MALIBU'S MOST WANTED

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FULL YELLOW DRAFT

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MALIBU'S MOST WANTED

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

FADE IN:

1 EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAY

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

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

A1 ESCALADE

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

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

B1 ESCALADE

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

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

C1 ESCALADE

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

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

D1 ESCALADE

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

(CONTINUED)
Continued:

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

ESCALADE
passes blonde Little Leaguers playing baseball in crisp
new uniforms.

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

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

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

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

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

Cut to:

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

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

(catch phrase)

'California is my family!'

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

BILL

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

Bess smiles and waves.

BILL

... and my daughter, little Brenda.

Brenda smiles and waves like a campaign-trail veteran.

BILL

Any questions?

The press begins shouting questions. Bill picks...

BILL

Deb?

REPORTER #1

Where's your son?

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

TOM

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

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

Reporters look around anxiously as another RUMBLE HITS; Bill's face falls as he sees...
CONTINUED:  (2)

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

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

**MOCHA**

*Yo yo yoooo!* Listen up, y'all!

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

**MONSTER**

Y'all better chill...

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

**HADJI**

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

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

**BRAD**

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

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

**BRAD**

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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
BRAD (CONT'D)
Take out your purse and cough some dough up.
My chickens get wit you, if you vote right.
And don't worry y'all, cuz my girls is tight.
Immigration, education, runaway inflation.
California ain't flowin' like old constipation.
Vote Bill G on your election ballot.
If you don't I'm gonna hit you wit a mallot!
Get Glucked y'all!

Tom again steps in and blocks Brad from view.

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. MANSION - DEN - 15 MINUTES LATER

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

TOM
What's the damage?

JEN
We're down nine points in the polls.

BILL
In fifteen minutes?

GARY
And dropping.

BILL
It's a disaster.

(CONTINUED)
TOM
What's the spin?

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

BILL
Thank God.

TOM
How the hell did this happen?

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

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

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

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

BILL
I thought he was at the chalet in Aspen.

GARY
(checking laptop)
Nope... It was the compound in Bermuda.

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

Brad enters and Tom shuts up.

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

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

BILL
What are you doing here, son?

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

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

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

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

TOM
Such as...?

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

CUT TO:

EXT. HANCOCK PARK - BACK YARD - DAY

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

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

IN WINGS

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

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT - HUGE BANNER

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

IN WINGS

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

CUT TO:

INT. LIMO - DAY

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

BILL
(stunned, hollow)
Bill Gluckman's down with the bitches and ho's'?

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. GLUCKMAN MANSION - DAY

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

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

(CONTINUED)
He heads for the house.

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

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

TOM
What are you going to do?

BILL
Set up an appointment with my shrink.

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY
Plush. Brad sits unhappily on an overstuffed couch opposite DR. FELDMAN. Bess and Bill sit off to the side.

DR. FELDMAN
So... Bradley...

BRAD
Why you keep callin' me dat?

DR. FELDMAN
Well that's your name, isn't it?

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

DR. FELDMAN
(sighs)
Yes, okay... B-Rad...

BRAD
Wassup?

DR. FELDMAN
Let's play an association game.

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

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

DR. FELDMAN
Now, which one doesn't belong?

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

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

BEES
With nice maids!

DR. FELDMAN
Bill, Bess, go to your happy places.

Bill sits back, frustrated.

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

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

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

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

DISSOLVE TO:
FLASHBACK - INT. GLUCKMAN LIVING ROOM - DAY (1980)

Toddler Brad (3 years old) sits on the floor, playing with a toy as GLADYS, Brad's housekeeper (African-American, thirty) vacuums, while listening to her Walkman. The PHONE RINGS, Gladys pulls off her Walkman headphones and answers the RINGING PHONE.

GLADYS
Gluckman residence.

Brad takes the headphones and pulls them over his ears.

GLADYS
No, Bill and Bess are out of the country until December.

His eyes go wide as the hip-hop gold enters his head for the first time...

BRAD (V.O.)
From then on it was hip-hop 24/seven.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GLUCKMAN DINING ROOM - NIGHT (1984)

SEVEN-YEAR-OLD BRAD sits alone at the table, wearing a Run DMC hat (a la "Rock Box", playing with his food. His headphones, around his neck, BLARE NWA.

BESS (V.O.)
Finish those vegetables, Bradley.

BILL (V.O.)
You can't be excused until you do.

SEVEN-YEAR-OLD-BRAD
Tch. Forget y'all.

REVEAL: on the table across from Brad is a video conference system. Both parents are on separate monitors -- Bess's has a sign that reads, "Paris," and Bill's reads, "Tokyo." There is a place setting in front of each monitor, as if they're dining with him.

BILL (V.O.)
That's it, mister.

BESS (V.O.)
When we get home... sometime in the near future... you're going to be in big trouble!!

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY (PRESENT)

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

BRAD
Nope.

BESS
(defensive)
That's ridiculous!

BILL
What about your bar mitzvah?

DISSOLVE TO:

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

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

BILL
Mazel tov, Bradley!

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

UNCLE LOUIE (O.S.)
What's the theme of your party, kid? Star Wars? Baseball? Superheroes?

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

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

Brad exits through French doors, and as we FOLLOW him OUTSIDE NAUGHTY BY NATURE'S "O.P.P." KICKS IN.
It's like we've suddenly stepped into a hard-core rap video -- big-bootied home girls in bikinis freak with clean-cut Jewish kids as the staff serve barbecue and malt liquor to the freaked-out guests. Among them, we see a 13-year-old HADJI, MONSTER, and MOCHA, all nicely-dressed for temple. Above, a huge spray-painted banner reads: "MAZEL TIZZOV B-RAD, ON HIS BAR MIZVAH!"

DISSOLVE TO:

Bess sniffles and dabs her eyes.

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

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

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

BRAD
Yo, Pops, that hurts my feelings.

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

BRAD
Don't be hatin'.

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

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

(CONTINUED)
Brad leaves, slamming the door behind him.

BESS
What can we do, doctor?

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

BILL
Do you think we can bring him back?

DR. FELDMAN
(grim)
I don't know. This is the most advanced case of gangsta-phrenia I've ever seen.

BESS
Oh no, not gangsta-phrenia!

CUT TO:

EXT. GLUCKMAN BACK YARD - POOLSIDE - DAY

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

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

Brad lifts his sunglasses and turns to his mother.

BRAD
What's up?

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

(CONTINUED)
BRAD
For real?

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

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

BESS
Hello? Celeste! When did you get back?! What?! Oh my God! I've been waiting for that bag for six months!
(to Brad, covering phone)
It's my personal shopper.
(back to phone)
Stay right there. I'm on my way!

She stands.

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

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

16  OMITTED

17  EXT. GLUCKMAN MANSION - PATIO - NOON

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

BRAD
Gladys?

GLADYS
Yeah?

BRAD
Ever feel like you don't belong?

(CONTINUED)
GLADYS
All the time, baby. Most folks only feel comfortable around folks who are the same as them. When they meet someone different, they get scared and angry, wanna keep ’em down.
BRAD
What do you do about it?

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

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

GLADYS
(emotional)
I don't know, baby, I just don't know...
(notices Brad's plate)
Eat your greens before they get cold, boy.

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

BRAD
(reading pager)
Oh no, not again!

He gets up and runs out of the room.

CUT TO:

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

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

TOM
How'd it go with Feldman?

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

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

BILL
Right, good point.

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

BILL
I'm all ears.

TOM
Guys?

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

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

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

GARY
Let him get a firsthand look at the ghetto.

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

TOM
Exactly.

BILL
Sounds dangerous...

BRETT
It'll be perfectly safe.

BILL
How does it work?

JEN
We hire actors to play gangsters.

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

(CONTINUED)
Tom gets strange looks from everyone.

AFRICAN-AMERICAN AIDE
Excuse me?

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

The team all nods.

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

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

They all chuckle. Bill sighs.

BILL
Who do we get for the gangsters?

TOM
Remember the anti-crime spot we shot last month?

GARY
We've got it cued up.

They turn to the TV and Gary hits PLAY.

On the monitor: A Gluckman campaign ad plays.

EXT. GHETTO BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

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

NARRATOR (V.O.)
For too long, street violence has torn Californians apart...

A second banger (PJ), glares at camera.

(CONTINUED)
NARRATOR (V.O.)
Bill Gluckman wants to put our divisions behind us.

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

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

SEAN (V.O.)
I guess we never thought of each other like that.

PJ (V.O.)
Me neither, dawg.

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

BILL (V.O.)
You see...
(turning to camera)
'California is my family'...

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

BILL (V.O.)
If we work together as a family there's no telling how high we can go.

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

Freeze on: the two awestruck "gangbangers."

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

TOM
Those are our guys, right there.

BILL
Will he be safe?
CONTINUED:

TOM
Absolutely.

BILL
(fed up and confused)
I don't know... can't we just...

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

BILL
Alright, fine, just do it.

CUT TO:

INT. MALI-BREW - DAY

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

BRAD
Lemme go.

MOCHA
You don't want to see him like dis.

BRAD
What happened?

MOCHA
He O.D.'d again.

BRAD
Why didn't you stop him?

MONSTER
I tried, yo!

BRAD
How many did he do?

MOCHA
Like twelve, thirteen, I don't know!

BRAD

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

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

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

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

Brad turns to Hadji.

BRAD
It's on now!

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

CUT TO:

A20 EXT. MALI-BREW - DAY

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

CUT TO:

B20 INT. MALL - DAY

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

CUT TO:

C20 INT. MALL - ILLUMINATIONS - MOMENTS LATER

Brad and his crew approach the OLD WOMAN CASHIER.

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

HADJI
Dat's right!

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

MOCHA
Woof woof!

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

She hands Hadji a box marked "Lilac."

BRAD
You better be validatin' my parking?

OLD WOMAN
Of course, sir.

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

CUT TO:

21 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

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

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

TOM
Don't think you can handle it?

(CONTINUED)
SEAN
Of course I can handle it. I studied at Juilliard for God's sake.

TOM
Fantastic.

Tom hands them a manila envelope.

TOM
Here's some background information on Brad.

PJ pulls Brad's CD from the envelope.

INSERT - CD COVER

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

PJ (O.S.)
Malibootay?

BACK TO SCENE

TOM
He considers himself a 'rapper.'

SEAN
Frickin' A.

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

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

SEAN
So we hold him for ransom?

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

(hands PJ a list)
I had my guys brainstorm a few ideas...

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

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

TOM
Pays fifteen grand apiece.

SEAN AND PJ
(quickly)
We're in.

TOM
Good.

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

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

SEAN
Cris... tal.

TOM
Good.

PJ
What about the money?
Pulls out a smaller envelope.

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

SEAN
... As the driven snow.
TOM
I'll call you.

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

PJ
Congrats, my brother. We just booked another gig.

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

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

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

PJ
Beats gettin' dunked on by Bill Gluckman.

SEAN
Do we even know anybody down there?

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

PJ
My cousin.

SEAN
Shondra.

CUT TO:

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

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

(continues)
CONTINUED:

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

    SHONDRA
    You zooted, nigga?

WIDER

    SEAN
    Honest to God.

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

    SEAN
    Like work at Wienie In A Bun?

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

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

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

    SHONDRA
    Shut up, stupid.

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

    SHONDRA
    What you payin'?

    SEAN
    A grand.

    SHONDRA
    Make it trey, we on.

    (CONTINUED)
SEAN
Jesus Christ, three grand?

SHONDRA
Or you can kiss my ass.

PJ
Deal. Now how about those fries?

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

CUT TO:
A22 INT. SEAN AND PJ'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

PJ
We're strapped now, my brother.

He sets the box down and begins pulling out guns.

SEAN
They have everything we ordered?

PJ
Glocks, Uzis, Tec-9s...

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

SEAN
What the hell is that?

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

What? You hate it?

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

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

SEAN
Whatever.

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME SCENE - LATER

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

SEAN
Okay, got the gangsta wear.

(CONTINUED)
PJ bursts into laughter.

SEAN
What's so funny?

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

He doubles over, falling on the floor.

SEAN
Whatever.

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

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME SCENE - LATER

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

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME SCENE - LATER

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

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME SCENE - LATER

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

SMASH CUT TO:

CLOSE ON SEAN

His face filled with rage.

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

WIDEN to reveal PJ watching Sean, shaking his head.

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

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

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

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

DISSOLVE TO:

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

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

INT. MALI-BREW - DAY

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

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
Brad sees Shondra and freezes. Everything goes SLOW MOTION.

BRAD'S POV - SHONDRA
strutting toward him.

BACK TO SCENE

BRAD
Girl you fly.

(CONTINUED)
SHONDRA
Thank you.

BRAD
Let me get them tig ol' bitties.

SHONDRA
Word up.

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

CUT TO:

REVERSE ANGLE - BRAD

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

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

BARISTA
Can I help you?

SHONDRA
Coffee.

BARISTA
Tall, Grande, Venti, nonfat, soy!—

SHONDRA
Big...

(pointed)

...black.

BRAD
(to Barista)
Yo, Krista the Barista. Put it on my account.

(to Shondra)
Get yourself a blueberry scizonne too, girl.

SHONDRA
Cool, playa.

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

(CONTINUED)
BRAD
I ain't seen you in here before.
Where you reside?

SHONDRA
Compton. You?

BRAD
The streets.

SHONDRA
Which streets?

BRAD
Malibu... Represent.

Bard throws the "M" sign.

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

BRAD
Hell yeah.
(points to his crew)
I'm down with the P.C.H. Hustlers.
And dems over dere...

Brad points to three white wannabes in another corner.

BRAD (O.S.)
The Calabasis Crabs... and behind dem...

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

BRAD
... the Palaside Pimps.

SHONDRA
Damn. How do you deal?

BRAD
All day every day.

She smiles seductively.

SHONDRA
Was that you droppin' rhymes when I came in?

(CONTINUED)
BRAD
Hell yeah, I'm a rhyma on tima...

Brad hands her his CD.

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

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

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

BRAD
(blown away)
Hold dup? You know Big Boy?

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

BRAD
For rizzill?!

SHONDRA
For rizzeal.

BRAD
Yo. Holler at him for me.

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

BRAD
Now?
(thinks)
Well, tonight was my Seder
dinner...

SHONDRA
Just helping out a brotha.

(CONTINUED)
BRAD  
(kisses Chai)  
Let's bounce.

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

She heads off. Brad turns to his posse.

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

HADJI  
Shut up!

BRAD  
I ain't lyin'!

They pound, shake, hug.

HADJI  
Yo, but what about us?

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

HADJI  
Bet!

They all pound as Mocha starts throwing beats.

INT. MALI-BREW BATHROOM - SAME TIME

Shondra's on her Nextel cell phone.

SHONDRA  
It's on.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - DAY

Sean listens to Shondra on his Nextel, then looks at PJ and nods gravely.
INT. BRAD’S ESCALADE – MOVING – DAY

They drive along the Santa Monica Freeway, heading east.

SHONDRA
So what do you rap about?

(CONTINUED)
BRAD
Oh, I can rap about anything.

SHONDRA
For real?

BRAD
Yeah, lemme kick it freestyle.
(raps)
'Traffic, traffic,
Lookin' for my Chap Stick,
Feelin' kinda carsick,
There's a Ford Maverick...'
(back to talking)
See? Dat's a million-dollar song right dare.

SHONDRA
So, how did you get to be so down?

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

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

BRAD
Word.
(then)
What's that?

SHONDRA
A businesswoman.

BRAD
Oh.

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

(CONTINUED)
BRAD
That's genius, girl. Damn. You fine and smart too. You gonna blow up huge, no doubt.

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

SHONDRA
Thank you.

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

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

SHONDRA
Take this exit.

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

BRAD
Yo. He really should use delivery.

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

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

BRAD
What?!

SEAN
You're gettin' jacked! Move!

BRAD
Shondra?!

SHONDRA
Shut up, fool!

(CONTINUED)
BRAD
Dis a come-up?!

SEAN
No. It's a stickup.

BRAD
I think I'm gonna throw up.

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

BRAD
(meekly)
Does this mean we're not going to Big Boy's?

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

SEAN
You jus' been kidnapped.

They throw Brad in the car and get in.

A25
INT. BRAD'S ESCALADE - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Sean takes off.

BRAD
Kidnapped?!

PJ
Yeah. We got your rich Gluckman ass now!

BRAD
How you know me?

SEAN
We saw you on the news the other night!

(mocking)
B-Rad!

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

INSERT - TWO-WAY

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

CUT TO:

INT. MALI-BREW - WIDE SHOT - DAY

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

MONSTER
Bam! Y'all owe me seven hundred dollars!

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

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

MONSTER
Lemme go free style.

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

MONSTER
Don't you talk about my momma.

HADJI
I'll talk about your momma all I want.

MONSTER
You ain't got the bizalls, bitch!

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

MOCHA
Oooh!

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

MOCHA
Dang!

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

MOCHA
Bam!

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

(CONTINUED)
MOCHA
Oh damn, it's on now!

CUT TO:

EXT. SHONDRA'S FRONT YARD - DAY

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

PJ
Let's get him inside.

BRAD
Dang. Why you doin' this to a brother?

SEAN
A brother?

PJ
Oh no you didn't.

SEAN
Whose brother?

BRAD
Yours, y'all. I'm down.

SEAN
Down? God damn!

PJ
Uh-oh. You done did it now.

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

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

BRAD
B.E.T.

(CONTINUED)
PJ
You think this is a joke, wigga?!

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

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

Two LITTLE GIRLS are walking by.

LITTLE GIRL #1
Hey, Shondra! Can you come on by later? Princess just had her litter of puppies.

SHONDRA
(seeing Brad looking puzzled by this; waving)
Okay then.

PJ
(covering)
They're pit bulls.

SEAN
Mean pit bulls.

PJ
Now get ya ass inside.

CUT TO:

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

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

SEAN
You got anything else on you, fool?

(CONTINUED)
BRAD
Uh... just this...

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

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

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

PJ
We gonna go call yo daddy.

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

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

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

Sean and PJ immediately drop their bad-ass personas.

SEAN
Did you buy my rage?

PJ
You're indicating.

SEAN
I'm indicating?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

PJ

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

SEAN

(imitating back)
'If he not, you're one dusted trick!' Please!

SHONDRA

Would you two fools shut the hell up?

SEAN

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

Shondra rolls her eyes and heads back into the room.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Shondra enters. Brad turns away.

SHONDRA

You a'ight in here?

BRAD

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

SHONDRA

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

BRAD

I thought you liked me.

I do.

BRAD

Then how come you set me up?

SHONDRA

I had to. They...

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BRAD
(wide-eyed)
For real?

SHONDRA
Oh yeah. They straight-up killas.

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

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

BRAD
I feel you, girl, me too.

SHONDRA
I'm talkin' 'bout you!

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

SHONDRA
Come on. Quit frontin'.

BRAD
I ain't fron'in'.

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

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
SEAN
What's next?

PJ refers to the itinerary they got from Tom.

PJ
How about... number three?

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

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

INT. SHONDRA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

They enter and glare at Brad.

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

BRAD
Huh?

PJ
That he'd have to think about it.

BRAD
(incredulous)
What? Straight up?

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

SEAN
Can't see as I blame him.

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

SEAN
Wigga please!

Sean cuts the duct tape with a blade.

SEAN
Come on.
What you doin', fool?

I'ma teach this little white girl a lesson!

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

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

Sean yanks Brad out by his collar.

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

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

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

BRAD
I'd like some Pringles.

SEAN
This ain't a picnic, bitch!

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

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

PJ
You jack that shit.

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

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

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

BRAD
But...

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

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

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

He holds up his prop gun.

I feel you.

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

This is gonna be classic.

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

They laugh again and pound it.

CUT TO:

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

Yes?

Yeah, uh, where the Old English at?

Back there, under security camera.

Thank you, sir.

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

(CONTINUED)
BRAD
Namyoho renge kyo, namyoho renge kyo, namyoho renge kyo and whatnot...

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

KOREAN GUY
Can I help you?

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

KOREAN GUY
No, stop.

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

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

KOREAN GUY
Can I help you?

BRAD
(nervous)
Let me axe you something. Ever been robbed?

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

BRAD
Cool.

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

CUT TO:
SEAN
How much did you have to give this
guy, anyway?

PJ
What are you talking about?

SEAN
(slowly)
When you set this thing up
yesterday, what did you pay?

PJ
I thought you set it up.

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

PJ
Oh damn.

SEAN
Get in there! He could get shot!

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

They continue to argue as we...

CUT TO:

B38 INT. KOREAN GROCERY - CASHIER COUNTER - SAME TIME

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

BRAD
My emergency stash. Thank you
God.

He pulls out a hundred and kisses it.

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

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

KOREAN GUY
... and wid dis.

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

KOREAN GUY
... And wid dat.

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

BRAD
Keep the change.

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

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

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

C38  EXT. KOREAN LIQUOR STORE - SAME TIME

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

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

PJ
Did he actually do it?

SEAN
This can't be happening.

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

Brad turns to the guys.

BRAD  
Let's dip!

SEAN  
(incredulous)  
You did it?

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

PJ  
Yo, what up with this?

PJ pulls the receipt off of his 40.

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

Brad freezes. They both stare at him.

BRAD  
I stole that too!

CUT TO:

INT. GLUCKMAN MANSION - SPA - NIGHT

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

ANGLE UNDER TOM'S TABLE

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

(CONTINUED)
... a meet and greet with Greenpeace, then drinks with the offshore oil lobby.

CLOSE ON BILL

face through hole.

BILL
Terrific. How's the Brad project doing?

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

BILL
And he's okay?

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

CUT TO:

EXT. KOREAN LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

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

SEAN
I've about had it, boy!

BRAD
Who you callin' boy?

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

BRAD
What do you mean, get real?!

SEAN
Act your white self!

He shoves a prop gun into Brad's ribs.

SEAN
Five! Four!

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

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

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

Sean and PJ move off to the side.

PJ
You buying it?

SEAN
I can't tell.

PJ
Me either.

SEAN
Let's give him the test.

CUT TO:

INT. MOVIE THEATER - ANGLE ON BRAD - NIGHT

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

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

Brad snaps out of it for a minute.

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

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BRAD
(as himself)
Run, bitch, ruuuuuuuuuuuuuuuun!!
He gonna kiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii you!

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

CUT TO:

INT. ESCALADE - DRIVING - NIGHT

Sean and PJ are furious. Brad is apologetic.

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

SEAN AND PJ
Wigga, please!

BRAD
No, for real. I can rap about anything.

(goes into rap)
'Bloodbath and Tree, hang all day,
They real tight, but they ain't gay... No, they okay...'

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

EXT. PROUD CHICKEN - LATER

Sean, PJ, and Brad approach the club.

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

BRAD
/sotto/
Represent.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

SEAN
Cube, Snoop, they all came up through here.

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

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

SEAN
This is definitely gonna do it.

PJ
Pay day!

They pound and follow Brad into the club.

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

**SEAN**

How you feelin' now, Malibu?

**BRAD**

Finally, a place where I feel at home.

**PJ**

(disgusted)

Get yo' ass in there.

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

**ON STAGE**

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

**A45 ON BALCONY**

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

**SAME SCENE - MEANWHILE**

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

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

(CONTINUED)
ON THE BALCONY

TEC (O.S.)
Hey, girl. Where you been?

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

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

She yanks her arm away from him.

TEC
Y'all been busy, huh?

SHONDRA
Too busy for you.

TEC
You been gettin' busy?

SHONDRA
Hell no.

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

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

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

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

BRAD
What up, girl?!

He gives her a sloppy kiss on the cheek.

SHONDRA
You a'ight?

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

TEC
Don't tell me you been hittin'
that?

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

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

SHONDRA
Brad, don't --

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

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

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

BRAD
(being strangled)
Don't be hatin'.

SHONDRA
Don't do it, Tec!

BRAD
Auuuuuuuuuu!

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

TEC
Y'all both gonna be sorry.

Tec stalks off.

SHONDRA
You alright?

(CONTINUED)
BRAD
(coughs)
I'm okay. Who was that?

SHONDRA
Old history. Come on.

Shondra grabs Brad and moves him to the stairs.

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

SEAN
Yo!

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

PJ
Uh... My boy want Young Dre next.

The MC looks them over...

MC
Hell, nah...

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

MC
(takes the cash)
What's his name?

SEAN
B-rad. From Malibu.

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

PJ
(enthusiastically)
Hey playa... You got any Will Smith back there?

The MC just looks at him...
A47  SAME SCENE – MEANWHILE

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

BRAD
Damn Shondra, where's the fire at?

SHONDRA
(fishing in her bag)
You're going home.

BRAD
You settin' me free?

SHONDRA
No. I'm savin' your ass. I'm not havin' your blood on my hands.
(hands him keys)
It's the blue Honda across the street.

FROM THE STAGE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The crowd LAUGHS. Brad cluelessly laughs along with them.

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

BRAD
Tizzaizzlszzs!

Everyone is totally confused.

BRAD
(apologetic)
Tails... I want tails.

The MC flips and "tails" it is.

MC
You wanna go first?

BRAD
Nah... Ladies first.

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

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

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

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

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

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

BRAD
Can we start again? I lost my place.

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

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

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

Brad finally starts up.

BRAD
'You big and rough,
You act all tough,
I bet in your childhood
You never had much love.
(finishing)
Alert the media,
I'm a rap encyclopedia,
My shrink says I suffer from a
case of gansta-phrenia,
I'm tryin' to be meania,
I'm feeling much vigor,
I'm the "Bu's" number one,
hardcore NIGGAA!!!

Complete silence.

PJ
(terrified, to SEAN)
Let's get the hell out of here.

Brad looks around as blank faces stare back at him.

BRAD
I'm sorry...

The crowd erupts with outrage and rushes the stage.

SMASH CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)
BRAD

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

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

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

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

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

SEAN

What was that?

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

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

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

BY BAR

Tec watches it all going down.

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

SNUFFY

You gettin' played, ese.

TEC

Excuse me?

SNUFFY

(laughing)

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

TEC

Yeah, Snuffy, that's right.

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

8-BALL
Not here, Tec.

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

DEUCE
Whatchoo wanna do?

TEC
Bag me a white boy.

As they move toward the exit we...

CUT TO:

EXT. HIP-HOP CLUB - NIGHT

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

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

PJ
Word.
(bad white rapping)
'Listen, all you rappers, the name's Brad Gluckman. When on the mic you could say I really suck man!'

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

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

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

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

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

BRAD
I just want to go home.

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

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

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

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

VOICE (O.S.)
Psst. Hey, dawg.

BRAD
Huh?

VOICE (O.S.)
Down here, dawg.

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

(CONTINUED)
BRAD
Stuart Little?

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

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

RAT
Why you so down, dog?

BRAD
I'm a failure.

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

BRAD
For real?

RAT
For riz-real. Pound it.

They punch it in.

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

RAT
Damn straight.

BRAD
I could be a highstylin' pimp?

RAT
They stylin-est.

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

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

And I could be the biggest rapper in the world.

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

(thinks about it)

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

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

CUT TO:

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

Hey... You okay?

Brad sniffles.

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

(CONTINUED)
BRAD
It's worse. Everybody's right.
My rhymes is weak.

SHONDRA
You just need a little experience.

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

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

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

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

BRAD
(perking up)
Yeah?

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

BRAD
(getting excited)
Like, when the public be all up in your private beach?

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

Brad smiles, looks at her.

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

(CONTINUED)
SHONDRA
(mock surprise)
For real?

BRAD
Except for on the internet.

SHONDRA
I never would've known.

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

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

BRAD
You're so pretty.

SHONDRA
Thank you.

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

SHONDRA
I said kiss, fool. Damn.

She gets up and heads for the door.

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

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

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

BRAD
Totally chill.

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

Shondra exits the room and faces Sean and PJ.

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

PJ
But we're not done yet...

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

SEAN
No way.

PJ
Not possible.

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

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

SHONDRA
Excuse me? You playin' me?

Shondra hands Sean the phone.

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

SEAN
Alright, okay, just relax...

As Sean starts to dial, we --

CUT BACK TO:
TOM
Yes, Sean. How's our little project going?

(CONTINUED)
A61 CONTINUED:

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

61 INT. SHONDRA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME
Sean reads from the checklist Tom gave him.

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

61A INT. SHONDRA'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME
Brad listens intently as Sean continues.

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

Brad's eyes widen.

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

Brad slumps back. He can't believe it.

61 BACK TO SEAN

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

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

SEAN
But -- Mr. Gibbons, hello?
Brad crawls out from the vent and goes to the mirror.

**BRAD**

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

(getting angry)

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

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

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

**SHONDRA**

What the hell do you think you're doing?

**BRAD**

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

**PJ**

(to Sean)

Do something.

**SEAN**

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

**BRAD**

You feelin' froggy, den leap!

Sean backs down.

**BRAD**

Anyone else wanna step?

**SHONDRA**

(slightly attracted)

What the hell got into you?

**BRAD**

Shut up, ho.

(CONTINUED)
SHONDRA
Who you callin' ho, ho?

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

PJ
Really? Damn.

SHONDRA
(pissed off)
Who the hell do you think you are?

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

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

SEAN
Come on, girl. Let's go!

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

PJ
But we got big a problem here.

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

Sean and PJ exit quickly.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHONDRA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Brad's at the car door as Sean and PJ exit and run up.
SEAN
Where the hell you goin'?

BRAD
I need to take a drive.

PJ
Come on, man. Chill.

BRAD
Today is a good day to die, didn't have to use my A.K... (Ice Cube-like)
Yey yey!

SEAN
Why you talkin' crazy?

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

SEAN
(panicked)
No. You down, right PJ, er, Tree?

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

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

SEAN
Oh my God.

TEC
Get out of the car, white boy.

BRAD
Oh, you dat weak fuck from de club.

Tec can't believe what he's hearing.

BRAD
(not impressed)
Got somethin' for me?

(CONTINUED)
TEC
(pulling a Tec 9)
Just this cap, fool! You ready to die?

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

TEC
Move!

BRAD
(getting out of car)
A'ight, but y'all should change up your style, cuz these jackings is gettin' tired.

He heads for Tec's car.

BRAD
Yo, Bloodbath, if there's one tiny scratch on my ride, I'ma eat y'all's children.
(cheerfully)
Shotgun!

TEC
Tape up this fool's hole, man.

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

TEC
What should we do with this Bloodbath and his friends?

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

TEC
Is Shondra hittin' the white boy?

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

(CONTINUED)
TEC
Scam?

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

TEC
Gluckman? The dude runnin' for Governor.

SEAN
You've heard of him?

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

PJ
We didn't say that, brother.

TEC
A'ight then.
(looks at Brad)
Damn, we got Gluckman's son. Fool's gotta be worth more alive than dead.
(to his crew)
Let's roll.

CUT TO:

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

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

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

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

GARY
Gays too.

JEN
There's no way we can win without them.

The INTERCOM RINGS.

TOM
Yep?

SECRETARY (V.O.)
I have a Sean on the phone for you, sir.

TOM
Put it through.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. INDUSTRIAL STREET - FREeway UNDERPASS - SAME TIME

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

SEAN
Tom, we have a real problem.

TOM
I told you, no more money.

SEAN
I know you said that, but we're in real serious troub --

Tec rips the phone out of Sean's hand.

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

TOM
Excuse me?

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

TOM
How do I know this is real?

TEC
You think your actors are this good?

Tec puts the phone up to Sean.

SEAN
Help us, please...
(hiccup)
I'm...
(hiccup)
so...
(hiccup)
Scared!!!

Sean begins to wail. Tec yanks the phone back.

TOM
Okay, I'm convinced.

TEC
Good. Now get me my money.

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

TEC
You got ten minutes.

Tec hangs up.

DEUCE
Now what?

TEC
We wait.

Behind, no one notices as a low rider cruises by slowly.
It's Snuffy, his face swollen and bloody from the beating he took from Tec. He's with two of his homeboys, members of the Rollin' G gang, checking out Tec and the crew.

**SNUFFY**
Is that him, ese?

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

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

The homeboy works his cell, as we:

**CUT TO:**

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

**JEN**
What the hell's going on?

**TOM**
Brad's been kidnapped for real.

**BRETT**
What?

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

**GARY**
Oh my God.

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

**BRETT**
Where are you going with this?

**TOM**
Well, the negatives are obvious.

(CONTINUED)
GARY
Bill drops out of the race, emotional distress...

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

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

BRETT
Right, right, I'm liking it.

They start riffing on the idea, getting excited.

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

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

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

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

BRETT
Helps with his leadership profile.

JEN
Bill Gluckman, crusader/martyr...

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

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

(CONTINUED)
BRETT
Bill Gluckman's war on crime...

GARY
... drugs.

JEN
... gangs.

BRETT
War's hot now.

GARY
War's great.

JEN
It's just what we've needed.

BRETT
It's like a green light to Sacramento.

TOM
Next stop, the White House.

The PHONE RINGS and Tom picks up.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. INDUSTRIAL STREET - SAME TIME

Tec is on the phone.

TEC
What up?

TOM
No deal.

TEC
Say what?

TOM
Bill Gluckman does not make deals with criminals.

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

(CONTINUED)
TOM
You do what you have to do, and we'll do what we have to do.

He hangs up and smiles.

A70 INDUSTRIAL STREET - SAME TIME

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

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

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

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

TEC
Your daddy ain't payin'.

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

TEC
What?

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

Tec cocks his nine and aims at Brad.

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

TEC
It's brought.

BRAD
Man up! Put this wannabe out of his misery.

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

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

TEC
(unnerved)
Brotha straight-up crazy, and I cannot deal with that shit.

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

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

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

TEC
Lay down some cover, fool!

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

8-BALL
We're tryin', man, but they're too strapped.

DEUCE
What the hell we gonna do?

BRAD
Punks. Gimme dem gats.

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

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

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

BRAD
I'm B-Rad G, from the 'BU, y'all...
(out Denzel Denzel)
King Kong ain't got nothin' on me!
Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!
(STOPS FIRING)
Damn. These special effects are the bomb!
(resumes FIRING)
Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!!!

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

SNUFFY
Devil's got some balls.

LOC
For real! Let's dip!

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

BRAD
It's safe now, y'all.

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

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

He offers his fist to Brad. They pound.

TEC
Where'd you learn that shit?

BRAD
Damn. Jus' MTV.
HAL FISHMAN reads the night's news.

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

CUT TO:

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

CLOSEUP - BRAD'S CRAZED FACE
in SLOW MOTION as he FIRES.

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

CUT TO:

They sit in bed, stunned.

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

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

SHONDRA

... my...

78 INT. MALI-BREW - MOVING - SAME TIME

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

MOCHA

... Gaaaaaa...

A78 INT. GLUCKMAN CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS WAR ROOM - SAME TIME

Tom stares at the TV.

TOM

... aaaaa...

And then, in QUICK SHOTS, we INTERCUT BETWEEN:

BILL

... oooooo...

BESS

... aaaaaa...

MOCHA

... aaaaaa...

HADJI

... aaaaaa...

MONSTER

... aaaaaa...

TOM

... aaaaaa...

SHONDRA

... aaaaaa...

BESS

... aaaaaa...

BILL

... oooooo...

(CONTINUED)
TOM
... aaaaaa...

MOCHA
... aaaaaa...

HADJI
... aaaaaa...

TOM
... aaaaaa...

GARY
... ooooo...

JEN
... oooooo...

BRETT
... oooooo...

BARISTA
... aaaaaa...

SHONDRA
... aaaaaaad!

CUT TO:

INT. MALI-BREW - NIGHT

MOCHA
Dat is some hardcore shiznit, y'all!

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

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

HADJI
What we gonna do, Moch?

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

(CONTINUED)
HADJI AND MOCHA

Word.

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

HADJI
Krista -- six Tsunamis to go!

CUT TO:

INT. GLUCKMAN CAMPAIGN HQ - WAR ROOM - NIGHT

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

BILL
Bradley's been involved in a gang shooting.

TOM
Are you positive?

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

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

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

TOM
What about the debate tomorrow in Sacramento --

BILL
Forget the debate!

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

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

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

BILL
(incredulous)
A positive!

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

BILL
You're trying to get votes out of this?

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

BILL
I'm his father.

TOM
(laughs)
When did that happen?

BILL
I guess right now.

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

BILL
You're fired.

As Bill takes off:

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

They just stare at him.

(CONTINUED)
TOM

Guys?

BRETT

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

(walking out)

Bill? Mr. Gluckman?

The other staffers follow Brett out, leaving Tom alone.

CUT TO:

INT. BILL GLUCKMAN'S HUMMER - MOVING - NIGHT

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

HUMAN OPERATOR (V.O.)

This is Lojack.

BILL

I need a location on license number...

(reluctant)

'D-SHIZNIT.'

HUMAN OPERATOR (V.O.)

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

INSERT - ON DASH NAVIGATION SYSTEM SCREEN

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

BACK TO SCENE

COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)

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

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

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

TEC
That's yours, B.

BRAD
For real? You shouldn't have.

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

BRAD
In a box... right.

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

CUT TO:

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

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

MONSTER
(proud)
This.

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

HADJI
What the hell is it?

MONSTER
My pop's spear gat. From the yacht.

Mocha laughs and starts doing whale sounds.

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

(CONTINUED)
MOCHA
(embarrassed)
Never mind.

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

HADJI
Come on, let's see it.

MOCHA
A'ight, a'ight, chill.

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

HADJI
Is that a freakin' musket?

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

Monster grabs the musket and points it at Mocha.

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

Monster and Hadji start laughing.

MOCHA
Shut up! Damn posers!

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

MONSTER
Hadji, how 'bout you?

HADJI
Couldn't get much, yo...

Hadji opens a duffel and pulls out three Kevlar vests.

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

(CONTINUED)
MONSTER
Good thinking, but what heat you got?

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

HADJI
... dis.

Mocha and Monster are blown away.

MONSTER
Dang! Where'd you get all dat?

HADJI
(nonchalant)
Christmas present from Uncle Ahmet.

CUT TO:

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

FEMALE OPERATOR (V.O.)
Yes, Mr. Amiraslani, can I help you?

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

CUT TO:

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

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

SHONDRA
Where's Brad?

SEAN
(near tears)
I haven't seen anything.

She moves on. PJ lifts up his bound wrists.

PJ
Shondra! Little help, please.

But she's gone.

INT. TEC'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

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

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

SISTER #1
(mock surprise)
Cool playa.

SISTER #2
Let's get busy.

They laugh when suddenly Shondra comes through the door.

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

BRAD
What?!

SHONDRA
(sniffles)
You know he's yours...

SISTER #1
This gettin' heavy.
SISTER #2

Let's jet.

The girls leave.

BRAD

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

SHONDRA

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

BRAD

I ain't goin' nowhere. I'm a I-9 neow, straight-up. Peep my tat.

Brad lifts his shirt and shows her the tattoo on his stomach: I-9 THUG.

SHONDRA

(urgent)

Listen, fool.

BRAD

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

SHONDRA

Oh, damn...

BRAD

Why'd you play me, huh?

SHONDRA

For the money.

BRAD

Money?! Tch. What you need money for?

SHONDRA

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

BRAD

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

(CONTINUED)
SHONDRA
Dammit, Brad, this is real. Tec and his crew are real --

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

Brad pulls his nine.

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

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

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

(feeling pain)

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

Brad starts hopping around the room.

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

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

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

BRAD
Oh gaawwwd!

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

BRAD
But, it's real, Shondra, it's all reeeeeeeeeeeeeeal!

Tec enters, gun in hand.

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

TEC'S POV
Shondra, on her knees, kneeling before Brad.

ANOTHER ANGLE

TEC
(menacing)
What up, cuz?

Shondra stands quickly, scared.

BRAD
(terrified,
covering)
Ha ha, Tec, my road dawg, yeah,
just the man I wanta see.

TEC
(to Shondra)
What's goin' on, Shondra?

SHONDRA
(nervous)
It's not what it looks like, Tec,
I swear.

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

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

TEC
I do mind.

Tec grabs Brad and drags him out.

SHONDRA
No, Tec, stop!

INT. TEC'S LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

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

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

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

Tec cocks his gun.

(CONTINUED)
ANGLE ON SEAN AND PJ

watching Tec, riveted.

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

PJ
(in awe)
Word.

BACK TO SCENE

Tec aims at Brad.

BRAD
Please, don't be hatin'.

Shondra steps in front of Brad.

SHONDRA
I won't let you do it, Tec.

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

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

TEC
Damn fool! You just hit my house!

BILL
(ignoring him)
Brad! Are you okay?

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
TEC
We know who you are, fool.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

HADJI
(freaking out)
Better step, y'all, or I'ma have to waste all y'all up in this piece!

MONSTER
Yeah! Drop yo gats!

The I-9s, unafraid, point their guns right back at Hadji, Monster and Mocha. It's a multi-player Mexican standoff.
DEUCE AND 8-BALL

Drop your gats!

Nobody does. Brad steps out.

BRAD

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

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

BRAD

You really weren't gonna pay my ransom?

BILL

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

BRAD

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

BILL

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

BRAD

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

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

BILL

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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
BILL (CONT'D)
... and if you say this is really who you are, then I believe you and accept you, and from here on in, I promise to be a real father to you.

BRAD
Talk is cheap, Pops. Prove it.

BILL
I'm here, ain't I?


BRAD
A'ight, Pops, we cool.

BILL
Much love.

They pound.

ANGLE ON GANGSTERS

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

8-BALL
(sincere)
Wish I could talk to my pops like that.

DEUCE
(emotional)
No doubt. He's raising his kid.

8-BALL
(dialing his cell, wiping tears)
I'ma call my pops right now.

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

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

(CONTINUED)
BRAD
(with confidence)
Tec, before we all go out in a
blaze of glory, can I say one last
thing?

TEC
(sighs)
Whatchya got to say?

BRAD
Moch, kick it freestyle.

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

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

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

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

As Brad grabs the missile launcher from Hadji...

MOCHA
(moved, earnest)
Word up, B. All this hatin' is
wack!

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

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

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

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

**TEC**

Ruuuuuuunnnnnn!

Everyone runs for the nearest hole in the wall.

---

**EXT. TEC'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

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

The HOUSE BLOWS in a huge orange FIREBALL...

Dissolve to:

---

**EXT. TEC'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

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

**TEC**

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

Close on a FEMALE TV REPORTER speaking TO CAMERA.

**REPORTER**

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

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

**REPORTER**

Can you tell us what happened?

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

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

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

REPORTER
(confused)
Okay, thank you, Bloodbath and Tree.
(turns TO CAMERA)
And all of this mayhem is rumored to have been caused by the mysterious White Kong, who remains at large. This is Soon Yi Baxter-Hernandez, reporting from South Central.

PJ
(speaking normally)
When's this gonna air?

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

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

BRAD
Aaah!!!

(CONTINUED)
SHONDRA
You alright?

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

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

She kisses him full on the lips.

BRAD
I can deal with a little more of that reality.

They kiss again, then Brad breaks it.

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

Shondra smiles as we...

SLAM TO:

CLOSEUP ON BIG BOY

BIG BOY
What up, Shondra?

WIDEN TO:

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

It's an incredibly foofy Baroque nightmare.

BRAD
Damn, you knew Big Boy the whole time?

SHONDRA
I told you we go way back.

BIG BOY
So Shondra tells me you drop rhyme.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BRAD

Peep dis.

He hands over a Mali-Bootay CD.

BRAD

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

BIG BOY

(taking the CD)

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

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

BIG BOY

I know exactly what to do with this.

CUT TO:

EXT. BIG BOY'S BACK PATIO - DAY

Big Boy stands there in his bathrobe.

BIG BOY

Pull!

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

CUT TO:

INT. AMPHITHEATRE - IN WINGS - DAY

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

BRAD

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

(CONTINUED)
SHONDRA
Like father like son.

BRAD
Shondra, girl. I just have to thank you.

SHONDRA
For what?

BRAD
You the only one who accepted me for who I really am.
(beat)
You also car jacked me, kidnapped me and tried to turn me white, but I'm gonna let that go.

They kiss, tongues and all as Bill walks up.

BILL
Hey, kids... Sorry to interrupt.

BRAD
(turning)
What up?

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

BRAD
You mean, be onstage with you?

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

BRAD
Dang, I'd be honored.

BILL
And, son, don't say it...
(beat)
Rap it.

BRAD
(blown away)
For real, Pops?

(CONTINUED)
BILL
For real, son, for rizzeal.

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

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

A rap beat kicks in as Brad goes all out.

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

Bill moves onstage and attempts to dance hip hop style.

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

(MORE)
BRAD (CONT'D)
And if my dad wins this election,
he'll grow on y'all like a BAD VD
INFECTION!!
Yeeah! We all need a Gluckin'!
Let's all get Glucked! GO GLUCK
YOURSELF!!

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:  (2)

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

CUT TO:

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

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

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

INT. WIENIE IN A BUN - DAY

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

SEAN
Welcome to Wienie In A Bun.

PJ
How about a Double Dog?

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

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

FLASH TO:

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

sitting at their usual table, in mid-argument.

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

FLASH TO:

EXT. MANSION - CLOSE - FREEZE ON TEC - DAY

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

TEC
What up, neighbor?

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

FLASH TO:

EXT. SHONDRA'S NAIL AND BEAUTY SALON - DAY

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

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

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

INT. SALON

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

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

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

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

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

INT. NEWS STUDIO - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: FOUR MONTHS LATER...

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

HAL FISHMAN

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

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

INT. GLUCKMAN CELEBRATION - NIGHT

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

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

(beat)
There's the International Brotherhood of Police Officers...

APPLAUSE, as POLICE OFFICERS salute Bill.

BILL
The Southern California Rotary Club...

A table full of well-dressed PROFESSIONALS wave politely.

BILL
And our friends at the Environmental Defense Fund...

A group of granola-type ENVIRONMENTALISTS smile.

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

BILL
Oh, and of course...

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

BILL
(matter of factly)

... all the Bitches and Ho's...

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

BILL
The Pimps... The Hoodrats...

The lavishly-dressed PIMPS raise their canes to Bill.

BILL
The Association of Korean Grocers.

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

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

ANGLE ON TEC

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

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

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

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

APPLAUSE as Brad grabs the mic at the podium.

BRAD
West Coast Reprezzizzin'!

Bill and Brad hug.

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

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

HADJI
I'm totally taxing your ass.

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

**BESS**
You get that from Tiffany?

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

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

**ANGLE ON ELSEWHERE IN THE PARTY**

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

They approach a well-to-do PARTYGOER.

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

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

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

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

He pushes them out of there.

**BRAD (O.S.)**
Yo, yo, yo...

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

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

(CONTINUED)
TEETH RATTLING BASS THUNDERS, as Brad pulls the mic out of the stand and begins prowling around the stage.

(Note: Rap can be shortened.)

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

BRAD
I wrote this one just for you, Dad.

(starts to rap)
Yeah, yeah. Oh yeah. Yeah, yeah... Yeah...

(stops)
I'm sorry, I lost my place again.

(remembers)
Oh, here we go...
Election, erection,
I got an infection.
My pops, he won,
Defying all the pre-dections...

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

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

FREEZE ON: Brad's terrified face.

BRAD (V.O.)
(cocky as ever)
What can I say, ain't nothing but a thang...

UNFREEZE and Brad falls to the ground.

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

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

(CONTINUED)
TOM GIBBONS

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

COP

That's what they all say.
(alternate:)
Shut up, White Kong.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END