

Rev. 08/20/02 (2nd Blue)
Rev. 08/22/02 (2nd Pink)
Rev. 01/29/03 (2nd Yellow)

MALIBU'S MOST WANTED

Written by

Fax Bahr & Adam Small &
Jamie Kennedy and Nick Swardson

Story by

Nick Swardson & Jamie Kennedy
and Fax Bahr & Adam Small & Jamie Kennedy

FULL YELLOW DRAFT

July 25, 2002

MALIBU'S MOST WANTED

MUSIC: GRAND MASTER FLASH'S "The Message" KICKS IN and
as MAIN TITLES ROLL we...

FADE IN:

1 EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAY 1

A tricked-out Cadillac Escalade with the windows tinted
deep black rolls INTO FRAME.

FLASH (V.O.)
*'It's like a jungle sometimes,
It makes me wonder how I keep from
going under...'*

A1 ESCALADE A1

passes three people doing tai chi on a bluff overlooking
the ocean...

FLASH (V.O.)
*'Broken glass everywhere, people
pissing on the stairs
you know they just don't care...'*

B1 ESCALADE B1

passes a gorgeous Labrador retriever snatching a Frisbee
midair...

FLASH (V.O.)
*'Can't take the smell,
Can't take the noise,
Got no money to move out
I guess I got no choice...'*

C1 ESCALADE C1

passes two horse back riders galloping along the beach...

FLASH (V.O.)
*'Rats in the front room,
Roaches in the back...'*

D1 ESCALADE D1

passes a gleaming mansion with a massive putting green-
like lawn...

(CONTINUED)

D1 CONTINUED: D1

FLASH (V.O.)
*'Junkie's in the alley
 With a baseball bat...'*

E1 ESCALADE E1

passes blonde Little Leaguers playing baseball in crisp new uniforms.

FLASH (V.O.)
*'A crazy lady, livin' in a bag,
 Eatin' outta garbage pails,
 Used to be a fag hag...'*

F1 ESCALADE F1

passes two rich housewives clutching shopping bags from the most expensive stores on the planet...

FLASH (V.O.)
*'Don't push me cuz I'm close to
 the edge,
 I'm tryin', not to lose my
 head...'*

G1 ANGLE ON ESCALADE G1

Drives through a security gate and into a gated community of brand new mansions...

FLASH (V.O.)
*'It's like a jungle sometimes, it
 makes me wonder,
 How I keep from goin' under...'*

CUT TO:

2 EXT. GLUCKMAN MANSION (MALIBU) - DAY 2

A small crowd and the press are gathered around BILL GLUCKMAN, his wife BESS (40s, lots of plastic surgery) and daughter BRENDA (11) who are on the porch of their 12,000-square-foot mansion.

(CONTINUED)

BILL

... And so if you elect me governor, I promise to take care of California the same way I take care of my own family; with compassion, caring, kindness, and most of all, with an interest in everyone. My friends...

(catch phrase)

'California is my family!'

The crowd cheers and waves "Gluckman For Governor" signs.

BILL

Speaking of family, I'd like to introduce my wife Bess...

Bess smiles and waves.

BILL

... and my daughter, little Brenda.

Brenda smiles and waves like a campaign-trail veteran.

BILL

Any questions?

The press begins shouting questions. Bill picks...

BILL

Deb?

REPORTER #1

Where's your son?

Bill is instantly flustered and TOM GIBBONS, Bill's campaign manager (African-American, but the soul of William F. Buckley) steps in front of Bill.

TOM

Thank you for all your questions, but we've run out of...

Just then the ground shakes with a frightening RUMBLE. Everyone quiets down -- is it an earthquake? As the RUMBLE HITS again, the surface of the water in the koi pond ripples, a la Jurassic Park.

Reporters look around anxiously as another RUMBLE HITS; Bill's face falls as he sees...

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

The Escalade rolls into the driveway, hopping up and down on its amped-up hydraulics like something from Crenshaw Boulevard on a Friday night.

The rear doors pop open and MOCHA (a.k.a. CHADWICK VAN PELT), dressed head to toe in hip-hop gear, steps out of the passenger side.

MOCHA

Yo yo yoooo! Listen up, y'all!

He lays down a beat "human beat box"-style as MONSTER (a.k.a. MIRIAM SHAIDELBAUM) climbs out. She's big, wearing short shorts, a tight leather halter, huge hoop earrings and oversized designer sunglasses.

MONSTER

Y'all better chill...

Next out is HADJI (a.k.a. YUSEF AMIRASLANI), a skinny Persian kid with cornrows.

HADJI

... 'cuz B-Rad G about to get
ill!!!

The driver's door swings open, and a gleaming white pair of four hundred dollar, untied Nike sneaks as they step to the pavement; we CRANE UP, PAST Nike sweats, to BRAD GLUCKMAN, wearing a do rag under his Nike baseball cap.

BRAD

Yo! What's up all you media
people?! This is B-Rad G, kickin'
it real from the 'bu,
represizzin'!!!

Four fine white girls in bikini tops, vinyl shorts and Timberlands come out and dance behind Brad, shaking everything they've got. Reporters move in like vultures.

BRAD

*'Y'all gathered here on this
special occasion.
Listen to my pops, he's your
West Coast liaison'
So show up, don't make me throw
up.*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (3)

2

BRAD (CONT'D)

*Take out your purse and cough some
dough up.*

*My chickens get wit you, if you
vote right.*

*And don't worry y'all, cuz my
girls is tight.*

*Immigration, education, runaway
inflation.*

*California ain't flowin' like old
constipation.*

*Vote Bill G on your election
ballot.*

*If you don't I'm gonna hit you wit
a mallot!*

Get Glucked y'all!

Tom again steps in and blocks Brad from view.

TOM

That's it for today, guys, very
busy schedule, thank you!!

Reporters shout questions as Tom herds Bill up the steps.
Two staff members hustle Brad into the house.

CUT TO:

3 INT. MANSION - DEN - 15 MINUTES LATER

3

Bill Gluckman's election team (GARY, JEN, and BRETT) work
the phones as Tom paces; Bill stares out the window,
lost.

TOM

What's the damage?

JEN

We're down nine points in the
polls.

BILL

In fifteen minutes?

GARY

And dropping.

BILL

It's a disaster.

(CONTINUED)

TOM

What's the spin?

BRETT

I called the Times and the Chronicle, they're gonna play the whole thing off as a joke.

BILL

Thank God.

TOM

How the hell did this happen?

BILL

I have no idea. I thought he was out of town.

TOM

Jen, I gave you specific orders to get some handlers and keep Brad locked down until after the announcement.

JEN

I did! They flew to the ranch in Maui last night!

TOM

Maui?! Wasn't he at the villa in South Hampton?

BILL

I thought he was at the chalet in Aspen.

GARY

(checking laptop)

Nope... It was the compound in Bermuda.

TOM

Oh for God's sake! Can't we --

Brad enters and Tom shuts up.

BRAD

Yo, Pops, that was off the hizook! I just got you another million votes right dare!

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (2)

3

Brad's pants are so baggy, they fall to his ankles, exposing his boxers. Brad pulls them up.

BILL

What are you doing here, son?

BRAD

I knew I had to show up in order for you to blow up. So I had Captain Tony fire up the Lear jizzy and booya! I'm in da hizzy, gonna be on the campaign trizzy, 24/seven, you know, kissin' babies and whatnot. Pound it!

Brad holds out his fist and Bill reluctantly hits it. On his way out, Brad chest-bumps Tom.

TOM

Bill, you've got to shut this down, now. Tell Brad he can't work with you, period.

BILL

No, no. I love his enthusiasm... It's just a little misguided. There must be something he can do for the campaign, where he can't hurt us.

TOM

Such as...?

BILL

I don't know... phones, stuffing envelopes, making signs, *something*.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. HANCOCK PARK - BACK YARD - DAY

4

Bill is at the end of a stirring speech to the Women's Organization of California.

BILL

... in Bill Gluckman's administration, women will have better health care, women will have better day care, and women will have better jobs! From here on in, my campaign has a new slogan!

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

IN WINGS

Tom signals Brad, who enthusiastically yanks a cord, and we...

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT - HUGE BANNER

unfurls behind Bill. It is spray-painted graffiti-style, and reads: "BILL GLUCKMAN'S DOWN WITH THE BITCHES AND HO'S!"

IN WINGS

Brad looks on proudly; Tom closes his eyes, a migraine kicking in.

CUT TO:

5 INT. LIMO - DAY

5

An angry mob of women chase the limo as it backs down the driveway full speed.

BILL

(stunned, hollow)

Bill Gluckman's down with the
bitches and ho's'?

TOM

It was supposed to read, 'Women
are first with Gluckman.'

BRAD

That's old school. Pops, you got
to keep your pimp hand strong.

CUT TO:

6 EXT. GLUCKMAN MANSION - DAY

6

The limo pulls in. Bill, Tom and Brad get out.

BRAD

Peep y'all later. I'ma go work on
my new campaign rhyme, 'Election
Erection.' It's gonna be large!
Yo! I'ma start on a new sign.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

He heads for the house.

TOM

That's it, Bill. If Brad doesn't straighten up, your political career is finished.

BILL

No, Tom. I promise you, I will not lose this election over my son.

TOM

What are you going to do?

BILL

Set up an appointment with my shrink.

CUT TO:

7 INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

7

Plush. Brad sits unhappily on an overstuffed couch opposite DR. FELDMAN. Bess and Bill sit off to the side.

DR. FELDMAN

So... Bradley...

BRAD

Why you keep callin' me dat?

DR. FELDMAN

Well that's your name, isn't it?

BRAD

It's my slave name, a'ight? I told you like fi'ty times.

DR. FELDMAN

(sighs)

Yes, okay... B-Rad...

BRAD

Wassup?

DR. FELDMAN

Let's play an association game.

He picks up three CD's, keeping the backs to Brad.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

DR. FELDMAN

Alright, B-Rad. I want you to look at these...

He turns the first one around. It's an NWA CD. Next is a Snoop CD, then a Naz CD, and last is Brad's high school yearbook photo.

DR. FELDMAN

Now, which one doesn't belong?

BRAD

Shoot. N.W.A., fool. They broke up a long time ago.

BILL

(losing temper)

Dammit, Brad, stop acting like a gang member. You're from Malibu, you live in a nice home...

BESS

With nice maids!

DR. FELDMAN

Bill, Bess, go to your happy places.

Bill sits back, frustrated.

DR. FELDMAN

What are your goals, B-Rad? What do you want out of life?

BRAD

To be the biggest rapper dere ever was! See, I got something to say, and I need the world to hear it. I'm the shiznit. I'll buy y'all cars!

DR. FELDMAN

I see. And when did you first start feeling like you were this... shiznit?

BRAD

Oh, damn... way back in the day. I've had these beats in my head since I was a little shortie...

DISSOLVE TO:

9 CONTINUED:

9

Using the remote, Brad changes the channel on his parents' monitors to "Yo MTV Raps."

DISSOLVE TO:

10 INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY (PRESENT)

10

DR. FELDMAN

What I'm sensing, Brad, is that your parents weren't really there for you.

BRAD

Nope.

BESS

(defensive)

That's ridiculous!

BILL

What about your bar mitzvah?

DISSOLVE TO:

11 FLASHBACK - INT. GLUCKMAN MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY (1990)

11

Bill and Bess enter with suitcases. The house is crowded with relatives and Brad's 13-year-old friends.

BILL

Mazel tov, Bradley!

UNCLE LOUIE, fifty and fat, with prayer shawl and yarmulke, moves past them and calls out to Brad:

UNCLE LOUIE (O.S.)

What's the theme of your party, kid? Star Wars? Baseball? Superheroes?

REVEAL: THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD BRAD dressed like Flava Flav, a big clock around his neck, looking like he's just smelled a fart.

BRAD

It's O.P.P., bitch!

Brad exits through French doors, and as we FOLLOW him OUTSIDE NAUGHTY BY NATURE'S "O.P.P." KICKS IN.

12 EXT. GLUCKMAN MANSION - BACK YARD - SAME TIME 12

It's like we've suddenly stepped into a hard-core rap video -- big-bootied home girls in bikinis freak with clean-cut Jewish kids as the staff serve barbecue and malt liquor to the freaked-out guests. Among them, we see a 13-year-old HADJI, MONSTER, and MOCHA, all nicely-dressed for temple. Above, a huge spray-painted banner reads: "MAZEL TIZZOV B-RAD, ON HIS BAR MITZVAH!"

DISSOLVE TO:

13 OMITTED 13
& &
14 14

15 INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY (PRESENT) 15

Bess sniffles and dabs her eyes.

DR. FELDMAN

Bess, I'm sensing you'd like to share.

BESS

B-Rad, you're a wonderful son... it's just that, well --

BILL

Oh stop beating around the bush, Bess. What we're trying to say is, Brad, that your behavior is, well, it's an embarrassment to the family.

BRAD

Yo, Pops, that hurts my feelings.

BILL

I'm sorry, but it's the truth.

BRAD

Don't be hatin'.

BILL

And, Brad... I can't have you on the campaign any longer.

BRAD

What?! Oh that's how it is? A'ight then. I'm Audi! I need to take a drive.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

Brad leaves, slamming the door behind him.

BESS

What can we do, doctor?

DR. FELDMAN

Well, his lack of parental guidance left Brad wide open to outside influence, allowing hip-hop culture to firmly imprint on his psyche.

BILL

Do you think we can bring him back?

DR. FELDMAN

(grim)

I don't know. This is the most advanced case of gangsta-phrenia I've ever seen.

BESS

Oh no, not *gangsta-phrenia!*

CUT TO:

A15 EXT. GLUCKMAN BACK YARD - POOLSIDE - DAY

A15

Brad relaxes in a lounge chair, wearing sunglasses and sipping on a forty. Bess enters wearing a Chanel suit. She sits on the lounge chair next to him.

BESS

Bradley, I know you're busy, but we need to talk.

Brad lifts his sunglasses and turns to his mother.

BRAD

What's up?

BESS

After our therapy session I realized that your father and I could have been better parents. We neglected you and I feel terrible.

(CONTINUED)

A15 CONTINUED:

A15

BRAD

For real?

BESS

Yes. So from here on out I'm going to be a better mother. I want to get closer to you... be there for you. If ever you need --

Just then, her CELL PHONE RINGS. She pulls it out from her hip and answers.

BESS

Hello? Celeste! When did you get back?! What?! Oh my God! I've been waiting for that bag for six months!

(to Brad, covering phone)

It's my personal shopper.

(back to phone)

Stay right there. I'm on my way!

She stands.

BESS

So... where we... Oh yes. I'm always here for you, Bradley. Do you have my cell number?

She hands Brad a piece of paper and exits. Brad pulls down his shades and takes a long sip from his forty.

16 OMITTED

16

17 EXT. GLUCKMAN MANSION - PATIO - NOON

17

Brad sits at the massive dining room table as Gladys pours him a big glass of grape juice, then cuts up his food.

BRAD

Gladys?

GLADYS

Yeah?

BRAD

Ever feel like you don't belong?

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (A1)

17

GLADYS

All the time, baby. Most folks only feel comfortable around folks who are the same as them. When they meet someone different, they get scared and angry, wanna keep 'em down.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

BRAD

What do you do about it?

GLADYS

Nothin' to do but keep it real.
Be proud of who you are.

BRAD

Yeah, you right... Gladys, when
they gonna leave our people alone?

GLADYS

(emotional)

I don't know, baby, I just don't
know...

(notices Brad's plate)

Eat your greens before they get
cold, boy.

A PAGER GOES OFF. Brad searches his pockets, pulls out a
pager -- that's not it; pulls out another pager -- that's
not it either; pulls out a two-way -- that's the one.

BRAD

(reading pager)

Oh no, not again!

He gets up and runs out of the room.

CUT TO:

18 INT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - WAR ROOM - DAY (SAME TIME) 18

Bill, Tom, the staff, and several AIDES of varying
ethnicity are mid-meeting.

TOM

How'd it go with Feldman?

BILL

Great news. If he sees Brad five
days a week, he says we'll see
improvement in three to four
years.

JEN

But... the election's in two
months.

BILL

Right, good point.

(CONTINUED)

TOM

We've been brainstorming on some different approaches, and I think we may have something solid here.

BILL

I'm all ears.

TOM

Guys?

The team gathers around -- it's a gang pitch.

BRETT

Brad might act 'ghetto,' but let's face it, he's never been east of Beverly Hills.

JEN

But what if we give him a little dose of reality?

GARY

Let him get a firsthand look at the ghetto.

BILL

You mean, have Brad actually... go there?

TOM

Exactly.

BILL

Sounds dangerous...

BRETT

It'll be perfectly safe.

BILL

How does it work?

JEN

We hire actors to play gangsters.

TOM

They car-jack Brad, then take him on a 'tour' of the 'hood... give him a little taste of what thug life's really like. It might just scare the black out of him.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

18

Tom gets strange looks from everyone.

AFRICAN-AMERICAN AIDE

Excuse me?

TOM

Look, I'm as down as the next brother, guy... fellah. I grew up in Compton, okay? But let's get over the P.C. thing and face facts. Unless we do something soon, Brad's gonna cost us this election.

The team all nods.

BILL

I don't know... it sounds so drastic.

TOM

Maybe drastic is what Brad needs, Bill. He is twenty-four. I mean, what's he gonna do for a living, rap?

They all chuckle. Bill sighs.

BILL

Who do we get for the gangsters?

TOM

Remember the anti-crime spot we shot last month?

GARY

We've got it cued up.

They turn to the TV and Gary hits PLAY.

On the monitor: A Gluckman campaign ad plays.

19 EXT. GHETTO BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

19

A young, black gangbanger (SEAN), glares at camera.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

For too long, street violence has torn Californians apart...

A second banger (PJ), glares at camera.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Bill Gluckman wants to put our
divisions behind us.

We cut wide: to reveal Bill Gluckman standing in between
the two gangbangers. He's in shirtsleeves, tie loosened.

BILL (V.O.)

Fellas, instead of thinking of
yourselves as what set you're
from, or what crew you're rolling
with, why can't you both be
brothers. What do you say?

SEAN (V.O.)

I guess we never thought of each
other like that.

PJ (V.O.)

Me neither, dawg.

PJ and Sean think is over, nod and shake hands.

BILL (V.O.)

You see...

(turning to camera)

'California *is my family*'...

Cut to angle on Bill and the gangbangers playing
basketball, having a wonderful time.

BILL (V.O.)

If we work together as a family
there's no telling how high we can
go.

Bill flies by, obviously from an O.S. trampoline, and
soars over the gangbangers for a monster dunk.

Freeze on: the two awestruck "gangbangers."

18 BACK TO SCENE

18

As they talk we see Brad, out the window, raising a
banner.

TOM

Those are our guys, right there.

BILL

Will he be safe?

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

TOM

Absolutely.

BILL

(fed up and
confused)

I don't know... can't we just...

He looks out the window and sees Brad's new banner. It reads, in graffiti colors: "ELECTION ERECTION."

BILL

Alright, fine, just do it.

CUT TO:

20 INT. MALI-BREW - DAY

20

Brad urgently runs into the Mali-Brew Coffee Shop (Starbucks clone), where he and his crew spend ninety percent of their time. He is stopped at the door by a very worried Mocha and Monster.

BRAD

Lemme go.

MOCHA

You don't want to see him like dis.

BRAD

What happened?

MOCHA

He O.D.'d again.

BRAD

Why didn't you stop him?

MONSTER

I tried, yo!

BRAD

How many did he do?

MOCHA

Like twelve, thirteen, I don't know!

BRAD

Damn. Twelve Frapachizzo's. Brotha's caffeined out. Move aside.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

Brad pushes past and looks on in horror at Hadji, pacing and talking to himself like a rabid dog on angel dust.

HADJI

I'ma get mine! Step, fool! I'll cut you, I swear!

BRAD

Just chill, Hadji, we're here to help. What's up?

HADJI

(frenzied)

I... I... I was pickin' up aromatherapy candles at Illuminations for Moms, right? And the counter trick gave me *lemon* when I specifically axed for *lilac*!

Brad turns to Hadji.

BRAD

It's on now!

MUSIC: PUBLIC ENEMY'S "Fight The Power" KICKS IN as we□--

CUT TO:

A20 EXT. MALI-BREW - DAY

A20

Brad, followed by his crew, exit, ready for battle.

CUT TO:

B20 INT. MALL - DAY

B20

We're still listening to "FIGHT THE POWER," only now it's a Muzac version, piped in through the mall's PA SYSTEM. Brad, Hadji, Monster and Mocha strut through the mall. Rich shoppers get out of the way.

CUT TO:

C20 INT. MALL - ILLUMINATIONS - MOMENTS LATER

C20

Brad and his crew approach the OLD WOMAN CASHIER.

(CONTINUED)

C20 CONTINUED:

C20

BRAD

Yo, fool! We got some hard-core
drama 'bout to go down right neow!!

HADJI

Dat's right!

BRAD

Dis is our mall. Always was and
always *will be!*

MOCHA

Woof woof!

OLD WOMAN

Oh, Mr. Amiraslani. I'm so glad
you came back. Our clerk
accidentally gave you the wrong
aromatherapy candles. Here you
go.

She hands Hadji a box marked "Lilac."

BRAD

You better be validatin' my
parking?

OLD WOMAN

Of course, sir.

BRAD

Dat's what I'm talkin' 'bout. We
get ours!

CUT TO:

21 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

21

Tom, standing by a limo, is speaking with Sean and PJ,
dressed as their actual, preppy selves.

SEAN

(incredulous)

Hold the phone, buddy... you want
us to scare this kid until he
starts acting like a nice little
white boy again?

TOM

Don't think you can handle it?

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

SEAN

Of course I can handle it. I studied at Juilliard for God's sake.

TOM

Fantastic.

Tom hands them a manila envelope.

TOM

Here's some background information on Brad.

PJ pulls Brad's CD from the envelope.

INSERT - CD COVER

It is Brad, throwing the Malibu sign, surrounded by women in thongs with gigantic asses. The title, in graffiti font, reads: "MALI-BOOTAY!"

PJ (O.S.)

Malibootay?

BACK TO SCENE

TOM

He considers himself a 'rapper.'

SEAN

Frickin' A.

They all laugh. Tom hands them a checklist/itinerary.

TOM

Okay, so here's the story -- it's your basic kidnapping...

SEAN

So we hold him for ransom?

TOM

Right. But when you see him acting ghetto and all, it pisses you off so much, you tour him around the 'hood to show him what things are really like.

(hands PJ a list)

I had my guys brainstorm a few ideas...

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

PJ
(reading list)
'Mugging, drive-by shooting, crack
deal gone bad...'

SEAN
Why don't you have him steal some
watermelon while you're at it?

TOM
Pays fifteen grand apiece.

SEAN AND PJ
(quickly)
We're in.

TOM
Good.

SEAN
Wait -- we're kidnapping him,
couldn't we get arrested?

TOM
Got you covered. Mr. Gluckman's a
billionaire -- if you run into any
problems with the law, we're very
close with the commissioner. On
the flip side, if you screw up and
a single hair is touched on
Bradley's over-privileged head, I
will make sure that you do serious
time. Clear?

SEAN
Cris... tal.

TOM
Good.

PJ
What about the money?

Pulls out a smaller envelope.

TOM
Five up front, twenty-five when
you return him to us, white.

SEAN
... As the driven snow.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (3)

21

TOM

I'll call you.

Tom gets in the limo and leaves as Sean and PJ head for their car.

PJ

Congrats, my brother. We just booked another gig.

SEAN

Yeah, but it's totally *dangerous*, dude. You know what it's like in the 'hood. We could get shot!

PJ

We can handle ourselves. Come on, man, it's the ultimate acting challenge.

SEAN

You know what really chaps my ass? After years of training and study, the only parts they'll give us are gangbangers. Just once I'd like to play a character who has decent grammar and doesn't wear Timberlands.

PJ

Beats gettin' dunked on by Bill Gluckman.

SEAN

Do we even know anybody down there?

They think, then come up with it at the same time.

PJ

My cousin.

SEAN

Shondra.

CUT TO:

22 INT. MALL FOOD COURT - WIENIE IN A BUN - CLOSE ON SHONDRA - DAY

22

in a Wienie In a Bun uniform, chewing gum and looking like she's smelling something nasty.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

She's at the counter facing Sean and PJ. PJ studies the menu.

SHONDRA

You zooted, nigga?

WIDER

SEAN

Honest to God.

SHONDRA

That's the stupidest thing I ever heard. I got better things to do with my time, boy.

SEAN

Like work at Wienie In A Bun?

PJ

Really. You're the one always talkin' about improvin' yourself.

SHONDRA

I *am* improvin' myself, fool. I broke up with no-good gang-bangin' Tec, I'm going to beauty school, then I'ma hook up my own salon...

PJ

In the meantime, how about hooking a brother up with a Pepsi and some fries?

SHONDRA

Shut up, stupid.

SEAN

Do this, Shondra. You'll get some real money so you can quit this minimum wage crap and start up your business.

SHONDRA

What you payin'?

SEAN

A grand.

SHONDRA

Make it trey, we on.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

SEAN
Jesus Christ, three grand?

SHONDRA
Or you can kiss my ass.

PJ
Deal. Now how about those fries?

MUSIC: An UPTEMPO RAP TRACK KICKS IN as we...

CUT TO:

A22 INT. SEAN AND PJ'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A22

Sean sits on a second-hand couch in their barren, low-rent apartment, concentrating on reading an Ebonics dictionary. PJ enters from outside, sweating and carrying a heavy box marked: "JOHN'S PROP HOUSE." He wears a stylish Nike baseball cap.

PJ

We're strapped now, my brother.

He sets the box down and begins pulling out guns.

SEAN

They have everything we ordered?

PJ

Glocks, Uzis, Tec-9s...

PJ takes off the cap to wipe his brow, revealing that his hair has been braided into cornrows.

SEAN

What the hell is that?

PJ

Oh, my hair? Shondra just did it.
(off Sean's look)
What? You hate it?

SEAN

No. I just think it's a choice my character would have made.

PJ

Don't go there, Sean. You're just jealous you didn't think of it first.

SEAN

Whatever.

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME SCENE - LATER

Sean enters with a big box marked "THUG LIFE." He has on a wig identical to Larenz Tate's braids and beads in Menace II Society.

SEAN

Okay, got the gangsta wear.

(CONTINUED)

A22 CONTINUED:

A22

PJ bursts into laughter.

SEAN
What's so funny?

PJ
That wig, man! I didn't know this
was Halloween. Bring me back some
candy!

He doubles over, falling on the floor.

SEAN
Whatever.

Sean yanks the wig off and whips it into the corner.

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME SCENE - LATER

PJ has on baggy jeans. Sean yanks them down so his
boxers are hanging out. PJ smiles -- perfect.

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME SCENE - LATER

PJ and Sean, now in full gangsta gear, practice their
pimp struts...

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME SCENE - LATER

Sean and PJ stand side by side in front of a full-length
mirror, practicing making angry faces and pulling guns
from their pants, as we...

SMASH CUT TO:

CLOSE ON SEAN

His face filled with rage.

SEAN
Gimme your ride, punk, or I will
dust yo ass!

(CONTINUED)

A22 CONTINUED: (2)

A22

WIDEN to reveal PJ watching Sean, shaking his head.

PJ

Nope, you're not convincing me.
Remember your core character.
You're an oppressed black man from
the ghetto.

SEAN

Yeah, I know, I'm having trouble
finding this one. Lemme try it
again. Gimme your ride, punk, or
I will dust yo ass!

PJ

Add a 'beeyotch' and I think
you're there.

MUSIC: the MUSIC SEGUES from our MONTAGE RAP BEAT TO
Mocha's HUMAN BEAT BOX, as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

B22 EXT. MALI-BREW PARKING LOT - LOW ANGLE - DAY

B22

as a car door opens, boots hit the pavement, and
Shondra's incredibly fine ass slides INTO FRAME. We
FOLLOW it as it moves to:

23 INT. MALI-BREW - DAY

23

Shondra enters, looking ghetto fab hot. People look at
her like she just landed from Mars. She raises her
sunglasses, sees Brad and crew playing dominoes at a
table. Brad slaps down the winner; points at Monster.

BRAD

I'm thin to win!
(raps to Monster)
'The name is B-Rad,
Not Robbie Van Winkle...
Go get my latte nonfat,
And don't forget the sprinkle!'

They pound and congratulate Brad on his brilliance.
Shondra drops her shades back down and moves in. Hadji
sees her first. His jaw drops, then he tugs on Mocha's
shirt, whose jaw drops, then Mocha tugs on Brad's shirt.

BRAD

Yo, what up, fool? I'm --

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (A1)

23

Brad sees Shondra and freezes. Everything goes SLOW
MOTION.

BRAD'S POV - SHONDRA

strutting toward him.

BACK TO SCENE

BRAD
Girl you fly.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

SHONDRA

Thank you.

BRAD

Let me get them tig ol' bitties.

SHONDRA

Word up.

She throws open her shirt, and before we see anything we...

CUT TO:

REVERSE ANGLE - BRAD

His eyes go wide, then we're...

BACK TO REAL TIME: Brad snaps to as Shondra brushes by and then moves to the counter.

BARISTA

Can I help you?

SHONDRA

Coffee.

BARISTA

Tall, Grande, Venti, nonfat,
soy--

SHONDRA

Big...

(pointed)

...black.

BRAD

(to Barista)

Yo, Krista the Barista. Put it on
my account.

(to Shondra)

Get yourself a blueberry scizonne
too, girl.

SHONDRA

Cool, playa.

She smiles. Brad follows her over to the condiment table.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2)

23

BRAD

I ain't seen you in here before.
Where you reside?

SHONDRA

Compton. You?

BRAD

The streets.

SHONDRA

Which streets?

BRAD

Malibu... Represent.

Brad throws the "M" sign.

SHONDRA

Right. I guess it's pretty
hardcore up in here.

BRAD

Hell yeah.

(points to his crew)

I'm down with the P.C.H. Hustlers.
And dems over dere...

Brad points to three white wannabes in another corner.

BRAD (O.S.)

The Calabasis Crabs... and behind
dem...

We PAN TO another table, where four thug posers sit.

BRAD

... the Palaside Pimps.

SHONDRA

Damn. How do you deal?

BRAD

All day every day.

She smiles seductively.

SHONDRA

Was that you droppin' rhymes when
I came in?

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (3)

23

BRAD

Hell yeah, I'm a rhyma on tima...

Brad hands her his CD.

SHONDRA

Mali-boo-tay, huh? Looks phat.
You gettin' any air play?

BRAD

I'm holdin' out for Power 106. I
sent Big Boy a CD, he just ain't
gotten back to me yet.

SHONDRA

Sounds just like that fat fool.
I'll talk to him 'bout it.

BRAD

(blown away)

Hold dup? You know *Big Boy*?

SHONDRA

Hell yeah. I see him at the swap
meet almost every Sunday.

BRAD

For rizzill?!

SHONDRA

For rizeal.

BRAD

Yo. Holler at him for me.

SHONDRA

I don't know. I guess you do
kinda got it goin' on... It's
funny. I was just on my way down
to see him. Wanna roll with me?

BRAD

Now?

(thinks)

Well, tonight was my Seder
dinner...

SHONDRA

Just helping out a brotha.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (4)

23

BRAD
 (kisses Chai)
 Let's bounce.

SHONDRA
 I'm just gonna hit the ladies'
 room, a'ight, pimp juice?

She heads off. Brad turns to his posse.

BRAD
 Yo, y'all, this fine dimey is
 hookin' me up with Big Boy
 hisself.

HADJI
 Shut up!

BRAD
 I ain't lyin'!

They pound, shake, hug.

HADJI
 Yo, but what about us?

BRAD
 Start droppin' beats. Soon as I
 sign with Biggy, we gonna need
 some sick tracks.

HADJI
 Bet!

They all pound as Mocha starts throwing beats.

24 INT. MALI-BREW BATHROOM - SAME TIME

24

Shondra's on her Nextel cell phone.

SHONDRA
 It's on.

CUT TO:

A24 INT. CAR - DAY

A24

Sean listens to Shondra on his Nextel, then looks at PJ
 and nods gravely.

25 INT. BRAD'S ESCALADE - MOVING - DAY

25

They drive along the Santa Monica Freeway, heading east.

SHONDRA

So what do you rap about?

(CONTINUED)

BRAD

Oh, I can rap about anything.

SHONDRA

For real?

BRAD

Yeah, lemme kick it freestyle.

(raps)

'Traffic, traffic,
Lookin' for my Chap Stick,
Feelin' kinda carsick,
There's a Ford Maverick...'

(back to talking)

See? Dat's a million-dollar song
right dare.

SHONDRA

So, how did you get to be so down?

BRAD

I been a playa all my life, girl.
And I must say, of all the sisters
I been wit', you de finest. So,
you got a man?

SHONDRA

(bitter)

I did, but I just got through
kickin' his sorry ass to the curb.
I ain't nobody's 'gangsta
hoochie.' I am an entrepreneur.

BRAD

Word.

(then)

What's that?

SHONDRA

A businesswoman.

BRAD

Oh.

SHONDRA

One day I'ma have a chain of
beauty salons all up in the 90210,
just like Starbucks, only instead
of coffee, with hair and nails.
Makin' sick money turnin' all the
rich hoochies ghetto fab.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (2)

25

BRAD

That's *genius*, girl. Damn. You fine and smart too. You gonna blow up huge, no doubt.

She's taken aback by his sincerity. She doesn't get much validation from guys.

SHONDRA

Thank you.

BRAD

For real, girl. You like a cross between Martha Stewart and Oprah. I'ma call you Mothrah.

She gives him a strange look, then notices where they are.

SHONDRA

Take this exit.

Brad swerves across three lanes of the freeway to take the exit, and suddenly finds himself actually in South Central. He's awestruck -- he notices a homeless guy with a shopping cart loaded with bags of stuff.

BRAD

Yo. He really should use delivery.

Suddenly Sean pops his head into the car and stares directly at Brad. He puts a prop Tec 9 in Brad's chest and yanks him out of the car.

SEAN

Gimme yo ride, punk, or I will
dust yo ass... beeyotch!

BRAD

What?!

SEAN

You're gettin' jacked! Move!

BRAD

Shondra?!

SHONDRA

Shut up, fool!

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (3)

25

BRAD

Dis a come-up?!

SEAN

No. It's a stickup.

BRAD

I think I'm gonna throw up.

PJ

And I'm about to wet you up if you don't move!

BRAD

(meekly)

Does this mean we're not going to Big Boy's?

PJ

Big Boy's? What this fool talkin' about?!

SEAN

You jus' been kidnapped.

They throw Brad in the car and get in.

A25 INT. BRAD'S ESCALADE - CONTINUOUS ACTION

A25

Sean takes off.

BRAD

Kidnapped?!

PJ

Yeah. We got your rich Gluckman ass now!

BRAD

How you know me?

SEAN

We saw you on the news the other night!

(mocking)

B-Rad!

PJ

Your papa's gonna pay or you're gonna pay!

(CONTINUED)

A25 CONTINUED:

A25

Brad sneaks out his two way and types in...

INSERT - TWO-WAY

as Brad's frantic message pops on: "911! 911! I BEEN
CAR JACKED! HELP! B-RAD!" A hand slaps a domino
violently down next to the pager as we...

CUT TO:

26 INT. MALI-BREW - WIDE SHOT - DAY

26

Monster has just slammed down the winner, and the PAGER
with Brad's message flies off the table and SHATTERS on
the floor. Monster, Mocha and Hadji are unaware.

MONSTER

Bam! Y'all owe me seven hundred
dollars!

(CONTINUED)

Hadji reluctantly hands her a wad of cash as she laughs.

HADJI

A'ight, come on now, let's stop
messing around. B told us to lay
down some beats for the new album.

MONSTER

Lemme go free style.

HADJI

Free style, please! Your momma
rap better than you.

MONSTER

Don't you talk about my momma.

HADJI

I'll talk about your momma all I
want.

MONSTER

You ain't got the bizalls, bitch!

HADJI

Oh yeah? Peep *dis*. Your momma's
so poor, when she shops at
Barneys, she has to drive herself!

MOCHA

Oooh!

MONSTER

Yeah? Well your momma's so poor,
when she went to Monte Carlo, she
flew *commercial*.

MOCHA

Dang!

HADJI

Your momma's so poor, her round
the world cruise ended in *Spain*!

MOCHA

Bam!

MONSTER

Your momma's so poor, when she
stayed at the Four Seasons, she
could only afford *three*.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (2)

26

MOCHA

Oh damn, it's on now!

CUT TO:

A26 EXT. SHONDRA'S FRONT YARD - DAY

A26

The ESCALADE pulls into Shondra's driveway and SCREECHES to a stop. PJ hauls Brad out of the back as Sean climbs out.

PJ

Let's get him inside.

BRAD

Dang. Why you doin' this to a brother?

SEAN

A brother?

PJ

Oh no you didn't.

SEAN

Whose brother?

BRAD

Yours, y'all. I'm down.

SEAN

Down? God damn!

PJ

Uh-oh. You done did it now.

SEAN

You are not black! You can never be black. And your perpetratin' ass is stealin' the only thing I got -- my culture!

PJ

What the hell makes you think you know what's goin' down in the 'hood?!

BRAD

B.E.T.

(CONTINUED)

A26 CONTINUED:

A26

PJ

You think this is a joke, wigga?!

BRAD

I'm sorry. Don't be hatin'.

SEAN

You a long way from the beach now, punk! You in South Central. The ghetto. The 'hood. It's hard core up in here! People here die every day!

Two LITTLE GIRLS are walking by.

LITTLE GIRL #1

Hey, Shondra! Can you come on by later? Princess just had her litter of puppies.

SHONDRA

(seeing Brad looking
puzzled by this;
waving)

Okay then.

PJ

(covering)

They're pit bulls.

SEAN

Mean pit bulls.

PJ

Now get ya ass inside.

CUT TO:

27 OMITTED
thru
A34

27
thru
A34

34 INT. SHONDRA'S HOUSE - SHONDRA'S BEDROOM - DAY

34

Sean and PJ push Brad in. Bars are on the windows. Sean pats Brad down, and pulls out his pager.

SEAN

You got anything else on you, fool?

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

BRAD

Uh... just this...

Brad pulls out another pager, a phone, another phone. Sean and PJ both pull several more out of his other pockets, as well as his wallet.

PJ

All that James Bond electronic
crap can't save you now, fool.
Sit ya ass down.

Brad does, and PJ duct-tapes his hands behind his back.

PJ

We gonna go call yo daddy.

SEAN

You better pray he home. If he
not, you're one dusted trick!

Sean, PJ and Shondra exit, slamming the door behind them.

35 INT. SHONDRA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

35

Sean and PJ immediately drop their bad-ass personas.

SEAN

Did you buy my rage?

PJ

You're indicating.

SEAN

I'm indicating?

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

PJ

(imitating)

'I will smoke your dumb wigga
ass'? Come on.

SEAN

(imitating back)

'If he not, you're one dusted
trick!' Please!

SHONDRA

Would you two fools shut the hell
up?

SEAN

Sure, Shondra, sorry. You're on.
Go play good cop. We've gotta
call Tom.

Shondra rolls her eyes and heads back into the room.

36 INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

36

Shondra enters. Brad turns away.

SHONDRA

You a'ight in here?

BRAD

Oh yeah. I just been kidnapped,
carjacked, hands tied behind my
back, but other than that, it's
all good.

SHONDRA

Look, I'm sorry about all that, it
wasn't my idea.

BRAD

I thought you liked me.

SHONDRA

I do.

BRAD

Then how come you set me up?

SHONDRA

I had to. They...
(emotional)
... they threatened to kill me if
I didn't play along.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

BRAD
(wide-eyed)
For real?

SHONDRA
Oh yeah. They straight-up killas.

BRAD
(even more wide-eyed)
For Real?!

SHONDRA
Lemme school you on something,
help you to stay alive, a'ight?
The one thing they hate more than
anything, that really sets them
off, is posers.

BRAD
I feel you, girl, me too.

SHONDRA
I'm talkin' 'bout you!

BRAD
Me? But I hate posers! I got a
Ph.D. -- a Poser-Hater Degree.

SHONDRA
Come on. Quit frontin'.

BRAD
I ain't fron'in'.

SHONDRA
Listen to reason. If you just be
a nice little white boy and say
you're sorry, I think I can
convince them to let you go.

BRAD
Damn. I am who I say I am. Why
won't anyone believe me? This is
a issue that's been comin' up a
lot in my life lately.

A36 INT. SHONDRA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

A36

Shondra exits, shakes her head "no" to Sean and PJ.

(CONTINUED)

A36 CONTINUED:

A36

SEAN

What's next?

PJ refers to the itinerary they got from Tom.

PJ

How about... number three?

SEAN

Yeah, perfect. Let's take it to another level, my man.

He and PJ "get into character" and head in.

B36 INT. SHONDRA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

B36

They enter and glare at Brad.

SEAN

A'ight, we put the call in to yo pops, and you know what he said?

BRAD

Huh?

PJ

That he'd have to think about it.

BRAD

(incredulous)

What? Straight up?

PJ

He's not sure he wants you back, cuz.

SEAN

Can't see as I blame him.

BRAD

Come on, y'all, quit hatin'. I'm just a rapper, that's it.

SEAN

Wigga please!

Sean cuts the duct tape with a blade.

SEAN

Come on.

(CONTINUED)

B36 CONTINUED:

B36

PJ

What you doin', fool?

SEAN

I'ma teach this little white girl
a lesson!

PJ

No, dawg, stick to the plan. Lay
low here at the crib 'til we get
the ransom.

SEAN

The plan just done changed, Tree.
Wannabe claims he down, I'ma show
him just how un-down he is.

Sean yanks Brad out by his collar.

CUT TO:

37 INT. BRAD'S ESCALADE - LATE AFTERNOON

37

Sean pulls in and parks in front of a small Korean grocery.

SEAN

A'ight, Malibu, go get us six 40s
of O.E.

PJ

And a fifth of Henny.
(to Sean)
Anything else?

BRAD

I'd like some Pringles.

SEAN

This ain't a picnic, bitch!

BRAD

I'm sorry, I'm sorry... y'all got
some duckets, 'cause I'm tapped.

SEAN

You about to go up in there and
give this Korean bitch yo ends?
Hell no.

PJ

You jack that shit.

SEAN

And if the Asiatic gives you any
static, show the brotha this...

He hands Brad one of the prop guns -- a Glock. It's heavier than Brad thought. He drops it.

PJ

Little trick claims he down, can't
even swing a gat.

BRAD

But...

SEAN

Do it, punk, or I'll use that on
you.

BRAD

Okay, a'ight, I'll do it.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

PJ

You try to get away, I'ma let you
get a little taste of my steel,
understand?

He holds up his prop gun.

BRAD

I feel you.

Brad sticks the prop gun into his pants and gets out. As soon as he's in the store, Sean and PJ burst into laughter.

PJ

This is gonna be classic.

SEAN

He's gonna run out of there a
scared little white boy.

They laugh again and pound it.

CUT TO:

38 INT. KOREAN GROCERY - SAME TIME

38

Brad walks in, very nervous. He looks back -- his car is parked so that PJ can see him through the door. PJ smiles and shows him the gun again. Brad swallows and approaches the counter. The KOREAN GUY behind it watches him closely.

KOREAN GUY

Yes?

BRAD

Yeah, uh, where the Old English
at?

KOREAN GUY

Back there, under security camera.

BRAD

Thank you, sir.

Brad hurries to the back of the store, and spots a door by the beer cooler. He tries to open it. It's locked. Brad looks up to the security mirror and sees that the Korean Guy is watching him. He moves to the beer cooler and tries to calm down.

(CONTINUED)

BRAD

Namyoho renge kyo, namyoho renge
kyo, namyoho renge kyo and
whatnot...

It's not working. Brad tries a cleansing breath. It doesn't help either. Brad gathers up an armful of Old English 40s and heads for the front. The Korean Guy watches him as he walks past the counter toward the door.

KOREAN GUY

Can I help you?

BRAD

Naaw, but I'ma help myself to all
this O.E., and whatever else I
want!

KOREAN GUY

No, stop.

Brad drops the beer. It CRASHES to the floor in SLOW MOTION. Brad makes a crazy, threatening face as he pulls back a fist, but the Korean Guy throws a fast right hand, landing squarely on Brad's chin. Brad goes down like a sack of hammers; then we FLASHBACK TO:

Moments earlier: We realize we've just been in a fantasy, as Brad again approaches the counter with his beer.

KOREAN GUY

Can I help you?

BRAD

(nervous)

Let me axe you something. Ever
been robbed?

KOREAN GUY

Oh sure. Last week was my fifty-
fourth time. But they were cool,
no gun to head, never scream; you
know, good people.

BRAD

Cool.

He sets the 40s on the counter, then reaches into his waistband for his gun, and we...

CUT TO:

A38 INT. BRAD'S ESCALADE - SAME TIME

A38

SEAN

How much did you have to give this
guy, anyway?

PJ

What are you talking about?

SEAN

(slowly)

When you set this thing up
yesterday, what did you pay?

PJ

I thought you set it up.

SEAN

You mean the owner doesn't know
this is all fake?

PJ

Oh damn.

SEAN

Get in there! He could get shot!

PJ

I'm not going in there! You go in
there!

They continue to argue as we...

CUT TO:

B38 INT. KOREAN GROCERY - CASHIER COUNTER - SAME TIME

B38

Brad finishes reaching into his waistband for the Glock,
but feels something else. He pulls out a small wallet
that was Velcroed to his belt.

BRAD

My emergency stash. Thank you
God.

He pulls out a hundred and kisses it.

KOREAN GUY

(cheerful)

Glad you got cash, 'cause if you
try to jack me, I was gonna have
to lay you out wid dis...

(CONTINUED)

B38 CONTINUED:

B38

He whips a .44 from under the counter and aims it at Brad.

KOREAN GUY
... and wid dis.

The Korean Guy's wife has an AK-47 on Brad, the red dot of its laser sight trained steadily in the middle of his forehead.

KOREAN GUY
... And wid dat.

The Korean Guy's six-year-old boy has a sawed-off shotgun pointed at Brad's knees. The gun is bigger than the boy. The Koreans laugh at Brad. Brad drops the hundred on the counter.

BRAD
Keep the change.

KOREAN GUY
(ringing it up)
Thank you very much. Come again.

As Brad looks out to make sure PJ and Sean haven't seen anything, the Korean Guy sticks the receipt in between two of the 40s. Unaware, Brad gathers his stuff and heads to the door.

BRAD
Uh, I know this is gonna sound wack, but what I'm about to do is just a joke, so don't shoot me, okay?

C38 EXT. KOREAN LIQUOR STORE - SAME TIME

C38

Sean and PJ, who are just running up to the door, watch stunned as Brad exits the store, pulling his gun out.

BRAD
That's right! Next time I'll bust a cap in yo trick ass!

PJ
Did he actually do it?

SEAN
This can't be happening.

(CONTINUED)

C38 CONTINUED:

C38

BRAD
 (still shouting)
 Yeah. I'ma come back later and
 get some more.

Brad turns to the guys.

BRAD
 Let's dip!

SEAN
 (incredulous)
 You did it?

BRAD
 Straight up. Trick didn't do
 nothin'.

PJ
 Yo, what up with this?

PJ pulls the receipt off of his 40.

PJ
 If you jacked this, how come you
 got a receipt?

Brad freezes. They both stare at him.

BRAD
 I stole that too!

CUT TO:

39 OMITTED

39

40 INT. GLUCKMAN MANSION - SPA - NIGHT

40

Bill and Tom lie facedown on matching massage tables,
 while massage therapists rapidly pound their backs.

ANGLE UNDER TOM'S TABLE

Tom is reading the itinerary through the face hole in his
 table. As the masseuses pound their backs, Tom and
 Bill's voices vibrate.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

TOM
 ... a meet and greet with
 Greenpeace, then drinks with the
 offshore oil lobby.

CLOSE ON BILL

face through hole.

BILL
 Terrific. How's the Brad project
 doing?

TOM (O.S.)
 Smooth... he's in South Central.

BILL
 And he's okay?

TOM (O.S.)
 He's in excellent hands.

CUT TO:

41 EXT. KOREAN LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

41

Sean, holding Brad by the shirt, slams him against the
 Escalade.

SEAN
 I've about had it, boy!

BRAD
 Who you callin' boy?

SEAN
 You got about five seconds to get
real, or I'ma Timbo stomp your ass
 to de curb!

BRAD
 What do you mean, get real?!

SEAN
 Act your white self!

He shoves a prop gun into Brad's ribs.

SEAN
 Five! Four!

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

BRAD
 (freaking)
 Okay, a'ight, chill.

Brad takes a deep sigh, looks them in the eye, and begins to talk like a conservative white guy.

BRAD
 I guess I now know I can never be as cool as you guys. I promise I will never, ever front or act like a thug again, and I'm really really sorry if I offended you.

Sean and PJ move off to the side.

PJ
 You buying it?

SEAN
 I can't tell.

PJ
 Me either.

SEAN
 Let's give him the test.

CUT TO:

42 INT. MOVIE THEATER - ANGLE ON BRAD - NIGHT

42

Brad, in the seats, eating popcorn non-stop. He is flanked by Sean and PJ... They both watch Brad, as he stares at the horror film play on the screen.

SEAN
 (off Brad's look)
 You a'ight, man?

Brad snaps out of it for a minute.

BRAD
 ("white" guy)
 Great, fine. Terrific popcorn.

SCARY MUSIC KICKS IN; Brad's eyes snap back to the screen. He struggles to contain himself. The MUSIC INTENSIFIES, we hear FOOTSTEPS, then a DOOR HANDLE TURNING, and Brad can't hold on any longer. He leaps up, screaming...

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

BRAD
 (as himself)
Run, bitch, ruuuuuuuuuuuuuun!!!
He gonna kiiiiiiiillllllll you!

Other Patrons (multi-ethnic) turn and angrily "shush"
 Brad. Sean and PJ lock eyes: he failed the test.

CUT TO:

43 INT. ESCALADE - DRIVING - NIGHT

43

Sean and PJ are furious. Brad is apologetic.

BRAD
 I'm sorry, y'all, but this is just
 who I am. I'm a rapper straight-
 up.

SEAN AND PJ
 Wigga, please!

BRAD
 No, for real. I can rap about
 anything.
 (goes into rap)
*'Bloodbath and Tree, hang all day,
 They real tight, but they ain't
 gay... No, they okay...'*

PJ
 (incensed)
 You think you got mad skills, huh?
 Well, we'll see about dat.

44 EXT. PROUD CHICKEN - LATER

44

Sean, PJ, and Brad approach the club.

SEAN
 I done had it with you, fool. You
 better check yourself before you
 wreck yourself. This ain't
 Malibu!

BRAD
 (sotto)
 Represent.

(CONTINUED)

PJ

Yeah, we gonna see what you
represent neew. We at the club.

SEAN

Cube, Snoop, they all came up
through here.

PJ

You want to prove yourself, this
the place to do it.

They shove Brad into the club, then turn to each other
and giggle like school girls.

SEAN

This is definitely gonna do it.

PJ

Pay day!

They pound and follow Brad into the club.

CUT TO:

A44 OMITTED A44

45 OMITTED (MOVED TO SCENE 44) 45

AA45 INT. THE PROUD CHICKEN - NIGHT AA45

Brad enters and takes in the club. Think *8 Mile*. Hardcore GANGSTER TYPES and some tough HOME GIRLS check out rapper, DROP, whose ferocious, gravel-voiced raps show you exactly what kind of place you're in.

SEAN

How you feelin' now, Malibu?

BRAD

Finally, a place where I feel at home.

PJ

(disgusted)

Get yo' ass in there.

Brad boldly fist-shakes jaw-dropped patrons as he wades through the crowd, AD LIBBING "Whassup?" and "Pardon me, homey."

ON STAGE

DROP finishes and the MC brings up STEEL and YOUNG DRE, announcing the Battle Rap Competition. Steel and Young Dre battle -- both are top-notch. At every insult, the crowd ROARS.

A45 ON BALCONY A45

Shondra is talking to a HOME GIRL, checking out the crowd below. She suddenly sees Brad. She's eyes-wide horrified. Steel finishes, the crowd CHEERS, and Young Dre starts in on the mic.

SAME SCENE - MEANWHILE

Sean and PJ leave Brad and fight through to the DJ table, where the MC is standing, timing Young Dre.

Brad looks around, then up. He sees Shondra and starts for the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

A45 CONTINUED:

A45

ON THE BALCONY

TEC (O.S.)

Hey, girl. Where you been?

She turns and faces TEC, her ex-boyfriend, a no-nonsense roughneck gangbanger. He's very soft-spoken, almost expressionless.

SHONDRA

None of your damn bizness, Tec.
Now let go.

She yanks her arm away from him.

TEC

Y'all been busy, huh?

SHONDRA

Too busy for you.

TEC

You been *gettin'* busy?

SHONDRA

Hell no.

TEC

Come on, girl, I'm cool. Just
tell me who it is.

SHONDRA

All you need to know is that it
ain't you, okay?

TEC

You know, you ain't shit, Shondra.
You're just a chickenhead, and
that's all you'll ever be.

Just then, Brad walks up, grinning like a fool.

BRAD

What up, girl?!

He gives her a sloppy kiss on the cheek.

SHONDRA

You a'ight?

(CONTINUED)

A45 CONTINUED: (2)

A45

BRAD

I'm fine, but you the *finest*!
 (to Tec)
 She a genius too, man! I'm
 tellin' you, one she gets set up,
 Mothra gonna blow up like Rosie
 O'Donnell's head!

TEC

Don't tell me you been hittin'
that?

She tries to pull away, but Tec holds on tight.

BRAD

Damn, man. Don't you know how to
 treat a lady? That's not nice.

SHONDRA

Brad, don't --

TEC

It's cool, Shondra. The brutha's
 right.

Tec releases Shondra's arm and immediately grabs Brad by
 the throat and hangs him over the balcony.

TEC

Didn't yo mama teach you to mind
 you own bizness?

BRAD

(being strangled)
 Don't be hatin'.

SHONDRA

Don't do it, Tec!

BRAD

Auuuuuuuuu!

Tec feels everyone looking at him. Now is not the time.
 He releases Brad and composes himself.

TEC

Y'all both gonna be sorry.

Tec stalks off.

SHONDRA

You alright?

(CONTINUED)

A45 CONTINUED: (3)

A45

BRAD

(coughs)

I'm okay. Who was that?

SHONDRA

Old history. Come on.

Shondra grabs Brad and moves him to the stairs.

B45 AT THE DJ TABLE

B45

Sean and PJ finally make it to the MC, who stands with the DJ.

SEAN

Yo!

Sean bumps the DJ table. A vicious look from the DJ, as Sean tries to play it off. The MC just looks at him disdainfully.

PJ

Uh... My boy want Young Dre next.

The MC looks them over...

MC

Hell, nah...

SEAN

Maybe a C-Note would open some...
equal opportunities?

MC

(takes the cash)

What's his name?

SEAN

B-rad. From Malibu.

The MC makes a face, but puts down Brad's name anyway.

PJ

(enthusiastically)

Hey playa... You got any Will
Smith back there?

The MC just looks at him...

46 OMITTED

&
47

46

&
47

A47 SAME SCENE - MEANWHILE

A47

Shondra hauls Brad down the stairs and stops near the entrance.

BRAD

Damn Shondra, where's the fire at?

SHONDRA

(fishing in her bag)

You're going home.

BRAD

You settin' me free?

SHONDRA

No. I'm savin' your ass. I'm not havin' your blood on my hands.

(hands him keys)

It's the blue Honda across the street.

FROM THE STAGE

MC

A-ight y'all. Up next, to challenge Young Dre, we got... B-rad from Malibu.

Looks of confusion, as the Crowd searches for "B-rad."

SHONDRA

Wait a second. Brad, don't do it.

Brad turns to Shondra, looks at the keys, and shakes his head.

BRAD

Shondra, I gots to do 'dis. this is my shot. I gotta prove myself.

Shondra can't argue. Brad starts to the stage. A WAVE OF SHOCK, as the crowd realizes who B-rad actually is.

SHONDRA

This is gonna be like an episode of 'Oz.'

Brad gets his game face on and walks the gauntlet on his way to the stage -- an imposing path of intimidating looks.

(CONTINUED)

A47 CONTINUED:

A47

He is then dragged up onto the stage. He misinterprets the ANTAGONIZING CHANTS as encouragement and tries to high-five the crowd -- no takers. The MC and Young Dre laugh at him.

YOUNG DRE

Nah, nah, nah... I ain't gonna
battle no bitch. What am I? Ike
Turner?

The crowd LAUGHS. Brad cluelessly laughs along with them.

MC

A-right, a-right... We gotta do
this. Yo, Saltine... Heads or
tails?

BRAD

Tizzaizzlszszs!

Everyone is totally confused.

BRAD

(apologetic)

Tails... I want tails.

The MC flips and "tails" it is.

MC

You wanna go first?

BRAD

Nah... Ladies first.

Brad LAUGHS, turning to the crowd to appreciate his lame burn... Nothing. Young Dre looks furious.

Young Dre grabs the mic and the DJ spins. Young Dre proceeds to incinerate Brad. With every line, the crowd goes insane. (NOTE: Actual Young Dre Rap to Come.)

As Young Dre flows, Brad is visibly shaken, but tries to play it off -- not so discreetly scribbling notes on his hand and up his arm.

Young Dre finishes with devastating blow, dropping the mic on the stage. The crowd goes wild...

MC

Whooo... GOD DAMN! Now, let's see
if this Eminem melts in yo ass *and*
in your hand.

(CONTINUED)

A47 CONTINUED: (2)

A47

The DJ kicks the beat and the MC throws Brad the mic. He misses it and it drills him in the forehead. The crowd LAUGHS. Brad tries to regain his composure...

BRAD

Can we start again? I lost my place.

TAUNTS and LAUGHS as the beat plays again. Brad wags his head, ready to come in strong. He looks down at his notes... He's sweating so badly his arm is a mess of runny ink.

He freezes again... The crowd is really on him now -- collectively making the "choke" sign.

BRAD

I'm cool... I'm cool.

Brad finally starts up.

BRAD

'You big and rough,
You act all tough,
I bet in your childhood
You never had much love.

(finishing)

Alert the media,
I'm a rap encyclopedia,
My shrink says I suffer from a
case of gansta-phrenia,
I'm tryin' to be meania,
I'm feeling much vigor,
I'm the "Bu's" number one,
hardcore NIGGAA!!!

Complete silence.

PJ

(terrified, to SEAN)

Let's get the hell out of here.

Brad looks around as blank faces stare back at him.

BRAD

I'm sorry...

The crowd erupts with outrage and rushes the stage.

SMASH CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

A47 CONTINUED: (3)

A47

BRAD

WAILS with terror as he's passed hand-over-hand above the CURSING CLUB PATRONS, (crowd surfing-style) toward the exit.

Four THUGS run Brad out of the back door, into the...

B47 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

B47

... where they launch him into the dumpster with a resounding THUD.

Brad's landing causes the lid to SLAM violently shut, and forces Sean and PJ, who've been hiding behind it, to pop up.

SEAN

What was that?

A RUMBLE comes from the dumpster and they pull back the lid.

ANGLE ON: Inside the dumpster where Brad lies in the bottom -- his fall was broken by several loaves of old Wonder Bread.

PJ and Sean fall into hysterics, as Shondra emerges from the club. She finds PJ and Sean apoplectic with laughter, shakes her head and begins to help Brad out of the dumpster.

48 BY BAR

48

Tec watches it all going down.

SNUFFY, 20, skinny but tough-looking chollo, and not a member of Tec's crew, is standing next to Tec.

SNUFFY

You gettin' played, ese.

TEC

Excuse me?

SNUFFY

(laughing)

Loco boy hittin' your lady, homes, and she's diggin' it.

TEC

Yeah, Snuffy, that's right.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

Tec starts to laugh, then suddenly his fist explodes into Snuffy's face. Snuffy drops, and Tec starts to stomp him until his boys, 8-BALL and DEUCE, pull him off.

8-BALL

Not here, Tec.

TEC

A'ight, y'all, let's roll.

DEUCE

Whatchoo wanna do?

TEC

Bag me a white boy.

As they move toward the exit we...

CUT TO:

49 EXT. HIP-HOP CLUB - NIGHT

49

Sean and PJ are laughing uproariously. Brad walks in between them, devastated. Shondra's behind, looking bummed out as they head for the car.

SEAN

Hey y'all, check this out. I can rap about anything! Haaa!!

PJ

Word.

(bad white rapping)

'Listen, all you rappers, the name's Brad Gluckman. When on the mic you could say I really suck man!'

They burst out laughing. Brad just stares ahead, pouting, sick to his stomach.

SHONDRA

A'ight, y'all had your fun, why don't you chill...

PJ

'Cuz B-Rad G about to get ill!!!

They burst out laughing again as they head for the car.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

SEAN

Damn. I haven't laughed like that
in a long time. 'Fess up, boy,
you can't hang.

BRAD

I just want to go home.

PJ

Uhn uhn, ain't happening. By the
way, forgot to tell you. We heard
from your pops, and guess what?
He ain't payin'.

SEAN

He thinks y'all belong down here
in the 'hood with us brothas,
seein' how you so 'down' and all.

PJ

So, I guess that means we got to
ice your punk ass.

BRAD

I don't care no more. I got
nothin' to live for. Go ahead and
smoke me.

Brad gets in the car. Sean and PJ look at each other --
this isn't what they expected.

CUT TO:

50 OMITTED

50

A50 INT. SHONDRA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - SAME TIME

A50

(NOTE: Scene A50 was formerly scene 54)

Brad's lying on the bed, looking up dreamily.

VOICE (O.S.)

Psst. Hey, dawg.

BRAD

Huh?

VOICE (O.S.)

Down here, dawg.

Brad looks over the edge of the bed. A small gray RAT
looks up at him.

(CONTINUED)

A50 CONTINUED:

A50

BRAD

Stuart Little?

RAT

Negro, pleeeze. That little white rat ain't got nothin' on me -- yo, I'm Ronny rizat, represizzat.

BRAD

I ain't never seen no talking rat before. Although at the Malibu County Fair they had a chicken that played tic tac toe. Man, I hated losing to that chicken.

RAT

Why you so down, dog?

BRAD

I'm a failure.

RAT

Nah, nah it's not like that. You need to stop listening to what all them perpetrators is running and believe in yourself.

BRAD

For real?

RAT

For riz-real. Pound it.

They punch it in.

BRAD

So you saying if I put my mind to it I can be whatever I want to be?

RAT

Damn straight.

BRAD

I could be a highstylin' pimp?

RAT

They stylin-est.

BRAD

I could drive a mad '63 El Camino with 43-inch gold-plated dubs and a trunk full o' bitches?

(CONTINUED)

A50 CONTINUED: (2)

A50

RAT

You could have a roof rack full of
bitches. And some teeny-tiny
little bitches in the glove
compartment.

BRAD

And I could be the biggest rapper
in the world.

RAT

Rapper? Hell no! You stink! I'd
rather eat garbage than listen to
your tired ass rhymes.

(thinks about it)

Hmmm, garbage. That's making me
hungry. Peace out.

The Rat runs off. Brad sighs, flops back down on the
bed, utterly depressed.

CUT TO:

51 INT. SHONDRA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

51

Brad lays on the bed, moonlit through the bars of the
window. Shondra enters. Brad rolls over, away from her.

SHONDRA

Hey... You okay?

Brad sniffles.

SHONDRA

You know, it's not as bad as it
seems.

(CONTINUED)

BRAD

It's worse. Everybody's right.
My rhymes is *weak*.

SHONDRA

You just need a little experience.

BRAD

I should've run when you gave me
the chance.

SHONDRA

Naw. You were right. I respected
you for getting' up there.

BRAD

But you heard 'em laughing. I
ain't nothin' but a busta.

SHONDRA

They just don't understand you.
None of them know how hardcore it
is up in... Malibu.

BRAD

(perking up)

Yeah?

SHONDRA

Yeah with the... traffic, and
the... parking, and...

BRAD

(getting excited)

Like, when the public be all up in
your private beach?

SHONDRA

Right. You just got to stick with
it, you know, don't let anyone
tell you who you are.

Brad smiles, looks at her.

BRAD

Thanks, Shondra.

(beat)

You know what I was sayin',
earlier, in the car, about being a
playa and all? Well... I was just
foolin'. I never been with a
sister before.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (2)

51

SHONDRA
(mock surprise)
For real?

BRAD
Except for on the internet.

SHONDRA
I never would've known.

BRAD
(shy)
I think you about the finest girl
I ever met in my whole life, and,
well, since they gonna ice me in
the morning, I was wondering...
could I, kinda like, kiss you?

She thinks, smiles, then sits down next to him on the bed. Brad sits up and looks at her face in the moonlight.

BRAD
You're so pretty.

SHONDRA
Thank you.

Brad leans in and kisses her tenderly. She kisses him back. Encouraged, Brad opens his mouth wide and tries to stick his tongue down her throat. She pushes him back.

SHONDRA
I said kiss, fool. Damn.

She gets up and heads for the door.

SHONDRA
I offered you a snack, not the
whole kitchen.

BRAD
I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm chill.

She rolls her eyes and leaves. Brad falls back on the bed, a dreamy smile on his face.

BRAD
Totally chill.

CUT TO:

52 EXT. SHONDRA'S HOUSE - SAME TIME 52

Tec, with his crew, drives up, lights out, and KILLS the ENGINE. He looks at the house with death in his eyes.

53 INT. SHONDRA'S HOUSE - NIGHT 53

Shondra exits the room and faces Sean and PJ.

SHONDRA

A'ight, that's it, this game is lame. I want my money, and then y'all can get out.

PJ

But we're not done yet...

SHONDRA

You ain't never gonna be done. Did it ever occur to you two jackasses that this is the way he really is?

SEAN

No way.

PJ

Not possible.

SHONDRA

Whatever. Look, I did what you asked, and I want my money.

SEAN

Okay, I'll get it, you know, but settin' everything up was expensive, and I don't exactly have it right now.

SHONDRA

Excuse me? You playin' me?

Shondra hands Sean the phone.

SHONDRA

Y'all get me my money now, or I'ma go in there and tell him what's up.

SEAN

Alright, okay, just relax...

As Sean starts to dial, we --

CUT BACK TO:

54 OMITTED
thru
60

54
thru
60

A61 INT. GLUCKMAN CAMPAIGN OFFICE - NIGHT

A61

TOM
Yes, Sean. How's our little
project going?

(CONTINUED)

A61 CONTINUED: A61

SEAN (O.S.)
Great, terrific, we're making real
progress here.

61 INT. SHONDRA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME 61

Sean reads from the checklist Tom gave him.

SEAN
Your suggestions were really
helpful. He totally bought the
car jack and kidnapping...

61A INT. SHONDRA'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME 61A

Brad listens intently as Sean continues.

SEAN (O.S.)
... we staged a fabulous liquor
store robbery. Mr. Gluckman's
going to be very happy...

Brad's eyes widen.

SEAN (O.S.)
But, he's still posing, so we
wanted to put him in a drive-by
shooting next... but, it's a
little more money than our
original projections...

Brad slumps back. He can't believe it.

61 BACK TO SEAN 61

SEAN
So I was wondering if I could get
an advance.

TOM (V.O.)
No deal. You get the rest when
Richie Cunningham steps through
the door here, and not one second
sooner, understand?

SEAN
But -- Mr. Gibbons, hello?

B61 INT. SHONDRA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

B61

Brad crawls out from the vent and goes to the mirror.

BRAD

Damn... they been playin' me all along. How could dey do dat? How could *she* do dat?

(getting angry)

What-ever. If them fools wanna play, then let's *play*.

He heads for the door, bad-ass and hardcore.

62 INT. SHONDRA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

62

Suddenly, Brad's boot comes through the door. WOOD SHATTERS everywhere. Brad steps through with a furious look on his face. Shondra, Sean and PJ stare in shock.

SHONDRA

What the hell do you think you're doing?

BRAD

Hey! Listen up... Brad G is in da hiz, and things gonna start changin' round here!

PJ

(to Sean)

Do something.

SEAN

You must be out yo mind. Get back in that room before I beat your ass!

BRAD

You feelin' froggy, den leap!

Sean backs down.

BRAD

Anyone else wanna step?

SHONDRA

(slightly attracted)

What the hell got into you?

BRAD

Shut up, ho.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

SHONDRA

Who you callin' ho, ho?

BRAD

Yo, ho, the same ho that gave up
that weak-ass kiss five minutes
ago in the bedroom.

PJ

Really? Damn.

SHONDRA

(pissed off)

Who the hell do you think you
are?

BRAD

I'm B-Rad G, from 'Bu,
representin'! What y'all don't
realize is that I was tryin' to
put my mobbin' days behind me, but
rollin' with y'all done re-awoke
my inna killa. Let's start
droppin' bodies!

Shondra, PJ and Sean watch, stunned, as Brad grabs a prop
gun, his car keys and heads out.

SEAN

Come on, girl. Let's go!

SHONDRA

Uhn uhn. You created that
monster, you deal with it.

PJ

But we got big a problem here.

SHONDRA

Until I see my money, it's *your*
problem.

Sean and PJ exit quickly.

CUT TO:

63 EXT. SHONDRA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

63

Brad's at the car door as Sean and PJ exit and run up.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN

Where the hell you goin'?

BRAD

I need to take a drive.

PJ

Come on, man. Chill.

BRAD

Today is a good day to die, didn't
have to use my A.K...

(Ice Cube-like)

Yey yey!

SEAN

Why you talkin' crazy?

BRAD

(getting in car)

Might as well go out in a blaze of
glory. My daddy don't love me, my
rhymes is played. I ain't down
enough for y'all --

SEAN

(panicked)

No. You down, right PJ, er, Tree?

PJ

That's right, Bloodbath, he's very
down. As down as they come.

Suddenly, Tec jumps up, yanks Brad's door open and shoves
a Nine in his side.

SEAN

Oh my God.

TEC

Get out of the car, white boy.

BRAD

Oh, you dat weak fuck from de
club.

Tec can't believe what he's hearing.

BRAD

(not impressed)

Got somethin' for me?

(CONTINUED)

TEC

(pulling a Tec 9)

Just this cap, fool! You ready to die?

BRAD

Ain't that a coinky-dink? I was just talkin' to my homies about just dat...

TEC

Move!

BRAD

(getting out of car)

A'ight, but y'all should change up your style, cuz these jackings is gettin' tired.

He heads for Tec's car.

BRAD

Yo, Bloodbath, if there's one tiny scratch on my ride, I'ma eat y'all's children.

(cheerfully)

Shotgun!

TEC

Tape up this fool's hole, man.

A crew member yanks out some duct tape and tapes over Brad's mouth, then they throw him in Tec's trunk and slam it shut. Tec steps up to Sean and PJ.

TEC

What should we do with this Bloodbath and his friends?

SEAN

(panicked)

I'm not Bloodbath! My real name is Sean James, I'm an actor. I swear!

TEC

Is Shondra hittin' the white boy?

SEAN

No way, man. She's in on the scam, just like us.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: (3)

63

TEC

Scam?

PJ

Yeah. We're all being paid to pretend to kidnap Bill Gluckman's kid.

TEC

Gluckman? The dude runnin' for Governor.

SEAN

You've heard of him?

TEC

The dawg who's down with bitches and hoes? Hell yeah, I've heard of him. Just 'cause I live down here you think I'm ignorant?

PJ

We didn't say that, brother.

TEC

A'ight then.

(looks at Brad)

Damn, we got Gluckman's son. Fool's gotta be worth more alive than dead.

(to his crew)

Let's roll.

CUT TO:

64 OMITTED

64

&

&

65

65

66 INT. GLUCKMAN CAMPAIGN HQ - TOM'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

66

Tom and the campaign strategy team, Brett, Gary and Jen, are eating takeout, mid-meeting.

TOM

All the polls say that since Brad's been out of the picture we're up six points.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

BRETT

We're still dead in the urban
demo, though.

GARY

Gays too.

JEN

There's no way we can win without
them.

The INTERCOM RINGS.

TOM

Yep?

SECRETARY (V.O.)

I have a Sean on the phone for
you, sir.

TOM

Put it through.

INTERCUT WITH:

67 EXT. INDUSTRIAL STREET - FREEWAY UNDERPASS - SAME TIME

67

Sean is on a pay phone, terrified. Tec stands next to
him. The Escalade and Tec's car are parked nearby.

SEAN

Tom, we have a real problem.

TOM

I told you, no more money.

SEAN

I know you said that, but we're in
real *serious* trouble --

Tec rips the phone out of Sean's hand.

TEC

Listen, fool. Gluckman's boy has
been kidnapped for real, along
with your punk friends.

TOM

Excuse me?

(CONTINUED)

TEC

If Mr. Governor wants to see his punk bitch son alive again I'm gonna need five hundred grand by tomorrow midnight.

TOM

How do I know this is real?

TEC

You think your actors are this good?

Tec puts the phone up to Sean.

SEAN

Help us, please...
(hiccup)

I'm...
(hiccup)

so...
(hiccup)

Scared!!!

Sean begins to wail. Tec yanks the phone back.

TOM

Okay, I'm convinced.

TEC

Good. Now get me my money.

TOM

Fine... Please don't do anything until I talk to Mr. Gluckman and arrange the finances.

TEC

You got ten minutes.

Tec hangs up.

DEUCE

Now what?

TEC

We wait.

Behind, no one notices as a low rider cruises by slowly.

68 INT. LOW RIDER - SAME TIME

68

It's Snuffy, his face swollen and bloody from the beating he took from Tec. He's with two of his homeboys, members of the Rollin' G gang, checking out Tec and the crew.

SNUFFY

Is that him, ese?

LOC

Yeah, that's Tec, homes, from the I-9's.

SNUFFY

Call Cyco, tell him to bring it all. We gonna have a party.

The homeboy works his cell, as we:

CUT TO:

69 INT. GLUCKMAN CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS WAR ROOM - NIGHT

69

Tom stands there with the phone in his hands, shaken.

JEN

What the hell's going on?

TOM

Brad's been kidnapped for real.

BRETT

What?

TOM

They want five hundred grand or they'll kill him.

GARY

Oh my God.

TOM

Now let's not panic. Lemme just think this through for a minute. We could have a very interesting opportunity here.

BRETT

Where are you going with this?

TOM

Well, the negatives are obvious.

(CONTINUED)

GARY

Bill drops out of the race,
emotional distress...

TOM

I can handle Bill. Let's
brainstorm the positives.

JEN

There's so many. No more 'Brad
problem.'

BRETT

Right, right, I'm liking it.

They start riffing on the idea, getting excited.

GARY

With a dead son, the sympathy
factor could give us big spike in
the female and gay demos.

BRETT

We've had such a problem with
Bill's rich guy image, we could
spin the issue to make him more
'Everymen,' you know, 'crime
touches everyone,' like that.

TOM

What about a voter backlash, like
how could he run on the heels of a
tragedy?

GARY

No -- we push the 'courage under
adversity' angle.

BRETT

Helps with his leadership profile.

JEN

Bill Gluckman, crusader/martyr...

BRETT

I've got the image -- Bill weeping
over Brad's open casket.

GARY

Then, after grieving
appropriately, he goes on the
offensive...

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: (2)

69

BRETT

Bill Gluckman's war on crime...

GARY

... drugs.

JEN

... gangs.

BRETT

War's hot now.

GARY

War's great.

JEN

It's just what we've needed.

BRETT

It's like a green light to
Sacramento.

TOM

Next stop, the White House.

The PHONE RINGS and Tom picks up.

INTERCUT WITH:

70 EXT. INDUSTRIAL STREET - SAME TIME

70

Tec is on the phone.

TEC

What up?

TOM

No deal.

TEC

Say *what*?

TOM

Bill Gluckman does not make deals
with criminals.

TEC

That's it, then, fool. I ain't
playin'. His ass is done.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70

TOM

You do what you have to do, and
we'll do what we have to do.

He hangs up and smiles.

A70 INDUSTRIAL STREET - SAME TIME

A70

Tec hangs up; as he looks over, Brad is pulled from the trunk by two I-9s, his mouth still taped. Tec almost feels sorry for him.

TEC

That's cold.
(to crew)
Lose the tape.

Tec's homie rips the tape off Brad's mouth.

BRAD

God damn that hurts!!! I get out
of this I'ma hafta teach y'all
some manners!

TEC

Your daddy ain't payin'.

BRAD

Yeah, yeah, tell me somethin' I
don't know!

TEC

What?

BRAD

You heard me, you half-steppin'
moist-ass bitch!

Tec cocks his nine and aims at Brad.

BRAD

(fearless)
Oh what, you gonna do me like
this? A'ight, then bring it.

TEC

It's brought.

BRAD

Man up! Put this wannabe out of
his misery.

(CONTINUED)

A70 CONTINUED:

A70

Tec is stunned -- the white boy isn't showing any fear. Brad steps forward, puts the gun to his own heart, and places his thumb on the trigger.

BRAD

That gat's real, right? Then do it or I'll do it myself

TEC

(unnerved)

Brotha straight-up crazy, and I cannot deal with that shit.

Suddenly GUNFIRE erupts as Tech's car is HIT with a BARRAGE of BULLETS. Brad, the crew, Sean and PJ drop to the street and roll under the car. Tec has to dive behind a nearby dumpster.

ACROSS STREET

Snuffy and three Rollin' G's are crouched behind their low rider, FIRING away.

UNDER CAR

The I-9s RETURN FIRE. PJ and Sean are in the fetal position, freaking out. Brad, thinking it's all fake, is laughing, having a great time.

TEC

Lay down some cover, fool!

Tec's pinned down behind the dumpster. He's without a weapon, and Rollin' G's are FOCUSING their FIRE on him.

8-BALL

We're tryin', man, but they're too strapped.

DEUCE

What the hell we gonna do?

BRAD

Punks. Gimme dem gats.

Brad grabs the Uzis and rolls out from under the car.

(CONTINUED)

A70 CONTINUED: (2)

A70

BRAD

Y'all wanna play? Let's play!
 You know who you're dealin'
 with???

He jumps up on the hood of Tec's car and OPENS FIRE with both Uzis, laying down a withering rain of lead.

BRAD

I'm B-Rad G, from the 'BU,
y'all...

(out Denzeling
 Denzel)

King Kong ain't got nothin' on me!
Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!

(STOPS FIRING)

Damn. These special effects are
 the bomb!

(resumes FIRING)

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!!!

The Rollin' G's try to respond, but Brad's fire is too intense.

SNUFFY

Devil's got some balls.

LOC

For real! Let's dip!

They all hop in their convertible and tear-ass out of there as Brad jumps off the cars and follows on foot, FIRING after them as they turn the corner and SQUEAL away.

BRAD

It's safe now, y'all.

Tec emerges from behind the dumpster. The crew rolls out from under the car, followed by Sean and PJ. They look at Brad in awe. They're impressed.

TEC

That was *ill*! Y'all definitely
 got juice.

He offers his fist to Brad. They pound.

TEC

Where'd you learn that shit?

BRAD

Damn. Jus' MTV.

71 OMITTED 71
&
72 72

CUT TO:

73 INT. CHANNEL 5 NEWS ROOM - NIGHT 73
HAL FISHMAN reads the night's news.

HAL FISHMAN
Good evening. A Channel Five
exclusive. A security camera
captured incredible footage of
gang violence tonight, as it flared
on the streets of South Central.

CUT TO:

74 OMITTED 74

75 EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT (GRAINY SECURITY CAMERA 75
FOOTAGE)

of Brad, on top of Tec's car, FIRING the UZIS.

HAL FISHMAN (V.O.)
This hardcore gangster, believed to
be the notorious 'White Kong,' leader
of I-9 street gang, fires his weapons
with wanton disregard for human life
or personal property.

CLOSEUP - BRAD'S CRAZED FACE

in SLOW MOTION as he FIRES.

HAL FISHMAN (V.O.)
If you have any information on the
whereabouts of this man, call our
hot line at 1-555-GANG.

CUT TO:

76 INT. GLUCKMAN MANSION - BILL AND BESS'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 76
They sit in bed, stunned.

BILL
Oh...

CUT TO:

77 INT. SHONDRA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME 77

She's on the couch, blocking a wig, stunned.

SHONDRA

... my...

78 INT. MALI-BREW - MOVING - SAME TIME 78

Mocha, Hadji, and Monster, holding half-drunken lattes, are all staring at a TV mounted in the corner.

MOCHA

... Gaaaaa...

A78 INT. GLUCKMAN CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS WAR ROOM - SAME TIME A78

Tom stares at the TV.

TOM

... aaaaa...

And then, in QUICK SHOTS, we INTERCUT BETWEEN:

BILL

... oooooo...

BESS

... aaaaaa...

MOCHA

... aaaaaa...

HADJI

... aaaaaa...

MONSTER

... aaaaaa...

TOM

... aaaaaa...

SHONDRA

... aaaaaa...

BESS

... aaaaaa...

BILL

... oooooo...

(CONTINUED)

A78 CONTINUED:

A78

TOM
 ... aaaaaa...

MOCHA
 ... aaaaaa...

HADJI
 ... aaaaaa...

TOM
 ... aaaaaa...

GARY
 ... oooooo...

JEN
 ... oooooo...

BRETT
 ... oooooo...

BARISTA
 ... aaaaaa...

SHONDRA
 ... aaaaaad!

CUT TO:

79 INT. MALI-BREW - NIGHT

79

MOCHA
 Dat is some hardcore shiznit,
 y'all!

MONSTER
 If dat's what you got to do to get
 on Big Boy's label, count me out.

MOCHA
 He ain't with Big Boy, fool! B-
 Rad's hangin' with some serious
 bangers!

HADJI
 What we gonna do, Moch?

MOCHA
 Bounce to our respective cribs,
 jack our moms' and pops' biggest
 gats, jet down to South Central
 and save his ass.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

79

HADJI AND MOCHA

Word.

MONSTER

But... what if they don't have
coffee?

HADJI

Krista -- six Tsunamis to go!

CUT TO:

80 INT. GLUCKMAN CAMPAIGN HQ - WAR ROOM - NIGHT

80

Bill storms in. Tom quickly switches OFF the TV. The
staffers move aside as Bill confronts Tom.

BILL

Bradley's been involved in a gang
shooting.

TOM

Are you positive?

BILL

His face was on the news, Tom! I
think I know my own son!

TOM

I'm sure there's a logical
explanation. Why don't you get
some sleep --

BILL

Sleep? He's shooting the hell out
of South Central. We've got to
get him!

TOM

What about the debate tomorrow in
Sacramento --

BILL

Forget the debate!

TOM

If you cancel, you can kiss this
campaign good-bye.

(CONTINUED)

BILL

You can shove the campaign up your ass, Tom! I will not lose my son over this election!

TOM

I understand you're upset, Bill, but *Jesus*, for once in your life think outside the box! We can make Brad's whole gang thing a positive...

BILL

(incredulous)

A *positive*!

TOM

If he's arrested or, God forbid injured, we spin it so you are the victim, you know, 'crime reaches everyone,' something like that...

BILL

You're trying to get votes out of this?

TOM

I'm trying to win, Bill, and you don't seem to care!

BILL

I'm his father.

TOM

(laughs)

When did that happen?

BILL

I guess right now.

Bill grabs Tom by the shirt and slams him into the wall.

BILL

You're fired.

As Bill takes off:

TOM

All right, guys, let's pitch on how I get my job back.

They just stare at him.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (2)

80

TOM

Guys?

BRETT

Just so you know, I never liked
the way you ran things around
here.

(walking out)

Bill? Mr. Gluckman?

The other staffers follow Brett out, leaving Tom alone.

CUT TO:

81 INT. BILL GLUCKMAN'S HUMMER - MOVING - NIGHT

81

Bill hauls-ass down the 405, his headset on.

HUMAN OPERATOR (V.O.)

This is Lojack.

BILL

I need a location on license number...

(reluctant)

'D-SHIZNIT.'

HUMAN OPERATOR (V.O.)

That vehicle is at the corner of
McKinley and 82nd.

INSERT - ON DASH NAVIGATION SYSTEM SCREEN

Suddenly a map of South Central appears, with a red
blinking dot at the corner of McKinley and 82nd.

BACK TO SCENE

COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)

Your destination is a Lojack
designated danger zone. Lojack
does not recommend you venture
into this area.

RAP BLASTS IN as Bill punches the gas, as we:

CUT TO:

A81 INT. TEC'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A81

A party is happening: Homies slam dominoes... Home girlz drink beer and talk... Sean and PJ are standing frozen in a corner, quietly crying... Hip-hop gangsters dancing... and finally we FIND Tec and the other I-9's gathered around Brad, as Tec solemnly hands Brad a Tec 9 automatic pistol.

TEC

That's yours, B.

BRAD

For real? You shouldn't have.

TEC

Welcome to the 9's. Only way out now, is in a box.

BRAD

In a box... right.

Brad laughs. They all join in, laughing hard as we --

CUT TO:

82 EXT. HADJI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

82

Mocha, Hadji and Monster stand by Hadji's dad's Mercedes.

MOCHA

A'ight, Monster, what kind of toast you strappin'?

MONSTER

(proud)

This.

Monster pulls a scuba divers' spear gun from the bag.

HADJI

What the hell is it?

MONSTER

My pop's spear gat. From the yacht.

Mocha laughs and starts doing whale sounds.

MONSTER

A'ight Free Willy, think you so bad, what you got?

(CONTINUED)

MOCHA
 (embarrassed)
 Never mind.

He puts an old musty case in the car and starts to close the doors. Hadji stops him.

HADJI
 Come on, let's see it.

MOCHA
 A'ight, a'ight, chill.

He opens the case, revealing an antique blunderbuss musket, with a flintlock hammer and a bell muzzle.

HADJI
 Is that a freakin' musket?

MOCHA
 What? My pops is a collector.
 (off their looks)
 Come on, man, *pirates* used that
 shit.

Monster grabs the musket and points it at Mocha.

MONSTER
 (imitating a pirate)
 Aargh, matey, give up yer treasure
 or I'll bust me harpoon in yer
 booty.

Monster and Hadji start laughing.

MOCHA
 Shut up! Damn posers!

He snatches the musket from Monster and carefully places it back in the case.

MONSTER
 Hadji, how 'bout you?

HADJI
 Couldn't get much, yo...

Hadji opens a duffel and pulls out three Kevlar vests.

HADJI
 When I told my pops we was going
 on a drive-by, he gave me three of
 these.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: (2)

82

MONSTER

Good thinking, but what heat you got?

He opens a plastic case, revealing a Stinger rocket launcher and four missiles.

HADJI

... dis.

Mocha and Monster are blown away.

MONSTER

Dang! Where'd you get all dat?

HADJI

(nonchalant)

Christmas present from Uncle Ahmet.

CUT TO:

83 INT. HADJI'S DAD'S MERCEDES - MOMENTS LATER

83

Mocha, Hadji, and Monster snap on their seat belts. Hadji flips on the in-dash SOS Mercedes GPS system.

FEMALE OPERATOR (V.O.)

Yes, Mr. Amiraslani, can I help you?

HADJI

Hell yes, chicken. I need a location on license number D-SHIZNIT.

CUT TO:

84 OMITTED

84

85

85

86 INT. TEC'S HOUSE - NIGHT

86

The party is now in full effect, the system up and cranked as the CAMERA FINDS Brad's in the middle of the dance floor, freaking and doing the robot with a couple of sisters. The girls whisper in his ear, he smiles, and they head for a bedroom.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

86

Just as they exit, Shondra enters from the kitchen, and finds Sean and PJ, still tied up and terrified.

SHONDRA

Where's Brad?

SEAN

(near tears)

I haven't seen anything.

She moves on. PJ lifts up his bound wrists.

PJ

Shondra! Little help, please.

But she's gone.

87 INT. TEC'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

87

Brad's on the bed with the two women, who are kissing him.

BRAD

Yeah, I just got tested positive
... for G.A.M.E.

SISTER #1

(mock surprise)

Cool playa.

SISTER #2

Let's get busy.

They laugh when suddenly Shondra comes through the door.

SHONDRA

That's the same damn line he used
on me, and now this no good
deadbeat weak-ass white boy won't
take care of little Malik.

BRAD

What?!

SHONDRA

(sniffles)

You know he's yours...

SISTER #1

This gettin' heavy.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

87

SISTER #2

Let's jet.

The girls leave.

BRAD

Damn, why you throwin' salt on my
G.A.M.E.?

SHONDRA

I'm savin' your lily-white ass.
Come on.

BRAD

I ain't goin' nowhere. I'm a I-9
neow, straight-up. Peep my tat.Brad lifts his shirt and shows her the tattoo on his
stomach: I-9 THUG.

SHONDRA

(urgent)

Listen, fool.

BRAD

Shut up, Shondra! I know y'all
set me up, I know it's all fake,
de kidnap, de stickup, de whole
nizzy.

SHONDRA

Oh, damn...

BRAD

Why'd you play me, huh?

SHONDRA

For the money.

BRAD

Money?! Tch. What you need *money*
for?

SHONDRA

Look, fool, this may sound stupid
to you, but not everybody has
money, and to people that don't,
money is important!

BRAD

Please. You prob'ly still
flippin' me anyway, so --

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED: (2)

87

SHONDRA

Dammit, Brad, this is *real*. Tec
and his crew are *real* --

BRAD

Oh really? Well if Tec is real
then this gat must be real...

Brad pulls his nine.

BRAD

And if this gat is real then the
caps in it have *got* to be real.
And seein' how my foot is real,
then this would *really* hurt...

Brad aims at his foot and pulls the trigger and BLAM! He
puts a BULLET through the toes of his sneaks.

BRAD

See dat. I just shot myself in
the foot and...

(feeling pain)

It's reaaaaalll! It's totally
reaaaaalll!!!

Brad starts hopping around the room.

BRAD

I just shot my foot!! I just shot
my foot!!!

SHONDRA

Stop hoppin' around, fool, so I
can look at it.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED: (3)

87

Shondra gets down on her knees to get a closer look.

BRAD

Oh gaawwwd!

SHONDRA

Lucky you're such a weak shot.
Cap just grazed your toe.

BRAD

But, it's real, Shondra, it's all
reeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeal!

Tec enters, gun in hand.

TEC

Who's the hell's poppin' ca --

TEC'S POV

Shondra, on her knees, kneeling before Brad.

ANOTHER ANGLE

TEC

(menacing)

What up, cuz?

Shondra stands quickly, scared.

BRAD

(terrified,
covering)

Ha ha, Tec, my road dawg, yeah,
just the man I wanta see.

TEC

(to Shondra)

What's goin' on, Shondra?

SHONDRA

(nervous)

It's not what it looks like, Tec,
I swear.

TEC

Don't you lie to me. That was
always my line to you, and it
always was what it looked like.
Now what's up with your boyfriend
here.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED: (4)

87

BRAD

Yo, dawg, love to kick it wit' you
and run the whole thizang, but I
got some bidness back in the 'Bu,
li'l somethin' somethin' with Big Boy
and whatnot, so if y'all's don't mind --

TEC

I do mind.

Tec grabs Brad and drags him out.

SHONDRA

No, Tec, stop!

88 INT. TEC'S LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

88

Tec hauls Brad in, followed by Shondra. The I-9s draw
weapons; the room fills with tension. Sean and PJ look
on, getting caught up in the action.

BRAD

Wait, Tec, lemme explain, 'cause I
don't belong here...

TEC

You done forgot already, fool? I
told you the only one way out of
the I-9s, and your 'E' ticket's in
this here chamber.

Tec cocks his gun.

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

88

ANGLE ON SEAN AND PJ

watching Tec, riveted.

SEAN

See how committed he is? That's
the rage I was talking about.

PJ

(in awe)

Word.

BACK TO SCENE

Tec aims at Brad.

BRAD

Please, don't be hatin'.

Shondra steps in front of Brad.

SHONDRA

I won't let you do it, Tec.

TEC

No problem, then. I'll just do
the both of you.

Tec levels the barrel at Shondra and Brad. He starts to squeeze the trigger when suddenly Bill's HUMMER CRASHES through the wall. I-9's scatter and duck as the Hummer's front grill skids to a stop inches from Tec. The driver's door pops open and Bill jumps out.

TEC

Damn fool! You just hit my house!

BILL

(ignoring him)

Brad! Are you okay?

BRAD

Not really. And unless you
seriously strapped, you about to
be not really okay too.

Bill turns: six I-9s are aiming guns at he and Brad.

BILL

Hey there, fellas. Bill
Gluckman... I'm running for
governor.

(CONTINUED)

TEC

We know who you are, fool.

DEUCE

You the candidate that's down with
bitches and ho's.

TEC

Tsss. Dude think we ignorant just
'cause we live down here. You
better recognize.

BILL

I absolutely recognize that street
violence is tearing Californians
apart... You see, guys, California
is my family, and hey, here's a
thought. Instead of thinking of
ourselves as what set we're from,
or what crew we're rolling with,
why can't we just be brothers?
What do you say?

TEC

(thoughtful)

Hmmm. I guess I never looked at
it like that before. What do you
say, 'brothers'?

The I-9's smile, cock their weapons, aim them, and just
as they're about to start blasting, the side WALL
EXPLODES and Hadji's dad's MERCEDES CRASHES through.

TEC

Don't anybody know where the
driveway's at?! Damn!

Gangsters fall back as Hadji, Mocha, and Monster jump out
wearing the Kevlar vests and wielding their weapons.

HADJI

(freaking out)

Better step, y'all, or I'ma have
to waste all y'all up in this
piece!

MONSTER

Yeah! Drop yo gats!

The I-9s, unafraid, point their guns right back at Hadji,
Monster and Mocha. It's a multi-player Mexican standoff.

(CONTINUED)

DEUCE AND 8-BALL

Drop *your* gats!

Nobody does. Brad steps out.

BRAD

Hold dup, y'all. Before anybody ices anybody I got to say something.

No one stops him, so Brad turns to his dad.

BRAD

You really weren't gonna pay my ransom?

BILL

I didn't know anything about that. You've got to believe me, that was *not* part of the plan.

BRAD

What was the plan? Send me down here to scare me white?

BILL

It was stupid, I know. I thought I'd tried everything... I just didn't know how to deal with you anymore.

BRAD

You've never known how to deal with me 'cause you don't know me, and you never cared to find out. And now that your election's on the line, that's when you take a stand? That's bullshit, Pops. Look at me, 'cause this is who I am, and if you can't accept that, then I'll walk out that door, never see your sorry-ass again.

Shondra, Tec, all the I-9's and Brad's posse slowly turn from Brad to Bill, completely caught in the moment, waiting for his response.

BILL

I'm not proud of myself, Brad. I made a lot of mistakes, and I know I wasn't there for you, and I can't change that, but I always loved you and still do...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BILL (CONT'D)

... and if you say this is really who you are, then I believe you and accept you, and from here on in, I promise to be a real father to you.

BRAD

Talk is cheap, Pops. Prove it.

BILL

I'm here, ain't I?

Brad looks at him. Bill looks back. Everyone looks on, riveted.

BRAD

A'ight, Pops, we cool.

BILL

Much love.

They pound.

ANGLE ON GANGSTERS

getting emotional. A couple sniffle, a few wipe their eyes.

8-BALL

(sincere)

Wish I could talk to my pops like that.

DEUCE

(emotional)

No doubt. He's raising his kid.

8-BALL

(dialing his cell,
wiping tears)

I'ma call my pops right now.

TEC

Would y'all get a hold of your fool selves?! It's time to waste these punks!

The I-9s straighten up and re-aim their guns.

(CONTINUED)

BRAD

(with confidence)

Tec, before we all go out in a blaze of glory, can I say one last thing?

TEC

(sighs)

Whatchya got to say?

BRAD

Moch, kick it freestyle.

Mocha rests the musket in the crook of his arm, and does his human beat box thing as Brad begins to rap.

BRAD

'What's up with all this fightin'?
We all should be unitin'!
Y'all egos need deflatin',
Gangstas, please, quit all this
hatin'.'

TEC

Stop, please! If I hear you drop one more rhyme, I'ma hafta smoke myself.

BRAD

A'ight, cool, but all these gats got to go!

As Brad grabs the missile launcher from Hadji...

MOCHA

(moved, earnest)

Word up, B. All this hatin' is wack!

Mocha slams the butt of the musket down, and the flintlock slams forward. Everyone cringes. Nothing happens. Everyone looks at the MUSKET, then suddenly it EXPLODES and a rusty musket ball FIRES OUT, slamming Monster in the middle of her Kevlar breastplate. She flies back and slams into the wall, causing her spear gun to fire -- a SPEAR SHOOTS OUT and lands directly into Brad's left ass cheek. Brad howls and drops the MISSILE LAUNCHER...

SLOW MOTION: everyone watches it fall to the ground...

REAL TIME: it hits the floor and the MISSILE FIRES.

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED: (6)

88

Brad... Tec... Bill... and Shondra all watch in horror as the missile flies past gang members, through the kitchen door, and slams into the side of the gas oven. We hear a countdown BEEP BEEP BEEP...

TEC

Ruuuuuuunnnnn!

Everyone runs for the nearest hole in the wall.

89 EXT. TEC'S HOUSE - NIGHT

89

Bodies stream out of the house scrambling for safety when suddenly...

The HOUSE BLOWS in a huge orange FIREBALL...

DISSOLVE TO:

90 EXT. TEC'S HOUSE - NIGHT

90

We CRANE PAST emergency vehicles parked in front of smoldering remains of Tec's house, then MOVE TO Tec, who is yelling at a cop.

TEC

I know my rights, man, and these fools drove two damn cars into my house, then they blew the shit up! This all better be rebuilt before my ma comes back, or she will make you wish you were never born.

CLOSE ON a FEMALE TV REPORTER speaking TO CAMERA.

REPORTER

I have two witnesses who were at the scene of the explosion...

She turns and the CAMERA WIDENS to include Sean and PJ; their clothes are singed and still smoking.

REPORTER

Can you tell us what happened?

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: (A1)

90

PJ

It was hard core, yo. All these crazy busters was strapped to the nines, and I was like, keepin' the peace, telling the brothers to talk it out, find their common bond...

Sean steps in front of PJ, speaking directly INTO CAMERA.

SEAN

(going for the Oscar)

See, the explosion was just a metaphor for the anger we oppressed young men of color have buried deep inside our hearts... hearts turned dark --

REPORTER

(confused)

Okay, thank you, Bloodbath and Tree.

(turns TO CAMERA)

And all of this mayhem is rumored to have been caused by the mysterious White Kong, who remains at large. This is Soon Yi Baxter-Hernandez, reporting from South Central.

PJ

(speaking normally)

When's this gonna air?

SEAN

Can I get a copy of this? I need it for my reel.

She glares and they move off... We FIND Brad and Shondra by an ambulance, talking as a paramedic bandages Brad's ass.

BRAD

Aaah!!!

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

90

SHONDRA

You alright?

BRAD

I'm cool... still a little confused maybe. I'm still not exactly sure what was for real and what wasn't.

SHONDRA

Well, as far as being real, I can only vouch for two things.

She kisses him full on the lips.

BRAD

I can deal with a little more of that reality.

They kiss again, then Brad breaks it.

BRAD

Wait a minute. You said two things was real. What was the other?

Shondra smiles as we...

SLAM TO:

91 CLOSEUP ON BIG BOY

91

BIG BOY

What up, Shondra?

WIDEN TO:

INT. BIG BOY'S MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY

It's an incredibly foofy Baroque nightmare.

BRAD

Damn, you knew Big Boy the whole time?

SHONDRA

I told you we go way back.

BIG BOY

So Shondra tells me you drop rhyme.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

91

BRAD

Peep dis.

He hands over a Mali-Bootay CD.

BRAD

Once you hear my demo, you're
gonna want to give me Eminem play,
dawg!

BIG BOY

(taking the CD)

I can't wait, y'all. Peace.

Big Boy pounds Brad and they exit. Big Boy hands the CD to a British butler, who puts it in the system. Big Boy puts on the headphones and the butler hits play. Big Boy listens for a minute, then smiles.

BIG BOY

I know exactly what to do with
this.

CUT TO:

A91 OMITTED
&
92

A91
&
92

A92 EXT. BIG BOY'S BACK PATIO - DAY

A92

Big Boy stands there in his bathrobe.

BIG BOY

Pull!

Brad's CD flies into the sky like a skeet clay pigeon.
Big Boy raises a GLOCK and BLOWS it to kingdom come.

CUT TO:

93 INT. AMPHITHEATRE - IN WINGS - DAY

93

Brad and Shondra stand off to the side of a huge rally.

BRAD

Damn. Twenty thousand people, all
here to support my pops. He must
have charisma.

(CONTINUED)

SHONDRA

Like father like son.

BRAD

Shondra, girl. I just have to thank you.

SHONDRA

For what?

BRAD

You the only one who accepted me for who I really am.

(beat)

You also car jacked me, kidnapped me and tried to turn me white, but I'm gonna let that go.

They kiss, tongues and all as Bill walks up.

BILL

Hey, kids... Sorry to interrupt.

BRAD

(turning)

What up?

BILL

Well, I'm about to go on and, Brad... I want you to be part of this.

BRAD

You mean, be onstage with you?

BILL

I need you to help me get the urban vote. Introduce me.

BRAD

Dang, I'd be honored.

BILL

And, son, don't say it...

(beat)

Rap it.

BRAD

(blown away)

For real, Pops?

(CONTINUED)

BILL

For real, son, for rizzeal.

Shondra looks on proudly as MUSIC -- heavy on emotional strings, swells, driving the movie audience to feel as good as they've ever felt in a movie. Brad takes the stage.

BRAD

Hey, y'all! I'm here to introduce
you to my father, Bill Gluckman!
The big Gluck!!

A rap beat kicks in as Brad goes all out.

BRAD

We all gather here on this special
occasion.
To listen to my pops, he's your
west coast liaison.
A speech from him, dude, is like
sex with a hoochi.
It's hot and excitin', like
shoppin' at Gucci!
Asians, Jews, Mexicans, too.
Everybody's votin', yo, it's a
cultural stew.
Once he's in office you'll
experience great riches.
As a thank you for helpin', you
can get wit my bitches!
Let's get Glucked! Y'all get
Glucked!
We get Glucked!
Come on everybody put your hands
up!

Bill moves onstage and attempts to dance hip hop style.

BRAD

Immigration, education, and
runaway inflation.
It got me so stressed I need to
start masturbatin'.
California ain't flowin' like some
ol' constipation.
Vote for dad or I'll bash your
frickin' face in!
Come on everybody put your hands
up!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED: (1B)

93

BRAD (CONT'D)

And if my dad wins this election,
he'll grow on y'all like a BAD VD
INFECTIION!!

Yeeah! We all need a Gluckin'!
Let's all get Glucked! GO GLUCK
YOURSELF!!

Brad raises Bill's hand up in victory and we FREEZE.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED: (2) 93

SUPERIMPOSE: Brad did deliver the urban vote... to Bill's opponent. Bill Gluckman lost the election by a landslide.

CUT TO:

94 CLOSEUP ON FREEZE-FRAME TWO-SHOT - SEAN AND PJ 94

SUPERIMPOSE: Sean and PJ landed jobs more suitable to their talents...

We WIDEN to reveal Sean and PJ in uniform and working at:

INT. WIENIE IN A BUN - DAY

We UNFREEZE. Sean and PJ wait on a TEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL.

SEAN

Welcome to Wienie In A Bun.

PJ

How about a Double Dog?

Tom leans in, with a "Manager" nametag, whispering angrily:

TOM

Push the Mega Meal, or you punks are so fired.

FLASH TO:

95 INT. MALI-BREW - FREEZE ON MOCHA, HADJI AND MONSTER - DAY 95

sitting at their usual table, in mid-argument.

SUPERIMPOSE: Mocha, Hadji and Monster continued to do nothing whatsoever, except for order coffee and argue...

FLASH TO:

96 EXT. MANSION - CLOSE - FREEZE ON TEC - DAY 96

SUPERIMPOSE: Tec sued Bill Gluckman, and was awarded 100 thousand dollars for damage to his house, and another thirty million for emotional distress. Tec moved...

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED: 96

UNFREEZE: to reveal Tec leaving his driveway in a Bentley.

TEC
What up, neighbor?

PAN TO Bill, in his Hummer, leaving his driveway. He waves grumpily as we...

FLASH TO:

97 EXT. SHONDRA'S NAIL AND BEAUTY SALON - DAY 97

SUPERIMPOSE: While waiting for his rap career to kick in, Brad invested his trust fund into a business that made sense.

We CRANE DOWN FROM a sign that reads: "GRAND OPENING, SHONDRA'S NAIL AND BEAUTY SALON" to reveal a crowd of Malibu women gathered around Brad and Shondra as Shondra cuts a ribbon with a huge pair of scissors; the women rush inside.

BRAD (V.O.)
I helped Shondra open up her salon right here in the 'Bu.

A97 INT. SALON A97

Shondra puts the finishing touches to a woman in a chair.

BRAD (V.O.)
She styled up all the ladies in Malibu so they were stone-cold ghetto fabulous.

Shondra spins the chair to REVEAL: BEES GLUCKMAN with a crazy ghetto hairstyle. She looks like Busta Rhymes. She checks herself in the mirror.

BESS
I love it.
(alternate)
Boo-ya!

She smiles revealing a GOLD TOOTH with a DIAMOND in it.

98 INT. NEWS STUDIO - NIGHT 98

SUPERIMPOSE: FOUR MONTHS LATER...

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

98

L.A.'s own, Hal Fishman reports.

HAL FISHMAN

It's official. Bill Gluckman is California's next governor. We have a live report from the celebration at Gluckman headquarters...

PUSH IN TO the news monitor over Hal Fishman's shoulder, to...

99 INT. GLUCKMAN CELEBRATION - NIGHT

99

CHEERS, as Bill takes the mic (As he speaks, we SLOWLY PULL BACK, gradually revealing the people next to him on stage).

BILL

This is a monumental day for our glorious state and there are several people I need to thank here tonight...

(beat)

There's the International Brotherhood of Police Officers...

APPLAUSE, as POLICE OFFICERS salute Bill.

BILL

The Southern California Rotary Club...

A table full of well-dressed PROFESSIONALS wave politely.

BILL

And our friends at the Environmental Defense Fund...

A group of granola-type ENVIRONMENTALISTS smile.

Brad CLEARS HIS THROAT, causing Bill to look at him. Brad gives Bill a "reminder" nod...

BILL

Oh, and of course...

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: We're actually in the PROUD BIRD...

BILL

(matter of factly)
... all the Bitches and Ho's...

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

99

A pod of SKANKY WOMEN snap their fingers in Bill's direction.

BILL
The Pimps... The Hoodrats...

The lavishly-dressed PIMPS raise their canes to Bill.

BILL
The Association of Korean Grocers.

An ASIAN FAMILY give Bill the "thumbs-up."

BILL
The Playas. The Ballers. The
Shot Callers. And a special shout
out to the I-9's.

ANGLE ON TEC

and his gang. They wear dark suits and do rags.

BILL
And... The Women's Organization of
California.

A table full of prim ELDERLY LADIES golf-clap and smile.

BILL
And most of all, I'd like to thank
my campaign advisor on urban
affairs, and my son, B-rad G.

APPLAUSE as Brad grabs the mic at the podium.

BRAD
West Coast Reprazzizin'!

Bill and Brad hug.

HIP HOP MUSIC KICKS IN and the entire Ballroom turns into one huge dance party. Bill raises the roof as he meanders into the celebrating crowd. People of all different races and backgrounds dance together, all having a blast...

Hadji grinds on an ELDERLY CONSTITUENT's ass... she's into it.

HADJI
I'm totally taxing your ass.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED: (2)

99

Bess compares her diamond ring to Tec's Bling-Bling.

BESS

You get that from Tiffany?

TEC

I think that was the Bitches' name, yeah...

They continue to marvel at each other's decorative accessories...

ANGLE ON ELSEWHERE IN THE PARTY

We see Sean and PJ are caterers, wearing "Wiener on a Bun" outfits/hats and circulating among the guests.

They approach a well-to-do PARTYGOER.

PJ

Would you care for a wiener?
Courtesy of Wiener on a Bun.

SEAN

Or perhaps I can interest you in a head shot? I'm trained in jazz dance, tap, and I can do a Southern accent.

Tom enters wearing a "Wiener on a Bun" manager's outfit.

TOM

Idiots. What did I tell you about bothering the guests? Now move it, those wieners aren't serving themselves.

He pushes them out of there.

BRAD (O.S.)

Yo, yo, yo...

Everyone turns to see Brad still at the podium. Confusion...

BRAD

Last time I was here, y'all threw my ass out. But now that I haves yo attention, I gots somethin' I gotta say... And I have to do it the only way I know how... Kick it, Moch.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED: (3)

99

TEETH RATTLING BASS THUNDERS, as Brad pulls the mic out of the stand and begins prowling around the stage.
(NOTE: Rap can be shortened.)

SLOW MOTION: Panic, as everyone realizes Brad is about to rap...

BRAD

I wrote this one just for you,
Dad.

(starts to rap)

Yeah, yeah. Oh yeah. Yeah,
yeah... Yeah...

(stops)

I'm sorry, I lost my place again.

(remembers)

Oh, here we go...

Election, erection,

I got an infection.

My pops, he won,

Defying all the pre-dections...

Sean and PJ (waiters) drop their serving trays; Tec and the I-9's dive for Brad at the podium; Shondra screams, "NOOOOOO"...

Brad is grabbed and thrown off the stage by the I-9's and is projected out over the audience, where we...

FREEZE ON: Brad's terrified face.

BRAD (V.O.)

(cocky as ever)

What can I say, ain't nothing but
a thang...

UNFREEZE and Brad falls to the ground.

100 EXT. COP CAR

100

HAL FISHMAN (V.O.)

After months of searching the Southland for notorious criminal White Kong, the LAPD has finally made an arrest. The suspect, a black man, was caught earlier today...

Footage of a BLACK MAN being put in a squad car.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

100

TOM GIBBONS

'White Kong'? Damn! I'm not even
white.

COP

That's what they all say.

(alternate:)

Shut up, White Kong.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END