

## The Accidental Rapper

INT: CHICAGO IL. CONDO - NOON -SUNNY

CHAUNCEY THORNTON SMACKS the snooze on his blaring alarm. He rolls over, halfway off the bed. Something moves in the sheets.

CHAUNCEY

Mmmmm, mmmm, oh Claudette, you knows what I like in the morning.

He hikes his knee up before it scratches his leg.

CHAUNCEY

Ow! What - What the hell?

Chauncey jerks up in the bed as a dog barks under the sheets.

CHAUNCEY

Cool Joe I'm going to mess you up!

The dog yelps and springs off the bed as Chauncey kicks and swings. He flings a shoe at the dog then doubles over in pain.

CHAUNCEY

Son-of-a-bitch!

He groans and walks funny as he rubs his back. Walking to the bathroom he farts continuously. The dog appears to rub his face and whine. Chauncey tries to kick at him as he pees.

CHAUNCEY

Damn dog! Oh crap!

Chauncey accidentally sprays the wall. The dog whines and walks in circles before stopping then peeing by the sliding doors

CHAUNCEY

You're going to the dog pound!

EXT: CHAUNCEY'S CONDO BACK PATIO, MORN

He rushes the door cursing at Joe, ready to kick him out. His aged neighbor ALBAN PATEL is staring at him while he waters his plants. Chauncey stops before kicking, grins and nods at Alban.

CHAUNCEY

Hey, Alban, good morning - how you doing?

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Alban glares at him as the dog rushes off to use the yard.

ALBAN

Fuck you - you doggie abuser! It's not morning, it's fucking noon, cocksucker!

Flustered, Chauncey doesn't know how to respond.

ALBAN (Cont'd)

And if your mangy mutt takes a crap in my plants again I'm taking a crap and leaving it on your porch! A huge wet crap!

MARLA JONES his other neighbor injects.

MARLA

Yes, good afternoon Alban -Chauncey - weren't you supposed to be at your daughter's graduation today at noon?

Chauncey stares blankly at Marla. Perplexed and smitten, he stares at her beauty as she stands in her robe, sipping coffee.

CHAUNCEY

Oh hey, um good morn- I mean afternoon um, its not noon is it? I know I wouldn't miss my baby's graduation. I set my alarm - it just went off a few minutes ago

He trails off as she shakes her head at him, no.

INT: CHAUNCEY'S CONDO - DAY

He rushes into the condo, every clock reads Twelve Thirty One as a clock chimes. His bedroom alarm blinks, Ten Forty Five.

CHAUNCEY

Noooooooooooooooooooooo!!!!

Chauncey goes into action, flings clothes out, brushes teeth, finds shoes, and dresses backwards, while searching for keys.

EXT: CHICAGO CONDO COMPLEX, DAY

He rushes out of the door, one shoe on. Surprisingly a bag of shit is burning on his porch, he tries to put it out.

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ALBAN

I told you - you fuck! One more time - I got you bitch! I got you!

Chauncey grimaces as his shoe is covered in hot poop. He pops open a cell phone as he hops down the walkway.

CHAUNCEY

Baby girl! Daddy's sorry he's on his way - daddy's power was off again last night!

It goes to voicemail before he slips down a hill onto his back, groaning in pain he realizes his car has been towed.

CHAUNCEY

No! No! No! I just made a payment, no way!

He scowls and looks over at his old rusty Chrysler K-Car.

EXT: FREEWAY, DAY

Chauncey presses on the gas as the K-Car sputters and jolts while traffic moves past him. The L-Train glides quickly past him as several passengers point and laugh. He finds a tape of 'Funky Child', stops his jazz and jams out, rapping along.

EXT: DES PLAINES GRADUATION CEREMONY, DAY

The K-Car overheats as Chauncey pulls up to the stadium. The PRINCIPAL announces ZHOI THORNTON'S diploma as Chauncey sneaks.

PRINCIPAL

And, Zhoi Thornton, congratulations.

Zhoi searches for her father in the stands to no avail, until the K-Car backfires prompting the back audience to duck in fear. Zhoi hangs her head in shame as her mother ADA, stepfather MARTIN, and brother XAVIER look over at Chauncey in repulsion.

EXT: STADIUM, DAY - SUNNY

The graduates throw their caps as confetti drops. Ada and Martin swagger over to Chauncey as he shifts nervously. Zhoi glares over at him as she gets congratulations from FRIENDS.

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ADA

So, Chauncey, decided to wreck your daughters graduation just like you do so many other things? Would have done us all a favor if you had kept your lackadaisical ass at home versus showing up here.

CHAUNCEY

Good to see you too Ada.

MARTIN

Glad you least showed up here for Zhoi. Your uncanny timing is quite fetching.

CHAUNCEY

Fetching? I ain't no dog you bougie wanna be. You used to rob bros on the block, now you robbing them on the market!

ADA

Chauncey! Your son!

Chauncey bites his tongue noticing his fifteen year old son was staring up at him. His Ipod wrapped around his neck.

XAVIER

And dad it would be 'I am not a dog' versus 'I ain't a dog'. You know better.

CHAUNCEY

Thanks, thanks Xav - how you doing son? You listening to some brain numbing rap?

XAVIER

I'm okay dad, but you realize my flavor is brain enrichment hip-hop. I dig lyrics.

ADA

I think you owe Martin an apology.

Chauncey scoffs at Ada as Martin puts his nose in the air.

XAVIER

I think he owes Zhoi an apology.

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They turn to see Zhoi behind Xavier, a tear in her eye. The family steps back as Chauncey gulps and faces his daughter.

ZHOI

Daddy, you promised you wouldn't screw up today. You promised you would be here, on time, dressed decently and not make a scene! You promised!

CHAUNCEY (stammers)

Baby girl, baby girl, look I'm so sorry - I called - my power was out - my car was gone - there was flaming poop..

ZHOI

What?! Save it for somebody who cares daddy - you broke a promise - again!

Martin sniffs the air as Chauncey gasps, she pivots angrily and storms off. She joins a young man, ANDRE WEBSTER.

CHAUNCEY

Baby girl! Baby girl!

XAVIER

I was wondering what stunk - guess that was you daddy.

ADA

She's not a baby girl anymore Chauncey - she's an all grown up eighteen year old who you haven't noticed since she was twelve! She's off to college this fall - what are you going to do about it before she leaves? Wait until she's twenty-five?

CHAUNCEY

Who's fault was that Ada? Who took my babies away from me in the first place! Who ran off to find some slimy lawyer on Michigan Avenue so you could be a gold digging bitch?!

MARTIN

That's enough Chauncey!

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Ada steps in front of Chauncey and slaps him hard.

ADA

Martin provided a much better home than you ever did with your dead end jobs and dead end dreams! He took care of your family in ways you never ever could!

CHAUNCEY

I bet he does.

XAVIER

Mom, Dad stop it!

The adults look at each other in contempt before they calm down.

XAVIER

Dad, did you ever get Zhoi that present you promised?

Chauncey shifts his feet, bites his lip before nodding towards the K-Car. They all look in disdain as the cars bumper falls.

INT: CHAUNCEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Chauncey lies in his bed in boxers, listening to mellow music, drinking beer, contemplating, tears down his face.

INT: CHAUNCEY'S APARTMENT - MONDAY MORN - RAIN

His alarm chirps eight-thirty. Chauncey groans and hits snooze before realizing he's late, rushing, finding only one shoe.

EXT: HIGHWAY - MONDAY MORN - RAIN

His car sputters to a halt in stopped traffic as the L goes by.

INT: BURRELL ADVERTISING - MORN

Chauncey tries to sneak into a presentation as his boss ODESSA DAVENPORT is talking to clients.

ODESSA

...and in our innovative approach to servicing our clients we have implemented branding of all our priority promotions

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across the board from television, radio,  
internet, cell-phone, billboards, all in  
one low price..

Chauncey steps on assistant's CLARISSA SLONE'S foot.

CLARISSA (screams)  
Son of a! My toes! You fat...!

Everyone pivots, staring at him grinning nervously.

CHAUNCEY (embarrassed)  
Um, hey everybody.

ODESSA  
Mr. ST. CLAIR our prompt and reliable  
account representative Mr. Thornton who  
wishes he could live up to his hype. I'm  
sure after his splashy appearance he can  
now present for your furniture chain.

Mr. St. Clair pivots his cane as he holds onto his busty  
daughter BARBIE, annoyed. Several of the staff members scoff at  
Chauncey as he drops his things and meagerly approaches the  
front. MURPHY DEE, a staff member whispers at Chauncey.

MURPHY  
You f- this up chump, I'm slicing!

Chauncey faces the room, attempting to get his wits about him.  
Another staff member JUAN BANNER whispers to Claire and Murphy.

ODESSA  
Just one moment Mr. St. Clair.

Odessa leans forward, grabs Chauncey's lapel, whispers to him.

ODESSA  
This is your last chance Thornton, screw  
this up and you're history. I'm not even  
considering a demotion lower than whatever  
the lowest job we have, I'm not even  
considering where you work in this city  
cause you'll be so far gone, so far out  
there, satellite technology wouldn't even  
be able to find you. You'll be M.I.A., on

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the back of milk cartons, Fat Albert alerts couldn't even attempt to find you - you feel me son? Do you feel me?

Chauncey meekly nods in agreement. Odessa turns to the room.

ODESSA

Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Thornton.

CHAUNCEY

Hey, hey, hey, hello everybody - um, Mr. St. Clair um, Barbie - good to see you.

Barbie giggles and waves at him as her father eyes her funny.

CHAUNCEY

Well um, St. Clair's Furniture store has been an icon in the north side of Chicago for decades, starting with Thurston St. Clair, to Sandy to now you Randal St. Clair. I remember growing up, taking trips uptown and peering in St. Clair's windows wishing I had one of those lovely arm chairs, wanting to relax and sit back...

Odessa clears her throat.

CHAUNCEY

Right, anyways, this is a new day in St. Clair history as they embark on their journey into the south side of Chi-town and beyond. Doubling their space to seventy-five thousand square feet and over two thousand items in their inventory. With a push to break the market wide open we have came up with a clever campaign to entice our new customer base. With help from our interns TY and DEXTER we wooed one of Chi-towns favorite doo-wop music crews to give us a little class.

The staff mouths out 'Ty and Dexter' as they see the boys pump their hands in the back. Chauncey fiddles with the DVD.

DARNEL

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This better be good, this is my baby's  
first appearance in one of my commercials  
since she was a child! (Singing)  
Wouldn't it be sweet?

BARBIE (Singing)  
Sweet to put my feet on a St. Clair seat!

Randall rubs his nose with his daughter as everybody gags.

CHAUNCEY  
Um, trying to find the button.

ODESSA  
Which singing crew did we get Chauncey?

Chauncey looks dumbfounded, than presses play as the lights dim.

EXT: ST.CLAIR'S FURNITURE STORE - DAY

The brightly lit St. Clair's store sits behind a group of sparsely dressed women as the theme song comes on. 'Ty and Dexter' appear dressed head to toe in Phat Farm sweat suits, boxers showing, gold chains, with fat funny boy glasses and ghetto grills. They do poses before a rap beat interrupts.

TY  
Yo! Southside stand up! This is for all  
the bitches and the fellas up in the cut!  
Time to roll out - make that crib fat -  
stuff your dumpster with that busted crap  
- roll on out in your coup Deville - hit  
my man Randy's with a fat stack - time to  
wheel - time to deal -

DEXTER  
Futons, Lazy-Boys, dressers, and lanterns  
- time to get my groove on those sexy  
waterbed mattresses - smack that shiz up  
rub it down - doing it doggystyle or going  
down - but what I really like dog - you  
know what's up - time to get it tough -

TY

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Uh, uh, what's that Dex - I like to do my trick rough - so what can I get at St. Clair's loft?

DEXTER

The sofa's - the sofa's - the king of sofa's - wrap around's, pull out's, leather and lace - my man's got him all - he puts the competition to disgrace.

TY & DEXTER

That's why he's the Sofa King - Sofa King - Sofa King great - sofa king clean - sofa king green if you know what I mean - sofa king pimp - sofa king hard - sofa king screaming *oh my God* - sofa king always be number one! Get your ass down to that damn sofa king joint and lay that butt on a classy soft. You wouldn't be disappointed for the prices you save! There's a new king in the Southside and that's sofa king real!

A group of scantily dressed dancers rushes up in front of them and starts to twerk their asses towards Ty and Dexter, including Barbie St. Clair. Dexter smacks her wiggling ass.

TY & DEXTER

The sofa king champ!

It ends with them standing on a mound of girls, hands on their upturned asses, copyright reads RNP - Rimjob Nigga Productions.

INT: MEETING ROOM - DAY

The lights come on slowly as the room is completely quiet. Randal's face turns pale then red before he turns to Barbie.

RANDAL (Growling)

You're not my daughter!

Barbie looks at him in shock.

BARBIE

But daddy! Daddy! What did I do?!

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He storms out of the room as Barbie tries in vain to stop him.

ODESSA

Mr. St. Clair we can do another commercial, the people responsible for this will be severely dealt with! We'll have the new one finished immediately!!

Randal glares at her before exiting.

RANDAL

Speaking of being dealt with - I'll make sure your company loses all of your local business - your name now symbolizes shit and not the regular shit that oozes out in one big clump but that slimy, mud butt shit that sprays! Don't do nothing but have a nice chat with my lawyers!!

Odessa gasps as Randal slams the door with Barbie hopping behind him, pleading. She glares at Chauncey and points her finger.

ODESSA

Youu! Stay there so I can get a good shot!

MURPHY

St. Clair is yanking shit off desks!

ODESSA

Mr. St. Clair!!! Wait!!!!!!

Odessa storms out of the room after the St. Clair's as Ty and Dexter walk out still throwing up their hands.

TY AND DEXTER

Yo Chaunce that shit was hype son!

Claire, Murphy, and Juan cut their hands across their necks.

MURPHY

I'mma fuck you up - don't let me catch you in the hood homie - you're done you heard?

Chauncey hangs his head in shame.

INT: ADVERTISING OFFICES - DAY

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Chauncey sits at his desk, head down, depressed as he looks at old pictures of him with the rest of the staff, his family, with his previous awards. Claire, Murphy, and Juan sit behind at their desks glaring at him. Claire leans to Murphy's cubicle.

CLAIRE

Look at that fuck - he did that shit on purpose - he wanted to see us fry.

MURPHY

Who the fuck leaves a major commercial project with a pair of incompetent interns!? This is bullshit! I'mma get my crew to massacre this fool!

JUAN

Murph, you live in Winter Park, with five acres, by a golf course. The Mayor is your neighbor.

Murphy gives him a peeved look.

CLAIRE

We need to do something, his blundering has gone too far. Remember the Turner account?

MURPHY

He misspelled Prince's concert at Cox arena, C.O.C.K. arena.

JUAN

And the Wells account?

CLAIRE

He used Zoltron the psycho, tattooed, clown versus Mario, the friendly clown for those spots on child abuse.

MURPHY

Homie is washed out, finished, history baby - his hey days are long gone. Time to exit stage left.

CLAIRE

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Oh he's getting the boot today no doubt -  
Odessa is going to literally *lynch* him!  
And you know what? I want to send him off  
with a bang.

Murphy and Juan eye her quizzically.

CLAIRE

Murph you still have those pills you used  
to help get it up when you were trying to  
impress that jailbait from high school?

Murphy looks around nervously as several staff walk past.

MURPHY

Claire, what the fuck - I told you not to  
tell anybody bout that. That was  
personal. And I took identification!

CLAIRE

Quit your belly aching big baby. Who's  
Juan going to tell - his invisible buddy?

Juan glares at her.

CLAIRE

Whatever, I know you're not getting any  
after the child endangerment suite so I  
know you have a stash of those pills  
somewhere around here, give them up!

Murphy reluctantly pulls out a big surplus bottle from his  
drawer and slides them over. She takes a few pills and crunches  
them up. She pours a cup of coffee and sprinkles the pills in.

CLAIRE

Okay guys, watch and learn.

She opens up her blouse a bit and swaggers over to Chauncey who  
is bent over, crying, looking at his old award. She leans next  
to his cubicle letting him get a good luck down her blouse.

CLAIRE

Hey baby, you okay? I know you've had  
better days but I wanted you to know its  
okay - we forgive you.

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Chauncey leans back, weary of her intentions.

CHAUNCEY

Um, Claire, question is - are you okay?

CLAIRE

Yeah baby, I'm just fine - even brought you some coffee to help you out. We were talking over there and agree we could have helped you out more with this project. For you to see you have our full support.

Chauncey looks back as Murphy and Juan give him fake thumbs up.

CHAUNCEY

You guys vowed you wouldn't ever work with me again after I screwed up the Ross account. That's why I had to use interns.

CLAIRE

Ross account? What? I don't recall.

She looks over at Murphy and Juan who shrug their shoulders.

CHAUNCEY

Yeah you do - We fell out over it. The car lady? I was sued after you and Mrs. Ross were mummified by the faulty paper Mache set that came down on you both, right on camera. Odessa had screamed about saving costs and I had to do something! Yet I'm still paying for it to this day - my car just got reposed!

CLAIRE (twitching)

Oh that Mrs. Ross - almost forgot - oh well Chauncey my dear - let bygones be bygones - I still have fond memories of that special night we had down there in Louisiana on that business trip.

She leans forward showing her breasts more as she rubs his face.

CHAUNCEY

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Um, you were plastered - you gave my arm a hand job and leaned in to kiss me, than threw up on my lap.

She bites her lip.

CLAIRE

Um, oh, that was a long time ago - so how is your coffee? I made it the way you like

He sighs and looks down his cup as she looks on. He finally gulps it down. She smiles and gives Murphy and Juan the thumbs up. He groans and puts his head into his hands. He feels something odd as Claire sways her boobs in his face.

CLAIRE

Baby you okay?

He starts to sweat. Suddenly his eyes bulge as something hits the bottom of his desk making everything jump. Claire even steps back, surprised, as Chauncey gasps. It clangs hard again.

CLAIRE

What the hell?

Chauncey stammers when suddenly the intercom goes off.

CLARISSA

Paging Mr. Dipshit - Mrs. Davenport is ready to fire you - hope your box is already packed.

His penis pegs the desk again making him groan in pain. Claire rushes back to Murphy and Juan as they snicker.

CLARISSA

Dipshit did you hear me? I mean, don't keep Mrs. Davenport waiting!

He haphazardly flicks the button.

CHAUNCEY

I'm coming - I mean uh, I'm on my way!

He groans and tries to push away as the drawer opens with him. They laugh louder as the drawer follows. He glares at them.

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CHAUNCEY (Cont'd)

Did you do something to me?!

Murphy falls out of his seat as Claire shakes her head no, but falls over also. Chauncey wrestles the drawer off of him and gasps as his boner pushes his pants up before he hides it with a cubicle plant. He rushes off, avoiding curious passing staff.

INT: OFFICE HALLWAY - DAY

Two employees, TANNER and MALIK lean against a water cooler as Chauncey darts through the hallway.

MALIK

Bro, you hear about that idiot that had some raunchy rap for an ad campaign? Heard he lost us an account we've had for over thirty years within sixty seconds.

TANNER

What a fucking loser - that's faster than I can get my hooptie to sixty.

MALIK

Tell me about it - that's why this shit company is going downhill fast because of losers like that.

They notice Chauncey attempting to act nonchalantly behind them.

TANNER

What's up dude?

Chauncey nods embarrassed as Clarissa calls over the intercom.

CLARISSA

Will Mr. Thornton please report to Mrs. Davenport's office immediately for final processing? Anybody see him, drag him here kicking or screaming.

Chauncey gulps and darts off as they eye him curiously.

MALIK

What the fuck was that?

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TANNER

I don't know bro but looks like you got  
dude excited.

INT: ODESSA'S OFFICE - DAY

Odessa struts out of her office as Clarissa plays a video game.

ODESSA

Hold all my calls. I'm hunting chump.

Clarissa is relived Odessa didn't notice before rushing off.

INT: OFFICE HALLWAY - DAY

Chauncey is ducked away in a corner trying to smack his pants.

CHAUNCEY

Go down, please go down, what the hell is  
going on?? This is not the time!

Clarissa speaks over the intercom.

CLARISSA

Attention all employee's, attention all  
employee's, offering a reward for the head  
of a Mr. Chauncey Thornton. I repeat  
offering a hefty reward for the head of a  
Mr. Chauncey Thornton. Be on the lookout  
Mrs. Davenport is on the warpath.

Clarissa giggles before shutting off the intercom.

ODESSA (Mumbling)

Clarissa I need to have to have a nice  
little chat with you. Before I kill again.

(Yelling)

Chauncey Thornton! Come out here now!

Chauncey gasps and dashes down the hallway, pivoting around  
startled employees. Odessa rushes down the opposite hall.

ODESSA

No more fun and games Mr. Thornton, show  
yourself now!

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Winded, Chauncey turns into a line of people getting drinks at the water fountain. Odessa turns around, he presses forward behind a large woman named TIA drinking water. Tia spits water out, feeling his boner, looks back at him, nose flaring.

CHAUNCEY

Oh, oh my goodness, my bad lady.

Tia realizes what he pressed into her with as her frown turns into an odd smile. Chauncey bites his lip.

TIA

Hmmm, absolutely no problem sexy.

CHAUNCEY

Oh damn, wait, wait a minute it's not like that lady, don't eat me- be cool- be cool.

Tia grins devilishly, scaring him, as Odessa finally sees him.

ODESSA

Chauncey Thornton!

Chauncey panics.

INT: OFFICE RESTROOM, DAY

He scurries off into a restroom, past JACK KRALL the janitor.

JACK

Watch out now! Wet floor my man - where's the damn fire?

Chauncey looks nervously before Jack notices his situation.

JACK

Wait a minute - oh shit - are you that damn happy to see me or do you have one of my mop handles in your pants? Have you been stealing from me boy?

CHAUNCEY

Uh, no, hold up it's not like that.

JACK

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Oh! So than you do want to do the pogo stick eh? Kind of an odd location but I guess we could use a stall.

ODESSA (V.O.)

Mr. Thornton I know you're in there!

Chauncey freaks out.

CHAUNCEY

What!?! Dude there's a spill out in the hallway calling your name! Odessa's flipping out!

JACK

Well damn, why didn't you say that? Can't keep the witch waiting. Spill's the game, clean up Jack is the name.

Chauncey shakes his head in bewilderment before finding a stall and hiding in it. He glares at his boner as he sweats.

CHAUNCEY

Oh Lord - what should I do? What should I do? OH goodness - this can't be happening to me! What should I do!

Excited he comes up with a plan. He puts his hand into his pants and groans and sweats trying to ejaculate, not knowing Odessa strolled into the restroom. She opens the door and stares at him as he freezes, dumbfounded.

CHAUNCEY

Um, Mrs. Davenport - um I really had to

ODESSA

Mr. Thornton - do you want to fuck me?

CHAUNCEY

Uh, do what? No, no Mrs. Davenport - why would you ask me that?

ODESSA

Yes, yes, I think you want to fuck me - you want to fuck me long and hard. Right here in this stall - hmm, doggystyle right

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here on the door? Ravish my ass as I scream and scream until I orgasm or *cum* if you will. Maybe you want me to squirt my stuff all over the floor - is that what you want Mr. Thornton? I think you've wanted that for a long, long time.

CHAUNCEY

Mrs. Davenport, no, no way - why would I want to do that?

ODESSA

Oh so you don't think I'm sexy? I'm not pretty and gorgeous like the young interns I see you male species ogling over all the time. Am I over my prime - don't think I can buck like the twenty year olds? Don't think I can take your cock in my mouth like the girls gone wild? I have news for you Mr. Thornton I have a great gag reflex and can take a thick cock just fine.

A WORKER inadvertently strolls in, gasps, and exits.

CHAUNCEY

Uh, no no Mrs. Davenport - you look great for you age - very pretty - very sexy - um what do the kids say? You're a MILF.

Odessa grins slyly.

ODESSA

A MILF huh? Mom I'd like to fuck huh? So you do want to fuck me hard Mr. Thornton? You want to fuck me so well I'll scream and scream. You want me to scream you're *not fired*. You want me to scream you're not a *fuck up*. You want me to scream you're still the same employee of the month who scored *big accounts so many moons ago*. Well news flash Mr. Thornton, we've been fucking, and *I came*, I came **hard** and your weak ass fell asleep. **Worst** sex I've ever had. Contract is up kid, sexual harassment is the ultimate no-no.

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Get your things and get out of my **DAM** bed!

Chauncey stares at her flabbergasted as she casually exits.

INT: OFFICE HALLWAY - DAY

Chauncey walks the hallway with his box of stuff, including his broken award and a stuffed skunk. He cries fluidly until rounding the corner and faces a smirking Claire, Murphy and Juan. He sucks it up and walks past them as if he's okay.

MURPHY

Good riddance bitch - my boys up in Sing Sing are going to take good care of you.

JUAN

He's not going to jail idiot.

INT: OFFICE ELEVATOR - DAY

Chauncey gets into the elevator with other employees. He keeps his cool until they exit and he starts to wail. The elevator stops again and he sucks it up as other employees join inside.

INT: OFFICE LOBBY - DAY

Chauncey exits the elevator and starts to cry as soon as nobody is around. He is lost in crying as rapper BOOGIE Z approaches.

BOOGIE Z

What, what, is that MC Chill Will?!

Not paying attention, Chauncey keeps walking.

BOOGIE Z (Cont'd)

One to the two - three to the four - what we be - the dynamic do!

Chauncey stops dead in his tracks, sucking up his tears he slowly looks over his shoulders.

CHAUNCEY

Can it be?

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Chauncey looks at Boogie Z standing in the lobby with his arms out, an entourage around him as they look at Chauncey curiously. Several employees of Burrell walk past looking curiously also.

BOOGIE Z

Can it be! The dynamic duo in the place  
to be - you can't deny our unity - one for  
all and all for one - we more dapper than  
the matajmahall - we going down in history  
as the baddest crew that could ever be!

The growing crowd starts to murmur.

OBSERVER 1

Whoa who's the fat dude talking to Boogie?

OBSERVER 2

No clue - I think he's the janitor!

Boogie Z edges him on as Chauncey starts off slow.

CHAUNCEY

Super dope, Super fly,- can't deny as we  
hypnotize - forever together - we on the  
rise - DJ Marty Mike, the Boog Z and  
Chill Will rapping tough, spitting on the  
mike for eternity - huh huh, ha ha!

Clarissa and staff members have joined the crowd and look in shock as Chauncey struts his stuff with Boogie.

CLAIRE

Whoa! Who is that with Chauncey? Jay - Z?

MURPHY

No, no that's Boogie Z!

Claire looks on in shock. Boogie Z strolls over to Chauncey, pounding his shoulder, greeting him happily.

BOOGIE Z

Yo! My man the Chill Will what's up  
player! Looking good! What's good son!  
Man it's been too long! Let me get a good  
look at you bro! Shit, you're even fatter

### The Accidental Rapper

dog! Isn't this man fatter! That's crazy. BONEY - look at this fat man.

His right hand man Boney shakes his head in agreement.

BONEY

Very large.

CHAUNCEY

Mark, why are you here?

Boogie Z gives him a concerned look before responding.

BOOGIE Z

Yo, I'm shocked, I remembered your birthday homie - come on man, we go back to the third grade - think I'd forget your big day? Bro's before ho's homie - got to stick together. Here for your 40<sup>th</sup> man - Our 40<sup>th</sup>. Just like we planned.

CHAUNCEY

That was a long ass time ago bro. A lot has changed *brother*.

Boogie Z gives Chauncey a pound who reluctantly accepts.

BOOGIE Z

Yeah your waistline bitch. Now stop whining, shut the fuck up and let's go kick it pimpin. We a couple newbie forty waters and it's time to party!

Boogie Z finally notices the box in his hand.

BOOGIE Z (Cont'd)

Yo pimpin, what is this?

Chauncey diverts his eyes and hangs his head. Boogie looks concerned before looking around the room. A young BOY appears.

BOY

Mr. Z could I have your autograph?

Odessa arrives; scouring her face as she the lobby goes quiet. Boogie Z signs a few autographs as Odessa comes closer.

## The Accidental Rapper

ODESSA

Could somebody explain to me please what is going on here?

Everybody looks at each other quiet. Boogie Z looks confused.

BOOGIE Z

Yo, why everybody get quiet when she speaks? Who the fuck is she?

Odessa gives him a harsh look.

ODESSA

I sir, fucking run this office - and who are you?

BOOGIE Z

I am the B to the double O G I E dash Z the biggest player in hip-hop you've ever seen - how do you do big boss. I know you've heard of me!

Odessa leans over to Clarissa who smirks.

CLARISSA

His rap name is the Boogie Z ma'am - he's one of rap's biggest veterans with two platinum, and three gold CD's with a few duds in between. He's one of the few to bridge old school with the new but now he's aging in the game. No rappers last long after forty.

ODESSA

I don't recall asking for his biography. But nevertheless this man seems to draw a crowd. Credentials acknowledged, this man could be of service to us. What is Mr. Thornton chatting with him about? And why isn't he off the premises yet?

CLARISSA

Um, they seem to be buddies, Ms, Mrs. Davenport - I mean.

## The Accidental Rapper

Odessa gives Clarissa a perplexed look as Claire, Murphy and Juan look on, amused.

EXT: OFFICE PARKING LOT - DAY

Chauncey outpaces Boogie Z as he heads for his car.

BOOGIE Z

Playa! Playa! Hold up Chill Will!

CHAUNCEY

Don't call me that Mark!

Chauncey fiddles with the broken lock on his K-car before tossing the box into the trunk.

BOOGIE Z

Chauncey Wilmington Thornton stop!

Chauncey stops while opening up the car door.

BOOGIE Z (Cont'd)

Bro - what's with the hooptie? Looks like that piece of crap you had way back in high school! -

Chauncey scours at him.

BOOGIE Z (Cont'd)

Whoa! *It is* the same car from high school!

CHAUNCEY

Mark what the hell do you want?

BOOGIE Z

Bro, we've always said we would celebrate the big ones together. I knows I've dicked you in the past on a few things but bro you my boy first and foremost always. I got the crew together; the groupies are ready, got a reservation up at Johnson's Seafood Joint and the after party at Club Dread. Come on bro what possibly do you have to lose? Have a hot date tonight in your um, what is that thing?

## The Accidental Rapper

CHAUNCEY

A few times? I hear you, goodbye Mark!

Chauncey slams the car door and tries to start it, as it sputters and spurts, he tries repeatedly.

BOOGIE Z

You're going to flood it, stop pumping the gas so much. Sounds like you're not getting a good charge.

Chauncey grunts and rolls his eyes as he keeps trying. Boogie Z walks around to the front. A limousine comes around the parking lot as Boney jogs up with Odessa, and staff behind.

BOOGIE Z

Pop the hood.

The K-car gurgles and spurts. Chauncey frowns at Boogie who shrugs and edges him on. Chauncey gives in and opens it.

BONEY

Boogie - what the hell are you doing?

BOOGIE Z

Getting my hands dirty - been a long time.

Boogie messes under the hood as a crowd gathers, taking pictures and uploading to online. Chauncey taps his fingers, annoyed.

OBSERVER 3

Who's the fat dude Z is helping out?

BOOGIE Z

ALAN - get the tool kit out the back of the limo. Now Alan.

ALAN the limo driver hesitates before Boney nods his approval. Alan gets the tool box to Boogie as he works on the engine.

BOOGIE Z

Chaunce, try it now.

Chauncey turns over the engine which starts right up. The crowd applauds as Boogie close the hood.

## The Accidental Rapper

BOOGIE Z

Looks like you need a new alternator belt homie, soon as poss. So guess you owe me playa - will see you tonight bout nine pm.

Chauncey bangs his head on the steering wheel before he backs up through the crowd and leaves. Odessa approaches Boogie Z.

ODESSA

Mr. Boogie - I have a proposal for you.

INT: HYDE PARK GYM - AFTERNOON

Chauncey sweats on an indoor tennis court batting tennis balls with his brother MARTY who continues to bash them past Chauncey.

MARTY

Come on weak dude - get your racket up.

CHAUNCEY (coughing)

I'm trying -

MARTY

You're wack - how many points am I up?

Chauncey dives and slides across the floor before tripping a person heading for the door.

MARTY

Strike! Couldn't repeat that one again if you tried!

INT: GYM - WEIGHT ROOM

Chauncey struggles while Marty easily lifts two-hundred plus.

MARTY

There go that fool Donavan - I hate that busta, think he all high and mighty.

CHAUNCEY

Bro, that's fam man - you can't be talking about him like that.

MARTY

### The Accidental Rapper

I know he's our cousin man - how you think I know he believes what he preaches fool? Dude's been stuntin since elementary school when I used to beat that ass. Everyday, on his way to and from school.

CHAUNCEY

Like to see you try that now - his muscles are as big as your gut.

Donavan sees them and waves as he starts to walk over, flirting with women working out along the way.

MARTY

Look at yourself tubby - least I have fat muscle tone - not that tubby stuff you flap around with - no wonder Ada left your ass. Didn't want to keep getting belly flopped off of you while you're having sex. I felt for Ada, no doubt.

CHAUNCEY

Man, forget you Marty, with your stinky sweat bead smelling self - find some damn deodorant or spray some disinfectant or something. Keep my ex out your mouth.

DONAVAN

Evening gentlemen, how's my two fav cousins - getting that work out on? Hey Chauncey good job today with Boogie Z - that was a classic.

MARTY

What? Boogie Z - little Markie Zempsters - he in town? That fool owes me some money, I know he got it with his non-rapping ass...

CHAUNCEY

How the hell did you know about that?!

Donavan shows off his Iphone with today's events already on a website. Marty about falls over laughing.

MARTY

Damn Chaunce - was you crying?

## The Accidental Rapper

DONAVAN

Never did think that chump would make it out of Chi, but look at him now. You think you could get me an autograph for my girl?

CHAUNCEY

Huh? What girl? Mr. Bachelor!

DONAVAN

Didn't say only needed one cuz - hook me up with about two dozen of them and I gotchu covered. Oh shit, might need one more, excuse me cousins.

Donovan swaggers off flexing his pec's at giggling women.

MARTY (perturbed)

That peckerhead gets more pussy than rock stars. He got Donovan groupies and shit. What he need chump Z's autographs for?

CHAUNCEY

More like he gets more diseases than rock stars. Auntie Minnie said she had to pay for another doctor visit again.

INT: GYM - EXERCISE BIKES

Marty and Chauncey run in place.

MARTY

So you and chump Z hooking up for your birthday or something?

CHAUNCEY

What? Didn't think you remembered my birthday - you didn't say shit.

MARTY

What? As if bro - you my lil' bro man - I got you. Shit your Ipod is over at the house now pimp. Damn, I'm offended.

CHAUNCEY

### The Accidental Rapper

Ipod? Whatever man - I don't know, I guess - nothing else has been going right - maybe I can let off some steam.

MARTY

You holding back lil' brother? What's been going on kid - I'm your brother man, you could tell me about it - I'm all ears.

Chauncey reluctantly shares.

CHAUNCEY

Damn, too many things bro, life's got me all screwed up right when I'm turning forty and should be enjoying the fruits of my labor. Not only did I lose an account at work and got fired. Somehow I had a boner from hell when my boss fired me. I screwed up Zhoi's graduation by being late and scaring half the crowd. Girl didn't even want my graduation present! I'm behind on bills and my car's been re'poed, hit rock bottom after my divorce. Haven't been laid in I dunno how long, damn...

Chauncey chuckles as he turns and realizes he's by himself. A few LADIES eye him disapprovingly from a Nautilus machine.

INT: CHAUNCEY'S APT. - NIGHT

Something burns in his kitchen as Cool Joe craps in Alban's plants. Chauncey in a robe, snores under a book as the news is on TV, his hand lies in cream pie. The door bangs loud.

CHAUNCEY

Stop shooting - stop shooting!

BOOGIE-Z

Hey nigga - open up! Open up before I have my dude Alan knock it down.

Chauncey groans and rolls over.

BOOGIE-Z

Yo, Al, bust that shit.

## The Accidental Rapper

Chauncey swings open the door.

CHAUNCEY

Think not! Yo and kill it on the N-Word  
Wasn't on it then, not on it now! What do  
you want? How'd you find me? I'm busy!

Chauncey wipes his face with his hand.

BONEY

Um, hey man, you uh...

BOOGIE Z

Screw that, hey playa get out of your  
paisley park retro Prince jammies and stop  
whatever perverted sex act you're  
performing on yourself and lets roll son!  
Booze is flowing, the music is banging and  
the bitches are waiting, ready to party,  
get high, and fuck! Come on bro, the  
Humvee limo awaits!

Chauncey looks at Boogie dumbfounded then closes the door.

BOOGIE Z (Cont'd)

Aw! For real?! Yo Alan!!

EXT: CHAUNCEY'S APT - NIGHT

Boogie slowly looks over at Alban staring at him.

BOOGIE Z

What are you looking at old man?

ALBAN

Hey, speaking of old eggplant, dope  
rapper, shouldn't you be retired?

Boogie Z glares at him dumbfounded before responding.

BOOGIE Z

Oh HELL No! I'm going to kick your  
terrorist ass motherfucker! Leggo!

Boogie's boys hold him back as he yells and screams.

## The Accidental Rapper

ALBAN

Get off my porch you soft, limp dick  
spook! Learn some damn skills with your  
old nursery rhyme raps!

BOOGIE Z

What he say? I know he didn't say spook!

His boys drag him down the stairs to the Humvee.

EXT: HUMVEE - NIGHT

Chauncey sits uncomfortably between 3 groupies as Boogie Z plays video games in the Humvee. Boney types away on his PDA.

CHAUNCEY

Mark, I can't believe you talked me into  
this. I had much better things to do.

BOOGIE Z

Like what fat boy? To feel sorry for  
yourself? Sit around depressed and  
jacking off? Oh what's with this  
government name you keep speaking of?  
Its Boogie with a capital Z, playa!

CHAUNCEY

Whatever man - Mark Omnipotent Masters - I  
hear you.

Boogie looks up annoyed as the girls eye him curiously.

GROUPIE 1

Um, hello, M.O.M? Mom?

The girls giggle together as Boogie looks at Chauncey annoyed.

BOOGIE Z

Alan - stop the whip man. This Bitch is  
getting out right now - stop the car!

Boogie literally throws Groupie 1 out of the limo.

INT: CLUB SLAM - NIGHT

## The Accidental Rapper

Boogie Z and entourage get ushered past the line right into VIP. Drinks are served as Boogie Z takes Chauncey to the balcony.

BOOGIE Z

Chauncey my man - welcome to my world!

MONTAGE: CLUB SLAM - NIGHT

Chauncey stays to himself before Boogie motions for his girls to entertain him as he attempts to flee. Catering brings in a large birthday cake that reads "Happy Birthday Boogie -Z!" And in small print "And his friend Chuncey!" Chauncey starts to drink.

The groupies push Chauncey into a line dance as he stumbles horribly becoming the laughing stock of the club. A girl dances on him wildly, her boyfriend gets jealous and slugs Chauncey. A brawl ensues with Boogie, Chauncey and co. fleeing the club.

EXT: HUMVEE - NIGHT

They flop into the limo, laughing, drunk. Chauncey is holding onto two new groupies. Mad Izm is played and shared.

CHAUNCEY

Oh my goodness I haven't been in a fight since 8<sup>th</sup> grade! That was crazy!

BOOGIE Z

Did you hit him? You're a punk! I had to slug his ass! AND I'm not supposed to!

CHAUNCEY

I did, I did get a punch on dude! What!

GROUPIE

Uh no you didn't.

CHAUNCEY

Damn, I'm about to pass out - take me home Jeeves - I got to get some sleep.

BOOGIE Z

Yo, shut it - its way to early lame ass! You don't have anything to get up for! It's our birthday stupid - Alan to the studio! Don't you puke motherfucker!

## The Accidental Rapper

GROUPIES

Yeah! The studio!

Alan stops the car as Chauncey leans out the car and yacks.

INT: STUDIOS - NIGHT

The engineer, MARCUS, is amusing an aspiring singer named ALEXIS

MARCUS

That's right baby, pretend it's the microphone in the studio, make love to the mic, it's your best friend.

Boogie Z's entourage stumbles into the studio. Marcus flips Alexis off his lap and attempts to pull up his pants.

BOOGIE Z

Marcus! Another aspiring singer up here huh? Need to keep that out the studio, remember that mess you made last time!

Chauncey comes in holding his head, flops onto the couch. Boogie saunters into the recording booth as the groupie's eye Marcus' package as he stumbles getting his pants up.

ALEXIS

Oh Boogie Z I love you!

BOOGIE Z

Hmmm, yo, trick you have some white crust by your lip. No, left side, yeah, right there. Not very flattering.

She wipes her mouth and sulks into the restroom. The men laugh and then sit down to start recording.

BOOGIE Z

Yo, yo, let's get this shit started up right! Yo, let's get it crackin!

BONEY

You going to work on your new material?

BOOGIE Z

## The Accidental Rapper

No bitch, I'm going to redo my first CD!  
What the fuck!

CHAUNCEY

Might sell.

BOOGIE Z

Yo, did he say something?

MARCUS

Think dude's passed out.

BOOGIE Z

Yo, what the fuck. This is to turning 40  
and still being a major playa in the game  
- strutting my swagger like my man Jay-Z  
and kicking game like my elder Ice-T.

BONEY

Boog, yo Boog, hey I don't think Ice-T  
would care to be called an elder.

BOOGIE Z

What? What? What's wrong with elder?  
Dude is like 60 or something. Now he's  
*old school*, not 40 - 40 is the new 30.

MARCUS

Right whatever Boog. Old school.

CHAUNCEY

Yes we are fucking old, retire bitch. Go  
sell insurance.

BOOGIE Z

What? What the hell did he say? I'm bout  
to kick his ass.

Chauncey stretches and farts as he snores louder.

BONEY

Dude he's knocked out, snoring. What the  
hell did you all serve him?

BOOGIE Z

Fuck, I don't know, dudes a lightweight.

## The Accidental Rapper

MARCUS

Hey, I don't care how old Ice T is, dude  
can still pull some bad ass bitches. You  
see the T&A on his woman? Oh my God!

BOOGIE Z

Hey, I know Coco, watch your tone kid,  
show some respect for women, and elders...

Boogie Z says while making the groupies kiss each other.

BONEY

There you go with that elder word again.

CHAUNCEY

Just rap. Sell out.

BOOGIE Z

What the hell! I'm going to rip his  
tongue out - ya bitch ass!

GROUPIE 1

Boogie leave your butterball friend alone!  
He's drooling all over himself!

BOOGIE Z (grimaces)

That's disgusting. All right let's record  
some shit, make it an all nighter. I need  
some inspiration...

Boogie motions to the groupies who look at each other and giggle  
before getting close. Inspired, he starts to rap.

INT: STUDIO - EARLY MORNING

Marcus and the groupies huddle together sleeping on a table.  
Boney nods off as Boogie lazily raps in a cloud of smoke.

BOOGIE Z

Highlighter prints, Egyptian incense,  
rocks my world as I dwell in suspense, you  
know my steelo - it's all meshack, abridge  
and abendigo. See how far I go - coming  
tougher than a crack head rummaging  
through your dresser drawers.

## The Accidental Rapper

Boogie laughs at his own joke as Boney wakes up.

BONEY

Boog, didn't Chauncey's boss have a commercial for you? Let's hear it.

Boogie Z sneers, then huffs as he opens a pair of spectacles, making sure nobody notices, he reads a slip of paper.

BOOGIE Z

Yeah, yeah, vitamin B and vitamin C - pop them in and feel so well - popping fresh, popping pills...

BONEY

Yo, wait, wait, Boogmeister, don't think you can say pop pills... no, doesn't work.

BOOGIE Z

What? Shit, what's wrong with popping pills? Isn't that what vitamin's are?

BONEY

Uh, no, not technically - pills are like Vicodin and Oxycotton - we don't want to associate with them. Keep it PG bro.

BOOGIE Z

So Vicodin is cussing? What the fuck?

Alan and the crew shake their head frustrated.

BONEY

Boog - run another take - on 4 - 1,2,3...

BOOGIE Z

Take it, take it, take it, snorting up the vitamins like a crack head...

Boney throws up his arms and cuts the take as reverb runs through the studio. Boogie shrugs.

BOOGIE Z

What? What the fuck?

## The Accidental Rapper

Boney tries to wakes up Chauncey who snorts and wipes drool.

BONEY

Chauncey - hey - wake up playa - this involves you - we need your help here -

CHAUNCEY

No, no, the panties are too tight.

Boney and Alan look curiously as a groupie snores than farts.

BONEY

Um, no Chauncey - look - your boss made an offer to Boogie to make an ad. He stood up for you and said he would only do it if you received your job back. But the take isn't going too well- we need guidance.

Chauncey looks around perplexed.

CHAUNCEY

You mean, I don't have G-strings on?

Boney bites his lip and shakes his head no offering Chauncey help to get up. Chauncey stumbles to the booth as Boogie is making out with a groupie, he hands over the copy not stopping.

BOOGIE Z

Hey whasssup Chill Will - where's your damn tux!?! Tuxedo man!

Chauncey blinks at him angrily before pivoting to leave.

BONEY

Listen, Chauncey, not only did that boss you have, threaten you wouldn't work anywhere else, your boy Boogie is stressed, his livelihood is on the line

Chauncey eyes him curiously.

BONEY

This is his do or die CD, fulfilling his contract obligations. Then he's a free agent - a 40 year old free agent whose career is on the downswing. No clothing

### The Accidental Rapper

line, no sneaks, no Boogie Z beer, no endorsements, nadda. He's struggling, we need to keep this brand going. Make it happen and Boogie will compensate.

Chauncey pauses, thinks about all his troubles then nods yes. Boney hands him the script and sends him into the booth.

BOOGIE Z

My man Chill Will in the hiz-house! Yo, work out this popping pills rant - I don't know what the fuck this is all about.

CHAUNCEY

Figures, you always claimed no sell out but sold your people out every day, you just never had any business savvy like your peers! Too busy whoring and stealing your boys girl!

BOOGIE Z

What? What you say?

CHAUNCEY

You heard me - No wonder your career is tanking. Step aside, I got this.

Boogie grimaces, shocked Chauncey is talking to him like that.

BOOGIE Z

The fuck you say? Get some drink and your pussy ass got some balls about you.

Boogie throws the girl and gets directly in Chauncey's face, waving his finger, his spit hits Chauncey's face.

CHAUNCEY

I said step!!

Chauncey spins angrily and belly flops Boogie into the studio window knocking him out.

BONEY

What the fuck is going on?!

## The Accidental Rapper

Boogie snores on the floor. Chauncey gets an ounce of confidence about himself as Marty wakes up from the commotion.

CHAUNCEY

Yo, he good, he sleepy - Yo, turn that beat up, turn them beats up.

Boney eyes him funny as Chauncey does some weird moves in the booth. Marcus picks up his video recorder as music starts.

MARCUS

What the fuck is he doing?

BONEY

Look like he's bout to do this vitamin ad. Go ahead Chauncey.

CHAUNCEY

Yo, yo, feeling low, need a lift, build your spirit, what can you say if you're not with it, boost your bottom line so you can feel it. What your build up, acid fatty's, folic acid and vitamin business - want to feel healthy then boost your performance - run to the General Nutrition and this is where you can get in - one!

MARCUS (Surprised)

Whoa! He nailed it!

Surprised, they clap before starting to shut down before Boney notices Chauncey in a zone. Marcus leaves the recorder up.

BONEY

Hey man, you're good, you're done.

CHAUNCEY

Keep that beat up! Keep it up!

Amused, Boney flips the beat to a driving bassline.

CHAUNCEY

*This message - is brought to you - by a mo'fucker - whose had it up to here! Yo, to my dear good ol' boss and to my ex - so tired of the bitches that take my checks -*

### The Accidental Rapper

the IRS and bill collectors this includes you too, so fed up with the suckers fakin' the funk, iggin' me dude - I'm a good bro tryin' hold my job - take care of his seeds, keeping his head 'bove ground - haters in my grill, blocking, tryin' hold me down, I'm cutting the shackles, busting that lid, burning down the house, tear the club up, got my stance up - I'm a real **MAN** - I got *heart* -for all the people that feel me - raise your hands up - if you're tired of the bullshit - people stand up - show the world we're not gonna shut up - shout from the roof tops - uh! I'm not going to take it no more! What? I'm not going to take it no more! *I'm mad as hell* and I'm not going to take it no more!

MARCUS

Bone, what the hell is he doing?

BONEY

Shut it! This is classic!

Several of the groupies are up, watching, smiling and nodding. Chauncey sways as if he's about to pass out, he takes a sip of his Yager bomb and keeps flowing.

CHAUNCEY

Oh, years of oppression and the recession depression takes it toll - the slave mentality keeps us dull - this story has been told - you think I'm lying check your history and see how you were born. The man keeps you down? Forget that, it's all a lie - number one to blame, *the man in the mirror* - that's your claim to fame - the idiocracy eats at your mind - people raise up, get it in check - tell your bigot ass boss to take the job and shove it - down his trap - all the crybaby yappity yap yap - I'm not bending down taking the drilling no more - I'm not the one - And to the gold diggers like my ex they can get it - up their ass hard so they can feel it - shouting off the

## The Accidental Rapper

rooftops we're grown and vindicated! Uh!  
Shout it out - uh! I'm not going to take  
it no more! What? I'm not going to take  
it no more! I'm mad as hell and I'm not  
going to take it no more!

BONEY smirks as he watches intently.

MARCUS

Dude, this is off the hook!

ALEXIS

I'm not going to take it no more!

GROUPIES

We're mad as hell and we're not going to  
take it no more!

Marcus is still recording as the groupies are up shouting along  
as other people stop by checking him out. Chauncey sways about  
to pass out again before he sparks back up. Boogie still snores

CHAUNCEY

If you got fired for some bullshit, stand  
up and shout! I'm not going to take it no  
more! What?!

CROWD

I'm not going to take it no more!

CHAUNCEY

If your ex is getting you for extra-child  
support - yell I'm not going to take it no  
more! What?!

Crowd Repeats.

CHAUNCEY

If your so called friends, snitched you  
out - yell I'm not going to take it no  
more! What?!

Crowd Repeats.

CHAUNCEY

## The Accidental Rapper

If the bill collectors stake out your house - throw the bill at 'em and shout - I'm not going to take it no more! What?!

Crowd Repeats.

CHAUNCEY

If the police harass you on the block - that bullshit got to stop - yell I'm not going to take it no more! What?!

Crowd Repeats.

CHAUNCEY

With a middle finger to Uncle Sam yell I'm not going to take it no more! Yell it!

Crowd Repeats.

CHAUNCEY

We're mad as hell and we're not going to take it no more! Sing it!

CROWD

We're mad as hell and we're not going to take it no more!

CHAUNCEY

No more! No more!

Boney paces, contemplating, wheels turning in his head.

ALEXIS

Hell ya! That was hot! Go Chauncey!

CHAUNCEY

...no more...

MARCUS

Didn't think the fat fuck was going to do it but he did.

Weak, Chauncey sways before he collapses over Boogie Z.

BONEY

Upload it. NOW.

## The Accidental Rapper

Marcus hesitates before Boney grabs the cell and hits send.  
Boney grins wickedly as Chauncey and Boogie snore and drools.

INT: CHAUNCEY'S APT - MORN TO AFTERNOON

Chauncey lays on his floor, tongue out, drool dripping off his lip. Cool Joe licks Chauncey's mouth then proceeds to piss by the door. There is a loud banging on the door.

ADA

Chauncey! Open up! I know you're there!

A dirt clog smacks on his outside window.

ALBAN

Get up you cocksucker! Baby momma tripping balls!

A crash forces Chauncey to open an eye. Everything is blurry as he gains composure and grudgingly gets up. He stumbles through the house as the banging goes through his skull.

CHAUNCEY

All right! All right! I'm coming.

ADA

Chauncey! I knew you were there you better have a good explanation...

Chauncey swings open the door as she is in the middle of ranting

CHAUNCEY

What?!

ADA

What? Man you better watch that tone with me - and what the hell do you have on? Xavier cover your eyes!

Ada makes their son Xavier cover his eyes.

ADA

Chauncey I can't believe you - you were late for your daughter's graduation, I knew how sorry you were so I'm thinking

### The Accidental Rapper

you're going to be a tad bit smarter when you turned 40 but then you ignored your children's calls to wish you a happy-birthday! To top it off you forget to pick them up for summer break. I've been listening to your son whine, just like you, all day long about how his father forgot about him as he can't wish you happy-birthday. How your daughter wishes you weren't her father and that she's done with you. Do you realize what type of position this puts me in, huh? Defending a has-been disgraced bum such as yourself! My child support payment wasn't paid, where is my damn money? Then to find you here, the day gone, obviously still inebriated, dressed in... what is that? A woman's skirt? Now cross dressing? We are so done with you, you'll be hearing from my lawyer! Come on Xavier!

Chauncey looks in shock, he grabs a coat and runs after them.

CHAUNCEY

Ada! Wait!

EXT: APARTMENT BLDG. - DAY

Chauncey runs after them, his coat flopping. Ada rushes to their car, trying to get Xavier inside as Marty is pulling up. Another neighbor, the elderly ETHEL CRUMB is using her walker up the steps. Chauncey is almost upon her when Alban screams.

ALBAN

Yo cunt bitch! Your dog just destroyed my begonias with a pound of shit! You scoop!

Chauncey pivots around startled, his coat flaps open in front of Ethel as the skirt drops. Ethel screams and faints.

ALBAN

Great Scott! What is that?

Marty rushes over to Ada, gets her to stop the car.

MARTY

### The Accidental Rapper

Hey, Ada girl, how are you, looking fine tonight. Hey Xav my man - how's it hanging? So hey what's going down?

Chauncey is getting chased by Alban in the background.

ADA (Sighs)

Hey Marty, thanks. Boy, look over there at your brother. Man, he's a hot mess! Look at him! He turned 40 and lost it - what happened to him? He had had so much potential until, until...

MARTY

He got cheated on?

She sucks her lips and glares at him.

MARTY

Hey, it coordinates, just saying...

ADA

Okay, okay, I deserved that, I'm feeling you - but seriously Marty, look at you, you're successful, single, dress well, got money - where did your brother go wrong? Can't you rub off on him? He needs to take care of these kids.

Alban slings a bag of poop at Chauncey's head knocking him to the ground as Ethel stomps on him with her walker.

MARTY

I hear you girl, I got this, I'll talk to him okay. Don't worry, I got this girl. Want me to get my nephew, I know its summer break.

ADA

Aww and you don't even have children and you remembered. Looks like I married the wrong brother, maybe it would have lasted.

MARTY (Muttering)

Don't think so slut bitch!

## The Accidental Rapper

ADA

What? What did you say?

MARTY

Said I got an itch! Hey Xavier, come on boy, let's get your father homie!

Ethel cracks Chauncey over her knee and proceeds to whoop him. Ada drives off as Chauncey and Xavier walk up to the beating.

ETHEL

I'mma whoop that trick! Whoop that trick!

MARTY

Chauncey! Quit playing and get your ass up in here! Mooning all these good folks out here - should be ashamed of yourself!

XAVIER

What's that smell?

INT: APARTMENT - DAY

Marty is fixing Xavier a sandwich as Chauncey finally comes stumbling inside, pulling up the skirt, exasperated.

CHAUNCEY

Thanks guys, helping me get psycho grandma off me! Know who to trust in a fight!

MARTY

Hey bro, you know I got your back, always, but that was a lop-sided battle with the elderly and I wasn't getting involved!

CHAUNCEY

I was trying my best not to hurt her!

MARTY

Oh, I wasn't worried about her, uh no.

XAVIER

Ma dukes got skills, she was getting that!

CHAUNCEY

Hey boy, watch it.

## The Accidental Rapper

MARTY

Like a cock and swine fight - gotta let  
the animals work it out!

XAVIER

Serves you right dad, you always late!

Chauncey gasps, reaches for him but he darts off upset.

MARTY

Hey, hey calm down bro - let the boy go.  
Nephew got a point. What's gotten into  
you? And what's up with that silk skirt?

CHAUNCEY

Um, I don't know, I don't remember much  
from last night.

MARTY

Oh, I was just thinking that didn't really  
match your complexion, need a lighter  
shade to highlight your features.

CHAUNCEY

What? What the heck are you talking  
about? Matching?? Hey is that the last  
of my sandwich meat? How much you eat?

Chauncey looks perturbed as Marty shuffles, lowers his eyes  
before taking a slower bite. Xavier comes back in perplexed.

XAVIER

Um, dad there is a strange naked lady  
walking around back here.

Marty eyes Chauncey who shrugs as they go to the back room.  
Alexis stumbles around his room looking for clothes. Chauncey  
stares stunned as Xavier and Marty look surprised, smiling.

ALEXIS

Hey, that's mine.

MARTY

### The Accidental Rapper

Looks like you had a great birthday brother. Guess you won't like my belt clip I got you, I'll take it back.

CHAUNCEY

Um, you didn't get me a belt clip - shut up. Xavier, cover your eyes boy. Um, miss, can I help you? Why are you here?

She looks at him perplexed as Marty snickers and Xavier peeks.

MARTY

Um, little bro, you have two childs, I think you know what you did last night.

Marty throws a towel past her making her bend over to pick up.

CHAUNCEY

No, uh, we didn't... did we?

Alexis nods yes. Marty who nods yes. Even Xavier nods yes.

CHAUNCEY (Perplexed)

Couldn't have, I would have remembered.

ALEXIS

Uh, don't you remember the sun coming up?

CHAUNCEY

Well, that sounds nice, a nice romantic, gentlemanly thing to do.

ALEXIS

No honey, afraid was a bit more, you had me bent over the banister banging me from the back. Had me crowing like a rooster as the sun came up. Think we woke up a few neighbors, that was fun.

Xavier grins profusely as Chauncey tries to cover his ears.

CHAUNCEY (Stuttering)

Well, I, I...

ALEXIS

## The Accidental Rapper

And we did it on the floor, on the sink,  
from the banister, from the...

Marty and Chauncey look around at the various locations.

CHAUNCEY

No!

ALEXIS

Yes!

Chauncey huffs and pouts, as Marty and Xavier laughs.

ALEXIS

Now can I have my skirt back? Think it  
looks better on me.

INT: APARTMENT: DAY

Xavier plays a video game in the living room as Chauncey inhales  
a pot of coffee. Marty walks by with Alexis.

MARTY

Chauncey my man, I'm going to escort your  
new friend Alexis here to her car. Turns  
out she's a lawyer downtown at Bradford,  
Cooper and Young. She's going to consult  
me on that honey bee fiasco.

ALEXIS

Chauncey baby, call me.

She passes him her card and gives him a seductive kiss before  
waving bye. Marty winks, smiles at Chauncey as they leave.  
Chauncey huffs and wobbles over to Xavier as he takes a long  
sniff of his coffee. Xavier eyes him and keeps playing.

CHAUNCEY

Xavier, son, I'm so sorry - I know I  
messed up and I hope you can forgive me  
for not getting you, and missing your  
calls, and disappointing you and..

Chauncey frowns as the Xavier keeps playing his game, unfazed.

CHAUNCEY

## The Accidental Rapper

Son? You hear what I'm trying to say?

Xavier intently plays the game. Frustrated, Chauncey finally notices tiny ear pieces, before pulling them out.

XAVIER

What?!

CHAUNCEY

Son! I'm trying to apologize and you're sucking up a healthy dosage of ignoramus rapping about big rims and how much ice they have! You need some real music!

XAVIER

What? Listen to that soft stuff you listen to that passes for music? Come on dad, you should know I don't listen to that! Do you even know what I like? Are you really my father?

CHAUNCEY

Hey boy, watch your tone - look I was apologizing for what happened. I've been going through some things and ended up blowing off some steam last night with my buddies. It's been a long time to do something like that and it felt great. I'm trying my best to be a good father in spite of what your mother says and keep my career together with my head above water

XAVIER

And bring home crazy, naked pretty girls to your apartment and wear their clothes?

CHAUNCEY

Hey now, boy, I resent that, well, she was pretty wasn't she? Been nice to remember anything about it - but I digress - it's not about me it's you and your sister - and what the? Where is your sister??

XAVIER

Dad, I've been here since, what 4:30, and that's the first time asked about Zhoi!

## The Accidental Rapper

CHAUNCEY

Um, didn't she come with you? Uh, um, no, I can tell by the look on your face. Um, let me guess, she didn't want to come, she has a hot date, no, she's at the mall with friends, um, no, she's...

XAVIER

Um, dad, how pathetic.

Chauncey gives him a perturbed look then huffs.

CHAUNCEY

Son, look, I've been going through a tough time since your mother and I broke up. She moved on to that Floss guy and...

XAVIER

Ross.

CHAUNCEY

Whatever, listen, I just lost my job and it feels like the weight of the world is on my shoulders...

XAVIER

Dad, dad, I know, I know. Then your old ass turned 40, I understand dad - but what is it you always tell me when I'm down and everything seems like it's going nowhere?

CHAUNCEY &amp; XAVIER

Keep your head up, life goes on

XAVIER

Quoted by the late, great 2pac.

CHAUNCEY

Oh wow you remembered, thought he was lost on your generation. Boy was a poet.

XAVIER

He's the James Dean for our generation, we follow brilliant, cool, psychopaths. Even if he's OLD SCHOOL!

## The Accidental Rapper

CHAUNCEY

Hey son, that's blasphemous. Pac is still kicking it out in the islands, thought you knew. He'll hear you.

XAVIER

Dad he's cool vintage hip-hop.

CHAUNCEY (Sighs)

Listen, all I know is hip-hop used to speak about something back then - these new cats ramble on about whatever crosses their brain. How big they're gun is, how big their stack of cash it, how big their um, penis is, how many females they bag, everything's super sized - No substance, no compassion, no glory - my generation started rap - yours is killing it!

XAVIER

Dad! You're crazy - not all of the newer rappers rap about those things - have faith, we're not killing it - we're building on your generation's blueprint! Maybe all you old school cats are psychopaths. I think it's time we have some new voices that are saner.

CHAUNCEY

Yah, like that's going to happen! So really, where is your sister? Baby girl was supposed to give me some quality time before she left for school.

XAVIER

Uh, um, Zhoi is still mad at you, she decided to stay home and help mom out.

CHAUNCEY

What? Let me call.

XAVIER

Um, no wait! She went out, um, with some church friends - to a revival!

## The Accidental Rapper

Chauncey eyes him curiously as Xavier bites his lip.

CHAUNCEY

Okay, so I guess she really didn't want to come, I deserve that. I'll let her slide this time. I'll talk to her. You and me, we're going to have some fun right? None of that fat rim, chain hang low shit today - we're playing some righteous joints, baking cakes, playing chess, the Wii whatever, me and you, got it? Let's go!

Xavier rolls his eyes but laughs and goes along with his dad.

MONTAGE:

Chauncey and Xavier make a mess as they bake a cake, end up in a food fight. They play video games as Xavier keeps whooping his dad's ass, Chauncey has to resort to cheating to win. They place crank calls until Chauncey accidentally calls Odessa. They wrestle until Chauncey is passed out from exhaustion.

EXT: CHAUNCEY'S APARTMENT BALCONY - EVENING

Chauncey nurses his sore back as he sends Xavier outside to play his handheld. Marla is painting on her porch, she smirks at him

CHAUNCEY

Hey, what are you laughing at? I see you

MARLA

You see me huh? Do you really?

Chauncey bites his lip, ponders and walks closer.

CHAUNCEY

So what does that mean? What are you up too? I see you getting your paint on, when are you going to let me have one?

MARLA

You may not see me - but I see you...  
(pause) In your boxers, in your robe, laid out on the pavement...

CHAUNCEY

### The Accidental Rapper

Oh, oh, got jokes huh? Couldn't lend a hand to a brother down huh?

In the courtyard, teenagers and children start to gather looking at something. Xavier sits nearby playing his handheld. Marla just laughs as she keeps painting. Alban slips up behind.

ALBAN

Hey, chocolate chump, I see you dip shit, your big brown ass humping away on some squirrel this morning - like some rabbits in heat - should be disgusted with yourself - going to give me nightmares for the rest of my life. Huge brown chunk banging and banging and banging and...

MARLA

Alban!

ALBAN

Humph, I digress, my humble apologies for the ladies sake - Ms. Marla stay away from this one - he is a gorilla on the prowl, player of the jungle, beast!

MARLA

Alban!

Alban grunts, starts to leave, but not before sneering at Cool Joe, who turns around and hikes his butt up.

CHAUNCEY

Um, sorry about that, this morning - was my birthday yesterday, went out with my homies - I have to confess, I don't remember much at all, I don't even remember anything with that girl...

MARLA

Chauncey, you don't need to explain anything to me. I'm glad to see you get out with your buddies, always so much a hermit - now the public display of affection - Chauncey - are you blushing or just turning darker?

## The Accidental Rapper

CHAUNCEY

Well, I uh, well, er...

MARLA

You're cute in a sad sack type of way when you're embarrassed - but happy birthday - I did think about you...

Marla reaches into her artist bag, pulls out a brown wrapped painting, and hands it to Chauncey, surprised he hesitates.

CHAUNCEY

Seriously? Been eyeballing your paintings for years. I don't know what to say...

MARLA

Thanks - is always good.

Chauncey rips open the paper, stares in awe at a picture of himself with Zhoi and Xavier. He wipes away a tear.

CHAUNCEY

I don't even know how to...

MARLA

Looks like it was worth it.

They hug over the banister.

EXT: APARTMENT COURTYARD - EVENING

Xavier eyes them hugging before looking at the chanting kids.

KIDS

I'm not going to take it no more! I'm not going to take it no more! I'm mad as hell and I'm not going to take it no more!

They laugh and replay the video again as they mimic Chauncey.

TREY

Yo, this guy is nuts! I love this!

Trey sees Xavier staring.

TREY

### The Accidental Rapper

Hey kid, you see this? Funniest old fart  
you've ever saw! Look at this!

Xavier walks up cautiously as they laugh and dance like  
Chauncey. He peeks and then does a double take.

XAVIER

What's the web address?

INT: CHAUNCEY'S APARTMENT BALCONY - EVENING

Chauncey's cell phone and land line go off simultaneously.

CHAUNCEY

Oh wow, please, excuse me.

Chauncey fumbles through both phones attempting to answer as  
Marla watches Xavier lead a group of kids towards the condo.

CHAUNCEY

Hello? Hello? What? What are you  
talking about - hang on, hang on... Hello?  
What? That's absurd, somebody just said...  
wait, hang on, another line - Hello?  
Hello? What the heck - are you serious?

Chauncey gets his laptop and pops it on. Instant messages  
immediately come over. He tilts his glasses as Xavier enters.

CHAUNCEY

What is going on?

XAVIER

Dad, explain yourself.

Chauncey turns around slowly to find Xavier backed by the boys.  
Xavier holds phones and a laptop showing the rap on Youtube.  
Chauncey's mouth drops, his eyes roll before he faints.

INT: FLASHBACK 22 YEARS - TALENT SHOW CONTEST

Chill Will and Boogie Z go back and forth on stage in colorful,  
matching Troop outfits, Gumby haircuts with large gold chains  
and Chuck Taylors. Marty scratches on turntables. Two dancers  
gyrate on stage with Gumby haircuts and white tips.

## The Accidental Rapper

BOOGIE Z & CHILL WILL

Everybody, everybody - we the two freshest M.C.'s on the mic - can it be? Can it be? - Chill Will, Boogie Z, all right! Super def, super hype, super tight - battle us - yeah right! Other crews can't mess with this - challenge us we'll just spit on it - THE MIC - put you in your place - you big disgrace - flip your fan base - now they on our tip - just ask your girl - we coming up, all over her lips -

Chauncey sees Boogie making eye contact with Ada in the crowd.

BOOGIE Z & CHILL WILL

Raah! We Super fresh, Super fresh, Super dapper M.C.'s off the map! Check my mixmaster Marty X!

As Marty mixes on the turntables Boogie saunters over to Ada and whispers in her ear as she giggles. Chauncey frowns as Marty mixes in 'Chill Will's intro as the crowd yells his name but he is preoccupied. Boogie looks up from Ava curiously.

BOOGIE Z

Yo! Chill Will!

CHILL WILL

Yo! Boogie Z!

BOOGIE Z

No! Chill Will!

CHILL WILL

No! Boogie Z!

Boogie Z realizes the problem as he tries to move away from Ava. Chauncey digs his heel in the stage like a Toro as Marty mixes in 'No - no - no! Chauncey knocks the dancers like bowling pins

BOOGIE Z

Yo, playa, see what had happened..

Chauncey rushes Boogie, but he steps out the way letting Chauncey spiral into the crowd that parts like the red sea.

## The Accidental Rapper

INT: CHAUNCEY'S APT - MORNING

Chauncey is rudely awakened being splashed with water. Spitting out water he sees Boney over him.

BONEY

Chauncey, we need to talk.

INT: BOOGIE Z'S LIMO, HIGHWAY - EVENING

Loud music plays as Xavier bounces around the limo.

XAVIER

Look dad, alcohol! Can I have some?

CHAUNCEY

Xavier put that down, sit down.

XAVIER

Nice, a pull out laptop - all the latest tech - wireless! Nice!

Xavier starts messing with it as Chauncey huffs.

CHAUNCEY

What did I tell you? Leave it alone!

XAVIER

Hey, that's my song - 'rapping definitely, defiantly, finger to the man, won't let them get the best of me, Boogie Z is an outlaw - you can't f---; whoops.

Xavier covers his mouth not repeating what Boogie Z raps.

CHAUNCEY

I didn't realize you even listened to him, how do you know that song?

XAVIER

'Rap Rebel? That was one of his big hits - when he used to be good. His new stuff is wack - and yes I see your face, I won't mention that to him, I'm not stupid.

CHAUNCEY

## The Accidental Rapper

That was a decent cut, I really don't listen to his new stuff either - sounds like a lot of the other crap on the radio.

XAVIER

That why you listen to that cheesy jazz?

CHAUNCEY

Hey boy, respect that music, these rappers sample this cheesy jazz grooves anyways - where you think most of this comes from?

XAVIER

I hear you - so what does Boogie's crib look like? I bet he's way out in the country - big ol' estate. Pools, basketball courts, bi... I mean women.

Chauncey grunts as they exit and go through a rundown area.

XAVIER

What in the? Dad where are we?

CHAUNCEY

It looks like the old neighborhood - wow, haven't been through here in years.

XAVIER

Since grandma passed -I'm getting déjà vu.

CHAUNCEY

Yes since moms passed - this area hasn't been the same.

XAVIER

You took me there for ice cream! That um, boarded up place. Wow...

CHAUNCEY

The economy hasn't been good to this neighborhood. Factories moved out, went overseas, people lost jobs, their homes, and their lifestyles. Supporting business like that ice cream shop followed, happens more than it should son.

## The Accidental Rapper

XAVIER

So why are we here?

They both move forward and gawk, the desolate street of boarded up homes opens up to a large barb-wired fenced yard with an immaculate house surrounded by guards. The gate opens.

EXT: BOOGIE Z'S HOUSE - EVENING

Boogie strolls out of the house with a pimp fur coat on over swimming trunks. Bikini clad female's walk around a large pool with a fountain flowing into it. Alan opens the door for them.

BOOGIE Z

My mellow my nigga - Chill willy in the motherfucking hiz-house - what it be you fat bitch - yo!

Xavier steps out from behind his father.

BOOGIE Z

Oh shit - What I mean - little man - what it do? How are we doing? Milk and cookies? Um, want some candy?

XAVIER

Um, I'm 15.

BOOGIE Z

Oh damn, that what it do, my nigga.

Chauncey huffs at Boogie who gives Xavier a pound.

BOOGIE Z

Shit, my bad Chill, have to remember you hate that word - its cool bro, I'll hold my tongue with your little man. Looks like little man is digging the décor.

Chauncey realizes Xavier is gawking at the females rubbing lotion on each other. He tries to cover Xavier's eyes. One of the groupies sees Chauncey and starts to dance.

GROUPIE 5

Uh, I'm not going to take it no more! I'm not going to take it no more!

## The Accidental Rapper

Chauncey covers his face and waves her off as they walk.

XAVIER

Mr. Boogie you have some video games?

BOOGIE Z (laughs)

Hell yeah little man, come on.

INT: BOOGIE Z'S PLAYROOM - DAY

Xavier gawks at a large theatre room.

BOOGIE Z

Every single system is here, the WII, Xbox, PS3. I even have the classics, Saturn, Atari, Nintendo, have at it boy.

XAVIER

Oh my! It's connected too!

BOOGIE Z

Hey boy, you sign in with the guest pass, stay away from Loverdover6969 that's taboo screen name right there homie...

Xavier rushes the room as Boogie motions for Chauncey to follow.

EXT: BALCONY - DAY

They get out on the balcony over the pool.

CHAUNCEY

I'm tripping what you've done here - bro, I didn't even know you kept it. Is there where you come when you're in town?

BOOGIE Z

Say what? Nigga, this is my house, I've been here the whole time - your ass is the one that don't come back to the hood.

CHAUNCEY

Get out of here - you had what - 3 platinum, 2 gold records. Had a few world tours, won a few awards. What was it?

## The Accidental Rapper

Two marriages and that one with the movie star ended with her almost making you go broke? Was all over the tabloids.

BOOGIE

Correction - was only 2 platinum, 4 gold, 3 Grammy and 4 AMA awards, 3 world tours, and was 3 marriages, the 2<sup>nd</sup> was annulled and it was the 3<sup>rd</sup> that took my other house out in Los Angeles - maybe that's why you thought I bounced - shit that was my vacation spot bro. Bitch couldn't get her hands on my prized possession right here back in the hood. Shit, I grew up playing ball right where that pool is. I used to steal my neighbors sweet potato pie right where my garage is and I stuffed my first groupie right where my garden sits.

CHAUNCEY

What...? Wait, didn't Ada used to live next door to you here?

BOOGIE Z

Oh shit, playa - naw, your ex lived down the street homie - not next door.

CHAUNCEY

What, Mark I'm ate up but not that ate up bro - I remember walking with both of you to Mystachio Academy right up the street. We used the talking cans with each other right out your bedroom window.

BOOGIE Z

Oh damn, maybe she did - well I was saying I stuffed my first burrito right over at there, know mean? We cooked... Anyways - never mind that - Chill I need your help.

Chauncey ponders over it a moment before he continues.

CHAUNCEY

Okay what does the great Boogie Z need little ol' me for? To gloat in his

### The Accidental Rapper

success just a little more and rub his feet in my face? I don't think so.

BOOGIE Z

Seriously bro, hear me out, I'm in a little trouble and I feel the situation with your song blowing up I feel you can feel me with what I'm going through. I got a proposal for you.

CHAUNCEY

Song blowing up? Feel what? Come on man, I'm an Internet freak - a fluke - these kids are making fun of me man.

BOOGIE Z

Shut the fuck up man - are you serious? That song is not a fluke man - its pure genius playa and the kids are straight vibing off it. They are feeling your wrath and running with it - I hate to tell it to you but you're about to be a star.

CHAUNCEY (Pauses)

Come on man - I just passed 40 bro, some call it over the hill - 20 years ago I could see it but what I did was a night of drunken stupor, I'm over it, moving on.

BOOGIE Z

Chauncey, it was 5 minutes of genius bro. Shit like the masters, Jimi, Michael, Marvin, Elton, Prince, Jay-Z, Em, Biggie, Pac. They could walk into a studio, rap, sing, dance, strum or flick the bass and make magic. That was you playa - Here I was, master of my domain, fucking up, and you - Mr. Ad rep - high on life - stepped up you're A game and ripped that shit. It was brilliant man and I don't say that too many people but you're my boy and I had to fill you in. Now playa I need to get my piece, no offense but you were on my time and obviously you're not prepared, so let me pitch this.

## The Accidental Rapper

CHAUNCEY

And what do you get out of this?

BOOGIE Z

Your help - getting my shit back together. Boney is great with my music books but I need help with my personal crap dog. When this shit is all said and done - what the fuck will I be doing? Bankrupt and preaching like Hammer? That ain't me - Being an actor playing a cop on TV after I dissed the cops on record? Don't think so. And don't even think about those reality shows - fools don't ever come back from them the same.

Chauncey arches his eyebrow as he watches Boney stroll on the porch, lay two contracts out, a ballpoint pen, and two beers.

CHAUNCEY

What type of proposal man? This that B.S, cause I'm not amused.

BONEY

Au contraire Mr. Thornton, Mark Wells and associates here has drafted a lucrative offer for you. It's a one album deal with masters and publishing 50/50, royalties negotiable and all rights under Wells and associates for 5 years. You can read the fine print, its all there. We will take excellent care of you. The song is moving fast, we need to take care of it now.

Chauncey looks at Boogie sipping wine and Boney watching him.

CHAUNCEY

What? Seriously? This super dummy rant is big enough to offer a contract?

Boogie Z and Boney both shake their head in unison.

CHAUNCEY

I don't know, I'm not a rapper, and this is not what I want. How is this going to help my career path? I'm cool bro.

## The Accidental Rapper

BONEY

You're making a mistake Chauncey - the stats on the residuals of this is off the chain. We're looking at net profits of over 400% with a royalty rate of..

CHAUNCEY

Boogie what the hell?

BOOGIE Z

My mans talking money kid - I don't care if your monkey ass never makes another record. Stand on the merit of this one single, right now nobody is making money, you sign here and we - as in all of us - equally - retain the rights. Trust and believe your percentage will make you a rich man - all those debts will be paid.

CHAUNCEY

What? Paid? Everything? One song?

BOOGIE Z

Bro, paid - this crazy ass fluke of a single is bound to make you a rich cat - flossin, mackin ho's, and sporting the hottest whips and gadgets - bro, trust us.

Chauncey strokes his chin and imagines the glamorous life.

MONTAGE:

Chauncey steps out of a limo, dressed in the latest gear, holding a trio of sexy honeys, as they attend an award show. Everybody is sweating him asking for autographs and pictures. Ada approaches him for an autograph and he disses her.

INT: BOOGIE'S HOUSE - DAY

CHAUNCEY

I should let my lawyer overlook it..

BOOGIE Z

Damn'it, what you got to lose?!

## The Accidental Rapper

CHAUNCEY

Really, I should take my time...

BONEY

Times ticking, the shelf life bout to expire. Nobody will make anything and you'll be a 15 minute You-boob sensation.

CHAUNCEY

But, but...

EVERYBODY OUTSIDE AT POOL

Sign it!!!!

Chauncey glances over at Xavier enjoying himself with the video games. He sighs as he submits and seals the contract.

### **MONTAGE**

The song enters into the top 40. At publicity stops Boogie notices fans sweating Chauncey hard. Chauncey tries to show Boogie business investments downtown, but on the street groupies pass Boogie to swarm Chauncey. The internet votes Chill Will as favorite new artist and Boogie Z 'Where are they now?'

MONTAGE; RECORD COMPANY HQ

The company grooms Chauncey for his promotional tour as EVA, their publicist, tries different clothes on Chauncey that don't look good or he rips. A MAKEUP ARTIST gives up trying to apply touch up's on him. Chauncey takes silly pictures with a variety of different models before breaking into a pose that knocks down the scenery and the models as the PHOTOGRAPHER gives up.

INT: RECORD COMPANY HQ - DAY

Boney and Boogie look dumbfounded at pictures Eva shows them. They shake their heads and walk over to Chauncey who is attempting to talk to a WOMAN who curls her lip and walks away.

BOOGIE Z

Chill, think photogenic's has just eluded you this far in life.

CHAUNCEY

What? They're not good?

## The Accidental Rapper

Boogie shakes his head no as Boney laughs.

BONEY

We'll have another opportunity at the release party tonight. No worries, we already have the outfit picked out. The driver will pick you up at eight sharp.

CHAUNCEY

Eight? I have to attend my sons ceremony tonight for the young tech award. No way.

BONEY

Line fourteen, section two of your contract. Representation - artist must attend all events management organizes in favor of the project or be in breach of said contract. Sorry Chauncey, junior will have to understand.

BOOGIE Z

Chill, Chill Will, X be cool, hook him up with one of your groupies or something. Stick to that schedule Eva gave you bro - your song is almost top ten already - the 'I'm not going to take it no more' dance is phenomenal. Let's not fuck this up for both of us. A lot of influential people will be there tonight, Jay, Weeze, Kanye, Snoop - got to show and prove playa! That trick you just tried your weak holla at is nothing compared to the pussy that will be literally thrown at you tonight.

Ty and Dexter appear out of nowhere pumping their fists.

TY AND DEXTER

Hell yeah! The groupies - the motherfucking groupies yo! There's going to be some fucking tonight!

CHAUNCEY

What the - why are they here?

BOOGIE Z

### The Accidental Rapper

Spit Records got to have interns and apparently Burrell dumped them along with you. Trust and believe we'll put them to work and they better keep off the groupies tonight because they are all for you Chill. The vamps will be out sniffing new blood. I have a surplus box of condoms already loaded in the limo. You will have plenty of opportunity to catch up on the last fifteen years of your life!

CHAUNCEY

Wait, performance? Dance? Jay and Snoop? I have to be in front of all of them? I don't even remember the words to the song!

A man whispers to Boney and Boogie and they start to walk away.

BONEY

Item 17, line 6a. Artist must perform song in its entirety.

BOOGIE Z

Best be crack-a lackin Chill - you have about hmmm - eight hours to get your shit together. Show and prove tonight playa!

CHAUNCEY

Hey, hey, no more Chill Will - that was twenty years ago - I'm Funky Child now!

BOOGIE Z

Whatever *nigga!* Ohio Player you not!

Boogie and his entourage disappear around a corner as Chauncey looks at a picture of Xavier in his cell phone and sighs.

INT: CHAUNCEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Chauncey comes home and dodges Xavier playing video games.

CHAUNCEY

Hey kid, what's shaking? You have a good day? You beat that game yet?

XAVIER

### The Accidental Rapper

Dad, what game are you referring to?  
There is quite a few.

CHAUNCEY

Um, the um, Haven, uh, Hobble, Hobbit,  
Malo? I'm not exactly sure -

XAVIER

Hobbit? Hobble? Dad oh my goodness -  
are you talking about Halo?

CHAUNCEY

Um, there you go, you beat it yet?

XAVIER

Dad - that was a few months ago. I've  
already beat five games since then.

CHAUNCEY

Oh - Okay - um hey about that ceremony  
tonight -

XAVIER

Yeah dad, it starts at eight pm - sharp -  
we can't be late, get ready at five.

CHAUNCEY

We're going to have to make a compromise.

INT: CHAUNCEY'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Xavier puts the finishing touches on an electronic visual set up  
in the apartment. Chauncey stands in the middle, facing a TV  
set with a Wii and an Ipad on while standing on a dance mat.

XAVIER

Okay dad, your routine is downloaded into  
the game - follow the lights you got your  
dance. Copy your rap you got it down.

CHAUNCEY

Is it ready?

XAVIER

Question is - are you ready?

## The Accidental Rapper

CHAUNCEY

Kick it.

On the Wii Xavier syncs the video of "No more" with the Ipod. Chauncey practices following his dance on the mat.

CHAUNCEY (With the video)

Standing in my way holding me down, now  
I'm letting go the shackles...

Xavier mimics Chauncey's moves as they rehearse the routine. After they rehearse for a while Marty comes in.

MARTY

What's up squirt - you ready to roll out?

XAVIER

Yeah, I have some slick stuff to show off.

CHAUNCEY

Hey Xav - thanks son. This is real good.

XAVIER

No problem dad.

CHAUNCEY

You knock them dead at that awards  
ceremony - you deserve it son. I love you

XAVIER

Thanks dad, I love you too.

MARTY

Aw so mushy and sweet, cut it - we gonna  
be on time - I'm not daddy! Bye bitch.

Chauncey gives Marty the finger, while smiling watching his son. His smile turns upside down as the limo pulls up.

CHAUNCEY

Damn, time to show and prove.

INT: CLUB SLAM - NIGHT

Chauncey descends down the red carpet with Boogie Z's entourage.

## The Accidental Rapper

BOOGIE Z

Place is poppin! Everybody's here, Weezy,  
Snoopy, Jeezy, 50, Kanye, Drake, Lupe,  
Soulja, Gucci - they are all here!

CHAUNCEY

Who?

BOOGIE Z

Hey - Jay Z my man - waiting for that  
collab my 40-year old brother. Yo, we do  
lunch at your restaurant!

Jay Z goes right to Chauncey and shakes his hand.

JAY Z

Thanks for keeping it real playa.

Jay Z ignores Boogie as he walks away with his entourage.

BOOGIE Z

Whatever - anyway yo its time for  
redemption brother.

CHAUNCEY

What do you mean?

BOOGIE Z

I'm getting on stage too, fool - help your  
scared ass out and me. Get some  
refreshments dog, loosen up - but hey not  
too loose you lush - See you backstage!

Nervous, Chauncey nods as Boogie swaggers off greeting guests.  
He wanders as people mingle and ignore him before spotting Kanye

CHAUNCEY

Yo, Kanye right? I dig your work dog,  
all about the lyrics, experimentation,  
dunno bout the 808 faze though...

KANYE

The fuck, do I know you?

CHAUNCEY

### The Accidental Rapper

Hey, you know - "I'm not going to take it  
no more - not going to take it no more..."

Kanye nods and walks off.

KANYE

Right -

CHAUNCEY

Hey, hey man - I concur! Beyonce rules  
homie - she was jipped! Love you man.

He grabs a drink and sees Snoop Dogg with some groupies.

CHAUNCEY

Hey Snoop - double o - p - Snoop deezy in  
the house - bow wow wow yippie yo yippie  
yay - Gin and Juice - yo.

SNOOP

What fool? Get that shit out!

Snoop pops the drink out of his hand as Chauncey scurries off.  
He thinks he sees one of Bone Thugs and Harmony.

CHAUNCEY

Hey, yo, Bizzy B - I mean Bone Busy - uh,  
Biddle Bone? Thug rubble b - thug dizzle  
d - deez nuts - meet at the crossroads.

Bizzy shakes his head. Donovan struts by with two ladies.

DONOVAN

My cuz, strutting up here big timing! How  
bout autographs for the ladies?

CHAUNCEY

Naw player, not tonight!

Donovan looks in shock as Chauncey smirks and hits the bar. The  
bartender is PHIFE from A Tribe called Quest.

PHIFE

What will you have bro?

CHAUNCEY

## The Accidental Rapper

Um, yeah, let me get rum and coke - hey where do I know you from?

PHIFE

It's all good son, probably from around the way - coming up rum and coke. Everything okay kid?

CHAUNCEY

Yeah I guess, this is my song release party and I'm not even feeling it...

PHIFE

What, for real, it's like that son? You the "I'm not gonna take it no more" kid? No shit, bringing it, at what, how old are you kid? Got to be least 30-something.

CHAUNCEY

You funny man - I just hit 40 - this was not planned for real - all foreign territory. But I swear I recognize your voice - you used to be in a crew?

PHIFE

Something like that yo - but shit homey - 40 huh? That's what's up - you blazin a new frontier son - most new rappers are fresh out of diapers. What's the mature set going to relate too? Guns, rims, and rocks are out son - your song speaks to the people - that's why they loving it son - is a reality check - what regular joe's been dealing with everyday - you get out there and do your thing and trust - the whole world will rock with you and there isn't hardly nothing to get you prepared for it. Ride it while you can son.

CHAUNCEY

I'm trying to ride man, nothing else happening good for me now - but really I feel where you coming from man - let me get another rum and coke. Mr. somebody I know I was jamming too a few years back - come on man, I knows you.

## The Accidental Rapper

PHIFE

Ha, you funny man - I'm glad I remind you of somebody. Another rum and coke kid - But something to remember after tonight - Don't ever forget where you come from because the fall from grace is way harder than the climb up. Trust and believe. Check the rhyme kid - check the rhyme.

Chauncey contemplates as Boney and Alan come up.

BONEY

Chauncey, 5 minutes for your debut - are you ready? You need anything - another drink? Time to show and prove buddy.

CHAUNCEY

Oh, I'm good.

BONEY

His drinks are on the house - take care of him. Needs to be relaxed, ready to rock.

They stroll off shaking hands. Chauncey turns around about to say something to Fife but another BARTENDER is there.

BARTENDER

Another drink sir?

Chauncey is stupefied as Boogie is on stage while the DJ mixes.

BOOGIE Z

Yo, yo, pimps and pimpettes in the house tonight - how you living?

The crowd claps and responds.

BOOGIE Z

We in the house tonight for my boy behind the fastest rising single in the country - a freaking sensation, borne from the internet culture and now number one in your hearts - welcome my boy Chill Will!

## The Accidental Rapper

The DJ starts scratching the old rock song "I'm not going to take it." Mixed with James Brown saying "I'm Mad" Over the beat. They hand over a microphone as Chauncey walks on stage. Boogie is doing the "No more" dance amping the crowd up.

CHAUNCEY

Hey, yo people this is Funky Child - fresh for the 20 - yo what's up party people!

They eye him funny as he ambles nervously, stiff.

CHAUNCEY

Yo, yo, yo - Uh - yeah - uh - huh - yeah what, what - pow - I'm not going to take it no more - I'm not going to take it no more - I'm... uh - I'm...

The crowd boos and chants as he rambles, fruit and bottles hit the stage making him stumble.

CHAUNCEY

Hey, I'm mad!

Boogie rushes up as the crowd starts to get hostile.

BOOGIE

Hey, hey yo! Party people - ha ha the joke was on you - this ain't Chill Will - yo we about to get my posse up here to get the party on point!

He whispers to Chauncey as he pushes him off the stage.

BOOGIE

Yo, nigga, what the fuck are you doing?

CHAUNCEY

Man, I don't know B - I wasn't ready.

BOOGIE

Well get the fuck ready nigga - what the fuck did you do that night you fucked up my studio session? Money riding bitch!

CHAUNCEY

Shit, you had me drunk man!

## The Accidental Rapper

BOOGIE

Get drunk to get crunk! Nigga!

Hoads of Boogie's entourage push Chauncey out of the way heading on stage, including Ty and Dexter.

TY AND DEXTER

Boo ya - all up in your grill!

Chauncey is directed off the stage as Boogie erupts into one of his hit songs. The entourage bounces on stage as the crowd responds positively. Chauncey ambles back to the bar and orders a gin and tonic as he sulks. Surprisingly Marla appears.

MARLA

Chauncey, hey, what are you doing over here? Aren't you supposed to be onstage?

CHAUNCEY

Oh, uh, Marla, hey, I, what's up girl? What are you doing here? This a pleasant surprise. You look gorgeous!

MARLA

Oh why thanks Chauncey, - well um, you've been busy with the single and all but you know I get out every now and then right?

CHAUNCEY

Ha, yah well, I should be up after this, trying to get myself prepared you know... Um, so did you, by chance, come alone?

MARLA

Um, no, I came with my boyfriend, he's in town from Kansas City - he's was getting me a drink - EMMETT hey, over here.

CHAUNCEY

Oh, and, um, hey, what's up man.

EMMETT

What up dog - heard a lot about you - get up there and represent.

## The Accidental Rapper

CHAUNCEY

Um, yeah, yeah, I'm good.

EMMETT

That's what's up dude, show and tell.

CHAUNCEY

Yeah, okay man, okay.

MARLA

Okay sweetie, break a leg - we'll be waiting to cheer you on.

Chauncey watches as they stroll off, with arms linked together as Marla takes a fleeting glance back at him. Chauncey huffs and decides to change his game up. He turns to the barkeep.

CHAUNCEY

Yo, let me get the most potent proof alcohol you got - 50 proof, 60 proof, 90 proof - hook me up.

He takes continuous shots back to back wiping dribble off his mouth. He looks around confident before everything goes blurry. Chauncey shakes as he holds onto the side of the bar, he can't control his bodily functions and ends up pissing on himself.

CHAUNCEY

Awwwww shit! I tinkle...

TY AND DEXTER

Time to rap nigga, time to roll!

Chauncey whips forward and projectile vomits over both of them as people scream. Ty and Dexter stand dumbfounded, cursing.

CHAUNCEY

...Check the rhyme yall (repeats)

Chauncey's blurry vision focuses in on Boogie bouncing around onstage taking the spotlight. Using tunnel vision he storms towards him, knocking over people and items in route.

BOOGIE Z

Popping price tags, big ballin, throwing in the bag, big chilling, living large,

### The Accidental Rapper

living recklessly, I'm my own economy,  
 recession foolproof, get off me - my  
 swagger is long, narrow, and lean - beware  
 of my erection - your bitch already knows  
 what I mean -

Boogie and Chauncey size each other up as the entourage stand in his way as he enters the stage. Chauncey snatches a mic from a hype man, walks up to the DJ, and stops the music with feedback.

CHAUNCEY

I'M MAD!

The crowd goes quiet. Chauncey looks across the shocked room.

CHAUNCEY

Jealous one's envy the path of the wrath,  
 blazing a new frontier - hater's can't  
 take it - take it - take it - I spy some  
 hater's in the house - hater's in the  
 house - I spy some hater's in the house -

He cups his ear and holds his mic to the crowd who respond.

CROWD (Softly)

Hater's in the house?

CHAUNCEY

I spy some hater's in the house!

CROWD (Loud)

Hater's in the house!

The D.J. starts to scratch records highlighting the rant.

CHAUNCEY

Hater's be hating the spit the big man be  
 kickin - been on the scene for a short  
 time and the critics come slithering - so  
 what I'm middle age - so what I'm on the  
 edge - so what I'm having a rage - this is  
 my day and age and I will take it all, get  
 laid and get paid! I'm tired of all the  
 biters! And tired of the negative  
 bloggers! I'm tired of all the snitches  
 that think their shit don't stink - bust

### The Accidental Rapper

ass bitches - not surprising - hating so  
bad because someones star is rising!

Chauncey stumbles, grips the mic hard looking over fuzzy faces. He bites his lip as sweat beads on his face. Boogie and crew step back watching as the crowd is quiet. Chauncey leans back.

CHAUNCEY

I'M MAD!

The D.J. scratches on James Brown as Chauncey repeat himself.

CHAUNCEY

THE FUNKY CHILD IS MAD AS HELL and I'm not  
going to take it no more!

The crowd erupts as the beat comes on and Chauncey flies into the hit. Boogie's crew exits, while he lags glaring at Chauncey, embarrassed. Chauncey revels in his performance as the crowd eats it up, mimicking his moves. Chauncey takes a dive into the crowd who manage to carry him through the club.

INT: HOTEL AFTER PARTY - NIGHT - MONTAGE

Chauncey parties hard with fans celebrating his success. They lift him above the crowd passing him, drinks flying, boobs bouncing. Some get too aggressive as he regains his composure.

INT: HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

He hides in a wine compartment and checks his cell for voicemails, before watching a video of Xavier and Zhoi.

ZHOI

I love you daddy!

She smiles and waves as he sighs, tearing up. In the shadows a group of elder COUGAR groupies creep behind him.

COUGAR

Time to get freaky baby!

The women grab frantically at him before he escapes, racing through the hallway, as they chase, shrieking. A sexy younger lady named ADINA motions for him to come into her room.

## The Accidental Rapper

ADINA

Hey Chilly - why don't you hide in here?

Adina is in a bikini wrap, holding wine as Chauncey debates for a moment as the cougars gain ground. Taking his hand she leads him into the suite filled with ladies at a hot tub.

ADINA

Do you want me to hold that?

Chauncey gasps before he realizes she was talking about his jacket. He smiles and takes it off.

ADINA

Chilly baby the legion has been waiting for you, you need to relax after that wonderful show. If you like we have a pair of men's boxers and a robe in the closet or you can jump in au natural.

A lady named NADIA drops her robe before stepping into the tub.

NADIA

I say au natural - come on in.

Chauncey feels faint before looking upwards and mouthing 'Thank you'. He gives Adina a bear hug as she half gags and giggles.

MONTAGE

In boxers Chauncey takes a leap into the tub drenching the ladies. They play beer pong in their underwear and cards, roll around on the couches hitting each other with pillows, arm wrestle, throw odd objects off the balcony and play more drinking games. Eventually they end up in the bed wrestling.

EXT: HOTEL - MORNING

The girls are sprawled asleep on the bed as Chauncey sneaks out of the suite, closing the door quietly. Boogie and Boney await.

BOOGIE

Nigga where the fuck you been? We've been looking for your dumb ass all night!

CHAUNCEY

## The Accidental Rapper

What the he--! - where you two come from?

BOOGIE

Figured you was with the old ass cougar click, but I guess jokes on me.

Boney clears his throat, as Boogie begrudgingly hands him money.

BONEY

Nevertheless Mr. Thornton we have a contractual agreement that said artist needs to check in with management during promotional appearances. We need to know where you are, who you're with, what you're doing at all times. You are under our responsibility on these events.

BOOGIE

Its simple - holla at your boy, bro, you could have been nigga napped or something. Not to say don't bang the groupies but damn nigga - couldn't you had shared? Shit, that pussy there looked better than the tricks I kicked out this morning!

BONEY

Did you strap up? Check their I.D.'s? Scan the room for video recorders? Any of them try to accuse you of anything we need to know now, this can be a liability.

Chauncey gapes at Boney perplexed, Boney smiles and nods before tapping away at his PDA. Boogie attempts to peek into the room.

BOOGIE

Prime time legion ho's - wtf, fuck and share bro, fuck and share...

EXT: HOTEL - MORNING

Exiting, Boney steps away as Boogie pushes up on Chauncey.

BOOGIE

Hey man, let me holla at you real quick -

CHAUNCEY

## The Accidental Rapper

Boog man relax, those investments I got you into are straight man - stock is up 5% with the micro digital and storage units, it's a straight flush - nothing to worry about dude, its been real, got to roll.

BOOGIE

What? Huh? Bro - yo man - I don't know what the fuck you're talking about, I do thank you for that hook up though. But looky looky here man - it's like this - that bullshit that happened last night - see, that shit can't happen no more.

CHAUNCEY

Mark - what the hell are you talking about? What shit?

BOOGIE

Bro - Bro - its like this cuz - I put you on - I'm the big boy here, I'm the don dada - the leader of this hear ship - so look when you want to do another one of those um - raining on somebody's parade with your - bullshit - bullshit - bullshit - bla-zay skip skip - you do it on your own time when my company allows you too!

CHAUNCEY

What, wait, did I upstage you? Is that how you feel, for real?

BOOGIE

Yeah for real bro - I may not be LL 'I'M BAD' but nigga I'm sniffing his dirty drawers for the G.O.A.T. I need my new record to pop and I'm not going to let no fluke upstart get the best of me!

CHAUNCEY

Fluke upstart? Damn - wasn't what I was hearing a few weeks ago when this has-been was begging this new fluke upstart, to be down with is label, boo-hoo we need you Chill - our shit is sinking and you're the tugboat we need - you know what Mark -

### The Accidental Rapper

we've known each other since 3<sup>rd</sup> grade and even when your dumbass got famous and left a brother behind, I didn't care, I didn't fret - helped you with your botched finances and fuck ups, but now looks like the tables have turned partner! Good luck!

BOOGIE

You walking out on the Boog Z? The flip? consider that contract done playa - you off the label - and that verse you added to 'Bop and Squat' consider it cut - you done! Your 15 minutes of fame is over!

Boogie storms over to his awaiting limo, throwing his hands up.

CHAUNCEY

Consider this lopsided friendship over too! Jealous one, little dumb, well...

A few hotel guests watches as Chauncey turns around flustered.

GUESTS

Are you mad?!

CHAUNCEY

I'm mad!

GUESTS

Are you going to take it?

CHAUNCEY

I'm not going to take it no more!

GUESTS

I'm not going to take it no more! (Repeat)

The crowd dances and chants the song as Chauncey shakes his head and huffs before sulking away.

INT: CHAUNCEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Chauncey pushes open the door, Xavier is passed out on the couch, video game still on. Chauncey trips over Xavier's friend TRAVIS, asleep under a jacket as the place is an utter wreck.

## The Accidental Rapper

TRAVIS

Ow! That was my head!

CHAUNCEY

Oh sorry Travis, didn't see you!

Chauncey attempts to take the controller out of Xavier's hand.

XAVIER

Wait dad, I'm almost finished this board!

CHAUNCEY

Looks like Laura Croft drowned!

Xavier hits a few buttons and nods off. Chauncey sighs and finds a blanket to put over him. Music comes from the back as he navigates the destroyed condo. Cool Joe limps by.

CHAUNCEY

Cool Joe! What did they do to you?!

Cool Joe whimpers, as Chauncey removes rubber bands from his ankles, Joe licks him. Fuming, Chauncey pushes open his bedroom as 'Relax' from Frankie Goes to Hollywood pumps on the stereo.

CHAUNCEY

Marty! Where the hell are you!

Clothes are strung on the bed, as movement is in the closet - cautiously, he creeps up before swinging it wide open. Marty is dancing furiously to 'Relax', dressed in a dress with makeup on.

CHAUNCEY

What, what, what, Marty?!?

MARTY

Oh snap! Chauncey don't be sneaking up on me like that! What you back for? Thought you were getting back this afternoon?

CHAUNCEY

Its noon man! AND what in Sam hill are you doing with Ada's old clothes on??

MARTY

Oh why your clock say 10:30?

## The Accidental Rapper

CHAUNCEY

Answer the question you idiot! And did my son and Travis spend the whole night playing video games, destroying the house while you did only God knows what!

MARTY

Um, well, uh, what had happened was...

CHAUNCEY

Oh here comes the lie! Is Connie hip to this alternative lifestyle?? Or worse does she approve of it? And where was my son during all of this?

MARTY

All of what?

CHAUNCEY

You know what - get to stepping! Get stepping - right the flip now! Leggo!

Chauncey grabs the skirt trapping Marty's arms and drags him.

MARTY

Do what? Oh it's like that! Ow, ow! Hey man - can't I change first? Bro, bro!

Marty struggles to get away as Chauncey tosses him out into the corridor. Chauncey slams the door and turns around, frustrated.

MARTY (Whining)

Hey, hey bro - let me back in man - your neighbors are out here man - and this dress has an updraft. Chauncey? Chauncey!

INT: CHAUNCEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Chauncey cleans up the kitchen, cooks food, makes Xavier and Travis help clean the living room, and they eat lunch.

TRAVIS

So Mr. Thornton, how does it feel to be a big star now? You living large with all the fancy gear, whips, and bitches?

## The Accidental Rapper

Chauncey flares his nostrils at Travis.

TRAVIS

Uh, ah, I mean, clothes, cars, um, ladies?

XAVIER

Dad's new car is a Taurus, Travis, I thought he was going to get at least a Stang or a Vette.

TRAVIS

Ride that pony!

XAVIER

No its a bull.

CHAUNCEY

Boys, it's not about the rides, clothes, women - I got the Taurus cause it is a practical, decent car. What would I do with a sports car - where are Xavier and Zhoi going to fit? Son this little music thing is a flash in the pan - I'm grown, and I realize that and I'm going to use whatever money I make to improve my family and make investments for the future.

TRAVIS

Boring! What the heck did you just say anyways! You lost me after women..

XAVIER

Dad, even Travis' dad said this was your 15 minutes of fame and you're going to be on the where are they now hall of fame.

CHAUNCEY

Did he now - nice that everybody has so much confidence in me.

XAVIER

Daddy I have confidence in you - I like what you're doing. It's fun.

CHAUNCEY

### The Accidental Rapper

Thanks son, nice to hear that from you - wish your sister thought the same, I can't even get her on the phone.

XAVIER

She'll come around - this is all new to her. Here dad, I wrote something for you, maybe you could put it on your album. I thought of it after talking to Mr. Bates.

Xavier hands him a notebook as he cleans up his lunch.

CHAUNCEY

You wrote me a song? Wow, I didn't know you knew how to do this. I'm impressed!

XAVIER

You welcome dad, there's a lot of things you'd be surprised about me.

TRAVIS

Mr. Thornton - Xav's my writer too - we end up putting our routine's on YouTube all the time - when I get discovered I'm getting me a Ferrari!

The boy's hi-five each other as Travis goes into a routine.

CHAUNCEY

Sure, I bet you will. Okay kids lets get you guys ready to head home.

Chauncey smiles wide and wipes a tear as he holds the notebook while the boys bounce up and start packing.

INT: CHAUNCEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Chauncey checks his cell with 122 messages. On E.T. they show a clip of him and Boogie arguing and another showing Boogie vowing to squash 'Chill Will'. They call it the geriatric rap beef. Old footage is even played. Chauncey groans and flips to an old movie, 'Network'. The door rings.

CHAUNCEY

Ada.

## The Accidental Rapper

ADA

Hey baby, are the boys ready?

CHAUNCEY

Um, yeah, boys! Come on, mom is here!

They come up with all their electronics and clothes.

CHAUNCEY

Hey did Zhoi ask about me? I've been trying to call her constantly.

ADA

No Chauncey, give it time. You know how teenage girls are.

CHAUNCEY

Right, its all good - all right Xavier, love you man - see you soon. Travis -

XAVIER

Love you dad. Read that song.

ADA

Your dad has you covered X. Go on to the car boys.

Chauncey eyes her funny as she makes sure the boys are out of dodge. She smiles at him oddly as he attempts to close the door

ADA

Chauncey hey, wanted to ask you something.

CHAUNCEY

What do you want Ada? I sent the new income verifications in to child support.

She pushes him back into the condo smiling at him.

ADA

Oh baby, don't sweat that stuff - I know you'll take good care of me - just like I want you to take good care of me now.

She is in his face, making him back over the couch.

## The Accidental Rapper

CHAUNCEY

What, Ada what are you doing?

ADA

I need you to take good care of me rap  
stud - make me feel good - make me feel  
bad! You know how we do!

Ada pops open her coat revealing sexy lingerie as she crawls  
onto Chauncey, kissing and rubbing over his body.

ADA

Take me Chill Will, take me now!

Chauncey freezes for a moment, flabbergasted, before he flips  
over the couch taking her with him. He stands up zipping his  
fly up as she reaches for him from the floor.

CHAUNCEY

Ada! Stop! Get a hold of yourself!

ADA

I don't want to stop! Take me Chill!

CHAUNCEY

Ada! Snap out of it - what about Martin!

Ada, starts to cry, smearing her makeup.

ADA

Martin doesn't do it for me no more! He  
doesn't even want me! I need me a  
hardcore dude, I need a rapper!

Chauncey sits down, wipes his face, and ponders for a moment.

CHAUNCEY

That's it - all this time - I tried so  
hard to take care of you, living the  
straight life, working hard, taking care  
of the kids, trying to impress you - it  
had all backfired - you still wanted that  
old rapper in me -

ADA

### The Accidental Rapper

I wanted that fire... Guess you didn't know I'm an old ugly groupie at heart.

CHAUNCEY

Ada, you're not old - and you're definitely not ugly - just a bit misguided

A horn blares as Chauncey helps Ada get her coat back on.

CHAUNCEY

Looking at the front door, kids awaiting - time to get your mom face back on.

ADA

Right, right, I'm so sorry - I don't know what came over me.

CHAUNCEY

Bye Ada.

She kisses his cheek and smiles as he watches her walk off. Chauncey sighs and sees his cell with 300 messages - he checks the voicemail and its Boogie trying to disguise his voice.

BOOGIE

I'mma fuck you up nigga!

He opens his laptop and scans threatening emails and hate blogs. News and gossip were flying. Chauncey bangs on his Twitter page.

CHAUNCEY

This is all you have? The world is falling apart, the disenfranchised are pissed and this is what you want to focus on? All these diversions, all of these forays into who said who, who did who bullshit got to stop! I'm mad as hell and I'm not going to take this BS no more!

A Tweet comes back immediately claiming, 'So what! You're yesterday's has been already!' Another says 'What you going to do about it?' Chauncey writes.

CHAUNCEY

I am going to do something about this!

## The Accidental Rapper

Suddenly a brick bashes through his window, Cool Joe scampers out the door as a car screeches away. Wrapped around the rock is a picture of him drunk, schmoozing, scribbled on it 'You're through'. He reads the article, it's from TMZ by Marla Johnson.

EXT: CHAUNCEY'S APARTMENT PATIO - DUSK

Chauncey storms outside and slams the brick on the ground. He huffs and paces back and forth. He throws a rock at Marla's window, he throws more till the light comes on, she comes out.

CHAUNCEY

Seriously? Not even asking? That's why you was there! I'm a fool...

Chauncey waves the article.

MARLA

Chauncey, I don't know what to say...

CHAUNCEY

This is how you treat your frie...well I guess just a random neighbor? Huh?

MARLA

You wasn't famous before... I'm so sorry.

CHAUNCEY

I bet...I'll give you a story!

He looks down the quiet row of condos, clenching his fists.

CHAUNCEY

I'M MAD!

The yell echoes through the complex as several lights turn on.

CHAUNCEY

I'm not going to take it no more!

Several curious neighbors come to their patios as Chauncey repeats himself. Marla hangs her head, backs into her condo.

DISGRUNTLED NEIGHBOR

Oh shut up!

## The Accidental Rapper

Chauncey looks around, contemplating before continuing.

CHAUNCEY

This recession is bullshit!! If you got fired stand up and shout! I'm not going to take it no more! What?!

NEIGHBORS (Some)

I'm not going to take it no more!

CHAUNCEY

How many ex's gold diggers in your pocket getting you for extra-child support - yell I'm not going to take it no more! What?!

NEIGHBORS

I'm not going to take it no more! Preach!

CHAUNCEY

If you're so called friends, snitching, hating, jealous of you doing good - yell I'm not going to take it no more! What?!

NEIGHBORS (More)

I'm not going to take it no more!

CHAUNCEY

These bill collectors staking out your house - *calling, and calling* - Scream I'm not going to take it no more! What?!

NEIGHBORS

I'm not going to take it no more!

CHAUNCEY

These police harassing you on the block - They see you coming a block away, trust, that bullshit got to stop - yell I'm not going to take it no more! What?!

NEIGHBORS

I'm not going to take it no more! Amen!

CHAUNCEY

We telling the president we're tired of this BS recession, jobs disappearing, the

### The Accidental Rapper

innocent behind bars, we're mad as hell  
and we're not going to take it no more!  
Let's take it to 'em! Legggggo! What?!

NEIGHBORS (Everybody)

We're mad as hell and we're not going to  
take it no more!

CHAUNCEY & NEIGHBORS (chanting)

No more! No more! No more!

Chauncey has his moment, he raises his arms, soaks it all in as neighbors chant, pumping their fists in unison. Chauncey sees Alban, who turns his frown upside down and gives thumbs up.

INT: STUDIO - DAY

Boney is walking in the hallway as Chauncey appears.

BONEY (surprised)

Yo, Chill my man, slow down!

CHAUNCEY

Bone, I can't do this anymore, there is  
too much bigger fish to cook - I want out,  
no more of...uh - no more!

BONEY

What' I'm not going to take it no more to  
this? Yeah right, with your fish cooked  
story - listen after that little rant you  
displayed online last night and the talk  
of the street your buzz is off the hook -  
good job! Now we need you to cut your new  
single now, as in NOW, to capitalize.

CHAUNCEY

What, wait, I came to stop...

BONEY

This is the music industry Chilly - get in  
it to win it - or stay out a lame ass  
cutting horrible commercials again. This  
beef is going great with Boog - we selling  
a ton of records, so you can get with this

## The Accidental Rapper

or you can get with that. You get with that then sorry you get...hmmm

Before Chauncey realizes he's being lead right into the studio. Marcus is feeding grapes to a groupie sprawled over the console.

BONEY

Marcus, record 'Bomb that Booty' Now - And get her out of here. RIGHT NOW.

Marcus pushes the girl off the console.

MARCUS

Um, yes -I mean no- yes - right.

Chauncey and Marcus look at each other dumbfounded as Boney dips

EXT: ADA'S HOUSE - DAY

Chauncey pulls up in a Taurus, nervous, checks the time, his looks. With flowers, he gulps, walks slowly to the door.

XAVIER

Dad you made it on time! That's a first!

CHAUNCEY

Ha, I hear you man, hey you guys ready?

XAVIER

Yes, let me get my gear.

CHAUNCEY

Okay buddy, tell her I'm waiting.

ZHOI

I see you're here. Not CPT.

CHAUNCEY

Hey, there's my girl - oh my goodness..

ZHOI

What, what's wrong?

CHAUNCEY

I just had to soak in this beautiful young lady here - all grown up.

## The Accidental Rapper

ZHOI

Dad...

CHAUNCEY

It's all good - are you ready hon?

She smiles as they link arms and leave. Xavier waits at the car.

INT: CLASSY RESTAURANT - DAY

Chauncey and his kids look over menus. Xavier keeps trying to sneak his handheld game.

CHAUNCEY

Xavier - are you ready yet or do I need to take that game?

Xavier attempts to hide the game as Chauncey smiles at Zhoi.

CHAUNCEY

Baby girl, I'm very glad you agreed to have lunch with me today - I missed you.

ZHOI

I missed you too Daddy - but you know you can be an asshole sometimes.

CHAUNCEY

Zhoi!

ZHOI

Seriously daddy, ever since you and mom got divorced you seem to always be so distracted - late for every single birthday, then you spend the whole time on your cell phone - then my graduation - omg - and that car - like I would have been seen dead in that death trap!

CHAUNCEY

I'm sorry - what did you say? Oh I'm kidding! Baby you have to realize daddy stayed upset over the breakup with your mommy for awhile - I just couldn't get myself together so it wasn't your fault -

### The Accidental Rapper

it was me - and I have to keep apologizing for that - right when you're becoming a young lady - I wasn't there.

Chauncey reaches for her hand which she reluctantly takes.

XAVIER

Ew! Anyway Dad can we eat? I'm starving!

CHAUNCEY

Order silly! There's the waiter!

Chauncey's cell phone rings as he sees its important. He goes to answer it as Zhoi glares at him.

ZHOI

Dad, no interruptions tonight! You promised!

CHAUNCEY

But honey, it's my boss - about my new video we shot.

ZHOI & XAVIER

DAD!!

Chauncey submits, turns it off. They eat, enjoying themselves.

ZHOI

...and this guy was so ugly but cute cause he kept trying to ask me out! Was funny!

CHAUNCEY

Baby... TMI, TMI... Um so you're probably wondering with this new success did I ever make up for the car?

ZHOI

What? Well dad I respect your...

CHAUNCEY

I made sure to put some money into an investment for you - should give you a good return in about ten to twenty years -

ZHOI

## The Accidental Rapper

Dad!! Wait...!

Chauncey pulls out an envelope and hands it to her.

CHAUNCEY

You and Xav are my most important investments. For your immediate future - I made sure to cover the balance of your tuition, lodging and books for when you head off to Wilberforce University - college is paid for baby!

XAVIER

Daddy! What about me!

CHAUNCEY

Boy, close your mouth when you eat - and of course I have you taken care of too!

Before he can react, Zhoi hops up and bear hugs her dad. A group of young girls is walking by their table.

GIRLS

Oh my God! Is that Chill Will!

They scream and rush over, pushing Zhoi out of the way as they hug him and beg for autographs. Other PATRONS realize who he is.

PATRON

Hey it's the 'I'm not going to take it no more man'! I'm not going to take it no more! I'm not going to take it no more!

Zhoi and Xavier stare, disgruntled, saddened. Chauncey is overwhelmed, not understanding how to handle the situation.

INT: CAR RIDE HOME - NIGHT

They ride home in silence as Chauncey keeps looking at Zhoi as she avoids him, arms crossed. Xavier plays his handheld.

CHAUNCEY

Zhoi I...

She puts her hand up, makes a 'shizh' noise.

## The Accidental Rapper

ZHOI

Who ever heard of a DAD coming out with rap? Those girls were my age!

CHAUNCEY

Baby, I can't help who likes it - plenty rappers have children, they...

ZHOI

They grew up with their Daddies doing that! Its...You know what...never mind!

Chauncey reaches out for her but she pushes him away upset.

XAVIER

Dad... Dad... Dad...

CHAUNCEY (Annoyed)

Xav! What son? What is it?

XAVIER

Dad, I see why your boss was trying to get a hold of you so bad. They debuted your new video and they killing it online! Dad why didn't you use our song?

CHAUNCEY

What? They didn't like 'BTB'?

XAVIER

'Bomb that Booty'? Dad, this cut is wack! Shows the degradation of music and values today - what you always said before. Remember? I can't believe this...

CHAUNCEY

Dang - I did...well, what had happened was - that was the producer's song - I just, I guess, did what they wanted me too. I'm under a contract!

ZHOI

Sell out!

She twists and puts her back to him as he tries to address her.

## The Accidental Rapper

XAVIER

You trippin in a funky red suit looking like santa with some ugly dancers - The rhyme has no heart, the beat is sloppy, and it's an obvious commercial attempt. Look like the fruit of the loom guy. Is this product placement?

CHAUNCEY

Everybody's a critic. Son I had no choice

XAVIER

Yes you did, NO would have been just fine!

INT: CHAUNCEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

He reads online reviews which say he's a joke. Surprisingly, his song is still listed on Boogie's CD and Marla's articles are positive. Something in the expenses catches his eye. Finishing he turns on some jazz, pours a drink then steps onto the patio.

EXT: CHAUNCEY'S PATIO - NIGHT

He's watching the stars before he's surprised by Alban.

ALBAN

Coco crisp calling himself Funky Child - you more Funky Fart man - I know you, I know you man - you got Alban yelling no more at boss.

CHAUNCEY

And...what happened?

ALBAN (respectively)

Alban received raise, good shit...

Chauncey and Alban nod, elated. Alban backs off as Marla enters

MARLA

So Mr. Hip-Hop, no bellowing on the top of your lungs tonight, stirring everybody up?

CHAUNCEY

Oh hey, didn't see you there - no - not any of that tonight. How are you? I'm

## The Accidental Rapper

sorry about the other night. I lost my head... I like your new article.

MARLA

I'm so sorry too, I'm glad, and no, its not to kiss your ass. Well maybe. Just I see all those underage groupies rappers parade around with and its just, well...

CHAUNCEY

Um, yeah, about that - it's been crazy, all that attention but no, I'm not running around with those young things. Sexy as they may be, they hold nothing against beautiful mature women.

Marla blushes as Chauncey gazes over her. He pivots.

MARLA

Are you doing okay?

CHAUNCEY

Yeah, I am... Hey, where are my manners? Let me pour you a glass of this wine.

He returns momentarily with another glass.

MARLA

Why thank you, so generous.

CHAUNCEY

Speaking of which, I framed and put up your gorgeous painting.

MARLA

You know, I have noticed this new you since your um, impromptu success - you're different. A good different.

CHAUNCEY

What? My upside down life? Daughter still hating me - son is a video game addict and my old best friend has declared war on me. Got a big new album release party coming up, and I'm so not ready.

## The Accidental Rapper

MARLA

I'm not worried about those things - all parents go through it with their children and they have a way of working things out - your friend, a little apology can go a long way there - Stop focusing so much on the negative - You'll do great at that party cause what I'm seeing from you is a new say - swagger - a new demeanor, I'm noticing a more confident and secure Chauncey Thornton. (Pause) And I like it.

Marla caresses Chauncey's face over the hedge as he rubs her cheek and they embrace, and then kisses her. He moves back.

CHAUNCEY

And I likes that!

MARLA

Why don't you come over and show me how much you do?

Chauncey grins before he backs up and makes a crazy leap across the divider and flops on his face. He gets up holding himself.

CHAUNCEY

I'm okay! I'm okay!

MARLA (Giggling)

Um, you could have come around to the front door!

CHAUNCEY

Always want to make that impression - now maybe we could get back to caressing - especially right here...

He guides her hand to his face as they enter her apartment.

INT: BALLROOM: ALBUM RELEASE PARTY - NIGHT

Chauncey arrives, arm wrapped around Marla, he is confident as they stroll in, but things go sour when Boogie Z confronts him.

BOOGIE Z

### The Accidental Rapper

Hey little bitch - got a fucked up looking crowd here - all to see the clown of hip-hop make a fool of himself.

CHAUNCEY

Mark, what the hell is your problem man - you've been tripping ever since that first industry party - ever since 'No More' has been out, you've been bugging.

BOOGIE Z

Hey playa - I'm cool but hey ain't nobody come and reign in on my shit - no one - not even you!

MARLA

Sounds like somebody's jealous!

BOOGIE Z

Who's this - couldn't land yourself one of them young ho's? I knows I passed you plenty of fish -why you keep the mackerel?

MARLA

Excuse me? Those guppies can't even tread water to me! Least I don't need my I.D. checked, Mr. R. Kelly robbing the cradle!

BOOGIE Z

Whoa! Who told you that? I mean - not that it's real... or any of your business!

Boney comes between them.

BONEY

Okay boys, and a lady, play nice - this is supposed to be a party - Chill, I already have a tab running for you at the bar so you can get your groove on- Now go mingle with your guests - be merry - go on, shoo!

Marla gives Chauncey a look as he clears his throat.

CHAUNCEY

That's all right, I don't need the tab tonight - need to keep my head clear,

### The Accidental Rapper

don't need it to spit. Most I'll get is a spritzer water.

Boney and Boogie eye each other and start to laugh.

BONEY

Okay Chill, sure - you have your guest, I understand. So, we'll say if you need that extra 'Umph' it's avail for you.

Chauncey bites his lip as they walk off snickering, while Boogie makes 'I'm watching you' motions to Chauncey.

INT: BALLROOM: ALBUM RELEASE PARTY - NIGHT, LATER

Chauncey is mingling, confident, he notices Zhoi arrive.

CHAUNCEY

Hey baby, I'm glad you arrived.

ZHOI

I'm glad you was okay with me coming.

CHAUNCEY

Listen baby, I know its been crazy with all of this going on but I want you kids to understand you're my everything. This is special for me to share with you. You're an adult now, I have to treat you as such.

ZHOI (laughing)

Dad, shut it, is okay, I understand, go! And no alcohol tonight right?

CHAUNCEY

Baby, I'm focused, I'm focused man!

They laugh and hug as he goes meeting guests. She turns towards the bar and runs into ZETA, a waitress with Ty & Dexter.

ZHOI

Oh, Zeta - hey, what are you doing here? And with *these* two?

TY & DEXTER

## The Accidental Rapper

Yo! What it be little Ms. Chill!

Zhoi rolls her eyes.

ZETA

Oh hey girl, just working, making a living after school.

ZHOI

What happened to the internship at McCann? I thought you was all set up?

ZETA (nervously)

Um, you know how those things go, hey I gotta work girl, take care!

Zhoi looks perplexed as Zeta leaves with the boys.

TY & DEXTER

Yo, b, did she just diss us?

Zhoi watches as Zeta delivers a spritzer water to her Dad.

INT: ALBUM RELEASE PARTY - NIGHT

Chauncey drinks the spritzer water and starts to dance. He feels funny as Marla tries to help. He sweats profusely.

MARLA

Baby you okay? You need something?

CHAUNCEY

Yeah, yeah, I'm cool, just water.

MARLA

You didn't drink did you?

CHAUNCEY (Snaps)

What? Please! Just get the water!

Chauncey stumbles off the dance floor, leans against a pole, dizzy. Zeta appears out of the crowd.

ZETA

Hey, baby, you okay? Let me help.

## The Accidental Rapper

She looks around before helping the hapless Chauncey off. Marla appears on the dance floor with water, unable to find him.

INT: ALBUM RELEASE PARTY - NIGHT

Boogie takes the stage.

BOOGIE Z

Yo, bitches and ho's - oops my bad peeps, ladies and gentleman - lets bring up the man of the hour - Mr. enticing the nation with his 'No More' - 'I'm Mad!' Debut CD - '40 ain't nothing but a number!' Mr. *Bomb that Booty!* My boy, CHILL WILL!

The crowd erupts in applause, chanting, waiting. Zhoi looks at Marty and Donovan, Marla, Chauncey is gone. Boney smirks. The song BTB, plays distorted.

BOOGIE Z

Looks like that nigga done say 'No more' to his own release party - ain't that a bitch ass! Nigga tipping again...

He motions a drink as the crowd laughs until a hi-pitched scream erupts. They gasp as SECURITY rush a side closet off the room.

INT: ALBUM RELEASE PARTY - CLOSET - NIGHT

Chauncey opens his drowsy eyes as commotion erupts. Confused he watches as security pick up a half naked screaming Zeta. They cover her up as the crowd converges. In slow motion OFFICERS rush into the closet grabbing at him. He realizes his pants is around his ankles as they lift him up and arrest him. Pic's snap

CHAUNCEY

What...whats going on...?

OFFICER

Sir, you have the right to remain silent..

Chauncey shakes his head bewildered, he sees his family, Marla, in the crowd upset, frowning. He sees Boogie laughing, Boney smirking. He floats through the chaos in a daze to police cars.

INT: CHICAGO JAIL - DAY - MONTH LATER

## The Accidental Rapper

Chauncey is writing poetry when the GUARD comes to his cell.

GUARD

Mr. Thornton, you have company.

INT: CHICAGO JAIL VISITORS AREA - DAY -

Marty is with Alexis. Chauncey smiles, takes the phone.

MARTY

Hey little bro, they treating you all right in here, nobody make you they bitch?

CHAUNCEY (Snickers)

No, no bro, its not like that here. I actually have some respect from 'No More' that was pretty big down here...

MARTY

Not that Bomb that Booty right? Cause you know how ironic that is...well you know.

Chauncey grimaces at Marty who shuts up.

CHAUNCEY

Hi Alexis!

ALEXIS

Hi baby, I have good news and bad. Good is the CSI have ruled the spermicide was inclusive. The bad was some of your fluids was found on her and the fact you was in a comprising position all looks bad against your case.

CHAUNCEY

So, inconclusive, that means?

ALEXIS

They can't determine the sperm is yours, this case can get thrown out of court.

CHAUNCEY

How did they know?

## The Accidental Rapper

ALEXIS

They had a sample...

CHAUNCEY

What? From where?

ALEXIS (Biting lip)

Um, I kept some...hey I'm a groupie too!

They groan and laugh as Marty leans in.

MARTY

Hey bro, off the record, Zhoi gave me some 411 on a certain, um, so and so duo you know - Don and I going to follow up this weekend. Blow this case wide open.

CHAUNCEY

What, what do you mean?

ALEXIS

Chauncey, keep in mind what he's saying is subjective. The judge looks at hard evidence. I know your story of innocence but you have to remember what we're working against. We go to trial Tuesday, theres not a lot of time.

Chauncey huffs and looks at Marty.

CHAUNCEY

Same date as Boogie's release party, do what you gotta do brother, just be mighty careful. I love you man.

MARTY

I got your back lil bro, I love you too!  
We're not going to take it no more!

CHAUNCEY AND ALEXIS

No More! No More!

Several others chant along until the guards clear their throat.

EXT: TY &amp; DEXTER'S APT - NIGHT

## The Accidental Rapper

Marty and Donovan crouch in the bushes outside in camouflage gear with binoculars spying on the interns.

DONOVAN

Yo cuz, this shit is crazy man, we get caught out here we the ones arrested, not them - pretty boy like me can't be in jail

MARTY

Stop your whining - you think Chauncey likes it? Come on man!

DONOVAN

Why we here for again man?

MARTY

Dude, I said Zhoi found out some pernant intel about her girl, Ms. opportunity!

DONOVAN (Confused)

So why are we outside these dudes place?

MARTY (Shaking his head)

Bro, if you wasn't my cuz...yo! Wait a minute! Here ya go!

The back door swings open as Zeta sneaks out. Dexter looks around cautiously before giving her a kiss and smacking her ass. Marty takes pictures as Donovan looks in shock. He rustles the bush. Zeta sees a flash of the camera and panics.

DEXTER

Yo! Who that?!

Zeta panics and runs to her car as Dexter grabs a baseball bat. He approaches the bushes cautiously.

DONOVAN

Legggggooo!!!!!!

Donovan erupts out of the bushes as a surprised Dexter attempts to swing. Donovan squeezes and lifts Dexter off the ground as he drops the bat. Donovan spins Dexter like wrestling.

DEXTER

Aw Shit! Aw Shit! Aw Shit!

## The Accidental Rapper

Ty appears out the door. Dexter is getting stomped.

DEXTER (Shrieking)  
Ty help me! Help me! Get in the trunk,  
nigga! Get in the trunk!

Ty turns towards their car and is surprised by Marty.

MARTY  
Surprise bitch!

Marty uppercuts Ty so hard he flips back up the porch and crashes into the door. Zeta spins tires backing up, she is stopped by Marla parking behind her. Marty takes a picture.

MARTY  
Picture is worth a thousand words.

INT: CHICAGO COURT - MORNING

Chauncey stands with Alexis as the JUDGE takes the stand.

JUDGE  
You may be seated. Persecution looks like  
your star witness is a no show.

PROSECUTOR  
Your honor if we may have a few minutes.

JUDGE  
If I give you a few moments then what do I  
tell every other case that requests this?

PROSECUTOR  
Judge, if you will...

A commotion erupts outside the court as everybody turns. Marty, Donovan, Zhoi, Xavier, and Marla enter dragging Ty, Dexter and Zeta, arguing, struggling as several officers intervene.

JUDGE  
Order! Order in my court! What's the  
reason for this disruption!

OFFICER

## The Accidental Rapper

Judge Johnson, sorry for this, we will handle this!

MARTY

Judge, we have a confession from the star witness for presentation A.

JUDGE

Excuse me, is this the prosecutions witness? What is going on?

The prosecutor tries to confront Zeta as Chauncey looks in awe.

MARLA

Lisa? Lisa Johnson? Long time!

JUDGE

Shut up, Marla Jones - Delta Sigma Theta - Gamma chapter! Oooooee Weeee!

MARLA

Oooooh Weeeeeeeeeet

The ladies do a sorority ritual to everybody's astonishment.

JUDGE

Girl, its good to see you - so please tell me, this your man? (At Chauncey, Marla nods) You know how to pick them girl, tell me what is this mess going on?

PROSECUTOR

Judge! I object! This is highly irregular!

JUDGE

Boy please, this is my court! You was saying Ms. Jones.

MARLA

Girl you know how it is. Listen he's worried cause his star witness is a flake. We're aware the spermicide is tainted courtesy of twiddle dee and twiddle dum present here. And the collaborative witness testimonies are inconclusive. Did they fail to mention Mr. Thronton was

### The Accidental Rapper

slipped a Roofie by lil Ms. thing here.  
Oh yes, she confessed. Groupies get away  
with murder in the music game. All some  
conspiracy to help make a come back for a  
certain pass their prime, corny rapper.

The court room goes silent as the Judge frowns. She turns to  
Zeta and Ty and Dexter. Zhoi glares at Zeta who hangs her head.

JUDGE

Now I know the music business is full of  
angry, hurtful backstabbers, all trying to  
one up each other, fighting for a little  
piece of the pie and their 15 minutes of  
fame, all following the rule of 4080,  
record company people are shady. So young  
lady, from my honorable sorer sister, this  
grown man, of two children, an upstanding  
member of the community, did you falsely  
accuse of molestation charges? Cause  
trust and believe, I'm mad, and I'm not  
going to take these allegations no more!

Chauncey and the court look in shock as everybody stares at  
Zeta. She shifts her feet, sweats nervously.

ZETA (Meekly)

...yes-s-s.

JUDGE

Speak up, the court can't here you!

ALEX

Yes! I did! I got paid to! I'm sorry!

The court erupts in applause and commotion as Chauncey gasps  
relief. Everybody is giving him pounds and shakes.

PROSECUTOR

I object your honor, this is unethical...

JUDGE

Bring a better case next time! This is  
officially thrown out! Young lady,  
charges are pending!

### The Accidental Rapper

Everybody hops up and down ecstatically, Alexis turns and kisses Chauncey who squirms as Marla frowns.

ALEXIS

Oh my goodness, I'm so sorry, I was caught up in the moment. A win, yay!

Marla crosses her arms as Alexis grabs her briefcase and leaves. She motions to Chauncey to 'Call Me'. Marla grimaces at her before she scurries off. Marla wipes lipstick off him.

MARLA

Ewww, when you going to leave these nasty groupies alone Mr. Dope rapper?

CHAUNCEY

Takes the right woman to win this ol'G. A real chick down for her man, no matter. So loveable, hateful but so huggable.

She puts her arms around him.

MARLA

Am I your gangsta bitch?

CHAUNCEY (snickers)

You my gangsta bitch.

They embrace as the court room chants 'No More'. His kids interrupt, Chauncey hugs Zhoi and Xavier.

ZHOI & XAVIER

We knew you didn't do it dad!

CHAUNCEY

I love you guys more than anything! Sorry for all this! I know you're growing up, I just want you to know I support you and trust you two to make the right decisions.

ZHOI

No daddy, we love you, I'm still your baby girl, whether you treat me like it or not!

XAVIER

### The Accidental Rapper

Dad! Don't get mushy now, you have a rep now, they watching!

CHAUNCEY

I know right! What ever happened to people showing respect for your privacy?

ZHOI

It went out the window when you shouted on rooftops you were mad as hell and you weren't going to take it no more!

CHAUNCEY

Seriously? That was me wasn't it?

JUDGE

Now everybody get out of my court room!

MARTY

Yo, Funky Child! Boogie's release party is going down! He's planning to publicly diss you in front of everybody What's up!

Chauncey looks at Marla who grabs his hands.

MARLA

Let's go show this punk whats up!

TY & DEXTER

Yo G! Our bad boss, the money was talking to us man, the money was talking! Our bad! You had our back, can we make it up now?

CHAUNCEY

Tell me this, was Boogie behind this?

Ty and Dexter look at each other, hesitate, Chauncey frowns.

TY

Hey, Mr. Thornton, for real, Boogie is a pawn in the game. Open the iron curtain, and look at the money behind him.

Besides surprised he talks normal, Chauncey shakes his head.

CHAUNCEY

## The Accidental Rapper

Boney! Let's go, you driving.

They file out of the court, Chauncey looks over and sees Phife in the corner nodding his head. Check the Rhyme, Chauncey smiles

EXT: COUNTRY COURT - DAY

They file out the courtroom as reporters snap pic's and vid.

REPORTER

Chill Will! Now that you beat your case will you reportedly beat Boogie Z?

CHAUNCEY

You know I appreciate you guys trying to make a living but my positivity over negativity runs 50 levels deep. Like Jay Z said, we more then business men - we a business! We will handle this as men.

REPORTER

Ms. Johnson, are you handling an exclusive

MARLA

Exclusive between him and me only.

MARTY

Listen Ya'll, no more questions! We're not going to take this shit no more! Reporters mind ya biz, mind ya biz!

They scramble off as reporters keep trying to talk. Ty and Dexter pull up in a heavy Chevy bumping music.

TY & DEXTER

Yo G! We got you homie, got your back!

DONOVAN

Go ahead Cuz, I'll take the kids!

Chauncey and Marla grimace looking at the multi-colored beater complete with flashy spinners. Marty and them squeeze in.

EXT: STREET - EVENING

Driving Ty & Dex lean back, head nodding, as Marla giggles.

## The Accidental Rapper

CHAUNCEY

Be down or lay down? This Boogie Z?

At a streetlight an old school '69 Mustang convertible pulls up with GOTH CHICKS head nodding to punk music.

DEXTER

Yo Ty, check them chicks out - they weird but they fly. They dig the heavy Chev!

Ty cranks his sound up, as the GOTH DRIVER turns her system up.

CHAUNCEY

Take that crap out, play this...

The girls crank theirs louder as Ty flicks an amplifier as the bass to 'Born to Roll' outshines the punk rock. The girls head bang and the passenger flicks her tongue at them. The system flickers, and then their car shuts down.

MARTY

You gotta be fucking kidding me. Won the fist fight but lost the war, played by some crazy, but damn cute, Goth chicks.

The light changes and the girls speed off. The chick in the back flashes her boobs.

DEXTER

Aw shit, baby had nipple rings! Damn!

MARLA

Chauncey! The party has already started!

CHAUNCEY

Come on, let's go! We almost there!

Chauncey, Marla, and Marty push out the back seat and start to rush through the buildings to the hotel. Dexter gets out.

TY

Dexter, you gonna leave me hanging? What?

Ty looks like he's about to tear up as Dexter shakes his head.

## The Accidental Rapper

DEXTER

Bro, we aren't attached at the hip.

Dexter runs off after them as Ty sits amazed, blocking traffic.

EXT: HOTEL, BOOGIE Z'S ALBUM RELEASE PARTY - NIGHT

Darting through traffic, the gang is exhausted, disheveled, and excitable, as they approach the door ALAN surprises them.

MARTY

Hey bro, we VIP, holla.

Marty tries to slip by as Alan and security keep him blocked.

MARLA

Press pass, TMZ.

CHAUNCEY

Alan, you know me man, come on.

Alan keeps them at bay, staring, before submitting.

ALAN

You cool man, go ahead.

INT: HOTEL - RELEASE PARTY - EVENING

They make their way through the packed crowd as people gawk. Boney is on stage as a group finishes rapping.

BONEY

Yo, what's up Chi-town - give it up for K Plat. Now, you know why we here - after a short hiatus, here to reclaim the throne from all other wack rappers - flaunting their belly, telling folks he's not going to take it no more, you know who.

The crowd snickers, murmurs.

BONEY

Yeah, *his* 15 minutes of fame is over - and Boogie Z is back! Reigning supreme, his new CD and hit single - 'Be down or lay down', in stores today! Be sure to drop a

### The Accidental Rapper

dime, no bootleg - here today to rock his new joint! The 'Be down or lay down' starts now!!!! Boogie Z!

BOOGIE Z

These punk ass rappers what they gonna do!

Boogie Z hits the stage rhyming as Chauncey frowns and makes his way to the stage. Marla uses her pass to get by skeptics. At the stage security muscles him when Boney sees him.

BONEY

Mr. Chill Will, heard you walked. Guess pussy does have nine lives. Thanks for the residuals but I really don't think you're a right fit for the company after all. It's a wrap baby. I have to thank you for helping Boogie out. You see him shining, his bling blinging. What you got

CHAUNCEY

My integrity, something you don't.

Boogie saunters by, rapping, when he notices Chauncey.

BOOGIE Z

Aw snap! DJ, cut the music - Look who stepped in the place, fresh out of lock up! Bubba treat you right up there playa? Yo ya'll its that sucka ass Chilly Willy!

There's some boos and some claps as the spotlight shines on Chauncey. Marcus in the DJ booth yells out.

MARCUS

Yo! Funky Child!

Marcus flings a microphone across the stage, everybody stares silently as Chauncey catches it. He smiles. Boney frowns.

CHAUNCEY

It's a wrap for you - Seymour Bone.

BOOGIE Z

Looks like its hambutler time!  
Somebody's catching beef! You mad?

## The Accidental Rapper

CHAUNCEY

Hell yeah I'm mad!

BOOGIE Z

Oh here we go!

CHAUNCEY

And you should be too! Yah you the one on stage with the big head. (Laughter) Yeah people when we was kids this man's head was so damn large he used to tip over just walking to the dang school bus! What!

BOOGIE Z (perplexed)

Hey man, that was just posturing.

CHAUNCEY

And this guy, right here, has always been a sucker for the ladies. Yah, you say he a dope rapper, he got money - okay why when he was poor living in the hood, girls still would flock around him for what? Get their books carried, do they homework, spend his little pocket change on them - yah this was that fool right here...

BOOGIE Z

Yo, hey the ladies ate it up, playa...

Chauncey has made it on stage next to Boogie.

CHAUNCEY

This guy! Yeah this guy right here, the world loves as Boogie Z - has always been the trust worthy soul. Yah, he fake the funk, act big. But damn he can be a sucka

BOOGIE Z

Okay bitch, enough memory lane, I...

CHAUNCEY

THIS MAN, right here, trusts the wrong people with his bling, and should be mad as hell, and can't take this shit no more

## The Accidental Rapper

- when he looks where his expenses has gone in the last ten years!

The crowd gasps and goes quiet as Chauncey holds up documents. Boogie looks in surprise as Boney looks in shock, looks for the exit. Chauncey catches him.

CHAUNCEY

Now this guy over here, the funny looking man running in the suit thinks his clients are idiots! Seymour Bone is this man's name and he's a corporate crook!

All eyes are on Boney as Boogie crosses his arms, upset. Reporters start to snap pictures as the crowd gets louder.

CHAUNCEY

Mark, I hate to share it like this, but you wasn't listening! This man has been sliding over zero's into his own account for years. You thought you lost your house in L.A. to the ex? Why this man's company have the lease? And don't even mention your taxes - awww yah!

Chauncey makes a farting noise and thumbs down as the crowd laughs hard. Bone tries to make a break for it but his other acts surround him. Marla and Marty bring the police to him.

BOOGIE

Now... Now... this motherfucker right here... this is a true G people. I'm mad as hell, and I can't take this shit no more! I don't know what more to say...

CHAUNCEY

The great Boog Z is speechless huh? An apology suffices. Man we more than a business, we friends!

Chauncey reaches out his hand. Boogie bites his lip, then shakes his hand and gives Chauncey a shoulder hug.

BOOGIE Z

Ladies and Gentlemen - The Funky Child!

## The Accidental Rapper

CHAUNCEY

Yo, you guys came to hear some rhyming right? I got some new heat, wrote by a young man on the come up, my son Xavier.

Chauncey waves to his family in the back as people scream.  
Marcus throws on a new track as Boney is led out in handcuffs.

THE END...

CHAUNCEY

Yo Boog this mentality has to stop huh? We have to make amends and do for ourselves huh? Who keeps you from having a good job? What stupid argument led to your boy shot on the street huh? Who blamed who, who stepped on whose shoe? Who the hell is crying boo boo? Huh? You stuck in jail, did the man say battle your own kind? What? Slap your ex, act a total disgrace? Drop out of school, can't pay your bills and act a fool? Huh? I can't hear you! Look in the mirror, look at that damn fool, yeah I said it, I said it here too - I'm Mad, I can't take it! - This mentality needs to stop, its time is up, when you gonna raise up? - The 15 minutes is up, it's 15 minutes is up - that mentality is done - you hear me, raise your hands up - 15 minutes is up, 15 minutes is up - hold your head up, drop the negativity, upgrade to positivity - 15 minutes is up, 15 minutes is up!

BOOGIE Z

I hear you G, I'm a real MAN hear, but I've been taken for a fool and that ball ends right now hear? Rap gansta punks, got a lot of junk in the trunk, that posturing is faded, black on black crime is dated. We some bad motha's, moving to the burbs, talking weak mess on the mic, like you all hood or yet, an e-gangsta, posting hard all caps, tweeting or facebooking, seriously? I'm scared of your text, sweat on my neck. You clowns

## The Accidental Rapper

make me laugh, you get dropped off in the hood and they kick your ass. This weak mentality shall too pass - wasn't Biggie and Pac enough for your dumbass? Pick up a book, learn something, get a little something about yourself - that weak mentality is done! The 15 minutes is up, it's 15 minutes is up - that mentality is done - you hear me, raise your hands up - 15 minutes is up, 15 minutes is up - hold your head up, drop the negativity, upgrade to positivity - 15 minutes is up, 15 minutes is up!

CHAUNCEY

Real Nigga you say? You say you real ignorant then huh? What have you done real tough thug? Did you lead a civil rights movement getting racial equality huh? Did you raise the bar for your religion huh? Did you lead a country to independence from tyranny huh? Did you die for our sins huh? Thats real men to me son - MLK was no punk, think he'd walk around posturing like you huh? Malcolm X was a G, but he did it for civility, raising his people up in the transition. Gandhi raised a nation in unity against tyranny, Jesus fought the ultimate battle and died on the cross for our sins. These were real men, real martyrs, leaders that would never sell out like we do. Never do that dumb stuff! Raise up my people, pull out that trapped potential, shake your own shackles off, puff out that chest, get knowledge about life cause you're not through yet - that mentality's got to stop! The 15 minutes is up! ...been up.