

GOLDILOCKS MEETS N.W.A

\$GOLDNWA

Screenplay generated by bMovies

Goldilocks meets N.W.A

When the system's too hard, she makes it just right.

Logline: A blonde interloper crashes an N.W.A safe house in Compton, remixing their beats, stash, and lowriders until the system that's been riding them finally snaps back-right into a raid.

Synopsis

In South Central 1988, three hard-edged bears-Eazy-Bear, Cube-Bear, and Dre-Bear-lay low in a ramshackle safe house after dropping "Fuck tha Police." Their porridge is too hot (pure cocaine), their chairs too low (hydraulic lowriders that won't rise), and their beds too hard (mattresses stuffed with contraband).

Goldilocks, a runaway Valley girl drawn by the thump of a demo tape, slips through the back window. She cools the coke with baby laxative until the high is "just right," jacks the hydraulics so the cars sit at the perfect height for a clean getaway, and softens the mattresses by slicing them open and stuffing them with the demo tapes. When the bears return, they find their operation suddenly functional but unrecognizable. A tense standoff turns into an impromptu cipher: Goldilocks spits a verse that flips their rage into a hook so lethal the LAPD, drawn by the noise, kicks the door.

In the chaos, the bears escape through the tunnels while Goldilocks stays behind, finishing the verse on camera. The final shot reveals her booking photo: blonde hair, bruised lip, and the single word "JUST RIGHT" scrawled across the placard.

Tone & genre

Straight-faced Compton crime drama filtered through fairy-tale logic; the absurdity lives in the deadpan execution.

Dark-comedy parody of Straight Outta Compton and police-procedural biopics.

Look

Desaturated 16 mm reversal stock with sickly yellow highlights and deep shadows, 1988 Compton grit.

Handheld anamorphic lenses, occasional whip-pans on hydraulic drops, and locked-off symmetrical frames when Goldilocks "perfects" a setup.

Characters

Goldilocks: Valley escapee who treats Compton like a mixing board she's been sent to calibrate.

Eazy-Bear: Paranoid frontman whose stash must stay exactly 98.6 degrees or the deal's off.

Cube-Bear: Furious lyricist whose lowrider hydraulics symbolize his permanently compressed rage.

Dre-Bear: Silent producer whose "bed" is a four-track loaded with unmastered evidence.

Officer Wood: The LAPD bear who always arrives after the third act has already gone sideways.

Screenplay

FADE IN:

INT. SAFE HOUSE - COMPTON - NIGHT

A plywood-shielded window slides open. Goldilocks (19, pink tracksuit, roller skates) tumbles in. The room smells of gun oil and chili.

She sniffs three bowls on the table.

GOLDILOCKS

(whisper)

Too hot.

She dumps baby powder into the first bowl, stirs, tastes. Nods. Moves to the second.

GOLDBLOCKS

Too cold.

She adds a pinch of the first bowl's mix. Tastes again.

GOLDBLOCKS

Just right.

She pockets the adjusted bowl and skates toward the garage.

****INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER****

Three lowriders sit on flattened hydraulics. Goldilocks pops the control box on the middle car, rewires with a nail file, hits the switch. The frame rises to perfect cruising height.

GOLDBLOCKS

Not too bouncy. Not too stuck.

She moves to the third car, repeats. All three now sit at identical, raid-ready clearance.

****INT. BACK BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER****

Three mattresses. Goldilocks lies on the first-feels bricks. Slices it open with a switchblade, stuffs in cassette tapes labeled "N.W.A DEMO 1." Lies down again.

GOLDBLOCKS

Still too hard.

She repeats on the second mattress, then the third-now every bed is half cash, half tape, soft enough to sleep on, loud enough to wake the dead.

****EXT. SAFE HOUSE - DAWN****

The bears return. Eazy-Bear clocks the open window.

EAZY-BEAR

Somebody's been in my shit.

They enter. Silence. Then the low purr of perfectly tuned hydraulics from the garage.

****INT. SAFE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS****

The bears find Goldilocks in the kitchen, eating the adjusted porridge.

CUBE-BEAR

Who the fuck are you?

GOLDBLOCKS

(chewing)

The one who made it usable. Cops were two blocks away. Your drops were too hot; your rides were too low. Now they're not.

Dre-Bear eyes the mattresses through the doorway. He presses play on a nearby deck. The new demo-Goldilocks' verse layered over their beat-booms.

EAZY-BEAR

You put yourself on our tape?

GOLDILOCKS

I made the system work. You're welcome.

Sirens approach. Red-and-blue strobes paint the plywood.

CUBE-BEAR

We bounce. You stay.

They vanish through a floor hatch. Goldilocks stays, finishes the last spoonful as the door explodes inward.

****Officer Wood**** storms in, weapon drawn. Goldilocks raises her hands, bowl still in one.

GOLDILOCKS

(softly, to camera)

Told you it was just right.

****FREEZE FRAME**** on her booking photo. The placard reads: "GOLDILOCKS - 1988 - JUST RIGHT."

****FADE OUT.****