

Smokey : Why you not goin' to work?

Craig Jones : I got fired yesterday.

Smokey : No shit? I thought you had the day off yesterday.

Craig Jones : I did. I went in to pick up my check, came home, my supervisor called me about four o'clock, told me he got me on tape stealing boxes.

Smokey : The fuck you stealing boxes for? What you trying to build, a clubhouse?

Craig Jones : Hell, no, ain't got me on tape. But they said they did. Fired me on the spot. Talkin' about pressin' charges.

Smokey : Goddamn! You've got to be one stupid motherfucker to get fired on your day off.

Craig Jones , Smokey : *[after they see Red's black eye]* DAAAAAMN!

Smokey : *[after breaking into Stanley's house]* We got about two hundred dollars.

Deebo : *I* got about two hundred dollars.

[Smokey taking a crap outside]

Smokey : You better not tell anybody man.

Ezal : Man, I'm not, man.

Smokey : Keep it on the down low.

Ezal : Alright brother. Damn.

[Looks around and yells]

Ezal : Hey, Smokey back here taking a shit!

Smokey : Ezal!

Ezal : Well, I won't tell anybody else.

Felisha : I need to borrow your car right quick.

Smokey : What kinda shit is that? Most people wanna borrow sugar. Or even ketchup. You wanna borrow my car? Hell naw! Get the hell on.

Felisha : Well, let me borrow a joint.

Smokey : You need to borrow a job. With yo' broke ass. Always trying to smoke up somebody's shit. Get the hell on, Felisha.

Felisha : I'ma remember that.

Smokey : Remember it. Write it down, take a picture, I don't give a fuck!

Felisha : Tsk.

[realizes she can try her luck with Craig]

Felisha : Craig.

Craig Jones : *[not bothering to look at her]* Bye, Felisha.

Felisha : Damn. Y'all stingy.

[she leaves]

Smokey : Why don't you tell your daddy to comb his damn hair, look like some spiders is having a meetin' on his head.

Smokey's mom : Smokey, get me some cigarettes.

Smokey : Well, give me some money.

[Smokey's mom gives Smokey a dollar]

Smokey : Wait, this isn't enough.

Smokey's mom : Make it enough.

[Big Worm arrived at Craig's house and Smokey comes to him. The license plate says "Big Worm"]

Smokey : What's up, Big Worm?

Big Worm : How much you got left?

Smokey : Man, I got to lot.

Big Worm : You still ain't sold that weed, Smokey?

Smokey : Man, I'm trying to, Worm. Niggas are broke these days.

Big Worm : I don't think you're applying yourself, Smokey.

[pause]

Big Worm : You're smoking my shit?

Smokey : Hell, no. Fuck with your shit? Hell, no.

Big Worm : You're smoking my shit?

Smokey : Man, why would I do some shit like that?

Big Worm : I don't want have to fuck you up, Smokey. Playing with my money is like playing with my emotions.

Smokey : Worm! You're the last brother money, I'd mess with. I'll steal from my mama before I mess with your shit. Now you know this, man.

Big Worm : We'll see.

[begins to leaves and drives away from Smokey]