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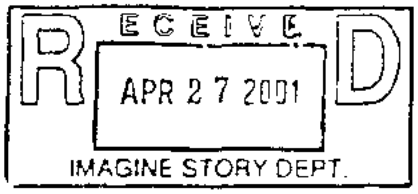

UNTITLED DETROIT PROJECT

by

Scott Silver

First Rewrite
April 27, 2001

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"If you have the guts to be yourself...other people'll pay your price."

- RABBIT ANGSTROM
John Updike, "Rabitt, Run"

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Run it under a harsh green fluorescent light.
CLOSE ON AN ANGRY BLONDE PUNK, his head flying in and out of frame. Hard against SOME GIRL's face. Banging against a dirty mirror. Sweating. Moaning.

GIRL
Jim Jim Jimmy Jimmy Jimmy oh god
Fuck me Rabbit Rabbit yes oh yes
Jimmy Rabbit Fuck Fuck Fuck

He's fucking her on top of a nasty sink. Fast. And furious.
Her short skirt hiked up high around her waist.
A wool cap pulled down tight over his face. This is Jim, James, B, Bunny, Rabbit, B-Rabbit & Jimmy Smith Jr.
To us he's just plain JIMMY.

GIRL
Oh Rabbit fuck yes oh yes

They're in a desolate bathroom. Wet. Full of noise.
Beats thumping through the walls. Fists banging on the door.
The girl moan-moaning. It's all so fucking loud.

CLOSE ON JIMMY, catching sight of himself bouncing up & down in the mirror. Ignoring the girl, he's somewhere else.
Gone. Always moving. We hear her coming. Jimmy stops.
Stares. The harsh light crowns his head, a burning halo.
He doesn't look so good, cold sweat.

JIMMY
- I gotta run.

She jumps off the sink, yanks down her skirt.

GIRL
(pissed)
Why? You still nervous? You're lucky I ran into you 'cause I'm tryin' to help calm you down. But it's like you ain't even fuckin' here -

JIMMY
(pulls up his pants; distracted)
- What? Wasn't it good for you?

GIRL
Yeah. You know I love the way you fuck me, Rabbit. Why do you always gotta ask?

Before Jimmy can answer a queer look crosses his face--
He rushes for a dirty stall and
we hear him puking his fucking brains out.

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2.

Jimmy, leaving the bathroom. Still a little green. No sign of the girl. A line of guys waiting outside. They scream, shout. Jimmy just laughs and gives 'em all the finger. Heads down the corridor alone into the darkness.

3.

An underground hip-hop club, THE SHELTER. A basement cave. You can see the noise and the heat. Wall-to-wall kids, all that sex. Mashing to the beat. Mostly black. Some white. Whatever. Jimmy wipes his mouth, slips on headphones, getting back into character. We hear his music, the song being pumped into his head. Angry. Defiant. Beautiful.

He makes his way through the crowd, a hip-hop gladiator. Walking tall. All attitude. Everybody around him dancing to a different beat. We're sampling Tony Manero strutting down the block from the opening of "SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER."

Jimmy (Tony) checks out the girls, smiles their way, heading backstage. But this ain't no fucking disco.
Before he gets far some BIG BAD DUDE stops him--
Shines a flashlight in his face. Hollas some shit at him.
Jimmy tears off his headphones. The song cuts out--

JIMMY
(yells over the music)
- Yo what the fuck you call me?

BIG BAD DUDE
Where ya goin', dawg - you ain't backstage, are ya?

JIMMY
What you say about me?
(gets right up in the big man's face)
Do you even know who I am?

The big dude shines the light bright back in Jimmy's face. He's security.

BIG BAD DUDE
Fuck no. You wanna go backstage or what?

JIMMY
I ain't goin' nowhere 'til you tell me what the fuck you said, man -

Before the big guy can respond, a skinny black superstar pulls Jimmy away. It's THE FUTURE aka Future, Fuche & David Porter. Also in his 20s, the Future's all good.

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FUTURE
(to the Big Bad Dude)
It's all good, brotha. He's with me -

Future drags Jimmy past the big guy backstage. Laughing at him with love.

FUTURE
- You crazy muthafucka. Why din't ya just tell 'im you backstage for the battle, Jimmy?

JIMMY
He said some shit -
(pulls away from Future; spots something on his shirt)
Fuck.

4.
Outside the club. Downtown Detroit. Bleak winter night. Cold as hell. A mess of kids waiting to get in. Jimmy hustles up some stairs, Future right on his tail.

FUTURE
Where ya runnin' to?

JIMMY
- I fuckin' puked on my shirt.

FUTURE
(laughs)
First time's always crazy - youknowhatImsayin'? Didn't fucking Mary calm you down?

A needy white guy in his late 20s with a big head, "CHEDDER" BOB ZUROWSKY aka Head, standing near the top of the line sees Jimmy & Future heading in the opposite direction. He's slow.

CHEDDER BOB
Hey Rabbit - where ya--?

Jimmy turns, gestures "one-minute-I'll-be-right-back" and keeps walking away. Future laughs, follows.

Chedder Bob grabs two black guys huddled against the wall smokin' dope; a short roly-poly freak in his early 20s named SOL GEORGE aka Mista Kingpin & Mista and his laid-back older brother, DJ IZ aka Israel George, Izzy & Iz, a pseudo-intellectual with dreads and glasses.

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They're Jimmy & Future's crew, RU486 ("Real Unforgiven For Killin'" - also the abortion pill).

CHEDDER BOB
C'mon, Rabbit an' Future're goin' without us -

5.
Jimmy & Future head into a dark alley next to the club. The crew follows. We can still hear the music booming through the walls. A lone spotlight pierces the gloom. Jimmy stops at a dumpster near the back.

SOL
- T'night's the night, boy. You on your way up, yo. Next stop - Deal.

DJ IZ
(goes to hug Jimmy)
No doubt no doubt - S'up, brotha?

JIMMY
(pulls back)
Puked on my shirt.

Chedder Bob tries to get a closer look at Jimmy's T-shirt.

CHEDDER BOB
Lemme see -

JIMMY
(pushes him away)
Fuck off, Chedder Bob -

Jimmy scrapes the dumpster away from the wall. Grabs a trash bag hidden behind it.

SOL
(laughs)
Now listen, Bunny - if you battle that muthafucka Papa Doc, nigga was talkin' some serious shit, yo -

Jimmy opens the trash bag, starts rooting around inside. All the guys stop and stare.

JIMMY
(pulls out some clean clothes from the bag)
Fuckin' Janeane an' I jus' broke up an' shit, an' she took the house an' the goddamn car -

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FUTURE
- Again?

DJ IZ
Maybe it's 'cause you keep fuckin' all those other girls for a minute -

SOL
Yeah, Rabbit -

CHEDDER BOB
No you just need to forget that Janeane bitch, Rabbit. Just think about all the fine bitches you gonna get t'night after you win -

JIMMY
(looking through the garbage bag)
She says she's pregnant, whatever, yo -

A long beat.

FUTURE
- Now that's the heaviest influence in that movie right there, man.

CHEDDER BOB
I bet that bitch is lyin', Rabbit.

SOL
(to Chedder Bob)
Lemme ask you a question, bitch - I bet you probly never even bust in a bitch befoe. Have you?

CHEDDER BOB
(turns red; to Jimmy)
You gonna stay at your mom's?

JIMMY
- fuck, Bob.
(pulls out a clean T-shirt from the bag)
Yo can I please get some privacy here, please -

The three guys acquiesce, walk toward the lit mouth of the alley. The Future stays.

JIMMY
(laughs)
- my lucky shirt.
(more)

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JIMMY (cont'd)
(peels off the dirty shirt; shivering in the cold)
It's my birthday in a couple weeks, Fuche - An' it's like, I gotta do somethin', ya know? Somethin' real.
(puts on the clean T)
- I mean all I ever wanted to do was rap, yo - be an emcee. But I know they ain't gonna like me in there -

FUTURE
If you rap, you rap muthafucka. It don't matter. You just gotta stop givin' a fuck what other people gonna say, Jim -

Jimmy hides the garbage bag back behind the dumpster.

JIMMY
- People can't talk shit about me like that, yo.

FUTURE
Just wreck those mics an' gain some respect, youhearwhatImsayin'?

JIMMY
It's like do or die time for me now, Fuche.

FUTURE
(laughs)
I know whatchya sayin' - I'm tryin' to get straight with the Lord these days.

They both head back up the alley toward their friends and the light.

JIMMY
Are you high?

FUTURE
You're B-Rabbit, yo. I believe in you thoroughly.
(jumps; shouts out)
B-RABBIT, yo - youknowhatImsayin'?
B-RABBIT! B-RABBIT!

They meet up with the rest of the crew. And they all shout out, jumping, laughing, barking, "B-RABBIT! B-RABBIT! B--

SLAM TO:

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6.
CLOSE ON A FREESTYLE BATTLE, up on stage in the club.
Spotlights glare. DJ spins. Two emcees squaring off.
One-on-one. Two 60 second scoreboard clocks tick down...
It's Fight Music. And right now one very short brother named
LIL' TIC (Little Lunatic) is battling Jimmy. Up in his face.

He's spittin' about--
1. Jimmy's name - B-Rabbit.
2. Jimmy's skin color - White.
3. Jimmy's inexperience - 1st battle.

Jimmy just stands there, his wool cap pulled down tight.
Bouncing a little to the beat. Shaking out the nerves.

Lil' Tic's killin' him The clocks hit 0. Time.
The CROWD goes crazy. Judge and jury.
Future takes center stage, he's hosting the battle.

SPLIT SCREEN:

FUTURE	JIMMY
(starts introducing Jimmy)	(checks out the crowd; all watching him)

CUT SPLIT SCREEN:

THE CROWD	FUTURE
(shouting at Jimmy; White can't rap)	(finishes introducing Jimmy)

CUT SPLIT SCREEN:

JIMMY	THE CROWD
(staring out at the crowd; at all those people judging him)	(screaming out his name, giving him shit, calling him names)

CUT SPLIT SCREEN:

JIMMY	JIMMY
(Future hands him the mic)	(Future hands him the mic)

END SPLIT SCREEN:

Future hands him the mic. All eyes on Jimmy. Under the
blinding hot lights. The beat kicks in. The clocks start...

CLOSE ON JIMMY, bobbing his head up & down collecting his
thoughts, opens his mouth to rap and--
People start booing him right away.
Calling him names. Booing.
Booing.

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Booing Jimmy. And nothing comes out of his mouth.
Mute. Burning up under the lights. Failure.
Jimmy freezes.
And the picture **FREEZES**.
REWINDS. And **PLAYS** again.
Jimmy opens his mouth to rap and nothing comes out. Freeze.
Failure. Rewind. Play. We're **SCRATCHING** the film.
Back & forth.
Forth & back.

SLAM TO:

MAIN TITLE:

fight
music

We still hear the scratching which leads us into our title song, the song we first heard playing in Jimmy's headphones...

7.
Poor Detroit. Jimmy runs through the diseased streets of his life past all the crack whores and dead ends. Holding onto his garbage bag full of clothes, headphones back on his head. His breath visible in the night air. He and it the only white around. We still hear our title song.

Jimmy runs. Runs through a busy intersection, right on by the entrance of a ratty trailer park, running down a side street. Running up to a big vacant field down at the end. Urban blight. Dying grass. A graveyard for shopping carts, broken appliances, used needles & other shit.

Jimmy stops.
And screams out at the top of his lungs.
Loud and long.

Then he runs to a chain link fence at the edge of the field, looks both ways making sure no one sees him, and hops over it.

8.
Jimmy makes his way through the maze of trailers. Up to a drab double-wide mobile home. A beat-to-shit big-ass '79 Lincoln abandoned in front. Down. And out.

9.
Jimmy lets himself in. Drops the garbage bag. He's cold, blowing on his hands trying to warm himself up. The place is a dump. All white trash.

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The title song still blaring in his headphones and on our soundtrack.

JIMMY
Mom?

He heads for his mom's bedroom. As he gets closer, we hear some noise. Moans. And grunts. A breathless scream.
We hear sex. Raw. And loud.
Not Jimmy. All he hears is music.

JIMMY
Mom?

He slides open the flimsy vinyl bedroom door and sees his mom fucking some guy! On top. Riding away--
Jimmy pulls off his headphones. The title song ends.

JIMMY
(in shock)
Mom!?!

STEPHANIE
Rabbit?

10.
Later. Jimmy's eating cereal in the lousy kitchen, dry no milk. A small TV, beer bottles & comic books litter the countertops. A rusty electric space heater vibrates heat. It's almost quiet for the first time in the movie.

His mother, STEPHANIE, slinks in wearing an oversized "Osborne High" sweatshirt and little else. Her hair's a sex mess, she slurs her words a little maybe a little drunk. She's a young 40, small & sexy in that bleached blonde trailer trash sorta way.

STEPHANIE
You okay, baby - Wan'me ta make ya somethin'?
(ruffles his hair)
- Dontchya think maybe ya shoulda knocked or maybe called first or somethin'?

JIMMY
Yo - the phone's disconnected.

STEPHANIE
(defensive)
Yeah I know, Rabbit. I know, I jus' gotta run down to the - um - the phone place tomorrow -

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JIMMY
(mouth full of dry cereal)
- An' there's no milk. Ever.

STEPHANIE
Hey - I been busy, ya know.

JIMMY
Still goin' to bingo or get a job yet?

A thick lame white dude, GREG MINOR, stumbles into the kitchen on one good leg like he owns the place. Just a few years older than Jimmy, all Greg's got on is a two-day beard, pair of "Osborne High" sweatpants, and a shit-eatin' grin.

GREG
(slaps Jimmy on the back of his head)
Rabbit - what the fuck you doin' here? How 'bout knockin'?

Jimmy doesn't react. Too tired to fight. It's clear that Greg makes him uncomfortable. Makes him feel like he's back in high school. Jimmy seems to shrink when he's around.

JIMMY
(turns to his mom)
Janeane an' I broke up -

STEPHANIE
None of those girls are right for you, baby. She say she's pregnant?

Jimmy nods.

STEPHANIE
Right. I bet she took the car too -

JIMMY
(doesn't want to talk about it; gets up)
- I gotta work in the mornin'.

STEPHANIE
- You and Future still at that Little Caesars in Warren?

She lights a cigarette. Greg takes it from her, smokes.

JIMMY
No I - ahh - I--

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GREG
C'mon, man, you got fired from Little Caesars? Nobody gets fired from Little Caesars -

JIMMY
- yo I'm too tired for this shit.

STEPHANIE
You stayin' here, baby?

JIMMY
- just for a few weeks 'til I save enough to get my own place.

GREG
Just like Bob Zurowsky. All your friends still livin' at home - aren't they, Rabbit?
(laughs)
Guys're a bunch a fucking losers -

Without skipping a beat Jimmy grabs a beer bottle & fires it at Greg's head! It just misses, smashing against the wall-- Greg bolts up, cigarette still stuck in his mouth-- Jimmy instinctively takes a step back. Violence about to break.

Stephanie jumps in the middle--

STEPHANIE
(screams at Jimmy)
YOU STOP IT! JAMES SMITH JUNIOR! STOPIT NOW!

Just then a sleepy little angel appears in the doorway of the kitchen, six-year-old LILY, Jimmy's little half-sister. She lights up when she sees Jimmy. Runs to him.

He gives her a big hug. Violence broken. Greg laughs, gets himself a cold beer from the 'fridge instead.

JIMMY
Yo - shouldn't you be sleepin', Lily?

LILY
You woke me up ya know.
(whispers to him)
- will you sing to me?

JIMMY
C'mon - back to bed. It's late.

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11.

Jimmy carries Lily into her little girl bedroom. Neat, clean. A mountain of stuffed animals on her bed. As he puts her down, we hear him quietly sweetly lovingly rapping to her. And he's good. Real good.

Suddenly they hear Stephanie shout out from the kitchen--

STEPHANIE (OS)
Rabbit Ya Better Clean AllthisShit Upinhere Or I'll KickYouout For Good!

Jimmy & Lily look at each other, share a laugh.

12.

Later. Jimmy's picking up the broken beer bottle in the tiny kitchen. Stephanie stands in the doorway watching.

STEPHANIE
- Rabbit, if you're gonna stay here you better get along or--

JIMMY
What'd I do? Yo he started this shit -

STEPHANIE
- don't fuck this up for me, baby. You're not in high school anymore, okay?

Rabbit pushes the last bits of broken glass against the wall with his foot. It's been a long night.

JIMMY
(sarcastic)
Forget it, whatever. I love Greg. Can I get a ride to work in the mornin'?

Stephanie goes over to the kitchen table, grabs her car keys and tosses them to Jimmy.

JIMMY
- you're lettin' me take the car?

STEPHANIE
Nope. I'm givin' it to ya - It's your birthday present.

JIMMY
- thanks. My birthday's not for two weeks, yo -

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STEPHANIE
(laughs; almost flirtatious)
You're still my lil' Rabbit, right?

13.
The next morning, cold & clear outside the trailer. Jimmy, trying to start the big-ass '79 Lincoln. Click. Nothing. Click. Click. It's dead.

JIMMY
(jumps out, checks his watch)
Shiiit -

He's late. Jimmy pops the hood, looks underneath. Just then a chubby charismatic white hipster named WINK EPSTEIN aka 3rd Person, ambles up. Early 20s, soul patch, and the harmonies of hip-hop verbalization.

WINK
Yo Bunny you back home -

JIMMY
- ain't my home, Wink. How the fuck you know I was here?

WINK
(smiles)
Please. Who ya think you talkin' to?

JIMMY
(slams down the hood)
Don't tell nobody, okay?
(checks his watch; dirty hands)
Yo I gotta run - gimme a ride to work? I'm gonna be fuckin' late -

WINK
My mom's got the car -
(kicks the Lincoln)
Yo you should just blow this shit up, B.

14.
Jimmy hops the fence at the edge of the dirty trailer park. Wink hot on his heels.

WINK
- Why we goin' this way?

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JIMMY
(just gives him a look)
Yo where were you last night?

They head through the vacant field together.

WINK
I heard ya got caught out. People sayin' some fucked up shit, boy.

Jimmy stops before he hits the street. Wipes his dirty hands on his pants, wanting to run away from Wink and last night and the trailer park and everything else in his fucking life.

JIMMY
- like what?

He checks up & down the busy intersection making sure no one sees him, and hustles away from the trailer park. Wink follows.

WINK
You just gotta bounce wit' Wink, B. You tha franchise, baby. They just jealous, like Janeane -

JIMMY
You talked to 'er?

WINK
Forget it. An' fuck battlin' down at the Shelter, yo. Justa bunch a losers who ain't got deals.

JIMMY
- What else am I gonna do?

WINK
Stay home, Bunny. You ain't goin' nowhere down at that club. And you know 3rd Person's gotchya -

JIMMY
Who?

WINK
3rd Person.
(laughs; pounds his chest)
Wink's all 3rd Person now. 'Bout to blow up, for real. An' I'm takin' you wit' me, B.

They make it to the bus stop, a few people waiting.

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JIMMY
- how we gonna do that? I'm takin' the fuckin' bus to work, man.

Jimmy anxiously looks down the street for his bus. Wink puts his arm around Jimmy's shoulder, bringing him in close.

WINK
Don't tell no one, but I jus' recorded a demo up at Paisley Park.

JIMMY
- Paisley Park?

WINK
With Prince. The Artist. 3rd Person? Prince gave me that name.

JIMMY
You're full a shit, yo - How the fuck you know Prince?

Wink pulls out an envelope from his pocket.

WINK
- He's friends with Lee Darucher, man. Serious. I just recorded at Paisley Park, yo.

Wink opens the envelope, shows Jimmy some photographs. CLOSE ON PHOTOGRAPHS OF WINK & PRINCE, hanging out in a giant studio control room. The massive console all lit up with bright bright lights.

JIMMY
(impressed)
Shiiit. That's really Prince. You ain't lyin' -

WINK
Yeah an' I'm takin' a song down to 96.3, try to get it on. They playin' one local demo every Friday night now -

Jimmy's bus finally arrives. Belching black exhaust.

WINK
(puts away the photographs)
- And yo you got next, Bunny. For real. Recordin' at Paisley Park - We can both fly outta here. Right?

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15.
Jimmy on the bus, looking out the window. Poverty. Hard times & pain. He slips on his headphones, pulls out a pen and starts writing on his dirty hand.
CLOSE ON JIMMY'S HAND, letters.
Words.
Rhymes.

CLOSE ON JIMMY'S FACE, closing his eyes.
And we hear the opening lines to the song, a cappella.
And then a beat kicks in, the bass line, and a groove.
And as the words & music come together in a song,
Jimmy's set free. He opens his eyes...

The bus, the poor, Detroit, it's all ANIMATED. By R. Crumb. And Jimmy, he's a Superman. Costume, muscles, the whole deal. SUPERJIMMY. He's rapping the song for all to hear. Jumps up & bursts through the window of the bus, flying away for good. Escaping his earthly bonds & dull reality.

SuperJimmy flying & rapping over the animated bad streets of Detroit heading up toward the sun, leaving the earth behind, flying Icarus high. He flies up up around & around the globe faster & faster. A blur. Going BACK IN TIME to last night.

LAST NIGHT. SuperJimmy flies onstage in the Shelter, grabs the mic from LIL' TIC with one hand & with the other squeezes Tic's animated head right off. Blood gushing everywhere as SuperJimmy just freestyles cool to the crowd.

The rhymes and the blood flowing fast. The audience applauds screaming - going crazy - loving all of SuperJimmy and his music. He finishes & waves goodbye, flying off BACK INTO THE FUTURE, heading for the suburbs and the nice part of town...

TODAY. The nice part of town. SuperJimmy flies over a five-star hotel. Up-scale, grand. Still singing his song.
He darts down toward the back of the hotel and heads through a big open window, flying into a locker room in the basement.

He dives at a locker changing super fast out of his costume. And into his uniform...
Shirt. Tie. Vest.

Becoming JIMMY THE BELLMAN. BACK TO REALITY (film).
He takes off his headphones, glancing at his reflection in a locker room mirror, the song cutting out--

16.
Jimmy hurries up to the front of the fancy hotel lobby, his tie's a mess, collar askew. He's late.

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Slides into position next to his friend Chedder Bob, and a thin black bellman in his early 30s named PAUL, who's greeting guests at the door. Classical music plays in the background.

PAUL
(to Jimmy)
Mr. Springer wants to see you in his office, James -

CHEDDER BOB
(to Paul)
Fuck you, homo -
(straightens out Jimmy's tie & collar)
You okay?

JIMMY
Are you drunk?

CHEDDER BOB
(he is)
Shhhhhh. You okay about last night?

JIMMY
Fuck last night, bitch -

17.
CLOSE ON JIMMY, taking shit. Pissed off. Beat.

MR. SPRINGER (OS)
- is that why you were late again, Mr. Smith? Well?

Jimmy doesn't say anything just looks down at his hands... They're still smudged dirty, lyrics scrawled all over them like strange tattoos. He shifts in his seat and hides his hands under his legs.

MR. SPRINGER (OS)
What do you have to say for yourself, Mr. Smith?

Jimmy and his boss, MR. SPRINGER, a dark-skinned white man in his late 40s with a mustache, are sitting right across from each other in a cramped basement office. The door behind Mr. Springer's desk isn't closed all the way.

JIMMY
- You can call me Jimmy.

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MR. SPRINGER
Okay. Jimmy. You know we were hesitant to take you on in the first place, Jimmy, because you're friends with Mr. Zurowsky. But,-- Are you sure you can cut it here, Jimmy?

Before Jimmy can answer that bullshit question the phone rings. Mr. Springer snaps it up.

MR. SPRINGER (into the phone)
Rooms division -
(some air goes out of him; whipped)
- Yes, hon, I'll be home at seven...
Yes...Yes, of course I will...Yes?

As Mr. Springer continues to tolerate his wife, Jimmy notices a girl sitting down outside the office. He shifts in his seat trying to get a better look through the door.

And catches sight of a HONEY-DIPPED GIRL, maybe 18 or so, so sexy and indifferent she's obscene, impossible. Short hair. Long legs. Oh God...

Mr. Springer hangs up the phone, all business. Jimmy can't keep his eyes off of the girl, the girl.

MR. SPRINGER
Okay, Mr. Smith. I have another meeting now so - If you're late again we're gonna have to let you go. You have to do better,-- I know you can be a better bellman -

Jimmy snaps out of it. Gets up. Shoves his dirty hands in his pockets and heads out. Time to eat more shit.

JIMMY
Yes, sir. I will -

When he gets to the door he turns back to Mr. Springer. The girl's now standing right behind him in the doorway.

JIMMY
I guess it's not the right time to ask for extra shifts, Mr. Springer. Is it? But I - ahh - really need the money.

MR. SPRINGER
- I'm sure you do, but let's just see how this week works out first, Jimmy. Okay?
(more)

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MR. SPRINGER (cont'd)
(motions the girl in)
Miss?

Jimmy leaves humiliated, still managing to smile at the girl as she enters the office. Heading out, he turns back around pulling his dirty hands from of his pockets & throws up a middle finger in the direction of Mr. Springer's office--

The Honey-Dipped Girl looks up as she closes the door, sees Jimmy flipping her off. And gives him the finger right back!

18.

Dusk. Darkness falling visible on the ratty trailer park. Jimmy's working under the hood of the Lincoln. The Future's kickin' back in the front seat. They hear LYNYRD SKYNYRD's "Sweet Home Alabama" drift out of the mobile home.

JIMMY
- yo you shoulda seen this girl, Future. She was,-- I mean. Shit. She's perfect, yo.

FUTURE
Perfect? Perfect got a name?

Jimmy shrugs, puts up the hood on his hooded sweatshirt. It's getting cold. They hear Greg inside the trailer start singing along with Lynyrd Skynyrd.

FUTURE
- Who the fuck is that?

JIMMY
That dude Greg Minor's practically livin' with my mom, yo. Met at Bingo up in Windsor. Neither of 'em ever fucking win -

FUTURE
- we went to school with 'im, right?

JIMMY
He was a senior with Chedder Bob, man. I got' _ save some money an' get the fuck outta here, yo -

They listen to Greg sing; he's terrible. Hear him turn up the stereo inside. And Future starts singing along at the top of his lungs, off-key, making up the words as he goes... Then he begins to freestyle over the rock & roll beat. Jimmy takes a turn. Rapping over "Sweet Home Alabama." They go back & forth spittin' out verses over the music.

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FUTURE
- Yo there's another battle next week, Jimmy. Winner's takin' my place as host. I'm signin' you up -

JIMMY
Don't.

FUTURE
You gotta come down, ride those mics, youknowhatImsayin'? Keep workin' at it. That's the only way you gon get any betta'.

JIMMY
Don't sign me up, yo. I'm just gonna play it by ear -
(goes back to work under the hood)
Try it now -

Future tries to turn the car over. Click. Click. Shit. Jimmy keeps working on the car.

FUTURE
You gotta let those people know you ain't playin', youknowhatImsayin'? Ya know they say, that man, "Ill, ill, ill, ill."

JIMMY
Fuck, I don't wanna get booed again, Fuche. It's gonna kill me. An' anyway, Wink says he knows Prince. Says I can record a demo up at Paisley Park an' shit, yo -

FUTURE
(busts out laughing)
Wink says he knows Prince? What the fuck does Prince gotta do with our music, Jimmy? Wink's jus' talk. There will be no action, only talking.

JIMMY
- No, he had pictures, yo. This could be a r..l opportunity for me -

Greg limps out of the trailer singing "Sweet Home Alabama" to himself, sees Jimmy and Future working on the car. They throw him a look. He just laughs and heads back inside singing his ass off.

FUTURE
- yo, that dude mentally ill?

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JIMMY
Car accident, man. S'pposed to get some big settlement soon -

FUTURE
Puck. Hear what Wink's callin' himself now?

JIMMY
3rd Person.
(motions to the car)
Try it again -

FUTURE
3rd Person? Shit. I don't wanna bring too much negativity towards my positive, but he is not a good rapper. That muthafucka's weak. I'd rather listen to funky ol' Greg sing -

Future tries to start the car. It groans. Sputters. Spits. And starts. Jimmy smiles, he fixed it. The Future's up.

FUTURE
Yo son, we goin' out t'night!

JIMMY
(slams down the hood)
- I dunno, people talkin' shit, yo - ya know about last night an'--

FUTURE
(laughs)
Fuck last night.

JIMMY
I thought you wanted to start gettin' straight with the Lord.

FUTURE
C'mon it's Saturday night, yo -

19.

Night. The whole gang's riding in the big-ass '79 Lincoln. Jimmy and Future up front, hip-hop thumping from the car's shitty radio, tinny speakers tuned to 96.3. Sol, DJ Iz and Chedder Bob in the back seat gettin' high.

DJ IZ
Yo boy, this is your mom's birthday present? If it was me I'd--

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JIMMY
(cuts him off; on edge)
Don't fuckin' start, Izzy -

Sol smokes, exhales.

SOL
We betta' than this, fellas - We gotta get us a deal - Go platinum, get cheesed out.

Chedder Bob pulls out a bottle of vodka from inside his coat.

FUTURE
- Stealin' from your mom again, Head?

CHEDDER BOB
She don't notice, she's too lit up most a the time. Where's Wink?

He takes a drink and passes the bottle to Sol who hands him the joint.

SOL
- meetin' us there. Fuck, we need to be slidin' in Navs, 600s an' Double Rs.

CHEDDER BOB
Yeah an' get us all the hot bitches -

DJ IZ
- no we gotta save up, put our money into Savings Bonds every week if we wanna make it. No doubt. Keep stackin' it, an' then build our own studio. Cut a demo an' get it on 96.3 -

Beat. What? Bonds?

FUTURE
What the fuck you talkin' 'bout, Iz?

SOL
(to DJ Iz)
Lemme ask you a question - How the fuck're we brothers? Nigga we need a muthafuckin' deal, fine women an' cars - not no muthafuckin' Savings Bonds, fool.

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JIMMY
Fuck. That's all you motherfuckers ever do is talk bullshit -
(mimics Sol)
"We gotta get us a deal - "
(mimics Chedder Bob)
"Get us all the hot bitches - "
(mimics DJ Iz)
"Put our money into savings bonds - "
(in his own voice)
Just shutthefuckup. I'm tired of everything. None a you ever do shit about nuthin' - WE ALL STILL BROKE AS FUCK LIVIN' WITH OUR MOMS!
(laughs)
Right, Fuche?

SOL
Now hold on there, Bunny -

FUTURE
Yo, I'm jus' tryin' to get straight with the Lord.
(laughs)
And big titties. I'd like to get straight with that Big Titty Mary, man - youknowhatImsayin'?

JIMMY
I hit that -

CHEDDER BOB
- I heard she got VD.

SOL
So what, nigga - I'd still fuck--

Before Sol can finish the car goes black. Cuts off. The radio. The lights. The steering wheel. The brakes. Everything, dead. All the power's gone. Jimmy tries to maintain control of the car. The guys are screaming.

The '79 Lincoln gently coasts to the side of the road.

20.
Later. Dark side of the road. Silhouetted against the sky, the guys stand around the car like hunters examining kill.

FUTURE
That was crazy -

Jimmy hops in, starts up the car. Lights.

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The car running.

JIMMY
- Jus' must be a short in the electrical system, yo, whatever. Let's go -

SOL
Uh-uh. I'm not gettin' back in that piece a shit -

DJ IZ
(quiet so Jimmy can't hear)
- it's a fuckin' deathtrap. I think his mom must be tryin' to kill 'im.

CHEDDER BOB
(laughs; whispers)
You think Rabbit's mom's tryin' to kill 'im?

Jimmy's ears are so good he hears everything. He jumps back out of the car--

JIMMY
What you say?

CHEDDER BOB
Nothin', Rabbit -

JIMMY
I hear everythin', yo - my mom ain't tryin' to kill me. Fuckin' kill your own self, bitch -

CHEDDER BOB
- Hey I don't wanna die, Rabbit.
(thinks about it)
I mean, I dunno what the fuck I'm livin' for, but I really don't wanna die.

21.

They pull into the crowded parking lot of a seedy Chinese restaurant, STANLEY'S CAFE. Red neon. Kids hanging out talking groping and getting high. Noise and hip-hop fill the air. Jimmy gets out of the car first, keeps moving. The other four slip out with attitude and head for the restaurant.

Jimmy leads the way. Future right behind him, a few steps in front of Sol & DJ Iz, Chedder Bob pulling up the rear.

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CLOSE ON JIMMY, looking around the parking lot. Outside himself.
Stops.

His friends catch up to him.

FUTURE
You okay, Jim?

SOL
Yeah c'mon, B. Where ya goin' -

They all keep moving. Jimmy stays there for a minute.
Throws up his sweatshirt hood, hiding.
And finally follows after them.

They pass by a group of kids hanging out under a streetlight at the edge of the parking lot. Kids spittin' out verses.
Kickin' some rhymes. In a circle. This is a cipha.
It's not competitive, just people checking each other out.
Free. And easy.

RU486 joins in, Future leading the way.
Jimmy still trailing behind.

FUTURE
RU486 is here, my people -
Let us show you the way -

SOL
Gonna kick some serious shit -

FUTURE
Yeah, Mista.

Jimmy looks out from under his hood. Checks the crowd.
Future joins in the cipha, spits some alien shit.
He is a motherfucking star. Finishes.
Now Sol's up (Mista Kingpin). A freak.

A bigger crowd gathers. Bouncing.
We see Wink hustle up, smiling and handing out flyers.

Future pulls off Jimmy's hood, pushes him forward. His turn.
CLOSE ON JIMMY, starting out slowly, unsure, hesitant.
Working into it. Faster. Quicker. Forgetting the crowd.
The words flow setting him free...
Easily the best. The Future laughs, he knows.

While Jimmy's rapping, we see the Honey-Dipped Girl from work join the crowd. She's with a group of hip young kids.
They all listen to Jimmy. He doesn't see her.

Jimmy finishes.
DJ Iz steps up & smooths out some rhymes.

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Jimmy spots two guys heading in his direction; a solid black dude with a baseball cap pulled down tight over his face named PAPA DOC, aka Papa, and his sidekick LC LYCKETY-SPLYT aka LC & Lyckety-Splyt, a very skinny black clown. They're both part of RU486's rival crew, LEADAZ OF THA FREE WORLD, aka tha Free World. Aka the enemy.

Jimmy looks for someplace to run.

LC Lyckety-Splyt jumps onto the hood of a car near the middle of the cipha--

LC LYCKETY-SPLYT
(hyping; screaming)
LISTEN UP NOW - LEADAZ OF THA FREE WORLD IN THA MUTHAFUCKIN' HOUSE an' shit! ME AN' PAPA DOC - WE'LL BATTLE ANY MUTHAFUCKAS HERE -

Papa Doc steps up on the car with Lyckety-Splyt. They now have everybody's full attention. Cipha over. Jimmy takes a step back into the crowd. His friends all up in arms--

SOL
Yo, told y'all - Papa Doc an' LC Lyckety-Splyt been talkin' shit -

FUTURE
Fuck tha Free World, man -

CHEDDER BOB
(yells out)
Yeah, Man. Fuck 'Em.

LC Lyckety-Splyt looking for someone to challenge, still working the crowd over, eyes Jimmy and his crew.

LC LYCKETY-SPLYT
Yo all you muthafuckas are weak an' shit - Lookit RU486, boy -
(points to Sol)
Mista Kingpin -
(freestyles a few rhymes about him; points to the Future)
The Fu--

Before LC can even say his name Future points right back at him & yells out--

FUTURE
Shut Up Bitch -

Papa Doc takes a step toward the Future.

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PAPA DOC
(menacing)
What tha fuck you gonna do about it?

Jimmy stands up for his friend.

JIMMY
Yeah? C'mon motherfucker -

LC LYCKETY-SPLYT
(points to Jimmy)
Yo Rabbit - B-Rabbit - You don't wanna battle me, white boy - You should be afraid. Caught your act at Shelter last night -
(opens his mouth & nothing comes out - & does it again, then falls over on the car, choking)
AAAAAAAAAAAAH -

Some people in the crowd laugh. Humiliating Jimmy. And he just fucking loses it, all that anger.

Jimmy yanks LC Lyckety-Splyt off the car by his neck slamming his head hard into the ground.
The violence real. Ugly. Loud. Past.
Starts kicking him in the face--

Papa Doc dives off the hood, tackling Jimmy to the ground--
Jimmy shoves him away, gets up ready to fight.
Future, Sol and DJ Iz run up getting Jimmy's back--
Chedder Bob trying to act all tough and shit just stands over Lyckety-Splyt.

And Wink jumps right into the middle of it all--
Pushing Papa Doc away from the fight, staying in the middle.
Breaking it up. It's clear from the way Wink talks to Papa Doc they know each other. They're friends.

WINK
- Yo what tha fuck, Papa? Please. LC's full a shit, yo - Actin' up like that -

PAPA DOC
Stay outta this, Wink. It's none a your fucking business -

WINK
Just chill, yo -

Papa goes over to help up Lyckety-Splyt.
Future drags Jimmy away from the fight.

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JIMMY
(insane with anger)
Fucking Motherfuckers! I'll fucking kill those fucking pussies -

Sol, DJ Iz and Chedder Bob help to hold Jimmy back, trying to calm him down.

FUTURE
- Not here, Jim. Don't worry. We'll rush 'em later, youhearwhatImsayin'?

SOL
Fuck yeah.

CHEDDER BOB
- they don't even know who they talkin' to, do they?

22.
CLOSE ON JIMMY, bouncing up & down. Still wired, on edge. It's later. He's inside Stanley's Cafe. Old-school Chinese. Red. Crowded. Hip-hop music. We hear Sol talkin' on & on in the background.

SOL (OS)
- This gon be your only opportunity to blow the both of us. 'Cause after we go platinum, you won't even be able to get to me an' the Future, baby -

Jimmy's standing next to Sol & Future, both sitting on one side of a booth, a real PRETTY GIRL squeezed in between them. Chedder Bob alone on the other side. Chinese take-out's open. Restaurant's closed. Red booths line the mirrored walls, tables cleared out for a DJ and a dance floor.

CHEDDER BOB
(to Jimmy)
- do you think I got a big head?

JIMMY
What?

PRETTY GIRL
(flirting with Future)
And why're you the Future?

FUTURE
I had a lotta names, baby - the most jealous names.
(more)

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FUTURE (cont'd)
I used to be called Maximum, Brimstone, Godfather D, Devastating D, Everlasting D - None of 'em worked, youknowhatImsayin'? 'Til one day someone said I was the future of hip-hop in Detroit. And that was it. You gotta find your name. Sometimes it finds you an' shit -

SOL
(to the Pretty Girl)
- Let's jus' go an' make this happen so ya can hu ry up an' tell all your friends our names. Say ya blew both the Future and Mista Kingpin!

Future laughs. And the girl cracks up too.
Wink walks up to the table.
All the guys look at him.
Beat.

WINK
- Yo yo I'm sorry fellas, ya know I didn't know Papa an' LC were such muthafuckas till tonight. And I dunno what to say, I'ma - ahh -
(pulls out a flyer from his jacket, hands it to Jimmy)
And I'm promotin' a show with them next week ya know - and -

CHEDDER BOB
Tha fuckin' Free World?

FUTURE
(to Jimmy)
Hear what I'm sayin'?

Jimmy reads the flyer. Chedder Bob looks at it over his shoulder.

WINK
(straight to Jimmy)
- If ya wan' I'll pull outta tha show. You're my friend, yo. And I don't wantchya bein' mad at me -

Jimmy looks up and sees the girl, the Honey-Dipped Girl, the girl (wearing a sexy little concert T-shirt) on the other side of the crowded dance floor...
He can't believe it. She disappears into the crush.
Jimmy balls up the flyer and throws it away.

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JIMMY
Fuckit, whatever -
(looks over to Future)
A'ight?

CHEDDER BOB
- yeah, whatever. Fuckit.

FUTURE
(to Wink)
That okay wit' you, Benedict Arnold?

WINK
Hey fuck you, man -

The Future laughs. Jimmy starts to walk away.

CHEDDER BOB
Where ya goin', Rabbit?

JIMMY
(keeps walking,
looking out for the
girl)
You gotta see this girl, she's -

WINK
(follows after him)
Yeah?

FUTURE
Yo Jimmy, slide us your car keys -

JIMMY
(stops)
What for?

SOL
We gon be famous!

23.

Jimmy, Wink and Chedder Bob snake their way through the mess of bodies packing the dance floor tight. All bumpin' & grindin'. Booming music. They have to shout to be heard--

WINK
- I Dunno Why Future Don't Like Me.

JIMMY
(looking for the girl)
It's Not Like That - Ya Know, He Just Thinks Sometimes You Talk Some Bullshit -

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WINK
Who Tha Fuck Is He To Say What's Real? Just 'Cause He Hosts Those Battles? I Know He's Your Friend, B - But The Guy's Still Fuckin' Workin' At Little Caesars.

JIMMY
So?

WINK
You Still Wanna Record At Paisley Park Or What?

JIMMY
Yeah. But I'm Gonna Need To Get Some Songs Together First.

WINK
Cool. Have Sol & DJ Iz Bring Their Shit Over To My House -

CHEDDER BOB
(to Jimmy)
- Will You Teach Me Howta Write Rhymes Like You, Rabbit? That's A Way To Get The Ladies - Right? I Mean I Wanna Be An Emcee Like,--
(points into the dance floor)
Shiiit, Is That That Bitch Janeane?

JIMMY
Fuck Off -

WINK
Where?

Chedder Bob points again. Jimmy spots his ex-girlfriend JANEANE GASKELL, a pretty 20something bombshell smoking & drinking on the edge of the dance floor.

CHEDDER BOB
Thought She Was Pregnant, yo -

Jimmy turns around. Starts heading the other way.

JIMMY
- I Gotta Go.

WINK
What About Your Other Girl, Bunny?

Jimmy stops. Gives another quick look over the dance floor.

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Sees the Honey-Dipped Girl dancing with her friends right near Janeane. He turns back around, lowers his voice.

JIMMY
Fuck. There she is, man - that girl in the concert T next to Janeane - Whaddaya think?

WINK
(checks her out; wow)
Yeah.
(leans in)
Don't worry - Wink's gotchya.

JIMMY
What?

WINK
I'ma go invite her & her friends to an after hours party, yo -

JIMMY
Where at?

WINK
My house, dawg.

JIMMY
- What about your mom?

WINK
Please. She's workin' nights now. Just meet me outside - I'll take care a the whole thing for ya, B -

24.
Later. Jimmy, DJ Iz and Chedder Bob standing in front of the restaurant, off to the side. In the bitter cold. The joint's closing, kids streaming out.

DJ IZ
Shit it's cold. Where the fuck's Wink wit' your girl, yo?

Jimmy throws up his hood keeping his head low. Hiding.

JIMMY
(to Chedder Bob)
- You seen Janeane yet?

CHEDDER BOB
Nope.

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Wink walks out with the Honey-Dipped Girl, three of her girlfriends and a couple guys. They're all very young, arms around each other, high on Ecstasy. Touching, in love.

WINK
Yo Jimmy is it okay if some of us ride wit' you?

JIMMY
(hides a smile under his hood)
Yeah.

25.
Jimmy and his friends, the girl and one of her girlfriends, all walk up to the big-ass '79 Lincoln. The windows all steamed up.

DJ IZ
C'mon. Let's go, I'm cold -

Just then a naked foot slides against the foggy rear window smudging a view. A girl's ass flashes into frame, a head bobbing up & down, hands grabbing.
A scream.

CHEDDER BOB
Are they killin' that bitch or what?

DJ Iz opens the back door, a pretty naked leg spills out.

DJ IZ
- She ain't dead yet.

DJ Iz jumps right in. More screams--

SOL (OS)
What the fuck, yo? Can't you knock first?

DJ IZ (OS)
It's a car, nigga - An' it's muthafuckin' cold out -

While Sol & DJ Iz argue, everybody starts piling into the car. Jimmy and the Honey-Dipped girl suddenly find themselves standing next to each other. Alone. Eyes meet.
Time for names. She's ALEXANDRA LATOURNO, Alex & Al, and she shivers just a little bit in the cold.

JIMMY
(slips off his hood)
- hey.

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ALEX
(big eyes; fucked up)
You're Jimmy Smith Jr. - right?

JIMMY
(smiles; flattered
she knows his name)
Yeah -

ALEX
You went to Osborne with my older sister, Janice Latourno -

JIMMY
(no idea who she is)
- yeah I think I remember her.

ALEX
My name's Alex.

JIMMY
- yo you don't look like an Alex.

She smiles at him. Oh god, she smiled at him.

ALEX
(smiling at him)
It's Alexandra. But nobody ever calls me that ya know. Sounds like an old actress or whatever -

Alex slides into the Lincoln. Before Jimmy gets in he hears someone call out "Hey Rabbit!" from across the parking lot. It's Janeane.
He jumps into the car.

FUTURE
(laughs, shouts out
from the back seat)
Quick. It's the baby mama drama!

And Jimmy peels out before Janeane gets close--

26.
Fast car flying. Nine people packed inside tight. Future & Sol with their girl on their laps playing around in the back seat next to DJ Iz & Chedder Bob squeezed together. Up front, Wink flirting with Alex's girlfriend, Alex on her lap sittingthisclosetoJimmy driving.

It's crazy, loud. 96.3 on the radio. Fighting, tickling, laughing, singing. Everybody doing their own thing. Jimmy trying to stay cool. So close. To her.

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It's agony.

ALEX
(low under the music)
- So you work at the hotel? That Springer guy always such a dick - or ya know just with you?

Jimmy laughs, shrugs his shoulders.

ALEX
What are you, like a bellboy -

JIMMY
No, yo - bell man.

ALEX
(smiles)
- Whatever. I'm justa tea girl. Not for long ya know -

There's a commotion in the back between Sol and DJ Iz jockeying for position.

DJ IZ
- yo what kinda shit you pullin', Sol?

PRETTY GIRL
Who's Sol?

Future grabs the girl and starts kissing her in the jam. Sol pushes DJ Iz.

SOL
Shut up, Izzy -

Sol and DJ Iz fight in close quarters. Chedder Bob sees Future and the girl goin' at it hands all over each other. He starts barking. Chaos.

Everybody in front turns to see what's going on in the back. Alex leaning even closer to Jimmy when she looks, her face brushes against his, her hand on his shoulder, steadying. Oh...
Jimmy swerves the car

She falls against him, on him. Over him.
He straightens it back out trying to concentrate on the road. She leans over, a short distance, almost kissing his face.

ALEX
(laughs)
- Lucky you rap better than you drive, Jimmy.

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JIMMY
Huh?

ALEX
I heard you were a real dope rapper.

JIMMY
(giving her shit)
- "dope rapper?"

ALEX
(pushes him; joking)
Shit yeah -

JIMMY
(hides a smile)
- ya know.

ALEX
So are you like signed or anything, whatever yet? Ya know what's your deal?

SPLIT SCREEN:

WINK
Not yet, but he's recordin' with me & Prince at Paisley Park. He jus' needs to get some songs together -

JIMMY
Well - I dunno -

ALEX
- Really?

CUT SPLIT SCREEN:

JIMMY
- Yeah. It's cool.

ALEX
(touches Jimmy's arm)
Prince?

CUT SPLIT SCREEN:

FUTURE (OS)
(calls out from underneath the Pretty Girl)
- Did I hear one a you muthafuckas say Prince?

JIMMY
(looks down at Alex touching his arm)
Well I - um -

CUT SPLIT SCREEN:

WINK
Yo don't be jealous, Future - I'm 3rd Person now, man -

FUTURE (OS)
(laughs)
Jealous? You crazy, muthafucka? Fuck Prince -

CUT SPLIT SCREEN:

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FUTURE
(squeezes the Pretty Girl out of the way; to Alex)
- If you really wanna see Jimmy trip, baby, c'mon out to the next battle -

JIMMY
- yo, man, whatever.

CHEDDER BOB
(leans in, drunk)
Yeah he's gonna kill those Free World muth-er-fuck-ers -

CUT SPLIT SCREEN:

JIMMY
Yo shut-up, Bob -

ALEX
When's that?

CUT SPLIT SCREEN:

FUTURE
- Next weekend.

ALEX
Yeah? Shit, Jimmy - all that and Prince too?

CUT SPLIT SCREEN:

JIMMY
(looks like he wants to run; stuck)

JIMMY
(looks like he wants to run; stuck)

END SPLIT SCREEN:

Jimmy looks like he wants to run, but he's stuck between Wink and Future's plans for him, going nowhere.

So he just hits the gas; he can't run but he can drive faster. Kick it into **HIGH SPEED**. We hear another song, letting us into Jimmy's head--

27.

HIGH SPEED. Speeding up & down the streets of Detroit, driving into a neighborhood of small two-story brick houses, parking in front of Wink's mom's house, a bunch of other kids parking heading inside smoking laughing drinking yelling cranking music dancing partying inside, Sol making out with Pretty Girl while Wink leads a little girl past DJ Iz who's all over some other girl in the corner near Chedder Bob hanging out drunk alone watching a bunch of young girls dancing in the living room in front of a big picture window, including Alex who's moving slow & sexy playfully touching her friends and herself kissing them laughing high on E.

CLOSE ON ALEX, moving slow & sexy playfully touching her friends and herself kissing them laughing high on E-- Jump to **REGULAR SPEED**.

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Say it again. Alex moving slow & sexy, playfully touching her friends and herself, kissing them, laughing high on E. Jimmy & Future hanging out drinking on the couch, watching Alex dance. They talk over the music never taking their eyes off of her.

JIMMY
Yo Fuche - Why'd you say that shit in the car?

FUTURE
Damn - you weren't fuckin' around, were ya, James - she is perfect, yo - What's her name?

JIMMY
- I told you I ain't gonna battle, yo.

Sol walks by holding hands with the Pretty Girl, laughing.

JIMMY
She really blow the both of ya?

FUTURE
Hell yeah - I'ma sinner, James. What's your girl's name?

JIMMY
- Alex.

FUTURE
You sho as hell gonna battle if Alex is there, boy - you gon care what she says, youknowhatImsayin'?

JIMMY
- I dunno.

FUTURE
YouknowhatImsayin' -

They sit and watch Alex dance sexy with her friends. Course he knows what he's saying.

FUTURE
You know what I'm sayin'.
(lights up a cigarette)
We all weak in the flesh, yo - That's the devil right there, ain't it?
(more)

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FUTURE (cont'd)
(laughs)
Just like Wink. Tryin' to keep us all in division an' shit wit' all his Paisley-fuckin'-Prince talk. You gotta come to church with me in the mornin', yo -

JIMMY
(shakes his head no)
- You ever meet Wink's mom?

FUTURE
Uh-uh. I don't think she exists, man. No one's ever seen 'er - right?

They look at each other and crack up laughing. All of a sudden they see Chedder Bob race across the room and jump into the middle of all the young girls dancing spilling his drink barking, jumping & dancing like a freak.

Jimmy & Future hop up off the couch and join Chedder Bob and the girls jumping & dancing & laughing. And then Sol & DJ Iz join in. And Wink. And before ya know it the whole crew's loving each other and dancing and Alex moves closer to Jimmy.

Moves in and starts kissing him hot & heavy so high needing to touch him and then they're all over each other and--

CUT TO:

28.
Morning. Jimmy getting out of the skinny trailer shower, singing PRINCE's "Sexy M.F." to himself. Grabs a towel. Dancing silly and sexy, motherfucker.

Suddenly he hears his mother scream out "No!"
Hears the front door slam shut!

29.
Jimmy runs out of the bathroom, towel wrapped around his waist. His mother's holding onto a piece of paper. Freaking out. Lily's on the couch. The TV on.

JIMMY
What's the matter?

STEPHANIE
- I just got served, goddamnit. We're gettin' evicted. Why me?
(more)

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STEPHANIE (cont'd)
(leans against the wall; trying not to cry)
Shit -

JIMMY
(uncomfortable)
C'mon, not in front a ya know -

He motions to Lily, leads his mom toward her bedroom.

JIMMY
- How many months late're you?

STEPHANIE
- oh God Greg can't find out.

JIMMY
Fuck Greg -

They walk into her bedroom. It's a mess. He slides the flimsy vinyl door shut.

STEPHANIE
Shit - Okay,-- Three months late -
(losing it)
So we got - what - thirty days to come up with the money, right -

JIMMY
Whaddaya mean "we?"

STEPHANIE
(snaps)
- Hey you need to start chippin' in, Rabbit, if you're livin' here.

JIMMY
Fuck that, yo I'm savin' money to get the fuck outta here, Mom. When's Greg gettin' his settlement check? Get the money from him -

STEPHANIE
No I think he might ask me an' Lily to move away with him someplace nice, and I just don't wanna freak him out, baby, and--

JIMMY
Yo I don't need this. I got a lotta shit goin' on right now. I'm goin' to Paisley Park. Maybe even recordin' with Prince an' shit.

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Beat.

STEPHANIE
(starts to smile)
- Really? Prince?

JIMMY
Yeah. Maybe.

STEPHANIE
(still smiling; gives him a big hug)
I knew you were a genius. We gonna be rich, Rabbit!

30.
Jimmy the bellman, unloading luggage from a cart into a suite. A hip guest in his early 30s named MR. LEONARD is across the room talking on the phone like Jimmy isn't even there.

MR. LEONARD (into the phone)
- I didn't sleep with her. I'm in love with you...Of course I think you're beautiful...Hold on -
(puts his hand over the phone; to Jimmy)
Hey busboy -

Jimmy stops, did the guy just call him "busboy?" Jimmy holds his tongue, continues unloading the luggage cart. Mr. Leonard snaps his fingers, motions him over--

MR. LEONARD
Busboy -

JIMMY
Excuse me - my name is Jimmy, Mr. Leonard. And I'm a bellman, not a busboy -

MR. LEONARD
(doesn't give a shit)
Sorry - can you get me a pack a Marlboros, man?

JIMMY
Sure, Mr. Leonard -

MR. LEONARD (into the phone)
- sorry, sweetie, I just gotta find some money for the busboy...You sure you're okay?

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Mr. Leonard turns his back on Jimmy, looking around the nightstand for cigarette money.

Jimmy closes his eyes; we hear an angry song thump on the soundtrack. He opens up...

The room is ANIMATED. SuperJimmy flies at MR. LEONARD. Grabs the phone out of his hand. Starts strangling him to death with the chord, rapping out about calling him a busboy.

Mr. Leonard turns cartoon blue. And dies. SuperJimmy just picks him up & throws him out the window, still spitting. Mr. Leonard crashes down to the ground.

And SuperJimmy flies up up & away into the sky.

31.
BACK TO REALITY (film). Jimmy, wheeling the cart back to the front lobby. Pissed off. Runs into EARL, a quiet old bellman in his 60s, tired. Classical music in the background.

EARL
What's the matter?

JIMMY
Some fuckin' guest just called me a busboy -

EARL
- Huh?

JIMMY
(raises his voice)
Some Sonuvabitch Called Me A Busboy, A Busboy, Earl. And now I'm gettin' 'im cigarettes -
(laughs, leans in closer)
Lemme ask you, man, how you put up with all this shit for like 30 years?

Just then, Mr. Springer walks by. Slows down. Checking up on Jimmy and Earl.

MR. SPRINGER
(already knows the answer)
On time today, Mr. Smith?

JIMMY
Yessir -

Mr. Springer smiles, continues on his way.

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And Jimmy flips him off behind his back.

EARL
(takes the cart from Jimmy)
- sometimes it helps to be hard a hearing, Jim.

JIMMY
Yeah -

EARL
(smiles)
Or ya could just rip out their vocal chords.

What? Earl walks off with the cart.
Jimmy watches him for a moment.
Shakes his head, gets moving.

He passes by the lobby lounge and sees Alex shadowing an older woman, getting trained. Serving tea to wealthy old ladies, mothers & daughters. It's formal afternoon tea, and Alex is a "tea girl" dressed in a short black skirt, black hose, black shoes, and white blouse. Sexy in that French maid way.

Alex looks up and sees Jimmy.
She smiles and discreetly gives him the finger. Flirting.
He laughs.

32.
Jimmy, heading into the hotel's gift shop.
He hears someone call out "Rabbit!"
Shit. It's Janeane.
Jimmy looks around. No place to run. No place to hide.
Janeane finally catches up to him.

JANEANE
Why haven't you called?

JIMMY
Yo Janeane - shit, I can't talk now - I'm working -
(to the salesperson)
Can I get a pack a Marlboros?

JANEANE
- I don't care. I'm your girlfriend, Rabbit.

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JIMMY
(looks around; lowers his voice)
Keep your voice down. Shit. I work here, yo.

Jimmy pays for the cigarettes and heads out of the store. Janeane follows after him.

JIMMY
- An' you're not my girlfriend anymore. We broke up.

JANEANE
But you took off this time without even sayin' a word. We weren't even fighting -

JIMMY
At least I left you the car an' shit.

JANEANE
Was it 'cause I said I was pregnant?

Jimmy heads down the hallway back toward the front lobby.

JIMMY
(getting pissed)
I can't talk now, Janeane - You gotta get the fuck outta here -

JANEANE
I just wanna be your girlfriend, Rabbit -

JIMMY
- you're gonna get me fired.

JANEANE
(stops; starts to lose it)
- Just tell me why you left,--
What'd I do, What'd I do - tell me, an' I'll leave you alone, Rabbit -

Jimmy pulls Janeane aside, fast. Trying to calm her down. He looks over to the lounge to see if anybody's watching them. Alex is working. No one notices him & Janeane.

JIMMY
(keeping an eye on Alex; talks fast)
- you didn't do anything, Janeane. It's my shit.
(more)

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JIMMY (cont'd)
I just had to get out,-- I felt all trapped an' shit - ya know the dishes were pilin' up, you were always outta cigarettes, an' the TV was always goin' - and, and, and I knew you weren't pregnant, you jus' told me that shit to get me to stay, but -

JANEANE
(pushes him away)
Fuck You, you ain't willin' to do the work, Rabbit - what're you runnin' from?

JIMMY
- Nothin'.

And Jimmy just walks away. The classical music playing in the background. Janeane keeps up the fight, eyes red--

JANEANE
(calls after him)
Why do you always gotta run away?

He doesn't answer, keeps walking.

JANEANE
RABBIIIIT!

Everyone in the place looks over at Janeane. Jimmy turns red. He hurries back, putting his arm around Janeane and quickly leads her out toward the front door, desperately trying to avoid any further embarrassment.

JIMMY
Janeane, you gotta go -

JANEANE
I'm your girlfriend, Rabbit - you can't do this to me -

Everybody's now watching them.

Jimmy hustles her outside, out into the cold. Storm clouds loom overhead. It's gonna rain, maybe snow.

JIMMY
C'mon, baby, go home -

JANEANE
- Ya know everybody's callin' you a loser from the other night.

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JIMMY
Who told ya that?

JANEANE
(she grabs his arm; holding on)
I heard ya got booed off stage at the Shelter. Froze up. They're all talkin' about it -

JIMMY
(yanks his arm away; hard)
Fuck you, Janeane. Go home.

Jimmy heads straight back inside.

Alex is waiting for him by the door, standing next to Paul, the other bellman.

ALEX
Is everything, ya know, okay?

JIMMY
(keeps walking; head down)
Yeah -
(quiet so Paul can't hear)
- Did everybody hear that shit or what?

Alex looks at him.

ALEX
(hides a smile)
Yeah.

Jimmy just shakes his head, walks to the elevators. Alex follows after him.

ALEX
Was that your girlfriend?

JIMMY
No -

Alex just laughs.

ALEX
- Hey, can you gimme a ride home or whatever after work?

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33.
After work. Pouring rain. Dark, it's getting darker.
Jimmy's car is parked in an empty lot near the hotel.
He and Alex are inside the Lincoln. Out of uniform.
Jimmy can't get the car started. Click. Click.
Dead.

He looks over at Alex. He's still fucked up from his fight with Janeane. The windows fogging up. It's the first time they're all alone. Silence. Tension. Are they gonna kiss?

Alex lights up a cigarette, inhales deeply.
Jimmy tries again. Click. Nothing.
Exhales.

JIMMY
- I think there's an umbrella in the trunk, yo.

And we hear a more upbeat jazzy version of our opening title song...

34.
Jimmy & Alex walking in the rain, sharing an umbrella.
Heading for a crowded bus stop. Bright headlights intermittently cut the darkness.
Jimmy's lost in his own world.
We still hear the song.

A car drives by and splashes a puddle all over Jimmy.

JIMMY
Fuck -
(looks down at his wet clothes)
Fuck fuck fuck fuck -

Alex cracks up. Jimmy throws a fit.
Which make Alex laugh even harder.
We hear the song.
He looks at her laughing, pulls away the umbrella and jumps into a puddle, splashing Alex.

She's soaked. Kicks water right back at him.
We hear the song.
They make their way down the street jumping and kicking water back & forth at each other...

And Jimmy starts singin' in the rain, just singin' in the rain. Showing off for Alex. Trying to impress her.
Singing along to the song.
Splashing in puddles. Playing with the umbrella.

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Singin' and dancin' in the rain, just sampling some old fucking movie.

Jimmy finishes the song just as the bus pulls up. They run to make it, drenched and laughing.

35.

Jimmy and Alex on the crowded bus. Standing up, packed tight. Dripping wet. And cold.

ALEX
(leans into him)
- I hate the bus, ya know, it's such a drag. Makes me look like a loser. But I'm saving up my money so -

Swinging back & forth, Alex grabs onto Jimmy for support. She shivers a bit. Turning him on. He shoves his hands into his pockets, covering. Excited riding the bus.

JIMMY
- How was work?

ALEX
Ya know. Serving tea to rich ladies and their daughters all dressed up, thinking they're better than me -

Jimmy smiles. He knows.

ALEX
- And I know that look, 'cause I used to have this "I'm better than you attitude" that made me like a real bitch. But I'm not gonna be doing this that long ya know. I can hardly wait to get outta this shithole before I kill somebody -

JIMMY
(laughs)
- you know where ya goin'?

ALEX
New York or Germany - I won this modeling contest and this guy was all, "Hey would ya like to come to New York?" And I was all like sure why not - I just gotta put my book together.

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JIMMY
What if the guy's full a shit, yo? Then what?

ALEX
- Hey I'm not an idiot. He's with Elite. And I just know I wanna get famous. If I don't make it as a model, I'll just become an actress or whatever -
(laughs)
- It's gotta be exciting for you - recording with Prince and everything.

JIMMY
I dunno about Prince. But Paisley Park sounds cool.

ALEX
When're you goin'? I wanna come -

JIMMY
I dunno, yo. Soon.
(leans in closer)
- You wanna do somethin' tomorrow night?

ALEX
(raises her voice; fucking with him)
You asking me out on a date, Jimmy?

People look over at them. Listen in. Eye Jimmy.

JIMMY
(looks around)
Yeah -

Beat.

ALEX
Okay.

He smiles.

ALEX
- But I can't tomorrow night.

JIMMY
Why not?

ALEX
Wink invited me to his show.

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JIMMY
Tha Free World show?

ALEX
(nods her head yes)
- Ya know I saw you fight those guys in the parking lot the other night at Stanley's Cafe.

JIMMY
(surprised)
- You were there?

ALEX
Yeah. Me and all my friends - They think you're crazy.

JIMMY
(snaps)
They don't even fuckin' know me -

Alex just looks at him.
An awkward beat.

JIMMY
(trying to stay cool)
- and you heard all that shit Lyckety-Splyt said?

ALEX
Yeah.

The bus pulls over for a stop, the doors open.
Jimmy wants to go.

JIMMY
- This's my stop, yo.

ALEX
(looks out the window)
Nice neighborhood.

Jimmy heads out the door. In a hurry.
Hurting Alex's feelings.

JIMMY
Thanks. I'll see ya later, yo.

Jimmy gets off the bus in the rain, stays on the sidewalk.
Waits for it to drive away.
And then screams out. Angry. Loud.

Beat.

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36.

Later. Chedder Bob driving Jimmy and Future in some old beater. He's a terrible driver. The rain has let up. The world is grey, blue.

JIMMY
(hard; on edge)
- head down to the Shelter, Bob.

CHEDDER BOB
I thought we were goin' to Wink's. mom's house.

JIMMY
I wanna jump those Free World motherfuckers first - It's time they got theirs.

CHEDDER BOB
(looks at Jimmy)
But Sol & DJ Iz're already settin' up all their shit at Wink's.

FUTURE
What?

Chedder Bob almost rear-ends the car in front of them.

JIMMY
Watch the road, fool! Where'd ya get this car from anyway?

CHEDDER BOB
Stole it from my sister.

FUTURE
(shakes his head at Jimmy)
Yo I can't believe you're takin' this Wink bullshit serious, Jim.

JIMMY
Back off, yo -

CHEDDER BOB
(to Future)
Maybe you jus' jealous - like Wink keeps sayin'.

FUTURE
Yo I don't give a fuck what any man says. I only need God. I went back to church the other day -
(to Jimmy; pointed)
YouhearwhatImsayin'?

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37.
The car's parked across the street down from the Shelter. The guys are sitting low, staking out the joint. Jimmy and Future not talking. Still tense.

CHEDDER BOB
(to Future)
Ya know Rabbit's gonna teach me howta write rhymes, yo -

Beat.

FUTURE
You?

CHEDDER BOB
MC Bob.

JIMMY
What?

CHEDDER BOB
That a good name, homes?

JIMMY
What's the matter with Chedder Bob?

CHEDDER BOB
I dunno. I like MC Bob -

FUTURE
(laughs)
How about Big Fat Head Bob?

They see a white van pull up in front of the Shelter and park. Papa Doc, LC Lyckety-Splyt and the rest of THA FREE WORLD (two black guys and a white guy named E) pile out.

JIMMY
About time.

FUTURE
Yeah, dawg.

JIMMY
(to Chedder Bob)
You ready?

CHEDDER BOB
(nods; serious)
Yeah.
(pats his belt)
I'm ready.

They all slide out of the car.

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38.
Jimmy and Future walk up to the club. Chedder Bob a step back. Tha Free World's unloading equipment for their show. Stacking speakers and mixers and turntables.

They all stop when they see Jimmy and Future.
Jimmy just walks right up to Papa Doc. Shoves him--

JIMMY
C'mon motherfucker. Lets go.

PAPA DOC
(laughs)
You're gonna fuck wit' us?

LC Lyckety-Splyt jumps in, talking trash.

LC LYCKETY-SPLYT
Yeah, boy - you don't wanna fuck wit' us! You can't even battle us -

JIMMY
Get the fuck outta here -

He shoves Lyckety-Splyt, wheels and punches Papa Doc in the face. It's on. Future grabs E--
The other guys close in.
All hell's about to break loose and--

Bang! A gunshot!

JIMMY
- What the fuck?

Everybody freezes. Turns around.
Chedder Bob is standing there, holding a .38 up in the air.
Everybody checks.
Nobody was shot.

CHEDDER BOB
(waving the gun in the air; hysterical)
Yeah fuck with us - huh? You wanna fuck with us? Yeah?

Tha Free World just stands there.
Jimmy and Future stare at Chedder Bob.
Beat.

They hear police sirens in the distance.

CHEDDER BOB
You don't wanna fuck with us!
(to Jimmy; panicked)
We-should-go-now -

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Chedder Bob backs away, keeping the gun on tha Free World. Jimmy just shakes his head. He and Future follow after Chedder Bob. The sirens getting closer.

They make a run for the car.

39.

Speeding in Chedder Bob's sister's car. He's still holding onto the gun. Jimmy in the front seat. Future in the back. Pumped up. And freaking out.

JIMMY
(yelling at Chedder Bob)
Where the fuck ya get that, man?

CHEDDER BOB
- it's my dad's.

FUTURE
You know how to use it?

CHEDDER BOB
Just point an' shoot, homey.

He points the gun into the back seat.

FUTURE
(leans out of the way)
- Yeah, well, don't be pointin' it at me, "homey."

JIMMY
(slaps Chedder Bob on the head)
Put that shit away, fool - Before you fuckin' shoot one of <u>us</u>!

Suddenly the white van appears behind them.

CHEDDER BOB
Oh shit!

40.

The old car whips around a turn. Chedder Bob weaving in and out of traffic. Driving like a maniac. The white van still on their tail.

CHEDDER BOB
(panicking)
Fuck fuck fuck -

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JIMMY
What'd ya think was gonna happen?
You pulled a gun on 'em -

CHEDDER BOB
(looks at Jimmy)
I dunno -

FUTURE
Watch the fucking road, Head!

Chedder Bob takes another turn fast. Almost hits a car.
Speeds up.

The van still there. Gaining.
Gaining.

CHEDDER BOB
(hands Jimmy the .38)
Here. Shoot at 'em.

JIMMY
I ain't gonna shoot at anybody, you
idiot! Just fucking drive -

Chedder Bob floors it. A light up ahead changes from yellow
to red.

Chedder Bob doesn't slow.
Runs the red light--
Zigzags fast between two cars!
The van follows--
A horn beeps!
The van brakes! Skids just missing an oncoming car--
And sideswipes a parked car! Crashing to a stop.

The guys look back. See tha Free World jump out of their
car. Up in arms.

JIMMY
Turn the car around, Chedder Bob -
turn the fuck around.

CHEDDER BOB
Why?

JIMMY
Just do it -

Chedder Bob whips a U-turn, speeds back toward tha Free World.
Jimmy grabs the wheel from him, heads straight for Papa Doc.
Chedder Bob freaks.
Papa Doc doesn't move.
Jimmy just keeps his hand on the wheel. Playing chicken.
Gonna run him right over--

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And Papa Doc jumps out of the way just in time!

Jimmy spins the car around, takes his hand off the wheel and leans out the window--

JIMMY
Yo -

He smiles. And gives them all the finger.

41.
Jimmy, Future and Chedder Bob walk up to Wink's mother's house. Laughing. All hopped up.

JIMMY
We fuckin' showed those guys -

FUTURE
- That shit was crazy.

CHEDDER BOB
(beside himself)
Yeah, I can hardly wait to tell everybody!

Jimmy stops.

JIMMY
Fuck. Don't say shit to Wink, Bob.

FUTURE
Why not?

Jimmy checks inside the big picture window. Doesn't see anybody.

JIMMY
You know -

FUTURE
Yeah, you don't wanna fuck up your chances with 'im - is that it?

JIMMY
Fuck you, Fuche -

FUTURE
(shakes his head)
- I can't believe you give a shit what that little bitch is gonna think, Jimmy.

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42.

Inside Wink's mom's house. Jimmy, Future and Chedder Bob make their way down some dark stairs, descending into the fluorescent lit basement. Panelled walls, couch, card table, shitty TV.

Sol and DJ IZ are setting up equipment. A crate of records, a mixer, two turntables & a microphone. Wink's got his arm around some pretty YOUNG GIRL, carrying on.

WINK
- Yo where the fuck you guys been?

Beat.

JIMMY
(looks at Future)
Around.

Future sits down on the couch, smokes a cigarette. Pissed off.

DJ IZ
(hooking up the mixer)
We're almost all hooked up here.

SOL
Yeah. An' Wink was jus' tellin' us how he got in wit' Prince.

CHEDDER BOB
Isn't he just called the Artist now?

WINK
Naw he's Prince again, dawg - And he's friends wit Lee Darucher.

DJ IZ
Isn't that Moochie?

SOL
Moochie is Lee Darucher?

WINK
No. Lee Darucher's a concert promoter, man. He's tight with those guys down at 96.3 - And yo he says they're gonna play some 3rd Person this Friday. Said they flipped over my songs an' shit.

Everybody stops.
Beat.

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JIMMY
(impressed)
Shiiit. They're gonna play it on the radio?

FUTURE
So? Doesn't even raise my fuckin' eyebrow.

WINK
(to Future)
C'mon, man it's 96.3 -

FUTURE
Prince is a faggot

YOUNG GIRL
- Prince isn't gay. Michael Jackson is gay.

SOL
Michael Jackson is not gay. Maybe Tito -

JIMMY
Tito?

SOL
Hell, yeah. But not Michael - No. You see, Michael just never had a childhood or nothin', yo -

DJ IZ
(going through his stack of records)
- no no, Michael has some serious self-image issues, man.
(pulls out MICHAEL JACKSON's "Thriller")
He used to be black. Now he's just tryin' to make himself white to please White America. Get that white love an' shit - no doubt no doubt.

SOL
What the fuck're you talkin' about?

FUTURE
- It's always easier for a white man to succeed in a Black man's medium -
(looks straight at Wink; fucking with him)
YouknowhatImsayin'?

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WINK
(to Future)
Why do you always gotta give me shit? Just 'cause you host those battles? Like that's some big fucking deal -

Future jumps up off the couch, gets right in Wink's face. Right between all the equipment (turntables & microphone)--

DJ IZ
- Be careful, yo. That shit cost us a fortune.

SOL
Why else you think we still livin' at home, dawg?

FUTURE
(laughs at Wink)
- If you're so good why don't you spit for us right now, 3rd Person?

WINK
What?

Future grabs the mic and hands it to Wink.

FUTURE
You couldn't freestyle if your life depended on it, bitch - C'mon. Rap somethin' for us. You're gonna be on the radio -

Future flips on the turntables. Puts on Michael Jackson. "Wanna Be Startin' Somethin'."

WINK
(puts down the mic)
You're psycho, man -

FUTURE
Am I? Just 'cause you recorded at Paisley Park don't mean you any good. Anybody can record at Paisley Park if you got the money, right?

Jimmy steps in between the two. Michael Jackson singing in the background.

JIMMY
Leave 'im alone, Fuche. This is bullshit.
(more)

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JIMMY (cont'd)
I'm fuckin' sick a you two always talkin' shit about each other - Just tryin' to pump your own selves up. Ya know?
(walks away)
I'm outta here -

43.
It's late. But Jimmy's still going home the back way. Through the field.
Over the fence.

44.
Inside the trailer, Jimmy walks past the kitchen. Stephanie's at the table all alone watching TV.

JIMMY
Hey, didya win at bingo tonight?

STEPHANIE
- no. Did you hear from Prince yet?

JIMMY
No. Fuck -
(shakes his head)
You guys never win.

STEPHANIE
(whispers)
Shhh - Greg's sleepin'. I know you don't like him an' he don't like you but -

Stephanie sits there. Beat.

JIMMY
(whispers)
You alright?

STEPHANIE
(whispers)
I'm havin' a, a - ahh - a problem with Greg -

JIMMY
(whispers)
What. Did he find out about the eviction?

Stephanie shakes her head no.

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JIMMY
(whispers)
His settlement check's not comin'?

STEPHANIE
(belligerent)
No. No. It's coming. It's me and Greg's sex life. It's good, I mean, ya know, real good, but the--

JIMMY
Yo I don't wanna hear this shit -

STEPHANIE
(just keeps talking)
But see the problem is Greg doesn't like to go--

JIMMY
(cutting her off)
Mom Mom Mom Mom Mom Mom I don't wanna hear it yo -

Jimmy heads for the bathroom. Getting ready for bed. He peels off his shirt.

Stephanie follows after him.

STEPHANIE
Hey you've got a nice body, Rabbit -

JIMMY
(stops)
What?

STEPHANIE
Greg won't go down on me.

JIMMY
Mom!

STEPHANIE
(whispers)
He won't go down on me. I mean I keep askin' him an' like I have no problem goin' down on--

Jimmy puts his hands over his ears, running into the bathroom--

JIMMY
Mom, stop, I'm not hearin' this -

He closes the door in her face.

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45.
Early morning, behind the hotel. Jimmy's getting out of Sol's mother's shitty car. Sol drove him to work. Garbage bags line the filthy alley. Sun rising. Harsh reality. Jimmy pauses for a moment before he closes the door.

JIMMY
- Hey Sol, ya ever wonder at what point ya just say "fuckit." When ya know ya gotta stop livin' up here -
(gestures over his head, then drops his hand down low)
And start livin' down here.

Beat.

SOL
(looks at him half-asleep)
- It's fuckin' 6:30 in the morning, dawg.

JIMMY
(laughs)
Thanks for the ride, yo - and thank your mom for lendin' you the car. I'll see ya after work.

46.
Hours later. Jimmy the bellman, finishes loading luggage into a brand spanking new Porsche parked in front of the hotel. Everything's **SILENT**. Except we hear Jimmy rapping a song to himself. Quiet. Simple. Poetry.

He closes the trunk and quickly looks around, never stopping his music. Everything else still **SILENT**.
Jimmy slips into the sports car. Checking out the interior. Suddenly the passenger side door swings open, **SOUND** crashing back--

And Alex jumps in, holding onto her "French maid" uniform.

Jimmy can't believe his eyes. He looks again.
She's still there.

ALEX
C'mon, let's get outta here -

JIMMY
Where to?

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ALEX
(laughs)
Anywhere in this car -

She leans over to give him a kiss, all turned on. Looks up. And stops.

ALEX
Uh-oh -

Jimmy follows her eyes...
A chubby guest, MR. KOSKO, is standing there watching them about to kiss in his new Porsche. Alex just laughs, gets out of the car and heads for the hotel leaving Jimmy behind.

Jimmy quickly jumps out--

JIMMY
I can explain, Mr. Kosko - I--

MR. KOSKO
(dismissive)
Don't. You're just a terrible bellman -

A frantic woman, Mr. Kosko's wife, hurries up to the car.

JIMMY
(trying to stay cool)
- Your wife's luggage is all loaded up, sir. Will there be anything else?

Mr. Kosko's cell phone rings.

MR. KOSKO
There's a blue suit in my room I need dry cleaned. Do you think you can handle that?

JIMMY
(forces a smile)
- Yessir. Room 722, right?

47.
Jimmy, running back into the hotel. Looks for Alex. Chedder Bob and Paul are in the middle of an argument--

PAUL
Call me a faggot again and I'll beat your ass -

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CHEDDER BOB
But you're gay -

PAUL
(hard)
So?

Chedder Bob backs down.

JIMMY
(laughs)
Yo Chedder Bob, didya see Alex come in -

CHEDDER BOB
MC Bob.

JIMMY
Whatever. Didya see her?

Chedder Bob points down the hall.

48.

Jimmy runs down the hallway. Catches up to Alex. She's walking backwards, still holding onto her uniform. A crooked smile pasted on her face.

ALEX
Hey. Why'd ya take off like that yesterday?

JIMMY
- It was jus' my stop, yo. And then I hadda show those Free World motherfuckers what was up -

ALEX
(impressed)
You did?

JIMMY
Yeah I did.

She turns back around. They head down the hall together.

ALEX
- Ya know we shoulda just stolen that fucker's Porsche.

JIMMY
(laughs)
You ever steal a car before?

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ALEX
No. But I figure you have, right? And then we coulda just taken off for good, whatever -

She turns down another hallway, toward the hotel's giant kitchen. Waiters & waitresses busy coming & going.

JIMMY
Where ya goin', yo?

ALEX
Pickin' up a little somethin' for tonight, "yo" -

49.
In the kitchen. Busy & bright. Alex walks up to a thin white prep cook, pulls him aside to the corner and whispers into his ear. Jimmy talks to the other prep cook, CLIO, a cool black chick. A cheap boom box whines in the background.

JIMMY
- Clio, can you make me a hamburger?

CLIO
Sure thing, Rabbit

Alex makes her way over, slipping some pills (E) into her front pocket.

ALEX
- Hey why do some people call you Rabbit?

JIMMY
That's jus' one a my names -

CLIO
(laughs)
'Cause he's fast - and likes to fuck a lot.

ALEX
Yeah?

JIMMY
- Yeah.

Alex smiles.

CLIO
Tell ya what, Rabbit - I'll battle ya for the hamburger -

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Some of the other kitchen help overhear. Get excited. Jimmy notices. Unsure.

JIMMY
Oh I dunno -

ALEX
(pushes him)
C'mon, "Rabbit" -

Jimmy looks at her. He cares what she says.

JIMMY
A'ight, a'ight -

Some of the other cooks and dishwashers pipe in.
A couple of 'em start banging on the counters getting a beat together.
Gathering around Jimmy and Clio.
And Clio goes first, battling Jimmy.

Freestyling about--
1. Jimmy being a bellman.
2. Always late.
3. And white.

She's pretty good. Finishes. Now it's Jimmy's turn.

Alex watching.
He looks at her.

Opens his mouth to spit and
he goes off, freestyling like mad.
He's fast and clear.
Words flowing, focused, kicking Clio's ass.
Showing off in front of Alex.

He finishes. The kitchen goes crazy. He looks over to Alex.
And she's hot. In love.

By now, more waiters & waitresses are hanging around getting into it, clapping, dancing. Someone turns up the boom box, more music. Can anyone say "Hot Lunch" - shit, we're **sampling** "FAME."

A teenage PUERTO-RICAN DISHWASHER jumps in to battle Jimmy
Everybody clapping and moving, whooping and hollering.
Music everywhere.

Jimmy battles the dishwasher.
Back & forth.
The rhymes flow.

It's all good.

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50.
Jimmy & Alex leave the kitchen. She's exhilarated. He's wolfing down his hamburger.

ALEX
That was,-- Ya know, that was amazing -

Jimmy smiles as they head down the hall, a bounce in his step.

ALEX
- You're definitely gonna make it. Not like all those losers back there.

JIMMY
They're not really losers, yo -

ALEX
They're not recording with Prince -

JIMMY
(between bites)
I should probably get back to work an' shit -

ALEX
No I think me & you should--

Alex sees the older woman we saw training her the other day, the tea director, her boss, heading their way.

ALEX
Shit. There's my boss, I'm late - C'mon -

She grabs Jimmy's free hand, turns around and takes off running in the opposite direction--

Running together, Jimmy still with a mouthful of hamburger, running down the hall.

They turn down another hallway, hauling ass and see-- Mr. Springer getting off an elevator. They screech to a stop.

Searching for an escape route, nowhere left to run. Or hide. Caught between two authority figures. Mr. Springer sees them, waves and heads in their direction. Alex checks around for her boss. Jimmy stuck with a mouthful of food. Chews hard, fast to swallow.

Mr. Springer getting closer.

Jimmy doesn't know what to do with the hamburger in his hand. Puts it behind his back.

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Mr. Springer walks up. And Jimmy stuffs the sandwich into his back pocket.

MR. SPRINGER
Mr. Smith, Miss Latourno -

ALEX
Hey, Mr. Springer -

Jimmy smiles, swallowing the last of his food.

MR. SPRINGER
(to Jimmy)
I just wanted to say, Mr. Smith, you've been doing a much better job -

JIMMY
- thanks. So how 'bout those extra shifts?

Alex catches a glimpse of her boss turning the corner.

ALEX
(so innocent)
Excuse me, Mr. Springer - But I gotta go change for work. I don't ya know wanna be late -

MR. SPRINGER
And where are you going, Mr. Smith?

JIMMY
I'm running an errand for a guest, sir.

MR. SPRINGER
(looks at both of them)
Okay. Well, get to work -

They walk slowly away from Mr. Springer, Jimmy keeping his hands behind his ass covering the hamburger in his pocket. They round the next corner, then take off running again--

Down the hall. Take a turn.
Up to another bank or elevators.

They jump into an open elevator, just as the doors close.

51.
In the elevator, Jimmy & Alex catching their breath. It's empty.

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They look at each other and start laughing.
Their eyes meet.
Still out of breath.

JIMMY
(crooked smile)
- what do you think we should do now?

ALEX
What do you think we should do?

He leans in closer. Both of them having a hard time catching their breath. Excited, turned on.

JIMMY
You know -

ALEX
- yeah. Yeah. Yeah, yeah I think you should fuck me.

He slides his hands down her pants. She moans.
They kiss, still out of breath, pulling at each other's clothes--

52.
Jimmy, opening the door to room 722. He pulls her inside and they fall in on and all over each other. Breathing heavy.
He pushes her up against the door. Pulls up her shirt.
Her face hot and red.

ALEX
(whispering)
I want it all

JIMMY
- yeah

ALEX
Everything

She pulls down her pants. No underwear.

ALEX
(slowly)
I wantchya to do everything to me Jimmy. Take me everywhere. Promise

She kisses him.

ALEX
Fucking promise me, Jimmy

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She moans.

And he fucks her, banging against the door in rhythm with their breathing and moaning.

JIMMY
How does this feel, do you like it?

Fucking her harder.

ALEX
Yes yes yes

53.
Sitting down, against the door. Both sweaty, hot & wet. Disheveled. Happy. After sex.
He looks at her.

Beat.

JIMMY
(stands up, pulling up his pants)
- I gotta get back to work, yo.

ALEX
Uh-uh, Rabbit.

JIMMY
Why? Wasn't that good for you?

ALEX
Yeah. But -

JIMMY
(sits back down)
- oh this is the part where I'm supposed to like open up an' share some shit with you - right?

ALEX
(smiles)
Yeah.

JIMMY
But I don't want to -

ALEX
Like why dontchya wanna battle on stage again? Wink says the last time you tried you--

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JIMMY
(snaps)
Fuck. I don't want people talkin' shit about me no more - what's so fuckin' hard to understand about that? You ever been booed before, have a whole crowd label you?

ALEX
No -

JIMMY
Well it sucks. And I got enough to worry about - if I'm ever gonna really do anything, ya know - I'ma--
(beat)
I'm just tired a - ahh - I -

Before Jimmy can finish, he hears someone talking at the door. Good ears. He motions to Alex to be quiet.

It's Mr. Kosko.

They look at each other. Shit.
Grab their clothes, hop into the closet fast.

54.
Inside the closet, trying to stay quiet. Darkness.
They hear Mr. Kosko come into the room, arguing on the phone. Upset.

JIMMY
(mouths to Alex)
Oh fuck - fuck -

Alex's eyes go wide. A naughty smile.
They can still hear Mr. Kosko babbling away on the phone.

And Alex leans over and quietly goes down on Jimmy.

CLOSE ON JIMMY, biting onto his bottom lip.
Having to stay quiet.
It's so fucking good.

Alex's head bobbing in and out of frame.
Up & down.

55.
After work, late afternoon. Jimmy fixing his car in the hotel parking lot. He can't stop smiling.
Future, Sol and DJ Iz hanging out.

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Sol's sitting on the hood of his mother's car in the middle of telling a story--

SOL
- you won't believe what happened ta me this mornin', yo.

JIMMY
Bitch, it ain't gonna beat what happened to me -

SOL
Yo lemme finish, dawg. So I was up 6:30 in the mornin' with my mom's car an' nuthin' to do, so I decide to do laundry.

DJ IZ
What?

SOL
(ignores him)
- An' there was this girl in the laundromat, an' she wasn't that good lookin' - not ugly - just not good lookin', ya know what I mean? So we get to talking an' we hit it off. I'm talkin' all this shit an' she's givin' it right back to me, ya know we're really gettin' into it. An' then she says a good man like me must have a good woman somewhere, an' I tell her the truth, I tell her that me an' my woman just broke up - an' she asks why, an' I say that she did me wrong ya know. An' she says she know women like that. But that's not her, that's not how she treats her man. An' then she says she's lookin' for a good man.

Sol jumps off the hood of the car, and starts talking to it like it was the woman in the laundromat.

SOL
(all cool an' shit)
- So I say, "What would you do with a good man?" An' she tells me, I mean she tells me exactly what she would do with a good man. And I mean it includes muthafuckin' everything - everything, man - anal sex, <u>everything</u>.
(more)

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SOL (cont'd)
(moves his hips back & forth, humping the car)
So man, I know this's the girl for me, yo. 6:30 in the mornin' at the laundromat an' I'm talkin' about fuckin' this girl in the ass - shit, she wasn't that good lookin' man, but she wasn't ugly either. Know what I mean, Future? Maybe me & you can both do 'er -

FUTURE
C'mon, Mista - I'm tryin' to flip the script with that shit. You know that -

DJ IZ
(to Sol)
So what happened?

SOL
(stops humping the car)
- I got 'er number an' finished my laundry.

JIMMY
(laughs)
That's it? C'mon. Guess who I fucked at work this afternoon?

SOL
Chedder Bob?

Beat.

JIMMY
Alex.

FUTURE
Get the fuck outta here -

SOL
She's so fucking hot, dawg. We should share her -

JIMMY
(shakes his head no)
She's on me, yo. We fucked this afternoon in this dude's room. An' then he came back.
(more)

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JIMMY (cont'd)
An' we hid in the closet, an' get this - She sucked my dick until he left. Serious. I'm in love -

The guys all gather around, whooping and hollering high-fiving Jimmy. He's the man.

DJ IZ
Shit. When ya gonna see 'er again?

JIMMY
- I think she's goin' to Wink's show tonight. Hopefully I'll see 'er after that.

56.
The sun goes down. Jimmy parks the newly-fixed Lincoln in front of the drab double-wide mobile home.
Slips on his headphones.
Getting lost in his own world.

57.
Jimmy hurries into the trailer, tuning out.
Walks past the kitchen. Sees Alex and Wink hanging out drinking cheap champagne with Stephanie.

What?

Jimmy pulls off his headphones. Horrified.

STEPHANIE
- Hey, Rabbit - C'mon in we're havin' a party! Greg's settlement check's comin' in tomorra! Our luck's changin' -
(pours Wink more cheap champagne; flirting)
Dontchya love the car I gave Rabbit for his birthday, Wink? I love being generous -

She grabs Wink's hand. He smiles at her.

ALEX
(to Stephanie)
You call him Rabbit too?

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STEPHANIE
(hisses)
- I gave 'im that nickname. When he was little he had these buck teeth and big ears and he was so cute, wike a wittle wabbit -
(to Jimmy)
Right, baby?

Jimmy turns red, turns back around. And leaves.

58.
Jimmy, walking away from the trailer. Fast. It's almost dark. Walking through the trailer park.
Getting the fuck outta there.
Out toward the field.

Wink runs out after him. Catches up to him at the chain link fence.

WINK
Yo where ya goin', B - What's the matter?

JIMMY
(grabs Wink & throws him up against the fence)
- I thought I fucking told you not to tell nobody I was living here!

WINK
You got nothin' to be embarrassed about, B. And I didn't think ya'd mind if it was Al -

Jimmy pushes Wink harder up against the fence.

WINK
- Shit, yo. We were goin' to my show an' she said we hadda come get you. What was I supposed to do?

Jimmy's so fucking angry it looks like he's gonna cry.

WINK
C'mon, Bunny. Chill out. Al really likes you, man - Really. I'm helpin' 'er find a photographer for her book that's all -

A long beat.

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WINK
- Did Chedder Bob really shoot at those guys yesterday?

JIMMY
Fuckit.

Jimmy lets him go and turns around, heading back to the trailer. Wink follows after him.

WINK
- I got some good news, yo. Spoke to Lee Darucher today. We can get into Paisley Park on Monday if you can get your shit together in time -

Jimmy stops.

JIMMY
This Monday?

WINK
(smiles)
Yeah, dawg - you got four days.

Jimmy softens. Thinks.

JIMMY
Yeah - yeah, I can do that -

Jimmy sees Alex heading their way.
Too late to run. Alex walks up. Looks to Wink.
Then Jimmy.

Beat.

ALEX
Everything okay?

Jimmy can't look at her. Caught in a lie. So embarrassed.

JIMMY
(looks down)
Yeah.

ALEX
(uncomfortable)
Do you hafta stay home tonight?

JIMMY
(still staring at the ground; dying)
- Yeah I should work on some songs for my demo an' shit.
(more)

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JIMMY (cont'd)
Wink jus' told me we're goin' to Paisley Park on Monday, so -

ALEX
Okay.

JIMMY
(finally looks up at her)
Yeah.

Okay. It's awkward.

Beat.

WINK
(to Jimmy)
Yo B - don't forget, tomorrow night we're all goin' down to 96.3, right?

JIMMY
Yeah okay -

The three of them stand there for a moment.

Beat.

59.
CLOSE ON A PENCIL, scratching on a wall.
Words. Flying fast & furious.
Rhymes pouring out about all the shit Jimmy sees.

Jimmy and Lily are hanging out in her little girl room. Stuffed animals. She's drawing. He's a giant. Both in their own worlds. He shakes his right fist back & forth, in rhythm. And quickly scribbles some more shit on the wall above her bed, puking out his feelings.

CLOSE ON JIMMY'S FACE, closing his eyes. We hear the song he's working on. Opens his eyes...

The trailer park is ANIMATED. Back to the Adventures of SuperJimmy by R. Crumb. He flies out the window, rapping the song, flying up over dirty Detroit, heading for the Shelter, the place where he cartoon kills. Storms into the club, sees WINK sitting with ALEX. And somebody else...
It's animated PRINCE!

LEADAZ OF THA FREE WORLD are playing on stage. PAPA DOC, LC LYCKETY-SPLYT, E and the other two guys. When they see SuperJimmy enter they make a run for it!
SuperJimmy chases after them--

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Running through the club, Lyckety-Splyt grabs Alex hostage. Papa Doc pulls out an animated gun and holds it to her head. Wink cowers. SuperJimmy stops. He's still rapping the song. It's a standoff.

SuperJimmy makes eye contact with Prince. They exchange smiles. And Prince starts singing along with him. A super duet.

Tha Free World can't help themselves. The song's too good. Getting into the beat. Bouncing. Papa Doc lowers the gun--

And SuperJimmy rushes them. Beating them all to the ground. Prince jumps in and helps out. They beat the shit out of tha Free World. Blood everywhere. And SuperJimmy grabs Alex, rescuing her. Taking her away. They fly out the door and into the dark alley. She can't keep her hands off of him, kissing him. Pulling at his costume.

He pulls off her shirt and yanks down her animated jeans and starts fucking her up against the wall, super fast and super hard--

Suddenly we hear someone shout out--

GREG (VO)
You are such a fucking LOSER!

60.

CLOSE ON JIMMY, startled awake. **BACK TO REALITY (film).** The next day. He's under a blanket, on the ratty couch. Greg and Stephanie are in the middle of a fight--

GREG
- Just like Rabbit was in high school. Jesus, the <u>both</u> of ya are, ya know - fucked -

Jimmy sits up.

JIMMY
Yo did you just call me a loser?

Greg laughs yeah, limps up to Jimmy showing him the eviction papers.

GREG
Didjya know your mom's gettin' evicted?

Stephanie follows after him, holding Lily in her arms.

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JIMMY
(grabs the papers from Greg)
That's none a your fucking business, Greg -

STEPHANIE
Stay outta this, Rabbit -
(puts Lily down; to Greg)
Don't worry, baby - I'm gonna take care a it - it's gonna be okay - Okay?

She goes to hug him. He shoves her away. Hard.

GREG
- You're so fucking stupid sometimes!

JIMMY
(jumps off the couch)
Keep your fucking hands off my mom, asshole!

Jimmy jacks Greg up against the wall--
Greg shoves him away.

GREG
Get off me -

Stephanie pulls Jimmy away from Greg.

STEPHANIE
Rabbit! Stop it!

Beat. Jimmy looks at his mom. He wants to kill Greg.

JIMMY
(to Stephanie)
How can you let him do that to you?

STEPHANIE
(pleading with Jimmy)
Don't do this. Please -

GREG
- How the fuck can I go out with someone who's homeless?

Lily starts to cry.

JIMMY
(to Stephanie)
Are you just gonna let 'im talk to you like that?

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STEPHANIE
Stay out of it, Rabbit -

She goes to calm Lily down.

GREG
- With two homeless fucking kids.

JIMMY
(flips him off)
Fuck you. I'm outta here -

61.
Grey skies. Storm clouds overhead.
Jimmy walks up to Wink's mother's house. Still wired.
Looks inside the big picture window.

Wink's passed out on the couch, the TV blaring.

62.
Wink and Jimmy descending into the basement. Wink's still half asleep. It's dark down there.

WINK
- It went good last night - that shit was sold out - but they ain't as good as you, Bunny -

JIMMY
- did Alex like it?

WINK
Yeah. A lil' bit, ya know - but she was kinda drunk so. Where the fuck's everybody else?

JIMMY
Sol's mom's droppin' 'em all off an' shit on her way to work -

Wink turns on the light. The equipment's still all set up.

WINK
Even Future?

JIMMY
Yeah. Why?

The doorbell rings.

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WINK
- 'Cause I heard he signed you up to battle this weekend.

JIMMY
(surprised)
What?

WINK
He's killin' you, yo. Runnin' your life an' shit, B - You don't wanna be a loser your whole life workin' at some Little Caesars when you're like 40, now - Do you?

Wink runs back up the stairs, leaving Jimmy behind.
Starts pacing the room...
Getting more and more agitated.
He sees the photographs of Wink & Prince on top of DJ Iz's records. Picks one up. Hears the guys upstairs.

SOL (OS)
Where's your mom, dawg?

WINK (OS)
Workin' -

Wink leads Sol, DJ Iz and Future down the stairs.
Jimmy stuffs the photograph into his front pocket.
As soon as he sees Future, Jimmy speaks up.

JIMMY
(angry)
- yo did you fucking sign me up to battle down at the Shelter this weekend?

FUTURE
What?

JIMMY
You heard me. Did you sign me up -

Future walks down to the bottom of the stairs.
Looks at Jimmy.
Beat.

FUTURE
Jimmy, you gotta come down.
You gotta come down. That's the only way you gon get over the other night, youknowhatImsayin'? An' the winner takes my place as host, yo -
That's instant respect -

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Jimmy picks up one of the records and wings it at Future--
He ducks. It misses.

Jimmy walks up in his face.

JIMMY
Fuck the other night. I'm fuckin' tired of you always tellin' me what to do, always thinkin' you know what's best for me. Well Fuck You. I told you not to sign me up -

FUTURE
You wanna fight me? Is that it?

Jimmy pushes him.

JIMMY
Why not? You ain't the future a shit, bitch. You're just David fuckin' Porter -

Future looks at him.
Turns and walks away.

FUTURE
Do whatever the fuck ya want, man -
(laughs)
- I don't give a shit about what you & Prince gonna do.

Future leaves.
The guys all just stand there.
That was heavy.

Beat.

SOL
Shit.

DJ IZ
What are we gonna do now?

WINK
I wanna go get high -

JIMMY
(turns away)
- No let's do some fuckin' work.

Kick into **HIGH SPEED**, as the guys start making music. We hear some song play over--

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63.
HIGH SPEED. Writing lyrics back & forth fucking around in the make-shift basement studio bouncing beats and hooks and shit all off each other bobbing their heads together getting it right all perfectly choreographed like a dance or a symphony running faster & faster until they're all just a blur of non-stop music.

Suddenly Wink jumps in the middle of it all.
Puts up his hands. Stop. Stop.
STOP-- Jump to **REGULAR SPEED.**
The song ends.

JIMMY
What?

WINK
Al jus' called from work, yo - She needs a ride to this photographer I set 'er up with.

JIMMY
- Does she want me to pick 'er up?

WINK
I dunno.

SOL
Can we come?

64.
It's gonna rain soon. Jimmy and Wink sit in the front seat of the car parked at the hotel. Chedder Bob's ducking through the rear window, dressed in his bellman's uniform, rapping for Sol & DJ Iz. He sucks.

Wink leans over to Jimmy, who's keeping an eye out the window for Alex. Fidgety. Embarrassed.

WINK
You comin' to 96.3?

JIMMY
(distracted)
Yeah -

WINK
Cool. But the radio DJ was at the show last night an' she invited Papa Doc & Lyckety-Splyt up. So ya know they might be there.

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JIMMY
(sees Alex leaving the hotel)
Puckit then -

WINK
(defensive)
Yo there was nuthin' I could do about it, B -

Before Jimmy can respond Alex walks up to the car, holding onto a garment bag. All the guys quiet down.

CHEDDER BOB
- Gotta go, homes. Ya know ya can't leave old Earl all alone for long.

Chedder Bob hustles back to the hotel. Wink pops out of the car, letting Alex into the front seat. Then sits right back down next to her.

Jimmy throws him a look.
It starts to rain.

65.
Rain spits. Jimmy, driving next to Alex and Wink. He can't even look at her. Doesn't know what to say. Music low. Alex lights up a cigarette, excited. Sol and DJ Iz lean in. She's the center of attention--

ALEX
- I saw this model on a TV show and she was sayin' that looks alone don't mean anything if you don't have confidence and self-esteem. Ya know like a confidence in yourself that you're you and everything.

Jimmy finally looks at her. And Wink smiles.

WINK
Yeah, Al. And this guy's gonna help you do that.

ALEX
(to Wink; excited)
- yeah I just wish I had more time to ya know,-- I mean if I had known it was today I wouldn't have gone out drinkin' last night -

Wink turns up the stereo, making sure it's on 96.3.

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WINK
Don't worry, yo. I'm sure there'll be make-up & hair people there. This is a professional photo shoot -

Sol leans forward, all smooth and shit.

SOL
So how soon we gonna see this pictorial in a magazine, Alex?

DJ IZ
Pictorials are Playboy, yo. In fashion it's called an editorial, Sol.

SOL
Shut up, Iz. Who gives a fuck -

JIMMY
(yells at Sol; on edge)
It's just for her book, fool - so she can get a job.

SOL
- Damn. That's one book I'd read.

DJ IZ
No doubt.

Alex laughs. Jimmy's still uncomfortable.

JIMMY
(to Sol & DJ Iz)
Alex won a modeling contest and this guy from Elite asked 'er to come to New York City -

ALEX
It's no big deal -

SOL
(impressed)
You won a contest? For Elite? I heard a them. Shit - that's the big time, yo. Who were the judges? Anybody famous?

WINK
(points out the window)
Hey it's right over here, B -

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66.
Still spitting rain. Downtown Detroit, bleak industrial buildings. Fog. Lonely & blue. Alex crossing the street to a run-down warehouse, leaving the guys behind in the car.

Jimmy jumps out and catches up to her.

JIMMY
- Is everything okay?

Alex doesn't stop walking.

ALEX
With what?

JIMMY
Us -

ALEX
(without skipping a beat; cold)
Yeah. But I really gotta go -

They walk together.

JIMMY
You want me to come up -

ALEX
No that's okay.

JIMMY
- You sure everything's okay?

ALEX
I'm justa little hungover from last night or whatever and ya know I'm worried that I won't photograph good. This is really important to me - Okay?

Jimmy stops.
And she just keeps walking up to the building.

JIMMY
(calls out after her)
Am I gonna see you later?

ALEX
You goin' to the radio station?

JIMMY
- No.

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ALEX
(not listening)
Okay. I'll see ya later then -
maybe we can talk about goin' to see
Prince next week.

He stands there, watching her go. And we hear a some kinda remake of THE WHO's "Love Reign O'er Me."

67.
The sun dies in the sky. Jimmy standing in the drizzle, out in the fog covered field next to the trailer park. Headphones on. White out. You can't see any trash. It's almost beautiful. Otherworldly. And **SILENT**. All we hear is "Love Reign O'er Me" in Jimmy's head.

Jimmy closes his eyes and screams.
But we don't hear it, only the song.
He screams loud and long.
Screams his fucking heart out.

He opens his eyes and
sees a giant shape emerge from the fog...

It's a HORSE.

A big brown horse.
Jimmy can't believe it's real.

The horse looks at him, and then begins to graze in the field.
Another horse appears from the fog.
And then another.
And another. One of them has a blue blanket on, "DETROIT MOUNTED POLICE."

Jimmy stands there. With the horses, snorting and pulling up dead grass in the fog.

Jimmy takes off his headphones, **SOUND** comes rushing in. The song fades away. He hears police sirens off in the distance. Jimmy walks up to the big brown horse. It looks back up at him.

Jimmy's now face to face with the horse. The horse goes back to grazing. Jimmy rubs its head. The police sirens getting closer. Darkness closing in.

Jimmy just keeps patting the horse's head.
The song's playing.
The sirens wailing.

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68.
Later. Still wet and foggy. Jimmy walks up the trailer. Sees his mom passed out on the front steps.
He stops. The song ends.

He looks at her for a moment.
Then puts an arm under her, struggles to help her up to her feet. You can tell he's done this before.

STEPHANIE
(coming to; mumbles)
Greg leftme -

JIMMY
What?

Jimmy drags his mom inside.

STEPHANIE
We're gonna goto bingo but, he came over an' said now that he had money he, that he couldn't be with someone likeme -

69.
Jimmy, putting Stephanie down in her unmade bed. Goes to take off her wet shoes.
She gets back up.

STEPHANIE
- I gottagoto bingo it's Friday night. Maybe he'll be there -

JIMMY
You ain't goin' nowhere, Mom -
(gently pushes her back down)
And you're better off without 'im.

STEPHANIE
(snaps)
Yeah ya know Rabbit it's your fault he leftme -

Stephanie stumbles out of bed.

STEPHANIE
You ruined it, you fuckeditallup - that's why Greg really left, it's 'cause a you, an' now what? Who's gonna wantme? Where we gonna live? We got not money. WhataboutPrince?

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JIMMY
What?

STEPHANIE
You an' Prince. We can be rich -

JIMMY
(shakes his head; disgusted)
Why does everybody keep bringin' up Prince all the fuckin' time - ya know?
(beat)
- shit. Fuck him and fuck Greg too.

STEPHANIE
No no no. I don't haveanybody now, James. Why didya do this to me? Why?
(pushes Jimmy out)
Just getthefuckout!

JIMMY
It's pouring rain -

STEPHANIE
(screaming; pushing)
I DON'T CARE I WANT YOU OUT OF MY FUCKING HOUSE GET OUT GET OUT GET OUT GET OUT GET OUT OF MY FUCKING HOUSE!

She keeps pushing Jimmy out the door.

70.
Night. Jimmy, driving in the rain. A downpour.
He turns on 96.3. They're playing Wink's song...

And it's terrible. Bad rhymes.
Weak voice.

Jimmy stares at the radio.
He shakes his head.
Can't help but laugh to himself. Future was right.
Jimmy shuts off the radio.

Suddenly the car goes black. Cuts off.
The lights. The steering wheel. The brakes. It's dead.
Again.

The Lincoln silently coasts to the side of the road.
Stops.

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And Jimmy just sits there.
In the dark.

JIMMY
Fuck -

71.
Jimmy, walking down the dark side of the road. Pouring rain.
Empty neighborhood.
Pouring rain.

He walks up to Wink's mother's house. Soaking wet.
Hears voices. Pouring rain. Takes a quick look in the window before he heads inside.

Sees Wink on top of some naked girl.

Jimmy takes a closer look.
Pouring rain wherever he goes.

The naked girl rolls on top of Wink.

It's Alex.

The girl is Alex.

Alex.

SPLIT SCREEN:

WINK
(grabbing & kissing her)
Alex, yes Alex

ALEX
(moaning and writhing on top of him)
I want it all

CUT SPLIT SCREEN:

JIMMY
(staring into the sun; drowning)

JIMMY
(staring into the sun; drowning)

CUT SPLIT SCREEN:

ALEX
(moaning on top of Wink)
All of it

ALEX
(moaning on top of Wink)
All of it

END SPLIT SCREEN:

JIMMY
(staring into the sun; drowning)

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72.
Jimmy, busting into Wink's mother's house. Enraged.
Surprising Wink & Alex on the couch--
She screams, covering herself up.
Wink pulls up his pants, gets tangled up with Alex.

WINK
Yo, B - I can--

Jimmy grabs Wink up off the couch, and slams him onto the ground. Starts hitting him. All that rage.
It isn't a fight. It's a beating.

Alex stands on the couch, freaking out.

ALEX
Leave him alone - STOP IT!

Jimmy pounding Wink. Over. And over. And over again.
It's loud. Wild. And out of control.
Blood splatters on Jimmy's shirt.

Alex jumps off the couch, screaming, crying.
Tries pulling Jimmy off of Wink--

ALEX
LEAVE HIM ALONE! Just fuckin' get out! Get out! GET OUT!

Jimmy gets up, out of breath. Worked up. Looks at her.
Beat. Beat.
Beat.
Is he gonna fucking hit her?

We hear CONTROL MACHETE bang out "Si Senior."
And Jimmy takes off. Running away.

73.
Jimmy running down the dead streets of Wink's mother's neighborhood in the cold rain. We still hear the song pumping--

JUMP CUT:

Jimmy running, crossing the street. Almost gets hits by a car, slamming on its brakes. Jimmy just keeps running--

JUMP CUT:

Running through another shitty neighborhood--

JUMP CUT:

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Jimmy runs up to a plain old house on a street called Novaro. Falling apart porch. Lights on inside. The song blasting on the soundtrack.

Jimmy knocks on the door, screams. Out of breath.

JIMMY
Janeane - fuckin' Janeane let me in - I'M FUCKING SORRY - LET ME IN, PLEASE LET ME IN -

He knocks again.
Janeane cracks open the door.

JANEANE
- What are you doing here, Rabbit?

Beat.
Beat.

JIMMY
(catching his breath)
I dunno. I was runnin' and, and this is just where I ended up - and I'm sorry, Janeane -
(beat)
You were right and, I'm really sorry.

She looks at him for a moment.
And shuts the door in his face.

Jimmy just stands there.

He puts his hands in his pockets. Cold. And wet.
Feels something in one of them...
Pulls out the photograph of Wink & Prince.
And rips it up into little pieces.
Throwing it in the air.

Jimmy sits down on the porch steps. Out of the rain.
Exhausted.

The song finishes.

74.
Later. Jimmy still sitting on the porch. Shivering. And cold. The rain's letting up. The white van pulls over in front of the house. Dented side. Stereo booming, bass thumping. Bright lights shine in Jimmy's face.

Jimmy just sits there.

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Papa Doc, LC Lyckety-Splyt and the rest of tha Free World jump out of the van. They all walk up toward the porch. Papa Doc leading the way, his hat pulled down over his eyes.

PAPA DOC
Yo wassup, man. You ready to go down?

Jimmy gets up. Sees Alex and Wink get out of the van. Wink's a mess. Broken nose. All bloody and shit.

Jimmy takes a few steps toward Papa Doc.

JIMMY
(never taking his eyes off Alex)
What?

Papa and the rest of tha Free World surround Jimmy. Wink makes his way over, blood all over his shirt. Alex stays near the van.

PAPA DOC
You heard me. You ready to go?

Before Jimmy can respond, E, the white guy, hits Jimmy in the back of the head.

Jimmy falls onto his knees.

LC LYCKETY-SPLYT
C'mon, Rabbit, get back up - Get up, bitch -

Jimmy gets up, turns around and smashes E. Then takes a swing at Lyckety-Splyt-- Papa Doc kicks Jimmy in the balls.

Jimmy falls onto his knees again. Papa hits him in the face.

PAPA DOC
You like talkin' shit? Huh? You fuckin' faggot! You like it?

Jimmy falls to the ground. And then they're on him like animals. Wink too. All six of 'em. Kicking him. Yelling at him.

LC LYCKETY-SPLYT
Fuck you muthafucka!

PAPA DOC
Yeah, faggot -

Jimmy tries to get back up.

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Alex just stands there watching. Silent.

WINK
(holding his nose; kicking Jimmy in the ribs)
You're gonna fuck with Wink, huh? You don't know who you're fucking with! You fucking loser -

The light inside the house goes off. It's now almost pitch black. The front lawn lit up only by the van's highbeams.

Jimmy tries to get up again. Drops. Falling.
Giving up. The ground.
Going down.
Letting go.

Falling, falling.

CUT TO:

75.
The sun rises. The rain's stopped.
It's a new day. The next morning. Light.
Jimmy limps up to the trailer park. His eye black.
His body beat.

Instead of running past the entrance like he always does, Jimmy just walks right in through the front gate.
At the busy intersection.
For the whole fucking world to see.

76.
Jimmy limps into the trailer. He looks like shit. Bloody shirt. Hurt ribs. Face a mess. Stephanie is in the kitchen, pouring milk for Lily's cereal.

They both look up at him. Horrified.
And run to him.

STEPHANIE
Ohmygod -

LILY
Jimmy!

Lily grabs him around the waist. Stephanie hugs him, smothering him.

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JIMMY
(winces in pain)
- Easy, easy, I'm okay. I'm a'ight. I just came by to pick up my stuff an' shit like you wanted -

STEPHANIE
Ohmygod - What happened to you?

JIMMY
I fell -

STEPHANIE
What happened?

JIMMY
(stronger)
I fell.

Stephanie looks at him. He fell.

STEPHANIE
Okay. Okay. Siddown. I'll make ya some breakfast -

JIMMY
What?

STEPHANIE
I'm makin' breakfast -

Jimmy goes to the sink to wash up, clean off the blood. Lily doesn't leave his side.

JIMMY
(to Stephanie)
What's gotten into you? I thought you wanted me out.

STEPHANIE
- Do you want some goddamn cereal or not?

She holds up the milk.

JIMMY
Why the fuck're you in such a good mood?

STEPHANIE
I went to bingo last night -

JIMMY
Shit -

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STEPHANIE
And I won. $3200!

JIMMY
You're fucking kiddin' me -

STEPHANIE
(tries not to smile; can't help it)
Nope. We're good -

No eviction.
Jimmy looks at her.
And busts out laughing.
Laughing. Laughing so hard he's almost crying.

77.
Later. Jimmy, making his way through a crowded bus.
There's one empty seat between two older black women.
Jimmy sits down between them.

He just sits there looking off, stuck between the two women.
We're sampling the "5:15" scene from "QUADROPHENIA."
Jimmy's weary. And in pain. Riding the bus.

No fantasy. No music. No love.
Just reality.
Sitting on the bus.
Looking straight ahead.

78.
The hotel's basement locker room. Jimmy taking off his shirt, getting ready for work. Purple black & blue covering his body. Bruised ribs. Chedder Bob's standing next to him, changing out of his uniform. Done for the day.

CHEDDER BOB
(staring at Jimmy's bruises)
- Ya know that fuckin' bitch didn't show up for work, Rabbit. I bet she's gonna get fuckin' fired.

Jimmy doesn't respond.

CHEDDER BOB
And didya hear old Earl strangled some guest yesterday?

JIMMY
What -

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CHEDDER BOB
He tried to kill some dude who kept snappin' his fingers at 'im -

Chedder Bob tries to get a closer look at Jimmy's ribs.

JIMMY
(pushes him away)
Fuck off, Chedder Bob -

CHEDDER BOB
C'mon, homes - MC Bob.
(points to Jimmy's black eye, bruised body)
And that's some fucked up shit right there, Rabbit. You shoulda just come by my house. I'da grabbed my gun and -
(mimes shooting off a gun in each hand)
Bam! Bam! Bam! Shoot that Alex bitch right in the fuckin' stomach, yo - Just like tha Free World got it.

Jimmy ignores him, starts putting on his uniform.

CHEDDER BOB
- Ya know there's a battle tonight, Rabbit. A big one.

JIMMY
Yeah.

CHEDDER BOB
I also heard you got into a fight with Future.

JIMMY
Yeah.

He finishes getting dressed.

CHEDDER BOB
You gonna go down there anyway or whatever?

Jimmy glances at himself in the locker room mirror. Sees his black eye.

JIMMY
- Yeah.
(looks back at Chedder Bob)
What the fuck.

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79.
CLOSE ON JIMMY THE BELLMAN, working the front with Paul. He looks over to the tea girls serving. Alex isn't there. Classical music plays in the background. Alex isn't there.

Fuckit. Jimmy turns back and opens the door for some guests, forcing a smile. Welcoming them to the hotel.

Mr. Springer walks up.

MR. SPRINGER
- Can I talk to you, Mr. Smith?

80.
Mr. Springer's cramped basement office. Jimmy winces when he sits down.

MR. SPRINGER
Is everything okay, Mr. Smith?

JIMMY
Yeah. I just fell down some stairs an' shit -

Mr. Springer stares at him.
Beat.

MR. SPRINGER
Well, you've been on time all week.

JIMMY
- Yeah?
(laughs)
What can I tell ya, it's been one helluva long week, Mr. Springer -

MR. SPRINGER
(smiles)
I don't know if you heard but, there was a, an incident with Earl -

JIMMY
Yeah. Did he really try an' kill somebody for snapping their fingers at 'im?

Beat.

MR. SPRINGER
- Do you really wanna be doing this for the rest of your life, Mr. Smith?

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JIMMY
Not really. But I need the money -

MR. SPRINGER
Okay then. You can have Earl's shifts. You've earned it -

Jimmy nods his head yes. Hides a smile.

MR. SPRINGER
Good. I need you to work tonight.

JIMMY
Tonight?

The phone rings. We hear CURTIS MAYFIELD & LAURYN HILL sing "Here But I'm Gone" on the soundtrack.

MR. SPRINGER
Do you want the extra shifts or not, Mr. Smith?

81.
Later. Jimmy's leaving a room on the 7th floor with the luggage cart, stuffing some money into his pocket. The guest closes the door behind him. We still hear Curtis & Lauryn.

Jimmy walks down the hall...
Passes by room 722.
The room he fucked Alex in.
The door's open.

Jimmy stops. Takes a peek inside.

The maid is cleaning the bathroom, just out of sight.
The closet doors are all open.
Empty.

82.
CLOSE ON JIMMY, riding the elevator.
Going down. The song plays on.

83.
Jimmy walks outside of the hotel. Out into the cold night. Paul's leaning against the wall waiting for a ride, checking up & down the street, smoking a cigarette. The song ends.

JIMMY
- Big plans tonight?

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PAUL
Just goin' dancing with some friends. But they're late - Why're you still here?

JIMMY
I'm pickin' up Earl's shift -

PAUL
(laughs)
Crazy what happened, huh?

Paul snaps his fingers. Jimmy laughs, stands there for a moment. You can see their breath white in the cold. Paul offers him a drag off his cigarette.

Jimmy takes it. Smokes.

JIMMY
- Yo Paul - You ever get tired of takin' shit from everybody, people always tryin' to label you?

Hands the cigarette back to Paul.

PAUL
Nah. I don't give a shit what anybody says.
(beat)
Except for Chedder Bob. That guy drives me nuts -

JIMMY
(laughs)
Yeah. Me too -

Beat.

PAUL
- Were you in a fight or something?

JIMMY
Yeah. These six fucking guys jumped me. Kicked my ass, whatever.

PAUL
That's fucked. You gonna get 'em back?

JIMMY
Shit yeah. But they down at the Shelter tonight and I wanna battle 'em first, ya know - rip those motherfuckers from head to toe -

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Paul finishes his cigarette.. Flicks it away.

PAUL
Hey if ya want, I'll cover for ya.

JIMMY
Really?

PAUL
Yeah. Lucky for you, my friends are late, so -

Beat.

JIMMY
(Looks at Paul; smiles)
- Thanks, man. Just for a couple hours, yo - I'll come right back.

84.
Jimmy hustles down the street to the Shelter. Back in his own clothes. Out of breath. In pain. There's a mob scene out front waiting to get in. Twice the size of the last crowd.

He passes by Sol, DJ Iz and Chedder Bob, who's drinking from a brown paper bag.

CHEDDER BOB
(sees him; calls out)
Yo Rabbit - wait up!

Jimmy doesn't stop. Keeps on moving, heading down the dark alley next to the club.

The other guys follow after him.

SOL
Damn, B - We gon fuck up Wink or what? I heard he's sayin' you blew up 'cause they didn't want you down at Paisley Park -

DJ IZ
(to Sol)
- but all our shit's still at Wink's house, yo. If we had our <u>own</u> studio we wouldn't need Prince and--

SOL
Just shutthefuckup, Iz.

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CHEDDER BOB
Don't worry, Rabbit - I got your back, I know the real reason you blew up, right?

JIMMY
(snaps)
- I don't wanna hear any more a that shit!

SOL
Yo what's the matter, Rabbit?

They're at the back door. Jimmy stops. Looks at his friends.

JIMMY
- Can't I ever get any fuckin' privacy?

SOL
Yeah. Cool -

CHEDDER BOB
Yeah. Can I come?

JIMMY
(looks at Chedder Bob for a moment; smiles)
- Sure, "MC" Bob.

85.
Jimmy, sitting backstage on a cheap folding-chair dissin' Chedder Bob. Practicing his freestyle. Making fun of him. People coming & going all around them in the small backstage area.

Jimmy's flowing. Chedder Bob just sits there drinking, taking it. Loving it. Seeing how Jimmy rhymes. He takes a break.

CHEDDER BOB
(drunk)
- Ya know I love you, Rabbit.

JIMMY
Yo, stop. I don't wanna hear that.

CHEDDER BOB
Hey whaddaya want for your birthday?

Papa Doc, LC Lyckety-Splyt, E and the other two guys from tha Free World walk backstage. They stop when they see Jimmy and Chedder Bob.

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Chedder Bob jumps to his feet. Jimmy doesn't. He just sits there. Cool.

LC LYCKETY-SPLYT
Looky who it is - You really gon try an' battle us, black eye bitch? You should be afraid, very afraid -

Jimmy nods his head, smiles a little. Like a guy who knows something. Doesn't say shit.

LC LYCKETY-SPLYT
Didn't you already die out there on stage?
(opens his mouth & nothing comes out; choking)
- Didn't he, E? Looks dead to me.

E
Got a black eye.

PAPA DOC
Yo, some guys jus' like gettin' their ass kicked - right, Rabbit?

JIMMY
(still sitting down)
- Yeah that's why it took six a you motherfuckers. What kinda pussy shit is that?

CHEDDER BOB
Yeah. And how's your car?

The Future comes backstage.
Papa Doc just walks away.

PAPA DOC
(laughing at Jimmy)
We'll see you on stage, faggot -

The rest of tha Free World follows after him.
Future looks at Jimmy's face.
Shakes his head.

JIMMY
(to Future)
- I gotta get some fuckin' privacy.

86.
Jimmy and Future hanging in the desolate bathroom.
Back where we started.

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Under the harsh green fluorescent light.

FUTURE
- You know I didn't like that muthafucka Wink from jump, yo. Fucking backstabber. That Judas'll get his, youknowhatImsayin' -

JIMMY
Yeah. An' I'm sorry about all that shit I said before. You know I didn't mean it - I just,-- ya know -

FUTURE
Yeah. I know. I didn't even trip, yo. I'm all about forgiveness now. Let's go fuck 'em up -

JIMMY
Fuckit. I'm gonna battle 'em first -

FUTURE
(smiles)
- We gon flip the script on this shit for real now, Jimmy - Aren't we?

Jimmy nods his head. He knows what time it is. He slips on his headphones, bounces up & down to the music.
Bouncing.
Bouncing.
Bouncing.
Bouncing.
Bouncing.

FUTURE
(lights a cigarette)
- Yo you got Lyckety-Splyt in the first round. You okay wit' that?

Bouncing.

JIMMY
- I don't give a fuck who it is. Ya know?

87.
Jimmy walks on stage. Under the toxic glare of the lights. People crowded along the edges. The DJ spinnin'. The big scoreboard clocks on the wall set at 60. LC Lyckety-Splyt's already there, standing next to Future. Shit-eating grin on his skinny little face.

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We see the crowd from Jimmy's point of view. It's a mob scene. Rowdy. Overflowing. Electric. People get ready. Jimmy sees Alex hanging out with Wink (white bandage over his nose), Papa Doc and the other two Free World black guys. Everybody looking at <u>him</u>.

Future smiles Jimmy's way and introduces Lyckety-Splyt.
He's going first.
The DJ lays down a beat.

And LC Lyckety-Splyt's all over Jimmy.

<u>Freestylin' about</u>--
1. Jimmy's failure in the last battle.
2. Jimmy being white.
3. Jimmy's black eye.

Jimmy just bobs his head to the beat, looking down, not reacting to a thing Lyckety-Splyt spits.

The clocks tick down to 0. The crowd shouts.
Lyckety-Splyt laughs.

It's now Jimmy's turn. All the lights are on him. Blinding.
The Future hands him the mic.
Some people start booing.
Yell shit at him.
Booing Jimmy.

Jimmy bounces, collecting his thoughts, tuning out the world.
Not hearing it. This is it. It's just him.
The beat.

Beat.

And Jimmy just goes off--
All the anger pouring out of every muscle in his body.
Into this moment. Forgetting about his pain.
Jimmy's spitting fire.
Right up in Lyckety-Splyt's face.
Ripping into him.
Destroying him.
Cutting him.
If words could kill.
He's so good.

Jimmy finishes.

Beat.

And the crowd goes fucking crazy. Much louder than they were for LC Lyckety-Splyt. Vocal. Approving. Screaming.
Jimmy won the round!
The Future laughs.

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And Jimmy just walks off stage, passing by the Big Bad Dude from the beginning of the movie. They pound fists. The dude knows who he is now.

88.
Jimmy makes his way through the noise and the crush, heading toward the bathroom. He sees Alex still with Wink, Papa Doc and the other guys.

Jimmy and Alex make eye contact through all the bodies in traffic.

Beat. A moment.

She smiles at him, awkward. And gives him the finger. Flirting.

Jimmy just laughs at her. Puts on his headphones. And walks away.

CLOSE ON JIMMY, walking away. Laughing.
Never looking back.
Holding his head up, black eye and all.

CUT TO:

89.
Later. Jimmy, battling E on stage.
In a zone. Fast. Flowing.
Clear & strong.
Touching a higher self.
Time up.

The crowd fucking loves it.

He exchanges pounds with Future, who takes the mic and hands it to E.
E's up.
Starts freestyling--

And Jimmy sits down on the stage.

CLOSE ON JIMMY, just sitting there. Quiet. Looking out at all the people. Ignoring E's rap. Not hearing it. Not listening. Not caring. We stay on Jimmy the whole time.

E finishes. Scattered applause. Jimmy won again.

Jimmy gets up, walks off.
Sol, DJ Iz and Chedder Bob greet him at the edge of the stage. They all gather around him.

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Future runs up.

FUTURE
- You are a fucking genius, man. You in the finals, Jim. You an' Papa Doc. Yessir, it's a fucking blessing, youhearwhatImsayin'?

SOL
You're gonna whoop that nigga's ass -

DJ IZ
He ain't got no vocabulary.

Jimmy nods his head, game face on.

CHEDDER BOB
(still drunk)
- You worried about what he's gonna say, Rabbit?

JIMMY
What?

CHEDDER BOB
Like about Wink & that Alex bitch gettin' it on ya know - And ya know you not goin' to Paisley Park and them beatin' you up and ya know givin' you a black eye and shit -

Beat. Jimmy doesn't respond.

FUTURE
(pushes Chedder Bob)
Yo - shutthefuckup, fool!

90.
The finals. The crowd's in a frenzy.
Jimmy vs. Papa Doc.
Both of them on stage.
Neither one looking at the other.
The showdown.
This is it.

Future hypes the championship.

FUTURE
Give it up y'all - The championship round, for the right to take my place as host on all the open mic battles. That's the sweetest part about it, youknowhatImsayin'?

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CLOSE ON JIMMY, head already down. Staring at the floor.
Lost in his own world. Total concentration on his face.

He hears Future finish. Jimmy looks back up.
People scream. Shout. Ready for blood.
And Future introduces him.
Jimmy's up first.

The DJ lays down the beat...

And Jimmy pauses.
He stares at Papa Doc.
Long.
And hard.

Suddenly a smile comes to Jimmy's face. A shining sun.
Beat.

And Jimmy freestyles about himself, from his side--
1. About not going to Paisley Park - how it's not real.
2. About getting his ass kicked - by 6 guys.
3. About Wink fucking Alex - and how she blew him in a closet.

About all the bullshit.
Making fun of it all.
Taking away all of Papa Doc's material.
And turning it back on himself.
He's a genius.

Letting everybody know he just doesn't give a fuck.
About anything.
He's found his true voice.

He kills. Finishes.

JIMMY
(yells out at the audience, giving them all the finger)
Fuck you - You dunno who I am?
I know who I am -

The crowd goes nuts. Bouncing off the walls. High-fiving and screaming joy. All born again.

Future can't stop laughing. He hands the mic to Papa Doc.

Papa Doc just stands there. The beat goes on.
The crowd still wild over Jimmy.

And Papa Doc just stands there.
Stares out at the crowd.
Freezes.
He's got nothing.
He knows he's already beat.

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It's over.

91.
The lights come up. Night over. Jimmy and his friends walk through the crowd. They're jumping up & down all around him, so excited. Shouting his name out loud, laughing, barking, "B-RABBIT! B-RABBIT! B-RABBIT!"

Everybody else reaching out wanting to congratulate Jimmy, tell him how good he is, loving him, basking in his glow.

Jimmy just keeps walking out. Not getting caught up in it all.

92.
The crowd flowing out of the club. Hanging outside. Freezing. Buzzing. Jimmy and his crew make their way through all the people.

CHEDDER BOB
Yo where we headed, Rabbit?

DJ IZ
You on your way, boy -

SOL
Gonna get that big deal now fa sho -

CHEDDER BOB
Yeah. Puck Wink. Fuck Prince. Puck tha Free World. RU486 IS THE FUCKING SHIT!

Jimmy heads off, leaving the crowd and the club behind. The guys follow.

JIMMY
I gotta get back to work, yo -

SOL
(laughs)
C'mon, dawg. I told that girl from the laundromat who wasn't that good lookin' we'd meet up with her later - I need a second opinion, yo -

CHEDDER BOB
(excited)
Yeah. We gonna get all the hot bitches now you won, Rabbit!

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FUTURE
Cool that, cool that. That was some alien shit ya did back there, man - youknowhatImsayin'?

DJ IZ
No doubt, no doubt, he's the new host -

JIMMY
(keeps walking)
Fuckit.
(to Chedder Bob)
MC Bob, you can be the new host. I'm late for work, yo. I'll see you guys tomorrow -

The guys stop. Don't know what to say.

Jimmy just keeps walking down the street into the winter night.

Beat.

Future runs after him. Catches up.

FUTURE
- You okay, Jimmy?

JIMMY
Yeah - I'm just done wit' all the bullshit, ya know what I'm sayin'?

FUTURE
- yeah. I think I do.

Jimmy and Future walk down the street together.

JIMMY
- Yo Fuche, you ever seen a horse before?

FUTURE
You mean like the four legged kind?

JIMMY
Yeah -

FUTURE
Why?

Beat.

JIMMY
Fuckit, man - I gotta run.

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Jimmy says goodbye to the Future, and takes off running down the street. On his own.
Away from his friends.
Away from the crowd.
Away from the club.

Running by himself down the dirty streets of Detroit.
Heading in the opposite direction of everybody else.
Sweet wind licks his face. Cold breath slips his mouth.
We hear our closing credit song.

And the scene beings to ANIMATE.
But this time he isn't a superhero flying up in the sky.
This time he's just plain Jimmy. Running.

A little smile comes to Jimmy's face.
He runs, feet solid on the ground.
Faster.
Lighter.
Free.

He runs, Jimmy runs.

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