

STRAIGHT OUTTA COMPTON

By

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Xenon Pictures
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EXT. JOE LOUIS STADIUM - NIGHT

Emblazoned across the black screen is: DETROIT MICHIGAN.
August 1989.

FADE IN:

EXT. JOE LOUIS STADIUM - DETROIT - NIGHT

Queues of youthful CONCERTGOERS are frisked by COPS as they present their tickets and move through some turnstiles into the stadium area.

We move upward until we land on a MARQUIS that says APPEARING TONIGHT: NWA.

INT. JOE LOUIS STADIUM - NIGHT

It's a packed house. Swarms of TEENAGERS from the floor to the cheap seats wait in rabid anticipation for the performers to take the stage. Small fights, like brush fires, break out here and there. We come to rest on a TEENAGER holding a sign above his head. It says "Fuck Tha Police."

Closer to the stage, two large flanks of DETROIT COPS emerge from either side and form an imposing WALL, cutting off the view of the patrons in front. Their movements seem almost machine-like as they move in lockstep with one another, a grim determination on their faces. They stare at the minimal stage dressing: TWO MIXING BOOTHS with turntables and some MICROPHONES.

INT. BACKSTAGE HALLWAY - NIGHT

HOLD on a pair of black canvas HIGHTOPS. There's a slight bulge near the ankle of one of the pants legs. We angle up from the sneakers to see EAZY E towering above us. Eazy's 5'5" frame belies his larger than life personality. He has the barrel chest of a much larger man and his thoughts are strategically concealed behind dark sunglasses that add a touch of menace.

Eazy hangs up the receiver of a PAY PHONE and sees a WHITE COP with a big, beefy face walking menacingly toward him.

As the Cop approaches him, Eazy pulls a PISTOL from the front of his pants and places it, handle out, in the palm of the Cop's hand.

EAZY

Save you the trouble. No clip.

The Cop takes the gun and inspects it. The clip has been removed. He stares very intently at Eazy then continues down the hallway.

Eazy watches as the Cop disappears into a room to his right and then pulls out ANOTHER GUN from the back of his pants. Next, he pulls a clip from the bulge in his sock, pops it in the handle, shoves the GUN into the front of his pants. When the coast is clear, he turns and then walks down the hallway.

EAZY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Nobody ever did shit in life without representing something. And I suppose up until that night, we'd just been making it up as we went along.

INT. BACKSTAGE - DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eazy stops at the edge of the door and observes four black men as they are vigorously patted down by FOUR COPS. Each man wears BLACK JEANS and a BLACK T-SHIRT. Three other COPS, including the Cop that Eazy just gave his gun to, observe the process.

Moving left to right we begin on 20-year-old ICE CUBE; he's stocky, cocky and alert. He forces a grim smile even though he's burning inside. Continue over to DR. DRE, 24. He's the tallest and best-looking of the group. The pat-down is no big deal for him. Just another day at the office. Next up is DJ YELLA, 22. The slightest of the group, he smiles widely. Continuing right, we come upon on MC REN, 24. He's ramrod stoic. His face suggests more history and less hope than his boys. It takes all his willpower not to fight back.

We're back on Eazy, poker face in tact.

The Cops depart the room, passing Eazy on their way out. Cube, Dre, Yella and Ren all turn to face Eazy. Suddenly, Eazy pulls the GUN from his pants and waves them forward. They all break into smiles.

EAZY

We're not gonna do it.

CUBE

Fuck that. We gotta do it.

EAZY

If we do it, we're not gonna get paid.

DRE

Then forget it. It's not worth it then.

Eazy surveys the faces of his crew who appear to have mixed feelings.

EAZY

It's settled then. We're not gonna
do it.

INT. JOE LOUIS STADIUM - STAGE AREA - CONTINUOUS

Teenagers of all ethnicities continue to buck up against the wall of cops near the stage. Sweaty bodies are packed against one another. Hands and fists are raised to the sky. Lighters are ignited. Tension and anticipation remain high.

We come back to the young teenager holding the sign.

YOUNG TEENAGER

Fuck tha Police!

The young teenager is quickly apprehended by TWO COPS and dragged from the scene.

INT. JOE LOUIS STADIUM - BACKSTAGE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The five band members move down a narrow corridor toward the stage. They pass a series of COPS who are stationed like signposts about every twenty feet.

EAZY (V.O.)

Our music was about life as we saw
it and life as we lived it.

The group members round a corner and glimpse the stage area for the first time. Tension and anticipation abound.

EAZY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I'd never seen more security for a
show my whole life.

The group members stop just short of the stage. All four of them are in full frame as they stare out at the screaming crowd.

INT. JOE LOUIS STADIUM - CONTINUOUS

The stadium goes BLACK and HYSTERICAL CHEERS fill the void.

STADIUM ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

From Compton, California please
welcome the world's most dangerous
group! N-W-A!

The crowd is on fire as Eazy, Dre, Yella, Ren and Cube take to the front of the stage and strike aggressive poses at the swarm of Cops positioned in front of them.

Cube, Dre, Ren and Yella all look at Eazy, who is in a stare down with the cops.

Eazy looks out at the cheering audience, then over to the angry policemen who are gathering off stage. His expression changes slightly, subtly indicating that he has changed his mind about singing "Fuck Tha Police."

Eazy turns and gives each of the other guys a nod. Defiant grins suddenly wash across their faces, indicating that they understand and endorse the change. Yella takes his spot in one of the DJ booths. As a ferocious beat starts, Dr. Dre grabs a mike.

DRE

Right now, NWA court is in full effect. Judge Dre presiding the case of NWA versus the police department. Prosecuting attorneys are MC Ren, Ice Cube, DJ Yella and Eazy muthafuckin E. Order, order, order! Ice Cube, take the muthafuckin stand! Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothin' but the truth so help your black ass?

CUBE

You're goddamn right!

DRE

Why don't you tell everybody what the fuck you got to say?

Sneering at the crowd, Cube grabs the mike and breaks into NWA's anthem "Fuck tha Police."

CUBE

Fuck tha police, coming straight from the underground, A young nigga got it bad cause I'm brown, And not the other color so police think, they have the authority to kill a minority, Fuck that shit, cause I ain't the one, For a punk muthafucka with a badge and a gun...

The crowd is going wild. The POLICE OFFICERS hired as security in the front of the stage look like bulls ready to explode from their gates and onto the stage. Eazy locks eyes with the icy stare of a COP standing directly in front of him in the audience.

SLOW MOTION

Suddenly the HOUSE LIGHTS come up. A frenzy of confusion spins around Eazy as the policemen swarm the stage and stop the show.

Eazy sees two cops shove Ice Cube face down on the floor. Eazy grabs the pistol from his waistband and tosses it to the back of the stage. The pistol sails through the air...

EXT. COMPTON ALLEY - 1979 - DAY

We follow the flight of a PISTOL as it lands in a PIZZA BOX inside a dumpster. A BLACK MAN has just dumped the pistol and is sprinting down the alley, out of breath. A POLICE SIREN wails in the distance.

It's a decade earlier. A young Eazy E is standing in the open BACK DOOR of a COCO'S RESTAURANT, wearing a dirty apron and holding a bus tray piled high with dirty dishes. He saw the black man toss the gun and his eyes are on that dumpster.

EAZY (V.O.)

A lot of people say different things about the ghetto. Think it's bad or something. But I never saw it that way. I loved Compton. For me, all I saw was opportunity.

Suddenly a PATROL CAR screeches into the alley, blocking the man's escape route. Eazy steps back into a doorway and peers out as two COPS leap from their car with their guns drawn.

COP 1

Freeze! Hit the dirt asshole!

The man spins around and sees another PATROL CAR pull up behind him. He's boxed in.

COP 2

Put your hands on your head and lie down on the ground now!

The man puts his hands behind his head, drops to his knees and lies down. All four cops close in on him, their batons drawn. Eazy watches as the police brutally beat the man, before cuffing him and dragging him to a patrol car.

As soon as the patrol car pulls away, Eazy walks over to the DUMPSTER and looks inside. He sees the pistol lying on the pizza box. Eazy grabs it, opens the chamber and inspects it.

INT. COMPTON PAWN SHOP - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Eazy stands in front of the shop's streetwise black PROPRIETOR. The proprietor checks the gun, impressed. Then he walks to the WINDOW and pulls down the SHADE to give them some privacy.

PROPRIETOR

This is a nice gun. Where'd you get it, little man?

EAZY

It was my Aunt's. She lived in a rough neighborhood but she moved. So she don't need it no more.

PROPRIETOR

And who stripped off the serial number? I suppose that was your uncle?

The proprietor chuckles at Eazy's self-confidence, then slides two twenty-dollar bills over to him. Eazy has to stand on his toes to see over the cash register. He eyes the two bills.

EAZY

I can get 75 bucks for this same gun over at Jackie's Second Hand Store.

Eazy picks up the pistol and heads for the door.

PROPRIETOR

Alright. I'll give you 80.

Eazy turns around with a smile and walks back. The proprietor shakes his head, chuckles and hands Eazy the money.

PROPRIETOR (CONT'D)

Ya know, for a three-foot nigga you got six feet of attitude.

EXT. DOWNTOWN COMPTON STREET - CONTINUOUS

Eazy steps out of the pawnshop counting his cash. Something across the street catches his eye.

EAZY (V.O.)

It wasn't a problem picking up a buck here and there. But I had big dreams and so did my friend, Andre.

ACROSS THE STREET

15-year-old ANDRE YOUNG is stepping into a record store. Eazy runs across the street and follows him in.

INT. COMPTON RECORD STORE - CONTINUOUS

Eazy walks over to Andre who's flipping through some records in a stack.

EAZY

Ain't you supposed to be in school,
nigga?

ANDRE

Look who's talking.

Andre pulls a record out of a stack.

ANDRE (CONT'D)

Hey, Eazy, they got the Bootsy Collins
album I been looking for. "Player
of the Year." I need this for that
mix I'm working out. Can you float
me five? I'm a little tight.

Eazy shakes his head with a wry grin and hands Andre one of
the twenties. Andre smiles and heads for the cashier.

EAZY (V.O.)

Andre had a gift for music. He had
the biggest record collection in the
'hood and he could mix on two
turntables like no one I ever seen.
But the boy was always broke.

Andre pays for the record and as he and Eazy leave the store
they playfully engage in a tug-o-war with the change from
the twenty.

EAZY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Our first big idea was to set up
dance parties wherever we could find
a space. 'Course we needed some
equipment.

EXT. COMPTON NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Eazy is in the BACKYARD of someone's house. He's stacking
some cinder blocks on top of one another underneath a window,
then he climbs up and peers in.

EAZY'S POV

Inside the house is a major STEREO SYSTEM. Speakers,
turntables and tape decks. This is clearly someone's pride
and joy. Eazy eyes the system hungrily.

INT. ABANDONED COMPTON WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The equipment from the house is now set up on a SMALL STAGE.
Andre is mixing records with his friend D.J. YELLA standing
next to him wearing headphones and bopping to the beat.
Swarms of black teenagers dance and mill about in front of
them.

A banner that says "High Powered Productions" is draped on the wall behind them.

EAZY (V.O.)

Andre was a master at knowing what people wanted to hear. He started calling himself Dr. Dre and he his buddy D.J. Yella really knew how to mix it up. For two brothers from the 'hood they weren't doing too bad. They just needed me to show 'em how to capitalize on their talent.

AT THE WAREHOUSE ENTRANCE

Eazy is at the door, collecting a buck from everyone who comes in. The place is packed.

Just then, two agitated BLACK MEN in their mid-20's push their way through the line and spot the stereo equipment on stage. The larger of the two, SMOKEY, grabs Eazy and shoves him against the wall.

SMOKEY

You the mutha-fucker who stole my equipment?

EAZY

We were just renting it.
(hands Smokey a stack
of bills)
Here's your cut.

Smokey knocks the wad of bills out of Eazy's hand and punches him hard. Eazy goes down. Smokey kicks him a few times.

SMOKEY

You think you can buy me off for chump change? If there's one scratch on that equipment you're going down!

ONSTAGE

Dre sees Eazy getting beat up and scrambles over a table and out a small window. People stop dancing and begin making hasty exits. Yella unplugs the headphones and starts grabbing up records.

Eazy lies bruised and bleeding by the door as Smokey and his friend rush the stage and begin dismantling the stereo equipment.

EXT. WAREHOUSE PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Two PATROL CARS pull up and four COPS step out and begin herding partygoers against the wall. Various kids are searched for drugs.

INT. WAREHOUSE - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

The cops have all the people left inside lined up against the wall. One officer walks over to Eazy and looks at his black eye and a bloody lip.

OFFICER

Who did this to you? Is he here?
Point him out.

Eazy glances over at Smokey lined up with the others, cradling a speaker. Then, he looks at the officer with defiance.

EAZY

I'm not sure which of you cops did it. You all look the same to me.

Eazy looks at Smokey, who smiles slightly and nods.

EAZY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The cops figured if a bunch of homeboys were hanging out we had to be up to no good. That's just the way it was in Compton. By not ratting out Smokey, I earned some respect on the street.

EXT. GREENLEAF AVENUE HOUSE - COMPTON - DAY

Eazy is sitting on the front steps of his boyhood home, watching the girls on the street walk by.

EAZY

I was tired of scratching around to make a buck. Bussing tables at Coco's, getting hassled by my folks to go back to school...

Eazy watches as a NEW CONVERTIBLE rolls by driven by a stylishly dressed young MAN in his 20's. This is his cousin ANTHONY. Sitting next to Anthony in the front seat are two attractive WOMEN.

EAZY (CONT'D)

I wanted the life my cousin Anthony had. He was livin' large and had his pick of the finest bitches around town.

Eazy watches with envy as Anthony and the girls drive off down the street.

EAZY (CONT'D)

Turns out Anthony was a dealer. I didn't have an issue that he was slinging drugs. To me, business was business. So I started working for him.

EXT. EVE AFTER DARK - NIGHT

We move to the neon sign of Compton's hottest nightclub. Cars full of hot looking, well-dressed black men and women pull into the parking lot.

EAZY (V.O.)

After we stopped doing dance parties, Dre and I started hanging out at the hottest club in Compton, Eve After Dark.

AT THE CLUB'S ENTRANCE

An imposing but nicely dressed DOORMAN collects a cover charge from the people coming in. Next to him is LONZO WILLIAMS, the club's 25-year-old owner. The gold chains and sharp suit tell you Lonzo is the local impresario made good. Affable and direct, Lonzo stands by the door shaking hands and flirting with the women.

EAZY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Eve After Dark was the place to be and the owner, Lonzo Williams was the man.

Behind the swarm of well-tailored people entering the club, we see Eazy and Dre wearing tennis shoes, baseball caps and T-shirts. Eazy hands a nicely dressed man a few joints and takes a ten spot from him.

DRE

(shouting)

Hey Lonzo, man! How 'bout letting us in tonight?

Lonzo looks over, checks out Eazy and Dre in their street clothes and starts to laugh.

LONZO

Why the hell would I want two dirty T-shirt wearing niggas like you in my club?

Eazy and Dre are pushed aside by the nicely dressed folks being let in.

EXT. EVE AFTER DARK CLUB ENTRANCE - LATER

Lonzo steps out, greets some people still in line and lights a cigarette. Standing in their usual spot are Eazy and Dre. Eazy's in his street clothes but Dre has put on a nice silk shirt, black slacks and some sharp wingtip shoes. Lonzo walks over and inspects Dre.

LONZO

Nice threads. Right this way.

Dre grins and eagerly heads for the club. Eazy follows but Lonzo blocks his way.

LONZO (CONT'D)

Not you, little brother. Your friend showed me some respect tonight but your raggedy ass still looks the same. Besides, I don't let drug dealers inside my club.

Dre reaches the club entrance, turns and shrugs at Eazy.

DRE

See you later, man.

As Eazy watches Dre walk into the club, he looks up at Lonzo towering over him.

EAZY

Lonzo, someday you're gonna be working for me.

Lonzo laughs heartily and walks into the club.

EXT. EVE AFTER DARK - A WEEK LATER - NIGHT

It's late. Inside, the club is at full capacity. Lonzo is in the parking lot as two COPS, one white, one black, are in his face, giving him a hard time.

EAZY (V.O.)

Lonzo was old school and clean as a whistle. But the cops didn't trust a brother who made money. They figured he had to be doing something illegal. And if one of the cops was black, he always had to prove he wasn't playing favorites by being real hard.

As MUSIC blares out of the club behind them, the black cop grabs Lonzo's neck chain and snaps it off.

Sitting nearby, Eazy is now dressed in a silk shirt and slacks, but still wears his baseball cap. He watches the cops hassle Lonzo. The two cops walk away. Lonzo retrieves his gold chain from the ground, sees Eazy watching and walks over.

LONZO

What's your name, little brother?

Eazy stands as tall as he can but he's still a foot shorter than Lonzo.

EAZY

Eazy "Mutherfuckin" E.

LONZO

You can come in as long as you don't sell any weed inside the club.

EAZY

Thanks, Lonzo.

Lonzo takes off Eazy's baseball cap and leads him inside.

INT. EVE AFTER DARK - CONTINUOUS

The place is packed with hot-looking black men and women. Lots of fedoras and silk. A pounding music beat fills the air. Eazy moves through the room and soaks in the scene.

EAZY (V.O.)

I'd spent weeks in the parking lot picturing what it would be like inside, but it was even better than I imagined. Eve gave all these Compton homies a place where they could forget about the bullshit on the street and lose themselves in the music.

Eazy spots Dre and cuts through the crowd to get to him.

EAZY (CONT'D)

Hey Dre!

Dre smiles and walks over.

DRE

What's up, homie? Where'd you steal those clothes?

EAZY
(looking around)
This place is tight.

DRE
Check it out. Lonzo's gonna let me
D.J. next week. But I'm gonna need
to get some new records. Can you
help me out?

EAZY
Don't worry, I'll cover you. You
and me are partners. Pretty soon
we'll be running this place.

Eazy high-fives his friend.

DRE
Come on, let me show you around.

As he follows Dre through the club, Eazy slides a pair of
SUNGLASSES out of his pocket and puts them on. A smile lights
up his face as we SEE the reflection of the club in the
sunglass lenses. It's a blurring swarm of people moving and
dancing.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROADIUM SWAP MEET - DAY

It's five years later. 1985. We pull back from a new set
of SUNGLASSES to reveal a more adult Eazy, good-looking and
confident as ever, wearing a black cap with an "Oakland
Raiders" insignia, driving a Suzuki Samurai.

Eazy pulls his Suzuki Samurai under the grand ARCHWAY that
leads into the main swap meet area. He parks his Suzuki in
the lot and climbs out.

Across the way, it's bustling with activity and enterprise.
Tables and stands are set up in a series of rows with VENDORS
hawking every conceivable kind of merchandise. Eazy walks
past a SMALL STAGE where a D.J. named GREG MACK is spinning
records. We see the call letters KDAY on a banner behind
him. As a song ends, Mack looks out at the crowd.

MACK
You're listening to KDAY coming to
you live from the Roadium. Whatever
you need, you'll find it here. So
come on over and say hello. I'm
Greg Mack and this is a track from
L.A. Dream Team.

Mack puts the needle on the record and the music blasts through the swap meet. Eazy gets out of his vehicle and walks over to a VENDOR named STEVE YANO. Steve is a lanky, wire thin Japanese guy selling 12" vinyl records and audio cassettes on a large table. A small crowd of customers are pouring over the merchandise.

EAZY

Hey Stevie, what's happenin'?

STEVE

Eazy E! My man!

They knock their fists together in a neighborhood greeting. Steve moves over to a black TEENAGE GIRL looking at a cassette.

Eazy looks over and gives a slight nod to a black TEENAGE BOY who's pretending to look at some records. The teenage boy nods back, then walks past Eazy. As he passes, Eazy quickly slips a small PACKET into the teenage boy's hand. The teenage boy walks away, discreetly dropping some MONEY on the TABLE.

After a beat - Eazy scoops the money up off the table and walks over to Steve, who's talking to the teenage girl.

STEVE (CONT'D)

What you got there is the best of the LA Dream Team. I'm the exclusive dealer of that shit. You blink and it's gone.

TEENAGE GIRL

How much is it?

STEVE

Seven dollars and it's yours baby.

The girl pays him, smiles at Eazy and walks away.

STEVE (CONT'D)

(to Eazy)

She wants you.

Steve lifts his shirt, revealing a MONEY BELT. He unzips it and tucks in the cash the girl just paid him.

As Steve zips up the money belt, Eazy can't help but catch a glimpse of the thick WAD of BILLS inside.

EAZY

Fuck, Steve, you make that kind of green selling records and shit?

Steve winks at Eazy as he smooths his shirt tails back down.

STEVE

You just gotta know what the brothers want.

Eazy and Steve step back over to his vending table. Eazy starts rifling through some of his records.

EAZY

What are you selling here?

STEVE

The local homegrown stuff is hot. L.A. Dream Team, Egyptian Lover, all the stuff they play on KDAY.

EAZY

Does Lonzo's stuff sell?

STEVE

The Wrecking Cru? Yeah, man, they got Dre. Dre's the shit.

Eazy nods with a slight grin.

EAZY

Cool. I'll see you later, man.

Eazy walks away and takes a good look around the swap meet. Along with the KDAY set-up there's MUSIC BLARING everywhere from cars and boom boxes. A dozen different VENDORS are selling records and tapes.

There's something special happening here. It's all over Eazy's face. His mind is spinning. He wants in.

CUT TO:

EXT. MACOLA RECORDS - WAREHOUSE - DAY

A hand slices open the top of a BOX and folds back the flap. Inside is a stack of "Wrecking Cru" RECORDS.

PULL BACK

To reveal a small, tacky RECORD PRESSING PLANT. It's the bottom of the music industry food chain. Machines are pressing records and WORKERS with forklifts package and stack them. A WORKER picks up the box and carries it down the hall.

INT. MACOLA RECORDS - SMALL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Sitting in a cramped office is JERRY HELLER, 44.

Grizzled and hung-over, Jerry is sifting through some records that are stacked up in front of him. The framed PICTURES on his office wall tell the whole story. There's Jerry with Elton John, with John Fogerty, with Elvis.

Jerry stands, stretches and looks at himself in one of the pictures. There was a fire in his eyes back then. He's younger, happier, in his element. Although the fire still flickers today, he looks a little desperate in these surroundings.

Jerry looks over at an impressive leather DESK CHAIR wrapped in plastic. It's a chair that carries a special significance for Jerry. It reminds him of who he used to be.

The worker comes into the office with the box.

WORKER

Hi Jerry. One thousand World Class
Wrecking Cru singles coming up.

JERRY

Thanks.

The worker drops them down on the desk and hands Jerry an invoice. Jerry signs it and the worker walks away.

MOVE IN CLOSE

Jerry slips one of the "Wrecking Cru" singles out of the box. There's a PICTURE of the group on the record sleeve. The group members include Lonzo, who we recognize from Eve After Dark and Dr. Dre, now in his early 20's and D.J. Yella.

As Jerry seals the box back up Macola's head guy, DON MACMILLAN pops into his doorway. He's a throwback to the disco era, with his shirt collar tucked over his jacket and a gaudy gold chain on his wrist.

MACMILLAN

Hey babe. How's it going?

JERRY

(dryly)
Living the fucking dream.

MACMILLAN

You know with all the records you
got me pressing maybe I should start
looking into music management.

JERRY

Don't waste your time, Don. It's a
bastard's business.

MACMILLAN

Anything hot coming up?

JERRY

Nothing major. This Wrecking Cru song "Turn Out The Lights" is getting a good buzz at some of the clubs. I think it might be radio friendly.

MacMillan nods with more than casual interest. Jerry stands and hoists the box onto his shoulder and turns to MacMillan.

JERRY (CONT'D)

I'm still looking for that breakout record.

EXT. MACOLA RECORDS PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Jerry puts the box in the trunk of his 1972 Lincoln Continental. The car of a player in an earlier era. He closes the trunk and notices a gash in the faded paint. Jerry's spits in his hand and rubs the scratch. It doesn't come out. He walks around and gets in the car.

INT. JERRY'S LINCOLN CONTINENTAL - CONTINUOUS

Jerry starts the car and turns on the RADIO. It's KDAY playing the Kool Mo Dee song "Wild Wild West." Jerry drives away.

EXT. MACOLA RECORDS PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

As the song plays, Jerry's Lincoln pulls out of the parking lot and onto a Hollywood street.

THE SONG PLAYS OVER:

EXT. TAFT HIGH SCHOOL -- WOODLAND HILLS, CA. - SAME TIME

A middle class school in the heart of the San Fernando Valley. Predominantly white STUDENTS are walking across the well-manicured lawn, heading to classes, carrying books and knapsacks.

INT. TAFT STUDENT ADVISOR'S OUTER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The Kool Mo Dee song is still playing, only now we hear it through the Sony Walkman HEADPHONES of O'SHEA JACKSON, a gruff-looking heavy-set 17-year-old black student.

O'Shea sits scribbling in a notebook, lost in the song when MR. TAYLOR, his student advisor steps out of the office and clears his throat.

MR. TAYLOR

Mr. Jackson?

O'Shea doesn't see him as he bops to the beat.

MR. TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Mr. Jackson?

O'Shea is focused on what's he writing. Mr. Taylor finally steps over and lifts off one side of his headset. O'Shea looks up and takes off his headphones.

O'SHEA

Hey, Mr. Taylor.

MR. TAYLOR

Come on in.

O'Shea turns off his walkman, picks up his books and follows Mr. Taylor into his office.

INT. MR. TAYLOR'S OFFICE - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Mr. Taylor is looking over some papers as O'Shea sits across from him.

MR. TAYLOR

The picture here is very promising. You're testing well in a number of subjects.

(he flips a page)

You've got a B average. Are you starting to consider your college choices?

O'SHEA

My folks got me some applications. I haven't had time to fill them out yet.

MR. TAYLOR

I know you get up every day at 6:30 to take the bus here from Compton. So, it would be a shame not to consider all your opportunities.

O'SHEA

To tell you the truth, Mr. Taylor, I'd really like to do something with my music. I've been writing a lot of songs. I think I could do something with that.

MR. TAYLOR

Well, if you have an interest in music I'm surprised you haven't joined the school band.

O'SHEA

That's not really my kind of music.

MR. TAYLOR

How do you know if you don't try?

MR. Taylor hits his INTERCOM buzzer.

MR. TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Julie, could you bring in a band schedule?

Mr. Taylor gives O'Shea an encouraging smile.

MR. TAYLOR (CONT'D)

You know, I played the oboe.

O'Shea's eyes register no interest.

INT. PRIORITY RECORDS - RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Jerry walks over to a pretty RECEPTIONIST sitting underneath a "Priority Records" logo.

JERRY

Kim, I'm supposed to talk to Bryan today.

RECEPTIONIST

I can squeeze you in, Jerry, but he's leaving early to go to the hockey game tonight.

JERRY

Okay. I just need a few minutes.

Jerry reaches into the box, pulls out a "Wrecking Cru" single and hands it to her.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Play this for your friends. Let me know what you think.

Kim takes the record as Jerry sits down to wait.

INT. PRIORITY RECORDS - BRYAN TURNER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

BRYAN TURNER, late 20's, is wrapping up a meeting with two of his young executives, DANNY and STEVE. Turner's got the look and demeanor of a guy who's on easy street.

TURNER

Alright guys, let's pick this up tomorrow. Jerry Heller's coming over.

The two execs change a look of amusement.

DANNY

Jerry Heller? Is he still alive?

TURNER

He used to have an office down the hall.

STEVE

Heller's bad fucking news, Bryan. He's a horror show. Nobody wants to work with him.

TURNER

Don't forget he came up with Geffen and Azoff. He found Pink Floyd, for God sakes. I just want to see where his head's at.

There's a knock on the door and Jerry is led in by Turner's SECRETARY.

TURNER (CONT'D)

Jerry, come on in.

Jerry enters and shakes Turner's hand.

TURNER (CONT'D)

These are two of my guys Danny and Steve.

Jerry gives the guys a slight nod then sits down and zooms in on Turner.

JERRY

Did you listen to those tapes I dropped off?

TURNER

Yeah I did, Jerry. To be honest, they didn't blow my skirt up.

JERRY

Listen again, Bryan. Costs are out of control in this business. My guys are making records for 600 bucks on a four-track in their basement.

(MORE)

JERRY (CONT'D)

They're pressing their own singles and selling them at swap meets. We're moving between five and ten thousand copies of these records in L.A. alone and that's without any airplay or promotion. The kids are hearing the music in clubs and seeking it out. This is the next chapter in music.

Turner nods, listening to Jerry's pitch. Then he picks up a videotape and slides it into a VCR on his desk.

TURNER

Jerry, let me show you the next chapter in music.

A TV set on Turner's desk flickers to life. ONSCREEN - A group of animated RAISIN PUPPETS break into the song "Heard It Through The Grapevine."

TURNER (CONT'D)

"The California Raisins." It's easy. It's simple. Kids like California. They like raisins and they like Motown. It's already a highly successful ad campaign and we just bought the rights for an album. It's money in the bank.

Jerry can't hide his disgust. He picks up a bobbing RAISIN PUPPET off Turner's desk.

JERRY

Are you fucking kidding? Recycled Motown songs sung by dancing prunes? This is the death of the industry.

TURNER

(with a grin)

Tell me what you really think, Jerry. Look, there's no way this ghetto shit you're pushing ever gets any airplay. It's regional. You're never going to move it outside the swap meets.

Jerry stands and picks up his box of records.

JERRY

Bryan, you're dead fucking wrong. This is the next wave and you're going to miss the boat.

Jerry walks out.

DANNY

Wow. He's really lost it.

TURNER

Maybe. (Beat) Maybe not.

(checks his watch)

Come on guys, we're going to be late for the Kings game.

INT. FORD MUSTANG - DAY

The car is idling in a Compton alley. Eazy's cousin Anthony is behind the wheel, talking on a late 80's oversized CELL PHONE. Eazy E is sitting next to him in the passenger side.

ANTHONY

(into phone)

I'm on the block, baby. Come on, I'm right here. Let's go. I ain't gonna wait all fuckin' day, bitch.

Anthony hangs up and looks at Eazy.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

She's coming, E. Anyway, after we're done here I need you to make a run for me and pick up more product.

Anthony tosses Eazy a wad of CASH. Eazy takes it and thumbs through the roll of bills.

EAZY

Jesus, Anthony. How the fuck did you move all that other shit so fast?

ANTHONY

I'm making moves. I sent a crew down to 36th and Western. There's a whole shitload of stumbling runny-nosed motherfuckas dying to get high.

EAZY

You crazy, nigga? You can't sell down there! The Rolling 60's own those streets.

ANTHONY

Fuck that. Who says they got exclusive rights to those corners? There's money out there and I need to expand. Besides, what the fuck are they gonna do about it?

As Anthony is finishing his sentence a GANG MEMBER suddenly appears outside the driver's side WINDOW, raises his PISTOL and SHOOTS Anthony point blank in the head. The car window SHATTERS as Anthony is hit and blood splatters everywhere.

Eazy ducks down to the floor of the car as the gang member FIRES at Anthony several more times.

In the mayhem of bullets and blood, Eazy crouches on the floor and pops the car's STICK SHIFT into reverse. He reaches over Anthony's bloody body, grabs the steering wheel and presses down on the gas pedal with his other hand.

EXT. COMPTON ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

The car is in reverse as it barrels BACKWARDS down the alley with a dead Anthony at the wheel. The gang member runs off in the other direction.

The mustang is accelerating in reverse until it smashes into a brick building at the end of the alley.

The passenger side door of the mustang swings open. Eazy climbs out and with a slight limp makes a run for it.

EXT. EVE AFTER DARK - NIGHT

Five years have passed since we first saw it but Eve's is still the hottest club in Compton. The parking lot is crammed. A line of well-dressed people waiting to get in winds around the building. Pounding MUSIC pours out from inside.

INT. EVE AFTER DARK - CONTINUOUS

In a D.J. BOOTH wearing a sequined doctor's suit is DR. DRE, now 22. He moves gracefully to the music as we watch his hands mix from two turntables with an effortless touch. The writhing masses on the dance floor appear to speak to him. He's the main attraction. As his song mix ends, the crowd applauds and he addresses them on a microphone.

DRE

That was the one and only Grandmaster
Flash. I'm mix master Dr. Dre and
here's something from my posse, The
World Class Wrecking Cru called "Turn
Out The lights."

The music plays as we move to the BAR and find Jerry Heller sipping a drink. He's the only white guy for miles but he looks unusually comfortable as he listens to the music.

AT THE ENTRANCE

Eazy E struts in wearing his trademark Raiders cap, sunglasses and sparkling white AIR JORDAN high-tops. He's with a HOT DATE in a tight dress but that doesn't stop him from checking some of the other ladies milling around. He waves to one, nods to another. It's obvious Eazy gets around.

Eazy's eyes scan the room, moving past the women and eventually land on Lonzo, who's walking over to Jerry.

EAZY'S DATE

You look good in those new shoes,
baby.

Eazy isn't listening. He's watching intently as Lonzo talks with Jerry. Eazy's date starts getting antsy.

EAZY'S DATE (CONT'D)

You better not be looking at some
other bitch when I'm standing right
here.

Eazy turns and gives her a kiss.

EAZY

Don't be that way, baby. You know
you're the only girl for me. Eazy'll
be right back.

AT THE BAR

We move to Jerry and Lonzo's conversation.

JERRY

Dre seems to be packing them in for
you.

LONZO

He better be. Dre's so broke he
can't pay attention. He's got his
hand out all day long. Lonzo gimme
20. Lonzo gimme fifty. I co-signed
a car loan so he could buy my old RX-
7 and now I'm the one making the
payments.

JERRY

Some artists live by different rules.
I saw it with Johnny Mathis. I saw
it with Fogerty.

LONZO

Shit, Jerry, you never had to pick
up Johnny Mathis' mutha-fuckin' car
payment, you know what I'm saying?

(MORE)

LONZO (CONT'D)

(to bartender)

Give my man, Jerry, whatever he wants
on the house.

Lonzo walks away but doesn't get too far before he's
intercepted by Eazy.

EAZY

Hey, Lonzo. Who's the white dude?
The only white face I ever seen in
here was a cop.

LONZO

That's no cop. That's Jerry Heller.
Music manager. He's gonna get The
Cru hooked up with CBS records. If
I can keep Dre from spending all the
fucking money.

Lonzo walks away. Eazy smiles and studies Jerry as he sits
at the bar. Then he turns to see Lonzo at the D.J. booth
talking to Dre. Eazy watches with interest as Dre and Lonzo
get into an argument.

AT A TABLE

Smokey, from Eazy and Dre's ill-fated dance party, sits with
two BODYGUARDS. Everyone in the immediate vicinity looks at
Smokey with respect. Smokey's focused on 8 BALL, a
charismatic hustler who sits nuzzling two large breasted
HOOKERS a few tables away.

Smokey waves over a WAITRESS.

SMOKEY

Gimme a wild turkey, bourbon and
whiskey. What's that called again?

WAITRESS

A bodybag.

SMOKEY

Good memory, honey. Give me two of
those. This is for you.

He slips her a \$100 bill.

WAITRESS

Thanks, Smokey.

Smokey watches the waitress' ass as she walks away.

SMOKEY

I hate when she leaves but I love watching her go.

Eazy fixes his eyes on Smokey and walks over to him.

EAZY

Smokey's in the house.

Eazy plops a thick roll of bills down on the table. Smokey runs a thumb through it.

EAZY (CONT'D)

Paid in full.

Smokey slides a bill off the top of the roll. It's got dried blood stains on it.

SMOKEY

Your cousin Anthony was a real dumb fuck and he paid the price. Now I need you to pick up the slack.

EAZY

I'm getting out. Gonna try a new angle.

SMOKEY

Yeah?

EAZY

Music.

SMOKEY

(chuckles)

Music's for pussies.

EAZY

Music gets pussy.

The waitress arrives and puts the drinks down on Smokey's table and leaves. Smokey slides one of the drinks over to Eazy.

SMOKEY

I need you to deliver this for me.

This gives Eazy pause as he follows Smokey's gaze over to 8 Ball who is nuzzling his women.

EAZY

This about 8 Ball?

SMOKEY

He couldn't wipe his ass two years ago. Now he's got a dick a mile long. He couldn't even tell you how much he owes me.

Eazy picks up the drink and starts walking to 8 Ball's table. Everyone in the club except 8 Ball seems to be aware that something may go down.

AT THE DJ BOOTH

Dre is watching Eazy as he walks towards 8 Ball.

ON 8 Ball

As Eazy arrives at his table and lays down the drink.

EAZY

Courtesy of Smokey.

8 BALL

How you gonna come up on a brother like that?

EAZY

I wanted to see you cry like a bitch.

Smokey's bodyguards suddenly converge on 8 Ball, pull him out of his chair and hurl him through the PLATE GLASS WINDOW of Dre's D.J. booth.

Dre is caught in the shower of shattered glass. He scrambles for cover and races out the back exit.

AT THE BAR

Lonzo is pissed. He signals to his FLOOR MEN to go help 8 Ball. Then he walks up to Smokey's table.

LONZO

Jesus Christ, Smokey. You want the cops in here?

SMOKEY

Looks like 8 Ball took a spill. I'll make sure he pays for the damage.

ACROSS THE ROOM

Eazy watches as Lonzo's floor men carry a bloodied 8 Ball into a back hall. A sexy BLACK GIRL named LISA steps over to him.

LISA
Hey Eazy. What happened?

EAZY
Nigga had too much to drink.

LISA
You were gonna call me after you
left Saturday night. Instead I see
you walk in here with some ho.

Eazy turns to her, a slight smile crosses his lips.

EAZY
Don't be that way, baby. That's my
cousin. You know you're the only
girl for me.

CUT TO:

INT. EVE AFTER DARK - LATER

It's closing time. The hot date Eazy arrived with is
wandering around, looking for him. She heads down a corridor
leading to the restrooms.

INT. LADIES RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eazy's date enters and goes to the mirror to check her make-
up. She hears someone whispering low in one of the stalls.
We recognize EAZY'S VOICE as he moans with pleasure. Eazy's
date bends down and sees a woman's legs kneeling down in
front of Eazy's NEW SNEAKERS. His pant cuffs are loosely
gathered at his ankles. Furious, she walks over and begins
pounding on the stall door.

EAZY'S DATE
Eazy, you motherfucker!

EAZY (O.S.)
Come on, baby, don't be like that.

She pounds so hard on the stall door it swings open revealing
Eazy getting a blow job from Lisa. Eazy quickly scrambles
to get his pants up. Eazy's date turns her wrath onto Lisa
as she stands and composes herself.

EAZY'S DATE
You fucking slut! Get your own man!

LISA
I had him first, bitch.

The two girls begin to fight, pulling hair and screaming.
Eazy isn't going to stick around to see who wins.

He quickly fastens his belt and slips out the door and down the hall.

EXT. EVE AFTER DARK - PARKING LOT - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

People are getting into their cars, heading home. Eazy sees Dre.

EAZY

Hey Dre! Where you disappear to?

DRE

Fuck, Eazy, when those gorillas crashed 8 Ball's party I split. I don't need that shit.

EAZY

You see that crowd tonight? You must be drowning in it.

DRE

Yeah right. I've got this place all charged up and Lonzo's so cheap he won't even cut me part of the door.

Dre and Eazy walk to the curb and stop at Dre's RX-7, which is parked in front of a fire hydrant. Dre spots a ticket on the car's windshield, tears it off casually, opens the trunk and tosses the citation on a huge pile of other unpaid tickets and closes the trunk.

EAZY

Why you still playing all that soft dance shit, Dre? When are you gonna start playing some real music. Something hard. Some street shit.

DRE

I hear you, E. The shit we know. Like that Ice-T song. "6'n The Morning." The crowd goes crazy every time I play it. It's like a whole nuther level. I'm gonna fucking die if I gotta spin any more Morris Day shit.

EAZY

You're right. It's tired. It's over.

Dre is nodding, feeling Eazy's support.

DRE

You know O'Shea from the group C.I.A?
(MORE)

DRE (CONT'D)

He's calling himself Ice Cube now.
He's written some really tight lyrics.
But I can't get into Lonzo's studio
to lay down the tracks.

EAZY

What's the problem?

DRE

Lonzo says I gotta pay him upfront
and I'm a little light. I got some
East Coast cats coming in to do the
vocals and Lonzo's fucking up the
whole deal.

EAZY

I got the cash to cover it. This
time I don't have to steal the
equipment for you.

DRE

(with a wide grin)
You the man, Eazy.

EAZY

Lets get something going and we can
bring it to the old boy who manages
the Cru.

DRE

Jerry? You better ask Lonzo about
that. He handles the business.

Just then a quick burst of a POLICE SIREN makes Eazy and Dre
turn to see:

DOWN THE STREET

A couple of HOMEBOYS walking home are being checked out by a
patrol car. The officers stop, climb out and with batons
drawn order the men up against a fence. Eazy and Dre watch
as the cops aggressively pat the men down.

DRE (CONT'D)

Later, E.

EAZY

Yeah, man. Later.

EXT. LONZO'S HOUSE - COMPTON - DAY

It's the nicest place in the neighborhood reflecting Lonzo's
success as a club owner.

INT. LONZO'S HOUSE - RECORDING STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Dre is in Lonzo's home recording studio listening to a music bed on a reel-to-reel 8 track with the three members of the New York rap group HBO and his friend O'Shea who's now known as ICE CUBE. Cube is scribbling in a notebook while Dre is at the mixing board and Yella is setting the levels. Some teenage girls are hanging around. Another one of Dre's musician friends, ARABIAN PRINCE, is hanging out hitting on the girls. We move to Eazy a few feet away, talking on his cell phone.

EAZY

(on phone)

Don't be that way, baby. I'm just handlin' a little business. I been thinking about you all day. I gotta run.

As he wraps up the call, rumbling bass lines fill the studio. Eazy smiles and nods to Dre that the music sounds good. Then his cell phone RINGS and he picks up.

EAZY (CONT'D)

(on phone)

Hello? Tawny, I was just thinking of you. (Beat) Don't be that way, baby, I miss you. I'm gonna come through there later. Okay. Bye.

Eazy ends the call and watches with interest as Dre and Cube confer with the members of HBO. There's an energy in the recording studio that Eazy's enjoying.

Lonzo pokes his head in to see what's going on and Eazy walks over to him.

EAZY (CONT'D)

Cool studio, man.

LONZO

I bought this house from Johnny Otis. I made some upgrades but the studio's pretty much the way Johnny left it.

(to Dre)

How we paying for today's session?

EAZY

I'm paying. Cash okay?

LONZO

I got no problem with cash.

Eazy pulls some cash out of his sock and gives it to Lonzo.

EAZY

You know, I want to get more involved in the music scene. Dre said you could introduce me to Jerry Heller.

LONZO

Come on, Eazy. You're a dealer. Jerry Heller don't want to meet you.

EAZY

I'm out of that. I'm working with Dre now.

LONZO

You're using dope money to pay for studio time. That don't make you a record producer.

Eazy doesn't like hearing this but he keeps his cool. He looks back in the studio, sees the three members of HBO arguing with Dre and Cube and walks over.

EAZY

What's going on?

DRE

They don't like the lyrics.

HBO MEMBER 1

We ain't singing this West Coast bullshit. We're East Coast.

CUBE

Where the fuck are you? This is the West Coast. We got a way of doing things here.

HBO MEMBER 2

We got more of a Run-DMC vibe.

CUBE

You ain't no Run-DMC.

Eazy sees that Cube is simmering and steps over.

EAZY

This is Compton. If you ain't down with that then go back to mutha-fuckin' New York.

The HBO boys gather their stuff, shouting obscenities at Eazy as they walk by Lonzo who's been watching from the doorway. They leave. Suddenly the room goes silent.

Dre starts turning off the equipment in frustration.

Eazy walks over and picks up Cube's lyrics. As he reads the verses, we see Eazy's wheels turning.

LONZO

I guess the only thing you need is a singer.

Everyone looks lost, except for Eazy, who seems to be getting energized by the words he's reading.

EAZY

(reading aloud)

Woke Up Quick At About Noon, Just
Thought That I Had To Be In Compton
Soon...

CUBE

(nodding)

Sounds good. Sing it, E...

Eazy looks up from the page, then starts reading some more of the lyrics.

EAZY

(reading aloud)

I gotta Get Drunk Before the Day
Begin, Before My Mother Starts
Bitchin' About My Friends...

Dre stops taking the tape off the tape deck. He looks at Cube and they acknowledge that Eazy doesn't sound bad.

DRE

Maybe Eazy should sing it. He paid for the session. Let him give it a try.

EAZY

Me? I don't know...

YELLA

Yeah, Eazy. You should do it.

LONZO

(rolls his eyes)

So I guess Eazy's a rapper now, too.

Cube looks over to Dre, and cracks a smile.

CUBE

Fine with me. Let's do this, E.

Dre hands Eazy a set of headphones. Eazy slides them on as Dre steps over to the mixing board and starts pressing buttons.

EAZY

Shit. If I gotta sing this at least
cut the lights in here...

Yella walks over and hits the light switch. Eazy slips on his sunglasses and stands in the now darkened room, the lights from the mixing board meters throw shadows on the wall.

EAZY (CONT'D)

(looking at lyrics)
Gimme a second....

All the guys are watching Eazy as he steps up to the MICROPHONE. He takes a moment to prepare, then nods to Dre. Dre hits the playback button and the song's rumbling BASS LINES begin.

Eazy takes a deep breath, and begins to rap the opening lines of "Boyz In The Hood" like he's been rehearsing for this moment his whole life.

EAZY (CONT'D)

...Woke Up Quick At About Noon, Just
Thought That I Had To Be In Compton
Soon, I gotta Get Drunk Before the
Day Begin, Before My Mother Starts
Bitchin' About My Friends...

Eazy's high-pitched voice appears to fit surprisingly well with Dre's tracks. Everyone around the room nods their approval except for Lonzo who is noticeably unimpressed.

EAZY (CONT'D)

...About To Go And Damn It Went Blind,
Young Niggaz At The Pad Throwin' Up
Gang Signs...

The song fades down as we hear Eazy's V.O. come up...

EAZY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

We spent all night in the studio.
We must have recorded it 25 times
before we got it right. But when we
finally finished and Dre mixed it
down...it was tight. And we knew we
had something.

THE SONG COMES BACK UP OVER:

EXT. DRE'S CAR - COMPTON STREET - NIGHT

Dre is behind the wheel of his RX-7 listening to a tape of Eazy's singing "Boyz In The Hood." As his head bobs to the beat he smiles, knowing he's on to something.

EAZY (O.S.)
 (singing on tape)
 ...Cuz the Boyz In De Hood Are always
 Hard, You Come Talkin' That Trash
 We'll Bull Your Car, Knowing Nothin'
 In Life But To Be Legit, Don't Quote
 Me Boy, Cuz I Ain't Sayin' Shit...

Dre is so engrossed in the song he doesn't see the PATROL CAR tailing him. Suddenly - the cops flash their lights. Frightened and angry, Dre pulls over.

INT. LONZO'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The phone rings, waking Lonzo. He reaches over to a nightstand and picks up.

LONZO
 Yeah?

DRE (O.S.)
 Lonzo, it's Dre.

LONZO
 Dre? What the fuck are you calling
 me at 3 in the morning for?

INT. COMPTON POLICE STATION - HOLDING CELL - CONTINUOUS

Dre is talking on a payphone in a dirty cell with a toilet.

DRE
 I'm at the Compton Police Station.
 They locked me up for a buncha
 bullshit parking tickets. You gotta
 come bail me out, man.

INT. LONZO'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lonzo looks more than annoyed by this call.

LONZO
 Dre, I ain't your fuckin' bank.
 I've bailed you out twice this year
 for these mutha-fuckin' tickets and
 I ain't seen any of that money come
 back.

DRE (O.S.)
 The only reason I got those tickets
 is 'cause you won't let me park in
 the lot!

INT. COMPTON POLICE STATION - HOLDING CELL - CONTINUOUS

LONZO (O.S.)
Call somebody else. I'm going back
to sleep.

Lonzo hangs up and Dre looks pissed. He thinks for a moment before dropping another quarter in the pay phone.

EXT. COMPTON POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Dre is walking down the steps that lead to the parking lot. He sees Eazy leaning against his car and walks over.

DRE
I owe you big time, homie. They
give you any trouble?

EAZY
Nah. I paid the green and here you
are.

DRE
Lonzo shut me down cold tonight. He
just slammed the door on me, man.
It's over for us.

EAZY
You don't have to worry about calling
me, man. You and I are always gonna
be partners. Forget Lonzo. I found
this new studio in Torrance. Let's
hook up with Cube and put some more
tracks together.

EXT. ICE CUBE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

It's early evening as Eazy's Suzuki Samurai pulls up to the curb outside Cube's home. Dre, Eazy, Yella and Arabian Prince are crowded into the Samurai as Eazy leans on the car's horn. After a beat, Cube steps out of the house, walks over and high-fives his friends.

CUBE
Lay off the horn, man. My mama don't
like it.

DRE
Come on, we're trying to figure out
a name for the group.

CUBE
I thought we were calling ourselves
"Boyz In The Hood." That's what the
song's about.

YELLA

We don't want the group to have the same name as the song. It'll confuse the shit out of people.

While the others are talking it out, we move in on Eazy listening. It looks like he's got an idea and he's thinking it through.

DRE

What about "The Compton Cru?"

CUBE

Fuck that. Sounds like The Wrecking Cru part 2.

Dre tosses a cup at Cube who ducks and laughs it off. Eazy suddenly looks around at the guys with a slight grin.

EAZY

NWA. That's what we call ourselves.

The guys all look at Eazy, trying to figure out what he means. Then, Cube's gruff face twists into a puzzling smile.

CUBE

NWA? What the hell is that?

EAZY

Niggaz With Attitude.

CUBE

(thinks it through)
"Niggaz With Attitude?" That's cool, man.

DRE

That'll get people talkin'.

EAZY

We just shorten it to NWA and wait until people ask what it means.

All the guys nod their approval.

EAZY (CONT'D)

Awright. Starting right now we're NWA.

Ice Cube playfully scuffles with Eazy as he piles into the Samurai with the other guys and they speed away.

INT. MACOLA RECORDS - DAY

Eazy stands in the lobby with a reel-to-reel tape under his arm as Don McMillan comes out to meet him.

MCMILLAN

Can I help you?

EAZY

I need 10,000 12' singles of this song.

McMillan eyes Eazy suspiciously.

MCMILLAN

Who's gonna pay me?

EAZY

I am. You take cash?

Eazy slaps a wad of bills down on a table. MacMillan is impressed.

DISTRIBUTION MONTAGE FOLLOWING THE "BOYZ IN THE HOOD" RECORD.

A RECORD PRESSING MACHINE stamps labels onto 12' singles.

The HANDS of WAREHOUSE WORKERS slide the records into jacket sleeves that read "NWA and the Posse." The records are stacked into boxes and sealed.

A set of ARMS carry the boxes to the LOADING DOCK. The boxes are set down and lifted back up by another SET OF HANDS. The boxes are loaded into the back of Eazy's Suzuki.

A box is taken off the back of the Samurai and sliced open with a box cutter.

Eazy hands copies of "Boyz in the Hood" to vendors at the ROADIUM SWAP MEET.

Eazy distributes copies of the record at a ROLLER RINK, at various CLUBS and out of the back of his Suzuki Samurai in the parking lot of a FAST FOOD RESTAURANT.

INT. LONZO'S HOUSE - RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

Dre is packing up his stuff. He puts a stack of records on a turntable and walks by Eazy and Lonzo talking by the door.

LONZO

Is this shit selling?

EAZY

I'm doing alright. Hey, what happened with Jerry Heller? Where's my fucking meeting?

LONZO

I mentioned you to Jerry. He wasn't interested.

EAZY

He hasn't met me yet. What's it gonna take, Lonzo. How much you want?

LONZO

Make me an offer.

EAZY

(thinks for a moment)
750 bucks for the intro.

LONZO

You got a deal. But I get paid even if he walks.

INT. MACOLA RECORDS - DAY

Jerry Heller is walking down a corridor. He winds a corner and stops at an open door.

INT. MACOLA RECORDS - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eazy and Lonzo are sitting at the conference room table. There's a stereo set up next to Eazy. As soon as Jerry walks in, Eazy hands Lonzo \$750 in cash. Lonzo tucks the money in his pocket.

LONZO

Jerry, this is Eric Wright. He calls himself Eazy E.

Eazy stands and shakes Jerry's hand. Jerry appears polite, but skeptical.

JERRY

What can I do for you?

EAZY

I want you to help me start up a new record label.

Jerry checks out Eazy in his baggy street clothes, baseball cap and dark sunglasses and shoots Lonzo a look like "who is this guy?" Lonzo shrugs.

JERRY
 (to Eazy)
 Are you a musician?

EAZY
 I do it all, Jerry. I make records,
 I rap on 'em, I press 'em, I
 distribute them. I got this group
 called NWA and we've already sold
 10,000 copies of a 12" single.

JERRY
 NWA? What does that stand for? No
 Whites Allowed?

EAZY
 Close enough.

Jerry takes a quick look at his watch. He's not sure this
 is going anywhere. Lonzo senses nothing is going to happen.

LONZO
 Listen, you guys talk this over. I
 gotta go make a call.

As soon as Lonzo leaves, Jerry pulls up a chair.

JERRY
 Alright, Eazy. I've only got a few
 minutes. Let's hear what you've
 got.

Eazy puts a 12" single on the stereo's turntable and puts up
 the volume and the fully produced "Boys In The Hood" begins
 to play.

As the song begins, Jerry's demeanor changes. He's hit by
 lightning. Eazy notices the change and a slight smile crosses
 his face. Jerry is momentarily lost in the song's edgy,
 driving story. As the song finishes the first chorus, Jerry
 turns the volume down and looks at Eazy.

JERRY (CONT'D)
 Who's the singer? Is that you?

EAZY
 It's me with Dre and some other guys.

JERRY
 This doesn't sound like Dre's regular
 stuff. Did you write this song?

EAZY
 It was one of my guys.

Jerry turns the volume back up and listens. A startling resolve hits him. He lives for moments like this. In his face we see that he recognizes this is the music he's been waiting to find. As the song finishes, Jerry stands, thinks for a moment and then looks at Eazy.

JERRY

Have you got other stuff like this?

EAZY

I got a ton of shit. See, Dre wants to work with me now. He's not feeling that Doctor suit bullshit any more. This music is what he's about, it's what I'm about. Every nigga in South Central with a system in his car is gonna be playing this.

Jerry's mind is racing but his demeanor is cool.

EAZY (CONT'D)

I want you to do for me what you been doing with all those other groups. Manage me. You got contacts and I want to start my own label.

Jerry pauses for a moment to think. Then he makes a decision.

JERRY

Okay.

EAZY

Okay you'll be my manager?

JERRY

That's right. I'll manage you and work for the label. For that I get 20%. For every dollar made, I get 20 cents. That's off the top. Dollar one. Day one. You understand?

EAZY

That sounds fine. But since it's going to be my record label, I don't want no other company putting their name on my records.

JERRY

That's not the way it's done, kid.

EAZY

That's the way I'm gonna do it, Jerry. I don't follow nobody else's rules.

Jerry smiles. He likes Eazy's chutzpah.

JERRY

You got a name for this label?

For the first time Eazy gives Jerry a wide grin.

EAZY

Yeah. I'm gonna call it Ruthless.
Ruthless Records.

EXT. MONTY'S STEAK HOUSE - DAY

BMW's and other nice cars pull up to the restaurant's VALET PARKING.

INT. MONTY'S STEAK HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

It's a four-star eatery filled with upscale white couples and businessmen.

We arrive at a booth in the center of the restaurant where Eazy E, Dre, Ice Cube and Yella sit wearing their black baseball caps and black T-shirts. Across from them, Jerry's buttering a roll and speaking with great enthusiasm.

JERRY

Basically, I take care of all the details. I'll set up the tours, book your hotels, I'll even make sure your car payments and phone bills are paid on time. Eventually you'll want to buy houses. I'll take care of all that shit for you. This is what I do. I kept Elton John in the closet for six years. You guys have any secrets I should know about?

(he smiles and bites
his roll)

Don't answer that.

Eazy is listening. Dre looks like his mind is wandering. But Ice Cube looks sullen and distrustful.

CUBE

I need a record deal. I don't need someone to pay my cable bill.

Jerry nods and gestures to Capitol Records chairman JOE SMITH eating lunch with a co-worker a few tables across.

JERRY

See that guy three tables over?
That's Joe Smith, the head of Capitol Records.

(MORE)

JERRY (CONT'D)

I'm gonna go see him in a couple of weeks. But no one is going to want to do business with us unless we set this label up properly. There's a ton of stuff to do. We need to set up a publishing arrangement. All of this takes time and money.

EAZY

I got money.

JERRY

You got a fucking quarter of a million dollars? That's what we need to do this right.

Eazy stays quiet for a minute. He picks up a roll and takes a bite.

JERRY (CONT'D)

I'll get the backing to set this up. I don't want people saying this label was started with drug money.

EAZY

If it's my record label how come you're the one giving all the orders?

JERRY

Eazy, I serve you. You got a problem with any of my ideas, I'll defer to you.

EXT. AUDIO ACHIEVEMENT STUDIO - DAY

As the NWA song "Straight Outta Compton" plays over:

Hold on a brick building with the sign "Audio Achievements."

EAZY (V.O.)

I got us set up in a place called Audio Achievements in Torrance.

INT. AUDIO ACHIEVEMENTS STUDIO - MONTAGE

Eazy, Dre, Cube and the rest of NWA are recording tracks. A white engineer named DONOVAN is showing Dre how to use the mixing board. In between fast cuts of Dre's hands on the mixing board, we show Eazy singing with headphones, then Cube. We cut to MC Ren lounging on a couch writing lyrics. Then to DJ Yella and Arabian Prince listening to tracks being played back.

EAZY (V.O.)

Cube was writing most of the lyrics
along with my friend Lorenzo, who
called himself MC Ren.

A very HOT CHICK comes in with a cardboard box filled with Hostess Snowballs and cans of grape soda. Eazy kisses her and takes the box. He starts flinging packages of Snowballs across the room to each of the guys.

Cube and Yella shake up their sodas and spray each other while laughing.

Donovan stands to stop the guys spraying soda. Dre puts a snowball on his chair and Donovan sits on it. Dre cracks up, takes off his black baseball cap and puts it on Donovan's head.

EAZY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

For a while we just lived in that
studio. It was the best time of our
lives. NWA was really starting to
come together.

INT. JERRY SETTING UP RUTHLESS RECORDS - MONTAGE

We cut to Jerry in RESTAURANTS and OFFICES meeting with various music publishers and calling in favors. He's talking and gesturing with enthusiasm.

EAZY (V.O.)

Meanwhile, Jerry was handling all
the business stuff. He brought in
lawyers, hired some people he knew
to handle the music publishing and
got Doug Young to promote us. Doug
was one of those guys who could talk
a cat off a tuna truck.

INT. NIGHTCLUB DAY - MONTAGE CONTINUES

It's daytime and the barstools are upside down on top of the bar. DOUG YOUNG, a tall, skinny, natural born salesman is talking to the CLUB D.J.

CLUB D.J.

All I know is I don't want any of
that rap shit.

DOUG

Man, you talkin' my language. I
ain't feeling that rap shit, either.
This is a whole different vibe, man.
It's like black rock and roll without
the drums.

Doug smiles widely and holds up the record. The D.J. nods and takes it.

CLUB D.J.
 (looks at the record)
 NWA, huh? I guess I can give 'em a spin.

EXT. INTERSTATE 10 FREEWAY- DAY - MONTAGE CONTINUES

We see Doug driving to his next stop. THE SONG "Straight Outta Compton" is still playing...now on Doug's major sound system that probably cost more than the beat-up car he's driving. Doug bops his head to the beat.

FOLLOW DOUG as he talks to CLUB D.J.'S, ROLLER RINK MANAGERS, BARBERSHOP OWNERS, anywhere they're playing music.

Cut to FREEWAY SIGNS as Doug hits every part of L.A. including the beaches.

INT. RADIO STATION KDAY - BROADCAST STUDIO - DAY

Doug is playing "Straight Outta Compton" off the air for D.J. Greg Mack. Greg likes the song, but winces at the rough language.

GREG
 How many times do they say "fuck" in this song?

DOUG
 It's the way they're saying it, Greg. This is real street stuff.

GREG
 Look, I like Eazy. I want to play his stuff. But I can't put this on the air. If you want me to play it you're gonna have to tell him to clean it up.

DOUG
 This is the album cut, daddy. Let me go get the radio version. I'll bring it to you on a silver platter with all the trimmings.

Doug looks at the WALL CLOCK. It's 11AM.

DOUG (CONT'D)
 I'll be back.

He grabs the record, throws it in his carry-bag and hustles out the door.

INT. AUDIO ACHIEVEMENTS STUDIO - DAY

The WALL CLOCK says 1PM. Doug is sitting with Dre at the mixing board as they re-mix the song, editing out some of the language. Dre plays back a verse and Doug smiles.

DOUG

That's gonna work, daddy. That's gonna work. That-is-gonna-work.

INT. RADIO STATION KDAY - BROADCAST STUDIO - DAY

The WALL CLOCK says 2:15. Greg Mack is ON THE AIR.

GREG

This is Greg Mack on KDAY. We're gonna take a little break but we got a little Run DMC on deck so don't go away.

Greg pops a COMMERCIAL into the cart machine and turns off the mike. Suddenly Doug is knocking on the booth window and Greg waves him in. Doug enters quickly and as he talks he pops a reel-to-reel tape onto the two-track deck.

DOUG

This is tight, daddy and it is clean. It's so clean your mama could play this song at her church picnic.

GREG

I'm trusting you on this.

DOUG

It's me, man. No way am I gonna fuck with you.

Greg cues the tape, slips on his headphones and pots up the mike as the ON AIR light flashes on.

GREG

Mack is back on KDAY and before we play anything else I got something fresh off the street. The new sound of South Central continues with a track from Compton's own NWA.

AS THE SONG PLAYS WE CUT TO A MONTAGE OF VARIOUS SCENES AROUND TOWN

People are listening to KDAY as the song plays.

A CUSTOMER in a BARBERSHOP moves to the beat.

WHITE KIDS in a pickup truck headed for the beach with surfboards.

TEENAGERS sitting on porches in Compton with their BOOM BOXES BLARING.

A young BLACK COUPLE driving and listening on their CAR RADIO. We hear Eazy singing a stray "motherfucker" Dre missed in editing.

INT. RADIO STATION KDAY - BROADCAST BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Greg takes off his headphones and looks at Doug.

GREG

Did he just say mutha-fucker?!

DOUG

No way, my man, no way. He said "mother." I personally oversaw the removal of every "fucker" in that song. You're checking for mutha-fucker 'cause that's what you heard this morning, you know what I'm saying? I wouldn't do that to you, daddy.

Greg looks skeptical.

INT. KDAY RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

A cute RECEPTIONIST is manning the phones, which are suddenly very busy. She hits a FLASHING BUTTON.

RECEPTIONIST

KDAY. (Pause) It's a new group called NWA. Can you hold please?
(presses another button)

KDAY. Yes, They're called NWA. I don't know what label they're on. Hold please.

(another button)

KDAY. NWA, sir. Thank you.

(another button)

NWA...I mean KDAY.

INT. KDAY BROADCAST BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Greg Mack looks at the phone in the studio. All the buttons are FLASHING. He turns to Doug --

GREG

What else do these guys have?

EAZY (V.O.)

Getting on KDAY was a major break. But the biggest thing Doug did was get us hooked up with all the record pools around the country. See, there were D.J.'s all over the country that were sick of the music that the major labels were feeding them.

INT. RECORD POOL OFFICE - CLEVELAND - DAY

Album sleeves and music posters are on the wall. A group of local D.J.'s are sitting around a table discussing the merits of a list of songs they hold in their hands.

EAZY (V.O.)

Our music struck a chord with them. The D.J.'s knew they couldn't play our stuff on the air but a lot of them worked in the clubs at night. Soon "Boyz in the Hood" became the hottest song on the club circuit.

Move close to a list of the TOP 50 CLUB TRACKS hanging on the wall. "Boyz in the Hood" is number one.

INT. AUDIO ACHIEVEMENTS STUDIO - DAY

Eazy, Dre, Cube, MC Ren, Arabian Prince and DJ Yella are seated around the studio as Jerry hands everyone a tour schedule.

JERRY

All right, guys, We've got a nice buzz. NWA needs to be seen. We've got 14 dates. We're hitting all the places where the clubs are playing the song. They're small venues but they're perfect for where we're at right now.

The group looks over the tour list.

DRE

The Dungeon? What kind of club is that?

JERRY

It's an old S&M club. They've got a hell of a sound system.

Jerry snaps closed his briefcase and looks at Eazy.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Give me a call later and we'll go over the details.

Eazy nods. As soon as Jerry leaves, Eazy turns to face the group. There's tension in the air.

CUBE

If we've got all this buzz how come there's no fuckin' record deal?

EAZY

Cause we're setting things up to get the best deal we can get. That's why we're in this studio. That's why we're going on the road.

CUBE

I hope you're keeping an eye on things, Eazy, 'cause I don't know what Jerry is up to but he sure as fuck doesn't know shit about our music.

ARABIAN PRINCE

Yeah, man. I haven't heard anything about getting paid. Maybe we should call ourselves "Slaves With Attitude."

A couple of the other guys chuckle at this. Eazy stands firm.

EAZY

Alright, motherfuckers, listen up. Jerry works for me. This is my fucking company. If you're not down with that, if you're not feeling this, you can split.

Move in on Cube. He doesn't like hearing this. There's a tense BEAT before Arabian Prince gets up.

ARABIAN PRINCE

When you get a record deal and some checks start rolling in call me, cause this is too much work for no mother-fucking money.

Arabian Prince leaves. Eazy looks at Cube, who backs down.

EXT. MACOLA RECORDS - LOADING DOCK DAY

Eazy steps over to one of LOADING DOCK WORKERS and shows him an invoice.

EAZY

I'm picking up a crate of NWA EP's.

WORKER

It's right over there. It's got
"NW" on it.

Eazy walks over, sees the crate and picks it up. As he steps off the platform into the parking lot, he sees a TRUCKER carrying an identical crate marked "NW" and slides it into the back of an open truck.

When the trucker walks away, Eazy puts down his crate, walks over to the truck and climbs in back.

INT. BACK OF TRUCK

Eazy examines the crate marked "NW." It's identical to his. He sees a box cutter, grabs it up and slices open the crate. A stack of NWA EP's spills out. It takes a moment for Eazy's surprise to turn to anger.

EAZY (V.O.)

What I didn't know was that Macola
had been shipping our records out
the back door.

INT. RECORD STORE - DAY

A TEENAGE BOY approaches a STORE CLERK.

TEENAGER

I'm trying to find NWA but you don't
have a rap section.

A GIRL nearby hears this and comes over.

GIRL

I'm looking for that, too. They
were playing it last night at Jaspers.

CLERK

We don't carry it yet. We're trying
to order it.

The kids walk away disappointed. The clerk goes to his computer and begins searching.

EAZY (V.O.)

The kids started driving the stores
crazy and soon the buyers found out
that "Boyz in the Hood" was being
pressed at a place called Macola
Records in Hollywood.

(MORE)

EAZY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 So they got Macola's number and
 started calling, asking how they
 could get the record.

INT. MACOLA RECORDS - SALES OFFICE - DAY

An EMPLOYEE is taking a call and writing up a purchase order.

EAZY (V.O.)
 Every time Jerry brought in the master
 for duplication Don MacMillan had
 his people press a couple thousand
 extra copies that we didn't know
 about. Macola was robbing us
 blind...until I found out.

INT. DON MACMILLAN'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

MacMillan is on the phone, feet up on his desk when Eazy
 bursts in.

EAZY
 How long have you been selling my
 records out the back door?

MACMILLAN
 (on phone)
 I'll call you back.
 (hangs up)
 Relax, I was going to tell you about
 that. We've got a few spilling out
 the back. No big deal.

EAZY
 It's gonna be a big deal when me and
 my homies torch this fuckin' place.

Eazy pushes MacMillan's legs off his desk. MacMillan looks
 nervous.

MACMILLAN
 Jesus. Take it easy!

EAZY
 (leans into him)
 Pay me my fucking money.

MacMillan nervously presses his intercom for his secretary.

EXT. CAPITOL RECORDS BUILDING - HOLLYWOOD - DAY

As we look upward at the landmark Capitol Records building,
 we hear the NWA song "Gangsta Gangsta."

INT. CAPITOL RECORDS - JOE SMITH'S OFFICE DAY

Jerry's sitting across from Capitol Records chairman Joe Smith as they listen to "Gangsta Gangsta." Jerry's on fire. He feels the power of the music, but Smith's expression is less than enthusiastic. He reaches over and turns off the tape.

SMITH

Jerry, this is Capitol Records.
We're never going to put our logo on
dog shit like this.

JERRY

This industry has always been about
appealing to kids with anti-authority
messages. Remember when stations
wouldn't play "Let's Spend The Night
Together?" Now Mick Jagger's like
Frank Sinatra.

SMITH

You can't compare Mick Jagger to
this. The Rolling Stones had hit
records. No one is going to play
this stuff.

JERRY

If the kids want to hear it, the
stations will have to play it.

SMITH

Jerry, this record is a non-starter.
I don't know where you've been with
this stuff and I don't know what
people have said to you. But I'm
going to do the right thing and be
honest with you. If you think this
group has any chance of selling a
half million records, I'm seriously
concerned that you've lost your mind.
This is the most abrasive,
unlistenable garbage I've ever heard.

Joe Smith stands and leads Jerry to the door.

SMITH (CONT'D)

You had a good run in this business,
Jerry. You need to get out because
you're becoming a joke.

Jerry steps into the corridor as Smith hands him back his
tape and closes his office door.

INT. MONTY'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jerry is sitting by himself at the bar nursing a double Jack Daniels. A TV in the corner tuned to MTV flickers at low level. As Jerry takes a deep sip of his drink we can see the despair in his eyes. He looks like he's taken a few punches.

Suddenly Jerry sees something on TV and gestures to the BARTENDER.

JERRY

Rudy, can you turn that up.

The bartender hits the TV volume.

ON TV

It's The California Raisins singing "Heard It Through The Grapevine" on a music show. The video ends and the SHOW HOST appears.

MUSIC SHOW HOST

That was the chart-topping California Raisins with their rendition of "Heard It Through The Grapevine," a surprise hit for Priority Records. But don't hold your breath for that Raisins tour. I hear they're back in the studio working on a follow-up LP.

Jerry is watching with morbid fascination. Suddenly his face registers inspiration.

INT. PRIORITY RECORDS - DAY

Bryan Turner walks in and passes a DRIVER sitting in the reception area. Turner gives the guy a quick look as he walks over to the RECEPTIONIST.

TURNER

Who's that?

RECEPTIONIST

That's the driver Jerry Heller sent over to take you to the airport. You're meeting him in Las Vegas.

TURNER

I am?

INT. ICE SKATING RINK - LAS VEGAS, NEVADA - NIGHT

Jerry leads Turner through a short corridor that leads out to the skating rink.

The ice has been covered with floorboards. A stage and dance floor has been set up. The bleachers are packed with kids.

TURNER

Jesus, Jerry, when you said Vegas I assumed you had them booked at a club or a hotel...Not a goddamn skating rink.

JERRY

Keep your shirt on.

Turner looks over at the bleachers. The audience of 350 people is nearly all white.

The RINK OWNER takes the stage and addresses the crowd.

RINK OWNER

Here they are all the way from Compton, California...NWA!

Eazy and the guys walk onstage and the crowd goes wild. Eazy grabs the mike and starts singing "Eazy Duz It." The audience is so combustible it feels like a riot may break out.

OFF TO THE SIDE OF THE STAGE

As they watch the audience, Jerry nudges Turner with a big grin.

JERRY

Imagine what it'll be like when they actually put an album out.

Turner is dumbstruck by the energy in the skating rink. Now he FEELS what Jerry has been describing.

ONSTAGE

As Eazy raps he pulls a handgun out of his waistband and points it out at the audience. He moves the gun slowly around the rink, then stops abruptly and trains the gun on Turner. Turner moves but Eazy moves along with him, keeping the gun aimed at him. Suddenly, Eazy cocks back the trigger and Turner scrambles backwards, tripping over an equipment crate.

EXT. ICE SKATING RINK - LAS VEGAS, NEVADA - NIGHT

Turner bursts out a side door, followed by Jerry.

TURNER

What the hell are you thinking! You want to get me killed!

JERRY
 You fucking pussy. The gun wasn't
 loaded.

TURNER
 Why would I want to distribute a
 band that pulls out guns in the middle
 of their songs?

Jerry pulls Turner around the corner and points to a line of
 300 KIDS waiting to get into the skating rink.

JERRY
 That's why.

EXT. MACOLA RECORDS - BACK ALLEY - DAY

Everyone follows Jerry and a PHOTOGRAPHER into an alley behind
 the record pressing plant. Eazy, Dre, Cube, DJ Yella, MC
 Ren and Arabian Prince strike a menacing pose with the
 graffiti-covered concrete as their backdrop.

PHOTOGRAPHER
 Wait a minute...I've got an idea.

The photographer LIES DOWN on the ground and points his CAMERA
 up.

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)
 Alright, guys, crowd around me and
 look down..

Jerry smiles as the group gathers in a circle and looks down
 at the CAMERA. In their street clothes and baseball caps,
 the group members look more like street toughs than musicians.
 The photographer FRAMES THE SHOT and snaps the picture.

FREEZE on the cover of the NWA album "Straight Outta Compton."

INT. PRIORITY RECORDS - BRYAN TURNER'S OFFICE - DAY

Turner is looking at the album cover. He hands Jerry a check.
 Jerry winks at him.

INT. RUTHLESS RECORDS - DAY

MOVERS are carrying furniture into the new offices. Two
 WORKERS are hanging a "Ruthless Records" logo over a reception
 desk. Jerry steps out of an empty office and sees two movers
 rolling in a large object wrapped in plastic.

JERRY
 In here guys.

INT. JERRY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The movers roll the plastic-covered item into a brightly lit corner office.

JERRY

I'll take it from here, thanks.

The movers leave and Jerry pulls the plastic covering off the object, revealing his big leather DESK CHAIR. This is an important moment for him. Jerry sits in the chair, feeling content. He's back in the game.

INT. RUTHLESS RECORDS - OUTER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Dre and Ice Cube exchange a look as they watch Jerry settling into his big office. Then they see Eazy moving things into a large office down the hall.

INT. EAZY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Dre and Cube walk in as Eazy begins unpacking and setting up his office.

DRE

Where's our office?

EAZY

This is the label, homie. You don't need an office. You'll be spending all your time in the studio.

Dre and Cube look like they're feeling left out. Eazy is too self absorbed to notice.

EAZY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Jerry and me got things kickin' at Ruthless pretty fast.

INT. AUDIO ACHIEVEMENT STUDIO - DAY

We see three female hip hop SINGERS at the microphone laying down a track with Dre and Yella at the mixing board.

EAZY (V.O.)

We signed three rappin' sisters called J.J. Fad to a record deal and their hit song "Supersonic" was the first record to put Ruthless on the map.

EXT. ICE CUBE'S HOUSE - DAY

Dre and Cube are kicking back on the porch. Dre is playing some beats on a BOOM BOX as Cube reads some raps from a piece of paper.

CUBE

A bitch is a bitch, So if I'm poor
or rich, I talk in the exact same
pitch, Now the title bitch don't
apply to all women, But all women
have a little bitch in 'em, It's
like a disease that's plagues their
character, Takin' the women of
America, And it starts with a letter
B..

Cube's mother appears at the SCREEN DOOR. She's an attractive black woman in her 40's. She looks shocked at what she's hearing.

CUBE (CONT'D)

...It makes a girl like that think
she better than me, See, some get
mad and some just bury, But, yo, if
the shoe fits wear it, It makes 'em
go deaf in the ear, That's why when
you say 'hi' she won't say 'hi', Are
you the kind that think you're too
damn fly? Bitch eat shit 'n die,
Ice Cube comin' at you at crazy pitch,
Why? I think a bitch is a bitch.

Cube's mother swings open the screen door and steps onto the porch.

CUBE'S MOM

O'Shea! What on earth are you saying?
Did you say what I think you said?

Dre can't help but grin as Cube looks embarrassed at his mother's interruption.

CUBE

C'mon, ma. This is street rap. It
ain't Nat King Cole.

CUBE'S MOM

Did you finish your application for
the Phoenix Institute?

CUBE

I'm on it, ma. It's in the mail.

Cube's mother nods and looks at Dre.

CUBE'S MOM

Andre, I'll be making lunch soon.
Would you like a sandwich?

DRE

No thanks, Mrs. J. We're waiting to hook up with Eazy.

CUBE'S MOM

We don't see much of Eric anymore.

CUBE

He's mister record label now.

Just then a brand new BMW pulls up in front of the house blaring MUSIC. The license plate says "RUTHLESS 1." After a beat, Eazy climbs out wearing new clothes and new sunglasses. All eyes are on him as he walks toward the house.

CUBE'S MOM

Well, look at that.

Eazy walks onto the porch and grins at his new car.

EAZY

Whatcha think?

DRE

Where'd you steal those wheels?

EAZY

I got money.

Cube and Dre exchange a quick look of envy. Cube shakes his head as he looks at the beat up pickup truck he's driving.

CUBE

Shit.

MONTAGE "STRAIGHT OUTTA COMPTON" RECORD RELEASE

OVER NWA MUSIC we cut to a series of images that suggest the success of the record.

Move up the BILLBOARD CHARTS and see "Straight Outta Compton" on the bottom of the list.

A stack of magazines featuring a cover photo of NWA is placed on a NEWSSTAND.

RECORD STORE EMPLOYEES put the "Straight Outta Compton" CD on the shelf.

Eazy, Dre, Cube, D.J. Yella and MC Ren are interviewed at a RADIO STATION.

Move up the BILLBOARD CHARTS and see "Straight Outta Compton" has moved up higher on the list.

EAZY (V.O.)

Once we did the Priority deal, things really started cookin'. We released my solo album "Eazy Duz It," then about a month later we released "Straight Outta Compton." Along with J.J. Fad we started putting together other groups. Dre found a rapper down in Texas named D.O.C. who had great rhyming skills and wrote bangin' lyrics.

INT. AUDIO ACHIEVEMENTS - RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

Dre and Yella are at the mixing board as D.O.C., a tall handsome black man with an air of danger, raps some lyrics in the booth.

INT. AUDIO ACHIEVEMENTS - OUTSIDE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

We see D.O.C. in the recording studio through the glass WINDOW. Cube is stretched out in a chair writing lyrics. Eazy is on his cell phone, talking to Jerry.

INT. RUTHLESS RECORDS - JERRY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jerry is talking on the phone with Eazy, holding a BILLBOARD and energetically pacing his office.

EAZY (V.O.)

Even though KDAY was the only radio station in the country playing our music, Jerry was able to book NWA and the D.O.C. on a national tour. We were scheduled to play in some of the biggest cities in the country. Then we made a video and brought it to MTV...

INT. MTV OFFICES - DAY

Pictures of Sting, Michael Jackson and Madonna are on the wall. Jerry and Doug Young play the video for "Straight Outta Compton" for a 20ish MTV EXECUTIVE.

ON THE MONITOR

The video features NWA rapping over footage of a police gang sweep of black teens in a ghetto neighborhood. The program exec turns away from the monitor and looks at Jerry and Doug.

MTV EXECUTIVE

You gotta be fucking kidding? There's no way we're going to air this.

INT. AUDIO ACHIEVEMENTS STUDIO - DAY

Dre and Cube are looking at the front page of "Billboard."
The headline reads "MTV Bans NWA Video."

CUBE

I thought Jerry was gonna get us on
MTV?

Dre shrugs. In the background, Eazy and the other guys are
packing up the equipment they need for the tour.

CUBE (CONT'D)

I'm writing the songs. You're
producing everything and Eazy's the
one with the new wheels.

Just then Jerry enters and Cube walks over to him with the
Billboard.

CUBE (CONT'D)

Shit, for your 20 percent I can get
us banned from MTV.

Jerry breaks into a wide grin and takes the Billboard from
him.

JERRY

I just got you on the cover of
Billboard. I should be getting 25
percent.

EXT. AUDIO ACHIEVEMENTS STUDIO - PARKING LOT - DAY

Eazy, Dre, Ice Cube, DJ Yella, MC Ren and D.O.C. carry their
bags and equipment to two TOUR BUSES.

The tour manager, GARY BALLEEN walks along with Jerry and
Eazy. Jerry notices that D.O.C. is talking it up with his
new bodyguard, 320-pound SUGE KNIGHT, a charismatic hulk
with a touch of menace.

JERRY

Eazy, this is my cousin Gary. He's
going to help manage the tour. He's
family. Anything you need you go to
him.

Eazy looks at him.

EAZY

So you're the guy who's gonna bring
the bitches backstage after the shows.
Just remember to line 'em up by booty
size.

Eazy climbs on the bus. Gary looks at Jerry, confused.

GARY

Booty?

JERRY

That's their ass.

(points to duffel bag)

Grab Eazy's duffel bag will ya?

Gary strains slightly and has to use all his strength to pick up Eazy's heavy duffel bag. Cube walks by with Dre and checks out Gary climbing on the bus with Eazy's bag.

CUBE

(to Dre)

This asshole's his fucking cousin.

How much is he getting?

IN THE PARKING LOT

Jerry walks over to D.O.C. who's chatting with Suge.

JERRY

(to Suge)

I'm Jerry. And who are you?

SUGE

(shakes hands with
Jerry)

Suge Knight. I'm watching D.O.C.'s back on tour. If there's ever any trouble and you need me to jump in, just give me a shout.

JERRY

This tour has more security on payroll than Elvis had.

INT. TOUR BUS - CONTINUOUS

Eazy, Cube, Dre and the other guys are all flopping down in their seats. Several other heavy set BODY GUARDS are also on the bus. Two burley SAMOAN TWINS sit on the bus behind Eazy.

Gary struggles down the aisle with the heavy bag. He finds Eazy and drops the duffel bag with a thud next to his seat.

GARY

What the hell have you got in this bag? It weighs a ton.

Eazy smiles, unzips the duffel bag and pulls out an AK47 ASSAULT RIFLE.

EAZY

It's a lot lighter when the clip's
not in it.

Gary is stunned. He looks around as all the guys start laughing and begin pulling out a wide assortment of handguns and assault rifles from their bags.

Jerry pokes his head in, sees all the guns and looks alarmed.

JERRY

Eazy, I need to talk to you outside.

Eazy puts the gun down and climbs off the bus.

EXT. AUDIO ACHIEVEMENTS STUDIO - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Eazy walks over to Jerry who turns to him sternly.

JERRY

You can't bring those guns out on
the road. You've got enough firepower
in there to get us all thrown in
jail.

EAZY

We're bringing the guns.

JERRY

Look, Eazy, this whole gang-banger
thing is an image. You guys are
musicians. You gotta be clear on
that.

EAZY

(firm)

We're not going into a bunch of
strange cities without any protection.

Jerry sees he can't win. He thinks for a minute, searching for a compromise.

JERRY

All right, why don't we put the AK47's
on the equipment bus? If we get
pulled over I don't want you guys on
the same bus with the assault rifles.

Eazy takes a moment to ponder Jerry's request.

EAZY

Okay.

Jerry nods his approval, though it's clear he's been made uneasy by this whole situation. They climb back onboard.

INT. AN ARENA - HOUSTON, TEXAS - MAY 1989 - NIGHT

The audience FLICKERS with cigarette lighters and small flashlights.

Dre, Ren, Eazy and Cube are onstage as Eazy belts out the song "Radio."

EXT. INTERSTATE HIGHWAY -NWA TOUR - MONTAGE

The tour buses speed down various interstate highways. We see TOUR POSTERS for Louisville, Cincinnati and Memphis. They advertise NWA with D.O.C. as the opening act.

INT. ANOTHER ARENA - PHILADELPHIA, PA. - NIGHT

The audience is on fire as Ice Cube spits out an angry rendition of "Fuck Tha Police."

CUBE

Fuck the police, coming straight
from the underground, A young nigga
got it bad cause I'm brown, And not
the other color so police think,
They have the authority to kill a
minority, Fuck that shit, cause I
ain't the one, For a punk muthafucka
with a badge and a gun, To be beatin
on and thrown in jail, We could go
toe to toe in the middle of a cell,
Fuckin with me cuz I'm a teenager,
with a little bit of gold and a pager,
searchin my car looking for the
product, Thinkin every nigga is
selling narcotics, Fuck tha Police!
Fuck Tha Police!

The crowd goes wild. Off to the side, several uniformed POLICE OFFICERS hired for security don't look happy. Eazy locks eyes with a POLICEMAN standing guard. The cop's icy glare says it all.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TOUR BUS - NIGHT

As the bus speeds to their next stop, Jerry sits behind the driver studying the tour schedule, oblivious to the sea of half-naked WOMEN frolicking with the group members in the seats behind him. All the guys have girls except for Cube who sits alone, scribbling lyrics into a notebook. Jerry's cell phone rings and he picks up.

JERRY

Hello? (Beat) Hi Bryan, what's up?

While Jerry listens, he turns around and spots Eazy making out with a GIRL in a back seat behind him.

A FEW AISLES BACK

Eazy and the girl are getting hot and heavy when his cell phone RINGS. Eazy squirms out of an embrace to pick up his phone.

EAZY

Yeah?

JERRY (O.S.)

(on the phone)

Eazy, it's Jerry.

EAZY

(looks around the bus)

Where the fuck are you?

JERRY (O.S.)

I'm about ten rows up.

Eazy leans out into the aisle and sees Jerry waving to him. The girl pulls him back.

JERRY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Listen, the shows in St. Louis and San Antonio have been canceled.

EAZY

Why?

JERRY (O.S.)

"Fuck Tha Police" is freaking everybody out. The cops hate the song and won't provide security.

Eazy is half listening. He tries to squirm away from the girl who's now kissing his neck.

EAZY

So, fuck 'em.

JERRY (O.S.)

Look, I have to go back to L.A. tomorrow but when you get to Detroit maybe you should skip "Fuck Tha Police" until this thing dies down.

EAZY

I don't think I'm down with that.

JERRY (O.S.)
 Just think about it. This could be
 a problem.

Easy hangs up as the girl he's with peels off her top and
 DROPS OUT OF THE FRAME.

Dre has been sitting in the seat behind Eazy listening to
 beats on a Walkman. A girl is sleeping on his shoulder.
 Dre slides off his headphones and taps Eazy on the shoulder.

DRE
 What was that all about?

EAZY
 Just business. Me and Jerry will
 handle it.

Eazy closes his eyes as he watches the head of the girl in
 his lap bob up and down. Dre looks annoyed as Suge leans
 forward from the seat behind him with a devilish grin.

SUGE
 Guess Jerry and Eazy are running the
 show?

Dre doesn't respond. Suge lets the moment linger.

SUGE (CONT'D)
 You know, I'm working the Bobby Brown
 show in L.A. in a couple of weeks.
 Wanna meet him?

DRE
 Shit, yeah.

SUGE
 Cool.

Dre nods, pops in a new cassette, slides his headphones on
 and goes back to his music. Suge leans back in his seat
 looking satisfied.

INT. JOE LOUIS STADIUM - DETROIT - AUGUST 1989 - NIGHT

The lights come up and the CROWD ROARS as NWA walk out
 onstage. Eazy looks around and sees COPS five deep at the
 exits in the back of the arena.

EAZY (V.O.)
 None of us were really expecting
 what was gonna go down that night..

BACKSTAGE

A group of police officers have arrived in the wings. The HEAD OFFICER looks at Eazy who eyes him back.

The officer signals to another group of police officers who are assembling in the wings on the other side of the stage.

ONSTAGE

No dialogue or sound as we watch a dreamlike replay of the opening scene. We see Ice Cube sneering and singing "Fuck Tha Police." As he builds into the song, he's oblivious to the army of cops arriving at both sides of the stage.

The show lights suddenly go off and the ARENA LIGHTS go up. A dozen uniformed and plain-clothes POLICEMEN flood the stage.

Eazy sees police moving in all around him. He turns and throws the pistol to the back of the stage. Follow the PISTOL through the air...as it hits the floor of the stage with a THUD and slides to the wall. The sound is back. It's total mayhem as the CROWD BOOS fiercely at the police.

The head officer we saw backstage grabs a microphone.

OFFICER

Ladies and gentlemen, by order of
the Detroit Police Department this
show is officially over!

The audience goes crazy, booing and throwing debris as the cops move the group offstage.

BACKSTAGE

Gary Ballen runs over looking panicked as Eazy, Dre, Cube, Yella and Ren are pushed toward the exit.

GARY

(to the police)
I'm the tour manager. What's going
on?

The COP leading the group offstage looks back to see the audience in a frenzy.

COP

(to the guys)
Don't move. I'll be right back.

The cop goes back out to help his fellow officers control the crowd. Eazy looks at the other guys.

EAZY

Let's get the fuck out of here.

GARY

The officer told us to stay here.

EAZY

Fuck that. Come on...

Eazy, Dre, Cube, Ren and Yella make a mad dash backstage. Gary follows, looking scared and confused.

BACKSTAGE HALLWAY

Eazy and the rest of the group run down a narrow corridor. Roadies and stadium employees step out of the way as the guys rush past them looking for the nearest exit.

EXT. STADIUM PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Eazy and the guys burst through a side door and run toward the tour buses.

INT. TOUR BUS - CONTINUOUS

The BUS DRIVER is sleeping on the bus when he hears the commotion and looks out the window. Eazy and the other guys are laughing heartily as they sprint toward the parked buses.

EAZY

(shouting)

Hey! Start the bus! We're getting out of here!

The guys all climb on board one bus. After a moment, both buses start their engines and pull away.

INT. TOUR BUS - CONTINUOUS

As the guys jump around the bus, excitedly celebrating their escape, Gary is sitting behind the bus driver, talking on his cell phone to Jerry.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Jerry is sitting on his bed looking like he was just woken up.

JERRY

Gary, listen to me. Get the bus with the assault rifles over the state line before the cops show up and decide to search it. If they find those guns NWA is history.

INT. TOUR BUS - CONTINUOUS

Gary hangs up the call and leans in to talk to the bus driver.

GARY

Call the other driver and tell him
to drive ahead to the next tour stop.
We'll get the equipment loaded onto
this bus.

BUS DRIVER

Right.

EXT. DETROIT ROAD - CONTINUOUS

We see the two tour buses cruising down the street. Suddenly the second bus takes a RIGHT TURN and heads in another direction.

EXT. RENAISSANCE HOTEL - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

The remaining TOUR BUS pulls up to the hotel where the group is staying. Eazy and Dre are looking out the bus window. A group of FANS have gathered outside.

INT. TOUR BUS - CONTINUOUS

Eazy makes his way down the aisle to Gary.

EAZY

We're going up to get our shit.

Eazy climbs off the bus followed by the other guys.

EXT. RENAISSANCE HOTEL - SAME TIME

Four PATROL CARS pull up around the remaining tour bus, cutting it off from the road. A dozen cops climb out of the patrol cars ready for action.

Hundreds of fans have descended on the hotel, heckling the police and chanting for the group to come out. Two cops try to contain the crowd by putting up yellow CAUTION TAPE around the perimeter of the hotel entrance.

INT. RENAISSANCE HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Six cops walk in and are immediately heckled by a mob of fans. It's chaos as the cops push their way through the crowd to where Eazy and the others are standing and signing autographs. Everyone's being pushed and shoved. The cops confront the group and begin herding them back away from the crowd toward the elevators.

EAZY (V.O.)

It was complete mayhem until the
lawyer Jerry hired came down and
talked us out of there.

(MORE)

EAZY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

That night in Detroit we realized we were rapping about stuff that affected a lot of people. It seemed like everyone in America was paying attention to the Boyz in the Hood, and that was as bad as it was good.

INT. RUTHLESS RECORDS OFFICE - DAY

Jerry's sitting in his office sorting through a stack of mail. As he flips through the pile, he comes across a letter from the FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION. He sets the rest of the mail aside and opens it.

As we move over the FBI letterhead, we home in on some of the text which says, "The FBI considers the NWA song "Fuck Tha Police" to encourage violence and disrespect to police officers and law enforcement personnel everywhere."

INT. PRIORITY RECORDS - BRYAN TURNER'S OFFICE DAY

Jerry's sitting across from Bryan Turner, who's holding a copy of the FBI letter.

TURNER

The FBI has sent a copy of this letter to every police department in the country.

JERRY

As long as the guys don't break any laws this is a public relations coup.

TURNER

This isn't some activist group, Jerry. This is the FBI. What happens when they start putting pressure on the stores to pull the album? You've got to put a muzzle on this track.

JERRY

Nobody's putting a muzzle on anything. That song is the reason the album is selling.

TURNER

Jerry, I've got a responsibility to my retail customers. The band has basically declared war on every cop in the country.

JERRY

You don't even know what the song is about, Bryan. "Fuck Tha Police" doesn't mean fuck all cops. It means fuck the cops who have targeted them and treated them like suspects their whole life. This is a freedom of speech issue. We may lose some tour dates but all this press is just going to put more money in your pocket.

TURNER

You're losing control of the situation, Jerry. I think I should talk to the band.

JERRY

They'll eat you alive. Listen, Bryan. I manage the group. You sell the records. If you can't take the heat, we'll break the contract and go somewhere else.

Turner stays quiet a moment. We see he has a big problem taking orders from Jerry.

INT. BILTMORE HOTEL - SANTA BARBARA, CA. - DAY

Jerry walks through the plush and elegant hotel lobby to the front desk and smiles at the well-tailored HOTEL MANAGER.

JERRY

Hi, I'm Jerry Heller. I booked six rooms for myself and my group. They should be here any minute.

HOTEL MANAGER

(checks the computer)

Of course, Mr. Heller. Welcome to The Biltmore. We have a lot of celebrity guests and entertainers who stay here so I'm sure we can accommodate any special requests you might have.

Jerry turns and scans the lobby. It's filled with mostly attractive, wealthy and tan WHITE FOLKS in tennis clothes and dressy casual wear. Just the kind of place NWA might turn into a car wash.

EXT. BILTMORE HOTEL - VALET PARKING AREA - CONTINUOUS

The sound of CHIRPING BIRDS is suddenly drowned out by the grinding chainsaw roar of five SUZUKI SAMURAI'S pulling up in a procession. Eazy, Dre, Cube, Yella and Ren climb out of the vehicles, grab their luggage and walk into the hotel with attractive GIRLS on their arms.

INT. BILTMORE HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Jerry is still at the front desk with the hotel manager as the guys swagger in with their dates. Some of the guests step back and clear a path for them. The guys plop down their shabby-looking duffel bags next to the expensive designer luggage of the other guests.

The hotel manager looks at Jerry a bit concerned. This isn't exactly what he expected. Jerry just shrugs.

JERRY

Listen, they're musicians. They'll hang out in their rooms, smoke a little dope, order room service and get laid.

(he leans in with a grin)

And don't worry about them bothering your other guests. They hate white people.

ACROSS THE LOBBY

Dre walks over to Eazy.

DRE

I'm into this. Why don't we grab some eats?

EAZY

Sure. I'll meet you in the lobby at six.

EXT. BILTMORE HOTEL COURTYARD - LATER

Eazy and Jerry stroll through the garden and pass the hotel's tennis courts. Jerry is wearing a Polo shirt and nice slacks. Eazy is dressed as usual in baggy jeans, dark sunglasses and a black Compton cap.

EAZY

The guys are all fucked up about contracts, Jerry. Cube's always grumbling. When are we gonna ink their deals?

JERRY

For Christs sake, you just bought 'em all new cars. Tell them to relax. Just because the album's selling doesn't mean the royalty payments roll in the next day. Everybody's going to get their contracts soon, okay?

INT. BILTMORE HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Dre comes off the elevator and looks around for Eazy. He checks his watch. It's 6:05. Dre impatiently begins to pace around the lobby. Then he goes to the glass doors leading to the courtyard and sees Eazy and Jerry talking by the tennis courts.

EXT. BILTMORE HOTEL COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

JERRY

We're doing great here. D.O.C's got a lot of heat on him because of the tour and his album comes out next week. Michel'le comes right after that. Ruthless is getting noticed. You're the boss. Keep the guys in line. Especially Cube. He seems like a trouble maker.

Jerry hands Eazy a set of keys.

JERRY (CONT'D)

These are the keys to my house. That's where I keep all the financial records. You need to see anything, come over anytime.

Eazy takes the keys and nods to Jerry.

INT. BILTMORE COCKTAIL LOUNGE - LATER

The CLOCK on the wall says 8:45. Dre is at the bar draining his fifth Wild Turkey. He's pissed and drunk as Eazy walks over to him from the lobby.

EAZY

So where do you want to eat?

DRE

Fuck it. I'm drinking now.

EAZY

What's your problem?

DRE

We were supposed to hook up at six.
But I see you and Jerry out there
taking a stroll.

EAZY

We had some business to talk about.

DRE

That ain't cool, man. We started
this group together and you got me
waiting in the lobby like one of
your bitches.

EAZY

I got a lot of shit to deal with,
Dre. I got a label to run. You
don't understand this shit.

DRE

I'm supposed to be your partner.

EAZY

Yeah, you're a partner in the group.
Plus you get a share of the records
you produce. Now you want to eat or
not?

Dre stands and throws a few bills down on the bar.

DRE

I'll order room service.

He walks away.

INT. BILTMORE HOTEL - EAZY'S SUITE - NIGHT

Eazy's in bed with STACEY, a sexy black girl about 23. The
bed is surrounded by a half dozen room service carts filled
with empty liquor bottles and half-eaten food. Stacey's on
top of Eazy, writhing in pleasure.

STACEY

(moaning)

Oh baby...yeah...that's it...ooooh...

Eazy's got his hands on her hips, guiding her up and down.
Suddenly - his cell phone on the bedstand RINGS. Eazy
continues having sex as he reaches over to pick up the phone.

EAZY

(into phone)

Hello?

(MORE)

EAZY (CONT'D)

(beat)

Oh, hey, baby. Whassup?

(beat)

I'll be back tomorrow night. I been thinking about you, too.

AS Eazy talks on the phone, he and Stacey are still going at it. She leans down and starts whipping her long hair into Eazy's face to get his attention.

EAZY (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Uh huh...yeah, baby, I hear you...

Stacey rolls off of Eazy and with a mischievous grin she slowly slides down out of FRAME. We can tell by Eazy's expression that she's going down on him.

EAZY (CONT'D)

(on phone)

Uh huh...okay, baby. Yeah, I'm up here doing business with the group. You know me, I'm all business baby. I'll see you when I get back. Bye.

Eazy tosses the phone aside and closes his eyes, enjoying Stacey's oral attention.

INT. OMNI HOTEL - COLUMBUS, OHIO - DAY

Eazy, Dre, Cube, Yella and MC Ren enter the hotel with Gary Balin as dozens of FANS move in on them. It's pandemonium as teenage girls choke the lobby holding albums and looking for autographs.

As Gary gets their rooms keys, Ice Cube assesses the situation in the lobby. He pulls Eazy away from the girls and into a quiet corner.

CUBE

This is bullshit. They got our record in the store across the street, our concerts are sold out. Where's my green, man?

EAZY

You think the money goes from the record store right into your bank account? We have expenses. Stop whining like a bitch.

Dre is standing close by, listening, but he's staying quiet.

CUBE

So who are you? Jerry Heller's bitch?

EAZY

Who do you think paid for the buses?
The tour? The recording studio?
And the hotel rooms? Me and Jerry.
Shut the fuck up.

Cube walks to the elevator, ignoring a group of fans that ask for his autograph.

INT. OMNI HOTEL - ICE CUBE'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Cube is getting dressed for that night's show, when the phone RINGS and he picks up.

CUBE

What's up?

TURNER (O.S.)

Ice, my man. It's Bryan Turner from Priority. How's the tour going?

CUBE

The tour's good, man. But I ain't seeing any money.

TURNER (O.S.)

What? A guy as talented as you shouldn't be having money problems. Maybe you need to revise the deal you made with Ruthless.

CUBE

That's what I been saying, man. Nobody's fucking listening.

TURNER (O.S.)

Listen, I think everybody knows you're the one coming up with all the great lyrics. You're the nerve center of the group. You can definitely carry a record by yourself and if that's what you want to do Priority would get behind you.

CUBE

We should talk, man. Just me and you.

TURNER (O.S.)

I'm your biggest fan, Ice. We should go to a hockey game sometime.

Cube's not sure about this.

CUBE

Yeah. I guess.

TURNER (O.S.)

I'm looking out for you, Ice. Jerry wanted to pull "Fuck Tha Police" off the album but I wouldn't let him. You gotta watch that son-of-a-bitch.

Cube is simmering as Turner lays it on.

EXT. STADIUM - PHOENIX, ARIZONA - DAY

The NWA tour buses pull up outside the Phoenix arena and the guys climb out and go inside.

INT. PHOENIX STADIUM - STAGE

The group is onstage performing a sound check. In the middle of a number, Cube stops, drops his mike and walks off. Dre walks over to Eazy, who looks pissed.

INT. PHOENIX STADIUM BACKSTAGE HALLWAY

Eazy catches up to Cube as he heads for the exit.

EAZY

Hey! What the fuck is your problem?

CUBE

I'm sick of this shit, Eazy. I'm not playing another sold out show until I get a better deal.

EAZY

I told you we're gonna settle up when we get back to L.A.

CUBE

Fuck you and fuck Jerry Heller. I want to see where all the money's going. You tell him I want to see the books.

Cube pushes open the exit door and walks out into the sunlight. Eazy is fuming.

INT. RUTHLESS RECORDS OFFICE - DAY

Jerry enters and stops in his office doorway. Suge Knight is in his office with his back to us, staring at Jerry's big leather desk chair. Jerry takes a moment to size up the situation.

JERRY

You want that seat, don't you Suge?

Suge is startled. He turns and gives Jerry a big smile.

SUGE

Why you sneaking up on a brother like that, Jerry? I been standing here waiting for you.

JERRY

I didn't think it was possible to sneak up on someone in my own office.

Jerry walks around Suge and sits down at his desk.

SUGE

I'm here because D.O.C. has asked me to take a look at his contract with Ruthless.

JERRY

(surprised)

His contract? Why?

Suge sits down and flashes Jerry a huge bear smile.

SUGE

I'm managing him now. You can't do it all, Jerry. You gotta spread some of the cheddar around to keep everyone happy.

Jerry's not sure how to take all this, when his assistant CONNY pops her head in.

CONNY

Eazy's calling from Phoenix. He says it's important.

JERRY

Okay.

(to Suge)

Suge, I need a minute to talk to Eazy.

Suge stands and hovers over Jerry for a moment.

SUGE

No problem, Jerry. Take all the time you need.

Jerry watches Suge leave, then he presses a button on his phone and picks up the receiver.

JERRY

Eazy. What do you need?

INT. PHOENIX ARENA - BACKSTAGE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Eazy's still in the hallway as CREW MEMBERS pass by him carrying NWA's equipment to the stage.

EAZY

Cube's fucking lost it. He says he ain't doing the show unless you fly in with the books and show him how much we made so far.

INT. RUTHLESS RECORDS - JERRY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

As Jerry listens to Eazy on the phone he can't help but notice Suge in the outer office picking up files and rummaging through papers on Conny's desk.

EAZY (O.S.)

We got a sold out house here, Jerry. And Cube's singing half the fuckin' songs.

JERRY

(thinks for a moment)

I'll be there in two hours.

Jerry hangs up, stands and grabs his briefcase. As he steps into the outer office, Suge puts down a file he's looking at.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Suge, something came up. We're gonna have to go over this another time.

(to his assistant)

Conny, make sure Mr. Knight gets validated.

EXT. PHOENIX HOTEL - DAY

A TAXI pulls up to the hotel entrance and Jerry steps out with Bryan Turner.

INT. PHOENIX HOTEL - EAZY'S ROOM - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Eazy, Dre, Cube, Yella and MC Ren listen as Jerry passes out contracts and Bryan Turner stands nearby.

JERRY

We were going to wait until you finished the tour but I know some of you guys are getting impatient regarding money issues. So we've brought along new upgraded contracts and...

(Jerry holds up five envelopes)

We're going to advance each of you \$75,000 on your royalties for "Straight Outta Compton."

YELLA

Holy shit.

DRE

'Bout fuckin' time.

Jerry hands them their checks. MC Ren and Yella enthusiastically take them and sign their contracts. Dre is more tentative but signs. Cube is silent, impassive. He exchanges a private look with Bryan Turner. Jerry steps over and hands Cube his check.

CUBE

I ain't signing nothing. Not 'til my attorney looks at the contract and says it's alright.

Jerry looks over at Eazy and Eazy plays it cool.

EAZY

Fine. You don't wanna sign. Don't sign.

Eazy picks up Cube's contract and nonchalantly TEARS it in half. Then he takes Cube's check from Jerry and tucks it into his pocket. Jerry looks pissed as he glowers at Cube.

JERRY

Hey, I came all the way down here for you and now you're not taking the check and signing your deal?

CUBE

This is bullshit. I'm making the same amount of money as Yella and Ren and I'm writing half the songs. Fuck that. And why the fuck are you taking 20% of the profits from the tour, Jerry? I don't see you on stage.

JERRY

That's the deal I made with Eazy. I put in my own money to bootstrap this thing. I'm not going to apologize for my cut.

CUBE

I know how you do business, Jerry. I ain't your ho. Stick your dick up Eazy's ass not mine.

Jerry is livid. He picks up a table lamp, yanks the chord out of the wall and throws it full force at Ice Cube. Cube barely ducks in time as it smashes against the wall. He glares at Jerry.

CUBE (CONT'D)

Come on, old man. Let's go!

Cube starts to lunge at Jerry but Dre and Ren hold him back.

EAZY

Knock it off!

Cube glowers at Jerry and walks out.

EAZY (CONT'D)

If he wants out, let him go. We don't need him.

Bryan Turner has been silently watching this go down. He steps over to Jerry.

TURNER

That was great, Jerry. If you can't figure out how to control this, I will.

As we move through the room and see the reactions of the group, Eazy's VOICE-OVER continues:

EAZY (V.O.)

Cube left the group that night and I really felt betrayed. Things really started getting nasty after that...

INT. LAW OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Jerry, Eazy and their LAWYERS are in a heated discussion with Bryan Turner and his LAWYERS who are now representing Ice Cube.

EAZY (V.O.)

Jerry felt that Turner had stabbed us in the back when he convinced Ice Cube to release a solo album directly with Priority. We were all pissed, especially Dre who felt that Cube had just kneed everyone in the balls.

INT. GREEK THEATER - LOS ANGELES - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

We HEAR the pounding beat of Bobby Brown's live performance filling the backstage area. Four heavy-set SECURITY GUARDS wearing black T-shirts and headsets stand around the room. Several dozens guests mingle about.

A door opens and Suge and Dre step in from the outside corridor. The security guard watching the door recognizes Suge. Suge smiles and he and the guard touch their fists together.

SUGE

What's going on? This is Dre.

SECURITY GUARD

How you doing? Bobby's wrapping up his last song.

Suge scans the room and sees a gorgeous BLACK WOMAN flirting with a WELL-DRESSED MAN.

SUGE

(to the security guard)

Who's the mutha-fucker hitting on Bobby's girl?

The security guard is listening to something on his headset. He just shrugs at Suge. Suge's eyes narrow a bit as he watches the well-dressed man leaning in close to Bobby's girl. She's laughing at something he said as he reaches up and touches her hair.

SUGE (CONT'D)

(to Dre)

Wait here. I'll be right back.

Suge crosses the room, his eyes fixed on Bobby's girl and the man she's flirting with. He steps up next to them and stands there until the well-dressed man looks over at him.

WELL DRESSED MAN

Can I help you?

SUGE

I need you to step out of the area.

WELL DRESSED MAN
I'm with the label, asshole.

Before the guy knows what hit him - Suge SLAMS him in the face with his beefy fist.

ACROSS THE ROOM

Dre is mesmerized as he watches Suge dispatch the man with a series of lightning fast blows. Bobby's girl steps back and quickly disappears. The well-dressed man crumbles to the floor as two SECURITY GUARDS move in and take him out the back exit.

Suge smooths out his jacket as he walks back over to Dre.

SUGE
Bobby will be out in a second.

Dre looks at Suge with respect.

INT. NORTH HOLLYWOOD CLUB - NIGHT

It's a crowded, noisy night spot. Pounding music makes it difficult to be heard as CLUB GOERS lean in and shout their drink orders to the BARTENDERS.

Eazy comes strolling through the maze of people handing out FLYERS with a posse of his friends, including BIG RON, a 350-pound bruiser who Eazy sometimes calls his bodyguard.

As he walks through the dark club passing out flyers and signing autographs, Eazy is scanning the female talent pool, deciding which of the lovely WOMEN he might want to meet that night.

EXT. NORTH HOLLYWOOD CLUB - OUTSIDE TERRACE - CONTINUOUS

Eazy and his posse make their way outside with their flyers and stand in the patio doorway. Eazy continues to check out the ladies, trying to find one that catches his interest.

EAZY'S POV

Move to THE BAR. A group of young WOMEN are talking and laughing. Sitting among them is TOMICA WOOD, a sexy, attractive black woman in her early twenties.

As Eazy watches Tomica, a slight smile crosses his face.

AT THE TERRACE BAR

Tomica watches one of her GIRLFRIENDS take a sip from her margarita.

TOMICA

I haven't had a drink in so long I forgot what a good margarita tastes like.

Girlfriend #1 offers Tomica her glass.

TOMICA (CONT'D)

I wish I could but I'm still breast-feeding. I've got to stick to club soda.

Tomica sips her soda and checks her watch.

TOMICA (CONT'D)

Maybe I should call the babysitter to make sure she got him to bed okay.

GIRLFRIEND #1

Tomica, the baby's fine. Come on, we never get to see you. Now that you're single again maybe we can do this more often.

GIRLFRIEND #2

We're just so glad you showed that asshole the door. When we heard he raised his hands to you, I swear, sister, we almost came over there with a baseball bat.

GIRLFRIEND #1

That's right.

TOMICA

Well, don't think he didn't leave with a few bruises of his own.

Tomica smiles mischievously. Tomica's two girlfriends LAUGH and raise their glasses.

GIRLFRIEND #2

Here's to the return of girl's night out!

Tomica raises her club soda and they all click their glasses. Suddenly, a giant SHADOW falls over the bar. The girls look up to see the hulking form of Big Ron hovering over them.

BIG RON

(to Tomica)

Eazy E would like to meet you.

TOMICA

Me?

GIRLFRIEND #2
 (delighted)
 Eazy E? Is here? Where is he?

RON
 (points across the
 patio)
 Right over there.

Tomica looks in the direction Big Ron is pointing in. Eazy's posse is still crowded around him, handing out flyers. Suddenly, Eazy pokes his head out from behind his friends and gives Tomica a wave. He's got a pen in his hand as he continues to sign autographs for a group of fans.

GIRLFRIEND #1
 Oh my God...it really is him.

TOMICA
 (to Big Ron)
 Tell your friend thanks anyway. But I'm not interested.

Big Ron looks puzzled by this.

BIG RON
 Alright.

He turns and walks away.

GIRLFRIEND #2
 You don't want to meet him?

TOMICA
 Not really. It's girl's night out.
 Remember?

The girls clink glasses again and start talking.

INT. NORTH HOLLYWOOD CLUB - HALLWAY - LATER

Tomica and her girlfriends are leaving the club. As her two girlfriends move ahead of her through the crowd to the front door, Tomica suddenly finds herself face to face with Eazy, standing in front of her.

EAZY
 What's a boy gotta do to say hello?

TOMICA
 If you wanted to meet me you should have come over and introduced yourself.

EAZY

Aw, Big Ron was just helping a brother out. I'm Eazy E. What's your name?

TOMICA

Tomica. So Eazy E, is that the name your mother gave you?

Eazy is disarmed by Tomica's straight-forward, matter-of-fact way.

EAZY

It's Eric.

TOMICA

Eric. I like that name a lot better.

There is a short, somewhat awkward pause.

TOMICA (CONT'D)

Eric, I appreciate the introduction and it's nice to meet you, but you'll have to excuse me. I have a new baby at home.

EAZY

I understand. I've got a few little guys myself.

(hands her a flyer)

I just wanted to personally give you an invitation to our pool party next week.

TOMICA

That's nice, Eric, but I'm not really a pool party type of girl. But thanks again. Have a good night.

Tomica pushes past him through the crowd to her girlfriends at the front door, who have been watching her exchange with Eazy.

Eazy gives Tomica one last wave as she and her girlfriends exit together.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS STREET - NIGHT

A brand new Honda Prelude is screeching through a yellow light in a privileged Beverly Hills neighborhood.

INT. HONDA - CONTINUOUS

Behind the wheel is D.O.C. He's drowsy from too much weed and alcohol as he talks on his cell phone.

D.O.C

Yeah, baby, I've been shooting this video for 18-hours straight. I'm busting my ass here and Suge tells me that Eazy bought all the other guys new Samurais. You know the piece of shit I'm driving. Call you tomorrow.

D.O.C. hangs up and steps on the gas. As he speeds down the street, his eyes begin to close. He nods off, jerks himself awake and nods off again.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS - STREET - CONTINUOUS

The Honda veers to the right and hits a concrete medium. D.O.C. is ejected from the driver's seat and smashes through the front windshield.

INT. UCLA MEDICAL CENTER - NIGHT

Eazy, Jerry and Dre burst through the swinging doors into the WAITING ROOM. Suge Knight is already there. He stands and walks over to them.

JERRY

How is he?

SUGE

Not good. The doctor says he suffered a major neck injury and may never be able to talk again.

DRE

Jesus.

Jerry and Eazy exchange a concerned look.

INT. SHRINE AUDITORIUM - SOUL TRAIN MUSIC AWARDS - NIGHT

We're on a off-stage MONITOR where we see co-hosts DIONNE WARWICK and LUTHER VANDROSS onstage. MOVE from the monitor to the live show. The best in the black music industry are at the 5th annual star-studded event.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Coming up...celebrity presenters Will Smith, Vanessa Williams and nominee for best new artist Michel'le as the 5th Annual Soul Train Music Awards continue...

In the audience we see Dre smiling with his pretty girlfriend, singer MICHEL'LE.

INT. MAYAN CLUB - SOUL TRAIN AWARDS AFTER PARTY - NIGHT

Lots of celebrities and musicians mingle around, celebrating the night. Tomica Wood is talking to some of the SECURITY GUARDS working the party.

TOMICA

All the artists and their guests from Tabu Records are on the list so if you see their pass just let them into the VIP section.

SECURITY GUARD

You got it.

A friend of Tomica's walks by and taps her on the shoulder.

TOMICA'S FRIEND

Tomica. There's somebody over there who wants to meet you.

Tomica looks over to where her friend is pointing. There's a group of people she doesn't recognize...then Eazy leans out from behind the crowd and give her a wave.

TOMICA

We've already met.

Tomica can't help but smile at Eazy's charm as he walks over with a grin.

EAZY

Whussup?

TOMICA

Hello again. It's Eric, right?

EAZY

That's right. You can't stop thinking about me, can you, Tomica?

Tomica chuckles at his brazen confidence.

TOMICA

Very funny.

She sees someone across the room waving her over.

TOMICA (CONT'D)

Well, Eric, it's nice to see you again. But I have to get back to work.

EAZY

You work for Clarence Avant, right?

TOMICA

That's right, do you know Clarence?

EAZY

Nah. I just wanted to make sure I have the right number when I call you.

TOMICA

Eric, please, there's no reason to call me. Honestly, you're really not my type.

Eazy holds up a piece of PAPER with her telephone number written on it.

EAZY

Too late. I already got your digits from your friend.

TOMICA

I'm sorry, I really don't have time to talk right now. And I won't have any time to talk to you if you call me, either. I'm just too busy. I hope you understand.

ERIC

We'll see. Talk to you soon.

Eazy winks at her and walks away.

INT. TABU RECORDS - CLARENCE AVANT'S OFFICE - DAY

Tomica comes strolling through the office with her purse and some FOLDERS when she stops and looks surprised.

ON HER DESK

Sits a giant arrangement of FLOWERS. Dozens of ROSES poke out of a massive CENTERPIECE. The floral arrangement is so large that it covers most of her desk leaving her no room left to work.

Tomica steps up and looks at the STACK of PHONE MESSAGES sitting on her computer keyboard. As she thumbs through them we see that most of the messages are for her from Eric.

Her gaze is drawn to a JEWELRY BOX sitting on her computer keyboard. She picks it up and opens it. Inside is a GOLD WATCH. There's a small handwritten NOTE that says "Since you never have time to see me maybe this will help. Eric."

Suddenly - the PHONE RINGS on her desk and Tomica picks it up.

TOMICA
Clarence Avant's office.

EAZY (O.S.)
(on the phone)
Did you get my flowers?

TOMICA
Yes, Eric. They're very nice...thank you. And the watch...I don't know what to say. This can't go on. I mean what do I have to do to be clear I'm not interested in seeing you?

EAZY (O.S.)
(on phone)
Go to lunch with me.

There's a long pause as Tomica slides into her desk chair and mulls this over.

TOMICA
One lunch. And if I agree to go then you'll agree to stop calling?

EAZY (O.S.)
(on phone)
One lunch. And if you don't want me to call after that, I won't call.

Tomica thinks for a moment.

TOMICA
One lunch.

INT. OLIVE GARDEN RESTAURANT - DAY

We move through the busy DINING ROOM to find Eazy and Tomica at a TABLE. They're both talking and listening, enjoying each other's company.

EAZY (V.O.)
Tomica was the first woman I'd met who made me feel like it was okay to just be me. I was always Eric with her. Plus, she was in the music biz, so we always had plenty to talk about.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - DAY

Eazy and Tomica are walking through mid-day foot traffic, past store fronts, enjoying their time together.

ACROSS THE STREET

Big Ron is walking on the opposite sidewalk, keeping an eye on Eazy.

EAZY (V.O.)

We started spending time together.
She asked me a lot of questions and
I did my best to be honest with her.

EXT. UPSCALE GATED COMMUNITY - CALABASAS, CA. - DAY

Eazy, Jerry and Dre are with a REAL ESTATE AGENT looking at houses.

EAZY (V.O.)

Despite all the stuff with Cube,
things were pretty good. Me, Jerry
and Dre all bought houses next to
one another in one of those swanky
communities that didn't have no
brothers before me and Dre moved in.
We were flying high and the money
was starting to roll in.

INT. EAZY'S HOUSE - DAY

Eazy is wrapping up a tour of his new house with Tomica.
They enter the living room as he gestures around his spacious
new home with pride.

EAZY

And this is where I'm setting up my
bad-ass sound system.
(opens a cabinet)
I got the tuner and amp. Me and Dre
are picking up the speakers this
week and we're gonna wire it up.

Tomica looks around Eazy's new house with warm appreciation.

TOMICA

It's a beautiful place, Eric. But
how come you don't have any pictures
of your family? There's not even
any pictures here of your kids.

EAZY

My mom's got most of that stuff over
at her house. C'mon, I have to stop
off at Jerry's. He only lives two
houses down.

EXT. JERRY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Eazy and Tomica walk up the entryway to Jerry's home and
Eazy slides in a KEY and unlocks the front door.

TOMICA

You've got a key to your manager's house?

EAZY

Sure. Me and Jerry got no secrets.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Eazy and Tomica walk through the corridor and dining room and out the sliding GLASS DOOR to Jerry's BACK YARD.

EXT. JERRY'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Jerry's lounging out on the PATIO AREA with a drink. A LEDGER of CHECKS is open on a table. As Tomica lingers in the doorway, Eazy walks over to Jerry.

JERRY

(to Eazy)

Thanks for coming by. Bunch of things got backed up. Just sign the ones I've got open over there...

Jerry slides the check ledger over to Eazy and he begins to sign the checks. It feels like a routine they've done a hundred times. Tomica starts to look concerned as she watches Eazy sign check after check without even a glance as to who they're going to.

TOMICA

Eric, do you even know what you're signing?

Jerry rolls his eyes, dismissing Tomica as just another short term bimbo in Eazy's life. But when Eazy stops signing the checks to examine them, Jerry turns to get a better look at her.

JERRY

And who might you be?

TOMICA

Tomica.

JERRY

What do you do, Tomica?

TOMICA

I work for Clarence Avant over at Motown.

Jerry isn't expecting this and it gets up his competitive dander. Eazy seems to enjoy Tomica's ability to spar with Jerry.

JERRY

You signing the checks over there at
Motown?

TOMICA

No. But I know where the money's
going.

INT. RECORD STORE - DAY

We're close on a NEW RELEASE RACK. It's stacked with Ice
Cube's new CD, "Amerikkka's Most Wanted." Jerry enters the
frame and grabs one off the rack. We move in on Ice Cube's
sneering face on the CD cover.

INT. RUTHLESS RECORDS- JERRY'S OFFICE DAY

Jerry sits behind his desk holding Cube's CD and listening
to a track called "No Vaseline."

CUBE

(rapping)

I started off with too much cargo
Dropped four niggas now I'm making
all the dough, white man rulin' the
Niggas With Attitude, who ya foolin'
ya'll niggas just phony, Eazy E turned
faggot with your manager fella,
fuckin' MC Ren, Dr. Dre and Yella...

Jerry shakes his head as he hears the attack on himself. He
lowers the volume and dials the phone.

EAZY (O.S.)

Yeah?

JERRY

(with a grin)

Eazy. Have you heard Cube's new
album? I don't think he likes me.

EAZY (O.S.)

Yeah, me and Dre already heard it.

INT. AUDIO ACHIEVEMENTS STUDIO - NIGHT

Eazy, Dre, Yella and MC Ren are wearing headphones and
recording the song "100 Miles and Running."

EAZY (V.O.)

Cube started talking trash about us
on his records and making our break-
up real personal. The code of the
streets said we had to retaliate.

(MORE)

EAZY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It all came to a head with Dee Barnes
on the show "Pump It Up."

INT. "PUMP IT UP" TV STUDIO - DAY

It's a music show dedicated to hip-hop artists and music.
DEE BARNES, a perky, attractive host in her 20's, is holding
a microphone and interviewing NWA.

DEE

So how do you feel about Ice Cube's
new record? Do you think he'll sell
more albums than you?

DRE

We ain't worried about Cube, Dee.

YELLA

This is how we feel about that boy.

Yella drops an ice cube on the floor and crushes it under
his boot. Eazy and the guys laugh and enjoy the moment.

INT. DRE'S HOUSE - CALABASAS - NIGHT

Dre, Eazy and Yella are in the living room watching the Dee
Barnes interview on Dre's BIG SCREEN TV. They all high-five
when Yella crushes the ice cube. But the segment doesn't
end there.

DEE

(on TV)

Later, we caught up with Ice Cube
and asked him how he felt about his
former bandmates.

The segment cuts to Dee Barnes talking to Ice Cube in the
recording studio.

DEE (CONT'D)

You think you'll be able to match
the popularity of NWA now that you're
a solo artist.

CUBE

NWA ain't no competition without me.
(he winks at the CAMERA)
I got those boys 100 miles and
runnin'.

Dre, Eazy and Yella are taken aback as they watch the segment.
Dre is livid.

DRE
That bitch! She fucked up our
interview!

Dre throws his drink at the TV screen.

INT. HOLLYWOOD NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Yella and Doug Young walk into a record industry party. The room is filled with heavyweights in the emerging rap industry. Doug moves into the crowd. Yella is shaking hands with some people when he spots Dre and Eazy at the bar and crosses over.

YELLA
What's up?

EAZY
How you doing, Yella?

YELLA
There's some people here from MTV.
Maybe we should go over and play
nice.

DRE
Open bar, baby. This is where it's
at.

Yella notices a large BLACK MAN standing a few feet from Dre and leans into Eazy.

EAZY
Who's Dre's new heat?

YELLA
Somebody Suge hooked him up with.

Dre raises his drink to some pretty girls walking by and takes a big gulp. From his wobbly movements it's clear he's had a few drinks. Suddenly, something upstairs catches Dre's eye.

UPSTAIRS

At the top of a winding staircase, Dee Barnes is talking to Doug Young. Dre's jaw tightens as he zeros in on her. He puts down his drink and walks up the stairs.

INT. UPSTAIRS LOFT - CONTINUOUS

We move to Doug and Dee's conversation.

DOUG

Listen, baby. I got your back but
shit like that cannot happen. That
interview did not fly with the group.

Doug sees Dre coming towards them and looks concerned. Dre
steps up and stands a few inches from Dee's face.

DRE

You think you're cute playing Cube
off us like that?

Dee is startled by Dre's sudden appearance but tries to be
apologetic.

DEE

Dre, I was just telling Doug, I had
no idea they were gonna cut into
your interview like that. I'm as
pissed as you are.

DRE

Yeah, yeah, yeah. Fuck you, bitch.

DOUG

Easy, daddy, we're gonna smooth all
this out.

Fueled with rage and Jack Daniels, Dre is getting increasingly
hostile. Doug sees it and is bracing himself to intervene.

DRE

You fucking used us like a dirty
bitch.

Dee can see that Dre is seething. She starts to move away
but Dre gives her a shove.

DEE

Hey! Don't touch me!

Dre takes another menacing step forward and Dee backs away.
Suddenly she stumbles, loses her balance and falls down the
stairs.

Doug Young watches in horror as Dee topples downward landing
in a heap at the bottom of the stairs.

DOUG

Oh fuck!

DOWNSTAIRS

Dee is on the floor when she looks up and sees Dre drunkenly
bounding down the stairs after her.

Weak from her fall, Dee tries to crawl over to the ladies room but Dre blocks her way at the foyer. He grabs her by the hair and SLAPS her twice across the face.

Doug comes running down the stairs to break it up, but Dre's bodyguard blocks his way.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Get outta my way!

Doug shoves Dre's bodyguard hard and the bodyguard pulls out a gun and slams him in the face. Doug goes down with blood gushing from his mouth.

After what seems like an eternity, Dre lets Dee go and she drops to the ground. Then Dre and his bodyguard walk quickly through the club.

Eazy and Yella make their way to the front of the crowd to see what's going on as Dre and his bodyguard blow by them and out the door.

INT. RUTHLESS RECORDS - JERRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Dre is sitting with Eazy and Jerry as Jerry reads him the riot act.

JERRY

Dee Barnes slapped us with a \$22 million lawsuit.

DRE

That bitch used us.

JERRY

This is serious, Dre. We're all named in this lawsuit. The D.A. is thinking about filing criminal charges.

DRE

I barely touched her. She's just looking for money.

JERRY

Whatever it was, it was a 22 million dollar punch. We're going to have to offer a settlement and the money's coming out of your share of the royalties.

DRE

She ain't getting my green.

EAZY

So it should come out of my share?

DRE

Yeah. Why don't you give her one of your fucking cars. We're supposed to be partners but you're the only one who seems to be getting rich.

EAZY

I told you before, the record label was never part of our deal.

DRE

Fuck you, Eazy. This bitch made us all look bad and now I'm the one who's gonna have to pay for it.

Dre storms out. Jerry looks at Eazy.

JERRY

You need to fix this, Eazy.

EAZY

Fuck that. We already pay Dre too much. He'd still be wearing a doctor suit and spinning records for Lonzo if it wasn't for me.

INT. HOLLYWOOD STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Dre is sitting close to the stage. He gulps down his Wild Turkey as a well-endowed STRIPPER writhes in front of him.

A WAITRESS steps up and lays two more shots on Dre's table.

WAITRESS

A friend sent these over with his compliments.

Dre turns around and sees Suge Knight a few tables over getting a lap dance from another stripper. Suge sees Dre and waves his giant paw as the stripper grinds her butt into his groin. Dre downs one drink, grabs another and walks over to Suge.

DRE

You following me or something?

SUGE

Nah. Just blowing off some steam.

Suge kicks a chair over to Dre. Dre sits as the stripper continues to squirm in Suge's lap.

SUGE (CONT'D)

Boy, they really did you bad on "Pump It Up" the other night. If I'd been there, she'd be parking in a handicap spot.

Dre takes another deep swallow of Wild Turkey as he watches the stripper plant her breasts in Suge's face.

DRE

Jerry says I gotta pay that bitch.

SUGE

That's cause Jerry ain't looking out for you the way he should be. Let's face it Dre, Jerry Heller picked one nigga to look out for, that's Eazy. The rest of you are getting shit all over. Now that I'm managing D.O.C. I can't believe some of the bullshit I'm finding out. You know he signed away the publishing rights to one of his songs to Eazy and Jerry for a gold chain? No shit. It actually said gold chain in the contract.

DRE

I don't know anything about that.

SUGE

Well you should. Jerry's taking 20% out of Ruthless and he's taking 20% more as NWA's manager. That's your fucking money, Dre.

Suge has Dre's attention. Suge senses it and moves in for the kill.

SUGE (CONT'D)

The problem with Ruthless is Jerry Heller. You ain't ever gonna get a fair deal until you cut loose from that motherfucker.

Dre nods in agreement. He slugs down the rest of his drink and stands.

DRE

Do me a favor. Next time you're in there looking at D.O.C.'s contract, take a look at mine, too.

Dre walks away. Suge smiles as the stripper rubs her tits all over him.

INT. RUTHLESS RECORDS - JERRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Jerry's sitting in his big leather desk chair with his back to the door talking on the phone. He's scribbling on a legal pad.

ON THE LEGAL PAD

Jerry has written a checklist of things to do. "Pay Eazy's mother," "Check to Encino BMW/Eazy's car," "Get check for kids birthday party," "Make sure Eazy attends party." "The list goes on to the end of the page. Jerry circles the name "Belinda" as he talks.

JERRY

(on the phone)

Look, Sharon, I'm sure you're a nice gal but I never heard of you. If you're owed a check for child support, Eazy never told me about it. I can't write a check unless he gives me the okay.

Suddenly, the barrel of a GLOCK PISTOL is pressed against Jerry's temple. Jerry freezes and moves his eyes slowly to the right. Suge Knight is standing there with a big grin holding the gun to his head.

Jerry hangs up the phone and turns to face Suge. Suge pulls the trigger and it CLICKS on an empty chamber as Jerry flinches. His heart skips a beat.

SUGE

A guy like you ought to have a bodyguard, Jerry.

Suge laughs heartily as he lowers the gun. Jerry tries to laugh it off, too, but he is clearly unnerved by this encounter.

JERRY

What can I do for you?

SUGE

I'm managing Dre now. I'm here to pick up his contract.

Jerry soaks in this information as he watches Suge roll the pistol in his hand.

JERRY

We don't keep the contracts here. Dre needs to call Ira Selsky.

SUGE

Dre's busy recording. Why don't you
call the dude for him?

Jerry thinks for a moment. He wants this over with. He
stands and puts on a placating smile.

JERRY

I'm sure I can do that.

SUGE

When?

JERRY

This afternoon, Suge. I have to
call over there anyway.

Jerry puts his arm around Suge, gingerly guiding him out of
the office.

EXT. RUTHLESS RECORDS - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Jerry walks Suge over to his late model Lincoln Continental.

JERRY

Listen, what do you say you, me,
Eazy and Dre have dinner soon to
celebrate your new role as Dre's
manager?

SUGE

As soon as we get that contract.

Suge climbs into his car and Jerry waves as he drives away.
We can see in Jerry's eyes that his "friendly act" is over.
His business with Suge is through. Jerry walks quickly back
into the building.

INT. RUTHLESS RECORDS - JERRY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jerry walks in and closes his office door. With steely
resolve he sits at his desk and starts flipping through his
Rolodex. He finds the number he wants, picks up the phone
and dials.

EAZY (V.O.)

That was the day Jerry hired heavy-
duty protection. He called up a
real bad ass who had worked with the
Israeli Secret Service. The next
time Suge showed up, it was a
different story...

INT. RUTHLESS RECORDS - LOBBY - DAY

Two large BLACK SECURITY GUARDS with UZI's stand guard inside the office as Suge strolls in and tries to enter. One security guard points his Uzi at Suge as the other opens his jacket and removes his pistol. They chuckle at him and let him pass.

INT. JERRY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Seated at his desk, Jerry watches the encounter through his open office door. Suge picks up an envelope from the outer office and glances in at Jerry. Without looking at him, Jerry stands and closes his office door.

EAZY (V.O.)

Jerry never went anywhere without a gun after that.

EXT. JERRY'S HOUSE - DAY

Jerry's BMW pulls into his driveway and parks. Jerry climbs out and carries a bag of groceries up to the house. As he readies his key to open the front door, Jerry sees that the door is ajar. There's splintered wood around the door jam as if it's been forced open with a tire iron.

Jerry is stricken with fear. He pulls a gun out of his jacket pocket and pushes the door open all the way.

INT. JERRY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jerry enters with his gun drawn. The room has been torn apart. His eyes are drawn to the empty entertainment center where his TV, stereo and VCR once sat. The couch and chairs are overturned. Jerry stands still for a moment, listening. The house is quiet. He takes another look around then makes his way upstairs.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jerry's passes a dresser. The drawers are hanging open and have been rifled through. He looks at the half open bathroom door and pushes it open all the way.

INT. JERRY'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Scrawled on the bathroom mirror in magic marker are the words "Payback's a bitch, Jerry."

INT. JERRY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jerry moves quickly as he locks all his windows and pulls the drapes closed. He opens the drawer of a nightstand and places his handgun inside.

INT. JERRY'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Opening a kitchen drawer, Jerry places another handgun inside with the silverware.

EXT. JERRY'S BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Jerry flips on the switch that lights up the sunk in JACUZZI. He walks over and places another handgun under a decorative stone by the Jacuzzi's edge.

INT. JERRY'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Jerry flips on the light and looks around the garage. He walks over to the back and places a SHOTGUN upright against the wall behind some rakes. Hold on Jerry, breathing heavy as he turns off the light.

INT. AUDIO ACHIEVEMENTS STUDIO - DAY

Ren, Yella and some other acts are hanging around waiting for the recording session to begin.

Eazy comes in through the back hall and sees that nothing productive is happening.

EAZY

What's this? Everybody on break?

He walks over to Yella who is looking out the window.

EAZY (CONT'D)

How come you guys aren't working?

Yella pulls back the blinds enough for Eazy to see outside. Dre and Suge are sitting in Suge's Mercedes deep in conversation.

YELLA

Dre's been out there for almost two hours talking to Suge.

EAZY

Well, get him in here. We're way behind schedule.

YELLA

We've been trying to get him in here, Eazy. But Suge's got his mind all twisted around. He got to D.O.C. and now he's working on Dre.

Eazy looks out the window for a moment longer, then he snaps back the blinds and dials a number on his cell phone.

EAZY
 (on the phone)
 Jerry. We gotta talk.
 (beat)
 Yeah, right the fuck now.

Eazy storms out as the other guys all exchange disquieting looks.

INT. MONTY'S STEAK HOUSE - DAY

Jerry is having lunch at a table alone, reading "Billboard." Several people walk by and greet him with respect. Jerry smiles and shakes their hand.

Jerry goes back to reading and eating his sandwich. Just then - Joe Smith from Capitol Records steps over. He's got a big smile for Jerry, their last meeting a distant memory.

SMITH
 Hi, Jerry.

JERRY
 Hi, Joe. You look good. Still sleeping with your trainer?

SMITH
 No, that was a big mistake. I still make mistakes from time to time.

Smith smiles. Jerry smiles back. They both know the score.

JERRY
 Yeah. I guess we all do.

SMITH
 Call me when you get a chance. I'd like to talk.

JERRY
 Sure.

Smith walks away. Jerry inhales the moment. It feels good.

Then - Eazy walks up looking angry and upset. He slides into the seat across from Jerry.

EAZY
 We got a fuckin' problem with Suge. And it's not gonna go away.

JERRY
 I'm not worried about Suge. He can talk all he wants but we've still got Dre under contract.

EAZY

Suge don't give a fuck about contracts. This is a street thing.

JERRY

What does that mean?

EAZY

When someone moves into your territory you got to retaliate or they figure you're a pussy and roll over you. Suge needs to be dealt with, Jerry.

(beat)

We gotta take him out.

Jerry sees a steely resolve in Eazy's eyes and it gives him a shudder. He's momentarily speechless.

JERRY

Look, Eazy, you're a businessman. This isn't a street war.

He takes out a pen and scribbles something on the Billboard magazine in front of him.

JERRY (CONT'D)

There's no way Dre can just leave Ruthless Records. He'd have to forfeit everything and he's too greedy to do that.

Eazy's smoldering, not convinced.

EAZY

I'm telling you, Jerry, Suge is gunnin' for us. We gotta take him out of the picture.

JERRY

You're crazy.

He slides the Billboard magazine over to Eazy and points to the BILLBOARD CHART on one of the pages.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Look at what you've accomplished. You should be celebrating.

Eazy looks at the magazine. He sees the new NWA album "Efil4zaggin" at the top of the charts. Eazy reads what Jerry has written. "Congratulations. You've got the number one album in the country."

INT. AUDIO ACHIEVEMENTS STUDIO - NIGHT

Eazy is alone, listening to some music tracks when his pager starts to BEEP. He checks the number, picks up a phone and dials. We HEAR what Eazy hears as the phone rings once and is picked up.

DRE (O.S.)

Yeah?

Eazy smolders as he hears Dre's voice and contemplates the meaning of the call.

DRE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Eazy is that you? It's Dre.

EAZY

What's going on?

DRE (O.S.)

I want to talk to you. I got a lot of people in my ear telling me I should be doing my own thing. You got everything all set up there. You don't need me.

EAZY

What about your contract, Dre? You just can't walk away from that shit.

DRE (O.S.)

Why don't we work this out. No security, just you and me. I'm over here at Solar.

Eazy takes a moment, letting Dre wait for his answer.

DRE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

We've been friends a long time. Let's move through all this bullshit. Come on, E. Let's meet up.

Dre's words appear to move Eazy. He checks his watch. It's 3AM.

EAZY

Alright. I'm on my way.

INT. SOLAR STUDIOS BUILDING - NIGHT

Eazy steps off an elevator and walks to where a BODYGUARD dressed like a gang member is watching the door.

EAZY

I'm here to see Dre.

The bodyguard pats Eazy down. He reaches under Eazy's jacket and removes a HANDGUN tucked in his waistband. Then Eazy walks past him into the room.

INT. SOLAR RECORDING STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

The door closes behind him and Eazy stands in the empty studio. The room is dark and murky with the only light coming from the vu meters on the mixing board. Eazy looks at the equipment. The fader knobs are down. The reel-to-reel decks are empty. The soundproofing makes the room deathly quiet.

Just then - Suge steps out of the shadows. He's peeling an orange with a gigantic hunting knife as he flashes Eazy a wicked smile.

SUGE

Looking for somebody?

EAZY

Yeah. I'm looking for Dre.

SUGE

Dre stepped out.

EAZY

Tell him I stopped by.

Eazy turns to leave and comes face to face with two MUSCULAR THUGS dressed in black. It's an ambush. Thug 1 jams a baseball bat hard into Eazy's gut, knocking the wind out of him.

Thug 2 brings a lead pipe down over Eazy's head and pulls it tight across his neck, yanking him upright. They hold him there. He's unable to move, barely able to breathe.

SUGE

I need you to sign something.

EAZY

I ain't signing shit.

SUGE

You won't look very good in a wheelchair.

As the thug tightens his chokehold, Suge slides a piece of paper in front of Eazy with the tip of his knife.

SUGE (CONT'D)

This releases Dr. Dre from Ruthless Records.

Eazy can only move his eyes down to look at the paper.

With the pipe across his neck, he's rasping hard just to get enough air to speak.

EAZY

You can wipe your ass with that fuckin' release.

Suge steps in close and taps the tip of his knife on Eazy's face.

SUGE

Shit's deeper than that, Eazy. There's a lot to think about. We got Jerry in a van with a gun to his head. They're waiting for a phone call from me to blow his brains out.

Suge reaches into his pocket and pulls out a Polaroid photo of EAZY'S MOTHER smiling for the camera. A handwritten address is scrawled across the bottom. He holds in front of Eazy's face.

SUGE (CONT'D)

Then we're gonna pay a visit to Greenleaf Avenue. Isn't that where your mama lives? Ain't no gated community there.

(looks at the picture)

I wonder if your folks will still be smiling after we cut their fuckin' heads off.

This shakes Eazy up. Suge feels like he's beaten down his prey and moves in for the kill.

SUGE (CONT'D)

Eazy "Mutha-fuckin" E. You think you're some bad ass, don't you?

Suge slides the release form and pen over to Eazy's hand.

Eazy studies them. Something bad is going to go down --

EAZY (V.O.)

I could take losing Dre. I could even take a beating from these niggas and still have the strength to spit in their faces. But what I couldn't take was that I bought Dre's hustle. There was a time I never would have made a mistake like that. And now they were telling me they were gonna kill my mama and Jerry. And Suge was just crazy enough to do it.

Eazy's hand picks up the pen. We see him sign "Eric Wright" on the release form.

EXT. FEDERAL COURTROOM - LOS ANGELES, CA. - DAY

Dozens of REPORTERS have gathered on the courthouse steps. TV NEWS VANS are parked by the side of the road.

EAZY (V.O.)

We got our day in court but the judge said there wasn't enough evidence to pursue racketeering charges.

Eazy and Jerry walk out of the courthouse and into the crowd of media holding TV cameras and shouting questions. A cluster of MICROPHONES are thrust in front of them.

JERRY

Dre was a nobody when we signed him. This is what we do in the record business. We discover acts, sign them to contracts and invest in their careers. We've paid Dre all the money we owe him. The only issue here is why these people think it's legal to break a contract by using physical force.

They fight their way through the reporters who continue to shout out questions.

SUGE (O.S.)

Ladies and gentlemen...

EXT. CHASENS RESTAURANT - BEVERLY HILLS - NIGHT

It's GRAMMY NIGHT. Dozens of LIMOS choke the valet parking area.

INT. CHASENS RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

The place is filled with hundreds of RECORD EXECUTIVES. Lots of tuxedos, classy gowns, food and drink. A banner is hung across the wall that says "Death Row Records."

Suge is standing on a small stage speaking into a microphone.

SUGE

...Welcome to the coming out of Death Row, the record label of the new century.

The crowd applauds.

SUGE (CONT'D)

Let me introduce two artists who are
here to put Death Row on the map.
Dr. Dre and the D.O.C.!

Dre and D.O.C. step up next to Suge, all smiles. Flashbulbs
are popping.

SUGE (CONT'D)

We're gonna give all the brothers
from all the neighborhoods the
opportunity to make their music.

The crowd hoots and applauds as we move in on Dre, thoroughly
enjoying the attention.

EXT. PALACE NIGHT CLUB - HOLLYWOOD - SAME TIME

Limos are pulling up and are greeted by the club's VALET
PARKERS. Dozens of GUESTS disembark from the limousines and
mill about the outside of the club's entrance.

On the MARQUEE outside the club reads "Tonight Ruthless
Records Artists Party. Above The Law. Bone Thugs and
Harmony."

INT. PALACE NIGHT CLUB - CONTINUOUS

The Ruthless Records logo hangs behind a stage. A couple
hundred of L.A.'s young and hip are mingling with drinks as
the GRAMMY AWARDS is broadcast on a giant TV SCREEN.

Eazy is walking through club, looking a little haggard and
unkempt in stark contrast to the glamour in the room. He
spots Doug Young walking past him.

EAZY

Yo, Doug.

Doug sees Eazy and steps over with a smile.

DOUG

Hey, Eazy. What's the haps?

EAZY

Come on, let's grab a drink and check
out the bitches.

DOUG

Shit, Eazy, I'm on my way out. Can
I take a rain check?

EAZY

Where you off to, dawg?

(MORE)

EAZY (CONT'D)

I want you to hear our new group.
Bone, Thugs and Harmony. We're
putting together a record deal for
them.

DOUG

Hey, baby, Grammy night's a big work
night for me. I got a lot of ground
to cover.

Eazy sees an INVITATION sticking out of Doug's shirt pocket.
He grabs it and opens it up. It's the invitation to the
Death Row coming out party.

EAZY

You're going over to Suge's thing?

Doug pauses as Eazy's smile crashes.

DOUG

Come on, daddy. I'm just trying to
throw my hook around and stay friends
with everybody.

Eazy tosses the invitation at him and walks away. Doug picks
it up, takes a sad look at Eazy and leaves.

AT THE CLUB ENTRANCE

Tomica enters looking hot. She moves through the crowded
club looking for Eazy. Unable to find him, she stops at the
BAR and starts scanning the area, when a young BLACK MAN in
a stylish jacket steps over to her.

YOUNG BLACK MAN

Hey, baby. Whatcha doing here all
by yourself?

TOMICA

I'm with someone.

YOUNG BLACK MAN

Ain't we all.

He walks away, checking out Tomica from behind as he leaves.

Tomica looks across the club floor and sees Eazy talking to
an ATTRACTIVE WOMAN. There's flirtatious body language
passing between them. Tomica watches with disdain as Eazy
reaches over and playfully grabs the woman's ass.

INT. PALACE NIGHT CLUB - LATER

Tomica is in the crowd, watching the group ABOVE THE LAW perform ONSTAGE. The group finishes a song and the crowd applauds.

Suddenly - her cell phone RINGS. Tomica reaches into her purse and answers the call.

TOMICA
(into phone)
Hello?

EAZY (O.S.)
Where you at?

TOMICA
I'm here. I've been here for a half
an hour.

EAZY (O.S.)
How come I can't find you?

Tomica looks above the heads of the people standing in front of her and sees Eazy across the room. He's standing with the same woman, with his CELL PHONE to his ear.

TOMICA
Maybe you're not looking hard enough.

She hangs up and watches Eazy across the room, anger simmering in her eyes.

INT. PALACE NIGHT CLUB - A LITTLE LATER

Tomica is at BAR, sipping a glass of wine. Several YOUNG MEN are giving her the eye, but she's showing them no interest. One guy squeezes up through the crowded bar next to her, brushing up against her body with a grin.

BAR GUY
"Scuse me, honey.

TOMICA
You get a nice feel?

Tomica turns away from him. Suddenly, her cell phone RINGS again. She takes out her phone and answers it.

TOMICA (CONT'D)
Hello?

EAZY (O.S.)
Where you at?

TOMICA

I'm at the bar, Eric. But not for much longer.

EAZY (O.S.)

Where at the bar? I don't see you.

Tomica stands and looks across the club floor where she sees Eazy, still standing with the same woman, talking on his cell phone.

TOMICA

Well, I see you.

She hangs up and tucks her phone away. After a few moments, Eazy comes sauntering over to her.

EAZY

There you are. Where you been hiding? I been looking for you all night.

TOMICA

Have you? Because I've been watching you for the last hour talk to that woman over there.

EAZY

That's just business. She can get me a discount on studio time.

TOMICA

It didn't look like business. And even if it was, it doesn't give you the right to leave me alone at the bar being groped by a bunch of drunk niggas.

EAZY

There was more shit to deal with than I thought, baby. If you ain't cool with it maybe you should just go home.

TOMICA

What are you talking about? I don't need to be here. I'm here because you invited me. And now, after waiting for you all night you want me to go home?

EAZY

I don't know how long I'm gonna be out and you don't want to leave the babysitter hanging. So go. The kids need you at home.

Tomica's jaw tightens and she suddenly unleashes her pent up frustration.

TOMICA

You think I'm stupid, Eric? You think I don't know what's going on? I don't need the phone calls from the bitch from San Francisco that says she met you on tour and had your baby. Last week I found a strange earring in our bed! I'm sick of this!

EAZY

I don't know anything about any earring. You're overreacting.

Tomica's anger has her near tears. She sees that people have begun to notice her heated conversation with Eazy and she pulls herself together.

TOMICA

Fine. But what you do in the dark will come back in the light, Eric. Remember that.

Tomica walks away.

INT. RUTHLESS RECORDS - JERRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Jerry is working at his desk when he hears a commotion coming from down the hall. He gets up and walks out to investigate.

INT. RUTHLESS RECORDS - EAZY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jerry comes around the corner and finds Eazy in his office smashing some framed PHOTOS of him and Dre. Jerry is startled by Eazy's rage as he watches a glass framed photo shatter against the wall.

JERRY

What the hell are you doing?

EAZY

Fuck Dre!

Eazy grabs a CD off a shelf and shows it to Jerry.

EAZY (CONT'D)

I got an advance copy of some of the stuff he's been recording for Suge. He's talking trash about me, Jerry, just like Cube. He's got a song called "Fuck Wit Dre Day."

Jerry looks at the CD. It's a demo called "The Chronic."
Eazy grabs the remote control and hits "play" jumping to the
middle of the song.

DRE (V.O.)
(rapping on the CD)
Eazy E Eazy E Eazy E can eat a big
fat dick...

Eazy throws the remote at the CD player, knocking it to the
floor.

JERRY
Eazy, it's a bullshit song. It's
nothing.

EAZY
I told you we should have killed
Suge Knight but you didn't hear me.
Now we got this to deal with.

JERRY
Calm down. Listen to me. Dre isn't
going to be able to release that
album as long as he's under contract
with Ruthless. No one is going to
touch him.

Eazy plops down on the couch and for the first time Jerry
notices how disheveled and stoned he appears. Jerry comes
over and sits down next to him.

JERRY (CONT'D)
You're letting this thing with Dre
destroy you. We've got a great
company here. Ruthless is much bigger
than NWA. You've got all these other
groups. Bones, Thugs and Harmony
are gonna be huge. I need you to
keep it together.

Eazy is listening, but he's still in too much pain to respond.
Just then, Conny, Jerry's assistant, pokes her head in.

CONNIE
Jerry, Jimmy Iovine from Interscope
is on the line.

JERRY
Okay.
(to Eazy)
Try not to do any more redecorating
while I'm gone.

INT. JERRY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jerry sits behind his desk and puts the call from Interscope on the SPEAKERPHONE.

JERRY
Jerry Heller.

INT. JIMMY IOVINE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The walls are covered with GOLD RECORDS. Hotshot record producer JIMMY IOVINE, 37, is wearing a baseball cap and sitting with his feet up on a glass-top desk.

JIMMY
Jerry. Jimmy Iovine. It's been a long time.

JERRY
(on speakerphone)
How are you, Jimmy? The last time I saw you, you were so stoned, you passed out on Tom Petty's couch.

JIMMY
Well if you weren't hogging all the coke I probably would have stayed awake.

INT. JERRY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

JERRY
What can I do for you?

JIMMY
(on speaker)
I want to talk to you about this Dr. Dre record "The Chronic."

Jerry pauses. This isn't what he expected.

JERRY
I'm listening.

EXT. EAZY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The muffled blare of rap music is coming from inside the house as Jerry comes up the walkway and knocks on the door. When he gets no answer he steps behind some shrubs and peers into the window.

THROUGH THE WINDOW

Eazy is sitting on the couch in his underwear. He looks completely disheveled.

His eyes are closed and a 5-foot bong is resting between his legs.

Jerry bangs hard on the window and Eazy looks up. He sees Jerry and slowly gets to his feet. Jerry climbs back over the shrubs and walks over to the front door. Eazy opens the door. He looks completely stoned as loud music blares out from behind him.

EAZY

'Sup?

JERRY

What are you doing? You blew out of the office before I could tell you what happened.

EAZY

I'm busy.

JERRY

Come on Eazy, open up. This is important.

Eazy slowly opens the door for Jerry to come in.

INT. EAZY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jerry enters and takes a look around. The room is a disaster. Beer cans and empty pizza boxes litter the furniture. Half-eaten food and full ashtrays are everywhere.

JERRY

Jesus Christ. Look at this place.

Eazy walks over and plops back on the couch. Jerry steps over to a half open closet door and takes a look inside. The shelves are full of HANDGUNS and AUTOMATIC WEAPONS. It's an arsenal. On the closet floor are green plastic TRASH BAGS full of MARIJUANA.

Jerry turns and sees Eazy taking another long haul off his bubbling bong.

JERRY (CONT'D)

What the hell do you need all this pot for? Are you dealing again?

Eazy exhales a huge pot cloud into the air and goes into a coughing fit.

EAZY

My homies come by for a bag now and then but that's mainly my stash.

Jerry pulls up a chair and sits across from Eazy.

JERRY

For Christ sakes, Eazy. This has got to stop. You're out of control.

Eazy waves him off as he takes another hit off his bong.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Listen to me. I'm making a deal right now for us to co-distribute Dre's new album with Interscope.

EAZY

What? Why the fuck should we co-distribute when we own Dre's ass?

JERRY

Because it's good business. We could fight this in court for years or we could make this deal and get our piece of Dre's album plus royalties on his future recordings. Think about it, Eazy. No matter how successful Dre gets, he's always gonna be writing checks to you.

Eazy's too numb to argue. He thinks about it before finally nodding in agreement.

JERRY (CONT'D)

While I make this deal, I need you to do something. You gotta clean up. I can't run this business alone. I need the old Eazy back. I've got a friend who can check you into Promises Rehab in Malibu. No one will know you're there. In 30 days they'll get you healthy and we'll be back in business.

EAZY

Fuck that. Rehab's for white people.

JERRY

You're in trouble Eazy. I care about you. Don't give me that white people shit.

EAZY

You just don't get me, Jerry. I can handle this shit.

JERRY

Maybe you don't get me. I've been exactly where you are right now. You've got success and you're flushing it down the toilet. By the time I walked into Eve After Dark I had it all and lost it all. I fucked it all off. I made bad choices and I came out the other end of it alone, without a family and I had to start all over. Eazy, you're the closest thing to a son I've ever had.

Eazy looks at Jerry for a minute before shaking his head.

EAZY

Jerry, you just take care of the stuff I hired you to do and I'll take care of myself.

Jerry can't look at him anymore.

INT. AUDIO ACHIEVEMENTS STUDIO - DAY

Eazy is wearing headphones rapping lyrics over a music track. He looks like he hasn't slept in days.

AT THE MIXING BOARD

A new PRODUCER is at the controls. Halfway through the song, Eazy stops and slides off his headphones.

EAZY

I can't rap over this shit. The bass is too hot and you keep skipping beats.

INT. AUDIO ACHIEVEMENTS STUDIO - ANOTHER SESSION - DAY

Eazy is in the sound booth with NEW PRODUCER #2, listening to a playback.

EAZY

This doesn't work. I sound like a fucking pussy.

INT. AUDIO ACHIEVEMENTS STUDIO - ANOTHER SESSION - DAY

Eazy, Ren and Yella sit with NEW PRODUCER #3 listening to a song they just recorded. After a minute, Eazy walks over to Donovan the studio engineer.

EAZY

Get rid of him.

DONOVAN

You sure? You're paying him for the whole week.

EAZY

I'll pay him off.

Eazy picks up his jacket and walks out. Ren and Yella look at each other with frustration.

INT. MOTOWN OFFICE - DAY

Tomica is working at her desk when a female CO-WORKER comes around the corner.

CO-WORKER

Girlfriend, get over here and take a look at this.

Tomica walks over to another cubicle where a small TV is showing the NEWS.

ON TV

The NEWSCASTER is providing voice-over coverage of PRESIDENT BUSH making a speech in a large banquet room filled with two dozen tables of guests.

NEWSCASTER

Among the surprise guests who got to have lunch with President Bush at the Republican Inner Circle luncheon today was hip-hop star Eazy E whose appearance startled many of the guests. The controversial rap musician was once considered by the FBI to be an agitator because of his hard-hitting song about law enforcement.

The news footage cuts to Eazy sitting at a table with Jerry and some Republican-types. Tomica's coworker friend looks at her.

CO-WORKER

That boy's a long way from Compton.

Tomica nods yes as she watches with interest.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD CLUB - NIGHT

Eazy and Tomica exit a hip-hop nightspot and EAZY gives the VALET PARKER his ticket. As they wait, a group of young black MEN walk by.

BLACK MAN 1

Eazy E! You're a fuckin' sellout,
man!

BLACK MAN 2

You the President's bitch!

Eazy keeps his cool as the valet pulls his car up and he and Tomica climb in and drive away.

INT. MOTOWN OFFICE - DAY

Eazy strolls in past the RECEPTIONIST and walks over to Tomica's cubicle. He looks cleaned up in a hat and sunglasses but it's all cosmetic. As he steps up he wipes his nose with his sleeve.

EAZY

Hey baby, you ready to hit it?

TOMICA

Hang on, Eazy. Clarence wants to
say hello.

Tomica leads Eazy to a big corner office.

INT. MOTOWN - CLARENCE AVANT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Tomica knocks on the open door and CLARENCE AVANT, late-40's looks up from his desk.

CLARENCE

Tomica, Eazy, come on in.

Eazy and Tomica enter and sit on the couch. Clarence comes around and settles in a chair across from them. He can't help but notice Eazy's unkempt appearance.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)

How's everything going, Eazy?

EAZY

Awright.

CLARENCE

Eazy, I respect you so I'm not going
to bullshit you. I know things
haven't been going so well lately.
It's got nothing to do with your
talent. It's who you're in business
with. I'm talking about Jerry Heller.

Eazy stays quiet. Hiding his thoughts behind his dark sunglasses.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)

You're in a crucial part of your career, Eazy. You need special handling from people who understand what you're all about. Don't let anyone kid you. Dre and Cube left because of Jerry. That lunch with the President was a major disaster. You're never going to get back on top until you get rid of Jerry Heller.

TOMICA

There's never going to be an NWA reunion as long as Jerry is involved.

Clarence nods in agreement.

CLARENCE

You need to be with your own people, Eazy. Let's face it. He ain't one of us.

Hold on Eazy as he listens silently.

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - DAY

Eazy is cruising in his BMW. He stops at a RED LIGHT and looks over at the display in the TOWER RECORDS window. It's a giant picture of Dr. Dre promoting his new album "The Chronic."

INT. EAZY'S HOUSE - CALABASAS - DAY

Eazy's in his underwear smoking a joint and watching MTV. A music show HOST is interviewing Dr. Dre.

EAZY (V.O.)

One morning I woke up and Dre was everywhere. I couldn't go anywhere without seeing his face.

INT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Eazy and Tomica are walking to their car when they pass a NEWSSTAND. A half-dozen MUSIC MAGAZINES feature pictures of Dr. Dre.

EAZY (V.O.)

Everywhere I went, all day long, everyone was telling me the same thing. That Jerry was my biggest problem. All I knew was that things weren't the same anymore. Maybe I needed a different situation.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE - CALABASAS - LATE NIGHT

Jerry's asleep in the bedroom when a distant coughing sound from downstairs jolts him awake. He looks over at the nightstand clock. It's 4AM.

Quietly, Jerry climbs out of bed and opens the top drawer of his bureau. Underneath some sweaters is a HANDGUN. He picks it up, checks the chamber and creeps out of the bedroom.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE - STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

Jerry silently sneaks down the stairs and stands quietly for a moment in the downstairs hallway. The coughing is louder. Jerry moves towards it with his gun drawn.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jerry tiptoes to the office and peers around the corner. Eazy is sitting at the desk, looking over some accounting records. The room is dark except for a desk lamp. Jerry lowers his gun, but we can see in his eyes he's startled by Eazy's appearance. He looks sick and in need of a shower. Seeing Jerry there, Eazy lights up a joint and takes a deep drag.

EAZY

What's this canceled check for \$30,000 for?

Jerry walks over and takes a look at the ledger.

JERRY

You wrote that check in September, cashed it and gave the money to one of your girlfriends.

Eazy rummages through some more canceled checks and holds up another.

EAZY

What about this one for \$17,000? What's this for?

JERRY

Some video equipment you bought. I don't even know what you did with it. I never saw it.

Eazy slams the book closed and angrily looks at Jerry.

EAZY

Where the fuck is all the money going?!

JERRY

You've been spending it all, Eazy. You've got producers all over town booking studio time. Sometimes they show up. Sometimes they don't. If they finish one album between them it'll be a miracle. You've got 10 women claiming they've all had your kids and you think the only way out of it is to pay them off. Look at you. You're stoned 24 hours a day and your company is falling apart.

Eazy stays silent as Jerry sits down next to him.

JERRY (CONT'D)

I know what people are saying around town about me. That doesn't bother me because I know what the real story is. I know you as well as anyone even if I didn't grow up in Compton. You've got to make the music important again.

Eazy doesn't say anything, but it looks like he's got something to say.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Are we cool?

After a moment Eazy shakes his head "yes".

EAZY

Everything's cool, Jerry. Don't worry about a thing.

Eazy gets up, pats Jerry on the back and leaves.

EXT. JERRY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Jerry walks to the end of the driveway, opens his MAILBOX and finds a LETTER with a Ruthless Records insignia on the envelope. As he walks back down the driveway he starts to read. Halfway towards the house he stops dead in his tracks.

INT. MONTY'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jerry's at the bar. It's late and he's the final customer. He gulps down the last of his drink and climbs off the bar stool, a little shaky.

JERRY

What's the damage here, Rudy?

BARTENDER

It's okay. On the house. You want me to call you a cab?

JERRY

Nah.

Jerry turns and heads for the door. The bartender picks up the crumbled ENVELOPE with the Ruthless Records insignia.

BARTENDER

Jerry. You forgot this.

Jerry sees what he's holding and waves it off.

JERRY

I don't need that. It's just a good-bye note.

He walks out.

EXT. TUNNEL NIGHTCLUB - NEW YORK - NIGHT

We're outside a flavor of the moment nightclub in lower Manhattan on a snowy winter night. A handful of hopefuls are sitting in front of the velvet rope as the last of the media trucks that were covering an event there are pulling away.

INT. TUNNEL NIGHTCLUB - INSIDE FOYER - NIGHT

Ice Cube is exiting the main room of the club, his AGENT and MANAGER in his wake. A well-dressed PRODUCER in his mid-thirties walks with Cube making a pitch to him.

PRODUCER

This is exactly the kind of role you need right now. There's a whole side to you that your audience has never seen.

As Cube prepares to brush the producer off, he spots Eazy huddled in the corner talking to a SEXY MODEL. Cube abruptly, stops and stares at him. It's been a while.

PRODUCER (CONT'D)

Who's that?

Cube ignores the producer and walks over to Eazy as the model walks away.

CUBE

The guns stay on the bus!

Eazy turns to face him.

He looks disheveled and sleep deprived but he's got his game face on. The two old friends shake hands.

EAZY

Hey, I've been meaning to come over there and kick your mutherfuckin ass.

CUBE

How you been, bro?

EAZY

I'm great. Just great. I'm producing the new Bones, Thug stuff. Working with Guns and Roses on some stuff. Tons of shit.

CUBE

Cool.

EAZY

Been reading about you. Who ever thought a bulldog mug like yours would end up in fucking movies.

Cube smiles at this.

CUBE

Look I wanted to say, I shoulda come at things another way with us.

EAZY

Aw, fuck that. Just business.

CUBE

I wanted to be you, Eazy. I wanted to be Eazy E. You showed me how to do it.

EAZY

We gotta get NWA back on the road.

CUBE

Work things out with Dre and I'm in. Just say the word.

EAZY

I'm saying it. I'm saying it.

Cube looks at Eazy as he struggles to be his old self. A grim sadness comes over Cube.

CUBE

Let's catch a cab.

EXT. TUNNEL NIGHTCLUB - CONTINUOUS

Eazy and Cube step out onto the sidewalk. Eazy takes a gasp of air and goes into a major coughing fit. Cube looks concerned. After what feels like an eternity, Eazy stops coughing and wipes his mouth.

CUBE
Jesus, Eazy, next time you come to
New York bring a jacket.

EAZY
There are no fucking cabs.

Cube looks behind him. His handlers are huddled nearby.

CUBE
My agent's got a car. You should
meet him.

EAZY
Nah. My hotel's only about 20 blocks.
I'm gonna walk.

CUBE
You're crazy. It's like 20 below
out here.

Cube watches as Eazy begins to trudge down the snowy Manhattan sidewalk. Eazy coughs, then turns to face Cube.

EAZY
I'm my own man, Cube.

Eazy turns and begins trudging back through the snow. Cube watches him with a tinge of sadness. As Eazy walks away through the snowy night we HEAR a TELEPHONE RINGING. The RINGING continues OVER:

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

Dre is alone in the studio, mixing some tracks. A stack of RECORDS sits next to him. He looks at the ringing PHONE and picks up.

DRE
(into phone)
Hello?

EAZY (O.S.)
Dre.
(beat)
It's me.

Dre takes a second to let the voice of his old friend sink in.

DRE
(into phone)
Eazy?

EAZY (O.S.)
Yeah.

Dre stops what he's doing to talk to Eazy.

DRE
(into phone)
Long time, big man. How you doin'?

EAZY (O.S.)
I'm awright.
(he coughs for a moment)
What you up to? They told me you
were in the studio working.

Dre thumbs through the stack of ALBUMS laying on the mixing board.

DRE
(into phone)
Yeah, you know. I always got
something on the burner. You know,
I was thinking of you the other day.
I was looking through some old LP's,
trying to find some cool tracks to
sample. I found an album you might
remember...

Dre slides out the ALBUM "Player of the Year" by Bootsy Collins.

DRE (CONT'D)
(into phone)
You bought it for me. When we was
kids. I think I still owe you five
bucks.

EAZY (O.S.)
"Player of the Year?" I remember.
Good fuckin' album.

Dre is looking at the album tracks on the record sleeve.

DRE
"Roto-Rooter."

EAZY (O.S.)
 "Bootzilla" is the track you should
 sample.

DRE
 (into phone)
 Yeah. Yeah, you're right. Better
 bass line.

EAZY (O.S.)
 You know, Jerry's gone. And me and
 Cube been talking 'bout getting the
 group back together. Whatcha think?

DRE
 (into phone)
 Yeah. Yeah, let's get together and
 talk about it. It would be cool to
 get everybody in the studio again.

EAZY (O.S.)
 Awright.
 (he cough again, hard)
 I'll make some calls and get back to
 you.

DRE
 (into phone)
 Cool.
 (beat)
 I'm glad you called, E.

EAZY (O.S.)
 Me, too. Talk to you soon.

We HEAR the click as Eazy hangs up. Dre puts down the phone and looks at the Bootsy Collins album with slight emotion in his eyes.

INT. EAZY'S HOUSE - CALABASAS - DAY

Eazy opens the door and greets a young black REPORTER with a tape recorder strung over his shoulder. Eazy lets him in and closes the door.

EAZY (V.O.)
 The last interview I did for Vibe
 magazine, the reporter started asking
 about an NWA reunion. I told him we
 were all down with it...

INT. EAZY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eazy and the reporter sit opposite one another, a tape recorder on a table in front of them.

Next to Eazy is an ashtray with a half dozen stubbed out joints.

EAZY (V.O.)

We talked for a couple of hours until
I was too sick to talk...

Suddenly, Eazy goes into another coughing jag. He doubles over and hacks hard. When he straightens up there's blood dripping from the corners of his mouth.

EAZY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I always hated going to the doctor.
They never have any good news. I
wasn't going to listen to anyone who
told me I had to stop smoking weed.
But this time things were different.
This time they gave me a shitload of
tests.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Eazy's sitting up in bed, wearing a hospital gown with Tomica sitting next to him. Across from them a DOCTOR closes his chart and looks at Eazy.

DOCTOR

Eric, your blood test has confirmed
that you're HIV positive.

Move in on Eazy...stunned by the news. Tomica closes her eyes, fighting back tears.

EAZY (V.O.)

I had fuckin' AIDS, man. I always
thought that was for queers and
junkies. I guess that I was so out
of control with the bitches that my
number came up.

Tomica reaches over and takes Eazy's hand. The doctor looks at her.

DOCTOR

You should get tested too, Tomica,
just to be safe. And Eric, you should
probably inform anyone else you've
had sexual contact with so they can
get tested as well.

Eazy nods his head still shocked by his test results.

EAZY (V.O.)

Tomica's test came back negative and so did all the others I contacted. The ones I remembered anyway. I never knew where I got it.

EXT. CEDAR SINAI HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - DAY

The hospital parking lot is packed with REPORTERS, TV VANS, CAMERA MEN and Eazy's FANS and FRIENDS trying to get in to see him. No-nonsense NATION OF ISLAM SECURITY GUARDS are barring entry.

INT. EAZY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Eazy's sitting up in bed playing cards with Tomica. He's hooked up to an IV with tubes running into his arm.

TOMICA

There's a couple of TV reporters who are hoping to talk to you, Eric.

EAZY

I'm not going on TV with tubes coming out of my arms. (beat) Have you heard anything from Jerry?

TOMICA

Jerry Heller doesn't care about you. He only cared about the money.

Eazy stays quiet but Tomica can tell he's getting weaker and fighting to keep it together.

TOMICA (CONT'D)

I need you to stay strong, baby. I love you, Eric.

She takes his hand...which leads to a hug. As Tomica holds him we see TEARS welling up in her eyes.

EAZY (V.O.)

It's funny when all of a sudden you know your days are numbered. You start kicking yourself for all the shit you kept putting off. But as long as I was still breathing there were a couple things I knew I could still make right. One of them was with Tomica.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EAZY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

Eazy is in his hospital bed, Tomica by his side as a MINISTER marries them.

MINISTER

Do you have the ring?

Tomica's eyes glisten with tears as Eazy slips the ring on her finger.

EXT. CEDAR SINAI HOSPITAL - DAY

The media frenzy has gotten worse, as the hospital parking lot is packed with more TV VANS and hundreds of Eazy's FANS.

ACROSS THE STREET

Jerry Heller sits in a new sparkling white LINCOLN CONTINENTAL, watching the media circus at the hospital entrance. FANS hold up BANNERS with Eazy's name.

Jerry sees a TOWN CAR pull up and Dre climbs out with two BODYGUARDS. The fans swarm around Dre as he and his bodyguards make their way through the crowd to the hospital entrance.

After a beat - Jerry starts his car and drives away.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Dre and his bodyguards walk past the NURSES STATION. NURSES are scrambling to answer the TELEPHONES which are RINGING off the hook. We HEAR snippets of the nurse's phone conversations. All inquiring about Eazy's condition.

ACROSS THE WAITING ROOM

Dre sees Eazy's PARENTS talking to Tomica. He gestures for his bodyguards to hang back, then he walks over to them.

DRE

Hi Mr. and Mrs. Wright.

(to Tomica)

Can I see him?

Tomica nods and pulls Dre aside, away from Eazy's parents.

TOMICA

He's not good, Dre. They're doing everything they can for him. But I want you to prepare yourself.

Dre nods, understanding. He follows Tomica to Eazy's hospital room.

INT. EAZY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dre opens the door, takes a step inside...and freezes.

DRE'S POV

Eazy is on total LIFE SUPPORT. IV TUBES and WIRES are running from his arms to a half dozen MONITORS and MACHINES.

Eazy's eyes are closed and his breathing is shallow as the machines monitor his vital signs.

Dre catches his breath, looking stunned. He's too shocked by the sight of Eazy in this condition to enter the room. He takes a step back...and slowly closes the door.

EXT. CEDAR SINAI HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Hundreds of FANS are holding vigil outside with BANNERS and flowers. Some are holding PICTURES of Eazy. Some hold his ALBUMS.

As CANDLES flicker in the dark, fans are crying and holding each other. The TV crews have stopped filming and are silently watching the hospital for some sign of news.

D.J. (O.S.)

You're listening to LA's urban station "The Beat" and I've got some sad news to pass along. Rapper Eazy E died today of complications from AIDS. He was 31. The phones here are ringing off the hook. It's a stunning loss for all of us. Who was Eazy E? I'm like a lot of people. I knew him and I loved him. But I didn't really know him. And I think he might have wanted it that way...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STADIUM - BACKSTAGE HALLWAY - FLASHBACK

Eazy, Dre, Cube, Yella and Ren move down a narrow corridor. The CHEERING CROWD grows louder as they get closer to the stage. They pass a series of COPS who are stationed like signposts about every twenty feet.

The crowd is on fire as Eazy, Dre, Yella, Ren and Cube walk to the front of the stage and strike aggressive poses.

D.J. (O.S.)

Maybe that's why he wore sunglasses a lot of the time. It was almost like he didn't want you to see his eyes. Eyes that might telegraph his thoughts. But one thing for sure, behind those sunglasses, he could see the future of music...

Dre, Cube, Yella and Ren all take their positions, looking to Eazy to give them their cue.

Eazy stands center stage, looking out at the crowd.

DISSOLVE TO:

The ALBUM COVER for "Straight Outta Compton" dramatically fills the frame.

THE END