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**STRAIGHT OUTTA COMPTON**

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1

**TITLE/CREDIT SEQUENCE:**

1

An AVALANCHE of SOUNDBITES, colliding and overlapping. Coming so fast, we can barely process them. A virtual sound book...

WAR ON DRUGS. NANCY REAGAN. CRACK. DARYL GATES. CRIPS & BLOODS. Everything from KNIVES to PISTOLS to ASSAULT RIFLES. All these images add up to a minute and a half recap of not just black history but American history. As soon as they're done, we find ourselves plunged into --

**TOTAL DARKNESS:**

**FADE UP: ON;**

2

**EXT. BROWN HOUSE - COMPTON - NIGHT**

2

A bucket pulls up in front of a shitty-looking BROWN HOUSE with ugly bars on the windows and doors. A rusted swing-set leans sideways on the dirt/grass they call a front lawn.

**SUPERIMPOSE: COMPTON, CA 1986**

Inside the car is ERIC WRIGHT, 21, but you know him as --

**SUPERIMPOSE: ERIC WRIGHT AKA EAZY-E**

A man who is completely in his element -- comfortable and poised, ready for anything.

He hops out of the car, moves quickly to the TRUNK -- pops it open and reaches inside. With an electric screwdriver, Eazy unscrews a CERWIN-VEGA sub-woofer. Grabs a bulging BROWN BAG out of the speaker... and a 9mm -- SLAMS the trunk.

ON THE ROOF, a LOOKOUT clocks Eazy as he walks up to the front door of the decrepit house...

Eazy KNOCKS BY CODE. A dude, TONE (20s), opens a slat in the door. Gauges Eazy, EYES SKEPTICAL.

TONE

Who is it?

EAZY

Eric! Man, we been through this shit a thousand times.

Multiple DEADBOLTS UNLOCK and an irritated Eazy enters --

EAZY (CONT'D)

What's the use to having this dumb ass knock if I gotta tell you my name anyway?

**INT. BROWN HOUSE - MINUTES LATER**

It's not what you'd call "cozy." The carpet is torn up, stained, cigarette-burnt. Walls covered in TAGS. A PITBULL stares menacingly from the kitchen.

In addition to Eazy and Tone, there are THREE other people spread around the room: one GIRL lounges on a vinyl couch, eyes glazed; another girl, TASHA, loudly SCRAPES soul food onto the pitbull's plate; and a JITTERY DUDE steady keeps an EYE out the WINDOW, tense, occasionally clocking --

EAZY spreads the CONTENTS of the BROWN BAG before them on a long TABLE: three FREEZER BAGS each containing 10 ounces. He looks up, ALL BUSINESS.

EAZY

Now where the money at?

TONE

Man, you heard what happen? My best runner got cracked. They sent his young ass to Y.A. --

EAZY

The fuck that got to do with me?

Tone turns to Tasha in the kitchen, nods.

TONE

Tasha, get this dude a 40.

TASHA opens the fridge, grabs a 40oz. --

EAZY

Do I look thirsty to you?

(beat)

Where my ends at?

-- hands it to Tone who CRACKS it open. Drinks...

TONE

Why you so ruthless, Eric, damn!  
You don't want nothin' to drink?  
What you want --  
(re: the girls)  
-- you want some pussy?

EAZY

Yep. But not from these strawberry bitches you got right here.

TONE

So you just gonna disrespect my house like that, Cuz?

EAZY

Dumb ass, this a dope house! It's already disrespected.

JITTERY DUDE

(re: Eazy's drugs)

Well fuck it then -- You gonna have to let us hold on to that right there.

ON THE COUCH, the GIRL grabs a SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN FROM UNDER A PILLOW. Levels it at Eazy, face grimaced, hard, strung out.

EAZY

Yeah, do what you gotta do -- 'Cause I got my homies parked across the street from your momma's house. I don't show up. They show out...

Eazy just stares right back at them. The tension's like a pressure cooker about to burst. Until --

A WHISTLE echoes in from outside (THE LOOKOUT) --

Suddenly, everyone notices a deep RUMBLING coming from outside. Jittery Dude steps back from the window, eyes wide --

JITTERY DUDE

Oh, shit --

Because there's a MASSIVE ARMORED VEHICLE rolling down the street toward them. 6 TONS of steel, with a 14-foot BATTERING RAM mounted on the front. LAPD emblazoned on the side.

JITTERY DUDE (CONT'D)

Fuckin' Batter-Ram!

Everyone in the room FLIES into action, STASHING the WEAPONS and the MONEY into hidden STASH SPOTS all over the HOUSE: Behind fake-panel LIGHT SWITCHES, hidden HATCHES beneath the FLOORBOARDS, in a fake-panel inside the FRIDGE. It's some serious MACGYVER SHIT.

Eazy grabs his ROCKS, BEE-LINES for the BACK of the HOUSE, eyes wide, amped on adrenaline as the RUMBLING ESCALATES to an almost UNBEARABLE LEVEL --

CRASH!!! The 14-foot BATTERING RAM PUNCHES THROUGH THE WALL. DEBRIS FLIES EVERYWHERE. The RAM keeps coming until --

The GIRLS SCREAM! The ARMORED VEHICLE REVERSES, the BATTERING RAM POLE YANKING THE ENTIRE WALL OUT WITH IT, leaving a MASSIVE RAGGED HOLE where we can see --

SQUAD CARS SWARMING INTO THE AREA,  
COPS FLOODING TOWARD THE  
HOUSE -- lots of YELLING as they  
PIN everyone to the floor, it's too  
late, nobody can escape; nobody but  
--

Eazy-E kicks out a KITCHEN window, squeezes through, hits the dirt on the side of the house. Sprints past --

A PITBULL! The GROWLING DOG hustles for Eazy as a FLASHLIGHT hits Eazy's back, a COP giving chase!

As they race across the back yard, the Pitbull diverts to the cop, who panics. He's about to get mauled until --

ANOTHER COP pops around the corner! Blasts the dog with a FIRE EXTINGUISHER, filling the air with a dense cloud of expellant, as --

Eazy hops on a fence, hits the garage roof and jumps in a neighbor's yard. Gone. He lives to slang another day...

**FADE TO BLACK.**

But the SOUNDS OF CHAOS carry over, infiltrate the inky black: SIRENS HOWLING. PEOPLE SHOUTING. HELICOPTERS BUZZING. DOGS BARKING. A mad medley that continues into --

4

**INT. VERNA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - COMPTON - DAY**

4

A PAIR OF OVERSIZED HEADPHONES, worn by ANDRE YOUNG. Better known as --

**SUPERIMPOSE: ANDRE YOUNG AKA DR. DRE**

Eyes closed, lying on his bed, slight smile pursing his lips, he bobs his head as --

WE HEAR WHAT HE HEARS, treated to the beautiful mind of Dre. THE SOUNDS OF CHAOS are evaporated, seemingly synthesized into the dope melody Dre's peacefully bobbing his head to...

WE HEAR the multi-tracks of the song -- levels go up and down based on Dre's subtle FACIAL REACTIONS to the various sounds. He singles out INDIVIDUAL ELEMENTS, and as he does, WE HEAR them, highlighting some sounds, decreasing others: BASS, DRUMS, PIANO, VOICE... It's pure instinct, pure joy. Until --

BAM-BAM! A fist on a locked door. The music stops as Dre removes his headphones. We now see --

DRE'S ROOM, populated with turn tables -- one side spinning the record he's listening to -- DJ station and a vast sea of LPs (sure there's Parliament, but also Duke Ellington) scattered around the room. A music junkie's paradise.

On the other bed, his brother TYREE (17) chills as Dre opens the door to find --

VERNA

What happened?

VERNA GRIFFIN, 36, his Mother, and she can smell bullshit a mile away. He flashes his smooth, easy, magnetic Dre-smile.

DRE

What happened with what?

VERNA

Andre, boy, don't play with me. Do you even care how it makes me look? Call in favors to get your thoughtless ass an interview? And you can't even show up?

DRE

(sighs, realizing)  
Sorry, I just been so focused on this DJing that I forgot --

She frowns, shakes her head.

VERNA

You have a child, Andre. And spinning records ain't payin' none of the bills around here right now.

DRE

That ain't even true, momma. I get paid --

He pulls out a sad little wad of bills, waves it in her face. Quick as lightning, she SNATCHES it away from him --

VERNA

Fifty dollars? Damn, you a billionaire!

-- THROWS it back at his chest.

DRE

It's a start --

VERNA

Andre, you know the rules around here. In this house, you gonna work or go to school. I don't care if you gonna be a janitor --

DRE

-- long as I own the company. Yeah, I know.

Dre fumes, gather the bills off the floor, heads for the kitchen --

VERNA

But you don't own the company. Lonzo does.

-- but Verna stays hot on his heels --

VERNA (CONT'D)

Oh, you think we're done here?

Dre keeps going, MUTTERS under his breath -- She grabs his shoulder, SPINS him around, strong. Gets in his face.

VERNA (CONT'D)

You got somethin' to say to me!?

DRE

(explodes)

You don't care what I'm fighting for.

I already know what I wanna do with my life, and it definitely ain't sittin in a cubicle takin' orders on some stupid ass job.

Verna's eyes FLASH -- WHAP! She SLAPS HIM IN THE FACE --

Dre steps back, puts his hand to his cheek. Verna's reeling as much as he is. She tries to compose herself.

VERNA

People used to tell me I was too young when I had you -- Said I wouldn't be shit, said you wouldn't be shit. Now I been workin' my ass off to get us here and I refuse to let you throw it all away.

Dre holds Verna's gaze a moment longer, then turns and calmly walks back past her, into his room. He picks up his headphones, pull-out car stereo. Heads for the door, opens it...

VERNA (CONT'D)  
 (regret)  
 Andre --

But he's already closed the door behind him.

5 **INT./EXT. VERNA'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY**

5

Dre bounds over to a battered BLUE & WHITE DATSUN B-210 parked in the DRIVEWAY, regret settling in. He looks up to see Tyree ambling closer, carrying a bundle of errantly-selected clothes, a crate of records.

TYREE  
 Grabbed some of your stuff, man.

DRE  
 Good lookin' out.

Dre takes the clothes. Tosses them in the back.

TYREE  
 When you comin' back?

DRE  
 I don't know. Gotta figure some things out.

TYREE  
 Can I come with you?

DRE  
 You been fightin' for your own room this whole time and now you wanna come with me?

They share a CHUCKLE. Then --

TYREE  
 You know she's just want the best for you.

DRE  
 I know, T. I want the best for me too -- that's way I gotta go.

Him and Dre have special brother-to-brother embrace. Then Dre hops into his car.

DRE (CONT'D)  
 When I get set up right, I'mma have you come with me. Don't worry about it. It's gonna be sooner then you think.





O.G. BLOOD (CONT'D)

You little Crab ass niggas could've got this whole bus shot the fuck up! We saw that bullshit you was throwing up out the window! Hit me up now!

WANNABE KID 1

Didn't mean nothin' by it -- just playing around.

O.G. BLOOD

That's yo muthafuckin problem, Blood! This shit ain't nuthin' ta play wit! It's real in the field, nigga! Shit's life and death! I kill Crips for breakfast, Blood! So keep yo' mothafuckin hand down when you see me, Understand?!

WANNABE KID 1

Yes.

The O.G. Blood looks over his shoulder, scowls at all the terrified faces staring back at him.

O.G. BLOOD

What you little muthafuckas need to do is start gangbang them got damn books! Learn some shit better then what we doing! If not, I might be the one that kill yo' dumb ass! Remember me! This that Crenshaw Mafia, Blood!

And with that, the O.G. Blood tucks his gun, and calmly exits the bus -- leaving behind the stunned kids.

Their truck pulls away into traffic.

Cube grab his books, get up to exit the bus along with a few others, but not before glancing over at the kids, who sit there sweating, shell-shocked.

Cube shakes his head at the wannabes. No way he's going out like that.

11

**EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL - DAY**

11

Cube walks along the streets, Pee Chee folder and notebooks in hand, books under his arm as --

We're given tour of the sights and sounds of South Central. The pervasive shudder of LAPD CHOPPERS TAUNT OVERHEAD, DOGS BARKING, as an LAPD SQUAD CAR CRUISES MENACINGLY PAST like a shark in festive waters.

Up ahead, BLOCK DUDES loiter on a neighbor's untended grass.

BLOCK DUDE 1

Aw shit, here come Doug E. Fresh!

BLOCK DUDE 2

Hell naw, that's Kurtis mothafuckin Blow. Only rapper with a Jheri curl.

ICE CUBE

Fuck you niggas. I'm about to go write a rap about yo' drunk ass Momma. That bitch looks like The Egyptian Lover.

They smile, give Cube a pound as he passes. Yell after him.

BLOCK DUDE 1

Why you never hang out no more?

BLOCK DUDE 2

I think it's that Valley school. Nigga too good for us.

But Cube just smiles, looks back at them --

CUBE

Nah, I already know how to gangbang. I'm just tryin' to learn how to make some of this white people money.

BLOCK DUDE 2

I feel you, Cuz. I need some white people money too.

ICE CUBE

Well take yo' ass to school sometimes.

The Dudes laugh as Cube continues on. Keeps moving.

UP AHEAD, he sees Dre's DATSUN parked across the street. No question where Cube's headed.

A12      **INT. JINX'S HOUSE - EVENING**

A12

Cube walks through the LIVING ROOM, where Dre's girlfriend, LAVETTA, is feeding their baby TYRA (2) --

CUBE  
Where Dre at?

She points to the back room.

12      **INT. JINX'S HOUSE - JINX'S ROOM - NIGHT**

12

JINX'S ROOM, dirty but very hip-hop. JINX, 17, is digging through a crate of RECORDS, and offering them up to DRE, who waves most of them away because --

DRE'S IN THE ZONE, doing his thing on the turntables, mixing, SCRATCHING. And whatever it is sounds DOPE. Next-level shit.

Cube enters -- Lets the SONIC ACROBATICS BOOMING from Dre's turntables marinate on him a minute.

CUBE  
What you mixin'?

Dre, lost in the music, doesn't respond -- Jinx holds up two ALBUM COVERS: The Ohio Players' *FUNKY WORM* and The Headhunters' *GOD MADE ME FUNKY*. Doesn't make sense, yet --

CUBE (CONT'D)  
(blown away)  
Ohio Players and the Headhunters..?  
(to Dre) That's the shit!

JINX  
Crazy, right!

Dre finally notices Cube's in front of him --

DRE  
Wuddup, Cube! Got them rhymes?

CUBE  
You know it.

Cube flashes the SHEET OF LYRICS from school at Dre, notices the trash bag full of clothes on the floor.

CUBE (CONT'D)  
Stayin' a while?

JINX  
Yup. His momma kicked him out for that *mouth*.

CUBE

Man that *mouth* always gettin' you  
in trouble. We got that in common.

DRE

Think you ready for Doo-to's?

CUBE

Damn straight.

DRE

'Cause you know that's Compton,  
right? They got bodybags at the  
door.

CUBE

Ain't worried about all that. I'mma  
come with it.

DRE

Yeah, you better, 'cause if your  
shit ain't tight, you might end up  
in one.

Laughs all around as we --

13

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

13

A Chevy Caprice cop car, light-bar strobing, has pulled  
aggressively onto the curb, all four doors open. CRASH  
OFFICERS roughly frisk the Block Dudes, as --

School shit in hand, Cube walks past, inconspicuous as  
possible. Can't help but glance at the scene --

CRASH COP 1

The fuck you lookin' at?

CUBE

Nothin'. Just goin' home --

CRASH COP 1

Get over here! Now!

Hesitant, Cube complies. Used to getting jacked by the  
police, he assumes the same position the other Block Dudes  
are in: hands on the hood, legs back.

One of the other Crash Cops pulls out his WALKIE --

CRASH COP 2

(into walkie-talkie)

Requesting backup on Van Wick  
Street. Gang related --

CUBE

How you figure we in a gang? 'Cause we black?

BAM! Crash Cop 1 shoves Cube against the car, kicking his legs apart, a hand on the back of his head. Cube's NOTEBOOKS hit the pavement -- Get trampled.

CUBE (CONT'D)

Yo watch my notebooks!

CRASH COP 1

Where the rocks at, Cuz?

BLOCK DUDE 1

Ain't no rocks! Y'all muthafuckas just fishin'!

WHAM! Crash Cop 2 SLAMS Block Dude 1. Forces him to interlock his fingers behind his head --

CUBE

Officer, can you please explain why you jackin' us?

CRASH COP 2

We don't have to explain shit!

Block Dude 1 HOWLS in pain as Crash Cop 2 viciously SQUEEZES his interlocked knuckles. Crash Cop 1 shoots a look to Uniform Cop 2: *Settle down, dude!*

TWO MORE SQUAD CARS SCREECH onto the scene. Four UNIFORMED POLICE climb out, to make an even bigger deal out of nothing.

Cube's Dad, HOSIE, appears up on the porch, pissed.

HOSIE JACKSON

Hey! What the hell's goin' on out here? Those boys all live on this block!

The Cops ignore him as Cube's mother, DORIS, appears beside Hosie, shocked to see her son getting assaulted --

DORIS JACKSON

(re: Cube)  
Officer, that's my son!

UNIFORM COP 2

Get back inside, ma'am!

But she starts coming down the steps toward the Cop -- He UNSNAPS his holster, hand grasping his pistol.

DORIS JACKSON

I just wanna know what's going on --

The COP jams a FINGER inches away from Doris' face!

UNIFORM COP 2

Get the FUCK BACK INSIDE, Lady, or  
I promise I will ruin your night!

Doris' mouth drops open. The disrespect is incredible.

ICE CUBE

You ain't gotta talk to my moms  
like that, man!

Uniform Cop 1 leans down, WHISPERS to Cube --

UNIFORM COP 1

You think we give a fuck? This  
LAPD, boy! Crash Unit! We the only  
gangstas around here!

WIDE SHOT: Cube, his parents, and the Block Dudes helpless,  
held hostage in their own neighborhood. After every pocket is  
turned out, body patted down and rights violated --

UNIFORM COP 2

All right, they check out. We got  
cards on all of 'em already.  
(to Cube and Co.)  
Stay out of trouble.

The cops pile back into their cars leaving behind the stunned  
neighborhood. Cube grabs his NOTEBOOKS, cleans them off as --

A CHOPPER ABOVE DEAFENS ALL SOUND in a PRIMORDIAL ROAR.

14 OMITTED 14

A15 **INT. DOO-TO'S CLUB - ENTRYWAY - MOMENTS LATER** A15

Muffled MUSIC seeps into the area as SECURITY GUARDS  
thoroughly SEARCH everyone. One of them stares Eazy down.

SECURITY GUARD

You really wanna be here? This club  
is full of Pirus.

REN

We straight.

Eazy LAUGHS, doesn't give a fuck.

EAZY

Thanks for the tip, homie.

The Security Guard frowns as he allows them into --

15

**THE MAIN FLOOR**

15

MUSIC PUMPING, we FOLLOW EAZY and REN into the CLUB, which is PACKED, people partying their asses off. Everyone's here: REGULAR FOLKS, BLOODS, SKINNY GIRLS, BIG GIRLS, DEALERS, ATHLETES. A true hood cross-section.

AS WE MOVE through the place, we see CUBE, JINX and TYREE standing near the wall: JINX and TYREE are busy clocking the GIRLS, but CUBE is studying a ripped-out page of LYRICS.

ON STAGE, wearing purple satin jackets with *WORLD CLASS WRECKIN CRU* on the back, DRE spins some '80s R&B while his boy, YELLA, leans down, hollers at a GIRL in the crowd.

Dre spots someone moving through the mass of people --

DRE

Yo, Yella, man -- Lonzo comin'!

Yella quickly moves to the record crate, starts sifting through them to look like he's busy as --

LONZO WILLIAMS, club PROMOTER and Dre's BOSS approaches. He leans over to Dre:

LONZO

Gonna make sure nothin's poppin' off outside. Keep them fat asses shakin'. None of that rap bullshit, you hear? I want people thinkin' 'bout pussy not pistols. (then) And Yella, I saw you talkin to my lady. Keep your fuckin hands to yourself.

Lonzo shoots Yella a look, then disappears from the stage.

DRE

Why you fuckin with that nigga's girl, man?

YELLA

Why not?

Dre chuckles, immediately searches the crowd, locking eyes with CUBE. Dre gives him a NOD, and Cube takes a breath, heads toward the Stage -- *Moment of truth.*

IN THE BACK, EAZY and REN are surrounded by ladies. But Eazy's attention is clearly --

ON STAGE. Cube appears next to Dre, who's cuing up a new record. He stops the music, grabs the mic:

DRE

Compton! I got my homie -- he's  
about to get his rhyme on for  
y'all! Give it up for Ice  
muthafuckin' Cube!

Dre hands the mic to Cube as the crowd eyeballs him with suspicion and restraint. They're clearly not gonna give him respect til he earns it. Cube steels himself, clenches his jaw, puffs out his chest. And time turns eternal before --

DRE drops the needle on Steve Arrington's funkyed-out *WEAK AT THE KNEES* (hardcore NWA fans will recognize this track as the original sample for *GANGSTA GANGSTA*).

Cube starts rapping, his voice powerful, thick with attitude:

ICE CUBE

*Here's a little somethin' about a  
nigga like me. Never shoulda been  
let out the penitentiary. Ice Cube  
would like to say, That I'm a crazy  
muthafucka from around the way.  
Since I was a youth, I smoked weed  
out, Now I'm the muthafucka that ya  
read about. Takin a life or two,  
that's what the hell I do. Don't  
like how I'm livin', well fuck you!*

After only a few lines, the crowd's CHEERING. HOLLERING. Dancing. An infectious vibe.

And we DRIFT back to Eazy, standing with Ren, feeling the fuck out of this music, pensive look on his face. Something crystallizing as we --

16

**INT. DOO-TO'S CLUB - LATER**

16

Yella spins a number for the crowd, who seem less energized now that Cube's off stage. To the side, LONZO chews out Dre --

LONZO

I'm this close to firin' your  
monkey ass! You tryin' to start a  
riot up in here?! You know I don't  
want that hardcore shit played in  
my club, but I turn my back and you  
do that shit anyway..?

DRE

I'm just tryin' to keep you in business. Open your eyes. They went crazy to that shit --

LONZO

You're up on that stage 'cause I put you there. You're a bad ass DJ, I'll give you that, but you don't listen and I'm gettin' real tired of arguing all the time. You know it's plenty DJs out there who'll play what I want 'em to play. Guys that don't bite the hand that feeds 'em. Now you take a backseat to that shit.

He glares at Dre before taking leave. Dre watches him go, body coiled tight. Jaw clenched.

YELLA

Don't trip off him, homie.

DRE

Man, Lonzo ain't got no vision.

Dre nods, *yeah-yeah*, but his eyes have landed on EAZY across the room --

DRE (CONT'D)

Oh shit -- Check out this nigga. Yo, take over for a minute.

Yella nods, commands the decks. Watches as Dre heads to --

A17

**THE BACK OF THE CLUB**

A17

EAZY's kicking it with REN, talking up several GIRLS. But when Eazy sees Dre approaching, he smoothly shoos them away.

EAZY

Dr. Dre, how you been doin'?

DRE

What up, E? Been a minute.

EAZY

You know. Out here on the grind -- Nice jacket.

Dre looks down at the purple satin.

DRE

It's the uniform. I make it work.

EAZY

You remember Ren from Kelly Park,  
right?

Ren and Dre give each other a respectful nod.

REN

Wuddup, Dre.

EAZY

Heard you been spendin' a lot of  
time at your auntie's house. How's  
the couch life?

DRE

It's fucked up. I'm too tall for  
that shit. Plus I got my woman and  
baby livin' there. It's hard. But  
everybody can't do what you do.

EAZY

Yeah, but what I do is playin' out,  
fast. Muthafuckas are gettin'  
locked up and laid down out here  
left and right. Time to make a few  
changes.

DRE

Yeah. Change ain't bad. Shit, I'm  
tryin' to make a few changes my  
self.

EAZY

What you mean?

Dre pauses, considering how to proceed...

DRE

Man, you should think about dumpin'  
some money into this music shit. I  
got some ideas --

YELLA (ON THE MIC)

Yo!

Dre turns to find Yella up on stage in the DJ booth, mouthing  
"LONZO," as he points into the crowd. Dre follows Yella's  
finger, spots Lonzo slowly moving through, greeting people as  
he goes.

DRE

Shit I gotta get back up there.  
Let's talk about this later. Think  
about it...

Eazy just smiles, nods, as Dre heads off...

17 **EXT. DOO-TO'S CLUB - LATE AT NIGHT**

17

Dre exits the club, usual crate of records in hand --

TYREE (O.S.)  
Do I know you!?

DUDE (O.S.)  
What!?

Dre turns to find --

TYREE, all up in the face of some DUDE.

TYREE  
Nigga, you heard me!

Tyree shoves the dude -- Dre's eyes light up! *That's my brother!* He drops his crate of records, bumrushes the Dude and COLD-COCKS HIM. The Dude just drops, dazed.

Dre turns to Tyree, adrenaline pumping.

DRE  
What he do!?

TYREE  
Muthafucka over here lookin' at me  
like he know me!

Dre can't believe it -- *That's it?*

DRE  
Tyree, you gotta stop doin' this  
shit, man!

The down Dude slowly gets onto his knees, stumbles to his feet just as --

WHOO! WHOOP! An L.A. Sheriff's Dept. SQUAD CAR rolls into the lot, lights on Dre, Tyree and the Dude. In a hurry, the two OFFICERS are out of the car, approaching the guys --

OFFICER 1  
We told everybody to clear this  
parking lot! What's going on!?

DRE  
We got this, Officer --

OFFICER 1

I didn't ask you what you got! Get the fuck home!

DRE

I am home.

Officer 1 gets right in Dre's face, nose to nose.

OFFICER 1

If you don't start walking --

But Dre just stands his ground, head cocked to the side, defying the Officer. In a flash --

BAM! Dre finds his face planted into the hood of the squad car! Cuffs slapped on! Same for Tyree and the Dude as we --

18

**EXT. COMPTON POLICE STATION - EARLY MORNING**

18

DRE emerges from the Police Station, police property bag in hand, to find EAZY waiting for him beside a fresh '63 IMPALA LOWRIDER.

EAZY

They got you for carrying records?  
That's some gangsta shit, Dre.

Dre smiles, chuckles -- He's clearly beyond exhausted.

DRE

Cops will throw a nigga in jail for anything.

At Eazy's car, Dre and Eazy pound hug.

EAZY

Lonzo just left you here, huh?

DRE

Guess he's sick of bailing my ass out.

Dre kneels down on the pavement, takes his shoelaces from the police property bag and casually starts lacing his sneakers. But Eazy clocks a couple POLICE OFFICERS eyeballing him and Dre. Clearly, he's not comfortable here. Hops into the car.

EAZY

Mind gettin' your funny lookin' ass in the car before they arrest you for some other dumb shit?

Eazy gestures like, *we in front of the police station!* Dre realizes. *My bad.* Hops in. Keeps lacing his sneakers...

EAZY (CONT'D)

Man, I was thinkin' about what you said last night.

DRE

Yeah, and..?

EAZY

It's interestin' --

DRE

Interestin'? Tell me this, how long you think that shit you doin' gonna last, huh? You ever heard of a happy ending in that game?

EAZY

Shit, man, this all comin' from the nigga I just bailed out.

DRE

Listen, if you can slang dope, you can slang records. You got a mind for this shit, E.

EAZY

Okay so what then -- That nigga last night? Is that what we doin'?

DRE

What, Cube? Nah, he in a group right now, got some other business goin' on. But I got this group called H.B.O. from the east coast. Dope voices, and Cube wrote a song for 'em that's crazy.

Eazy considers for a long moment as we --

19

**INT. LONZO'S STUDIO - DAY**

19

Dre sits in front of a huge MIXING BOARD, adjusting the levels on a hard-driving BEAT.

A small CREW of Kangol-wearing RAPPERS (*HOME BOYS ONLY*, aka *HBO*) are gathered around, reading pages we recognize as CUBE'S LYRICS with befuddled expressions.

HBO 1

What the fuck is "Gankin"? And what's a "6-4"?

CUBE (O.S.)  
It's a car. A '64 Impala.

Everyone turns to look at CUBE, off to the side, annoyed.

CUBE (CONT'D)  
Gankin's when somebody jacks you.  
Ain't a big deal. Just sounds  
better that way.

Another HBO dude chimes in --

HBO 2  
I dunno, too much cussin' to get  
radio play. And honestly, nobody  
gives a fuck about Compton --

Dre interrupts from the board, no back down in him.

DRE  
Y'all got somethin' to say about  
Compton? Cause we might have a  
problem up in this bitch.

Nobody says a thing. Deafening silence. Then:

DRE (CONT'D)  
Then do the lyrics. We losin' time  
and I'm losin' patience.

The vibe is tense, unpleasant. Finally:

HBO 1  
This ain't us. I ain't fuckin' with  
this Jheri curl bullshit --

CUBE  
Fuck you then. Wearing a Kangol  
don't make you L.L. Cool J nigga,  
remember that.

HBO 1 CRUMPLES the Lyrics sheet into a ball.

HBO 2  
Yeah. Now what?

CUBE  
What you wanna do, mark ass nigga?

Cube and the HBO dudes square up, swelling and huffing --  
Without hesitation, Eazy gets up, stands beside Cube. Dre  
whips off his headphones and flanks Cube from the other side.  
These dudes have each other's back, ready to throw down.

The HBO clowns start exiting, talking shit.

Eazy wanders back over to the couch, plops down, sighs:

EAZY

Well there goes the talent. Don't know a whole lot about the music game, but we can't start a label without talent.

The three of them chuckle. Eazy sighs, shakes his head.

EAZY (CONT'D)

Okay, I put up my money -- I held up my side of the deal, Dre. When you gonna deliver your side?

DRE

Well shit, why don't you get on the mic and try it?

EAZY

What? Fool, I ain't no rapper.

Off Eazy's unsure look --

DRE

You already spent the money. Don't you get it? Man, this song is all about you! This song is about Eazy-muthafuckin'-E! Now get in the booth. Let me deliver my side of this shit.

20 **INT. LONZO'S STUDIO - LATER**

20

ON EAZY, self-conscious in the booth, light beaming on him.

Dre gets up from the board, DIMS THE LIGHTS way down low --

EAZY

Fuck you doin'?

DRE

Just lemme produce. Get comfortable, man.

Eazy takes a breath, huddles over the mic. He puts his Locs sunglasses on, pulls his baseball cap low -- so low you can barely see him (which is exactly the point).

Dre sits behind the board with Cube. STARTS UP THE BEAT and cues Eazy --

EAZY  
 (dry, flat)  
*Cruisin' down the street in my 6-4 -*  
 -

Cube winces. Dre STOPS the track.

DRE  
 Hit that first beat hard. CRUISE-in  
 down the street. CRUISE-in.

When Eazy tries it again, it almost sounds worse --

EAZY  
*Cruisin' down the street in my 6-4 -*  
 -

CUBE  
 That ain't it...

EAZY  
 Get that dry-ass Jheri curl outta  
 here, maybe I can concentrate.

CUBE  
 You kickin' me out?

Dre looks at Cube. Nods. Go.

CUBE (CONT'D)  
 Aaight. I'm just sayin'...

Cube exits. Then --

DRE  
 Just gimme the words.

EAZY  
 Nigga what?

DRE  
 Say that shit with me -- CRUISE-in -  
 -

EAZY  
 (animated)  
 Dre, you know this shit is  
 hopeless, right?

DRE  
 That! See how you just said that  
 shit? Like you believe it!

EAZY

'Cause I do.

DRE

So say this shit like you believe it. Like it's muthafuckin' Sunday and you cruisin' down the street in that dope-ass 6-4. Feel that shit, like its ya own words.

The frustration on Eazy's face is apparent.

EAZY

You really gonna make me do this, huh?

Yup. Eazy frowns. Takes a moment to compose himself...

EAZY (CONT'D)

Aiight, fuck it. Let's do this.

Dre starts the track again -- ONLY THIS TIME, HE DOES SO ONE COMPONENT. AT A TIME. BUILDING THE SONG AS IF FROM SCRATCH.

EAZY vibes with it. Can't fuckin' help it. Shit is dope. Finally, once THE BEAT IS FULLY REALIZED, Dre CUES him --

EAZY (CONT'D)

Cruisin' down the street in my 6-4.

Dre grins. Much better. Stops the track.

DRE

Hell yeah! That shit was tight. Only 59 more lines, E. But we gonna get through it. Hit that next line -

-

Eazy groans, pulls his hat even lower, as we --

21

**INT. LONZO'S STUDIO - MANY HOURS LATER**

21

There's a sense of ceremony here. Cube, Eazy, YELLA, REN, Jinx, DOC and few girls wait with palpable anticipation as --

DRE PUSHES PLAY on the freshly completed TRACK. It starts THUMPING from the speakers: It's BOYZ N THA HOOD.

Pride and a sense of purpose swell in each and every one of them as LONZO POPS IN. Listens, skeptical.

The song stops and no one says a word. They know this is something special. Finally:

YELLA

Lonzo, what you think?

LONZO

That some waste of time shit right there and trust me, it ain't gonna work. Won't get no radio play.

DRE

You never know-- We might do a radio version and take it up to KDAY and see what happens.

LONZO

This reality rap is never going to work, Dre. You need to hurry up and rap this shit up and finish that slow jam I had you working on. I'm serious, Dre! Hurry up with this...

DRE

Yo, I don't know about working on this slow stuff anymore. After this I'm going to work on songs with DOC.

Reveal DOC in the background.

LONZO

It's not a request, Dre.

Lonzo scowls at Dre, exits in a huff. Yella goes to Dre, eyes wide with excitement --

DRE

Yo, if Lonzo don't like it, you know that shit is dope.

They pound. Everyone LAUGHS. *Truth.*

REN

Damn, Dre -- You just turned a hustler into a rapper.

EAZY

Now this right here..? This some ruthless shit for real. Dre, you a muthafuckin' genius. And Cube, you got more of them stories to tell?



GREG MACK

1580 KDAY, this is Greg Mack --  
Mack Attack. That was "Boyz n tha  
Hood" by Eazy-E, local rapper out  
of Compton. Sounds like he's about  
15 years old --

He glances over to the TELEPHONE SWITCHBOARD, which suddenly  
LIGHTS UP like crazy, with dozens of CALLERS.

GREG MACK (CONT'D)

-- I know you like it. It's been  
the most requested record on this  
station ever since I played it. The  
freshest song of 1986 --

28

**INT. MACOLA RECORDS - RECEIVING AREA - DAY**

28

Eazy pays for another couple boxes of records. Grabs them --

JERRY HELLER (O.S.)

I heard your record.

Eazy turns to find --

JERRY HELLER, a middle-aged guy in a velvet track suit. His  
face is craggy, seasoned, wise. He's got terrible posture,  
but lively, hyper-alert eyes. He extends his hand to Eazy.

JERRY

Jerry Heller.

EAZY

Eric Wright.

JERRY

Pleasure to meet you. Would it be  
possible to have a word with you,  
Eric?

EAZY

About what?

29

**INT. MACOLA RECORDS - OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

29

Jerry at his desk, Eazy on the ratty couch. Eazy lets his  
eyes wander around the shabby office. The sad furniture, the  
old and irrelevant posters on the walls.

JERRY

I thought your record was good.

EAZY

Just good? Why you call me in here  
then --

Eazy gets up and heads for the door --

JERRY

No-no-no, hang on. (beat) I thought  
it was exceptional. Please, sit  
back down.

Eazy indulges Jerry. Sits back down and stares, cold,  
unreadable. Jerry rubs his eyes, frustrated, his regular  
spiel isn't having its usual effect.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Let's try this again. As a music  
manager, let me tell you what I can  
do for you, Eric --

EAZY

Maybe I'm the one who can do  
somethin' for you.

JERRY

You think because I don't have some  
flashy office, that means I don't  
know what I'm talking about? Elton  
John, War, Styx, REO Speedwagon --

EAZY

You manage anybody this decade?

Jerry leans on his elbows on the desk, cocks his head at  
Eazy. The balls on this kid.

JERRY

Let me tell you what I see. Lotta  
raw talent. Lotta *braggadoccio*. But  
if you think anyone's gonna talk to  
you, if you think anyone's gonna  
*let you into the building* where you  
might talk to somebody -- somebody  
who matters -- you're crazy.

Eazy frowns, looks away --

JERRY (CONT'D)

That's what I do for you. I will  
make you legit. I will take you  
into that building. I will protect  
you. I will block out all the noise  
of this business and we can build  
something big.

(MORE)

JERRY (CONT'D)

But you're gonna have to believe in me like I believe in you. If you don't think you can do that...

Eazy doesn't budge. Satisfied, Jerry continues --

JERRY (CONT'D)

You got more music for me?

EAZY

I got everything you need.

JERRY

Good, cause you're gonna have to follow this up. So what does N.W.A. stand for anyway?

(with a smile)

No Whites Allowed?

Eazy looks at Jerry. Cold as ice.

EAZY

"Niggas With Attitudes."

The smile is wiped off Jerry's face immediately.

30

**EXT. SKATELAND RINK - COMPTON - NIGHT**

30

200 or so people lined up outside, waiting to get in. NWA POSTERS are stapled to walls in testament to guerilla marketing. Notice the profusion of PEOPLE present as --

Eazy and Ren pull into the lot, exit the car and heads inside, intoxicated by the sea of people.

31

**INT. SKATELAND RINK - MAKESHIFT DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT**

31

Eazy addresses the guys, all business.

EAZY

I asked everybody to wear something black today, 'cause if we gonna be an All-Star group, we gotta look like an All-Star group.

WE PULL BACK to reveal the GUYS -- Cube, Dre and Ren -- gathered around Eazy. A whole crew is there with them, too, including DOC, Tyree and Jinx. And everybody's dressed in some type of BLACK L.A. RAIDERS GEAR, except Yella who approaches from the side wearing an old school purple & gold L.A. KINGS jersey.

EAZY (CONT'D)

Damn Yella! What happened?

YELLA

Man, kiss my ass, I ain't got no Raider gear.-- Are we gettin' paid to wear that shit?

Eazy hits him in the face with a black t-shirt.

EAZY

Put this on.

As YELLA starts to change shirts, Jerry Heller comes around the corner talking to the promoter, nothing hip-hop about him at all.

CUBE

Aww damn-- here come The White Shadow.

(no smiles)

REN

Nah, Mr. Furley from "Three's Company."

EAZY

(irritated)

Man, shut the fuck up? This dude knows the game inside out. He been out there shopping our shit around. Gonna find distribution for Ruthless, get us on tour and bring a whole lot of money to the table.

DRE

And then what-- How he get paid?

EAZY

Just takes 20::percent:: off the top. That's it. We cut up 80. That's how managers work.

DOC

(drink in hand)

All managers don't get 20 mothafuckin' percent!

EAZY

Doc, shut yo drunk ass up. You don't know the music business.

DOC take another sip.

Jerry joins the group.

JERRY HELLER

Hey fellas, sorry I'm running late. I'll be honest. We've had a lot of passes. People are scared of you guys big time. They think you're dangerous. But I think that's a good thing. And we've had a couple nibbles, from a couple labels. Epic, Capitol, Priority...

REN

"Nibbles"..? What's that mean?

Jerry pauses a beat, finding the best response.

JERRY HELLER

Here's the thing. You guys can make a real record. Sell it nationwide. But we're not there yet. These labels, they're still gonna need some... convincing. So I invited a few of them to your show. So you have to kick ass tonight. Can you do that?

The guys stare back at Jerry, with the fire in their eyes. Goddamn right they can do it -- "Hell yeah!"

JERRY HELLER (CONT'D)

Let me go and make sure they're all here.

Jerry peels away and goes inside. Cube looks at Eazy.

CUBE

And you trust this dude? Cause he looks like a one of my old muthafuckin' history teachers.

Eazy cocks his head at Cube.

EAZY

You trust me?

CUBE

Yeah, I trust you. But that ain't what we talking about --

EAZY

Just leave it up to me. I'll make sure everything is straight. Just have them raps cocked and loaded.

Dre throws his arm around Eazy, puts a stop to it--

DRE

Come on now. Cube has never failed to deliver. He always comes correct, ready to work. That ain't gonna change. Aiight?

Cube and Eazy soften, smile at each other, it's all good.

YELLA

Can this muthafucka Jerry Heller bring in more pussy? That's worth 20 percent!

Everyone LAUGHS as we --

32

**INT. SKATELAND RINK - MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS**

32

We see the PACKED MASS of the CROWD, crammed together, hands in the air, SCREAMING, even though nothing's happened yet. The stage is pitch black as we see the silhouettes of NWA members manning their battle stations. More screams and anticipation from the crowd.

At the BACK of the room, we see JERRY HELLER beside THREE nervous-looking RECORD EXECES. One of them -- BRYAN TURNER -- glances around warily at the inner-city CROWD.

BRYAN TURNER

You sure this is... safe for us..?

JERRY

Try not to look so scared, Bryan. They smell it on ya, you're finished.

Turner FREEZES and his eyes go wide -- Jerry LAUGHS.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Relax. You're in for a real treat!

Just then, the STAGE LIGHTS come on, and NWA IS ON STAGE, spread out in FORMATION, in their BLACK RAIDERS GEAR. DRE and YELLA man FOUR TURNTABLES and 2 mixers --

CUBE

Yo Dre, kick in the bass!

The bass-heavy ASSAULT of DOPEMAN kicks in. The crowd goes APESHIT. Jumping up and down. Crushed against each other --

ON STAGE, CUBE stalks to the edge, lets loose --

CUBE (CONT'D)

It was once said by a man who  
couldn't quit --

And and CROWD SCREAMS BACK, because THEY KNOW EVERY LYRIC!

THE CROWD

DOPE MAN PLEASE CAN I HAVE ANOTHER  
HIT???

CUBE

The Dopeman said Cluck I don't give  
a shit, if your girl kneels down --

THE CROWD

AND SUCKS MY DICK!!!

with each other, like, Oh my God, this is sick!

IN THE CROWD, we find JERRY and the RECORD EXECs. One of the  
EXECs looks disgusted, WALKS OUT. Jerry watches him go...

JERRY

So what do ya think?

RECORD EXEC

Jerry, we're friends, but Compton?  
(laughs)  
I don't think so. Queens..? Maybe.  
But. If you find another Bon Jovi,  
you call me.

The Exec brushes past Jerry and WALKS OUT. Jerry turns and  
sees that BRYAN TURNER is the only Exec still there. And he's  
WATCHING with wide eyes, overwhelmed while --

UP ON STAGE, EAZY tears into his verse --

EAZY

Yeah high-rollin', big money I'm  
foldin, Bitch on my tip for the  
dick I'm holdin'. Strung  
strawberry, jockin' me so early. Ho  
you want a hit --

CROWD

YOU GOTTA GET YOUR KNEES DIRTY!!!

IN THE BACK OF THE CLUB, from a corner, a big man is  
watching, mind going, This is SUGE KNIGHT.

The last raucous PARTY-GOERS exit, leaving behind some CLEANING CREW and OUR GUYS, still riding the high of performing.

DOC

Damn Dre, ya'll wrecked these mothafuckas tonight!

DRE

I know. Stage was shaking so much-- thought my needles was about to jump off the record!

CUBE

I'm still trippin' that they knew all the words! That's Crazy...

REN

Compton is definitely on the map my nigga!

YELLA

Did you see all the freaks that was out there? Lord, thank God for biker shorts!

Everybody shoots YELLA a look.

CUBE

We talkin' about the power of N.W.A. and all you saw tonight was pussy?

YELLA

Man, pussy is power.

They chuckle at Yella in disbelief as SUGE KNIGHT approaches.

SUGE

(surprisingly friendly)  
Man, I had a feelin' y'all was gonna represent tonight. Good shit.

EAZY

Wuddup, Suge -- What you been up to, homie? Still out in Vegas?

SUGE

Back and forth. Doing some bodyguard work among other things. If ya'll need my services, just let me know.

EAZY

Aight. But we don't need no body guards.

SUGE

You never know what you need until you need it.

Somewhat of an uncomfortable pause of dead air.

JERRY rounds the corner, sweating through his misshapen suit, along with BRYAN TURNER.

SUGE (CONT'D)

I just came back here to give ya'll your props. I got my people out here waiting on me. But I'll be around.

Suge exits... as DOC clocks his flavor-- our attend goes to Jerry and Bryan.

JERRY

That was quite a show, gentlemen. Nice job. Very, very nice.

They all keep STARING at him, waiting. Jerry grins, enjoying stretching out this moment.

JERRY (CONT'D)

This is Eazy E and NWA. Guys, this is Bryan Turner.

CUBE

(brazenly)  
Ice Cube, 'Sup?

JERRY

Uh, Bryan runs Priority Records. He wants to sign you.

BRYAN TURNER

Immediately. Fellas, I loved the show. You really had the crowd on their feet. I think you'll fit perfectly with our label.

DRE

That'll work. Priority Records? I'm not familiar with your label. What artist do you got over there?

Bryan looks at Jerry, who folds his arms, chin on his chest.

BRYAN TURNER  
Nothing big. Just an R&B group.

REN  
Who dat?

Bryan hesitates, almost ashamed to say --

BRYAN TURNER  
Uh-- The California Raisins.

Everyone in NWA grimaces --

CUBE  
Them little-ass raisins on the  
commercial? Singin', "I Heard it  
Through the Grapevine"?

Yep. They all LAUGH in Bryan's face. He smiles too.

BRYAN TURNER  
Laugh all you want. Those little  
fuckers went gold last year.

The laughing stops -- This gets their attention and respect.

EAZY  
Gold?

JERRY  
Yep, almost platinum. Bryan has a  
great distribution platform.

This is the perfect time for Jerry Heller to seal the deal.

BRYAN TURNER  
So what do ya say? Wanna go make a  
record?

It takes a second for it to sink in. But they are as ready as  
they ever could be. Jerry watches, pleased as punch --

34      **EXT. AUDIO ACHIEVEMENTS - TORRANCE - ESTABLISHING - DAY**      34

Cars zip past as we move inside --

A35      **INT. AUDIO ACHIEVEMENTS STUDIO - DAY**      A35

Dre runs his fingers on the knobs and levels of the mixing  
board. There's nowhere that he feels more at home. Eazy,  
Cube, Ren, Yella and Jerry are gather in the studio. Dre  
Inspired:

DRE

Aiight! If your rhymes ain't tight,  
you ain't makin' the record. So you  
better have your shit together.  
Yella Boy -- Rewind that shit!

Yella rewinds the tape.

Cube and Eazy look at each other as the speech hits home  
as...

We begin a MEDLEY OF IN-PROGRESS AND ICONIC SONGS.

B35 **INT. AUDIO ACHIEVEMENTS - BOOTH**

B35

Cube in the studio writing EXPRESS YOURSELF. Dre is on the  
mic doing EXPRESS YOURSELF. Yella is at board as everyone  
watches Dre.

DRE

I'm expressin' with my full  
capabilities, And now I'm livin' in  
correctional facilities...

C35 NOTE: IN BETWEEN THIS SEQUENCE, we cut back to CATCH GLIMPSSES  
of Dre in the studio CREATING -- FUCK THA POLICE, starting  
with the bones and building: first the DRUM MACHINE... then  
the SCRATCH... the BASS... an on and on. We will see Dre  
building this track throughout the sequence. In the back,  
Cube, Ren and DOC on the couch writing.

D35 IN THE BOOTH - LATER

D35

Cube writes than spits the lyrics to A BITCH IZ A BITCH.

AT THE BOARD, Dre HOWLS with excitement, adjusts the levels,  
then cuts the beat. Beside him, Eazy and Yella are all  
smiles.

E35 IN THE BOOTH, Ren spits fire on the final bars of PARENTAL  
DISCRETION IZ ADVISED --

F35 -- EAZY spitting STRAIGHT OUTTA COMPTON as --

F35

35 **INT. AUDIO ACHIEVEMENTS STUDIO - DAY**

35

Dre's at the soundboard, chopping up the beasts from what  
will become "Fuck Tha Police". Cube, Ren, DOC and Jinx are  
listening while writing and eating fast food.

DRE

Now this is what I'm talkin' about.  
You hear the difference?

YELLA  
Yeah, no doubt.

Jerry and Eazy are discussing business.

JERRY  
Our deal with Priority is done. I  
have the contracts for you to sign.

Cube takes notice of Jerry and Eazy, looking up from another  
beat-up notebook.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
(to Dre)  
If this music keeps sounding like  
this. This album is going to be  
amazing.

DRE  
Thanks, Jerry.

JERRY  
The lyrics you're writing is really  
good, Cube.

CUBE  
I appreciate that, man.  
(to Eazy)  
Eazy what's up with our deal.

EAZY  
Jerry handles that.

Cube looks at Jerry.

JERRY  
The lawyers just started drawing  
them up.

Before Cube can respond, Tyree enters the room as Jerry exits  
the room.

Tyree pulls Dre aside.

TYREE  
Yo Dre, there's something outside  
you need to take care of. Trust me.

Concerned, Dre heeds Tyree's advice and exits.

Parked along the curb, Dre's girl LaVetta sits in what we thought was Dre's DATSUN. It's filled to the brim with clothes and baby gear, hatchback tied down with bungee chord.

Dre leans down to her window --

DRE

So let me get this straight -- You gonna do this right here, right now?

LAVETTA

What am I supposed to do? We're sleepin' on a twin bed, at your auntie's house. We have a baby, Andre. You expect me to wait for what you're doin' in there? And you in the streets, fuckin' around? Are you crazy?

Dre doesn't notice a TORRANCE P.D. CRUISER drift past...

DRE

What? I'm out here day and night bustin' my ass, tryin' to create something, and you gonna come up in here talkin' about some bitches? Are you crazy?

LAVETTA

You don't get it.

DRE

Nah, you don't get it.

LAVETTA

Bye, Andre.

LaVetta puts the car in gear, PEELS away just as the whole gang comes out, having caught the tail end of the argument.

YELLA

You cool?

DRE

Fuck no. I'm far from cool.

TYREE

What happened, Dre? What she say?

CUBE

Aww shit, here we go again...

The TORRANCE P.D. CRUISER pulls up fast, two COPS popping out. One black the other white. Weapons drawn.

TORRANCE COP 1 (BLACK)  
Everybody down on the ground now!

The guys are confused. Food in hand.

REN  
What we do?!

These cops aren't playing and they don't want to be questioned.

TORRANCE COP 2 (WHITE)  
(Shoving Ren to the  
ground)  
Get your fuckin ass on the ground  
before I shoot you! That's what you  
did!

After peeping out the cops overly aggressive posture. The guys start to comply. Mexican food hits the ground first then all the guys go face down-- spread eagle.

DRE  
Why you got on the ground like  
this, officer?

TORRANCE COP 1  
For our protection. It's 6 of you,  
only two of us. So just sit there  
and shut up.  
(to his partner)  
Call for back up.

Torrance Cop 2 starts to call it in.

Torrance Cop 1 starts to roughly frisk the guys.

TORRANCE COP 1 (CONT'D)  
This is Torrance. You niggas  
supposed to be somewhere?

EAZY  
Yeah. Here. We workin'.

TORRANCE COP 1  
Working? Yeah, I bet.

DRE  
What we do?

TORRANCE COP 2  
We'll find out what you did in a  
minute.

Within seconds, the Cop has Dre legs spread, frisking him  
roughly, hyper-extending his arms --

DRE  
What the fuck --

TORRANCE COP 1  
Shut your hole!

The whole group is getting frisked one by one. Until Jerry  
Heller comes to the rescue.

JERRY  
Excuse me officer, what's going on  
out here?!

TORRANCE COP 1  
Step back sir! Just making sure  
these thugs are clean!

Jerry keeps coming.

JERRY  
These are not thugs, they're  
artists!

As Jerry gets into the officers face, we see the contrast of  
the black guys face down on the ground with the Cops and  
Jerry's shoes standing over them talking.

TORRANCE COP 1  
Artists? What kind of artists?

JERRY  
They're rappers working in the  
studio right here.

TORRANCE COP 2  
Rappers? Rap is not art. It's  
jungle music. And who are you  
supposed to be?

JERRY  
I'm the manager.

TORRANCE COP 1  
Well you're wasting your time, Mr.  
Manager, 'cause your rappers look  
like typical gang bangers to me.

As the insults continue-- We LINGER ON CUBE, consuming his incendiary eyes, his flared nostrils. He's just about had enough of this shit.

TORRANCE COP 2  
Why don't you spend your time  
managing real music like Lynyrd  
Skynyrd!

TORRANCE COP 1  
Or Con-Funk-Shun! Real instruments.  
Real music! Not this bullshit rap!

TORRANCE COP 2  
Fuckin' fad.

TORRANCE COP 1  
(laughing)  
Tell me about it.

37           **INT. AUDIO ACHIEVEMENTS STUDIO - EMPTY OFFICE - LATER**           37

Dimly lit, Cube sits hunkered over a desk, writing furiously in his notebook. As if he's possessed. He slaps a page aside, scribbling on the back. WE CATCH GLIMPSES of ICONIC WORDS ON THE PAGE --

*GOT IT BAD CAUSE I'M BROWN .... SEARCHIN' MY CAR, LOOKIN' FOR THE PRODUCT .... THINKIN' EVERY NIGGA IS SELLIN' NARCOTICS.*

38           **INT. AUDIO ACHIEVEMENTS STUDIO - CONTINUOUS**           38

Dre is at the mixing board working on the instrumental track for FUCK THA POLICE. The instrumental is playing without any lyrics or the hook on it.

CUBE (O.S.)  
Yo!

CUBE enters the studio -- Hands the open notebook over to Eazy, who scans it, hands it over to Dre for a look.

EAZY  
(sly smile)  
This gonna start some shit, Cube.

CUBE  
(a grunt)  
Yeah, fuck the police.

Dre smiles as we cut to --

Dre is scratching in the iconic hook. FUCK THA POLICE-- FUCK, FUCK, FUCK THA POLICE. He continues to scratch...

38pt2 Ice Cube on the mic spitting the venomous lyrics of Fuck ~~38pt2~~  
Police.

40 **EXT. RUTHLESS RECORDS - LOS ANGELES - ESTABLISHING - DAY** 40

*STRAIGHT OUTTA COMPTON* continues over --

EAZY and JERRY walk into the new RUTHLESS OFFICES...

41 **EXT. CRENSHAW BLVD - NIGHT** 41

A LOWRIDER cruises the packed boulevard, *STRAIGHT OUTTA COMPTON* SCREAMING out the windows as it passes by --

A HOOPTIE that's got *EXPRESS YOURSELF* ON BLAST. And we quickly realize that --

THE ENTIRE ALBUM'S FLOATING ON THE AIR, DIFFERENT TRACKS THUMPING from DIFFERENT CARS flossing on the 'Shaw. Literally, every car.

LOW-RIDERS bounce their hydraulics in approval. PEDESTRIANS HOLLER at the RIDERS and Riders holler back. It's like the entire hood is partying. And in the thick of it all --

Eazy, Dre, and Cube creep down Crenshaw in Eazy's '64 Impala, Ren and Yella just behind them in Yella's Porche. They can't believe their eyes, their hood now worshipping their music. Some full circle shit...

42 **INT. RUTHLESS RECORDS - JERRY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS** 42

*STRAIGHT OUTTA COMPTON* FADES OUT as --

CLOSE ON the album cover to *STRAIGHT OUTTA COMPTON* as it's slid across the desk to... THE WHOLE GANG. They pass around the record, in awe, as if it were the Holy Grail.

JERRY

This is only the tip of the iceberg, fellas. The days of selling records out of your trunk are a thing of the past, Eric.

EAZY

My days of selling anything out the trunk is over.

43 **EXT. LEIMERT PARK - LOS ANGELES - DAY** 43

All the GROUP MEMBERS saying goodbye to their FAMILY, FRIENDS. JERRY's there, too, along with Bryan Turner.

BRYAN TURNER

So, are you going out with them?

JERRY

Are you crazy? Had a enough of that shit in the 70's. I'll fly out a couple of times and check on'em.

BRYAN TURNER

Well make sure everything goes smooth, okay? I have enough bad press with Tipper Gore and P.M.R.C. on my ass. I'm gonna have to put Parental Advisory stickers on all the records from now on --

JERRY HELLER

What's wrong with that? Bryan, controversy's good -- It's gonna help us sell more records.

But Jerry's distracted by Eazy carrying a big duffel bag.

JERRY

Excuse me.

Jerry sidles up to EAZY, who is carrying a big, heavy, clattering DUFFEL.

JERRY (CONT'D)

What ya got in there, Mr. Wright?

Eric grins, sets down the duffel -- *CLUNK* -- and unzips it. Jerry's eyes bug. The duffel is full of GUNS, big and small, a Kevlar vest, a hockey mask. All things trouble.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Have you lost your mind? You are not taking that on the bus.

EAZY

Yeah we are. How we supposed to protect ourselves out there, Jerry? In fuckin' Texas? And Tennessee? They lynch niggas down there --

JERRY

I'm not gonna let you take that arsenal on tour, Eric!

Eazy squares off, crosses his arms.

EAZY

Let me? Jerry, you take care of the business, I'll take care of the rest.

A44      **EXT. HOUSTON ARENA - HOUSTON - NIGHT**      A44

Out front of the arena, a mass of PROTESTORS have accumulated a large pile of NWA RECORDS as --

**SUPERIMPOSE: HOUSTON, TX**

B44      **ON THE BUS**      B44

The guys watch on as a MAN drives a STEAMROLLER RIGHT OVER THE RECORDS, crushing them to pieces! The Protestors CHEER!

CUBE

Ain't that some shit... Talk some truth and people lose they minds.

EAZY

They had to buy all those albums to do that! More money in our pockets.

44      **EXT. HOUSTON ARENA - BACKSTAGE PARKING - HOUSTON - NIGHT**      44

The TOUR BUS pulls up inside the SECURITY AREA behind the VENUE. Houston P.D., POLICE HORSES, FANS and PROTESTERS are watching as --

The bus DOOR HISSES open, and we watch expectantly for our heroes... BUT NO ONE APPEARS. All we can see is the black void inside the tour bus, its ENGINE IDLING. Finally, when we can hardly stand it any longer... NWA BURSTS OUT ONTO THE --

45      **INT. HOUSTON ARENA - STAGE - LATER THAT NIGHT**      45

-- And god damn they look cool. Still dressed in all-black, but now their shit looks cleaner, more expensive. They're all rocking a lot of GOLD -- rings and thick-rope chains.

HUGE BASS SLAMS DOWN as the mock street LIGHTS blind our eyes. The stage looks like the hood with chain link fences and yellow police tape.

We hear the SOUNDS of *STRAIGHT OUTTA COMPTON* ("YOU ARE NOW ABOUT TO WITNESS THE STRENGTH OF STREET KNOWLEDGE.") and find DRE on the ONES AND TWOS, which sit on upside-down glowing trash cans, while the rest of the group rocks the stage.



-- Another ARENA. Another angry PROTEST. By now, the guys aren't even paying attention anymore...

46pt5 **INT. ARENA - STAGE** 46pt5

-- Cube destroys GANGSTA, GANGSTA, nostrils flared, giving it his all. As the CHORUS KICKS IN --

CUBE  
Indianapolis in the muthafuckin'  
house!

47pt1 **INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT** 47pt1

Muffled MUSIC, LAUGHTER THUMPS through the WALLS as we find DRE sitting on a bed in an empty hotel room, talking to --

DRE (INTO PHONE)  
I can't do it, T.

**INTERCUT WITH:**

47pt2 **EXT. VERNA'S HOUSE - PORCH - CONTINUOUS** 47pt2

TYREE, who's chillin' in a chair, surveying the street, all smiles talking to his cool-ass big brother.

TYREE (INTO PHONE)  
Come on. I could meet up with y'all  
in Dallas or -- Yo, you gotta let  
me come fuck with you in Miami!

Dre laughs. Misses his baby brother.

DRE (INTO PHONE)  
Oh, you wanna partake in some of  
those fat asses, huh.

TYREE (INTO PHONE)  
You know it!

DRE (INTO PHONE)  
So what you think moms will say  
about you comin' on tour?

Tyree's silence is telling.

DRE (INTO PHONE)(CONT'D)  
Exactly. 'Cause you got school and  
you know she won't let you miss  
that many days.

TYREE (INTO PHONE)  
You did.

DRE (INTO PHONE)  
Exactly my point.

TYREE (INTO PHONE)  
So I'm paying for your shit?

DRE (INTO PHONE)  
How it is, T. Youngest always do.

Tyree deflates...

DRE (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)  
How moms doin'? Is she there?

TYREE (INTO PHONE)  
She good, but nah, you know her,  
constantly workin'.

DRE (INTO PHONE)  
Well make sure you take care of  
her, aiight? I'll tell you what,  
you stay your ass outta trouble and  
I'll call you when I'm on the way  
to Miami-- we'll see about getting  
you on a flight.

TYREE (INTO PHONE)  
(perks up)  
Aiight, man... You promise, Dre!

DRE (INTO PHONE)  
I got you. Just bring a lot of  
rubbers.

Dre and Tyree have a nice laugh together.

Suddenly there's a BANGING at Dre's FRONT DOOR --

DRE (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)  
Hold on a second, somebody at the --

CLICK. TYREE'S GONE. Dre sets the phone down. Walks to the  
door. OPENS it to find --

A BIG DUDE, standing outside, looking PISSED!

BIG DUDE  
Yeah nigga, I'm looking for my girl  
Felicia. Heard she was up here in  
one of these rooms.

DRE  
No Felicia in here, man.

Dre starts closing the door, and the DUDE jams his BOOT in, stopping Dre from closing the door.

BIG DUDE  
Mind if I take a look?

DRE  
Get your foot out my door --

Big Dude pulls up his SHIRT, PISTOL poking out of his waistband -- Dre SHOVES him back and SLAMS the door! Quickly OPENS the DOOR to the adjacent room where --

47pt3 **ON THE OTHER SIDE**

47pt3

There's a PARTY going on. EAZY, CUBE and REN are all partying with GIRLS, most of whom aren't wearing any shirts. Titties are everywhere, booze flowing freely.

YELLA's in the middle, FUCKING A GIRL on one of the beds.

DRE  
Yo! Any of y'all named Felicia?

All the GIRLS shake their heads.

YELLA  
(to the girl under him)  
Hey baby. You Felicia?

GIRL  
You forgot my name, muthafucka?

She looks pissed, but they keep on fucking anyway.

DRE  
I think her man's outside. And that nigga strapped.

Eyes wide, Eazy quickly pulls the GUN DUFFEL out from under one of the beds, unzips it, fishes through and pulls out an AK.

YELLA  
Whoa! Eazy, you can't be blastin inside the hotel --

But Eazy just grins, heads for the door. Opens it, PEEPS out through the crack --

EAZY  
Hey, you lookin' for Felicia?

BIG DUDE is still out there, standing about 15 feet away, with TWO OTHER similarly-large DUDES.

BIG DUDE  
She in there or what?

EAZY  
Yeah, she's in here. Problem is, my homeboy's got his dick in her mouth.

Big Dude scowls, rests his hand on the butt of his pistol.

BIG DUDE  
What the fuck did you say?

BACK INSIDE, Ren overhears this. Tosses a GIRL off his lap, grabs his 9mm from the table, COCKS it --

IN THE HALLWAY, Eazy steps FULLY out of his room -- RACKS the AK and AIMS IT RIGHT AT THE 3 DUDES --

EAZY  
How bad you want Felicia now?

The DUDES gape at Eazy a moment, then SCATTER, disappearing down the hallway. Eazy LAUGHS his ass off as Ren bolts out, 9mm in hand, ready for anything --

REN  
Where they go?

But the coast is clear. Eazy keeps laughing. Heads back inside as we --

A48 OMITTED A48

48 **INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY** 48

Cube, Dre, Yella, Ren and D.O.C. stroll through, carrying bags of McDonalds. Cube's eyes drift over to the fancy FOUR-STAR RESTAURANT across from the lobby where he can see Jerry and Eazy at a table inside, enjoying a lavish meal.

CUBE  
Meet y'all upstairs.

Cube heads for the restaurant --

49 **INT. HOTEL - RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS** 49

ON THE BAR TV, NANCY REAGAN's concerned face fills the screen.

NANCY REAGAN

For the sake of our children, I implore each of you to be unyielding and inflexible in your opposition to drugs. Our young people are helping us lead the way. Not long ago in Oakland, California, I was asked by a group of children what to do if they were offered drugs. And I answered, *just say no.*

AT A TABLE NEARBY, Jerry and Eazy devour steaks and lobster, sipping champagne.

JERRY

(concerned)

Another one called-- said she was pregnant by you too. Eric, you gotta slow down. You can't fuck'em all...

EAZY

Yeah, I know.

(Deep breathe)

All these chicks want is money. If I was broke, they're wouldn't even be calling.

JERRY

Yeah well, you start making a little money, problems come with it.

EAZY

White people problems?

JERRY

Money problems are race neutral. But I'll help you through all of it. I'll put you in touch with --

Jerry's distracted by the sight of Cube marching towards the table, bag of McDonald's still in hand. Smiles up at him. Eazy doesn't make eye contact.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Evening, Cube...

CUBE

What's the deal on them contracts, Jerry? I'm still waitin' on 'em...

EAZY

Man, stop asking about them fuckin' contract. They're coming --

JERRY

It's all right, Eric. Cube's right to ask, and I'm remiss in not updating you guys.

(to Cube)

Contracts are being finalized as we speak. Truth is, attorneys will bleed you dry going over 'em. Wish I was paid by the hour...

CUBE

Yeah me too. I just like to know what's goin' on. Since I wrote a lot of lyrics on this record.

JERRY

Everybody knows how important you are, Cube. Just give us a little more time.

Cube glances at Eazy, who's like a statue. Cube picks up Eazy's champagne glass, drains it, sets it back down.

CUBE

Shit's pretty good. Someday, huh?

With that, he turns and walks out. Jerry watches him go. Then, to no one in particular:

JERRY

He wants to be you so freaking bad. This kid has issues. At some point, you gotta trust somebody...

But Eazy's not paying attention. Waving to a passing waiter:

EAZY

Waiter! Another round over here...

50        **EXT. OPEN ROAD - NIGHT**        50

The NWA tour bus blurs by, a prism of light and speed --

51        **INT. TOUR BUS - MIDDLE OF NOWHERE, USA - NIGHT**        51

Cube and Dre speak in hushed tones, everyone else asleep.

DRE

Nah, I think you over reacting.  
Eazy's one of us, Cube. What you  
thinking don't even make sense --

CUBE

Know what don't make sense? Eazy  
chillin' with Jerry eatin' steak  
and lobster while we at Mickey D's.  
That shit don't make sense.

DRE

Look, I hear that, but I think we  
should ride this wave. Don't be  
jumpin' to conclusions until you  
know for sure,

WE HEAR a FAINT VIBRATING SOUND. Dre realizes it's his PAGER.  
Grabs it off his bed. Sees that he's missed TWELVE PAGES. AND  
EVERY SINGLE ONE IS LABELED "9-1-1." Instinct in overdrive,  
he hurries to the FRONT of the bus, tells the DRIVER --

DRE (CONT'D)

We gotta stop. Gotta get somewhere  
with a phone --

DRIVER

But we're in the middle of nowh --

DRE

Stop the fuckin' bus, man!

52

**EXT. GAS STATION - MIDDLE OF NOWHERE, USA - MOMENTS LATER 52**

The BUS is parked in a nearly-empty PARKING LOT outside of a  
lonesome, isolated GAS STATION. It's a dark, starless night.

Dre shuffles slowly out of the station, in a daze, like he  
just awoke from a fucked-up dream. He walks over to the BUS.  
But instead of getting on, he SITS DOWN on the pavement, eyes  
filled with shock and disbelief.

The sound of FOOTSTEPS as Ren, Yella, Cube, and Eazy exit the  
bus, surround Dre. They can tell something is very wrong.

YELLA

Yo, Dre. What's goin' on?

ON DRE as he forces back the tears that wanna come, his voice  
barely a whisper:

DRE

My Moms called. Tyree. He's dead.  
Somebody killed my little  
brother...

Shocked: "What?" "Hell naw!" "What happen?" are heard amongst Cube, Eazy, Yella and Ren-- they crouch down next to Dre. Not sure what else to say or do. They wait for Dre to say more...

DRE (CONT'D)

He got into a fight near Leimert  
Park. A big mothafucka fell on top  
of him -- broke his neck. He killed  
Tyree. I can't believe this shit.

Face buried in his hands, Dre quietly weeps.

Jinx, Laylaw and DJ Speed gather in the front window of the bus. Not wanting to interrupt the group's moment.

Cube rests a hand on Dre's shoulder as the others tighten the circle. There's silence... until:

CUBE

Never told y'all, but when I was  
twelve, my sister got murdered by  
her own husband-- A fuckin' wanna  
be cop who couldn't make it in the  
academy. Life changed for me that  
day. Everything became serious--

EAZY

Dope game took my cousin's life. I  
remember when they found him.

DRE

He shoulda been out here with me.  
If he was out here-- It never  
woulda happened...

REN

Or it could've happened in another  
way. Can't blame yourself, Dre...  
Life has to end for all of us, but  
love don't. Feel me? Tyree is  
always gonna be with you. No matter  
what.

Eazy moves closer. Slowly, he places a hand on Dre's head. Rubs it. It's a bit startling -- Eazy's not one for tenderness. But it's clear he feels Dre's pain.

EAZY  
Gonna be aight, Dre... We with  
you.

PULL BACK as the guys remain clustered around Dre. Looking so small, so vulnerable, crouched in front of the Bus, alone in the parking lot. NWA against the world.

**FADE TO BLACK:**

**FADE UP: ON;**

53

**INT. MAUSOLEUM - LOS ANGELES - DAY**

53

In a suit, Dre stands beside Tyree's MEMORIAL WALL, his arm draped around his heartbroken mother, Verna. She cries without end or apology, surrounded by family, including his other brother, WARREN G, plus Eazy, Cube, Ren and Yella.

It's solemn and quiet. Dre remains stoic, staring hard, trying his best to remain strong for his mother. All members of the band keep a close eye on him, as the pastor wraps up his eulogy.

PASTOR  
Death is a threshold we all have to  
pass through. No one is exempt.  
Tyree will set a place for us on  
the other side and we will see him  
again. The flesh will always return  
to the earth. But our spirits will  
live on forever. Amen!

The congregation repeats the pastor with a follow up "Amen."

54

**INT. MAUSOLEUM - LATER**

54

A shattered Dre slumps out with his mom, Verna.

DRE  
If I brung him out on tour with me,  
like he wanted --

VERNA  
This is not on you, Andre.

Dre doesn't say anything. Keeps his head bowed.

VERNA (CONT'D)  
Andre.

DRE  
We was supposed to kick it... Next  
chance I got --



Disgruntled, Yella obliges. Puts on SCARFACE. Eazy smiles.

55pt5 **INT. TOUR BUS**

55pt5

-- Eazy and Jerry mastermind backstage at a concert. Jerry HANDS a BILLBOARD MAGAZINE to Eazy.

JERRY

Moving up on the Billboard 200 albums chart, Holding our bullet the R&B, Hip-Hop chart. I mean, you have any idea how many records we're selling? Ruthless has arrived. Eric, we are huge!

Eazy scans the magazine. Drinks it in, sly smile as we --

56 **EXT. HOTEL - POOL SIDE - NIGHT**

56

Surrounded by GROUPIES, living the life, the GANG hangs by the pool. Odd looks are sent their way from snobby HOTEL GUESTS, a school of fish out of water as --

JERRY looks worried as he makes a bee-line toward the pool in his trademark velvet sweat suit, LETTER in hand. He officiously hands it to Eazy, who scans it. Growls:

EAZY

The muthafuckin' FBI?

These words catch everybody's attention. We catch a GLIMPSE OF THE LETTER on FBI stationary -- Dre snatches it from Eazy.

DRE

Damn, they comin' after us, too?

Now Cube leans over -- reads aloud:

CUBE

*"... advocating violence and assault is wrong and we in the law enforcement community take exception to such action." Have they ever heard of freedom of speech? What the fuck can they do to us?*

JERRY

It's a warning. A message to our record label about "Fuck the Police". We should really think about not performing that song for a while.

That doesn't sit well with the group. Moans and growns are heard.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
 (over their PROTESTS)  
 Relax. RELAX. No need to worry--  
 All I'm saying is, we should be  
aware of this threat...

CUBE  
 If it was from the LAPD, then I'd  
 be worried.

EAZY  
 We should all be happy, not  
 worried. This is a gift, man. More  
 free publicity for NWA.  
 (waves letter)  
 That's why we gonna send this to  
 the press. Let everybody know about  
 this kind of harassment and  
 intimidation by the government.  
 Right, Jerry?

Jerry does not think this is the best idea ever but...

JERRY  
 Well, uh. If that's what you wanna  
 do, then maybe we --

EAZY  
 Do it, Jerry. Let everybody see  
 this bullshit.

Eazy gives the letter back to Jerry, who walks off, leaving  
 the boys all hanging pool side. After a deliberative beat:

CUBE  
 I guess freedom of speech don't  
 mean shit.

REN  
 Not if you a nigga wit an attitude.

All they guys look at each other. Eazy ain't worried about  
 nothing-- he puts on his Locs and continues to kick it.

A57

**QUICK CUTS:**

A57

Of different POLICE OFFICERS from DIFFERENT CITIES across the  
 U.S., each reciting their city's obscenity ordinance, one  
 line bleeding into the next:

A57pt1 -- A Macon, GA OFFICER...

A57pt1

GA OFFICER  
 No person shall disturb the peace  
 by --

A57pt2 -- A Montgomery, AL OFFICER... A57pt2

AL OFFICER  
 -- Participating or abetting in any  
 rude, indecent, riotous, drunken or  
 violent conduct --

A57pt3 -- A Louisville, KY OFFICER... A57pt3

KY OFFICER  
 -- Using any vulgar, obscene or  
 abusive language in a public place -  
 -

A57pt4 -- A St. Louis, MO OFFICER... A57pt4

MO OFFICER  
 -- Inciting any other person to  
 commit any breach of the peace, or --

57 **INT. JOE LOUIS ARENA - BACK STAGE - DETROIT - NIGHT** 57

**SUPERIMPOSE: AUGUST 6, 1989 - DETROIT, MI.**

We catch a serious and quiet Cube along with the rest of NWA -  
 - and Jerry Heller -- gathered as a local POLICE OFFICER  
 reads to them from a piece of PAPER -- Eazy has on his ski  
 mask.

POLICE OFFICER  
 -- committing any obscene, indecent  
 or immoral act in a public place.  
 Note also that performance of the  
 song "F The Police" will not be  
 permitted. Refusal to abide by all  
 Detroit City Ordinances will result  
 in immediate arrest and forfeiture.

CUBE  
 Are we finished, man? We got a show  
 to do.

The Cop sneers at Cube, walks off, throws another shot --

POLICE OFFICER  
 Just watch yourselves.

REN  
 Yeah-- You watch yourselves too.

He stares back at Ren one more time -- before leaving.

Eazy takes off his hockey mask. All the GUYS are looking at each other. Eazy and Jerry head off across the room for a private chat --

Ren looks at Cube -- Cube looks at Dre -- Yella looks at the perfect ass of a passing FEMALE OFFICER.

YELLA  
(to himself)  
Yeah man, fuck the po-lice for  
real.

He laughs and sticks his tongue out.

58

**INT. JOE LOUIS ARENA - STAGE - LATER**

58

With Dre spinning, Cube, Ren and Yella hype the crowd as Eazy tears up the final bars of *STRAIGHT OUTTA COMPTON* --

EAZY  
*This is the auto-biography of the  
E, and if you ever fuck with me  
you'll get taken, by a stupid dope  
brotha who will smother, word to  
the motherfucka, straight outta  
Compton.*

The CROWD goes insane as the CHORUS PLAYS OUT. Like a God, Eazy pimp strides off stage where Jerry awaits, all smiles, arms open as --

BACK ON STAGE, Cube, Dre, Yella and Ren are feeling defiant. CUBE addresses the amped CROWD:

CUBE  
Yo hold up, hold up -- Y'all know  
what the *muthafuckin'* po-lice just  
told us back stage? They tired to  
tell us-- what the fuck we can't  
say-- what the fuck we can't play!

The CROWD HOLLERS and BOOS their disapproval.

CUBE (CONT'D)  
Put ya middle finger in the air!

Cube raises his hand in the air, quickly SNAPS HIS MIDDLE FINGER to attention. Ren does the same with BOTH HANDS --

The CROWD RESPONDS by getting LOUDER THAN WE'VE EVER HEARD, and RETURNING the gesture.

We're talking THOUSANDS of people, all with BOTH MIDDLE FINGERS RAISED -- *this is the real shit, this is what they came here for* --

CUBE (CONT'D)

This NWA -- We do what the fuck we wanna do! We say what the fuck we wanna say! So, all I wanna tell that cop talking shit back stage is -- Yo Dre, I got something to say!

Dre DROPS IT. Cube jumps right into it, pure adrenaline --

CUBE (CONT'D)

*FUCK THE POLICE COMIN' STRAIGHT FROM THE UNDERGROUND. A YOUNG NIGGA GOT IT BAD CAUSE I'M BROWN* --

The crowd goes ape-shit! BOUNCING and THRASHING like a MOSH PIT. Pure ELECTRICITY--

Jerry Heller is suddenly alarmed by the song selection.

As Cube slices throughout the first verse --

Cops are getting agitated -- Waiting for the order to pounce. After their CAPTAIN has seen enough-- He gives the order.

At that moment, the PLAINCLOTHES COPS in the crowd pull out their BADGES and start MOVING FORWARD through the sea of people, trying to make their way to the STAGE --

Cube keeps SPITTING -- lyrics are approaching that mighty hook.

The UNDERCOVER COPS are causing a lot of commotion in the crowd... When CUBE hits the hook the CROWD JOINS IN, because they know all the lyrics --

CUBE & CROWD

*FUCK THA POLICE! -- FUCK! FUCK!  
FUCK THA POLICE!-- FUCK THAT  
POLICE!*

POP-POP-POP -- Cube stops rapping -- the CROWD is momentarily STUNNED! What the hell was THAT? Gunfire? A fucking BOMB? Whatever it was, TOTAL CHAOS BREAKS OUT --

The CROWD starts SURGING for the EXITS. Suddenly, DOZENS MORE COPS have MATERIALIZED OUT OF NOWHERE --

All the members of NWA DROP their mics and rush off stage, while the Arena descends into mayhem behind them --



Jerry watches helplessly as the Paddy Wagon PEELS AWAY into the night, taking our heroes away --

61 OMITTED 61

62 **INT./EXT. TOUR BUS - OPEN ROAD - THE NEXT DAY** 62

The bus cruises along as we PUSH INSIDE to the sound of --

63 **INT. TOUR BUS - MOVING** 63

Silence, save the rumble of the road. Everyone sits by himself, semi-secluded. Nobody talks. They all just stare out the windows, embroiled in thought. Exhausted. Shell-shocked.

Jerry watches a NEWS REPORT on the riot at the Detroit show.

JERRY

What the fuck were you guys thinking? They can hold us libel for inciting a riot! No one cares that the police started it...

Dre, Ren and Yella start paying attention as Eazy switches channels. Finds another report about the riot. And another. And another. Images blurring by of the concert.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Whether you like it or not, you are a political group. Never give these assholes a reason to hurt you. Next time they might take it.

The guys watch, realizing that they're becoming a part of the zeitgeist. No longer in the news, they are the news.

KURT LODER (PRE-LAP)

*The explosive Compton rap group, N.W.A. --*

**HARD CUT TO:**

64 **CLOSE ON MTV NEWS REPORT (STOCK FOOTAGE)** 64

KURT LODER

*-- aka Niggers With Attitudes, officially had their video banned here at MTV due to gang-like images that could incite violence. This is not the first scrape with controversy for the band --*

CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! NWA sit at a long table being interviewed for a PRESS JUNKET, dozens of microphones thrust in their faces, cameras flashing. All the members are engaged, leaning forward, elbows on the table. They got each other's back as WE PARACHUTE IN:

JOURNALIST 1

How do you explain insighting a riot in Detroit? What do you have to say about that?

EAZ

We didn't insight shit.

DRE

You just got a snapshot of how Americans honestly feel.

REN

We didn't create that.

JOURNALIST 2

Your songs glamorize the lifestyle of gangs, guns and drugs.

CUBE

My art is the reflection of my reality. What do you see when you go outside of your door. I know what i see.

YELLA

And it ain't glamorous.

CUBE

And by the way, the hood gets AKs from Russia and cocaine from Columbia.

EAZY

We don't even have passports. Check the source.

REN

Who is responsible for that?

JOURNALIST 3

You are experiencing a meteoric rise. How can you explain that artists like Axl Rose from Guns and Roses are wearing your tshirts and hats?

DRE  
 Isn't it obvious. Real recongnize  
 real.

CUBE  
 WE must of struck a nerve.

Journalist 4 quickly interjects --

The guys let that lie a moment as other JOURNALISTS speak up.

JOURNALIST 4  
 Will you be more careful about what  
 you say, and how you say it?

REN  
 Nope.

Everyone LAUGHS.

CUBE  
Hell no. Last I heard, this is  
 America and we got Freedom of  
 Speech. Pretty sure that includes  
 rap music. Exercisin' our Free  
 Speech across this whole damn  
 country, openin' people's eyes. Far  
 as I'm concerned that's our job.

The Journalists take that in, impressed by Cube's media savvy  
 and forthright demeanor. Cube points to another JOURNALIST.

JOURNALIST 4  
 So Cube, what's a guy from Compton  
 do when he starts making real money  
 like this?

Laughter from the assembled. Not from Cube. Silence. Then:

JOURNALIST 4 (CONT'D)  
 Cube..?

66 **EXT. DOUBLETREE SUITES - PHOENIX - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT** 66

The typical cookie-cutter hotel blights the beautiful desert  
 landscape as the band exits the tour bus, enters --

67 **INT. DOUBLETREE SUITES - PHOENIX - NIGHT** 67

CUBE walks down the hotel hallway, stops in front of a door.  
 He KNOCKS, but there's no answer. He notices the door is  
 PROPPED open with the dead-bolt, so he pushes inside --

Cube enters the dark room. At the far end of the room, there's a DESK, with a lone LAMP illuminated, casting weird, creepy shadows across the room.

And JERRY HELLER sits behind the desk, his face mostly obscured in shadow. Cube grins, bemused, because this tableau is clearly deliberate, a dramatic show of power.

JERRY

It's nice to see you, Cube.

CUBE

Well I can barely see you, Jerry.  
What's with all this *Godfather*  
shit?

Jerry ignores the comment, rises from behind the desk, carefully places a stapled sheaf of PAPERS on the desk.

JERRY

I know you've been very eager to  
sign a contract with Eric's  
company, Ruthless Records.

CUBE

It's your company too, right? You  
and Eric. All for one, one for all.

Jerry sighs, shakes his head.

JERRY

That's incorrect. It's not my  
company. I work for you. I've made  
that clear from the beginning.

Cube just nods, like, *yeah right*. Picks up the thick contract, pages through it. It's full of dense *legalese*.

CUBE

Alright, cool. So I can take this  
one, show it to a lawyer or  
somethin'?

Jerry stares at him for a beat. Places his hands on the desk.

JERRY

Cube, lawyers get paid to make  
trouble. That's what they do --  
create problems where problems  
don't exist.

CUBE

But I have no idea what it says. At least let me take it to show my family.

JERRY

I can assure you, it's all standard. You can read it now, if you like.

Cube's expression darkens. He clenches his jaw.

CUBE

Jerry, you know I can't understand this legal shit. None of us can. That's why we need to show it to a lawyer--

JERRY

Cube, I thought you knew? Everyone else signed already. You're the only one who hasn't.

Cube flips to the last page. The Signatory page. Sure enough, there's EAZY's signature, DRE's, YELLA's, and REN's. Cube can only shake his head with confusion, disappointment.

CUBE

*What the fuck..?*

JERRY

Look. Cube. This is a great thing. This is what you always wanted your whole life. And there's also *this*.

Jerry lays a CHECK on the desk in front of Cube, made out to O'SHEA JACKSON. And it's for \$75,000. Cube can't help it, his eyes go wide. It's more money than he ever dreamed of.

CUBE

Damn. (beat) Thanks, man.

He reaches for the check, but Jerry pulls it back.

JERRY

Soon as you sign this contract, the money is all yours.

Cube freezes. Realizes he's being shaken down.

CUBE

That's my money anyway, Jerry. I earned it. I wrote a lot of hit songs. I been on tour for months.

(MORE)

CUBE (CONT'D)

Performing. Gettin' arrested and shit. And you gonna try to gank me?

JERRY

That's ridiculous.

CUBE

Give me my money, Jerry.

JERRY

You're kidding me, right? Who do you think pays for everything? All the hotel rooms, the parties, the transpo? You think that's *free*?

Cube closes his eyes. Takes a deep breath. He must literally will himself to not implant his fist in Jerry's face.

CUBE

Why all this now, Jerry? Back in the beginning, if you thought we were so good, why didn't you just give us contracts then?

JERRY

Nothing's a sure thing, Cube. Even a great talent can crash and burn. Too much ego, too much excess, too many expectations -- it tends to ruin things. You oughta keep that in mind.

Cube stares hard. Knows exactly what Jerry's implying.

CUBE

I'm gonna ask one more time. Are you sayin' I can't have the money I earned, unless I sign this contract, right now, without showin' it to anybody?

Jerry just crosses his arms, looks at Cube, says nothing.

CUBE (CONT'D)

Bye, Jerry.

He turns and walks out of the room --

69

**INT. DOUBLETREE SUITES - LOBBY - DAY**

69

Dre, Ren and Yella lounge on the lobby couch, packed bags beside them. And they couldn't be happier.

REN

I'mma get me a El Camino with some gold Daytons and a Phantom top.

YELLA

I can't wait to get out of that "po-man's Porsche" and get me some real shit --

Face crumpled with anger, Cube approaches. Drops his bags.

CUBE

Y'all signed that Ruthless contract without a lawyer?

REN

Yeah -- And we got paaaaaid!

YELLA

For \$75,000 dollars, I don't give a fuck what's in that contract!

Dre and Ren chuckle at Yella's candor.

DRE

You ain't signed?

CUBE

Hell naw I ain't signin' that bullshit. Don't y'all think it's a little fucked up that Jerry won't let us show it to nobody? That seem honest to y'all? If he offered us seventy-five thousand, he probably owes us double that.

(to Ren)

Thought we talked about this, dude?

REN

It is what it is... I don't trust Jerry but I trust Eric.

Cube's disgusted by their ignorance. Only Dre seems to be considering Cube's words --

CUBE

At this point, Eric and Jerry in this thing together. Believe dat!

70

**EXT. LEIMERT PARK - LATE AFTERNOON**

70

The bus is parked back where the tour began. Exhausted, D.O.C.

exits the bus and heads toward a BURGUNDY CHEVY BLAZER, where SUGE KNIGHT waits to pick him up. D.O.C. throws his bags in the back. Kicks it with Suge for a minute as --

Eazy exits the bus with Yella. They watch D.O.C. and Suge.

EAZY

What up with Doc and Suge?

YELLA

Guess that dude's "managing" him now. One day you Bobby Brown's bodyguard, next day you reppin' talent. Everybody wanna get into the act...

Dre exits, looking discouraged. And we understand why when an equally despondent Cube exits the bus and begins to move away from the crew. Dre catches up to him --

DRE

Yo Cube-- You can't just sign that shit, homie..? Keep making history..?

CUBE

Naw man, not like this. I'd rather be broke then get fucked -- Why did you sign that shit, Dre?

DRE

Nigga, I got bills to pay -- and I need to put some money in my Momma's hands after Tyree passed.

CUBE

Yo, I get it. Everybody gotta do what they gotta do. They're gonna take care you. You they're bread and butter.

DRE

Cube, we Ruthless.

CUBE

Nah, we NWA. They Ruthless.

T-BONE (O.S.)

You comin', Cube?

Cube turns to find T-BONE from the Lench Mob and Jinx, waiting for him in his CAR. He looks back at Dre -- *I'm out.* They pound hug and Cube heads off. Hops into T-Bone's ride.

BACK WITH DRE, considering the scene as everyone drives away, going in separate directions:

Cube leaves with T-Bone... Yella leaves with Ren... Eazy leaves with Jerry... And D.O.C. leaves with Suge...

Dre finds himself all alone, confronting a new reality.

A71

**INT./EXT. T-BONES CAR - MOMENTS LATER**

A71

Cube rides in the passenger seat, pretty low at this point. No money, no group. JINX MOUTH IS RUNNING, but Cube's in a daze -- doesn't hear a word he's saying.

JINX

Can't believe you left the group,  
man. What you gonna do now? Guess  
we gotta start working on some solo  
stuff, huh? Cube? Cube?!

As the car pulls up to a stop light, Cube looks over, spots a beautiful YOUNG LADY in a nice jeep on rims. She's looks back over at him, their eyes locked. Is this love at first sight? After a few magical moments. Cube finally speaks.

CUBE

How you doing? My name O'Shea.  
What's yours?

KIM

Kim.

CUBE

Hey Kim-- You the best thing I've  
seen all day.

She smiles.

CUBE (CONT'D)

You believe in love at first sight?

KIM

What you think?

She is the only one that can get Cube to smile at this point.

DISSOLVE TO:

B71

**INT. PRIORITY RECORDS - BRYAN TURNER'S OFFICE - DAY**

B71

Cube, Kim by his side, is seated opposite Bryan Turner -- who's floored by the news.

BRYAN

Wow, you're really leaving the group...

CUBE

Yeah, I'm tired of the games. Eazy puts everything on Jerry and Jerry puts everything on Eazy. They can have it.

BRYAN

How do you feel about that Kim? Is he making a big mistake?

KIM

I don't think so-- after hearing everything that happened, I would've left too. Now he has the chance to showcase all his talents.

BRYAN

Well, I believe in you Cube, so I'll tell ya what: there's not a lot of money in this right now, but if this first record hits, I'll make it up to you on the next one.

Cube gets up and shakes Bryan's hand.

CUBE

Well get ready-- 'cause these albums are gonna be comin' real fast. I'm hungry and I got a lot to say that's gonna fuck the world up.

BRYAN TURNER

Who're you gonna get to produce? Ruthless is probably gonna veto Dre working on the project. So what's your plan?

CUBE

If I can't get the best producer in the in the west. I gotta go get the best in the east.

Off Cube's determined look--

**HARD CUT TO:**

**SUPERIMPOSE: SIX MONTHS LATER - NEW YORK CITY**

71 **INT. GREENE STREET STUDIO - NEW YORK CITY - DAY**

71

CUBE, rocking a LENCH MOB JACKET, spitting new lyrics into the mic with crazy energy, a stack of notebooks on the chair beside him. It's the creation of *NIGGA YA LOVE TO HATE* --

CUBE

*Kickin' shit called street  
knowledge. Why more niggas in the  
pen than in college? Now cause of  
that line I might be your cellmate.  
That's from the nigga ya love to  
hate.*

IN THE MIXING BOOTH: CHUCK D -- Pittsburgh Pirates hat, brim low, *PUBLIC ENEMY* on his jacket -- along with the SHOCKLEES, JINX and DA LENCH MOB plus 2 members of the FRUIT OF ISLAM, Security and KIM. Everyone exchanging looks, impressed.

ON A SUSPENDED TV in the corner, we see LOUIS FARRAKHAN preaching to a crowd of F.O.I. It's clear this is a very different world than the one Cube left behind in L.A.

72 **INT./EXT. DRE'S LOW RIDER - EAZY'S HOUSE - DAY**

72

The completed version of *NIGGA YA LOVE TO HATE* POUNDS out of the SPEAKERS in DRE'S ride as he pulls up to Eazy's crib.

CUBE TRACK

*(FUCK YOU ICE CUBE!) Yeah, HA-HA!  
I'm the nigga ya love to hate --*

Dre chuckles to himself in disbelief. *Shit is dope.* On the SEAT beside him, a CD with the plastic freshly torn off -- It's Ice Cube's *AMERIKKKA'S MOST WANTED*.

73 **EXT. EAZY'S HOUSE - CALABASAS - DAY**

73

There's a PARTY going on at Eazy's huge new mansion, reminiscent of Scarface's estate. And the gang's all here, everyone we know... except for Cube. Over by the poolside gazebo, JERRY talks with a troubled EAZY.

EAZY

Cube's record's in the Billboard top 20! Our shit never even came close to that. He's blowin' the fuck up --

JERRY

It's gonna be fine, Eric. It's not just NWA anymore, it's our whole Ruthless roster.

(MORE)

JERRY (CONT'D)  
We've got D.O.C., we've got  
Michel'le, we've got Above the Law.  
We're moving up to the next level.

EAZY  
We gotta keep Dre happy. Keep him  
motivated.

Eazy looks over at DRE, across the pool -- He's DANCING with three drop-dead BEAUTIFUL GIRLS. Dre's smile is massive. He clearly loves this sweet life.

JERRY  
Look at him. You think he needs  
anymore motivation than that?

EAZY  
Yeah I get it. He drownin' in  
pussy. But that don't mean --

JERRY  
You gotta stop worrying so much.  
Let me do the worrying for you.  
Fact is, Ren can write just as good  
as Cube. Maybe even better. Come  
over here a minute --

Eazy follows Jerry to a TABLE where he's set up a bunch of CHECKS and PAPERS, and he hands Eazy a PEN.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
Need your autograph on these checks  
and a few other things. Just sign  
right here --

Eazy starts SIGNING, even though his eyes keep drifting over to the many WOMEN partying. Jerry GRINS, noticing how quickly Eazy gets distracted.

EAZY  
We done with this shit now?

JERRY  
We're done.

EAZY  
Thanks, Jerry. I'mma go fuck now.

Jerry laughs, slaps Eazy on the back as he walks off, and stands there enjoying the sunshine, the pretty girls, the party vibe. His eyes wander to the PORCH, where --

SUGE KNIGHT is standing, smoking a cigar. And Suge is STARING at Jerry, his expression blank. Almost like he's studying Jerry. The old man stops smiling, deeply unsettled. Luckily --

DRE APPROACHES SUGE, breaking the big dawg's gaze.

DRE  
Wuddup, Suge -- You good?

SUGE  
Are you?

Off Dre's confused look --

SUGE (CONT'D)  
Just figured you might be a bit fucked up after hearin' Cube's shit.

DRE  
Fucked up about what? I been bangin' that shit.

D.O.C. Interrupts --

D.O.C.  
Wuddup, Dre. There's some bitches up in here, right? (to Suge) Yo, you take care of that shit for me?

SUGE  
I'm on it.

Dre takes notice of the exchange as we --

A74

**INT. PRIORITY RECORDS - BRYAN TURNER'S OFFICE - DAY**

A74

Cube is standing in Bryan Turner's office, and we can tell, right off, things are tense.

CUBE  
I'm just tellin' you what you told me. If Amerikkka's Most blew up, you'd advance me for the follow-up. That's what you said.

BRYAN TURNER  
It's more complicated than that, Cube, there's metrics --

CUBE  
Come on, Bryan. I don't even know what that means.  
(MORE)

CUBE (CONT'D)

Man, I got a kid on the way -- and I just bought a house on the strength of what you told me. You gave me your word.

Bryan stands up, holds his hands out, tries to soothe --

BRYAN TURNER

Cube. Relax. We're on the same team here. I'm your biggest fan --

CUBE

It's like this shit keeps happenin' to me, no matter what I do. When people do the work, they should get paid. Why you making it seem like I'm begging for some shit that's technically mine?

BRYAN TURNER

Of course your not begging -- and I'm not trying to be difficult.

Cube glances around at all the GOLD and PLATINUM records adorning the walls in Bryan's office.

CUBE

But you can't help me. That's what you're sayin'.

Bryan puts his hands in his pockets, hangs his head. The answer is obvious. Cube stares at him a beat, then turns his back, heads out the door --

BRYAN TURNER

Cube, wait, Cube, come back --

B74

**INT. PRIORITY RECORDS - BRYAN'S OFFICE - LATER**

B74

Bryan's still in his office, grinding through some work.

CUBE (O.S.)

Shoulda kept your word, Bryan.

CUBE and THE LENCH MOB (same dudes we saw at Greene Street) enter, Cube holding a METAL BASEBALL BAT! IN A FLASH, he's SMASHING THE FUCK OUT OF THE OFFICE. His boys split up, block Bryan, block the doorway -- no one in, no one out.

BRYAN TURNER

STOP! STOP! WHAT THE FUCK, CUBE!???

Cube SMASHES the GOLD and PLATINUM RECORDS on the WALLS, the ARTWORK, the GLASS COFFEE TABLE. Pretty much everything else that's breakable.

BRYAN TURNER (CONT'D)  
FINE! FINE, I'LL GET YOU YOUR  
MONEY! JUST STOP!

But Cube keeps on SMASHING, until there's nothing left to smash. THE OFFICE IS COMPLETELY DESTROYED.

Cube's out of breath, but he looks pretty exhilarated. He drops the bat on the floor, walks out of the decimated office, followed by the other guys.

Bryan remains standing there, speechless, in shock --

74

**INT. AUDIO ACHIEVEMENTS STUDIO - LATER**

74

Dre, Eazy, Ren and Yella work on their follow-up album. D.O.C.'s here, too, drinking gin, straight, buzzing.

IN THE BOOTH, Ren's recording *REAL NIGGAZ*...

REN  
*... Prisoner like a hostage. You shoulda covered your muthafuckin' head like an ostrich. Deep in the dirt cause you a sucka. And your ass up high so I can kick the muthafucka --*

Dre watches from the board, uncharacteristically detached.

EAZY  
That's what I'm talkin' about. Cube ain't shit.

DRE  
How you figure? That record's still the hottest shit out there.

YELLA  
For real. Cube killed it --

EAZY  
That's why we gotta go hard at him. We gonna look like some bitches if we just take that shit.

D.O.C.  
Take what? (beat) I don't know what the fuck you talkin' about. I like that shit.

Yella nods, but Dre doesn't even respond. Just keeps plodding away on the board as D.O.C. proceeds unsteadily toward the door, bumping into Eazy on the way --

EAZY

Man, why you gotta be drunk all the time? Get your shit together.

D.O.C. keeps on walking, barking back:

D.O.C.

Get your own shit together, lil nigga --

As he exits we focus back on the studio. One thing's clear: no one's enjoying themselves anymore.

75

**INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - LOS ANGELES - NIGHT**

75

Eazy enjoys dinner with a lovely, put-together young woman, TOMICA. She's nobody's groupie. She's serious, and smart.

TOMICA

This place is nice. Wow, I didn't realize this was a real "date" date. I thought we were just going out to eat. You bring all your females here?

EAZY

Only the special ones. (beat)  
Actually I've never been here before, but I heard it's good.  
(Jokingly)  
High as it is, it better be.

He smiles. She laughs affably, shakes her head.

TOMICA

You know I have a job, right?

EAZY

Excuse me, Miss Record Executive.

TOMICA

Executive Assistant. Ya know, you don't have to impress me. We could've went to Fat Burgers. I just like hangin with you. You make me laugh. That's good enough for me, you know? We can just chill.

Eazy nods, knows she's right. His eyes catch a SEXY WOMAN sashaying past. He SMILES at her, and she SMILES back.

He turns back to Tomica, who just saw the whole thing... but she's not mad. She's grinning confidently, seen it before, doesn't sweat stuff like this.

TOMICA (CONT'D)

Yeah, she had a nice ass. But she might wanna fix those teeth.

Eazy laughs. He knows a lot of women, but it's no wonder Tomica's his favorite.

A76

**INT. DRE'S CAR - COMPTON, CA - NIGHT**

A76

Dre's bobbing his head to something dope -- HIS CAR PHONE RINGS. He turns down the music. Answers.

DRE (INTO PHONE)

Wuddup.

In an instant, his face sinks -- He SLAMS the breaks, bangs a U-Turn and SPEEDS TOWARD --

B76

**EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT**

B76

Dre's CAR jumps up to the curb, in a red zone. He doesn't care. He hops out and runs through the sliding front doors.

C76

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

C76

Dre stands at the bottom edge of the bed, looking down at D.O.C, unconscious, head bandaged, tubes in his face. SUGE stands a few steps away, looking somber, but still filling the room with his bulk.

SUGE

Doc shouldn't even be alive. He got thrown from the car-- hit a tree.

DRE

Goddamn. Is he paralyzed?

SUGE

Nah. His throat got crushed. Doctor said he'll never talk right again.

DRE

Vocal chords?

SUGE

All fucked up. Career could be in jeopardy (beat). Where's Eazy and Jerry?

Dre takes the moment in. He's honest about it.

DRE  
I don't know.

SUGE  
Them niggas ain't loyal. Taking  
they're fuckin' time to come see  
the man. That's why I got my people  
looking into his contracts at  
Ruthless. Gotta protect what he got  
left.

Suge looks at Dre, clocking his expression.

SUGE (CONT'D)  
What do you think about Jerry?

DRE  
He aight. I guess.

Suge nods. Contemplative.

SUGE  
What about your paperwork? Is it  
cool?

DRE  
I dunno. I just focus on the music.  
(beat). Maybe your people could  
look into my shit too?

SUGE  
Most definitely. I can arrange  
that.

D.O.C. groans and turns in his sleep. Both of his friends  
look down at him, quietly watching with concern.

76

**INT. PRIORITY RECORDS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

76

CUBE sits at the head of a long conference table beside Kim.  
He looks DIFFERENT now -- shaved head, no more Jheri curls.

Bryan Turner emerges from outside the office, CD in hand.  
He's trying to keep the mood upbeat, though clearly the power  
dynamic between them has shifted toward Cube's advantage.

BRYAN TURNER  
Cube, Kim -- Great to see you guys.  
How's that new house treating you?

KIM  
The new house is great. Thanks for  
asking. How's the new office?

BRYAN TURNER  
 (making light of it)  
 Great. I never did like the design  
 of the old one anyway.

Bryan chuckles and looks over at Cube-- who doesn't seem in the mood for small talk. Cube notices the CD in Bryan's hand.

CUBE  
 What you got, Bryan? I know you  
 called me up here for somethin'.

BRYAN TURNER  
 It's the new NWA record. I wanted  
 to play it for you first, before  
 you heard it anywhere else --

Cube looks at Bryan, confused: Snatches the CD and he's at the CD player before Bryan can blink.

BRYAN TURNER (CONT'D)  
 About one minute in --

Cube hits PLAY -- Tracks forward. Then he, Kim and Bryan listen to REAL NIGGAZ on the conference room's stereo system.

DRE (ON TRACK)  
 ... We started out with too much  
 cargo. So I'm glad we got rid of  
 Benedict Arnold.

Cube doesn't say anything, but his face shows his anger.

CUBE  
 Benedict Arnold.

KIM  
 They're trying to call you some  
 kind of a traitor.

CUBE  
 I'm a traitor!? I didn't say shit  
 about NWA on Amerikkka's Most  
 Wanted! But now they're trying to  
 diss. Okay.

CLOSE ON Cube's eyes, full of fire -- Kim notices Cube building tension. She gently rubs his arm and leans in close to whispers--

KIM  
 Baby, tell me what you're thinking.

CUBE

I can't wait to get to the  
mothafuckin' studio!

77 **INT. RECORDING STUDIO - LOS ANGELES - DAY**

77

CUBE at the mic, spitting with the most audacious fury we've ever seen on the most brutal diss track ever: *NO VASELINE*.

CUBE

*God DAMN I'm glad y'all set it off.  
Used to be hard, now you're just  
wet and soft. First you was down  
with the AK. And now I see you on a  
video with Michel'le. Lookin' like  
straight Bozos. I saw it comin',  
that's why I went solo.*

At the BOARD, JINX looks to THE LENCH MOB in the room -- *Oh, shit, this is getting real* --

A78 **INT OR EXT. SOMEWHERE IN THE CITY - DAY**

A78

Dre and D.O.C. sit and listen to *NO VASELINE*-- with every line D.O.C. makes a different "dunk face" indicating how embarrassed he is for his homie Dre.

CUBE (ON TRACK)

*Yella Boy's on your team so you're  
LOSIN'! And yo, Dre? Stick to  
producin'. Callin' me Arnold, but  
you Been-A-Dick. Eazy saw your ass,  
and went in it QUICK.*

As we pan over to Dre, we can see that he kind of digs the creativity and lyrics. He confirms it with a slight smirk and chuckle. Clearly blowing the song off.

78 **INT. JERRY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY**

78

*NO VASELINE* CONTINUES over --

Jerry and N.W.A., minus Dre and D.O.C., listen to the track, faces grimaced:

CUBE (ON TRACK)

*Y'all disgrace the C-P-T. 'Cause  
you gettin' fucked out your green  
by a white boy, with No Vaseline.*

Ren and Yella slouch in the corner, looking very unhappy.

CUBE (ON TRACK) (CONT'D)  
 ... So don't believe what Ren say,  
 cause he goin out like Kunta Kinte.  
 But I got a whip for ya, Toby; used  
 to be my homie, now you act like  
 you don't know me --

But Cube has saved the best for last. He unleashes upon EAZY  
 and JERRY, who LISTEN intently, jaws dropped.

CUBE (ON TRACK) (CONT'D)  
 You little maggot, Eazy E turned  
 faggot. With your manager, fella,  
 fuckin' MC Ren, Dr. Dre, and Yella.  
 But if they were smart as me, Eazy  
 E would be hangin' from a tree.  
 With no vaseline, just a match and  
 a little bit of gasoline. Light 'em  
 up, burn 'em up, flame on. Til that  
 Jheri curl is gone. On a permanent  
 vacation, off the Massa plantation.  
 Heard you both got the same bank  
 account -- Dumb nigga, what you  
 thinkin' about? Get rid of that  
 Devil real simple: put a bullet in  
 his temple. Cuz you can't be the  
 Nigga 4 Life crew with a white Jew  
 tellin' you what to do --

Jerry looks absolutely livid, while Eazy just looks caught  
 off guard. Jerry gets up and TURNS OFF the music --

YELLA  
 That shit's kinda funny.

Everybody gives YELLA the look.

REN  
 Mothafucka got us! What we gonna  
 do? I got my pen ready to serve  
 that fool. Just say the word.

Eazy is still trying to digest the track.

JERRY  
 We'll sue that worthless fuck.  
 Defamation, libel... That anti-  
 Semitic piece of shit, I'm gonna  
 call up my friends at the J.D.L.  
 and we'll see how he likes that,  
 little bastard.  
 (off Eazy's despondent look)  
 Eric, come on, we gotta get  
 organized here, we gotta fight --

EAZY

Stop it, Jerry. Relax man. Niggas don't know what anti-Semitic means -  
- It's just a battle rap.

JERRY

(still hopping mad)  
I always knew Cube was a rotten human being. And people are gonna know the facts. I'll make sure of it. I can't believe you're not as angry as I am, what's wrong with you? Didn't you hear what he said?

EAZY

I heard it, Jerry. You deal with it your way, I'll deal with it mine. All we got to do is hit the studio and end this boy career.

YELLA

I don't know about all that.

JERRY

Well call Dre and you guys go do it!

And Jerry storms out, leaving the crew behind --

REN

Damn, E. Who work for who?

EAZY

Who you see sitting in the big chair mothafucka?!

Eazy re-establishes that he's the top dog at Ruthless.

79	OMITTED	79
80	OMITTED	80
81	<b>EXT. JERRY'S HOUSE - FRONT - NIGHT</b>	81

Jerry pulls into his driveway, gets out of the car, carrying a bag of groceries, starts walking toward the door. He hears a CAR DOOR SLAM, and he TURNS, sees a gleaming-new EL CAMINO parked across the street. A very large BLACK MAN we haven't seen before has emerged, and is walking toward him.

The Man STOPS about fifteen feet away from Jerry, and stands there, just staring, patiently, ominously.

JERRY  
Help you with something?

LARGE MAN  
This your house?

Jerry looks at the Man. Glances up and down the street. There's nobody around. It couldn't be quieter.

JERRY  
Who's asking?

LARGE MAN  
It's a real nice house.

Jerry glances at the front door of the house. Seems to be gauging, in his mind, how long it will take to get there.

JERRY  
Who are you? Are you with Suge  
Knight? Someone else? Ice Cube?

The Man doesn't answer. Instead, he just gazes upon the house, the lush surrounding lawn, the trees.

LARGE MAN  
Have yourself a good night, Jerry.

He makes a hat-tipping gesture to Jerry. Except he's not wearing a hat. Then he walks back to the car, climbs inside. Jerry watches him go, alarmed --

82

**INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - NEW YORK CITY - DAY**

82

We are in a HALLWAY adjacent to the AUDITORIUM where a RAP PANEL is about to take place.

Find CUBE drifting down the escalator along with THE LENCH MOB, and they're all decked out in their Lench Mob Gear.

Coming up the escalator on the other side, is the rap group ABOVE THE LAW (ATL), all wearing gear blazing the RUTHLESS RECORDS logo.

As the two groups approach each other, they both get QUIET, and their faces pull into angry sneers. The animosity between the two groups is tense, palpable, dangerous.

Just as they're about to PASS each other --

ATL GUY 1  
(under his breath)  
Fuckin' traitor...

But Cube and his boys heard that shit.

CUBE  
Fuck'd y'all say!?

ATL GUY 2  
Ruthless, muthafuckas!

AND THEN IT POPS OFF! Some of the ATL CREW hop the escalator divider, others sprint down the other side to attack --

THE LENCH MOB CREW, at the foot of the escalator, they all start BRAWLING like crazy. PUNCHING each other in the face, grappling, cursing --

There's so many FISTS flying -- such a tangle of BODIES -- it's hard to tell who's hitting who. It's fucking CHAOTIC and UGLY, and it culminates in --

The moving violent mass SMASHING INTO A LARGE GLASS DISPLAY, SHATTERING it. Just then --

A LENCH MOB GUY runs up to a downed an ATL GUY, winds back to kick him while he's down, but before the kick lands, we --

HARD CUT TO:

A83      **ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE**

A83

An OFFICER KICKS the downed RODNEY KING while three other L.A.P.D. OFFICERS (known as *the L.A. Four*) mercilessly beat the man. We all recognize this as the RODNEY KING BEATING. Raw, gritty, horrific. WE PULL BACK to reveal --

83      **INT. AUDIO ACHIEVEMENTS STUDIO - DAY**

83

The members of NWA (minus Cube, of course) watch the NEWS FOOTAGE while in the studio, finishing up some new TRACKS for their follow-up album *NIGGAZ 4 LIFE*.

DRE  
Still can't believe it. It's like they're enjoying themselves.

EAZY  
Least they got it on video. LAPD gonna have a real good time on that level 3 prison yard, know what I mean?

DRE  
Yep, we got they asses this time. Tape don't lie.

The room is over-crowded -- because everyone has an ENTOURAGE. JERRY is also there and he doesn't look thrilled about it, nor is he happy to see --

SUGE KNIGHT in the room, hovering behind DRE at the Board, accompanied by a very large GERMAN SHEPHERD.

Jerry tries to make his way over to Dre, but SUGE blocks his path, and the HUGE DOG stares at Jerry.

JERRY

Just need a word with Dre --

SUGE

It can wait. Let the man work.

Jerry looks at the dog, the dog looks back. Stymied, Jerry turns and exits the studio, jaw clenched.

After he leaves, Dre sighs. He looks tired, depressed. Totally over it. He PLAYS BACK the track he's been working on, listens. Tries to feel it. But something's missing.

Irritated, Dre gets up, exits the studio. Suge follows --

84

**EXT. AUDIO ACHIEVEMENTS STUDIO - PATIO - MOMENTS LATER**

84

Suge comes out the back door just behind Dre --

SUGE

Yo Dre. Hold up.

-- gestures for Dre to sit with him at a nearby table.

SUGE (CONT'D)

I did what you asked. Had my people look into your contracts.

Dre's interest is piqued.

SUGE (CONT'D)

It ain't good. Not that I'm surprised or anything. Gotta watch yourself.

DRE

What you mean by that?

Suge pulls out a thick FILE. Places it on the table.

SUGE

Everything you need to know. It's all in there.

(MORE)

SUGE (CONT'D)  
 (off Dre's sober look)  
 You know I can help you with this.

Dre considers a moment...

DRE  
 Nah. I got this.

85

**INT. AUDIO ACHIEVEMENTS STUDIO - THE NEXT NIGHT**

85

Eazy sits alone in the studio, listening to some NEW TRACKS. It's late, and there's nobody else around as --

Dre comes in through the door, holding the FILE from Suge. Eazy notices the file, along with Dre's nervous energy.

EAZY  
 So, what'd you wanna see me about?  
 Sounded all worked up on the phone.

Dre sits down across from him, full of purpose, fired up.

DRE  
 I know you don't like hearin' this shit. But it's about Jerry. We gotta get rid of that muthafuck --

EAZY  
 Is that seriously the reason you wanted to talk? I thought we were past all that --

DRE  
 I found out some information, Eric. Real shit. I had some people look at this, and I ain't gettin' my fair share.

Eazy finally turns and looks Dre in the eyes.

EAZY  
 You know why you rich, Dre? You know why you live in a big ass house and don't sleep on a couch no more? Do you know why you fuck the finest bitches? That's Jerry, dude. He broke us through the door. He made this shit happen, and you wanna turn on him just like Cube --

DRE  
 Cube was right, fool! You gotta look at these papers, E. Just look and you'll see.

(MORE)

DRE (CONT'D)

We made it because our shit is dope, Eric, not because of Jerry. We can keep going and own the goddamn world, we just can't be fuckin' with him no more.

Eazy just shakes his head, turns back to the Board. Dre looks pained. Can't believe he can't get through.

DRE (CONT'D)

Dude. We go back a long, long way. You and me. We started this NWA shit. I just want it to be right.

EAZY

You think that's right, turning your back on somebody? After all he's done for us?

DRE

You mean all he's done for you.

Eazy doesn't say anything. Dre stands up --

DRE (CONT'D)

Look at me, man. Why won't you look at me? It's like I don't mean shit to you. Like I never meant shit.

Eazy won't look at Dre, shrugs. Cruellest shrug you ever saw. Dre looks hollowed out by it.

DRE (CONT'D)

Thought you were my brother.

EAZY

Thought you were mine, too.

Dre walks out the door -- SLAMS it so hard, the walls shake. A platinum NWA record slides off the wall, breaks on the floor. Eazy FLINCHES, even though he wishes he didn't.

A86 OMITTED

A86

B86 **INT. AUDIO ACHIEVEMENTS STUDIO - DAY**

B86

Ren and Yella enter to find Eazy on the mixing board, more than a little out of his element. They look at one another, confused -- Clearly, something's up.

REN

Everything cool, E?

No response. Eazy just keeps poking around on the board...

YELLA  
Yo where Dre at anyway --

EAZY  
Man, fuck Dre.

They've finally got Eazy's undivided but heated attention.

YELLA  
Whatchu mean?

EAZY  
Why don't y'all ask him.

REN  
Fuck you talkin' about? He comin'  
or not --

EAZY  
That nigga quit. So nah, he ain't  
comin'. But fuck it, we gonna keep  
this shit movin'. Don't need that  
punk anyway...

Disbelief washes across Ren and Yella's faces as we --

C86

**INT. CAN AM STUDIOS - DAY**

C86

Suge grits on a cigar sitting next to Dre who's at the mixing board working on the track to "Deep Cover".

SUGE  
This shit sounds good.

DRE  
None of this means anything, while  
I'm under contract with Ruthless.

SUGE  
Don't worry about that. I promise  
you that I'll get you out of your  
contracts.

Dre gets back to the work at hand as --

Warren G and SNOOP DOGG burst into the studio. Snoop Dog is dressed head to toe in blue.

SNOOP  
What's up, Cuz.

Snoop greets everyone around the room pounding each and every person. To the surprise and dismay to the room full of bloods especially Suge Knight.

SUGE  
Yo who the fuck's this, Warren?

WARREN G  
My bad.

SNOOP  
Snoop Doggy Dog, Cuz. Who are you?

The Bloods around the room are tripping on Snoop. Before it escalates, Dre gets up, greets Snoop properly.

DRE  
Glad y'all came by. Your demo was tight.

SNOOP  
Thanks, Dre.

DRE  
Well listen, I'm workin' on a track for this movie called "Deep Cover." I want you to get down on it.

SNOOP  
For real?

Dre smiles back at Snoop: *Yup, for real.*

SNOOP (CONT'D)  
Oh hell yeah...

Snoop walks into the booth, puts on some headphone's as we --

86

**INT. EAZY'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

86

The PHONE RINGS. Eazy answers --

EAZY  
Hello?

SUGE (FILTERED)  
We need to talk about them contracts.

EAZY  
Talk to Jerry.

SUGE (FILTERED)  
*Don't wanna talk to Jerry. It's  
your company. You're the man.*

Eazy doesn't say a word, considering, deeply conflicted.

SUGE (FILTERED) (CONT'D)  
*Come by the studio. We'll be here  
 all night. Just workin'. We just  
 wanna squash this. Make it right  
 for you.*

87           **EXT. S.O.L.A.R. STUDIOS - LOS ANGELES - LATE NIGHT**           87

Parked across the street, Eazy looks at the building, not happy about it. Enemy territory. He opens up his STASH BOX in a hidden panel below the radio. There's a PISTOL inside. He reaches in, puts his hand around it. Hesitates, hearing --

A DISTANT POLICE SIREN. Pulls his hand away, leaves the piece. He hops out of the car, walks toward --

88           **INT. S.O.L.A.R. STUDIOS - STUDIO - MINUTES LATER**           88

Eazy enters the Studio, sees only SUGE sitting there, smoking a cigar, petting his DOG. He comes further into the room, peeks around, looking for --

EAZY  
 Where the hell is Dre? You said  
 he'd be here --

SUGE  
 Don't worry about Dre. (beat) Truth  
 be told, he ain't got nothing to do  
 with this right here.

Suge pulls out a sheaf of papers, and a pen.

SUGE (CONT'D)  
 Here's what's gonna happen. You're  
 gonna sign these. Releasing Dre and  
 The D.O.C. from Ruthless.

EAZY  
 Whatever homie. You think I'm  
 signing that shit, you crazier then  
 I thought. I'm out --

Eazy just laughs, heads for the door. But before he gets there, it OPENS, revealing --

A LARGE DUDE wearing Blood-Red. He enters the studio, crosses his arms. A massive barrier.

SUGE

Naw. I think you gonna stay awhile.

SLAM! Eazy SPINS to see TWO MORE BLOODS entering through a side door. One of them holds a metal BASEBALL BAT. The other has a SHOTGUN dangling at his side.

Eazy now realizes he's just walked into a straight-up buzz-saw. But he shows no fear. He puffs his chest out.

EAZY

Fuck you, Suge. I ain't scared of none you niggas, cuzz!

Suge just stares at Eazy a long uncomfortable while.

SUGE

You can talk tough all you want-- but this ain't no record.

(heart attack serious)

Don't make me change you, Eric Wright.

EAZY

The fuck is that supposed to mean?

SUGE

These niggas will take something from you that you can't get back.

BLOOD

Just let me murder this Crab, Suge.

Suge stands, eyes cold, black, as the THUGS moves behind Eazy.

SUGE

Naw. That's too easy.

(to Eazy)

I got a whole night planned for you if you don't sign them release forms.

Eazy's eyes shoot to the Blood, back to Suge.

SUGE (CONT'D)

It could happen quick, Eric. Or it could take a long, long time. You better choose right. Because you know where I come from. This Bomp-ton nigga!

EAZY'S FACE can't hide his fear anymore. Or his anger.

EAZY  
 (so quiet, to himself)  
 Dirty mothafucka...

WHAP! A large HAND falls on Eazy's SHOULDER -- pushing him hard down in a chair.

89

**EXT. JERRY'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - LATER**

89

Eazy sits slumped in a chair, drinking a beer next to the pool. His eyes look hard, flat, broken somehow --

CLICK! THERE'S A GUN TO HIS HEAD, revealing --

JERRY, in his BATHROBE looking freaked out, holding the gun. He immediately LOWERS it.

JERRY  
 Jesus Christ, Eric. You can't just... I thought you were --

But Eazy isn't rattled at all. He just sits there, blank.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
 Are yo okay? Eric. Why don't we go inside? All right? Come on...

Jerry helps Eazy out of the chair, ushering him into --

90

**INT. JERRY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

90

Eazy follows Jerry into the kitchen as Jerry pulls some leftovers from the fridge. Slides them over to Eazy. But Eazy isn't interested. Instead, he pulls out a bag of weed. Rolls a joint, lights it. Takes a long drag -- Exhales a lot more than just smoke...

JERRY  
 Hey. You gotta tell me what's going on. I can tell when something's --

Eazy leans on the counter. Finally looks at Jerry.

EAZY  
 I gotta kill that mothafucka, Suge. I just wanted you to know that shit's about to get thick around here.

JERRY  
 You're not gonna do that.

EAZY  
 I didn't come over here to ask you -  
 - I came to tell you.  
 (MORE)

EAZY (CONT'D)

You the one that wanted to be down with this gangsta shit. So here we go.

JERRY

You do that, it's gonna ruin everything we've built --

Eazy suddenly SNAPS into intense anger --

EAZY

I have to do it! This is the streets, muthafucka! I don't have a choice! He came at me! He came at us. We don't hit back, it's over! Done! Put a fork in this shit!

Jerry closes his eyes, takes a breath. Tries to keep his tone relaxed, so that he can, in turn, relax Eazy.

JERRY

Eric. Listen to me. I never said we won't hit back. But this isn't Compton. We don't hit back with bullets. We do it with lawyers. We drain those assholes.

Eazy calms down a little bit.

EAZY

I don't care about the money, Jerry. Ain't about the money.

Jerry puts a fatherly hand on Eazy's shoulder. Looks at him.

JERRY

Of course it is. You're smarter than those criminals. You wanna kill somebody? Then you'll be in prison, forever. No more family. No more Ruthless. No more anything.

Eazy stares back at Jerry.

JERRY (CONT'D)

If you kill this man. His problems are over and yours are just beginning -- Lets hit 'em where it really hurts.

Eazy is more conflicted then ever before --



JOURNALIST

But it isn't just the Jewish community. The Korean grocer community have also accused you of racism, mostly because of your song "Black Korea" --

CUBE

Come on, man. That don't even make no sense. Black Korea is just a warning. That's it. I'm a journalist, just like you! Reporting on what's going on in the hood. But the difference is that I'm brutally honest about it. Cause sugar coating will get you diabetes.

A couple of members of the Nation of Islam are quietly seen in the background as the journalist struggles, tries to gain a foothold --

JOURNALIST

What's your relationship with the Nation of Islam?

Cube just smiles, shakes his head.

CUBE

There my brothers. That question alone just proves how unprepared of a "sandbag reporter" you really are. You wanna talk about Anti-Semitism? Then it's "Black Korea," and now you wanna talk about the Nation of Islam? Seriously, man. What's your agenda? You can't focus on one thing? Ask me something interesting. I'm not an elected official. I'm an artist. You haven't asked me one damn question about music. I'm America's conscience. I represent the good, the bad and the ugly. What you represent?

92

**INT. DRE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

92

The massive room's focal point is a BASIC STUDIO SETUP: SSL, some turntables, a mic, some keyboards, a tower of speakers.

**SUPERIMPOSE: SIX MONTHS LATER**

Dre sits in the epicenter of it all, motionless, lost. It's the first time we've seen him anywhere near a soundboard and not creating on it. He just stares into the nothingness --

A TAP ON GLASS alerts us to SNOOP, Warren G and DOC (small scare on DOC's neck) outside. Dre stands. Opens the window.

DRE

What you fools doin' out here?

WARREN G

Watching you daydream for the last five minutes.

DOC

(raspy voice)

Looking stupid as a mothafucka.

SNOOP

Come take a ride with us Dr. Dre.  
You gotta get out this house, Cuz  
and get your mind right.

**INT. DRE'S CAR - LOS ANGELES - MINUTES LATER**

Snoop at the wheel, they ride listening to ATOMIC DOG by George Clinton. Snoop's at the wheel, smoking a JOINT (surprise), Dre shotgun, Warren G and D.O.C. in the back.

SNOOP

What you so tense for, Cuz?

DRE

I'm cool.

WARREN G

No you not. You been up in that house for a month now, and not one track? Wassup, what's wrong?

DRE

First time in my life, I feel like I'm forcin' it.

WARREN G

Why?

DRE

Too much outside interference --  
Eazy and Jerry tryin' to starve me out. Playin' games with my money. Tryin' to get me back in there on my hands and knees --

SNOOP  
Is that why you ain't got no  
furniture?

Snoop holds out the jay.

SNOOP (CONT'D)  
This shit'll chill you out.

DRE  
Nah, that ain't me. I'm good.

WARREN G  
Come on, big bro. Loosen up.

DRE  
(reconsidering)  
Fuck it, gimme that shit.

Dre takes a deep pull, holding it in before COUGHING out a massive cloud. They all laugh. And Dre takes another hit. An even bigger one.

DRE (CONT'D)  
Wow. What is in this shit?

SNOOP  
That shit right there? That's the  
Chronic.

Dre TURNS UP the music.

SNOOP (CONT'D)  
You never smoked before?

DRE  
No. I can feel it in my nuts, man.  
Is that normal?

Dre finds himself laughing with the guys as they cruise on...

94

**INT. DRE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

94

Dre's behind the SSL, listening to a rhythm based on Leon Heywood's I'M GONNA DO SOMETHING FREAKY TO YOU. Warren G, Snoop, and D.O.C are in different corners of the room. Smoke floats over Snoop's head like a halo.

The vibe is positive and laid back, but as we look at Dre's face we can tell what he's thinking: something's missing.

Dre turns to the MOOG Keyboard situated on the side of the board and starts noodling with a melody. It's almost familiar. But not quite.

Then he hits it: Da do dee dah dee dah dah dee do deee...

Just like that, we've witnessed the birth of AIN'T NUTHIN'  
BUT A G THANG.

SNOOP

Oh shit. Keep playing that.

Dre does the same ten notes -- That's it! It's G THANG.

SNOOP (CONT'D)

(freestyling)

One. Two. Three into the Four.

Snoop Doggy Dogg and Dr. Dre is at  
the door... (rap continues)

Just like that, musical history is being created.

95

**EXT. JERRY'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY**

95

Tapdancing for a slightly fatigued Eazy, Jerry tries hard to  
convince him that --

JERRY

We're about to get back into the  
game in a big way, Eric --

EAZY

Yeah? How you figure?

JERRY

Are you just trying to insult me?

Eazy stares back at Jerry, like *indulge me*.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Did you forget about Ren's album?  
Or the fact that you're working on  
an album that I believe is gonna be  
bigger than anything NWA ever --

EAZY

Do you really believe that  
bullshit? All I know is Cube's  
doin' big things, makin' movies and  
shit. And I keep hearin' about this  
album Dre workin' on --

JERRY

Dre's a fuckin' producer, Eric!  
Producer's don't rap! It's never  
gonna work! Period!

96 OMITTED 96  
 97 OMITTED 97  
 98pt1 OMITTED 98pt1  
 98 **I/E. DRE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM TO BACKYARD - DAY** 98

The MUSIC IS BUMPIN'! There's a party going on somewhere in this house, but not in this room. We're close up on a pair of blue Chuck Taylors with a pair Dickies and boxers draped on them. As we pull back, we realize that some LUCKY BASTARD is GETTING HEAD from a SEXY WOMAN with nice curves.

As we pull back further, we can't even see who the Lucky Bastard is because another AMAZING FEMALE is sitting on his face, MOANING and smoking a blunt. Just as we attempt to register what's going on --

We track another SPECTACULAR FEMALE in a two-piece bikini. She grabs the blunt from her, hits it and walks out to the balcony. She blows out the smoke and passes it to one of the HOMIES who's already rolling up more blunts from the pound of weed sitting on the table in front of him.

From there we crane down, passing the DJ rig on the second floor balcony. Even the DJ has GIRLS around him, a blunt in his mouth, and a drink in his hand.

We crane down further to the bottom floor where MORE GIRLS in BIKINIS get sprayed by GUYS with SUPER SOAKERS and CHAMPAGNE BOTTLES. It's an impromptu "wet T-shirt" contest.

As we pull back across the pool, a few more TOPLESS GIRLS jump in and we realize we're at one of those famous Dr. Dre/Death Row pool parties. People everywhere. Sex in the air. Freezer-bags stuffed with high-grade weed are being passed out to everybody by Snoop Dogg himself.

We catch a glimpse of two nice looking LADIES walking over to the bar. We will come to know one of them as NICOLE. But first--

IN THE GAZEBO, we find Dre smoking a blunt and playing DOMINOES with D.O.C., laughing, blowing off some much-needed steam. Until --

Dre's eyes settle on Nicole, who's different from the rest. She's not drunk, or dancing, or flirting. She's beautiful, but in an understated way. When her friend gets up and walks away, Nicole turns, like she senses Dre's gaze. Looks right at him, with clear, bright, but wary eyes. He heads over --

DRE  
You look like you're ready to go.

NICOLE  
(smiles)  
I'm just waiting on my friend. I  
knew I should've drove.

DRE  
You're not having fun?

NICOLE  
Oh no, it was fun. I had a lot of  
fun. But now it's starting to get a  
little wild.

DRE  
Yeah, it does get crazy around here  
sometimes.  
(extending his hand)  
Hi, I'm Andre.

WOMAN (NICOLE)  
I know.  
(shaking his hand)  
I'm Nicole.

DRE  
Hey Nicole, why don't you come over  
here with me and kick it for a  
while til your friend gets back.

She considers a moment. Then --

NICOLE  
I don't know, maybe another time  
and another place. But not now.

And with that, a visibly tipsy Warren G walks over, trying to  
dump some USED COALS out of a kettle-style GRILL --

WARREN G  
Yo Dre, we're can I dump this shit?

DRE  
Do it look like I give a fuck right  
now? Can't you see I'm tryin' to  
make a Love Connection?

NICOLE  
No, he's trying make a friend  
connection.

WARREN G  
Aaight, regulate that shit!

Warren G staggers off with the hot coals. They smile at Warren's walk off.

DRE  
A friend connection?

NICOLE  
Speaking of friends, I need to go find mine before she gets too lost.

DRE  
You want me to help you?

NICOLE  
No, seems like you need to get back to your game. I'll talk to you later.

She gets up and heads off leaving Dre with a big smile on his face. As she goes --

DRE  
I'mma find you, Nicole!

She turns. Smiles back. Disappears into the party. But it's clear he's crushing hard on this girl.

99

**PATIO - MOMENTS LATER**

99

The PARTY is still going strong but we see some underlying tension developing.

On one side, we have SNOOP'S CREW -- many of them straight-up Long Beach Rollin 20's CRIPS. While Suge's crew, on the other side, are various Compton BLOODS.

SNOOP is FREESTYLING for a small GROUP gathered around him, blowing all their minds --

SNOOP  
FREESTYLE TBD...

Snoop STOPS mid-flow, and STARES, wide-eyed, at the HOUSE --

SNOOP (CONT'D)  
What the *fuhhhh* --

Everyone TURNS! GIRLS IMMEDIATELY START SCREAMING because --

DRE'S HOUSE IS ON FIRE! Huge orange FLAMES lick up the siding, spreading quickly. BLACK SMOKE pours into the sky!

Everybody SCATTERS, tripping over each other, falling on the lawn, because let's not forget everyone is WASTED.

Find DRE, watching the flames, almost hypnotized by them, because it doesn't seem real. Warren G staggers up beside him, watching on, eyes like saucers.

WARREN G  
Your house is on fire.

DRE  
Yeah. (beat) Shit's crazy, right.

WARREN G  
Maybe I shouldn't have thrown them  
coals in the trash.

Dre suddenly snaps out of it. Because --

DRE  
MY FUCKIN' MASTERS!

Against all logic, Dre storms INTO THE BURNING HOUSE as the SOUNDS of DISTANT SIRENS ring out --

100 **INT. CAN AM STUDIOS - OFFICE - DAY**

100

Dre and Suge talk in a corner of the studio. Voices low.

DRE  
What do you mean that everyone is  
passing on this record?

SUGE  
What do you think?

Dre shakes his head.

SUGE (CONT'D)  
They all turned it down. "Too many  
live instruments. It's not hip-  
hop."

DRE  
It's not hip-hop? Shit, it's the  
future. Ain't no more money in  
sampling everythang.

SUGE  
This guy has a lot of money. This  
is the only shot we got.

DRE  
Okay, shoot.

As they walk to the other side of the studio we WIDEN TO REVEAL JIMMY IOVINE. He's older and white, wearing glasses with a baseball cap pulled low over his eyes.

JIMMY  
(extends his hand)  
Jimmy Iovine. Interscope Records.  
It's nice to meet you. Dre or Dr  
Dre. What should I call you?

DRE  
Dre's cool. How are you doing? I  
heard John McClain gave you my  
album. What did you think?

Jimmy smiles.

JIMMY IOVINE  
I think it was great.  
(beat)  
So, you're the artist on this  
record. Who produced it?

DRE  
I did.

JIMMY IOVINE  
Who engineered it?

DRE  
I did.

JIMMY IOVINE  
Listen. I don't know anything about  
hip hop. And to be honest with you,  
I don't necessarily care for it.  
But I know this is special.

The word special resonates with Dre. He nods.

DRE  
Thank you.

SUGE  
We'd love to bring it to  
Interscope. But there's a problem.

JIMMY IOVINE  
What's the problem?

SUGE  
Ruthless. Lawsuits.  
(beat)  
Contracts.

JIMMY IOVINE

How about this. Give me three weeks. But I don't want to hear any bullshit about you shopping it anywhere else. If you do that. I believe I can get you out of this mess. Sound good?

Suge smiles.

101      **EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY**      101

A sprawling city of orphans, calm before the storm.

**SUPERIMPOSE: APRIL 29, 1992**

JERRY (PRE-LAP)

Eazy. You may wanna see this.

102      **INT. JERRY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**      102

Jerry turns the volume up as Eazy plops down on the couch beside him --

TOM BROKAW (V.O.)

... a stunning verdict of "not guilty" for the L.A. Four today in Simi Valley...

PUSH IN CLOSE ON EAZY, seeing the verdict.

JERRY (O.S.)

Sorry...

EAZY

Sorry? We all ought to be sorry...

(then)

We had them on tape -- we had their asses on tape.

Eazy continues to watch, pained and perplexed, as we see --

**EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL - STREETS - DAY**

Cube drives through SOUTH CENTRAL in the epicenter of the unfolding RIOTS. Looting stores. Burning buildings.

He drives by GRAFFITI TAGS, many of which say *FUCK THA POLICE*. He sees a CRIP and a BLOOD, tying their RED and BLUE bandanas together in front of one such tag: a SYMBOL of the GANG TRUCE.

NEARBY, crowds of young people CHANT:

CROWD

*No justice, no peace! Everybody  
say, fuck the police! No justice,  
no peace! Everybody say, fuck the  
police!*

A very proud Cube watches. His own words turned into a unifying slogan for the riots. And we see --

103      **ARCHIVAL NEWS FOOTAGE**      103

Of the riots -- angry, violent. Years upon years worth of rage unleashed in a three day period. Marshall Law. Police brutality. Race hatred. The worst of humanity.

104      OMITTED      104

105      **EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL - CRENSHAW BOULEVARD - DAY**      105

Calm now, we behold a virtual wasteland of smoldering cars and buildings. Shell-shocked, CITIZENS wander around, trying to make their neighborhood livable again as --

A '64 IMPALA rolls down the boulevard. Dre, Snoop, D.O.C. and Warren G silently observe the damage, shell-shocked.

106      **EXT. SUNSET BLVD - NIGHT**      106

Eazy cruises down Sunset. He looks older, more anguished.

**SUPERIMPOSE: ONE YEAR LATER**

He passes by TOWER RECORDS where a massive mural of THE CHRONIC cover art fills up the entire side of the building. Eazy beholds it with a confluence of admiration and envy. As the bite of that really starts to sting, Eazy looks --

ACROSS THE STREET, he spots a BILLBOARD for Cube's movie, *BOYZ N THA HOOD*. Cube is front and center, alongside CUBA GOODING JR. Eazy can't believe it as we --

107      **INT. EAZY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**      107

Times are hard. Eazy's not ballin' like he was. Surrounded by MOVING BOXES and basic studio equipment, a few HOMIES do their thing on the board, the makings of *NEIGHBORHOOD SNIPER* playing, as Eazy, Ren and Yella huddle over --

THREE HUGE, ONE-POUND BAGS OF WEED sit on the coffee table. They divide them into smaller BAGS.

YELLA

So all this weed. It's for your Ruthless artists?

EAZY

Havin' some cash flow problems. They can smoke it, they can sell it, I don't care. As long as it keeps 'em off my back for a minute.

YELLA

Maybe you should think about diversifying into my kinda shit. There's money in there, too.

Eazy laughs, shakes his head.

EAZY

What, makin' pornos? No thanks, man. That's your thing. I'll stick with this music shit. Once my new album right here's done, I'mma be fine --

Eazy starts COUGHING. It doesn't sound great.

REN

You all right, man?

EAZY

Yeah. Just tired. All this shit, downsizin' to a new crib, just weighin' on me. I'll figure it out though. I always do.

JERRY (O.S.)

Eric --

Jerry enters. Approaches Eazy.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Can you come by my office? I need you to sign some checks --

But Eazy doesn't even look up at Jerry.

EAZY

I'll come when I can, Jerry.

JERRY

Eric --

But Eazy just keeps ignoring him. Annoyed, Jerry exits --

Death Row's a thriving office space, especially in contrast to Ruthless. A few DOPE CARS sit parked out front as --

Dre SCREECHES up in his brand-new, WHITE FERRARI TESTAROSA -- Suge's just behind him in a RED MERCEDES SL AMG CONVERTIBLE. A car is parked in Suge's parking space. Suge blocks the car in. Suge's Goons wait for him to exit his car. Dre and Suge hop out, ALL EYES ON THEM --

DRE

Man, this is just the beginning...  
We're building an empire.

Dre LAUGHS as ...

Suge storms off, flanked by his GOONS, bee-lining for the EMPLOYEE'S. He grabs the Employee by the collar and hauls him out of his car to his feet.

SUGE

You're in my spot!

The Employee just gapes at Suge, speechless...

DRE

Suge, it's cool --

Suge shakes the Employee like a rag doll...

SUGE

Did you park in my muthafuckin'  
parking space or not?

EMPLOYEE

I didn't know, I --

Suge pulls out a PISTOL and CRACKS the Employee across the face with it, blood gushing from his nose --

Startled, Dre shoots to a stand. *What the fuck!?* Even more so when Suge drags the bleeding Employee across the parking lot before tossing him against a car. Suge give the guy his keys.

SUGE

Now move yo' piece of shit and park  
my car.

Wow... The guy is scared and confused at Suge's "power drunk" request. He slowly takes the keys.

SUGE (CONT'D)  
 -- And I bet not see one drop of  
 blood in that mothafucka.

And everyone watches in utter silence as Suge spins and struts into Death Row Records brand new offices. LOUD SILENCE.

Off Dre, disturbed by Suge's violent display.

109 OMITTED 109

110 OMITTED 110

111 **INT. CUBE'S HOUSE - LOS ANGELES - NIGHT** 111

Cube sits in the living room, watching basketball, and doing something we haven't seen before: WRITING A SCREENPLAY.

Kim walks through, visibly PREGNANT, holding SHEA (1). Hands Cube a beer. He reaches for her, kisses her belly as their toddler, DARRELL (3), runs in. Hops up on Cube's lap.

CUBE  
 Hey Darrell. What you been doing? --  
 playin' with Shea?

Darrell nods as Kim picks up the remote, starts FLIPPING channels. She STOPS when it lands on *THE BOX*, which just happens to be playing NWA's *STRAIGHT OUTTA COMPTON*. Cube watches for a bit, lost in thought --

KIM  
 Look how young you guys look.

Cube looks for a moment -- shakes his head, in disbelief.

CUBE  
 Damn... We left some good records  
 on the table...

Kim walks closer-- rubs his shoulders lovingly...

KIM  
 Well-- ain't nobody burnt down the  
 table did they? Ever thought about  
 getting back together?

CUBE  
 All the time. But we've been  
 feuding for so long. It might be  
 "ON" on sight when we see each  
 other. I really don't know.

KIM

That's a shame. It's terrible how money tears us apart.

CUBE

Yeah-- When it should be bring us together. Somebody always wants more then they're suppose to get. As that's when shit get funky.

She nods in agreement -- as he continues working on his script. A movie called "FRIDAY".

112

**INT. NICE RESTAURANT - LOS ANGELES - NIGHT**

112

Dre's having dinner with NICOLE -- the woman who rejected him at his party. Even though they're both clearly feeling this.

DRE

Aren't you glad I tracked you down?

NICOLE

I wasn't exactly hiding.

They both chuckle.

DRE

So wassup, you been havin' good time?

NICOLE

Yeah... Why?

DRE

Well I mean, I like comin' over your place, but you know, your neighbors be complainin' about "the noise" --

Nicole smiles, shoos Dre. He smiles at her, mesmerized. *God damn this girl is special.* He fills up their champagne.

DRE (CONT'D)

I think a little more privacy would be better.

NICOLE

So what, you want me to move?

DRE

Yeah, maybe. I know of a perfect spot. Plenty of room, and I know the owner.

Nicole finally gets what Dre's saying. Smiles.

NICOLE

After a few months, you sure you're ready for that, Andre?

DRE

Yeah. I'm really feelin' you like that.

NICOLE

I'm feelin' you too, but...

Nicole considers, conflicted. Dre can't stand it any longer.

DRE

Hey you know what, don't worry about it right now. Was just a thought...

Dre drinks his glass of champagne down.

DRE (CONT'D)

Listen, I don't mean to change the temperature in here. But it had to be crazy, bein' married to a Laker.

NICOLE

Wasn't what I'd call a good fit. It got crazy once we moved to L.A. I definitely went through some unnecessary shit when he started acting like an asshole. But I have a beautiful son and all that other nonsense is behind me now.

DRE

Look, no offense, but I'm a little glad he was an asshole.  
(raising his glass)  
His loss is my gain. To assholes.

NICOLE

(playfully)  
Chin-chin.

They share a laugh as Nicole raises her glass -- CLINK. Dre downs his glass as we --

113

**EXT. NICOLE'S APARTMENT - WESTWOOD - LATER**

113

Dre walks Nicole to her door, and pretty soon they're kissing. It's nice, but after a bit, she pulls away.

NICOLE  
All right -- Good night.

Dre looks surprised.

DRE  
Really? Good night?

NICOLE  
Are you okay to drive?

DRE  
No.

They both laugh.

NICOLE  
Good night, Andre.

DRE  
See, I can't help thinkin', maybe  
you want me to come inside...

NICOLE  
Of course I do.

DRE  
So what's different now?

NICOLE  
I got a lot of things to think  
about.  
(beat)  
You're asking me to move in...  
That's a big step. I like you,  
Andre. But there's a lot going on  
around you.

DRE  
What do you mean?

NICOLE  
I read the papers. I'm not stupid.  
I know about the whole Death Row  
business, the assault charges, the  
shooting... Just seems dangerous.  
My son's my world.

DRE  
But I thought we been havin fun.

NICOLE

Fun is fun, Andre. But I refuse to walk away from one crazy life into another.

She kisses him on the cheek.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

I'll a call you.

Nicole turns, walks into the building, leaving Dre standing there, embarrassed, angered.

Head full of steam, he stumbles back, hops into his --

113A **INT. DEATH ROW RECORDS - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

113A

Dre walks into Death Row feeling the sting of Nicole's words still reverberating in his head as --

We reveal two pitbulls snarling and lunging at each other being restrained by heavy duty chains. The screams and yells of a betting crowd of Bloods permeate the hallway as we see the Death Row signature electric chair squarely at the end. A guy walking a pitbull on a hain moves pass the screaming Bloods and howling dogs runs into Dre.

GUY WITH DOG

Dre, you want to put some money on this red nose?

DRE

(A little dazed and confused)

Nah man, I'm good.

The rowdy circle of betters grow more and more boisterous as the pitbulls are about to get it on.

DRE (CONT'D)

Where's Pac at?

GUY WITH DOG

Studio A...

113B **INT. DEATH ROW RECORDS STUDIO A - CONTINUOUS**

113B

We hear 2Pac's iconic verse from "Hail Mary" as Dre enters the studio as the dog fight starts back in the hallway to reveal --

The control room of Studio A is in complete chaos. Bottles everywhere along with blunt smoke, Homies and Hoodrats. TUPAC is in the recording booth spitting out lyrics.

He's made an alter around him with lyric sheet stands -- each stand has 2 to 3 notebooks full of raps on it. When they notice Dre, the engineer stops the track.

Dre pushes the talk-back button and looks at Tupac through the glass.

DRE

Wha'up Pac?

TUPAC

Oh shit! Wha'up Dre...  
I'm about to hit niggas in the  
mouth with this new album.  
Suge said you got some heat for a  
nigga.

DRE

Nigga what? I do...guess who I  
worked with last night.

TUPAC

Who dat?

Dre hands a CD to the engineer ---

DRE

Roger fuckin' Troutman. Man this  
shit is fire. Wait til you hear it.

TUPAC

Oh! OK what you thinking about  
calling it?

DRE

I'm thinking about calling it  
California love.

Dre looks at the engineer ---

DRE (CONT'D)

Press play

California Love screams out the speakers... we hear the iconic first few bars with Roger Troutman's signature voice singing, California Love.

We hear the sound of what seems like muffled gunshots coming from another room. Pop. Pop. Pop. Everyone is like what the fuck.

This doesn't sit well with Dre. He exits to see what's up.

113C INT. DEATH ROW CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

113C

We reveal a pitbull snarling at an emasculated poor bastard that is on the floor all bloody, in his underwear holding a glass of champagne. The pitbull continues to lunge at his face looking to rip his soul out. WE REVEAL Suge smoking a big cigar and laughing. He's at the center of a room full of Bloods and hoodrats plus Blood #1, Goon Girl and Goon #1, all intently watching the last moments of this emasculated homeboys toast.

Dre opens the door at the far end of the room not expecting to see this spectacle. There's several blown holes in the wall where the gun shots were fired just above the cowering man's head.

DRE

What the fuck y'all doin'?

SUGE

(drunk with power)

Yo Dre, you just in time. Watch this. Get up!

(To the Poor Bastard)

You know what to do.

Bruised and bloody with one eye closed shut, the Poor Bastard raises the glass with a shaky hand and a quivering voice. Pit bull continues to stand at attention.

POOR BASTARD

I'd like to make a toast...

Everyone in the room holds up their champagne glasses. Dre can't believe his eyes. There's even two (plain clothes) off duty COPS there with badges and gun holsters -- glasses raised high.

POOR BASTARD (CONT'D)

...to Death Row Records...

ROOM

To Death Row...

GOON GIRL

(clowning him)

May the west coast reign forever.

POOR BASTARD

(scared)

May the west coast reign forever.

BLOOD#1

What else!?

POOR BASTARD

I'd like to make a toast to Suge.  
For making this all happen.

SUGE

Don't forget to toast Dr. Dre. you  
little bitch ass mothafucka!

The Poor Bastard looks over at Dre.

DRE

(frustrated)  
Hold the fuck up! Put cha' glasses  
down. Put your fuckin clothes on.  
What the fuck is going on around  
here?! Seriously, what's going on?!

Suge approaches Dre puts his hand on his shoulder.

DRE (CONT'D)

(to Suge)  
Nah Nah...  
(to Room)  
What the fuck is this shit. Is this  
why we got money? To act like we  
ain't got no god damn sense?! We  
could of did all this kind of dumb  
shit back in Compton!  
(to the room)  
This what you muthafuckas turned  
into!? Seriously!

SUGE

Its okay, Dre.

The Cop #2 is on the couch with some street girls holding a  
champagne glass in her hand looks at Dre then over to Suge,  
who's laughing.

DRE

This shit is stupid! Do ya'll know  
what it took for us to get here. Do  
y'all know what you doin'? Y'all  
fuckin' it up! Y'all fucking it up!  
(to off duty cops)  
And what the fuck ya'll doing  
here?!

Cop raises the glass.

DRE (CONT'D)

Really, ok...

SUGE  
 (laughing)  
 Who fuckin' shit up! You trippin.  
 We can do anything we want to do.  
 We started this shit. This is us.

DRE  
 Nah, Nigga. Death Row is us.  
 (pointing around)  
 This other shit -- is you!

Suge's Goons get in position.

GOON #1  
 Better watch ya mouth, Blood.

DRE  
 'Tha fuck you talking too?

GOON #2  
 (dismissive)  
 Nigga, you ain't nothing but a  
 producer around here.

DRE  
 What the fuck?!!!

This sends Dre into orbit. He goes after Blood #1. The whole conference room jumps in between them -- keeping these two human pit bulls from scrappin'. Everybody jumps but Suge who amused by the whole thing -- puffs on his cigar. Dre is being held back by the Off Duties. While Goon #1 is being held back by Goon #2 and a few others. World War III averted for now.

DRE (CONT'D)  
 Get the fuck off me.

Dre breaks free and storms out.

SUGE  
 Man don't even trip off this  
 muthafucka. What he going to do?  
 Where he going to go?

113pt2 **TESTAROSA**

113pt2

And just sits there, seething. Reaches in the back seat, grabs a bottle of Hennessy. Takes a swig... Then --

A sudden look of determination washes over him. He TEARS out into the street, tires SQUEALING -- ERRRR!

PASSING CARS, swerving, Dre punches the gas, RPMs maxed out. Shifts, flying through an intersection -- the needle passes 100mph. Keeps going, loving the release, the control...

A POLICE CRUISER, coming the opposite direction, spots Dre's Testarosa -- In a flash, they bang a U-turn, peeling so fast, smoke clouds the night air --

ON DRE, distant police lights now strobing off of his face from the rear view mirror. Fuck! Thinking fast, he switches off his headlights. Hits the gas, needle bottoming-out!

As he reaches the next intersection, Dre makes a hard left -- SCREECHES to a stop, tucking into a spot along the side of the road. Shuts off his car. Waits, breathing fast, as --

DRE (TO HIMSELF)  
Come on, come on, come --

THE POLICE CRUISER barrels around the corner -- SLAMS THE BRAKES! Two LAPD OFFICERS fling open their doors, guns leveled at Dre's car!

Eyes wide, adrenaline coursing through his veins, chest heaving, Dre grits his teeth. He's stuck... and he knows it.

LAPD OFFICER 1 (VIA LOUDSPEAKER)  
Driver! Put your hands out of your window where we can see them! Now!

Dre complies, reaches his hands out of his window.

The two officers carefully approach, guns at the ready. OFFICER 2 slaps the cuffs on Dre, regret immediately registering on his face as we --

**SMASH CUT TO:**

114 **EXT. JAIL - PASADENA - ESTABLISHING - DAY** 114

Nicole hops out of her car and hurries into --

115 **INT. JAIL - VISITING AREA - DAY** 115

Dre and NICOLE sit across from each other, Plexiglas between them, talking via phone receivers.

NICOLE  
Anybody else been here to see you,  
your so-called friends at Death  
Row?

DRE

Nope. You're the only one I wanna see anyway.

She surveys him, pain in his eyes.

NICOLE

112 days? That doesn't even make sense.

DRE

Yeah, well... That's what happens when you violate your probation.

They sit there, just being in the awkward, contrived moment.

NICOLE

You got one phone call and you called me?

DRE

'Cause you were right. Only other person that tells it to me like it is-- is my moms. So I know you care.

She looks at him, nods, dabs at her wet eyes.

DRE (CONT'D)

I fucked up. But I've had a lot of time to think in here, and I promise you, things are gonna be different from now on.

That lies there a minute. Then --

NICOLE

You take care of yourself, Andre.

She stands, heads away... And we see the reflexive disappointment on Dre's face before...

116

**INT. EAZY'S NORWALK HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

116

Tomica and Eazy lie in bed together. He stares at the ceiling, and she runs her hand soothingly down his arm.

EAZY

I feel like I don't know what I'm doin' anymore. I don't even know where the money's going.

Tomica props herself up on her elbow, looks at him.

TOMICA

I can help, you know. Show me the files, the bills, the contracts. I know the business, I know how it all works. Let me look. Baby, if you're feelin' this way, Jerry's not doin' right by you.

Eazy puts his arm around her, pulls her close. They both lie there a little longer, just breathing.

EAZY

Okay. After New York. Workin' on that International Distribution with Sony. Jerry don't know about that. I wanna keep it that way.

Tomica nods, smiles. Encouraged he has a plan again.

117 **EXT. NEW YORK CITY - CHELSEA - NIGHT** 117

Establish MANHATTAN, in winter, after hours. Dirty snow on the sidewalks. Cold-as-shit wind blowing off the Hudson. A line of CLUB KIDS on the 12th Avenue sidewalk, in front of the massive brick edifice of the legendary --

118 **INT. TUNNEL NIGHTCLUB - VIP - NIGHT** 118

ICE CUBE sits in a BOOTH, surrounded by friends, label-execs, and hangers-on. It's pretty clear that Cube is a huge celebrity at this point. He even has some big, unsmiling THUGS (The Lench Mob) standing close.

Cube, mid-conversation, suddenly STOPS talking... Because he SEES that EAZY-E is entering the VIP with 2 HUGE SAMOANS, making his way over.

CUBE

(to his crew)

Heads up y'all. This lil nigga might wanna do something.

Cube stands up -- ready for whatever.

Eazy and his Bodyguards arrives at the booth. There's a tense silence -- almost a stand off before anyone speaks. Everybody looks to them, seeing how they're gonna react. After all, these two have dissed each other, ferociously and publicly, for years. Still, Eazy gives Cube a friendly, vaguely submissive smile.

EAZY

Relax everybody. Just came in the club-- heard you were over here.

CUBE  
 (Still ready)  
 Yeah. I'm over here. (beat) What  
 you need?

EAZY  
 I don't need shit. Out here with  
 Bone Thugs-- Was just in the  
 neighborhood. Wanted to say wassup.

The tension between the sides eases up a bit, but not completely. They both stand there, neither sure what to say to the other.

EAZY (CONT'D)  
 Saw your movie. It was good.

Cube slowly smiles. Knows that wasn't easy for Eazy.

CUBE  
 Thought you said it was an after-  
 school special.

They both smile, laugh. Give each other a pound. In truth, they missed each other. Homie hug.

EAZY  
 Missed you, boy.

CUBE  
 Missed you too, E. Wish we could've  
 work shit out.

EAZY  
 Guess it all happened like it was  
 supposed to. You a movie star-- I'm  
 a music mogul. Dre. Well Dre is  
 tripping right now, but he's doing  
 his thang. Just wanted to come over  
 here and put something on your  
 mind..

Cube is curious.

119

**INT. TUNNEL NIGHTCLUB - VIP - AFTER HOURS**

119

The club has mostly emptied out. Only a few die-hards remain as we find Cube and Eazy slumped over their table, loose with alcohol. The vibe is cool, friendly, like the old days. But we notice Eazy has a subtle, persistent COUGH...

EAZY  
 I wish all that bullshit never  
 happen between us.  
 (MORE)

EAZY (CONT'D)

Definitely never wanted it to get physical-- we should've kept it on wax.

CUBE

Never should've dissed each other in the first place. Made our fans choice between us. That ain't cool.

EAZY

Yeah you right.

(After a few beats)

Ever though we was going to be this big?

CUBE

Nope. I was reminiscing with my wife the other day. What it felt like-- In the beginning. We were so young and ferocious. Doing music straight for the hood. Trying to be ghetto stars... I thought I knew everything back then -- But I didn't know shit.

EAZY

Me neither. I'm still trying to figure this stuff out. One minute I'm slangin' in a crack house -- next thing I know, they invite me to the White House.

Cube laughs, shakes his head.

CUBE

Yeah. I get it. Everything changes so fast. Feels like it was 20 years ago. If we were still together do you know how large we'd be?

They both sit there, thinking about that shit, amazed.

EAZY

You ever think about fuckin' with some new NWA shit?

Cube frowns, contemplates for a moment.

CUBE

I'd be lyin' if I said I never thought about it.

Eazy's eyes flash. That's what he was hoping to hear.

EAZY

Me too, Cube. Been thinkin' about it a lot. (beat) Be like 1989 again. We changed the world forever. Mothafuckas can never go back to that fake shit after us. It gets no realer then NWA. No matter what...

After a quick thought.

CUBE

If you can get Dre to do it, I'm in. But check this out homie-- I ain't doin' it if Jerry's around. He done made enough off us.

EAZY

I hear you.

An EMPLOYEE walks by, pushing a broom, glaring at them. It's time to go. They both stand up.

CUBE

Cool. We done talked til the damn club closed -- I got a car coming. You need a ride back to your hotel?

EAZY

Naw, I'm cool. I wanna walk.

CUBE

(really?)  
Walk? It's cold as fuck Eric, this ain't L.A.

EAZY

I'm good. Hit me up later.

Another HUG, this one last a little longer then normal. Eazy doesn't say anything else. Just heads for the exit, without looking back. Cube watches him go off into the cold night...

120

**EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - NIGHT**

120

Eazy walks back to his hotel in the freezing cold, his hands jammed in his pockets. The wind blows mercilessly. Eazy is shivering like crazy. But he keeps walking.

It's a longer walk than he thought. He tries to hail a cab, but of course, none stop. He keeps trudging along, his breath making clouds, through the lonesome pre-dawn City --

121 **EXT. JAIL - DAY**

121

Dre emerges from the JAIL, shielding his eyes from the suddenly-blinding SUNSHINE. Interestingly, this is the SECOND TIME we've seen him get picked up from jail.

NICOLE is there, waiting by her car. He wraps her in his arms, and they stand that way, together, for a long time.

122 **INT. JERRY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

122

Jerry has the PAPERS on the counter for Eazy's signature. But something's different this time. Eazy doesn't just sign. Instead, he starts GATHERING the papers into a pile.

JERRY

Wait, aren't you gonna sign --

EAZY

I'mma take these home with me. I'll sign 'em. Get 'em back to you in a couple days.

Jerry looks alarmed.

JERRY

But this is how we've always done it. You have a lot on your plate Eric, there's no need to add to it --

EAZY

It's cool, Jerry. They're my bills, my checks. I mean look, my name's right there.

Eazy grins at Jerry, points to his name on the checks.

JERRY

I just wish we could do it here. I don't want anything to get misplaced or lost --

EAZY

Don't worry so much, Jerry. I can handle it.

Eazy picks up the pile of papers and heads for the door. Jerry stares after him, visibly shaken --

123 **INT. EAZY'S NORWALK HOUSE - NIGHT**

123

Tomica watches on as Eazy finishes READING the immaculately-organized PAPERS she's laid out for him. He puts them down.

TOMICA

You had to know the truth sometime.  
Now you do.

EAZY

Cube tried to warn me. So did Dre.  
And I didn't listen. I fucked up.

And we stay with Eazy a moment, reeling, pissed....

124

**INT. JERRY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER**

124

Eazy walks into their familiar meeting place to find Jerry slumped at the table.

JERRY

Where the fuck have you been? I've  
been calling you --

Jerry glances down at the PAPERS in Eazy's hand, sees the flat look on Eazy's face... and gets it.

JERRY (CONT'D)

So what was it, the groupie? The  
executive assistant? Did she even  
go to college? Come on. You're  
smarter than that, Eric --

EAZY

This ain't about Tomica, Jerry.  
It's about you. And you really  
gotta stop acting like you never  
did anything wrong.

JERRY

Look, I know you're upset. But I'd  
strongly advise you to take a  
breath, let me look at the  
paperwork --

Eric lets out a low, rumbling laugh.

EAZY

Jerry, for real? You can stop  
givin' me advice. As of, like, now.  
I'm getting NWA back together. It's  
happening. But you ain't gonna have  
nothing to do with it this time.

Jerry's voice starts to RAISE in volume, desperation growing.

JERRY

Why would you say something like  
that? You're not thinking straight.

(MORE)

JERRY (CONT'D)

I know what's best for you, and for Ruthless, and we've built a trust over years of hard work. That trust is our foundation, Eric.

Eazy laughs again, but this time... the laugh deteriorates into a ragged, hacking COUGH. Jerry watches, concerned --

JERRY (CONT'D)

Are you okay? You don't look --

EAZY

Trust. God damn, that's a word. Let me tell you somethin', Jerry. Trust is a muthafucka.

Jerry is now full-on YELLING at Eric, who remains calm.

JERRY

Look, if what I've done is so illegal, why have I never been sued? I'm such a thief, such a liar, such a motherfucker, how come nobody's come to collect? This is business. This is how it works. It's not always pretty, but all of it, everything I've put into this company, my whole LIFE for all these years, it's for you, Eric.

Eazy absorbs this. Then --

EAZY

You're fired, Jerry.

Jerry, who is now beet-red, starts to BELLOW with rage --

JERRY

Goddammit, Eric! This is not how we do things! This is a business and I won't let you --

But Eazy's already out the door. Enraged, Jerry wipes his arm across the table sending everything SMASHING onto the floor!

125 **INT. DRE'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY**

125

Long gone are the days of the infamous Dr. Dre pool parties as Dre and Nicole relax by the pool. Dre's huge, early-model CELL PHONE rings from a table beside him. He picks it up --

DRE

Hello?

After a short pause, a familiar, gravelly voice comes on.

EAZY'S VOICE  
Wassup Andre, it's Eric.

Dre's eyes widen. Eazy's the last person he ever expected to hear from.

DRE  
Yeah? Wassup wit you?

**INTERCUT WITH:**

126 **INT. EAZY'S NORWALK HOUSE - BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS** 126

Chilling by his modest pool, Eazy looks worn but determined.

EAZY  
Just felt like callin' --

Dre is still vaguely mystified, at a loss.

DRE  
Yeah. Okay.  
(beat)  
Wassup?

EAZY  
You know. Doin' my thing. Makin records. Killin' all that pussy out there.

Seated a few feet away from Eazy, Tomica rolls her eyes.

EAZY (CONT'D)  
How about you?

DRE  
Just makin' tracks.

EAZY  
That Snoop record you did was big. 850,000 copies in the first week?! Congratulations on the success of that.

DRE  
Good lookin' out.

EAZY  
Well look, I know you're busy, but I talked to Cube, and we were, like, talkin' about some... possibilities.

Dre gets up, walks around the edge of his pool, processing.

EAZY (CONT'D)

And by the way, if you ain't heard--  
I ain't fuckin' with Jerry Heller  
no more. Nigga's fired.

Something in those words causes Dre to soften... a bit.

DRE

Really. Well it's about time. He's  
the reason why we broke up.

EAZY

Listen man, I know everything got  
messed up and went the wrong way. I  
wish it didn't. I wish we can go  
back to the days of Skateland when  
we were all just young, hungry and  
ferocious. The world's most  
dangerous group. Before all the  
money and fame got between us.

DRE

Yeah me too-- cause I'm not proud  
of all the shit I did, either.

Eazy looks vaguely relieved Dre said that.

EAZY

So you think maybe, we can make  
somethin' happen?

DRE

Yeah, that's sounds cool -- Let's  
stay in touch.

EAZY

Fair enough.

They both hang up. Eazy turns to Tomica, big smile.

EAZY (CONT'D)

Everybody's all in. NWA is back!

127

**INT. EAZY'S NORWALK HOUSE - MAKESHIFT STUDIO - CONTINUOUS 127**

Ren and Yella work the kinks out of a dope new beat -- Tomica  
enters, Eazy in tow, looking a bit sluggish.

**SUPERIMPOSE: TWO MONTHS LATER**

REN

Wuddup, y'all.

YELLA

Hey so, when are Dre and Cube gonna roll in here?

REN

Yeah, you know -- Gettin' kinda anxious to get this new shit goin'.

EAZY

I don't know. Hopefully soon. Let's just get ready. New NWA gonna change the game, just like back in the day --

REN

No doubt. I got books of new shit --

Eazy's legs buckle. He leans on the Board, winded --

YELLA

Yo, you alright, Eazy?

EAZY

Yeah. Just. Like. Need some fresh air, somethin' --

PANIC flashes in his eyes as he moves toward the door, suddenly CRUMPLES TO THE FLOOR, out cold --

TOMICA

Eric!

They all hurry over to him --

128 **EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - DAY**

128

An AMBULANCE blares through the night, running red lights, hurtling toward the hulking edifice of CEDARS SINAI --

129 **INT. CEDARS - EAZY'S ROOM - DAY**

129

Eazy lies in a propped-up hospital bed, watching TV. He doesn't look ill, just annoyed with the situation. Tomica sits in a chair beside him, flipping through a magazine.

A young DOCTOR walks in, carrying a chart. He looks troubled, preoccupied. His eyes dart from Tomica... to Eazy.

TOMICA

You gonna say something? Is it a respiratory infection -- pneumonia?

DOCTOR

Yes, well, it is those things...  
and more, I'm afraid... We ran a  
full blood battery and -- (beat)  
Mr. Wright, I'm sorry but you've  
tested positive for the HIV virus.

Tomica reflexively stands, her hand over her mouth. Eazy  
squints, smiles, looks at the Doctor like he's crazy.

EAZY

Get the fuck outta here.

DOCTOR

The normal T-cell count is anywhere  
between 500 and 1500. Right now,  
your T-cell count is... 14.

Tomica just stands there, mouth agape, speechless. Eazy's  
smile slowly fades to a look of pure dread.

EAZY

But I ain't no faggot.

DOCTOR

Mr. Wright, there are actually  
quite a few ways that the virus can  
be transmitted --

EAZY

It's wrong. No way. Test me again.  
Test my shit again --

DOCTOR

We've actually run the test five  
times, with five different  
samples... and the results remain --

Tomica suddenly lets out a choked CRY, runs from the room.  
Eazy watches her go, overwhelmed, confused... and then, all  
at once, he gets it. Voice trembles a little.

EAZY

Tomica. She's pregnant. Oh fuck.  
Does that mean she --

DOCTOR

No. Not necessarily. But we'll need  
to test her, too.

EAZY

So what do we do? What's the  
treatment? Let's get started.

(MORE)

EAZY (CONT'D)

I got work to do. How long's it gonna take to get me healthy again?

The Doctor looks at Eazy, struggles a bit. He pulls up a chair, sits down next to the bed.

DOCTOR

Mr. Wright. You need to understand. You're very, very sick --

EAZY

But I don't even feel that bad...

DOCTOR

With treatment, and palliative care, we can probably keep you comfortable for... maybe six months. At the very most.

Panic washes over Eazy in a flood --

EAZY

Comfortable? What you mean *comfortable*? Six months!?

DOCTOR

I'm truly sorry, Mr. Wright.

Eazy realizes that he's dying.

**HARD CUT TO:**

130 **B-ROLL OF A CROWD OUTSIDE OF CEDARS SINAI (STOCK FOOTAGE)** 130

REPORTER (V.O.)

*Last week, the rap world was stunned to learn in a press conference held by his lawyer, that Eazy-E had been admitted to Cedars Sinai Hospital in Los Angeles and diagnosed as suffering from full-blown AIDS.*

131 **INT. CUBE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

131

WE HEAR the STOCK FOOTAGE CONTINUE over --

At home, sitting on the couch with Kim and their KIDS, Cube watches on, stunned. Kim kisses him, leans on his shoulder as they try to process the shock --

RON SWEENEY (ON TV)

*Eazy started getting sick about a month ago but hadn't shown signs of improvement, so he checked into the hospital. They ran extensive tests and as a result we found out that... he has what he has...*

132 **EXT. CEDARS - COURTYARD - DAY**

132

Outside the hospital, we see PEOPLE have started to GATHER. About a dozen or so. They stand there quietly, shuffling around, staring up at the Hospital --

133 **INT. CEDARS - EAZY'S ROOM - THE NEXT DAY**

133

Tomica sits in a chair pulled right beside Eazy's bed. They hold hands, look at each other. They've both been crying.

EAZY

Just glad you're okay. You and the baby.

Tomica takes his hand, kisses it, cries.

TOMICA

No. We can beat this. Together.

Eazy nods reassuringly, but you can see in his eyes he doesn't believe it. Eazy's PHONE rings. He answers it.

EAZY

Yo.

REN'S VOICE

(filtered)

*Eazy! What the fuck, cuz? People been sayin' some crazy shit. Like you got AIDS or somethin'? Can you believe that? Muthafuckin' Eazy-E got AIDS? Niggas be starting too many rumors, huh?*

SILENCE. Ren is hit with the reality as Eazy TURNS OFF the phone -- Sticks it in the bedside table drawer. It's pretty clear he's never gonna turn it on again.

TOMICA

Who was that?

Eazy doesn't respond, just lies there, despondent.

134 **EXT. SOUNDSTAGE - VIDEO SHOOT - DAY**

134

Dre's chilling on a couch as NICOLE appears from around the corner holding a wireless phone --

NICOLE  
It's for you.

He grabs the phone, leans it on his shoulder.

DRE  
What up.

Dre's face contorts with confusion as he listens...

135 **INT. CEDARS - EAZY'S ROOM - NIGHT**

135

Tomica and Yella stand by Eazy's bedside. Eazy looks drained, depressed. Various members of Eazy's FAMILY are also present. Yella holds a CASSETTE in his hand.

YELLA  
It's Bone Thugs' new LP. It's good,  
Eric. It's gonna be huge when it  
drops. Everybody thinks so. Want me  
to play it for you?

EAZY  
Put it on the table. I'll listen  
later. Thanks for stoppin' through.  
Hit you when I get outta here.

Yella nods sadly, places the cassette on the bedside table and exits. Handwritten on the cover, it says *BONE*.

136 **INT. CEDARS - EAZY'S ROOM - THE NEXT DAY**

136

Tomica sits holding Eazy's hand, staring at him with haunted eyes. RON SWEENEY stands in the background, along with Eazy's Family. Someone else is there now, too. A PASTOR.

TOMICA  
I can't. That's not the way it  
should happen. It's not right --

EAZY  
Please. It's gotta happen, baby.  
I'm having my surgery tomorrow, so  
it has to happen now. Because I  
might not. Wake up.

Eazy's clearly struggling to come to terms with this.

TOMICA  
Don't say that.

EAZY  
It's true, Tomica. I gotta make  
this right. Ron says it's the only  
way to protect everything I built.

Tomica looks to Ron, who nods. She stares off into space,  
slowly shaking her head. Her life has become a nightmare.

TOMICA  
It's so... fucked up --

EAZY  
Hey. Listen to me. It doesn't  
matter what people think. They  
don't know. They don't understand.  
There's no other way. Please. I  
know it's not the way you pictured  
it. You deserve better.

He reaches out, puts his hand on her stomach.

EAZY (CONT'D)  
But if we don't do this, I won't be  
able to protect either of you.

After looking deep into Eazy's eyes -- He needs her.

TOMICA  
Okay. I love you, Eric.

Ron steps forward, followed by the FAMILY, who gather around  
Eazy's bed. Finally, the PASTOR, who smiles kindly at them.

PASTOR  
Are we ready?

Tomica and Eazy nod their heads yes. The Pastor reaches out,  
holds Tomica's hand in one hand, Eazy's hand in the other.

PASTOR (CONT'D)  
Tomica Woods, do you take Eric  
Wright to be your lawfully wedded  
husband, to have and to hold...

Tomica tries not to cry, but it's impossible. The tears flow,  
and all she can do is wipe them away. Eazy won't stop looking  
at Tomica. Like she's the last thing he'll ever see.



CUBE  
You see him? How he look?

DRE  
He looks the same -- like Eric just sleeping. But he's in a coma. Got a machine breathing for him --

Cube frowns, looks at the ground, pained.

CUBE  
Can't see him like that, man. This is bad. I asked one of his homies to call me when he wakes up.

Dre nods, doesn't push it. He understands. As they exit together, they pass the Police Guards, in tight formation by the door, protecting the Hospital. Protecting Eazy.

140     **EXT. CEDARS - COURTYARD - LATER**     140

MORE PEOPLE keep arriving to the VIGIL. A steady flow. They all stare up at the Hospital, watching, waiting. The crowd STRETCHES far in all directions, clogging the street --

141     **INT. CUBE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY**     141

Cube lies on the bed with Kim, watching TV. The PHONE RINGS on the bedside table. Cube stares at it --

142     **EXT. DRE'S HOUSE - PORCH - DAY**     142

Phone to his ear, Dre listens a while, nods, face desolate. Seated beside him, Nicole rubs his back, consoling her man.

DRE  
Okay.

Dre hangs up. Looks over to Nicole.

DRE (CONT'D)  
He's gone.

She hugs him tight as we --

143     **EXT. LOS ANGELES - EVERYWHERE - DAY INTO NIGHT**     143

A moment of quiet beauty. A TIME-LAPSE of the magnificent City of Los Angeles. From hazy, sun-blasted MORNING, to an explosively-hued SUNSET, into the electricity of NIGHT.

We hear EAZY'S VOICE, one last time, through some of the final words he released to his fans.

The TIDES on the beach rise and fall. Endless VEHICLES swarm the FREEWAYS like teeming blood vessels in veins. Clouds race across the sky like an avalanche, a river --

144

**INT. DEATH ROW RECORDS - DAY**

144

Dre strides down the lipstick red hallway, lined with platinum records, a determined look on his face. Enters --

**THE CONFERENCE ROOM**

To find Suge, looking confused, sitting at the end of the long conference table. He's wearing another absurd Red-Devil suit, fedora, gold watch on a chain, flanked by a couple of jacked-up BLOODS. And his DOG is still by his side.

SUGE

What's the urgency, Dre?

DRE

I'm out, man. I'm out of Death Row.

SUGE

You're not making any sense. Death Row and Dr. Dre are one in the same. You can't just up and go.

Dre does not avoid Suge's gaze. He looks right at him.

DRE

Gonna do my own thing now. Start fresh. Nobody to answer to but myself. It's time, Suge.

SUGE

You're one stupid muthafucka. You just gonna throw away all this money? 'Cause if you leave, everything we created is mine.

Suge starts to breathe hard through his nose. He's pissed.

DRE

What we created? Ha -- Well you can have it.

SUGE

You ain't takin nobody with you. Death Row stays Death Row. And if you even think about touching my money? You know how I handle shit.

DRE

Do what you gotta do. I'm still out.

SUGE

You're not gettin none of it.

DRE

I don't give a fuck-- You can't put a price on peace of mind. So you can keep the artists, the money, the masters and the bullshit. I'm startin' my own thing.

Suge stands there, huge, scary. He stares cold daggers into Dre's eyes, but Dre refuses to look away.

Suge finally nods. Something softens in him.

SUGE

What you gonna call it?

Dre grins.

DRE

Aftermath.

Dre walks away, smiling as --

STRAIGHT OUTTA COMPTON kicks in and we see the people and things that have been impacted by NWA. We begin with all the things that made NWA possible. We'll end with all the things that NWA made possible. A little something we like to call...

145

**NWA HISOTRY:**

145 \*

**BEFORE FINAL CREDITS...**

\*

We'll see the actual real life members of N.W.A. in all of their glory back in the day, chronicling what they went on to do, and culminating with a PICTURE OF NWA, staring menacingly at the camera. \*

The most dangerous band in the world.

**FADE OUT.**