

MIXSTREET KIDS

A Feature Screenplay

Written by

N.J. Robins

"Dedicated to all the boy bands who hit the charts, and to those who missed a bullet."

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Nrobins200@gmail.com

FADE IN:

EXT. LINCOLN JUNIOR HIGH/HIGH SCHOOL - DAY (1989)

A warm summer day in Brooklyn, *New York*. The bell rings. School's out. STUDENTS burst out of the entrance doors as the sound of "*Fight The Power*" by *Public Enemy* floods the air.

NICK PARKER, (15-16) African American, walks home from school with his two childhood friends; **CRAI-SEAN JONES** (16-17) African American, his god-fearing friend, and **KENNY D. GONZALEZ** (14-15) Hispanic, a humorous breakdancer.

Kenny D. POPS, LOCKS, and SPINS. Nick and Crai-Sean laugh at him.

EXT. BED-STUY, BROOKLYN - LATER

THREE KIDS break dance across the street, and FOUR GUYS are shooting dice on the sidewalk.

Nick, Kenny D., and Crai-Sean walk on the sidewalk as they get past the Dealers. Nick can't help but notice the Air Jordans these kids are wearing while playing ball.

KENNY D.

Yo, Nick! You alright, man?

NICK

Yeah, man. It's just-- I wish I had those Jordans, man.

KENNY D.

Well, why don't you ask your mom and pops?

NICK

I already did. And they gave me the N-O. My pops said buying expensive shoes would be a waste of money.

KENNY D.

Man, my mom said the same thing. Everybody in the world got Air Jordan's except us.

CRAI-SEAN

Brothers, you two need to stop right now. The Bible said "*Do not store up for yourselves treasures upon Earth.*"

Nick and Kenny D. shakes their heads, laugh and jeering.

EXT. NICK'S APARTMENT - DAY

They stop at Nick's apartment.

KENNY D.

So, you're coming to the club tonight?

NICK

You know I am.

CRAI-SEAN

What about Jose? You know that we haven't seen him since he dropped out of school.

NICK

Hey, Jose our boy, right? So, I know we're gonna see him there tonight.

KENNY D.

Alright, man. I hope you or him make it. Peace!

Crai-Sean and Kenny D. walk away as Nick enters his apartment.

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Nick enters the living room, patting his little sister, **KYRIA** (8-10) African American, on the head while she's watching TV.

ON TV: a MUSIC VIDEO of **RACHEL MYERS** (20s) African American, a pop superstar, singing one of her smash hits.

NICK

Sis, you're still watching that new Rachel Myers video again?

KYRIA

Yeah! Do you have a problem? She's better than Whitney Houston.

NICK

Yeah, right.

Nick goes to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Nick enters the kitchen as his mother, **CINDY PARKER** (mid 40s) African American, a registered nurse, is cooking dinner, and his father, **JEFFERY PARKER** (late 40s), a hard-working engineer, is finishing fixing the pipes under the sink.

Nick goes to his Mother, and kisses her on the cheek.

NICK

Hey, Ma. Hey Pops.

CINDY

Hey, baby. How's the last day of school?

NICK

(to Cindy)

It was alright.

(to Jeffery)

Hey, Pops. How's your day?

JEFFERY

Long.

Jeffery gets up from under the sink, lights a cigarette, and smokes.

NICK

Hey, dad, can I go to the movies tonight with my friends?

JEFFERY

And who are you going with?

NICK

Uh... Crai-Sean, Kenny D., and... Jose.

Jeffery stops smoking as he hears that name.

JEFFERY

Jose Martinez?

NICK

Yeah.

JEFFERY

Hell, no. I don't think so.

NICK

Come on, Pops.

JEFFERY

Na, "Come on" nothing.

CINDY

Honey, he is Nick's friend. Things haven't been good for him since his father died.

JEFFERY

I don't care. That kid's nothing but trouble. Always cruising down the street in a pimped-out Cadillac with Paco and them.

Jeffery takes another smoke of his cigarette.

JEFFERY (CONT'D)

Drinking. Smoking reefer. Selling rocks. Well, ain't that some shit.

Nick rolls his eyes.

NICK

Pops, that doesn't make any sense.

JEFFERY

If it makes *any* damn sense, I suggest you stay away from him. See where that boy ends up in ten years.

Nick stomps out the kitchen, upset and bothered. Jeffery sits at the table, reading a newspaper.

JEFFERY (CONT'D)

(shouting)

Locked up in the jail! With his dumb ass.

Cindy gives Jeffery a stern look.

CINDY

Honey, why do you always have to make things difficult for him?!

Cindy storms out on oppose.

EXT. CLUB SPOTLIGHT - NIGHT

All the teenagers are standing in a straight line, waiting to get in. Kenny D. and Crai-Sean stands in front.

KENNY D.

Yo, man. Where the hell is he? He should be here by now.

CRAI-SEAN

Look, Kenny D. To tell you the truth, I'm not supposed to be here either. My father would slap the devil out of me.

NICK (O.S.)

Chill, man!

Kenny D. and Crai-Sean turns around to they see Nick as he approaches them.

NICK (CONT'D)

Like the bible said: God may not come when you call him, but he's always on time.

Nick hi-fives them both.

KENNY D.

Yo, your Pops finally let you out the house?

NICK

He sleeps on the couch while Mama has the night shift. He still thinks I'm in my room.

The guys enter the club.

INT. CLUB SPOTLIGHT - NIGHT

Hip-Hop music EXPLODES in the club.

DOPE MASTER DAVE (early 30s) African American, the club's DJ, is at the booth, SCRATCHING THE RECORDS on the turn tables. The B-BOYS AND B-GIRLS are getting their groove on. They're bumping and grinding, pop-locking, and getting hype.

DOPE MASTER DAVE

(over mic)

Yo, yo, yo! This is Dope Master Dave. To all my B-Boys and B-Girls in the place to be, we are about to turn this mutha' OUT!

Nick, Crai-Sean, and Kenny D. enters the club. Nick turns around and sees his old friend, **JOSE MARTINEZ** (17-19) Hispanic/Latino, a tall, handsome, street-smart rapper, kissing a **HOT WOMAN** (18) Hispanic, on the wall.

NICK

Yo, Jose!

Jose stops kissing her as he turns around, he turns to the woman, telling her that he'll be right back, and greets his three best friends with a SMOOTH SMILE.

JOSE

What up, fellas?

Nick, Crai-Sean, and Kenny D. approach Jose, they hi-five each other.

KENNY D.

Look at you! You rockin' in Adidas jumpsuit, gold chains and all that, and DAMN! Yo, where did you get those Jordans?

JOSE

I know a guy.

NICK

Man, you're lucky.

CRAI-SEAN

I guess things have been great for you since you dropped out, right, brother?

JOSE

Yeah, for the *most* part.

NICK

What do you mean, man?

JOSE

Well, my job at Mickey D's ain't making anything happen, and my mom's still on my case on my rapping. I did it to get some extra paper.

CRAI-SEAN

You still writing them rhymes?

JOSE

Damn, right, man. Every day.

(rapping)

(MORE)

JOSE (CONT'D)
*Yo, to all my B-Boys, I'm known as
 the Terminator. Just call me the
 New Jack Exterminator.*

Nick, Crai-Sean and Kenny D. groove into Jose's massive bars.

JOSE (CONT'D)
 (rapping)
*Chillin' at the Mixstreet just to
 get paid. And if anyone steps in my
 way, they're getting slayed!*

NICK/CRAI-SEAN/KENNY D.
 DAMN!

NICK (CONT'D)
 It's like *that*?

JOSE
 And that's the way it is, baby.

The music stops as Dope Master Dave begins to speak.

DOPE MASTER DAVE
 (over mic)
*Alright, Party People in the place!
 We got one of the biggest, New Jack
 acts from Queens. Performing their
 smash hit single, make some noise
 for The Invincibles!!!!*

The GIRLS in the club SCREAM IN EXCITEMENT as FIVE YOUNG GUYS, dressed in Adidas Jumpsuits, dancing to the New Jack beat. They move together and at the same time.

Nick, Crai-Sean, Kenny D., and Jose watch on as the group sings.

KENNY D.
 Man, look at those fools. They
 think they're so fresh ever since
 they got signed to Get-Hype
 Records.

CRAI-SEAN
 But you gotta admit it. These
 brothers are smooth.

Nick takes a moment, thinking to himself. He then smiles like there's a light-bulb over his head.

EXT. JOSÉ'S CAR/DRIVING - LATER THAT NIGHT

José, Nick, Kenny D., and Crai-Sean are cruising down the street in Jose's GOLDEN CADILLAC, eating burgers and french fries. Hip Hop music floods the air.

CRAI-SEAN

So, let me get this straight. You're saying that we should start our own singing group. Like *The Invincibles*?

NICK

Yeah, man. We won the talent show singing together when we were little. Let's do it again and get paid.

JOSE

Yo, Nick, I don't sing no more, I rap. So, it's not my kind of shit anymore.

NICK

Come on, guys. Remember when we sang "My Girl." We got the place rockin.'

CRAI-SEAN

Yeah. We wore those tight purple suits and dance like The Temptations.

JOSE

And we *did* win first place that night.

KENNY D.

All thanks to the choreography of yours truly.

Nick, José, and Crai-Sean are jeering and they throw some french fries at Kenny D.

NICK

But anyway, think about it. The Bed-Stuy Talent Show is in two weeks. All we need to do is pick a good song, find some dope outfits, and we'll win 1st prize in cash. It's plain and simple.

JOSE

So... you want us to be like... the next New Edition or something? You'll be Ralph Tresvant, I'll be Bobby Brown, right?

Nick and José snickers. Crai-Sean and Kenny D join in.

NICK

I don't know about all that, but... it might be a possibility.

CRAI-SEAN

I'm not sure, brothers. I mean, I got bible studies on Tuesdays, and I have a choir rehearsal on Thursdays. My father's not gonna like it.

NICK

Well, I say we vote on it. And I vote "Yes."

CRAI-SEAN

I vote "No" four times.

NICK

Hey, man, you can only have one vote.

(to Kenny D.)

What do you say, Kenny D.?

KENNY D.

I'll vote "Yes." Under one condition, I'm in charge of the choreography.

NICK

Alright.

(to Jose)

What about you, Jose?

Jose takes a moment, but eventually, he nods.

JOSE

Okay, I'm down. But there better be some fine-looking groupies.

NICK

(chuckles)

Okay.

(to Crai-Sean)

Now, it's up to you, Crai-Sean? You in?

Crai-Sean looks up for a moment, he then exhales.

CRAI-SEAN

Alright. I guess I can squeeze in for Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. If my father doesn't tie me up.

NICK

Okay, then. We'll start tomorrow at my house. And speaking of my house, José, you better drop me off back home before my pops kick my ass.

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NEXT DAY

Nick lifts the TONEARM of the RECORD PLAYER and places it on a NEW EDITION RECORD. *Mr. Telephone Man* fills the living room.

The guys stand in a straight line. Kyria plays with her BARBIE DOLLS.

Crai-Sean begins to sing with a his Johnny Gill-soulfulness tone. They struggle to keep up. Nick then steps on Jose's foot.

JOSE

Yo, man! You stepped on my foot!

NICK

Sorry, man! You've been moving too close!

Kenny D. stops the record player as Nick and Jose continue to argue.

CRAI-SEAN

Guys, stop! Stop it right there. Cause this is a mess. We need to pick another song.

JOSE

And some better choreography.

KENNY D.

What do you mean "better choreography?"

JOSE

I mean, your choreography's whack, man.

The boys bickering makes Kyria cover her ears. Cindy enters the living room with a BAG OF GROCERIES.

CINDY

Hey, hey, hey! Stop with all that fighting. I just came home, and the last thing I wanted is for you boys to go at it. Remember when y'all little, y'all were fighting over the last cookie?

NICK

Come on, Ma. Don't get us started on the cookie incident.

CINDY

"Come on" nothing. You boys better behave in this house, you hear me?

The boys nod.

CINDY (CONT'D)

What's y'all hollering about anyway?

KYRIA

They're practicing for the Bed-Stuy talent show at the rec center in two weeks.

JEFFERY (O.S.)

Talent show?

Jeffery enters the living room.

JEFFERY (CONT'D)

What y'all gonna do? Juggle?
(he turns to Jose)
And what is *he* doing in my house?

NICK

Pops, he's cool. We're just gonna sing as a group. Like when we were little.

JEFFERY

Singing, huh? Well, I don't know much about music, but what this group of yours missing is a manager. And Roc Turner might be your only option.

KENNY D.

Who *is* Roc Turner?

JEFFERY

An old friend of mine back in college. For 20 years, he used to manage some of the top entertainers in all of New York. Including Ms. Rachel Myers.

KYRIA

(gasps)

He managed Rachel Myers?!

JEFFERY

Mmm-hmm.

CINDY

(to Nick)

Now, Nick, you and your friends need to start worrying about school. Singing ain't gonna take y'all nowhere in life.

JEFFERY

(to Cindy)

Baby, you always said he needed a hobby outside the house this summer, right? Well, if this is what he and his boys wanna do, that's his business.

Cindy takes a moment, but she eventually exhales.

CINDY

(to Nick)

I really hope you're right about this.

The guys hi-five each other.

EXT. ROC TURNER'S HOUSE - EVENING

Jose, Crai-Sean, and Kenny D. stand from behind Jose's car while Nick and Jeffery go up the front porch.

JEFFERY

You know, your friend, Jose needs to do something about his ride.

NICK

Come on, Dad. Ease off Now, are you sure Roc Turner can help us?

JEFFERY

What the hell do you mean if I'm sure? Y'all wanna win that talent show, Roc Turner's the man.

Jeffery rings the doorbell.

ROC (O.S.)

Who is it?

JEFFERY

It's me, Roc! Jeffery Parker? From College?

ROC (O.S.)

Oh.

The door opens, revealing... **ROC TURNER** (late 40s) African American, a washed-up former manager, as he opens the screen door and puts on his glasses, seeing his old friend for the first time in years.

Jose is not surprised.

JOSE

(whispering)

That old dude could be our new manager? Man, he almost looks like Richard Pryor.

CRAI-SEAN

(Whispering)

Yo, chill, man. Let Mr. Parker handle it.

ROC

Well, what do you know? Jeffery Parker. Long time, no see. What do you want now?

JEFFERY

Uh, I don't want anything, Roc. You remember my son, Nick, right?

Roc looks at Nick closely.

ROC

(to Nick)

Hmm. You look almost like your daddy.

NICK

Uh, is it true that you were Rachel Myers' manager?

ROC
Yeah. Once upon a time, that is.
Why is that?

Nick turns to the guys, uses his "come on" sign, and Jose, Crai-Sean, and Kenny D. approach Roc's porch.

ROC (CONT'D)
What the hell is this? Y'all trying
to rob me?

NICK
No, sir. Me and my friends, well,
we wanna start our own singing
group. There's a talent show
coming up, and we were wondering if
you would... manage us.

Roc looks at the boys.

ROC
It depends. Do y'all sing?

NICK
Well, yes, sir. We--

ROC
(interrupts)
Don't answer the question, son.
Y'all have to show me if y'all can
sing. If not, then go home.

Nick turns to the guys.

NICK
(whispering to the guys)
Okay, what song are we gonna sing?

JOSE
(whispering)
I don't know. *Mary Had A Little
Lamb?*

CRAI-SEAN
Guys, let's do *My Girl*. In
acapella.

They go down the porch and stand in a straight line.

KENNY D.
Alright, here we go. 5, 6, 7--

Nick sings lead with a Ralph Tresvant-esque smoothness while the guys are humming the melody, they're moving almost like The Temptations. Crai-Sean takes the second verse.

Jeffery grooves along to the song. Roc looks to the boys with such fascination as they continue to perform.

They stop performing.

ROC
Y'all live around here?

KENNY D.
Yeah, we're from Bed-Stuy.

ROC
Well, meet me at the rec center tomorrow at 8:00. Don't be late.

JOSE
Does this mean you're gonna be our manager?

ROC
No. It means "meet me at the rec center 8:00 tomorrow. Don't be late."

NICK
Thank you, sir.

Jeffery gives Roc a handshake, and comes downstairs to join Nick and the guys as they leave.

Roc smiles softly as he closes the door.

INT. REC CENTER - DAY

Nick, José, Crai-Sean, and Kenny D. stands before Roc as he takes off his coat.

ROC
Okay, fellas, listen up. Now, I'm not gonna promise y'all that I'm gonna turn you into superstars. Cause that ain't my thing.
(beat)
But if you work hard, and follow my directions, you're gonna be successful. Is that clear?

The guys nod "yes" to him.

ROC (CONT'D)

But before we get to all that, I have to lay down some ground rules. First, you all have to be on time every morning at 8:00. No excuses. Second, there's no swearing. Third, no fighting. And fourth--

José tilts his head to Nick's ear.

JOSE

Can we at least breathe?

Nick snickers softly. Roc turns around.

ROC

What's that, Jose?

JOSE

Uh, nothing, sir.

ROC

I thought not. 'Cause there will be no smart-mouth either. As I was saying, today, we're gonna put in some hard work. Starting with some vocal exercises.

Roc goes to the PIANO. The guys go over there.

KENNY D.

Hold up. Why do we need vocal exercises?

ROC

Because you young men need to sound like one voice. Otherwise, people will be throwing some rotten tomatoes at you.

(beat)

So, without further ado, let's get on to it.

Roc plays the eight piano cords as he begins to sing.

ROC (CONT'D)

(singing)

Do, Re, Mi, Fa, So, La, Ti, Do.

(speaking)

Alright, now you boys try.

NICK/JOSÉ/CRAI-SEAN/KENNY D.

(singing)

Do, Re, Mi, Fa, So, La, Ti, Do.

ROC

Not bad. But y'all can do better.
From the top. We're gonna do this
all day if we have too.

MONTAGE - THE GROUP'S VOCAL WARM-UP

A) Nick is tongue-twisting, Nick tries it, but spins his tongue around in his mouth.

B) Crai-Sean tries the open-vowels technique, trying the "oohs" and "ahhs."

C) Roc instructs Jose with some yawning. José YAWNS like a cow. The others snickers.

D) Kenny D. tries to YELL LIKE A SIREN. Roc can't handle his noise.

END MONTAGE.

INT. REC CENTER - AFTERNOON - MOMENTS LATER

Roc continues to work with the group.

EDDIE "MR. SHOWTIME" CURLY (49) African American, a talented choreographer, enters the center while he walks with his cane.

MR. SHOWTIME

Y'all better watch out, cause Mr.
Showtime's back in town.

Roc goes to greet his old friend.

ROC

Fellas, I want you to meet a good
friend of mine. This is Eddie
Curly, but people called him "Mr.
Showtime." He's here to help us out
with the choreography.

KENNY D.

Wait. Hold up. Choreography? I
thought *I* was doing the
choreography.

ROC

Kenny D., you're a good dancer, but
he's just here to help you guys
dance professionally--

KENNY D.

Ah, come on, Roc, this is bull-- I mean, this is whack, man! This old dude can't teach me what I already know. Man, who he think he is, Fred Astaire?

Mr. Showtime goes up to Kenny D.

MR. SHOWTIME

Hey! Hold on, young blood. Don't let your smart mouth get you into something your ass cannot get you out of.

Mr. Showtime takes off his hat.

MR. SHOWTIME (CONT'D)

Now, let me see your best combination.

KENNY D.

Huh?

MR. SHOWTIME

Huh, my ass! Let me see your best combination, young blood.

KENNY D.

Okay. Check it.

Kenny D. delivers his best New-Jack break dance combination as Mr. Showtime watches on.

MR. SHOWTIME

That's the most ridiculous shit I've seen in my life! Hold my cane.

Mr. Showtime tosses the cane at Kenny D.

MR. SHOWTIME (CONT'D)

Now, pay attention. And you might learn something.

Mr. Showtime snaps his fingers to the beat. He does a quick dance combination that includes tap-dancing, quick spins, splits, slides, and finally does the triple spin like a ballet dance.

The guys watch on with their mouths wide open.

MR. SHOWTIME (CONT'D)

Any questions?

(pause)

(MORE)

MR. SHOWTIME (CONT'D)
 I thought not. Now, you boys fall
 in line. And find some equal
 spaces. Keep your distance.

The guys stand in a straight line.

INT. REC CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

Mr. Showtime is really putting the guys into work with some serious dance combinations. They are sweating, out of breath, and can barely keep up with Mr. Showtime.

MR. SHOWTIME
 Let's go, ladies. We ain't gonna
 win that talent show with lazy
 legs.

The guys are exhausted. They mess up the steps. Mr. Showtime can't take it.

MR. SHOWTIME (CONT'D)
 No, no, no! How many times do I
 have to show y'all these steps?!
 20? 30? 100?
 (beat)
 Crai-Sean! Stop listening to the
 Holy Ghost and hear the beat! Kenny
 D., you're pitiful! Nick and Jose,
 you two need to stop bumping! Back
 from the top! 5, 6, 7, 8...

They guys get annoyed as they continue to dance, trying their best.

INT. REC CENTER - EVENING

The guys are all tired out. Mr. Showtime grabs his cane and hat.

MR. SHOWTIME
 Alright, ladies. Y'all are pretty
 good. But I know y'all can do
 better. Same time tomorrow. Catch
 ya later, Roc.

Mr. Showtime leaves.

ROC
 Alright, fellas. I'm gonna get my
 keys, and we'll be leaving in a
 minute.

Roc goes to his office.

KENNY D.

Man, that Mr. Showtime ain't no joke.

CRAI-SEAN

You tell me. I feel like I'm about five-seconds away from stepping into hell with those moves.

JOSE

Maybe this was a bad idea, man. I means, we're gonna get our asses kicked by *The Invincibles* anyway.

NICK

Yo, chill, alright? It's only the first day. Besides, we're only getting started.

JOSE

"Getting started"? Man, I say we need to quit while we still can.

TREVOR MCTYLER (20s) Caucasian, enters the gym with his cousin, **JOHN MCTYLER** (12-14) Caucasian, a little shy, but hopeful autistic boy.

TREVOR

Hey, Roc.

Roc approaches them.

ROC

Hey there. Boys, this is my old friend Trevor McTlyer, and little cousin John.

TREVOR

So, what's going on here?

ROC

Nothing much. These kids are starting their own singing group for a talent show.

TREVOR

Whatever. I got some business to take care of. So, can I talk to you in your office?

ROC
 Sure. Be right back, boys. And
 don't mind John. He's a little shy.

Trevor follows Roc to his office. John peeks over for a second, he then turns around and approaches the guys.

JOHN
 (nervously)
 Uh... Hi.

NICK
 Hey. So, you're John, right? How
 come we've never seen you in this
 neighborhood before? Where are you
 from?

JOHN
 (nervously)
 Um, from Long Island. I lived with
 my Grandma in Brooklyn three months
 ago. I was in your history class?
 (beat)
 In the back roll?

KENNY D.
 (eyes widen)
 Oh! You must be one of those
 special-ed kids on the short bus to
 school, right?

CRAI-SEAN
 Hey, man, watch your mouth.

JOHN
 No, it's okay. Albert Einstein has
 autism, and he got more straight
 A's on his report card than you.

The guys; except Kenny D., laugh.

NICK
 (chuckles)
 Yo, he just schooled you, Kenny D!

KENNY D.
 Shut up.

John chuckles and widens a smile.

JOHN
 So, um... you guys are a singing
 group, right?

NICK
Yeah. Why?

JOHN
(Nervously)
Uh... can I be in it, too.

The guys look at John and to each other in disbelief.

KENNY D.
I don't think so, kid. We're cool
with just four.

JOSE
Yeah, man. And I don't think a
little Long Island boy like you
should be hanging with us Brooklyn
kids.

JOHN
But I can sing *really* well. I've
been doing it since I was four, and
I'm pretty good at it. You guys
gotta give me a chance. Please?

The guys take a moment.

NICK
Alright. Prove it.

JOSE
Yeah, show us what you got, white
boy.

John takes a deep breath, closes his eyes, and opens them as he begins to sing the song "*Who's Lovin You*" with a youthful Michael Jackson-esque.

The guys are amazed. Roc and Trevor step out of his office as they hear John's wonderful voice.

The guys haven't said a word as John finishes singing.

JOHN
Um... was that okay?

Kenny D., Nick, and Crai-Sean approach John.

KENNY D.
"Okay?" Yo, that was dope!

NICK

Yeah, man. I mean, a little kid from Long Island would make a great addition to the group.

Jose approaches John, he hasn't said a word in a moment. But eventually, he smiles.

JOSE

You're alright, little man.

John smiles back as he and Jose hi-five each other. The rest of the guys follow suit.

JOHN

So, can I join the group, Mr. Roc?

ROC

Well, it depends.

(to Trevor)

Can he, Trevor?

TREVOR

Uh, of course, he can. But I'm not the one you need to ask.

EXT. THE MCTYLER'S HOUSE/FRONT PORCH - EVENING

Roc knocks on the door. The door opens as **MS. MCTYLER** (52) Caucasian, John's grandmother/legal guardian, enters.

MS. MCTYLER

Uh, can I help you, sir?

John stands in front of the car with the guys, and Trevor as they watch on.

ROC

Uh, my name is Roc Turner. I am a manager of this new singing group these boys are putting together.

MS. MCTYLER

And you want my Johnathan, if I'm correct?

ROC

Actually, John wanted to join the group as their fifth member. His cousin told me to ask you first.

MS. MCTYLER

I don't think it's a good idea. Johnathan's a good kid, and the last thing I wanted is for him to be hurt. Now, what makes you think that I could trust you?

ROC

Because your grandson has something very special, just like the rest of the group. Now, it's gonna be some hard work, but believe me, it's gonna pay off.

Ms. McTyler takes a second, considering things.

MS. MCTYLER

Okay, Mr. Turner. If you promise to look after my Johnathan, do right by him, then I'll think about it.

ROC

Then I guess it's a yes. Thank you so much, Ms. McTyler.

Ms. McTyler looks over to her grandson and his new friends.

MS. MCTYLER

You boys look like you had a long day, huh?

NICK

Yes, we have, ma'am. Except John.

MS. MCTYLER

Well, you boys come on in. I'll make you guys something to eat. And Johnathan, zip up that jacket!

John zips his jacket up.

JOHN

Yes, Grandma.

They go inside.

INT. JOHN'S ROOM - LATER

They guys are hitting it off in John's room, Listening to some hip-hop music and tossing a football to each other. John sits quietly then the rest of them, reading his comic book.

NICK

Alright, if you could have one super power, what would it be?

Nick tosses the football to Kenny D.

KENNY D.

I guess it'll be super speed?

JOSE

Why super speed?

KENNY D.

Cause I'll be like The Flash of break dancing. So, all them B-boys don't know what hit'em.

Kenny D. tries to dance fast. The guys laugh. Kenny D. tosses the ball to Crai-Sean.

CRAI-SEAN

Well, *my* super power would be to open the sea.

KENNY D.

Really? Like Aquaman?

CRAI-SEAN

No. Like Moses. In the story of The Old Testament.

Jose throws a pillow at Crai-Sean. The guys laugh.

Crai-Sean turns to John.

CRAI-SEAN (CONT'D)

Hey, John. What would be your superpower?

John looks up to the guys.

JOHN

Um... I'd... fly?

KENNY D.

Fly? Why do you wanna fly?

JOHN

So, I could fly away... from everything that happened at Long Island. Starting with... my father.

The guys turn to each other with confused glances, then turn back to John as he puts down his comic book.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You see, back in Long Island, I was alone. I was bullied at my school, and getting beaten by my father while my mother was working.

(beat)

Every time I was in my room, I'd listen to music. And sometimes, I even pretend that I was looking in the mirror, singing in front of a big crowd. But my dad bangs on the door, telling me to shut up.

NICK

So, that's why you ended up at your grandma's?

John takes a moment, but eventually, he nods.

JOHN

Yeah. One day, I was getting ready for school, until I heard my mother screaming. I ran downstairs and saw my father beating my mother. So, I rushed in there and hit him with a baseball bat.

(voice crackling)

The next thing I know, he... pulled out a gun. And if I didn't run out of there, he would've killed me.

The guys are in shock.

KENNY D.

Damn. That's crazy. I've been living without a dad for years. But after hearing your story, John, I'm glad I only got a mom.

CRAI-SEAN

You tell me. My father never lets me listen to Hip-Hop or R&B on the radio. Cause they're the "Devil's music."

JOSE

I still miss my Pops. Ever since he was killed in a car crash, all I ever wanted is to make him proud someday.

NICK

And you know, Jose? *My Pop's* still tripping about *me* hanging out with you.

The guys laugh in amusement.

NICK (CONT'D)

Guys, the first day may have been tough, but we need to work hard and keep pushing if we wanna be the best.

The guys nod in agreement.

KENNY D.

Hey, Roc said that we need to find ourselves a name. Any suggestions?

JOSE

How about... *The Brooklyn Boyz*?

NICK

Na, man. *The Brooklyn 5*?

JOHN

What about *The NYC League*? Like the Justice League.

The guys crack and laugh. John laughs along with them. They all jeer and start hitting each other with pillows.

MONTAGE - THE BEGINNING OF THEIR MUSICAL JOURNEY.

A) The group; now a quintet, takes a stroll down the streets of Brooklyn, chattering, cracking jokes, and laughing all the way.

B) At the Roc's office, Roc and Mr. Showtime show the group footage of every performance on TV. From *The Four Tops*, *The Temptations* to *The Jackson 5* and *The Stylistics*.

C) Mr. Showtime's still working the group hard, but now, the guys haven't miss a step. Roc proudly smiles at them.

D) The group are on a subway, singing perfectly in acapella. Everyone starts to notice their sweet harmonies.

E) At the Bed-Stuy Talent Show, they are introduced as *The Smoothtones*; Dressed in silky blue suits, they perform perfectly, and the crowd loves it. They won 1st place.

F) In the fall, they performed at their school talent show; dressed in sparkly red suits. They won 1st place again.

G) Jose, Crai-Sean, and Kenny D. walk down the street. FOUR GIRLS notice, and wave at them.

H) Outside of school, Nick and John sign autographs for some CHEERLEADERS. One of them kisses John on the cheek.

I) The group performs at the auditorium for a winter charity event, the girls are going crazy for them. They all take a bow at the end of the song.

END MONTAGE.

INT. REC CENTER - DAY (1990)

It's a cool March day. Roc and Mr. Showtime are at the piano, waiting for the group. The group enters the center, look fly as they can be. Dressed in cool jackets, and Air Jordans.

Nick goes up to give Roc a hi-five, but Roc points them to their seats.

NICK

Yo, I think the Knicks are gonna make the Finals this year.

KENNY D.

Man, keep dreaming. Jordan and the Bulls are gonna mop the floor with them.

JOHN

What about the Celtics? Larry Bird shoots the lights out in every game.

JOSE

Man, y'all already know who's gonna win this year, the Bad Boys from Detroit, baby.

CRAI-SEAN

Brothers, can we talk about other things besides basketball? How about hockey?

The guys scoff and laugh.

ROC

Alright, enough with all that. Let's discuss some business.

(MORE)

ROC (CONT'D)

I have an announcement to make.

(beat)

I just got you guys an audition for
Amateur Night at The Apollo.

The group is stunned.

NICK

Hold up. The Apollo? As in... the
Harlem, Apollo?

ROC

That's the one.

JOHN

Wait, what's The Apollo?

CRAI-SEAN

The Apollo theater is the legendary
home of some of the best
entertainers in history.

MR. SHOWTIME

But be warned. That joint is the
toughest place y'all ever gonna
play. So, if winning talent shows
is all fun and games? You got
another thing coming.

ROC

He's right. There's a lot of
competition down there. So, we need
to be more prepared and more ready
than they are.

The group nods to Roc.

JOSE

Alright, so, how much time do we
have?

MR. SHOWTIME

Well, we have exactly one week. So,
y'all better take your coats off,
cause we got work to do.

The group take off their coats and they stand in a straight
line.

MR. SHOWTIME (CONT'D)

Alright. Here we go. 5, 6, 7, 8...

INT. APOLLO THEATER - DAY

The group performs on stage with an old school dance combination. They turn left, they turn right, and then spin. Roc and Mr. Showtime watch from the center as they go over the number with the boys.

Up on the balcony, a famous local R&B group, SOUL-4-U, watches them perform. Their lead singer, **JAMAL BROWN** (32), is seated with THREE OTHER MEMBERS.

GUY #1

You know, these kids ain't bad, for some Brooklyn cats.

JAMAL

Ain't bad, my ass. Tonight could be our big break. And I ain't gonna waste it.

The group stop performing after they hit that pose.

MR. SHOWTIME

Perfect. Good. Excellent. Now, y'all get hydrated, head back to the hotel and get some sleep for tonight.

The group leaves the stage. Jamal gets up from his seat to confront the group.

JAMAL

Hey! You little chumps have a lot of nerve showing up in the world of R&B.

JOHN

Uh, Rhythm & Blues?

GUY #2

Nah, white boy. It's Rough & Black.

Soul-4-U laughs.

JOSE

Yo, old man, aren't you a little rough to be performing tonight? Cause you look like yo mama who smack ya when you were born!

The boys laugh loudly.

JAMAL

Yeah, yeah, yeah. Let's talk about
yo mama, young blood. Who stinks so
bad when she and your wetback daddy
brought you here from Taco City.

Jamal and the group laugh hysterically. Jose rumbles towards them, but the rest of the group holds him back.

JOSE

YO! Y'ALL BETTER NOT BE TALK ABOUT
MY FOLKS LIKE THAT! I'M FROM
BROOKLYN, BOY! AND I'LL KICK YOUR
ASS!

JAMAL

You can't kick my ass, son. I chew
up young punks like you, and spit
them out like a bunch of little
seeds.

Jamal and the group leave the balcony, laughing all the way.

ROC

Jose, let it go! He's just trying
to mess with your head.

Jose is bothered, but he pulls himself together.

JOSE

(exhales)
I'm good. I'm good.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - AFTERNOON

The guys are chilling before the show tonight.

Kenny D. adds Mr. Showtime's dance combination with some of his New Jack combination, John keeps changing every channel on TV, Crai-Sean reads his bible, and Nick lies on the bed as he notices Jose stares at the view of the city.

NICK

Yo, Jose. Are you alright?

JOSE

Yeah, man. It's just that I
couldn't stand what that slick fool
said to me.

NICK

He's just bluffing, man. Anyway, we
need to focus on tonight.

JOSE

Yeah. And speaking of tonight, I think we need to step up our game a little bit.

KENNY D.

I know what you mean. I am sick and tired of these fake-ass, old-school dance steps anyway.

JOHN

Yeah, and those sparkly suits are making me itchy.

NICK

What about you, Crai-Sean?

CRAI-SEAN

Romans 12:1-2, *"Do not conform to the pattern of this world, but be transformed by the renewing of your mind."*

NICK/JOSE

Amen to that.

NICK (CONT'D)

You know, trying to be like those old-school groups isn't working.

CRAI-SEAN

But that's what we're doing, right? We need to be more professional.

JOSE

Man, why be professional when we can just be ourselves?

NICK

Okay, so, what are you suggesting, Jose?

JOSE

Yo, John, how much time do we have till the show starts?

John checks his watch.

JOHN

It starts in 4 hours. Why?

JOSE

First things first, we need new dance steps, a new name, and... we also need to go shopping.

INT. APOLLO THEATER - NIGHT

On stage is a BLACK POLKA BAND, The Polka Brothers -- they are terrible. The crowd boo for them to get off.

Someone in the crowd throws a tomato at the **TUBA PLAYER** (33).

TUBA PLAYER

Hey! Who threw that?! I'ma kick your ass!

Someone in the crowd throws a shoe at the **ACCORDION PLAYER** (31), he ain't having it.

ACCORDION PLAYER

Yo Mama!

A LOUD SIREN EXPLODES as **SANDMAN**, dressed in an Indiana Jones costume, SWINGS from the balcony to the stage.

He pulls out his whip and WACKS the **TRUMPET PLAYER** (32), in the head while tap-dancing.

TRUMPET PLAYER

Man, stop that! Damn!

The band exits to the other side of the stage. **RANDY JAMES** (43) African American, the Apollo Theater M.C., enters the stage.

RANDY

And *that's* why black folks aren't meant to play polka music.

(beat)

Now, on with this next group. And believe me, these cats are bad in a *funky* way. So, let's give it up for Harlem's very own... Soul-4-U!

From the wings of the theater, Soul-4-U dance their funky way on to the stage. Jamal goes to work, singing to the ladies.

Roc and Mr. Showtime watch some of their moves from the wings of the stage, they leave.

INT. APOLLO THEATER DRESSING ROOM

Roc and Mr. Showtime are becoming impatient while they're waiting for the group.

ROC

Where the hell are they? They're on next and they should've been here by now.

MR. SHOWTIME

Don't worry, brother. They'll show up. I hope.

Randy enters the room.

RANDY

Hey, Roc, where's your group? They're on in just two minutes.

NICK (O.S.)

Don't worry. We're here!

The group enters the room, dressed in their NEW JACK STREET-WARE.

Roc and Mr. Showtime look at them like they've lost their minds.

ROC

Why are y'all late? And what the hell are you boys wearing?! This ain't "YO! MTV Raps."

NICK

Look, Roc, sorry we're late. But we have to get changed. Oh, and we also found a new name.

Nick goes through his pocket, and gives a little sheet of paper to Roc. It reads: *MIXSTREET KIDS*.

ROC/MR. SHOWTIME

"*Mixstreet Kids?*"

NICK

Yeah. It was Jose's idea.

Roc looks at Jose.

ROC

I suppose.

RANDY

Well, y'all up next. So, good luck.

Randy exits.

ROC

Alright, boys. Time to go out there and show the folks what you're made of.

MR. SHOWTIME

And y'all *better* remember the steps, you hear me?

The group nods to Roc and Mr Showtime.

NICK

You heard the man, guys. Let's do it!

CRAI-SEAN

Hey, wait a minute. We can't leave nothing to chance.

Crai-Sean places his hand in the middle of the group. The others place their hands in, bowing their heads, and close their eyes in prayer.

CRAI-SEAN (CONT'D)

Dear Heavenly Father, we call on you to give us the blessing, the faith, and the courage to make the most out of this great opportunity that you've given us, in Jesus name we pray, amen.

The rest of the group say "Amen" as they leave the dressing room.

INT. APOLLO THEATER - CONTINUOUS

Soul-4-U finishes their number with their fancy footwork. Randy walks across the stage, applauding the group. Rachel Myers is in the audience with **BEN STONE** (36) Caucasian, Rachel's manager, by her side.

RANDY

Soul-4-U, ladies and gentlemen! Aren't they incredible?

(beat)

Well, it looks like we have a special guest with us tonight.

(MORE)

RANDY (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentlemen, please, give a big hand to the woman who got discovered right here at the Apollo. Grammy-winning recording artist, Miss Rachel Myers!

Rachel waves and blows some kisses at the crowd. They love her.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Alright, now. First, there was The Jackson 5. Then, came New Edition. And this next group are the five hardest-working kids from the streets of Brooklyn. So, please, let's give a warm Apollo welcome to... The Mixstreet Kids!

The crowd claps softly as the Mixstreet Kids take center stage. They each touch Apollo's TREE OF HOPE. Some of them start laughing and jeering at them. Some even start to boo at them. But the group stays focused. They all look at each other, and know what to do.

A drumroll fills the theater as *If It Isn't Love* fills the theater. They do a New Edition-like dance combination. Mixing some old school moves with new school flava. The audience starts to love it. Nick steps up and starts to sing the first verse. The group sings the chorus in perfect harmony. Jose steps up, he raps the post chorus. Crai-Sean takes the second verse.

Roc and Mr. Showtime watch from the right wing and can't believe it.

The group sings the chorus again. Everyone in the audience gets off their seats and grooves along. Up on the balcony, the ladies start screaming for them. Rachel is loving the boys' showmanship, including Ben.

John then steps up, taking them to the bridge. The audience started chanting "*Go, white boy!, Go, white boy!*" John gets down on his knees, singing his heart out for the ladies. Some of the ladies pass out.

KENNY D.

Yo! Come on! Somebody, scream!

The crowd goes nuts as the group continues their performance, getting down and getting busy. Jamal along with Soul-4-U are unimpressed. Nick sings the third verse, and they sing the chorus again.

JAMAL

Ain't this some shit.

The group spins around and finishes their performance with a pose.

The crowd gives them a standing ovation. Randy walks past Roc from the wings.

RANDY

Roc, my brother, I never doubted you for a minute! They're amazing!

Randy walks out to center stage.

RANDY (CONT'D)

The Mixstreet Kids, ladies and gentlemen! Show them some love!

The crowd cheers wildly. The group looks to each other with a smile as they take a bow.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The group raises their drinks up to toast in celebration.

KENNY D.

Man, I cannot believe that we won, baby!

CRAI-SEAN

(chuckles)
Yes, Lord, we did!

JOSE

Hell, yeah!

NICK

Hey, John, you killed it, man! I mean, you're living proof that even white kids got soul.

JOHN

Thanks, guys. I can't wait to tell my Grandma about this!

Mr. Showtime and a **BEAUTIFUL WOMAN** (22) Asian American, come to the table. He looks unimpressed at the moment, but he eventually smiles.

MR. SHOWTIME

Great show, boys. I'm proud of you.

He leaves with the girl.

JOSE
 (in disbelief)
 Yo, how did an old dude like *him*
 get with a--

Ben walks over to the table.

BEN
 Uh, excuse me, gentlemen.
 Congratulations on your victory. I
 hate to interrupt, but my client
 wants to meet you.

Sly signals, and from across the table, Rachel walks over.
 The group is starstruck.

JOHN
 No, way! You're Rachel Myers!

NICK
 My little sister's a huge fan.

CRAI-SEAN
 We *all* are, ma'am.

RACHEL
 Thank you so much, boys! And I
 really love your show. Ooh, y'all
 be getting down and getting busy!
 (laughs)
 And I have never seen a group with
 so much talent before.

BEN
 Now, listen, uh... do you guys have
 a manager? Cause if you are--

Roc enters.

ROC
 Well, look no further. You found
 him.

Roc walks over. Giving Sly a stern look.

BEN
 Hey, Roc, old friend. You haven't
 aged a day.

Roc notices his old friend, and he widens his smile. The two
 embrace.

ROC
Rachel Myers.

RACHEL
(surprised)
Roc Turner! Oh, my goodness! It's
been so long. How are you doing?

ROC
Great. Now, I see that you met my
boys. This is Nick, John, Jose,
Kenny D., and Crai-Sean. Better
known as the Mixstreet Kids.

Ben hands Roc his business card.

BEN
Well, Roc, you got yourself a great
group here. If you guys wanna look
for a record deal, let me know.

Ben leaves.

RACHEL
Roc, I am so sorry. You know Ben
was--

ROC
Just being Ben. But it's good to
see you again, Rachel. Take care.

The two hug as Rachel leaves.

NICK
Yo, Roc, why you got some beef with
Rachel's manager?

ROC
Long story. But anyway, I got some
good news.
(beat)
I just talked with some music
producers over at the table, and
they want us in their studio
tomorrow morning to record a demo.

KENNY D.
Wait. We're gonna be in the studio?

ROC
At 7:30 sharp. So, get some sleep.
You're gonna need it.
Congratulations again, boys.

Roc leaves.

JOSE
Yo, we're about to blow up!

NICK
Yeah, we are. And it's only the
beginning, guys.

Nick places his hand in the middle of the group, Crai-Sean places his hand on top of Nick's, then Kenny D., then John, and finally José.

NICK (CONT'D)
Mixstreet Kids. Together, for life.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

Roc and the group are sitting around while **BUDDY THOMAS** (35) Caucasian, songwriter/producer, and **SAMMY SMOOTH** (32) African American, also songwriter/producer, are playing track after track to find the songs for them.

ROC
Hey, we've been here all day, and
you guys haven't found a song yet?

SAMMY
Hey, man, relax. We're doing the
best we can.

ROC
Well "The best you can" ain't good
enough. My boys need a song that
would be a right fit for them.
Don't y'all have anything?

Sammy looks at Buddy.

SAMMY
Got any more suggestions?

BUDDY
Well...
(to the Engineer)
Hey, play the one that we wrote for
New Edition.

The ENGINEER flips the track, an *Upbeat Pop/Contemporary R&B New Jack Swing* song fills the studio. The group is feeling the song.

NICK
Yo, this song sounds hype!

KENNY D.
Yeah, this beat is some heavy stuff.

JOSE
Nah, man. It's that *Mixstreet* beat!

ROC
Sounds like they like it.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - LATER

The group is in the booth, recording the song, "*That Thing U Do*". Nick takes the first verse, John sings the pre-chorus, they sing the chorus in perfect harmony, Crai-Sean takes the second verse, John retakes the pre-chorus, The group sing the chorus again. Jose and Kenny D. share the rap v, going back and forth, like Kid N' Play.

INT. THE MIXING ROOM

Roc, Buddy, and Sammy watch on.

BUDDY
You know, I've seen a lot of talented groups, but *these guys* got something special.

ROC
Well, I always tell them, hard work always pays off, right?

SAMMY
Are you kidding? When this record goes out, these boys are gonna be on top of the world.

MONTAGE - RADIO STATION FRENZY

A) Roc offers the group mix tape to a MALE DJ in an R&B Radio Station in Brooklyn, but he rejects it.

B) Another R&B DJ in Manhattan laughs at Roc and tosses the tape in the garbage.

C) TWO DJs of a HIP-HOP Radio Station scoff at Roc and toss the mix tape back to him.

END MONTAGE.

INT. Z100 RADIO STATION - DAY

Two weeks have gone by. A **JOEY J.** (37) Caucasian, a pop radio DJ, grooves to a synth-Pop Rock song.

Roc knocks on the door. Joey turns down the music as he opens the door for him.

JOEY J.
Hey, Roc! Long time.

ROC
Hey, Joey. How are you doing?

JOEY J.
Same old, same old. Radio calls, commercial free playlist, you name it.

(beat)
Anyway, I heard that you're managing a new group who killed it at The Apollo a few days ago. Uh... the *Mixstreet Kids*, right?

ROC
That's right. And that's why I came here to talk to you.

Roc takes the mix tape out of his pocket.

JOEY J.
Let me guess, you're asking me to give their song some radio play?

ROC
Yeah. Just like do did for Rachel.

JOEY J.
Look, Roc, I know we're friends and all, but I'm afraid I can't help you. I'm already booked.

ROC
Joey, please. I've gone through all of the radio stations in New York, and they all said no. You're the only one who I can trust.

JOEY J.

Roc, I'm sorry, man. But there's nothing I can do.

ROC

Now, wait. Just hear me out. All the other singing groups out there, most are all-black and all-white. But these kids have something that they wanna give to the world.

Roc gives the mix tape to Joey J.

ROC (CONT'D)

All I'm asking is for you to give my boys their shot. And if they win their first Grammy, I'm sure they'll thank you for playing their song on your station.

Joey J. looks at the mix tape for a second.

JOEY J.

Well, there wasn't a group called New Kids On The Block, until there was.

(beat)

But... if America likes the New Kids, maybe they'll love the Mixstreet Kids even more.

ROC

So, you're gonna release their record?

JOEY J.

Let me talk to my boss, and I'll let you know.

EXT. LINCOLN JUNIOR HIGH/HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

It's a warm spring day. The bell rings. STUDENTS go out the entrance doors. Nick, John, Kenny D. and Crai-Sean exits.

They approach Jose who sits in his car.

NICK

Man, thank God, it's Friday. I mean, I thought I was going to die in class this morning.

CRAI-SEAN

Hey, man, even a *tired mind* is a terrible thing to waste.

JOSE

Says who? Dr. King?

A **FEMALE STUDENT** (17) Hispanic, approaches Jose at the car.

FEMALE STUDENT

Hey, Jose, don't tell anyone, but guess who's folks are going out of town this weekend.

JOSE

I'll call you later, alright?

They share a kiss as she leaves. The group is not surprised.

JOHN

Dude, how many girls are you getting with? It's like you got with one girl and ditched her for another one.

JOSE

Hey, little man, don't hate the player, hate the game.

The group chuckles.

KENNY D.

Yo, has Roc got our song on the airwaves yet?

NICK

I don't know. I mean, it's already been two weeks.

JOSE

Maybe Roc sold the tape and gave it to some wannabe, streetwise white boys.

(to John)

No offense, John.

JOHN

Offense taken.

CRAI-SEAN

Hey, man, easy. Roc knows what he's doing. Be patient. Have faith.

JOSE

Easy for you to say, Preacher Man.

Jose turns the knob to a Z100 Radio Station, that's when they hear...

JOEY J.

(on the radio)

Hey, hey! This is Joey J. coming to you live from Z100 Radio in New York City! Playing commercial free music all afternoon. We got Madonna, Paula Abdul, Janet Jackson, Vanilla Ice, En Vogue, George Michael, and Poison coming up next.

(beat)

But first, it's time for the world premiere of a hot new single by a young talented group from Brooklyn. The New Kids better watch out, cause their first release "That Thing U Do" is gonna knock 'em off the map. Meet the Mixstreet Kids!

The song plays on the radio. The group SCREAM and they JUMP OUT OF THE CAR. The whole school loves the song. They dance along to it.

NICK

WE'RE ON THE RADIO! WE'RE ON THE RADIO!

CRAI-SEAN

What did I tell y'all?!

JOHN

This is crazy! It's really us!

KENNY D.

Man, we're gonna be large, baby!

JOSE

(to the sky)

Papa, I told you I was gonna make you proud!

Everyone cheers for the group as the party continues. An **OLD MAN** (65) African American, opens the window from his building.

OLD MAN

HEY! TURN THAT MUSIC OFF! YOU DAMN KIDS ARE DRIVING ME CRAZY!

INT. BROOKLYN BAPTIST CHURCH - LATER THAT DAY

Crai-Sean sits with his mother **GLORIA JONES** (46) African American, while his father, **HENRY JONES** (47) African American, the pastor, walks back and forth. He's not happy.

GLORIA

Henry, it's just music. It's not such a big deal!

HENRY

Gloria, how am I supposed to preach the word of God and expect *them* to listen when my own son disrespected me? How bad does *that* look?!

CRAI-SEAN

Dad, God gave me and my friends this opportunity. And it's here. Why can't you just be happy for once?

HENRY

Crai-Sean, you know this is wrong. The Devil is raging on you, son. You can't serve two masters!

CRAI-SEAN

Dad, can't we just talk about this?

HENRY

(sharply)

No. There's nothing to talk about at this point. I gotta get on with tonight's bible study. I'll see you at home.

Henry leaves. Crai-Sean lowers his head in shame. His mother sits with him.

CRAI-SEAN

Why does he have to be so negative? Maybe I should just quit.

GLORIA

Baby, he's just worried, that's all. But you can't stop now. I mean, they're playing your song, all over New York. With the voice that God has given you.

CRAI-SEAN

Yeah. I guess I'm grateful for that.

GLORIA

Crai-Sean, there is no telling where this music thing might take you. This is your life. And you gotta live it for yourself, you understand?

Crai-Sean nods to his mother. The two embrace.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

And one more thing, you better win your mother a Grammy.

Crai-Sean laughs with a renewed spirit.

INT. STARCITY RECORDS/PHIL'S OFFICE - DAY

The doors open as **PHIL DAVIS** (mid-30s) African American, president/CEO of Starcity Records, enters his office as Rachel and Ben follow him.

RACHEL

Phil, I'm telling you, you've gotta sign this wonderful group. They're amazing, and everyone in New York loves them.

BEN

That's right. All we're asking is for you to come with us to the studio to meet them. Is that too much to ask?

PHIL

Look, I already heard their song, and I know they're a talented group. But they're kids. And teenybopper ain't our style.

BEN

But what about Little Larry from the 60's? Isn't *he* a kid?

PHIL

Yeah, and we have dealt with his parents, his teacher, and his lawyer. But it paid off, of course.

Phil sits at his desk.

RACHEL

But, Phil, these kids have given a magical performance at The Apollo, and I'm telling you, they have something very special.

PHIL

Rachel, my dear, I am a busy man.

BEN

With all do respect, Phil, but you still don't get it. It's the 90s. And Starcity Records needs to get with the times. The Mixstreet Kids could be the sound of Young America. Not Black America, White America, or Hispanic America. But Young America.

(beat)

This could be a game changer if you give these kids a chance.

RACHEL

Please, Phil. All I'm asking for you to give me a slow "yes"... instead of a fast "no."

Phil takes a moment, but eventually, he exhales.

PHIL

Fine. One audition. But they better be good.

Ben and Rachel smile.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

The group, Buddy, and Sammy sit around, waiting for Roc.

JOSE

You know, Roc has gone on, and on, and on about--

(mimicking Roc)

"Be on time. Don't be late. Hard work pays off."

(normal voice)

But where the hell is he at, man?

NICK

Hey, chill. He'll be here, alright?

CRAI-SEAN

Yeah, he's coming back with Rachel and Ben in one minute.

KENNY D.

Man, I can't believe we're auditioning for Starcity Records. That's where Rachel Myers got signed.

JOHN

Yeah, I read that they have sixty platinum records, forty golden records, and twenty Grammys. That label's better than Motown.

Roc, Rachel, Ben, and Phil enter the studio.

ROC

Hey, guys. Sorry it took so long. You all know Rachel and Ben. And this... is Phil Davis. President of Starcity Records.

The group approaches Phil. He isn't surprised.

PHIL

Alright, gentlemen, let's see what you got.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - LATER

The group stands together as *I'll Be There* fills the booth. John sings lead in the first verse, his voice is pure magic. Nick comes in with the chorus. Jose, Kenny D, and Crai-Sean sing " *Holding on* " from low to high. John pours his heart as soul into the third verse. Then the group sing in perfect harmony.

INT. THE MIXING ROOM

Phil looks on to the group with such fascination. He's quite impressed.

Roc, Rachel, and Ben exchanges smiles, knowing the group is doing well.

PHIL

I've never seen anything like it. A multiracial boy band with great vocals, better stage presents, and handsome looks. It's incredible.

ROC

Thanks, Mr. Davis. These boys had some talent since the day I met them.

RACHEL

You know, they could be big like The Jackson 5. Or New Edition.

BEN

Or maybe the New Kids On The Block.

PHIL

No. They're gonna be bigger than all three of them combined.

The Engineer fades the song. Phil goes up and presses the mic.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Mixstreet Kids...

The group looks at Phil who pause at the moment. But he then smiles.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Welcome to Starcity Records.

The group GO CRAZY after hearing the news. Roc and Rachel share a hug, and he then shakes Phil's hand.

INT. STARCITY RECORDS/PHIL'S OFFICE - DAY

A week later. The group sit together at the table, signing their deal with STARCITY RECORDS, with Roc, and their LAWYER present.

All of their families are here; except Crai-Sean's Father. A PHOTOGRAPHER takes a picture of the group with Phil behind them.

CINDY

Uh, Roc, I'm happy for our son and the boys, but will they fall behind in school?

ROC

Don't worry, Mrs. Parker. Phil said that the boys will be provided with tutors to keep themselves educated. Except Jose, because he already got his GED.

JEFFREY

Well, I hope these boys get paid.
'Cause you know that's how the
business fool you.

INT. STARCITY RECORDS/PHIL'S OFFICE - LATER

Phil, Roc, and the group are alone. They study all the
platinum and gold records on the wall.

PHIL

First things first, fellas, on your
first album, Sammy and Buddy will
be producing it. And it'll be
called "*Rachel Myers Presents: The
Mixstreet Kids.*"

ROC

Why is that?

PHIL

Because Rachel is one of the
biggest pop stars in the music
scene. And you used to manage her.
So, with Rachel welcoming them into
the spotlight, it'll attract young
fans from different races alike.

KENNY D.

I'm down with that.

PHIL

Second, Starcity Records will
release your first single
nationally. Third, we need to
revamp your image.

NICK

Our image?

JOSE

Yo, why are you trying to fix what
ain't broke?

Phil approaches Jose.

PHIL

Jose, right? We want the public to
recognize you guys as a
multiracial, clean-cut boy band.
You can still have that street
edge. But with a little more...
polish.

Jose is bothered, but he calms down.

PHIL (CONT'D)

And last but not least, we're getting you guys into all major TV shows and networks. I'm talking MTV, Soul Train, BET, The Today Show, Arsenio Hall, Oprah Winfrey, Good Morning America, you name it.

CRAI-SEAN

My mom *do* love some Don Cornelius.

JOHN

And my Grandma *adores* Oprah.

PHIL

Mark my words, fellas. By this time next year, everyone is gonna know the Mixstreet Kids. And there ain't gonna be no other group like you.

MONTAGE - THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOW BUSINESS

A) The group; in their polished New Kids-inspired trendy/streetwear outfits, strike a pose for a photo shoot. They dance, goof off and laugh all the way.

B) Roc and Rachel help the group with their vocal warm-ups, they're having the time of their lives.

C) The group is in a dance studio, rehearsing with a **FEMALE CHOREOGRAPHER** (24), she teaches them a mix of dance combinations. From hip hop, jazz, and a little New Jack Groove. But Mr. Showtime still puts them into work.

D) The group in the studio, recording some more songs for the album.

E) At Phil's office, Phil and Rachel pull down the sheet, revealing their DEBUT ALBUM COVER with their photo on the bottom and the title on the top that reads "*Rachel Myers Presents: The Mixstreet Kids.*" The group and Roc absolutely love it.

END MONTAGE.

INT. STUDIO - DAY (THREE MONTHS LATER)

The group sings and dances in front of a BRICK WALL FILLED WITH GRAFFITI, filming a MUSIC VIDEO SHOOT for "*That Thing U Do.*", Doing "*The lean*", an iconic dance move from Morris Day & the Time.

SIX MULTIRACIAL FEMALE BACKGROUND DANCERS dance behind them.

Roc and Mr. Showtime stand behind the **DIRECTOR** (40s), while watching the boys on film. The group and the Dancers pose as the song ends.

DIRECTOR

And... cut! Print that.

The group leave the shoot.

KENNY D.

Yo, we killed it, baby! This is our first music video ever.

JOSE

Yeah, and these fly girls are looking fine too.

CRAI-SEAN

Yeah, but do we have to wear this kind of stuff? We look like clowns.

JOHN

Actually, I really don't mind. This fedora is very classy.

NICK

Well, this is what they wanted. An all-American boy band.

JOSE

Then I guess we're gonna have to give them that, right?

Nick and Jose exchange dabs.

CRAI-SEAN

Hey, I gotta go to the trailer and call my folks. Be right back.

Crai-Sean leaves. Roc and Mr. Showtime go up to the group.

ROC

Great job, boys.

JOSE

"Great job" nothing. You know that was fresh, ain't that right, Mr. Showtime?

MR. SHOWTIME

Well, there's room for improvement. But otherwise, it was good.

ROC
 Anyway, I just talked with the promoter, the deal is done and tour dates are set! You guys are now the opening act for Rachel Myers's "*Dancing Under The Stars*" Tour!

The group cheer.

ROC (CONT'D)
 All twenty cities across the country, and the label will be releasing the album while you're on the road.

KENNY D.
 Yo, man, this is gonna be fresh!

JOSE
 Watch out, ladies. The Mixstreet Kids are coming!

ROC
 But hey, don't get too excited. Y'all better be focused on your first live debut on *Club MTV* in a couple of days.

JOHN
Club MTV? I love that show!

KENNY D.
 We *all* do.

JOSE
 I love Downtown Julie Brown more.

They all share a laugh.

NICK
 Hey, I can't wait to tell Crai-Sean about this.

Nick goes to the TRAILER. He knocks on the door and hears Crai-Sean yelling.

INT. TRAILER

Crai-Sean is on his CELL PHONE with his Father. And it's not a good conversation.

CRAI-SEAN

(on the phone)

Dad, we read the bible together, we prayed together. We're still a family no matter what. Why won't you just listen to me?

(beat)

Oh, then fine! If you can't learn to accept me, then don't accept me at all!

Crai-Sean hangs up the phone, and THROWS it away. Crai-Sean breaks down and cries. Nick is concerned.

NICK

Yo, Crai, you alright, man?

Crai-Sean wipes away his tears.

CRAI-SEAN

Yeah. It's just... my Father is just being ignorant again. But...
(exhales)

I'm good. So, what did I miss?

NICK

Well, pack your bags, man. We're going on tour this summer.

CRAI-SEAN

For real?

NICK

You know it. After we rock *Club MTV*.

CRAI-SEAN

Ooh. I *hope* we will. Can I get a "*amen?*"

NICK

Amen.

A renewed Crai-Sean leaves the trailer with Nick. They laugh all the way.

INT. THE PALLADIUM/CLUB MTV STUDIO - DAY

The stage is set. The lights are flashing. And the crowd is hyped. **DOWNTOWN JULIE BROWN** (30s) stands before the camera with a huge smile on her face.

DOWNTOWN JULIE BROWN

(on the mic)

Welcome back to Club MTV! This is Downtown Julie Brown at The Palladium, in the place to be. And we got a very special guest with us today. A fabulous group of five young boys from Brooklyn who were discovered by the lovely Rachel Myers. Their debut single is climbing up the charts, and they're about to turn *this place* upside-down.

(beat)

Here's the Mixstreet Kids and "*That Thing U Do!*"

The crowd goes wild as "*That Thing U Do*" fills the studio. The group begins the performance with a New Jack Groove. Their *MUSIC VIDEO* plays on the screens. The CLUB MTV DANCERS are getting hyper.

Nick steps up as he sings the first verse like a true front man. John steps up and sings with his youthful energy.

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - DAY

All of the families and relatives; except Crai-Sean's father, are watching the performance. Their faces are filled with excitement and pride.

ON TV: The group's Club MTV performance is at full swing as they sing the chorus. Doing "*The lean.*" The Club MTV Dancers dance along.

EXT. LONG ISLAND NEIGHBORHOOD/GRACE'S HOUSE - DAY

A warm, summer day. The sound of Paula Abdul fills the air. Kids from John's old school, are splashing around the pool. Party floaties sail around.

GRACE OLIVER (13-17) Caucasian, John's ex-best friend/crush, and her TWO FRIENDS, ONE CAUCASIAN, and ONE AFRICAN AMERICAN, hang by the pool side with THREE CUTE BOYS.

GRACE

So, are you guys up for the movies this weekend? They're playing *Ghost* for only two weeks.

GRACE'S FRIEND #1

Totally. Patrick Swayze is so hot
in this movie.

GRACE'S FRIEND #2

In the trailer, the pottery scene
with Demi Moore made my heart melt.

A **KID** (13), burst into the backyard.

KID

Everyone! In the living room! John
McTyler's on MTV!

The kids scramble out of the pool as they all come inside.

INT. GRACE'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

The kids enter the living room. One of them turns up the
volume on the TV set.

ON TV: The group's performance is rocking up the *CLUB MTV*
stage. John retakes the pre-chorus with a big smile on his
face.

Grace and the others are stunned with their mouth wide open.
Some girls scream and squeal for each member of the group,
the guys bob their heads. And Grace couldn't help but smile
warmly, knowing that her former friend is living the dream.

EXT. BED-STUY, BROOKLYN - AFTERNOON

It's the middle of summer. The TOUR BUS is parked at the
curb. Each member of the group bid farewell to their
families.

Nick gives his mother a last hug. His father pats his
shoulder. His sister Kyria hugs him too.

CINDY

(whispering his tears)
Alright, baby. Have fun on tour.
We're so proud of you.

JEFFERY

You be careful, now. And don't
bring a baby home, or else.

NICK

(chuckles)
Got it, Pops.

Kenny D. hugs his **MOTHER** (41-45) as she kisses him on the cheek.

KENNY D'S MOTHER
I love you so much, Kenny.

KENNY D.
I love you too, ma. Are you sure you're gonna be okay?

KENNY D'S MOTHER
(wiping her tears)
Don't worry, baby. I will.

Ms. McTyler straighten up John's jacket.

MS. MCTYLER
Johnathan, make sure you eat right, call me every day, and don't let those groupies get to your head, okay?

JOHN
I will, Grandma. Don't have a cow.

Trevor rubs John's hair. Jose and his **MOTHER** (45) share a bittersweet embrace.

JOSE
(whispering)
I told you I'll make you proud, ma.

His mother cups her hand on his cheek.

JOSE'S MOTHER
Just stay out of trouble, Mijo.

Gloria gives Crai-Sean a Bible.

GLORIA
Remember your faith, baby.

CRAI-SEAN
I will, Mom.

The two embrace. Roc steps off the bus.

ROC
Alright, boys, it's time to go!

The group grabs their belongings as they climb aboard on the bus. As they pull off, they open the windows, waving goodbye to their families, and their neighborhood.

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN/THE STADIUM - NIGHT

The stadium is packed with 30,000 PRE-TEEN and TEENAGE GIRLS. Many of them are holding up SIGNS like "MIXSTREET KIDS ROCKS!" "I LOVE NICK!", "JOSE, BE MY HUSBAND!" and so on. Grace and her friends are among the audience. They're already feeling excited.

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN/BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

The group; feeling a bit nervous, are in a circle as Crai-Sean leads them in a silent prayer. Roc, Rachel, and Mr. Showtime go up to them.

ROC

Okay, boys. This is it. Y'all been working hard for this. So, give it all you got!

RACHEL

You guys go out there and have some fun, okay?

The group nod.

NICK

Alright, y'all. M-S-K, T-4-L!

The group huddles up into a circle, PUMPING and JUMPING like they're about to play a football game.

NICK/JOHN/JOSE/KENNY D./CRAI-
SEAN (CONT'D)

M-S-K, T-4-L! M-S-K, T-4-L! M-S-K,
T-4-L! M-S-K, T-4-L!!!!!!

The group BREAKS and they BOLT out of backstage and onto the stage.

ROC

What in the world does "T-4-L" mean?

JOSE

Together 4 life!

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN/THE STADIUM - CONTINUOUS

The LIGHTS GO OFF. The SCREAMING FANS erupt at the stadium as they hear Rachel's VOICE:

RACHEL (O.S.)

Alright, ladies, here they are. The moment you've been waiting for. All the way from Brooklyn, NYC, get ready for Nick, John, Jose, Kenny D., and Crai-Sean! THE MIXSTREET KIDS!!!!

The LIGHTS GO ON, the music plays, and the SCREAMING GOES INTO A FRENZY as the group enters the stage, performing "*That Thing U Do.*" SIX FEMALE BACKUP DANCERS dance behind them.

The CROWD is JUMPING, CRYING, REACHING OUT FOR THEM, and PASSING OUT. Grace and her friends couldn't contain themselves also. The group did "*The lean*" while singing the chorus. The crowd goes crazy.

They perform "*Don't You Go Away.*", a Pop/R&B Bubblegum Soul Jackson 5-like Ballad. John takes the lead vocals on the song. The FANS wave their hands slowly side to side. Grace smiles with delight as she sees her friend shining on stage. The group dance and sing in the background as John gets down, takes ONE FAN by the hand, and sings to her. She FAINTS.

Crai-Sean lays down some straight R&B while they perform "*How Can I Love You Again.*" Not a beat combination forgot from Mr. Showtime's lessons. The ladies swoon to his smooth demeanor. The group is killing it with the harmonies in the background.

The group finishes their set by performing "*Brooklyn Strong*", a Pop/Rock, Funk Rock, Dance Rock Anthem. Jose channels his inner Donnie Wahlberg and takes the lead vocals. They wave their right hands side to side, the crowd waves back. Jose is off with his leather jacket and throws it to the crowd.

The FANS can't take it. They HOP OUT THE GATES and CHARGE FOR THEM. The music stop as the group, the BAND, and the Backup Dancers RUN OFF the stage.

The Fans JUMP ON STAGE to chase them.

INT. THE HALLWAY - NIGHT

The group, Roc, and Mr. Showtime are running for their lives. **TWO SECURITY GUARDS**, are right behind them.

SECURITY GUARD #1

Shit! These girls have lost their goddamn minds!

SECURITY GUARD #2

You tell me!

The Screaming Fans STORM INTO THE HALLWAY. The Security Guards BOLT THEMSELVES to catch up with the group.

EXT. TOUR BUS - NIGHT

The group, Roc, and Mr. Showtime STORM INTO THE BUS. They breathe in relief.

ROC
Is everybody okay?

NICK
That was insane!

JOHN
I never had so many girls chasing me in my entire life.

CRAI-SEAN
Well, thank the Lord we're saved.

KENNY D.
Man, this is crazy. It's like we're The Beatles or something.

JOSE
(chuckles)
To be honest, I kind of like the whole thing.

ROC
Well, y'all better get used to it. Cause it's gonna be like this every show.

MR. SHOWTIME
And it could be worse.

NICK
Like what?

MR. SHOWTIME
They could've sent us all to the hospital.

They all laugh, but not before a MOB OF FANS makes their way to the bus and surround it. They CLIMB ON TO THE WINDOWS, screaming and blowing kisses at them.

NICK
Yo, did y'all see that?!

JOHN
This is insane!

JOSE
THEY LOVE US, BABY!

The POLICE arrives to break up the crowd, making some room for the bus.

ROC
GET US THE HELL OUT OF HERE!!!

The bus BOLTS AWAY. The FANS go after it. Chanting the group's name all the way.

MONTAGE - MIXSTREET MADNESS

A) On the BILLBOARD HOT 100, "*That Thing U Do*" climbs its way up to the NUMBER 1 SPOT.

B) In the NEWSPAPER ARTICLES, the headlines reads: MIXSTREET KIDS ARE ROCKING THE HOUSE! AMERICA'S BOYS NEXT DOOR, THE SOUND OF YOUNG AMERICA, and THE NEW KINGS OF POP ARE CROWNED.

C) The group performs at the UNITED CENTER in Chicago, Illinois.

D) The group is on the front cover of EVERY TEEN MAGAZINE; *TEEN BEAT*, *PEOPLE*, *TIGER BEAT*, *16*, *RIGHT ON!*, *SUPERTEEN*, *BOP*, and *TEEN SET*.

E) Their MUSIC VIDEOS play on *MTV*, *BET*, *VIDEO MUSIC BOX* and *VH1*.

F) They perform in Detroit, Michigan. The CROWD IS GOING NUTS!

G) The group performed on many talk show, Arsenio Hall, Oprah Winfrey, The Late Show, David Letterman, Good Morning America, and the Today Show.

H) PRE-TEEN and TEENAGE GIRLS are buying MIXSTREET KIDS MERCHANDISE in every store. They have ALBUMS, T-SHIRTS, BUTTONS, LUNCHBOXES, POSTERS, and even DOLLS.

I) In Minneapolis, CRAI-SEAN (18-25), and KENNY D. (17-23), are shopping in the MALL OF AMERICA, until their MOB OF FANS CHARGE FOR THEM. They RUN AWAY.

J) JOHN (15-21), watches TV in his hotel room, he hears DOOR KNOCK. He opens it, and the DELIVERY GUY gives him a BIG BOX. John opens it, and TWO FANS POP OUT OF THERE. John is surprised.

K) NICK (17-24), and JOSE (20-26), walk in the hallway talking. Nick presses a button on the elevator, the DOORS opens. Revealing a **GIRL** (12), with her mouth wide open as she sees them and FAINTS. Her PARENTS catches her just in time.

L) The group performs at The MIAMI ARENA in Florida. A FAN climbs on stage for them, but Security drags her away.

M) On the BILLBOARD 200 ALBUM CHART, their album "*Rachel Myers Presents: The Mixstreet Kids*" is the NUMBER 1 ALBUM in the country.

N) The group performs at THE FORUM of their headline show in Los Angeles, California. They WAVE THEIR HANDS. The FANS WAVE BACK. Roc and Mr. Showtime watch them from the wing, proud of them for making it this far.

END MONTAGE.

INT. TOUR BUS - DAY (1991)

The group, on the couch, are interviewed by a **MTV FEMALE INTERVIEWER** (32) Asian Pacific Islander, off-screen...

FEMALE INTERVIEWER

Rock superstar, Axl Rose from Guns N' Roses told Rolling Stone Magazine that you guys aren't gonna last. Any response?

NICK

Hey, yo, Axl! The 80s called. They want their long hair back!

JOSE

The 90s are here, baby! Deal with it!

FEMALE INTERVIEWER

(chuckles)

How ironic. You know, many artists spent years trying to make their big break into the music business, and you guys just came out of nowhere.

JOHN

Yeah, I mean, there are gonna be some people who don't respect us, but we don't care what everyone thinks.

CRAI-SEAN

That's right. We're not gonna try to focus on all the negativity of the world. We're a young group with a real positive message.

KENNY D.

And if those fools don't wanna roll with it, it's their loss.

FEMALE INTERVIEWER

Wow. You guys are very close. Almost like brothers. Aren't you guys worried about what's gonna happen ten years from now?

JOSE

Well, we don't know, and we don't care. We ain't worrying about ten years from now. We're trying to get through today.

NICK

Yeah, we're a group. And nothing can break us. Just like we said in our song "*Brooklyn Strong*", "*We're boys from the beginning, and brothers to the end.*"

FEMALE INTERVIEWER

Mixstreet Kids, thank you so much for joining us today.

JOSE

Thank you for having us.

INT. CALIFORNIA POP RADIO STATION - DAY

A RADIO INTERVIEW with the group and a **POP DJ** (26), Roc and Mr. Showtime watch from the other side of the glass.

POP DJ

So, fellas, who are your musical inspirations? Which artist influenced you the most?

NICK

Well, mine would be Smokey Robinson and New Edition.

KENNY D.

MC Hammer and Bobby Brown.

JOSE

LL Cool J and Public Enemy.

JOHN

Michael Jackson and Stevie Wonder.

CRAI-SEAN

Luther Vandross and Johnny Gill.

POP DJ

Ooh, nice. Now, we got some callers for you guys. The first caller is Mia of San Diego. Mia?

MIA (O.S.)

(on the phone)

Hey, Mixstreet Kids! I saw you guys in concert on Friday, and I wanna ask you guys a question. Do you guys have any girlfriends?

The group chuckles for a moment.

NICK

Uh, no. We don't have any girlfriends right now.

JOSE

Yeah, but if you ladies wanna us to your boyfriends, let us know.

POP DJ

Ooh. I like that. Some Casanova vibes. Alright, next caller, Taylor from Long Beach, Taylor?

TAYLOR

(on the radio)

Hey, guys, I just wanna say that I really love your songs. And John, you're super cute!

John blushes.

JOHN

Uh, why, thank you, Taylor. And you're beautiful, too.

POP DJ

Ah, shucks.

(chuckles)

Alright, next caller is Tyrone from Compton.

TYRONE (O.S.)

(on the phone)

Hey, yo, Mixstreet Suckers, how's it feel to be selling out for a bunch of white breads in America? Yeah, that's right. You punks make me sick. My little sister kept talking about y'all non-stop. Y'all are running the world, stealing our women and shit. And to top it all off, y'all ain't black enough.

Jose retaliates.

JOSE

Yo, man, let me tell you something. We were born and raised in Bed-Stuy, Brooklyn, and we've been through a lot of stuff more than you can ever imagine. We do this because we're making a positive impact for kids like us. Our music is bringing folks of every color together. Ain't that what art do?

Roc nods.

JOSE (CONT'D)

So, go ahead. Talk trash all you want. But don't EVER say that the Mixstreet Kids are selling out!

(beat)

Thanks for calling.

POP DJ

Ooh. Talk about a comeback.

INT. THE PLAZA HOTEL/LOBBY - DAY

The LONG ISLAND CHEER TEAM; among them is Grace, standing in front of the check-in desk. The ELEVATOR DOOR opens as the group, and Roc enters the lobby with TWO SECURITY GUARDS.

Grace sees John leaving with the group.

GRACE

John?

A CHEERLEADER turns around and notices them as well.

GRACE'S FRIEND #1

Oh, my God! It's the Mixstreet Kids!

(MORE)

GRACE'S FRIEND #1 (CONT'D)
 (SCREAMS)
 IT'S THE MIXSTREET KIDS!

The Cheerleaders; except Grace, SCREAM WITH EXCITEMENT. COACH WHISTLES and the screaming stops.

COACH
 Girls! Girls! Calm down.

Grace and her friends approach the group as they head for the exit. The Security Guards stand in front of them.

SECURITY GUARD #1
 Sorry, young lady. No autographs.

GRACE
 No, I know one of them. He's my best friend.

John turns around, doesn't say a word, turns back around and heads for the exit.

SECURITY GUARD #2
 Everybody said that, kid. We gotta keep it moving. Sorry.

The Security Guards leave with the group to the limo. Grace and her friends go after them.

EXT. HOTEL/FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

The limo drives away before Grace and her friends get to it.

GRACE'S FRIEND #1
 Oh, my god! I can't believe John has gone from a total weirdo to a Mixstreet Kid.

GRACE'S FRIEND #2
 (dreamily)
 I know. I mean, He was always a creep in the back of the classroom, but He's, like, so totally cute!
 (squeals)

GRACE
 Hey, John's was my best friend way before he was a Mixstreet Kid.

GRACE'S FRIEND #2
 "Best friend"? I mean, look at him, Grace. He's a total hottie!
 (MORE)

GRACE'S FRIEND #2 (CONT'D)

And all the girls are *throwing* themselves at him.

GRACE

But John's not like that at all. He's sweet, funny, and kind. And I wish he would stay like that forever.

GRACE'S FRIEND #1

Well, you might as well face it. He's a pop star now.

INT. LIMO/DRIVING - LATER

John looks through the window, the rest of the group notices while Roc's on the phone.

NICK

Yo, John, who's that girl who was hollering at you in the lobby?

JOHN

Uh, that was just Grace. She's my best friend. I mean *was* my friend.

KENNY D.

What do you mean?

JOHN

Well, we were close in elementary school, I used to have this big crush on her. But when junior high arrived, everything changed.

(beat)

She became a cheerleader, hanging out with those *cool kids*, and she barely talked to me anymore.

JOSE

Yo, that's tough, man.

CRAI-SEAN

John, maybe she just wants to be your friend again. I mean, all this fame and fortune stuff don't matter to her.

JOHN

Maybe.

(to Jose)

Jose, you know everything about girls, right?

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

So, what do you do when you want to end things with a girl?

JOSE

Do you *really* wanna know, man?

JOHN

Yeah.

JOSE

Well, if you want it to end, do it fast and quick. Just tell her "*It was great, it was fun, and it's over.*" That's the same thing I told the first four women that I hooked up with.

KENNY D.

(confused)

Four of them?

The group chuckles. Roc gets off the phone.

ROC

Alright boys, quiet down. I just spoke with Greg Knox.

NICK

The guy who's running for Mayor?

ROC

Yup. And he asks y'all if you're willing to perform the Star Spangled Banner at his campaign rally this afternoon. And we accepted it.

KENNY D.

The Star Spangled Banner? How did that song go?

ROC

You know.
(singing)
Oh, say, can you see.

NICK

(singing)
By the dawn's early light.

JOSE

And then what?

ROC
Hold up. You boys don't know the lyrics?

The group shakes their heads. Roc taps on the front seat window glass. A **LIMO DRIVER** (49) Caucasian, rolls down the window.

ROC (CONT'D)
Excuse me, driver. Do you know the lyrics to the Star Spangled Banner?

LIMO DRIVER
No, but I got the tape of the song from a friend. I could play it if you like.

ROC
Thanks.

The group nods.

EXT. CAMPAIGN RALLY - LATER

GREG KNOX (46) Caucasian, a candidate for NYC Mayor, is on stage with his WIFE, and his TWO DAUGHTERS, addressing his fellow voters. The group watches on from the audience.

GREG
And so, my friends, with all the terrible things that plagued our once beloved city for many years, I say to you this. If elected, I will clean up the streets, put those criminals away, and give many children, from lower class to middle class, a better safe place to live in.

JOSE
(quietly)
Yeah, right. Like sending people of color to Death Row.

CRAI-SEAN
(quietly)
Hey, man, be quiet! Shh!

GREG
And speaking for the children, I have a special treat.
(MORE)

GREG (CONT'D)

Here with me are the five terrific,
talented young gentlemen who have
made a positive impact in their
community, our city, and our
nation.

(beat)

And here to sing our National
Anthem, please welcome America's
teen sensation, the Mixstreet Kids!

The CROWD cheers as the group enters the stage. They nod to each other as Nick begins the first verse.

NICK

(singing)

Oh, say, can you see.

The group joins him in acapella.

NICK (CONT'D)

(singing)

By the dawn's early light. What so
proudly we hailed at the twilight's
last gleaming.

CRAI-SEAN

(singing)

Whose broad stripes and bright
stars. Through the perilous fight.
O'er the ramparts we watched, were
so gallantly streaming?

John sings his heart out. The group is taking the crowd to church with their endless harmony.

JOHN

(singing)

And the rockets red glare, the
bombs bursting in air, Gave proof
through the night--

NICK/JOHN/JOSE/KENNY D./CRAI-

SEAN (CONT'D)

That our flag was still there.

Everyone smiles at them, feeling the American spirit. Including Greg. The group harmonizes as John sings the last part.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(singing)

Oh, say does that star spangled--

NICK/JOHN/JOSE/KENNY D./CRAI-
SEAN (CONT'D)
banner yet wave.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(singing)
O'er the land--

NICK/JOHN/JOSE/KENNY D./CRAI-
SEAN (CONT'D)
Of the free. And the home of the
brave.

THE FLAG-WAVING CROWD goes crazy. The group shakes hands with Greg.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - PLATINUM ALBUM CELEBRATION PARTY - NIGHT

The party is filled with a large crowd of people. A huge banner that reads "Starcity Records congratulates The Mixstreet Kids on their 5x Platinum Album, 16 Million Records Sold."

Kenny D. gets some dancing tips from M.C. HAMMER, Crai-Sean speaks with some R&B artists, Jose takes some photos with PUBLIC ENEMY and flirts with some BEAUTIFUL SUPER MODELS, John speaks with some Pop artists, and Nick talks with some people in the corner.

MIKE "BIV" BIVINS (20s) A member of Bell Biv Devoe/New Edition, taps on Nick's shoulder. Nick turns around and he is stunned.

NICK
Yo, you're Mike Bivins!

MIKE
Believe that, man. Congratulations.

NICK
Thanks. I love New Edition, by the way. And BBD too.

MIKE
Hey, let me ask you something. How many points do you and your boys get on your album and tour sales?

NICK
Uh, seven points. Ain't that bad or something?

MIKE

Na, it ain't bad. But y'all could do better than that.

NICK

Look, man. It's not that simple. Roc said that our CEO, Phil gets seven points, and the five of us get three points each.

Mike chuckles.

MIKE

Phil?! Brother, you're getting robbed! Don't you see that? Seven points is record industry standards. And y'all are making half that much?

NICK

Mike, there's nothing we can do about it. We already signed the contract.

MIKE

Man, you don't know anything about the music business, do you?

(beat)

Look, y'all sold 16 million records, and you're getting a less amount *before* y'all sold 16 million records.

(beat)

Y'all gotta get seven points each, plus bonuses. Go back to Phil's office and get your damn money.

NICK

Man, why don't you tell me what I gotta do and what I gotta say?

MIKE

Write this down.

Nick leaves with Mike.

TASHA SAMUEL (16) African American, a beautiful, famous TV actress, taps on Kenny D.'s shoulder. He turns around to see her.

TASHA

Excuse me, Kenny D.?

KENNY D.

Hey, you're Tasha Samuel from "*That Girl Tasha*." I really loved that show.

TASHA

Thanks. And I'm a *huge* Mixstreet Kids fan.

KENNY D.

Wow. I appreciate that.

TASHA

No, really, I mean, your music is so inspiring, empowered, and it has a voice for our generation.

KENNY D.

You know it. Hey, you got a phone number?

John finishes talking with the BROADWAY STARS. He hears a glass knock on the door. It's Grace. She smiles and waves at him.

JOHN

(whispering)
Grace?

GRACE

(mouthing)
Can we talk?

John leaves the party.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB/FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

John approaches Grace on the sidewalk. He's not surprised to see his old friend.

GRACE

(excited)
Hi, John.

JOHN

(flatly)
Hi, Grace.

GRACE

(excited)
Just like old times.

Grace slowly approaches John, her arms spread out for a hug. John moves away.

JOHN
(confused)
Hey! What are you doing?

GRACE
Uh, I thought we'd hug and make up.
Like we used to when we were kids.

JOHN
(firmly)
Really? So, that's why you're here?
To ask for my autograph or
something?

GRACE
I... I just wanna know if you're
okay.

JOHN
I've been fine, Grace. Just fine.

GRACE
Listen, about what happened, I--

JOHN
(firmly)
What happened between you and me--
is in the past. I've moved on. You
should, too.

GRACE
John, just because we don't have
feelings for each other doesn't
mean our friendship is over--

JOHN
(interrupts)
I don't wanna be your friend. Not
after the way you treated me.

GRACE
But you and I go together. Like
peanut butter and jelly. Pancakes
and syrup. Just like you said.

JOHN
Well, it doesn't matter now. What
we had, it was great, it was fun--

GRACE
 (interrupts)
 It was *more* than great and fun. You
 are the best friend I've ever had.

JOHN
 I'm not the same kid you know
 anymore. He was gone a long time
 ago.

GRACE
 If you think being in a famous pop
 group matters, it doesn't.

Roc watches John and Grace through the window.

JOHN
 It's not that either. Back on Long
 Island, I was bullied, rejected,
 alone and you were never there
 while everyone was laughing at me.
 (beat)
 But now that I'm a part of this
 group, all the girls across the
 country started to notice me. And
 it made me realize that the feeling
 I have for you just went away.

GRACE
 Is that true?

JOHN
 Of course, it is. And it taught me
 one thing about our so-called
 friendship: it was great, it was
 fun, and it's over.

John returns to the party.

GRACE
 (pleading)
 John, please.

Grace turns away and leaves with sadness.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - PLATINUM ALBUM CELEBRATION PARTY - NIGHT

John enters the party. Roc approaches him.

ROC
 John, what's going on out there?

JOHN
 Just a fan. Pretending that she
 knew me.

Ben approaches John and Roc.

BEN
 Hey, John! I'm glad I caught you.
 Uh, I believe there's someone I'm
 sure you would love to meet.

Ben points to **MICHAEL JACKSON**, in his pop royalty, as he
 talks with some record execs. John is completely stunned.

JOHN
 (stuttering)
 Is... Is...

ROC
 Is who?

JOHN
 Is that... Michael Jackson?

BEN
 (grinning)
 In the flesh, kid.

John walks over to meet the King of Pop himself. Roc shakes
 he head in disbelief.

ROC
 How did you get the King of Pop to
 come?

BEN
 I convinced Phil to invite him to
 the party, cause I know John's a
 huge fan.
 (giving Roc a sinister
 smile)
 Guess you need to do a better job
 as the manager. Huh, Roc?

Ben walks off. Roc continues to look sternly at him.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - DAY (1992)

The group chatters in the restaurant. A **WAITRESS** (20s) walks
 over with cheeseburgers and fries they ordered.

WAITRESS
 Okay, gentlemen, here's your order.

NICK
Thank you.

WAITRESS
Oh, and--

The Waitress gives a piece of paper. She winks at Jose as she walks off.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)
Here's my number.

JOSE
(chuckles)
Like taking candy from a baby.

CRAI-SEAN
Brother, when are you gonna settle down for just one girl?

JOSE
Hey, man, I'll settle with just one woman, have kids, and just do this normal crap soon. But today--
(chuckles)
Just ain't today!

KENNY D.
Hey, speaking of which, don't you think we should write our own song?

JOHN
Yeah, I think our first song from our new album needs to be for us.

NICK
You know, that's not a bad idea. All we gotta do is brainstorm.

A **MAITRE D** (37), walks over to them.

MAITRE D'
I'm sorry to bother you, gentlemen, but I'm afraid that we're gonna have to ask you to leave.

NICK
Why? Did we do something wrong?

A MOB OF FANS is at the door, waving, and blowing kisses at the group.

MAITRE D'

No. Our clientele is having trouble getting in and out of the place and eating their meals. So, we hope you don't mind if you take your burgers out to the kitchen's backdoor.

JOSE

Don't worry. We'll be right out.

The group waves back to the fans. The fans ROAR for them as they leave.

INT. STARCITY RECORDS/PHIL'S OFFICE - NEXT DAY

A Bumpy-Grindy Pop/R&B tune fills the office. The group watches Phil as he listens to the song.

PHIL

Did you guys write this song together?

NICK

Yeah. John and I wrote the lyrics, Crai got the music, and Jose and Kenny D. did the rap. So, what do you think?

PHIL

I think this could be your first single. The producers of "*Fast Time At Malibu High*" want you guys as musical guests for next week's episode. You can debut your song there.

INT. BIG STUDIO - DAY

The group is in L.A., doing a school dance scene for an EPISODE SHOOT performing "*Right Kind Of Lover*." Looking fly as ever.

Off-screen - the CAST OF "*FAST TIME AT MALIBU HIGH*" watches on. Including **MONICA HILL** (18) Caucasian, a popular TV actress, who mostly notices Jose as he also notices her. She bites her lips seductively.

INT. MONICA'S DRESSING ROOM - LATER

Jose and Monica enter her dressing room, kissing passionately as they make their way to the couch.

MONICA

I'm your biggest fan! You are so *freaking* hot.

JOSE

Well, any other girl said the same thing.

MONICA

You wanna do something fun?

Monica goes through her jacket, bringing out two bottles of cocaine, and two straws.

JOSE

Yo, is that... cocaine.

MONICA

Yeah. I got it from a friend. Wanna try it with me?

JOSE

Uh, I don't know about all *that*.

MONICA

Come on, Jose. It'll be fun. Unless you're a coward.

Jose is stunned. He snatches the cocaine and straw and takes a sniff. Jose is high as a kite.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Feels good, right?

JOSE

It feels...
(smile)
So, damn good!

They hear a door knock.

CREW MEMBER

Jose! Monica! You two are needed on set!

MONICA

We'll finish this later.

EXT. BIG STUDIO - ROOF - DAY

Kenny D. sits alone in tears with a phone in his hand. Nick and Crai-Sean enter and notice him in pain.

NICK

Yo, Kenny D, there you are. The Director said we're needed on set.

Kenny D. turns to Nick and Crai-Sean, he hasn't spoken a word.

CRAI-SEAN

What's wrong, man.

KENNY D.

I... I just got a call from one of my mom.

(sniffs)

She said that the doctor... found a lump in her chest.

(breaks down)

She has breast cancer.

Nick and Crai-Sean are in shock. They sit next to Kenny D. in comfort.

CRAI-SEAN

Oh, my Lord.

NICK

We're so sorry, man.

KENNY D.

When my dad left us, We were going through some pretty hard times. I always break dance to keep her happy.

(beat)

You know, my mom has always been a superwoman. I guess she's been working too hard.

CRAI-SEAN

(exhales)

I know how you feel. I already lost my grandmother to breast cancer when I was little. I cried for six days. But at least listening to music got me through it.

NICK

Me, too.

Nick puts his hand on Kenny D.'s shoulder.

NICK (CONT'D)

Kenny D., I know that hearing the news may be hard on you, but you gotta be a soldier for your mom and support her.

CRAI-SEAN

And I'll pray for you and your mom. Just have faith.

Kenny D. nods and wipes away his tears.

KENNY D.

(clear throat)

Hey, we better get back inside the set before Roc fine us, man.

Nick, Crai-Sean, and Kenny D. laugh as they leave the rooftop as they go back inside the studio.

INT. THE MCTYLER'S HOUSE/ FRONT DOOR - DAY

The doorbell rings. Ms. McTyler answers it, revealing Grace, with a shy smile on her face. Ms. McTyler is pleased to see her present.

MS. MCTYLER

(gasps)

Grace Oliver! Oh, my! It's so nice to see you, dear.

GRACE

(grinning)

Hi, Ms. McTlyer! It's good to see you, too.

Ms. McTyler and Grace come towards each other in a warm embrace. They break apart.

MS. MCTYLER

Oh, I haven't seen you in forever. Come on in!

Grace enters the house as Ms. McTyler closes the door.

INT. THE MCTYLER'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Grace sits on the couch, gazes at PHOTOS of her and John as kids in his grandma's scrapbook, from their ELEMENTARY SCHOOL PICNICS, HER 9th BIRTHDAY PARTY, to their TRICK OR TREATING DAYS, and their CONEY ISLAND SUMMER ADVENTURES.

Ms. McTyler enters as she carries a tray of two cups of lemonade and cookies. She places them on the table as she sits with Grace.

MS. MCTYLER

So, what have you been up to, dear?

GRACE

Oh, just the usual. Finals, College applications, cheer tournaments. How's John been doing?

MS. MCTYLER

You know, this house feels really empty without my Johnathan around. Ever since he and the group are too busy these days. Recording sessions, MTV interviews, fan greetings. Oh, my boy sure is lucky.

Grace takes a sip of lemonade as she exhales.

GRACE

Yeah. I'm really happy for him. With all his success and accomplishment, he's really living the dream.

MS. MCTYLER

They are such good boys. All of them. They're like the brothers he never had.

Grace looks down with a mixture of guilt and regret. Ms. McTyler looks to her with concern.

MS. MCTYLER (CONT'D)

Are you alright, dear? You seem to be a little bit down.

GRACE

Oh, I'm fine. I was just... thinking.

MS. MCTYLER

About what, dear? You can tell me anything.

GRACE

(exhales)

About... back in junior high. I was so caught up with trying to fit in, that it destroyed my friendship with John. I was selfish, confused, and I pushed him away.

FLASHBACK MONTAGE - A FRIENDSHIP FALL APART.

A) At junior high, Grace and her cheerleading friends walk down the hallway, talking and giggling. John sees her past his locker and waves happily, but she ignores.

B) At lunch, John sits alone at the table, TWO JOCKS approach him, and taunting him. John tells them to stop, but they continue. Everyone at school; except Grace, laugh at him.

C) Outside of school, Grace and her friends were talking. John walks past them. Then a Jock lays out his foot, tripping him. Everyone bursts out laughing at him. John turns to Grace with tears in his eyes, he's mixed with anger and hurt. He runs away, leaving Grace with guilt.

END MONTAGE.

Grace looks at a PHOTO of her and John together, slinging their arms around each other, smiling. She then sheds a tear.

GRACE (CONT'D)

(tearful)

I really miss him. I miss our talks, our laughs, our walks home from school. I miss my best friend. And now, it's over.

Ms. McTyler places her hand on her shoulder.

MS. MCTYLER

Oh, Grace. Everyone makes mistakes. Johnathan still cares about you. He was just... hurt.

GRACE

But he said that he moved on, and he doesn't need me anymore.

(sniffing tears)

I lost him.

Ms. McTyler wipes Grace's tears away.

MS. MCTYLER

Oh, dear. I know my Johnathan, inside and outside.

(MORE)

MS. MCTYLER (CONT'D)

He always loved to sing his heart out. And no matter how many girls he sings to when he's on stage, I know in my heart... the only girl he sings to... has always been you.

GRACE

I think so too. I just wish... I had my best friend back.

MS. MCTYLER

Grace, look at this picture.

Grace looks down and sees a picture of her and John she's holding.

MS. MCTYLER (CONT'D)

That kid who's next to you in the photo... is still that kid in his heart. It's never too late for him and you. Always remember that.

Grace smiles at the picture with a renewed spirit. She looks up to Ms. McTyler and warps her arms around her in a warm embrace.

GRACE

Thank you so much.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

Roc and the group are listening to a *Heartfelt, Boyz II Men-style R&B/Soul* song called "*Lose Your Heart.*" They're feeling it, except for Jose and John.

ROC

So, what do you boys think?

NICK

I think it sounded great.

CRAI-SEAN

Yeah, I mean, the song is so heartfelt and organic.

KENNY D.

Uh... It's kind of corny, don't you think?

JOSE

Look, I'm tired of all those love songs, Roc. I mean there's no rap in it.

ROC
Well, too bad, boys. We're already
burning a lot of money in the
studio for this.

Roc looks at John, who is concerned.

ROC (CONT'D)
Is there something wrong, John?

JOHN
Uh, no. It's just that... I don't
know what I feel about this song.

ROC
John, the song's about telling
someone you love that you don't
want to lose something they have.
(beat)
Even when someone tries to be back
into your life.

JOHN
(confused)
Does it have something to do with
me and Grace?

ROC
Now, John, I may not know what's
going on between you and her.
But... I do know one thing.
(beat)
You gotta make it right.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - LATER

The group is in the booth. The song plays. Jose begins the song with a smooth, romantic spoken intro. Nick sings the first half of the first verse.

Crai-Sean then steps in with the second half. He gives his heart and soul to this song.

Kenny D. Singing the first half of the pre-chorus, John pours his heart out while singing the second half.

Roc watches on. John looks to him while singing, the two exchange smiles.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY (1993)

It's a warm spring day. The group is on the bridge; dressed in colorful preppy-style suits, sings the chorus in perfect harmony, while filming a MUSIC VIDEO for "*Lose Your Heart*."

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

It's Christmas time and snow covers the ground. Nick leads his parents and Kyria down the street, with their eyes closed. They stop in front of a HUGE HOUSE across the street. They open their eyes to see it as Nick gives Jeffery the keys to their new home.

INT. BROOKLYN BAPTIST CHURCH - DAY

Henry reads his bible. He turns around, seeing Crai-Sean as he enters the church. The two approach each other, never speak a word. Crai-Sean brings out his bible, that he keeps with. Henry cries with tears of joy. The two embrace.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Kenny enters, he sees his mother lays in bed with her TWO OTHER SONS. Kenny D. gives her a card with \$500 in it. She smiles at him with happy tears. The two embrace.

EXT. LONG ISLAND NEIGHBORHOOD/GRACE'S HOUSE - DAY

John approaches Grace's house, leaves a note and a BOUQUET OF ROSES and a NOTE on a WELCOME MAT. He RINGS THE DOORBELL before he BOLTS to the limo.

Grace comes out. She notices the rose and the note. She opens the envelope. It reads: "*To my one and only best friend in the world.- John.*" Grace smiles warmly, knowing that John came around. She heads back inside.

John watches from the window smiling before driving off.

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Jose lives it up with FOUR MULTIRACIAL SUPERMODELS and his MALE COUSINS. Drinking champagne, snuffing cocaine, smoking some weed, they're all high as a kite.

EXT. LONDON, ENGLAND - WEMBLEY STADIUM - NIGHT (1994)

The group is at their prime. Performing in their sold out headline show of *the Sequel* World Tour. 5000,000 people. Mostly TEENAGE GIRLS, who sway, holding each other, and are SCREAMING OUT FOR THEM.

Roc and Phil watch from the right wing. They couldn't believe their eyes.

The music fades as the group finishes the song, clapping their hands while singing in acapella.

The crowd ROARS at their dazzling performance.

BRITISH FANS

(chanting)

WE LOVE THE MIXSTREET KIDS! WE LOVE
THE MIXSTREET KIDS!

INT. BACKSTAGE DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

The group enters the room after their amazing performance. They are exhausted.

NICK

Woo! That was a hell of a show!

KENNY D.

You know it!

CRAI-SEAN

Yeah, I felt like I was burning up there.

JOSE

Hey, did y'all see Princess Diana waving at me from the balcony? I think she digs me.

JOHN

Hey, she's married. Show some respect.

JOSE

Why? We need to improve on American and British relations. Who knows? She'll be my queen and I'll be her king.

The group laugh.

NICK

Man, who would've thought that our second album "*The Sequel*" made the number one spot in Europe and back home in America?

CRAI-SEAN

Yeah, man, "*Lose Your Heart*" stayed on top of the Billboard charts for eighteen weeks straight last year. And with our Grammy nomination, we're really taking off.

KENNY D.

And the best part, we just got paid on a Friday night.

The group laughs and jeers. Roc enters.

ROC

Hey, great show, fellas. There are some people I wanted you to meet. So, y'all get ready and be outside in five minutes.

Roc exits.

NICK

Well, you heard the man. Let's get ready.

JOSE

Yo, I say on our next album, we should do some funky, gangsta rap stuff. I mean, it's already killing it in the streets.

NICK

Well, anything's possible, man.

Jose puts his jacket on. A little bag of cocaine drops on the floor. Nick notices the little bag.

NICK (CONT'D)

Uh, Jose, is that--

Jose quickly picks it up without the rest of the group looking.

JOSE

Mind your business.

Nick looks concerned.

INT. RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL - GRAMMY AWARDS - NIGHT

The group, Roc, Rachel, and Mr. Showtime sit at the left row of the theater. Awaiting the results for Best Pop Duo/Group Performance category.

A **FEMALE POP STAR** (20s) and a **MALE R&B STAR** (20s) take the stage.

FEMALE POP STAR

The nominees for Best Pop Duo/Group Performance are...

(beat)

"A *Whole New World*" - Peabo Bryson & Regina Belle.

MALE R&B STAR

"*Man On The Moon*" - R.E.M.

FEMALE POP STAR

"*Lose Your Heart*" - The Mixstreet Kids.

MALE R&B STAR

"*Love Is*" - Vanessa Williams & Brian McKnight.

FEMALE POP STAR

And the winner for Best Pop Duo/Group Performance...

(she opens the envelope)

The Grammy goes to...

She reads it.

FEMALE POP STAR (CONT'D)

"*Lose Your Heart*" - The Mixstreet Kids!

The crowd ROARS for the group as they approach the stage to accept their first ever Grammy.

They're in total shock, crying with tears of joy.

NICK

Man, this is crazy. First off, we would like to thank our manager, Roc Turner, for believing in us these past six years. And to Phil Davis of Starcity Records for making all of this possible.

CRAI-SEAN

We'd also like to thank Miss Rachel Myers for introducing us. We love you, Rachel. And to God Almighty for blessing us with our talent.

JOHN

And to Joey J of Z100 for playing our first single on the radio and giving us our big break. And to my Grandma, I love you.

KENNY D.

And to our choreographer, Mr. Showtime, who has worked us to the bone with those hard dance combinations. But we love you though.

The crowd chuckles.

JOSE

We'd also like to thank the love of our hometown of Brooklyn. Do-or-die, Bed-Stuy. To my Pops up in heaven, this for you.

(beat)

But most of all, we would like to thank our fans. Cause you guys are the reason we're up here. Thank you. M-S-K, T-4-L, BABY!

The group lift their Grammy up in triumph. Roc, Rachel, and Mr. Showtime are extremely proud of them.

INT. GRAMMY AWARDS/PRESS CONFERENCE - LATER

The Mixstreet Kids are on stage before a packed room of JOURNALISTS and CRITICS.

Roc and Ben watch on.

CRITIC #1

(female)

Mixstreet Kids, how does it feel to win a Grammy for the first time in your professional careers?

NICK

It feels good. Feels really good.

CRITIC #2

(male)

Jose Martinez, when you honored your late father after winning the award, is it true that he's an illegal immigrant?

Jose doesn't react.

JOSE

Next question.

BEN

I must admit it, Roc. You got yourself a great group out there.

ROC

I know. This is the best thing that ever happened to the boys. We got a pretty good future ahead.

BEN

Yeah, too bad it's not gonna last for long.

ROC

What are you talking about?

BEN

Look, I'm just saying. The Mixstreet Kids are one of the biggest selling pop acts in the world.

(beat)

They are reaping the awards of fame and fortune. And sooner or later, they might not need you anymore. Just like Rachel.

ROC

Sly, you listen to me loud and clear. If you ever try to take the group away from me, I swear to God, I'll kick your ass.

(beat)

Now, get the hell out of my face.

Ben leaves. Giving Roc a sinister stare.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark and quiet. Too quiet. Roc is sleeping in his bed. The phone rings. Roc answers it.

ROC
 (on the phone)
 Hello?

VOICE
 (sing-songy)
 Roc... come out to play.

ROC
 (on the phone)
 Who the hell is this? What the fuck
 do you want from me?!

VOICE
 Come outside and you'll find out,
 old man.

Roc hangs up as he gets out of bed.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Roc stands alone. He glances at his watch then up to the light of the elevator.

INT. HOTEL/LOBBY - NIGHT

The elevator opens and Roc steps off. He heads to the door. He waves at the HOTEL MANAGER.

HOTEL MANAGER
 Going somewhere, sir?

ROC
 Uh, I got something I need to take
 care of. I'll be right back.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Roc is outside, waiting for his car. His car arrives in front of a hotel. A HOTEL EMPLOYEE tosses him his keys as he gets out.

As he heads towards his car, There's a BIG MYSTERIOUS BLUE TRUCK, A MAN steps out of the truck, he points the gun at Roc. He turns around and his face is stunned.

INT. HOTEL/LOBBY - NIGHT

A GUNFIRE shakes the hotel. The Manager picks up the phone to dial 9-1-1.

EXT. HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

SLOW MOTION --- The police and the ambulance arrive at the hotel. The place is a crime scene. The group RUSH OUTSIDE, they see Roc's body face down dead. There are no words. Just tears.

They try to go to him. But the police hold them back, they hug each other. The pain is indescribable.

INT. BROOKLYN BAPTIST CHURCH - DAY

The church is packed with people. The coffin is open, revealing Roc's body, the family members and closet friends are at the front roll. Including Rachel, Phil, Mr. Showtime, and Ben, who's acting like he cared.

Seated in the pulpit are Nick, John, Jose, Kenny D., Crai-Sean and Henry. Henry walks over to the podium.

HENRY

My friends, we have gathered here
today to say our final goodbyes...
to Brother Roc Turner.

As Henry gives his speech, John looks closely and sees his **FATHER** (45) Caucasian, now sobered, from the back row and waves at him, and John waves back.

HENRY (CONT'D)

And now, I would like to ask the
Mixstreet Kids to sing us a song.

The group assembles at the mic, singing "*It So Hard To Say Goodbye To Yesterday*" in acapella. They hold back their tears as they sing in perfect harmony. The pain is overwhelming.

Rachel BOLTS to Roc's coven, breaking down, crying over her falling friend. Mr. Showtime approaches her in comfort.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Everyone gathers for Roc's burial. Nick turns around and sees John having a heartfelt conversation with his father. They both embrace emotionally. Nick smiles. He then turns and sees Jose standing over his father's grave.

Nick walks over to Jose as he gets down and touches father tombstone reading: "*Javi Martinez, a loving father, and a great man. 1942 - 1988.*"

NICK

If only your father was here, he'd be real proud of you.

JOSE

Yeah, he would. If my Mama and Pops hadn't made it out of Puerto Rico, I would've never been born here. Everyday... when I feel like giving up, my Pops always said that "If you give up right now, you're giving up on life. And now, with Roc gone--

(crying)

I felt like I lost *another* father.

NICK

Hey, man. You're not the only one. We *all* have. And you didn't lose nobody, Jose. You have four brothers who are with you right now. And no matter what, we have to stick together. It's what Roc would've wanted.

JOSE

Always the glue, man. Always the glue.

Nick and Jose embrace.

They hear a POLICE SIREN as TWO POLICE OFFICERS exit the car and approach Sly.

BEN

Uh, is there a problem, officers? We're in the middle of--

POLICE #1

(female)

Ben Stone, you are under arrest for the murder of Roc Turner.

BEN

What? That's ridiculous! Why would I--

POLICE #2

(male)

The shooter said that you paid him \$500 to take him out.

Nick and Jose approach the police.

NICK
Hey, what's going on?

JOHN
The police said that Ben paid a guy
to kill Roc.

BEN
That's a goddamn lie. I would
never--

Rachel couldn't believe this.

RACHEL
Ben, did you do this?

BEN
Rachel, I--

RACHEL
(sharply)
Don't you dare lie to me. Did you
do it?!

Ben takes a moment, but he exhales.

BEN
Yes. I did.

Jose snaps as he rumbles towards Ben. But the group stops
him.

JOSE
YOU SINISTER, SNAKE-ASS PUNK! YOU
KILLED HIM! WHAT DID ROC EVER DO TO
YOU, HUH?! WHY?!

BEN
What did you think?! That old man
is bad for this business! But he's
gone now! FORGOTTEN! THIS
INDUSTRY'S BETTER OFF WITHOUT HIM!
HE WON'T EVEN BE A MEMORY!

JOHN
Yes, he will! YOU WON'T!

The Police put Ben in cuffs.

POLICE #1
(female)
*You have the right to remain
silent.*

(MORE)

POLICE #1 (CONT'D)

*Anything you say can and will be
used against you in a court of law.*

(beat)

*You have a right to an attorney. If
you cannot afford an attorney, one
will be appointed for you. Do you
understand the right I've read to
you?*

The police usher Ben away from the burial. Rachel falls on the grass crying.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE TO:

INT. STARCITY RECORDS/PHIL'S OFFICE - DAY (1997)

It's late February. A newspaper article reads: "*Ben Stone has been found guilty of first degree murder and is sentenced to life in prison.*"

Phil puts the newspaper away as the group sits before him in a meeting.

PHIL

It's good to see you guys in my office again.

JOSE

Yeah, whatever, Phil.

NICK

So, why did you bring us here?

PHIL

Well, I call you up here so we can put an end to the three-year hiatus you guys have been under.

JOHN

Let, me guess. You want us to do another album?

PHIL

Yup, and this time, we're pulling all the stops.

KENNY D.

I don't know if doing another album could work for me. My mom has cancer and I need to be there for her.

CRAI-SEAN

Yeah, I mean, we have a lot on our minds and the last thing we need is to do another album.

PHIL

Listen, fellas, I understand you guys are still hurting, I truly do. But like it or not, you guys are under contract, and your fans are waiting to see you again.

(beat)

Trust me, guys. This new album is gonna be M-S-K's *Thriller*. Your *Purple Rain*. The album you guys will be remembered for.

The group takes a moment, but Nick eventually exhales.

NICK

Well, who's producing it?

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

The group sits before **JAKE BEACH** (36) Britain, an international music producer/songwriter, as he sips his cup of tea.

JAKE

(British accent)

You know, this tea may not taste as good as back in England, but it'll do. But anyway, it's an honor to meet you, lads. I've been following your journey since day one.

NICK

Thank you, Mr. Beach.

JAKE

(British accent)

Please. Just call me Jake.

NICK

Jake. But what we wanna know is what do you offer us for our next album that the other producers and songwriters in the U.S. couldn't?

JAKE

(British accent)

Well, I've been listening to your past work and I think you guys are the best of the best. But I feel like I could take the Mixstreet Kids to the next level.

(beat)

With a new and improved Pop sound that would you guys back on top just like in 1990. Maybe even better

CRAI-SEAN

Is that right?

JAKE

(British accent)

Exactly. Now, the times are changing, lads. Your fans are waiting for something new, something that would blow their minds. I mean, the world is entering into the new millennium with this new pop craze. And you guys need to be ready to face the new music world... with *this*.

Jake gives them a tape that reads "Into The Future."

JOHN

"*Into The Future*"?

KENNY D.

Is this some Star Wars kind of stuff?

JAKE

(British accent)

Indeed. And mark my words, lads This song will be the Mixstreet Kids' resurrection. And the world isn't ready for that.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

The group is in the booth, recording a *late-90s Dance-Pop* song "*Into The Future*."

Jake watches on with the engineer. He likes the way it sounds. Jose looks through the window while he sings, he feels like it's not the same.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

The group; in futuristic space suits, sing and dance inside a gigantic spaceship, filming a MUSIC VIDEO SHOOT for "*Into The Future.*"

They ride on hover skateboards, commanding the ship, and a dance break with EIGHT MULTIRACIAL BACKGROUND DANCERS.

Jake and Phil watch on.

The video transitions to...

INT. MTV STUDIO/TRL - DAY (1998)

It's mid April. The "*Into The Future*" video plays. The fans in the audience roar for the group.

The video ends. **CARSON DALY** (20s) TRL host, interviews the group off-screen.

CARSON

Hey, hey, welcome back to TRL. And I'm here with New York City's very own Mixstreet Kids and you were just watching their newest music video for "*Into The Future.*" Guys, welcome to the show.

NICK

Thanks, man.

JOSE

What's up?

CARSON

Now, I know it's been a rough three years. You guys been off the airwaves, your manager's gone. It's tough. How did you guys get through it.

NICK

Well, to be honest, losing Roc was like losing a father.

JOHN

We still miss him. But he wouldn't want us to slow down.

CRAI-SEAN

Yeah we know in our hearts that he's in a better place, and we're gonna keep his spirit alive.

KENNY D.

And most importantly, we wouldn't have made it through without the love of our fans.

CARSON

That's very deep, man. And speaking of the fans, guys, look below Time Square.

Below the window, A MOB OF FANS swarm Time Square, the screaming reaches an all-time high. This is unreal.

CARSON (CONT'D)

And your new single *Into The Future*" has just reached number one on the Billboard Hot 100. Congrats, guys.

NICK

Thanks. We really appreciate it. And we wanna give a special shout-out to our producer, Jake Beach.

KENNY D.

We love you, Jake. You did your thing!

CARSON

So, anyway, how do you guys like this new sound Jake has giving you for your new album?

JOSE

Working with Jake is cool and all. The way he did with music is dope.

JOHN

Yeah, the new sound helps us shift away from the stuff we did on our previous albums. So, we're very thankful for that.

CARSON

Now, the big question is... when are you guys gonna be heading on tour?

NICK

Soon. Real soon. As a matter of fact, we'll be rehearsing in a couple of months.

INT. HOTEL V.I.P SUITE - AFTERNOON

The group enters Jose's suite. John and Kenny D. pick up empty bottles of champagne off the floor. Crai-Sean picks up some plates and throws them in the trash. Nick gently shakes Jose, waking him up. Jose looks at the group, then looks at his beeper to check the time and says nothing. Two girls wake up as they get out of bed.

NICK

Jose, get up, man! What the hell's going on?!

JOSE

Hey, don't be so rough on me. We just had a little party. That's all.

KENNY D.

A party? Man, it looks like you've been in a long hangover.

CRAI-SEAN

Jose, you said that you're gonna quit! It's not only hurting you, it's also hurting the group. It's wrong, and you know that!

JOSE

Man, y'all must be tripping. So, y'all think I'm a drug addict or something?

JOHN

Jose, please. You need to stop. We love you, man, but you need help. We don't wanna see you destroy yourself.

JOSE

John, mind your business! What are you? My mother?!

NICK

You know what, Jose? You're becoming worse than your old man.

Jose, in total rage, jumps from the bed quickly and attacks Nick, punching him in the face. Before he can swing again, Crai-Sean, Kenny D. and John grab Jose. Nick gets back on his feet.

CRAI-SEAN

We need to get him some help.

INT. REHAB CENTER/MAIN OFFICE - DAY

The group drags Jose, who's still going crazy, inside the facility. TWO GUARDS assist them as Nick writes Jose's name on the sign in sheet.

JOSE

THIS IS BULLSHIT, MAN! BULLSHIT!
Y'ALL CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!

NICK

We don't have a choice, Jose. It's
for your own good.

JOSE

But what about the tour?!

KENNY D.

To hell with the tour. It can wait.

JOSE

I HATE Y'ALL! Y'ALL AIN'T SHIT,
MAN!

The guards drag Jose away. He tries to resist, but they're too strong as they get him to his room.

INT. REHAB CENTER/JOSE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Rain showers from outside. Jose tosses and turns while he sleeps. A FEMALE NURSE (22) enters.

She approaches him as she tucks him in.

FEMALE NURSE

Hey, hey. Don't worry. You're gonna
be alright.

She places a cup of water and some pills near Jose.

FEMALE NURSE (CONT'D)

Here are some pills to calm your
shaking. Just get some rest.

INT. STARCITY RECORDS/PHIL'S OFFICE - MORNING

Nick sits before Phil in his office. He's shocked.

PHIL

I knew something like this would happen. I think it's time that we replace him.

NICK

What? No. Jose's not getting kicked out of the group. He needs help and we're gonna give it to him.

PHIL

Nick, I understand that friends are friends, but business is business. And guys like Jose Martinez are bad for this business.

NICK

And guys like Jose can get one chance to make something for themselves.

PHIL

Look. What's done is done. Jose's getting replaced. End of story.

Nick can't take it and he BANGS on Phil's desk. Phil is stunned.

NICK

(sharply)

No. We're NOT done here. Jose is the heart and soul of this group. Yeah, he may be crazy at first, but he's much more than that. He's like a brother that I never had.

(exhales)

All I'm asking is to give us some time to cool off and regroup. And if you think about dropping Jose like hood-trash, I swear, We'll take you to court.

PHIL

Is that a threat.

NICK

(gently)

No.

(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)
(firmly)
 It's a promise.

Phil hasn't said a word as he thought, but he eventually exhales.

PHIL
 Fine. You wanna wait? Then wait.
 But the fans won't.

INT. REHAB/GROUP THERAPY - NEXT DAY

OLD JUST SAY NO posters hanging on the walls in the room.

Jose finds himself with a group of people in a semi-circle with a **MALE PSYCHOLOGIST** (44) African American. They have nothing in common except drugs. Different ages. Genders. Races.

A **MALE ADDICT** (19) drinks some water as he speaks.

MALE ADDICT
 I finally had everything I wanted.
 I was trying to find acceptance,
 you know?
 (beat)
 All my friends were doing it in
 college. I thought that I could
 quit when it got out-of-control.
 Until I woke up in the hospital.

MALE PSYCHOLOGIST
 That's what this program is for.
 People like you need help, and
 we're giving you all the help you
 need right now.

Throughout the program, Jose sees a lot of pain in those people, some are scared, some are crying, and some are still traumatized. A **FEMALE ADDICT** (28) wipes her tears with tissue.

FEMALE ADDICT
 (breaking down)
 I did some... really... stupid
 things for drugs.
 (beat)
 I stole, slept with people, ripped
 my family off.
 (beat)
 I don't know if I wanna go on
 anymore.

Another **FEMALE ADDICT** (39), also in tears as she speaks.

FEMALE ADDICT #2

I have three kids. So... trying to work multiple jobs while taking care of them is hard.

(beat)

I figured that if I use crack, my problems would go away. But it only makes them worse.

(she wipes her tears away)

Child Protective Services took my kids away, I lost my job, my mother won't talk to me. I'm a crackhead. I'll be a crackhead for the rest of my life.

INT. REHAB CENTER/GROUP THERAPY - MOMENTS LATER

Jose exhales and clears his throat as he begins to speak.

JOSE

Music... was my only way out after my father died, but---

(breaks down with tears)

his old habits... just went into my veins. I had a pretty difficult childhood. No, a difficult life.

(beat)

I always tell myself... that I will make something for myself. And never make the same mistakes my father made.

(beat)

But it turns out... that I'm a lot worse than him.

MALE PSYCHOLOGIST

Jose, when you said that you wanna make something for yourself, what do you mean by that?

JOSE

That I am who I am. When people see me, they think I'm just a young Brooklyn thug, or ladies man, or a member of a boy band.

(beat)

But the truth is... those things don't define me.

(exhales)

I'm not a nobody. I am who I am.

EXT. LONG ISLAND DANCE STUDIO - THREE WEEKS LATER

A taxi pulls up in front of a studio. John makes an exit and tips the **TAXI DRIVER** (37), Italian American, \$200.

JOHN

Thanks for the ride, sir.

TAXI DRIVER

(Italian accent)

No problem. And thanks for signing that autograph photo for my daughter. I'm her hero now!

The taxi drives away. John approaches the dance studio.

INT. LONG ISLAND DANCE STUDIO/MAIN OFFICE - DAY

John enters the studio. Through the window he sees **GRACE** (20s), now a dance teacher, watches her students with their dance routine.

Grace turns around and notices John through the window, she has mixed feelings seeing him.

That's when John hears:

LITTLE GIRL

Are you him?

John turns around and sees a **LITTLE GIRL** (8) Caucasian, right behind him.

JOHN

Huh?

LITTLE GIRL

Are you John? From the Mixstreet Kids? You know.

(singing)

I love that thing u do, the way I fall in love with you.

JOHN

(chuckles)

Yeah, that's me. And that's one of our songs.

LITTLE GIRL

(thrilled)

It's my favorite song! My big sister and I sang it in the car on the way to school.

Grace enters the main room.

GRACE
Hey, it's almost time for class.

LITTLE GIRL
Grace, look! It's John from the
Mixstreet Kids!

GRACE
It is, huh?

LITTLE GIRL
He's very famous.

JOHN
Yeah, I'm so famous, I took a taxi
cab to get here. That's rock n'
roll.

LITTLE GIRL
(chuckles)
Gotta go! Bye, John!

The Little Girl joins her class. John slowly approaches
Grace.

JOHN
Hey, can we talk? Somewhere
private?

EXT. LONG ISLAND DANCE STUDIO - LATER

John and Grace take a stroll outside the studio. They then
stand by the window.

GRACE
So, what brings you here?

JOHN
Well, to see how you're doing, and
also to apologize.
(beat)
I'm sorry for what I said to you at
the party years ago. When I saw you
at the hotel for the first time
after what happened, the part of me
wanted to say hi, but another part
wanted to--

GRACE
I understand how you feel, John.
But... you really hurt me.

JOHN

I know. And you didn't deserve any of it. So, I'm sorry.

GRACE

Apology accepted. And I also love the roses you gave me on Christmas.

JOHN

Wait. How did you know?

GRACE

Well, I saw your limo driving off from my house.
(chuckles)

JOHN

It's no problem. I mean, it's what you do for the people you love.

Grace's face is stunned at the moment.

GRACE

What did you say?

JOHN

I said...
(beat)
I love you. I've been loving you since the first time I saw you in third grade, when I think about you when I sing on stage, and I... always love you... even though you don't feel the same way.

Grace takes a moment, she then chuckles with delight.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(shakes his head)
I knew this would happen.

GRACE

(wiping away her tears)
No, no. I think it's sweet because... I feel the exact same way.

JOHN

(eyes widen)
You do?

GRACE

Of course, you Nerd. Because when I heard your voice on "Don't You Go Away", I always knew that you were singing that song just for me.

(beat)

I think about you every day while hearing it, and it made me realize that... I am a hundred percent in love with you. Not because you're a Mixstreet Kid, but because you're the same-old sweetest kid I knew, John McTyler.

The two exchange smiles. John inches towards Grace, unsure of what he's about to do. But she places her hand on his cheek. They share a sweet, lovely kiss. They break apart.

They then hear giggles as they turn around and see Grace's DANCE STUDENTS peeking through the window. The girls duck in cover, leaving the newly couple blushing.

JOHN

I think your students just caught us.

GRACE

(smiling)

Just shut up and kiss me before the Paparazzi shows up.

They both laugh happily and continue to kiss.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Nick is at the table drinking a cup of water while Cindy is washing dishes at the sink.

NICK

I don't know what to do, Ma. Everything is just.. out of control.

CINDY

Oh, baby. That's the point about life. Not everything is in our control.

NICK

I know, ma. But... I never expected to be like this.

Cindy walks to the table and takes a seat with her son.

CINDY

You were just trying to look out for them. Like a real leader would do.

NICK

(exhales)

Yeah. Back in Brooklyn, when we kids, We all have that... simple spark inside of us... that wants to be let out. Each of us has a different piece that would... fit into one big puzzle.

(beat)

I mean, Crai-Sean couldn't stop preaching bible verses, John loves to sing, Kenny D. loves to party a lot, and Jose... well... he's the heart that... fits in the middle just right.

Cindy smiles warmly and nods as she hears his every word.

NICK (CONT'D)

That's what the Mixstreet Kids is all about, Mama. We're better together. We just can't... get it together. And I don't know how long we're gonna go on like this.

CINDY

You know, baby. When you told me that y'all are putting a group together, I thought it was just a made-up fantasy that *all* the kids are saying. But then I realized... seeing you with your friends, singing together, having a good time, it was unbreakable.

(beat)

And all those good times and the bad, all the joy, all the sadness, you put it in your music. And that's something that could never be taken away.

Cindy takes his son's hand.

CINDY (CONT'D)

Now, I want you to promise me something, to never be afraid of anything, not of the label, not of the fans and what they expect from you boys.

(MORE)

CINDY (CONT'D)

Don't be afraid of the world out there.

(beat)

And most of all, don't be afraid of yourselves. Because you boys have been through all of this... by just staying together. And you're gonna keep staying together. No matter what.

Nick takes a moment and smiles with pride.

NICK

I promise, ma.

INT. REHAB CENTER/JOSE'S ROOM - DAY

Jose; now fully sobered, packs up his stuff in a duffle bag. He then heard familiar music in the distance.

He walks over to a window, looks down and sees **FIVE LITTLE BOYS** singing, rapping, and dancing to "Brooklyn Strong", doing a reenactment of the group's best performance.

Jose smiles at them, with a hint of nostalgia and pride in his eyes. He grabs his bag and heads for the door.

INT. REHAB CENTER/MAIN OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Nick sits in the waiting room. He looks up and sees Jose making his way to the waiting room. The two exchange smiles.

NICK

Yo, Jose!

JOSE

What's up, man?

The two hug it out, like the old days.

NICK

(chuckles)

Man, you're looking good for a guy who got sobered.

JOSE

Hey, no more cocaine for me, man.

(chuckles)

Let's get out of here.

Nick and Jose are about to head for an exit until they hear chatter from TWO NURSE, reading a newspaper with a headline that reads: "Mixstreet Kids, are they done for?".

Nick and Jose are shocked.

FEMALE NURSE

I can't believe they're breaking up. They're one of the biggest boy bands of all time, and *one of them* was a patient here.

MALE NURSE

Hey, that's the thing about boy bands. They come and they go.

Jose can't take it. He marches to the nurses and snatches the newspaper from them.

MALE NURSE (CONT'D)

Hey, man, I just bought that!

JOSE

Then go buy another one, bitch.

Jose heads for the exit, Nick shoots a middle finger at the Male Nurse before leaving.

INT. REC CENTER - DAY

Nick and Jose sit alone. John, Kenny D., and Crai-Sean enter. The three are pleased to see their friend return.

KENNY D.

Welcome back, Jose!

JOHN

Great to see you, man.

CRAI-SEAN

Brother, you were *lost*, but thank the Lord that you're *found*!

JOSE

Still a Preacher Man, huh?

NICK

So, why'd you bring us all here for?

JOSE

Cause I wanted to remember the place where it all began.

CRAI-SEAN

Yeah, but... why?

Jose steps back for a bit, takes the newspaper and shows them the headline. The group is stunned after seeing it.

JOSE

You know? When Roc said that we're gonna be successful... I thought that he means we'll have bigger hits, money, Grammys and shit.

(beat)

But then, I realized... that it means so much more than that. Being successful means doing something that you can be proud of. It's about overcoming adversity, even when doubters tell you otherwise. And it's about giving people like us... something to believe in again.

Jose looks at the newspaper. He scoffs at it and gives it a smirk.

JOSE (CONT'D)

Now, some clowns are saying... that we're finished, that we lost the magic, that we've disappeared from the business.

(beat)

But they're the ones who are gonna disappear. Cause I got some news for them, fellas: We ain't going *nowhere*.

Jose crumbles the newspaper into a ball and tosses it in the trashcan. He then approaches the group.

JOSE (CONT'D)

For them, they think the Mixstreet Kids are just another come-and-go boy band. But for us, it's a unity. A family. A brotherhood. And you guys are my brothers no matter what.

The group shares a smile with Jose and with each other with a renewed spirit.

JOSE (CONT'D)

So, to all those so-called critics, naysayers, doubters, haters and non-believers, they can kiss my ass! Cause I'm gonna go up on that stage and *show them* what Mixstreet is all about!

(beat)

So, are y'all with me?

Nick steps up to Jose.

NICK

Man, I'm with you *all the way!*
(to the rest of the group)
What about you guys?

The others follow suit.

KENNY D.

Alright. But *I* still get to do the choreography.

JOHN

Count me in. It's time to bring the house down just like the good old days.

Crai-Sean takes a moment, but he then holds his head up and exhales.

CRAI-SEAN

With the Lord's words ringing, can I get an amen, brothers?

NICK/JOSE/JOHN/KENNY D.

Amen!

The group comes together and embraces. The group transforms into a huddle as they start to rock side-to-side.

NICK/JOHN/JOSE/KENNY D./CRAI-SEAN (CONT'D)

(chanting)

M-S-K, T-4-L! M-S-K, T-4-L!

The triumphant moment elevating into an epic...

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN/BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

It's the early summer of 98. The *Into The Future* tour begins. The group; dressed in *futuristic space jumpsuits*, are ALL HYPED UP and they continue to chant.

NICK/JOHN/JOSE/KENNY D./CRAI-SEAN
 (chanting)
 M-S-K, T-4-L! M-S-K, T-4-L! M-S-K,
 T-4-L!!!!

They break the huddle, they greet Jake, Mr. Showtime, Phil, Rachel, Grace, and their families before going on.

JAKE
 (British accent)
 What in the bloody hell does "T-4-L" mean?

MR. SHOWTIME
"Together 4 life."

PHIL
 And I'm glad they're here at the beginning of the tour.

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN/THE STADIUM - NIGHT

The place is flooded with SCREAMING MIXSTREET FANS; old and new. The fans hold up signs saying *"Welcome Back, Mixstreet Kids"*, *"We love you, Jose!"*, *"M-S-K 4 LIFE!"*

The LIGHT FLASHES. The SCREAMING GO INTO A FRENZY. CLOUDS OF SMOKE surrounds the stage. The *Star Wars* theme fills the stadium.

The group; with sunglasses, RISES UP ON STAGE, standing like true pop music icons.

The FAN SCREAM WILDLY.

The group stay froze for about four minutes, until they slowly take off their glasses. Nick slowly raises his microphone and begins to speak.

NICK
 (on the mic)
Madison Square Garden! Are you ready to PARTY?!!!

Jose then raises his mic.

JOSE
 (on the mic)
LET'S GO!

CRAI-SEAN
 (on the mic)
COME ON, Y'ALL!

KENNY D.
 (on the mic)
 GET UP! GET UP! GET UP!

JOHN
 (on the mic)
 CLAP YOUR HANDS!

Into The Future fills the concert as the group jumps on stage and begins to perform. SIX BACKGROUND DANCERS enter and dance with them, doing a pop-like dance combination.

Nick takes the first half of the first verse, John takes the second half. Jose bust out the pre chorus.

The fans are SCREAMING with excitement as the group sing the chorus. The families and friends watch from the left wing.

Mixstreet Madness is still going strong.

MONTAGE - FULL SET OF GREATEST HITS

A) The group takes the fans back to 1990 by performing "*That Thing U Do.*" Bringing back the New Jack Magic; dressed in early 90s street wear. The fans are singing along to the chorus.

B) "*Don't You Go Away*" slows things down. John sings his heart out to the fans. At the end of the chorus, he hits the high note. The fans GO NUTS at the end of the song. He turns to Grace at the left wing and blows her a kiss.

C) The group; dressed in BASKETBALL-WARE, perform "*Right Kind Of Lover*" with a bumpy-grindy dance break. The fans are also getting in the groove.

D) "*Lose Your Heart*" fills the concert. The group performs the song in their chairs. They hand out roses to every girl in the audience. The feeling is so romantic. They finish the song in acapella.

END MONTAGE.

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN/THE STADIUM - MOMENTS LATER

The intro of "*Brooklyn Strong*" fills the concert as the group enters the stage. Jose steps up and looks to the crowd, feeling proud and free.

He looks up to the heavens and points to it, knowing that his father and Roc are up there, smiling down on them. Jose raises the mic.

JOSE
 (on the mic)
*Alright, New York! We're gonna get
 busy one more time! But this time,
 we're gonna do it BROOKLYN-STYLE!*
 (beat)
 PUT YOUR HANDS TOGETHER!

The fans stomp their feet and clap their hands. The group follows suit as they perform the song. As always, Jose takes the lead vocals. The energy is at an all-time high. The group waves their hands side to side. The crowd follows suit.

JOSE (CONT'D)
 (on the mic)
 Throw your hands in the air! And
 wave 'em like you just don't care!
 And if you wanna party with the
 Mixstreet Kids, somebody says "Oh,
 yeah"!

The crowd yells "Oh, yeah!"

SERIES OF MEMORIES

Each key moment of their lives as a group:

CLUB SPOTLIGHT, THE AUDIENCE FOR ROC.

HANGIN' IN JOHN'S ROOM, THE TRIUMPHANT PERFORMANCE AT THE APOLLO.

IN THE RECORDING STUDIO.

THEIR FIRST RADIO PLAY AT SCHOOL.

CLUB MTV DEBUT.

THEIR FIRST MADISON SQUARE GARDEN CONCERT PERFORMANCE.

FANS SURROUNDING THE TOUR BUS.

AND THE GRAMMYS.

Back at the concert, the group does their dance break in a funky way. Jose steps up.

JOSE (CONT'D)
 (on the mic)
 Somebody say "hey"!

FANS
 HEY!

JOSE
 (on the mic)
 Say "ho"!

FANS
 HO!

JOSE
 (on the mic)
 Now, somebody, anybody, EVERYBODY
 SCREAM!!!

The fans SCREAM LIKE CRAZY. The group then spread out on stage, doing their own individual dance, hyping up the crowd even more. The group performs the last part of the song. The families and friends proudly look onto them.

The song reaches a crescendo. The group JUMPS AND POSES as the song ends.

STREAMERS AND CONFETTI POP OUT, raining down all over the stadium. The group looks at one another, smiling happy and proud.

NICK
 (on the mic)
 Thank you all for coming out! We
 love you and God bless you all!

The fans chant "Mixstreet Kids! Mixstreet Kids! They all come together, take each other's hands, and take a bow and raise their arms in triumph.

Here they are, together. Forever united. As a group, as friends, and as brothers.

FREEZE FRAME with the group victorious curtain call. The chant fades away. The screen slowly DISSOLVES...

EXT. BROOKLYN - DAY (1989)

Nick, John, Jose, Kenny D. and Crai-Sean; in their teen years, walking down the streets of Brooklyn, laughing and jeering all the way.

The sun sets behind them in the indelibly fixed in memory. Mixstreet Kids, together, for life.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END