

Welcome to Crunkville Pilot

written by

Donnell Prince

Address  
Phone  
E-mail

ACT:1

FADE UP ON:

Nostalgic shots of Atlanta -- the neighborhoods specifically (Decatur, Bankhead, College Park, Ben Hill, etc) -- as we hear the smooth sounds of Old School Funk Music. The music gets louder as we settle on --

EXT. CHURCH - DECATUR - DAY

A chyron appears: Decatur, 1999

A group of YOUNG BOYS, in church clothes, are outside joyfully playing a game of flag football in the street.

12 year old Don P and Mom pull up to church bible study Don P faintly hears a song he had never heard before on the radio the song was a brand new song called Who you wit by an Atlanta Native Artist Lil Jon & The Eastside boys.

MOM

Alright now make sure you be good  
in bible study and don't be running  
around acting crazy with the other  
kids ok?

DON P

Ok

Soon after Don P responds to his mothers commands he is over taken by the song thats been playing on the radio and instantly turns the volume up to the max sticks his head out the window and starts singing the hook then gets out the car singing and dancing uncontrollably. Mom is shocked embarrassed and tries to get the situation under control as quick as possible.

The song was Who You Wit by Lil Jon and the Eastside boyz

MOM

Boy what are you doing? Get your  
butt back in this car. What on  
earth done got into you.

Mom looks at the church folk standing watching and apologizing still trying to get Don P to settle down.

CUT TO:

On a BLACK SCREEN, we hear - the famous DRUM INTRO of "NEVA EVA" as it beats LOUDLY - DOOM... DOOM... DOOM...

FADE IN:

The beat drops. "GET ON MY LEVEL HOE!" Suddenly we're in the middle of TRILLVILLE performing their kinetic hit.

The three of them on stage vivaciously feeding off the energy of the crowd as the audience yells every word in anthemic rhythm between PUSHES and SHOVES. It's LIT.

High school rival (RICO) in the AUDIENCE flips two middle fingers at the group. One of the group members catches it.

Without warning the member THROWS his microphone to the ground and JUMPS INTO THE CROWD IN ATTACK MODE! Yes, in the MIDDLE OF HIS PERFORMANCE.

This is DONNELL PRINCE, 19, the group's fearless leader better known as -

FREEZE FRAME - DON P IN MID AIR

DON P (V.O.)  
I know he didn't think I was gonna  
let that slide.

SUPERIMPOSE: DON P

Back on stage the remaining members of TRILLVILLE:

JAMAL GLAZE, 19 looks to the left then the right in fight stance looking to see who or what's gonna catch these hands.

SUPERIMPOSE: DIRTY MOUTH

Then...

LAWRENCE EDWARDS, 18, known as -

SUPERIMPOSE: LIL LA

Looking around in a daze.

DIRTY MOUTH  
What the fuck is goin' on?

LA  
Man, this shit again...

Dirty Mouth DIVES into the crowd right after Don P to join in the FIGHT.

LA remains on stage grabbing his crotch: uh what's going on?

MAN'S V.O.  
It's trill in the field.

CHAOS ensues as we FREEZE FRAME on the rambunctious brawl.

TITLE: WELCOME TO CRUNKVILLE

LAST DRUM!

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE UP ON:

EXT. STEPHENSON HIGH SCHOOL COURTYARD - DAY

It's lunch break and a group of high school kids are hype as they watch a tense RAP BATTLE.

In the distance, a beat knocks on the table, a pencil tap for the high hat.

SUPERIMPOSE: STEPHENSON HIGH SCHOOL, 2000

In the center is Dirty Mouth (18) flowing incessantly.

## DIRTY MOUTH

Man i know I be snappin or the mic  
 I be rappin all these hoes be  
 clappin playa haters I be slappin  
 niggas be askin me whats happenin  
 nothin but ass I be tappin gettin  
 crunk off in the club niggas  
 started collapsin, what the hell  
 goin on, don't make me grab my  
 chrome, Im a send your ass home  
 with a mouth full of stone, I give  
 a fuck about your tone, red yellow  
 black or maroon, but if you run  
 your mouth again you dead just like  
 the lagoon, I hope to see you real  
 soon don't come before it hits noon  
 keep playin wit me young nigga gone  
 find yourself in a tomb listen to  
 this beat that go boom make u fly  
 away on a broom got your girl  
 bucket naked on the last day of  
 school.

Listening to Dirty Mouth, THOMAS JENKINS aka T3 (17) chimes  
 as hype man CRUNK af.

T3

(at every bar)

Ohhhh. Get 'em. Ohhhh. Get 'em. You  
 hear my boy? You hear 'em? Y'all  
 don't hear 'em.

SUPERIMPOSE: TTO HIS SIDE OUR MIDDLE FINGER FLIPPER FROM  
 EARLIER RICO, 17, TALL, LANKY, PRETTY EYES, WAVES IN HIS FADE  
 THAT YOU CAN SWIM IN. EVERYBODY KNOWS HIM AS RICO BOBBING HIS  
 HEAD WAITING HIS TURN.

Don P watches inquisitively to the side, admiring the lyrics.

Then TAMEKA (17) fly girl in the latest trendy clothes, hits  
 his eye.

Rico fades out Dirty Mouth mid rap.

RICO

They call me Rico I got more hoes  
 than fishnets Watch how I get Dirty  
 with no piss test Actin' like he  
 real but he failed the con-test.  
 Watch me take over this conquest.

T3 shows no love - stares straight - nonchalant look on his  
 face.

Don P taps T3.

DON P  
Boi, Dirty Mouth be snapping boi.  
He might work.

T3  
I told you boi. Told you. You need  
to get wit 'em.

The crowd gets rowdy off Rico's performance crowd grows  
louder as...

RICO  
The ladies like my style. They  
smile when they see my profile. I  
say they name who me like an owl.

School mates dap Dirty Mouth when --

-- MR. CAMPBELL, 40's, a no nonsense Campus Officer who's  
just waiting on his lottery numbers to hit, comes to break up  
the fun.

MR. CAMPBELL  
Hey! Break this up! It's time for  
y'all to go back to class.

The kids start to disperse, T3, Dirty Mouth, Don P don't  
move. The rooms empties.

DON P  
(to Dirty Mouth)  
Boi I didn't know you be rapping  
like that. Damn boi.

DIRTY MOUTH  
Yeah, you know I do my thang.

T3  
(to Dirty Mouth)  
My boy here got a new label coming  
out.

Over to the side, Don P clocks Rico talking close on Tameka.

MR. CAMPBELL  
(to the trio)  
I mean everybody.

T3  
Mr. Campbell stay frontin' on  
niggas. Ol' miserable ass.

MR. CAMPBELL  
 (snaps)  
 What you say?

T3  
 (quick and playful)  
 Nuttin--

The trio starts moving out.

In front, Rico smiles at Tameka putting on his full bad boy charm.

EXT. STEPHENSON HIGH SCHOOL, PARKING LOT - LATER THAT DAY

Tameka booty switches as she walks toward the parking lot.

Don P leaned into the trunk of his '97 Blue Honda with flip lights, tinkering with two 15-inch subwoofers, his radio face plate nearly falling out his pocket.

Done now, slams the trunk door. Walks to the driver side, opens the door to...

Tameka putting on strawberry flavor lip gloss in his passenger seat.

DON P  
 (all smiles to his  
 surprise)  
 Oh shit -- oh-- what's up. What  
 brings you to my neck of the woods?  
 (looks around)  
 Where yo boi Rico at?

TAMEKA  
 What you worried 'bout him fo'?

DON P  
 Fo' sho. I feel that.

Don P puts the face plate in, it automatically moves up.

DON P (CONT'D)  
 (looks back)  
 So you need a ride?

TAMEKA  
 Saw you over there rapping?

DON P  
Oh yeah, that wasn't me. My artist  
Dirty Mouth.

TAMEKA  
Your artist?

DON P  
Yeah, I got a label.

TAMEKA  
(clears throat playfully)  
Oh okay Puff Daddy, I sing, hold  
on!

DON P  
You got jokes, huh?

TAMEKA  
I'm saying, if you cutting deals. I  
need to get in on one.

Don P admires Tameka for a beat.

DON P  
Let me play something for you.

Before he can hit play.

T3 pops in with his whole head in the window invading Tameka  
space.

T3  
What you doing in my *spot*?

Tameka shoves his head out the window.

TAMEKA  
*Anyways.*

T3 waits outside the door.

T3 (O.S.)  
So you wanna *menage a tris*, huh?  
Okay, I'm in.

TAMEKA  
*Menage a trois*, dumb ass.  
(to Don P)  
Drop me off at home?

Rico passes a look at the car.

Tameka pulls the handle opening the car door.



T3  
About time.

Don P hits play on the CD player, intro *Mr. Big* by Eightball & MJG.

Tameka's in the back, T3 in the front.

T3 (CONT'D)  
(mouths lyrics to  
eightball and MJG song  
"Mr.Big")  
Lawd have mercy I did say pimp.  
This is not a sad occasion.

Don P pulls off to the beat - acoustic bass picks...

They swerve through the streets of Atlanta.

Don P and T3 bob their heads, Don P turns up the music when the beat drops.

T3 hangs out the window.

Don P admires Tameka in the rear view mirror - she's looking out the window.

They stop at red light - HARD. T3 hollers at some girls over the beat.

T3 (CONT'D)  
(hollering)  
Ba-be, Ba-be! Holla at a playa when  
you see me in these streets.

A GIRL WITH A STROLLER walks down the street catches T3's attention.

T3 (CONT'D)  
(to the girl with  
stroller)  
Trick love the kids.

Music volume goes up.

Don P rides off fast, T3 still waving arms out the window.

INT. VI'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Ground beef scrambles and sizzles on the stove.

To the side a fresh batch of fried chicken.

Grease pours over a filter into a large Crisco can.

VI (37) upbeat, energetic, petite, well-kept woman, Don P's mother places a pitcher of red Kool-Aid in the refrigerator.

In the background, a gated screen door slams.

VI  
(calls out)  
D, that you?

DON P (O.S.)  
(dejected)  
Hey ma.

VI  
Come on in here.

VI puts the can of Crisco in the cabinet.

Don P enters.

DON P  
Hold on, I got that.

Don P takes the can from VI. As he puts it up.

VI  
I checked the mail today.

DON P  
Okay.

Don finishes, goes to the fridge grabs the door handle.

VI shuts it back.

VI  
Un-uh, boy wash your hands.

DON P  
My bad.

Don P washes his hands at the sink, then splashes him mom in the face with water.

VI  
Boy quit. I checked the mail. You know what I didn't see.

DON P  
A check from my no show ass daddy.

Don P grabs a glass, pours the Kool-Aid.

VI

Watch your mouth. I haven't seen  
any mail from colleges.

Don P moves about the kitchen with bits of busy.

DON P

Uh huh?

VI

Donnell Prince, did you fill out  
the application?

Don P grabs a piece of chicken.

VI slaps Don P's hand, he drops the chicken.

VI (CONT'D)

That's for your stepdad. The  
college app?

DON P

Yeah mom. I'm telling you, I did.

Grabs a cornbread muffin.

VI

If you didn't--

DON P

--This cornbread is really good.  
What you put on this? Honey?

VI

Stop changing the subject.

Don P walks out.

DON P

(mouthful)

I'm telling you I did. Imma call  
first thing in the morning.

(off taste)

Real good ma.

VI

(de soto)

That boy.

Don P goes in the living room.

INT. VI'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

On the television screen is 106 & Park, the tail end of Cash Money video *Bling, Bling* .

Don P flops in a chair one leg flings up over the arm.

The video ends, the hosts AJ & Free welcome Cash Money to the couch: Lil Wayne, Baby, Mannie Fresh, BG, Juvenile, Lil Turk.

Don P stares intently at the screen when Baby says:

BABY (ON SCREEN)  
I got fifteen carats in here, they  
big and they swole.

EMMMIT aka "EM", 40s, enters in a firefighter uniform, quiet and reserved, but his energy takes up most of the space in the room.

He stops behind Don P looking at the screen, hand in the pocket.

EM  
Hmph.

EM lumbers to the sofa taps Don P's leg off the arm of the chair on the way.

EM (CONT'D)  
You think that's gon' be you up  
there on the TV, huh?

DON P  
Yeah why not?

EM  
That's like one in a million  
chance. Damn near like winning the  
lottery.

VI enters, passes him a beer then plants a kiss on his cheek - this is routine.

EM (CONT'D)  
VI you hear this boy? Wanna be one  
of these rappers. Better get a job.

VI  
College. This boy, that's where  
this boy is going.

With that, VI leaves the room.

EM  
 College. Get you a trade, a job.  
 (loud to VI)  
 College ain't for everybody.

Don P looks over to em. Thinking of a rebuttal, but says nothing.

In the B/G on the TV:

MANNIE FRESH (ON THE TV)  
 I had a bowl of grits bigger than  
 your future.

DON P  
 Okay.

Don P walks out to...

INT. VI'S HOUSE, BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Don P's basement room has a small computer desk station with white computer with printer. HIP HOP posters line the wall.

Rhymes are scribbled on notebook paper strewn about.

Don P hits power on the desktop computer, tosses his bag to the floor.

Sits at the desk, grabs papers from his bag. Starts punching at the keyboard slow with one finger.

He hits print.

LATER

At the closet. Don P pulls out a Polo shirt and shorts, tosses them on the bed.

Against the wall full of boxes of shoes. He digs out a Polo box.

At the mirror, he checks out his fresh cut, pops out his gold chain. Gold grill in.

EXT. T3'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Don P pulls up - two toots of the horn.

T3 down hops out the house with a bottle of MD 2020 in hand.

T3

Ayeeee.

DON P

Nigga what took you so long?

T3

(all teeth)

I had to get my fake ID.

(calls back)

Gon' mama.

Don P and T3 pull off.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - LATER

High energy high school teens dancing to Juvenile, *Back that Thang Up*.

In the crowd of slow grinding teens is a SCRAWNY KID, 17, swimming in his baggy ECCO outfit that looks to be at least 5 SIZES TOO BIG passing out flyers to female club goers.

LA

Make sure you come through.

Passes out to guys, says nothing.

This is LAWRENCE EDWARDS better known as LA.

He looks at his pager: Bet.

Heads outside.

EXT. NIGHT CLUB - SAME TIME

Inside Don P's car.

DON P

Man, how you know this nigga?

T3

Little nigga stay across the street from my grandmother.

DON P

He down for sho?

T3  
We tight bro.

DON P  
Cuz, we need these parties. Get  
these parties, man. We have streets  
poppin.'

LA walks out the door looks around.

T3  
There he go right there.

Don P and T3 get out the car.

The trio daps, half hugs.

DON P  
What's up? Boi you got this thang  
packed boi.

LA  
I be doing my thing. Do alright.  
But, uh, you trying to perform?

T3  
(screams)  
Hell yeah! We trying to perform.  
Nigga that's why we here.

LA  
Well c'mon y'all can go on tonight.

DON P  
Oh naw man we... uh... uh we  
chillin' tonight.

LA  
Well what's up?

DON P  
Shittt, we ain't got nothing down  
right now.

LA  
Oh yeah, I tell y'all what. Record  
that song. And I'll put you on fo'  
sho'.

Dirty Mouth walks up.

LA's pager goes off, he checks it.

LA (CONT'D)  
Y'all roll in with me for now.

The group moves - Don P stops Dirty Mouth.

DON P  
Dirty Mouth let me holla you for  
minute I gotta contract for you.

DIRTY MOUTH  
Yo, what's up man?

At the trunk. Don P pulls out the white printed paper from  
earlier and a pen.

DON P  
I wanna sign you to my label CBS  
records.

DIRTY MOUTH  
CBS? Like the news channel?

T3 pulls a blunt and sarcastically looks.

T3  
Shiiiiit whats the weather man name?  
Oh yea I'll be Glen Burns

DON P  
Shawty it stand for Can't be  
stopped records.

Dirty Mouth looks over the papers.

Signs the paper without much thought.

They enter the loud club to: *Whistle While You Twerk* by Ying  
Yang Twins.

Dirty Mouth, T3, and Don P dances in the crowd with some  
ladies. LA is on stage with the other promoters Lil Lowe  
Wallo and Smurf

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. DON P MOM (VI) HOUSE, BASEMENT - DAY

Don P puts a microphone in the stand, straightens, then back  
to his keyboard.

Dirty Mouth writing flow on the cardboard back of his yellow  
legal writing pad.



In the background, high hat tapping.

Big Mel doodles a sketch befitting of his personality on his legal pad.

ODD JOB bops his head.

Don P hits the kick on the drum pad.

BIG MEL  
(to Odd Job)  
With the high hat man, slide right  
in the flow with that.

Then Don P adds sound on the keyboard.

Looks around the room catching the vibe of the guys.

Catching their reaction to the beat, but Dirty Mouth is still on chill.

Odd Job walks over.

ODD JOB  
Here come that snare roll.

Don P hits the snare button.

ODD JOB (CONT'D)  
There it is.

DON P  
Watch this though. That arpeggiator  
go crazy! Let me school you boy.

Don P stands, holds down the arpeggiator, then the snare drum.

Big Mel and Odd Job react loud to the beat.

The beat loops up to the eighth bar.

Dirty Mouth flips to the flow written on his cardboard.

Don P hits record.

LA enters the side door, shutting it hard.

The music stops.

LA  
Am I interrupting something?

DON P  
Nothing but Dirty's flat ass flow.

DIRTY MOUTH  
Nigga my shit tight.

Don P looks to the guys.

DON P  
Yo, this that club promoter that's  
gon' get us on stage.

The group daps.

DON P (CONT'D)  
(looks to LA)  
I got room for one more verse.  
Watcha got man.

BIG MEL  
Give us one.

Don P hits the music again - it loops.

LA gets on the microphone.

LA  
(on the 8th bar)  
U kno I'm rollin up da sticky,  
shinning up my pinky, subways cool  
but I'd rather eat a blimpie, i'll  
never get a hickey, cause I'm  
quicker than a quickie, beat it  
down all night then I'm out in a  
jiffy... Like whoa explode empty  
out then I reload them bustas  
thinking they bold they'll get they  
head swole... let's go I'm cleaning  
off my Air Force ones, everyday I'm  
getting it man let's get it done...

The rap is hard: the group is surprised.

Don P hits print - LA's contract.

DON P  
(flat)  
I fucks with that.

INT. T3'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - LATER

T3's hand opens a cabinet, then grabs a fifth bottle of Bacardi Rum.

T3 (O.C.)  
Oh yeah, fye huh?

Don P grabs ice out the freezer.

DON P  
Hell yeah bro. I telling you. That shit hard. Crazy. Even LA rapped on that bitch.

T3  
He rap?

The two head to the door, Don P trails behind, rolled up papers tucked away in his back. - Wait.

DON P  
Wait hold up. Uh, where the cups?

T3 stops.

T3  
Nigga, cups? Drink out the bottle. Nigga sip, sip pass.

DON P  
Nigga I don't know where you mouth been.

T3  
Ass, pussy, pussy, ass.

DON P  
Nasty ass.

Don P looks in a few cabinets - finds them.

DON P (CONT'D)  
C'mon dawg.

They walk out.

INT. T3'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

The group: Big Mel, LA, Dirty Mouth, Odd Job sit in lawn chairs, garage door open.

Young Bloods plays in the background.

The cups pass to the guys.

ODD JOB  
Oh okay, we got drinks and shit.

DON P  
Hell yeah, this a celebration.  
(to Big Mel)  
Here you go.

Cups in hand. Bottle passes to each as they pour.

DON P (CONT'D)  
We bout to take this music shit to  
another level. For real.

Don P pulls contracts out his back pocket. Then passes them to all members except Dirty Mouth (not T3).

The guys look around at each other.

ODD JOB  
(off contract)  
Aye uh, uh, what's this?

The guys settle down and turn their attention to Don P.

T3  
Aye man, we ready.

DON P  
Y'all gone be the first artists of  
CBS Records. Can't Be Stopped. With  
LA getting us in these clubs and  
these shows. We pssh...

Don P swipes his hands air points upwards.

DON P (CONT'D)  
Outta here. Ya feel me.

The group looks at their contracts.

BIG MEL  
Hell yeah. Gotta pen.

Don P hard digs left in his pocket.

Signs his own contract, then passes the pen to Big Mel.

DON P  
Here you go.  
(then)  
Dirty Mouth already signed his.

Dirty Mouth nods his head take a swig of his cup.

The pen passes all sign except Odd Job.

Odd Job still going through his contract.

Don P looks over to Odd Job, grabs the pen, sarcastically scribble scratches on the paper ensuring ink.

DON P (CONT'D)

Aye, sorry, this shit working?

DON P (CONT'D)

Hell yeah, we bout to take over. I got the beats, y'all with the dope flow.

Odd Job finally signs, passes it to Don P.

T3

Cups up nig-gaaas.

The group raises their cups.

DON P

CBS. Can't Be Stopped records.

T3

Shit, guess I'll be the groupie manager. Don't need no contract for that.

Cheers.

EXT. STEPHENSON HIGH SCHOOL, HALLWAY - DAY

A flyer for a talent competition at Columbia High School is tacked on a cork board in the hallway.

Tameka's hand snatches it down.

Tameka lands at Don P's locker, leans.

TAMEKA

That song was dope.

Don P closes the locker.

DON P

Oh yeah, appreciate that.

TAMEKA

I was thinking. You should enter this.

Tameka hands Don P the flyer.

Rico notices the duo. Taps his boy.

DON P

(off flyer)

Now, how did I let this shit get by me? Oh you came through on this, almost missed it. The biggest talent show in Atlanta. You make a nigga look good. Good lookin.'

Don P hooks his arm around Tameka, then trots down the hallway.

DON P (CONT'D)

Imma have to make you my secretary or something.

TAMEKA

Your secretary? More like AR of CBS.

DON P

Hold on there now, need to earn your way up now.

Rico steps to Don P.

RICO

What's this?

Don P unhooks Tameka pushes her behind him.

DON P

What's what?

Rico tall, towers Don P.

Tameka comes from behind Don P.

TAMEKA

Hold on Rico. We weren't together like that.

RICO

Nah, this nigga know what's up.

Slowly Big Mel, Odd Job, Dirty Mouth, and T3 stand beside Don P.

RICO (CONT'D)  
Oh that's how it is?

Don P looks to left and right at his group members.

DON P  
Nigga shit, what you tryna to do?

Rico backs off.

RICO  
I'll catch y'all later.

T3  
You ain't gone catch shit but deez nutz!

The whole crew taunts and (laughs)

EXT./INT. COLUMBIA HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Columbia High School sign, then a lawn sign that reads "Talent Show Competition."

In the background a familiar voice (CIARA P. HARRIS) wails a perfect note of WHEN WE BELIEVE.

The main doors open.

CBS the full group steps in.

Don P signs CBS' name on the list. The group walks in the auditorium to:

NOW FAMOUS SINGER.  
(wailing the last note)  
...Now we are not afraid Although  
we know there's much to fear We  
were moving mountains Long before  
we knew we could...

AUDITION WRANGLER  
Thank you Ms. Harris.

A RAPPER hits the stage.

His flow in 16 bars conscience New York rap style.

## AUDITION RAPPER

Tim boots on my feet comin through  
 real militant, watching for my  
 enemies with diligence. This is the  
 militia all in your gut like a  
 placenta. New York born New York  
 the center, of this hip hop, shut  
 ya mouth zip it thats a zip-lock.  
 Jammin in Traffic intersections,  
 thats a grid-lock. Me and my dogs  
 race to finish but no pit stops.

We tryna live good feet in the sand no flip flops. Riding on  
 oppositions it ain't no competition I got plenty of  
 ammunition now thats a split decision.

CBS next on stage.

The beat hits.

Don P hypes the guys, jumping around, they purposefully jump  
 into each other, mean mugs, throwing bows.

The Audition Wranglers are taken aback. One of the them air  
 signs at her neck to cut it.

The music cuts off.

The group looks confused. Don P isn't having it.

## DON P

(to Audition Wrangler,  
 angry)

Man cut our music back on.

## AUDITION WRANGLER

I'm sorry, I don't know what this  
 is.

## AUDITION WRANGLER 2

You're just jumping around stage.  
 You all need to leave.

Don P anger builds, blank mean mugging face.

## AUDITION WRANGLER

Son, did you hear me?

Don P explodes, flips over the table in front of the  
 wranglers.

## DON P

Man fuck this shit!



The group walks out the door.

Big Mel angrily flicks papers off a table causing them to fly.

Odd Job knocks over a chair, leans close to the audition wrangler's face.

ODD JOB

What you cut the music fo? Boy I swear. I swear.

Dirty Mouth hits the door first.

DIRTY MOUTH

This lame as school!

LA walks out slow.

LA

Mhmm, mhmm, Mhmm.

THE END OF ACT 1

ACT:2

INT. LA'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Guys in the back rolling deep.

UGK's *Murda* plays in the background.

LA driving, Don P in the passenger seat, Dirty Mouth, Odd Job, Big Mel in the back.

ODD JOB

Boi. Flipped over the damn table.  
Man, I almost hit one of those  
teachers in the damn mouth.

BIG MEL

(to Odd Job)  
Man you always taking shit too far.

DIRTY MOUTH

Man I wanted to perform at that  
shit. Man.

DON P

(half looking back)  
Fuck this high school shit, we done  
damn near anyway. We got this club  
shit coming up tonight.  
(to LA)  
Ain't that right. We all getting a  
band.

LA

A'ight, gotta make a stop.

LA pulls into Church's Chicken.

DON P

Nigga where we gonna.

LA parks, gets out the car.

Don P watches him walk up to the drive thru window.

DON P (CONT'D)

What the fuck is this nigga doing?

ODD JOB

Is he sticking up the place?  
(to Don P)  
Man who you got us riding with.

BIG MEL

Don, aye man. Don what's up with yo  
boi?

LA comes back to the car, enters with a bag of food. Passes  
it to Don P.

DON P

Oh hell yeah. Nigga I'm hungry.

Don P takes a bite out a drum stick before passing a piece to  
the guys in the back.

DON P (CONT'D)

See this what the fuck this shit  
all about. We eating good. LA done  
hooked us up. We gon' get this shit  
right. We gotta step it up. The  
shit that happened at school, look  
no more. We can't. Fuck. This. Up.  
Got our team, the squad, music,  
told ya, these shows. These niggas  
gonna be beggin' us to come back -  
headlining. Next year watch. Start  
this shit off. We get that bitch  
crunk. We gone kill 'em. Heard me?  
Crunkville, ya heard me.

(to guys in the back)

Why y'all ain't eating?

Odd Job has the blank stare.

BIG MEL

C'mon dawg. We ain't eatin' 'til we  
smoke.

DON P

Oh damn my bad. Pull up to the gas  
station right there.

In the gas station lot.

EXT./INT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

LA gets out to start pumping. Don P stops him.

DON P (CONT'D)

Ah naw, I got it. Want anything?

Don P looks back to Big Mel.

DON P (CONT'D)  
Hit 'em with the whootie woo one  
time.

BIG MEL  
He he ha.

The rest pass a look at Don: they know what that means.

Don P walks into the gas station three deep, LA and Dirty  
Mouth at the pump.

Big Mel stops at the blunts exposed at the counter.

Odd Job is at the beer cooler.

Don P at the candy stand looks out the corner of his eyes.

Back to Big Mel, slow grabbing a fistful of blunts.

Don P at the register.

DON P  
Lemme get uh... neva mind.

Odd Job slowly walks up towards the door.

Big Mel walks out slow, blunts in his pocket.

Don P walks out behind him.

Odd Job dashes out the door with a case full of beer, now to  
the car.

DON P (CONT'D)  
Go, go, go, go.

LA confused hurriedly attempts to put the pump back in the  
holder - misses it terribly.

ODD JOB  
Door. Door. Open the door.

Big Mel hits the car door first.

LA runs to the driver's side.

The clerk runs behind them.

CLERK  
Hey! Get back here. Hey!

The group drives off fast.

A beer tosses out the window of swerving car pulling wildly into...

EXT. ATRIUM, PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Sirens in the background.

A long line at the door.

The car stops, the guys pour, LA trailing them.

Don P downs a beer before tossing in the trash.

LA catches a few hotties in line, walks over to them.

LA

Aye, come on in with us.

The HOTTIES follow.

SECURITY moves creating an opening.

INT. ATRIUM- CONTINUOUS

LA moves like a star in this space. Daps hands, bows his brim at a few folks in the distance.

The entourage moves through the chaotic club with ease.

A sea of people meet heads and fists.

DJ (O.S.)

A'ight now, when I play this I  
don't want no bullshit or we  
closing the club down.

An uptempo, hard bass, crunk beat drops. The crowd instantly goes wild. The energy is electric - hype, following along with...

SCRAPPY, 16, moves the crowd like a rock star in a fur coat - bare chest, clean cut, sunglasses.

SCRAPPY

(chanting)

We some head bussas.

(MORE)

SCRAPPY (CONT'D)

We some head bussas. We'll knock a  
hater out we some head bussas.

Don P stands at the base of stage looks at the crowd, then  
back at the Scrappy - in ADMIRATION.

SCRAPPY (CONT'D)

(rapping)

I speak my mind, 'cause bitin' my  
tongue hurt Murder yo ass and  
lyrics and put ya face on a shirt  
I'm a mothafuckin' rida, 'cause I  
thought y'all knew And I reppin'  
nothin' even it's twenty of you I  
think it's plenty of you that  
really want da shawty dead Watch  
what ya said lil shawty, I'm makin'  
bread Fuck all y'all born hataz  
with hatred born to match...

Don P at the base of the DJ booth still looking at the crowd,  
then to Scrappy, while fishing his in pocket for a cassette.

Up to the DJ now.

DON P

Yo we up next.

DJ

On stage? Who y'all?

DON P

We CBS, Can't Be Stopped records.

DJ

Okay cool, slide me the cd.

Don P extends a cassette tape.

DON P

I got a tape.

DJ looks: OOOH, a tape?

DJ

Oh, oh alright. I'll make it work.

DJ looks to his table covered in CDs.

DON P

Cool?

DJ

I gotcha. I gotcha.

Bends down switching cords and moving a cd player around.

CBS walks towards the stage.

ON THE CROWD

Hot, sweaty, ready for another good time - this is a FUN crowd.

Don P leads the pack to the stage.

DON P

(to the crowd)

Aye what's going on? Eastside in  
this bitch, throw that shit up.  
Westside where you at, throw that  
shit up.

CBS records, got clique with me Big Mel, Odd Job, Dirty Mouth. DJ drop that shit.

The beat drops.

DON P (CONT'D)

(chanting)

We gon' swing on this niggas like  
it's the last day of school.

The crowd's feeling it.

DON P (CONT'D)

We gon' fuck his ass up like it's  
the last day of school. Imma act a  
damn fool like it's the last day of  
school. Imma break all the rules  
like it's the last day of school.

The crowd hypes up Don P feeds off their energy. The guys jumping around on stage.

DON P (CONT'D)

Super Don super fire green is what  
Im smokin on. "Oh them niggas the  
best" if a'int us you must be jokin  
holmes.

(MORE)

DON P (CONT'D)

I have plenty to focus on when Im  
in my super zone take them hoes  
back to the crib Georgia girls  
means Georgia dome what u mean take  
u home here's some change for the  
bus I started out not givin a damn  
now I just don't give a fuck. From  
the Trillville to Avenue from old  
shit to fuckin new take your brain  
out put it back in just to remind  
you that we the best breakin necks  
spendin money cashin checks "but  
what about them niggas hatin u  
fucked em up" good guess...

The music warps, garbles.

Don P looks around looks at the crowd: anxiety kicks in,  
embarrassed turns to pissed.

Don looks to the DJ booth, DJ shrugs: I don't know.

DON P (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

Drops the mic hard.

Don P makes a bee line towards the DJ booth.

Big Mel and Dirty Mouth instantly follow, LA stays on stage  
looking around confused.

Don P hits the base of the booth in full force - suddenly  
gets clipped by security.

The guys are dragged out to the back door and tossed out.

DIRTY MOUTH

(pissed)

God damn! I neva get to rap, man.  
I'm tryin' to perform.

LA comes out smooth with a warped tape in hand, looks to Don  
P: dude...

LA

You need to get a CD.



SUPERIMPOSE: SUMMER, 2000

EXT. POOL PARTY - DAY

A car pulls up to the subdivision pool - inside:

A PRETTY GIRL driving LA, her FRIEND in the backseat.

We follow LA and to girls in to the party.

Teenage girls in bikinis and pacifiers.

Teenage guys in Tommy trunks, shirts off, white tees, tank top a few with baby bottles sippin' on...

"Sipping on Sizzurp" by 36 Mafia.

Graduation balloons in the background.

Big Mel smoking a blunt on a lawn chair.

Tameka brings out a plate of hot wings sets them on the table.

Don P slaps her on the booty then behind her - kiss on the cheek.

DON P  
(close on Tameka)  
My girl take care of me.

T3 pops up - as always - Tameka eye roll.

T3  
Look at the love birds. Imma get me one, watch. Several. Imma be fucking all the bitches in college.

DON P  
Nah I ain't gone be doing all that. Got what I need right here.

Grabs Tameka's waist.

TAMEKA  
Yep, right next to me. At Clark Atlanta and I'll be at Spellman.

Tameka cuts a look at T3 then walks off.

T3  
 Damn all girls school? Tellin ya  
 boy, that's where they all go to  
 learn how to control men minds.

DON P  
 Nah.

T3  
 I'm telling you dawg.

T3 points over to Big Mel smoking.

T3 (CONT'D)  
 Look at that nigga smokin'. Nigga  
 done got a football scholarship.  
 Still smoking.

T3 points over to Odd Job wearing a straw hat, baggy jeans,  
 small shirt, boots.

T3 (CONT'D)  
 That nigga stay looking for a  
 fight.

PLOOP! A beach ball hits Odd Job in the face.

He pushes the first dude passing in the pool, looking for the  
 next.

This isn't a regular dude he pushed - he has goons.

Big Mel jumps up to help. A brawl on the brink.

Before a punch is thrown, T3 rushes over, pulls Odd Job's  
 arm.

T3 (CONT'D)  
 Nope. Not today.

Pulls Odd Job to a lawn chair.

Don P pulls Big Mel out the gate of the pool.

T3 (CONT'D)  
 Nigga take this drink, take this  
 blunt...

A HOTTIE walks by, T3 scoops her.

T3 (CONT'D)  
 ... Matter of fact, take this  
 bitch, sit yo ass down. And tighten  
 up. Pssh... this nigga. Damn.

INT. DON P'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Don P drags hard on blunt.

PASTOR TROY's *We Ready* plays in the background.

DJ over the radio.

GREG STREET (OVER THE RADIO)

I dunno. This right here. This  
right here is fye. No Limit who. We  
need to run that back one more  
'gain. Atlanta stand up.

Blows out, passes the blunt to Big Mel.

DON P

This shit fye. Fuck that New York  
shit. From the south shit. This  
here the A.

BIG MEL

One nigga just murdered a whole  
empire.

Big Mel passes the blunt back to Don P.

DON P

Have you ever sat and listen to  
your thoughts. Then wonder who is  
the nigga thinking those thoughts.  
That's the nigga I wanna know. It's  
like he be ready for anything. He  
ain't sitting round questioning  
what to do next. Well he thinking,  
but, he always ready to go. You  
gotta be willing to fight. Fight  
for who you wanna be who you  
supposed to be. Not everybody make  
it. Cuz everybody don't want to  
step in the ring, scared to take a  
hit. Imma fuck up everybody in our  
way. You either with me? If not -  
move out the fucking way.

BIG MEL

I think that's called your sub  
conscious or high off this green.

Big Mel laughs:

## BIG MEL (CONT'D)

We'll you know I'm down let's do  
it. I play my position.  
(takes pull of the weed  
coughs)  
Don Corleone.

INT. T3 house (after Pool Party) Night

Don P called a meeting for the whole cbs squad

DON P

Look I know some of us heading to  
college and all that Big Mel and T3  
going to Albany state, I'm going to  
Clark. Odd Job and Dirty Mouth a be  
kicking it in the hood. However  
even we going our separate ways  
nothing stops we still CBS and I'm  
a still be working to make this  
shit pop.

Everyone agrees.

T3 raises a bottle of Mr. Bostons (liquor) to toast.

T3

To the next chapter shawty

Everyone: To the next chapter!

INT. VI'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - TWO WEEKS LATER

On the tube, Super Nintendo Mortal Combat - kick, kick,  
smack.

Half eaten box of cereal, big bowl on the table, empty milk  
container sideways on the table aside an open 2-liter coke.

The controller is Don P enthralled in the game, fingers  
moving fast. Ear to shoulder with the cordless house phone.

DON P

(smooth talk)  
Come over now.  
(MORE)

DON P (CONT'D)  
Nah she ain't home, not right now.  
Mhmm. Wear them lace joints.

VI opens the door to a room in disarray, takes in the room, breathes in attempting to lower her temper.

VI  
Boy get yo ass off that phone and  
clean up this house.

Don P startled...

DON P  
Let me call you back.

... Drops the phone hurries to hit the off switch.

Don P pauses the game.

DON P (CONT'D)  
What you doing here so early?

VI  
It's my house.

VI comes in further to the mess.

VI (CONT'D)  
On the phone, playing games, up all  
night... You're gonna be illiterate  
by the time you get to college.

Don P attempts a quick but unsuccessful clean up.

VI takes a seat removes her tight shoes from her swollen feet.

VI (CONT'D)  
Get a garbage bag to clean this  
mess up.

Don P hurries in the kitchen. Returns to the living room cleaning up.

VI studies him, looking at her nearly adult son almost for the first time.

VI (CONT'D)  
Boy I had you at nineteen.  
Nineteen. You have an opportunity I  
couldn't have. All the strings I  
had to pull to get your late  
application in that school. Don't  
waste it. Donnell. You hear me?  
(MORE)

VI (CONT'D)

Can't lay around all summer playing  
boy, you about to grown.  
Preparation.

DON P

Ma, I hear you.

VI

How you do one thing, is how you do  
everything. Know what I'm saying?

DON P

(playful)

Don't worry ma. I got it. Get to  
college. Imma be right on it. Join  
the frat.

Don P mimics a frat step.

DON P (CONT'D)

(flips a fake tassel)

Get a little tassel.

(beat)

Aye, I made some Kool-Aid, let me  
go get you some Kool-Aid

END OF ACT:2

ACT:3

SUPERIMPOSE: CLARK ATLANTA UNIVERSITY

DON P (V.O.)  
 Ion no 'bout you, but I ain't going  
 to class tomorrow.

Screams and yells from the party.

INT. CLARK ATLANTA UNIVERSITY, CLANCY FOOTBALL SUITES - NIGHT

LIL JON AND THE EASTSIDE BOYZ "I LIKE DEM GIRLZ" is thumping.

IT'S CRAZY inside! At least 100 kids are PACKED into this  
 small suite GETTIN' THEIR LIFE!

Sweat beads down girls and guys as they bump and grind, a few  
 ole school dances thrown in the mix. Twerking all over the  
 place.

We track a pair of COLLEGE GIRLS as they walk down the  
 hallway towards C25.

Don P in the center of it all - this is his court.

MIAMI MIKE, TEXAS, and PROPHECY are sprinkled in the crowd -  
 we'll meet them later.

INT. CAU, CLANCY FOOTBALL SUITES - EARLY MORNING

The music fades out to a snoring Don P in bed.

A voice fades in...

TEXAS  
 Say fool, you need to get up fool.

Don P wakes from his slumber.

DON P  
 (groggy)  
 Who you calling fool?

Above him: BIG TEXAS, low hair cut, clean, shifty eyes.

TEXAS  
 Naw fool. You know that's how we  
 talk in Texas.

DON P  
Well you ain't in Texas, shawty.

TEXAS  
Shorty? Fool you shorter than me.

Don P waves him off.

DON P  
Man, you in Atlanta now. Learn the lingo.

TEXAS  
You going to class fool?

DON P  
Yeah, right behind you shawty.

Don P rolls over.

INT. CAU, CLASSROOM - DAY

Large lecture of 300 students file in.

MIAMI MIKE a dark-skinned, dread-headed Florida boy he's probably a running-back on the football team, shifts in his seat. Pulls out a notebook.

Don P, hair half-braided, half-out makes his way through the aisle. Grabs a seat near Mike.

Mike looks toward the head of the class, in heavy Miami accent.

MIAMI MIKE  
Ass finally made it to class huh?

DON P  
What they talking about up here?

MIAMI MIKE  
Stay a lil while, you'll find out.

DON P  
Nigga, man, shit. After that party last night, bro.

CHANTE, 18, brown-skinned, long hair, slim-thick, catches Don P's attention on her way out.

DON P (CONT'D)  
(to Miami Mike)  
Ah, bro. You know what. Imma catch you later.



Don P catches up with Chante.

At the classroom door.

DON P (CONT'D)  
 (yells out to Chante)  
 Ah, hold up.

Chante stops turns around.

DON P (CONT'D)  
 Damn girl, you walking kinda fast.

CHANTE  
 Got somewhere to be. What's up?

DON P  
 I don't wanna hold you or nothin.

CHANTE  
 You good.

DON P  
 So uh, ain't you that girl that  
 braid hair?

CHANTE  
 What you spying on me?

DON P  
 Naw shawty, nothing like that.  
 Think you can do something with  
 this?

Chante grips and pulls on his kinks.

CHANTE  
 I dunno, I'm not a psychologist or  
 anything.

DON P  
 Oh so you got jokes.

Chante digs in her bag.

CHANTE  
 Here's my number. Call me to make  
 an appointment.

Don P looks at the card.

DON P  
 Alright, I'll do that.

Chante walks off.

Don P stares at her as she leaves.

EXT. CAU, STRIP - LATER

A nice riding beat booms out of a slow CANDY COATED CAPRICE on spinning 20 rims.

The DRIVER calls over a COLLEGE GIRL, she smiles, walks over.

A STUDIOUS KID with a plate of food walks past in a rush to get out the fray of a sea of students.

A few college students pass out flyers.

Don P and crew: Chicago, Miami Mike, Texas, too cool CHICAGO, round the corner to a PACK OF HOT GIRLS.

DON P (CONT'D)

(LOUD)

Damn they out today! Ooo wee, this shit heaven.

CHICAGO

Pullin' me a few shorties, round here.

DON P

Straight to C25.

Miami Mike walking rolling a Black N' Mild between his hands.

MIAMI MIKE

See y'all. I'm trying to get that one I can settle down, marry, have two, three kids with. Ain't nothing wealthier than a married man.

TEXAS

Fool, FUCK that shit.

Miami Mike tosses Black N' Mild filter paper to the ground.

CALI, smooth gait, velvet voice, holding the waist of his pants to catch up. Looks over to Mike...

CALI

Man, I dunno why you on that black.  
(flashes a nickel bag)  
You need to be on this hydro.

The group stops, watches another group of girls pass by.

Texas can't resist.

A GIRL in the distance passes a SMILE to Don P. He smiles back.

TEXAS

Say, say, girl, come here.

Tameka walks up pulls Don P to the side.

TAMEKA

What's up? How's classes?

DON P

I mean, they cool.

TAMEKA

Stop lyin'. You ain't been to one.

DON P

Damn, Imma go.

TAMEKA

Missed the invite to the party.

DON P

Man, it was last minute and shit.  
You know how the football squad is.

TAMEKA

Mhmm. Tell me anything. Look my  
mama knows this guy, that know a  
guy, that owns a studio.

Don P looks around.

DON P

(not taking it seriously)  
Oh yeah.

Tameka turns Don P head.

TAMEKA

Listen to me.

DON P

I hear you.

Tameka's friend comes over and unzips Tameka's book bag,  
pulls out a tube of lip gloss.

TAMEKA  
 Seriously, the guy is the real deal.

DON P  
 Okay, I got you.

Friend puts the lipgloss back in the bag.

TAMEKA  
 (to Friend)  
 I'll be over in a minute.

Friend nods, walks away.

Don P hugs Tameka tight, then lets her go.

DON P  
 Check you later?

TAMEKA  
 We'll see.

INT. CAU, THE CLANCY FOOTBALL SUITES - NIGHT

Don P walks in the door. Looks at his room door - there's a sock on the door knob: can't go in there.

He pulls a keyboard from his bag, goes to work like a scientist with his lab tools.

Miami Mike comes in, a head nod to Don P, he reciprocates, back to work.

Don P room door opens, a girl and Big Texas step out.

Chicago comes in with high energy. Waves, snaps, trying to get Don P attention.

DON P  
 Nigga, I know you see me working.

CHICAGO  
 Yo jo, calm it down. You got some green?

DON P  
 Awh yeah, I ain't got no more blue. Red or yellow.

CHICAGO  
 Oh that red fye.

DON P  
It's gon' cost you. Fifteen for the  
red, yellow for ten.

In the bedroom, Don P goes in a drawer. Dumps a yellow bag  
into a red bag.

Returns to Chicago.

Don P passes him the red bag, Chicago passes him the cash.

CHICAGO  
Jo, look last time I smoked red,  
had me swimming in the clouds, jo.

Don P back to the lab.

Time passes. Behind him:

The guys eat, dance with girls, the sun rises - morning now.

INT. CAU, CLANCY FOOTBALL SUITES - MORNING

The beginning of a Crunk beat - the sub bass.

Miami Mike in a suit, book bag over his shoulder.

Listens to the music for a beat.

MIAMI MIKE  
Stayed up all night, huh?

DON P  
Yeah. Shit be calling me man.

MIAMI MIKE  
That beat tight.

DON P  
(quiet proud)  
Ah yeah, 'preciate it folk.

Don P taking in Mike's suit.

DON P (CONT'D)  
Where you going nigga, to church?

MIAMI MIKE  
Come with me. Learn how to sell dem  
beats you making.

INT. CAU, CLASSROOM - LATER THAT MORNING

Miami Mike walks in takes his seat in a class of twenty or so appropriately attired business students.

The PROFESSOR, 40s, the pragmatic sort, puts down his briefcase.

A rumbled up Don P in a white button down and slacks, rushes in - has no seat - never been to class. Finds an empty seat next to Mike.

PROFESSOR

Nice of you to visit us Mr. Prince.

Don P nods: unembarrassed.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Attitude. There's no greater determinate of success in business than your approach. Right. If you believe in it, take initiative, you're ten times more likely to earn the sell. Right. Sell the sizzle not steak.

Don P attentive taking in the professor's words.

INT. CAU, EVENT CENTER - NIGHT

College kids, all four AU center schools at one party.

DANCING, DRINKING, GRINDING - the WORKS.

T.I. 24's comes on that takes over the crowd.

Don P in fresh braids, stands in the back soaking in the crowd response.

Then the background noise fades.

Don P mesmerized by the beat, the bass, the crowd reaction. Now it's just HIM and THE BEAT.

Then Tameka and Chante walk over.

TAMEKA

Don, Don.

Waits for him to snap out of it.

TAMEKA (CONT'D)

(professional)

Don, this is Chante.

Don P too dazed to catch on.

TAMEKA (CONT'D)

Chante says you two are in a relationship.

DON P

Huh, girl, what you talking about?

CHANTE

You know what we're talking about.

TAMEKA

No, no. I think it's great you two found each other.

(to Chante)

Chante nice to meet you.

(to Don P)

Goodbye Donnell.

Tameka walks off. Grabs a bottle of vodka from a random dude, takes a swig - keeps it - keeps walking.

DON P

Tameka, wait. Tameka wait up.

(to Chante)

It's not even like that.

CHANTE

And I did your hair for free.

Chante waves him off, walks away.

Don P stands there holding his cup.

EXT. CAU, CLANCY FOOTBALL SUITES - NEXT DAY

A few students swipe their cards, enter the building.

Don P holding his large keyboard yells out.

DON P  
 (to Student entering)  
 Ah folk, hold that door fo' me.

The student does not oblige, enters the building.

DON P (CONT'D)  
 (de soto)  
 Damn ask a man to hold the door.

Don P props his keyboard against the building, digs his keycard out his bag. Swipes it - not working.

Attempts the swipe a few my times.

Big Texas comes up.

TEXAS  
 Say man, I got you.

INT. CAU, CLANCY FOOTBALL SUITES - MOMENTS LATER

Don P enters to a letter atop his drum machine.

Trifold letter: "Donnell Prince"

Mike comes out to a somber Don P reading the letter.

MIAMI MIKE  
 What's it say?

INT. ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - LATER

A stern ADMINISTRATION OFFICE in coifed hair, hands cupped on the desk.

ADMINISTRATION OFFICER  
 Out of three semesters, you've been present for two classes. No grades have ever been processed for you. Your parents seem like good hardworking people. The bill had been paid in full. I hope you understand the gravity of your decisions. Please, hand me your card.

Don P passes his student card to the officer.



DON P  
(de soto)  
She's gonna be pissed off.

EXT. CAU, CLANCY FOOTBALL SUITES - DAYS LATER

VI stands next the truck of her car, Don P sets a box in the back of the SUV.

VI  
You got everything?

Don P can't look at her in the eye.

DON P  
Yeah. Yes ma'am I think so.

VI and Don P get in the SUV.

VI backs out - HITS a divider.

VI  
(remains calm)  
Oh damn.

Don P looks back.

DON P  
Oh, what was that.

VI, does not respond, gets out, looks at the damage, pretty bad damage.

Don P rubber necking to see what's going on.

VI back in the car.

DON P (CONT'D)  
Everything alright?

VI  
(calm)  
I just hit the pole.

Don P not sure what to say, face drooped in guilt.

VI calmly drives off.

VI (CONT'D)  
I hope you know you're getting a job.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. DON P'S ROOM 2002

Don P listening to music and smoking weed blowing the smoke out of an open window so his mom and step dad can't smell the smoke.

MOM DD

DON P

Mam!

MOM

What is that smell?

DON P What smell?

Don P putting out the blunt as quick as he can

MOM (CONT'D)

Smells like smoke or like somebody

smoking in here. Mom walks in room

MOM (CONT'D)

Boy you smoking in here?

DON P

No I don't smell anything. Im just

in here listening to music. Playing the game. Must be coming from outside let me let this window down.

MOM

Mmmhmm you need to be looking for a

Job. You done flunked out of college twenty four thousand dollars down the drain, and now you think you finna sit in the house and play video games all day? I think not.

DON P

I been filling out applications

something should come through soon, and Ma I promise when I make it in music I'll pay all that Clark Atlanta money back.

MOM

Boy you and this music dream of

yours. Well until then "Ludacris" I'm a need you to move bitch and get a job cause ain't about to be taking care of a grown ass man between the money I spent for college and your new baby brother, things kinda tight right now.

DON P

I got you Ma I'll have a job before  
you know it. Don P gives his Mom a hug

MOM

Eww your clothes smell like smoke  
Don P smells himself

DON P

Oh thats from the club last night  
they be smoking in there.

MOM

Boy I wasn't born yesterday and  
thats another thing too all that coming in this house late  
from the club got to stop.

DON P

How I'm suppose to blow up if I  
don't be in the clubs with my  
music?

MOM

Blow up? You wanna blow up? You  
know what? Thats good you wanna  
blow up you wanna blow up take your  
butt to the Army you can blow up  
you can blow other people up all  
types of blowing up going on over  
there.

DON P

That's cool I get it nobody believe  
in me its all good I'll show you  
then I'll pay you back then move up  
outta here so ya'll ain't got to  
worry about me no more.

MOM

Fine with me. But until then, get a  
job!

Don P sighs Mom walks out Don P sits at the edge of the bed  
in thought.

DON P Man Fuck!

END OF ACT:3

ACT:4

INT. DIRTY MOUTH ROOM OR MOTEL ROOM DAY

Dirty Mouth Dad takes a swig of a beer. Dirty Mouth steps out the bathroom sniffing then goes outside to smoke a cigarette. Then starts practicing reciting his newest verse.

DIRTY MOUTH

Man I know I be snappin on the mic

I be rappin. All these hoes be clappin. Playa hatas I be slappin.

Dirty mouth gets interrupted by a junkie begging for money.

JUNKIE

Hey young blood can you spare some

change?

Aint got nothing homie.

Come on you got on you.

Aye man have no

JUNKIE (CONT'D)

man just anything I know some loose change somewhere

DIRTY MOUTH

go head on I told you aint money on me.

DIRTY MOUTH

Dirty Mouth Mom over hears the conversation outside

DIRTY MOUTH MOM

Didn't my son tell you to get on

some where. Gone head on before I do some to ya. Don't come by here no more.

DIRTY MOUTH MOM (CONT'D) We gone move out of here real soon

this just temporary you'll see me and your dad gone get us a nice house.

DIRTY MOUTH

I hope so cause between all of us

in the same room and these junkies I'm bout to go crazy. I can't even write my raps in peace.

Dirty Mouth Dad comes outside beer in hand. Slurling in a playful manner

DIRTY MOUTH DAD

Shit I can rap. We can be the first

father son rap group. Dirty Mouth Mom Laughing

DIRTY MOUTH MOM

Big Mike, yep you done had enough

get back in the room. Let's give Jamal some space to write his million dollar raps.

DIRTY MOUTH DAD

When you make it big I just want a

new truck thats it, with some rims on it. Oh and a 12 pack in the back and pack of cigarettes. Aight thats it.

DIRTY MOUTH

I got you Pops I got all us.

DIRTY MOUTH DAD

Thats my boy right there. Remember

son family is everything a man without family has nothing.

Dirty Mouth's parents go back in the room

Dirty Mouth

Hangs over the balcony smoking a cigarette in deep thought.

INT./EXT. MALL PARKING LOT DAY

LA is in the parking lot passing out flyers to some ladies for a party later that night.

LA

Hey hey ladies ladies slow down

beautiful.

LA (CONT'D)

Take this flyer. We gotta party

tonight at the mega plex. Yall come through.

GIRL 1  
Ok we'll think about it.

LA  
Well what you come up with?

Girls Laughing at LA's persistence

GIRL 1  
Dang aint finish thinking yet.

LA  
It don't take all day to nothing  
baby. Yall feel me.

LA (CONT'D)  
Besides the whole city gone be in  
the building you dont wanna miss this.

LA turns to Girl 2

LA (CONT'D)  
I know you coming right?

GIRL 2  
Girl we aint doing nothing to  
night.

GIRL 1 Okaaaay we'll be there.

LA  
Bet ask for LA when yall fine asses  
get to the door.

GIRL 2  
LA? You must be from California or  
something?

LA  
Oh hell nah shawty LA stands for  
Lil Atlanta  
Girls looking impressed sarcastically

GIRL 1

Oh ok Mr. Little Atlanta. We'll be there tonight.

LA

Make sure yall get there before 11pm ladies free before then ya feel me? Well only the good looking one's like yall.

Girls Giggle

GIRL 1

he think he got so much game.

FADE IN:

INT: Lil Scrappy Highschool Police walking down the hallway and check his locker.

LIL SCRAPPY

Man aint got nothing in my locker sir. Yall really wasting yall time.

POLICE

Ok we'll see soon enough

Gets to locker.

POLICE(CONT) (CONT'D) Well what you waiting on? Open it Scrappy Stalls.

LIL SCRAPPY

I think I forgot the combination

Let me see, nope thats not it either.

POLICE

How convenient Mr. Richardson we

can always cut the lock but then thats more work for me and more work for me means more trouble for you when we find whats in this locker. It's up to you?

LIL SCRAPPY

Man I told yall it's nothing in here.



Lil Scrappy finally opens locker.

POLICE  
I don't see it yet, but I can smell  
it.

Police continue's to search locker

POLICE (CONT'D) Jack Pot! Good ole Marijuana. Looks like an  
ounce.  
To the principals office you go.

LIL SCRAPPY Man this some Bullshit.

POLICE (CONT'D)  
All Dekalb county schools have a  
zero tolerance drug policy Mr. Richardson your'e looking at  
expulsion.

POLICE (CONT'D)  
You lucky I know your Grandfather  
you tho.

POLICE (CONT'D)  
you can have a better future for yourself. So I'll give you  
two choices you can A. Go to jail or B. I can sign you up for  
boot camp and you can change your life around. Which one it's  
gone be.

LIL SCRAPPY  
Man I ain't tryna go to jail. This  
some straight bullshit.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT:4

ACT:5

INT. JOHN CARTER STUDIO DAY

Don P Dirty Mouth and LA kicking it at John Carter Studio.  
Don P working on the beat machine Dirty Mouth and LA writing  
in there rap pads

JOHN CARTER Yo that beat is tight

DON P This what I do

DON P (CONT'D) Dirty Mouth what you got over  
there.

JOHN CARTER

Who ever ready can go in the booth.

Dirty Mouth Don P and LA all put their verses down in the  
booth with JC engineering the session.

DON P

Aye we ain't missed a beat since  
high school we still got it, this  
song fye.

DIRTY MOUTH

Hell yea

LA

Fasho

DON P

I know we had something going before I went to college, but  
now we can take this music thang serious.LA you got the clubs  
on lock so we can perform at all the parties. John Carter  
letting us use his studio to record. All we need now is money  
to print up cd's and get our look right.

LA

Performing at the parties is cool

I'll get with Lil Lowe and Wallo and let know what we trying  
to do.

DON P Alright bet

DIRTY MOUTH

How we gonna get the money to print

up cds and get our look right for these shows?

DON P

Don't you worry my dawg. I saved up

enough money from my job to get a pound. My cousin put me on this plug I'm bout to go grab it right now.

DIRTY MOUTH Oh sho nuff

DON P (CONT'D)

Yep as a matter of fact let's ride.

LA

What side of town he on

DON P

He off Bankhead some dude name  
Teddy Gram.

DOPE MAN

INT/EXT Trillville in the car hood/sketchy Night

DIRTY MOUTH

Man you sure these niggas aint gone  
rob us.

DON P

Nah my cousin said they was cool

LA

They damn sho dont look cool.

LA(CONT) (CONT'D)

Aye Dirty these niggas look cool to  
you? Like on a scale of 1-10 how  
cool they look to you.

DIRTY MOUTH

BOY NEGATIVE 1000

DON P

AYE SHAWTY LOOK WE NEED MONEY FOR THIS MUSIC SHIT. IM NOT TRYNA WORK AT PAPA JOHNS DELIVERING PIZZA MY WHOLE LIFE. WE GONE GRAB THIS POUND SACK IT UP AND IM A DELIVER WHILE IM DELIVERING PIZZA IM A HAVE OUR WHOLE AREA ON LOCK. ANYBODY GOT ANY BETTER IDEAS.

DIRTY MOUTH

Shit Im down let's do it cuh.

LA nods in a nonchalant slightly agreeable way.

DON P

Fuck it Im bout to get out.

Don p exits the car to approach the Dope boys EXT: Dope boy.

TEDDY GRAM

Who these niggas? They definitely ain't from around here. Yall see him before?

Nah neva

DOPE BOY 2

DON P Whats up cuh

TEDDY GRAM

What business you got over here shawty?

DON P

I need a pound.

Teddy Gram laughs

TEDDY GRAM

Lil nigga want a pound. Is this a joke?

TEDDY GRAM (CONT'D)

HOLD ON YOU POLICE OR SOME? NAH YOU LOOK TOO YOUNG TO BE POLICE. OH I KNOW YOU MUST WANT ME TO FRONT YOU? NAH WE DONT THAT. GONE HEAD ON.

DON P  
None of the above cuh. How much is  
it?

Dope Boy Lae nudges dope boy 2 with a smirk

TEDDY GRAM  
A stack

DON P  
A Stack!!!! Never mind my cousin  
said it was 800.

TEDDY GRAM  
(To Dope Boy 2) Lil nigga serious.

TEDDY GRAM (CONT) Aight then lil buddy I got you 850

DON P  
Whats up with the extra 50

TEDDY GRAM/DOPE BOY 2 (SAMETIME) OUT OF TOWN TAX.

DON P (CONT'D)  
Aint from out of town. I'm from the  
eastside.

TEDDY GRAM  
Yea like I said out of town tax

Don P ready to get this transaction over with grudgingly  
gives the money gets the pound of weed and ride off.

FADE OUT.

NARRATION: IT WAS GOOD GETTING BACK WITH FELLAS ON THE MUSIC  
TIP ITS LIKE ONCE WE LINKED BACK UP WE PICKED UP RIGHT WHERE  
WE LEFT OFF STILL ACTING A DAMN FOOL. BUT NOW WE HAD A PLAN  
AND WE WAS FOCUSED AND DETERMINED TO SEE IT THROUGH I WAS ON  
THE BEATS AND DIRTY MOUTH AND LA WAS WRITING AND WE WAS  
RECORDING AT JOHN CARTER STUDIO ALMOST EVERYDAY.

DON P COMING OUT OF THE BOOTH

DON P  
Play that shit back JC

John Carter hits the spacebar Trillville getting crunk to the music.

LA laughs

DON P (CONT'D)  
Shawty this song fye as hell. I

can't wait to perform this at the club.

LA  
Yea you know that thang gone be  
packed this Saturday

DIRTY MOUTH What songs we doing?

LA (CONT'D)  
P What you think?

DON P  
All of em.

LA  
I don't know if we can do all of  
them, but Lil Lowe and Wallo a let  
us do at least one or two songs  
fasho.

DON P  
I'll take that. I'm just tryna  
perform and get as many numbers as I can.

DIRTY MOUTH  
Me too. I know it's gonna be so  
many females in the building too. Whooo!

LA  
It's on then we ready.

EXT. ATRIUM, PARKING LOT - NIGHT  
Sirens in the background.  
A long line at the door.  
The car stops, the guys pour, LA trailing them.  
Don P downs a beer before tossing in the trash.  
LA catches a few hotties in line, walks over to them.

LA  
Aye, come on in with us.

The HOTTIES follow.  
SECURITY moves creating an opening.

INT. ATRIUM - CONTINUOUS  
LA moves like a star in this space.  
Daps hands, bows his brim at a few  
folks in the distance.  
The entourage moves through the  
chaotic club with ease.  
A sea of people meet heads and  
fists.

DJ (O.S.)  
Alright now, when I play this I  
don't want no bullshit or we  
closing the club down.

An uptempo, hard bass, crunk beat drops. The crowd instantly  
goes wild. The energy is electric - hype, following along  
with... SCRAPPY, moves the crowd like a rock star in a fur  
coat - bare chest, clean cut, sunglasses.

SCRAPPY (chanting)

We some head bussas. We some head bussas. We'll knock a hater  
out we

some head bussas.

Don P stands at the base of stage looks at the crowd, then  
back at the Scrappy - in ADMIRATION.

SCRAPPY (CONT'D) (rapping)

I speak my mind, 'cause bitin' my tongue hurt

Murder yo ass and lyrics and put ya face on a shirt  
I'm a mothafuckin' rida, 'cause I thought y'all knew

And I reppin' nothin' even it's twenty of you  
I think it's plenty of you that really want da shawty dead  
Watch what ya said lil shawty, I'm makin' bread

Fuck all y'all born hataz with hatred born to match...

## SCRAPPY BACKSTAGE ATRIUM

## BACKSTAGE

Scrappy walks up with big arms and cheesing at a LIL LOWE and Wallo duo - NEIGHBORHOOD SUPERSTARS. Daps, half hugs.

SCRAPPY

Told ya, told ya. Boi, the crowd love that shit. These two are too chill.

LIL LO

Cool, cool. The crowd definitely feeling it. Its getting better and better each show.

WALO

Keep doing ya thang.

To the side, Don P and Trillville walk up to Scrappy. LA head nods to Lil Lo and Walo.

DON P

Yo that shit was fye.

A big burst from the background.

MAMA DEE (O.C.) You did that baby.

The group side eyes the site of MAMA DEE in a fluffy fuchsia fur coat, cane, hat, her side walk is a mean beast.

MAMA DEE

You rocked the show, killed the

crowd, and dem bitches, dem bitches panties wetter than niagara falls.

Scrappy looks, trying to save face.

SCRAPPY (to the group)

Aye uh, this my momma, "Momma Dee".

CUT TO:

5 YEARS EARLIER ON SCREEN



Ghetto Boys mind playing tricks on me plays in the background as a young Lil Scrappy and his little sister rides with his Mom (Momma Dee) around as she makes her drops to her drug clientele And check on her prostitutes. Her prostitutes all wear the same colors.

MOMMA DEE

You alright back there.

LIL SCRAPPY

Yea are we headed home yet? I'm getting hungry.

MOMMA DEE

Damn you just ate two hours ago.

LIL SCRAPPY

Grand Daddy says I'm a growing boy.

MOMMA DEE

You must be growing by the hour.  
We'll be home in a minute. I got a few more stop. Until then what you know about this?

Momma Dee turn up the radio and her and Scrappy starts vibing.

Montage of Momma Dee making her drops.

INT Momma Dee and Lil Scrappy pull up to their place. Night

MOMMA DEE

See that didn't take long.

They all get out the car and head in the house.

CUT TO:

INT. LATER MOMMA DEE'S PLACE AMAL HEIGHTS NIGHT

Lil Scrappy is at the table eating while his sister is upstairs. Momma Dee is heading back out.

MOMMA DEE  
I'll be right back watch your  
sister while I'm gone.

LIL SCRAPPY  
Yeah

Lil Scrappy watches from the blinds as his mom pulls out the drive way.

Lil Scrappy goes back to eating his food when suddenly he hears a loud boom. Robbers two with mask and one without a mask kick the door in.

MASKED ROBBER 1  
Where is it?

LIL SCRAPPY  
Where's what?

MASKED ROBBER 2  
The money? the dope Where she keep  
it?

LIL SCRAPPY  
I don't know.

UNMASKED ROBBER  
Leave him alone he's just a kid.  
Besides I know exactly where it is.  
Come with me kid.

The robbers take Lil Scrappy up to his room where they ransack everything to find what they were looking for. Then when they go to his sister room Lil Scrappy follows them.

LIL SCRAPPY

Don't mess with my sister leave her  
alone.

UNMASKED ROBBER

Ain't nobody gone mess with your  
sister. We just here for stash.

The robbers quickly leave and close the door to his sisters  
bedroom. Then Lil Scrappy hears shots from a shot gun. Then  
Scrappy hears his moms voice.

MOMMA DEE

Ya'll alright up there (O.C.)

LIL SCRAPPY

Yea

MOMMA DEE

Stay up there don't come out til I  
tell ya.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT:5