

The Off Season

By

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FADE IN:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

**ACT ONE**

POSTERS OF PLAYERS GETTING DUNKED ON are smacked onto the walls...GOLDEN TROPHIES, LEATHER BALLS and AUTOGRAPHED SHOES line mahogany shelves...

...a trail of hastily discarded clothing leads us to...

THE BED

...where we find Jamal and Melody under the covers. This is the morning after...

A FLAT SCREEN TV was left on...

SPORTS ANCHOR #1

...Jamal Jenkins, is the new ruler of the basketball world. It wasn't even close.

SPORTS ANCHOR #2

So to all of you losers watching at home...

(scoffs)

Enjoy the off season.

SPORTS ANCHOR #1

And practice, you saw how great he looked tonight.

SPORTS ANCHOR #2

He's unreal.

(with a smile)

And now this...

SPORTS ANCHOR #1

There were more hugs and kisses in Liberty City last night than ever before.

SPORTS ANCHOR #2

We know. We counted.

SPORTS ANCHOR #1

You can trust us because we're extremely smart and entertaining.

(CONTINUED)

SPORTS ANCHOR #2  
And you're smart for joinin' us  
tonight on Sports Central.

Then

BIG WHITE LETTERS spelling: SPORTS CENTRAL superimpose onto  
the screen...

And we're pulled into:

INT. SPORTS CENTRAL STUDIO - NIGHT

Where we're greeted by the SMILING FACES of SPORTS ANCHOR  
#1, white, followed by the equally upbeat MUG of SPORTS  
ANCHOR #2, black. These guys are hopped up on caffeine and  
talking a mile a minute.

SPORTS ANCHOR #1  
In case you missed it.

SPORTS ANCHOR #2  
Boom! Here it is.

And we're thrown into:

INT. MIAMI ARENA - NIGHT

the middle of PANDEMONIUM.

People are everywhere: High fiving. Chest bumping.  
Flashbulbs are flashing. A couple is lying at center court  
making out. Balloons and ticker tape explode and cascade  
down onto the delirious crowd. A cannon-fired t-shirt smacks  
a fan in the face. Hip hop BLASTS from the house speakers.

A FEMALE REPORTER waits impatiently for Jamal to finish up  
an impromptu celebration with some fans. He finishes up and  
steps in front of the camera, as he does...

3-D letters appear:(NOTE: a signature of the series will be  
how central characters are identified--words will appear  
three-dimensionally, as if they exist within the space--sort  
of like a Chyron streaming across the bottom portion of the  
screen) "HIS MAJESTY" JAMAL JENKINS.

He's 6'8", 255 pounds of perfectly sculpted muscle and  
highly paid, unabashed, swagger. He's shirtless and sweaty,  
a headband crooked atop his head. A bottle of champagne in  
one hand...

Before the Female Reporter can speak, Jamal grabs her mic.

(CONTINUED)

Then, as if rehearsed, everyone in the arena bows down. You could hear a pin drop.

JAMAL

Lemme get that.

(voice booms)

First of all, I'd like to say that was too easy...But I knew it would be.

Jamal flexes some muscle for the camera...

JAMAL

We played great defense tonight. Thank you to the fan who tripped number twenty four when he had that fast break. That was huge. We couldn'tve done it without you.

The FAN, stands erect and shouts out to Jamal...

FAN

I want a ring!

JAMAL

Shut up, dude. Coach, thank you for not gettin' in the way of greatness. Your job is safe.

3-D letters appear: COACH HENDERSON (40's, astute, loves the game, has a wild side). He clasps his hands and thanks God...

JAMAL

My father. You aint here but, I know you somewhere out there watchin'. You can come back home now. Your baby boy's rich, bitch.

SOMEONE IN THE CROWD

(stands, grabs his lower back)

Ouch...

JAMAL

All rise.

The crowd moans and groans as they stretch out...

JAMAL

Hold up, wait. Lemme say this before I forget. This is to all the so-called sports analyst and expert--what the fuck? Where the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JAMAL (cont'd)  
fuck did you play basketball? Can  
you even dribble the rock? Hell no,  
so shut the fuck up.  
(turns to the crowd)  
What y'all think about dumb ass  
reporters wastin' your time  
reportin' dumb shit?

CROWD  
Fuck you! Fuck you! Fuck you...

Jamal looks at us, shrugs, turns back to the crowd as their cheering continues...

ON THE JUMBO SCREEN

Jamal's smiling face. He thrusts his arms into the air triumphantly.

The female reporter wrestles the microphone back and begins her line of questioning.

FEMALE REPORTER  
His Majesty, tonight you became the  
first rookie in association history  
to win the title. We're all  
witnesses to your greatness. But  
tell us, how did you do it?

JAMAL  
Teamwork. My team knows I'm the  
best who ever did it, so they  
worked their asses off so I could  
take fifty shots tonight.  
(turns to gathering teammates)  
Without me, you guys would still be  
in last place. And I wanna thank my  
momma...  
(he pulls a middle aged black  
lady into the picture)  
...Lil Dap for cuttin' them nets  
for me...

A quick look around shows us LIL DAP snipping the nets.

JAMAL  
(to the crowd)  
...and my fans who spent all of  
their money on me this season.  
You're welcome.

(CONTINUED)

Just then, a fan walks up to Jamal, hands him a MAGIC MARKER, turns around, lifts his shirt, bends over. Jamal AUTOGRAPHS his lower back. The fan pays him, high five, the fan BOUNCES away, fist pumping.

FEMALE REPORTER  
You also had another unique accomplishment tonight.

JAMAL  
(into the camera)  
That's right--  
(grabs the microphone)  
I had a quadruple double.

The crowd cheers wildly, Jamal revels in their adulation.

JAMAL  
Thirty fo', ten boards, fourteen dimes--and ten blocks.

SQUEAKY(OS)  
You ready for this?

3-D letters appear: MIKE "SQUEAKY" MALONE, (early 20's, short, baggy jeans, wearing Fort Knox around his neck, Jamal's personal assistant) CRASHES the scene. He's carrying something behind his back that he drapes over Jamal's neck.

When Squeaky moves, we see that the thing hanging from Jamal's neck is actually a big PLATINUM NECKLACE with a flat screen TV hanging from it.

The Female Reporter is clueless--and so are we.

Jamal and Squeaky do a secret handshake then strike a pose as someone snaps a picture of them.

FEMALE REPORTER  
What the fuck is that?

SQUEAKY  
That--

FEMALE REPORTER  
I'm not talking to you.

Squeaky shrinks.

JAMAL  
What it look like? It's a flat screen.

FEMALE REPORTER

But, why are you wearing it around  
your neck?

JAMAL

(to Squeaky)

She must not be a fan...I told him  
not to schedule me no interviews  
with dumb reporters.

SQUEAKY

He trippin'.

JAMAL

Look, I got millions of fans,  
right? And they all love to see me  
do my thing. So I figured if I took  
a flat screen and got it modified  
and put it on my chain then  
everywhere I look, everywhere I go  
they can see me dunk on the whole  
league like I do.

SQUEAKY

He can't be touched.

Then, at that very moment, 3-D letters appear: MELODY RICH,  
enters the picture. She hugs Jamal tightly as if they know  
each other biblically. She turns and looks directly into the  
camera and gives us a wink.

The Female Reporter tries in vain to regain control of the  
microphone. Unable to, she exasperatedly throws her hands up  
and stomps off.

JAMAL

Championship party tonight at my  
crib. Everybody's invited.

The crowd CHEERS wildly.

SQUEAKY

(grabs the mic)

That means ladies only.

IN THE CROWD

A sign reading: "1999" is held up. A BUSTY woman gives us a  
gratuitous look-see...

Jamal stands there, a king on his throne, as the crowd  
exalts him...

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Jamal sits up in bed, wipes his face with his big basketball star hands, then he turns to the other bump and slowly peels the covers back to reveal: Melody(surprise).

He looks straight into the camera, says:

JAMAL  
I fucked up.

He gently pulls the covers over her head and quietly lifts himself from the bed.

He pulls on a pair of shorts. Regards the TV. Turns back to the bed. Shakes his head. Then crosses to the door. Exits.

Our lens goes virtually all black.

And we're now in:

INT. SQUEAKY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Two words: LEOPARD PRINT.

SQUEAKY'S DREAM

...candle light licks the walls. Incense burns languid plumes of thick white smoke into the air, a love ballad plays low in the b.g...

ON THE BED

is Squeaky, hands bound, eyes covered, ankles cinched.

Standing astride him is, 3-D letters appear: MARVA JENKINS. She's wearing matching leopard print lingerie, a dominatrix mask, a whip, holding a bottle of chocolate sauce.

Squeaky squeals with excitement as a stream of chocolate SPLASHES down onto his naked chest.

As the dream sequence plays out...

THE BEDROOM DOOR

opens to reveal, 3-D letters appear: MARQUITA COLE (Jamal's younger sister). She's gorgeous, dressed as a sexy POLICE OFFICER. She swings a pair of silver HANDCUFFS as she seductively saunters over to where Squeaky is, mounts him.

(CONTINUED)

SQUEAKY

Yeah, pour some sugar on me, baby.  
You know what I need. And you know  
I got what you want...

MARQUITA

And soon as my brother finds out  
you had sex with his mother and his  
sister he's gonna kill you...

SQUEAKY

Stop playin'...You wouldn't tell  
him about this...

Marva brings her face this-close to Squeaky's.

MARVA

(whispers)

Are you ready to die?

Then,

THE BEDROOM DOOR KICKS OPEN

It's Jamal, BASEBALL BAT in hand, he storms in, crosses to  
Squeaky. Squeaky tries to break free, but Marquita and Marva  
hold him down. Then, Jamal raises the bat high over his  
head, SMASHES Squeaky's legs...

SQUEAKY

Somebody call my momma!

As Squeaky pleads for his release, Marva and Marquita  
descend on him like vultures on day old carrion...

END SQUEAKY'S DREAM

And we're back in:

INT. SQUEAKY'S ROOM - DAY

Jamal enters, sees Squeaky lying on the bed half naked and  
blindfolded with dried chocolate sauce smeared all over him  
and the bed sheets.

Jamal walks over to Squeaky, lifts his blindfold--no  
response. He slaps him, Squeaky wakes up, smiling. Then,  
through his early morning myopia, he sees that Jamal is  
slapping him.

Squeaky STIFFENS up.

(CONTINUED)

SQUEAKY  
This looks weird, don't it?

JAMAL  
Not for you.

SQUEAKY  
What you talkin' about?

JEANS.  
What were you doin'?

SQUEAKY  
Nuttin'.

JAMAL  
Look, the parade starts in thirty minutes, Chocolate Thunder.

SQUEAKY  
Thirty minutes. Got it. I just need to finish up real quick.

JAMAL  
Do your thing, man. Just don't let me see you doin' it.

SQUEAKY  
(brightens)  
You know I got you.

JAMAL  
At least you got somethin'.

SQUEAKY  
Got it. Can you leave me alone now?

JAMAL  
Look, I need you to erase the surveillance tapes from last night before Tasha gets here, ok?

SQUEAKY  
Yeah, yeah, alright man. Just go.

JAMAL  
Thirty minutes.

SQUEAKY  
I'm almost there...

And we're in:

INT. SHOWER - DAY

Jamal(singing) is lathering up as steam clouds the glass doors containing this over-sized shower.

THE BATHROOM DOOR

swings open revealing Melody standing there in a terry cloth robe with "YOUR MAJESTY" embroidered the chest.

From the door, we see her pull the robe's belt letting the robe at her feet. She crosses to the shower door.

When she opens the door, it quickly shuts. Melody contorts her face.

JAMAL

Get out, I have plans.

MELODY

So do I. Are you gonna let me in so I can work it?

JAMAL

No. Last night was a huge mistake. I gotta girlfriend.

MELODY

So, you had one last night, too.

JAMAL

I love her.

MELODY

You said I was your girlfriend last night.

The shower door pops open.

JAMAL

Apparently, I lied. Now, can I wash my body in peace?

MELODY

Let me wash your piece.

Jamal slams the shower door.

MELODY

That's fine, I know when it's time to get going, Jack. Yep, I'll just get my shit and get out.

(CONTINUED)

JAMAL

Perfect. My girl would have a fit  
if she found you in here.

MELODY

With a sly grin, Melody sneaks over to the toilet--FLUSH.  
She pauses...nothing. She then crosses to the bathtub and  
cranks both knobs--nothing. Then the sink--nothing.  
Frustrated, she leaves, slamming the door...

Jamal YELPS.

EXT. PARADE ROUTE - DAY

A sun-drenched SOUTH BEACH morning. Scores of eager fans  
buzz about.

A CUBAN SAMBA BAND is in the middle of a high energy number.  
TV antennae populate the skyline. Police move in and out.

EXT. STAGE - DAY

Sports Anchor #1 and Sports Anchor #2 make last minute  
preparations for their live broadcast. A few stagehands  
linger...

SPORTS ANCHOR #1

You know why he jumps so high,  
shoots from so far and runs like a  
gazelle, don't you?

Sports Anchor #2 looks up from his script expectantly...

SPORTS ANCHOR #2

I do, actually. It's because of his  
dedication to the game he loves.  
The same game that pays his bills  
and puts food on his table.

Sports Anchor #1 begins talking, but...

SPORTS ANCHOR #2

But wait, let me take a crack at it  
from your perspective. Your Majesty  
must jump so high because he's a  
direct descendant of the Dinka  
tribe, and his long shot has to be  
the result of generations of spear  
chucking in the bush. Right?

(CONTINUED)

Sports Anchor #1 looks at Sports Anchor #2 as if he's wearing two heads. Then returns to his script.

SPORTS ANCHOR #1

That's not was I was going to say at all...

SPORTS ANCHOR #2

Yeah, sure it's not. And I guess you have to attribute his blazing speed to the fact that his dirt poor family were hunter-gatherers and had to chase their food for miles and miles under the blazing Saharan sun until it was so tired that the only choice for it was to lie down, trapped, surrender it's life, and be eaten. Right, partner?

With that searing accusation, Sports Anchor #1 turns to Sports Anchor #2 and says:

SPORTS ANCHOR #1

Man, you are way out in left field. I mean, you're so far out there that even Willy Mays would be scared to go there.

Sports Anchor #2 drops his head and mutters:

SPORTS ANCHOR #2

Look, man, I'm sorry. I'm on the edge.

SPORTS ANCHOR #1

Yeah, you are.

SPORTS ANCHOR #2

I was up all night trying to convince my wife that it's okay to have sex with the TV on, and now I'm so tired, frustrated and unsatisfied that I'm ready to...

SPORTS ANCHOR #1

--I knocked boots last night with the new black intern...She was dy-no-mite...

A frazzled PRODUCER in a headset appears(barking orders).

(CONTINUED)

PRODUCER

Cut the bullshit. We're live in  
ten, nine, eight...

SPORTS ANCHOR #1

(confidentially)

You know I'm not a racist, right?

SPORTS ANCHOR #2

Yeah, I know. I must have lost my  
mind for a second.

PRODUCER

...one.

SPORTS ANCHOR #1

Welcome to  
this--colorful--championship parade  
today where your world champion  
Miami Fire are about to take to the  
streets. I just hope that with all  
of the hoopla surrounding us today,  
nobody gets shot, robbed, kidnapped  
or killed.

Sports Anchor #2 seethes as he glares at Sports Anchor #1.

INT. JAMAL'S MANSION - DAY

Jamal takes money from his in-home ATM.

EXT. JAMAL'S MANSION - DAY

Expansive. Topiary hedges. Cherub fountains. Gardeners. And  
a long gated driveway.

We get closer as they approach the five car unattached  
garage. There, Jamal presses a button on the door and the  
door automatically raises to show us five of the hottest  
rides we've ever seen.

Jamal's CELLPHONE rings. He answers it.

JAMAL

Hey baby, what's up? You miss  
me?(beat) Good...How's law school?

TASHA(OS)

Long, hard and very boring. What  
are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

JAMAL  
Today's the big day, baby.

TASHA(OS)  
Oh yeah, I forgot, it's parade day.  
You were great last night...

JAMAL  
(smiles, daps Squeaky)  
You liked that, huh?

TASHA(OS)  
You were great. Quadruple double...

JAMAL  
Right. The game. We won.

TASHA(OS)  
Uh, babe, is everything alright?

JAMAL  
I'm just excited to see you. I'm  
sending a limo to pick you up.

TASHA(OS)  
That's really thoughtful, baby,  
thank you. Now you better get to  
that parade before your fans start  
a riot.

JAMAL  
Right, gotta keep the fans happy.

Beat.

TASHA(OS)  
Jamal?

JAMAL  
Yeah, baby?

TASHA(OS)  
I have something special for you  
when I get there...

JAMAL  
Can I get a sneak peek?

TASHA(OS)  
I can't, we're on the phone.

(CONTINUED)

JAMAL

Just snap some sexy pics and send them to me. I'll wait.

TASHA(OS)

You just hold your horses, school's out in a few days...Okay?

JAMAL

Okay...Just one, baby?

TASHA(OS)

No. But, when I get there, you can use the cameras I bought...

Jamal's ears perk up. But so do Squeaky's(eavesdropping).

JAMAL

Bye, baby. I love you.

TASHA(OS)

I love you.

Jamal beeps his phone off. Squeaky begins teasing him.

SQUEAKY

(girly voice)

Use the camera on me, King. I'll do anything to please you after a long, hard semester of law school at UCLA, King...

JAMAL

You jealous?

Squeaky keeps up the teasing banter.

JAMAL

And don't think I don't know what you was doin' this mornin', 'cos I do.

SQUEAKY

Ay man, I gotta get mine. So what?

JAMAL

So you need to stop bein' scared of girls and get some pussy. You're my best friend, Squeaky, and nothing can change that, but if one more person asks me if you're my partner, we gone have issues. So come on, when was the last time you got some pussy, Squeaky?

(CONTINUED)

Squeaky stays silent.

JAMAL

Just like I thought. Never. So shut up and drive. We got ten minutes.

He tosses Squeaky a set of keys and gets in the car.

SQUEAKY

Yeah, but in my dreams I got yo momma and yo little sister.

He gets into the low-to-the-ground Italian machine...

JAMAL

You did what with my momma?

The doors slam shut, the car backs out, shifts, then blazes a path down the driveway and out of the gate.

EXT. PARADE ROUTE - DAY

3-D letters appear: COACH HENDERSON (black, 40's, glasses, uptight) appears running. He finally makes his way onto the float where he is greeted by Marva and Marquita.

Coach makes his way through the gauntlet of players, cheerleaders and various other team executives stopping when he gets to Marva. She greets him with a hug and kiss.

Coach Henderson recoils.

MARVA

There's my chocolate teddy bear. I missed you.

COACH HENDERSON

I missed you too, dear. But I thought we weren't quite ready to go public yet.

Marva sidles up close to Coach Henderson letting her hands roam his body...

MARVA

And I thought you were too tired to perform for me...

COACH HENDERSON

(re: Marva's wandering hands)  
I never said that I couldn't perform. What I said was that you

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

COACH HENDERSON (cont'd)  
had made your point sufficiently  
and that we could, possibly, do it  
again--some day--possibly.

MARVA  
So it was great.

Coach Henderson tries to hide a huge smile, but he can't.

Marva notices her opportunity and goes back in.

MARVA  
Then I'll see you tonight at my  
place, 8 o'clock on the dot. Do not  
show up empty-handed or smelling  
like weed, cigarettes, alcohol or  
that cheap body spray. Am I clear?

COACH HENDERSON  
(are you insane?)  
Sure...I don't drink anymore and  
I've never smoked tobacco, but I do  
enjoy a little green from time to  
time...

MARVA  
(secretly)  
So do I. I just don't want my  
daughter to find out. So bring  
enough for me too.

MARQUITA  
Momma, I know you smoke weed. I've  
known for years. You're the reason  
I smoke.

Marva and Coach Henderson share a concerned look that  
quickly melts into gales of laughter.

COACH HENDERSON  
Aw, what the hell, it's the off  
season. It's my time to shine now,  
and devil be damned!

MARVA  
Hot damn!

Marva, Marquita and Coach Henderson celebrate.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

Top down, high energy rap blasting from the stereo. Jamal's pristine Ferrari zooms past.

Squeaky works the stick while Jamal calls his agent, 3-D letters appear: IAN TRIPUCKA (25, white, Harvard Law grad, green).

IAN  
(picks up)  
What up, playa?

AT THE PARADE ROUTE

is where we find Ian, standing in the middle of the parade route mad as hell with his hand pressed to his ear so that he can hear the call.

IAN  
I've got great news.

JAMAL(OS)  
What is it? No more interviews with stupid reporters?

IAN  
Better. I just got off this very phone with number ten in an ever-expanding line of endorsers who are literally rock-hard for you to be their pitch man. I'm talking more mullah than Tiger!

JAMAL(OS)  
Yeah, that's great, Ian. But, right now I'm gonna need you to listen to me.

Ian nearly goes ballistic.

IAN  
Great? Did you just say great? This is--GINORMOUS. Your face is gonna be the face this summer. The only face. We're taking over and nobody better try and stop us! We're--

JAMAL(OS)  
Stuck.

(CONTINUED)

IAN

Well unstuck yourself and tell me  
you're ready to monkey fuck the  
brains outta this summer...

JAMAL'S FERRARI

rolls to a stop at the back of a dormant traffic jam.

IAN(OS)

Hey, where the hell are you anyway?

THE PARADE ROUTE

is visible in the distance...

JAMAL

Harvard Law School, Ian, really?

IAN

(proudly)  
Suma cum laude.

CARL

And you still dumb as a box of  
rocks.

Just then, Squeaky snatches the phone from Jamal...

SQUEAKY

Ay man, look. If you wanna keep  
your job, yo ass better find a way  
to get our asses off this freeway  
and on a float--NOW!

He flips the phone back to Jamal.

IAN(OS)

(spazzing)  
What? Wait...Is this some sorta  
cool ghetto joke? Do the cops have  
you spread-eagle, face-down? This  
is bad, this is death for your  
image...

JAMAL

Then do somethin'--NOW, Ian!

IAN

Okay, wait, how are you talking to  
me if MIAMI PD has your face  
smashed to the ground?

(CONTINUED)

JAMAL

Dammit, we ain't in trouble,  
alright? We stuck in traffic on  
I-95. Ian, I can see the parade  
that I'm not a part of floatin' by.

IAN

(whips out another phone)  
Don't budge. I'm sending a chopper.

Jamal gives the phone a: "you trippin'" look (this is a  
signature look), then abruptly hangs up on Ian.

JAMAL

He fired.

VROOM! VROOM!

A pair of gleaming Ducati motor bikes pull up on either side  
of Jamal's Ferrari. Stop.

Each bike has a passenger on the back. The bike's driver's  
dismount, remove their helmets, smile brightly.

It's two of Jamal's basketball buddies--BRIAN "BUCKETS"  
PATRICK and "AUTOMATIC" JAMES SHELTON. They were on the  
loser's bench last night.

Buckets leans into the driver's window:

BUCKETS

What's up Pipsqueak?

Squeaky frowns and gives him a dismissive nod. Automatic  
steps up to the passenger window.

AUTOMATIC

What you lookin' at, Squiggy? Oh, I  
get it, you're the flunky.

(to Buckets)

Hey, he so little, he look like  
King's son. Call him Prince.

Everybody excepting Squeaky laughs.

BUCKETS

Yeah, he's small enough to be  
Prince, too. Hey, Squishy, lemme  
hear you make one of those sexy  
Prince noises.

(CONTINUED)

JAMAL  
(to Squeaky)  
You used to love Prince. Wait.

Jamal pushes a button on the car stereo. A familiar tune from the artist begins to play. Their laughter is more degrading. Squeaky snaps. He stands up in his seat, steps on the door, hops out.

ON THE GROUND

Squeaky greets BUCKETS' PASSENGER (knockout). He takes the key from Buckets(confused) and CRANKS the ignition.

SQUEAKY  
You ready to roll, His Majesty?

JAMAL  
I was born to roll.

With that, Jamal steps out of his Ferrari, hops on Automatic's bike.

Automatic slowly hands over his key. Jamal CRANKS it.

JAMAL  
(visor up)  
Don't be drivin' like a fool. I  
know you can't afford to fix that.

Squeaky laughs a little too hard...

BUCKETS  
Shut up, Stimey.

JAMAL  
Wow...The Little Rascals, man?

BUCKETS  
You too.

With that, Jamal digs into the throttle, smoking the back tire. When the smoke clears...

JAMAL  
Quadruple double, fool.

Jamal slaps his visor down and:

VROOM! VROOM!

They're off, racing through the pack.

(CONTINUED)

Buckets and Automatic look turn to the traffic, then back to the car...

                  BUCKETS  
                  (slides in)  
                  Man, he got us again.

                  AUTOMATIC  
                  Just like last night.

Beat

                  AUTOMATIC  
                  (chuckles)  
                  And he took your girl.

Buckets stares coldly at Automatic...

Another beat passes before Auto feels Buckets' scowl.

                  AUTOMATIC  
                  (it sinks in)  
                  Right...Shut up, Stimey.

From Buckets' stone-like chin, we go to

THE PARADE ROUTE

where the two motorbikes sweep past from b.g. to f.g.

EXT. STADIUM - DAY

Sports Anchor #1 and Sports Anchor #2 are standing for a live shot.

The crowd is excited. Sports Anchor #2 looks right at us and somberly says:

                  SPORTS ANCHOR #2  
                  Ladies and gentlemen, the king is  
                  late.

                  SPORTS ANCHOR #1  
                  Typical.

                  SPORTS ANCHOR #2  
                  Check this stat out: Out of eighty  
                  two regular season games--Your  
                  Majesty was late to all of them.

SPORTS ANCHOR #1  
(scoffs)  
Sure he was...

SPORTS ANCHOR #2  
What's that supposed to mean?

SPORTS ANCHOR #1  
Uh, half of those were home games.  
I'm just saying, maybe people  
wouldn't be so understanding if he  
were white.

SPORTS ANCHOR #2  
Oh, so you're saying there's a  
double standard for black players?

Before Sports Anchor #1 can respond--

The two Ducati's screech onto center stage...First, the  
passengers get off. Remove their helmets. Shed their  
motorcycle gear(the crowd is rabid).

A GIRLFRIEND gives her BOYFRIEND a head shot; he falls.

Jamal and Squeaky take the stage. On seeing Jamal, the crowd  
swarms him...

Jamal immediately swipes Sports Anchor #1's microphone.

Squeaky eyeballs Sports Anchor #2's microphone.

SPORTS ANCHOR #2  
I ain't the one, Shortcake. I'll  
make you call momma...

Squeaky skulks.

SPORTS ANCHOR #2  
First of all, everybody should  
thank God for Your Majesty. And  
next I'd like to say thank you to  
the man himself--Your Majesty.

The crowd goes wild.

SPORTS ANCHOR #2  
King, you just won your first  
title...

JAMAL  
Right.

SPORTS ANCHOR #2  
 ...you won rookie of the year...

JAMAL  
 True.

SPORTS ANCHOR #2  
 ...you dropped a quadruple double  
 bomb on the Lakemen, and this is  
 only your first year. I mean, what  
 else is there for you to  
 accomplish?

Jamal turns to the crowd and makes the "raise the roof  
 gesture". They explode.

JAMAL  
 Who?

CROWD  
 You.

JAMAL  
 First of all, I wanna thank Jesus  
 and his father, God. Without them,  
 I wouldn't be able to be the best  
 who ever did it. To the city of  
 Miami, I always loved this city and  
 I always will, thank y'all for  
 making me young, black and filthy  
 rich. Shout out Liberty City.

Some fans holding a "LIBERTY CITY" sign hug and kiss.

JAMAL  
 What's next for Your Majesty? I'm  
 tryna' win four rings in a row,  
 retire, and then win four more. But  
 now that I'm larger than life, I'm  
 on a mission to be the first black  
 president to dunk on an eight foot  
 tall Chinese guy.

An eight foot tall CHINESE GUY waves at us.

SPORTS ANCHOR #2  
 I'm sure that'll happen. Who's in  
 your entourage today?

JAMAL  
 I don't have an entourage. Matter  
 of fact, I hate the word entourage.  
 I hate the idea of an entourage.  
 But, I got my agent here...

(CONTINUED)

He pulls Ian into the picture.

IAN  
Sorry about the chopper, Your  
Majesty.

SPORTS ANCHOR #2  
And your name is?

IAN  
(toothsome grin)  
Ian Tripucka, agent extraordinaire.  
Harvard Law.

JAMAL  
Mister Rich.

Just then the float carrying the team rolls up; stops.

3-D letters appear: MISTER RICH(team owner, 50's, white). He  
doesn't wave.

Melody is on the float, too. She kisses him, cracks an evil  
smile...

MISTER RICH  
He'll pay...

They both glare at Jamal...

JAMAL  
My cousin, Lil Dap, around here  
somewhere doin' lord knows what.

Lil Dap is on the shoulders of a larger man. Topless.

JAMAL  
My dog.

The crowd clears a path for a big ugly dog.

JAMAL  
Don't worry, he don't bite. What  
up, PETA?

SPORTS ANCHOR #2  
Your Majesty, that's great but,  
it's the off season, and you've got  
more money than you ever imagined  
and no one to tell you no.

JAMAL  
(proudly)  
You can't tell me nothin', anyway.  
I'm arrogant, cocky, conceited and  
I gotta wicked jump shot.

ON THE FLOAT

MARVA says:

MARVA  
And he ain't never gonna change.

BACK TO

SPORTS ANCHOR #2  
King, the whole world wants to  
know. What will you do next?

Jamal nearly responds, but he doesn't. Instead, he listens to the crowd for a few beats.

JAMAL  
I'ma do me.

SPORTS ANCHOR #2  
But, Your Majesty, the world still  
wants to know exactly what that  
means...

Just then, music starts PUMPING from somewhere, and the MIAMI FIRE DANCE SQUAD, wearing skimpy hot pants and skin-tight cleavage-exposing tops, breaks into a choreographed dance routine. Melody is in the first row.

As the girls dance, Jamal continues...

JAMAL  
I'ma make it rain on 'em.

Then on cue, MONEY SHOWERS the Dance Squad...

JAMAL  
I'ma get paid like Warren Buffett.

Ian and a "Warren Buffett-type" toss stacks of MONEY into the air, lock hands...

JAMAL  
And I'ma buy my moms a mansion, so  
she can be on MTV Cribs.

Marva throws him a big kiss...

(CONTINUED)

JAMAL

I'ma give back to the 'hood...

A group of unhappy, baggy teens smile and slap five while shooting rounds from AUTOMATIC HANDGUNS...

JAMAL

...and you know I'ma get icy.

With that, a JEWISH JEWELER starts draping DIAMOND NECKLACES around Jamal's neck, pushes a DIAMOND WATCH on his wrist, inserts DIAMOND STUDS in his ears lobes, slides a gleaming ROCK on his ring finger.

SPORTS ANCHOR #2

Thank you, King. Anything else?

FROM THE CROWD

chants of...

CROWD

More. More. More...

rise...

JAMAL

Yeah, listen up.

A hush falls over the crowd as they anticipate Jamal's announcement. Then he goes down on one knee, Squeaky presents him with a diamond on a fluffy white pillow...

JAMAL

Tasha, will you marry me?

And we're in:

INT. TASHA'S CONDO - DAY

3-D letters appear: TASHA, (20's, UCLA law student, celebrating in front of the TV set, her best friend, VANESSA is more reserved).

TASHA

(overjoyed)

Yes. I love you too, babe.

VANESSA

(skeptically)

Congratulations, girl. He really does love you. I guess I was wrong.

(CONTINUED)

But Tasha doesn't notice--she's getting married!

TASHA

(gloats)

I need to call my, man--Oh, I mean  
my future husband...

VANESSA

(sniffs)

Now you know that aint even right.  
You know I'm having issues right  
now.

TASHA

(ha ha)

I know.

Tasha dials on her cellphone. Waits. Waits more. No answer.  
She beeps the phone off.

INTERCUT - TASHA/JAMAL

JAMAL

soaking up the good vibes as

TASHA

stews...

BACK TO MIAMI

The crowd is stunned because they know Jamal is a player,  
and players never change their ways. It's an unwritten rule.

MARVA

(into the camera; arches an  
eyebrow)

What did I tell you?

IAN

What?

SQUEAKY

(to Sports Anchor #2)

He trippin'.

Then, slowly, the crowd starts to react, variously:  
clapping, booing, crying hysterically. A sign goes up, it  
reads: "Don't make the same mistake I made, King"

A LITTLE GIRL in the crowd says:

(CONTINUED)

LITTLE GIRL

Wow, I'm gonna be just like him one day...

Then, Sports Anchor #1 pops back into the picture.

SPORTS ANCHOR #1

(timidly)

Uh, King, can I have my mic back? I gotta show to do...

Jamal extends the microphone as if to give it back, but just as Sports Anchor #1 reaches for it, he pulls the mic away.

JAMAL

Yeah, right.

(addressing the crowd)

A, I gotta hundred and twenty foot yacht waitin' for me in the Port of Miami with champagne on it. And everybody's invited.

The crowd ROARS.

Squeaky wrestles Sports Anchor #2's microphone away.

SQUEAKY

Ladies only.

The crowd boos loudly.

JAMAL

Shut up, Squeaky.

He then begins waving his hands to get the crowd involved. They pick up the chant.

CROWD

Shut up. Shut up. Shut up...

Squeaky scans the crowd(disgusted).

SQUEAKY

Yeah...I know somethin' all'a y'all can do for free. Yeah--kiss my ass.

The chanting continues.

Squeaky tries to speak again, but gets drowned out.

Finally, fed up, he flies his hands in the air, drops the microphone(feedback; crowd reacts), then stalks off.

(CONTINUED)

With that, the crowd storms the stage, hoisting Jamal (wearing a crown) onto their shoulders as they FLOOD the parade route, celebrating.

The big ugly dog chases after Squeaky.

IN PASSING

Jamal locks eyes with Melody and Mister Rico...

EXT. PARADE ROUTE - DAY

Where TWO PAPARAZZI are watching the leaving crowd.

PAPARAZZI #1  
Nothing yet, but I'm sure we'll get  
our money shot tonight.

PAPARAZZI #2  
It's gonna be better than sex.

Paparazzi #1 turns to Paparazzi #2 and says:

PAPARAZZI #1  
Don't ever say that again.  
Nothing's better than sex.

PAPARAZZI #2  
Sure there is. Let's see,  
there's...uh, well what about the  
money shot?

PAPARAZZI #1  
The money shot, my sketchy shadow  
lurking partner, is just the sweet,  
sticky pay off for all of our hard  
work. Everyone knows that it's how  
you get to that spine-tingling sack  
erupting moment that really  
matters...

Paparazzi #2 does a double-take...

PAPARAZZI #2  
Yeah, anyway, I was talking about  
pictures. What are you talking  
about?

PAPARAZZI #1  
Pictures.

Paparazzi #2 takes a long look at Paparazzi #1 before shaking his head and walking away.

(CONTINUED)

**END ACT ONE**

**ACT TWO**

EXT. MARINA - NIGHT

Sunset in Miami. Scanning the horizon, a few pleasure craft are in the area.

ON THE SHORE

A long black limousine pulls up to the

PIER

and a bevy of BEAUTIFUL GIRLS unload from the backseat.

SQUEAKY

gets out next, smiling, shirt open, followed by

JAMAL

carrying two bottles of champagne, a beautiful girl on either arm.

The limo pulls away revealing the aft end of a luxury yacht, it reads: MIDNIGHT SUN

The group navigates the brow to the TOP DECK where they are greeted by(3-D letters appear)

CAPTAIN GRAY

extroverted, wearing a white linen captain's uniform, white hat, long white socks.

CAPTAIN GRAY

Welcome, it is so nice to have you aboard, Mister King. Forgive me if I fawn won't you?

Jamal turns to Squeaky, Squeaky shrugs, Jamal turns back to Captain Gray...

JAMAL

Forgive me if I ask if you're--

CAPTAIN GRAY

Stop. Before you hop on, I'm gonna need some basic information...It's for both of our protection...Yes?

JAMAL

Yeah, whatever, man. Let me on here...

Jamal tries to push past Captain Gray, but another much larger man steps in his way. 3-D letters appear: TONY -- Position: First Mate -- Desired Position: You Decide."

TONY

Safety first, ship mate.

JAMAL

What kind of cruise is this?

TONY

It's one where you can go swimming--free of charge.

Jamal looks down into

THE WATER

back up, smiles...

JAMAL

I can't swim...

TONY

Then you should shut up and give him what he wants, right?

CARL

Right.

Jamal pulls out his plastic and hands it to Captain Gray.

CAPTAIN GRAY

Thrilling...Follow me.

The group bounces past Tony. He and Squeaky exchange unwelcome looks.

INT. STATE ROOM - DAY

It's an orgy of nude MIDDLE AGED MEN: smoking cigars, sipping whiskey, laughing...

TOP DECK

Captain Gray leads them to an immaculately set dining area. The group "oohs and aahs"...

(CONTINUED)

CAPTAIN GRAY

Well, is it everything you had hoped, Mister King?

JAMAL

My name's not King. It's just a nickname.

CAPTAIN GRAY

Oh well, I guess it was wishful thinking that you would actually be related to the Mister King now wasn't it?

JAMAL

Look, man, why don't you and your man friend run along and get us normal people some drinks?

CAPTAIN GRAY

Very well. Anthony, come along, we have to check on our other guests.

JAMAL

Wait, what other guests?

Just then the roomful of nude middle aged men walks onto the top deck and immediately begin mingling with the beautiful women.

CAPTAIN GRAY

(sinister laugh)

Those other guests? We had a scheduling conflict. But from the looks of it, you'd better get your ass in gear if you hope to get it in the hole tonight...

JAMAL

They're nude

CAPTAIN GRAY

They're nudists.

JAMAL

They look like prunes.

CAPTAIN GRAY

They're old.

JAMAL

They're men.

(CONTINUED)

CAPTAIN GRAY  
(with a chuckle)  
Happy men...

Jamal stands there, mouth agape...

Captain Gray keeps laughs mischievously as he and Tony float away. But Tony stops momentarily...

TONY  
Bon voyage...

The nude middle aged men are making out well with the beautiful women.

EXT. TOP DECK - NIGHT

Dinner is served.

Around the table, all eyes are glued to the NUDE MAN lying on the table with food strategically placed on his body.

JAMAL

reaches for a sushi roll; careful not to grab anything else. He inspects the food, sniff...gently replaces it...

CAPTAIN GRAY and TONY

reach for the same piece. The rest join in.

Jamal springs up from the table, dials a number. He waits.

The line picks up...

JAMAL  
Come get me.

IAN(VO)  
You got me, leave me a message.

Beep.

JAMAL  
You're the worst agent in America.

Jamal slams his phone shut. Just then, one of the nude middle aged men approaches him, dancing. He tries to take his phone away. But Jamal snatches it back.

(CONTINUED)

JAMAL

Pops, if you don't get yo freaky  
deeky ass the hell up off me, I'ma  
stomp a mud hole in it and walk it  
dry.

"Pops" retreats.

EXT. SMALLER BOAT - NIGHT

Paparazzi #2 is at the helm.

PAPARAZZI #2

What's he doing? Are they in the  
hot tub yet?

PAPARAZZI #1

There's a bunch of wrinkled old  
guys on board. Looks like the King  
likes a little fiber in his diet.

PAPARAZZI #2

You mean he...

PAPARAZZI #1

(removes binoculars)  
They're nude.

With that, Paparazzi #2 leaves the wheel and picks up his  
binoculars.

FROM THE SMALLER BOAT

We see the point when the nude middle aged man first  
approached Jamal(dancing). In the background, it's party on.

CAPTAIN GRAY and TONY

are standing in the wings, satisfied. They touch glasses.

JAMAL

makes a beeline for Captain Gray.

JAMAL

I wanna get off.

CAPTAIN GRAY

Sorry, I only do that for Tony.

(CONTINUED)

JAMAL

Look man, turn this boat around and take me back. I don't even like boats. I can't even swim.

TONY

Too bad.

JAMAL

What you mean, too bad?

CAPTAIN GRAY

What he means is, once we're underway there's no way we can possibly turn around for at least another hour. So, I suggest you either join the parade or get yourself off...

Giggles...

TONY

Your choice.

JAMAL

(irritated)

You know what, Tony? I should take you down right now, man.

Tony steps into his face--he literally towers over Jamal.

TONY

I've been taking boxing lessons for ten years.

Jamal considers this for a moment, then he rifles his pockets for his cell phone, got it, he dials.

INT. SPA ROOM - NIGHT

Ian is on his stomach on a massage table. A pretty ASIAN MASSEUSE works his muscles. He answers.

JAMAL(OS)

Where are you?

IAN

In the hands of an angel...

JAMAL(OS)

Why didn't you answer my call?

(CONTINUED)

IAN

I'm getting a massage.

JAMAL(OS)

Nice, a massage...feels good don't it? What you got, one of them fine ass Asian girls?

The masseuse pushes down hard.

IAN

...Yes...

JAMAL

Well, guess where I'm at right now.

ON THE BOAT

Jamal is surrounded by the nude middle aged men.

SPA ROOM

IAN

Wait, it can't be better than where I'm at right now.

JAMAL(OS)

Trust me, it aint.

IAN

Well, if you can hang on for about...

Hard again...

IAN

(goofy smile)  
...one more hour...

JAMAL(OS)

Look, Ian, bring your perverted ass down here and get me--Now. Situation drastic...

IAN

(sits up; nervously)  
Drastic? What's wrong? Are you being kidnapped? I told you to stay the fuck outta the 'hood. It's even in your contract, if you had taken the time to actually read it, you'd know that. Plus, that place is hazardous to your health.

(CONTINUED)

JAMAL(OS)  
...the hell is wrong with you? Aint nobody stole me, fool. Shut up.

IAN  
Good, because I hate the 'hood.

Jamal looks at the phone as if it's an alien.

JAMAL  
How can you hate the 'hood? You've never even been to the hood, Ian.

IAN  
That's true...So?

JAMAL(OS)  
So, you can't hate somethin' that you don't know anything about. Everybody know that.

SQUEAKY  
...It's common knowledge, Mister Poison Ivy League school...

IAN  
Have you guys forgotten what the 'hood did to your people? How it permanently destroyed your entire community from the inside out?

JAMAL  
I'm from the suburbs, fool. I went to UCLA, fool. So did Squeaky. Man, look, just come get me outta here, okay? I think I'm about to--whoa!

One of the nude middle aged men walks by...

JAMAL  
Now, Ian!

IAN  
Okay. Bye.

Ian looks around the room, stands(reluctantly), cinches his robe...

IAN  
So much for my happy ending.

The pretty Asian masseuse drops her robe to the floor...

Ian's jaw hits the floor...

(CONTINUED)

## BACK ON THE YACHT

The nude middle aged men, the beautiful women and the rest of the group are partying it up to music and drinks...

## ON THE SMALLER BOAT

PAPARAZZI #1

Got it...

Paparazzi #1 snaps several more shots, then

## THE ENGINE

sputters, Paparazzi #2 tries in vain to revive it. The boat floats to a stop...waves lapping against its hull...

PAPARAZZI #2

We stopped.

PAPARAZZI #1

Why did we stop?

PAPARAZZI #2

Not sure, but I think there's a problem with the gas tank--

PAPARAZZI #1

(checks level)

It's empty, you simpleton. How could you forget the one thing we need most right now, pre tel?

PAPARAZZI #2

Let's see I found this boat; paid for it. Lugged every one of your cameras--with lenses--around all day. Used the bathroom twice, called my girlfriend and now I'm stuck in the middle of the ocean in a boat with an empty tank. How's that for explaining how I forgot?

PAPARAZZI #1

Very good indeed. Now, explain to me how you're getting back to shore.

Paparazzi #2 looks confused, then, without warning, he splashes down into the water.

(CONTINUED)

PAPARAZZI #2  
(panicked)  
Get me the hell outta here, I'm  
allergic to alligators...

PAPARAZZI #1  
No. Suffer.

Paparazzi #1 turns his back, while Paparazzi #2 SCREAMS  
bloody murder.

PAPARAZZI #2  
I can feel my heart stopping...

And we go to:

EXT. PIER - NIGHT

A CAR screams up.

Ian jumps out, yelling as he runs towards the mooring yacht.  
He's met by a flock of camera flashing PAPARAZZI: TALL  
PAPARAZZI, HAT WEARING PAPARAZZI, FALLEN PAPARAZZI.

HAT  
We heard he drowned, is there any  
truth to that?

IAN  
None.

TALL  
How did it happen?

IAN  
It didn't

TALL  
Did anyone else drown?

IAN  
No, no one else drowned--yet.

With that, Ian pushes past the paps.

Behind him the paparazzi jockey for position as Jamal(drunk)  
descends the gang plank.

IAN  
I was in the middle of a shiatsu  
when you called. But I'm here to  
rescue you now.

(CONTINUED)

HAT

King, over here, how does it feel  
to come back from the dead?

TALL

King, is it true that you're  
changing your name to Jesus Cristo  
next season?

CARL

I'm not sayin' I won't.

IAN

(hands blocking cameras)  
Can't you see the man's clearly had  
enough?

TALL

King, what's your next move going  
to be?

HAT

Rehab?

Ian puts a hand in the face of a Paparazzi(falls).

FALLEN

I'll sue you. And then I'll hunt  
you down like a wild animal and  
take your picture until you want to  
kill me...and yourself.

A heavy knotted line thuds onto the pier right in front of  
Ian.

Captain Gray looks down at Ian

CAPTAIN GRAY

Tie me up, will ya?

Ian picks up the line. Huh? Casts it aside.

FROM THE YACHT

Carl leads the way as the group files off the yacht.

Captain Gray, Tony and the nude middle aged men remain on  
the yacht.

CAPTAIN GRAY

Come again...

(CONTINUED)

TONY

We will...

With that Jamal huffs up to Ian, pushes him backwards, Ian retreats further.

IAN

Chillax, man, I'm not the enemy here, ok? Just stay cool.

But Jamal clutches Ian's throat, throttles him.

JAMAL

I shoulda' left you in the green room on draft day...

IAN

(choking)

You're mad at me again.

SQUEAKY

Nah, he aint mad, he happy as hell, can't you tell?

IAN

Oh yeah, it's worse than I imagined. I'm sorry...

Jamal releases his grip. Ian coughs; massaging his neck.

JAMAL

You know, I'm startin' to think I don't need you around, Ian. You been here for six months and you still haven't gotten me one endorsement deal, no shoe deal, no commercials, nothin', Ian. I mean, seriously, what am I paying you for?

IAN

One word: New York.

JAMAL

New York? You trippin'.

IAN

No, you trippin'.

He steps back quickly...

(CONTINUED)

IAN

Sorry. Look, I know I haven't exactly earned my living yet. But that's all about to change, trust me...You trust me...?

Beat

IAN

Good, because I've got a smokin' hot offer that you're not going to turn down.

JAMAL

What is it?

IAN

What is it? Oh, you're curious now, huh?

JAMAL

Get to it.

IAN

Okay. I have an offer on the table from a very interested someone who wants you to be the new face of their product. They're small, but their upside is huge. I'm talkin' potentially huger than Diddy and Jay-Z remixed--together.

SQUEAKY

What? Bigger than Jigga? You trippin'.

IAN

Would you please--stop saying that!

JAMAL

What is it?

Ian(smiling) looks at Jamal and Squeaky, teasing them with his secret, then,

IAN

Pussy.

Beat.

SQUEAKY

I'm in.

(CONTINUED)

JAMAL

Pussy?

IAN

Pussy...Jeans.

JAMAL

Pussy and jeans? That's your big double secret secret, man? For real?

IAN

It's not pussy and jeans, it's just one word--Pussy Jeans. For women.

JAMAL

(mocking)

Oh, of course.

SQUEAKY

I mean, who else would walk around with a pussy on them?

Beat. Then Jamal and Squeaky double over laughing; Ian looks mortified.

IAN

You guys are laughing at this? Really? Those jeans are going to be the hottest fashion statement--no they're going to rewrite fashion history one ass at a time. Every girl in America is gonna want to have Pussy on her ass. This summer is going to be fucking nuts, and we're going to be fucking rich. Laugh at that you jesters, but it's like this, either you're on board or you're just wasting my time. I'm in. What about you? Oh, you hear that? Sounds like the almighty greenback begging you to rescue it from people who buy toy sized dogs and liquid crack for breakfast. If you can make it in New York, you can make it anywhere. The time is now, so seize the day. Your destiny awaits you Luke--

JAMAL

Wait, first of all, Rosenhaus is garbage. So don't ever compare yourself to him. Next, you

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JAMAL (cont'd)  
 trippin'. So, you'd better lower  
 your voice before it cracks again.  
 And, did you just quote Star Wars?

IAN  
 No. Not this time, Carl. This time  
 you're gonna be my bitch.

JAMAL  
 Yo bitch?

IAN  
 (in Jamal's face, circling)  
 --Yeah, so pump your brakes playa,  
 'cos I got somethin' to say.

SQUEAKY  
 Damn. Pussy got him goin' crazy.

JAMAL  
 Boy, you betta' snap out of it  
 before you get smacked out of it.

IAN  
 Pussy's gonna be on everybody's  
 lips. And, even if you don't want  
 to, you have to.  
 (re: paper in hand)  
 You signed a contract...

QUICK FLASH - JAMAL AND SQUEAKY

- They are standing at mid-court in an empty arena (NOTE:  
 quick flashes will be a feature of the series).

SQUEAKY  
 (directly at us)  
 That's what's known as power of  
 attorney.

END QUICK FLASH

JAMAL  
 You signed a contract for me to  
 sell Pussy?

IAN  
 (hands on Jamal's cheeks)  
 You're not selling Pussy...  
 (nods Jamal's head yes)  
 ...you're just endorsing it...

(CONTINUED)

SQUEAKY  
This fool dun lost his mind.

IAN  
(dreamily)  
...you're going to be the Don King  
of Pussy...

Jamal removes Ian's hands.

JAMAL  
I knew I shoulda' let you go to  
work for your father.

Ian ushers Jamal to the waiting limo.

IAN  
Look, go home and get some rest,  
doctor's orders. I need you bright  
eyed and bushy tailed in the  
morning.

JAMAL  
The morning? Ian?

IAN  
Yeah, I rented a private  
jet--actually, you did--to take you  
to your photo shoot.

JAMAL  
At?

IAN  
Four o'clock. A.M.

JAMAL  
(explodes)  
What the fuck? My dreams don't even  
start until eight. Man, you really  
trippin'.

IAN  
Don't be late. My dad has other  
shit to do.

JAMAL  
(defeated)  
How much is it worth?

IAN  
A lot. Enough. Okay, it's pro bono.

(CONTINUED)

JAMAL

Cool. Bono's gonna be there too?

SQUEAKY

Uh, that means you doin' it for free.

JAMAL

Free?

IAN

Free?

SQUEAKY

You said it.

IAN

Yeah. Free.

JAMAL

Have you seen Jerry Maguire?

QUICK FLASH - JAMAL AND IAN

- Jamal is sitting on the curb panhandling. A big white sign next to him reads: "SHOW ME THE MONEY".

- Ian walks by, looks down at Jamal, reaches into his wallet, stops, laughs, keeps walking.

- Jamal leaps up and tackles him from behind.

END QUICK FLASH

IAN

Loved it. See you bright and early.

With that Ian retreats to his car, drives, but he stops momentarily...

IAN

(window comes down)

Don't be late.

The window goes back up. Ian speeds away.

EXT. PRIVATE JET - DAY

3-D letters appear: IAN TRIPUCKA SR. is with Ian, he's checking his wristwatch.

(CONTINUED)

IAN  
Dad, he's never late.

A HORN

Reverse on:

JAMAL'S FERRARI

as it rolls to a stop...

Jamal and Squeaky exit--still drunk? Ian rolls his eyes.

With that, they board the jet, the hatch shuts, taxi, takeoff...

INT. PRIVATE JET - DAY

The in-flight ATTENDANT walks away from us carrying a serving tray. Ian hands Jamal a sheet of white paper.

JAMAL  
What's this, directions?

IAN  
Your bill.

JAMAL  
My bill? I thought you said this job was pro bono.

IAN  
I did. And it is.

JAMAL  
Then, why am I holding a bill for services, payable to Mister Ian Tripucka Sr., for...  
(re: the bill)  
What the fuck, Ian? Who do you think I am, Michael Jordan?

Squeaky peeks at the paper, giggles...

IAN  
Look, I've been trying to bag this chick for twelve years. And this is the closest that I've even gotten to even smelling her sweat, let alone her anything else--

(CONTINUED)

JAMAL

You know I'm about to throw up,  
right?

Beat.

IAN

Don't blow this for me. I promise  
the next one will be a paid product  
endorsement. Deal?

JAMAL

(resigned)

Deal. Let's get this over with.

And we're in:

INT. STUDIO - DAY

Upscale Industrial.

FLASHCUBES greet us at the door. MODELS and THEIR HANDLERS  
are about. Posters of young models wearing super skin-tight  
jeans and nothing else grace the walls.

3-D letters appear: "ANNALISE MENDELSON", aspiring  
photographer and fashion designer, shoots a GORGEOUS MODEL.  
NOTE: From this point, Annalise will be referred to as Anna.

IAN, JAMAL and SQUEAKY

enter the room. Annie notices and comes over.

IAN

Annie, so nice to see you again  
after all--

She blows right past Ian.

ANNA

(enamored)

I can't wait to get you undressed.

IAN

Great, she likes him too...

JAMAL

You can call me King, baby.

ANNA

I will.

(CONTINUED)

Anna cozies up to Jamal, stroking his rock hard body. She swoons. Ian rolls his eyes skyward.

ANNA

I can't wait to see what you've got.

(slips a note in his pocket)

You know what to do with that I'm sure...

Jamal and Squeaky share a knowing look.

IAN

Great. That's just, muy bien.

ANNA

Come with me.

She leads Jamal into:

INT. BACK ROOM - DAY

where a MALE ASSISTANT is present. Anna kicks him out.

She saunters seductively along the racks of clothes, her hands trailing languidly over the fabric...

ANNA

I couldn't believe it when Ian said he knew you. I hear you're a great performer.

JAMAL

So you're not a basketball fan?

ANNA

Hell no. But I'm an excellent catcher...

Anna corners him.

JAMAL

That's...interesting. What am I wearing?

ANNA

My afterglow...

JAMAL

What?

Then Anna reaches down and pulls up an itsy bitsy pair of black leather underwear.

(CONTINUED)

ANNA  
(quick flourish)  
These.

Jamal looks disapprovingly at the skimpy shorts.

JAMAL  
I think I'm gonna need some more  
material...  
(holds the undies up)  
...a lot more material...

ANNA  
Don't worry, if anything pops out  
I'll be right there to stuff it  
right back in. And, I want those  
back when we're finished.

JAMAL  
You mean...?

ANNA  
I have a fetish.

JAMAL  
For leather thongs?

ANNA  
They're mine.

JAMAL  
This is nuts. Where do I change?

He looks at Anna questioningly, but Anna only stares back.  
It's a Mexican standoff...

ANNA  
I'm not going anywhere.

JAMAL  
You trippin'.

ANNA  
My shoot. My studio. My rules.

Jamal hesitates for a beat, then drops trow.

ANNA  
My god, you're epic...

IN THE STUDIO

Anna gets her shot.

And we're in:

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Tasha writes feverishly.

BACK IN THE STUDIO

Jamal is kneeling in front a GORGEOUS MODEL. His flat screen necklace around his neck. The stitching on her zipper reads: "PUSSY JEANS"

Flash!

**END ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**

EXT. PRIVATE JET - DAY

Ian Sr. waves goodbye. They wave, turn and slide into a waiting black limousine.

INT - BLACK LIMOUSINE - DAY

The guys are squeezed together on the back seat. Ian looks at Squeaky, Squeaky looks back, Ian switches seats.

JAMAL

When they bury me, you know what  
it's gonna say on my gravestone?  
Here lies His Majesty, the best who  
ever sold pussy.

All laugh.

IAN

You'll thank me when you're larger  
than life.

JAMAL

Whatever, I'm tired.

Jamal presses a BUTTON and the privacy divider peels away.

JAMAL

Driver, take me home.

But Ian lets it back up.

(CONTINUED)

IAN

Wait...a minute. There's one more stop on this party bus from hell before you get to throw up.

JAMAL

Too late. What is it?

IAN

Nothing really, just a face-to-face with Mister Rico. That's a piece of cake...

JAMAL

Nah, man, check the contract. I don't meet with the ownership. I made sure we negotiated that clause.

Squeaky whips out a contract. Shoves it in Ian's face.

IAN

Well, make sure to tell that to the people on the unemployment line when you see them. He's not kidding.

JAMAL

I don't care.

IAN

You'd better. Look what happened to Isaiah Rider. Came in with a bang and now he's somewhere...

Beat.

SQUEAKY

Man, he really fell off...

JAMAL

I hope that don't happen to me...

IAN

Look, the guy's putting a ton of capital into us, he just wants to make sure you're not gonna' go Pac Man on him.

Pats Jamal on the shoulder...

(CONTINUED)

IAN  
You understand, right?

JAMAL  
Yeah...

IAN  
Good, because we're here. Good  
luck.

Jamal eyeballs Ian.

IAN  
He can't stand the sight of me. He  
made me agree to only talk to him  
when absolutely necessary. It's in  
the contract. Plus, I'm going on  
vacation.

JAMAL  
Oh yeah, where to?

IAN  
The motherland.

JAMAL  
Africa?

IAN  
You know, not everybody who goes to  
Africa is black. Ever heard of a  
place called South Africa?

JAMAL  
Yeah, apartheid and Mandela. Who  
hasn't?

IAN  
I was thinking the more Boer Wars,  
but apartheid's fine.

With that, Jamal leans deep into his seat, closes his  
eyes...

JAMAL  
How bad can it be anyway? He  
probably just wants to thank me  
personally for bringing the title  
back to Miami and all the good I  
did in the community this year...

SQUEAKY

But you never do anything for the community.

JAMAL

That's not true. Last night I bought drinks for half of South Beach. Trust me, that did more to help than some turkey giveaway. They wouldn't eat it anyway.

QUICK FLASH - JAMAL AND SQUEAKY

- Jamal and Squeaky are trying to hand out free turkeys from an ICE CREAM TRUCK.

- Nobody on South Beach wants a free turkey...except Jamal(dressed as a panhandler)...

END QUICK FLASH

IAN

Anyway, we're here.

The limo stops. Jamal gets out.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Jamal looks back inside...

JAMAL

Yo, you comin' or not?

SQUEAKY

Not. Look man I got somethin' to do.

JAMAL

What is it?

SQUEAKY

My business. Gone now, have fun talkin' at your meeting.

JAMAL

You up to no good.

IAN

(smirks)

Sorry, King, looks like you lose this time.

(CONTINUED)

SQUEAKY

See ya.

JAMAL

Whatever, enjoy the motherland.

IAN

I will. And thank you again for footing the bill. I booked a five diamond hotel.

JAMAL

Come again?

IAN

I booked a five diamond hotel...

Just then, the limousine starts rolling away. The windows creep up and Ian and Squeaky wave goodbye.

Jamal watches them leave. He then turns around and sees...

EXT. RICH ENTERPRISES - DAY

A brick and mortar monolith standing right in front of him. The epigraph reads: RICH ENTERPRISES INC. He braces and heads for the door.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

A bellman loads the last of Tasha's bags into the trunk of a waiting black limousine. She tips him, he tips his hat, they part ways.

EXT. NICE HOUSE - DAY

JAMAL'S FERRARI

pulls up outside, Squeaky exits, walks up to the door, knocks...

WHEN THE DOOR OPENS

it reveals

MARQUITA, but she doesn't look thrilled to see Squeaky.

MARQUITA

How did you get my address? And why are driving Carl's Ferrari without him in it?

(CONTINUED)

SQUEAKY

What, no hello, no hey baby, I missed you?

MARQUITA

No. What are you doing here?

SQUEAKY

Hold up now, I'm here on a mission of peace...

He whips out a flower from behind his back, hands it to Marquita who tosses it onto the grass.

SQUEAKY

(in stride)

Right...can I come in?

MARQUITA

Right...Hell no. And you had better start running...

SQUEAKY

Baby, I'll run for your love any day...

With that, Marquita steps aside and calls:

MARQUITA

Romeo...

Beat. Then a big ugly dog BOUNDS out of the door past Marquita headed straight for Squeaky. He panics...

SQUEAKY

Is this a test to see if I like dogs?

Squeaky runs for the Ferrari. The dog gives chase. Marquita enjoys the show...

INT. MISTER RICH'S OFFICE - DAY

Large. Miami chic. Mister Rich is sitting behind a heavy wooden desk looking at a bank of monitors.

We're following Jamal on camera as he enters and approaches Mister Rich's office.

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR

then the door swings open revealing Melody(smiling). Jamal looks confused. He enters past Melody.

(CONTINUED)

MISTER RICH

Sit down.

He sits.

MISTER RICH

You know Melody...

Jamal hesitates.

MISTER RICH

Don't lie.

Jamal shuts up.

MISTER RICH

I know what you two did last night.

JAMAL

(stammering)

You what?

MISTER RICH

But that's a private matter between two consenting adults, am I right?

MELODY

Yes, Dad.

JAMAL

Dad? You're related?

MELODY

I guess we sort of have to be, because he sure as hell aint my sugar daddy.

JAMAL

Wow, this just keeps gettin' better.

MISTER RICH

Sweetheart, we'd like some privacy now.

With that Melody exits.

JAMAL

Look, sir, I've had a long couple of days since we won, and I'm--

(CONTINUED)

MISTER RICH

Late.

JAMAL

No, tired...

MISTER RICH

You were late to every game your team played this season. Every one of them. Do you recall what our deal was when we discovered that you had a history?

JAMAL

...I would be assessed a fine for every time I was late. But I had excuses for all of them.

MISTER RICH

Save it for your next team.

JAMAL

What, next team? Wait, you talkin' like I'm on the block or somethin'. What's up, Mister Rico?

MISTER RICH

Do you know how many great players have sat in that very chair? I'm talking guys who in their day would make you look like a your Aunt Betty out there. Guys who appreciated where they were and it wasn't always about the money and fancy cars and women...

JAMAL

That's because attendance was too low and the owners' revenue stream was shit...

MISTER RICH

(continuing)

You know what it was about for those great men?

JAMAL

Fur coats and Cadillacs?

MISTER RICH

Yes, but it was also about wanting to be a part of something bigger than they were, those guys were a family...

(CONTINUED)

(reminiscing on a past time)  
...they played for the love of the  
game...

JAMAL  
They were broke.

MISTER RICH  
Let me cut to the chase, Mister  
Cole. Your ass is nothing but the  
hottest new trend in professional  
basketball, it happens every few  
years or so: some hot new stud who  
jumps over the arena and performs  
miracles for the fans comes along,  
everyone gets their share, he gets  
old, his star fades and boom, it's  
on to the next hot young star.  
Trust me, I've been in this  
business far longer than any other  
owner in the league. I know. It's  
the ones who come in with a plan  
who survive. The others make do  
with the scraps.

Those words resonate in Jamal's head for a, beat.

JAMAL  
Is that it? Are we finished here?

MISTER RICH  
Not quite. There's still the  
unresolved matter of your being  
late to every game. What do you  
think that I should do about that?  
I mean, it is in the contract.

JAMAL  
I just won a championship for your  
team, Mister Rico. Don't that count  
for somethin'?

MISTER RICH  
Oh, it does. In fact, I'm going to  
buy a new mansion in Europe  
tomorrow. Thank you.

He leans way back in his chair, slaps his hand-made shoes on  
the table.

JAMAL  
Look, can't we just let this one  
slide? It's the off season and I  
need to get some rest...

(CONTINUED)

Mister Rich mulls this offer...

MISTER RICH  
Okay, you win.

What? Then he picks up the phone, presses a button,

MISTER RICH  
Melody dear, can you come in here?

THE OFFICE DOOR

opens and Melody enters.

MISTER RICH  
Draft an amended contract for His Majesty, will you? It seems he has just agreed to forgo his entire salary if he's late again--to anything--anywhere--at any time. Ever...

MELODY  
I'd love to.

Jamal is speechless.

MISTER RICH  
What's the matter, King? Cat got your tongue?

Jamal affirms with a nod. Mister Rich leans way back into his chair, laughing.

MISTER RICH  
Oh, yes, there is one more thing.

Jamal waits for it...

MISTER RICH  
Enjoy your off season.

Beat. Then Jamal slowly picks himself up and leaves. Defeated. On his way out, Melody hands him a piece of paper.

MELODY  
And don't think for a second that you're not going to pay for what happened last night.

JAMAL  
Nothing happened. We got drunk, took off all of our clothes and passed out. That's it.

(CONTINUED)

MELODY

Really?

JAMAL

That's right.

With that, Melody reaches into her purse, pulls out her digital DATA CELLPHONE, presses a button, and a video begins playing...

MELODY

Remember this?

Jamal tries to snatch the phone away but Melody is quicker. Then, something on the video catches Jamal's attention...

JAMAL

I let you do that to me?

MELODY

You were drunk.

He's still looking...head turns...

JAMAL

Was it good?

From the video we hear...

JAMAL(VO)

That feels so...good...

MELODY

I was thinking of my financial future.

JAMAL

This is extortion.

MELODY

I call it my sick little game.

She walks up to Jamal, slowly trails her fingers over his body...

MELODY

Now, you either play my game or this video gets played in places you've never heard of by people who've never heard of you. Is that what you really want? Some Middle Eastern guy named something spelled with doodles laughing at you

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MELODY (cont'd)  
mercilessly from his thatch-roofed  
hut?

Jamal contemplates this...

JAMAL  
How much is it gonna cost me to  
lose this game?

MELODY  
Oh, I don't know--your championship  
bonus?

JAMAL  
Hell no. That's going to my momma.  
Try again.

MELODY  
(re: the video)  
It's either the money or the  
internet. Which one's gonna cost  
you more?

JAMAL  
Aint this a bitch.

MELODY  
Look, I know you're dealing with a  
lot right now, so why don't you  
just go home, get married, and  
forget about me? No one has to  
know, right?

Jamal hesitates.

MELODY  
...And what about Tasha? We haven't  
spoken since I left school so that  
you and I could be together. I miss  
her...

JAMAL  
Leave my fiance out of this.

MELDOY  
Pay me...

Melody holds up the phone. Jamal nearly says something, but he stifles it, turns and walks away disgusted.

EXT. JAMAL'S MANSION - DAY

A black limousine pulls away from the curb revealing Jamal. He walks towards the front door. Enters.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

The door swings revealing

TASHA

waiting on the other side wearing lacy lingerie. She immediately throws herself at Jamal.

TASHA

Yes we can!

But Jamal seems distant--his mind is wandering in other places. Tasha notices(recoils).

TASHA

What's wrong? Aren't you happy to see me?

JAMAL

I couldn't be happier.

With that she's all over him again.

TASHA

Okay, then show me. Turn on the cameras and take me right here.

JAMAL

I can't just sex you down on demand. It don't work like that.

TASHA

(not my problem)

Well it better start working like that soon or I'm going to live with my parents.

JAMAL

I'm just tired, baby.

TASHA

And I'm horny. Now, give it to me...

She pulls Jamal closer, but he's no closer to giving in.

(CONTINUED)

TASHA

Who is she? Is it one of them  
stank-ass dancers? I knew it.

Jamal sits on the bed.

JAMAL

Baby, it's nobody, okay? I just  
need some alone time and I'll be  
ready to go...

TASHA

Excuse me?

JAMAL

I just need to release some tension  
first baby, alright?

With that, Tasha comes over; sits, kisses Jamal.

TASHA

Look, I'm going to turn on the  
jacuzzi feature in the tub. Now, if  
you really want to get rid of that  
tension, you'll follow me. And if  
you're not in there in five  
minutes, I'm leaving you--tonight.  
For good.

JAMAL

You're overreacting. It's just sex.

TASHA

Oh really?

QUICK FLASHES - OTHER PEOPLE WHO SAID IT WAS JUST SEX

- A beautiful blond SMASHES the window on a BLACK SUV.

- A well-dressed wife destroys a press conference.

- The same wife beaming holds up a huge check. The amount  
line reads: "HALF"

END QUICK FLASHES

TASHA

Just sex?

She stands up, hands on hips--she's a goddess--waiting on  
the right answer...

(CONTINUED)

TASHA

And what do you think my father's reaction is going to be when I tell him you've been having sex with someone else?

DING! DING!

And we're inside:

JAMAL'S VISION

INT. BOXING RING - NIGHT

Tasha's DAD floats like a butterfly, then lands a series of PUNISHING JABS to Jamal's face. Jamal's MOUTHPIECE FLIES OUT, hits the canvas, another vicious jab sends Jamal crashing FACE FIRST to the canvas. The ring bell RINGS. Tasha(referee) raises Dad's hand. TWO BASKETBALL OFFICIALS rush into the ring. They administer last rites.

Tasha and Dad wave goodbye to Jamal...

END JAMAL'S VISION

JAMAL

He's going to kill me.

TASHA

You know he fought Mike Tyson.

JAMAL

He lost.

TASHA

Can you beat Mike Tyson?

JAMAL

No. But that's not the point. I'm not cheating on you.

TASHA

Did I say you were cheating on me?

Jamal nods "yes".

TASHA

I just want to make sure you were faithful while I was away--I was.

Jamal drops his head.

(CONTINUED)

JAMAL

It only happened once. I  
apologized.

Tasha stoops, kisses him.

TASHA

I love you.

JAMAL

I love you too, baby.

With that, Tasha disappears into the bathroom.

Jamal clicks on the TV.

And we're in:

INT. SPORTS CENTRAL STUDIO - DAY

...live...

SPORTS ANCHOR #1

Folks, Sports Central never does  
this, but after reviewing the video  
we're about to show you, no one,  
and I mean not even the janitors,  
knew what to make of this. This is  
just...

SPORTS ANCHOR #2

Great for our ratings. This story  
is going to buy us at least a month  
until something important like: the  
breakup of Brangelina...

QUICK FLASH - BRAD AND ANGELINA

- FLASH BULBS POP as Brad and Angelina duke it out in the  
street. Angelina clearly has the upper hand...

- A copy of a GLOSSY slams down in front of us: "UNWANTED".

END QUICK FLASH

SPORTS ANCHOR #2

...or Rush Limbaugh finally  
declaring what we've known all  
along...

QUICK FLASH - RUSH LIMBAUGH

(CONTINUED)

- Rush smacks a guy wearing a "LIBERAL" t-shirt. Rush rips the t-shirt from his body, steps on the guy's chest, pose.

END QUICK FLASH

SPORTS ANCHOR #2  
...he's awesome, happens.

You could hear a pin drop....

SPORTS ANCHOR #1  
And now this...

And we're back on:

THE PIER

where the nude middle aged men and Jamal(bare chested) are cavorting like a bunch of school kids. Then the bevy of beautiful women joins in, and they're all over Jamal. They're all drunk.

JAMAL  
(yelling at us)  
What up world...? It's me, the best  
who, the best that--I'm the  
greatest. I'm drunk...

He whirls around, grabs one of the nude middle aged men, kisses him full on the lips, looks into the camera, holds up a finger(wait), he then grabs one of the beautiful women and lays a sloppy tongue twister on her...

The cameras keep FLASHING,

and we're back in:

MASTER BEDROOM

SPORTS ANCHOR #1(OS)  
And so the off season begins.

Tasha walks in...

TASHA  
Babe...  
(bubble bath in hand)  
...bubbles, or no...?

Jamal clicks the TV off--that was close. Beat. Then, last night's surveillance video begins playing on the screen. The same video that Squeaky swore he'd erase, beat, then...

(CONTINUED)

JAMAL(OS)  
(heard from the TV)  
I can't believe you're doing that.

PINK BUBBLE BATH

STREAMS down Jamal's face. Then,

THE BOTTLE

SMACKS Jamal upside the head.

TASHA(OS)  
It's over.

And we:

END ACT THREE