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Street Cred

A Thesis submitted in partial satisfaction of the requirements for the degree of

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in

Creative Writing and Writing for the Performing Arts

by

Eric Montgomery

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FADE IN:

EXT. LOS ANGELES, CA--DAY


TITLE CARD: DAY DREAM RECORDS PRESENTS...A DOUBLE D PRODUCTION.

INT. DARREN'S ROOM-MORNING

A desktop PC. A nice television. A closet full of clothes and shoes. DARREN 22, African American Male is asleep in a modest bed. His room is decorated with Hip Hop themed posters and memorabilia.

An alarm clock buzzes. Darren's P.O.V. he reads the alarm "5:55 A.M." he hits it and gets up and sees himself in the mirror that is framed by several "Past Due" Student Loans and credit card bills. There's a picture on his desk of him and his CREW. Some of them have been marked with an"X". Darren opens his wallet and a moth flies out of it. He spots his "University Of Los Angeles" degree framed on the wall. He exhales.

Darren turns to us.

DARREN

Damn.


MUSIC VIDEO SEQUENCE:

A booming-bass riddled Hip Hop beat. We follow Darren as he gets up and gets ready for work. He washes his face. Brushes his teeth. Flips through his closet to find an outfit and a pair of shoes.

DARREN

(rapping)

Wake up. Wake up. Wake up. Wake up. Wake up.(whispering)...Wake up. Forget the yawnin'. Refresh the freshest...It's a new morning. Yeah....And today is a new day. A Past Due bills DAY(Darren takes one of the bills and rips it in half)...Hey...All I had to do was
PAY...The interest...It would've been in my best interest. But I insisted...in being addicted...To retail...I put that on my Macy's card...Cover the rest with the Discover...Or my in-secured Master-CARD(Darren shuffles through his various credit cards)...Graduated with a degree in declined...Well defined...I'm well inclined...To be the best dressed in the unemployment line...internalized inhibitions of capitalistic black fashion tradition...Put me in a position of permanent middle class living...Damn.

Darren, now fully dressed in preppy gear reserved for a GAP commercial examines his appearance in the mirror and gives the point and wink to himself.

CHORUS(O.S.)
(rapping)
Can you say...Damn. DAMN! Everything I never wanted is everything I am. Everybody say Damn. DAMN! If you thought life would be this bad. DAMN.

Darren skips to the door and grabs a messenger bag as he heads out into-

INT. DARREN'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM-CONTINUOUS

Wood flooring. Family pictures. A model home. Clean and neat. Almost looks as if it's been untouched. Darren head for the front door and glances at a family picture. He kisses his fingers and places them over the photo of his MOTHER. He exits out the front door.

CHORUS(O.S.)
(rapping)
Damn. It can't be this bad. I graduated at the top of my class...Got DAMN! Everybody say DAMN! If you thought life would be this bad...You lying...so just say DAMN.

EXT. DARREN'S HOUSE DRIVEWAY-MORNING

A modest SUV is parked in the driveway. Darren jumps into the passenger side of the SUV. It pulls out into the street and drives out of the gates of the community.

INT. MICHAEL'S SUV-DAY

Darren's father MICHAEL 47, bald headed African American working class stiff, gives Darren a fist pound. Darren turns back to us.

Title Card: DAD. An Old School Player. Work Ethic Unlimited. Great Dad! Rating: N/A

DARREN
(rapping)
Damn. This is my Dad. 30 years grave yard shift. 30 years all bad. Gave it all that he had. Even brought his lunch in a bag. So I could have the new Louis bag...Damn. Ain't been the same since my mama passed...Rest in Peace...I'm still sad...Single fathers never get a pass. All he got was laughs. Damn. I just wasted his hard earned cash. On a degree in You Bet Yo' Ass...Damn.

Michael turns down the stereo which turns down Darren, who turns his attention to Michael and gives him a "why did you turn me down" gesture.

MICHAEL
Experience son...Experience is the most traded commodity in the world...people pay you for what you know.

Darren nods his head in agreement.
Michael refocuses his attention on the road.

DARREN
Well I must not know nothing.

Darren turns the stereo back up and turns to us with sarcasm.

DARREN
(rapping)
Four years of school...What did I learn...Communications, Marketing, Business...What did I learn...Four years...four years...Four years...what did I burn...Now I gotta wait my turn...Career day...Career day...no careers...no cheers...No more financial aid...How imma' get paid...Fuck the gov'ment...I'm not a lottery pick...no NBA...At least you got a B.A. Hey...Fuck David Stern...Counselor said Mr. Collins you can be an intern...An intern? Yeah an intern?

CHORUS(O.S.)
(rapping)
Can you say...Damn. DAMN! Everything I never wanted is everything I am. Everybody say Damn. DAMN! If you thought life would be this bad...You lying...so just say DAMN.

DARREN(V.O.)
Damn.

Darren turns away to stare at the traffic on the freeway.
EXT. HOLLYWOOD FREEWAY-MORNING

The SUV seems to be swallowed by the traffic. We pull back and see the massive traffic jam heading south towards Hollywood.

END OF MUSIC VIDEO

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD, CA--DAY

A tricked out 64' Impala cruises down Sunset boulevard. Spinning chrome rims, shiny paint, clean and "N.W.A.s Straight Outta Compton" rattling the windows.

Darren, from the SUV looks over at the Impala.

The window of the Impala rolls down. The driver of the Impala is revealed to be a White Male, 22. He wears dark shades and has a shop tan. He's resiting all the lyrics to "Straight Outta Compton" He peeks over at Darren, who is now staring a hole in his shades. White Male is careful not to say the "N" word.

White Male rolls up his window and Darren rolls his eyes.

TITLE CARD: WHITE BOY BRO. Probably listens to too much Eminem. Rating: -1 Mics.

Darren shakes his head disapprovingly.

The SUV stops in front of SNIPER LIFE RECORDS, a music company office building on Sunset Blvd. Darren gives Michael a fist pound.

MICHAEL
You'll own this building one day...kid.

Darren shakes his head dismissively. He steps out towards the building and looks up at what seems to be a skyscraper.
DARREN (V.O.)
The Building...

TITLE CARD: Building: 1. Something that is built, as for human habitation; a structure. 2. The act, process, art, or occupation of construction.

TITLE CARD: Hip Hop definition: 1. To make one's presence known. 2. The transference of knowledge or information.

DARREN (V.O.)
I'm about to be in the building...at least that's what I was thinking.

Darren grabs his messenger bag and exits the SUV and is accosted by a swarm of WANNA BE RAPPERS hustling to get their demo tapes inside the building.

Darren takes all The Wanna Be Rappers demos.

WANNA BE RAPPER 1
Yo intern! I'm a killa. Ain't nobody realer. I'm a drug dealer. A rap spiller.

TITLE CARD: Wanna Be Rapper 1. Cat in the Hat Emcee. Rating: 1 mic

WANNA BE RAPPER 2
I'm the nicest. I'm dope like cocaine. Clinically insane to your brain. I push weight. Turn a seven to an eight. Smoke an emcee like a dime.

TITLE CARD: Wanna Be Rapper 2. Un-original Drug References. Rating: 1.5 mics.

WANNA BE RAPPER 3
Take my demo son...shit is hot like cheese grits in the morning yo! I'm the best thing since sliced cheese.

DARREN (V.O.)
Damn.

Darren makes his way through the gauntlet of rappers to the door where there is a key pad. He looks over his shoulder to make sure they aren't looking and quickly enters the code. He opens the door quickly and slides in, closing the door just as quick.

The same beat from the opening plays and the Wanna Be Rappers continue trying to peddle their demos to PASSERBYERS. The song from earlier begins to play prompting the Wanna Be Rappers to break into the chorus.

WANNA BE RAPPERS
(rapping)
Can you say...Damn. DAMN! Everything I never wanted is everything I am. Everybody say Damn. DAMN! If you thought life would be this bad...You lying...so just say DAMN.

INT. SNIPER LIFE RECORDS LOBBY-DAY

The inside of the building is adorned with platinum record plaques, Grammys and other various awards. There is an elevator at the far end of the lobby, which has posters of all the artists signed to the label. Darren tosses the Wanna Be Rappers demos in a waste basket.

DARREN(V.O.)
Sniper Life Records is the the number one rap label in the world...and I was working there...well sort of.

Darren is greeted with a hand wave by TEENA, 30, African American, outfitted in a skimpy black mini dress.

DARREN(V.O.)
Teena...Yeah remember she was Eye Candy of the Month XXL magazine like ten times in a row.

CUT TO:

Teena posing for a magazine photo in a bikini.

TITLE CARD: Eye Candy. Former Video Vixen. Rating: XXL+

INT. SNIPER LIFE RECORDS-DAY

DARREN(V.O.)
But she just gets on my nerves...like an older sister that moved back in.

Teena talks loudly on a phone. She pretends to be oblivious to Darren but it's obvious she knows he's there. She notices something or someone behind Darren. Darren rummages through his messenger bag and then panics.

DARREN
Teena. Teena!

Darren turns to see what has caught Teena's attention. It's Michael in his County of Los Angeles blue uniform complete with trucker hat. Darren puts his head down in shame, he rubs his eyes a few times as if he has a migraine.

MICHAEL
Hey kid you forgot this...

Michael hands Darren a CD. Darren reacts with a sigh of relief.

DARREN
Dad you're a life saver.

Michael nods to Darren and the leans over the desk to Teena, he knocks over a few things and clumsily puts them back.

MICHAEL
...Hi there beautiful...It's a lovely day but nothing compared to your lovely ass...I mean lovely-ness.

TEENA
Hello. Mr. Collins.

MICHAEL
Call me Michael.

DARREN (V.O.)
Yes, my father's name is Michael Collins...but don't expect him to start a revolution...

CUT TO:
Michael is at a bar on St. Patrick's Day holding up a huge mug of green beer and laughing with a GROUP OF FRIENDS. He has a huge smile on his face.

DARREN (V.O.)
In fact the only thing my dad shares with that Irish dude is fondness for St. Patrick's Day.

CUT TO:

INT. SNIPER LIFE RECORDS LOBBY-DAY

Michael has the same huge smile on his face.

MICHAEL
I'm just being a good single father...Raising him to fear god and such.

TEENA
That's nice.

MICHAEL
So...do you come here often? I mean how long have you been working here? Do you like it...How do you feel about older men...Will you go out with me?

TEENA
Mr. Collins I'm sure you're a nice...man but I don't date employees...or family members of employees.

MICHAEL
Well...technically Darren isn't really an employee...(whispering) He's just an intern.

Darren is now visibly angered by Michael's intrusion.

DARREN
You're going to be late dad...please...you leave now...you have a job to go to...That doesn't pay in experience.

Michael heads outside. Teena pretends to do busy work. Without looking, Teena hands Darren a clipboard. Darren snatches it.
Teena
Intern.

Darren
Receptionist.

Teena gives Darren a scowl turning it into a classic "Western" stare down. Darren breaks the stare off by sticking his tongue out at her. Teena laughs and smiles brightly.

Teena
Fix your shirt...Intern.

Darren
Thank you. Big day Teena...Big day...can't you smell my swag?

Teena
That's what that is?

Darren signs the clipboard and tosses it on the counter. He smiles half heartedly and adjust his shirt and sniffs his pits. He about to enter the elevator when--

G-Dogg, 30 African American male, long pressed out hair Prince dressed in gangsta clothes, dark shades, bling, dickies, white tee, and chucks steps into the lobby with his entourage, a dozen or so gang members.


Darren (V.O.)
G-Dogg...the G stands for...well let's just say he doesn't shy away from the down low rumors.

G-Dogg approaches Darren and his Entourage. He flips his hair and smiles.

G-Dogg
What's...up...Intern?

Darren tries to avoid eye contact with G-Dogg. G-Dogg extends his hand and exchanges a fist pound with Darren.

Darren
I'm cool.

G-DOGG
You still not trippin' about the other day?

DARREN (V.O.)
Not trippin?

Flashback:

INT. SNIPER LIFE RECORDS OFFICE

Darren is delivering mail in the office.

TITLE CARD: Last Week

He trolling through the hall when he notices one of the doors slightly open. Darren peaks inside and G-Dogg is making out with an UNKNOWN MALE. G-Dogg sees Darren and gestures him inside. Darren makes a b-line down the hall

END OF FLASHBACK:

INT. SNIPER LIFE RECORDS LOBBY-DAY

G-Dogg puts his arm around Darren and holds him closer than he is comfortable with. The Entourage laughs.

G-DOGG
We...gotta look out for each other...you know...homie love.(singing)Homie love...ain't nothing like the love a thug got for a thug.


G-DOGG
That's why I like you intern...you so fresh...(G-Dogg sniffs Darren's neck)and so clean, clean.

G-Dogg let's Darren go and gets in the elevator followed by his Entourage and gestures Darren to join them.
DARREN
I'll get the next one.

G-DOGG
Me too.

G-Dogg winks at Darren and the elevator door closes.

DARREN (V.O.)
I know it's an oxymoron...A Gay Gangsta Rapper...but I guess being shot nine times is hard no matter what floats your boat.

TEENA
You're not his type.

DARREN
What's his deal?

TEENA
He likes you.

DARREN
That's not helping.

TEENA
He thinks you're a good kid...he's testing you.

DARREN
Why do I feel like I brought a pen to a test?

The elevators opens and is empty. Darren walks inside and the doors close.

The door opens and from Darren's P.O.V. he sees the SNIPER LIFE STAFF, several men and women dressed in Hip Hop attire sitting at a huge table engaged in a meaningless conversation with G-Dogg and his Entourage. At the head of the table is SLINKY MCCALL, 40, African American.

VANCE, 30 Caucasian Male a young Jerry Maguire is sitting near the elevator and sits up to greet Darren.

TITLE CARD: Vance, Caucasian Male. Sniper Life A and R. Suburban Hip Hop fan. Knows all the words to Juicy. Rating: 2.5 mics

Vance gestures Darren in.

VANCE
Here he is.

DARREN(V.O.) Vance...you know how every person that's made it has that one person that believed in them...That's not Vance.

VANCE
(whispering) You're late. Sit down.

Darren opens his messenger bag and takes out CD and hands the it Vance, who treats the CD like a recovered treasure. Darren takes his seat at the table.

INT. SNIPER LIFE RECORDS OFFICE-MOMENTS LATER.

Vance, with remote in hand is standing in front of a monitor that displays a "MySpace" music page. The info picture is blank. The name reads, "D" and the location "Compton". The number of followers, "100,000". The number of downloads, "100,457"

VANCE
This...This the future of Sniper Life.

Slinky gives Vance a "what the hell" stare. G-Dogg chuckles a bit.

G-DOGG
My-Space? Come on Vance baby...that's so 2000.

VANCE
There's potential--

SLINKY MCCALL
I don't do potential.
VANCE
This is the future of Hip Hop...This is D.

SLINKY MCCALL
D?

STAFF MEMBER 1
Says he robbed a bank to pay for his recording session.

STAFF MEMBER 2
He's rumored to be Dr. Dre's long lost son.

G-DOGG
Yo...he got shot five times? That's gangsta pimpin'.

SLINKY MCCALL
Word?

Vance presses another button and a bass riddled track blares out in the office. The staff all nods their heads to the infectious beat.

Note: The voice is slightly altered.

D(ON SONG)

(rapping)
Double D.Double the G...You looking for trouble cuz...You looking for me. A Y.G. In these streets trying get paid. Between the sheets with yo bitch tryin' get laid...Yeah... I back stroke her...I'm Certified...A chronic weed smoker...I'm Bonafide...Check the hustle. Skinny gangsta. Iron muscle. Big heaters. My goons in khakis and wife beaters. We all fiends. We all cheaters. No testing. Skip school to break rules. No lesson. Bullets crackle like Wesson...The life is greasy. R.I.P. to Eazy.

Slinky's eyes light up and G-Dogg is "feeling" it.

SLINKY MCCALL
Sign him.
I co-sign that.

Everyone turns to Darren.

VANCE
Where's D?

DARREN
I haven't seen him since he gave me the mix-tape...I mean he could've gotten arrested...or died...He's gone...(whispering)or was abducted by the Homeboy's in Outer Space.

VANCE
What's going on Intern?

Vance turns to Darren. Slinky turns to Vance.

SLINKY MCCALL
You come here with a CD...A CD...that anyone could've brought...and now--

VANCE
Darren...is going to bring him here...right?

DARREN
I mean...yes...I mean--

SLINKY MCCALL
Interns.

Slinky turns his attention back to Vance.

SLINKY MCCALL
You're wasting my money Vance.

Vance begins to shrink with shame.

VANCE
Give me a week.

SLINKY MCCALL
A week?
G-Dogg is joined by NUGGET, 35 his manager, dark shades, velour jumpsuit, gold front, gaudy chains and REPO, 22 G-Dogg's protege.

DARREN (V.O.)
Nugget...Dame Dash with more flash and a lot more cash.

NUGGET
What up?

TITLE CARD: Nugget: Smarter than he looks, an excellent business man in gangsta clothes. Rating: 5 Dollar Signs

G-DOGG
You know!

Nugget proceeds to give fist pounds to everyone in the room. Vance rolls his eyes and tries to recapture the attention in the room. G-Dogg catches his reflection in the window and fixes his hair.

VANCE
As I was saying--

NUGGET
You ain't sayin' nothin' playboy...I got the next multi-platinum artist right here. This is Repo.

REPO
'Sup.

DARREN (V.O.)
Repo...He was a ready made artist...from the streets...with the look...and the swag.

Title Card: REPO: Unsigned Hype. Street Cat. Rating: 3 Mics and rising.

G-DOGG
Why they call you Repo?

REPO
Cause I'm taking what's mine's in the game...ya heard?
SLINKY MCCALL
You have one minute.

NUGGET
Spit that shit Repo.

DARREN (V.O.)
And he was like--

REPO
(rapping)

DARREN (V.O.)
And I was sitting there thinking...this dude is cool...but anything you can do--

Darren jumps out of his seat and rushes towards Repo. The room watches in shock fearing the worse.

DARREN
(rapping)
He's not real. I'll nail son like Jamil...I'm Magic. This dude is Green...A.C. Basically coming off the bench to rest me. I'm testy. He's testicle. I'm the best b. He's vegetable. I'm impeccable. He's just pecking you. I won't step to you. Because I leap. Flow oceanic. Due to the fact I'm deep. You can't fathom the depths...Of the black thoughts of death. So take an extended breath!

DARREN (V.O.)
I can do better.

The room is divided, literally with half of the room behind Darren and half behind Repo. Slinky sits in the middle flanked by Nugget and Vance. An uncomfortable silence. G-Dogg screams with excitement and gestures them to continue.

DARREN (V.O.)
It was on!
Slinkys nods his head in agreement. Repo gathers himself and looks at Nugget who nods at him to continue.

REPO (rapping)
I'm looking for the kill like a homicide detective...I'm reckless...Check this. I got your bitch buck naked. I take it. Break it. Even if she fake it. I make her shake it. Call the bitch smoothie. Repo spit fire like an Uzi--

DARREN (rapping)
Here's a lyrical doozie. Your little Uzi...doesn't move me. My flow is Vietnam. Hiding in bushes. Waiting for Vietcong. A legacy in my palm. Marcus Garvey...Black star...navigating space kites. For the era of civil rights...I write. You not bright...I'm one million watts...He's a night light...I'm the sun...He's a lit match...I'm the one...He's a bad batch...And it's a sad fact...That an intern could murder a street cat on a rap track.

Everyone in the room begins clapping except for Slinky. Nugget stops clapping when he sees Repo's defeated face. A few of the Staff Members give Darren high fives and praise. Darren proudly takes his seat and Repo retreats back to Nugget.

G-DOGG
Yo Intern just did the damn thing! I need to tweet this!

G-Dogg holds out his hand and one of his Entourage places a smartphone in it. Slinky clears his throat and stares at G-Dogg.

G-DOGG
I'm just sayin'.

DARREN (V.O.)
End of the story right? I just served the hottest rapper in the streets...I was expected Slinky to be like--

SLINKY MCCALL
Sign him right now!
Slinky pulls out a contract for Darren.

DARREN (V.O.)
I was just an intern.

The contract disappears and Slinky is staring angrily at Darren. Slinky turns his attention back to Nugget.

NUGGET
Repo is the hottest thing in the streets right now...He has the most downloads on Bandcamp...and a crazy internet following...blog sites...social networks...

VANCE
Repo? Just got served by an intern...An intern! Besides D--

NUGGET
D? Is that a My Space page? Come on White boy...nobody uses My Space anymore.

G-DOGG
I already said that G...but D got as many downloads as yo' boy.

VANCE
who just got served by an intern!

SLINKY MCCALL
Sign him.
Darren grins, he knows he's in.

DARREN (V.O.)
Was it really about to happen?

NUGGET
The intern?

SLINKY MCCALL
No fool...Repo. Sign Repo...have Teena prepare the contract.
Repo and Nugget exchange fist pounds. Darren almost falls out of his chair when the news slaps him in the face. G-Dogg consoles him.

G-DOGG

Don't trip intern grip...everybody's not built for this.

DARREN(V.O.)
This was supposed to be my moment...What the hell just happened?

CUT TO:
A illustrated diagram of a Hip Hop rap battle. Two generic emcees facing off. One is victorious and the other loses. The loser faces the scrutiny of peers. The winner receives praise and is signed to a record deal.

DARREN(V.O.)
According to the Hip Hop Code this should've been my win but the rules got changed.

END OF DIAGRAM SEQUENCE:

SLINKY MCCALL
You didn't have the intuition to bring the intern in as a ghost writer?

VANCE
He's an intern! And--

SLINKY MCCALL
We don't sign interns, right? But this is a music company and we need music to make it go.

VANCE
But--

SLINKY MCCALL
I pay you to find talent and here you have talent right under your nose and you didn't think to inhale.

VANCE
But--
G-DOGG
On my hood...I bet Intern can do a better job than the white boy.

Darren smiles nervously. G-Dogg pats him on the back.

G-DOGG
I told you intern...I got yo' back.

VANCE
Aren't we getting ahead of ourselves? I mean the kid didn't bring D in...he may have discovered him but a real A and R delivers.

NUGGET
Just like you, right? Who's the last artist you signed that wasn't named G-Dogg?

Vance stands silently.

NUGGET
Exactly.

VANCE
I bet I can find D and get him to sign with us...before you can.

NUGGET
Okay White Boy...put your money where your mouth is.

G-DOGG
Check this out playas...I got 10 thousand that Intern can find D before either one of you marks.

G-Dogg throws a wad of cash on the table.

NUGGET
I'll take that bet.

Nugget throws down a wad of cash confidently. Repo and Darren are amazed at the display of financial flaunting.

NUGGET
Easy money...White Boy?
Vance searches his suit jacket and pulls out a checkbook. He slams it on the table and begins scratching out a check. G-Dogg stops him.

G-DOGG
What you doing?

VANCE
Putting my money on the table.

G-DOGG
Is that a check? Hell no!

Vance takes the watch off his wrist and throws it on the table.

VANCE
Cartier...limited edition.

Slinky clears his throat and everyone turns to him.

SLINKY MCCALL
Game on.

Slinky drops a wad of cash on the table.

NUGGET
We all got money...that ain't enough--

SLINKY MCCALL
More money...is always better than money.

G-DOGG
True that...it's like cigarettes in the hole...you can only smoke one at a time but you'd rather have a whole pack.

VANCE
So what's the whole pack?

SLINKY MCCALL
If the intern finds D and signs him, I'll make the kid my new A and R.

Darren grins slightly.

DARREN
Not necessarily what I wanted...but hey...

NUGGET
Okay but what about us?

SLINKY MCCALL
If one of ya'll find D and sign him, I'll make you my VP.

G-DOGG
And what about the money?

SLINKY MCCALL
Use it to buy mo' cigarettes..

NUGGET
So winner takes all...even the Intern?

Nugget gives Repo a celebratory fist pound.

SLINKY MCCALL
Yes. And to make it fair...I'm giving Devin...The Advance...wouldn't be right to let a
Porsche race against a skateboard.

DARREN (V.O.)
I'm not a mathematician but according to my...carry the one...add the two...That's 40
thousand dollars...say goodbye to those Student Loans!

SLINKY MCCALL
You have until Saturday afternoon.

DARREN (V.O.)
The end of the week? Damn.

Vance, Nugget, and Repo exit the office quickly. Darren sits at the table still trying to
register what has happened.
G-DOGG
Intern. I think you need kick rocks.

DARREN
Oh...Okay...

SLINKY MCCALL
Devin go see Teena on the way out.

DARREN
It's Darren.

SLINKY MCCALL
Whatever...get out before I change my mind.

Slinky points at the elevator. Darren shoves his lap top in his bag and hurries out the room into the elevator.

INT. SNIPER LIFE RECORDS LOBBY-MOMENTS LATER

Teena hangs up the phone and begins sifting through paperwork at her counter. Darren enters and leans over the counter watching her intensely.

TEENA
What do you want Intern?

DARREN
The advance.

Teena's face is splashed with concern but quickly dries.

DARREN
How much?

TEENA
Ten thousand.

DARREN(V.O.)
...I was about to default on another student loan...and this advance was enough to keep those phone calls from coming.

DARREN
Just give me that cash before he realizes he's given fire to a mortal.

TEENA
I suggest you don't touch a penny of this money.

DARREN
It's an advance.

TEENA
Yes...as in advance yourself into the line of people that owe Slinky.

CUT TO:

A long line of RAP ARTISTS, VIDEO VIXENS, KIDS, OLD PEOPLE, POLICE, and other VARIOUS PEOPLE is wrapped around the Sniper Life Building.

DARREN
It's not my fault that you've ...advanced...past the age of eye candy...what are you like taffy?

Darren does a goofy pose and puckers his lips out.

TEENA
Real funny intern.

Teena takes a small envelope and hands it to Darren. Darren takes it reluctantly. Teena shoots him a "big sister" look. Darren begins to leave but Teena grabs him by the arm.

TEENA
Seriously...don't spend any of this money.

TITLE CARD: Slinky's Advance $10,000

BOBBY, 25 African American male dressed in Scrubs, a portly energetic ball of diva-licious exits the elevator, he's upset and nearly in tears. Inside the elevator is G-Dogg who smiles at Darren as the door closes. Bobby hurries outside.
TEENA
What was that about?

DARREN
I honestly don't know.

EXT. LOS ANGELES, CA--LATER THAT DAY

Darren stands outside waiting patiently for Michael to return. Darren is engulfed by the gauntlet of wanna-be rappers again. He's trapped in a swarm of hands and demos.

WANNA BE RAPPER 1
Yo! What he say? We on?

WANNA BE RAPPER 2
Did you get at him?

Darren ignores them, trapped in his own thoughts.

DARREN(V.O.)
I wanted to just take one of these bozos to Slinky and say, "Yo! Here's your D"...and that's when it hit me.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPTON CALIFORNIA AUNT JANIS' HOUSE

A modest home in a Compton Neighborhood.

Outside on the porch of the house is DINO, 25 skinny and lanky think Snoop Dogg. DEVON, 24 thugged out but civilized. DERRICK, 18 a Linebacker, big and burly physical specimen. All of them are dressed in black and staring out at us as if taking a photograph. Darren joins them and takes his position.

DARREN (V.O.)
I already have a D.

CUT TO:
EXT. SNIPER LIFE RECORDS OFFICE-DAY

Michael's SUV pulls up and Darren nods his head to the Wanna Be Rappers. He opens the door and gets in. The beat from the opening plays again as Darren stares out at the Wanna Be Rappers.

WANNA BE RAPPER 2
Damn intern!

WANNA BE RAPPERS
(rapping)
Damn. This wasn't part of the plan. Everything I got. Is everything I am. Say Damn! This wasn't the path I thought I'd have. But Imma' make due with an advance. Damn.

INT. MICHAEL'S SUV-LATE AFTERNOON

Michael notices that Darren is more upbeat than usual.

MICHAEL
You haven't complained once...Vance didn't make you lick a thousand envelopes? Or run across Sunset to get him a mocha latte and then ask you to go back for Sugar?

DARREN
Nope.

MICHAEL
Did Teena finally agree to go out with me?

DARREN
Dad?

Darren gives Michael a "really" look.

MICHAEL
I don't know why you cock blocking...I have needs.

DARREN
You need...to not talk like that around me...You need to stop taking slang lessons from Al.

MICHAEL
Your mother's been gone for three years...and I think she would want me to be happy...besides...Al is a good kid...he works hard.

DARREN
Al is a janitor.

Michael is slightly embarrassed and partly angry.

DARREN
Not that anything is wrong with that...but I'm not Al...

MICHAEL
You're right...Al at least gets a check every two weeks...You really should think about working with me Darren...we can be like the Griffey's of City Maintenance.

DARREN
I'll think about it.(sarcastically)

Michael smiles and feels as if he's turned the tide.

DARREN
I need a ride to Aunt Janis'.

MICHAEL
When?

DARREN
Like now...I'm going to pick the Hooptie up tomorrow--

MICHAEL
Right?

Darren smiles, takes out the advance and displays it to Michael. Michael jerks the steering wheel nearly crashing.

MICHAEL
Darren what is that?
Ten thousand dollars.

MICHAEL
I can see that...who...what did you do?

DARREN
It's an advance...and it's only the beginning!

MICHAEL
I can't believe this.

DARREN
All I have to do is find this kid for Slinky.

MICHAEL
That's great...but I'm going to need two hundred.

DARREN
Two hundred what?

MICHAEL
Dollars that's what! I don't have a gas tank built in my ass. It's the least you can do for bumming from me for 22 years.

TITLE CARD: Slinky's Advance: $10,000.

Darren splits the two hundred from the rest of the cash.

TITLE CARD: Slinky's Advance: $9,800

EXT. LOS ANGELES, CA--LATER THAT DAY

The SUV weaves in and out of traffic on the 110 fwy heading south. Downtown Los Angeles to South Central and onto the 91 east. The SUV exits Wilmington Blvd.

EXT. COMPTON, CA- EVENING CONTINUOUS

Welcome to the city of Compton. A post-industrial small metropolis in the heart of Los Angeles County.
DARREN (V.O.)
The City of Compton...it's everything you heard...all the stuff you've seen...and more than just gangbanging, and drive bys...it's home.

TITLE CARD: THE CPT. Home to NWA music, Platinum Bird Chicken, Gang Banging culture, Family. Rating: 5 mics

INT. MICHAEL'S SUV-EVENING

Michael nudges Darren who has fallen asleep. Darren wakes up and sees the "Welcome to the City Of Compton" sign.

DARREN(V.O.)
The City of Compton...Hub City...in the middle of the riddle.

CUT TO:

A map of Southern California. Compton is in the middle of the five major freeways that run through Southern California. A red arrow points to Compton.

END OF MAP SEQUENCE.

EXT. COMPTON, CA- EVENING

Dilapidated industrial buildings covered with graffiti, TRANSIENTS pushing baskets, Low riders, Muscle Cars, Old Cars building up traffic. SHERIFF PATROL CARS. Distant sirens.

Darren(V.O.)
I took a lot from this city...but I gave a lot too...Compton is a special place...my home away from home.

EXT. COMPTON CALIFORNIA AUNT JANIS' HOUSE-NIGHT

Michael's SUV pulls up to Aunt Janis' House, a modest single story home on fairly quiet street.

Outside on the porch is Dino, Devon and Derrick. Devon notices the SUV and quickly puts out the joint he was smoking.
DARREN (V.O.)
My Aunt Janis' House is Compton...and everything I know about Compton...The
difference between bloods and crips and cholos...The street names in Fruit Town...to who
Jerry was and why he had a curl.

EXT. COMPTON CALIFORNIA AUNT JANIS' HOUSE-CONTINUOUS
Darren exits the SUV and Dino, Derrick and Devon exchange hand shakes and fist
pounds with him.

DARREN(V.O.)
Slinky wants a D? I got three D's!


TITLE CARD: DERRICK. The Muscle. Junior College Football Stud. 4.0 mics.

TITLE CARD: DEVON. The Cousin. Big Heart not so smart. A short fuse. Rating 2.0
mics

Michael approaches the group and they part like the red sea. He stares down Dino and
pats Devon on the head stiffly.

MICHAEL
Devon...you'll never get a job if you keep smoking.

Devon searches for clues as to how Michael knows.

MICHAEL
I wasn't always an L seven kid...where's your mama?

DEVON
Sleep.

MICHAEL
Figures...ya'll keeping up with the bills.

DEVON
I mop floors Uncle Mike.
MICHAEL
You get clean and come take that test...you can work with me.

Michael begins to make his way through the front door, he turns to the guys.

MICHAEL
Respect my mama's house.

Michael enters the house. The Crew dismisses him and continues to hang.

DINO
Valley View? Why is your dad always trying to recruit us to be janitors?

DARREN
He doesn't believe in shortcuts.

DEVON
I actually would do it but...I got a substance control problem--

DARREN
That's not your only problem...anyways something wonderful happened today.

DINO
"Something wonderful"(mockingly)...Who are you? Mary Poppins...damn...Hold up...Did my sister realize you were a weenie and break up with you?

DARREN
No...I'm not a weenie...Dudes...Check this out.

Darren takes out the envelope of cash and spreads the bills out to floss.

DINO
Cha-Ching.

DARREN
Yup.

DINO
That's enough for us to pay off Bee.
DARREN(V.O.)
Bee...That's not a woman you wanna owe.

FLASHBACK:

INT. COMPTON ALAMEDA INDUSTRIAL BUILDING-NIGHT

A dark massive building. A single bright hanging lamp illuminates a white table. Two large GOONS dressed in white suits frame the table. BEE a sultry and sexy African American woman, 25 dressed in a black mini dress sits at the table counting black beads and stringing them together meticulously.

CUT TO:

A NON DE-SCRIPT STREET HUSTLER is tied to a chair. The sound of beads rubbing together. He's frozen with fear. Beads wrap tightly around his neck choking him. Bee is the culprit.


INT. COMPTON ALAMEDA INDUSTRIAL BUILDING-NIGHT

Dino scoots his chair back a bit and shifts back and forth to calm his nerves. He watches Bee stringing the beads and rubs his neck nervously.

Bee has finished with her beads and begins playing with her hair hypnotizing Devon and Dino with each swirl.

DARREN(V.O.)
Dino was hard on his luck and had just gotten fired from Shoe Warehouse...they had him on camera...or maybe it was a Dino look-alike.

CUT TO:

Dino is on a video feed loading up boxes of shoes in the back on a pick up truck. Dino looks up directly into the camera.

CUT TO:
INT. COMPTON ALAMEDA INDUSTRIAL BUILDING-NIGHT

Bee picks up the stringed beads and begins to rub them together methodically creating a haunting sound.

BEE
Soothing...relaxing...pretty...and dangerous.

Bee smacks Dino with the beads in the face. Dino tries to rub out the sting of the impact.

BEE
Two minutes.

Dino continues to rub his face. Devon stares at Bee's hands as she continues to play with the beads.

DINO
We...have an idea.

BEE
One minute forty five seconds.

Bee stares angrily at Dino and looks at her Goons as if to say "What the hell?" Dino is beginning to lose his cool.

DINO
I have a connect a Niks. Every week they exchange bills with the bank.

BEE
One minute twenty five seconds.

Dino looks to Devon for support, but Devon is hypnotized by Bee's beauty.

DINO
I just figured I could do you a favor...and in turn you could do the same for me.

Bee looks at her Goons and smiles. She looks back at Dino and gives him the "eyes"
Dino melts.

Bee
You look familiar...both of you...

She stands up and walks slowly around the table and begins to examine Dino and Devon.

Bee
Where ya'll from?

DEVON
The City.

Bee
Street smart...I like that.

Bee stands up and traces her hands from her chest to her hips. She sits down and stares at Devon wrapping the beads slowly around his neck and death dangles against his chest.

BEE
But street smart is only a quarter of what you need to get by in this world...You need book knowledge...and most of all hate.

Bee stands up and walks around to Dino. She embraces him from behind and caresses his chest. Bee chokes Dino with the beads.

BEE
Being able to take a life requires hate...not giving a fuck is a skill...one that I've mastered.

Bee releases the beads from around Dino's neck and pushes him on the ground.

BEE
Know that I will kill you to get what I want, because I am a master of "Don't give a fuck"...

The Goons toss two sacks of cash at him.

BEE
And you don't do me any favors...this is my favor to you and you... You little boy...YOU owe me.

END OF FLASHBACK:
INT. AUNT JANIS' HOUSE-DAY


Darren, Derrick, and Dino sit at an old wooden table in the living room. Devon is cleaning up angrily, finding miscellaneous items scattered on the floor.

DARREN
Dudes I have a plan...just hang tight.

DINO
Hang tight? It's Bee Darren...Bee as in I leave neck's stretched out and body's in a stretcher.

Devon examines his neck and he goes back to cleaning the cluttered room.

TITLE CARD: Tuesday. Days left to the end of the week...4.

DINO
Hold up...What are we gonna do?

DARREN
Check this out.

Darren takes out his laptop. He opens it and displays the D "MySpace" page on the monitor.

DARREN
This.

DINO
You're going to put a hit on Bee on Myspace?

Dino examines the page closely.

DINO
Hold up...who is that?

DARREN
D.

DINO
D?

Devon, Derrick and Dino all look at Darren. They start laughing.

DARREN(V.O.)
Who's D?

CUT TO:

A COP is frisking Devon outside of a Liquor store

COP

No identification huh? What's your name son?

DEVON
D.

CUT TO:

Derrick is sitting in a car that has just got pulled over by a HIGHWAY PATROLMAN.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN
You realize you were speeding sir, License and Registration...proof of Insurance.

Derrick hands the Highway Patrolman a license. The Highway Patrolman P.O.V. the license has a picture of Derrick but the name reads, "D". Derrick turns and smiles at us.

CUT TO:

Dino is with a GIRL at a party, deep in conversation. A DITZY GIRL is staring at him.

DITZY GIRL
Gino What are you doing here?
Dino ignores the Ditzy Girl, who notices someone else in the room and turns her attention else where.

GIRL
D, why was she calling you Gino?

Dino gives us a look of "Oh Well"

INT. AUNT JANIS' HOUSE-MOMENTS LATER

Dino, Derrick and Devon are laughing hysterically. Darren reigns the laughter in.

DARREN
Dudes!

The laughter subsides, but Devon still chuckles lightly under his breath.

DARREN
I fell behind in my research and I kinda' told my boss about this kid from Compton.

DEVON
What kid?

DARREN
D...I didn't want to get fired...So I kinda' made this mix-tape...and posted it on MySpace.

DERRICK
Fired? You a INTERN...you can't get fired...you don't make no money--

Darren is offended by the remark but recovers to continue his story.

DARREN
Look I never meant for anyone to actually look at at...I just needed it for the meeting.

DERRICK
Meeting?

DARREN
I had to bring them proof that I've been doing something... and now Slinky wants to sign D.

DINO
So just go in there and tell them you're D.

DARREN
I can't...I'm an intern...I'm a college graduate and...I have no Street Cred.

DINO
Street Cred? What the fuck is that? This is some bullshit! You can get me outta this bind and--

Dino slams the laptop shut and rubs his temple.

DINO
You made up a MySpace page? Like no one would ever see it! You got like a million friends...and people are leaving comments and you responding? It's a social...network...People socializing.

Dino stands up and put his head against the wall.

DINO
Bee's going to choke me out.

DARREN
No she's not...I have a plan.

DINO
So what's this "wonderful" plan?

DARREN
Slinky wants a D...One million followers want D...WE give them a D.

DINO
We? Before it was you owe Bee...you fucked up Dino... I told YOU...now it's WE because you in some shit...Hell no...I'm going to Chan Chan for a lick...at least that's a fo-sho...

DERRICK
Dino...what the hell you talking about? Darren is fam...remember that time you got arrested in Orange County?

Dino looks paranoid for a split second.

DERRICK
Who drove all the way from the valley to make sure you didn't get turned into some cholo's black bean burrito? It wasn't me...and Dino don't have a whip.

DINO
Still don't mean he ain't tripping.

DEVON
Derrick right tho'...we fam and if Darren needs us...I'm down.

The guys look at Darren and wait for the plan.

DARREN
All one of you has to do is pretend to be me...I mean D...it's simple.

DARREN(V.O.)
If it were only that easy.

CUT TO:

INT. SNIPER LIFE RECORDS OFFICE

Darren introduces Dino, Derrick and Devon to Slinky.

DARREN
All you have to do is pick.

SLINKY MCCALL
Hmmm...let me see...I'll go with--

CUT TO:

INT. AUNT JANIS' HOUSE NIGHT
Dino rushes towards Darren but Derrick literally holds him at bay. Dino is a mess of flailing arms and legs.

DERRICK
Chill...This might be the only way to save your neck.

Derrick lowers Dino to the floor slowly.

DINO
Man, I can't bench press a million pounds...my mamas not a charity case...and I didn't go to college for ten years...I'm just Dino...And Dino ain't no rapper...Dino is a playa!

DARREN
It was five...and nobody told you to make a deal with the devil in Prada...playa'.

DEVON
My mama ain't no charity case...Cuz, I'm tired of mopping floors at Platinum.

DINO
Let me have the advance.

DARREN
This is an advance...I can't just give it to you...I have to pay this back.

DINO
This is a stupid plan--

JACKLYN(O.S.)
What plan?

JACKLYN, 19 Stunningly beautiful with a hint of the girl next door. She hasn't quite figured out that she's a dime. She's dressed in a black uniform. She walks into the room and kisses Darren on the cheek and hugs him. Dino pushes her away forcibly.

Title Card: Jacklyn, Eye Candy. Should be out of Darren's League but she doesn't realize it...yet. Rating: XL

DARREN(V.O.)
Jacklyn...that's my girl...she's...she's wonderful.
DINO
Get off my sister cuz.

DARREN (V.O.)
Yeah...she's Dino's sister...which is a negative but at least she doesn't look like him with a wig on.

DARREN
Get your sister off me.

Derrick and Devon roll their eyes and make kissing gestures at Dino.

JACKLYN
I saw your dad's car outside...I thought I'd say goodbye before I went to work.

Jacklyn hugs Darren again and Dino stares at him.

JACKLYN
Dino...why don't you come down to the Casino and put in an app?

DINO
You really think that old pimp is going to give me job? I got a betta' chance of surviving a Crip Convention wearing all red and singing One Blood.

Jacklyn gives Dino the once over and smirks, chuckling under her breath. She exits, Derrick and Dino stare at her as she walks away.

DERRICK
Yo...I still don't get why she on Valley View like that...I mean...damn Dino...how you sleep at night knowing Darren is--

Dino attacks Derrick but can't get past his massive hands and blocking technique. Dino gives up and takes a seat.

DINO
Okay riddle me this Batman...does anyone else know about this D bullshit?

DARREN
Not really...but like a week ago--
FLASHBACK:

INT. COMPTON CALIFORNIA NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSE-NIGHT

A typical block party. The house is full of NEIGHBORHOOD TEENS, And TWENTY
SOMETHINGS dancing, drinking and having a good time.

DARREN(V.O.)
I was doing urban research for Sniper Life...trying to keep a pulse on the streets...what's
cool in the hood sets the trends for the industry.

Darren, dressed in all black and wearing a black baseball cap pulled low; and Devon also
dressed in all black and wearing a black baseball. They are wall flowers. Darren is
holding a box full of Sniper Life samplers.

DEVON
Cuz, you really had to bring that box in here?

DARREN
I'm working...I'm working at a party? Damn.

Darren puts the box on the ground and slides it against the wall.

DEVON
Stop worrying so much.

DARREN
I can't help it...this job is stressing me out.

DEVON
You're an intern.

DARREN
Thank you Devon.

DEVON
What you need is a little...stress...relief-er.

DARREN
What?
Devon takes a joint out of his pocket and lights it up. He takes a few hits and passes it to Darren.

DARREN
What you want me to do with that?

DEVON
Come on cousin...you need to relax cuzzo...

Darren hesitates but succumbs to the moment, he takes a few small puffs and then a large one. He coughs and nearly gags. He passes the joint back to Devon.

DARREN
I thought you said that this was a stress reliever(cough)...I'm dying dude...what it that?

DEVON
They call it Happy Harry.

DARREN
Happy...Happy...

Suddenly the world becomes a hazy happy place and Darren stares at the box of samplers. He grabs the box and turns it over spilling the samplers on the floor. He sits on the box and it breaks under him. He laughs and Devon helps him up.

DEVON
I told you cuzzo.

DARREN
Wow...I'm...I'm cool.

There's a commotion across the hall. Darren wants to investigate and waits for approval from Devon.

DEVON
I'm good...I'll keep the wall warm for you.
Darren makes his way through several people trying to find the source of the commotion. He finds a "cipher", a group of emcees who are free-stlying. Darren makes his way through the crowd. The Wanna Be Rappers are together proving the "ooos" and "ahhs". MIKO, 20 Latino Male a pseudo hipster is providing the beat-box for BRC, 20 a rugged street thug with gentleman sensibility, SHASTA 19, colorfully dressed sassy female, and NIELSEN 22, a sloppy teddy bear of a guy.

DARREN (V.O.)

The cipher is where it begins and it's the best way to get a rep.

TITLE CARD: The Cipher: A gathering of emcees engaging in Hip Hop discourse, often improvisational.


Miko changes the beat-box and the cipher gains energy as more people gather, including Devon.


B.R.C. (rapping)
Microphone one eight seven. Cuz got popped at eleven. In front of the seven eleven. Now his moms on the news at eleven. Crips and Bloods. Exchange mean mugs. Get smoked for a wrong look. The little homie got shook. Crossing Willowbrook. The hood is off the hook--


NEILSEN (rapping)
Big book. Book em. Good Times. Dynamite. Up All Night. Uptown Saturday Night. Bill Cosby like. With the J.E.L.L.O. Oh No. Show her the Oh face. Se showed me the no face. Got sprayed with mace. Tryna crowd her Office Space. Neilsen. Baby...The Naked Gun weighs a ton. If that floats your boat. We stay sinking. We play thinking. And the game is lost. Sudoku on the mic. Words get crossed-
SHASTA (rapping)
Weaved...My extensions are an extension of me...When they talk about the baddest bitch...They mentioning me...Sexy...Sophisticated and sassy...Ghetto as hell...But remain so classy. Never deal with the dusty brothers. Or the musty brothers. I need C.O.D. When you come see me--

DARREN (rapping)
Trouble I see...It's like I'm Double Dee. When I spit it's like two of me. Double the risk. Double the flip. Like a pair of twin gymnast. And I got Runners with the business. Call me Phil Knight. And I air light when I write. Take Flight like Mike. Direct like Spike...With these bars...No Mars. Do you know...Do you know...D got flow...D punk mics like Deebo.

The crowd explodes and the cipher ends. Miko approaches Darren and introduces the crew.

DARREN (V.O.)
Now a lot of people wonder...How the hell don't nobody know that's you on the C.D.?

DARREN (V.O.)
D spits from the throat...with a slight strain.

An arrow points at Darren's throat.

DARREN (V.O.)
I like to spit from the lungs...smooth.

The arrow moves and points at Darren's chest and it disappears.

DARREN (V.O.)
Problem is...after awhile that strain takes its toll.
Darren clears his throat and pulls the bill of his baseball cap low enough to conceal his eyes.

MIKO
Yo, you kinda nice with it...I'm Miko...this is B.R.C...the chubby guy is Nielsen and that's Shasta.

Miko waits for Darren to introduce himself and after a moment of awkward silence Darren finally answers in a low voice.

DARREN
D.

B.R.C.
D?

NEILSEN
Yeah I thought you sounded familiar...I'm on your Myspace...I downloaded your mix-tape the other day...straight fire!

B.R.C.
Yeah. You're like a ghetto Drake.

DARREN(V.O.)
I could have easily said.."I'm not that D"...I'm Darren so technically I am D.

Shasta cracks a smile underneath her overly glossed lips.

SHASTA
So you really knocked out Leroy?

DARREN
Yup.

SHASTA
I figured you'd be a lot...bigger I thought--

DARREN
I lost weight.
DARREN(V.O.)
And my mind.

Shasta measures a taller imaginary person with her hand. Miko slides Darren a demo CD.

MIKO
Check it out man...if it's something you feeling, come mess with us at The Rec Shop.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPTON CALIFORNIA-THE REC SHOP

The Rec Shop. A small studio on the east side of Compton.

DARREN(V.O.)
The Rec Shop...yeah I heard that's Dre first recorded N.W.A. there...Back in the day the rappers used to wreck shop in the recording booth.

Title card: Hip Hop definitions: Wreck Shop: 1. An activity performed at its optimal level causing it to become the standard.

CUT TO:

INT. COMPTON CALIFORNIA NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSE-NIGHT

Darren exchanges pleasantries with Miko, and the rest of the crew. He walks away and pockets the demo C.D. The Wanna Be Rappers turn to us.

WANNA BE RAPPERS
(rapping)
Damn. You can't take it back. Damn homeboy you created a trap. Damn we out. Wait a minute...This the end of the flashback...That's wack!

END OF FLASHBACK:

INT. AUNT JANIS' HOUSE NIGHT

Darren passes the D demo's to Derrick, Devin and Devon respectively.

DINO
Hold up? You posted that you knocked out Leroy!

CUT TO:

INT. LOS ANGELES COUNTY JAIL

A small prison cell with a single cot. Dark and dank. LEROY, 30 a massive "jail swoll" inmate is bending the bars of the cell like Superman.

DARREN(V.O.)
Leroy...Leroy was like a real life Deebo...with the mutant power to kick your ass.

INT. AUNT JANIS' HOUSE-NIGHT

The guys fiddle around with the demo CD's.

DEVON
Ain't nobody seen Leroy in a year.

DERRICK
Yeah he might be locked up again...or dead...

DARREN
It doesn't matter even if Leroy or anyone finds out...we'll be millionaires...We can hire Leroy to be our bodyguard...The plan is fool proof!

DINO
Fool proof? You're talking about Devon, I'm 20 in the 12th grade...And Derrick barely spelled his name right on the S.A.T. And we all know I can't rap!

cut to:

EXT. Aunt Janis' House Porch-Night

Devon, Derrick, Darren and Dino are sitting on the porch with a four GIRLS in their 20's from the neighborhood, drinking Coronas and listening to the radio.

TITLE CARD: Two Weeks ago

Girl 1
Everybody know that fool G-Dogg is gay.

GIRL 2  
That ain't what I heard...Ki-Ki told me.

DERRICK  
Ki-Ki is a habitual liar...she told me she knows who Coco's baby daddy is.

DINO  
Tupac, right?

Everyone laughs.

GIRL 1  
Anyways...Valley View what's really up with G-Dogg?

DARREN  
Honestly...I don't think he's gay...he's...like tri-sexual...I mean anything with a mouth is fair game.

Everyone laughs. A beat blast from the radio and everyone is infused with elation.

GIRL 1  
That's my shit...yeah...Valley View spit something...

Darren gets a bit embarrassed but he gathers the courage to rap but Dino interjects.

DINO  
(rapping)  
Smoke weed. Get high. I don't lie. I don't try. I'm that...ummmm...fry...I mean cuzz...Love...like a bug...in your ear...

DARREN  
(rapping)  
Cuz. Your raps are broken. I'm cold. Frozen. The man. Chosen. The one. Logan. On the run. Closing. Shut it down. In the town. Run it. Hussein Bolt. Dino is a dinosaur. Darren is the Goat. I'm a rich man on the mic...This dude is dead broke. On the side of the freeway holding a note...and I quote...My name is Dino and I ain't got a j.o. And I would
rap...but I don't have no flow...no...So maybe I should dance like jo-jo...My occupation is hobo.

EXT. COMPTON CALIFORNIA Neighborhood-DAY

Dino is tapping the demo CD on the table nervously.

DINO
I can't do this.

DERRICK
You damn right about that.

DINO
Shut up Derrick...you actin' like you Lil Wayne.

DARREN
Come on! Any one of you could be D...It's like memorizing a play book.

DERRICK
Nothing like it.

DINO
Really?

DERRICK
Football is a complicated game.

DINO
I didn't know "go get the man with the ball" was complicated.

DARREN
Dudes...can we get back to D?

DEVON
By giving personification to D you have dramatically shifted the delicate balance of the ghetto-centric universe.

Everyone turns to Devon astonished by what he has just said.
DEVON
Been smoking that Einstein.

Derrick yawns.

DEVON
You tired?

DERRICK
Long practices.

DINO
In the spring?

DINO
Yeah, been running a lot of ups.

Michael enters the room accompanied by AUNT JANIS, 40 African American Woman. She looks as if she hasn't had a good night's sleep in months and is a mess of rollers and a dingy black robe.

TITLE CARD: Aunt Janis. Mourning every morning. Rating: 3 and a half Tears.

DARREN(V.O.)
My Aunt Janis...She lost her two best friends in three years...My grandma...last year and my mom...my mom...give me a second.

DARREN
Dad I'm staying til' Saturday...if that's cool with you Aunt Janis.

Aunt Janis makes an inaudible noise and raises her hands in surrender. Michael hugs Aunt Janis and nods at Darren as he exits.

EXT. COMPTON CALIFORNIA-THE COMPTON INDOOR-MORNING

An old Chevy Pick Up Truck pulls up to the Swapmeet.

TITLE CARD: The Next Morning.
The passenger door opens. Darren and Dino pile out, Derrick is driving.

DINO
Good looking.

DERRICK
Fosho.

Derrick drives off. Darren and Dino stand outside the Compton Indoor Swapmeet. They look up at the Marquee, then look at each other. Dino and Darren enter the Swapmeet.

The Wanna Be Rappers set up shop in front of the Swapmeet with a box full of demos. CUSTOMERS shuttle in and out and are harassed by the Wanna Be Rappers.

WANNA BE RAPPER 1
We got that heat. We got that beat. We got that street. Life. A'ight.

WANNA BE RAPPER 2

WANNA BE RAPPER 3
This is street life. Street raps for sale...Get yours while supplies last!

Customers continue to pass them by.

WANNA BE RAPPERS
Damn.

INT. COMPTON INDOOR SWAPMEET-DAY

An indoor bazaar of knock offs, shoes, cheap clothing, ethnic art, car stereo equipment, jewelry, beauty supplies and a cornucopia of other cheap products. Darren and Dino walk through an aisle. The Teller is looking through some items at a kiosk and notices Dino. He takes out a cell phone and dials a number.

DARREN (V.O.)
The Compton Indoor...I bought my first pair of Dickies outta' there...The Indoor was like
DARREN
Why are we here? You should be memorizing the demo.

DINO
Look that's not a fosho...I don't know Slinky but I know Compton and if there's a lick that I can hit to get this 8 racks then I'm willing.

DARREN
But you said you'd do this--

DINO
I got you...but I gotta get me first.

DARREN
So what exactly happened?

DINO
With what?

DARREN
Bee.

INT. NIKS CHECKS CASHING-NIGHT

TITLE CARD: ONE WEEK LATER

Inside Nik's Check Cashing a small white walled store with thick reinforced glass that protects it's employees. There is a long line of CUSTOMERS which includes The Wanna Be Rappers and a lone SECURITY GUARD.

DINO(V.O.)
Cam told me he was working on Wednesday.

Dino and Devon enter the building. Dino makes his way through the crowd of potential check cashiers to the TELLER, 40 portly African American, ill fitting suit sits behind the glass.

DINO (V.O.)
When I didn't see Cam I should've known something was up.
DINO
We're just here to drop off some(whispering)laundry.

TELLER
Meet me in the back.

The Teller points at a door on the side of the building.

EXT. NIKS CHECK CASHING-NIGHT-MOMENTS LATER

Dino and Devon bring the sacks of money to the door. The Teller steps out.

TELLER
This all of it?

DINO
Yeah...where's Cam?

TELLER
Cam ain't here...is this all of it?

The Teller pulls out a pistol and Devon and Dino put their hands up.

TELLER
Step away slowly.

DINO
You know who's money this is?

TELLER
I do know. Tell that bitch I said "Fuck You"

Dino takes a step back and snatches one of the sacks and makes a run for it. Devon stands petrified and then tries to do the same but stumbles and falls, he gets up and follows Dino.

INT. COMPTON ALAMEDA INDUSTRIAL BUILDING-LATER THAT NIGHT
Bee is sitting at her table eating crackers and cheese, drinking red wine from a champagne glass.

BEE
If the devil ain't a bitch?

Dino holding a sack and Devon enter the building.

DINO
(whispering to Devon) Just act cool.

Dino drops the sack and thinks about making a run for it but is grabbed by the Goons.

DINO
We were jacked.

BEE
What?

DEVON
Fuck you.

BEE
What?

DEVON
Cuz that jacked us...said "Fuck you"

BEE
Fuck who?

DEVON
You. He said "fuck you"

BEE
Me?

DEVON
Yeah.
BEE
No one fucks me...I'm the fucker not the fuck-ee...

Dino nudges Devon, who is cracking a smile and hiding a chuckle. He walks over to the table and places the sack on it. Bee smiles and suddenly knocks the sack off the table. The two Goons grab Dino and Devon and force them down into chairs.

BEE
I'm out eight thousand.

Devon

I thought it was four?

BEE
Eight Thousand! End of the week!

DINO
But--

BEE
Eight Thousand!

Title Card: Monday...days until end of the week...5.

Dino and Devon hurry out of the building scurrying like mice. Bee watches them. From the shadows of the building The Teller emerges and hands Bee the sack of money he took from Devon and Dino.

TELLER
That was messed up...you really are a bitch.

BEE
I have a rep to protect...I can't let two neighborhood kids take me for a joke.

Bee hands Teller an envelope. He opens it and is ecstatic about it's contents.

TELLER
Need me for anything else?
BEE
Keep an eye on that boy, I got a feeling about him.

Bee rubs her beads together.

BEE
I want him on my string.

END OF FLASHBACK:

INT. COMPTON INDOOR SWAPMEET-DAY

Dino leads Darren through the Swapmeet.

DARREN
You owe her EIGHT THOUSAND?!

DINO
All bad right?

DARREN
Dino...if I were you I'd be trying everything to memorize this demo.

Darren waves a C.D. at Dino. Dino snatches the C.D. and tosses it into one of the aisles. The Teller is watching them from a Kiosk. He picks up the C.D.

DINO
I ain't you!


CHAN CHAN
What can Chan Chan do for you? Gangster upgrade? Pimp modifications?

DINO
What's good?
CHAN CHAN
What up playa...what's up Urkel? Haven't seen you in a minute...heard you a Intern...at Sniper Life.

Darren is a bit embarrassed.

DINO
Nope. Urkel...I mean Darren is the A and R and he both to sign me!

CHAN CHAN
You Sniper Life? Please...Urkel can't sign himself...how he gon' sign you?

DINO
Whatever fool...you'll see...but what's really good?

Chan Chan smiles revealing a mouth full of diamond studded teeth.

CHAN CHAN
Chan Chan heard from a little black bird that you on Bee's string. Not a good look playa'.

DINO
That's not news...I need some info.

CHAN CHAN
That's gonna cost playa'.

Dino looks at Darren. Darren gives him a "what" gesture. Darren holds out his hand and makes a "money" gesture. Darren rolls his eyes and digs in his pocket to pull out a twenty.

CHAN CHAN
Twenty dollars...Urkel?

DARREN
Yeah Chan Chan..twenty dollars...a dub...Andrew Jackson.

DINO
Come on Chan Chan!
CHAN CHAN
For three Jacksons...Chan Chan might be able to remember what I heard.

DARREN
I really have to give this fool $60?

DINO
Its $60 Scrooge Mc-Duck...got damn...is my life worth at least that?

Dino looks at Darren. He holds his hand out and Darren reluctantly hands over forty bucks.

TITLE CARD: Slinky's Advance $9,800

TITLE CARD: Slinky's Advance $9,740

DINO
I need a quick come up.

CHAN CHAN
There's a shipment of flat screens, Playstations, i-pods and blu-rays.

DINO
That's what I'm talkin' bout...how much we need to get in?

CHAN CHAN
For you...$1000.

Dino looks at Darren with the expression of an excited puppy dog with a new toy.

DARREN
No.

DINO
Come on. Chan Chan when is it going down?

CHAN CHAN
Next Friday playa'.

DINO
Next Friday?

DINO
Shit man...shit! Come on Chan Chan there's gotta be something else going down.

CHAN CHAN
Not for sixty bucks playa.

DARREN
Dude...I'm not giving him no more money...let's go.

Dino tries to wait Darren out.

DARREN
Let's go Dino...

Darren grabs Dino and they exit.

Chan Chan arranges some of his merchandise.

VANCE(O.S.)
I need some info...I heard you were the man to talk to.

Chan Chan turns and Vance, wearing a black Armani suit is examining some of the merchandise.

CHAN CHAN
What can Chan Chan do for you playa?

EXT. COMPTON COLLEGE-DAY

The bright sun shines down on Compton College. Bricks. Fencing. A long drive way leads into the historic school. A large parking lot full of cars to the west sits in front of an archaic football stadium. North holds the buildings, including a glass dominant new building that stands magnificently alone amongst run down and dilapidated classrooms.

DARREN(V.O)
Compton College...yeah I went there for a semester...I got some of my G.E.'s out the way...and some good stories...I mean a lot of what I used for D came from there...Derrick went there and he had my back...looked out for me...

Derrick's Pick Up Truck enters the gates and turns into the parking lot. There is loud music pumping from the truck.

D(ON SONG)
(rapping)

She loves me. But she don't love D. And that's lovely...That she loves the real me....I'm a real G. Not a seven L. I been through hell. Heaven is a lie. When you young and black...You Ready to Die? I'm the new B.I. Added a double G. I.E. Ain't nobody slicker than D.

A few STUDENTS in the parking lot are nodding their heads. The music stops and the truck cuts off. Derrick exits the truck. One of the Students runs up to Derrick.

STUDENT
Was that the new D mix-tape everybody talking about?

DERRICK
Something like that.

STUDENT
Can I get a copy?

DERRICK
No...it's mine...download it.

STUDENT
Please man...I don't have a computer at the house...I'll give you five bucks.

DERRICK
Five bucks? Imma' bout to sign a major record deal...five bucks ain't gon' cut it.

STUDENT
You're...you're D!

Derrick approaches the school with a slick smile. The Student gets on his cell phone.
STUDENT (ON CELL PHONE)
Yo...D! D is at Compton College! Yes...that D! Tell everybody!

An old Buick pulls into the parking lot bumping G-Dogg's latest single.

G-DOGG(ON SONG)
(rapping)

The music stops and the car cuts off. The door opens and a huge blue Chuck Taylor shoe hits the ground. Leroy wearing a blue prison jumpsuit exits the Buick.

STUDENT (ON CELL PHONE)
Yo! D is here...I just saw him!

Leroy takes the cell phone from the Student and crushes it with his bare hands. He sprinkles the remains on the shocked Student.

LEROY
Where the fuck is D?

The Student points towards the school. Leroy pushes the Student down and walks over him towards the school.

EXT. COMPTON CALIFORNIA PLATINUM FRIED CHICKEN-DAY

A Fried Chicken Restaurant that looks as greasy as the food it serves. Devon, wearing all black approaches the restaurant. He's listening to a walk-man. He looks up at the sign that reads, "Platinum Fried Chicken". Devon shakes his head and continues into the building.

DARREN (V.O.)
I used to sit in Platinum Chicken waiting for Devon to get off from work...sometimes I'd write about the customers...when there actually were some.

DEVON
(rapping)
Yo being a gangsta is a dangerous hobby...Sitting in the lobby. Nervous...Before I got baptized by fire...I had to sit through the service...Yo being a gangsta is a dangerous
hobby...Sitting in the lobby...Nervous...Before I got baptized by fire...Before I got
baptized by fire...I had to sit...shit.

INT. COMPTON CALIFORNIA PLATINUM FRIED CHICKEN-CONTINUOUS

BILL, 44, he has the look of a character from an 80's movie, is waiting for Devon with a
mop and a black baseball cap. A few CUSTOMERS are waiting for their orders to be
filled. Devon slides off his headphones.

DARREN (V.O.)
Bill...Bill is that old man that doesn't know he's old yet..just like Platinum chicken.

BILL
You're late.

Devon rolls his eyes. Bill hands Devon the mop, the baseball cap and an apron. Some of
the Customers chuckle as Devon puts on the baseball cap.

BILL
You know why you got this job?

DEVON
Yeah.

BILL
Don't let it be the excuse why you lose it...your mother is a good woman...you keep this
up and someone else will be mopping.

Devon puts on the apron and begins to mop. He slides his headphones on. Bill walks
behind the counter to take orders.

DEVON
(rapping)
Yo being a gangsta is a dangerous hobby. Sitting in the lobby. Nervous. Before I got
baptized by fire. I had to sit through the service.

Bill steps from around the counter.

BILL
Devon...Devon...Devon!

Devon continues to mop, ignoring Bill.

DEVON
(rapping)
Yo being a gangsta is a dangerous hobby...Sitting in the lobby. Nervous...Before I got baptized by fire...I had to sit through the service.

Bill snatches the headphones off of Devon's head. Devon drops the mop.

BILL
What the hell do you think you're doing?

DEVON
Mopping.

BILL
We have customers.

Bill snatches the headphones off of Devon's head. Devon snatches them back.

DEVON
I quit.

BILL
You can't quit.

DEVON
Fuck your floor...and this bullshit ass chicken.

Devon walks towards the door and turns to one of the Customers. He picks up a piece of chicken and tears it in half, exposing it's strange texture.

DEVON
This chicken is Fake!

The Customers start to file out. Bill tries to stop them. Darren takes his apron off and throws it at Bill.
DEVON
I got a deal with Sniper Life Records!

A FEMALE CUSTOMER, 21 sassy and sexy an LL Cool J "Around The Way Girl" approaches Devon.

FEMALE CUSTOMER
Is that right? What's your name?

DEVON
D.

FEMALE CUSTOMER
I heard of you. So you bout to blow up?

Devon smiles proudly.

DEVON
That's right.

Female Customer turns and whistles loudly.

FEMALE CUSTOMER
Coco! I found him! Uh Huh! He right here!

COCO 21, a rotund ball of baby mama drama, waddles over to Devon. She pats her head several times to quell the itching of her well maintained micro-braids. She holds a BABY GIRL in her arms.

DARREN (V.O.)

The other thing about Platinum Chicken...it's like a magnet for baby mamas...I mean where else can you get twelve pieces of Chicken for 6 bucks?

COCO
Where you been D? You need to come see yo' daughter.

DEVON
Coco!
DARREN (V.O.)
What's a Coco? Coco is the girl on Maury who gets ten men tested for paternity and none
of them are the daddy.

Coco puts the Baby Girl up to Devon and compares features.

DEVON
Coco you know I'm not your baby daddy!

COCO
She got the same eye ducts as you...uh huh.

DEVON
You trippin' Coco...I ain't never even--

Devon makes a break for it. The world moves in slow motion. Devon dodges the grasp of
Female Customer.

TITLE CARD: Where Making Moves Happens.

He stutter steps to avoid Bill, who throws the apron at him.

TITLE CARD: Where Unemployment Happens.

Devon ducks the apron and several pieces of flying chicken that the customers are
flinging.

TITLE CARD: Where Fried Chicken Happens.

Devon does a spin move past Coco and sprints out the restaurant.

TITLE CARD: Compton...Where Amazing Happens.

Time returns to normal speed and the door swings open and closed.

COCO
That's ok baby...that's o-kay.
Nugget and Repo enter the Restaurant, Nugget is flipping through Darren's report. Coco examines Repo and holds up her baby girl up to him.

COCO
When you coming to see you daughter?

REPO
What?...Yo...Charles Barkley...get that outta mah' face!

Coco steps back and rolls her eyes. Coco and Female Customer exit. Repo watches Coco closely.

NUGGET
You know her?

REPO
(beat)
No...Why did you drag me out here?

NUGGET
I need you to have my back...gangsta.

Bill approaches Nugget and Repo.

BILL
Welcome to Platinum Fried Chicken...where our chicken is better than gold!

NUGGET
I'm lookin' for a kid named D...heard he comes here.

BILL
D? You mean Devon?

NUGGET
Yeah.

BILL
He just left... but he won't be back...he quit?

REPO
Quit? Quit what?

BILL
His job...he was runnin' round here talking about he was getting a record deal.

REPO
D works at a chicken shack?

NUGGET
Darren's report said this was his favorite place to eat...didn't say anything about him working here.

REPO
What's gangsta about a fool frying chicken?

NUGGET
There's a few more places we can check..let's be up.

BILL
You sure you don't want a dinner plate or a cup of our world famous Lemon-juice punch?

NUGGET
Some business advice pops...work on the presentation.

EXT.COMPTON CALIFORNIA-MIGUEL'S CAR REPAIR-DAY

A single garage on a small lot with several broken down cars and other cars in the process of being repaired. MIGUEL, 30 a young Latino mechanic is sitting on the hood of DARREN'S HOOPTIE eating sunflower seeds. In the lot are several LATINO MECHANICS working on some of the cars.

Devon and Darren approach the shop and Miguel waves and gestures them to come forward.

DARREN(V.O.)
Miguel...I got my first Hooptie in Compton from his brother...and soon as I got the keys it broke down...and guess where Miguel's brother sent me...

MIGUEL
My friend.

DARREN
What's up with my car?

MIGUEL
Nada...you got the dinero bro?

DARREN
Si.

Miguel jumps off the hood of Darren's Hooptie.

DINO
Hold up. Is that your car cuz?

MIGUEL
Si...I replaced the head gasket and radiator...the alternator and I fixed the breaks amigo.

DARREN
All I needed was a starter.

MIGUEL
The Starter...and alternator go together...Give me fifteen hundred.

DARREN
I only paid a thousand for the car!

MIGUEL
It's a good deal.

DARREN
No bueno.

Darren reaches into his pocket and takes out the cash. He begrudgingly hands over the cash to Miguel.

DARREN
You're a crook...you and your brother!
MIGUEL
It's all fair in mechanics and cars...Hasta la vista...bitches.

Miguel counts the money and laughs to himself, he directs some of his workers to start fixing cars.

TITLE CARD: Slinky's Advance: $9,740

TITLE CARD: SLinky's Advance: $8,240

DEVON
At least we ain't walkin'.

Darren and Dino get into the car.

INT. DARREN'S HOOPTIE-CONTINUOUS

Darren's car is dusty and the interior is peeling, however he's managed to install a high end stereo in the radio dock. Derrick starts the Hooptie, it backfires loudly.

DARREN
He didn't fix the muffler.

DINO
At least we ain't walkin'

DARREN
You gotta memorize the mix-tape.

DINO
I'm a playa...I got this Valley View.

EXT.COMPTON CALIFORNIA-INTERSECTION-DAY

The Hooptie pulls up to the intersection near Miguel's shop...It sits there idling.

INT. DARREN'S HOOPTIE-CONTINUOUS
Dino checks the rear view mirrors. Darren puts in the CD and turns up the stereo. One of the speakers blows out.

D(ON SONG)
(rapping)
Not a thing to me. Actually it's no thing to me. No substance. Uncontrolled. Like the dice you rolled. Snake eyes. Storm Shadow...For the shallow. Deep thought is store bought. On the shelf next to self help. Medical Mary Jane. Green steam out your pain. She caught the vapors. No Vick's rub...No love...Just hard dick and bubblegum...A matchbook kiss and a glass of rum.

DARREN
Try it...and remember from the throat...try and sound like The Game.

Dino clears his throat.

DINO
Ok...(rapping)Not a thing to me. Actually it's no thing to me. No substance. Uncontrolled...Like the dice you rolled. Snake eyes. Storm Shadow...Knowing is half the battle...For the shallow. Deep thought is store bought...Deep thought is store bought?

Darren rewinds the song.

DARREN
Yo...try this...(rapping)Hub City. Known for the G. The C.P.T. This Is D. This is me. I am the C.P.T. That's crazy...Whoa Black Rob. Black mob. All black demeanor. Chasing white dead prezis...Till I'm a senior.

Dino stares at Darren and he gestures him to proceed.

DINO
Hub city. Known for the G. The C.P.T. This is D. This is me. I am the C.P.T. That's crazy...Whoa! Hold up...I can't remember all this...Oh shit.

Dino ducks down to hide. Darren hits him in the back in frustration.

DARREN
Come on Dino quit playin'...focus.
DINO
Look it's Bee's Ghetto Bodyguards.


EXT.COMPTON CALIFORNIA-INTERSECTION-DAY
Darren's hooptie burns rubber, backfires and pulls off into the busy intersection.

INT. DARREN'S HOOPTIE-CONTINUOUS
Darren is tightly holding on to the steering wheel searching for a path through the building traffic.

DARREN
Dino. What the hell man?

DINO
Hold up...Chan Chan! That gold mouthed fool told them where we were.

A black HUMMER crashes into them. Darren and Devon scream.

EXT. COMPTON CALIFORNIA-LONG BEACH BLVD-DAY
Darren's hooptie spins out and stalls in the street. The Hummer pulls up beside them and stops. The Goons jump out wielding guns.

INT. DARREN'S HOOPTIE-CONTINUOUS
Darren shakes the cob webs. He looks over at Dino. Suddenly the door swings open and the Goons drag Darren and Dino out the hooptie.

EXT. COMPTON CALIFORNIA-LONG BEACH BLVD-DAY
Bee dressed in a tight black and yellow dress stands over Darren and Dino. She puts her heel near Dino’s crouch. The Goons hold them at gunpoint.

BEE
Chan Chan tells me you're a big rap star now?
DINO
Chan Chan--

BEE
Said you're about to sign with Sniper Life...who is this Spongebob looking fool you with?

DARREN
Darren.

Bee looks disgusted that Darren has responded to her.

BEE
No one asked you to talk Spongebob...Dino....you're going to make me your manager and you're going to pay me twice what you owe me.

Bee and the Goons get into the Hummer and drive off.

DARREN
Please tell me that did not just happen.

DINO
I can't feel my face cuz...I think Bee scared my face off.

Darren and Dino sit in the intersection staring at the wrecked Hooptie.

Darren enters the car to gather his things from the wreckage. Police sirens are heard in the background.

DINO
One time...we gotta go.

DARREN
I can't just leave the Hooptie.

DINO
It's Compton.

Darren finds the demo CD he got from Miko and holds it up. It reads "Project Rec Shop"
INT. THE REC SHOP-DAY

A small studio space. It's grimy but adequate. There's a sound proof booth and a mixing board. A few chairs and a ratty couch. Neilsen is sitting on the couch playing video games. B.R.C. is in the booth. Miko is laying down a track on the mixing board. Miko cues up the track and gives the signal to B.R.C.

B.R.C.
(rapping)
Nevertheless. Coastin' through the west. And Yes. I confess. The streets is a mess. Pack a vest in the city of stress. The city's upset. Since Pac died. Things ain't been the same. It's a void in the game. And I came to bring the pain. B.R.C. Bringing relevance to Compton.

Neilsen is impressed by B.R.C's flow and they nod their heads. In walks Vance, dressed in a freshly pressed suit and wearing dark shades accompanied by Shasta.

MIKO
We're in a session!

SHASTA
White boy says he's a record exec and Chan Chan sent him here.

NEILSEN
Chan Chan is such a...snitch...damn how much did you pay him? You look like you got big paper!

VANCE
I'm here..does it really matter?

Neilsen sits up to examine Vance.

NEILSEN
Is this...Armani? Okay Agent Smith from the Matrix.

VANCE
One of my interns made contact with your group.

B.R.C. steps from behind the booth.

NEILSEN
You made contact with an intern B.R.C. Pause.

TITLE CARD: Pause:"I digress"

Nielsen makes a goofy face at B.R.C.

MIKO
Shut up Nielsen.

B.R.C.
Is this dude a fed?

MIKO
So who are you?

VANCE
Vance Hayward.

MIKO
As in Sniper Life Records Vance Hayward?

VANCE
Yes...and I'm looking for D...Find him and call me...we can do business.

Vance gives his business card to Nielsen and B.R.C. Who gives Vance the once over. Vance stares at Miko and Shasta and gives them business cards. He exits.

B.R.C.
I don't believe that dude.

NEILSEN

He's legit...he has a business card.

B.R.C.
White boy just shows up with a business card and y'all ready to snitch...I don't see Chan Chan in here.

NEILSEN

When the last time we got a serious look at anything?
SHASTA
White boy could be playing us?

MIKO
Or he could be legit...let's just find D and then see what happens...I mean the what's the worse that could happen?

INT. COMPTON COLLEGE CLASSROOM-DAY

A small old classroom that seems to be exhibit in a museum of what classrooms used to look like. The desks are filled with a wide range of STUDENTS from different backgrounds. Derrick enters the classroom and scans the room.

There are three open desks at the front of the classroom where we find MRS. THOMASON, 28, African American female, glasses, nice dress clothes, hair pulled back in a neat little bun.

TITLE CARD: Mrs. Thomason. Just got her M.F.A. Eager to prove herself Rating: 3.5 Pencils

DARREN (V.O.)
Mrs. Thomason...she's one of those teachers that actually cares...It's people like her that they don't show you on channel 7 when they talk about Compton...

MRS. THOMASON
Mr. Johnson...would you mind taking a seat?

Derrick plops down in the first available seat. Mrs. Thomason leans close to Derrick.

MRS. THOMASON
(Whispering)
Student first...athlete second...Mr. Johnson.

Derrick rolls his eyes and watches Mrs. Thomason sit at her desk. Mrs. Thomason begins to lecture but Derrick dazes out while staring at a clock on the wall. Mrs. Thomason nudges Derrick.

DERRICK
What!?! Oh...What did I miss?

MRS. THOMASON
My entire lecture...in fact you've missed the last three.

DERRICK
I'm just tired.

MRS. THOMASON
Not an excuse Mr. Johnson.

DERRICK
I work graveyard at U.P.S.

MRS. THOMASON
I assumed that athletes didn't work.

DERRICK
I'm not an athlete...not anymore.

Derrick gets up and his knee cracks loudly. Mrs. Thomason winces at the sound. Derrick makes his way to the door.

DERRICK
I never recovered from my knee injury...I haven't played football in a year.

MRS. THOMASON
Mr. Johnson...don't you have a plan B?

DERRICK
I do...But it's more like a plan D.

Derrick smiles opens the door and slams into-

Leroy.

EXT. COMPTON CALIFORNIA-THE CRYSTAL CASINO-DAY

The Crystal Casino, a multi-leveled Hotel with tight slots and watered down free drinks. Dino and Darren are walking through the parking lot of The Crystal Casino. There are
PIMPS, OLD PLAYERS and COUGARS walking in and out of the Casino. The parking lot is filled with old Cadillacs and other vintage 70's vehicles. Some of the Cougars make advances at Darren and Dino. The Old Players stare at them coldly.

DARREN(V.O.)
The Crystal Casino...Dino always said--

DINO
Nobody wins at the Crystal...are you serious?

DARREN
We need the Hustle Man.

DARREN(V.O.)
There's always a hustle man in the hood but Compton has The Hustle Man...The guy is a legend.

DINO
Hold up...We can't...cuz...the Hustle Man is like finding Tupac.

DARREN
We need a car.

DINO
What about Miguel?

DARREN
Miguel just took $1500 from me...after I paid his brother $1000...I'm tired of putting money in their pockets...

DINO
You should put some money in my pockets...I'm feeling lucky.

Dino and Darren enter the Casino.

INT. CRYSTAL CASINO-CONTINUOUS
The inside of the casino is filled with the same cast of characters from the parking lot. There are DEALERS at the tables, SECURITY monitoring the GAMBLERS and several YOUNG WAITRESSES, dressed in 70's type clothing serving drinks.

Dino and Darren are carded as they enter the Gaming area by a SECURITY GUARD. He looks at their I.D.s. The Security Guard examines Darren and Dino thoroughly.

SECURITY GUARD
You should be in school...and you...you should be in a Gap commercial.

The Security Guard lets them in.

Dino stares at the slot machines, searching for something to cure his itch. He spots a BLACKJACK TABLE. He nudges Darren and then sticks out his hand.

DINO
My fingers are tingling...

DARREN
I'm not even going to acknowledge that.

DINO
What if I would've hit that lick with Chan Chan?

Darren reluctantly hands Dino a wad of cash.

DARREN
You lose this money--

DINO
I got you...trust me...after I'm done we won't need that record deal.

TITLE CARD: Slinky's Advance: $8,240

TITLE CARD: Slinky's Advance: $7,240

DARREN (V.O.)
Dino was getting on my nerves...and looking back...him shutting up was worth a G.
Dino races to the table. Darren continues to trek through the Casino and many of the patrons stare at him. He spots Jacklyn, who is serving drinks to a couple of Old Playas. She notices Darren and walks over to him. The world seems to move in slow motion from Darren's P.O.V. Jacklyn seems like an illuminated angel. Darren's daydream is interrupted by-

BOYD, 63, an angry grumpy old black man. Shifty. He owns the Casino.

BOYD
How many times I got-ta tell ya not ta be comin up in my biness messin' wit' my employees? And why is Dino here?

DARREN (V.O.)
There's a lot of advantages to having a girlfriend that works at a Casino...free drinks...food and material...Pimps...Hos...drug dealers...and hustlers...all in one place like a big Blaxploitation Convention.

Jacklyn gives Darren a hug and a peck on the cheek. Boyd shoos her away.

DARREN
I came to see you Mr. Boyd.

BOYD
You gambling?

DARREN
No.

Darren sees Dino screaming with excitement.

BOYD
What you want?

DARREN
The Hustle Man.

BOYD
I'm a legit business man.
DARREN
I'm beggin you Mr. Boyd...we're in trouble.

Mr. Boyd looks at one of his Security Guards. He nods and gestures Darren to follow him. Darren follows him into an office.

BOYD
Come on.

Dino is down to his last chip. The Blackjack table is buzzing as an BOYD'S BROTHER, an old fragile man is on a hot streak. Jacklyn approaches the table.

JACKLYN
Dino...you need to quit.

DINO
You need to keep bringing them drinks.

JACKLYN
You lost all of Darren's money?

DINO
No...I got one chip left.

TITLE CARD: Crystal Casino: $900 Dino: $100

JACKLYN
(Whispering)
All the games are rigged...and you know that.

DINO
You trippin'...this old man is winning.

JACKLYN
That's Boyd's brother.

Boyd's Brother smiles at Dino and then shoots a icy stare at Jacklyn.

JACKLYN
Leave before I get fired...they know we're related...and my manager's asking questions.
Dino puts the chip in his pocket he gets up and Jacklyn tugs him to walk away.

INT. BOYD'S OFFICE-MOMENTS LATER

Boyd sits in a huge chair that dwarfs his regular size desk. On the desk there is a hat. Boyd gestures to Darren to have a seat.

DARREN

I need a car.

BOYD

I'm a Casino owner not a car salesman.

DARREN

But--

BOYD

You've come a long way to see a man that rarely is seen...but is needed in these tough economic times--

Darren waits in anticipation. Boyd takes the hat off the desk and spins in the chair. The chair spins back and HUSTLE MAN aka Boyd wearing a hat, has replaced Boyd. Darren is perplexed.

TITLE CARD: The Hustle Man. The ultimate salesman. Rating:$$$$$

HUSTLE MAN

The Hustle Man will lead those broke...down on their luck...ain't got two pennies to rub together...to satisfaction.

Boyd(As Hustle Man)leads Darren outside into the parking lot.

EXT. COMPTON CALIFORNIA-THE CRYSTAL CASINO PARKING LOT-DAY

Continuous

Hustle Man points Darren to a 90' Monte Carlo. 20' Chrome rims. Clean paint job.

HUSTLE MAN
I happened to have acquired this lovely vehicle in the last five minutes...one of the perks of being the co-owner of a Casino.

Darren is amazed. He touches the car to make sure it's real.

DARREN
That's incredible...everything they said is true.

HUSTLE MAN
For two thousand dollars...you can be the proud owner of this used beauty.

Darren takes out the wad of cash. He hands over $2000 to Boyd(As Hustle Man) who shoves papers in his face.

HUSTLE MAN
Sign this pink slip...I also offer Ghetto car insurance...sign here for that.

Hustle Man hands Darren the keys and a pink slip.

HUSTLE MAN
Mr...Darren Collins...you are now the proud owner of a 1990 Monte Carlo.

TITLE CARD: Slinky's Advance: $7,240

TITLE CARD: Slinky's Advance: $5,240

Darren jumps into the Monte Carlo.

INT. MONTE CARLO CAR-DAY


Darren turns the radio on and rolls down the windows. Boyd has removed the hat and is standing outside the car.

BOYD
Hustle Man wants to thank you for your patronage.

DARREN
Thank you Mr. Boyd.

In the distance Darren sees Dino running like a mad man followed by Jacklyn, followed by security, followed by Boyd's brother. Boyd turns to see what the commotion is.

BOYD
What the?

DARREN (V.O.)
Dino is Dino...no matter what...he does Dino shit.

Darren presses hard on the gas and the car takes off.

EXT. COMPTON CALIFORNIA-THE CRYSTAL CASINO PARKING LOT-DAY

The Monte Carlo whips through the parking lot.

INT. MONTE CARLO CAR-DAY

Darren sees Jacklyn and is distracted. He turns back and hits Dino. Darren's P.O.V. casino chips fly into the air and fall in slow motion. Dino hurls into the air and falls on the hood of the car. Darren presses the brakes and Dino rolls off the hood and onto the ground.

EXT. COMPTON CALIFORNIA-THE CRYSTAL CASINO PARKING LOT-DAY

Darren gets out of the car to check on Dino. Dino is clutching his last Casino chip and raises it into the air triumphantly.

DINO
I was just trying to get the money back.

Jacklyn rushes over to Dino followed by Boyd and his Security. Darren sits Dino up and starts to drag him into the car.

JACKLYN
You just got me fired! Damn!

DINO
Damn!
WANNA BE RAPPERS(O.S.)
(rapping)
Can you say...Damn. DAMN! Everything I never wanted is everything I am. Everybody say Damn. DAMN! If you thought life would be this bad. DAMN.

Jacklyn gets in the passenger seat. The car speeds off just as Boyd tries to reach for the door handle.

BOYD
What the hell just happened?

SECURITY GUARD
There was an incident.

BOYD
What am I paying you for?

SECURITY GUARD
He started a fight with the dealer and took off with a handful of chips.

SECURITY GUARD 2
The girl was with him...We saw her tipping him on the the surveillance.

CUT TO:

VIDEO FEED FROM THE CASINO-MOMENTS AGO

Jacklyn is seen whispering in the ear of Dino. Dino raises up, grabs the Dealer and throws him on the table.

EXT. COMPTON CALIFORNIA-THE CRYSTAL CASINO PARKING LOT

BOYD
Shit!

Boyd puts on his hat.

HUSTLE MAN
The car has a tracking device.
Boyd takes off the hat.

BOYD
So we can track them? That's a clever idea.

Boyd puts on the hat.

HUSTLE MAN
That's how you keep a rotating inventory.

As Hustle Man Boyd takes out a small remote and hands it to one of the Security Guards. Boyd takes off the hat.

BOYD
Maybe I should put tracking devices in the cash outs.

Boyd puts on the hat.

HUSTLE MAN
It'll cost you.

Boyd takes off the hat.

BOYD
How much?

The Security Guards are puzzled as they watch Boyd talking to himself. Boyd realizes they're watching.

BOYD
What ya'll waitin' on?

The Security Guards sprint away and get into a couple of black SUVs. A black Sedan pulls up to Boyd. A DRIVER exits and opens the door for Boyd.

DRIVER
Where to boss?

BOYD
Follow that Monte Carlo.
Boyd and the Driver get into the sedan and it drives off. The Wanna Be Rappers exit the Casino down on their luck.

WANNA BE RAPPERS
(rapping)
Life's a gamble...damn...his life's in shambles...damn...It can't be random...damn...Success for ransom...Hard pressed...We know join the next scene...already in progress.

INT. MONTE CARLO CAR-NIGHT

Darren holds the steering wheel with a kung-fu grip. Dino is in and out of consciousness. Jacklyn stares blankly ahead.

DARREN
What. The. Hell. Just Happened?!?

JACKLYN
I lost my job...I lost my job...in a few more months...I would've had enough money saved up...I lost my job!

Jacklyn breaks out of her malaise and attacks Darren with flinging arms and frustrated screams.

JACKLYN
It's your fault!

DARREN
What? How?

Darren temporarily loses control of the car but regains it quickly.

JACKLYN
You coming up to my job causing trouble!

Dino is touching his face as if he's just discovered he has one.

DINO
Wow...it's so...fleshy...flesh...fresh. Fresh Flesh!
JACKLYN
Shut up Dino!

DARREN
I think he's seriously hurt.

JACKLYN
Shut up Darren!

DINO
Fresh fest of flesh...

DARREN
No...babe...I think Dino is really hurt.

JACKLYN
There's no magic way out the hood! You get to play ghetto for a few days and then run back to the valley...It's not fair--

DARREN
Jacklyn.

JACKLYN
I been saving money for the last year trying to get back into U.C.L.A. and you...You ruin it in one day!

DARREN
Jacklyn! Yes...Im a harbinger of doom...I caused the recession, global warming...the housing market collapse...and the Fugees break up.

JACKLYN
And I'll be stuck here...in this...in Compton...for at least another year.

DINO
Somebody keeps playing with the lights...

Dino laughs.

JACKLYN
You think that's funny?
Dino slumps over in the backseat and passes out.

JACKLYN
Dino? Dino...omigod...Darren.

EXT. COMPTON CALIFORNIA WILMINGTON BLVD-EVENING

The Monte Carlo drives into the Emergency drop off zone at King Drew Hospital.

INT. KING DREW HOSPITAL-NIGHT

Darren and Jacklyn drag Dino into the emergency room of King Drew Hospital. The STAFF watches them. There are several PATIENTS waiting to be tended to. Jacklyn and Darren put Dino in a chair. Jacklyn runs to the counter to address Bobby. G-Dogg's "Kill A Bitch" is playing on a radio behind him.

JACKLYN
My brother got hit by a car! He needs--

Nurse Bobby puts his hand up to Jacklyn's mouth and closes her lips together, his fingers are well manicured. He points to a number dispenser. Jacklyn takes a number it reads, "449"

BOBBY
Number 56...

Jacklyn looks down at the ticket.

JACKLYN
Are you serious! My brother--

Bobby puts his fingers on her lips again. Jacklyn turns slightly as if she's going to walk away.

BOBBY
(rapping alongside)
What you popping cuz...huh...I been coping cuz. Aint no stoppin cuz. G-Dogg ain't droppin cuz. Firm grip on the clip. Kill a bitch when I twitch--
Bobby begins crying. Jacklyn turns back to him and rolls her eyes. Bobby gets angry and directs his fury towards her.

BOBBY
Was it you?

JACKLYN
What?

BOBBY
You...you stole him.

JACKLYN
Stole...who...my brother is hurt...I just need--

BOBBY
You need to stop being a bitch...I'll kill a bitch!

JACKLYN
Bitch?!

Bobby grabs Jacklyn and the two begin struggling against each other. Darren rushes over and breaks them a part.

DARREN
Baby!

BOBBY
Get yo' girl!

Bobby grabs a handful of Jacklyn's hair.

DARREN
Hey! Let her go dude!

Bobby's anger subsides as if "dude" was a hypnotic trigger word. Darren manages to get Jacklyn away from the counter.

BOBBY
I know you.

DARREN
Yeah...I saw you the other day.

BOBBY
You work at Sniper Life with my boyfriend...well ex boyfriend.

DARREN
I don't.

BOBBY
Bobby...my name is Bobby.

DARREN
You're G-Dogg's personal physician?

BOBBY
I was...he...(starting to tear up)fired me...TODAY!

Bobby hugs Darren awkwardly. Darren pulls away.

BOBBY
I don't understand.

DARREN
I'm sure things will work out.

BOBBY
I don't fit.

The line is starting to swell with AILING PATIENTS, who are starting to murmur and complain. Bobby directs an index finger at them.

BOBBY
Take a damn number and wait! I'm having a moment right now with... with...what's your name?

DARREN
Darren.

BOBBY
With Darren.

Bobby turns back to Darren.

BOBBY
I'm sorry I jumped on yo' girl like that...she just looks like his type.

DARREN
So that was you in the office last week?

BOBBY
Yes...you can bring your friend in...he looks hurt.

Darren runs over to Jacklyn.

DARREN
Let's go.

JACKLYN
How?

DARREN
G-dogg.

JACKLYN
G-dogg?

DARREN
You don't wanna know.

BOBBY
Number 449!

Jacklyn and Darren grab the unconscious Dino and get him into the observation area. Bobby let's them in. The Patients waiting are incensed.

BOBBY
Shut up or I'll start calling numbers from yesterday!

INT. AUNT JANIS' HOUSE NIGHT

Devon, still wearing all black and the black baseball cap is pacing inside of the house he occasionally peeks through the blinds. Aunt Janis is sitting on the couch watching television. Devon walks over to the television and turns it off.

DEVON
Mama...I think I lost my job.

AUNT JANIS
Why?

DEVON
Bill was tripping.

AUNT JANIS
I don't get it...I do all I can for you...I can't do this...I can't...

DEVON
Do what?

AUNT JANIS
Keep this house...We're losing the house...my social security ran out...we're...

DEVON
What?

There's a knock at the door. Devon peeks through the blinds. He goes to the door and opens it. Shasta is standing the doorway.

DEVON
What you want?

SHASTA
You D?

DEVON
Who's asking?

SHASTA
You don't remember me?

Devon looks out to see if it's a prank.

DEVON
No...I smoke...I been with a lot of girls...I mean...

SHASTA
I just wanna talk.

DEVON
You don't know a broad named Coco do you?

SHASTA
No...I just wanna talk.

DEVON
Mama...I'm leaving for a sec.

B.R.C. and Neilsen are waiting for Devon and throw a bag over his head. Aunt Janis screams. Shasta slams the door. The sound of burning rubber.

EXT. COMPTON COLLEGE PARKING LOT-EVENING

The parking lot has scattered cars. The evening classes have let out. Leroy has Derrick in a headlock. Derrick struggles to get free.

DERRICK
Let me go!

Derrick finally gets out of the headlock and pushes Leroy away. Leroy laughs.

DERRICK
Where have you been?
DERRICK
Why didn't you call or write or email.

LEROY
I don't know...I guess I was embarrassed.

DERRICK
Why?

LEROY
I'm Leland Johnson...I was supposed to be the savior...but I ended up just like all the other losers.

DERRICK
I looked up to you...You were the man to me...I had a future.

LEROY
Had? You're young...you got a lot of life left to live.

DERRICK
My knee is gone...I'm working graveyard at UPS...the only thing im tackling is boxes...what about you?

LEROY
Trying to get back to normal.

DERRICK
Normal?

LEROY
I been in jail for five years.

DERRICK
We thought you were dead.

LEROY
Leland is...I'm Leroy...at least that's the name on my file.

DERRICK
I wish I could do that.

LEROY
Do what?

DERRICK
Disappear...like you did...

LEROY
I didn't disappear I got taken...Wrong place...wrong time...

DERRICK
Remember Little Darren?

LEROY
Michael and Regina's boy?

DERRICK
You know Darren was always telling Tall Tales...

LEROY
Telling us that robots picked up his trash...and that his neighbor had a flying car.

DERRICK
Fool made up a rapper and got a record deal...all I have to do is pretend that I'm D.

LEROY
Sounds easy.

A black Continental Car pulls up. Leroy and Derrick turn their attention to the car. The door opens and Bee's Goons exit. They open the backdoor and Bee emerges wearing a fur coat, black dress and red pumps. She's smoking a cigarette.

BEE
You two look like the type of people that handle...business.

LEROY
DARREN (V.O.)
Beads? Yes...as in the beads little girls put in their hair...it makes so much sense now.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. COMPTON CALIFORNIA NEIGHBORHOOD-DAY

A YOUNG BEE, 10, with a head full of white beads is dressed in clean white clothes and being teased by three YOUNG BOYS. The Young Boys throw mud at her and make funny faces. Young Bee cries and A YOUNG LEROY fights the Young Boys and they run off. Young Bee gives Young Leroy a kiss and they hold hands.

DINO (V.O.)
Leroy and Bee...were like Bonnie and Clyde...Jay-Z and Beyonce...Ham and Burger...with extra pickles.

END OF FLASHBACK:

Leroy outstretches his arms for a hug and Bee agrees. They hold each other in a lover lock staring deeply into each others eyes like a cheesy soap opera scene.

BEE
Lee Lee? I thought you were...they said...

LEROY
It's a long story...

Bee knees Leroy in the crotch. Leroy falls to the ground in agony. She wraps her beads around his neck.

BEE
You...you left me like a fool at the court house...

DERRICK
Uncle?

Leroy breaks the beads and they fly all over the ground. Leroy turns to comfort Bee, who is now holding a gun to him.
LEROY
Baby...it wasn't my fault...I was on my way...I got arrested...

BEE
Don't baby me...you couldn't call...send me a damn letter...I stood there for hours in my
grand-mama's dress...I don't want to hear it!

Bee directs her attention to Derrick.

BEE
Where's your boy Dino?

DERRICK
Don't know no Dino.

BEE
Yes you do...I swear to the Lord of the Rings.

DERRICK
I'm D...I'm signing a record deal with Darren Collins.

BEE
Darren? Who the fuck is Darren?(beat)You talking about Urkel?

DERRICK
That's Slinky's right hand man.

BEE
Is that so?

Leroy gathers himself and raises up. The Goons point guns at him.

LEROY
He is...but I'm D's manager...You wanna talk business you talk to me.

BEE
This is bullshit Leroy...If he's D...then that punk Dino...what game are you little boys
trying to play?
Bee walks off in frustration. The Goons continue pointing guns at Derrick and Leroy.

DERRICK
Dammit Dino.

Leroy slugs one of the Goons and takes his gun. He gets the drop on the other Goon. Bee turns back to see two guns pointed at her.

LEROY
Stay away from Dino...you want to deal with D...you come deal with me.

Leroy whispers an inaudible "I love you" to Bee, who's face displays an un-appreciation for the gesture.

BEE
You...you and you're chubby friend...this ain't over!

LEROY
You're right baby...you at least owe me a chance to explain!

Leroy shoots the tires out on Bee's car. Leroy and Derrick get in Derrick's truck and drive off. Bee kicks her defeated Goons as she watches the truck drive away.

INT. KING DREW HOSPITAL OBSERVATION ROOM-NIGHT

A DOCTOR is finishing his exam of Dino. Jacklyn and Darren watch with concern.

DOCTOR
It's a concussion... He'll be in pain for a while and have sensitivity to light.

JACKLYN
Is that all?

DOCTOR
There may be some temporary short term memory loss.

DARREN
That could be good, right? I mean maybe he'll forget how much of an asshole he's been...
Jacklyn finds no humor in the joke and neither does the doctor, who interrupts the awkward silence.

DOCTOR
I'm giving him a prescription for pain killers...You look like good kids...I see kids in here all the time much worse...be careful.

The Doctor hands Darren discharge papers and a bottle of Motrin. Darren and Jacklyn stare at the papers. Dino is woozy but he's regained consciousness, his eyes are squinting, he puts on a pair of dark sunglasses.

INT. KING DREW HOSPITAL EMERGENCY LOBBY-NIGHT

Darren brings the discharge papers to Bobby. Jacklyn pushes Dino in a wheelchair.

BOBBY
Let me see those discharge papers...damn!

DARREN
Damn? What you mean damn?

BOBBY
$2000 damn and that's with my discount.

Darren hands over the money to Nurse Bobby. He turns to leave and Bobby grabs him by the arm. He looks I intensely into Darren's eyes.

Bobby let's Darren go.

TITLE CARD: Slinky's Advance: $5,240

TITLE CARD: Slinky's Advance: $3,240

EXT. KING DREW HOSPITAL-NIGHT

Darren and Jacklyn roll Dino outside and get ready to put him in the car.

JACKLYN
I can't believe they charged us for the waiting room ticket...
DARREN
I just want to get to Aunt Janis' house to regroup.

Darren opens the door and stumbles back because Boyd is sitting in the car.

BOYD
Nice wheels.

DARREN
I don't have time for this...how much?

BOYD
There's damages to both my business and my reputation.

DARREN
How much do you want Boyd.

BOYD
$2000...and I'll keep the police out of it.

DARREN (V.O.)
Damn...how did shit get this out of hand...it was a simple plan...Damn.

TITLE CARD: Slinky's Advance: $3,240

TITLE CARD: Slinky's Advance: $1,240

DARREN (V.O.)
Damn...there goes my chance to pay my student loan.

CUT TO:

Darren's Student Loan. A huge "DEFAULT" is stamped on the envelope.

EXT. KING DREW HOSPITAL-NIGHT

The Wanna Be Rappers, dressed in scrubs exit the hospital and stand outside in the Emergency Drop off.
WANNA BE RAPPERS
(rapping)
Can you say...Damn. DAMN! Everything I never wanted is everything I am. Everybody say Damn. DAMN! If you thought life would be this bad. DAMN.

Darren gets in the car and shuts the door. He rolls down the window and sticks his head out.

DARREN
Yes my life sucks! Shut the hell up already! I get it!

Darren gives them the middle finger and drives off. The Wanna Be Rappers all stare at each other as the car peels off down the street.

EXT. COMPTON CALIFORNIA-THE REC SHOP-NIGHT

Darkness. Suddenly a bag is pulled off of Devon's head. From Devon's P.O.V. Neilsen, B.R.C. and Shasta are staring at him.

NEILSEN
What else were we supposed to do? Ask him nicely to come over?

SHASTA
We just kidnapped somebody.

B.R.C.
He's D...He got shot nine times and he's dangerous.

Devon struggles as he realizes he's tied to a chair.

DEVON
Where am I?

NEILSEN
The Rec Shop.

Shasta punches Neilsen in the arm. Neilsen turns to her and shrugs "what".

NEILSEN
He does look like him.
In walks Vance.

VANCE
You know who I am?

DEVON
A white boy in a suit.

VANCE
I'm Vance Haywood and I know your situation D...I know your mom is losing her house and I know you don't have a job to go back to.

DEVON
How do you know that?

VANCE
I'm a..white boy...in a suit...people trust me with secrets.

DEVON
So?

VANCE
I got the secret to this game...I can make you a millionaire and you won't have to fry chicken or rob banks...or whatever it is you do.

Miko enters the studio holding a box of pizza.

MIKO
Hey guys I got...what the hell? Why is Devon tied to a chair?

SHASTA
Devon?

MIKO
Shasta what the hell?

SHASTA
This is D!
MIKO
That's not D.

DEVON
But I am.

MIKO
No you not...this fool used to work at Platinum Chicken with me.

VANCE
This is not D?

INT. AUNT JANIS' HOUSE LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Darren is consoling Aunt Janis on the couch. Dino is sitting in the corner with a pair of dark shades on.

DARREN
So what happened?

AUNT JANIS
They took him.

DARREN
Maybe it was Bee?

Dino moves his head Stevie Wonder like and has a huge grin on his face.

DINO
Bee...Bee...Bee...don't kidnap nobody!

JACKLYN
Bee?

Darren nods his head "yes"

AUNT JANIS
There were three of them...one of them was a fast little girl.

JACKLYN
Why would anyone want to kidnap Devon?

Darren looks away and tries to ignore Jacklyn but she gives him the "girlfriend" stare and his resolve is broken before he can establish it.

JACKLYN
Darren Samuel Collins what's going on?

DARREN
Baby...please...just--

There's a knock at the door. Tension rises with each knock.

JACKLYN
Darren...Go answer the door.

DARREN
What if it's them?

Jacklyn gives Darren another look.

DARREN
Ok...ok...just watch my back.

Darren walks to the door and opens it. Coco, Nugget and Repo are outside.

COCO
Where's Devon?

Jacklyn steps outside to confront Coco.

JACKLYN
Coco? Devon isn't here...and how many times are we going to do this?

COCO
Well can I check for myself?

Nugget steps between them.
DARREN
Nugget.

NUGGET
What the fuck you doing here?

REPO
I was just bout' to say the same thang.

NUGGET
Shut up Repo.

DARREN
This is my aunt's house...what are you doing here?

NUGGET
Looking for D.

DINO
(rapping hysterically)
Everybody's looking for D...you looking for me...The Hub City...know for the...shit what are we known for?

REPO
That's D? What's he been smoking?

DARREN
Nothing...he had...an accident.

REPO
So what's the hold up? Let's just take him to Slinky.

NUGGET
We can't do that can we intern? Because he's not D.

DARREN
D got kidnapped earlier.

REPO
Kidnapped?

Jacklyn consoles Aunt Janis. Repo is confused and searches internally for answers. Coco stares at baby pictures of Devon. Nugget stares at Darren.

NUGGET
So intern...where's D?

There's a knock at the door. Everyone turns and they all look at Darren.

DARREN
What? Damn.

Darren answers the door and Derrick is standing in the doorway.

DERRICK
Where's Dino?

Derrick pushes his way into the house and is followed by Leroy. Darren stares at the massive Leroy in fact everyone in the room stares.

REPO
That's a big muthafucker.

Leroy approaches Darren. Darren nervously retreats back.

LEROY
Little Darren? I haven't seen you since you were knee high to a pimp...so you knocked me out?

Leroy bear hugs Darren.

LEROY
You got one Ghetto pass...and only cause I know what's going on?
Leroy puts Darren down and turns his attention to Jacklyn.

DERRICK
Leroy is uncle Leland.

AUNT JANIS
Leland? They said you were--

leroY
Dead...I know but I'm here now...and we got a record deal to get...who are these chumps?

NUGGET
I'm the man with the the money to make that record deal happen...now...where's D?

leroY
Right here little man.

Leroy points at Derrick.

NUGGET
No that's Derrick Johnson...former all state linebacker...isn't that right?

DERRICK
Yeah...former...I'm a rapper now.

Nugget examines Derrick.

NUGGET
You sound nothing like the guy on the mix tape...none of you fools do.

REPO
Ok if the space cadet ain't D and the fat boy ain't? Who the fuck is?

There's rattling at the door and the sound of keys. Devon enters the house. Aunt Janis runs to him and hugs him tightly. Vance, B.R.C., Shasta, and Neilsen follow behind him.

NUGGET
Its getting crowded in here.
VANCE
What are you doing?

NUGGET
I came to find D.

VANCE
No. You're not gonna...intern?

DARREN
I can explain.

B.R.C.
You betta' start talking Abercrombie.

Neilsen walks into Leroy.

NEILSEN
You're like a walking skyscraper.

NUGGET
Darren...where's D?

Darren's head drops heavy with shame and takes a seat at the table. He puts his head down.

VANCE
What the hell is going on?

DARREN
Well...there really...I mean D...

DINO
There ain't no D! We're all D!

Dino laughs hysterically.

Darren's P.O.V. The door and then Jacklyn, Aunt Janis, Derrick, Leroy, Repo, Dino, Vance, Nugget.
VANCE
Intern!

Vance rushes towards Darren and smashes into Leroy like a brick wall.

LEROY
Sit down white boy.

Vance takes a seat on the couch.

Bee and her Goons kick in the door guns strapped and click clacked. Everyone raises their hands in the air.

BEE
What the fuck is this?

DINO
But not for long...

Bee motions her gun towards Dino. The Goons hold everyone at gunpoint.

BEE
Dino! Where's D?

DINO
The show...must go on! Even without the monkey.

DARREN
I think there's been a slight misunderstanding.

BEE
Who is the Nerd and why is he talking to me?

LEROY
The nerd...is little Darren. Regina's son...

Bee seems to have a slight change in attitude.

BEE
Shut up Leland! What the hell is goin' on?
DARREN
I lost D.

Bee looks at the faces in the room and from their reactions she begins to realize the truth.

BEE
Wait...wait...little Darren...you lost him?

LEROY
Baby...

Bee points her gun at Leroy.

BEE
Don't baby me! This is probably your fault.

LEROY
It wasn't my fault!

Neilsen turns to Shasta.

NEILSEN
(whispering)
I still don't get it...who is D?

SHASTA
(whispering)
The nerd played us.

BEE
Nobody's going anywhere!

SHASTA
I don't know what beef you got with these bozos but we ain't involved.

BEE
Whatever! I don't care...leave!

Vance, Shasta, B.R.C. and Neilsen exit through the broken door. Neilsen stares at Bee.
NEILSEN
That my friends is grade A beef.

Bee shues Neilsen away with her gun.

BEE
I don't care who D is no more! Where's my money!

DARREN
I got about a thousand dollars left, you can have it and I'll get the rest to you when I can.

Darren takes the wad of money out and Bee snatches it from him and places it in her bra. Darren stumbles back and falls. Bee stands over him.

BEE
When you can? You think this is financial aid school boy...ain't no deferred payments!

Bee points the gun to Darren's head and releases the safety. The world moves in slow motion. Darren closes his eyes.

DARREN (V.O.)
This is it...my life ending...like this...shot in my Grandma's living room in Compton.

Darren waits for the end. Time is normalized and Darren realizes nothing has happened. Darren's p.o.v. he opens his eyes and sees Leroy hugging Bee tightly.

LEROY
It's not his fault baby...it's mine...it doesn't matter that I got arrested for mistaken identity...and never made it to the court house...

BEE
That's all I wanted...wait...you got arrested?

LEROY
Yes. That's why I never showed up...Can we start over?

BEE
Yes.
REPO
Is this a ghetto soap opera? What the he'll just happened?

DINO
Sunshine in a bag!

Bee is crying hysterically. Leroy has managed to take gun from her. Jacklyn runs over to Darren and squeezes him tightly.

JACKLYN
Darren...baby...say something.

DARREN
You're killing me...softly...

Jacklyn smiles and kisses Darren.

Leroy scoops up Bee exits through the doorway, followed by the Goons. Michael enters the house after they leave.

MICHAEL
I think I just saw Leland...and Beads...what in the name of Fred Sanford?

Michael realizes there's no door.

MICHAEL
What happened to the door? What the hell! Devon! Darren! Dino! Derrick!

Michael smacks each of them.

MICHAEL
Somebody tell me what the hell is going on!

Michael takes off his belt and a Benny Hill type chase errupts, complete with a Hip Hop remix of the "Yakety Sax" theme.

The house clears out and Darren is left alone in the house staring at the broken door. He reaches in his pocket and pulls out a single dollar.
TITLE CARD: Slinky's Advance: $1.00

DARREN (V.O.)
Damn. All I had was a dollar and a dream.

Coco come steps through the door and snatches the dollar from Darren.

COCO
I need bus fare.

Darren watches Coco walk away. He falls on the couch and buries his head in his hands.

TITLE CARD: Slinky's Advance: $0.00 You're broke as a mug.

TITLE CARD: Days until the end of the week...None

TITLE CARD: Darren is a loser. Rating: -5 mics.

DARREN (V.O.)
Yes I was a loser.

Jacklyn enters the house visibly tired from running. She tries in vain to catch her breath and plops on the couch next to Darren.

JACKLYN
This...was...a...very...exciting...day...

DARREN
Not no Jacklyn.

JACKLYN
You finally got it.

DARREN
Got what? I lost everything.

Jacklyn hugs Darren and gives him a kiss on the cheek.

JACKLYN
You don't have anything...now you can start over.

DARREN
Start over?

JACKLYN
It's like when we were kids...remember when we played Playstation?

DARREN
Yeah.

JACKLYN
Press reset.

DARREN
Reset?

Jacklyn gets up and leaves. Darren sits staring out the door. A CITY WORKER shows up with an eviction notice and puts it on Darren's forehead.

TITLE CARD: Days left: 0. Darren is screwed.

EXT. SNIPER LIFE RECORDS OFFICE-DAY

It's a bright day in Hollywood the sun is out and the streets are populated with TOURISTS and RESIDENTS taking in the great day.

TITLE CARD: D-DAY

The Monte Carlo pulls up to the building as is met by the Wanna Be Rappers dressed in all black.

WANNA BE RAPPERS
(rapping)
Damn...We done reached the end of the line...Got damn...You been here for a minute...That's a whole lotta time...Damn...Maybe we should wrap this up...Do you want more...or have you had enough...Damn...

Darren, dressed in a black suit exits the car. The world seems to darken instantly and the sunshine is replaced by dark clouds and howling winds. The sound of a clock bell tolls.
The Wanna Be Rappers stand near the door to Sniper Life, like Hip Hop Angels of Death welcoming him to judgement day.

DARREN (V.O.)
This...hands down was the worst week of my life.

An Operatic beat plays and the Wanna Be Rappers begin singing softly.

WANNA BE RAPPERS
(singing)

DARREN (V.O.)
These guys weren't helping.

Darren walks slowly into the building.

INT. SNIPER LIFE RECORDS LOBBY-MOMENTS LATER

Teena is sitting at the desk talking on the phone. Darren approaches her desk in a zombie like trance.

TEENA
(On phone)He just arrived...yes of course.

Teena hangs up the phone.

TEENA
Intern?

DARREN
Clip board.

TEENA
Not today...They're expecting you.

Teena points to the elevator. Another clock bell tolls ominously. Darren sulks.

DARREN
Really?

TEENA
Sorry...new ring tone.

Teena holds up a cell phone.

TEENA
Brighten up Intern.

Darren enters the elevator and the door closes and then a moment later the elevator doors open. Darren's P.O.V. Slinky, Nugget, Repo and G-Dogg are sitting at the table.

Nugget, dressed in causal clothing and missing his gold grill approaches Darren with his hand extended.

NUGGET
You're late.

Darren is confused and doesn't quite know how to react.

NUGGET
Don't stand there...come in.

SLINKY MCCALL
Devin...

DARREN
(low toned)
Darren...

SLINKY MCCALL
Whatever...Have a seat.

Darren sits down in an open chair next to Slinky. Slinky presses a button on a remote and a song begins playing.

DARREN(ON SONG)
(rapping)
Truth or Dare him...Don't dare dare him...It's ya man Darren the most darin'..Yes the speakers blaring...Courtesy of me yo...Me and the beat is like fire and dro...Light up some more. Get high off this yo. Inhale. Exhale. Breathe deep brotha...You weak brotha...Claiming to be authentic. Your personas not real. You rent it.

Slinky stops the song. He looks intensely at Darren.

SLINKY MCCALL
Not bad...for an intern.

Darren is puzzled. Slinky presses the button again and plays another song.

D(ON SONG)
(rapping)
It's like I got two jobs...One a hustle one legit...One reality one a script...But I'm not acting...Im reckless like a 6-0 Crip...In a room full of Bloods...with a full clip...Gangstarr infused wit' blues...A Guru with no Jazz...Premier so I will last.

Slinky stops the song.

SLINKY MCCALL
Why is it that you sound just like D?

DARREN
I can explain...

SLINKY MCCALL
I don't need your explaination...Where's D?

DARREN
Mr. McCall...If you just...

There seems to be an growing sense of anxiousness in the room. Dino, Derrick and Devon seem to be holding in their laughter.

SLINKY MCCALL
Nugget.

NUGGET
Darren...I want to officially welcome you...To Sniper Life Records...Intern.
Nugget drapes a Sniper Life Platinum chain around Darren's neck. Darren is still shocked and has yet to react to what's happened. Slinky extends his hand to Darren and shakes it firmly. He slides a contract on the table towards Darren.

SLINKY MCCALL
Welcome to Sniper Life Records.

DARREN (V.O.)
This was my moment...the moment I dreamed of since the day I heard Electric Relaxation in the backseat of my dad's Volvo...

Darren's P.O.V. the contract looks legit.

DARREN
Don't I need a lawyer?

REPO
Damn intern...sign the contract.

DARREN (V.O.)
If life was only this simple...

Darren is about to sign the contract but time freezes and reverses in super speed. We follow Darren as he moves back into the elevator, back down to the lobby, out of the door and into the car.

INT. MONTE CARLO CAR-DAY

Time returns to normal and Darren is sitting alone in the car.

DARREN (V.O.)
This is what really happened.

Darren closes his eyes.

DARREN
This sucks.

D appears in the passengers seat dressed in all black.
DARREN
Am I trippin’?

D
Maybe...

D takes out a cigarette and offers one to Darren, who refuses.

DARREN
I'm cool.

D
No you not.

DARREN
What?

D
You fucked up...just a little bit.

DARREN
I know.

D
What you gon' do...playa?

DARREN
Kill myself.

D
That sounds gangsta...

DARREN
How.

D examines the car and then looks at Darren.
EXT. HOLLYWOOD, CA--DAY

The Monte Carlo burns rubber and speeds down Sunset Blvd and onto the 101 freeway.

INT. MONTE CARLO CAR-DAY

Darren holds tight to the steering wheel. D is screaming hysterically with excitement.

EXT. CALIFORNIA HIGHWAY-NIGHT

The Monte Carlo flies off the freeway and into the Los Angeles river. The Monte Carlo quickly sinks into the river. The Wanna Be Rappers gather to watch the car's descent into the dark watery abyss. They turn to us.

WANNA BE RAPPERS
(rapping)
Damn...This is the end of the line...For real this time...Got damn...L.A. has a river? We thought that was a myth...Damn...That's the end of it...Damn...Darren...maybe now you can quit...Damn...this chorus is getting old...We about to go...Because it's getting cold...YOU KNOW!

EXT. LOS ANGELES RIVER-NIGHT

An Ambulance, Police Cars and a Fire Truck are at the edge of the River. Darren is sitting with Jacklyn in the back of the Ambulance. Darren's arm is broken and in a sling. He also has a few bruises.

JACKLYN
When I told you to press reset...I didn't mean for to do this.

DARREN
I had to.

A POLICE OFFICER comes to the ambulance to question Darren.

POLICE OFFICER
How you feeling?
DARREN
I've had better days.

POLICE OFFICER
Now...you told the arriving officer that there was a passenger.

DARREN
Yes...he held me at gunpoint...

POLICE OFFICER
That's the thing...we didn't find anyone or a gun...what was the suspects name.

DARREN
D.

POLICE OFFICER
I'll run it through the data base.

DARREN
I'm sure you'll find something...he was a popular gangsta rapper.

POLICE OFFICER
I brought up your record...or lack there of...What was a kid like you doing with a guy like that?

DARREN
I'm an intern...I was just doing my job.

CUT TO:

INT. CHANNEL 7 NEWS STUDIO-NIGHT

A live television report. The basic newscast setup. A desk with a monitor in the background. An insert reads: "NEWS 7 at 11" A MALE ANCHOR and a FEMALE ANCHOR have begun the nightly telecast. Both of them seem more plastic than flesh and their movements seem artificial. FEMALE ANCHOR is addressing us.

FEMALE ANCHOR
Good evening Los Angeles...and welcome to News 7 at 11...Our top story tonight takes us to the Los Angeles River where a tragic scene has been reported...

An insert of the Los Angeles River appears to the left of Female Reporter.

FEMALE ANCHOR
Let's take you live to the scene with our very own Tricia Sparks.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES RIVER-NIGHT

TRICIA SPARKS, 27 Asian American reporter, stands a few feet away from the river. The Monte Carlo is being dragged out by a Crane. Tricia is addressing us with a facade of concern.

TRICIA SPARKS
This incident all started when underground Hip Hop sensation D...

CUT TO:

A picture of Darren as D wearing a black baseball cap and dark sunglasses.

TRICIA SPARKS
The underground gangster rapper was reportedly signing a major record deal with Sniper Life Records. D assaulted and kidnapped an Intern...yes an Intern...which resulted in a tragic ending for the potential star.

CUT TO:

INT. SNIPER LIFE RECORDS LOBBY-NIGHT

A Press Conference. The Sniper Life Logo is on display on a large backdrop. Nugget, Repo and Slinky are sitting at a table. Flashing cameras and chatter are suffocating his personal space, but he remains calm. Slinky reads a prepared statement.

SLINKY MCCALL
The events that transpired earlier today...(clears throat) are in no way associated with Sniper Life Records...The artist known D...was never signed to our label...and I want to personally apologize to the Collins family for any trauma that may have been caused...We
here at Sniper Life will devote our time and effort to promoting positivity in our community going forward.

REPORTER 1
What about the rumors that this is a publicity stunt?

Reporter 2
What is going to be done about the intern?

REPORTER 3
Is it true that you--

NUGGET
Mr. McCall will not be answering questions at this time...This press conference is over.

Slinky, Nugget and Repo walk out the room as cameras flash and reporters continue to ask inaudible questions as they talk over each other.

CUT TO:

INT. SNIPER LIFE RECORDS OFFICE

Slinky, Nugget, Repo, Teena and G-Dogg are sitting at the big table all staring at Darren, Dino, Devon and Derrick. Darren is still nursing a broken arm.

DARREN
Look I'm sorry I caused all this trouble.

SLINKY MCCALL
So there is no D? You just let me go on T.V. like a fool.

REPO
We got played by the intern.

SLINKY MCCALL
Boy.

G-DOGG
Wait a damm minute...we're the only one's that know the truth.
DINO
Yeah...Why can't ya'll just pretend that it all happened the way he said

NUGGET
We can spin this...and think of all the pub we got cause of this.

Nugget slides Slinky a pile of Newspapers with “Sniper Life” as the Headline.

SLINKY MCCALL
I'm listening.

NUGGET
Let him tell his story...I mean think about it...he's an intern that almost got killed by the hottest rapper in the game.

Darren looks at us. An infectious Hip Hop beat begins to play and the scene becomes a music video.

DARREN
(rapping)
Yeah...I'm in it to win it...I said i'm in it to win it...Yeah no matter how they spin it...I'm in it to win...Heart of a champion...Skill of scholar....All I had was a dollar...and a dream...nightmares of losing it all...September attitude...ready to fall...And then I became an INTERN.

Dino
(rapping)
An intern?

DARREN
(rapping)
Yes an intern...But that's just the way it go...

NUGGET
(rapping)
Who knew?

DARREN
(rapping)
The intern had flow...and what do ya' know...The Intern bout to blow...Had a battle with Repo...Ya'll ready for the sequel?

REPO  
(rapping)  
Part two more like a collabo...Found out I had a kid by Coco.

Coco enters holding her baby. She hands the girl to Repo.

REPO  
(rapping)  
Child suppoort tho...For a child that short...Oh...I sort tho...I sport yo...A flow reserved for the street...Perserved for a week...Me and D...Rest in Peace...Can't believe my man died in the streets...Actually the L.A. river...Man the Intern failed to deliver...But we all good now...Cause the intern got style...And I'm so close to doing anotha' bid but I got to take care of kid...

G-DOGG  
(rapping)  
G-Deezy...homo rap thug...please don't tease me...Cause I'll take that booty...Homie love style...I am not fruity...These rappers is starburst...You scared of Leroy...G-Dogg is far worse...No broken wrists when I be flipping it...And you man looking real nice did I mention it...Intern is not my type...

Bobby enters and G-Dogg gives him a bro hug and returns to rapping.

G-DOGG  
(rapping)  
Rap stature is giant...you not my height...Matter fact you way too light...That's why Intern survived that night...And now he Sniper Life...and like fresh ass on the yard...we staying tight.

DERRICK  
(rapping)  
Yeah...We in it to win it...I said We in it to win it...Yeah no matter how they spin it...We in it to win it!
Man...I guess it depends...I got put on...I'm bringing all of my friends...and I need all of my ends...To pay back this loan...And Slinky made it so I wouldn't be afraid to answer my phone...And Dino don't owe Bee.

Bee and Leroy enter. Bee tries to choke Dino but Leroy stops her and they kiss passionately.

DARREN
(rapping)
And my girl still in love with me.


DARREN
(rapping)
Devon ain't mopping floors no more...He work for Slinky...And Derrick bout to get his knee fixed...So his careers a remix...Aunt Janis bout to have her mortgage paid...and my Pops finally bout to get laid...And I can't even thank me...I owe it all to D!

Slinky hands Darren a contract.

FADE OUT.