

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Chris and GREG, his best friend, sit near each other. MRS. MORELLO, their teacher, silently goes over her notes.

A GIRL and BOY enter LATE, holding hands. Mrs. Morello glares at them.

Chris WATCHES the couple KISS before they take their seats, but Mrs. Morello doesn't notice.

MRS. MORELLO

Okay, does everybody know what they're bringing for our Beach Party Day?

INT. CLASSROOM - LIMBO

Mrs. Morello lays across the top of her desk wearing a bathing suit. She sips on a pina colada as the students FAN her.

ADULT CHRIS (V.O.)

It was so hot out, Mrs. Morello wanted any excuse to lie around in class.

BACK TO SCENE - CLASSROOM

Mrs. Morello reviews her list.

MRS. MORELLO

Did I assign the Kool-Aid?

BRIAN, a nerdy BOY, raises his hand.

BRIAN

My Mom's making that.

MRS. MORELLO

Thank you, Brian.

CHRIS

(to Mrs. Morello)

Everybody's bringing something but me.

MRS. MORELLO

That's okay Chris... I don't want to burden you with the expense.

JOEY CARUSO, the school bully, raises his hand.

CARUSO

Chris is from Africa, maybe he can bring his Limbo stick.

ADULT CHRIS (V.O.)
 If I *had* a stick, Caruso'd be on the
 other end of it, roasting like a
 white, puffy marshmallow.

MRS. MORELLO
 I don't think Dr. Raymond would
 appreciate Chris with his stick.
 (to Chris)
 But maybe you can you bring one of
 those radios your people sit on top
 of their shoulders.

Chris is shocked.

NEWS REEL -- FANTASY

Two ITALIAN PRIESTS speak in rapid Italian as they dismantle
 an organ and create a VERY LARGE Boom-Box.

ADULT CHRIS (V.O.)
 We didn't *invent* the boom-box, it
 was invented by Father Boomatoni, an
 Italian Priest. And that's a fact,
 Jack.

BACK TO SCENE - CLASSROOM

MRS. MORELLO
 Chris?

CHRIS
 I don't have one.

MRS. MORELLO
 Ahh Chris... It must be hard, you
 can't buy a radio with food-stamps.

CHRIS
 We don't use food-stamps.

MRS. MORELLO
 (she doesn't believe
 him)
 I know...

TESS, an Irish girl raises her hand.

MRS. MORELLO (CONT'D)
 Yes, Tess?

GIRL
 Can we wear shorts?

MRS. MORELLO
 Sure, but no bathing suits.
 (MORE)

MRS. MORELLO (CONT'D)
 (to Chris)
 Don't worry, there won't be swimming.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL - LIMBO

All of Chris' CLASSMATES splash around. Chris JUMPS in.

A COLLECTIVE SCREAM from his classmates. They get out of the pool as if there was a SHARK attack.

ADULT CHRIS
 You'd think I was Jaws coming in
 after the white meat.

MOMENTS LATER

WORKERS drain the pool, Chris STANDS at the bottom, wading in a foot of water.

ADULT CHRIS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 So this is how Dorothy Daindridge
 felt.

BACK TO SCENE - INT. CLASSROOM

The bell rings and class ends.

MRS. MORELLO
 See you tomorrow!

Greg and Chris leave together.

GREG
 This is great! There's going to be
 a lot of skin. We're so in.

ADULT CHRIS (V.O.)
 Greg had no idea we were nerds.

CHRIS
 I guess...

Off Chris' look of disappointment.

GREG
 What's wrong?

They reach Chris' locker.

CHRIS
 Have you... ever kissed anyone?

GREG
 Hey, I don't kiss and tell.

CHRIS
 For real. School's almost over and...
 I haven't.

ADULT CHRIS (V.O.)
 I wasn't going to have my first *real*
 kiss for another seven years.

GREG
 I watch Dallas, it looks pretty easy.

CHRIS
 Yeah, looks easy to me too.

SFX: GONG SOUND

ADULT CHRIS (V.O.)
 I was lying like Lil' Kim.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Rochelle, Julius and Chris set the dinner table.

TONYA and DREW, Chris' siblings, watch "THREE'S COMPANY" in
 the adjoining living room.

ROCHELLE
 Julius, this heat is killing us, we
 need an air conditioner.

ADULT CHRIS (V.O.)
 The look of desperation in my Mom's
 eyes, made me think of this...

INT. AIR CONDITIONING STORE - LIMBO

"Pulp Fiction" spoof. The store has wall-to-wall AC units
 and many SHOPPERS. Rochelle holds a .32-caliber pistol.

ROCHELLE
 (yelling to all)
 Everybody be cool this is a robbery!

Everyone hits the floor, nobody moves.

ROCHELLE (CONT'D)
 Well? Who's carrying it out for me?

ADULT CHRIS (V.O.)
 My Mom was a gangsta' snob.

BACK TO SCENE - INT. DINING ROOM

Julius looks nervous.

ADULT CHRIS (CONT'D)
 And what I saw in my father's eyes
 was this...

INT. PRICE IS RIGHT - LIMBO

Julius stands with three other qualifying CONTESTANTS.

YOUNGER BOB BARKER
 What's the next item up for bid on
 "The Price Is Right!"

A MODEL, wheels out an air conditioning unit.

BOB BARKER
 What's your bid, Julius?

JULIUS
 A hundred and twenty-six hours, forty-
 two minutes and thirty seconds of
 hard labor, from my two jobs.

BACK TO SCENE - INT. DINING ROOM TABLE

Tonya fans herself with a piece of cardboard as she and Drew sit.

TONYA
 I want AC... Daddy, please?

JULIUS
 I'll have to work three jobs, and if
 I work three jobs, you won't recognize
 me anymore.

INT. DINING ROOM - LIMBO

A WHITE MAN walks into the house and joins Rochelle and the kids for dinner. (If Julius was a white dude, he'd look like this guy.)

ROCHELLE
 Julius, I have your plate in the
 oven.

The WHITE MAN high-fives Drew, ad-libs HEY to Chris and kisses Tonya.

TONYA
 Daddy, you look sick.

ADULT CHRIS (V.O.)
 All those jobs must've wore the black
 right out of my Dad.

INT. BACK TO SCENE - DINING ROOM TABLE

JULIUS

Maybe we can save for an AC, for next year.

ROCHELLE

(lying)

Okay. But we have a raffle at work, for a new AC. I'm buying up all the raffle tickets, cause we're winning that AC.

SFX: GONG SOUND

ADULT CHRIS (V.O.)

Now my mom was lying like Lil' Kim.

JULIUS

You got raffle ticket money?

ROCHELLE

(mimicking)

You got raffle ticket money?

TONYA, DREW, CHRIS

(at once)

I got two dollars, I have five, I can put in eight!

JULIUS

Then y'all can pay some of the bills.

Rochelle GLARES at Julius.

ROCHELLE

You keep your money kids, we'll win that AC.

JULIUS

How we going to pay the electric bill if you win?

ROCHELLE

I'll get a job.

Julius gives her that LOOK.

SUPER: YOU QUIT ALL YOUR JOBS!

Rochelle gives him a nasty LOOK back.

SUPER: I'M GETTING MY AC!

Rochelle HOLDS out a plate of fried chicken. Julius reaches for a piece, Rochelle PULLS it back.

ROCHELLE (CONT'D)
It's settled?

Julius looks at the chicken and reluctantly NODS.

ADULT CHRIS (V.O.)
Settled meant, "I'm getting my AC or
you ain't never gonna get the big
piece of chicken again."

EXT. CORLEONE JUNIOR HIGH - HALLWAY - THE NEXT DAY

Chris is at his locker and Greg comes over. SANDY and MEAGAN
walk by, Chris can't keep his eyes off SANDY.

GREG
I'm going to set you up with Sandy.

Off Chris' look.

GREG (CONT'D)
She's always asking you for a pencil.

CHRIS
Because she needs a pencil.

INT. CLASSROOM - LIMBO

SANDY a cute, slender brunette sits in Chris' homeroom.

SANDY
Chris, can I borrow a pencil?

CHRIS
Sure.

Chris hands her a pencil.

DIFFERENT DAY/CLOTHES

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DIFFERENT DAY/CLOTHES

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Sure.

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BACK TO SCENE - HALLWAY

They walk to their next class.

GREG
She's hot for you.

CHRIS
She's hot for pencils.

ADULT CHRIS (V.O.)
Later in life, Sandy served eighteen months for stabbing someone in the liver with a pencil.

GREG
I'll make the deal so you two can meet for lunch tomorrow.

EXT. STREET - LIMBO

Greg sports a purple suit, hat, heaps of gold, and while he fans himself with CASH. Hot GIRLS huddle around him.

ADULT CHRIS (V.O.)
Who's my pimp Daddy?

BACK TO SCENE - HALLWAY

GREG
Nothing serious can happen if you don't take her out.

ADULT CHRIS (V.O.)
Greg knew at thirteen, what it took me thirty years to figure out... no money, no knockin' boots.

CHRIS
Forget about it Greg, she's going to say no.

Sandy walks by.

SANDY
Hi, Chris.

CHRIS
...Hi, Sandy.

They watch her pass.

GREG
Eye contact... it's on.

ADULT CHRIS (V.O.)
I felt like I was on the dating game.