CHOZEN

Pilot Episode

"Redemption"

Written by

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FADE IN:

Tight on a POSTCARD. A HAND with a PEN starts writing.

CHOZEN (V.O.)
Dear Jamal. Man, a day out the clink and I'm still feeling locked up. Those 10 years took a lot away from me.

The postcard FADES TO BLACK, BLACK BLEEDS TO HAZY COLORED LIGHTS, a MUFFLED BEAT.

CHOZEN (V.O.)
Back in the day, I was like Michael Jackson, but not creepy and smelling of bleach.

FLASHBACK TO:

Band on stage. CHOZEN (18, white, chubby, coiffed curly hair) Ricky (19, Hispanic, thin) CRISCO (19, Black, athletic, small Afro) PHANTASM (19, Black, tall with Wesley Snipes "Demolition Man" white hair). They all wear BRIGHTLY COLORED FOOTBALL JERSEYS with their names on the back. A giant sign reads: "PHRESH PHRIENDS"

CHOZEN (V.O.)
I was the coolest dude on the whole earf...

Snap to crowd, reveal only 50 people in a small rec center.

SONG (*CUE 1)
You can be anything! A poet, a preacher, a fireman, a grade school teacher....!

Chozen and Phantasm rap at the front of the stage. Crisco hypes the crowd while Ricky DJ's. Chozen steps in front of Phantasm, unknowingly stealing his limelight. Phantasm is pissed.

Song continues under as--

CHOZEN (V.O.)
Makin' music wif my boys, crushing a regional tour of community halls and family amusement centers. Showing kids their lives be worth sumfin. It ain't all about drugs, gangs, violence against women-

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Chozen bolts awake- reveal mounds of cocaine, bales of weed, machine guns, and a passed out whore in the corner.

CHOZEN
(panicked)
What the--

BOOM! The door is kicked open by POLICE, guns drawn.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - MORNING

Chozen is escorted out, cuffed, head down. Chozen turns to see Phantasm smirking. Phantasm gingerly waves goodbye, smiles, flips up his middle finger, and kisses it.

INT. PRISON

PRISON MONTAGE

FLASH! Chozen frontal photo. FLASH! Profile photo. Cell door slams shut.

CHOZEN (V.O.)
You know how it is player. When you go away everything changes...your friends, your beliefs, your body shapes...

Chozen bench pressing- his shoulders tattooed with “Chozen” in Olde English font.

Chozen on the toilet with a newspaper. Headline reads “Positive Rapper? Wrong Message!”

CHOZEN (V.O.)
And all you can think about is where shit went wrong. But you don’t give up hope...

Chozen hands a GUARD some LETTERS, tight on the names DONNY Ricky and CHRISTOPHER WILLIAMS above the addresses.

Chozen (a bit older, leaner, shorter hair) bobbing his head and writing in a notebook.

The guard delivers Chozen the SAME LETTERS STAMPED WITH RETURN TO SENDER.

CHOZEN (V.O.)
You live through it...

Move in on PUBLICITY PHOTO OF PHRESH PHRIENDS. Chozen slices up Phantasm's face with a shiv, draws hairy vaginas on Crisco and Ricky's likenesses.

CHOZEN (V.O.)
You conquer it...

Tight on a ROLLING STONE COVER featuring Phantasm. SMASH! Pull back to see it taped to heavy bag in the prison yard, Chozen beating the hell out of it.

CHOZEN (V.O.)
And you plan your next steps.

Chozen (Late 20's, Stocky, Wearing prison khakis and T-shirt) at PROCESSING WINDOW in prison. A GUARD slides him his BAG OF PROPERTY. He looks through his OLD POSSESSIONS.

CHOZEN (V.O.)
Lucky for me, my sister's lettin' me crash while I begin my quest for rap domination. Phantasm ain't ready for this.

Chozen tosses a bunch of OLD CLOTHES into a wastebasket, holds onto a BASEBALL HAT, which he throws on.

CHOZEN (V.O.)
I miss you bro, and I miss your soft cuddles...

Chozen rifles through his OLD WALLET. Throws away a WORN PHOTO OF HIM AND A TEENYBOPPER GIRL. Holds onto a CHUCK E CHEEZE FREQUENT GAMER CARD.

CHOZEN (V.O.)
Say what up to Cookie and Little Ghost for me. Watch your ass homie, and watch who's watchin' your ass...I wish it could still be me.

EXT. PRISON GATE

Chozen stands, taking it all in as the prison gates shut behind him. He turns and walks into the sunset, his walk turns into a Terminator run. He's screaming, he's free! He slips and falls on his face.

BACK TO PRESENT:

EXT. WESTERN UNIVERSITY QUAD - DUSK

Tight on Chozen's hand signing the POSTCARD.

CHOZEN (V.O.)
Warmest wishes, Chozen.

The hands drops the postcard in a MAILBOX. Pull back to reveal Chozen walking on WESTERN UNIVERSITY CAMPUS.

TITLE CARD

EXT. DORM BUILDING - NIGHT

Chozen scales the wall of a DORM. He reaches a window and awkwardly tumbles in.

INT. DORM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A LIGHT flips on to reveal TRACY (18, Brunette, a little thick) straddling her BOYFRIEND (18, blonde hair, thin) on the couch.

TRACY
Holy shit!

CHOZEN
What y'all doin, sex? My bad-

Tracy and boyfriend hop up, disheveled. Chozen looks him up and down.

CHOZEN (CONT'D)
That belly lookin' tight, but you best work on them quads player.(sing songy) a little flabby!

Chozen enters bathroom, leaves door open. Tracy kisses boyfriend and he quickly leaves. Tracy walks to the bathroom door, sees Chozen on the pot-pants down.

TRACY
Christ! Close the door.

CHOZEN
Nah, gotta keep my eyes open, peep all the angles. Fools be creeping.

TRACY
I'm the only one here.

CHOZEN
What about that dude?

TRACY
That dude...my boyfriend...left.

CHOZEN
Why, he looked cool?

TRACY
Why do you think? You climbed through the window, scared the shit out of us, and then insulted him.

FLUSH, Chozen steps out.

CHOZEN
Aint no insult, just helping a brotha out.

TRACY
What'd you do with the key I gave you?

CHOZEN
I sold it.

TRACY
Wha?! To who?!

CHOZEN
I dunno. Some kid, said he knew you.

TRACY
Great, why didn't you just invite him to rape me?

Moving to the kitchen, Chozen opens the fridge.

CHOZEN
Don't trip, homey ain't look like the raping kind. You go to the store? I'd love a little snack before bed.

TRACY
I'm keeping my food in my room from now on. You cleaned me out yesterday.

Chozen pulls a few loose cigarettes from his waistband.

CHOZEN
This should be good for about 6 pizza rolls.

TRACY
Look around- we aren't in prison- I don't want your cigarettes!

CHOZEN
Fine then.

Chozen lights a cigarette.

TRACY
You can't smoke in here either!

CHOZEN
You're not being very fun right now.

Tracy sits down on the couch in a huff, takes a breath, calms herself.

TRACY
I was paying bills online today and noticed that I owe like $100 to the cable company for pay per view.

Chozen grabs a beer from the fridge and sits down.

TRACY (CONT'D)
Would you know anything about that? Someone watching "GI Joe: Rise of Cobra" 5 times yesterday?

CHOZEN
Nah, wasn't me.

TRACY
Well I didn't watch it.

CHOZEN
Sounds like a mystery.

TRACY
Okay, I understand this is probably a really hard adjustment for you. But you gotta meet me half way here. I can't afford all this stuff.

Chozen laughs.

CHOZEN
Tracy, relax, it's all good. In a few months I'll be at the top of the charts and you'll be set. Dipped in the finest clothes, pushing the freshest whips... innumerable luxuries.

Chozen clicks on the TV, scans the channels. Tracy gets up, overwhelmed and exhausted.

TRACY
I'm going to bed.

Tracy heads to bedroom and closes door. Chozen flicks through channels.

ON TV: Flip past weather man, infomercial, stops on AN ENTERTAINMENT TONIGHT NEWS FLASH

CHOZEN
Oh hell nah.

ON TV: A BLONDE REPORTER and PHANTASM on a RED CARPET.

BLONDE REPORTER
So, let's talk about your new album.

PHANTASM
Fo sho, fo sho. It's a concept album, and when it hits rap will never be the same. I'm elevating the genre to a whole new level.

BLONDE REPORTER
What's it called?

PHANTASM
Hot Playah.

On Chozen.

TV plays underneath-

CHOZEN
Keep talking bitch. Keep talking! Chozen be coming for dat ass!

TRACY (O.S.)
Shut up!

CHOZEN
(quietly to himself)
You just wait. Choze is gonna be all up in it. All up in it.

INT. PAROLE OFFICE - DAY

TANESHA BRADDOCK (30's, Black), a no-nonsense "DMV type" parole officer , sits at a desk and rifles through manila folders. Chozen sits across from her, uninterested.

BRADDOCK
Mr. Cullens.

CHOZEN
Yo, I'd prefer to be called-

BRADDOCK
You'll be called what it says on the file. According to the government your name is Phillip Cullens...

She cracks a little smile. Chozen angry/embarrassed.

BRADDOCK (CONT'D)
Phil Cullens? Sounds kinda like-

CHOZEN
I know, I'm not him-

BRADDOCK
No shit.
(beat)
Here's the drill. You gonna have to adjust to life on the outside. Don't expect nobody to help you out. It's all on you. I suggest you find employment. It won't be easy given your past involvement in gun running and prostitution-

CHOZEN
See it ain't like that. I was framed.

BRADDOCK
Heard that one before.

CHOZEN
No, for real. My boy Phantasm sold me down the river.

BRADDOCK
You mean THE Phantasm? (SINGS) I love it when you make it clap, make it clap! That's my jam!

CHOZEN
Yeah, same dude. It was like in that movie "Ricochet." Denzel was just like the top police guy, everyone loved him, and then the Dad from Harry and the Hendersons, who's a crazy ass racist, wants to throw salt on his game. So he starts messin' with him. Makin' it look like Denzel be into kiddie porn, and then drugging him all up with heroin and what not so a prostitute can do sex to him on videotape. You know? Ruining his good name. But lucky for Denzel he got his old boy Ice-T to help him out in the end and show the real troof. If I had a cool homie like Ice-T watchin my back then I'd-

BRADDOCK
(HAND UP) Enough. We're done here. Check in with me next week. In the meantime, you may want to take advantage of our free mental health services.

Chozen gets up to leave, laughs it off.

CHOZEN
My mentals is air tight player, and my skills are second to none. You just wait, I'm gonna blow up and you'll see what time it really is. One day you'll be telling your grand babies about how you met Chozen, and you'll probably act like we was friends. But in your heart you'll know the truth, and then you'll cry, and them kids will think "Damn, Grandma's a straight-up asshole."

Braddock jumps up from her desk, Chozen bolts out the door.

EXT. COLLEGE FIELD - DAY

Chozen alone on the bleachers with headphones and notebook, writes, erases, writes more.

EXT. COLLEGE FIELD - SPED UP TIME LAPSE

Chozen writes as a SOCCER TEAM PRACTICES, the COLLEGE BAND REHEARSES. The SUN FALLS IN THE SKY.

EXT. COLLEGE FIELD - AFTERNOON

On Chozen writing, he keeps looking up, distracted. Pan to the field to see a football team practicing.

Shots of football player butts in slow-mo, bend over stretching, etc.

An older guy, JIMMY TWIST (Mid-Forties, longish Hair, rocker), sits further down the bleachers, shooting photos.

JIMMY
(to himself)
There ya go, stretch it out darlin'. Have fun with it. Nobody's watching.

He sees Chozen, gives him a thumbs up. Chozen acts like he didn't see him, goes back to writing.

CHOZEN (*CUE 2)
(rapping to himself)
Dude creeping low key, trying be smooth. I cut him down to size, hit em' with the power move. One hand to the nuts, One hand to the neck. Bout time homie learned respect. You shaking like a leaf, silly little trick. You picked the wrong dude if you was fixin to hit a lick quick. I'm battle tested-

JIMMY (O.S.)
Hey man! Hey!

Chozen realizes someone is talking over his headphones, looks up, pulls off headphones.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Shit, I'm usually the only one here. Good to have some company. Name's Jimmy!

CHOZEN
I’m Chozen.

JIMMY
Chozen for what?

CHOZEN
Nah, that’s my name.

JIMMY
Oh, bad ass man. It’s cool, just like- one word- easy to remember. Football fan?

CHOZEN
Something like that.

JIMMY
Not me, I’m into cheerleaders. Young ones. Their panties, their boobs. Check it out.

Shows Chozen the LCD on his camera: shots of cheerleaders doing exercises.

JIMMY (CONT’D)
Ho ho, nip slip!

Wide on the field, reveal cheerleaders at the far end.

CHOZEN
Cool.

JIMMY
Damn right it’s cool! Candid cheerleader snizz dot com. That’s the place buddy. Guaranteed hard-ons. I can get you a promo code, 2 months free!

CHOZEN
No thanks, aint really my thing.

Jimmy a bit vexed, notices Chozen’s TATTOO- (on forearm)

JIMMY
Cool tat, where’d you get it?

CHOZEN
Prison.

JIMMY
Been there amigo. When Motley Crue says they need ass, you just start grabbing girls, you don't check ID's.

Chozen lights up.

CHOZEN
Motley Crue, damn, them boys was big! You in the business?

JIMMY
I was. 20 years. Did it all. Bus driver, roadie, lights, pyro.

CHOZEN
Pyro? That's tight yo, I love me a big presentation. What you doin' here?

JIMMY
The rock and roll scene changed, so I moved on. All folks seem to like these days are skinny little twinks singing about how sad they are. I like my tunes to have power, ya know? Balls!

CHOZEN
I feel you on that man. I like my shits to have balls too.

Chozen gestures to the notebook.

JIMMY
Ah, a songwriter huh?

CHOZEN
An MC.

JIMMY
Ya know, they have an open mic deal every weekend at the Study Hall bar down the street. I mean, if you need somewhere to play.

Fired up. Chozen stands to leave.

CHOZEN
Thank you Jimmy. This Study Hall sounds like the perfect spot to begin my rise to the top.
(MORE)

CHOZEN (CONT'D)
The plan is all coming together. I will annihilate!

JIMMY
Well, it’s just an open mic.

CHOZEN
I’m gonna bounce, gotsta fuel up for this mission!

Chozen hurriedly makes his way down the bleachers.

JIMMY
(calling after him)
I mean, anyone can do it. Like, anyone!

Chozen can’t really hear him, but he pumps his fist in excitement.

EXT. CAFETERIA - NIGHT

Chozen weaves through tables, tray piled with food. He spies TROY (19, thin, geeky) at a table alone with a LAPTOP. Chozen plops down next to him, a little too close.

CHOZEN
Mmm Mmm, these fries is on point. What’s crackin’?

Troy ignores. Chozen points at the laptop with a french fry.

CHOZEN (CONT’D)
I need to use that. I’ll give you a Salisbury steak.

TROY
Thanks, but, I have a paper due in the morning.

Chozen looks left and right and leans in close, intimidating.

CHOZEN
I’d hate to see your computer smashed up on the ground with macaronis and Salisbury juices all over it. That’d be a waste of food, nah mean?

Troy is scared. Chozen slides over his old MARKED UP PUBLICITY SHOT OF PHRESH PHRIENDS, he circles Crisco and Ricky.

CHOZEN (CONT'D)
Find these men.

TROY
This is just a picture.

CHOZEN
Indeed it is. Analyze this with your technology. Their facial patterns, iris constructions.

TROY
I can't do that.

CHOZEN
I don't believe you.

TROY
Can I just have their names?

Chozen perks up.

CHOZEN
Oh snap, that's all you need?

Chozen starts writing the names on the photo. Looks up.

CHOZEN (CONT'D)
Can you make musics with that thing?

TROY
(sarcastic)
Uh, yeah.

2 JOCK BULLIES walk up to the table. Troy cowers.

BULLY #1
Well looky here, a little pussy and a big dickhead. How perfect.

Bully #2 knocks Troy's drink to the ground. Chozen casually gets up and in one fluid motion smashes the guys heads together and pins them to the ground. He leans in to their faces.

CHOZEN
I saw this fish first, don't y'all be violating the code now.

The jocks run away scared as hell. Chozen wipes himself off and sits back down next to Troy.

TROY
Wow, thanks man. Those guys mess with me every day. I'm Troy.

CHOZEN
I'm Chozen. And yo, you ain't gotta worry about them fools no more. You with ME now.

Troy smiles, looks at the photo and begins furiously typing.

CHOZEN (CONT'D)
The way this works is, I save your ass from steak-dick jocks, and you do pretty much whatever I say. You feel me?

TROY
Absolutely. Totes feeling you right now. Anything you need I got.

Chozen giggles.

CHOZEN
Don't count on it little man.

Troy turns the computer screen to Chozen.

TROY
Boom.

Chozen looks at the screen, cracks a smile.

CHOZEN
You gotta be shittin me.

EXT. SUBURBAN BACKYARD - DAY

A BANNER: HAPPY BDAY BRANDON hangs from a tree. A GROUP OF KIDS sit on the grass in front of a stage with a SIGN: KOOL KIDZ. MUSIC STARTS, CRISCO (29, Still athletic, shaved head) and Ricky (29, still looks exactly the same) run onto stage wearing LEATHER BASEBALL JERSEYS AND CAPS with the KOOL KIDZ LOGO. Ricky jumps behind the turntables.

CRISCO
Hey yo, can anybody tell me what time it is?

Ricky, waves his hands, encouraging the kids to join.

RICKY
I think it's time for a birthday!

CRISCO
What, I can't hear you?!

RICKY
A cool guy's birthday!

Chozen peeks over the backyard gate. On the stage, Ricky and Crisco are into their HORRIBLE SONG, exchanging lines.

CRISCO
Hey yo Brandon, this is your celebration.

RICKY
We're glad to be here, thanks for the invitation.

CRISCO
No doubt this is a marvelous day.

RICKY
Hanging with our friends, no school, all play.

CRISCO
But first things first, yo let's eat.

RICKY
You need to have the dinner, before you get the treats.

SONG STOPS, the guys freeze in a pose. BRANDON'S MOM stands.

BRANDON'S MOM
All right, time for hot dogs!

All the kids CHEER.

EXT. SUBURBAN DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The backyard gate swings open and Ricky and Crisco step out.

RICKY
(anxious)
We started a little slow that time. I hate when we do that.

CRISCO
Relax man, it was fine. Ayo, you peep Brandon's Mom? Bitch is fine. I'ma hit that, you just watch.

CHOZEN (O.S.)
Yuck.

The guys turn, Chozen is posted up on the hood of a car. They don't recognize him.

CHOZEN (CONT'D)
You can do better than that man, but I know how it goes. Sometimes that dick just be hungry.

CRISCO
Take a hike freak.

Crisco turns back to Ricky, ignoring Chozen.

CHOZEN
Nah, hiking ain't my thing... Crisco.

Crisco and Ricky look over again, stare for a beat.

RICKY
Choze?

Chozen pops off the car and strides right up, face off style.

CRISCO
(gobsmacked)
Damn.

CHOZEN
What, you ain't recognize your old boy? I ain't surprised. Would have been nice if y'all coulda visited a brother, returned a letter and what not.

Crisco and Ricky are nervous, spooked, looking up and down the street.

RICKY
How'd you find us?

CHOZEN
I have my ways.

Off Ricky confused

CHOZEN (CONT'D)
The internet.

CRISCO
We can't be talking out here man. The streets is watchin.

Ricky spies a BLACK MINIVAN with BASS BUMPING slowly coming down the street.

CHOZEN
What you talking bout, this is a rich ass neighb-

RICKY
Hit the deck!

Slow motion; Crisco and Ricky sprawl on the ground, hands over ears. Chozen stands, confused.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - CONTINUOUS

The sliding door of the minivan opens to reveal 2 TEENAGE GUYS, One guy moons the crew while the other points and laughs. Slow motion ends.

TEENAGE GUY #!
Cool outfits nerds!!!

The door of the minivan slams and they speed away laughing.

EXT. SUBURBAN DRIVEWAY - DAY

Ricky and Crisco gingerly look up from the ground to see the van gone. They get up, try to play it off.

CHOZEN
(laughing)
What the hell was that? Y'all got beef with some pimply ass teenagers?

RICKY
It's not like that.

CRISCO
False alarm yo.

BRANDON'S MOM (O.S.)
Hey guys?

The guys turn to see Brandon's Mom at the gate.

JACOB'S MOM
We're about to cut the cake.

Jacob's Mom leaves, Crisco and Ricky pat down their jerseys, adjust their hats, get ready for the show.

CHOZEN
Look dudes, I ain't know what y'all into but we gots to talk. If you can't do it here then meet me tonight at Chuck's.

CRISCO
We'll think about it.

Ricky end Crisco enter the gate, Chozen calls after them.

CHOZEN
Be there suckaz, but be careful, watch out for them minivans! Ha ha, stupid.

Chozen turns to leave and sees the kids in the minivan coming by for another pass. The driver is laughing. Chozen sticks his arm out and makes his hand into a gun. He mean mugs the driver and points at him. We see the driver stricken with fear, they speed off.

CHOZEN (CONT'D)
(to himself)
That's right.

INT. TIGHT ON CHOZEN AT A TABLE - DAY

Chozen sits at a table with his notebook. He has headphones on and is furiously writing/erasing.

CHOZEN (*CUE 3)
(rapping to himself)
Ain't nobody said it was gon' be easy.
Struggle, the true test of a man. Maintain focus, implement the master plan. How do I play? I play to win. What do I like? Dudes with smooth skin...

Scratches out a line, smiles. Pull back to reveal Chozen in a STARBUCKS, table full of empty coffee cups. A few MOM-TYPE WOMEN with their KIDS are in line, and an OLD MAN.

CHOZEN (CONT'D)
(rapping to himself)
Back in the game and I'm in it to win it. My status grows steadily minute to minute.
(MORE)

CHOZEN (CONT'D)
Spitting fire over hot beats, deep cuts. Shaking the spot between yo butts and yo nuts.

MOM-TYPE WOMAN #1 (O.S.)
Filthy.

Chozen looks up, everyone is staring at him mouths agape. The old man winks, grins.

OLD MAN (CREEPY)
Mmmm, boy.

EXT. CHUCK E CHEESE- ESTABLISHING - EVENING

INT. CHUCK E CHEESE/GAME AREA - CONTINUOUS

We follow a BALL whizzing up a SKI-BALL RAMP. It jumps the lip and lands in the 1000 POINTS HOLE.

CHOZEN (O.S.)
Booo yaaaa!

Pull back to see Chozen, pockets dripping with tickets. He dances around 3 ANGRY LITTLE KIDS.

CHOZEN (CONT'D)
I be owning y'all tonight! You can't see me! You can't see me!

Chozen looks down, puts his hand out.

CHOZEN (CONT'D)
Alright Devin, that's 20 tickets. You talked a big game but you done got smacked down. Pay up son !

DEVIN (6, Sour faced, pudgy) starts bawling.

CHOZEN (CONT'D)
Oh come on now, don't be gettin' all childish.
(BEAT)
You got a daddy? Step daddy?

Devin, sniffling, nods his head "no."

DEVIN
I don't have a daddy.

Chozen kneels down, face to face with Devin.

CHOZEN
(sarcastic sweetness)
Well, tell yo mama if she learnt how to keep a man her son wouldn't be such biyatch.

Devin starts crying even louder.

CRISCO (O.S.)
Yo Choze!

Chozen turns to see Crisco and Ricky standing in the hall.

CHOZEN
About time fellas.

INT. CHUCK E CHEESE/DINING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Crisco and Ricky sit on one side of a table, Chozen on the other, flanked by 2 HUGE STUFFED BEAR PRIZES. Ricky and Crisco keep looking around, nervous again.

TIM, the waiter, enters.

TIM
What can I get you guys tonight?

CHOZEN
3 Mr. Pibbs please, (whisper) extra icey.

Tim turns to leave, Chozen smacks him on the ass. Tim whips around.

TIM
Hey, not cool.

CHOZEN
Sorry dog, the bears be feelin' frisky. (growling sounds)

Tim leaves in a huff. Crisco and Ricky are weirded out.

RICKY
Hey, why are we here Chozen?

CHOZEN
Ease up Rrricky. It's been a long time, lots of emotions up in this Chuck E. Cheese's.

CRISCO
You be lookin different yo.

RICKY
Yeah dog, I was gonna say the same shit.

CHOZEN
Yeah, well, jail changes a man. If y'all had been cool friends and reached out to a brother you might know that.

RICKY
I got to mass bro. Sunday's are for the Lord, not the incarcerated.

CRISCO
It was Phantasm man. After he sewed you up on them bullshit charges things got ugly.

RICKY
Bro, we knew that you were innocent, and we were ready to go to the cops, and then boom, Phantasm found out.

CRISCO
He tell us we gotta stay out the game, stay away from you. He was kicking it with these rough necks man. Real hood shit.

RICKY
Gangster shit.

CHOZEN
Y'all are playing right now. Phantasm ain't no gangster. We only let that fool in the group cuz his hairs is white.

CRISCO
Nah dog, he changed. Remember Ricky's cat, Reginald?

CHOZEN
Oh yeah, that black muthafucka was cool as hell.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. HOUSE

We see a black cat grabbed by a hand with a 4 finger ring that reads “PLAYAH.”

RICKY
Reggie disappeared one night, and the next day I get a letter.

CHOZEN
Oh no, not a letter!

CUT TO: Hands fumble to open a letter. The letter, written in cat fur and glue reads “I like your pussy, keep your mouth shut!”

RICKY
It was written in hairs bro...(starting to break) He was probably cold dog...so cold dog!

BACK TO PRESENT

Ricky sobs.

CRISCO
I got a DVD delivered to my house. I played that shit and seen my Mama laying on a table. She up at that massage place she go to for her Fibromyalgias.

RICKY
That wha?!

FLASHBACK TO:

CUT TO: Video Cam POV- Hands rubbing a large black woman. She moans. Phantasm’s face comes into frame.

PHANTASM (INTO CAMERA)
I learnt how to use You tube, the rap game is mine, zip yo lips nigga!

BACK TO PRESENT

Crisco puts his head down defeated.

RICKY
What if he found out we were making music again, or talking to you? Who knows what he’s capable of!

CHOZEN
Man, you done let that fool get up in your head space. Homeboy is soft yo. I spent years with some real tough brothers, and Phantasm ain't caca. I know fools who'd be playing his butt-hole like a saxophone.

Chozen mimes blowing into a butt, makes saxophone noises. Ricky and Crisco nonplussed.

CHOZEN (CONT'D)
Jazzmatazz fo' dat ass.
(Beat)
John Hole-Pain.
(Beat)
Kenny G. But with an asshole.

Guys still non-plussed.

RICKY
But the culo is like, really close to the balls-

CHOZEN
It's like this. Phantasm stole something from all of us. I mean, he stole a lot more from me than you guys, but still! We gotta show that punk ass what time it is!

Chozen slides a burned CD over the table.

CHOZEN (CONT'D)
I booked a show. I'm taking back what's mine, and you can too. Redemption fellas, redemption.

Ricky and Crisco look to each other for a beat, cautiously.

CRISCO
Look bro, it's good to see you and all that, but we got a good thing going.

RICKY
We're kind of hot on the party circuit right now, but we're still like small enough to fly under the radar of Phantasm. We're not rock stars and shit, but, it's something.

CRISCO
Sorry dog.

Crisco and Ricky hop up and head for the door. Chozen stands. Calling after them.

CHOZEN
Oh ayight, I see how it be then, y'all wanna live like little scared babies? Fine! Enjoy them birthday cakes! When I blow up Phantasm's spot I'll be sure to send him your way. Dicks!

EXT. COLLEGE/DORM BUILDING - NIGHT

Chozen walks towards the dorm with the stuffed bears, he has a brown bag bottle of booze, he's hammered. He drunkenly mumbles to himself. He kicks the bears into A FOUNTAIN.

CHOZEN (*CUE 4)
(drunk rapping to himself)
Sometimes yo friends let you down, Take your dreams, and smash em' on the ground. What do I do, turn the page?

WE SNAP INTO THE MUSIC VIDEO IN CHOZEN'S HEAD. THE BEARS TURN INTO MUSCLED OUT DUDES WHO HIP HOP DANCE. HOOCHIES BLAST CHAMPAGNE. CHOZEN SNAPS THE NECK OF ONE OF THE BEAR-MEN.

Uh uh, hell no I'm goin' channel my rage and spit, rhymes of horror, unspeakable things, from deep inside me the darkness sings Murder murder, sex sex, murder murder, murder murder, sex...

Back to reality. Chozen is in the fountain, humping one of the bear dolls. It's head falls off. A few kids on the steps of the dorm get up and run off.

INT. TRACY'S DORM/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tracy is having a get together. A WANNABE DJ works the tunes on a laptop. Other HIPSTER COLLEGE KIDS mill about, partying.

Chozen drunkenly opens the door, he surveys the scene, a smile crosses his face.

CHOZEN
Yo Tracy, you ain't tell me we was having a party. Let's get weird y'all!

Chozen drops the bear and jumps onto the DJ table, pushing his body up into a plank, he looks to the people at the party while holding the position and then moves to am impossible one handed iron cross type position.

CHOZEN (CONT'D)
Yo fellas, peep the upper body strength.

SMASH! The table breaks and he goes crashing to the ground.

Tight on Tracy

TRACY
Shit.

INT. TRACY"S DORM? LIVING ROOM - LATER

Chozen wanders through the guests, drunkenly looking everyone up and down, he sees a college kid, JEREMY, sitting alone on a bean bag chair. Chozen comes and stands directly in front of him.

CHOZEN
What's up, you go to school here?

JEREMY
(smart-ass tone)
Uh, yeah.

A joint comes around, Chozen takes a pull.

CHOZEN
(holding in the smoke)
Oh yeah, that's cool. You look pretty comfortable all nestled in that bean bag. I'm Tracy's brother, I'm a rapper, but she probably already told you.

JEREMY
Nope.

CHOZEN
Well, I am. I like your shirt player, it fits yo little muscles nice. Make me a muscle.

Jeremy goes to leave, Chozen puts his hand on his chest and whispers in his ear.

CHOZEN (CONT'D)
I can take you any time I like.
Never forget that.

Jeremy wriggles away. Chozen approaches the wannabe DJ.

CHOZEN (CONT'D)
Hot beats, but I like them jeans
more.

Chozen rubs the DJ's leg, he uncomfortably scurries off.

CHOZEN (CONT'D)
Don't be scared homey, sharing
fashions can be cool!

Chozen looks to the empty couch, plops down on it and fiddles with the TV REMOTE.

ON TV: A PAY PER VIEW ORDERING PROMPT- "GI. JOE RISE OF COBRA $10.99" We see a BUY BUTTON on the screen LIGHT UP

Chozen unbuckles his pants, awkwardly pulls them down, and grabs some KLEENEX from the coffee table. He leans back and his hand starts wandering towards his underwear

TRACY (O.S.)
Phil!

RECORD SCRATCH. Chozen looks around to see Tracy, red faced. Everyone else in the party is in shock.

CHOZEN
Hey yo Trace. You know what would
be delicious right now? Fuckin'
popcorns.

Tracy rushes to Chozen, grabs his arm. Pulls him into-

INT. TRACY'S DORM- KITCHEN

TRACY
What are you doing?!

CHOZEN
What you mean? This is a party,
ain't it?

TRACY
You're drunk, you're a mess, and you lied to me about renting that dumb movie.

CHOZEN
Not dumb.

TRACY
Seriously Phil, what the hell? I'm trying to help you out and you're blowing it, again!

CHOZEN
What you mean? I've never let you down before.

TRACY
You got locked up when I was 9, left me without a brother! You were my hero! I was so proud, seeing you up there on the stage. But now? I just don't know who you are!

INT. TRACY'S DORM/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tracy runs crying into her room, slamming the door. Party-goers start leaving.

CHOZEN
Don't worry about Tracy, she'll be alright. It's just that time, you know? She be making eggs and blood and stuff, feeling all gross and emotional. It's disgusting.

EXT. CITY STREET - MORNING

Chozen walks disheveled, drunk, eyes puffy, BOTTLE in hand, CIGARETTE DANGLING. You can tell he hasn't slept. He comes upon a line of kids. He follows the line to a record store.

EXT. RECORD STORE - MORNING

The windows of the store are plastered with a huge photo of Phantasm, SIGN reading "DA NEW ALBUM: HOT PLAYA, OUT NOW." Chozen cuts the line and walks in.

INT. RECORD STORE - MORNING

It's all Phantasm in the record store. TV's play a MUSIC VIDEO showing Phantasm dancing around hoochies and throwing up money. Chozen approaches a big cardboard cut out of Phantasm. He puts his bottle down, and in a flash pulls a SHANK from his waistband, stabs the cut out twice in the stomach, once in the face. A FEW KIDS film the whole scene on their cell phones, giggling. As Chozen exits the store he grabs a SMOOTHIE from the hand of a kid on line.

EXT. RECORD STORE - MORNING

Chozen dumps his booze in the smoothie cup, drops the bottle to the ground with a SMASH. A few steps down the street he nonchalantly drops the shiv in a storm drain.

EXT. ESTABLISHING. SYNAGOGUE PARKING LOT - MORNING

INT. SYNAGOGUE MEETING HALL - MORNING

Ricky and Crisco set up gear. They wear LEATHER YARMULKES and MATCHING JUMPSUITS. CATERERS ready tables. A FAT JEWISH BOY in a SUIT watches them from the dance floor, bored. The guys run cables to mic stands when MR. STEINBAUM (40's. Lean), pissed off, rumbles up to the foot of the stage.

MR. STEINBAUM
Get out!

Ricky and Crisco jump a bit, caught off guard.

MR. STEINBAUM (CONT'D)
Pack up all your crap and leave, now!

CRISCO
Whoa, whoa. Hold up. What's the problem sir.

MR. STEINBAUM
The problem?! The problem is you two! You're disgusting!

Ricky cowers behind his decks.

CRISCO
Okay, I'm confused, what-

MR. STEINBAUM
A concerned parent called me this morning, and thank God he did. I saw your website. You should be ashamed of yourselves!

On Fat Jewish Boy wagging his finger “no.” Ricky pops open the LAPTOP in his DJ rig.

MR. STEINBAUM (CONT’D)
You have 5 minutes or I’m calling the cops!

RICKY (O.S.)
Uh oh.

Crisco runs up behind the decks, looks at the laptop screen, his eyes go wide.

ON LAPTOP SCREEN: We see the KOOL KIDZ WEB-SITE. There is a picture of Chin and Crisco, but different bodies have been shittily photo-shopped on. Ripped muscles, speedos with boners. Text at the bottom of the screen reads “WE LOVE KIDS, WE’LL TEACH YOU HOW TO KISS.”

RICKY (CONT’D)
Oh no.

Ricky clicks furiously his laptop. He shakes his head in disbelief.

RICKY (CONT’D)
The whole week is cancelled, all our bookings!

CRISCO
What kind of bullshit is this man, maybe someone hacked us?

RICKY
Obviously. But who would-

DING! The e-mail inbox on the computer rings. Ricky clicks.

ON LAPTOP SCREEN: An e-mail opens from UNKNOWN ADDRESS. The text reads “I’m still here bitches. I learnt how to use photoshop. Your life sucks, You’re welcome. P”

The guys look up, dumbfounded, The Fat Jewish Boy stands there making Chinese eyes at them, giggling.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

Chozen walks through campus. His shirt looks like it's been puked on and the front of his pants are soaked. He passes a Sorority car-wash. Girls in bikinis, soaping up cars, frat guys drinking.

JIMMY(O.S.)
Mmm, hmm, just a little more soap. There it is!

Chozen looks to some bushes and sees half of Jimmy's head sticking up.

CHOZEN
Hey Jimmy.

JIMMY
Shhhh, be cool man, don't ruin my spot. Come here!

Chozen heads over to the bushes, crouches down with Jimmy.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Check these out.

Jimmy turns the camera towards him. Shots of soapy girls.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Moist sorority chonch dot net. I'm gonna make a killing!

Chozen, despondent, can't be bothered with the camera.

CHOZEN
Cool, I guess.

JIMMY
Someone shit in your Wheaties?

CHOZEN
Worse. 2 guys, 1 girl, 3 shits total. My old crew punks me out, and then my sister be talking about "losing her faith in me." So here I am, drinking an alcoholic smoothie, hiding behind a bush with a grown ass man. Normally this would be a cool thing, but right now it sucks.

JIMMY
Well, what are you going to about it besides act like a pussy?

CHOZEN
I'm gonna play the show tonight, that's what.

JIMMY
Ha, not like this you're not. It looks like you got into a fist fight at a bukkake party.

Chozen drunkenly scans his clothing. Sniffs his shirt, pulls back at the stench.

CHOZEN
You think you could help me out?

JIMMY
I could, but that's a manager's job. I've always been more of a road hog, ya know?

CHOZEN
I'll give you my sister's meal card for a week.

JIMMY
Deal! Let's get to work.

MONTAGE:

Jimmy and Chozen walk through the mall with bags.

Jimmy helps Chozen set up Facebook and Twitter.

Jimmy messes around with FIREWORKS and little explosions behind the dorm, Chozen cheers.

Jimmy hosing Chozen down outside.

Chozen in barbershop chair, tight on SCISSORS CLIPPING HAIR.

We see a hand place a NOTE on a table.

CHOZEN (V.O.)
Yo Tracy, I'm sorry I let you down. You was right, a girl needs her big brother.

The hand lays out JOLLY RANCHERS around the note in a frame.

CHOZEN (V.O.)
I shouldn't have rented all them movies either. It's just Channing Tatum, dude is magnetic, I can't get enough.

A “DEAR JOHN” DVD is placed next to the note, a few jolly ranchers around it.

CHOZEN (V.O.) (CONT’D)
Enjoy these candies and this “Dear John” movie disc. Hopefully it will touch you as much as it touched me. Be at the Study Hall tonight!
Feelings, Chozen.

We follow as a pair of NEW RED SNEAKERS leave the room. As the door shuts pan up to reveal Tracy’s empty dorm room.

END MONTAGE

EXT. ESTABLISHING. STUDY HALL BAR - NIGHT

Patrons loiter outside the bar. Muffled noise.

INT. STUDY HALL BAR/STAGE - NIGHT

On stage is a SKINNY CHICK in a beanie finishing a poem.

SKINNY CHICK
...The dream melted, and all that was left? Me, him, naked...on fire.

A few claps, the girl leaves the stage.

INT. STUDY HALL BAR/BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Tight on Jimmy’s face.

JIMMY
Alright pal, we’re all set. They aren’t going to know what hit em. You ready for this?

Tight on Chozen’s face, deep in thought, pull back to reveal the new look Chozen. NEW BLACK HAT, TIGHT HAIRCUT, WHITE HOODIE, A CHAIN WITH A “C”, NEW JEANS, the red sneakers.

CRISCO
You best be ready!

Ricky (track suit) and Crisco (wife beater, khakis) enter the dressing room ready to rock. Chozen lights up.

RICKY
We’re with you man. We’re done being afraid...or something.

CRISCO
Yeah baby, we started this together, and we gon' finish it together!

CHOZEN
Oh hell yeah!

RICKY
I listened to your song, umm, and I made a new beat for it.

CRISCO
That flow is still fire dog!

RICKY
Yeah, but, well, what's with all the stuff about butts and dicks?

CHOZEN
(triumphantly)
That's called truth my little vato. Life ain't always like a Phresh Phriends song. Prison changes a man. I've been through some hard times, learned some killer tactics. These are my tales, and the world needs to hear them.

JIMMY (O.S.)
You're up!

CHOZEN
The time for talking is done fellas. Shall we destroy?

INT. STUDY HALL BAR/STAGE - CONTINUOUS

QUICK SHOTS: Laptop flops down in between the turntables on the stage, black hand grabs mic, Cable slides into laptop, Jimmy fiddles with wires on the side of the stage.

Ricky cues up A SONG (*CUE 5), the intro blares from the speaker. Chozen looks to Crisco, Crisco gives him a head nod, Chozen looks to Ricky who makes a "slit throat" motion with his hand. Chozen turns to the audience, starts building the drama.

CHOZEN (CONT'D) (*CUE 5)
What up childrens? It's been a long time. You can lock the man down, but his passion know no bounds.

CRISCO
Get up muthafuckaz!

BOOOM! Fire balls light from either side of the stage as the group breaks into a full song.

CHOZEN (*CUE 5)
Redemption! Free at last, gimme a mic, a beat, and a tight little ass, and I'll be crushing it! Bloody like a murder scene, I'm coming through with techniques supreme...

Music continues under as-

We see the group synced up perfectly, just like in the old days, controlling the stage, having the time of their lives.

Some of the crowd is warming up.

Back on the group

CHOZEN (*CUE 5) (CONT'D)
2nd chances, new mission, been plottin' this out since my first day in prison. Locked down on some federal shit. Doing a bid on some stuff I ain't did. Set-up, by one of my own crew. A jealous bitch that ain't unknown to you.

CRISCO (*CUE 5)
Phantasm!

CHOZEN (*CUE 5)
Yup he said it, that little motherfucker goin' learn to regret it. Because I'm back with passion, ready for action, grip the booty spread it wide. Mashin'!

Music continues under as-

Cut to Jimmy throwing up the Devil horns and flicking his tongue, Tracy grooving.

On the crowd: A bunch of people are really into it.

Troy dances by himself, the bullies round the corner, see him, and run away. Troy cheers louder.

Crisco points to a girl at a table- she winks back at him.

Pull back on the scene as the SONG FADES.

EXT. STUDY HALL BAR - NIGHT

The crew outside, just finished. Troy throws them beers from his backpack.

CRISCO
Man, you see how hype we got them fools? That one bitch was straight moist son!

RICKY
Just like back in the day.

CHOZEN
No doubt fellas, that felt damn good. I was dying up there without my squad.

The guys do a GROUP HUG DANCE THING like teams do before a game.

JIMMY (O.S.)
Hey! Y'all wanna stop prancing around! It's time to get lit!

The guys look up to see Jimmy's head poking out of the bar, Tracy and Troy are with him, waving.

CHOZEN
Word!

Chozen, Troy, Crisco, and Ricky walk towards the bar. We follow from behind.

RICKY
Who's that guy?

CHOZEN
That my dudes is our new manager.

We hold from behind as the guys walk to the bar door, conversation becoming unintelligible. Pan over to a BLACK LIMO with the window half way down, PHANTASM. The window slides up.

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

A MUSCLEBOUND DRIVER sits in the limo. We see Phantasm (28, Same Hair) through the partition.

Tight on an IPAD:

A YOUTUBE VIDEO titled “GROSS WEIRDO ATTACKS PHANTASM!!” plays. We see Chozen stabbing the cutout in the record store.

On driver.

MUSCLEBOUND DRIVER
We good boss?

Tight on Phantasm’s face.

PHANTASM
Yeah, I’ve seen enough. Let’s roll.

Limo pulls away.

END