



MC KILLAH

WRITTEN BY

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Opening of the film mc Killah - Credit Sequence - The year 2004 RFK Stadium in Washington dc (night)

A Jay-Z concert is in progress. Jay-Z is backstage holding his microphone, looking across the stage at Memphis Bleek on the backstage left side. The crowd is screaming and going crazy, light flickering, and an explosion sound goes off, cutting off all the light in the stadium. Jay-Z looks across the stage at Memphis and does the classic Jay Z smile, Memphis smiles back, Jay z puts his hand in the air, signaling lights and music to come back on. The beginning of the song "*What more can I say*" starts to play as Jay Z and Memphis Bleek run onto the stage. The crowd erupts and loses their mind. Jay Z is on stage performing his whole 1st verse of the song. At the end of the song's first hook breakdown, Jay Z holds his hands in the air throwing up the masonic Rocafella triangle.

THE CAMERA MOVES CLOSER TO THE CENTER OF HIS HANDS THROUGH THE TRIANGLE SHOWING A BRIGHT FULL MOON IN THE MIDDLE. IT RESEMBLES THE ALL-EYE SEEING SYMBOL. IT CONTINUES THROUGH JAY-Z'S HAND TOWARDS THE MOON.

The music starts to fade away as the viewer moves closer to outer space. As it enters the space atmosphere, you can hear old radio wave broadcast from the '60s, '70s, and '80s-old rap music, old hip hop DJ broadcast, Nation of Gods and Earths preaching, old TV and radio interviews on black issues in the ghetto. You see space debris, an old satellite, and the stars of outer space. You hear eerie noises, clunking, strange space sounds, chains, whispers, laughter, heavy and low tones. The camera starts to turn, back towards the earth. It feels like we went back in time. Faint sound of music starts to play in the distance, and the volume increases as the camera approaches earth. It's a dark, slower temple hip hop beat, created by a static sample of violent orchestra violin strings from an old vinyl record, laid perfectly over a raw, heavy, simple drum pattern. The earth looks darker and more sinister.

THE CAMERA VIEW DESCENDS BACK TOWARDS A MORE EVIL AND DEMONIC-LOOKING WORLD. IT MOVES TOWARD AN 80'S METROPOLIS WITH LIGHTS GLIMMERING BUT NOT GLAMOROUSLY. IT'S OLDER, RAN DOWN, AND GHETTO.

THE CAMERA COMES TO THE TOP OF A SUBWAY STATION AND DESCENDS INTO THE DARKNESS OF THE TRAIN STATION ENTRANCE AS THE MUSIC FADES AWAY. IT IS COMPLETELY BLACK AS A JAY-Z QUOTE APPEARS ON THE SCREEN.

"If fear is your only God, Get y'all to fear me is my only job. "Jay-Z

INT. EMPTY SUBWAY STATION, 1985 A COLD WINTER NIGHT.

A YOUNG BOY age 8 or 9 stands against a graffiti-filled wall at the far end of the subway platform, where the back of the train cart stops. He is wearing a dirty hoody under a black jean jacket, dirty black Levi jeans with holes, and fake knockoff converse sneakers with ripped soles. You can not see his face. It is dark with the old lights of the subway station flicking in and out. Screeching sounds come from the tunnels in the train station.

An OLDER MAN, wearing parachute pants, a black leather bomber jacket with the fur around the hood, big square black gazelle glasses, and tortes shell Adidas, walks into the train station holding a blue and white shopping bag in one hand and a giant boom box in the other. He slowly walks to the platform edge and looks to see if the train headlights are insight. He is bobbing his head to the song Sucker MC's by RUN D M C blasting out of his boom box.

The young boy hides between the pillars out of his sight. The sounds of the train approaching is heard in the distance. He slowly starts to approach the older man without him noticing. The young boy pulls a box cutter blade out of his pocket and slides the blade up into position. The train is approaching the station fast. He starts running towards the older man. The man notices him and freezes in shock. The young boy attempts to grab the blue and white bag from his hand.

The older man resists. The young boy slices his hand holding the bag then yanks the bag from him.

OLDER MAN

Ay shit man, you cut me, whats your deal cat?

There are screeching sounds of the train approaching the station. The older man is standing close to the platform edge and starts to charge at the young boy. The young boy swings the box cutter viciously, and slices open the leather bomber jacket in the chest, cutting into the man's body as he started to charge at him. The man looks down to see the damage.

The train has entered the station, moving fast.

The young boy rushes the man knocking his glasses off his face pushing him in front of the moving train. The man

screams as he falls backward in front of the oncoming train, hitting and killing him instantly.

The young boy grabs the bag and the gazelle glasses and runs off.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. THE PROJECTS 1984 A YOUNG TONY'S ROOM

A young African American male, a child named TONY RUSSEL. He is eight years old, with nappy ungroomed hair he has a disorder called Clang associations he groups words, usually rhyming words, that are based on similar-sounding sounds, even though the words themselves don't have any logical reason to be grouped together. He is staring into a cracked mirror placed on a wall in a small project building bedroom in a city slum. Pictures of Hip Hop MC's are ripped and cut out of a Right On magazines. Tony has the pictures lined up around the borders of the mirror.

Everything else is darkness.

Tony starts rapping and posturing like a beat boy, admiring a pair of gazelle glasses he is wearing in the mirror. You can hear a tv breaking newscast over an old TV coming from the living room outside his door.

BREAKING NEWS ANNOUNCER (ON OLD TV)

Another man found dead on the tracks at 3rd avenue in the South Bronx today. Chris Parker, age 22, also know as MC Freeze from the hip hop group Fly Boyz, was robbed and pushed in front of the oncoming number 5 train. Police still have no suspects, even with this being the third same related death this month. The Guardian Angel street gangs are now making efforts to patrol the train stations late at night to find the city's vigilante serial killer to bring justice and peace back to the city. If you have any information that could help find the killer, do not approach and call

crime stoppers at 718-555-1255.

Tony slowly ages to six-teen as he raps in front of the mirror in the room filled with darkness.

OLDER TONY (V.O.)

Black people and music go back to the beginning of time. Of civilization, it's self. It was how we communicated with our Gods. With our Goddesses. Raw emotion and rhythm with a lyrical delivery that captivated the mass. It was my escape from the madness outside my door, the madness in my head.

OLDER TONY VO (CONT'D)

With words woven in, it became our spells. The maps to escape our hells. The stories of pain we must tell. Our black WallStreet since those bombs fell. As long as your soul sells, and so we forgot we can open up POR-TELLS.

A purple cosmic light glares on Tony's face from the mirror. Shadows in the light slither against his face.

His eyes filled with awe and obedience.

BLACK