

TEASER

1 EXT. NIGHTCLUB - STREET -- EARLY MORNING (DAY 1) 1

We're downtown. In front of a hip-hop NIGHTCLUB. It's early morning. The city is quiet... deserted.

A rap star, aptly named "EXTRA LARGE" has been partying all night. He emerges from the club with TWO MEMBERS OF HIS CREW.

FIRST CREW GUY  
You sure you don't want to roll with us?

EXTRA LARGE  
Nah man. I got a limo picking me up.

A FEMALE REPORTER, with a tape recorder, approaches them.

FIRST CREW GUY  
Yo. You got company. Another reporter.

EXTRA LARGE  
No rest for the wicked, you know what I'm saying?

SECOND CREW GUY  
That's our cue. We out.

EXTRA LARGE  
Peace.

Extra Large and his Crew AD LIB goodbyes. The Crew Guys leave. The REPORTER steps up.

START →

REPORTER  
Extra Large. Hi. Can I ask you a few questions?

EXTRA LARGE  
Can't it wait until I've had some sleep?

REPORTER  
Give a girl a break. I've been here all night. They wouldn't let me in.

EXTRA LARGE  
'Cause they knew you were gonna harass me. Remind me to thank the owner.

"MONK" - REPORTER

(CONTINUED)

1/3

Reporter

"MR. MONK AND THE RAPPER" - Prod/Network Draft - 4/24/07 2.

1 CONTINUED:

1

REPORTER

It'll just take five minutes. Don't send me home empty-handed.

EXTRA LARGE

Alright. But when my ride gets here, the conversation's over.

2 EXT. ANOTHER STREET - LIMO -- SAME TIME

2

A few blocks away. EXTRA LARGE'S LIMO is driving toward the club. We focus on the limo's closed GAS CAP HATCH...

DISSOLVE TO:

"X RAY" SHOT - GAS TANK - SAME TIME

An "X RAY" SHOT. We see behind the car's gas tank panel.

A crude, homemade BOMB has been lowered into the gas tank! It's attached... by wire... to a DETONATOR, which is wrapped around the gas cap.

The timing mechanism is a WHITE-GOLD POCKET WATCH. It's TICK-TICK-TICKING down!

3 EXT. STREET - IN FRONT OF CLUB -- SAME TIME

3

A few blocks away. The interview is in progress...

REPORTER

Ever since you left your old label, Murderuss has been saying some pretty wicked things about you.

EXTRA LARGE

(amused)

~~You want to know if I'm afraid? Is that what you're asking?~~

(then)

I ain't scared. They say things on their records about this and that. I say things on my records. It's all just talk. ~~We're just harshing each other.~~

REPORTER

Are you sure? On his new album, he comes right out and says it. He wants you dead.

(CONTINUED)

2/3

3 CONTINUED:

3

EXTRA LARGE  
 (shrugging)  
 The times are violent, so the rhymes  
 are violent. You know what I'm  
 saying?

The deadly LIMO pulls up.

EXTRA LARGE (CONT'D)  
 Looks like your time is up.

The LIMO DRIVER scampers out, runs around, and anxiously opens EXTRA LARGE's door.

LIMO DRIVER  
 Sorry I'm late. I had a drop off  
 all the way uptown.

EXTRA LARGE  
 Don't sweat it.  
 (to REPORTER)  
 Make sure you spell my name right.

Extra Large climbs into the limo. They have a final exchange through the open window-

REPORTER  
 Take care of yourself.

// END

EXTRA LARGE  
 Don't worry about me, baby. I'm  
 bullet proof.

The limo pulls away. The Reporter watches it go.

The limo doesn't get far. Maybe half a block. Suddenly- BAROOOOM! The bomb detonates! The LIMO is a FIREBALL!

END OF TEASER