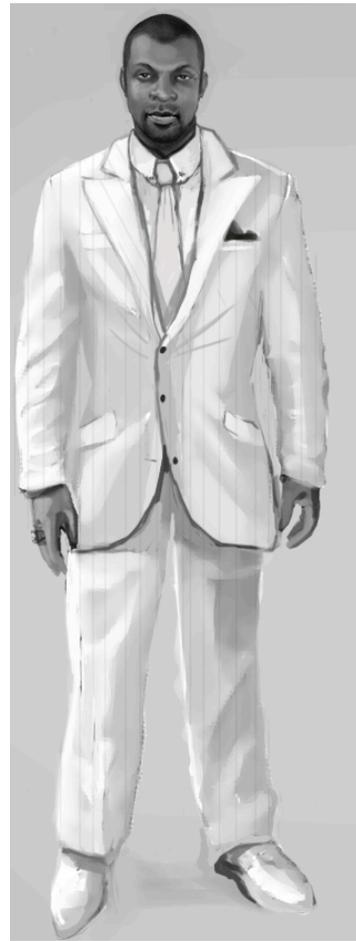


MR. CHOCOLATE JAZZ (A.K.A. BLACK PIMP)



SUPPORTING- WEALTHY PIMP/ STREET PLAYA

African-American

35

Male 3

Chris Tucker <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-DSlatrwcA0>

Nightclub Owner/ Drug Dealer

In addition to owning several nightclubs in the area (including Lingerie in Bandera Heights), Mr. Chocolate Jazz also sells drugs to a number of people. He is a huge fan of snuff pornography and has compiled an enormous collection of films. He sometimes rents out the back theater of Lingerie for big S&M parties and hires prostitutes as "entertainment" for prestigious guests. A man nicknamed "Bobo" is Mr. Chocolate Jazz's "bitch."

High-pitched, animated, squeaky, flamboyant, speaks relatively fast

CHARACTER: MR. CHOCOLATE JAZZ

ETHNICITY: African-American

AGE: 35 Years Old

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VOICE QUALITIES: High-pitched, animated, squeaky, flamboyant, speaks relatively fast

INT. CLUB BACKROOM

MR. CHOCOLATE JAZZ is there, waiting for them.

MR. CHOCOLATE JAZZ
Mr... Vivaldi, is it?

KANNON
That's me.

MR. CHOCOLATE JAZZ
That name. It sounds kinda familiar.

KANNON
My family's Italian.

MR. CHOCOLATE JAZZ
Yeah? You do kind look like a meatball, ha-ha! I'm just jokin'. You can call me Mr. Chocolate Jazz. So, my friend Herbert says you two go way back.

KANNON
Yeah, Herbert and I... we used to party together back in the day!

Mr. Chocolate Jazz smiles nastily.

MR. CHOCOLATE JAZZ
(naughtily)

Hee-haw! You naughty son of a bitch!

KANNON

Yeah... he and I used to have a good time together, if you know what I mean!

MR. CHOCOLATE JAZZ

Haha, I believe I do.

KANNON

In fact, this here's my bitch!

Kannon points at Barkley who GROWLS.

MR. CHOCOLATE JAZZ

Ahh, very naughty! Hey, you wanna see somethin' REAL nasty?! Shit's only for my regular customers, but you look aight! I gotta small movie theater in the back. Underage shit, you know, real NASTY stuff! I'm talkin' eeee-legal!

KANNON

Yeah?! Mmm, sounds good! My bitch here would like that.

MR. CHOCOLATE JAZZ

Yeah?!

BARKLEY

Uh... yeah. I wanna see the illegal shit.

MR. CHOCOLATE JAZZ

Out-fuckin'-standin'. Bobo will show you 'round, while Mr. Vivaldi and I take care of business.

Barkley gets up and leaves the room with BOBO. Mr. Chocolate Jazz leans back.

MR. CHOCOLATE JAZZ
So, tell me, how much are you
lookin' to purchase this fine
lookin' evening?

Kannon zips his sack of money open.

MR. CHOCOLATE JAZZ
Hah. You jokin', right?

KANNON
I never joke about money.

MR. CHOCOLATE JAZZ
Aight. What would a fella
like you do with that much
dope?

KANNON
Like I said. I like to party.

MR. CHOCOLATE JAZZ
Hee-haw! I gotta call my
supplier. You got fifteen
minutes to spare?

Kannon leans back.

Closeup on Kannon:

KANNON
I got all the time in the
world, buddy.

MR. CHOCOLATE JAZZ (o.s.)
Heh-heh! Aight, don't you go
nowhere now. I'll be right
back.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

MR. CHOCOLATE JAZZ

(fading in)

...and I said to her: Not in that hole! HAHAHAHA! Aight, gentleman... Meet my new friend, Mr. Vivaldi. Don't he look like a meatball, heh-heh?

The Mr. Chocolate Jazz opens the door, followed by a couple of LATINOS.

On Latinos: they are staring at Kannon, speechless. This goes on for a couple of seconds, and then they suddenly lift their guns and open fire.

LATINO 3

This fucker's a cop!

Close on: Mr. Chocolate Jazz in total shock.

MR. CHOCOLATE JAZZ

This asshole's the po-po?!

LATINO 4

Get him!

LATINO 5

You're dead!

