

INNER VOICE

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FADE IN:

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

On the vanity there's a bottle of cognac, a glass and a pile of rolled blunts.

Staring in the mirror wearing gray sweats, boots and a lot of jewelry is EFFORTLESSLY, twenty-three.

His slim athletic frame is covered with tattoos. The long different color dreadlocks drape perfectly on his shoulder and chest.

A stern look of confidence resides on his face, smiling at his reflection.

EFFORTLESSLY

I worked my ass off for this moment,
baby. Tonight is my night.

DENZEL (V.O.)

This nigga funny.

Effortless looks around confused.

DENZEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Don't be confused like you don't know
what's going on, nigga.

EFFORTLESSLY

(Laughs)

I'm buggin'. Stage fright is fuckin'
with me. I just need to relax.

Effortless goes in his pocket and pulls out a lighter before picking up one of the blunts.

Placing the blunt in his mouth, he lights it, taking a hard pull.

Holding the smoke for a few minutes, he slowly releases. Nodding his head satisfied, he takes another pull, and then takes a seat prepared to pour a glass of liquor.

DENZEL (V.O.)

I'll be god damn. Virgin lungs is a
heavy smoker now. Wait a minute...or is
that a fat ass blunt stuffed with
tobacco?

(Laughs)

This nigga really trying to live up to a image he doesn't live. I love this shit.

Effortless takes another pull, and then places the blunt down, using his finger to dig in his ear, looking around confused.

EFFORTLESSLY

I'm hearing shit. There's no fuckin' way I should be---

DENZEL (V.O.)

Living the good life off your best friend you fucked over. I agree.

EFFORTLESSLY

I didn't fuck you over. What happened to you doesn't have shit to do with me.

DENZEL (V.O.)

(Laughs)

The root of all evil really has you believing the shit you're rapping about. That number one song you're performing tonight is my favorite, let me tell you. I damn near believed the bars were real.

EFFORTLESSLY

They are real.

DENZEL (V.O.)

And you're still roaming around untouched?

(Laughs)

Give me a fucking break.

Effortless picks up the bottle and takes a nice swallow.

EFFORTLESSLY

Niggas be jealous even in death. You would think a motherfucker would be proud of your success.

DENZEL (V.O.)

You would also think a motherfucker was your boy, and wouldn't fuck you over.

EFFORTLESSLY
You fucked yourself over.

DENZEL (V.O.)
I fucked myself over?

EFFORTLESSLY
You goddamn right you fucked yourself over.

DENZEL (V.O.)
How do you figure that?

EFFORTLESSLY
You weren't on your shit. What does any of that have to do with me?

DENZEL (V.O.)
Dig this nigga.

EFFORTLESSLY
(Takes a sip)
Nah nigga, dig you. On my night, your bitch ass comes outta nowhere to bitch about some shit that has nothing to do with me. And on top of that---

There's a knock at the door.

EFFORTLESSLY (CONT'D)
What?!

CHLOE (O.S.)
Damn. I was just checking to see if you're good.

Effortless picks up the blunt and takes a pull.

EFFORTLESSLY
(Sighs)
I'm sorry baby, come in.

The door comes open and in walks CHLOE. A short beautiful brown skin woman with a golden tan and a luscious body.

She walks over to Effortless and they embrace in a hug, followed by a kiss as he grabs her ass.

CHLOE
Are you okay?

EFFORTLESSLY

Yeah...yeah, I'm good. Just trying to motivate myself.

CHLOE

Do you need a little help from me?

She smiles, reaching between his legs with seduction. He winces, getting into it, but then he stops her.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Are you sure you're alright?

EFFORTLESSLY

It's all good. Look, I need to finish this drink so I'll be ready when I get out there. We can get it poppin' after I kill it on stage.

CHLOE

Okay.

She gives him a sleazy kiss, while moaning.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Make sure you lay it down the way I like it.

EFFORTLESSLY

Just have that throat open for daycare.

She sticks three of her fingers down her throat with ease, and then removes them.

CHOLE

Daycare stays open twenty-four hours for you. See you after the show.

Walking away, she adds some seduction in her steps, leaving the room.

Effortless looks on smiling, taking a hit from the blunt.

DENZEL (V.O.)

That's a nice piece of ass.

EFFORTLESSLY

I know this.

DENZEL (V.O.)
 Shit, I wish I was alive to have a go
 at it.

EFFORTLESSLY
 (Scoffs)
 You wouldn't have a chance even if I
 set it up so we could run her.

DENZEL (V.O.)
 Yeah, you might be right. On some real
 shit, man to man. I'm proud of you.
 Have a good show out there.

EFFORTLESSLY
 (Takes a pull)
 Thank you. That's all a nigga want.

DENZEL (V.O.)
 Fa sho. Oh, one more thing. Can I get
 a shout-out? I mean, if I didn't get
 caught up in the bullshit, it was
 gonna be me and you tonight, right?

Effortless takes one last pull from the blunt and then puts
 it out, followed by a big swallow from the bottle.

EFFORTLESSLY
 I'll think about it. Tonight is all
 about me nigga, Effortless. Because I
 do this shit with no effort.

Before leaving the room, he sprays some water on his body to
 add a glistening effect as if he just finished working out.
 Satisfied with the way he looks, he fixes his jewelry, and
 then leaves the room.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE ARENA - CONTINUOUS

The arena is sold out with screaming fans chanting "E"
 waiting for him to come on stage.

The lights go out and the lights from the fans' phones come
 on, while they continue chanting his name.

EFFORTLESSLY (O.S)
 Y'all muthafuckers ready to blow this
 bitch down?

The crowd grows louder.

EFFORTLESSLY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
That shit sounds weak. I said "Are you
muthafuckers ready to blow this bitch
down?!"

The screams and chants continue getting louder.

EFFORTLESSLY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
That's what I like to fuckin' hear.
Since y'all got love for me being one
of the realist niggas on the mic, tell
me how I do it.

The crowd starts chanting "Effortlessly" and that's when a
spotlight shines on stage showing Effortless ready to
perform.

EFFORTLESSLY (CONT'D)
That's why y'all my muthafuckin'
people. Drop my beat!

The beat comes on and the crowd remains with the same hype
energy.

DENZEL (V.O.)
Last chance to make shit right?
Removing the mic from his mouth,
Effortless begins walking back and
forth getting into the groove of the
beat.

EFFORTLESSLY
Fuck you, nigga.

DENZEL (V.O.)
Bet that.

Effortless lifts the mic to his mouth prepared to rap, but he
has no idea he's not about to rap the lyrics to his song.
Instead, Denzel is about to make him confess the truth, but
in Effortless mind, he's going to believe he's rapping his
song.

EFFORTLESSLY
Yo, I like my blunts stuffed fatter
than my bitch ass in her pants,
recently turned twenty-three and my
dead homie girl was my first piece of
ass. Y'all think I'm smoking loud,

when it's actually tobacco colored to look like gas, that's why I can inhale and exhale clouds without missing a syllable. Never been the one to solve my own conflicts because when shit gets real, my feet turn into meals on wheels, doordashing, avoiding getting killed. I'm not a killer, I'm a gum bumping fraud nigga, using my homie lyrics to make myself a superstar nigga. Speaking on my dead nigga, me and his old bitch which is now my bitch set that nigga up to get popped, I had some niggas plug him in the back of the head in his truck while our bitch was giving him some sloppy top. Before the nigga body turned cold, I stole his catalog, beats and his hoe, I was a jealous nigga seeing him on top, while niggas slept on me like they overdosed on lean and blow. Now that y'all know the truth, do you still think I'm a raw real one? I just melted y'all domes with my flow because my desire to be on top went smooth as sharp clippers across the dome, and I did it...

He holds his mic towards the crowd expecting them to chant "Effortlessly" but instead, there's complete silence.

He looks around at the DJ and then taps his mic to make sure it's on.

EFFORTLESSLY (CONT'D)

What the fuck is wrong with y'all? I said I did it---

The crowd starts chanting derogatory words, while throwing cups and various other things on stage.

He stands looking at them confused, listening to them continue the onslaught of negative words.

When they start throwing chairs, that gets him to run off stage.

Coming backstage he looks confused seeing Chloe in handcuffs trying to break free.

When she sees him, she instantly catches an attitude.

CHLOE

What the fuck is wrong with you?! Why would you rap that bullshit out there?!

EFFORTLESSLY

Huh? What the fuck are you talking about?

Some officers walk towards him prepared to place him under arrest.

OFFICER #1

Eric Reigns, you're under arrest for the murder of Denzel Gage. You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in the court of the law.

EFFORTLESSLY

Y'all got me fucked up! I'm not going---

OFFICER #2

Kill the fake tough guy shit. You already exposed yourself, so shut the fuck up and let's go.

Officer #2 steps behind him and places him in handcuffs. Chloe is still cursing him out, while being pulled away. His expression can't be explained as they start walking him off.

EFFORTLESSLY

This shit can't be real. Wait till I call my fuckin' lawyer. All of you motherfuckers are getting sued and fired.

OFFICER #1

I guess the drugs you rappers take really fuck up your mind. Wait a minute...you don't do none of that shit, poser. I guess you just had a guilty conscience.

EFFORTLESSLY

Guilty conscious? I don't---

DENZEL (V.O.)

I told you to make the shit right, bitch ass nigga.

EFFORTLESSLY
 YOU! Motherfucker, this is all because
 of you! What did you make me say?!

The officers look at each other confused, escorting him out of the building, while he continues yelling, appearing to be talking to himself since no one can hear Denzel's voice.

CUT TO:

INT. COUNTY JAIL CELL - NIGHT

Effortless is sitting on his bunk writing at his table getting frustrated, balling the paper up, throwing it across the cell.

Taking a deep breath, he starts writing on a new piece of paper.

DENZEL (V.O.)
 What's wrong, big dawg? Can't come up
 with some hot shit on your own?

EFFORTLESSLY
 I don't hear shit you're saying.

DENZEL (V.O.)
 Oh, you hear me. Maybe if your bitch
 ass gave me at least a shoutout, I
 would've let your ole ho ass continue
 living your fake ass life. Goddamn,
 you had a nigga killed, stole his
 bitch and his lyrics. How much more
 can you take, shit?

EFFORTLESSLY
 The spotlight. It was always about the
 spotlight and money.

DENZEL (V.O.)
 And look where that shit got you. What
 are you doing, trying to write a
 comeback album?

(Laughs)
 This nigga trying to be the number
 rapper behind bars.

EFFORTLESSLY
 Shut the fuck up! It'll always be
 about me, and I'll always be number
 one.

DENZEL (V.O.)

I don't know. Some of the opps you blamed my death on will be locked up with you. And you know what they do to fake niggas behind bars.

EFFORTLESSLY

I ain't worried about shit.

DENZEL (V.O.)

Nigga, you cry like a bitch when you crack your knuckles. The niggas who thought you were real turned they back on you. And we both know goddamn well you can't scrap, so now what?

Effortless begins banging the base of his hands against his head.

EFFORTLESSLY

Shut up. Just shut the fuck up. I took your life, your bitch and your style. You're irrelevant nigga, so shut the fuck up.

DENZEL (V.O.)

(Laughs)

You couldn't make me shut the fuck up in real life, so what makes you think you can do the shit now?

EFFORTLESSLY

I wasn't scared of you when you were alive, and I'm sure as fuck not scared of you while you're dead. So, just shut the fuck up.

DENZEL (V.O.)

Since you had my ass killed, you must've been scared of something.

EFFORTLESSLY

Shut up! Fuck this. I know how to shut you up.

Denzel begins saying various things to rile Effortless up. Fed up with hearing Denzel's voice, Effortless picks up both of the pencils lining them up with his ear holes.

As Denzel keeps talking, Effortless takes a deep breath before slamming the pencils into his ears, releasing a loud

scream as he falls to the floor.

Effortless lies motionless with blood coming from his ears.

DENZEL (V.O.)
This is the only thing your bitch ass
could do Effortlessly.

Moving over to the desk where we see some blood spotted on
the paper he was writing on, we see...

INSERT PAPER

He was starting a song titled "The Real E" and the first line
starts off saying "I wanna apologize to my man "D." It
should've been me and you at the top, but I got greedy and
thinking about you made me expose myself to the people who
thought "Effortlessly" was the real me. I hope you can hear
my song from heaven, OG.

FADE TO BLACK:

"Why pretend to be something you're not, knowing eventually
pressure does bust pipes?"

~Bernard Mersier~

END CREDITS