Tupac Lives!

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TUPAC LIVES!

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FADE IN

INT. APARTMENT - LAS VEGAS - DAY

Rare and collectable promotional posters for 90s gangsta rap music concerts and albums decorate the walls. Book, DVDs, and gangsta art. We see an extensive collection of vinyl albums. A huge collection of CDs. On a table there are two turntables, amplifiers and large professional size speakers.

An African-American teen sleeps in a bed. Direct sunrays shine through the window onto the bed. The rays almost are reaching his face. He wakes as the bright sunshine reaches his eyes.

He reaches for a remote control and presses a button. Loud hip-hop music begins. DEWAYNE (18) rises from the bed and enters the shower.

He brushes his teeth. He dresses.

He blends the songs from the speakers (turning them down) and his MP3 player (turning it up). Clearly he is a DJ. It is perfectly smooth and he is proud of his ability.

Dewayne leaves the apartment with a stack of fliers that advertise a Las Vegas nightclub.

INT. T-SHIRT SILK-SCREENING FACTORY - LAS VEGAS - DAY

Inside the WORKERS are producing the images on T-Shirts. There are boxes and boxes of unprinted shirts. It is highly automated and there is an INSPECTOR. There is a cardboard box marked “flawed”. As the throw away box is almost full an EMPLOYEE picks it up and makes for the back door.

EXT. REAR OF T-SHIRT SILK-SCREENING FACTORY - DAY

T-PACK (50) is a homeless man looking into the trash bin. There is little or nothing he can use. He seems flustered. We might guess that economically, he lives off of things he retrieves from the trash - the discarded T-shirts.

Suddenly the employee enters the ally with the box of T-shirts. T-Pack dives out-of-sight behind the dumpster. His heart is racing and he looks frightened.
The employee notices his shoe, which is peaking around the corner of the dumpster. There is also a red bicycle nearby. The employee thinks for a minute and chuckles.

EMPLOYEE
Okay, I just put 10 or 12 shirts in the dumpster. You can come out. Nobody cares. Nobody is going to do anything.

T-Pack doesn’t move. He is sweating profusely.

Long beat.

Finally the employee returns inside to his work.

Dewayne walks down the alley and spots T-Pack hiding behind the dumpster. He thinks it is odd but continues walking.

After Dewayne is out of sight, T-Pack emerges from behind the dumpster. He reaches into the container and brings out the shirts. T-Pack inspects them, folds them nicely and stacks them neatly and walks in the direction of the Strip.

EXT. SIDEWALK - LAS VEGAS - DAY

Dewayne is walking down the Las Vegas Strip with a young energy and seemingly with a purpose. He is the African-American version of John Travolta walking down the sidewalk in Saturday Night Fever.

He looks up at a casino electronic marquee and it says 4:03. It then flashes to 107°.

Tourists crowd the sidewalk; Dewayne walks past several hookers, some homeless men are sitting in the shade of a hotel.

Dewayne spots gold - a group of eight hot ladies of color. They are on the other side of the road. He lunges into traffic, but he is athletic and unharmed.

Two POLICEMEN on bicycles observe from the shade.

POLICEMEN #1
What the heck?
Dewayne reaches the women. The police are debating in their mind doing something about the jaywalking. But it is VERY HOT in the sun.

POLICEMEN #2
The tail.

They remain in the shade. From the police POV, we see Dewayne hand the women two fliers, inviting them to the club. He speaks to the girls for 10-15 seconds. He smiles. They smile. He waves. They wave and they part.

Dewayne’s BOSS and nightclub owner spots him talking to the women. He looks surprised to see Dewayne. But he is clearly promoting the nightclub so that is a good thing.

BOSS
Dewayne, what are you doing out here in the middle of the day?

DEWAYNE
It is hot ain’t it.

BOSS
You out here working for the club?

Dewayne shows him the fliers.

BOSS
I’ve been wondering where these have been going.

DEWAYNE
I hope you don’t mind. These fliers were just sitting in the club. Boxes of them.

BOSS
Gathering dust. I know.

DEWAYNE
And I only give them out to the babes and a few brothers. People likely to actually come to the club.

BOSS
No I don’t mind.
(half beat)
Hell you have more initiative than I do
and I’m the owner. Thanks.
(beat)
But, I don’t pay you for this.

DEWAYNE
Yeah you do.

BOSS
I pay you to play the music. You are
the DJ.

DEWAYNE
Yeah, but if no one is in the club to
listen are you really a DJ?

BOSS
Like if a tree falls in the woods...

DEWAYNE
Yeah, something like that.

BOSS
(amazed)
I didn’t know you were out here.

DEWAYNE
Just a few hours a day. Meetin’ and
greetin’ the people. You know.

BOSS
Well, remind me to make it up to you
someday.

The boss walks off but returns.

BOSS
No. I’m gonna tell you flat out.
(half beat)
I have never had an employee better
then you in 20 years in the nightclub
business. Serious.

DEWAYNE
I appreciate you saying that.
The club is packed to hear the music and now I find you out here promoting the club in your spare time. Damn.

He extends his hand to shake.

DEWAYNE
Thank you.

BOSS
I appreciate you.

DEWAYNE
Where you going?

BOSS
Someone at the hotel wants to rent the club. I got to see a man about a party.

The boss continues along his path.

Dewayne proudly walks to the crosswalk and legally returns to his original side of the street. Dewayne strategically positions himself on the sidewalk to distribute the fliers.

As white families pass-by Dewayne ignores them. He is looking for African-American young people; when they pass he gives them a flier. It is a nightclub of color.

DEWAYNE
Nightclub?

Two African-American men stop. Dewayne hands them a fliers.

TOURIST #1
Yeah, man. You work here.

DEWAYNE
It’s about 10 blocks that way.

Dewayne points in a direction away from the Strip.

DEWAYNE
I’m the DJ. 10 PM to 5 AM. It will be popping about 11 or 12.
TOURIST #1
We may have to check you out.

DEWAYNE
Do it. Safer for your money than a casino.

TOURIST #1
Women?

DEWAYNE
I wouldn’t work there if there wasn’t.

Two women of color walk past. Dewayne can’t talk to the tourists anymore. He turns and chases the two girls down the sidewall. The tourists chuckle.

DEWAYNE
You girls like to dance?

FEMALE #1
Maybe?

They are a bit standoffish.

DEWAYNE
I spin the music at the happeningest nightclub in town.

He hands them a flier. They brighten up and smile.

FEMALE #1
Really. We might have to try it.

DEWAYNE
Come on down. All these casino’s want is your money.

FEMALE #1
And what do you want?

DEWAYNE
I just want to watch you dance.
(beat)
But, seriously. You will like it.
FEMALE #1
And you are actually the DJ?

DEWAYNE
Yes. Ma’am. And I will play anything you want. Twice!

Dewayne pulls out a VIP card.

DEWAYNE
Show this to the bartenders. Free drinks until midnight with this card. No cover. And come see me up in the booth.

FEMALE #1
We will do it.

FEMALE #2
For sure.

They part company. Behind Dewayne is a very cute GINA (17) in a hotel uniform. She evidently has been listening from a few feet away.

GINA
I don’t know why I put up with it.

DEWAYNE
Oh, them?

GINA
You just flirt with girls all day out here and then all night at the club.

DEWAYNE
Baby. You know you are the only one I want. But I got to make money. (beat) It’s my job.

GINA
I know I’m just kidding you.

Gina hands him a sack of food apparently from the hotel kitchen. Either Gina is a cook or a waitress.
DEWAYNE
What did you bring me today, baby?

She opens the Styrofoam box and shows him a huge omelet.

GINA
Ham, Cheddar, Swiss, Mushrooms, Tomatoes, Spinach, Green Peppers, Applewood-Smoked Bacon, Onions, Pork Sausage.

She hands him a plastic spork and a glass of orange juice.

They kiss.

DEWAYNE
See you at the club tonight?

GINA
Of course.

One hundred feet away is T-Pack. T-Pack is of course the homeless person. He is selling the t-shirts. He has several t-Shirts folded nicely and a handwritten sign “T-Shirts $2”. In smaller print are the words “good luck.”

He has one t-shirt unfolded and is holding it out - displaying it.

He has on a three-quarter-sleeve t-shirt. There is a red bicycle on the ground not far away.

T-Pack is a mute but seems to be singing to himself and bouncing to the music in his head.

Dewayne sits and eats; he watches T-Pack. T-Pack is not aware he is being studied and shows no interest in Dewayne.

The two policemen walk their bikes by and speak to T-Pack and Dewayne as they pass.

POLICE #1
Dewayne.

DEWAYNE
Howdy. You coming to the club?
POLICE #1
Not tonight, brother.

They continue down the sidewalk.

POLICE #1
T-Pack.

T-Pack nods his head in response.

POLICE #2
Why do they call him T-Pack?

POLICE #1
He’s always out here selling T-shirts. And all I’ve ever seen him with is that backpack. T-Pack.

POLICE #2
Makes sense.

POLICE #1
He’s a mute. Don’t say a word.

A short time passes...

A white 1996 Cadillac drives by. The windows are tinted and it looks “thugged out”.

T-Pack freezes in sheer terror. The music in his head has stopped? Dewayne notices his fright.

Dewayne looks left and then right. Nothing obvious is happening.

The Cadillac window rolls down. T-Pack about jumps out of his skin.

SSCC
(to T-Pack)
Get a damn job nigga’. You polluting my vacation.

The Cadillac continues on down the street and the window rolls back up. T-Pack is near catatonic.
Long beat. The Cadillac is a block down the street before T-Pack moves.

T-Pack slowly reaches into his backpack. He pulls out a notebook and pencil. The notebook/journal is old, weathered and beaten. It has seven large/thick colored rubber bands around it.

T-Pack jots down some things and then returns the notebook to the backpack. The music in T-Pack’s head begins again as he writes. T-Pack has no headphones and of course MP3 player, but he seems to be listening to music. He is bouncing his head and moving about.

Time passes...

T-Pack is mostly ignored as the tourists move from casino to casino. He frightens most people, but people of color stop and look at the t-shirts. T-Pack, of course, says nothing but stands (for hours) in front of the sign with a t-shirt in hand.

Occasionally, he puts the t-shirts down and picks up his journal. He writes and the goes back to selling t-shirts.

Just as Dewayne finishes his omelet... an older tourist woman brings T-Pack a hamburger and fries from a fast food place. He says nothing but insists that she takes a T-shirt in exchange.

T-Pack points to the “good luck” on his sign. The lady must be a gambler because she accepts the t-shirt.

T-Pack sits against the building (still on the sidewalk) and eats his meal. Only now does T-Pack notice Dewayne.

Dewayne has headphones and an MP3 player. T-Pack pays attention to this. He is watching Dewayne’s slight movement to the music. Dewayne bobs his head with the music that T-Pack can’t hear.

A group of African American’s all wearing various Los Angeles clothing walk by.

DEWAYNE
Los Angeles! Welcome to Vegas.
(half beat)
I’m the DJ at the best club here in town.

Dewayne hands them fliers.

FLASHBACK

T-Pack (17) and his family are moving to suburban Los Angeles town.

MOM
I love this lawn. Baby, I’m gonna keep it green for you.

T-Pack’s mother wants a green-lawn safe community (and it looks safe) but when moving in they hear gunshots and screaming.

The camera pans around the neighborhood which is overlooked by hills and condominiums where rich people live.

T-Pack remembers the one main street, the one general store (for liquor), the one sprawling public-housing project.

We learn that T-Pack’s mom is a crack addict. We see her try to hide the habit from her son but he knows. He is upset and punching walls after he sees her high.

We see a series of arguments, and T-Pack moves out. He joins a group of no talent boys in an abandoned apartment.

However, he goes to school at an affluent high school. He loves only one class – theater. However, of course he is mute. He commands every role that contains no spoken lines.

He works in a pizza parlor after school. T-Pack remembers listening to policeman referring to his neighborhood, “The Jungle.” Compared with Compton or Watts, the neighborhood really doesn’t look that bad; the police are clearly referring to the race of the people that live there.

As T-Pack works, the takes breaks to write song lyrics on pizza parlor napkins.

RETURN TO SIDEWALK
DEWAYNE
Okay man you take it easy.

The group from Los Angeles walks down the Strip.

Time passes and T-Pack and Dewayne both work the same area of sidewalk. T-Pack sells a few t-shirts. Dewayne continues to hand out fliers.

Given T-Pack’s animated body language, he is listening to some killer tunes in his head.

Dewayne is curious what T-Pack is listening to and approaches. But on closer examination, he sees that there are no earphones and there isn’t any MP3 player. The homeless man is playing various tunes in his head.

DEWAYNE
Howdy.

T-Pack doesn’t respond verbally. He actually looks a bit fearful.

DEWAYNE
What you listening to?

T-Pack shakes his head “no”.

DEWAYNE
You just jamming in your head?

T-Pack shakes his head “yes”.

DEWAYNE
I do that too.
(beat)
Here check this out.

Dewayne takes his earphones out and hands them to T-Pack, who doesn’t want them.

DEWAYNE
Sure go ahead. Listen.

T-Pack doesn’t want to.
T-Pack finally takes the earpieces. Dewayne notices the tattoos on his forearms.

T-Pack raises his arms to put the earphones on. Dewayne notices a tattoo on T-Pack’s right fore arm “Outlaw” and then he looks to find “Notorious” on the left forearm.

Dewayne faints dead out and collapses on the sidewalk.

Several fliers fall out on the ground, but also a VIP card or two.

The police have seen Dewayne fall from a block away. They mount their bikes and return.

T-Pack holds Dewayne’s head off the hard ground until the police arrive.

The police radio for an ambulance.

POLICE #2
What happened?

T-Pack shrugs.

POLICE #1
Heat stroke probably.

A hotel employee arrives with an ice pack and water. T-Pack hands Dewayne’s care over to the others. He picks up a VIP card off the concrete sidewalk. T-Pack packs away his shirts. He takes the backpack and rides away on his bike.

Back to Dewayne, who is waking up.

DEWAYNE
(delirious)
Tupac. Tupac.

POLICE #1
No, no, you just rest. You didn’t drink enough water. You will be okay.

They put a water bottle in his mouth; he resists.
Dewayne becomes fully awake and looks around. T-Pack has disappeared.

EXT. UNIVERSITY MEDICAL CENTER – AFTERNOON

T-Pack is a good block away when the ambulance arrives with DeWayne. They roll him inside.

T-Pack arrives, but simply sits inconspicuously not noticed by Dewayne.

DEWAYNE
I’m fine. They gave me water. I don’t need this.

NURSE
Let us be the judge of that.

DEWAYNE
No. I’m not paying you for this.

NURSE
Sir. We are responsible for your health and let us just check you out.

DEWAYNE
$360?

NURSE
I don’t know.

DEWAYNE
My friend was in here and that is what you charged him.

NURSE
What was wrong with him?

DEWAYNE
Nothing was wrong with him and that is the point.

NURSE
Okay, you just let me take your BP and vitals and then if it checks you then you can go. Deal?
DEWAYNE
You people are nuts.
(beat)
But, okay.

NURSE
Sit here.

T-Pack sits in the nursing station and has his blood pressure measured.

INT. FAST FOOD – NEAR HOSPITAL – LATE AFTERNOON

T-Pack sits in a booth with Dewayne’s earphones and MP3 player. His journal is out on the table. T-Pack sips his milk shake and writes a few lines. Suddenly the music stops...

A SALESMAN, with a laptop in the next both, notices.

SALESMAN
You want to plug in?

T-Pack hands the MP3 player to the salesman.

SALESMAN
You don’t have a cord?

T-Pack shrugs.

The man has a long USB cord and connects the player to his laptop. The music begins again.

T-Pack gestures “thank you”.

SALESMAN
You can’t talk?

T-Pack shrugs.

SALESMAN
You don’t talk?

T-Pack nods.
SALESMAN
But you like music?

T-Pack nods happily.

SALESMAN
Great. That is good. A man needs something like that.
(beat)
And, you are a song writer?

T-Pack nods.

SALESMAN
Well, I don’t want to hold you up. When you are inspired it is better to get it down on paper before I forget. That’s the way I am.

T-Pack works more on his journal. Time passes and MP3 is charged. The salesman’s phone rings.

SALESMAN
(to phone)
Hello.
(beat)
Five minutes.
(beat)
See you there.

The salesman packs up his laptop, unplugging Dewayne’s player. T-Pack watches.

SALESMAN
Hey I got to go.

Oddly, T-Pack hands the player and the cord back to the salesman. T-Pack doesn’t want to touch the USB cord. The salesman unplugs it from the player.

He hands the player back to T-Pack.

T-Pack smiles and gestures “thank you”.

INT. FAST FOOD BATHROOM - NIGHT
T-Pack is at the sink cleaning up. He has soap and a washcloth from his backpack. He has a toothbrush and various grooming items.

He changes shirts. There are some new fashionable but misprinted t-shirts unsold and a clean pair of newer jeans. He has 10 or 12 dollar bills and he moves them from the old jeans to the newer jeans.

He exits the restroom looking relatively presentable.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

T-Pack rides his bike to the Strip and then gets off it when the traffic becomes heavy. The casino marquise flash 11:03 and 90°.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

T-Pack walks his bike up on the sidewalk and looks down. He spots a nickel and picks it up. He enters a casino. He finds the nickel slot machine and plays. He loses.

He exits the casino and walks more along the Strip. He finds a dime. He enters the nearest casino. He plays the slots. He loses and exits the casino.

T-Pack walks and finds a quarter. Again he enters the nearest casino and gambles the quarter in a slot machine. He hits a jackpot. And hundreds of quarters spill out. Everyone is elated. T-Pack is poker-faced.

When away from the pedestrians, he mounts his bike, leaves Strip and rides toward the nightclub. A backpack. He has a cup-full of quarters in one hand and a handlebar in the other.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

T-Pack approaches the SECURITY at the door. He simply wants to walk inside.

SECURITY
Hey, Hey. Hold up. You can’t just walk in there.

T-Pack stops and is confused. Beat.
T-Pack pulls out the VIP card.

SECURITY
This is for women.

T-Pack is solemn and points to the VIP. Beat.

SECURITY
Who gave you this?

T-Pack makes a scratching record gesture.

SECURITY
Dewayne gave you this?

T-Pack nods.

SECURITY
Okay. But I got to check your backpack. Put it here on the table.

T-Pack pulls everything out of the backpack. Ten t-shirts, a pair of jeans, the notebook, various grooming items. Primarily we see Dewayne’s MP3 player and earphones. The security guard allows him to enter.

INT. NIGHTCLUB DJ BOOTH – NIGHT

Dewayne plays music and walks over to Gina.

DEWAYNE
Since when does a murder victim get cremated before the case is solved? (half beat)
Tupac's alias was (or is) Makaveli. Machiavelli (different spelling) was an Italian philosopher who advocated the staging of one's death in order to evade one's enemies and gain power. (half beat)
The title of the album by Makaveli (Tupac) is The 7 Day Theory. He was shot on September 7th; and survived on the 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, and "died" the 13th. Hence the title “The 7 Day Theory”.

18
GINA
That is 8 days.

A drunk COUGAR(40) comes to the DJ booth.

COUGAR
Can you play that song... “I don't give a fuck?”

DEWAYNE
Oh, you are old school.
(half beat)
We was just talking about Tupac.

COUGAR
He’s alive.

DEWAYNE
He is?

COUGAR
I seen him. He lives here in Vegas. He drives a red corvette.

DEWAYNE
I thought that was Prince.

COUGAR
You kids don’t know the difference do you? No it’s Tupac.

DEWAYNE
Okay. That is good to know. I will keep an eye out for him.

The COUGAR departs. Gina is curious.

GINA
So, what happened to Tupac?

DEWAYNE
When we were babies, he was over at the MGM for a Mike Tyson fight - September 7th. Remember that “seven”. He was allegedly shot. He lived through the shooting.
(half beat)
He supposedly lived about a week, like I said. He was pronounced dead at 4:03.
Four plus three equals seven. And it was on Friday September 13.

GINA
(sarcastic)
That Friday the 13th is a very suspicious day.

DEWAYNE
Also he "died" at an age of 25 years. Two + five = seven. Seven is all over his life, if you study it.
(half beat)
He was like Elvis, famous. But, there were never any pictures of him in the hospital.
(half beat)
The press wasn't going to be allowed at the funeral, but then the funeral was cancelled for mysterious reasons.
(half beat)
In interviews prior to the shooting, he talked about how he wanted to stop rapping and being a gangsta and get out of the limelight. What is the only way Tupac could completely escape the media spotlight ???
(beat)
Answer?

GINA
If the public thought he was dead?

DEWAYNE
Exactly!

INT. NIGHTCLUB – NIGHT

T-Pack makes his way toward the DJ booth.

A DRUNK COUGAR approaches T-Pack on the path.
DRUNK COUGAR
My beaver is bored and wants to play,
do you have any wood for my beaver
today.

T-Pack uncomfortably smiles at the drunken cougar but says
nothing. He continues to move. He turns to look at the
drunk woman and bumps into a SOBER WOMAN. She accidentally
spills her drink on T-Pack.

SOBER WOMAN
Oh, I’m so sorry.

The sober woman is highly attractive and triggers T-Pack’s
memory.

FLASHBACK TO HOTEL ROOM

T-Pack and his loser band plays a run-down dive bar. Mostly
people are leaving saying, “they suck.”

But later T-Pack leaves the club with a good-looking deaf
young woman. He brings her back to a hotel. T-Pack (18)
experiences a flashback of consensual sex in a hotel room
with a deaf woman. T-Pack leaves to fetch some ice.

He is replaced by his band/friends who enter the room. He
waits and watches from the ice machine. He waits, afraid to
enter the room. They appear about to rape the woman. The
police come, they arrest T-Pack outside the room. They
arrest the band/friends inside the room.

The woman has been punched in the face. There are tears and
her makeup is running down her face. She looks hatefully at
T-Pack who is standing there in handcuffs.

We can assume, the young woman blames him for letting them
into the room and she is going to press charges. Police are
happy to get the collar.

RETURN TO NIGHTCLUB

T-Pack shrugs and says nothing but he appears apologetic.
He make a gesture of Namaskar. She just thinks he is just
weird and she returns to her table.

She is one of the eight hot women Dewayne meet earlier.
T-Pack follows her to her table and glances up to the DJ both often. From a distance we see... Dewayne is playing music but also is in an annotated conversation with his girlfriend GINA.

BRIDE
Hello! I’m the bride to be. Keep calm this is a girl’s night out.

T-Pack smiles and bows again to the bride. All the while he is watching Dewayne and Gina.

SOBER WOMAN
(to T-Pack)
"Bad Bitches Only" bachelorette party!
(to girls)
I just spilled my drink on him.
(to T-Pack)
I’m sorry.

T-Pack shrugs that it isn’t that big a deal. But he doesn’t speak, of course.

The song changes... from a distance T-Pack watches Gina and Dewayne. They leave the DJ booth and they dance. The booth is empty.

T-Pack has his cup full of quarters still,

BRIDE
Oh, you won a jackpot?

T-Pack smiles and nods.

T-Pack points to the bride.

BRIDE
Me?
(beat)
Oh, my fiancé? He is a jackpot. You are right. We both won!

T-Pack places the quarters on the bachelorette party table. He points to all the women’s drinks.
This is for us?

T-Pack smiles and nods. He turns and walks through the crowd toward the DJ booth.

I don’t think he talks.

No. I’m pretty sure he doesn’t.

The song is ending and Dewayne runs back to the booth. Gina follows him. On the console of the sound equipment Dewayne finds his MP3 player and earphones.

T-Pack has returned it and disappeared.

Dewayne starts the next song and then runs out into the club looking for T-Pack.

He runs out into the street. T-Pack is several blocks away riding his bicycle.

The storm-drainage tunnels are to protect Las Vegas from raging flash floods. But primarily, the tunnels house the city's homeless population.

T-Pack pulls a flashlight out of his backpack. He enters the tunnel. He encounters a WOMAN (40) with a very large collection of junk.

She is enraged and lecturing an ADDICT (65).

You found a $1,600 winning sports ticket on the casino floor, cashed it out, bought drugs and then came back here and got high? (half beat)

You never considered using the money to find a decent place to live?

I’m an addict. What do you expect?
WOMAN
No, you are a dumb-ass.

The woman notices T-Pack who is patiently waiting for her to finish lecturing the man. She dives into a stack of almost worthless things... (towels, toys, clothes) she pulls out a sleeping bag...

WOMAN
Where is your sleeping bag? It is here somewhere. I know I didn’t give it to anyone else.
(beat)
Here it is!

She hands it to T-Pack. T-Pack hands the woman a t-shirt in exchange.

WOMAN
If I’m not here in the morning, just throw it on this stack of stuff.
(half beat)
Thank you and come again.

T-Pack walks deeper into the tunnel. He passes by several other sleeping (perhaps stoned or dead) homeless men. He shines his flashlight in an area and the scorpions scatter. He puts his sleeping bag down and climbs inside.

EXT. SIDEWALK – DAY

T-Pack is holding out a t-shirt for sale. The tourists file by. Dewayne has clearly invaded his space and is standing right beside him. T-Pac picks up his stuff and moves down the sidewalk a few yards. Dewayne follows him - talking non-stop...

DEWAYNE
So you were trained in ballet and dance when you were a kid? I read that.

FLASHBACK

INT. MANSION – NIGHT
T-PACK is 13 years-old, waiting in the front room of a very nice home and waiting for his date to come downstairs. He has a carnation and is dressed up.

In the father’s study/office within earshot of T-Pack…

FATHER
It’s her first dance.
(half beat)
For Christ’s sake, you’d think she would pick as normal hearing boy from her own school.

MOTHER
He can hear. He just can’t speak.

FATHER
Well whatever.

MOTHER
It’s not her fault. The boy is charming. He just can’t say what you want to hear and he can’t hear your rhetoric.

FATHER
Don’t you think we need to install in her some idea of a baseline? And that we don’t crawl under it?

MOTHER
No. She needs to know there are all sort so people out there.

FATHER
Fine. Just this once but after this she will date boys from her school.

T-Pack hears all of this conversation.

LATER AT THE DANCE...

It is a formal dance at the girl’s private school or country club. T-Pack’s suit isn’t quite perfect. The kids in attendance are well dressed and well trained and know what is expected. T-Pack does a modern hip-hop dance and everyone laughs. Even the girl laughs as T-Pack mocks the
uptight old fashion dance, until it becomes tedious. The few adults in the room frown. The girl feels the ire of her teachers and the chaperones.

GIRL
Please don’t.

The girl begins to cry. T-Pack looks around watching the others ballroom dancing. He learns quickly (or knew how to dance properly all the time). T-Pack takes the girl and after a few seconds is expertly waltzing the girl around the room. Too bad it isn’t a ballroom dancing contest, as T-Pack shows perfect form. The girl smiles and no longer cries.

RETURN TO LAS VEGAS SIDEWALK

DEWAYNE
Where were you born anyway?

T-Pack points to the New York Hotel.

DEWAYNE
What the hell are you doing here? You never left? Las Vegas is an empty, impotent display of status in a barren, uncaring desert God abandoned eons ago. Why didn’t you go back to New York or LA?

T-Pack’s poker-face.

DEWAYNE
By sheer virtue of being here, you're supporting an industry that exists solely to exploit the addicted and desperate. Corporate greed.

Like always, T-Pack returns an empty stare.

T-Pack picks up his stuff and moves down the sidewalk a few yards. Dewayne follows him — continuing to talk...

DEWAYNE
Non-gambling fiends (a.k.a. tourists) usually visit the city for celebratory purposes — to attend their fraternity
brother's bachelor party, their sorority sister's "Barbie themed" bachelorette party, or simply to blow off some steam poolside with an $18 Vodka Red Bull or six of them sometimes. People rarely, if ever, come here alone.

T-Pack picks up his things and contemplates moving again. But he pauses when things turn personal.

DEWAYNE
But here you are, a man who revolutionized music. G.O.A.T.
(half beat)
And here alone.

T-Pack delivers a contemptuous look.

DEWAYNE
There isn’t anyone you can trust? That’s it you can’t trust anyone. Damn. I’m stupid. I’m sorry. I understand.
(beat)
You couldn’t trust those Death Row criminal motherfuckers!
(half beat)
Well buddy, let me tell you. You can trust me. I ain’t saying shit.

T-Pack puts his things down but is looking to sell a t-shirt.

DEWAYNE
Okay. Man I’m going to leave you alone, but if you ever need anything. Like a place to stay.

Dewayne moves away and works the sidewalk a distance away.

Gina arrives with his food and a kiss. From T-Pack’s POV it appears (first) they are in love and (second) that he is the subject of their conversation. Dewayne whispers something to her and she looks at T-Pack. And then she looks back to Dewayne and shakes her head in disagreement.
It might look to T-Pack that Dewayne is telling Gina that he IS Tupac. T-Pack looks worried and perhaps a bit betrayed.

But Gina smiles and hugs Dewayne. More flirting and kissing from T-Pack’s POV.

Close on Dewayne and Gina.

DEWAYNE
You know if it weren’t for you. I would be homeless myself.

GINA
That isn’t true.

DEWAYNE
Fells like it.

GINA
You will never be homeless.

DEWAYNE
Why not?

GINA
You are too smart.

DEWAYNE
Ha. People get lost.

GINA
Not you. I’m gonna keep you on a short chain.

DEWAYNE
Good. You better.

Dewayne looks over and T-Pack is gone. The bike is also gone.

Gina opens his Styrofoam box. But he is preoccupied looking up and down the Strip for T-Pack.

GINA
You don’t like it?
DEWAYNE
No, I do.
(beat)
The guy who looks like Tupac, he was just here. I was going to show him to you.

GINA
Too bad. Well, I’m exhausted. I’m going home to sleep.

DEWAYNE
See you tonight?

GINA
Always.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THE NIGHTCLUB – NIGHT

T-Pack sits in the shadows outside the nightclub and listens to the music. Time passes.

FLASHBACK TO BALTIMORE BEDROOM

T-Pack (16) has discovered music and in his bedroom he amazes his friends with music. However, the friends can’t rap very well. They contemplate performing and getting famous. T-Pack’s music is fine... but the rap is terrible.

They have the best looking woman, way above their station, in the room. She is the perfect woman with pretty face, and GHETTO BODY (big butt, slim waist). She probably has a big powerful boyfriend. The band shows her a lot of respect.

GHETTO BODY
The music is cold. Down pat.

She winks at T-Pack.

GHETTO BODY
The rap however is whack! You guys need to work on that.

FRIEND
Don’t be cruel.
GHETTO BODY
Hey, you asked me. I’m telling you!
(beat)
What you want me to tell you a story?

RETURN TO ALLEY

T-Pack watches Gina and Dewayne leave the club and walk hand-in-hand a few blocks to his apartment. T-Pack follows them at a distance on his bike. The couple is not aware he is watching.

INT. DEWAYNE’S APARTMENT – NIGHT

Gina and Dewayne are in bed.

DEWAYNE
Okay, you can’t say anything. If it really is him… you know.

GINA
I don’t repeat anything you say, baby.

DEWAYNE
Okay. In the movie, "Gridlock’d"...

GINA
Didn’t see it.

Well, Tupac and Roth are in a diner and they glance up at the menu, all the L's are upside down 7's.

GINA
Okay.

DEWAYNE
In "Gang Related," Tupac and Belushi wait in room 7, and Tupac's badge number is 115; 1 + 1 + 5 = 7.

GINA
Wait. Wait. Wait. I’ve been thinking about all this seven stuff. I don’t buy that he is still alive… it doesn’t mean anything but… weird.
DEWAYNE
Okay I understand perfectly.
(beat)
When he first moved to California,
Tupac was homeless for 2 years.

GINA
What does that have to do with it?

DEWAYNE
Uh... never mind.

GINA
Really what does that have to do with
him being killed or faking his death?
(half beat)
You need to think this through. I don’t
think you know what the fuck you are
talking about.

DEWAYNE
Really? Really?

Gina shrugs.

DEWAYNE
Okay. Listen. And you tell me if I’m
wrong. Ready?
(beat)
Tupac "died" here in Las Vegas which is
a payoff city, meaning all sorts of
folks have been known to be on the
take. That means doctors, media, cops,
lawyers. All corrupt.
(half beat)
The white Cadillac containing the
assailants was never found... How could
this be when Vegas is in the middle of
a desert?
(half beat)
There's a small Black community on the
North side of town... Back then the
strip was only about 3 miles long... If
the attackers were Black... Where did
they go? Where did they hide? No one
said a word in history’s most famous
murder of a Black.
(half beat)
The white Cadillac passes an entourage of Tupac's boys, many of them armed body guards... No one gives chase and there are no witnesses... There were no witnesses on the Strip... How come? Why not, crowded especially after a major heavyweight fight?
(half beat)
The cover of Tupac's album Makaveli has him looking like Jesus Christ... consider the whole resurrection thing?

GINA
Are you saying he's gonna make a comeback?

DEWAYNE
Maybe.

GINA
I thought you said he was the consummate "work ethic" artist?

DEWAYNE
Yeah.

GINA
No true artist is gonna sit out, not with ideas inside him, for 20 years. He's dead.

DEWAYNE
But, Las Vegas is in the middle of the desert. How come there was no helicopter chase? If some one were to hold up a casino, the LVPD would've chased them down with helicopters... How come this didn't happen with the Tupac shooting? The most famous musician at the time.
(half beat)
Tupac's vehicle got shot 12 times and Suge didn't get hit once... He was 'grazed' by a bullet... Why did Tupac get shot all those times and Suge not get hit?
(half beat)
Suge said he drove Tupac toward the hospital and they had a coherent conversation? How bad was Tupac hit that he would die if he is talking?

(half beat)
Tupac had completed 2 movies and 3 LP’s that had and were to be released...
With so many people interested in Tupac's death, literally anything connected with him is bound to net a whole lot of cash...

(half beat)
There was a 72 million dollar life insurance policy on him which has yet to be cashed. No legal actions can be taken against him as long as it isn’t cashed.

(half beat)
Suge and Tupac are the only two music industry people with that much power and with big enough balls to pull off a stunt like faking death...

(half beat)
People close to Death Row and relatives of other famous rappers have speculated about the shooting being staged.

(half beat)
Why wouldn’t a company as powerful and rich as Death Row Records put up a reward to find the killers?

Gina is bored.

DEWAYNE
Okay you want me to shut up?

GINA
Well Detective. As soon as you’ve solves the case, I’m ready.

Dewayne rolls over and gets on top of Gina. Gina smiles.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY
Dewayne doesn’t have any fliers, but arrives at T-Pack’s location on the sidewalk.

DEWAYNE
T-Pack. This guy in the club gave me two tickets to the adult-entertainment expo, which is a soul-sucking place for me but for you I think it might be therapeutic.

Dewayne hails a taxi. T-Pack doesn’t move until his bicycle is in the taxi’s trunk.

DEWAYNE
Come on. Let’s go. Maybe you can sell some t-shirts.

T-Pack hesitates but does eventually awkwardly enter the taxi.

INT. TAXI – DAY

DEWAYNE
This thing gonna make you nervous? (half beat)
Too many cameras? (half beat)
Well, true. There will be cameras there but just remember move of them will be pointed at the glamity. You know what I mean? (half beat)
No body is going to want to take our pictures; now with all that lick-me-please-me standing right there. (half beat)
No worries. Twenty years have passed. You don’t even look like the old you anyway.

DEWAYNE
You have plausible deniability? (beat)
Some sort of ID?
T-Pack digs into his backpack and pulls out an I.D. There is a similar picture on it. It is a photo of T-Pack. Dewayne reads the name on the ID.

DEWAYNE
Who the fuck is David Johansson?
(half beat)
It ain’t no back name that is for sure.

DEWAYNE
Just tell them to jump in the lake.
(beat)
Or I will tell them for you.

INT. EXPO HALL – DAY

T-Pack and Dewayne are walking around looking. The crowd totally lacks ease and grace. The males in the hall are losers; unsophisticated and socially awkward. The males working there are muscled up – well suited to protect their investments (the girls). The crowds is very ugly.

T-Pack is making eyes contact with EVERY porn actress. Dewayne however is crowd watching and trying to discover if anyone is onto T-Pack. He makes eye contact with anyone who might be looking at T-Pack for too long.

No one looks at T-Pack more than a half second. Most people attending the expo appear brain damaged.

DEWAYNE
Mouth breathers. They are all mouth breathers. Every singe one of them.

The women are more socially able, but the pink hair seems to freak T-Pack out. If a porn-star pays attention to T-Pack he gives them a t-shirt.

The girls never think the gift is cheesy and they all smile and ask many questions but T-Pack doesn’t respond.

PORNSSTAR #1
Oh, thank you. What a cool t-shirt.

PORNSSTAR #2
Tripindicular. Thanks. You designed this?
PORNSTAR #3
Wow. You own a t-shirt company?

Time passes... and the men walk. Suddenly T-Pack stops walking. The is frozen.

DEWAYNE
What is the matter?
(beat)
What is wrong?

Dewayne looks left and right. Is it the press? It is an attack?

DEWAYNE
You having a panic attack or something?
Do I need to get you out of here?

T-Pack smells something.

DEWAYNE
What is that smell?
(beat)
B.O. Alcohol.
(beat)
Oh, my god. That is seminal fluids.
(half beat)
You can actually smell it.

They rapidly walk to the fire exit. They open the door and the alarms go off. They are seen running away...

INT. SIDEWALK – EVENING

The men are walking down the stip. T-Pack is looking at the advertising for a buffet.

DEWAYNE
The club is closed tonight. We have been walking around for 4 hours. You want to eat at the buffet?

T-Pack checks his pockets. He has three dollars and no t-shirts to sell.
DEWAYNE
No worries. Friend.
(half beat)
It’s on me.

For the first time in the film, T-Pack smiles.

INT. HOTEL BUFFET – NIGHT

T-Pack piles his plate very high. It borders on gluttony. People stare.

The WAITRESS is chatty looking for a nice tip.

WAITRESS
So you and your dad are out in Vegas. Big night?

DEWAYNE
We just went…

Dewayne doesn’t think of T-Pack as his father. He contemplates.

DEWAYNE
Yes. Big night.

WAITRESS
What have you done?

DEWAYNE
Oh, we are from here.

WAITRESS
Oh, sorry. We don’t get many locals here.

Dewayne shrugs and it is similar to those of T-Pack.

DEWAYNE
Well, we were walking by and… your sign.

The waitress smiles and walks to the next table.
DEWAYNE
I limit myself with people in the service industry, limiting my speech to 20 or so words per 24-hour period.

T-Pack vigorously agrees shaking his head and he points to Dewayne. He is almost saying, “You are a bit jaded yourself."

Time passes at the buffet.

They both stare with a strange envy at the numerous pairs of elderly gamblers who are eating in order to sustain life and, therefore, gamble more.

DEWAYNE
At least they have one another. And the slots.

T-Pack almost chuckles.

EXT. SIDEWALK – NIGHT

Walking down the Strip, Dewayne and T-Pack find themselves immersed in a mob of drunken revelers (tourists).

An over weight young Midwestern couple walk by them, bickering; they wear matching beaded "bride" and "groom" ties. They stride with a purpose. The bride opens up a lead and the groom is struggling to follow.

GROOM
Where are you going?

BRIDE
Divorce court!

In the next block, three WOMEN in absurdly short bandage dresses yell among themselves while tottering about on painfully high heels.

T-Pack stops... he holds his chest. He simply can’t keep up with the much younger Dewayne. His breathing is labored. Dewayne leads him to a bench. A family with kids get up to let T-Pack sit down.
DEWAYNE
You need a doctor? Is it your heart?

T-Pack shakes his head no.

DEWAYNE
Or are you just tired.

T-Pack shakes his head yes.

They watch Las Vegas move about them. Non-English-speaking men wearing "Orgasm Donor" shirts aggressively hand out business cards plastered with the images of topless escorts, tiny stars covering their nipples.

Couples sloppily, joylessly kiss.

Infants are everywhere, pushed around in strollers by Mothers and Fathers of the Year holding yard-size frozen daiquiris.

DEWAYNE
I'm old enough to remember when parents, mine included, were considered irresponsible for taking their children to Las Vegas.

(beat)
My Parents they were very old school. Military. Almost white.

(beat)
Your mother was a black militant. What was that like?

FLASHBACK:

INT. MANHATTAN APARTMENT - DAY

It is a strange crowd in the apartment - the wealthy, white elites are dabbling in radical social causes and hobnobbing with militant black extremists.

T-Pack’s mother and several other Blacks are at a party in an upper class apartment. T-Pack (5) is there quietly, sitting on his mother’s lap, watching and studying the wealthy White people.
FELICIA BERNSTEIN, an upper class White, is hosting a political meeting and fundraiser.

BERNSTEIN
I’ve invited you into my home today to raise funds to support the families of a group of twenty-one political activists arrested and charged with conspiring to kill police and bomb New York police precincts, department stores, and some other public buildings. It is all dreamed up because they don’t like their politics.

(half beat)
This is something totally fabricated and is nothing but politically motivated.

(half beat)
Many of the 21 are here with us today, but others have been held with unconstitutionally high bail for nine months — without a trial and without adequate resources to prepare for their defense.

(half beat)
As a civil libertarian, I’ve asked the lawyers and others involved with the group to discuss the problem of civil liberties as applicable to the men and women now awaiting trial, and to help raise funds for their legal expenses.

(half beat)
I think when the jury learns the facts they will acquit, but we have to get to this point. I believe it will emerge that these undercover informants infiltrated the Black Panther Party and actually instigated the bomb plots.

(half beat)
This is a case of the government gone wild. If you can contribute to our legal defense fund, I certainly will appreciate it.

RETURN TO:

T-Pack shrugs.
Behind them is a fountain and an extensive water and light show. In front of them are a young upwardly-mobile couple with a kid. There is call-girl on their left and a transvestite on their right. The couple’s five-year-old is drinking an iced coffee at midnight. They are watching the light show.

DEWAYNE
Devolution.

Long beat.

DEWAYNE
You may think you've felt completely and utterly alone, adrift on a vast, endless sea of pain and negativity? But no woman ever left you.

T-Pack is confused.

DEWAYNE
But on the other hand they DID try to kill you. Those were pretty dark times? At your weakest point there in the hospital, you felt like just dropping out?

Rain! T-Pack smells it. Rain is on the horizon. Lightening in the distance.

T-Pack panics. Exhausted, he finds his second wind. He jumps on his bike and zooms off through the traffic.

Dewayne runs after him but soon gets in a taxi. The traffic is stopped and it doesn’t help him catch T-Pac.

Dewayne has the taxi driver leave the Strip. They drive the back roads looking for a man on a red bike.

Finally, they spot T-Pack. He is speeding toward a flood control tunnel.

INT/EXT. STORM-DRAINAGE TUNNEL - NIGHT
In knee-deep water. Much of their stuff is floating down the drainage system. They catch it and move deeper underground.

DEWAYNE
This is crazy. There isn’t anything in here worth saving. The water is going to rise and ... 

T-Pack ignores the advice and continues helping the panicked homeless population who are toting their things out of the tunnel. Their things are numerous.

DEWAYNE
I will buy you whatever of this stuff is yours. Brand new off-the-shelf. Tomorrow morning. Now lets just get out of here.

The homeless woman from the earlier scene is in serious trouble. She is something of a storehouse of things for the homeless community. Most importantly she is digging through the items looking for her baby’s scrap book. It is buried under everything the homeless community has scrounged. She finds the baby book; rescues it. And returns for more items.

DEWAYNE
I’m serious this is very dangerous.

Dewayne gives up and begins to help. They bring all the things out of the tunnel as the water rises. The water is now waist deep.

The things are stacked out under a drive-in restaurant canopy. Wet, but it is certainly better than being swept away in the flood. Everyone is soaked by the rain. It is a major upheaval for the homeless people. A moneyed crowd, all with rain slickers and umbrellas, is gathering to watch. They don’t help save anything, but it seems entertainment to them.

T-Pack searches through the rubble that has been hauled out of the water for his sleeping bag.
Beside the flooding canal, there is a commotion. People are yelling. There is something of an emergency, but we can’t tell exactly what it is. T-Pack runs over the canal.

Time passes...

T-Pack returns to where he left his bike and backpack with the sleeping bag in hand. But the bike and backpack are gone and there is a roaring river where they were set down. T-Pack is destroyed. T-Pack is clearly in despair; he thinks he has lost his journal and all of his things.

But standing behind him is Dewayne there with the backpack and bike. Unknown to T-Pack, when he was helping with the emergency, Dewayne has moved the item to higher ground.

The items are clearly safe but T-Pack is in a panic. He grabs the backpack opens it and pulls out the journal. The rubber bands are still in place and it is safe. It is however VERY damp. He seems upset Dewayne even touched his backpack.

He finally calms down.

DEWAYNE
Come on. Stay with me tonight.

They put the bike in the trunk of a Taxi.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

T-Pack is trying to air-out the journal in the taxi.

INT. DEWAYNE’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

T-Pack stands there not wanting to get the couch wet. He is still soaked. Dewayne throws some three or four towels to T-Pack.

DEWAYNE
I ain’t never been so soaked in my life.

Dewayne turns on the television and disappears into the shower.
T-Pack first uses the towels on the journal pages. Then he finds a small fan on the counter. He puts the journal in front of the running fan. The pages stick together they are so wet.

Then T-Pack undresses and uses the towels on himself. All the while on TV... there is local early morning news about the flash flood and how the homeless population had to evacuate the tunnels.

The television shows amateur footage of Dewayne, T-Pack and some others carrying items out of a tunnel.

NEWS ANCHOR
In the few minutes before rain fell last night, homeless campers who live under the city in storm drainage tunnels frantically packed their belongings as the rising river posed a danger to them and their few belongings.
(beat) A passer by filmed the following footage when a man was swept away in the torrent.

Then the TV pans to the raging water. An elderly homeless man is being swept away. He is violently struggling for his life. The poor quality video shows a black man from the shore jump into the water and pull the older man to the side.

FLASHBACK TO EXT OF WATER DRAINAGE TUNNEL

T-Pack and Dewayne are some distance away looking through what has been salvaged. They are looking for T-Pack’s sleeping bag.

But there is an emergency in the canal.

SEVERAL HOMELESS PEOPLE
Swim! Swim, old man. Swim!

T-Pack runs from the drive-in back to the edge of the water.
We couldn’t tell from the earlier TV report and amateur footage, but it is the addict (from before) who has been swept up trying to save a relatively small amount of dope. And now he is being swept away in the storm. He is being sucked toward an underground tunnel. He may drown.

    WOMAN
    (to T-Pack)
    That tunnel it doesn’t come out.

The old man is struggling mightily.

    WOMAN
    (to the old man)
    That tunnel it doesn’t come out!

The old man struggles to swim harder.

Dewayne arrives just in time to see T-Pack jump into the water and pull the old man to safety. On the other side of the canal is someone with a camera phone recording it all.

The fire department arrives, an ambulance and also the police.

RETURN TO TELEVISION IN DEWAYNE’S APARTMENT

Short taped interview with the addict.

    REPORTER
    You almost drowned?

    ADDICT
    Ya think?

Live from-the-scene reporting.

    REPORTER
    I interviewed the near downing victim.
    And he stated that he has lived in the tunnels of Las Vegas for 4 1/2 years.
    (half beat)
    When Saturday's storm moved in the campers were in a panic to save their belongings.

Another taped interview with the woman.
REPORTER
Can you tell us what happened here tonight? You were living in the tunnel when the storm hit?

WOMAN
So we just pulled a person from that canal. He was almost a goner. I don’t think that tunnel ever emerges. He would have drowned. None of us live in there; too dangerous.

REPORTER
How often does this happen?

WOMAN
That’s common during a rain. I’ve been living here for 2 years and this happens when it rains. When we get the hint of rain we move our stuff out of the path of the flood.

REPORTER
How fast did the flood happen?

WOMAN
It comes up fast and some people are unaware you know. They'll go to sleep and they'll be wake up by the water and soon it is raging.

REPORTER
The man who almost drowned? He was trying to save his belongings.

WOMAN
Of course.

REPORTER
Who saved him from the water?

WOMAN
A black angel.

REPORTER
You mean an African-American?
WOMAN
Okay, an African-American angel.

Live from-the-scene reporting.

REPORTER
So there you have it a miraculous water rescue in the middle of the desert.

The television news moves to the next story.

T-Pack is now naked in front of the television. During the television news he has dried off with the towels.

When Dewayne exits the shower and walks into the front room, he finds T-Pack -- naked covered with the few towels like small blankets - sleeping on the couch.

Dewayne looks at the tattoos that are showing. T-Pack is mostly covered with the towels. But the tattoos are curious.

Dewayne studies them as best as he can. He mutes the TV.

Dewayne goes to the computer and pulls up some photos of Tupac Shakur’s tattoos. He compares the two in his mind.

Something is odd so Dewayne takes out his phone camera.

T-Pack is sleeping on his back with towels over his chest and waist. Dewayne takes a few photos of the exposed tattoos. Dewayne pulls back the towel and photographs the "Queen Neferetete". Dewayne pulls back the waist towel and photos the "Thug Life".

T-Pack stirs and turns over onto his stomach. T-Pack almost wakes to find Dewayne standing over him. But T-Pack arranges the towels as cover and goes back to sleep.

Time passes...

Dewayne simply waits, staring at the sleeping man. When T-Pack is clearly sleeping again, Dewayne removes the towel over his back. He photographs the tattoos on the man’s back.
Most curious is an ice cream cone on the back of T-Pack’s neck. Dewayne appears very confused.

The air-conditioner is running. Dewayne gets a blanket and places it over T-Pack.

Dewayne goes to his computer. Downloads the photos of Tupac’s tattoos from the internet. He downloads the photos of T-Pack from his phone. He compares them. He’s judgment isn’t clear and we see Dewayne’s poker face.

Only the most observant and well informed in the audience will notice, but there is a problem. T-Pack is missing a tattoo. And a few seem in wrong in comparison with the internet photos of Tupac.

Dewayne gets a copy of the autopsy illustration of the wounds. He looks at the photo he just took but the scars over the bullet holes are in question – none are apparent in the photos.

Dewayne returns to the sleeping T-Pack. He begins to remove the blanket but T-Pack is accustomed to the warmth and stirs. Moving it will awake T-Pack.

Dewayne moves the journal and the fan to the kitchen table. He sits. Dewayne gently pulls some of the journal pages apart and the fan begins to make progress drying them. He studies the journal (which looks like poetry or lyrics).

This is a huge discovery and Dewayne’s adrenaline is pumping. Dewayne seems to be imagining what great art and $$$ will come from the journal.

Inside the journal there is a newspaper clipping about a young girl killed in Los Angeles gang violence.

Dewayne reads something puzzling written in the journal...

JOURNAL
I told you about harming those babies.
Keep it up and I'll murder all you motherfuckers.

Dewayne puts the journal down and goes to the computer (internet).
FLASHBACK

Tupac Shakur performs at a 1994 concert in Milwaukee. The event included BOSS, Big Mike, Xscape, Spice1 and more, including the headline act, Tupac Shakur.

After all the acts have done their thing, it is time for 2Pac and the crowd is ready or are they? To the roar of "2PAC" and "THUG LIFE," he takes the stage. Midway through the first song, his mic starts fading in and out. And while Thug Life are doing their verses, 2Pac is running around trying to get his mic to work.

Finally, he gets a working mic. Half way through the second song, 2Pac stops the show for a "moment of silence" for the 14 year old girl killed in Chicago by an 11 year old boy.

But before the silence begins, 2Pac yells out...

TUPAC
You better stop killing those babies or else I'll murder you myself!

There are two journalists in a photography area.

JOURNALIST
Where did this come from?

TUPAC
I told you about harming those babies. Keep it up and I'll murder all you motherfuckers.

The journalist is looking around the arena to see if anyone else is shocked.

Tupac is dead serious!

The audience starts throwing coins at 2Pac, and he isn't going to take that.

TUPAC
I don't know who the fuck you all think I am. You motherfuckers better stop throwing shit at me!
TUPAC
I will give anybody a 200 dollar reward for anyone to bring a cheep-ass penny pitcher to me here on stage. He will get you paid, but he will die tonight.

People in the audience started throwing up gang signs at 2Pac and taunting him.

JOURNALIST
What is wrong with him?

JOURNALIST #2
Has he snapped?

JOURNALIST
We are likely to be killed here.

JOURNALIST #2
It is looking bad.

JOURNALIST
Why is this happening?

On stage, Tupac is enraged and is showing the crowd his middle fingers.

TUPAC
You can flash them gang signs if you want, but I'll kill all you mother******s this is Thug Life!

TUPAC
Come on, Motherfuckers! Come up here and try to kick my ass!

Thug Life rushes to be beside Tupac. One gang member in the crowd is particularly loud and obnoxious.

GANG MEMBER
Fuck you!

MEMBER OF THUG LIFE
No! Fuck you!
Suddenly the guy throws a cassette on stage and then a water bottle was hurled at him, missed and hit someone else in the band.

Tupac uses the mic stand like a sword and is motioning people to come at him. More thinks are thrown. A clothes iron, an orange and a liter bottle of soda. Chaos is erupting all around him and then a member of Thug Life pulls a gun.

Two journalist begin to move out of the photo area.

JOURNALIST
We got to get out of here.

Several gang-bangers are fighting with security trying to reach the stage.

Most of the crowd moves to the back of the theater.

Shots are fired from the stage, into the crowd. But no one is hit. This speeds up clearing the room.

Police start entering the arena and the security is trying to guide the people out so they wouldn't get trampled.

The band members run to the dressing room and barricade the door.

INT. TUPAC’S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

POLICE
Open up.

From inside three people simultaneously shout back...

THUG LIFE
Fuck you!

POLICE
Kick it in!

The police must kick in Tupac's door! They make everyone kneel with their hands behind their heads as they search the dressing room. They find two semi-automatic weapons.
POLICE
Who’s weapons?

Everyone shrugs and no one admits to knowing about the guns. The police stand there confounded.

RETURN TO APARTMENT

The television is about to “energy saver” turn-itself-off because of inactivity. We see the warning. Dewayne has been studying the journal for hours.

T-Pack’s wet clothes are on chairs to dry. Dewayne takes them to the washing machine. Dewayne returns to the computer and studies the tattoos. He prints copies of both sets of pictures. He puts the printouts in an envelope.

About the time the sun rises, Dewayne goes to sleep in his bedroom.

Time passes...

INT. DEWAYNE’S APARTMENT - MORNING

The washing machine buzzes when finished and this awakes T-Pack. It isn’t long after sunrise. He notices that his clothes are gone. T-Pack finds the clothes in the washing machine and puts them in the dryer. Dewayne is still asleep.

T-Pack walks to the DVD collection. He takes out Gridlick’d and puts it in the player. T-Pack watches the film naked on the couch.

FLASHBACK TO NEW YORK

In his youth, T-Pack is exploring acting. He joins an ensemble. And we see him participating in youth theater.

RETURN TO PRESENT TIME

INT. DEWAYNE’S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Dewayne awakes in his bed. He surveys the apartment. T-Pack is gone from the apartment. The journal is gone from the table and the fan is off. Dewayne’s cloths are folded
neatly on the top of the dryer. The towels have been washed and dried as well.

The television is on and the “time off” warning is on again. But the DVD player is on and the screen shows the main menu of the Gridlick’d film.

Dewayne runs outside in his underwear. The only people to see him are hotel workers across the street on their smoking break – the silent desperation of the workers' world. While they share a great deal of time on the bench with their co-workers, words are never exchanged.

Even after there is a black youth running half-naked down the alley between the hotel and apartments, nothing is said. Everyone calmly pulls on those cigarettes.

EXT. DEWAYNE’S APARTMENT – MORNING

Gina drives through the alley. Dewayne is outside.

GINA
Why are you out here in your underwear?

DEWAYNE
Looking for somebody.

GINA
Why aren’t you answering your phone?

DEWAYNE
It fell in the water.

GINA
What water?

DEWAYNE
The flood.

GINA
What were you doing in the flood?

DEWAYNE
Trying to help my friend.

GINA
Tupac?
DEWAYNE
Yeah.

GINA
That is NOT Tupac. That is some crazy ass homeless person trying get you to buy him a meal.

Long beat. Dewayne contemplates revealing what he found in the journal.

DEWAYNE
You are right. Forget it.

GINA
Did you buy him a meal?

DEWAYNE
Yes.

GINA
Well that is very nice. Now you can buy me one.

Another long beat. Dewayne contemplates finding T-Pack instead.

GINA
Well, are you going to get dressed?

Dewayne nods his head and returns to inside the apartment.

INT. RESTAURANT - LAS VEGAS

While they are waiting on the food to arrive... they have the photos out on the table.

GINA
Why are you taking photos of a naked man?

DEWAYNE
Proof.
GINA
Proof of what? You should know he’s not Tupac.

DEWAYNE
I know that now. Something about his tattoo’s don’t match up.
(beat)
The bullet in his “Thug Life” looks wrong. The Nefertiti is too small.
(beat)
And I think he is missing the “z” in Outlawz.

GINA
See?

DEWAYNE
You aren’t going to believe it. There is a freaking ice cream cone on the back of his neck. I don’t know what Tupac had there but it sure as hell wasn’t any damn Ben and Jerry’s.

Beat. Dewayne appears depressed and tricked.

GINA
I told you he wasn’t Tupac.

DEWAYNE
You didn’t.

GINA
In the club… yeah I did.

DEWAYNE
Okay. But I don’t remember you taking a side.

GINA
Well. This is just too weird.

DEWAYNE
It is a psychological sort of puzzle. Why does he have tattoos nearly exactly like those of Tupac?
GINA
Maybe he’s crazy?

DEWAYNE
Well, I’m not sure he is crazy now.

GINA
But he was at one time.

DEWAYNE
Well, I don’t know that either.

GINA
What does he say about it?

DEWAYNE
I can’t really talk to him. Well, I can, but he doesn’t…

GINA
What?

DEWAYNE
He doesn’t say anything.

GINA
He is mute?
   (half beat)
Or pretending.

DEWAYNE
His journal, however, is really interesting. Really good lyrics I think.

GINA
You read his journal?
   (half beat)
So is he crazy?

DEWAYNE
No. Totally normal to me.
   (half beat)
It’s strange… not gangsta’ rap… I don’t think.
   (half beat)
Something different. Might be commercial.

GINA
If he were Tupac.
   (half beat)
But, since he isn’t Tupac.

DEWAYNE
Not worth so much? No?

GINA
I doubt it.
   (half beat)
Why don’t you stay away from him for me.

DEWAYNE
Why?

GINA
Duh?
   (half beat)
Stay away from him. Okay?

Dewayne shows us his poker-face again.

EXT. SIDEWALK – DAY

Dewayne is NOT happy to find T-Pack on the same corner they have been working. T-Pack is back to hawking t-shirts again. Dewayne has his fliers.

T-Pack is happy almost giddy. He makes a gesture with his head acknowledging Dewayne – more attention than he invested before thus far.

But Dewayne is wary. Dewayne gives half a wave in return.

T-Pack nods. T-Pack smiles.

Across the street is an insane HOMELESS MAN who is talking to himself and making animal noises. Zombie like, he is begging for money.

T-Pack sells a t-shirt and the homeless man see two dollars change hands.
He begins sharpening a large pocket knife on the concrete sidewalk. From across the street. He is eye-balling T-Pack. He has a hateful (crazed) look in his eye.

The homeless man conceals the knife and crosses the street.

The homeless man approaches T-Pack. He is howling like a dog and barking. As he approaches, he growls and his body language resembles an aggressive dog. Dewayne rushes over between the two men.

T-Pack is not aggressive and a bit shocked.

HOMELESS MAN
This is my corner, motherfucker.
(beat)
Get the fuck out!

T-Pack is about to turn and walk away. Dewayne confronts the homeless man.

DEWAYNE
Hey, Hey hang on a minute. He was here yesterday and the day before and the week before that.

HOMELESS MAN
Man, who the fuck are you?

DEWAYNE
I’ve been here and this isn’t your corner.

HOMELESS MAN
Motherfucker, I’m gonna cut you like a pig.

The police on bikes observe the disturbance and a peddling in that direction.

The homeless man might be reaching (feigning) for the knife. He is clearly a threat. People on the sidewalk run to get away from the situation.

DEWAYNE
Oh yeah. Bring in on you crazy fuck!
Now, T-Pac plays the peacemaker. He positions himself between the two men. T-Pack holds back Dewayne who has lost his temper. If anyone is going to get stabbed at this time, it will be T-Pac and in the back.

The police arrive and the controversy dissipates. They find the knife on the homeless man but it’s not illegal. They run the homeless man’s identification through the system and he doesn’t have any warrants. We see the HOMELESS MAN walk off defeated and confused hitting himself in the head with his palm.

The police remain, compliment and thank T-Pack.

POLICE
(to T-Pack)
Thank you. For defusing the matter. You didn’t have to step between them. I think that guy can be dangerous. He has that knife but it’s not illegal. Just stay away from him.
(to Dewayne)
It is best to just walk away from situations like that.

DEWAYNE
I know Officer. I’m sorry. I don’t know what happened.

POLICE
I know you. You have too much to lose.

DEWAYNE
It’s not like me to fight. I mean I have a good job and a nice apartment. Girl friend.

POLICE
He could have attacked you. You have to think about that.

DEWAYNE
Thanks. T-Pack.

POLICE
Next time just walk away.
DEWAYNE
I will officer.

Dewayne sits contemplating. T-Pack remains beside him as the police ride away.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Dewayne’s boss comes to the DJ booth.

BOSS
You remember when I said I was going to do something for you.

He gives Dewayne two tickets to see a professional boxing match at the MGM. Dewayne reads the tickets – “Heavy Weight Championship of the World”.

BOSS
Two premium tickets.

Dewayne is excited but then appears humble.

DEWAYNE
I can’t go. I have to be here.

BOSS
I got this covered. Come in whenever you are done.

DEWAYNE
Okay, but you know I don’t like to miss any work.

BOSS
It will take about 90 seconds for Boomtown to hit and canvas.

DEWAYNE
I don’t know. I hope he wins.

BOSS
You are dreamin’ friend. That Nigerian is a monster.

(half beat)
But, the club will be fine. I used to DJ. It’s good. If the fight for some crazy reason goes longer. I’ve got you covered.

DEWAYNE
Why don’t you go?

BOSS
No, this one is on me. You pack the house and you promote the club in the afternoon sun. I just want to say thanks.

DEWAYNE
Cool. Thanks.

Gina has been dancing but returns to the DJ booth.

DEWAYNE
My boss just gave me his tickets to the fight.

GINA
What fight?

DEWAYNE
At the MGM.

GINA
When?

DEWAYNE
Tomorrow.
(half beat)
“Pretty” Bako Toure vs. Tony “BoomTown” Jackson
(half beat)
Heavyweight Championship of the World.

GINA
It’s a big deal?

DEWAYNE
Heck yeah!
GINA
Well my girlfriends, we are going to Zombie Burlesque. We already bought tickets.

DEWAYNE
Oh. Okay.

GINA
I’m sorry.

DEWAYNE
No. It’s nothing. It’s something of a guy think anyway.

GINA
(sarcastic)
I imagine it is… I mean seeing two midgets beat each other to a pulp.

DEWAYNE
They aren’t midgets.

GINA
I meant mental midgets.

DEWAYNE
(chuckles)
Oh, it’s gonna be that way.

GINA
I’m just teasing you, baby. Take one of your friends.

DEWAYNE
Okay. I will.

The song is almost over and Dewayne plays another.
When he turns back around. Gina is dancing. She waves to him. Smiles.

INT. DEWAYNE’S APARTMENT – NOON
Gina enters the apartment and wakes Dewayne up.
GINA
Baby, you awake yet?

DEWAYNE
Yeah.

She has a gift for him. She has bought a stylish shirt for him to wear. She hangs it on the bedroom doorknob. And she climbs into bed.

GINA
I brought you something.

Kiss.

DEWAYNE
You sure did!

GINA
Well this.

She reaches under the sheets.

GINA
But also a shirt.

Dewayne looks at the shirt on the door.

DEWAYNE
That is cool. For me?

GINA
You can wear it tonight to the fight.

Kiss.

GINA
Don’t miss me too much tonight.

Kiss.

DEWAYNE
You want to meet up at the club later?

GINA
Sure, if that is what you want.
DEWAYNE
Oh. I want alright.

More kissing.

EXT. SIDEWALK - AFTERNOON

T-Pack is out selling his flawed T-shirts. There is a huge crowd in anticipation for the fight.

DEWAYNE
You ever been to a professional boxing match?

T-Pack nods yes.

DEWAYNE
I have two tickets to the fight tonight at the MGM. Gina isn’t going.

T-Pack is surprised.

DEWAYNE
You want to go?

T-Pack considers it and then declines.

DEWAYNE
Oh, come on. Man. It is “Pretty” Bako Toure vs. Tony “BoomTown” Jackson.

Long beat.

T-Pack is searching his soul. Contemplating. He is afraid to go to the fight. It might be bad memories. It might be he feels safer disengaged form the world. He is of course hesitant; this is his character – Tupac or not.

DEWAYNE
(smiling)
What you don’t want to be my friend anymore?
(beat)
If you don’t want to go I will call one of my other friends.

T-Pack is still hesitant.
DEWAYNE
Look we are out here everyday. We almost fucked up a crazy person. We were in a flood. You slept naked on my couch. I really don’t give a fuck who you are or who you used to be. It’s just a fucking fight.

T-Pack contemplates.

DEWAYNE
I’m for Boomtown.

T-Pack shakes his head “no”.

DEWAYNE
You are for Toure? You are kidding right? Fucker was in a Nigerian prison for 2 years for trying to over throw the government.

T-Pack shadow boxes for a second or two.

Then T-Pack gestures that Boomtown will fall flat.

DEWAYNE
Okay, you got a bet.
(half beat)
Boomtown wins and you are buying dinner. T-Pack gestures to his money.
He has made about 12 dollars.
(half beat)
Okay, I will take that.

Dewayne looks around, up and down the Strip.

DEWAYNE
If Boomtown wins. You pay.

Dewayne points to a fast-food place.

DEWAYNE
Oh, if Toure accidentally wins.

Dewayne points to a nearby upscale restaurant.
DEWAYNE
I’ll pay!

T-Pack nods confidently his head in agreement. They shake.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Dewayne and T-Pack are back to his apartment to shower and change clothes before going to the event.

T-Pack is eyeing the shirt hanging on the doorknob.

DEWAYNE
You want to wear that?

T-Pack gestures “no”.

DEWAYNE
Gina will kill me but fuck it. She won’t know. This is a fight. “And still Heavyweight Champion of the world.”

T-Pack gestures “no”.

DEWAYNE
Oh, come on. You can’t wear a t-shirt. This is a big deal man.

T-Pack puts on the new shirt and is proud. It might be the only new shirt he has ever owned; we don’t know, but he looks good.

INT. MGM PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Dewayne has a nice black BMW.

DEWAYNE
I got to ask you. You were in prison before?

FLASHBACK TO MENTAL INSTITUTION

For a few seconds it looks like a prison mess hall. T-Pack remembers a mental institution when Dewayne questions him. Everyone is eating quietly. Everyone appears medicated. But suddenly there is a massive food fight and then a fistfight. The orderlies come to break up the fight.
RETURN TO BMS

They exit the auto and enter the building.

INT. MGM GRAND GARDEN ARENA - NIGHT

Dewayne stops several people at the fight and hands them a flier/business card and invites them to the club.

The fight takes place. The champion “Boomtown” easily defeats Toure with a 1st round knockout. The fight lasting only 1:50.

INT. MGM LOBBY - DAY

Dewayne and T-Pack are exiting the MGM. The crazy homeless person from earlier has his knife out and is stalking and then walks directly toward Dewayne. T-Pack spots him at the last minute. There is a momentary fight.

T-Pack destroys the crazy homeless man. T-Pack hits him with the exact same combination from the shadow boxing earlier, and the attacker hits the floor. The knife falls to the carpet; T-pack kicks it away. It all happens so fast Dewayne is standing in the same place; jaw dropped.

Security come running. Dewayne and T-Pack walk rapidly out of the hotel.

INT. MGM PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Winded and pumped with adrenaline, they get in the BMD.

DEWAYNE
Man, you should have been a fighter. You dropped that guy faster than Boomtown.

T-Pack is poker faced.

DEWAYNE
You wanted to be a fighter ever?

FLASHBACK TO MIDDLE SCHOOL THEATER CLASS
T-Pack (12) makes some homemade short films for his middle school theater arts class. He is the only mute student in the class. The films are black & white and of course silent. The clearly talented T-Pack uses pantomime, stunts and humor.

In one short, his female classmate is taking a bath. She drops the soap outside the tube and reaches to get it, but then she looks at the audience and makes a “tsk-tsk!” face, whereupon T-Pack’s hand covers the camera lens to hide her nudity. She recovers the soap and the hand is removed from the lens.

T-Pack wonders into a bakery and emerges in full “whiteface” (flour). T-Pack rubs half of the four off of his face, then bewilders a policeman by turning in one direction and then another. When he is white, the cop moves away. When he is black, he moves to question and arrest him.

T-Pack rescues a young dog (a puppy) from a pack of street mongrels, but in doing so one of the adult dogs tears a hole in is pants. T-Pack finds $5 on the street. He discovers an all-you-can-eat buffet for $5, but the sign says “no dogs”. T-Pack puts the dog in his pants and pays the $5. They enter the buffet but the puppy has moved around and his tail is now sticking out the hole in the pants. T-Pack finds a booth to sit. As the waitress brings him food, T-Pack dumps plates of food down his pants for the puppy.

Clearly the films are based on Charlie Chaplin and Buster Keaton. The students love him however and give him a standing ovation when they are views in his class.

INT. BMW SEDAN - NIGHT

They pull out of the parking lot and drive on the Strip.

INT. FAST FOOD - NIGHT

They eat at the fast food place. T-Pack pays dutifully. But Dewayne pulls out some money and offers it.

DEWAYNE
Gee, let me pay. You had to work all day for that.
T-Pack insists on paying.

DEWAYNE
It doesn’t seem fair. I mean you aren’t in a position to pay. I only made the bet with you to get you interested in the fight. So you would go with me.

T-Pack is poker faced.

DEWAYNE
I’m supposed to meet Gina at the club now. You gonna hangout there too?

T-Pack nods.

DEWAYNE
We have to go change clothes before we go to the club. If Gina sees you in that shirt, I’m dead.

T-Pack nods that he understands and then chuckles for the first time in the film.

DEWAYNE
You laughed!
(beat)
I never saw you laugh.

T-Pack shrugs.

They exit the fast food place.

INT. BMW SEDAN – NIGHT

Dewayne turns up the music; he opens the sunroof. T-Pack is happy.

The time on the auto’s dashboard reads 11:00.

They were halted on Las Vegas Boulevard by Las Vegas Metropolitan Police Department bicycle police.

POLICE
Sir the reason I’m pulling you over is the music.
(half beat)
Oh, I know you from the club.

DEWAYNE
How are you, man?

POLICE
You guys see the fight?

DEWAYNE
Yea, now we are going to the club.

POLICE
Well, your right brake light is out.
(half)
I’m not going to give you a ticket. But can you keep the music down. You are free to leave.

At 11:10 pm, while they are stopped at a red light at the intersection of Flamingo Road and Koval Lane in front of the Maxim Hotel, a vehicle occupied by two women pulled up on their left side. T-Pack, who is standing up through the sunroof. He smiles and waves at the two women. The women wave back. Dewayne invites them to come to the nightclub and through the window hands them VIP cards.

T-Pack is sitting in the car again. At approximately 11:15 pm, a white, four-door, late-model Cadillac pulls up to the BMW’s right side. The window rolls down, and rapidly fires gunshots at the two men.

Tupac attempts to jump into the back seat of the car as he is being shot. Two tires are punctured in the barrage of gunfire. Dewayne is hit in the back of the head by fragmentation.

DEWAYNE
Are you okay T-Pack?

T-Pack, looks up and sees the blood on Dewayne’s neck and back... T-Pack seems more worried about Dewayne; he is puzzled at the question.

T-Pack reaches up and grabs the back of Dewayne’s neck. He then shows Dewayne the blood on his hand.
T-Pack is hit seriously or is he?

Despite the vehicle having two flat tires and Dewayne’s condition, he is able to drive T-Pack and himself a mile from the site of the shooting, to Las Vegas Boulevard and Harmon Avenue.

They were pulled over by the bike patrol, who alert paramedics by radio.

POLICE
What were they driving?

DEWAYNE
I don’t know. A white Cadillac.

POLICE
(into radio)
White Cadillac.

POLICE
(to Dewayne)
How many where inside?

DEWAYNE
I have no idea.

EXT. SIDEWALK – NIGHT

More police and an ambulance arrive. They cut the shirt of T-Pack to look for injuries. They discard the shirt on the sidewalk.

Dewayne is out of the car walking around but bleeding from the back of his head.

He reenters the car and gets T-Pack’s journal out of the backpack. He holds it close to his body as he is treated and put in the back of the ambulance.

A police officer leans over T-Pack.

POLICE
Who shot you?

(beat)
You might be dying. You need to tell me who shot you.
(beat)
Who shot you? Just whisper it; I’ll go arrest their ass.

The policeman leans nearer.

T-Pack can’t get it out he is trying to speak, but can’t. He shows the officer his middle finger.

The paramedics take Dewayne and T-Pack to the University Medical Center.

A short time passes...

Gina and her friends exit a hotel to the sidewalk and she sees the bloody shirt on the sidewalk. She recognizes it. She is puzzled and worried.

GINA
No, It can’t be.

She looks up from the shirt to see all the police that have gathered. Down the street is an ambulance leaving the area with the emergency lights and siren running.

She looks at the black BMW and panics. She screams.

GINA
Oh, that is Dewayne!
(half beat)
Oh, My god! What happened! Oh. That blood.
(to friends)
Get me to the hospital.

Her friends carry her off.

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

T-Pack is wrestling with the EMTs. They strap him down.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM #7 - NIGHT

Dewayne is put in room #1 he sees T-Pack put in room #7.

At the hospital, T-Pack is heavily sedated. He is placed on life support machines, and is ultimately put into a
barbiturate-induced coma after repeatedly trying to get out of bed.

Things calm down in the ER but suddenly chaos reappears.

There has been a gang shooting and a half dozen gunshot victims are rushed in. The staff is overwhelmed.

The staff is distracted with a rush of seriously wounded patients and T-Pack awakes from the coma. He gets out of bed. He staggers down the hall.

He looks into emergency room #1 and sees Dewayne. Gina is yelling at him and crying.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM #1 - NIGHT

GINA
You let him wear that shirt! The shirt I gave you!
(half beat)
I saw it on the sidewalk all bloody.
(half beat)
I thought it was you.

DEWAYNE
I am hurt. Look at the back of my head.

GINA
I know but your friend... They are going to let you go home in a minute.

DEWAYNE
How is T-Pack?

GINA
Well I think he is bad. Shot up bad.

DEWAYNE
Oh.

Dewayne’s mind is calculating all the events... He clearly understands the history repeating itself. Things have developed eerily like they did in 1996.

DEWAYNE
He’s going to die.
GINA
I don’t know.

DEWAYNE
It’s not a question. He IS going to die.

GINA
Maybe. Why do you say that?

DEWAYNE
The same thing happened 20 years ago.
(beat)
(beat)
Jees.

GINA
No, you are hurt baby. Just relax. It’s going to be okay. You probably hit your head.
(beat)
You have his notebook.

DEWAYNE
Yeah. I need to keep it safe for him.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY – NIGHT

T-Pack staggers off into the hospital unnoticed by anyone.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM #7 – NIGHT

A nurse directs EMT who are bringing more people into the ER. She looks into the empty room #7...

NURSE
This room is unoccupied. Bring him in here.

Another black man (same age, tattooed w/ a similar build) is put on the hospital bed where T-Pack was. He has similar gunshot wounds.
The ER is in such chaos no one notices. It is a second freak (magical) minute. Magical realism. One anomaly is in 2016 and it is implied that something similar happened in 1996.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM #1 - NIGHT

Gina and Dewayne wait. Dewayne has a bandage on the back of his neck.

    NURSE
    Okay, you can go home.

    GINA
    Great. Thanks.

    NURSE
    Change and bandage often.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM #7 - NIGHT

This second occupant of room #7 dies and it is "his" mother who tells the doctors to unplug the machine. The doctor comes out to the lobby and delivers the bad news. The mother screams.

Gina and Dewayne assume that it is T-Pack that has died. They walk past a hysterical Black woman weeping over her dead son.

Dewayne stops and speaks to the weeping mother.

    DEWAYNE
    I’m sorry.

She doesn’t acknowledge him at all. She is hysterical.

T-Pack’s addict friend is there in the waiting room. He starts pacing back and forth shouting at the staff.

    ADDICT
    You let him die! You bunch of quacks. Running around in here like you are doing something. You let him die!

INT. APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING
Gina and Dewayne arrive. Dewayne puts the journal on the kitchen table. Gina puts her keys on the table.

Gina puts him to bed. She sits for a moment...

    GINA
    I’m going to the drug store and get you some more bandages.

    DEWAYNE
    Thank you.

    GINA
    You just rest.

    DEWAYNE
    I’m okay.

    GINA
    I know you are. But they said for you to rest.

    DEWAYNE
    Deal. I will.

Gina takes her keys from the table. She notices the journal there. Gina leaves out of the apartment. She is preoccupied and doesn’t close the door entirely. It is NOT locked.

EXT. DEWAYNE’S APARTMENT - DAY

POV the smoker’s bench across the street. Someone is watching Gina leave the apartment and go to her car. They observe her drive away. The camera moves toward the apartment.

Dewayne rests. Time passes...

Gina returns. Gina puts the bandages and tape on the kitchen table. The journal is gone, but she doesn’t notice. She enters the bedroom.

Dewayne rises from the bed.

    DEWAYNE
    I can’t sleep. I’m going to watch TV.
Dewayne turns on the morning TV news. The journalists only mention the gang member who was killed. There is no mention of T-Pack.

Only now does Dewayne notice that the journal is gone.

DEWAYNE
Where is the journal?

He looks on the floor and in the kitchen. He looks around the apartment.

DEWAYNE
You are joking around with me?

GINA
It was there on the table when I left.

DEWAYNE
I know.
(beat)
Fuck!
(half beat)
He’s alive.

FADE OUT