

THE
LAST
BLACK
MAN
IN
SAN
FRANCISCO

4.11.18

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Story by
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EXT. HP SHIPYARDS / HP BUS STOP - SUNRISE

An eight-year-old African-American girl with knockers in her hair stands on a desolate sidewalk behind yellow caution tape. She licks a candy and gazes upwards - spellbound.

A man in a hazmat suit glides along the pavement, Darth Vader breaths heaving from his space-mask. He loads pieces of trash and plants into hazardous waste bags. In the distance, more men in hazmats crawl along a decaying dock, collecting various items.

The little girl breaks her gaze and begins down the street, running her hand along the caution tape. A voice appears.

PREACHER (O.S.)

Why they got suits on and we don't?
Something is going on right in
front of our face. But you stuck on
your i-phone, j-phone 12, whatever.
Blow up in your hand! You cant
Google whats goin' on right now.
They lucky I'm a man of god now. Or
I'd suicide bomb this mother-.

Tracking with her, we land on a black man in his Sunday best. He stands on a box, shouting at nobody in particular.

PREACHER

Are ya'll paying attention? Why do
they have suits on and we don't?...
Why?!?! Listen to me man!

An old lady drives by and honks supportively at the Preacher. He waves without breaking focus.

PREACHER

They here to clean this water? Man,
this water been funky as the devils
mouth for fifty years and now they
wanna clean it up?!?!... Not for you
and me, no sir! They got plans for
us.

He points his chin in disgust at the men in white suits.

PREACHER (O.S.)

They got those suits on lookin like
a George Jetson rejects because
they weak. Weak hearts. Weak lungs.
They cant even breathe out here
without a mask on. We were made to
be put through hell to be purified.

(MORE)

PREACHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 You understand what I'm saying
 brothers and sisters. That's why I
 urge you. Do not consummate with
 white women. Protect the black seed
 and leave us the hell alone. Unless
 you came to really help us.

Across the street at a run-down bus stop, two African-Americans in their early 20s, JIMMIE FAILS and MONTGOMERY ALLEN, look at the scene, idly regarding it.

JIMMIE
 Crazy what jail will do to a nigga.

Montgomery studies the man while he writes in his journal.

PREACHER
 They lucky I'm a man of God now or
 they'd catch this fade!

JIMMIE
 You think he rehearses this every
 morning?

MONTGOMERY
 Seems a bit more impromptu.

JIMMIE
 Hm?

MONTGOMERY
 I think he's improv-ing.

PREACHER
 It's 2019 out here, we been yelling
 about this water since before they
 was born!

Jimmie looks anxiously for the bus down the empty road.
 Camera begins to slowly push towards him.

JIMMIE
 Where's this bus, man? We're gonna
 be late.

MONTGOMERY
 We'll get there.

PREACHER
 So I urge y'all to fight for your
 land!

JIMMIE
 We're not gonna get there, bro.

PREACHER

Fight for your home! Fight! For!
Your! Home!

JIMMIE

Let's skate.

Jimmie slowly looks to Mont.

Mont turns to Jimmie.

2 **EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREETS - MORNING - TRAVELING**

HP SHIPYARDS - Montgomery and Jimmie ride together on his skateboard. They kick and maneuver in unison.

They skate past decaying docks and industrial buildings. The preacher's sermon continues as the "*Main Score*" begins.

PREACHER (V.O.)

This here, THIS is the edge brah.
The final frontier of manifest
destiny. The last edge of the city,
last edge of the country! Man, two
steps further and you'd be drinking
that filthy salt water.

2.1 **ILLINOIS ST BRIDGE** - Jimmie and Mont skate over the bridge.

PREACHER

We built these ships, dredged these
canals, in the San Francisco they
never knew existed.

2.2 **HP CORNER STORE** - The young men shoot past a corner store with a man sitting in front of a mural of himself. He waves.

Hunters Point residents are out in their Sunday's best.

2.3 **PORTOLA ROSE GARDEN** - They pass construction workers pulling apart a decaying roof across from cookie-cutter homes.

PREACHER (V.O.)

And now they wanna build something
new?!? Whole blocks half in the
past, half in the future.

2.4 **BERNAL HILL** - Jimmie and Mont climb a mountainous hill, the sun rising over the shipyards at their back. As they summit the final red boulder, we see a sprawling civilization below.

PREACHER (V.O.)

But should you venture into their
San Francisco, the one they pillage
for gold, remember your truth in
the city of facades.

The young men walk hurriedly through an altogether different world; grand Victorians line the street.

Jimmie and Montgomery zip towards the sprawling metropolis. The duo bomb a rollercoaster hill. This is a serious journey.

2.5 **EXT. DOWNTOWN - MORNING** - Mont turns and stares out at all the commuters. He drinks in the city's new population.

2.6 **TENDERLOIN** - The young men pedal in unison past droves of homeless. A shoe flies by their heads. They duck and turn to see a crazed man running alongside them, ripping off layers of clothes as he keeps pace. He shouts incoherently.

PREACHER (V.O.)

Look at them look at you, look down
at you. But we built them.

Jimmie and Montgomery skate past towering buildings.

2.7 **FILLMORE** - The young men skate through an altogether different world; grand Victorians line the street.

PREACHER (V.O.)

We are these homes. Their eyes...

We narrow in on the details of one very special home as we intercut with details of Jimmie skating towards it:

Two big attic windows, like eyes stare down on the street.

Jimmie staring forward, focused, skates with determination.

PREACHER (V.O.)

Their pointed brims.

A crooked witch hat tower sprouting from the roof.

Jimmie's beanie rises into frame as he pedals.

PREACHER

We move as they move.

An old curtain flaps in the window.

Jimmies clutches his coat, flapping alongside him.

PREACHER

Our sweat, soaked in the wood.

Dew drops glisten on hand-carved fish scale walls.

Jimmie's cheeks are dotted with sweat.

PREACHER

Gilded in our image.

Jimmie's gold chain floats upwards glinting in the light.

A tall door with chipped gold leafing catches morning sun.

The music climbs with each new detail until!

3

EXT. "THE HOUSE" - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Jimmie and Montgomery stand in silence. They look up at a beautiful but crumbling three-story Victorian.

Jimmie crosses the street towards The House like a moth to a flame, Mont just behind.

Jimmie and Mont approach the front gate and peer through the bars.

MONTGOMERY

Are you sure they're gone?

Jimmie pushes open the gate.

MONTGOMERY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Jim...

Jimmie floats up the steps, beckoned by some higher spirit.

JIMMIE

(almost to himself)

Her car's gone...

A couple with a stroller and dog pass Mont.

MONTGOMERY

(trying to appear normal)

How you doing?

The couple don't seem to care. Mont peeks back up to Jimmie and closes the gate behind him gently.

MONTGOMERY (CONT'D)

Let's check the back, hm? Remember that time he was in the kitchen?

JIMMIE

Sure, yeah- But bra, did I not tell you...

Jimie presses a ring of paint swatches against the railing.

JIMMIE (CONT'D)

It's Periwinkle. Not Black.

Mont ascends the step jotting this down into his book.

MONTGOMERY

Mhmm, got it.

JIMMIE

Ugh. This garden is a nightmare...

Jimie continues up the steps out of frame.

3.1 **SIDE ALLEY** - Jimie continues forward, he's on a mission.

MONTGOMERY

I'll bring my Grandpa's tools next time.

JIMMIE

Sick...

3.2 **BACKYARD** - Through an empty back window, we see Jimie rise up the steps. He peers into The House. A moment of soothing calm and then...

JIMMIE

Jesus, wallpaper's peeling too. These people...

MONTGOMERY

Yeah but Jim, you're not gonna go inside.

Jimie's eyes shift. He has other ideas.

He walks down the steps.

JIMMIE

They're definitely gone though.

MONTGOMERY

Let's be quick this time, hm?

JIMMIE

Yeah I know. It just takes time.

MONTGOMERY

I know, I'll be at my spot.

3.3 **FRONT OF "THE HOUSE"** - Montgomery sits at his look-out perch, flipping past old sketches of Jimmie.

Jimmie paints the windowsill.

We cut wide to see he's standing atop a bird bath.

He leans onto his tippy toes to peer inside once more. He sees a sad yellow table in the empty room. He leans forward a little more...a little more, a-

WHAM! A croissant hits the window beside him. Jimmie turns.

JIMMIE

Jesus!

MARY AND TERRY ZWIGOTT stand there. Mary has a fruit in her hand ready to throw.

MARY

He's back again?! GET THE HECK
OUTTA HERE MAN!

She throws it. Terry grabs her arm mid-throw.

TERRY

Hun, those are 3 dollars!

MARY

Stop fffixing my house!

Jimmie tries to finish his job vigorously.

JIMMIE

I'm almost done. Hold on.

MARY

Go paint the neighbors! Theirs is
worse than ours!

Jimmie continues to work faster.

JIMMIE

I'm almost done!

MARY

Look, we *will* call the cops, man!
I'm serious this time.

TERRY

We're NOT gonna call the cops. Just stop coming back.

JIMMIE

Fine. I'll finish it next time.
God.

MARY

NEXT TI- GET OFF MY FUCKING BIRDIE
BATH!

Jimmie jumps off. BULLSEYE! She pegs him with a bread loaf.

Jimmie runs away. She shakes her head in confused frustration.

JIMMIE

Water the plants in the back or I will!

MARY

Ugh! Why am I always the villain?

TERRY

Honey, I don't like these divisive terms like villain.

MARY

It's insulting...I'm at the hospital all day long. I *wish* I had time to just fix up the house... wierd-ass kid.

On the street, Mont and Jimmie make a hasty escape. Mont drops the board and Jimmie leaps atop it.

JIMMIE (O.S.)

Bro, you were supposed to be look out.

MONTGOMERY (O.S.)

I got distracted.

JIMMIE

You were the one so worried about them coming home!

They laugh.

4

EXT. HP SHIPYARDS / MONTGOMERY'S HOUSE - DAY - TRAVELING

Jimmie skates down the center of the street, Montgomery trotting beside him.

They pass kids hiding in the bushes, men in bowties selling bean pies, girl rappers and their DP shooting a video, and a man watching his grandson fix his car.

JIMMIE

Bra, what if OG is right - you should really stop eating the fish out there.

MONTGOMERY

I think it's fine, I mean all fish has mercury.

JIMMIE

No, but I saw a seagull with a dick, dude.

MONTGOMERY

Well so, I guess it was male.

JIMMIE

Na bra, like a human dick. Something wrong with that water, bra.

MONTGOMERY

Eh, my grandpa said the hazmats are just there to scare us.

JIMMIE

Nooo bro, they're not...

We push past Jimmie and Montgomery, past rocky projects and a hand-painted station wagon, and land on a group congregating in front of Montgomery's home.

NITTY

Bra, don't kick that Tumbleweave on me.

Nitty dodges the ball of dirt, weave, and god knows what.

As we near, we see them clearly: NITTY (the group leader), GUNNA (the look out), FRESH (the quiet one), KOFI (Fresh's big cousin), STUNNA (talks too much) and a few others. Although this Greek Chorus' homes are elsewhere in Hunters Point, this slab of concrete is where they live.

STUNNA

Aye Kofi, I seen your moms, she was missing a little bit on top.

The group bursts out laughing. Kofi gives a weak smile, trying to mask his wounded ego.

Montgomery and Jimmie reach the front steps of the house.

MONTGOMERY

I mean, we shower in the same water, Jimmie.

The Greek Chorus turns - having overheard this.

GUNNA

So now these niggas showering together?

FRESH

Probably was.

KOFI

Thats fruity.

JIMMIE

Naw I was trying to tell him don't eat the fish, it's toxic.

NITTY

Well. Duh. They built the atomic bomb right there.

The group looks out at the water. Montgomery turns back to Nitty. A small, wry smile spreads across Montgomery's face.

MONTGOMERY

(whispering to Nitty)

I don't think that's true.

Jimmie and Montgomery slowly shuffle past the Greek Chorus up to Montgomery's house, an old sea captain's lodgings. Hovering above the house's backyard are the most notorious housing projects in the city.

5

INT. MONTGOMERY'S LIVING ROOM - DUSK

Jimmie sits on the couch beside Montgomery and his GRANDPA, who both clutch beers. Grandpa's smile holds a hint of widowed sadness he's too considerate to burden others with. The shimmering blue light of the TV illuminates the mens' faces as if radiating from an aquarium.

POLICEMAN (ON TV)
Can I help you?

EDMOND O'BRIEN (ON TV)
I'd like to see the man in charge.

MONTGOMERY
(whispering to Grandpa)
He's walking him into the Chief's
office.

GRANDPA
(smiling)
Oh dear...

EDMOND O'BRIEN (ON TV)
I'd like to report a murder.

GRANDPA
Now who's that?

JIMMIE
Edward O. Ryan?

MONTGOMERY
Mhm, Edmond O'Brien, that's right.

POLICE CHIEF (ON TV)
Who was murdered?

They all lean in.

EDMOND O'BRIEN (ON TV)
I was.

Montgomery and Grandpa chuckle.

MONTGOMERY
Oh god.

JIMMIE
What? How?

MONTGOMERY
Just watch.

Through a window behind the trio, we see Mont's rowboat
hitched to a dock across the street. Beyond the dock, the
twinkling lights of ships sprinkle the Bay.

6

INT. MONTGOMERY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mont lies in bed, writing a note on his wall.

JIMMIE (O.S.)
 Hey Mont. Montgomery... How do I
 get them out of the house?

MONTGOMERY
 Hm?

We can hear Jimmie Peeing.

JIMMIE
 What if I pee'd on their table?

After a moment, Jimmie peels back a curtain, and leans into
 Mont's bedroom.

JIMMIE (CONT'D)
 Like - I just climb the birdie
 bath, broke in, and pee'd all over
 the little stupid yellow table?

MONTGOMERY
 Wouldn't that ruin the floors?

Jimmie climbs into his cot on the floor, nested snug between
 the bathroom and Montgomery's bed.

JIMMIE
 Yeah I guess you got a point there.

Jimmie stares at the ceiling, still thinking.

A gunshot reverberates in the distance.

MONTGOMERY
 44 magnum.

JIMMIE
 10 blocks.

MONTGOMERY
 Closer.

JIMMIE
 Hm...Maybe they'd let me live
 there as like a caretaker for the
 house.

MONTGOMERY
 We like having you here Jim.

JIMMIE
 I know bra...But there's no place
 like home.

Jimmie rolls over and looks at the wall. We see a picture of him as a young boy on the front porch with lots of family. Beyond the photograph, we see old pin ups, a work To Do list for The House, old photos of The House, and more family photographs.

7 **EXT. MONTGOMERY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Faint echoes of laughter spill from the house. Below, the Greek Chorus jaw playfully under a streetlight. The Preacher walks past them and they fall hush. A distant foghorn groans.

As he passes out of ear shot, their laughter rises behind him, swallowing him up. Cop car lights flash off screen.

8 **EXT. HP DOCK / HP BAY - MORNING**

BLACK - with a pinhole pinch of light. We are a rock in the hand of a child. Mischievous cackles surround us. The child launches us high into the sky.

As we descend back to earth, we tumble towards a group of hidden kids, who all scatter except one. He sees them run off and then looks up too late, just as the camera hurtles towards him - WACK - we collide with his head.

From the bay, we see two groups of warring neighborhood kids hailing scores of rocks at each other from behind makeshift forts. A few scream insults borrowed from older brothers.

Montgomery watches the dangerous child's game unfold from the serenity of his rowboat a hundred yards out. He sketches the strange scene, trying to capture the drama before him, like a blueprint for a future stage play.

Suddenly, a three-headed fish flops onto the deck of the boat. Montgomery stares at the floundering oddity.

8.1 A moment later Mont is on the dock shouting lines, leaping back and forth as if playing opposing characters in a scene.

He's working out the lines of a shouting match between the preacher and a hazmat clean up man.

Mont gets a good idea and jots it down.

9 **INT. CHINESE GROCERY - AFTERNOON**

Bloop, bloop. Red Rock Cod swim in place in an overcrowded tank. A hand plunges into the tank and grabs one.

Montgomery stands behind the fish counter of the Chinese supermarket, his apron smeared with fish guts. Behind him, Mont's colleague reaches around the tank. Jimmie bored, making a whirlpool with his finger in the open tank.

JIMMIE

Did you get any writing done this morning?

MONTGOMERY

Eh. Mngh. Writing is rewriting.
It's all a part of it-

An old Chinese woman politely tries to flag Mont's colleague.

MONTGOMERY

I can help you, ma'am.

Jimmie swigs a Pepsi and Montgomery prepares her meat.

10 **EXT. "THE HOUSE" - LATE AFTERNOON - TRAVELING**

Jimmie weaves down the street on his board. He approaches "The House," and slows to a halt in front.

The windows glow, as night approaches. Inside, Mary and Terry mill about. Jimmie reviews his paint job from days prior, and surveys the home's storybook magnificence.

His eye catches something. He approaches the house and yanks an offending dog doo bag from the front vines. He tosses it in the neighbor's yard and skates away.

11 **EXT. RETIREMENT HOME - DUSK**

A nurse helps an old man on the steps of a Victorian in the Haight. Jimmie skates in wearing orderly clothes. He climbs the steps where a few elderly residents sit.

12 **INT. RETIREMENT HOME PHYLLIS'S ROOM - NIGHT**

PHYLLIS, a frail white woman with big scared eyes, lies on her bed, hair perfectly brushed and draped in jewelry. She stares blankly at Jimmie as he removes her pants and preps her for bed.

LIZZIE, her pretty granddaughter around Jimmie's age, sits on a sofa across the room. Her phone lights her oblivious face.

Phyllis' record player begins to skip. Jimmie looks to Lizzie, too deep in swiping to notice the looping line "*over the mountain.*" Jimmie places Phyllis on the bed, her pants halfway down.

JIMMIE
(to Lizzie)
Oh, no, don't get up.

Lizzie doesn't seem to hear him. He fixes the needle. He returns to Phyllis and lifts her again. She glances up at him appreciatively and begins humming the tune.

PHYLLIS
Thank you James.

JIMMIE
Us natives gotta stick together.

Her initial confusion turns to a nodding smile, as if just remembering she is a native.

STUNNA (O.S.)
He SO soft tho. You old marshmallow
powderpuff ass nigga.

13 **EXT. HP SHIPYARDS / MONTGOMERY'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Gunna and Fresh laugh hard as Kofi gets roasts. Nitty pushes through the uproar and gets in Kofi's face, laughing.

NITTY
You weak brah - you a bitch!

Mont, walking home across the street sees Kofi getting punked by his friends. Mont sets his bag down staring intently.

NITTY (O.S.)
I should snatch your one ass dread
lookin like a Rastafarian sperm.

KOFI
Man, y'all got me fucked up.

STUNNA
He got you fucked up!?!? Thats all
you got to say.

KOFI
Man what am I 'sposed to do take
off on him?!?

NITTY

Psh - you know why he ain't got nothing else to say?!? I put that on the fact that this niggas a bitch brah.

14 **INT. MONTGOMERY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Montgomery looks deep into the full-length mirror. He clears his throat and takes a nip of whiskey from the cap. He begins trying on different voices for size.

MONTGOMERY

What's up nigga? What...is up nigga? Sup nigguh? Was good neeguh? Hey nigga! How are you nigga? Good day, nigga.

15 **EXT. RETIREMENT HOME RECEPTION**

Jimmie stands behind the front counter.

16 **EXT. RETIREMENT HOME ROOF - PREDAWN**

Jimmie sits on the steep roof of the retirement home, eating canned oysters and surveying the city below.

In the far distance, he can see the twinkling lights of "The House." He gazes at it like a nightwatchman at his post as the city begins to wake at his feet.

17 **INT. MONTGOMERY'S BEDROOM - MORNING**

Jimmie's signature beanie, flannel, and skate-worn khakis are strewn across Mont's bed, as if worn by an invisible man.

Mont opens the door in his long johns to find Jimmie standing at his mirror. He's in low-hanging jeans and a studded belt, considering two different goon shirts.

Montgomery freezes.

MONTGOMERY

Are you going to see your dad?

JIMMIE

I mean, I was thinking about it. But nah. You ready to go?

MONTGOMERY

Nearly, I'll get my tools.

Mont nods and returns to brushing his teeth as he walks off.

Jimmie self-consciously removes his fitted cap.

18

EXT. HP BUS STOP - AFTERNOON

Mont and Jimmie sit at their regular busstop, waiting gardening tools in hand.

JIMMIE

Man where is this bus. We got hella gardening.

MONTGOMERY

Hey Jim... didn't you used to live in that car?

JIMMIE

Oh god.

The car wipes frame

JIMMIE (CONT'D)

From a house to an El Dorado.

A rusty car clunks toward them, duck-farting and hiccuping yellow smoke. They watch the car as it gasps for breath.

BOBBY, a middle-aged man with a sunny disposition, sticks his head out of the taped-up window.

BOBBY

Jimmay!

JIMMIE

(unenthusiastically)

Hey, Bobby.

BOBBY

Haha! Whats your farming ass doing in the street with a rake?

Jimmie tracks the car as it huffs its way out of frame.

The car does an illegal U-turn, hitting the curb across the street, and screeches to a halt in front of the young men.

BOBBY

Where y'all headed?

Jimmie checks to make sure the bus isn't coming.

19 **INT/EXT. BOBBY'S CAR - AFTERNOON - TRAVELING**

Bobby nudges Jimmie jovially.

BOBBY

Jimmie the farmer - with your bitch
ass.

A children's 49er's sticker stuck to the passenger car door.
Jimmie's scratches at it.

JIMMIE

Still the same.

Montgomery studies the backseat, which has been converted
into a bedroom with satin sheets and window curtains. Little
plastic bags litter the pillows.

BOBBY

Yeah! I like what you and your Pops
did with it.

JIMMIE

So much you drove off with it?

BOBBY

Aw, I'm just borrowing it. But man,
I seen your daddy the other day.
That man is alone!

Bobby laughs. Jimmie looks confused by this characterization.
Mont mumbles to himself in the back as not to eavesdrop.

BOBBY

Wooh! So alone.

JIMMIE

Okay?

BOBBY

I told him get a woman, or a dog!
Something!

JIMMIE

Bro...you live in a car...by
yourself.

BOBBY

Yeah, I'm not alone! People *like*
me, I'm liked. He over there alone,
spitting sunflower seeds in a cup.

JIMMIE

Well maybe you should go hang out with him.

BOBBY

Maybe YOU should go hang with him! When's the last time YOU seen him?

Jimmie looks out the window, sour.

BOBBY

That's why a man has kids, keep him company, shit.

The car pulls to a stop.

BOBBY

Look at these motherfuckers. You know how many of them Imma outlive?

Bobby looks out his window at people in a park on laptops.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Park full of ulcers and panic attacks. Hemorrhoids. Wanting responsibility. Tryna own what's temporary.

Bobby looks to Jimmie, who stares at a burned out empty lot.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Shit, that's gonna be them next though.

Jimmie studies a mustachioed construction worker leaning against the empty lot's fence, smoking a cigar.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Used to be 100 motherfuckers in there. With rent control. They thought that was theirs too. Landlord burned 'em out. Cuz he thought it was his. But you can't never own land in America.

Jimmie doesn't respond, transfixed.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

This car ain't mine and it wasn't never yours. Imma' outlive your ass too, Jimmie.

19.1 The worker breaths his smoke at Jimmie like a devil. The faint sounds of striking hammers rise. We push towards the worker, over the fence, and in the depths of hot tar fields.

Hulking construction men zap at iron with welding torches and pound away at hunks of steaming tar like satan's henchmen.

The sound of boiling bubbles rise as we cut to -

20 **EXT. "THE HOUSE" - AFTERNOON - TRAVELLING**

Jimmie and Montgomery walk through the Fillmore, gardening tools in hand. As they approach "The House," Jimmie's eyes widen. He continues forward, mouth agape, as men in uniforms carry boxes past him. He stands frozen like a zombie.

Mary cries into Terry's shoulder as a mover carries a box down the front steps of "The House." Terry looks up to see Jimmie and Montgomery with their tools and puts a hand up as if to say *not today boys*.

Jimmie turns to the nearest mover.

JIMMIE

Excuse me, what's going on?

He shrugs and trudges back to the house. ARTURO sits in the truck, shaking his head, upset. Jimmie approaches cautiously.

JIMMIE (CONT'D)

Sir, what's happening?

ARTURO

She's beautiful and I like her, but right now I cannot do that, because she fighting.

JIMMIE

What? Fighting what, who?

ARTURO

Fighting because her sister wants to get her out the house. I cannot be here.

JIMMIE

Fighting about what?

ARTURO

Yeah because her mom died and now whose gonna have the house? Who gonna posses the house?

JIMMIE

But for what?

ARTURO

That's what white people do, they lose a family and they wanna collect it, and grab it, and possess it. This is mine, this is yours. I cannot help her. It's unprofessional.

Jimmie looks back at Mary sobbing. He glances up at the massive house.

MONTGOMERY

So what happens to it now?

Jimmie stares at Mont.

21 **EXT. HP PROJECTS - AFTERNOON - TRAVELING**

Skateboard wheels roar against the pavement as Jimmie pounds the concrete, almost in tears.

Montgomery runs alongside like a kid who never played sports. He glances at Jimmie, wondering if he'll slow down.

Jimmie's legs seem to double in speed as his mind races. He breaks his long stare to check on Montgomery. He's no longer beside him. He slows to a halt and looks back.

Montgomery is kneeled over, panting. He points up.

MONTGOMERY

Wanna...Get...Candy?

Jimmie's eyes follow Montgomery's finger up the hill to a line of people filing out of the door of a housing project.

22 **INT. CANDY HOUSE - AFTERNOON**

Jimmie and Montgomery stand in a line made up of mostly kids.

LORETTA, the proprietor of the makeshift store, sits behind a folding table with a cash box on her lap.

Darrel, now counting candy bars instead of throwing rocks, places them into a purple bag and hands it to his mother.

LORETTA

10 bucks, sweetheart.

GROWN ASS MAN

Since when?!

LORETTA

Since that's the best deal you're gonna get for sixty Twix, hon.

GROWN ASS MAN

Sixty? No miss, I said *sixteen*. How am I gonna eat 60 Twix?

LORETTA

I don't know your life.

GROWN ASS MAN

Man, I'm finna flip this shit.

Behind them, Montgomery studies his friend.

MONTGOMERY

Why'd they have to move out because her mother died?

JIMMIE

I don't know...I wish they didn't though. They were tasteless but at least they didn't fuck it up.

Grown Ass Man exits. Loretta looks up at Jimmie and Mont.

LORETTA

Well if it isn't our own Tyler Perry. When you gonna put me in one of your plays?

MONTGOMERY

(blushes)

Do you have any Saltwater Taffy, Loretta?

LORETTA

You're the only reason I stock up on that nasty shit, so yes I do. The usual, Jimmie?...Jimmie?

Loretta smiles apologetically at those waiting patiently.

JIMMIE

Yeah. Six please.

LORETTA

Grrah - you're gonna get fat again.

23

EXT. HP STREET CURB - AFTERNOON

Mont lays on the sidewalk chewing his candy with his mouth open as Jimmie stares in his lap, pensive. A moment passes.

ANDY ROY (O.S.)
Eraaay, fuhck youu Jimbo!

Jimmie slowly looks up to see ANDY ROY, a weathered, middle-aged white skater covered in tats with his pal WHEATBERRY.

He whisks past, swinging a dead pigeon around like a lasso.

JIMMIE
(under his breath)
Yeah, fuck you back bra.

Andy Roy chucks the pigeon at an advertisement.

MONTGOMERY
Jesus. Who's that?

JIMMIE
This fool Andy. Me and my dad used
to squat with him and these fiends.

Andy continues down the empty street throwing up devil horns.

ANDY ROY
Hell ride! HAHA!

Jimmie looks over to the ad. A smiling realtor - artfully made-over with a Hitler mustache, devil horns, and 666 sprayed across his forehead - now drips pigeon blood.

Something clicks for Jimmie.

24

INT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - DUSK

The realtor from the ad, CLAYTON, sits in a small brick office. A framed photo portrait of Ed Lee hangs on his wall. Neon from a bar below spills through his window.

CLAYTON
So did I have a dick in my mouth?
Or, like, a Hitler mustache?

Jimmie smirks, a little restless. Montgomery nods politely.

JIMMIE
Hitler mustache.

CLAYTON

Fuck dude. They make us put our faces on that stuff, so lame. Guess it works though.

JIMMIE

Yeah we're curious about a house on Golden Gate, near Fillmore?

CLAYTON

Golden Gate, yeah, okay. Which one?

JIMMIE

74, it's grey with like gold trim and uh-

CLAYTON

Yup yup, with the witch hat.

Jimmie looks impressed.

JIMMIE

Yeah, exactly.

Clayton shifts excitedly in his seat.

CLAYTON

That place is pretty special, man. I used to drive past there on my way to school every day.

JIMMIE

Where'd you go to school?

CLAYTON

St. Ignatius. You're from here too?

JIMMIE

Third generation.

CLAYTON

Right on! Honestly, that's the kind of property that got me into this. If I had it, I'd take out the inside, keep the old facade, ya know- But, so it's for sale? I didn't even hear about that.

JIMMIE

Well, I'm not sure. It seems like the owner and her sister are fighting over it.

CLAYTON

The owner?

JIMMIE

Well the lady that was living there. But I guess her mom died.

CLAYTON

Oh man. Oof. That sounds like an estate thing. That's a sucky situation.

Clayton scans the room, shaking his head. Jimmie looks nervously at Mont.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)

...and with a house like that? They'll be fighting over that for years.

JIMMIE

For years?

CLAYTON

While it just sits there, yeah, it's a pity.

JIMMIE

So it's really just empty?

CLAYTON

Yeah, fucked up right? All these people on the street while these big ol' houses just collect dust. But shit, cold world no blanket. Sorry I couldn't be more helpful.

JIMMIE

Yeah...

Jimmie stares at Clayton, gears turning.

Montgomery looks over at Jimmie.

25

EXT. "THE HOUSE" FRONT / ALLEY / BACKYARD - AFTERNOON - TRAVELLING

Jimmie and Mont stand silently staring up at the house. All traces of its former residents are gone, save a pile of newspapers. Through the curtain-less windows, the empty parlor stares back unblinkingly at the young men.

Jimmie exhales and starts towards the towering property draped in fog. He makes his way down the side alley, Mont following close behind.

Jimmie pushes open a gate to the backyard, revealing an untended garden. They face the back of the house.

JIMMIE

Bra.

A back door window is covered in faded stickers: KEEP TAHOE BLUE / COEXIST / I'M WITH HER. A Wiccan suncatcher dangles in it.

JIMMIE

No taste.

Jimmie approaches the door. He tries the knob - locked. He shoulders it - barely budes.

He steps back, checking the neighbors' windows. Montgomery takes his place beside Jimmie. They share a look. We hear nothing but Jimmie's excited breath.

They charge towards the door. Upon impact, WE CUT TO:

26 **INT. "THE HOUSE" MULTIPLE ROOMS - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS**

PARLOR - A SMASH echoes from the other side of the house. A curtain flutters from the distant impact. The room is empty. Tomb-like. Its vacancy heightens its magnificence.

26.1 **FRONT HALLWAY** - Empty. But the muffled sounds of new life - rumbling footsteps and roused voices - creep closer through the walls and ventilation.

26.2 **ATTIC** - Still empty. But the stomping grows louder, breathing more life into the creaking floorboards.

26.3 **LIBRARY** - Laughter echoes off the walls. The house is coming alive.

26.4 **FRONT HALLWAY** - Galumphing now thunders off the walls until - SILENCE - Jimmie arrives in front of us.

We slowly draw away from him. Jimmie chases after us, as if pulled by the spirit of the house.

He flies up the spiral staircase and sprints down the hallway. His foot catches a corner, throwing him to the ground. THUD.

26.5 **MASTER BEDROOM** - Jimmie rolls over onto his back, blood spilling from his lip as he laughs hysterically.

As Jimmie catches his breath, a faint voice approaches outside. He picks himself up and walks towards the window.

A group of tourists on Segways stare up at the house through the mist. The crowd of expressionless faces look like an army in matching tie-dye and helmets. They circle their guide, who adjusts his helmet and begins his chalk talk.

TOUR GUIDE (CONT'D)

The other guides will rattle off some stupid Summer of Love Grateful Jefferson Quicksilverrey. But you distinguished truth-seekers wanna know about in the real hep-cats who hung out here, like James Baldwin in his stylin' ascots. Here! In the "Harlem of the West" where Dizzie and Miles would come play after their white people gigs. Where Mayor Moscone got blowjobs from black hookers. Where Jim Jones mixed his first cup of Kool Aid.

A couple older tourists look to each other. Their teen beams.

TOUR GUIDE (CONT'D)

Course, 'long comes Mayor Joe Alioto, spoiling all the fun, leveling the neighborhood in the name of urban renewal. Sorry about your homes, and your funky shops - you can set up a shoe shine stand in the Safeway parking lot!

(he gasps for air)

And yet, a few glorious homes survived Il Duce's wrecking ball, like this masterpiece dating clear back to the 1800s.

JIMMIE

(to himself)

Na bra.

26.6 **EXT. BALCONY** - Jimmie pushes the window open and steps out.

TOUR GUIDE

Before the black stuff, this was a all Japanese, 'til FDR's storm troopers rounded em up into camps-

JIMMIE
 (yelling)
 This house was buuh!-

Jimmie spits a mouthful of blood to the left of the tour.

JIMMIE (CONT'D)
 Sorry-

He wipes his lip dry on his sleeve.

JIMMIE (CONT'D)
 This was built in the 1940s.

The tour guide looks quizzically up at Jimmie.

TOUR GUIDE
 (laughs)
 Hey there amigo! Uh huh- Let's wave
 to our neighbor here everybody.

A few group members tepidly wave, he lowers his voice so Jimmie wont hear. Jimmie leans forward to listen.

TOUR GUIDE (CONT'D)
 That would be about 100 years late
 for this style. We can see, just
 from his gingerbread trim, this was
 built sometime in the 1850s.

JIMMIE
 1946.

The tour guide smiles embarrassedly at his group.

TOUR GUIDE
 Hhhhm gonna have to disagree with
 you there dudeman. No architect in
 the 1940s was building in this
 style.

JIMMIE
 That's probably true, but this
 house wasn't built by an architect.
 My grandpa built this.

The group, including the tour guide, look up at the towering piece of real estate with renewed curiosity.

Well I- TOUR GUIDE

JIMMIE (CONT'D)
 He arrived in WWII, bought this lot, and built this house. The stairs, these windows, the columns, the archways, the witch hat, the balustrades, the fish scales, the little spindles, the balcony, the wall to keep y'all the fuck out - all of it by James Fails the First with his own two hands in 1946.

Jimmie looks like a king finally restored to his throne - subjects at his feet, framed in an ornate archway.

A tubby man snaps a pic.

The guide composes himself seeing he's lost his audience.

TOUR GUIDE
 Hm. Thats pretty amazing! Well, on we go to our next stop: the closet Patty Hearst willfully hid herself in.

Jimmie smiles proudly as they flee. He turns.

Mont leans against a wall of the Master Bedroom, smiling.

27 **INT. "THE HOUSE" PARLOR - NIGHT**

The young men huddle around the orange glow of the fireplace roasting hot dogs. The crackling fire almost feels like a beating heart. Their long, phantom shadows climb the high empty walls behind them.

MONTGOMERY
 It's a beautiful house, Jim.

Jimmie takes that in, knowing Mont wouldn't just say it.

MONTGOMERY
 More beautiful than I could have imagined.

JIMMIE
 Yeah. Not there yet but, almost.

28 **INT. "THE HOUSE" MULTIPLE ROOMS - MORNING**

ATTIC - Jimmie lays on the floor of the witch hat, pensive. He stares up at the circular tower's woodwork. He rises.

He glides through the attic like a kid on Christmas morning, his flannel worn open like a robe. He looks up at its steep ceilings, remembering what was and imagining what could be.

28.1 **FRONT HALLWAY** - Jimmie runs his hand along the wood paneling of the staircase.

28.2 **PARLOR** - Jimmie stands under an archway, blue and green light hits his face.

JIMMIE

Mont, wake up.

Montgomery starts to wake and looks up at Jimmie.

MONTGOMERY

Your hair...it fits the archway
like a puzzle piece.

JIMMIE

Telling you bro, I belong here.

28.3 **ATTIC** - Back inside the empty witch hat, Jimmie's minds eye twirls upwards towards the ceiling.

28.4 We cut to **VHS FOOTAGE** of:

A man clinging to a witch hat as it twirls upwards through the sky. After a moment, we see a construction crane is lifting the man and the witch hat higher and higher.

GRANDPA (V.O.)

And what's happening now?

JIMMIE (V.O.)

He's flying through the air.

GRANDPA (V.O.)

C'mon now.

JIMMIE (V.O.)

He's flying through the air.

GRANDPA (V.O.)

Jimmie, your Grandpa was a Godly
man but he did not have super
powers.

29 **INT. MONTGOMERY'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING**

Jimmie, Montgomery and Montgomery's Grandpa sit on the couch, enraptured by the old home movie. Jimmie looks excited to be the narrator for once.

JIMMIE

He's on a crane, it's hauling him
and the witch hat way high up.

GRANDPA

Wait! You got video of *that* day?

JIMMIE

Yeah, my dad filmed it.

GRANDPA

Hm!

The witch hat - and Jimmie's Grandpa - are lowered until they
attach to the top of "The House." Claps and cheers rise from
a crowd below. Jimmie's grandpa waves from up high.

JIMMIE

Wait. How do you pause? - I think I
saw Willie Mays.

GRANDPA

Willie? No, this was after that.

Montgomery looks up from his crossword puzzle.

MONTGOMERY

Willie Mays was at the house?

GRANDPA

Mhm. Willie came and paid his
respects like we all did. You'd get
here and you'd go see Pastor Jimmie
Fails, "the first black man in San
Francisco."

Jimmie tries to hide a proud smile. On screen, his grandpa
looks almost mythical as he descends back down to Earth.

GRANDPA

Takes a lot of charisma to let
people call you that. But he wasn't
far off.

Jimmie looks over at a shelf with photo albums.

JIMMIE

Mr. Allen, I was also wondering can
I borrow that one picture?

GRANDPA

Sure son, I ain't looking at it..

Jimmie shoots Montgomery an excited look.

30 **INT. FORREST HILL STATION - MORNING**

Tiled walls reverberate with the guitar strums of a greying black man, his case open for coin. He's turned the Top 40 emo ballad "How to Save a Life" into melancholic folk. Perhaps he loves the song. Perhaps he knows his audience.

Beside him, a half-sleeping spanger holds a sign that reads:

I U\$ed To liVe here... SF nActive

Jimmie and Montgomery enter frame and carry us beyond the busker. A generous goon drops a bill in his case. His music echoes on as we follow them down a long tunnel, past a homeless family and droves of desperate masses.

31 **EXT. BART, SOMEWHERE FAR AWAY - AFTERNOON - TRAVELING**

The BART train howls. Jimmie sits in the window beside Montgomery, holding a crumpled, B&W photo. In it - a dapper, young Grandpa Allen hugs a man that must be Jimmie's grandfather, in an elegantly decorated room.

JIMMIE

That's gonna be us in a few hours.

We pull wide as the train shoots past cookie cutter homes and rolling, sun scorched hills. We're not in Frisco anymore.

32 **EXT. WANDA'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON**

A concrete ceiling. A cloudless blue floor. The young men walk into view, along an upside-down suburban street.

A shirtless kid lies on his back across the street, his head hanging upside down just off the curb. A pink lowrider rumbles past. The kid flips over to reorient himself.

Jimmie and Montgomery, now right-side up, approach a pebble-dashed single story home. Jimmie knocks on the screen door. A cow moos from the hill beyond the house.

WANDA

Oh Jimmie! Jimmie Jimmie Jimmie!

WANDA, a middle-aged woman in a bolo tie and hoop earrings, yanks open the door to hug Jimmie. She rocks him back and forth, then holds him at arms length to get a good look.

WANDA

It's so good to see you, sweetie.

33

EXT. WANDA'S FRONT YARD - AFTERNOON - MOMENTS LATER

A handsome Asian man, RICKY, skates back and forth on in the street on Jimmie's board.

Jimmie and Wanda sit in vintage lawn chairs; Wanda in a chaise lounge. Montgomery sprawls on the dead lawn beside them, pulling grass. Wanda cools herself with a battery powered fan. They're sweaty, overdressed for the burbs.

JIMMIE

Man, he better not break my board.

WANDA

You should be telling him thank you, he helped me pick out that board.

(looks at Ricky lusty)

Besides, sometimes it's nice just to watch. Ricky, do that trick you used to do!

Ricky crouches to do an ollie and lands it.

Jimmie studies Wanda's swoon.

JIMMIE

Y'all hella cute- uh, how much of the stuff you still have, Auntie?

WANDA

(imitating Jimmie)

Oh you wanna see the *STUFF*? You wanna see the *STUFF*?

(turning to Montgomery)

Has he been a good house guest for you? Or does he just show up asking you for your things?

MONTGOMERY

Oh um. Uh - not yet no.

WANDA

Uh huh, well if you gentlemen can *spare the time* - I *did* set the beds up in the back and Ricky's making his adobo.

JIMMIE

Auntie I would *love* to but honestly we should head back tonight. I got my first place.

WANDA

Woah...wow! In the city? Look at you. Y'all must be doing pretty well to afford a spot there.

Wanda smiles at Mont, who drinks his water like he's chewing it.

JIMMIE

Yeah, we got lucky. It's super empty though...

WANDA

Uhuh- And your daddy didn't send you here right?

JIMMIE

No.

WANDA

You're sure?

JIMMIE

Swear to god.

WANDA

Cause I hope he's done dragging you into his schemes.

JIMMIE

Auntie. This is for us.

Jimmie looks her deep in the eyes.

WANDA

Okay...Okay! Jayboe, I'm so proud of you man, I miss that place.

Ricky eats shit. He looks over at Wanda with a boyish shrug. She looks at him lustily, a spark reignited.

34

INT. WANDA'S GARAGE - AFTERNOON - MOMENTS LATER

Wanda opens a garage door, revealing leaning boxes and precious keepsakes. The room is a treasure trove.

Jimmie lifts a gorgeous red rug, revealing chest with old robes and thrown-like chairs. He salivates.

JIMMIE

Damn, I knew you had some of it, but is this everything?

WANDA
Everything your dad didn't smoke
up.

Jimmie nods.

WANDA
Sorry hun, that came out a little
harsh.

JIMMIE
I'm fine.

Jimmie lifts what appears to be an old champagne bottle,
accidentally revealing a hidden cigarette dispenser within. A
fan of old, yellowed Marlboros blossom out.

JIMMIE
Woah. That's mainey.

WANDA
I always had a feeling - out of the
family, you'd be the one to come
looking for this stuff.

JIMMIE
What's that?

Jimmie walks towards a round table with a mic and headphones
beside a Tiffany lamp.

WANDA
Oh that's *my* own little thing. From
now. You know I always wanted to be
a DJ.

JIMMIE
I didn't know that.

WANDA
Yeah, and it's a nice way to get to
know people out here. I just ask
'em questions and record it.

JIMMIE
That's dope.

WANDA
I'll have Ricky play it for you on
the way back. He can drive y'all.

JIMMIE
Thank you auntie. I didn't wanna
ask, but...

Jimmie bats his lashes coyly.

WANDA

Psh, he doesn't mind, right Ricky?

Ricky shrugs obligingly.

RICKY

Be nice to move somebody back for once.

35

EXT. HIGHWAY 4 - SUNSET - TRAVELING

We hear nothing but a microphone crackling. Then bubbles.

Jimmie and Montgomery sit in the back of a stake bed truck with chicken wire walls, surrounded by unique furniture.

Golden light strikes the rows of crops as they fly by. The clean lines dance in perfect rhythm, one after the next.

JANE (V.O.)

Sometimes, after a long day, I like to come home and put my head against Ponchy's chest.

(giggles)

And when he takes a sip of beer, I can hear the bubbles, um, bubbling.

WANDA (V.O.)

Mhm, please thank Ponchy for letting us put a mic on his tummy.

We hear the women laugh as the bubbles fizz and pop.

Ricky smiles, as if hearing Wanda's laugh makes him miss her.

WANDA (V.O.)

And who's this we have here?

A dog snores loudly.

JANE (V.O.)

Well, Pepper only snores like this when she's tuckered out from a long hike. So that usually makes me feel good, like we had an eventful day.

Ricky leans back and slides open the cab window. He shouts, but we can barely hear him.

RICKY

How y'all doing back there?

Jimmie stares out, mesmerized by the miles of farmland.
Montgomery gives a thumbs up, his hair rippling in the wind.

JANE (V.O.)

I suppose, most of the sounds I
like are probably pretty regular.

WANDA (V.O.)

(in a punch-in)

Far from it. Today we're joined by
our wonderful neighbor Jane from
Pine St. And now I encourage you to
listen to the sounds of your home.

The truck disappears into the distance.

36 **INT/EXT. "THE HOUSE" MULTIPLE ROOMS - NIGHT**

2ND FLOOR BUTLER STAIR - *The sound of floorboards creaking.* Ricky, Jimmie and Mont walk up the noisy steps, hands full of furniture.

36.1 **MASTER BATHROOM** - *The sound of rumbling pipes.* Jimmie turns on a sink. His eyes track the sound of flowing water through the walls, until water gushes out of the faucet.

36.2 **CONSERVATORY** - *The sound of a flame catching.* Jimmie lights the gas sconce with a match. The hallway illuminates with a warm yellow glow.

36.3 **LIBRARY** - *The sound of an old ticking clock.* Mont inspects the title of a book then slides it into a shelf by an old exposed clock.

36.4 **FRONT HALLWAY** - *The sound of a thunderous pipe organ.* Jimmie plays an organ built into the walls. Dust shoots out of the pipes.

36.5 **PARLOR** - Mont runs a finger along the beads of a glass lamp.

36.6 **ATTIC** - *The sound of wind howling and windows shaking.* Ricky peels away, waving bye to the young men through the window.

36.7 **EXT. "THE HOUSE"** - All the sounds culminate in a full chorus. It's as if the skeleton of the house - now filled with furniture and people - has pulsing organs and blood pumping through it. *A toilet flushes.*

Montgomery picks up the final furniture off the street and starts towards the house.

MONTGOMERY

So Ricky never lived here, eh?

JIMMIE

Nah, Wanda was in this rock climbing phase, dating this white dude.

Jimmie begins to lift a rug when he notices TIM ELLORY - a retired cashmere liberal with remnants of a Connecticut accent - across the street. Tim surveys the scene trying not to stare, while his dog poops.

Jimmie trots down the steps and towards the man, with warm purpose. Tim looks up, surprised.

JIMMIE

Hi sir. I'm Jimmie Fails, we haven't yet had the chance to meet.

Jimmie wipes his dusty hand and extends it. Tim takes it instinctively. Jimmie shakes as if sealing a deal.

JIMMIE

Welcome to the neighborhood!

TIM ELLORY

A-ha ah, yes! Welcome. Tim! Tim Ellory.

Mid-shake, Tim looks back at the house - a few pieces of stunning, antique furniture remain on the street while Montgomery works away in the window.

TIM ELLORY

Geez, fast moving market huh, I don't remember a sign going up.

JIMMIE

Didn't need to, but look Tim - I really want you to know I'm gonna to be the best neighbor you ever had.

TIM ELLORY

Well...alright Jimmie. Thank you!

JIMMIE

My pleasure. You'll have to pardon me, we've got lots to do.

TIM ELLORY

Oh, of course.

Jimmie half-bows, then jogs back across the street. He grabs an armful of furniture and carries it inside. Tim looks on slightly dazed, as Jimmie joins Montgomery in the window.

36.8 **PARLOR** - Their collection of furniture sits in the center of the dark empty parlor, like pirates treasure in a hollow cave. The young men study their bounty, moving wrappers strewn about like Christmas morning.

37 **INT. "THE HOUSE" PARLOR - MORNING**

Jimmie lies peacefully on the couch, satin pillows crowning his head.

Mont lays on the floor on a slapdash bed of cushions and silk sheets. Both of them are draped in tapestry-turned-comforters with matching wildlife landscapes.

Silence.

JIMMIE

I'm gonna drink my coffee and scratch my ass while I read the paper.

MONTGOMERY

You don't even read the paper.

JIMMIE

Cuz I never had a home to read it in.

A hint of excitement enters Montgomery's face.

MONTGOMERY

You think this can be really be our home?

Silence.

JIMMIE

Yeah.

(beat)

I just don't want to have to keep it secret, and lie, you know.

MONTGOMERY

Sometimes you have to lie.

JIMMIE

Yeah...

MONTGOMERY

Plus, I think you need to be here. The house needs you. Though I might be crazy.

JIMMIE

You're right though. Cuz you know what'd be actually crazy? Leaving it empty... Just sitting outside, staring at it. That's actually crazy. We could throw a party... Or put on one of your plays.

Montgomery's toes wiggle at the prospect of it.

JIMMIE (CONT'D)

We could yell...AHHHHHH!

MONTGOMERY

The neighbors?

JIMMIE

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

MONTGOMERY

Zeeeeeeeeeeee-hooooo!

38 **EXT. FILLMORE HILL - AFTERNOON - TRAVELING**

Jimmie sits on the back of a food truck, grinning mischievously. He hangs on tightly as the truck zigzags over and through the roller coaster hills.

STUNNA (O.S.)

THIS. NIGGA'S. A.

39 **EXT. MONTGOMERY'S HOUSE - SUNRISE**

STUNNA

BITCH.

Silhouetted against a violent orange sky like shadow puppets, the Greek Chorus' arms flail in profile as they yell.

GUNNA

(to Nitty)

A van pulled up last night and Kofi ran off like a bitch.

KOFI

Never bra, I didn't even see them niggas!

FRESH

Quit lying bra, you saw 'em.

STUNNA
 (to Nitty)
 He a liability bra. Li-a-bil-i-ty!

Montgomery watches from across the street, captivated by the theatricality of the tableau. Through his eyes, it looks like a stage production.

Fists slap together.

Mouths hurl slurs and saliva.

A pair of eyes cry angrily.

NITTY
 Alright, alright, everybody shut
 up. Kofi. What happened?

Kofi avoids eye-contact.

NITTY
 Did you run, bra?

KOFI
 Na, I didn't run.

NITTY
 Hit me.

KOFI
 What?

NITTY
 Hit me.

KOFI
 For what? You my folks!

NITTY
 Fucking hit me!

FRESH
 Kofi! Hit that nigga!

Nitty socks Kofi chest, knocking the wind out of him.

NITTY
 I SAID HIT ME!

GUNNA
 Wow, he actually *soft*!

Kofi shoves Nitty back, weak.

NITTY

Haha! GOD DAMNIT man. Who brought
this nigga?

MONTGOMERY (O.S.)

That's great! That's great! Yes!

They turn to see Montgomery crossing the street. He
approaches Nitty.

MONTGOMERY

What are we...hm....I believe you.

Montgomery turns to each member of the group, giving notes
like a theater director. We scan their confused faces. He
arrives at Kofi.

MONTGOMERY

You're okay there.

Montgomery lingers for a moment, then marches back across the
street.

MONTGOMERY

Keep building it!

STUNNA

Man, take yo' ass in the house!

FRESH

C'mon bra, he's retarded.

STUNNA

And!?

40 **EXT. "THE HOUSE" - AFTERNOON**

Red autumn leaves flit downwards like snowfall. We descend
with them past each gorgeous story and land on Montgomery in
the front yard, attempting to catch them with a garbage bag.

Jimmie cleans the roof's gutter, cig in his mouth.

40.1 **INT. "THE HOUSE" PARLOR - AFTERNOON**

Jimmie and Montgomery hang a large photograph of Yosemite on
a picture ledge.

41 **EXT. "THE HOUSE" BALCONY - AFTERNOON**

Jimmie leans off the edge of the balcony, a rope tied to his
belt. He touches up the gold paint he can now finally reach.

42

INT. "THE HOUSE" BUTLER'S STAIRS - AFTERNOON

Jimmie stands at the bottom of a grand, but worn-out staircase. He sips coffee from a mug.

JIMMIE

When you drop in bra, lean *back*.

At the top of steps, Montgomery stands awkwardly on Jimmie's skateboard. He precariously leans over the top step, where wooden planks have been laid to make a path down the stairs.

MONTGOMERY

I'm gonna lean forward.

JIMMIE

Bra. No.

MONTGOMERY

I'm gonna.

JIMMIE

Why would-

MONTGOMERY

Cause I'm gonna get nervous. I'm just gonna go with that.

JIMMIE

Just- Bra. *LEAN BACK*. From *the start* or your gonna fuck your sh-

Montgomery drops the board. He leans forward and tumbles down the steps like a cat trying to swim. He lands upside down.

MONTGOMERY

Jesus!

43

INT. "THE HOUSE" CONSERVATORY - AFTERNOON

Jimmie carefully peels away old wallpaper, revealing long-hidden wood beneath. Montgomery lays crumpled on the floor, dusty and scraped up from his tumble. He scratches away glue residue from the wall, groaning.

JIMMIE

Bruh it's still not separating.

MONTGOMERY

(groaning)

Just gotta dampen it more.

JIMMIE

I specifically said backwards, bra.

MONTGOMERY

I wanted to know what it feels like
when you eat shit.

Jimmie shakes his head, smiling.

44 **EXT. THE AMBASSADOR SRO - AFTERNOON**

A black HOMELESS OPERA SINGER belts "O mio babbino caro" in perfect Italian. His booming voice almost drowns out a couple fighting down the street. A strung-out man dances along.

Jimmie watches, transfixed. Instead of his signature flannel and black beanie, he's wearing the goon clothes he'd tried on in Montgomery's mirror.

Jimmie stashes his board in a bush beside the singer and gives him a dollar. He crosses the street into a brick building.

We tilt up the building to the 13th floor. A man sits in the window, like a deposed king banished to some sequestered tower. He watches the little people scurry about as he spits sunflower seeds at the world below.

45 **INT. THE AMBASSADOR SRO - AFTERNOON - MOMENTS LATER**

Jimmie flips through pirated DVDs in cellophane bags. The homemade labels read: UNDER SIEGE. CLIFFHANGER. THE PATRIOT.

JAMES SR.

I seen your cousin Al the other
day. Down there struttin' around,
like a Frisco fruit cup. I know his
daddy mad as hell!

JAMES SR., a once-athletic man with a hard-earned rasp, sits at a table cutting a cover for Chuck Norris' INVASION USA. Bags of DVDs and sunflower seeds surround him.

JAMES SR.

You still skateboarding?

JIMMIE

Nah.

JAMES SR.

Hm.

JIMMIE

What?

JAMES SR.

C'mere and help me cut these out.

Jimmie joins his dad at the table, adopting a slightly different voice than we've heard him use with Montgomery.

JIMMIE

Remember that warehouse we squatted at with Andy and them?

JAMES SR.

Who? Those satanists?

JIMMIE

Ha, yeah, we lost it cause we didn't pay taxes, right?

JAMES SR.

Hell na, I paid OUR share of property tax on that. But who cares, ol' drafty-ass roach nest.

JIMMIE

But so, why were you doing all that? We were able to stay there right? Nobody was fucking with us.

JAMES SR.

At the time, yeah, but we were trying to get it so if the cops showed up, we could say we paid taxes and they'd have to leave us the fuck alone. Shit, it was that or sleeping on the street with your little ass.

Jimmie nods unsentimentally processing the information.

JIMMIE

Right, appreciate it dad. So... if I'm at a place now, owners left it, and I'm gonna pay taxes-

JAMES SR.

And you put the gas and electric in your name?

JIMMIE

Right, I'm doing that next. But, if I been working on it for 3 years, rent doesn't have to be cash, right? Labor counts as payment?

JAMES SR.

You've been working on a house 3 years? What you been doing?

JIMMIE

Painting, gardening, I fixed the stairs up. I prolly still got a bunch of the receipts too.

JAMES SR.

Okay, okay! You doing it like your old man. That's good. And nobody's come by to check on it?

JIMMIE

Nope, it's empty.

JAMES SR.

Good, that buys you time. They been gone 3 years?

JIMMIE

Na, just recently.

JAMES SR.

Wait what? You were doing work while they were still in it?

JIMMIE

Yeah.

JAMES SR.

Where's this house?

JIMMIE

It's *the house*, in Fillmore.

Jimmie's dad stops smiling.

JAMES SR.

What house?

JIMMIE

Our old house.

JAMES SR.

Fuck you mean *our old house*? Have you seen that house?

JIMMIE

Yeah, I go there a lot.

JAMES SR.

Then you would know that's not your house. And that's not your *black ass* neighborhood.

James Sr. angrily spits a mouthful of sunflower seeds.

JAMES SR.

Little disrespectful, lying ass...

JIMMIE

What? I'm not-

JAMES SR.

Nigga, I know you skateboard.

JIMMIE

Oka-

JAMES SR.

Yeah I see all the shit down there, everybody's little path. I'm like 30 steps ahead of y'all.

He takes a big swig of seeds.

They fall back into silence. Jimmie picks up the scissors and starts cutting the labels.

JAMES SR.

Go on and get. Messing up my day.

Jimmie stares at him, frozen.

JAMES SR.

Go on.

46

EXT. FILLMORE BUS STOP - AFTERNOON

Jimmie sits despondent at a bus stop, his mind still replaying the conversation as his leg restlessly taps away.

A gentleman with a grey pony tail and orange skin enters frame. With the exception of tennis shoes, a backpack, and a lei around his neck, he is completely naked. He puts a toilet seat cover on the seat next to Jimmie and sits down.

Jimmie is unfazed - he's seen this a million times.

NAKED MAN
Excuse me, have you been waiting
long?

JIMMIE
(vacantly)
Hella long, bro. I might just
skate.

NAKED MAN
Oh that's nice.

The men turn to see a cable-car-on-wheels thumping towards them with drunk partygoers spilling over the railings.

The vehicle slows to a halt in front of them. ZACH a black techie rips off his knock-off Ray-Ban's to get a better look.

ZACH
Oo! This guy fucks! Ey. Sundeep!!!
Bro... This guy fucks!

The others notice. Naked Man shrugs with an obliging chuckle.

PARTY BUS SQUAD
THIS GUY FUCKS. THIS. GUY. FUCKS.

Naked Man offers a polite wave. The bus pulls away.

NAKED MAN
Oh, this city.

JIMMIE
I already know bra.

47 **EXT. FILLMORE HILL - SUNSET**

Jimmie bombs an epic hill, pink and purple clouds behind him. His board wobbles more...and more...and PHWACK! He dives face first into the ground as we cut to:

48 **INT. "THE HOUSE" LIBRARY - NIGHT**

Jimmie hammers angrily at a wooden door frame. BOOM-BOOM-BOOM. Blood from his scrape drips down his bare shoulder.

BOOM-BOOM-CRACK.

JIMMIE
FUCK!

Montgomery bursts in covered in paint, a roller in hand.

MONTGOMERY

You okay?

Jimmie sits in the door frame of a hidden room behind a false bookcase. He glances back at Mont, a little embarrassed.

JIMMIE

Yeah.

Jimmie laughs, embarrassed.

MONTGOMERY

What is this?

JIMMIE

This little room I used to come in when my dad was doing his thing. Cool right?

MONTGOMERY

Yeah man. Did you see him today?

Jimmie scoots out as Montgomery gently swings the false wall. Light swings back and forth on Jimmie's otherwise dark face.

JIMMIE

Yeah.

MONTGOMERY

How'd it go?

JIMMIE

He said this was a bad idea.

MONTGOMERY

Well what do you think?

JIMMIE

Maybe he's right.

MONTGOMERY

I thought you said he's an idiot.

Jimmie tries not to chuckle.

JIMMIE

What if we shouldn't be here though?

MONTGOMERY

Who should be here more? Some millionaire?

Montgomery looks up to the wood Jimmie was working on.

MONTGOMERY

They'd want it cause it looks nice.
You're the reason it looks nice.

JIMMIE

I dunno-

DING DONG. Jimmie spins to shut the secret door. Darkness.

JIMMIE

The fuck?

MONTGOMERY

I invited somebody.

49 **INT/EXT. "THE HOUSE" FRONT HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Montgomery open the door. Kofi stands there, nervous.

MONTGOMERY

What's good nigga? Glad you could
make it.

Kofi slowly enters and slaps fives with Montgomery.

MONTGOMERY

Pardon me for a sec.

Mont scurries off as Kofi takes in the biggest house he's
ever been in.

KOFI

Y'all got a organ?

Kofi notices Jimmie staring at him from the end of the hall.
Kofi nods 'whats up.' Jimmie nods back slowly. Kofi continues
to the parlor.

KOFI (O.S.)

Got columns and shit...

50 **INT. "THE HOUSE" PARLOR - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER**

Kofi shifts in a stiff Victorian chair. He looks over Jimmie,
a little confused by his blood-stained goon clothes.
Montgomery smiles politely. Flower arrangements plucked from
neighbors gardens sprinkle the room.

None of them quite know how to act under these foreign
circumstances. All three have beer in mismatched glass
chalices.

An eerie creaking sound comes from upstairs. Kofi looks around the candlelit room.

KOFI
It's just y'all here?

JIMMIE
Yeah. It just makes noises.

Kofi scans the highest ceilings he's ever seen.

Montgomery studies Kofi.

MONTGOMERY
Nice to see you in that chair. I didn't know you'd pick that one, but I think I'm glad you did. It looks good on you.

KOFI
(eying the chair)
Yeah right on bro, this shit kinda awkward. But this place hella cool.

MONTGOMERY
Yeah, Jimmie's been doing a lot to fix it up.

KOFI
How'd y'all get this?

MONTGOMERY
It's Jimmie's, his grandpa built it. He was the first black man in San Francisco.

KOFI
Oh shit, this *that* house.
(to Montgomery)
Man, he used to always talk about this. But you know niggas in group homes be exaggerating, tryna' act special. But you were foreal huh?

Jimmie nods, as Kofi looks around.

MONTGOMERY
You were in a group home?

JIMMIE
Yeah. For like a year.

MONTGOMERY
Huh.

Something clicks for Montgomery. He looks back at the two of them. A beat passes.

MONTGOMERY

You guys wanna go for a schvitz?

Jimmie turns, a smile cracks through.

JIMMIE

A *schvitz*?

51 **INT. "THE HOUSE" SAUNA - NIGHT**

The trio sit in a cloud of smoke and steam in a homemade sauna. Montgomery has his shirt off, Jimmie and Kofi have opted to sweat through all their clothes.

Loretta's candy bags litter the cedar seats. Jimmie takes a final puff off a blunt and tries to pass it, no takers.

KOFI

Wait, your grandpa made *this*, too?

JIMMIE

Nah, these white people did.

KOFI

How was he *the first*, though?
(turning to Montgomery)
This nigga woofin'.

Jimmie adopts a cadence that Montgomery hasn't heard.

JIMMIE

Na bra, swear to god, whole neighborhood was, like, a ghost town when he came from New Orleans. It'd all been Japanese, but-

KOFI

Fillmoe? Psh never, bra.

JIMMIE

Yeah. But they all got rounded up into War camps. And my grandpa wasn't tryna move into someone else's shit- Not like that. So he built this.

KOFI

Fuuuuck.

MONTGOMERY

Fuuuuck.

The trio fall silent.

JIMMIE

You still skate?

KOFI

Na.

JIMMIE

Aw, you were raw, bra.

KOFI

Yeah- remember when Rick got caught stealing from the candy lady?

Jimmie bursts out laughing.

JIMMIE

Braaaa. He was an ugly crier!

KOFI

Bra, I'm sayin'! And then Ms. Homer made him shave his head...But her white ass fucked up his lining. So his shit was crooked as fuck.

JIMMIE

Lombard-Street-looking-ass...

KOFI

BRUH! Lombard Street thooough-

Kofi falls onto the floor giggling.

KOFI

Bra, I can't even...I'm finna piss myself. Y'all got a bathroom?

JIMMIE

Yeah. Down the hall. The room with the lil' claw-foot tub.

KOFI

Bet. Man, you niggas made it, man. That's crazy.

Kofi exits with a puff of steam, chuckling.

Jimmie smiles at Montgomery, grateful.

52 **INT. "THE HOUSE" FRONT HALLWAY - MORNING**

Jimmie grabs a screw from between his lips and drills it into a new lock on the front door. He shuts it, proudly locks it and looks over at Mont, deeply focused on reviving the organ.

JIMMIE

You should uh...you should have a room, bro.

Montgomery looks up at Jimmie, embarrassed.

MONTGOMERY

Aw Jim, that's okay.

JIMMIE

Nah, seriously. I've been in your space forever - this spots yours too, you know.

MONTGOMERY

Any room?

JIMMIE

I mean...sure.

53 **INT. "THE HOUSE" PARLOR & DINING ROOM - MORNING - MOMENTS LATER**

As if pulled by some spirit, Montgomery floats forward. His eyes catch the corners of various rooms as he ambles forward.

Jimmie stands on a chair in the background fiddling with an electrical box. He flips a nob and the room lights up with a warm glow.

Montgomery enters the dining room, his head turned up at the heavens. It's his very own Sistine Chapel: paintings of colorful birds spread their wings across the ceiling.

MONTGOMERY

Is this one okay?

JIMMIE (O.S.)

Yeah...I mean, you sure you want the dining room?

Montgomery nods to himself, taking it all in. He begins to measure the wall with his wingspan, muttering calculations.

MONTGOMERY

It's perfect.

JIMMIE (O.S.)
 Dream big bra, it's yours.

54

INT. MONTGOMERY'S BEDROOM / HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Montgomery, wearing an old werewolf mask, sorts through props and costumes. Only a few tools remain hanging on his once-covered walls, the rest packed away in scattered milk crates. He begins organizing metal pulleys and clews into a crate with other stage rigging materials.

In the next room, Jimmie paces back and forth on the phone.

JIMMIE (O.S.)
 No the power's been on. I just need
 the bill in my name - uh huh.

Grandpa enters, the phone cord hitting his chest. He lifts it and feels his way into Montgomery's room.

JIMMIE (O.S.)
 Great, when will I get the first
 invoice?...And there's no way you
 can mail that sooner?

GRANDPA
 (quietly)
 He talking about paying some bills?

Mont expertly wraps a cable and packs it, mask still on.

GRANDPA
 'Cause I wouldn't say no if he
 offered to chip in a little more.

MONTGOMERY
 He already pays half, Grandpa.

GRANDPA
 Well he's been here for a while
 now. He isn't exactly family.

MONTGOMERY
 I think he knows that.

Montgomery removes the mask, putting it in a crate. He pulls a drill from a hook on the wall.

GRANDPA
 So what's all this you're up to in
 here?

MONTGOMERY

Just packing some things. It's for a project.

GRANDPA

Since when? We haven't even talked about the characters yet?

MONTGOMERY

It's a- well I'm still working- don't quite have a plot yet.

GRANDPA

We could brainstorm a little.

MONTGOMERY

We're in a bit of a rush, but I'd love to soon.

GRANDPA

Oh sure. Thats okay, son.

Jimmie enters.

JIMMIE

You about ready bra?

Grandpa stands up.

GRANDPA

Well, whatever it is I'm proud of you.

55

EXT. MONTGOMERY'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Catcalls from the Greek Chorus fail to land on Montgomery, head cocked listening, fascinated. He pushes a cart full of crates, various prop hats stacked atop his head.

FRESH

Oooh Monty, that's hard.

NITTY

Yeah, that's clean, you should start rocking that bra-bra.

Jimmie hauls a chest of Montgomery's gear, shaking his head.

STUNNA

Hey Monty whats under that coat? You flashing yo weenie to all the girls, huh?

Jimmie yells back as he continues walking.

JIMMIE

Bro, with that hair, you look like
a Simpson.

The Greek Chorus burst out laughing. Mont smiles proudly.

STUNNA

Bra you got one shirt! You look
like a fiend!

Jimmie cracks a half-smile.

KOFI

Just like his momma and his
daddy... Yeah I remember.

Jimmie's smile vanishes. He turns to face Kofi.

NITTY

Family of fiends!

KOFI

He probably got lace curtains in
there for they little dollhouse.

The men around Kofi crack up.

KOFI

Swear to god bra, two grown-ass men
playing house! With candles and
shit! I was dying!

GUNNA

(laughing)

Look, this motherfucker so mad!

KOFI

Shoo, bra! Get on! Aye Mont' teach
him how to vanish!

FRESH pretends to flick a match.

Jimmie breaks his stare, turns, and walks towards Montgomery.
Nitty hugs Kofi, proudly.

STUNNA (O.S.)

Kof' got his balls back!

56

INT. "THE HOUSE" CONSERVATORY & KITCHEN - NIGHT

An expressive sketch of the Greek Chorus captures the joyous moment they humiliated someone, Kofi standing front and center. Montgomery's hand enters and plucks out the Rockwellian pencil shading on FRESH.

Jimmie stands in an old robe at the corner whisking eggs with a fork. He watches Montgomery.

JIMMIE

You're really drawing them?...All they do is talk shit.

MONTGOMERY

You talked shit when I met you.

JIMMIE

No I didn't.

MONTGOMERY

You did. It's fine though.

Jimmie watches Montgomery sip a beer and continue sketching.

JIMMIE

Well why did you hang out with me then?

MONTGOMERY

You care about things. I liked you.

He grabs a chewed-up pencil from his crate of art supplies.

JIMMIE

You really don't give a fuck what anybody says?

MONTGOMERY

I shouldn't get to appreciate them just cuz they're mean to me? That seems silly.

Jimmie furrows his brow, confused. He looks up and sees a neighbor through the window whisking eggs in her kitchen. He studies the middle-aged woman in her robe.

JIMMIE

Let's go out.

Dreamy, sweeping strings appear.

57 **MONTAGE: FILLMORE PEOPLE-WATCHING - NIGHT**

EXT. VR WINDOW - Jimmie and Mont sit in the dark, sipping 40's of beer. They peer into a window as if watching tv.

A man in a VR helmet and underwear reaches blindly in an empty room. After a lonely moment, a girl steps into view wearing a matching helmet and oversized shirt. They swat at virtual predators, finally bumping into each other. They rip off the masks and laugh hysterically.

57.1 **EXT. SPLIT WINDOW** - Two young women sit on opposite sides of a converted bedroom, split down the middle by a hanging bed sheet. Woman #1's yoga routine is interrupted by a knock at the door. A man enters her side, tiptoes past her, ducks under the sheet-wall, and embraces Woman #2.

JIMMIE (O.S.)

Bro, that's supposed to be a living room.

Jimmie and Montgomery study the respective sides of the girls' mantle, each with differing decorations.

JIMMIE

They would've done the same shit to our house. Putting 5 people in a room.

MONTGOMERY

We're quite fortunate.

They clink bottles.

57.2 **EXT. HOUSE PARTY WINDOW** - A large Victorian pulses with the vibrations of music and the energy of millennials. A man dances in a corner window. His gaze catches Jimmie and Montgomery ogling from outside. He smiles and waves them in.

The young men tipsily look around, alarmed someone has caught their peeping. They look back up at the house.

Partygoers hang over the second story balcony. A couple sit on a fire escape; legs dangling, throwing feathers.

Jimmie finishes his bottle. The duo and walk into towards camera, until their bodies black out the frame. They step through the other side, into the world they'd been watching.

58 **INT. HOUSE PARTY MAIN ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Jimmie and Montgomery enter the house, passing various partygoers.

They stop and watch a man with Robert-Plant-hair and musical-theater-gusto hand-dances and sing to a song playing overhead.

Jimmie stares at him, eyes glazed. Montgomery grabs a bottle off the shelf and swigs it, looking around.

59

INT. HOUSE PARTY ANTLER ROOM - NIGHT

SERENA, a Berkeley girl conceived to Paul Simon, nods.

JIMMIE

You know the wallpaper on the outside wall is hella harder to remove because it's moist, like condensation, but then when you finally do, you see they used WHITE glue. Like fucking Elmer's. Like what was the thought process?

SERENA

Yeah, no idea.

JIMMIE

Yeah. I know. But if you wanted to have a tour, that would be fun.

SERENA

Sounds good - I'm gonna bring these drinks. You're welcome to come -

JIMMIE

Yeah, if that's cool.

Jimmie reaches for the beer cups she's filled.

JIMMIE (CONT'D)

Sorry I'm talking about this house. It's stupid. I'm just kinda excited about it.

They walk off, revealing a pomade-preened guy explaining Hyphy lingo to a skeptical collegiate black woman.

A trans man and his bubbly friend share a sarcastic toast.

60

INT. HOUSE PARTY KITCHEN - NIGHT

Serena sits on a counter by her friend, BILLY, an intellectual stoner in his grandpa's PJ's and Sam, a sweet-faced dude holding a huge stein of beer.

Jimmie stands awkwardly at the edge of the group.

SERENA

She's this beautiful, vivacious person dating so many cunty guys. It's like, don't blame the messenger I'm just trying to help.

JIMMIE

That's shitty.

Serena turns to him politely.

SERENA

Yeah it's hella shitty!

BILLY

But if it's a self esteem issue, what really can you do?

SERENA

I mean, I told her. I'm pretty sure I told her- you can sleep with Sam if you want.

Sam nods sheepishly. Jimmie looks confused.

A cheer from outside catches Jimmie's attention. He looks out the window overlooking the backyard.

Amidst a small crowd, three young bros violently yank at a small pine tree. It sways back and forth as they wrestle it.

BILLY

So the thinking is, you have sex with someone whose not shitty once-

Jimmie watches out the window, a little shocked.

SERENA

Exactly! And then your bar is like too high for those cunty roadies and untalented comedian guys.

A few onlookers outside egg on the men struggling with the sapling. Suddenly, Jimmie appears in frame. He piles on and begins yanking with them, to the rising cheers of the crowd.

61

EXT. HOUSE PARTY BACKYARD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Jimmie looks excited to be a part of this team. With his help, the men uproot the tree.

BRYAN, a giant, swings it overhead and victoriously drives the root clump into the ground in an explosion of dirt.

AURA (O.S.)

You fucking idiots!! Bryan, what the fuck is wrong with you!!

AURA shoots down the back steps, tipsy and enraged. She shoves Bryan back as he chuckles.

BRYAN

Aw, babe, sorry, it's good.

AURA

What the fuck, my fucking landlordz tree, you assholes!?

BRYAN

I'm gonna fix it. I'm gonna fix it.

JIMMIE

Yeah, that's my bad too. I can help.

Jimmie leans over to pick up the tree.

BRYAN

Yeah it'll be fine.

AURA

What, who are you? I don't even know you.

(turning to Bryan)

Tonight was MY night. MY-

JIMMIE

Ah- Okay, who are you. I don't even know you. I'm from here.

Aura turns to Jimmie, confused he's still talking to her.

AURA

Uh what? Like, how did you even get here?

JIMMIE

How did YOU get here? The fuck? I'm born and raised here. I'm third generation.

BRYAN

Uh, hey bud, uh, we don't know you. You know? So, go man, alright?

JIMMIE

Alright bud. But I'm taking the tree.

AURA
No way asshole! Leave the tree!

JIMMIE
I feel a connection to it.

Jimie starts towards the steps with the tree.

AURA
Why could you do thaaat?

Brian holds her waist and whispers into her ear.

BRYAN
Babe...babe...it's dead.

62 **INT. HOUSE PARTY MULTIPLE ROOMS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Jimie walks through the kitchen and into the hall, tree in tow. He reaches the main room to see the party is in full swing. Mont, bottle in hand, is jamming with the hand-dancer.

JIMMIE
Aye, c'mon Mont.

MONTGOMERY
Dancing.

JIMMIE
Bra, I need help with the tree.

His frantic dancing slows as he drunkenly notices the branches dragging through the living room.

63 **EXT. "THE HOUSE" STREET - NIGHT - TRAVELING**

The young men walk home, each carrying sides of the tree.

MONTGOMERY
(loudly)
I mean!

Jimie eyes his neighbors' sleepy houses as they go home.

JIMMIE
Bra, shhh.

MONTGOMERY
(loudly whispering)
I had ah grreat time. Youuu, you
dodn't dance.

JIMMIE
Shhh, I dance.

MONTGOMERY
Yeaaaah you could, but you didnt-
soo why a tree?

JIMMIE
I dunno bra. To make a point I
guess.

Montgomery tugs the tree, stopping them.

MONTGOMERY
Theres no point! You can't care SO
MUCH about what they think. Life
isn perzonal.

Jimmie turns back.

JIMMIE
Bra, you don't get it.

MONTGOMERY
GET WHAT!

JIMMIE
Bra! You weren't raised like... I
raised myself. You had someone to
make you feel good. I had to like
adapt and like win over so many
people cause I was alone. That's
why I fucking care.

Jimmie walks up the steps to the House. Mont remains frozen.

64 **INT. "THE HOUSE" ATTIC - DAWN**

Jimmie lies on his newly-assembled bed. He looks small
underneath the steep towering walls, alone for the first
night in longer than he can remember.

His minds wanders to Serena and he slips his hand under the
sheets. Loud drilling and strange space-jazz burst through
the shaking walls from Montgomery's room. He pulls his hand
out from the sheets and turns to sleep.

65 **INT. "THE HOUSE" CONSERVATORY - MORNING**

Jimmie looks out the window at nothing but fog.

JIMMIE
 (to himself)
 Thick as fuck today.

66 **EXT. "THE HOUSE" BACKYARD - AFTERNOON**

A deep hole in the ground looks like a shallow grave.

Jimmie crouches above it, digging - his sleeves rolled up, biceps covered in dirt, cig hanging from his lip. Montgomery, hung over, sprawls under the newly planted tree.

Jimmie shakes his head as he digs.

JIMMIE
 We need fertilizer, shit's dying.

Montgomery groans.

67 **EXT. "THE HOUSE" FRONT STEPS - AFTERNOON - TRAVELING**

Jimmie and Mont carry bags overflowing with asters in bloom. They climb the first flight of stairs and come to a halt.

Mary Zwigott, the previous resident, sits on the front steps of the house. She looks lifeless.

Montgomery looks to Jimmie, unsure if they should run.

An almost haunted wind catches the fringe of Mary's blouse and howls through the trees. Mary shakes her head at the memory of her old foe.

JIMMIE
 (cautiously)
 Hey. What are you doing here?

Mary's exhaustion gives way to a resigned half-smile.

MARY
 What are you ever doing here?

Jimmie looks nervous. His eyes drift to the house.

JIMMIE
 Uh- didn't you move out though?

Mary looks past Jimmie at Montgomery, who stands holding the flower bags like an idiot.

MARY
 Yeah. They changed the locks on me.

She studies Jimmie's young face. It's the first time she's really looked at him.

MARY (CONT'D)
What do you want, man?

JIMMIE
I'm sorry. That sucks.

Mary softens a little.

JIMMIE (CONT'D)
How long are you going to be here?

MARY
I don't know yet. Our flight's tomorrow so...

JIMMIE
Ok. We'll come back tomorrow then.

Jimmie nods to Montgomery who lifts the bags. Mary eyes their tools and chuckles to herself.

MARY
Great. That's nice.

They turn and walk away.

MARY (CONT'D)
In this crazy fucking city, you're still here!

68 **INT. BUS - AFTERNOON - TRAVELING**

The young men sit in the back of the bus, their colorful flowers beside them.

MONTGOMERY
You think she's gonna stay there all night?

JIMMIE
Watch bra. We'll come back and she'll be painting the windowsill.

Jimmie glances around the bus.

Loretta's former flame with the fez winks at Jimmie.

Further down, two oily street kids with white-people-dreads and camping backpacks sprawl across the seats. Their pit bull forces its snout into the girl's lap.

Jimmie's nose crinkles, as the dog sniffs her crotch with increasing fervor. The street kids don't seem to notice.

A group of people shuffle off and on the bus.

BRENDA (O.S.)
 (into phone)
 Vikki, yes I know what time those meetings start. I'm 23 years clean, I'm the speaker, okay? I...oh my, Vikki Imma call you right back-

Brenda drops her phone and jumps towards Jimmie. He stands to hug her, surprised.

BRENDA (CONT'D)
 Jayboe!- Sir, could you get my phone?

JIMMIE
 Hi mom.

They hug, then sit back down across from each other.

JIMMIE (CONT'D)
 I thought you and Ron were in LA.

BRENDA
 No, I came back a few months ago. You know your little brothers been asking about you.

JIMMIE
 Oh, cool - this is my friend, Mont.

BRENDA
 Uh huh I'm Jimmie's mom, oh thank you.

Montgomery extends a hand. Brenda shakes it.

MONTGOMERY
 Pleasure to meet you, ma'am.

JIMMIE
 How long are y'all here?

BRENDA
 Oh, still seeing.

Brenda nods. A few passengers look up from their phones, puzzled by the nonchalance of the interaction.

JIMMIE

Well, we been staying at the house.
You guys could come check it out.

BRENDA

Oh, that's nice.

JIMMIE

I mean *the* house, my dad's old
house. We've been fixing it up and
stuff.

BRENDA

Ah, we'd love that. We'd love to
come over, yes.

Brenda smiles vacantly at Montgomery. He gives her an awkward
smile back. A few quiet seconds pass.

JIMMIE

Cool.

BRENDA

Well I'll call you. I got your
number.

JIMMIE

Oh, I don't have a phone?

BRENDA

Well we'll just stop by then.

A moment passes.

JIMMIE

Okay well this our stop.

BRENDA

Okay, good to see you son.

She pops up to hug him once more.

BRENDA (CONT'D)

Oh my god, you're taller than me
now.

Jimmie and Montgomery exit.

69

EXT. MONTGOMERY'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

The bus doors open. Through the fog, we slowly start to see
two worried pedestrians whisper in hushed tones as they walk
off. Mont and Jimmie look at them concerned.

69.1 At Monts house, candles, flowers, and the Greek Chorus are gathered, bleary-eyed and dejected on their slab of concrete.

They avoid eye contact with one another, trying to mask their tears. Their matching necklaces hold freshly laminated photos of Kofi with the caption "RIP KOFI."

Jimmie and Montgomery freeze. They stare at the Greek Chorus, first in shocked confusion, then in horror.

JIMMIE

What the fuck? What happened?

Nobody answers.

JIMMIE

What fucking happened?

GUNNA

They shot bra.

JIMMIE

What? Who?...Who?!

GUNNA

Some niggas, man.

JIMMIE

For what?

GUNNA

He tried to buff em out.

JIMMIE

For what?

STUNNA

What's with all the questions bra?

JIMMIE

I just...I don't get it. We just seen y'all-

STUNNA

And nigga?

JIMMIE

And I don't fuckin get it.

STUNNA

Then get on bra.

JIMMIE

No, what the fuck? It's my friend too!

Stunna approaches Jimmie; eyes angry. Jimmie tenses up, protectively.

Stunna wraps Jimmie into a hug so hard the flower bag falls out of Jimmie's hand. Jimmie stares off, expressionless.

70

INT. MONTGOMERY'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Jimmie and Montgomery sit on the couch, lifeless. Grandpa sits facing the open window where mourners can be heard.

GRANDPA

That poor boy. And his mother-

A moment passes.

GRANDPA

I'm sorry Jimmie...

They look to Grandpa, their bodies frozen.

GRANDPA

I hope I never made you feel like you weren't welcome here.

Jimmie's brow furrows, confused.

JIMMIE

No, I never felt like that.

GRANDPA

Cause wherever you been, you don't have to tell me, but you two just stick together.

JIMMIE

Of course Mr. Allen.

Mont and Jimmie look at each other.

GRANDPA

'Cause I won't always be here.

MONTGOMERY

Grandpa...

JIMMIE

Mr. Allen, don't worry about us.

They wrap their arms around Grandpa.

GRANDPA
Ok. Alright. I'm fine.

71 **INT/EXT. MONTGOMERY'S BEDROOM - DUSK**

Through the window, we see Nitty under the foggy streetlight. He stands spiritlessly on his slab.

Beside him, a trail of dark soil from Jimmie's flower bag lays tossed like an arching brushstroke. Nothing can be heard but the loud thrum of crickets.

71.1 Montgomery sits in his bed looking out at Nitty stand alone. Jimmie sits on the floor where his cot once was.

WANDA (V.O.)
We're listening to the sounds of crickets behind Bill and Sue Selby's home. Something cozy about them - let's listen in.

The crickets continue.

Jimmie turns to Montgomery.

Mont scrolls through his phone, looking at the RIP messages on Kofi's wall.

Mont turns to Jimmie.

MONTGOMERY
I was writing a play about him, you know.

JIMMIE
You don't have to stop now...

Mont nods to Jimmie.

JIMMIE (CONT'D)
I know it sounds weird, but I feel like that coulda been me...if not for the house.

MONTGOMERY
You a funny motherfucker Jimmie.

JIMMIE
Man. I wanna go home.

Mont looks out the window.

Nitty stands alone on the corner by the vigil, alone.

Music begins as-

72 **MONTAGE: HUNTERS POINT**

INT. GUNNA'S HOUSE - In the late evening, Gunna consoles his son, Darrel, as he tucks him into bed.

72.1 **INT. BOBBY'S CAR** - In the dead of night, Bobby plays solitaire as he listens to the radio. His girlfriend smokes.

72.2 **INT. PREACHER'S HOME** - In the early hours of the morning, the Preacher adjusts his bow tie in front of the mirror.

72.3 **EXT. HP SHIPYARDS** - The Preacher walks down a desolate street under an orange sky. He places his soap box in the middle of the frame. He steps on top, takes a deep breath, and just as he opens his mouth-

73 **EXT. "THE HOUSE" - MORNING**

JIMMIE

FUCK!

Jimmie and Montgomery stand on the sidewalk in front of "The House" which is now littered with his grandpa's furniture. Every last piece from inside lies scattered on the concrete, like tossed trash from a spurned lover.

Jimmie lifts a broken chair, a few shattered splinters barely hold it together.

MONTGOMERY

Oh god.

Jimmie mechanically starts problem-solving, collecting dewy cushions from the sidewalk and tossing them on the couch.

JIMMIE

How'd she toss all our shit?

He lifts the last cushion to find his cigarette-dispenser broken. He clutches its remains in his hand.

MONTGOMERY

I don't think it was her...

Jimmie follows Montgomery's worried gaze to a "FOR SALE" sign with Clayton's face printed on it, smiling back at him.

JIMMIE
Fucking...Traitor...

He storms over and kicks the sign with all his might.
Pamphlets fly everywhere.

He stares at the advertisement. Something in him changes.

JIMMIE
Okay... Okay...

He turns back to the strewn furniture and yanks open a
toppled set of drawers and pulls out a dark burgundy suit.

Jimmie starts off. Montgomery follows.

JIMMIE
Could you stay and watch the shit?

Jimmie drops his board and skates off like a cowboy.
Montgomery turns to the orphaned property.

He leans down to right a lamp and notices a tossed pamphlet.

He picks it up and inspects it. His brow furrows.

74

INT. SAN FRANCISCO BANK - AFTERNOON

Jimmie sits antsy, wearing the burgundy suit that was clearly
tailored to the larger figure of his grandfather. He taps his
shoes against the cold marble and looks across at a Latino
man in a J.C. Penney suit hammering away at a keyboard.

BANKER (O.S.)
Sorry, how can I help you today?

JIMMIE
I want to buy a house.

BANKER
A house! That's exciting. Are you
working with an agent?

JIMMIE
No, do I need to?

BANKER
No, not necessarily. Do you have a
price range in mind?

JIMMIE
I have a house in mind.

BANKER

Huh, okay. And it's on the market,
I assume? How much are they asking?

JIMMIE

At least 4 million.

BANKER

Ok and how much would you be
willing to put down?

JIMMIE

How much is usual?

BANKER

Well, typically we'd be looking to
secure at least 20%.

JIMMIE

I wouldn't have that.

BANKER

Sure that's understandable. It's
going to be hard to land a place
like that but suppose I asked
instead - how much do you make per -

JIMMIE

No no look, I get it. You're gonna
type up all the answers I say and
none of 'em are going to work in my
favor. I'm young, I'm black, I'm
not rich. I came here knowing all
that. But let's be real - you also
got a quota to meet. I'm not
calling you a *predator*-

BANKER

(interrupting)
Sir. That's not how this works-

JIMMIE

-but you're trying to make *your*
money. So let me help you do
that... Give me whatever deal
you gotta give me. I don't care
what it is. Cuz unlike all the
other people that default, this
is the only house I'll ever
want. So I'll never miss a
monthly bill. Ever-

BANKER

(interrupting)
No I understand you feel that
sir but-

JIMMIE

Give me your highest interest
rate. Fuck me. You don't even
have to feel bad. Cuz I'm going
to pay back every single cent.

75

INT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - DUSK

CLAYTON

OK OK you got me. YOU WIN! You charming bastard.

Clayton fake-laughs into his phone and looks over to Montgomery, who sits across from him. Montgomery's eyes wander anxiously around the messy office. Clayton hangs up.

CLAYTON

How's it going man?

MONTGOMERY

Fine sir. I noticed the house we'd discussed is now for sale.

Clayton leans back his seat, his eyes narrow.

MONTGOMERY

There were some alarming things in your literature I thought you might want to know. And certainly the Bureau of Real Estate would.

CLAYTON

Uh huh...

Montgomery steadies his shaking hand, and raises the pamphlet.

MONTGOMERY

This says the property has a view of the Golden Gate? Which I don't think is true, well it isn't.

Clayton's brow furrows.

MONTGOMERY

It also claims to have all original "fixtures, floors and faucets".

Clayton nods slowly.

MONTGOMERY

And are you planning on disclosing there's no septic Fresh? So any day now, the garden could be flooded with...shit.

CLAYTON

Where's this going man?

MONTGOMERY

Well, together this seems like false advertising, which is grounds to void a sale. Potentially revoke a license. Perhaps it isn't worth it to you to take this on.

CLAYTON

I thought it might've been you guys.

MONTGOMERY

Excuse me?

CLAYTON

What's your deal man?

MONTGOMERY

I don't have a deal.

CLAYTON

Look, someone else on this floor would've got it if it wasn't me...at least I'm from here, right?

Montgomery tries his best to stare down Clayton, and hide his nervous hands under the table.

CLAYTON

I put your stuff on the street. I could've had it trucked off but I left it out for you guys.

MONTGOMERY

I'm serious. I will report you.

CLAYTON

For what? Listing a view of the bridge? And fixtures? I literally copy pasted that shit. Go ahead.

MONTGOMERY

Well you're lying about the history of the house. You're saying here it's 100 years older than it actually is.

CLAYTON

No I'm not?

MONTGOMERY

Yes, you are. James Falls built this house in 1946.

CLAYTON

James who?

Clayton goes into his desk. He pulls out a photocopy of a very old document.

CLAYTON

What are you talking about? 1857.
Architect's Gil-hoo-ley- some shit.

All oxygen leaves Montgomery's lungs.

CLAYTON

Look, if you need a week to find
somewhere else, then take it. But
don't try to pull some squatters
rights shit on me, man.

Clayton tosses Jimmie's electric bill across the table.

CLAYTON

I know your name. I don't want to
call the cops. I don't want to do
that to you.

Montgomery stares at Clayton, shell-shocked.

76

EXT. "THE HOUSE" - NIGHT

Montgomery arrives home to find the furniture is gone. All that remains is the couch, upside-down. Mont climbs over it and looks up.

Jimmie sits like a gargoyle on the front porch rail above - soaked in sweat. He tranquilly smokes.

Montgomery climbs the last step. He studies Jimmie.

MONTGOMERY

Where'd you go?

JIMMIE

Doesn't even matter bra. I got
everything inside... except the
couch. Shit fell on me.

Jimmie laughs darkly. Montgomery looks concerned.

MONTGOMERY

Jim, I spoke to the realtor-

JIMMIE

Fuck that guy.

MONTGOMERY

Yeah well he's gonna keep throwing us out. And eventually call the cops.

Jimmie shakes his head, stewing.

MONTGOMERY (CONT'D)

I don't know how much longer we can keep doing this.

JIMMIE

I understand if you can't, but I'm not leaving bro.

MONTGOMERY

Jimmie, he said your-

JIMMIE

Where else am I gonna go? My dads in an SRO. My aunt's out in bumfuck. My mom...I don't even know where my mom is. I'm not leaving. I'm the last one left.

MONTGOMERY

We have my house-

JIMMIE

I can't go back there bro.

Mont starts to cry.

JIMMIE (CONT'D)

Bro...don't cry...this house, this is what I do. It's what WE do. Shit, you said it - who deserves to be here more than us? Right? This place is ours. We can't just give up now. We gotta fight, right?

Mont wipes away his tears and tries to force a smile.

JIMMIE (CONT'D)

Right?

Mont nods, a cancerous lump in his throat.

MONTGOMERY

Yeah...yeah, you're right. I'm with you Jim.

Jimmie nods appreciatively at Mont and looks away.

Mont stares at Jimmie long and hard. An idea begins to brew.

77 **INT. "THE HOUSE" DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

Montgomery scribbles furiously into a notepad. He rips out the sheet, places it onto a growing stack, and cracks his back.

The pocket doors slide open behind him.

JIMMIE (O.S.)
Oh shit. You're writing?!

Mont turns to see Jimmie in his doorway. Mont nods solemnly.

MONTGOMERY
It's a play. I'd like to put it on here in a week. If that's alright?

JIMMIE
Fuck yeah. Get it bra!

Jimmie exits. Montgomery turns back to his opus.

A soulful voice begins singing Scott McKenzie's "If You're Going to San Francisco."

78 **MONTAGE: A CREATION**

EXT. HAIGHT ST. - Mike Marshall croons for passing tourists.

78.1 **INT. "THE HOUSE" DINING ROOM** - Montgomery sits at a sewing machine stitching together two different t-shirts.

78.2 **EXT. "THE HOUSE" FRONT STAIRWELL** - Jimmie discovers a new realtor sign affixed to the front gate. He tears it down.

Mont watches from the top of the stairs, worried.

78.3 **EXT. HP SHIPYARDS** - Montgomery hands a flier for his play to the preacher, who sits on his box eating a sandwich.

78.4 **EXT. "THE HOUSE" NEIGHBORHOOD** - Jimmie hands fliers to white neighbors, calling out to them like a carnie.

78.5 **INT. "THE HOUSE" CORNER OF A ROOM** - Montgomery finds Jimmie with a hammer in hand, sleeping. He pulls a blanket on him.

78.6 **EXT. HP BAY** - Montgomery shouts lines, leaping from one side of his boat to the other. He rehearses with himself, as if playing opposing characters in a scene.

78.7 **EXT. "THE HOUSE" SIDE ALLEY** - Jimmie looks up from his gardening to see a pair of drones flying overhead.

78.8 **INT. "THE HOUSE" BUTLER'S STAIR** - Montgomery watches Jimmie with troubled eyes, as Jimmie lacquers the step. A script drops. He grabs it and looks up at Montgomery above.

JIMMIE

Damn, you wrote all this?

MONTGOMERY

There's more...but I'd rather you see that in person.

78.9 **EXT. HAIGHT ST.** - Montgomery stands intrigued watching Mike Marshall sing his heart out. A man on a monowheel zips past.

79 **INT. "THE HOUSE" ATTIC - MORNING**

Velvet curtains frame white text projected on the back wall. The text recalls Old Hollywood posters:

THE LAST BLACK MAN IN SAN FRANCISCO

a Stage Play by Montgomery Allen

As the acapella voices compete for the last note, we pull back to see chairs now arranged in precise rows.

DING DONG.

JIMMIE (O.S.)

Montgomery?

DING-DONG-DING-DONG!

JIMMIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Shit. Hella fucking early.

Jimmie carries us down the stairs towards the front door. The house looks better than it ever has, in near museum condition.

80 **INT/EXT. "THE HOUSE" MULTIPLE ROOMS - MORNING - CONTINUOUS**

Through stained glass with a crest of a "T," we see Jimmie's dad standing in the doorway. He's wearing his nice clothes: a roomy green suit and a Stetson hat.

Jimmie opes the door.

JAMES SR.

Why you dressed up like a whiteboy?

Jimmie looks down at his regular outfit. James Sr. can see he caught his son off guard and pivots.

JAMES SR.

Oh, it's for your little show, huh?

JIMMIE

Uh, yeah.

He looks past Jimmie and makes his way inside for the first time in years.

JAMES SR.

Man.

He peaks in the parlor, nodding to himself as he struts, aided by his cane.

Montgomery emerges from the basement with a chair, upholstery still ripped from having been tossed on the sidewalk.

JAMES SR.

You mess up my daddy's chair, *Mont-gum-ery?*

MONTGOMERY

Oh, no sir. We're, was a...

Montgomery looks to Jimmie for help.

JAMES SR.

You got stage fright huh?

James Sr. passes Montgomery, patting his shoulder.

JAMES SR.

I don't care about the chair, son.

He walks down the hall and sits down at the organ. He yanks a few knobs and begins playing something resembling *Bootsy Collins' "I'd Rather Be With You."* He stops and smiles.

JAMES SR.

My daddy hated when I played that shit.

81

INT. "THE HOUSE" MAIN STAIRCASE - MORNING - MOMENTS LATER

James Sr. sits, studying the staircase railing. He runs his cane across the wood.

Below, Mont welcomes in Tim Ellory and his wife, holding a flier. The couple make their way upstairs, taking a moment to drink in the home they've only ever seen from outside.

JAMES SR.

Come on in, don't be shy. His grandpa built this. Not bad for a black man huh?

TIM ELLORY

Oh no, very good, very good.

James Sr. chuckles proudly as the couple passes.

JIMMIE

I guess you're not so worried anymore huh?

JAMES SR.

Na, you still an idiot. But you're my idiot-

James turns to another group admiring the architecture as they pass.

JAMES SR.

Crazy part is we don't work here, this is ours. But we're hiring help, applications upstairs, go on ahead.

James Sr. chuckles to his son.

JIMMIE

I honestly didn't think you would come.

JAMES SR.

Yeah well at my age, a trip like this-

(he taps his heart)

Figured I should come see how this was all working out though. I know you think I be getting mad just to get mad, but I got my reasons.

A moment passes.

James Sr.'s eyes float to the front hall below. Jimmie turns to follow his gaze.

Wanda stands looking at a framed photo she gave Jimmie. In it, Grandpa Fails theatrically holds a hammer for camera by the front step.

Wanda looks up. She sees the men and inhales deeply.

WANDA
Well...the two James'.

JAMES SR.
(lifting himself)
Ahh, Miss Wa-Wa! How you doing
little sis?

Wanda ascends the staircase.

WANDA
Fine - you look good James.

JAMES SR.
(laughs)
Oh, you know me.

JIMMIE
What about me?

WANDA
You too, sweetie.

She reaches them and scoops the men into a hug. In his family's arms, Jimmie melts.

MONTGOMERY (O.S.)
Curtain's up in 10!

Nobody moves.

82 **INT. "THE HOUSE" ATTIC - AFTERNOON**

An eclectic audience fills the makeshift theatre. Wanda introduces herself to Andy Roy and Gunna; Tim Ellory pontificates to Bobby who think he's kidding; the hand dancer teaches Gunna's children air guitar. New faces fill the gaps between those we've met.

The audience falls silent as the lights drop. The curtains creep open to reveal an eerie blue spotlight on Montgomery.

He stands in profile, dressed exactly like Kofi - oversized t-shirt, Jordans and fake ducktails in his hair.

Behind him, a diorama of his street in Hunters Point. Soft sounds of the harbor play from a speaker.

Montgomery suddenly springs to life.

MONTGOMERY (AS KOFI)
 What Imma hit you for, you my
 folks!

Montgomery flips 180 degrees, revealing he's in two-face. The second half of his costume is a replica of Nitty.

MONTGOMERY (AS NITTY)
 Alright alright, but I cant have
 soft niggas around me breh. Hit me.

Montgomery flips 180 degrees back to "Kofi's" profile.

MONTGOMERY (AS KOFI)
 For what bro? For what?

Montgomery flips to Nitty.

MONTGOMERY (AS NITTY)
 Hit me nigga! Man up!

Jimmie enters dressed as Death, a long black robe ends at his white skeletal make-up. He slips behind a bush, then a mailbox, ever closer.

MONTGOMERY (AS KOFI)
 No bra!

MONTGOMERY (AS NITTY)
 You SOFT breh. They gone call you a
 bitch at your funeral! Hit me!

Kofi erupts, wailing at the air wildly.

MONTGOMERY (AS KOFI)
 AhhhhhhHHHHHHHHH!

BOBBY
 He cold.

He turns to face the crowd in two-face.

Lights drop on HP, leaving Kofi alone in the spotlight.

MONTGOMERY (AS KOFI)
 Alright, yeah nigga! I don't give a
 fuck! Come see me! Who hiding out
 there? Man up!

Jimmie runs up, raises a finger gun. BANG! - The audience jumps at the sound effect and white strobe flash. BANG! - Another flash. They disappear.

DARKNESS.

The audience is hushed, all breath taken out of the room.

MONTGOMERY (O.S.)
No words. No words...Please send e-hugs.

A projection appears, crisp white text against the black:

*"No words. No words. Please send e-hugs.
 #KOFIWORLD [world emoji]"*

MONTGOMERY (O.S.)
 Hazel Greene. 135 likes.

The text disappears with a click. Then another:

*"Just smoked w you the other day. Crazy.
 [smoking hand emoji]"*

MONTGOMERY (O.S.)
*Just smoked with you the other day.
 Crazy. - John Bishop. 206 likes. 10
 shares.*

As another slide appears, we pull wide to see Montgomery is now dressed like the street Preacher.

MONTGOMERY (AS PREACHER)
 Are these the people that knew
 Kofi?

The low solemn voices of a black male choir rise.

MONTGOMERY (AS PREACHER)
 Got yelled at by my bitch boss for
 being late. Sorry theres no timer
 for grief! Thinking of you always,
 Koofi - Leah Tanaka. 320 likes.

The next text appears.

MONTGOMERY (AS PREACHER)
 (shouting)
*Man, can't beLIEVE we lost my bra.
 BUT you wouldn't want me to be sad
 Ko', so I put my PAIN into my
 MUSIC!! MAKE sure y'all LIKE the
 post!! - Rrrrodney Tuck.*

The curtains widen to reveal that the choir is made up of all the street musicians we've met throughout the film.

MONTGOMERY (AS PREACHER)
 (top of his lungs)
 Mr. Tuck MOVED to FLORIDA 10 years ago. They share ONE mutual friend. His post links to a song called "NETFLIX AND PILLS." ARE THESE THE PEOPLE THAT KNEW KOFI?

More Facebook posts appear on screen, flicking on and off too fast to fully read. The choir softens into a funereal hum.

Montgomery steps forward, slowly making eye contact with each person in the room as the house lights fade up on them.

In the audience, the Preacher looks touched.

MONTGOMERY (AS PREACHER)
 Kofi had more dimensions than a POST could reflect. Or a PLAY could capture. So I summon YOU. Celebrate the life he lived, not through those who SPEAK loudest, but by the memories he LEFT US ALL- MA'AM!!!

Montgomery points to Loretta. His voice softens.

MONTGOMERY (AS PREACHER)
 - how will you remember Kofi?

Loretta hesitates for a moment, unsure of whether or not to speak. Montgomery nods encouragingly and Loretta stands.

LORETTA
 Kofi was a good kid. He used to walk my niece home when she first moved out here. He kept his hands to himself. He was always a little gentleman. I wish he'd had more time-

Loretta's eyes begin to tear as she looks at her sons. Unable to continue, she takes a seat.

MONTGOMERY (AS PREACHER)
 And what about you, sir?

Montgomery points to Andy Roy. Andy stands, wipes his face.

ANDY ROY
 Kofi, man? On a board, he was a natural. A lotta people gotta work for it but he had it. He'd like olley the Gonz gap. He'll be missed.

Montgomery nods and turns to Tim Ellory, who blushes.

TIM ELLORY

Oh I, I never knew him.

Montgomery turns to Wanda beside him. She regretfully shakes her head as well. Montgomery turns to his Grandpa.

MONTGOMERY (AS PREACHER)

And you, Grandpa Allen?

Bobby nudges Grandpa to alert him. He's already aware.

GRANDPA

Well, I coached Kofi in Pop Warner. He'd stay behind to help me pack up every day, never made a fuss. Only boy who ever did that.

MONTGOMERY (AS PREACHER)

And you, my friend?

Montgomery points at Jimmie, who has snuck into the middle of the audience. Jimmie stands.

JIMMIE

My last memory of Kofi is him talking shit to me. He said some of most fucked up shit anybody ever said to me. But Kofi also got jumped for defending me from older kids at our group home. He didn't like to fight and he fought for me then. People aren't one thing.

MONTGOMERY (AS PREACHER)

THAT. All of it!

Montgomery turns to his congregation, smiling proudly.

MONTGOMERY (AS PREACHER)

What would've happened if Kofi *had* the chance to show himself? All forms of himself?

Nobody answers.

MONTGOMERY (AS PREACHER)

The world had a box for him. And he never pushed beyond it.

(scans the walls)

(MORE)

MONTGOMERY (AS PREACHER) (CONT'D)
 Perhaps...if Kofi had grown up just
 a few neighborhoods over - he
 could've been gentle. And proud to
 have been that.

FRESH starts to tear up.

MONTGOMERY (AS PREACHER)
 But we aren't gathered here solely
 to mourn. Let us break the boxes.

Montgomery bangs his fist against the newly painted wall.

MONTGOMERY (AS PREACHER)
 Let us give each other the courage
 to SEE and BE SEEN.

He points at Loretta.

MONTGOMERY (AS PREACHER)
 YOU - Robin Hood of sweets!

He points at Wanda's husband, Ricky.

MONTGOMERY (AS PREACHER)
 YOU - once-jailed activist!

He whips a finger up at Jimmie.

MONTGOMERY (AS PREACHER)
 And YOU! You, Jimmie, are what is
 great about this city! You're a
 fantastic human. A great friend.

Jimmie self-consciously shifts as people look at him.

MONTGOMERY (AS PREACHER)
 We're here in this reborn relic
 because of what this man has done!

From Jimmie's expression we can see Montgomery is off-script.

MONTGOMERY (AS PREACHER)
 Let us see him now. Self-taught
 historian, carpenter, master
 decorator, working class hero,
 lover of lost San Francisco, friend
 to all friends. YOU. You are seen.
 Let us really look at Jimmie Fails
 the Third.

The color drains from Jimmie's face as those who haven't
 already turned to look at him shift in their seats.

MONTGOMERY (AS PREACHER)
 And we don't NEED any of this to
 see you. This, our little
 tabernacle, is but a place to
 congregate today. BUT tomorrow,
 you, YOU EXIST beyond these walls
 of your forefathers.

He slams his hands against the walls, cracking the wood. The
 whole audience jumps. Jimmie's jaw hardens.

Montgomery smiles warmly at Jimmie as he approaches him.

MONTGOMERY (AS PREACHER)
 You exist! In every form of
 yourself! You - you are not this
 floor!

Montgomery lifts the chair Jimmie just fixed and pounds it to
 the floor for effect. Its leg breaks, rattling Montgomery.

JIMMIE
 Bra, what are you doing?

Montgomery freezes, panting.

MONTGOMERY (AS PREACHER)
 You are not this house, Jimmie.
 And, and, it's time YOU KNOW.

JIMMIE
 I don't need to know, let's stop.

James Sr.'s jaw clenches.

MONTGOMERY (AS PREACHER)
 You extend beyond these wa-

JIMMIE
 Alright bra, enough.

MONTGOMERY (AS PREACHER)
 Jimmie you don't need-

JIMMIE
 BRO. STOP-

MONTGOMERY (AS PREACHER)
 YOUR GRANDPA DIDN'T BUILD THIS
 HOUSE.

Silence.

Jimmie stares at Montgomery.

JIMMIE
Yes he did. He built this house.

MONTGOMERY
Jim, he didn't.

JIMMIE
He fucking did. How you gone tell me?

MONTGOMERY
I saw the deed.

Jimmie looks to everyone, embarrassed. He turns back to Mont.

JIMMIE
You don't get it...I'm not fucking great.

Montgomery studies him, confused.

JIMMIE
Get outta here Mont.

Montgomery's confusion turns to shock.

JIMMIE
I'm not any of those things! Get out of my house.

Jimmie marches out of the room. Chairs squeak as others begin to rise slowly. Montgomery stands there, listless.

83 **INT./EXT. "THE HOUSE" MASTER BEDROOM - AFTERNOON**

Jimmie sits in the bay window watching the crowd spill out onto the street.

James Sr. enters and playfully puts his dukes up to Jimmie. He softly faux-jabs Jimmie's chin. Jimmie doesn't laugh.

JAMES SR.
What, you in here watching TV?

James' gaze follows Jimmies to the people outside.

JAMES SR.
Man, they don't deserve to be in here anyway.

JIMMIE
Neither do we.

James Sr. sucks his teeth and starts to roll a cigarette.

JAMES SR.

You gone really let some ol' other
ass nigga tell you what's true?
C'mon Jayboe, get your spine up,
son. Have some pride.

James Sr. smiles. Jimmie doesn't.

Jimmie finally turns to him. He looks him in the eyes,
searching.

JIMMIE

I been knowing.
(beat)
But you say it.

Jimmie studies his father. A range of emotions flash over
James Sr.'s face.

JAMES SR.

Say what?

JIMMIE

The truth, I been knowing. This
whole time. I'm a liar just like
you. Now you say it.

James looks at his son, naked.

JAMES SR.

Fuck outta here, man.

JIMMIE

Say it.

After a moment, James Sr. lifts himself and passes his son.
He staggers down the steps, walks towards the front door and
pulls out the cigarette, his hands trembling. He lights it
with the same motion Jimmie does, and opens the door to a
strong wind. He exits.

84

EXT. "THE HOUSE" - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

James Sr. clutches the collar of his coat, bracing for the
wind. Jimmie looks on from the window above.

The last parcel of life has left the house. Its emptiness
heightens its magnificence.

85 **INT. "THE HOUSE" MULTIPLE ROOMS - AFTERNOON**

Through archways, windows, and door frames - we see Jimmie trapped between the walls that once gave him freedom:

Jimmie skates through the deserted house, his face expressionless. Down the hallway, into the kitchen, back into the parlor, and round the hallway again.

Jimmie stops skating, picks up his board, and sends it crashing into the door frame. THWACK. He screams as he swings it harder. On impact, WE CUT TO:

86 **INT. "THE HOUSE" DINING ROOM - AFTERNOON**

Jimmie sits, cradling the two splintery halves of his board. Montgomery's unfinished room stares back at him: tools and rigs sit awkwardly on the ornate shelving.

SQUEAK. The gate outside swings shut. Jimmie turns his head.

87 **INT/EXT. "THE HOUSE" MULTIPLE ROOMS & BACKYARD - AFTERNOON**

Jimmie walks down the long hallway, ears piqued - he can hear footsteps in the brush. He arrives at the back door.

Wanda is leaned over something in the backyard.

WANDA

This is the sound of my hands
through - well I guess these are
asters now? Used to be tulips.

Jimmie watches his Aunt take a deep breath.

JIMMIE

(whispering)
Auntie.

She turns to see him, bleary-eyed and dejected.

88 **EXT. "THE HOUSE" BACKYARD - AFTERNOON - MOMENTS LATER**

Wanda and Jimmie sit in silence in the yard.

JIMMIE

(softly)
I been telling people he built it
so long I almost forgot it wasn't
true.

Jimmie's barely has any voice left.

WANDA

You were telling your truth Jayboe.
You were just lying to do it.

Wanda flashes a sad smile and looks up at the house.

WANDA (CONT'D)

This was ours. And then it wasn't.
So you just tell yourself whatever
you need to feel like it still is,
right? We all did that. But you got
a chance to get out from underneath
that now.

JIMMIE

I don't want to. I just want it.

WANDA

Yeah, I know. I seen your daddy
build his whole life around that,
around some story we got told when
we were kids. Shit, I did too.
Makes you feel good. Feel special.
I don't think your grandpa even
took it that serious to be honest.
Folks back then didn't really care
if it was true or not. Just made
them happy to have something to
aspire to.

Wanda looks to Jimmie.

WANDA (CONT'D)

I'm hella proud of you though - you
almost made it real. All this work
you did. It's incredible. But you
gotta really ask yourself now if
you want that? Spend your life here
working on this. Fighting for this.
Cause you could make this place
yours, I believe you could. But if
you leave, it's not your loss, it's
San Francisco's. That's how I think
about it anyways. Fuck San
Francisco.

JIMMIE

I love you Auntie, I'm sorry.

WANDA

Well I love you and I'm not. You my little, bold, bad-ass, beautiful nephew, man.

They hug.

JIMMIE

Make all that the opening monologue for your next show.

WANDA

Psh more like the pep talk I need to keep me going out there in Antioch.

Jimmie hugs her harder.

WANDA (CONT'D)

You're always welcome out there you know.

Jimmie nods, remembering his sobering new reality.

89 **INT. "THE HOUSE" DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

Jimmie sits in a pool of gold light, deep in thought. He's surrounded by darkness.

90 **INT. BUS - SUNRISE - TRAVELING**

Jimmie sprawls across a seat, still in a meditative state. San Francisco whirs past.

Two voices cut through the rattling wheels.

BECCA (O.S.)

No - it's 5 dollars for *coffee*. Not some fancy triple foam ice-cream shit. *Coffee. Black.*

NINA (O.S.)

It's absurd.

Almost too broken to move, Jimmie turns his head a few degrees to look down the nearly empty car.

BECCA and NINA, two thirty-somethings in pencil skirts and blouses, are en route to work. Nina applies foundation, while Becca stares into her coffee, defeated.

BECCA

Yeah, but I need it, to wake up, at 5am, to trek, across town, to temp, with a masters degree. While my mom pretends NOT to freak out.

NINA

Ugh, can we go back to New York already?

BECCA

Seriously fuck this city.

JIMMIE

Excuse me-

The girls turn to Jimmie, caught off guard. He remains slumped.

JIMMIE

You don't get to hate San Francisco.

NINA

Er, soooooorry, who are you?

BECCA

Yeah, thanks dude, I'll hate what I want.

JIMMIE

Do you love it?

BECCA

I mean, it's- Yeah, I'm here. Do I have to love it, like...

JIMMIE

You don't get to hate it unless you love it.

Jimmie rocks with the train. Nina and Becca turn away.

NINA (O.S.)

Classic MUNI shit.

91

EXT. HP SHIPYARDS & HP BAY - MORNING - TRAVELING

Jimmie walks down the street, holding his broken board like a wounded warrior returning from battle. He passes the neighborhood kids playing in a pile of leaves, two women in scrubs waiting for a bus, the old man in his fez and kimono.

Jimmie reaches the dock. He looks out over the water.

Montgomery sits on his rowboat, watching life on land unfold from his usual safe distance.

He sees Jimmie. The two hold eye contact.

Montgomery collects his fishing gear and begins to paddle in.

91.1 **HP DOCK** - From Montgomery's perspective, we slop towards Jimmie standing on the dock, statuesque. We bump up and down against the chop...less...and less...until we sail smoothly to him.

Montgomery steps onto the dock and sees his broken board.

Jimmie shakes his head, avoiding eye contact.

MONTGOMERY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I did that, Jim. It was a stupid play.

JIMMIE

No it wasn't. I'm sorry I didn't tell you the truth. I just wanted it to be true, it felt so good, you know.

MONTGOMERY

That's okay-

Jimmie hugs him tight.

Montgomery hugs him back.

MONTGOMERY

Jimmie. You hungry?

JIMMIE

Yeah. Starving.

92 **EXT. MONTGOMERY'S HOUSE - MORNING**

Jimmie and Mont walk towards the house. Mont's finger through the gill of a fish he's caught. None of the Greek Chorus are around, only burnt candles, empty bottles and dead flowers.

93 **INT. MONTGOMERY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Jimmie, Montgomery and Grandpa watch an old movie. Montgomery rapt by the tension, explains the plot to Grandpa, who looks glad to have his boys back. He squeezes Montgomery's arm.

94 **INT. MONTGOMERY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Jimmie watches Montgomery, who stands in the bathtub in undies and boots. He whistles as he scrapes the scales off a petrale.

JIMMIE

Why are you in your tightie
whities?

MONTGOMERY

I'm cleaning fish.

Jimmie smiles and begins chuckling. It's as if Montgomery's quirks were put on earth for him alone to enjoy.

95 **INT. MONTGOMERY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Jimmie grabs his cot from under the bed and rolls it out. Mont whispers goodnight to a drawing of his mom on the wall.

Jimmie stares at the ceiling, then at Montgomery. He watches his friend sleep, at peace. Jimmie's eyes float to the painting above Montgomery's head:

A boat struggles against the chop of the San Francisco Bay.

96 **INT. MONTGOMERY'S BEDROOM - MORNING**

Montgomery wakes, one side of his hair flattened from the pillow. He sits up to find Jimmie's cot rolled up.

97 **INT. MONTGOMERY'S LIVING ROOM & KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

Montgomery walks into the living room. Grandpa lies asleep on the recliner under a blanket. Montgomery shuts off the TV.

He enters the kitchen and finds a flier folded in half.

Below the play's header, "THE LAST BLACK MAN IN SAN FRANCISCO," is "MONTGOMERY" in beautiful handwriting. Montgomery takes a seat and opens the flyer. It reads:

"I'M SORRY I DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO SAY GOODBYE. THANK YOU FOR BEING MY BEST FRIEND."

97.1 Montgomery stares down at the card and then out the window.

With the twinkling harp-plucks of *Sam Cooke's "DEEP RIVER,"* we push towards the window. The song rises as we see that Mont's red rowboat is gone. Montgomery looks out at the Bay.

98 **MONTAGE: DEEP RIVER**

EXT. BUS STOP - Montgomery sits at a bus stop, mumbling to himself as he waits patiently.

98.1 **INT. GROCERY STORE** - Montgomery, the last black man in San Francisco, stands behind the fish counter. He stares, eyes slightly out of focus, at the rows of dead fish on ice.

98.2 **INT. BUS** - Montgomery sits on the bus, staring out.

98.3 **EXT. THE BAY** - We glide over deep water and slowly tilt up to find Jimmie, rowing against the chop like Montgomery's painting. Freedom, fear, and determination fill his face.

98.4 **EXT. "THE HOUSE"** - Montgomery stares up at the now lifeless house from across the street. Stripped of its molding and intricate detail, the renovated facade now boasts a two car garage beneath it.

98.5 **INT. "THE HOUSE" PARLOR & FRONT HALLWAY** - Young couples pass between rooms, whispering in hushed tones. Montgomery floats past them like a ghost. The house is staged for purchase: an Ikea couch, reclaimed wood table, cardboard books and wax fruit.

Montgomery picks up a fake fruit and stares at it in his hand. He glances into the library with a purposeful look.

98.6 **INT. "THE HOUSE" LIBRARY** - A couple inspects the built-in bookcases, failing to notice one of the shelves behind them slowly creak open and reveal a shadowy cavity.

From the darkness, out leaps a dust-covered Montgomery, fingers gnarled like a vengeful ghost! Just before they can scream-

99 **EXT. HP SHIPYARDS / HP DOCK - DUSK**

Montgomery dangles his feet over the edge of the dock. The faint sounds of sirens blare somewhere far away.

Behind him, a candlelit vigil makes its way past his house with signs reading RIP KOFI. They cast flickering gold shadows onto Montgomery's reflection in the water. He stares out at the Bay as the incoming mist begins to fog his view.

END.