



THE
VINCE STAPLES
SHOW

EP 3: **PERSONA**

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Note from the writer:

Obviously this is an unsolicited spec. We're in a global pandemic,
and I wanted to write something fun. Don't take it too seriously,
unless you wanna give me a job, in which case take it very
seriously.

EXT. VINCE'S APARTMENT - DAY - ESTABLISHING SHOT

Modest. Sleek. Nestled on the side of a nondescript LA road, the building sits behind an iron gate and some palm trees.

Over the sounds of passing traffic we hear a phone ringing.

INT. VINCE'S APARTMENT - DAY

We snake through Vince's place. Not too messy. Not cleaned up either. There's take out containers scattered over the coffee table. Against the wall is a ton of boxes of pasta, Emergen-C packets, bottles of water, and rolls of toilet paper.

The phone keeps ringing.

INT. VINCE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vince is face down on a mattress. Tissues everywhere. Water bottles everywhere. This man is sickly. But the phone keeps ringing and he reaches out and answers it, barely lifting his face off the sweated through blankets.

VINCE

What?

On the phone is KENNY BEATS. Panicked. We stay with Vince.

KENNY (V.O.)

Yo! What the fuck did you do, man??

VINCE

What are you talking about?

KENNY (V.O.)

It's all over TMZ! Where the hell are you? You gotta get the fuck outta LA. And fast.

Vince sits up in bed. There's fine sweat on his forehead. He pulls the phone away and examines it. Looks at his hands. Trying to determine if this is real or a fever dream.

VINCE

What did TMZ catch me doing? I've been in bed for two weeks. They're not telling people I got the 'rona are they? It's a mild form. I'm isolating and everything. I'm doing it straight!

KENNY (V.O.)
Stop playing, man.

VINCE
Kenny! I'm not fucking playing.
What did TMZ catch me doing? Just
say it already, damn!

KENNY (V.O.)
Homie, you shot Lil Dicky.

VINCE
Man, you play too much.

Vince hangs up and tosses the phone to the side. The phone rings again but he mutes it. Suddenly, he lurches out of bed.

INT. VINCE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Vince is yacking into a toilet. He's got a wet rag on his head. He's in his boxers. He pulls back and tries to catch a breath.

VINCE
Goddammit.

He reaches over to his tub and runs the bath. Ice cold water comes pouring out and he leans over and runs his head under. Like a worm, he slithers over the edge of the tub and sinks into the water, still in his underwear. This man is going through it.

With a wet hand he reaches over and grabs his phone.

ON PHONE. Teens do dances on Tik Tok. He watches with glazed eyes. He goes to Twitter and sees: RIP LIL DICKY trending.

He sits up in the bath. He clicks the tab.

ON PHONE. We see iPhone footage of DickHeads pouring into the street with candles and posters and flowers for the late rapper.

We see CCTV showing Vince shooting Dicky outside Starbucks. TMZ is reporting Dicky dead. The CCTV footage is crystal clear. Even Vince can recognize himself.

We PUSH IN on the CCTV and it transitions to -

EXT. STARBUCKS - DAY

From the distorted phone footage we enter reality. A white Nissan Ultima sits on the curb in front. Out of the store comes LIL DICKY as we know him to look. He's got an iced latte and his Air Pods in. He nods along to a beat we can't hear, softly rhyming to himself.

He wraps around his car and keys into the driver side door when Vince, healthy and virile, approaches him, hands in his hoodie pockets.

VINCE

L D.

Lil Dicky turns in surprise.

LIL DICKY

Vince, hey -

BAM! BAM! BAM! In one quick motion Vince produces a .38 Snubnose from his hoodie and fires three quick shots into Dicky. Glass blows out the window of the Nissan. A bullet catches his throat, spewing out a mean arc of red across the car. Another gets his shoulder, blowing through it, and sending his coffee flying.

People scream and scatter. Dicky slumps to the ground, choking on his own blood. Air Pods still in.

Vince levels the gun to his head and execution-style sends one right between his eyes. Then he turns and jogs away.

INT. VINCE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - SAME TIME

Vince watches in horror. His hands shake. Suddenly -

BANG! BANG! BANG! On his front door! The violence of it startles Vince and his phone drops into the tub water.

VINCE

Shit!

POLICE (O.S.)

LAPD! OPEN UP!

VINCE

Fuck, fuck, fuck -

POLICE (O.S.)

We're coming in!

Vince, weak and feeble, scrambles out of the bath tub sopping wet. We HEAR the front door of his apartment get BATTERING RAMMED open, wood splintering, and metal hinges clanging across the floor.

Vince goes for the window. He slides the frosted glass to the side and climbs on to the toilet. The LAPD is closing in fast.

HIS POV: It's a far drop to an OPEN DUMPSTER. Call it four stories.

VINCE
(exhausted)
On the dead homies.

He sends himself through the window and falls all the way to -

BLACK.

EXT. VINCE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

No cops. No traffic. No stars either. Maybe a coyote is heard somewhere in the hills. We see a FIGURE approach the gates. They look both ways and start to CLIMB OVER IT.

EXT. ALLEY - SECONDS LATER

We see the dumpster that Vince landed in. The lid is closed. We can't even tell if he's in there.

The FIGURE comes into the FOREGROUND. They open the lid of the dumpster and Vince is in there unconscious. Still in his underwear. Now covered in garbage. He's breathing, but slightly.

Vince slowly stirs awake. He blinks. Rubs his eyes. The FIGURE steps back into the light of the alley way. We can see him now. It's LIL DICKY. Only he looks different. He looks the way he'd look if he never became a rapper. Vince tries to sit up, but he's weak. Still very sick from Covid.

VINCE
Dicky. You're alive?

DAVID
It's David. And yeah. Your guy
killed my guy.

Off Vince, thoroughly confused.

END.