Clarence sits up.

CLARENCE (CONT’D)
Shirley? Are you okay down there?

BIG SHIRLEY
Call 911. I think I broke my hip.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE OF BIG SHIRLEY’S HOME – NIGHT

Clarence walks by Big Shirley’s side as she is rolled on a gurney to an ambulance.

BIG SHIRLEY
I’m so sorry, Clarence. I was gonna rock your virgin world.

CLARENCE
It’s okay. You just get better. And I told you, I’m not a virgin.

The paramedics attempt to lift Big Shirley into the ambulance. They struggle.

CLARENCE (CONT’D)
Y’all need some help? Hold-up.
Clarence waves for assistance from a fireman. They all huddle around the gurney.

CLARENCE (CONT’D)
Okay, on three. 1-2-3.

They successfully load her into the ambulance.

CUT TO:

INT. THE PARKER HOME - NIGHT
Clarence comes into a dark house.
He checks the fridge. He sighs and grabs a soda.

INT. CLARENCE’S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS
Clarence chugs his soda. He sits on the edge of his bed and reflects. An idea pops in his head and he walks over to his closet and digs deep until he pulls out a Nike shoe box.
He opens it and we see a collection of porno Dvd’s.
He shuffles through the collection until he makes his choice.
He pops in the DVD and plots himself on a fold up chair in front of the television.
We can hear the sleazy theme music. Clarence shuffles through scenes until he is satisfied. He puts down the remote and begins to whack off.
He yawns while he whacks. His eyes get heavy but he continues to whack. He feels he deserves a good nut after a long day.
His eyes are getting heavier and eventually he falls asleep.
The movie continues to play.
Valletta walks in without knocking.

VALLETTA
Boy, what I tell you about-

She is silenced by what she is seeing. Clarence snores. He doesn't even know she’s there.
Valletta walks over and immediately jumps back. Clarence still has his Dick in his hand.
VALLETTA (CONT’D)
Okay, Mr. Nasty ass.

Valletta pulls her cell phone from her robe pocket. She takes a picture of her son in his vulnerable state.

VALLETTA (CONT’D)
Facebook.

She leaves giggling.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - PARKING METER

Clarence hands a couple their parking ticket.

THE MAN
We were just coming in and coming right back out.

CLARENCE
Well, you should've just put some “coming in and coming right back out” money into the meter.

THE WOMAN
What an asshole.

Clarence writes the ticket and hands it to the couple. The woman snatches it and the couple get into their vehicle.

Clarence mounts his bike and rides off.

INT. METER ENFORCEMENT HEADQUATERS

The Enforcement officers are surrounding a laptop and talking amongst themselves and laughing.

Clarence walks in. They scatter like roaches.

CLARENCE
What’s going on in here?

Clarence walks over to the young lady, SAMANTHA, who has the laptop.

CLARENCE (CONT’D)
Show me what y’all were looking at.
SAMANTHA
I don’t think that would be a good idea. Plus I don’t want to get fired.

CLARENCE
I’ll get Mr. Bob to fire you if you don’t show me.

Mr. Bob walks out of his office.

MR. BOB
Who am I firing, Parker?

Clarence gives Samantha a look. Samantha opens her laptop.

CLARENCE
No one, sir.

Clarence leans in and looks at the screen. He jumps back.

CLARENCE (CONT’D)
Whoa! No!

He leans back in but this time afraid to look.

CLARENCE (CONT’D)
Where did you get that?

Mr. Bob takes a look.

MR. BOB
Parker?

Clarence slams the laptop shut.

CLARENCE
Where did you get that?

SAMANTHA
It isn’t mine. I’m Facebook friends with the lady who posted the picture.

CLARENCE
Facebook? It’s posted on Facebook?

SAMANTHA
Yeah. “Miss-Vee-lovin’-my-Jesus-Parker” posted it.

CLARENCE
What?
SAMANTHA
That’s her screen name.

CLARENCE
(to Mr. Bob)
Sir, I have to take the rest of the
day off. I’m sorry.

Clarence storms out of the trailer.

MR. BOB
(looks at Samantha)
Parker, leaving work early? That’s
uncharacteristically not like him.

INT. PARKER HOME

Clarence storms into his house. He’s furious.

CLARENCE
Mama!

He checks the kitchen. He runs up the stairs. He checks her
bedroom.

CLARENCE (CONT’D)
Mama!

He hears violent coughing O.S.

It’s coming from the bathroom.

He puts his ear to the door. He knocks.

JOY (O.S.)
Come in, Clarence.

Clarence pushes the door open. His mother is leaned over the
toilet coughing. Joy is next to her rubbing her back.

JOY (CONT’D)
Mama, you need to get this cough
checked out.

VALLETTA
Ain’t nothing wrong with me. It’s
just the air is bad.

Valletta notices her son standing defiantly at the door.
VALLETTA (CONT’D)
You standing at the door like you ready to kick somebody ass.

CLARENCE
I know what you did.

Valletta’s laugh is followed by coughing. She spits in the toilet.

VALLETTA
Respect my house. And shit like that wouldn’t happen.

CLARENCE
Mama, I was in the privacy of my own room.

VALLETTA
Your “own” room. Boy, you don’t own shit! You don’t even own your damn self. Get out of my face.

Valletta coughs. She spits.

JOY
What are y’all talking about?

CLARENCE
Nothing, sis.

JOY
Are you still coming with us to the cheesecake factory next week? I would like you to meet my fiance.

CLARENCE
Yeah, sis. I’ll be there.

Clarence watches his mother slouch over the toilet.

CLARENCE (CONT’D)
I hope you get better, mama.

He walks away. He leaves the house.

CUT TO:

EXT. IN FRONT OF CL’S HOUSE – DAY
Clarence and CL stand in the front of Clarence’s car.
CLARENCE

My own mama, man. Can you believe it? I didn’t even know she had Facebook.

CL Sits on the hood with his arms crossed. Something is on his mind.

CLARENCE (CONT’D)
Yo, are you okay?

CL
Yeah, I’m good. I think she had like one-thousand likes on that picture too.

CLARENCE
A thousand? I didn’t even know she knew a thousand people. I only got like twelve Facebook friends.

CL
You only have twelve Facebook friends? How long you been on Facebook?

CLARENCE
Four of five years. So what, I only have twelve friends. You know I’m not into the whole social network thing.

CLARENCE (CONT’D)
Is there something you wanna talk about?

CL doesn’t respond. Clarence remembers. He holds his laugh.

CLARENCE (CONT’D)
You know, if there is anything you need to talk about, I’m your boy.

CL
Anything?

CLARENCE
Anything. I won’t judge you.

CL stews over it.

CL
It’s nothing.
CLARENCE
Problems with Sheena?

CL Snaps.

CL
I said nothing!

CLARENCE
Okay. Calm down... anyway, I need you to contact Melvin. I’m ready to get this done and over with.

CL
So, you changing your mind again. Either you’re going to kill her or you’re not going to kill her. Either you’re a man or a woman. You can’t be both!

CLARENCE
You are not alright.

CL
I’m sorry. My bad. I just got a lot... Sodom and Gomorrah.

CLARENCE
What are you talking about?

CL
Melvin. He’s a bouncer at the night club, Sodom and Gomorrah, over off South Military Highway. He should be there tonight.

CLARENCE
Cool. Now you sure it ain’t nothing on your mind you wanna talk about.

CL
I’m alright, man.

CLARENCE
Okay. I’ll hit you up later.

Clarence jumps in his car and speeds off.
EXT. SODOM AND GOMORRAH - NIGHT

A SODOM & GOMORRAH sign flashes in NEO LIGHTS. The music can be heard BLASTING outside of the club.

INT. SODOM AND GOMORRAH

Clarence sits at a table alone. He watches everyone around him.

The club is mixed with all racial backgrounds. But EVERYONE is gay. Gay guys and gay girls.

Some of the gay men are checking Clarence out.

Melvin appears out of nowhere and sits at the table with Clarence.

MELVIN
You alright, dawg? You look nervous.

Clarence looks around.

MELVIN (CONT’D)
They won’t bother you if you don’t bother them.

CLARENCE
You sure?

MELVIN
Why are you here?

Clarence pulls an envelope out and sits it on the table.

CLARENCE
I had a change of heart.

MELVIN
What’s this?

Clarence slides it over. Melvin looks in it. He smiles.

CLARENCE
A thousand dollars. All there.

Melvin puts the money away.

MELVIN
My man.
CLARENCE
How can you work here?

MELVIN
It ain’t ‘bout how. It’s about why. I have to pay bills. Five kids, remember?

A blonde haired, gay man approaches Clarence.

GAY MAN
Hi, cutie pie. Can I buy you a drink?

CLARENCE
Hell no! I’m not gay.

GAY MAN
I can’t tell.

MELVIN
Yo, get out of here, Byron.

CLARENCE
Last I heard, God made Adam and Eve. Not Adam and Steve.

BYRON
Ouch! Well, last I heard men are called, “homo” sapien. Not “hetero” sapien.

Byron whips his hair back and walks away.

MELVIN
That’s just gay ass Byron.

CLARENCE
Yeah, whatever. Now, how are you going to do it?

MELVIN
I’m gonna make it look like a robbery. Shoot her in the head. Simple as that.

Clarence wears a look of worry on his face.

MELVIN (CONT’D)
Don’t worry. I know what I’m doing.

CLARENCE
Does it have to be so... violent?
MELVIN
A bullet in the head ain’t violent. She’ll die instantly. Now when do you want it done?

CLARENCE
The sooner the better, I guess.

MELVIN
When then?

CLARENCE
This Friday. Her husband works late. And I’ll just stay out. She’ll be home all alone. I’ll leave the back door unlocked.

MELVIN
Y’all have home security?

CLARENCE
No.

MELVIN
Don’t leave nothing unlocked. I’ll get in.

A couple of gay men get into a cat fight. Melvin rises to his feet.

MELVIN (CONT’D)
I gotta go.

CLARENCE
Look, what if there’s a change in plans. How do I get in contact with you? ‘Cause I really don’t wanna come back here.

MELVIN
Friday is four days away. Ain’t shit gonna change in four days. Stick to the script and everything will be cool.

Melvin rushes off.
EXT. RAHEEM’S CHICKEN-N-TACO’S – DAY

A giant sign reads: RAHEEM’S CHICKEN-N-TACO’S HOME OF SOUL-MEXICA

Clarence and Erica are sitting outside of the restaurant eating lunch.

CLARENCE
It was nice of you to come down here and spend my lunch break with me.

ERICA
I don’t mind. I was in the area.

VOICE (O.S.)
Meter 127.

Clarence quickly grabs his walkie-talkie.

CLARENCE
Glenda, I’m at lunch. Radio another meter.

Clarence turns his walkie-talkie off.

CLARENCE (CONT’D)
Sorry about that.

ERICA
It’s okay. So, do you like your job?

CLARENCE
I like my job. Do you like your job? Whatever your job is.

ERICA
I’m a Veterinarian.

CLARENCE
Oh! You’re a doctor.

ERICA
Animal doctor.

A waiter brings Clarence a large burrito.

WAITER
Here is your collard green and beef burrito, el granday, sir.
CLARENCE
Thank you. And I think you meant, el grande.

WAITER
Yeah, that.

Waiter walks off.

ERICA
Is the food here any good?

CLARENCE
I don’t know. I’ve never eaten here before. I always ride bye it. The whole Mexican meets soul-food intrigues me. Now, you’re sure you don’t want anything.

ERICA
I’m fine. This water will do.

CLARENCE
Me and this brother Raheem have something in common. And that is, we’re both some innovative brothers. Cause I do a little chefin’ myself. I plan to open my own restaurant one day. Once I save enough money. Church n’ Chiken. That’s what I plan on calling it. And that’s chicken without the second ‘C’.

ERICA
Why Church and chicken?

CLARENCE
Simple. What do black folk do after a good Sunday service at church?

ERICA
They go home.

CLARENCE
They go eat. And one thing we love almost as much as Jesus, is some southern fried chicken. Some good ol’ deep south soul cooking.

ERICA
Just go to country favorites.
CLARENCE
True. But here is the catch. Here
is what my place will offer others
don’t. I’ll have live gospel music.
A live band. Guest speakers. The
preacher will be preaching while
you eating. Best of both worlds.
Now can you dig it?

ERICA
I can dig it. I like a man with
ambition. So, when will you cook
for me?

CLARENCE
You let me know. But I’m warning
you. Once you taste my cooking, you
might try and marry a brother.

ERICA
Talk is cheap, Mr. Parker.

CLARENCE
I talk it, and I walk it. Now let
me see if ol’ Raheem can do the
same.

Clarence takes a bite out of his burrito.

ERICA
And the verdict...

CLARENCE
Umm... it’s different. I can taste
yams, macaroni and cheese, beans
and guacamole, some rice, mashed
potatoes. It’s actually not bad.

Clarence turns around toward the kitchen.

CLARENCE (CONT’D)
Ayo, Raheem! Yo, Raheem!

The cooks look up. A slim black man wearing a GIANT Chef’s
hat steps forward. He just throws his arms up.

CLARENCE (CONT’D)
(points at burrito)
This is it. You did it!

Erica laughs

CUT TO:
EXT. ERICA’S CAR - DAY

Clarence walks Erica to her car.

ERICA
It was nice hanging with you, Clarence.

CLARENCE
It was nicer, hanging out with you.

ERICA
What are you doing when you get off?

CLARENCE
Going home to take a nap. Then later me and my family are going out to eat.

ERICA
I hope you have room in your stomach for more food. That burrito seemed like it could fill a man for a week.

CLARENCE
I’ll make room.

ERICA
Well, call me later whenever you’re free.

Clarence grins from ear to ear.

CLARENCE
I sure will.

Erica gets in her car.

ERICA
Bye, Clarence.

Clarence waves. Erica drives off.

DREAM SEQUENCE - INT. A MEN’S BATHROOM

It’s kind of foggy. Clarence is standing in front of a urinal.
A man wearing a CIGARETTE SUIT walks in. Smoke fumes from his head. He stands one urinal over from Clarence and does his business.

He looks over at Clarence. He recognizes him.

MR. CIGARETTE
Clarence?

CLARENCE
(takes a moment but you recognize him)
Oh, what’s up man? Long time no see.

MR. CIGARETTE
Yeah, brother.

Mr. Cigarette finishes his business and walks over to Clarence. Clarence is finished as well.

They shake hands. Clarence realizes they haven't washed hands so he wipes his hand awkwardly on his jeans.

CLARENCE
So, what’s been up? Other than you not killing my mama like we agreed.

MR. CIGARETTE
Look...

CLARENCE
I mean, you made promises. Promises you haven’t been able to keep.

MR. CIGARETTE
Your mothers a tough bitch. She go hard. But we go hard too. Four million people die world wide each year because of me and my people. Do you know how many people that is a day? That’s 11,000 a day. We don’t fuck around, Clarence.

CLARENCE
Well, I waited. And y’all ain’t doing what I expected of you, so I had to go another route.

MR. CIGARETTE
Yeah, I heard. But don’t do that. A Hitman? That shit can come back to you. And you could end up in prison. But with us-
CLARENCE
Yeah but-

MR. CIGARETTE
Let me finish... with us, you get a clean kill. Nothing traces back to you. No police investigation. And you get that life insurance money. We love what we do. So be patient. We’ll get her for you. I promise you, the bitch, is dead!

INT. CLARENCE’S BEDROOM

Clarence opens his eyes. “The bitch is dead” echoes in his head as he awakens from the dream. He sits up in his bed.

INT. THE CHEESE CAKE FACTORY - EVENING

The entire Parker family are out together enjoying a dinner courtesy of STAFF SERGEANT BRAD BICKFORD. He is Joy’s new Caucasian fiance.

Brad is fully dressed in his Class A uniform.

Clarence doesn’t want to be there. But he’s doing it for his sister.

VALLETTA
(coughs)
This is a nice establishment. Ain’t it, Willie?

WILLIE
Yeah, it’s nice.

VALLETTA
Twenty years we been married, you never took me to a place like this before... cheap ass.

BRAD
I’m glad you like it, Mrs. Parker.

VALLETTA
Oh, I love it, Brad. I just wish somebody turn on the damn lights. Are they trying to save energy?

A waitress walks by.
VALLETTA (CONT’D)
(to the waiter)
Excuse me. Y’all need to turn the
lights up or something. I’m
stretching my eyeballs just to see
what the hell in front of me.

The waiter smiles and keeps walking.

JOY
Mama, that’s how they dim the
lights in here.

VALLETTA
I don’t give a good god damn. I
can’t see.

Brad grabs Joy’s hand and smiles at her.

BRAD
Mrs. Parker. Mr. Parker. I’m so
happy that you’re allowing me to
take Joy’s hand in marriage. I just
wanted to let you both know that I
will love and cherish your daughter
for as long as I live.

VALLETTA
I believe you, Brad. Because you
white. My lord and savior Jesus
Christ is a white man.

Clarence gives his mother a ‘oh please’ look.
A beat.
Everyone shares a uncomfortable silence.
Clarence rubs his stomach and makes a face.
Brad takes notice.

BRAD
You okay, Clarence?

CLARENCE
Yeah.

BRAD
What is it you do again, Security
guard?

Valletta coughs and laughs.
VALLETTA
Hell no! He a damn Meter Maid.

WILLIE
You need to get a real job.

CLARENCE
That is a real job, Willie.

WILLIE
That ain’t a real job. You robbing hard working tax payers of their money. We pay taxes. We should park where-ever the hell we like.

VALLETTA
(to joy)
Baby, I’m glad you found yourself a good, wholesome, white man. Too many fools like your brother running around here. This boy here, how old are you boy, 40 something?

CLARENCE
(rubs belly)
You don’t know how old your son is, mama? I’m 39.

VALLETTA
39, 50, I really don’t give a shit. My point is, you still living with your mama. Go out and find a damn woman and your own place...
(to Brad)
How old were you when you moved out of your mama house, Brad?

BRAD
I was 17, ma’am.

VALLETTA
17.

WILLIE
That’s a good age. I was 17 when I left and joined the Navy.

VALLETTA
(to Clarence)
Did you hear that, dumb ass? He was 17.

JOY
Y’all leave Clarence alone.
Three waiters come to the table with arms of hot food. They give each plate to each family member.

Clarence smells the spaghetti coming from his plate. It looks good but he can’t enjoy the aroma. His stomach is doing cartwheels.

JOY (CONT’D)
Clarence, are you okay?

CLARENCE
I don’t know. I had a burrito from Raheem’s Taco spot.

VALLETTA
That’s what your dumb ass get. I don’t trust no black man that think he can open up a Mexican restaurant. It don’t match. Would you eat pig feet cooked by a Mexican?

CLARENCE
I think I’m...

VALLETTA
(to Brad)
Brad, have you ever seen a Mexican eat pig feet? Would you ever go into a restaurant called “Pablo’s Pig feet”?

BRAD
I really don’t know, ma’am.

Clarence is visibly perspiring. He takes a drink of water.

CLARENCE
I’m gonna be sick.

VALLETTA
(to Clarence)
Well, if you’re gonna be sick, you need to take your ass to the bathroom. I don’t have time to smell no throw-up.

Clarence looks around and is dizzy. He passes out face first into his plate of spaghetti.
INT. HOSPITAL

Clarence wakes up. He looks around. He’s hooked up to an IV.

A man who has his back turned to Clarence is writing something on a chart. He slightly turns his head when he notices Clarence is awake. We don’t see his face.

UNKNOWN MAN
You’re awake.

CLARENCE
How long I been out?

UNKNOWN MAN
Just a couple of hours. How are you feeling?

CLARENCE
Bad.

UNKNOWN MAN
As you should. You’ve been diagnosed with Campylobacteriosis.

CLARENCE
What’s that?

UNKNOWN MAN
Oh, I’m sorry. In laymen terms, such as an idiot like yourself, it simply means, you have food poisoning.

CLARENCE
Excuse me?

The Doctor turns around. His badge reads: WALTER STEVENS M.D.. He’s a familiar face.

DR. STEVENS
You don’t remember me do you? I’m Dr. Walter Stevens. You wrote me a ticket for double parking my BMW about a month ago.

Clarence closes his eyes and tightens his lips. He opens his eyes and looks at the smiling doctor.

CLARENCE
I was only doing my job, doctor.
DR. STEVENS
Of course. You were only doing your job. I’m over it. Now, stick out your arm.

The doctor pulls out a needle and preps it. Clarence eyes get big.

CLARENCE
What’s that for?

DR. STEVENS
It’s for you.

CLARENCE
Can I get another doctor. This may be a conflict of interest.

DR. STEVENS
Stop being a baby. Give me your arm if you want to feel better.

Clarence reluctantly gives his arm. The doctor snatches it and quickly pokes him.

DR. STEVENS (CONT’D)
There we go. That should put you right to sleep.

CLARENCE
Sleep? I don’t need surgery or anything. It was only food poisoning.

DR. STEVENS
No, you don’t need surgery or anything like that. But, you don’t have health insurance. So, this visit is going to cost you a very pretty penny. And since you’ve cost me money in the past. I figure, why not return the favor.

Clarence gets very drowsy.

DR. STEVENS (CONT’D)
I’ve sedated you. I’m going to keep you here for a couple of days. I’ll run a few bullshit tests and x-rays maybe. I’m going to keep you here until your bill is ridiculously high and I’m tired of looking at you. So, sleep tight.

(MORE)
I’ll be back later to check on you. Clarence reaches out pitifully.

CLARENCE
Please...

CLARENCE’S POV
He watches as the doctor leaves.
Clarence passes out.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL – CONTINUOUS

CLARENCE’S HAZY ON AND OFF POV
A face sits in front of him. It’s Big Shirley.

BIG SHIRLEY
Hi, Boo! Are you okay? I’ve missed you. You know if I wasn’t in this wheel chair I would jump all over you now and ride you like a rodeo.

CLARENCE
Big shirley?

BIG SHIRLEY
I know, baby. Mama knows you miss her. Would you like a kiss baby?

Shirley looks over her shoulder. She looks back at Clarence.

BIG SHIRLEY (CONT’D)
I’ll do it while ain’t nobody here.

Big Shirley goes in and gives Clarence a wet long kiss.

He’s too weak to fight her off.

BIG SHIRLEY (CONT’D)
I love you, Clarence. You sleep tight and get well soon.

Clarence passes back out.
INT. HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

CLARENCE’S POV:

He comes to again. His vision hazy.

Two figures stand over him. Both familiar. Dr. Walter and now Nurse Byron.

BYRON
(to Dr. Stevens)
I’m just so happy that Obama is for gay marriage. I think Jesus is for all things gay as well. I think Jesus was a closet homosexual. I mean, how else do you explain the reason he had no lady friend in his life? He traveled around with 12 sweaty men all day. I think he was afraid to come out because of his daddy. His daddy was so mean. Have you ever read the old testament Dr. Stevens?

DR. STEVENS
You’re a Christian?

BYRON
Yes. Gay man for Jesus.

DR. STEVENS
Whatever. Look, this patient needs a full rectal examination. No holds barred.

Byron looks at Clarence.

BYRON
I know him. The other night he turned down my drink.

DR. STEVENS
I’m afraid I don’t follow.

BYRON
I met him at a gay night club. Sodom and Gomorrah. He said he wasn’t gay though.
   (sniffs around)
But a gay man can always sense another gay man.
DR. STEVENS
(methodical grin)
Well, in that case, you two should have a fun time together.
(to Clarence)
Mr. Parker, you’re in good hands with nurse Byron here.

Dr. Stevens pats Byron on the arm and walks out.

CLARENCE
(weak tone)
No...

BYRON
(slaps on gloves)
But, I’m afraid yes, babe. I’ll be so gentle.

CLARENCE
No. Please. No.

BYRON
(lean in on Clarence)
I love it when they beg. I’m gonna make you love me.

Clarence passes out.

INT. HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

CLARENCE’S POV

He awakens to the same groggy haze.

Melvin smiles. All of his golden teeth show.

MELVIN
Yo, I thought you was dead.

CLARENCE
Melvin?

MELVIN
I had to come check on my man. Make sure you ain’t die on my ass before you know... fo’ I get paid.

CLARENCE
Why are you... always at the wrong place... at the wrong time?
Melvin pulls out a bullet from his mouth.

**MELVIN (CONT’D)**
This the bullet I’m putting in your mother’s cranium. You wanna kiss it for good luck?

Clarence nods no.

Melvin kisses it.

**MELVIN (CONT’D)**
Tonight is the night. And I’m ready... remember when you asked me if I ever done this before? Well, hell nah, this’ll be my first time.

**CLARENCE**
Wait...

**MELVIN**
Look, I have to go. Tomorrow morning when you wake up, Your mom’s will be a memory.

Melvin shoots out of frame.

**CLARENCE**
Wait... Melvin...

Clarence passes out.

**INT. HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS**

Clarence wakes up. He sits up.

A Black nurse named BETTY, is in the room checking his IV.

**MS. BETTY**
Welcome back, Clarence

**CLARENCE**
Ms. Betty, I didn’t know you were a nurse here.
MS. BETTY
Did you know you been out, four days?

CLARENCE
Four days? From food poisoning?

MS. BETTY
Doctor Stevens thought it would be best you stay a couple of days. If you ask me I thought you should’ve been discharged the first day you checked in here.

CLARENCE
Dr. Stevens ain’t here now is he?

MS. BETTY
No. He’s off tonight.

CLARENCE
How about, Nurse Byron, is he here?

MS. BETTY
Nurse Byron? Byron doesn't even work this ward. Why would he have to see you?

CLARENCE
Nothing.

MS. BETTY
Well, tomorrow morning you’re to be discharged. The hospital wants you out of here.

Clarence falls back into his bed.

MS. BETTY (CONT’D)
Are you hungry?

CLARENCE
Yeah. I could eat something.

MS. BETTY
Okay, I’ll bring you something up. How’s your mother doing?

CLARENCE
She’s fine.

MS. BETTY
I’m praying for her. I hope she beats it.

(MORE)
I believe in the power of prayer, 
but your mother is one of them 
stubborn black people who think God 
is gonna handle all of their 
problems. Y’all need to convince her to come in here and receive 
chemotherapy.

CLARENCE
What? chemotherapy? What are you 
talking about?

MS. BETTY
Oh, baby. Valletta didn’t tell you?

CLARENCE
Tell me what?

MS. BETTY
Last month your mother came in here 
complaining about body aches and 
coughing up blood. She was 
diagnosed with lung cancer.

Clarence sits up.

CLARENCE
My mama has cancer?

MS. BETTY
Yes. She’s in her late stages. She 
really needs to get in here or else–

Clarence hops out of bed. A sharp pain comes from his rear 
end. He removes the IV Hooked into him.

CLARENCE
I don’t need Melvin after all. I 
need a phone.

MS. BETTY
Baby, what’s the matter?

Clarence picks up the phone next to his bed.

CLARENCE
What’s to dial out?

MS. BETTY
Nine. Clarence what’s going on?

Clarence dials numbers. He listens as it rings on the other 
end.
CL (O.S.)
Hello.

CLARENCE
CL, what’s Melvin’s number?

CL (O.S.)
Clarence? How you feeling boy?

CLARENCE
Man, what’s Melvin’s number?!

CL (O.S.)
I don’t know? He don’t have a phone.

CLARENCE
So how the hell do you get in contact with him?

CL (O.S.)
At his job, or the dude just always seem to just show up. What’s going on man?

CLARENCE
I need to call it off.

Clarence hangs up. He dials numbers. He listens as it rings on the other end.

CLARENCE (CONT’D)
Pick up, mama...

No one picks up.

Clarence slams the phone down.

CLARENCE (CONT’D)
Where are my clothes?

MS. BETTY
Baby, you need to calm down and relax.

CLARENCE
Ms. Betty, where are my clothes? I have to go home!

MS. BETTY
In here, baby.
She goes in the closet and grabs his clothes. Clarence snatches them out of her hand and rushes out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. MELVIN’S CAR - NIGHT

Melvin listens to LOUD RAP MUSIC as he smokes on a blunt. He stares at his own reflection in the mirror.

He turns the music off. He puts the blunt out.

He puts on a pair of black leather gloves.

He takes a final look at himself in the mirror.

  MELVIN
  I am somebody. Say it with me, I am, somebody.

Melvin grabs the gun which lays in the passenger seat.

He jumps out of the car. He tucks the gun behind his pants.

He looks around as he slowly heads toward the Parker resident.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKER HOME - BEDROOM

Valletta tosses and turns in her bed. She sits up and starts to cough. She drops back slowly into the bed.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKER HOME - NIGHT

Melvin is creeping around the back of the house. He looks into a window. He can see the kitchen.

He walks over to the back door. He punches the glass in and unlatches the lock.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM

Scrooge pops his head up. His ears stick out.
Valletta’s coughing gets more violent. She sits up again. This time she climbs out of bed and slowly walks over to the bathroom.

Scrooge gets up and follows her. She spits blood into the toilet.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

Melvin looks up the stair case. He knows his victim is up there. He pulls out the gun and slowly takes his first step. The step makes a CREAKING sound.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM

Scrooge quickly turns around and lets out a bark.

    VALLETTA
    (coughs)
    Scrooge, shut up. Ain’t nobody here but me and you.

Valletta continues to cough and spit. She drops to the floor and sits against the sink.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Clarence is running as fast as he can. His jeans are unfasten, his shirt is open and his shoes are untied.

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Melvin creeps around the corner and slowly peeks through the bedroom door. He doesn't see Valletta in the bed.

He opens the door slowly. He hears a cough O.S.

He slowly comes around the corner. Scrooge turns quickly and begins to growl.

Valletta lifts her head up.
VALLETTA
Who the hell are you?

Scrooge barks. Melvin points the gun at her.

MELVIN
I’m your grim reaper, bitch!

VALLETTA
(coughs)
Scrooge, in the name of Jesus, Kill!

Scrooge leaps forward at Melvin. Melvin steps back. He points the gun at the dog.

MELVIN
You better get your mangy ass back fo’ I shoot your other eye out.

Scrooge leaps forward and then moves side to side. Maneuvering as Melvin aims the gun at him.

Melvin takes a shot. He misses. Scrooge is old but agile... or maybe Melvin just can’t shoot.

Melvin takes another shot. He misses. Scrooge takes a big leap and locks on Melvin’s penis.

Melvin screams in agony. He swings around knocking things over as Scrooge is latched on. Gnawing away.

Man verses Dog ends up in the hallway.

Melvin bangs scrooge against the wall a couple of times. Scrooge lets go.

Melvin takes another shot and misses. Scrooge leaps forward and latches on to Melvin’s face.

They both tumble down the stair case.

Melvin lands on the gun. The gun goes off and a bullet rips through his chest and comes out of his back.

Scrooge crawls from underneath the carnage. Unscathed.

EXT. PARKER HOME - NIGHT

Police cars, An ambulance, and nosey neighbors are scattered in front of the house.
Clarence finally gets home. He is out of breath. He fears for the worst when he sees all of the commotion.

    CLARENCE
    No, I’m too late.

Clarence drops to a knee.

Valletta is rolled out of the house on a gurney. Scrooge sits in her lap.

    VALLETTA
    The lord has delivered me once again from the devil’s grasp.

Clarence pops his head up.

    CLARENCE
    Mama?

Clarence walks over to her.

    VALLETTA
    Boy, where were you when the devil arrived at my door step? If it wasn't for Scrooge, I’d be dead.

    CLARENCE
    Are you okay?

    VALLETTA
    (coughs)
    Don’t ask me no dumb ass questions. You see I’m on a stretcher.

The paramedics roll out Melvin’s body.

    CLARENCE
    (to paramedic)
    I live here. Can you tell me what happen?

    PARAMEDIC
    This intruder broke into your home. He and the dog had a scuffle. He tumbled down the steps and landed on his own gun, killing himself.

Joy and Brad arrive. Joy runs to her mother.

    JOY
    Mama, are you okay? Are you hurt?
I'm doing fine, baby.

Where are they taking you?

We checked your mother’s vitals. She isn’t doing so good. We’re going to take her to the hospital for some tests.

Oh, Mama.

It’ll be fine, baby. I have Jesus... and my Scrooge.

Clarence looks around. He watches as his mother is loaded into the ambulance. He watches as his sister climbs into Brad’s arms for comfort.

He looks at all of the police and nosey neighbors. He has a seat on the curb and drops his face into his hands.

Muted silence.

The Parker family waits in the lobby.

A Doctor comes out. Nurse Betty is at his side.

He tells them the bad news that Clarence already knows.

Joy falls into Brad’s arms and cries.

Willie holds his head down and sticks his hands in his pockets.

Clarence just sits and watches. He doesn't know what to feel.

Valletta is pale and small. Her hair is completely gone due to Chemotherapy.
Joy rolls Valletta in front of a window.

Clarence walks into the room. He stops at the door way.

**JOY**
Mama, your son is here. I’m going to leave you here with Clarence. I have to run somewhere. I’ll be back.

Valletta just slowly waves.

**JOY (CONT’D)**
Can you sit with her until I come back?

**CLARENCE**
Yeah.

Joy leaves. Clarence takes a seat in front of his mother. Valletta stares at Clarence.

**CLARENCE (CONT’D)**
It’s a nice day outside, mama.

Valletta continues to stare.

**CLARENCE (CONT’D)**
Did you wanna go outside?

Valletta doesn't answer. She just stares.

**CLARENCE (CONT’D)**
Let’s go outside and get some air, mama.

Clarence rolls her out of the room.

**EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY**

Clarence and Valletta sit at a bench that over looks a small pond. Ducks swim around in it.

They sit in silence for a beat or two.

Clarence looks at his mother in her poor state.

**CLARENCE**
Mama?
Valletta slowly lifts her head.

CLARENCE (CONT’D)
Do you... never mind.

VALLETTA
You look just like him.

CLARENCE
My dad?

VALLETTA
I never looked at you this much... afraid of my own emotions.

CLARENCE
It wasn’t until I was twenty when I found out you can’t die from blue balls. Mama, what happen to him, to my real dad?

VALLETTA
I don’t know. Last time I saw your father, he had beat me so bad he left me for dead in some woods. Your father, James Turner, was my first love, my first everything.

CLARENCE
My father use to beat on you?

VALLETTA
Beat me, drown me, left me in the woods to die, while I was three months pregnant... with you.

CLARENCE
Is that why you hate me?

Valletta tears up.

VALLETTA
I don’t... hate you. I’m just so scared to love you. I told my self after what I put up with your father, that I would never, never love another man.

CLARENCE
But I’m not just some other man, mama. I’m your son.
VALLETTA
I know. And I was wrong how I treated you. Wrong how I treated Willie. But I was afraid. Afraid if I let my guard down for either one of you... You look just like him. I was so afraid, if I loved you, you would turn just like him. I showed your daddy so much love. All he gave me was so much hate. Nobody know what your father did to me but Willie and your Grandmother. When I met Willie, he could see that I was wounded and a hurt soul. I figured that’s why he let me get away with so much. And lord knows I did him so wrong. Willie Parker is a good man. No other man would’ve put up with my mess, I tell you.

Clarence stares at the ducks.

VALLETTA (CONT’D)
Clarence.

Clarence looks to his mother.

VALLETTA (CONT’D)
I’ve always loved you, son... and I’m sorry.

Clarence gets up to hug his mother.

CLARENCE
I been waiting my whole life just to hear you say them words. I love you too, mama.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Clarence helps his mother into her bed. He lays her back and covers her with sheets.

CLARENCE
I’ll be back tomorrow mama. We can go outside and watch them ducks again. How’s that sound?

VALLETTA
I’d like that, son.
Joy stands at the door way listening.

Clarence watches as his mother falls asleep.

EXT. CEMETARY - DAY
Valletta’s funeral.
The preacher says a few words as the body is being put into the ground.

INT. THE PARKER HOME
The house is full of people. All dressed in black and enjoying some of Clarence’s cooking.
Clarence steps outside to get away for a while.

EXT. THE PARKER HOME - CONTINUOUS
Clarence is sitting on the hood of his car.
CL Comes outside.

CL
That’s a good spread you put together.

CLARENCE
Thank you.

CL
You gonna miss her?

CLARENCE
I am gonna miss her. I just wish it didn't have to take her getting sick for us to be close.

CL
Sometimes death brings love.

CLARENCE
Death brings love?
CL
Yep. Only time my family comes together is when somebody dies. Funerals are our family reunions. Do you even feel bad about the whole Melvin thing?

CLARENCE
I try not to think about it.

CL
What part? Melvin dying in your house, only because he was paid to kill your mother? Or you paying him to kill your mother?

CLARENCE
All of it.

CL
What are you gonna do with all the money when you get it?

CLARENCE
What I said I was gonna do. Open up a restaurant. Even give Melvin’s 5 kids a little something.

CL
That’s gracious of you, Clarence. Thinking about the killers’s kids and all.

CLARENCE
It’s the least I can do.

CL
So, church-N-chiken will be a reality real soon.

CLARENCE
I’m not gonna call it that. I’m thinking about naming it after my mama. “Valletta’s”. Just a simple restaurant. No singing, no churching, just eating.

CL
“Valletta’s”? I guess that sound right.

Clarence hops up from his car and begins to walk.
CL (CONT’D)

Where you going?

CLARENCE

To Big Shirley’s. Make sure she doing alright.

CL

Oh, Okay, It’s like that between y’all?

CLARENCE

No. We’re just friends. That’s what friends do. Check on other friends when they’re not doing so well.

CL and Clarence began to walk down the sidewalk.

CL

You can tell me man. I ain’t gonna judge you. Big girls need love too.

CLARENCE

I just told you. We’re just friends. And besides, I have another woman on my heart.

CL

Who?

CLARENCE

Erica Hines.

CL

I don't like you seeing her. She use to dog you back in the day. Now you kissing her ass.

CLARENCE

Well, I’m sorry she doesn’t meet your approval father. But I am going to continue to see her.

CL

Remember when you told me I could tell you anything?

CLARENCE

Of course.

CL

Okay, remember, Sheena? Well, Sheena was a tranny, man. Her real name was Doug.
CLARENCE
Say what?

CL
Yeah, man. I couldn't believe that shit myself.

CLARENCE
So, did you suck on Doug’s dick and call’em daddy?

CL
Hell no! I killed him. He’s as dead as your mama.

CLARENCE
Why you gotta talk about my mother?

CL

CLARENCE
You still full of shit. You sure CL don’t stand for compulsive liar?

FADE OUT.

THE END