

CRACK

by

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Based upon the song  
by Alumni

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

LOW-ANGLE on a row of crime films adorning a media shelf. The spines of the DVDs and Blu-rays occupy the width of the frame like so many buildings across a cityscape.

VOICE OF DENZEL

Yeah, I know you got secrets;  
everybody got secrets. Didn't know  
you like to get wet, though...

The beats drops. We track MAHTIE BUSH into his living room. His hand plucks a towering Blu-ray free from the skyline of gangster flicks: It's MENACE II SOCIETY. His media player eats the disc as he plops onto his couch and raises the remote control.

ON SCREEN: KELCZ appears, playing the role of Caine.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

KelCZ-as-Caine sits at the table, wrapping something in plastic. The camera continually orbits his person on a 360-degree axis.

KELCZ

Pyrex vision/I'm all in the  
kitchen/Stirrin'/Whippin' up a  
brand-new edition/Tryin' to  
transition/Pot to the stove/Stove  
to the pot but I'm feelin'  
writer's block/Nah, I can't chop  
it/It gotta be pure/We cook the  
verse until it comes out  
mature/Gotta know your limit/It's  
too raw to kick it/Addictive/Every  
line of mine, you can sniff it.

CLOSE-UP of the sink faucet opening to release a SLOW-MOTION torrent of water. That water sloshes into the base of a pot. KelCZ/Caine's hand turns the dial on the stove, prompting a bouquet of flames to bloom in surreal slow-mo.

KELCZ

I mix it with soda then slice it  
with the razor/Straight off the  
scale, watch me put it on the  
paper/Wrap it up in plastic and  
ship it through to customs/A lot  
of dope rhymes, I'm on the grind  
and I'm hustlin'.

Camera resumes circling a KelCZ/Caine who is busy working with a razor and plastic on the surface of the table. He raps throughout his adroit blade-work, eyes steadfast on his task.

KELCZ

Not the white powder or the dark  
sour/I'm in the booth every day,  
all types of hours/Searching for  
the fame plus the money and the  
power/This game is ours...

The pot on the stove trembles. The effervescent water is poised to boil over.

KELCZ

And my click's the dopest.

Camera lands in front of KelCZ/Caine as he lifts the fruit of his diligent labor into a CLOSE-UP with the eye of the lens: It's a hard copy of Alumni's SQUARE album.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bush changes the channel. PRHYME SUSPECT appears on screen as the bald, goateed, and bespectacled Walter White from BREAKING BAD.

PRHYME SUSPECT

(chorus)

Step into my kitchen and  
listen/This isn't dinner I'm  
fixin'/It's your prescription/I'm  
cookin' Crack.

INT. RECREATIONAL VEHICLE - DAY

Prhyme-as-Walt and MATTHEW-as-Jesse Pinkman, decked in matching chemical jumpsuits, catwalk the trailer's center aisle as the former spits the chorus.

PRHYME SUSPECT

(chorus)

See, I got a penchant for fixin'  
delicious dishes/You gon' be  
itchin' to get it because it's  
Crack.

LOW-ANGLE of Walt and Jesse pouring translucent goo into a glass container.

## PRHYME SUSPECT

(chorus)

Then the minute you get it, you  
gon' be twitchin' and sniffin' and  
trippin'/Askin' what is this, but  
it's just Crack/'Cause I'm on a  
mission to get you hooked on this  
shit that I'm pitchin'/There ain't  
no clinic for this/It's Crack.

SAME LOW-ANGLE of Walt and Jesse filling a clear plastic tub  
with nondescript paraphernalia.

The channel abruptly changes.

INT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

M.I.GEEZUS stares up at us. He has feathered hair and a full  
beard. He glides through space on a gurney, and the camera  
floats over him. He is Carlito Brigante.

M.I.GEEZUS

Yeah, they got me goin' crazy  
searching for a hit/Got these snow  
bunnies doin' rails of my  
shit/Rhymes you can't kick/Yes, I  
go hard/The spit's addictive/Call  
me Esco-bars.

LONG ANGLE down the gurney. GAIL, Carlito's lily-white  
bride-to-be, trails the gurney in tears. A POLICE OFFICER  
hovers in the background, escorting them down the terminal.

M.I.GEEZUS

Got DJs in they draws cut-cuttin'  
up the mix/Sixteen to a pound, but  
I move it by the bricks/You  
fiendin' for a fix, I'll cut  
another line/Bottomless supply  
plus I'm always on my grind.

Alternate between CLOSE-UPS of Carlito rapping to the camera  
and the naked light bulbs overhead that stream past his POV.

M.I.GEEZUS

This is cocaine caviar/Fiends  
babble - Jabberjaw/Give that rehab  
a call/You'll need it after half a  
bar/Pack a bag, travel on/Crack  
song Babylon/Feelin' like you  
standin' tall, out of body -  
Avatar/Step on it or slam it raw,  
entering euphoric bliss/Got you

(MORE)

M.I.GEEZUS (cont'd)  
 pawnin' all your shit so you can  
 afford a fix/Askin' to be on a  
 track with me?/Careful what you  
 fuckin' wish/I'm on the corner  
 hustlin'/You're next to me but  
 suckin' dicks.

The channel changes back to BREAKING BAD.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Prhyme is now behind the sunglasses and fedora of Heisenberg. He raps the chorus again with Jesse/Matthew in tow. They wait in the forbidding expanse of a deserted landscape.

Finally, TUCO rolls up, flanked by a pair of musclebound DROOGS.

PRHYME SUSPECT  
 Just call me Heisenberg/Walter  
 White with verbs/Cookin' blue ice  
 verses out of rhymin' words/And I  
 don't know what kind of fuckin'  
 lies you heard about Prhyme  
 Suspect, like I'm just white  
 suburban.

Jesse/Matthew tosses an iPod to Tuco; he puts the earbuds in and listens.

PRHYME SUSPECT  
 But you come try and serve on  
 Alumni turf/You better bring your  
 best work or you might get  
 murdered/Got you pussies pissin'  
 in your diapers, nervous/'Cause we  
 don't give a shit about your  
 stripes, they're worthless/'Round  
 here you might get sniped on  
 purpose/And even you'll be cryin'  
 like "I deserved it"/Hit man for  
 hire, you can buy the service/Not  
 a violent person unless the price  
 is perfect.

An initial slight head-nod from Tuco quickly builds into outright head-banging. The shock of the blue ice verses incite his body to perform a violent-but-pleasurable conniption. In the intensity of his high, Tuco knocks out one of his own droogs.

## PRHYME SUSPECT

Already got two strikes, facing  
 life the third/Shit, killin' you  
 in front of people might be worth  
 it/We got that hard white like  
 dried-up bird shit/So put The A  
 inside your glass pipe and burn  
 this.

Prhyme-as-Heisenberg lifts an oversize plastic bag filled with hard copies of SQUARE and presents it to the camera.

## INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bush flips through the channels in quick succession. All three rappers join in on the final round of the chorus.

## INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

KelCZ/Caine mixes the pot on the stove.

## KELCZ

(chorus)

Step into my kitchen and  
 listen/This isn't dinner I'm  
 fixin'/It's your prescription/I'm  
 cookin' Crack.

## INT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

M.I.Geezus/Carlito's eyes flutter as he raps on the gurney. He is close to expiring.

## M.I.GEEZUS

See, I got a penchant for fixin'  
 delicious dishes/You gon' be  
 itchin' to get it because it's  
 Crack.

## INT. RECREATIONAL VEHICLE - DAY

Prhyme/Walt transfers the contents of a beaker into a decanter.

## PRHYME SUSPECT

(chorus)

Then the minute you get it, you  
 gon' be twitchin' and sniffin' and  
 trippin'/Askin' what is this, but  
 it's just Crack/'Cause I'm on a

(MORE)

PRHYME SUSPECT (cont'd)  
mission to get you hooked on this  
shit that I'm pitchin'/There ain't  
no clinic for this/It's Crack.

EXT. FRONT LAWN - DAY

PUSH IN on Caine, freshly perforated by a hailstorm of bullets, as he dies in STACY's arms on the grass.

INT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Carlito's eyes flutter to a stop and remain closed. Gail covers her face and sobs.

INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT

Walt is on his spine. A pool of blood grows across the floor beneath him.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bush clicks his television set off. Cut to black.

THE END