

ATTORNEYS AT LAW

by

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EXT. CORNER SMOKE SHOP, BROOKLYN -- EARLY MORNING

FADE UP. "Phony Rappers", by A Tribe Called Quest swells. A kid (18) steps into frame, wheeling a few milk crates on a hand truck, a folded up wooden table under his arm, and a shopping cart full of M & M's. He unfolds the table and grabs a colorful blanket from the top crate, then lays the blanket over the table. The sun rises in the b.g.

EXT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN -- EARLY MORNING

Quick shots of older men in business suits getting into waiting limos. Some walk the streets in deep discussion with one another. One man waits outside his apartment building, reading the Wall Street Journal.

EXT. CORNER SMOKE SHOP, BROOKLYN -- EARLY MORNING

The kid grabs a sheet of rolled up oaktag paper from his crates, unrolls it, and tapes it to the window of the store. The oaktag reads: "HIP HOP MIXES, TEN DOLLARS, NEWEST CUTS FROM TOP DJ'S, ALSO REGGAE, DANCEHALL, R&B" in shiny silver paint pen.

EXT. LAW OFFICE BUILDING -- EARLY MORNING

A towering shiny black glass obelisk. One of many in New York City. Throngs of fancily dressed men and women file in. Homeless bums hopelessly panhandle for change outside of its revolving doors.

EXT. CORNER SMOKE SHOP, BROOKLYN -- EARLY MORNING

The kid dumps a pile of unmarked cd's onto the table. He arranges them. He then grabs a 40 oz. bottle of malt liquor, and a live cat from the bottom crate. He places the cat on the table, unscrews the cap, takes a swig, leans back against the store, and waits.

INT. LAW OFFICE BUILDING -- EARLY MORNING

Businessmen rush to catch closing elevator doors, barely squeezing their way into crowded elevator cars. One man gets his briefcase caught in a door, after a few good tugs, it drops from his hand, and the doors close.

EXT. CORNER SMOKE SHOP, BROOKLYN -- EARLY MORNING

A crowd has gathered around the kid's table. Amongst the crowd, noticeable, is a young man wearing an attempt at a fancy business suit, holding a briefcase. This is ADAM SHAPIRO (30), somewhat handsome, well meaning eyes, eager, neurotic. The kid opens for business.

CORNER KID

(announcing)

Yo, whatsup? I got all the hottest joints from the latest cutmasters! Ten dollars a joint. Plus, peanut and normal M & M's, straight off the delivery truck, three packs for five semolians!

Shapiro steps forward.

CORNER KID (CONT'D)

What you need, homeboy? What you looking for?

SHAPIRO

Got the new "Flex", the new "Shadow", and the "Red Alert" from last month?

CORNER KID

(grabbing cd's)

Hell yeah, baby. Check it. Got mixes of the latest Jay-Z, Kanye, and my man Chamillionaire. You'll be ridin' dirty with this shit, kid. How about buyin' some candy?

SHAPIRO

No thanks.

CORNER KID

Why in the fuck not, son?

SHAPIRO

(re: store)

Because it's cheaper inside.

CORNER KID

You want that melted shit, with the dusty wrapper, rat poison all mixed in with the shit? Be my muthafuckin guest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAPIRO  
(smiling, friendly)  
It ain't like that, B.

CORNER KID  
Tell me what it's like.

SHAPIRO  
I'm just saying that...

Suddenly, the kids's cat just vomits.

CORNER KID  
(re: cat)  
Oh shit! Look how upset you made  
my monkey right here.

SHAPIRO  
Your monkey?

CORNER KID  
Don't mock. My mom's named her  
that. I think my monkey wants you  
to have some candy. Go ahead, take  
some candy from my Monkey.

Corner kid hands Shapiro a large handful of M&M's.  
Shapiro hands him some cash, and stuffs the tapes and  
candy into his briefcase.

SHAPIRO  
Cool, thanks.

CORNER KID  
Don't mention it. Just keeping my  
monkey healthy and happy, that's  
all.  
(to the crowd)  
The rest of you cheap bastids best  
believe my monkey ain't gonna be  
givin' y'all no discount!

Shapiro checks his watch and sprints off toward the  
subway station.

CUT TO:

INT- SWEDLOW, JENKINS, AND ASSOC. -- MORNING

Camera follows the hurried attorney who lost his  
briefcase through double glass doors, past the reception  
desk for Swedlow, Jenkins and Assoc., a large corporate  
law firm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He scurries through the bullpen, past the cubicles, and through two more glass doors into a large boardroom, with a conference table seemingly a mile long. Gathered there are the various older businessmen from earlier, all chatting about stock prices and foolish democrats at a low baritone hum, drinking coffee and tea from ornate porcelain cups. Seated at the table, toward the back of the room, is a young attorney, drinking a red bull, nervously checking his watch. This is PAUL ABRIMOWITZ (30), redheaded, aggressive, brilliant, and at all times horny. Two other young, latently homosexual attorneys, LAWRENCE and PERRY approach him.

PERRY

(re: Abrimowitz)

Well, well. If it isn't the redheaded stepchild.

LAWRENCE

Yes, a rare and exotic species, indigenous to adult bookstores and strip clubs.

ABRIMOWITZ

Whatsup, bitches? How much ass are you scheduled to lick today?

PERRY

More like how much ass are we scheduled to kick, Abrimowitz.

LAWRENCE

(high fiving Perry)

Nice one, Perry! Lick and Kick, that rhymes. You and your life partner, Shapiro, can use that in one of your little raps. Speaking of, where is that mo?

ABRIMOWITZ

He'll probably be here any second, Lawrence. I know he was meaning to purchase an AK this morning, come in here, and shoot everyone in the balls, starting with the two of you.

PERRY

Too bad my sack's made of kevlar.

ABRIMOWITZ

Well then, I'll be sure to encourage him to aim higher, like at your dopey face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Perry gives Abrimowitz the finger. He and Lawrence walk away, leaving Abrimowitz staring at the clock on the wall.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIDTOWN SUBWAY STATION -- MORNING

Shapiro hops up the stairs, almost ramming into a few people in the process.

INT. SWEDLOW, JENKINS, AND ASSOC. BOARDROOM -- MORNING

DICK SWEDLOW (50), swarthy, cunning, extremely white, and the managing partner at the firm, enters the room. All the older men, as well as PERRY and LAWRENCE, turn to greet him. He is like a king holding court, shaking hands. He is followed by TAWNY CUMMINGS, (25), petite hotty, Mr. Swedlow's secretary. The men ogle, SWEDLOW leans over and whispers something naughty in her ear. She blushes and playfully slaps him. At the end of the table, Abrimowitz looks on, disgusted. He pulls out a legal pad and a pen and begins to doodle.

EXT. LAW OFFICE BUILDING -- EARLY MORNING

Shapiro runs toward the revolving doors, stopping at the homeless man out front. He reaches into his briefcase, pulls out the M & M's and hand them to the man. Then, runs inside.

INT. LAW OFFICE BUILDING -- EARLY MORNING

Shapiro reaches the elevators, and presses the button. He notices the strewn briefcase on the floor and grabs it, He checks his watch. He knows he's fucked. He presses the button harder, as if that will make the elevator arrive sooner.

INT- SWEDLOW, JENKINS, AND ASSOC. BOARDROOM -- MORNING

The morning meeting has begun. SWEDLOW holds court.

SWEDLOW  
Gentleman, a beautiful morning  
isn't it?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SWEDLOW (CONT'D)

The dow is up, the deficit is down, now if we could just get rid of those damned Puerto Ricans, we'd have ourselves a veritable utopian society.

Swedlow laughs heartily at his own joke, the rest of the room follows suit, even, RODRIGUEZ, the Puerto Rican attorney, who laughs through gritted teeth.

SWEDLOW (CONT'D)

No offense meant, Rodriguez. We had a wonderful weekend on the course. You're a world class caddy.

RODRIGUEZ

None taken, sir. Thank you.

SWEDLOW

(shifting focus)

Alright, are we all in attendance? I've got a big announcement to make.

PERRY

Adam Shapiro still isn't here sir.

SWEDLOW

Oh, that's too bad. Maybe Mr. Abrimowitz knows why his friend is late this morning.

All eyes shift to Abrimowitz.

LAWRENCE

(smiling, prickly)

Yes, Paul, pray tell.

ABRIMOWITZ

Adam travels from Brooklyn everyday. You know, morning rush hour? There must have been one of those sick passengers on his train.

SWEDLOW

I wouldn't know. I've had my helicopter pick me up at my house in the Hamptons and drop me off on the roof of this building for the past seven years. Maybe Mr. Shapiro should look into renting a helicopter himself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Swedlow laughs, the room roars with laughter, Abrimowitz sweats bullets. Just then, Shapiro bursts through the boardroom doors. All eyes turn to him.

SHAPIRO  
(looks at watch)  
According to my watch, I'm early.

Shapiro makes his way to the seat next to Abrimowitz. Swedlow checks his watch.

SWEDLOW  
What could possibly have held you up?

SHAPIRO  
Honestly?...

SWEDLOW  
No, please lie to us.

SHAPIRO  
I overslept. I was up way past my beddy bye watching Bill O'Reilly on Fox news. I swear, that guy has got to be the greatest asshole that ever lived.

SWEDLOW  
I too, find myself intrigued by his bassy voice and soulless lack of compassion for any form of human hardship. It's a personality trait I aspire to.

SHAPIRO  
My point exactly, Mr. Swedlow.

SWEDLOW  
Well then, you're excused. Now, onto the reason I called this meeting. The past six months have been this firm's most successful period to date. Our reputation as ruthless corporate defenders has spread like wildfire throughout this great metropolis and I want you all to stand and give yourselves a rousing ovation for a job well done.

Everyone obliges, clapping, patting each other on the back, smiling. Shapiro turns to Abrimowitz.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SHAPIRO

(clapping)

This is retarded.

ABRIMOWITZ

I know. So where were you really?

SHAPIRO

I copped those mixtapes you asked for. You owe me twenty.

ABRIMOWITZ

Twenty?! I thought you were gonna finagle a discount?

SHAPIRO

I couldn't. I made his monkey vomit. But I did get free candy, which I gave to the foul smelling bum out in front of the building.

ABRIMOWITZ

Nice.

The clapping subsides. The attorneys take their seats. Swedlow continues.

SWEDLOW

That felt good, didn't it? And gentleman, our good fortune continues to flourish. Just last night, I secured our next high profile case. The kind of case that should garner this firm some serious press attention. How many of you are familiar with "Wannabe"?

LAWRENCE

The nightclub on 26th?

PERRY

I once got so drunk there, I nearly shat my trousers.

LAWRENCE

Uh, those were my trousers, remember? The blue cords I lent you because you said that your blue cords made you look fat.

ABRIMOWITZ

My god, that's gay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SWEDLOW

I'm compelled to agree. That is extremely gay. Anyway, it seems that just last week, charges were filed against the club Wannabe's owner, Phillip Myazz, alleging that he knowingly allowed the solicitation of illegal substances on the premises. As you can imagine, Mr. Myazz is irate, and he wants us to fight to clear his name.

SHAPIRO

These charges were filed based on what evidence?

SWEDLOW

Some young hood rat OD'd on the dance floor, and three ounces of cocaine were found on his body. Apparently, he was a regular at "Wannabe", and a couple of the kid's friends told the police that Mr. Myazz was a customer, himself. All we've got to do is prove that the kid's friends and family members are nothing but a bunch of project born cracked out crackheads looking for a buck, and this becomes an open and shut case.

Swedlow chuckles. And of course, so do all the other attorneys. Abrimowitz and Shapiro are less than amused.

RODRIGUEZ

(laughing)

"Project born cracked out crackheads" Hilarious, sir!

SWEDLOW

Thanks, Roddy. Now, I can't think of any two guys more fit to defend Mr. Myazz,...

Perry grabs Lawrence's hand.

PERRY

We'd be honored, sir.

SWEDLOW

... Than Mr. Abrimowitz and Mr. Shapiro.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Disgusted, Perry lets go of Lawrence's hand. Abrimowitz and Shapiro sit stunned.

ABRIMOWITZ

Why us, sir?

LAWRENCE

Yeah, why them?

SWEDLOW

Their work on the Julian Park Hotel case speaks for itself. That fat boy who fell and broke his hip in the hotel's spa seemed unbeatable. Until Mr. Abrimowitz discovered that his hip had been bruised twice before at fat camp...

Abrimowitz is not proud.

SWEDLOW (CONT'D)

...And Mr. Shapiro, upon cross examination of the boy's mother, got her to admit that she had put sunscreen on the soles of the engorged child's feet earlier that day, while the two were sunning by the pool. I've been meaning to ask you, Adam, how did you know that?

SHAPIRO

Just a hunch.

ABRIMOWITZ

He knew it because when I was a kid, I was overweight, and my mother would put lotion on my feet to prevent callouses.

SWEDLOW

Does that work?

ABRIMOWITZ

I've got some smooth ass feet, sir.

SWEDLOW

Lovely. Mr. Myazz will be here today at noon, to get to know his representation. I've told him a lot about the two of you. He too likes the rap music. I'm sure you'll all get along famously.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

ABRIMOWITZ

(flat)  
Can't wait.

SHAPIRO

(flat)  
Terrific.

Off their disenchanted looks, we...

CUT TO:

INT- SWEDLOW, JENKINS, AND ASSOC. -- NOON

Abrimowitz and Shapiro stand by the cappucino machine preparing cappucinos.

SHAPIRO

You ever get the feeling that you've worked for something all your life only to become the opposite of what you worked for?

ABRIMOWITZ

Absolutely, bro. For instance, every time I watch a porno, I think, "if only my dick was eleven inches long". But then I look down at it, and it's not.

SHAPIRO

I remember when my dick stopped growing. Bad day.

ABRIMOWITZ

After that, life just doesn't seem worth living.

SHAPIRO

You can say that again.

Beat. Their minds drift off, and both men sip their cappucinos.

INT- SWEDLOW, JENKINS, AND ASSOC. OFFICE -- NOON

Abrimowitz and Shapiro sit in their shared office, with headphones on, listening to the mixes in their cd players. They nod their heads to the beat simultaneously. Tawny Cummings enters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAWNY  
(seductive)  
Boys?

They quickly remove their headphones. She is ridiculously hot.

TAWNY (CONT'D)  
Mr. Myazz is here to see you.  
Should I send him over?

ABRIMOWITZ  
Only if you give me a kiss first.

Tawny blushes.

SHAPIRO  
On the forehead, of course. A kiss  
on the forehead.

Abrimowitz shoots Shapiro a look.

ABRIMOWITZ  
Fine. On my forehead.

She leans over, and kisses Abrimowitz' forehead. He nearly wets himself.

ABRIMOWITZ (CONT'D)  
Mmmm...so soft, so gentle.

Tawny giggles.

TAWNY  
You're too silly, Paul.

The guys watch her walk away. Abrimowitz turns to Shapiro.

ABRIMOWITZ  
What the fuck was that about?

SHAPIRO  
Just trying to prevent you from  
tasting Swedlow's cock on your  
lips. Besides, that's sexual  
harassment, my man.

ABRIMOWITZ  
Bro, you're such a pussy.

MYAZZ (O.S.)  
Who's such a pussy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The guys look up to see PHILLIP MYAZZ (40) flaming former club kid, turned club owner, with the world's thickest lisp, standing at the door. The two stand to greet him.

ABRIMOWITZ

Hi.

SHAPIRO

You must be Mr. Myazz?

MYAZZ

Call me Phil. Phil Myazz. Who's such a pussy?

SHAPIRO

(embarrassed)

Oh, no one.

MYAZZ

No, tell me. Who's the pussy? God, I just love how straight men talk to each other when they're alone.

ABRIMOWITZ

I was calling my partner here, a pussy, because he... well, just because he is one sometimes.

MYAZZ

Aren't we all?

Awkward beat.

SHAPIRO

Well, it's a pleasure to meet you.

MYAZZ

Yes, it is a pleasure to meet me isn't it? Swedlow has told me all about the two of you. How you both grew up together and you rap with each other? I just think that is so sweet.

ABRIMOWITZ

Thanks. We think it's total bullshit that you find yourself in this mess.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MYAZZ

I know. Some kid decides to die while doing the running man on my dance floor, and the cops want to stick their gloved fists straight up my ass. I'm like, at least grease me first fellas, right?

Another awkward beat.

ABRIMOWITZ

Right.

MYAZZ

So, I just wanted to come down here, show you my pretty face, and make sure my business is in good hands.

SHAPIRO

It is. We assure you that we will do everything in our power to get you out of this dilemma.

MYAZZ

I like that. "Power". Dominance. The "panther"!

Myazz hisses like a panther, and just walks off. Abrimowitz and Shapiro look at eachother.

SHAPIRO

Phil.

ABRIMOWITZ

Myazz.

CUT TO:

EXT. GREEK DINER -- EARLY AFTERNOON

Abrimowitz and Shapiro sit in a booth. Abrimowitz pulls a piece of wrinkled paper from his pocket.

ABRIMOWITZ

Alright, so I wrote this last night. I'm thinking we can use it as an intro to a verse or as a hook.

SHAPIRO

Spit it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABRIMOWITZ

Give me a beat.

Shapiro begins beat-boxing

ABRIMOWITZ (CONT'D)

"Tight as a pussy that's been on lock down/ pussy gets gushy when I'm using my cock now/ my cock gets stronger/ as it gets longer/ long like the conga line/ I am the war monger." So, what do you think?

SHAPIRO

(sarcastic)

It's nice and classy. At least it's got that going for it.

ABRIMOWITZ

I'm sorry it wasn't more refined and elegant, Mr. High Brow. Y'know, not all our raps have to be intellectualized.

SHAPIRO

True. But, it isn't vile to flip up our style every twice in a while, go the extra mile, find ourselves in the top five percentile, y'know what I'm saying?

ABRIMOWITZ

Word. Word to big bird.

Shapiro pulls a wrinkled paper out of his pocket.

SHAPIRO

Check it. I got one. "Luck be a lady tonight/ woven chrome head tight/ my mic fights at night with the demons of devil's pike/ the level at which i write/ implies sight beyond sight/ you try to bite it/ you can't/ my shit gets yo' ass excited.

ABRIMOWITZ

That shit is hot. Hey, you want to go out for a drink tonight, maybe write a whole song together?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHAPIRO

I can't. My girlfriend's cooking me dinner tonight at my place.

ABRIMOWITZ

Does she still have severe halitosis?

SHAPIRO

I deal with it.

ABRIMOWITZ

That bitch's breath is stank!

SHAPIRO

(resigned)

I just gotta deal with it.

ABRIMOWITZ

I don't know, man. I still think we can make this happen for ourselves. We just have to make the right connections. I'm still waiting for Cohen to come through with the beats so we can record a demo.

SHAPIRO

Keep waiting. That bastard, Cohen, ain't never coming through, we've been waiting on that fool since we were in grade school.

ABRIMOWITZ

What can I say? I have faith in the guy.

SHAPIRO

You just refuse to give up your dreams of hip-hop stardom, don't you?

ABRIMOWITZ

Why should I settle into a life of mediocrity, when I know I have talent enough to get me massive quantities of vagina and cash?

SHAPIRO

That's why I love you, man.

ABRIMOWITZ

I ain't no quitter, kid.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SHAPIRO

Me neither. I'm with you.

They pound fists and smile. The greek waitress, SARA, (25), adorable, approaches with their food.

SARA

Mozzarella sticks for Adam. Fried Chicken for Paul.

ABRIMOWITZ

Thanks, Sara.

SARA

We do make a wonderful greek salad, y'know?

SHAPIRO

I'm sure you do, but, Sara, we come to this greek diner for it's "greecey" food.

Shapiro laughs at his own joke. Sara and Abrimowitz don't.

SARA

That's a stupid joke.

SHAPIRO

You're right. I do apologize.

Sara points to her father SPIRO (60), a loud, burly, moustached greek man, screaming the word "tomato" on the phone by the register.

SARA

My father says he won't be paying for your bypass surgeries.

ABRIMOWITZ

Well you can tell Spiro, that as long as he keeps deep frying his fried chicken, we'll be here, chowing down.

With that statement, Abrimowitz takes a bite into a chicken thigh. Grease squirts from the thigh, just narrowly missing Abrimowitz' face and hitting the seat behind him. The grease acts like acid, and quickly melts a smoking hole into the seat leather.

SHAPIRO

(re: grease)

Whoa.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Unfazed, Abrimowitz continues to chow down.

ABRIMOWITZ

Mmmm. So yummy.

CUT TO:

INT- SUBWAY CAR -- EARLY EVENING

Shapiro rides home on the crowded train. The train comes to it's next stop, and three young African American kids (8 yrs. old) get on. They are a performing troupe. They throw down a hat in the middle of the subway car. Two of the kids rap, while the other kid break dances on the car floor. Their raps are absolutely filthy.

RAP KID #1

Your momma get's a smack/ Your  
poppa's on the crack/

RAP KID #2

Your sister's a ho/ So I never  
called her back...

Shapiro watches, amused. They finish rapping, then head up and down the car asking for change. They get none.

RAP KID #1

Fuck all y'all!

They approach Shapiro with their hat.

RAP KID #2

What about you?

SHAPIRO

I got nothing.

RAP KID #1

Oh, hell no. With that haircut and  
those threads, I know you makin'  
paper, for real.

RAP KID #2

Straight up!

SHAPIRO

I also have rent to pay, and a  
high maintenance girlfriend.  
Besides, what you guys just did  
wasn't that impressive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAP KID #1  
(offended)  
Oh, shit!

RAP KID #2  
Burn him!

RAP KID #1  
You better watch how you talkin'  
boy, I'll put trademarks around  
you fuckin' eyes.

Rap Kid #1 gets all up in Shapiro's grill. Shapiro just laughs.

RAP KID #1 (CONT'D)  
You trying to tell me that Kay-Kay  
here, didn't spin fast enough for  
you?

Rap Kid #3, KAY-KAY, the silent one, gives Shapiro the finger and sticks out his tongue.

RAP KID #2  
Forget you, then. You ain't know  
nothin' about no hip-hop!

The Rap Kids begin to walk away.

SHAPIRO  
Is that right? Bet I know more  
about real hip-hop than all three  
of you toddlers put together.

RAP KID #1  
What's a punk like you, know about  
this shit?

SHAPIRO  
I knew the fat boys before they  
were back. I knew the RZA when he  
was just Prince Rakeem. I knew the  
Bone Thugs before they had harmony  
and I knew the Furious Five before  
they got pissed.

RAP KID #2  
What's the furious five?

SHAPIRO  
(amused)  
Listen up young ones, if you want  
to be part of the Game, you have  
to learn it's history.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHAPIRO (CONT'D)

Now go on and run into the next car. Don't worry, I won't tell anyone you don't know your shit.

RAP KID #1

What you talkin' about, man? We bleed hip hop. Kay-Kay been dancin' since he was three. Junior been writing rhymes since the days of building blocks. And, hell, my second cousin, twice removed, is none other than the infamous Doo Doo Brown.

SHAPIRO

Doo Doo's a sellout. Everyone knows that. I can rap circles around Doo Doo.

RAP KID #2

Oh, no you didn't!

Long beat. Rap Kid #1 stares Shapiro down.

RAP KID#1

Aiight, muthafucka. You best hope we don't catch you on this train ride the next time we come through. It may well be your last.

RAP KID #2

Say word!

The kids move off. Not before Kay-Kay spits his gum on the floor in front of Shapiro, who stands there smiling.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT BUILDING -- SUNSET

An old tenement building in the Park Slope section of Brooklyn, where Shapiro resides. The sun sets as "Ha" by Juvenile plays in the b.g. Shapiro hops up the steps and enters.

INT. SHAPIRO'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Shapiro enters his humble apartment, rapping the words to "Ha".

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAPIRO

*"You's a big cheese, you got your  
block on fire, remaining a G,  
until the moment you retire..."*

Shapiro continues to recite the lyrics as he makes his way through the apartment and into his kitchen where he finds his girlfriend, JESSE (27) stirring a steaming pot of something on the stove. JESSE is possessive, and selfish, but irresistably sexy. An amazing catch for Shapiro.

SHAPIRO (CONT'D)

(surprised)

Oh, hey babe. I didn't know you were here.

JESSE

I made a copy of your keys last week. I thought I'd surprise you by letting myself in. I hope that's cool with you.

SHAPIRO

(feigning)

Totally cool.

Shapiro stands across the room, just staring at his girlfriend.

JESSE

Aren't you gonna come kiss me?

SHAPIRO

Of course.

Shapiro approaches and gives her a short kiss on the lips.

JESSE

That's all I get? What? Do I have bad breath or something?

SHAPIRO

(feigning again)

Of course not, Jesse.

JESSE

So?

Shapiro lunges at her and plants one, long and hard, on her mouth. He pulls away, looking nauseous.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JESSE (CONT'D)

Mmmm. Now that's what I'm taking about.

SHAPIRO

So, whatcha cookin?

JESSE

Hungarian Goulash.

SHAPIRO

(auto feign)

Sounds delish.

JESSE

You bet it is. So, how was your day, sweetie?

SHAPIRO

Great. I got verbally assaulted on the train by a bunch of hardcore rapping eight year olds. And Abrimowitz and I got assigned to a new case.

JESSE

That's nice. Want to know what I did today?

SHAPIRO

What did you do today, Jess?

JESSE

(displaying)

I got my nails done at Kim's, I bought a gift certificate for myself to Saks Fifth Avenue... I napped... I cried about "Riggles" again.

SHAPIRO

He was a great ferret.

JESSE

And then I came over here and read a book called "The Prophet" that I found on your bookshelf.

SHAPIRO

That's an incredible read. What did you think?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JESSE

That whoever wrote it was way too into himself, and probably needed to buy a puppy or a bird or something.

SHAPIRO

Fascinating insight.

Jesse tastes the Goulash off a wooden spoon.

JESSE

Goulash is served!

CUT TO:

INT- SHAPIRO'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Jesse lays seductively on Shapiro's bed. She calls to the other room.

JESSE

You still have any appetite left for...sex?

Shapiro enters, shirt off, sporting a very bloated belly.

SHAPIRO

(swallowing hard)

Umm...Can we just maybe wait till the goulash digests a little? The Paprikash is still coming up on me.

JESSE

(in baby talk)

Doesn't little Adam want me to lick his little privates?

Shapiro, helpless, gives in and starts baby talking as well. The rest of the scene plays in baby talk.

SHAPIRO

Okay. But only if I get to put my balls on your nose.

JESSE

Mmmm...yes. All over the nose.

Shapiro jumps into bed and grabs her. They giggle.

JESSE (CONT'D)

I'm just gonna reach down there...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She grabs his package through his boxers.

JESSE (CONT'D)  
Ooh! Who's that?

SHAPIRO  
That's the purple headed warrior.

JESSE  
(licking lips)  
I worship the purple head. It's so purple. Does the purple warrior want to meet my pink tongue?

SHAPIRO  
(turned on)  
Yes, that would be a wonderful thrill for him!

Jesse drops the baby talk voice and gets raunchy. She moves further down toward his package.

JESSE  
I'm gonna suck you dry!

SHAPIRO  
I'm gonna watch you do it.

JESSE  
Give me every last drop!

SHAPIRO  
Yes, lick it like an envelope.

JESSE  
Then I want you to fuck the shit out of me!

SHAPIRO  
Definitely!

JESSE  
Pound my little ass!

SHAPIRO  
Yes! Impregnate me!!

A Beat. She stops.

JESSE  
What?!

SHAPIRO  
Impregnate me through my tushy!!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Another beat.

JESSE  
You're the cutest!

They both start laughing, and playfully begin making love, under the covers.

FADE TO:

INT- SHAPIRO'S BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

They lie under the covers, silent, post coital, wrapped in each other's arms.

SHAPIRO  
Jesse?

JESSE  
Uh-huh?

SHAPIRO  
I feel weird.

JESSE  
You do? About what?

SHAPIRO  
About how I told you to impregnate me.

JESSE  
Through your tushy?

SHAPIRO  
You know I was only kidding right?  
I just got caught up in the  
passion of the moment.

JESSE  
No, I seriously assumed you  
expected me to try to impregnate  
you through your asshole. Of  
course, I knew you were kidding. I  
thought it was cute.

SHAPIRO  
Good.

Awkward beat.

SHAPIRO (CONT'D)  
I love you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSE

I do too. I'm so sleepy. Let's go to bed.

SHAPIRO

Wait. You're sleeping over?

JESSE

Well...yeah.

SHAPIRO

Oh. I just thought...

JESSE

What?

SHAPIRO

Nothing.

JESSE

No, tell me.

SHAPIRO

It's just, I have to prepare for this case and all with Abrimowitz tomorrow, and I just need some space tonight.

JESSE

(turning)

Are you fucking serious?

SHAPIRO

The goulash was great, and as usual, the sex was amazing, but I just need to concentrate on my work.

JESSE

It's 1:30 in the fucking morning! What? Am I supposed to walk all the way home, now?

SHAPIRO

Jesse, you moved to the building across the street.

JESSE

Still! What's going to happen when I move in with you?!

SHAPIRO

I'm not sure if I'm ready for that yet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Jesse angrily jumps out of bed and starts putting on her clothes.

JESSE

(angry)

Fine! I'll leave.

SHAPIRO

(avoiding trouble)

Wait. I'm sorry. Don't go.

JESSE

Too late, mister. I'm outta here.  
Be sure to say "hi" to your other  
girlfriend Abrimowitz for me.

SHAPIRO

Oh, don't call him that.

Tears well up in Jesse's eyes.

JESSE

(emotional)

Well, that's what he is! Except he  
doesn't put out or cook award  
winning Eastern European dishes  
for you!

She exits.

SHAPIRO

(calling after her)

JESSE!

Shapiro hears the door of his apartment slam shut. He sits there, silent, looking sad. Slowly, the sad look on his face morphs into a look of relief.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT- SWEDLOW, JENKINS, AND ASSOC. OFFICE -- MORNING

Shapiro sits in his office, quietly staring at photos of an unidentified young black teenager. His high school graduation photo, photos of him and his friends, a photo portrait with his mother and little sister, all smiling brightly. The last photo shows the teenager dead, laid out on the dance floor of the nightclub. Shapiro stares long and hard at it. Abrimowitz enters excitedly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABRIMOWITZ

Yo! You're not going to believe this!

SHAPIRO

What?

ABRIMOWITZ

What was it you said about Cohen never coming through?

SHAPIRO

That he never fuckin' comes through?

ABRIMOWITZ

Right! Well, guess what? I just received a text from him. He scored us tickets to the Fiasco show at Roseland tonight.

Shapiro jumps up from his desk.

SHAPIRO

Fiasco?!

ABRIMOWITZ

Fiasco, motherfucker! Only the greatest living rapper on earth. You realize how rare an opportunity this is?

SHAPIRO

No shit. Fiasco never performs live. When he does, the cops usually shut down the show halfway through, and charge him with inciting a riot.

ABRIMOWITZ

I know! It'll be extreme violence! And here's the kicker:  
"Bizackstizage Pizasses"

SHAPIRO

What?

ABRIMOWITZ

Backstage passes! We got 'em! This could be the greatest night of our lives!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHAPIRO

Hell, yeah! I just gotta call my girl and let her know I won't be seeing her tonight.

ABRIMOWITZ

You mean you have to ask for permission.

SHAPIRO

No!...Well, yes...well...kinda.

ABRIMOWITZ

That's fucking pathetic.

Abrimowitz turns, notices the photos.

ABRIMOWITZ (CONT'D)

(re: teenager)

Hey, who's this?

SHAPIRO

That's James Mcelroy, the victim in the Myazz case. We get to meet his mother at noon.

CUT TO:

INT- SWEDLOW, JENKINS, AND ASSOC., DEPOSITION ROOM -- DAY

The deposition room is a small conference room. Shapiro and Abrimowitz sit, facing LOUELLA MCELROY, (50) the victim's mother. She sobs as she clutches a picture of her son.

MS. MCELROY

...and so, you see my son James was trying to put food on the table for us. He had just turned eighteen in April. On his birthday, I bought him an ice cream cake. His favorite, mint chocolate chip. He made a wish, then blew out his candles. He turned to me and told me what he had wished for. James wished that someday, he could make enough money to send his little sister, Shante, to a good private school. I told him to hush. That if he told anyone his dreams, they might never come true...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Louella is overwhelmed with grief, and can't continue. Abrimowitz and Shapiro look at each other, mortified.

ABRIMOWITZ

Ms. Mcelroy, I know it must have been difficult for you, raising James and Shante all on your own. May I ask, where is their father?

MS. MCELROY

Sam died four years ago of emphysema. After that, James felt like he had to become the man of the house.

Ms. Mcelroy weeps harder. Shapiro hands her a tissue.

SHAPIRO

Will you excuse us for one moment?

INT- SWEDLOW, JENKINS, AND ASSOC. -- A MOMENT LATER

Abrimowitz and Shapiro step outside the deposition room and close the door.

SHAPIRO

I feel sick.

ABRIMOWITZ

No doubt. This is some heavy shit.

SHAPIRO

I'm not sure we're doing the right thing.

Beat.

ABRIMOWITZ

God! I wish my mother was black.

SHAPIRO

What do you mean?

ABRIMOWITZ

They're friggin' saints! Why do you think black guys are always getting so upset when someone says something about their momma?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAPIRO

True. You could say anything about my mother, and I wouldn't take offense. I might even agree with you.

ABRIMOWITZ

You could call my mother a fat, ugly, mean ass bitch or a ho or something and I'm right there with ya. But, not if my mother was black. Shapiro, man, I don't feel so good about this one.

SHAPIRO

Let's go talk to Swedlow.

CUT TO:

INT- SWEDLOW, JENKINS, AND ASSOC., SWEDLOW'S OFFICE --DAY

An incredibly gaudy, ornate office with an amazing view of the manhattan skyline. Swedlow sits behind his large mahogany desk, as Abrimowitz and Shapiro stand across from him pleading their case.

ABRIMOWITZ

Her son was just trying to survive on the street. He wasn't even old enough to be in the club that night. Myazz isn't even being held accountable for that.

SWEDLOW

(angry)

Whose side are you on, gentlemen?

SHAPIRO

With all due respect sir, we feel like your judgement in choosing to have this firm defend Mr. Myazz in this case is questionable.

SWEDLOW

What makes you say that?

SHAPIRO

Look, I know it seems frivolous, but as fans of hip-hop, we've heard countless lyrical tales of Urban decay.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAPIRO (CONT'D)

Of how young black teenagers, like Mr. Mcelroy, are forced into lives of crime because of poor education systems, and little to no job opportunity.

Abrimowitz starts rapping.

ABRIMOWITZ

"Shorty's runnin' wild/ Smokin' ses, drinkin' beer/ and ain't tryin' to hear/ what I'm kickin' in his ear..."

SHAPIRO

"Neglected for now/ but yo, it's got to be accepted/ that what?..."

ABRIMOWITZ

"That life is hectic"

Pause. They wait for a response from Swedlow who sits, stonefaced

SWEDLOW

Why didn't Mr. Mcelroy start rapping? Seems he would have made a lot of money off of white boys who love hip-hop, like you two idiots.

SHAPIRO

Excuse me, sir, but...

SWEDLOW

You're wasting my time, gentlemen.

ABRIMOWITZ

Mr. Swedlow, the trial is a couple of months away, but we do believe that the boy's mother will prove to be a strong witness for the prosecution. She nearly had us both in tears.

SWEDLOW

We'll keep her from taking the stand by promising her and her daughter an all expenses paid vacation to Key West or some such. I wouldn't worry about it. And neither should you two. Grow some balls, will ya?!

Abrimowitz and Shapiro are silenced.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SWEDLOW (CONT'D)

Now if you'll excuse me...

They turn and exit. A beat, then Tawny climbs out from under Mr. Swedlow's desk.

SWEDLOW (CONT'D)

Did you like that, baby?

TAWNY

(fawning)

You're so brilliant. And your dick stayed hard through all of it.

Swedlow smiles and pushes her back under his desk.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAW OFFICE BUILDING -- EARLY EVENING.

Abrimowitz and Shapiro walk out of work together. Shapiro is pissed.

SHAPIRO

If that's what it's gonna take for us to make it as attorneys in this town, ... becoming ruthless, self involved, obnoxious, heartless white assholes like Swedlow, then fuck it!

ABRIMOWITZ

I hate to tell you Adam, but you're already white.

SHAPIRO

No, I'm not. I'm a Jew.

ABRIMOWITZ

Look, calm down, alright? All that's required of us here, is to deliver quality opening and closing statements, and the rest of the trial will take care of itself. If we win, we get promoted, and use the extra dough to pay for beats and record a demo. If we lose, we still come out looking alright, and we press on to the next case. We just gotta keep our heads down and work hard right now. What is it that Method Man said on the Biggie album?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAPIRO

"Fuck the world/ don't ask me for shit/ everything you get/ you gotta work hard for it". Maybe you're right, but I just never thought I'd turn into one of those sharks, y'know? The kind that drains the blood of the innocent and disadvantaged for their own personal benefit. I mean, we're taking about a dead eighteen year old here, man.

ABRIMOWITZ

I'm with you, but you wanna know how I deal with that anxiety?

SHAPIRO

How?

ABRIMOWITZ

I whack one out. Or maybe two. In your case, you should go back to your place, call your girl, tell her to drag her ass across the street, then, fuck her in that ass. Don't forget to ask her for permission to go to the show tonight, and you're set.

SHAPIRO

(sarcastic)

It all sounds so simple when you put it that way that.

Abrimowitz pats Shapiro on the back and heads off.

ABRIMOWITZ

(calling back)

See you tonight, bro. Make sure your depressed ass isn't late. It's Fiasco, motherfucker!

SHAPIRO

(mind elsewhere)

Fiasco.

Shapiro heads down into the subway station.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROSELAND -- NIGHT

A large crowd of hip-hop fans file in. Standing in front of the entrance is Abrimowitz and COHEN (30), a tall, skinny jew, dressed in full hip-hop gear. He is a total wigger, with zig zags cut into his hair and eyebrows, an iced out grill, and a walking stick. He and Abrimowitz share a blunt.

COHEN  
(looking around)  
Hey yo. Keep an eye out for jake.

ABRIMOWITZ  
The cops know motherfuckers are gonna be puffin' at a Fiasco show, Cohen. I wouldn't worry about it.

COHEN  
(re: blunt)  
This is some good shit. Honey dipped and all that, son.

Abrimowitz takes a long toke. Shapiro steps up, gives Abrimowitz a pound.

SHAPIRO  
(excited)  
Whatsup?! This is gonna be the shit, kid! How you livin' Cohen?!

COHEN  
Squattin' to piss, son.

ABRIMOWITZ  
(re: shapiro)  
Someone's in a better mood. You get your balls slobbered?

SHAPIRO  
No, I'm just not going to let anything ruin this night.

ABRIMOWITZ  
I assume you got permission?

SHAPIRO  
I told her I have a bronchial infection.

ABRIMOWITZ  
Of course you did. And what did she say?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAPIRO

She hung up on me.

ABRIMOWITZ

Well, that's sweet of her.

SHAPIRO

So Cohen, is it true about the backstage passes?

Cohen pulls out the passes.

COHEN

Bet! I worked my *touchas* off trying to get these passes. I lied to so many people about being related to Lyor Cohen, I lost count.

ABRIMOWITZ

Whatever it takes, right?

COHEN

Word.

Shapiro notices Cohen's new shiny mouth.

SHAPIRO

Nice teeth. That a new piece?

COHEN

You like them shits, right? I had no better idea of what to do with my grandpa's inheritance money, than to ice out my grill. I think if he was still with us, he'd think it was fly.

ABRIMOWITZ

When my grandpa died, all I got was his hairpeice, and a Pachinko machine.

Cohen motions for them all to head inside

COHEN

Shall we, gentleman?

ABRIMOWITZ

Let's lose our fuckin' minds!

SHAPIRO

Yeah, boy!

INT. ROSELAND -- NIGHT

They enter as Fiasco's hype man MIRACLE is warming up the crowd, in typical hip-hop concert fashion. Abrimowitz, Shapiro, and Cohen, grab beers at the bar. FIASCO hits the stage. He is larger than life, and he comes out blazing. His presence on stage is electric and powerful. The crowd goes berserk. Abrimowitz and Shapiro rap along with their favorite rapper. They know every word. They are in their element. Cohen dances in the middle of the floor. A circle forms around him, people cheering him on. His dancing is wild and frenetic. The crowd watches him, amused. Abrimowitz and Shapiro can only laugh and shake their heads.

INT. ROSELAND, BACKSTAGE -- NIGHT

Backstage, the atmosphere is smoky. Abrimowitz, Shapiro, and Cohen stand in a long line of white kids waiting to meet Fiasco and Miracle, who are at the end of the hallway, signing autographs.

SHAPIRO

(re: line)

This is gonna take forever.

ABRIMOWITZ

Doesn't help that everyone on line looks exactly the same. Small, white, and pimply.

COHEN

(annoyed)

I'm sorry but, I can't be around all this negativity, fellas. I'm gonna go check out the snack table. They got those cheesy rice balls I love so much. Good Luck, soldiers.

Cohen heads off.

ABRIMOWITZ

Peace, Co-Co.

Shapiro notices something

SHAPIRO

Hey, check it out.

Fiasco has stopped signing autographs and seems to be in an argument with his manager. He gets loud.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FIASCO

(angry)

This is what I've been talking about! You ain't marketing Fiasco to the urban demographic. All I see on this line are a bunch of small, pimply, white kids.

MANAGER

Fiasco, I've told you, marketing in the hood, is unprofitable.

FIASCO

And I told you, I don't give a shit! I'm getting the fuck outta here! Where my hoes at?!

A long line of big booty hoes file out of Fiasco's dressing room, and follow Fiasco, Miracle, and the rest of Fiasco's entourage out the back door. Back to Abrimowitz and Shapiro.

SHAPIRO

Shit. So much for getting backstage and signing a record deal, huh?...

Shapiro waits for a response from Abrimowitz who stares, entranced at all the beautiful black booty.

SHAPIRO (CONT'D)

Paul?!

ABRIMOWITZ

(salivating)

Damn, look at those onions. It's enough to make a grown man cry.

SHAPIRO

C'mon, let's bounce.

ABRIMOWITZ

One day, Adam. You and I are gonna find ourselves chin high in booty. I foresee it.

SHAPIRO

Oh yeah? Foresee yourself getting us a cab, 'cause we're going home.

The two head off.

FADE TO:

EXT. LAW OFFICE BUILDING -- MORNING

Establishing shot

INT. SWEDLOW, JENKINS, AND ASSOC. -- MORNING

Abrimowitz and Shapiro prepare cappuccinos.

ABRIMOWITZ

...But, you gotta admit, he was on fire. He broke into the hook on "Heavenly Death", and I thought my fucking head was gonna fall off.

SHAPIRO

He was incredible. I hate these wack ass radio stations that don't play his shit, just because he's never gone mainstream. The man's a living legend, a giant!

ABRIMOWITZ

Nowadays, you gotta talk about how much ass you get, how many people you've murdered, and how big your bank account is, to get any play. Even after that, you still have to suck on the DJ's shaft. Speaking of sucking on shaft, how's your girlfriend?

SHAPIRO

I called her last night when I got home, but she didn't answer her phone. I think she's still pissed.

ABRIMOWITZ

You know, a good man will spend years with a bitch just to avoid breaking up with her, breaking her heart? In the meantime, that man will sacrifice an abundance of good pussy and a life of freedom just so he can call himself a "good" man.

SHAPIRO

What are you gettin' at?

ABRIMOWITZ

Get real and dump that skank already.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly, COHEN comes running through the office towards them. He is sweaty, and still wearing the clothes he wore last night.

COHEN  
(screaming)  
Soldiers!!!

Abrimowitz and Shapiro see him. They look around at the other attorneys, embarrassed. Lawrence and Perry look on.

PERRY  
(re: Cohen)  
Oh my god, there's a third.

LAWRENCE  
And this one looks like a  
mongoloid.

Cohen reaches Abrimowitz and Shapiro, out of breath.

SHAPIRO  
What are you doing here, Cohen?

ABRIMOWITZ  
Yeah, what the fuck, man?

COHEN  
I pulled a rabbit out my hat!

ABRIMOWITZ  
What do you mean?

COHEN  
So last night, after you pussies  
jetted, I found myself sitting  
alone at the cheese table,  
thinking about my grandpa. When  
outta nowhere, guess who steps up?

SHAPIRO  
Who?

COHEN  
Miracle, himself!

ABRIMOWITZ  
Wait, we saw Miracle leave out the  
back door with Fiasco.

COHEN  
Right, but Miracle came back  
because he didn't want to let  
Fiasco's fans down.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

COHEN (CONT'D)

He said that Fiasco's just a hothead sometimes. Then he and I bonded over a bottle of Hennessy, a blunt, and Gruyere cheese. Your man's is sophisticated like that.

SHAPIRO

What does this have to do with us?

COHEN

So me and him got to shootin' the shit, right? And I happened to mention to him that I have these two crazy ass friends that write crazy ass raps and got the crazy ass rhymin' skills to back it up. I told him that with some tracks and a record deal, you two could earn Fiasco's label some serious cash, Daddy Warbucks style, y'know what I'm sayin'? He gave me the address, some spot down in the meat packing district. He told me to make sure you guys were there, at no earlier than one in the morning.

A beat. Abrimowitz and Shapiro process this.

SHAPIRO

(not buying it)

Get the fuck outta here.

ABRIMOWITZ

You shittin' us?

COHEN

I knew you two *Bambaclots* wouldn't believe me, so I wrote the address on my right arm.

Cohen holds out his right arm, and an address is written there, in bold lettering.

ABRIMOWITZ

(realizing)

Wait, aren't you right handed?

COHEN

Exactly.

SHAPIRO

(loud)

Holy shit!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The whole office turns to see what's going on. Abrimowitz grabs a piece of paper and copies the address off of Cohen's arm.

ABRIMOWITZ

That's fucking unbelievable.

SHAPIRO

This is it!

COHEN

Unfortunately, I can't be at the audition, 'cause I'm workin' mop duty at the peep show tonight. But as your manager, I encourage you to form a cipher and get the shit down tight.

SHAPIRO

You mean rehearse?

COHEN

Yeah, right, rehearse.

ABRIMOWITZ

Absolutely. We will. Thanks, Cohen.

SHAPIRO

Much love and respect.

COHEN

Never mind all that. Just don't forget me when you buy your first Bentleys. Peace in the middle east, bitches.

And like a vision, Cohen slowly walks away. Abrimowitz and Shapiro turn to one another with looks of amazement.

CUT TO:

INT. GREEK DINER -- EARLY AFTERNOON

Abrimowitz and Shapiro sit in their regular booth. Both stare at the paper with the address on it, then off into the distance, with smiles on their faces. Spiro cooks cheeseburgers in the b.g.

SHAPIRO

(euphoric)

Oh my god, man

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABRIMOWITZ

This is really it.

SHAPIRO

You nervous?

ABRIMOWITZ

No. You?

SHAPIRO

Not really. I mean, let's face it.  
It's our destiny.

ABRIMOWITZ

For real. We are hip-hop. In it's  
truest form... the fans. The ones  
with all the albums. The ones who  
know all the lyrics.

SHAPIRO

We studied the great teachings of  
the art form and now our own style  
is about to blow up the spot.

ABRIMOWITZ

We can't lose.

SHAPIRO

Abrimowitz, you and I are legends  
before our time, my friend.

Abrimowitz grabs Shapiro's seltzer water and tips it  
over, spilling some onto the floor.

ABRIMOWITZ

(pouring)

Let's pour out a little club soda  
for those that didn't make it.

Spiro sees this, and becomes enraged.

SPIRO

(screaming)

*Malaka Skata, Busti Flaka!*

Spiro huffs off into the kitchen.

ABRIMOWITZ

What do you think he just said?

SHAPIRO

Must be Greek for "you guys are  
awesome".

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Shapiro reaches into his briefcase and pulls out a photo.

SHAPIRO (CONT'D)

Remember this?

It is a photo of a very young Abrimowitz and Shapiro standing in front of Hebrew school, dressed in matching Adidas jumpsuits, Kangol hats, and thick rimmed sunglasses.

ABRIMOWITZ

Oh shit! Back in the day...

Camera pushes in on the photo and it comes to life.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HEBREW SCHOOL, FLASHBACK -- DAY

We are back in 1986 and the two nine year olds begin rapping in front of the Yeshiva.

YOUNG ABRIMOWITZ

Moses split the red sea/ with a  
shake of his staff...

YOUNG SHAPIRO

Noah built the ark/ to escape  
god's wrath...

YOUNG ABRIMOWITZ

Queen Esther was the dopest chick  
ever...

YOUNG SHAPIRO

Too bad she wound up with  
Nebuchadnezzar!

They continue their Hebrew School rap. Eventually they attract a small group of nine year old African American kids. The two look at each other, nervous, but continue to rap until they each get punched in the mouth. They hit the ground, and the young African American posse beats their asses.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT- GREEK DINER -- MOMENTS LATER

Present day. The two look at each other and start laughing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABRIMOWITZ

We were the shit, even back then.

SHAPIRO

Hebrew school sucked, but we wrote some amazing rhymes during those years.

ABRIMOWITZ

Hey yo, Shapiro.

SHAPIRO

What?

ABRIMOWITZ

I love you, man.

SHAPIRO

I love you, my brother.

They pound fists across their fried chicken and mozzarella sticks.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

Abrimowitz and Shapiro, on Abrimowitz' moped, pull up in front of a warehouse in the meat packing district of lower Manhattan, still wearing their business suits. Shapiro, riding in back, checks the address on the paper.

SHAPIRO

(confused)

You sure this is the place?

ABRIMOWITZ

This is one twenty seven west eleventh street, right?

SHAPIRO

Yeah, but I thought there would be some signage.

ABRIMOWITZ

Guess not. No worries. It's probably decked out inside.

They slowly dismount the moped and head towards the entrance.

ABRIMOWITZ (CONT'D)

What time is it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAPIRO  
(checks watch)  
Twelve fifty eight.

ABRIMOWITZ  
Great. We have a couple minutes.

Abrimowitz reaches into his jacket pocket.

SHAPIRO  
You want to rehearse?

Abrimowitz pulls out a roach and a lighter.

ABRIMOWITZ  
(lighting it)  
I want to get high.

SHAPIRO  
Wait, don't you think that will  
effect your performance?

ABRIMOWITZ  
For the better, maybe. Want a  
puff?

SHAPIRO  
No, thanks. That shit makes me  
paranoid.

Shapiro watches as Abrimowitz puffs away, enjoying  
himself. Then...

SHAPIRO (CONT'D)  
You know what? Let me have a hit.

ABRIMOWITZ  
You sure?

SHAPIRO  
Why the fuck not?

Abrimowitz hands Shapiro the rest of the roach. Shapiro  
takes a huge hit, and lets out a billowing cloud of  
smoke. He begins coughing, violently.

ABRIMOWITZ  
(laughing)  
Damn. That was a ginormous hit.  
You okay?

SHAPIRO  
(barely audible)  
I'll be fine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ABRIMOWITZ

Alright, are you ready to change  
the universe of hip hop, forever?!

SHAPIRO

(eyes tearing)  
Sure. Okay.

ABRIMOWITZ

Let's do this.

Abrimowitz and a light headed Shapiro loosen the knots in their ties and open the warehouse door. They head inside.

INT. WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

The door slams behind them. Pitch black darkness. It is completely silent.

SHAPIRO

I can't see shit.

ABRIMOWITZ

I smell seabass.

Suddenly, a single blinding bright light switches on from the rafters. They hear a voice.

VOICE (O.C.)

Step up.

Squinting, they step forward. Miracle steps into the light.

MIRACLE

Keep coming.

They walk towards him. But as soon as they do, two big men step out of the shadows and strip search them. Abrimowitz and Shapiro are already scared shitless.

BIG MAN#1

You got anything stuck up in yo'  
ass?

ABRIMOWITZ

Umm...we're clean

The men perform a final pat down.

BIG MAN#2

They're good.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Silence. Miracle walks toward them.

SHAPIRO  
We really appreciate this  
opportunity, Miracle.

ABRIMOWITZ  
Yeah, we think you're the greatest  
hype man ever.

MIRACLE  
Shut the fuck up.

ABRIMOWITZ  
Okay.

Miracle gets right up in their faces, and eyes them like  
a drill sergeant.

MIRACLE  
(intense)  
You think you got what it takes to  
make it in this game?

ABRIMOWITZ  
We been rappin' since we came out  
the box, Miracle.

SHAPIRO  
(too stoned)  
Our rhymes are for the children.

Miracle steps back. Abrimowitz shoots Shapiro a look.

MIRACLE  
You rhyme for little kids? Well,  
we ain't nothin' but a bunch of  
grown ass men around here.

ABRIMOWITZ  
So are we, Miracle. You'll have to  
excuse my friend, here. He can't  
hold his smoke, if you know what I  
mean?

MIRACLE  
(to shapiro)  
You been puffin' on that Magic  
Dragon, son?

SHAPIRO  
I watch Barney with my four year  
old nephew all the time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ABRIMOWITZ

Oh, Jesus.

A beat. Miracle's gaze is penetrating. Then...

MIRACLE

Follow me.

Miracle walks further into the warehouse, closely followed by Abrimowitz and Shapiro. Miracle snaps his fingers and two more blinding lights switch on illuminating two shiny microphones lying on the floor, their cords leading to more shadow. They stop in front of the mics.

MIRACLE (CONT'D)

We've had all types of punks up in here tryin' to secure themselves a spot on Fiasco's roster of talent. White, nerd ass motherfuckers like you. Asians, Africans, Arabs, and a trio of Swedish dudes who got laughed out the building. Hell, we've even had some Hindus up in the spot rhymin' on some *Ga-nesh* and curry shit. What is it, that you think, sets you two apart?

A beat. Shapiro thinks long and hard.

SHAPIRO

We're two Jewish lawyers.

MIRACLE

Jews...are white.

SHAPIRO

Okay...I'm not gonna argue with you, but...

ABRIMOWITZ

(cutting him off)

Allow me to answer. What the fuck difference does it make, what our backgrounds are, as long as we can flow and spit the hot fire?

Beat. Miracle just stares.

SHAPIRO

(sotto voce, to  
Abrimowitz)

Good answer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Miracle nods his head and turns.

MIRACLE  
(calling out)  
F-SQUAD!

All the lights in the warehouse switch on. Standing there next to a P.A. system, are fifteen to twenty dudes, Fiasco's posse, F-SQUAD. There is one young woman amongst them, SHONDRA (25), Fiasco's little sister. Stunningly beautiful, but rough around the edges. Abrimowitz takes special note of her and smiles. Coy, she smiles back. Then Fiasco himself, steps from the center of the group. Abrimowitz and Shapiro are star struck. It is silent, until...

FIASCO  
Okay, motherfuckers...Rap!

Abrimowitz and Shapiro bend over and pick up the microphones, encountering heavy, ear piercing feedback.

ABRIMOWITZ  
Can we have a beat?

The posse murmurs.

MIRACLE  
If you can't rhyme accapella...you  
can't rhyme.

Abrimowitz and Shapiro look at each other. They begin rapping, timidly.

SHAPIRO  
Ski down a slippery slope/ with  
the Mann's chinese...

ABRIMOWITZ  
They rocked bunny hop rope/ dodged  
flags with ease...

SHAPIRO  
Breezed through creases on the  
thinnest sheets of ice without  
price...

ABRIMOWITZ  
...the slicing of the snowmat, had  
us exclaiming,..

ABRIMOWITZ & SHAPIRO  
Jesus Christ!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

They continue rapping, getting more aggressive with every rhyme. They get lost in the moment and go for it, pouring their heart and soul into it. It is soon apparent that their raps are special. They break into a hook:

ABRIMOWITZ & SHAPIRO (CONT'D)

Shit, motherfucker, that's  
hot./Shit, motherfucker, that's  
hot./ Shit, motherfucker, that's  
hot./ Shit, motherfucker, that  
shit is hot!

They're amazing. Some members of the posse, including Shondra, smile and bob their heads. Abrimowitz and Shapiro come to the big finale.

ABRIMOWITZ

Cops may catch us/ but they will  
never book us...

SHAPIRO

Those motherfuckers...

ABRIMOWITZ & SHAPIRO

Can kiss our touchas!!!

Out of breath, the two men hug and congratulate each other. The posse just stares. Fiasco stops them from celebrating.

FIASCO

That was aight.

SHAPIRO

Just aight?

Fiasco turns to Shondra.

FIASCO

What did you think, lil' sister?

SHONDRA

I thought it was...

Abrimowitz, Shapiro, and the posse wait for Shondra's answer.

SHONDRA (CONT'D)

The hot shit.

ABRIMOWITZ

Nice!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

SHAPIRO

Bangin!

They slap each other five and begin celebrating again.

FIASCO

Hold up! Maybe that shit was blaze. But you ain't nothin' in this game if you can't battle.

SHAPIRO

What's that?

ABRIMOWITZ

He means freestyle.

FIASCO

Let's hear it. Straight off the top of your dome.

Abrimowitz and Shapiro know that this is the final test. Shapiro starts.

SHAPIRO

We were standing on the street...looking for a beat...a beat so good...a beat so sweet?

ABRIMOWITZ

The heat is deep...our sheets are neat...birds chirp tweet tweet... eat meat with your feet...

They continue. Clearly this is shaky ground for them, and yet they hold their own. Some of it sounds ridiculous, some of it is profound, but one thing is clear, they're having fun. Fiasco watches closely. Shapiro goes for it.

SHAPIRO

Fight the battle with vigor/ in the streets, I'm the killer/ hip-hoppin', non stoppin'/ toppin' all of you niggas!

Abrimowitz turns to Shapiro, stunned. Shapiro just keeps going. The posse turns to one another. Fiasco looks angry. Did Shapiro just say the "N" word?! Abrimowitz tries to stop Shapiro, but he just keeps going. The posse rushes them. One of them grabs Shapiro by the neck and his eyes bulge out.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

A few members of the posse throw Abrimowitz and Shapiro into the dumpster outside the warehouse.

POSSE MEMBER#1  
Trash can ass motherfuckers!

POSSE MEMBER#2  
F-SQUAD!

The posse file back inside the warehouse, slamming the door behind them. A beat. Then, Abrimowitz and Shapiro slowly climb out of the dumpster, hitting the ground hard. They get up and face each other.

SHAPIRO  
What just happened?

ABRIMOWITZ  
What do you think? We got thrown out.

SHAPIRO  
They didn't like it?

ABRIMOWITZ  
No, Adam, they didn't.

SHAPIRO  
You were a little off in there.

ABRIMOWITZ  
What!?

SHAPIRO  
And your freestyle was weak at points.

ABRIMOWITZ  
Me?! Do you even realize what you just said in there?!

SHAPIRO  
I was so busy spittin' darts...

ABRIMOWITZ  
(cutting him off)  
You used the "N" word!

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAPIRO

I did?

ABRIMOWITZ

(angry, whispering)

You said..."nigga"!

SHAPIRO

Oh, shit.

ABRIMOWITZ

Oh, shit is right, you moron!  
 Because of you, we just blew the  
 greatest opportunity of our lives!

SHAPIRO

(realizing)

I'm so sorry.

ABRIMOWITZ

How could you? Are you a racist?

SHAPIRO

Of course not!

ABRIMOWITZ

Then, what the hell?

SHAPIRO

Calm down, okay?

A tense beat.

SHAPIRO (CONT'D)

If you hadn't gotten me stoned,  
 this probably wouldn't have  
 happened.

ABRIMOWITZ

Fuck you, man! I didn't force the  
 joint down your throat. You're in  
 there talking about your nephew,  
 and Barney, and niggas and it's my  
 fault?

SHAPIRO

All I wanted to do was rehearse!  
 But, no! You had to get high!

ABRIMOWITZ

Say another word...

Shapiro let's loose.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHAPIRO

You don't take anything seriously. Just like our jobs. We represent scum, and you know it, and yet all you do is keep being the firm's perfect little lawyer, kissing Swedlow's ass.

Now, it's getting personal.

ABRIMOWITZ

That's not true! At least, I'm not so pussy whipped that I have to ask my girlfriend for permission to breathe, and think, and fucking shit, for chrissakes!

SHAPIRO

You don't have a fucking girlfriend! You never did, and you never will. Because you're an immature little baby, with a baby sized dick!

Abrimowitz lunges at Shapiro and punches him square in the face. Shapiro hits the ground hard. Abrimowitz stands over him.

SHAPIRO (CONT'D)

That fuckin' hurt!

ABRIMOWITZ

Good!

Abrimowitz heads to his moped.

SHAPIRO

Go fuck yourself, Abrimowitz.

ABRIMOWITZ

Drop dead, Shapiro.

Abrimowitz hops on his moped and takes off, leaving Shapiro sitting on the sidewalk holding his face. Camera pans up to the dark night sky, as we

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT BUILDING -- SUNRISE

**TITLE CARD: TWO WEEKS LATER**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMERA pans down from the sunlit morning sky to Shapiro's apartment building.

INT. SHAPIRO'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

Shapiro's alarm clock hits seven o'clock and the alarm goes off. He wakes up and looks over at Jesse still sleeping peacefully next to him. He climbs out of bed stealthily, as so not to wake her.

INT. SHAPIRO'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

Shapiro sits in his kitchen, drinking morning coffee. He sits across from of a small television set, and watches MATT LAUER on the Today Show.

MATT LAUER

(on t.v.)

*...Yesterday, the children's charity "Here Is Hope, Have Some", a nationwide foundation dedicated to helping disabled children live a normal life, received an overwhelming donation from local New York City club owner and entrepreneur Phillip Myazz. The donation, said to exceed two million dollars will go directly to the charity's research facilities. As of late, Myazz has found himself mired in a criminal lawsuit, alleging he knowingly allowed the solicitation of illegal drugs inside his popular hot spot "Wannabe". Skeptics believe that this latest move is meant to clean up his tarnished image. We caught up with the estranged club owner to get his reaction to those rumors,...*

Shapiro turns up the volume. Cue Myazz.

MYAZZ

(on t.v.)

*I was born with spinal meningitis, so I know exactly what a lot of these little babies are going through. And look at me, I grew up to be wealthy, sexy, and powerful...like a Panther.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Myazz does his signature Panther hiss. Disgusted, Shapiro mutes the t.v. Jesse enters and stands in the kitchen doorway. No one should look this good, this early in the morning. Shapiro looks up.

SHAPIRO

Oh. Hey, babe.

JESSE

You let me sleep.

SHAPIRO

You looked so peaceful.

JESSE

Like an angel?

SHAPIRO

Live five angels.

JESSE

But I told you to wake me up if you were awake, so we could spend the morning together.

SHAPIRO

Guess I forgot.

JESSE

What are you doing?

SHAPIRO

What I always do on a Monday. I'm getting ready for work.

JESSE

(baby voice)

You're such a little worker bee.  
Bzzzzz.

She "buzzes" her way over to him and starts tickling him. He giggles, but when she gets in his face, he reacts to her breath.

SHAPIRO

(baby voice)

I guess that makes you the queen bee.

JESSE

Want to pollinate, and make some honey?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHAPIRO

Mmmm. Is someone having a horny morning?

She goes in for the kiss. He moves his head and she ends up kissing his neck. He looks past her to the t.v. And sees Matt Lauer with a picture of Fiasco behind him. He struggles to get her off of him.

SHAPIRO (CONT'D)

Hold on a second, Jess.

She looks back to see what he is looking at, and frustrated, she lets go of him. He grabs the remote and un-mutes the t.v.

MATT LAUER

(on t.v.)

*...The rapper was fatally shot outside of his recording studio in the Queensbridge section of Queens, last night. Police officers on the scene say it was an apparent drive-by, but at press time, no witnesses to the shooting had come forth. Fiasco was thirty seven years old. The hip-hop world finds itself in a state of shock...*

Shapiro, stunned, mutes the t.v. again.

SHAPIRO

(mortified)

No...This can't be happening.

JESSE

(trying to console him)

He was thirty seven. That's a long life for a street hoodlum.

Shapiro just sits there silent, staring at the t.v. Off his look of disbelief, we:

CUT TO:

INT- SWEDLOW, JENKINS, AND ASSOC. BOARDROOM -- MORNING

The board meeting is in full swing, Rodriguez is making a presentation, while Swedlow flirts with Tawny at the head of the conference table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Abrimowitz and Shapiro now sit on opposite ends of the table. Abrimowitz begins to sob, uncontrollably. Swedlow takes notice.

SWEDLOW

Mr. Abrimowitz?

Abrimowitz straightens up and wipes his eyes. A beat passes, and now Shapiro begins to sob uncontrollably. Swedlow and the rest of the attorneys, look on, dumbfounded.

CUT TO:

INT- SWEDLOW, JENKINS, AND ASSOC. OFFICE -- DAY

Abrimowitz and Shapiro work in their office in silence. Their desks are rearranged so that their backs are turned to one another. There is a knock on their office window. It's Cohen. Shapiro waves him in. He enters, wearing all black, complete with dark shades, holding a forty ounce of malt liquor. He pours a drop on the carpet.

COHEN

(pouring)

See you at the crossroads, Fiasco.

Shapiro gets upset.

SHAPIRO

(uptight)

What are you doing, Cohen?! That smells. People are gonna think we drink on the job!

ABRIMOWITZ

I'll call maintenance.

Abrimowitz picks up the phone and starts dialing. Cohen grabs the receiver and slams it down.

COHEN

(angry)

Fuck that! You being straight up disrespectful, motherfuckers!

ABRIMOWITZ

We've been told to keep the carpets clean.

SHAPIRO

(to Abrimowitz)

I do my best. I don't know about you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABRIMOWITZ

Shut the hell up, Adam. For the  
fifteenth time, that wasn't my  
mustard!

SHAPIRO

So what? The mustard just walked  
in here all by itself, and laid  
itself all over the carpet?

The two former buddies start arguing back and forth.  
Cohen can't take it anymore.

COHEN

Both of you need to chill!

They look up at him.

COHEN (CONT'D)

How dare you argue about mustard  
on a day like this? Do you realize  
that the king of the underground  
got shot and killed last night?  
And you two, his two biggest fans,  
are still beefin'? In times of  
mourning and sorrow, people should  
put aside their differences and  
come together in respect to the  
memory of the fallen.

A beat. Abrimowitz and Shapiro are speechless. Then...

ABRIMOWITZ

That was beautiful, Cohen.

COHEN

I know! Now, if you'll excuse a  
motherfucker, I gotta go drink  
myself into oblivion.

He heads for the door. They watch him go. He stops,  
remembering something.

COHEN (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, the real reason I came  
down here was to tell you that  
Fiasco's label announced that  
they're puttin' out an album of  
all Fiasco's unreleased material  
next month. I thought maybe you  
two would care. But it seems  
you're too selfish for all that.

Cohen exits. They sit for a beat. Then...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHAPIRO

New material?

ABRIMOWITZ

Old material. Unreleased.

Shapiro looks at Abrimowitz.

SHAPIRO

I can't wait.

Abrimowitz looks at Shapiro.

ABRIMOWITZ

We gotta be first on line.

The two smile at each other. On their smiling faces, we:

FADE TO:

EXT. RECORD STORE -- DAY

Abrimowitz and Shapiro, wearing matching Fiasco concert t-shirts, are at the front of a long line of hip-hop fans circling the store. A young record store employee with a name tag that reads "MARTIN" counts the heads on line. He approaches Abrimowitz and Shapiro.

MARTIN

Wow, you must be dedicated. You beat out two hundred and twelve fans on this line.

ABRIMOWITZ

Yeah, well, Fiasco was a hero of ours.

SHAPIRO

We're his all time number one fans.

Martin notices their shirts.

MARTIN

Sorry, fellas. This line is for the Doo Doo Brown in store signing.

ABRIMOWITZ

Doo Doo Brown?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAPIRO

He's that punk who dissed Fiasco  
on his first album.

MARTIN

His new album was released today  
as well.

(re: line)

These are all his fans.

ABRIMOWITZ

You mean to tell me that we camped  
out overnight for nothing?

MARTIN

Yeah, you two can just head right  
in and grab the Fiasco c.d. right  
now.

Abrimowitz and Shapiro run inside.

INT. RECORD STORE -- DAY

They run in through the front door. The record store has  
been set up in anticipation of Doo Doo Brown's signing,  
with steps leading up to a signing table on a raised  
platform, and Doo Doo posters plastered on the walls.  
Abrimowitz notices the Fiasco set up in the back.

ABRIMOWITZ

(pointing)

There it is.

They make a b-line to it. They each grab a c.d.

SHAPIRO

(reading)

It's called "Heavenly Death"

The c.d. cover has a drawn picture of Fiasco with a halo  
over his head and wings like an angel. They stare at it  
for a moment, when suddenly, they hear a commotion coming  
from behind them. The commotion is the sound of DOO DOO  
BROWN entering the store. He is diminutive in stature,  
wearing lots of bling and a fur coat. He has a gorgeous  
model on each arm. His posse trails behind him. They  
rough up a few store employees. He makes his way up the  
steps to the signing table.

DOO DOO

The original gangsta pimp is here,  
bitches!!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His fans go wild. He continues to spew lewd obscenities at his fans who devour every word. Abrimowitz and Shapiro look on, disgusted. They head to the register, where Martin stands, waiting to check them out.

MARTIN

(re: Doo Doo)

Isn't he the bomb?

ABRIMOWITZ

Who are you, his little bitch?

SHAPIRO

Abrimowitz...

MARTIN

Don't get testy. Just 'cause your rapper died like a dog in the street.

Abrimowitz leaps over the counter to kick Martin's ass. Shapiro holds him back.

SHAPIRO

Come on, man, it's not worth it.

ABRIMOWITZ

(screaming at Martin)

You're lucky I don't come behind there and "pee pee yellow" down your fuckin' throat!

Shapiro leads Abrimowitz away.

CUT TO:

INT. SWEDLOW, JENKINS, AND ASSOC. -- DAY

Off the elevator, the guys head straight into their office, and draw the shades. Perry and Lawrence look on.

LAWRENCE

I knew those two were batting for the other team.

PERRY

Which one's the top and which one's the bottom?

LAWRENCE

Shapiro looks like he probably takes it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PERRY

True. Abrimowitz is such the bear.

LAWRENCE

That's a scary visual.

PERRY

(still staring)

It is?

Perry has an odd smile of satisfaction on his face.  
Lawrence studies him.

INT. SWEDLOW, JENKINS, AND ASSOC. OFFICE -- DAY

Abrimowitz pulls a large boom box from under his desk. He  
grabs a box a tissues and hands a few tissues to Shapiro.

ABRIMOWITZ

In case you get emotional.

SHAPIRO

Thanks.

They pop the CD in and press play. They sit in  
anticipation on either side of the boom box. Music  
swells. They listen closely.

FIASCO

(rhyming)

*...ski down a slippery slope with  
the Mann's Chinese/ they rocked  
bunny hop rope/ dodged flags with  
ease...*

Abrimowitz and Shapiro share confused looks.

ABRIMOWITZ

I've heard those rhymes before.

SHAPIRO

Of course you have! Those rhymes  
are our rhymes!!

Abrimowitz listens again.

ABRIMOWITZ

What the fuck? You're right!

SHAPIRO

No shit!

They become incensed with the idea. Fuming.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABRIMOWITZ

That is unreal, man! Skip to the next track, see what happens.

Shapiro presses fast forward, a new beat comes up. They listen even closer.

FIASCO

*...Fight the battle with vigor/ in the streets, I'm the killer/ hip-hoppin', non stoppin'/ toppin' all of you niggas!...*

Abrimowitz presses stop.

ABRIMOWITZ

That's the freestyle that got us thrown in the dumpster!

SHAPIRO

(disturbed)  
This isn't right!

ABRIMOWITZ

He stole our shit!

SHAPIRO

He bit our style!

ABRIMOWITZ

But how?

SHAPIRO

He must have recorded us.

ABRIMOWITZ

Why would he do such a thing?

SHAPIRO

I have no clue.

ABRIMOWITZ

(disgusted)  
I feel like taking a shower.

SHAPIRO

How are we ever going to prove to anyone that we wrote those lyrics?

ABRIMOWITZ

We're not going to. We can't...  
Because Fiasco is dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

This realization sits heavy with them. Shapiro buries his head in his hands, Abrimowitz angrily throws a cup of coffee across the room.

SHAPIRO

The carpet, Paul.

ABRIMOWITZ

Fuck the motherfuckin' carpet,  
Adam!

Just then, Louella Mcelroy enters, sobbing, and screaming. A man from The Nation of Islam stands behind her wearing the signature bow tie.

MS. MCELROY

(enraged)

If you heartless bastards think  
you can bribe me not to testify,  
with an all expenses paid trip to  
Shreveport, Louisiana, you must be  
out of your goddamned minds! I  
pray the good lord strikes you  
down and crushes all your dreams,  
for what you're doing! Shame on  
you!

SHAPIRO

Ms. Mcelroy, wait...

MS. MCELROY

White devils!

And with that, she exits. Abrimowitz and Shapiro have no idea what just hit them. A long, stunned pause, then...

ABRIMOWITZ

You think she was referring to us  
as "white devils"?

SHAPIRO

Couldn't be. We're Jewish.

Off their, defeated, shell shocked Jewish faces, we

CUT TO:

EXT. DA SILVANO'S -- NIGHT

Shapiro and Jesse sit at their favorite romantic Italian restaurant. Shapiro is in mid-rant.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAPIRO

(loud)

...He stole everything we ever worked for, everything we ever dreamed of! For what?! We'll never know, because he got whacked! Then, fuckin' Swedlow offers this poor mother a fuckin' trip to fuckin' Shreveport of all fuckin' places, when originally, the fucker said he'd send her to Key West! She fuckin' hates us now...

JESSE

Adam, you're being so loud. Everyone can hear you...

SHAPIRO

I don't give a fuck! Let them hear...

JESSE

Stop it! I won't let you embarrass me like this!

SHAPIRO

Fuck you, Jesse!

Pause. Jesse is speechless. All the other restaurant patrons stare. Shapiro realizes he went too far.

SHAPIRO (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

JESSE

What the hell is wrong with you?

SHAPIRO

I'm sorry, queen bee.

JESSE

I ought to get up and leave your pathetic ass sitting here alone.

SHAPIRO

(truly pathetic)

Please don't leave me.

JESSE

Listen to me and listen closely.

Shapiro looks at her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JESSE (CONT'D)

You are not a rapper. You never were and you never will be. Rapping is for low lives. You are not a low life. Rap is not even music.

SHAPIRO

(weakly)

Yes, it is.

JESSE

No, it's not! You are an attorney, and a damned good one. If you just get your head out of your ass and start concentrating on making some serious money, in a respectable, honorable fashion, then maybe you might be able to provide me with the life I truly deserve. If you can't do that, tell me now, so I can go out and find a better man that can!

This is Shapiro's chance to get away and he knows it. He stares long and hard at his girlfriend.

JESSE (CONT'D)

What's it gonna be, buster?

A long beat. Then,

SHAPIRO

...I love you?

She smiles. He doesn't.

CUT TO:

INT- SWEDLOW, JENKINS, AND ASSOC. -- MORNING

The next morning, Shapiro walks through the office in SLO-MO. "Never Seen A Man Cry" by Scarface plays. Depressed, Shapiro notices things he's never seen before. He watches as attorneys drone about the office. He notices Lawrence gingerly brushing Perry's hair as Perry licks a giant lollipop. In a corner cubicle, Rodriguez details Swedlow's golf clubs with a toothbrush, then uses the same toothbrush to brush his teeth. At her desk, Tawny sits crying and eating a muffin. Mascara drips down her face and onto the muffin, and yet she keeps eating it. Shapiro sighs and heads into his office.

INT. SWEDLOW, JENKINS, AND ASSOC. OFFICE -- MORNING

Shapiro enters his office. Abrimowitz is already there.

SHAPIRO

Hey.

ABRIMOWITZ

Hey.

SHAPIRO

I've been thinking.

ABRIMOWITZ

Okay.

SHAPIRO

We need to talk.

ABRIMOWITZ

I'm all ears.

SHAPIRO

It's just...rapping with you is fun and all, but it's only a dream. A crazy dream we had when we were kids.

ABRIMOWITZ

Our rhymes are awesome.

SHAPIRO

But they were stolen from us.

ABRIMOWITZ

All the more reason to write new ones.

SHAPIRO

I don't know, man. I think I need a break from all of that. I'm a somewhat successful, up and coming lawyer. I've got to find a way to be happy with just that.

ABRIMOWITZ

So, you're quitting on me?

SHAPIRO

(defeated)

I've got nothing left to give.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABRIMOWITZ

(angry)  
You're a pussy.

SHAPIRO

Abrimowitz...

ABRIMOWITZ

No, shut up! You're a fuckin' pussy! What happened to the kid I knew that shit his pants while rounding second base, playing softball at camp, and still had the balls to get to home and score the game winning run? Or the kid, who encouraged me to ask out Lisa Applebaum, because I liked her, even though she had braces and boogers were always hanging out of her nose? Or the guy that wrote raps like, "To infinity and beyond/ Shapiro's the greatest/ word is bond"?!

Shapiro starts misting up.

ABRIMOWITZ (CONT'D)

That guy was the coolest motherfucker I've ever met. Invincible. Indestructible. What happened to him?

Shapiro starts full on crying.

SHAPIRO

He became a pussy!

Abrimowitz feels for his friend, and puts an arm around him for comfort.

ABRIMOWITZ

That's right. A big, fat, unclean, muddy, swampy, stinky, pussy. But it's not too late. You're just stressed out, that's all. Why don't you go home and take the rest of the day off? Tomorrow's Saturday. We'll shoot some hoops. Would you like that?

Shapiro blows his nose in his sleeve, and gets up to go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHAPIRO

Yes. I'm sorry you had to see me like this.

ABRIMOWITZ

It's okay. It's not the first time, and I highly doubt it'll be the last. Now, go my son, get some rest.

Abrimowitz ushers a broken Shapiro out the door. As we...

CUT TO:

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT -- NEXT MORNING

Abrimowitz and Shapiro, in basketball uniforms, watch as a team of all African American dudes defeats another team of all African American dudes. The losing team walks off, and Abrimowitz and Shapiro step up to the winning team.

ABRIMOWITZ

We got next.

CUT TO:

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT -- MORNING

QUICK MONTAGE of the basketball game set to the tune of "Woo Hah" by Busta Rhymes. Abrimowitz and Shapiro are getting their asses handed to them by the bigger, better team. They get pounded and hurt. Every pass is stolen and every shot is blocked. They receive the full smack down. All the while, they are loving it., They're still getting beat up by bigger black dudes, just like the good old days. At game's end, they shake hands with their opponents. They are bloody, their clothes are ripped and dirtied, and as they walk off the court, they both wear huge smiles on their faces. END MONTAGE.

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT -- MOMENTS LATER

Abrimowitz and Shapiro sit courtside, watching the action, eating popsicles. A player slam dunks the ball, and Shapiro erupts.

SHAPIRO

BOO YA!! Oh, snap, that was fly!  
On some rain man Shawn Kemp shit!

Shapiro is smiling and clapping, Abrimowitz observes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABRIMOWITZ

Glad to see you're no longer  
feeling shitty.

SHAPIRO

I must admit, there's nothing like  
a hot summer day in the park,  
eating popsicles, playing b-ball,  
to make me feel like I'm not such  
a douche.

ABRIMOWITZ

Well, I wouldn't go that far.  
You're still a little douchey.

Shapiro laughs, appreciates his friend's honesty.

SHAPIRO

Y'know, you really are like my  
other girlfriend.

ABRIMOWITZ

Where did that come from?

SHAPIRO

That's what Jesse says about you  
all the time.

A beat. Abrimowitz doesn't quite know how to respond.

ABRIMOWITZ

Fuck Jesse!

SHAPIRO

I often do, buddy. I often do.

Abrimowitz laughs and so does Shapiro. They hear a bunch  
of the players on the court cat calling. They look up and  
notice the group of fly ghetto princesses being harassed.  
One of the girls looks familiar.

ABRIMOWITZ

Wait a second. Don't we know that  
girl?

SHAPIRO

Which one?

ABRIMOWITZ

(pointing)  
The one in the camouflage tank top  
and short shorts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Abrimowitz is pointing at Shondra, Fiasco's little sister.

SHAPIRO  
(squinting)  
You're right. She does look familiar.

ABRIMOWITZ  
Oh shit! I got it! You know who that is?

SHAPIRO  
Who is that?

ABRIMOWITZ  
That's the girl who was at our audition. Fiasco's little sister!

Just then, Shondra looks up and notices Abrimowitz and Shapiro pointing and staring at her. They notice that she notices, and look away, but it's too late. She says goodbye to her friends and heads into her car.

SHAPIRO  
Where do you think she's going?

ABRIMOWITZ  
Let's find out.

Abrimowitz gathers his stuff and zips over to his parked moped.

ABRIMOWITZ (CONT'D)  
Hop on!

SHAPIRO  
What? Why?

ABRIMOWITZ  
Let's follow her.

SHAPIRO  
Bro, that's crazy.

Shondra's car takes off.

ABRIMOWITZ  
(on a mission)  
Come on, maybe we can catch up to her and ask her why Fiasco stole our rhymes!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SHAPIRO

I don't know about this.

ABRIMOWITZ

Shapiro, you've got to trust me!  
I'm your other fucking girlfriend,  
remember? Now, hop the fuck on.

Shapiro considers for a beat, then reluctantly hops on.

SHAPIRO

Just don't kill us. I don't want  
my obituary to read that I died on  
a moped with my arms wrapped  
around your belly.

ABRIMOWITZ

Just hang tight.

Abrimowitz steps on the pedals and they're off. "Daytona 500" by Ghostface Killah begins to bump.

EXT. CITY STREETS -- DAY

The moped follows the car through midtown traffic,  
winding in and out, almost crashing with every turn.

EXT. 59TH STREET BRIDGE -- DAY

The moped follows Shondra's car as she makes her way  
across the bridge to Queensbridge, in Queens.

EXT. QUEENSBRIDGE -- DAY

Abrimowitz and Shapiro on the moped cautiously follow  
Shondra's car through the hood. They look around. They're  
definitely not in Kansas anymore. They watch as Shondra's  
car pulls up in front of a project building complex.  
Shondra gets out and goes into one of the buildings. Out  
of her sight, Abrimowitz and Shapiro follow.

INT. PROJECT LOBBY -- DAY

Shondra heads into one of the two elevators with a LITTLE  
GIRL. Abrimowitz and Shapiro, stand behind fake plants,  
unnoticed.

LITTLE GIRL

What floor?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHONDRA

Thirty two, please. Thank you.

LITTLE GIRL

(pressing the button)

You're welcome.

As the elevator door closes, Abrimowitz and Shapiro share a look.

INT. PROJECT HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

The elevator reaches thirty two. Shondra gets out and heads down the long hallway. A beat passes, and the other elevator arrives. Abrimowitz and Shapiro peer out from inside the elevator. They see Shondra is halfway down the hall and they quietly creep out. She heads to a door at the very end of the long hallway. Once there, she knocks a hip hop beat on the door.

VOICE (O.S.)

(behind door)

What's the password?

SHONDRA

Sugar water.

The apartment door opens and Shondra heads inside. Abrimowitz and Shapiro start down the hallway toward the door.

SHAPIRO

(scared, whispering)

Yo, let's head back. Usually any door that requires a special knock and a password has some ill shit behind it.

ABRIMOWITZ

(unfazed)

I know. I'm scared too. It's wicked.

They get to the door. Abrimowitz knocks the special knock.

VOICE (O.S.)

Password?

ABRIMOWITZ

Sugar water.

The door opens.

INT. APARTMENT -- SAME

Inside, Shondra and F-Squad eat breakfast. Startled, Miracle gets up. Paralyzed, Abrimowitz and Shapiro just stand in the doorway.

MIRACLE

What the fuck?!

SHAPIRO

Sorry.

ABRIMOWITZ

Wrong door.

MIRACLE

How'd you know the password?!

ABRIMOWITZ

(covering)

We didn't. It's just a really common password, thus defeating the purpose.

SHAPIRO

Yeah, it's currently being used by at least six other apartments on this floor alone.

A toilet is flushed. Fiasco enters, zipping his fly.

FIASCO

Yo, can't a brother take a shit in peace?!

He looks up and notices Abrimowitz and Shapiro. They can't believe their eyes. Fiasco is alive...and enraged.

FIASCO (CONT'D)

(yelling)

F-SQUAD!

F-Squad clumsily wipe their mouths and charge the door. Abrimowitz and Shapiro make a run for it back down the hallway. Cue: "I Run This" by Slick Rick.

INT. PROJECT STAIRWELL -- SAME

Abrimowitz and Shapiro bust into the stairwell and book it down the steps. Moments later, F-Squad follows. The chase in on, down thirty two flights of stairs.

EXT. PROJECT BUILDING -- SAME

Out of breath, they make their way out of the building, toward Abrimowitz' moped, parked in front. But just before they get to it, Miracle appears out of nowhere and grabs them.

SHAPIRO

But how...?

MIRACLE

Why do you think they call me "Miracle"?

SHAPIRO

(impressed)

That's amazing.

ABRIMOWITZ

(to Shapiro)

He took the elevator, you moron!

Off Abrimowitz and Shapiro's frightened faces, we

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT -- LATER

Abrimowitz and Shapiro are taped to chairs, with their backs facing each other. Shondra, Miracle and the rest of F-Squad watch as Fiasco stalks the two intruders.

FIASCO

...So you followed my little sister all the way from Manhattan, just to ask her if she knew why I stole your rhymes? Is that correct?

SHAPIRO

That's correct, Fiasco. That's all we wanted from her. An explanation, nothing else.

ABRIMOWITZ

We never expected it to go this far.

FIASCO

Never expected to see me alive, huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAPIRO

Never. But we're glad you're not dead.

FIASCO

You two nosy motherfuckers have seen too much.

Abrimowitz and Shapiro look at each other.

ABRIMOWITZ

What does that mean?

FIASCO

Means you leave me no choice but to dispose of your meddling asses.

With that, Fiasco pulls a gun out of his back pocket, cocks it, and points it at Abrimowitz and Shapiro.

SHAPIRO

No! Mommy!!!

ABRIMOWITZ

Wait!!! Why did you do it?

FIASCO

Do what?

ABRIMOWITZ

Fake your own death?

FIASCO

None of your goddamned business!

He's about to pull the trigger.

SHAPIRO

Hold up! At least tell us why you stole our shit.

A tense beat. Then...

FIASCO

Just like you said in your hook, your shit was hot. F-Squad was feeling your shit. So, I decided to capitalize.

SHAPIRO

That's fucked up!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ABRIMOWITZ

We wrote those rhymes when we were kids. We've been writing rhymes ever since. Rapping is the only thing that ever truly meant anything to us.

FIASCO

Too bad, so sad. You see at some point in every life, everyone has to play that role. The role of the victim.

SHAPIRO

But you were our hero. We worshipped you. How much of it was real?

ABRIMOWITZ

Yeah, have you ever done this before? Stolen anyone else's rhymes?

FIASCO

Hell, no! Never!...It's just that lately, the god felt like he was losing his touch, y'know?

SHAPIRO

(confused)

Losing your touch?

ABRIMOWITZ

Are you kidding? We thought your last album, "Token Schemes For Broken Dreams" was your hottest to date.

FIASCO

You did?

SHAPIRO

It was straight up revolutionary!

FIASCO

Yeah, well tell that to the little punk that was trying to kill me!!

The whole room looks to Fiasco. Fiasco looks to the floor. A tense beat, then,

SHONDRA

What are you talking about, Clifford?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ABRIMOWITZ & SHAPIRO

Clifford?

FIASCO

Nothing for you to worry about,  
Shondra.

SHONDRA

(tough)  
Fuck that! I want to know!

A beat.

FIASCO

Miracle and I got wind of a drive  
by shooting being organized by  
that little nigga Doo Doo Brown.

ABRIMOWITZ & SHAPIRO

Doo Doo Brown?!

Shondra turns to Miracle.

SHONDRA

(to Miracle)  
Why didn't you tell me?

MIRACLE

(ashamed)  
I'm sorry, Shondra.

She turns back to Fiasco. Abrimowitz and Shapiro witness  
the drama unfold.

SHONDRA

I thought you did this because you  
were sick of the spotlight?

FIASCO

I told you that, because I didn't  
want you to worry. All I've ever  
loved is hip-hop. The fame, the  
cash, the hoes. I saw myself doing  
it for the rest of my life. But I  
guess it wasn't meant to be.

This sad moment hangs for a beat. Then, Abrimowitz and  
Shapiro look at each other. They are thinking the same  
thing.

SHAPIRO

Fiasco, we think we might be able  
to help you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

FIASCO

Oh yeah? How?

ABRIMOWITZ

Shapiro and I are Lawyers. That's our day job and how we pay the bills. We write rhymes on the side. Now, if what you say is true, that Doo Doo Brown was actively involved in a conspiracy to have you murdered, then we can use whatever evidence you have to prosecute him.

MIRACLE

We have no evidence. Just the word on the street.

SHAPIRO

Well look, we hate Doo Doo Brown. He represents everything that's wrong with hip hop.

FIASCO

Word.

SHAPIRO

If you just give us a chance, we can investigate and maybe find a way to entrap him in some other crime. Have his sorry ass arrested.

ABRIMOWITZ

Right. We might even be able to get him to confess to his plot to have you assassinated.

Fiasco considers.

FIASCO

Are you two that good at what you do?

SHAPIRO

We're the best.

ABRIMOWITZ

No doubt.

Fiasco considers further. Miracle steps up.

MIRACLE

Might not be a bad idea, god.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Fiasco looks at Abrimowitz and Shapiro. He uncocks his gun.

FIASCO

You got one week.

ABRIMOWITZ

That's not enough time.

FIASCO

Well, that's all you get. If you can't have Doo Doo arrested by the end of the week, F-Squad's gonna hunt your asses down and you'll end up deader than I am. Understand?

ABRIMOWITZ

Yes, sir.

SHAPIRO

Word is bond.

FIASCO

(to F-Squad)

Now, Get these motherfuckers outta my sight. I gotta finish taking a shit.

Fiasco walks off into the bathroom. Two members of F-Squad begin to untie them. They share a worried look, as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. PROJECT BUILDING -- DAY

The guys walk out of the building to the parked moped.

SHAPIRO

So, you think we can pull this off?

ABRIMOWITZ

No.

Shondra runs up behind them.

SHONDRA

Hey!

They turn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHONDRA (CONT'D)

You guys are pretty brave,  
following me down here like you  
did. If you're serious about doing  
this, I want to help you.

This gives Abrimowitz pleasure.

ABRIMOWITZ

We're totally serious.

SHONDRA

But we work alone. You see...

ABRIMOWITZ

(quickly  
interrupting)

We need as much help as we can  
get.

Shapiro shoots Abrimowitz a look.

SHONDRA

Great. Let's get in my car and we  
can talk.

ABRIMOWITZ

What about my moped?

SHONDRA

You can leave it sitting here.  
Don't worry. Ain't nobody in the  
hood gonna jack that shit.

They all climb into Shondra's car, also parked in front.

CUT TO:

INT. SHONDRA'S CAR -- DAY

Shondra drives, Abrimowitz rides shotgun, Shapiro sits in  
back.

SHAPIRO

The toughest part is that there's  
no real evidence.

ABRIMOWITZ

True. But setting him up shouldn't  
be too hard. You saw what a  
wanksta he acted like at his album  
signing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHONDRA

That motherfucker got it comin' to him, too. He's a bitch's bitch, if you know what I'm saying.

ABRIMOWITZ

Sounds like you and he had a run in.

SHONDRA

Can I trust you guys to keep a secret?

SHAPIRO

Sure.

SHONDRA

One night, about a year ago, Doo Doo and I got to dancin' at a house party in the Bronx. I was real drunk, so I let the little bastard grind all up on me. He was nasty. You ever get close to a motherfucker whose breath smells like a rat must have crawled up his ass and died?

SHAPIRO

Never. Not me.

Abrimowitz just laughs.

SHONDRA

Well, anyway, since that night, that little troll's been trying to knock boots with me. When I turned him down, he retaliated by dissin' my big brother on his first album. That set off a beef on wax, and I guess Doo Doo was trying to take it to the next level, by murdering him.

ABRIMOWITZ

Ain't that a bitch.

SHONDRA

To top it off, I heard he don't give no money to his family. His momma's still collecting food stamps and eating welfare cheese.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

As Shondra continues talking about Doo Doo's family, Shapiro begins to recall the conversation he had with the three rap kids on the train. It plays back in his mind.

**QUICK FLASHBACK.**

RAP KID #1

"My second cousin, twice removed,  
is none other, than the infamous  
Doo Doo Brown"

**BACK TO PRESENT.** Shapiro gets struck with an idea. He looks out the car window and sees a subway station.

SHAPIRO

Stop the car!

ABRIMOWITZ

What?

SHAPIRO

Pull over, Shondra!

SHONDRA

I know you ain't getting ready to  
throw up in my car.

She pulls over. Shapiro frantically jumps out of the car and heads directly into the subway station.

SHONDRA (CONT'D)

Where's he going?

ABRIMOWITZ

I don't know. He must have a plan.

Now alone, the two sit in silence. An awkward beat. Abrimowitz checks his watch.

ABRIMOWITZ (CONT'D)

(sweet)

It's still early. Would you want  
to grab some lunch with me?

Shondra thinks about this for a moment, then smiles.

SHONDRA

I'd love to.

**BEGIN MONTAGE. TO THE TUNE OF "FUGEE LA" BY THE FUGEES**

INT. SUBWAY CAR -- DAY

Shapiro hops on the train, sits next to a sleeping fat lady, and checks his watch.

EXT. KATZ'S DELI --DAY

Establishing shot of the Lower East Side delicatessen.

INT. KATZ'S DELI -- DAY

Inside, Abrimowitz and Shondra are on line at Katz's. Lots of old Jews (some Hasidic) line the counter. Abrimowitz orders two corned beef sandwiches.

INT. SUBWAY CAR -- DAY

The fat lady is now asleep in Shapiro's lap. Drool slowly drips from her mouth onto his pants. He's a little wigged out.

INT. KATZ' DELI --DAY

Abrimowitz and Shondra sit with a bunch of old Jews, eating sandwiches. The old Jews show Shondra the numbered holocaust tattoos on their arms. Shondra lifts her shirt and shows them the tattoo on her back which reads, "Ill Na Na". The old men are impressed. Abrimowitz is turned on.

INT. SUBWAY CAR -- LATER

Shapiro is getting restless. When the doors between cars open, he looks on expectantly. A performer walks in, but it's a white guy playing the violin. Annoyed, Shapiro covers his ears.

EXT. PROJECT ROOFTOP -- SUNSET

Shondra teaches Abrimowitz how to roll a blunt as the sun sets behind them.

INT. SUBWAY CAR -- LATER

Ferocious, Shapiro gets up, grabs the violin out of the man's hands and smashes it to the floor, splintering it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He looks up at the other passengers in the car with a wild look in his eyes. Then regains his composure and calmly takes his seat.

EXT. PROJECT ROOFTOP -- SUNSET

Shondra and Abrimowitz smoke the blunt. He closes his eyes and leans in for a kiss. Instead of kissing him, she grabs the blunt, takes a hit, and blows smoke in his face. Eyes still closed, he smiles.

INT. SUBWAY CAR -- NIGHT

Shapiro is being robbed at knife point by a bunch of bad ass Puerto Rican kids. He hands over his cash and his shoes.

EXT. JEWISH MUSEUM -- NIGHT

Establishing shot. Abrimowitz leads Shondra inside.

INT. JEWISH MUSEUM -- NIGHT

Abrimowitz and Shondra look at old mezzuzzahs and shofars. She gazes at him, adoringly, as he talks about an ancient menorah.

INT. SUBWAY CAR -- NIGHT

Shapiro sits next to a drunk bum. The bum drinks whiskey from a flask. Shapiro grabs the flask from the bum's hand. He sniffs the lid and is revolted at the smell. To hell with it, he takes a giant gulp.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER -- NIGHT.

Shondra is dragging a reluctant Abrimowitz into a movie theater by the arm. Camera pans up to reveal the theater's marquis which reads, "Tyler Perry's, Diary Of A Mad Black Woman"

INT. SUBWAY CAR -- NIGHT

The bum is now asleep in Shapiro's lap. Shapiro checks his watch. "Where are they"?!

EXT. MOVIE THEATER -- NIGHT.

Abrimowitz and Shondra exit the movie theater sharing a hearty laugh. Abrimowitz does his best impression of a "mad black woman"

EXT. PEEP O RAMA -- NIGHT.

Abrimowitz and Shondra head inside Cohen's workplace.

INT. PEEP-O-RAMA -- NIGHT.

Cohen greets them. He carries a mop. He takes them to one of the stalls. Abrimowitz and Shondra head into the stall, and close the door. The light goes on. Cohen guards the door.

**END MONTAGE.**

INT. SUBWAY CAR -- NIGHT

Shapiro is asleep, drooling on the bum's lap. The train doors open, and in walk the three kids. They set up and start rapping. Shapiro is startled awake. He gets up and approaches them.

SHAPIRO

Excuse me.

RAP KID #2

Wait till the show's over.

SHAPIRO

Don't you remember me?

RAP KID #1

Ain't you that punk we told never  
to take this ride again?

SHAPIRO

(proud)  
That's me.

RAP KID #1

What the fuck you want?

SHAPIRO

I just happened to recall you  
saying that Doo Doo Brown is your  
cousin. Am I right?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAPIRO (CONT'D)

Or was that three other eight year  
old rappers?

RAP KID #2

Yeah, he's our cousin. But he  
doesn't act like it.

SHAPIRO

Word on the street is that he  
doesn't treat his family with any  
respect.

RAP KID #1

That ain't no lie. What you  
gettin' at?

SHAPIRO

What if I told you I could help  
you get back at him?

RAP KID #2

How?

SHAPIRO

Set him up to get in trouble with  
the cops.

RAP KID #1

That'd be straight up justice.  
But, what's in it for us?

SHAPIRO

I don't have any money on me now,  
but when it's all said and done,  
I'll give each of you fifty bucks.  
What do you say?

The kids mull it over for a moment.

RAP KID #1

Fresh!

RAP KID #2

Dope!

And Rap Kid #3 just smiles and gives Shapiro a thumbs up.  
Shapiro smiles back, as we

CUT TO:

INT. ABRIMOWITZ' APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Shondra and Abrimowitz are getting it on in bed. They  
climax, she rolls off of him, and lights up a cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHONDRA

That was the best fuckin' I ever had.

ABRIMOWITZ

That's 'cause you been dealin' with the ace.

Abrimowitz' phone rings. He picks it up off the night stand and the caller I.D. reads "Shapiro". He answers.

ABRIMOWITZ (CONT'D)

(on phone)

Hey, where've you been?...I'm listening.

Abrimowitz grabs a pad and pen and starts writing.

ABRIMOWITZ (CONT'D)

(listening)

Uh huh...the corner of Bushwick and Halsey in Brooklyn...nine a.m....got it. We'll be there...okay, peace.

Abrimowitz hangs up, and turns to Shondra

SHONDRA

What was that all about?

ABRIMOWITZ

My man's got a plan.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUSHWICK AND HALSEY -- NEXT MORNING

A grimy Brooklyn neighborhood, even at this early hour, crackheads and whinos mill about. Shapiro is in clothes from the night before, without shoes, holding a disposable camera. He stands on the corner with all three rapping kids. Abrimowitz and Shondra approach.

ABRIMOWITZ

Nice neighborhood you brought us to. Filled with happy, prosperous, people.

SHONDRA

(re: kids)

Whose kids are these?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAPIRO

These kids are Doo Doo Brown's  
cousins. And they're going to help  
us get him arrested.

Shapiro points across the street to a six story tenement  
on the corner, with a bodega on its ground floor.

SHAPIRO (CONT'D)

See that building?

Abrimowitz and Shondra nod.

SHAPIRO (CONT'D)

That's where Doo Doo's baby momma  
lives, and where he's been  
spending most of his time  
recently. Every morning, around  
this time, he goes for a leisurely  
jog through this infested  
neighborhood. My plan is as  
follows. We position the kids on  
the corner, and have them wait for  
him to come outside of the  
building. When Doo Doo appears,  
they'll ask him to go inside the  
bodega and purchase a forty ounce  
for them. All the while, we'll be  
safely perched here, and when Doo  
Doo exits the store and hands his  
cousins the forty, we'll snap a  
few pictures with my disposable  
camera. All that's left is to leak  
the pictures of Doo Doo supplying  
minors with liquor to the police  
and the press, and it's twenty  
five to life. So, what do you  
think?

A beat. Abrimowitz and Shondra stare at him. Then,...

ABRIMOWITZ

Congratulations. That's the  
dumbest fuckin' idea I've ever  
heard.

SHONDRA

It ain't never gonna work.

RAP KID #1

That's what we been tryin' to tell  
this fool.

Shapiro bends down to face the kids.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHAPIRO  
 Alright guys, this is it. Take  
 your positions.

The kids run across the street to the front entrance of  
 the building. Shapiro turns to a doubtful Abrimowitz and  
 Shondra.

SHAPIRO (CONT'D)  
 Be patient. Any minute now...

The doors to the building open and an old lady with a  
 walker is pushed out and on to the ground. Doo Doo and  
 his posse follow behind, pointing at her and laughing.  
 The kids step up to him.

RAP KID #1  
 Doo Doo!

Doo Doo turns to see his cousins.

DOO DOO  
 What are you little snot nosed  
 motherless motherfuckers doing  
 here?

RAP KID #2  
 We're looking to score a forty  
 from the store.

DOO DOO  
 Let me guess. You want me to go in  
 there and get it for you? How old  
 are y'all, now?

RAP KID #2  
 (re: his brothers)  
 I'm eight, he's seven, and he'll  
 be six in September.

DOO DOO  
 Shit, you're way behind. I was  
 already drinking Tanqueray by the  
 time I was your age. Tell you  
 what? Stay right here.

Doo Doo heads into the bodega with his posse. The kids  
 turn and give Shapiro the "thumbs up"

SHAPIRO  
 (thrilled)  
 It's working!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

A few moments later, Doo Doo and his posse exit the store, forty ounce in hand. He hands it over to Rap Kid #1. Across the street, Shapiro readies his camera.

DOO DOO  
Don't say I never gave you  
nothing.

RAP KID #1  
Thanks, Doo Doo.

As Rap Kid #1 takes the bottle, Shapiro attempts to snap a photo. But it doesn't snap. Shapiro looks down at the camera.

SHAPIRO  
(frantic)  
What the fuck?!

Abrimowitz grabs the camera out of his hand.

ABRIMOWITZ  
You forgot to wind it!

SHAPIRO  
Shit! I always forget to wind it!

The rap kids head back across the street to Shapiro, Abrimowitz, and Shondra.

RAP KID #2  
You get what you need?

SHAPIRO  
(defeated)  
No, I didn't guys.

SHONDRA  
He didn't wind his camera on time.

The rap kids start laughing.

RAP KID #1  
You so stupid!

RAP KID #2  
Everyone knows you gotta wind the  
shit before you take a picture!

RAP KID #1  
Doesn't matter. We got ourselves a  
forty ounce, and fifty bucks a  
piece.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ABRIMOWITZ

Fifty bucks?

SHAPIRO

Yeah, my wallet was stolen. I'll  
pay you back.

Abrimowitz gives Shapiro a nasty look as he digs into his  
wallet. He hands a wad of cash to the kids.

RAP KID #1

I'm gonna buy a new Basketball.

RAP KID #2

I'm gonna buy a new pair of kicks.

RAP KID #3

I'm gonna buy me a skank ho!

The three rapping kids skip off, leaving our three adults  
standing mystified on the corner. As we...

CUT TO:

INT- SHAPIRO'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Shapiro enters his apartment to find Jesse sitting on his  
couch arms crossed, looking pissed.

JESSE

Where have you been?

SHAPIRO

It's a long story, babe...

JESSE

Who is she?

SHAPIRO

Who is who?

JESSE

The other woman.

SHAPIRO

Jesse...

JESSE

(noticing)

Oh my god! You gave her your  
shoes?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jesse starts crying and runs out the door. Shapiro doesn't even attempt to call after her. He thinks for a beat, then mutters to himself.

SHAPIRO

That bitch is crazy.

Shapiro makes himself laugh, as we...

CUT TO:

INT. GREEK DINER -- DAY

Dejected, the guys sit at their booth waiting for their lunch to be served.

SHAPIRO

I've heard parts of Mexico are beautiful, but I bet Fiasco has connections down there too. It's not safe. So, now I'm thinking Canada.

ABRIMOWITZ

Look, we can't spend our whole lives on the run. I'm staying put. Besides, this is the greatest city in the world. Who am I going to rap with in Canada?

SHAPIRO

I think it's safe to say our rap careers are over, Paul. All this trouble for some beats and a record deal. It's not worth it.

ABRIMOWITZ

Yeah, but you know what is worth it?

SHAPIRO

What's that?

ABRIMOWITZ

Being in love.

SHAPIRO

I'm not in love with Jesse.

ABRIMOWITZ

I'm not talking about you. I'm talking about me and Shondra.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAPIRO

You and Shondra?

ABRIMOWITZ

She's the greatest thing that's ever happened to me. The other night, while you were on the train, her and I got closer. A lot closer.

SHAPIRO

What are you talking about?

ABRIMOWITZ

She booty quaked me.

SHAPIRO

You shtupped her?

ABRIMOWITZ

I long dicked her.

SHAPIRO

Are you crazy?!

ABRIMOWITZ

What?

SHAPIRO

If Fiasco finds out you're fucking his little sister, not only is he going to kill you, but he's going to tie your scrotum around your face!

Sara arrives with their food.

SHAPIRO (CONT'D)

(embarrassed)

Oh. Hey, Sara.

SARA

Don't worry. I only overheard the last part. The scrotum part. So, the big trial starts on Friday, right? How are things going on the case?

ABRIMOWITZ

Good and terrible. You wouldn't relate, because a sweet girl like you has probably never had to sell her soul to Beelzebub himself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SARA

I've never had to, but my poor father's about to.

Abrimowitz notices Spiro at the grill, staring blankly.

ABRIMOWITZ

What do you mean?

SARA

Business has been slow. If it weren't for you two coming in here every day, we'd be closed by now. My father's owned this diner for thirty six years. I practically grew up here. And now, he's desperately trying to sell this place to the Myazz corporation.

ABRIMOWITZ

Phil Myazz?

SARA

None other. He wants to convert it into a macrobiotic restaurant. If we could just get some good publicity, my father wouldn't have to give up what he's worked so hard for all his life.

Shapiro picks up his fried chicken.

SHAPIRO

That sucks, Sara. I'm so sorry.

He takes a bite. Once again, the smoldering hot grease squirts out, and lands on Abrimowitz' mozzarella sticks, causing them to sizzle. Abrimowitz stares, then looks up from his plate, inspired.

ABRIMOWITZ

That's it!

CUT TO:

INT- SWEDLOW, JENKINS, AND ASSOC., OFFICE -- DAY

Shapiro and Abrimowitz are both on the phone.

ABRIMOWITZ

Hello. Is this MTV?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAPIRO

Hi, I'd like to speak to the talent coordinator at BET, is he in?

ABRIMOWITZ

Yes, hi. We thought you might be interested in knowing that Doo Doo Brown will be making a promotional appearance tonight at the Athenian Diner.

SHAPIRO

That's right, Doo Doo himself. We've already got the times, the news, and the source interested...

Abrimowitz and Shapiro continue to work the phones, and we...

CUT TO:

EXT. BUSHWICK AND HALSEY -- NIGHT

Doo Doo and his baby's momma come out of their building, mid argument.

DOO DOO

...Well, I heard the baby ain't mine. In fact, I heard that he ain't even yours. I heard you stole him from some crackhead bitch!

BABY'S MOMMA

...You aint a real nigga. A real nigga takes care of his responsibilities!

Just then, Cohen steps up to the couple, dressed as a giant gyro, holding flyers.

COHEN

May I interest you both in some fine dining?

DOO DOO

Motherfucker, get your falafel looking ass away from my baby's momma!

COHEN

I ain't no falafel. I'm a gyro.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BABY'S MOMMA

Well, Gy-rotate your ass back the other way, fool.

COHEN

The Athenian diner is offering free fried chicken tonight.

Cohen hands Doo Doo a flyer. Doo Doo takes it.

DOO DOO

Did you say, "free" fried chicken?

COHEN

(smiling)

One night only.

Off Doo Doo's face, we...

CUT TO:

EXT. GREEK DINER -- NIGHT

Doo Doo pulls up out front in his Escalade. As he exits, waiting press and photographers swarm him. They follow him into the diner. Once Doo Doo's inside, Abrimowitz and Shapiro step out from the shadows and peer in.

INT. GREEK DINER -- CONTINUOUS

Doo Doo and the photographers enter. Spiro and Sara look up. Spiro nudges Sara over to them. She leads Doo Doo to a booth.

SARA

What can I get for you?

DOO DOO

Your phone number and some of that free fried chicken.

SARA

"Free" fried chicken?

DOO DOO

That's what the giant taco told me.

SARA

(confused)

Coming right up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sara walks back to the grill and starts explaining to Spiro.

CUT TO:

EXT. GREEK DINER -- CONTINUOUS

Abrimowitz and Shapiro look on expectantly.

SHAPIRO

I feel bad about what's about to happen.

ABRIMOWITZ

Adam, sometimes bad shit happens to good people so that good shit can happen to other good people.

A beat.

SHAPIRO

That makes absolutely no sense.

ABRIMOWITZ

Shut up and relax.

CUT TO:

INT. GREEK DINER -- CONTINUOUS

Shorty sits with the press pontificating about his new album, when Sara walks over and serves him the simmering fried chicken. Spiro watches in the b.g.

SARA

(reluctantly)

Fried chicken. On the house.

DOO DOO

(sleazy)

What's for desert, girl? Your naked frame with whip cream and a cherry on top?

Sara rolls her eyes and walks away. Doo Doo lifts the fried chicken to his mouth. The press gets ready to snap the shot.

EXT. GREEK DINER -- CONTINUOUS

Abrimowitz and Shapiro watch through the window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABRIMOWITZ

Cue fried chicken orgasm.

SHAPIRO

Splodge it all over his face.

INT. GREEK DINER -- CONTINUOUS

In slo-mo, Doo Doo bites down. The grease explodes straight into his eyes. He screams.

DOO DOO

My contacts!

Cameras flash more rapidly as Doo Doo flails around the diner, shrieking in pain. Sara and Spiro look on, worried. Spiro walks over with some water, and throws the water in Doo Doo's face. Doo Doo wipes his eyes clear and grabs Spiro by the lapel.

EXT. GREEK DINER -- CONTINUOUS

This is exactly what Abrimowitz and Shapiro expected.

ABRIMOWITZ

Smack the shit out of him!

SHAPIRO

Beat his greek ass!

INT. GREEK DINER -- CONTINUOUS

Doo Doo yells at Spiro. Sara watches horrified. The press is still snapping away.

DOO DOO

I should waste you...

Doo Doo rears his fist back. Spiro cowers in fear. Cameras flash. Then, Doo Doo notices the cameras. He lets go of Spiro, and turns to the cameras.

DOO DOO (CONT'D)

But I won't. 'Cause that is some  
tasty fried chicken!

He smiles and grabs Sara by the waist, pulls her close. She looks horrified as a camera snaps a photo, and we FREEZE FRAME on the photo.

FADE TO:

INT- SWEDLOW, JENKINS, AND ASSOC., OFFICE -- NEXT MORNING

The photo is on the front page of a newspaper, with a caption above it that reads, "Hot Fried Chicken Can't Make Doo Doo Lose His Cool". The paper is thrown down by Shapiro onto Abrimowitz' desk.

SHAPIRO

At least now we're even. Both our ideas failed miserably.

ABRIMOWITZ

This is going to be harder than I thought.

SHAPIRO

Let's face it, we're finished. Fiasco's gonna pump us full of hot led.

ABRIMOWITZ

It's been nice knowing you, Shapiro.

SHAPIRO

Same here, Abrimowitz.

The two sit, staring off into space, when Swedlow enters wearing a golfing uniform. Rodriguez and Tawny flank him on either side.

SWEDLOW

Gentleman, why the sad faces?

Abrimowitz and Shapiro straighten up.

SHAPIRO

Mr. Swedlow?

SWEDLOW

Came by to see my favorite dynamic duo. You two feeling confident about the trial?

ABRIMOWITZ

Uh, not really. Myazz is as guilty as a catholic priest during choir practice.

SWEDLOW

Hush. In moments like this, I believe in staying positive.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SWEDLOW (CONT'D)

That's why I'm headed upstate for the next couple of days, to relax, and hit some balls.

Swedlow holds Tawny close.

SWEDLOW (CONT'D)

I may hit some skins while I'm at it, if you know what I mean?

TAWNY

(blushing)

Oh, Francis.

SWEDLOW

I won't be back until early Friday morning for the trial. By the way, I pulled some strings with the city, and got "Wannabe" reopened. You guys wouldn't know anyone who might be interested in going to a party there on Thursday night, would you?

SHAPIRO

Nope. No one.

SWEDLOW

Too bad. It's gonna be a hot night. Frankly, I'm sorry I'm missing it. Some rapper is performing. A young man by the name of...what was it?

RODRIGUEZ

Doody Head, sir.

SWEDLOW

Doody head? Ring a bell?

Abrimowitz and Shapiro perk up.

ABRIMOWITZ

You mean, "Doo Doo Brown"?

SWEDLOW

That's it. Doo Doo Brown.

SHAPIRO

We would love to go.

ABRIMOWITZ

Yeah, we're his biggest fans..

Swedlow considers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SWEDLOW

I'm not sure attending a rap concert the night before a trial is such a good idea. I'll just put Perry and Lawrence's names on the list.

Abrimowitz and Shapiro look at each other. This is their last hope.

SHAPIRO

But don't you think that getting an idea of how the club operates might be important to this case?

SWEDLOW

You mean, field work?

ABRIMOWITZ

Exactly.

SHAPIRO

Field work.

A beat. Swedlow smiles.

SWEDLOW

I like it. That's what sets you two apart from the rest. Consider it done. You're on the list.

ABRIMOWITZ

Thank you, sir.

SHAPIRO

We won't let you down.

SWEDLOW

Till Friday morning, gentlemen.

Swedlow, Tawny, and Rodriguez exit. Abrimowitz jumps up.

ABRIMOWITZ

Never give up! Never say die!

SHAPIRO

This is it!... Now, I just have to ask for permission.

Abrimowitz shoots Shapiro a disappointed look, as we...

CUT TO:

INT. SHAPIRO'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT.

Shapiro and Jesse eat dinner.

JESSE

...the Slovaks believe that a little extra horseradish in the stew, brings out the full flavor of the goat meat.

Shapiro finishes a mouthful of stew. He winces at the taste.

JESSE (CONT'D)

You like it?

SHAPIRO

(nauseous)

It's scrumptious.

A beat, as Shapiro swallows. Then...

SHAPIRO (CONT'D)

Hey, Jess. Can I ask you something?

JESSE

Anything, my love.

SHAPIRO

Would you want to go to a concert with me on Thursday night?

JESSE

Ooh, who's performing?

SHAPIRO

It's a hip-hop show.

JESSE

Oh.

SHAPIRO

His name is Doo Doo Brown.

JESSE

Maybe, if I can wear a disguise.

SHAPIRO

Oh, come on. It won't be so bad.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSE

Fine. I'll go, if you promise me, that this is the last time I ever have to hear about any of this hip hop business again. I'm sick of it. It's ruining our relationship.

SHAPIRO

It makes me happy.

JESSE

So does fucking me. The question is, what do you value more?

As a torn Shapiro thinks long and hard about this, we...

CUT TO:

EXT. PROJECT BUILDING -- NIGHT

Abrimowitz stands out in front of Shondra's building, wearing a long black leather trench coat, sunglasses, and some new bling around his neck. Shondra appears, she looks smokin'. She sizes him up.

SHONDRA

You look fly.

ABRIMOWITZ

And you look delicious. Like a buttermilk pancake. I'd like to have you for breakfast.

Shondra turns to show Abrimowitz her rear end.

SHONDRA

Ain't nothing pancake about this ass.

Abrimowitz grabs her from behind.

ABRIMOWITZ

Slow down, girl. You're gonna make a brother syrup in his pants.

She turns and kisses him. They head to Abrimowitz' parked moped. It's been tricked out, complete with gold rims, and a new sparkle paint job.

ABRIMOWITZ (CONT'D)

Whoa. What the...?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHONDRA  
Straight pimpin', playa.

They hop on and zoom off.

CUT TO:

EXT. WANNABE -- NIGHT

A gaudy looking, super trendy nightclub. Clubbers wait on a long line out front. Shapiro and Jesse stand off to the side.

JESSE  
(whiny)  
Where is he? I want to go inside.

SHAPIRO  
He's probably running behind  
because he had to stop and pick up  
his date.

JESSE  
(surprised)  
Abrimowitz has a date? Paul  
Abrimowitz?

SHAPIRO  
Yeah. She's actually a really  
sweet girl.

JESSE  
She'd have to be.

Just then, Abrimowitz and Shondra pull up on the tricked out moped. The people on line stare, ooh, and ahh, at the moped. Abrimowitz hops off like the mack, and graciously offers his arm to Shondra. She takes it and they approach Shapiro and Jesse.

SHAPIRO  
(re: Abrimowitz)  
Looking sharp, son.

ABRIMOWITZ  
Thank you, thank you.

SHAPIRO  
Shondra, this is my girlfriend  
Jesse. Jess, this is Shondra.

The ladies shake hands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHONDRA

It's a pleasure.

JESSE

Same here. Do you need someone to lead you inside, sweetheart?

SHONDRA

No, I think I'll be just fine.

JESSE

Oh. Only because I figured you must have poor sight, and it's really dark in there. I wouldn't want you walking straight into a wall or something. Oh, hi Paul.

ABRIMOWITZ

Jesse, so good to see you. How's the battle with anorexia coming along?

JESSE

Not bad? And your battle with back-ne, is that all cleared up?

ABRIMOWITZ

Not quite yet. In fact, I've got a big whitehead below my left shoulder. Maybe later tonight, you can pop it and suck out the puss for me.

JESSE

No thanks.

Shondra watches this exchange, shocked. Shapiro breaks the tension.

SHAPIRO

What do you say we head on in, and have some fun?

ABRIMOWITZ

Let's.

They walk to the bouncer and point out their names on the list. The bouncer lets them inside.

INT. WANNABE -- NIGHT

They make their way into the dark club. Laser lights shoot everywhere and it is loud. Doo Doo Brown is in mid performance.

SHAPIRO

We're going to grab some drinks.

ABRIMOWITZ

What do you ladies want?

SHONDRA

Hennessy on the rocks.

SHAPIRO

One Hennessy. And for you my dear?

JESSE

I'll have a Mint Julep.

ABRIMOWITZ

Smart choice.

The guys head off, leaving their dates alone.

JESSE

So, how did it feel?

SHONDRA

How did what feel?

JESSE

How did it feel to take a grown man's virginity?

SHONDRA

What are you talking about?

JESSE

Oh, honey. He didn't tell you?

Jesse leans over and whispers in Shondra's ear. And we...

CUT TO:

INT. WANNABE BAR -- CONTINUOUS

The guys wait for drinks at the bar and discuss strategy.

SHAPIRO

Camera phone?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABRIMOWITZ

Check. Mini tape recorder?

SHAPIRO

Check. Balls the size of boulders?

ABRIMOWITZ

You know.

SHAPIRO

Then we're all set. Hey,  
Abrimowitz?

ABRIMOWITZ

What's up?

SHAPIRO

Whatever happens, I think you're  
the greatest guy I know.

ABRIMOWITZ

Is this the sappy gay moment?

SHAPIRO

Afraid so.

ABRIMOWITZ

Well then, I love you Shapiro.

They hug and their drinks arrive.

SHAPIRO

(re: Abrimowitz'  
sunglasses)

And you look so hot in those  
shades.

ABRIMOWITZ

They're wicked, huh? I can't see a  
fuckin' thing.

They pay for the drinks, and head back to their dates.

INT. WANNABE -- NIGHT

The girls are now in a full blown argument. Abrimowitz  
and Shapiro approach with their drinks.

SHONDRA

Well, it doesn't matter, because  
my man rocked my world. So I think  
you need to step off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSE

Oh really? Well, let me tell you something honey, your man plays video games all day and still wears underoos!

Abrimowitz and Shapiro turn to eachother.

SHAPIRO

Uh oh. Chick fight.

ABRIMOWITZ

Bring out the hot oil.

Back to the girls.

SHONDRA

The reason he wears superhero underwear, is because he's got a supersized dick. Eleven inches! Isn't that right, Paul?

ABRIMOWITZ

Eleven and a quarter inches, actually.

SHAPIRO

Impressive.

ABRIMOWITZ

Thanks.

SHONDRA

Your man's dick is probably so small that me sucking on it would be like a whale eating a tic-tac!

SHAPIRO

Hey! Wait a second...

JESSE

You love 'em big, don't you? All you black girls do. It's the only thing that can satisfy your enormous bootys!

ABRIMOWITZ

Uh...that's racist.

SHAPIRO

Jesse...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JESSE

What?! What's she going to do?  
Call Al Sharpton? March on  
Washington? They should have never  
let you people drink from our  
water fountains!

Shondra smacks Jesse hard across the face.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Bitch!

Jesse rears back to smack Shondra. Shapiro steps in and  
grabs her arm.

SHAPIRO

Jesse! What's gotten into you?

JESSE

No, what's gotten into you, Adam?  
It's bad enough that you listen to  
their jungle rhythms and try to  
rap like them. But now, you're  
hanging out with one?!

SHAPIRO

You know what, Jesse? You're a  
sick...prejudiced...asshole.

JESSE

Asshole?!

SHAPIRO

That's right! You're an asshole.  
And a racist. And frankly...I  
don't want to have anything to do  
with you anymore. Just get the  
fuck out of my life!

Abrimowitz and Shondra look on. Jesse gets in Shapiro's  
face.

JESSE

Fine! If that's what you want.  
I'll get the fuck out of your  
life.

SHAPIRO

And while you're at it, buy some  
fuckin' mints. In fact, buy a  
lifetime supply, because your  
breath smells like elephant shit!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Abrimowitz and Shondra crack up. Jesse storms off, but turns back to get the final word.

JESSE

Good luck trying to find a girl to impregnate your tushy, you fuckin' retard!

And she takes off. A beat. Shapiro looks after her, devastated. Shondra approaches

SHONDRA

You okay?

SHAPIRO

I'll be fine.

ABRIMOWITZ

"Impregnate your tushy"?

SHAPIRO

Never mind.

CUT TO:

INT. WANNABE -- LATER

Doo Doo's show is now in full swing. On stage, he mocks cunnilingus with a scantily clad female dancer. It's nasty. Abrimowitz, Shapiro, and Shondra watch from the back of the club.

SHONDRA

This makes me sick.

ABRIMOWITZ

I can't wait till it's over.

SHAPIRO

All that matters now, is that we find a way to entrap him.

SHONDRA

Listen, Shapiro. I'm sorry about what I said about the size of your dick earlier. I just got so mad.

SHAPIRO

No hard feelings. To be honest, it's nothing special. It's a nice, average size. It's just right. Certainly bigger than a tic-tac.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly, Phil Myazz walks up behind them and put his arms around Abrimowitz and Shapiro.

MYAZZ

My boys!

They turn to face him.

ABRIMOWITZ

Mr. Myazz.

MYAZZ

Are you loving this, or what?  
Isn't Doo Doo the shit?!

SHAPIRO

Gotta be why they call him Doo  
Doo.

MYAZZ

Listen, after the show, I'm  
throwing an even bigger jam  
backstage. You guys game to join  
me?

Abrimowitz and Shapiro look at each other.

ABRIMOWITZ

We'd love to.

Just then, Doo Doo moons the crowd. The crowd goes wild.  
Myazz reacts.

MYAZZ

That was hot. I think I'm wet.  
Wanna feel?

ABRIMOWITZ & SHAPIRO

No thanks./That's alright.

CUT TO:

INT. WANNABE, BACKSTAGE -- LATER

Myazz leads the guys through the backstage area. Security guards and roadies mill about.

MYAZZ

You two are always welcome here.  
I'll make sure Lorenzo at the door  
sets you up, v.i.p. status, any  
and every time you want to party  
with me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABRIMOWITZ

We're stoked.

SHAPIRO

That's awesome.

Myazz leads them to a door and opens it. Myazz heads inside the crowded private room. Abrimowitz and Shapiro stand in the doorway and take in the scene. It's like Sodom and Gomorrah. Members of Doo Doo's posse chase naked women with dead fish. One thug gets head in the corner. Naked bodies are scattered amongst smoke and sounds of revelry. Myazz takes a seat next to Doo Doo on a large sofa at the back of the room. In front of them is an enormous mound of cocaine piled high on a glass table. Abrimowitz and Shapiro have never seen anything like this before. Myazz calls out to them.

MYAZZ

Get your asses over here!

They slowly head over to where Myazz and Doo Doo are seated.

MYAZZ (CONT'D)

Doo Doo, these are the delicious young attorneys I was telling you about. The ones I hired to save my tight little keister.

Doo Doo, bleary eyed and high, looks up at them.

DOO DOO

(re: Abrimowitz and  
Shapiro)

Dem' niggas is straight up nerds.

MYAZZ

They're totally nerds, but tonight, they're with me, so be nice.

Doo Doo grabs a crack pipe off the table, stuffs it with some coke, and offers it to Abrimowitz and Shapiro.

DOO DOO

Freebase?

SHAPIRO

No thanks.

ABRIMOWITZ

We're trying to cut down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Doo Doo shrugs, lights the pipe, and takes the hit for himself. Myazz simultaneously leans over and does a line of coke off the table. Shapiro reaches into his pocket and presses "record" on the mini tape recorder.

MYAZZ

Doo Doo, what do you say we stay up all night, and you join me at my trial tomorrow morning?

DOO DOO

Shit, I ain't been in court since I got sentenced for stabbing my Uncle Luther with a rusty screwdriver.

MYAZZ

But I don't want you to miss it. It's gonna be the trial of the fucking century! Right, boys?

Abrimowitz and Shapiro look at each other.

ABRIMOWITZ

I think it's safe to say it has the potential to be an explosive first day.

DOO DOO

I can't. A nigga's got Krav Maga class in the morning.

MYAZZ

Just cancel it. Please? Pretty please?

DOO DOO

Aiight. But, I don't gotta wear no suit do I?

SHAPIRO

No, just don't show up looking like a crackhead.

Abrimowitz and Shapiro snicker at Shapiro's joke. Myazz and Doo Doo sit, stonefaced. Abrimowitz pulls out a camera phone.

ABRIMOWITZ

Mr. Brown, would you mind if we got a picture with you? We're such big fans of yours.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DOO DOO

Fuck that. I don't want my physical image being stolen. It's a religious belief.

SHAPIRO

Are you Amish or something?

Doo Doo gets up in Shapiro's face, fuming.

DOO DOO

Motherfucker, who you think you talking to? I'll slap fire out your fuckin' ass! You hear me?!

Shapiro says nothing. Myazz breaks it up.

MYAZZ

Doo Doo! Why don't you take a chill pill, and wash it down with some herbal tea, alright? You're not getting violent up in here tonight.

Doo Doo relents.

DOO DOO

I'm sorry, Phil.

He sits back down.

MYAZZ

I'll tell you what. I'll take a picture with you, Abrimowitz. Because I'm your number one fan.

ABRIMOWITZ

Aww. That's sweet.

MYAZZ

Isn't it?

Abrimowitz hands Shapiro the camera phone. Shapiro lines up his shot to catch Doo Doo obliviously smoking crack in the b.g. It's a perfect shot.

SHAPIRO

Say cheese, bitch.

ABRIMOWITZ & MYAZZ

Cheese, bitch!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Shapiro snaps the photo, when suddenly one of Doo Doo's posse members steps up behind him and puts a gun to his head.

THUG

What the fuck you snappin' shots  
for, motherfucker?!

The thug cocks the gun, and the whole room stops. Shapiro is frozen in terror.

MYAZZ

Put that fuckin' gun down!

DOO DOO

Back off, Marcus. It's cool.

The thug puts the gun down and walks away. The party resumes. Shapiro is still frozen.

ABRIMOWITZ

Adam, you okay?

SHAPIRO

Not really.

DOO DOO

You should consider yourself  
lucky. You almost got shot with  
the glock that was supposed to  
kill that nigga Fiasco. But some  
other nigga killed him before I  
got the chance.

MYAZZ

I paid good money for that gun,  
and we never got to put it to good  
use, did we Doo Doo?

DOO DOO

The shit is tragic.

MYAZZ

Say word!

Myazz takes a hit off the crack pipe. Abrimowitz and Shapiro stand there, suppressing their mutual shock. Then, Shapiro snaps another picture.

SHAPIRO

It's late. We better get going.

ABRIMOWITZ

This has been lovely. Really.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

They head for the door.

MYAZZ

But you guys just got here.

SHAPIRO

Duty calls.

ABRIMOWITZ

That's right. Tomorrow, we're  
defending you in the trial of the  
century, remember?

MYAZZ

Ambition, dedication, drive,  
determination...

A beat, as Myazz gets lost in thought.

ABRIMOWITZ

The panther?

MYAZZ

Yes! The panther!

Myazz does his signature growl and the guys exit.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEYWAY -- NIGHT

The guys exit out into the alleyway, where Shondra waits.

SHONDRA

So? Did you get any evidence?

ABRIMOWITZ

We got a shitload, baby.

SHAPIRO

We found out Phil Myazz was  
involved in the plot to kill your  
brother.

SHONDRA

Phil Myazz?!

Abrimowitz crosses his fingers.

ABRIMOWITZ

Him and Doo Doo are like "this".

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHONDRA

You were in there a while. I was  
so worried about you, baby.

ABRIMOWITZ

Ain't nothing to worry about.  
Papichulo's back in your ever  
loving arms, girl.

They grab each other hard and start making out. Shapiro  
stands there, awkwardly. It goes on for a few beats.

SHAPIRO

Alright, great work...see you  
tomorrow morning.

They continue making out hard. Shapiro just walks off,  
and we...

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTHOUSE -- MORNING

Establishing shot.

INT. COURTROOM -- MORNING.

Abrimowitz and Shapiro sit patiently at their table,  
waiting for Phil Myazz to show up. Abrimowitz turns and  
winks at Shondra who sits next to Cohen on one side of  
the pulpit. Shapiro sees Louella Mcelroy, looking strong,  
sitting on the other side. The doors to the courtroom  
open and Myazz walks in with Doo Doo Brown. Flash bulbs  
pop outside the door as it closes. Doo Doo and Myazz hug  
for an awkwardly long time, then break and quickly peck  
each other on the lips. Doo Doo takes his seat in the  
pulpit. Myazz approaches Abrimowitz and Shapiro.

MYAZZ

Where's the judge? And those  
people that sit in that box?

Myazz points to the jury box.

SHAPIRO

You mean the jury?

ABRIMOWITZ

They should be here any minute  
now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MYAZZ

Let's get on with it. I'm crawling  
out of my fucking skin.

Swedlow appears behind Myazz.

SWEDLOW

Big day. How are you feeling,  
Phil?

MYAZZ

Like a bird shot in the ass.

The jurors enter the courtroom and file in.

SWEDLOW

And gentlemen, are we prepared to  
mind fuck these jurors?

ABRIMOWITZ

Oh, they won't be the only ones  
mind fucked, sir.

The Bailiff steps up.

BAILIFF

All rise. The honorable Amy  
Nakamura presiding.

The JUDGE, a diminutive Japanese woman, takes her seat.  
Myazz leans into Swedlow.

MYAZZ

She's a dragon lady. Is that good  
luck?

SWEDLOW

You know what they say about Asian  
women, don't you?

MYAZZ

What's that?

SWEDLOW

Their skin is like whale blubber.

The judge bangs the gavel.

JUDGE AMY

Please be seated.

Everyone sits.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JUDGE AMY (CONT'D)  
The City of New York v. Phillip Q.  
Myazz. Has the prosecution readied  
it's opening statement?

The handsome PROSECUTOR stands.

PROSECUTOR  
Yes, your honor.

JUDGE AMY  
You may approach the jury.

The prosecutor buttons his jacket and approaches.

PROSECUTOR  
Ladies and Gentleman of the jury,  
what we have here is an open and  
shut case.  
(points to Myazz)  
This case concerns the gross  
negligence of that man. Club owner  
and Manhattan Socialite, Phil  
Myazz. In the past few weeks, Mr.  
Myazz has used the media to clean  
up his renowned and irrefutably  
rotten public persona...

The prosecutor continues as Myazz leans into Abrimowitz  
and Shapiro.

MYAZZ  
This whole thing is like a role  
play. I love my little prosecutor.

ABRIMOWITZ  
He's a very handsome man.

MYAZZ  
He looks like Marky Mark Wahlberg  
meets boyish Tobey Maguire, with a  
dash of steely eyed Alec Baldwin.  
He's a roan creature. A mixed  
breed.

SHAPIRO  
Mr. Myazz, you're making us  
jealous.

MYAZZ  
I'm sorry. Wanna bump?

Myazz has a bump of cocaine in his pinky nail.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ABRIMOWITZ

How the hell did you get that in here?

MYAZZ

I have my little hiding place. Want me to tell you where it is?

ABRIMOWITZ

Why shatter the mystique?

Back to the prosecutor.

PROSECUTOR

...And so, ladies and gentleman, I believe that after you hear the gut wrenching testimony of Louella Mcelroy, the victim's mother, you will find Mr. Myazz guilty beyond any reasonable doubt.

The prosecutor concludes and takes his seat.

JUDGE AMY

Have the attorneys for the defense readied their opening statement?

Shapiro looks at Abrimowitz and then rises. He takes a deep breath.

SHAPIRO

Yes, your honor, we have.

JUDGE AMY

Then you may approach.

SHAPIRO

Thank you, your honor.

Shapiro approaches the expectant jurors.

SHAPIRO (CONT'D)

Good Morning. The prosecution claims that this is an open and shut case. He's correct. Ladies and gentlemen, today, I will present evidence that will bust this case wide open, and shut it very quickly.

Shapiro approaches his table, and Abrimowitz hands him a manila envelope. Shapiro looks at Swedlow, who gives him an assured smile. He heads back to the jury.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SHAPIRO (CONT'D)

In this manila envelope, I hold evidence that will convince you all to make a just and moral judgement in this case.

He reaches into the envelope and pulls out a stack of glossy photos. He hands them out to each member of the jury. Swedlow turns to Abrimowitz.

SWEDLOW

Why didn't I get a glimpse at this evidence beforehand?

ABRIMOWITZ

You were too busy playing golf, and riding in helicopters, sir.

The jury looks at the photos with confused reactions.

SHAPIRO

Ladies and gentlemen, what you are looking at are photos taken from a cell phone that accurately depict the true, vile nature of Club Wannabe. These include photos of Mr. Myazz abusing cocaine, along with others in the backstage area of his club. Quite shocking, aren't they?

The jurors study the photos. Myazz looks perplexed. Swedlow sinks in his chair. They both turn to Abrimowitz.

MYAZZ

What the fuck?

SWEDLOW

Where is he headed with this, Paul?!

ABRIMOWITZ

He's headed to the right place.

Back to Shapiro.

SHAPIRO

Even more shocking to know that my associate and I, snapped these very photos last night at the club's re-opening. In one photo, you'll notice that a man sits behind Mr. Myazz, freebasing cocaine.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

SHAPIRO (CONT'D)

That man is none other than  
acclaimed hip-hopper Doo Doo  
Brown. A close associate of Mr.  
Myazz' and a member of our pulpit  
today.

Shapiro turns and points to Doo Doo, who looks pissed.  
Swedlow stands.

SWEDLOW

(fuming)

Objection. Irrelevant!

JUDGE AMY

Mr. Swedlow, you can't object to  
your own opening statement.

SWEDLOW

(big baby)

Why not? Who says?!

JUDGE AMY

I do! But I wonder, Mr. Shapiro,  
what is the relevancy of dragging  
Mr. Brown's name into these  
proceedings?

SHAPIRO

For the answer to that, I would  
like to ask my associate, Paul  
Abrimowitz, to present the  
evidence he has in his possession.

Abrimowitz stands, grabs the audiotape, and joins  
Shapiro. A loud murmur erupts in the pulpit, as well as  
in the jury. Judge Amy bangs her gavel.

JUDGE AMY

Order in the court! Gentlemen,  
what's this all about?

ABRIMOWITZ

Your honor, I hold in my hand an  
audiotape revealing Mr. Myazz'  
secret plot to have the late  
rapper Fiasco murdered by Doo Doo  
Brown.

The whole courtroom erupts into gasps and murmurs.  
Shondra and Cohen look at each other, nervous. Doo Doo  
shifts in his seat. Myazz does another bump. Judge Amy  
bangs her gavel again.

JUDGE AMY

Order!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

Swedlow stands, desperate.

SWEDLOW

Your honor, may I have a word with my team?

ABRIMOWITZ

We have nothing to say to Mr. Swedlow, your honor. We simply request permission to play this audiotape for the jury.

Judge Amy thinks for a moment.

JUDGE AMY

I'll allow it.

The bailiff grabs the tape player and Abrimowitz pops the tape in and presses play. The incriminating conversation between Myazz and Doo Doo from the night before plays for the courtroom. At it's conclusion, Myazz just giggles, Doo Doo looks around, panicking.

SHAPIRO

And so, you see your honor, this situation is tragic.

ABRIMOWITZ

Mr. Brown and Myazz' plans were quite drastic.

SHAPIRO

Causing havoc and panic.

ABRIMOWITZ

Their habits were disastrous.

SHAPIRO

We can't have this. The fact is, our client is very spastic.

ABRIMOWITZ

We had to trash this. The case, the client, the rapper whose raps are plastic.

SHAPIRO

We rabidly ask...That you convict these nasty bastards.

Judge Amy is silent. The whole courtroom waits with anticipation. Then,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

JUDGE AMY

I'm going to call a recess to examine and consider these latest findings. In the meantime, Mr. Myazz is to be handcuffed and brought into holding. Court is adjourned.

She bangs the gavel. The bailiff slaps handcuffs on Myazz, who turns to Swedlow.

MYAZZ

Francis?

SWEDLOW

Don't worry, Phil. We can get you out of this mess.

MYAZZ

I thought they liked me. I always told them how cute I thought they were.

Doo Doo bolts out of the courtroom. Abrimowitz and Shapiro head over to Shondra and Cohen. Shondra jumps into Abrimowitz' arms. Cohen gives Shapiro a pound. Ms. Mcelroy steps up to Shapiro and kisses him on the cheek.

MS. MCELROY

You're a good boy. Just like my son, James.

Shapiro smiles. Everyone heads out of the courtroom, and we...

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTHOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER.

Outside on the steps, reporters are gathered around Doo Doo grilling him. Swedlow grabs Abrimowitz and Shapiro and gets in their faces.

SWEDLOW

How dare you?! You cost my firm it's reputation! You can bet I'll stop at nothing to destroy your legal careers!

SHAPIRO

We have no problem with that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABRIMOWITZ

Our legal careers were destroyed  
when you asked us to lie, and  
manipulate the justice system.

SHAPIRO

Goodbye, Mr. Swedlow.

They walk away from Swedlow as reporters rush into  
interview him. They head down the steps along with  
Shondra and Cohen, when suddenly they hear screams coming  
from behind them. They turn to see that Doo Doo has  
pulled a gun and is pointing it at Shondra. Everyone  
ducks for cover except for Shondra who faces down the  
barrel of the gun, tough, and brave.

DOO DOO

I wish I was the one that killed  
your brother! But now your momma's  
gonna have two dead children!

He cocks the gun and pulls the trigger. The gun fires. In  
slo-mo Abrimowitz jumps up and in front of Shondra. The  
bullet catches him in his shoulder. He hits the ground,  
screaming in pain. Police rush in and tackle Doo Doo to  
the ground. Shondra falls to her knees in front of a  
bleeding Abrimowitz. Shapiro and Cohen rush to his side.

SHAPIRO

Are you okay?!

ABRIMOWITZ

(writhing)  
It is painful!

COHEN

Call a motherfuckin' ambulance!

ABRIMOWITZ

Owwy!

SHONDRA

(crying)  
Baby, you saved my life.

ABRIMOWITZ

I know, it hurts!

SHONDRA

I love you.

ABRIMOWITZ

I do too! This is excruciating!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHAPIRO

We did it, man!

ABRIMOWITZ

We did, didn't we? I'd love to celebrate, but I think I'm going to pass out from how much this fuckin' hurts.

Paramedics show up with a stretcher and lay Abrimowitz on it. They wheel him away to the ambulance. The others watch him go.

SHONDRA

He is so brave.

SHAPIRO

For real.

COHEN

I just hope he's not in any pain.

The ambulance doors close, and the ambulance takes off down the street, as we...

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- NIGHT

Abrimowitz is laid out in a hospital bed, eating Jello, and bragging to Shapiro and Cohen.

ABRIMOWITZ

Do you guys realize that if I ever wound up going to prison for committing a crime, my bullet hole scar would keep me from getting ass raped?

SHAPIRO

'Cause you look like a bad ass.

COHEN

Yeah, but what if your cell mate chose to fuck you in the bullet hole?

The three guys share a laugh, as Shondra enters, with balloons, flowers, and a few members of F-Squad trailing behind her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHONDRA

How's the man who saved my life  
feeling?

ABRIMOWITZ

Much better now that you're here.

Shondra leans over and kisses Abrimowitz on the cheek.

SHONDRA

I brought you some balloons, some  
flowers, and a special guest.

ABRIMOWITZ

Who?

Shondra turns to F-Squad.

SHONDRA

Clifford?

A hooded figure emerges amongst F-Squad. He removes his  
hood. It's Fiasco.

FIASCO

What's happenin' homies?

SHAPIRO

What's up, Fiasco?

FIASCO

Just thought I'd come down here  
and thank you in person for  
getting Doo Doo arrested, and more  
importantly, for taking a bullet  
for my little sister.

ABRIMOWITZ

As much as it hurt, and it was  
really painful,... I would gladly  
do it again.

SHONDRA

Clifford, I'm in love with this  
man.

FIASCO

I know. I may need some time to  
process that.. I guess I can look  
forward to some half white nieces  
and nephews.

SHAPIRO

Half Jewish.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FIASCO

Anyway, you came through on your word to me. From now on you can consider yourselves honorable members of F-Squad. I got your back.

Fiasco hands them t-shirts that say F-Squad on them. Cohen gets one too.

COHEN

(re: shirt)

Dope!

ABRIMOWITZ

This is the shit! Thanks, Fiasco.

A beat. Shapiro looks at the stuff and is not thrilled.

SHAPIRO

This is it? This is all we get?

FIASCO

Hell yeah, motherfucker, that's a hundred percent pure cotton, right there.

SHONDRA

What else you want?

SHAPIRO

It's just that, we lost everything. Our jobs, our aspirations. I even lost my girlfriend. That just doesn't seem fair.

FIASCO

I'm sorry for your losses, son. But frankly, I lost my life to this shit. So I ain't tryin' to hear about what you don't have no more. I lost Hip Hop. Hip Hop is dead.

A beat. This hits everyone hard.

ABRIMOWITZ

Maybe I'm crazy, but now that Doo Doo's off the street, couldn't you just, I don't know, ... come back to life?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FIASCO

What you talking about?

SHONDRA

That is crazy.

SHAPIRO

No, Abrimowitz is right.  
Technically, you could just come  
back.

FIASCO

And look like a motherfuckin'  
phony? Risk havin' beef with  
another murderous psychopath? I  
don't think so.

Cohen interjects.

COHEN

Fiasco, with all due respect, you  
ain't giving a proper ear to what  
my boys is sayin'. Everyone knows  
Doo Doo tried to kill you. No one  
would think you were a phony for  
fakin' your own death. And think  
about the PR angle. "Tha Come Back  
to Life" tour. That shit would be  
lucrative.

SHAPIRO

We could negotiate the deal with  
the record company...

ABRIMOWITZ

And have the death certificate  
reversed.

Fiasco considers this.

FIASCO

I would love to get my hands on a  
mic again, move the crowd, but,...  
shit, I don't have no stage show.  
No opening act.

Abrimowitz and Shapiro look at each other.

SHAPIRO

We could be your opening act.

Fiasco starts laughing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

FIASCO

You must be out your goddamned  
minds!

SHONDRA

So, what you sayin', big brother?  
That their rhymes were good enough  
to steal, but they're not good  
enough to open for you?

FIASCO

But that's just it. I stole all  
their rhymes, they got nothin'  
left.

ABRIMOWITZ

What?! Are you out your goddamned  
mind?

SHAPIRO

We've been writing rhymes since we  
were little kids.

ABRIMOWITZ

We've written so many, we had to  
put our rhyme books in storage.

SHAPIRO

Abrimowitz and Shapiro got rhymes  
for days.

FIASCO

Word?

SHAPIRO

Word to Big Bird.

FIASCO

So, it's on?

ABRIMOWITZ

On like Donkey Kong.

Fiasco looks at Abrimowitz and Shapiro. They look back,  
dead serious. And off their mutual looks of respect,  
we...

CUT TO:

EXT. ROSELAND -- NIGHT

Establishing shot. The marquis reads "**Fiasco: Tha Come Back 2 Life Tour, with Special Opening Act**". Fans rush in.

INT. ROSELAND -- CONTINUOUS

The crowd chants Fiasco's name. Miracle takes the stage, and warms up the crowd.

MIRACLE

When I say Hip, you say hop!  
Hip...

CROWD

Hop!

MIRACLE

Hip...

CROWD

HOP!

Miracle continues, and we see Shondra make her way through the crowd to the front of the stage. Cohen follows closely behind.

MIRACLE

And, now I'd like to introduce you  
to two brothers who won't take no  
for an answer! They're grimy,  
they're gritty, and they're  
straight hip-hop! Roseland, show  
some love for Abrimowitz and  
Shapiro!!!

A sick beat begins. Abrimowitz and Shapiro bounce onto the stage with tons of energy. They wear designer suits. Each has a briefcase in one hand and a mic in the other. The crowd doesn't know what to make of this. Abrimowitz blows Shondra a kiss, she blows one back. Cohen reaches up and hands Shapiro an open bottle of Grey Goose vodka. He takes a swig, then looks out into the crowd and notices two hot groupies licking their lips at him. He smiles and licks his lips back at them. Abrimowitz and Shapiro start rapping.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

## ABRIMOWITZ &amp; SHAPIRO

We fought the law/ and the/ the  
law won/ Two motherfuckers/ united  
as one/ We both took the floor/  
for the same common cause/ No  
doubt, motherfuckers/ we Attorneys  
at Raw/ Attorneys at Raw, son/  
Attorneys at Raw/ No doubt,  
motherfuckers/ We Attorneys at  
Raw!

The hook is hot and their rhymes are even hotter. Fiasco emerges from the wings and joins them on stage, backing them up, rapping along with them. The crowd loses it's mind. Bulbs flash. Fiasco grabs Abrimowitz and Shapiro's arms and raises them in victory. Freeze Frame. And we...

FADE OUT.

THE END

(CONTINUED)