

Scene I

CISSY

But Leon wants no part of that, as SHARON "CISSY" SAINT (39), not to be messed with, pulls up in her old car.

CISSY

What I tell you about having them little roaches on my lawn?

FRANKLIN

Leon says wassup.

CISSY

I don't have two words for that jailbird. Police come by here they will scoop you up with the rest of those low lifes.

(hands him the car keys)

Groceries are in the trunk.

As Cissy heads towards the house, BRIEFCASE in hand --

INT. FRANKLIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

In THE KITCHEN, Franklin puts the groceries away. Cissy sits at the kitchen table, takes off her shoes, relaxes her toes.

CISSY

You work today?

FRANKLIN

Tommorrow. I told Cho I wasn't coming. Went up there this morning.

CISSY

You hear yourself? How can you have the nerve to tell the man to his face when you want to work at his business? Are you out of your cowboy mind?

FRANKLIN

He was cool with it Momma. Not a big deal. I got it like that with Cho.

CISSY

You need a real job. Not standing around in a Korean liquor store moving boxes. Why don't you go fill out some applications at Thrifty's or Boys Market? Do the same thing there and make more money. Or take ya ass back to college. Be different Franklin, not the same as errbody else out here.

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~~START~~

SNOW FALL

The phone rings, she answers.

> CISSY
 (proper voice)
 Yes, sir. I'm stopping by the
 Crenshaw property first, and if 108
 doesn't have rent, I'm serving him
 with an eviction notice today.
 (beat)
 Don't worry, I'll have a new tenant
 in there within a week, one who
 pays on time. It's my pleasure,
 Mr. Tulfowitz.

She hangs up, looks at Franklin. He's smiling.

> CISSY
 You laughing at my white phone voice?

FRANKLIN
 Yeah... how's Mr. Tow treating you?

> CISSY
 It's alright... he betta make good
 on his promise to let me manage
 some of those properties on the
 Westside. Then we can live close
 to the beach.

FRANKLIN
 You sure he's gonna come through
 Momma?

> CISSY
 (not sure)
 We'll see.

FRANKLIN
 I want to see you happy, Momma.

> CISSY
 Watching you do better than me in
 life..that's what I want. Make
 that happen, Franklin.

WE FOLLOW Cissy into HER BEDROOM, where she pulls her REVOLVER from her briefcase and puts it in her bedside dresser, looks up in the mirror at herself, takes a breath, then walks into...

THE BATHROOM, where she clicks her radio on Bobby Womack's "That's the Way I Feel About Ya". She starts bath water, lights candles, four sticks of Jamaican incense. Time to relax.

END

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Cissy Scene 13. II

~~IN FRANKLIN'S ROOM, he sits on the edge of his bed and begins playing ATARI 2600 ASTEROIDS. He glances up at his closet.~~

~~BACK IN THE BATHROOM, Cissy sits on the edge of the steaming tub in her robe, rolling a joint. She admires it when finished, then puts in her mouth, leans into a burning candle and lights it.~~

INT. FRANKLIN'S BEDROOM - NEXT DAY

TOPENS
Franklin pulls a SHOEBOX from the top of his closet, opens it, revealing a BAG OF WEED. He pulls out a handful and places it on a TRIPLE-BEAM SCALE, measures out 28 grams, then puts the weed in a baggie. He closes the SHOE BOX, places it back, then drops down. Knock at his door.

FRANKLIN

Yeah Momma?

Cissy pokes her head in.

CISSY

I'm headed out. What's wrong with you? Clean this room. Cold breakfast. Don't mess the kitchen up. I'm cooking tonight.

She leaves. Franklin sighs in relief.

STOP!

~~EXT. FRANKLIN'S HOUSE - DAY~~

~~Franklin exits his house, BOWL OF CEREAL in hand. Sits on the porch, starts eating. Across the street, one house to the right, he clocks --~~

~~MELODY WRIGHT, 16, face of an angel. She sits on her porch, painting her toes. She and Franklin lock eyes, she smiles, Franklin nods at her. Melody looks over her shoulder towards her screen door, then back to Franklin. Leon comes up the street. Clocks Franklin then Melody....~~

~~LEON~~

~~What's up Melody! Cutie pie ain't you?!~~

~~ANDRE WRIGHT, forty-five, built like a brick wall, steps out of his house.~~

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