

CB4

CELL BLOCK 4 - PART I

(A HIP-HOP MOCKUMENTARY)

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WORD TO THE READER

What if Michael Moore liked hip-hop music and Run-D.M.C., N.W.A. (that's Niggers With Attitude, to the straight-up suckers) and Public Enemy combined forces? Or if David Letterman replaced Dr. Dre and Ed Lover as the host of Yo! MTV Raps!?!?

It would be time to watch CELL BLOCK 4 ...
Believe that!!!

FADE IN:

EXT: 42ND STREET - NEW YORK - DAY

TIME - SUMMER, THE PRESENT

It's just another busy day on the "Forty Deuce." WE SEE hustlers, panhandlers, peep show employees, fast food vendors and pedestrians moving rapidly up and down the spiritual home of American sleaze. Cars roll up and down the street. Did we say cars? Excuse us. These are urban people movers of the new jack era.

CUT TO:

Huge jeeps crowd the frame. From each one comes an explosion of music. House. Latin hip hop. Barry Manilow. Each jeep has a designer license plate:

TOOHYPE
ICULOKIN'
TOOBLAK

Each moves PAST THE CAMERA. Then WE SEE ...

CB4!

The CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL an unusually long jeep stuck in traffic. It is a beauty of a jeep -- a Saranoya -- with the "CB4" logo looming authoritatively on its side. It's got a boomin' system that's playing a rap jam.

INT: CELL BLOCK 4 JEEP - DAY

Inside are four young members of an endangered species -- African-American males. They are the members of the rap group CELL BLOCK 4.

MAN SLAUGHTER, mean, unsmiling, nasty looking in a CB4 baseball cap and Raiders jacket, is behind the wheel.

MAN SLAUGHTER

We shouldn't be doing this shit.
Ain't nobody's business how we livin'.
Fuck all y'all.

In the seat behind is DEAD MIKE, the band's Afrocentric member, wearing a red, black and green kufi.

DEAD MIKE

Man Slaughter, my Nubian brother,
don't you see what an opportunity
this is for true Afrocentric

(MORE)

DEAD MIKE (contd)
 educatainment. We have to spread
 knowledge of the motherland.
 Infertainment to increase the
 conscious nation.

MAN SLAUGHTER scowls as DEAD MIKE talks. Then WE SEE THE
 CAMERA PAN TO HOMICIDE.

HOMICIDE is the band's pragmatic pretty boy. He sits in
 the passenger seat next to MAN SLAUGHTER. He is checking
 himself out in the jeep's side mirror as he talks.

HOMICIDE

Look, you wanted to be legal, right?
 Well, this is part of being legal.
 All you have to do is look into
 the camera and lie. I know you
 can do that.

MAN SLAUGHTER

You speakin' truth now.

DEAD MIKE

What about Stab? We ain't heard
 what he thinks.

HOMICIDE and DEAD MIKE look at each other and shake their
 heads.

MAN SLAUGHTER

Why you got to play this stupid
 game? You know that nigger never
 got nothing to say about nothing.

DEAD MIKE

See, that's where you wrong, my
 Nubian brother. Stab got a lot
 goin' on inside his head. Ain't
 that right, brother?

STAB MASTER ARSON, the fourth member of CELL BLOCK 4, sits
 in the backseat reading Soul Tit, a black porno magazine,
 with his ever-present red and white straw twirling in his
 mouth. He grunts in reply to DEAD MIKE's question.

HOMICIDE

I knew he'd be with us.

DEAD MIKE

Yes, yes, this documentary will
 reveal to all non-believers that
 rap is the third eye of the Afro-
 Asiatic ghetto brothers.

MAN SLAUGHTER

You and that Afrosheen shit is just ridiculous. Rap is about money and guns. Period!

DEAD MIKE

No, my favorite descendant of Ethiopian kings, you're wrong. You see --

HOMICIDE

Yo, man, save that shit for the meeting. Slaughter, pull over to that Chink spot. I require some sustenance.

MAN SLAUGHTER

Aw, shut up, nigga. Your bourgie's showing.

HOMICIDE looks back in the mirror and puts a "street" look on his face.

EXT: CHINESE RESTAURANT - DAY

BOBBY JOE KIM's Chinese restaurant has just opened. A sign in the window says "Grand Opening." There is red, white and blue bunting on the walls.

WE SEE CELL BLOCK 4 enter.

INT: CHINESE RESTAURANT - DAY

There is a small kitchen behind bulletproof glass. An elderly ASIAN MAN peers at them with pen and pad in hand.

MAN SLAUGHTER

Yo, this place ain't that bad. Nice place to take a girlie.

HOMICIDE

It's alright.

MAN SLAUGHTER

(pointing at Homicide)

Yo ching, ain't this the skinniest human you ever seen?

ASIAN

(Thick accent)

Yah, him skinny.

HOMICIDE

Yo, ching, why don't you get this guy some fat fried fat, sprinkled with a little fat and a nice thick lard sandwich and a six pack of nutriment.

DEAD MIKE

Hey, Homicide, we're all Afro-Asiatic brothers. We shouldn't be fighting each other. We should be fighting the MAN!

MAN SLAUGHTER ignores him and looks through the glass at a boiling pot of food.

WE SEE a pot of hot boiling, bubbling unknown substance.

BACK TO MAN SLAUGHTER

MAN SLAUGHTER

(to Stab Master)

Yo, Stab, what is that? You recognize it?

STAB looks, stone faced, and then shakes his head "no."

DEAD MIKE

It's just peas, my brothers. Just peas.

HOMICIDE

(looking at pot)

We eat here, we going out. Shit looks worse than at Rikers.

(looks at his watch)

Yo, we still got to get to Queens. This mess has killed my appetite. Let's break out.

CELL BLOCK 4 exits the restaurant, ad libbing jokes at the ASIAN MAN's expense.

ASIAN MAN looks at CB4 exiting and then looks INTO THE CAMERA.

ASIAN MAN

(with black accent)

Ching this, ching that, that skinny boy don't know I would have kicked his little narrow ass if he didn't stop poppin' that shit!

CUT TO:

TITLE AND CREDITS

In thick block letters in the style of the CELL BLOCK 4 logo WE SEE all the key above the line credits. Under these credits are black and white photos from hip hop's early days.

MUSIC: A fast beat pounds underneath. There is no rapping, just snatches of radio reports of rap violence and a sample of the hook from Prince's "Controversy."

The credits end with a SHOT of a brick wall. WE SEE the wall change from the look of a black and white photo to the color of red brick. The CAMERA PANS LEFT and WE SEE vintage hip hop posters plastered atop one another on the wall. They announce gigs at historic hip hop clubs (Club 371, Harlem World, The Roxy, The Latin Quarter, The Diplomat Hotel) with the Crash Crew, Afrika Bambaataa, D.J. Hollywood, The Fearless Four, and other old school bands on the bill.

The last and biggest poster proclaims a Friday the 13th, 1983 gig at the Queens Armory. On the bill, from top to bottom, are Grandmaster Flash & The Furious Five, Kurtis Blow, Run-D.M.C. and in small letters, CELL BLOCK 4.

MUSIC: Fades, crowd noise up.

INT: QUEENS ARMORY

The CAMERA MOVES through a crowd of black teens in inside-out jackets, jeans, Adidas sneakers with no laces please, T-shirts, such as the infamous Yo, Baby, Yo T-shirt and gold chains, gold rings, gold teeth, gold fingernails. A few perform the "smurf dance," but most are angry.

CROWD MEMBER #1

I want my goddamn blow!!

CROWD MEMBER #2

I want my motherfucking cheeba!

CROWD MEMBER #3

Fuck that! I want my money!

CUT TO:

BACKSTAGE AREA

Promoter TRUSTUS JONES and host YOMONEYROB are pacing backstage nervously. YOMONEYROB is a frantic, fast-talking, 25-year-old, in a purple velour sweat suit. JONES is wearing a lime green velour sweat suit and a gold chain holding a medallion that says, "TRUSTUS."

TRUSTUS JONES

They gonna tear this motherfucker down. Liable to call SWAT out on my ass.

YOMONEYROB

Man, I'm wearing this heat like a coat.

HOMICIDE, youthful yet world weary kid in a black hat, leather pants, untied sneakers and extra-extra large gold chain steps to him.

HOMICIDE

Yo, we ready.

TRUSTUS

Ready? I just put you on the bill as a favor, 'cause y'all just out the joint and shit. You guys are tough but you can't get to this.

TRUSTUS turns away but HOMICIDE grabs his arm.

HOMICIDE

It'll be handled.

Three other b-boys, all dressed identical to HOMICIDE, walk up behind him, all looking as cold blooded as a witch's tit.

TRUSTUS

You all that?

HOMICIDE

We're all that.

CUT TO:

STAGE - NIGHT

YOMONEYROB walks out to boos. A couple of "Old E" bottles fly past him.

From his POV he sees a fly girl, SISSY, in the crowd.

BACK TO YOMONEYROB smiling at her.

YOMONEYROB

Hey now everybody just take a chill pill. It ain't my fault none of the other groups showed up, okay?

More boos.

YOMONEYROB (contd)

Listen, we got to stay chill in here, 'cause this may be the last place in New York they allow hip hop. Word. Let's have peace in the house. Peace to the Zulu Nation!

Members of the crowd bark like dogs.

YOMONEYROB (contd)

Peace to the Hollis Crew.

More barks.

YOMONEYROB (contd)

Peace to the Flatbush Lipstomping Posse.

Loudest barks of all.

YOMONEYROB (contd)

Now, for the first time on the stage of the Queens Armory, live from Rikers Island

(echo)

CELL

(echo)

BLOCK

(echo)

4!!

(echo)

As YOMONEYROB exits, he does a "come here" motion with his finger toward SISSY.

WE SEE SISSY pushing her way through the crowd.

CELL BLOCK 4 -- HOMICIDE, MAN SLAUGHTER, DEAD MIKE, DJ STAB MASTER ARSON -- take the stage.

From above WE CAN SEE the bodies of crime victims drawn on the stage where CB4 stands.

HOMICIDE

You know a lot of people talk about "peace" to this group or "peace" to that boro. Fuck that! We say "war" to any motherfucker in the house who ain't with dis! We say "war" to any bitch who can't understand dis! Tonight dis ain't no goddamn armory. This stage, this room, this city, this planet, this boro -- tonight it's all about CELL BLOCK 4!!!

The crowd cheers.

CUT TO:

BACKSTAGE

TRUSTUS
(to Yomoneyrob)
Yo, I'm outta here.

TRUSTUS goes through the door marked "Box Office." We hear the sound of several locks clicking.

CUT TO:

STAGE

HOMICIDE
One for the head, two for the
heart, come on, Man Slaughter!

MAN SLAUGHTER
Lemme ask y'all a question. Is da
Bronx in the house?

More barks.

MAN SLAUGHTER (contd)
Is that right? Well, is Man-hat-tan
in the house?

Crowd barks louder.

MAN SLAUGHTER
I know Queens is up in here.

CUT TO:

BACKSTAGE

YOMONEYROB is pushing up against SISSY.

SISSY
Don't make promises your tongue
can't keep.

YOMONEYROB
Baby, I'm gonna make you a Queen.

BACK TO:

STAGE

Crowd meows like a cat.

MAN SLAUGHTER

Why I wanna know?

HOMICIDE

Yeah, why you wanna know? Yo,
Dead Mike, do you know why he
wants to know?

DEAD MIKE

'Cause we all lookin' to get ...
STRAIGHT OUT OF BROOKLYN!!!!

CELL BLOCK 4 begins performing "Straight Out of Brooklyn."

This is a hardcore rap record in the N.W.N. mode.
MAN SLAUGHTER, whose words are delightfully offensive,
stalks the stage with a cool, Rakim-like swagger --
maximum attitude with minimum sweat.

MAN SLAUGHTER raps:

MAN SLAUGHTER

Straight outta Brooklyn, crazy
motherfucker named Man Slaughter/
I fucked you wife and now I'm fucking
your daughter/I fucked you aunt, I
would have fucked your sister but
the bitch was fat/If I'm in you
neighborhood you better dig a moat/
'cause I'm coming over to slit you
throat/Blood is dripping, I'm not
slippin'/A bitch's panties is what
I'm rippin'/I once shot a man for
slurping his soup/I once shot a girl
for snoring too loud/I once shot a
faggot for wearing my suit/Don't
call me cute, Don't call me handsome,
I'll hold Miss America up for ransom/
Just to get/Straight Out of Brooklyn ...

HOMICIDE is reminiscent of Run of Run-DMC in his hump back
walk and hand gestures. His rap is wittier than SLAUGHTER's
and it comes through in his performance.

HOMICIDE raps:

HOMICIDE

I'm a crazy motherfucker named Homicide,
so get ready you're going for a long
ride/Off a cliff I'm driving you over,
now you're dead with your four-leaf
clover/Float like a cannon ball, sting
like a shark/I'm the brother waiting

(MORE)

HOMICIDE (contd)

in the dark/Waiting to rob you,
 waiting to beat you, a bullet in
 the head is how I'll greet you/A
 villain with a hat, it's like that/
 Tied you mother down to a train track/
 Flat on her back I gave her some
 crack/It's 10 o'clock, do you know
 where your Mom's at?/She moved .../
 Straight Out of Brooklyn!!!!

DEAD MIKE is the only CB4 member wearing an African medallion instead of a gold chain. He speaks with the elocution of a teacher trying to reach a crowd of unruly students.

(Note: Lyrics To Come)

STAB MASTER ARSON is the most physically imposing CELL BLOCK 4 member -- standing well over six feet with large hands. Even at the most hectic moments, STAB maintains a poker face that even Celtic center, Robert Parrish, would envy. He begins scratching the record with hands, elbows, nose, feet. Takes out his gold teeth and cuts records with them too! He pulls out a bottle of lighter fluid and pours it on the turntables.

As STAB MASTER pulls out a box of matches we hear ...

A. WHITE (VO)

They are the ultimate rap group.
 Bigger than Run-D.M.C. More contro-
 versial than Public Enemy. And,
 yes, larger than the Fat Boys.
 Their name is Cell Block 4 and
 like so many innovators, the depth
 of their legacy has been obscured
 by our rolling passage of time.

WE SEE STAB lite up the turntables.

A. WHITE (VO, contd)

CB4. They rose like a meteor but
 won't fall like a loose button. The
 story begins where all great stories
 do -- before the beginning.

CUT TO:

WE SEE HOMICIDE throw down his miks.

WE SEE DEAD MIKE throw down his kufi.

WE SEE MAN SLAUGHTER throw down his mike, his baseball cap and hurl one of his gold chains into the crowd.

CUT TO:

Audience members diving and fighting for the chain.

MUSIC: The sound of the "Brooklyn" beat gives way to the sound of feedback and distortion.

YOMONEYROB runs on stage with a fire extinguisher as CELL BLOCK 4 walks off stage coolly.

Then MAN SLAUGHTER comes back.

MAN SLAUGHTER

Lakeisha, meet me backstage with some fresh gold!

FREEZE FRAME ON MAN SLAUGHTER's face with the flaming turntables in the background.

WE SEE THE CAMERA PULL BACK TO REVEAL ...

A television in an office. The screen then turns to video snow.

CUT TO:

A white man pushes the off button. The television shuts off and a video cassette pops out into the white hand.

WE SEE THE CAMERA PULL BACK TO REVEAL A. WHITE, early 30's, bespeckled ex-rock critic turned filmmaker, wearing a Metallica T-shirt and dingy jeans.

A. WHITE

(into camera)

We bought this footage from a crack-head I met hustling for quarters outside the Apollo. That's all we have to date of the early days but it gives you a feel for what I'm doing.

CUT TO:

A WHITE'S POV

WE SEE two black men -- one sitting, one standing -- behind a cluttered desk. On the wall behind them is the logo, TRUSTUS JONES ENTERPRISES and the slogan, "In Jones We Trust." TRUSTUS JONES sits in an expensive suit,

looking fatter and sporting a beard. Standing is YOMONEYROB, wearing a Cell Block 4 jacket and a gaggle of backstage passes on a chain around his neck.

YOMONEYROB

Loved it. Made me look good.

TRUSTUS

Cut out that little part with me in the box office and we're good to go. Not that I'm vain, mind you. Just don't want people knowing our emergency security procedures.

A. WHITE takes a seat in front of the desk.

A. WHITE

(sheepishly)

That's not a problem. It's your money and my first film. I won't have any problems giving you what you want.

YOMONEYROB

That's a change. You could be real ill when you were doing that critic thing.

TRUSTUS

Don't worry. Now my man just wants to get paid.

A. WHITE is clearly embarrassed by TRUSTUS' statement.

TRUSTUS (contd)

It's alright, my man, we all have to eat. Before I got hooked with these guys I was a low budget promoter. Now I'm the biggest black manager in the world. You think I like rap. Shit, no. But --

CUT TO:

DOORWAY

CELL BLOCK 4 burst through the door, knocking it to the floor.

TRUSTUS

It's my stars. How's it hangin'?

CELL BLOCK 4 exchanges "What's up's" with TRUSTUS and YOMONEYROB. Of the group only HOMICIDE and DEAD MIKE acknowledge A. WHITE.

STAB, as is his manner, immediately begins going through the magazines piled atop the coffee table.

SLAUGHTER pulls his chair up next to A. WHITE's. In fact he bumps A. WHITE's chair, almost knocking A. WHITE down, yet SLAUGHTER still doesn't look at or speak to him.

TRUSTUS

This is a big day in Cell Block 4's history. We'll announce the beginning of the "Just Another Angry Black Man" tour and the release of our "Better Than Pussy" CD.

Everybody grunts or says, "Word" or some other racially specific ad lib. SLAUGHTER just sucks his teeth.

TRUSTUS

We also have to have the final go ahead from all of you to allow the distinguished rock critic A. White to film a documentary on the group.

HOMICIDE

Before we vote, I know the brothers would like to hear A. White speak about what he's trying to accomplish with this film.

YOMONEYROB

(to Trustus)

He better suck their dick real good.

A. WHITE

I know we've had some differences in the past when I was still writing criticism.

MAN SLAUGHTER

You damn right, Whitey! I ain't forget what you said about my Moms, sucks!

A. WHITE

Look, I'm in the video business now. Back then I was making \$250 a review. Couldn't pay my rent. I wrote the odd nasty review just to get noticed -- to get a rep. I know you understand that. My rep in fact gives this film added credibility. Besides, the bottom line is

(he looks at Man Slaughter)

Now I just want to cold get paid.

TRUSTUS

See, he's even learning to speak the language. White, why don't you show them the footage that I liked.

YOMONEYROB

They'll love that shit.

A. WHITE

Okay.

A. WHITE slips another cassette in the VCR and turns on the television.

WE SEE hand held camera interviews about Cell Block 4 with BOBBY BROWN, CHARLES BARKLEY, QUINCY JONES, MARLA GIBBS, MILTON BERLE, DENNIS MILLER, ROBERT DENIRO and other rap experts.

As WE WATCH we hear the "Straight Out of Brooklyn" beat and comments from CB4 members on the interview subjects.

After the last interview WE SEE ...

EXT: APOLLO THEATER - 125TH STREET - DAY

A. WHITE, in a blue blazer, white shirt, and a Ted Koppel hairstyle, walks INTO THE FRAME holding a microphone.

A. WHITE

Hello, my name is A. White. Ten years ago I walked these mean streets reporting for Dark Skin magazine. It was at Dark Skin that I documented the growth of something called hip-hop. Though I was young, well bred and a so-called blue eyed devil from the Caucus mountains, Harlem embraced me --

CUT TO:

SHOT OF A GRAFITTIED WALL

Then a T-shirted A. WHITE runs THROUGH THE FRAME. For a beat nothing happens. Then a gang of black kids runs THROUGH THE FRAME after him.

BACK TO:

A. WHITE

(now walking)

-- and gave me my start. Now, all these years later, I've decided to

(MORE)

A. WHITE (contd)

celebrate my tenth anniversary in journalism by giving something back to the community.

While A. WHITE walks down the street talking, he ignores a Rasta trying to sell Marcus Garvey and Bob Marley posters, Jehovah's Witnesses pushing the Watchtower, folks picketing a Korean grocery store, and a young black teen being dragged away by the cops. A. WHITE is oblivious to everything but his words.

A. WHITE (contd)

This documentary is composed of footage from my personal archives and notes taken during my years of intimate contact with African-Americans. This film is, of course, about more than rap music, but how this great country works, I feel it is only by being truly sensitive to their world that all we real Americans can understand our world.

Just as A. WHITE finishes his last comment, the CAMERA BEGINS TO SHAKE.

A. WHITE (contd)

Hey, stop that!!!

The camera is stolen, and the screen goes spinning and careening down the street as if on a roller coaster. We hear A. WHITE shouting in the distance. Then it spins out of control and the screen goes black.

BACK TO:

TRUSTUS JONES' OFFICE

MAN SLAUGHTER

(laughing)

The beginning was whack, but I'm kinda with the ending.

(to A. White)

Yo, you a funny motherfucker!

HOMICIDE

Let's do it.

DEAD MIKE

It'll be righteous when we're through with it.

TRUSTUS
What about you, Stab?

STAB MASTER ARSON puts down Right On! magazine and picks up Screw.

TRUSTUS (contd)
Good. Let's go to the press conference.

INT: CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Camera crews and reporters mill about waiting.

A. WHITE is talking with a cameraman when EVE EDWARDS, a beautiful black woman with the over-moussed hair of a typical TV anchorwoman, which by the way she happens to be, walks over.

EVE
A. White?

A. WHITE
Yes.

EVE
I'm Eve Edwards of "A Current Affair."

A. WHITE
Pleasure to meet you.

EVE
Wish I could say the same, A. White.

A. WHITE
Excuse me.

EVE
You used to be a fine, hard hitting critic. I read all of your essays in Dark Skin. But now I understand you're doing an "authorized" documentary on Cell Block 4.

A. WHITE
The written word is dead, as you well know, Ms. Edwards. If I want to speak to people, video is how to do it.

EVE
But glorifying this rapping riff-raff is a disservice. At "A Current Affair," we provide hard hitting reports.

A. WHITE laughs at that.

A. WHITE
That's nothing but tabloid journalism.

EVE
Is that right? At least it is
journalism. Now you're just a
flunky for underclass jailbirds.

Before A. WHITE can respond there's noise from the dais.

CUT TO:

PODIUM

Holding a mike is CLYDE CLOWN, the short, effete president
of JAPAM Records.

CLOWN
Ladies and gentlemen. Rap has
gone through many changes. But
the one constant has been the
creativity, good taste and style
of my favorite group on JAPAM
Records, Cell Block 4.

CELL BLOCK 4 enters from a side door, and walk onto the
dais. As they do, a banner unfolds behind them: "Cell
Block 4 Is Better Than Pussy."

CUT TO:

PRESS AREA

Standing in front, open mouthed and enraged, is EVE
EDWARDS.

BACK TO:

PODIUM

CLOWN
The title of this album speaks for
itself. Now so with the members
of the group. You're free to ask
questions.

HOMICIDE
Yo, troopers, go for yours.

PATTY CAKE, an Afrocentric sister (dreads, African garb,
no make up), from Word to the Mother magazine, stands up.

PATTY CAKE

Man Slaughter, the readers of Word to the Mother magazine wants to know, what would you be doing if you weren't a rapper?

MAN SLAUGHTER

The Stab Master and myself would be in real estate renovation.

CUT TO:

STAB MASTER ARSON and MAN SLAUGHTER carrying a sofa out of a home. There is a screaming woman on it out to the curb. She is claiming "You have no right to evict me!"

BACK TO:

CONFERENCE ROOM

FEMINIST REPORTER

I'm Gloria Stein from Fem-In magazine. I want to know why all rappers refer to women as bitches?

MAN SLAUGHTER

Ah, come on, lady. Women. Bitches. Women. Bitches. People with pussies. Next question, please.

WE SEE EVE EDWARDS' face in CLOSE UP. The sister is pissed.

MALIK

(a stern, serious brother)

I'm Malik from the Tan City Weekly and I think the black community needs leadership from its artistic community, not more jive records. What are you so-called brothers doing to uplift the community in economic terms?

MAN SLAUGHTER

(hostile)

That's a jive ass black only question. Why don't you ask Michael J. Fox what he's doing for yuppies or Stallone if he's gettin' busy for Italians. Me, myself, I ain't doin' shit for the community!

DEAD MIKE

Excuse me, but I'd like it known that I'm reinvesting in the African-American community. I own a chain of stores in Harlem and Brooklyn that I'm proud to say employs our African-American youth.

CUT TO:

DEAD MIKE'S STORE SIGNS - DAY

The signs are:

DEAD MIKE'S BEEPER WORLD

DEAD MIKE'S NO I.D. NECESSARY CHECK CASHING

DEAD MIKE'S GOLD CHAIN EXCHANGE

BACK TO:

CONFERENCE ROOM

PATTY CAKE

What do you like to do offstage?

MAN SLAUGHTER

Go huntin'?

PATTY CAKE

Oh, what do you hunt?

MAN SLAUGHTER

Black skirts.

PATTY CAKE

What?

MAN SLAUGHTER

Know what I'm sayin'?

EVE

(leaping up from
her seat)

No, we don't know what you are saying and neither does anyone with respect for the English language.

HOMICIDE

Excuse us, Ms. Edwards, I hope we haven't inadvertently offended you.

MAN SLAUGHTER

Yo, man, yo bourgie is showing again.

EVE

Offended doesn't begin to define it. Is Cell Block 4 trying to say that women are only sexual play-things? That you are intellectual Neanderthals? That your brain is in your collective dicks?

The group members begin whispering among themselves. Then HOMICIDE smiles.

HOMICIDE

Maybe.

CLOWN

(clearly agitated)

Next question!

D. BLACK

(a white writer who looks like a young A. White)

I'm D. Black from the Village Voice. I have one question for you. Why are you so angry?

DEAD MIKE

Because I'm black. If you were black wouldn't you be angry?

A. WHITE

Sure ... well, let me ask you this, in the British music magazine, the New Music Express, you recently said you don't like neck bone and watermelon.

DEAD MIKE

Neckbone? I quit a long ago and I urge everyone eating neckbone now to seek treatment immediately.

CUT TO:

WILD PARTY - NIGHT

DEAD MIKE sits on a sofa with two bountiful women. A PUSHER, wearing a gray sharkskin suit and a black beaver cap, walks up with a tray.

PUSHER

We have it all, my main man -- coke.

PUSHER holds out a plate of coke.

WE SEE DEAD MIKE shaking his head "no."

WE SEE tray of marijuana.

PUSHER

Cheeba?

WE SEE DEAD MIKE shaking his head "no."

WE SEE tray of ecstasy.

PUSHER

Ecstasy?

WE SEE DEAD MIKE shaking his head "no."

WE SEE tray of neckbones.

PUSHER

What about neckbones?

DEAD MIKE

Hey man, I'm drivin'?

BACK TO:

PRESS CONFERENCE

DEAD MIKE

They tell you just suck on the bone. You don't even have to dig for the meat. But I'm tellin' you, it's not true. Just a bit of neckbone and the next thing you know, it's pork and greens.

A. WHITE

What about watermelon?

The room gets as quiet as a brokerage house commercial.

DEAD MIKE

(long pause as the camera zooms in on him)

Naugh. I don't like watermelon. I'm sure a lot of other people black people who don't like watermelon either.

The reporters are shocked.

A. WHITE

Next you're gonna say you don't
eat fried chicken.

DEAD MIKE

It's fine with me, but watermelon ...

He gives thumbs down sign. Reporters stampede out of the
room.

CUT TO:

CLOWN is talking with TRUSTUS JONES when A. WHITE shoves
a microphone in between them.

WE SEE them now through A. WHITE's documentary camera.
This footage will, throughout the film, have a slightly
distorted quality clearly different from the rest of the
film.

CLOWN

I just want to assure you and
your group of fine young men that
JAPAM Records is totally behind
you in this sad controversy.

(smiles for the camera;
a beat)

Now turn that shit off.

WE SHIFT from DOCUMENTARY CAMERA to REAL LIFE as we will
often.

CLOWN (contd)

One more fuck up like that water-
melon thing and I'm dropping them
from the label. The Japanese don't
like all the controversy, not to
mention the legal fees, your group
creates. There are many non-contro-
versial rappers who'd love our
support. The Candy Boys for example.

TRUSTUS

But they're not Cell Block 4!

CLOWN

Thank God.

EXT: SIXTH AVENUE OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

There are pickets, mostly old white and black women. They
carry signs with watermelons crossed out Ghostbuster style.
EVE EDWARDS interviews one OLDER BLACK WOMAN.

EVE

Madame, why are you out here picketing JAPAM Records?

OLD WOMAN

I just believe we got to hold these so-called rap groups accountable. It's one thing to curse and make sexual innuendos. It's quite another to blaspheme watermelon or use its name in vain.

EVE EDWARDS turns TOWARD THE CAMERA.

EVE

The protest engendered by Cell Block 4's vicious attack on watermelon is just the latest in a long list of outrages perpetrated by these hip-hop heathens.

WE SEE THE CAMERA PULL BACK TO SEE EVE EDWARDS' image on a wide screen television.

EVE (contd)

Not all rap is bad, as Vanilla Ice has so aptly demonstrated, but --

The screen goes black.

WE SEE THE CAMERA PULL BACK AGAIN TO REVEAL a leather sofa in an otherwise barren apartment.

Then a television remote control device is thrown on it. Off screen a voice says, "Shit!"

Then HOMICIDE and YOMONEYROB ENTER THE FRAME from opposite sides and face each other.

HOMICIDE

Can't people take a joke.

YOMONEYROB

To some people this is real life.

HOMICIDE

It's just EWA -- Entertainment With Attitude. That's all. How come white boys can bite the head off snakes and talk about niggers and still get the cover of Rolling Stone? We joke about some summer fruit and this happens.

YOMONEYROB

Yo, holmes, you know Dead Mike
wasn't joking.

HOMICIDE

Damn. One guy thinks he's Malcolm X.
One guy thinks he's a gang banger.
One nigger's a mute.

YOMONEYROB

And what are you?

HOMICIDE

I'm just trying to get the checks
rolling in.

YOMONEYROB

Okay, then, boss, let's roll.
We got to round everybody up and
hit the road.

As they move through HOMICIDE's apartment WE SEE that,
though large, it's basically empty save for the television,
the sofa, a stereo system and, on the wall near the front
door, the framed photo of a pretty, conservatively dressed
black woman named DALIHA BOND.

YOMONEYROB (contd)

Who's that?

HOMICIDE

(misty eyed)
Just a girl I know.

YOMONEYROB

You knockin' boots?

HOMICIDE

No. She's just the girl I left
behind?

YOMONEYROB

She got a big behind?

HOMICIDE

Come on, let's go.

As they exit the CAMERA LINGERS ON DALIHA BOND's face.

INT: APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

HOMICIDE and YOMONEYROB walk up to a door that is
decorated with a Gucci design. We can hear music booming
through the doorway. YOMONEYROB knocks.

The door opens and FLY GIRL #1 opens the door wearing a provocatively designed maid's outfit.

FLY MAID #1

Yo, what up?

YOMONEYROB

You makin' me up. That's what up!

YOMONEYROB and HOMICIDE walk down a hallway which, like the door, is decorated with Gucci wall paper. In the living room, however, everything is decorated with the Fendi logo.

Laying on the matching Fendi sofas are MAN SLAUGHTER and STAB MASTER ARSON with their shirts off receiving backrubs from FLY MAIDS #2 and #3 in maids' outfits. Scattered around the room are home boys in various b-boy gear.

YOMONEYROB

You brothers ready?

MAN SLAUGHTER

Soon as I turn over and she oils the front, know what I'm sayin'?

YOMONEYROB

How 'bout you, Stab?

STAB MASTER ARSON lifts up a copy of Ass Man magazine and smiles.

YOMONEYROB (contd)

Yeah, he's ready for the road.

EXT: BA BA ACK'S BUILDING - DAY

An all-black building looms large IN THE FRAME. WE SEE a red, black and green fist painted upon it. We hear African drums.

The CELL BLOCK 4 jeep pulls up in front and the drums are drowned out by a drum machine beat from the jeep.

INT: CB4 JEEP

HOMICIDE

Better blow your horn so he knows we're here.

YOMONEYROB performs this redundant act. The door opens immediately.

From the jeep's POV, DEAD MIKE exits with his spiritual mentor BROTHER BA BA ACK, who's dressed in African robes, a black sailor's cap and carries a long stick decorated with African carvings.

HOMICIDE (contd)

Ever since Dead Mike started taking instruction from Ba Ba Ack, he's a changed man.

WE SEE building front.

DEAD MIKE bends to one knee and BA BA ACK knights him with his stick.

BA BA ACK

The motherland is counting on you.

DEAD MIKE

Word to the Mother.

BACK TO:

CB4 JEEP

DEAD MIKE gets in.

HOMICIDE

(now b-boy style)

You ready to get stupid!

DEAD MIKE

No, my brother, I'm prepared to kick the new Afrocentric intelligence.

MAN SLAUGHTER

Afrocentric?! We trying to make money, nigga. You need to get ghetto-centric. That's what you need to do.

YOMONEYROB

Yo, squash all that. We goin' on the road. Come on, put your hands together.

DEAD MIKE, HOMICIDE, MAN SLAUGHTER, STAB MASTER ARSON and YOMONEYROB put their hands together in van..

YOMONEYROB (contd)

From back in the days to days in the bank. CB4. Together forever!

The jeep drives off.

From his front door BA BA ACK watches them pull away and smiles sinisterly.

EXT: PARKING LOT - DAY

Through the lens of the DOCUMENTARY CAMERA, WE SEE A. WHITE. Now he is dressed in full b-boy attire (sneakers, gold chain) except that his Ted Koppel-like hair remains intact.

A. WHITE

Are we ready? Okay.

(in a reportorial tone)

Cell Block 4's "Just Another Angry Black Man" tour is an historic one for the world's greatest rap group.

A. WHITE passes the side of the CB4 tour bus. The bus is decorated in a festival of hip hop style with MCM, Gucci and Fendi logos painted alongside the bus along with CB4 signs.

A. WHITE (contd)

So, dressed in my freshest gear, I boarded the Cell Block 4 tour bus, determined to get the inside flavors on this dope extravaganza.

WE SEE THE CAMERA FOLLOW him on board.

INT: TOUR BUS - DAY

HOMICIDE and MAN SLAUGHTER sit surrounded by roadies and girlies in the tour bus living room. Fast-food bags are everywhere. So are CB4 T-shirts and boxes of sneakers. Comedian Chris Rock is on the VCR. The sound of a hip-hop beat runs underneath the dialogue.

A. WHITE

How's it hangin' homie?

MAN SLAUGHTER

Listen I wasn't crazy about this doc shit, but I said "Okay." Now you dressed up like you wasn't the dude who you wrote that review! Didn't you say my lyrics "were of a poetic sensibility unusual in hip-hop."

A. WHITE

(beaming)

Yes, I wrote that.

MAN SLAUGHTER

And you wrote our records were
"more comparable to Kafka or e.e.
cummings than L.L. Cool J or even
N.W.A."

A. WHITE

Yes.

(looks into the camera)

What I tried to do in my work is
reach outside the realm of rap to
that of great literature.

MAN SLAUGHTER

Why you got to do that?

A. WHITE

Well, it's to legitimize rap.

MAN SLAUGHTER

(in A. White's face)

Legitimize? You calling me a
bastard? Yo, I know who my father
was, sucka!

Suddenly we hear sound of a straw slurping up the last of
a milk shake.

WE SEE STAB MASTER ARSON has come out of the private rear
section with two gorgeous, gum-chewing girlies and the
last of a huge milk shake.

A. WHITE

(playing to the camera)

Yo, what's up, home slice?

CUT TO:

A. WHITE flies out tour bus door. He lands in a clump on
the asphalt. He lays there groaning. DOCUMENTARY CAMERA
MOVES IN.

A. WHITE (contd)

Due to the intense pressures of
the road, it took awhile for the
band members to open up.

INT: BACKSTAGE AREA - NIGHT

WE SEE A. WHITE walking behind a man in a CB4 jacket
through the backstage area. It is YOMONEYROB, CB4's
road manager. He has hundreds of backstage passes
dangling around his neck.

A. WHITE

(to camera)

YoMoneyRob was CB4's tour manager, a man with a unique perspective on the group.

YOMONEYROB and A. WHITE walk through the hectic backstage area. Roadies, technicians and fans move about.

YOMONEYROB

What you gotta know is that record sales, concert sales, Kotex ads -- all that is nice. But if you wanna know if a band is hot you can only really tell by how hectic the stage door is. Now I've worked with them all.

(as YoMoneyRob mentions a group he holds up a backstage pass)

Bootsy, Cameo, Frank Stallone, Cheryl "Pepsi" Riley -- that level of star ... But CB4 is the most crazy hectic of all.

Just as YOMONEYROB finishes his talk, they reach the backstage door. The door opens. Outside there are a sea of faces all shouting and shoving to get the attention of YOMONEYROB.

CUT TO:

FEMALE FAN #1

Tell Homicide his baby's mother is here!

FEMALE FAN #2

That's right, his baby's mother is right here!!!

FEMALE FAN #1

Excuse me?

FEMALE FAN #2

Too late for that now, honey. He got me too!

CUT TO:

SECOND COUSIN

Yo, tell Stab his second cuz Zelle is outside the house!

TWIN TEENS

Tell Man Slaughter we're the twins
from last night. And we brought
our mother!

FEMALE FAN #3

Tell Man Slaughter it's Pebbles
from Bed-Sty. He knows me. I live
in his grandmother's building,
apartment 4J.

CUT TO:

YOMONEYROB

Yo, let those ladies in.

CUT TO:

SISSY

YoMoneyRob!

YOMONEYROB

(excited)

Baby, I thought you'd never get here.

YOMONEYROB leaves the doorway to personally pick SISSY,
an attractive light-skinned girl, out of the crowd and
escort her inside.

As she enters SISSY smiles at A. WHITE and walks by.

YOMONEYROB (contd)

Now this tour is official.

A. WHITE

Who's that lady?

YOMONEYROB

Man, that ain't no lady. That's
Sissy, queen of the hip-hoes.

INT: OUSIDE CB4'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

The door opens. SISSY comes out. She's standing putting
her lipstick back on when YOMONEYROB and A. WHITE walk up.

YOMONEYROB

Excuse me, your hoeness.

SISSY

Hi, how you be?

L.L. Cool J walks by.

L.L.
You jingling, baby.

YOMONEYROB
I see Cell Block 4 gave you a gift.
Consider it sort of a token of their
erection ...

YOMONEYROB
Anyway, this gentleman would like
to interview you.

SISSY
Is he cool?

YOMONEYROB
(looks at A. White)
Is cool as they ever get. Okay.
White, go for yours!!

SISSY
You really need to do a story on me.
Yes, I'm a multi-talented, multi-
faceted and multi-orgasmic. I act,
I sing, I model.

A. WHITE
What shows have you been in?
What records have you sung on?
What magazines have you appeared
in?

SISSY
Now wait a minute. Who told you
you could get all in my business?

A. WHITE
I'm sorry. I was just curious.

SISSY
Curious, huh? Let me show you
something to be curious about.

From out of her bag she pulls a photo album.

SISSY (contd)
These are photos I've taken over
the years of all my friends in hip-
hop. It starts with D.J. Hollywood
who I met in the men's bathroom at
the Disco Fever back in 1979.

A. WHITE
1979?

SISSY

I started young.

A. WHITE and SISSY look through photo album, but we can't see them ... yet.

SISSY

That's Melle Mel, the Sugar Hill Gang, D, M and C, Whodini and five of those Furious guys. I even have two of Al B. Sure!!!

A. WHITE

But they're all asleep.

SISSY

(proudly)

What can I say? Here's the CB4 section ...

CAMERA COMES AROUND and LOOKS AT the album over A. WHITE's shoulder.

Polaroid pictures of all CB4 members fill the screen. Each one -- HOMICIDE, MAN SLAUGHTER, STAB MASTER ARSON and DEAD MIKE -- lie asleep in the same position in a bed with the same red satin sheets. DEAD MIKE looks particularly blissful.

SISSY

Dead Mike, such a sweetheart.

A. WHITE

Dead Mike? A sweetheart?

SISSY

There was a sensitive side to him I was privileged to share.

CUT TO:

HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

SISSY is tied to a chair. DEAD MIKE stands next to her stuffing a huge banana in SISSY's mouth. There is a whip in his hand.

BACK TO:

BACKSTAGE

SISSY

What a man he was! He wasn't small minded or small limbed.

SISSY looks down at A. WHITE's crotch.

SISSY (contd)
 Know what I mean? Now tell me,
 do you make videos?

A. WHITE
 No.

SISSY
 Do you write videos?

A. WHITE
 No.

SISSY
 You see any videos?

A. WHITE
 Well, I liked "Beat It."

SISSY
 Really! Let's go!

CUT TO:

Photo of A. WHITE asleep in that same old spot.

DISSOLVE TO:

A. WHITE in SISSY's bed asleep. In REAL TIME.

The phone rings off screen and SISSY walks THROUGH THE FRAME and the CAMERA FOLLOWS her over to a dresser. The walls of the room are lined with snapshots of SISSY with male celebrities of every description.

She picks up the mobile phone.

SISSY
 Hey, yo, money.
 (a pause)
 What! That's weak. But he'd never
 do that alone.
 (pause)
 Of course he's right here. I just
 did what Man Slaughter told me to.
 (pause)
 Word.

SISSY hangs up. Then moves to the bed.

SISSY (contd)
 Yo, Whitey. Get up!

A. WHITE
Good morning.

SISSY
You only been here fifteen minutes.

A. WHITE
Oh.

SISSY
Anyway, you gotta get over to the arena. There's a problem.

A. WHITE
What?

SISSY
And they're blaming Dead Mike.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE CELL BLOCK 4's DRESSING ROOM

A big, burly roadie and YOMONEYROB stand blocking the doorway. Media people including EVE EDWARDS are trying to gain admittance.

EVE
(to YoMoneyRob)
Is it true that black nationalist Afrocentric militant radicals are trying to seize control of this tour?

YOMONEYROB
Have you seen my collectinon of tour passes?

EVE
Don't try to stone wall me, flunky!

A. WHITE walks up.

WE SEE him through the hand held lens of his DOCUMENTARY CAMERA.

EVE (contd)
Oh, I see your token white boy is here.

YOMONEYROB
Yo, ig her and go inside. Trustus wants you to cover this.

EVE

Token!!

A. WHITE cuts her a dirty look and enters the room.

Inside the CB4 dressing room is TRUSTUS JONES and CB4's members save DEAD MIKE are on one side of the room. On the other is BROTHER BA BA ACK and DEAD MIKE.

DEAD MIKE

Our demands are simple. Unless we can have an opening act of our choosing and Ba Ba Ack gets to speak, I'm outta here, my brothers.

MAN SLAUGHTER

Get the fuck out then and take your teacher wid you back to your tribal homelands. You used to be dope but that was a long crime ago.

TRUSTUS JONES

No. Let's compromise. We'll let you have the opening act and Dead Mike can perform an Afro-Sheen --

DEAD MIKE

Afrocentric.

TRUSTUS JONES

Yeah -- Afro-cent solo. Ba Ba Ack, I can't let you speak. That would be too political.

DEAD MIKE

No way!

TRUSTUS JONES

But half the proceeds from today's show would go to your organization, NFL -- Nubians For Liberation.

BA BA ACK

(to Dead Mike)

No, Dead Mike, I think that's more than fair.

TRUSTUS JONES

(smiling knowingly)

Who should we make the check out to?

BA BA ACK

To my holding company -- Raymond Robinson IV. I use my slave name when dealing with banks.

(MORE)

BA BA ACK (contd)
 (turns to look into
 A. White's camera for
 the first time)
 Get that camera out of here, you
 white devil!

INT: CONCERT HALL - NIGHT

Crowd is chanting "CB4!! CB4!!" when YOMONEYROB walks on stage to the microphone.

YOMONEYROB
 Welcome to the benefit concert for
 the NFL -- Nigga's Fuckin' Large!
 Our first act is the Islamic Comic.

The ISLAMIC COMIC has on black pants and gloves with red and green fingers. One shoe is red; one shoe is green. Coincidentally, he has a red, black and green bag on his head.

ISLAMIC COMIC
 Greetings, Nubians and devils.
 Have you noticed how all the green
 olives are in a jar and the black
 olives are in a can. Let the black
 olives be free.

No one laughs except BA BA ACK.

ISLAMIC COMIC (contd)
 Why did the white man cross the road?
 'Cause I was getting ready to bust
 his ass.

BA BA ACK laughs loudly.

ISLAMIC COMIC (contd)
 What do you get when you mix me,
 three white men and a six-shot
 revolver? Three bullets.

BA BA ACK laughs again. No one else does.

ISLAMIC COMIC (contd)
 Thank you, my fellow Nubians.

YOMONEYROB
 Thank you, I.C. Look for him
 opening for Professor Griff on the
 upcoming Afro-Asiatic tour. I
 believe the tour starts in Bensonhurst.
 Now, in a rare solo performance,
 Dead Mike.

To enthusiastic applause, DEAD MIKE walks onto the stage.

DEAD MIKE

I've been to the Bronx, I've been to Oaktown, I've even been to Brixton. But if there is one thing that's the same in all of these places, it is this: Pork is the white man and the white man is pork. If you ever cut up a white man you won't find blood vessels. You'll find pork. What does white spell backwards? Pork! I know you don't see it, 'cause they got you brainwashed. I can see the suds coming out your ears, right now. Now I got a righteous rap for you.

CUT TO:

BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

HOMICIDE

I got a bad feeling about this.

TRUSTUS JONES

Don't worry. It's tax deductible.

HOMICIDE

It's not about money. It's all getting too complicated. As long as we stuck to pussy I wasn't worried. Some people take all this very seriously.

TRUSTUS JONES

Yo, relax and stop letting your bourgeois show. This will have no repercussions.

BACK TO:

STAGE

DEAD MIKE's performance of "I'm Mad" is blunt and to the point. It consists simply of two elements: a series of CLOSE UPS of DEAD MIKE, staring intently INTO THE CAMERA with his face lit by revolving green and red lights, and DEAD MIKE tearing to pieces a giant map of the U.S.

Lyrics: "I'm Mad":

DEAD MIKE

I'm mad/It takes a nation of millions
to hold me back/But my Uzi weighs a
ton and it's aimed at your back/I
bring the noise every chance I get/
So fuck the police/and fuck the Klan!
I'm mad!!

As DEAD MIKE performs WE SEE THE CAMERA PULL BACK from the stage over the audience, past young white and black faces, to the irritated pale face of INSPECTOR O'BRIAN ROBINSON. He scowls at the stage, stuffs a cigar in his mouth and radiates a comic wave of hostility.

A SECURITY GUARD taps him on the shoulder and points to a "No Smoking" sign. ROBINSON stands up and punches the SECURITY GUARD to the floor. Then ROBINSON pulls out a very big gun and a very big badge. People around him begin to panic.

CUT TO:

AUDIENCE

Row after row of patrons begin to panic and run.

BACK TO:

INSPECTOR ROBINSON

ROBINSON waves his gun carelessly in the air as he stands over the SECURITY GUARD.

ROBINSON

You're under arrest!

GUARD

What's the charge?

ROBINSON

Incitement to riot.

BACK TO:

STAGE

People begin jumping onto the stage.

CUT TO:

BACKSTAGE

HOMICIDE

What did I tell you?

TRUSTUS JONES
Quick. Let's find the promoter!

HOMICIDE
To protect him?

TRUSTUS JONES
Hell no! To protect our money!

CUT TO:

BACKSTAGE DOOR

The PROMOTER, a heavy set black man, is headed out the door with a bag of money.

MAN SLAUGHTER
Yo, slow your roll with our money!

CELL BLOCK 4, along with TRUSTUS JONES and YOMONEYROB, confront the PROMOTER.

PROMOTER
Your money? You and your crew caused a riot with all that pro-Negro mess. I'm just protecting the cash. We can settle up later.

TRUSTUS JONES
If you don't mind, we'll guard our share ourselves.

PROMOTER pulls out a gun.

PROMOTER
STAY BACK OR I'LL USE IT!

HOMICIDE
Stab, stab to him!

STAB MASTER ARSON steps forward and pulls the straw out of his mouth and twirls it threateningly at the PROMOTER. For the first time in the film he speaks ...

STAB MASTER ARSON
YO, THIS IS THE LAST STRAW!

The PROMOTER laughs, but he shouldn't have. STAB rears back and smacks the PROMOTER upside his head with the straw. The PROMOTER falls. The straw moves rapidly through the air. We hear grunts. WE SEE blood flying in the air. The scene is Hitchcockian in its horror ... trust us.

WE SEE THE PROMOTER fall.

A ROADIE, a large muscular black man in a tank top, leans over the body as INSPECTOR ROBINSON arrives.

ROBINSON
WHO DID THIS?

ROADIE
It was --

Off screen we hear the slurping of a straw.

WE SEE STAB MASTER ARSON leaning against a wall with a straw in his mouth and a milk shake in his hand.

ROBINSON
Well?

The ROADIE looks at ROBINSON. A beat. Then the ROADIE gets up and runs away.

ROBINSON (contd)
You punks won't get away with this. There's been a riot, an assault and some very bad grammar in this place tonight. Someone's going to pay.

MAN SLAUGHTER
This boy's droppin' more shit than a pigeon.

TRUSTUS JONES
Who are you?

ROBINSON
I'm Inspector O'Brian Robinson of the Department of Environmental Protection: Noise Pollution Division. My job -- and I've accepted it -- is to monitor this tour as a potential threat to the nation's ear drums.

HOMICIDE
Sounds like a censorship group to me.

ROBINSON
(ignoring Homicide)
What's in the bag?

TURSTUS JONES
Our money.

ROBINSON snatches it from JONES. STAB MASTER ARSON moves toward him. TRUSTUS JONES motions with his head "no."

ROBINSON
Tough guy, huh?

WE SEE ROBINSON from the POV of A. WHITE'S DOCUMENTARY CAMERA.

ROBINSON (contd)
Who the fuck are you?

A. WHITE
I'm A. White. I'm doing a documentary on Cell Block 4.

ROBINSON
Yeah?

ROBINSON puts his hand over the lens.

BACK TO:

REAL LIFE CAMERA

ROBINSON
I don't like white boys who help spread this rap crap anymore than I like the morons who make it. So Also White and all of you, just know that I'll be around. Another incident like tonight and I'll have you all up on pollution charges.

STAB blows loudly through his straw.

INT: WILLIAM MORRIS RECEPTION AREA - DAY

A. WHITE, now in a suit and tie, stands in front of the RECEPTIONIST.

A. WHITE
Ready? Let's try again.
(pause)

In the wake of the watermelon controversy, Dead Mike's threatened boycott, the riot, the mysterious beating of the Promoter and the foreboding presence of Inspector Robinson, Trustus Jones and Cell Block 4 want to refocus attention on music. As a result they reached out to one of the industry giants, Mr. William Morris.

A. WHITE turns to face the RECEPTIONIST, a mid-40's white woman who's seen plenty of stars and isn't impressed by A. WHITE one bit. She wears very thick glasses.

A. WHITE (contd)

Excuse me.

RECEPTIONIST

Yes, sir?

A. WHITE

I've been waiting two hours. My crew is on overtime.

RECEPTIONIST

Well, what do you want me to do about it?

A. WHITE

Call him again!!!

RECEPTIONIST cuts him a dirty look.

A. WHITE (contd)

... please.

The RECEPTIONIST smiles and then dials.

RECEPTIONIST

Mr. Morris? ... Oh, it is a beautiful day, isn't it? Oh, my grandchildren are fine.

She laughs. A. WHITE fumes.

RECEPTIONIST (contd)

You shouldn't talk that way at your age!

A. WHITE stands over her trying to look important.

RECEPTIONIST (contd)

Oh, there's a Mr. White waiting for you ... Yeah, the man from that boring television show ... Okay, I'll let him in anyway ...

(looking up at A. White)

Go in and make a right, then another right at the turn and then straight.

A. WHITE

(to camera)

Come on!!!

The CAMERA FOLLOWS A. WHITE past offices filled with agents and secretaries closing deals. At the very end of the corridors is a door and on it are the words, "WILLIAM MORRIS."

A. WHITE opens the door and WE SEE a white haired old man in a plaid jacket, red vest, smoking a large cigar. His office is filled with papers and pictures documenting a lifetime in show business.

WILLIAM MORRIS

Glad you could stop by, Sonny.
It's always fun to discuss the
business.

A. WHITE

Thank you for your time, sir.
We want to document your role
in the career of CB4.

WILLIAM MORRIS

The schartzers kids with the sneakers,
right? Why them when you could do
the Sylvers or Bootsie Collins? I
mean really hot groups. Why you
wanna waste film on them, when there
are people like me around? Are they
all that?

(he laughs to himself)

I'm joking, I'm joking.

A. WHITE

I get it, sir.

WILLIAM MORRIS

Don't get me wrong -- I love working
with Negroes. Absolutely delightful
people. Delightful. Me and Sammy
used to meet daily back when the
office was on Broadway. See that
picture there?

WE SEE photo of WILLIAM MORRIS sitting in a chair getting his shoes shined by an old black man with "SAMMY" written on the back of his shirt.

BACK TO:

WILLIAM MORRIS

Loved that Sammy. Loved him like a
son. Had the best hands on the street.
What rhythm!

A. WHITE

It's well known that you appreciate
artistry.

WILLIAM MORRIS

You don't have to flatter the old
man, but "thank you," I deserve it.

A. WHITE

About Cell Block 4, sir ...

WILLIAM MORRIS

Oh, yeah, the hippity hop guys.

WILLIAM MORRIS walks over to a pile of ledger books.

WILLIAM MORRIS (contd)

Let's see ... Okay, here we are.
Negroes.

(Morris drops the book on
his desk and puts on his
glasses)

Cell Block 4. We booked them to
work a date once, but they refused
because it was Sherman Helmsley's
birthday. It's some kind of black
national holiday ... The group was
arrested and fined \$1,300 for "lewd
and unprofessional behavior" in
Daytona, Florida. I think they
grabbed their balls on stage.

A. WHITE

It's a culturally correct assertion
of masculine pride.

WILLIAM MORRIS

Assertion, erection, who cares? The
most important thing is that I still
collected my 15% ... Okay, here it is.

(he takes off his glasses)

I just booked them on tour with the
group Ray, Bobby & Brown.

The music of a R&B dance song can be heard under the rest
of MORRIS' dialogue.

MORRIS (contd)

I think the combination should work.
Ray, Bobby & Brown, a dynamite harmony
group -- what you people today call
rhythm and blues or soul -- See the
old man still knows what's happening
-- and put them with the sneaker kids,
who are fabulous, absolutely fabulous

(MORE)

MORRIS (contd)

in their own way, and you'd cover
all your bases: young, old, harmony,
hippity-hoppity.

(finally, a pause)

There should be any problems? After
all, they're all Negroes, aren't
they?

CUT TO:

RAY, BOBBY & BROWN VIDEO

WE SEE RAY, BOBBY & BROWN performing their standard,
"My Baby Hit The Number (and She Didn't Give Me A Dime)."

Video Description: "My Baby Hit The Number." The
performances of RAY, BOBBY & BROWN are a shakey mix of
hip-hop dance steps and old style Temptation choreography.
Under the stage lights their gray hair glistens and their
sequined suits shine. Despite a new jack beat behind
them, RAY, BOBBY & BROWN are still as old fashioned as
a white leisure suit.

SAMPLE LYRICS

"She played 544
It came out in the handle.
I said 'Baby, give me some,'
She said, 'No, not enough for a candle.'"

A. WHITE (VO)

If CB4 represented black music's new
wave, Ray, Bobby & Brown were out of
the long, venerable tradition of
rhythm and blues.

The following photos are superimposed over the video.

A. WHITE (VO, contd)

This began in the '50s as the Rag
Tops ...

CUT TO:

Photo of THREE BLACK GUYS with their hair conked and
dressed '50s style.

A. WHITE (VO, contd)

In the '60s they were the Soul Babes,

CUT TO:

Photo of THREE WHITE WOMEN, in '60s tube dresses.

CUT TO:

A. WHITE (VO, contd)
and in the '70s Funkaholics ...

Photo of an Afroed, bell bottomed funk band, with many musicians ...

A. WHITE (VO, contd)
... before evolving into Ray, Bobby & Brown. The group is so old, their first LP went only wood. Through all these years, the group had two hits, "There's A Thin Line Between Art and Shit," recorded for Motown's Dark Side label in 1968 -- Berry Gordy's short-lived psychedelic label -- which was later recorded by George Michael, and their comeback new jack swing smash, "My Baby Hit The Number (and She Didn't Give Me A Dime)."

RAY, BOBBY & BROWN, in garish R&B outfits and corny dance steps, until the end of the song.

INT: BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

WE SEE A. WHITE through the DOCUMENTARY CAMERA walk down a hallway to a door that reads, "RAY, BOBBY & BROWN." He knocks.

A southern voice comes from behind the door, asking, "Who it be?"

A. WHITE
It's A. White. I spoke to your manager about an interview.

The door opens to reveal a jheri curled black man, late 40's holding a plate full of ribs. He is RAY, the group's leader, with one blinding bright gold tooth right in front of his mouth.

RAY
That fool manager don't know nothing.
How you be?

He licks the rib grease off his fingers, then reaches out to shake A. WHITE's hand.

RAY (contd)
Good to meet ya. Come on in!

INT: DRESSING ROOM - DAY

In the center of the room is a buffet table filled with ribs,

pig's feet, neckbone and grits. There is a big pot of grease being used for dip. BOBBY and BROWN sit on stools in front of dressing tables eating with big gobs of grease on their lips, face and fingers. They have plastic bags on their heads.

RAY

This is Bobby. This is Brown.

They reach out to shake A. WHITE's hand.

A. WHITE

Don't let me interrupt you.

A. WHITE sits down next to the still munching RAY.

A. WHITE (contd)

I just wanted to know your feelings about touring with Cell Block 4.

RAY

Well, Mr. White -- can I call you Whitey?

A. WHITE

Sure.

RAY

Well, Whitey, rap is a wonderful vehicle for the youth ... Kinda like stickball. But it won't last. All that zippidy doo dah zippidy zoo shit. Remember black and white TV? Gone. Eight tracks. Gone! Betamax. Gone! Gone! Gone! But we're still here because what we offer the public is professionalism. Right, Bobby? Right, Brown?

His group mates, still gopping down food, just grunt affirmatively with grease gurgling off their lips.

RAY (contd)

The difference between rap and what we do is that rap is all talk. We sang. Hear me good now ... SANG! Anybody can talk. I'm talkin' right now, ya understand?

(he laughs)

What this tour is gonna show is what separates the rappers from us professional entertainers. You'll see, Whitey, you'll see.

EXT: OFFICIAL LOOKING BUILDING - DAY

INT: DOORWAY - "OFFICE OF SONIC POLLUTION" - DAY

DISSOLVE TO:

MOUTH OF O'BRIEN ROBINSON

ROBINSON

Yes, sir, I'm on the case ... Yes,
I agree they are a terrifying threat
... Your grandchildren caught rhyming?
Terrible ...

CAMERA PULLS BACK so WE SEE ROBINSON sitting behind a desk
with an American flag behind him.

ROBINSON (contd)

They'll fuck up. I'll definitely
kick a little ass. Say hello to
the little lady. Hope that Jennie
Craig program fulfills all your
dreams.

He hangs up. CAMERA PULLS BACK so WE SEE EVE EDWARDS
sitting across the desk. CAMERA STOPS when it pulls back
far enough to reveal her pretty legs.

ROBINSON (contd)

Just as I told you. This inquiry has
support at the highest level of our
government.

As he talks ROBINSON's eyes are focused on EVE EDWARDS'
legs.

EVE EDWARDS

You're promising me an exclusive?

ROBINSON

Ms. Edwards -- may I call you Eve --
you now have an all access pass to
this investigation.

EVE EDWARDS

It won't be easy stopping Cell Block 4.
Sexism has a lot of supporters.

ROBINSON gets up and walks around the desk to face her.

ROBINSON

They'll self-destruct. With your
help, we'll make sure all of America
(MORE)

ROBINSON (contd)
 that moral purity is at the heart
 of this Republic.
 (now standing over her;
 groin at face level)
 Be great working with you.

EVE stands up and, angrily, gets in his face.

EVE EDWARDS
 Listen, white boy. Don't try
 and get smooth with me!
 (now softer)
 You get me inside dope and, maybe,
 we'll work closely.
 (hard again)
 But the information had better be
 good.

ROBINSON
 I'll be in touch.

EXT: HOLIDAY INN - DAY

CB4 tour bus drives up, SEEN THROUGH A. WHITE'S DOCUMENTARY
 CAMERA. CB4 and YOMONEYROB exit bus and head inside
 Holiday Inn with CAMERA FOLLOWING.

INT: HOLIDAY INN - DAY

CB4 members walk in passing sign announcing "Delta Alpha
 Sci Phi" sorority meeting.

They stand in check in line. STAB MASTER ARSON is
 absorbed in a copy of Tit Man magazine. MAN SLAUGHTER
 stands cleaning his Uzi. HOMICIDE fixes his hair as he
 looks in a small hand mirror.

Out of the hotel restaurant comes a group of BAP's (Black
 American Princesses) -- cute, well groomed, perky. One of
 them is DALIHA BOND, the woman from the picture in
 HOMICIDE's apartment.

She sees him in line and walks over.

DALIHA BOND
 Albert? Albert Brown, is that you?
 It's Daliha.

HOMICIDE
 (in his best buppie accent)
 Daliha Bond. You look wonderful!

MAN SLAUGHTER turns around, disgusted at HOMICIDE's buppie demeanor. HOMICIDE notices and quickly changes gears.

HOMICIDE

Yo, gee, how ya livin'?

DALIHA

Yo, G? Why are you talking that way and what are you wearing? If I didn't know any better I'd swear you were black.

HOMICIDE

(in whisper)

Baby, you're blowing my whole game.

(to A. White)

Whitey, cut that off!

CUT TO:

REAL LIFE CAMERA

HOMICIDE

We need to talk.

DALIHA

My mother was just asking whether you're going with us to Sag Harbor again this Labor Day.

HOMICIDE

Shhhhh!

CUT TO:

DALIHA BOND FACING THE CAMERA

A. WHITE (OC)

Are you surprised at Albert Brown's chosen profession?

DALIHA

I cannot believe it. It just really grosses me out. When we were together he used to play a few rap records and bounce around the living room.

CUT TO:

A LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

HOMICIDE is in front of a fireplace in his underwear rapping. DALIHA, lounging in a camisole, polishes her nails looking bored.

BACK TO:

DALIHA BOND

But it was always just a goof.
He did write poetry and he was a
totally excellent poet. I have
one with me.

(she takes paper
out of her purse)

He called it "Prelude To Love."

We switch back and forth between the voices of DALIHA and
HOMICIDE reciting the poem.

CUT TO:

EXT: A PARK - DAY

In a park WE SEE DALIHA running through a meadow; hair
bouncing, breasts bouncing. A vision of loveliness.
HOMICIDE runs toward her too; his chains bouncing, his
Kangol cap bouncing -- but staying on -- and his unlaced
sneakers flopping on his feet.

POEM

I can't believe the beauty of your
soul, Or the sweetness of your smile,
You are everything I've ever wanted
in a woman/Can our moments be true?
Can sugary emotion last long? I wish
I knew, but we never do/It's strange
where we lose our heart, I don't know
how it happened, but I do know why and
that knowledge must be accepted, the
simple truths of life have made me cry/
As the summer grows strong and the
autumn builds strong thoughts of our
moments will grow into wonderful images
to keep us warm in the winter/You see
I thus for I know little of love's
longevity/But much of its passions
and ends, I search, long need, desire
and wonder about, the emotion that
sustains emotion/I believe I want to
find it though I'm fearful of what I'll
find/This is my prelude to loving you,
take it for it says much of me or
rather of my past, you hold a key
to my future.

DALIHA

He was so sweet. But once he got into
rap he ended up wearing sneakers for a
living.

INT: HOMICIDE'S ROOM - DAY

DALIHA stands with a CB4 baseball cap on sideways and a gold chain around her neck.

DALIHA

Albert, you gave up an opportunity to go to Yale for this? I don't understand it.

HOMICIDE walks in from the bathroom with lawn clippers, cutting his hair.

HOMICIDE

First, don't call me Albert. Two, you won't ever understand. All you know is 9-to-5 and Ph.D's. I tried it. But, baby, it's never what you think it's gonna be when it is what it really is.

DALIHA

What is that, a riddle?

HOMICIDE

It means that Armani suit-expense account living wasn't as fulfilling to me as rocking a mic. And, bottom line, I'm getting paid.

DALIHA

Life is not all about money.

HOMICIDE

Yeah. What's it all about then?

DALIHA

Love. I love Albert Brown, I want you back.

She comes over and kisses him passionately, as a gooey-midnight-love song is heard on the soundtrack.

CUT TO:

HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY

MAN SLAUGHTER and DEAD MIKE are walking down the hall.

DEAD MIKE

You buggin'! Jordan may be air, but Barkley is the rebellious black man's ballplayer. Sports should be played with a vengeance. I personally

(MORE)

DEAD MIKE (contd)
 play ball with my elbows out,
 baseball with my spikes high,
 football with crazy attitude.
 Bob doesn't know shit compared
 to me and Barkley is the only pro
 who plays exact and correct.

MAN SLAUGHTER
 Ah, man. Jordan is a multi-million
 dollar man. He endorses Nike. He
 endorses Coke. He endorses Wheaties.

DEAD MIKE
 Exactly. Only a card carrying,
 shuffling and jivin' buppie would
 endorse Wheaties.

MAN SLAUGHTER
 Yo, this is Homicide's room. He'll
 be down with Jordan.

MAN SLAUGHTER pulls something out of his pocket and picks
 open the door to HOMICIDE's room.

They enter the room to find DALIHA and HOMICIDE on the
 bed. She's on top of HOMICIDE, kissing him passionately.
 ... Oh, yeah, their clothes are on.

Leaving the door open DEAD MIKE and MAN SLAUGHTER walk over
 to the bed.

MAN SLAUGHTER
 Home girl is doing work!

A startled DALIHA shrieks when she sees them.

DALIHA
 Muggers!

HOMICIDE
 Unfortunately, these are co-workers.

MAN SLAUGHTER
 Yo, your bourgie is showing.

HOMICIDE
 It's alright. She knows.

HOMICIDE and DALIHA stand up.

DEAD MIKE
 My beautiful high yellow sister, my
 name is Dead Mike.

MAN SLAUGHTER

(grabbing her hand)

Damn, your hands are as soft as a wet baby's ass.

(in a sexy voice)

I am Man Slaughter, the Grand Verbalizer Most High and let me tell you, sweet thing, I like my women like I like my rice. Yellow.

DALIHA

(pulling her hand away)

Excuse me!

MAN SLAUGHTER

Oh, it's like that, huh?

WE SEE STAB MASTER ARSON, SISSY, and TWO GIRLIES enter the room. Following close behind is A. WHITE.

Now WE SEE DOCUMENTARY FOOTAGE of activities in HOMICIDE's room.

WE SEE MAN SLAUGHTER still trying to talk to DALIHA while HOMICIDE looks in the mirror ...

WE SEE STAB MASTER ARSON and DEAD MIKE and the TWO GIRLIES hugging and fondling on the bed ...

WE SEE A. WHITE trying to catch a rap with a reluctant SISSY.

A. WHITE

You don't return my calls.

SISSY

Ah, baby, you know, I just been gettin' -- I mean been busy.

(to camera)

Hey, camera guy, you know you lookin' good in those jeans.

A. WHITE

Cut that camera off!

EXT: THEATER ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Fans enter. On the marquee is the announcement -- "CELL BLOCK 4" and underneath "RAY, BOBBY & BROWN."

INT: THEATER STAGE

RAY, BOBBY & BROWN are ending a performance.

CUT TO:

BACKSTAGE

WE SEE RAY, BOBBY & BROWN performing from the wings through the DOCUMENTARY CAMERA. They end their performance and walk TOWARD THE CAMERA. We hear the sound of solid but polite applause.

RAY

(to camera)

Hear that? That's professionalism.

YOMONEYROB walks by them and goes onstage. RAY stands and watches him, reaching into his pocket and pulls out a box of sunflower seeds.

YOMONEYROB

Are you ready for startime!

We hear the sound of thunderous cheers..

YOMONEYROB (contd)

Are you ready for Cell Block 4!

We hear more thunderous cheers.

RAY begins nervously eating his sunflower seeds.

CELL BLOCK 4 and SISSY walk INTO THE FRAME.

MAN SLAUGHTER

(to Ray)

Hear how large we are?

RAY, obviously frustrated, spits out a seed and it hits SISSY.

SISSY

Hey, watch out, old man!

MAN SLAUGHTER

Yo, Grandpa, we don't play that sunflower seed shit.

SISSY

That's right.

RAY

Who you talkin' to Jezebel?

MAN SLAUGHTER

Jezebel? Her name's Sissy, fool.

SISSY whispers in MAN SLAUGHTER's ear.

MAN SLAUGHTER (contd)
Ohh ... You calling her a ho?

RAY
If the shoe fits!

MAN SLAUGHTER lunges for RAY and a fight ensues with bodies flying.

Combatants roll out of the wings and onto the stage.

SISSY confronts RAY.

RAY
Hey, bit--!

Before RAY can finish his sentence, SISSY hits him with a roundhouse right.

RAY's gold tooth flies out of his mouth onto the stage.

A KID in the crowd spots it.

KID
Yo, gold!!!

Four audience members leap on stage in the never ending pursuit of gold.

EXT: JAIL HOUSE - DAY

INT: HOLDING PEN - DAY

WE SEE the bars. Then WE MOVE through the bars and SEE the members of CELL BLOCK 4 and YOMONEYROB sittoung around a cell. No one is talking. They all look depressed.

We hear the sound of several pairs of feet coming down the hall toward them.

YOMONEYROB
(getting up)
I bet that's Trustus with the bail!
Hey, Trustus!!

But it's not. It's ROBINSON, EVE EDWARDS and a camera crew.

ROBINSON
Sorry, no bail for you boys. Word came down from on high.

EVE EDWARDS
We're ready.

ROBINSON

Go.

Lights of a video camera come on.

EVE EDWARDS

I understand that you spear-headed this campaign.

ROBINSON

Cell Block 4 has polluted the air-waves of this nation for the last time. Their record of riot incitement, lewdness and poor grammar will, following their trial, see them incarcerated, banned and hopefully unemployed.

EVE EDWARDS

Thank you, Inspector Robinson. On tonight's program, we will explore the drugs, sex and violence of Cell Block 4, a group who rose out of jail and, inevitably, ended up back inside.

DEAD MIKE walks up to the front of the cell. Through the bars, he speaks to her.

DEAD MIKE

Sister, are you going to let us respond? I am righteous, correct and exact. You don't have to look hard to see that I'm black. And, underneath all that make up, I know you are too.

EVE EDWARDS

Cut the cameras.

The TV lights disappear.

EVE EDWARDS

Don't try to "sister" me. A bad man is a bad man and Cell Block 4 is sexist, misogynist and, besides, you guys hate women.

HOMICIDE

I love women.

From the back of the cell:

MAN SLAUGHTER

Hey, witch, fuck you!

ROBINSON

See! See, you're doing the right thing, Eve.

DEAD MIKE

Think about who he is and what he represents, sister. Think!!
(referring to Robinson)

EVE seems to be weighing her options. DEAD MIKE's speech affected her, but who knows how much?

EXT: VIDEO PRODUCTION STUDIO - NIGHT

INT: EDITING ROOM - NIGHT

A. WHITE and TRUSTUS JONES sit behind a control board.

A. WHITE

This seems like a waste of time.

TRUSTUS JONES

Where there's money to be made time can never be wasted.

A. WHITE

How can you be so cold? A band you nurtured is about to be destroyed. They all have records. A judge, taking into account the negative publicity Eve Edwards has generated, might throw the book.

TRUSTUS JONES

Let me tell you something: I was born on a doorstep with a note across my chest. It read, "Do the best you can for him, world." I had to suck the first nipple come along. I didn't run away from home -- I ran to find a home. I ran to find God. And the nearest I could get to God is people. And what do people fight for? Money -- So I figure God must be money. So I always try to be Godly.

A. WHITE is stunned by TRUSTUS JONES' logic.

A. WHITE

Could you say that again?

TRUSTUS JONES

White man, this tape may be the last check that these boys get. Between you and me and the light-bulb, they ain't that talented. So look, just show me what you got and I promise to explain it to you later.

A. WHITE presses a button on the console.

A monitor comes to life. First color bars. Then the ten-second countdown. Then ...

CUT TO:

MONITOR SCREEN

On a Harlem street, A. WHITE, in preppie outfit, looks INTO CAMERA.

A. WHITE

We on yet? Okay.

(a beat)

Harlem is a place of the unexpected. It is also the home of two long time residents who, like Bo Diddley and Chuck Berry, created a magical music, and were ripped off by "the Man."

CUT TO:

HARLEM STOOP - DAY

Two Hasidic Jews, SIMON and SAUL, are sitting on the steps of a building. A little black girl comes by playing jump rope. SIMON and SAUL look INTO THE CAMERA wearing long gray beards, black hats and stern demeanors. In fact, they have on the same kind of hats as CELL BLOCK 4 did in 1983.

SIMON

We've lived in this whitestone since the '40s.

SAUL

That's right, whitestone.

SIMON

Anyway, we'd been working on this rap thing for years.

SAUL
Drop science, Simon! Kick it hard!

SIMON
So, one day this kid Euripides Smalls
comes to deliver from Balducci's.
He hears us rap.

SAUL
Just a little thing, you know. "So,
socialize, open up your eyes, and
wiggle your behind." And boom!

SIMON
Bam!

SAUL
Thank you, Ma'am.

SIMON
Next thing we know he's living
large sporting dope gear, chillin'
with fly hoes. He was all that.

CUT TO:

Photos of Euripides Smalls aka MAN SLAUGHTER as a child.
Cute photos too, with MAN SLAUGHTER's adult head super-
imposed on the child's body. One photo shows MAN SLAUGHTER
standing in front of an orphans' home.

WE SEE Super 8 footage of a high school graduation.

A. WHITE (VO)
Abandoned by parents and raised by
roaches ...

WE SEE MAN SLAUGHTER, in line with other graduates,
crawling on all fours in graduation cap and gown.

A. WHITE (VO, contd)
... he went on to lead a normal life.

MAN SLAUGHTER stands staring out from behind prison bars.

CUT TO:

MAN SLAUGHTER sits FACING THE CAMERA, wearing prison gear,
eating a hot dog as we hear A. WHITE's voice.

A. WHITE (VO)
After a series of odd jobs, including
gynecologist, casting director and
the chairmanship of General Motors,
Euripides turned to crime.

A. WHITE

So what crimes have you committed?

MAN SLAUGHTER

Manslaughter, of course. A few assaults. Beat the shit out of my grandmother. High speed hijacking of an armored car. Burglary. Yo, just let it be known I was a treacherous motherfucker!!!

After MAN SLAUGHTER speaks, his true crimes are revealed by a close captioned TRANSLATOR.

TRANSLATOR

(a black woman)

That boy's lying. He got caught stealing tricycles from four-year-olds, hair out of a barbershop, counterfeit food stamps, and ice from a Korean grocery.

CUT TO:

KOREAN GROCERY STORE - DAY

Typical New York Korean grocery. The GROCER runs out into the street and yells at the top of his lungs.

KOREAN GROCER

Hey, you, bring back my ice!

BACK TO:

MAN SLAUGHTER INTERVIEW

A. WHITE (OC)

I understand that you had problems in school.

MAN SLAUGHTER

Yo, let me tell you something, white man. I got up every day at 6:00 a.m. to get the 6:45 school bus to go out to where little Johnny lives who got up at 8:00 a.m. to get to school for a 9:00 a.m. class. Little Johnny is wide awake in that first period class and I got my head on the desk 'cause I'm tired. So they say little Johnny can read and I can't! Shit, I was asleep!!!

INT: FAST FOOD FRANCHISE - DAY

A. WHITE walks through a fast food restaurant. A predominately black clientele is eating hamburgers and shakes.

A. WHITE

We're here to meet Frank Blewit,
the first manager of Cell Block 4.

BLEWIT is 30ish, in short sleeved shirt, curly black hair, light blue shirt and navy blue tie.

A. WHITE (contd)

Let's hope he has time in his busy
schedule to meet with us. Here
he comes now. Frank! Frank! I'm
A. White. Do you have any time to
talk to our viewers.

FRANK

(smiling)

I always have time for the white man.

CUT TO:

SHOT OF A. WHITE AND FRANK, FACE TO FACE

FRANK

So what do you want to talk about
marketing, promotions, distribution?

A. WHITE

Could you tell us about Cell Block 4.

FRANK

(angry)

Who sent you here? What kind of
white man are you? Cell Block 4.
Cell Block 4. You'd think these
guys would call me after all I did
for them --

A. WHITE

And what did you do for them?

FRANK

Well, one time we were in a restaurant
and Man Slaughter needed five cents
to get cheese on a burger. I gave
it to him. You'd think he even paid
me back? No. Not that I was looking
for it. But it would be nice if
someone said, "Hey, Frank, here's
a nickel. Hey, Frank, here's five

(MORE)

FRANK (contd)

pennies. Hey, Frank, here's two pennies and a half, a shoe lace." Something!

A. WHITE

What went wrong between you and the group? Why did you drop them as clients?

FRANK

Creative differences. I had other things to manage.

A. WHITE

What kind of differences?

FRANK

Well, if you must know, I didn't think they had what it takes ...

(irritated)

A lot of people make mistakes. There are those who turned down the Rolling Stones, who turned down the Beatles. I know at least four white people who don't like Milli Vanilli. So I don't mind being the man who turned down Call Block 4. It didn't ruin my career or anything like that.

A. WHITE

Well, then, thank you for your time.

FRANK

Tell them I want my nickel! I want my nickel!

EXT: NEW YORK CITY STREET

A. WHITE is asking passersby about CB4. This is REAL DOCUMENTARY FOOTAGE.

MAN ON THE STREET QUESTIONS

Do you like rap music? Do you listen to Call Block 4? What makes a rap record good? What does (group member's name) mean to you?

Then one well-dressed BUPPIE stops. In his Brooks Brothers suit, round wire framed glasses, this gent defines upward mobility.

A. WHITE

Are you familiar with Cell Block 4?

BUPIE

No, sir, I've never had the opportunity to be incarcerated.

A. WHITE

No, I'm referring to the rap group Cell Block 4!

BUPIE

Yo, you mean CB4?!? Ah, man, they was da joint. Bust this -- I got this tape I made -- it's called "Vish-Ass." Not vicious, but "Vish-Ass." It's dedicated to Olivia Brown, that "Miami Vice" girlie with that crazy big ass. It's just like those old CB4 jams, you-know-I'm-sayin'?

INT: VILLAGE VOICE OFFICES - DAY

TWO ROCK CRITICS -- a nerdy, bookish, pale white man in a Lou Reed T-shirt and a serious, Afrocentric brother with a hat and beard -- are being interviewed. Both sit looking INTO THE CAMERA.

BLACK CRITIC

Homicide's raps recontextualize Afro-poetic ideas into bite sized nuggets of insurrection. Sort of a well honed extension of Gamble & Huffian nationalism.

WHITE CRITIC

Well, I'd frame Homicide in a more universal context. He works with a cynical brilliance in the urban troubadour tradition of Springsteen, Reed, Sting, Vanilli and Abdul, as in Paula's late period.

CUT TO:

INT: SUMNER ARMORY (1983) - NIGHT

CB4 performs "If You Move Too Fast, I'll Bust Your Ass."
(Lyrics)

HOMICIDE

(raps)

Movin' and groovin' and humpin' and
screwin'/I like to take my time when
(MORE)

HOMICIDE (contd)
 I'm doin' the do? Inside your mind
 I am loomin'/'Cause this young man
 likes things slow and tender/
 Givin' you time to feel all my
 member ...

Near the end of the performance A. WHITE speaks.

A. WHITE (VO)
 Praised as the Stevie Wonder of
 rap, Homicide's career began at
 a Rikers Island talent show.

INT: RIKERS ISLAND AUDITORIUM (1982) - DAY

Inmates sit under police guard as M.C. YOMONEYROB, looking
 as he did at Queens Armory, walks to center stage. All of
 the inmates are wearing white gloves.

YOMONEYROB
 Hey everybody, I love the attitude
 in the room. You know this may be
 the last place in New York we'll
 be able to see hip-hop, so let's
 not fuck it up. Peace to the Zulu
 Nation.

The crowd "meows" rather sweetly.

YOMONEYROB (contd)
 Peace to the Hollis Crew.

The crowd "meows."

YOMONEYROB (contd)
 Peace to the Brownsville Bad Mother-
 fuckers.

Dog barks.

YOMONEYROB (contd)
 Now let's give a nice Rikers Island
 welcome to our next contestant,
 the poet Homicide!

HOMICIDE, in prison gear and hip-hop attitude, walks on
 stage carrying a roll of toilet paper. As he recites,
 he unrolls.

HOMICIDE
 I'm Homicide from Cell Block 4 and
 the name of my poem is "I Didn't
 (MORE)

HOMICIDE (contd)

Do it." Just because I had the cash, doesn't mean I killed her ass, I didn't do it. Just because blood was in my hand, it doesn't mean I stabbed the man. I didn't do it.

The inmates respond enthusiastically to HOMICIDE's first two verses. HOMICIDE, already pumped up, now gets manic.

HOMICIDE (contd)

Just because I had the cash, doesn't mean I whipped his ass. I didn't do it.

HOMICIDE begins shouting, "I didn't do it" until two guards come on stage to carry him away. The inmates applaud politely.

CUT TO:

HOMICIDE'S CELL

HOMICIDE sits holding an ice pack to his forehead.

A. WHITE (OC)

I understand you, like so many black entertainers, had to struggle against poverty until you could make money entertaining the fortunate residents of white neighborhoods.

HOMICIDE

Word up, my man. I had it hard. I'm tellin' you. Rats as big as cats. Used to push me from the dinner table on a nightly basis.

EXT: SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

A. WHITE (VO)

I first became aware of CB4 through Homicide. While he was still in prison I visited his home.

A neat two-story home in Teaneck, New Jersey. A. WHITE walks up to the door. The mail box says, "The Browns." He straightens his tie and rings the bell.

MRS. ALBERTA BROWN, HOMICIDE's mother, a sweet faced, middle-aged woman, opens the door. She has a brown cat under one arm.

A. WHITE
 Alberta Brown? I'm A. White.

ALBERTA BROWN
 You sure look like one.

A. WHITE
 Thank you. You have a lovely pussy.

ALBERTA BROWN
 Oh, this's Albert's pussy. I'm
 just watching her until he gets
 back. Come on in. I was just
 fixing some brownies.

INT: HOMICIDE'S ROOM - DAY

HOMICIDE's room is as clean and wholesome as Tom Cruise's
in Born on the 4th of July. As A. WHITE walks around the
 room ALBERTA points out the highlights.

ALBERTA BROWN
 That's his science project award.
 That's his school crossing guard
 merit citation. He won that big
 one for his entry in the "Alice
 Walker Promising African-American
 Poetry" contest. He was really
 proud of that one.

A. WHITE picks up a prom photo of HOMICIDE with a homely
 blonde in his arm and makes a disgusted face.

A cute pig-tailed BLACK GIRL enters wearing a beige outfit.

ALBERTINA
 Who are you?

A. WHITE
 I'm A. White. You must be Albertina.

ALBERTINA
 You seen my brother?

A. WHITE
 Well ...

ALBERTA
 He's still away at camp.

ALBERTINA
 But it's been several years, Mommy.

ALBERTA then slaps the hell out of ALBERTINA and then turns to smile sheepishly INTO THE CAMERA.

EXT: CITY STREET - DAY

HOMICIDE stands next to a cherry red jeep.

HOMICIDE

Yo, bust this. This Saranoya is the deffest new thing from the land of the rising yen. It's got an engine that defines dope.

He holds up a computer chip.

HOMICIDE (contd)

Snap this into your glove compartment, turn the key and you're good to go. So what's up under the hood?

HOMICIDE pulls up hood, revealing a giant stereo speaker. A CB4 song now booms out.

HOMICIDE (contd)

Saranoya. It's all that.

He folds his arms and stares INTO THE CAMERA hard.

INT: HARLEM RESTAURANT - DAY

It's dark and homey. There are grease stains on the walls and heavy-set women behind the counter. In the back there are tables. A. WHITE walks in looking for SLIM LIGHTIN', an old black man sitting alone at a table with an empty plate in front of him. A sign behind him reads: "Doc's Rib Shack. Home of the Big Ass Biscuit." Next to the sign is an illustration of a fat, round biscuit with a big smile and top hat.

A. WHITE

Slim Lightin'?

SLIM

You the white man?

A. WHITE

Yes, we spoke on the phone.

SLIM

You got fifty dollars?

A. WHITE

You didn't mention money on the phone. I don't pay for interviews.

SLIM

Listen, Mr. Hairweave, fifty dollars or nothing. You paid for all this equipment, you can pay for my memories, jack!!

A. WHITE

(to camera)

Okay, cut it.

SLIM

Fool, cut that camera back on!

Screen goes black. Then, after a beat, comes back on. SLIM LIGHTIN' is sitting with a half-empty bottle of Jack Daniels next to him and a huge biscuit in front of him. He looks INTO CAMERA.

SLIM

Hey, cracker, have one of these big ass biscuits, will you?

A. WHITE (OC)

No, thanks.

SLIM

Suit yourself. Go ahead.

He begins eating and drinking and does both during the entire interview. In carving the biscuit he finds a Swatch watch inside. He makes no mention of this unusual event and simply wraps it onto his wrist without commenting on this bizarre event.

A. WHITE

I'm told you played a key role in Stab Master Arson's life?

SLIM

You mean that Otis O. Otis kid? Ass-hole. I mean Arson. Hell of a name, ain't it? Since he was eight or nine he been running errands for me. Get me groceries, pick up the betting sheets, stuff of that nature. Never said much but if I let him sip some Jack through a straw, he'd smile.

(Slim bites a Big Ass

Biscuit and then washes

it down with Jack Daniels)

But once he got into that rap shit, boy just went left. Sold me a hot TV for fifty dollars and I put it

(MORE)

SLIM (contd)

dead in my living room, jack.
I stepped over here for a big-ass
biscuit and damn if Otis didn't
stick a midget inside! Cleaned
me out! Stole my Air Jordans.
Everything! Kid was smart. Never
did say much though.

CUT TO:

STAB MASTER ARSON cutting and scratching "Good Times."

CUT TO:

STAB stands on a street corner making vulgar sign language
at young girls walking by.

A. WHITE (VO)

Stab Master Arson, also known by
his middle name O, was the strong
silent type and precisely because
no one knew what he thought Stab
Master emerged as Cell Block 4's
acknowledged leader. It was said,
"He talked with hands."

CUT TO:

CELL BLOCK 4 CONCERT - NIGHT

A WHITE EXECUTIVE stands on stage with CB4 handing the
group platinum albums.

WHITE EXECUTIVE

We at Pop Records just want to
express our support for rap music.
Our motto is if it's on Pop, it
is pop.

STAB MASTER ARSON is the last to receive his record. He
immediately takes the glass enclosed plaque and breaks it
over his knee. He then takes the platinum record out and
hooks it into his gold chain.

CUT TO:

MAN SLAUGHTER AND HOMICIDE INTERVIEW

Both are FACING THE CAMERA.

A. WHITE (OC)

When did you know Stab was your
leader?

HOMICIDE

Ah, I don't know. You remember?

MAN SLAUGHTER

Sure ... a ... I think it was ...
shit, I don't know.

EXT: BA BA ACK'S BUILDING - DAY

A. WHITE walks up to the building and rings the buzzer.
The sign, "Save The Black Man" is on the door.

A. WHITE (VO)

For insight into the controversy
many began studying the work of
Ba Ba Ack, head of the SAVE THE
NUBIAN MALE FOUNDATION, and Dead
Mike's spiritual mentor.

The door opens to reveal BA BA ACK, a tall, 40ish black man,
dressed in all black, save a huge African medallion, around
his neck and a red, black and green kufi.

A. WHITE

Good afternoon.

BA BA ACK

You may enter, infidel.

BA BA ACK turns and moves into the house. The CAMERA
FOLLOWS him inside. The walls are black. The ceilings
are black. The floors are black. Some moldings and
door knobs are painted black. Maps of Africa hang from
the walls.

In the living room BA BA ACK sits FACING THE CAMERA.
Behind him are huge blow-ups of Al Sharpton and Marion
Barry hanging on the walls behind him.

A. WHITE

What role did you play in Dead
Mike's education?

BA BA ACK

I told him to think independently
with a global consciousness, to be
always on the look-out for deception
and misinformation. For example,
European-Americans have always
called our people monkeys. But
a monkey's got a pale face and
straight hair, much like you,
Mr. White.

A. WHITE clears his throat nervously.

A. WHITE
What about his stance on watermelons?

BA BA ACK
That's misinformation. Watermelons
are not the issue. The definition
of African Americans by African-
Americans is the issue.

At this point BA BA ACK removes his kufi, revealing a head
of Shaptonesque blow dried hair.

BA BA ACK (contd)
Only when we can define ourselves
without questioning by you so-
called Caucasians will this be a
land of freedom.

CAMERA ZOOMS IN SLOWLY ON Al Sharpton poster.

Screen turns to video snow.

BACK TO:

EDITING ROOM - NIGHT

TRUSTUS JONES and A. WHITE behind the edit board.

TRUSTUS JONES
Not bad, Whitey.

We hear an off-screen voice, "Crap. Same old crap."

They turn to see ROBINSON and TWO UNIFORMED COPS.

ROBINSON
In fact it's so foul the public
needs to be protected from it.

ROBINSON snaps his fingers and the TWO COPS push A. WHITE
and JONES out of the way and begin grabbing video tapes.

TRUSTUS JONES
This is police brutality!

A. WHITE
This is censorship!

ROBINSON
This is competent law enforcement.

ROBINSON shoves a legal document in JONES' hand as the
TWO COPS exit.

ROBINSON

See you on TV -- I mean in court.

CUT TO:

"A CURRENT AFFAIR" BROADCAST

EVE EDWARDS is on a television set.

EVE EDWARDS

Cell Block 4, now as CB4 to its pubescent fans, is back where they belong. In jail. After years of nasty music, rampant sexism, and bad grammar, Cell Block 4 is in the hell hole from which they rose.

CUT TO:

A. WHITE'S DOCUMENTARY FOOTAGE

WE SEE SHOT of DALIHA, HOMICIDE, MAN SLAUGHTER, SISSY, etc. in HOMICIDE's room. From A. WHITE's confiscated footage.

EVE EDWARDS (VO)

This footage, shot by our hidden camera, shows an orgy about to happen. Notice A. White, once a top critic, now reduced to a lecherous groupiedom by contact with the group. A tidal wave of outrage has washed across the shores of our country. For example, note the patriotic stance of the Governor of Florida.

INT: CONFERENCE ROOM

Reporters and cameras are set up. A news PRESS SECRETARY steps to the microphone. A Confederate flag is prominent in the background of the frame.

PRESS SECRETARY

The Governor of Florida.

The GOVERNOR is wearing a round orange button.

GOVERNOR

Watermelon now rivals citrus fruit and Disney products as the key cash crop of this state. We won't allow anyone, especially some Satan worshipping rapper, to ridicule this

(MORE)

GOVERNOR (contd)

noble fruit. Until further notice
anyone selling a Cell Block 4 record
in the state will be subject to arrest.
Watermelon now! Watermelon forever!

He reaches under the dais, pulls up a watermelon and then
takes a giant bite out of it. The crowd applauds.

Bang!

A sneaker has been hurled through the television screen.

WE SEE CELL BLOCK 4's members sitting in a prison
reaction room. MAN SLAUGHTER reaches into the television
to pull his sneaker out.

HOMICIDE

WHY DID YOU DO THAT?

MAN SLAUGHTER

I Was tired of that hair weave wearing
hoe.

HOMICIDE

I hear on that.

DEAD MIKE

You know, in her heart, I think she
wants to do the right thing, but
she's too caught up in the system.

MAN SLAUGHTER

Being back in the joint has made
you silly.

As MAN SLAUGHTER walks away from the screen, WE SEE DEAD
MIKE furiously scratching his sneakered feet.

CUT TO:

REACTION ROOM DOORWAY - DAY

A. WHITE and JONES enter.

TRUSTUS JONES

You saw the show I see.

MAN SLAUGHTER sees A. WHITE, walks over to him and punches
him to the floor.

TRUSTUS JONES (contd)

Why'd you do that?

MAN SLAUGHTER

Why the fuck not? I didn't want
him following me around in the first
place.

HOMICIDE helps A. WHITE to a chair.

TRUSTUS JONES

Listen up. The trial is tomorrow
and things don't look good.

HOMICIDE

Or smell good, look at Dead Mike's
feet.

CLOSE UP - DEAD MIKE'S FEET

DEAD MIKE's shoeless feet are swollen beyond belief.

TRUSTUS JONES

Call a doctor!

HOMICIDE

I TOLD HIM TO WASH BETWEEN HIS TOES!
CHECK YOUR SHOES AND SOCKS!

STAB

It's too funky in here!

MAN SLAUGHTER

What the fuck. It can't kill him.

EXT: A BAPTIST CHURCH - DAY

Mourners enter from all walks of African-American life to
pay final respect to DEAD MIKE.

A. WHITE (VO)

Mourners enter from all walks of
African-American life to pay final
respects to Dead Mike.

INT: BAPTIST CHURCH - DAY

A long line awaits its chance to view DEAD MIKE's body.

CUT TO:

DEAD MIKE's body in the coffin. He looks absolutely
blissful lying dead in his usual b-boy attire with lots
of gold on.

CUT TO:

DEAD MIKE'S POV of mourners viewing him. TWO B-BOYS walk INTO THE FRAME.

B-BOY #1

He's outta here!

B-BOY #2

Yo, man, he's fucked up. My man told him to be careful.

They walk away.

CUT TO:

DEAD MIKE still blissful, but gold chainless.

As they EXIT THE FRAME, SISSY enters, an attractive black woman in her early 20's, with a crazy long, definitely artificial hairweave, who is crying her eyes out. SISSY is sobbing up a storm, when, from behind -- seemingly out of the hair itself -- a hand reaches up and gives SISSY a handkerchief.

Behind SISSY, WE SEE a teenaged black girl, in jeans, leather jacket and chewing bubble gum. Her job is to make sure SISSY's extra large hairweave doesn't hit the floor. She is WEALETTE (it even says so on her jacket). As SISSY cries, WEALETTE blows a bubble.

WE SEE SISSY now leaning INTO THE CAMERA to kiss DEAD MIKE. The CAMERA is momentarily covered with SISSY's weave.

SISSY walks away crying. WEALETTE exits with her chewing gum and blowing bubbles.

Next INTO THE FRAME is BA BA ACK. He stands sternly over DEAD MIKE's body.

Then he looks up at the altar.

CUT TO:

PAINTING OF JESUS ON THE CROSS

CUT TO:

BA BA ACK frowning.

CUT TO:

BA BA ACK looking back down at DEAD MIKE and then up to the altar again.

CUT TO:

Marion Barry's face replacing Jesus' face on the cross.

CUT TO:

BA BA ACK smiles, then walks away.

A WHITE and his camera are next INTO THE FRAME.

A. WHITE

How does it look?

CAMERAMAN

Shouldn't he have a gold chain on?

A. WHITE

Yeah.

A. WHITE reaches into his pocket and pulls out a rope chain.

From DEAD MIKE'S POV, WE SEE him place the gold chain around DEAD MIKE's neck.

A. WHITE (contd)

Better.

CAMERAMAN

Now he looks real.

CUT TO:

From A. WHITE's POV, WE SEE DEAD MIKE with the gold chain on. A. WHITE and the CAMERAMAN EXIT THE FRAME.

WE SEE A WELL DRESSED BLACK MAN, 30, walk INTO THE FRAME. Dressed in a dark suit, tie and white shirt, he appears to be the first "normal" mourner. A family friend or relative perhaps?

WELL DRESSED BLACK MAN

Thought you could get away, huh, baby.
Now ya laying dead. But we ain't
settled this yet. Where's my money.
Motherfucker.

He punches him smack in the mouth or, for our purposes, the CAMERA, with a solid right hand.

WELL DRESSED BLACK MAN (contd)

This ain't over.

WE SEE WELL DRESSED BLACK MAN'S POV of DEAD MIKE. DEAD MIKE now frowning with a black eye.

CUT TO:

STAB MASTER ARSON's turntables are on the coffin lid. Three microphones are set up in front of the casket. DEAD MIKE's kufi is on one microphone.

HOMICIDE

This is dedicated to Dead Mike. He can't rap tonight, so I'll man his ground.

HOMICIDE puts DEAD MIKE's kufi atop his hat and begins rapping his and DEAD MIKE's lines on "I Think Dead Mike's Been Fixed."

(Lyrics To Come)

DISSOLVE TO:

INT: EMPTY CHURCH

Save the members of CELL BLOCK 4, JONES, YOMONEYROB, A. WHITE, SISSY and DALIHA standing silently around the coffin.

CUT TO:

CHURCH DOORWAY

EVE and ROBINSON enter. EVE is leading a reluctant ROBINSON by the hand.

HOMICIDE

You two have a lot of nerve coming in here!

A. WHITE

Where's the film crew, you ghouls?

EVE EDWARDS

I still don't like you guys or what you stand for. But Dead Mike was actually a good brother with heart. He didn't deserve to die such a horrible death.

(to Robinson)

Isn't that right, Inspector?

ROBINSON is silent.

EVE EDWARDS (contd)

If you don't offer the deal I'll expose your campaign to destroy this group, implicate you in the riot, in Mike's death and reveal your own personal corruptions.

ROBINSON

I am authorized to offer you a deal.

TRUSTUS JONES

That's what I like to hear.

ROBINSON

If you perform a benefit concert for my favorite charity -- the Narcoleptic Dolphin Society -- and afterward agree to break up the group, all charges will be dropped, all investigations will be ended.

HOMICIDE

First of all, any money we raise should go to Ba Ba Ack's Foundation.

MAN SLAUGHTER

TWO, NO ONE CAN TELL US WHAT TO DO!

ROBINSON

That's the deal. Take it or leave it.

EXT: THEATER - NIGHT

Fans roll in. Marquee reads: "CELL BLOCK 4, FINAL CONCERT, HELPING DOLPHINS."

CUT TO:

CELL BLOCK 4 DRESSING ROOM

CELL BLOCK 4, JONES, A. WHITE, SISSY, DALIHA are sitting around. JONES is in the center of the room.

TRUSTUS JONES

Just do what they want. Do "The Roach Dance Rap." The record company will reinstate us under another name. It could be a whole new direction for us. It's where rap is going.

A. WHITE

I know it's not my place to speak.

YOMONEYROB

Damn right, so sit your ass down.

HOMICIDE

Yo, let him talk. He's paid his dues.

A. WHITE

You guys have a unique opportunity to strike a blow for free speech. I think you should do the illest, stoopest, cold gettin' dumb rap you can imagine.

MAN SLAUGHTER

SHIT, THAT MAKES ME SO FUCKIN' MAD!

HOMICIDE

I thought you'd be with that.

MAN SLAUGHTER

I know. I hate having to agree with him. Fuck all that soft ass butter pop do do. Stab, give me a beat!

STAB MASTER ARSON rubs his hands together and then walks to his turntables.

STAB MASTER ARSON

Bust a move.

CUT TO:

THEATER STAGE

Through A. WHITE'S DOCUMENTARY CAMERA, WE SEE CELL BLOCK 4 take the stage to cheers. STAB MASTER ARSON begins cutting up a beat.

HOMICIDE and MAN SLAUGHTER alternate saying each of the following words:

HOMICIDE/MAN SLAUGHTER

We are Cell Block 4. A group before its time, of its time, like Jimmy Walker.

(as each name is mentioned, their photo appears)

... Peter Lemongello, Franklin Ajaye, Jim Baker, the Beastie Boys, Bohannon, Morton Downey Jr., Don Johnson's singing career, Ruth Buzzi, Ralph Sampson, Gary Hart, Don Johnson's acting career, Chico DeBarge, Vanity and Apollonia. That level of star -- yes, we are all that -- was like a flame of passion. It was good while it lasted, but that was only fifteen minutes. Now, in our last performance, we have one thing to say to the world.

HOMICIDE and MAN SLAUGHTER grab their "private parts."

HOMICIDE/MAN SLAUGHTER (contd)

Lick the sweat of our balls!

The FOOTAGE mixes CB4 LIVE on stage with INSERTS of other rap stars and plain old ordinary folks, all rapping the song's wholesomely nasty lyrics:

SWEAT OF MY BALLS

Rippin' and robbin' and rappin' and
rhymin'/Life sometimes can be so tirin'/
But there's one thing I can always rely
on/That's the Sweat of My Balls/

(chorus)

My Balls

My Balls

My Balls

My Balls

That's the Sweat of My Balls ...

Fightin' and lyin' and lickin' and
stylin'/These damn women can be so
triflin'/But there's one thing I can
always control/

(chorus)

My Balls

My Balls

My Balls

My Balls

Now WE SEE them performing through A. WHITE'S DOCUMENTARY CAMERA.

Then A. WHITE himself jumps on stage with SISSY and does a nasty hip-hop dance with her.

The song ends with them all walking offstage together.

CAMERA ZOOMS IN ON CELL BLOCK 4 LOGO.

CREDITS ROLL OVER LOGO.

THE END