"RISE OF THE VINE"

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FADE IN:

A series of establishing shots of **CHAD McMAN’s** peaceful hometown. Late 1990s.

BEGIN OPENING TITLES

EXT. CHAD'S HOME - DAY

A modest middle-class house in a quiet suburb. There is basketball equipment in the backyard with a net that has clearly seen use.

EXT. MOVIE THEATRE - DAY

There’s posters for an animated film starring cartoon apes hanging up outside.

INT. COMIC BOOK SHOP - DAY

Inside the shop, there are comic book covers for various generic comics - and one, just barely visible in frame, that features the same cartoon apes as seen on the movie posters.

EXT. CHAD’S HOMETOWN - AERIAL SHOT - DAY

A fly through of this nice, small town.

END OPENING TITLES

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL – DAY

The sky is clear blue and the sun shines brightly with an orange tinge. A young **CHAD McMAN** - an unmistakably white man with ginger complexion - jogs up his school’s walkway.

As he jogs, a strong male voice narrates in the background. His father, **HARRY**.

    **HARRY (V.O.)**
In this world, there are people who are born great... and there are others who rise up from nothing and become it. This is the true story of such a man who soared past oppression and subjugation, and through it all became worthy of the name Chad McMan.
When CHAD nears the school’s entrance, the narration ends, and he’s stopped - abruptly - by a towering black student.

TYRONE
Hey, wait! Hold up a second there, McMac!

Enter TYRONE: an intimidating behemoth built with muscle and swagger. Think a younger and buffer Texas Battle.

CHAD grows nervous as TYRONE walks closer, blocking the school doors with his enormous, intimidating body.

TYRONE (CONT’D)
Just where do you think you’re goin’? ‘Cause I coulda swore we told you never to show your face here again.

CHAD
Oh... yeah, you did... I-It’s just that--I have to go to school, Tyrone. It’s the law, I think. But I only came here to learn!

TYRONE laughs. This terrifies CHAD.

TYRONE
And we’re only here to learn ya.

From around the schoolyard, a crowd of TYRONE’s UNDERLINGS gather around, as if on cue, knowing that a fight is about to go down.

These Black Students press in around CHAD in anticipation, bemused by this squirrelly white boy.

CHAD
Look, guys...I really have to get to class. I can’t be late again or the teacher will have my ass.

TYRONE
Ain’t nobody want your ass, cracka. That’s lesson number one.

CHAD
Hey man, just get out of the way, alright?
(slower)
...(softer)
...please?

TYRONE holds his arms around the school door to prevent CHAD from getting past him.
TYRONE
Nope. Whaddya gonna do, make me?

The Underlings burst out laughing.

CHAD
No... but, for real..."bro," what’s your problem with me?

TYRONE
Well shit, where’ta begin?

He eyes up CHAD.

TYRONE (CONT’D)
For starters, you’ve got the nerve to show your wack ass at b-ball tryouts looking the way that you do.

ANGLE ON CHAD.

The CAMERA PANS from his feet to his face, exposing his every flaw. He’s so pale white that it’s almost comical when compared to the Black Students around him.

TYRONE speaks over the shot of CHAD’s jittery face:

TYRONE (O.S.)
You have to be the palest, most Casper lookin’ motha fucka I have ever had the misfortune of lookin’ at. How’re you supposed to sort through a team of ballers?

CHAD
That’s just a game Tyrone, not real life.

This hits a nerve.

TYRONE
Maybe to a ginger fuck, but to us brothers b-ball is life. We don’t give two shits about “diversifying our team.” We want to win.

(then)
Tell me somethin’... where in your honky brain didya think it’d be all right to disrespect us on the court?
I...I would never hold back in a jam! But now’s really not the best time to be discussing this...

CHAD’s voice CRACKS from ill-confidence as he tries to subside the racial tensions brewing between him and nearly every black male in the school.

The Underlings circle around CHAD, guffawing at his unconvincing bravado.

TYRONE
You’re not fooling anyone. You know you don’t belong with us, or anywhere near a b-ball.

From the forming crowd of Underlings, a voice emerges. XAVION: one of TYRONE’s most loyal followers.

XAVION
Hey! Why don’t we prove it to ‘im with a quick three-pointer?

TYRONE
Hah. Good one, Xavion. This make-a-wish nigga wouldn’t even last a second on the hardwood.

CHAD
Come on guys; stop! I’m seriously gonna be late for class. Do you honestly think I can drop everything for a silly game?

TYRONE walks closer towards CHAD and gets in his face.

TYRONE
(in a harsh whisper)
You scared?

He is.

CHAD
...Maybe I just value my education a little bit more than you do.

The Underlings erupt in a chorus of “ohhhhs.”

TYRONE
Oh, snap? But do you value yo eyes, motha fucka?

(MORE)
'Cause if you don't play me right
the fuck now, I'm gonna stick my
dick up in 'em and fuck your
brains; bustin' a nut all over your
deluded lil dreams of ever becomin’
a baller.

CHAD is taken aback. He’s just been served the most vulgar
insult ever hurled at him in his sheltered, white existence.

A beat.

CHAD
(meekly)
Okay...enough. I’ll play you. To
prove I’m a real baller.

Everyone snickers. Loudly.

CHAD (CONT'D)
(more confident)
But when I win...I want you to
promise that you'll stop harassing
me, or any white guy who wants to
join the team.

TYRONE
Aw, damn! There we go. Good on you,
McMac. Standin’ up for all your
homies.

TYRONE puts his hand on CHAD’s red hair and messes it up.

TYRONE (CONT’D)
But you're nothin’. Nothin’ but a
scared lil ginga, way the fuck
outta home turf.

He speaks close to CHAD’s ears:

TYRONE (CONT’D)
And I'ma embarrass your ass in
front of the whole world.

XAVION (O.S.)
'Ey, enough talk! Slay this uppity
cracka on the court, nigga!

The crowd of Underlings watch in suspense.

ANOTHER UNDERLING chimes in -- as if they’re all taking turns
demeaning CHAD’s very existence.
OTHER UNDERLING
Whoop his ass to the grass!

TYRONE senses that his Underlings are hungry for a beat down the likes of which they’ve never seen, and he isn’t about to let them down.

TYRONE
Calm yourselves, mo fuccas! Just watch me. I got a whole list of things I’ve been dyin’ to do to this one.

CROWD OF UNDERLINGS
(together)
Well get to it ’den! / Now this I GOTA see! / Getcho ass whooped!

CHAD looks bewildered by what he’s been forced into.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL – B-BALL COURT – DAY

We’re in a typical high school court...with one anomaly. CHAD arrives dressed in the same clothes he’d worn all day, clearly unprepared to be balling at a time like this.

The Underlings come through the doors in droves, wearing their school team basketball uniforms. These are professionals.

TYRONE
Hope you bleached yo tighty whities, home boy. Let’s go!

TYRONE suddenly bounces the b-ball towards CHAD, who barely registers it in time to awkwardly catch it.

The crowd holler at this while taking up positions on the bleachers.

TYRONE (CONT’D)
Yo! Pass me the rock already, McMac! Damn.

CHAD is visibly puzzled by this request, but quickly rallies and bounces the ball back to TYRONE...albeit slightly off center.

TYRONE (CONT’D)
Awright, boy, let's begin. First to three.
TYRONE quickly launches on his powerful legs, dashing directly towards CHAD - a clear dominance challenge.

With affected confidence, CHAD assumes a hunched posture and begins shimmying towards TYRONE. The crowd finds this the funniest thing on Earth and let it be known.

BAM! TYRONE shoulder checks CHAD, knocking him down to the ground.

TYRONE launches the ball, SWISHING the net lightly as it arcs through.

TYRONE (CONT’D)
Get yo narrow ass up, white boy!
One-zero. Yo ball.

CHAD receives the ball. He squints as he contemplates his most fruitful stratagem.

In the blink of an eye, TYRONE is upon him - and SMACKS the rock out of his grasp with a quick SWIPE of his broad paw.

Laughing wildly, TYRONE effortlessly banks a shot from the half court line. The crowd goes wild, waving their arms in the air and leaping about.

CHAD is humiliated. His eyes redden from restraining tears.

TYRONE (CONT’D)
It’s all down to this, red. Watch me.

A haze slowly rolls in over the horizon as TYRONE dribbles.

CHAD retakes his hunched position with desperate determination etched onto his gingery features.

All of a sudden, the clouds begin to gather in the sky and the earth begins to RUMBLE beneath their feet.

The crowd watches with rapt attention as their mouths open wide. Fear crosses CHAD’s face.

Lightning starts to STRIKE all around the court.

TYRONE starts his leap - seemingly moving in SLOW-MOTION as though time itself was dilating in the face of his raw power. For a brief moment, CHAD beholds this ebony God.

The asphalt of the court begins to CRACK, then FRAGMENT, the earth beneath it rising to the sky in some horrid mockery of Newton’s gravity.
Framed by a light of pure energy, TYRONE’s powerful sinews twist and engage in a singular purpose.

And then, there is motion.

TYRONE rockets upwards to space at impossible velocity, faster than the human eye can track. Only the faint after trail of the atmosphere igniting around him marks the reality of his ascent.

CHAD openly weeps at the majesty befalling him.

CUT TO:

OUTER SPACE

Just as quickly as he jumped skyward, TYRONE begins rocketing back down to Earth - fire surrounding his perfect body - and he smoothly transitions into prime dunking position.

EXT. PLANET EARTH - SKY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The CAMERA follows TYRONE as he reenters Earth’s atmosphere; appearing not as a human but like a comet on an unstoppable trajectory towards the b-ball net.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - B-BALL COURT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

With a deafening CRACK of the rim, TYRONE slams the dunk.

The resulting EXPLOSION engulfs the court, the school, and the town, forms a miles wide mushroom cloud and cloaks the land in debris and smoke.

EXT. CHAD’S HOMETOWN - SERIES OF SHOTS - DAY

(1) Buildings get knocked down from the sheer force of the immense dunk, including the local Comic Book Shop.

(2) Fire melts human bodies. They SCREAM as they burn alive.

(3) A house COLLAPSES down onto Chad’s House - destroying it.

(4) Multiple PLANES are brought down from the sky. They CRASH into the Ice Cream Parlour and the Movie Theatre in succession.
EXT. MOVIE THEATRE WRECKAGE – DAY

The movie poster with the familiar cartoon apes slowly burns in the fire on top of the rubble next to a couple of dead bodies.

EXT. CRATER (FORMERLY ‘HIGH SCHOOL – B-BALL COURT’) – DAY

While the dust where the court once stood settles, TYRONE strides confidently across the broken and charred landscape towards CHAD; kneeled over in a fetal position, somehow alive.

TYRONE
Three-oh, nigga. My game.

TYRONE’s surviving Underlings begin screaming their heads off; engulfing him in a babbling horde of cheer.

CHAD remains on the ground, crying and impotently beating his leg with his fist.

TYRONE swaggers up to him in a smug victory lap.

TYRONE (CONT’D)
Now ya understand...this is my kingdom, and your kind don’t belong in it.

TYRONE spits on CHAD and casually walks off.

CHAD watches as the Underlings leave through the scorched wasteland that was once their schoolyard.

TYRONE speaks with his back turned away:

TYRONE (CONT’D)
Catch ya later, McMac! Let’s slam again sometime, aight?

TYRONE’s posse of Underlings laugh madly and exit by their master’s side.

CLOSE-UP of CHAD’s face. It is covered in tears and sweat. His eyes are now wide open; full of shock and newly gained hatred.

PULL BACK TO:

CHAD lays here in the remains of his hometown - now a desolate crater due to the impact of the powerful dunk.
He promptly grasps the true impact of the destruction -- the fate of his family and friends.

    CHAD (V.O.)
    (to himself)
    This can’t be real. This cannot be real. This has to be some sort of sick joke.

CHAD jolts up and rushes towards town.

EXT. CHAD’S DESTROYED HOMETOWN - VARIOUS SHOTS - DAY

Buildings are all but completely destroyed as a result of the enormous explosion.

Dead bodies are piled up on every inch of street - blood and guts seeping out of decapitated bodies. It’s a wonder, if not a miracle, that CHAD survived at all when everything else seems to be lost.

    CHAD
    Is anyone out there!?

Not a single response.

CHAD runs for miles trying to find his home. Everything is a flat, endless vista of fiery red skies and blackened soil.

Crumbled buildings and dead bodies litter the scene - the identity of the town robbed in favor of this living hell.

For what seems like hours, he wanders the terrain in a desperate attempt to find a living person.

Eventually, he comes across a large pile of debris - a crashed PLANE that has mowed into a building.

Underneath the debris, he hears the voice of a man YELLING for help. He’s found someone.

EXT. PLANE WRECKAGE - DAY

    MAN
    Help! Somebody, please help!

CHAD sprints towards the wreckage and discovers something incredible.

    CHAD
    You’re...you’re alive!
The debris is crushing a man who of extreme coincidences happens to be CHAD’s father, HARRY.

HARRY
Chad? I can’t believe it; you’re here!

CHAD
Dad, I... everyone’s dead...
they’re all dead...

HARRY
I can see that, boy.

CHAD
Dad...

He begins to cry.

CHAD (CONT’D)
...I caused this to happen.

HARRY
You what?

CHAD
B-But it wasn’t my fault!! I was forced into a b-ball match by some awful nigger, and then--

HARRY
CHAD!!

This startles him.

HARRY (CONT’D)
I didn’t raise you to be a goddamned racist.

CHAD
...Racist?
(then)
After what they’ve done... that’s what you’re concerned about?

HARRY
Look at what your lack of respect has brought us.

CHAD
That had nothing to do with it...
they weren’t even human.
HARRY
No, son, you’re wrong. They are human. But...it’s obvious that they’re gifted with inhuman strength. There’s no mistaking it -- we find ourselves in the aftermath of a Chaos Dunk.

CHAD
..."Chaos Dunk"?
(a beat)
You know what that was?

HARRY
Unfortunately...
(then)
I know there’s only a few dunks on the planet capable of destruction on this grand of a scale. I also know the Chaos Dunk is the most powerful of them all.
(then)
However...given that we’re still talking...the user mustn’t have perfected it yet. It usually leaves no trace of life.

CHAD is stunned.

HARRY (CONT’D)
Listen well, Chad...those Negroes you faced are not normal. They’ve obtained an ungodly power because they’re special.

CHAD
...“Special”? ...How?

HARRY
For they’ve harnessed the hidden power of Autism.

A beat.

CHAD
Wh...what? Autism gives you the power to wipe out towns?!

HARRY sighs.

HARRY
The gift of Autism... it invokes your potential as a human being. Grants special abilities.
(MORE)
For everyone blessed with Autism, there are ways to unleash its true potential -- to become one with its aura. Those Negroes must’ve discovered that b-ball was their key to unlocking the gift.

CHAD
If that’s true... I never stood a chance, and everyone is dead because of ME!

HARRY
It would certainly look that way.

HARRY looks down at his crushed legs. The CAMERA follows.

HARRY (CONT’D)
Except...I’m also to blame for letting you try out for that b-ball team... and for not teaching you the secrets of Autism sooner. It was something I’d planned on doing, but...now... this cursed plane...

ANGLE ON the fiery plane wreckage surrounding him.

CHAD
I don’t understand any of this.

HARRY
Then you are not an Autist. But you can become one.

CHAD
How do I become one? How do I fix this!?

HARRY
Luckily, I’ve been holding onto something to give to you on the off chance this very nightmare came to pass. It will show you the way.

CHAD
What is it, Dad?

HARRY takes out his wallet.

HARRY
It’s a ticket to B-Ball College.
CLOSE ON: The Ticket to B-Ball College.

It is a godly ticket. It shines so brightly in radiant gold that it obstructs the CAMERA with lens flare.

HARRY speaks over the Ticket:

HARRY (O.S.) (CONT’D)
Within its unholy walls, you will learn the art of b-ball, and encounter Autists so great you will no doubt unlock the gift. And then, and only then, will you possess a power great enough to avenge this town...and your father.

HARRY gulps.

HARRY (CONT’D)
I hoped I’d never have to send my own son into such a horrible place...but we’re left with no other option.

CHAD
I don’t think I can handle this.

HARRY
You’re the only one left who can do it, Chad!

CHAD
How will I even get out of here!? The whole town is gone. I just want to die!!

HARRY
If you die now you’ll have failed not only me, but maybe even the entire world. You wanted to fix things, and damn it you can. Become the greatest b-baller that has ever lived, and slay the devil who did this.

ANGLE ON: The rubble that is crushing HARRY and slowly killing him.

CHAD
Dad... I--

HARRY
Don’t get emotional on me, Chad. You need to rise above that.

(MORE)
Rise above it and become the McMan you need to be.

CHAD fights back tears.

CHAD

...Okay, Dad. I’ll... I won’t fail you.

HARRY

I hope so, Chad. I sort of believe in you.

HARRY goes to give the Ticket to CHAD -- and upon doing so, his hand falls off.

The CAMERA follows the hand land on the ground; ticket inside.

HARRY (CONT’D)

Shit. Guess I didn’t need that.

CHAD takes the ticket from his father’s disembodied hand and climbs over the plane wreckage.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS - CHAD’S DESTROYED HOMETOWN - DAY

CHAD walks far away from his dying father, trying his hardest not to burst out in tears.

HARRY narrates in the background over shots of the town:

HARRY (V.O.)

When you awaken your power, emotions will no longer burden you, my child. Follow the Autism. It shall set you...all of us...free.

With this, HARRY takes his last breath.

CHAD, his back turned away from the town, looks up at the scorching sky.

CHAD

...This isn’t goodbye.

FADE OUT.

EXT. ATLANTA - DESERT - DAWN

Days have passed since the Chaos Dunk event.
CHAD discovers the B-Ball College hidden in the harsh and secret deserts of Atlanta.

EXT. B-BALL COLLEGE - DAWN

It’s a beautiful morning. He’s arrived just in time to witness a magnificent sunrise over the desert hills.

Towering above the college entrance is a giant orange neon sign. “Basketball College.”

CHAD
(to himself)
Basketball? ...What’s that?

A student of the school, DEMETRIUS (black, 20s), overhears CHAD’s ignorant statement and enlightens him.

DEMETRIUS
Basketball is the abbreviation of b-ball, ya dumb ass. How come you’s here if you don’t even know the basics?

This is CHAD’s first encounter since the Chaos Dunk.

He is consumed with rage - unable to calm a bubbling anger swelling up inside of him. His normally red body turns searing pitch-red. DEMETRIUS notices.

DEMETRIUS (CONT’D)
Damn, boy, you look like you’re about to bust a nut. I didn’t mean nothin’ by it - just pointing out your stupidity is all.

FLASH CUTS of the Chaos Dunk appear, INTERCUT with CLOSE-UPS of CHAD’s sweaty face. CHAD relives the events of that day in his mind.

DEMETRIUS (CONT’D)
Dayumn son, what’s wrong with you?

CHAD tries to calm himself...but it’s no use.

Just as CHAD is about to explode in anger, a hand touches his shoulder.

HYLE
Hey now.

CHAD studies the pale white man before him.
Thin, lean, and having no idea how to hold his arms, **Hyle Russet** is a stark contrast to the other humans.

**DEMETRIUS**
Yeeaah, get ‘cho boyfriend in line, Russet. Back up!

**DEMETRIUS** turns and struts towards the entrance of the B-Ball College.

**DEMETRIUS (CONT’D)**
(under his breath)
Cracka comes all the way to the Atlanta Desert just to act a fool... what’s the world comin’ to?

**HYLE**
Don’t let Demetrius get to you. He’s a third-rate b-baller anyway. My name’s Hyle. Hyle Russet.

**CHAD**
I didn’t need your help.

**HYLE**
We all need help from time to time.

**CHAD**
What I need is everyone to leave me the fuck alone. I’m not here to make friends.

**HYLE**
What are you here for, then?

**CHAD**
None of your business.

**CHAD** walks away from **HYLE** to the college’s front door, escaping a déjà vu situation.

**CHAD** suffers quick PTSD FLASH CUTS of **Tyrone** and the Chaos Dunk again. He stops cold - clearly troubled.

**HYLE** jogs up to **CHAD** in concern.

**HYLE**
Hey...what’s the matter?

**CHAD**
(instinctively)
I said fuck off, Hyle!

**HYLE**
Fine then. I hope you get aids!
...Aids? From what?

HYLE
From... being a dick!

CHAD just stares at this goofy young white man.

HYLE (CONT’D)
...Poot!

HYLE scurries past CHAD and into the college.

CHAD remains here for a moment until he calms his temper, then follows.

INT. B-BALL COLLEGE - HALLWAYS - DAY

The school looks as normal as a b-ball college can look, with b-ball trophies lined across the walls and photographs of the students who have received awards. Every single one of them is black.

Among the dozens of photographs, one stands out. TYRONE.

In the photograph, TYRONE is smiling, holding a b-ball in his hand and held up by his teammates on the court. Beneath the photograph, a caption suggests he’d graduated recently with top marks. This proves intriguing to CHAD.

CHAD
...Tyrone?

CHAD notices plenty of Negroes walking the halls and talking in their bix nood. He starts to sweat. Now more than ever, the sight of these people brings on a great deal of anxiety.

He gathers the courage to move on and walk towards his class.

INT. B-BALL COLLEGE - CLASSROOM - DAY

Only a single white person is in the classroom. HYLE.

To CHAD’s ears, the Black Students make beastly noises as he walks into the room to take his seat. He feels he’s in a zoo.

INT. B-BALL COLLEGE - CLASSROOM - DESHAWN’S DESK

A couple Black Students look at CHAD in disbelief.
DESHAUN
What the fuuuuck? Is this honky for real?

DEMETRIUS
This here’s the white mamba, Deshawn. Just you watch, he’s gonna do real well in here.

They laugh.

DESHAUN
How much you wanna bet he and Ham gonna be on the down low?

CHAD plainly overhears their “private” conversation.

HYLE, in the back of the classroom, speaks up to get CHAD’s attention.

HYLE
Oi, new guy!

CHAD tries, and fails, to hide himself.

HYLE (CONT’D)
Have a seat next to me.

HYLE gestures towards the empty chair.

The other Students in attendance giggle and block the chairs near them so CHAD would have no choice but to sit next to HYLE.

Sighing, CHAD throws himself into the proffered chair at the back of the room.

He pointedly looks away from the gangly, ghostly young white man beside him.

HYLE (CONT’D)
Tough day, huh?

CHAD
(softly)
I’m not talking to you.

HYLE
That’s fine. It won’t stop me talking to you, though.

CHAD groans.

CHAD
Why?
HYLE
Because I’m stuck here just like you.

CHAD
I’m not stuck. I can leave whenever I want.

HYLE
No way. Why would you want to be here?

CHAD
...Leave me alone.

CHAD draws attention to himself with this remark.

A duo of Students look back at him, including SAM JACKSON (no relation to the actor.)

SAM JACKSON
Hey. You two white boys need to shut your mouths. Some of us are here to learn.

HYLE
Sorry, Sam.

SAM JACKSON
Yeah I bet.

SAM mumbles something unfavorable under his breath.

After an appropriate reprieve of awkward suspense, the TEACHER finally walks into the classroom and SLAMS the door behind him.

He is the darkest skinned Negro among them. Wearing a grey suit - which despite being dark is still a sharp contrast to his natural skin tone - the teacher, MR. TYRESE, is in his early 60s, looking fed up being here day in and day out for God knows how many years.

He notices an APPLE placed on his desk.

The CAMERA ZOOMS at breakneck speed to the APPLE - almost stumbling on itself - then back to MR. TYRESE.

MR. TYRESE
Who did this?

The class falls silent.
MR. TYRESE (CONT’D)
I said, which one of you grown ass niggas put an apple on my desk? What, y’all thought some corny ass gesture of kindness would melt my heart and win me over to your soft, gooey, chocolate interior?

The class remains silent.

MR. TYRESE (CONT’D)
Because let me tell y’all somethin’...

His searing, visible anger in the face morphs into a passionate glance at the class.

MR. TYRESE (CONT’D)
(tearing up)
...you’d be right.

DESHAWN
(softly)
Oh, man, give me a break.

SMASH CUT TO:

MR. TYRESE
What was that, Deshawn?

DESHAWN
I didn’t say nothin’.

MR. TYRESE
Oh, that so? Then who’s the nigga responsible for this?

HYLE, at the back of the class, raises his hand.

HYLE
Um...sir? I just thought you might be hungry...

MR. TYRESE says nothing. Instead, he walks slowly up to HYLE and stops next to his desk.

Unexpectedly, he SMACKS HYLE across the face with his backhand.

HYLE is propelled off his chair due to the intensity of the hit. HYLE’s blood goes flying onto DESHAWN’s desk, and some of it lands on him.

DESHAWN
Oh hell naw.
CHAD
What the hell!?

MR. TYRESE
Whatchu think you’re special? Huh, white boy? Think you better than all the monkeys in here? Is that it!?

HYLE, on the floor, does not respond.

MR. TYRESE (CONT’D)
Man, get your white ass off the floor. I ain’t done with you yet.

CHAD intervenes.

CHAD
Wait!! It wasn’t Hyle!

MR. TYRESE looks over to CHAD with intense, bloodshot jungle eyes.

MR. TYRESE
What did you fuckin’ say?

CHAD
It wasn’t Hyle. It was me.

MR. TYRESE
You, huh? And who is you?

CHAD
Chad. Chad McMan. This is my first day here. I thought the apple would help me out.

MR. TYRESE
Uh huh...

He calms down a little.

MR. TYRESE (CONT’D)
Well it didn’t.

The class of smiling Negroes laugh.

MR. TYRESE (CONT’D)
And I want chall to know sumthin. You and Ham here? You two don’t belong. No amount of ass kissing will make up for that. This is a school made for ballers by ballers, and there ain’t no cracker whose ever made it out alive.
CHAD
I just want the opportunity to try.

MR. TYRESE
Okay. That’s fine. You’ll both get your “opportunity,” that’s for got damn sure.

MR. TYRESE walks back to the front of the room.

MR. TYRESE (CONT’D)
(to himself, loudly)
And to think I thought a Negro here grew a heart. Of course it had to be the crackas.

HYLE gets up, rubbing his bloody mouth with his hand, and sits back down on the chair.

CHAD
(quietly)
Hyle... are you all right?

HYLE
So you’re talking to me now?

CHAD
Man, whatever.

A beat.

HYLE
...Thanks. For saving me.

CHAD
Don’t mention it.

HYLE smiles and looks down at his desk; a little flustered.

INT. B-BALL COLLEGE - CLASSROOM - FRONT OF ROOM

MR. TYRESE approaches the chalkboard.

He quickly and aggressively writes his name on the board in terrible second-grade cursive writing.

It reads, barely, MR. TYRESE.

MR. TYRESE
Normally, I would have no need to write my name in front of you animals. You all know who I am. I might even be your daddy.
The class laughs.

    MR. TYRESE (CONT’D)
    That wasn’t a joke.

A beat.

    MR. TYRESE (CONT’D)
    Today, though, we have a new member of our crew. Another cracker, so help me God... His name’s Cham, I think.

    CHAD
    (to himself)
    ...It’s Chad.

    MR. TYRESE
    What was that!?

No response.

    MR. TYRESE (CONT’D)
    Anyway, just ‘cause he’s a conky don’t mean I want you disappointments to treat ‘em any differently. Treat him like shit like you do to each other.

MR. TYRESE walks over to his desk, takes the APPLE from it and CLENCHES it with his enormous fists.

The APPLE is crushed; its juices splattered all over his hand. He holds what remains and HURLS it all the way to the back of the room - just barely missing any Students along the way.

The CAMERA follows the APPLE as it hits the wall at the back of the classroom. Upon impact, it CRACKS the wall.

The APPLE droops down onto the floor - sluggishly - while everything else in the room stays silent.

    MR. TYRESE (CONT’D)
    Damn. It sure is a good thing that didn’t hit nobody.

The Black Students audibly express how freaked out they are.

    MR. TYRESE (CONT’D)
    Today’s lesson...

He casually returns to the chalkboard.
MR. TYRESE (CONT’D)
...is how to deal with crackers on the court.

CHAD & HYLE look defeated.

MR. TYRESE (CONT’D)
Y’all know what crackers is so I don’t need to ‘splain that. But I can tell you what they’re not – and that’s ballers. They’re a crew’s biggest, and most glaring weakness. You must, at all costs, compensate for their bullshit.

The Black Students look at CHAD & HYLE in disgust – their very existence a nuisance.

MR. TYRESE (CONT’D)
If for some reason they ain’t fleeing from a jam, you gotta cover their every fuckin’ mistake. Stay next to ‘em. Watch the ball. If it’s headin’ their way, you know you gotta knock them outta its path and take it for yourself. They don’t know what to do with it – and that’s a fact.

INT. B-BALL COLLEGE - CLASSROOM - DESHAWN’S DESK

DESHAWN takes notes in his cute lil b-ball notebook, writing this down as if it were good advice.

INT. B-BALL COLLEGE - CLASSROOM - FRONT OF ROOM

MR. TYRESE
Now, you can hope... Hope that the other team has a couple whiteys themselves to help even the odds. But that’s a flippin’ miracle from our lord J.C. in the sky, and not somethin’ to expect on every single day. Don’t rely on it.

(then)
Expect the other team to be loaded with beautiful, majestic brothers... But, don’t get too excited if they’re not. If you get too complacent, you’ll only let your guard down.

(MORE)
MR. TYRESE (CONT'D)
You have to be thinkin’ this is the last game you’ll be playing every damn time.

DESHAWN
This is some darn good advice, Tyrese!

MR. TYRESE
That’s MR. Tyrese, son.

DESHAWN
Oh, shi...I’m sorry, Mr. Tyrese!

MR. TYRESE
That’s all right. You were just excited. Hell; you remind me of a younger, stupider me. A helluva lot stupider, but still.

DESHAWN’s eyes light up like it’s Kwanzaa.

MR. TYRESE continues his lecture as CHAD & HYLE sit here wondering how any of this applies to them...or if it’s just unequivocal racism at their expense.

CHAD looks over to HYLE who’s looking directly at MR. TYRESE.

HYLE notices he’s being watched and looks at CHAD. He quickly averts his gaze to avoid the returning stare.

HYLE
(to Chad)
...What?

CHAD
What?

HYLE
You were looking at me.

CHAD
So?

HYLE
Why?

CHAD
It’s not like the crap up front matters.

HYLE
I guess not. It’s kind of weird, though.
CHAD
There’s nothing weird about it.

HYLE
...All right.

HYLE grins as he returns his attention to MR. TYRESE.

CHAD
There’s nothing to grin about.

SAM JACKSON turns away from his desk to face CHAD & HYLE; an intense look in his eye.

His frightening scowl is all CHAD & HYLE need to realize they should shut up.

With the sound of MR. TYRESE continuing his lesson, FADE OUT.

INT. B-BALL COLLEGE - B-BALL COURT - DAY [MONTAGE]

In this next series of scenes, days pass in the same location as CHAD & HYLE practice b-ball together against the other, far more talented Students.

Days turn to night and they continue practicing, and losing, for about a week. A relationship forms between CHAD & HYLE as they endure b-ball hell together - an almost forced bond to keep their sanity.

At the end of it all, HYLE is pushed to the floor by a TALL BLACK STUDENT. When the Tall Black Student leaves the court, CHAD sprints to HYLE’s aide and helps him up. This is a somber moment - understated in tone - to bring home the overarching theme of oppression.

FADE OUT.

INT. B-BALL COLLEGE - LOCKER ROOMS - DAY

The Students are preparing to take hot showers after a practice game.

CHAD & HYLE stick close to each other as usual, sitting by their lockers and avoiding the packs of angry black men.

CHAD
Hey, uh, Hyle... you never did tell me how you ended up in a place like this.
HYLE
Oh, I didn’t?
(then)
Well, it’s a long story.

CHAD
...I’d like to hear it.

HYLE is somewhat embarrassed.

HYLE
Ummm... I guess I felt I needed to be here for some stupid reason.

CHAD
You chose to come here?

HYLE
At first... but I’m pretty sure that was a mistake.

CHAD
Well...at the very least...I got to meet you because of that decision. Otherwise, I’d be all alone here.

HYLE
Oh. Yeah... I guess so.

CHAD
Thanks...for saving me.

HYLE is now full blown embarrassed.

CHAD looks at HYLE. Then, in the corner of his eye, he notices something behind him inside the locker... something familiar that stands out.

CHAD (CONT’D)
Woah, is that...

CHAD pulls out a colorful comic from HYLE’s locker.

CHAD (CONT’D)
...You like Danky Kang?

HYLE loses his composure.

HYLE
No! I mean--a long time ago, when I was a kid...I just forgot to throw that old thing away. Wh-Why would I read a comic made for children?!
CHAD
(smilng)
Oh. That’s a shame... ‘cause I love it.

HYLE’s embarrassment is taken up a notch.

HYLE
You do...? Well, I guess it’s not that bad...

CHAD laughs.

CHAD
Hyle. You don’t need to be embarrassed. Danky Kang kicks ass. I used to read all the comics, collect all the toys... I actually wanted to watch the new movie before...

He stops himself.

CHAD (CONT’D)
...well, before I had to come here.

HYLE
Really?

CHAD
Yeah, really. How ‘bout you? Any interest?

HYLE
Umm...yeah.

HYLE glances at the comic that CHAD is holding with an odd sort of respect.

HYLE (CONT’D)
Honestly, I’d been marking down the days on the calendar until the film’s release. (then) To tell you the truth, Danky Kang was the only thing that kept me sane around here...until you showed up.

CHAD
You serious?
HYLE
Y-Yeah...I don’t know why.
(changing the subject)
Uh, hey... did you maybe want to go see it with me? If we ever get out of here I mean...

CHAD
Are you asking me out?

HYLE
N-No! I just meant--you and I both wanna see it, so maybe we could go at the same time so it’d be cheaper if we both, um, went in together, or something...

HYLE’s face is almost as red as CHADs.

CHAD
(grinning)
That’s not how it works.

HYLE refuses to look CHAD in the eyes.

HYLE
Forget I said anything.

CHAD
That’s impossible. You’re too hard to ignore... and I don’t want to.

HYLE
W...What?

CHAD
I’d love to see the movie with you.

HYLE blushes.

HYLE
Oh... wait, then why didn’t you just say so?

CHAD
Sorry. I kinda liked seeing you squirm.

HYLE
Wow... jerk.

They both smile.
CHAD
I couldn’t help myself. Will you forgive me?

CHAD gazes into HYLE’s eyes, flirtatiously. HYLE gives in.

HYLE
Well, whatever... as long as you pay for it.

CHAD can’t help but laugh.

CHAD
I wouldn’t count on that.

Without warning, SAM JACKSON struts up from behind to CHAD’s locker, and SLAPS his ass with a towel. CHAD drops the comic to the wet floor, ruining it.

SAM JACKSON
That’s for disrupting our class, fire-crotch.

CHAD is shocked by the hard slap to his buttocks.

SAM JACKSON (CONT’D)
See you on the court, gentlemen. As you were.

SAM swaggers out the Locker Room and enters the steaming showers.

CHAD turns to HYLE, his mouth opened wide from the audacity of the surprise attack.

HYLE
Don’t worry. They do that to everyone... or at least to me.

CHAD
How do you deal with these animals all day?

HYLE
I try to stay out of their way.

CHAD
I’m sick of having to hide...

HYLE
Yeah, but- what can we do about it?
CHAD
I don’t know. I’m just saying, I
can’t deal with this much longer.
Something’s gotta change, and soon.
(a beat)
Hyle...I’m not here to deal with
subjugation. I came here to--

Startlingly, MR. TYRESE enters the Locker Room and confronts
CHAD & HYLE.

MR. TYRESE
What’s going on in here?

CHAD & HYLE are both confused by the sudden appearance.

MR. TYRESE (CONT’D)
Do I gotta repeat myself? What in
the hell are you two ghostly motha
fuckas still doing in here?

He observes them wear blank expressions. A beat.

MR. TYRESE (CONT’D)
...Hit the showers, honkys! Now!!

CHAD & HYLE obey and scramble out the door.

MR. TYRESE (CONT’D)
(to Chad)
That’s right. Keep it movin’,
Casper.

(to Hyle)
Shake a leg, Patrick Swayze.

INT. B-BALL COLLEGE - SHOWER ROOM - DAY

CHAD & HYLE rush into the Shower Room with their clothes
still on.

Upon entering the room, CHAD & HYLE lay witness to a
horrendous sight of Students performing sexual acts on each
other.

Every depraved sexual position, most of them unknown until
now to CHAD & HYLE, is taking place in this foul room; its
once pristine white walls now covered in black.

One of the participating Black Students, J-KWON (pronounced J
“dash” Kwon), furiously penetrates a meeker student named
RAHEEM.
J-KWON spots CHAD & HYLE entering the Shower Room and calls for them.

J-KWON
‘Ey, white flesh! Get your pale flimsy asses over here.

CHAD & HYLE are both disgusted, but CHAD takes it the worst; looking as though he’s about to vomit.

J-KWON (CONT’D)
Hey, what’s the holdup? You two white boys never been in a brotha’s shower room before?

RAHEEM
Naw. Hyle’s been in here plenty of times, J-Kwon. Dunno about this other one though.

CHAD turns to HYLE with a horrified yet sympathetic look on his face.

HYLE
(to Chad)
It’s not what you think...

CHAD
(whispering loudly)
How is it not?

HYLE
It was never like this. Not with me.

RAHEEM
Oh hell yes it was! Even I had a go at your sweet ass - and I’m usually the one gettin’ rammed...as you can see.

J-KWON
You’re damn right.

J-KWON thrusts more assertively to demonstrate this Negro’s role.

CHAD
Hyle. I’m not judging you... but there’s no way in hell I’m staying in here.
J-KWON
Now hold up, hussy - you don’t have
no choice in the matter. After I’m
finished with this ‘un I’ll be
going after the both of y’all.

INT. B-BALL COLLEGE - SHOWER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CHAD’s anger intensifies as he looks around the room to
witness all the repulsive ass crimes taking place.

ONE STUDENT is jerking the elephantine cocks of two others in
the same hand; his forceps bulging with the repetitive
effort.

ANOTHER STUDENT is drenched in piss as a TALLER STUDENT pees
on him R. Kelly style. The CAMERA follows the piss swirl
towards the shower drain and swim down the innocent metal.

CHAD
I’m done. No b-ball learning is
worth putting up with this.

CHAD begins to walk out, leaving HYLE to watch him
crestfallen.

Before he can leave, CHAD feels a strong hand grab hold of
his shoulder, preventing his escape.

J-KWON
Where’re you off to?

ANGLE ON J-KWON.

J-KWON tightly grips onto CHAD’s shoulders, almost crushing
his bones and causing them to rattle beneath his skin.

CHAD is spooked.

J-KWON (CONT’D)
I’ll say it again, real slow like.
(combatively)
Where do ya think you’re goin’,
boy?

CHAD
...I’m leaving.

Every Student in the Shower Room is now looking towards this
confrontation; their depravity put on hold. Even the pissing
Negro caps it off mid-stream to witness the transpiring
drama.
CHAD (CONT’D)
Look, just back off me, man, okay?
I’m out of here. Off your court.
Just let me go.

J-KWON laughs a deep bellowing sound as if pealing out of the deepest reaches of hell.

Some of the other Students begin chortling in turn, anticipating what’s to come.

J-KWON
Aww, hell, boy...I’m just tryin’ to get to know ya better. Get yo ass over here.

J-KWON, his other arm now wrapped around CHAD’s waist, begins drawing CHAD into himself; his irresistible force overpowering CHAD’s impotent flailing.

CHAD
I said get off me, nigger!

A silence befalls the Shower Room. Mouths hang open in shock.

J-KWON stops pulling CHAD inwards. He places both hands on CHAD’s shoulders to steady him in place before him.

J-KWON
What was that?

HYLE
Wait, J-Kwon! Chad’s never done this before!!

J-KWON
Oh but I’m a real good teacher...

HYLE
He’s not like the others!!

J-KWON
They’re all the same to me. Just another hole to spoil...

CHAD is so tomato red in the face that he looks like he’s about to detonate.

J-KWON (CONT’D)
...and this ‘un looks plenty ripe.

CHAD starts to open his lips to respond, but--J-KWON hits him across the mouth with a powerful backhand, knocking him down to the ground.
J-KWON (CONT’D)
Just close your eyes and pray, baby. It’ll go faster dat way.

J-KWON goes to lift CHAD off the floor, but HYLE rushes in and pushes J-KWON in defense...meagerly, barely nudging him.

J-KWON (CONT’D)
Wait your turn, sweetie. I’ve got my eyes on the prize.

HYLE attempts to push him away again, but this time J-KWON is not amused and shoves him back. HYLE is sent airborne and CRASHES into the opposite end of the Shower Room’s wall, leaving a body-sized impact crater.

CHAD, his mouth in pain, YELLS in concern of his friend.

CHAD
Hyle!!

J-KWON
Don’tchu worry about him. Worry about me.

J-KWON holds CHAD in his mighty grasp, his pants fallen. Just as CHAD is about to be defiled by this monster, we

FADE TO WHITE.

EXT. CHAD’S HOME - BACKYARD COURT - DUSK [FLASHBACK]

We arrive in CHAD’s backyard where he and his father are playing a game of b-ball before dinner.

SUPERIMPOSE: Four years ago...

HARRY is teaching CHAD the fundamental rules of the game.

CHAD shoots for the hoop and misses by a couple inches. HARRY intercepts the ball as it bounces away.

HARRY
No, no, no, Chad! You’ve got to keep your shoulders square, son. Come on!

HARRY bounce-passes back to CHAD. He catches it.

With intense concentration, CHAD attempts to assume the posture indicated by his father - lines up the hoop - and takes another shot.
This time, it rebounds off the backboard. HARRY scrambles to receive it.

HARRY (CONT’D)
If you don’t respect the ball, you’ll always fail.

CHAD is annoyed at this. He retorts.

CHAD
How the hell am I supposed to respect a ball?

HARRY
Watch your tone, Chad. This is exactly what I’m talking about. Your anger is out of control. You get so upset that you can’t focus on the thing that truly matters.

CHAD
Which is?

HARRY
Love.

CHAD rolls his eyes.

HARRY (CONT’D)
Stop feeling as though everything in life is an obstacle to overcome before you can get to the good parts. Relish the bad. Own them. Embrace every challenge as if it’s a gift.

CHAD
A bad gift.

HARRY
A bad gift to give to another.

He looks at CHAD, melancholy.

HARRY (CONT’D)
You know, Chad... I never wanted a son.

CHAD
I know, Dad. You’ve told me before.

HARRY
But...I never told you I’m glad I did.

(a beat)
(MORE)
And, in time, I’ve grown to love you... granted, most times I love to hate you, but that’s still love, right?

CHAD
And why are you telling me this on the court?

HARRY sighs.

HARRY
There’s some things in this life that are out of our control. It’s how you react to those things that determines who you are.

CHAD
How do you want me to react? It’s just a stupid game that I keep losing.

HARRY
If you see it like that, you’ll always lose. View b-ball as you would life.

CHAD gives up and walks to the door of his house.

CHAD
I can’t deal with these lectures right now.

HARRY
Just think about it, Chad. Stop being such a princess and do something about it!

CHAD stops. He turns back to face his father.

CHAD
You know what? Fine. I’ll destroy you on the court if it’ll shut you up.

HARRY smiles; both relieved and angry.

HARRY
Oh yeah? Big words for someone who’s been losing up a storm. Show me what you got!

CHAD runs back up to the court and grabs the b-ball.
Stunting and flamboasting like a pony in heat, CHAD confidently bucks down center court, juking left and right as he comes up on his Dad.

HARRY, a slight smile creeping on his face, explodes towards CHAD with an intensity contraindicated by his advanced age.

CHAD slams left, pivots on one foot and shoots off to the right. The ball is barely visible within the blurring waveform of its travel.

HARRY throws everything he has into one powerful lunge, loudly scuffing the asphalt as he vaults off.

CHAD only briefly locks eyes with his father, and grins a devilish ginger grin before leaping, from half-court, arcing gracefully through the air, and--

BAM! Dunks the rock in a display worthy of Kyle Irving himself.

HARRY observes this in amazement with his hands on his knees, panting.

HARRY (CONT’D)
I knew you had it, boy. That was some intense balling.

CHAD tries not to act surprised by his sudden surge of skill. He brushes it off as coolly as possible.

CHAD
...I was just going easy on you before...

HARRY knows this is a lie but plays along.

HARRY
Alright, alright. Keep it up and you might get to be on the same level as a Negro. You certainly have potential.

CHAD doesn’t know if that’s a compliment or not.

HARRY (CONT’D)
I’m proud of you, Chad. You’ve shown me that there’s something deep inside you just waiting to be awakened.

CHAD can’t hide his surprise at this.
HARRY (CONT’D)
You just need to work on that red hot ginger attitude.

CHAD’s demeanor turns back to defensive.

CHAD
I can blame you for that.

HARRY chuckles.

HARRY
You could... but it might just save you some day.

Slowly, we ZOOM OUT of the Backyard Court.

EXT. CHAD’S HOME - AERIAL SHOT - DUSK

The full exterior of Chad’s Home comes into view as we gradually ZOOM OUT even further to reveal his quiet, peaceful neighborhood.

The day comes to an end and the orange sun sets, casting a light over the town that signifies a serene gingery hope.

FADE OUT.

INT. B-BALL COLLEGE - SHOWER ROOM - DAY [PRESENT DAY]

Back in the Shower Room.

In this unholy room, all the various Students have stopped their depraved sexual acts, and their eyes are now looking towards one thing...

J-KWON prepares to rape CHAD.

J-KWON
I see your underwear.

J-KWON giggles effeminately.

J-KWON (CONT’D)
And now I wanna see what’s underneath.

J-KWON holds CHAD up into the air with his left hand. He takes his right hand and begins to pull down CHAD’s undergarments...
...but, before this can get any worse, HYLE -- still stuck on the wall from the monumental throw that left him there incapacitated -- SCREAMS as loud as he can.

HYLE
Rape me instead, please!

The CAMERA ZOOMS rapidly to a CLOSE-UP of J-KWON’s smiling face.

J-KWON
It isn’t rape if you beg for it.

HYLE
Please, J-Kwon...just this once...open up your big ape ears and listen to me!!

The Shower Room falls silent.

J-KWON’s smile turns to a frown. He grits his teeth.

J-KWON
Why you ungrateful...little...SHIT!

J-KWON drops CHAD onto the floor; saving him from assault.

J-KWON marches towards HYLE at the other side of the Shower Room, seething with hatred.

J-KWON (CONT’D)
I spared your hole this one time, and this is how you repay me?!

HYLE realizes his taunts are working at getting J-KWON away from CHAD, and so he continues his verbal barrage.

HYLE
You’re just a smelly, rancid coon. You’re all wretched, but... you’re something even worse than that, J-Kwon...a travesty to the world that needs to be put down.

J-KWON turns his march into a full on run.

He extends his arms, ready to punch whatever they hit into oblivion. He SCREAMS as he runs, consumed by anger.

J-KWON
AHHHHH!!

He makes contact with his punch -- but we CUT AWAY from his fists just as they land on the wall; demolishing it and leaving a cloud of dust.
The force of his punch is so powerful it’d surely kill anyone in its way...but HYLE isn’t here. J-KWON has hit nothing but the Shower Room wall.

As the dust settles, he sees this.

J-KWON (CONT’D)
W-Where are you!?

He looks all over the room, unable to find HYLE. He notices too, that CHAD isn’t where he dropped him either. In fact, he’s nowhere to be seen.

J-KWON is dumbfounded.

All of a sudden, a light shines from behind. When J-KWON turns to face it, it momentarily blinds him with an intense, almost otherworldly brightness.

J-KWON (CONT’D)
...Wh..What is this??

From behind the flailing black demon, a beautiful white angel speaks.

No... it’s-

CHAD
Show time.

POW! CHAD lunges towards J-KWON with the force of a professional b-baller, and hits him with the power of a newly awakened Autist.

J-KWON is sent flying across the room, and SMASHES through the wall to the outside of the college...a B-Ball Court.

EXT. B-BALL COLLEGE - B-BALL COURT - CONTINUOUS

J-KWON
ARRRGHHH!!!

J-KWON slides all the way up to the b-ball pole, leaving a long trail of asphalt debris. He hits his head on the pole which puts his travel to a halt.

J-KWON lays on the warped pavement, damaged and humiliated.
INT. B-BALL COLLEGE – SHOWER ROOM – DAY

CHAD & HYLE walk through the huge hole in the wall created from CHAD’s attack and onto the court outside.

Some of the Black Students follow them while others run away in fear.

EXT. B-BALL COLLEGE – B-BALL COURT – DAY

J-KWON
Nghh... y-you son of a bitch...

HYLE
(to Chad)
I can’t believe it...

CHAD
Me neither.

HYLE
What do you call what you just did!?

CHAD stops to think of something cool.

CHAD
...The Niggardly Lunge.

The Black Students still present are shocked at the power they’d just witnessed. They talk loudly amongst themselves.

From the crowd, RAHEEM emerges. He runs to J-KWON.

RAHEEM
J-Kwon! Are you all right?!

RAHEEM kneels down beside J-KWON.

The dust is still thick in the air and obscures them so that they appear as silhouettes from afar. Skillfully framed, this could be mistaken for fine art.

J-KWON
Ugh...Ra...Raheem...?

RAHEEM
Yes, J-Kwon... I’m here, baby...

RAHEEM fights back tears.
J-KWON
Get...your monkey ass...out of the way...so I can murder these fuckers.

RAHEEM
You’re in critical condition, J-Kwon! You can’t! I won’t let you!!

J-KWON
Sh...shut your ass up... it’s too late for me now and you know it...

RAHEEM starts bawling.

J-KWON (CONT’D)
I appreciate your soft, squishy ass for these past four glorious years, Raheem... but it’s the end of the line for me.

RAHEEM
No! Don’t say that! You’re going to live, damn you!!

J-KWON
Nah, nah, nah... listen. I’m gonna go out like a champ. I’m ready to perform that forbidden jam we’ve been practicing together for what seems like eternity.

RAHEEM gasps. He covers his mouth in a feminine manner.

RAHEEM
You don’t mean...
(realizing)
...No! It’s okay to give up for now!! We can get you to the doctors!!

J-KWON
Fuck that! I can’t let these two pasty white boys get away with disrespecting our race. I need to do this... for all of us.

ANGLE ON CHAD & HYLE.

CHAD & HYLE can’t hear the conversation taking place. They look on in curiosity.

BACK TO:
RAHEEM
If it’s the only way, J-Kwon...
then you have my blessing.

J-KWON
I don’t need it. But...thanks,
anyway. For everythang. It’s been
an honor slamming with...and in,
you.

RAHEEM, his face completely covered in tears, helps J-KWON up off the pavement.

J-KWON is barely able to stand on his own.

J-KWON (CONT’D)
(yelling to Chad & Hyle)
You two! You think you’ve won, huh?

CHAD & HYLE don’t respond.

J-KWON (CONT’D)
You got damned fools. You don’t
realize that no matter what chall
do...no matter how hard you
try...you’ll never be our equals.
You’ll never match our skill. And
although you may’ve defeated me
here...it won’t make a bit of
difference when we’re all dead!

CHAD
I don’t intend to die. So what’s
your game plan?

J-KWON laughs diabolically.

J-KWON
Heh...hahaha... HAHAHAHAHA!! My
plan? To let God sort y’all out!!

RAHEEM looks to J-KWON, melancholy.

J-KWON’s feet wobble and body shake from the immense
Niggardly Lunge injury. He firmly grasps his feet down onto
the pavement and SCREAMS.

J-KWON (CONT’D)
Ughh...ARGHHHH!!

J-KWON BURSTS with red aura. It surrounds his body like it’s
an extension of himself.
The aura spirals into the sky and opens a Rift filled with red lightning.

EXT. THE SKY - THE RIFT - DAY

The Rift in the sky CRACKLES with electricity.

From out of the Rift, lightning STRIKES down onto the court, one bolt after another.

HYLE
What’s happening!?

CHAD
I’ve seen something like this before...

J-KWON
You haven’t seen shit! Not even the great Tyrone knows this technique. This is where it all ends...the Maelstrom Dunk!

CHAD
(shocked)
The Maelstrom Dunk?

HYLE
Chad, look... the sky--it’s sucking things up!!

EXT. THE SKY - THE RIFT

Indeed it is. The sky is now cloudy and blackened; looking as though night has fallen over the College.

The court is lit by tornados full of bright red lightning.

Several Students are sucked up into the storm. Red lightning SMITES them causing them to EXPLODE into piles of guts.

The CAMERA follows the entrails descending onto the pavement and onto some Black Students below.

DEMETRIUS
Ahh! Treynelle’s guts got on me!

EXT. B-BALL COLLEGE - B-BALL COURT - ANGLE ON J-KWON

J-KWON lifts his shaky hands in front of him. They’re engulfed in red aura.
Little bolts of lightning rotate around his hands and fingers. He concentrates on the b-ball in his grasp.

J-KWON looks up at the sky. He sheds a single tear, and then...

J-KWON  
Maelstrom DUNK!!!

...he jumps up into the sky and towards the Maelstrom.

All the lightning in the sky STRIKES the b-ball he’s holding all at once; powering it up to a red sphere of pure energy that no longer resembles a sporting instrument.

He plummets down in dunking formation.

J-KWON (CONT’D)  
UGGGHH--AAHHHHHHHH!!!
CHAD & HYLE run desperately out of the lightning’s reach; just barely one step ahead.

INT. B-BALL COLLEGE - FRONT DOOR

CHAD & HYLE attempt to approach the front entrance of the school--but one lightning bolt SURGES past them and blocks the pathway.

    HYLE
    We’re screwed.

    CHAD
    Not yet.

Just then, a loud hollering from behind them:

    J-KWON (O.S.)
    Fools! You can’t hide from the Maelstrom!!

    HYLE
    He’s still alive!?

    CHAD
    Barely. He won’t survive the storm.

    HYLE
    But--

A large whirlpool of lightning rushes towards them from behind; swallowing up everything in its way. It destroys entire classrooms from the hallway.

    CHAD
    This is it, Hyle. Our one chance.

    HYLE
    What!?

CHAD grabs hold of HYLE and kisses him on the lips.

    CHAD
    Watch me.

CHAD leaps up into the air with HYLE in hand, SMASHES through the roof of the college, and ascends into the sky... and into the chaos of the Maelstrom!
EXT. THE SKY – THE MAELSTROM

The Maelstrom’s loud crackling is deafening, its rage unyielding. J-KWON is not a threat all the way up in the air, but gravity is.

CHAD holds on tight to HYLE as they reach the highest point in their ascension.

All music and sound drowns out and the film goes to SLOW-MOTION.

The CAMERA PANS around the blackened, stormy sky, revealing the lightning engulfing the B-Ball College.

Numerous small EXPLOSIONS caused by the lightning occur that destroy parts of the college individually.

CHAD & HYLE are silent in the air, but words don’t matter. They gradually descend, trying desperately to steady themselves in for a landing in the storm.

The CAMERA ZOOMS IN and OUT, unfocused around the terrain, as if “it” itself doesn’t know where our heroes should land.

The carnage happening around CHAD & HYLE is on a grander scale than that of a Michael Bay film, but the mayhem is welcomed with nuance... and expertly edited SMASH CUTS of mass destruction.

EXT. B-BALL COLLEGE – AERIAL SHOT

Back to normal speed - a jarring change in tempo. The college crumbles while in the distance CHAD & HYLE freefall from the sky at uncomfortably fast speed.

EXT. THE SKY – ANGLE ON CHAD & HYLE

CHAD finally notices a safe spot surrounding the college area and away from the Maelstrom, but it is just out of reach.

The lightning blocks a smooth passage with an impenetrable wall of electricity that spirals upwards and into the Maelstrom.

    CHAD
    Hyle, are you still with me?

    HYLE
    I’ve never been more with you.

CHAD glows.
CHAD
I think...no, I know, we’re going
to get through this.

HYLE
How? Where are we going?

CLOSE-UP of CHAD’s eyes. He squints, focusing on how to make their escape.

CHAD
Right...there!

CHAD points.

HYLE looks over - still tightly holding onto CHAD’s body.

EXT. ATLANTA DESERT – HYLE’S POV

From beyond the smoke and fire caused from the storm, an area populated by trees comes into view among the Atlanta Desert.

BACK TO:

HYLE
I see it! By those big trees, right?

CHAD
Yeah. But, damn it... we’re falling pretty fast...we might not make it over in time!
(then)
We’ll have to somehow fly through this wall of lightning.

HYLE looks up at CHAD, determined to live. Determined to see CHAD live.

HYLE
If anyone can pull it off, it’s you. Do it!

CHAD, re-energized by this encouragement, taps into his newly awakened Autismic Power and closes his eyes. He intensely focuses to gather the necessary energy.

CUT TO:

CHAD’S MIND – SERIES OF SHOTS

A sequence of images inside Chad’s Mind.
On a black screen, there’s red lightning all around. Then, a rupture of orange “aura” ... it overpowers the red, and then the black ... fills the screen ... until, at last, there’s nothing but the color orange.

BURST OUT.

EXT. THE SKY - ANGLE ON CHAD

EXTREME CLOSE-UP of CHAD’s closed eyes. He opens them.

CHAD
...I can do this.

HYLE
(smiling)
Yes, you can!

CHAD is now surrounded by stunning orange aura.

He falls swiftly towards the ground with seemingly no control over his descent.

Just as he is about to CRASH into the ground from the free-fall, he extends his right arm and pushes himself away from the surface (while still holding onto HYLE in his left arm) - and ascends, upwards, cutting through the air like butter, whizzing across the skies with HYLE in hand.

HYLE (CONT’D)
Woo hooo!!!

HYLE is beaming. Even CHAD can’t hold back his excitement as he lets out an audible sound of relief.

CHAD
Wooh... Hyle; are you ready for what comes next?

HYLE
As long as I’m with you, my body will always be ready.

CHAD has never grinned harder than right now.

CHAD
All right. Let’s do this.
EXT. THE SKY - WALL OF LIGHTNING

CHAD & HYLE float to the the Wall Of Lightning blocking their escape.

CHAD BURSTS with more orange aura and it engulfs his body. He uses the aura as a shield to protect themselves from the electricity.

HYLE
No matter what happens - no matter what - just know that I love you.

CHAD
After you’ve told me something like that, there’s no way I can fail.

CHAD explodes in speed, breaks the sound barrier, and PIERCES through the Wall Of Lightning.

CHAD’s aura is stripped clean, leaving himself bare, indicating that his aura shield was just barely enough to save them.

They’ve made it.

EXT. ATLANTA DESERT - FORESTED AREA - DAY

The blackened sky slowly subsides. Sunlight returns.

CHAD flies over to the safe landing spot by the trees and puts HYLE down next to one.

HYLE rests on the tree while CHAD watches in the distance the B-Ball College burning to rubble...an all too familiar sight.

HYLE looks upon CHAD with the utmost gratitude for saving his life. Twice.

HYLE
Thank you, Chad. I--

CHAD
Stop. There’s no need to thank me. After what we’ve been through, words don’t matter.

In the distance, we hear the sound of HELICOPTERS flying over the college, surely looking on in astonishment.

Suddenly - from behind CHAD & HYLE and in the middle of the Atlanta Desert - the familiar voice of MR. TYRESE hollers.
EXT. ATLANTA DESERT - DAY

MR. TYRESE (O.S.)
Hold it right there, motha fuckas!

Miraculously, MR. TYRESE is alive. He runs towards our heroes across the vast desert, away from the smoldering college.

CHAD
Tyrese? He’s alive?

HYLE
That’s...surprising?

MR. TYRESE stumbles down onto the sand - a welcome form of comedic relief. He earnestly gets back up and makes his way across the long stretch of desert.

MR. TYRESE
I knew you honkys would be the end of us. Just look at this gotdamn mess! Who’s gonna clean all this shit up?

CHAD feels pretty confident with his new power. He retorts.

CHAD
Get lost, you worn out baboon!

MR. TYRESE
What’d you just say!?

HYLE
You heard him!

MR. TYRESE
Boy... you think you’re safe with that ginger watchin’ your ass, but when I get through witcha you’re gonna wish J-Kwon was still around!

With this remark, CHAD recognizes that even the teachers knew of the atrocities going on at the B-Ball College behind closed Shower Room doors. He exudes a quiet rage.

CHAD
If you get any closer to Hyle, I’ll obliterate you.

MR. TYRESE
You don’t scare me, ginger snap.
CHAD
I don’t want any more black blood
on my hands...but I won’t hesitate
to end you.

MR. TYRESE realizes he’s no match for CHAD in his current form.

MR. TYRESE
Erghhh...DAMMIT!! You’ve taken
everything from me! I can’t just
let you get away with this!!

CHAD
I know what you mean, Tyrese.
Believe me. I know what it’s like
to have everything you care about
fall apart right before your eyes.

CHAD stares directly at MR. TYRESE.

CHAD (CONT’D)
Because of you, and this college, I
now have the power I lacked to
become who I need to be.
(then)
As thanks... I’ll give you the
choice I never had: to accept your
defeat and stand down...or to die
in front of your school.

HYLE watches CHAD with concerned expression.

MR. TYRESE stops his advances.

MR. TYRESE
...This isn’t the end of this,
McMan... I won’t let it be...

CHAD looks upon this tired old man sympathetically.

MR. TYRESE (CONT’D)
But... for now... I’ll concede.
You’re the most powerful whitey
I’ve ever laid my eyes on, and I
ain’t in my springtime of youth no
more.

CHAD
You’ve made the right choice.
(then)
If we meet again, maybe we could
slam as equals.
MR. TYRESE  
Not a chance.

CHAD snickers.

CHAD  
You stubborn old fool.

MR. TYRESE  
Watch yourself, Cham. I’ll be back for reparations one day. Count on it.

CHAD & HYLE look at each other, half smiling.

They set off, avoiding the HELICOPTERS surveying the area.

EXT. OASIS - ATLANTA DESERT - DUSK  

CHAD & HYLE stand in a stunning Oasis found in the middle of the Atlanta Desert.

They look up at the sky and see the sunset. To them, at this moment, nothing else on Earth could possibly be as beautiful.

HYLE  
We’re finally free...

CHAD, a slight sadness hidden beyond his smiling face, stops watching the sunset and beholds HYLE.

He looks back up at the sky. A faint glow of orange aura shines off him.

CHAD  
(to himself)  
It’s just too bad he wasn’t here...

HYLE  
What’d you say?

CHAD  
Oh. Nothing.

The sunset is nearly at its end.

HYLE  
So... what now?

CHAD takes HYLE up on his back to carry him.
HYLE (CONT’D)
Woah! What do you think you’re doing?

CHAD
Just trust me.

HYLE
Where are we going??

CHAD
Anywhere you want, baby. I’ll get us there.

CHAD leaps up, stops in the air, and then flies through the skies and beyond the horizon with HYLE on his back.

FADE OUT.

EXT. DENTON, TEXAS - AERIAL SHOT - DAY

CHAD & HYLE are having the time of their lives in the new and unfamiliar city of Denton, Texas.

SUPERIMPOSE: Two days later...

The pair go sight-seeing in this exciting new metropolis.

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - DAY

CHAD & HYLE are taking in a movie.

The “coming soon” trailers are projected onto the film screen. A scary movie trailer starts to play, much to HYLE’s dismay. He covers one of his eyes in fear.

HYLE
I hate these things. Tell me when it’s over.

HYLE is nervous watching the ongoing trailer. It’s very scary even for a green band. He grabs hold of CHAD’s arms and squeezes them tightly.

Some of the other filmgoers look on disgusted. CHAD notices the unwanted attention but his partner remains oblivious.

CHAD
(embarrassed)
It’s just a movie.

CHAD forcibly takes HYLE’s hands off his.
HYLE
I know that...

CHAD
It’s not like any of this nonsense could happen in real life.

HYLE
I know, right?

A PATRON from behind them interrupts their flirting.

PATRON 1
Could you two faggots shut up?

CHAD is furious at this comment.

An aura of orange begins to emanate around CHAD. His anger is causing his Autistic Power to gradually seep out.

HYLE gives CHAD a look that persuades him to calm down.

He lets it slide...but only for HYLE. The aura of Autism disperses before anyone else can notice.

CUT TO:

EXT. TROPICAL ISLAND - THE FILM WORLD - DAY

The Film is a loose animated adaptation of a beloved children’s franchise called “Danky Kang.”

The Film, which has a distinct cartoony art style, begins with two GORILLAS hanging out in a tree house on a relaxing Tropical Island.

Over beautiful tropical imagery, the title for the film FADES IN on screen. “Young Danky Kang.”

All of a sudden, a loud EXPLOSION is heard from outside the Gorilla’s tree hut.

INT. TREE HOUSE - THE FILM WORLD - DAY

YOUNG DANKY KANG
The fuck was that noise about?

P. DIDDY KANG
I dunno Danky, why don’tcha get off your fat monkey ass and check it out?
YOUNG DANKY KANG
Diddy...you’d better pray to
tippity tup that it innit what I
think it is.

P. DIDDY KANG
Well get goin’ and look, then!

YOUNG DANKY KANG steps outside his tree house and notices
smoke coming from the basement cavern.

A pack of ALLIGATORS are hauling DANKY’s stash of bananas
from out of the basement.

YOUNG DANKY KANG
You gawddamn GATORS!

Most of the ALLIGATORS quickly escape the premises.

YOUNG DANKY is furious. He jumps off his tree hut, SLAMS down
onto one of the fleeing ALLIGATORS, and SQUASHES him into a
heap of guts.

CUT TO:

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - DAY

The gator blood goes flying “through” the screen in a 3-D
viewing experience unlike any other.

CHAD & HYLE watch in awe with their 3-D glasses on.

CHAD & HYLE
Woah.

HYLE
It’s like we’re there!

CUT TO:

EXT. TROPICAL ISLAND - THE FILM WORLD - DAY

YOUNG DANKY is irate. He runs up the jungle and SNAPS gator
necks left and right, collecting his lost stash along the way
like loot. There’s so many stolen bananas that it’s hard for
him to hold them all.

P. DIDDY KANG, out of breath, tries to catch up.

P. DIDDY KANG
Wait up you orangutan!
DANKY is in a blind fit of rage and doesn’t want to hear it.

YOUNG DANKY KANG
Don’t you start with me, boy. Help me get these bananas back or you’re gonna get it.

P. DIDDY KANG
Me?

YOUNG DANKY KANG
Yes, you. You know damn well I told you to lay down some dynamite traps in case the gators came back.

P. DIDDY KANG
But Danky, where in Bongo Kongo was I s’posed to get dynamite!?

YOUNG DANKY KANG
Fuck off askin’ me. You were in charge of figuring that out.

P. DIDDY KANG
Oh for the love of tippity... look bro, we just need’ta calm down and collect our stash.

YOUNG DANKY KANG
What the fuck you think I’ve been doin’?

P. DIDDY KANG
Actin’ careless. It’s no monkey’s fault our bananas were stolen...

(a beat)
It’s these damned other animals that are helping these green crocks a’ shit!

YOUNG DANKY KANG
What’re you on about?

P. DIDDY KANG
I’m saying we gotta crack down on all these motha fuckas. They’re no innocent gawkers. They knew our stash was in danger of being taken, and they didn’t say nothin’. Those traitors are probably with the gators right now laughing at us.

(a beat)
...Well, probably.
YOUNG DANKY KANG
Now hold up, son... those are some serious allegations. Are you trying to tell me that all these animal buddies... are really our enemies?

P. DIDDY KANG
Exactly.

DANKY plants a smile on his face. He lives for the thrill.

YOUNG DANKY KANG
Well hold the coconut phone then... I think it’d be best if we teach these back stabbers a lesson. You feel me?

P. DIDDY KANG
Now that’s what I’m talkin’ about!

YOUNG DANKY & P. DIDDY high-five each other and go on a--

KILLING SPREE MONTAGE

Innocent animals are slaughtered by their hands in realistic, gruesome, animal-on-animal violence. The majority of the animals aren’t even gators, just cute little forest friends that the pair suspect of treason.

Numerous “borrowed” action sequences occur - such as one lifted straight out of “The Matrix.”

A bunch of peanuts are hurled DANKY’s way by an ELEPHANT defending itself. The film shifts to BULLET-TIME and YOUNG DANKY narrowly avoids all the peanuts. He runs up to the ELEPHANT, takes it by the snout, and strangles it around its head; suffocating it to death.

Back to normal speed.

YOUNG DANKY KANG
That’s what you get. Bitch.

CUT TO:

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - DAY

CHAD & HYLE are mesmerized by the innovative filmmaking on display.

HYLE

Chad?
CHAD
Yes, Hyle?

HYLE
This is the greatest thing ever made, isn’t it?

CHAD
Yes Hyle. Yes I believe it is.

From behind them:

PATRON 2
Shh!

CHAD faces the PATRON.

CHAD
You “shh,” asshole. We’re sharing a moment here.

PATRON 2
Pffft.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE - THE FILM WORLD - DAY

YOUNG DANKY finishes murdering a gross of animal buddies (turned enemies) and breathes heavily in euphoria and anxiety.

YOUNG DANKY KANG
Now what!? Now how y’all tricksters gonna help them fucking gators?

SMASH CUT TO:

A SQUIRREL.

With broken bones, this female SQUIRREL pleads with the deranged ape. She tries to convince DANKY to stop his bloody - and asinine - rampage.

SQUIRREL
Please Mr. Danky...we had nothing to do with your stolen bananas. We were only scared of the gators and fled for our lives.

YOUNG DANKY KANG
You shut your mouth!
P. DIDDY KANG
Don’t listen to her, Danky. She’s in cahoots with them dirty gators; I just know it.
(softly)
…I think.

YOUNG DANKY KANG
I don’t like the sound of that one bit!

SQUIRREL
(to herself)
Please Lord, may the crystal coconuts save me...

YOUNG DANKY KANG
Hey! Keep yo eyes on me!
(then)
All we’re asking you to do is tell us what we wanta hear.

SQUIRREL
I promise I don’t know anything!
Please--

YOUNG DANKY KANG
Wrong answer.

YOUNG DANKY plows his foot down onto the SQUIRREL – SPLAT!

She’s dead.

P. DIDDY KANG
It was the only way, bro... it was the only way.

YOUNG DANKY KANG
(feigning empathy)
I know... God do I know. I did what we had’ta. Sometimes I think I ain’t cut out for this shit.

YOUNG DANKY casually wipes the blood off his feet – no sign of remorse – and they move on.

EXT. JUNGLE - THE FILM WORLD - DAY

DANKY and P. DIDDY traverse the entire jungle landscape in search of their stolen banana stash.
They encounter many animal buddies along the way that they relentlessly murder in a slideshow of pictures played to an out-of-place song like “Worked Up” by Brian Anthony.

Before the terrible music damages the hearing of our audience, the slideshow ends.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OCEAN SHORE - TROPICAL ISLAND - THE FILM WORLD - DUSK

YOUNG DANKY & P. DIDDY find themselves in front of a giant pimped out pirate ship on the Ocean Shore.

They’ve reached the alligator’s base at long last.

  P. DIDDY KANG
  Hey, look, Danky! That’s where the gators live!!

  YOUNG DANKY KANG
  Finally. How many damned animals did we have to slam through to get here?

  P. DIDDY KANG
  I’d say we killed half the population of this island...

  YOUNG DANKY KANG
  Sounds about right... Y’know, the funny thing is... I’m not even mad no more.

  P. DIDDY KANG
  ...For real?

  YOUNG DANKY KANG
  Yup. I s’pose murderin’ all them forest critters tired me out.

  P. DIDDY KANG
  Come on, Danky! All those deaths will be in vain if we give up now!

  YOUNG DANKY KANG
  Shut your sass and let me rest.

  P. DIDDY KANG
  I’ll give you a minute. But just remember...the blood of the innocent rests on your hands.
YOUNG DANKY KANG
Say what!? Monkey, you told me they turned against us!

A beat.

P. DIDDY KANG
Let’s not blame each other. We’re both responsible for this--

P. DIDDY glances at the pile of dead animals next to them.

P. DIDDY KANG (CONT’D)
...potentially tragic genocide.

YOUNG DANKY looks at his cohort with a vicious expression.

P. DIDDY KANG (CONT’D)
Bb-but we can make it right by slammin’ these gators and getting our stash back! ...You feel me?

YOUNG DANKY KANG
Forget about that already. We’ve got a bazillion other bananas at our other hang out.

P. DIDDY KANG
...Oh. Oh, shit...my bad. That must’ve slipped my mind...

YOUNG DANKY KANG
S’all good. Diddy, my friend - whadya say we head home and you whip us up a couple of your delicious banana slammas?

P. DIDDY KANG
...Yeah. Sure. I could use a drink.

YOUNG DANKY extends his hand to P. DIDDY.

He takes DANKY’s hand and they walk off together. The peaceful sunset serves as a perfect contrast to the piles of dead animals lying on the ground that they walk past nonchalantly.

After walking far away from the CAMERA, P. DIDDY turns back to face it. He looks at it dead center, and as if peering into the real world, “breaks the fourth wall.”
The movie screen FADES TO BLACK.
The credits roll to an overly aggressive rap song. It’s sung by the cast, almost deliberately distastefully.

CUT TO:

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - DAY
Shock and awe would be an understatement.

PATRON 2
What the fuck was that??

The whole auditorium is aghast... except for two overly enthusiastic fans.

HYLE
That...was...awesome!

CHAD
The single greatest film I’ve ever seen.

From behind:

PATRON 1
So gay!

HYLE shoots a look at PATRON 1, conditioned to expect that word being hurled at him as an insult. Discerning that PATRON 1 is merely looking at the screen to comment on the film with his worthless opinions, HYLE becomes puzzled.

The other attendees leave the theater at a normal pace, but CHAD & HYLE remain seated, still trying to absorb all that had taken place in the film. This is their “Star Wars” moment.

A twosome of PATRONS voice their opinions while exiting the auditorium:

PATRON 3
Man...they really raped this franchise hard, huh? It was nothing like the source material.
PATRON 2
You said it. I don’t know what the hell they were smoking writing this dreck. We didn’t even get the final fight with the villain on the frikkin’ poster!

PATRON 3
That’s false advertising. And hey, did that monkey literally tell us to fuck ourselves?

PATRON 2
Yeah! What’d they think this is, “Deadpool”?

BACK TO:

CHAD
Some people must have the taste of a common prole. I hope they don’t breed.

HYLE
They just don’t get it. I feel sorry for them...
(then)
Hey... you wanna take a walk on the promenade?

EXT. PARK - DUSK

CHAD & HYLE walk hand in hand by the waterfront.

HYLE looks up at the moon, and then to CHAD, blushing slightly.

CHAD
Can you believe how dank that movie was?

HYLE’s expression morphs into one of childlike glee.

HYLE
I know, right? Those monkeys kicked ass!

CHAD looks at him disdainfully.

CHAD
Hyle... those were apes, not monkeys. Try not to embarrass yourself in front of me.
HYLE
Geez...I’m sorry. I guess I’m not as big an expert on primates as you.

HYLE is irritated by this easily provoked snap from CHAD, although he shrugs it off as humor. It is not.

CHAD
Well I guess no one is. It’s a good thing you have me around.

EXT. PARK - BENCH - DUSK
CHAD & HYLE are sitting down on a Park Bench. CHAD puts his arm around HYLE’s waist and pulls him in closer. Their fogging breath intermingles in the night air.

A couple PASSERBY look at them oddly but eventually go on their way.

HYLE
People need to know about this movie.

CHAD looks at him askew.

CHAD
Well, yeah, it was awesome...but do the ignorant masses even deserve to know?

HYLE
This is more than just a good movie, Chad. It’s important. It oughta be shown in schools.

CHAD extricates his arm while HYLE grows more determined and resolute. He begins studying him closely.

HYLE (CONT’D)
Things would be so different if people just listened to what this movie has to say. We could end wars.

CHAD
...End wars?

CHAD is perplexed, unsure if HYLE’s being serious.

CHAD (CONT’D)
Look, I liked the movie too, but... I highly doubt it could end wars.
(MORE)
You’re only joking, right?

Of course he isn’t.

HYLE
It’s such an empowering franchise. If people just watched this film, all their hate would melt away. What would be the point in fighting? We’d have Young Danky Kang.

CHAD
But what about all the fuckin’ proles in those third-world shit holes that don’t speak English?

HYLE
Umm... we could... we could find out which languages need translation, and recruit people to localize it ourselves!

CHAD
You’re talking like we have any business doing that.

HYLE
We’ll make it our business. Nothing else is this important.

CHAD
...Not even b-ball?

HYLE hesitates a mere fraction of a second - barely perceptible.

HYLE
No. Not even b-ball.

CHAD looks across the Park, spying a gated fenced area down the path. He contemplates this life altering decision.

CHAD
I’ve still got some things to work out you know...

FLASHES of the Chaos Dunk with the menacing laugh of TYRONE. HYLE’s cheery optimism turns to deflated depression.
HYLE
Oh... yeah. Sorry. I guess this was a stupid idea anyway, right?

A beat. CHAD looks at his hand. It’s shaking.

CHAD
Listen...Hyle... well, it’s just that...

HYLE looks devastatingly cute. There’s no way anyone can deny him.

CHAD
...well, fuck. If we’re leaving b-ball behind... how ‘bout one last game? You and me.

HYLE beams, grinning from ear to ear.

HYLE
Sure!!

EXT. PARK - TRAIL - NIGHT

The Park is isolated this time of night. Lonely. Deserted. Romantic.

CHAD
Trash cans are the basketball rings. I got a ball right here.

CHAD drops his backpack - seemingly coming out of nowhere - and kneels down to unzip it. As he straightens up with the ball, he looks into HYLE’s eyes.

HYLE blushes.

HYLE
So how’re we playing this?

CHAD smirks at him confidently.

CHAD
As rough as you’ve got.

CHAD takes stance and begins dribbling the ball. HYLE follows suit, barely able to contain his pleasure.
CHAD looks so powerful, so in charge, so masterful. HYLE sees him eying him, weighing out the best course of action to utterly dominate any opposing play he can possibly muster.

HYLE shudders with delight at how thoroughly forceful CHAD is being. It makes him feel beautiful.

CHAD (CONT’D)
You ready to dance?

In response, HYLE lunges towards him.

CHAD is momentarily surprised, then he grins as he and HYLE begin juking around one another, the ball just barely in CHAD’s control as their bodies writhe back and forth towards each other just enough to feel the other’s body heat; that whiff of musk to invade their nostrils.

CHAD (CONT’D)
You’ve got some moves there “Ham.”

HYLE
Oh, you “ain’t” seen the half of it yet.

Suddenly, HYLE pounces - but CHAD is simply too fast for him.

Grabbing the ball out of mid-air, CHAD executes a jump shot from half court and effortlessly SWISHES the ball around the can’s rim.

CHAD looks down at HYLE, both breathing heavily.

HYLE (CONT’D)
Damn.

CHAD retrieves the rock and bounce-passes it to HYLE.

HYLE, shaking with raw animal desire and the thrill of subjugation, can hardly keep the rock steady as he dribbles.

CHAD
Are you gonna tease me like that all night? Come get some already.

HYLE explodes to the right -- and as fast as lightning, CHAD is upon him, flush to his body while he tries to make it around him.

Realizing that there’s no hope in outpacing CHAD, HYLE plants himself to the ground and takes the shot.
CHAD jumps straight up in the air, effortlessly - not even bending his legs, just bouncing off his feet - and with a lazy, almost disdainful flick of his wrist, knocks the ball back down to the Park.

HYLE rushes to cover... but with a fakeout juke, CHAD thunders past him and pops the ball in a perfect geometric arc through the dead center of the trash can.

CHAD turns to face HYLE, sweat dripping from his every pore and soaking his shirt.

HYLE looks upon CHAD in awe. He is a ginger idol of a sexual God; the very idea of middling sexuality turned flesh.

CHAD (CONT’D)
Who’s your daddy?

HYLE bites his lip, trying to will the blood from the surface of his cheeks as he demurs towards the ground.

CHAD (CONT’D)
Say it.

HYLE looks up at him, locking eyes. His heart pounds.

HYLE
Your ball, daddy.

CHAD erupts into satisfied laughter before airily jogging to the trash can. Upon returning to half court and assuming the position, he once again locks eyes with HYLE. His thighs shiver.

CHAD
Here it comes.

As CHAD pounds the ball in as hard a dribble as possible, HYLE gasps. An aura glimmers around CHAD, signaling a readiness to unleash his Autismic Power.

Knowing that he can hardly stand in CHAD’s way, but unable to back down, he takes to the sky just as CHAD does, twenty or thirty feet into the air.

EXT. THE SKY - PARK - NIGHT

Still in the air, CHAD wraps his arm around HYLE’s waist. HYLE collapses into him, gripping his torso in tender embrace, moaning in pleasure.

CHAD
Let’s slam.
They spiral back towards Earth, lovers in each other’s arms.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

CHAD completes the dunk over HYLE’s shoulder, SHATTERING the trash can into thousands of glittering shards.

The trash rockets upwards into the sky in a meticulously crafted cinematographer’s wet dream.

We focus in on the shards in the sky, fetishizing over each pieces precise placement in the shot. Every piece looks gorgeous in some perverted, abstract way.

The trash makes impact all across the Park in huge SPLATS.

We see the two of them, on their knees, holding one another and making sweet love. They avoid the trash whenever possible.

HYLE starts to sob. The moment proves too much for him to handle.

HYLE
You bring me to my knees, Chad...
literally.

A beat.

CHAD
Don’t ruin the moment.

HYLE
I’m just--

CHAD places his index finger on HYLE’s lips.

CHAD
Ssshh...shut up. Everything’s going to be fine.

HYLE passively enjoys CHAD’s unmitigated dominance in the relationship. The Autism is no doubt making CHAD less empathetic; more cocky... but right now, for the time being, HYLE loves it.

They look into each other’s eyes and share an intimate sex scene.

FADE OUT.
EXT. PARK - LATER THAT NIGHT

Several hours later, a MAN and WOMAN walk by CHAD & HYLE lying on a park bench.

The Couple notice the trash strewn across the ground and approach our heroes to inquire about the mess.

MAN
Jesus. What happened here?

WOMAN
It looks like a tornado came through.

HYLE giggles. CHAD looks at him disapprovingly.

HYLE
...Yeah. Something like that.

EXT. ANOTHER HIGH SCHOOL - B-BALL COURT - DAY

We’re in Another High School B-Ball Court in a sleepy country town. It’s in for a rude awakening.

SUPERIMPOSE: Meanwhile, earlier that day...

A group of BLACK STUDENTS are practicing five-on-five b-ball together, innocuously.

Watching them are an ensemble of WHITE STUDENTS. They’re cheering on the Black Students; socializing. They’re all friends. Ebony and ivory.

Suddenly, there’s a RUMBLING. The sound of feet marching, inching closer and closer.

In the distance, hundreds of black people in b-ball uniforms - an ARMY - trek towards this school.

Surprised, the Black Students playing five-on-five stop dribbling. The b-ball drops to the ground and rolls away.

The White Students are confounded as well.

One of the White Students -- a red-haired young woman around CHAD’s age -- expresses her befuddlement. Meet JANELL.

JANELL
...What in the world? Who are all those nice black people heading towards us? Friends of yours?
BLACK STUDENT 1
Nope... all my friends are right in front of me, watchin’ me play. I got to be the luckiest Negro in the world.

JANELL
Awww... that’s so sweet!

BLACK STUDENT 2
(to Black Student 1)
Yeah, yeah... you just wanna get in dat white butt.

BLACK STUDENT 1
’Ey, shut yo ass up!

BLACK STUDENT 2
Make me, nigga!

JANELL
Guys, guys; stop fighting! You know I love you all equally.

BLACK STUDENT 2
Bitch, don’t assume I want’chur skanky booty hole.

BLACK STUDENT 1
Hey! Now you gone and crossed the line!

Unbeknownst to the fighting Black Students, the Army has arrived. They’re heavily armed with AK-47s.

BLACK STUDENT 2
You wanna go, nigga? Let’s go!!

From behind, a familiar dominating voice interrupts their fight.

TYRONE (O.S.)
What do we have here... a couple of brothers fighting over some morsel of white meat? Is this what we’ve become?

The two fighting Black Students turn around to see TYRONE -- the leader of this Army of Underlings.

BLACK STUDENT 1
You’re...
BLACK STUDENT 2
Naw, it can’t be...

TYRONE
My name is King Tyrone, and I’m here to beseech your eternal loyalty to my kingdom.

Silence.

TYRONE (CONT’D)
Take this opportunity to say your goodbyes, then pack your shit and come with us. I’m not leaving empty handed.

All of the Students are confused. They stay still.

BLACK STUDENT 3
What the fuck is he talkin’ about?

Out of the Army of Underlings, XAVION comes forth.

XAVION
Bite your tongue, peasant! You ain’t talkin’ to yo momma. Show some respect!

TYRONE laughs.

TYRONE
Now, now... it’s all right, Xavion. This nigga’s just ignorant. Living in this godforsaken hick of a town has probably fried his brain.

BLACK STUDENT 3
Whatchu say?!

XAVION
You heard ‘em! Your brains all fucked up!

TYRONE
I’ve been making speeches all day so forgive me if I isn’t deep in formalities. Short of it is; I’m recruiting brothas from high school b-ball teams across the country, and y’all are next in line.

BLACK STUDENT 4
Recruiting for what reason?
TYRONE opens his mouth to respond, but XAVION butts in.

XAVION
For whatever the hell reason he feels like, nigga! Dayum!

TYRONE
(quietly)
Xavion... take a breather for me, won’t ya?

XAVION
(quietly)
I’m sorry, King Tyrone... i-it’s just that...
(loudly)
These back talkin’ monkeys are pissing me off!

TYRONE
I ‘preciate you having my back...
but everything’s under control.

XAVION
(quietly)
Ah, all right... I’m...i’m go count sheep or somethin’.

TYRONE
That’s for sleeping, but okay. You go do that.

The Students on the court are even more baffled.

TYRONE (CONT’D)
Y’all better come with me before he finishes. He may not look like much, but he’s bursting at the seams with Autismic Power contracted from yours truly.

The court is in a daze of confusion.

BLACK STUDENT 4
...This nigga serious?

TYRONE instantly teleports and materializes next to Black Student 4.

TYRONE
Oh, I’m dead serious.

Everyone is freaked the fuck out.
BLACK STUDENT 4
H...How you do that!?

TYRONE
As you can see, I’m not your average nigga. I can do almost anything thanks to a greater power. And for a limited time only, you too can bask in it.

BLACK STUDENT 2
How!? How King Tyrone!? I wanna bask in that shit!

BLACK STUDENT 4
’Ey, h-hold up! I wanna bask innit more than he does!

TYRONE
Easy brothers, easy...there's enough baskin' to go around for everyone. You just gotta prove yourselves loyal to the king.

BLACK STUDENT 2
Aw, man, there’s always a catch...

BLACK STUDENT 5
That’s how they getcha.

Black Student 5 is the skeptic of the bunch.

TYRONE
How would you niggas react if I told y’all you could graduate right this second, and move on to a magical college full of wonders you never imagined possible. A base to the most elite and Autistic ballers that this world has ever known...

BLACK STUDENT 5
Oh boy, here we go...how much does it cost?

TYRONE
It’s free. I got enough tickets for everyone.

TYRONE reaches into his pockets which are overflowing with Golden Tickets to B-Ball College. Some of them land on the ground. He flaunts them.
BLACK STUDENT 2
="You xerox these?"

BLACK STUDENT 5
="Now wait just a minute here...you wouldn’t be talkin’ ‘bout that B-Ball College in the Atlanta Deserts would you?"

TYRONE is flabbergasted at this remark.

TYRONE
="That’s the one. That place is like my home...my secret home. Tell me, how does some backwards hick town nigga like you drop knowledge like that?"

BLACK STUDENT 5
="You haven’t seen the news?"

TYRONE
="I don’t watch the news. I make it."

BLACK STUDENT 5
="Oh, well...uhh... how do I put this delicately... the B-Ball College-- it was blown da fuck up."

TYRONE
="...Come again?"

BLACK STUDENT 4
="I—it’s true! A couple whiteys demolished it! Only a crickety old coon named Tyrese survived."

XAVION, who has been lying down counting sheep on the pavement all this time, overhears this and jumps up.

XAVION
="What!? K-King Tyrone...there’s no way that could be true! The B-Ball College is the safest, happiest place on Earth!!"
TYRONE is silent; still. He closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

TYRONE’S MIND

On a black screen, a sandy plane of desert FADES IN. A storm of sand obscures all vision.

We progress through the desert until black smoke and fire overpowers the sand in the air and fills the screen.

TYRONE is unable to sense the B-Ball College’s usual presence...but there is a single life force that still remains, visually indicated by an aura far out in the plane.

BACK TO:

EXT. ANOTHER HIGH SCHOOL – B-BALL COURT – DAY

TYRONE

...I can’t sense it.

XAVION

No...that’s impossible...

TYRONE

I can’t fuckin’ sense it!!

TYRONE shoots a blast of red energy from his right hand to one of the hundreds of Underlings in his Army behind him. The nameless Underling explodes.

The other Underlings are, understandably, spooked.

XAVION

Let’s not jump to any conclusions, now...

TYRONE

We’re leaving. I need to question the survivor and find out who I need to kill.

XAVION

What about these Students??

TYRONE walks further up the high school court, startling the Students...especially the White ones.
TYRONE
Brothers! Now's the time to act. The B-Ball College is the most sacred of havens for every baller worth his rubber. If a cracka really destroyed it, then he might as well have pissed in your faces and shoved his puny cock up your throats. It's a declaration of war.

BLACK STUDENT 2
Yeah!! To hell with those those white savages!

BLACK STUDENT 1
YEAH! I don't wanna get pissed on!

BLACK STUDENT 6
I kinda do...

The others look at him, half startled and half ready to beat his ass.

BLACK STUDENT 6 (CONT’D)
B-But not by no damn honky!!

CROWD OF BLACK STUDENTS
Hell yeah! / True dat! / You gay.

Black Student 4 high-fives Black Student 6. This is a heartfelt moment, almost completely out of place.

JANELL comes to understand that this situation is looking bad for her and her white friends.

JANELL
Umm...guys? I’m not 100% sure what you’re talking about, and I very well may be speaking out of turn, but...I don’t think war is really the best solution to your problems...

Before she can finish, every Black Student has turned against her and the other White Students. They look upon them with bloodshot jungle eyes.

BLACK STUDENT 2
‘Ey, who the fuck told this bitch she could speak?

JANELL
W-What? I thought we were all friends...!
TYRONE
I think she must be delusional.
What exactly is she to you brothers anyway?

JANELL looks to Black Student 1 - hopeful. Clear within her eyes, she is pleading for backup.

Black Student 1 struggles. He does have feelings for her, but... he’s outnumbered. He can’t save her.

BLACK STUDENT 1
She... she ain’t nothin’ but a ho
to us, King Tyrone.

JANELL is devastated.

JANELL
H-How can you say that?! We grew up together!!

TYRONE
Alright, I’ve heard enough. Take this one and her friends. We can use them as leverage.

XAVION
With pleasure, my king.
(then)
You heard ‘im, brothas! Tie these hostages up so we can get outta here!

The Army of Underlings move in and round up the White Students.

The Black Students from this high-school are handed AK-47s and new b-ball uniforms by various Underlings. They become yet more flunkies in TYRONE’s Army.

TYRONE
Let’s get movin’.

EXT. OUTSIDE A HOTEL - DENTON - NIGHT

CHAD & HYLE are in search of a place to sleep for the night.

SUPERIMPOSE: Denton, Texas. Present.

Standing outside a luxury hotel, they realize that they’re completely out of money.
CHAD
Hey, uh, Hyle... I’m kinda broke, so, uhh...

HYLE
You want me to pay for a room?

CHAD
Yeah! I mean--it’s only fair, considering I saved your life and all.

HYLE
I would if I could Chad, but I’m broke too. I left my wallet in the college locker room, and, well... you know.

CHAD snaps.

CHAD
Ugh! Are you fucking me right now?

HYLE
(startled)
I wish I was...

CHAD
I’m not sleeping on a park bench like some smelly, homeless crack addict. I’m above that. I rose above that.

HYLE
Then what’re we going to do?

CHAD
Are you prepared to sell yourself to the people of Denton?

HYLE is stunned.

HYLE
...What!?

CHAD
What other options do we have?

HYLE
You’d make me work the streets instead of sleeping on a park bench for one night?

CHAD hesitates.
In a brief moment of clairvoyance, he summons enough empathy to abate his growing Autism.

    CHAD
    No, no... I wouldn’t do that to you, I suppose.
    (then)
    I must’ve been around animals for so long that I’d forgotten what it’s like to be around real people. I’m sorry, Hyle... will you forgive me?

CHAD gives HYLE puppy dog eyes.

HYLE eases up. He relates to the atrocities they’d both endured at the B-Ball College.

    HYLE
    I...may have overreacted a bit. I know it’s hard to adapt to civilian life after being through hell. It was like a prison in there...we had to do anything to survive.

    CHAD
    This is exactly why we’re meant to be together. You’re the only one who could possibly understand me.

    HYLE
    (flustered)
    You really think so?

    CHAD
    I do. Baby, I love you.

HYLE’s heart flutters.

    HYLE
    I love you too, Chad.

A beat.

    CHAD
    So...whaddya say? Will you take one for the team?

HYLE freezes. Thinks. He knows he loves this man, and he knows he wouldn’t ask him a task this arduous if not for the purest of reasons...but something seems off about CHAD.

    HYLE
    Okay Chad. This once, I will. But just this once.
CHAD
I can’t promise you that, but thanks.

HYLE can’t help but be agitated by CHAD’s increasing lack of empathy, but he tries to stay cool and collected in front of him.

HYLE
The problem is...where are we going to find someone willing?

CHAD
You kidding, Hyle? People should be lining up around the block already for a chance at you.

HYLE
Oh, shut up.

Beneath the surface, HYLE is flattered.

CHAD
Just saying! Honestly, it shouldn’t be hard to find you someone. But you’re right that we can’t exactly stroll around town hanging up flyers...

HYLE
Hmm... I guess this idea isn’t going to work, then.

Miraculously, CHAD notices a building across the street with a sign - “Internet Cafe.” This sparks his imagination.

CHAD
Not so fast, negative nancy. Look over there!

HYLE looks over and reads the sign.

HYLE
In-ter-net cafe? ...What’s that?

CHAD
An Internet Cafe. I’ve heard of these before. Apparently, you use these places to connect to the world wide web.

HYLE
...The world wide web?
CHAD
It’s like...fuck, you wouldn’t understand. Just--trust me, babe, it’s a way to get the word out fast.

HYLE
I wish you wouldn’t treat me like a child.

CHAD
Hyle. Come on now. I wouldn’t ask a child to suck dick for me.

Even HYLE is turned off at this.

HYLE
...Ugh...

CHAD
Let’s go!

CHAD excitedly - and forcefully - takes HYLE’s arm and leads him into the Internet Cafe.

INT. INTERNET CAFE - NIGHT

There are rows of computers -- grey plastic bulks gently CRACKLING with the strain of operation. Each is connected to a dial up modem; their noise reverberating in the cramped cafe.

Barely perceptible is the BUZZING of the fluorescents overhead. These lights illuminate the peeling walls and scuffed floors.

Every computer has a chair in front of it, but each is in a state of disarray. Some are merely torn and missing fluff, while others are held together with duct tape and prayer.

CHAD & HYLE find themselves lost in this sea of modern technology; never having used such modern contraptions to any great extent before.

HYLE
So... what do we do?

The RECEPTIONIST near the front speaks up. He’s a white, unappealing man in his mid-30s.

RECEPTIONIST
First, you pay me.
CHAD
Pay...

HYLE
...you?

RECEPTIONIST
Yes, pay me. How do you think we operate?

CHAD
We’ve never been to one of these before. It’s all so wild.

RECEPTIONIST
Well, I’m sorry, but we do require a fee for each hour of use. It’s $5 to start, $3 for each additional hour.

CHAD
Yeah, about that... we don’t have any money. We’re new in town.

RECEPTIONIST
Well I can’t help you then, boys. If I let you use the Internet for free, then everybody would want to join in.

The Internet Cafe is completely empty.

CHAD
...Come on, there’s no one here!

RECEPTIONIST
I said I can’t help you.

HYLE starts to walk up to the RECEPTIONIST...promiscuously.

HYLE
Is there, perhaps...any way we could persuade you?

RECEPTIONIST
What do you mean by that?

CHAD ogles HYLE, uncertain if he means what he thinks.

HYLE
Would you accept another form of payment? A more...intimate kind.

HYLE tries his best to appear desirable. He smirks seductively.
The RECEPTIONIST is merely dumbstruck. A beat.

    RECEPTIONIST
    I still don’t know what you’re getting at.

CHAD’s patience wears out. No more beating around the bush.

    CHAD
    He means do you wanna make your dick the happiest it’s ever been?

    RECEPTIONIST
    (shocked)
    Excuse me?

    HYLE
    A hand job.

    CHAD
    Or a blow, if that’s what it takes.

HYLE looks angrily at CHAD, who has upped the ante without consent.

    RECEPTIONIST
    Do I look gay to you?

    CHAD
    Being gay has nothing to do with it. You don’t even need to lock eyes.

    RECEPTIONIST
    Are you out of your minds?

    CHAD
    Look... we really need to use a computer.

    RECEPTIONIST
    I’m not getting a blow job from either of you.

    CHAD
    Not from me, anyway. The offer’s only for Hyle.

This visibly upsets HYLE.

    HYLE
    (sulking)
    Because God forbid you help out.
CHAD
Hey now... I thought you were okay with this?

HYLE scornfully walks closer to CHAD and argues in a huddle.

With their backs turned away from the RECEPTIONIST, they converse in an angry whisper.

HYLE
(quietly)
I was never “okay” with this. I only went along with the plan because you said you loved me. Was I supposed to make you hate me?

CHAD
(quietly)
Hyle... if you don’t want to do this, it’s fine. Just say the word and we’ll go sleep on a park bench like a pair of grimy hobos.

HYLE
(angrily whispering)
Really, Chad? Are you really gonna play the guilt card like that?

CHAD
It’s your decision. I won’t force you.

HYLE pouts. He looks down to the floor.

CHAD (CONT’D)
(in a soft whisper)
Hey. Hyle baby... up here.

HYLE audibly broods.

CHAD (CONT’D)
Tell me who loves you more than anything in the whole wide world.

HYLE
...Don’t do that.

CHAD ignores this.
CHAD (louder, seductively)
Come on and tell daddy who loves you so much he’d start a war just to see your pretty face for a single second...no, millisecond.

HYLE stays silent; his face in a state of disarray.

CHAD (CONT’D)
(even louder, seductively)
It’s me, baby. It’s Chad daddy.

Despite himself, HYLE is turned on.

HYLE
(softly)
Damn it Chad... you’re so unfair.

CHAD
Aha! I knew you’d pull through for us, babe. Daddy loves you.

The RECEPTIONIST has overheard everything, and he’s fed up with it all.

RECEPTIONIST
Alright, you two need to get the fuck out of here before I call the cops.

Nothing.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT’D)
I mean it!

A beat.

CHAD & HYLE finally leave their huddled state...oblivious to the fact the RECEPTIONIST has heard everything.

In a serious tone:

CHAD
(to Receptionist)
We’ve reached a compromise.

HYLE
I’ll do it. However -- my butt is off limits. Got it?

This tone deaf statement lingers in the air for an uncomfortable period of time.
RECEPTIONIST
...I don’t want “it” or your butt, now get the fuck out!

HYLE
Wait... but-- you don’t...want me?

RECEPTIONIST
Why would anyone want some pale twig like you to suck them off?

CHAD
Or to jack you off.

RECEPTIONIST
...Right. Okay. Forget the cops. I’m giving you both to the count of five before I start kicking your asses.

HYLE sits down on the floor; distressed.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT’D)
Five...

CHAD looks at HYLE, clearly distraught by the rejection.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.) (CONT’D)
...Four...

HYLE starts to cry.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.) (CONT’D)
...Three... two...

CHAD
Hold up-- something’s wrong with Hyle!!

The RECEPTIONIST stops counting to see HYLE panting hysterically.

RECEPTIONIST
...Time’s up.

HYLE is having a panic attack.

CHAD
Jesus Christ, dude, can’t you see he’s hysterical?!

RECEPTIONIST
I’m not paid to deal with lunatics.
CHAD loses his red hot ginger temper. Orange aura radiates off him and goes haywire through the Cafe.

CHAD
Then deal with this, fucker!
Niggardly Lunge!

He rushes towards the RECEPTIONIST and lunges him into the wall.

RECEPTIONIST
Ugh! What the fuck!?

The RECEPTIONIST finds himself pinned to the wall. Stuck.

CHAD
Stay there and keep your mouth shut.

CHAD runs back to the triggered HYLE. He kneels down next to him.

CHAD (CONT’D)
Hey... buddy... what’s up?

HYLE
(to himself)
He didn’t... want me...

HYLE is sweating profusely.

CHAD
Was it something he said?

It’s no use. HYLE doesn’t respond.

CHAD (CONT’D)
What’s wrong?

HYLE looks like he’s a million miles away from the moment, almost living a different life in his mind. He collapses down onto the floor while staring at CHAD.

HYLE starts to close his eyes.

CHAD (CONT’D)
Hyle...
(a beat)
Hyle! Don’t leave me now!

He fully closes his eyelids.

CHAD (CONT’D)
Stay with me, baby...
CHAD holds HYLE in his arms as he drifts away from consciousness.

EXT. THE SKY - ANGLE ON THE MOON - NIGHT

CHAD (O.S.)
(distant, with reverb)
Hyle!!

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. ATLANTA - DESERT - DAY [SAND STORM]

A robed man - TYRONE - walks towards us across the desert in a sand storm that clouds his vision. The robe hides his identity.

SUPERIMPOSE: Meanwhile, earlier that day...

An Army of TYRONE’s Underlings come into view behind him.

The sand clears up for a moment. TYRONE finds what he’s looking for.

EXT. B-BALL COLLEGE RUINS - DAY

The B-Ball College lies in front of him.

Now nothing but smoke and ash, the B-Ball College has been eradicated -- a victim of the Maelstrom Dunk.

TYRONE lifts his hood up to see more astutely...and to reveal himself to the CAMERA.

TYRONE picks up a single strand of red hair from the sand. He knows exactly who it belongs to; his senses superhuman.

TYRONE
Xavion?

XAVION
Y-yeah King Tyrone...?

TYRONE
Ready the white bitches. That cracka gone and made it personal.

Among the hundreds of Underlings, there’s dozens of white people on their knees, prodded along by gun point. CAPTIVES; now visible without the sand obscuring them.
CLOSE-ON a specific CAPTIVE pinned to the sand by a large Underling. JANELL - the woman with striking red hair.

The sand storm obscures them again, acting as a transition.

INT. INTERNET CAFE - NIGHT

The Internet Cafe is now dimly lit. It’s later at night. The sound of heavy rain from outside is palpable.

The RECEPTIONIST remains pinned to the wall. HYLE is unconscious, out of sight.

CHAD sits on a chair next to one of the computers -- a blank expression on his face.

He types on the keyboard. The CLACKING of the keys compliments the rain, producing an oddly calm yet creepy atmosphere.

On the MONITOR, there’s a web page. In bright orange Comic Sans font, “The Vine” is written dead center over a dark blue background.

Underneath the header, text appears on screen as CHAD types.

“Seeking a young man in desperate need of release. My underage partner is willing to do whatever it takes as long as you got the cash.

Meet us in the Internet Cafe at the corner of Howard Lincoln Avenue. Denton. When you arrive, tell us you heard it through ‘The Vine.’

Come alone or you won’t be coming at all.”

CHAD finishes his solicitation. He hovers the mouse cursor over “publish.”

There is a moment of reflection. Conflicts. A beat. And then, nothing but the sound of a CLICK.

CHAD lays back on the chair. He closes his eyes for a moment to rest.

CHAD opens his eyes and looks over at HYLE’s body, lying exactly where he left him. CHAD’s body twitches.

From out of nowhere:

TYRONE (V.O.)
Hey there, McMac.
CHAD jolts up from the chair; startled.

CHAD
...Who’s there?

TYRONE (V.O.)
Aw, that ain’t nice. You already forget about me?

TYRONE is communicating to CHAD via telepathy.

CHAD
...How is this... Tyrone?

TYRONE (V.O.)
That’s right. Been a while ain’t it?

CHAD
...Not long enough.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

TYRONE stands in a nondescript Jungle with both his index fingers to his forehead to facilitate the telepathy.

TYRONE
Now, now... I wouldn’t get too prickly if I were in your shoes. After all, I’m in a real bad mood ‘cause of you.

CHAD (V.O.)
You killed my father... destroyed my town--

TYRONE
And you destroyed the B-Ball College, motha fucka. The one place I felt safe. God damn it McMac, I was fixin’ to let you live! How am I supposed to let dat happen now?

CUT TO:

INT. INTERNET CAFE - NIGHT

CHAD
How do you know about that... and how’re you speaking to me?
TYRONE (V.O.)
Aw shit, son... you haven’t heard nothin’ ‘bout me through the grapevine?

CHAD
Heard what?

TYRONE (V.O.)
Truth is... I’m like a God now, McMac. I can do whatever the fuck I feel like. Talking to you by telepathy is real simple.

(then)
Matter of fact... ever since I slam dunked your town, my power’s been growing stronger by the second. I feel like I could rule the world, cracka... and I might just give that a shot.

CHAD
You’ve lost your mind.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

TYRONE
Watch your insubordinate tongue. You don’t get to speak to your king that way. You’re nothin’ but a slave to me -- you just don’t know it yet.

CHAD (V.O.)
I kneel to no man, you fucking prole!

TYRONE
That’s not what I’ve been hearin’. I learned a lot about chu, McMac. The lone survivor of your b-ball massacre filled me in.

(then)
I always knew you was a faggot.

CHAD (V.O.)
And I always knew you were a monster.
TYRONE
I’m just doin’ me, McMac. If I
don’t keep you crackers in check
then somethin’ real bad could
happen. You know how it is.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERNET CAFE – NIGHT

CHAD
I didn’t dunk your precious
college. It wasn’t my fault.

TYRONE (V.O.)
I don’t wanna hear your excuses.
I’m sick of you - sick of your
kind. I’ve assembled myself a crew
of ballers from across the land;
and they’re all just itchin’ to
pull the trigger on a score of
white bitches.

CHAD
Don’t lay a grubby nigger claw on
anybody!

TYRONE laughs maniacally.

TYRONE (V.O.)
My, my... the Autism sure has made
you feisty, hasn’t it? Careful
now... to a flimsy willed faggot
like you, it might just eat you up
and spit you out.

CHAD
You son of a bitch. Where are you?
Slam with me!!

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE – NIGHT

TYRONE
If you’s really awakened your
power, you don’t need no map. And
if you find me... I’m gonna do the
thing I shoulda done the second I
met ya - dunk you straight to hell.
CHAD (V.O.)
If you touch a single white bitch,
I swear to Christ I’ll make you
suffer!

TYRONE walks through the pitch black Jungle as he speaks,
approaching a large structure close by.

TYRONE
Just try and stop me, you filthy
fuckin’ ginger. Yes... show me the
sorcery of your sorry excuse for
Autism, and I’ll show you the
greatness of a king.

TYRONE now stands in front of an enormous, ancient African
Temple in the Jungle. The area is lit up by torches.

His army of Underlings rush into the African Temple, prepared
to make it their new home. They hoot and they holler.

A line of white CAPTIVES - including JANELL - are led into
the African Temple by several huge, muscle-bound Underlings.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERNET CAFE - NIGHT

CHAD
Tyrone!

TYRONE (V.O.)
I’ve got a kingdom to rule. Catch
ya later, McMac. Let’s jam soon.

TYRONE ends his telepathic communication.

CHAD
Tyrone! Promise me!!

No answer.

CHAD drops to his knees in exasperation. He SLAMS his hands
down onto the floor, fuming.

CHAD (CONT’D)
RAHHHHH! I won’t...let you...win!!

He pounds the floor in sync with his words, leaving dents -
each one larger than the last.

The RECEPTIONIST, still stuck on the wall, notices this.
RECEPTIONIST
Are you going to pay for that!?

CHAD
AHHHHH!!!

He BURSTS with orange aura. The RECEPTIONIST turns scared.

RECEPTIONIST
Uhhh... I guess I can put it on your tab.

In a tantrum, CHAD slams his hands down to the floor again...and again...and again...

After an inordinate amount of slamming, he stops. The aura dissipates and CHAD becomes silent, though he breathes heavily.

HYLE has awakened.

He stands behind CHAD, too apprehensive to place his hand on his partner to comfort him.

HYLE
Ch...Chad?

CHAD turns around. Slowly.

CHAD
Oh, hey. Hyle baby. What’s up?

HYLE
Umm...not much. What’s up with you?

CHAD
Same.

CLOSE ON the huge hole in the floor. A beat.

HYLE
...Really?

CHAD
Yeah. Oh! I was just, uh, workin’ out. Gotta stay fit for my sweetheart.

HYLE
...I see. You might’ve overdone it.

CHAD
You think so?
The floor starts to buckle loudly.

CHAD changes the subject in an attempt to save face.

    CHAD (CONT’D)
    Hyle... I was so worried about you.

    HYLE
    You were? ...Really?

    CHAD
    Of course I was!

    HYLE
    (relieved)
    I’m glad to hear that.

    CHAD
    I was beginning to think we’d never get a room tonight.

HYLE’s heart sinks.

    CHAD (CONT’D)
    Oh, but--I have great news, baby!

    HYLE
    (softly, almost in tears)
    ...Y-you do?

    CHAD
    I launched the site, babe. When you were out cold, we went live on the information super highway.

A beat.

    HYLE
    ...What?

    CHAD
    Have you forgot...? The whole reason we’re here?

    HYLE
    No... I mean... what?

    CHAD
    I opened the site... to ask for takers. It won’t be long now.

    HYLE
    You did that? When I was unconscious?
CHAD
I know we probably should’ve done it together, but...trust me, babe, it’s better we didn’t waste time doing nothing when you were sleeping.

RECEPTIONIST
So that’s what you were doing, you little shit? You opened a website without my permission -- with my credit card?!

CHAD continues to ignore the RECEPTIONIST.

HYLE
I don’t know what to say to this.

CHAD
You don’t have to say a word. I can see the gratitude written on your cute little face.

HYLE is soaking in tears...but not out of happiness.

HYLE finds himself in too much of a weakened state to express how devastated he is.

HYLE
I... I...

CHAD
Shhh... I know, baby. I know.

He really doesn’t.

Suddenly, there’s a loud, impatient KNOCK on the front door of the Internet Cafe. BANG. BANG. BANG.

CHAD (CONT’D)
Oh! I think we got one!

HYLE is speechless. The RECEPTIONIST yells obscenities. CHAD opens the door.

INT. INTERNET CAFE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Out of this appropriately rainy and moody night, the UNKNOWN MAN comes into clear view and steps inside. He’s a white man around 18 years old.

He wears a trench coat. He’s also clearly inebriated;
holding tightly for dear life onto a beer bottle. The smell of alcohol is overpowering, fills the air.

CHAD
Are you here through “The Vine”?

No response.

The UNKNOWN MAN walks further into the Internet Cafe so comfortably that you’d think he owned the place. He drinks some beer.

He looks around. He sees one person – a middle aged, unattractive man – pinned to the wall. His blank expression turns to disgust.

UNKNOWN MAN
Is this some sort of fuckin’ joke?

CHAD
Ah--no, no, no. Not him. Him.

CHAD points over to HYLE sitting on the floor; looking absolutely defeated in every way.

UNKNOWN MAN
Naruhodo...

CHAD
Huh?

UNKNOWN MAN
I said I get it. Now step aside, you bitch.

The UNKNOWN MAN drunkenly approaches HYLE.

HYLE looks up at him; his eyes devoid of hope. The UNKNOWN MAN takes a large gulp of beer and burps straight in HYLE’s face.

CHAD
Go on baby, introduce yourself.

HYLE struggles for the energy to even open his mouth.

CHAD (CONT’D)
(to the Unknown Man)
He’s usually much more talkative than this. Uh...maybe you should start?
UNKNOWN MAN
(to Hyle)

CHAD
...Maybe you shouldn’t call him a “bitch.”

JEREMY
Do you have some sort of fucking problem with the way I speak?

CHAD
Not really... but, it is kind of boorish.

JEREMY
Kinda what?
(then)
I don’t tell you how to suck dick on the corner of Howard Lincoln Avenue, so why don’t you shut the fuck up and let me do my job?

CHAD
...Right. Just...tone it down a bit. Hyle just came out of an episode you know.

JEREMY
Does it look like I give a shit? I’ve got twenty bucks for a dick sucking, and my snake is still dry as a mother fucker. You boys trying to take me for a ride?

CHAD
Jesus, man; just show some empathy, all right?

JEREMY
I’ll show you my dick and a Jackson. Is that not good enough for ya?

CHAD’s Autism is being tested. Challenged. The man he is dealing with is unlike any other human he’s faced.

CHAD
Pay close attention...you may not realize this, but I am using every ounce of self restraint to refrain myself from beating your ass.
CHAD
I’m going to pretend you didn’t speak that ching-chong chinamen talk right in front of me. Now... why don’t you hand over the money before things get ugly?

JEREMY
It’s Japanese, you bitch! And you’ll get your money after you suck my dick.

CHAD’s body twitches.

CHAD
...I’m sorry, what’d you say?

JEREMY
You heard me. That twink is damaged goods. Given that your lips seem to be working well enough, you can get on your knees and start suckin’ instead.

CLOSE-UP of CHAD. He struggles to contain his Autistic Power. His face burns red with rage.

JEREMY (CONT’D)
Don’t blow your load just yet.

The RECEPTIONIST speaks up.

RECEPTIONIST
For the love of God, at least get out of here if you’re going to be doing that! I don’t wanna see it!

JEREMY
You don’t have the right to speak, you ugly bitch!

CHAD
(hiding his anger)
No... he’s right. Let’s... let’s take this outside.
JEREMY
Nan dayo? Are you ready to accept my dong like a man all of a sudden?

CHAD
You’ll see.

EXT. DENTON - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT [RAINING]

CHAD, HYLE, and JEREMY have finally left the Internet Cafe. They stand together in a dark Back Alley away from other people. The moonlight illuminates this scene.

JEREMY drinks a sip of beer and belches.

JEREMY
I notice you aren’t kneeling down on the pavement yet. Why is that?

CHAD
Because that’s not what we arranged through “The Vine.”

JEREMY
You mean that amateur hour website where you solicited sex with a minor?

CHAD
Yes.

JEREMY laughs, almost out of disbelief.

JEREMY
You think that shit’s legally binding? You’ll get your money - maybe - after you suck my fucking dick. Now stop pussy footing around and get ’er done!

CHAD
This is your last warning.

JEREMY
Hurry up and suck it, ya bitch!

CHAD
Listen to me--

Before CHAD can even finish his sentence, JEREMY yells again - this time, purposefully further out in the open so that people might hear from afar.
Yeah! You like that, don’t you!? Keep sucking that dick you cock starvin’ whore!

CHAD is doing no such thing. He hastily looks around the alleyway, worried that someone will hear.

Shut up! Do you want somebody to hear?!

CHAD reaches his breaking point.

That is it!

He BURSTS with orange aura.

Enveloping him, CHAD’s dark orange aura now closely resembles that of J-KWON’s...chaotic, unstable.

The CAMERA PANS from the bottom of CHAD’s feet to his face.

His eyes are a deep dark orange; almost red in hue. His presence now a thousand times more terrifying than before, CHAD looks as though he’s undergone a transformation -- a metamorphosis. He stands firm with full Autismic Power.

Hol-ee shit.

JEREMY drops his beer bottle to the ground. It SHATTERS.

Are you prepared to take it like a man?

Hey, look buddy...y-you know I was just kidding around before, right? Hyle will do just fine...
CHAD
You don’t get Hyle. You don’t get anything.

JEREMY
Uhh...but...that’s not what we arranged through--

CHAD
You don’t get a goddamned thing!

JEREMY
I understand! N-Naruhodo...! Here’s your money!

JEREMY throws CHAD a twenty dollar bill while making sure to stay far away from this force of nature.

CHAD looks at the bill unsatisfied.

CHAD
More.

JEREMY
What?! B-But that’s all I’ve got!

CHAD
More, I said!

JEREMY
FUCK! ...You bitch! ...Take my freakin’ beer money, then.

JEREMY throws another twenty in CHAD’s direction -- again, making sure to keep his distance away from CHAD and his glowing aura of Autism.

CHAD
Now... suck Hyle’s dick.

JEREMY
Wh-WHAT!?

HYLE stands astonished.

HYLE
C-Chad, stop... we have the money. That’s what you wanted all along, right?

CHAD
He tried to rip us off.
HYLE
So we should rip him off instead?

CHAD
He needs to learn.

JEREMY
I have! I’ve learned you’re one scary red head!

CHAD
You haven’t seen anything yet.

Another BURST of dark orange, larger than before.

CHAD incrementally walks closer towards JEREMY, scaring him.

JEREMY
I...I apologize for everything!!
Really, I’m sorry! I admit it, y-you bitch! ...Sorry for that too--it just slips outta me; I can’t help it!

CHAD
I’m so sick of scum like you.
People who try to take advantage of honest, hard working folk like me and Hyle... Humans who are only trying to sustain their life in this planet full of apes...

CLOSE-UP of CHAD’s face.

He closes his eyes but continues talking:

CHAD (CONT’D)
When I think about it... when I close my eyes and see all the evil in this world...the murderers, the assholes, the unwashed proles...it makes me swell up with anger. It makes me want to do things I might regret.

CUT TO:

CHAD’S MIND – SERIES OF SHOTS

FLASH CUTS of:

(1) The Chaos Dunk.
(2) The Maelstrom Dunk.
(3) The PATRON at the theatre berating CHAD’s favorite movie.
(4) JEREMY harassing CHAD & HYLE in the Internet Cafe.

On top of each of these shots, a tinge of red overlapping the film progressively gets deeper and darker, until by the end of shot (4) nothing but a dark shade of red is visible.

CUT TO:

EXT. DENTON - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT [RAINING]

HYLE looks at CHAD. He sees that he’s changed. The Autism has eaten away at CHAD’s soul, devouring the man that was once there.

HYLE is visibly afraid of what CHAD is becoming.

JEREMY
I’m trying to get by, too! The truth is...I’m a Japanese major. Do you have any idea how stressful that is, you bitch? I just need a lil release from time to time...to feel like a big man again.

(then)
I hate what I’ve become, alright? If you spare me, I swear I’ll never try this again.

CHAD doesn’t care. His eyes remain closed, unmoved.

CHAD
You need to learn...all of you need to learn...

JEREMY
I’m sorry. Just, please...let me go... you BITCH.

HYLE grabs CHAD’s arm -- a plead for humanity. CHAD opens his eyes and looks into HYLE’s.

For a mere second, the man that HYLE fell in love with resurfaces from within the deepest recesses of CHAD’s psyche. An internal struggle rages within.

HYLE
Chad... daddy... enough. Come back to me.

The look HYLE is giving would break the heart and soul of any man who could still feel empathy... but CHAD is far beyond such things.
(reluctantly)
I’m sorry, Hyle... I can’t help myself.

CHAD forcibly takes HYLE’s hands off his.

CHAD approaches JEREMY.

JEREMY steps back, afraid of the devil nearing him.

JEREMY
H-Hold up! We can talk this through!!

In a flash, CHAD is next to JEREMY. He backs him up against the wall of a building in the Back Alley.

CHAD delivers this next line with a total lack of emotion. He directs the question to HYLE but looks straight at JEREMY:

CHAD
Will you forgive me?

CHAD, his right hand now engulfed in pitch red aura, lifts his fist and goes to strike JEREMY--

--but HYLE stands in his place.

CHAD hits HYLE. He SMASHES through the wall of the building.

INT. EMPTY OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

HYLE tears through the air until colliding on a desk; breaking it in two.

HYLE falls off the broken desk and hits the floor with a loud THUD.

EXT. DENTON - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT [RAINING]

CHAD looks through the hole he’s made in the wall. He hasn’t yet processed who he’s hit.

JEREMY, in shock, is mere inches away from CHAD. It’s clear that he’d been pushed away at the last second.

CHAD
...Hyle?

Silence.
CHAD (CONT’D)

Baby...?
(a beat)

Hyle!!

CHAD frantically enters the hole in the wall.

JEREMY remains in the Back Alley. He’s too afraid to attempt an escape.

INT. EMPTY OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

CHAD runs through the Empty Office Building in pursuit of HYLE.

CHAD

HYLE!!

CHAD’s aura of Autism erratically shoots off in all directions as he runs to HYLE; knocking down computer monitors and an assortment of things.

HYLE lays on the floor. Office supplies and debris surround him. One half of the desk covers his legs.

CHAD kneels down beside him.

CHAD (CONT’D)

Hey... baby...

HYLE is bleeding badly. He looks at CHAD.

HYLE

Sorry, Chad... I’m not able to forgive you... not this time.

CHAD

I’m so, so sorry, babe. It wasn’t my fault... this “thing” made me do it. I--

HYLE

Shhh... “I know, baby... I know.”

CHAD recognizes this spiel.

CHAD

No... you don’t understand...
it...it was the...
Maybe, just this once, you should stop running away from what you’ve become.

This breaks CHAD. His face looks like it wants to cry but is unable to do so. A beat.

HYLE (CONT’D)
I know what it’s like to always blame others... to lose your friends, yourself... everything... because you refuse to face the truth.

CHAD
What truth?

HYLE
The truth that the problem... is inside you.

Tears roll down CHAD’s face. A beat.

CHAD
...I see. So you’ve noticed.

HYLE is surprised by this response.

CHAD (CONT’D)
It’s my fault this happened. I allowed it to happen. I let the Autism...the chaos...inside me. I had to, to become stronger... to avenge everyone. I didn’t care that it was hurting everyone around me.

HYLE
Chad--

CHAD
And... despite knowing this... I can’t stop “it” now. It’s too late.

HYLE
It’s not too late!

CHAD
Look at me.

ANGLE ON CHAD.

Tears pour down CHAD’s completely emotionless, blank face. His eyes have no soul in them, no life. Is he human?
CHAD (CONT’D)
You said it yourself... I’ve become something else.

HYLE is speechless.

CHAD (CONT’D)
I’m only a vessel for this power now. It doesn’t care about you... I don’t think it cares about anything. All it does is ache. Ache for the destruction of everything that defies it.

HYLE opens his mouth in shock.

CHAD (CONT’D)
I’m no longer the McMan you loved.
(then)
I am the Autism.

The erratic aura enveloping CHAD spirals all around the large, Empty Office Building; growing bigger, and bigger, and bigger--

HYLE
Chad! Stop!!

CHAD
I’m sorry. I know you have the power within you to forgive me... someday.

HYLE desperately removes the office supplies on top of him, strains to push the desk away, and then--

CHAD (CONT’D)
This isn’t goodbye.

CHAD leaps off the floor and CRASHES through the roof of the Empty Office Building. His erratic aura of Autism follows.

HYLE
CHAD!!!

EXT. DENTON - AERIAL SHOT - NIGHT [RAINING]

CHAD is high in the sky. The aura of Autism surrounds him, looking like a red ominous cloud over the city of Denton.

CHAD looks down at the hole in the rooftop. He can hardly make out HYLE from so high in the air.
For a moment, he hovers in place, lost in contemplation...

    CHAD
    I’m coming, Tyrone. Set me free.

...and then, he soars -- through the night skies, past the luminous moon, and far away from HYLE and the city of Denton.

EXT. DENTON - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT [RAINING]

JEREMY witnesses CHAD’s grand exit from the Back Alley.

He walks into the Empty Office Building which he deems safe without CHAD in proximity.

INT. EMPTY OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

JEREMY walks through the building and notices HYLE – crying. He walks up to him...gradually.

Along the way, JEREMY notices posters hanging on the walls; just now barely visible thanks to the moonlight shining down from the hole in the rooftop.

JEREMY examines the posters. They advertise a film... “Young Danky Kang.”

He then looks at some desks that are still in tact. “Young Danky Kang” bobble heads and other paraphernalia litter them.

Then he sees concept art. Screenplay drafts. Memos to the director. It’s all here.

In a divine coincidence, this Empty Office Building is the studio where they’d made CHAD & HYLE’s favorite movie.

JEREMY allows himself a brief moment of wonder, and then gets to the matter at hand.

    JEREMY
    Hey! Uh... Hyle?

HYLE looks up from the floor.

    JEREMY (CONT’D)
    Your name’s Hyle, right?

    HYLE
    ...I thought it was “you bitch.”
JEREMY
...Sorry. You bitch.

HYLE
It doesn’t matter.

JEREMY
Yeah, it does. Really...I’m sorry. I don’t think I’m that bad a guy, but I sure as hell didn’t show it earlier.

JEREMY extends his hand.

JEREMY (CONT’D)
I want to help get you off.

HYLE
I’m not in the mood for that.

JEREMY
No, no, no--you stupid bitch. I mean I wanna help you off that desk.

ANGLE ON the desk on top of HYLE’s legs.

HYLE
Oh... yeah. Thank you.

EXT. DENTON - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT [RAINING]

JEREMY and HYLE stand together in the dark Back Alley.

JEREMY
Sorry ‘bout everything.

HYLE
It’s okay, Jeremy.

JEREMY
No. It isn’t. Your partner... he isn’t well. Is he going to be okay? Or, hell, are the people around him gonna be okay?

HYLE
...I don’t know.

HYLE gazes down at the wet pavement, depressed.
JEREMY
Ah, shit... I’m sorry. It’s not your fault. I’m sure he’ll be fine... I think.

HYLE
It’s out of our control.

JEREMY tries to lighten the mood.

JEREMY
Yare, yare...shikata ga nai.

This might as well be moon language to HYLE. He doesn’t acknowledge it.

JEREMY (CONT’D)
Umm...hey...I found this poster inside that soggy ole building. Can you believe they made “Young Danky Kang” in there?

HYLE’s eyes light up.

He sees JEREMY holding a poster for the film he’d watched so lovingly with CHAD.

HYLE
...What?

JEREMY
That office building. It’s--

HYLE isn’t waiting around to listen. He dashes back into the Empty Office Building.

INT. EMPTY OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

HYLE scurries through the place, inspecting it closely.

It’s true. This is the place.

Coffee mugs, manuscripts, comic books, video games... HYLE is in Danky Kang heaven.

JEREMY follows him in. He sees HYLE in bliss.

JEREMY
Wow... you really like it that much?

HYLE holds a comic book up to his face -- the same comic from his locker back in B-Ball College. He sobs.
HYLE
If only... if only Chad had seen this...

JEREMY
He likes it too?

HYLE
He loved it. We were going to devote our lives to the film...to bringing it to the people of the world.

JEREMY
Woah. I didn’t take him for that kind of guy. I like Danky Kang too. You know, in Japan, Danky Kang is more popular than Maria.

HYLE isn’t paying attention.

HYLE
Someday... Chad and I will make our dream of spreading peace and love through Danky Kang come true. I know it. This has to be a sign.

JEREMY
Oh... yeah...

HYLE perks up.

HYLE
Jeremy!

JEREMY
Huh?

HYLE
Let’s go find him.

JEREMY
...Wait, what?

HYLE walks towards the exit hole.

JEREMY (CONT’D)
What do you mean find him?

HYLE is about to leave.

JEREMY (CONT’D)
...Hey! What’re you gonna do!?
HYLE
I’m going to show my friend home.

HYLE clasps the comic in his hands. CLOSE ON it. A beat.

EXT. DENTON - THE SKY - ANGLE ON THE MOON - NIGHT
Among the stars, the moon glows with a slight orange tinge.
FADE OUT.

INT. AFRICAN TEMPLE - THRONE ROOM - JUNGLE - DAY
Four shirtless Underlings lounge about on the Temple’s lookout with AKs by their side.

In the center of the Temple, upon a throne of bamboo and platinum, sits KING TYRONE. He dons a new outfit made of gold and bling, fit for a very black king.

He is attended by three white female CAPTIVES who stand around him with handheld fans. One of the women, JANELL, feeds him grapes.

A single jungle vine hanging overhead slowly drips water onto KING TYRONE’s glistening pecks. He triumphantly surveys his assembled court, breaking out in a horsey grin.

KING TYRONE
It is a ratchet day in the kingdom of Tyrone, my brothers.

MR. TYRESE (O.S.)
Not a bad day at all...King Tyrone.

The CAMERA PANS to the right of KING TYRONE’s throne to reveal MR. TYRESE sitting next to him in a chair made entirely of white bones.

KING TYRONE
Yo Tyrese...you really think that cracker’ll find us? The honky I knew was no baller. He’s probably out hiding like a bitch somewhere.

MR. TYRESE
The cracker you knew is gone. Don’tchu worry... he’ll come. You got somethin’ he needs.

KING TYRONE
Oh, word? And what’s that?
MR. TYRESE
I saw it in his eyes. He wants one nigga deader than anything else in the world... and I’m guessin’ that nigga is you.

KING TYRONE
...Well how ‘bout that.

KING TYRONE has an unnerving grin smeared on his face.

KING TYRONE (CONT’D)
In that case... I can hardly wait. I may have broken his will, but there’s a whole list of things I’m dyin’ to do to him.

We PULL BACK from KING TYRONE’s Throne Room.

EXT. AFRICAN TEMPLE - JUNGLE - AERIAL SHOT - DAY

We see the Army of Underlings in the vast, ancient African Temple. Some of them practice b-ball while others guard dozens of caged CAPTIVES.

PULL BACK even more.

EXT. JUNGLE - AERIAL SHOT - DAY

A vista of the lush, previously untouched Jungles neighboring the repurposed African Temple.

FADE TO BLACK.

ROLL CREDITS.

The following scene will play after the credits.

EXT. MOUNT BLACKBURN - ALASKA - DAY

High atop this massive mountain, CHAD McMAN sits down in meditation. The weather is harsh--the gusts of wind more than enough to knock down any normal human to his doom below.

CLOSE-UP of CHAD. His eyes are closed. The extreme wind and snow don’t effect him in the slightest. He unflinchingly continues to meditate, eerily calm.

CHAD opens his eyes... they’re a dark, inhuman fiery red.

CHAD
Show time.