

BLUE SLIDE PARK

written by

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Based on the forthcoming manuscript
UNT. MAC MILLER BIOGRAPHY written
by Paul Cantor for Abrams Press.

Dear reader,

We chose to write this because we've been fans of Mac for as long as we can remember. Like so many others out there, we grew up with him, made dumb decisions with him, and even found some success with him. While yes, he was a celebrity, he seemed like a regular guy, which is why so many felt connected to him, including us. Mac was addicted to life. All aspects of it. And he'll be forever missed.

Here's to the legend that is Mac Miller. Rest easy, kid.

Your fans,

KA & V

"A clear mind can still be in the clouds."

~ Malcolm James McCormick

INT. NPR TINY DESK CONCERT - DAY

It's your standard, cluttered office space, except it's packed with MUSICIANS and a piano that takes up half the room. Front and center, singing "What's The Use?," is our slightly stoned tattooed hero, MAC MILLER (26).

Mac boogies in his seat, throwing funny faces back and forth with THUNDERCAT (33), whose pink dreads dance around his head as he slaps the bass, closing out the song.

A booming roar of cheering and applause begins. Mac and his band are playing in the NPR Office in front of a sea of EMPLOYEES, PHOTOGRAPHERS, and JOURNALISTS.

Thundercat gets up to exit the office space that's now become a stage, but not before he daps up Mac.

MAC

Make a little bit more noise for
Thundercat one time!

Thundercat comes back into frame.

THUNDERCAT

Make a little bit more noise for
Mac!

Mac lets out a laugh as three VIOLINISTS and one CELLIST take Thundercat's place behind the desk.

MAC

I thought this desk would be
tinier.

The crowd loves him. They hang on to his every word.

MAC (CONT'D)

I really wanted to have strings for
this song because, um, this one--
this means a lot to me--off the
album.

Mac fidgets in his seat, removing his cap and rubbing his head before throwing it back on.

MAC (CONT'D)

It's a beautiful thing, man. Music
is a beautiful thing. Alright.

He realizes how ridiculous he sounds.

MAC (CONT'D)
 (mocking himself)
 Music is a beautiful thing, man.
 It's a beautiful thing, baby. It's
 a beautiful thing. Let me tell you
 something about music--it's
 beautiful.

The laughter dies down as the musicians ready their instruments.

MAC (CONT'D)
 Ah, god. Alright, let's do it.

The string quartet begins playing the one minute intro to Mac's song, "2009." The intimate sound sends Mac's eyes to the floor. He's more still than we've seen him.

Off Mac, lost in thought...

TEACHER (PRE-LAP)
 Theodore Jones?

INT. ALLDERDICE HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

An elderly TEACHER sits in front of a chalkboard that reads:
9-7-2009.

She looks through a SEATING CHART and back up at a class of bored HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS. Two seats are empty.

TEACHER
 Theodore? Nope.

She takes pleasure in marking him absent.

TEACHER (CONT'D)
 Malcolm McCormick?

EXT. ALLDERDICE HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

A seventeen year old Mac Miller, rocking a Pittsburgh Steelers jersey and smoking a cig, sits on the hood of a WHITE CROWN VICTORIA, sipping from a bottle of JAMESON, spitting a flow. If he has any tattoos, they aren't visible.

TATTOO COUNTER: 0

MAC
*Name's Mac Miller, who the fuck are
 you?*
 (MORE)

MAC (CONT'D)
*Crew too live, but I ain't Uncle
 Luke.
 I shine bright, can you handle the
 light?
 They can't stand that I'm white.
 With an ego, find me like Nemo.
 Chillin' with the homies and you
 know we let the trees blow.
 I'm fucked up, the room is
 spinnin', the ceiling is gone.
 I'm spittin' game on a girl, but
 I'm feelin' her mom.*

CROWD (O.S.)
 Oooooooooohhhh!!!!!!

Mac is surrounded by his homies JIMMY (18), REGGIE (17), TREEJAY (17), who holds a CAMCORDER, and several other pimply faced STUDENTS wearing clothes they're swimming in.

A SECURITY GUARD (23) runs up on the boys. All the students, aside from Mac's immediate crew, run away.

SECURITY GUARD
 Get your little punk ass off my
 car!

Mac and the boys laugh as he gets off the car.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)
 Why's it always gotta be my car?
 Why can't it be Mr. Jones' car--or
 fuck it--Principal Davies'?

TREEJAY
 Because your dumb ass drives an
 unmarked cop car and that shit's
 cinematic as fuck.

SECURITY GUARD
 Oh, is it *Theodore*?

TREEJAY
 It's TreeJay!

SECURITY GUARD
 Ya'll fake ass motherfuckers need
 to get back to class before I beat
 ya ass.

JIMMY
 You can't touch us!

SECURITY GUARD
I'll gladly lose my job if that
means whooping your scrawny ass!

Jimmy steps up to fight, but Mac runs in between them.

MAC
We cool--we cool! We just having
fun.

SECURITY GUARD
You need to get your mans! And take
your Shel Silverstein ass back to
class.

MAC
Alright. Alright, we goin'.

But Jimmy doesn't move. He motions like he's going to punch
the guard, who flinches through his entire body.

JIMMY
Bitch!

SECURITY GUARD
Get the fuck outta here.

Mac and his boys laugh their way back to class.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)
(sotto)
Kid thinks he's the next Wiz
Khalifa...

INT. ALLDERDICE HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

We're now in math class, where a LAME TEACHER writes on the
board, blabbing on about Pi, the mathematical constant. Mac,
in the back of the room, writes a note on a torn piece of
paper.

He looks up, but only to study the prettiest girl in class,
NOMI (17), drawing inspiration from her mocha skin and
perfectly placed nose ring. He goes back to writing.

JIMMY (O.S.)
(whispering)
Yo. Mac.

Mac looks up, but nobody's there.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Mac.

On the floor next to him is Jimmy.

MAC
Fuck you doing?

JIMMY
Central Catholic party tonight at
that douchebag Braylen's. All the
bitches goin'.

MAC
You had to army crawl all the way
over here to tell me that?

JIMMY
Time to get paid.

Mac laughs and Jimmy begins army crawling back to his seat.

MAC
Hold up, give this to Nomi.

Mac hands him the folded note. Jimmy opens it to read.

MAC (CONT'D)
Don't fucking read it.

Mac looks back to Nomi who is now staring at him. Their eye
contact lingers until...

Lame Teacher finally finishes writing Pi on the chalkboard
and turns around to catch Jimmy crawling back to his seat.

LAME TEACHER
Jimmy. What are you doing?

Jimmy thinks fast, grabbing a pencil off the floor.

JIMMY
Sorry, Mr. Walters, I dropped my
pencil and wanted to make sure I
got it back so I could finish
taking notes on Pi because there
are just so many numbers and I
didn't want to miss one.

LAME TEACHER
There are a lot of numbers! That's
what makes Pi so remarkable.

Jimmy's in the clear. He hands the note to Nomi.

She finishes reading and looks back to Mac as the teacher
continues his lecture.

EXT. FRICK PARK MARKET - DAY

Mac slangs his mixtape, THE HIGH LIFE outside the market with Jimmy, Reggie, and TreeJay.

A WHITE BOY (16) listens to Mac's song, "Musical Chairs," blasting from a boombox.

WHITE BOY
Shit's tight. I got five on it.

He slaps Mac a five dollar bill as TreeJay hands him a mixtape.

As the kid walks off, Mac hands the money to Reggie.

JIMMY
Why's Reggie the money guy?

MAC
'Cause he's the one going to college.

TREEJAY
And 'cause he can count.

JIMMY
Count this.

Jimmy playfully flicks off TreeJay.

MS. WALTERS (71) strolls out of the market.

MAC
Ms. Walters. Yo! Ms. Walters.

She reluctantly turns around.

MS. WALTERS
Hi, Malcolm.

MAC
Did you pick up the new tape yet?

MS. WALTERS
I did. Last week, remember?

MAC
Ms. Walters, that's the old stuff.
This right here is brand new.

MS. WALTERS
But I haven't even finished
listening to the last one.

MAC

Don't even worry about it. This is the one you wanna hear. Only 5 bucks.

Ms. Walters thinks about it.

MAC (CONT'D)

You know what, I'm gonna hook you up with the senior discount. Two tapes for 10 bucks.

MS. WALTERS

That's not a discount.

Mac flashes her a huge smile. She digs into her purse and gives him the money.

MAC

God bless you, Ms. Walters.

She walks off as Mac pulls out and sips from a flask.

Three BLACK DUDES (21) walk up, smoking a blunt.

MAC (CONT'D)

Yo, you guys want a piece of The High Life?

BLACK DUDE #1

The what?

MAC

My mixtape--The High Life.

Black Dude #1 grabs the mixtape as he and his boys peep the artwork. They clock the boombox.

BLACK DUDE #1

(enthusiastically)

This you?

MAC

Yup. Brand new.

The black dudes listen intently, vibing to the beat.

BLACK DUDE #1

That bar was you?

MAC

All me. You dig it?

BLACK DUDE #1
Do I dig it? Bro. This shit is...

This guy loves Mac.

BLACK DUDE #1 (CONT'D)
Fucking garbage.

Nope.

BLACK DUDE #1 (CONT'D)
He corny as fuck with his Asher
Roth ass!

Black Dude #1 tosses the mixtape into a trash can nearby as he and his boys all laugh.

Jimmy catches Mac doing his best to cover up how hard that line just hit him.

JIMMY
Yo, pick that shit up!

The black dudes immediately stop laughing. They're not messing around.

BLACK DUDE #1
The fuck you say, faggot?

Jimmy doesn't respond. These dudes are bad news.

BLACK DUDE #1 (CONT'D)
(changing tone)
You gentleman enjoy your day.

The black dudes walk off, but turn around for one more word before they disappear.

BLACK DUDE #1 (CONT'D)
And turn that shit off! You're
making Pittsburgh look bad.

Mac holds his head high as Reggie throws his arm around him, showcasing the money.

REGGIE
Those guys don't know what they're
talking about.

JIMMY
Dude's lucky I didn't beat his ass.

The guys stare at Jimmy and laugh. Dumbfuck.

MAC
Who's hungry?

Mac leads the guys inside the market.

INT. FRICK PARK MARKET - DAY

It's your classic mom and pop convenience store full of everything you need. Mac's crew heads toward the deli.

MAC
Get whatever you want! It's on me.

Jimmy fills his hands with everything he can carry.

Mac approaches the deli counter manned by the only employee in the store, BOBBY (70).

BOBBY
Mr. Malcolm. The usual?

MAC
Egg salad, ham, and lettuce--you already know.

BOBBY
And I'll never understand.

Mac clocks a couple SHADY KIDS (10) in the back of the store, cuffing their pant legs à la Harmony Korine's film, "Kids."

MAC
(re: his crew)
Oh, and whatever these guys want.

Mac heads back to the kids. They're stealing Cokes, sliding them down their pant legs.

MAC (CONT'D)
You getting ready for basketball season?

The kids freeze. Huh?

MAC (CONT'D)
(pointing at the Cokes in their pants)
The ankle weights.

The kids have no excuse.

SHADY KID #1
It was his idea!

SHADY KID #2
No, it wasn't

SHADY KID #1
Yes, it was!

MAC
We don't boost from Frick Park
Market. Other places, sure, but not
our own neighborhood.

They nod and begin putting the Cokes back in the fridge.

MAC (CONT'D)
C'mon, I got you.

Mac grabs the Cokes from the kids.

EXT. FRICK PARK MARKET - DAY

Mac and his crew exit, all holding sandwiches. Jimmy has an absurd amount of food. The kids follow right behind with their drinks.

MAC
Enjoy the Cokes.

JIMMY
And stay in school!

Shady Kid #1 nudges #2 to speak.

SHADY KID #2
Oh, uh, Mac, we were wondering--

SHADY KID #1
Can we have a CD?

TreeJay goes into his backpack to grab a mixtape, but Mac stops him.

MAC
I'm working on something better.
I'll get you on the next one.

INT. REGGIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Reggie drives a MAROON HONDA ODYSSEY. Mac sits shotgun with Jimmy and TreeJay in the back.

Mac's song, "Knock Knock" blasts on the stereo.

ENTIRE CREW

*1, 2, 3, 4 some crazy-ass kids come
and knock up on your door, so
let 'em in, let 'em in, let 'em in!*

The guys are knocking on the windows to Mac's new track.
Jimmy is going nuts, peaking his head in the front seats.

JIMMY

This shit is fire!

REGGIE

Jimmy, put your seat belt on!

The lyrics to the song end and just the beat continues.

JIMMY

You gotta finish this ASAP.

MAC

I talked to Jerm and he said he'll
hook it up, but it's still gonna be
like five bills.

TREEJAY

Well, now we have a goal for the
night.

JIMMY

Whoever pulls the most gets a
feature on the next tape!

MAC

Then let's pray to god it's not
you!

Everybody laughs. Jimmy gets more defensive than usual.

JIMMY

(freestyling)

*I got bars. Driving in cars. I'm
gonna go to Mars and give your girl
SARS.*

MAC

Jesus, bro! You got fucking SARS?

Everybody clowns Jimmy as the car speeds off down the road.

EXT. CENTRAL CATHOLIC PARTY - NIGHT

Reggie parks. The guys take in the "MTV Cribs" style house
and neighborhood.

TREEJAY

Did they add another fucking wing
to the house?

MAC

I heard his Dad got promoted.

Reggie reaches under his seat and pulls out a HAND DRAWN
BLUEPRINT of the house.

JIMMY

Dude, you're getting a lot better
at this.

Reggie gives him a look.

REGGIE

So look, last time we fucked up
because we had no idea which rooms
we were hiding in. We're not making
that same mistake.

Reggie circles a bedroom on the blueprint.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

TreeJay and Jimmy, you'll take the
master. Up the stairs to the left.

Reggie circles what looks to be the master bedroom.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

Mac, I'll be in the guest bedroom
right by the pool. Easy escape.

The boys are distracted as several HUNNIES (17) with designer
bags on their arms walk by the car and into the house.

JIMMY

Jackpot.

INT. CENTRAL CATHOLIC PARTY - NIGHT

The party is bumping! Mac and his crew stand around the keg,
cups in hand, surveying the party.

They spot the hunnies from outside doing shots of Fireball.

TREEJAY

(to Jimmy)

I'll be upstairs with the brunette
in 30.

Jimmy nods and walks upstairs.

EXT. CENTRAL CATHOLIC PARTY - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Mac, smoking a cig and housing a beer, and Reggie, with a water bottle, stand in the busy backyard, admiring the pool.

MAC

Man, I'm gonna have an infinity pool one day. Only it'll be in the front yard, so everyone can see it.

REGGIE

It'd be pretty hard to skinny dip.

MAC

I ain't hiding nothin'.

Two BABES (18), on the other end of the yard, scream after hitting the final shot of their beer pong game! As they hug each other, it's clear they too have designer bags.

REGGIE

Target acquired.

MAC

Gimme 15.

Reggie heads inside as Mac walks off towards the girls.

As he crosses the yard, Mac sees a group of BROS (17) in the middle of a rap battle. He looks away, shaking his head.

But he quickly looks back. Nomi is on the outskirts of the rap circle nodding her head with her friend, TASHA (17).

Mac pulls an audible. He tosses his cig, slams his beer, and makes his way through the crowd, positioning himself right next to Nomi. He nods at her. She nods back.

BRAYLEN (17), a muscular red head, finishes roasting his opponent.

BRAYLEN

*Your girl comes to my house, you
wait in the whip.
I play lacrosse but she cradles my
stick.*

The crowd goes wild! Ooh's and ahh's across the party. The opponent leaves the circle, defeated, but Braylen's cocky.

He spots a random FAT KID (16) happily cheering, while eating a burrito, and decides to go at him.

BRAYLEN (CONT'D)
*And look at you, living your best
 life.
 Eating everything in sight, getting
 fatter than Shrek's wife!*

Mac doesn't like it. He begins laughing obnoxiously, mocking Braylen, until everyone's eyes are on him. It's quiet.

MAC
 Ooooooh, baby!

BRAYLEN
 You want some, bitch?

MAC
 (pointing to himself)
 Ladies first?

Braylen motions for him to go.

MAC (CONT'D)
*Okay, Braylen actin hard but I'm
 gonna make this look easy
 Can someone tell me who the fuck
 invited Ron Weasley?*

The crowd laughs!

MAC (CONT'D)
*I'm McDonalds pimpin', They call me
 the Big MAC
 Carrot Top called. He said "he
 wants his wig back!"
 Okay, you play Lacrosse, but you
 still ain't made a penny
 Mac Miller out here servin' Grand
 Slams like it's Dennys
 Why you hating on Mark? One day
 he'll be your manager.
 No wait. He'll be CEO. And you'll
 be his janitor!*

The crowd roars.

MAC (CONT'D)
*I was there in the sixth grade,
 Braylen. When you peed the bus
 The peach fuzz on ya face be
 looking like some Cheeto dust
 The ladies wanna know me (Nomi),
 Cuz I come with the strong raps
 And you, you get no ass.
 (MORE)*

MAC (CONT'D)

*Like a chick with a long back
So Braylen next time ya step to me,
dead is what you gonna be
I'm the best in the Burgh, you just
a Mac Miller wannabe!*

The crowd goes even crazier than earlier. They jump up and down around Mac, praising him.

During the madness, a RANDOM KID (16) accidentally spills his beer all over Mac's shirt.

RANDOM KID

Fuck! Sorry bro. My bad--my bad.

Mac doesn't care. He's got Nomi and good vibes.

MAC

All good homie! I needed another one.

Random Kid pulls out a bag of BLOW and his keys.

RANDOM KID

You're a legend bro! You want a bump?

Mac wants it, but sees that Nomi is watching.

MAC

Naw, I'm straight.

RANDOM KID

Suit yourself.

Random Kid snorts the fattest bump and begins horribly rapping Sammy Adams', "I Hate College" as he walks off.

Off Mac, smiling and shaking his head at Nomi.

INT. CENTRAL CATHOLIC PARTY - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

TreeJay enters the master bedroom making out with his target, Hunny #1, who still has a designer purse around her shoulder.

He brings her to the edge of the bed where they both sit and continue to kiss.

TreeJay slyly removes the purse from her shoulder, dropping it on the floor. They both fall into the bed as the camera pans down to find...

Jimmy! He's hiding under the bed. He grabs the purse and rummages through until he finds CASH.

BINGO! As he pockets the money, he overhears TreeJay and the girl going at it.

HUNNY #1 (O.S.)
Oh my god. It's huge.

Jimmy is disgusted. He does his signature army crawl out of the room. Mission accomplished.

EXT. CENTRAL CATHOLIC PARTY - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Mac, still soaking wet, sits off to the side with Nomi in a middle of a conversation.

MAC
So, you know where you're going?

NOMI
Not yet. Thinking Temple. You?

MAC
Home of Bill Cosby--alright! Great basketball too. But you're probably not going for that.

NOMI
I'd love a career like Cosby's.

MAC
Honestly, dude creeps me out. Wait, you trying to be a movie star?

Nomi just smiles.

MAC (CONT'D)
Oh, shit! We got the next Halle Berry right here.

NOMI
(laughing)
Yeah, right.

MAC
Whatchu mean, yeah right? I've never even seen you act and I already know you're a star.

NOMI
What about you? What's *big mac* trying to do?

MAC
You liked that one, didn't you?

NOMI
It was alright.

MAC
Better be better than alright
'cause that's what I'm trying to
do.

NOMI
Rap?

MAC
Yeah.

NOMI
Really?

MAC
Yeah. It's the only thing I love...
Actually--that's not true. I love
my mom, I love the Pirates--Damn,
if I can make a rap about my mom
and the Pirates I'll die happy.

Nomi cracks up again.

NOMI
Well, what if it doesn't work out?

MAC
It will. And it will for you too.

Nomi appreciates his ridiculous confidence.

MAC (CONT'D)
I've got a mixtape coming out soon
actually. Playing with a new sound.
Maybe I'll get you a signed copy.

NOMI
Maybe I want a signed copy. What's
it called?

MAC
Kids. Kickin' Incredibly Dope Shit.

A rolled up SHIRT flies into frame, hitting Mac in the chest.

Mac looks up to see QUENTIN "Q" CUFF (18).

Q
Had an extra in my car. Q.

They dap up.

MAC
Mac. This is Nomi. Good looks, but
I can't--

Q
You're soaked. And after that
performance, you deserve it. 'Bout
time someone shut Braylen up.

Mac unravels the shirt. It has Nas' "Illmatic" album artwork
on it.

MAC
Oh, shit! Love me some Illmatic.

Mac immediately changes shirts.

MAC (CONT'D)
Thanks, bruh. Good meeting you.

Q doesn't leave. Mac starts motioning his eyes towards Nomi,
letting Q know he's cock blocking him.

Q
Right. My bad. Hit me up sometime.

Q hands Mac a BUSINESS CARD.

MAC
Who the fuck has business cards in
high school?

Q
Dudes who know what they want. I
think you can relate.

Q walks off.

NOMI
Looks like you got your first
groupie.

Mac examines the card. It has Q's contact info, accompanied
by "Music Extraordinaire."

INT. CENTRAL CATHOLIC PARTY - FIRST FLOOR BEDROOM - NIGHT

A frustrated Reggie has been hiding under the bed, waiting for Mac, just as Jimmy did.

Bored out of his mind, he stares up at the SCREEN SAVER of a nearby desktop computer monitor.

The logo on the screen bounces around until it finally hits a corner.

REGGIE
(celebrating)
Ahh! It hit.

Reggie immediately snaps out of his trance.

REGGIE (CONT'D)
The hell's taking him so long?

EXT. CENTRAL CATHOLIC PARTY - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Nomi and Mac are sharing a laugh as Jimmy approaches, counting the cash he stole. He nods to Mac.

JIMMY
You guys talking math class without me?

NOMI
Never.

A HAMMERED BRO runs out of the house screaming.

HAMMERED BRO
Cops, cops, cops! We got cops!

Nomi's friend, Tasha runs up and grabs her.

TASHA
Let's go girl.

She drags Nomi off in a hurry as everyone in the backyard scrambles for safety.

But not before Mac grabs Nomi, spins her around, and lays a kiss on her!

Although the backyard is chaos, time has stopped for these two. They slowly pull apart.

NOMI
What was that?

MAC
Cops don't like rappers. I may
never see you again.

NOMI
I'll see you in class.

MAC
I never go to class.

NOMI
True.

This time, Nomi kisses Mac.

Jimmy, watching patiently with Tasha, decides he should make
a move too.

But Tasha shuts him down. She's had enough.

TASHA
Yo, it's just a house party! Ya'll
aren't getting arrested.

Mac and Nomi smile their goodbyes as Tasha drags her away.

NOMI
I'll wait for you!

MAC
You better!

TreeJay runs out and joins Jimmy and Mac.

TREEJAY
Motherfuckers are in the house,
let's cruise!

The guys run for the backyard fence, where a sea of kids are
climbing over, escaping into the forest preserve.

Jimmy is the first one to jump the fence, followed by TreeJay
and Mac.

EXT. FOREST PRESERVE - NIGHT

They sprint through the woods. Mac abruptly stops as Jimmy
ducks a TREE BRANCH.

MAC
Yo! Where the fuck's Reggie?

EXT. CENTRAL CATHOLIC PARTY - BACKYARD - NIGHT

SMASH.

A DESKTOP COMPUTER goes flying out a bedroom window, shattering the glass, landing in the pool.

EXT. FOREST PRESERVE - NIGHT

Partygoers sprint past Mac, Jimmy, and TreeJay.

MAC
I'm going back.

Mac turns to run back.

JIMMY
Wait! Let me. You got a future. If
I get caught, shit doesn't matter.

Mac, surprised by his friend, stops.

MAC
For real?

Jimmy nods. Then...

JIMMY
Fuck no, you asshole! I was just
testing you--

TREEJAY
Dudes!

The guys look to see another wave of kids sprinting towards them.

Amongst the crowd is Reggie, holding a DESKTOP MONITOR.

Braylen is behind him, gaining speed, followed by several out of shape COPS (40s).

BRAYLEN
Give me back my fucking computer!

Reggie shouts to his friends.

REGGIE
Go, go, go!

Mac and TreeJay turn and sprint away. They realize Jimmy's not with them.

MAC
Where the fuck's Jimmy?

The guys turn around to see Jimmy hiding behind a tree, bending back the branch he ducked earlier.

Reggie passes the tree safely, but as Braylen passes, Jimmy let's go of the branch.

WHACK.

It snaps back, clotheslining Braylen. He hits the ground.

Damn! MAC (CONT'D) Oooooh! TREEJAY

Reggie finally catches up to them.

Jimmy gets one final word in with Braylen.

JIMMY
There goes lacrosse season.

He runs off as the cops, all exhausted, pile on Braylen.

Jimmy joins his boys. They watch Braylen get cuffed and manhandled by all three cops. It's awesome.

Once Braylen is secured, one of the cops gets up to pursue the boys.

Oh, shit. TREEJAY

The guys remember they're being chased and sprint away. We hear them as they run off.

JIMMY
(to Mac)
Can't believe you wanted me to go
down for you!

MAC
I thought it was a cool friend
moment!

JIMMY
You're selfish!

The boys disappear into the night.

TREEJAY (O.S.)
Is that a computer monitor?

INT. ID LABS - LOBBY - DAY

BIG JERM (23) stands in the lobby of a recording studio, shaking his head.

BIG JERM
What the fuck am I supposed to do
with that?

Mac stands across from him, holding the computer monitor.

MAC
This shit's practically new.

Reggie, Jimmy, and TreeJay stand behind him.

BIG JERM
I can't pay my bills with that.

Jimmy leans forward, handing him cash, which Jerm pockets.

JIMMY
We got \$243 bucks.

MAC
And this brand new, piano black...

Mac reads the label on the monitor.

MAC (CONT'D)
Dell-SE17-LED--damn, this is a good
one--has gotta be worth at least
\$100.

Big Jerm stares down the young hustlers. He's not budging.

Q walks in.

BIG JERM
What up, Q!

Q
Jerm, how you living bro?

BIG JERM
(re: Mac)
I'm trying to make a living.

Q nods to Mac.

Q
My boy's giving you trouble?

BIG JERM
Your *boy* is trying to pay me with a
stolen computer.

MAC
You don't know it's stolen!

Q motions to Big Jerm and they step aside to talk privately.
Jimmy leans in to Mac.

JIMMY
Who the fuck is this kid?

MAC
That's Q.

Big Jerm and Q finish talking and re-approach the boys.

BIG JERM
Three hours in the studio. That's
it.

MAC
Big Jerm, you're a legend!

BIG JERM
Don't thank me.

MAC
(to Q)
Music extraordinaire, huh?

Mac, carrying the monitor, walks off towards the door of the
studio with Q. The guys follow.

BIG JERM
And take that fucking monitor with
you when you leave.

JIMMY
(whispering to Reggie)
You know the computer would have
been worth way more than the
monitor, you dumbass.

INT. ID LABS - STUDIO - DAY

Big Jerm sits at a desk, controlling several computer screens
and a sound mixing board.

A familiar beat plays throughout the room.

Across from him, behind glass in the recording booth, is Mac. He walks out to join the guys.

MAC
Something's missing.

Jimmy, lounging on the couch, smokes a blunt dipped in liquid PROMETHAZINE.

JIMMY
Get your juices flowing!

He tosses the prescription bottle of promethazine to Mac.

REGGIE
Where'd you even get that?

JIMMY
My mom's got strep.

REGGIE
That's so fucked.

JIMMY
What? She's milking it!

Mac finishes a big swig and hands the bottle to Reggie.

Reggie actually takes a sip, but immediately grimaces. He looks up to see TreeJay filming him with his camcorder.

REGGIE
Dude, my scholarship!

Everyone busts up laughing as Reggie puts his hands up, blocking himself from being filmed.

TREEJAY
Relax, bro!

TreeJay grabs the bottle and takes a swig as Mac joins Big Jerm and Q behind the monitors.

MAC
Whatchu think?

BIG JERM
I think you got 15 minutes left.

MAC
Come on, bro. I need more time.

Mac looks to Q.

Jimmy, leaning hard off the promethazine, chimes in.

JIMMY

Sell him the Nikes on your feet.

Mac and Q's eyes light up.

MAC

Jerm, pull up that Nas remix.

BIG JERM

Which one?

Q

Illmatic--"The World Is Yours."

Big Jerm begins pulling it up.

MAC

May I?

Mac grabs the computer mouse and scrolls to a specific section of the song. He presses play.

It's the remix of Nas' song, "The World Is Yours."

NAS

(from computer)

*Wipe the sweat off my dome, spit
the phlegm on the streets. And the
Nikes on my feet keep my cypher
complete--*

Mac starts playing with the keys, editing the song.

NAS (CONT'D)

*And the Nikes on my feet keep my
cypher complete.
Nike Nike Nike Nike Nike Nike Nike
Nike Nikes...*

The guys begin nodding their heads.

MAC

Jerm, take it from the top.

Mac heads back into the recording booth, behind the glass. He puts HEADPHONES on as he approaches the microphone.

INT. ID LABS - RECORDING BOOTH - DAY

Mac's rendition of the Nas track begins to play. He begins rapping off the dome.

MAC
*Aye lace 'em up, lace 'em up, lace
 'em up, lace 'em
 Blue suede shoes stay crispy like
 bacon
 Nikes on my feet make my cypher
 complete,
 I stay shining like the lights on
 the street in the night...*

INT. ID LABS - STUDIO - DAY

The guys love it! They go nuts as they watch Mac continue.

Q bobs his head as he spots WIZ KHALIFA (21) and BENJY GRINBERG (31) walking down the hallway outside the studio.

Q immediately gets up and exits the room.

INT. ID LABS - LOBBY - DAY

Wiz hugs Benjy and leaves just as Q enters.

Q
 Yo, Benjy!

BENJY
 Q, what's new?

Q
 Come see for yourself.

INT. ID LABS - STUDIO - DAY

Benjy, now in the room with Q and the guys, stands watching Mac spit his latest verse in the booth.

MAC
*I make 'em so mad, they got no swag
 Pippens on my feet they the
 throwbacks
 Look, my money good but these hoes
 bad
 So they stay attached to my
 gonads...*

Jimmy, really feeling that last line, jumps up and aggressively humps the air.

As Mac continues, Benjy gives Q a nod of approval.

EXT. DOWNTOWN PITTSBURGH - DAY

Mac walks the streets, still rapping "Nikes On My Feet."

MAC
*Wakin' up to a few L's
 Open up my closet to that new shoe
 smell
 I guess I'm doin' well
 Smoking all the weed that I used to
 sell*

The camera pulls out and we realize...

EXT. BLUE SLIDE PARK - DAY

TATTOO COUNTER: 7

Nomi cuddles up on Mac's lap as Jimmy, Reggie, TreeJay, Q, and Tasha are all sitting around the park's blue slide, watching Mac's music video for "Nikes On My Feet" on YouTube.

JIMMY
 5 million views and counting!

Q's phone rings, disrupting the video. Everyone groans.

The caller ID says "Rostrum."

Q
 Oh, shit.

Q answers.

Q (CONT'D)
 Benjy, how are you?

He smiles and walks away as we stick with Mac and the group, watching Q closely.

TREEJAY
 (using his hand as a
 phone, mocking Q)
 Business, business, business...

JIMMY
 (copying TreeJay)
 Business? Yes, yes, business. Oh.
 Yes. Business.

MAC
 (copying Jimmy)
 What's that?
 (MORE)

MAC (CONT'D)

You caught your wife watching the
"Nikes On My Feet" vid and now she
wants a divorce? Strange. Guess
that little white Jew has that
affect on people.

Q hangs up and heads back to the group.

Mac hangs up his fake phone.

MAC (CONT'D)

(to Q)

Did his wife see it?

Q

Everyone's seen it. Benjy wants to
do a sit down.

MAC

Ah, ha!

Mac does his signature thumbs up move to Q, but slowly pulls
a Gladiator and goes thumbs down.

MAC (CONT'D)

Do we really need him?

NOMI

What? Baby, this is huge!

Q

She's right. Rostrum is a badass
label and yeah, we're pretty damn
good at getting shit done on our
own, but these guys will help
launch you into a different
stratosphere.

JIMMY

I say, fuck 'em!

Nomi smacks him on the head.

NOMI

Nobody ever accomplished anything
remarkable alone.

MAC

I'm not alone. I got the most dope
family. And the most dope girl!

TREEJAY/JIMMY/REGGIE

Amen!

JIMMY

Yeah, she fine as hell!

Mac pretends to back hand Jimmy.

NOMI

Rostrum is a Pittsburgh label. That makes them family.

TREEJAY/JIMMY/REGGIE

True!

MAC

Why you so smart?

NOMI

Because I go to class.

JIMMY

Our boy Mac is about to blow the fuck up!

TREEJAY

Shit's about to be different, bro.

TreeJay passes Mac the blunt. He takes a huge hit.

MAC

Shit *is* about to be different. But, no matter where we go or how big we get, this slide--this slide is always gonna be blue.

The crew looks at each other.

Mac, feeling prolific, takes another hit of the blunt and continues.

MAC (CONT'D)

This will always be Blue Slide Park.

Everyone bursts out in laughter.

JIMMY

How fucking high are you?

Jimmy grabs the blunt from Mac.

INT. MAC'S MOM'S HOUSE - DAY

Mac and his mom, KAREN (48) sit at the kitchen table in front of a huge spread of food including bagels, lox, challah french toast, and salad.

Karen finishes laying out some pickles as Mac reaches for one. She slaps his hand.

KAREN
You'll mess up the presentation!

MAC
Nobody's gonna notice if one
pickle's missing.

DOORBELL RINGS.

KAREN
Ahh, they're early!

Mac heads for the door.

MAC
Naw, that's just Q.

KAREN
Who's Q?

MAC
My business manager.

KAREN
And what business is he managing?

Mac yells from the front door.

MAC (O.S.)
Me! I ain't a businessman. I'm a
business, man.

Karen just rolls her eyes as Mac comes back in with Q.

MAC (CONT'D)
Mom, meet Q--Q, meet my mom. Mom,
you are the reason I'm here. And Q,
Q's the reason Rostrum's here.

Q
Mac's the reason. I just
facilitated.

KAREN

Well, is there any way you can facilitate better grades for Malcolm?

Q

You might need someone a little more powerful than me for that.

KAREN

Any suggestions?

Q

God.

Karen smiles, easing the tension.

KAREN

So, who is Rose Thumb again?

MAC

Rostrum. It's *Rostrum*, Mom.

Q

They're a record label that wants to sign your son as a rapper.

MAC

It's the same label that put Wiz Khalifa on the map.

KAREN

Who?

MAC

He went to 'Dice with me. He didn't get good grades.

DOORBELL RINGS.

INT. MAC'S MOM'S HOUSE - DAY - LATER

Mac, Karen, Q, and now Benjy, sit around the table. Most of the food has been eaten and everyone is enjoying themselves.

KAREN

Okay, so if we do this, does that mean Malcolm is going to have to continue rapping in his room in the middle of the night?

MAC

Mom, Rick Rubin started Def Jam in his room!

KAREN

Did he get that name from his mother going deaf?

(to Benjy)

Look, I love Malcolm's rapping and clearly you do too, but if he signs with you, I want him to have an office?

BENJY

We'll make sure he has unlimited studio time to record--

KAREN

After school.

BENJY

Of course. After school.

Mac rolls his eyes.

KAREN

And when does Malcolm get paid?

MAC

Mom, it's not about--

BENJY

No, it's totally fine. Valid question. He'll make his money once the next record blows up. In my experience, it's best to put out your mixtapes for free, garner some die hard fans, and capitalize off the hype through concert sales and merchandise. Mac's next tape will drop this summer and the kids--pun intended--will be all over it. We'll get him touring college campuses right away. Same strategy that worked for Wiz. Then, after the tour, we release Mac's debut album, which fans will have to pay for. And by then, they'll want to.

MAC

Damn right.

BENJY

We're not a big label. But a big label's not what you need. You need a fighter--someone who has your back and isn't afraid to get scrappy. Someone from Pittsburgh.

Q

What about YouTube? That can be another revenue stream at the beginning. Mac's homies are always filming anyway. I'd like to set up a channel for Mac where he shares everything he's doing while on tour and making music.

BENJY

I love that. Justin Bieber's doing that right now and he's crushing.

KAREN

Oh, I love him! He's adorable.

MAC

I'm essentially hip-hop's Justin Bieber, Mom!

Everyone chuckles.

BENJY

So, we doing this?

Mac looks at his mom.

MAC

We doing this?

She stares back at him.

KAREN

Oy vey! We're doing this.

Mac jumps up from his seat and gives her a huge hug.

BEGIN MONTAGE

Taio Cruz's 2010 jam, "Dynamite" begins playing.

- On a computer screen showcasing Mac Miller's Facebook page, someone types, "K.I.D.S. OUT NOW!!!" accompanied by a link to datpiff.com. They press "share" and put up the post.

- Mac, Nomi, and the guys sit behind the screen, staring at the downloadable link on datpiff.com, waiting for the first download. They refresh the screen several times, until the downloads read: 1. They start high-fiving.
- Shady Kid #1 and #2 from Frick Park Market bust into a bedroom, fighting for control of the computer. Shady Kid #1 finally gets a hold of the mouse and we cut to the screen.
- The download count begins rapidly ascending until it hits 750,000+
- Headlines from various music blogs and magazines such as Complex, Fader, and 2 Dope Boyz, litter the screen, all praising Mac's new mixtape.
- Mac sits in the booth at Shade 45, a premiere satellite radio station, spitting a flow. It's clear he's getting more and more love.
- Mac, being filmed and followed by TreeJay, leads him onto a tour bus where they find Jimmy sleeping. Mac puts shaving cream on Jimmy's hand and proceeds to tickle his nose. Jimmy immediately scratches his itch and wakes up to a face full of shaving cream.
- Mac's Twitter page hits one million followers.
- A TATTOO ARTIST inks a large TRIBAL EAGLE on Mac's chest, adding to several new tattoos across his body.
- The marquee of a concert venue reads, "Mac Miller - SOLD OUT."
- Mac and a few other rappers chill at a photoshoot. They dap each other up and have some laughs before posing for a photo.
- We cut to the edited image, which is the cover of XXL Magazine's 2011 Freshman Class. The rappers surrounding Mac were YG, Kendrick Lamar, and Meek Mill to name a few.
- An actual video of Donald Trump praising Mac Miller appears on screen. Donald says Mac is the next Eminem.

END MONTAGE

INT. IHOP - NIGHT

TATTOO COUNTER: 19

Mac and Jimmy sit in a booth with their hands behind their backs, each with their face submerged in a stack of pancakes.

TreeJay sits across from them, filming on his camcorder. He turns the camera around to get a quick word in.

TREEJAY
International house of idiots,
people.

Mac finishes his stack and immediately comes up celebrating.

MAC
Booyah, bitch!

Mac stands up in the booth and dances. Jimmy argues the win.

JIMMY
Bullshit, there's still scraps on
your plate!

Mac raises his arms, doing a self-clasping victory handshake.

MAC
Winner! By PKO, Mac Fucking Miller!

A group of COLLEGE GIRLS (20) walk up to their table.

Mac and the guys immediately freeze.

One of the girls slides a folded up napkin across the table, giving Mac a smile before she walks off.

Dumbfounded, they silently watch the girls exit.

Mac sits back down and opens the napkin.

MAC (CONT'D)
Looks like we got an after party.

He laughs and holds the napkin up to TreeJay's lens. It reads, "812-629-3592 - 1020 N. Jordan Ave. - Mallory."

MAC (CONT'D)
That's how it's done boys!

JIMMY
You didn't do shit!

MAC
(singing)
This gon' be the best day ever!

EXT. BIG RED LIQUORS - NIGHT

TreeJay, still filming, follows Jimmy and Mac walking out of a liquor store as Mac opens a bottle of Jameson. They step onto a busy street lined with fraternities and sororities.

MAC
(sipping Jameson)
So, this is what Reggie's getting into?

JIMMY
Maybe we shoulda went to college.

TREEJAY
Yo, Mac! Whatchu think about people calling your music frat rap?

MAC
I think it's hilarious, man. It's like--

A group of FRAT BROS (20s) crushing beers notice Mac walking past their house.

FRAT BRO
"Name's Mac Miller!"

Mac diverts his attention to the guys.

MAC
"Who the fuck are you?!"

The guys laugh, taking in Mac's fame. Mac turns back to camera.

MAC (CONT'D)
What was I saying? Oh yeah, frat rap! Fuck's that even mean? I'm gonna drop Blue Slide Park and just keep making my own category of music.

Mac and the guys spot the ZETA TAU ALPHA house.

EXT. ZETA TAU ALPHA - NIGHT

They near the front door. Loud music blasts inside.

JIMMY
Well, whatever you're doing. It's working.

Mac opens the door to a wild party full of SORORITY GIRLS.

Mac turns back to TreeJay's camera before walking in.

MAC

And this is where we say goodnight.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

A RINGING PHONE on the nightstand reads, "Nomi <3." A tattooed hand reaches into frame, silencing the phone.

The phone RINGS again. Mac, lying in bed alone, nursing a headache, quickly answers annoyed.

MAC

What's up, baby?

(beat)

Oh shit--Q. My bad.

(beat)

Yeah, yeah. Be there in 20.

INT. FRAT HOUSE - DAY

Leftover red solo cups and frat bros line the room. Jimmy and TreeJay chat up a couple girls doing a beer bong in the corner of the room where an INDIANA UNIVERSITY FLAG hangs.

Mac sits on a beat up La-Z-Boy, holding a can of beer to his head and smoking a cig. One of the frat bros approaches, doing a bump of COCAINE off a key.

COKE BRO

You were sleeping on Indiana, weren't you?

MAC

Bro, I didn't do any sleeping. You mind if I do a line?

COKE BRO

You wanna do a line with *me*?

MAC

Yeah.

COKE BRO

Fuck yeah, I'll do a line with Mac Miller.

Coke Bro sets up two lines of cocaine on the table. He quickly rolls up a dollar bill.

COKE BRO (CONT'D)
None of my homies are gonna believe
this. Here, you first.

Mac rips the line, immediately feeling more alive.

COKE BRO (CONT'D)
That shit's gonna have you crowd
surfing.

Coke Bro eagerly extends his hand for Mac to give him the
rolled up bill, but Mac ignores him and rips the second line.

Q comes in the room and yells to Mac.

Q
You're up, kid!

MAC
Thanks, homie.

Off a disappointed Coke Bro.

MAC'S POV:

Mac, now feeling like a beast, shoots out of his chair.

MAC (CONT'D)
(to Jimmy and TreeJay)
Showtime, boys!

Mac walks out of the room, down a long hall way, dapping up a
variety of college guys and girls.

A group of girls flash Mac. He pauses, takes them in, and
continues.

MAC (CONT'D)
Woo! Tits!

Mac claps his hands and right before he exits the house, he's
handed a beer.

EXT. FRAT HOUSE - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Mac, drinking his beer, passes a FRESHMAN (18) puking on the
pavement.

MAC
Better out than in, baby!

The Freshman gives Mac a thumbs up.

Across the lot is the back of a large BLACK STAGE. Loud screams and clapping can be heard behind it.

Mac heads for the stage through the parking lot. He passes a YOUNG COUPLE (19) making out on the hood of a car.

As Mac nears a small staircase leading into the back of the stage, his song, "Donald Trump" begins to play. Mac busts through the curtains.

EXT. STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Mac enters the stage, looking out upon a sea of 5,000 college kids screaming his name.

He passes a DJ (30) on stage who tosses him a CORDLESS MICROPHONE. Mac begins.

END MAC'S POV

MAC

*Ay yo, the fliest muthafucka' in
the room
Yeah, you know it's me
Bitches hating on him, 'cause he
started out here locally
Hopefully, I'll be at the top soon
For now, I'm at my house on the
couch, watching cartoons
You know how much you love it when
you get it in abundance
Give a fuck about a budget...*

Mac performs the rest of the song as the audience sings every lyric with him.

Coke Bro watches Mac perform from backstage. He turns to a group of girls standing next to him.

COKE BRO

*We just did coke together! Me and
Mac!*

The girls don't care at all.

Mac finishes and tosses the mic on stage. High out of his mind, he rips his shirt off and stage dives into the crowd.

Mac is on top of the world as he surfs the students.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - NIGHT

Mansions litter the hills of Los Angeles. One specific house has an infinity pool in the front yard...

INT. MAC'S LA MANSION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Nomi gets to the top of the stairs and heads into a hallway where she finds Q, leaning against a bedroom door.

NOMI
How's he doing?

Q shakes his head.

Q
He won't come out.

Nomi knocks on the door.

NOMI
Malcolm?

INT. MAC'S LA MANSION - BEDROOM - BATHROOM - NIGHT

TATTOO COUNTER: 34

Mac disappointingly stares at himself in the mirror. He knows he has to open the door.

NOMI (O.S.)
Malcolm, baby, it's me. Open up.

MAC
Fuck this shit.

He digs under the marble bathroom sink and pulls out PRESCRIPTION PILLS.

NOMI (O.S.)
Malcolm!

He pops a few and hides them before walking towards the door.

MAC
I'm coming, I'm coming!

INT. MAC'S LA MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mac sits at the edge of a California King, burying his face in his hands.

Nomi rubs his back, comforting him.

NOMI

Baby, come on. Look at this room--
this house. The amount of people
that are here for you... You just
need to be grateful.

Mac launches up from the bed.

MAC

I am fucking grateful!

NOMI

I know you are. Baby, I know.

MAC

If you knew, you wouldn't be saying
this dumb shit. You don't know.

NOMI

What I do know is that you have a
number one album out and you're
moping because of some nerd's
review.

MAC

It's fucking Pitchfork, Nomi!

NOMI

I've never even heard of Pitchfork.

MAC

They gave the album a one--a
fucking one!

NOMI

Who cares? The reviews don't
matter.

MAC

No shit they don't matter! They
don't even know what the fuck
they're talking about--my sound's
already completely different!

Nomi can't take Mac's yelling. He finally notices her tears.

MAC (CONT'D)

Ah, baby, come on--I'm sorry.

He sits back down, wiping her tears.

MAC (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I'm just stressed as fuck and taking it out on you.

NOMI

Why?

MAC

I don't know.

NOMI

I'm not a punching bag.

MAC

Of course not.

NOMI

You used to always make me laugh.
Like, always. Now you just make me cry.

Jimmy comes barging in the room with a bottle of champagne as Q tries to stop him.

Q (O.S.)

Dude, give him a min--

JIMMY

Mac! The people be asking for the champ. Get your ass down here!

Jimmy runs out as fast as he came in.

Mac has no words. He just stares at her.

NOMI

You better go, *champ*.

MAC

That's not fair.

NOMI

No. It's not.

Nomi leaves the room.

Mac grabs a cup off his nightstand and heads to his bathroom.

INT. MAC'S LA MANSION - BEDROOM - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Mac opens his medicine cabinet and grabs a bottle of PROMETHAZINE. He pops the top and chugs.

Halfway through the bottle, he stops and pours the rest in his cup.

Mac looks up and stares at himself in the mirror.

INT. MAC'S LA MANSION - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

A chandelier hangs above Mac's mom, Karen, who stands amongst a crowd of select friends, chatting with Benjy and Q.

A banner reading "Blue Slide Park" hangs behind them.

BENJY

Remember when you were worried
about Malcolm getting paid? What do
you think now?

KAREN

(scanning the room)
I think he's getting paid a little
too much.

Q

We're just getting started, Ms. M.

KAREN

That's what scares me. Malcolm's
never not working. He needs a
break.

BENJY

That's just tour life. Things'll be
different now that he's settled in
LA.

KAREN

I hope so.

MAC (O.S.)

Ladies and gentleman!

Everyone looks to the top of the stairs where Mac stands,
holding his cup in the air.

Nomi studies Mac, who now looks happier than ever. Their eyes
meet for a brief second before Mac looks away.

JIMMY

There he is!

MAC

Thanks, Jimbo.

JIMMY
The man of the hour!

MAC
I think they got it.

JIMMY
Speech!

MAC
What do you think I'm doing?

JIMMY
Speech, speech, speech--

TreeJay puts his hand over Jimmy's mouth, shutting him up.

MAC
Okay. Let me tell you why we're here. We're here because I just dropped my first album, Blue Slide Park.

The party cheers!

MAC (CONT'D)
Hold on, hold on. It gets better. Blue Slide Park is the first independently distributed album to top the charts since like ninety-fucking-five. Thank you Youtube! Thank you Bieber!

The crowd goes crazy!

Q gives Benjy a look. Told you so.

MAC (CONT'D)
No, but for real. I'm really proud of this album. It means a lot to me. So, yeah--this is pretty chill. And honestly, I couldn't have done this without everyone here.

JIMMY
Damn straight!

MAC
Jimmy, shut the fuck up!

The crowd laughs.

MAC (CONT'D)
But yeah, Q, TreeJay, *Jimbo*, Benjy--
Mom! Yup, my fucking mom is in the
house right now.

Some of the party begins to clap. Mac encourages them.

MAC (CONT'D)
Fuck yeah! Give it up for moms!

The crowd cheers louder as Nomi looks down, forgotten in his shout outs.

MAC (CONT'D)
It takes a lot of guts to let your
baby boy follow his dreams,
especially when that dream is
becoming a rapper--

THUNDERCAT
A white Jewish rapper!

Thundercat, much younger than we last saw him at the Tiny Desk show, entertains the laughing crowd.

THUNDERCAT (CONT'D)
What? It's true. That shit's hard.

MAC
Thanks, Cat. It is hard. But I
wouldn't have it any other way.
Cheers to the most dope family.
Love you all!

Everyone takes a big drink.

MAC (CONT'D)
(singing)
We've only just begun!

Mac looks back to where Nomi was standing, but she's gone.

Jimmy, aggressively shaking his champagne bottle, pops the top. It hits him in the forehead, sending him to the ground.

INT. MAC'S LA MANSION - NIGHT

The house is empty, aside from cups and clutter. We pan through the silent house into the backyard.

EXT. MAC'S LA MANSION - BACKYARD - NIGHT

We navigate the bare, concrete yard overlooking Studio City.

In the back of the yard is a recording studio. Music blasts inside.

INT. MAC'S LA MANSION - RECORDING STUDIO - NIGHT

Mac, sipping from a new cup, sways in his sound booth, creating his future hit song, "Loud."

MAC

*I got codeine in my cup, you can
bet your ass I'm sippin'
Groupies fall in love, I'm like
bitch you must be trippin'
I'm just tryna fuck and she just
need tuition
Why you tryna stunt, you need to
play your own position*

INT. MAC'S LA MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nomi stirs awake in bed. She reaches for Mac. He's not there.

She checks the clock: 4:34AM.

As she stares at the ceiling, she hears the faint sound of music coming from outside.

Nomi heads for the window. She stares at the studio in the backyard, worried about Mac.

EXT. MAC'S LA MANSION - BACKYARD - NIGHT**TIME LAPSE**

Over the next few days, Mac never comes out of the studio, but guests including Thundercat, SCHOOLBOY Q (25), EARL SWEATSHIRT (17), VINCE STAPLES (18), come in and out.

Nomi infrequently joins the guys.

END TIME LAPSE**INT. MAC'S LA MANSION - RECORDING STUDIO - DAY**

Jimmy, Q, TreeJay, and Earl Sweatshirt sit around the room as Thundercat creates a new beat at the computer.

TYLER, THE CREATOR (20) walks in, passing a poster on the wall of the PITCHFORK ARTICLE that rated Mac's album a one, and tosses a pack of smokes to Earl.

TYLER
Fuck! Smells like burnt pubes in here.

Mac stumbles out of the recording booth laughing, styrofoam cup in hand.

MAC
How many times have you singed your pubes?

TYLER
You tell me.

Tyler flashes the boys his out of control bush.

EARL
Fuck, bro--you need some Roundup for that shit.

The guys laugh as Mac, barely standing, tops his cup off with more lean.

MAC
Who needs another dose?

THUNDERCAT
(playfully)
That shit's too strong, bro.

MAC
It's nothing.

Mac continues to pour.

THUNDERCAT
That's too much though.

MAC
I just wanna taste it.

THUNDERCAT
You're gonna miss a couple of shows.

MAC
No way.

The group laughs as Mac takes a sip.

Nomi walks in.

NOMI
Mac, I'm leaving.

MAC
(to Thundercat)
My finest concoction yet!

NOMI
Malcolm! I'm leaving.

All the guys look to Nomi.

MAC
Alright, I'm coming, I'm coming.

Mac and Nomi head outside as Thundercat watches his boy closely.

EXT. MAC'S LA MANSION - BACKYARD - DAY

Nomi stands across from Mac, her suitcase on the ground.

MAC
Damn, it's bright out.

NOMI
It's been bright out.

Mac doesn't know what to say.

NOMI (CONT'D)
I'm going home.

MAC
I know.

NOMI
I'm worried about you.

MAC
Me? Nomi, I'm good--we are good.
Look at all this.

NOMI
Yeah, look at all this, have you
seen it? You spend every god damn
hour of the day in your studio.

MAC
I'm working!

NOMI
You're always working!

MAC
That's why I'm the best!

Nomi takes her time with what she's about to say.

NOMI
No, Mac. You're the best because of
your heart. Your loyalty. You're
the best because of that cheesy ass
smile--because of how you treat
your mom. That's why you're the
best. Work has nothing to do with
it.

Mac's too high for her words to resonate. He gets defensive.

MAC
What's paying for your flight home?
Work. What paid for that necklace?
Work. So, what the fuck are you
talking about, Nomi?

Nomi breaks down, but it's more disappointment than anything.

She takes her necklace off and hands it to Mac.

MAC (CONT'D)
No. That's yours. I don't want it.

She lets the necklace fall to the ground as she kisses him on
the cheek.

NOMI
Bye, Malcolm.

Nomi walks off with her suitcase as Mac stares at the
necklace on the ground.

He takes a big sip of lean and heads back into the studio.

INT. MAC'S LA MANSION - RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

Mac is sitting in front of his DRUM KIT, finishing up a beat,
as Thundercat records.

THUNDERCAT
Shit's hype.

Thundercat plays the recording back. It's awesome.

As the guys listen to the beat, Mac wanders off in thought, pulling out his phone. He begins scrolling through NOMI'S INSTAGRAM PAGE.

EXT. MILK STUDIOS - DAY

TATTOO COUNTER: 40

Mac, repping a vibrant sweatshirt and a new NECK TATTOO, sits in an alley, back against the brick, smoking a cig and casually sipping from a red solo cup.

He takes a long drag and looks up from his phone where he's been scrolling through NOMI'S INSTAGRAM PAGE once again.

Mac glares in awe through the open studio door where a large crew sets up for a colorful music video shoot.

Before going back to his phone, he catches a glimpse of ARIANA GRANDE (19) changing her shirt in private.

Mac quickly looks away, but can't help but take another glance as he puffs his cig.

Busted. Ariana is staring right at him.

Mac, caught off guard, abruptly coughs from the smoke as Ariana laughs, watching him wheeze.

Q (O.S.)
You good, bro?

Q walks up, holding MOUTHWASH.

MAC
Oh, yeah--I'm straight.

Mac looks back to Ariana, but she's gone.

MAC (CONT'D)
These studio budgets are insane.

Q tosses Mac the mouthwash.

Q
Free mouthwash.

INT. MILK STUDIOS - DAY

Mac and Ariana, surrounded by balloons, dance in front of a projector, shooting the music video for her song, "The Way."

As the song winds down, Mac pulls Ariana close, his hands around her waist.

Ariana moves in closer. He licks his lips. She bites hers.

They kiss. Passionately. Mac goes for her neck and then back to her mouth.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)
Beautiful--cut!

Mac and Ariana gently separate from one another. He keeps his hands around her waist, basking in the moment.

Ariana just stares at him. Are they going to kiss again?

ARIANA
You taste like cigarettes and
whiskey.

Nope. She pulls away completely as Mac laughs it off.

MAC
That's just the new toothpaste
flavor I've been using--cigarettes
and whiskey. Cool mint gets old
after a while, you know?

ARIANA
I prefer cool mint.

MAC
I'll keep that in mind for next
time.

Ariana shakes her head, flashes a coy smile, and walks off.

INT. MAC'S G-WAGON - DAY

With the windows down, Q drives through the hills of Los Angeles as Mac rides shotgun.

Mac closes his eyes, taking in the buzzing sound of nature.

He extends his arm out the window, making waves through the wind, absorbing the sun.

INT. SOHO HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

TATTOO COUNTER: 51

Mac, heavier than we've seen him, sits in a stall doing blow.

He puts the bag away and wipes cocaine from his patchy beard.

Mac exits the stall and throws \$100 into the tip jar of the BATHROOM ATTENDANT (40).

MAC
Thanks, brother.

Mac playfully slaps him on the back and leaves.

INT. SOHO HOUSE - NIGHT

Mac gets back to his table where his manager, Benjy, and Mac's half-eaten ribs wait for him. A WAITER (30) passes by.

MAC
Excuse me, two more Jamo's please!

Mac slams the rest of his whiskey.

BENJY
I still have a full one.

While Mac just smiles back at him, Benjy clocks some coke residue on his beard, but doesn't say anything.

MAC
I know.

Benjy lets out a reluctant laugh.

BENJY
So, how are Q and the boys?

MAC
They're good. Yeah, really good--
Listen, Benjy, I just gotta say
something.

BENJY
Okay...

MAC
I love Rostrum. I'm grateful for
everything you guys did for me.
It's been a hell of a ride--

BENJY
Yeah, it has.

MAC
But I think this next album is the
last one we do together.
(MORE)

MAC (CONT'D)

Nothing to do with you, man. I love you. You're my fucking man, but don't you feel like it's time for a new story?

BENJY

New story? Where's this coming from?

MAC

Our contract's up, man.

BENJY

The same contract you said we didn't need because a handshake's worth more?

Mac's whiskeys get dropped off at the table, saving him from having to respond. He chugs one and moves on to the other.

BENJY (CONT'D)

Mac, I get it, but don't just jump to something new for the hell of it. This is working.

MAC

For you. This is working for you. And while I love the indie shit, I want to see what I can do with a bigger budget.

BENJY

I'll get you a bigger budget.

MAC

What about Rick Rubin? Can you get him? 'Cause I did... I'm talking to him every day. He loves my sound and he thinks Warner Brothers can take me to a new level.

BENJY

Of course he does. You know how much they pay him to say that shit? As much as it fucking takes. When I met you, it wasn't about the money.

MAC

Still isn't. But it's Rick fucking Rubin--hip-hop's Ben Franklin. And he's like us.

BENJY

Like us?

MAC
Yeah. Chosen.

BENJY
Oh, I'm supposed to be happy you're
leaving me for another Jew?

MAC
Come on, Benjy. I just wanna see
what I can do with a studio behind
me. It's nothing personal.

Benjy watches Mac pound his other whiskey.

BENJY
I'm worried about you. I think
you're--

MAC
Benjy. I'm not asking for your
advice or your permission. I'm
telling you. And I'd really like to
have your support on this.

Benjy takes his time.

BENJY
You know I have your back with
whatever you do. Even if I don't
think it's the right move.

MAC
I know. That's why I love you.

The waiter approaches.

WAITER
Anything else I can get you?

MAC
I'll take two more Jamo's. Benjy?

Benjy just shakes his head, "no."

MAC (CONT'D)
Make it three.

The waiter walks off and two BLONDES (20s) approach Mac.

BLONDE #1
Mac, how are you?

BLONDE #2
I love the beard.

Benjy takes a sip of water while staring at Mac, who's completely wrapped up in the girls playing with his beard.

Benjy gets up and walks off. Mac doesn't even notice.

INT. MAC'S LA MANSION - BATHROOM - DAY

TATTOO COUNTER: 59

COMPUTER SCREEN: Mac, wearing a bucket hat, colorful sunglasses, a buttoned up shirt, and boxers, makes his way into a BUBBLE BATH.

We pull out of the screen and see the laptop sitting on the edge of the bath tub. Mac is live streaming on USTREAM.TV.

He lights up a cigarette and gets comfortable in the tub, but just stares into the laptop, high out of his mind.

MAC

What's poppin'? Today's the day.
Haven't done one of these in a
while.

Mac's head bobs as he's barely able to formulate words. He gets close to the laptop to deliver his message.

MAC (CONT'D)

Alright, it's 5:30. I'm gonna
announce--I hate these built up
fucking announcements. So,
anyways... The album, Watching
Movies With The Sound Off. It's
coming--

Mac's phone RINGS from across the room. He stares at it.

MAC (CONT'D)

Man, who the fuck's calling me?
Can't they see I'm busy?

Mac lowers his sunglasses, revealing severely dilated pupils.

MAC (CONT'D)

(putting the sunglasses
back on)

Whoa, whoa, crazy--I don't like
that.

Mac leans back against the tub wall. His phone RINGS again.

MAC (CONT'D)
(unfazed)
There's something stabbing me in
the back right now.

But Mac doesn't adjust his seating.

MAC (CONT'D)
Let me clear up a couple things
here. There's a lot--there's been a
lot of talk about me being on
drugs. And that's--I'm not--look at
me. Do I look like someone who's on
drugs to you? If you look at me
right now, do I look like someone
who's on drugs? No. No. No, I
don't. I don't look like I'm on
drugs. I look like a very wholesome
individual right now.

Mac leans forward again, right into the laptop camera.

MAC (CONT'D)
I'm not on drugs. Drugs are on me.

Mac freezes, staring into the camera.

MAC (CONT'D)
That was--that was the fucking
quote. That was the quote.

Mac's phone RINGS again.

MAC (CONT'D)
Ugh! I'm busy.

INT. THUNDERCAT'S CAR - DAY

Thundercat drives through LA. His phone rings. The caller ID
reads: Mac's Mom.

THUNDERCAT
What's up, Karen?

Although Mac's mom, Karen is inaudible on the phone, it's
clear something's wrong.

THUNDERCAT (CONT'D)
Okay, okay, don't worry! I got
this. Yup. Heading there now. I'll
call you.

Thundercat hangs up and immediately dials Mac, but it goes straight to voicemail.

THUNDERCAT (CONT'D)
Mac, it's Cat. You need to turn
that fucking live stream off right
now, bro. Your mom's freaking out!

Thundercat hangs up as he speeds down the street.

INT. MAC'S LA MANSION - BATHROOM - DAY

Mac, still leaning into frame, waits for the phone to stop ringing.

MAC
Okay. Before I was rudely
interrupted--the album--did I say
the album title? Whatever. The
album title,
(slurring)
Watching Movies--Watching Movies
With The Sound Off will be released
on June 18th. There it is. June
18th. Three days after the 15th.
Two days prior to the 20th. You
heard it first from the dude on
drugs in the bathtub.

Thundercat busts through the bathroom door.

THUNDERCAT
The fuck you doing, bro?!

Thundercat throws the laptop in the water.

Mac's so high he's hardly startled.

MAC
Oh, shit. The cat is in the
building! Coulda just called, bro.

Thundercat can't believe his eyes.

THUNDERCAT
Coulda just called?

Thundercat grabs Mac's phone from the countertop.

THUNDERCAT (CONT'D)
I did call! And your mom called.
And Q called too.

MAC
Too many calls, man.

THUNDERCAT
You look like a crackhead. Get your
self changed.

Mac just stares at him.

THUNDERCAT (CONT'D)
Now!

Mac throws his hands up in surrender.

MAC
Alright, alright.

Thundercat leaves the room before he completely snaps.

Mac stands up in the tub, staring at the submerged laptop.

MAC (CONT'D)
You owe me a laptop!

EXT. MAC'S LA MANSION - POOL - SUNSET

Mac, now dry and in a new set of clothes, sits beside Thundercat as they dangle their legs in the water, high above Los Angeles.

Mac sips from a coffee cup as he and Thundercat smoke cigs.

THUNDERCAT
I gotta ask... Why the fuck do you
have a pool in your *front* yard?

Mac laughs. That wasn't what he expected.

MAC
It's just something I said I'd have
once. So, I had to have it.

THUNDERCAT
How many times have you used it?

MAC
All the time. Jimmy was just in
here last night with--

THUNDERCAT
No, how many times have you used
it?

Mac gets the point.

THUNDERCAT (CONT'D)

You gotta jump in to swim, homie.

MAC

I'm swimming.

THUNDERCAT

You're drowning. And your dumbass is too stubborn to ask for help.

MAC

I don't need help.

THUNDERCAT

You do. And it doesn't have to be from me. You know what I do when I'm fucking up? I call my mom.

MAC

Well, I'm not calling mine. Not about this.

THUNDERCAT

Why not?

MAC

'Cause that makes it real.

THUNDERCAT

Shit's been real. Look, I don't care who you call--me, Earl, Tyler, Rick Rubin, Jesus--they're basically the same person--it don't matter. Just make the fucking call.

MAC

Alright.

THUNDERCAT

Alright?

MAC

Alright.

THUNDERCAT

Damn right, alright. That was some Denzel shit right there. Some *Training Day* monologue shit.

MAC

Pretty sure there's no monologue like that in *Training Day*.

THUNDERCAT
Shh. This is my moment.

Thundercat turns to a fake audience and gives a speech.

THUNDERCAT (CONT'D)
I'd like to thank the Academy.

Mac pushes him as they share a laugh.

MAC
You stupid, bro.

Thundercat splashes Mac with water, driving him to run away.

THUNDERCAT
Oh, now he doesn't wanna get wet?!

But Mac comes running back towards the pool. He does a cannonball and soaks Thundercat.

THUNDERCAT (CONT'D)
You mother--

Thundercat jumps in the water, chasing a laughing Mac.

BEGIN MONTAGE

INT. MAC'S LA MANSION - DAY

Mac pulls countless bottles of liquor from his cabinets, under his bed, in his closets, and sets them on his kitchen table.

He dumps all of his liquor down the sink.

Pills begin flying into his toilet, followed by bags of blow.

Mac pauses before flushing them away.

Mac goes into his studio with a trash bag in hand. He flips on the lights, looks around, and shuts them off without touching a thing.

END MONTAGE

INT. MAC'S LA MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mac lounges on his couch, smoking a cig. The mound in his ashtray makes it look like he's already smoked two packs.

He laughs as he watches Bill Murray give his "It Just Doesn't Matter" speech in the film, *Meatballs*.

Mac reaches for a blanket, trying to get comfortable, but it's too short for his body.

He grabs a HOODIE laying on the arm rest of his couch and throws it on, casually putting his hands in the front pockets.

As he continues watching, his facial expression changes. He slowly pulls his hand from his pocket, revealing a bag of COCAINE and some lint.

It lingers in Mac's hand, but eventually gets thrown on the table as he goes back to lounging.

Mac continues watching until his phone, sitting right next to the bag, RINGS on the table.

His mom, Karen is calling.

He let's the phone RING. And RING. And RING.

CUT TO:

INT. MAC'S LA MANSION - RECORDING STUDIO - LATER

Mac, beyond fucked up, rips a huge line. He aggressively lines up more as he blasts a beat. An open bottle of lean sits next to the cocaine.

He does another line and dances in his chair, manipulating the beat with his keys.

Mac reaches for his cup and drinks until there's nothing left. He rolls his chair over to his liquor cabinet, reaching for an open, almost empty bottle of Jameson.

Mac's phone rings. It's his mom, trying him again. He let's it ring.

INT. MAC'S MOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Karen holds the phone to her ear as she gets Mac's voicemail.

MAC (V.O.)
You've reached Larry Fisherman. You
know what to do.

KAREN

Malcolm, it's Mom. Thinking about you, sweetie. Wanted to see how everything's been working out with Warner Bros. Alright. Love you, baby. Call me back.

INT. MAC'S LA MANSION - RECORDING STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Mac pours the rest of the Jameson in his cup and stands to grab another bottle. But he's too messed up. He gets the spins and falls back into his chair.

He attempts to get up once more, but falls again, this time missing his chair. Mac hits his head on the ground, causing his eyebrow to split open.

As his face bleeds and he tries his best to come to, his eyes become transfixed on a wall-mounted TV playing, *Turtle: The Incredible Journey* (Mac has said this movie plays perfectly with his album, *Watching Movies with the Sound Off*).

On screen, two small turtles run for their life, attempting to escape a giant crab.

Mac grabs his phone from the table and dials a number.

As the phone rings, Mac stares at the TV and we fade out as one turtle escapes into the ocean, while the other gets eaten.

RICK RUBIN (PRE-LAP)

Tell me everything.

EXT. MALIBU BEACH - DAY

A turtle runs across the glowing sand as Mac and a Jesus-like figure stroll down the beach.

They walk in silence until it's revealed it's not Jesus. It's RICK RUBIN (51), who as Thundercat said, is basically Jesus.

MAC

Everything?

RICK

Everything.

MAC

I don't even know where to begin.

RICK
How about the beginning?

Mac smiles.

EXT. RICK RUBIN'S MALIBU HOME - SUNSET

Mac and Rick sit on the deck of Rick's beautiful, minimalist home. Rick, not wearing shoes, casually sits in his chair as Mac takes a sip of TEA.

MAC
This tea shit's pretty good.

RICK
I'm glad you like it.

MAC
What do you call this flavor?

RICK
Black.
(beat)
So, what happens next?

MAC
You tell me.

Rick laughs.

RICK
If only it worked that way. Why'd you call me?

MAC
Because you're Rick fucking Rubin.

RICK
I should have legally changed my name to *that*. But you didn't answer the question... Why me?

MAC
I don't know. I guess because we were both thrown into the music industry at a young age. Didn't you start Def Jam at like 18? I think you figured it out.

RICK
I don't know if I *figured it out*.

MAC
Compared to me? You have.

RICK
I hope so. I'm 51.

MAC
Damn, the beard makes you look older.

RICK
Thanks.

MAC
I just need balance, man. All I do--
all I know, is music.
(beat)
And I fucking hate being sober.

RICK
I know what it's like being
obsessed with work. It works. But
there's a lot more to life than
work. "Life is a balance of holding
on and letting go." Rumi.

MAC
I like that.

Rick gets up.

RICK
Alright, get some rest. We'll
continue tomorrow.

MAC
You're going to bed? It's like
8:30.

RICK
This planet has a certain gravity.
It rises in the morning, it sets at
night.

MAC
Who said that--Rumi?

RICK
I just did.

Ricks heads inside, leaving Mac with his thoughts.

INT. RICK RUBIN'S MALIBU HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mac lies in bed, staring at the ceiling, unable to sleep.

INT. RICK RUBIN'S MALIBU HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mac fills up a glass of water and begins exploring the house.

INT. RICK RUBIN'S MALIBU HOME - EXERCISE ROOM - NIGHT

Mac flips on the lights to find a room with GYMNASTIC RINGS hanging from the ceiling. He hangs, stretching his body.

INT. RICK RUBIN'S MALIBU HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mac walks down the hallway, scanning the bare walls. He reaches a door at the end of the hall and opens it.

INT. RICK RUBIN'S MALIBU HOME - WINE CELLAR - NIGHT

Hundreds of bottles of wine surround Mac. He grabs one, contemplating if he should drink it.

Several excruciating seconds pass. Mac puts the bottle down and exits the cellar.

EXT. MALIBU BEACH - NIGHT

Mac stands with his bare feet in the water, smoking the end of a cig. He closes his eyes, takes a long drag, and opens them upon his exhale.

He tosses his cig butt in the sand and walks off.

After a beat, he re-enters frame, grabs the cig, and exits.

INT. RICK RUBIN'S MALIBU HOME - HOT/COLD ROOM - DAY

Rick relaxes in a large ICE BATH that's been plunked down next to a barrel-shaped SAUNA. Floor to ceiling windows fill the room with natural light.

Mac dips a leg in as he enters the tub.

MAC

Holy fuck! How are you just
chilling in there?

RICK
(eyes closed)
It's only cold if you allow it to
be cold.

MAC
No. It's fucking cold.

But Mac doesn't get a reaction from Rick.

He submerges the rest of his body in the ice.

RICK
There you go. Feel the warmth.

MAC
I'm pretty sure my dick just
shriveled into itself.

RICK
We call that turtling.

Mac laughs.

RICK (CONT'D)
There's no balance without
experiencing the extremes.
Transitioning from intense cold to
intense heat increases your heart
rate and constricts blood vessels.
It induces a rush of adrenaline and
endorphins.

MAC
Kinda like drugs.

RICK
Kinda like drugs.

INT. RICK RUBIN'S MALIBU HOME - SAUNA - DAY

Mac, with his hands in his face, sweats with Rick.

RICK
You're heavier than people think.

Mac looks up at Rick.

MAC
I know I've put a few on, Rick, but
I'm still sexy.

RICK
You know what I mean.

Mac doesn't respond.

RICK (CONT'D)
How many projects have you put out?

MAC
With mixtapes, maybe like 8.

RICK
Wow.

MAC
Yeah. Like, let me think... We can go through this. Jukebox, High Life, K.I.D.S., I Love Life - Thank You--Do EP's count?

RICK
Sure.

MAC
Okay, let's count 'em.

RICK
Yeah, it's a project.

MAC
Alright. I Love Life - Thank You, 4. Best Day Ever, 5. Blue Slide Park, 6. Macadellic, 7. And then I had those little, like random offshoot EP's. There was Larry Lovestein, Delusional Thomas--that's 9. Then, Faces, 10. Yeah.

RICK
That's a lot. How old are you again?

MAC
22.

RICK
Just so I understand, why do you make so much?

MAC
Because I want to be the best.

RICK
The best?

MAC

I want to be the best of all time.

Rick takes this in.

RICK

Sounds like you're chasing
something you'll never catch.

Mac wonders if that was an insult.

RICK (CONT'D)

There is no best of all time.
There's only the best you. And
maybe the best you is the best of
all time. But you can't control
that. You can only control your
choices. Not their outcomes.

MAC

Rick. Fucking. Rubin.

RICK

You put a lot of pressure on
yourself. And that's okay.

MAC

It is?

RICK

Sure. The pressure fuels you
creatively. But I bet it also sends
you looking for an escape.

MAC

Every day.

RICK

Balance will minimize your need to
escape. It'll quiet your mind.

Mac laughs. That's ridiculous.

MAC

My mind's never gonna be quiet.

RICK

Maybe. But that's okay. Hopefully
your time here will show you that
you can allow the thoughts to pass,
instead of feeling like you need to
numb them. Speaking of numb. Ice
bath time!

Rick exits the sauna.

MAC
Aw, come on! Thought we were done
with that!

Mac shakes his head. Before getting up, he takes a moment to process this new knowledge.

EXT. RICK RUBIN'S MALIBU HOME - GARDEN - DAY

Rick and Mac sit on pillows across from one another. Mac struggles to sit with his legs crossed.

RICK
Deep breaths. In. Out...

Mac begins breathing in and out with Rick.

RICK (CONT'D)
In. Out...

RICK (CONT'D)
Now, on this next exhale, I want
you to close your eyes, but
continue your deep breathing. In.
Out...

Mac and Rick close their eyes.

RICK (CONT'D)
I want you to only concentrate on
your breaths. In. Out... All that
should be on your mind are the
breaths.

MAC
I'm thinking about sandwiches.

RICK
That's fine. Note that you're
thinking about sandwiches and let
the thought pass. Back to your
breaths. In. Out...

Mac opens his eyes.

MAC
Fuck, I can't stop thinking about
sandwiches.

RICK
You think this is hard? Wait until
you see what we're doing next.

EXT. RICK RUBIN'S MALIBU HOME - CHICKEN COOP - DAY

Rick cheers Mac on as he chases CHICKENS. Every time Mac gets close to catching one, they escape his grip.

MAC
What is this, some *Karate Kid* shit?

RICK
Nope. I just thought it would be
funny.

Mac stops dead in his tracks.

RICK (CONT'D)
What? I wasn't wrong.

INT. RICK RUBIN'S MALIBU HOME - MUSIC ROOM - DAY

Mac and Rick enter a room full of instruments.

MAC
Now, this is what I'm talking
about.

His eyes land on a beautiful GUITAR.

MAC (CONT'D)
(picking up the guitar)
Holy shit. This looks like the
guitar Lennon used.

RICK
It is.

MAC
Knew it.

RICK
No. That's the actual guitar.

Mac is in awe. He slowly puts it down, making sure he doesn't damage the instrument.

RICK (CONT'D)
Play it.

MAC

You sure?

RICK

That's what this room's for.
Playing. It's why I don't have any
recording equipment.

Mac studies the room again, realizing there is no recording equipment.

MAC

I don't remember the last time I
played without recording.

He sits, gets comfortable, and begins to play.

MAC (CONT'D)

(to the tune of Creed's
song, "Higher")

Can you take me higher?

Rick and Mac share a laugh at his ridiculousness.

RICK

Alright, alright. Why don't you try
playing some of your frustration?

MAC

You don't like Creed?

RICK

They're my guilty pleasure. But
they're not you. I'll give you the
room.

Rick walks out, leaving Mac completely alone. He looks a bit uncomfortable, not sure where to go from here.

He sets the guitar down and heads for the PIANO.

Mac sits and begins fiddling with the keys.

He begins to play. As he gets more and more into it, he closes his eyes.

What comes out is an emotional, raw version of the piano riff from his song, "2009."

BEGIN MONTAGE

The riff continues as we examine Mac's journey over the next few days.

EXT. RICK RUBIN'S MALIBU HOME - GARDEN - DAY

Mac sits still, deep in meditation. The wind blows strong, but he is unfazed.

EXT. MALIBU BEACH - DAY

Mac jogs on the beach.

INT. RICK RUBIN'S MALIBU HOME - BEDROOM - SUNSET

As the sun sets out the window, Mac shuts off his light and lays in bed. This time, he falls asleep.

INT. RICK RUBIN'S MALIBU HOME - KITCHEN - SUNRISE

Rick groggily enters the kitchen to find Mac already awake, pouring him a cup of black tea.

INT. RICK RUBIN'S MALIBU HOME - HOT/COLD ROOM - DAY

Mac settles into the ice bath. It's not so bad this time.

END MONTAGE**INT. RICK RUBIN'S MALIBU HOME - MUSIC ROOM - DAY**

Mac, in a different outfit, sits in the same spot at the piano, still playing "2009." He's got a vibrant glow to him.

RICK (O.S.)
It's beautiful.

Mac stops and turns to Rick, who has been watching him play from the doorway.

RICK (CONT'D)
What is it?

MAC
I have no fucking idea.

RICK
That's my boy.

EXT. RICK RUBIN'S MALIBU HOME - FRONT DOOR - DAY

Mac walks out BAREFOOT, holding a packed bag. He waves to Q, Jimmy and TreeJay, all waiting at the end of the driveway in Mac's G-Wagon.

Rick steps outside.

RICK
Come here, kid. I'm proud of you.

Mac and Rick share a long hug.

MAC
Thanks for everything, man. You saved my life.

They finally pull apart from each other.

RICK
I didn't do anything. It was all you.

MAC
Most people go to rehab, I went to Rick Rubin's.

RICK
Rick. Fucking. Rubin's.

Mac laughs, tips his cap, and walks off.

RICK (CONT'D)
And Mac. If you ever feel like you need a drink, you call me.

Mac nods.

RICK (CONT'D)
I'll have one with you.

Mac smiles and continues down the driveway.

Rick watches as his friends shower him with love.

Q
Bro, you been gone three weeks. How the fuck do you look this much better?

JIMMY
And where the fuck are your shoes?

We fade out of Rick's POV as the guys drive off.

INT. THE FONDA - STAGE - NIGHT

All eyes are on Thundercat as he rips a solo on his bass.

Mac, sporting a baggy shirt and a calmer, more collected demeanor, begins dancing around him.

TATTOO COUNTER: 64

The two are performing Mac's song, "My Favorite Part."

The funky stage lighting shines bright on Mac goofily circulating the stage. He turns to address the CROWD as Thundercat finishes and the BAND resumes playing.

MAC

Woo! Thundercat, ladies and gentleman.

The crowd cheers for Thundercat.

MAC (CONT'D)

And it's his daughter's birthday tonight--so happy birthday, Sanaa!

SANAA (7), out in the crowd, smiles as her MOM (33) puts her arm around her.

MAC (CONT'D)

I hope I grow up to be as cool as you one day! Alright, here comes my favorite part!

The band picks up playing in full force as a more mature Ariana Grande struts on stage, heading straight for Mac.

The two dance, face to face, rarely taking their eyes off one another as Ariana begins singing.

ARIANA

*If you wanna stay, we're taking it
slow baby
Cause you and me, and I got enough
on my mind
But I can make some time for
something so divine--*

Ariana laughs as Mac is absolutely cheesing, repeatedly trying to crack her up by making funny faces.

The two begin singing together.

MAC/ARIANA

*Said, you just don't know how
beautiful you are
And baby that's my favorite part
You walk around so clueless to it
all
Like nobody gonna break your heart
It'll be alright babe, see, me, I
got you covered
I'm gon' be your lover, you might
be the one
If it's only tonight, ayy, we don't
need to worry
We ain't in a hurry, rushin' into
love*

Keeping up the fun, the two starting ad-libbing together.

MAC

Uh huh. Well, okay.

ARIANA

Okay.

MAC

Well, alright.

ARIANA

Alright.

MAC

Well, alright. Well, okay.

Ariana raises her hand, playfully telling him to stop.

ARIANA

Cease.

Mac, pretending to be offended, runs away from her before coming back immediately to continue their duet.

MAC/ARIANA

*It'll be alright babe, see, me, I
got you covered
I'm gon' be your lover, you might
be the one
If it's only tonight, ayy, we don't
need to worry
We ain't in a hurry, rushin' into
love*

As the song ends and the band stops playing, Mac and Ariana have a fun, quick dance off before Ariana extends her hand for a hand shake.

Very business-like, Mac stops and rigidly extends his hand.
The two shake.

MAC
Good. Good job.

ARIANA
See ya.

MAC
See ya.

Ariana walks off stage, never taking his eyes off her.

MAC (CONT'D)
Pleasure working with you. Good
stuff.

ARIANA (O.S.)
I'll be in touch.

MAC
For sure.

EXT. THE FONDA - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

The band and their friends stand around bullshitting. Off to the side, Mac, Jimmy, Q, and TreeJay chat with Thundercat, Sanaa, and her mother.

MAC
What'd you think of your dad
tonight?

SANAA
He was okay.

The guys crack up as Thundercat defends himself.

THUNDERCAT
That's not what you said a minute
ago! Come on. What'd you say?

A sleepy Sanaa thinks for a second and yawns.

SANAA
That you were shredding?

THUNDERCAT
Shredding! And on that note, we're
out.

MAC

Hold up, Costanza. Your boy needs a sec with the birthday girl.

As Mac leans down to be face to face with Sanaa, Ariana walks outside, watching their interaction.

MAC (CONT'D)

(whispering)

In case your dad didn't get you *everything* you wanted...

Mac slides her a one hundred dollar bill.

SANAA

Thanks, Uncle Mac.

MAC

Happy birthday.

Sanaa gives him a big hug before leaving with her parents.

MAC (CONT'D)

Night guys!

JIMMY

You didn't give me a hundred on my birthday.

TREEJAY

He employs your dumb ass.

Ariana approaches. The guys awkwardly walk away to give Mac some space.

ARIANA

Big spender, huh?

MAC

Hip hop's Robin Hood.

Ariana gives him a smile.

ARIANA

Tonight was fun.

MAC

I think the handshake was the highlight of the show. Nice, firm grip.

ARIANA

So firm.

MAC
The firmest.

ARIANA'S FRIEND
Ariana, let's go!

Ariana looks to her friend and turns back to Mac.

ARIANA
Our friend is throwing a party.
What are you doing?

MAC
Probably pick up some food and go
home. I'm an old ass man.

ARIANA
What are you gonna get?

MAC
Tacos.

ARIANA
I like tacos.

Oh shit! Off Mac cheesing once again.

INT. MAC'S GWAGON - NIGHT

Mac and Ariana pull up in front of LEO'S TACOS TRUCK. Mac parks and reaches into the back seat, pulling out an AFRO WIG and ridiculous SUNGLASSES.

ARIANA
What are you doing?

Mac puts on his costume.

MAC
I gotta hit the streets as Larry
Lovestein, otherwise I get flooded
with paparazzi. Not sure if you
know what that's like.

Ariana laughs as he starts digging in the back once again.

MAC (CONT'D)
But just in case.

He pops up with a pair of GROUCHO GLASSES.

EXT. LEO'S TACOS TRUCK - NIGHT

Mac and Ariana, in costume, step up to the window, ordering with vaguely recognizable accents.

MAC

Hi. I'll take 3 al pastor tacos, 3
carnitas, 3 asada--guac on those, 3
pollo, and 3 chorizo--you know
what? Make it 6 al pastor.

The CASHIER (47), who happens to look like the real life version of Ariana's costume, wipes his mustache as he punches numbers in a CALCULATOR.

CASHIER

That'll be--

MAC

Oh no, the lady still needs to
order.

ARIANA

You sure that's all you want?

MAC

(to Cashier)

Always with the jokes, this one.

Cashier just nods.

ARIANA

I like your mustache.

Cashier just blinks.

ARIANA (CONT'D)

I'll take half of a half dozen al
pastor tacos and a large horchata.

CASHIER

Anyone else?

Mac slides the cashier a fifty dollar bill.

MAC

Keep the change *Sonny Jim*.

CUT TO:

EXT. LEO'S TACOS TRUCK - LATER

Cashier sticks his head out the window, calling a number.

CASHIER
92! Number 92!

Ariana and Mac approach, grabbing the food and walking off.

MAC
Thank you, kind sir.

CASHIER
Wait! Ms. Grande, would you mind
signing my hat?

Mac and Ariana turn back.

Cashier takes off his GREASY LEO'S TACOS HAT.

CASHIER (CONT'D)
I'm a huge fan.

Ariana gives Mac a playful look. He just shakes his head.

EXT. ARIANA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mac pulls up Ariana's driveway in awe. If his house is a mansion, her's is an estate.

He goofily jumps out of the car with the bag of food and runs to the other side before Ariana can get out. Mac collects himself and opens the door for her.

MAC
My lady.

He grabs her hand, escorting her out of the car.

ARIANA
Kind sir.

They walk up to the door, Mac examining the house.

MAC
So, this is what having a Mac
Miller feature will get you?

ARIANA
Please. Nickelodeon paid for this.

Ariana opens the door and they head inside.

EXT. ARIANA'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Mac and Ariana eat next to a FIRE PIT overlooking her pool and the LA skyline. Ariana works on her first taco while Mac finishes his last.

ARIANA
You want a drink or anything?

MAC
I don't drink.

ARIANA
I meant like--water.

MAC
No water either.

ARIANA
How long's that been going?

Mac pulls out his phone and opens up an app. He scrolls.

MAC
132 days.

ARIANA
No water for 132 days? That's impressive.

MAC
I'm better without it. Trust me. It gets me all bloated. Like Gucci Mane.

Mac lights up a cig, inhaling deeply.

ARIANA
But you're still smoking?

MAC
I'll put it out if you ask.

Ariana just smiles at him.

Mac puts it out.

INT. ARIANA'S HOUSE - STUDIO - NIGHT

Ariana leads Mac into her studio full of instruments.

ARIANA
And this is *my* sanctuary.

MAC

Damn, I didn't know you played so many instruments.

ARIANA

Can I tell you a secret?

MAC

Anything.

ARIANA

I don't. Well, a little piano by ear.

Mac takes a seat at a beautiful PIANO, sliding over to make room for Ariana.

MAC

Prove it.

She joins him, sitting closer than she needs to.

Mac slowly brings his fingers to the keys. He stares at her and begins playing the beginning of his song, "2009."

Ariana joins in and Mac begins to sing.

MAC (CONT'D)

*I hop on the keys and I'm sweet
like Franken Berry
And this room is way cleaner than
my sanctuary
And your house is colossal, kinda
like Napoleon
She said "it's not cuz of Mac,"
Thanks Nickelodeon.*

Ariana laughs but quickly collects herself. She looks longingly at Mac.

MAC (CONT'D)

*She keeps looking at me, maybe I
should take the hint
But I'm nervous cuz my breath
doesn't smell like cool mint
But if I'd just stop singing,
that'd probably be a great start.*

Ariana smiles and nods her head "yes."

MAC (CONT'D)

*Being next to you girl, "baby
that's my favorite part."*

Mac stops playing. He scooches closer to Ariana.

They stare at each other until they finally kiss.

INT. ARIANA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mac and Ariana lay atop messy sheets. Mac, shirtless, stares at the ceiling smiling.

He looks over to Ariana, makes sure she's asleep, and sneaks out of bed, heading for his jeans. He digs for something before creeping out to the bedroom balcony.

EXT. ARIANA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - BALCONY - NIGHT

Mac steps outside and pulls out the pack of cigarettes he fished from his jeans. He lights up as he stares off towards the lit up sky.

He smiles.

EXT. PNC PARK - DAY

TATTOO COUNTER: 71

The seats are packed at PNC Park as the crowd gets ready for the Pirates to take the field against the Cubs.

Several PLAYERS finish warming up, while Mac, TreeJay, Q, Jimmy, and even Reggie, goof around in front of the dugout.

Mac glances around the stadium at all the fans on their feet. His eyes lock in on a group of friends SLAMMING BEERS.

Mac's song "100 Grandkids" begins playing throughout the stadium and Mac runs out towards the mound.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Ladies and gentleman, here with an honorary pitch... Would you please welcome Pittsburgh native, Mac Miller!

Mac's buddies pull out their phones to record his throw as Mac takes the mound.

JIMMY (O.S.)

Don't blow it!

Mac laughs as he stretches and stares down the catcher. Jimmy, who's behind the catcher, pretends to jerk off.

Mac's throw is catchable, but high.

ANNOUNCER
(laughing)
Thank you, Mac!

Mac fist pumps in victory, ignoring the announcer's laughter. He runs to shake the catcher's hand. They pose for a quick picture.

INT. PNC PARK - SKYBOX - DAY

It's the bottom of the 3rd. The guys sit in a fancy skybox full of food and booze. Everyone's eyes are on the game, while Mac stares at the mini bar, lost in thought.

Q
Oh, shit!

Mac snaps his eyes back to the field.

Reggie points to the JUMBOTRON. Their entire skybox is in frame! They cheer even louder.

TREEJAY
(re: jumbotron)
Yo Reggie, you think you could make
it outta here with that TV?

Everybody laughs.

REGGIE
Fuck you guys! I'm still waiting on
my royalties from K.I.D.S.

JIMMY
Everyone got paid while you were
away.

REGGIE
You're acting like I was in prison.
It was college.

JIMMY
Same shit!

Mac's phone rings. He gets up to take the call in the back of the skybox, while his friends continue to rag on each other.

MAC
(answering)
What's up, girl?

INT. TOUR BUS - DAY

Ariana watches the Pirates game from her tour bus.

ARIANA
Thought you were gonna throw a
strike.

INTERCUT BETWEEN MAC AND ARIANA ON THE PHONE

MAC
Looked like a strike to me. You
might just have a tight zone.

JIMMY (O.S.)
Yeah she does!

Mac looks to Jimmy and just shakes his head.

ARIANA
What'd you say?

MAC
How was the show?

ARIANA
It was great. Wish you were here.

MAC
Me too.

ARIANA
You excited for tonight?

The CROWD ERUPTS and the guys begin jumping up and down,
commanding Mac's attention!

TREEJAY
Get down! Get down!

JIMMY
Fuck yeah! Safe!

MAC
Sorry, what'd you say?

ARIANA
Does it feel good to be home?

Mac watches Jimmy pour shots for the guys as they celebrate.

MAC
It's exactly what I needed.

ARIANA
I always get so nervous when I
perform at home.

The crowd cheers even louder as Jimmy and the guys scream.

JIMMY
Get the fuck out! Fuck you, get
out!

REGGIE
See ya!

Mac doesn't seem to care about the home run. Instead, he's
focused on the guys cheering and pounding their drinks.

MAC
Baby, I love you, but I gotta go.

ARIANA
No worries! Call me later, I feel
like we haven't spoken in weeks.

MAC
We're speaking right now!

Ariana lets out a reluctant laugh.

ARIANA
You're right. Okay. Call me before
your show.

MAC
I will. Love you!

ARIANA
I love you--

But Mac has already hung up.

ARIANA (CONT'D)
Too.

Ariana puts the phone down and stares at the TV.

INT. STAGE AE - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Mac, Jimmy, and the rest of the guys are scattered throughout
the room talking to different groups of GIRLS. Mac chain
smokes cigs as he watches everyone, except him, pass around
bottles of alcohol.

One specific group of girls won't leave Mac alone.

GIRL #1
So that's when you knew you wanted
to be a rapper?

MAC
Yup.

GIRL #2
That's so cool.

MAC
Definitely.

Jimmy runs up and puts his arm around Mac.

JIMMY
Excuse me, ladies. But I gotta
borrow this man.

Jimmy pulls Mac to the side.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Yo, I got like 3 more people--not
people, girls--trying to get back
here. That's straight, yeah?

MAC
Yeah. Q's got the bands.

JIMMY
That's right!

Jimmy runs off, but not before noticing Mac is a little down.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
You good?

MAC
For sure.

Jimmy's too drunk to pry. He runs off to find Q.

JIMMY
Hometown hero, baby!

Mac is left alone in the corner of the room, standing next to
a table of alcohol. He eyes one specific bottle of JAMESON.

He looks up and sees the group of girls he was talking to
heading his way.

Without thinking, he grabs the bottle of Jameson and slips
out the back door, but not before Reggie takes notice from
across the room.

EXT. STAGE AE - PRIVATE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Mac puts the bottle of whiskey on the ground and stares at it. He's completely alone, while a cheering crowd can be heard from the other side of the stage.

He takes out his phone and makes a desperate call. It rings. And rings. And rings.

INT. RICK RUBIN'S MALIBU HOME - BACKYARD - DUSK

A ringing cell phone sits on a table.

Finally, Rick Rubin walks up and answers.

RICK
Mac, how are you?

INTERCUT BETWEEN MAC AND RICK.

MAC
I'm good, Rick. Real good. Back home for a show right now.

RICK
Nice. When's the show?

MAC
'Bout 30 minutes.

RICK
You looking for a pep talk?

Mac laughs.

MAC
Something like that. I'm thinking about having a drink.

Rick takes a seat in his backyard, watching the sunset.

RICK
Oh yeah? Why's that?

MAC
Shit, I'm home. Things are good.

RICK
Makes sense. I'd want a drink too. How long's it been?

MAC
9 months.

RICK

Wow. Impressive. You wanted to go at least a year though, yeah?

MAC

Yeah. But I feel great. I'm in control finally.

RICK

You sure about this?

MAC

I think so--yeah.

RICK

Alright. I'll have one with you.

Rick heads inside his house towards the liquor cabinet.

RICK (CONT'D)

What's on the menu? Jameson?

MAC

You know me so well.

RICK

Alright, let me grab a glass.

Rick grabs whiskey and a glass, before heading back outside.

MAC

What are we drinking to?

Mac picks up his bottle. No glass needed.

RICK

9 months.

MAC

To 9 months.

Rick takes a sip, while Mac's is more of a chug.

MAC (CONT'D)

Damn. Tastes the same.

RICK

Always does. Be careful tonight and call me if you need me. I'm here for you.

MAC

You're the man, Rick. Thank you.

RICK
Goodnight Mac.

Rick hangs up and takes another sip of whiskey as he watches the California sun disappear.

EXT. STAGE AE - PRIVATE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Mac puts his phone away and heads for the door. But he pauses.

He takes a long chug, finishing off what's left of the whiskey.

He tosses it in the dumpster just as Reggie walks outside.

REGGIE
You drinking again?

MAC
Boys are in town. Felt right.

Mac puts his arm around Reggie.

MAC (CONT'D)
The prodigal son has returned. We missed you, bro.

REGGIE
For fuck's sake! I was only at college!

Mac laughs as the two walk back inside.

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

Ariana sits in her trailer in full makeup and costume. A live audience cheers outside as an opening act performs.

She stares at her phone. But it doesn't ring.

The audience gets louder as tears well in her eyes.

ANDERSON PAAK (PRE-LAP)
Can't keep losing you
Can't keep losing you

EXT. STAGE AE - NIGHT

All eyes are on Mac as he floats around the stage with ANDERSON PAAK (30), finishing up their song, "Dang!"

MAC (CONT'D)
*I never take a day off
 Work around the clock, my engineer
 gettin' paid off
 Rock like Aesop, light the weed and
 take off
 So high I cannot see,*

Mac turns his mic to the crowd as they scream the next lyric.

CROWD
 Adolf!

MAC
*Now I got these rappers all
 breakin' up a sweat
 'Cause every time I get up on the
 mic, it come correct
 And I learned it from the best,
 always dressed in somethin' fresh
 Lookin' for a little dime, big butt
 and nice chest. Yes...*

Mac waves for Jimmy, TreeJay, Reggie, and Q to join him.

MAC (CONT'D)
*Woah, I ain't just an Average Joe,
 way above the average flow
 Boy, my life is Most Dope, uh*

The guys huddle around Mac, singing the chorus together. The entire crowd belts out the lyrics with them.

MAC (CONT'D)
*No matter where life takes me, find
 me with a smile
 Pursuit to be happy, only laughing
 like a child
 I never thought life would be this
 sweet
 It got me cheeing from cheek to
 cheek, aye, aye*

Mac points his mic to the crowd one more time.

CROWD
*And I ain't gonna wait for nothing
 'Cause that just ain't my style*

MAC
*Life couldn't get better
 This 'gon be the best day ever!*

EXT. MAC'S NEW LA HOME - DAY

The sun shines upon a well manicured, modest Studio City suburban home nestled at the end of a cul-de-sac.

INT. MAC'S NEW LA HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The inside is a mess. The coffee table in the living room is covered with cups, bongos, panties, and blow.

Jimmy lays passed out on the couch. Two beautiful topless MODELS (21) sleep on each side of him.

DOORBELL RINGS! Nobody wakes up. It rings again. And again.

One of the models wakes up and peeps through the blinds.

MODEL #1

There's a girl at the door.

Jimmy groggily stirs awake as Model #2 stays asleep. Model #1 looks out the window again.

MODEL #1 (CONT'D)

She kinda looks like Ariana Grande.

Jimmy snaps out of his haze and shoots up from the couch. He checks the time on his phone.

JIMMY

Fuck, fuck, fuck...

He runs out of the room.

EXT. MAC'S NEW LA HOME - DAY

Ariana impatiently waits at the door, making a call.

INT. MAC'S NEW LA HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

Jimmy bursts into the bedroom to find Mac asleep.

TATTOO COUNTER: 79

Mac's phone VIBRATES on his bed side table. Jimmy jumps on him and shakes him awake.

MAC

The fuck, bro?

JIMMY
Ariana's out front.

MAC
Already? It's like 7.

JIMMY
It's 11:30.

Mac jumps out of bed and throws on a pair of shorts and a hoodie.

As Mac heads out of the room, he sees leftover cocaine and pills on his iPad on his desk. He quickly wipes the drugs away, throws out the empty coke bag, and exits.

EXT. MAC'S NEW LA HOME - DAY

Mac, wearing a huge smile, opens the door.

MAC
My dangerous woman!

Mac gives Ariana a big hug and kiss. She stays still.

MAC (CONT'D)
Welcome back.

ARIANA
Seriously? I've been out here for like, 10 minutes. You're not even dressed.

MAC
I'm sorry. I was--

ARIANA
Have you even slept?

MAC
Yeah. I overslept! I was in the studio all night.

Ariana takes a whiff of Mac's Jameson flavored breath.

ARIANA
Smells like it.

MAC
Baby, relax.

ARIANA

Don't fucking tell me to relax.
What the fuck's wrong with you?
What else were you doing?

MAC

Nothing! I was just making music
and yeah, I had a few drinks. No
big deal.

Ariana heads inside, blowing past Mac. She ignores Jimmy and the models, now clothed, and heads right for Mac's room. He follows closely behind.

MAC (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

INT. MAC'S NEW LA HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

Ariana scans the room and begins going through Mac's drawers.

MAC

Ariana, come on. This is crazy.

After not finding anything, she collapses into the chair at Mac's desk.

Mac sits across from her at the edge of his bed. He peeps in the trash can to make sure the bag isn't visible.

MAC (CONT'D)

Baby. Hey. I told you. I'm good.

As Ariana looks up at Mac, she spots a ROLLED UP ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL under the desk. She gets out of her chair and picks it up.

ARIANA

You're good? You're lying to me.

MAC

I'm not.

ARIANA

You're right. You're lying to
yourself.

Mac stands to get closer to her.

MAC

It's balance, baby.

ARIANA

Don't *baby* me right now. There's no balance in this bullshit. Most people can drink and do drugs every now and then. You're not most people! You didn't even tell me when you started drinking again. That's something you should maybe communicate to your fucking girlfriend.

MAC

It wasn't like I made a choice when to start again! It just happened.

ARIANA

You're never true to your word. You say you're gonna call, you don't. You say you're gonna be there, you're not. It's fucking exhausting.

MAC

I'm sorry, okay?

ARIANA

You're always sorry. How many times can I forgive you until I can't look myself in the mirror?

MAC

I'm... Look, I fucked up. I need you, baby.

ARIANA

I'm starting to not care about what you need.

Mac doesn't know what to say.

ARIANA (CONT'D)

I was so excited to get home and see you... I'm so fucking stupid.

MAC

No, you're not.

ARIANA

Yeah. I am. Because I love you.

MAC

I love you.

ARIANA
I can't watch you kill yourself.

MAC
I promise you, I'm fine. Look!

Mac does a playful dance, but Ariana is too tired to smile.
He slowly approaches her.

MAC (CONT'D)
The only thing I'm addicted to is
you.

Mac gives her a kiss. She doesn't reciprocate, but she
doesn't stop him either.

ARIANA
I wish that were true.

Ariana walks out, breezing past Jimmy, who has been
eavesdropping outside the door.

EXT. MAC'S NEW LA HOME - DAY

Ariana heads down the driveway towards her car. Mac calls out
after her.

MAC
Where you going?

Ariana wipes away some tears and collects herself before
turning around to face him.

ARIANA
You have to take care of yourself
before you can take care of me.

MAC
Maybe this is how I take care of
myself. Have you thought about
that? Ariana, I'm not doing drugs
and wasting my life. I made like 6
fucking tracks last night.

ARIANA
(sarcastic)
That's amazing. I'm proud of you

MAC
You're being a dick.

ARIANA

I'm being a dick? You're killing yourself because you define your life by how much success you have in music.

MAC

I'm not killing myself. I'm pushing myself. I'm inspiring myself. Name one motherfucker who out works me. Huh? You can't.

ARIANA

You're right, Malcolm. I can't. And guess what? I don't care! I care about you. I'd love you the same if you never made another song.

MAC

Yeah, I'm sure you would! You'd love for me to be the kid who peaked in high school because then I could be there to respond to every single one of your texts. Fuck, maybe I should just put this next album aside and go on tour with you. I could read you a bedtime story every night.

ARIANA

I don't need you on tour with me. I just need you. You talk about balance? You've practically slept in your studio the past 2 months. Who the fuck does that?

MAC

The best do!

ARIANA

Oh, my god. The best? I know a lot of great artists who don't have to sleep in the studio, Malcolm.

MAC

(sotto)

Well, I do.

ARIANA

What?

Mac doesn't respond.

ARIANA (CONT'D)
What'd you say?

MAC
Well, I do. Is that what you wanna hear? That I'm so afraid of failure that I'll do anything to avoid it? That sometimes I think I'm fucking worthless unless I make music? You like that?

ARIANA
No, Malcolm. I hate that. But that's the first real shit you've said to me in the last 6 months. I might be absent when I'm on the road, but you're absent even when you're here.

Mac, visibly shaken, just stares at her, taking her in.

ARIANA (CONT'D)
I miss you.

MAC
You're right. I'm sorry. For everything. I love you.

Ariana let's out a faint smile. The two move closer together.

MAC (CONT'D)
But you deserve more. And I don't think I can give that to you right now.

Ariana, broken, can barely stomach his words.

ARIANA
If I leave, I'm not coming back this time.

MAC
I know.

Ariana waits, but Mac doesn't say anything else.

She turns to get in her car, but stops one last time to stare at him.

Mac just stands there, head hung low. She gets in and he watches her drive off.

INT. ROCCO'S TAVERN - NIGHT

Mac and Jimmy are at their neighborhood bar slamming shots and beers, watching the Pirates vs. White Sox game on TV.

A White Sox pitcher strikes out a Pirate in the bottom of the 8th, keeping the Sox in the lead with a score of 3-0. Several BAR PATRONS in Pirates gear moan and groan.

Two drunk and obnoxious WHITE SOX FANS (40) at the end of the bar cheer, catching Mac and Jimmy's attention.

JIMMY

Fucking Chicago asshole's acting like it's the World Series.

MAC

Another?

JIMMY

Most definitely.

Mac motions to the BARTENDER for another round.

The Pirates' Josh Bell is up to bat. He swings and misses.

The bartender puts down a GUINNESS and a SHOT of whiskey.

Mac and Jimmy cheers the shots and down them just as Josh Bell swings and misses again, striking out.

MAC

Are you fucking kidding me, man?
Why do we even root for this team?
They never win anything.

Jimmy stares at Mac in disbelief.

JIMMY

Keep your fucking voice down. This is our team.

MAC

So? They fucking suck. They're the definition of losers.

JIMMY

Because they haven't won a World Series in like, 40 years? Do you know how fucking hard it is to win a World Series?

MAC

Doesn't matter. Just get it done.

JIMMY

Well, what do you think about Allen Iverson?

MAC

That's different.

JIMMY

How?

MAC

Because he never--

JIMMY

Won anything, but still took a shitty team to the finals?

MAC

Yeah, and because now we're not talking teams. We're talking players. Teams are different-- winning's on everyone. But when you're talking single players-- winning's on them.

JIMMY

Name one fucking player who hasn't been part of a team. And don't come at me with some pussy tennis shit or boxing, because those fuckers are as good as their trainers, their mentors, their girlfriends who suck 'em off every night, and anyone who's ever influenced them.

Mac realizes Jimmy's got a point.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

What about you?

MAC

What about me?

JIMMY

You don't have a team?

MAC

Course I have a team.

JIMMY

You're not acting like you have a team.

(MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Because when you have a team, it
doesn't matter if you win or lose.
What matters is you keep on
playing.

Jimmy points to the TV where it's now the bottom of the 9th
and another Pirate is up to bat.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
And swinging.

Here comes the pitch. STRIKEOUT! The White Sox fans cheer.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Fuck! You wanna smoke a blunt?

EXT. ROCCO'S TAVERN - NIGHT

Mac and Jimmy are in the middle of smoking a BLUNT. Mac
checks his phone.

MAC
Where the fuck's Q been?

Mac says "Q been" so fast that Jimmy's high ass thinks he
says Cuban.

JIMMY
Mark Cuban?

Mac shakes his head at his awful joke.

MAC
Gimme that.

Jimmy passes Mac the blunt. He takes a long rip.

MAC (CONT'D)
Feel like he's always with his
girl.

Jimmy knows this isn't about Q.

JIMMY
You're gonna be alright, dude.

MAC
I know.

JIMMY
I know you know. But still.

LOUD CHEERING erupts from inside the bar.

The White Sox Fans walk outside with their heads hung low.

Mac and Jimmy look at each other and run inside.

INT. ROCCO'S TAVERN - NIGHT

The guys enter to find the few Pirates fans in the bar high-fiving each other.

MAC
What happened?

FAN #1
Pirates rallied and Bell hit a walk
off grand slam!

Jimmy runs outside of the bar, while Mac stares at the TV.

JIMMY (O.S.)
That's right you fucking pussies!
You suck!

Mac laughs to himself and heads outside.

EXT. ROCCO'S TAVERN - NIGHT

Mac walks out to find Jimmy yelling at a car exiting the lot.

JIMMY
And deep dish pizza is basically
lasagna!

Mac swings his arm around Jimmy as the two stumble towards Mac's G-Wagon parked in the lot.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
What'd I tell you, bro? That's some
movie shit right there.

Jimmy breaks free from Mac and starts screaming to the sky.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Never stop swinging!!!

Mac is laughing his ass off.

MAC
You stupid, bro! Let's go.

JIMMY
You good to drive?

MAC
Do I look good?

JIMMY
No.

The two bust out laughing in unison as they get in the car.

INT. MAC'S G-WAGON - NIGHT

Mac speeds through windy streets in the Studio City hills as he and Jimmy rap Afroman's, "Because I Got High."

MAC/JIMMY
*I was gonna clean my room until I
got high
I was gonna get up and find the
broom but then I got high
My room is still messed up and I
know why (why, man?)
Yeah, hey
'Cause I got high
Because I got high
Because I got high*

They both turn to one another to sing the next part.

MAC/JIMMY (CONT'D)
*I was gonna go to class before I
got high
I coulda cheated and I coulda
passed but I got high
I am taking it next semester and I
know why (why, man?)
Yeah, hey
'Cause I got high*

MAC	JIMMY
<i>Because I got high</i>	<i>Yo, you missed the turn!</i>
<i>Because I got high</i>	

As the car continues roaring down the street, Mac turns around to make sure he missed the turn.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Look out!

Mac turns back around to see a PARKED CAR.

EXT. MAC'S G-WAGON - NIGHT

He swerves left to avoid hitting the car, sending the G-WAGON over the curb.

THE CAR VIOLENTLY HITS A TELEPHONE POLE, which topples on top of the car as the AIR BAGS DEPLOY.

INT. MAC'S G-WAGON - NIGHT

Mac, in a daze, slowly comes to as the smoke from the engine encapsulates the car.

He looks over to see Jimmy passed out on the airbag.

MAC
Jimmy. Yo, Jim.

Mac pushes his airbag to the side and shakes Jimmy.

MAC (CONT'D)
Jimmy!

Jimmy finally stirs awake.

JIMMY
(singing)
You weren't gonna crash your car.
But then you got high.

Mac lets out a sigh of relief.

MAC
Fuck, dude. What do we do?

JIMMY
Run?

MAC
Run?

JIMMY
Run.

EXT. FRYMAN ROAD - NIGHT

Mac and Jimmy sprint down a dimly lit street.

INT. MAC'S NEW LA HOME - NIGHT

Mac and Jimmy enter the house and immediately slam the door. They're huffing and puffing, absolutely gassed.

JIMMY

And I thought I was the worse driver.

Mac and Jimmy begin deliriously laughing until they realize there's nothing left to laugh about.

MAC

I'm fucked.

JIMMY

Naw, dude, you didn't do anything.

Mac looks over to Jimmy.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I was driving.

MAC

No, fuck that--

JIMMY

What do you mean, fuck that? Nobody saw a thing. It's an easy fall.

MAC

Bro, I almost just killed you. I'm not gonna let you take a DUI charge for me.

JIMMY

Why? It'd only be my second.

MAC

No, dude. Absolutely not. This is my fuck up.

JIMMY

But you're Iverson.

MAC

And your dumbass is the team.

Jimmy and Mac exchange a smile.

JIMMY

Ah, fuck.

Jimmy heads out the door.

MAC
Where you going?

JIMMY
Left my wallet in the backseat.

MAC
Don't be stupid, dude!

JIMMY
I got like a gram of coke in there.

Jimmy runs off, leaving Mac alone. Again.

INT. MAC'S NEW LA HOME - BEDROOM - LATER

Mac, consumed by darkness, sits on the floor of his room, strumming a melancholy tune on the guitar.

FLASHING RED AND BLUE LIGHTS begin to creep through his window. Mac disregards them and keeps on playing.

INT. FRICK PARK MARKET - DAY

Two TEENAGE BOYS work the market. One sweeps an aisle floor, while the other wipes down the deli counter

We recognize them as older versions of the shady kids Mac caught stealing at the market years earlier.

In the background, a REPORTER appears on the TV in the corner of the store. The text on screen reads, "Breaking News."

REPORTER (O.S.)
Early this morning, LAPD arrested rapper, Malcolm McCormick, better known by his stage name, Mac Miller, on charges of driving under the influence of alcohol.

The announcement of Mac's name catches the teens' attention. They both stop working and stare at the TV.

TV SCREEN:

REPORTER (CONT'D)
Law enforcement sources tell us the young rapper, behind the hit song, "Donald Trump," was--

Pictures of Mac's car and the damage from the accident fill the screen as the reporter continues.

REPORTER (V.O.)
 --Driving in the San Fernando Valley when his G-Wagon hit a power pole, knocking it down, prompting the 26-year old to escape the scene on foot.

INT. NOMI'S APARTMENT - DAY

Mac's high school sweetheart, Nomi sits in front of an uneaten meal, watching the same news report.

We hear a POLICE OFFICER (40s) speaking about the incident.

OFFICER (O.S.)
 There wasn't anybody at the scene when we arrived, so we ran the plates, which lead us to Mr. McCormick's home.

Nomi can't believe what she's seeing.

TV SCREEN:

OFFICER (CONT'D)
 When we arrived at his address, he confessed to driving drunk and fleeing the scene. He was actually the nicest and most polite intoxicated person we've ever seen.

INT. NOMI'S APARTMENT - DAY

Nomi can't help but let out a smile as she shakes her head.

TV SCREEN:

Back to the reporter at his desk.

REPORTER
 TMZ captured Mac leaving an LA prison this morning after he posted bail.

TMZ footage shows Q escorting Mac, with a hoodie covering his face, out of the jailhouse.

Off screen, the TMZ REPORTER, wielding a shaky camera, obtrusively questions Mac.

TMZ REPORTER
Can you tell us how much you had to
drink last night?

Mac ignores him, while Q hurries him to the car.

INT. MAKEUP TRAILER - DAY

Ariana, surrounded by HAIRDRESSERS, sits in a makeup chair
watching the TMZ report.

TMZ REPORTER (O.S.)
Why'd you flee the scene?

TV SCREEN:

Mac continues to be bombarded with questions.

TMZ REPORTER (CONT'D)
Some people might say that this is
because of your recent breakup...

Mac and Q finally get to their car. As Mac gets in the
passenger seat, the reporter gets out one last question.

TMZ REPORTER (CONT'D)
Is there any truth to that? Any
chance for reconciliation?

Mac and Q drive off.

INT. MAC'S NEW LA HOME - DUSK

Mac, wearing the same clothes he left the jailhouse in,
enters his living room to find his TV playing the news.

REPORTER
The breakup he's referring to is
that of Mac and international pop
superstar, Ariana Grande--

A picture of Ariana fills the screen.

REPORTER (CONT'D)
Who called it quits--

Mac shuts off the TV and catches the reflection of his piano
in the darkness of the screen.

He trudges over, takes a seat, and stares at the keys. He
begins playing the familiar chords of his song, "2009."

The music fills the empty room as Mac pours himself into the song. For the first time, he finds the words...

MAC

*I don't need to lie no more
Nowadays all I do is shine, take a
breath and ease my mind, and
She don't cry no more
She tell me that I get her high
cause a angel's s'posed to fly, and
I ain't askin', "Why?" no more
Oh, no, I take it if it's mine, I
don't stay inside the lines
It ain't 2009 no more
Yeah, I know what's behind that
door--*

INT. NPR TINY DESK CONCERT - DAY

TATTOO COUNTER: 84

We're back where we began; the Tiny Desk concert. Mac continues to perform "2009."

MAC

*Okay you gotta jump in to swim
Well, the light was dim in this
life of sin
Now every day I wake up and breathe
I don't have it all but that's
alright with me...*

Mac and his band perform the rest of the song until the entire office is up on their feet clapping.

He praises his band and bows down to the violinists before turning back to his audience.

MAC (CONT'D)

*Thank you, guys. Thank you, thank
you, thank you. Appreciate you all.
Appreciate you guys for listening.
Listen to the record if you feel so
inclined and, uh, have a great day.*

EXT. NPR TINY DESK CONCERT - ALLEY - DAY

Mac chiefs a cig. NPR STAGEHANDS load instruments into a van.

Several employees exit passed Mac. One NPR EMPLOYEE praises him before walking off.

NPR EMPLOYEE
Amazing performance, Mac. I love
all your stuff, but this album--
this one's the best yet.

MAC
Thanks, bro. Means a lot.

NPR EMPLOYEE
What's in store for the next one?

Mac takes a beat. Then, with a smile...

MAC
No idea.

The employee happily nods before walking off.

Thundercat approaches.

THUNDERCAT
Best one yet, huh?

MAC
He said it, not me.

Thundercat let's out a huge smile and bear hugs Mac, lifting
him off his feet.

MAC (CONT'D)
Dad, you're embarrassing me!

THUNDERCAT
When you back in LA?

MAC
Sanaa's birthday.

THUNDERCAT
You don't need to come back for
that--take your time out here.

MAC
What kind of uncle misses his
niece's birthday?

THUNDERCAT
Um, most uncles?

Mac lets out a laugh.

MAC
Yeah, well this uncle's throwing
the party.

THUNDERCAT
I'm telling you--

MAC
And I'm telling you--I want to do
this.
(beat)
Let me do it.

Thundercat stares at Mac until he daps him up.

THUNDERCAT
See you Sunday.

Mac finishes his cig as Thundercats walks off.

EXT. BLUE SLIDE PARK - DAY

The park is full of FAMILIES enjoying the sunny day. Mac and his mom, Karen stroll past the blue slide as people take notice. But instead of bombarding him, they acknowledge him with a nod.

MAC
It feels so good to be home.

Karen smiles as the two continue walking.

KAREN
I'm proud of you baby. And they are
too.

Karen points across the park to Q, Jimmy, Treejay, and Reggie, who is now significantly heavier.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Surprise. Your album release party.

Off Mac's huge smile.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLUE SLIDE PARK - DAY

Mac and his mom, Karen sit with his friends at a picnic table, eating and drinking LA CROIX. The table is covered in the same elaborate spread Karen prepared when Mac first signed with Rostrum Records.

Reggie reaches for another bagel.

JIMMY
You sure about that?

REGGIE
You're such a dick.

JIMMY
I'm a dick? You're eating all the bagels. Ms. M hasn't even gotten one.

KAREN
I'm fine.

Mac shakes his head as the guys laugh together.

MAC
Nothing's changed.

TREEJAY
Damn right.

MAC
I think the last time we were all here together was when--

Q
We dropped "Nikes."

MAC
Wow. Looking back on everything, I was so right.

Q
About what?

MAC
No matter where we go or how big we, or Reggie get, that slide--that slide is always gonna be blue.

KAREN
What does that even mean?

All the guys, including Mac, laugh at his ridiculous quote.

MAC
It means I love you all.

Mac raises his La Croix to make a toast.

MAC (CONT'D)
Thanks for giving me the best album
release party a kid could ask for.
Here's to the most dope family.

The rest of the group cheers and drinks.

ALL
Most dope!

Mac sets his drink down and gets out of his seat.

MAC
First one down the slide gets a
feature on the next album!

Mac takes off running. Jimmy is the first one up and on his
way to the slide, prompting everyone to scream.

Q/REGGIE/TREEJAY
No!!!!!!

The bottom of the slide is littered with PIECES OF CARDBOARD,
which each of them grab to use as a sled.

Karen watches her son and his friends race down the slide.

They're in their most pure state.

They're K.I.D.S.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. THUNDERCAT'S CAR - DAY

Sanaa, Thundercat's daughter, sits in the back seat wearing a
colorful dress and birthday hat. She can barely contain her
excitement as Thundercat drives through a neighborhood in
Studio City, Los Angeles.

SANAA
How many presents do you think
Uncle Mac got me?

THUNDERCAT
It's not the quantity that matters,
Sanaa. It's the thought.

SANAA
Do you think he got me the Gucci
flip flops?

Thundercat rolls his eyes.

THUNDERCAT
I'm sure he did.
(sotto)
Cuz I sure as hell didn't.

Sanaa stares out the window, mind racing.

SANAA
We passed it! We passed it!

THUNDERCAT
No, we didn't. It's up here on the right.

SANAA
Are you sure?

Thundercat smiles.

THUNDERCAT
Why don't you drive next time?

SANAA
Really?

Thundercat turns into a cul-de-sac, immediately at a loss for words.

Several POLICE CARS and an AMBULANCE are parked in front of Mac's house. CAUTION TAPE lines the front yard.

Thundercat slows down as his eyes go wide.

He comes to a complete stop as red and blue lights flash across his devastated face.

Thundercat reaches for his door handle.

THUNDERCAT
Stay in the car, baby.

SANAA
But Uncle Mac--

THUNDERCAT
I said stay in the car!

His scream scares Sanaa. She finally sits still.

He settles himself, takes a deep breath, and exits.

EXT. MAC'S NEW LA HOME - CONTINUOUS

He walks up to the base of the driveway to find Jimmy and Q sitting on the curb, their faces in their palms.

Thundercat stops, registering the moment.

Jimmy and Q look up at him, tears fill their eyes.

As Thundercat breaks down, Sanaa gets out of the car and sprints behind him towards the house.

SANAA

Uncle Mac! Uncle Mac!

But he swoops her up in his arms just as she's about to pass.

Thundercat embraces his daughter, gently quieting her down.

He holds her as close as he can.

CUT TO BLACK.

CHYRON:

Malcolm James McCormick died from an accidental overdose on September 7, 2018 at the age of 26.

His final album, SWIMMING, posthumously earned him his first Grammy nomination.

The park has been renamed "Mac Miller's Blue Slide Park."

And the slide's still blue.

END CHYRON

Footage from Mac's vigil at Blue Slide Park plays.

THE END