

I 'M BACK

by

Alex Ramirez

Based on the song by Alumni

I'M BACK

EXT. MUSIC VIDEO SET - DAY

A CLOSE-UP of a Magnavox briefcase. The beat builds on the soundtrack. The briefcase is spun into another CLOSE-UP, on another angle. Thumbs scroll the combination locks. The lid pops open. An '80s era video camera is inside.

A clapboard snaps in the foreground; KELCZ and a VIDEO HO ready themselves for action in the background.

The DIRECTOR aims the Magnavox. The beat drops.

CUT TO

GRAINY HOME VIDEO FOOTAGE of KelCz leaning against a yellow Corvette. Fast cuts. ***Final Cut Pro X has a videocassete filter complete with grain and an REC imprint, and my godfather owns this Corvette***

KELCZ
(rapping)
You ain't never been on that
level...

KelCz mugs the camera. He wears watches (yes, plural), chains, and bracelets of cubic zirconia. More fast cuts.

KELCZ
(rapping)
You collagen, you ain't living
proof...

All in SLOW-MOTION: The CAMERA sweeps up and down the Corvette; Kel's fake jewelry sparkles in CLOSE-UPS; the video ho's ass bobs up and down next to the yellow car.

KELCZ
(rapping)
You ain't paid the cost, you ain't
been the boss...

He bares his teeth and shows his grill.

DIRECTOR (O.C.)
Cut!

The music stops abruptly.

CUT TO

The director lowers the Magnavox and jogs toward the scene.

DIRECTOR
Sorry, sorry... You need a new
wrapper.

The director presents a stick of gum in an aluminum wrapper.

KELCZ
Oh, my bad, you could see?

DIRECTOR
It must have slipped, that's all.
That was a good take, too, but
some of your teeth were showing,
you know?

KELCZ
Damn. Hold on.

KelCz picks the old, bunched-up aluminum off his teeth and
licks the back of the new gum wrapper. The director retakes
his position.

DIRECTOR
Whenever you're ready.

KELCZ
(muffled, fingers
and aluminum in
his mouth)
Okay.

Kel sucks the aluminum against his teeth.

KELCZ
Ready!

CUT TO

HOME VIDEO FOOTAGE. The music blares back over the
soundtrack. The video picks up where it left off: fast,
redundant cuts.

KELCZ
(rapping)
You ain't cuttin' no checks...

The mugging, the twerking ass, and the shots of the Corvette
continue. Kel's aluminum grill looks real through the grain.

KELCZ
(rapping)
You keep saying you back, nigga.
Where the fuck was you at?

The music stops abruptly before the chorus.

CUT TO

KelCz and the director slap hands after the take.

KELCZ
Hey, that felt good!

DIRECTOR
It looked good!

KELCZ
We're gonna make 'em go crazy with
this one, baby, I'm tellin' you.
Hey, but: what's up with the old
school camera? Goin' for a new
look?

DIRECTOR
Oh, you know, it's just the
artistic direction my work has
been taking me in lately.
Stylistically. Going for something
a little more avant garde.

KELCZ
Word?

DIRECTOR
Yeah, avant garde. It's French.

KELCZ
What's it mean?

DIRECTOR
It means... Avant garde, it's
French. It means "truth." Avant is
"advancing." "Advancing toward the
truth," it means.

KELCZ
Yo!

DIRECTOR
Yup.

The song blasts back onto the soundtrack.

CUT TO

M.I.GEEZUS and PRHYME SUSPECT getting ready for their scenes in make-up chairs.

M.I.GEEZUS
(rapping)
I'm back...

Make-up brushes touch them up. They both get do-rags tied around their heads.

PRHYME
(rapping)
Man, you been yellin' how you back
on, like, every other track that
you rap for the past fuckin' ten
years...

The music stops abruptly again.

CUT TO

DIRECTOR
Cut! Cut! Cut!

The director drops the camera and runs over to Prhyme's scene set-up. In addition to the do-rag, Prhyme wears black sunglasses and carries two shotguns. ***My cousin owns the guns***

DIRECTOR
(out of breath)
Wait, I... I just had to let you
what a great idea the do-rags are
one more time before we start.
Genius. I know I already told you,
but... you look GOOD.

The music restarts.

CUT TO

HOME VIDEO FOOTAGE of Prhyme Suspect rapping and aiming his guns at the camera. Fast cuts. The video ho dances into his scene, and he pretends to shoot her in the ass.

PRHYME
(rapping)
You keep saying how you spit, but
we know you're full of shit on
account of how we never see you in
here...

WHIP PAN into M.I.GEEZUS's scene set-up. You guessed it: fast cuts that paste together nonsense. He has a fat brick of dollar bills in one hand and a bottle of champagne in the other.

M.I.GEEZUS
(rapping)
I'm back...

KelCz and Prhyme Suspect enter frame and flank M.I.Geezus.

CHORUS
Wait! You ain't never been here!

Sumptuous SLOW MOTION shots of the champagne pouring and M.I.Geezus fanning himself with the money.

PRHYME
(rapping)
Man, you been yellin' how you back
on, like, every other track that
you rap for the past fuckin' ten
years...

The music stops abruptly yet again.

CUT TO

The director, KelCz, and M.I.Geezus gathered around Prhyme Suspect bewteen takes.

PRHYME
...You know, I just think my music
should speak for itself.

They all nod along in solidarity.

DIRECTOR
Yeah.

PRHYME
My fans don't need to see my face.
It's the music that matters. It's
all that matters.

Nods. Finger snaps.

KELCZ
YES.

PRHYME

That's why I wear the sunglasses
whenever I can. I don't want to be
seen, I want to be heard.

M.I.GEEZUS

PREACH.

The video ho approaches them.

VIDEO HO

Hey. I'm out. I'm not staying for
this last set-up.

(pointing at
Prhyme)

He put that gun up my asshole. I
need to be paid now.

Long, silent pause.

DIRECTOR

It didn't really go IN.

VIDEO HO

(deadpan)

Yes, it did.

Long, silent pause. M.I.Geezus offers her the brick of
dollar bills.

VIDEO HO

That's toy money. You texted me to
stop at the Dollar Tree on my way
over here to pick that up.

Long, silent pause. Then the music explodes over the
soundtrack again. The video ho stomps away from the group.

CUT TO

HOME VIDEO FOOTAGE of M.I. Geezus's scene set-up. He flips
the tassels of his do-rag.

M.I.GEEZUS

(rapping)

Oh, you swagtastic...

He fills champagne flutes for Kel and Prhyme; they clink
glasses and sip.

M.I.GEEZUS
(rapping)
Wait, you wear a size eight? Ain't
no way I can fit in them Jays.

The music stops.

CUT TO

M.I.Geezus and KelCz taking a break near the craft services
table.

M.I.GEEZUS
Man, I love this part of it.

KELCZ
I feel you. Me, too. This is dope.

M.I.GEEZUS
All that writing and recording and
mixing and shit, man, fuck that.
For real. I'm a performer.

KELCZ
Hell yeah you are.

M.I.GEEZUS
All that other shit it takes to
get to here, man, all that...
that...

KELCZ
Work?

M.I.GEEZUS
Yeah! Man, fuck that shit!

KELCZ
I feel you.

M.I.GEEZUS
I'm a natural-born performer. Put
me on the stage. Give me a mic.
Roll the goddamn camera.

KELCZ
It's like, why should you have to
work hard to get to the part that
you love? Working hard? I mean,
what?

M.I.GEEZUS
Man, that's what I'm talkin'
'bout! Gimme some!

They slap hands. The music cuts back in and takes over the soundtrack until the song ends.

CUT TO

HOME VIDEO FOOTAGE of the last half of M.I.Geezus's verse.
He makes it rain fake dollar bills.

M.I.GEEZUS
(rapping)
All up in them skinny jeans. What
the fuck are you doing?

His groupmates join him for the final chorus. They nod their heads to the beat unconvincingly. One blistering-fast cut after another. Absolutely no meaning.

PRHYME
(rapping)
Man, you been yellin' how you back
on, like, every other track that
you rap for the past fuckin' ten
years...

DIRECTOR (O.C.)
Cut!

CUT TO

The director lowers the Magnavox.

DIRECTOR
That's a wrap, and we got another
goddamn classic on our hands! Shit
was hot! All right, all right...
All right, let's get this car back
to my girl's stepdad, stat. She's
been texting my phone, blowin' it
up. And we gotta go before that
video ho comes back here with her
brothers or something...

FADE OUT

THE END