

FOREVER

by

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Based upon the song by Alumni

FADE IN:

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The crown of a bald skull shines in CLOSE-UP. On the echo of the song's percussive commencement, the skull tilts upward, revealing the face of M.I.GEEZUS -- covered in regal warpaint.

TITLE CARD IN: "ALUMNI - FOREVER"

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The long, baroquely adorned dining table displays an odd feast of wine and meat. The body of a WOMAN in a simple black gown slinks through space. A LIEUTENANT broods in his seat, his face a canvas of white pancake makeup.

M.I. Geezus pours wine into mismatched goblets. He and his lieutenant both wear dusty, tattered tuxedos.

The woman in the black turns her head into a profile with the CAMERA, revealing her ghost-white mime makeup.

The trio poses around the dining table, M.I.Geezus standing at the head. Well after the apocalypse, the social elite have patched together a misremembered vision of upper class lifestyle.

M.I.GEEZUS
When my flesh and bones become
dust, I will live forever/Through
my endeavors my soul thrust
through the speakers, severing/The
banks of your memories...

The tableau of the trio reveals the grandiloquent decor of the room: An influx of framed paintings, mismatched china and silverware, various candles. There is no unifying aesthetic theme to the interior design.

M.I.GEEZUS
Melodies is heavenly/Who fuckin'
with Prhyme, Kel, and me?/Y'all
ain't really on Alumni
pedigree/Adolf, Tyson, Travolta,
Madoff...

INTERCUT flashes of grainy black-and-white photographs of the named men.

M.I.GEEZUS
 I hate y'all, I'll gas y'all, take
 your money, rip your ear and your
 face off...

The lieutenant heaves with impatience over his cabernet; the
 mime sits posed like a marble statue, posture impeccable.

M.I.GEEZUS
 Van Gogh, artist, infirmary, my
 bar sick/So high I'm like a
 Martian, on fire - arson...

The lieutenant and the mime execute a controlled explosion
 of disquieting, choreographed modern dance movements.

M.I.GEEZUS
 Stop with all that nonsense,
 detach your brain from your
 conscience/Like Jigga, Yeezy, and
 Nicki Minaj, and I am so fucking
 monstrous...

LIEUTENANT
 WOO!

DOLLY IN to the lieutenant.

M.I.GEEZUS
 And I ain't talkin' Rick Flair...

MIME
 WOO!

DOLLY IN to the mime.

M.I.GEEZUS
 I can feel it in the air/Shark in
 the water, I could smell that
 fear/Suicide - your career...

M.I.Geezus inhales the bouquet of red wine from the brim of
 his chalice.

M.I.GEEZUS
 You will die - tatted tears/Kayo -
 Wladimir/Klitschko - shattered
 mirrors/Bad luck - seven years...

WIDE SHOT of the room. PUSH IN on M.I.Geezus.

M.I.GEEZUS

Anybody want to come and test my
kin...

CUTAWAYS to the lieutenant and the mime and their strange
dances.

M.I.GEEZUS

"A" click, I'll die for them/Since
'04, they been closing doors, but
like po-po, we kickin' 'em in...

PULL BACK from M.I.Geezus as he takes his seat at the head
of the table and bites into a chunk of meat. The lieutenant
and the mime dance.

EXT. JUNKYARD - DAY

The frame sidescrolls with PRHYME SUSPECT against the
backdrop of a towering wall of refuse. He's a grimy,
emaciated survivor, physically inferior but wily and
cunning.

PRHYME SUSPECT

Shiiiiiiit... Who you calling a
prick, bitch?/If you really wanna
get down to business/I'ma fill me
up a hypo/With the shit that
killed Michael/And show you what a
prick is...

A TWO-SHOT of Prhyme and DECARIE BLACK marching down an
aisle delineated by rows of waste. Prhyme, the slimy
manager, slings his arm around Decarie, the redoubtable
pugilist.

PRHYME SUSPECT

I'ma be the biggest asshole that
you've ever seen/The nightmare
that you never dreamed/Until you
feel your head severing/You better
scream/'Cause my Freddy glove got
machete fingers/On everything,
cuz...

A crop circle in the trash has been appropriated as a
makeshift arena. A tall, half-naked FIGHTER with a welder's
mask for a head waits anxiously alongside Prhyme's opposite
number, a similarly tasteless MANAGER.

PRHYME SUSPECT

I'm dumb enough to say that to an
OG blood/While I give him mean
mugs/As I'm thuggin in my skinny
jeans/And my lime-green Uggs...

A group of spectators has gathered to bet on the result of the human cockfight. Among them, KELCZ and his band of masked scavengers, comprised of the trio of the hockey masked SHAUN P. and his pair of adolescent GOONS.

PRHYME SUSPECT

I'm a goddamn monster on the
mic/Following my hype/Already
high, swallowing a Vic/What type
of question is that to ask to a
psychopath?/Bitch, of course I
wanna fight...

Decarie raises his wrapped fists and poses in his corner, Prhyme pumping up the crowd behind him. Across the circle, the masked fighter raises a club for his opponent and the bettors to see. Prhyme and Decarie produce a machete in response.

PRHYME SUSPECT

Alumni falling in behind/Partners
in crime/Why the fuck you think
they call me Prhyme/Last name
Suspect/Time for the gut check,
fuckstick/You got something on
your mind?

Someone in the crowd of onlookers hits a bell with a wrench to begin the contest; the combatants charge forward.

PRHYME SUSPECT

Try and cross our path/Guaranteed,
you'll get fucking smashed/Rest in
pieces - cut in half...

Decarie circles his opponent, feigning, probing; the masked fighter chases his path, swinging for the fences.

PRHYME SUSPECT

This my team - fuck a
backpack/Cleaned in a
bloodbath/Three best friends that
anyone could have...

The club misses wide -- the cutting edge of the machete draws an upward arc through space -- a mist of blood hits the other manager in the eyes -- the spectators leap up.

PRHYME SUSPECT

I'll put my money on my two
 brothers any day/No matter how
 fucking many stray/Guess we're
 back down to three/Still don't
 sound incomplete/Shit, how many
 corners does an A have anyway?

Decarie chops at his fallen opponent twice more. A pool of blood spreads out beneath the welder's mask. Prhyme and Decarie embrace in victory, claiming and kissing their spoils - a set of gas cans - as if they were championship belts.

PRHYME SUSPECT

Motherfuckers done drew a line in
 the sand/I'm the type of man
 that'll die for his fam/It's
 called loyalty/Do you really wanna
 fuck with three massive assholes
 with the mic in their hand?

KelCz and his gang approach the dejected, losing manager. They offer a fistful of jewelry and motion toward the corpse. The manager eagerly nods and accepts the baubles.

EXT. BADLANDS - DAY

Shaun P.'s embattled hockey mask dominates the frame, flanked by the heads of his young cohorts; limp limbs sway among the triptych of masks.

KELCZ

My tops of my shoulder, meaning
 that I ain't sober/I'm an open gas
 line in a room full of chain
 smokers...

KelCz leads a march through the desolate landscape. He holds the welder's mask. His gang trails him, all three collaborating to carry the purchased corpse of the losing fighter aloft, over their shoulders, above their heads.

KELCZ

I'm blowing the fuck up/Cocky,
 conceited with nose up/I'm back in
 the building I know that you fill
 it like an open cadaver with no
 guts...

KelCz speeds over the untamed terrain in the flatbed of a truck.

KELCZ

I'm a mortician, making cuts/Lay
'em down then roll 'em up/My body
of work got it sewed up/My flow
stupid - yellow bus/King shit -
Los Angeles/You ain't never seen
me on this trip - LSD, weed
stick/Poppin' needles -
seamstress...

CLOSE-UP of the welder's mask. It flips up and sits on the crown of KelCz's skull, revealing his face beneath.

KELCZ

God damn it, I'm fly/Or maybe I'm
just high/Last time I killed a
rapper, it made the cover of
Vibe/My hand still on the work/I
get it off on the first/I cook the
crack then wrap it up and put it
back in my verse...

KelCz leaps down from the flatbed. His gang unloads the corpse. They march over to M.I.Geezus and his lieutenant, who wait in the dusty expanse.

KELCZ

This shit take loyalty/A-click is
more than me/Try to hate on some
sucka shit and get stitched up -
embroidery...

The lieutenant inspects the meat on the corpse's bones, licks his lips, nods approval to M.I.Geezus.

A SUDDEN, RAPID MONTAGE of M.I.Geezus in the dining room, biting into chunks of cooked meat.

KELCZ

I ain't said enough, no need to
say no more/I brought a few niggas
with me and they all came for
war...

M.I.Geezus gives KelCz and his gang a cardboard box. He and his lieutenant take the corpse and leave.

KelCz peels apart the flaps of cardboard with his gang eagerly peering in over his shoulders. It's contents: Ancient Walkmans, oversize headphones, and assorted cassette tapes and CDs.

The leader distributes the spoils to his elated henchmen. He himself plugs into a CD Walkman and inserts a plain silver disc with black marker that reads, "Alumni - Forever."

THE END