

dope

by

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OVER THE PRODUCTION CREDITS. NO MUSIC, just the voices from SLICK RICK'S hip hop classic, "CHILDREN'S STORY".

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Alright, you kids get to bed. I'll
get the story book.

(beat)

Y'all tucked in?

(beat)

Heeeere we go.

FADE IN:

The MUSIC of Ice Cube's "JACKIN FOR BEATS" rises on the sound track. Under the CAST AND CREW CREDITS we see HANDHELD VIDEO of MALCOLM ADEKANBI, 17. He stands in front of RANDY'S DOUGHNUTS in INGLEWOOD, CA. He is wearing an old school LOS ANGELES RAIDERS STARTER JACKET, DARK SHADES, a pair of starched and tapered DICKIES. His HIGH TOP FADE has parts on the side. He looks into the camera rapping the lyrics.

MALCOLM

*Gimme that beat fool, it's a full
time jack move....*

As Malcolm raps in front of VARIOUS ICONS in the city of Inglewood the credits continue: HOLLYWOOD PARK, THE FORUM, THE FOX THEATER on MARKET STREET, etc.

CUT TO:

INT. MALCOLM'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

ANGLE on a SLEEPING Malcolm. His ALARM is going off, playing JACKIN' FOR BEATS on a DIGITAL CLOCK. He wakes up from his dream, turns off the alarm, puts on his glasses. In his room a STACK OF CASSETTE TAPES of various late 80's and 90's hip hop artists. POSTERS of EPMD, DE LA SOUL, PHARCYDE, ICE CUBE, PUBLIC ENEMY, GANGSTAR, ETC. PRINTS of BASQUIAT'S famous works. VHS TAPES labeled: YO! MTV RAPS with various air dates. A SERIES OF SHOTS as he gets ready for his day:

Malcolm's closet is full of 90's hip hop fashion staples. He puts on his tapered chinos, a button up POLKA DOT shirt. On top of the shirt, he puts on a CROSS COLORS JACKET. Picks out his high top fade. Puts an AFRICA MEDALLION around his neck.

INT. MALCOLM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

He walks into the KITCHEN where his mother, LISA HAYES, is getting ready for her day. She is wearing a Los Angeles MTA BUS DRIVER UNIFORM. She looks at Malcolm's clothes and laughs. Malcolm pours a cup of coffee and reads a MONOCLE MAGAZINE article about the BITCOIN.

MALCOLM

Money as we know it is dead. One day the world will only buy and sell products with bitcoins. It's like a complicated math equation.

LISA

So one day we're going to buy things with numbers from a math equation?

MALCOLM

Pretty dope, right?

Sips his coffee. Lisa chuckles. Looks at Malcolm like "who is this kid?".

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Malcolm Adekanbi is a geek...

NOTE: Our NARRATOR'S voice sounds a lot like the classic rapper, SLICK RICK.

LISA

(remembers)

Oh yeah. Here. I found this in the storage. Figured you'd get a kick out of it.

She goes into her purse and pulls out an OLD CASSETTE TAPE. Malcolm takes the tape. His eyes go wide as he looks at the scuffed up cover: N.W.A. PANIC ZONE.

MALCOLM

No way. This is the original EP!

LISA

Got that at the Slauson Swapmeet.
1987. Now don't be late for school!

Malcolm finishes his coffee. Grabs his HOFFMAN BMX BIKE.

MALCOLM

Audi five thousand.

EXT. MALCOLM'S HOUSE - LATER

ECU: on the CASSETTE as it gets put into a WALKMAN. Malcolm puts HEADPHONES on his ears. He presses PLAY.

EXT. CRENSHAW BLVD. - INGLEWOOD, CA - MORNING

MUSIC CUE: "DOPEMAN" - N.W.A.

As ICE CUBE'S voice fills his ears, Malcolm rides his BMX BIKE down CRENSHAW BLVD passing a sign that reads "WELCOME TO INGLEWOOD: CITY OF CHAMPIONS".

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Malcolm lives in Inglewood,
California. In the Darby-Dixon
neighborhood referred to as The
Bottoms.

As Malcolm rides his bike through the neighborhood, we see why it has such a title. He has a very deliberate route that he takes to avoid the BLOODS in DARBY PARK, the VATOS on the avenues, the DEALERS on the corner, the DRUNKS at the Green Horse Bar, and the GAMBLERS that have lost their shirts at the Hollywood Park Casino. He avoids the pockets of hood danger while listening to his WALKMAN. He then stops his bike and waits. Smiles as he sees a pretty young lady walking out of her apartment. The image SLOWS in his mind as he lusts over the young woman walking to her car.

Her LIPS... BREASTS....ASS... Malcolm is so into her, and the NWA track pounding in his ears, that he doesn't sense the two PEOPLE approaching him from behind.

JIB (VOICE)

Gimme your bike, nigga!

Malcolm jumps, turns and sees JIB and DIGGY. These are his two friends, both ride BMX BIKES. They are also dressed in classic 90's hip hop gear. Jib wears a bucket hat like Erick Sermon from EPMD. Diggy is all about the FUBU.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

...Malcolm's friends Fernando "Jib"
Garza, and Jordan "Diggy" Dawson
are also geeks...

Malcolm and his friends all look at NAKIA ,25, who has squeezed her shapely form into a pair of tight jeans, a white v-neck t-shirt and a blazer. They look at her ass.

JIB

All I wanna do is zoom a zoom,
zoom, zoom in the boom boom.

MALCOLM AND DIGGY

Word.

INT. QUICK N SPLIT BURGER - DAY

A BLACK GEEK stares at his NINTENDO GAMEBOY while he waits in line to order. In front of him a young GANGSTER.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

For most geeks a bad day might mean
being the butt of jokes in class,
the occasional food prank, at
worst, getting beat up by a jock.

The Black Geek walks up to the bullet proof glass and orders, unable to take his eyes off the game he's playing. TWO CRIPS walk in. Yell out...

CRIP

This Rollin' 60's slob ass, niggas!

They start shooting their 9MM's WILDLY, NON-DISCRIMINATING.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But when you live in The Bottoms, a
bad day might mean accidentally
getting killed.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (V.O.) (cont'd)

Like Wytony Johnson who got shot
buying a pastrami cheeseburger from
QUICK N SPLIT on the corner of
SLAUSON and CRENSHAW.

ANGLE ON his GAMEBOY that has fallen to the ground.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The real tragedy is he was seconds
away from defeating Ganon. Malcolm,
Jib and Diggy knew Wytony. He had a
hell of a comic book collection.

EXT. SMALL HOUSE - INGLEWOOD.

Jib knocks on the door. Holding FLOWERS.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Jib has been trying to talk
Wytony's mom into giving them to
him for the past two weeks.

Wytony's still grieving MOM opens the door. Jib gives her a
big smile. Extends the flowers. She SLAMS the door in his
face. As Jib walks away, a ROTTWEILER is released from behind
the door. Jib runs away screaming.

INT. RECORD SURPULS - DAY

MUSIC CUE: "CHANGE IN SPEAK" DE LA SOUL

The kids are digging through aisle after aisle, crate after
crate of old TAPES, CD'S, AND VINYL at the Los Angeles music
institution. Jib excitedly shows them a single for POOR
RIGHTEOUS TEACHER'S "ROCK THIS FUNKY JOINT".

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Malcolm, Jib, and Diggy are all
deeply obsessed with 90's Hip Hop
culture. Submerging themselves in
the music. Watching old Yo! MTV
Raps episodes for fashion tips.
Using the slang.

MALCOLM

That shit was whack. They were
biting Brand Nubian.

JIB

PRT dropped first, so how could
they be biting?

Diggy then pulls out TOO LIVE CREW "AS NASTY AS THEY WANNA
BE". She points at the thong wearing women on the COVER.

DIGGY

Jackpot niggas! Gushy, gushy.

The boys turn and look at the round ASSES on the cover.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Oh, did I mention that Diggy is a
lesbian? Although from the way she
dresses, you might not have noticed
she's a girl.

INT. TRUE VINE BAPTIST CHURCH - INGLEWOOD.

Diggy is wearing a nice dress, looking uncomfortable as the
church congregation circles around her praying and singing.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Every Sunday, her mother asks the
church to lay hands on her in order
to pray away the gay.

Diggy opens her eyes and looks at the legs of SISTER JENSON,
who wears a too tight for church dress.

MALCOLM (O.S.)

(prelap)

Is it working?

EXT. MORNINGSIDE HIGH SCHOOL - INGLEWOOD, CA - MORNING

The three friends ride to the entrance of the rundown school.

DIGGY

You know what? I was watching
Justin Bieber the other day and I
think I got a little moist. So
maybe.

JIB

That's just cuz he looks like a hoe.

DIGGY

That's true. He is very pretty.

They lock up their bikes, walk through METAL DETECTORS, pass a SCHOOL SECURITY GUARD holding a GERMAN SHEPARD on a leash.

INT. MORNINGSIDE HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

As they walk in, they get SLAPPED HARD on the backs of their necks by a few guys wearing LETTERMAN JACKETS.

LETTERMAN 1

Look at these fuck niggas. It's like Halloween everyday with these bitches.

MALCOLM

Kinda like you wearing the same jacket everyday.

He grabs Malcolm and slams him into a LOCKER. HARD. PUNCHES HIM in the stomach. Malcolm doubles over.

MR. BAILEY, 50's, no nonsense, unfulfilled, catches the tail end of the commotion. He gives The Letterman a look. He lets Malcolm go. The Letterman walks away.

JIB

You had to say something.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Malcolm, Jib, and Diggy don't play sports and they aren't in a gang. They're always getting ridiculed by their peers because they are into "white shit" like skateboards, BMX bikes and Manga Comics. For listening to "white shit" like TV On the Radio, The Thermals, or Arctic Monkeys. For doing "white shit" like getting good grades and applying to college.

INT. MORNINGSIDE HIGH SCHOOL - GUIDANCE COUNSELOR'S OFFICE

Mr. Bailey looks over a COLLEGE APPLICATION to HARVARD. He looks up at Malcolm with an annoyed smirk.

MR. BAILEY

Malcolm, when I see stuff like this personal essay I think you're not taking this process seriously.

MALCOLM

I am Mr. Bailey, I promise.

MR. BAILEY

How does this essay say anything about you?

ANGLE ON THE PAPER TITLED: "JANUARY 20, 1992 or NOVEMBER 30, 1988"- A RESEARCH THESIS TO DISCOVER ICE CUBE'S GOOD DAY. BY MALCOLM H. ADEKANBI.

MALCOLM

It's about something I love. It's well reasoned and supported with historical data. Shows creativity. Critical thinking. If Neil deGrasse Tyson wrote about Ice Cube, this is what it would look like.

MR. BAILEY

I suggest going in a different direction. Something personal about you. Your life. Your family.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Malcolm lives with his single mother and has only two memories of his father.

INT. HOLLYWOOD PARK RACETRACK - STANDS

A young Malcolm, 5, reads a COMIC BOOK while his rumped father, OLUSEGUN, yells at the horses.

OLUSEGUN

Run you mother ass fucking nag!
Run!

INT. FOX THEATER - INGLEWOOD - DAY

Malcolm, 5, sits with his father in the mostly empty, once stunning art deco movie theater which currently screens old movies for one dollar. He reads AMAZING SPIDERMAN.

ON THE SCREEN is SUPER FLY.

IN THE SEATS, Malcolm's father is eating it up.

OLUSEGUN

I saw this film as a boy. This is a classic. You should pay attention.

Malcolm peeks over his book, watches for a moment, goes back to reading. His father shakes his head.

OLUSEGUN

I learned more about America from this movie than anything I ever read. If you pay attention you will too.

ANGLE ON THE SCREEN at YOUNG BLOOD PRIEST

YOUNGBLOOD PRIEST

You better take good care of me. Nothing. No-thing better happen to a hair on my gorgeous head. Can you dig it?

INT. MORNINGSIDES HIGH SCHOOL - GUIDANCE COUNSELOR'S OFFICE

Malcolm continues his talk with Mr. Bailey.

MALCOLM

I could write the typical I'm from a poor crime filled neighborhood, raised by a single mother, I don't know my dad, blah, blah blah. That's so cliched. But this. This essay says I'm different. Harvard wants kids that write this essay.

MR. BAILEY

I'm going to be honest with you, Malcolm.

(MORE)

MR. BAILEY (cont'd)

It's pretty damn arrogant to think
you can get into Harvard.
Fernando's top choice is UC
Riverside. Jordan's is Spellman.
Who do you think you are?

Malcolm stares at Mr. Bailey. Upset at his derisive tone
disguised as tough love.

MR. BAILEY

You go to Morningside in Inglewood.
To the admissions committee your
straight A's don't mean crap. So if
you're serious about this exercise
and not just wasting my time and
yours, it's going to be all about
your personal statement, your
S.A.T. scores, your
recommendations, and most
important, your alumni interview
tomorrow. Are you ready?

Malcolm nods.

MR. BAILEY

You better be. I just found out
you'll be interviewing with Austin
Jacoby. He grew up in Inglewood as
well. He'll be able to relate to
your circumstances.

He hands Malcolm his business card: JACOBY'S CHECK CASHING
and PAY DAY LENDING.

MALCOLM

Harvard? Really?

MR. BAILEY

Sorry, they don't all go on to be
President.

INT. MORNINGSIDE HIGH SCHOOL - MUSIC ROOM

The music room has seen its better days. Because of cutbacks,
it hasn't been used for intended purposes for a decade. It's
now used for storage.

So among the old MUSIC STANDS and INSTRUMENTS in various states of disrepair are BROKEN DESKS, BOXES, MANILLA ENVELOPES, SCHOOL SUPPLIES. Malcolm, Jib and Diggy are on the stage. They set up their instruments.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Malcolm, Jib, and Diggy used to be in the school marching band. But quit in protest after refusing to play The Harlem Shake. They arranged to use the music room during lunch for their recently formed punk band.

They set up an iPHONE. Press RECORD.

MALCOLM

Microphone check one two, one two. My name is Malcolm Ad-rock on guitar, on the bass is diggity Diggy Dawson, I got mad Jib Garza on the ones and twos. And our band is...DOPE. One, two. One, two three, four!

DOPE, is a hip-hop inspired PUNK BAND. And they actually sound pretty damn good. They are doing their rendition of JACKIN FOR BEATS. A JANITOR walks in. Shakes his head at Malcolm and his friends jumping, slamming into each other, writhing on the floor as they play the music.

INT. MORNINGSIDE HIGH SCHOOL - COMPUTER LAB

They upload the video to the group's Twitter account. They have 259 followers.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Dope has a small but loyal following.

They VIDEO CHAT with one fan. ON the screen is WILL SHERWOOD, 20, White, stoned. We'll get to know him better later. For now, he's just a fan. They all watch what was just shot.

WILL

That's crunk shit! I'll cut it in with what we shot at Randy's.

INT. MORNINGSIDE HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY

As Malcolm and his friends leave the Computer Lab, they see a crew of juvenile BLOODS mobbing down the halls. The leader is BUG, 19, fifth year senior, his bark matches his bite.

BUG
Shoe program!

They go up to a kid at his locker, look at his shoes. Bug puts his foot next to the Kid.

BUG
Little foot, muthfucka.

He sees Malcolm, who is quickly trying to walk away. Bug walks up. Puts his arm around Malcolm's shoulder.

BLOOD 1
What up my nigga! I really enjoyed
those last pair you gave me. The
Force twos. Classic.
(re: Malcolm's feet)
Damn, blood, are those Jordan
threes in Clipper colors? I ain't
never seen no shits like them. I
must admit, you got taste.

Bug gives him a look and a nod. Malcolm hesitates.

BUG
I could just beat that ass again
and take 'em off you.

Malcolm slowly kneels down to unlace his shoes. He looks at the Bloods. Then down the hall. He RUNS. Takes off like Usain Bolt. Jib and Diggy follow. The Bloods run after them.

MUSIC CUE: "WOO HAH!"- BUSTA RHYMES

Malcolm, Diggy, and Jib run down the halls. Trying to avoid students. Jib BUMPS into someone. Papers and books fly everywhere. They run through a DICE GAME, messing up the dice roll. Malcolm trips. Gets tangled up with one of the Rollers. His LEFT SHOE falls off as he struggles to get back up. He runs off. The ROLLERS begin to chase after them, followed by the Bloods. Bug picks up the shoe Malcolm left behind.

Malcolm sees the SECURITY GUARD. This is STACEY EDWARDS, 42. And if you've ever seen THE WOOD, you'll know who he is. Malcolm runs behind him. Stacey GRABS Bug by the collar.

BUG

Get your fuckin hands off me,
blood!

STACEY

Oh see, you think I won't kick your
ass, Marquis? I grew up in this
muthafucka, too. I came up with yo
daddy, Boo, lil nigga. Ask him
about Stacey and see what's what.

Bug reads his cold look. Malcolm, Diggy and Jib look on safely from behind him. Bug shows Malcolm the one SHOE.

BUG

I'ma get the other one. Believe
that.

The Bloods and Rollers leave. Malcolm and his friends let out a breath. Malcolm looks at his feet. One shoe, one sock.

EXT. DARBY PARK - AFTERNOON

CLOSE ON Malcolm's feet pedaling. One shoe. One sock.

Malcolm Jib and Diggy ride their bikes. Turn their usual corner, on their usual route, but stop as they see something.

WE RISE OVER THEIR shoulders to reveal HUNDREDS of BLOODS in the park. From OG's to lil bucks. Among them is Bug.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

On this day, the usual route
through DARBY PARK is blocked by a
massive BLOOD gathering. It's part
family reunion, part annual
shareholders meetings. The Bloods
go over outstanding business, touch
base on the latest in Law
enforcement tactics, follow up on
unresolved beefs and shootings.
They party, drink, get high.
Someone usually dies.

DIGGY

What are we going to do?

MUSIC CUE: "THE CHOICE IS YOURS (REVISITED)" - BLACK SHEEP

Malcolm thinks: THE IMAGE IN HIS MIND is like GOOGLE MAPS STREET VIEWS. He tries to think of the STREETS AND ALLEYS in and around them that might get them home.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The only way to get home is to go down 104th Street. But that's where the dope dealers are, who for sport, routinely try to steal their bikes. So they have to weigh the odds: 237 Bloods in Darby Park or a few dealers on the corner? Such is the life of a geek in The Bottoms. A daily navigation between bad and worse choices.

EXT. 104TH STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Malcolm and his friends slowly navigate the street. See the dealers on the corner. Watch a sale go down. Malcolm and Diggy nod. They all try to sprint past. The DEALERS see them and give chase. Jib and Diggy escape, but Malcolm gets trapped. At the end of the street is the main dealer, DOMINIQUE "DOM" LEWIS, 26, hard, handsome. He's done much dirt, and no one fucks with him, but he has a California cool about him that masks his danger.

DOM

Yo lil nigga, come here.

For a moment Malcolm thinks about making a break for it, but is not sure he can make it. He sees DOM'S GUN in his waist. His friends motion for him to ride away. Malcolm takes a deep breath and rides over as Dom puts a huge roll of money in his baggy jeans. Smokes a joint and leans on his ride: A tricked out Range Rover.

DOM

I had a bike like that when I was coming up. A T1 Progression. That muthafucka was pretty as shit.

(drags on his joint)

(MORE)

DOM (cont'd)

See just now I was thinking about fuckin' you up and stealin' your bike on some nostalgia shit, you feel me? But I ain't got no heart like Hitler. So I changed my mind.

MALCOLM

(unsure)

Thanks?

He looks at Malcolm's sock. Malcolm shrugs.

DOM

I see you and your little friends riding around here with flat tops and Hammer pants, looking like you came here in a Delorean or some shit. What the fuck is that all about?

MALCOLM

It's just that the ninties were the golden age of hip hop, you know. Everything from It Takes a Nation of Millions to The Blueprint, was killin' it. I guess we just wish we were growing up back then.

DOM

It Takes a Nation came out in eighty eight. Blueprint in two thousand one.

MALCOLM

Technically yes, but the spirit was still ninties. Nation of Millions, Straight Outta Compton, Paid In Full were ahead of their time, and The Blueprint was like the punctuation point.

DOM

Nineties also gave us MC Hammer, Vanilla Ice and Fresh Prince.

MALCOLM

Ok, not saying it was all great. But you gotta admit Summertime is a classic.

DOM
(laughs)
What's your name?

MALCOLM
Malcolm.

DOM
Malcolm, I need you to do something
for me. You see that apartment at
the end of the block?

Malcolm looks over and sees the run down 70's apartment
building. It's called the INGLEWOOD PALMS. In front, Malcolm
sees a dealer in a WHITE TEE selling some dope to a customer.

DOM
There's a cute lil piece up in
there. Tell her that Dom wants to
talk to her.

MALCOLM
Oh. OK. That's it?

DOM
Yeah nigga. Can you handle that?

MALCOLM
Uh, what's her name?

DOM
I don't know, muthafucka. That's
why I'm sending you over there.
Start pedaling.

Malcolm quickly rides over. His heart races as he rides past
the dealer on the corner. He turns into the complex.

INT. INGLEWOOD PALMS APARTMENTS - CONTINUOUS

He freezes in his tracks, as he realizes the girl Dom wants
to talk to is NAKIA, whom he and his friends drool over every
day. She is sitting on the steps reading.

NAKIA
(looking at her book)
You gonna say something or just
stare at me?

MALCOLM

Uh. Yeah. Uh. Dom said he wants you to come over and talk to him.

NAKIA

Well why don't you go tell him that if he wants to talk to me, he should come over here and be a fuckin' man and not send a little boy to talk for him. Tell him just like that.

MALCOLM

Yo, I can't tell him verbatim. He has a gun. He'll shoot me.

Nakia looks up at Malcolm.

NAKIA

The nigga was too punk to come talk to a woman, you think he's gonna shoot you?

MALCOLM

Yes.

NAKIA

I remember Dominique from high school, before he was "Dom". Dominique was cool. Dom thinks that Range and his little dope money means shit. So tell him that this is Nakia and if he thinks I'm impressed I'm not.

She goes back to her book.

EXT. 104TH STREET - LATER

Dom looks at Malcolm. Thinks about what he just said. Slowly taps the handle of his gun. Malcolm closes his eyes, waits for Dom's response.

DOM

She said that shit?

MALCOLM

Oh and that her name is Nakia. And she knows you from high school. That Dominique was cool before you became Dom. And if you think she's impressed by your dope money, she's not.

DOM

Shit. That's skinny ass Nakia? Damn, nigga. Got milk for real! Back in the day she looked broke as fuck.

(laughs)

Look here. Tell her one more thing, then you're free to go. Tell her I'm throwing a birthday party at Fais Do-Do tonight. Gonna be some live music, food, drink and whatnot. And I'd love the pleasure of her company.

A car pulls up. Dom walks over.

DOM

Yo Malcolm. You can come too, since we boys now.

The window rolls down revealing LANCE. A 22 year old Frat Boy wearing a TATTERED USC CAP turned backward.

LANCE

Heard you know where I can find Molly Cyrus.

Lance hands him a WAD of money. Dom hands him a baggie of MDMA PILLS.

INT. INGLEWOOD PALMS APARTMENTS

Malcolm goes back to Nakia, sees she is reading a MATH book. She is doing a problem in her notebook, frustrated by not getting it right.

MALCOLM

Work inside out. The stuff in the brackets first, then square the sum.

Nakia looks it over, smiles. She erases the work she was doing. Starts over. She gets a different answer. She looks at him, "Is this right?" He nods, "yes".

MALCOLM

See, the thing is to not get all caught up in the size of the equation. The rules are always the same. You trust that.

NAKIA

Easier said than done, but thank you.

He loses his thoughts, reveling in the fact that he made her smile.

MALCOLM

Oh yeah. Dom said he's throwing a party at Fais Do-Do. And he would like the pleasure of your company.

NAKIA

That nigga did not say that.

MALCOLM

He said it just like that. I swear.

NAKIA

I guess I'll go if you go. I'll save you a dance.

Off of Malcolm's smile.

INT. JIB'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - EVENING

Malcolm meets up with his friends at Jib's house. They STUDY from some PRINCETON REVIEW SAT PREP books.

JIB

You gotta go! We gotta go! She metaphorically showed you her pussy and said come fuck me!

MALCOLM

This is Dom, nigga. We ain't going
to a drug dealer's birthday party.

JIB

This is our senior year, bi-ach-es!
We've never been invited to shit!
It's time to start expanding our
horizons. Abeula is out cold after
Dancing With The Stars. I can get
her car. Tell your mom we're
studying late.

DIGGY

Come on nigga, it's better than
what you usually do all night.

Malcolm thinks.

INT. MALCOLM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

TITLE: LAST NIGHT

Malcolm is masturbating to a GAME OF THRONES GIF on his phone
of Dany Targaryen getting pounded doggy style by Khal Drogo
the leader of the Dothraki.

EXT. STREET OF INGLEWOOD, CA - NIGHT

The 2004 FORD FESTIVA rolls down the street, bumping EAZY E's
"BOYS IN THE HOOD" on the cheap stock stereo.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jib drives, Malcolm is shotgun, Diggy is in the back leaning
in between the two seats. They rap along with Eazy E. They
are so happy to be going to a party, you'd think they were
rolling a Bentley. They stop at a red light. Jib rolls down
the window. They all look at the person in the car next to
them and yell out...

MALCOLM, JIB AND DIGGY

Don't quote me boy, cuz I ain't
said shit!

EXT. CLUB FAIS DO-DO - NIGHT

MUSIC CUE: "I WANNA ROCK (DOO DOO BROWN)" - LUKE

When they arrive at the CLUB, they see the real boys in the hood surrounding the place. Gangsters, drug dealers, rappers, hoochies, pro athletes, and a surprising amount of drunk white USC students. Malcolm and his crew aren't sure they want to go in. Then they see a few stoned STRIPPERS who FLASH their TITS. They grin. Oh yeah, they're sure.

Malcolm and his friends walk up to the LARGE BOUNCER in a dark suit holding a clipboard, manning the VELVET ROPE. The Bouncer looks them up and down.

BOUNCER

Ain't no cake and ice cream here
little niggas. Go on.

MALCOLM

Dom invited me. I'm on the list.
Malcolm.

The Bouncer skeptically glances the list.

BOUNCER

You ain't here.

The bouncer lets in a group of HOOCHIES wearing the tightest of the tighties.

JIB

You let them in without even
checking the list.

BOUNCER

I gotta keep that right nigga to
hoe ratio. Ya feel me? So unless
y'all got pussies, you need to
bounce.

DIGGY

I have one.

BOUNCER

(laughing)

I know, y'all are some little
bitches.

MALCOLM

Naw really she's a girl. She's got a pussy for real. So she should be able to get in. And we're with her.

JIB

Show him your titties.

DIGGY

Fuck no!

JIB

Come on Diggy, take one for the team. Show him.

MALCOLM

If she proves she's a female will you let us in?

BOUNCER

(sarcastically)

Yeah. Sure.

Malcolm and Jib look at her.

DIGGY

Fuck it.

She raises her shirt. The bouncer's jaw drops at the sight of her large breasts. Malcolm and Jib also do a double take.

BOUNCER

Muthafucka!

(to his partner)

Yo, yo look at this shit yo, this nigga's really a bitch! Look! Boys Don't Cry like a muthafucka!

His Partner falls down. Shocked by the sight. The Bouncer is in tears laughing so hard. Diggy puts her shirt down.

DIGGY

Let us in!

BOUNCER

OK. OK. I need to see some ID. 21 and over club. Y'all got ID?

They shake their heads, NO.

BOUNCER

I can't let you in then. Now get
the fuck outta here.

He gives them a wink. Laughs. The crew turns around, walks away.

JIB

Can I see them again?

Diggy punches him in the arm real hard. As they head to the car they see a group of BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADIES, dressed sexy and giggling. They DRINK from a flask. In the middle of this group is NAKIA. Malcolm freezes in his tracks as he sees her. She then notices him and smiles.

NAKIA

You're going in, right?

Malcolm is speechless. Nakia and her friends all walk past the Bouncer. She gives Malcolm one last look before going in. Malcolm thinks. Looks around. Sees a large BUS PULLING in the back. Out of the bus is a RAPPER and his entourage. Roadies begin unloading EQUIPMENT. Malcolm smiles.

EXT. CLUB FAIS DO-DO - BACK ALLEY

Malcolm and crew sneak around to the back ALLEY, see the famous RAPPER and his large entourage entering the club. Malcolm picks up some CABLE. Jib and Diggy follow suit. They try to blend in. Walk with the rest of the crew, toward the back entrance to the club. They are about to make it inside, when they see The BOUNCER. He recognizes them and walks over. They are about to be bounced when Malcolm sees Dom inside, greeting the Rapper.

MALCOLM

Dom!

Malcolm runs over to Dom, causing a commotion. Dom and his crew pull out guns on Malcolm, Jib, and Diggy. But as Dom gets a closer look he realizes who it is.

DOM

Yo. Yo. It's cool. He's cool.
Let him in. Little nigga got heart.

Guns are put back in holsters, pant waists. The Bouncer walks over.

BOUNCER

I can't let you do that.

(off of Dom's look)

I mean... They're under age and we could lose our permits if they get busted.

DOM

I don't mind having this discussion. I enjoy a thoughtful exchange of ideas, and you do have a good point. But now you've put me in a bit of a spot, nigga. Because I can't have you back talking me in front of my people and you not get at least a beat down.

BOUNCER

I'm just doing my job, Dom. Man, you don't have to do that.

DOM

I kinda do. I don't want to, it's my birthday and shit. But you know, there's a principle here and I'm a principled man.

RAPPER

Look, they got in, Dom. Everything is cool.

DOM

I know they got in! That's my point. This nigga talking to me and telling me what he can't let me do! Like I give a fuck. Now if I let that slide we have what they call a slippery slope.

(to the Bouncer)

You know what a slippery slope is, nigga?

The Bouncer shakes his head, NO.

DOM

Anyone?

DOM'S CREW 1

Does it have to do with skiing?

DOM

Sit down, nigga. I know using your brain is a challenge. You might give yourself a concussion.

MALCOLM

Uh...It's a small event that leads to a chain reaction of events with unintended consequences that were unforeseen at the time of the inciting event.

DOM

See this is a smart little nigga right here. I bet you got one of them photogenic brains, don't you?

MALCOLM

Uh you mean photographic memory?

DOM

Yeah, what I say?!

MALCOLM

Nothing. You're right.

DOM'S CREW 2

I'm still a little shaky on the concept.

RAPPER

Me too.

DOM

Ok in this case, that means if I let him slide, then next nigga thinks he can pop off. And so on and so on, until I start looking weak. Next thing you know-- Fuck it.

DOM PISTOL WHIPS the bouncer. Malcolm and his friends look with shock. His crew takes over and beats down the Bouncer.

DOM

You coming or what?

Malcolm eyes the EXIT, thinks long and hard about leaving, but then turns to the dance floor. Sees Nakia, looking beautiful and sexy, dancing with her friends.

DOM

Nigga you coming in?

Malcolm nods, walks in the club. His friends follow. Dom hands them glasses of HENNESEY. Nods for them to drink. They look at each other. Shrug. Bottoms up. Cough loudly. Dom laughs. Addresses his entourage.

DOM

This little nigga and his friends
are with me as my special guests.
Treat them accordingly!

MUSIC CUE: "POPPIN' OFF" - WATCH THE DUCK

A purple haze of a MONTAGE BEGINS: Malcolm, Jib and Diggy gladly take on the role of Pinocchio to Dom's Lampwick as he guides them inside the haze of weed smoke, music, scantily clad women, booze, and debauchery. Jib HURLS in the bathroom. They are having a blast.

INT. CLUB FAIS DO-DO - LATER THAT EVENING

MUSIC CUE: "ATM JAM (feat. PHARRELL)" - AZEALIA BANKS

Malcolm watches Nakia on the dance floor. Even with his buzz, he's scared to approach her, but works up the nerve. He swerves over, taps her on the shoulder. She turns, can't believe he is actually there. Smiles. Malcolm stands for a long time.

NAKIA

So, are you going to ask me to
dance?

Malcolm, frozen, can only nod. Nakia giggles and pulls him onto the dance floor as Malcolm gives a thumbs up to Jib and Diggy. Malcolm knows he can't dance to save his life.

So he thinks about all the 90's rap videos that he and his friends immerse themselves in. He begins to do the ED LOVER DANCE. Then THE WOP, THE CABBAGE PATCH, THE RUNNING MAN, etc.

NOTE: His dance moves are MATCH CUT with CLASSIC MUSIC VIDEOS from YO! MTV RAPS with rappers and dancers doing the same steps: ED LOVER doing the ED LOVER DANCE, KID N PLAY, HEAVY D AND THE BOYZ, ROB BASE, BIG DADDY KANE with SCOOP AND SCRAP LOVER.

Nakia looks at Malcolm like he is crazy, but can't help but smile at his earnestness. People look. Some laugh. Others join in, recognizing the old steps. Nakia then guides him. Moving her body close to his, getting him to follow her rhythms.

But Nakia's attention is not on Malcolm, but Dom, who looks at her seductive dancing. It's clear from both of their looks, there is an attraction, maybe a history. But Malcolm is so into the fact that he's dancing with her, he doesn't notice. Dom walks over to Nakia.

DOM

I think you said something about me
being man enough to come talk to
you?

Malcolm is not happy about being pushed into the background.

DOM

Can I have this dance, Nakia? It is
my birthday, you know.

MALCOLM

Actually, we were kind of in the
middle of dancing.

Malcolm is feeling the courage boosting effects of his buzz. Nakia laughs.

DOM

Kids say the darnedest things don't
they? See this is what happens when
you don't spank your children.

He shoots Malcolm a look and wink. Malcolm steps aside, goes back to the sidelines. Dom takes Nakia by the waist. Whispers something in her ear. She giggles. Dom kisses her on the neck. A member of Dom's CREW walks up. Gives Dom a nod.

Dom kisses Nakia on the hand, then walks away with his partner. Malcolm thinks about going back to her, but her friends come over and whisk her to the bar.

INT. CLUB FAIS DO-DO - PRIVATE ROOM- LATER THAT NIGHT

ANGLE ON A SMARTPHONE: The image is a GRAINY, BLACK AND WHITE video: A BIRD'S EYE VIEW of a JEEP driving on a dirt road. A TARGET CROSS HAIR follows the Jeep. Soon a FLASH OF BRIGHT LIGHT fills the screen and DUST FLIES into the air where the Jeep once was.

MALE VOICE

BOOM! Nigga that was ill!

CUT TO another B&W IMAGE. This time the image is a CAR driving in a NEIGHBORHOOD. FLASH OF LIGHT. CAR is dust. SURROUNDING buildings collapse.

MALE VOICE

DAMN! That nigga ain't know what the FUCK happened.

One more image. This time a MAN walking his dog outside a COMPOUND.

MALE VOICE

Check this nigga out. Walking my jihad dog. Scratching my radical nuts. Yahtzee, nigga!

FLASH OF LIGHT! CLOUD of DUST and DEBRIS

The voice providing commentary belongs to DE'ANDRE WILLIS, 32, wears cornrows, and a nice suit. He is showing video on his phone to another thug in a suit.

DE'ANDRE

I used to think Obama was a bitch.
But the nigga's got a kill list,
son. Drones, nigga? That's gangsta!
I need one of them muthafuckas.

His crew laughs. DOM and his crew are taking part in a LARGE drug transaction in a PRIVATE ROOM. De'Andre takes out a DUFFLE BAG. Shows it to Dom. Dom nods.

DOM

That shit ain't funny. It's fucked up, if you really think about it.

DE'ANDRE

How? He's killing them Al Qaeda niggas. Payback.

DOM

That ain't all that gets killed. And the nigga is saying he can drone strike Americans, too. He killed an American working with them niggas in Yemen.

DOM'S CREW 2

Yemen? Where the fuck is that?

DE'ANDRE

He was a terrorist, dawg. It's like if you decided to be a Blood, you can't get mad if some Crips try to kill you.

DOM

I'm just saying. It starts out in Pakistan or some shit. Next thing you know, they say we're the terrorists. And those mouthafuckas are flying around Inglewood, dropping bombs on Crenshaw.

DOM'S CREW 1

(lightbulb)

Slippery slope!

DOM

Exactly.

DE'ANDRE

Shit, I wish a nigga would try to fly drones in my hood.

De'Andre opens the DUFFEL BAG. DOM looks inside: DOPE.

DE'ANDRE

Breakfast Club, nigga. Molly Ringwald!

Dom inspects the WHITE CRYSTAL MDMA POWDER.

DOM

So this is the latest and greatest
shit, huh?

DE'ANDRE

Yessir. Pure as nun pussy. This
ain't like that ghetto shit you've
been fuckin' with. You're stepping
up to the NBA now, Dom.

Dom nods, takes the BAG.

CRASH! A group of STICK UP MEN in masks enter the room. One
Gunman fires a SHOTGUN, mows down De'Andre.

MUSIC CUE: "GO!"- SANTIGOLD

Everything SLOWS DOWN, as Dom processes what just happened.
The song's lyrics ring loud over the soundtrack:

"PEOPLE WANT MY POWER, AND THEY WANT MY STATION...."

He sees one of the masked men pointing a gun at him. Things
SPEED back up as Dom grabs the DOPE and his GUN. FIRING LIKE
MAD, running toward an EXIT. The STICK UP MEN give chase.
SHOTS ARE FIRED and the club erupts into chaos.

EXT. CLUB FAIS DO-DO - SERVICE ALLEY

A group of LAPD DRUG ENFORCEMENT AGENTS are outside.
BATTERING RAMS and RIFLES in hand. One NARC is on a WALKIE.

NARC

Let's go! Let's go!

INT. CLUB FAIS DO-DO - CONTINUOUS

Malcolm, Jib and Diggy see the LAPD BUST IN. They RUN the
other direction through the MOB SCENE. This is a drug deal
clusterfuck. Malcolm hauls ass, RUNS INTO DOM. Dom looks over
Malcolm's shoulder: The LAPD. He looks behind him: The STICK
UP MEN.

On the sly, Dom stuffs the DOPE and his GUN into Malcolm's BACKPACK. The unsuspecting Malcolm runs, and a few moments later, Dom is apprehended by the POLICE.

Jib and Diggy jump out of a WINDOW. Malcolm is about to follow, but sees Nakia getting trampled by the mob running out of the club. Malcolm runs over to help Nakia, who is covering her head on the floor. Crying. Malcolm pushes people out of the way.

MALCOLM

Nakia! Take my hand.

She grabs Malcolm's hand and he pulls her out of the melee.

EXT. CLUB FAIS DO-DO - MOMENTS LATER

The scene is so chaotic, Malcolm can't find Diggy and Jib. Nakia can't find her friends. Malcolm scans the scene and finally sees Jib and Diggy in the car. But in between them is a gaggle of COPS.

NAKIA

Come on. I drove.

Malcolm sends a TEXT to Jib and Diggy. Nakia pulls Malcolm into her car. They drive away.

INT. NAKIA'S CAR - LATER

"DRAMA" - ERYKAH BADU plays on the radio.

Jib texts back: GET THAT ASS NIGGA! Malcolm smiles as he looks over at the lovely Nakia.

NAKIA

Thank you. Most of those niggas saw me and just stepped over me.

MALCOLM

Well. Luckily for you, I'm not a nigga.

NAKIA

(chuckles)

What are you then?

MALCOLM

I know, I'm black as fuck, right?
But I've been told so many times
niggas don't listen to this, niggas
don't like that, niggas don't go to
college or whatever. I figured I
better just accept it. I'm not a
nigga.

NAKIA

Ok then. Me neither. Cause I'm
going to college. I gotta get my
G.E.D. first.

MALCOLM

That's what you were studying for?

NAKIA

Yeah. If I pass, I don't know, I'll
go to El Camino, maybe Santa
Monica. Then transfer to Dominguez
or Northridge.

MALCOLM

You shouldn't sell yourself short.
You can do better than that.

NAKIA

Oh really? You barely know me, so
how can you say that?

MALCOLM

I can just tell.
You're...transcendent.

NAKIA

Transcendent?

MALCOLM

It means you're beyond the
ordinary. You don't settle for
what's expected, or right in front
of you.

NAKIA

Like Dom, right?

MALCOLM

No. No. I didn't mean that.

NAKIA

Don't try to be slick. You're trying to block him.

MALCOLM

So I take it you and Dom are like...

NAKIA

It's complicated. There's a lot more to him than he likes to show. But trust me, Dom has nothing on you. I bet you have all the girls lined up asking you to Prom.

MALCOLM

You're making fun of me?

NAKIA

No. I'm sorry. Hey, for what it's worth I didn't go to my Prom.

(off Malcolm's disbelief)

I'm serious. I had one guy ask me. Anthony Davis. And he stood me up.

MALCOLM

He should be arrested for that.

NAKIA

(laughing to herself)

Actually he was. In jail for two weeks for shoplifting.

(beat)

I didn't even care about missing prom. I was more mad about not being able to go to Magic Mountain the next day. All my friends had dates and I didn't want to go alone.

EXT. MALCOLM'S DUPLEX - NIGHT

Nakia drops Malcolm off. Not much is said after such a wild night. Malcolm is about to get out. Stops.

MALCOLM

Will you go to Prom with me?

The boldness and sincerity of his request makes her smile.

NAKIA

I can't.

MALCOLM

I know. I'm not...complicated.

NAKIA

(letting him down softly)

It's just with studying and all. I won't have time. But thanks.

MALCOLM

If I help you study and pass the G.E.D., will you go with me?

NAKIA

I'll think about it.

He grins. He'll take that.

INT. MALCOLM'S DUPLEX - BEDROOM

Malcolm crashes on his bed. SMILES. CLOSES HIS EYES.

EXT. HARVARD UNIVERSITY - DAY

In the distance, running through the well manicured courtyard, toward the camera, is MALCOLM. He gets closer and closer. He is dressed like DAP for SCHOOL DAZE. Looks into the CAMERA.

MALCOLM

WAKE UP!

INT. MALCOLM'S HOUSE - MORNING

MUSIC CUE: "BREAKADAWN" - DE LA SOUL

MALCOLM OPENS HIS EYES as his alarm clock goes off. He looks around. Hung over. Still dressed in his clothes from the night before, backpack still on his back.

EXT. MORNINGSIDE HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

Malcolm meets up with his friends.

JIB

Three words. Did. You. Fuck?

Malcolm is silent.

JIB

Aww man you a pussy nigga, man.

MALCOLM

She let me feel the titties and
finger bang.

JIB

Lying ass nigga.

MALCOLM

I'm serious. Here. Smell.

Malcolm puts his middle finger under their noses.

JIB

I don't smell shit.

MALCOLM

That's cuz you don't know what
pussy smells like.

DIGGY

I do, and I don't smell shit
either.

MALCOLM

You know how your pussy smells. One
smell doesn't fit all.

As usual, Malcolm, Jib and Diggy go through security. But
unlike usual, the METAL DETECTOR goes off. The security
guard, Stacey, looks on curiously. No way.

STACEY

Go through again. One at a time.

Jib walks through, then Diggy, then Malcolm...BEEP. Stacey
looks at him again. Confused.

STACEY
(re: the beeping)
Damn. This must be broken.

Then the GERMAN SHEPARD BARKS at Malcolm. Jumps on his BACKPACK.

STACEY
(wrangling the dog)
Whoa. What got into you?

Not suspecting anything foul from Malcolm and his geek friends...

STACEY
Go on in.
(to everyone else)
Machine's broke. Pat downs.

The kids all groan.

INT. MORNINGSIDE HIGH SCHOOL - INGLEWOOD, CA

Malcolm and his friends aren't sure what just happened. But as Malcolm goes to his locker, opens his BACKPACK to get something, he finds out. He is shocked as he looks inside: LARGE STASH of DOPE and a GUN.

MUSIC CUE: "BUGGIN' OUT" A TRIBE CALLED QUEST

Malcolm RUNS off. Diggy and Jib are confused as they watch him flee.

EXT. MORNINGSIDE HIGH SCHOOL - UNDER THE BLEACHERS

Malcolm runs under the bleachers. Diggy and Jib catch up to him.

DIGGY
(out of breath)
What the fuck is your problem?!

Malcolm shows them the inside of his bag.

JIB
Is that real?! How you get that
shit?!

MALCOLM
No fuckin' clue--

He pauses. Time moves backwards in his mind, as if Superman is flying fast as fuck around his head. He sees the moment when DOM puts the stuff in his bag and tells him to RUN.

MALCOLM
Dom! Had to be! At the party!

JIB
I told you we shouldn't go.
We gotta get rid of this shit. Take
it to the police.

MALCOLM
Are you crazy! Three niggas walk
into a a police station like,
"Here's a bag of dope and a gun.
See you later." And Dom ain't gonna
figure out who snitched?

JIB
What then?! You can't just keep the
shit.

DIGGY
That is a lot of weight nigga.
Gotta be at least, ten, twenty...I
don't know. A lot of keys, right?

MALCOLM
I don't know! Only thing I know
about this shit is Jeezy paid
LeBron and Jay paid Dwayne Wade.

JIB
He was talking about dope?

The SCHOOL BELL RINGS.

INT. MORNINGSIDE HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM.

Malcolm is sweating. He can't take his eyes off the BACKPACK.
Jib and Diggy are in their seats. All are as nervous as
hookers in church.

The teacher reads from her book as the kids follow along. She is interrupted by a CELLPHONE ring. She doesn't turn around.

TEACHER

Whose phone is that?

The kids all look around.

TEACHER

Rakim? How many times do I have to take your phone.

RAKIM

That ain't me.

Malcolm looks at his BACKPACK. Looks at Jib and Diggy.

TEACHER

Oh you want detention? Bring me your phone.

RAKIM

It ain't me, I swear. It's Malcolm!

TEACHER

Yeah right. One more chance, Rakim.

RAKIM

(under his breath)

This some bullshit.

TEACHER

What did you say?!

He STANDS UP, pushes over his desk.

RAKIM

I said this is bullshit! A nigga's trying to stay in school and do right and you fuckin' with me!

The teacher calls SECURITY as the class erupts. This gives Malcolm enough of a distraction to grab his bag and run out the door.

INT. MORNINGSIDE HIGH SCHOOL - BOYS BATHROOM

Malcolm reaches in his backpack. Pulls out the ringing CELLPHONE. He knows he shouldn't answer it.

MALCOLM

Hello?

VOICE

(on phone)

Who the fuck is this?!

MALCOLM

Who is this?

VOICE

The nigga who's gonna fuck you up
if you don't stop axin' me
questions, nigga! Who is this?!

MALCOLM

Uh. It's-- I'd prefer to keep that
private.

VOICE

Oh OK. I see. See here's what we're
gonna do then. If this ain't a
nigga named Malcolm who's at
Morningside High right now, then
I'ma kill yo ass.

MALCOLM

How'd you know where I am?

VOICE

Find an iPhone. Steve Jobs was a
muthafuckin' genius. Now if this is
a nigga named Malcolm say damn
right. Otherwise...click, click,
boom.

MALCOLM

Damn right.

VOICE

Malcolm, how you feeling man? Dom
told me there was a mix up and you
accidently took my lunch. Is that
true?

MALCOLM

Lunch?

VOICE

Yeah, my lunch. A nigga's hungry!

Malcolm looks inside his backpack at the DOPE.

MALCOLM

Oh. Yeah. I got it.

(trying to play along)

A baloney sandwich.

VOICE

(laughs)

Baloney? It got cheese on it?

MALCOLM

Uh, yeah?

VOICE

We talking about that same sandwich, nigga? Cuz I ain't ask for no cheese. If I find my sandwich got cheese on it, I'ma kill yo ass, nigga!

MALCOLM

Uh...

VOICE

(laughs)

What? You the one wanna get cute talking about baloney sandwiches and shit. I just asked if you had my lunch.

MALCOLM

Sorry. Yes. I do.

VOICE

Coolio. After school you'll see a red El Camino parked and a handsome ass nigga inside. That ain't Lance Gross. That'll be yours truly. Just walk up, hand the baloney sandwich to me and be on your way. Have a happy and productive life. With a hell a story to tell. Got it?

MALCOLM
Yeah. Red El Camino.

VOICE
It's almost over little nigga. You
did good.

EXT. MORNINGSIDESIDE HIGH SCHOOL - INGLEWOOD, CA

Malcolm walks as we follow from behind, keeping a keen eye on his backpack. He is then joined on the left by Diggy. They walk silently. Soon Malcolm is joined on his right by Jib.

MALCOLM
He said he'd be in a Red El Camino.

MALCOLM'S POV as he scans: We ZOOM IN on a RED CAR that passes. Not it. Then SWISH PAN to the corner: A group of BLOODS lean on a car. Then we ZOOM OUT seeing a wide shot of a group of students. Some cheerleaders pass. ZOOM IN on the ASS of one of the girls in her short skirt.

DIGGY (O.S.)
Over there.

Malcolm shakes off his gaze. In the distance we see a RED EL CAMINO. ZOOM IN on the car. The windows are tinted so he can't see inside. Malcolm takes a breath. Starts walking toward the car. Realizes he's the only one walking. He turns back.

JIB
He asked for you.
(off Malcolm's look)
I'm saying. I got your back and
all. I just don't wanna fuck with
his explicit instructions.

Malcolm looks at Diggy for back up. She shrugs. Malcolm walks toward the car. As he gets closer the PHONE RINGS again inside the back pack. He stops. And quickly answers.

MALCOLM
Yeah I got your lunch. I'm walking
to you now.

DOM (VOICE)
(thru phone)
What you say?

MALCOLM
Who is this?

DOM (VOICE)
It's Dom! Look. Do you have what I
left you in your backpack?

MALCOLM
What? Yeah. Yeah. Are you in the
red El Camino?

DOM (VOICE)
What the fuck are you talking
about?

MALCOLM
The red El camino. Someone called
on this phone and said to bring the
sandwich--

DOM
Nigga, why the fuck are you talking
about sandwiches?!

MALCOLM
The backpack. He told me to bring
it to him. After school. He'd be in
a red El Camino. He said he knows
you. The car's right there. I'm
looking at it right now.

INT. COUNTY JAIL - SAME

Dom sits at a table next to his lawyer. He's on a cellphone.

DOM
Yo, Mc Fly. I want you to listen to
what I'm bout to tell you. Someone
snitched. DO NOT go to the red El
Camino. I'm in county. I don't know
who the fuck called you.

EXT. MORNINGSSIDE HIGH SCHOOL - INGLEWOOD, CA

MALCOLM

He said he knows you. He knew my name?

DOM (VOICE)

Look there are two possibilities. Either, the nigga in that El Camino is po po and as soon as you give him the package is gonna arrest you, and my ass is heading to Chino with a price on my head. Or the nigga in the car is the snitch. In that case he'll take the package, kill you, and I end up in Chino with a price on my head.

INT. COUNTY JAIL - SAME

DOM

(intense)

You gonna have to trust me right about now, you understand. If you take the backpack to the nigga in the whip, we're both fucked.

EXT. MORNINGSSIDE HIGH SCHOOL - SAME

Malcolm looks, as the TINTED WINDOW of the El Camino rolls down. A hard looking THUG looks around. Searching.

DOM

I'm gonna text you an address. Go there and ask for A.J. Say it's about Boys Club. Give him the package. Say it's from me.

MALCOLM

Oh shit. Oh shit. Oh shit.

DOM

Hey! You hear me nigga! RUN!

MUSIC CUE: "SIMON SAYS" - PHAROAE MONCH

Malcolm turns and runs back toward Jib and Diggy who don't know what the hell is going on. They follow Malcolm, who jumps on his bike. Jib and Diggy follow on their bikes.

The window goes back up on the El Camino. It PEELS rubber in reverse as Malcolm, Jib and Diggy speed down the street. Turn into an alley. They look behind and see the El Camino. They speed away. Malcolm points. They squeeze their bikes through a space in a GATE. The car is stuck on the other side. Backs up.

EXT. STREET OF INGLEWOOD, CA

Malcolm and friends make a few lefts, and right. Getting away from the car. Slow down.

JIB

What the fuck happend?!

MALCOLM

That was Dom that called. He said
that nigga that called earlier
wasn't with him!

They look and see the El Camino at the end of the street.

DIGGY

How the fuck did they find us?

PUSH IN on Malcolm's face as they all begin to ride away.

INT. RED EL CAMINO - SAME

ANGLE ON an iPad screen. FIND MY iPHONE shows a green dot. A Thug sits in the passenger seat. This is THE VOICE that was on the phone.

THE VOICE

OK. He turned on Prairie.

The car speeds onto Prairie Ave. They swerve in and out of traffic following the DOT.

EXT. PRAIRIE AVE - SAME

Malcolm and his friends speed on their bikes down the busy street, they also weave in between traffic. But since they are on bikes they can speed ahead when gridlock freezes traffic. They look behind them and see the RED EL CAMINO in the distance. Malcolm picks up speed. He heads toward the intersection of Prairie and Century Blvd. A BUS is turning left as the light turns from YELLOW to RED. He ducks behind the bus, grabs onto the bumper. His friends follow amid HORN HONKS and SCREECHES. They hold on as the bus turns down Century Blvd.

INT. RED EL CAMINO - SAME

The GREEN DOT moves left on Century. The driver speeds around a couple of cars and turns left onto CENTURY. They follow the dot as it turns right on La Cienega. The Driver presses the GAS. The DOT turns on MANCHESTER BLVD. He looks up, sees a BUS turning onto Manchester.

THE VOICE

He's on the bus.

They zip the car around the corner and track down the bus, drive in front of it, slam the brakes.

EXT. MANCHESTER BLVD - CONTINUOUS

The bus driver slams the brakes to avoid rear ending the El Camino. The Driver and The Voice get out of the car. One holds a shot gun. The other a GLOCK. They point at the bus driver, who we recognize as LISA, Malcolm's mom.

THE VOICE

Open the muthafuckin' door!

She quickly complies. The Driver and the Voice get on the bus. Look around. They don't see Malcolm or his friends.

THE VOICE

Did three young niggas get on the bus in the last couple stops?

LISA

(annoyed)

I don't know. There are a lot of young niggas that get on the bus.

THE VOICE

Don't get smart sweetheart. I'm just axing you a question.

LISA

I don't see shit but the road.

The Voice looks at the Ipad. The GREEN DOT is in the same place. He taps the bus steering wheel with his gun.

THE VOICE

Go on and start driving for me sweetie.

Lisa drives. The GREEN DOT on the iPad screen begins moving.

THE VOICE

He's here.

He looks around pointing his gun at scared passengers. He clicks the PLAY SOUND bottom on his screen. The PHONE RINGS OUT loudly. The Voice and his thug friend follow the sound. Scared passengers duck as they approach. The Voice COCKS his gun as he gets closer. Then...

He looks and sees the IPHONE. JAMMED into a cracked open window of the bus.

EXT. LADERA HEIGHTS - AFTERNOON

MUSIC CUE: "SWEET LIFE"- FRANK OCEAN

Malcolm, Jib, and Diggy get off a DIFFERENT BUS on SLAUSON and LA CIENGA. They take their bikes off the rack in front of the bus and ride into the PALM TREE lined neighborhood. The houses are a combination of midcentury moderns, with gaudy new mini MacMansions. The lawns are green and manicured, the cars are nicer and the sky is more blue than the rest of Inglewood.

As Frank Ocean sings, this is *Ladera Heights*. The *Black Beverly Hills*. Domesticated paradise. Palm trees and pools....

They ride up to the largest, nicest house on the block. Malcolm looks at the address. Nods to his friends. He rings the doorbell. Waits. The door slowly opens. Using the door for a prop is a beautiful biracial young woman. This is LILY, 20. She is wearing a robe, if you want to call it wearing. It is dangling on her shoulder, barely covering her. A PACIFIER hangs around her neck on a gold chain.

The door is snatched wide open revealing Jaleel, 20, biracial. Wearing a WHITE TANK top, tattoos sleeve his arms. He pushes Lily to the side.

JALEEL

What the fuck are you doing opening the door, butt ass naked. You are a fucking hoe, Lily. You know that?

As much as he tries, his lifetime of expensive private school education betrays his attempts at vernacular.

JALEEL

Don't mind my dumb ass sister.

Lily flips off Jaleel as she stumbles inside.

MALCOLM

Are you A.J.?

JALEEL

Naw. That's my dad.

MALCOLM

Uh I need to see him. About Boys Club?

JALEEL

Right. Right. Right. He ain't back from the office for a few hours. You can come in and wait if you want.

Over Jaleel's shoulder in the back is a glass wall that opens to a POOL. Lily drops her robe. Naked, she jumps in the pool. Malcolm, Jib and Diggy look at each other.

INT. A.J'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Malcolm and crew walk into the beautiful house.

JALEEL
You Piru? CMB?

MALCOLM
I'm just Malcolm.

JALEEL
But that's your hood, tho?
How the CMB sign go?

He tries to do a gang sign with his hand.

JALEEL
Like this, right? I Googled it.

JIB
Naw, Helen Keller. It ain't like
that.

JALEEL
How it go then? Show it to me.

They hesitate for a moment, trying to read if he's serious. Jaleel waits like a puppy for a treat. They shrug, show him the GANG SIGN. Jaleel's awestruck. Mimics the hand sign.

JALEEL
Yeah, fuck crab ass niggas.

EXT. A.J'S HOUSE - POOL - CONTINUOUS

He slides the glass wall and walks them past the pool.

JALEEL
I got a little studio in the guest
house. I was working on some
tracks.

Lily watches them walk by. Her eyes barely breaking the surface of the water. She's both predator and prey. She goes underwater. Malcolm looks into the pool. Lily is laying at the bottom. Eyes closed.

FROM UNDERWATER

Lily opens her eyes and we see her POV: Malcolm looking at her.

ABOVE WATER

MALCOLM'S POV: Lily gestures with her index finger to come here.

Malcolm stares at her as she stays underwater for an uncomfortably long time.

INT. A.J'S HOUSE - GUEST HOUSE

The guest house is the size of most people's dream house. Malcolm, Jib, and Diggy follow Jaleel. Jib looks to his right and freezes in his tracks. Awestruck. In a small bedroom, walls are lined FLOOR TO CEILING with SNEAKERS. Any sneaker a head can imagine is there. Limited Jordans. Air force ones. Pro Keds. Dr. J's. Kareem's Adidas. Patrick Ewing Adidas. Reebok Pumps, Air Huraches. Air Max 95's, etc, etc.

JALEEL

Yeah. That's my sanctuary man.
Sometimes I just go in there.
Meditate. Think about the world.

INT. GUEST HOUSE - BASEMENT

Jaleel leads them into his "little studio". A full on professional recording set up that would rival Sunset Sound. High end microphones, an array of instruments, a killer TOUCH SCREEN MIXING BOARD. Malcolm and friends again are awestruck.

JALEEL

I fucks around a little you know.
My style is like Dilla meets No ID
with a little Rick Rubin.

He clicks on a TRACK. The BEAT begins to play. Jaleel bobs his head. Proud of his creation, which actually doesn't sound bad. Hell it's hot. Malcolm and his friends bob along as well. Jaleel raps over his track.

JALEEL

*Ridin' in my whip/ left on
Imperial/ hoes trying to milk a
nigga/ just like be-re-al.*

MALCOLM

Wait what? Bereal?

JIB

What the fuck is bereal?

JALEEL

Oh shit. Sorry. I meant cereal.
That's how much I hate crab ass
niggas. It's like I think C words
in my mind, but my mouth just won't
let me say it.

DIGGY

So you replace words that start
with c with b's?

MALCOLM

So, like Crip dyslexia.

DIGGY

But only soft C's. Because he said
crab no problem.

JIB

Yeah, why doesn't your brain just
make your mouth say brab?

JALEEL

I don't know. I guess its a case by
case thing.

DIGGY

Not base by base? See, you would
think the hard C would be the
issue, but no. That's interesting.

JALEEL

Fuck y'all. I'm just trying rep my
set.

JIB

Ladera doesn't have a set.

JALEEL

So what, that make me less nigga
then y'all? My dad is from The
Bottoms. Shit my uncle, cousins are
all still there reppin' Inglewood
Family! That's where my heart is,
even if my body lives here!

DIGGY

OK. Cool. I mean bool. Relax
yourself, boy, please settle down.

JIB

*Relax yourself, girl, please settle
down.*

He begins to snap a beat.

MALCOLM, JIB AND DIGGY

Relax yourself, girl. Please settle
down.

They all clap to the beat. Jaleel looks on with a wide smile.

INT. GUEST HOUSE - BASEMENT - STUDIO

Jib is on DRUMS. Diggy's on BASS. Malcolm on GUITAR. Jaleel monitors the BOARD, PRO TOOLS. The group is performing their PUNK rendition of ELECTRIC RELAXATION. It's far from relaxing. It's full of energy and fire as Malcolm and Diggy sing a gritty call and response.

LILY is in the back of the studio wearing a TANK TOP and TIGHT CUT OFF JEAN SHORTS. She bobs her head to the music. SUCKS on her pacifier while looking at Malcolm. He catches the look. Quickly looks away. The song comes to an end on Malcolm's guitar solo. Jaleel just stares at them.

JALEEL

(mimicking Dr. Dre)

Damn, that shit was dope!

Jaleel plays back the track. Malcolm and his friends are on an artistic high as they listen to their work. Marvel that it sounds so professional.

JALEEL

Let's do one more pass on the
drums. I want that on it's own
track.

MALCOLM

Where's the bathroom?

INT. GUEST HOUSE - BATHROOM

Malcolm looks at the decked out bathroom that is the size of his bedroom. He takes a piss. The DOOR slowly opens behind him. Lily walks in. Malcolm startles.

MALCOLM

What the fuck?! Get out of here.

She walks toward Malcolm, as he washes his hands.

LILY

What's in the backpack?

MALCOLM

Nothing. Books and shit.

LILY

Hmm. Really? That's for "A.J."
right? Sure there's nothing else in
there?

She gives him a knowing look, walks to the toilet, unzips her shorts, and sits. Starts to piss. Malcolm quickly walks out of the bathroom. Lily smiles slyly.

INT. GUEST HOUSE - STUDIO

Malcolm, fly still unzipped, walks in.

JALEEL

Y'all hungry. Help yourself to
anything in the fridge. If not, I
can have Marta cook something up
for us.

JIB

Can she make chili cheese fries?

JALEEL

That sounds good than a muthafucka.
(beat)
Marta!

MARTA appears almost out of nowhere.

JALEEL

(to Jib)

What's a good spot to get the chili
cheese fries?

JIB

Fabulous Burger on Centinela and
Inglewood Ave.

JALEEL

(in Spanish)

Get us four orders of chili cheese
fries at Fabulous Burger on
Centinela and Inglewood Ave.

Marta laughs hysterically. Then walks away.

JALEEL

Come on niggas. We rolling.

JIB

Cool. A nigga's famished.

Lily eyes Malcolm. Seductively stares.

MALCOLM

Naw. I'll stay.

Jaleel notices the exchange of looks. He shakes his head,
chuckles. Knows his sister all too well.

EXT. CENTINELA BLVD - INGLEWOOD - MOMENTS LATER

MUSIC CUE: "RADICALS": - TYLER THE CREATOR

A tricked out FORD SHELBY SPEEDS in and out of traffic like a
Fast and Furious movie. This is Jaleel's Street racer.

INT. JALEEL'S SHELBY - CONTINUOUS

The Tyler track pounds in the car as Jaleel violently bobs
his head to the music as the chorus screams: "*KILL PEOPLE,
BURN SHIT, FUCK SCHOOL*" Jib is shotgun. Diggy is squeezed in
the small back seat. They look at each other like, maybe we
should have stayed with Malcolm.

INT. GUEST HOUSE - BASEMENT - STUDIO

Malcolm on a Herman Miller office chair. He slow spins himself around. Waiting. He plays the opening lick to JIMI HENDRIX - WHO KNOWS as he spins. LILY sits on the couch. Lights a JOINT. They sit in silence for a couple minutes as Lily sizes up Malcolm.

LILY

So...you're a boy from the hood.

(facetious)

Good thing you found The Boys Club
and have such an amazing mentor as
my father.

She takes a drag of her joint. Then takes out her SMARTPHONE.

LILY

Say cheese.

Malcolm doesn't smile.

LILY

That's right. Boys in the hood
don't smile. Too busy jocking the
freaks, clocking the dough?

Malcolm smirks, recognizing the Eazy E lyric.

LILY

What? Aren't you happy?

MALCOLM

The Vandals said never trust a
happy man.

LILY

Stop Smiling, right?

MALCOLM

Yeah.

He's so surprised that she knows both classic gangsta rap and obscure punk references, he disobeys the song. Smiles widely. She snaps a picture. Catching him.

LIL

Gotcha. You should smile more. It's
cute. Here take mine.

She hands him her phone.

MALCOLM

Say cheese.

She doesn't smile. Just looks. Waits. Malcolm snaps the
photo.

LILY

Put your number in. I'll send it to
you, so you never forget my smiling
face.

Malcolm types in his info. She takes the phone back.

LILY

I'm bored as fuck. Will you play
with me, my little boy from the
hood?

MALCOLM

(sheepish)

I guess.

LILY

Hmm. Let's see. How about we play
Mother may I? You remember that
game right?

MALCOLM

Sort of.

Lily walks to the other side of the room. She turns her back
to him.

LILY

Go ahead. Ask me a question.

MALCOLM

(nervous)

Uh. OK. So. What's your name?

LILY

(giggles)

Lily.

(MORE)

LILY (cont'd)

But no, you're supposed to ask something like, Mother may I take two steps? And if I say yes, you take two steps toward me. Or I might say, no, take three steps back. Got it?

MALCOLM

Yes. Uh, Mother may I take two steps?

LILY

No. But you may take...five steps.

Malcolm takes five big steps. He is right behind her. She turns around. They are face to face.

LILY

You're it. Now it's my turn to ask the questions.

She points. Malcolm walks to the other side of the room. Turns around. CLOSE ON Malcolm's face. He swallows.

LILY

May I take off my clothes?

Malcolm's eyes dance with excitement.

MALCOLM

Y..yes. You may.

He hears the sound of a ZIPPER unzipping. Clothes getting tossed to the ground.

LILY (O.S.)

May I walk over to you?

MALCOLM

Yes you may.

Hears her steps moving toward him. Then feels Lily press her breasts against his back.

LILY

May I touch you?

He nods. She puts her hands on his waist. Then moves her hands around his waist and under his shirt, feeling his abs. Then into his pants. She whispers in his ear.

LILY
Are you a virgin?

MALCOLM
No. Naw.

LILY
Don't do that! DON'T!

Malcolm is thrown by her sudden anger.

LILY
This house is full of liars and
bullshitters, Malcolm. I can tell
you're not like that. Not like him.
Don't start now. Ok?

MALCOLM
Whatever. OK. Yes, I'm a virgin.

She smiles, whispers in his ear.

LILY
You want to fuck me, don't you?

He nods, yes. She turn him around. He stares at her. The only thing she wears is the PACIFIER dangling from her neck, resting in between her breasts. She takes a hit of her joint. Kisses him and blows the smoke into his mouth. Malcolm coughs. Eyes watering. She kisses him again. This time for real. She stops.

LILY
I gotta pee. Jaleel keeps rubbers
in that drawer. I want you ready
when I get back.

She walks out. Malcolm quickly runs over to the drawer. Opens it. Bingo: Rubbers. He grabs one. Then takes off his clothes. Falls on the floor as he forgets to take off his shoes before attempting to pull off his jeans.

INT. FABULOUS BURGER - INGLEWOOD, CA - LATER

Jeleel, Jib and Diggy walk in the greasy spoon. Jaleel looks around, inhales deeply taking in the smell.

JALEEL

Smells like, like real niggas.

Jib and Diggy just shake their heads as Jeleel walks up to the counter. While Jeleel is ordering, a group of young thugs walk in. Loud and obnoxious. Jib and Diggy's hearts sink as they notice these are the BLOODS from school that took Malcolm's shoe. Jib and Diggy try to sneak out.

BUG

Where the fuck you think you're going? Get back here!

Jib and Diggy slink back. Jaleel sees this.

JALEEL

There a problem, blood?

Jib and Diggy really wish he hadn't just said that. They look at Jaleel like he is insane. And at this point, they are not so sure he isn't.

BUG

(laughs)

Listen at this pretty ass nigga. You a blood, huh? These two with you?

JALEEL

Yeah.

BUG

Well then, *BLOOD*, we gotta big problem. I'ma fuck them up, then you.

The Bloods grab Jib and Diggy. Bug lunges at Jaleel, who COLD COCKS Bug with a right hook. Bug falls to the ground. The Bloods go after Jaleel, but stop on a dime when he pulls out a GUN. He calmly taps the gun on his thigh.

JALEEL

Like I said. They with me. So no one's fuckin' anyone up. Ah'ight blood!

Jib and Diggy stare wide eyed. They didn't know Jaleel had that in him.

INT. GUEST HOUSE - STUDIO

Malcolm lays on the couch, NAKED. Waiting. He fidgets. Not sure how to lay. He starts on his back. Feels weird. Sits up. He puts his arm up. Lifts his knee. Looks like Burt Reynolds in Playgirl. Shakes it off. Sits. Waits... And waits.... And waits....

And it's now that he notices his backpack is OPEN on the ground, not the chair where he left it.

INT. GUEST HOUSE - HALLWAY

Malcolm hears water running inside the bathroom. Taps on the door. No answer. He knocks. Nothing. He gently puts his hand on the door knob. Turns. Peeks inside.

THROUGH THE CRACK: Lily is SLUMPED on the toilet. PACIFIER in her mouth. AN OPEN BAG of MOLLY on the sink. Crystal powder SPILLED all over the floor.

MALCOLM

Oh shit!

INT. GUEST HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Malcolm runs to her. Lily is unconscious. He tries to pull the pacifier out of her mouth, but it is CLENCHED TIGHT by her teeth. He lifts her up, slips on the powder on the ground. He falls on his back. Her on top of him. He looks at her. She's lying on him, naked, but not how he imagined it. Her EYES OPEN. Startling Malcolm. She looks at him wide eyed, PUPILS fully DILATED. She then takes out her pacifier. Smiles. HURLS on Malcolm's chest.

MALCOLM

AHHHHH!!!! What the fuck!

He pushes her off. She rolls on the floor with a loud THUD.

Malcolm bolts to the sink, frantically washing the VOMIT off of his body. He looks on as Lily writhes on the floor. BABBLING AND SLURRING. Grabbing and pulling at her sweaty skin like she's trying to take off a tight sweater.

LILY
It's fucking hot!

She tries to move, but can barely control her limbs. Tries to talk, but only chopped and screwed sounds come out of her mouth. Then her EYES ROLL BACK into her head. She CONVULSES. Then goes still. Silent.

MALCOLM
Lily?

He rushes over. Shakes her. She is still.

MALCOLM
Come on. Fuck! Wake up!

She's limp. He smacks her face lightly. Nothing. He smacks her harder. Still nothing.

MALCOLM
Fuck!
(beat)
OK. OK. OK. I got it.

He runs water in the BATHTUB. While he waits for it to fill up, he goes over to Lily. Lifts her up from behind, his arms wrapped under her armpits. Drags her naked body to the edge of the tub. He sits her up. The water is over half way filled. He waits for it to fill a little more. Malcolm takes a deep breath, then pushes her backward into the tub.

She FALLS in SLOW MOTION. As she hits the water, the image RAMPS BACK TO normal.

Malcolm waits a moment. She doesn't move and now she's underwater. AIR BUBBLES float to the surface of the water from her nose and mouth.

MALCOLM
FUCK!

He pulls her out of the water. She gags up water, but doesn't wake. He then dials his phone: 9-1-1.

911 OPERATOR
9-1-1. What's your emergency?

MALCOLM

Yeah. I have a girl here that I think is OD'ing.

911 OPERATOR

Do you know what she took?

MALCOLM

I don't know! Molly I think!

911 OPERATOR

Is she breathing?

MALCOLM

Yeah I think. I know she was before. I tried to give her the kick.

911 OPERATOR

The kick?

MALCOLM

Yeah. The kick! The feeling of falling in water that wakes you up out of a dream. Like in Inception! The kick!

911 OPERATOR

You dropped her in water?!

MALCOLM

Yeah, but it didn't work!

911 OPERATOR

That's cause that was a movie! You need to get her to a hospital, now. Where are you? I'll send an ambulance.

MALCOLM

I'm at...

Malcolm thinks better of sending ambulances and police to the house of a drug dealer. He hangs up. Picks up the DOPE.

INT. GUEST HOUSE - STUDIO

Malcolm throws on his clothes. Throws the DOPE back into his BACKPACK. Slings it on his shoulder.

INT. GUEST HOUSE - HALLWAY

Malcolm drags Lily out of the bathroom and up the stairs.

INT. GUEST HOUSE - BEDROOM.

He drops her on the bed. Scrambles around. Searching. Finds a SET OF KEYS on her desk. Grabs them.

INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Malcolm walks into the FOUR CAR GARAGE. Presses the alarm button. A BRIGHT YELLOW FIAT 500L's door unlocks. Malcolm shoves Lily in the back seat.

EXT. STREETS OF INGLEWOOD, CA - LATER

MUSIC CUE: "SABOTAGE" - BEASTIE BOYS

The small yellow car sticks out like a sore thumb as it moves along with the traffic.

INT. LILY'S FIAT - CONTINUOUS

Malcolm nervously drives. He stops at a light. A POLICE CAR drives by. The officer in the passenger's seat looks at Malcolm as he passes. Malcolm looks at the police car in the rear view. Praying it doesn't turn around. It stops. The police car turns on its lights. Heads toward Malcolm.

MALCOLM

No! no! Come on!

The police car then quickly turns left and speeds away. Malcolm lets out a relieved breath. Cars HONK as the light turned green a minute ago. Like out of a cartoon, Lily SPRINGS AWAKE off the sound of the car horn. She SCREAMS as Malcolm drives.

LILY
I NEED TO PEE! I NEED TO PEE!

MALCOLM
Lily it's me! Calm the fuck down!

LILY
WHO ARE YOU?! LET ME GO TO THE
BATHROOM! THIS IS MY HOUSE! GET OUT
OF MY HOUSE!

She begins to PUNCH Malcolm in the back of the head from the back seat! Malcolm slams on the brakes, swerves to the side of the road. SIDE SWIPES the CAR in front of him. His AIR BAG OPENS in his face. Lily opens the door of the car. JUMPS out.

MALCOLM
Lily!

Lily, stumbles as she crosses traffic. Cars swerving wildly to avoid her. She crosses the street and frantically runs into the LADERA CENTER strip mall, naked, covered in vomit.

Malcolm is shaken from the collision. He pushes the air bag from him. Looks and sees LILY squatting and pissing on a curb in front of STARBUCKS. Security guards approach her. But that isn't the craziest thing he is seeing. As he focuses on the car that he crashed into, he notices it is a RED EL CAMINO. And the angry guys getting out are The Voice and his partner. They look at Malcolm. Recognize him.

Malcolm starts the car. The Voice runs up to Malcolm's window. Grabs him. Malcolm slams on the gas sending the smashed up car in reverse. The Voice loses his grip. Malcolm then quickly puts the car in drive, speeds away. The Voice gets in the Red El Camino. Follows.

INT. LILY'S FIAT - SAME

Sirens are BLARING all around as Malcolm approaches the intersection. But even though the light is green, no one is moving. Malcolm HONKS.

MALCOLM
MOVE BITCHES!

Malcolm swerves into the PARKING LANE and speeds into the intersection. The El Camino follows. Malcolm slams the breaks as a FORD SHELBY races by, barely missing the Fiat. Malcolm looks at the car, sees JALEEL behind the wheel.

The image SLOWS...as Malcolm makes eye contact with Jaleel.

MALCOLM

What the fuck?

The image FREEZES as we hear...

MUSIC CUE: "DROP" - THE PHARCYDE

MALCOLM

?kcuf eht tahW

The images MOVE **BACKWARDS** IN TIME following Jaleel in an homage to the SPIKE JONZE directed Pharcyde music video. Jaleel's Shelby moves BACKWARD, people move backward, some jump in front of the car. We see a POLICE CAR behind Jaleel's Shelby. It then disappears behind a corner.

Jaleel's car reverse skids around the corner, the TIRE MARKS disappearing behind it. A KID SLIDES backwards across the HOOD of the Shelby. Lands on his SKATEBOARD at the corner of the intersection of CENTINELA and BEACH STREET. He rides BACKWARDS into the MIGHTY MART.

The POLICE CAR reappears then reverse skids into the PARKING LOT of FABULOUS BURGER. The FLASHING LIGHTS TURN OFF.

Jaleel's Shelby reverse skids into the PARKING LOT of Fabulous Burger. He JUMPS out of the car. The GUN in the back seat FLIES into his hand. He LIMPS IN REVERSE, holding his INJURED THIGH, and inside FABULOUS BURGER.

INT. FABULOUS BURGER - CONTINUOUS - REWIND

Jaleel looks out the window. Sees the POLICE CAR. The POLICE CAR moves in reverse out of the parking lot.

DEBRIS FROM BULLETS go back to their origins.

A bullet exits the SHOULDER of a SHORT ORDER COOK holding a LARGE REVOLVER and GOES BACK into the GUN held by Jaleel.

JIB AND DIGGY appear from under a TABLE. Bug's BODY rises from the ground.

A BLAST reverses into the revolver of the tatted down Short Order Cook. Tattoos are from the INGLEWOOD 13 MEXICAN GANG.

The Short Order Cook disappears behind the counter into the kitchen.

A CASHIER is pressing a SILENT ALARM BUTTON. Jib and Diggy look at the Cashier reaching under the counter.

Jaleel holds his gun at his side. Tapping his thigh.

WE ARE NOW MOVING **FORWARD** IN TIME.

JALEEL

So why in the hell would you wanna
whoop these two's asses?

BUG

They got a debt they owe.

JALEEL

(to Jib and Diggy)
That right?

JIB

Technically. I mean he tried to
steal Malcolm's Jordans. But we got
away. So they say we owe them.

JALEEL

So this is about a pair of Jordans?

JIB

Yeah. One Jordan to be specific.

JALEEL

(to Bug)
That's it? Shoes? Nigga is In
Living Color still on TV? Niggas
are still jackin' sneakers? That's
some petty shit. You know that?

Bug shrugs.

JALEEL

OK. How about I pay their debt? If you want Jordans, I can give you some Jordans. I got a closet full of 'em.

(to Jib and Diggy)

Tell these niggas.

DIGGY

Yeah. It's pretty pimped.

Diggy looks at a Cashier reaching under a counter. She looks at Jib, who sees the same thing. Bug also notices.

BUG

Bitch what you doing?!

BLOOD 2

Pressing an alarm, blood!

The action happens in a flash: Bug runs up to the Cashier. She SCREAMS. Jaleel, startled, accidentally SHOOTS himself in the THIGH. He SCREAMS. Bug GRABS the Cashier by her neck. SQUEEZES.

BUG

Dirty Mexican punta!

Jib's eyes go wide as he sees a TATTED DOWN SHORT ORDER COOK emerge from the kitchen carrying a LARGE REVOLVER. Jib and Diggy dive under a table.

FROM UNDER THE TABLE Diggy and Jib hear GUNSHOTS, SCREAMS, feet of people running. They see Bug's BODY CRASHING TO THE GROUND. Then JALEEL'S NIKES running out of the burger joint. Soon they hear the sounds of Jaleel's Shelby starting and SCREECHING away. The sound of a POLICE SIREN BLARING and the police car SCREECHING away. The sound of the siren getting quiet in the distance.

Jib and Diggy get out from under the table. See Bug on the ground, shot, but alive. The short order cook is disoriented, injured on the counter. They hear new POLICE SIRENS and run out of Fabulous Burger before more police show up.

INT. LILY'S FIAT - PRESENT

Malcolm watches Jaleel speeding by. He turns and sees the POLICE CAR is heading toward him.

MALCOLM

SHIT!

Malcolm speeds up passing in front of the POLICE CAR. The police car swerves and avoids Malcolm's car, but can't avoid the El Camino that was following Malcolm. Smashes into the side of the El Camino. This allows Jaleel to get away.

Malcolm drives off. Sees the chaos in his rear view mirror: The police get out of the car. Guns pointed at the El Camino. They CUFF The Voice.

Malcolm's in shock. Can't do anything but laugh at the absurdity of it all. His PHONE RINGS. He answers.

MALCOLM

Jib?

MR. BAILEY (VOICE)

(on phone)

No! It's Mr. Bailey. Where the hell are you?!

MALCOLM

What? What do you mean?

MR. BAILEY

Your interview is in twenty minutes! You were supposed to meet me at school, so I could take you! I've been calling you for an hour!

MALCOLM

Damn! I'm sorry I forgot.

MR. BAILEY

You forgot! Do you not realize how important this interview is?!

MALCOLM

I know! I know! Can I reschedule?

MR. BAILEY

No! If you cancel you might as well tell the admissions committee to kiss your ass! I knew you weren't serious, Malcolm. You're no better than the rest of these fool ass niggas. Good luck.

CLICK. He hangs up. Malcolm, slams his hand on the steering wheel, simmers. Then closes his eyes. Takes a breath to calm down. Opens his eyes and takes the BUSINESS CARD out of his backpack: AUSTIN JACOBY. He TURNS the car, speeds off.

INT. AUSTIN JACOBY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The RECEPTIONIST gives a sweaty, disheveled Malcolm a polite smile as she leads him into an office. She motions for him to sit. Hands him a bottled water.

RECEPTIONIST

Mr. Jacoby is wrapping up a staff meeting. He'll be a few minutes.

She leaves. Malcolm chugs down the water. Wipes his brow, drying his hands on his pants and shirt. Hoping to iron out some wrinkles. Looks around at the office. Signed memorabilia, artwork, PHOTOS. There are DOZENS of photos of him with young boys from BOYS CLUB OF AMERICA that span many years. One of the photos catches Malcolm's eye. He gets up, walks over to it: a YOUNG DOM is shaking Austin's hand.

MALCOLM

Fuck me.

Malcolm then notices a PHOTO on his DESK. It is of Austin Jacoby, his wife, and two kids: Jaleel and Lily.

MALCOLM

(to himself)

A.J.

AUSTIN (O.S.)

Hello?

Malcolm quickly turns around and is in front of Austin Jacoby, 50's, tall, intimidating, yet approachable. Think Forest Whitaker. Austin extends his hand.

AUSTIN

Austin Jacoby. Nice to meet you
Malcolm.

Malcolm's bewilderment can't be contained. He nervously
shakes Austin's hand.

AUSTIN

I know you're nervous, but I
promise I won't make it too
painful. Have a seat.

Malcolm sits down on the couch. Austin sits on an adjacent
club chair. Crosses his legs. Opens a FOLDER. Looks it over.

AUSTIN

So. Malcolm Adekanbi. Did I
pronounce that right?

He nods, yes.

AUSTIN

You're Nigerian?

MALCOLM

My dad. I was born here.

AUSTIN

Did you know that Nigeria has the
third largest film industry in the
world, behind only Hollywood and
Bollywood?

Malcolm shakes his head, no. Austin goes to his drawer. Pulls
out a bunch of DVD's. Shows them to Malcolm. They look like
bootlegs, but are Nigerian comedies, crime dramas, thrillers.
The covers all look over the top. A combination of
Blaxploitation and Hong Kong action movies.

AUSTIN

Great aren't they? Now as far as
film quality, let's just say they
make Tyler Perry look like Orson
Wells. But the market is waiting to
be opened and I'm making the
appropriate introductions to
executives here in Los Angeles.

(MORE)

AUSTIN (cont'd)

The future of Nollywood could be massive. But for now it's just undeveloped, raw street energy. Kind of like you.

(beat)

Has your father taken you to visit?

MALCOLM

He went back to Nigeria before I was born. He came to visit once, when I was five. Haven't seen him since.

AUSTIN

Sorry to hear that. I know what it's like to grow up without a father. It's why I spend so much time and money with The Boys Club in my old neighborhood.

Malcolm nods.

AUSTIN

Anyway I'm rambling. I'm going to ask you a ton of questions before our time's up, so here's your chance if you have a question for me.

Malcolm points at Austin's family picture.

MALCOLM

Are those your kids?

AUSTIN

Yes. Twins. They're not much older than you.

This confirmation hits Malcolm like a ton of bricks.

MALCOLM

Do you know Dominique Lewis?

AUSTIN

Excuse me?

MALCOLM

You might know him as Dom.

Austin doesn't respond. But the subtle change in his demeanor answers the question. He is trying to size up Malcolm's motives.

AUSTIN

Can't say I do. No. Why do you ask?

Austin looks at Malcolm for a long moment. Malcolm is trying to contain his fear.

MALCOLM

Dom gave me something I need to deliver to someone. And as crazy as this seems, I think that someone may be you.

AUSTIN

I see. This delivery. Do you have it with you?

Malcolm nods. Taps his backpack. Austin then gets up. Slowly walks over to the door. Locks it. Slowly walks back to his chair. Sits.

AUSTIN

Now. This Dominique. What on earth does he want me to do with, whatever it is he claims he's delivering to me?

MALCOLM

He just told me to deliver it to A.J.

AUSTIN

And why would you agree to do that?

MALCOLM

I didn't have a choice.

AUSTIN

You always have a choice, Malcolm. You may not like what those choices are, but you had one. You could have done any number of things with this package. And you're a smart kid, so I know you thought of them all.

(MORE)

AUSTIN (cont'd)

Yet, you chose to deliver this package for this Dom person. I assume because you felt it was the best choice for your interests. Correct?

MALCOLM

Yes.

AUSTIN

So, you should take responsibility for your choice without excuse. That's the kind of maturity, growth, and character that my alma mater values. That's what Harvard men are made of.

Austin sits up in his seat. Leans forward. Looks at Malcolm.

AUSTIN

So say it. I take full responsibility for the choice I made and the consequences that come with that choice.

MALCOLM

(nervously)

I take full responsibility for the choice I made and the consequences that come with that choice.

AUSTIN

Good.

(beat)

Now, I have no idea what this delivery is, and I'm not the person or persons for which this delivery was originally intended. Somewhere along the line something happened. So here we are. It's like Amazon. If you ordered... Rick Ross's new CD--

MALCOLM

Rick Ross is whack. I'd never do that.

AUSTIN

Fair enough. Whom?

MALCOLM

Watch the Duck is pretty hot.

AUSTIN

Is that really an artist?

Malcolm nods.

AUSTIN

Ok. It's like if you ordered a
Watch The Duck CD--

MALCOLM

I wouldn't order a CD. All their
music is on Soundcloud.

AUSTIN

But you are aware that Amazon sells
Compact Discs? And if you ordered
that disc, you'd want it delivered
to you in a timely fashion. And if
for some reason that disc got lost
on the way to you, you'd call
Amazon and say, where's my stuff?
And they would either send you
another CD or give you a refund.
Either way, they eat the loss. No
big deal right? It's one CD. Say
one hundred people ordered the CD,
and one hundred got lost? One
thousand? Ten Thousand?

MALCOLM

A slippery slope.

AUSTIN

Exactly. Amazon would have to eat
the cost of that large loss. They'd
have angry customers. They have to
answer to the record companies that
supply the CD's, but mostly they'd
have to deal with the loss of
reputation. A reputation they spent
a very long time building. You
understand?

Malcolm nods. Austin then stands.

AUSTIN

So! Lets do this. Let's reschedule this interview for a few weeks from today. That will give you enough time to deliver the product you've taken responsibility for to the appropriate consumers and to make the supplier of that product whole again. Metaphorically speaking of course.

He goes back to his desk.

AUSTIN

See doing that will show me more about you than any interview will. I'd be able to forget this whole misunderstanding and I will make it my business that you're accepted to Harvard. If not, well, I'll have to pass on my grave character concerns to the admissions committee. And make sure they share my concerns with any other school you're applying to as well. That would be a shame.

Austin approaches Malcolm. Extends his hand. Malcolm shakes it. Austin SQUEEZES. Pulls Malcolm in close. Menacing. Calm.

AUSTIN

Malcolm, I want you to get out of the Bottoms like I did. I know from growing up there how dangerous it is. How friends and family can be killed just for being in the wrong place at the wrong time. I'd hate for that to happen to you and yours. So take this opportunity you have before you very seriously.

EXT. AUSTIN JACOBY'S OFFICE - CULVER CITY

Malcolm walks toward where he parked. CULVER CITY POLICE OFFICERS are examining the car. Malcolm quickly goes in the other direction.

EXT. BUS STOP - LATER

Malcolm sits on a bus stop. Waiting. Thinking. Moments later the bus pulls up. Opens the door. Malcolm stands. He turns and looks at the backpack still sitting on the bench. Should he leave it?

He grabs the backpack. The weight of it on his back feels more heavy.

LISA (VOICE)
You getting on?

Malcolm turns. Sees his mother behind the wheel of the bus. She smiles, surprised to see him. He walks up the stairs. Lisa knows something is wrong.

LISA
Looks like you and I had the same
kind of day. How was the interview?

Malcolm fights back the tears.

LISA
Sit down. My shift is almost over.
Then I'll take you home.

MUSIC CUE: "HOME IS WHERE THE HATRED IS" - GIL SCOTT-HERON

At this moment, the sound of that is not so appealing. He walks to the back of the bus. Sits. Looks out the window as Culver City turns to Inglewood. The images becoming more and more blighted. He sees the CRIME SCENE that is FABULOUS BURGER. Detectives and EMT's mill about. The bus makes its stops. Letting people on and off. Tired laborers happy to have a day's pay. Young mothers wrangling sleepy children. Hustlers hocking bootleg movies. Old men using walkers held together with duct tape. Old women who clutch their purses closer as teens in hoodies get on.

As Malcolm looks at the hoodies: It's Jib and Diggy. They just look at each other. Nod. Jib and Diggy sit next to Malcolm. No one says anything. There's too much to say. There's nothing to say. They just look out the window. Bobbing their heads to the GIL SCOTT HERON song.

The bus rolls to the next stop: NAKIA gets on. Holding her books. She looks up. Sees Malcolm. Nods. Then takes a seat, looks out the window. Bobbing her head to the song. At the next stop: DOM. He nods at Malcolm. Sits.

As TIME ELAPSES this continues: LILY, JALEEL, BUG, WYTONY, THE VOICE, HIS PARTNER. They all look out at the streets of Inglewood. Bob their heads to the music. Listen to Gil Scot Heron's words:

"HOME IS WHERE THE HATRED IS. HOME IS FILLED WITH PAIN. AND IT MIGHT NOT BE SUCH A BAD IDEA. IF I NEVER WENT HOME AGAIN."

People exit the bus. One by one. Until it is just Malcolm in the back seat. Alone. Tears in his eyes.

LISA (VOICE)

Malcolm.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

Malcolm wakes up. Looks around at the empty bus. At his mom's face. For a moment, he thinks maybe this entire past couple of days has been a dream. He then sees the BACKPACK. Heart sinks. His mom sits next to him. The radio is playing over the bus' speakers. Tuned to an OLDIES STATION now that the bus is empty. DONNY HATHAWAY sings a live version of "SOMEDAY WE'LL ALL BE FREE". Lisa looks Malcolm in the eyes. Proud.

LISA

My son is applying to Harvard.
I barely got out of high school.
Malcolm I wish I could help you
with your school work, or give you
advice about taking the SAT, or
your application process and
interviews. But I can't. And I'm
sorry.

Lisa touches the side of his face.

LISA

You've always had to figure things
out on your own. And praise God,
you always have. So I know you'll
figure this out too.

OFF of Malcolm's heartened, but conflicted expression.

REPORTER (V.O.)

The incident took place today at
Starbucks in the Ladera Center.

EXT. STARBUCKS - LADERA CENTER - NEWS FOOTAGE

We see the TV IMAGE of an older Black Man wearing a
RASTAFARIAN HAT and a "YOLO" T-SHIRT.

REPORTER (V.O.)

...apparently the side effects of
the popular club drug, MDMA, or
Molly. Tannehill James was a
witness to the bizarre scene.

TANNEHILL JAMES

So I'm at Magic Johnson's Starbuck
drinking my vanilla chai latte and
eating me some pound cake, cuz you
know niggas don't eat scones, when
this crazy lil naked hoe come up,
squats down and pisses on the
sidewalk right in front of me.
Right there. I swear to God. Now
how I'm supposed to eat my pound
cake after witnessing something
like that? Magic got some good ass
pound cake, but it ain't that good.

His last few sentences are LOOPED and AUTO-TUNED into a song.

TANNEHILL JAMES

*Now how I'm supposed to eat my
pound cake. How I'm supposed to eat
my pound cake. My pound cake. My
pound cake. My. My. My pound cake.*

INT. MORNINGSIDE HIGH SCHOOL - COMPUTER LAB

Malcolm, Jib, and Diggy sit around. They look at the CLIP
from CHANNEL 4 NEWS of TANNEHILL JAMES that has gone VIRAL.
It is intercut with AMATEUR CELLPHONE VIDEO of LILY (private
parts BLURRED) running naked across La Cienega Blvd, then
urinating on the curb.

DIGGY

Damn nigga. This shit is like Lost. Dom is like Jacob. Austin Jacoby is like that black smoke nigga, and the Island is The Bottoms and we're all connected and shit.

MALCOLM

Yeah cuz like them muthafuckas on Lost, we've been dead this whole time and didn't realize it.

DIGGY

No they weren't dead. What happened on the island actually happened. The Flash forward in the last season was the afterlife.

JIB

I still don't get that shit.

MALCOLM

Who gives a fuck! We'll be in the afterlife if we don't sell this shit.

JIB

How? Sell on the corner? We're a bunch of bitches man!

DIGGY

Speak for yourself.

JIB

Yes. I am a bitch ass nigga. I don't give a fuck. I own that shit. Who you trying to impress Diggy? We're Wallace in a Stringer Bell world. See what happened to that nigga?

DIGGY

We're talking about Molly, not fuckin' heroin. We just gotta go to some shit like that Lollapalooza or Coachella.

JIB

Yeah. Yeah. Why stop there? Hell, why not hit Bonnaroo, also? We can backpack and hitchhike and sing Mumford and Sons songs.

DIGGY

Fuck you, I'm just saying it can be done.

JIB

And did he actually say I'll kill you...and your friends if you don't sell these drugs? Or just you?

Diggy gives him a dirty look. He shrugs.

MALCOLM

Not directly. He was talking all long and unnecessarily vague like a GTA character or some shit. Talking about Amazon and Rick Ross CD's not being delivered to their customers. But it's clear what he meant.

JIB

Niggas don't even buy CD's anymore, dawg!

MALCOLM

I know, but that wasn't the point. The point was that when you buy shit from Amazon it...

Malcolm stops. Looks at the COMMENTS SECTION of the video clip: "Molly! Molly! Molly!". "Where do I get that" "I want what ever she was on" "How do get me some of that pee on a curb shit", etc. The various locations of the comments: NYC, ATLANTA, NEVADA, MONTREAL.... It hits him.

MALCOLM

Amazon. That's how we do it.

DIGGY

Sell dope on Amazon?

MALCOLM

There are sites where you can sell everything from fake credit cards, to illegal guns, and drugs. They use Bitcoins because they can't be traced. I read about it in Monocle. We don't have to be on any corner. Just set up a web storefront and ship. It's like Etsy.

JIB

(nods)

Dark web. Could work.

DIGGY

Oh and that's less crazy than Coachella? Can't the police or FBI just track?

JIB

Not if you use a Tor browser.

DIGGY

What the fuck is that?

JIB

Onion routing.

(off her shrug)

Layered encryptions --- it's like a game of whack a mole with thousands of computers moving in nanoseconds.

DIGGY

What the fuck is whack a mole?

MALCOLM

Only problem is the dark websites have secret IP addresses. We'd have to find one somehow.

They all think for a moment. Smile.

MALCOLM, JIB AND DIGGY

Will.

Malcolm sends him a DM Tweet.

INT. NON DESCRIPT ROOM - DAY

MUSIC CUE: "REBIRTH OF SLICK(COOL LIKE DAT)"- DIGABLE PLANETS

WILL SHERWOOD looks into the camera. He wears a blazer over a Steven Alan reverse seam shirt and skinny jeans. His curly hair peeks under his WATCHMAN CAP.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

William Ian Sherwood the third.
Musician, scholar, rake,
entrepreneur, conspiracy theorist.

He POPS some PILLS. Gets a TWITTER ALERT, looks at the message from Malcolm: NEED TO MEET ASAP.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Malcolm, Jib, And Diggy met William
at band camp three years ago.

EXT. BAND CAMP - DAY

While bands do sound checks, practice and rehearse, Will just leans on a speaker.

WILL

If you niggas want some weed I can
get you some. Good shit. Fair
prices.

Malcolm, Jib and Diggy look at each other. Diggy SLAPS him hard across the face. Will cups his sore cheek. Shocked.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

William assured them he used the
word nigga only as a term of
endearment as explained by Q-tip in
the classic song Sucka Nigga. After
that, they all hit it off. Though
he never used the word in front of
them again.

INT. DORMITORY - BAND CAMP SITE

Malcolm, Jib, and Diggy and Will play music, laugh, talk.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The mission of band camp was to give kids from different backgrounds a chance to exchange music and experiences unique to their cultures.

JIB

So you're saying white girls suck dick yet claim they're still virgins?

WILL

(laughs)

I'm serious. I've been getting head since I was like twelve. Hitting hoes in the ass since I was fourteen. They'll let you fill any hole other than their pussy with a dick, no problem.

MALCOLM

So technically you're a virgin too?

WILL

Yeah. But here's something to wrap your brain around. I've never had intercourse with a pussy. Just asshole and oral. So the question isn't am I technically a virgin. The question could be am I technically gay?

JIB

That's deep, nigga.

INT. SHERWOOD RESIDENCE - WILL'S BEDROOM

William operates a VOLCANO VAPORIZER. Twists the DIAL to heat it up. Fills the VALVE with weed. Puts the valve BALLOON on the machine. The BALLOON fills with vapor. He takes off the balloon and INHALES the vapor. An idea hits him!

WILL

Small batch. Craft brewed. 40 ounce Malt liquor.

He giggles at his "brilliant" idea. Begins writing in a notebook: ORGANIC BARLEY, CASCADE HOPS, RECLAIMED 40 oz BOTTLES (sustainable).

NARRATOR (V.O.)

William went to El Segundo High. He smoked a pound of weed a week, skipped classes, and had a 1.9 G.P.A. Yet got a perfect score on his SAT. He was accepted to his father's alma mater under academic probation. Which meant he had to maintain a 3.0 Grade point average.

INT. UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA - SERVER ROOM - NIGHT

SECURITY CAM FOOTAGE: Shows Will, dressed in a HOODIE, a GUY FAWKES MASK, SUNGLASSES. He takes a LAPTOP out of his back pack and connects it to a sever. Takes out a SPRAY PAINT CAN.

INT. UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA - SERVER ROOM - NEXT DAY

Campus police and School officials look at the servers.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

So, William hacked into the USC database. Erasing all grades for the entire freshman class.

The servers are tagged with GRAFFITI: SAMO SAVES IDIOTS AND GONZOIDS.

INT. TAU KAPPA EPSILON - FRATERNITY HOUSE

CLOSE on a 40 ounce bottle of WILL'S CRAFT BREWED MALT LIQUOR.

DOLLY THROUGH a party as Frat Boys guzzle down Will's 40 oz brew while dancing to DR. DRE'S "NOTHING BUT A G THANG". The DOLLY MOVE ends in a bedroom, as Will MAKES OUT with a naked young woman.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

That same year he achieved his dream of having sex with a black girl. Though his friends claim she doesn't count because she is half white.

We now see the young woman: It is LILY. He then takes out some WHITE CRYSTAL POWDER.

WILL

Have you ever fucked on Molly?

She shakes her head no.

WILL

It's like, like...having a fucking threeway with God.

Puts the POWDER on his TONGUE. KISSES her, transferring the Molly to her mouth. Will then lays on top of her.

EST. UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA - FILM SCHOOL - EDIT ROOM

Will edits footage of Malcolm's band on his AVID.

WILL

Silk Road's dead. Atlantis shut down for so called security reasons. Everyone's gone to Black Market Reloaded and a bunch of other smaller sites, but that shit's getting mad sketchy now. If you ni--

Diggy gives him a look.

WILL

If you guys want drugs I can get you good shit. Way less expensive than online.

MALCOLM

Nigga, we're not looking to buy. We need to set up a store. To sell.

WILL

Naw really, what do you want?

MALCOLM

I'm serious nigga.

WILL

OK, OK, OK. Wait. This shit is ridiculous. Why the fuck after all these years, you guys can call me N-word, but I can't use it?

DIGGY

Cause I'd have to slap the shit outta you again.

WILL

See that's just wrong. I mean really, you know I'm not the one. This is all love here. You want me to do something for you, I'm like, what. I'm down. I don't give a fuck. Because you're my people. You're my ni-- You know.

DIGGY

It's the principle. This ain't a Hangover movie. This is the real world. There are consequences and repercussions for white boys saying nigga.

WILL

Principle? Oh OK, since we're talking principle, Jib's not African American. He's Latino. Technically, he shouldn't be able to say it either. Why can he say it?

MALCOLM

Whatever nigga. Just say it, Will. We don't care. It's cool.

Will looks at Jib. He nods. Will looks at Diggy.

DIGGY

I'll slap that shit outta you.

WILL

No you won't. You've been out
voted.

DIGGY

Nigga I'm George W. Bush, I don't
give a fuck what the vote says.

Malcolm gives Diggy a look. She lets out a breath.

DIGGY

OK. OK. You can say it.

WILL

I appreciate that. Now like a nigga
was saying---

Diggy slaps the shit out of Will.

WILL

What the fuck!

DIGGY

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. It's a
reflex, it won't happen again. I
promise.

MALCOLM

We need you to set up a store to
sell.

Malcolm opens his backpack. Will looks inside. Awestruck.
Like he's viewing the most beautiful thing he's ever seen.

WILL

(teary eyed)

Is that?

(off Malcolm's nod)

How did you...?

MALCOLM

Long story. I just need to know if
you can help us.

WILL

Why? You guys can set this type of
shit up easily.

MALCOLM

Not like how you can do it. I need to be a ghost. Nothing can point to me. The kind of protection I need requires a hacker. Anon shit. You broke into the USC database...

WILL

SAMO did that. I don't know shit.

MALCOLM

Whatever, nigga. Besides, we don't know shit about selling dope. Pricing, units, terminology. I don't even know how much this bag is worth. But you do.

WILL

Ok, but if this is a SAMO job, I can't do it just as a favor.

MALCOLM

You want a cut of sales?

WILL

Fuck that. Pay me in Molly.

He holds up the DOPE.

INT. WILL'S APARTMENT - USC CAMPUS - LATER

MUSIC CUE: "MOLLY" - TYGA

Will gives them a crash course of the drug game. Showing them how to weigh, cut, bag up portions. They take PHOTOS of the bagged up samples for the web store front.

INT. SERVER ROOM - DAY

Will dressed in a HOODIE, GUY FAWKES MASK, SUNGLASSES. Bobs his head as he plugs his LAPTOP into a server. He sets up a BITCOIN ACCOUNT. Inserts a FLASH DRIVE into his laptop.

JIB (O.S.)

(prelap)

So. Now what? Where are we going to set up shop?

EXT. MORNINGSIDE HIGH SCHOOL - INGLEWOOD, CA - MORNING

Malcolm, Jib and Diggy stand in front of the school. Malcolm gives a sly smile.

MALCOLM

Here.

JIB

Are you retarded?!

MALCOLM

It's perfect. It's got everything we need. Science lab, computers, supplies. And best of all. Watch.

Malcolm walks through security. Once again the alarm goes off and he gets BARKED at by Stacey's K-9. Once again Stacey waves him by. No harm, no foul.

INT. MORNINGSIDE HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Malcolm looks back at his friends. He goes to his LOCKER and puts the backpack full of dope INSIDE.

MALCOLM

No one will suspect us. We're just geeks. Doing what geeks do.

INT. MORNINGSIDE HIGH SCHOOL - INGLEWOOD, CA - AFTER SCHOOL

Malcolm , Jib and Diggy are again the lone kids in the computer lab. Malcolm inserts a FLASH DRIVE. He types on the computer. UPLOADS the photos to their WEB STOREFRONT. He then uploads DOCUMENTS to set up a MT.GOX BITCOIN WALLET.

INT. MORNINGSIDE HIGH SCHOOL - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE

Outside the office are a motley crew of knuckleheads and teenage miscreants awaiting punishment. Inside, Malcolm, Jib and Diggy chat with the Principal.

PRINCIPAL

The Google Science Fair. That's pretty ambitious.

MALCOLM

I know, but I want to try to represent Morningside. Show we're more than our reputation.

INT. MORNINGSIDE HIGH SCHOOL - SCIENCE LAB - LATER

Malcolm talks to a Science Teacher. The teacher flips through the SCIENCE PROJECT PROPOSAL. He looks like he's reading a book in a foreign language.

SCIENCE TEACHER

Uh, yeah. So, Principal Blackmon told me you'd need access to the science and computer labs. They don't really pay us for after school, you know.

MALCOLM

We just need you to open up the labs. We'll do everything else.

SCIENCE TEACHER

That's it? Just unlock it?

Malcolm nods. The Science Teacher is relieved.

SCIENCE TEACHER

Cool. Not that I don't want to help, it's just I'm here on AmeriCorps to pay off my student loan. Hell, you probably know more than me.

INT. MORNINGSIDE HIGH SCHOOL - MUSIC ROOM - LUNCH HOUR

Malcolm and his friends rehearse. Afterward, they do an inventory of the items they can use that are being stored in the auditorium: BOXES, ENVELOPES, TAPE, FOAM, BUBBLE WRAP.

INT. MORNINGSIDE HIGH SCHOOL - COMPUTER LAB - LATER

They all sit around the computer. WILL is on the screen via video chat. He looks at Jib and Diggy. Nods. Malcolm hits ENTER. The WEBPAGE opens. Pictures of the MOLLY come up.

WILL

Congratulations. Now we gotta get you some customers. My house is having a party. Could use a good band.

Malcolm, Jib and Diggy look at each other.

INT. THE HOUSE - THE ROW - USC CAMPUS - NIGHT

A DJ plays: The house is packed full of FRAT BOYS and COEDS.

The typical scene as booze and other substances are consumed. Buzzed girls dance as buzzed boys gaze. Malcolm, Jib and Diggy nervously look at the crowd. They've never really performed in front of a real audience. They go through their mic check. Malcolm spots WILL in the crowd giving the DOPE to one of his Frat brothers: LANCE, the one that bought pills from Dom.

LANCE

(laughing)

Saw your bitch on You Tube.

WILL

Lily ain't my bitch anymore, fuck her. But you know what? She was using this.

Shows him the MDMA crystal powder.

LANCE

(excited)

Really?

Will bumps his fist. Then looks up at Malcolm. Winks.

MALCOLM

Microphone check one two, one two. My name is Malcolm Ad-rock on guitar, on the bass is diggity Diggy Dawson, I got mad Jib Garza on the ones and twos. And our band is...DOPE. One, two. One, two three, four!

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. MALCOLM'S HOUSE - NEXT MORNING

Malcolm slowly peels himself out of bed as his alarm goes off. He looks like he's been chewed up and spit out. Still wearing the clothes from the previous night. He swears he hears BEEPING NOISES in his head. He looks around and realizes it's his phone. He looks at it. TWITTER ALERTS: 1046 new FOLLOWERS.

MALCOLM

The fuck?

NOTE THE FOLLOWING SEQUENCE WILL ALL TAKE PLACE ON VARIOUS SCREENS (SMARTPHONES, COMPUTERS, TABLETS, ETC):

MUSIC CUE: "SLAM" - ONYX

Malcolm taps the alert which takes him to his PAGE. He SCROLLS DOWN the list of all his new followers and their diverse profiles. One is a picture of a young woman's ass. Bent over, panties pulled to the side to reveal herself:

@dopeshit Love your band. FOLLOW BACK.

He CLICKS on another profile, reads thru the time line of TWEETS: **This bnd wuz insane!**

#dop3 #dope :instagram.com/p/eqoAOe: Malcolm, Jib and Diggy killing a punk version of ONYX'S "SLAM".

After the video ends he scrolls through the dozens of PHOTOS from the party on the profile: Drinking, dancing, tits, ass. Will poses with a Red faced drunk GUY passed out on the stairs. Someone DREW a picture of a PENIS on his forehead with a sharpie.

The comments underneath the pictures give the impression of a WILD PARTY. One reads: **Someone brought my girl MOLLY to the party!**

vine.com/v/hrn6Tt1HHyl: A TIME ELAPSE 15 second video shows a group of SORORITY GIRLS, high on molly, TWERKING on stage as Malcolm and his band plays.

vine.com/v/hrn6DnXXXI: A wide eyed Diggy gets a LAPDANCE from a naked SORORITY GIRL high on Molly. Jib and Malcolm look on.

A TEXT BANNER from JIB pops on the screen: **U C THIS!**
www.youtube.com/watch?v=DPy2aIWEZ-U ...

A longer VIDEO posted on YOUTUBE. THOUSANDS of VIEWS: The band crushes a punk version of PHARCYDE'S "PASSIN' ME BY"

TEXT BUBBLE from DIGGY: **CRRRRUUNNKKK!!!**

vine.com/v/njHMv2: Will's frat brother LANCE high on MOLLY, dancing like a spastic to the band's music. We hear people laughing and commenting. He begins to strip off his clothes.

LANCE

Fuck Molly! It's all about that
Lily, son. How I'm s'posed to eat
my pound cake!

SOUND CUE: SKYPE INCOMING RINGTONE: A VIDEO of a red-eyed WILL is in the corner. On the larger WINDOW on screen is a HACKER friend and fellow Anon. His face is BLURRED and PIXILATED.

HACKER

Where the fuck did you get that
girl from last night? Lily? She was
hot. I wanna take her to the Die
Antwoord show.

Will opens up password encrypted files. Clicks. It opens what looks like an e-mail account. He types. The message is scrambled. Clicks send.

INT. MORNINGSIDE HIGH SCHOOL - COMPUTER LAB - AFTERNOON

BEEP. There is an alert. Malcolm looks at the screen for his MERCHANT ACCOUNT and sees an order, as well as BITCOINS in his online WALLET.

MALCOLM

Son of a bitch. We got an order.

He reads the comment attached: **herd u got that Lily!**

MALCOLM

Lily?

INT. MORNINGSIDE HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY

Malcolm gets his backpack full of dope out of his LOCKER.

INT. MORNINGSIDE HIGH SCHOOL - SCIENCE LAB - NEXT DAY

The SCIENCE TEACHER is packing up at his desk. He looks at Malcolm, Jib and Diggy at work.

SCIENCE TEACHER

Make sure you turn off everything
when you leave.

Jib locks the door. Stands at the door as a look out. They get to work. Malcolm nervously takes out the package of Molly. Tries to weigh it on a SCALE, but his hands are shaking and he spills it. Damn. He quickly cleans it up. Diggy, more steady handed, takes over. Weighs the portion. Malcolm then carefully bags the CRYSTAL POWDER like Will instructed. Malcolm puts the BOX in his BACKPACK.

INT. UPS FACILITY - EVENING

Malcolm nervously fills out the ADDRESS LABEL. He wears LARGE DARK TINTED LAB GOGGLES, trying to be Mr. Incognito. He walks up to the LADY at the counter. Hands her the label. She looks him up and down. Shakes her head.

UPS LADY

And how are you paying?

MALCOLM

Uh. Yeah. I have an account number.

She hands back the form. Points to the space to fill in the number. Motions for Malcolm to step to the side, so she can help other customers in line. Malcolm moves over. Takes out his phone. Pulls up a number: 5X4578.

MALCOLM

(whispers to himself)

This better work, Will.

He moves back to the UPS lady. Hands her the form. Waits anxiously as she types the number into the computer. She looks at the screen. Then up at him. Malcolm gives an uneasy smile. They stare at each other.

UPS LADY

You wanna give me the package?

Malcolm lets out a nervous laugh, hands her the package, hurries out.

EXT. DIE ANTWOORD CONCERT - NIGHT

Die Antwoord performs "I FINK U FREEKY" at the packed rave. The crowd is going wild, jumping up and down to the South African group's brand of EDM with hard core hip hop called ZEF. In the middle of the frenzy is the HACKER, face still BLURRED and PIXILATED, high on Lily. He SHARES his MDMA stash with other PARTY GOERS.

INT. MORNINGSIDES HIGH SCHOOL - COMPUTER LAB

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP. Three more ORDERS. Moments later there are several more ORDERS that rapidly come in. Bitcoins fill his wallet. Malcolm is excited. Amazed. Overwhelmed.

INT. UPS FACILITY

Malcolm, again wearing large dark lab goggles, fills out DOZENS of LABELS. Hands them to the UPS LADY. She's annoyed at having to type in everything manually.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

We view a COLLAGE of YOU TUBE, INSTAGRAM PICS, VINE CLIPS of various people, parties, concerts, dorms, etc. that have ordered "Lily". From a TRAP PARTY in Atlanta to the ELECTRIC DAISY CARNIVAL in Las Vegas, to bored rural kids in Nebraska, to socialites in Tribeca...

INT. MORNINGSIDES HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

The PRINCIPAL leads a delegation of ADMINISTRATORS from the BOARD OF EDUCATION. He opens the door to the COMPUTER LAB where Malcolm, Jib and Diggy are working.

PRINCIPAL

These three have entered the Google Science Fair. They are an example of the system working. That Public Education is still a ladder to success.

The delegation applauds. The Principal gives them a thumbs up. They all return the gesture.

EXT. STREET OF INGLEWOOD, CA - NIGHT

A group of DRUG DEALERS on the corner run from the POLICE. A few are caught, cuffed, and shoved into the police cars. Malcolm and his friends look at the scene from a distance as they ride by on their bikes.

INT. MORNINGSIDES HIGH SCHOOL - COMPUTER LAB - NIGHT

Malcolm is on the UPS WEBSITE. He YAWNS as he types in ACCOUNT NUMBER 5X4578. He prints out a SHIPPING MANIFEST. HIGHLIGHTS addresses. Prints out SHIPPING LABELS. Jib puts the LABELS on the BOXES. Diggy stuffs several packages into their large BACKPACKS.

INT. MORNINGSIDES HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - NEXT DAY

A test is underway. Malcolm, Jib, and Diggy nod off. The BELL RINGS. None have finished the test.

EXT. STREETS OF INGLEWOOD, CA - CORNER

A DRUG DEALER walks up to a CAR. The driver rolls down the window. A mean looking VATO pulls out a gun. The Dealer tries to run.

EXT. STREET OF INGLEWOOD, CA - LATER

Malcolm, Jib and Diggy ride their bikes and pass the CRIME SCENE where the dealer got shot. Give each other uneasy looks.

EXT. MALCOLM'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

As Malcolm and his friends approach the house, he sees someone at his front door. He stops. Curious. Scared. Who the hell could this be? But as he gets closer, he is surprised to see NAKIA. Jib and Diggy's jaws drop. She holds up her math books.

NAKIA

That offer still on the table?
(re: Jib and Diggy)
If you're busy, I can--

MALCOLM

No. No. They're leaving. Now.

Jib and Diggy continue their slack jawed stare. Malcolm nods for them to leave. They do. He walks Nakia inside. He looks back over his shoulder at his friends who are HUMPING THEIR BIKES like they are having sex. Nakia looks back, too. They stop mid hump. Malcolm motions sternly for them to go.

INT. MALCOLM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

MONTAGE as afternoon becomes dusk, becomes night:

Malcolm helps Nakia with math. TEACHING. REVIEWING. EXPLAINING. Nakia tries some problems. Malcolm corrects the misses. He HIGHLIGHTS key phrases in WORD PROBLEMS. She moves in close, brushing his body with hers as she looks over his shoulder. Nakia waits anxiously as Malcolm goes over her work again. He looks up at her and smiles. She claps, gives him a hug.

NAKIA

Thanks for doing this.

MALCOLM

My pleasure. You're a quick learner.

They share a long comfortable silence. Malcolm is smitten.

NAKIA

Shit's been real crazy since Dom got locked up. Some of his boys got smoked on the corner the other day. I just don't want to go back there. But I have to, and that scares me.

Malcolm doesn't say anything. He nods. She begins to tear up. Then gives Malcolm a hug. Rests her head on his shoulder. She lifts her head. And they are face to face. Malcolm can feel her breath on his lips. She pulls away.

NAKIA

I'm sorry. It's just I don't have anyone to talk to about this, that will understand. You know.

MALCOLM

I know.

NAKIA

Thanks. Dom called me from jail. He asked about you.

Malcolm has grown up by twenty years over the past few weeks.

MALCOLM

So that's why you came by all of a sudden?

NAKIA

What is that supposed to mean?

MALCOLM

Dom's using you as his messenger. So all the crying on my shoulder was b.s. Dom wanted you to come here and use your feminine wiles to try to get me to tell you about the dope.

Malcolm immediately knows he's wrong when he sees her expression.

NAKIA

And here I was stupid enough to think you were different from all these other niggas.

Nakia quickly gathers her things.

MALCOLM

Nakia. Wait.

He tries to take her hand. She yanks it away.

NAKIA

Fuck you!

She storms out. Malcolm puts his head in his hands.

MALCOLM
(WTF?)
Feminine wiles?

EXT. MORNINGSIDE HIGH SCHOOL - SATURDAY MORNING

Malcolm, Jib and Diggy walk into the school. There are about two dozen other kids that also walk in.

SAT PROCTOR (V.O.)
Good morning. Today you are going
to take the SAT. This is your
chance to show how prepared you are
for college.

INT. MORNINGSIDE HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Malcolm and his friends sit next to each other. Most of the other kids are JOCKS trying to qualify for NCAA athletic scholarships. Among the jocks is the Letterman that jumped Malcolm. He gives Malcolm a cold look. The SAT PROCTOR continues.

SAT PROCTOR
You'll have twenty-five minutes to
work on section one. Your time
begins now.

TIME ELAPSE as Malcolm is quickly reading, writing, filling in the bubbles on the answer sheet. He moves through the questions like a machine. He is confident and getting everything right.

SAT PROCTOR
Times up. We will now take a five
minute break. If you don't make it
back in that time, you will not be
given any additional time on the
test.

INT. MORNINGSIDE HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY

Malcolm, Jib and Diggy exit the classroom. See something at the end of the hall:

Stacey along with some uniformed POLICE OFFICERS and the school Principal. The officers each hold a DOG.

PRINCIPAL

OK you know the drill, we'll start
on this floor and work our way up.

They disperse down the hall as the dogs SNIFF at the lockers.

MALCOLM

What the fuck is that?

One of the other TEST TAKERS answers the question as he walks into a CLASSROOM.

TEST TAKER

Drug search. They do them randomly
every month or so. It's just for
show. Not like anyone's dumb enough
to keep shit in their lockers
anymore after they popped Chris
Jones with that weed.

Malcolm STARTLES as he hears the sound of a dog BARKING around the corner. He and his friends walk, peek around the corner: One of the police dogs BARKS at a locker. The Principal looks at the locker number, flips through the pages on his clipboard. Puts in the combination on the lock. Opens it. Searches inside.

Malcolm and his friends look at each other. OH SHIT! They RUN down the hall and are about to go up a stair case. But are stopped by a College Board Staff Person.

STAFF PERSON 2

Where are you going?

MALCOLM

The bathroom.

Suspicious. He points to the bathroom on their floor.

INT. MORNINGSIDE HIGH SCHOOL - BATHROOM

They all stand around. Worried. Now what? Diggy points to the window. Malcolm nods. He opens the window.

MALCOLM
Cover for me.

He climbs through.

INT. MORNINGSSIDE HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY

Malcolm slowly opens a door. Peeks. Walks in. He goes up the stairs and up to the-

THIRD FLOOR

Malcolm walks down the hall. No one around. He sees his locker at the end of the hall. Heads toward it. STOPS in his tracks as he hears FOOTSTEPS, human and canine, walking up the stairs. He runs. Looks at his WATCH. He goes to his LOCKER. Nervously puts in the combination. It doesn't open. He takes a breath. Tries it again. OPENS. He grabs his backpack. He sees the POLICE DOG trot off the final stair. The Police Officer right behind. Malcolm can't make it to the other side of the hall. He tries to OPEN a classroom door. LOCKED. He runs to the next door. LOCKED. Sees the bathroom. He runs over to it. Jumps inside.

INT. MORNINGSSIDE HIGH SCHOOL - FIRST FLOOR - HALLWAY

The kids are walking back into the classroom. Staff Person 2 doesn't see Malcolm, Jib, or Diggy. He goes to the Bathroom. Opens the door. He looks in, only sees Jib and Diggy.

STAFF PERSON 2
Times up. They're starting the next
section. Where's your friend?

INT. MORNINGSSIDE HIGH SCHOOL - THIRD FLOOR - BATHROOM

Malcolm waits as The DOGS begin to bark and scratch at the door.

INT. MORNINGSSIDE HIGH SCHOOL - THIRD FLOOR - HALLWAY

The Police Officer looks at the bathroom. The Dog jumps on the door. He opens the door. Walks inside.

INT. MORNINGSSIDE HIGH SCHOOL - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Police Officer looks around. The dog SNIFFS around. NOTHING. He looks in the stalls. NOTHING. He then looks out the window.

EXT. MORNINGSSIDE HIGH SCHOOL - SAME

Malcolm is dangling from the window on the ledge like Harold Lloyd in Safety Last. He lifts himself up. Peeks inside and sees the Officer leave. He then STRUGGLES and lifts himself back up inside.

INT. MORNINGSSIDE HIGH SCHOOL - THIRD FLOOR - BATHROOM

Malcolm slowly opens the door, watches Officer Bradley and the dog sniffing other lockers. He looks the other way. It's CLEAR. Malcolm exits.

INT. MORNINGSSIDE HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY

Malcolm runs down the stairs, turns a corner. BAM. Runs into STACEY. Hits the floor. His BACKPACK flies off and SLIDES down the hall.

STACEY

What the hell are you doing?

Malcolm stares at the backpack as Stacey picks it up. Officer Bradley and his dog walk down the same hall toward them.

MALCOLM

SAT. I just needed to use the
bathroom. I'm late getting back.
Can I get my backpack?

Stacey looks at him for a moment. Hands him the backpack.

STACEY

Good luck, little man.

Malcolm runs away just as Officer Bradley approaches. When he is clear he looks INSIDE his backpack: A SMALL amount of DOPE still left over and DOM'S GUN. He zips up the backpack. Releases the breath he's been holding.

INT. MORNINGSIDE HIGH SCHOOL - FIRST FLOOR

Malcolm runs to the test taking room as Jib, Diggy, and the Staff Person turn the corner.

JIB

See. There he is.

He gives a nod. They walk to Malcolm who shows them the backpack. They are all relieved, until they look inside the classroom and realize the next section has started. They quickly run in.

EXT. MORNINGSIDE HIGH SCHOOL - LATER

SAT's complete. Malcolm and his friends wearily walk home.

JIB

Yo. Man, I'm not sure I can do this
shit anymore.

DIGGY

Yeah, I barely finished the SAT.
And I got a C minus on that Pre
Calculus test the other day.

JIB

Some of us don't have photogenic
brains. We have to study for shit.

MALCOLM

I think I can fix this, but I can't
do it by myself. Yo come on, we're
almost there. The shit's almost
gone. Please.

JIB

I'm sorry. I'm not built for this.

Malcolm looks at Diggy. She doesn't say anything, but its clear she's very reluctant to go on.

MALCOLM

(hurt)

That's fine. It's cool. I know this
shit is my fault. So it's my weight
to carry.

Malcolm quickly walks away.

DIGGY
That's bullshit.

Malcolm stops. Turns back.

DIGGY
We all wanted to go to Dom's party.
Especially you, Jib. So it's our
weight too. We got your back. To
the end. Right?

She looks at Jib. Though still a bit reluctant, he gives
Malcolm a nod.

INT. DRUG ENFORCEMENT AGENCY - LOS ANGELES OFFICE - DAY

A Tech walks into the office of an Agent. He types on the
agent's computer. Shows him the screen. It's MALCOLM'S
WEBPAGE full of pure MDMA. The agent looks at the photos.

TECH
Popped up about a few weeks ago.
Look what they're moving? And major
volume, too.

AGENT
Why are they calling it Lily?

TECH
I don't know. Maybe Chief Keef
called it that on a mix tape.

AGENT
Who? Whatever. Can you trace it?

INT. THE HOUSE - USC CAMPUS - WILL'S ROOM - DAY

Will takes a hit from his BLUE PLOOM VAPORIZER. Offers some
to Malcolm, Jib and Diggy. They refuse. Malcolm reaches into
his backpack, digs under Dom's gun and hands Will the
remaining ounces of DOPE. Will's pay. He BEAMS with
excitement.

WILL
Gracias.

MALCOLM

So once we get the bitcoins now
what? I need cash.

WILL

You have to do a currency exchange
to get the US dollar equivalent.
Which sort of defeats the purpose
of a non fiat currency.

MALCOLM

Ok, say I don't give a fuck about
all that Aaron Swartz, Occupy Wall
Street shit.

WILL

You have to link your bitcoin
account to a bank account. And
there's an infinitesimally small
chance it could get traced. Even
so, the feds would have to...

He takes another hit of the vapor. Loses his train of
thought. Looks at Malcolm, Jib and Diggy like, "what are you
looking at?" He takes out his "pay". Prepares it.

DIGGY

The Feds would have to what?!

WILL

Feds? Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah. They
would have to know exactly what to
look for. It's nothing they could
find randomly. I'd have to make
just a stupid ass mistake for them
to trace it. And do I look like the
kind of nigga that makes stupid ass
mistakes?

They look at him as he snorts the MDMA powder.

INT. WAREHOUSE - GARMENT DISTRICT - CONTINUOUS

The warehouse is a factory sweat shop. DOZENS upon DOZENS of
laborers cram into the hot building making COUNTERFEIT LOUIS
VUITTON BAGS and PURSES.

WILL (V.O.)

If you want zero trace?
Then you have to go black market,
homie. Put the bitcoins on a drive.
Make a hand to hand exchange. Get
cash, minus transaction fees.

Laborers go to a small OFFICE in the corner. They line up.
One by one each goes inside. Comes back out with some MONEY
for their day's work. Malcolm, Jib and Diggy get in line.
Wait their turn.

WILL (V.O.)

If you really want to go that
route, which I really don't
recommend, I know a guy in the
Garment District.

INT. WAREHOUSE - GARMENT DISTRICT - OFFICE

Behind the desk is FIDEL X, 30, CRIMINAL, ACTIVIST, WARCRAFT
GEEK. He has a SHAVED HEAD. TATTOOED SLEEVES, and wears an
AMON AMARTH T SHIRT. In fact, he is distracted as he is in
the middle of a GAME, as he gives the pay offs. Malcolm walks
in.

WILL (V.O.)

Ask for Fidel. If you pass his
test. He'll help you. If not,
well... Just pass it.

MALCOLM

Are you Fidel? Will said Fidel
could help us cash some bitcoins.

Fidel STOPS playing his game. Slowly looks up at Malcolm and
his friends. He then goes to his SAFE. Puts in a code. Opens
it and takes out a stack of cash. He then takes out TWO
LOUIS VUITTON DUFFEL BAGS.

FIDEL

One of these bags was made here.
One is from the Louis Vuitton
store. Which one is which?

MALCOLM

I don't know. They look the same.

FIDEL

They don't just look the same. They are the same. Same leather, components, hell even the same watermarks that are supposed to separate the real from the counterfeit. One bag costs \$3250. One is \$300. Look at 'em. Marc Jacobs couldn't tell the difference.

He stands up. Walks over from behind his desk to Malcolm.

FIDEL

The reality is, I sell ninety percent of my stuff to white hoes. Most of 'em rich enough to afford retail. Why do you think that is?

MALCOLM

I don't know.

FIDEL

They know the only difference between these two bags is the person carrying them. That when they wear the bag everyone assumes it's real. So why pay \$3000 for the real bag? And the flip of that is it doesn't matter if you had the receipt from Barney's sewn onto the bag, people will assume it's fake. Only you know that truth. So. Are you a fake or are you real? That's what I need to find out.

He gives Malcolm a cold, hard stare.

FIDEL

I want you to hit me as hard as you can.

Malcolm looks at his friends. WTF?

FIDEL

Don't look at them! This is about you and me! I'll count to five.

(MORE)

FIDEL (cont'd)

In that time you need to decide
whether to man up or run out of
here like the bitch you are. One.

MALCOLM

OK. You're serious?

FIDEL

Two. Three.

Malcolm looks at Jib and Diggy. They motion for him to leave.
Malcolm turns back to Fidel. Balls up his fist. He's come
this far, has gotten this deep. Malcolm takes a deep breath.

FIDEL

Four!.....Five!

Malcolm swings as hard as he can and HITS Fidel in the face.
Jib and Diggy run out of the room. Fidel looks at Malcolm.
Calmly walks back to his desk. OPENS THE DRAWER. Reaches in.
Glares at Malcolm. Who swallows. Fidel takes out a...CORD.

FIDEL

Drive?

MALCOLM

Huh? Oh. OK.

Malcolm reaches in his backpack and takes out the DRIVE.
Walks it over to him. Jib and Diggy peek back into the office
as Malcolm hands Fidel the drive. Fidel takes it and plugs in
the CORD. Attaches it to his computer. Clicks. Clicks. Types.
Looks at the screen.

MALCOLM

So you did the whole Fight Club
thing with Will?

FIDEL

Naw. I was on blue pill red pill
back then.

(laughs)

You do *not* want to know what was in
the blue pill. Anyway, now I know
who you are.

(beat)

A man that does not give a *fuck*.

He laughs, then puts CASH into one of the LOUIS VUITTON BAGS. Walks over to Malcolm. Hands it to him. Then goes back to playing Warcraft.

EXT. CRENSHAW BLVD. - INGLEWOOD, CA - NIGHT

Malcolm and his friends get off of a BUS. There are young people dressed in Morningside school colors walking and cheering up and down the street. Celebrating a win. Those with cars HONK and scream out the windows. A CAR slows down in front of them. MUSIC blaring from inside. Malcolm and his friends look at each other like, "what now?"

LETTERMAN 1

Look at these pussy niggas.

Malcolm and his friends walk fast. Trying to get away. The car follows.

LETTERMAN 2

Where the fuck you going? You had a lot of shit to talk when you had teachers to hide behind.

He jumps out of the passengers seat, runs up to Malcolm. Pushes him in the BACK. Malcolm falls to the ground. He gets back up. Continues walking.

LETTERMAN 1

Talk shit now little faggot!

He PUSHES Malcolm to the ground again. His BAG falls to the ground next to him. Malcolm gets up. Dusts himself off. The Letterman PICKS UP the bag. Jib and Diggy are grabbed by the other BALL PLAYERS.

MALCOLM

Give me the bag!

LETTERMAN 1

Take it from me bitch!

Malcolm reaches for it. The Letterman moves it away. PUSHES him back to the ground. Kicks him.

LETTERMAN 1

(laughs)

What's in here? Your tampons?

The Letterman's laughter disappears quickly as he sees Malcolm HOLDING A GUN and pointing it at him. Malcolm's hand SHAKES and his voice quivers.

MALCOLM

Give me the bag.

Jib and Diggy look on. Shocked. The Letterman is frozen. Tears fall from Malcolm's eyes as he stares at The Letterman.

LETTERMAN 1

It's cool, man. It's cool. I was
just fuckin' around.

He puts the bag down. His friend lets go of Jib and Diggy. Malcolm just stares, still pointing the gun.

LETTERMAN 1

(fearful)

Come on man. I'm going to Fresno
State, full ride.

Malcolm then picks up the bag. Lowers the gun. The Lettermen slowly gets back in the car. Malcolm never breaking his gaze. They drive away. Jib and Diggy walk up to him.

DIGGY

You OK?

Malcolm nods. Wipes the tears away. They look at each other. Know things aren't going to be the same after all this.

INT. AUSTIN JACOBY'S OFFICE - NEXT DAY

Malcolm walks into the office. Austin shuts it behind him. Malcolm takes out his LOUIS VUITTON BAG. Puts it down on Austin's desk.

AUSTIN

That is a very nice bag.

Unzips it. Takes out the CASH. Austin looks at it. Then looks up at Malcolm. Smiles.

MALCOLM

This is ten percent. Consider it a
proffer. The rest is in a bitcoin
account.

AUSTIN
Bitcoin? I don't understand.

MALCOLM
It's an untraceable internet
currency. There are websites that
sell...a lot of things that people
would get in trouble for selling.
And they use bitcoins. It's kind of
like Amazon.

AUSTIN
You sold on the internet?

MALCOLM
No. You did.

AUSTIN
Excuse me.

INT. SERVER ROOM - FLASHBACK

MUSIC CUE: "LITTLE CHILD, RUNNING WILD" - CURTIS MAYFIELD

A guy in a HOODIE wearing a GUY FAWKES MASK with SUNGLASSES
unplugs his laptop. In SLOW MOTION he walks out of the room.
Takes off his glasses, mask, hood.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Will walks down the hall and up to AUSTIN JACOBY'S
RECEPTIONIST. Hands her a BATHROOM KEY.

WILL
You're out of toilet paper, hun.

As he walks out of the office, he passes Austin Jacoby. He
grins.

INT. THE HOUSE - THE ROW - USC CAMPUS - FLASHBACK

Will hands Malcolm a DRIVE...

INT. MORNINGSIDE HIGH SCHOOL - INGLEWOOD, CA - FLASHBACK

...A drive that Malcolm inserts into the school's computer. He looks at Jib and Diggy. Presses ENTER.

MALCOLM (V.O.)

A few weeks ago you set up a store
on Black Market Reloaded.

INT. AUSTIN JACOBY'S OFFICE - PRESENT

Malcolm looks at Austin.

MALCOLM

It's been very successful. You
moved your entire inventory.

AUSTIN

(surprised/impressed)
In three weeks?

Malcolm nods.

MALCOLM

The market has been a bit volatile,
but as of now you have \$97,276.31
worth of bitcoins in your Mt.Gox
exchange account. Ten thousand in
cash. While the bitcoins are in the
Mt. Gox account it's safe.
Untraceable. It's on a tropical
island that doesn't exist to the
outside world. Lost.

Austin leans back in his chair. Glares at Malcolm.

MALCOLM

Now, if you were to exchange the
bitcoins into dollars and transfer
that money into your Jacoby's Check
Cashing corporate account, there's
a very, very small chance it could
be traced by the DEA or FBI. But
only if you were idiotically sloppy
when you set up the currency
exchange account.

(MORE)

MALCOLM (cont'd)
It would almost have to be
intentional to be that sloppy.

INT. DRUG ENFORCEMENT AGENCY - L.A. OFFICE - SAME

A TECH looks at his SCREEN of code and information. He grows excited as he sees something. He highlights some information.

INT. AUSTIN JACOBY'S OFFICE - SAME

AUSTIN
Why should I believe any of this?

MALCOLM
Right. That's why I went to the considerable trouble of getting you ten percent in cash. How else would I get that kind of money? And is Jacoby Check Cashing's UPS account number 5X4578?

Malcolm hands Austin a PRINT OUT of a UPS ACCOUNT MANIFEST detailing all the company's shipping activity. Several dozen transactions where MDMA was sent are HIGHLIGHTED.

MALCOLM
And is City National number 2678-56783 your corporate account? Federal Tax ID 95-- You should really think about upgrading your firewall. I know a guy that can help. He's already familiar with your system.

AUSTIN
And if I go to the authorities and inform them my servers were breached and my identity stolen?

MALCOLM
Well as I just learned, it doesn't matter if this Louis Vuitton bag is real or fake. Because of where I come from, everyone will assume it's fake. And since we come from the same place, what will the DEA assume about you?

AUSTIN

But you know what a person like me,
that comes from where we come from,
is capable of doing to you?

MALCOLM

Yes...But that's not what a Harvard
man would do. A Harvard man is
smart enough to see how that would
set off a chain of events that will
inevitably come back to destroy him
and everything he's built. That
would be a shame.

Austin chuckles at his words being thrown back at him.

MALCOLM

So take this opportunity you have
before you very seriously. Do
everything in your power to insure
I become a Harvard man. And make
sure nothing happens to a hair on
my gorgeous head. Can you dig it?

Malcolm pats his HIGH TOP FADE. Austin looks at Malcolm for a
very long tense moment. Taps his fingers on his desk.
Thinking of what to do next. Malcolm watches Austin as he
opens his drawer. Nervous about what he's going to take out.
Austin takes out a FOLDER. HARVARD COAT OF ARMS on it. He
flips to a page.

AUSTIN

You are a very impressive young
man. Maybe one day, you'll come
work for me.

Checks the box for: HIGHLY RECOMMEND. He nods. Austin then
stands up, goes to the door. Opens it. Malcolm is about to
exit.

AUSTIN

Don't forget your bag.

Malcolm looks at the bag full of money.

MALCOLM

It's a fake.

Malcolm walks out.

EST. INGLEWOOD, CA - DAWN - BIRD'S EYE

The SUN RISES over the small city.

INT. MALCOLM'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Malcolm wakes up as his ALARM plays: "EVERYTHING IS EVERYTHING" - LAURYN HILL.

EXT. COUNTY JAIL - MORNING

Dom leaves the Jailhouse.

EXT. 104TH STREET - CORNER - INGLEWOOD.

Dom is back on the corner. Malcolm and his friends are riding by. Dom gives Malcolm a nod. Malcolm rides over to him. Gives him his BACKPACK. Dom takes it. Looks inside and sees his GUN. Dom takes the GUN. Gives the backpack back to Malcolm.

DOM

Sorry you got caught up in all this
shit. But you handled it like a G.

He gives Malcolm a knowing nod. They see NAKIA walking into her apartment building. They give each other a look. Both know they've blown it with her.

EXT. MORNINGSIDE HIGH SCHOOL - INGLEWOOD, CA - MORNING

Malcolm, Jib and Diggy walk by the SECURITY. The dogs are silent. Stacey gives them a nod.

INT. MORNINGSIDE HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY

Malcolm and his friends walk down the hall. The LETTERMEN see them. Stop. Duck their heads, walk the other way, without saying anything to Malcolm.

INT. MORNINGSIDE HIGH SCHOOL - COMPUTER LAB

Malcolm sits by himself in the computer lab. He is on a computer looking at the SCREEN: his APPLICATION for HARVARD. He CLICKS on PERSONAL STATEMENT and his ICE CUBE ESSAY fills the screen. Malcolm CLICKS. Sends it to the TRASH. He then thinks. Begins typing. The sound of KEY STROKES continue as:

Malcolm looks into the CAMERA breaking the fourth wall.

MALCOLM

Let me tell you about two students.

MUSIC CUE: "CHUM" - EARL SWEATSHIRT

NOTE: This next MONTAGE takes place in MALCOLM'S MIND in the style and homemade quality of an ODD FUTURE Loiter Squad skit and a MICHEL GONDRY "Sweded" movie. IN CAMERA tricks, some hand sketched animation and the occasional STOP MOTION fill out the sequence...

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Student A is a straight A student,
lives in a suburb of Los Angeles.
Plays in a punk band with his
friends. Loves to skateboard and
ride BMX bikes. His favorite show
is Game of Thrones. His favorite
band is The Thermals, he is a 90's
hip hop geek.

Malcolm stands in the empty SCIENCE LAB, writes on a
CHALKBOARD:

The CHALK IMAGES ANIMATE the description from Malcolm. The
CHALK ANIMATIONS jump cut as he writes the attributes for
STUDENT A and STUDENT B on opposite sides of the board.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Student B goes to an underfunded
school where teachers, who would
rather not be there, teach kids who
don't care.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (V.O.) (cont'd)

He lives with a single mother,
doesn't know his father, and has
sold dope. Now close your eyes.

CUT TO BLACK:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Picture each of these kids and tell
me what you see. Be honest. No
one's going to judge you. Now open
your eyes.

Malcolm stands in front of RANDY'S DOUGHNUTS wearing the same
90's outfit from the opening. He's part Ice Cube, part De La
Soul. Still breaking the fourth wall.

MALCOLM

Am I Student A or B? Am I a geek or
am I menace?

Malcolm sits in a seat in the OLD FOX THEATER watching a
movie in the STYLE of an old BLAXPLOTTATION FILM. The movie is
called DOPE. Malcolm breaks the FOURTH WALL AGAIN.

MALCOLM

For most of my life I have lived
somewhere between who I really am
and how I am perceived. Between
categories and definition. I don't
fit in. I used to think that was a
curse, but I'm slowly starting to
see, that maybe, it is a blessing.

On the screen he watches the varied skills and interests he
has learned by not fitting in. The various people that have
shaped and influenced his life, again, in BLAXPLOITATION
STYLE.

MALCOLM

When you don't fit, you're forced
to see the world from many
different angles and points of
view. You find knowledge, life
lessons from disparate people and
places. And their lessons for
better or worse have shaped me.

Malcolm and his friends PERFORM with their band DOPE. Will is
TAKING VIDEO. Malcolm ends his solo. Looks in the camera.

MALCOLM

So who am I? Allow me to
reintroduce myself. My name is
Malcolm Adekanbi.

Malcolm now walks down a quiet street. He wears a HOODED
SWEATSHIRT. The HOOD pulled over his head as he continues
looking at us.

MALCOLM

I'm a straight A student with near
perfect SAT scores. I taught myself
to play guitar and read music. I
have stellar recommendations and
diverse extracurricular activities.
I'm a Google Science fair
participant. In three weeks I
helped make over one hundred
thousand dollars for an online
business. Why do I want to attend
Harvard? If I was white would you
even have to ask me that question?

INT. MORNINGSIDE HIGH SCHOOL - COMPUTER LAB - DAY

Malcolm finishes typing at the computer.

ANGLE IN THE SCREEN as we see the last sentence: "IF I WAS
WHITE WOULD YOU EVEN HAVE TO ASK ME THAT QUESTION?"

He CLICKS SEND. The essay and application are now LOCKED.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. BARBERSHOP - INGLEWOOD.

Malcolm sits down in the chair. The BARBER puts the apron
around his neck. Malcolm looks at his HIGH TOP in the mirror.
Then nods to the Barber who begins to CUT IT OFF.

EXT. NAKIA'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Malcolm, sporting a regular LOW FADE HAIRCUT, knocks at the
door. No one answers. Malcolm WRITES on a page in his
MOLESKIN. Slides it under the door.

INT. NAKIA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Nakia is at the door. Watching Malcolm through the peep hole. The note hits her foot. She picks it up: GOOD LUCK.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Nakia takes her GED with dozens of other people of various ages, races.

INT. MORNINGSIDE HIGH SCHOOL - GYMNASIUM - PROM NIGHT

The school's having its PROM. Couples slow dance wearing rented tuxedos and non red carpet ready dresses. Malcolm and his friends are all in TUXEDOS. The PHOTOGRAPHER is taking their pictures. Jib has a CLOCK around his neck and poses like Flava Flav.

LATER

Malcolm sits by himself. Watching people dance enjoy themselves. He sees something, someone standing in the doorway. He beams hoping it's Nakia. But as he looks closer he sees it's not.

He gets a TEXT ALERT on his phone. He takes it out. Looks: A PHOTO OF LILY. Post rehab. SMILING. She looks well. Maybe even happy. The text reads: **say cheese**. He smiles, takes a selfie. Clicks send.

Lily sends one more TEXT: **happy?** He thinks about that question. Notices something attached to the text: **an MP4 FILE**. He CLICKS on it. Listens. Lights up, recognizing the song.

INT. MORNINGSIDE HIGH SCHOOL - GYMNASIUM - PROM NIGHT

Couples are slow dancing to BRUNO MARS " WHEN I WAS YOUR MAN". But soon the song stops mid song...

MALCOLM (VOICE)

(over P.A.)

This is a public service
announcement. Your regularly
scheduled Prom music has been
hacked by a band called... Dope!

The confused prom-goers look around as NEW SONG plays over the speaker: It's the punk version of ELECTRIC RELAXATION that Dope recorded with Jaleel.

Jib and Diggy are stuffing their mouths with cheap hor d'oeuvres when they recognize their voices. Their music. They scream with excitement. Look out on the dance floor and see MALCOLM. They run over and join him. The other Morningside kids stand and look confused, annoyed. Some laugh at the song, others are into it. Oblivious to their surroundings, Malcolm and his friends look at each other. Listen to their music. Knowing soon they will all be going their separate ways. They laugh a little harder, hold hugs a little longer.

EXT. MALCOLM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Malcolm, bow tie undone, walks toward his house. NAKIA is standing outside. Waiting. Malcolm's heart fills when he sees her.

NAKIA

Nice haircut. I like it.

MALCOLM

I'm sorry about the things I said.
There was a lot going on at the
time, but that wasn't me.

NAKIA

Yes it was. You may have all these
other folks fooled, but not me.
You're...
(smiles)
Complicated.

Malcolm looks at her. Does she know?

NAKIA

Anyway. I just wanted to say thank
you.

MALCOLM

You passed the test?

She nods, smiles.

MALCOLM
But Prom. You said--

NAKIA
I told you I didn't miss not going
to Prom.

She hands him something. He looks: TICKETS TO MAGIC MOUNTAIN.

INT./ EXT. SIX FLAGS MAGIC MOUNTAIN - DAY TO NIGHT

MONTAGE of Nakia and Malcolm at the amusement park. Riding SUPERMAN, COLOSSUS, WATER RIDE (Where Malcolm tries to cop a feel). They laugh, scream their heads off, eat terribly delicious greasy food. Ride more coasters into the night. They watch FIREWORKS as Nakia lays her head on Malcolm's shoulder.

EXT. MALCOLM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Malcolm walks in. Dizzy. Buzzing. His Mom is asleep on the couch after a long day's work. The TV still on: a JACOBY'S CHECK CASHING COMMERCIAL. Malcolm turns it off.

INT. MALCOLM'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

He walks into his bedroom and sees an ENVELOPE from HARVARD on his pillow. He picks it up. Sits on his bed. Takes a breath and opens it, reads.

It's hard to interpret Malcolm's expression. Happy? Disappointed? Satisfied? Relieved? He looks up and into the camera one last time. Gives a wry smile.

MUSIC CUE: "STOP SMILING" - THE VANDALS (Performed by DOPE)

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END