

# ***MIXSTREET KIDS***

A Feature Screenplay

Written by

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

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**FADE IN:**

**EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT (1990)**

The CAMERA pan passes from the STATUE OF LIBERTY, then the BROOKLYN BRIDGE to a beautiful view of NEW YORK CITY. The building lights shine brighter than the stars above.

From Time Square, Broadway, the Subway, to Midtown Manhattan. All the way to one of the biggest stadiums in the world: MADISON SQUARE GARDEN. A BIG MARQUEE reads: *RACHEL MYERS' DANCING UNDER THE STARS TOUR - FEATURING: THE MIXSTREET KIDS.*

**EXT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN/TICKET BOOTH - NIGHT**

**SLOW MOTION** -- A sea of PRE-TEEN and TEENAGE GIRLS surges towards the ticket booths. Hands reach out, clutching crumpled dollar bills. Their faces are flushed with excitement, tears streaming down some cheeks. Their mouths agape. They STORM INSIDE THE STADIUM like a mob of elephants.

A deafening, high-pitched SHRIEK echoes through the building.

The fans hold up various handmade signs: "NICK, MARRY ME!", "MSK 4EVER!", "I LOVE JOHN!", "JOSE, CALL ME!", "KENNY D. IS THE HYPE!", and "CRAI-SEAN, YOU'RE SO FINE!"

**INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN/BACKSTAGE DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT**

There are no FACES, only body language. Intense focus.

Pair of hands, smooth and strong, touches his hair. Slide into the sleeves of a red varsity jacket. The jacket, a classic symbol of cool, fits perfectly. **NICK PARKER** (15-16) African American, the heartthrob leader, looking fresh.

A smaller figure adjusts a black fedora, tilting it just so. A black vest slings onto his white t-shirt, a touch of sophistication on a youthful frame. **JOHN MCTYLER** (12-14) Caucasian, the autistic, kid-brother, stares at his reflection, finding confidence.

A Brooklyn baseball jersey is buttoned up, and the hands slide into the sleeves of a black biker leather jacket **JOSE MARTINEZ** (17-19) Hispanic/Latino, the bad boy, glances in the mirror, a hint of swagger in his expression.

A burst of energy from the corner. Feet fly, limbs contort. Hands button up his black and yellow collar shirt. **KENNY D. LEE** (14-15) Asian Pacific Islander, the humorous dancer, practices his signature moves, muttering to himself, honing his craft in his black MC Hammer pants.

A delicate gold Christ cross is adjusted on his black t-shirt. Hands slide into the sleeves of a blue suit coat. Eyes close in prayer, seeking guidance, strength. **CRAI-SEAN JONES** (16-17) African American, the soulful, mature compass, finishes this simple but important action.

The five figures move towards the dressing room door, a united front of their own people and personalities.

**INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN/BACKSTAGE - MOMENTS LATER**

The group stands shoulder-to-shoulder, forming a tight circle. Their hands are on top of one another.

NICK (O.S.)  
(fervently)  
Alright y'all! M-S-K, T-4-L!

NICK/JOHN/JOSE/KENNY D./CRAI-SEAN  
(O.S.) (CONT'D)  
M-S-K, T-4-L! M-S-K, T-4-L! M-S-K,  
T-4-L!

Their voices rise with each repetition, pumping the air. Then a united, deafening shout:

NICK/JOHN/JOSE/KENNY D./CRAI-SEAN  
(O.S.) (CONT'D)  
M-S-K, T-4-L!!!!!!

**INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN/TUNNEL - cONTINUOUS**

**POV:** The group surges forward, the tunnel walls vibrating, and the earth-shattering SCREAMS of 20,000+ girls intensify, an unstoppable force of adoration.

The blurred silhouettes of technicians, stagehands, crew members. The group quickens its pace, driven by adrenaline and excitement.

Their faces are focused. Pure intent, almost blinding. Suddenly a blinding WHITE LIGHT. The deafening roar of the crowd hits its peak.

**INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN/THE STADIUM - CONTINUOUS**

Slowly revealing the full scope of the stadium. It's a chaotic, euphoric landscape of outstretched arms, glowing faces, and a sense of hysteria.

**FADE TO BLACK.**

Fades the bold, stark white letters against the darkness:

**"MIXSTREET KIDS"**

**SLAM TO:**

**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* EXPLODES and fills the air.

NICK, CRAI-SEAN, and KENNY D. walk out of the building, talking, laughing, and jeering all the way.

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

**EXT. BED-STUY, BROOKLYN - LATER**

The neighborhood is working class and diverse. The boys stroll past four guys playing dice.

Nick, Crai-Sean, and Kenny D. walk on the sidewalk as they get past the Dealers. Nick can't help but notice the Air Jordans that THREE 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. It seems like *EVERYBODY* in the world got Air Jordan's except *US!*

CRAI-SEAN

Brothers, you two need to stop right now.

(MORE)

CRAI-SEAN (CONT'D)  
 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, **IESHA** (8-10) African American, on the head while she's watching TV.

**ON TV:** a MUSIC VIDEO of **RACHEL MYERS** (20s) African American, a Whitney Houston-esque pop superstar, singing one of her smash hits, "**DANCING UNDER THE STARS**".

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

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

NICK  
 Yeah, right.

Nick leaves the living room, and he enters the kitchen.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

Nick enters the kitchen as his mother, **DORIS 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  
Hey, Ma. Hey Pops.

DORIS  
Hey, baby.

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

NICK  
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.

DORIS

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

JEFFERY

I don't give a damn. 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)

Probably locked up in JAIL! With his dumb ass.

Doris gives Jeffery a stern look.

DORIS

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

Doris 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/DANCEFLOOR - NIGHT**

A Hip-Hop dance track EXPLODES through the speakers 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. Coming to you live at Club Spotlight! Where we make the beat right, Brooklyn-style! And 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 a tall figure kissing a **HOT WOMAN** (18) Hispanic, against the wall. It's JOSE, looking fresh in his white and black Adidas streetwear.

NICK  
(calling out)  
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're living large!  
And DAMN! Yo, where did you get  
those Jordans?

JOSE  
(smirks)  
I know a guy.

NICK  
(shakes his head)  
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? My Pop said  
that you've been smoking weed and  
selling rocks.

JOSE  
People talk. Don't mean nothing.  
I've been flipping burgers at  
Mickey'D's by day, which I hated.  
So, I've been making extra bread  
with my rapping at night. But my  
mom's been buggin' me about it,  
man. She said...

(MORE)

JOSE (CONT'D)  
 (mimicking his mother's  
 accent)

When are you gonna get your head  
 out of the clouds and get a *real*  
 job? Rapping is not gonna help you  
 in life.

CRAI-SEAN  
 But you're still writing those  
 rhymes?

JOSE  
 Damn, right, man. Every day.  
 (rapping)  
*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.  
 (shouting)  
 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. JOSE'S CAR/DRIVING - LATER THAT NIGHT**

Jose, Nick, Kenny D., and Crai-Sean are cruising down the street in Jose's GOLDEN CADILLAC, eating burgers, french fries, and milkshakes. 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. Like when we were little? The Bed-Stuy Talent Show is in two weeks. So, I say we put a group back together, and get paid.

JOSE

Yo, Nick, count me out, homeboy. I don't sing anymore. I rap. And it's not my kind of style, man.

NICK

Come on, guys. Remember when we sang "*My Girl*" our elementary school talent show? We got the place rockin!'

CRAI-SEAN

Yeah. We *did* wore those tight purple suits and tried to dance like The Temptations.

JOSE

And we *did* win first place that night.

KENNY D.

All thanks to the choreography of  
yours truly.

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

NICK

But think about it. 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 Jose 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 got bible  
studies on Tuesdays and choir  
rehearsal on Thursdays. And you  
know how my father feels about me  
singing secular music.

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 take 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 if I lose my street-cred over this, I'm out!

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, Jose, 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. Iesha plays with her BARBIE DOLLS.

Crai-Sean begins to sing with his Johnny Gill-soulfulness tone. Kenny D. begins to lead them in the choreography. They struggle to keep up. Nick then steps on Jose's foot.

JOSE

Ow, man! You stepped on my foot!

NICK

Sorry! 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. Doris enters  
the living room with a BAG OF GROCERIES.

DORIS

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  
about that cookie incident.

DORIS

"Come on" nothing. You boys better  
behave in this house, you hear me?  
And what's y'all hollering about  
anyway?

IESHA

They're practicing for the Bed-Stuy  
talent show 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 here in *my*  
house?

NICK

Pops, he's cool. We're just gonna sing as a group. Just like when we were little in grade school.

JEFFERY

Singing, huh? Well, I don't know much about music, but what this group of yours needs... 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.

IESHA

(gasps)

He managed Rachel Myers?!

JEFFERY

Mmm-hmm.

DORIS

(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 Doris)

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.

Doris takes a moment, but she eventually exhales.

DORIS

(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? You boys 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 our manager? He almost looks like Richard Pryor.

CRAI-SEAN

(Whispering)

Hey, patience, brother. Let Mr. Parker handle it.

ROC

Well, what do you know? Jeffery Parker. 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 a lot more like your  
daddy.

NICK  
(nervously)  
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. My friends and I, 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--

Their improve acapella performance of "**MY GIRL**" by *The Temptations* begins as 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 as they take a bow in unison.

ROC

Do you boys live around here?

KENNY D.

Yeah, we're from Bed-Stuy.

ROC

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

JOSE

Does this mean you're gonna be our manager?

ROC

No. It means "Meet me at the rec center tomorrow morning at 8:00 sharp. Don't be late."

NICK

(grinning)

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/BASKETBALL COURT - DAY**

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

ROC

Okay, fellas, listen up. Now, I don't know what y'all heard about me, but... I'm not gonna promise you that I'm gonna turn you into superstars. Cause that ain't my thing.

(beat)

But if you put in some hard work, and follow my directions, you'll become successful. Is that clear?

The guys nod 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--

Jose tilts his head to Nick's ear.

JOSE

(whispering)

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, the audience would be throwing some rotten tomatoes at you.

(MORE)

ROC (CONT'D)  
 (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/JOSE/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 tries tongue-twisting, 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. Jose 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/BASEKETBALL COURT - AFTERNOON - MOMENTS LATER**

Roc continues to work with the group.

**EDDIE "MR. SHOWTIME" CURLY** (50s) 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  
 Hey! How are you doing, brother?

Roc goes to greet his old friend with a firm handshake.

ROC (CONT'D)

Fellas, I want you to meet an old 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 what I already know. Man, who does he think he is? Fred Astaire?

Mr. Showtime approaches 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)

Anyway, let me see your best combination.

KENNY D.

Huh?

MR. SHOWTIME

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

KENNY D.

(smirks)  
Okay. Check it.

Kenny D. delivers his best New-Jack breakdancing skills: The Back Groove, the Robocop, the Roger Rabbit, and the Running Man. He spins and poses. 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)

I thought not. Now, you boys fall  
in line. And find some equal  
spaces. Keep your distance.

The guys stand in a straight line.

The guys stand in a straight line. Roc presses the button on the cassette. The funky, drumbeat intro of "**ROCK STEADY**" by *The Whispers* plays. The full music then kicks in.

MR. SHOWTIME (CONT'D)

Alright, fellas. Let's fly.

Mr. Showtime raises his knee, then his arms, and PUSH-SLIDES backwards. He steps up to the guys.

MR. SHOWTIME (CONT'D)

I'm gonna count y'all in now, okay?

(finger snaps in rhythm)

5, 6, 7, 8.

The guys mimic the move almost perfectly, their sneakers squeaking against the wood floor in unison.

The guys step back up as Mr. Showtime demonstrates another move: The SPIN-CYCLE.

MR. SHOWTIME (CONT'D)

Now, again. On my count.

(finger snaps in rhythm)

5, 6, 7, 8.

The guys mimic the move again. Roc nods, knowing the guys are putting in the hard work.

**MONTAGE - HARD WORK AND NO PLAY**

A) The guys are on the floor, doing push-ups. They grunt and groan with exhaustion.

B) They also drip with sweat as they also do some sit-ups. Mr. Showtime looks over them like a general.

C) Mr. Showtime counts them in, The guys mimic some professional Temptations-esque choreography.

D) The guys stand in a straight line, each doing a spin-cycle. First Jose, then Crai-Sean, then Nick, and Kenny D. is last. Mr. Showtime nods sternly but fair.

E) The guys squat against the wall, each holding up two heavy books to work on their balance. Mr. Showtime turns off the fan. The expressions on their faces look like they're about to break, but they keep pushing through.

F) Mr. Showtime counts them in. This time, the guys execute the professional dance steps. Mirroring the moves of the Temptations, Blue Magic, and New Edition. Mr. Showtime gives them a firm nod as they stumble on the floor with relief.

**END MONTAGE.**

**INT. REC CENTER/BASKETBALL COURT - 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.

(wiping sweat)

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 mean, 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 little cousin, JOHN, who's reading his comic book, while listening to music on his Walkman with his headphones on.

TREVOR

Hey, Roc.

Roc approaches them.

ROC

(to Trevor)

Hey there.

(to the guys)

Boys, this is my old friend Trevor McTyler, and little cousin John.

John looks up and talks off his headphones as he notices the guys.

TREVOR

(confused)

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? And where are you from?

JOHN

(nervously)

Um, from Long Island. I lived with my Grandma in Flatbush, Brooklyn five months ago. I was in your history class? With Mr. Edwards?

(beat)

In the back row? With my headphones on?

KENNY D.

(eyes widen)

Oh, yeah. I know you. You must be one of those special-ed kids, riding in the short bus to school.

CRAI-SEAN

Hey, man, watch your mouth.

JOHN

(shakes his head)

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)

Um... 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

And we don't think a little Long Island kid like you should be hanging with us Brooklyn boys.

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 "**WHO'S LOVIN' YOU**", a Jackson 5 classic, 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.

John finishes the song. Leaving everyone speechless.

JOHN

Umm... Was that okay?

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

KENNY D.

(amazed)

"Okay?" Yo, that was *DOPE!*

CRAI-SEAN

John, my brother... *you're* the Missing Link.

NICK

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

Jose approaches John with a skeptical look, he hasn't said a word in a moment. But eventually, he cracks a smile.

JOSE

(chuckles)

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

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

**EXT. FLATBUSH, BROOKLYN/THE MCTYLER'S HOUSE - EVENING**

Roc knocks on the door. The door opens, revealing... **GRANDMA MCTYLER** (52) Caucasian, John's grandmother/legal guardian, as she looks at Roc with confusion.

GRANDMA MCTYLER

Uh, may I help you, sir?

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

ROC

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

GRANDMA MCTYLER

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

ROC

Actually, it was John who wanted to join. Your other grandson, Trevor told me to ask you first.

GRANDMA 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 get taken advantage of. Now, what makes me think that I could trust you?

ROC

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

Grandma McTyler takes a second, considering things.

GRANDMA MCTYLER

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

ROC

I promise. Thank you so much, Ms. McTyler.

Grandma McTyler looks over to her grandson and his new friends by Jose's Cadillac.

GRANDMA MCTYLER

(calling out)

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

NICK

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

GRANDMA MCTYLER

(calling out)

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

John buttons his shirt up.

JOHN  
Yes, Grandma.

They go inside.

**INT. THE MCTYLER'S HOUSE/ JOHN'S ROOM - LATER**

They guys are hitting it off in John's room. Listening to hip-hop music, tossing football, and eating popcorn. 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. Like Michael Jackson, Whitney Houston, Phil Collins, and even Stevie Wonder. I even pretended that I was looking in the mirror, singing in front of a big crowd. But every time I do that, my father 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. He was drunk at the time. 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.

(stunned)

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 work."

JOSE

Ever since my Papa died, all I ever wanted was to make him proud, you know? To show him that I'm worth something in the world.

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 like I said... it's a start.

(beat)

The five of us may be different, but we can make something incredible if we work together, as a team. We need to be the best singing group in all of Brooklyn. Cause it's the five of us or nothing. You know what I'm saying?

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 laugh as they throw popcorn at each other.

**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 Rec Center in Roc's office, Roc and Mr. Showtime show the group footage of every Motown and Philly Soul male vocal group performance on TV: From *The Four Tops*, *The Miracles*, *The Temptations*, *The Jackson 5*, to *The O'Jays*, *The Delfonics*, *The Stylistics*, and *Blue Magic*.

C) Mr. Showtime still pushes the group to their limits, John misses some steps, But Mr. Showtime encourages him. Now the group never misses a step. Roc smiles proudly at them.

D) The group stands at a street corner in Brooklyn, singing perfectly in acapella. Everyone on the block 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 "Rock Steady", and the crowd loves it. They won 1st place.

F) In the fall, they perform "Rock Steady" 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; in their SHINY PURPLE SUITS, performs "Rock Steady" at a New Year's Eve event in the auditorium, the girls are going crazy for them. They all take a bow at the end of the song.

**END MONTAGE.**

**INT. REC CENTER/BASKETBALL COURT - 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 sport 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 it to 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, the Bad Boy Pistons from Detroit, baby.

CRAI-SEAN

(annoyed)

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. I have an announcement to make.

(beat)

I just set you guys up to compete for Amateur Night at The Apollo.

The group is stunned with their mouths wide open.

NICK

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

ROC

That's the one.

CRAI-SEAN

No way. The Apollo theater is the legendary home of some of the best entertainers in history.

MR. SHOWTIME

But be warned, fellas. That joint is the toughest place y'all ever gonna play.

(MORE)

MR. SHOWTIME (CONT'D)

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. Is that understood?

The group nods to Roc.

JOSE

Alright, so, how much time do we have?

MR. SHOWTIME

Well, we have exactly one week. So, you fellas better take your coats off, cause we got work to do.

The group groans as they 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/AUDITORIUM - 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'm not gonna waste it.

The group stop performing after they hit that pose.

MR. SHOWTIME

Perfect. Good. Excellent. Now, you boys get hydrated, head back to the hotel and get some sleep for tonight. You're gonna need it.

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

JAMAL

(calling out)

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

JOHN

Uh, Rhythm & Blues, sir?

GUY #2

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

Soul-4-U cracks a laugh.

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 shrugs it off and smirks.

JAMAL

Yeah, yeah, yeah. Let's talk about yo Mama, Nacho. 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 TALKING ABOUT MY FAMILY LIKE THAT! I'M FROM BROOKLYN, BOY! AND I'LL KICK YOUR ASS!

JAMAL

You can't *kick me*, 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 watches an episode of "DuckTales" 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  
 Am I alright, Nick? Hell, no. What those slick punks said got me thinking.

NICK  
 Thinking about what?

Jose turns to the group, and gesture out the view through the window.

JOSE  
 Look out there, fellas. This is the 90's. We busted our asses for the past year, pretending like with a vintage Motown group. And the truth is... this ain't us. We need to step up our game. Brooklyn-style.

KENNY D.  
 I know what you mean. I am sick 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.

The others laugh in amusement.

JOSE (CONT'D)

(to the guys)

But seriously, guys. This Smoothtones thing? It isn't working. We need to show everyone, not just in Brooklyn, or Harlem. But all of New York and the whole world... that we mean BUSINESS.

(Beat)

That we're all about unity, culture, brotherhood, and music. And that we can mix something up.

NICK

Okay. So, what's the plan, Jose?

JOSE

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

John checks his wrist watch.

JOHN

It starts in four hours. Why?

JOSE

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

**EXT. APOLLO THEATER/ENTRANCE - NIGHT**

**SLOW MOTION** -- The BRIGHT LIGHTS of the red APOLLO sign shines in all of Harlem. On the bottom, the Marquee reads: *AMATEUR NIGHT: BE GOOD OR BE GONE.*

Jose's Cadillac pulls up by the curb. Each member; dressed in their individual *NEW JACK STREETWEAR*, exits the vehicle.

- Nick looks fresh with his 8 ball jacket, white T-shirt, and black jeans.

- John feels like he's a bit grown up with his black fedora, a blue jean jacket, a white T-shirt, and blue jeans.

- Jose still got his street cred with his black Public Enemy Jacket, a tank-top, and ripped pants.

- Kenny D. feels fresh with his long-sleeve collar shirt, and a one strapped Overalls.

- Crai-Sean looks a bit hip, but preppy with his blue Troop sweater, and black jogging pants.

They look up to the theater, then at each other, and nod with confidence as they walk towards the legendary venue together with their Brooklyn attitude and swagger, looking like true superstars. The Smoothtones are no more, and the Mixstreet Kids... are born.

**INT. APOLLO THEATER/AUDITORIUM - NIGHT**

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

Someone in the crowd throws a box of popcorn 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*, ladies and gentlemen, is the reason 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, Roc and Mr. Showtime look at the group's new street-wise wardrobe. Roc isn't happy.

ROC

Why are you 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. Raises his eyebrow.

ROC  
I suppose.

RANDY  
Well, y'all up next. Break a leg.

Randy exits. Roc and Mr. Showtime huddle up with the group.

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

MR. SHOWTIME  
And you *better* remember the steps, fellas. 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/AUDITORIUM - 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** (mid-30s) 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. Ladies and gentlemen, please, folks! Help me welcome back the woman who got discovered right here at the Apollo. Grammy-winning recording artist, Miss Rachel Myers! Show her some love!

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

RANDY (CONT'D)

Alright, now. First, there was The Jackson 5. Second, came New Edition. And this next group, coming straight outta Brooklyn... are the five hardest-working kids in show business. So, please, put your hands together and 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 drum-roll fills the theater as "**IF IT ISN'T LOVE**" by *New Edition* explodes. The group launches into a synchronized dance routine, mixing some old school steps with some new school flavor. The audience starts to love it. Nick steps up and works the crowd as he sings the first verse. The group sings the chorus in pop-perfect harmony. Jose steps up with a smirk and says "*I told her I'd never fall in love. But now, I know better*"., before he winks. Crai-Sean steps up and takes the second verse, with an R&B voice that's smooth as silk.

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

The group sings the chorus again. Everyone in the audience get 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, channels his inner young Michael Jackson, and takes them to the bridge. The audience chants "Go, white boy!, Go, white boy!" John SPINS AROUND and collapses on his knees, singing his heart out. The crowd GOES CRAZY, swept up in the theatricality. Kenny D. then steps up.

KENNY D.

(On mic, hyping the crowd)

Yo! Check it out! 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. At the left wing, Soul-4-U are not happy.

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 'em some love!

The crowd cheers wildly. The group looks to each other with a smile and 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 and Trevor 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

Excuse me, gentlemen. Congratulations. I hate to interrupt, but my client wants to meet you.

Ben signals, and from across the table, Rachel walks over with a big smile on her face. The group is starstruck.

JOHN

(eyes widen)

No, way! You're Rachel Myers!

NICK

My little sister's a huge fan.

CRAI-SEAN

We *all* loved your music, Ms. Myers.

RACHEL

Thank you so much, boys! And I really enjoyed your performance tonight! I absolutely love it!

(laughs)

I mean, I have never seen such a group with so much talent.

(MORE)

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
So much charisma. So much of  
that... *special something*. It's  
just unbelievable.

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

ROC (O.S.)  
Well, look no further. You found  
him.

Roc walks over. Giving Ben 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  
(grinning)  
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 over here. If you guys wanna  
look for a record deal, let me  
know.

ROC  
(unsatisfied)  
Oh, we'll let you know.

Ben leaves with a smirk. Rachel turns to Roc with concern.

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

ROC  
 (interrupts)  
 --being Ben. I know. But it's good  
 to see you again, Rachel. Take  
 care.

The two hug as Rachel leaves.

NICK  
 Yo, Roc, why are you hatting on  
 Rachel's manager? He just offered  
 us a--

ROC  
 (interrupts)  
 Long story. But later for that. I  
 got some good news for you guys.  
 (beat)  
 I just talked with some music  
 producers, Buddy Thomas and Sammy  
 Smooth, over at the table. And they  
 want you guys at their studio in  
 downtown Manhattan tomorrow morning  
 to record a demo.

KENNY D.  
 Wait. We're gonna be in a recording  
 studio? To record a demo?

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

Roc winks at them before he leaves. The group is overjoyed.

KENNY D.  
 Yo, this is gonna be crazy!

NICK  
 Yeah. 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 Jose.

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

**INT. MANHATTAN 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.

Sammy looks at Buddy.

SAMMY

Got any more suggestions, Buddy?

BUDDY

Well...

(to the Engineer)

Hey, play the one we had for New Edition.

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

The hip-hop drumbeat and the funky bassline have a rendition of a *New Edition/Bobby Brown* sound. It then moves to the dingy piano bells of the chorus in a *NKOTB* bubblegum pop/R&B-inspired dance energy. The group is feeling the hype of this song as they bob their heads to the music.

NICK

Yo, this song is hype!

KENNY D.

Yeah, this sound got some heavy stuff.

JOSE

Nah, man. It's that *Mixstreet* sound!

ROC

(grinning)

Sounds like they like it.

**INT. MANHATTAN RECORDING STUDIO/RECORDING BOOTH - LATER**

The group is in the booth with headphones, recording the song, "**THAT THING U DO**". Nick nods, clears his throat, and a confident, yet smooth, boyish charm washes over his face as he steps up the mic, and sings the first verse, with a smooth, Ralph Tresvant-esque Pop/R&B lead vocals.

John steps up. his youthful Michael Jackson-esque Pop/R&B vocals soars through the pre-chorus. The beat drops a little harder, and all five boys lean into their mics, singing the chorus in a tight, pop-perfect harmony, full of youthful exuberance.

Crai-Sean sings with a rich, Johnny Gill-esque mature R&B tone, full of sincerity. John reenters the pre-chorus, his voice as angelic as before.

The group sing the chorus again. Jose and Kenny D. step up to the mic, their energy bouncing off each other as they trade lines in a Kid 'n Play-inspired rap verse.

**INT. THE MIXING ROOM**

As the Keyboard solo plays, Roc, Buddy, and Sammy watch on. Buddy shakes his head with a soft smile.

BUDDY

You know, Sammy and I have been pitching this song for New Edition for months. But these kids? They had just made it *theirs*.

ROC

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

SAMMY

Are you kidding me? They definitely got that magic. The *real* magic.

**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. **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.  
(beaming)  
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. I have this demo they just recorded weeks ago, and...

Roc takes the mixtape out of his pocket.

JOEY J.  
(interrupts)  
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 some kind of magic 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 mixtape for a second. He then looks at Roc.

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 thought I was going to die in Biology 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

(smirks)

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?

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

Easy, brothers. Roc knows what he's doing. Just 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, Roxette, George Michael, En Vogue, and Poison coming up next.*

(beat)

*But first, we're giving you the world premiere of a hot new single from 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 "**THAT THING U DO**" EXPLODES on the radio. The group SCREAM and they JUMP OUT OF THE CAR. The whole school loves the song. They dance along to it. It's a block party.

NICK

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

CRAI-SEAN

What did I tell you, brothers?!

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. They're playing your song all over the radio in New York. With the voice that God has given you.

CRAI-SEAN

Yeah. I guess I'm grateful for that. But... what if he's right?

GLORIA

Crai-Sean, there is no telling where this music career 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-40s) African American, president/CEO of Starcity Records, enters his office as Rachel and Ben follow him.

RACHEL

Phil, I'm telling you. You've got to meet this wonderful group. They're amazing! 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

I already heard their song, and I know they're a talented group. But they're *kids*. And *teenybopper* acts aren't in our agenda.

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 incredible 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 have the potential to become the sound of Young America. Not Black America, White America, Asian 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. MANHATTAN 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?

KENNY D.

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

JOHN

I read that they have sixty platinum records, forty gold records, and thirty Grammys.

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 and CEO of Starcity Records.

The group approaches Phil. He isn't surprised.

PHIL

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

**INT. MANHATTAN RECORDING STUDIO/RECORDING BOOTH - LATER**

The group stands together as "***I'LL BE THERE***" by the Jackson 5, fills the booth. John sings lead in the first verse. His voice, though young, carries an undeniable emotional weight. Phil's eyebrow raises almost imperceptibly.

Nick steps up, his voice smooth and confident, a comforting counterpoint to John's youthful intensity. Jose, Kenny D, and Crai-Sean sing " *Holding on* " from low to high. John takes the lead again, his voice filled with a poignant knowingness. As the group continues to layer their "I'll be there" harmonies, their eyes are locked on the figures in the control room. They pour every ounce of their talent and hope into these final notes.

**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

This is incredible. A multiracial boy band with great vocals, better stage presents, and handsome looks.

ROC

I know, Mr. Davis. These boys had real talent since the first time 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 pauses at the moment. But he then smiles.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Welcome to Starcity Records.

The group GO CRAZY in the booth after hearing the news. Outside the booth, Roc and Rachel share a hug, and he then shakes Phil's hand. Ben pats Phil on the shoulder.

BEN

Congratulations, Phil. You just signed a super group.

**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.

DORIS

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, gentlemen, 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 "*That Thing U Do*" 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 need the public to recognize you guys as a multiracial, all-American boy band. You can still have that street edge. But with a little more... *polish*. It's nothing personal, son. It's show business.

Jose is bothered, but he calms down.

PHIL (CONT'D)

And finally, we're getting you guys into all major TV shows and networks. I'm talking MTV, Soul Train, BET, The Today Show, Arsenio Hall, The Tonight Show with Johnny Carson, Oprah Winfrey, Good Morning America, you name it.

CRAI-SEAN

Well, my mom *does* love some Don Cornelius.

JOHN

And my Grandma *adores* Oprah.

PHIL

Trust me, gentlemen. 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 NKOTB-esque 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, to jazz dance. But Mr. Showtime still puts them into work from the sidelines.

D) The group in the studio, recording some more songs for the album. While Jose writes a song in his notebook.

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 (TWO MONTHS LATER)**

The group sings and dances in front of a A BRICK WALL FILLED WITH GRAFFITI, filming a MUSIC VIDEO SHOOT for "*That Thing U Do.*", Doing an iconic dance move from *Morris Day & the Time: "The Morris Day Shuffle"*. They kick left, kick right, step, step, and hop. The visual flips from BACK AND WHITE to IN LIVING COLOR.

FOUR MULTIRACIAL FEMALE BACKGROUND DANCERS dance behind them.

Roc, Rachel, and Mr. Showtime stand behind the **DIRECTOR** (40s), male, 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, Rachel and Mr. Showtime go up to the group.

ROC

Great job, boys.

RACHEL

Fantastic shoot, fellas.

JOSE

"Fantastic" 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 GOES WILD. They JUMP and hi-five each other.

RACHEL

All twenty cities across the country! We're gonna have a *ball!*

ROC

And the label is gonna release 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!

BEN (O.S.)

That's not all, boys.

Ben enters as he rubs his hands together with excitement.

BEN (CONT'D)

There's one more surprise I wanna share.

ROC

(confused)

What surprise?

BEN

Well, I just booked you guys a gig... to perform your hit single on *Club MTV*.

JOHN

(eyes widen)

*Club MTV*? I love that show!

KENNY D.

We *all* do.

BEN

(chuckles)

Of course, you love that show. *Everyone* loves that show. It's the biggest show on the planet.

(beat)

And the minute your music video premieres on *MTV*, *all* the girls across America... will go crazy for you five heartthrobs. How'd that sound?

NICK

It sounds great! I can't wait to tell Crai-Sean about this.

Nick goes to the TRAILER. Roc approaches Ben with a stern look.

ROC

Ben, I deeply appreciate the thought, but you don't have to do this. *I'm* their manager.

BEN

Ah, come on, Roc. It's just a nice gesture. Besides, me and Downtown Julie Brown go way back. Don't be such a buzzkill.

Ben leaves. Leaving Roc with dissatisfaction. Rachel places her hand on his arm.

RACHEL

Roc, don't worry. It's a nice thing for what Ben did for the boys. Be happy for them, okay?

Roc looks at Rachel and try to crack a smile.

**INT. TRAILER - CONTINUOUS**

Crai-Sean is on the TELEPHONE 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 - 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 have a very special guest with us today. A fabulous group of five handsome boys all the way from Brooklyn who were discovered by the lovely Rachel Myers. Their debut single is already climbing up the charts, and believe me, 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 their performance with a NKOTB-style 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, uses his inner Jordan Knight charm to wow the crowd like a true frontman. John steps up and sings with his youthful energy. His Joey McIntyre cuteness factor shines on the *Club MTV* stage.

**INT. NICK'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - DAY**

All of their 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 "*Morris Day Shuffle*." The Club MTV Dancers dance along.

The families clap along to the song.

**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** (14-17) Caucasian, John's estranged best friend/former crush, and her TWO FRIENDS, **DEBBY** (14-15) Asian Pacific Islander, and **MIA** (15-16) Hispanic, 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.

DEBBY

Totally. Patrick Swayze is so hot in this movie.

MIA

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! *CLUB MTV!* COME ON!

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. Grace and the others are stunned with their mouth wide open.

**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.

MIA

(Whispering, disbelieving)  
Oh... my... God. Is that John?

DEBBY

(Mouth agape)  
I... I can't believe it! He's... a pop star!

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 the summer of 1990. The TOUR BUS, gaudily decorated with a large "MIXSTREET KIDS" banner, is parked at the curb. Each member of the group bit farewell to their families.

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

DORIS

(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'll be fine.

Grandma McTyler straighten up John's jacket.

GRANDMA 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 as John quickly embrace his Grandma. Jose and his **MOTHER** (45) share a bittersweet embrace.

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

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 peeks over the bus' door.

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.

**EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS - DAY**

The tour bus cruises down the streets of Manhattan. The iconic cityscape blurs past the windows.

**INT. TOUR BUS - CONTINUOUS**

Nick, Jose, Kenny D, and Crai-Sean are lounging on plush seats, a mix of awe and disbelief on their faces. John glues to the window, he gazes at a beautiful view of Time Square. Roc and Mr. Showtime are at the front.

The city's cacophony mixes with New Kids on the Block's "**STEP BY STEP**" playing on the radio.

Jose leans back, casually holding a magazine with their faces plastered on the cover.

JOSE

Yo, I had a great feeling that  
we're not in Brooklyn anymore,  
fellas.

The others murmur in agreement, a touch of wonder in their  
voices.

NICK

I know. I can't believe that...  
everything is happening so fast.

KENNY D.

(chuckles)  
Me neither. Do you guys think  
there's gonna be some fans?

Crai-Sean shakes his head, a mix of gratitude and wariness in  
his eyes.

CRAI-SEAN

I don't know, brother. Only time  
would tell.

John is completely silent, mesmerized. He stares out the  
window with wide eyes and an open mouth, his face a mixture  
of awe and disbelief.

JOHN

(beaming)  
Guys! You gotta see this!

The others instinctively rush to John's window. They're met  
with a breathtaking view of the chaos of Times Square - the  
towering billboards, the flashing lights, the throngs of  
people. And then they hear it...

The deafening SCREAMS of PRE-TEEN and TEENAGE GIRLS, growing  
louder as the bus approaches the PLAZA HOTEL.

NICK

(eyes widen)  
Oh... my...

**EXT. PLAZA HOTEL/ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS**

The bus pulls up to the hotel entrance. A GIGANTIC CROWD of  
PRE-TEENS and TEENAGE GIRLS, is contained by a line of stern-  
faced NYPD OFFICERS.

The girls scream, cry, and hold up homemade signs and  
magazine photos of each group member.

The bus doors swing open. Roc steps out first, followed by Mr. Showtime. The group hesitantly emerges, their eyes wide, a mixture of excitement and nervousness on their faces.

The crowd ERUPTS in a deafening CHANT, "MIXSTREET KIDS! MIXSTREET KIDS! MIXSTREET KIDS!"

Each member steps out of the tour bus and is immediately welcomed by a roar of cheers. Smiling, they wave back at their fans and sign some autographs.

**INT. PLAZA HOTEL SUITE - MOMENTS LATER**

The group explode into their lavish hotel suite. Gleaming chandeliers hang from the high ceilings, the furniture is plush, and a wall of windows offers a stunning view of Central Park.

JOSE

Whoa! Penthouse suite! Now *this* is what call livin' it up!

Kenny D. throws himself onto a velvet chaise lounge.

KENNY D.

And we can order whatever we want. Room service, baby!

Crai-Sean tentatively touches a silk curtain.

CRAI-SEAN

This is... something else. I can't believe it.

Nick walks towards the massive windows, drawn by something outside. He stops, mesmerized.

NICK

Yo, check this out!

The others rush to join him at the windows. They gaze down at the throng of PRE-TEEN AND TEENAGE FANS assembled outside the hotel, jumping up and down, waving posters and signs. The street below seems to vibrate with their collective energy.

JOSE

(stunned)

Whoa. They've been out there all day?! Unbelievable.

John peers closer, his eyes scanning the crowd. He freezes, a mix of surprise and anxiety washing over his face.

He's at a lost for words as he sees Grace standing below, she's holding up a sign that reads "I LOVE JOHN!". She makes eye contact with him and beams, her smile electric.

Without a word, JOHN whirls away from the window and practically bursts into the suite's opulent bathroom. He slams the door shut, leaving the others confused and concerned.

**INT. PLAZA HOTEL SUITE/BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

John SLAMS the door shut, his back pressed against it. He closes his eyes, his breath coming in ragged gasps. His hands fly up, covering his ears. The painful memories are coming back.

**MONTAGE - FLASHBACKS OF MEMORIES WITH GRACE (GOOD & BAD)**

A) **YOUNG JOHN** (8-10) & **YOUNG GRACE** (9-11), laughing and playing at the park.

B) Grace, now a cheerleader, walking past him in the hallway, ignoring his greeting.

C) Other scenes of John getting bullied, laughed at, taunted, and humiliated during junior high. Grace turns away.

**END FLASHBACK MONTAGE.**

John couldn't take it. He pushes himself away from the door and lurches to the sink. He splashes cold water on his face, scrubbing his eyes. He takes a deep breath, calming himself.

JOHN  
(to himself, voice shaken)  
You're good. You're good.

He takes a deep breath, trying to regain control. His face appears to be calm and collected.

A KNOCK on the bathroom door.

CRAI-SEAN (O.S.)  
John? You okay, man?

John straightens up, forcing a smile.

JOHN  
(calling out)  
Yeah! I just needed some water.

He takes another deep breath and opens the door, revealing a concerned Crai-Sean.

CRAI-SEAN

You sure you alright? You went ghost pretty quick back there.

JOHN

(forced to smile)  
Of course, I'm sure. It's just that... I couldn't wait for the show tonight, right?

CRAI-SEAN

(shrugs his shoulders)  
Alright. Just checking on you. You're asking like you'd seen a ghost.

JOHN

Oh, trust me. I've seen a lot, lot worse.

John leaves the bathroom.

**INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN/THE STADIUM - NIGHT**

The stadium is packed with 20,000+ 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 and tonight'd the night. So, give it all you got!

RACHEL

And just have fun out there, 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. Each taking a microphone

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, New York,  
put your hands together 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 storms onto the stage. Nick races to the front, grabbing his mic, his energy boundless.

NICK  
(on the mic)  
*NEW YORK CITY! HOW YOU FEELING  
TONIGHT?!*

The crowd ROARS in response, a deafening wave of sound.

JOHN  
(on the mic, grinning)  
*WE CAN'T HEAR YOU!*

They ROAR EVEN LOUDER than the music.

JOSE  
(on the mic)  
*ARE YOU READY TO GET BUSY?!*

The CROWD is JUMPING, CRYING, REACHING OUT FOR THEM, and PASSING OUT as **"THAT THING U DO"** kicks in. Grace and her friends couldn't contain themselves also. Nick takes the first verse, commanding the stage like a true leader, John takes the pre-chorus, his youthful charm shines. The group did *"The Morris Day Shuffle"* while singing the chorus. The crowd goes crazy and starts to sing along.

They perform **"DON'T YOU GO AWAY"**, a Pop/R&B Bubblegum Soul Jackson 5/NKOTB-esque Ballad. John takes the lead vocals on the song. The FANS wave their hands slowly side to side. The group dance in the background. Not a beat combination forgotten from Mr. Showtime's lessons. Grace smiles with delight as she sees her friend shining on stage. The group dance and sing in the background as John kneels and sings to every girl; except Grace, in the crowd.

Crai-Sean lays down some straight BBD/Jodeci-esque R&B and Adult Contemporary when they perform **"HOW CAN I LOVE YOU AGAIN?"** The group sways behind him. 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 NKOTB-inspired 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 stops as the group, and the BAND RUN OFF the stage. The Fans JUMP ON STAGE to chase them. This is Beatlemania all over again.

NICK  
(yells over the screams)  
GO! GO! GO!

#### **INT. THE HALLWAY - NIGHT**

The group, Roc, and Mr. Showtime are running for their lives. **TWO SECURITY GUARDS**, ONE OVERWEIGHT and ONE SKINNY, 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, they're treating us like we're The Beatles or something.

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

ROC  
Well, you 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 you see that?!

JOHN  
This is nuts!

KENNY D.  
I TOLD YOU THIS IS GONNA BE CRAZY!

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. Along with "**DON'T YOU GO AWAY**" reaches NUMBER 2 on the *HOT 100*, and NUMBER 6 on the *HOT R&B SINGLES* charts, "**HOW CAN I LOVE YOU AGAIN?**" reaches NUMBER 1 on the *HOT R&B SINGLES*, and *ADULT CONTEMPORARY* charts, and "**BROOKLYN STRONG**" reaches NUMBER 4 on the *HOT 100*.

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

C) The group performs in many stadiums and arenas across America: Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Indianapolis, Cleveland, New Jersey, Orlando, Miami, Dallas, Houston, Nashville, Memphis, Salt Lake City, Atlanta, Detroit, Kansas City, Denver, Philadelphia, San Diego, San Francisco, and Los Angeles.

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

E) Their four MUSIC VIDEOS: "**THAT THING U DO**", "**DON'T YOU GO AWAY**", "**HOW CAN I LOVE YOU AGAIN?**", and "**BROOKLYN STRONG**" play on *MTV*, *BET*, *FRIDAY NIGHT VIDEOS*, and *VH1*.

F) In record stores, the fans RUMBLE inside. The group's debut album; set in CDs, VINYLS, and CASSETTE TAPES, flies off the shelves.

G) The group appears on every talk show, *The Arsenio Hall Show*, *Live with Regis & Kathie Lee*, *The Tonight Show with Johnny Carson*, *the Oprah Winfrey Show*, *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, HATS, JACKETS, BUTTONS, LUNCHBOXES, POSTERS, and 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 WOODEN BOX. John opens it, and BOOM! **TWO FANS** ( both 16), POP OUT. 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) **ON TV:** A SATURDAY MORNING CARTOON SHOW "**MIXSTREET KIDS: THE ANIMATED SERIES**", fills the screen. It shows the crazy misadventures of the **2D ANIMATED MIXSTREET KIDS**, along with their animal sidekicks: **HIP & HOP:** the twin hamsters, and **RUFFLES**, the dog.

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

N) It's late 1990. The group is back at Madison Square Garden, performing "**BROOKLYN STRONG**" on their first show of their headline tour. 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. The boys from Brooklyn are now superstars.

**END MONTAGE.**

#### **INT. TOUR BUS/DRIVING - DAY (1991)**

The group, on the couch, are interviewed by **CINDY CRAWFORD** (20s), the attractive host of *MTV's HOUSE OF STYLE*, off-screen...

CINDY

Rock superstar, Axl Rose from *Guns N' Roses* said that you guys weren'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!

CINDY

(chuckles)

How ironic. You know, many artists, or groups, had spent years trying to get their big break. And you guys had come out of nowhere.

JOHN

Yeah, I mean, this is all very new for us, but we don't care what everyone thinks of our music.

CRAI-SEAN

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

KENNY D.

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

CINDY

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, Cindy, 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.*"

**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

Keith Sweat and Johnny Gill.

POP DJ

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

ALISON (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, if you ladies wanna us to your boyfriends, let us know.

POP DJ

(beaming)

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

TAYLOR (O.S.)

(on the phone)

*Hey, guys, I just wanna say that I really love your songs. And to John, I think 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 around the world, stealing our women, 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.

(beat)

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!

(politely)

Thanks for calling.

POP DJ

Ooh. Talk about a comeback. Next caller...

**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 with sunglasses on.

GRACE  
(surprised)  
John?

Debby turns around and notices them as well.

DEBBY  
Oh, my God! It's the Mixstreet  
Kids!  
(SCREAMS)  
IT'S THE MIXSTREET KIDS!

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

GRACE  
(calling out)  
John! It's *me*, Grace! John!

Grace, Mandy, and Debby 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, please! 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  
Yeah, yeah, yeah. Everybody said  
that. We gotta keep it moving.  
Sorry.

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

**EXT. THE PLAZA HOTEL/FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY**

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

DEBBY

Oh, my god! I can't believe John has gone from a *total weirdo* to a *Mixstreet Kid*.

MIA

(dreamily)

I know. I mean, He was always a creep in the back of the classroom, but now, he's, like...

(squeals)

totally cute!

GRACE

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

MIA

"Best friend"? I mean, *look* at him, Gracie. He's a *total hottie*, he *sings* good, and all the girls are *throwing* themselves at him.

GRACE

But John's not like that at all. He's always shy, sweet, funny, and kind. Or at least... he *used* to be.  
(beat)

If I had been there for him two years ago, maybe things wouldn't be so... different.

DEBBY

Then... why don't you pay your *pop star* friend a visit?

GRACE

(turns to Debby)

You think so?

Mia and Debby both give Grace a nod.

**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? So, what do you do when you want to end a relationship with someone.

JOSE

Do you *really* wanna know, man?

JOHN

Yeah. I need to tell her that it's over.

Jose takes a brief moment, but he eventually leans forward.

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.

JOHN  
 (repeat the words to  
 himself)  
 It was great, it was fun, and it's  
 over.

KENNY D.  
 (confused)  
 Four of them?

The group; except John, chuckles. Roc gets off the phone.

ROC  
 Alright boys, quiet down. I just  
 spoke with Greg Knox's campaign  
 manager.

NICK  
 Greg Knox? The guy who's running  
 for Mayor?

ROC  
 Yup. And he asks if you guys are  
 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.

**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 and drug dealers away, and give many children, from lower class to middle class, a better, safer 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. Here with me are the five terrific, talented young men who have made a positive impact on their community, our city, and our beloved 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 as they harmonize.

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, his voice is maturing. 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, Motown artists, and Broadway actors, 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 sales, touring & merchandising?

NICK

Uh, seven points. Why? 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 are 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

Well, contracts are meant to be *renegotiated*, right?

(beat)

Look, Nick, 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 Crai-Sean's shoulder. He turns around to see her.

TASHA

Excuse me, Crai-Sean?

CRAI-SEAN

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

TASHA

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

CRAI-SEAN

Wow. I appreciate that, sister.

TASHA

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

CRAI-SEAN

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.

JOHN

(stern)  
Why are you here?

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

JOHN (CONT'D)

(confused)  
Hey! What are you doing?

GRACE

Uh, I thought we'd hug and make up. Like we used to... when we were kids. Before... *all of this*.

JOHN

(firm)

Really? And what else? Do you want my autograph, or a photo? To show me off to your "*cool best friends*"? The ones you chose over me?

GRACE

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

JOHN

I've been fine. Thanks for asking.

GRACE

Listen, about what happened, I just want to say that--

JOHN

(interrupts)

What happened between you and me-- is in the past. I've moved on. And you should, too.

GRACE

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

JOHN

(interrupts sharply)

I don't wanna be your friend! Not now, not ever. You did what you did, and now, you have to live with it.

GRACE

(smiles warmly)

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. And that's why I have to see you.

JOHN

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

GRACE

If you think being in a famous pop group matters, it doesn't. Not to me. I still care about you, John.

Roc watches John and Grace through the window.

JOHN

(raw emotion)

Do you? Cause it doesn't look like it. Back on Long Island, I was bullied, rejected, alone, and you stood aside and did nothing while everyone was making my life a living hell!

(beat)

But now, when I'm on stage with the guys, all the girls across the country started to notice me when they heard me sing. 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 club. Grace tries to reach him.

GRACE

(tearfully)

John! Please! I'm sorry!

He ignores Grace's plea as he goes back to the club. Grace stands on the sidewalk alone in sadness.

**INT. NIGHTCLUB - PLATINUM ALBUM CELEBRATION PARTY - NIGHT**

John re-enters the party. Roc approaches him.

ROC  
John, what's going on out there?

JOHN  
Just a fan. Pretending that she  
knew me. But... I'm good.

Ben approaches John and Roc.

BEN  
Hey, John! I'm glad I caught you,  
kid. 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 starstruck.

JOHN  
(stuttering)  
Is... 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 to this party?

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 before she walks off.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

Here's my number.

JOHN

(shakes his head)

Dude, when are you gonna settle down with just one girl?

JOSE

Hey, man, I'll change one day. You know, settle with just one woman, have kids, and just do this normal crap soon. But today--

(chuckles)

Just ain't today!

NICK

Hey, speaking of which, we need to come up with some new stuff for our next album. Phil promised to give us a fair share, if our next album is better than the first.

CRAI-SEAN

I know what you mean. Ever since the L.A. Riots, the music is changing. With all that gangsta rap, and grunge music ruling the airwaves. We need to evolve our sound.

JOSE

Look, maybe if we brainstorm together, we could write our own music.

KENNY D.

And to finally get away from the bubblegum crap. There's too much sweetness, to be honest.

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 Hip-Hop Soul, *Color Me Badd/TLC-esque*  
tune fills the office. The group and Roc watch Phil as he  
listens to the song. He nods his head as the music moves him.

PHIL

Did you guys write this song  
together?

NICK

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

PHIL

I think... this could be your first  
single.

(beat)

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. LOS ANGELES/"FAST TIME AT MALIBU HIGH" SET - DAY**

The group is in the gym, 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 when you're on stage.

JOSE

Well, any other girl said the same thing.

MONICA

You wanna do something fun?

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

JOSE

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 (O.S.)  
 Jose! Monica! You two are needed on set!

MONICA  
 We'll finish this later.

**EXT. BIG STUDIO/ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER**

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

NICK  
 Kenny D, there you are. The director said we're needed on set.

Kenny D. turns to Nick and Crai-Sean with tears in his eyes. He hasn't spoken a word.

CRAI-SEAN  
 What's wrong, man?

KENNY D.  
 (tearful)  
 I... I just got a call from my Mom.  
 (sniffs)  
 She said that the doctor... has found a lump in her chest.  
 (voice crackles)  
 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, my brothers, my Mom and I... we were going through some pretty hard times without him. I always break dance to keep her happy.  
 (MORE)

KENNY D. (CONT'D)  
 (breaking down)  
 My Mom has always been a  
 superwoman. I guess she's been  
 working too hard. I just can't lose  
 her!

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 in her battle.

CRAI-SEAN  
 And I'm gonna pray for you and your  
 Mom, brother. Just have faith.

Kenny D. nods and wipes away his tears.

KENNY D.  
 (clear throat)  
 Thanks. Hey, we better get back  
 inside the set before Roc find 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. Grandma McTyler answers it, revealing  
 Grace, with a shy smile on her face. Grandma McTyler is  
 pleased to see her present.

GRANDMA MCTYLER  
 (gasps)  
 Grace Oliver! Oh, my! It's so nice  
 to see you, dear.

GRACE  
 (grinning)  
 Hi, Grandma McTyler! It's good to  
 see you, too.

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

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

Grace enters the house as Grandma 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, John's 9th BIRTHDAY PARTY, to their TRICK OR  
 TREATING DAYS, and their CONEY ISLAND SUMMER ADVENTURES.

Grandma 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.

GRANDMA MCTYLER  
 So, what have you been up to, dear?

GRACE  
 Oh, just the usual. Finals, college  
 applications. How's John been  
 doing? With the group and stuff.

GRANDMA MCTYLER  
 Oh, he's been doing fine. You know,  
 this house feels really empty  
 without my Johnathan around.  
 (beat)  
 Ever since he and the group are too  
 busy these days. With those  
 recording sessions, MTV interviews,  
 touring, fan greetings. Oh, my boy  
 sure is lucky.

Grace takes a sip of lemonade as she exhales.

GRACE  
 Yeah. I'm really happy for John.  
 With all the success and all of the  
 accomplishments, he really deserved  
 it.

GRANDMA MCTYLER  
 They're all such good boys.  
 Johnathan said that they're like  
 the brothers he never had.

Grace looks down with a mixture of guilt and regret. Grandma  
 McTlyer looks to her with concern.

GRANDMA MCTYLER (CONT'D)  
 Are you alright, dear? You seem to  
 be a little bit down.

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

GRANDMA 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 FALLS APART.**

A) At Long Island Junior High in the hallway, Grace in her  
 cheer uniform, walk down the hallway with Mia and Debby,  
 talking and giggling. John sees her past his locker and waves  
 happily, but she ignores.

B) In, 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) At the school front entrance, 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, hurt,  
 and pain. He runs away. Grace sees him go.

D) Outside of John's old home, John comes downstairs with his  
 suitcase and into Trevor's car, Grace walks down the  
 sidewalk, she sees John inside the car as it drives off.  
 Grace goes after the car, calling John's name in a plea.  
 She yells " *John! Wait! Please! I'm sorry! Please, come  
 back!*" But the car disappears, leaving Grace with guilt and  
 tearful regret.

**END FLASHBACK 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)

(tearfully)

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

Grandma McTyler places her hand on her shoulder in comfort.

GRANDMA MCTYLER

Oh, Grace. Don't say that, Grace. 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.

Grandma McTyler cups Grace's face, wipes her tears away, and gives her a warm smile.

GRANDMA MCTYLER

Listen, dear. I've known my Johnathan, inside and outside. He always loved to sing since the day he was born. And no matter how many girls he sings to when he's on stage, I know in my heart... the only girl that he sings to... has always been you.

GRACE

I think so too. I just wish... I had my best friend back. But how can I see that kid I knew compared to the Mixstreet Kid that everyone knew?

GRANDMA MCTYLER

Grace, dear, look at this picture.

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

GRANDMA MCTYLER

That kid who's next to you in the photo... is still that same kid at heart. And it's not too late for you both. Always remember that.

Grace smiles at the picture with a renewed spirit. She looks up to Grandma 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, Babyface/Boyz II Men-esque Pop/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.

Yeah. And L.A. Reid and Babyface giving this song to us? That's so unreal.

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 and Phil said that we need a ballad for *The Sequel* album.

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 wanna lose something they have.

(beat)

(MORE)

ROC (CONT'D)

Even when someone tries to be back  
into your life.

JOHN

(confused)

Does *this* song 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 interlude, channeling his inner Micheal McCary. Nick sings the first half of the first verse with his Wanya Morris-esque voice. Crai-Sean then steps in with the second half with his Nathan Morris-eaque voice. He gives his heart and soul to this song.

Kenny D. Singing the first half of the pre-chorus with a Shawn Stockman-eguse voice, John sings the second half with a mature Tevin Campbell-esque voice. 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 Iesha 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 first fan and 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.

**MONTAGE - MIXSTREET MADNESS GONE GLOBAL**

A) "**LOSE YOUR HEART**" reaches NUMBER 1 on the *BILLBOARD HOT 100*, *CANADA TOP SINGLES*, *UK SINGLES CHARTS*, *EUROPEAN HOT 100*, and more.

B) Their second album, "*The Sequel*" reaches NUMBER 1 on the *BILLBOARD 200*, *CANADIAN ALBUM CHARTS*, *UK ALBUM CHARTS*, and every album chart in the world.

C) The group perform in many arenas and stadiums around the globe in the *Sequel World Tour*: Canada, Mexico, France, Italy, Poland, Netherlands, Argentina, Ukraine, Scotland, West Germany, Chile, Greece, Norway, Sweden, Spain, Switzerland, Brazil, South Korea, Singapore, China, Taiwan, Japan, Australia, and New Zealand.

D) INTERNATIONAL TEEN FEMALE FANS screaming their lungs out every time the group steps off a plane, goes to a hotel, and performs on stage.

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

As "LOSE YOUR HEART" fades, The STAGE LIGHTS pops up. The group; dressed in MATCHING BEATLES SUITS, is at their prime.

Performing **"THE BEATLES MEDLEY": "I WANT TO HOLD YOUR HAND", "A HARD DAY'S NIGHT", and "SHE LOVES YOU"** in their sold out show. 500,000 people, Mostly TEENAGE GIRLS, who sway, holding each other, and are SCREAMING OUT FOR THEM. Feeling the nostalgia of the Fab Four.

Roc and Mr. Showtime watch from the right wing. They couldn't believe their eyes. The music fades as the group finishes the medley in a pose.

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-hoo! That was a hell of a show!

KENNY D.  
You know it!

CRAI-SEAN  
Yeah, I felt like I was burning up on that stage.

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  
Come on, John. 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 "*The Sequel*" album made the number one in, Canada, Europe, the UK, and back home in America?

CRAI-SEAN

Yeah, brother, "*Lose Your Heart*" stayed number one on the Billboard charts for eighteen weeks straight. And with our Grammy nomination, we're really taking off.

KENNY D.

And the best part, we just got a fair share. Just like Phil promised.

The group laughs and jeers. Roc enters.

ROC

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

The group nods as Roc exits the dressing room.

NICK

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

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 at Jose with concern concerned.

**INT. RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL - GRAMMY AWARDS - NIGHT**

The group, Roc, Rachel, Ben, 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*" is...

(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 enter the stage to accept their first ever Grammy statue. 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 this fruit of our hard work.

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. Mr. Showtime shakes his head and laughs.

JOSE

We'd also like to thank the love of our hometown, Brooklyn. Do-or-die, Bed-Stuy. To my Papa up in heaven, this is 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 statue 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 died in alcohol abuse or drug overdose?

Jose doesn't react after hearing that rumor.

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

(confused)

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.

(with a smirk)

They are reaping the awards of fame and fortune. And sooner or later, they might not need you anymore. Just like Rachel.

ROC

(with a firm stare)

Ben, you listen to me loud and clear. I AM THEIR MANAGER. Not you! ME! And these boys are like my sons to me. So, if you ever, in your lifetime, try to take the group away, I swear to God, I'll kick your snake 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 (O.S.)  
 (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 (O.S.)  
*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'S 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 Venezuela, I would've never been born here. Every day... 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 involvement of 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 and chuckles manically.

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  
(with pain in his eyes)  
Yes, he will! YOU WON'T!

Jose snaps as he rumbles towards Ben. But the group stops  
him.

JOSE  
(roars)  
YOU SINISTER, SNAKE-ASS PUNK! YOU  
KILLED HIM! WHAT DID ROC EVER DO TO  
YOU, HUH?! WHY?!

The Police put Ben in cuffs.

POLICE #1  
(female)  
*You have the right to remain  
silent. Anything you say can and  
will be used against you in a court  
of law.*

(MORE)

POLICE #1 (CONT'D)

(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. The group is forever shattered.

**FADE TO BLACK.**

**FADE TO:**

**INT. STARCITY RECORDS/PHIL'S OFFICE - DAY (1998)**

It's late November. A newspaper article in 1995 reads: *"Ben Stone has been found guilty of first degree murder and is sentenced to life in prison. Mixstreet Kids taking a hiatus."*

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

(sniffs)

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 this four-year hiatus you guys have been under.

JOHN

Let me guess. You want us back in the studio to do another album?

PHIL

Yes. And this time, we're pulling out all the stops. Trust me.

KENNY D.

I don't know if doing another album could work for me. My Mom is in chemotherapy, and I need to be there for her.

CRAI-SEAN

Yeah, and the rest of us had a lot of going on in our minds. The last thing we needed 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 now, your fans are waiting to see you again.

(beat)

This new album is gonna be MSK's *Thriller*. Your *Purple Rain*. The album you guys will be remembered for. Forever. So, what do you say?

The group takes a moment, but Nick eventually exhales.

NICK

Okay. So, who's producing it?

PHIL

A friend of mine from London, who would help you guys get your spark back. And make it even brighter.

#### INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

The group sits before **JAKE BEACH** (36) Britain, a Max Martin-esque, international music producer/songwriter, as he sips his cup of tea. He swallows it and puts the cup down.

JAKE

(British accent)

You know, this tea doesn't taste as good as back in the U.K., but it'll do.

(clears throat)

Anyway, lads, it's an honor to meet all of you. I've been following your journey since day one. You, gentlemen, are the biggest boy band I've ever seen in years since *Take That*.

NICK

Thank you, Mr. Beach.

JAKE

(British accent)

Please. Just call me Jake.

NICK

*Jake.* But what we wanna know is what is your vision that you wanna pitch us for our next album?

JAKE

(British accent)

Well, I've been listening to some of your early work, and I think you guys are the best of the best.

(beat)

But I feel like... I could take the Mixstreet Kids to the next level. With a new and improved pop sound that would get you guys back on top, just like in 1990. Maybe beyond.

CRAI-SEAN

Is that right?

JAKE

(British accent)

Exactly. Now listen, lads. The times are changing. Your fans are waiting for something new, something that would blow their minds. Think the *Spice Girls*, *Savage Garden*, *Hanson*, *Britney Spears*, *Backstreet Boys*, *98 Degrees*, *\*NSYNC*. That is where it's at these days.

The group listens closely to Jake's words.

JAKE (CONT'D)

The world is entering into the new millennium. And you guys need to be ready to face the new music world... with *this*.

Jake gives them a MUSIC DISC that reads: **"INTO THE FUTURE."** On the bottom it also reads **"MIXSTREET'S BACK."**

KENNY D.

*"Into The Future"?*

CRAI-SEAN

*"Mixstreet's Back?"*

JOHN

Is this some *Star Wars* kind of stuff?

JAKE

(British accent)

Indeed. And mark my words, lads.  
This song will be M-S-K's  
resurrection. Believe me.

**INT. MANHATTAN RECORDING STUDIO - DAY**

The group is in the booth, recording a late-90s Teen Pop, Dance-Pop BSB/Britney Spears/\*NSYNC-esque song "**INTO THE FUTURE.**" Nick takes the first half of the first verse, with a Justin Timberlake-esque. John takes the second half, with a Nick Carter-esque. Which is more mature than his kiddie voice.

Jake watches on with the engineer. He likes the way it sounds. Jose looks through the window while he sings the pre-chorus in a AJ McLean-esque tone. he feels like it's not the same without Roc.

**INT. STUDIO - DAY**

The chorus explodes. The group; dressed in FUTURISTIC SPACE SUITS, sings and dances inside a gigantic spaceship, filming a MUSIC VIDEO SHOOT for "**INTO THE FUTURE.**" They ride on hover skateboards, commanding the ship, and a Backstreet Boys/\*NSYNC-esque dance break with EIGHT MULTIRACIAL BACKGROUND DANCERS. Choreographed by Kenny D.

Jake and Phil watch on. The video transitions to...

**INT. TRL SET - DAY (1999)**

It's mid April. The "**INTO THE FUTURE**" video plays ON THE TRL SCREEN. 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*. I'm standing here with one of the greatest boy bands of all time-- The Mixstreet Kids!

(beat)

And you were just watching their latest music video for their comeback hit, "*Into The Future.*" Which reaches number one on the *TRL* top 10 this week. Guys, welcome to the show.

NICK

Thanks, man. It's great to be here!

CARSON

Now, I know it's been a rough four years for you guys. You've been off the airwaves, off the MTV screen, your manager's gone. It's tough. How did you guys get through it?

NICK

Well, to be honest, Carson, losing Roc was like... losing a father.

JOHN

We still miss him. But he would never 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 those four years without the love of our fans.

CARSON

That's very deep, man. And speaking of the fans, guys, look below Time Square! They really miss you guys.

Below the window, A MOB OF FANS swarms outside Time Square, the screaming reaches an all-time high. This is unreal.

CARSON (CONT'D)

And congrats on "*Into The Future*" for also reaching number one on the *Billboard Hot 100*. That's insane!

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

Alright. So, anyway, how do you guys like this new sound Jake has given you for this 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 back  
on the road on tour?

NICK

Soon. Real soon. As a matter of  
fact, we're gonna start rehearsals  
in a couple of months.

**INT. HOTEL V.I.P SUITE - TWO MONTHS LATER**

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 wipes some  
cocaine off from the bottom of his nose as he 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?! You've been MIA for  
months! Missing rehearsals for the  
tour, soundchecks, radio  
interviews, press conferences! All  
for messing with cocaine?! Huh?!

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, look at *all of this!* This  
poison is not only killing you,  
it's killing the whole group! It's  
wrong! And you know that!

JOSE

Man, y'all must be tripping. So, y'all think I'm a... a drug addict or something? A crackhead?

JOHN

Jose, please. You need to stop. We all love you, dude. But we don't wanna see you hurting 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 YOU! ALL OF YOU! YOU 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.

(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)

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're gonna take you to court.

PHIL

Is that a threat.

NICK

(gently)

No.

(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 it'll be fine. Until things got out-of-control when 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 wetback child.

(beat)

But the truth is... those things don't define me.

(exhales)

I'm not a nobody. I am who I am.

**INT. TAXI/DRIVING - THREE WEEKS LATER**

The group's song from the "**INTO THE FUTURE**" album, "**YOU ARE THE ONE**", a Late 90s Backstreet Boys-esque Pop ballad, plays on the radio. John's voice smooths through the speaker.

John looks at the window to his hometown in Long Island. The rundown stores, the small businesses, restaurants, and water fountain. A quiet, lovely place than Brooklyn.

## JOHN

(to himself)

There's no place like home, huh?

John then closes his eyes.

**BEGIN FLASHBACK:****EXT. GRACE'S HOUSE/BACKYARD - NIGHT (1985)**

The STARS cover the NIGHT SKY. Young John listens to music on his Walkman with his headphones as he and Young Grace lay on the grass side by side. Grace's eyes widen as she points to a SHOOTING STAR flying across the sky.

## YOUNG GRACE

(gasps)

Oh, look, John! It's a Shooting Star!

John takes off his headphones as he sees it as well.

## YOUNG JOHN

(eyes widen)

Wow! What do you wish for?

YOUNG GRACE

I wish to be a beautiful dancer,  
like The Rockettes at the Radio  
City Music Hall. What about you?

YOUNG JOHN

Uh, I wish to be a singer. Like  
Michael Jackson.

Grace turns to John with a warm smile.

YOUNG GRACE

You'll get there someday. I know  
you will.

YOUNG JOHN

(chuckles)

Thanks. Grace? Do you think we'll  
always be best friends? Many years  
from now?

Grace softly smile and kisses John on the cheek.

YOUNG GRACE

Of course, you Nerd. Best friends  
forever.

Grace takes John's hand as they continue to gaze at the  
stars.

**END FLASHBACK.**

**INT. TAXI/DRIVING - CONTINUOUS**

John opens his eyes. He looks at his hands and nods with  
determination.

JOHN

(to himself)

Time to make things right.

**EXT. LONG ISLAND DANCE STUDIO - CONTINUOUS**

The 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. I owe you  
one.

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 (O.S.)  
 Are you him?

John turns around and sees a **LITTLE GIRL** (8) Caucasian,  
 looking up at him.

JOHN  
 (confused)  
 Huh?

LITTLE GIRL  
 (curious)  
 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)  
 Uh, 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  
 Look, Grace! 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.

GRACE  
 Hi.

JOHN  
 Hey. Uh... can we talk? Somewhere  
 outside?

**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  
 outside the hotel with the fans,  
 holding up that sign, the part of  
 me wanted to say hi, but another  
 part wanted to--

GRACE  
 (interrupts)  
 I understand how you feel, John.  
 But...

(MORE)

GRACE (CONT'D)  
(voice crackles)  
...you really hurt me.

JOHN  
I know. And you didn't deserve any  
of that. So, I'm really 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... I love you. I've been  
loving you since the first time I  
saw you in third grade, when we  
walk home from school, when we  
spent time together at Coney  
Island, the park, when look up at  
the stars, when I think about you  
when I sing on stage, and I...  
(beat)  
I have always loved 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. It's not just that. I think  
it's sweet. Because... I feel the  
exact same way.  
(beat)  
I love you, too.

JOHN  
 (eyes widen)  
 You do?

GRACE  
 Of course, you Nerd. Because every time I heard your voice on "Don't You Go Away", I always knew that you were singing that song... just for me.

(voice crackling)  
 And hearing that song made me realize that... I am 100% in love with you. Not because you're a Mixstreet Kid. But because you're always you, John McTyler.

The two exchange smiles. John inches towards Grace, unsure of what he's about to do. But she cups her hands 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  
 (blushes)  
 I think your students just caught us.

GRACE  
 (giggles)  
 Just shut up and kiss me before the Paparazzi shows up.

They both laugh happily and continue to kiss. John scoops Grace up in his arms and spins her around.

**INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

Nick is at the table drinking a cup of water while Doris is washing dishes at the sink.

NICK  
 I don't know what to do, Ma.  
 Everything is just out of control.

DORIS  
 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.

Doris walks to the table and takes a seat with her son.

DORIS

You were just trying to look out for them. Like a real leader would do.

NICK

(exhales)

Yeah. Back in Brooklyn, when we were kids, We all had 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.

Doris 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.

DORIS

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.

Doris takes his son's hand.

DORIS (CONT'D)

Now, I want you to promise me something, to never be afraid of anything. Not of Phil, not of the label, not of the fans and what they expect from you boys. 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, Mama. I promise.

**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)  
 Come on. 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/BASKETBALL COURT - 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 for us.

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 meant that 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 the odds, even  
when others tell you otherwise. And  
it's about giving people like us...  
a reason to believe again.

Jose looks at the newspaper. He scoffs at it and gives it a  
smirk.

JOSE (CONT'D)

Now, there are 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're not going  
*anywhere*.

Jose crumbles the newspaper into a ball and tosses it in the  
trashcan. He then approaches the group with a renewal fire in  
his eyes.

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 movement. A family. A  
brotherhood.

(MORE)

JOSE (CONT'D)

And you guys? You guys will always  
be my brothers. No matter what.

(beat)

I love y'all, man. All of you.

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 bringing the  
*Brooklyn heat* back when I step on  
that stage!

(beat)

So, fellas... are you 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. Cause I think it's  
time to bring the magic back.

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?

**SLOW MOTION** -- The group Burt's out laughing and jeering like the old days as they come together in a circle. It then 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 1999. 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."

JAKE  
(British accent)  
Oh. Sometimes, I couldn't understand this *slang* language.

**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)  
*New York City! Are you ready to PARTY?!!!*

The crowd ROARS in response as Jose then raises his mic.

JOSE  
 (on the mic)  
*LET'S GO!*

CRAI-SEAN  
*COME ON!*

JOHN  
 (on the mic)  
*PUT YOUR HANDS TOGETHER!*

KENNY D.  
 (over the mic)  
 EVERYBODY GET UP!

**"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 late 90s dance-pop combination.

Nick takes the first half of the first verse, John takes the second half. Jose bursts 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 NKOTB-esque streetwear. The fans are singing along to the chorus as the group does their signature *"Morris Day Shuffle."*

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. She smiles and mouths the words *"I love you."*

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 sings 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 drum intro of "**BROOKLYN STRONG**" fills the concert as the group enters the stage again. 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!*

The music kicks in as 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.

**SERIES OF MEMORIES**

Each key moment of their lives as a group:

CLUB SPOTLIGHT, THEIR REHEARSALS WITH ROC AND MR. SHOWTIME.

MEETING JOHN, THEIR CLOSE BOND IN JOHN'S ROOM.

THEIR LAUGHTER IN THE HOTEL, TRIUMPHANT APOLLO PERFORMANCE, IN THE RECORDING STUDIO.

THEIR FIRST RADIO PLAY AT SCHOOL, THEIR STARCITY RECORDS'S AUDITION.

THEIR MUSIC VIDEO SHOTS, CLUB MTV DEBUT, THEIR FIRST MADISON SQUARE GARDEN CONCERT PERFORMANCE.

FANS SURROUNDING THE TOUR BUS, THEIR STRUGGLES, THEIR PAIN, AND THE GRAMMYS.

Back at the concert, the group does their high-energy dance break in a funky way. The crowd is loving it as Jose steps up.

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, waving their hands side to side. The families and friends proudly look onto them.

The song reaches a crescendo as the group poses with their first held high. A symbol of power and unity. A felling that is bigger than themselves.

They stand there as they take this moment of victory, and on Jose's cue, they JUMP 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**-- The group stands in a victorious curtain call. The chant fades away. The screen slowly DISSOLVES TO...

**EXT. BROOKLYN - DAY (1989)**

Nick, John, Jose, Kenny D. and Crai-Sean; in their teenage 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**

As the credits roll, the opening piano chords of "**TONIGHT**" by New Kids on the Block, fills the air. We hear the Mixstreet Kids' voices as they sing about the memories they had, the songs they sing, traveling around the world, meeting fans; mostly girls, and reading fan mail from everywhere.

We see PHOTOS of all of the greatest boy bands of all time SCROLLING UP the end credits: *Frankie Lymon & The Teenagers, The Temptations, The Beach Boys, The Beatles, The Monkees, The Jackson 5, The Osmonds, Bay City Rollers, Menudo, New Edition, New Kids on the Block, Bell Biv Devoe, Hi-Five, Take That, Jodeci, Boyz II Men, H-Town, All 4 One, Boyzone, Dru Hill, Hanson, Backstreet Boys, \*NSYNC, LFO, 98 Degrees, 5ive, Take 5, Weslife, O-Town, B2K, Jonas Brothers, JLS, Big Time Rush, Mindless Behavior, One Direction, The Wanted, Forever On Your Mind, Why Don't We, BTS, Seventeen, and Stray Kids.*